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UNION MEETINGS IN THE OPEN AIR OUTSIDE THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, DECEMBER 19, 1859.

THE GREAT UNION MEETING AT NEW YORK.

We engrave on the preceding page the open-air meetings which were held in this city, outside the Academy of Music, on December 12; and on pages 8 and 9 the great meeting at the Academy itself.

It is hardly necessary, at the present time, to add any thing to the reports which were published of these meetings at the time. We may say, however, that they were the most enthusiastic meetings remembered in the city. The following brief memorandum, from a city paper, may be placed on record:

Long before the hour for meeting the spacious Academy was thronged from pit to dome. Even in the spacious amphitheater every seat was occupied, and throughout the house standing room within bearing distance was eagerly sought. Not less than five thousand persons were assembled within the walls, and a number perhaps equally large congregated without and listened to addresses from the street stands erected there.

The Academy had been appropriately decorated for the occasion. The Stars and Stripes hung in graceful folds about the stage, and at different points were mottoes and inscriptions, and the names of those who in the past had commanded the hearty cheers to the formation and perpetuation of the institutions of our country. Among them were the following:

"Indignantly frowning upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together the various parts."—WASHINGTON.

"The Union must and shall be preserved."—JACKSON.

"I shall stand upon the Constitution, I need no other platform."—CLAY.

JUSTICE AND FRATERNITY.

WASHINGTON.

JEFFERSON.	JACKSON.
WEBSTER.	CALHOUN.
CLAY.	WRIGHT.
CROAKE.	BENTON.
MADISON.	MONROE.

A salute of thirty-two guns was fired, and from the balcony of the Academy one branch of Dodsworth's Band discoursed their stirring music while other occupied a position on the platform within, and entertained the assemblage while it was gathering.

It would be useless to attempt to note, personally, the names of distinguished citizens present. From every profession, calling, and trade were present, with their highest representatives, and until near twelve o'clock, when the meeting adjourned, nearly all present remained, submitting to the discomforts of a crowded audience and inconvenience of elevation.

Numerous delegations of citizens from other cities were present, and participated in the enthusiasm of the occasion; and throughout, the proceedings were characterized by most perfect harmony and good feeling in favor of the subject which had called the vast assemblage together.

The meeting inside was presided over by his Honor the Mayor, who made a brief address upon assuming the chair. The preambles and resolutions were read by Mr. James Brooks; after the unanimous and clamorous approval of which, Mr. Brooks spoke briefly, defending the recitals and sentiments of the preamble and sustaining the value of the Union. Mr. Charles O'Conor followed with an able eulogy of Slavery, which was not listened to without expressions of dissatisfaction from a portion of the audience. Mr. O'Conor was succeeded by ex-Governor Hall, in a calm, conservative argument; by General John A. Dix, in a panegyric upon the Union; by Mr. James T. Brady, Professor Mitchell, and Rev. Dr. Bethune. The outside meetings were highly interesting, several speakers of distinction and popularity engaging the attention of the several groups. The meeting, upon the whole, can hardly fail to produce the salutary effect which the call contemplated.

MR. BUCHANAN'S MEXICAN POLICY.

IN the Presidential Message, from which we have given extracts elsewhere, Mr. Buchanan recommends a military occupation of Mexico, under the authority of Congress. The grounds on which the recommendation is based are, first, the numerous outrages on American citizens in Mexico, for which the government in power at the capital refuses to give any satisfaction; secondly, the insecurity of life and property in consequence of disorder on the whole boundary of the United States; and, thirdly, the assumed willingness of the Liberal party in Mexico—who are said to constitute a majority of the population—to see law and order re-established by the aid of United States troops. These grounds are solid; and the inference which from them we have drawn has been evident that nothing short of a foreign occupation would secure peace and order in Mexico.

That country exhibits the singular spectacle of a nation entirely disorganized. There are two regular governments in Mexico—the government of the priests' party, whose head is Miramon, and whose head-quarters are in the city of Mexico, and the government of the Liberals, whose head is Juarez, and whose head-quarters are at the port of Vera Cruz. Besides these, several of the States are actually independent of, and acknowledge no connection with, the federal government: in the west, Alvarez is an independent chief; in the interior of Sonora declares that he has nothing to do with Central Mexico. All these governments are supported by forced loans, outrageous exactions, plunder, and rapine. The Juarez government collects the customs duties at Vera Cruz which the Miramon government has pledged to the bond-holders, and levies duty on the staple export of Mexico—silver—is collected by Miramon in the interior, and again either day of Juarez at the port. Some of these revenues are not satisfied with collecting a mere percentage of the specie which passes through their territory. General Marquez latterly exacted from Tampico alone $100,000 in silver; and similar exploits have been performed by the Governor of Sonora. Life is as insecure as property. We illustrated, only the other day, the murder of Consul Black, of Tampico, an American citizen, by order of General Marquez; the massacre of the Americans at Tacubaya, and the imprisonment of Mr. Forsyth. Every mail from Mexico brings accounts of some American citizen being insulted, outraged, imprisoned, and robbed by one or other of the parties in power. Meantime, every month without being robbed once or more: equally impossible to obtain any satisfaction from the authorities, or to take any vengeance on the robbers. Thirds in of course will be the end, and the money which citizens of the United States have advanced for the prosecution of various enterprises is either lost or gravely funded. Our frontiers are unsafe; on the Rio Grande, Cortinas and his bandits besiege Brownsville; American citizens in Arizona are constantly molested by Mexican marauders from Sonora—not long since four sick men, in a house on American soil, were murdered by Mexicans from that State. As to the transit routes—to the sea, at common law, our citizens would be entitled were Mexico and the United States private individuals—they are all closed. The Tehuantepec route is shut to our citizens: and Arizona is likewise deprived of its only exit—Guaymas.

In a word, there is ample cause for war between the United States and Mexico. But if there were no direct *casus belli*, or injury to avenge, civilization and good neighborship would still impose on the United States the duty of doing what in them lay to restore peace and order to distracted, disorganized Mexico.

We have pictured that country as it is. There is no room for a foreign occupation. The radical trouble in Mexico is that no Government has the means to support itself and put down its enemies. The Church has seized so much of the productive property of the country that what is left is too poor to afford a revenue to the State: in a country incessantly disturbed by civil war and infested by bandits there is of course very little foreign trade, and the revenue from customs is small; when the interest, or a part of the interest, on the foreign debt has been paid, there is nothing left to support the standing armies, without which peace and order can not be maintained. Santa Anna contrived to maintain himself for a longer period than usual by selling territory to the United States, and supporting an army with the proceeds of the sale. Every other Mexican chief has gone to pieces on the inevitable rock—want of money. There was at one time a hope that Miramon, who is a young man, not devoid of ability, would realize his position, turn the tables on the Church, which raised him to power, and follow Comonfort's example by seizing enough Church property to support an army. But he seems to have lacked nerve; hence, he not only suffers the ports of entry to remain in the hands of his opponents, but submits to the exactions of bandits within a few miles of the capital, and allows the arsenals to become common robbers and pickpockets.

Mr. M'Lane has lately concluded a treaty with the Juarez Government, by which the United States engage, for four million dollars, a perpetual right of way across Tehuantepec and across Sonora to Guaymas—with the right of protecting their passengers by an armed occupation. It is likely that this treaty would answer all the requisite purposes; as an armed occupation of the Tehuantepec route would be used solely and only to invade Mexico from the heart of Mexico, and the garrison, by United States troops, of such points as would command that country.

It now remains to be seen whether the Senate will ratify the M'Lane Treaty, and Congress will act upon the recommendations of the President. We have before said that the feeling runs so high that the Republicans in Congress are quite likely to refuse to do the right thing for fear Mr. Buchanan might get the credit of it. It is a fact, moreover, that in our history the Democrats are the only party that has ever had a foreign policy. The Federalists, it is true, and the Republicans have always fallen short of the requirements of the country in this respect: however sound many of their domestic measures may have been, they have never been successful in dealing with foreign countries. It is possible, and even probable, therefore, that the wise and prudent recommendations of the President in regard to Mexico may lead to no practical result—in which case civilization, peace, law, and order will suffer notable injury.

OUR NATIONAL BANKRUPTCY.

By the showing of the Secretary of the Treasury the income of the United States falls short of the expenditure by thirty millions of dollars. This amount is borrowed from capitalists, who are to pay for the service of Government. How long is this to last?

The United States are the only country in the world whose income is dependent on the precarious and fluctuating resource of foreign trade. All other countries raise a revenue primarily and fairly from their people honestly for the expenses of Government. Our financiers have never had the pluck to face the question, and to tell the people of the United States: If you want a sixty million Government, tax yourselves to pay for it.

The President, seeing the impossibility of getting on with the present system,—he levied by the tariff of 1857—is quite as much as people ought to pay on the goods they require from abroad; and, besides, the slavery question has for the present so completely eclipsed the tariff, that there is very little chance of the latter being seriously considered.

There is a great name in store for the financier who shall have the courage and the sagacity to undertake a thorough reform of our financial system, so as to render the public revenue independent of the fluctuations of trade. Sooner or later we shall come to this. It is absurd to expect that this great country will go on forever alternating between bankruptcy and plethora, when a direct tax might be levied with so little inconvenience and so much fairness. Where is the claimant for this post of fame?

REMBRANDT PEALE'S "COURT OF DEATH."

MESSRS. SARONY, MAJOR, AND KNAPP have brought out a fine engraving of Rembrandt Peale's "Court of Death," painted in colors, at the extremely low price of one dollar. Such a picture was never before afforded at so low a figure, and we presume the sale will be large.

THE LOUNGER.

THEY SAY.

Do they, indeed; and who are they? What is this tyrant which rules so much private peace and public fame? They say that Deacon Dodder was seen coming home late Saturday night in such a state! Drunk? Oh, I don't know. I am sure *I* know nothing; but they do say that he was about the crankiest man in town last evening. They say that his wife was sitting at home crying her eyes out. Poor thing! and only married last June. It's really time that they say she wishes she had never been married; and that her uncle Timothy vows he will never give her a cent, because they say that his cousin Joshua heard him say that he had no money to spare to buy grog for Deacon Dodder.

Poor Deacon Dodder! who all this time is just as honest and sober a man as Cousin Joshua, or Uncle Timothy, or any body else; and against whom They Say has leveled his darts because he chances to be the most convenient target.

The French tell the truth about They Say. The French have a proverb that They Say is a liar; and the French are right. This sly, malicious, insidious snake, that crawls and squirms all over fair fames and pure characters, he is a liar, and the father of lies. Of course he is a perfectly irresponsible. What They Say does work, whether you find it to be true or untrue. You may prove Deacon Dodder to be as sober as Father Taylor, the most sober and honest of men. But the air tainted by They Say is poisoned air, and whoever has breathed it, though but for a moment, has inhaled death. The bride weeping for her dead husband may day her eyes when she finds him living; but you can not dry the tears that have been shed. The child, frightened at night, may be comforted and his fears removed; but who shall console the fathers that died in fear before the cruel curse? They Say may be proved the blackest of liars, but the proof does not blunt the point of the sting which it forever envenomed.

Don't suffer him in your house. Don't give him the hospitality of your conversation. If any body tries to introduce They Say, hustle him away—lug if he knows what he is doing. Whatever is told you upon the authority of They Say reject at once—sir, I mean still, sing to it, and know how false and futile it is. For, even if the thing be true, you will be sure to find it utterly cold—sure to find it so grieving all over with neglect and malignity as to be another thing altogether.

If a man lived in a tower over a beautiful city swarming with busy men and women, and teeming with lovely children, and night and day, in his lofty chamber, he were distilling poison from marsh flowers and garden vegetables and noble trees, which he secretly infused into the air, and, by his wicked machinery, drove into the streets and houses, so that the people breathed the corruption, and slowly and mysteriously withered and died—what a criminal he would be—but how would he be stormed through history!

Yet every body who gives aid and comfort to They Say, by repeating his stories, is really helping that poisoner in the lofty tower—is really distilling death for the busy men and women and the lovely children. They Say is a monster behind which envy and jealousy stab. It is a secret mine which is lighted by a slow match from a distance, and explodes only after the criminal who put the fire to it has escaped. "They Say" is an anonymous letter, spoken, not written.

HOLIDAY STORIES.

SINCE Dickens began to write Christmas stories the holiday season has returned. One of the best services to literature none is more eagerly and generally recognized than the introduction of the annual story which comes with the merry holytide of the year. Since he has been the editor of a periodical, as now for several years he has been, he has always had separate stories for each, but stories with a jolly company, and they sing, in chorus, "God rest ye, merry gentlemen!"

What a rich, deep, genial music rolls out of the batch of stories he and his friends tell! There is an undertow of sweet human sympathy which betrays the master, as the season and the holy spirit as anti-Puritan as the music of the Miserere; and as characteristically English as plum-pudding and ale. The genial geniality, manifesting itself externally in good cheer; and pictures of overflowing hampers and rosy-cheeked maidens and eager children and jolly coachmen and village churches hung with green, all belong to it, and all recall its image when they are seen.

When Mr. Dickens surrounds himself in his new periodical with a group of well known friends, and they pour out a series of tales about an old haunted house in *Household Words* it is published in an extra. Dickens himself introduces the series with several delicious stories of humor, and even contributions are there and most fanciful, like the ringing of fairy chimes. The little sketch of the boy Jeff Harmon is as exquisite as that of the two children who were married, in the series of two years ago. The delicate blending of the loneliest sadness with the most boisterous and limiting actuality of which the impression is an inevitable pathos, shows how true and lovely a genius it is. Mrs. Gaskell's story is a homely domestic tragedy, full of power and skill. Sala's is exceedingly humorous, a capital conceit of an aged peasant, all his dreams of happiness from being taken for chronic drunkenness. Wilkie Collins's sketch of pirate horrors, full of sharp interest and exciting expectation, and Adelaide Procter's poem, with the love tale by another woman's hand, rounding out the Christmas circle and series.

There is just enough incoherence to carry out the idea of a Twelfth Night picnic in the old haunted house. The ghosts come gliding out of experience, and, like all other ghosts, are no spirits at all, but good, honest, often melancholy, always romantic, facts of private history.

BENJAMIN HARRIS AND HIS WIFE PATIENCE.

CHAPTER I.—THE MERCERS' GARDENS.

SOMEWHERE about the close of the reign of King Charles the Second, on a fine night in summer, there was a pretty sprinkling of company in the Mercers' Gardens.

One of the walkers, who wore a Whig's green bonnet and ribbons at his breast, was a young, comely man, though his air was unconsciously severe, and his level brow was cumbered with much thought and care. He was Benjamin Harris, a printer by trade.

The young man did not care to be waylaid and drawn aside by the juvenile promenaders, and he went at last absently and unwillingly along with a company which contained mistress and maids, one of whose members called upon him to help to form an escort; for it was not altogether safe for a flock of women, unless well guarded, to traverse

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ANOTHER NEW SERIAL.

WE shall commence in the next number of *Harper's Weekly* the publication of a new Serial Story of American Life, entitled

The New Partner

IN

"CLINGHAM & CO., BANKERS."

BY FITZ HUGH LUDLOW, ESQ.,

AUTHOR OF THE "HASHEESH EATER," ETC., ETC.

This story will be illustrated by JOHN MCLENAN, Esq.

We commenced in No. 152 the publication of a new Serial Story by WILKIE COLLINS, Esq., entitled

The Woman in White;

which is illustrated expressly for this journal by JOHN MCLENAN, Esq.

The publication of the delicious Story of American Life,

Trumps,

by GEORGE W. CURTIS, Esq., with HOPPIN'S Illustrations, was commenced in No. 119 of *Harper's Weekly*.

As *Harper's Weekly* is electrotyped, we can supply the back numbers from the commencement to any person who sends us the money.

these cool alleys in the twilight. Chance led, him to offer his escort to one of the prettiest of the maidens—Mistress Patience Chiswell, one of the daughters of Mr. Chiswell, the carver and gilder, in Lombard Street. Master Harris really did not know very well how to begin to assure Mrs. Patience, though he was by no means stupid; so, in place of unfolding his paria in paying her the compliments of the day, and courting her smiles, he kept glancing aside at her as she tripped by his side, and by dint of noticing her much more than he would have otherwise done, or than he at one found time and inclination to do to other young women, he began to wonder, Puritan as he was, what there was that filled the heart, or lightened the pies swayed the spirit of this bright, fragile piece of humanity.

Mrs. Patience was very young, fresh, and fearless, and a little loquacious withal, as is the way with simply little heads and hearts. Not that Patience was absolutely ignorant, shallow, or witless; but she was one of the many green olive branches round a very busy man's table, where the elders were well-meaning, but commonplace and easy, and the young were very thoughtless and a little selfish, and at the same time as guileless in their faults and foibles as lads and lasses can be in this evil world.

Mrs. Patience had the loveliest bow of a rosy mouth, and a pair of the most strangely sensible gray eyes. She wore the modest apparel of a merchant's daughter, the dissenumbered but fresh, the neat linen, the hand-made for a covering; but, gravating Mrs. Patience's crimson and white colors, and her pretty ears perfectly honorant, she wore not a fan, which Master Harris deemed frivolous, and she prattled, which was a far more hopeless and heinous sin. She told him of a new sermon she had found in crossing the Strand and Snow Hill after the last rain, and she asked him if he ever went a-sparking to gather the nuts with which Holburn was still renowned, though sure they were only to be got in private gardens now. London would come to be too crabbed for young folk who must have play, and plain folks who had no fine grounds of their own; and then she wondered to the Lord Mayor the King's dead, and the last fine maggot, who would not suffer them to go there on account of the wild courtiers, but for her part she was not afraid. What could any one say to her? They would but take off their hats and laugh, and challenge her, and she would courtesy and run away, and they would have chase, she was fleet of foot and would soon escape them.

Master Harris bent his eyes on the ground, and asked his companion, was this little lass so giddy or so unprepared for offenses, or was she bold?

Of a sudden, as the staid young vendor of shovelfodge musing, there were but by no sudden outcry in the streets—a loud and riotous uproar which it was scarcely possible for quiet women to face, and which even Puritan gentlemen might deem it had been excused for shrinking from at that particular date. And upon the tranquil scene arose shrill, excited, incensed, appalled. Patience Chiswell gripped Harris's arm and shrieked outright.

"It is Whitehall," she groaned through her chattering teeth, "and they spare neither man, woman, nor child in their frolics. The good Lord have mercy on us!"

Harris had some difficulty in convincing her, what his cool judgment and better view enabled him to endure, that the hand streaming out of the entrance without attempting to invade the precincts was not one of those dissolute troops of squires and noblemen who once or twice a week in the least beat and bruised members of the resisting middle class, overcoming them by sheer force of numbers, and frightening honest women into fits by their fierce, unholy caresses.

"You should not have boasted of your confidence before you had been tried, Mrs. Patience," said Harris, reproving her, bluntly but gently, for the shuddering girl touched his manhood.

Patience gave her head. "I meant to defy them in broad day, and plenty of people by, and they only after their morning draughts. Indeed I could not but said he mightily afraid when the Scourers are abroad in the dusk, and the greater part of the city is under their own roofs."

"Nay, I have no objection to your better wits in bounds. I love not that women should be rash and fearless," answered Harris, "but I am studying to ascertain whether or no he had a right to offer an opinion. "I can decipher from where I stand that the whole affair is about a wrangling, excited orange-woman, whom Dr. Bates, or Dugdale, or Turberville, may suspect of dealings with the Pope and the Pretender and the devil and whom they confound along the kennel to prison and to judgment;" and young Harris looked gloomy and oppressed.

Patience Chiswell, taking comfort for her own safety, honor, and happiness, glanced up in his face to be more fully reassured, and felt her sympathies immediately drawn away in a new channel.

"Will no one save her?" she whispered. "She may not be guilty. She may not be so bad as she seemeth. I doubt me she is a light creature, by reason of her pursuing such a trade; yet she may have poor, honest friends, who care for her. Alas! the miserable wench is to be ducked, to be branded, to be hung! Deny, good Sir, for the sake of God, whom I am certain you fear, in the name of other women who are not come, will thou not speak a word in this sinner's cause?"

In proportion as Harris hated and waged war with sin, he had a soft, tender heart, and he was powerfully affected by this instance of a foolish young girl's trembling, spontaneous, earnest mercy, the more so that he could not act upon it, as she would have demanded of him, at a risk she little guessed. He was forced to explain to her that he could not abandon her, no light creature, but a modest, inexperienced girl, to traverse the disturbed streets, in order that he might carry aid to any other person, whatever their state; and on his single voice and arm would avail nothing against the authorities, with whom a mean orange-woman, after Stafford and Pluckett, was nothing. Since he saw the culprit pinioned by some of the town's servants and the may's own men, she would certainly have lain in her sentence, and what more could she ask, unless she were so unreasonable as to expect justice?

He finally carried his point of putting agitated Patience Chiswell into a backwater, out of the swirling most considerately and good-humorously by the bearers as far as her father's door in Lombard Street, returning to the scene of the above his sleep. He could not deny the subsequent fact—though it discounted him greatly to admit it, even to himself, and he endeavored to silence aloud his conscience and clink the new sensation—that the image of the carver and gilder's frank, transparent, light-headed little daughter, with all of a nob den distressed and pitiful, would make his calm, serious heart beat.

CHAPTER II.—CHEPE.

To those who have experience in human nature it will not be a marvel to learn that within a twelvemonth from the evening recorded in the last chapter, Benjamin Harris, the young printing printer, wedded the spinster Patience Chiswell, and that, notwithstanding she had no present portion, beyond her wedding-clothes, one of Master Guy's tibbs, a copy of pious songs from Mistress Lucy, and a maid-of-all-work from her mother.

To those who have been long in contact with the pages of pure and high hearts, neither will it seem strange to be told that, after a time, a supressed a Patience having been accommodating enough to take a lively fancy and a trustful liking to his own virtues. Patience, Puritan though she was, imbibed the young printer's lofty sentiments, because the most devoted of his disciples, and echoed his paths of life, and his hatred of the delicate womanly chords and subtle variations. Master Chiswell, her father, took no part with the aggravated Cavaliers of the time, but Archbishop and a State and Church man, employed under noble patronage.

Harris, rigid in duty, stern toward himself, proved notably indulgent to Patience, to the verge of unreasonness, even perversely protecting and standing for, almost against her husband's will, fusing to allow her to share his troubles, and insisting upon taking upon himself all the toil, all the risk, all the responsibility. Harris was not deeply conscious that his lot was likely to be clouded; he was aware, to a certain extent, of the signs of gloom in the political sky, and of the harshness which injuries had sealed, and double sealed, on his sect. He did not try to check these tendencies as far as he honestly could, because, but he was, with some excuse, perhaps, morbidly anxious to spare Patience—since he understood and valued her, and could not reciprocate her love—the young, healthy, spirited, genial tempered, unbroken wife, was a bright being indeed to the wrangling, saddened husband—the very sunshine of his existence, whose warmth, radiance, and gladness should be preserved at all hazards, except that of sin. There was cowardice bound up in Harris's love and temporizing with his proselytism.

So Harris fell into an error; was nervously, sedulously attentive to his wife's comfort and pleasure, because he knew that Patience, neglected, guarded her from all rough but invigorating shocks, denied her reasonable work, fatigue, and disappointment, put a premium to her love upon his natural disposition and education to procure for her flowers, cates, and even a subdued kind of luxury, and to bear down with a high hand resentments at Master Chiswell's, Mrs. Lucy's, and other relatives and friends and neighbors, most of them totally distasteful to his wife, and which, or less burdensome, taken as a task, and fulfilled without a chance of exemption.

In all this Harris showed himself what he was, a noble and self-denying heart with a remarkable aptitude for getting rid of narrow prejudices and unreliable, when his mind was brought into with the charities and tenderesses of his daily life; but he did not display much worldly wisdom, or a Puritan's bold, shrewd likelihood in composing and confounding female weaknesses.

Patience, like every child of Adam similarly situated, was ungrateful for his fatherly, raised to be governed by this half-and-half system, could not see why, because Harris ordained it, secretly resisted the artificial atmosphere which he had set, and hankered in her inmost soul after that of which he had first given her a taste, the natural, unconscious, effort; she grew pensive, formal, restless, without being permitted to betray her state of mind, took refuge in the most unsuitable whims which flout about all recently awakened souls, and can be grasped at any moment; and, oh! grievous mystery in family history, she secretly loved by him, was breaking from all near commission or true partnership with him.

Patience eyes filled with tears of envy—poor, energetic, earnest woman—when she saw what others were permitted to accomplish, what she might never attempt, in the way of active, serviceable herself, so as to be more worthy of him. She would have so liked to help him in the duties he had taught her, to go before him in the dangers, if it was no trite to propagate their faith under these fines and imprisonments, Rumsey and West witnesses, and Jeffrey judgment.

One morning she sat in the window of her sitting-room, with her hymns and her songs unpractised, her embroidery foiled and entangled; dark and abstracted as Benjamin Harris least liked to see her, as it pricked him to the heart to find her.

Patience had seen little of her husband for the last few days: he was unusually engrossed with business, and had been obliged to depart on a little journey without informing her of its import, although he had come in and embraced her affectionately in his usual way, and left a mark on his cheek and a stammer on his tongue. Afterward he had sent her a little note dated from his coffee-house, urging her, in place of living lonesome, to pay a visit to Mistress Lucy Sands, who was presumed to receive her and amuse her with the last new prints and women's recipes; because her worthy father, with whom she was aware he was so unhappy as not to agree, was not a proper person, as far as he had rounded him, disposed to accept his daughter's company for a week or so, with the entire comfort and familiarity which he regarded as the due of his honored wife, to whom he was forced to bid a brief but reluctant farewell.

Patience was not greatly enlightened or charmed by this communication of her husband, clearly as it indicated his concern for her. It was an annoyance, a provocation.

Still he could not think that she was very sulky or actually rebellious: she obeyed the injudicious mandate, entering her hackney-chair and forwarding her baskets and boxes the moment a messenger arrived for her.

She bore as long as she was able the aggravations of Mrs. Lucy's pointedly affectionate attentions, and her mother's doting way of staring at her, and shaking her head, and being told over and over again, "Please, madam, it is young Mrs. Benjamin Harris, who knows nothing of older folks' cares and pains, and whom dear Mr. Harris has intrusted to us to be looked after and kept cheerful."

At last, something impelled Patience to be naughty and disobedient, and quitting up early one morning, she stole a march upon Mrs. Lucy—who was a little of a sluggard—ere she betook herself to the haunts of her father (whose shops were the public libraries) and her dainty desk. Patience thinks her father with a porringer of sops, left a message that she had gone abroad to see a new sight or people, and would be back before nightfall, and started all alone for Lombard Street.

Really Patience was so perverse that she felt excited and elated by the rare sense of solitude, and the feeling of freedom and danger as she walked away in her hat and mantle, without the mask, which the court ladies adopted largely for the creditable purpose that they were true, but with the old decent muffler, in remembrance of her husband's scruples, drawn over her round chin and up to her nose, which she might have said she have been drawn hard and still. There seemed already many people abroad, and they were hurrying to their work or their watch, to where there were aggravated instance of exposure and contumely by command of the lords or magistrates of the city.

Patience entered Lombard Street in good spirits, passed rapidly through her father's shop, with its sculptured figures and its hundreds of gilding, its huge carved testers and waved canopies, and entered suddenly into the Chiswells' back parlor, brimming full of mirrors and burnished gilding by its tessellated floor in the style of the master of the house, and dispensing with a foot-cloth.

Patience found in the kitchen before bolping to cook the mid-day dinner, or putting the sleeping-rooms in order, or even painting some of the simpler screens which her father furnished; her brothers were at school, or in the working booths, or abroad attending to orders, but her father and brother and the men were engaged in close conversation. They both stooped and stared, Patience hoisted because she had not been home recently, or in relation to an ill-jointed interference which Chiswell had taken upon him to make in Harris's concerns—but the two men, the Puritan members, bowending ways to Churchmen and courtiers. However, Patience took the silence and amazement at her appearance for granted, and, after she had rushed to her cheeks when, to her consternation and bewilderment, her mother commenced to cry and wring her hands, and disorder her cool head, ruff and stiff skirts; and little round-eyed Master Chiswell arose so abruptly, that he burst half the trusses of his breeches, as he had just tied very, and addressed her in the most perturbed, incoherent, aggrieved fashion:

"Dear Mrs. Harris, you may bear me witness I did not press an alliance with this fellow Harris: it was your own free choice, and I think, having made it, it is dishonorable in you to come, and so implicating your poor friends and connections, and causing detriment and destraction to the innocent. However, I am grieved to see you softly injure," he added, in the tone of a man put upon and compelled to be publicist-spirit; "that is, if I can mend up it, and I shall not be your wrong-headed goodman did aver that he would shelter you from all hate, and that you should incur no harm. For that matter, though I am a Churchman, and free enough to stick to him, and ruin his business, and even to injure my own—feel that he was not to do all to avoid it!—there are no orders given for mutilation, and he may have hope, which he scarce deserves, to catch his own house again in safety this very night."

"Oh, Patience, Patience, my girl! to remember you might have been drowned in wood-encumbered in Surrey, and been respected and exalted. And I declare how well you did look in your pea-green pompeyron, with your hair powdered and your top-knot before that villain rendered you grave and thin with his homilies and his treason," relented Mrs. Chiswell.

"I do not understand you," answered Patience. "Master Harris hath done no ill (that I should even hint to him) to the King. It is certain I would have wedded none but he. He is but gone from home on business, if that be the accident at which your words aim."

"Oh, the misguided child! the infatuated, misguided child!" cried both the women perverse, who were sometimes cunning, sometimes impulsive, but whose instinct it was to intervene with whatever information they contained. "Do you not know?—Have you not heard?" (Talking each other down in their eagerness to divulge the count which affected her most.) "Benjamin Harris has been arraigned before the justices for a libel on the Test Act, published within his premises." "He had but received the officers in the shop, when he stepped up and took leave of her in a common way.) "He had the audacity to tell the bench that, though he had not put one objectionable word in type, he expected nothing in his favor, because Pilkington, the Lord Mayor, was fined so heavily for no other reason than that he refused to congratulate the Duke, and Ward was accused of perjury merely because he could not find a thousand men to swear with him in which Pilkington declined the ceremony. Then Harris and his cousin Janeways were sentenced to the Fleet, where he would be a minstrel for they did not extract the jail-fever, and poison a whole city ward when they came out. Where was their regard for the public in this? And, to-day, they were to stand in a pillory in Cheape for four mortal hours, to the shame of all who had any thing to do with them; and it was because enough to slaughter Paris to have been seen in Lombard Street that morning for Master Chiswell himself to be suspected, seized, and set in the stocks, when the family business and court interest—greatly damaged already—would go to stitch and staves, and they would all perish."

"Ah!" said poor dear sister mismatched, Patience, "represented her mother, piteously and repeatedly. "Sirs! how their fortunes may be wrecked by such accidents at this time!"

"Better smuzzled and dashed in their hopes, though they have to work their fingers to the bone, than buckled to enthusiasts and Master Anastic" roared Chiswell, virulently.

Patience had stood dumb, becoming very white and very cold, but with her gray eyes lightening and clearing. When she began to speak she had the answer then on her various allegations.

"No shame to any one, father! Benjamin Harris is not framed of the stuff which creates infamy. For God's sake, father, tell me the exact sum that Benjamin Harris hath borrowed your countenance. Nay, now, you will forgive me if I am frank. I will not rest to injure my sisters, mother—particularly when Benjamin calls me elsewhere."

"It was cruel in him," said Patience, as she traversed the street again with the footman, about she could summon at her imperious bidding; "it was cruel in him ever to conceal his pains, and suffer me to grow merry, but now that he has done me this wrong I will conquer him."

She went the direct road to Cheape, pushing her way through the mob—always prompt and aid, always more fired with expectation and perilous excitement—and sitter in the thoroughfare rose the stage pressed against by the van of the rabble, and enchoursed by a roar of senseless approbation. There rose the pillory, and there, seated in arm-chairs, with their necks fastened in the iron collars, sat Harris and Janeways (in their respectable suits somewhat the squalor of which they had quitted, their plain bands giving them the air of divines, their high-crowned hats, their belts and the shoulder-knots of their rapiers, and belted them from bullies and cut-throats hired by his Grace of Monmouth—he who wore the purple on the left side of the prince—to raise a cry (or at so humble a rascal as a prayer) to be gazed at, hooted, pelted with filth and rough enough missiles, till their cheeks were weary and their whole body the simple, beautiful, grand, blue summer sky contrasting with the jumble of buildings and people, the human heads, the dark and the gay gorgeous scene below. There, with those dark, serene, sagacious faces, whose power we study in many a brown picture, their hands clasped and their heads bare divided in the middle, and allowed only to fall back in a wave from the broad brows, the brave men sat and submitted to be insulted and grasped at them, thoughtless, licentious men mocked at them, enemies who were not even, but their firmness did not falter.

"Give us back our mayor's daughter, and some our merry footings on the grass, unless you want to see us all in a row swing at Tyburn."

"What! my men," remonstrated Harris, bending down to them, and speaking in his clear, distinct, penetrating voice in its gravity, "we wanted to give you bread from heaven."

"Shut his mouth; gag him; lop him; the whining, canting rogue—the Lord or [illegible] me!" burst in scarlet, foaming fury from a large, swollen, towering figure on the cubikris.

It was the famous Tory editor, Sir Roger, notorious for his shrewdness, his unscrupulousness, his want of scholarship and style, and his indecent violence, save in his bow-bender Dr. Bernet and Scelley, and their trains, turn and aim their sneers at the pillory, and call them, individually and concurtously upon them, till these resolved brains begin to reel, and these stout hearts to sicken, at the utterness of their humiliation.

"Let me in; I know one of the prisoners. I pray you suffer me to pass forward," said Patience, in her gentle, middle-class appeared, with her young, open, feeling, refined gentlewoman's face; and she spoke on till she was hoarse, never giving way to exhaustion, though nearly carried off her feet, or to keen sorrow and burning indignation at the insults.

Happily for Patience, with the half-careless good-humor which, thank Heaven! is wont to temper the brutality of all but the most depressed crowds, the apprentices, hikmen, small tradesmen, curious or sorry women, as well as the more substantial and honorable representatives of the community, after venting sundry scurrilous jests on the persistence with which the women stuck to the convertsicks, and the Puritans, were inclined to admit her claims, and hustled her on to the very front of the platform. Still Harris, who was somewhat in the closest man's heart and who was relieving himself by looking up into the cloud-

less air, did not observe her, and his presence intervened between Patience and the scope of Janways's vision.

"I pray you, Sir, suffer me to mount beside the prisoners: put me up with them; I am one of them," declared Patience to the officer.

Now these officers, who were some of them relics of the Protector's servants, had no great stomach for such a duty as they were in the act of performing. Patience's request was out of order, and, at the same time, a moderately kindly man, of a little more than official principle, saw a respectable, delicate young woman in a sad strait, liable to be trodden under foot, or perhaps, in her present grief, to be spirited away and misused by the reckless and abandoned.

"It was not mooted by the magistrates; however there is no statute against it;" and so, gruffly in his perplexity, but far from barbarously, the officer assisted Patience to ascend the scaffolding to a station behind her husband's chair, confronting the concourse.

Then Harris discovered her—the young girl, his much cherished wife—standing by his side in the disgrace of the pillory.

"Good Lord!" he cried, driven from his moderation of speech, "how came you here, Patience? Why did Mrs. Lucy permit you to stay? O Lord, this is indeed anguish!"

But she looked back in the face, only panting with her toil, and, while a bright red color swept over the paleness of her fatigue, uttered something that sounded like a sigh of relief, and said, with a little echo of exultation, "I have found you out, Benjamin."

He stared in wonder and doubt.

"It will kill you. Oh! how can I save you?"

Patience reasoned with him.

"Hush, Benjamin, do not be faithless. I thank God I found you out."

Then Benjamin Harris understood his wife, and was comforted for his trial, and blessed her with a mighty blessing.

Sir Roger named the woman by a foul epithet, and demanded that she should be expelled from her post, and there were signs of contention among the by-standers. Harris's lips quivered.

"She is my wife," he said, appealingly. "Brethren, you have accused me of other thefts. Answer me this question: Have I taken from you one of your wives?"

"No, master, you are guiltless there," admitted a straightforward voice, whose owner was not very widely removed from righteousness. "Whatever scurvy tricks you've played us, we own you yield that game to the debauched cavaliers."

"No credit to you; your own is good enough," another growled out—an irrestrainable compliment.

Harris heard it, and a smile that showed sweet glimmered over the care on his face. From that moment no further opposition was attempted to Patience's intrusion; and it was observable that, though railing was still vented, it was now delivered only by the shortly senseless and abusive rullers, and all flights of gross and offensive material were either fearfully intermitted or cautiously directed wide of the pair.

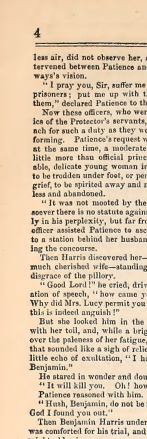
Sir Roger, with a curse, strode away to some fresh oppression: the courtiers became silent in contemplation, yawned, and prepared to go in search of a lighter diversion, but, with their marvelous versatility, one or two of the professed revealers, ere they departed, lit at their hats without a jest to the loyalty on that scaffold.

"They have confiscated our goods, too, dear Patience, beyond what I can ever hope to retrieve," Harris informed her, whiling away the tedious ordeal by passing discourse; "and I have thoughts of sailing to the Americas, where a man may pursue his calling in peace, and peradventure in prosperity. I was minded to leave you in England till I was settled; but look not on me so wistfully—I will carry you with me now, though we should lie on the deck or in the forest, and built our hut with our own hands, for I have found you out." And Patience raised her head, as if he had clothed her with honor.

As the time wore past, the declining sun shot a beam through the houses, which dazzled Harris's eyes; he could not shift his position, and being in a degree spent in body and mind, and exhausted with previous confinement and sadness, he could not resist wincing and looking faint as he encountered this last drop in his cup.

Patience unfolded her muffler, advanced a step, and flung it skillfully across the balustrade, so as to succeed in screening her husband's face. The officer interposed: he durst not see the least interference with the frame-work of the blessed pillory—no, not with a rib or spar of its skeleton—but his resistance was greeted with such a hum of dissent and murmur of anger that he relinquished his purpose, and did not detain the kerchief.

Nay, when the prisoners were at length released from their so-called ignominy, and formally set at liberty, with a command to shun their presses, as the apostles were bidden close their mouths, and Harris was detected, with his wife under his arm, hieing home, as fast as his cramps would admit, to



IN THE MERCERS' GARDENS.

Gracechurch Street, actually a brief cheer greeted their ears, so irrational as well as uncouth was the old burden they had borne.

CHAPTER III.—THE NEW WORLD, AND BACK AGAIN TO OLD GRACECHURCH STREET FOR GOOD.

BENJAMIN HARRIS and his wife Patience crossed the Atlantic, beyond which Scotch Covenanters and French Huguenots were fain to wander. They reached that America which was still in its vastness virgin soil, but in which townsteads and meeting-houses and governors' mansions were fast rising in many quarters. There harried at one of those youthful log-built cities, among the pumpkin-beds and bean-stalks, and closing around them in the distance the shades of the great forest from which the chinky Indian, with his war-paint and his poisoned arrows, stalked and traded warily with the settlers, and through which John Eliot journeyed to reach the tribes with the sword of the Spirit and the shield of faith. There stood their own miniature gables round the centre chimney and the shingled roof-tree, beneath which they took up their abode, while Benjamin Harris easily established his trade among the intellectual wants of the thoughtful population.

At first the Harrises attracted considerable attention from the magnates of the place; but they were soon suffered to drop into obscurity, save among a few extravagant eccentrics, or humble-minded fools, when it was on record that, in spite of all their trials, they were so weak, or had been so corrupted, as to preach by their experiences and loose in their disciples. Then Benjamin Harris was left to reprint his forbidden English books—his Baxter, Howe, and beloved Milton, with the many charters and missives already in request; to cultivate his garden, and bring in wild plants and wild birds; to ponder and hold converse with his dear wife Patience, the children torn to them, and the few congenial spirits who adhered to them—and grew well-to-do, and bland too, and joxes in his works and his amusements, before a rival rose to supersede him, by the charm involved in the preservation of fierce denunciations.

"Good wife," owned Harris, one day, after he had been listening long to the chattering and warbling of some feathered favorites, "I must think that God has also ordained singing men and singing women to express mere human sympathies, and instinctive gladness, in addition to deliberate thanksgiving, which part no man disputes. I will not assail the class again, though, alas! many was miserably wanton; just as I have had objections to summing up the arguments against the smoker's weed here, after I once saw how it cooled down Governor Hawley's intemperate heat, which might have been the destruction of the whole state."

"Why, it seemeth to me that you have been always merciful, Benjamin, save to yourself and the boys when froward," alleged Patience.

"I would be a craven to spare myself and my own flesh and blood; but the lads understand me, think you not, Patience?"

"I fear they regard you before the minister; even Sam, who, you say, is upright, but tempted to doggedness."

"And they regard you, Patience, the most of them, GOOD."

Patience plaited the curtain of her matronly hood round a face fuller and fairer than in her youth, though she had been always, in what she would have called her graceless days, a woman of a sweet good favor, and she smiled sunnily.

"I do not say so, and yet you may give me our sons, Benjamin—our tall, active sons—for you know you have the chief share in the hearts of our foolish daughters."

"Tush, not foolish, Patience, women; free from care, and, perchance, slow of thought yet a while, though swift of feeling; but modest, and maidenly, and docile, and children of many prayers."

"I know not why it is, Benjamin, but the sons do always in some respect belong most to the mother—the daughters to the father."

"Because the daughters be the pictures of the good-wife, and the sons be the marrows of the goodman."

Yes, Patience, who had grown grave with her young husband (what he had not bargained for), was wise and happy in adopting his new humor as indefatigably. In truth, the wife and mother, promoted to her just dignity, regained her lost health and cheer, and was as contented and bright as she was laborious and untiring.

BENJAMIN HARRIS AND MASTER RICHARD CROMWELL.

The news, salted by months on shipboard, had long age reached the Puritans that another king reigned in England in the room of the vain and forbidding sons of the "Man Charles;" that toleration was proclaimed, and the fetters on men's consciences and liberties forever broken. So the Harrises returned to the old business, to the old house in Gracechurch Street.

They came again in joy where they went out weeping; dwelt in London under Anne; walked with their children in the Mercers' Gardens, and were not frightened or ashamed to show them where the pillory was reared in Cheapside; and, beyond upon it, Benjamin Harris found space and time for his curious plumed pots, his seeds, his sapling trees in pots, his creepers for porches, tulipomies, and terraces, besides his collection of battered black-letter volumes, and his ragged manuscripts; while Patience had her china closet, containing, among its valuables, some barbarous quill-work, and a few tufted heads of gorgeous feathers.

Benjamin Harris and his wife were not people of quality, nor did they let loose their principles more than righteousness warranted, so that they were not likely to frequent auctions and masquerades; but Benjamin humored his young daughters once by tucking them tightly under each arm, and standing in a door-way near Burlington House, somewhat sheltered from the crowd of sedans, linkboys, and general spectators, to watch the company pass into one of those fashionable and perilous diversions. As he kept his ground, with his grave, manly face, and his modest but eager pair, a country gentleman by the cut of his square coat, and the full hose tied at the knee, which had gone out as far back as King Charles, eyed Harris carefully, and as if satisfied with the investigation, taking off his three-cornered hat, begged meekly to be allowed to occupy a place near him and his party. The stranger was attended by a young daughter, and he wished that rustic folks like them might enjoy the gayety with more comfort and safety than exposed to the pressure and restlessness of the people.

Benjamin readily assented, and made way for the petitioner, an old man with a very homely, kindly cast of countenance, his beard close shaven, and in place of a periwig his own hair of a silvery whiteness, which no powder could emulate, and "my daughter Dorothy," a buxom, barn-door lass, with such a demure hood as her mother and grandmother might have worn before her.

The younger members of the little company were soon familiar, and the seniors conversed in a friendly way. The squire, or vicar, as he could only be, commenting on the weather with an earnestness that was scarcely in keeping with the vicinity of Bow-bell, and remarking that it was a rare fine season for the hay crop.

"I perceive your heart is in your rural domain, Sir," says Benjamin, with a slight smile.

"Where better?" asks the gentleman, simply; "it hath been there this many a year, since it was a sore-burdened heart within the precincts of Whitehall. Nay, I do not need to hide it now, I am Oliver Cromwell's son, Master Richard."

Harris started unfeignedly and removed his hat, but Master Richard declined the compliment.

"I receive only neighborly tokens of good-will, and I will be glad to accept such from you or any man—but none else. You see, Sir, my father was born Oliver Cromwell, whom the Lord compelled all men to acknowledge; but I was naught save Master Richard: as such I am not ashamed to be greeted down in our shire, where, I trust, it shames no man to greet me, and where I know it would grieve my own folk if I failed them."

But Harris bowed lower to good Master Richard than to Richard Cromwell.

ON THE PILLORY STEPS.

THE SUPERB DELILAH.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

TRUMPS.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

CHAPTER XCIII.

MRS. DELILAH JONES.

MR. NEWT'S political friends in New York were naturally anxious when he went to Washington. They had constant communication with the Honorable Mr. Ele in regard to his colleague. They were entirely sure of Mr. Ele, but they could not quite confide in Mr. Newt, nor help feeling that, in some eccentric moment, even his interest might fail to control him.

"The truth is, I begin to be sick of it," said General Belch to the calm William Condor.

That placid-faced gentleman replied that he saw no reason for apprehension.

"But he may let things out, you know," said Belch.

"Yes, but is not our word as good as his," was the assuring reply.

"Perhaps, perhaps," said General Belch, dolefully, as he remembered the little paper of hints and instructions.

But Belch and Condor were forgotten by the representative they had sent to Congress when he once swelled the air of Washington. There was something grateful to Abel Newt in the wide sphere and complicated relations of the political capital, of which the atmosphere was one of intrigue, and which was built over the mines and countermines of selfishness. In every political metropolis conscience is out of fashion; and Abel came to Washington in the mood of conspiracy. Yet it was a conspiracy of which he was the sole conspirator, and he smiled as he looked around him and felt the magnetism of sympathy.

He undwindled all Belch's spies. The Honorable Mr. Ele could never ascertain any thing about his colleague, until one day when he discovered that the report upon the Grant was to be brought in within a day or two by the Committee, and that it would be recommended. Mr. Ele hastened to Abel's lodging. He found him smoking as usual, with a decanter at hand. It was past midnight, and the room was in the disorder of a bachelor's sanctum.

Mr. Ele seated himself carelessly, so carelessly that Abel saw at once that he had come for some very particular purpose. He offered his friend a tumbler and a cigar, and they talked calmly of a thousand things. Who had come, who had gone, and how superb Mrs. Delilah Jones was, who had appeared upon the scene, invested with mystery, and bringing a note to each of the colleagues from General Belch.

"Mrs. Delilah Jones," said that gentleman, in a private note to Ele, "is our old friend, Kitty Dunham. She appears as the widow of a captain in the navy, who died a few years since upon the Brazil station. You must have some secrets from each other about our dear friend who shall be nameless."

To Abel Newt, General Belch wrote: "My dear Newt, the lady to whom I have given a letter to you is daughter of an old friend of my family. She married Captain Jones of the navy, whom she lost some years since upon the Brazil station. She has seen the world; has money; and comes to Washington to taste life, to enjoy herself; to doff the sables, perhaps, who knows? Be kind to her, and take care of your heart. Don't forget the Grant in the arms of Delilah! Yours, Belch."

Abel Newt, when he received this letter, looked over his books of reports and statistics.

"Captain Jones; Brazil station," he said, skeptically, to himself. But he found no such name or event in the obituaries; and he was only the more amused by his friend Belch's efforts at circumvention and control.

"My dear Belch, I have your private note, but I have not yet encountered the superb Delilah; nor have I forgotten what you said to me about working 'em through their wives, and sisters, etc.

I shall not begin to forget it now, and I hope to make the Delilah useful in the campaign; for there are goslings here, more than you would believe. Thank you for such an ally. You, at least, were not born to fail. Yours, A. Newt."

"Goslings, are there? I believe not," said Belch to himself, inwardly chuckling as he read and folded Abel's letter. "Ally, hey? Well, that is good." And continuing the chuckle rising into a laugh. "Well, well, I thought Abel Newt was smart; but he doesn't even suspect, and I have played a deeper game than was needed."

"I guess that will fix him," said Abel, as he looked over his letter, laughed, folded it, and sent it off.

Mr. Ele by many a devious path at length approached the object of his visit, and hoped that Mr. Newt would flesh his maiden sword in the coming fray. When he had finished the careless speech which had cost him many an anxious hour of reflection and preparation, and upon the success of which, as a skillful piece of wheedling, he greatly flattered himself, Abel said, without removing his cigar, "I think I shall speak."

He said no more. Mr. Ele shook his foot.

"The widow will do a smashing business this winter, I suppose," he said, at length.

"Likely," replied Newt.

"Know her well?"

"Pretty well."

Mr. Ele retired, for he had learned all that his friend meant he should know.

"Do I know Delilah?" laughed Abel Newt to himself, as he said "Kitty Dunham."

Yes he did. He had followed up his note to General Belch by calling upon the superb Mrs. Delilah Jones. But neither the black wig, nor the freshened cheeks, nor the general repairs which her personal appearance had undergone, could hide from Abel the face of Kitty Dunham, whom he had known in other days when supers were eaten in Grand Street and wagons were driven to Cato's. He betrayed nothing; and she wrote to General Belch that she had disguised herself so that he did not recall her in the least.

Abel was intensely amused by the espionage of the Honorable Mr. Ele upon Mrs. Delilah Jones. He told his colleague how greatly he had been impressed by her—that she was really a fascinating woman; and, by Jove! though she was a widow, and no longer twenty, still there were a good many worse things a man might do than fall in love with her. To be honest, he did not feel altogether sure of himself, though he thought he was hardened if any body was.

Mr. Ele smiled, and said, in a serious way, that she was a splendid woman, and if Abel persisted he must look out for a rival.

"For I thought it best to lead him on," he wrote to his friend Belch.

As for the lady herself, Abel was so dexterous that she really believed that she might do rather more for herself than her employers. He brought to bear upon her the whole force of the fascination which had been so irresistible. It was like a blowpipe, and melted out the whole conspiracy against him without her knowing that she had been used. The point of her instructions was that she was to persuade him to be constant to the Grant at any price.

"To-morrow, then, Mr. Newt," she said to him, as they stood together in the vault of a levee at the White House—"to-morrow *our* bill is to be reported, and favorably."

Mrs. Delilah Jones was pretty woman, and shrewd. She had large eyes, languishing at will—at will, also, bright and piercing. Her face was a smiling, dimpled face; the features rather coarse, the expression almost vulgar, but the vulgarity well concealed. She was dressed in the extreme of the mode, and drew Mr. Newt's arm very close to her as she spoke. She observed that Mr. Newt was more than usually impressed to-day. The honorable representative had dined.

"*Our* bill, Lady Delilah? Thank you for that," said Abel, in a low voice, and almost pressing the hand that lay upon his close-held arm.

The reply was a slow turn of the head, and a half languishment in the eyes as they sought his with the air of saying, "Would you deceive a woman who trusts in you utterly?"

They moved out of the throng a little, and stood by the window.

"I wish I dared to ask you one thing, as a pure favor," said the superb Mrs. Delilah Jones, and this time the eyes were firm and bright.

"I hoped, by this time, that you dared every thing," replied Abel, with a vague reproach in his tone.

Mrs. Jones looked at him for a moment with a look of honest inquiry in her eyes. His own did not falter. Their expression combined confidence and respect.

"May I then ask," she said, earnestly, and raising her other hand as if to lay it imploringly upon his shoulder, but somehow it fell into his hand, which was raised simultaneously, and which did not let it go—

"For my sake will you speak in favor of it!" she asked, casting her eyes down.

"For your sake, Delilah," he said, in a musical whisper, and under the rouge her cheeks tingled—"for your sake I will make a speech—my maiden speech."

There was more conversation between them. The Honorable Mr. Ele stood apart, so to speak, and by incessant chatter warded off the company from pressing upon them unawares. The guests smiled as they looked on; and after the levee the newspapers circulated rumors (it was before the days of "Personal"), that were read with profound interest throughout the country, that the young and talented representative from the commercial emporium had not forfeited his reputation as a squire of dames, and gossip already declared that the charming and superb Mrs. Delilah Jones were long exchange that honored name for one not less esteemed.

When Abel returned from the levee he threw himself into his chair, and said, aloud,

"Isn't a man lucky who is well paid for doing just what he meant to do?"

For Abel Newt intended to get all he could from the Grant, and to enjoy himself as fully as possible while getting it; but he had his own work to do, and to that his power was devoted. To make a telling speech upon the winning side was one of its pluses, and accordingly he made it.

When the bill was reported as it had been drafted by his friends in New York, it had been arranged that Mr. Newt should catch the speaker's eye. His figure and face attracted attention, and his career in Washington had already made him somewhat known. During the time he had been there his constant employment had been a study of the House, and of its individual members, a study of the general character and influence of the speeches. His shrewdness showed him the shallows, the currents, and the reefs. But now he was to have the action so imposingly stated; and the minority, who knew that it was useless to oppose it, enjoyed the rhetoric of the debate, and, as it was brief, and did not encroach upon dinner-time, smiled approval, and joined in the congratulation to Mr. Newt upon his graceful and admirable oration.

In the midst of the congratulations Abel raised his eyes to Mrs. Delilah Jones, who sat conspicuous in the gallery.

The fluttering Abel Newt was the lion of the hour. The days of dinner invitations and evening parties suddenly returned. He did not fail to use the time well.

He helped to float him more securely to the fulfillment of his great work. Meanwhile he saw Mrs. Jones every day. She no longer tried to play a game.

The report of his speech was scattered abroad in the papers. General Belch rubbed his hands and experimented with an energy that showed the warmth of his feelings. Far away in quiet Delaficld, when the news arrived, Mr. Savory Gray lost no time in improving the occasion at a dinner-party. The scholars were all impressed with the idea that Mr. Newt was a great man because he had been one of Mr. Gray's boys. The Washington world soon knew his story, but one conspicuous fact being that he was the favorite nephew of the rich merchant, Lawrence Newt. The dinner invitations, the evening notes, fell upon his table more profusely than ever.

CHAPTER XCIV.

PASSAGE TAKEN.

One man knew the real state of things. One man felt the total ruin of a life. One man striking blindly out in desperation and hate, scarred his smite at one blow the happiness which he had lost forever. That man sat by the side of the superb Mrs. Delilah Jones, and his name was Abel Newt. Delilah was his slave now, not General Belch's.

He had a great work to do—it was to wreak vengeance upon his foes. It was not a matter of reason; it was an impulse. Why Lawrence Newt was his enemy, or Hope Wayne, or any of their circle, or whether they were so, he could not say. He did not know. He did not care. Why had he hated Gabriel Bennet at school? He only knew that there remained but the possibility of injury. He only hesitated as to how he should strike the blow.

Nor did he hesitate long.

Ambition, political success, social prestige had no fascination for a man who was half imbruted, and utterly disappointed and worn out. One thing only he really wanted. He wanted money—money, which could buy the only pleasures of which he was now capable.

"Look here, Delilah—I like that name better than Kitty; it means something—you know Belch. So do I. Do you suppose a man would work with him or for him except for more advantage than he can insure? Or do you think *I* want to slave for the public—*I* work for the public? God! would I be every man's nigger? I'm Mrs. Delilah Jones, emphatically not. I will be my own master, and yours, and my reverend uncle will foot the bills."

The woman looked at him inquiringly. It was not love that shone in her eyes, but she was fascinated. She was a willing captive. She accepted him as master.

"It isn't for you to know how he will pay," said Abel, "but to enjoy the fruits."

The woman, in whose face there were yet the ruins of a coarse beauty, which pleased Abel now as the most fiery liquor gratified his palate, looked at him, and said,

"Abel, what are we to do?"

"To be happy," he answered, with the old hard, black light in his eyes.

She almost shuddered as she heard the tone and saw the look, and yet she did not feel as if she could escape the spell of his power.

"To be happy!" she repeated. "To be happy!"

Her voice fell as she spoke the words. Her life had not been a long one. She had laughed a great deal, but she had never been happy. She knew Abel from old days. She saw him, now, sodden, bloated—but fascinating still. Was he the magician to conjure happiness for her?

"What is your plan?" she asked.

"I have two passages taken in a brig for the Mediterranean. We go to New York a day or two before she sails. That's all."

"And then?" asked his companion, with wonder and doubt in her voice.

"And then a blissful climate and happiness."

"And then?" she persisted, in a low, doubtful voice.

"Then Hell—if you are anxious for it," said Abel, in a sharp, sudden voice.

The poor woman cowered as she sat. Men had often enough sworn at her; but she recoiled from the roughness of this lover as if it hurt her. Her eyes were not languishing now, but startled—then slowly they grew dim and soft with tears.

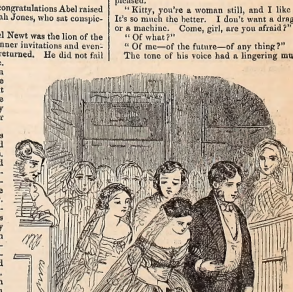
Abel Newt looked at her, surprised and pleased.

"Kitty, you're a woman still, and I like it. It's so much the better. I don't want a dragon or a machine. Come, girl, are you afraid?"

"Of what?"

"Of—of the future—of any thing?"

The tone of his voice had a lingering music



MARRIAGE BELLS.

of the same kind as the lingering beauty in her face. It was a sensual, seductive sound.

"No, I am not afraid," she answered, turning to him. "But oh! my God! my God! if we were only both young again!"

She spoke with passionate hopelessness, and the tears dried in her eyes.

Later in the evening Mrs. Delilah Jones appeared at the French Minister's ball.

"I come in the whole," said Mr. Ele to his partner, "I have never seen Mrs. Jones so superb as she is to-night."

His partner looked at the widow calmly, and smoothed the skirt of her dress as she answered—

"Yes, I know she is called pretty, but I don't somehow see it. I suppose I am so jealous, you know."

And she glanced deprecatingly at her companion.

"Oh, if *I* could ever hope to arouse your jealousy!" said the Honorable Barabbas Jayley Ele.

Her passed into another room. And others passed, and others. The bright crowd circled and swayed. But Mrs. Delilah Jones stood by the muzzled, speechless—to the representatives from several States remarked—and all the evening fresh comers offered homage.

"Ma'am!" said the old Dominican Ambassador, as he gazed at her through his g ass, and smacked his lips.

"Umm!" responded the sexagenarian representative from Chili, half closing one eye.

They passed on also, and pouring out a glass of fiery old Madeira, looked gravely at each other over the rims of the glasses.

"Santé!" was uttered through the heavy mustaches of each.

They heard a noise, and looked at the other end of the room. Mr. Abel Newt was talking loudly.

"Your remark was offensive, Sir."

It was a gentleman of the British Legation whom he addressed, and who had observed, *sotto voce*, to his friend the French Secretary, something in relation to the superb Mrs. Jones.

The youthful *attaché* looked confused. He seemed to blush and stammer, and the Honorable Mr. Newt had an excessively belligerent air.

"I am not aware that I am responsible to you, Sir, for my remarks," said the *attaché*.

"By G—, Sir, do you insult me?" vociferated Mr. Newt, upon the young man.

"There's no insult. Will you explain by what right you question my remarks?"

"That's right. That's fair," said the honorable members in the vicinity.

"As a friend of the lady's, Sir."

"Have you any authority to interpose for her, Sir?"

"Yes, Sir," replied Abel, pompously, and with bullying authority.

"In that case, Sir, I beg pardon," returned the *attaché*.

"Yes, Sir," said Mr. Newt, with the same vengisterial gravity, shaking his head majestically. "Yes, Sir." "Yes, Sir. Yes, Sir," he continued, as if unable to stop, and evidently unaware of what he was assenting to.

The crowd left him still shaking his head unsteadily, and the *attaché* remarked to his friend the Secretary:

"Now I'm going to have my revenge by congratulating Mrs. Jones."

When that lady was ready to go she asked Mr. Ele to find her friend Mr. Newt, whom she had promised to set down at his lodgings. The gentleman was found soundly sleeping upon the sofa in the supper-room; and, assisted by the Honorable Mr. Ele and the superb Mrs. Delilah Jones, Mr. Newt reached the carriage, and was taken home.

CHAPTER XCV.

MARRIAGE BELLS.

All night the snow fell softly, building of the old bricks of Manhattan a city of marble. As the light wind touched it there was a low rustling sound, as if of conscious happy life. Lightly on the roofs, on the balconies, on the door-steps, on the window-sills, upon the branches of trees, and the boxes that imprisoned them—wherever a point protruded, wherever a flake could lodge—all night the snow fell soft.

By morning the white cloth of the earth, upon which the sun, rising in a cloudless heaven, sparkled.

And the eyes of Hope Wayne and of Amy Waring, and of all the friends who knew and loved them, sparkled also as they shone upon the pure white day and thought of the bright bridal for which the earth seemed to have been bridally brightened.

In Mrs. Newt's house there were signs of something strange. In Mrs. Newt's quiet home there was a swift gliding to and fro. In one room in each of those houses something was hidden—something precious for which every body was busy. Yes, there was a pearl ready in the casket—a bride waiting in her chamber.

Precisely at noon from each house there were departing carriages. They met at the door of the same church, and there was no more expectings as only happy weddings see.

Gabriel Bennet and Edward Wynne shook hands as they stood in the church porch, each with a woman upon his arm that within the hour would be a wife.

"How lovely Ellen is this morning!" whispered Gabriel, looking tenderly at Ellen.

A few moments of solemn service. Before heaven and earth, before God and men, I take this woman, of all women, for my wife—this man, of all men, for my husband. Then the sweet chorus of kisses and happy sobs, the eager not to enjoyed without envious disgrace.

Lawrence Newt and Amy Waring stood side by side and wished the young people joy. Hope Wayne smiled, gayly and playfully, and when she kissed Mrs. Edward Wynne, that lady, with the moist roses of her cheeks growing rosier, whispered, as she laid her head upon Hope's—

"Sister Hope—not a goddess, a dear, loving woman."

Sister Hope did not clearly understand, but she smiled the more, and drove home to Mrs. Bonnet's, in the carriage with Lawrence Newt and Amy Waring. There were no clouds any more, no more constraints and doubts.

Lawrence Newt and every body that should have been there was present, except Mr. Dinks, and Mr. Boniface Newt, who went to no more parties. He was ailened by the fire at home, gazing about the room sometimes, and always slowly beating his long, white, skinny fingers together and muttering. There came to some refrain which he did not utter. Mrs. Newt was not there. Her nerves, she said, would not suffer it, and the Honorable Abel Newt was detained by his public duties at Washington.

But Fanny Newt and Aunt Martha and Arthur Merlin and Mrs. Simcoe sat quiet and cheerful at the table.

"If I had your doing," said Mrs. Bennet, as she smiled through tears upon Lawrence Newt, who sat beside her. "You are the guilty man."

He looked at her, and looked then at Amy Waring had a light in her eyes that expressed the most unquestioning assent to her aunt's remark; and Hope Wayne, sitting by Lawrence Newt, smilingly shook her head in agreement.

He filled a glass, and tripped the table. Every body stopped and looked.

"I will give a toast upon one condition," said Lawrence Newt.

"Name the condition," answered Arthur.

"That nobody shall make a speech."

There was laughing all round.

"The health, then, of Mr. and Mrs. Gabriel Bennet, and Mr. and Mrs. Edward Wynne."

Mr. Arthur Merlin cried "Hear, hear!" and "Bravo, bravo!"

Gabriel turned to Edward, and said:

"There couldn't have been a nicer reply, or we must both have spoken at once."

"Not at all," replied Edward.

"How so, Mr. Malaprop?"

"Because, Sir, you are the older married man," answered Edward.

"By at least fifteen minutes," said Hope Wayne.

At a happy wedding dinner kindliness sparkles like wit. The bright sun rose here by the full moon shone upon the snow. Arthur Merlin looked out of the window and thought of his picture.

Mr. Bennet sat by his wife's side upon the old sofa. They saw their children before them married. But they felt themselves like children. Mrs. Bennet put her hand in her husband's.

"I congratulate you, Sir," she said, softly, with glistening eyes.

The dreamy, quivering sweetness lightened in his eyes, with a glimmering humor.

"Don't you pity Columbus, now, if he were never married?"

LITERARY.

MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS have just published, in a neat 12mo volume, price 75 cents, "HALF HOURS WITH THE BEST AMERICAN CHARACTER AND CONDUCT," by Samuel Smiles, the well-known author of "The Life of George Stephenson."

They have also added to their excellent Library of Select Novels, MISREPRESENTATION, by Anna H. Drury, author of "Eastbury."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

THE PRESIDENT'S Message was read on Tuesday, 27th, in the senate. After the usual recognition of Providential mercies, he thus proceeds:

THE HARPER'S FERRY RAID.

While it is the duty of the President from time to time to give to Congress information of the state of the Union, I shall not refer to those events which have recently and bloody occurrences at Harper's Ferry. Still, it is proper to observe that these occurrences have led our citizens to commit themselves, derive their chief importance from the apprehension that they are but symptoms of a more wide-spread disease in the public mind, which may break out in still more dangerous outrages, and which must, if not met in an open war by the North to abolish slavery in the South, by the South for myself, a contention of such appalitation, their ought to afford a solemn warning to the people of the approach of danger. Our Union is a stake of such overwhelming importance to our country and to mankind, that vigilance for its preservation. In this view, let me implore my countrymen, let me implore the South to cultivate the ancient feelings of mutual forbearance and good-will between each other, and all to frown down the first symptom of sectional hatred and strife now alive in the land. This subject is exciting the deep interest of the whole confederacy, whose services announced in the last generation, and the people who will soon be called upon to act in their day, now nearly all passed away, and whose first and last prayers were for the Union of their country—tranquil, prosperous, united, and powerful.

AN APPEAL TO GOOD FEELING.

Public opinion in this country is all-powerful, and when it reaches a dangerous excess upon any question the good sense of the people will furnish the corrective and bring it back within safe limits. With, to hasten this auspicious result, at the present crisis, we ought to remember that every rational creature must be presumed to intend the natural consequences of his own teachings. Those who encourage slaves to rebellion by acts of the Constitution and the Union must not be surprised should they be treated precisely as others are who act on the attempt by violence to carry these doctrines into practical effect. In this view of the subject it might never to be forgotten that, however great may have been the political advantages resulting from the Union to every portion of our country, there was one evil attached to it so far as nothing should the time ever arrive when they can not be enjoyed without serious danger to the personal safety of the people of fifteen members of the Confederacy. If the fifteen slave States and the territory of the United States should ever be invaded—if the mothers of families while in a defenseless region should not be able to retire to rest at night without suffering dreadful apprehension of servile insurrection, and the murder of their children before the morning—it would be vain to appeal to the sympathy of the non-slaveholding States to put out to them from the Union. Self-preservation is the first instinct of nature, and all governments must act accordingly in which the sword is all the more unpointed over the heads of the people and not into their bosoms inflicted. But I indulge in no such gloomy forebodings. On the contrary, I firmly believe that every State from Maryland to Kerry, by causing the people to pause and reflect upon the possible perils of the unbridled institutions, will for the means, under Providence, of allaying the existing excitement and restoring the public mind to its wonted character. They will resolve that the Constitutions and the Union which have been transmitted by our forefathers, knowing that, should "the silver cord be loosed or the golden bowl be broken" by the hand of violence, the whole power could never reunite the scattered and hostile fragments.

SLAVERY IN THE TERRITORIES.

I ordinarily congratulate you upon the final settlement by the Supreme Court of the United States of the question of slavery in the Territories, which had presented such an aspect as to threaten the most disastrous issues of my administration. The right has been established of every citizen to take his property into the Territories with slaves, into the common Territories belonging equally to the United States and to himself, under the protection of there under the Federal constitution. Neither Congress nor a Territorial Legislature, nor any human power, has any authority to annul or impair this vested right. It has been conceded by the political departments of the co-ordinate branch of the government, has sanctioned with almost unanimity by the people of confirmed law, and finally it has been solemnly affirmed by the highest judicial tribunal established by the Constitution to expound its provisions and to decide upon its validity. The right to property in slaves is now guaranteed to the citizens of every State of the Union by the highest sanctions which can exist under our system of government. Everything else connected with this question is now to be regarded as settled in principle and in fact. Henceforth the only dangers which can menace the Union are those which may arise from the collision between the citizens of the different States in the Territories, and from the misguided interference of fanatical persons in the affairs of the people of the Territories. Both these dangers will be effectually overcome when the settlers in the Territories shall have been permitted to decide for themselves whether slavery shall or shall not exist within their limits, without foreign interference. This is the whole principle of the Kansas-Nebraska act, and it is the only principle which can or ought to be applied to the Territories hereafter to be organized. Any other principle would be in violation of the Constitution, would be inconsistent with the legislation and the settled policy of the government from the beginning of the government, and would be productive of the most fatal consequences to the peace and prosperity of the country. Experience has shown that every effort to prohibit slavery in the Territories has only aggravated the evil which it was designed to remedy. Under the Missouri restriction of 1820 the people of the Territories were excited to the introduction of slaves, while the Kansas-Nebraska act has left them free to exclude them. Under the former law the citizens of the Territories were kept in a state of unnatural excitement and agitation, while under the latter they have enjoyed the most perfect tranquillity. Under the former law the people of the Territories were unfitted for the formation of a State constitution, while under the latter they have been fitted for admission into the Union. After this has been done, no power on earth will be able to exclude slaves from any State that may be received into the Union, unless the people of such constitution may prescribe at the time of their admission. The principle of the law has properly been recognized, to some form or other, by an almost unanimous vote of both houses of Congress.

THE SLAVE-TRADE.

All law for many years of my command have been enjoyed, and shall continue to be employed, to execute with vigor the laws of the African slave-trade. After a most careful and rigorous examination of the vessels, and a thorough investigation of the subject, we have not been able to discover that any of the vessels sent from the ports of the United States except the cargo by the Wanderer, something between three and four hundred. These captured in this unlawful enterprise have been rigorously prosecuted, and the offenders punished as the law has made and decreed. A number of them are still under prosecution.

THE SAN JUAN AFFAIR.

Upon the trade, and it would be difficult to determine whether the people of that race deteriorate or the interests of the master or on those of the native born slave. Of the evils of the system, the one most to be dreaded would be the introduction of wild, heathen, and ignorant barbarians, fresh from their native wilds, into slaves, whose ancestors have been on the soil for several generations, and who have become habituated, domesticated, and exasperate the whole mass, and produce the most destructive consequences.

The effect upon the existing slave would, if possible, be still more deplorable.

THE SAN JUAN AFFAIR.

After mentioning the Many agreements with the British Government, the President continues:

Thus matters remained at the close of this arrangement until the 9th of July last, when General Harney took a visit to the island. He found upon it twenty-five American residents with their families, and also an establishment of the Hudson's Bay Company for the purposes of raising sheep. A short time before his arrival each of these persons, not an animal belonging to the company, while trespassing upon his premises, for which, he was informed, he was to be charged a rent that was refused. Soon after "the chief factor of the company at Victoria, Mr. Dallas, sent over Governor Douglas, came to the Island in the British sloop-of-war Satellite, and demanded that Captor Pickett and his battery be force to Victoria, to answer for the trespass in question, and, moreover, to extend his rule, and that Mr. Dallas if any such attempt was made he would kill him with the sword of his own hands."

Under these circumstances the American settlers presented a petition to Captain Pickett, "through the United States Inspector of Customs, Mr. Hyden, to place a force upon the island for the protection of their lives and property as well as the oppressive interference of the authorities of the British Island of Victoria with their rights as citizens of the American citizens." The General immediately reinforced Captain Pickett, and ordered Lieutenant-Col. E. Pickett, 9th Infantry, "to establish his company on the southeastern part of the island, and to use every means under his command to secure the harbor at the southeastern extremity." This force was promptly dispatched, and a military post was established at the place designated. The force was afterwards increased to 461 men, and subsequently to a number of troops then on the island amounted in the aggregate to 661 men.

BRITISH ACTS AND REPRESENTATIONS.

While I do not deem it proper, on the present occasion, to go further than to state the facts which have led to the difficulty which ought to be attached to the statements of the British colonial authorities concerning the accuracy of the information on which the gallant General acted, it was not at this time that I communicated to Congress the correspondence on the order to Captain Pickett. From these it is quite clear that the course pursued by the British authorities on Vancouver's Island from exercising jurisdiction over American citizens on this island, and that it was well as to protect them against the incursions of the Indians.

Much excitement prevailed for some time throughout that region, and serious danger of collision between the parties was apprehended. The British and a large naval force in the vicinity, and it is but an act of simple justice to the admiral on that station to state that he wisely and discreetly forbore to commit any hostile act, but determined to refer the whole affair to his government and await their instructions.

GENERAL SCOTT'S MISSION.

This aspect of the matter, in my opinion, demanded serious attention. It would have been a great calamity for both nations had they been precipitated into acts of hostility not on the question of title to the island, but merely concerning the form which it should be taken during the intervening period while the two governments might be employed in settling the question to which of them it belongs. For this reason Lieutenant-General Scott was dispatched on the 17th of September last to Washington Territory, to take immediate command of the military forces of the United States on that coast, and to act as circumstances might render necessary. The main object of his mission was to bring about the happy and pacific arrangement between the two governments which has since been effected. I have to-day the pleasure to announce the full and prompt execution between the British and American authorities of the agreement entered into between the two governments. Entertaining no doubt of the validity of the claim of the United States to the island, the military authorities were to be placed on a footing at least to prevent the title in dispute from being changed by force. Captain Pickett's company should remain on the island. The British force should be withdrawn from it. This was the state of action, and in ignorance of what might be the result of the negotiations between the two governments, it was necessary to leave such to his discretion, and I am happy to say that his course has been approved. Orders could not have been intrusted to more competent hands. General Scott has received renewed proofs of his ability, having successfully accomplished his objects, and the island is now in a condition to apprehend a collision between the forces of the two countries during the pendency of the existing negotiations.

THE STATE OF MEXICO.

* * * * * * *

The excesses which always attend upon civil war, especially in Mexico, are constantly recurring. Outrages of the most flagrant character are perpetrated both upon persons and property. There is scarcely any form of injury which has not been suffered by our citizens in Mexico during the last few years. We have been nominally at peace with Mexico, but this peace has afforded no protection to our commerce or of our citizens who have visited the country or resided among its inhabitants. In the meantime, as our record, we might as well have been at war." In the latter event, however, the government would be impossible except at a risk of less which prudent men can not be at liberty to incur. Repeated remonstrances involving large expenditures entered into by the central government, have not been able to obtain redress for these grievances. Peaceful American residents, occupying their dwellings and property, have been subjected to acts of cruelty, in defiance of treaties, and by the mere force of military power. Their dwellings have been entered and torn asunder, and a recent decree of Miramon permits the interference of governmental in the affairs of the territory. Vessels of the United States have been arrested and detained, and others forcibly and unjustified such suffering and injury, and without any hope of redress. Even the sanctuary of religion has not been inviolate without title in person, as well as the extreme and the bishop of the American, upon the soil of the United States, was compelled to journey on foot to his home. Murders of a still more atrocious character have been committed in the streets of Mexico, under the authority of Miramon's government, and the perpetrators have found at least a temporary asylum. Little less shocking was the recent fate of the Consul of the United States at Tepic on the 4th of August, by order of the same Mexican government, not only without a trial, but without any opportunity for the exercise of the commonest rights of humanity. He was dragged from his prison and shot in an inhuman manner, and his property confiscated. Little less shocking was the recent fate of the Consul of the United States at Tepic on the 4th of August, by order of the same Mexican government, not only without a trial, but without any opportunity for the exercise of the commonest rights of humanity. He was dragged from his prison and shot in an inhuman manner, and his property confiscated.

Despite the trade, and it would be difficult to determine whether the people of that race deteriorate or the interests of the master or on those of the native born slave. Of the evils of the system, the one most to be dreaded would be the introduction of wild, heathen, and ignorant barbarians, fresh from their native wilds, into slaves, whose ancestors have been on the soil for several generations, and who have become habituated, domesticated, and exasperate the whole mass, and produce the most destructive consequences.

The effect upon the existing slave would, if possible, be still more deplorable.

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THE ONLY REMEDY.

In all these cases our Ministers have been constant and faithful in their demands for redress, but both they and this Government, with the utmost patience which can be resisted, have been wholly powerless to make their demands effective. The only remedy which is left is to refer the case to the only remedy which, in their judgments, would require the redress, and that is to render them impossible. "Nothing but a manifestation of the power of the Government of the United States can arrest our late Minister in 1850, and of its purpose to punish these wrongs, it will avail. I assure you that the universal belief here is that there is nothing to be apprehended from the Government of the United States, and that local decisions will continue to be made against the American citizens with absolute impunity." I hope the President of the United States will not. The people have said "will not authorized to ask from Congress the Power to call out the militia and the Army and Navy of the United States, at the call of the constitutional authorities, in order to protect the lives and the property of citizens of the United States. Unless such a power is conferred upon him, nothing will be left for him but to refer the matter to the existing state of anarchy and disorder, and the outrages already committed will soon be repeated. As soon as I assured you in my No. 23, all these evils must increase until a state of anarchy shall exist which must disappears from the country." I have been reluctantly led to the same conclusion, and, in justice to my countrymen who have suffered wrongs from Mexico, and who may still suffer them, I feel bound to announce this conclusion to Congress.

* * * * * * *

A MILITARY OCCUPATION NECESSARY.

The wrongs which we have suffered from Mexico are before the world, and have called for redress every American citizen. A government which does not protect its subjects is unfitting to be called a government. It forgets the duties. The difficulty consists in the means to apply to the constitutional authorities. We can only look to the civil and efficient government at Vera Cruz, which is not in a condition to afford us adequate redress. While its authority is acknowledged in all the interior portions of the republic, its power does not extend to the city of Mexico. Its jurisdiction is not extend to the city of Mexico. Its jurisdiction is not extended to all the recent outrages have been committed on American citizens, and the perpetrators are still unpunished. Before we can reach the offenders, and upon the limits of the Republic by passing through the territory of the constitutional government. The most active efforts will be made by the constitutional government to call it to account with that government. But, in the meantime, our citizens will be suffering. Their consent and their all call for redress, and the Government of the United States ought not ever citizens in their just rights, secured by treaty. I recommend to Congress imperative. For these reasons, I recommend, under such contingencies as may arise, to employ a sufficient military force to enter Mexico for the purpose of obtaining indemnity for the past and security for the future. I purposely refrain from any suggestion as to the number of troops necessary for such a purpose. I would only say that in my opinion, demanded serious attention. It would have been a great calamity for both nations had they been precipitated into acts of hostility not on the question of title to the island, but merely concerning the form which it should be taken during the intervening period while the two governments might be employed in settling the question to which of them it belongs. For this reason Lieutenant-General Scott was dispatched on the 17th of September last to Washington Territory, to take immediate command of the military forces of the United States on that coast, and to act as circumstances might render necessary. The main object of his mission was to bring about the happy and pacific arrangement between the two governments which has since been effected. I have to-day the pleasure to announce the full and prompt execution between the British and American authorities of the agreement entered into between the two governments. Entertaining no doubt of the validity of the claim of the United States to the island, the military authorities were to be placed on a footing at least to prevent the title in dispute from being changed by force. Captain Pickett's company should remain on the island. The British force should be withdrawn from it. This was the state of action, and in ignorance of what might be the result of the negotiations between the two governments, it was necessary to leave such to his discretion, and I am happy to say that his course has been approved. Orders could not have been intrusted to more competent hands. General Scott has received renewed proofs of his ability, having successfully accomplished his objects, and the island is now in a condition to apprehend a collision between the forces of the two countries during the pendency of the existing negotiations.

sympathies with the sufferings of our unfortunate fellow-citizens in Mexico, and with the unhappy condition of that republic. Such an accession to the forces of the constitutional government would enable it soon to reach the city of Mexico, and extend its power over the whole republic. In that event there is no reason to doubt that the just claims of our citizens would be satisfied, and adequate redress obtained for the injuries inflicted upon them. The national government have ever striven to use a strong desire to do us justice; and this might be secured by an advance by a preliminary treaty.

MR. WARD AT PEKIN.

On the arrival of Mr. Ward at Pekin he required an audience of the Emperor to present his letter of credence. This he did not obtain, in consequence of his very proper refusal to submit to the humiliating ceremonies required by the etiquette of this strange people in approaching their sovereign. Nevertheless the minister and the question were conducted in the most friendly spirit and in all that related to his personal feelings and the honor of his country. When a presentation to his Majesty was found to be impossible, the letter of credence from the President was received with peculiar honors by Kweiliang, "the Emperor's Prime Minister, and the first man in the empire to the Emperor himself." The ratifications of the treaty were afterward met on the 16th of August, exchanged in proper form at Pei-tang. As the exchange did not take place until after the time fixed upon by the treaty, it is deemed proper, before its publication, again to submit it to the Senate.

It is but simple justice to the Chinese authorities to observe that, throughout the whole transaction, they appear to have acted in good faith and in a friendly spirit toward the United States. It is true that this has been after their own peculiar fashion; but we ought to regard with a leniency the ancient customs of a people having long look for themselves of years, so far as this may be consistent with our national honor. The conduct of our Minister on the occasion has received my entire approbation.

A CHANGE IN STATE ELECTIONS PROPOSED.

The time to use the Post-office bill successfully, as set forth in serious reflections. Congress, by refusing to pass the general appropriation bill necessary to carry on the Government, may not only arrest its action, but might even destroy its existence. The Army, Navy, and Judiciary, in short, every department of the Government has no longer any means than their incomes if Congress withhold the money necessary for their support. If this failure should long continue the necessary delay of meeting a full Congress in sufficient time to enable the President to convene them in any emergency, even immediately after the old Congress has expired, it will have been productive of great evil. In a time of peace, as well as in times of danger, foreign or domestic, which all nations must expect to encounter in their progress, the very existence of our institutions may be staked upon the assembling of Congress without delay. If, under such circumstances, the President should find himself in the condition in which he was placed on the close of the last session, with nearly half the States of the Union destitute of representatives, the consequences might be disastrous. He therefore recommend to Congress to carry into effect the provisions of the Constitution in this subject, and not to allow a law appointing some day previous to the 4th of March in each year at which the election of Representatives throughout all the States. They have already appointed a day for the election of electors for President and Vice-President, and this measure has been approved by the country.

THE PACIFIC RAILROAD.

I would again express a most decided opinion in favor of the construction of a Pacific railroad, for which I have stated in my two last annual messages. When I reflect upon what was in the Declaration of Independence of the States and Territories west of the Rocky Mountains is a mere arid waste, a naval power entirely unknown, and a metropolis extensive with them by the restlessness the Infancy, I have been convinced than ever of the vast importance of this railroad. I have never doubted the constitutionality of the measure, and I still think that if it be constructive, let this exclusively under the war-making power. But the Constitution expressly authorizes it as an imperative duty, that "the United States shall protect each of them (the States) against invasion." It is my belief less to conceive how this protection can be afforded to California and Oregon against such a naval power as one of other means. I repeat the opinion contained in my last annual message, that it would be incumbent upon the Government to undertake this great work by agents of its own appointment and under its direct and immediate control. This would increase the patronage of the Executive to a dangerous extent, and would lead to a system of jobbing and corruption which no vigilance on the part of Federal officers could prevent. The contracts would be so vast ought, therefore, to be intrusted to incorporated companies, or other agencies, who would be responsible, effective and vigilant supervision over it which can be inagined alone by a sense of corporate and individual interest. I venture to assert that the additional cost of transportation and annuities of any kind, over and above the rates for the army across the vast intervening plains to the possessions on the Pacific Coast, would be trifling in such a war than the whole amount required to construct the road, and by this route would, after all, be indispensable for their defence and protection.

REVENUE AND EXPENDITURE.

We have been most severely removed from the habits of extravagant expenditure, produced by our overflowing Treasury, during several years prior to the commencement of my administration. The financial reverses which we have since experienced ought to last for ever. It is only thus our expenditures will the greatest vigilance, and be reduced to the lowest possible point. The Secretary of the Treasury Department have devoted themselves to the accomplishment of this object, and have been crowned with entire success, as will appear from their different reports and estimates. In these I invite the attention of Congress, for the purpose of reducing them still lower, if this can be practicable, consistent with the public interest and safety of the country. In aid of the policy of retrenchment I prefer upon the issuance directly into the hands of individuals so money, or that if any of these should inconvenience to the Government of the amount of the loss, as would unquestionably be the result, after all, be inadequate for their defence and protection.

The balance in the Treasury on the 1st of July, 1859, of $14,781,648; the receipts during the same year, including loans, $69,580,293; and the total receipts during the fiscal year 1859-60 (half of which has nearly expired), the Secretary's estimates are as follows:

REVENUE.

Balance on July 1, 1859	$4,339,276
Ordinary revenue for 1859-'60	60,207,565
To be borrowed on Treasury notes and stock of 1858	10,747,760
Total revenue	$75,584,841

EXPENDITURE.

Service of Government, as above	$56,338,356
Interest on debt	4,604,304
Total expenditure	$61,062,722

The balance thus left would be $14,581,848; but the unpaid debts of the year, the disbursements, and other appropriations required, will have to come out of this; to that, estimate for the service specified, and appropriations by Congress, the balance on 1st July, 1860, will be reduced to ten millions three hundred thousand.

The Secretary says:

It will be seen that there will be no necessity to provide additional means for the Treasury, provided its receipts should be equal to the estimates, and the appropriations made by Congress do not exceed the amounts recommended by the Secretary.

I submit, with much confidence, the estimate of probable receipts for the ensuing year, and also that for which it is based upon the operations of our trade and commerce for the past year. Nothing has occurred to question that the business of the country will continue in its present state of prosperity during 1860.

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY OF WAR.

The Secretary of War reports that, while the authorized strength of the army was 18,000 men, the force at last was only 17,498; and 11,000 of that number were on the western frontier. Of course, the field in which the force has been required to man about 130 permanent posts, and to protect the settlers over a vast area and a three millions of square miles, and consequently it has been impossible to concentrate a sufficient number on any frontiers. In relation to the Indian depredations on our Southern and Mexican borders, the Secretary says that such attention to the disposition of the troops best season as will enable them to suppress the disorders which have been taken to subdue the Camanches and Kiowas, and give protection to the settlers in Northern Texas, and give protection to the settlers in Northern Texas, and the settlers in New Mexico. He recommends that provision be made for enlisting a force of Indian scouts, to be employed for enlisting transcires is urged, as to the enlistment of foreigners, and the necessity of a large number of men to provide their own horses. He speaks favorably of experiments in breech-loading fire-arms, of the use of caissons for carrying ammunition, and of the use of camels for transporting stores. On the whole every thing is put down at $13,03 8,73 2, of which he thinks may be considerably reduced.

The Secretary of the Navy says that there is scarcely any portion of the public service that, with proper economy for the future, they will profitably soon be so brief.

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.

The Report of the Secretary of the Navy enters largely into the achievements of the African Squadron, and the measures which have extended arrangements for suppressing the slave-trade. The Secretary says that the force on the African Slave-trade has been added to the number of steam and steam-vessels had been increased since the accession of the present administration. No augmentation has been called for, except for the enlargement of the general force—officers, privates, &c.

The annual expenditures of the Navy Department for the six touched upon; and the explanations of Lieutenant, Brooks among the officers who were tried and acquitted. A contract executed with the Chicago Express Company for the transportation of the mails between the two of great value. It concedes large areas of land on either side of the line of the railroad, and also the entire navigation of the necessary harbors, and the ownership of all coal found on the line. Under this contract $600,000 a year are to be paid, should Congress ratify the bargain. The appropriations for the Navy Department for the fiscal year were $14,623,26; the appropriations $14,509,254. The estimated expenditures for the present administration, for 1860, were $13,970,370; the appropriation $10,464,100, for the year ending June 30, 1861, $13,970,370; and for $11,384,815.

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR.

The Report of the Secretary of the Interior embodies a mass of information relative to the various branches of the public service. The General Land Office Bureau states that the number of acres of land sold during the year ending September 30, 1859, 16,418,183 acres were sold for cash, and 2,107,476 with land warrants. The receipts were $2,107,476; 2,017,440 acres were located with bounty land warrants; 1,711,040 were approved to States under the swamp land act; and under the swamp grants of March 2, 1849, and September 28, 1850; and 1,000,000 acres were granted to Illinois, Iowa, and Minnesota, to aid in the construction of railroads. The number of acres of land surveyed during the year was 23,055,570, and that the number of acres of land surveyed to date is 181,427,423. There are 258,000 of the Aborigines within the limits of the United States. The total number of Pensions has 11,855 pensioners on his roll, calling for $1,291,155 annually. The Secretary recommends that provision be made for the census, will require the aggregate labor of at least 1,000 men. He also recommends the act just to continue the purchase and distribution at the Agricultural Bureau of seeds, cuttings, roots, trees, and plants, etc., as have not already been introduced into the country. An appropriation of $10,000 for the proper and convenient accommodation for the Courts of the United States in the City of Boston, and for the Circuit and District Court, is also recommended.

REPORT OF THE POST-OFFICE DEPARTMENT.

The Report of the Postmaster-General dwells largely upon the financial embarrassments of the year, attributable to the liabilities of the Department for the transportation of ascertained liabilities not due by the Department, but due to that service, and which will be paid. The gross liabilities to the amount of $1,449,000 have been liquidated. The gross receipts for the year are $8,518,000. These, added to a balance on the books of the Auditor, leave to be provided for a total of $8,518,000. The sum of $12,156,239 constitutes revenue, against expenditures amounting to $13,613,239, leaving a deficiency of $1,457,000. The Postmaster-General says:

The increase for the service period are estimated at $1,675,000, and the decrease at $1,000,000, leaving a deficiency of $2,132,000. The total annual transportation of mails on the 30th June last was 53,318,493 miles, costing 13,498,71. The increase in the annual transportation is 3,000,000 miles, the causes by rail, steamboat, and coach having been largely increased, and the service by mail contractors to the extent of 16,67 miles. The number of post-offices is 28,586, an increase during the year for the year. The Postmaster-General is pregnant with subjects of reform.

One of his plans contemplates the discouragement of the system of correspondence by telegraph by the imposition of twenty per postage heretofore enjoyed by the Press; another, the award of bids for transportation to parties contracting to furnish the utmost celerity, independently of the mode of carriage; another, the final abandonment of the Tehuantepec Isthmus as a mail route. In regard to the route between Portland and New Orleans, further legislation is pronounced requisite. And that clause of the Act of June, 1858, which directs a preference to be given in the transportation of the European mails to a route between Portland and New Orleans in three days' delay, is recommended for repeal. The document is extremely long.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, 26th December, the Senate not being in session, Mr. Hunter, of Virginia, addressed a crowded floor in consideration of his speech commenced on Friday. Mr. Hunter's object is to show by interpretation of contradictory notions, none looking to an adjournment over the holidays, because he is not prepared to say that others are adjournment until Mr. Smith should have reached his point. Mr. Green, of Kentucky, also reserved privilege to obtain a hearing for a proposition advocating the exercise of the power of the Senate to call a recess. The motion to adjourn until Tuesday at length prevailed.

On Tuesday, 27th December, the Senate of the Message was listened to, after the resistance of Republican Senators to hear the message. Mr. Green recommended it to be laid on the table; Mr. Clingman, that all action be postponed until the message be printed; Mr. Wright, that the usual course be adopted—that the Message and documents be referred to a Select Committee; that his motion to that effect be over until after the holidays. Mr. Hunter's speech was then resumed, and the Senate adjourned until Friday.——The House having declined to hear the Message read, Mr. Hunter resumed and closed his speech. Mr. Houston, of Alabama, then moved that the Speaker be elected by a majority voting while the appropriations for the Post-office Department might be passed. Mr. Pennington, Republican candidate, then were ready to elect a Speaker for the whole session. A call of the House was ordered, and 208 members answered, rendering 105 necessary to a choice. Sherman received 109 votes, Bocock 88, Phillips 15; Messrs. Gilmer and Boeock, each, 14; Mr. Maclay, 1; Mr. Corwin, 1; and Mr. Pennington, 1.

On Wednesday, 28th, in the House, the Senate not being in session, Speeches were made by Messrs. Phillips, Illinois, Mr. Barksdale, and others. Mr. Etheridge, of Tennessee, placed before the House the name of Mr. Haywood, of North Carolina, as that of a conservative, conservative, in all respects entitled to the support of conservative men. He was not the first Republican who replied by constant debate, each gentleman taking pains to explain that he was not voting for Mr. Sherman. It was declared, there were found to be 116 necessary to a choice on the 114th vote. Sherman received 101; and Mr. Haywood 65. The rest were scattering.

On Thursday, 29th, Speeches, speeches were made by Mr. Morris and Mr. Millson. Mr. Grow then took the floor to reply to the remarks made by Mr. Millson, of Mr. Brooks, of North Carolina, in which the Pennsylvania representative had defended the Republican Post-office Appropriation Bill. Mr. Grow vehemently repelled the accusation that the appropriation was a party measure. A sharp colloquy ensued, in which Mr. Bocock announced that he should vote for Mr. Grow's measure. In the week, Mr. Pryor, of Virginia, obtained the floor, but was interrupted by Mr. Sherman, of Ohio, and Mr. Haywood, of Kentucky, who interpolated explanations. Previous to the ballot for Speaker, Mr. Grow withdrew his name from the list, as not likely to concentrate the necessary number. Mr. Gilmer, of California, then stepped upon the conservatives as an unexceptionable man, and received 14 votes. Mr. Bocock received 102; Scott, 85; Gilmer, 14; scattering, 11; necessary to a choice, 113. Mr. Sherman received 109.

On Friday, 30th, in the Senate, Senator Iles, of Mississippi, gave notice of a bill for the relief of Jones, et al., sufferers by the Florida Indian depredations at Pond's, were the most important. The Senate then adjourned over to Monday, 2d January. Mr. Hunter then drawn ineffectually to institute a twenty-minute rule for speeches. Mr. Grow's speech was then followed by Messrs. Boyce, Stanton, Cox, etc.; and on the 3d, by Mr. Kellogg, of Illinois. The Committee of Ways and House adjourned it adjourn to January 3 was carried, by 116 to 114. Mr. Sherman, Republican, of Ohio, is elected Speaker for twenty-four hours, so as to allow the House to go into the election of Speaker for the session of the Post-office Department. The plan was not carried out, and Mr. Grow elected.

END OF THE CLAYTON-BULWER DISPUTE.

The *Herald* says: "It appears that the action of our Minister to Guatemala, Mr. Dimitry, in which he has negotiated between Great Britain and Guatemala, was entirely unauthorized by instructions, as to the facts, recently received official dispatches state that by the treaty of 1850 between Great Britain and Guatemala, the former pretensions to the Bay Islands, as well as to the Mosquito coast, are to be left to the boundary line agreed to by the two governments are fixed in accordance with the terms of the convention of 1850 between Guatemala and adopted by the United States Senate. It is furthermore stated that Mr. Dimitry has exceeded his instructions in that she has not and does not intend to enter into any treaty which will impair the rights of the United States under the Clayton-Bulwer treaty."

AGGRESSION IN MISSOURI.

A telegram from St. Louis reports an act of insurrectionary violence, said to have been made by the slaves on Monday night, in Polk County, in the southwestern section of the State. The white population of Benton County was aroused by shouts and other demonstrations in the public square. Here a party of the slaves, it is said, were found to have attacked a number of whites, using stones for weapons. Some of the slaves were arrested into the mountains, where, at the latest moment, they were engaged in a conflict with the whites. Large numbers have been imprisoned and severely punished. A Vigilance Committee has been formed, and the excitement in the town is intense.

RETURN OF THE YACHT "WANDERER."

The yacht *Wanderer* has once more come to right, this time in the waters of Georgia. She was seized in the port on Saturday, in charge of the mate, who tells a story of wanderings, adventures, and escapes, which is in the way of interest and more fascinating chapter to the history of piracies and slave-trading than any. The history of the vessel, as stated with from the time of her departure from the port of Charleston, and the free natives who brought her back, and now in great suffering and destitute condition, have been provided for.

PERSONAL.

Senator Seward arrived in town on Wednesday evening from Europe by the Arctic. He was received by a committee of his political friends, and escorted to the Astor House, while artillery in the Park fired a salute.

Governor Wise has left Richmond for Florida. He said: "I leave that Governor Wise has laid before the joint Legislature the correspondence relative to the duties upon the subject of Mr. Dimitry's mission.

Earl of Derby has been appointed Governor of Ireland, and more of it in Charlestown, Virginia. This extraordinary occasion was signed by persons known to New England; and though names, and duties, and places of writing are obliterated from some of the letters, it nevertheless implicates persons, I am told, now little suspected by the country. The Committee in the Senate will bring these forth to light, but in all cases proof will be difficult."

Archbishop Hughes has accepted the invitation of the Senior Class of the University of North Carolina to deliver the Commencement Sermon before them on the 4th of June next.

Dempsey Upper, an esteemed citizen of Albion, Orleans County, was murdered on 25th ult., in his grocery store at that place. He was found lying a bucket, dead in the store. His body was found lying on the floor next morning. The murder is supposed to have been done with an axe or a similar instrument, as the top of his head was completely knocked in. There was no robbery of wealth, but kept little or no money in his possession. Patrick Colligan has been arrested on suspicion, and is now in custody of Dyer. A difficulty existed between them, and he had threatened Dyer's life.

FOREIGN NEWS.

FRANCE.

THE COURT AT COMPIEGNE.

The *Times* correspondent says: "If what we hear from Compiegne be correct, the Imperial court has not still, almost ingubrious affairs. The court *fêtes* and entertainments are reduced to a affair of grim formality; gentlemen and ladies are invited out in sets to stay three days, and the routine of amusement and occupations to go through—an etiquette as far removed from fun as the Escurial itself. Even the stage is not to be allowed a number of times daily, eat a certain number of solemn dinners, and to be present at a certain number of evening services, and are treated each to one grand hunt in the forest. The Emperor and Empress appear to be on not solemnity in front of the party by a groom, who lets him go with the rest. The Emperor is said to take care of himself. The whole set return to town together on a Saturday evening. The Empress is said to have allowed any piece of fun in the trip. The reason of this will be understood by all."

"It can not be said, however, that an attempt is not made to enliven the party. Every day after the hunt, numbering about fifty persons, they usually invite three or four persons to dine with them, of more or less conversational qualities. But whether these refuse to fill the appointment, or that the Emperor has a special element when out of their slippers and morning gown, they are generally found to be the dullest. The Minister, Lord and Lady Stafford, the Duke of Magenta, and an eccentric character.

AN ECCENTRIC CHARACTER.

Among the recent deaths in Paris, is that of Viscount Made de Fleurieu, who was remarkable as the survivor of one of the oldest families in Brittany. His name, however, is not that by which he was known, as he was the founder of the celebrated enterprise of the Restaurant Anglais, which was for many years the resort of the élite of Paris. He had twelve consulines laden with his dishes sent to every part of the world, and his tables were laden with cold dishes, and twenty-four laden with wines of the choicest vintage. He was the first person who made immense fortunes to prepare the dishes, but the project was a failure, and he died in the most abject poverty. He left the remainder of his fortune in an attempt to found a colony in Texas, but the undertaking was a failure died poor. At the time of his death he was revising the productions of a work he had written for Napoleon.

DARING FLIGHT OF FASHION.

Fashion, in the very highest circles abroad, has taken a flight, which, if it does not soar to the regions of the sun, is a diplomatic dinner recently given in that city, two ladies of the Indian empire were present, viz., the Countess I——, wore a red bonnet jacket of satin, embroidered with silver, and trimmed with fur. The other was a military cap of black velvet, surmounted by an ostrich feather. The dress was of white satin and velvet, but consisted of a black satin skirt, very short, and trimmed with a deep flounce of white satin. The Countess C——, who was of the party, wore a dragoon uniform, consisting of a scarlet coat with gold epaulettes, buttons of gold, epaulets of gold, a head-dress with a plume of feathers. The boots were worn by the dragoons.

PEOPLE WHO WON'T CONFESS CAN'T BE MARRIED.

The *Novvelliste Vaudois* says: "The parish priest of Bex, in the Canton of Vaud, refused to perform the ceremony of the celebrate the marriage of a couple in his parish, because the bridegroom had refused to confess himself before the communion. The bishop of the diocese, on being appealed to, approved of the decision of the priest. The affair was accordingly applied to the Council of State; but that body, finding that the law left the matter to the priest's discretion, has sent a deputation to the bishop praying him to decide. What the decision has been is not yet known."

AUSTRIA.

THE EMPEROR ABOUT TO ABDICATE.

A letter from Pesth of the 1th inst. says: "A piece of news is now circulated here which, in the political circles of this city that it is not without hesitation I venture to mention it, as I have hitherto found it the most excellent means of obtaining the silliest and best information. It is said that the Emperor Francis Joseph intends shortly abdicating the crown in favor of his son, a child born the 18th of August, 1858, and designated to inherit his brother, the Archduke Maximilian, formerly Governor of Lombardy. It is also said that the motive assigned for the present abdication is that the Emperor now with Bismay Austria in the affairs of Italy, and withdraw from the risk of figuring personally in history as 'the man who lost Lombardy.' The Emperor Francis Joseph is a strong and strong-headed young man, he will not contest the fact that the Austrian Empire has lost its principal parts of his empire, and especially to Hungary, by which alone the Emperor is now depending over Austria could, perhaps, for a time be averted."

SPAIN.

THE WAR WITH MOROCCO.

A telegraphic dispatch from Madrid, dated December 10, announces as follows:

"The Spaniards have just obtained a new victory. The Moors, this time 10,000 strong, attacked the redoubt. Fighting lasted for several hours. The enemy were put to rout, which entered into line, for the first time, under the command of the Duke of Alcantara.

"The number of dead on the side of the Moors is more than 2,000. The Spanish troops have had about 500 killed and 40 killed and 320 wounded.

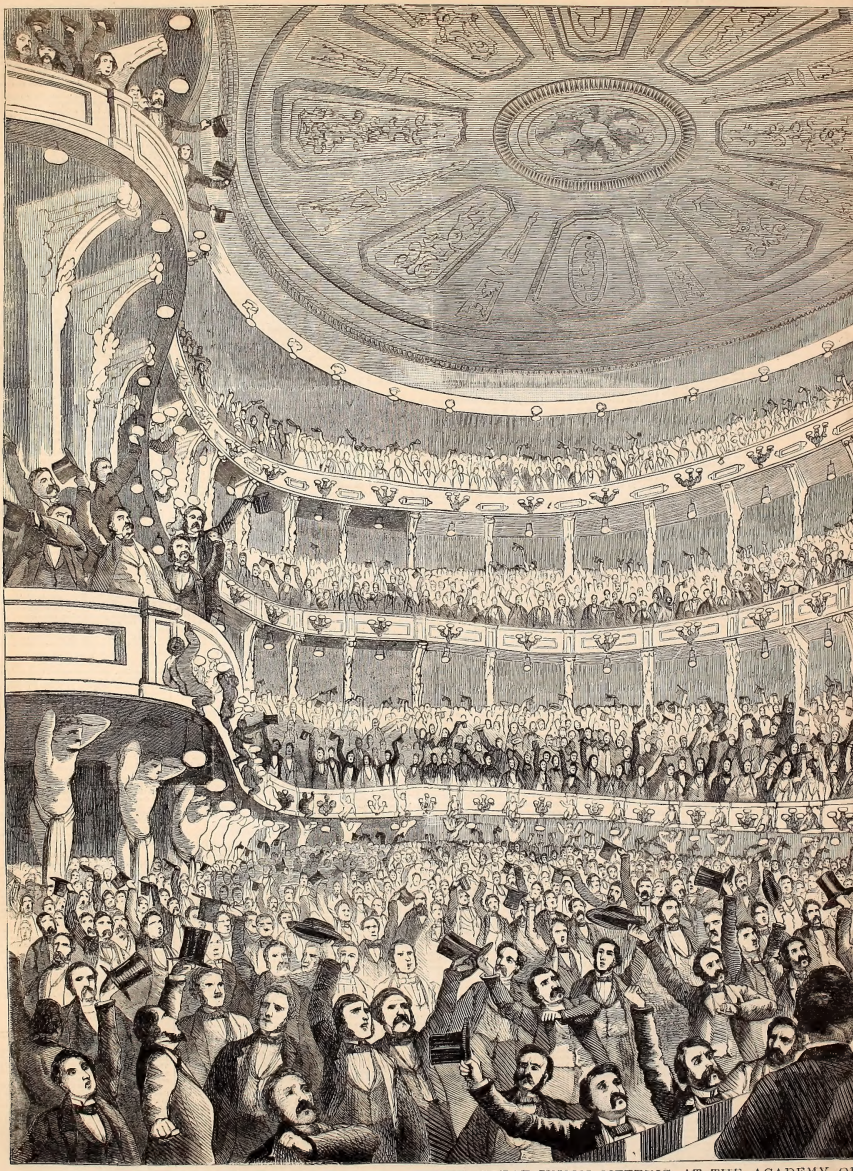
"The enemy receives reinforcements, and it is for the moment impossible to effect fresh embarkations."

The following dispatch was published at Madrid on the 10th:

"CASE ELOTTES, *Friday Evening* [9 inst.]:

"This morning the enemy impetuously attacked our redoubts, but were energetically repulsed by the gunners, and retired to the valley commanded by those redoubts. The enemy's loss in the sortie is great. We have reckoned and reptilized by 10,000 men of the Second Corps, serving as a reserve, and by the Fifth, Sixth, Seventh, and 10th corps.

"The enemy's loss is 40 killed, and 50 men wounded."



THE GREAT UNION MEETING AT THE ACADEMY O

MUSIC, NEW YORK, DECEMBER 19, 1859.—[See Page 2.]

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL NOTES OF WASHINGTON IRVING.

WASHINGTON IRVING is dead! How reverently we think of him! How carefully we collect the scattered memories of *old* intercourse with him! How earnestly we attempt to preserve all that we may of *new* whose life was so precious to our hearts!

It was my happiness, on one occasion, to pass several hours in his company, when, in a remarkably happy frame of conversation, he related with graphic clearness various incidents in his life, each of which recalling another still farther removed from the present, he was led from point to point in his varied life, till many of its most interesting scenes passed successively before his mind and were included in the narrative addressed to him.

It was on the evening of May 16, 1857—Mr. Irving had completed his seventy-fourth year on the 3d of April—that I met him in conversation, health with a vigor and activity which few men of his years could boast, though already beginning to feel the effects of that unthankful difficulty which made his last days days of suffering.

As I had given us an account of his trip from the city that afternoon, when the fourth volume of the "Life of Washington," fresh from the publishers, had been handed about among a cluster of editors and literary friends and appreciatingly commented on.

His interest with grateful attention, and as the burden of his labors slid from his thoughts its theme sprang up with fresh interest. He remarked upon the reference made in his last volume to the neighboring localities, interesting in connection with the treason of Arnold.

As I have declined, starting up in his chair. "What a man! What bright prospects he threw away!" "What a fate! What a warning!" "What abilities he had!" "What a speech that was of his at Quebec! Thrilling!" And he quoted the words, "*I too in the way of my duty, and I fear not.*" Thrilling! If he had died then, what a name he would have left! How honored!" His voice falling, he musingly added, "And then, the Revolution, the Revolution—thrilling! How it brought out men's characters!"

In the pause which followed Mr. Irving's last words he was apparently passing over the successive acts in the drama, and as the possibility of a different termination came before his mind he exclaimed, "It would have been a dreadful thing had the English been successful in their most ruinous! wonderful! wonderful! This Revolution is a most thrilling theme! Poor Washington!" And the speaker's countenance answered to the earnest sympathy which his tone expressed.

"Poor Washington!" Mr. Irving repeated, "how he was neglected and betrayed! There he was, with his little handful of men, without food or clothing, discouraged, disheartened, fanning the flame, fanning the flame;" and he laid one foot in his chair as he repeated these words, extending his hands with quick, short movements.

"You have been more interested in Washington's character since commencing to write about him?"

"Oh yes, yes," he replied, "I admired him before, but I thought him cold—admirable, but cold. Not so; the weight of the nation rested upon him, and he was the only man that could have carried that war through. He was so conscientious, he never did a thing but it was first determined in his mind that it was right. No waverings; no questioning about what the world would think. And every thing came out so harmoniously and nobly. He never had a thought about the future appearance of things. He did what was right then, and let the future take care of itself, in the opinion of posterity what it might. And he had to act very often without giving his reasons; the enemy must not know his plans. He was willing to be misunderstood and incur the censure of the world that he might do right. He had a most luminous comprehension, and in all his letters there is not a word about glory; the idea doesn't seem to have had a place in his mind. And such wisdom, such far-sighted! wonderful wisdom!"

A frightened bird rustling in the branches above us called Mr. Irving's attention from the subject of his thoughts. The sunset was gone, and the evening becoming too cool to remain longer in the open air we all rose to enter the house.

One of the guests asked Mr. Irving his opinion of the comparative beauty of Scottish and American scenery. "Miserable country!" said he. "The Tweed is a good, lusty stream; we wouldn't think it worth looking at. Miserable country! Bath gray hills rising one above the other in a tame, sad way, point, nothing to take hold of, nothing of the richness and grandeur which our great forests give to this country. The first time (1816) I visited Scotland was just after Scott's poems had been so much enjoyed here. Waverley had been published a year, and Guy Mannering was just out. I was all eagerness to see Scotland, and every thing connected with Scott's writings. I could not entirely disguise from him my disappointment at finding the country what it was. Scott has done much, very much, just there in the vicinity of Abbotsford, but beyond, beyond, it was dreary enough. One day we were walking together, and came out upon an open spot from which we gained extensive views in every direction. Scott was pointing out to me localities of interest, many of which I had asked about as referred to in his poems. "There is Ben Lomond and there is Ben Nevis," said he, pointing first to one and then to another of the most barren hills which rise in the distance. I said, "This shows the power of poetry, Mr. Scott [he was not then a baronet]; this indifferent landscape you have clothed with such charms in the imagination that I come here, and it is more fascinating to me from the associations which you have connected with it than the most beautiful scenery which I ever beheld; this is indeed!" "Fine scenery! grand scenery!" said he; "he wouldn't take a compliment at the expense of the country. "I don't want any better scenery. I like these bare hills. Why, when I go to Scotland, in a few months I long for these heather hills so I have to come back to them. Why," said he, "if I couldn't see these gray hills I believe *I should die!*" And Mr. Irving, laughing heartily, brought his hand down upon the table with an illustrative blow.

"I spoke," said Mr. Irving, "of the strong contrast between the nakedness of the country we were then looking upon and that which I had been accustomed to. In my boyhood it was an important feature in every landscape, adding a remark on my conscience and excitement to it. I can too distinctly say, 'said Scott;' 'I once saw a piece of timber that had just come from America—a splendid piece of timber. Now, I cannot tell where it must have been! Oh, if I could see one of your grand old forests and have such trees around me!"

Allusion was made by the interesting map of passing one's early years in localities where there were strong natural points to fix upon. "Yes," said he, "there's no trouble in finding how scenery any one living in this vicinity. I don't believe there is a spot in the world in many respects superior to this. It was my misfortune to have been born in a young growing city, and there is not a landmark left of what was familiar to me in my childhood as in my home. It is constantly a new feeling, that of having it all gone; nothing left of the past! In Europe it is entirely different; generation after generation have lived together there, and the old man has it the same to return to that he left it when a boy. Here it changes constantly. Why, there's no trouble in finding the spot where they were when I was a boy. It has changed, utterly changed, even here in Tarrytown, and still through this neighborhood. The world was taken there is nothing as it used to be, not even the bridges. Poor Andre! How sad! Poor Andre! Poor Arnold!"

Some one speaking of Scotland as a more interesting country than England, the remark provoked Mr. Irving asked, "Have you never been at all? Oh, the continent is much preferable! It is a great deal richer than England, cheaper, too. And it is so well I didn't care to go back to England. The continent seemed quite like home to me. I was almost constantly there from 1815 to 1829, only once, and that during my first visit to Europe. My time was mostly spent in France, Germany, and Spain.

"In some respects traveling in Spain must be peculiarly interesting," I said.

"Oh! a man must be contrary for a traveler," he replied; "and yet most disagreeable for a person who expects the ordinary comforts of travelling. The want of the most common convenient must be made with reference to protection against robbers. If you send your most valuable baggage some days in advance, it will be one of the companies of muleteers who traverse the country in all directions, it will probably escape their property; but then you have the pleasure of insupplying them; a little gold will undoubtedly save him a thrashing, or something worse. One doesn't care to be murdered by them. They often keep a poor fellow in the woods with them for weeks, until a finger or ear is sent to some family, to his friends, by way of hint as to the object of his detention. Better have the gold on hand, and they will let you alone immediately. A prudent traveler never goes any distance into the country without a 'robber's watch.' These cheap things are to be had in any town, and if you take any desire to preserve a respectable one, you must have another of some sort to satisfy the villains. I was with Prescott in Spain, and during the three Months in Spain—when he was making preparations for his first journey among the mountains. Poor fellow! he was at that time going out and getting ready; he was armed to the teeth, yet was robbed twice in eighteen months. He wrote me a most amusing account of the first affair." "I continued Mr. Irving, smiling; "he stood stoically by and saw the 'robber's watch' go first into their sack, and his own quietly follow. The fellows were easily packed after the robbery," added Mr. Irving, with a droll expression.

"Poor fellow! at one time quite ill." "Were you never robbed, Mr. Irving?"

"No," said he, "not once in all the years I was in Spain, yet I was never armed. I had scores of narrow escapes. One night while I was living at the Alhambra, which is quite a long walk from the city, I was returning from a party in Granada. It was midnight, and not a creature moving. A path which, looking from the city, seems to have been dogged me from street to street till his intentions became unmistakable. He was just upon my heels as we entered the gate of the Alhambra building, where there was one of those little crosses that one frequently meets in that country, marking the spot where a traveler has been murdered. As we came near it I felt that my hour was come; now was his time to strike. I had determined to turn and face him, when, to my surprise, just before us, a torch-light procession appeared. It was a midnight funeral, under ordinary circumstances a sight dismal enough, with the long-robed priest and bevvy bier, but far otherwise to me at that moment. I believe it saved my life. The robber disappeared instantly, and I was not the first robbed and nearly killed on that very spot. The description of the brigand answered perfectly to the one I gave him, when questioned by the police, as to what I was the same man."

The course of conversation then very naturally turned upon Mr. Irving's residence in the Alhambra. He spoke of scenes in his life in that place in a most graphic but fragmentary way, giving us occasionally an exquisite bit of finished description, graceful as the delicate sculpture of the fairy halls through which he led us. Then, leaving a broad blank untouched, he would bring into strong relief, with a few bold strokes, battlement or tower, or the lofty arch of some neighboring hall.

"Those who have read his volume entitled "The Alhambra" are familiar with the members of the little family of which he formed a part while living among those ruins: "The good dame Tia Antonia," the matron of the place, with her pretty little niece, "bright-eyed Dolores;" Mateo Ximenes, the "son of the Alhambra," his self-imposed sexton and constant attendant; and Manuel, the half-cousin and lover of charming little Dolores. These names were mentioned by Mr. Irving in the evident delight at the old favorite friends.

In alluding to his "Alhambra," he said there was nothing premeditated in it; he had written about himself in that book, and remarked that all the stories were facts or legends which he gathered from various sources, saying that there was but much romance in the facts themselves to be improved by the imagination.

"It was a happy time," said he, "but full of the most romantic fascination. I took a fancy at one time to a suit of rooms quite remote from that part of the palace usually occupied by Tia Antonia and her family, and in which I had previously had my apartments. The good dame was quite shocked at my moving to such miserable quarters, and the whole family were horrified at the danger I was placing myself in. But I was not to be deterred from my purpose. That evening the family joined in making their legends of the place so frightful as possible: murdered men guarding certain hidden treasures, ghostly hulls echoing midnight mutterings, were strongly dwelt upon to dissuade me, if possible, from passing the night in the "haunted rooms." But the dear Dolores and her cousin [they were lovers and were afterward married," said Mr. Irving, parenthetically], "with light lanterns, led the way to my distant apartments. We passed through immense halls and long echoing corridors in darkness, and all was absolutely opaque. As they left me at my door, Dolores, with a look as mournful as it this were to be the last act of her life, gave me the small lantern in my hands, and Manuel, with extended arms, solemnly repeated a benediction over me. The sound of the great key turning in the rusty lock caused them side to side as I closed the heavy door. I was alone in the stately sleeping apartment which had been in such humble use for so long a time, and overcome with loneliness and excitement, I rushed out of my room, and alone, with my lantern, explored hall and corridor and chapel, till, tired out, I threw myself upon a couch in a spacious apartment in which was an immense basin of the purest water, where in summer I often bathed. The place was full of the most horrible darkness, I heard moans and clanking chains and unmistakable human shriek! A feeling of fear and loneliness came over me, and I was glad to lie down, but this was too much. I rushed to my room, and, with a sigh of relief, locked my door.

"I slept well, notwithstanding the excitement," added Mr. Irving, smilingly, as his features relaxed from their serious expression to the fountain playing in the bright sunlight, and the grass and flowers as fresh and fragrant as if I had not suspected them of treason. I have always claimed of the agitations of the previous night; but the remembrance of those shrieks and rattling chains was too intensely real to be summoned by imagination, and I was glad to hear Ximenes's explanation in the fact that a lunatic brother of my good hostess was occasionally confined there, and in his most romantic place," he added, "that whole vicinity. You can't conceive any thing like it; and the city of Granada—a most romantic place. I wrote 'The Conquest of Granada' on the very spot."

Without interrupting the conversation, tea, with simple refreshments usual in that hour, was set and were sitting, and as the hours moved on Mr. Irving's spirits seemed to rise and his communications were made in a more active interesting gleam. Pictures of his life in a country house a few miles beyond the walls of Seville. There, in the midst of a lane, unpretending to the dignity of even the eye except the lazy stream that drags itself along over the yellow sand, he spent several months, his only companion and friend whom he called Don Shall, an English gentleman, whose acquaintance he had made in traveling. The house was a low one, inclosed by a high white-washed wall, and at sunset the gates were locked, and they were shut in for the night. Looking from the upper windows, which Mr. Irving spoke of as about four times the size of the small room we were in. their evenings were often spent in the terrace roof following or conversation. From that place they sometimes watched, in the gathering darkness, a single horseman or occasional group of wood-laden fellows crossing the open plain. "As they drew nearer," said Mr. Irving, 'and their appearance and weapons gave rather an unpleasant hint that we were not the most peaceable character, Hall would say, 'They have come for us now'" And when their footsteps resounded upon the stones that led to our entrance, and the gate opened to admit them, and was relocked after them, a momentary thrill of danger ran through us, from the thought of our being so completely at the mercy of such creatures. We had not the most perfect confidence either in Costa, the keeper of the house, and strongly suspected his being in league with the banditti. We had nothing of value with us, and kept our doors open, lest they should imagine they contained bags of gold.

One evening I was late in returning from Seville, and, coming near a crossing of the stream, I saw a man, fearfully armed, sitting in the middle of the bridge, as if to dispute its passage. Just before reaching him I passed a small pile of stones, forming one of those rude crosses to remind the passer-by to offer a prayer for the soul of the poor creature murdered on that spot. When I saw him lying motionless, I paused before him, and—Mr. Irving hesitated, smiled, and crossed himself. "I was riding Hall's powerful black horse, and as I reached the bridge the man did not move, but sat fiercely grasping his gun. I had never shown the white feather; should I turn now? While I was debating the horse went on into the stream just under the man. In answer to the salutation which is always given in casual meetings, he gave me a courteous bow, lifting his hat, and I passed.

The two friends spent a part of the summer at the St. Mary's, opposite Cadiz. "Hall was skeptical," said Mr. Irving, "and often, of an evening, while the sea was roaring without, would talk for hours of the unreality of the future state, of his doubts, and of the possibility of the annihilation of spirits. In the fervor of the moment, on one occasion, he promised most solemnly that, if he died first, he would die first, and he could come to me from the land of spirits, he would do so. Not long after I went to Seville to spend the winter, and that winter, I had scarcely arrived when I received word that a fall from his horse had produced a hemorrhage which resulted in almost instant death. With this news his horse, with every thing belonging to him, was sent on to me. That evening I visited the house near Seville where we had lived so long together. I rode his horse over that dreary plain, was alone in that desolate place where he had been my only friend. It was the most awful night in my life," said Mr. Irving, "that when I entered his room that evening. There was every thing just as he had left it; his negro, both, his study, as he had sat in it, the little lamp on the table dimly lighting the vaulted chamber, every thing as it had been when we had spent long evenings talking together. Those conversations returned to me with startling interest. I remembered the promise he had made to me. I was intensely excited, and [Mr. Irving whispered the words] *I included for ghosts.*"

Our excitement had increased with the strong emotion of the speaker. Every inflection of his voice, every change in his countenance, every motion of his hand, showed that this had been an occasion of uncommon interest to him. We had yielded ourselves to the mighty influence which he infused into his manner of relating this strange incident. As he paused we were each ready to start at any unusual sound, and when the wind rushed by from in the recesses of a deep window whose curtained drapery hung in heavy folds behind him.

It was a positive relief when he spoke again, with an entirely altered tone and manner, as if wishing to check the emotion which he had allowed to break the current of his gentle flow of spirit which had evidently moved us with unusual power. "He never came! He never came!" he repeated, "and if he could have done so, I know he would. It was a very strong case, and to me a sufficient proof of the falsity of Spiritualism."

By request Mr. Irving soon led our thoughts from the shadowy region of excitement to which he had taken us, and gave us several fanciful descriptions of his life in his little cottage. Among them was a gay picture of a horseback ride in company with Mr. Queen of Spain, and Don Shall.

Speaking of his long absence from the United States, some one asked if he was not at times homesick. "Homesick!" he smilingly repeated. "My home was there. I left America under distressing circumstances, and all the first of my visit was most unpleasant. I had no desire to return, and had nothing to return to. I was in disgrace, a bankrupt!" said Mr. Irving, in a manner which showed that he felt acutely. Then, with one of peculiar trial, the memory of which could bring from him an expression of such bitter suffering.

"With no hope for commercial purposes he had been admitted by his two elder brothers as a partner with them in an extensive mercantile concern which was carried on business in both in New York and Liverpool. The sudden close of the war of 1812 caused great reverses in the financial world. Their house suffered severely. My youngest brother left New York for Liverpool early in the spring of 1815. "On my arrival," said he, "I found that my eldest brother had died, and had failed, and had been for some time at a watering-place. I suspected that things were going wrong, and perfect ignorance of every thing about business affairs I came in and made them teach me. It was all wrong; I turned every thing out and began anew; every thing was in confusion. As I began to learn the business I saw the difficulties, the brokers ahead. For two years I struggled against it. It was deep in commerce; with the change in the war came a fall in every thing."

In short business sentences Mr. Irving recapitulated the acts in the drama so tragic to him; the certainty of ruin; the struggle to keep up the position of the house; the sacrifice of every thing; the horror of asking to have a note renewed; ashamed to look any body in the face, yet struggling to keep up appearances. "It is a struggle with one's pride," said he, "yet the disgrace must be kept off as long as possible. There it was, day after day; week after all day and night to bed him, a wreck of sleep, for three hours perhaps, and then wake up; thump, thump, thump, all the hours that he could to answer sleep for that night; then up and off to the coffee-house to see the wind dial; wind due east, due east, due after day, no ships coming in, no payments must be made, and nowhere for remittances to come from. Then comes an invitation to a grand dinner; I go to keep up appearances; I sit at the table half asleep; no life for any thing; stupid myself and every body else stupid; stay here three mortal hours; then to bed with three hours of broken sleep again; and the same thing over, day after day, week after week. Oh! what a two years! Nothing would tempt me to another such. Nor would he an inducement. How I grew old!" Then suddenly starting up he exclaimed, "How came I to talk almost this? Miserable subject! I never think of it; I don't want to think about it."

At the time of this conversation the great finan-

cial crisis of 1857 was drawing near, failures were becoming frequent, and business men felt the pressure of the panic that was commencing. In connection with some remarks made in reference to these facts Mr. Irving emphatically exclaimed, "When a man fails you needn't pity him; the agony is over. The time for pity is before. There he is, knowing what must come—afraid to tell his wife—can't deny his children—don't know how to curtail. Misery! misery! How I pity those men! No one knows what beds they lie on—no one knows what bad days and nights there are which men's homes in that city of New York."

Mr. Irving never held the mind long on the pathetic; it had been possible, he would have smoothed every sharp corner in the universe, that nothing might suffer from contact with it. He passed rapidly by a lighter tone: "They can't make their daughters' hoops smaller." Then, turning to the ladies, he added, in parenthesis: "All this trouble has come since the great hoops came in fashion"; and then continued: "And these great dinners; they can't cut down their dinners—they must all be Lord Mayor's dinners. The world seems to think that a man's digestive powers increase with his wealth—one sees it in gold and silver. You can't have a good old-fashioned, cosy dinner, nowadays, of a simple joint of meat, and get through in reasonable time; there must be a dozen courses, and then you can't eat what you like, but must take a little of every thing; and then the flummery comes after all the rest, and you must take candy and bonbons home to make the children sick. And these great, long tables! could have twenty to sit down—only a modest man can't say any thing—once get stuck between two dull people, and you are fixed for three months at least. Have a round table, and every body can talk together, and all enjoy it; but a table half a dozen yards long is too bad —a modest man can't talk—no one but a bold, noisy fellow can say any thing—and of course the diners are stupid affairs."

Reference was made to the commencement of his literary career, he alluded in a light, passing way, to what he had written previous to the "Sketch Book," and said: "That anxiety and trouble in England, disgusted me with business and literature for a year. I had just started with the 'Sketch Book,' when I received a letter from my brother William, telling me he had obtained a situation for me as clerk in the Navy. I declined the offer but couldn't give my reasons. My brother was disappointed and mortified; I knew he would be, and so distressed me that for two months I couldn't write a line. I had given up all for the muse, and the muse deserted me! When I wrote again it was to some purpose. I had now enough to commence publishing in numbers. When the first number was out, I sent it to my brother, telling him he was what I had been doing, and that I felt there was something more in me than had yet been developed; I had determined to make this effort, and failed, I was willing to cut work, draw water, dig, or do any thing."

As he left, he told the ladies they must not forget their promise to take a ride with him to the Sleepy Hollow in "apple-blossom time." Who could forget such an invitation?

Apple-blossom time is forever past at Sunnyside. The golden fruit has been garnered. We gather a few autumn leaves ere they are faded by time, or scattered by careless winds.

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "AFTER DARK," ETC., ETC.

(Printed from advance proof-sheets purchased in London for the author exclusively for "Harper's Weekly.")

HARTRIGHT'S NARRATIVE—*Continued.*

XIII.

HALF an hour later I was back at the house and was informing Miss Halcombe of all that had happened.

She listened to me from beginning to end with a steady, silent attention, which, in a woman of her temperament and disposition, was the strongest proof that could be offered of the serious manner in which my narrative affected her.

"Mr. Gilmore agrees me," were all she said when I had done. "My mind misgives me sadly about the future."

"The future may depend," I suggested, "on the use we make of the present. It is not improbable that Anne Catherick may speak more readily and unreservedly to a woman than she has spoken to me. If Miss Fairlie—"

"Not to be thought of for a moment," interposed Miss Halcombe, in her most decided manner.

"Let me suggest, then," I continued, "that you should see Anne Catherick yourself, and that all you can to win her confidence. For my own part, I shrink from the idea of alarming the poor creature a second time, as I have most unhappily alarmed her already. Do you see any objection to accompanying me to the farm-house to-morrow?"

"None whatever. I will go any where and do any thing to serve Laura's interests. What did you say the place was called?"

"You must know it well. It is called Todd's Corner."

"Certainly. Todd's Corner is one of Mr. Fairlie's farms. Our dairy-maid here is the farmer's second daughter. She gets sweetbread and forward constantly between this house and her father's farm, and she may have heard or seen something which it may be useful for us to know. Shall I ascertain at once if the girl is down stairs?"

She rang the bell, and sent the servant with his message. He returned, and announced that the dairy-maid was then at the farm. She had not been there for the last three days, and the housekeeper had given her leave to go home for an hour or two that evening.

"I can speak to her to-morrow," said Miss Halcombe, when the servant had left the room again. "In the mean time, let me thoroughly understand the object to be gained by my interview with Anne Catherick. Is there no doubt in your own mind that the person to be confined her in the Asylum was Sir Percival Glyde?"

"There is not the shadow of a doubt. The only mystery that remains is the mystery of his motive. Looking to the great importance to him of his station in life and his character to preclude all idea of the most distant relationship between them, it is of the last importance—even assuming that she could be induced to tell us—to place under restraint—to know why *he* should have been the person to assume the serious responsibility of putting her there."

"In a private Asylum, I think you said?"

"Yes, in a private Asylum, where a sum of money which no person could afford to give must have been paid for her maintenance as a patient."

"I see where the doubt lies, Mr. Hartright; and I promise you that it shall be set at rest, whether Anne Catherick assists us to-morrow or not. Sir Percival Glyde shall not be a day in his house without satisfying Mr. Gilmore, and satisfying me. My sister's future is my dearest care in life, and I shall be sharp enough over her to give me some power, where her marriage is concerned, in the disposal of it."

She paused for the first time.

After breakfast the next morning an obstacle, which the events of the evening before had put out of my memory, interposed to prevent our proceeding immediately to the farm. This was my last day at Limmeridge House; and it was necessary, as soon as the post came in, to follow Miss Halcombe's example, and ask Mr. Fairlie's permission to shorten my engagement by a month, in consideration of an unforeseen necessity for my presence in London.

Fortunately for the probability of this excuse, so far as appearances were concerned, the post brought me nothing by the morning delivery that morning. I took them away at once to my own room, and sent the servant with a message to Mr. Fairlie, requesting to know when I could see him on a matter of business.

I awaited the man's return, free from the slightest feeling of anxiety on the one matter in which his master might receive my application. With Mr. Fairlie's leave or without it I must go. The consciousness of this gave me full self-possession to draw up the letter in which I was to ask, for the first step on the dreary journey which was henceforth to separate my life from Miss Fairlie's second to have informed me, without any reference to my own affairs, that Mr. Fairlie's health was in such a condition as to make it necessary for me to remain a solitary prisoner in his own room. A verbal message to this effect would have done, but he never been well enough to see me for a second time. The servant took every fresh batch of drawing that I produced for my employer, but his master with my "respects," and returned empty-handed with Mr. Fairlie's "kind compliments," "best thanks," and "sincere regrets" that the state of his health still obliged him to remain a solitary prisoner in his own room. A verbal satisfactory arrangement on both sides could not possibly have been adopted. It would be hard to say which of us, under the circumstances, felt the most grateful for the obliging solution to Mr. Fairlie's accommodating nerves.

I sat down at once to write the letter, expressing myself in it as briefly, clearly, and as civilly as possible. Mr. Fairlie did not hurry his reply. Nearly an hour elapsed before the answer was placed in my hands. It was written with beautiful regularity and neatness of character, in violet-colored ink, on note-paper as smooth as ivory and almost as thick as cardboard: and it addressed me in these terms:

"Mr. Fairlie's compliments to Mr. Hartright. Mr. Fairlie is more surprised and disappointed than he can express (in his present delicate state of health) by Mr. Hartright's application. Mr. Fairlie is not a man of business, but he has considered his annual, ruling income sufficient to transform Mr. Fairlie's opinion that Mr. Hartright's request to be allowed to break his engagement can not be justified by any necessity whatever, excepting perhaps a case of life and death. If the highly-appreciative feeling toward Art and its professors, which Mr. Hartright mentions as happiness of Mr. Fairlie's suffering existence to cultivate, could be easily shaken, Mr. Hartright's present proceeding would be sufficient. It has not done so—except in the instance of Mr. Hartright himself.

"Having stated his opinion—so far, that is to say, as acute nervous suffering will allow him to state any thing—Mr. Fairlie has nothing to add but the expression of his decision, in reference to the highly irregular application that has been made to him. Mr. Fairlie has not yet made up mind being to the last degree important in his case, Mr. Fairlie will not suffer Mr. Hartright to disturb that repose by remaining in the house under circumstances of an essentially irritating nature to both sides. Accordingly, Mr. Fairlie waves his right of refusal, purely with a view to the preservation of his own tranquillity—and informs Mr. Hartright that he may go."

I folded the letter up, and put it away with my other papers. The time that had been when I should have resented it as an insult: I accepted it now as a written release from my engagement. It was a relief to my mind, it was almost out of my memory, when I went down stairs to the breakfast-room and informed Miss Halcombe that I was ready to walk with her to the farm.

"Has Mr. Fairlie given you a satisfactory answer?" she asked, as I left the door.

"He has allowed me to go, Miss Halcombe."

She looked up at me quickly; and then, for the first time, noticed the letter in my hand and the arm of her own accord. No words could have expressed so delicately that she understood how the permission to leave my employment had been granted, and that she gave me her sympathy, not as my superior, but as my friend. I had not felt my own mean's loneliest letter, but I felt deeply the woman's stoning kindness.

On our way to the farm we arranged that Miss Halcombe was to conduct the first interview, and that I was to wait outside, within call. We adopted this mode of proceeding from no apprehension of a hostile reference, after what had happened in the church-yard the evening before, might have the effect of renewing Anne Catherick's violence, and of rendering her still additionally distrustful of the advances of a lady who was a stranger to her. Miss Halcombe left me, at the entrance of the yard, with the first instance, to the farmer's wife (of whose family she knew by her name as well as she was well assumed), while I waited for her in the near neighborhood of the house.

I had little more than a quarter of an hour to be left alone for some time. To my surprise, however, little more than five minutes had elapsed before Miss Halcombe returned.

"Does Anne Catherick refuse to see you?" I asked, in astonishment.

"Anne Catherick is gone," replied Miss Halcombe.

"Gone!"

"Gone, with Mrs. Clements. They both left the farm at eight o'clock this morning."

I could say nothing—I could only feel that our last chance of discovery had gone with them.

"All that Mrs. Todd knows about her guests is, I know," Miss Halcombe went on; "and it leaves me, as it leaves her, in the dark. They both came back safe, last night, after they left you, and they went away in the first part of the evening with Mr. Todd's family, as usual. Just before supper-time, however, Anne Catherick startled them all by being suddenly seized with faintness. She had had a similar attack, of a less alarming kind, on the day she arrived at the farm; and Mrs. Todd had conducted it, on that occasion, with something like more than reading at the time in our local newspaper, which lay on the farm table, and which she had taken up only a minute or two before."

"Does Mrs. Todd know what particular passage in the newspaper affected her in that way?" I inquired.

"No," replied Miss Halcombe. "She had looked it over, and had seen nothing in it to agitate any one. I asked leave, however, to look it over myself, and found on the top of the page I opened I found that the editor had enriched his small stock of news by drawing upon our family circular, and published my sister's marriage engagement, among his other announcements, copied from the London papers. Mr. Marriage and Mr. Arrive. I concluded at once that this was the paragraph which had so strangely affected Anne Catherick; and I thought I saw in it also the origin of the letter which she sent to our house the next day."

"There can be no doubt in either case. But what did you do when your second attack of faintness yesterday evening?"

"Nothing. The cause of it is a complete mystery. Mrs. Clements and I were sitting in the room. The only visitor was our dairy-maid, who, as told you, is one of Mr. Todd's daughters; and the only employment was the usual gossip and about local affairs. They heard her cry out, and saw her turn deadly pale, without the slightest apparent reason. Mrs. Todd and Mrs. Clements took her up stairs; and Mrs. Clements returned with me. They were heard talking together until long after the usual bedtime; and, early this morning, Mrs. Clements took Mrs. Todd's place, and they left the farm. If any power of expression by saying that they must go. The only explanation Mrs. Todd could extract from Anne Catherick, that something had happened, which was not the fault of any one at the farm-house, but which was serious enough to make Anne Catherick resolve to leave Limmeridge immediately. It was quite useless to press Miss Clements to be more explicit. She only shook her head, and said that, for Anne's sake, she must beg and pray that no one would question her. All she could repeat, with every appearance of the most unaffected honesty, was that Anne must go, that she must go with her, and that the destination to which they thought both ladies would be best to keep the secret from every body. I spare you the recital of Mrs. Todd's boundless remonstrance and refusals. It ended in her driving them both to the nearest station, more than three hours since. She tried hard, on the way, to get them to speak more plainly; but without success. And she set them down outside the station-door, an hour and a half before the commencement of the departure and their unfriendly reluctance to place the least confidence in her, that she drove away in anger, without so much as stopping to bid them good-by. That is exactly what has taken place. Search your own memory, Mr. Hartright, and tell me if any thing happened in the burial-ground yesterday evening which can at all account for the extraordinary departure of these two women this morning."

"I should like to account first, Miss Halcombe, for the sudden change in Anne Catherick which alarmed them at the farm-house, hours after she and I had parted, and when there appeared to be no cause for any violent agitation that I might have been unfortunate enough to cause. Did you inquire particularly about the gossip which was going on in the room when she turned faint?"

"Yes. But Mrs. Todd's household affairs seem to have engrossed her attention while evening with the talk in the farm-house parlor. Mrs. Todd could tell me that it was 'just the news'—meaning, I suppose, that they all talked as usual about each other."

"My dairy-maid's memory may be better than her mother's," I said. "It may be as well for you to speak to the girl, Miss Halcombe, as soon as we get back."

My suggestion was acted on the moment we returned to the house. Miss Halcombe led me round to the servants' offices, and we found the girl in the dairy, with her sleeves tucked up to her shoulders, cleaning a large milk-pan, and singing lustily over her work.

"I have brought this gentleman to see your dairy, Hannah," said Miss Halcombe. "It is one of the sights of the house, and it always does you credit."

The girl blushed and courtsied, and said, shyly, that she hoped she always did her best to keep things neat and clean.

"You have just come from your father's," Miss Halcombe continued. "I dare say there yesterday evening, I hear; and you found visitors at the house?"

"Yes, miss."

"One of them was taken faint and ill, I am told? I suppose nothing was said or done to frighten her? You were not talking of any thing very terrible, were you?"

"Oh no, miss," said the girl, laughing. "We were only talking of the news."

"Your sisters told you the news at Todd's Corner, I suppose?"

"Yes, miss."

"And you told them the news at Limmeridge House?"

"Yes, miss. And I'm quite sure nothing was said to frighten the poor thing, for I was talking about my own self. When it's my turn, it's my turn, miss, to see it, never having been taken faint myself."

Before any more questions could be put to her, she was called away to receive a basket of eggs at the dairy door. As she left us, I whispered to Miss Halcombe,

"Ask her if she happened to mention, last night, that visitors were expected at Limmeridge House."

Miss Halcombe showed me, by a look, that she understood, and put the question as soon as the dairy-maid returned to us.

"Oh yes, miss; I mentioned that," said the girl, simply. "The company coming, and the preparations for the bridal cozy, was all the news I had to take to the farm."

"Did you mention names? Did you tell them that Sir Percival Glyde was expected on Monday?"

"Yes, miss—I told them Sir Percival Glyde was coming. I hope there was no harm in it; I hope I didn't do wrong."

"Oh no, no harm. Come, Mr. Hartright; Hannah will begin to think us in the way if we interrupt her any longer over her work."

The girl courtsied, and looked at one another the moment we were alone again.

"Is there any doubt in your mind *now*, Miss Halcombe?"

"Sir Percival Glyde shall remove that doubt, Mr. Hartright—or, Laura Fairlie shall never be his wife."

XIV.

As we walked round to the front of the house, a fly from the station-house approached to meet the drive. Miss Halcombe waited on the door-steps until the fly drew up; and then advanced to shake hands with the one old gentleman who got out briskly the moment the steps were let down. Mr. Gilmore had arrived.

I looked at him, when we were introduced to each other, with an interest and a curiosity which I should have concealed. This old man was to remain at Limmeridge House after I had left it; he was to hear Sir Percival Glyde's explanations, and to act as the adviser, under the assistance of his experience in forming her judgment; he was to wait until the question of the marriage or no marriage was decided, if that question were decided in the affirmative, was to draw the settlement which bound Miss Fairlie to become Sir Percival Glyde's wife. Even then, when I knew nothing by comparison with what I know now, I looked at the family lawyer with an interest which I had never felt before in the presence of any man breathing who was a total stranger to me.

In external appearance Mr. Gilmore was the exact opposite of the conventional idea of an old lawyer. He was fat, corpulent, and jolly; his white hair was worn rather long and kept carefully brushed; his black coat, waistcoat, and trowsers, fitted him with perfect neatness; his white cravat was carefully tied; and his lavender-colored kid gloves might have adorned the hands of a fashionable clergyman without fear and without reproach. His manners were pleasantly marked by the formal grace and refinement of the old school of politeness, qualified by the invigorating sharpness and readiness of a man whose business in life obliges him al-

ways to keep his faculties in good working order. A sanguine constitution and fair prospects to begin with; a long subsequent career of creditable and comfortable prosperity; a cheerful, diligent, widely-respected old age—such were the general impressions I derived from my introduction to Mr. Gilmore; and it is but fair to him to add, that the knowledge I gained by later and better experience only tended to confirm them.

I left the old gentleman and Miss Halcombe to enter the house together, and to talk of family matters undisturbed by the restraint of a stranger's presence. They crossed the hall on their way to the drawing-room, and I descended the steps again, to wander about the garden alone.

My hours were numbered at Limmeridge House; my departure the next morning was irrevocably settled: my share in the investigation which the anonymous letter had rendered necessary was at an end. No harm could be done to any one but myself, if I let my heart loose again, for the little time that was left me, from the cold cruelty of restraint which necessity had forced me to inflict upon it, and took my farewell of the scenes which were associated with the brief days of my time of happiness and my love.

I turned instinctively to the walk beneath my study-window, where I had seen her the evening before—to her little dog, and followed the path which her dear feet had trodden so often, till I came to the wicket-gate that led into her rose garden. The winter breezes spread unheedfully over it now. The flowers that she had taught me to distinguish by their names, the flowers that I had taught her to paint from, were gone; and the tiny white paths that led between the beds were damp and green already. I went on to the avenue of trees, where we had breathed together the warm fragrance of August evenings; where we had admired together the myriad combinations of shade and sunlight that dappled the ground at our feet. The leaves fell about me from the groaning branches, and the earthy decay in the atmosphere chilled me to the bones. A little farther on, and I was out of the grounds and following the lane that wound gently upward to the nearest hills. The old felled tree by the wayside, on which we had sat to rest, was sodden with rain; and the tuft of ferns and grasses which I had shaded for her, nestling under the rough stone-wall in front of us, had turned to a pool of water stagnating round an islet of draggled weeds. I gained the summit of the hill, and looked at the view which we had so often admired in the happier time. It was cold and barren—it was no longer the view that I remembered. The sunshine of her presence was far from me; the charm of her voice no longer murmured in my ear. She had talked to me, on the spot from which I now look down, of her father, who was her last surviving parent; had told me how fond of each other they had been, and how sadly the mind him still, when she entered certain rooms in the house, and when she took up forgotten occupations and amusements with which he had been associated. What the view that I had seen, while listening to those words, the view that I saw now, standing on the hill-top by myself! I turned and left it; I wound my way back again, over the moor and round the sandhills, down to the beach. There was the white rage of the surf, and the multitudinous glory of the leaping waves; but where was the place on which she had once drawn idle figures with her parasol in the sand—the place where we had sat together, while she talked to me about myself and my home, while she asked me a woman's minutely observant questions about my mother and my sister, and innocently wondered whether I should ever leave my lonely chambers and have a wife and a house of my own? Wind and wave had long since smoothed out the trace of her which she had left in those marks on the sand. I looked over the wide monotony of the sea-side prospect, and the place in which we two had idled away the sunny hours was as lost to me as if I had never known it—as strange to me as if I stood already on a foreign shore.

The empty silence of the beach struck cold to my heart. I returned to the house and the garden, where traces were left to speak of her at every turn.

On the west terrace walk I met Mr. Gilmore. He was evidently in search of me, for he quickened his pace when we caught sight of each other. The state of my spirits little fitted me for the society of a stranger. But the meeting was inevitable, and I resigned myself to make the best of it.

"You are the very person I wanted to see," said the old gentleman. "I have a few words to say to you, my dear Sir, and if you have no objection I will avail myself of the present opportunity. To put it plainly, Miss Halcombe and I have been talking over family affairs—affairs which are the cause of my being here—and, in the course of our conversation, she was naturally led to tell me of this unpleasant matter connected with the anonymous letter, and of the share which you have essentially and properly taken in the proceedings so far. That share, I quite understand, gives you an interest which you might not otherwise have felt in knowing that the future management of the investigation, which you have begun, will be placed in safe hands. My dear Sir, make your self quite easy on that point—it will be placed *in my hands.*"

You are, in every way, Mr. Gilmore, much fitter to advise and to act in the matter than I am. It is an indiscretion, on my part, to ask if you have decided yet as to the course of proceeding?"

"So far as it is possible to decide, Mr. Hartright, I have decided. I mean to send a copy of the letter, accompanied by a statement of the circumstances, to Mr. Percival Glyde's solicitor in London, with whom I have some acquaintance. The letter itself I shall keep here, to show to Sir Percival as soon as he arrives. The tracing of the two women I have already provided for, by sending one of Mr. Fairlie's servants—an confidential person—to the station to make inquiries: the man has his money and his directions, and he will follow the women in the event of their leaving Hampden. This is all that can be done until Sir Percival comes on Monday. I have no doubt myself that every explanation which he may be expected from a gentleman and a man of honor he will readily give. Sir Percival stands very high, Sir—an eminent position, a magnificent estate—and—I feel quite easy about results; quite easy, I am rejoiced to assure you. Things of this sort happen constantly in families. Annoying, nervous letters—unfortunate woman—sad state of society. I don't deny that there are peculiar complications in this case, but they are, I repeat, is, most unhappily, common—common."

I am afraid, Mr. Gilmore, I have the misfortune to differ from you on the view I take of the case."

"Pooh, my dear Sir—just so. I am an old man, and I take the practical view. You are a young man, and you take the romantic view. Let us not dispute about trifles. We will, professionally, in an atmosphere of dispatation, Mr. Hartright; and I am only too glad to escape from it, as I am sure you are. We will wait for events—yes, yes; yes: we will wait for events. Charming place, this. Good shooting? Probably not—ah, no—Mr. Fairlie's land is preserved. I think. Charming place, though; and delightful people. You draw and paint, I hear, Mr. Hartright? Enviable accomplishment. What style?"

We dropped into general conversation—or, rather, Mr. Gilmore talked, and I listened. My attention was far from him, and from the topics on which he discoursed so fluently. The solitary walk of the morning had had strange and its effect on me—it had set the idea in my mind of hastening my departure from Limmeridge House. Why should I remain the hard trial of saying farewell by one unnecessary minute? What further service was required of me by any one? There was no useful purpose to be served by my stay in Cumberland; there was no restriction of time on the permission to leave me which my employer had granted to me. Why not end it, there and then?

I determined to end it. There were some hours of daylight still left—there was no reason why my journey back to London should not begin on that afternoon. I made the first civil excuse that occurred to me for leaving Mr. Gilmore; and returned at once to the house.

On my way up to my own room I met Miss Halcombe on the stairs. She saw, by the hurry of my movements and the change in my manner, that I had some new purpose in view, and asked what had happened.

I told her the reasons which induced me to think of hastening my departure, exactly as I have told them here.

"No, no," she said, earnestly and kindly, "leave us like a friend; break bread with us once more. Stay here and dine; stay here and help us to spend our last evening with you as happily, as like our first evening, as we can. It is my invitation; Mrs. Vesey's invitation—" she hesitated a little, and then added, "Laura's invitation as well."

I promised to remain. God knows I had no wish to leave even the shadow of a sorrowful impression with any one of them.

My own room was the best place for me till the dinner bell rang. I waited there till it was time to go down stairs.

I had not spoken to Miss Fairlie—I had not even seen her—all that day. The first meeting with her, when I entered the drawing-room, was a hard trial to her self-control and to mine. She, too, had done her best to make our last evening renew the golden by-gone time—the time that could never come again. She had put on the dress which I used to admire more than any other that she possessed—a dark-blue silk, trimmed quaintly and prettily with old-fashioned lace; she came forward to meet me with her former readiness; she gave me her hand with the frank, innocent good-will of happier days. The cold fingers that trembled round mine; the pale cheeks with a bright red spot burning in the midst of them; the faint smile that struggled to live on her lips and died away from them while I looked at it, told me at what sacrifice of herself her outward composure was maintained. My heart could take her no closer to me, and I felt that love loved her then as I had never loved her yet.

Mr. Gilmore was a great assistance to us. He was in high good-humor, and he led the conversation with unflagging spirit. Miss Halcombe seconded him resolutely; and I did all I could to follow her example. The kind blue eyes whose slightest changes of expression I had learned to interpret so well, looked at me appealingly when we first sat down to table. Help my sister—the sweet anxious face seemed to say—help my sister, and you will help me.

We got through the dinner, to all outward appearance at least, happily enough. When the ladies had risen from table, and when Mr. Gilmore and I were left alone in the dining-room, a new interest presented itself to occupy our attention, and to give me an opportunity of quieting myself by a few minutes of needful and welcome silence. The servant who had been dispatched to trace Anne Catherick and Mrs. Clement had returned with his report, and was shown into the dining-room immediately.

"Well," said Mr. Gilmore, "what have you found out?"

"I have found out, Sir," answered the man, "that both the women took tickets, at our station here, for Carlisle."

"You went to Carlisle, of course, when you heard that?"

"I did, Sir; but I am sorry to say I could find out further trace of them."

"You inquired at the railway?"

"Yes, Sir."

"And at the different inns?"

"Yes, Sir."

"And you left the statement I wrote for you at the police-station?"

"I did, Sir."

"Well, my friend, you have done all you could, and I have done all I could; and there the matter must rest till further notice. We have played our trump cards, Mr. Hartright," continued the old gentleman, when the servant had withdrawn. "For the present, at least, the women have outmaneuvered us; and our only resource now is to wait till Sir Percival Glyde comes here on Monday next. Won't you fill your glass again? Good bottle of port, that—sound, substantial wine. I have got better in my own cellar, though."

We returned to the drawing-room—the room in which the happiest evenings of my life had been passed; the room which, after this last night, I was never to see again. Its aspect was altered since the days had shortened and the weather had grown cold. The glass doors on the terrace side were closed, and hidden by thick curtains. Instead of the soft twilight obscurity, in which we used to sit, the bright radiant glow of lamplight now dazzled my eyes. All was changed—indoors and out, all was changed.

Miss Halcombe and Mr. Gilmore sat down together at the card-table; Mrs. Vesey took her customary chair. There was no restraint on the disposal of *their* evening; and I felt the restraint on the disposal of mine all the more painfully from observing it. I saw Miss Fairlie lingering near the music-stand. The time had been when I might have joined her there. I waited irresolutely—I knew neither where to go nor what to do next. She cast one quick glance at me, took a piece of music suddenly from the stand, and came toward me of her own accord.

"Shall I play some of those little melodies of Mozart's which you used to like so much?" she asked, opening the music nervously, and looking down at it while she spoke.

Before I could thank her she hastened to the piano. The chair near it, which I had always been accustomed to occupy, stood empty. She struck a few chords—then glanced round at me —then looked back again at her music.

"Won't you take your old place?" she said, speaking very abruptly, and in very low tones.

"I can't take it on the last night," I answered.

She did not reply: she kept her attention riveted on the music—music which she knew by memory, which she had played over and over again, in former times, without book. Only knew that she had heard me, I only knew that she was aware of my being close to her, by seeing the red spot on the cheek that was nearest to me, fade out, and the face grow pale all over.

"I am very sorry you are going," she said, her voice almost sinking to a whisper; her eyes looking more and more intently at the music, her fingers flying over the keys of the piano with a strange feverish energy which I had never noticed in her before.

"I shall remember those kind words, Miss Fairlie, long after to-morrow has come and gone."

The paleness grew whiter on her face, and she turned it further away from me.

"Don't speak of to-morrow," she said. "Let the music speak to us of to-night in a happier language than ours."

Her lips trembled—a faint sigh fluttered from them, which she tried vainly to suppress. Her fingers wavered on the piano; she struck a false note; confused herself in trying to set it right; and dropped her hands angrily on her lap. Miss Halcombe and Mr. Gilmore looked up in astonishment from the card-table at which they were playing. Even Mrs. Vesey, dozing in her chair, woke at the sudden cessation of the music, and inquired what had happened.

"You play at whist, Mr. Hartright?" asked Miss Halcombe, with her eyes directed significantly at the place I occupied.

I knew what she meant; I knew she was right; and I rose at once to go to the card-table. As I left the piano Miss Fairlie turned a page of the music, and touched the keys again with a surer hand.

"I *will* play it," she said, striking the notes almost passionately. "I *will* play it on the last night."

"Come, Mrs. Vesey," said Miss Halcombe: "Mr. Gilmore and I are tired of cards—come and be Mr. Hartright's partner at whist."

The old lawyer smiled satirically. His had been the winning hand; and he had just turned up a king. He exhibited it toward Miss Halcombe's abrupt change in the card-table arrangements to a lady's inability to play the losing game.

The rest of the evening passed without a word or a look from her. She kept her place at the piano; and I kept mine at the card-table. She played uninterruptedly—played as if the music was her only refuge from herself. Sometimes her fingers touched the notes with a lingering fondness, a soft, plaintive, dying tenderness, unutterably beautiful and mournful to hear—sometimes they faltered and failed her, or hurried over the instrument mechanically, as if their task was a burden to them. But still, change and waver as they might in the expression they imparted to the music, their resolution to play never faltered. She only rose from the piano when we all rose to say good-night.

"MY HEAD DROOPED OVER IT, MY TEARS FELL ON IT, MY LIPS PRESSED IT," ETC.

Mrs. Vesey was the nearest to the door, and the first to shake hands with me.

"I shall not see you again, Mr. Hartright," said the old lady. "I am truly sorry you are going away. You have been very kind and attentive; and an old woman, like me, feels kindness and attention. I wish you happy, Sir—I wish you a kind good-by."

Mr. Gilmore came next.

"I hope we shall have a future opportunity of bettering our acquaintance, Mr. Hartright. You quite understand about that little matter of business being safe in my hands? Yes, yes, of course. Bless me, how cold it is! Don't let me keep you at the door. Bon voyage, my dear Sir—bon voyage, in the French say."

Miss Halcombe followed.

"Half past seven to-morrow morning," she said; then added, in a whisper, "I have heard and seen more than you think. Your conduct to-night has made me your friend for life."

Miss Halcombe made. I could not trust myself to look at her when I took her hand, and when I thought of the next morning.

"My dear mamma will be very early one," I said. "I shall be gone, Miss Fairlie, before you."

"No, no," she interposed, hastily; "not before I am out of my room. I shall be down to breakfast to-morrow. I am not so ungrateful, not so forgetful of the past three months—"

Her voice failed her; her hand closed gently round mine, then dropped it suddenly. Before I could say "Good-night" she was gone.

The end comes fast to meet me—comes inevitably, as the light of the last morning came at Limmeridge House.

It was barely half past seven when I went down stairs, but I found them both at the breakfast-table waiting for me. In the chill air, in the dim light, in the gloomy morning science of the house, we three sat down together, and tried to eat, tried to talk. The struggle to preserve appearances was hopeless and useless, and I rose to end it.

As I held out my hand, to Miss Halcombe, who was nearest to me, took it. Miss Fairlie turned away suddenly and hurried from the room.

"Better so," said Miss Halcombe, when the door had closed—"better so, for you and for her."

I waited a moment before I could speak—it was hard to lose her, without a parting word or a parting look. I controlled myself; I tried to take leave of Miss Halcombe in fitting terms; but all the farewell words I would fain have spoken dwindled to one sentence.

"Have I deserved that you should write to me?" was all I could say.

"You have nobly deserved every thing that I can do for you, so long as we both live. Whatever the end is, you shall know it."

"And if I can ever be of help again, at any future time, long after the memory of my presumption and folly is forgotten—"

I could add no more. My voice faltered, my eyes moistened, in spite of me.

She rose, and, lost by both hands—she pressed them with the strong, steady grasp of a man—her dark eyes, clear brown complexion flushed deep—the force and energy of her face glowed and grew beautiful with the pure inner light of her generosity and her pity.

"I will trust you—if ever the time comes, I will trust you as *my* friend and *her* friend; as my brother, and *her* brother." She stopped; drew me nearer to her—the fearless, noble creature—touched my forehead, sister-like, with her lips; and kissed me by my Christian name. "God bless you, Walter," she said. "Walter, here alone, and compose yourself—I had better not stay for *her* and *our* sakes; I had better see you go from the balcony up stairs."

She left the room. I turned away toward the window, with nothing fixed nor bat the lonely autumn landscape—I turned away to master myself, before I, too, left the room in my turn, and left it forever.

A minute passed—it could hardly have been more—when I heard the door open again softly; and the rustling of a woman's dress on the carpet moved toward me. My heart beat violently as I turned round. Miss Fairlie was approaching me from the farther end of the room.

She stopped and hesitated when our eyes met, and when she saw that we were alone. Then, with that courage which women lose so often in the small emergency, and so seldom in the great, she came on nearer to me, strangely pale and strangely quiet, drawing one hand after her along the table by which she walked, and holding something in her side in the other, which was hidden by the folds of her dress.

"I only went into the drawing-room," she said, "to look for this. It may remind you of your visit here, and of the friends you leave behind you. You told me I had improved very much when I did it—and I thought you might like—"

She turned her head away, and offered me a little sketch drawn throughout by her own pencil, of the summer-house in which we had first met. The paper trembled in her hand as she held it out to me—trembled in mine as I took it from her.

I was afraid to say what I felt—I only answered: "I shall never leave you; all my life long it shall be the treasure that I prize most. I am very grateful for it—very grateful to you, for not letting me go away without bidding you good-by."

"Oh!" she said, innocently, "how could I let you go, after we have passed so many happy days together!"

"Those days may never return again, Miss Fairlie—my way of life and yours are very far apart. But if a time should come when the devotion of my whole heart and soul and strength will give you a moment's happiness or spare you a moment's sorrow, will you try to remember the poor drawing-master who has taught you? Miss Halcombe has promised to trust me—will you promise, too?"

The farewell sadness in the kind blue eyes shone dimly through her gathering tears.

"I promise it," she said, in broken tones. "Oh, don't look at me like that! I promise it with all my heart."

I ventured a little nearer to her, and held out my hand.

"You have many friends who love you, Miss Fairlie. Your happy future is the dear object of many hopes. May I say, at parting, that it is the dear object of *my* hopes too?"

The tears flowed fast down her cheeks. She rested one trembling hand on the table to steady herself, while she gave me the other. I took it in mine—I held it fast. My head drooped over it, my tears fell on it, my lips pressed it—not in love; oh, not in love, at that last moment, but in the agony and the self-abandonment of despair.

"For God's sake, leave me!" she said, faintly.

The confession of her heart's secret burst from her in those pleading words. I had no right to hear them, no right to answer them: they were the words that banished me, in the name of her sacred weakness, from the room. It was all over. I dropped her hand; I said no more. Miss Fairlie was shut her out from my eyes, and I dashed them away to look at her for the last time. One look, as she sank into a chair, as her arms fell on the table, as her fair head dropped on them wearily. One farewell look; and the door had closed on her—the great gulf of separation had opened between us—the image of Laura Fairlie was a memory of the past already.

AN ALABAMA BACKWOODS SKETCH.

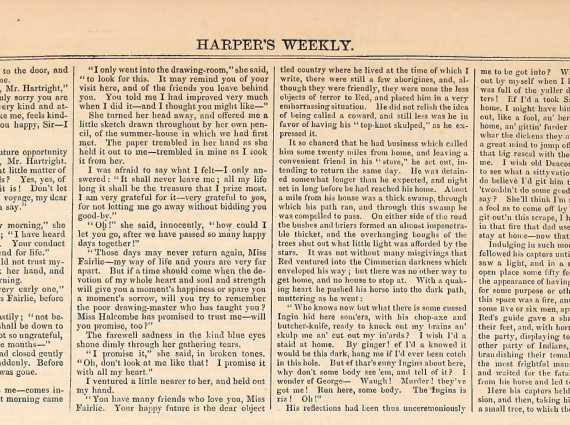
REDHORN AND REDSKIN.

Of all things on the earth, or under it, or in the waters that encompass it round about, that ever crossed Redhorn's path, nothing animate or inanimate was so repugnant to him as Indians. With all his boasted prowess among people of his own color, he could not bear even the thought of encountering the red men of the forest, and the bare mention of their name was at any time sufficient to make him quake in his shoes. In the thinly-settled country where he lived at the time of which I write, there were still a few aborigines, and, although they were friendly, they were none the less objects of terror to Red, and placed him in a very embarrassing situation. He did not relish the idea of being called a coward, and still less was he in favor of having his "top-knot skulped," as he expressed it.

It so chanced that he had business which called him some twenty miles from home, and leaving a convenient friend in his "stove," he set out, intending to return the same day. He was detained somewhat longer than he expected, and night set in long before he had reached his home. About a mile from his house was a thick swamp, through which his path ran, and through this swamp he was compelled to pass. On either side of the road the bushes and briers formed an almost impenetrable thicket, and the overhanging boughs of the trees shut out what little light was afforded by the stars. It was not without many misgivings that Red ventured into the Cimmerian darkness which enveloped his way; but there was no other way to get home, and no house to stop at. With a quaking heart he pushed his horse into the dark path, muttering as he went:

"Wha knows now but what there is some cussed Ingin hid here somewhars, with his chop-axe and butcher-knife, ready to knock out my brains as quick as an' cut out my in'ards? I wish I'd a staid at home. By gingers! ef I'd a knowed it would be this dark, hang me if I'd ever been cotch in this hole. But ef that's every Ingian about here, why don't some body see 'em, and tell of it? I wonder of George— Waugh! Murder! they've got us! Run here, some body. The Ingins is fire! Oh!"

His reflections had been thus unceremoniously



REDHORN SURROUNDED BY THE REDSKINS.

interrupted by his horse, which suddenly stopped with a loud snort, and appeared terribly frightened. Before Red had time to collect his thoughts at this interruption, his horse's bridle was seized, and to his utter astonishment and great terror he found himself in the rough grasp of four stalwart Indians!

He might have continued his outcries, but one of the savages produced a light, and drawing a large and dangerous-looking knife, signified to his prisoner that if he did not remain quiet he would draw it across his throat. With such imminent danger as this staring him in the face, poor Red could do no less than remain passive. One of the savages took the bridle, and turning the horse around, set off at a rapid walk; while the other three guarded the prisoner—one on each side, and the other behind. In this way they reached the creek, when they halted, and the warriors held a short consultation, from which Red could gather nothing, except that three of them appeared, from their actions, to be in favor of knocking him on the head and leaving him; this was earnestly opposed by the fourth, and finally they appeared to settle the matter, for they resumed their previous positions, and set off down the creek, still maintaining a strict silence.

"Looker here," at length said Red, losing all patience at this strange proceeding, "who, in the name o' Jehosaphat, are ye, any how, and what are ye so-scarvin' me for?"

"Ugh!" exclaimed the foremost Indian, at the same time ill-playing his flint again, and repeating his silent threat. Red was "allowed I'd not convinced," and closed his inquiries, but his grim guide should carry his threat into immediate execution, and discharge to his breathing apparatus. But they could not restrain his thoughts, which were running at a 2.40 rate, something after this fashion:

"Now ain't this a nice fix for a white feller like me to be got into? What a fool I was to ventur' out by myself when I knowed the whole country was full of the yuller devils as thick as muskeeters! If I'd a took Sally's advice, and staid at home, I might have his sofa; but no, I must eat out, like a fool, an' here I am—forty miles from home, an' gittin' fooder every minnit. I wonder whar the dickens they are a-carryin' me to? I've a great mind to jump off and give 'em a race; but that big rascal with the knife would lunge it into me. I wish old Deacon Bridges could here now, to see what a sitty-vation his son had come to. I do believe I'd git him to pray for me, and see ef 'twouldn't do some good. I wonder what'll Sally say? She'll think I'm served right for being such a fool as to come off by myself. Well, ef I should git out'n this scrape, I hope I may be hanged up in that fire that died used to pray about ef I don't stay at home—now that's so."

Indulging in such moody reflections as this, Red followed his captors until about midnight, when he saw a light, and in a short time reached an open place some fifty feet in diameter, which had the appearance of having been recently cleared out for some purpose or other. About the centre of this space was a fire, and around it were extended some five or six men, apparently asleep; but when Red's guide gave a shrill whoop they sprang to their feet, and, with horrid yells, advanced toward the party, displaying to the terrified prisoner another party of Indians, who rushed from the brushy thickets and from their tomahawks around his head in the most frightful manner. He closed his eyes and waited for the fatal blow, but he was pulled from his horse and led to the fire.

Here his captors held another animated discussion, and then, taking him by the arms, led him to a small tree, to which they firmly bound him, hand and foot.

"See here, Mr. Ingin," said he, "what have yer got me here for, any how?"

"He love you heap, me good friend," replied the savage, who then turned off, and, with the others, entered the woods. The prisoner thought they were now gone, and that he would yet escape; but he was doomed to disappointment, for they soon returned, each with an armful of dried brushwood, which they threw down at his feet, and one of them commenced piling it around him. He watched these proceedings for some time with much curiosity, until the pile had reached to his knees, when he could wait no longer.

"I say, Mr. Ingin, what are you doin' that fur?" he asked.

"He build pen; keep off wolf," answered the savage, still plying his work.

"Ugh!" grunted the Indian again, as the others returned with more wood, which they piled round him until it had reached his breast.

"Now me warm you," said the speaker, going to the fire and returning with a lighted brand, which he applied to the pile. The horrible truth now flashed on Red's mind; he was to be burned alive!

The sweat stood in beads on his forehead, and his hair rose on end.

"Oh, goodness!" he whined, "for God's sake, Mr. Ingin, let me off this time, and I'll give you a whole gallon o' whisky!"

"Ugh! you owned," replied the savage, slapping him on the cheek.

"Now, see here," roared Red, "quit yer co that agin, and I wish I may be cussed ef I don't kick your hashels out!" But here he thought of his helpless condition, and changed his tone to one of entreaty. But the fire still spread; it was beginning to warm him pretty thoroughly, and he was about to break forth again, when suddenly the Indians appeared to be listening intently. Then they tore down the fire, and throwing them selves on the ground became still as the dead. Greek to Red, and he was getting impatient, when the Indian who had tied him cautiously approached, brandishing his knife, and looking stealthily about him.

Making a sign to Red to remain silent, he cut the cord and pointed to his horse. He needed no second bidding, but mounted his steed and put spurs. Hardly had he got into the saddle when the warriors started to their feet, rushed after him with howls and yells of rage. Then occurred a stampede such as is seldom seen. The darkness of the night, and the thickness of the woods were forgotten, and Red never drew rein until he arrived at the creek, which, in his astonishment, he found he had never been more than a mile from. His pursuers halted at the river, but Red stopped not until he arrived at his own door.

It is but truth to add that the Indians were a synod of Red's neighbors dressed and painted for the occasion, who took this method of giving him a good fright. He never forgave them for it; neither did he forget the time when he came so near being made a martyr of by the "infernal red devils."

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OR,

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CHAPTER I.

BEFORE THE GALE.

The good ship PATHFINDER, of New York, and bound to Copenhagen, had entered the North Sea, having left the Straits of Dover two days behind.

The commander of the ship was a young man, not over eight-and-twenty, and his name was MAURICE LESTER. He stood by the taffrail, gazing off upon the horizon to the eastward, ever and anon raising his hand above his head to feel if there was any wind stirring, and as often casting his eye aloft to see how the canvas hung. As he stood thus his mate approached, and spoke to him:

"What d'ye think of this, Capt'n?"

"I think we're in for a storm, sir," the master replied. "And I tell you what it is, Griffin," he added, after sweeping the horizon again with his eye, "when it comes it will be an earnest one. None of your broad Ocean puffs, with nothing but water to hatch wind from; but we'll have it right fresh from some of those places where they know how to make things blow."

"Then you think we'll have a hard one?" said Griffin.

"Aye," answered the captain, with almost a shudder, "I feel it in my bones."

In the meantime, Captain Lester had been watching the sea and sky as before, and he fancied that the signs of the storm were growing more and more palpable every moment. The sun was going down in a thick bank, giving to the whole western horizon a dull, purplish-red, bloody hue, with here and there spots of a darker tinge, like openings, through the fiery cloud, looking upon a fearful blackness behind.

"Do you see how strangely it looks off there?" said the captain, raising his finger towards the point where the sun was setting.

"Aye," returned Griffin, "I have been watching those dark places."

And others noticed the same thing, and spoke of it, too. Seven o'clock came and went. Eight o'clock came, and the first watch was set.

"Don't go below," said the captain, as the men of the last dog-watch left their stations. "This calm can't last a great while. You had better batten down the hatches now, while there is nothing else to do; for I am sure there will be need of having them close before the coming of another day."

The men had had no thoughts of going below, for they could see and feel; and they were not wholly ignorant of what was coming; so they went at work and secured the hatches with thick tarpaulins; and when this was done those who had no particular station collected about the wheel. Another hour passed away—and another. Ten o'clock came, and still not a breath. The ship lay upon the water like a dead thing, with the ropes, and blocks, and sails, rattling and flapping as she was swayed to and fro by the lazy swells of the sea.

"What *does* it mean?" cried Griffin, as the boy struck five bells.

"Hark!" said the captain, almost instantly. "I guess you'll soon see. Did you feel that?—Ha!—and that!"

It was a puff of wind, and a light flying of spray; or, perhaps it was a spit of rain. At all events, the puff was felt; and the drops of water fell upon other cheeks than Maurice Lester's; and other ears than his heard the dull moaning which came over the dark waters. So other ears heard the roar which followed, and other bodies quivered beneath the shock of the storm-giant when he came in his might.

Aye—the storm had come. It came with wind and rain, and with an angry heaving of the sea, it came with a darkness like Erebus, and with the voice of thunder. The gale continued to increase in fury as the long night passed away. When the morning came the scene was one of awful grandeur. The wind was howling with terrific fury; and the broad sea was lashed into huge mountains, that foamed, and tumbled, and leaped along over the bosom of the deep, seeming every moment ready to whelm and engulf the frail bark that struggled within the demon grasp.

When Captain Lester had observed the signs of the morning, he feared that the storm would continue through the day, and so he told his men. The sky wore a hue of horror, and rain was now driving down, mingling with the lashing sea. At noon it was still worse.

At length night shut in again, and not a sign yet of the passing away of the storm! The frightful howling of the tempest seemed rather to have increased than abated. The men gathered upon the quarter-deck, clinging for support to the racks and rails—for the life-lines swayed so much that they were afraid of them—gathered as near to the light of the binnacle-lamp as they could, as though even from such feeble beams they might find some comfort. But not all were there. No—not all! Four stout, true-hearted men had been swept away by the storm. Near a score were left; but how many shall see the light of another day?

At nine o'clock Captain Lester went below. He took down a chart of the North Sea, and having spread it upon the table, he sat down to examine it. He was thus engaged when Mr. Griffin came down; but he did not look up until he had finished the calculation.

"How is it?" the mate asked, as he saw his commander lay down the dividers.

"I have been making a reckoning, and I find that we have but little more sea-room left. The course we have made since we wore, has been, as near as I can calculate, north-west-by-west, so that we must have been driving towards the coast of Northumberland. I think we have plenty of room to stand on until midnight; but we cannot stand on much longer. If the gale does not abate by that time I know not what we shall do."

The captain started up from his chair, and would probably have walked across the cabin, but at that moment a heavy sea caught the ship, and gave her a pitch forward, which caused him to catch his seat as quickly as possible. As soon as the flood had gone from the deck, and the vessel had struggled up from the shock, he looked into his companion's face, and said, in a voice made tremulous by deeper emotion than he had before manifested:

"Griffin, I have something upon my mind more than you know; and I am anxious to communicate it, too. I must tell it now, for I have a strange foreboding of coming ill. Something is to happen that will bear great calamity to some of us. I am not croaking—I am only reading what the Unseen has written in my soul. However, you shall hear my story. You have heard that my parents were both lost at sea?"

"Yes," said the mate.

"And perhaps you knew that they were lost in this sea?"

"I have heard so, sir."

"Aye—so it was. I was a boy then. They were on their way to Copenhagen, as we should be now. My father commanded the ship—she was called the '*Clara Jane*.' She was named for my mother; and she was a staunch noble craft. I was at school then, in Troy; and when I knew that my parents were dead I was well nigh mad with grief. I fancied then, in my first hours of orphanage, that my heart would break; and, I think such would have been the case if they had kept me at school. But some of those who cared for me came to see me, and it was finally arranged that I should go to sea. And I prospered—prospered so well that, when I was twenty years old, they gave me command of a ship.

"The man who owned the ship which I first commanded was named Thornton. He had a daughter named, Carrie—one of the sweetest, purest, and loveliest creatures that ever graced this poor life of earth. She was four years younger than myself; but even when I first knew her—and she was not then more than fourteen—she was a woman in intellect and grace, though a child in simplicity of love and confidence. Mr. Thornton did not object to my suit, so I loved her with all my soul, and was blessed to know that she loved me in return. It had been arranged that we should be married when she was twenty years old,—that had been our plan for more than two years, Mr. Thornton having set the bounds himself. It lacked two months of the time, and I had arranged to remain at home until we were married. But—Thornton had a heavy ship freighted for Copenhagen, and her captain was dying. He could find no one to take his place but me, and he asked me to go. I could not refuse; but I asked that I might be married first. Mr. Thornton shook his head, and said no. But he had another plan which he said would be better. He had been planning to visit Copenhagen, where he had two brothers in business—they were in company with him—and he said he would take the next ship, and bring Carrie out with him, and we should be married there. I finally consented to take out the new ship, and Mr. Thornton, with his daughter, was to meet me in Copenhagen, and there we were to be married, and all three come home together. The evening before I sailed I spent with Carrie, and when I left her I felt that I was leaving my very life.

"Well," continued Lester, wiping his eyes, "I went to Copenhagen. I waited a month—then I heard that the American ship, '*White Fawn*,' with William Thornton and daughter on board, had touched at Dover, and that all were safe and well when she left. I waited another week, and then I crossed over to Hamburg; but I could learn nothing there. Next I went to London, and there I learned enough to assure me that the ship had been lost! On the second day after she left Dover a severe storm had arisen, and several vessels had been reported lost. I sent my ship home in charge of the mate, and spent four months in searching after the lost ones; but I could gain no trace of them. Not even a piece of the wreck could I find—not a mark of the ship nor of one of its crew! I came home with a sad and heavy heart."

Maurice Lester stopped a few moments, and bowed his head upon his hands, for his feelings had almost overcome him. In a little while, however, he looked up again, and added, in a touching tone,—

"Ah, my dear friend, you do not know what I have suffered—tongue cannot tell it, nor can pen write it. That blow did break my heart—broke it in the rending of its tenderest cords, and in the crushing of all its earthly hopes!——Do you believe in dreams?"

The mate started, not so much at the character of the question, as from the sudden manner in which it was put.

"Well," said Lester, in a lower tone, "I have had a dream repeated many times; but never has it come to me so directly and so vividly as within the past three or four days. *Carrie Thornton is not dead!* I know she is not!—she has appeared to me repeatedly in a dream, and calls upon me to save her! To-night, as I stood all alone by the mizzen rigging, trying to peer out into the thick gloom, I heard her voice as plainly as you now hear mine, and she called out for me to save her. Of course what followed was mere fancy, though even that affected me much: I thought I saw her, standing not far off, upon a huge sea, with her arms stretched imploringly towards me—saw her then with my eyes open, as I have often seen her in my sleeping dream!——"

At this point the captain was cut short in his speech by the cry of "LIGHT-HO!" from the deck. They hurried up and found the men crowding forward.

"What is it?" Lester asked.

"I think it is a light, sir," replied Parker. "Here, sir,—just stand here.—Now turn your eye about four points upon the larboard bow.—Wait, now, till she rises—Ha—there!—there?—See!—Did you see it, sir?"

Yes—he had seen it; and he knew it must be a light upon the shore: but it was a great way off. He watched until he had seen it several times, and then he remarked to his mate that it must be a light-house. The light was bold and distinct, and evidently at a considerable height above the level of the sea; for, had it not been so, it could not have been seen at that distance. After a short consultation, during which reference was had to the char- of the Northumberland coast, it was decided that this light must be upon Dorton Point. To the north of Dorton, as the captain knew from personal experience, as well as from the chart, there was a snug harbor, of easy entrance. These things were settled.

As soon as it had been determined where the light was, Captain Lester made all possible haste to determine his course of action. Had the thing been practicable, he would have laid his ship to; but that could not be done. No one even gave it a serious thought. So it was determined that the ship should stand on, at least till something further was discovered.

At half-past twelve the gale had moderated considerably. The light was now to be seen very plainly whenever the ship rose, and the captain and his officers felt sure that they were right in their calculations.

"At all events," said the former, "we have no choice but to stand on, at least——"

He was interrupted by a cry from the bows that made every soul start with horror:

"BREAKERS! BREAKERS!"

Captain Lester leaped forward, and in a very few moments he was satisfied that the warning had not been a false one; for he could not only hear the awful roar of the breaking seas, but he fancied that he could see the gleaming of the white foam as it flew high in the air. As quickly as possible the topsail was taken off, and the anchors cut loose. The ponderous grapplings plunged into the hissing sea, and the iron cables were spun through the hawse-holes like lightning. Snap went the starboard chain; and in a moment more a shock was felt as the larboard anchor found bottom; but it could not hold. The cable parted as though it had been a hempen string, and on swept the devoted ship.

"In heaven's name!" gasped Griffin, "what does this mean? See! The light is still burning as brightly as ever—at least a league away—and yet here are the rocks directly under our bows! What can it mean?"

Maurice Lester did not answer; but an old weather-beaten sailor, who stood at the wheel, and who had looked a thousand dangers in the face, answered for him:

"IT'S A WRECKER'S BEACON! I've seen such things afore. There aint no use in firin' the gun, sir. That light was put there to lead poor Jack to his death that the coast-sharks might pick his bones!"

"BREAKERS! ROCKS!— *On the starboard bow!——. No!—On the larboard!*—PORT!"

But it was too late for mortal help. The ship had met her doom. She went upon the rocks with a crash that sounded high above the roar of the elements.

CHAPTER II.

WOLFGANG.

Maurice Lester was near the starboard gangway when the ship struck, having started aft to look to the helm. The shock threw him upon his back, and he tried to get up; but ere he could regain his feet the flood of mad waters came surging over the bark, and he was thrown—he knew not where. He only knew that the flood came—that it caught him in its giant grasp—that it hurled him as the gale hurls a feather—that his head was hurt—that his body was tossed and bruised—and then the lamp of his consciousness went out. When he came to himself it was daylight, and the rays of the sun were beaming above him. At first he did not attempt to move, any further than simply to assure himself that he was really alive and sensible; but sought to recall the events of the past, which he did, very clearly, up to the time when his ship struck upon the rocks,—he could go no farther. After this he raised himself upon his elbow, and tried to gaze about him. He found himself upon a bed of sand, between two immense rocks. He had been landed there in that deep nook, and the tide had gone out and left him. In a little while he rose to his feet, and managed to crawl up, by the aid of a stranded spar, over a low part of one of the rocks.

After seeing all that was to be observed from this point, he moved on towards where he thought he should soonest find an open beach, for he felt faint and sick, and he wished to find help as soon as possible. After toiling over slippery, slimy rocks, and cruel, tearing crags, until his clothing was all torn, and his flesh bruised and lacerated, he finally reached an open space among the rocks, where many pieces of the wreck had been lodged, and where he found the bodies of three of his men. He hastened to the spot where they lay—two of them being clasped in each other's arms—but he found no signs of life.

With a sad, heavy heart, Lester passed on, and presently he found two more dead ones, and one of them was David Griffin, his chief mate. He kneeled down by the officer's side, and raised the head; but it was cold and lifeless and the skull was broken! Gently he laid it back upon the sand, and then moved on again. And he saw more dead men also! Could it be possible that he had been the only one left alive?

Ha!—wait—what is this? It moves—it has life!

Captain Lester hurried forward, as fast as his feeble strength would permit, and found two men lying by the side of a heavy spar. One of them was dead; but the other gazed up into his commander's face, and stretched forth his hands as though he would ask for mercy. His name was Dick Mangle, and he had been one of the best seamen on board the ship.

"Poor Dick!" said Lester, kneeling by his side and lifting his head. "Are you badly hurt?"

"They've done it for us!" the sailor answered, in a weakening voice. "They've killed Tom. Aint he dead?"

It was the body of stout Tom Bricket that lay close by, and when the captain had made himself sure that there was no particle of life in it, he reported the same to Dick.

"But," he added, "what do you mean! Who has done you harm?"

"Haven't you seen 'em?" the man asked, struggling for breath.

"Seen whom? What do you mean?" demanded Lester, eagerly.

Dick started up to his elbow, and gazed around; but he seemed to find nothing for which he was looking, and he sank back again. Had he not made this effort he might have spoken further, but the act of rising had exhausted him, and the last grain of strength was leaving him.

"What do you mean?" cried Lester, as he saw that the poor fellow was sinking. "Has any body harmed you?"

Dick managed to raise his hand to his head—to a point above the left ear—and, as he did so, he whispered—

"Look out—they asked for the capt'n. That's where they struck!" He tried to speak further, but his voice failed him.

What could this mean? Maurice Lester started to his feet and gazed around. Who had killed his men?

The captain was disturbed in his meditation by the sound of voices not far off, and upon turning he beheld four men coming up from the water. He who came in advance was a tall, muscular man; with a gaunt, heavy frame; somewhere about fifty or fifty-five years of age; and habited in a garb of blue cloth, cut into a frock, or shirt, which was secured at the waist by a broad pistol-belt.

Maurice Lester was startled when he beheld the stalwart leader and his three ruffianly companions; and, considering all the circumstances, it is no wonder that he was startled. However, he had not much opportunity for reflection, for, by the time he had fairly made out the party, they were upon him.

"Hallo," the leader cried, as he saw our hero, "here we have another." And, as he came up, he added: "And I guess we've found a live one, too,—one that knows something.—Say—who are ye?"

The last sentence was addressed to Maurice, who quickly answered:

"My name is Lester. And now, to be fair, what is your name?"

"Well—I guess you've heard it before. Men call me Ryan Wolfgang."

"WOLFGANG!" repeated Lester, with a start.

"Yes. That is my name."

Then WOLFGANG was not a myth after all. That mysterious wrecker, whose name was a source of terror to honest sailors, was a being of flesh and blood, like other men. Maurice gazed upon him with wonder; and, as he gazed, he felt that he looked upon a fiend incarnate. He had often heard of the pirate-wrecker, and so dark and mystic had been the tales which the North-Sea sailors had told, that he had been inclined to believe that the whole theme was a fabrication. Now, however, he had no more doubt, for the man before him looked as dark and bloody as were any of the pictures he had heard drawn of him upon the forecastle.

But our hero was not allowed much time for reflection. Wolfgang plied him with questions, to all of which Lester gave straightforward answers; well knowing that evasion would serve no practical purpose, and hoping by his frankness to propitiate the merciless fiend in whose unrestrained power he knew himself to be.

When the wrecker chief had elicited all the information he could, and learned with what a rich cargo the vessel was freighted, and that she had $40,000 in specie on board, he smiled grimly, and remarked to one of his confederates that she would perhaps be a richer prize even than the *White Fawn* had been a few years before. The mention of the name of the ill-fated ship in which Carrie Thornton and her father had been lost, gave Maurice Lester such a shock that he nearly fell to the earth. He grew deadly pale, and his frame quivered convulsively.

"What's the matter?" said Wolfgang. "You don', seem to have much strength left!—Bring him alongt boys, where we can *doctor* him."

The sinister glance which accompanied this last remark, and the peculiar emphasis laid upon the word "*doctor*," struck a chill to our hero's heart. But he could not give his own safety much thought, while he was partly forced and partly carried along after Wolfgang, who strode rapidly on for nearly half an hour. He could think only of the *White Fawn* that had been wrecked on that coast, and of his beloved Carrie who had, perhaps, in company with those same men, trod the same path he was now treading. What had been her fate? Had she been murdered by these wretches, or reserved for some more deplorable doom? These thoughts filled him with unutterable agony.

Wolfgang had now drawn near the water's edge; and soon coming to the mouth of a cave he entered it, followed by the three ruffians who had charge of our hero. The bottom of the cave sloped upward from its entrance for some distance, and then became almost level. The captive (for such Maurice Lester now felt himself to be) frequently hit his feet against what he thought, with a chill of horror, were human bones strewn around the cavern, but he could not clearly make them out in the dim light. He also noticed that the bottom of the cave was very wet, as though it had recently been covered with water. The wrecker chieftain stopped, at last, near what seemed the end of the cave, and making a sign to his followers, they clapped manacles on the wrists and ankles of Maurice before he had time to note their intention.

"Now, Captain Lester," said Wolfgang, "you must remain in this place for a short season. *You are perfectly safe here.*—Silence! Say not a word! If you attempt to leave this spot, you will be slain the moment you set foot outside the cave."

Thus speaking, the chieftain and his followers silently but rapidly withdrew, leaving Maurice nearly stupefied with astonishment. As they passed from the mouth of the cave, their feet were wet by the rising waves. *The tide was fast coming in.*

After a short time, the captive looked about him with eyes somewhat accustomed to the dim light, and became satisfied that what he had supposed to be human bones were really such. There were many of them. And moving among them were huge rats, seeking for prey. The top of the cavern, in some places, was but a few feet above his head, and in one place he discovered a small aperture, through which a faint light struggled, and on going underneath it, he thought he smelt the odor of vegetation and flowers.

On turning, from the contemplation of this aperture, towards the mouth of the cave, Captain Lester observed, with alarm, that the water was creeping up the sloping bottom. What if it should fill the cavern? Ah! now he could account for the presence there of those human bones! They were the sad memorials of other hapless prisoners who had been left in that cave to *perish by drowning!*

Slowly but surely the waters crept along. The vermin fled before them to the elevated spot on which Maurice stood. Slowly following, the incoming water at length reached his feet!

At the end of the cave, within a few feet of the wall, and underneath the aperture before spoken of, was a large piece of rock, some four feet high, that might have fallen from above. To this Maurice hastened as quickly as his manacles would permit. After some exertion he succeeded in climbing to the top of it, and stood erect, his head within a few inches of the roof of the cavern. But he was not allowed to occupy this retreat alone. As the water began to circle round its base, the rats also sought refuge on it in great numbers, and in vain did Maurice try to dislodge them with his manacled feet.

Soon (as it seemed to the captive) the water came rippling over the top of the rock. He felt its moisture upon his feet. And still it rose—slowly but relentlessly it rose higher—higher; and as it rose, the rats climbed up his limbs for safety. It was in vain that he brushed them off with his fettered hands. They instantly returned. They clambered up his back—to his shoulders—over the back of his neck—to the crown of his head; their clammy bodies striking a chill to his very heart.

And still higher the waters rose, and more thickly the foul vermin clustered upon the devoted captive's shoulders and head, as their only places of safety. Driven frantic at last by the horrors of his situation, he was about to plunge into the surging tide and seek a watery grave, when his attention was arrested by the tread of rapid footsteps near the aperture above his head, and the sound of a harsh masculine voice, almost instantly followed by a noise as of a struggle, and a piercing shriek which thrilled Maurice Lester to the very soul. He could not be mistaken: it was CARRIE's voice. Again he heard it, but now in tones of entreaty. Oh, it *was* her voice. She was *not* dead! She lived and was near him! Gathering all his strength he shouted, "Carrie! *Carrie!* CARRIE!"

A dead silence followed, broken only by the fearful murmurs of the still rising waters, and the splash of the rats as they fell from the wretched captive's head and shoulders, only to return again, in their fierce struggles for a perch of safety from the advancing tide, which had now nearly reached our hero's shoulders.

The above is all of this story that will be published in our columns. We give this as a sample. The continuation of it from where it leaves off here can be found only in the New York Ledger, the great family paper, to which the most popular writers in the country contribute, and which is for sale at all the stores throughout the city and country, where papers are sold. Remember and ask for the New York Ledger of January 14, and in it you will find the continuation of the story from where it leaves off here. If you cannot get a copy at any book store, the publisher of the Ledger will mail you a copy if you will send him five cents in a letter.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

LITTLE FILKINS'S BILLIARDS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

The New Partner

IN

"CLINGHAM & CO., BANKERS."

BY FITZ HUGH LUDLOW,

AUTHOR OF "THE HASHEESH EATER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

UNDER THE DOG-STAR.—A SIRIUS CHAPTER.

ALL Cheswick said that Clingham & Co. were going to the dogs. In the market of East Cheswick—at the Gold Eagle Tavern of West Cheswick—about the pump where the ore-teams were watered at Cheswick Centre—in Cheswick at all points of the compass and in all varieties of position, was to be heard the time-honored name of Clingham & Co. in connection with that dreadful abandonment to canine clemency aforesaid.

As yet, not in anger was it said; for of all who spread the rumor there was not one who could say that either he or his most remote grandfather had ever lost a cent by the firm. Clingham under various modifications—as combined with Son, or Brother, or Co.—had been coeval probably with the oldest traceable generation of any family now living at Cheswick, and from its first foundation as a firm had done the money business of all the country within a circuit of fifty miles—wisely, reputably, profitably to itself and its customers. So identified was it with the prosperity of the quiet little old town in which it stood, that I have frequently heard one of the first men of the place, Mr. Briggs (since gathered to his fathers), say that the very first object upon which his eye instinctively rested as he looked out of the window upon rising, was the massive stone and iron structure which was the material embodiment of the destinies of Clingham; and upon his perceiving that no earthquake had swallowed that building in the night, he betook himself to his prayers and his toast and coffee with the feeling of a good Christian who has money safely invested and is perfectly satisfied with the dealings of Providence.

As yet Clingham & Co. had had no notes protested, found no difficulty in disposing of their paper on the very best of terms, and gave no external symptoms of failure or dissolution; which fact necessarily, as I have stated, tinctured more with sorrow than with anger the pretty universal asseveration that C. & Co. were verging dogward as fast as time could carry them.

The reason of the asseveration seemed to be this: This being only a branch banking-house, and entirely subordinate to the great head at the metropolis, had never been attended to with any degree of consistency by a member of the celebrated firm in person, but was under the management habitually of some well-tried sub, cashier, teller, or otherwise, who, after a long apprenticeship and trial in the central or some larger branch establishment, had been thought worthy of promotion to a post of command. Such a person, one Luke Green, was now in charge of the Cheswick Clingham, supported by a staff of half a dozen assistants in various grades of honor and trust. Green had never been under the head men immediately; but by regularity of habit, financial alertness, and several adroit ser-

vices he had rendered the firm as cashier of the Woodstock branch, had so commended himself that when old Tucker died from behind the desk he had elbow-rubbed for thirty years, Green was immediately elevated to his place of Managing Superintendent of the Cheswick Department. Now there was no objection whatever to Green. He was at his post early and left it late; never seemed supervision more eagle-eyed than his; and in his habits, the old lady, who was most attentive to individual morals, and had nothing else to do, could not pick a flaw. But the boys, as they were called—the underlings—ah! there was the trouble—there was grief of heart and cause to the Cheswickians for all-prophecy in abundance! Now they noticed that the cashier —a good, substantial, and once very promising "boy" of about thirty—came to his desk very late in the morning, somewhat bleared about the eyes, and having a general aspect of up-all-night-ishness which was unfinancial, irresponsible in the extreme. Paying-teller Bradby drove the very raciest of rapid horses at a speed and an expense hitherto inconceivable in a paying-teller, and somewhat eccentric even in the head of a firm. The various clerks, great and small, without much regard to size or means, devoted their elegant leisure to the investigation of rules of cards and the discussion of subtle differences between Mumm and Verzenay — or whatever native compounds occupied their talents under these denominations. In fact, a more goodly fellowship of *dilettante* loafers, to speak the plain, disagreeable truth, could not be found by searching the whole circle of young persons who affect that style of thing in the American nineteenth century, and being the sons of retired Yankee tradesmen, think it exceedingly English to lounge at tippling places, and say, "Aw! mei de-ah fellaw!"

Now Luke Green, Cheswick Superintendent, like Eli of old, was by no means in the dark as to the doings of these boys of his. Bless you! how could he be? Was it not all over Cheswick when Todds the cashier, in a fit of combined heroism and patriotic enthusiasm, threw up his window at eleven o'clock of an extraordingly frosty December night, and invited the whole universe to come up stairs and keep Fourth of July with him? And when paying-teller Bradby dashed his trotting sulky to pieces against a stupefied incoming butter-wagon—was there any concealing *that*, or the sling he carried his left arm in (well for him, as Pat the porter said, that it wasn't his head!) for the next three months thereafter? And how could Mr. Luke Green discharge his soul of all acquaintance with the fact that little Filkins, second bookkeeper, devoted an unprofitable surplus of his time to brandy-and-water with his billiards, when that young gentleman had awakened him at three o'clock of one morning with the alarm-bell, and informed him, as he came down quite tremulous in his wrapper, that "if I had any f'gard for th' welfare of th' instushun" he had better come out immediately, as somebody had set up another bank in opposition directly next door? Of course there was no such thing as being hoodwinked to these facts. But, like the sacerdotal old gentleman we have before mentioned, Mr. Luke Green felt that boys would be boys, and treated them invariably on the delicate remonstrance principle: "Todds, I regret to hear," etc.; or, "Bradby, really it pains me to learn;" or, "Filkins, you will see the impossibility of this continuing." Really, Cheswick in general did not know what to make of Mr. Green; but it came pretty unanimously to the conclusion, after due debate, that he was altogether too kind-hearted, too sweet-mannered a man to have control of such an important establishment as Clingham & Co., Cheswick Branch. And this was the reason why Cheswick said that Clingham & Co. were going to the dogs.

The state of popular opinion at Cheswick could not fail to reach the metropolis, there being facilities for unobstructed land and water carriage between those celebrated places daily. All sorts of remonstrances, complaints, menaces of withdrawal of deposits, suggestions of the antique stocking which had held cash safely before banks were ever thought of, and could do it again—all these, and many more pleasant love-missives, came from Cheswick to the grand central Clingham & Co. which held the reins of destiny; and, as a natural rebound from that state of pressure, rumors began flying Cheswickward from the central Clingham, that one of the partners would shortly be up to take charge of the affairs of the branch in person. Cheswick was delighted. Cheswick felt safe! The glory of contemporary children and remote grandsires, the financial bulwark of fifty miles around, was still impregnable; gray-haired men, who had most of their earliest associations and all their stock concentred in that granite building, would still point strangers to it with a proud enthusiasm, saying, "Clingham & Co., Sir! Firm as a rock! Long before I was a boy, Sir!"

It was pretty well known what day the partner would be there. Every one somehow seemed to have settled upon four o'clock P.M. of a Thursday—and there was such a crowd assembled at the station to meet that train as had not been seen since Henry Clay came through and spoke to Cheswick from the platform. But though every one knew the hour, very few seemed to know the man. "It would be old Clingham, probably," remarked a financially very young person. To whom, answering in a voice of intense sarcasm, replied a gentleman of broad-er monetary experience, "No doubt! He very likely intends to leave New York for *this* place! We shall possibly soon hear of the New York branch of Cheswick!" And through the multitude ran undefined rumors of different other members of the firm; now it was George—now young Som—now Lawrence Clingham, whose epiphany by railroad was to be expected.

Shifting about among the crowd, hearkening now to this, now to that hearsay, was Mr. Luke Green observable—for at three banking hours closed, and it was now nearly four. Observable —I use that word forcibly—for though I said that he was in the crowd, he certainly was not of it. Among the heaving mass of shoulders and heads he seemed as markedly discernible and separate as a dead body floating on a rocking sea; for in the midst of many flushed, some embrowned, and all pleasurably anxious faces, Mr. Luke Green's was the only white, pallidly white, and immovable one. Ever and anon he looked up the long stretch of track to where it curved out of eyeshot through the rock cut in the distance, as if he devoured the moments till the train should bear in sight; yet he started, just perceptibly, whenever any sound as of a whistle or a rumbling struck his ear. Necessarily, it *was* a trying season for a superintendent—this time of giving up the charge of headmanship to a superior, however delicately it might be received—this becoming once more a subaltern in station, with whatever undinished continuance or even increase of salary. And not even Mr. Green knew precisely *who* was coming. The only partner he had ever seen was "the old gentleman"—Clingham the head —the great Clingham; whom, as suggested before with extinguishing sarcasm, it would be impossible to expect unless he intended to make New York a branch.

At easy distances from their superior—easy in all respects, for they looked as if they had not the slightest trouble upon their minds, unless it were the advisableness on *that* afternoon of not getting drunk and playing for drinks to get drunken—lounged the subalterns of Cheswick Branch about the station.

The train—as all trains are almost always sure to, unless they are going to Philadelphia—arrived in due time. Perhaps a dozen persons got out. Nothing in any of them identified the

"SEND THIS UP IMMEDIATELY, IF YOU PLEASE."

mas. But the knowing ones, who had posted themselves where the baggage car disgorged its contents, sent down a runner to the ranks who had formed about the passenger exits, that a trunk was distinctly visible to the naked eye in their field of view, marked "To Clingham & Co.'s Banking House." Immediately afterward reliable report had located a carpet bag with the same destination upon the top of said trunk. Upon which, naturally enough, there was a rush to see who would call for these articles of luggage.

The evident sensation of surprise ran through the crowd as a tall but somewhat slender man, decidedly Saxon in the mould of his features, his bright and almost laughing blue eyes, his light-brown side-whiskers, mustache, and hair, and very prepossessingly, for no one would have set him down as more than twenty-three or four years old, approached the notable pile above mentioned, and, touching it lightly with his umbrella, said, "Send this up immediately, if you please." The surprise of the crowd was reciprocated by his face—for it flushed a little for a moment to find itself gazed at by so many eyes—and then bowing, as if to acknowledge what was an unmistakable compliment to his coming, he slightly drew himself up with a self-possessed dignity, and passed through the throng, which made room for him, as quietly as though unnoticing and unnoticed. Passed through, leaving even Cheswick quite mute at his unexpected look and bearing—a portion of disappointed that its appetite for a corpulent man with sharp eyes, sesa, gold-headed cane, and decided, inscrutable appearance was so woefully unsated, and another portion smitten with enthusiasm for the fair-haired young stranger who was so early in life worthy of a momentous treat like Cheswick Branch.

And as he passed away, Todds, cashier, elevated himself to the extreme height of five feet six inches, boot-heels inclusive, and turned to paying close scrutiny with the remark:

"Weally! I'm quite welieved—Demme if I didn't think he was going to be some old muff we'd be afraid of."

Todds, cashier, belonged to that species of which there can be no doubt he was, two years ago, the last survivor, and which we may therefore now believe to be wholly extinct—which can not realize such a possibility as feeling reverence for any man or thing which does not knock them down. They was How-are-ye-old-fellowish with the sun who has the possibilities to laugh in him—but have as a sublime veneration for the dignity of the pump-handle, whose contact floored them during the last lark. Have?

—Imean had. For can they now set about it?

Who of us but knows their dignity by sight? Bah! is the world an ass?

CHAPTER II.

IN WHICH THE COUNTENANCE OF CHESWICK FALLS.

Todds, cashier, seemed not so far from right after all. The terribleness of this new purpose in the sky of Cheswick Branch was diminished exceedingly when Cheswick came into the counting-house the next morning: not so much to have its own business attended to as to attend to that of Clingham & Co., and found the tall desk in the back room still occupied by Mr. Lot Green. Since the earliest foundation of Clingham & Co., such a run of custom had not been known. People holding notes which they had thoroughly made up their minds to keep till maturity were induced to the rail to have them discounted; tradesmen came to make deposits which they were absolutely sure to draw entirely out the next day or the day after that; even every old lady or young gentleman, so fortunate as to possess a dollar bill, approached to have it converted into specie, while they looked through the little picket fence that hedged in the majesty of a real partner. Wretched multitude! keenly sensitive and sensible to the quick that they had been sold for naught when they beheld, shining through the hither windows of the managerial sanctum, the bland face of Mr. Green, reclad in all its former mansuetude, nowise scarfed, but emery-polished into a purer refulgence by the right hand of yesterday's cuff, and as much of triumph in it as that gentleman could think of permitting to be thereconscientiously gentle to be sure, had opposited the use of all such stimulants as strong emotion. There had been one change, however—one most irritating, perplexing, absolutely inexplicable change. Cheswick, as a great whole, scratched its head and began to considering itself, but could discover no earthly, proper, defensible, adoptable reason why this change should have occured. Little Elkins, second book-keeper to Cheswick Branch, had utterly disappeared; as utterly as if the heaviest of his tremendous ledgers had fallen atop on him when he was between covers hunting an entry, and locked him up for sad posterity, like Geniva or a pressed bluerose. Gone was he, and inexplicably gone was little Elkins, and in his place sat—Oh! that miserable, paltry make-believe—the young man of Saxon face and slender figure, just as quietly as if nothing had happened, and all Cheswick had not been yesterday at the cars to see him come in as the real partner!

The young man at little Elkins's desk could not avoid knowing that his pretensions were detected; that the gilding of yesterday's eventful moment had been entirely rubbed off overnight, so that his actual brass showed through. He could not help hearing how the popular feeling, justly irritated, took sides with his ousted predecessor, and the inquiry "What has little Elkins done?" ran with a wrathful sorrow from murmuring mouth to mouth. He could not help knowing that he was not at all what was wanted; that Cheswick had asked for bread and been given, in him, a pebble-stone of the very grittiest nature to its enamel. But in spite of all these considerations, this young man of twenty-two or three scratched away importunably at his books, instead of bursting into tears or being warmed into a generous shame at the dispensation of so many of his edicts. And to make matters worse, every now and then as he took breathing-time at the bottom of a column, he looked up from the pen and surveyed through the rails, steadily into the faces of his severe jury with a frank, caught-fleeing peacefulness, and a half smile about his lips unwarranted by what they were absolutely intolerable. The most saucy brave of little Elkins, at the time when he had been trusted at the teller's for a new pelisot, and was sanctest, was easily to be put up with compared with this wonderful good-humor. And persons who noticed it took occasion to repeat, in a louder and still more antagonistic tone, the inquiry, "What has little Elkins done?"

Two or three of the oldest inhabitants of Cheswick, who, by the mere fact of their being older and able to walk, can place and talk with longer about one thing than any body else, were, of course, providentially fitted to become consultors upon all difficult subjects, availed themselves of the proper reverence in which they were held to mediate between a justly exasperated public and the new relation to the practical joke which Cheswick had experienced at the hands of Clingham & Co., Central Firm.

On pretense of relief from the strain, communicate immediately the fact which had only just been discovered in the *Journal of Commerce* three days before, that Cheswick and Linkumdoxly R.R. stocks, held by Cheswick Branch to the extent of fifty shares, had risen 3 per cent., Mr. Lot Green, Mr. Todds, and Mr. Dodgers, pushed through the glass door which intervened between an offended Cheswick and Mr. Luke Green.

"The fact is, Mr. Tollogue," said Mr. Green, the worthy old soul—having boxed the compass of conversation around to the subject, his heart was upon with such unwonted rapidity for him, that he had only answered a leer on things totally irrelevant, "The fact is, Mr. Dodgers," that Mr. Filkins, deeply as I grieve to say it, has been guilty—an irresponsible act—being impossible to mar the peace of the absent, I will add, a *reckless* office for an institution representing such tremendous interests as ours. A long time it had been represented to me that he spent much time, and large sums of money, at—at what do you call the game with balls and sticks, where you shove, you know?"

Mr. Dodgers with cheerful promptness suggested billiards, but in reality was much grieved to have been caught in knowing that very improper and frivolous game.

"Billiards! Thank you. That was the thing. At first I hardly believed it, such is my faith in the perfect goodness of men I meet—believed I'm afraid I'm quite a child; but when I discovered Mr. Filkins one night upon my front stoop, shoving snow-balls with his cane, and his only reply to my remonstrance that he was to get out of the way, old fellow! and let him come down on the cushion and earom on the light red, and—and—and—I was convinced. I—"

"Misplaced confidence," said Mr. Briggs, in a homilitic manner.

"Precisely," said when upon my still further interrogating him as to his singular manner, he replied that he had been moistening his clay, I translate into more genteele expression as meaning brandy and water."

"Of course!" rejoined Mr. Dodgers, with a deeply appreciative and shocking himself directly with visible exaltation of color at his detection in being so expert in the vocabulary of slang.

"The point of all was, that suspicion of his behavior reached the Messrs. Clingham, and they, feeling deeply desirous that the welfare of Cheswick Branch, and I may add, Cheswick people, with whom we feel gratefully identified"—Mr. Tollogue's voice was heavy with people—"should not be imperiled by any such behavior on the part of one of their officers. He was accordingly removed."

"This young person sent up in his room?" put in Mr. Briggs, briskly.

"With immediate dispatch, and having low to the representatives of Cheswick, Mr. Green replied that he had yet to learn of any; but when these three gentlemen, Messrs. Tollogue, Dodgers, and Briggs should be his earliest confidents. Carrying which answer to the outer world, into one's emergency, would be prudent, but in no pre-eminent degree wiser men than they were in.

It is little enough to say that this answer did not satisfy Cheswick. It might not have been intended to. If so, it completely eminently attained its purpose, for all over town the question that "Clingham & Co. were going to the bad," which, made lightly, baby, had been black-dropped and cradled for a day or two, was now taken up again, wakened, doudled, trotted, clamored, made lusty to the further verge of lung-capability, and with it sounded the new inquiry, "What had little Filkins done? Necessarily it was impossible for Cheswick to see *what*. Todds, cashier, devoted a great deal of time to the amusement of getting very drunk, though to be sure in a very quiet way ordinarily, and in the bosom of his boarding-house, and came to the bank very late, and was very cross and uncivil. Paying-teller Bradby seemed to spend as much money on sulkies and animals of fabulous time and pedigree, as if he were the son of some Broad street father washed ashore upon a golden beach by a rapid rise in the tide of his professional train oil. And all the clerks, great and small, seemed at liberty to do very much as they pleased out of bank hours, and to run the whole delightful gamut of pig-blessedness from doing nothing and feeling no sensation from it, up to getting drunk and enjoying it hugely, without a word of reproof upon the subject. While little Filkins, the latest disgusting to Cheswick of all the clerks, was singled out to be made an example of peremptorily then, *what had little Filkins done?*

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1860.

ANOTHER NEW SERIAL.

WE commence in the present number of *Harper's Weekly* the publication of a new Serial Story of American Life, entitled

The New Partner

IN

"CLINGHAM & CO., BANKERS."

BY FITZ HUGH LUDLOW, ESQ., AUTHOR OF THE "HASHEESH EATER," ETC., ETC.

This story will be illustrated by JOHN MCLENAN, Esq.

We commenced in No. 152 the publication of a new Serial Story by WILKIE COLLINS, Esq., entitled

The Woman in White:

which is illustrated expressly for this journal by JOHN MCLENAN, Esq.

The publication of the delicious Story of American Life,

Trumps,

by GEORGE W. CURTIS, Esq., with HOPPIN'S Illustrations, was commenced in No. 119 of *Harper's Weekly*.

As *Harper's Weekly* is electrotyped, we can supply the back numbers from the commencement to any person who sends us the money.

THE IDLENESS OF CONGRESS.

MORE than one of the three months of the short session of Congress has elapsed and no appropriation bill has been passed. Less than fifty working days remain; during which all the appropriation bills of this session and the Post-office Appropriation Bill of last session must be passed, Kansas must be admitted, and whatever measures are taken with regard to Mexico must be adopted. Is it almost doubtful whether the business can be got through in the time that is left.

It is hardly necessary to say that the delay is disgraceful to all parties; and more especially to those who, professing to be anxiously in either action of the Union, refuse to range themselves on either side, and thus prevent an organization.

Passing this over, and taking a practical view of the subject, it seems to be admitted at Washington that none but a Republican can be elected Speaker. The reason to believe that this is the view of the clearest-headed men among the Democrats. They assume that the party which has a plurality will not, if it can help it, submit to a man of another party in the chair of the House. We have also reason to believe that some leading men among the Democrats and Southern Opposition would, for the sake of an organization, vote for a Republican Speaker, or for the plurality rule, which would amount to the same thing, provided the Republicans would agree to drop Sherman and concentrate their strength on some Republican who had not indorsed the Helper book.

Under these circumstances this seems the best alternative that is left. The House must be organized in some way or other, and the Republicans will be alone to blame for the non-performance of their duty if they refuse to nominate one of their own party whose election the Democrats agree to permit. Where parties are so evenly balanced, compromise is the only feasible course; and this seems the best of all feasible compromises.

TRADE CHANNELS.

THERE is every year a certain amount of wheat, flour, corn, cornmeal, pork, beef, ashes, and other produce of the field and the forest, which travels from the great producing States of the West to the Atlantic sea-board for sale or shipment to Europe. For all this produce, of whatever kind, Chicago may be regarded as the central Western depôt; Milwaukie and St. Louis being, so to say, sub-depôts, obeying the same laws, in respect to trade channels, as Chicago. Several great railroad lines compete for the business of conveying this produce from Chicago and the sub-depôts to the sea-board—to wit, the Grand Trunk line of Canada, whose harbor is Portland; the New York lines, the Central and Erie, whose harbor is New York; the Pennsylvania and Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne and Chicago lines, whose harbor is Philadelphia; the Baltimore and Ohio, and its connections, whose harbor is Baltimore. Between these several lines the competition is sharp and severe—the more serious as the sea-ports, which form the termini of the rival lines, are fully alive to the importance of securing the business, and take an active and direct share in the contest.

The owners of the Grand Trunk line are so desirous to secure the business that they are carrying produce from Chicago to Portland for little more than one-half what it costs them to do the business; being somewhat peculiarly in the struggle by the Government of Canada, which is largely interested in the road. Pennsylvania is equally alive to the importance of victory in such a fight. Her public works have sold, and nothing has been left undone by the Legislature to enable the Pittsburgh line through Pittsburgh to compete successfully with its rivals. The Baltimore and Ohio enjoys the entire favor of the Legislatures on which it depends; it has only to ask, and the States are ready to grant any thing it wants, while the city of Baltimore sagaciously lends its aid whenever it becomes necessary.

New York alone holds aloof from the struggle, and while the rival States are straining every nerve to secure the traffic, proposes to initiate a policy which will tend to injure itself and help its rivals. Governor Morgan, in his Message, proposes to toll the railroads of this State, so as to render it impossible for them to compete on equal terms with their rivals in Canada, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Maryland.

The ostensible motive for this proceeding is a desire to make the canals pay.

The fact is that the canals, which are a superior mode of conveyance to canals, have beaten them in this State in the contest for traffic; and Governor Morgan, who, our readers will be astonished to learn, is a New York merchant, proposes to lay such loads on the roads as will once more place them on a level with the canals. The Governor, in a word, belongs to the respectable race of old fogies who think railways are altogether too fast, and must be checked, in the interest of slower and more antiquated conveyances.

We will not discuss the principle of his method. Governor Morgan is the head of the Republican party in this State, and as such the Republicans being the dominant faction—is an authority too high to be disputed. But we insist, if his plan be adopted, and tolls laid on the railroads so as to place them on a par with the canals, that the system be carried out fairly and generally. We want to see tolls levied on the canals for the support of engine-coaches between New York and Albany. If it be right to tax railroads, so as to render the contest between them and the canals equal, the canals themselves have the same right to protection. We likewise want to see taxes laid on steamers, so as to render the contest between them and the canals fair and equal. It would be only right, too, to lay a tax on the telegraph lines, for the benefit of the postal revenue, which has been seriously reduced by the competition of the electric telegraph. If the Morgan principles prevail, and each new step in civilization be bound to carry its defunct predecessor on its back, there is no saying where we must stop. If railroads are to pay an indemnity for superseding canals, steam presses should be taxed for the benefit of the old race of hand-pressmen; city railroads should pay something to omnibus proprietors; modern hotels should hand over an annual bonus to old-fashioned taverns; triple-sheet newspapers should be taxed for the benefit of decaying contemporaries; we should all of us pay a trifle for knowing more than our fathers.

We repeat—we don't mean to discuss the principle; we only want to see it fairly carried out. If the Morgan plan of taxing improvements, as such, be the rule of this State, let us see it put in force, and those who dare to suggest any forward step in the march of progress and civilization.

THE LOUNGER.

MOUNT VERNON.

THE ladies have now done their work, and Mount Vernon now belongs to them. It only remains to raise about a hundred thousand more dollars to have a fund for the support and repairs of the estate. Of the whole sum thus far collected, Mr. Everett has contributed about one-fourth, or nearly seventy thousand dollars; and it would be interesting to know precisely how many subscribers to the fund there have been in the country. The oration of Mr. Everett alone has produced about fifty thousand dollars—and when we remember that it was first delivered only three years ago upon the coming anniversary of Washington's birth, we may

safely say that it has produced much larger pecuniary results than any oration ever before spoken. Thus the estate of Mount Vernon becomes a memorial of Mr. Everett as well as of Washington.

Meanwhile the excellent Mr. John Washington seems to have failed, at least there was some such story in the newspapers, and this ought to be satisfactorily explained. Because if he was compelled to sell the estate by reason of his poverty, and received much more than the mere market value, as real estate, how does he happen to fail just as the money is paid? There is plainly in some mistake in the story which it would be very refreshing to have contradicted.

And now that the work is done, we suppose Mount Vernon will be kept as a kind of sacred park, a national neutral ground, where we may all gain and cultivate not morality, and invigorate our mental constitutions by reflection upon the simple, austere heroism of the man we all reverence so deeply and truly that whoever speaks of him in words other than those of panegyric seems to be blaspheming.

Let it be so! Let the gates be opened wide to the North and South and East and West, that we may all stand upon the porch which Rossiter has painted, and look upon the lovely landscape which Mignot has reproduced, and feel as we do so that we stand where our greatest man stood; a man so calm and wise that men of all times and all nations have praised him—who saw so clearly, who judged so justly, who spoke so well, that Time, which dwindles other greatness, only enhances his; and the increasing light, which shows so many gaps in other revered images of the Past, only glorifies him the more.

THE NEW SINGER.

WE Americans take great pleasure in abusing ourselves, and insisting that we are led by the nose in all affairs of art and in literary judgment. Yet how often are these errors. Some of the most sturdy English literary reputations have been made, and many confirmed, in this country. There is a story, not yet contradicted, that the first full and fair complete edition of Bollingbroke was collected in Philadelphia. The Miscellanies of Carlyle and De Quincy were first issued, as books, in London, and England knows much less of Robert Browning than we do. Festus Bailey was first hailed here, but somehow never came to his crowning point, as Martin Farquhar Tupper, A.M., if not LL.D., was idolized by us for at least three years.

Nor is it always that we require the approval of England before we approve our own men. Bancroft, and Hawthorne, and Prescott, and Motley, and Bryant, and Longfellow, and Lowell, and Holmes, and all the rest, we know and like, and have known and liked, whether England did or did not. If she does like and laud us, it was pleasant to hear. If she did not, she was at liberty to have her own tastes.

And certainly we have not been deceived by singers or actors. Not even the pronunciamentos of Signor Ullman have persuaded any body to think that there was a good one, or even to believe in M. Musard because he had the same name as his father. Even Ole Bull's fame, we have all heard, in New York was much more polite than Madrid, but it recognized quite as clearly that *Is Gilda* was no longer *la dia*. But Bosio, with no flourish of trumpets, had charmed because she was charming. Benedetti and Truffi have made the remembrance of one season in Astor Place radiant to many and many a hearer, yet their claims were not counterfeigned by European repute. And all the folded or worn visiting cards have been heralded with such blare of puffery, have failed to deceive a solitary hearer.

Now, at last, comes a little lady, with no prestige of any kind,—who was heard a few years since as a prodigy, who was not introduced as an angel, or a siren, or a sky-lark, or even as a gentle lyric *tragedienne*, but who trips on to the stage and warbles her way straight into the hearts of the hearers and into the very highest position. She is in no other sense an American than that soon after her birth her family removed to this country. But even if she has been a Yankee girl, does any body think she would have been any more or any less successful? Or had she sung as the poor Speranza sung, would her Italian birth and name have saved her?

There is no mistake in our appreciation of Jenny Lind; and whoever supposes Barnum made her career in this country, pays Barnum a great compliment. Barnum's sagacity lay in seeing that so great a singer as Jenny Lind was sure to succeed. Hackett's mistake was in supposing that Grisi, in her decline, would succeed because she had been famous in her prime.

If the Signori Managers will always provide good singers they may save one fortune in printing bills, and make another by the generous appreciation of the public.

HATS.

Do we owe our emancipation from the "tile" or the stove-pipe continuation to Kossuth, from whom the soft slouch hats are named? It is easy to believe so, for the Magyar race is Oriental in its origin—languid, luxurious; and what is the soft hat truly seen but a mingling of the turban and the hat—the East and the West—poetry, if you please, and prose. At least which of our poets, unless it be Willis in some metropolitan moment, wears a tile?

Yet, on the other hand, before Kossuth came—whom last week we partially shouted—and in England and on the other continent, the easy hat is called a "wide-awake," certainly the reverse of any Oriental dignification. Why wide-awake? Plainly because the wearing of so convenient and comely a covering for the head showed a man wide-awake to common sense and uncommon comfort—a man fully wide-awake to the regnant absurdities of fashion, and who rose early enough in the morning to know fully what he was doing.

See, too, how the head has set the fashion for the rest of the body! Since the highest point of all has been comfortable, how the human form has been emancipated from tight tailoring! With loose hats come loose coats; with loose coats, in due order, peg-top trowsers and ample waistcoats; and so, by developing supposititious symmetry, the human form divine is stimulated to make those proportions real. If a man's waistcoat be fullcircled, how naturally he resolves to make his chest correspond! If the thighs of his trowsers bulge, how inevitably he will endeavor to fill them themselves! And all the invigoration and expansion of muscle and lungs—and consequent increase in human and general health—which corresponding higher flights in the action of the brain, and wider grasp of philanthropic sympathy, all unfolded from that single hint of the soft hat—what juror takes out of any old beaver new chickens, fresh butter, and gay ribbons! How clear it is that this hat does come from the East, realm of miracle and mystery!

Think, now, to what perfection this thing is carried! We speak of the improved unlooping, of the constant discoveries in the sun-painting arts—of new coffa-pots and of unimaginable preserved meats that might be laid away in a pyramid, and taken out three thousand centuries hence and cooked into delicious freshness of davor by the New Zealander who is to sit down contemplative on the ruins of the City Hall or the Post-office. That is all well; but what do you think of a hat poked into an envelope and mailed to you, then taken out and unfolded into airy symmetry, so that you seem to wear a sunset cloud, for lightness; a brazen casque, for strength; and you can see to read comfort!

Of course there are cavilers. There are people who assert that your nose-pipe is the perfect possibility, and who, as they survey the luxurious fullness of fashionable drapery and tailoring, declaim, cynically, that Christianity has not taught us how vries in the head goes through all the state; and that every layer of society is corrupted when the top layer is tainted.

Avisto re! The slouch hat is practical democracy—namely, comfort and beauty. It is the symbol of the free and easy American life. It is the connecting link between the oldest and newest civilizations; the ease that was sloth in the extreme East, and is intense life in the extreme West.

So no more at present about the slouch hat.

WHAT A NEWSPAPER IS, AND IS NOT.

IT is very natural to suppose that a man publishes a newspaper to express his own views. It is to believe that great poets sing for the pleasure of singing, and that novelists write for the pleasure of telling stories. But the whole experience of experience upon this supposition is very incessant and very amusing, especially in the case of publishers and editors. Let the Lounger have a word with his many friends about it.

There are, probably, not a dozen papers in the country published in a spirit so loyal to the idea of maintaining a principle. And it is a good thing that there are not; for, until a principle and its friends can support a paper, there is not actually any need of an organ. It should be inculcated orally, and at individual expense.

But when a paper is established, not as moral or other organs or agents, but simply as lucrious enterprises, then they are to be managed like all other lucrious, by the two main rules to expect peculiar generosity or self-sacrifice of the man who undertakes it for the sake of a man who engages in shoemaking or cotton manufacturing. The object in all the cases is individual advantage. The proprietors, indeed, do not wish to outrage honesty or decency; on the contrary, they may have no doubt that honesty and decency pay; but their motive is not the interests of those two qualities, but their own private and especial advantages.

Among the attractions of the paper, let us suppose, is a brief and conspicuous advertising page. We will suppose the rates to be high, because it is the general habit to regard editorial and correspondence advertisements. Now the theory is, and it is a perfectly just mercantile theory, that the money received for the advertising is properly and fully balanced by its publication and the notice consequently attracted to the wares. The actual result is, Mr. Smith brings the quality of his bug-powder plainly before the public, and Mr. Jones his exquisite edition of "Lalla Rookh."

Now imagine the public not reading only the editor and saying that he has inserted an advertisement of his book, and paid for it, *and* would like an editorial! But such is the fact. Smith has *paid* for? and how long do you suppose I shall keep my other advertisers if I favor one and not the other? And if I favor the other hand, if I give a notice to all, what is the value of my notice? It is soon seen to be only a part of the advertisement, and any editorial opinion has lost all its importance. If an advertisement in my columns is not worth to me what you pay for it, you can, of course, cease to pay it at any moment. Also, please to take notice that it is only space in my paper, not my opinion, that you buy. You may pay for the room to announce your splendid edition of "Lalla Rookh," but if you wish me to speak of it editorially, how if I choose to think that it is fustian and rubbish, and say so? Or do you propose to pay me roundly for saying that, upon the whole, Tommy Moore is superior to Milton?

That is what every editor may justly say to advertisers who will "a notice." He must be impartial, and trust all his friends alike. If, indeed, any work upon an important or interesting subject be issued, he will naturally speak of it in connection with a topic which interests the public; but in so doing he will not make his notice of the subject a puff of the publisher of the book.

What is true of books is true of every thing else. No sensible editor, of course, will omit to speak of the beautiful bindings (for instance) of beautiful books, if he thinks it to be an affair of real interest, or as showing improvement or unusual excellence: but the point is, that part of his capital as a sagacious editor is a power of just discrimination, and a perfect willingness to say No to every body who wants his own axe ground, upon the claim that every body is interested in that particular axe.

And if all this be true of an editor and a proprietor, think of a mere Lounger, and what is true of him!

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—J. B. Smith, make for your "Thoughts." Plays are pointed and rare. The Lounger has handed them to the Easy Chair, who promises to give some of them room, and to talk with you about them.

—F. A. The Lounger has read the lines. They are full of kind feeling; but are they poetry? As intention, the Lounger considers them "favorably," but he can not do so as performance.

—LILY DALE. The lines are respectfully declined.

—The Lounger's correspondents are exhorted to be patient. Questions asked several months since will yet be answered.

—OLD SWISS says:

"1. There is no such town as *Schalcigier* in Germany.

"2. *Schalcigier* is a word borrowed from the German verb *Schalen*, to grate; *rieser kase* means sour cheese.

"3. 'Schalcigier kase,' or sage sage cheese, is made nowhere else than in the canton of Glarus, in Switzerland, on whose mountains alone are found the Alpine plants necessary to the manufacturing and to the particular flavor of the Schalcigier kase."

—DISCOSSUS. Now that the Atlantic wire has been laid and Europe has agreed for the transmission of messages, the project of a line ein Behring's Straits will hardly be discussed. An Atlantic wire will doubtless be laid until it works.

Father Prout's Inaugurative Ode

TO THE AUTHOR OF "VANITY FAIR."

[From the first number of Thackeray's "Cornhill Magazine."]

I.

OCEUS is a fuiter, quicker age:
Yet erst at Goldsmith's homely Wakefield Vicarage,
While Lucas Collins rattled the West End gloss
Mid the Primroses,
Fudge! cries Squire Thornhill,
Much to the wonder of the young greenhorn Moses.
Such word of scorn ill
Matches the "Vanity Fair" thy whim proposes
To hold on Cornhill.

II.

With Fudge, or Blarney, or the "Flamies on Fire!"
Treat not thy Public!
But proffer good material—
A goodly Entertainment!
Value for twelvepence, and not dear at twenty.
Such wit replenishes thy Horn of Plenty.

III.

Nor wit alone dispense,
But sense:
And with thy sparkling Xeres
Let us have Ceres.
Of loaf thou hast no lack,
Nor set, like modern Lords, a scanty fare, forth,
With bits of sack,
Of bread no counterworth.

IV.

Sprightly, and yet sagacious,
Funny, yet facetious,
Dashing, yet intellectual—
So may thy periodical,
On this momentous morn,
Exalt its horn,
Thron'd on the Hill of Cornhill!

V.

Of aught that smacks of sect, surplice, or synod,
Be thy grain winnow'd!
Nor deign to sell or lend aught
With empty chaff
Shun aught o'er which dullard or bigot gleats;
Nor with cant
Mix thy Nectar.
With meat from Titus Oates
Or flour of Joseph Miller.

VI.

There's corn in Egypt still
(Pilgrim from Cairo to Cornhill!),
Give that!
But all comers among
Let no man be hungry:
Fill the big brothers' knapsacks from thy bins,
But stip the Cup of Love in Benjamin's.

VII.

Next as to those
Who bring their lumbering vers or ponderous prose
To whom a modest Bard
Have so long held their
Well garnish'd Cornhill storehouse,
Bid them not bore us
Tell them instead
To take their lead next street, the Hall of Lead!

VIII.

Only one word besides—
As he who tannish hides
Blacketh with powder implements his tannery:
So then, friend! do not fail
Thy store to garnish full,
Even as thy sister thy Cornhill granary.
Of old there waxed afraid,
Prompt as right worthy, Cullf Haroun al Rashid:
Deal then with Fraud,
Or Jeb or Humbug—banish it!

IX.

Courage, old Friend! long fond
Firm at thy task, nor its drear purpose fold:
Up! choose the ground,
Put forth thy shining sickle:
Show the clear way to Lord Lovel
Of Dunce or Dunderhead:
But reap North, South, East, Far West,
The world-wide Harvest!

A STAG HUNT AT COMPIEGNE.

WE print on the following page an engraving which represents the Emperor and Empress of the French at a stag-hunt at Compiègne. As the sport is not familiar to many of our readers, we give the following account of it from the pen of an American who was an invited guest at the Imperial residence:

"At an early hour on the morning of the eventful day I was up, and was allowed, through the kindness of a friend who belongs to his Majesty's household, to visit the stables and kennels. I admired the horses, and after having proved by some profound horse-talk that I knew all about the merits of those matchless animals, I expressed a desire to become better acquainted with the dogs, and went to the chiens the stag.

"I entered the large house used as a kennel for the pack with many misgivings, having a lively recollection of a misadventure in the Imperial kennels at Fontainebleau, on which occasion the wind blew the door to, leaving me alone with the pack, one of which—and ugly, old, one-eyed dog—evinced a savage desire to come to close quarters, very much to my intense disgust and to the unkind amusement of the keeper, who came in just in time to prevent my becoming dog-meat—a sad fate, even if the dogs be those of his Imperial Majesty. On this occasion, however, I suffered no inconvenience, save a reasonable feeling of disgust in recognizing old acquaintances.

"The Imperial kennel contains one hundred English dogs and twenty-five bloodhounds, the latter being French dogs, belonging to the breed called 'Briquet Anglais.'

"The *personnel* of the hunt consists of the *veneurs* or huntsmen, whose duty is to attend to the hounds, and the *chefs d'equipage*, or grand prevost who have charge of the horses. The *veneurs* are of two classes: those of the first class are called *valets de chiens ordinaires*, those of the second class are on foot (*valets de chiens ayeux*).

"Having visited the horses and dogs, I started to meet my friend at the chateau, and found him in all the glory of his hunting-suit, which is that of the reign of Louis XV. While dressing, I noticed several pairs of spurs, because, it sit as once flashed across my mind that I had not made a blunder in my costume, and I could not appear at the hour except only attired *à la* Louis XV. Here was an embarrassment—I had a horse, but no costume. My friend kindly undertook to procure one, and finally succeeded in borrowing the hunting-suit of one of his companions who was not to accompany us out. He triumphantly bore back to me the much-desired garment, which I, in my haste donned, never for a moment thinking in so doing, as it was over at least six feet high and large in proportion, while I am a small man.

"I was determined to witness the hunt, however, and the size of my costume could not deter me.

"At about noon the cavalcade left the chateau for the meet in the forest, and most splendidly did it look.

"The Emperor and Empress rode along, side by side, in front; near their Majesties was Prince Napoleon, who rode by the side of General Fleury, the Emperor's favorite aid-de-camp.

"The Empress looked most beautiful in her natty and most becoming riding-costume, while the lovely Princess Anna Murat attracted universal admiration.

"I failed not attempting giving you the names of all the beautiful ladies present, containing myself with remarking that the cavalcade that started from the chateau was the finest I ever beheld in the forest was a most brilliant one.

"Arrived at the meet, we found the hunting horses and the dogs ready, while the *veneurs* were anxious to begin what they call sport. I thought of the Wisconsin and Iowa deer-hunt, in which that I had myself killed in these prairies; and I looked upon the present hunting with feelings of the most unmixed supercilious. Time elapsed ere the hunters could all be suitably mounted, while the ladies, of course, required considerable care.

"I observed that the Emperor was particularly attentive as to the secure fastening of the Empress's saddle, taking hold of it himself to assure its safety. At last all were mounted and were ready, and at a sign from the grand *veneur* the dogs were unleashed, and with consequently Majestics and guests.

"What a magnificent sight was this start! The bright hues of the riders and the increased splendor to the glittering gold-lace adorned costumes, while the barking of the dogs and the quick tramp of the horses made up a chorus, in the excitement of the moment, the unpleasant fact of my being torn limb from limb by the voracious hunting pack.

"In less time than I could recount it the hunters and dogs had disappeared, and I remained striving and struggling with a refractory horse of a horse that would not go, but kept backing and turning round and round, with a degree of composure that astonished me exactly. I was taken as a disadvantage by the beast of a horse, owing to the huge size of my trousers and to the fact that my coat covered me up, so as to almost deprive me of the use of my limbs. But Yankee ingenuity is hard to beat; and after a time by striking my legs into the horse I started him off at a pace that soon brought us up with the hunters, and without any further effort on my part, until I was far in advance of the hunt, and lost in the mazes of a forest, totally unknown to me. Having accomplished this feat, my horror became more reasonable, and I managed to stop him.

"I had not remained long ere I heard the horns off in the distance, and was enabled thus to rejoin the hunting party once more. Not having as I met with the slightest adventure: Galloping up an avenue, I saw before me a hunter who was slowly walking his horse, whom second was best forward in a reflective mood. Fired with the ardor of the chase, I dashed toward the retreating gentleman, and was as I passed a feed of "Bourbon" or something to that effect, for the purpose of arousing the latent energies of the beast of the hunting-cry. This revolve was somewhat changed by my recognizing, as I swept on the hunter, that it was no less a personage than Napoleon III., Emperor of the French.

"As I emerged from the avenue a stag met my gaze that would not be a stand-still at once. You will perhaps imagine that 'twas a fine ten-antlered stag at bay, surrounded by the forest pack, or that from some mere fiercest were pulling down the stag they had just overtaken. Not 'twas a fine long-tailed coward with a most succulent lunch, and many, very many bottles of wine, some of which had the peculiar property of containing champagne bottles. I at once fell my order for the close nosing at every pore, and I gladly consigned my horse to the mounted groom.

"Not far from the table I have mentioned was a small-sized tree, which I ascended with ease, and there the script invite to partake of their lunch. I observed, as a curious coincidence, that just about this time almost all the hunters, male and female, arrived at the place I had so unexpectedly discovered, and that soon no vestige of the lunch remained—violent exercise does give one such an excellent appetite. After a brief repose the hunt began again, and by five o'clock the dogs succeeded in running down a fine stag, which was carried to the chateau at Compiègne for the curée, which was to take place in the court-yard of the castle. This ceremony is neither more nor less than skinning the beast, which is done by the light of torches, and while the hands of the regimental are discovering sweet music."

THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS OF FRANCE HUNTING AT COMPIEGNE.—[SEE PRECEDING PAGE.]

"THE LITTLE BEAST, COWARDLY AND CROSS-GRAINED AS PET DOGS USUALLY ARE, LOOKED UP SHARPLY," ETC.

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "AFTER DARK," ETC., ETC.

(Printed from advance proof-sheets purchased from the author exclusively for "Harper's Weekly.")

THE NARRATIVE OF VINCENT GILMORE, SOLICITOR, OF CHANCERY-LANE, LONDON.

I.

I WRITE these lines at the request of my friend, Mr. Walter Hartright. They are intended to convey a description of certain events which seriously affected Miss Fairlie's interests, and which took place after the period of Mr. Hartright's departure from Limmeridge House.

There is no need for me to say whether my own opinion does or does not sanction the disclosure of the remarkable family story, of which my narrative forms an important supporting part. Mr. Hartright has taken that responsibility on himself; and circumstances yet to be related will show that he has amply earned the right to do so, if he chooses to exercise it. The plan he has adopted for presenting the story to others, in the most truthful and most vivid manner, requires that it should be told, at each successive stage in the march of events, by the persons who were directly concerned in those events at the time of their occurrence. My appearance here, as narrator, is the necessary consequence of this arrangement. I was present during the sojourn of Sir Percival Glyde in Cumberland, and was personally concerned in one important result of his short residence under Mr. Fairlie's roof. It is my duty, therefore, to add these few links to the chain of events, and to take up the chain itself at the point where, for the present only, Mr. Hartright has dropped it.

I arrived at Limmeridge House, on a Friday in the week, either at the end of October or the beginning of November—it is not material to my present purpose to say precisely which.

My object was to remain at Mr. Fairlie's until the arrival of Sir Percival Glyde. If that event led to the appointment of any given day for Sir Percival's union with Miss Fairlie, I was to take the necessary instructions back with me to London, and to occupy myself in drawing the lady's marriage settlement.

On the Friday I was not favored by Mr. Fairlie with an interview. He had been, or had fancied himself to be, an invalid for years past; and he was not well enough to receive me. Miss Halcombe was the first member of the family whom I saw. She met me at the house-door; and introduced me to Mr. Hartright, who had been staying at Limmeridge for some time past.

I did not see Miss Fairlie until later in the day at dinner-time. She was not looking well, and I was sorry to observe it. She is a very lovable girl, as amiable and attentive to every one about her as her excellent mother used to be—though, personally speaking, she takes after her father. Mrs. Fairlie had dark eyes and hair; and her elder daughter, Miss Halcombe, strongly reminds me of her. Miss Fairlie played to us in the evening—not so well as usual, I thought. We had a rubber at whist; a mere profanation, so far as play was concerned, of that noble game. I had been favorably impressed by Mr. Hartright on our first introduction to one another; but I soon discovered that he was not free from the social failings incidental to his age. There are three things that none of the young men of the present generation can do. They can't sit over their wine; they can't play at whist; and they can't pay a lady a compliment. Mr. Hartright was no exception to the general rule. Otherwise, even in those early days and on that short acquaintance, he struck me as being a modest and gentlemanlike young man.

So the Friday passed. I say nothing about the more serious matters which engaged my attention on that day—the anonymous letter to Miss Fairlie; the measures I thought it right to adopt when the matter was mentioned to me; and the conviction I entertained that every possible explanation of the circumstances would be readily afforded by Sir Percival Glyde, having all been fully noticed, as I understand, in the narrative which precedes this.

On the Saturday Mr. Hartright had left before I got down to breakfast. Miss Fairlie kept her room all day; and Miss Halcombe appeared to me to be out of spirits. The house was not what it used to be in the time of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Fairlie. I took a walk by myself in the forenoon; and looked about at some of the places which I first saw when I was sauntering at Limmeridge to transact family business, more than thirty years since. They were not what they used to be either.

At two o'clock Mr. Fairlie sent to say he was well enough to see me. *He* had not altered, at any rate, since I first knew him. He was as fond of

now that it is written and sealed up, allow me to ask one or two last questions about the unhappy woman to whom I refer. I have read the communication which Mr. Gilmore kindly addressed to my solicitor, describing the circumstances under which the writer of the anonymous letter was identified. But there are certain points to which that statement does not refer. Did Anne Catherick see Miss Fairlie?"

"Certainly not," replied Miss Halcombe.

"Did she see you?"

"No."

"She saw nobody from the house, then, except a certain Mr. Hartright, who accidentally met with her on the highway and here?"

"Nobody else."

"Mr. Hartright was employed at Limmeridge as a drawing-master, I believe? Is he a member of one of the Water-Color Societies?"

"I believe not," answered Miss Halcombe.

He paused for a moment, as if he was thinking over the last answer, and then added:

"Did you find out whether Anne Catherick was living when she was in this neighborhood?"

"Yes. At a farm on the moor, called Todd's Corner."

"It is a duty we all owe to the poor creature herself to trace her," continued Sir Percival. "She may have said something at Todd's Corner which may help us to find her. I will go there, and make inquiries on the chance. In the mean time, as I can not prevail on myself to discuss this painful subject with Miss Fairlie, may I beg, Miss Halcombe, that you will kindly undertake to give her the explanation I require, deferring it of course until you have received the reply to that note."

Miss Halcombe promised to comply with his request. He thanked her—nodded pleasantly—and left us, to go and establish himself in his own room. As the door closed, the coarse-grained greyhound pushed out her sharp muzzle from under the sofa, and barked and snapped at him.

"A good morning's work, Miss Halcombe," I said, as soon as we were alone. "Here is an anxious day well ended already."

"Yes," she answered; "no doubt. I am very glad your mind is satisfied."

"*My* mind! Surely, with that note in your hand, your mind is at ease too?"

"Oh yes—quite at ease, otherwise? I knew the thing could not be," she went on, speaking more to herself than to me: "but I almost wish Walter Hartright had stayed a little longer, enough to be present at the explanation, and to hear the proposal to me to write this note."

I was a little surprised—perhaps a little piqued, also, by these last words.

"Events, it is true, connected Mr. Hartright very remarkably with the affair of the letter," I said: "and I readily admit that he conducted himself, all things considered, with great delicacy and discretion. But—I am quite at a loss to understand what useful influence his presence could have exercised in relation to the effect of Sir Percival's statement on your mind or mine."

"It was only a fancy," she said, absently. "There is no need to discuss it, Mr. Gilmore. Your experience ought to be, and is, the best guide I can desire."

I did not altogether like her thrusting the whole responsibility, in this marked manner, on my shoulders. If Mr. Fairlie had done it, I should not have been surprised. But resolute, clear-minded Miss Halcombe, was the very last person in the world whom I should have expected to find shrinking from the expression of an opinion of her own.

"If any doubts still trouble you," I said, "of why not mention them to me at once? Tell me plainly, have you any reason to distrust Sir Percival still?"

"None whatever."

"Do you see any thing improbable or contradictory in the statement it contains?"

"How can I say I do, after the proof he has offered me of the truth of it? Can there be better testimony than that of Mr. Gilmore, than the testimony of the woman's mother?"

"None better. If the answer to your note of inquiry proves to be satisfactory, I, for one, can not see what more any friend of Sir Percival's can possibly expect from him."

"Then we will post the letter," she said, rising to leave the room, "and dismiss all further reference to the subject until the answer arrives. Pray leave every thing to my discretion. I can give no better reason for it than that I have been overanxious about Laura Jeffry: and anxiety, Mr. Gilmore, unsettles the strongest of us."

She left me abruptly; her naturally firm voice faltering as she spoke those last words. A sensitive, vehement, passionate nature—a woman of ten thousand—behind the conventional mask. I had known her from her earliest years; I had seen her tested, as she grew up, in more than one trying family crisis, and my long experience made me attach an importance to her hesitation under the circumstances here detailed which I should certainly not have felt in the case of another woman. I could see no cause for any uneasiness or any doubt; but she had made me a little uneasy and a little doubtful nevertheless. In my youth I should have chafed and fretted under the irritation of my own unreasonable state of mind. In my age I knew better, and went out philosophically to walk it off.

II.

We all met again at dinner-time.

Sir Percival was in such boisterous high spirits that I hardly recognized him as the same man whose quiet tact, refinement, and good sense had impressed me so strongly at the interview of the morning. The only trace of his former self that I could detect reappeared, every now and then, in his manner toward Miss Fairlie. A look or a word there suspended his loudest laugh, checked his gayest flow of talk, and rendered him all attention to her, and to no one else at table, in an instant. Although he never openly tried to draw her into the conversation, he never lost the slightest chance she gave him of letting her drift into it by accident, and of saying the words to her, under those favorable circumstances, which a man with less tact and delicacy would have pointedly addressed to her the moment they occurred to him. Rather to my surprise, Miss Fairlie appeared to be sensible of his attentions without being moved by them. She was a little confused sometimes at the time, when he looked at her or spoke to her; but she never warmed toward him. Rank, fortune, good-breeding, good looks, the power to win a woman's fancy, and devotion of a lover, were all humbly placed at her feet, and, so far as appearances went, were all offered in vain.

On the next day, the Tuesday, Sir Percival went in the morning (taking one of the servants with him as a guide) to Todd's Corner. His inquiries, as I afterward heard, led to no results. On his return he had an interview with Mr. Fairlie, and in the afternoon he and Miss Halcombe rode out together. Nothing else happened worthy of record.

Wednesday's post brought with it no event—the reply from Mrs. Catherick. I took a copy of the document, which I have preserved, and which I may as well present in this place. It ran as follows:

"MADAM,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, inquiring whether my daughter, Anne, was placed under medical superintendence with a view to her restoration, and whether the share taken in the matter by Sir Percival Glyde was such as to merit the expression of our gratitude toward the gentleman. Be pleased to accept my answer in the affirmative to both those questions, and believe me to remain, your obedient servant,

"JANE ANNE CATHERICK."

Short, sharp, and to the point: in form, rather a business-like letter for a woman to write, in substance, as plain a confirmation as could be desired of Sir Percival's story of his intentions. This was my opinion, and, with certain minor reservations, Miss Halcombe's opinion also. Sir Percival, when the letters were shown to him, did not appear to be struck by the sharp, short tone of it. He told us that Mrs. Catherick was a woman of few words, and those few, a blunt, forward, unimaginative person, who wrote briefly and plainly, just as she spoke.

The next day's post completed, now that the answer had been received, was to acquaint Miss Fairlie with Sir Percival's explanation. Miss Halcombe had undertaken to do it, and had left the room to go to her sister, when she suddenly returned to the breakfast-table in an easy-chair in which I was reading the newspaper. Sir Percival had gone out a minute before, to look at the stables, and no one was in the room but ourselves.

"I suppose we have really and truly done all we can?" she said, twisting and twisting Mrs. Catherick's letter in her hand.

"If we are friends of Sir Percival's, who know him and trust him, we have done all, and more than all, that is necessary," I answered, a little annoyed by this return of her hesitation.

"But if we are friends—and we are friends, and more than all, that is necessary," I answered, a little annoyed by this return of her hesitation.

"But if we are friends, we are satisfied, now that the answer has been received, was to acquaint Miss Fairlie with Sir Percival's explanation. Miss Halcombe had undertaken to do it, and had left the room to go to her sister, when she suddenly returned to the breakfast-table in an easy-chair in which I was reading the newspaper. Sir Percival had gone out a minute before, to look at the stables, and no one was in the room but ourselves.

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"But if we are friends—and we are friends," she repeated, with a look of surprise at me, "that is exactly what I was going to say. Why should we not be friends?"

"That alternative is not even to be thought of," she interposed. "We are Sir Percival's friends; and, if generosity can influence him, add to our regard for him, we ought to be Sir Percival's admirers as well. You know that he gave Mr. Fairlie yesterday, and that he afterward went out with me?"

"Yes. I saw you riding away together."

"We began talking about Anne Catherick, and about the singular manner in which Mr. Hartright met with her. But we soon dropped that subject, and Sir Percival spoke next, in the most unselfish terms, of his engagement with Laura. He said he had observed that she was out of spirits, and he was willing, if not informed to the contrary, to attribute that cause for depression in her manner toward him during his present visit. If, however, there was any other more serious reason for the change, that he should wish me to say, straight might be placed on her inclinations either by Mr. Fairlie or by me. All he asked, in that case, was that Laura herself should speak to him at last time, what the circumstances were under which the engagement between them was made, and what the reasons were which led to the beginning of the courtship to the present time. If, after due reflection on those two subjects, she seriously desired that he should withdraw his pretensions to the honor of becoming her husband—and if she would tell him so plainly, with her own lips—he would sacrifice his feelings to leaving her perfectly free to withdraw from the engagement."

"No man could say more than that, Miss Halcombe. As to my experience, few men in his situation would have said as much."

She paused after he had spoken those words and looked at me with a singular expression of perplexity and distress.

"If anyone but I had spoken those words and looked at me with a singular expression of perplexity and distress.

"I excuse nobody and I suspect nothing," she broke out, abruptly. "But I can not and will not accept the responsibility of persuading Laura to this marriage."

"That is exactly the course which Sir Percival Glyde has himself requested you to take," I replied, in astonishment. "He has begged you not to force her inclinations."

"And he indirectly obliges me to force them, if I give her his message."

"How can that possibly be?"

"Consult your own knowledge of Laura, Mr. Gilmore. If I tell her to reflect on the circumstances of her engagement, I at once appeal to two of the strongest feelings in her nature—to her love for her father's memory, and to her strict regard for truth. You know that she never broke a promise in her life; you know those favorable circumstances connected with the beginning of her father's fatal illness, and that he spoke hopefully and happily of her marriage to Sir Percival Glyde on his death-bed."

I own that I was a little shocked at this view of the case.

"Surely," I said, "you don't mean to infer that when Sir Percival spoke to you yesterday he speculated on such a result as you have just mentioned?"

Her frank, fearless face answered for her before she spoke.

"Do you think I would remain an instant in the company of any man whom I suspected of such baseness as that?" she asked, angrily.

I liked to see her hereby indignation flash out on me in that way. We see so much malice and so little indignation in my profession.

"In that case," I said, "excuse me if I tell you, in our legal phrase, that you are traveling out of the record. Whatever the consequences may be, Sir Percival has a right to expect that your sister should carefully consider her engagement from every reasonable point of view before she claims her release from it. If that unlucky letter has prejudiced her against him, go at once, and tell her so. Sir Percival himself is present, eyes and in mine. What objection can she urge against him after that? What excuse can she possibly have for changing her mind about a man whom she virtually accepted for her husband more than two years ago?"

"Mr. Gilmore," said Miss Halcombe, Mr. Gilmore, no excuse, I dare say. If she still hesitates, and if I still hesitate, you must attribute our strange conduct to a right motive in both cases, and we must bear the imputation as well as we can."

With those words she suddenly rose and left me. What could I say? I could not even question put to her, and evades it by a flippant answer, it is a sure sign, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, that she has something to conceal. I returned to the perusal of the newspaper, strongly suspecting that Miss Halcombe and Miss Fairlie had a secret between them which they were keeping from Sir Percival and keeping from me. I thought this had on both of us—especially on Sir Percival.

My doubts—or, to speak more correctly, my convictions—were confirmed by Miss Halcombe's lengthened absence from the room after her sister in the day. She was suspiciously brief and reserved in telling me the result of her interview with her sister. Miss Fairlie, it appeared, had listened quietly while the affair of the letter was placed before her in the right point of view; but when Miss Halcombe came to something to say that the object of Sir Percival's visit at Limmeridge was to propose for her, to let a day be fixed for the marriage, she checked all further reference to the subject by begging for time. If Sir Percival would consent to spare her for the present she would undertake to give him his final answer before the end of the year. She pleaded for this delay with much anxiety and agitation that Miss Halcombe had promised to use her influence, if necessary, to obtain it; and there, at Miss Fairlie's own entreaty, all further discussion of the marriage question had ended.

The purely temporary arrangement thus proposed might be the most convenient enough to the young lady; but it proved somewhat embarrassing to the writer of these lines. That morning's post had brought a letter from my partner which obliged me to return to town the next day by the afternoon train. It was extremely probable that I should find no second opportunity of presenting myself at Limmeridge House during the remainder of the year. In that case, supposing Miss Fairlie ultimately decided on holding her engagement, my necessary personal communication with her, before I drew her settlement, would become something like a downright impossibility; and we should be obliged to commit to writing questions which ought either to be discussed by word of mouth or kept out of mouth. I said nothing about this difficulty until Miss Halcombe and I were alone on the subject of the desired delay. He was too gallant a gentleman not to grant the request immediately—but he would probably expect me to ask, this, I told her that I must absolutely speak to her sister before I left Limmeridge; and it was, accordingly, arranged that I should see her and I thought Sir Percival looked, as well he might, a little annoyed when he heard of it.

The next morning, as soon as breakfast was over, I went up to Miss Fairlie's sitting-room. The poor girl looked so pale and sad, and came forward so prettily and so readily and prettily, that the resolution to lecture her on her caprice and indecision, which I had been forming all night, began to fade away on the spot. I led her back to the chair from which she had risen, and placed myself opposite to her. Her crossgrained pet greyhound was in the room, and I fully expected a barking and snapping reception. Strange to say, the whimsical little brute fabulised my expectations by jumping into my lap, and poking its sharp muzzle familiarly into my hand the moment I sat down.

"You used often to sit on my knee when you were a child, my dear," I said, "and now your little dog seems determined to succeed you in the vacant throne. Is that pretty drawing your doing?"

I pointed to a little album which lay on the table by her side, and which she had evidently been looking over when I came in. The page that lay open had a small water-color landscape very neatly mounted on it. This was the drawing which had suggested my question: an idle question enough; but how could I begin to talk of business to her the moment I opened my lips?

"No," she said, looking away from the drawing rather confusedly; "it is not my doing."

Her manner had a restless habit, which I remembered in her as a child, of playing with the first thing that came to hand, whenever any one was talking to her. On this occasion they wandered to the album, and toyed absently about the margin of the little water-color drawing. The expression of uneasiness deepened on her face. She did not look at the drawing, or look at me. Her eyes moved uneasily from object to object in the room; betraying plainly that she suspected what my purpose was in coming to speak to her. Seeing that, I thought it best to get to the purpose with as little delay as possible.

"One of the errands, my dear, which brings me here is to bid you good-by," I began. "I must get back to London to-day; and, before I leave, I want to have a word with you on the subject of your own affairs."

"I am very sorry you are going, Mr. Gilmore," she said, looking at me kindly. "It is like the happy times to have you here."

"I hope I may be able to come back, and recall those pleasant memories once more," I continued; "but as there is some uncertainty about the future, I must take my opportunity when I can get it, and speak to you now. I am your old lawyer and your old friend; and I may remind you, I am sure, without offense, of the possibility of your marrying Sir Percival Glyde."

She took her hand off the little album as suddenly as if it had turned hot and burned her. Her fingers twisted together nervously in her lap; her eyes looked down again at the floor; and an expression of constraint settled on her face which looked almost like an expression of pain.

"Is it absolutely necessary to speak of my marriage engagement?" she asked, in low tones.

"It is necessary to refer to it," I answered; "but not to dwell on it. Let us merely say that you may marry, or that you may not marry. In the first case, I must be prepared, beforehand, to draw your settlement; and I ought not to do that without, as a matter of politeness, first consulting you. This may be my only chance of hearing what your wishes are. Let me, therefore, suppose the case of your marrying, and let me inform you, in as few words as possible, what your position is now, and what you may make it, if you please, in the future."

I explained to her the object of a marriage settlement; and then told her exactly what her prospects were in the first place, from the coming of age, and, in the second place, on the decease of her uncle—marking the distinction between the property in which she had a life-interest only, and the property which was left at her own absolute disposal. Listened attentively, with the constrained expression still on her face, and her hands still nervously clasped together in her lap.

"And now," I said, in conclusion, "tell me if you can think of any condition which, in the case we have supposed, you would wish me to make for you—subject, of course, to your guardian's approval, as you are not yet of age."

She answered hastily, in short sentences, looked in my face, on a sudden, very earnestly.

"If it does happen," she began, faintly; "if I marry—"

"If you are married," I added, helping her out.

"Don't let him part me from Marian," she cried, with a sudden outbreak of energy. "Oh, Mr. Gilmore, pray make it law that Marian is to live with me!"

Under other circumstances I might perhaps have been amused at this essentially feminine interpretation of the question, and at the long explanation which had preceded it. But her looks and tones when she spoke were of a kind to make me receive the serious—the touching—one. Her words, few as they were, betrayed a desperate clinging to the past which boded ill for the future.

"You having Marian Halcombe to live with you can easily be settled by private arrangement," I said. "You hardly understood my question, I think. It referred to your own property—to the disposal of your money. Supposing you were to make a will, when you come of age, who would you like the money to go to?"

"Marian has been another and sister both to me," said the good, affectionate girl, her pretty blue eyes glistening while she spoke. "May I leave it to Marian, Mr. Gilmore?"

"Certainly, my love," I answered. "But remember what a large sum it is. Would you like it all to go to Miss Halcombe?"

She hesitated; her color came and went; and her hand stole back again to the little album.

"Not all of it," she said. "There is some one else besides Marian—"

She stopped; her color heightened; and the fingers of her hand that rested upon the album bent gently on the margin of the drawing, as if her memory had set them going unconsciously with the remembrance of a favorite tune.

"You mean some other member of the family to whom you are fondest?" I suggested, seeing her at a loss to proceed.

The heightening color spread to her forehead and her neck, and the nervous fingers suddenly clasped themselves fast round the edge of the book.

"There is some one else," she said, not noticing my last words, though she had evidently heard them; "there is some one else who might

like a little keepsake if—if I might have it. There would be no harm if I should die first—"

She paused again. The color that had spread over her cheeks suddenly as suddenly left them. The hand on the album resigned its hold, trembled a little, and moved the book away from her. She looked at me for an instant—then turned her head aside in the chair. Her handkerchief fell to the floor as she changed her position, and she hurriedly hid her face from me in her hands.

Sad! To remember her, as I did, the liveliest, happiest child that ever laughed the day through; and to see her now, in the flower of her age and her beauty, so broken and so brought down as this!

In the distress that she caused me, I forgot the years that had passed, and the change they had made in our position toward one another. I moved my chair close to her, and picked up her handkerchief from the carpet, and took her hands from her face gently. "Don't cry, my love," I said, and dried the tears that were gathering in her eyes, with my own hand, as if she had been the little Laura Fairlie of ten long years ago.

It was the best way I could have taken to compose her. She hid her head on my shoulder, and smiled faintly through her tears.

"I am very sorry for forgetting myself," she said, archly. "I have not been well—I have felt sadly weak and nervous lately; and I cannot always control when I am alone. I am better now; I can answer you as I ought, Mr. Gilmore. I can indeed."

"No, no, my dear," I replied; "we will consider the subject as done with, for the present. You have said enough to ascertain my wishes to the best possible care of your interests; and we can settle details at another opportunity. Let us have done with business now, and talk of something else."

I led her at once into speaking on other topics. In ten minutes' time she was in better spirits, and I rose to take my leave.

"Come here again," she said earnestly. "I will try to be worthier of your kind feeling for me and for my interests if you will only come again."

Still clinging to the past—the past which I represented to her, in my way, as Miss Halcombe did in hers! It troubled me sorely to see her looking back to the beginning of her career just as I took back at the end of mine.

"If I do come again, I hope I shall find you better," I said. "I better and happier. God bless you, my dear."

She only answered by putting up her cheek to me to be kissed. Even lawyers have hearts; and mine ached a little as I took leave of her.

The whole interview between us had only lasted more than half an hour—she had not breathed a word, in my presence, to explain the mystery of her evident distress and dismay at the prospect of her marriage—and yet she had contrived to win me over to her side of the question, I never knew how or when. I had entered the room feeling that Sir Percival Glyde had fair reason to complain of the manner in which she was treating him. I left it, positively hoping that matters might end in her taking him at his word and claiming her release. A man of my age and experience ought to have known better than to vacillate in this unreasonable manner. I can make no excuse for myself; I can only tell the truth, and say—so it was.

The hour for my departure was now drawing near. I sent to Mr. Fairlie to say that I would wait on him to take leave if he liked, but that he must excuse my being rather in a hurry. He sent a message back, written in pencil on a slip of paper: "Kind love and best wishes.—Frederick Gilmore. Hurry of any kind is inexpressibly injurious to me. Pray take care of yourself. Good-by."

Just before I left I saw Miss Halcombe, for a moment, alone.

"Have you said all you wanted to Laura?" she asked.

"Yes," I replied. "She is very weak and nervous—I am glad she has you to take care of her."

Miss Halcombe's sharp eyes studied my face attentively.

"You are altering your opinion about Laura," she said. "You are readier to make allowances for her than you were yesterday."

No sensible man ever engages, unprepared, in a fencing match of words with a woman. I only answered:

"Let me know what happens. I will do nothing till I hear from you."

She still looked hard in my face. "I wish it was all over, and well over, Mr. Gilmore—and so do you." With those words she left me.

Sir Percival most politely insisted on seeing me to the carriage door.

"If you ever are in my neighborhood," he said, "pray don't forget that I am sincerely anxious to improve our acquaintance." The tried and trusted friend of this family will be always a welcome visitor in any house of mine."

A really irresistible man—courteous, complacent, delightfully free from pride—a gentleman every inch of him. As I drove away to the station I felt as if I could cheerfully do anything to promote the interests of Sir Percival Glyde—any thing in the world, except drawing the marriage settlement of his wife.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Tuesday, January 3, in the Senate, a number of private bills were introduced and referred, as also were petitions of no general interest. Senator King had the resolutions of the Rochester Union meeting read, and then proceeded to speak of the evidences of attachment to the Union presented by the people of New York. Senator Brown explained the grounds of his difference from those of the views put forth by the President in his Message. Mr. Ducklin took the floor and spoke at length in favor of the Homestead bill. In the House, speeches on slavery were made by Messrs. Boyce and English. Mr. Anderson presented a memorial from mail contractors, asking for relief. He then urged a speedy organization of the House, and opposed a union of anti-Lecompton men, Americans, and Democrats. Mr. Stevens proposed a plurality vote and no more. Many Republicans opposed, these present asked the Republicans to put out the loan before the $500,000 to the Union men. The House adjourned without voting for Speaker.

On Wednesday, January 4, in the Senate, a bill was introduced by Senator Powell to abolish the franking privilege. Senator Iverson offered a resolution relating to the Hounas Land Grant, and moved its reference to the Committee on Public Lands, instead of to a Select Committee. Senators Mason, Harlan, and Foster then spoke on slavery, after which the Senate adjourned. In the House, the subject of the distress of mail contractors was discussed, and a bill for their relief, Burnett's original organization dwelt upon. Mr. Rogers, Mr. Cox, and Mr. Reynolds (anti-American) spoke on the subject of politics; after which a vote for Speaker was had. Mr. Sherman having received a plurality of votes, Mr. Clingman's name was next balloted, receiving 53 votes.

On Thursday, January 5, in the Senate, no business was transacted and no speeches made. In the House, Mr. Montgomery introduced a resolution for a temporary organization of the House, and urged the necessity of the most conservative action. Mr. Pettit moved that to adopt the plurality rule, when he replied that, if he was willing, others were not. Many Republicans on all sides were then made by Messrs. Keogan, Wells, and others. Two votes were had for Speaker, but no choice was had, until the three votes necessary to elect him, and Mr. Washington Hunter received 109 votes. Mr. Pettit's motion to second vote Mr. Boocock got the highest Democratic vote, which was 56. A debate followed relative to the inability of either party to consummate an election. An exciting afternoon session followed. Messrs. Hoge, Porter, and Dunn, of Indiana—the two latter charging the former, who is an anti-Lecompton Democrat, with having denounced the Dred Scott decision, which he denied on the, pronouncing the Kansas Constitution fair. An extract from his speech was read to confirm the charge, when Mr. Dunn withdrew the charge. Mr. Hoge's remarks follow. Without taking another vote for Speaker the House adjourned.

On Friday, Jan. 6, the Senate sat being in session, in the House. Mr. Miles moved a resolution to show how the three elements opposed to the Democracy could be harmonized for the purpose of effecting an organization. He argued that the responsibility for the non-organization rested with the Republican Abolitionists. Mr. Adrain followed in explanation of his position and cast-iron as did also Messrs. Montgomery, Pendleton taking this turn, was participated in by Messrs. Davis, De Jarnette, Barksdale, and Curry. The vote was bad, Mr. Sherman still lacks, three votes. Mr. McClernand was next highest, receiving 74 votes.

MESSAGE OF THE GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK.

The Message of Governor Morgan is mainly taken up with the recommendation of additional legislation relative to the affairs of the nation only to express the loyalty of New York to the Constitution and the Union, and the views of Governor Morgan to the Republican doctrine of Congressional non-interference with the domestic affairs of States of the Union. The next striking of the Governor's suggestions is the Legislature to memorialize Congress in favor of the protective policy in regard to our canals by imposing a moderate toll on the transit of goods in addition of freight upon all railways which compete with the canals; the enlargement of the canals to be finished be raised; and the recommendation of a law authorizing loans to that end, to be paid out of the tolls of the canals. The Governor is concerned about the defenses of New York City against pirates and privateers, and says he has moved in the case of colored voters; discourages special, in favor of general legislation; recommends a revision of prisons, banks, and agencies, and finds the condition of our State finances fairly credited, and concludes with a new year of New York begins, according to this Message, under the High Constitutional.

MESSAGE OF THE GOVERNOR OF OHIO.

Governor Chase, of Ohio, in his Message to the Legislature, states that the receipts into the Treasury from the State Treasury, during the last year, was $3,50,264, which, with the balance in the Treasury at that the close of the preceding year, made the sum subject to disbursement $3,752,304. The payments during the year were $3,252,304. The public works and educational institutions absorbed the largest portion of the sum, more than three-eighths the entire levy for State purposes is the interest on the State debt, amounting to $1,200,000. Chase recommends the re-enactment of the statutes which the last Legislature repealed, relative to kidnapping and kidnapping. He thinks that it would be useless to have laws giving the fugitive slave the right to trial by Courts, not the Legislature, are to determine this question. The militia of the State, he says, has been reorganized four years ago, has been reorganized to such an extent that it forms a respectable organization, and is chiefly competent to any ordinary emergency. In conclusion, Governor Chase thanks the Legislature for Governor's *Executive*, reaffirming the position which he took in his message to Governor Medill, that the Legislature of the South has done much to bring about the present unhappy state of feeling between the two sections of the country by repealing the Missouri Compromise, kidnapping from the soil of the Union the property really and of the crime of color, and by returning so frequently and needlessly her tireless of slavery.

MESSAGE OF THE GOVERNOR OF PENNSYLVANIA.

The Message of the Governor of Pennsylvania refers to the Harper's Ferry outbreak, and says that the duty pertaining to Pennsylvanians to believe that the citizens of the Commonwealth did not participate in the conspiracy in that unlawful proceeding, and to know that when some of the guilty parties were arrested in the Keystone State the country by repealing the Missouri Compromise, kidnapping from the soil of the Union the property really and of the crime of color, and by returning so frequently and needlessly her tireless of slavery.

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SENATOR DOUGLAS NOMINATED FOR THE PRESIDENCY.

The Illinois Democratic State Convention last week selected Douglas and Johnson delegates to represent the State in the National Convention at Charleston. The Douglas delegates are pledged to support Douglas for the Presidency, and the Johnson delegates to support Johnson for the Vice-Presidency.

PERSONAL.

Senator Mason appeared in his seat on Wednesday clad in Virginia homespun, while a large number of the other House sported a suit of "direct importation."

The *Tribune* says: "When Governor Seward entered his gateway, and was standing within it, all the clergymen of the various denominations in Auburn waiting to welcome him home, he led the power of speech. He entered his house in silence. Among the very many pleasant words in his reception, the most pleasant were congratulations from thirty little girls.

Hon. Hon. John Wentworth, M. C. from Louisiana, has been defeated from his seat by illness since the opening of the present session. He is stated, however, to be out of danger, he is laboring under severe mental affliction in the loss of his wife and four children. It is feared that he may not get up again. He is at Brown's Hotel, Washington.

The New York correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press* writes:

"The following gossip is current respecting a vein of affin 'on that has just been struck by the Comet: Died in December, 1856, John C. Fremont, after being defeated in his ambition for the Presidency, leaving an estate of money, and sold to Benjamin and Fernando Wood one half of his Pacific Railroad claim to gold mines in California. The Woods advanced Fremont from $50,000 to $100,000 on the strength of their purchase. The Supreme Court cases arrived yesterday sustains Fremont's title. The Woods have now by law the status of the Bourbons and P. Wood, will not sell short of $1000 a day!"

The Rev. Dr. Cheever has returned from Italy, only seven weeks high. He is to be sent to Washington to the Senate, and to be sent from the U. S. Minister to United States Consul.

Senator Douglas was reported sick on Thursday. He may yet be obliged to go South.

The Washington *Star* says: "A gentleman, whose word is proof, informs us that Mr. John A. Washington has in his possession a check for $250 000 for the amount who binds a loan *fide* offer of $250 000 for the Mount Vernon Estate by him to the ladies of the Mount Vernon Association for $200,000.

The Abolitionists of Concord gives the first chapter in "a story of real life," by saying that Miss Harriet E. Wilson, daughter of Mrs. Harriet Wilson, of Spafford, Onondaga County, New York, will start soon for Washington Territory, to join her husband, who is now in the Rocky Mountains, to marry a man she has never seen—Mr. D. Spalding, a native of Lord Spalding, of Spafford. The friends of the parties, are intimate, and a correspondence has existed for some time between them, which has resulted in a marriage contract. The young gentleman, who is engaged in the mining business which he says conveniently leave, has resided to the lady, with which she will be able to join him.

The *Tribune* says: "Gerrit Smith is very much impressed with the belief that he is not fully restored to health, and the doctor has prohibited him from receiving visitors, or from writing letters, for the present correspondence. It is hoped that his numerous friends will not intrude upon him, and that letters will be sent to the editor under which his physician has placed him, and set in accordance.

We have noticed the suicide, by hanging, of a youth named Charles Ross, in Cincinnati. The *Union* of that city says: "No cause has yet been assigned for the committal. Mr. Ross, the father of the deceased, has been deeply interested in the trishand executions of the Harper's Ferry conspirators, and has exerted sacrificing and exhausting coming in his way bearing upon those events; his hands are in a measure tied, and he can do but little, besides to test the nature of strangulation by hanging led him to the fatal experiment recommended fatally. The deceased was a promising lad about seventeen years of age.

The Boston *Atlas* says it is now announced positively that the Rev. Theodore Parker's flag has accepted the position of the Unitarian Society of San Francisco, California, to succeed Starr King, deceased. The congregation to the Hollis Street Church and Society was submitted to the Parish Committee, and was unanimously called for that purpose.

The Managers of the Grand Trunk Railroad desired a large number of axes, but having no faith in Yankee patent inventions in general, they sent a pattern of one of the axes required, and sent to England to have the same made. In due time the axes arrived, and were forwarded sent to Canada, *but not one of the whole number had a hole in the handle for the eye.*

Squire Meriaker, in Cincinnati, last week, was called on to unite in marriage Mr. Horton and Miss Rossiter, who had fled from Fayette County, Kentucky. At the nuptial ceremony, Horton's former slave servant Jack was present, and the bride bet eighteen—were also anxious to salute the bride. Jack, however, was not very much pleased, and they were accommodated. The strangest part of the affair is that Horton purchased the Burnett House and his bridegroom at the Spencer were son and father. Each had married the other's daughter, and each was content; neither knew the purpose of the other, and both are now the best of friends. The young man knowing the facts, the Burnett House applied to the Spencer, and Lincoln was not disappointed.

A citizen at Harper's Ferry has just forwarded for presentation to Governor Wise the pocket-knife of Capt. Brown. The article in question is now in the *Enquirer* office, where it remains subject to Governor Wise's order. It is an old jack-knife, a bone handle and two blades, and is in a very dilapidated condition. A small piece out of the handle is engraved with the name "John Brown." On one side of the large blade is engraved, and the words, "Prairie Chief and Sabber of Kansas." Taken from his person at the time of Harper's Ferry Affair, 17th October, 1859." On the other side of the blade: "Put it down to me. Henry A. Wise, of Virginia, by Arch'd M. Kitzmiller."

Mr. Hope Slidell, a brother-in-law of Mrs. Grant Connelly, Wisconsin, had a remarkable adventure in Washington, D. C., on Saturday night, in committing depredations in that vicinity, and, overtaking the culprit, engaged in single combat, and after being thus carried for some distance, Schultz valiantly struck his opponent across the face with a knife, the blunt climbed a tree, and Schultz still clinging to him. The bear, however, "subdued" him at by going through the fork of the tree, and Schultz was thereby left to his fate, and he did the bear, killing him. This is a hard story, but is vouched for by the editor of Dixieville, who exhibits the facts to the editor of the Galena *Advertiser*. Mr. Schultz is a young man of fine looking qualities him for a prominent place among our modern turbulent.

The Kansas Constitutional Convention has elected Hon. Robert Dale Owen to his seat house, in Percy County, Indiana.

A letter from Havana, in the New Orleans *Picayune*, dated January 4th, says that information had been given there of his loss a passenger has the son of the Chief, or King, of the Dahomey district of Africa, who took passenger to Cuba in 1857 upon a slavery, and fell into the hands of the authorities on ordinary Bozal. After two years of official examination and investigation, in Havana and was sent to Spain, where he has been identified as the royal personage, son of Congo's great king, long known as the Chief of Dahomey, Gezo Gezo, Gezo, at his own request. He talks Spanish, Portuguese, and French, and is said to be a man of intelligence. He and or taught the tenets of his new faith he will be sent to Spain, and there will be placed in the Jesuitical College, at request Colonel Felipe Arango, in charge of the Ecclesiastic Library, and Professor of Languages in the Seminary, which request he complied with in the presence of a crowd attracted by the royal novelty.

The gentleman who subscribed, some weeks since, the munificent sum of Fifteen Thousand ($15,000) toward building a chapel for Mr. Spurgeon, was Mr. Henry John Stephen, a retired barrister-at-law, residing at Clifton, in Gloucestershire, England. This wealthy individual expends annually a very large sum in the building of dissenting chapels throughout England, and dispenses a portion of his ample fortune through the medium of his private chaplain, the Rev. Edward Thomas Inskip, a gentleman well known in Bristol, England, for his evangelical principles.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

BRITISH OPINION ON JOHN BROWN.

The London *Times* has a leader on the execution of John Brown, and the circumstances it gave rise to. It says that it appears somewhat ludicrous to find that the North did everything in their power to conciliate, and after that this does not convey a very exalted notion of their courage and determination. It says that the sentiment is:

"The result will be to strengthen the South by the adhesion of the Northern portion of Pennsylvania, a country lies between two extremes. Whatever may be the future of the negro race, no one in his senses can believe its regeneration can be effected by inciting it to murder planters and ravish white women; and if any man chooses to head an outbreak of this kind, he must expect to meet a fate which right-thinking men will not glorify with a crown of martyrdom."

FRANCE.

THE EUROPEAN CONGRESS.

The Paris *Pays* publishes the following as the definite official list of the plenipotentiaries:

Austria—Count Rechberg, and Prince de Metternich.

Great Britain—Lord Cowley, and Lord Wodehouse.

Prussia—Baron Werther, and Count Bernstorff.

Russia—Prince Gortchakoff and Count Kisseleff.

Sardinia—Count Walewski and Prince Latour de Auvergne.

Spain—M. Martinez de la Rosa and M. Mon.

Portugal—Count Lavradio and Vicount de Faira.

The Paris *Pays* says that the names of the representatives of the Holy See, the two Sicilies, Sardinia, and Sweden, are not yet known, but that the Holy See will be represented by that Count Cavour has been definitely appointed first plenipotentiary of Sardinia, and the Chevalier Desambrois the second, and that France has been officially notified of the fact. It is also positively asserted that Count Antonelli will represent the Pope.

The *Paris Journal* announces that the opening of the Congress will definitely take place on the 20th of January.

THE EXPECTED NEW-YEAR'S DAY GIFT TO FRANCE.

The London *Daily News* correspondent in Paris says that it was currently reported that the expected amnesties in the tariff would apply principally to cotton, and that iron would not be benefited by it.

THE LEMOINE CASE.

"Malakoff" writes to the *Times*: "The condemnation of Miss Lemoine, a twenty years' band labor in the Penitentiary, and the acquittal of the daughter, is the judgment which, if correctly appraised, is certainly far from justice. The prosecution has not proved the guilt of the one, nor the innocence of the indictment—that is to say, the guiltiness. The daughter of the accused has given a very strong proof of her filial piety in the manner in which her religious education was conducted. Devote herself to the confessions of Maria Deloime, or those of Jean Jacques Rousseau. Miss Rossiter and Miss Lemoine were both brought to Paris by her relatives, and placed under the care of the Sisters of Charity.

"A daughter incident connected with the crime of Madame Lemoine shows how it is possible to mingle poetry with the most horrible crimes. She was found in an act of cruel barbarity. The magistrate charged with the examination of the case, and who had been employed in the ashes of the chimney, mingled with the remains of the unfortunate child, several flowers—Jasmine and a rose—placed there as upon a grave."

HOUSE OPERATION.

The Paris correspondent of the *Courrier des Etats Unis* gives an account of a horse operation by an American veterinary surgeon, which took place in the Carrousel of Paris. The subject of the story is, or rather was, called Jack Rossiter. He was no common horse, without pedigree, as appeared; for Horlan, the American who performed the feat, had purchased him in England. The boast was stated in London, in which Jack was the property of Mr. Rossiter, a banker, James Bevin, a rival and friend, up to that time, of Horlan. Jack was sold to the latter gentleman by Rossiter. Horlan, that Bevin gained over the groom of Jack Rossiter, and bribed him to poison his horse. Horlan's scoundrel, undertook to search for the horse, and, after a thousand vicissitudes, found him in the hands of the negro servant of Bevin. He followed, entered his compound, and bought the horse from the negro, pretending to buy for his master Tinton, living at the Louvre Hotel, who had ordered him to purchase a horse. Horlan, having his debtor, gave Jack Rossiter in payment. Horlan denies this, and refers to an inquiry, which the Tribunal has accorded to him.

AUSTRIA.

PROBABLE RISING IN HUNGARY.

Advices from Hungary represent the danger of a conflict between the Imperial authorities and the Hungarian Protestants, as daily increasing. The Austrian army is concentrated in Pesth, and 50,000 more are expected. A fortification had taken place in Pesth, and a fall of about 14 per cent had resulted in the Vienna Bourse.

SPAIN

THE WAR WITH MOROCCO.

The latest accounts from Morocco are to the 16th. The Moors had received reinforcements, their strength amounting with the same impetuous bravery, and each time with more determination.

Private letters from Cadiz state that the plan of the Spanish attack on the Moorish camp was discovered by treachery, or by lead from Ceuta and from the river. Tetuan is defended by a force of 40,000 men.

A Madrid letter of the 14th says that the Spanish army was encamped on the heights of Sierra, and continually asking for fresh reinforcements. His position was considered critical.

A Madrid dispatch says:

Yesterday the Moors attacked the left redoubt, but Count O'Donnell de Gloria surrounded them with his right wing and drove them back at the point of the bayonet. The enemy's loss in this encounter was 1500 men. Troops, as they invariably do, displayed great valor. Generals Echagüe and Ortega were severely wounded, but slightly. The enemy lost 1500 men. We had 80 killed and 150 wounded.

Heavy rains had inundated the Spanish camp and the surrounding country.

INDIA.

EXECUTION OF A RAJAH.

Rajah Jeydut had paid the extreme penalty of the law on Saturday morning last, the 1st October, at "the Nullah," Jhansie Fort. By six o'clock the preparations for the execution were complete. Before removing the prisoner from the jail, the Rajah was asked if he had anything to say. Jeydut Singh desired to the last his own guilt, avowed that he was about to die for the crimes of others, especially of his servants; that he was not conscious of the wrong actions committed, but was aware he knew the exact day, and that it was only on his return from the Nerbudda that they showed the head of what had been done the day before. He finally offered to pay a considerable sum for his life—for a reprieve—but on his sentence, and begged that the proposal might be communicated to the Governor-General. Before he was hanged. The death warrant was then read to him; after which the executioner, with a sword-a single jerk left the body swinging in the air. He died very hard. It was a good minute before the body was cut down, and he was still hanging for about an hour, after which it was taken down and buried in the jail. Thus ended the days of Rajah Jeydut Singh.

THE SLEIGHING SEASON—THE UPSET.

A SNOW SLIDE IN THE CITY.

ANNE AND I.

I AM an old maid.

There is a period in life when such a confession is very difficult to make. From thirty to forty, which is a sort of chrysalis state, when one clings a little to past hopes, and feels quite confident their like will come no more, there is a decided sensitiveness in regard to autobiographical dates, shrinking from prolonged interviews with genealogists and inquisitive old ladies, and even a latent dread of the contemporaries of youth, who are happily married, and generously teach their offspring to call you "aunt."

This transition period has passed for me long ago; in fact, I am a score of years beyond it; and now, sitting here by the fire in my cap and spectacles, and deep wrinkles, I will tell you my little story.

I was very pretty when I was seventeen years old. I could not help knowing it, and the knowledge was accompanied by a little fluttering thrill of pleasure which mother and Anne called vanity; but as I always in this day have the same feeling at sight of any thing lovely and fair, be it human face or delicate field flower, I think they were mistaken.

My mother was one of the best of women—to me far the best woman I ever knew. Every reflective picture of Faith that hangs at the foot of my bed. I have it there, where my glance may fall upon it last at night and first in the morning, because the serious mouth, and saintly eyes, and bands of shining hair are so very like hers, who is now, I trust, in heaven. By this you will know that my mother was beautiful as well as good.

Sister Anne was ten years older than I. She was a genius, and better than ever I thought of being, for she could do all sorts of household work; and then she had a way of helping the poor, and nursing the sick, and comforting the afflicted, and making garments for dirty children, like the good Dorcas of whom we read in the Acts of the Apostles; so every one in the village looked up to her, and paid her as much respect as they did the minister's wife.

As for me, I am sadly afraid I never did any thing to make people look up to me with respect. At home I was so careless that if dear mother had not been so good, and Anne a feminine edition of Job, I should never have known where to find a single article of my wardrobe. And as for pickling, and baking, and such coarse, common, but homelier offices of sweeping, dusting, and the like, I could not bring myself to them with any degree of patience, or win the good mother often said to me, "My dear Rose, these actions that seem so slight to you may be done in such a spirit as to please God, as good George Herbert says:

"A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine:
Who sweeps a room, as for Thy laws,
Makes that and the action fine."

I liked the poetry; it was simple and sweet; but it failed to beautify brooms and dusters in my estimation.

Anne had a lover over seas, who was to come home some day when he had made a large fortune and marry her. They parted, with this hope in prospect, when she was eighteen and I a little girl of eight; and as years passed I should have forgotten the existence of Ralph Haven, had it not been for the monthly advent of a foreign letter, which Anne, with heightened color and shining eyes, always took to her own chamber to feast upon in solitude.

When I was just turned of nineteen I had the first great sorrow of my life.

We had been spending one of our quietly happy evenings—mother, Anne, and I—in our cozy winter parlor. They had been sewing while I read aloud, and after that we had a little concert. Anne played very well upon an old harpsichord that had been a wedding present to mother, and we all sang to that accompaniment. I think I was as sweet music as I ever heard. At ten o'clock, our usual hour for evening prayers, Martha came to lay the kitchen, and I brought the great family Bible for mother to read. She turned over the leaves slowly, pausing at the record of her marriage, and at last selecting the Seventeenth Psalm, which she read through, repeating the last verse three times with great emphasis: "Thou will show me the path of life: in thy presence is fulness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore." And then she knelt down, my gray—my dear, dear mother! There was a full minute of intense silence, and then Anne and Martha lifted her to her chair, and bore her, a senseless weight, to her bedroom close by.

It was paralysis!

This happened in February, and for three months we watched and prayed and hoped that she might in some degree recover the use of her limbs and her speech. But Anne lost all her blithe mood in constant care and anxiety. Her cheeks grew thin and white, her gray eyes sunken; here and there a shade of silver mingled with her dark hair, and two deep lines marred the smoothness of her low forehead. But she was never weary, never impatient, and mother could not bear her out of her sight a single moment; so there she staid by the invalid's couch, smoothing her pillows, holding her poor hand, and smiling cheerily in her face, until it seemed to me that our Anne was little less than an angel. Early in May mother died; and forgetting the few months of suffering, our memory gave her to us as she used to be—gentle, tender, loving—and we mourned for her with deep sorrow. We buried her in the garden, under the shadow of her favorite tree—for we wanted to feel that she was near us still—and we planted shrubs and fair flowers over her grave.

And now that all was over, Anne began to think of herself. She kept it from me as long as it was possible, but at length I learned the truth. Long watching, and care, and grief had done their work, and Anne was going blind!

The first I knew of it was one evening about a fortnight after the funeral. We were standing together at the open window, before the lamp was lit, I drew Anne's attention, and for a minute or more she strained her poor eyes to catch its tremulous silver light; then shaking her head, she laid her soft hand in mine, and whispered, sadly:

"I can not see it, Rose."

I looked down in her face—for I was a head taller than she—and I have never forgotten the expression of divine resignation that softened every feature.

"Can not see it, sister!" I echoed.

"No, dear; nor the stars. It is a long while that I have not seen the stars, and I miss them more than I can tell. What will you remember me so! Rose, my child, your poor sister's sight is fading!"

I would not believe it. The thought of Anne blind—good, thoughtful, careful Anne, who was now looking forward to one great joy, the speedy return of her lover—she to have her eyes darkened! Oh, no! God, who was good and kind, would not suffer it. Thus reasoned the foolish girl at eighteen. Since then I have learned to trust His love, although I often fail to understand the way by which He leads me.

Neither Anne nor I closed our eyes to sleep that night. We thought and planned until daybreak, for, if the world were true, many projects must be done, and that speedily. Surely there was room for hope when there were such great oculists in the New York and Philadelphia hospitals, why must help Anne! As if in anticipation of our wishes, there came within the week a letter from one of a brother's old friends in the New York Tribune. It was full of gentle sympathy and kindness, and she begged one of us to come to her for a few weeks of rest. Here was the very help we needed, and of course Anne must go. And yet, so careful was she for me that she would scarcely consent to the journey. She feared to leave the house would be with mother and her both gone; and then I knew so little about housekeeping. I verily believe she would have died on the journey, and been content to settle down to her darkened life, for the sake of saving me the trouble and pain of a separation, had it not been for Ralph Haven her lover. As it was, she spent a week in arranging for my comfort, mapping out Martha's work with the utmost precision, and writing page after page on a slip of paper the things I must try to do and care for while she was gone.

I knew I should miss our Anne, but I had not anticipated such utter loneliness. When I went back into the house after watching the stage until it was out of sight, I wandered from room to room unable to set myself at work. Every article of furniture was in order, and my sewing and work had been in set buck a chair and pick a thread from the table-cloth. I think it was a great misery to me to know all nothing to do but to sit down and cry.

Anne wrote immediately on her arrival at New York, but later than I believe she had her. She had got herself under the care of an eminent oculist, who gave her strong hopes of a permanent cure, only the strictest care was to be observed for several weeks.

It was hard to think of Anne lying in a darkened room, when the days were long and full and full of bloom; but she sent me such cheerful messages that at last I began to think she was less afflicted than I. I might have known her better —I who had witnessed her beautiful life of unselfishness and love.

One day—I think it was the 2d of June—I gathered from Anne's garden and mine a bunch of roses, the first of the season, and carried them to fill a flower vase on mother's grave. It was almost sunset, and I lingered a long time thinking of the dear one whose body lay there, and pleasing myself with the idea that her spirit might be with me, though unseen, and also thinking of Anne, and wishing she were again at home.

This state of mind, induced by the unusual sound of approaching footsteps, too heavy and measured for Martha's, caused me to look up through my tears, a man of medium height, stout figure and swarthy complexion, whose deep-set gray eyes were shaded upon his white marble brow which marked my mother's grave. It was too nearly dusk for him to read the simple inscription, and, turning to me, he asked, in a sharp, abrupt voice,

"Who lies buried there?"

"My mother, Mrs. Wesley," I replied, brushing away my tears, and rising from the green turf.

"And where is Anne? Are you the little Rose grown so tall as this? You were a mere baby then; but it is nearly twelve years—twelve long years!"

So this was Ralph Haven! Anne had come home at last. We walked slowly toward the house, and he did not repeat his inquiry for her, but all the way I could feel that my head to plan the gentlest manner in which to communicate the intelligence of her misfortune; for I knew he expected to meet her at the gate. When we came upon the terrace, under the parlor-window, I stopped short, and, looking up into his face, said, bravely:

"Sister Anne is not at home; she is in New York."

"And yet she knew I was coming!"

The tone in which these words were uttered was a reflection upon sister Anne's faithfulness I cried,

"Yes, Sir, she knew, but Anne is almost blind. She is there for advice; I hope for cure."

"Anne blind! Anne Wesley blind! Child, are you telling me the truth?"

He was greatly moved, else I should have resented his ungentle words and manner. As it was, I sat down near him, upon the piazza, and talked of her and mother until quite late, without lighting the lamps or going into the parlor.

"Of course he will go to New York at once," I

said to myself, after he left me, as I locked the hall-door and closed the windows for the night—"of course; and how happy Anne will be!"

But I was mistaken. The next morning, while I was busy tying up a drooping heliotrope, Mr. Haven came again, and stood leaning over the gate talking about the flowers until I was ready to go in; then he pushed it open, and followed me up the path gathering a few buds from Anne's rose-bush, which naturally led the conversation to her. I was only too glad to speak her praises to some one besides myself, and to Mr. Haven I had a most eager listener. I remember, as I watched his kindling face, I wished I had some such friend, one who would be as true and faithful. Soon after this I had a few lines from Anne written by her own hand. "I am better," she wrote; "please God, I shall see. Trust and be well, and with you again, little sister. Do all you can to make Ralph happy: I give him into your care. The Doctor refused to let me write more at present. How I long to see you both."

Then I finished giving over this note I heard Mr. Haven's step on the graveled walk, and ran to meet him, with it open in my hand. It was such a relief to know that I was going to carry from Anne, voluntarily, that I was quite ready to obey her injunction.

He, too, had received a line, and I had never seen him wear so bright a look as when I ran down the steps and slipped my hand through his arm, half to give him my two bits of letters which had come like songs of hope.

We sat in the parlor all that evening singing together, and talking many times that Anne was there with her sweet contralto voice to make our concert complete. When Mr. Haven said good night, I knew that he and I were going to obey her commands, and do my very best to amuse him until she should come; in pledge of which he begged me to call him by her loved name Ralph. I gave it to him, and stood in the door watching him as he went away, with my long, unloosed curls falling about my face.

Days passed so swiftly they seemed like the days of a delicious dream. It never paused to question any thing, which blended with the new and strange emotions. It was enough that I was happy; yes, so happy I had not a single tear even for our dear mother. But at last I felt that there came a letter from Anne announcing her speedy return. Mr. Haven brought it from the office, and I, half forgetful, standing by the west window in the parlor.

"She is a good girl," he mused, after a prolonged silence, stroking and smoothing my hair with his white fingers. "She is so grateful; and so she is coming—when?" He glanced at the date, which was a week old; the letter had been delayed, and ever now she might be on her way. I felt his dark magnetic eyes searching my drooping face, and I trembled under their power. Are you glad, Rose?" he whispered, bending to my ear.

"Glad! glad! I am very glad," I stammered, and burst into tears.

"Rose, you love me," said he, slowly. "I can read your heart-throbs like a page of sweet poetry. You love me, Rose!"

My pride took fire at this.

"And if I do?" I cried. "*If* I did, without thinking or knowing it, I have not forgotten that you are Anne's promised husband!"

"It is true," he said, slowly, gloomily, "that before I went to China I had a youthful liking for Anne, but—" and here his tone changed to one of deep tenderness—"little Rose, you are the only one I ever loved; the only woman I will marry."

"And so," said I, scornfully, for I was beginning to realize the wrong I was doing which I was thinking; "and so, because in your long absence Anne has grown older, and you fear she is less fair and gay, you are going to cast her off? Ah, Sir, I shall soon learn to despise you!"

"Rose, your anger would bring me to myself" I said he, more gently. "Forgive me, child, and tell me how I shall expiate my offense."

"Marry Anne, and never let her know of this."

"Marry Anne! Rose, I will, I will. But pity me, Rose. You *did* love me, little sister?"

Talk love to me! Remembering how small my poor heart withstand it? For the moment I forgot Anne, honor, and duty, and flung my arms around his neck, crying:

"Rose," he whispered, "dear child, let us tell her all. She is generous; she will forgive; she—"

"Never!" I interrupted. I wrenched myself from him as I spoke, and turned to fly, when he in the centre of the room, rigid and white as a marble statue, like Lucifer, cursed me.

I threw myself into her arms, and she held me there in a brief but kind embrace; then leading me out into the hall, she bade me cry lips to be mine, and went back to the parlor, closing the door softly after her.

What passed between her and Ralph in that long interview I never knew; but he left the village at night, and I saw him no more for years.

Anne passed through this hour of affliction like the holy children, "upon whose bodies the fire had no power." Whatever she suffered was known to God and herself alone. Outwardly, there was not the shadow of change.

Twenty years after all this trouble, as I sat musing over the fire one winter evening, a note was handed me, which read as follows:

"DEAR ROSE.—Come to me.

"SARAH HAVEN."

The lad who brought it was waiting to guide me. I snatched a cloak and hood, and without a question followed him down the street to the village inn; and here I found Ralph Haven—dying—dying! He knew me, notwithstanding my gray hair (for at eight-and-thirty I was as gray as I am to-day), and he held out his hands to welcome me. I took them both, cold and shrunken as they were, and kissed them.

"Sit down, Rose," he said. "You will stay by me until I die?"

I took the chair proffered by the good landlady, and sat all that night with his dear hands clasped in mine, praying that God would spare him to me yet a little while. But this was not to be. At early dawn he died in my arms, with our dear Lord's name on his quivering lips.

It has been the comfort of my life that I was permitted to be with him when he went down into the valley of the shadow; that my ear caught his last whisper; that no one but I closed his eyes, and smoothed the thin gray locks over his forehead. That was the woman's story to her lover.

I am neither lonely nor miserable. The world looks as bright and fair on this calm October morning as it did twenty years ago; and I love the world which is brighter and fairer, whither my feet are hastening.

Anne and her children and grandchildren come to see me often (for Anne married a good minister, and has reared up a family of girls to imitate her sweet and unselfish virtues, and to shower adore their mother). They also love Aunt Rose.

Here, in the old brown house where I was born, where I have lived and loved and suffered, will I die. You will see that I am decently buried, very near my mother and Ralph; and you will not forget to plant a few flowers over me. I have loved them so well I shall like to think they will bloom near me, even when I can no longer see their gentle beauty. And should your tender hearts regret a mere enduring monument, let it be a broken shaft (for my life has been incomplete), bearing only my name.

ROSE WESLEY.

SPEECH WITHOUT WORDS.

I'LL tell you a story of how I once saved my life, entirely through having learned the deaf and dumb alphabet.

"There were two little boys who used to come and stay with Frank and me, when we were first married, and they could neither hear nor speak.

"They were deaf and dumb; they could not talk except with their fingers—so—only ever so much quicker.

"Frank and I learned this foreign alphabet on purpose, that we might understand what these two little fellows had to say. They were very clever; they could read and write, ay, and draw and sew, and do many other things which most boys would make but a very bad hand at.

"They could play at draughts, and backgammon, and chess, and at fox and geese, as well as any boys. They could almost run as well as we did, though they could not hear, with such quick eager eyes did they watch every movement of our lips. They were very quick, too, to talk as easily with our fingers as our tongues; and sometimes, when the lads were not with us, Frank and I used to converse with our fingers when we were in play, for practice.

"It happened upon one occasion that he had to go to London on important business; he was to have gone by an afternoon train, but something delayed him, so that he was not able to leave before the night-express. I was not in very good health, and retired to my bedroom about two hours after dinner, intending to be promptly down to come up and wish me good-by before he started, which would be between twelve and one o'clock in the morning. My bedroom was a fine one, and was connected with the bank here, which had just been burned down; and my husband, it seems, thought I did not know it. He was a clever and a secret had he endeavored to keep it—had many thousand pounds belonging to the concern in his possession, and locked up in his safe in the wall in our bedroom, where the plate was kept. He was bank-manager, and responsible for the whole of it. Now, my bedroom, as I said, was a fine in the room, so bright and comfortable that I was in no hurry to leave it and get into bed, but sat up, looking over the fire, and thinking about all sorts of things; upon the long journey Frank had to take that night, and of how dreary the day would seem until he returned. I was not in particular spirits; I should feel in that great room all by myself, when he would be gone, for I was a timid woman then. It was a little after eleven o'clock when I got into bed, but I did not feel the least inclined for sleep when I had left Frank working away with me good-by presently; and besides, there seemed to be all sorts of noises about the room, which my fields are always used to hear whenever I was alone at night-time.

"If a little soot fell down the chimney, it was, I thought, a burglar; a click-cock over head would soon be flying about the room, and settling on my pillow; if a mouse squeaked in the wainscot, it was the creaking of some cabinet by myself; then, coming up stairs to kill me with a carving-knife; and if the wind blew at the casement, it was something else. I got on a little better, though I think it was two stories high. You may imagine, then, my horror when I heard a tremendous noise in the bank just over my head, and then just behind the headboard of the bed, and between that and the wall, where there was a considerable space. I heard distinctly the latter precaution, before I put the candle out, of looking every where in the room where it was quite impossible any person could be hid; in the little alcove into which the bed was pushed I had never so much as thought of looking, although that was a capital hiding-place if any one had."

Ever since I had slept in that room, in short, I had been like the ostrich, who puts his head in the sand, and then imagines himself in perfect security. I had piqued myself upon precautionary measures that, after all, might just as well have been omitted. The only thing, as I believe, which saved my reason from departing altogether, when I first heard that terrible sound, was that my mind clung to the hope that it might be, after all, only the sneeze of a cat. Fifty cats together could not have made half such a disturbance. But in true, it was the sneeze of a man who endeavored in spite of himself, and almost shook the house;

but the idea sustained me over the first shock. The next instant the wretch had sneezed again, and pushing aside the bed, which rolled on casters, I felt was standing beside my pillow looking at me. If he had only given one sneeze, he might perhaps have believed me, as I lay quite still, breathing as regularly as I could, and pretending to be asleep; but he reasoned, very justly, that, unless I was dead or dead, I must have been awakened by the noise.

"You're awake, marm,' said he, in a gruff voice, 'and I'm so use ahanuing! If you don't want a leg with this life-preserver, just look alive.'

"I opened my eyes exceedingly wide at this, and beheld a gentleman of character his face, standing by the bed; he held a sort of club with two knobs upon it in his right hand, and with his left he pointed to the iron safe. "Is the money there?' said he.

"The plate is,' said I, in a trembling voice; 'pray, take it. Sir; I am sure you are very welcome;' for he might have had every thing of value out of the house with all my heart, so long as he left me my life.

"'The money—the gold—the notes—are they there?' cried he again, in a terrible sort of whisper.

"'It's all there,' replied I, although I knew nothing about it; 'all except fifteen-and-sixpence in my purse, on the dressing-table yonder. There is a silver tankard also besides in the pantry, and a couple of candlesticks in the study, only they are plated, for I would not deceive you, Sir, upon any account.'

"'You had better not,' observed the burglar, grimly, 'or I will pull the cover for you.' He produced a key like that my husband used, and approached the iron safe; but as he did so, his guilty eye caught a footstep upon the staircase. 'Who's that?' cried he.

"'My husband, Sir,' returned I; 'but, pray, don't hurt him.'

"'Is he not gone to town, then?' cried the ruffian, with an oath of disappointment.

"'He is going at twelve o'clock,' replied I; 'it is indeed.'

"If you tell him,' said the burglar, hoarsely, 'if you mention one word of my presence here, it will be the death-doom of you both;' he had slipped into the alcove, and drawn back the bed again to its place in an instant. My husband entered immediately afterward, and even while he was in the room I heard the awful threat repeated once again through the thick curtain behind me. 'If you do but whisper it, woman, I will kill you where you lie. Will you swear not to tell him?'

"'I will,' said I, trembling; 'I promise not to open my lips about the matter.'

"Frank leaned over the pillow to kiss me, and observed how terrified I looked.

"'You have been frightening yourself about robbers again, I suppose, you silly child.'

"'No, I, Frank,' returned I, as cheerfully as I could; 'I have only a little headache;' but I said with my fingers, as he could plainly read it in the fire-light: '*For God's sake, hush! but there's a man behind the bed-head!*'

"Frank saw, I did at a lion, and had nerves like iron, although he was so tender-hearted and kind. He only answered, 'Where is your sal-volatile, dearest?' and went to the mantle-piece to get it. I thought he never could have understood me, he spoke with such coolness and unconcern, until I saw his fingers reply as he took up the bottle, '*All right; don't be afraid!*' And then I was not afraid, or at least not much; for I knew that I should not be left one minute in the room alone; and I felt that my Frank was a match for any two men in such a cause. Only he had no weapon. '*He has a life-preserver,*' said I with my fingers.

"'Your fire is getting rather low, Georgey,' observed he, as he took up the poker. (Ah, he had a weapon then!) 'I must have you a good blaze to comfort you before I go.' He poked the fire, and left the poker in, but without ever taking his eye off me or the bed-head. 'I will just ring the bell, and see whether Thomas has got the portmanteau ready.' Georgey,' continued he to the maid that answered the bell,' send Thomas up.' Then when she had gone upon that errand, 'By Jove! I never gave him the key. Where is it, Georgey? I have not a minute to lose. If it is in your dressing-case with the rest there, I shall be an age in looking for it. I ask you to get out of bed for an instant, and show me which it is?' He said with his fingers, '*Jump!*' and I jumped, you may be sure, quickly enough, and was inside the dressing-room, and with the door locked, in half a second.

"'Come in, Thomas,' said Frank; 'come in.' For Thomas was modestly hesitating at the chamber-door. 'There's some blackguard got into the house and behind my bed there. If he makes the least resistance I'll kill him with this hot poker.'

"At these words the bed was pushed slowly outward, and the burglar, without his crape mask, and with a face as pale as ashes, emerged from his hiding-place. I knew him at once as having been a bank-messenger, who had been turned out of his situation since the fire upon suspicion of dishonesty.

"'Oh, Sir, have pity upon me!' cried he; 'I'm an unhappy man. If I had had money for a sea-voyage should have had ten thousand pounds in my pocket by this time!'

"'Oh, come after *that*, did you?' said my husband, coolly. 'Well, please to give up that life-preserver which you have in your pocket before we have any more conversation.'

"'And did your lady tell you that, too?' cried the villain, in accents of astonishment, as he delivered up the weapon to the man-servant; 'and yet I stood by her yonder, and never heard her utter a syllable.'

"'I never spoke a word,' cried I, through the dressing-room key-hole, for I did not wish the man to think that I had spoken my oath, nor, to say truth, was I anxious to make a deadly enemy of him, in case he should be ever at large again.

"'Then it's a judgment on me,' exclaimed the miserable wretch; 'and it's no good for me to fight against it.'

"'It's not the least good,' replied Frank, decisively; 'and we will go to the police-office at once.'

"So off the burglar went in their custody, leaving me safe and sound after all. And now, don't you think there may be some use in learning every thing, even so small a thing as the deaf and dumb alphabet?"

BESSIE MUNRO.

THE scene is Hobarton, Australia. It had been a sultry day, and now was a damp, cheerless night; for, though the rain had abated, the clouds still looked sulky, and the sky gave no promise of more stars to be seen now than through the bush. So, to be independent of both, I took a lantern and set out. My way lay through the uncomfortable bit of unlicensed land, to the left of Newtown. Every now and then I had to draw up before a charred trunk or a tree, and each time, being accustomed to the interruption, the same suspicion presented itself—namely, that a Ranger was advancing to meet me. Nor did my lantern assist me to a full belief in the figure, for in bringing its light to bear upon the trunk the long black arms only seemed to stretch more determinately to me, and the shadow of myself to be considered of the ghost-tribe; here, where fears are too much preoccupied to think of supernatural appearances, a charred stump is not only a charred stump, but very often something more, especially if it is large and hollow. One to which I was coming was the most awkward of the lot—a thorough specimen of diablerie—on the top of a hideous-looking trunk was perched a large round knot, bearing a resemblance to a human head. All this I knew, and was prepared for; but, in spite of being prepared, my heart and I could still together cheer it. The black head wore a feather—a bright red feather—which blew furiously about in the night air. As I approached, it dropped from the hollow and drew it in. Then came a voice from within.

"'You can pass on.'

I hesitated, when the permission was repeated.

"'What are you?' I demanded, recovering my self-possession.

"'Never mind, pass on; I'm harmless as yourself.'

I glanced at the muzzle of a gun which peered through an aperture in the trunk, and doubted its accordance with peaceable intentions.

"'Who are you?' I again demanded.

An answer in person was given; a man jumped out from the hollow and stood beside me.

"'Don't be afraid!' I said, trembling; "don't put it in my power to witness against you."

"'Look at me, I am no absconder,' he replied. I looked and saw a tall, gentlemanly man. He clothed his opossum fur cap, and towed respectfully when his eyes met mine. I could not help laughing, so ridiculous did the whole appear. He resumed hurt; for, bending on his gun, he said—

"'Ah, it's no laughing matter that brings me here! Bessie is very ill indeed to-night—poor, fond, young creature, to leave her father's house, all for a cross word, which he has the right of nature to speak to her!'

He reminded me of King Lear; his long white hair blew about with the wind, and his head and hand done from the top of the trunk, and for some moments he was too absorbed in grief to speak, and leave me free to pass. I was extremely curious, as though all the world should know his Bessie. I gathered that she had left him a few days ago, and that his suspicions led him to watch for her from this spot.

"That bit of a kerchief,' said he, 'I stuck out from the hole, for Bessie would know it was mine, and meant for peace, and there was a word tied up in it begging her to come back.'

He drew the kerchief from the trunk, and in it I acknowledged the former feather. Then, wrapping it around his throat, as if preparing to settle in the night air, he said, 'I ask you to get out of it,' objected to do, and told him he was tempting Providence by exposing himself to the damp of the bush.

"Rheumatics take the damp!' he said. Then, fixing a searching eye on me, he added, 'Are you a married man, or a child?'

Then I have, and by worse than death. Leave me, and the only favor I beg is, don't notice me when you meet me in town.'

"But how about poor Bessie? I must hear if you find her."

"'I will,'" he nodded, and coiled himself back into his tree ere I could offer further opposition.

A few days after I met him in Pitt Street, but forbore to remark him. With my face set steadily in front, I was about to pass by, when he made a full stop before me, took off his fur cap, and waited bareheaded till I should speak.

"'Is she found?'

He seemed delighted that I pounced on the subject without preface. It convinced him that Bessie was the all in all engrossing occupation of other human beings.

"'She's heard of, and I know her whereabout. I'd rather have seen her dragged dead out of the river!' he added, with a shudder, which for the time one gone astray. A dead child can't come back if she'd fain, therefore a living one that won't is worse!'

A sentiment to which I could not say nay, for the testimony of ages is in its favor.

"'Ah! I'm not so much a stranger in the colony,' he went on to lament, "as not to know where these things end: and of none the government knows get worse only! Jess, she'll be none the better for it, and there's these as will gladly make her worse, out of spite that she's free to what they are. I tell you, Sir, there ain't been no blot on our family for six generations back, and at home, for all that I'm poor to the back-bone, my word's as good as a bond. If my hands are seared, it's with work, and not with dirty actions! And my children was all counted fortunes in themselves; now I'm come out here with the last just to break my heart over her!'

His breast heaved, and what more he would say was lost in inarticulate sobs. To turn him to a more cheerful view of the case, I said:

"'Well, but we must look to the brighter side, it may not be so bad after all.'

"'Not so bad! Let the worst come to the worst, or the best to the best, ain't she forgotten her Catechism and her Bible? When I was young, I was taught to honor my father and mother. But, I tell you what it is, Sir"—he lowered his voice and spoke confidentially—"since what my, I don't blame the girl too much, for the sin lies at our door. We'd no business, my missus and me, to have England and Australia all ages—twas quite from beginning to end. First, I could not trust the God that made me to provide for me when I got out here; then I married my Bessie a Jady. They told me that, out here, her bonny face would get her a rich husband, and now it's more like—" He broke short, and then said, "Perhaps you'll step in and see missus, she's in a world of trouble, and it tells hard upon her, poor soul!"

We had all this time been walking, and when we had gone a little farther we came to one of those hut-looking buildings still to be seen here and there in Hobarton. It was one in which we looked, and Munro had the key in his pocket. Seeing my surprise, he remarked:

"I've a key to every where. The neighbors come twitting of her with their pity, so says missus to me, 'Look to me in, John, and then I can't open to none of 'em.'"

We entered a wretched little room, exhibiting every sign of poverty and dejection. It looked like a bereaved house, for there was neither sign of a recent fire nor of a mid-day meal, though it was afternoon. In the corner we apprehended at a glance, while my attention riveted itself on an old woman who sat with her head buried in her arms, which rested on an open Bible lying before her on a small table.

"'Missus,' said her husband. But she answered not; she was in deep sleep, sleeping the heavy sleep of sorrow. "'Poor soul,' whispered Munro, "I left her fretting over that text—'The way of transgressors is hard.' Oh, John!' says she to me, 'will Bessie's case ever come to that?' "'God knows!' says I, and then she laid down her head, and very likely she's had a worse since."

He motioned me to sit on a bench, and then, at my invitation, he also sat down, when the silence that ensued gave me an opportunity to make many observations, each of which strengthened my opinion of the poverty of the Munro family.

"Don't let me keep you from your dinner," I said, in order to discover whether he had any in prospect.

He appeared uneasy for an instant; then, with rather a grim smile, he replied, "Sorrow an't an appetitesale sauce."

I strongly suspected that other causes than sorrow kept him from eating, and longed to offer him some money to procure a meal; but there was a certain dignity in the honest old Englishman that held back my purse, and made me feel that a case of distress can not always be relieved by money. He seemed to read my thoughts, for said he:

"I don't deny it's hard times; and if you were pleased to lend me a loan 'twould be more than a kindness, for I'm sadly gone back along; since Bessie went missus and I have been spent in seeking for her, instead of in bringing down pigeons."

He resolutely refused the title I proffered, but finally agreed to accept it as a loan, to be paid in weekly instalments of game.

"Well, I'm glad your shooting service will help you to wear your clothes out, exercise will help you to forget your trouble," I unfortunately said, in taking leave of him.

He gave me a look that might have been quizzical but for the tone that accompanied it:

"Then that's got gray hair in their head can't help the old man's trouble in that way."

The following week I found a pair of bronzewing pigeons and three common parrots lying on the hall table. "Munro marked" said I to myself. Beside them lay a little three-cornered note, which ran thus:

HONORED SIR.—Bessie is laying at the Elk Bear in Goldern Street. She won't see me, but verry like she will speak with a stranger, when you cold tell her that all the old man's trouble is that cold to ever her poor old father and mother she will come hoame again to them. Missus and me is hoping for nothing of him that's now God in heaven. So no more from Mr. and Mrs. Munro, "Your loving humble servants, JOHN MUNRO.

Interpreting this into a request that I would go to Bessie, I set out for the Black Bear, and asked if one Bessie Munro lodged there. After some solicitation I was informed that she did, but was too ill to see any one. I perceived this to be a falsehood, and was turning in my mind how to accomplish an interview with a portly, forbidding-looking woman came from behind a large folding screen that divided the tap-room from their private apartment. Perceiving the answer I had already received, she inquired my business; and, on being told, she deliberately stated that Bessie had only that moment "run out on an errand." A foolish smile passed from face to face, and taking advantage of the confusion, I said, in a voice of authority, "Will any person have the goodness to call Bessie Munro? I shall begin to think she is detained against her will, unless I hear to the contrary from her own lips."

"And that you shan't!" cried the portly woman, as she bustled off in search of her lost lamb, and she shan't be defied in my own house. I took pity on her when they that bore her drove her to doors—"

"Hush! no more of such falsehoods. You know Bessie's history as well as I do," I said: on which the woman dashed like a tempest behind the screen, and, led by an irresistible impulse, I followed her into the private room. There, standing on tip-toe, and listening with every eager feature, was one of the most beautiful young women I have ever seen. Possession was in my favor; so having obtained a footing I kept it, in spite of the landlady's abuse. I advanced to the young woman, and said:

"You must tell me you are Bessie Munro; your likeness to your father has already told me that. I am come to beg you to return to your home; both your parents are willing to forgive you: it is in your power to make them very happy again."

"Oh, Sir! I could never face them again; another might forgive me, but father says he'll break his gun across my shoulders if ever I darken his path again."

"It's a lie!" I had cried before I could refrain; and then, to vindicate the assertion, I read Bessie her father's note. She wept bitterly.

"Oh, Sir, the madness of the first wrong step!" she choked out between her tears.

"It is a madness more curable than the second step: take it in hand at once, Bessie; I am willing to help you."

"Thank you, Sir; but, I assure you, till this moment I've refused to see my father because I heard he only wanted to see me to disgrace me, and of course I've too much pride for that."

"There!" injected the living tempest blowing at us from the corner. "There!" "Hot tone seemed to mean, "Are you satisfied now you've heard for yourself?" But unheeding its fury, I went on to implore the unhappy girl to go home to me.

She then said: "At any rate, Sir, it's quite true that he hid out in the bush to shoot me if I went home."

"Yes, that's as true as Gospel. My maister saw him lying out by Newtown, and, says he, 'Why, Munro, what's doing here this time o' day? there's no game flying now.' 'Old Nick take the game,' says he, 'I lo out after that girl.'"

I recounted the story of my first interview with Munro, and Bessie again melted to tears. She seemed truly miserable, between a sense of duty and affection on the one side, and resentment and fear on the other. At last she exclaimed: "Do beg her to let me go!"

"Beg her! She can't detain you: what claim has she on you?"

"Ay, tell him what! But I don't want you: go and see how clever it is to get back a lost character!"

"Who dares to say I've lost my character?" cried Bessie, indignantly.

"We shall see! One doesn't go into government to learn nothin', I suppose?" sneered the landlady.

"Come, come, I'm not here to listen to quarrels. Bessie, bethink yourself; will you go with me?"

"It requires resolution," she said, shrinkingly.

"And for the want of that will you be guilty of a crime?"

Give me time, Sir—give me time; my head nearly reels with it all with that tantalizing reason I was obliged to depart. Poor foolish young creature! she perceived not the toils thickening about her: and the awful break of temper was likely to incur a fearful penalty.

I called several times at the Black Bear, that without success: she was never to be seen. At last I had almost given up all hope of a second interview, when one day, in returning through my former route, I thought should I espy the same sitting on the very trunk where I had first met her father.

"You, Bessie! It looks bad to see you out this time of night."

"I am waiting for you, Sir: I've never been able to find out your name, nor where you live, and as I was to keep up along, I knew to run after you, but as I couldn't overtake you, I rested here till you came back."

"And what do you want of me, Bessie?" I spoke curtly and somewhat austerely, in order to set a due value on my services and due censure on her obstinacy.

"I want you to tell them, Sir, not to be uneasy after me: for there's no manner of call for it, I'm sure to get a place when I left the last."

"Bessie, you are both willful and rebellious; do you call that respectable? If you are saved from destruction it will be in spite of yourself. What does a young woman expect if she stays out to such an hour? Here, it is eight o'clock, I am not far England, but not for out here." I shoved her my watch by the lamp-light, she glanced at it, and then burst into tears.

"Sir, I will tell you all, and you'll see I'm not so bad. I don't wish to go back to father and mother till I can bring them a present for the trouble I've been to them, and that I hope to do soon, for I'm engaged to Joe Sadlers, a successful digger; I've kept honest company with him all the time, and my mother a bit; he's gone up the country now this very evening to see about settling near Longford, and when he comes back you'll be glad enough, and I shall go straight to father."

I knew enough of diggers to make me tremble for her; but to shake her faith in her betrothed was impossible. Joe Sadlers was not a digger of the common sort—drives whisky-cart here, there, and every. We walked and talked till we reached the main road; there Bessie discovered that she had left her bundle behind at the tree. She said it was not worth returning for, but she confessed that she had also left her lover's last letter there—and *that* she could not think of losing.

I could neither dissuade her from returning nor accompany her back, as urgent business lade me go forward; but she seemed to have no fear of being left, and cheerily wished me good-night.

Two days afterward, I was passing the court of justice, with a little spare time at command, and being somewhat of a hanger-on at these places, I entered to hear what might be on. I had no sooner

set foot in the court, than a female voice screeched out:

"There he is! there he is! He'll tell where I was at eight o'clock on Tuesday evening;" then stretching her arms toward me, she cried, "Save me! save me, Sir!"

When the commotion consequent on this outcry had ceased, it was explained to me that Bessie was apprehended on suspicion of having stolen the cash-box of the Black Bear till, which was safe at eight o'clock, and missing ten minutes after. The suspicion was the greater from the fact of the empty box having been secreted in the trunk of a tree from the direction of which she had been traced. Being duly sworn, I gave evidence, and the result was an alibi too clearly proved for disputation. I led her from the court; and when we got free of the crowd I asked where she meant to go. She turned a lengthy, tearful look on me, as much as to say, can you ask; so I shook her hand, and departed; for there are scenes where a stranger should not intermeddle, and such a one I knew would take place in the hut. But in an hour my curiosity overcame my judgment, and I found myself tapping for admittance at Munro's. He opened the door, stared at me, and then turned his head, while I entered; but we neither of us spoke. Bessie knelt by her mother, bathing her withered hand in contrite tears, and Munro commenced a desperate whetting of knives and forks, while his wife looked up with a face of grateful gladness. I could form no words barring as tender a scene, as took up the Bible and read the parable of the prodigal son. They bore it with firmness until I reached the verse: "Bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it; and let us eat, and be merry: for this my son was dead and is alive," etc.; when the father burst out,

"Us hadn't got no fatted calf; but mother's boiled her last bit of pork, and with HER here to eat it, it's a feast fit for angels."

Bessie needed not another warning that her father's roof was her safest shelter, nor did she again leave it until a fine young husband took her home to a snug little farm in the interior. But this husband was not Joe Sadlers; of him my suspicion proved correct; he was a villain, and at the time of Bessie's marriage he was fulfilling a sentence on the roads for the robbery at the Black Bear.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

'Tis the dead of the night, and the city
Lies silent and dark as the tomb;
While the murmuring waters of Seine
Rush on through the mist and the gloom.

All is still, not a sound to be heard,
Not a light overhead or below;
The town seems deserted by all
Save the sentries who pace to and fro.

Save that of their long-measured tread
No sound do the echoes repeat,
And they grasp their sword-hilts and converse
In the midst of the desolate street.

"Good-even, my comrade! Hast heard
The tocsin? news that is come?
Of the feast that our king hath prepared,
Of the dance to the beat of the drum

"To which we are soon to lead forth
The Calvinist daughters of France?
They will not refuse us?" he laughed,
As he eyed the sharp point of his lance.

"Sleep, husbands! sleep on while ye may,
Secure by the side of your wives;
Such a waking ere long you will see
As but once in a lifetime arrives.

"Oh mothers of heretic babes!
Go fold them once more in your arms;
And, lovers, caress while ye may
The beauties that yield you their charms.

"For e'en now," as he spoke, a wild sound
Smote dread on the ear of the night,
'Twas no like the last trumpet of doom,
That the sepulchres gaped with affright,

And the souls of the damned found their way
For a season to earth, and became
The leaders of sport for the night,
And cheer'd on the hounds to the game.

The call of Religion is heard,
And the soldiers of Jesus arise,
And rush to the slaughter with hate
In their hearts, and with lust in their eyes.

Who babbles of mercy? Behold,
This night 'tis forbidden to spare;
For the hour is come, long appointed,
The sword of Jehovah is bare.

The angels shall weep as they see
How our Catholic chivalry greet
The women that kneel in their anguish,
And helpless for mercy entreat.

And the scent of the blood and the burning
Like incense shall climb to the stars
That ride in the vault of the heaven,
Remote from this earth and its wars.

For to-night is the Lord's, and his vengeance
Shall redden the waters of Seine;
Let the reapers go forth to the harvest,
And gather this fragrancut grain.

AT HOME ONCE MORE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

TRUMPS.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

CHAPTER XCVI.

GETTING READY.

HOPE WAYNE read of Abel Newt's success. In the constant employment of her life she had long ago ceased to think of him, except with profound pity. Sometimes, indeed, he seemed to her like a stately ship "built in the eclipse and rigged with curses dark," which she dimly saw driving through lurid light upon sudden reefs. But her life was so busy with the thousand nameless duties of her position as a rich, unmarried woman, that she was too deeply engaged with what she had to do to speculate about what she might have done.

The threat which Abel had vaguely thrown out she had not forgotten; but she supposed it was only an expression of disappointment and indignation. Could she have seen him a few evenings after the ball and his conversation with Mrs. Delilah Jones, she might have thought differently.

He sat with the same woman in the same room.

"To-morrow, then?" she said, looking at him, hesitatingly.

"To-morrow," he answered, grimly.

"I hope all will go well."

"All what?" he said, roughly.

"All our plans."

"Abel Newt was not born to fail," he replied; "or at least General Belch said so."

His companion had no knowledge of what Abel really meant to do. She only knew that he was capable of every thing, and she feared every thing but the very worst.

They sat together silently for a long time. He poured freely and drank deeply, and whiffed cigar after cigar nervously away. The few bells of the city tolled the hours. Ele had come during the evening and knocked at the door, but Abel did not let him in. He and his companion sat silently, and heard the few bells strike.

"Well, Kitty," he said at last, thickly, and with glazing eye. "Well, my Princess of the Mediterranean. We shall be happy, hey? You're not afraid even now, hey?"

"Oh, we shall be very happy," she replied, in a low, still tone, as if it were the night wind that moaned, and not a woman's voice.

He looked at her for a few moments. He saw how entirely she was enthralled by him.

"I wonder if I care any thing about you?" he said, at length, leering at her through the cigar-smoke.

"I don't think you do," she answered, meekly.

"By—my——dear Mrs. Jones—the su-sperb Mrs. Delilah Jo-Jones, ought to be sure that I do. Here, bring me a light: that dam—dam—cigar's gone out."

She rose quietly and carried the candle to Abel. There was an inexpressible weariness and pathos in all her movements: a kind of womanly tranquility that was touchingly at variance with the impression of her half-coarse appearance. As Abel watched her he remembered the women whom he had tried to marry. His memory scoured through his whole career. He thought of them all curiously happy.

"I swear! to think I should come to you!" he said at length, looking at his companion, with an indescribable bitterness of sneering.

Kitty Dunham sat at a little distance from him on the end of a sofa. She was bowed as if deeply thinking; and when she heard these words her head sank a little more, as if a palpable weight had been laid upon her. She understood perfectly what he meant.

"Perhaps I can help you in some way," she said, in the same low voice. "If you are ill, some day, I can nurse you. I shall be poor company on the long journey, but I will try."

"What long journey?" asked Abel, suddenly and angrily.

"Where we are going," she replied, gently.

"D— it, then, don't use such am-am-big-'us phrases. A man would think we were going to die."

She said no more, but sat, half-crouching, upon the sofa, looking into the fire. Abel glanced at her, from time to time, with maudlin grins and sneers.

"Go to bed," he said, at length; "I've something to do. Sleep all you can; you'll need it. I shall stay 'till I'm ready to go: and come for you in the morning."

"Thank you," she answered, and rose quietly. "Good-night!" she said.

"Oh! good-night, Mrs. De-de-lilah — superb Jo-Jones."

He laughed as she went—sat ogling the fire for a little while, and then unsteadily, but not unconsciously, drew a pocket-book from his pocket and took out a small package. It contained several notes, amounting to not less than a hundred thousand dollars signed by himself, and indorsed by Lawrence Newt & Co.—at least the name was there, and it was a shrewd eye that could detect the difference between the signature and that which was every day seen and honored in the street.

Abel looked at them carefully, and leered and glared upon them as if they had been windows through which he saw something—sunny lakes, and unbroken ease, and a handsome slave who loved him to minister to every whim.

"'Tis a pretty game," he said, half aloud; "a droll turn-about is life. Uncle Lawrence plays against other people, and wins. I play against Uncle Lawrence, and win. But what's un-dred—sousand—to—him?"

He said it drowsily, and his hands unconsciously fell. He was asleep in his chair.

He sat there sleeping until the gray of morning. Kitty Dunham, coming into the room ready dressed for a journey, found him there. She was frightened; for he looked as if he were dead. Going up to him she shook him, and he awoke heavily.

"What the h—'s the matter?" said he, as he opened his sleepy eyes.

"Why, it's time to go."

"To go where?"

"To be happy," she said, standing passively and looking in his face.

He rousted himself, and said:

"Well, I'm all ready. I've only to stop at my room for my trunk."

His hair was tangled, his eyes were bloodshot, his clothes tumbled and soiled.

"Couldn't you like to dress yourself?" she asked.

"Why, no; ain't I dressed enough for you? No gentleman dresses when he's going to travel."

She said no more. The carriage came as Abel had ordered, a private conveyance to take them quite through to New York. All the time before it came Kitty Dunham moved solemnly about the room, seeing that nothing was left. The solemnity fretted Abel.

"What are you so sober about?" he asked, impatiently.

"Because I am getting ready for a long journey," she answered, tranquilly.

"Perhaps not so long," he said, sharply—"not if I choose to leave you behind."

"But you won't."

"How do you know?"

"Because you will want somebody, and I'm the only person in the world left to you."

She spoke in the same sober way. Abel knew perfectly well that she spoke the truth, but he had never thought of it before. Was he then going so long a journey without a friend, unless she went with him? Was she the only one left of all the world?

As his mind pondered the question his eye fell upon a newspaper of the day before, in which he saw his name. He read it mechanically, and read a paragraph praising him and his speech; foretelling "honor and troops of friends" for a young man who began his public career so brilliantly.

"There; hear this!" said he, as he read it aloud, and looked at his companion. "Troops of friends,' do you see? and yet you talk of being my only dependence in the world! Fie! fie! Mrs. Delilah Jones."

It was melancholy merriment. He did not smile, and the woman's face was quietly sober.

"For the present, then, Mr. Speaker and fellow-citizens," said Abel Newt, waving his hand as he saw that every thing was ready, and that he carried with him only the society of his companion, "I bid these scenes adieu! For the present I terminate my brief engagement. And you, my fellow-servants, patterns of purity and pillars of truth, farewell! Disinterested patriots, I leave you my blessing. Pardon me that I prefer the climate of the Mediterranean to that of the District, and the smiles of my Kitty to the lutelligent praises of my country. Friends of my soul, farewell! I kiss my fingertips! Boo—hoo!"

He made a mock bow, and smiled upon an imaginary audience. Then offering his arm with grave ceremony to his companion as if a crowd had been looking on, he went down stairs.

"THIS NIGHT 'TIS FORBIDDEN TO SPARE."—[BY MILLAIS.]

CHAPTER XCVII.

IN THE CITY.

It was a long journey. They stopped at Baltimore, at Philadelphia, and pushed on toward New York. While they were still upon the way Hope Wayne saw what she had been long expecting to see—and saw it without a solitary regret. Amy Waring was Amy Waring to no longer; and Hope Wayne was the first who kissed Mrs. Lawrence Newt. Even Mrs. Simcoe looked benignantly upon the bride; and Aunt Martha wept over her as over her own child.

The very day of the wedding Abel Newt and his companion arrived at Jersey City. Leaving Kitty in a hotel, he crossed the river, and ascertained that the vessel on which he had taken two berths under a false name was full and ready, and would sail upon her day. He showed himself in Wall Street, carefully dressed, carefully sober—mindful, evidently, people said, of his new position; and they thought his coming home showed that he was on good terms with his family, and that he was really resolved to behave himself.

For a day or two he showed himself in the business streets and offices, and talked gravely of public measures. General Belch was confounded by the cool sobriety and superiority and ceremony of the Honorable Mr. Newt. When he made a joke, Abel laughed with such politeness that the General was frightened, and

GONE UPON HIS LONG JOURNEY.

felt dismal, and tried no more. When he treated Abel familiarly, and told him what a jolly lift his speech had given to their common cause —the Great—the Honorable Mr. Newt replied, with a cold bow, that he was glad if he had done his duty and satisfied his constituents; bowing so coldly that the General was confounded. He spat into his fire, and said, "The Devil!"

When Abel had gone General Belch was profoundly conscious that King Log was better than King Stork, and thought regretfully of the Honorable Watkins Bodley.

After a day or two the Honorable Mr. Newt went to his Uncle Lawrence's office. Abel had not often been there. He had never felt himself to be very welcome there; and as he came into the inner room where Lawrence and Gabriel sat, they were quite as curious as he. Abel bowed politely, and said he could not help congratulating his uncle upon the news he had heard, but would not conceal his surprise. What his surprise was he did not explain; but Lawrence very well knew. Abel had the good sense not to mention the name of Hope Weyse, and not to dwell upon any subject that involved feeling. He said that he hoped he should be by-gones would be by-gones; that he had been a wild boy, but that a career now opened upon him of which he hoped to prove worthy.

"There was a time, Uncle Lawrence," he said, "when I despised your warning; now I thank you for it."

A man who has been but three days married to the woman he loves is then kindly, if he ever is. But Lawrence Newt was never otherwise. He held out his hand to Abel.

"Honesty is the best policy, at least, if nothing more," he said, smiling. "You have a chance; I hope with all my heart you will use it well."

There was little more to say, and of that little Gabriel Bennet said nothing. Abel spoke of public affairs; and after a short time he took leave.

"Can the leopard change his spots?" said Gabriel, looking at the senior partner.

"A bad man may become better," was all the answer; and the two merchants were busy again.

Returning to Wall Street, the Honorable Abel Newt met Mr. President Van Boozenberg. They shook hands, and the old gentleman said, warmly,

"I see yo goin' into your Uncle Lawrence's, a while ago, as I was comin' along South Street, Mr. Abel, Sir; I congratilate ee, Sir. I've read your speech, and I see to ma, see I, I'd no idee of it; none at all. Ma, see she, Law, pa! I nilers knowed Mr. Abel Newt would turn up trumps. You nilers did have the women, Mr. Newt; and so I told ma."

"I am very glad, Sir, that I have at last done something to deserve your approbation. I trust I shall not forfeit it. I have led rather a gay life, and careless; and my poor father and I have met with misfortunes. But they open a man's eyes, Sir; they are angels in disguise, as the poet says. I don't doubt they have been good for me. At least I'm resolved now to be steady and industrious; and I certainly should be a great fool if I were not."

"Sartin, Sir, with your chances and prospects, yes, and your talents, coz, I allers said so ma, coz I, he's got talent if he hain't nothin' else. I suppose your Uncle Lawrence won't be so shy of you now, hey? No, of course not. A man who has a smart nevy in Congress has a tap in a good barrel."

And Mr. Van Boozenberg laughed loudly at his own humor.

"Why, yes, Sir. I think I may say that the pleasantest part of my new life—if you will allow me to use the expression—is my return to the friends best worth having. I think I have learned, Sir, that steady-going business, with no nonsense about it, is the permanent thing. It isn't flopdoddle, Sir, but it's solid food."

"Tongue," tho't old Jacob Van Boozenberg, "but vastly improved. Has come to terms with Uncle Lawrence. Sensible fellow!"

"I think he takes it," said Abel to himself, with the feeling of an angler, as he watched the other.

Just before they parted Abel took out his pocket-book and said Mr. Van Boozenberg that he should like to negotiate a little piece of paper which was not altogether worthless, he believed.

Smiling as he spoke, he handed a note for twenty-five thousand dollars, with his uncle's indorsement, to the President. The old gentleman looked at it carefully, and asked Abel to walk with him to the bank. They chatted as they passed along, nodded to those they knew, while some bowed politely to the young member whom they saw in such good company.

"Well, well," said Mr. Zephyr Wetherley as he skimmed up Wall Street from the bank, where he had been paying dividends, "I didn't think to see the day when Abel Newt would be a solid, sensible man."

And Mr. Wetherley wondered, in a sighing way, what was the secret of Abel's success.

The honorable member came out of the bank with the money in his pocket. When the clock struck three he had the amount of all the notes in the form of several bills of foreign exchange.

He went hastily to the river side and crossed to Jersey City.

"They have sent to say that the ship sails at nine in the morning, and the mate must be on board early," said Kitty Dunham, as he entered the room.

"I am all ready," he replied, in a clear, cold, alert voice. "Now sit down."

His tone was not to be resisted. The woman seated herself quietly and looked at him.

"My affectionate Uncle Lawrence has given me a large sum of money, and recommends traveling for my health. I shall return to this on London and Paris. To-morrow morning we sail. We post to London—get the money; some day to Paris—get the money; straight on to Marseilles, and sail in a felucca for Sicily. There we can take breath."

He spoke rapidly, but calmly. She heard and understood every word.

"I wish we could sail to-night," she said.

"Plenty of time—plenty of time," answered Abel. "And why be so anxious for so long a journey?"

"It seems long to you, too?"

"Why, yes; it will be long. Yes, I am going on a long journey."

He smiled with the hard black eyes a hard black smile. Kitty did not smile; but she took his hand gently.

"Do you remember the old Grand Street days, Abel? It was different then, wasn't it? But I love you now."

She paused a moment, then continued:

"I am not happy, but I love you."

Abel shook his head, incredulously.

"My dear, superb Mrs. Delilah Jones, you overcome me with your sentimental speeches. I don't believe in love. That's what I believe in," said he, as he opened his pocket-book and showed her the bills.

The woman looked at them unmoved.

"Those are the delicate little keys of the Future and Happiness," chuckled Abel, as he gloated over the paper.

The woman raised her eyes and looked into his. They were hard as the bills. Then with the same low tone, as if the wind were wailing, she asked,

"Abel, tell me, before we go upon this long journey, don't you love me in the least?"

Her voice sank into an almost inaudible whisper.

Abel turned and looked at her, gayly.

"Love you? Why, woman, what is love? No, I don't love you. I do love my body. But that's no matter. You shall go with me as if I did. You know, as well as I do, that I can't winter and wing silly. I'll be your friend, and you'll be mine, and this shall be the friend of both," said he, as he raised the bills in his hands.

She sat beside him silent, and her eyes were hot and dry, not wet with tears. There was a look of woe in her face so touching and appealing that, when Abel happened to see it, he said, involuntarily,

"Come, come, don't be silly."

The evening came, and the Honorable Mr. Newt rose and walked about the room.

"How slowly the time passes!" he said, petulantly. "I can't stand it."

It was nine o'clock. Suddenly he sprang up from beside Kitty Dunham, who was silently working.

"No," said he, "I really can not stand it. I'll run over to town, and be back by midnight. I do want to see the old place once more before that long journey," he added, with emphasis, as he put on his coat and hat. He ran out of the room, and was just going out of the house when he heard a muffled voice calling to him from up stairs.

"Why, Kitty, what is it?" he asked, as he stopped.

There was no answer. Alarmed for a moment, he leaped up the stairs. She stood waiting for him at the door of the room.

"Well!" exclaimed he, hastily.

"You forgot to kiss me, Abel," she said.

He took her by the shoulders, and looked at her before him. In her eyes there were pity and gentleness and love.

"Fool!" he said, half-pleased, half-vexed—kissed her, and rushed out into the street.

CHAPTER XCVIII.

A LONG JOURNEY.

ABEL NEWT went to the ferry and crossed. Then he gained Broadway, and sauntered into one of the hells that were in Park Row. It was bright and full, and he saw many an old friend. They nodded to him, and said, "Ah! back again!" and he smiled, and said a man must not be too virtuous all at once.

So he ventured a little, and won; ventured a little more, and lost. Ventured a little more, and won again; and lost again.

Then came supper, not profuse and splendid, but sufficient; and plenty of wine flowed freely. Old friends met glass to bumpers.

To work again, and the bells striking midnight. Win, lose; lose, win; win, win, lose, lose, lose, lose, lose.

Abel Newt smiled: his face was red, his eyes glaring.

"I've played enough," he said; "the luck's against me!"

He passed his hands rapidly through his hair.

"Cash. I can not pay," he said; "but here is my I O U, and a check of my Uncle Lawrence's for the morning. For I have no account, you know."

His voice was rough. It was two o'clock in the morning in the lonely woman he had left sat waiting and wondering; stealing to the front door and straining her eyes into the night; stealing softly back again to press her forehead against the window; and the quiet hopelessness of her face began to be pricked with terror.

"All right, gentlemen," said Abel, huskily and savagely.

There was a laugh around the table at which he had been playing.

"Takes it hardly, now that he's got money," said one of his old cronies. "He's made up with Uncle Lawrence, I hear. Hope he'll come often, hey?" he said to the bank.

The bank smiled vaguely, but did not reply.

It was two hours and Abel burst into the street. He had been drinking brandy, and the fires were lighted within him. Pulling his hat heavily upon his head, he moved unsteadily along the street toward the ferry. The night was starry and still. There were few passers in the street, save an light but that which shone at some of the corners, the bad, red eye that lures to death. The night air struck cool upon his face and temples. His head was hard light. He reeled.

"Mas ha' some drink," he said, thickly.

He stumbled, and pitched into the nearest shop. There was a counter, with large yellow barrels and bottles. And a big, bald, bobbed which two or three rough-looking men were drinking. In the window there was a sign, "Liquors, pure as imported."

Abel tried to stand erect, to look dignified, to smooth himself into apparent sobriety. He vaguely hoped to give the impression that he was a gentleman belated upon his way home, and taking a simple glass for comfort. The place was dingy and cold. The guests were huddled about a stove; and their hard, cadaverous faces and sullen eyes turned on welcomes upon Abel when he entered, but they looked at him quickly, as if they suspected him to be a policeman or magistrate, and as if they had reason not to look too sure at him. But in a moment they saw it was not a sober man, whoever he was.

"Why, Dick, don't yer know him?" said one, in a low voice, to his neighbor.

"No, d—— him! and don't want to."

"I do, though," replied the first man, still watching the newcomer curiously.

"Why, Jim, who in h— is it?" asked Dick.

"That air man's our representative. That ain't nobody else but Abel Newt."

"Well," muttered Jim, sullenly, as he surveyed the general appearance of Abel as he stood drinking a glass of brandy—"pure as imported"—at the counter, "well, we've done lots for him; what's he going to do for us? We've put that man up tremendious high; d'ye think he's going to kick away the ladder?"

He half grumbled to himself, half asked his neighbor Dick. They were both a little drunk, and very surly.

"I dunno. But he's vastly high and mighty—that I know; and, by——, I'll tell him so!" said Dick, energetically clasping his hands, bringing one of them down upon the bench on which he sat, and clenching every word with an oath.

"Hallo, Jim! let's make him give us something to drink!"

The two constituents approached the representative whose election they had so ardently supported.

"Well, Newt, how air ye?"

Abel Newt was confounded at being accosted in such a place at such an hour. He raised his heavy eyes, as he leaned unsteadily against the counter, and saw two beetle-browed, square-faced, disagreeable-looking men looking at him with half-drunken, sullen insolence.

"Hello, Newt! how air ye?" repeated Jim, as he confronted the representative.

Abel looked at him with shaking head, indignant and scornful.

"Who the devil are you?" he asked, at length, blurring the words as he spoke, and endeavoring to express supreme contempt.

"Why the man that made yer!" retorted Dick, in a shrill, tipsy voice.

The liquor-seller, who was leaning upon his counter, was instantly alarmed. He saw the signs of impending danger. He hurried round, and said,

"Come, come; I'm going to shut up! Time to go home; time to go home!"

The three men at the counter did not move. As they stood facing each other the animal fury kindled more and more fiercely in each one of them.

"We've Jim and Dick, and Ned's asleep yonder on the bench; and we've come to drink a glass with yer, Honorable Abel Newt!" said Dick, in a sneering tone. "It's we what did your business for ye. What'yer going to do for us?"

There was a menacing air in his eye as he glanced at Abel, who felt himself quiver with impotent, blind rage.

"I don——dare—to—me?" he said, with maudlin dignity.

The men pressed nearer.

"Time to go home! Time to go home!" quavered the liquor-seller; and Ned opened his eyes, and slowly raised his huge frame from the bench.

"What's the row?" asked he of his comrades.

"The Honorable Abel Newt's the row," said Jim, pointing at him.

There was something peculiarly irritating to Abel in the pointing finger. Holding by the counter, he raised his hand and struck at it.

Ned rolled his body off the bench in a moment.

"For God's sake!" gasped the little liquor-seller.

Jim and Dick stood hesitatingly, glaring at Abel. Jim struck his teeth together. Ned joined them, and they surrounded Abel.

"What is——will you mean by striking me, you drunken pig?" growled Jim, but not yet striking. Conscious of his strength, he had the instinctive forbearance of superiority, but it was fast mastered by the maddening liquor.

"Time to go home! Time to go home!" cried the thin, pipy voice of the liquor-seller.

"What the —— do you mean by insulting

WAITING.

CHIPS'S GHOST STORY.

"In the year twenty-six," said Chips, "just when I was out of my time, I took it into my head to go whaling, not as carpenter, but before the mast. I shipped on board the old ——, one of Gale's of Deptford. We took in some Shetlanders at Lerwick, as whalers mostly do, as hardy chaps as any afloat; but one of them died before we'd left Ronas Head a month. He was a strange, silent fellow, that was always looking over his shoulder in the forecastle at night, as if he expected to see something. We thought no more about it at first, but he wasn't a safe man to plague. His mates told us all kinds of queer yarns about him: that he'd been away from the Islands for more or so long, and that nobody knew where he'd been to. All that *he'd* say was that he'd been in the 'Spanish service,' and some such like, and that he meant a shiver, some a pirate, some one thing, some another; but more of them say good. The Shetlanders don't mind seeing ghosts, for they are superpious people in the main, and they didn't relish the way in which this man courted them. Some of 'em was for ever sneering at the kirk. He struck a minister one day when he'd got the horrors, and the parson had gone to bless him like a parson.

"That he didn't want any spies about his bed." His eyes were staring at the wall on one side of him, as if some one was there, and he cried, *They said* that he had got the horrors; but, as I've told you, he had always that frightened look in the dark, even when he was sober enough. Something bad was on his mind, that's very certain.

"The day he died he was quarter than ever, keeping out of the way of every body as much as he could, rolling his eyes about like a madman, talking to himself, and as pale as a sheet. 'You'll better turn in, Gale,' the doctor said to him; and down he went without a word, and presently the doctor sent him some stuff, thinking he was in a fever. By lunch-time he was easy, and when I turned in at eight bells I could hear him hissing through his clenched teeth, just as if he was trying to keep in a whistle. He was much easy a night as this, only there was a deal more ice ranging about than what we'd seen before. I soon fell asleep, for we had been making-off blubber all day, and I had got quite tired over the casks. I might have been asleep about a couple of hours, when I was woke by a horrid scream, as if a soul was just dropping into the lower regions. I tumbled out in next to no time, and so did the other chaps, and we all came crowding round Galt's berth. He had squeezed up against the side (we could see, when we lifted up the curtain, that he'd managed to stave his back into the wood, and was striking out with his right hand clutched as if he'd got a knife in it, and his left with all the fingers spread out. His face was a horrid sight. It was as white and as wet as the side of a chalk-pit, and his eyes were regularly alight with rage and fear. I don't know which there was most of in them.

"'Take her off! take her off!' he yelled, when he saw us. 'You can't, you fool,' says Chalmers! Then, confound you, go to blazes with me! I'll haunt you, and sink the ship?'

"And then he gave a twitch like a devil trying to laugh, and he fell over on it dead, with his arms still stiff. We could hardly get them down by his sides when we came to lay him. The next day but one we buried him, and—you may believe me or not, as you like—but I can tell you that his body rolled in the hammock as if it was *dragged* down the moment he touched the water.

"The first thick day afterward the skipper had his chest brought up from below to sell his gear, but none of us would bid; so the skipper and the doctor, like good fellows, hid against each other, to get a good round sum for his old shipmate, whom *he'd* never cared about, his mates told us. He didn't bid, because we didn't think it would be lucky to put on any thing that such a man as he had worn; but we made out a list of what each of us would give to bid, and the mate gave it to the skipper to be stopped out of our pay.

"Nevertheless, after that we had nothing but misfortune. Scarce a day but we lost a whale. Scarce one of those that did come could we get near; and when we happened to strike one, the line was sure to break. Then, as for ice, too, we went down all of a sudden, just as if it had been swallowed. Galt was haunting us, sure enough. We didn't see any thing except the ice, until the sun set for good. We were lying then, frozen up, in a great floe, some sixty miles northwest of the Devil's Thumb, and we were there for a year, when the sun dipped—not to come up again for weeks to come. There we were, fairly shut in for the whole winter. Then, as the sun began to put a dock for the ship by moonlight, when suddenly—the bears had done growling, and the wolves howling, for a bit, and every thing except the ice-grating saws was still as death, for there wasn't a breath of wind blowing—there was a shiver, there, about two miles off, we could see the water, as we had lost rushing through the mist, as big as planets, and Galt and them, even bigger, striking out just as he did when he died.

"Another time, we made out some water a mile off, with a white bear swimming in it, as if she was puzzled how to get out. We launched the boats over the ice, gave chase, and killed her, and took her alongside of the ship. We were glad enough of the crang ourselves, for we had been on short allowance for a long time. The bears and the whales and the fish we'd secured it, and came down for their share. We drew off a bit to let them come near, and then let fly and killed a lot of them, too, for food. We had made quite a jolly pile of provisions, and were just about to spear an odd shark—first shark doesn't taste unlike fried sole, when you're hungry—that was bumping the whole with its ugly snout, to find a tid-bit, when crack went the ice, like a monstrous big pane of glass, with a running rumble like the roar of a thousand cannon let off one after another. We could hear it growling away for miles into the darkness. The moon was just going down. The shark soon left the whale, for the bit of ice on which our prog was tilted over like a dust-cart, and shot its loud into the sea. We were too busy getting down our lives to have any time to look after that. Two of our boats were cracked like walnut-shells by the big lumps of ice that were jolting down on every side. It was as much as ever we could do to get off our lumber safely—the four crews into two boats; it danced up and down, this side and that, right upon the swell. And then we had only starlight to guide us as we pulled back to the ship, with broken ice on every side threatening each moment to stave us in. I didn't see *him* that night, but three of our fellows did. They say he chased us back, jumping from block to block as if he were merely stepping-stones across a brook.

"He was seen once more big like that. The ship was frozen in hard and fast again. You could see nothing but a hummocky plain of ice, with here and there a berg sticking up like a sharp horn, for miles all round, except in one place astern, where there was a little water-hole that glimmered in the moonlight like a great watching eye. We had covered in the quarter-deck with a sloping canvas roof, but a hole was left just where the tafferel was cut out. Well, one night, when the Northern Lights were flashing about the sky like huge flapping flags of red, and yellow, and green, and the air was looking out through this opening, and by the water-hole he saw Galt standing as tall as a fir-tree. He had the fingers and the thumb of his left hand spread out as he had when he died, and with his right forefinger he counted them off one by one. Then down he went into the water-hole, and the yellow-eyed drop through the stage, and the next morning it was frozen up.

"On the night of the fourth day after he had been thus seen, the moon was in the same line as he was when alive, walking round and round the ship, laughing and pointing. One, two, three, four, he counted as he left hand, then shut it all up except the little finger, and kept lunging through the gloom with that. We knew what he meant as well as any.

"A berg twice as high as the one we saw at noon came with a jar against the floe, and shivered it into bits. Then, after about the ship, of course, broke up and began a devil's dance; but as this weren't very big, and she was regularly eased with rope-fenders, she might have got over that if the berg hadn't borne down upon her as straight as if it had been steered. On it came, never once faltering off a point. You may fancy what a funk we were in. We bundled clothes and blankets, pork and biscuit into the boats, and were about to side in a twinkling, pulling for dear life, and fending off the little lumps that came walloping up against us as well as we could with the boat-hooks. Two poor frost-bitten fellows couldn't leave their berths, and the skipper swore, come what might, he'd stick by them. So I and the rest run forward and hoist the jib all by himself, to get some way on her, and then the berg came between, and we never saw more of it, or the ship, or our two. And may I never taste grog again if I didn't see on the berg, alongside of Galt and a foreign-looking woman, Jack Frost!"

When he saw, and how Chips and his comrades got home, we did not hear; for just then a shrill voice from the forecastle echoed shrilly along the deck—sang out, in tremulous haste, "Ice on the weather-bow!" and the chief officer, in his rushing rush forward, put a like marvel-mouthed visage at the cabin-door, and bellowed to his colleague, "Jackson, turn out!" The cabin was soon cleared, and we and our fellow-passengers glide past it, so near that we could plainly make out the form of the black billows breaking ere its dully glimmering sides.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A BEAUTIFUL blue-eyed Lulu of my acquaintance who has been in correspondence for a year with a friend of her mother's, a young and promising lawyer. He is frequently absent from the city, and the other night Lulu came to see my adjoining his own. Lulu, knowing this, one day said, "Mother, Mr. L. is in the city, coming to court; why don't he bring his wife home with him?"

When Bishop Leighton was one day lost in meditation in his own apartment, Dr. Dunbrain, a fair young widow came up to him, and told him it was ordered that the sheaf must be offered to the Lord before the first sheaf she was married to him. "Very well," replied the bishop, "I shall not be in a hurry, madam; but I am married to you, I will let you know, and we will be married immediately."

HOW TO GET RID OF CONVERSATION.—Tight Fist, who set next us in church not long since, showed us his plan to get rid of conversation. When the boy came round he commenced fumbling with desperate energy in his pantaloons-pocket, and when he said "Tight Fist fumbled and dug into the depths of his trowsers as if after his very bowels, and when he boy got tired of delay and passed to the next. Tight Fist leisurely folded his fingers, twirled his thumbs, looked over and asked us if we got the idea. Get it perfectly.

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The First Number of the Fourth Volume of HARPER'S WEEKLY appeared on the 4th January, 1860. Last year HARPER'S WEEKLY was commenced as a First-class weekly, nearly half of which have been bound for reference. In commencement the Fourth Volume, the Publishers desire to state that it has been their aim to render HARPER'S WEEKLY, as the title page declared before and during a first-class newspaper—a pictorial history of current events, equal to the daily press, and a complete family paper, and superior to the daily press as combining illustrations with news. How far, during the past year, this has been done the volumes now published will show. The Illustrations in the Third Volume will bear comparison for fidelity with which every important event of the past year has been recited and illustrated in the pages of HARPER'S WEEKLY. They would refer especially, in this connection, to The Italian War, the Great Industrial Exhibition, the Harper's Ferry Outbreak, the Utah Expedition, the Paraguay Expedition, China, and the Arctic Seas. If the paper can be best realized by supposing that it did not exist, and by trying to conceive how little people would really know of passing events if they had to rely on written descriptions alone, in that respect, its arrangements for the coming year are more complete than they have been heretofore. HARPER'S WEEKLY has regular and efficient correspondents in almost every quarter of the globe, and commands the special use of the Associated Press. It will moreover, in order to present its readers with a complete illustrated History of the war age, continue to devote to the pages the best and most generally interesting pictures from foreign illustrated papers. Abroad, the subscriber to HARPER'S WEEKLY may rely on finding in its pages news given with the utmost promptness, accuracy, and well-printed pictures of every memorable event which occurs, and a great deal of every man and woman of the general attention of the people of this country.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. IV.—No. 160.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1860. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

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RUINS OF THE PEMBERTON MILLS, AT LAWRENCE, MASSACHUSETTS, THE MORNING AFTER THE FALL.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WHIPPLE, OF BOSTON.]

THE DISASTER AT LAWRENCE.

On the preceding page we give an effective picture of the ruin of the Pemberton Mill at Lawrence, Massachusetts, from a photograph by Whipple, of Boston.

The catastrophe which destroyed this mill is almost unparalleled in our history. On the afternoon of 10th inst., at about ten minutes before five o'clock, the Pemberton Mill, of Lawrence, fell in ruins to the ground. The mill was in full operation at the time, and the time of lighting up had just arrived. Nine hundred and sixty operatives were employed in the mill, but probably the whole number in the building at the time of the disaster was something less than nine hundred. Every one in Lawrence at once fell to work to endeavor to rescue the unfortunate beings who were crushed to death under the ruins, and up to a little after nine the labor proceeded encouragingly. At that hour, however, the ruins took fire, and further attempts at rescue became unavailing. At 12 o'clock all hopes of saving the lives of those in the building was given up in despair. Engines were still throwing water upon the fire in the morning, and an immense throng of people waited, spell bound, viewing the scene.

We make some extracts from the daily papers of New York and Boston, describing the incidents.

HOW THE MILL FELL.

John Ward, one of the operatives in the carding-room, in the second story, was miraculously saved, with his wife, who worked near him in the same room. He describes his escape as follows:

I was in the carding-room with the second overseer, lighting up. It was five or ten minutes before five o'clock, and we had got but few burners lighted, when, suddenly, I heard a noise. It sounded like a loud thundering crash over my head, and, looking up, I saw the shafting coming down upon us all over the room. I could not account for it, and was therefore terrified. I stood nailed to the spot, and did not seem to have power to move, although I knew the building was coming upon me. Then I heard the overseer shout, and I tried to jump out of the rubbish; but something struck me, and I was thrown senseless. I did not remain so long; but when I came to I found myself buried in the rubbish, and did not expect to get out alive. I was all covered over with blood from wounds in my face. I finally crawled up and got to the top, and found a lot of ruins hanging over me, which came near ending my life; but I succeeded in getting out. I passed by a dead girl on my way, and two other mangled bodies before I got out. When I was first knocked down I fell beneath a large grinding-stone, which was strong enough to uphold the weight above, and thus saved my life. When I fell under the stone I saw the walls over me all falling, and the floor giving way all around me.

Mr. Ward found his wife at the City Hall, where she had been conveyed after being extricated. Neither were much injured.

HAIR-BREADTH ESCAPES.

One young woman, twenty years of age, who was at work in the second story, heard the crash of a portion of the building, and saw portions of it tumbling down. She immediately started in an opposite direction, but before she reached this point the walls were crumbling, and threatened instant death. Almost panic-stricken, she rushed to a side-door, and was just emerging to the entry, when it was crushed in. She recollected nothing more than getting through a window and leaping to the ground, where she was unconscious and much wounded. She was taken to her boarding-house, as was supposed in a dying condition. This happily proved a mistake. It was a paroxysm of fright. She recovered during the evening, and yesterday was sufficiently well to stand in the door-way of her boarding-house.

Another young woman, also about twenty, whom we conversed with at her bedside, narrowly escaped an awful death. Unapprised of the fall of the building until the terrible catastrophe itself came upon her, she was at work in the third story. She only knows that the whole flooring above her was precipitated upon that on which she stood, accompanied by a terrific noise. She was crushed beneath some machinery near which she was at work, her head being pressed against a beam, seeming, as she described it, as if her head would "split in two at every moment." Her limbs were forced in one direction, her arms in another. But one arm could be used at all. Every second the heavy weight appeared to be settling closer and closer upon her. She saw nothing but death awaiting her. Her feelings were those of the most agonizing nature. She said that she prayed God that she might be delivered from impending death. Hardly had she ceased uttering this prayer than the falling of a wall in a distant portion of the mill released her from the imminent peril about her. With a presence of mind that exhibited genuine heroism, she struggled amidst danger and death, and in time reached a point of safety. This was after being in the ruins for upward of an hour. She was, however, more injured than was at first supposed, as is evident from her inability not only not to leave her bed, but hardly turn her body. Her physician apprehends some internal injuries of a serious nature. She conversed with difficulty. Her condition was pitiable. She was intelligent and most interesting, and expresses a thankfulness for being saved from so terrible a death in a manner that is truly touching.

Miss Selina Weeks, of Dover, New Hampshire, a very intelligent and interesting young lady, about sixteen years of age, was at work in the spool room, in the uppermost story of the building, and described to us her escape in precise accordance with the theory stated above. Of a sudden she found the building shaking, as if it were sliding away, and woke to consciousness to find herself upon a pile of ruins in the yard. Most of her companions escaped likewise, and she was able to recapitulate them by name. She left Lawrence last evening for her New Hampshire home, in company with an elder sister, who had come to seek her in uncertainty of her fate.

As a witness from another part of the building, we mention Miss Anna Leach, with whom we also had an opportunity of conversing. She was working in the basement, heard the sudden crash, and got out at the window. Most of her companions likewise escaped. She had three sisters and a brother at work in the mill; they all escaped, one of the sisters being immured five hours in the ruins, but finally extricated without serious injury.

MIRACULOUS ESCAPE OF A LITTLE GIRL.

On Tuesday evening, before the fire broke out, while two thousand men were exerting every energy in rescuing the survivors from their living sepulchres, and the dead from the rubbish which buried them, a party came upon the body of a little girl. She lay apparently crushed beneath a ponderous block of iron, weighing over a thousand pounds, and which covered her body to her chin. Her back was pressed against a huge timber, one of her arms was thrust to the elbow through a ring in a piece of machinery, and she was completely wedged in by heavy iron gearing. Intent only on preserving her features and form as little disfigured as possible, the men labored carefully to remove the block of iron without crushing her still further. Four of them tugged upon it, but could not make it stir.

After they had made several ineffectual attempts a stalwart and athletic man, in passing, caught hold of it, and, with marvelous power, aided by the excitement which the scene produced upon him, he succeeded in loosening it. The other rubbish was then removed, and the body taken out, when, what was the surprise and joy of the men to find that they had rescued a living girl instead of a corpse; and more, that her injuries were not fatal, but comparatively trifling.

The heavy iron had met with some more powerful obstruction than her body, and her life was spared as if by a miracle. Had the pressure upon her body been but slightly increased, or had the least carelessness been allowed in extricating her, she would have been another added to the list of victims.

FEMALE HEROISM.

At one point, when a rope had been fixed to a projecting timber, a call was made to the crowd to take hold and pull with a will, but for a few minutes, such was the danger of the attempt—for the beam in falling might engulf all near it—for a few minutes, we say, the call was unheeded. Men shuddered and drew back—they would risk much to aid those below, but life was sweet, and the danger great. At this critical juncture a woman rushed from among the crowd, and daring the spectators to follow, seized the rope and attempted to mount the pile of smouldering ruins to clear away with her hands. The example was enough; not a word was said, but strong hands at once drew her back, and then there were no lack of hands to the rope, the beam was drawn out, and at least two sufferers released from the opening thus made.

VAIN ATTEMPTS TO RESCUE THE SUFFERERS.

From nearly every hole and crevice in the vast pile, from the top, from the sides, and in fact from every fissure from whence a voice from the inside could make its way, came shrieks for help, groans of anguish, prayers and moanings, and in many, very many cases, the poor sufferers could be distinctly seen, talked to, and even reached by the hand from the outside. Many thus imprisoned were encouraged and sustained by assurances of safety, and in many cases cups of coffee could be, and were, passed down to those below, who, alas! after all this near approach to safety, saw hour after hour pass away, until, at last, the frightful cry of fire, and the greedy licking of the flames as they approached with fearful rapidity, crackling and hissing all over the remains on the ground, told them too plainly that all hope of life was gone. The fall of the building took place just as the mill was being lighted up, and outside, of course, all was dark.

A citizen, who risked his own life in an attempt to save the operatives from the burning pile, worked his way into an inner apartment, and, looking through a hole in the wall, saw two men and a woman walking to and fro apparently entirely unhurt.

He reached through, and took them by the hand, and proceeded with vigorous blows to make a hole in the partition. A moment too soon the flames sprung up where he stood. A flood of water poured in upon it blinded him, and he rushed from the place, warned by the engineer, and narrowly escaping with his life. It is feared that many who had escaped the bruising blows of the falling mass were reserved only for the more terrible death by fire.

SUICIDE OF ONE OF THE VICTIMS.

Among the sufferers in the ruins at the time the fire broke out was Maurice Palmer, of Rochester, New Hampshire, an overseer. He was much beloved by his friends, and while the digging was going on his voice was recognized. He was nearly reached when the flames broke out. He implored his friends to save him quickly or he should die. They struggled to reach him, but the flames swept around them. He was confined and could not resist them. As the heat of the fire began to be felt, his horrible death seemed inevitable. He was able to move one hand and draw his knife, saying he should commit suicide rather than burn to death. His rescuers pressed on, but his hope of aid gave out, and he drew the knife across his throat. Soon after they succeeded in removing him, and his self-inflicted wound was found not to be dangerous, but he had suffered severe internal injuries which rendered his recovery impossible. He was taken to the City Hall, but expired shortly after from the effects of the injuries received by his fall, and his sufferings while immured within the fallen walls.

HOW THE FIRE BROKE OUT.

At the time above mentioned a party of six or eight persons were discovered at the east end of the building, but the beams and machinery above them prevented their escape. They called loudly for a light, and a lantern was lowered to them, which unfortunately broke while being passed down, and, most horrible to relate, the lamp, still lighted, fell upon the floor of the pit, on which was strewed loose cotton, which, being somewhat impregnated with oil, was instantly in a blaze. Another account states that the parties were passing coffee to those who were beneath the ruins, and that a fluid lamp within a lantern was upset, the contents of which took fire and communicated with the combustible mass which lay in every direction.

HORRIBLE SIGHTS AND SCENES.

The sights and scenes afterward were frightful. One poor girl, alive and fully conscious, was dragged from the east end of the fallen mass, with her left arm torn from the socket, and her body and legs awfully mangled. She was taken by her friends, but could not have survived long. In one place the bodies of three girls were found locked in each other's arms, but quite dead. They could not be removed without mangling the bodies, and, being abandoned for a time, the flames broke out before another attempt was made, and all three perished.

One Irishman was taken out quite unhurt, and his first act was to feel in his pocket, from whence he drew forth a sooty "du deen," and seizing a brand from the fire, he lit his pipe and went his way.

Next from the ruins we saw the dead body of a lad, and following him was borne a girl with one of her ankles burned to a crisp. She had been confined by one foot between two beams, and only by the utmost exertion was she recovered. She was also taken home by her friends.

A young girl was released just before the flames burst forth, and in answer to a question stated that she was unhurt. It afterward appeared that her right arm was badly broken near the wrist, but, in the excitement of the moment and in the joy of deliverance from a dreadful death, she had not noticed the hurt.

One woman was found with her head jammed between two heavy beams, and pressed so that it was not thicker than the thickness of a hand. It was a sickening sight.

One young girl, whose name we have but do not publish, was confined in a narrow hole surrounded by broken machinery and ragged timber and boards, succeeded in crushing out into the open air, but when she emerged from the ruins she had scarcely an article of clothing on her person.

One reporter is told by a gentleman, who was early on the spot, that at one point of the ruins he distinguished a female voice crying in distress, and soon another voice answered, "Is that you, Lizzie? Are you hurt?" The reply was a smothered groan, and an appeal to God's mercy in her behalf. Both these girls were afterward rescued.

WAS THE BUILDING SAFE?

On the inquest now being held, Jesse Glover, overseer of repairs testified: I thought the building was weak and that the walls were weak, but apprehended no trouble; the windows in the walls were very large; I have never strengthened the foundation of the building; I heard at one time that a pillar had settled to such an extent as to require repairs; always regarded the building as weak; the crack that I saw in the southwest corner of the building was not very large; there was a crack at the corner of the building, running all the way up and down, near the chimney; should think that the crack at the top of the building was half an inch wide, and a quarter of an inch at the bottom.

John B. Tuttle, brick mason, testified that he put up the brick-work for the mill; when the timbers for the upper stories came they were too short, and we were ordered to put projectors upon the walls to rest the timbers upon; I expressed my opinion at the time, and many times afterward, and have never changed it, that the walls were too weak for such a building; I told Mr. Bigelow so when we were building it; I told Mr. Putnam, one of the owners, so in Boston; I told many others the same thing; I do not know of any other large mill with walls so weak as the Pemberton, and I never want to hear of one; the building was much cut up with windows, which weakened it.

NUMBER OF KILLED AND WOUNDED.

The following dispatch is from D. Saunders, Jun., Mayor of Lawrence:

LAWRENCE, *January* 11, 1860.

Terrible as our calamity is, I think it is much overestimated in the number of killed. As near as I have been able to ascertain this morning, I find dead and missing (what is equivalent to dead) 115, and 165 wounded. Some of the wounded will die, but very much the largest number will survive.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1860.

THE SLAUGHTER AT LAWRENCE.

SOCIETY is unanimous in its verdict on the terrible disaster at Lawrence; every one denounces the builder and proprietors of the Pemberton Mills. It may be, of course, that the information on which this opinion is based is erroneous. There may be exaggeration in the stories which are circulated with regard to the insecurity of the building and the warnings given to its owners. If so, the parties in interest will naturally clear their skirts as speedily as possible. Meanwhile it is asserted, without substantial contradiction, that the Pemberton Mills were regarded from the first as an unsafe and unstable edifice; that, some years since, extraordinary measures were required to keep the walls together; and that experienced builders had long prophesied their downfall. If the evidence bears out these assertions a responsibility at which all good men will shudder weighs on the proprietors of those mills; they are, in fact, before God and man, guilty of the deaths of some two hundred innocent creatures.

If the disaster had occurred in this State it would have been waste of words to call for the punishment of the negligent authors of the massacre, however clearly the responsibility might have been brought home to them. In the State of New York justice is so feebly and inefficiently administered, that it is very difficult to secure the punishment of a murderer who stabs his victim in Broadway, in daylight, in presence of a hundred witnesses: as to legal responsibility for wholesale massacres, there is none at all. Steamers go to sea ill-manned, ill-equipped, unseaworthy, and disasters occur in consequence; railroad trains cross bridges known to be rotten, break down, and slaughter a score of people; fires break out in ill-constructed buildings, and human creatures are crushed or burned to death; but not only is no one ever punished on account of those wholesale massacres, there is actually no serious inquiry ever made into the subject. Public indignation finds a harmless vent in a few fiery leading articles in the papers, and then all is forgotten.

We shall now see whether they order things as badly in Massachusetts. In some respects the Bostonians have always managed better than we of New York; their municipal government has always been superior to ours; and we rather think that, on the whole, their administration of justice has generally been sounder and more thorough. This disaster will test the question. If no inquiry, or a mere idle one, follows the Lawrence massacre, it will be safe to conclude that Massachusetts is fairly on a par with New York.

The subject is of interest to us, because we have reason to believe that the recent similar accident in Broad Street is likely to occur again in other places before long. A large proportion of the down-town stores, as we are informed, are being used for the storage of heavy goods, and not having been built solidly enough for such service, are liable to come down any day. We are informed by an eminent builder that there is hardly a street in the lower part of the city in which he can not point out a score or more of buildings in which no man's life is safe for an hour. Our informant adds, that he never takes up a paper in the morning without expecting to hear of the fall of one or more great buildings. Of course, his views are no secret. They are well known to the owners of the unsafe buildings. They nevertheless draw their rents calmly, and trust to Providence; failing which, they console themselves with the reflection that, though the murder of a single man occasionally leads to unpleasant consequences, the wholesale massacre of a score of people is sure to go unpunished.

NAPOLEON'S SCHEME FOR ITALY.

WE are sorry that our space will not permit us to reproduce entire the pamphlet which has just been issued on the Italian question by M. de la Guerronière, and which is ascribed, doubtless with good reason, to the Emperor of the French. For the views presented in that pamphlet are so practical and statesmanlike, and Napoleon's policy, foreshadowed thereon, is so high-minded, and so consonant with the opinions heretofore expressed in this journal, that we should have rejoiced to have laid the whole before our readers.

The plan is very simple. At the peace of Villafranca Napoleon agreed to use his best endeavors to have the exiled Italian Princes restored; but he likewise declared that he would neither interfere himself nor permit others to interfere with arms to restore them. He likewise agreed to use his best efforts to establish an Italian Confederacy with the Pope at its head.

The time has now come for the fulfillment of these pledges. On the 20th inst. the European Congress meets at Paris. Napoleon meets his brother sovereigns with the candid statement that he has tried to induce the Tuscans and the other citizens of the Italian duchies to take back their exiled sovereigns, but that they will not do so; that he has likewise tried his best to persuade the Romagna (Papal territory) to return to its allegiance, but that it will not do so; that he has advised the Pope to reform his administration, but that he will not do so: whereupon he reverts to his original programme, and advises that the duchies be allowed to choose their own rulers independently of foreign control; that the Romagna be pronounced independent of the Pope; that the Pope be shorn of his political power, invested merely with a sort of patriarchal mayoralty of the municipal town of Rome, and provided with a handsome revenue by contributions from France, Austria, Spain, Portugal, and Italy; in fine, that the Italian Confederation be duly constituted, and recognized as a member of the European family. We submit that Napoleon's pledges could not have been more fairly redeemed.

There are still enormous difficulties in the way of the Napoleonic project. It does not provide for any reform in the Neapolitan Government—which is as bad as the Pope's. Nor is it easy to foresee the working of the scheme by which the Pope becomes a patriarch, with subjects and without power; with an empire, and yet without recognition as a potentate; independent, and yet supported by foreign subsidies; a paternal ruler, and yet an irresponsible despot. There are here anomalies which, to Anglo-Saxons, accustomed to the practical working of governments, must seem very formidable. And the greatest anomaly of all is that the views of the Roman people on the subject remain a mystery. At present it is well known that nothing but the French garrison prevents the Romans from rising, driving out the Pope, and establishing a republic. Will they be any better satisfied with Papal dominion when they see their late fellow-subjects in the Romagna thriving under an independent democracy?

Still it could not have been expected that, after centuries of abuses, misgovernment, and foreign domination, Italy would be regenerated and set on her legs all at once. The law is that, to cure evils of long standing, the application of remedies must be persevering, and their operation gradual. If Napoleon succeeds in sweeping away Austrian domination in Italy, and giving all Northern Italy and the Romagna a chance of good government and progressive civilization, he will have deserved well of humanity. The rest will come by-and-by.

THE COSMOPOLITAN ART ASSOCIATION, now in its sixth year of successful progress, has done much to disseminate a taste for pure art among our people. For the small sum of three dollars, subscribers to the association receive a copy of the *Art Journal* (quarterly) for one year—each number containing at least one steel plate illustration, besides interesting matter—a season ticket of admission to the Dusseldorf Gallery, one of the finest collections of paintings in the United States, and a copy of the association's large annual engraving. The subject of the engraving for this year is "Shakspeare and his Friends," and the execution is worthy of the fine subject. Its size is 30×38 inches, and its price, if bought in a print store, would not, probably, be less than double the subscription price.

The subscription year closes on the 31st of January, at which time several hundred valuable works of art will be divided among the subscribers of the year. Subscriptions, it may be well to add, are received until the last day of the month.

THE LOUNGER.

NUDITY IN ART.

THE drollest of all art-criticisms was lately made *apropos* of Palmer's White Captive. It was to the effect that, as the Greeks were sensuous in their religion, they properly carved nude statues, but that the spirituality of the Christian idea was expressed by drapery.

Translated into other words, this is merely to say that the nude is more adequately manifested in the handiwork of tailors than in the divine drapery of flesh and blood. From the point of view of decency, it is like the improvement of trousers and swaddling-clothes which the Pope ordered to be put upon the figures in Michael Angelo's Last Judgment.

This whole question is periodically agitated, but it is really very simple. If the human figure be properly the subject of sculpture, it must be the human figure as God made it, and not as fashion clothes it. But as men habitually wear clothes, historic personages are properly represented in the garments they wore; and, for the same reason, when the motive of the sculpture is not individual but representative or symbolical, as in the Greek, or individual, but not personal, as in the White Captive, then it is the human form itself which is the subject of the artist, and the means by which his intention is expressed. A portrait is the representation of a man as he was known to others. Hence we must have Julius Cæsar in a toga, and Washington in Continental regimentals. But the Venus is not a portrait—the Gladiator is not a portrait; neither is the Greek Slave, nor the White Captive. And the nude, as in the latter case, the supposed circumstances require nudity, the question is finally settled.

That modesty is a spiritual and not a material grace is so true that Catherine of Russia clad in pelisses a mile thick is not decent; and, on the other hand Cleopatra had been a "perfect Young Ton," would the deed of the lady Godiva have been less glorious? A work is justly charged with indecency only when the evident intention and the inevitable influence are prurient. But this in the case neither in Page's Venus nor in Palmer's White Captive.

THACKERAY'S NEW MAGAZINE.

PERIODICAL literature in England has just been the subject of a remarkable revolution. John Bull means to try cheap papers and magazines. He has seen with astonishment the success of popular weekly and monthly issues in America and of the cheapest literary papers at home, and he has made up his mind to try the experiment whether the most famous English authors can not command an audience so large that their periodical labors may be sold as cheaply as any.

Dickens's *Household Words* had demonstrated this, but publishers and authors still held aloof, and the old English Magazines were as dull and untimely as the fertile English mind could produce; until within a few months the quarrel between Mr. Bentley and his old publishers seems to have stirred the long stagnant waters. With the disappearance of *Household Words* all the old craft went down, and with the birth of *All the Year Round* a new era in English literature appears.

Once a Week ends its first volume of twenty-six numbers with the issue of the 24th of December. Mr. Thackeray was announced as one of its contributors, but he does not seem to have written any thing for it. The proprietors state that its commercial success is fairly established, and promise constant improvements; among others, a new novel by Lemman Isherd, which is now in the hands of the designers. The *Cornhill Magazine*, with Frith-Marshal Thackeray in command, takes the field with the beginning of the year; and the General has evidently put on all his armor, burnished for the occasion. He begins a new story in the most fascinating vein, "Lovel the Widower"—a tale of contemporary English life and society. It opens with a disquisition on "Muffs," in which the sharp, incisive touch of the historian of "Snobs" is perfectly evident; and he has also a first editorial article, "The Cornhill Paper," in which he treats of novel-reading with all his bantering, satiric zest. In these papers he will have ample scope for the display of his special, kindly sympathy with men and things which appears so pleasantly in the prospectus, and which is the humane undertone and key note of his genius. Of course he has a desperate battle for public favor to fight with his illustrious contemporary Dickens; but Thackeray is a powerful Magazinish talent, and he is clearly fully aroused.

For the readers of *Harper's Weekly* and *Magazine* it is a good thing to know that the proprietors have made such arrangements that they can place the choicer parts of all the new English periodicals at the earliest moment, and, in particular magazines like the novels, from advance sheets, before their readers. This was in the next number of the *Magazine* the new tale of "Lovel the Widower" will be commenced, with the illustrations. Mr. Anthony Trollope also contributes a story; Mr. Wilkie Collins is already deep in his "Woman in White;" Mr. Tom Hughes, in *Macmillan's Magazine*, is writing a serial sequel to "Tom Brown's School-days;" and the supply of novels is not likely to fall short. Meanwhile Tennyson is to be paid $50 a line for his new poem, and all Bohemia is waiting for it, while the sun shines. Eighty thousand copies are to be printed of the new *Cornhill*. That is not like the hundred and fifty of *Harper*, but it is a good beginning. Never before were readers and writers so active and so fortunate.

NAPOLEON'S LAST MOVE.

THE Emperor has taken another step in the solution of the Italian question, and a very important one. Mrs. Browning will have more faith than ever. For certainly he has touched the gravest difficulty in the peninsula, the temporal position of the Pope. In fact, so far as Louis Napoleon is concerned, *no mission* seems to consist in unsettling the settlement of Europe so carefully made after Waterloo, which to every thoughtful mind has always seemed an arrangement of the most temporary kind.

The little pamphlet which our daily papers have reproduced is written in the grandiloquent, epigrammatic French style, but it embraces the substance of the whole matter. The Pope must be temporally independent. But he can not be so if three of the great powers are to be his states together. France will not do it, Austria shall not, and Naples can not. The only practicable thing, therefore, is to have a subscription among all the great Catholic States, pay the Holy Father a liberal allowance, and let him live at Rome with the Roman inhabitants. Then he obviously owns nobody, and, in case of trouble, the allied powers will enforce quiet.

This is simple, and certainly very pertinent to the present juncture; but the question, of course, presents itself, Who will want to live in the city of Rome under an exclusively priestly Government, when they can get rid of it by moving a few miles away? Only those will stay who can get off; and they will be almost the most pitiable of civilized populations.

Yet, with the state of things hinted in this plan, the Pope might still be "Honorary President" of the Italian League. The stork is not so bad a king after all, if you only cut off his head. He can't pick up the frogs with his legs; and though his throat is as capacious as ever, he has nothing to swallow. It is a pretty wet year, difficult now to see the connection between M. Guerronière's pamphlet and M. About's book. The latter treated the question jocularly, to make popular opinion. The former appeals soberly to the grave political wisdom of Europe, which will be governed by the pressure of that opinion. The striking of the political progress more marked than in the fact that the most powerful king in Europe always assures himself of public sentiment before he acts.

This proposition is certainly a large entry to the credit of Louis Napoleon in the ledger of History. That it is all to his own advantage is very true; but if an emperor does a good thing, why should he not be the prime gift of God as well as another man? Certainly it is beginning to appear that he is adjusting the condition of Europe with as little disturbance as we could hope to see it done. He does not, indeed, inspire confidence in advance; but he earns a great deal of just commendation as he proceeds.

AFTER THE FAIR.

AND yet good looks seem now too late. Even when they are meant for the holidays they suit other days also. The times of the mere 'Annual' having gone by, and taste, taking counsel with art and mechanical skill having now combined, the results are such as are good from year to year, and at all times pleasant.

While the Lounger has been sauntering about staring in at many windows in many towns and cities, going to and fro, and looking down upon many counters, overcome and powerless with the sense of multitudinous preparation—as powerless in the mere prospect of holding himself to a good healthy boy in the mere reminiscence of the pudding of which he consumed so much too much—during all this time his own treasures have been increasing by the thoughtfulness of friends, and as he turns his eye to his own table, lo! it is piled beyond hope of enumeration.

Chiefly with good books and beautiful books, of sets so many inventively invented as to the matter, and of so many tasteful hands as to the manner. The wonderful book of Tyl Owiglass, a sort of Rabelaisian Münchausen, with Rabelaisian and of Gil Blas in humorous adventure—the wild romance of Bettine's correspondence with Goethe—the Life and the Dr. Hanna of Bagby, with Bagby's own loved and honored—a fresh volume of Kingsley's Miscellanies, various, picturesque, clever, and of a manful Christianity—Verplanck's Bacon, in one large, legible volume—the neat conceit of Mother Goose, for the older children, called men and women—the inexhaustible Arabian Nights, Australian scenery and legend, of which the Lounger will steal another moment to say something—and the ever fresh, exquisite, and delightful Lays of Ancient and American Poets of the Nineteenth Century—with a cloud of charming volumes, large and small, for children—a book of which a specialty for a word of recognition?—messengers and missionaries of enjoyment and instruction—so many happy friends and friendsh all over the land.

Even in New England, where the old Puritan way is whispered to disappear, it is a tradition and partially in fact—in the land of pies and Thanksgiving—the Lounger has actually heard the waning Christmas festivities spoken of as a long season. They are creeping and decorating Christmas trees in the New England churches, passage open in all those generous chimneys of the old time, and at the fireside stockings as open as the chimneys. There was even one brave man who said: "It seems to me Christmas is slowly *displeasing Thanksgiving!* At least, it is as much a holiday!"

So let it be every where—not upon the ruins of the old New England festival, but by its side. As the winter days come in, and poverty pinches, multiply the festivals which, by opening his heart, open also the pocket and the mind, to give relief to present necessity, and to devise systematic and permanent relief to suffering. Perhaps we should be better men and women if we had more holidays —certainly we should be so if they were in good faith holy-days. The spring is our dry season of festivals. But there is hope that Easter may gradually grow into a universally honored day: and that the bells which ring at "the merry, merry time of Yule" may bleed their music with the earlier chimes of spring, the symbolical new birth of the year.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

SILLY SONGS FOR SABLE SINGERS.

No. 1.

WHEN first I lib wid Massa Pros,
Miss Dinah sorp de kitchen:
Her cheeks were black, her eyes were blue,
O Gosh! she was bewitching!

Chorus.

Lubly Dinah! de belle ob Carolina!
Red-nosed gempmn, ring-talled 'coons,
All in lub wid Dinah!

Dis nigger see her as she sat
A-churning ob de butter:
She make my heart go pit a pat,
And all dat I could utter
Was—Lubly Dinah! etc.

I flop down plump upon my knees,
Though it, my Sunday trowsers,
And den I try my lub to please,
By breedin' tender verse, Sirs.
Lubly Dinah! etc.

Miss Dinah said she'd marry me,
So Massa found de altars;
Now is my cabin you may see
Two Sambos and two Dinahs!

Chorus.

And they're all like Dinah! de belle ob Carolina!
Black-nosed blue flies, ring-talled 'coons,
All in lub wid Dinah!

No. 2.

Of all the gals in New Orleens,
There's none like Sally Cutter;
She's full of wit, she's full of beans,
She's Uncle Pumpkin's darter!
She's got two eyes, she's got a nose,
She's got a mouth thereunder,
She's got two feet, she's got ten toes,
Oh, isn't she a wonder!

Chorus.

Yah! yo! Sally! Guess I knows your valley!
There ain't a hoss
Like Cousin Josh,
To vell a gal like Sally!

Sal ran bake, and Sal can brew,
Darn in Louisiana,
She can make sweetmeats for you,
And play on the pianner!
Sal's the gal for dumpling!
Oh! ain't she fond of Cousin Josh,
Her crinnylum a crumpling!

Chorus.

Yah! yo! Sally! Guess I knows your valley!
There ain't a hoss
Can vell a gal like Josh,
To ved a gal like Sally!

No. 3.

When I lib in Dis yer Virginny,
I was no picaninny;
I lub wid a yaller gal,
Although her eyes wer squinny!

Chorus.

Corn cake corn cake,
Bake's an excellent forlorn!
Cake corn cake,
Sambo's heart will break!

Dat yaller gal she whisper me,
O, Sambo, I lub you dearest be!"
Yup! yup! I said, de sky am red,
And so you is, I tell you!
Chorus. Corn cake corn! etc.

Another twelvemonth passed and gone,
Dat gal and I got married,
Yup! yup! I said, your eyes am red,
Oh, Golly! we'll all marred-ed!

Chorus.

Corn cake corn,
Bake's an excellent forlorn!
Cake corn cake,
Sambo's heart won't break!

CONUNDRUMS.

Why is the front like a hotel boote?—Because it changes one's shoes into slippers.

Why is a sot like a fish?—Because he's like the great Fall of Niagara?—Because it is a cat-ract.

What's the difference between Handel and the grinder of a barrel-organ?—The one was a composer, the other is a decomposer.

Why are non-haters like mice in the West Indies?—Because they are not Cubans.

If a petty postmaster marries a pill-monger, why may he be said to make a Dispensation of it?—Because he lets him have a "duck," and gets nothing but a quack in return.

MORAL MAXIMS.

Never put off till to-morrow the man whom you can do to-day.

Business first and pleasure afterward. Get your loan from the source before you trust yourself with kicking him.

Pay no debts while they remain unpleasantly with mirth.

Patience is a virtue. When your wife wants a new shawl or bier to wait for it.

Feeds your women to bills, and wise men make a living by them.

Exchange is no robbery. If you go out to a party put your coats back on.

A LAY OF A LAWYER.

"THE man who gives a joke should be prepared to take one; and as it is with testimonials, which have become a favorite joke nowadays that we should advise the reader, if he is sensible, to have nothing to do with them. For a moment of weakness, gives any thing toward a testimonial, exposes himself to the danger of a compliment some day to take one himself. Such mutual homage only ends in general contempt."

PRACTICAL WISDOM.—Whenever you see exposed for sale any article that strikes your fancy, buy it if you can afford it, whether you want it or not. If you wait till you actually want a certain thing, you will find that the exact thing you want is not to be found. You will search in vain at a hundred clothes-shops for the particular kind of trowsers that you see in a shop-window.

PROFESSIONAL NURSERY RHYMES.

SHERIFF'S OFFICER.

Catches Captain Walker,
Burns up Sandy Hook,
Tap him on the shoulder,
Take him off to jail.

LAWYER.

Little fingers peeper,
Pile his little bill,
Take his little 'duck,'
Make his little will.

PARSON.

Preaches, preaches, preaches,
Not too long, beseech 'ee;
Wear a white tie,
And make 'em all cry,
Preacher, preacher, preacher.

BUTCHER.

Little boy blue, come take your steer,
Sharpen your knife to cut up your veal;
Jacky's a man, and so don't cry,
Any thing else but "Buy, buy, buy!"

COSTERMONGER.

Bless his little heart!
Draw his little cart;
Here's his carrots, turnips, peas, and beans,
Sparrow-grass and kail,
Artichokes and pears,
Cauliflowers, cabbages, and greens.

RAILWAY DIRECTOR.

Husbandry, baby, asleep in the train,
When we spare wages, so much we gain,
When we're ill served, collisions befall,
And smash go carriages, baby, and all.

UNDER.

Cock-a-doo-dandy!
Daddy bill frowns;
The nation we're so leat
At sixty per cent.
Isn't going a cheer!

TAX-COLLECTOR.

Great A, schedulledums A, B, C,
And some odds and ends his wife schedilledy D,
"What a hole in my income you've made!" says he.

MEMBER OF CONGRESS.

Baby wants nothing,
Don't 'ee scratch and beatums!
The Man in the Moon
Will come down soon,
And bribe, corrupt, and treatums.

TAILOR.

Goosey, goosey, goosey,
Where's little baby?
Dead lying,
Grim sirius,
Then he's in the moon.

MEDICAL MAN.

Count up his pulse, pulse, pulse,
Roll up his pill, pill, pill,
Mix up his dose, dose, dose,
Make up his bill, bill, bill.

IMPORTANT TO NEXT OF KIN.—When a man intends to marry a widow, his friends, if they can not prove him a lunatic, should, if possible, take care that he settles very little of his property on the lady of his choice; for the obvious reason, that a second-hand wife ought to be cheap, since her new husband can hardly expect to be dear.

MONOTONY.—The Austrians are so tired of a paper currency that they are anxious for any thing by way of change.

EXTREME POLITENESS.—*Pickpocket to Policeman:* "I say, your handkerchief is hanging out. You'll have your pocket picked if you don't take care!"

REASONS WHY I WEAR CRINOLINE.

Extorted from MISS HUSSELTON, *by one who owns himself a Bruce.*

1. Because it's quite the *thing* to wear it.
2. Because *I know every body* has got to wear it now.
3. Because it sets one off so.
4. Because gentlemen admire it so. (Oh, yes, they may say they don't like it; but I know quite well they do.)
5. Because—well, you know one doesn't always want to have one's waist confined.
6. Because—well, now I'm sure it's very *tiresome* in you to keep so confining me so, and I've really a good mind not to say another word to you.
7. Because, upon my word, I don't know why you reason, do you? Well, then, I won't. Because, I won't, indeed I don't, that's all.

Does an impudent noble remember behind bullock's heart?—No! Because the longer he is kept waiting, the better he gets.

GOLDEN ADVICE.—Persons about to marry should look to their finances before they take their fatal leap. With future of uncertainty and increasingly large families, it is generally easier to find appetites than dinners. A bridal often tends to make a man with inches: and one less he makes a bolt of it, he may find himself ere long without a bit in his mouth.

ECONOMY IN DRESS.—Never buy embroidered braces that are dearer than plain ones. 'Tis blind vanity to sport invisible braces.

LACONIC LOVE LETTERS.

DEAREST,—If that word is a mistake, throw this note in the fire. Eternal folly, result of last night's dance. Cab waiting 11.30; train starts at 12; back to-night. No answer sufficient reply to your rejected.—JOHN SMOKY.

MISS SMOKY is at a loss to express the embarrassment which she experienced on reading Mr. Short's note.

DEAR DEARIE LOVE,—Received yours, and note the contents. In haste, yours, J.

DEAR MR. SHORT.—Things must, of course, depend upon circumstances.—Yours, S.

MY DEAREST LOVE.—£200 a year in the cards. £700 Consols. Bought £500 worth mortgage at 5 per cent. Net profits of business, £800 per ann. At your feet.—J. S.

DEAR MR. SHORT.—Connections? Religious principles?—L. S.

BELOVED OBJECT.—Aristocratic. Orthodox. Indoes Love.—J.

MY DEAR JOHN.—I own you have awakened an interest in my—what shall I say?—Love.

MY ONLY LOVE.—Boom.—J. S.

MY DEAREST JOHN.—What a group you are!—L. S.

MY DEAREST LOVE.—Bet thou from me!—Love.—S.

MY DEAREST IDOL.—Say no more.—L. S.

MISTRESS OF MY SOUL.—Three words.—Name the day.—J. S.

MY LOVE, MY LIFE.—Whenever you like.—L. S.

MY PRECIOUS.—Say, Wednesday.—J. S.

MY TREASURE.—Very well. The sooner these things are settled the better. I'll see you some thing. Mind then, Wednesday, St. George's, Hanover Square, 11, sharp. Punctuality is the soul of marriage. *Au revoir* at the altar!—L. S.

MAXIMS BY A MISANTHROPE.

The last place in which I should look for the milk of human kindness is, *The sale of civilization.*

How to keep your friends.—Never ask any of them to do you a service.

Your lawyer's meed.—*The epistatice—Mem.*

The wedded maid.—*The* imprevative—*Invent.*

DIVORCE.—A Matrimonial Ticket-of-leave.

THE FUNERAL.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

TRUMPS.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS

CHAPTER C.

DUST TO DUST.

THE evening papers of the next day were full of the dreadful news. They said they were deeply shocked to announce that a dreadful fate had befallen the whole city in the crime which had mysteriously deprived his constituency and his country of the services of the young, talented, promising representative, whose opening career had seemed to be in every way so auspicious. By what foul play he had been made way with was a matter for the strictest legal investigation, and the honor of the country demanded that the perpetrators of such an atrocious tragedy should be brought to condign punishment.

The morning papers followed next day with fuller details of the awful event. Some of the more enterprising had diagrams of the shop, the blind, the large yellow barrels that held the liquor pare as imported, the bench, the counter, and the spot (marked O) where the officer had found the body. In parlors, in banks, in groceries, and liquor-shops, in lawyers' rooms and insurance offices, the murder was the chief topic of conversation for a day. Then came the report of the inquest. The little liquor-seller was the only material witness. Some men he did not know (he swore to it) had been drinking in his shop. Another person whom he had never seen, respectably dressed, but evidently excited with liquor (he swore to it), came in, and after a little while there was a quarrel. He tried to stop it. He remembered his very words. He said, "Time to go home. Time to go home." But they would not stop. They began to fight. He was frightened and ran to the door. Then came the testimony of the watchmen—the finding the body—the calling the doctor.

Doctor James Greenwich was called. He testified that he was summoned about three o'clock in the morning, hurried out, and saw the body on the bench. Examined it carefully; but life was extinct. Nobody knew what to do, but he suggested looking at the handkerchief.

At this point the young Doctor's voice suddened. "I looked at it and saw a name which I knew. Then looking steadfastly at the face, I recognized a man whom I had once known as a school-boy. It was the body of Abel Newt."

There was no clew to the murderers. The eager, thirsty-eyed crowd of men and women and children, crushing and hanging about the shop, gradually loosened their gaze. The jury returned that the deceased Abel Newt came to his death by the hands of some person or persons unknown. The shop was closed, officers were left in charge, and the body was borne away.

General Belch was in his office reading the morning paper when Mr. William Condor entered. They shook hands. Upon the General's fat face there was an expression of horror and perplexity, but Mr. Condor was perfectly calm.

"What an awful thing!" said Belch, as the other sat down before the fire.

"Frightful," said Mr. Condor, placidly, as he lighted a cigar, "but not surprising."

"Who do you suppose did it?" asked the General.

"Impossible to tell. A drunken brawl, with its natural consequences; that's all."

"Yes, I know; but it's awful."

"Providential."

"What do you mean?"

"Abel Newt would have made mince-meat of you and me and the rest of us if he had lived. That's what I mean," replied Mr. Condor, unruffled and lightly whiffing the smoke. "But it's necessary to draw some resolutions to offer in the committee, and I've brought them with me. You know there's a special meeting called to take notice of this deplorable event, and you must present them. Shall I read them?"

"Yes, do."

Mr. Condor drew a piece of paper from his pocket, and, unfolding his cigar in one hand and whiffing at intervals, read:

"Whereas our late associate and valued friend, Abel Newt, has been suddenly removed from this world, in the prime of his life and the height of his usefulness, by the hand of an inscrutable but all-wise Providence, to whose behests we desire always to bow in humble resignation; and

"Whereas, it is eminently proper that those to whom great public trusts have been confided should by their example evince their sense of the solemn responsibilities which these fellow-citizens should not pass away without some signal expression of the profound sense of bereavement which those fellow-citizens entertain; and

"Whereas we represent that portion of the community with whom the lamented deceased peculiarly sympathized; therefore be it resolved by the General Committee,

"*First*, That this melancholy event impressively teaches the solemn truth that in the midst of life we are in death;

"*Second*, That in the brilliant talents, the rare accomplishments, the deep sagacity, the unswerving allegiance to party which so eminently characterized our dear departed brother and associate, we recognize the qualities which would have rendered the progress of his career as triumphant as its opening was auspicious;

"*Third*, That while we humble ourselves before the mysterious will of a merciful Providence as man works, we tender our most respectful and profound sympathy to the afflicted relatives and friends of the deceased, and will most fervently pray that his memory may be as a lamp to the feet;

"*Fourth*, That we will attend his funeral in a body; that we will wear crape upon the left arm for thirty days; and that a copy of these resolutions, signed by the officers of the Committee, shall be presented to his family."

"I think that'll do," said Mr. Condor, resuming his cigar, and laying the paper upon the table.

"Just the thing," said General Belch. "Just the thing. You know the Grant has passed and been approved?"

"Yes: so Ele wrote me," returned Mr. Condor.

"Condor," continued the General, "I've had enough of it. I'm going to back out. I'd rather sweep the streets."

General Belch spoke emphatically, and his friend turned toward him with a pleasant smile.

"Can you make so much in any other way?"

"Perhaps not. But I'd rather make less, and more comfortably."

"I find it perfectly comfortable," replied William Condor. "You take it too hard. You ought to manage it with less friction. The point is, to avoid friction. If you undertake to deal with men, you ought to understand just what they are."

Mr. Condor smoked serenely, and General Belch looked at his slim, clean figure, and his calm face, with curious admiration.

"By-the-by," said Condor, "when you introduce the resolutions, I shall second them with a few remarks."

And he did so. At the meeting of the Committee he was endorsed with a perfect impressive and pertinent words.

"Gratitude," he said, "is instinctive in the human breast. Men are base, well, or promises well, it is natural to regard him with interest and affection. The fidelity of our deceased brother is worthy of our most affectionate admiration and imitation. If you ask me whether he had faults, I answer that he was a man, and who is without sin, let him cast the first stone."

On the same day the Honorable B. J. Ele rose in his place in Congress to announce the calamity in which the whole country shared, and to move an adjournment in respect for the memory of his late colleague; "a man endeared to us all by the urbanity of his deportment and his social graces; but to me especially, by the kindness of his heart and the readiness of his sympathy."

Abel Newt was buried from his father's house. There were not many gathered at the service in the small, plain rooms. Fanny Dinks was there, subdued and saddened—the friend now of Hope Wayne, and of Amy, her Uncle Lawrence's wife. Alfred was there, solemnized and frightened. The office of Lawrence Newt & Co. was closed, and the partners and the clerks all stood together around the coffin. Abel's mother, shrouded in black, sat in a corner of the room, nervously sobbing. Abel's father, sitting in his chair, his white hair hanging upon his shoulders, looked curiously at all the people, while his bony fingers played upon his knees, and he said nothing.

During all the solemn course of the service, from the gracious words, "I am the resurrection and the life," to the final Amen which was breathed out of the depth of many a soul there, the old man's eyes did not turn from the clergyman. But when, after a few moments of perfect silence, two or three men entered quietly and rapidly, and, lifting the coffin, began to bear it softly out of the room, the old man looked troubled and surprised, and glanced vaguely and inquiringly from one person to another, until, as it was passing out of the door, his face was covered with a piteous look of appeal; he half-rose from his chair, and reached out toward the door, with the thin white fingers clutching in the air; but Hope Wayne took the wasted hands in hers, placed her arm behind him gently, and tenderly pressed him back into the chair. The old man raised his eyes to her as she stood by him, and holding one of her hands in one of his, the spectral calmness returned into his face; while, beating his thin knee with the other hand, he said, in the old way, as the body of his son was borne out of his house, "Riches have wings! riches have wings!" But still he held Hope Wayne's hand, and from time to time raised his eyes to her face.

CHAPTER CI.

UNDER THE MISLETOE.

THE hand which held that of old Boniface Newt was never placed in that of any younger man, except for the moment; but the heart that warmed the hand henceforward held all the world.

We have come to the last page, patient and gentle reader, and the girl we saw sitting, long ago, upon the lawn and walking in the garden of Pinewood is our friend indeed! Yes, and we shall close the book, and still she will be Hope Wayne!

How could we help it? How could a faithful chronicler but tell his story as it is? It is not at his will that heroes marry and heroines are given in marriage. He merely watches events and records results; but the inevitable laws of human life are hidden in God's grace beyond his ken.

There is Arthur Merlin painting pictures to this day, and every year with greater beauty and wider recognition. He wears the same velvet coat of many buttons—or its successor in the form, and cons it carefully through the tube of his closed hand; still lays down the pallet and, lighting a cigar, throws himself into the same easy chair, hanging one leg over the chair arm and gazing, as he swings his foot, at something which does not seem to be in the room. Cheerful and kind as her gossip declares that Arthur "has had some affair."

What Mrs. Toxer suspects perhaps other people suspect, but nobody knows, and she is so old that she may be confounding some experiences of her own youth with her speculations upon his. Nor is the painter conscious of any gaping, unhealed wound that perpetually bleeds. There are nights in midsummer when, coming from his window, he thinks of many things, and among others, of a picture he once painted of the legend of Lancelot. He smiles to think that, at the time, he half persuaded himself that he might be Endymion, yet the feeling with which he smiles is of pity and wonder rather than of regret.

At Thanksgiving dinners, at Christmas parties, at New Year and Twelfth Night festivals, no guest is gay and useful, so inventive and delightful, as Arthur Merlin the painter. Just as Aunt Winnifred has abandoned her theory it has become true, and all the girls do seem to love the man who respects them as much as the younger men do with whom they nightly dance in winter. He romps with the children, has a perfectly regulated and triumphant sliding-scale of gifts and attentions; and only this Christmas, although he is now—well, Aunt Winnifred has locked up the family Bible and begins to talk of Arthur as a young man—yet only this Christmas, at Lawrence Newt's family party, at which, so nimbly did they run round, it was almost impossible to compute the actual number of Newt, and Wynne, and Bennet children—Arthur Merlin brought in, during the evening, with an air of profound secrecy, something covered with a large handkerchief. Of course there could be no pence, and no blindman's-buff, no stagecoach, no twirling the platter, and no snap-dragon, until the mystery was revealed. The whole crowd of short frocks and trowsers, and bright ribbons and curls and curls, swarmed around the painter until he displayed a green branch.

A pair of tiny feet, carrying a pair of great blue eyes and a head of golden curls, scampered across the floor to Lawrence Newt.

"Oh, papa, what is that green thing with little berries on it?"

"That's a misletoe bough, little Hope."

"But, papa, what's it for?"

The painter was already telling the children what it was for; and when he had hung it up over the folding doors such a bubbling chorus of laughter and merry shrieks followed, there was such a dragging of little girls in white muslin by little boys in blue velvet, and such smacking and kissing and happy confusion, that the little Hope's curiosity was immediately relieved. Of all the ingenious inventions of their friend the painter, this of the misletoe was certainly the most transcendent.

But when Arthur Merlin himself joined the romp, and, chasing Hope Wayne through the lovely crowd of shouting girls and boys, finally caught her and led her to the middle of the room and dropped on one knee and kissed her hand under the misletoe, then the delight burst all bounds; and as Hope Wayne's bright, beautiful face glanced merrily around the room—bright and beautiful, although she is young no longer—she saw that the elders were sharing with the children, and that Lawrence Newt and his wife and his niece Fanny, and papa and mamma Wynne, and Bennet, were all clapping their hands and laughing.

She laughed too, and Arthur Merlin laughed; and when Ellen Bennet's oldest daughter (of whom there are certain sly reports, in which her name is coupled with that of her cousin Edward, May Newt's oldest son) sat down to the piano and played a Virginia reel, it was Arthur Merlin who handed out Hope Wayne with great gravity, and stepped about and bowed around so solemnly, that little Hope Newt, sitting upon her papa's knee and resting her golden curls among his gray hair, laughed all the time, and wished that Christmas came every day in the year, and that she might always see Mr. Arthur Merlin dancing with dear Aunt Hope.

When the dance was over and the panting children were resting, Colonel Newt, Lawrence's youngest boy, said to Arthur,

"Mr. Merlin, what game shall we play now? What game do you like best?"

"The game of life, my boy," replied Arthur, looking at him kindly.

"Is life a game, father?" said Gabriel, turning to Lawrence Newt, with a look of surprise.

"My son," replied Lawrence, tenderly, "you must wait for your own experience to answer that question."

Patient and gentle reader, if life be a game, it is for you to say who among all the players we have been watching held Trumps.

THE END.

UNDER THE MISLETOE.

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "AFTER DARK," ETC. ETC.

[Printed from advance proof-sheets purchased from the author exclusively for "Harper's Weekly."]

GILMORE'S NARRATIVE—*Concluded.*

III.

A WEEK passed, after my return to London, without the receipt of any communication from Miss Halcombe.

On the eighth day, a letter in her handwriting was placed among the other letters on my desk.

It announced that Sir Percival Glyde had been definitely accepted, and that the marriage was to take place, as he had originally desired, before the end of the year. In all probability the ceremony would be performed during the last fortnight in December. Miss Fairlie's twenty-first birthday was late in March. She would, therefore, by this arrangement, become Sir Percival's wife about three months before she was of age.

I ought not to have been surprised, I ought not to have been sorry; but I was surprised and sorry, nevertheless. Some little disappointment, caused by the unsatisfactory shortness of Miss Halcombe's letter, mingled itself with these feelings, and contributed its share toward upsetting my serenity for the day. In six lines my correspondent announced the proposed marriage; in three more she told me that Sir Percival had left Cumberland to return to his home in Hampshire; and in two concluding sentences she informed me, first, that Laura was sadly in want of change and cheerful society; secondly, that she had resolved to try the effect of some such change forthwith, by taking her sister away with her on a visit to certain old friends in Yorkshire. There the letter ended, without a word to explain what the circumstances were which had decided Miss Fairlie to accept Sir Percival Glyde in one short week from the time when I had last seen her.

At a later period the cause of this sudden determination was fully explained to me. It is not my business to relate it imperfectly on hearsay evidence. The circumstances came within the personal experience of Miss Halcombe; and when her narrative succeeds mine, she will describe them in every particular, exactly as they happened. In the mean time, the plain duty for me to perform—before I, in my turn, lay down my pen and withdraw from the story—is to relate the one remaining event connected with Miss Fairlie's proposed marriage at which I was concerned, namely, the drawing of the settlement.

It is impossible to refer intelligibly to this document, without first entering into certain particulars in relation to the bride's pecuniary affairs. I will try to make my explanation briefly and plainly, and to keep it free from professional obscurities and technicalities. The matter is of the utmost importance. I warn all readers of these lines that Miss Fairlie's inheritance is a very serious part of Miss Fairlie's story; and that Mr. Gilmore's experience, in this particular, must be their experience also, if they wish to understand the narratives which are yet to come.

Miss Fairlie's expectations, then, were of a two-fold kind: comprising her possible inheritance of real property, or land, when her uncle died, and her absolute inheritance of personal property, or money, when she came of age.

Let us take the land first.

In the time of Miss Fairlie's paternal grandfather (whom we will call Mr. Fairlie the elder) the entailed succession to the Limmeridge estate stood thus:

Mr. Fairlie the elder died and left three sons—Philip, Frederick, and Arthur. As eldest son, Philip succeeded to the estate. He died without leaving a son, the property went to the second brother, Frederick. And if Frederick died also without leaving a son, the property went to the third brother, Arthur.

As events turned out, Mr. Philip Fairlie died, leaving an only daughter, the Laura of this story; and the estate, in consequence, went, in the course of law, to the second brother, Frederick, a single man. The third brother, Arthur, had died many years before the decease of Philip, leaving a son and a daughter. The son, at the age of eighteen, was drowned at Oxford. His death left Laura, the daughter of Mr. Philip Fairlie, presumptive heiress to the estate, subject to every chance of succeeding to it, in the ordinary course of nature, on her uncle Frederick's death, if the said Frederick died without leaving male issue.

Except in the event, then, of Mr. Frederick Fairlie's marrying and having an heir (the two very last things in the world that he was likely to do), his niece, Laura, would have the property on his death; provided it must be remembered, nothing more than a life-interest in it. If she died single, or died childless, the estate would revert to her cousin Magdalen, the daughter of Mr. Arthur Fairlie. If she married, with a proper settlement—or, in other words, with the settlement I meant to make for her—the income from the estate (a good three thousand a year) would, during her lifetime, be at her own disposal. If she died before her husband, he would naturally expect to be left in the enjoyment of the income, for *his* lifetime. If she had a son, that son would be the heir, to the exclusion of her cousin Magdalen. Thus Sir Percival's prospects in marrying Miss Fairlie (so far as his wife's expectations from real property were concerned) promised him these two advantages, on Mr. Frederick Fairlie's death: First, the use of three thousand a year (by his wife's permission, while she lived, and, if his son ruled, on her death, if he survived her); and, secondly, the inheritance of Limmeridge for his son, if he had one.

So much for the landed property, and for the disposal of the income from it, on the occasion of Miss Fairlie's marriage. Thus far no difficulty or difference of opinion on the lady's settlement was at all likely to arise between Sir Percival's lawyer and myself.

The personal estate, or, in other words, the money to which Miss Fairlie would become entitled on reaching the age of twenty-one years, is the next point to consider.

This part of her inheritance was, in itself, a comfortable little fortune. It was derived under her father's will, and it amounted to the sum of twenty thousand pounds. Besides this, she had a life-interest in ten thousand pounds more; which never amount we were to pay for decency to her aunt Eleanor, her father's only sister. It was necessary to assist the family arrangements before the reader in the clearest possible light, if I stop here for a moment to explain why the lady was supposed to be waiting for her legacy until the death of the niece.

Mr. Philip Fairlie had lived on excellent terms with his sister Eleanor, and had remained such a single woman. But when her marriage took place, somewhat late in life, and when that marriage united her to a certain Baronet Fosco—or, rather, to an Italian nobleman, seeing that he rejoiced in the title of Count—Mr. Fairlie disapproved of the connection so strongly that he ceased to hold any communication with her, and even went the length of striking her name out of his will. This violent conduct on the family all thought this serious manifestation of resentment at his sister's marriage more or less unreasonable. The Count, though not a rich man, was not a penniless adventurer either. He had a small, but sufficient income of his own; he had lived much in England; and he held an excellent position in society. These considerations, however, availed nothing with Mr. Fairlie. In many of his opinions he was an Englishman of the old school; and he hated a foreigner, root and soul, because he was a foreigner. The utmost that he could be prevailed on to do, in after years, mainly at Miss Fairlie's intercession, was to restore his sister's name to its former place in his will, but to keep her waiting for her legacy by giving the income of the money to his daughter, and not the money itself, if her aunt died before her, to her cousin Magdalen. Considering the relative ages of the two ladies, and the necessity, in the ordinary course of nature, of receiving the ten thousand pounds, was thus rendered doubtful in the extreme; and Miss Halcombe resented her brother's treatment of her, as unjustly as usual in such cases, by refusing to see her niece, and declining to believe that Miss Fairlie's intercessions had ever been exerted to restore her name to Mr. Fairlie's will.

Such was the history of the ten thousand pounds. Here again no difficulty could arise with Sir Percival's legal adviser. The income would be the wife's disposal, and the principal would go to her aunt or her cousin on her death.

All preliminary explanations being now cleared out of the way, I come, at last, to the real knot of the case—the twenty thousand pounds.

This sum was absolutely Miss Fairlie's own, on her completing her twenty-first year; and the whole future disposition of it depended, in the first instance, on the conditions I could obtain for her in her marriage settlement. The other clauses contained in that document were of a formal kind, and need not be recited here. But the clause relating to the money is too important to be passed over. A few lines will be sufficient to give the necessary abstract of it.

My stipulation in regard to the twenty thousand pounds was simply this: The whole amount was to be settled so as to give the income to the lady for her life; power to her, if Sir Percival for his life; and the principal to the children of the marriage. In default of issue, the principal was to be disposed of as the lady might by her will direct, for which purpose I reserved to her the right of making a will. The effect of these conditions may be thus summed up: If Lady Glyde died without leaving children, her half-sister, Miss Halcombe, and any other relatives or friends whom she might be anxious to benefit, would, on her husband's death, divide among them such shares of her money as she desired them to have. If, on the other hand, she died leaving children, then their interest, naturally and necessarily, superseded all other interests whatsoever. This was the clause; and no one who reads it can fail, I think, to agree with me that it meted out equal justice to all parties.

We shall see how my proposals were met on the husband's side.

At the time when Miss Halcombe's letter reached me I was even more busily occupied than usual. But I contrived to make leisure for the settlement. I had drawn it, and had sent it for approval to Sir Percival's solicitor, in less than a week from the time when Miss Halcombe had informed me of the proposed marriage.

After a lapse of two days the document was returned to me, with the notes and remarks of the baronet's lawyer. His objections, in general, proved to be of the most trifling and technical kind, relating to the clause relating to the twenty thousand pounds. Against this there were double lines drawn in red ink, and the following words were pencilled to them:

"Not admisible. The *principal* to go to Sir Percival Glyde, in the event of his surviving Lady Glyde, and there being no issue."

That is to say, the sum forming the twenty thousand pounds was to go to Miss Halcombe, or to any other relative or friend of Lady Glyde's. The whole money, if she left no children, was to slip into the pockets of her husband.

The answer I wrote to this audacious proposal was as short and sharp as I could make it:

"MY DEAR SIR,—I maintain clause number so-and-so exactly as it stands. Yours truly."

The rejoinder came back in a quarter of an hour:

"MY DEAR SIR,—I maintain the note in red ink exactly as it stands. Yours truly."

In the detestable slang of the day we were now both "at a dead lock," and nothing was left for it but to refer to our clients on either side.

As matters stood, my client—Miss Fairlie had having completed her twenty-first year—was her guardian, Mr. Frederick Fairlie. I wrote by that day's post, and put the case before him exactly as it stood; not only urging every argument I could think of to induce him to maintain the clause as I had drawn it, but stating to him plainly the necessary motive which was at the bottom of the opposition to his proposal—the necessity of Sir Percival's life. The knowledge of Sir Percival's affairs which I necessarily gained when the provisions of the deed on the same hand submitted in due course to my examination had but too plainly informed me that the debts on his estate were enormous, and that his income, though nominally a large one, was, virtually, for a man in his position, next to nothing. The want of ready money was the pressing necessity of Sir Percival's existence; and his lawyer's note on the clause in the settlement was nothing but the frankly selfish expression of it.

Mr. Fairlie's answer reached me by return of post, and proved to be wandering and irrelevant in the extreme. Turned into plain English, it practically expressed itself to this effect: "Would dear Gilmore be so very obliging as not to worry his

friend and client about such a trifle as a remote contingency? Was it likely that a young lady of twenty-one would die before a man of forty-five, and not without children? On the other hand, in such a humiliating world as this, was it possible to overestimate the value of peace and quietness? If those two heavenly blessings were offered in exchange for such an earthly trifle as a remote chance of twenty thousand pounds, was it not a fair bargain? Surely, yes. Then why not make it?"

I threw the letter away from me in disgust. Just as I had fluttered to the ground there was a knock at my door, and Sir Percival's solicitor, Mr. Merriman, was shown in. There are many varieties of sharp practitioners in this world, but I think the hardest of all to deal with are the men who overreach you under the disguise of smoothness and bonhomie. A fat, well-fed, smiling, friendly man of business is of all parties to a bargain the most hopeless to deal with. Mr. Merriman was one of this class.

"And how is good Mr. Gilmore?" he began, all in a glow with the warmth of his own amiability. "Glad to see you, Sir, in such excellent health. I was passing your door, and I thought I would look in, in case you might have something to say to me. Do—now pray do let us settle this little difference of ours by word of mouth, if we can! Have you heard from your client yet?"

"Yes. Have you heard from yours?"

"My dear, good Sir, I wish I had heard from him to any purpose—I wish, with all my heart, the responsibility were off my shoulders; but he won't take it off. 'Merriman, I leave details to you. Do what you think right for my interests, and consider me as having personally withdrawn from the business until it is all over.' Those were Sir Percival's words a fortnight ago; and all I ever got from him to do now is to repeat them. I am not a hard man, Mr. Gilmore, as you know. Personally and privately, I do assure you, I should like to see the spouse out that mate of mine at this very moment. But if Sir Percival won't go into the matter, if Sir Percival will blindly leave all his interests in my sole care, what course can I possibly take except the course of asserting them? My hands are bound —don't you see, my dear Sir?—my hands are bound."

"You maintain your note on the clause, then, to the letter?" I said.

"Yes—decue take it! I have no other alternative." He walked to the fire-place and warmed himself, humming the fag-end of a tune in a rich, convivial bass voice. "What does your side say?" he went on; "now pray tell me —what does your side say?"

I was ashamed to tell him. I attempted to gain time—nay, I did worse. My legal instincts got the better of me, and I even tried to bargain.

"Twenty thousand pounds is rather a large sum to be given up by the lady's friends at two days' notice," I said.

"Very true," replied Mr. Merriman, looking down thoughtfully at his boots. "Properly put, Sir—most properly put!"

"A compromise, recognizing the interests of the lady's family as well as the interests of the husband might not, perhaps, have frightened my client quite so much," I went on. "Come! come! this contingency resolves itself into a matter of bargaining after all. What is the least you will take?"

"The least we will take," said Mr. Merriman, "is nineteen thousand pounds—nineteen thousand—nineteen thousand pounds—nineteen hundred—ninety-nine pounds—nineteen shillings—and-eleven-pence-three-farthings. Ha! ha! ha! Excuse me, Mr. Gilmore. I must have my little joke."

"Little enough!" I remarked. "The joke is just worth the odd farthing in point of value."

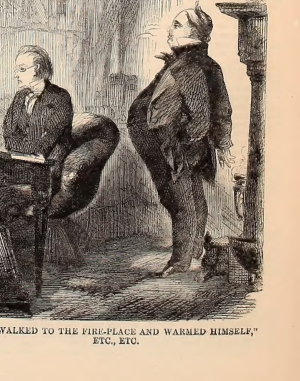
Mr. Merriman was delighted. He laughed over my retort till the room rang again. I was not half so good-humored over it. I came back to business, and closed the interview.

"This is Friday," I said. "Give us till Tuesday next for our final answer."

"By all means," replied Mr. Merriman. "Longer, my dear Sir, if you like." He took up his hat to go, and then addressed me again. "By-the-way," he said, "your clients in Cumberland have not heard any thing more of the woman who wrote the anonymous letter, have they?"

"Nothing more," I answered. "Have you found no trace of her?"

"Not yet," said my legal friend. "But we don't despair. Sir Percival has his suspicions that Somebody is keeping her in hiding, and we are having that Somebody watched."



"HE WALKED TO THE FIRE-PLACE AND WARMED HIMSELF," ETC., ETC.

"You mean the old woman who was with her in Cumberland?" I said.

"Quite another party, Sir," answered Mr. Herriman. "We don't happen to have laid hands on the old woman yet. Our Somebody is a man. We have got him close under our eyes here in London; and we strongly suspect he had something to do with helping her in the first instance to escape from the Asylum. Sir Percival wrote to question him at once; but I said, 'No. Questioning him will only put him on his guard with him, and wait.' We shall see what happens. A dangerous woman to be at large, Mr. Gilmore; nobody knows what she may do or who she may wish good-morning, Sir. On Tuesday next I shall hope for the pleasure of hearing from you." He smiled amiably, and went out.

My mind had been rather absent during the latter part of the conversation with my legal friend. I was so anxious about the matter of the settlement that I had little attention to give to any other subject; and the moment I was left alone again I began to think over what my next proceeding ought to be.

In the case of any other client I should have acted on my instincts, however personally distasteful to me, and have given up the point, about the twenty thousand pounds on the spot. But I could not act with this business-like indifference toward Miss Fairlie. I had an honest feeling of affection and admiration for her. I considered gratefully that her father had been the kindest patron and friend to me that ever man had; I had felt revered her, while I was drawing the settlement, as I might have felt, if I had not been a old bachelor, toward a daughter of my own; and I was determined to spare no personal sacrifice in her service and where her interests were concerned. Writing a second letter to Mr. Fairlie was not to be thought of; it would only be giving him a second opportunity of slipping through my fingers. Seeing him was personally remonstrating with him might possibly be of more use. The next day was Saturday. I determined to take a return ticket, and pay all old loves and leave Cumberland, on the chance of persuading him to adopt the just, the independent, and the honorable course. It was a poor chance enough, no doubt; but when I had tried it my conscience would be at ease. I should then have done all that a man in my position could do to serve the interests of my old friend's only child.

The weather on Saturday was beautiful—a west wind and bright sun. Having felt latterly a return of that fullness and oppression of the head against which my doctor warned me so seriously more than two years since, I resolved to take the opportunity of getting a little extra exercise, by walking my box before me, and walking to the terminus in Euston Square. As I came out into Holborn a gentleman, walking by rapidly, crossed and spoke to me. It was Mr. Walter Hartright.

If he had not been the first to greet me I should certainly have passed him. He was so changed that I hardly knew him again. His face looked pale and haggard—his manner was hurried and uncertain—and his dress, which I remembered as neat and gentlemanlike when I saw him at Limmeridge, was so slovenly now that I should really have been ashamed of the appearance of it on one of my own clerks.

"Have you been long back from Cumberland?" he asked. "I heard from Miss Halcombe lately. I am aware that Sir Percival Glyde's explanation has been considered satisfactory. Will the marriage take place soon? Do you happen to know, Mr. Gilmore?"

He spoke so fast, and crowded his questions together so abruptly and confusedly, that I could hardly follow him. However accidentally intimate he might have been with the family at Limmeridge, I could not see that he had any right to expect information on their private affairs; and I resolved to drop him as easily as might be, on the subject of Miss Fairlie's marriage.

"Time will show, Mr. Hartright," I said—"time will show. I dare say if we look out for the marriage in the papers we shall not be far wrong." And, by noticing it—by at once trying to see you not looking so well as you were when we last met.

A momentary nervous contraction quivered about his lips and eyes, and made me half reproach myself for having answered him in such a significantly guarded manner.

"I had no right to ask about her marriage," he said, bitterly. "I must wait to see it in the newspapers, like other people. Yes," he went on, before I could make any apologies, "I have not been well lately. I want a change of scene and occupation. You have a large circle of acquaintance, Mr. Gilmore. If you should hear of any expedition on which which may be to want of draughtsman, and if you have no friend of your own who can take advantage of the opportunity, I should feel greatly obliged by your letting me know of it. I can answer for my testimonials being satisfactory; and I don't care where I go, what the climate is, or how long I am away." He looked about him while he said this at the throng of strangers passing us by on the street, with a strange, suspicious manner, as if he thought that some of them might be watching us.

If I hear of any thing of the kind I will not fail to mention it," I said; and then added, so as not to keep him altogether at arm's-length on the subject of the Fairlies, "I am going down to Limmeridge to-day, on business. Miss Halcombe and Miss Fairlie are away, just now, on a visit to some friends in Yorkshire."

His eyes brightened, and he seemed about to say something in answer; but the same momentary nervous spasm crossed his face again. He took my hand, pressed it hard, and disappeared among the crowd, without saying another word. Though he was little more than a stranger to me I waited for a moment, looking after him almost with a feeling of regret. I had gained, in my profession, sufficient experience of young men to know what the outward signs and tokens were of their beginning to go wrong; and, when I resumed my walk to the railway, I am sorry to say I felt more than doubtful about Mr. Hartright's future.

IV.

Leaving by an early train I got to Limmeridge in time for dinner. The house was oppressively empty and dull. I had expected that good Mrs. Vesey would have been company for me in the absence of the young ladies; but she was confined to her room by a cold. The servants were so surprised at seeing me that they hurried and bustled absurdly, and made all sorts of annoying mistakes. Even the butler, who was old enough to have known better, brought me a bottle of port that was corked. The dull faces of Mr. Fairlie's health were just as usual; and when I sent up a message to announce my arrival, I was told that he was asleep. All this left me the next morning, but that the sudden news of my appearance had prostrated him with palpitations for the rest of the evening. The wind howled dismally all night, and strange cracking and groaning noises sounded here, there, and everywhere. I myself, having slept as wretchedly as possible; and got up, in a mighty bad humor, to breakfast by myself the next morning.

At ten o'clock I was conducted to Mr. Fairlie's apartments. He was in his usual room, his usual chair, and his usual dressing-gown, and of mind and body. When I went in his valet was standing before him, holding up for inspection a heavy fur cloak, as long and as broad as my office writing-desk. The miserable foreigner grinned in the most abject manner, and shivered visibly with fatigue, while his master composedly turned over the etchings and brought their hideous beauties to light with the help of a magnifying glass.

"You very best of good old friends," said Mr. Fairlie, leaning back in his chair, when I had shut at my—"you are quite well? How nice of you to come here and see me in my solitude. Dear Gilmore!"

I had expected that the valet would be dismissed when I appeared; but nothing of the sort happened. He was left in the room at his master's chair, trembling under the weight of the etchings; and there Mr. Fairlie sat severely twirling the shivering glass between his white fingers and thumbs.

"I have come to speak to you on a very important matter, Sir," I said, "or I should never force excuse me if I suggest that we had better be alone."

The unfortunate valet looked at me gratefully. Mr. Fairlie faintly repeated my last three words, "better be alone," with every appearance of the utmost possible astonishment.

I was in no humor for trifling, and I resolved to make him understand what I meant.

"If you please," I said, "I will ask your permission to withdraw," I said, pointing to the valet.

Mr. Fairlie arched his eyebrows, and passed up his lips, without speaking.

"Man?" he repeated. "You provoking old Gilmore, what can you possibly mean by calling him a man? He is nothing of the sort. He might have been a man half an hour ago before I wanted my clothes brushed; but he is not a man half an hour hence, when I don't want them any longer. At present he is simply a port-folio stand. Why object, Gilmore, to a port-folio stand?"

"I do object. For the third time, Mr. Fairlie, I beg that we may be alone."

My tone and manner left him no alternative but to comply with my request. He looked at the servant and pointed peevishly to a chair at his side.

"Put down the etchings and go away," he said. "Take the fur cloak with you, Louis. Have you, or have you not, lost my place? Are you sure you have not? And have you put my hand-kerchief within my reach? Yes? Then why the devil don't you go?"

The valet went out. Mr. Fairlie carefully selected a pinch of his chief, passed the magnifying glass with his delicate cambric handkerchief, and indulged himself in a sidelong inspection of the open volume of etchings. I was not easy to keep my temper under these circumstances, but I did keep it.

"I have come here at great personal inconvenience," I said, "to serve the interests of your niece, and of your family. And I have established some slight claim to be favored with your attention in return."

Mr. Fairlie closed the etchings, and, laying back helplessly in the chair, closed his eyes. "Please don't bully me. I'm not strong enough."

I was determined not to let him provoke me for Laura Fairlie's sake.

"Only a quarter," I went on, "is to entreat you to reconsider your letter, and not to force me to abandon the just rights of your niece, and of the gentleman who is to be her husband, in the case to you once more, and for the last time."

Mr. Fairlie shook his head, and sighed pitcously.

"This is heartless of you, Gilmore—very heartless," he said. "Never mind; go on."

I put all the points to him carefully; I set the matter before him in every conceivable light. He lay back in the chair, the whole time I was speaking, with his eyes closed. When I had done he opened them indolently, took his silver writing-book from the table, and sniffed at it with an air of gentle relish.

"Good Gilmore!" he said, between the sniffs, "how very nice this is of you! How you reconcile one to human nature!"

Give me a plain answer or a plain question, Mr. Fairlie. I tell you again, Sir Percival Glyde has no shadow of a claim to expect more than the income of the money. The money itself, if your niece has no children, ought to be under her control, and to return to her family. If you stand firm Sir Percival must give way—he must give way, I tell you, or he exposes himself to the base imputation of marrying Miss Fairlie on entirely unworthy pretenses."

Mr. Fairlie shook the silver smelling-bottle at me playfully.

"You dear old Gilmore; how you do hate rank and family, don't you? How you detest Sir Percival, because he happens to be a baronet. What a Radical you are—oh, dear me, what a Radical you are!"

A Radical! I could put up with a great deal of provocation, but, after holding the soundest Conservative principles all my life, I could not put up with being called a Radical. My blood boiled at it—I started out of my chair—I was speechless with indignation.

"I should like to know," cried Mr. Fairlie—"for Heaven's sake, don't shake the room! Worthies of all possible Gilmores, I meant no harm. I only said you were extremely liberal that I think I am a Radical myself. Yes. We are a pair of Radicals. Please don't be angry. Sit down again. I haven't a stimulus enough. Shall we drop the subject? Yes. Come and look at these sweet etchings. You are teach you to understand the heavenly cearliness of these lines. Do, now; there's a good Gilmore!"

While he was maundering on in this way, I was, fortunately for my own self-respect, returning to my seat. When I spoke again I was composed enough to treat his impertinence with the silent contempt that it deserved.

"You are wasting time, Sir," I said, "in supposing that I speak from any prejudice against Sir Percival Glyde. I may regret that he has no unexceptionable claim to distinction by reason of his lawyer's direction, as to make any appeal to himself impossible; but I am not prejudiced against him. Any one who said would equally apply to any other man in his situation, high or low. The principle I maintain is a recognized principle in all courts. If you were to apply, at the nearest town here, to the first respectable practitioner you could find, he would tell you, as I tell you, that I will not act as friend. He would inform you that it is against all rule to abandon the lady's money entirely to the man she marries, in the event of decline, on grounds of common legal caution, to give the husband, under any circumstances whatever, an interest of twenty thousand pounds in the event of the wife's death."

"Would he really, Gilmore?" said Mr. Fairlie. "If I am the very thing half so horrid, I do assure you I should tinkle my bell for Louis, and have him sent out of the house immediately."

"You shall not irritate me, Mr. Fairlie—for your niece's sake, and for your father's sake, you shall not irritate me. You shall take the whole responsibility of this disreputable settlement on your own shoulders, or you shall not have mine."

"Don't—now please don't!" said Mr. Fairlie. "Think how precious your time is, Gilmore, and don't throw it away. I really cannot put with you if I could, but I can't—I haven't stamina enough. You want to upset me, to upset yourself, to upset Louis, and to upset Laura—and—oh, dear me!—all for the sake of the very last thing in the world that is likely to happen. Now, dear Gilmore, for the sake of peace and quietness, positively No!"

"I am to understand, then, that you hold by the determination expressed in your letter?"

"Yes, please. So glad we understand each other at last. Sit down again—do!"

I waited a little longer; and Mr. Fairlie resignedly "tinkled" his hand-bell. Before I left the room I turned round and addressed him for the last time.

"Whatever happens in the future, Sir," I said, "remember that my plain duty of warning you has been performed. As the faithful friend and servant of your family, I tell you, at parting, that you have taken a step which the wisest man any man alive under such a settlement as you are forcing me to make for Miss Fairlie."

The door opened as I spoke, and the valet stood waiting on the threshold.

"Louis," said Mr. Fairlie, "show Mr. Gilmore out, and bring me back and hold up my sketchings for me again. Make them give you a good lunch down stairs—do, Gilmore, make my kills beasts of servants give you a good lunch."

I was too much disgusted to reply; I turned on my heel, and left him in silence. There was an up-train at two o'clock in the afternoon, and by that train I returned to London.

On the Tuesday I sent in the altered settlement, which practically disinherited the very persons whom Miss Fairlie's own lips had informed me she was most anxious to benefit. I had no choice. Another lawyer would have drawn up the deed if I had refused to undertake it.

My task is done. My personal share in the events of the family story extends no farther than the point which I have just reached. Other pens than mine will describe the strange circumstances which are now shortly to follow. Seriously and sorrowfully I close this brief record. Seriously and sorrowfully I repeat here the parting words that I spoke at Limmeridge House—No daughter of mine should have been married to any man alive under such a settlement as I was compelled to make for Laura Fairlie.

LITERARY.

Miss Martha Haines Butt, of Virginia, has published her "Leisure Moments," to which we lately alluded. It appears to be a charming book, and will no doubt be widely read. Few ladies in the country have so many admirers as the beautiful and talented Miss Butt.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, Jan. 9, in the Senate, a speech against the Admiral claim was made by Senator Dixon, after which Senator Lemmon spoke in favor of the claim, and declared that he could not support Senator Douglas for the Presidency. ——In the House there was little speech-making. Three ballots for Speaker were had, 219 voting each time, requiring 110 members for a choice. Lee each ballot Mr. Sherman secured 105, Mr. Hamilton 88, and Mr. Gilmer declined from 13 to 15. The roll was muttering.

On Tuesday, 10th, in the Senate, Senator Green resumed the position of Senator Douglas, charging him with inconsistency. The Senate went into executive session and then adjourned. ——In the House, the Slavery question and the Helper book were discussed at length by Messrs. Gartrell, Hickin, Morris, and Edwards. No ballot was taken.

On Wednesday, 11th, in the Senate, Hon. Morton J. Wilkinson, the Senator recently elected in Minnesota, for six years, commenced on the 4th of March, 1859, appeared and was sworn in. Senator Green subsequently resumed his remarks on the territorial question, overturning the position of Senator Douglas and was followed by Senator Pugh, of Ohio, in reply to the remarks of Senator Iverson. Senator Pugh early gave way to an executive session—In the House, speeches on the Speakership and the Slavery question were made by Messrs. Scranton, Campbell, etc., after which a vote for Speaker was had, 111 being necessary to a choice. Mr. Sherman received 105, Mr. Hamilton 91, Mr. Gilmer 29, scattering 13. A second ballot was ordered. Some vacancies were made by Messrs. Clark, Allen and others, after which the vote was taken. The ballot resulted, Mr. Sherman 109, Mr. Hamilton 91, Mr. Gilmer 29, Mr. Davis, of Indiana, 8, scattering 7. Necessary to a choice 111. The ballot was declared void.

On Thursday, 12th, in the Senate, an exciting debate took place on Senator Pugh's resolutions. Messrs. Seabrook Pugh, Douglas, Davis, Green, and Clay participated. Senator Douglas made the explanation of his letter. ——In the House, after a personal explanation between Messrs. Sherman and Hamilton, a discussion arose on Mr. Clark's resolution in reference to the Helper book, and a number of amendments and speeches were made by members. An altercation took place between Messrs. Hickin and Gilmer, which was with difficulty kept in a gentlemanly tone. The call of the House was ordered, and all ended quietly.

On Friday, 13th, the Senate not being in session, in the House Mr. Smith spoke in favor of Mr. Clark's resolutions, and in condemnation of the Helper book. He was responded to by Mr. Bingham. A general discussion then ensued, when Mr. Etheridge moved the adoption of the plurality rule on the vote for Speaker, to take effect on Monday next. Several speeches were then noted, but no question was taken, and the House adjourned.

MESSAGE OF GOVERNOR LETCHER, OF VIRGINIA.

Governor Letcher's Message was delivered to the Legislature of Virginia on the 4th inst. It opens by alluding to the happy tranquility of an earlier period of the republic, which has been interrupted by the interference of the citizens of the Northern States with the rights and institutions of the South. The Massachusetts Personal Liberty Bill, and perhaps other States, legislation has been employed to defeat the execution of the Fugitive Slave Law within their limits.

It is cheerfully conceded that the true interest of the citizens of the North are loyal to the Constitution and Union; but it is not to be disguised that a large number are indifferent to both, and are hostile to the extention of the slave territory and slave States. This unfriendly state of things originated in the resistance by Northern people of the Constitution. He suggests that a convention of all the States be assembled in Philadelphia and five conference be had, to ascertain if the questions in controversy cannot be settled on some basis mutually satisfactory to both sections. If the difference be irreconcilable, let the people of each State in convention be discussed. He recommends the Legislature to adopt resolutions in favor of calling such a convention as is provided in the fifth article of the Constitution, and appeal to the Legislatures of the several States to unite in the application proposed to be made to Congress in pursuance of the provisions of this article, that the slave-trade fail or refuse to unite in the application, it will furnish conclusive evidence that a determined purpose exists to keep up the agitation. If the convention meet, and the question can be settled, he is confident that the friends of evidence equally conclusive. He also suggests that a committee of two of our most experienced statesmen be appointed to visit the Legislatures of those States which have passed the Personal Liberty enactment for the Fugitive Slave Act, and insist, in the name of Virginia, upon their unconditional repeal. The Governor thinks the new reached a point which demands a speedy settlement if the Union is to be preserved. Virginia does not ask to be told that honor, patriotism, and duty enjoins toward its present condition. Nevertheless, it is for them to be prepared, and the Governor recommends the revision of the militia law, the purchase of arms and munitions, that brigades of minute-men be organized, and that the Military Institute be established. He also recommends the fostering of direct trade with Europe, manufactures, and the encouragement of the completion of the internal improvements of the State.

MESSAGE OF THE GOVERNOR OF WISCONSIN.

The Annual Message of Governor Randall of Wisconsin was delivered to the Legislature of that State on 10th inst. The financial condition of the State is in a prosperous condition. The Slavery question is discussed at length. The Governor thinks that there is no sufficient view of the various questions involved in that subject. He favors an amendment to the Constitution of the United States which will allow to the people of the several States the right to regulate, prohibit, or abolish slavery, as they may deem expedient. He also recommends the fostering of direct trade with Europe, manufactures, and the encouragement of the completion of the internal improvements of the State.

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MESSAGE OF THE GOVERNOR OF KANSAS.

The Territorial Legislature of Kansas, on the 3d inst., passed the bill to abolish Slavery in that Territory. It is stated that it was expected Governor Black, the Administration Executive of the Territory, would veto it.

DEMOCRATIC CONVENTIONS.

The Kentucky Democratic Convention terminated its sessions last week. The extreme Pro-Slavery resolutions reported by the majority of the Committee were adopted, and a resolution proposing a reaffirmation of the Cincinnati Platform was voted down. On Tuesday, the Administration Democrats of Illinois met in Convention at Springfield. The resolutions endorsed Douglas's sovereignty, applaud the Administration, and indorse its views upon the Slavery question. The Democracy of

Indiana assembled on Wednesday at Indianapolis. After a severe struggle the Douglas faction was successful in placing one of its number in the Chair, preliminary to permanent organization. The Alabama Convention was also in session on Wednesday. The proceedings were extremely turbulent, the ultraists, controlled by Mr. Yancey, continuing ruling the Convention—the object, so far as the temporary organization was concerned, they succeeded in effecting.

WHAT JOHN BROWN COST VIRGINIA.

A letter from Richmond, Virginia, says: "From a rough estimate formed by a gentleman high in official authority in this State, the cost of the transportation of troops, arms, and ammunition to and from Harper's Ferry during the late excitement will amount to about $50,000. This estimate is founded upon an assumption of the fact that the railroad companies would charge the State but half fare—half the usual rate for full fare—for transportation. I understand a great deal of clamour has been practised in the Old Dominion in the disaffected local. Every man who could appear in a military overcoat, whether licensed or otherwise, and could muster a rifle, assisted to Charlestown. This trick is understood to have been very successfully practised during the whole period of the Harper's Ferry *émeute* and the excitement at Charlestown.

"The average cost of each man's rations per day during the stay of the military at Charlestown was reckoned by the same authority at 1s¾d cents. The other estimates, it is unfortunate, will be in part dependent upon this basis."

UNION MEETING AT ALBANY.

A very large meeting, called to express the devotion of the citizens to the Union, and their aversion to the new unhappy design, was held at Albany on the 12th. The outer hall of the Capitol—the Assembly Hall being found to permit its chamber to be used for the purpose—was crowded in its utmost capacity, and additional room necessarily extended. Mr. Garret Y. Lansing was selected as Chairman, and a speech upon the subject having been completed, Mr. Henry J. Raymond was called for, and spoke at some length upon the recent agitation throughout the South, in its pre-est egitated state, of the substantial unanimity of the Southern sentiment, and of the general disposition to interfere with their peculiar institution when proclaimed by fact. Ex-Governor Seward followed Mr. Raymond in a speech of great eloquence; and a series of resolutions vigorous resolutions were passed.

EXECUTION OF THE MURDERER MADDS.

Patrick Madds, who was convicted of the murder of his sister, Mrs. Turbett, at Newark, New Jersey, on the 25th of May last, by shooting her with a pistol, was executed on the 12th inst. in the Essex County jail at Newark. The prisoner made a speech upon the scaffold, which, for recklessness, incoherency, and blasphemy, has scarcely been equalled. The execution was witnessed by about three hundred persons.

CENTRAL MARRIAGE.

The Boston *Traveller* tells the story of the marriage of a dentist of that city with a lady medium, his wonderful matrimonial experiences, and the ultimate desertion of that affinity after eighteen months. The dentist was intolerably tedious for years ago, in a lady whom he subsequently deserted her and gone to Kansas, since which she had taken up the profession of spiritual manifestation. She was fair and attractive, and admiration of her spiritual gifts operated with her personal charms to overcome the bachelor's heart. Besides, the spirits told them they were made for each other, and they were married in accordance to the heavenly voice. They were married, but the honeymoon had hardly begun to wane when the spirits subject to strange trances, during which she would pull her bonnet off, scratch her hair, and otherwise disorder her toilet, and consequently when he was in bed, and exposed and unbecoming. When she was accused of the trance she was full of regrets at what had happened. At the bidding of the spirits he took her with him to Texas, where she proclaimed him an Abolitionist, and he narrowly escaped violence at the hands of a mob. When they got back, the spiritual persecutions continuing, and the spirits demanding that his sufferings of mind, body, and estate were greater than he could bear, suggested a separation, and obtained it by mutual consent. After the separation the woman confessed that she had imposed upon him from first to last, that the spirits were feigned, that she beat and scratched him because she wanted to, and that all the spiritual messages he had received were of her own manufacture.

DRANK HIMSELF TO DEATH FOR TEN DOLLARS.

Silas Wing, says the New Haven *Journal and Courier*, last week, in company with Thomas M'Gwinn, entered the distillery of Keeler & Co., corner of Fleet and Water streets, early Saturday evening. M'Gwinn asked Wing to bet he would not drink. He was answered that Wing, which some one of the number present remarked he might as well offer to bet he would go to bed, as the effect was connected. Wing, who is said to have been a temperate man, then said he could drink a quart, and a quart wine without feeling it. M'Gwinn then offered to bet ten silver half dollars (which could not do it) that the wager was made. Wines commenced upon his wine by drinking a quart after quart, until he reached the eighth, when those who had furnished it refused him any more, and left the room. Numbers were present, but any man at one time. Wine then sat down on a bench near the stove for about ten minutes, when he suddenly fell backward on the floor, apparently helpless. He was immediately thrown out, and died about eleven o'clock, totally unconscious. Dr. Jewett was called, and held a post-mortem examination of the body, and pronounced before the jury that he found the remains of Wine in a perfectly healthful condition, and that he was not known to came to his death from apoplexy, produced by drinking too much Wine.

PERSONAL.

The President has nominated Hon. J. K. Faulkner, of Virginia, Minister to France.

We read in the *Comercio* of Lagunyra, Venezuela: "Yesterday Miss Ellis Smith, daughter of the American Consul, Andrew J. Smith, Esq., died in this city. In the short space of eight days this gentleman has lost two daughters, and his only son is at present very seriously ill. We most sincerely sympathise with Mr. Smith in his afflictions. Five American ships lying in the harbor lowered their halfmast in testimony of sympathy."

The sea has since died.

Richard Frost, the Secretary of State under Governor Brown's "Provisional Government," is on his way to Washington with Austin, Preston, and Stanton.

"The Hon. Morton S. Wilkinson has been speaking a few days recently after the severe labors of the late Fall campaign and preparing for Congressional duties. He was born in Annandale, in this county, and is the son of the late Alfred Wilkinson, a sterling Democrat, and the nephew of the late Governor of this State. He is six feet three inches in height, with a high forehead and large brain, and will be forty-one years old on the 23 i of January. He is a lawyer, and has been in the Underwood & Stannard law office and established a firm in this State. He moved to Minnesota in 1853, and has lived for a time in Rice's Rapids till 1857, when he went to St. Paul, which has been his home till a year ago last Fall, when he went to Winona, a hundred miles southwest from that town."

"Another K. S. Bingham, was born in Marcellus, in Onondaga County."

A subscription to relieve the pecuniary embarrassment of the Pope has been commenced in this country, and two devoted Catholics of Baltimore, Maryland, have given $350 to the object.

As the Hon. Stephen H. Phillips, the Attorney-General of Massachusetts, was walking in Washington-Street, in Boston, on Monday, he slipped upon the icy side-walk and fell heavily upon his right knee, by reason of the bone of which the knee-cap was broken. Dr. Gay set the limb soon after, and Mr. Phillips was quickly conveyed in the Supreme Court, but as he suffered considerable pain he was excused from attendance and returned home. It will be recollected that a similar accident occurred to the late Attorney-General Hallett only a few weeks since.

The New York correspondent of the Boston *Journal* thus makes history of an evening incident in a matrimony-goods palace on Broadway:

"In one of our large dry-goods houses, at the close of the year, an affair happened not to the usual routine of trade. A number of clerks were discharged. It is the rule of the house to give no reasons whatever. Two of the clerks applied for one. It was refused. Twelve guineas was required, and the money was paid in full-faith service, and on the fact that the applicant was about to remove to Boston. The money was not refunded, with the demand to 'be gone.' The excited clerk, not having the fear of his master, nor the sense of the weight the fare before his eyes, 'pitched into' the astounded dry-goods man, and thrashed him in the most vigorous style. The fellow was arrested, and was bailed again, when the excited clerk was arrested for assault. He was thought to have any public or legal notice taken of the affray. The police are investigating the affair. Yesterday, though the affair created a profound 'impression' in the 'dry-goods' of the season."

That Hurlford *Press* says that Brackett, the sculptor, has had letters from Her Majesty's Government, and has been commissioned from that State for copies of his bust of John Bunyan.

The following good story is told of Washington at the time, Thaddeus Stevens, of Pennsylvania, was the time when several of the Anti-Lecompton men voted for Mr. Gilmer, of North Carolina, one of the conservative Democrats approached Mr. Stevens, saying he was very much surprised that that man should have voted for Mr. Gilmer, who owned nearly "a hundred head of niggers." "Does he?" said Mr. Stevens, "I did not know it before for him myself, for it is your little one-headed nigger men who make all the trouble."

The London *Observer* hints that a great breach of promise case is on the tapis, in which the daughter of a solicitor and a noble earl. On the same authority it is added that a breach of promise case between a nobleman high in its details than Madame Lemoine's elbe burning for publication.

Mr. Price, of St. Stephen, in Maine, was burned out of house twice in one night! He saved two houses, a shed and a barn each time. The fire originated in a cask full of about 6 o'clock, and his family had barely time to escape to the other. About 12 o'clock the fire was found to be on fire, and, as the night was bitterly cold, was had its ashes.

A large crowd of persons attended by a concert troup, recently visited the Mammoth Cave, in Edmonson County, Kentucky. On the hallowed spot a dirge was sung, the ladies of the party were all in tears, and, upon the Kentucky gentlemen doffed their cloaks, and casting them upon the damp earth, requested the ladies to promenade the women night stand in comfort.

Camden M. Cilley, son of Jonathan Cilley, of Kentucky, on 10th, in a vast audience from the portico of the State House, the doors of which had been thrown open. He was received being an Emancipationist, and vindicated the patriotism of the Seventy-Six Signers of the Declaration.

The Cardinal Vicar of Rome has issued an edict forbidding ladies to appear on the stage. The object of the edict is to forbid them to present themselves at the stage in the saccarance. The edict is issued in the most simple manner.

We regret to learn that Mr. Rembrandt Peale, the well-known artist, is lying dangerously ill at Stonington, Connecticut. He will be eighty-five years of age on the 22d of February next.

The *Comercio Zamorense* states that a monument to Cooper is to be erected in that town at a cost of $200. It will be located in the Public Park Lake West Cemetery, between Lake Oneego and Mount Vision and Prospect Hill, and one of the finest in the country.

A company has been formed in Washington for manufacturing wine, with a capital of $100,000. The Hon. Amos Kendall is the principal stockholder. The company contemplates using the wild grape.

ENGLISH NEWS.

ENGLAND.

DEATH OF A FAMOUS BELLE.

The Court Circular announces the sudden, among the obituary of the week, the death of a Mrs. Anne Willoughby. The Lady Willoughby formerly the beautiful and celebrated Anne Rodbertis, formerly Maid of Honour to the Princess of Wales, was noisily in love. It is due to her memory that this announcement should be accompanied by Royal Highness to compromise her honor. Some singular circumstances of her life may be recalled. She was married to marriage by the Duke of B——— for his own purposes, and when the Duke of B——— had accomplished her to bestow her hand upon himself, backing him out by an offer of a large pecuniary sum to purchase assent, etc. The young lady, wavering and somewhat perplexed between the two offers, was about to make her acceptance, requested Lady Jersey to give her advice on the single point. Lady Jersey, who considered it unwise to consult her heart upon the occasion, but St. Nicholas, who was the richer man, replied, "Why, the Duke is undoubtedly supposed to be, but whether when sleeping or waking, I cannot say." The lady accordingly married the Duke after Miss Rodbertis met Mr. Henry Wallingford, then the handsomest man in town, and the two fell desperately in love, and in due course they were married. Mr. Wallingford attended the Duke, and he has survived him for his long term of forty-nine years."

THE QUEEN'S GOLDEN WEDDING.

The golden bestowed which was lately presented to the Queen, and conveyed to Windsor Castle under the charge of Colonel Wemyss, R.E., was received by Mr. Phillips, solicitor of her Majesty, at the conversazione of the Greek Street Institution. A few days beforehand attended, and may be supposed, immense interest and attention, and, as the decoration of the hall was of a magnificent kind, seems to merit commendation from the beauty of its workmanship as much as from the richness of its value. The shield, and the carpet on which it stands, are valued at £10,000.

A LADY RUNS OFF WITH HER FOOTMAN.

The correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian* says: "A rather romantic affair has been the talk of the gossips on clubs and drawing-rooms for the last few days—if I may so call it. Gossiping is the business of the week now found its way into the London Times. There can, therefore, be no further reason for withholding from the facts in connection with the case. The lady in question is the daughter of Sir Edward Antrobus, and she has for she had a fortune of nearly £15,000 a year, absolutely unfettered by any will. She was considered the handsomest girl woman in England. All this fortune she is now free to squander as she likes, and squander, I also foresee, the fortunate Buckley whom she has chosen for the partner of this flight. Buckley is a footman who has always taken the first steps for obtaining a divorce, but such is the power of wealth and influence that the Ecclesiastical Court Court that his attention has been informed (I am told) that Buckley has been in the habit of writing to the case can be brought to issue. Meanwhile, the affair is a nice one to be largely discussed in fashionable circles—so-well and widely known for its philanthropic activity as well as its wealth."

WOULDN'T MARRY A MAN IN DIRTY BOOTS.

A curious termination of an intended marriage took place lately at Halifax. On that day Henry Greaves, of Mount Tabor, and Mary Mitchell, of Gibbet Street, in that town, had arranged to be married at the parish church. The wedding party met before the ceremony at the house of the bride's father, and proceeded in a hackney coach to the church. When they had arrived at the inn window of the coach, the bridegroom was seen with the intended husband for not having his shoes cleaned. They, however, still pursued the journey, but shocked was she on going into the church at finding that company with the dirty boots that she renewed her complaints, and setting at defiance all remonstrances, left the church and refused to be married. Dinner had been provided for sixteen and tea for twenty. After the return of the wedding party, the proprietor of the premises to be borne by each party named a further topic of dispute, as the disappointed bridegroom refused to pay anything unless he had the trap, which cost him the whole sum. The bridegroom, it is said, has commenced an action against the bride.

FRANCE.

THE POPE WON'T GO TO CONGRESS.

The Pope refuses to be represented in the Paris Congress. The following letter from his Holiness has been published "*Le Pape et le Congres*" he denied by Napoleon.

A BEE ON DIPLOMATIC SCENT.

A letter from Paris says: It is an acknowledged fact that the Marquis de Moustier, in his position of French ambassador, has successfully contributed to the fall of Sebastopol on the 8th September, 1855. Your readers will remember the mission of that vast pile, one of the royal yachts, in the palace of Sans Souci, was found to have been left behind in the hall of receiving the dispatch boxes and taking out the contents. A few days after that occurrence appeared the greatest sensation in Germany and Europe in general, the fallacious servants of Napoleon. Among the many reasons given him in performing the valuable papers were sentenced to eight years' penal servitude, one of the number of high treason. (In the political world it was no secret, even at that time, that the disposition in question had been stolen at the instigation of a diplomatist of high standing, and that the Marquis de Moustier had made a position to transmit their contents to the Emperor Napoleon. The same was subsequently confirmed by the Count Munster, the then military ambassador of Prussia, at the court of Napoleon III. The Count Munster communicated in them with respect to the fortifications of Sebastopol, and the position of the Russian fortifications in general, enabled the French commander to select for his point of attack the one where even which the Crimean stronghold could be taken."

A VALUABLE DIAMOND.

A letter from Paris says: The arrival of the Bombay mail come hither a Mr. Asoum, having for sale a considerable number of diamonds, some of them of extraordinary for size and importance. He has disposed of a few, but the greater number remain. The £18,000, an uncut brilliant, of unusual magnitude, he has refused to sell for £20,000, although he says he has received as high as £220,000, which if he can't get in Paris, he carries the stone to London, and sells it there. Mr. Asoum's diggings in Lucknow, and some other favorite hidden localities, during the anxiety and confusion.

A TAILOR SEWED UP.

An amusing story is told in the *Courrier de Lyons*. A Sheriff's officer went to call on a tailor. The man of the law has grey at work in his shop, and, as he was unknown to him, a person can be apprehended in his own house. The officer, on entering the shop, was not at first particularly an intention of issuing forth, so the former hit upon the following trick to get rid of the bailiff. He stooped down, and arranged that one of them should pretend to be the owner of the house, and that the other should run after him, crying "Stop! stop! he has stolen my cloth." The thought he was really robbed of his commentaries, and ran after the thief. The tailor was thus left alone, but only lost his liberty. He made a pathetic appeal to his daughter, who let him out by the unobserved door.

A TALE OF A BROKEN PITCHER.

We read in a Paris paper: "Every evening, about ten o'clock, a woman comes to her position under the Colonnade, at the corner of the Rue Vivienne, her occupation being to sell water from the fountain, for which purpose, like the daughter of the Danaides, she has a pitcher in her hand. Last night, as the observers a gentleman advancing she quietly placed the pitcher on the ground, and, turning round, broke herself in the neighboring door-way. Owing to this precaution, the pitcher unfortunately falls over and breaks the pitcher, sells his trousers, and, with the money, buys another woman. 'Be more careful another time, then,' says the gentleman, kindly, 'and you will not get a good pitcher.' 'Oh, my good sir,' says the woman, weeping, 'I can indeed sorry that this misfortune has happened to me!' And she would have enough tears to fill another pitcher. The gentleman makes her a present of a franc, and walks away, not so much easily change his inexpressives, and at the same time did not wish to be troubled with breaking her pitcher. At this one was valuable. 'The pitcher,' says the fair Parisian, 'is the only property I possess.' 'Oh, replies he! The gentleman, misled by her distress, puts his hand in his pocket, pulls out his purse, and examines even five francs to the unfortunate woman, who then goes to purchase a new pitcher. The two observers enter gentlemen—and so on to midnight. As there are women who have no pitchers to break, and who live in the streets in Paris, it has given birth to a new species of industry, that of selling pitchers to be broken by broken pitchers."

ELECTROBIOLOGY UNDER A NEW NAME.

The *Tribune* Paris correspondent writes: "Take any small brightish object, a knife blade, pen-holder, half-sixpence, anything that will reflect a person's eyes, a little within the and above the range of his or (which is best) let her eyes look at it steadily for a time, and it at all thinks of it fixedly, as she must be engaged to do, she will serve to produce somnambulism, or, more unhealthy, and the chances are, that in a space of from one fifteen minutes she will be in a state of the natural sleep, nervous sleep, artificial catalepsy—what you to keep your eyes fixed on the object, and not think of it's seeming true, most of our magnetic sleep—what we have selected for the name of the day. Some have just two feet from the floor, tickle the palms of them, put the eyelids down, and you will be like a pumpkin-pie. Then you will be like a flagstaff, cut off one of them if you please, and you will be as rigid and stiff and fatigue or pain. When you have experimented sufficiently, blow upon her eyes, and she will open gently, if you choose with your fingers, and she will wake up utterly unconscious of all that has passed."

"Here is an invaluable anesthetic method, a relievor of the sufferings of the poor in hospitals and lying patients —a key, it is hoped, for the philosophers to open the mysteries of sleep, and to throw light on the workings, and charlatanism, and superstition, and insanity, and dead spirits, and the second sight of dreamers, or back places, wherever they can prove residence, and let in the daylight of science, and observation, and common sense, and philosophy."

THE SUCCESS IN PARIS.

He adds: "Robert Houdin's visit to Paris now with expert ments in Hypnotism. The above supposed case is the summary of several of the clever phenomena of all the successful experiments. Dr. Broca, an eminent surgeon here, of the Academy of Medicine, Velpeau, who had been set to look into the matter by reading a book of Dr. Braid's, published in England, published in 1845—Dr. Broca, I say, began his experiments last month, and has since made a report to the Academy, which we have been a pulsid operation, on a patient who was utterly unconscious of all it was doing to him, and suffered no natural state. He made a report of his experiment, which Velpeau, one of the greatest and most incredulous laugh old surgeons of the world, consented to read before the Academy of the Sciences. Velpeau is too careful of his great reputation, as well as his candid and cautious a man, to countenance Dr Broca's visit. But the mere fact of his reading it immediately gave its statements a certain authority. Velpeau said to all members of the profession: 'Here, these experiments are respectable men, and the house will not compromise their own little professional dignities and reputations, and run of practice.' A few days after, Velpeau

read a new bill mand—Trousseau, Nelaton, and all the

lesser and little ones—are setting their private patients and inmates of the hospitals acquiring inwardly, upwardly, and abominably in a catalepsic degree, and to the new title (invented by Braid in 1845) of *hypnotism* (which is Greek, *hypnos*, for sleepiness, nothing more), are seriously investigating facts, which, under the old and modern titles of inspiration, enchantments, fascination, spirit-power, witch-power, devil's power, trance, ecstasy, animal magnetism, charlatanism from the time of the old Egyptian priests, down to this month of December and "Professor" Houdin's last visit to the capital of, duping superstitious millions, and driving mad unhappy thousands.

A FRENCH TRAGEDY.

A trial at the assizes of Corrèze has excited considerable sensation. The prisoner, Jean Lafarge, was the technical accused of the murder of his daughter, by the infliction of a wound in the head, with a hatchet, by which severed the skull. Of the facts there could be no doubt, but the issue was whether Lafarge had the "presence him" Not Guilty." It appears that his daughter had been very much in the habit of committing suicide. When circumstances rendered it to appear to be possible, she attempted, but without the result of violation. An inquiry was instituted, which showed that the child had died by the hand of her father, and that the truth, to her parents, hoping for their forgiveness. In the course of the investigation, Lafarge's father, a man of high honor, the strictest integrity, and unimpeachable veracity, was called into a box to give evidence on finding the dishonor of his family. Some hopes, however, were entertained that the testimony of the witness would have effaced the recollection of what had occurred; but the prisoner's counsel refused to do the old gentleman mercy of the father, who attempted suicide by hanging, but was cut down in time to save his life, and was led to bed. The prisoner, when she found her father. He, in a state of excitement, left the instrument which was near him, and with it attacked and killed his child. He was found guilty of manslaughter, and, on his own acknowledged what he had done, which was the result of a moment of frenzy, and that his family was not about to be borne. The mayor of the village having been called upon to give his opinion as to the character, spoke of him in the highest terms, describing the family as one of the most honorable and respected in the district. Amidst the tears of the audience the verdict of *non culpable* was returned, and the prisoner restored to his father with expressions of tenderness and warm feeling.

ITALY.

AN ENGLISHMAN IN TROUBLE

The Paris correspondent of the *Morning Post* contains a letter from Naples, dated December 10, which says: "The Marquis of Normanby, Major and Mrs. Hunter, at Naples, on the 8th instant, was riding on horseback at the head of his troop, when he encountered a funeral mass. He was smoking his cigar, which is not allowed at that moment, and on the procession approached him and ordered him to put away the cigar. The gentleman refused, and was then arrested and imprisoned. The gendarmes then, with his bayonet, attempted to force the cigar from his mouth. Major and Mrs. Hunter rescued the Englishman horsewhipped him. The gendarme was then arrested, and the Major and Mrs. Hunter, with money, seriously wounded him. Doctors Strange and Gamble attended the wounded man. The case, it appears, is dangerous, and may result mortally. Mr. Major's conduct was undoubtedly in the right, and a little to English."

SPAIN.

ACCOUCHEMENT OF THE QUEEN.

At latest dates there was nothing of importance respecting the health of the Queen (Isabella) of Spain. The Queen of Spain has been safely delivered of a princess.

THE WAR WITH MOROCCO.

The war between the Spaniards and the Moors appears to be carried out in the spirit of extermination. The Spaniards have taken no prisoners since their first engagement, and give no quarter and giving none. There has been a great deal of fighting, and as many of the principal Spanish regiments have been engaged, it is decided to have another letter from Algeciras contains this paragraph: "The Moors are now in the vicinity of Tetuan, and the other reserves surrounded, and had the opportunity of the enemy, and the Spaniards have the approach of their enemies, deliberately aimed and fired upon them with good effect. The Moors are now in their desti-bolos." The Spaniards, in twenty days, have lost 2,000 men, principally from the effects of the climate, and the further loss. The letter adds, "The Spanish troops display excellent spirit, and are in the most decided advantages to sustain it in presence of the many hardships they are called on to suffer."

AUSTRIA.

PROSPECTS OF ANOTHER REVOLT IN HUNGARY.

Intelligence from Vienna, by the last mail, is unimportant, another revolt in Hungary. A letter from the Hungarian capital, by way of Paris, says that the country is in a state bordering monstrous outrage: "While a Protestant meeting was being held in the house of a Protestant of the Imperial patent, a multitude of Roman Catholics, who had been attending a grand Mass in the Cathedral post Kisfaludy, assembled outside the place of meeting to show their disapprobation of the Protestant Religion. They were afterward a body of infantry and cavalry, with fixed bayonets, and dispersed the crowd. Many were wounded in the crowd, and dispersed it in a very brutal fashion. The Protestants were not the aggressors in the beginning of the disturbance, and they had not even been summoned to disperse. The Protestant Superintendent of the Pest district's game we shall be greatly surprised. Most people now entertain his opinion of the Haynbarge.

RUSSIA.

AN ANTEDILUVIAN FROG.

We translate from the *Gazette de Heidelsberg* another of the wonders of science. The following puzzled naturalists so long:

"The search for the foundations of a gasometer a live frog was found at the depth of fifteen feet, and at about the same depth a piece of wood was found. The frog had no mouth, or rather his mouth was hermetically sealed by the growth of the skin, and he was quite blind. Although his eyes were wide open, he appeared to be blind. He was placed in a glass vessel filled with air, but his vitality and vivacity increased gradually at to became perfectly active. He lived for about a year. The last time I first seen his skin was spotted with red; after a few hours the spots changed from red to yellow."

CHINA.

APPRECIATION TO THE UNITED STATES.

Advices from China state that the Government of the empire had by no means forgotten the services of the threatened war between China and England and France. The Viceroy of Canton, Yeh, has written with eight hundred coolies, had been lost in the China Sea.

JAPAN.

THE EMBASSY TO THE UNITED STATES.

Late advices from Japan contain official notice from the Japanese Minister of Foreign Affairs to the effect that the native embassy to Washington would embark on the *Pawhatan* on the 4th of February, and that the Sandwich Islands to Panama, and thence to Washington by railroad. The Japanese envoy would number in all seventy persons. An increasing trade was going on between San Francisco and the Japanese ports.

ST. DOMINGO.

TROUBLE WITH EUROPEAN POWERS.

Letters from St. Domingo City, written on the 12th ult., state that a European force, consisting of ten French, one British, and one Spanish vessels of war, lay before the city. The object of the visit of the fleet was, immediately to force the existing government to recognize the immense amounts of which it was indebted to which President Boze floated the county in 1858—58.

THE FASHION FOR 1860.

PATERFAMILIAS. "Good Heavens, Mrs. J., are you going a masquerading?"

MRS. J. "No, my dear, 'tis only the new fashion. You have been going on so long about hoops that I thought I would try how you liked this sort of thing. So come, Jones, come out for a walk."

PRIVATE THEATRICALS—THE MUSTACHES.

ALICE (*a wicked Marquis*). "But have you made me fierce enough, Charles?"

CHARLES. "Fierce! ferocious!"

SEA-SIDE STUDIES.

IMPERTINENT COUSIN (*ready*). "The rocks along our Coast may be seen studded with these beautiful zoophites. * * * * The skin is soft, and the tentacles are of the finest violet, mingled often with pink, mauve, green, and yellow; indeed the colors vary so much in different individuals, all alike beautiful, that it is impossible to describe them rigidly. * * * * During the ebb of the tide, these creatures may be contemplated on a fine day to great advantage, and few spectacles are calculated to afford more pleasure to a lover of nature." "Hm! here are two lovely specimens, Fred; you take one, and I'll take the other!"

"It is not a pleasant thing, when going out to dinner, to hav your mom—we mean waistcoat."

NOT SO BAD AS HE SEEMS.

COUNTRY FRIEND (*apropos of City dilts*). "Upon my word, Thomas, if I had thought he had been so dangerous, I wouldn't have brought him out."

ATTENDANT. "Well, he du shoot a leetle wild, Sir; but it ain't o' much consequence. I load for un, and I don't put no shot in!"

THE FASHION FOR NEXT SUMMER.

FLORA. "There, I don't think the stupid men can laugh at us now."

TY TOURIST. "But the boat seems very leaky, and to want mending a good deal."
ISH BOATMAN. "Want mendin', is it? Och, niver fear! Shure the boat's well enough. If ye sit still, and don't coff or sneze, she'll carry pretty well!"

SAGACIOUS BOY. "There go two prize 'uns, eh Johnny! They warn't fed on taters."

A summersault turned on to

A BOUNCER.

MAMMA (*who won't appear old if she can help it*). "Yes, dear! Arabella does grow, certainly. But, bless you, my dear, she's a mere child—a mere child!"

IRRESISTIBLE.

LADY. "What! Two dollars! and you say you waited three-quarters of an hour? Nonsense, man! It was only ten minutes by my watch!"
CABMAN (*insinuatingly*). "Wasn't it, Miss? Well, then, I s'pose it was a missin' o' your pretty face as made it seem three kervarters of an hour!"
[*Turn page, and think the Cabman an extremely nice person.*

YOUNG AMERICA.

CLARA. "What were you saying to uncle, Alfred?"
ALFRED. "Oh! I was only saying that if they'd get up a cavalry squadron in our town, I'd find a man and horse."

ALFRED. "Oh, if you please, uncle, we want to play at William Tell: do you mind standing with the apple on your head while we shoot?"

A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

A BEETLE came out of its hiding-place and looked at him. A spider crawled up his leg and examined it; but he did not move. He sat alone in his lodging, a dark, sombre man. In the room beneath there were sounds of merriment, and he had caught, as he mounted the stairs, the flutter of dresses in the hall; and a murmur of children's voices and laughter had reached him; so he shut the door close that he might hear nothing.

On the table was a tray with an inflated cup and saucer and a toast-pot, and a little kettle on the hob kept bursting into wheezy snatches of song, to remind him that it was there waiting. But the dark man's head leaned on his hands, his hands on his knees, and his great black shadow darkened the wall behind. The little spirits that had been hurrying to and fro among the red coals came out and looked at him, but were not stirred. They perched upon his chair and upon his knee; they gathered in solemn conclave upon the hearth—

"There was a Christmas fire not so long ago," began a little spirit, nodding solemnly at the kettle, "very different from this. We were there, for we are the spirits of the Christmas fire. How it leaped and crackled in the grate, and sent out a jolly red-hot glow all round the room! How it shone out on wreaths of evergreens, and its dancing lights kissed the red berries on the walls! And little feet daintily shod came in upon the oak floor; bright faces laughed back at the jolly fire, and there was sweet music and dancing and merriment. *He* was there, and he had singled out his partner from among the merry ones. Close at her side he kept through the dance, the song, and the game, and thought,her pretty hand was tenta little, and her manner quieter than the rest, as it seemed to like it too. There was a world of happiness—half, alas! of half trusting—in her young face, as beautiful as it was gentle.

"But when the music was heard no longer, and the dusky figures danced to dance upon the oak floor; when the jolly fire had sunk a little lower —nothing to be compared with that bit of rubbish though—and his partner came back from the floor-way timidly. There were sounds of supper in a distant room; but they wanted no supper, these two; they seated alone by the friendly fire, and the gentle one trembled a little, with a flush on her cheek deeper, perhaps, than fire or dancing could call forth. But he—that dark, sombre man—held her hand in his, and he put on her finger, tenderly, a glistening ring. We were there, we saw it, and we wished them 'A Merry Christmas!'"

Then all the little spirits clapped their hands and chanted again, "A Merry Christmas!"

Then there was a mourning sound among the little spirits, and another took up the tale.

"There was a Christmas tho not so long ago," he began, sorrowfully, "which shone upon the same oak floor, and lighted up wreaths of the same evergreens, and heard the same merriment. But it was clouded. No light footstep trod the floor, no gentle one stood by the friendly fire, but other sounds were heard.

"He was there, then, passion on his face, and rage in his heart; and, cut opposite to him—white and angry too—his only brother.

"'You have dared'—cried out the dark man—'you have dared to set your miserable foot across my path—to take away that which was dearer to me than life—to steal from me that which was mine faithfully and—'

"The pale brother's head was bent, but his words were bitter.

"'You have your secret close. I knew nothing. I dared to love. What sin was there in that?'

"'Puny coward! In my father's house you were ever the tempter. When we were children my very tongue was not my own. Did any dispute arise, I must give up my will to you—the youngest—always! Enough, you were weak. When I left that home, because I could no longer bear the constant bickerings you and your tender sister raised between us, you triumphed. I, the eldest, gave up my birthright and turned out into the world for you. Is the sacrifice never complete? Am I to give up to you my heart's blood—the love of my life? Shall I grovel before you now, and bid you take her and be happy, holding forth the right hand of fellowship? So help me all the passions of my nature—no! Across my father's threshold my foot shall pass never again. I look upon your face no more!'

"'Be it so. Before I go from your presence forever hear me solemnly that mine alone is the folly, mine the love. Hear me say that never, by word or action, has she broken her plighted truth to you. She may have always distrusted—let your vengeance end there.'

"But in that dark man's heart there burned a flame hotter by quench than the hottest fire, and the fuel which fed it was jealousy, distrust, and wrath. When the little figure, once so joyous, stood before him powerful; when she had come troubled face wistfully, and prayed him to say what she had done, why did he not listen? Should he not look to himself how they stood their ordeal on that other Christmas night, and the words that were spoken then? Ah! he did remember, and the thought of that great happiness lost to him forever—for he did not believe her—lent strength to his jealous anger and bitterness to his tongue. He resented her humiliation; he pointed to the hand which tinged her cheek—a blush of shame, not for herself, but for his unmanly suspicion—he called it a witness against her; he discredited her pure truth, for, he said, his eyes had seen her listen to another's words of love. So deceived, he would never trust again; henceforth he should be alone in the world.

"Oh! how could he look into her gentle face and doubt the heart which cried out after him, in its great love, with an exceeding bitter cry, that he would not leave her in anger; that he would come back and recall his harsh words!

"Shall he have a merry Christmas who left the gentle one alone with the reproaches he had heaped upon her—alone on the deserted hearth, to bear her sorrow as she could? He who, when the news reached him that his father was gone away to his place—that his home was broken up—that over his sister and the poor pale brother, fragile from youth, hung the iron hand of poverty—hugged the knowledge to his heart, with the bitter thought that it served them right—shall he have a merry Christmas?

"No, no!" came forth from the little chorus, singers, mournfully. "No Christmas for him—no merry Christmas!"

Then the dark man started to his feet suddenly, and great drops of moisture stood on his forehead, and a look of despair and remorse distorted his features. "Where," he shrieked, "was this Christmas night—what had he been doing?

The little spirits have hurried back among the few remaining embers, and they peep out to see one of them—nothing is to be heard but the heavy breathing of the dark man as he thinks over his dream.

* * * * *

There was another Christmas fire which shone upon the oak floor of which the spirits had talked, and lighted up a few scattered evergreens; but the room was not decked for a merry party; there were no laughing, dancing feet.

On the friendly hearth stands the gentle one; and there too, but not near her, is he who once placed a glistening ring upon her finger and whose barbarous heel had ground it into a shapeless mass on that same hearth-stone. In the shadow he stands, with a heavy heart, and thinks, though he is there to listen to him, his heart fails when he thinks of the past; and he knows not what to say.

"Mary—" he begins, but goes no further, so many words rush to his lips; and she stands there in statue-like attitude, awaiting with cold and tender memory from the past, no hope for the future.

"You sent for me—I am here."

"Oh, Mary!" the master is bended against me, and justly. If words of mine could speak my deep repentance and reasons—if years of penance could make my sorrow known, then, then you could know how I shrink in horror from myself and the thought of what I have done—then I might hope something from you."

Silent still, and statue-like. Oh, memory of that other Christmas, come back and give him hope!

"My brother has forgiven, and my sister, would ask, will you be less merciful?—but that you have more, far more to forgive."

"Through all these weary months," says the listener on the hearth—and his head sinks lower on the cold, dead hearth—"through all these weary months there has been that within which told me you would one day know the wrong you did. Whatever there was of love in my heart, it is forgiven long ago. The ring which you crushed is here. I have kept it for you; will you take it?"

"Oh, Mary, hear me! I implore forgiveness. Your lip says 'Forgiven,' but your voice denies it. Mary—"

But the hand trembles which he takes in his; he sees that her face is pale, and tears are shining in the blue eyes; and her voice trembles, all that cruelty, all those false accusations, have not crushed out from her heart its great love for him.

On the hearth-stone the ring lies, before the friendly fire; into that fire drops the crushed and battered pledge of a broken betrothal; let its memory melt away with it. A great joy has possessed over the sombre face of the dark man; a ray of beauty from hers brightens it as he looks down tenderly upon her and whispers, "Is it a happy Christmas, Mary?"

"It is happy."

Then a bright glow starts up in the old grate, and the two can not hear it, perhaps; but there is a chorus among the little spirits of the Christmas fires, as they shout in their glee, "A new one, "We are here; we see it. A Merry Christmas!"

CANDLEMAS EVE AT CRAIGLEIGH.

CANDLEMAS EVE at Craigleigh was Candlemas Eve and something more. It was Fanny Eglinton's birthday;—one would vouch her eighteenth year; and before another summer has passed over her head she was to become the bride of the heir Captain Leicester Maynard, of the Bengal army, who had just returned from India. Open house was to be kept for only that one day, and in the evening a grand ball was to take place—a ball for old and young. The grown-up people were to have the pleasure of the dance by-and-by, and the little folks were to enjoy themselves, unmolested and unrestrained, in the French drawing-room. The forenoon of the eventful day was already advanced, like an invading army, not only upon the Grange, but also upon the neighboring village. The "Maynard Arms" was full to overflow, and the jolly host who had a lodging to let soon found a tenant in some prudent bachelor who preferred a strange room to a house full of the noise of the Saturnalia.

The old gallery looked splendidly, and as night came on seemed to brighten more and more, as one by one the guests began to drop in. There had been a little confusion attending dressing, especially in the bedrooms, because when lights were assembled all at once by seventeen young ladies, nine mammas, six papas, and ten other persons, there were not enough looking-glasses to supply half the number required. In this emergency wine bottles were pressed into the service, and if an unwary observer had visited the rooms the following morning he would have been bewildered at finding how much claret had been discussed by the young ladies, as evidenced by the number of empty bottles to be seen upon their toilet-tables.

However, if they had had Aladdin's Palace to dress in, and his lamp to dress by, they could scarcely have looked prettier or more elegant than they did—some gliding gracefully over the polished floor, others tripping it coquettishly, as if not liking to stand alone for admiration, but one and all wending their way to the old gallery at length, where Sir Robert had stationed himself to receive his guests.

Some officers of the —— Regiment, with whom Leicester had been garrisoned in India, were among the first arrivals, and then began the hall in earnest. The grim old knights who hung on the walls scowled a darker scowl than ever as the fair young girls flew over the polished floor, and the inspiring music and the merry chatter rose up to the roof, shaking the old banners in their faces. More and more arrivals, fresh revelers, poured in at every moment, and soon the old gallery was full—full of welcome, full of merriment, full of hospitality.

It soon became evident that the notion of keeping the denizens of the two ball-rooms separate was impracticable. What! were the grown people to take no part in the dance, to shut out from the privilege of dancing with the rising belles, and be forbidden to see the conjurer? Perish the thought! Were the mammas to be denied the sentimental honor of dancing with the largest partners they could find? Was a tall Guardsman to carry off Lucky Clara to waltz with him in the picture gallery, and Jack Eglinton not to follow and defy him? Such tyranny would have caused an *émeute*. No! the old gallery was freely together, and it is hard to say which enjoyed themselves the most.

After supper, when the jaded musicians had retired to have their innings at the good things, Jack Eglinton dragged the grand piano out of a recess in which it had been stowed away, and Fanny (his sister) and Ada Maynard played a waltz for the impatient juveniles. Then some mistletoe was hung on the frame of the great chandelier, under which all the merry dancers paused. Bless their pretty eyes, how they sparkled! Bless their rosy cheeks, how they blushed! There was Jackhandsome, honest Jack Eglinton—great in the reverse, figure up with Lucky Clara in the centre of the room. He had private mistletoe arrangements of his own, and refrained from joining in the ball-room revels. Henry Maynard (Leicester's younger brother) seized a sprig of berries from a vase, and gave the signal. Every available sprig of mistletoe in the room was in instant requisition for a dozen of his friends and school-fellows, and it was soon "turn round," "join lips," "up the middle and down again." Every body kissed his own partner, and Tom Bright (the "funny boy" of the evening, who wore the Knave of Clubs pinned to his coat by his coat, in token of his twelfth cake rank) rushed about, kissing other people's—all but Charley Howard's. Charley was small, and the boys were in my boy's inspiring cause; but he fought like a young lion in defense of pretty Laura Steadman, so Tom was baffled. I fancy Laura must have succeeded with his championship, for Tom was a great favorite. Had he not sung a comic song that had put the whole room in a roar? Had he not delighted the conjurer in one of his cleverest tricks? Poor, brave little Charley! When, half an hour after, he had made formal proposals for the hand of his offended partner upon the strength of his late achievement, he was called a stupid boy, and told to go away! Oh, the ingratitude of woman!

Leicester Maynard went to the piano-forte and chatted with Fanny for a space—dance, gentle Lady Grace—took baby Maude and danced her. What business had she to come bursting the mistletoe barrier with her pretty, perfumed curls, when she knew that her lover—Cecil Deighton, of the Guards—Inkermann Deighton—was looking on, and that no one would dare to take advantage of her tantalizing position? Why did that paddingheaded fellow Clogger go about trying to spoil sport, and to keep the bright wreath out of sight? I hope he got his shins kicked, and I think he did. But these little drawbacks were as a drop of rain compared with the bright wave of merriment that flooded the place, carrying away all unkindly feelings, all stupid restraint, upon the tide.

The night was wearing apace, and so was brought to a conclusion in reasonable time. The last guest departed; the inmates, tired out, sought their beds—all but Leicester Maynard and his friend Deighton, who adjourned to the room of the former to smoke their cigars. A common ancestry had evidently been in the ancient gallery, and the hospitable old house was still.

Neither Leicester nor Deighton had the remotest idea of going to bed, they had so much to talk and think about.

"Leicester," said Deighton, after they had sat for some time puffing away in silence, "what o'clock is it?"

"Only half past four."

"How light the mornings are getting! Is that the sun or the moon shining through the chinks in the shutters?"

"Never mind the sun or the moon, old fellow! How about your own particular star? What have you been doing? Grace been talking about all night? Is it settled at last, eh?"

"Don't chaff?"

"No—but is it?"

"Well, she says so."

"By Jove! I wish you joy," cried Leicester, wringing his friend's hands. "You're the luckiest fellow in the world—next to me."

"And what is it you're doing now?" said Deighton, gravely, gazing into the fire.

"Repeating all your absurd speeches to Fanny. I'll be bound to."

"Do they occupy the same room, then?" Deighton inquired.

"Yes; we are all packed as close as herrings in a cask to-night. They sleep in the west wing, right opposite our window."

"That lights gets stronger and stronger," said the Guardsman, after a pause. "The sun must have risen. I'll open the shutters and see."

"Well, do if you like," Leicester replied, with a yawn.

Deighton unfastened the bar and threw the shutters apart. As he did so a red, lurid glare flashed into the room, and, uttering a cry of anguish, he sprang back and seized his friend by the arm.

The west wing was in one sheet of flame!

The alarm had already been given, and the friends saw by the blaze of the conflagration scores of laborers and servants hurrying from all directions to the scene of the fire. Leicester rushed from the room, followed by Deighton. They tore down the dark stairs, shouting "Fire! fire!" as they descended, until the west wing of Craigleigh could but follow his friend, knowing nothing himself of the intricate corridors and passages that led to that portion of the old house, and when, on dashing open one of the doors, a hot cloud of smoke burst forth in their faces, he lost sight of him for a moment, and a scream of agony was found himself in the entrance-hall, amidst a crowd of terror-stricken women and fainting women.

Fearful must it have been to those young girls —sleeping calmly and happily under the fatigues of their night's enjoyment, penetrating dreams over again some word or look earnest enough to have written itself upon their memories—fearful, indeed, to have their peaceful slumbers disturbed by the terrible cry of "Fire! fire!" No one knew how near it might be. Fire around her, and she in a strange room, the way to escape unknown, which was unknown to her, or in her fear forgotten. Fire! and in her haste to fly she might unwittingly rush into the midst of the blaze! Fire! Ah! baby, when safe herself from danger, was threatening these dear to her, who were still unrescued from the flaming building. "Fire! fire!" Ah! fire! Mothers wildly seeking their children; children who could hardly be restrained from rushing into the flames in search of their parents. Of the fearful scene Leicester Maynard saw but little, for he was rendered nearly powerless on the spot by the overpowering fear that possessed him for one of the west wing. He dashed himself with all his force against the locked door, but it stirred not. He shrieked until his voice failed; no answer! He burst into a room where his father's latter and carpentering men were at work, and, seizing a tool axe, threw himself once more upon the old door, and, between the blows that he rained thick and fast upon it, shouted, "Ada! Ada! Lady Grace! Fire! fire! Fire! fire! It is I, Leicester, who calls; unlock the door. Fire!" There was no answer; but the door began to yield under the axe at the good elbow, and the lock would part from the panel. It was given.

The head of the axe flew off!

With his bare hands Leicester tore away the splintered wood, and the heavy door, wrenching off its hinges in its fall, dropped with a loud crash into the passage.

The great rush of air caused by the falling mass drove back the flames, and the flames and smoke from the staircase beyond; but he had hardly sprung half-way up when they closed behind him, and enveloped him entirely in their arms.

It was then that Leicester heard Deighton's voice calling, as well, chided even, upon Grace to rouse herself and fly to him. Poor fellow, he knew not where to find her. Leicester shouted in return; but that to follow would be impossible, as the staircase was already tottering.

"Ladders and ropes to the window! quick, Deighton!" he cried to it yourself. Is there any chance of saving them. "Leave me here; I will do all that can be done." *

When Lady Grace and Fanny had at last retired to their room they felt as little inclined for sleep as their lovers. Young ladies have generally quite enough to talk about after any late ball almost morning. They chatted on, and never guessed how time had passed till a dull, heavy knocking against the door. They opened door, and a sight burst upon their gaze well calculated to strike terror into bolder hearts than theirs. The house was filled with smoke and flames, while the fearful cry of "Fire!" resounded throughout the house.

Fanny and prompt in any emergency, as soon as she had in some degree calmed the fears of her more timid companion Fanny ran to the head of the flaming staircase and cried for help. Help was nearer than she had hoped, for the next moment Deighton, scarcer, emerging from the smoke, stood by her side.

Fanny was pale as death and fearfully calm. "I had no hopes that you prayed that you were safe," she murmured in her lover's ear, as she paused for a moment in her endeavors to restore Grace to consciousness; "I prayed you are here."

"To save you, darling!"

"Ah! I fear it is to perish with me."

Better so than to live without you. But we are losing precious moments. For the love of life, Lady Grace, don't faint again! Do rouse yourself!" he cried, as his wild agony.

"Hush!" said Fanny; "you are too impetuous. Cecil's Dear Grace," she whispered, gently, "Leicester, we" "we are in great danger. We depend upon each other for safety, under God. We must all be saved, or all—But, please God, we will be saved. Be a brave girl, darling, for Cecil Deighton's sake."

Brave enough. Fanny, with womanly tact, had touched the right chord. There was warrior blood in the gentle patrician's veins, which the name of her lover set in a glow; and the excited, weeping girl of a moment before sprang to her feet, dashed the tears from her eyes, and was ready for any thing.

Leicester then led the two girls into their room, and, closing the door against smoke and flame, threw up the window, sprang upon the outside sill, and shouted to the crowd below to hasten the movements of those who had gone in search of ropes and ladders.

"They are coming! they are coming!" he cried, in a tone of exultation, as though he were watching some frequently-contested race. "Deighton is with them. They have a ladder strong enough to save fifty of us. They are here!—hurrah!—

they are here!" and Leicester almost screamed with joy and excitement. On they came. Let the flames roar, and the old house crumble beneath their fiery tongues. What matter?—his darling would be safe. Oh, the wild joy of giving her existence to her old father's arms!

Up rose the heavy ladder, foot by foot; but, oh, how slowly did it seem to rise, though strong arms and willing hearts were strained to the utmost! Up it rose, till it stood trembling on end in the air. Leicester could hear his own heart beating—he was low kneeled slowly toward the window. *It was full twenty feet too short!*

A low moan rose up from the crowd collected below. It was echoed into each other's faces, and spoke not. There was a deep silence, broken only by the roaring of the flames and the crashing of falling timbers.

What were Leicester's emotions now? The roaring of the flames became more and more loud; the beams grew suffocatingly hot, while smoke began to creep under the door, and to curl about Fanny and Grace that were kneeling in earnest prayer, as though it were a dim shroud infolding them.

Then it was—when all seemed lost—that the remembrance of a boyish piece of folly flashed across Leicester's throbbing brain. The window in which he stood was the very last on the third story of the west wing. Within two yards of it were the capitals of those Corinthian pillars that ornamented that angle of the house. Beyond them, on the south side, was a ledge, similar to that on the west, near to which was a massive water-spout. Below was a terrace, raised some twenty feet from the ground. Now, the ladder, though far too short to reach the window from the lawn, if placed upon this terrace would come up to a level with the window on the south side of the house; so that, if he could but pass his dear one and Grace round the capitals of the column to the ledge beyond, they would be saved. His mind was made up in a moment. To remain was certain death, for the fire was crackling at the door.

"Do not attempt it! do not attempt it!" cried Deighton, as Leicester shouted to him to place the ladder on the terrace. "You could not pass round, and how can they *fly*?"

"I have done so for a swallow's nest," cried Leicester, eagerly. "Do as I ask you, man! it is our only chance."

"It is indeed!" cried a voice from the crowd. "God help them! it is indeed!"

Leicester looked down, and saw that the speaker was his father.

There was no difficulty in making the courageous girls understand the plan. The only question that arose between them was who should first brave the danger. The answer soon decided. Fanny was calmly courageous—Grace unnaturally daring. Upon the bravery of one he could depend as sure and steady as fate—not at what moment that of the other might be quelled by the imminent danger. If Fanny passed in safety he would have no fear for Grace. With one hand firmly clasping her little waist, and the other holding on by the corner of the window sill, he drew his head, with their faces to the wall, Leicester and his plighted bride passed inch by inch along the narrow ledge till they gained the capital of the pillars. Here there was a broader footing, and Leicester paused. "Rest a while, darling," he whispered: "we are half round, but the worst half is to come. Five minutes more, and, please God, we shall be safe."

"It would be so sweet," murmured Fanny in response, as he stooped her close to his heart, "to be saved by you: but, oh! I fear! I fear!"

"Fear nothing, my own. Recollect Grace has to follow. Are you ready?"

"Quite—quite ready."

Still holding her firmly with one arm, while part of hers, widely extended, embraced the slippery wall, they shuffled—I know of no other word—round the narrow ridge, rendered doubly slippery by half-melting snow, dislodging the portions of moss and rubbish that had accumulated there, and which at every step they took, making it appear to the breathless spectators as if the narrow path were crumbling beneath their feet. It was a fearful moment, and every movement had life and death in it; every inch brought them nearer to the one or the other. The nerve and trust of the fair girl did not fail her, but, creeping along slowly and surely, as the first part of their transit had been passed, they doubled the angle and gained the terrace front.

Here Leicester had anticipated that all difficulty would have ended; but no. As Deighton stood on the top round of the ladder, his head was not quite on a level with Fanny's waist, as she stood in the recess I have mentioned. The ladder was still seven feet too short. "*Lower her with* your arms and I will carry her," said Deighton, who was scarcely to be recognized but for his voice. His hair was singed, there was a red burn upon his forehead, and his face was ghastly pale. Leicester trembled, and for a few seconds when she should see him. "No, that will not do; you can see how the weight as you are; go down a few steps and guide her feet as I let her down."

"Now, my darling," said Leicester, "kneel with me; do not be afraid; I have firm hold of you. Now try if you can find the top step of the ladder with one foot; Deighton will guide it—so—there. Now, can you put down the other and stand up? Cling to me, my own fear; that's brave and well: now try the next step; can you reach it?"

"Not as you are holding me," she said.

He smiled as she held from her waist for her arms. She then gained the third step, and he only held her wrist. Clinging to the water-spout, he leaned over the ledge till Fanny had descended far enough to be able to grasp the side of the ladder with her disengaged hand.

"Now, darling, you must release my hold; go down slowly and steadily."

She gently returned his parting pressure, and, with a look of ineffable tenderness, murmured something so softly that he could not catch the sound, but, from the motion of her lips, he formed it into a blessing. Descending slowly, preceded by Cecil Deighton, she looked up all the while, with the same sweet expression on her lips.

She reached the ground in safety, was caught to her old father's heart, and a great shout of joy arose, but was instantly hushed when it was seen that Lady Grace had begun the perilous route so fortunately traversed by her friend. Grace had heard all the directions given by Leicester to Fanny, and acted upon them promptly and silently; but her dress, which was long, caught upon "a bit o', cloing and got caught in the masonry, so that Leicester had to leave her clinging to the wall unsupported for several moments while he disengaged it. They reached the recess, however, in safety, but Grace had not strength left to stand upon the ladder.

"Shut your eyes, Lady Grace," Leicester said, in as gay a tone as he could assume; "shut your eyes; trust to Cecil."

Kneeling as before, holding by the old spout, he lowered the now inanimate form till Deighton could falrly clutch his dress, and hold it fast for of losing his balance. He then rapidly descended the ladder, and Leicester blew from the shoot which then arose that they had reached the ground in safety.

Maynard now rushed forward and clasping to Fanny's rown, and, if the flames had not killed it, to save for her and Lady Grace as many of their little treasures as he could. There was a miniature of the mother of the former, and a bracelet, that she had noticed upon her arm at the ball, and which he determined to save at all events.

Fanny was in Leicester's arms and Fanny's trinkets—as, containing some valuable, old, family jewels. These he had entrusted to a banker, and flung out of the window. He then pocketed every thing of value that he could lay his hands upon, indiscriminately, and was rushing out from a window directly below him, threatening destruction to the ladder, his only hope of safety. There was nothing to be done but to cut away the rope. He did so; sliding, as he had often done when a boy, astride upon the ladder. It was too late. He felt a flash across his eyes—a pain—a blow, and then —nothing!

Then followed a great roar and crash. A myriad of bright sparks shot into the air, and all knew that the roof had fallen in. The flames, which for a moment were smothered beneath the falling rafters, broke forth again with redoubled fury.

But I did not desert those whose story I have to tell. By almost superhuman exertions the fire was confined to the west wing, in which it had originated, and the rest of the old house was saved. But Lord Leicester Maynard, the young Sir Leicester Maynard flickered between life and death. When at last he had recovered from the severe internal injury caused by the fall, he still lay ill in silence and darkness, and only knew by a warm drop that sometimes fell on his brow that one he loved was watching over him. A slight wound he He had been blinded by the flames through the midst of which he had fallen.

One day when Grace had awakened from a sleep, he pressed the little hand that seldom left his grasp, and said, "Guess what I have been dreaming of, dearest. I fancied I missed he, not waiting for a reply, "that I was watching the rebuilding of the west wing that you have been telling me about, and wondering why the room we used to call yours will be where it was before."

"Not exactly, Sir Robert says; but it will be finished exactly in the same manner, so that you will scarcely see any difference."

"I shall see intolerable any difference," replied poor Leicester, somewhat sadly.

"You must not think or speak so mournfully. You know you were patient, dearest, hitherto; be patient a little longer."

"There have been very many 'little longers,' Fanny, but they have always ended as you have promised. No, dear one," he said, "sight has gone forever, and I shall never see your dear face again, save in dreams."

"Listen," whispered she. "As you *will* look upon the gloomy side of things, I will humor you, and take the same view. I will not say how much, however, have we not much to be thankful for? It is almost a miracle that you were not killed upon the spot where you fell. It is a great God, but human skill should fail in averting this calamity from you, have you not one to share your sorrow, which should be elevated and strengthened, by a minister to your every wish? One whose eyes shall see for you carefully and truly; one whose very being belongs to you? Will not my love abate some part, at least, of the misfortunes you dread?"

Leicester told her that it could not be; that the sacrifice was far too great; that he had thought of this, and dreaded it more than even the fact itself; that he must bear his calamity *alone!*

"You know not what you are doing," replied Fanny, vehemently; "you know not how fast love changed almost to bitterness. "Is the exercise of a love which the everyday monotony of a cold world chains down fruitless in one's heart a sacrifice? Oh, Leicester! when you cease to love me, speak those words again. Sacrifice! would you—oh! but hush! How wrong I have been, how thoughtless, how selfish! Hush! you must indeed not speak again. I have been sadly imprudent. You must be calm. If you cannot bear to speak, I will go. You must obey me now."

Days and nights were alike to the blind man; but I think it was about every fourth day that a strange step entered his room, and a strange hand removed the bandages, and examined his eyes. The lids were so swollen and blistered by the flames, which had burst forth full in his face, that they had remained closed. On one of those days Leicester felt the lid gently raised, and the great oculist, after a close scrutiny and a lengthened pause, whispered in Fanny's ear, "I wish you joy, young lady; his eyes are safe."

They are perfect! Sir Leicester Maynard may have arrived at the dignity of spectacles a little before his time, and his handsome face have one more lineament to trace upon it; but what of that?

The Lady Grace and Cecil Dayton, Fanny Eglinton and Leicester Maynard, were married on the same day.

PAID FOR YESTERDAY.

THE scene opens in a dentist's room in the West End of London. The dentist was a fashionable dentist, with an exceedingly, what is called, gentlemanly appearance. You might have taken him for a banker, or a lawyer. A carriage drove up to the house, and a lady carefully attired—Westend Costume, and some of those women do look very captivating, she inquired for Mr. Filey. That gentleman made his bow.

"Mr. Filey," she said, "I have come to you once and once." She sighed. Of course Mr. Filey was full of sympathy—in his aspect, at all events.

"Yes," she said, "very sad. You are great in teeth, Mr. Filey. Do you remember me years ago?"

Mr. Filey begged to be excused his forgetfulness, attributing it to his extended practice.

"Ah! I was then younger, Mr. Filey. I am now, as my card will have shown you, Lady Spriggs."

Mr. Filey bowed to the title.

"I have a bill to pay, Filey; the heir to a vast property. He has but one defect—his teeth! Oh! the trouble those teeth have given us! His Obility is much attached to his dentist, and never goes a dentist's shop—I mean house, and we are at our wit's ends what to do with him. Do you think you can, if I call and take him here, Mr. Filey, that you could so manage as to remove one or two of his—I think you call them grinders—without his being aware of it?"

The proposition was rather startling, but Mr. Filey was an old hand, and an able.

He said he thought he could that, if he had the young gentleman there, he would extract the teeth, and he should hardly know any thing of it—so delicate and sudden would be the manipulation—if it was over.

"That will do," said the lady. "You will eternally oblige his family, Mr. Filey, and deeply shall I feel indebted to you, believe me. I will take the liberty of calling to-morrow to arrange, if you please. May I know what it will be?"

She drew forth her purse, and paid the sum Mr. Filey had put down on paper.

Arrangements were then made that the young gentleman should call on the morrow, at two o'clock p.m., precisely. The device not to alarm his sensitiveness in the matter of his teeth was promised by Mr. Filey, who was forewarned that the young gentleman was a dandy, and dressed quite in the fashion—in fact, commonly; so that, unless you knew it, you would not presume him to be heir to a title and estate.

The scene closes on Mr. Filey bowing the lady into her carriage.

At the Bazaar, displays a jeweler's shop. West End. Messrs. Spitchcock & Co. A lady alights from her carriage, and enters. She desires to see some jewelry. A case is shown with diamonds for her eye. Her taste is pleased by a beautiful bracelet, and a pair of ruby ear-rings which suit her complexion to a charm. She is assured that they suit her admirably. She hands her card—Lady Spriggs; or perhaps residing at Mr. Filey's.

"If you know Mr. Filey, the dentist?"

"Very well, indeed," she is told, "and Sir Sampson also, his father."

She then desires them to make out their bill, and tell her the amount of her purchases. Four hundred and fifty pounds! announced to, the shopman wasn't astonished! But what a country this is, where women can lavish money on diamonds—and why not my wife. However! the lady said she would be infinitely obliged to them, if, within half an hour—that was, by two o'clock, precisely, and she named the hour—they would send up the things, and dispatch them and the bill, by one of their young men, to Mr. Filey's, where Sir Sampson, her father-in-law, would write out a check, and liquidate the debt. Some woman's rigmarole, I suppose. However! the request was readily assented to. Messrs. Spitchcock & Co. were closes with her being bowed into her carriage a second time.

Act the Third. A young man with parcel calls at no 49 Grosvenor Square, Mayfair, at Mr. Filey's, and asks to see Sir Sampson Spriggs.

"Her ladyship is within," says the page.

The young man says he will do. He is ushered into a room where he sees the lady.

Well, the lady affably took the parcel from the young man, and said:

"I will take it to show my husband up stairs. He will be with you in a few minutes and hand you the check. You will excuse me? I must first satisfy him of the necessity I have for the articles." Of course the young fellow thought that all was fair and straightforward. He said he would be happy to wait. He took a chair.

Well. He waited. The minute hands of the clock went round. He waited on. Before he had time to feel uncomfortable in his mind the door opened, and a gentleman walked in who bowed to him and made his mind quite easy.

"I brought some things," said the young man; "and am waiting—"

"To see me," said Mr. Filey, admiring the stratagem of the lady immensely. "To see me. Yes. I'm aware. A beautiful day to-day, Sir? Rather sultry. May I offer you a glass of wine?"

Of course the young man didn't object. Ha! ha! You know how they used to prepare victims for the sacrifice!

Well. They talked. Mr. Filey said:

"Pray take a chair, may I ask you?" and the young fellow, warmed by his wine, was quite agreeable to any thing.

"Will you open your mouth, may I ask?" said Mr. Filey.

"What for?" says the young fellow, amazed.

"Oh, nothing!" says Mr. Filey. "I merely wished to inspect. The conformation of your tongue struck me as peculiar. Not that it affects your speech, Sir. Not at all. But pray allow me."

The poor unsuspecting fellow opened his mouth. Ha! He opened his mouth and gaped.

"Now draw back your tongue," said Mr. Filey. No doubt the young fellow thought him a very eccentric baronet, but he complied.

In a minute one of his grinders was seized—wrenched in a vice, wrenched, twisted, and. Heaven spare us all the horrible agony! The grinder came out at last, in the midst of stifled screams, and, I'm afraid, curses. It came out, and the young man was guilty of an assault on the body of the dexterous operator. Mr. Filey went down.

"Where the lady? Where's Sir Sampson Spriggs?" roars the young man, with his hand on his mouth.

"My dear Sir," says Mr. Filey. "You really —you may be eccentric; but when one is doing you a good, Sir—doing you a service—"

Service, indeed! shrieked the wretched young fellow.

"Service to pull out a tooth when I didn't ask you?

"Ask me, Sir," says Mr. Filey. "Ask me! you it has been arranged by your estimable aunt, Lady Spriggs, and that it was paid for yesterday—"

"Paid for yesterday!" bawls the victim, starting back.

"This tooth, Sir, was paid for yesterday," says Mr. Filey, very composedly.

"Lady Spriggs—my aunt?" exclaimed the confounded youth.

"Come, Sir," says Mr. Filey. "I think whatever your objection to part with it, you owe me an apology. I will not say, in due form. I expected ingrice. But you will acknowledge—"

The young man deliberately asked for Sir Sampson Spriggs, or the parcel of jewels which he had brought half an hour ago from the shop of Messrs. Spitchcock & Co., whose servant he distinctly proclaimed himself to be.

"Bless me!" said Mr. Filey, "is there some mistake! Have I really?—on my honor, I—"

"If you will go up to Sir Sampson Spriggs and get that parcel of jewelry immediately—" said the young man.

Mr. Filey started.

"I won't prosecute you," the young man added, washing his mouth out with water.

"You are not the nephew of Sir Sampson?" said Mr. Filey.

"Don't laugh at a chap, after what you've done to him," growled the young man.

"There's a mistake," said Mr. Filey. "Sir Sampson is not here. It was an innocent stratagem—"

"Innocent?" sneers the young man.

"To get you to submit to the operation—Lady Spriggs—"

"Will you ring for her or not?" cries the no longer unsuspicious youth.

The bell was rung. The ready page informed them that Lady Spriggs had left the house shortly after her brief interview with the young man. By degrees the mysterious confidence of Mrs. Filey in her ladyship was melted and dispersed. He accompanied the young man to Messrs. Spitchcock's, broken his head on the adventure, and was, let us hope, something like due reparation to the poor victim of the cleverest piece of rascality I know of. The rest was in the hands of the police in London.

WANTED—A POLICEMAN.

EVERY body—that is, every body that is any body—knows the Café Talleyrand in Regent Street, London, how good it is to dine there, and how much better it is to sup there, if it is possible, somebody else's expense. Most of us—for we all belong to the Upper Ten Thousand, I hope—have dreamy pleasant recollections of that Temple of the Palate.

We remember those little rooms upon the left, the passage with the long table, and the one either side, and at the end, the Statue and the Fountain; the Salle itself—the *sanctum* of the Café Talleyrand weighty fact that it is the only room that is adapted for any number of guests), the ring of peaceful steel, the silvery clash of transverse fork and spoon, the clink of glass and china, and that unison of the innumerable Gargamelles pervading all as deep pervades a drama. What luxurious dinners did we there eat! The most part swelled the harmony—there "More Moselle," or, "Yes, some Curcoa," and a certain wine in there—which was a favorite with gentlemen who loved good eating and (particularly) good drinking "not wisely but too well," would have to be excepted.

"The next time you want a dinner, Sir," our head-waiter would on such occasions remark to the offending person, "you will find at the Cat and Pumpkin' round the corner, Sir; but not here, Sir—not here." If that gentleman could possibly have been any thing else than a man, he was, would, I am confident, have been a bishop. There is a beautiful legend extant respecting this dignitary, who has been at the Café Talleyrand for three generations or so, which I will take the liberty to repeat, although it has been current for years, and applied falsely to chefs of other establishments. A gentleman, still young, and only melancholy in expression so far as it is fashionable to be so, once stepped into the Salle d'Heliogabalus, and ordered a dinner; not a mere collection of good dishes, be it understood, but that judicious assortment of

them which alone is worthy of that title. He was dressed to admiration; his hair and mustache were miracles of the art of the *coiffeur*; and his hands were whiter even than the waiters', though he was attended upon by two of the most gentlemanly of them, as a man of his distinguished taste deserved to be.

He began with *absinthe*, and concluded with a glass of *eau-de-vie*; and throughout the meal took the right wine in the right place, and plenty of it. The head-waiter was so impressed with his judgment that he actually came out of his bower, and took the last dish away with his own superlative fingers, and the dined person acknowledged the attention with a graceful bow. It was evident, however, that this excellent judge of what was good for him, had but an indifferent digestion—with such apparent inconsistency are the gifts of fortune distributed! for he sighed heavily when he had concluded his repast, and while he was imbibing his bottle of claret. Presently he touched the little silver bell—or the bell that looks like silver—which pertains to every table in the Salle d'Heliogabalus, and the waiter was at his elbow before it had ceased to tinkle. There was now a mournful indecision in the dined person's countenance, which, in a meaner man, would have signified something like intoxication, but it presently disappeared. "Bring another bottle of claret," said he, "and be sure that it comes from the same bin;" and the waiter brought it.

The gentleman had been four hours dining and drinking, when he was heard once more to sigh deeply and to tinkle the silver bell again.

"Waiter," said he, languidly, but with that politeness to his social inferiors that never deserts a real *bon-vivant*, though gluttons possess it not —"waiter, be so good as to fetch a policeman."

"A policeman, Sir!" replied Ganymede. "Most certainly, Sir." And off he hurried to the head-waiter to know what the strange wine was, of which he would not have had the guest suppose him ignorant for worlds. The head-waiter understood the difficulty at once. He procured the gentleman's bill—it was £3 17*s.* 6*d.*, as far as I remember, exclusive of attendance—paid it himself, and got it receipted.

"If I understand your last order aright," observed he, in his musical whisper, "you have no money about you?"

The gentleman nodded blandly.

"You have probably left your purse at home?"

"Alas! no; I have no home: I am a ruined man, in fact; but I have been accustomed to dine well, and was determined to do so once again before I was locked up for good: that is all."

"Sir," replied our head-waiter, with emotion, "I sympathize with you—you are a man who deserves a good dinner; and you must permit me to be your creditor upon this occasion."

Whether this best of Samaritans ever got reimbursed for that act of charity I can not tell; but if the esteem of all who know him can repay a man for a pecuniary sacrifice, I am sure that our head-waiter has been paid in full.

If the gentleman had taken the *eau-de-vie* first, and the *absinthe* last, it would, of course, have been a different matter.

THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS.

THE anniversary of the Battle of New Orleans was celebrated for the forty-fifth time at Tammany Hall, in this city, on the evening of the 8th inst., by the usual ball and banquet. Current political events imparted a peculiar interest to the celebration: the Battle of New Orleans being a Southern victory, and General Jackson being a Southern hero, while those who celebrated the day here were generally Northern men. We may remark that, notwithstanding the recent defeat of Tammany in the Mayoralty contest, the day was never kept with more enthusiasm. The *Herald* reporter thus describes the scene:

"The hall-room was very brilliantly illuminated, and the concourse of beauty and fashion, though not very extensive, was yet imposing and attractive. The walls were very handsomely decorated with flags and paintings, and ribbons of a variety of colors floated from every part of the room. The arrangements were very complete, and reflected much credit on those who superintended the exhibition. Prominent among other flags was the red cross banner of Old England, placed opposite to the free flag of America, in token of the disappearance of ancient and fratricidal animosity, and of the good time to come, when, separated yet united, they shall tremble in the breeze, as the representatives of the highest degree of human liberty throughout the habitable globe. The portrait of Washington of course occupied a prominent place, and in fact the hall every where bore marks of patriotic sentiment and taste.

"At about eleven o'clock the regular procession of the Sachems took place. Dancing was suspended for a moment, and to the lively music of the band the whole body of Tammanyites advanced into the ball-room. After making several circuits of the large hall, the leader of the procession, bearing a red cap of liberty surrounded by brilliant stars, came to a stand in the centre of the room, the whole company forming around him."

THE BALL AT TAMMANY HALL, NEW YORK, ON JANUARY 9, 1860, IN COMMEMORATION OF THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS.

"HE SAT DOWN ON THE LUGGAGE-PILE NEAR HIM AND BURST INTO TEARS."

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

The New Partner

IN

"CLINGHAM & CO., BANKERS."

BY FITZ HUGH LUDLOW,

AUTHOR OF "THE HASHEESH EATER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER III.

WHAT LITTLE FILKINS *had* DONE.—ALSO AN INSIGHT INTO WHAT HIS SUCCESSOR WAS DOING.

LITTLE FILKINS, second book-keeper, had not been smashed, as appearances seemed to indicate, between the covers of one of the big ledgers. Neither was he—for I must do proper historical justice to the excited state of Cheswick mind, by detailing these painful rumors—imprisoned in the specie vault by Mr. Green, in revenge for his having asserted that that gentleman was a muff, where day by day he grew thinner, and shrieked invariably for the help that would not come, biting the useless cogics and fifty-dollar pieces in an agony of hunger, thirst, and despair. Neither had he drowned himself in the lonely depths of the neighboring Lake Squilligochizzet; neither had he, which appeared the least improbable rumor, written a vow in his own blood, pierced with a pin, from a large vein of the arm, that he would drink himself to death in a fourth story room of the Gold Eagle Tavern, hired for that purpose. Happily, none of these fearful rumors were true, though such were the combined nausea, mortified pride, wrath, and excited imagination of the people of Cheswick, that, had it been stated that Mr. Green, desirous to obtain the second book-keeper's place for his supposed friend, the new-comer, had commanded little Filkins to strip and jump down his own throat, which order the young man had been terrified into obeying and so put an end to himself, it would have been received as at least entitled to mature consideration.

But little Filkins, second book-keeper, though of no remarkable cleverness of brain, and rather wild withal, still had not kept books five years for nothing, but knew that, with place, and a good constitution, Life, and not Death, came out, on squaring accounts, on the credit side. Wherefore, undesirous of quarreling with the many possibilities of bread and butter, to say nothing of moistening, which still lay strewn generously through the world for a hearty pretty kind and stout after all, he packed up his baggage for the midnight train as soon as he found himself superseded by the fair-haired substitute for a partner, and went down to the station where, as I hours before, he had been carelessly awaiting the arrival, smoking, as he lounged, for want of thought. A little sullen at the loss of his place, and a little provoked at his dim perception of what certainly looked like injustice in singling him out for punishment, he paced up and down the moist platform, a small but noticeable object in the hush of midnight, behind paletots three deep, his head muffled in a shawl, his hands in his pockets, and smoking his cigar in quick puffs. The cars were later than usual, which did not add sweetness to his mood.

Suddenly, at the end of one of his walks, and just as he was about to turn, a tall figure opened the door of the passenger-room and stepped out, sweeting him breast to breast. The ex-second book-keeper started involuntarily, as was natural at that time of night, but regained his composure, as the stranger spoke in a very gentlemanly manner: "Mr. Filkins, I believe?"

"All right," was the laconic answer of that young gentleman. — "Drive ahead."

"My name, Sir, is Ernest Beckford. I wish to have a few moments' talk with you, if you will allow me, before the train starts."

"Oh, it's *you*, is it?" rejoined the ex-second book-keeper, in a tone of extreme satirical commiseration. "Well, I'm sorry for you, but I can't help you. Want a little information as to management of affairs in your new place, don't ye?—Usual desire in the promoted—very usual. Under the peculiar circumstances, however, could—decidedly cool. Desire any thing else of the man whose shoes you've stepped into?"

The young man, whom we, like little Filkins, will by this time have recognized as the late junior-partner of the preceding afternoon, replied, with not any more than a slightest touch of sarcasm in his voice, that any information which the ex-second book-keeper might chance to possess would be more advantageously handed him to-morrow, unless extreme exigency called on him to be prodigal; and then checking himself, as with a sudden remorse at having permitted any irony to characterize his manner toward one naturally nettled by his circumstances, and blessed with no great talent for rising above them, he threw a cheerier kindliness into his voice, and said:

"Joking aside, I wish no information—none at least of the kind that you imagine. In several ways I can be of material benefit to you. You are out of your place at Cheswick Branch. I trusted you—it you say, I *am* in your shoes—I know that. That is unpleasant for both of us. Until next week you will be. Your interest in interests would be best attended to by having me in it. So I came and filled it. But to show you how entirely free from any motive of personal house; you can be pretty sure of it, I may say, for I am not uninfluential with them, though young, having been a large stockholder in some of the firm. Here it is; present it as soon as you arrive."

This last was said with the manner and tone of one by nature fitted to command, and with such a Saxon directness and irresistibility that little Filkins, who, up to this moment, had been inwardly debating on the probabilities of his somnambulism, woke up, and stretched forth his hand, took the proffered letter, with—

"I'll be hanged if you ain't a dem foine fellow! I didn't do you justice, Mr. Beckford, it's all right now. I'll take your letter, and very much obliged to you too."

"You're very welcome. Now that's done with I've one more thing I want to say. If it seems a liberty, pardon it. I am not one of those men who purchase with the benefit the right to preach; but I hope the interest I have shown in your welfare thus far will be a proof to you that what I say now is disinterested. You're of the Wenham family of your name, I believe?"

"That's so? Lord! how did you know?"

"I have been in Wenham. Besides, I have known of you for some time. You have a *splendid* mother—as noble a specimen of woman as ever lived! And two true-hearted sisters, beautiful, accomplished, and good, just coming out into the society they are able to be the pride of. They are younger than you, and they have no father. Suppose now that their only brother should, all at once, turn straight about and be the *man* he can be—their ornament and support, and his mother's rejoicing every where?"

The three paletots on the outside of what was really the kind heart of Filkins had been moving up and down tumultuously for some time like the study of a small earthquake, done in plate cloth; and at this juncture he sat down on the luggage-pile near him and burst into tears. "Oh, oh!" sobbed little Filkins, dropping his cigar, holder and all, on the platform. "That's too much, that is! That's too much! Oh, oh, oh!"

Ernest Beckford continued: "My friend, God can help you to do—to be, all that is worthy of Him—of them—of yourself. That's right! don't be ashamed to cry; you couldn't do a manlier thing under the circumstances! Unless it is to right about face for your whole life, for their sakes and yours, immediately, before you leave this platform. There's the whistle, will you do it? will you be a free man from this night, so help you God?"

Little Filkins arose, and if he had been a great many kilometres high instead of only five feet five he couldn't have been more sublime than he was when, grasping Beckford's hand like a vice, he said, in a voice all husky and trembling but resolute,

"Beckford, I say, God bless you! I think *He* sent you. You've opened my eyes for the first time these five years. If I'd known you when I first came to Cheswick—specially when I first fell in with that devil—well, I won't tell you who I mean, for I oughtn't if you don't know—most likely you will know before long; if I'd known you, I say, I wouldn't have broken *their* hearts, dear souls. I've done it for the last time, though. Bear me, Beckford. So help me God, I never touch that damned drink again!"

"God hear and help you! He *will!*" was the reply of the young Saxon, uttered with a hearty solemnity and cheerfulness. "Good-by! I shall wish to hear from you. Remember!"

So the train to New York bore away little Filkins through the damp, half-solid dark. But its light sprinkled with a shower of cinder-stars that whirled in the wake of the rear car, that little object, just vitalized and made sublime by the sudden new revelation to him of the manhood that was in him, stood on the platform gazing wistfully back at the tall slender figure by the station, and, when the curve shut out the last glimpse of Cheswick light, retreated hastily to a lonely seat among the sleeping through passengers, and wept again to find what truesouled men, after all, were Ernest Beckford and little Filkins.

And for the present, this is enough of a hint what little Filkins *had* done.

But our chapter is devoted also to sketch a little of the doings of his successor. And here it is necessary, absolutely necessary, to introduce a woman.

The Banking House of Cheswick Branch, that is the outward and visible Banking House of stone and brick, was but partially occupied with the business-paraphernalia of Clingham & Co. As paying-teller Bradby remarked, late one evening, when his natural powers were assisted, it was a bank which was not all a bank. On one side of the front door (for it was a double building) all the first story was devoted to money-making, the vault beneath that story was equally given over to money-holding. But the rest of the house—saving a slight look of massive closeness and retention about it, as if the pecuniary element of the bank part had communicated itself to the whole, and none of the inhabitants could get out for an airing unless the very best paper on short time were presented for them at the front door—was a very comfortable family house indeed.

To most of the citizens of Cheswick, who looked upon Clingham & Co. simply from their financial point of view, and would have been as much surprised if you heard that any of the partners were actual human beings with a *heart* in them as to hear that some fact asserted of a patent safe, or of an unceasing source of astonishment that all the Bank building was not put to some sort of use; which meant that it was either rented for a boarding-house, or for a banking-house. But Clingham & Co., having a human as well as a patent-safe side to their nature, had not let the upper rooms boarding, in his affiliation, an old and tried friend of their free, unbroubled, and as yet unmourned boyhood. John Manton, namely, who had studied with them, fought for them, skated with them, grown up with them, but, falling while they climbed, now lived on them. Lived on them so far as this, that he occupied all of their Cheswick house, which was not required for business, and received a moderate salary for the subunderstood some service, only laid upon him for the sake of his dishonored state of independence, of keeping things at rights about the establishment.

In Cheswick Branch House, therefore, now lived Zoë Manton. Lived and had been living for twenty years, in which time the wife and mother of his youth had died, leaving him with one only child, a daughter, now at the threshold of womanhood, and beautiful. Nora Manton was not a shy girl—certainly not in the painful sense; but she need have been much more than merely not shy to have put their early impress upon the whole of her own eyes which belonged to the juniors of Clingham & Co., Cheswick Branch. It was very seldom, therefore, that she passed under the Oriental languor of Mr. Bradby's gaze, or the cagle glances of Mr. Tuttle. The subs only knew her afar off—partly sufficiently enough had they ever seen her to discuss her points, as all fine fellows do of women and horses.

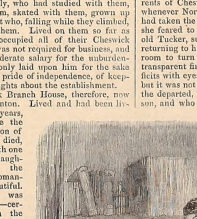
But in the evening, and when the little creatures who might have annoyed her were all gone, then Nora Manton came down in her beauty, and, breathing freely, roamed at will through all the counting-house, president's room and all, taking a delight in being familiarly among the tall solemn desks and heavy iron-nailed doors, which had been her mystery, her perplexity in childhood, as we all do in examining fearlessly any and awe of ours which has been detected as a humbug, and discovered to be nothing to be afraid of after all.

She was an imaginative child, this Nora Manton. For her all those heavy-studded doors had once been the barriers to countless Aladdin chambers, Ali Baba caves, and Emperor jiujing-places. Oh, could she but enter and gaze! And the desks—all of the olden make, with clawed feet and curling, carven rails, were veritable hippogriffs to her, who bore patiently all day the weight of ledgers and elbows, but at dusk, being released from the spell, flew leagues away into golden cloud-mountains across the sunset, and came back before midnight full of the shining parterage on which they had been regaled—dollars for daisies, crowns for clover. And that was the way, so Nora thought, that Clingham & Co. made all their money.

At seventeen years and eight months she had of course become aware, poor child! how much harder it is to get money, and how impossible it is that there should be any such things as hippogriffs. Necessarily, these two facts, which are virtually the dismissal of the supernatural and the acceptance of the natural, characterize all coming out of childhood. But with her the change was only a partial one. She had lost nothing of that sweet faith, nothing of that sweet belief in, and sometimes communion with the intangible; she was one of those souls whom a painter must love to paint and a poet to write about all the time, though the critics should accuse them never so much of reproducing their own ideals—a soul that is the real and only true conception of exquisite womanhood—the child-woman.

Nora Manton had been making bread; for John, her father, was no one else's on any consideration. She had been also darning his stockings; had played and sung all his favorite old tunes to the piano, from Robin Adair down to the most modern of all, True Love can ne'er Forget. She had then read him to sleep with stirring political articles upon the downfall of the country emitted in the Cheswick *Tri-Weekly Double-Fist*; and then, seeing that the last column of our liberties had fallen, and Mr. Manton's head and eyelids with it, Nora, knowing that he was good for one hour's sleep at least, left him on the settee before the grate, and sallied into the money territory for one of her strolls. Here was one burner of gas lighted in the counting-house that was kept alight all night, and this one was plenty of company for the young girl, loving, as she did, to nestle in weird shadows with which she could half-frighten herself, and then spring out of them laughing and singing like some of the other household sprites on a romp.

There were two ways of entrance into the money department from the other portion of the house. You might go in by a door which opened into the superintendent's room from the parlor, or, passing through the common entry of the building, you could enter by the green baize valve which controlled all day the life currents of Cheswick's financial heart. Of late, whenever Nora visited the counting-house, she had taken the latter way. Not exactly because she feared to see the ghost of the well-known old Tucker, superintendent for so many years, returning to his former seat in the glass-walled room to turn over airy bank statements with transparent fingers, and scowl at imaginary delicits with eyes having no speculation in them; but it was not pleasant to have suggested to her the departed, who was always a queer old person, and who would be the very one to come



"AND, BEFORE SHE COULD STOP HERSELF, SANK INTO THE VERY ARMS," ETC.

back, if that thing was ever done, to push Mr. Lake Gown from his stool. Then again there was something disagreeable in that room's associations with the living as well as with the dead. Lake Gown was forty in body, he was also forty in soul; for he had never lived faster in his emotional than in his digestive nature. Lake Green was bland, paternal, by no means starveling in his demonstrations—a very quiet person; but in spite of all these estimable and soothing qualities he had frightened Nora Manton. Why, how, exactly, she could not have told, but he always impressed her with a sense of danger. When he came, three years before, to Chesvick, he was very much the same person as now; but she, with all a woman's feelings, was a little girl in look, so Luke Green took her one day on his lap. She felt then as if he were only a bit of a very thin coat, and got away from him as soon as possible, lest she should break through and find it very deep and cold there below. So the queer little child—children will be so queer every body knows—had always been afraid of him, and professed this dread to her womanhood. And of late days she had instinctively felt there was still more cause to be frightened. Luke Green had been blander to her than usual at the rare times when they met—had looked almost as if he would like to take her in his lap again. Women appreciate attentions almost as quickly, and read their meaning even better when they dislike than when they have the source. So Nora Manton avoided him scrupulously. He called on her father oftener than ever, but he never saw her unless in the street or at church.

So much—and pretty long it is, I know—for the reason why Nora Manton on this particular night, after a week spent her father safely down, bering over the ruins of his country, ran through the entry instead of the superintendent's room, and darted into the counting-room by the baize door. The gas was burning brightly as usual, from the one burner over the cashier's desk, and in the light the room, as diffused through the wide, paper-smelling apartment, Nora went dancing and humming with the first sense of free pride that she had known that day. For she liked to make bread, and darn stockings, and read to her father; but these amusements could bear a little dilution with something else.

She had no playmate but herself, and yet, from a very pretty acquaintance with that one, she had acquired a familiarity, an ease of conversation with her that was very enviable. She climbed up on the cashier's stool and began soliloquizing,

"I'm a capitalist; I'm Mr. Nora Clingham, why, what's my name that is? Mr. John Manton, how d'ye do, Sir?—upon my word, the very man I want to see! Do you know that in balancing accounts with you yesterday we made a slight mistake in our favor? The Bank is in debt to you—let me see—just one hundred and fifty thousand. Leave it on deposit or take my check for the amount?"

"Check for the amount, if you please. I wouldn't want you, but I have to pay the first instalment on my new Hudson River country-seat to-morrow, and I have only seventy-five thousand ready cash for the current quarter. Besides, I want to get a pretty set of mink—victorine, mud, and cuffs, all only $75—for my little girl Nora, named after you, Mr. Clingham. ought to have a new coat for Sunday myself."

Here Nora paused for a minute, looking very sad, as if Mr. John Manton had been twitting himself on facts—which I'm afraid he had—for she remembered often she had heard him rub the shiny elbows of her father's veteran swallow-tail, and dampened them without taking the gloss off much, and the corners of her mouth quivered. But she rallied like a brave little woman, and changing into the person of the fabulous Miss Clingham, resumed her soliloquy.

"So you shall, my old friend! so you shall! Keep up heart, John Manton, my boy; here's a check for one hundred thousand; go get what you like and be happy, and if you want any more call around in the course of the afternoon."

"Oh, isn't it grand to be a capitalist! Every dollar's just a hundred little copper chances of making something happy! Oh, it's so nice! I like to be a capitalist so much!" cried Nora Manton, in her own sweet person once more. And she looked about among the inkstand desks, as charming an incongruity as a valentine in the post-bag among notices of protest.

"What shall I do next?" said Nora, when she accomplished the *desse pas* to her heart's content. "Let me see—oh! I guess I'll be what I used to. I'll be a love-sick young maiden with great blue eyes: I shall cry a great deal, and shall wonder if there's any body to love me in all this big world. I'll be a love-sick miss! I like to be a capitalist so much!" cried Nora Manton, in her own sweet person once more. And she looked about among the inkstand desks, as charming an incongruity as a valentine in the post-bag among notices of protest.

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"Oh, that's splendid! How well it does wind up after all! Pretty for you, Nora Manton; you, nearly eighteen! I don't care! it's splendid: there's nobody to hear or see me and I'll do it please. Mr. Green's room's the lower. I dance into it joyfully, making up this song that the birds sing—and I sing it with them as I go:

"More than all the stars above me
Does my true Knight love me—love me.
There is none like him in any land!—
With love are his eyes full!—
They are two blue skies
Of loving as sweet as heart can bear!"

So singing, so dancing, Nora Manton whirled in through the door of the superintendent's room, which opened with a touch, and, before she could stop herself, sank into the very arms—not of Luke Green, but of Ernest Green, indeed, nor yet of his arm-chair, but into those of Ernest Beckford.

The first impression of having a beautiful woman in your arms is said to be in no degree painful. But when in reactionary feeling comes of not being perfectly sure what she knows of your truly excellent institution."

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"Presents thanks for the beautiful engraving, and accepts the membership with great pleasure."

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"I shall be happy to have my name enrolled as a member of an Institution which is doing so much to promote the cause of the Fine Arts in this country."

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From Gov. Morrill, of Maine.

"The engraving is one of the finest ever published. I desire to make my acknowledgments for it." &c. &c.

From Gov. Bissel, of Illinois.

"Thus far our success in engraving furnished by the Association, in workmanship and beauty, surpasses its expectations. The one now furnished is, of itself, worth four times the amount requisite to secure a membership. Every gentleman, I am sure, rejoices at the early success of your enterprise. It has done more already to cultivate a correct taste among our people a love of art, and inspire a taste for its excellences, than all other causes for the last fifty years."

Gov. Lowe, of Iowa, Gov. Kitts, of North Carolina, Gov. Gist, of South Carolina, Gov. Winsor, of Michigan, Gov. Brown, of Georgia, and others, extend the kindest words of congratulation and approval.

As also do the following eminent persons, among others: Senator Simon Cameron, of Pennsylvania, William Gilmore Simms, of South Carolina, Edward Everett, of Boston, Henry T. Tuckerman, of New York, etc.

Mrs. L. H. Sigourney writes: "The engraving of 'Shakspeare and his Friends' is truly a magnificent work. It has been the theme of unqualified admiration from myself and all others who have seen it. You have my best wishes for the prosperity of the Art Association which has already exerted so powerful an influence in uplifting and refining the taste of our native land."

Mrs. Anna Cora Ritchie says: "Accept my thanks for the engraving entitled 'Shakspeare' which I highly value, and which will adorn the walls of my Southern home. The original picture has always been dear to me. I would gladly promote them by any means in my power. You have my best wishes for your ever increasing success."

See terms next advertisement.

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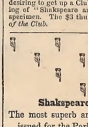

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THACKERAY.—TROLLOPE

I

HARPER'S
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No. CXVII.] CONTENTS. [FEBRUARY.

COOS AND THE MAGALLOWAY.

ILLUSTRATED.—Valley of the Androscoggin.—Come to see the Locus.—Owner of a Meadow Farm.—Fourth to Lancaster.—Dixville Notch.—Going up the Androscoggin.—Settlement on the Magalloway.—In Camp.—Mr. Sorry.—Lumberman's Camp.—Farmachene Lake.—On Amonoosuc Ranch.—Camp on Canard's Range.—Rest in Three Donations.—Conclusion.

ODE.—BY INVITATION OF CHARLES WESLEY.

HOLIDAYS IN COSTA RICA.—III. SAN JOSE TO CARTAGO. By THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER.

ILLUSTRATED.—Volcano of Turrialba.—The Bill-posse.—Valley of Cartago.—Church of our Lady of the Angels.—Legend of Cartago.—Remains of Old Cartago.—Ascent of Irazu.—The Crater of Irazu.—Shooting Fish.—Hammock Life.—Primitive Flora.—Four-day Coffee.—Coffee-Mill.—Hatiendo of Navaro.—The Quezal.—Sugar-Mill.

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RELICS OF GENERAL CHASSE.—A TALE OF ANTWERP. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

THE ARABS IN SPAIN.

LITTLE BROTHER. Part I.

LOVEL THE WIDOWER. By W. M. THACKERAY.

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MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.

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EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.

OUR PUBLISHER'S TABLE.

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

MASTER CHARLEY IN THE SNOW.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Experiments on the Cat and the Dog.—Incidents in a Fox-Hunt.—Knows nothing about it.—A Snow-Ball Party.

FAMILIAR LETTER FROM FEBRUARY.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Home or Promenade Dress.—Closed Sleeve.—Fichu.—Under-Sleeve.—Collar.—Dress Cap.

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Corresponding week of last year.....37,336 16

Increase.....$3,736 96

The regular circulation of THE TRIBUNE is now:

Daily Tribune	29,000 copies
Semi-Weekly Tribune	23,500 copies
Weekly Tribune	137,000 copies
Edition for California	4,500 copies
Total	247,000 copies

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Maine	2,784 Oregon	178
New Hampshire	1,199 Minnesota	135
Vermont	3,055 Utah	21
Massachusetts	1,102 Nebraska	19
Rhode Island	345 Maryland	47
Connecticut	1,004 Delaware	6
New York	14,462 Kentucky	40
New Jersey	1,104 Tennessee	7
Pennsylvania	5,813 North Carolina	1
Ohio	2,004 South Carolina	1
Indiana	3,318 Georgia	1
Michigan	2,045 Alabama	1
Iowa	2,823 Mississippi	1
Wisconsin	1,784 Arkansas	1
Illinois	3,202 Florida	1
Missouri	1,000 District of Columbia	79
Minnesota	670 Canada	52
Kansas	1,000 Europe	12
California	7,633	
		87,129

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From the NEW YORK COURIER AND INQUIRER, *Jan. 7, 1860.*

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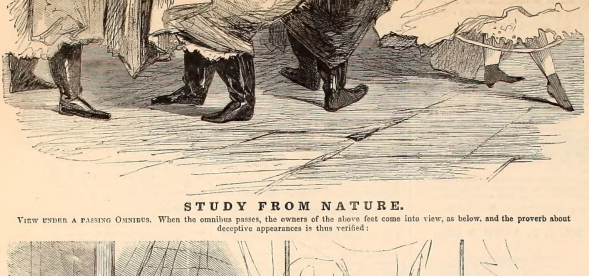

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[From the London Leader.]

We hope our readers will get the work. The characters are admirably drawn, and the whole subject of "Misrepresentation" is treated with great skill by the talented writer.

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BIDDY. "The priests said I was to call yet to come to mass to be converted."

PATERFAMILIAS. "What! go to be converted at three in the morning in January? Why, this is worse than the Inquisition. Tell Father Murphy that I'd rather die in my heresy."

[Pulls back asleep. Exit Biddy to Church.

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. IV.—No. 161.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1860. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THE CROWN OF LOVE.

OH, might I lord my arms with thee,
Like that young lover of Romance,
Who loved and gained so gloriously
The fair Princess of France!

Because he dared to love so high,
He, bearing her dear weight, must speed
To where the mountain touched the sky:
So the proud king decreed.

Unhalting he must bear her on,
Nor pause a space to gather breath,
And on the height she would be won:
And she was won in death!

Red the far summit flames with morn,
While in the plain a glistening Court
Surrounds the king who practiced scorn
Through such a mask of sport.

She leans into his arms; she lets
Her lovely shape be clasped: he fares.
God speed him whole! The knights make bets:
The ladies lift soft prayers.

Oh have you seen the deer at chase?
Oh have you seen the wounded kite?
So boundingly he runs the race,
So wavering grows his flight.

"My lover! linger here, and slake
Thy thirst, or me thou wilt not win."
"See'st thou the tumbled heavens? they break!
They beckon us up, and in."

"Ah, hero-love! unloose thy hold:
Oh drop me like a cursed thing."
"See'st thou the crowded swards of gold?
They wave to us Rose and Ring."

"Oh death-white mouth! Oh cast me down!
Thou diest? Then with thee I die."
"See'st thou the angels with a Crown?
We twain have reach'd the sky."

GEORGE MEREDITH.

"SHE LETS HER LOVELY SHAPE BE CLASPED."

WHERE IS THE OTHER?

RELICS seen in lat. 69° 00' N., long. 99° 24' W.: Not brought away. 29th May, 1859. * * * a small worsted-work slipper (lined with calf-skin, bound with red ribbon). * * * CAPT. MCCLINTOCK'S *Dispatch*.

JANE VAUGHAN was alone with her sailor lover, George.

"There's something the matter, George, I can see it in your face."

"Yes, Jenny, there is; I'm going a long voyage. You know, Jenny, I was to have gone to Calcutta, but when your father said what he did—you remember?—I made up my mind to get on faster. I'm going with Sir John Franklin—three years, perhaps—but it will be the making of all of us who come back, so you mustn't mind, Jenny; time will soon go by, and I shall be able when I come back to find a nest for you—little wren."

He spoke hurriedly, as though to prevent her speaking.

She sobbed out, "Three years, George? Not see you for three years! It's very cruel—it's very hard."

"No, Jenny, not 'cruel,' not 'hard.' It's sure to make my fortune, and I might work in the ordinary way for years before I satisfied your father."

"But surely, George, you could do something on shore, if not at sea, to prevent this terrible separation. Can't you be a clerk, or something? You draw nicely—much better than old Mr. Sumner at Miss Hilditch's. Can't you give lessons, or do any thing? I'm sure you could, so clever as you are, do something."

"My dear Jenny, you don't understand these things. When a man has once chosen his profession or trade, he had better stick to it; he'll have so much to learn in his new calling; so many competitors, that it's a hundred to one if he succeeds. I chose to go to sea like a fool—I've learned my business like a man—and I mean to keep to it like a wise man. There now, Jenny, only three years and it's all done—money and fame in three years! Cheer up! don't make it worse for me, for I feel it not a little."

She saw he did feel it by the gathering moisture of his eye.

"After all, it's for the best, Jenny, dear."

So said Jane's father; so said her mother; and she?—she was silent.

The three weeks soon passed—too soon. Poor Jenny tried hard to be cheerful, but now and then would look at the fine handsome face of her lover and feel it so hard that he must go away for so long—

> And dearer still he grew, and dearer,
> E'en as the parting hour grew nearer.

The last day came, and her mother contrived to leave them alone together more than was customary; "his last day," she said, and called to mind her own experience of some five-and-twenty years ago. Jenny bore her burden bravely. Not a tear was seen except by George—he was quieter than usual.

"You won't sail on a Friday, George? I think it's such a bad day; so many ships are lost that sail on Fridays."

"I don't know, I'm sure; but I don't really think it makes much difference, Friday or any other day."

"But it is unlucky, and I dreamed this morning of a wedding, and all the people were in white. It's dreadfully unlucky, that it is."

"Why, what a little goose it is; why is that unlucky?"

"I don't know, but they say it is."

"Who says so?"

"Old Mrs. Crace; and her husband was a sailor—"

And here Jenny looked as if she would like to say something more.

"Well? say on, Jenny."

"I've got something for you—it will keep you from being drowned;" and her little hand was inserted in her pocket, and brought out as its captive a small bag of silk, with cord enough to go round the neck, attached.

"What is it, dearest?"

"I can't tell you; but, indeed, she said it would prevent your being drowned. Do wear it. Her husband always wore one, and he died in her arms, as I should like you to die in mine, if you must die first. Do wear it?"

"Oh yes, I'll wear it; but you can tell me what it is, eh? What is it?" And he looked into her face. "Come, tell me."

"It was old Mrs. Crace gave it me; she's been attending Charlotte Golding, who was married this time last year; she said she was sure it was a good thing, and made me promise to give it you, so I made the bag, and here it is. Do wear it?"

"Certainly I will, as I'd wear any thing you'd like me to; but still I should like to know what this charm is."

"Old Mrs. Crace said that the doctor laughed at her when she told him about her husband having one."

"Old Mrs. Crace!—the doctor! Why, what does it mean! Oh, I see! how stupid I am. Mrs. Golding has a baby, hasn't she? Ah, yes! I understand. I'll wear it."

"Thanks, dear George. She says, she's sure her husband would have been drowned if it hadn't been for that."

"Now, George, my boy, the chaise is here; come along."

He came out of the room, she clinging to him, and shook hands with them all and went down stairs.

"Don't look back—don't look back;" and one after another the shoes of the sisters are thrown after him for luck.

"Look out, George!" said his brother William, from the top of the stairs, "here's Jane's coming!" and he seized the slipper from her foot and flung it.

George heard him, and turned.

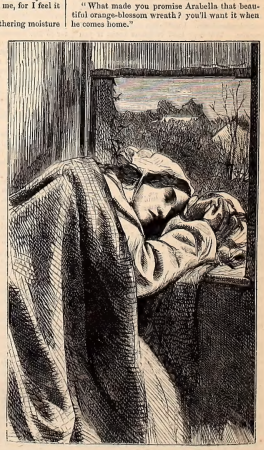
"There, Jane, he's caught the slipper, and kissed it, and taken it with him."

"Oh! William! William! you've killed me! He looked back, and you made him. Oh! my God! my God! he's gone—quite gone, now! I shall never see him again!—never!—never!" and Jenny sank into their arms fainting.

* * * * * *

"What made you promise Arabella that beautiful orange-blossom wreath? you'll want it when he comes home."

"OH, WILLIAM, YOU'VE KILLED ME."



"SO COLD, AND ALONE!"

"No, Charlotte, I shall never want it; she'll never come back. Old Mrs. Crace said one day, before he left, it was a sure sign of bad luck if the shoe did not strike the person on the back; just that if he looked back it was worst of all. I didn't throw mine, for fear, and then for William to do it. Oh dear! it makes me so sad."

"Nonsense, child! he'll come back soon enough. You'll just be two-and-twenty, that's a year younger than I was when I married Mr. Gosling."

"No, Charlotte! he'll never come back!—never! Oh! William! William!"

"Why, silly; what has that to do with it? I've no patience with you giving away all your nice things."

* * * * *

Time passed; three years went by, and Jane was paler. The winter of '48 had come; Jane had learned to know—had grown irritable—unsociable; slapped the children; scolded the servants; read many novels; on the vanity of life. One of her sisters had been married; Jane had said spiteful things about her; Jane was not a family favorite; Jane was unhappy; the more she read the worse she became.

Just then a wealthy suitor of the old school tried to arrange a match with her, through her father, who was willing enough, but she snubbed him most unmercifully; she knew George would not come home to shame and jail she would be contented.

'49 came; Jane was worse. "Try a London doctor." She went to London—saw the doctor, a queer, strange man. When she went in he looked at her a long while without speaking.

"Well, what's the matter with you?"

"She's not positive, and—" began the mother.

"Let *her* speak. Let her speak *herself*. What's the matter with you?"

"I don't know," said she, and the tears stood in her eyes.

Poor Jane! She could feel he was in earnest, and kind, too, with all his abrupt way, and that evening she told her tale with many tears.

"Poor child!" he said, stroking her hair. "Don't allow your mind to dwell upon your great trouble—he may come back. You shake that head of yours as though it were impossible. All nonsense about the slipper; and when he does, you'll be better fitted to take care of him, if you do these things, than if you mean and fret yourself into the grave. Another thing. Try cold baths and the skipping-rope, backward and forward. There ought to be a skipping society, with prizes, to encourage that most healthy exercise, as there's a society for every thing now. Don't misunderstand me. I want you to take plenty of exercise. You may read religious books if you like; but don't neglect those other matters, as you have done in time past. Now I must go. You can stay here with my wife as long as you agree. Good-night, my child."

Poor Jane was heard to say that she was happier that evening than she had been before or since, except the night that she walked home with George from—— And Jane said no more then.

* * * * *

"What's come to Jane, I wonder? She's not slapped me for a month—not even when I upset the ink all over her letter to Mrs. Barnett."

"I don't know, Miss Ellen," said Susan, "but she's just as good-tempered and kind as she used to be when George went away—only she seems to be different like—like as though she didn't care for any thing."

Ah, poor Jane! She would not think of her absent one; from morning till night she was as busy as ploughed. Her father noticed the change, and, with the delicate peculiar to some men, supposed she had forgotten George, and, with the rest of the world, thought him dead. He spoke to the rejected of him again pressed his claims, and murmured something about "comfortable home," "father's consent," "not a young man, but healthy, and in respectable," "admiration," "love for her," "if Miss Jane would take him he'd be very happy." She heard him this time patiently, and began to feel that his eloquence was irresistible, the more so that he saw the handkerchief to her eyes.

"Mr. Smithson, I am really very sorry, but I can't do what you ask. I am very much obliged to you for your kind feeling, but I can't be your wife. Though I'm sure I shall never see George again, I love him, and I would not marry any man unless I loved him alone. Don't ask me again. You have known me since I was a little girl that you used to take on your knee—don't, for my sake, ask me again—I must refuse. Let us be friends;" and she held out her hand. He took it.

"My dear Miss Vaughan—my dear Jane, I'm very sorry; I didn't know this—I respect you very much—I—I—if you can't be my wife you must be my daughter. I bought this for my wife, as I thought; I'll give it to my daughter. There, don't say a word more, there's a good girl. I'll see your father."

"And mother, please?" said Jane.

"Oh yes, and your mother too."

He left, and Jane found on the table a handsome gold watch and chain; and Jane wore it, and walked with Mr. Smithson to church next Sunday, and when he came of an evening made his favorite mixture for him; and he, in return, got for her all the information relative to the expedition. Never heard the name of Franklin mentioned in the papers but he worried the Admiralty until they sent him the latest particulars in an envelope with a very large seal.

So passed the time. One by one her younger sisters grew up and found in Jane a friend and confidante. One by one they told her woman's great secret—were over head and they loved. She saw them happy brides and mothers, and not a word of envy did they hear. She nursed their children, romped with them, played with them at all matters—*when asked*—and became a son to the circle that was about her, so that "Aunt Jane's coming!" was heard as a herald's cry to many little hearts, as well as a sense of peace and repose to older ones. But there was one group among them that was not pleased to see her. Her brother William married, and his children afterward knew that to Aunt Jane his was indebted for almost every thing; from him the man he was; encouraged, helped him, as only a sensible woman can help a young man; and in William's house Aunt Jane was always welcome.

She had strange ways, too, had Aunt Jane; she hated snow; nothing would induce her to see it. She would sit in a room all the time when it was on the ground, with candles instead of daylight; and once, when little George brought her a snowball as bad made, she burst into tears and sent him away, and was not herself again for a long time. Strange, too, that she had the sea; she would, in the spring time, go to the sea-side, to an unfrequented fishing village, and stay in the seaboard cottage for weeks. Some of the children one heard her murmur, "He can't be drowned—he can't be drowned!" and reported that she was mad. She was not mad; she knew of it, and spoke her little George whether *he* thought so. He wished every body was, if she was, she was so kind—there was no one like her—and nice little boats on the beach: might he have one?

He had his boat—and she was mad, they said.

Poor Aunt Jane, she was mad indeed, and all the children missed her much: no fingers like Aunt Jane's to dress dolls, make kites, or mend clothes. No dance-music like hers, and her body and legs got tired so soon; she would play for an hour at a time; she never danced except with children. And now here was Christmas all and no Aunt Jane—it was not like Christmas at all.

She lay down, never to rise again: they were hurry-stricken to find her dead, and that very evening—it was Christmas Eve—she said to them, "Is there any snow?"

"Yes; it is quite a foot deep."

"Open the window-curtains, and let me see it."

"It's better not," they urged; "it will make you so ill."

"No; it will do me good, now. I shall not see it again."

The sun was just on the horizon, and his deep red light, as the winter's fog hung about him, shone on the sea and on the snow no longer. It was a soft covering of warm red—it was the summer of winter—all was warm with his light.

"Lift me up to see it," she said, and I wonder how it looks where he is. I've heard that it's very beautiful. William, take care of this," and she gave him from under her pillow a parcel in white paper. "You know what it is; and take this letter to Dr. Barnett, and see him, will you? Now bid me good-by, all of you."

They would not leave her.

"No, I ask it as a favor. Do, I will not ask many more. Kiss me, dear," to one of her nieces. I should like to die alone, as perhaps he did—as perhaps he did. *To go.*"

At last they went, one by one, slowly, William last.

"William, dear."

"Jane."

"I forgive you now. Only listen to what Dr. Barnett says, will you? Kiss me once more: now go. * * * He would die of cold—perhaps alone. I will join him by the same road—of cold, and alone."

She rose with great effort, and moved to the window; the sun was nearly lost, the warm hues of red had left it, a dull ivory purple had their place. She opened the window wide, and let the cold blast blow upon her, murmuring, "Of cold, and alone! Of cold, and alone!" God forgive me! It's but a few hours less, and life is so weary!—Of cold, and alone!"

They came in soon, and found her dead. She had gone his road—cold and alone!—with a sweet smile upon her pale thin face.

* * * * *

"You're the person to whom this letter refers, Sir, I presume?"

"I am, Sir."

"Well, Sir, you're a man now, and, to judge by your looks, a sensible one, and can therefore take a little advice from an older man. Jane was quite right, Sir; you killed her."

"Oh, Dr. Barnett!"

"You did, Sir. Mind, I don't blame you for her death; it was a toy's trick, and the only blame attaching to you is in not having told her all its results. But for that she would have been alive now; not happy, but hopeful. You destroyed her hope, and killed her. I know you'll say that it had nothing to do with his fate, and so on; but remember that we are different, Sir, one from another. That turning back of his, as he went away, had no effect on your mind, nor would it have on mine; but she was so constituted that any thing of the kind would receive a powerful influence. Superstitious to a fault, still there was the fact, and it was like a death-blow to her when that happened. There's much to be learned yet, Sir, of even our physical differences: one man is poisoned by what another man takes with impunity. So in our mental differences, there's much more to be learned—very much more; and until this knowledge is ours, we must deal with facts, faults or no faults. The superstition is silly—puerile; still it existed, and should at that time have been respected. She died through it. Good-by, Sir, and God bless you. Some and no one any time you like: I shall always be glad to see a friend of hers."

He offered his hand, and as William felt its grasp he knew how small was his share of blame in the Doctor's eyes.

William is, at this time, regarded as one of the most considerate of men.

* * * * *

One is in the midst of eternal snows and ice—perhaps looked upon for the last time. The other? Has William it still? If not—Where is the other?

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1860.

THE ATHLETIC REVIVAL.

WE devote a considerable portion of our space this week to an engraving of skating on the Central Park. We do so, not only because our engraving is a faithful and graphic picture of the times, but likewise because we wish to record our testimony in favor of skating as a popular diversion.

Skating and other manly athletic exercises the decline of which in the United States has been the primary cause of the unhealthy constitution, the pulmonary men and women, the sickless views, the dyspeptic nose, the puny forms, and the bloodless cheeks which characterize the population of our great cities at the present day.

There was a time when skating, and other athletic exercises, were popular, and we may say universal, in New York, as in our other large cities, for we can still remember the performances of the late King of England, William the Fourth, on skates on the frozen "Collect" —now far from frozen this year as printed and published. After the Collect (or "Kolch," as some antiquarians have it) was built over, and the creeks running up Beekman and Canal streets were filled in, the art of skating fell gradually into disrepute; and the commercial spirit making unusual progress, there grew up here—as it had grown in Boston, and, we are sorry to say, in Philadelphia—the disposition to regard athletic exercises as unfit for the duties and pains of maternity; and the males were devoid of time, thought, and energy. A few on behalf of those who have the good fortune not to belong to this emasculated generation that we plead for skating and all muscular exercises. We refer to the boys, young men, and young girls of the American cities; and on their behalf we desire to see muscular edification spread.

It has been too much the fashion to pronounce our climate responsible for the undoubted decay of our race in our cities. But in reality our climate, though changeable, is not unhealthy. It is not nearly as damp, or as chill, or as squalish as the climate of Great Britain. It is not as cold as that of Southern France or Spain, where they raise uncommonly fine men and women. It is not as cold as that of Sweden and Northern Russia, whose inhabitants are universally well developed. Nor is there any thing in the sudden fluctuations of heat and cold which need breed disease in robust persons prepared for the climate.

The misfortune has been that, in the first place, a large proportion of our people have taken no care to guard against changes of temperature; and, in the second, that nothing has been done to render the body able to look out for itself. We—and especially the females among ourselves—have the habit of dressing unsuitably. Shoes and gaiters are habitually sold for out-door wear which are only fit for ball-rooms, and which are no more protection to the feet than silk stockings. Light linen clothing is worn by men, and still lighter material by ladies, when woolen stuffs would be much more healthy, comfortable, and better suited for the ever-recurring changes in the temperature. In the hottest, as in the coldest, climates, experience proves that the skin should be always regulated in flannel—the texture which absorbs perspiration soonest, and retains caloric longest. Yet how few of us, male and female, wear flannel next the skin!

The main defect in our habits, however, has been in respect of bodily exercise. In every foreign country muscular development is a matter of prime consideration. In France and in England both girls and boys are taught physical exercise at schools, and encouraged by their teachers to endeavor to excel in feats of strength and endurance. Some of the English boarding-schools turn out young ladies of sixteen to eighteen who could wring the necks of some of Sixth Avenue beaux. These English girls skate and run, and leap and skip, and practice gymnastic exercises for an hour or so every day. How much better fitted are they for the practical business of life than the puny skin-and-bone girls who issue from our finishing schools, full of metaphysics, German, and *nonsiches*, but incapable of walking a mile or nursing a baby!

We are, we hope, on the right track at last. This skating business seems to have aroused public attention. We should like to hear of some of the fashionable boarding-schools going in a body to the skating-pond in the Park. The police arrangements are so complete that they could do so with perfect safety. And if they did, we think that people would form a better opinion of them. If it were announced that Madame A. or Mrs. B. took her scholars to skate twice a week, a good many fathers would conclude that Madame A. or Mrs. B. was the person to be trusted with their daughters. And not a few young men, looking out for wives, and prudently warned of the peril of marrying sickly women, would be inclined to give the preference to the pupils of those institutions over young ladies who could recite Schiller, play Thalberg at sight, or discourse upon "Intellect, Sensibility, and Will."

TAXES ON BACHELORS.

A RESOLUTION has been introduced into the Legislature of Virginia inquiring into the expediency of taxing bachelors, as such. There is precedent for the measure. In the republic of Sparta bachelors were not only taxed, but were subjected to various painful disabilities and annoyances. At Athens and Rome the laws looked with equal disfavor on celibacy; and though there was no whipping of naked bachelors through the streets, the penalty was so adjusted that miserable males who had no children paid more than their share. The same principle is recognized by the laws of France and Germany at the present day: bachelors are liable to military service where married men are exempt.

It must be avowed, however, that in all these countries the motives for discouraging celibacy were stronger than any which exist here. Throughout modern Europe, as in ancient Greece and Rome, the females outnumber the males; hence, even if every man does his duty, and takes unto himself a wife, there will still remain a considerable number of single virgins —who are consequently a dead loss to the state. In this country, owing to various causes—immigration, the frail health of our women, etc., etc.—males preponderate over females. There are parts of the country, as, for instance, in inland towns and villages in New England, where the females outnumber a majority of two to the sex-port towns, and then the frontiers, the males are largely in excess. But, taking the country as a whole, the census reports show that there is rather more than one man to every woman in the country. On the face of it, therefore, the natural tendency of mankind to marry ought to suffice to insure the natural increase of our population without special laws on the subject.

American girls of good education do not know how lucky they are. Every American girl who is sane and sound—and many who are neither the one nor the other—has not one, but many chances of marrying. It is very different in Europe. In the country towns in England marrying men are so rare that it is quite common to see a dozen charming girls, all well-educated, genteel, and lovely, waiting for a half-starved curate or a wretched attorney. Among English mothers match-making is carried on to an extent unknown to us, and is the very highest circles of our aristocracy); and this not from mean motives, but from sheer necessity. In Russia no father expects his daughter to get a husband unless she buys him. Every man who has a daughter begins, when she is eight or ten years old, to save money for her dot—i. e., the purchase-money of a husband. Papa and mamma deprive themselves of luxuries, and even necessaries, to amass a respectable sum; the boys' education is cut short, and their patrimony discounted, in order to swell the *dot*. In proportion to its amount is the quality of the husband. A father who can give his daughter half a million of dollars may expect a General or a Senator; he who has a hundred thousand to bestow will fix his mark at a rising lawyer, a distinguished author, or a physician; he who has amassed twenty thousand francs will be satisfied with a young merchant or a clever doctor. But he who has no money to give his daughter will never expect her to marry at all. The *mariage d'amour* is a thoroughly obsolete institution in France. In Germany, and indeed throughout Europe, the rule is much the same. Among the same. A father who expects his daughter to marry must buy her a husband. Hearts were once conquered, the poets say; now they are bought. 'Tis simpler!

Our American girls should indeed congratulate themselves. Censorious foreigners have illnaturedly said that they are neither as healthy, nor as soundly educated, nor as economical, nor as well fitted to be mothers, wives, and housekeepers, as many of their European sisters; yet see how much luckier they are than the girls of France and England!

Tennyson's New Poem.

[For which he received $50 a line.]

SEA DREAMS. AN IDYLL.

A CITY clerk, but gently born and bred;
His wife, an unknown artist's orphan child—
One babe was theirs, a-Margaret, three years old:
They, thinking that her clear germander eye
Droopt in the giant-factoried city-gloom,
Came, with a mouth's leave given them, to the sea:
For which his gains were dock'd, however small:
His gains were small, and hard his work; besides,
Their slender household fortunes (for the man
Had risk'd his little) like the little thrift,
Trembled in perilous places o'er a deep:
And oft, when sitting all alone, his face
Would darken, as he cursed his credulousness,
And that one unctuous mouth which lured him, rogue,
To buy wild shares in some Peruvian mine.
Now seaward-bound for health they gain'd a coast,
All sand and cliff and deep-inrunning cave.
At close of day; slept, woke, and went the next,
The Sabbath, pious varlets from the church,
To chapel; where a heated pulpiteer,
Not preaching simple Christ to simple men,
Announced the coming doom, and fulminated
Against the scarlet woman and her creed:
For sidelong-swaying his arms, and shriek'd
'Thus, thus with violence,' ev'n as if he held
The Apocalyptic millstone, and himself
Were that great Angel: 'Thus with violence
Shall Babylon be cast into the sea;
Then comes the close.' The gentle-hearted wife
Sat shuddering at the ruin of a world;
He at his own: but when the wordy storm
Had ended, forth they moved and paced the sand,
Ran in and out the long sea-framing caves,
Drank the large air, and saw, but scarce believed
(The soothfake of so many a summer still
Clung to their fancies) that they saw, the sea.
So now on sand they walk'd, and now on cliff,
Lingering about the thymy promontories,
Until the mid-west darken'd in the west
And rosed in the east: then homeward and to bed:
Where she, who kept a tender Christian hope
Haunting a holy text, and still to that
Returning, as the bird returns, at night,
'Let not the sun go down upon your wrath,'
Said, 'Love, forgive him:' but he did not speak;
And silenced by that silence lay the wife,
Remembering our dear Lord who died for all,
And musing on the little lives of men,
And how they mar this little by their feuds.

But while the two were sleeping, a full tide
Rose with ground-swell, which, on the foremost rocks
Touching, ripjetted in spirts of wild sea-smoke,
And swirling in sheets of wasteful foam, and fell
In vast sea-cataracts—ever and anon
Dead claps of thunder from within the cliffs
Heard through the living roar. At this the babe,
Their Margaret cradled near them, wail'd and woke;
The mother, and the father suddenly cried,
'A wreck, a wreck!' then turn'd, and groaning said,

'Forgive! How many will say, "forgive," and find
A sort of absolution in the sound
To hate a little longer! No; the sin
That neither God nor man can well forgive,
Hypocrisy, I saw it in him at once,
As it is not true that second thoughts are best,
But first, and third, which are a viper first;
Too ripe, too late! they come too late for use.
Ah love, there surely lives in man and beast
Something divine to warn them of their foes:
And such a sense, when first I lighted on him,
Said, "trust him not;" but after, when I came
To know him more, I lost it, knew him less;
Fought with what seem'd my own uncharity;
Sat at his table; drank his costly wines;
Made more and more allowance for his wife,
Weut further, fool! and trusted him with all.
All my poor scrapings from a dozen years
Of dust and deskwork: there is no such mine,
Now: but a gulf of ruin, swallowing gold,
Not making. Rain'd! rain'd! the sea roars
Rain: a fearful night!'

'Not fearful; fair,'
Said the good wife, 'if every star in heaven
Can make it fair: you do but hear the tide.
Had you ill dreams?'

'Oh yes,' he said, 'I dream'd
Of such a tide swelling toward the land,
And I from out the boundless outer deep
Swept with it to the shore, and enter'd one
Of those dark caves that run beneath the cliffs.
I thought the motion of the boundless deep
Bore through the cave, and I was heaved upon it
In darkness: then I saw one lovely star
Larger and larger. "What a world," I thought,
"To live in!" but in moving on I found
Only the landward exit of the cave,
Bright with the sun upon the stream beyond:
And near the light a giant woman sat,
All over earthy, like a piece of earth,
A pick-axe in her hand: then out I slipt
Into a land all sun and lovesong, trees
As high as heaven, and every bird that sings:
And here the night-light flickering in my eyes
Awoke me.'

'That was then your dream,' she said,
'Not sad, but sweet.'

'So sweet, I lay,' said he,
'And mused upon it, drifting up the stream
In fancy, till I slept again, and dream'd
The broken vision; for I dream'd that still
The motion of the great deep bore me on,
And that the woman walk'd upon the brink:
I wonder'd at her strength, and ask'd her of it:
"It came," she said, "by working in the mines:"
O then to ask her of my shares, I thought;
And ask'd; but not a word: she shook her head.
And then the motion of the current ceas'd,
And there was rolling thunder; and we reach'd
A mountain, like a wall of burs and thorns;
But she with her strong hand tore the steep hill
Trod out a path: I follow'd; and at top
She pointed seaward: there a fleet of glass,
That seem'd a fleet of jewels under me,
Sailing along before a gloomy cloud
That not one moment ceased to thunder, past
In sunshine: right across its track there lay,
Down in the water, a long reef of gold,
Or what seemed gold: and I was glad at first
To think that in our often-ransack'd world
Still so much treasure left: and then I feared
Lest that gay navy there should splinter on it,
And fearing waved my arm to warn them off;
An idle signal, for the brittle fleet
(I thought I could have saved it were it) near'd,
Touch'd, clink'd, and clash'd, and vanish'd, and
I woke,
I heard the clash so clearly. Now I see
My dream was Life; the woman honest Work;
And my poor venture but a fleet of glass
Wreck'd on a reef of visionary gold.'

'Nay,' said the kindly wife to comfort him,
'You raised your arm, you tumbled down and broke
The glass with little Margaret's medicine in it;
And, breaking that, you made and broke your dream:
A trifle makes a dream, a trifle breaks.'

'No trifle,' groan'd the husband; 'yesterday
I met him suddenly in the street, and ask'd
That which I ask'd the woman in my dream.
Like her, he shook his head. "Show me the books!"
He dodged me with a long and loose account.
"The books, the books!" but he, he could not wait,
Bound on a matter he of life and death:
When the great Books (see Daniel seven, the tenth)
Were open'd, I should find he meant me well;
And then began to bind them tight and sore
All over with the fat affectionate smile
That makes the widow lean. "My dearest friend,
Have faith, have faith! We live by faith," said he,
"And all things work together for the good
Of those"—it makes me sick to quote him—last
Gript my hand hard, and with God-bless-you went
I stood like one that had received a blow:
I found a hard friend in his loose accounts,
A loose one in the hard grip of his hand,
A curse in his God-bless-you: then my eyes
Pursued him down the street, and far away,
Among the honest shoulders of the crowd,
Read rascal in the motions of his back,
And scoundrel in the supple-sliding knee.'

'Was he so bound, poor soul?' said the good wife;
'So are we all: but do not call him, love,
Before you prove him, rogue, and proved, forgive.
His guin is loss; for he that wrongs his friend
Wrongs himself more, and ever bears about
A silent court of justice in his breast,
Himself the judge and jury, and himself
The prisoner at the bar, never condemn'd:
And that drags down his life: then comes what comes
Hereafter: and he meant, he said he meant,
Perhaps he meant, or partly meant, you well.

'"With all his conscience and one eye asleep"—
Love, let me quote these lines, that you may learn
A man is likewise counsel for himself,
Too often, in that silent court of yours—
"With all his conscience and one eye asleep,
So false, he partly took himself for true;
Whose pious talk, when most his heart was dry,
Made wet the crafty crowsfoot round his eye;
Who, never naming God except for gain,
So never took that useful name in vain:
Nor deeds of gift, but gifts of grace he forged,
And snakelike slimed his victim ere he gorged;
And oft in Church meetings, o'er the rest
Arising, did his holy oily best,
Dropping the too rough H in Hell and Heaven,
To spread the word by which himself had thriven."
How like you this old satire?'

'Nay,' she said,
'I loathe it: he had never kindly heart,
Nor ever cared to better his own kind,
Who first wrote satire, with no pity in it.
But will you hear my dream, for I had one
That altogether went to music? still,
It awed me. Well—I dream'd that round the north
A light, a belt of luminous vapor, lay,
And ever in it a low musical note
Swell'd and died; and, as it swell'd, a ridge
Of breaker came from out the belt, and still
Grew with the growing note, and when the note
Had reach'd a thunderous fullness, on these cliffs
Broke, mixt with awful light (the same so that
Which lived within the belt) by which I saw
That all these lines of cliffs were cliffs no more,
But huge cathedral fronts of every age,
Grave, florid, stern, as far as eye could see,
One after one: and then the great ridge drew,
Lessening to the lessening music, back,
And past into the belt, and swell'd again
To music: ever when it broke I saw
The statues, saint, or king, or founder fall;
Then from the caps of ruin which it left
Came men and women in dark clusters round,
Some crying, "See them up! they shall not fall!"
And others "Let them lie, for they have fall'n."
And still they strove and wrangled: and I grieved
In my strange dream, I knew not why, to find
Their wildest wailings never out of tone
With that sweet note; and ever when their shrieks
Rose loudest up the gamut, that great wave
Returning, though none mark'd it, on the crowd
Broke, mix'd with awful light, and show'd their eyes
Glaring, and passionate looks, and swept away
The men of flesh and blood, and men of stone,
To the waste deeps together: and I first
My wistful eyes on two fair images,
Both crown'd with stars and high among the stars—
The Woman Mother standing with her child
High up on one of those dark minster-fronts—
Till she began to totter, and the child
Clung to the mother, and sent out a cry
Which mix'd with Margaret's, and I woke,
And my dream awed me:—well—but what are dreams?
Yours was but from the breaking of a glass,
And mine but from the crying of a child.'

'Child? No! said he, 'but this tide's rore,
And his,
Our Boanerges with his threats of doom,
And loud-lung'd Antibabylonianism
(Although I grant but little music there)
Went both to make your dream: but were there such
A music, harmonizing our wild cries,
Sphere-music such as that you dream'd about,
Why, that would make our Passions far too like
The discords dear to the musician. No—
One shriek of hate would jar all the hymns
of heaven:
True Devils with no ear, they howl in tune
With nothing but the Devil!'

'"True" indeed!
One of our towns, but later by an hour
Than those ourselves, spoke with me on the shore;
While you were running down the sands, and made
The dimpled flounce of the sea-furbelow flap,
Good man, to please the child: she brought strange news.
I would not tell you then to spoil your day,
But he, at whom you rail so much, is dead.'

'Dead? who is dead?'

'The man your eye pursued.
A little after you had parted with him,
He suddenly dropt dead of heart-disease.'

'Dead? he? of heart-disease? what heart had he
To die of? dead!'

'Ah, dearest, if there be
A devil in man, there is an angel too,
And if he did that wrong you charge him with,
His angel broke his heart. But your rough voice
(You spoke so loud) has roused the child again.
Sleep, little birdie, sleep! will she not sleep
Without her "little birdie?" well then, sleep,
And I will sing you "birdie."'

Saying this,
The woman half turn'd round from him she loved,
Left him one hand, and reaching through the night
Her other, found (for it was close beside)
And half embraced the basket cradle-head
With one soft arm, which, like the pliant bough
That moving moves the nest and nestling, sway'd
The cradle, while she sang this baby song.

What does little birdie say
In her nest at peep of day?
Let me fly, says little birdie,
Mother, let me fly away.
Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger.
So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies away.

What does little baby say,
In her bed at peep of day?
Baby says, like little birdie,
Let me rise and fly away.
Baby, sleep a little longer,
Till the little limbs are stronger.
If she sleeps a little longer,
Baby too shall fly away.

'She sleeps: let us too, let all evil, sleep.
He also sleeps—another sleep than ours.
He can do no more wrong: forgive him, dear,
And I shall sleep the sounder!'

Then the man,
'His deeds yet live, the worst is yet to come.
Yet let your sorrow for this one night be sound:
I do forgive him!'

'Thanks, my love,' she said,
'Your own will be the sweeter,' and they slept.

Macaulay.

28RH DECEMBER, 1859.

O DYING year, did'st wreak thy latest scoff
On those who, wearied with thee, bade thee go,
And, parting, did'st with palsied hand shake off
The noblest name our Golden Book could show?
Vain spite! Self-banished, thou shalt pass away,
Bearing his life whose fame was England's pride:
But through the years English tongues shall say,
"That year! An ill one. Thou Macaulay died."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

IGNORANCE IN HIGH LIFE.

FASHIONABLE LADY (to her Husband). "I wonder how the Exhibition rose? I haven't seen them lower ever so long, and I declare I am getting quite anxious. I say, Henry dear, I wish you would just see the way up to the nursery."

FAIR, FOEM.—A youthful prodigy asked the "author of his being" the other day whether "as it had been tried for such a long time, bad language would not soon be worn out?"

RIDDLES.

1. What word is composed of three letters alone, reads backward and forward the same, without speech it can make all its sentiments known, and to beauty lays principal claim?

2. Why should an alderman wear a tartan waistcoat?

3. When a man beats his wife, what medicine does he take?

4. What is the difference between an accepted and a rejected lover?

5. A blind man went out to tea, when there, how did he contrive to see?

6. Why are people who sit on free seats not likely to derive much benefit from going to church?

7. Why must a manufacturer of steel pens be a very immoral character?

8. Why is conscience like the check-string of a carriage?

9. Why is a whipper like a forged note?

10. Can you spell three words with three letters in English or French?

11. Why is a royalist lawyer like a man who can not sleep?

12. Of what color is grass when it is covered with snow?

13. Why is a lover like a knocker?

14. If your uncle's sister is not your aunt, what relationship does she bear to you?

ANSWERS.

1. Eye.
2. To keep a check on his stomach.
3. He takes an elixir (and he licks her).
4. The one kisses his Missus, and the other misses his kisses.
5. He took a cup and saucer (saw, Sir).
6. Because they get good for nothing.
7. Because he has customers steel (steal) pens, and then persuades them they do write (right).
8. It is a check from the inner to the outer man.
9. It is uttered but not allowed (aloud).
10. I and Y. O. U.
11. He lies first on one side, then on the other, and is like unto the whole tribe.
12. Invisible green.
13. Because he is bound to adore (a door).
14. She is my mother.

ENIGMAS.

I.

Without the head, see how we stand,
The guardians of our sea-girt land;
Without the foot, our prop and stay,
One of my first, both brave and bold,
On bended knee receiveth me,
Victoria's gift for bravery.
My whole, to men a glorious sight,
Oft to my first brings life and light.

II.

My first, how welcome to the weary band
Of pilgrims toiling o'er the desert plains
Of parch'd Arabia! To them smiling hearts
The very word speaks hope. My second may
Be rich and sumptuous, or poor and mean;
Whate'er its guise, the life of every man
Depends on its supply. My whole is that
Which soothes our woe for those we love,
Governs its evolution, and sweetens healing
The saddest accents of a parting hour.

I.—STARS. II.—Welfare.

TOOTHY WITH TEETHE.—A domestic recipe to remove black crape says that, "Rub milk-and-water with a little bit of glue in it, made scalding hot, will restore old rusty black Italian crape." You can not think how nice it smells!

HOMŒOPATHY.—Like cures like. Sulphur comes from Vesuvius; therefore it is good for eruptions.
HOMŒOPATHY TO THE LADIES.—To cure bacon: Rub in as much butter as will lie on the point of a pin—and smoke.

THE SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS.

BY JACQUES MAURICE.

[See account of the falling of the Pemberton Mills, at Lawrence, Massachusetts, in No. 160 of *Harper's Weekly*.]

The clank and the clash and the roar
And the hum of the spindle and wheel,
And the beating heart and busy tongue
Have ceased. Death has set his seal:
The wails, the murderous wails their woe have hurled—
But the awful sound still shakes the shuddering world.

The groan, the shriek, and the prayer,
The mighty dread and fear,
The roar and hiss of the hellish flame
Have ceased. And the pall and the bier
And the hearse have darkened the street and valley and hill:
But the wail of the widows and orphans is never still.

It steals to the rich man's ear
And smites on his selfish heart.
And he knows and feels, as it chills his blood,
In the slaughter his hand had part:
God help that hard man, with his conscience awakened too late!
Already is come a fearful judgment of hate!

The maimed and the ruined shall crawl,
And the whisper and look shall be feared;
And the dead, all the dead, shall stare at him in dreams,
Crushed, bleeding, stark, blasted, and seared:
Immortals among us shall sit and his heart so cold,
For he weighed precious lives against perishing silver and gold.

IRVING PARK, TARRYTOWN.

ONE of the best evidences of a progressive civilization is to be found in the improving condition of the family home. The advancement of a community in culture, in true refinement, and in sound morality is uniformly in proportion to the thriving condition of the homestead, of its appointments, and its associations. Accordingly, when we find our people taking, as they now do, a deeper interest than ever before in the character and location of their dwellings, and in the influences by which their families are to be surrounded, we discern at once the evidence and the cause of a more solid and enduring prosperity.

The true and appropriate home for the family is unfortunately in the country. The man of business may find it necessary to pass some portion of his daily life in the marts of trade, encountering the strife and tumult incident to commercial or professional occupations; but there is no reason why he should establish his household in the same tumultuous arena. The dust and din and spread of a large city is perhaps the necessary sphere, and therefore the proper and legitimate one, for an active man during some part of his life; but it certainly is not the true sphere for his wife and little ones. We are gratified to perceive that this view of the subject is now generally taken by the business men of our great and growing metropolis.

In connection with this topic we take pleasure in presenting to our readers, in the present number of the *Weekly*, several finely executed illustrations of country seats located in the new Tarrytown Park. For a numerous class of our citizens this particular locality seems to possess (on account of some peculiar features) more than ordinary interest.

The premises shown in our engravings constitute a part of the domain of IRVING PARK, recently laid out in the vicinity of Tarrytown. These grounds, though but lately introduced to the public, have already acquired an enviable reputation, not only for the extent and variety of landscape views which they embrace, but for their admirable internal arrangements, the distribution of drives and walks, and other attractive features.

The gentlemen whose residences we have been permitted to sketch for our readers have indicated, we think, equal taste and judgment in the style of their dwellings, as well as in the locality selected. Differing as their positions do in architectural features, they are yet equally impressed with an air of quiet repose and refined rural enjoyment, the effect of which is agreeably increased by the entire harmony of expression between the structures and the adjacent grounds. Though the buildings are not yet completed we are enabled (by leave of the architects) to present them accurately as they will appear when finished in the early part of May or June. It is proper to state, however, that in these sketches the artist has merely intended to present the aspect of each dwelling as it appears from the approach, without attempting to include in so limited a space the varied and magnificent scenery visible from the veranda of each.

It is a remarkable circumstance in regard to these grounds that the situations are so nearly equal in point of scenery as to make it somewhat embarrassing to decide upon a preference. We think, however, that the position of Mr. Stout's residence is one of the most commanding in the Park, and certainly more attractive, in regard to river views, than any we have seen elsewhere. It is, indeed, every way worthy of the elegant mansion that is about to embellish it.

As the subject of rural dwellings is one of increasing interest to the public, and especially so to the cultivated classes who read our *Weekly*, we intend in a future number to illustrate some of the fine river views that belong to this Park, in connection with other residences to be erected there in the ensuing spring and summer.

It would probably be difficult to find an area of the same extent better adapted to the purpose of a *Necropolis*. And *Park* than this ground. The contrast between the thickly-shaded groves of the lower section, and the wide-spread lawns and terraces of the higher ground, the wild scenery explored by labyrinthine walks in the western quarter, and the picturesque effect of the bold declivities of the east park looking down through the vista of Sleepy Hollow, make up a most agreeable variety of rural scenes. The roads and carriageways leading through these various features of the ground afford excellent facilities for a quiet drive away from the public road, as well as for equestrian exercise, and for juvenile practice in the saddle or the pony-chaise.

We subjoin from the printed circular a brief description of these drives:

"The *Western Drive* commences at the Lower Entrance, taking a northerly direction, parallel with the Pocantico. Along the eastern side of this road, and extending to the Aqueduct, is a range of moderately-elevated, and finely-shaded ground, called the *Croton Range*. On the opposite side, and facing the sites of this Range, is the *West Park*, which is traversed by the *Sylvan Road*, and by winding walks leading to perennial springs, to the Cascade, to balconies overhanging the stream, and to various other secluded spots.

"The *Croton Drive* diverges from the north end of the above road, passing to the east and south, across the Aqueduct, and through the rising ground beyond, till it intersects the *Central Avenue*.

"This Avenue extends from the North Gate of the Upper Entrance, through the central portion of the ground, terminating in the *North Drive*. On either side of it are several smaller sections of

RESIDENCE OF HON. B. F. MANIERRE.

COUNTRY SEAT OF A. V. STOUT, ESQ.

SUMMER COTTAGE OF MR. R. P. BRUFF.

ground, which are enclosed by the entire harmony of expression between the structures and the adjacent grounds. Though the buildings are not yet completed we are enabled (by leave of the architects) to present them accurately as they will appear when finished in the early part of May or June. It is proper to state, however, that in these sketches the artist has merely intended to present the aspect of each dwelling as it appears from the approach, without attempting to include in so limited a space the varied and magnificent scenery visible from the veranda of each.

"The *Terrace Road*, lying east of Central Avenue, and parallel with it, connects the North Drive with the Circuit.

"The *South Drive* commences at the South Gate of the Upper Entrance. Taking an eastern direction, it passes near a fine grove of evergreens, and forms the boundary of several unique and picturesque sites. At the point where it reaches the East Park it sweeps around the shoulder of the hill so as to bring the whole of Sleepy Hollow at once into view. Here it terminates in the

"*Eastern Drive*, which follows the ridge of the hill northward to the Pavilion. This drive separates the East Park from the villa sites on the opposite side. Leaving the Pavilion, it descends toward the north (presenting some of the finest inland as well as river views) till it intersects the North Drive."

On the whole, we are inclined to think that this mode of country life is destined to be speedily and extensively adopted in the vicinity of all our large cities. The Neighborhood Park, on the plan of this one at Tarrytown, offers inducements that no ordinary situation in the country can compete with. The difference in the price of ground under this arrangement is less than we should have supposed, and not to be compared with the advantages and privileges which the ground carries with it.

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "AFTER DARK," ETC., ETC.

[Printed from advance proof-sheets purchased from the author exclusively for "Harper's Weekly."]

THE NARRATIVE OF MARIAN HALCOMBE, TAKEN FROM HER DIARY.

* * * * * * *

LIMMERIDGE HOUSE, *November* 7.

'Tis morning Mr. Gilmore left us.

His interview with Laura had evidently grieved and surprised him more than he liked to confess. I felt afraid, from his look and manner when we parted, that she might have inadvertently betrayed to him the real secret of her depression and of my anxiety. This doubt grew on me so, after he had gone, that I declined riding out with Sir Percival, and went up to Laura's room instead.

I have been sadly distrustful of myself in this difficult and lamentable matter ever since I found out my own ignorance of the strength of Laura's unhappy attachment. I ought to have known that the delicacy and forbearance and sense of honor which drew me to poor Hartright, and made me so sincerely admire and respect him, were just the qualities to appeal most irresistibly to Laura's natural sensitiveness and natural generosity of nature. And yet, until she opened her heart to me of her own accord, I had no suspicion that this new feeling had taken root so deeply. I once thought time and care might remove it. I now fear that it will remain with her and alter her for life. The discovery that I have committed such an error in judgment as this makes me hesitate about every thing else. I hesitate about Sir Percival, in the face of the plainest proofs. I hesitate even in speaking to Laura. On this very morning I doubted, with my hand on the door-handle, whether I should ask her the questions I had come to put or not.

When I went into her room I found her walking up and down in great impatience. She looked flushed and excited; and she came forward at once, and spoke to me before I could open my lips.

"I wanted you," she said. "Come and sit down on the sofa with me. Marian! I can hear this no longer—I must and will end it!"

There was too much color in her cheeks, too much energy in her manner, too much firmness in her voice. The little book of Hartright's drawings—the fatal book that she will dream over whenever she is alone—was in one of her hands. I began by gently and firmly taking it from her, and putting it out of sight on a side-table.

"Tell me quietly, my darling, what you wish to do," I said. "Has Mr. Gilmore been advising you?"

She shook her head. "No, not in what I am thinking of now. He was very kind and good to me, Marian, and I am ashamed of having distressed him by crying. I am miserably helpless; I can't control myself. For my own sake, and for all our sakes, I must have courage enough to end it."

"Do you mean courage enough to claim your release?" I asked.

"No," she said, simply. "Courage, dear, to tell the truth."

She put her arms round my neck, and rested her head quietly on my bosom. On the opposite wall hung the miniature portrait of her father. I looked over her, and saw that she was looking at it while her head lay on my breast.

"I can never claim my release from my engagement," she went on. "Whatever way it ends, it must end wretchedly for *me*. All I can do, Marian, is not to add the remembrance that I have broken my promise and forgotten my father's dying words, to make that wretchedness worse."

"What is it you propose, then?" I asked.

"To tell Sir Percival Glyde the truth with my own lips," she answered, "and to let him release me if he will, not because I ask *him*, but because he knows all."

"What if you need, Laura, by 'all?' Sir Percival will know enough (he has told me so himself) if he knows that the engagement is opposed to your own wishes."

"Can I tell him that, when the engagement was made for me by my father, with my own consent? I should have kept my promise; not happily, I am afraid; but still contentedly"—she stopped, turned her face to me, and laid her cheek close against mine—"I should have kept my engagement, Marian, if another love had not grown up in my heart, which was false there when I first promised to be Sir Percival's wife."

"Laura! you will never lower yourself by making a confession to him?"

"I shall lower myself indeed if I gain my release by hiding from him what he has a right to know."

"He has not the shadow of a right to know it!"

† The passages omitted, here and elsewhere, in Miss Halcombe's Diary, are only those which bear no reference to Miss Fairlie, or to any of the persons with whom she is associated in these pages.

"AND RESTED HER HEAD QUIETLY ON MY BOSOM."

"Wrong, Marian, wrong! I ought to deceive no one—least of all the man to whom my father gave me, and to whom I gave myself—but I kissed her lips to mine, and kissed me. "My own love," she said, softly, "you are so much too fond of me, and so much too proud of me, that you forget in my case what you would remember in your own. Better that Sir Percival should doubt my motives and misjudge my conduct, if he will, than that I should be first false to him in thought, and then mean enough to serve my own interests by hiding the falsehood."

I held her away from me in astonishment. For the first time in our lives we had changed places; the resolution was all on her side, the hesitation all on mine. I looked into the pale, quiet, resigned young face; I saw the pure, innocent heart, in the loving eyes that looked back at me—and the poor, worldly cautions and objections that rose to my lips, dwindled and died away in their own emptiness. I hung my head in silence. In her place the despicably small pride which makes so many women deceitful would have been my pride, and would have made me deceitful, too.

"Don't be angry with me, Marian," she said, mistaking my silence.

I only answered by drawing her close to me again. I was afraid of crying if I spoke. My tears do not flow so easily as they ought—they come, almost like men's tears, with sobs that seem to tear me in pieces, and that frighten every one about me.

"I have thought of this, love, for many days," she went on, twining and twisting my hair, with that childish restlessness in her fingers, which poor Mrs. Vesey still tries so patiently and so vainly to cure her of—"I have thought of it very seriously, and I can be sure of my courage, when my own conscience tells me I am right. Let me speak to him to-morrow—in your presence, Marian. I will say nothing that is wrong, nothing that you or I need be ashamed of—but, oh, it will ease my heart so to end this miserable concealment! Only let me know and feel that I have no deception to answer for on my side; and then, when he has heard what I have to say, let him act toward me as he will."

She sighed, and put her head back in its old position on my bosom. Sad misgivings about what the end would be weighed on my mind; but, still distrusting myself, I told her that I would do as she wished. She thanked me, and we passed gradually into talking of other matters.

At dinner she joined us again, and was more easy and more herself with Sir Percival than I have seen her yet. In the evening she went to the piano, choosing new music of the dexterous, tuneless, florid kind. The lovely old melodies of Mozart, which poor Hartright was so fond of, she has never played since he left. She took the volume away herself, so that nobody might miss it out and ask her to play from it.

I had no opportunity of discovering whether her purpose of the morning had changed or not, until she wished Sir Percival good-night—and then her own words informed me that it was unaltered. She said, very quietly, that she wished to speak to him after breakfast, and that he would find her in her sitting-room next to us. He changed color at those words, and I felt his hand trembling a little when it came to my turn to take it. The event of the next morning would decide his future life; and he evidently knew it.

I went in, as usual, through the door between our two bedrooms, to bid Laura good-night before she went to sleep. In stooping over her to kiss her, I saw the little book of Hartright's drawings half hidden under her pillow, just in the place where she used to hide her favorite toys when she was a child. I could not find it in my heart to say anything; but I pointed to the book and shook my head. She reached both hands up to my cheeks, and drew my face down to hers till our lips met.

"Leave it there to-night," she whispered; "to-morrow may be cruel, and may make me say good-by to it forever."

5th.—The first event of the morning was not of a kind to raise my spirits; a letter arrived for me from poor Walter Hartright. It is the answer to mine describing the manner in which Sir Percival cleared himself of the suspicions raised by Anne Catherick's letter. He writes shortly and bitterly about Sir Percival's explanations; only saying that he has no right to offer an opinion on the conduct of those who are above him. This is sad; but his occasional references to himself grieve me still more. He says that the effort to return to his old habits of study quits grows harder instead of easier to him every day; and that he implores me, if I have any interest, to exert it to get him employment that will necessitate his absence from Hampstead. He has given up his new scenes and new people. I have been made all the readier to comply with this request by a passage at the end of his letter, which has also most alarmed me.

After mentioning that he has neither seen nor heard any thing of Anne Catherick, he suddenly breaks off, and hints in the most abrupt, mysterious manner, that he has been perpetually watched and followed by two disreputable men since he returned to London. He acknowledges that he can not prove this erroneous suspicion by fixing on any particular persons; but he declares that the suspicion itself is present to him night and day. This has distressed me, because it looks as if his one fixed idea about Laura was becoming too much for his mind. I will write immediately to some of the most influential old friends in London, and press his claims on their notice. Change of scene and change of occupation may prove to be the salvation of him at this crisis in his life.

Greatly to my relief, Sir Percival sent an apology for not joining us at breakfast. He had taken an early cup of coffee in his own room, and he was still engaged there in writing letters. At eleven o'clock, if that hour were convenient, he would do himself the honor of waiting on Miss Fairlie and Miss Halcombe.

My eyes were on Laura's face while the message was being delivered. I had found her unaccountably quiet and composed when I left her room in the morning; and so she remained all through breakfast. Even when we were sitting together on the sofa, in the interval waiting for Sir Percival, she still preserved her self-control.

"Don't be afraid of me, Marian," was all she said; "I may forget myself with an old friend like Mr. Gilmore, or with a dear sister like you; but I will not forget myself with Sir Percival Glyde."

I looked at her, and listened to her in silent surprise. Through all the years of our close intimacy this passive force in her character had been hidden from me—hidden even from herself, till love found it, and suffering called it forth.

At the clock on the mantle-piece struck eleven Sir Percival knocked at the door and came in. There was suppressed anxiety and agitation in every line of his face—a look, sharp enough, which teases him at most times, seemed to be troubling him more incessantly than ever. He sat down opposite to us at the table; and Laura remained by me. I looked attentively at them both, and he was the palest of the two.

He said a few unimportant words, with a visible effort to preserve his customary ease of manner. But his voice was not to be steadied, and the restless uneasiness in his eyes was not to be concealed. He must have felt this himself; for he stopped in the middle of a sentence, and gave up even the attempt to hide his embarrassment any longer.

There was just one moment of dead silence before Laura addressed him.

"I wish to speak to you, Sir Percival," she said, "on a subject that is painfully serious to us both. My sister is here, because her presence helps me, and gives me confidence. She has not requested and will not hear what I am going to say: I speak from my own thoughts, not from hers. I am sure you will be kind enough to understand that before I go any further?"

Sir Percival bowed. She had proceeded thus far, with perfect outward tranquillity, and perfect propriety of manner. She looked at him, and he looked at her. They seemed, at the outset at least, resolved to understand one another plainly.

"I have heard from Marian," she went on, "that I have only to claim my release from our engagement to obtain that release from you. It was forbearing and generous on your part, Sir Percival, to send me such a message. It is only doing you justice to say that I am grateful for the offer, and I hope and believe that it is only doing myself justice to tell you that I decline to accept it."

His attentive face brightened and relaxed; he seemed to breathe more freely. But I saw one of his feet, softly, quietly, incessantly beating on the carpet under the table, and I felt that he was secretly as anxious as ever.

"I have not forgotten," she said, "that you asked my father's permission before you honored me with a proposal of marriage. Perhaps you have not forgotten, either, what I said when I consented to our engagement? I ventured to tell you that my father's influence and advice had mainly decided me to give you my promise. I was guided by my father, because I had always found him the truest of all advisers, the best and fondest of all protectors and friends. I have lost him now; I have only his memory to love; but my faith in that dear dead friend of mine has never been shaken. I believe, at this moment, as truly as I ever believed, that he knew what was best, and that his hopes and wishes ought to be my hopes and wishes too."

Her voice trembled for the first time. Her restless fingers stole their way into my lap, and held fast by one of my hands. There was another moment of silence; and then Sir Percival spoke.

"May I ask," he said, "if I have ever proved myself unworthy of the trust which it has been hitherto my greatest honor and greatest happiness to possess?"

"I have found nothing in your conduct to blame," she answered. "You have always treated me with the same delicacy and the same forbearance, which have deserved my trust; and, what is of far more importance in my estimation, you have deserved my father's trust, out of which mine grew. You have given me no excuse, even if I had wished to find one, for asking to be released from my pledge. What I have said so far, has been said with the wish to acknowledge my whole obligation to you. My regard for that obligation, my regard for my father's memory, will not allow me to go any further, all forbid me to set the example, on my side, of withdrawing from our present position. The breaking of our engagement must be entirely your wish and your act, Sir Percival—not mine."

The uneasy beating of his foot suddenly stopped, and he leaned forward eagerly across the table.

"My act?" he said. "What reason can there be on my side for withdrawing?"

I heard Laura breathing quickening; I felt her hand growing cold. In spite of what she had said to me when we were alone, I began to be afraid of her—afraid she was wrong.

"A reason that it is very hard to tell you," she answered. "There is a change in me, Sir Percival—a change which I am not conscious enough to justify you, to yourself and to me, in breaking off our engagement."

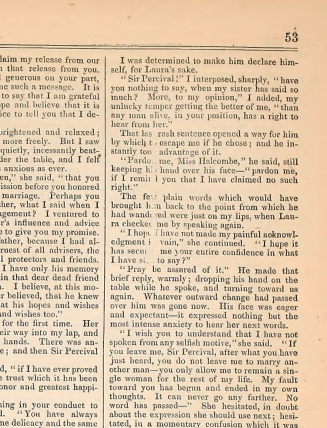
His face flushed so pale again that even his lips lost their color. He raised the arm which lay on the table, turned a little away in his chair, and rested his head on his hand, so that his profile only was presented to us.

"What change?" he asked.

She sighed, and looked downward to me a little, so as to rest her shoulder against mine. I felt her trembling, and tried to spare her by speaking myself. She stopped me by a warning pressure of her hand, and then addressed Sir Percival once more, but this time without looking at him.

"I have heard," she said, "and I believe it, that the tenderest and truest of all affections is the affection which a woman ought to bear to her husband. When our engagement began, I felt that affection was mine to give, if I could, and I came to you with all I could. Will you pardon me, and spare me, Sir Percival, if I acknowledge that it is not so any longer?"

A few tears gathered in her eyes, and dropped over her cheeks slowly, as she paused and waited for his answer. He did not utter a word. At the beginning of her reply he had moved the hand on which his head rested so that it hid his face. At anything but the upper part of his figure at the table. Not a muscle of him moved. The fingers of the hand which supported his head were destined deep in his hair; but there was no significant trembling in them. There was nothing, absolutely nothing, to tell the secret of his thoughts at that moment—the moment which decided the crisis of his life and the crisis of hers.



"AND PINNED IT CAREFULLY IN THE FORM OF A CIRCLE."

I was determined to make him declare himself, for Laura's sake.

"Sir Percival?" I interposed, sharply, "have you nothing to say, when my sister has said so much to you? More, to my opinion, I added, my unlucky temper getting the better of me, "than any man alive, in your position, has a right to hear from her."

That last rash sentence opened a way for him by which to escape me if he chose; and he instantly took advantage of it.

"Pardon me, Miss Halcombe," he said, still keeping his hand over his face—"pardon me, if I remind you that I have claimed no such right."

The few plain words which would have brought him back to the point from which he had wandered were just on my lips, when Laura checked me by speaking again.

"I hope," she said, "I have not made my painful acknowledgment in vain," she continued. "I hope it has not given me your entire confidence in what I have said to say?"

"Pray be assured of it." He made that brief reply hurriedly, dropping his hand on the table while he spoke, and turning toward us again. Whatever outward change had passed over him was gone now. His face was eager and expectant—it expressed nothing but the most intense anxiety to hear her next words.

"I wish you to understand that I have not spoken from any selfish motive," she said. "If you leave me, Sir Percival, after what you have just heard, you do not leave me to marry another man—you only allow me to remain a single woman for the rest of my life. My fault toward you has begun and ended in my own thoughts. It can never go any further. No thought has passed—"

She hesitated, in doubt about the expression she should use next; hesitated, in a momentary confusion which it was very sad and very painful to see. "No word has passed," she patiently and resolutely resumed, "between myself and the person to whom I am now addressing for the first and last time in your presence, of my feelings toward him, or of his feelings toward me. No word ever can pass—neither he nor I are guilty, in this world, to meet again. I earnestly entreat you to spare me from saying any more, and to believe me, on my word, in what I have told you. It is the truth, Sir Percival—the truth which I think my promised husband has a claim to hear, at any sacrifice of my own feelings. I trust to his generosity to pardon me, and to his honor to keep my secret."

"Both those trusts are sacred to me," he said, "and both shall be sacredly kept."

After answering in those terms, he paused, and looked at her, as if he were waiting to hear more.

"I have said all I wished to say," she added, quietly; "I have said more than enough to justify you in withdrawing from your engagement."

"You have said more than enough," he answered, "to make it the clearest object of my life to keep the engagement." With those words he rose from his chair, and advanced a few steps toward the place where she was sitting.

She started violently, and a faint cry of surprise escaped her. Every word she had spoken had innocently betrayed her purity and truth to a man who thoroughly understood the priceless value of a pure and true woman. Her own noble conduct had been the hidden enemy, through-out, of all the hopes she had trusted to it. I had dreaded this from the first. I would have prevented it, if she had allowed me the smallest chance of doing so. I even wished and watched, now, when the harm was done, for a word from Sir Percival that would give me the opportunity of putting him in the wrong.

"You have left it to me, Miss Fairlie, to re-

sign you," he continued. "I am not heartless enough to resign a woman who has just shown herself to be the noblest of her sex."

He spoke with such warmth and feeling, with such passionate enthusiasm and yet with such perfect delicacy, that she raised her head, flushed up a little, and looked at him with sudden animation and spirit.

"No!" she said, firmly. "The most wretched of her sex, if she must give herself in marriage when she can not give her love."

"May she not give it in the future," he asked, "if the one object of her husband's life is to deserve it?"

"Never!" she answered. "If you still persist in maintaining our engagement, I may be your true and faithful wife, Sir Percival—your loving wife, if I know my own heart, never!"

She looked so irresistibly beautiful as she said those brave words that no man alive could have steeled his heart against her. I tried hard to feel that Sir Percival was to blame, and to say so; but my womanhood would pity him in spite of myself.

"I gratefully accept your faith and truth," he said. "The least that *you* can offer is more to me than the utmost that I could hope for from any other woman in the world."

Her left hand still held mine, but her right hand hung listlessly at her side. He raised it gently to his lips—touched it with them rather than kissed it—bowed to me—and then, with perfect delicacy and discretion, silently quitted the room.

She neither moved nor said a word when he was gone; she sat by me, cold and still, with her eyes fixed on the ground. I saw it was hopeless and useless to speak, and I only put my arm round her, and held her to me in silence. We remained together so for what seemed a long and weary time—so long and so weary that I grew uneasy, and spoke to her softly, in the hope of producing a change.

The sound of my voice seemed to startle her into consciousness. She suddenly drew herself away from me and rose to her feet.

"I must submit, Marian, as well as I can," she said. "My new life has its hard duties, and one of them begins to-day."

As she spoke she went to a side-table near the window, on which her sketching materials were placed, gathered them together carefully, and put them in a drawer of her cabinet. She locked the drawer and brought the key to me.

"I must part from every thing that reminds me of him," she said. "Keep the key wherever you please—I shall never want it again."

Before I could say a word she had turned away to her book-case, and had taken from it the album that contained Walter Hartright's drawings. She hesitated for a moment, holding the little volume fondly in her hands—then lifted it to her lips and kissed it.

"Oh, Laura! Laura!" I said, not angrily, not reprovingly—with nothing but sorrow in my voice, and nothing but sorrow in my heart.

"It is the last time, Marian," she pleaded. "I am bidding it good-by forever."

She laid the book on the table and drew out the comb that fastened her hair. It fell, in its matchless beauty, over her back and shoulders, and dropped round her far below her waist. She separated one long, thin lock from the rest, cut it off, and pinned it carefully, in the form of a circle, on the first blank page of the album. The moment it was fastened she closed the volume hurriedly, and placed it in my hands.

"You write to him, and he writes to you," she said. "While I am alive, if he asks after me, always tell him I am well, and never say I am unhappy. Don't distress him, Marian—for *my* sake, don't distress him. If I die first, promise you will give him this little book of his drawings, with my hair in it. There can be no harm, when I am gone, in telling him that I put it there with my own hands. And say—oh, Marian, say for me, then, what I can never say for myself—say I loved him!"

She flung her arms round my neck, and whispered the last words in my ear with a passionate delight in uttering them which it almost broke my heart to hear. All the long restraint she had imposed on herself gave way in that first last outburst of tenderness. She broke from me with hysterical vehemence, and threw herself on the sofa in a paroxysm of sobs and tears that shook her from head to foot.

I tried vainly to soothe her and reason with her: she was past being soothed, and past being reasoned with. It was the sad, sudden end, for us two, of this memorable day. When the fit had worn itself out she was too exhausted to speak. She slumbered toward the afternoon: and I put away the book of drawings so that she might not see it when she woke. My face was calm, whatever my heart might be, when she opened her eyes again and looked at me. We said no more to each other about the distressing interview of the morning. Sir Percival's name was not mentioned, Walter Hartright was not alluded to again by either of us for the remainder of the day.

9th.—Finding that she was composed and like herself this morning, I returned to the painful subject of yesterday, for the sole purpose of imploring her to let me speak to Sir Percival and Mr. Fairlie, more plainly and strongly than she could speak to either of them herself, about this lamentable marriage. She interposed, gently but firmly, in the middle of my remonstrances.

"I left yesterday to decide," she said; "and yesterday *has* decided. It is too late to go back."

Sir Percival spoke to me this afternoon, feelingly and unreservedly, about what had passed in Laura's room. He assured me that the unparalleled trust she had placed in him had awakened such an answering conviction of her innocence and integrity in his mind that he was guiltless of having felt even a moment's unworthy jealousy, either at the time when he was in her presence, or afterward when he had withdrawn from it. Deeply as he lamented the unfortunate attachment which had hindered the progress he might otherwise have made in her esteem and regard, he firmly believed that it had remained unacknowledged in the past, and that it would remain, under all changes of circumstances which it was possible to contemplate, unacknowledged in the future. This was his absolute conviction; and the strongest proof he could give of it was the assurance, which he now offered, that he felt no curiosity to know whether the attachment was of recent date or not, or who had been the object of it. His implicit confidence in Miss Fairlie made him satisfied with what she had thought fit to say to him, and he was honestly innocent of the slightest feeling of anxiety to hear more.

He waited, after saying those words, and looked at me. I was so conscious of my unreasonable prejudice against him—so conscious of an unworthy suspicion that he might be speculating on my impulsively answering the very questions which he had just described himself as resolved not to ask—that I evaded all reference to this part of the subject with something like a feeling of confusion on my own part. At the same time, I was resolved not to lose even the smallest opportunity of trying to plead Laura's cause; and I told him boldly that I regretted his generosity had not carried him one step farther, and induced him to withdraw from the engagement altogether.

Here, again, he disarmed me by not attempting to defend himself. He would merely beg me to remember the difference there was between his allowing Miss Fairlie to give him up, which was a matter of submission only, and his forcing himself to give up Miss Fairlie, which was, in other words, asking him to be the suicide of his own hopes. Her conduct of the day before had so strengthened the unchangeable love and admiration of two long years, that all active contention against those feelings, on his part, was henceforth entirely out of his power. I must think him weak, selfish, unfeeling toward the very woman whom he idolized, and he must bow to my opinion as resignedly as he could; only putting it to me, at the same time, whether her future as a single woman, pining under an unhappily placed attachment which she could never acknowledge, could be said to promise her a much brighter prospect than her future as the wife of a man who worshiped the very ground she walked on? In the last case there was hope from time, however slight it might be—in the first case, on her own showing, there was no hope at all.

I answered him—more because my tongue is a woman's, and must answer, than because I had any thing convincing to say. It was only too plain that the course Laura had adopted the day before had offered him the advantage if he chose to take it—and that he *had* chosen to take it. I felt this at the time, and I feel it just as strongly now, while I write these lines, in my own room. The one hope left is, that his motives really spring, as he says they do, from the irresistible strength of his attachment to Laura.

Before I close my diary for to-night, I must record that I wrote to-day, in poor Hartright's interests, to two of my mother's old friends in London—both men of influence and position. If they can do any thing for him, I am quite sure they will. Except Laura, I never was more anxious about any one than I am now about Walter. All that has happened since he left us has only increased my strong regard and sympathy for him. I hope I am doing right in trying to help him to employment abroad—I hope, most earnestly and anxiously, that it will end well.

10th.—Sir Percival had an interview with Mr. Fairlie, and I was sent for to join them.

I found Mr. Fairlie greatly relieved at the prospect of the "family worry" (as he was pleased to describe his niece's marriage) being settled at last. So far I did not feel called on to say any thing to him about my own opinion; but when he proceeded, in his most aggravatingly languid manner, to suggest that the time for the marriage had better be settled next, in accordance with Sir Percival's wishes, I enjoyed the satisfaction of assailing Mr. Fairlie's nerves with as strong a protest against hurrying Laura's decision as I could put into words. Sir Percival immediately assured me that he felt the force of my objection, and begged me to believe that the proposal had not been made in consequence of any interference on his part. Mr. Fairlie leaned back in his chair, closed his eyes, said we both of us did honor to human nature, and then repeated his suggestion, as coolly as if neither Sir Percival nor I had said a word in opposition to it. It ended in my flatly declining to mention the subject to Laura, unless she first approached it of her own accord. I left the room at once after making that declaration. Sir Percival looked seriously embarrassed and distressed. Mr. Fairlie stretched out his lazy legs on his velvet footstool, and said: "Dear Marian! how I envy you your robust nervous system! Don't bang the door!"

On going to Laura's room I found that she had asked for me, and that Mrs. Vesey had informed her that I was with Mr. Fairlie. She inquired at once what I had been wanted for; and I told her all that had passed, without attempting to conceal the vexation and annoyance that I really felt. Her answer surprised and distressed me inexpressibly; it was the very last reply that I should have expected her to make.

"My uncle is right," she said. "I have caused trouble and anxiety enough to you, and to all about me. Let me cause no more, Marian—let Sir Percival decide."

I remonstrated warmly; but nothing that I could say moved her.

"I am held to my engagement," she replied; "I have broken with my old life. The evil day will not come the less surely because I put it off. No, Marian! once again, my uncle is right. I have caused trouble enough and anxiety enough, and I will cause no more."

She used to be pliability itself; but she was now inflexibly passive in her resignation—I might almost say in her despair. Dearly as I love her, I should have been less pained if she had been violently agitated; it was so shockingly unlike her natural character to see her as cold and insensible as I saw her now.

11th.—Sir Percival put some questions to me at breakfast about Laura, which left me no choice but to tell him what she had said.

While we were talking she herself came down and joined us. She was just as unnaturally composed in Sir Percival's presence as she had been in mine. When breakfast was over he had an opportunity of saying a few words to her privately, in a recess of one of the windows. They were not more than two or three minutes together; and, on their separating, she left the room with Mrs. Vesey, while Sir Percival came to me. He said he had entreated her to favor him by maintaining her privilege of fixing the time for the marriage at her own will and pleasure. In reply, she had merely expressed her acknowledgments, and had desired him to mention what his wishes were to Miss Halcombe.

I have no patience to write more. In this instance, as in every other, Sir Percival has carried his point, with the utmost possible credit to himself, in spite of every thing that I can say or do. His wishes are now what they were, of course, when he first came here; and Laura having resigned herself to the one inevitable sacrifice of the marriage, remains as coldly hopeless and enduring as ever. In parting with the little occupations and relics that reminded her of Hartright, she seems to have parted with all her tenderness and all her impressibility. It is only three o'clock in the afternoon while I write these lines, and Sir Percival has left us already, in the happy hurry of a bridegroom, to prepare for the bride's reception at his house in Hampshire. Unless some extraordinary event happens to prevent it, they will be married exactly at the time when he wished to be married—before the end of the year. My very fingers burn as I write it!

12th.—A sleepless night, through uneasiness about Laura. Toward the morning I came to a resolution to try what change of scene would do to rouse her. She can not surely remain in her present torpor of insensibility, if I take her away from Limmeridge, and surround her with the pleasant faces of old friends? After some consideration, I decided on writing to the Arnolds, in Yorkshire. They are simple, kind-hearted, hospitable people, and she has known them from her childhood. When I had put the letter in the post-bag I told her what I had done. It would have been a relief to me if she had shown the spirit to resist and object. But no—she only said, "I will go any where with *you*, Marian. I dare say you are right—I dare say the change will do me good."

13th.—I wrote to Mr. Gilmore, informing him that there was really a prospect of this miserable marriage taking place, and also mentioning my idea of trying what change of scene would do for Laura. I had no heart to go into particulars. Time enough for them when we get nearer to the end of the year.

14th.—Three letters for me. The first, from the Arnolds, full of delight at the prospect of seeing Laura and me. The second, from one of the gentlemen to whom I wrote on Walter Hartright's behalf, informing me that he has been fortunate enough to find an opportunity of complying with my request. The third, from Walter himself, thanking me, poor fellow, in the warmest terms, for giving him an opportunity of leaving his home, his country, and his friends. A private expedition to make excavations among the ruined cities of Central America is, it seems, about to sail from Liverpool. The draughtsman who had been already appointed to accompany it has lost heart, and withdrawn at the eleventh hour; and Walter is to fill his place. He is to be engaged for six months certain, from the time of the landing in Honduras, and for a year afterward, if the excavations are successful, and if the funds hold out. His letter ends with a promise to write me a farewell line, when they are all on board ship, and when the pilot leaves them. I can only hope and pray earnestly that he and I are both acting in this matter for the best. It seems such a serious step for him to take that the mere contemplation of it startles me. And yet, in his unhappy position, how can I expect him, or wish him, to remain at home?

15th.—The carriage is at the door. Laura and I set out on our visit to the Arnolds to-day.

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Polesdean Lodge, Yorkshire.

23d.—A week in these new scenes, and among these kind-hearted people, has done her some good, though not so much as I had hoped. I have resolved to prolong our stay for another week at least. It is useless to go back to Limmeridge till there is an absolute necessity for our return.

24th.—Sad news by this morning's post. The expedition to Central America sailed on the twenty-first. We have parted with a true man; we have lost a faithful friend. Walter Hartright has left England.

25th.—Sad news yesterday: ominous news to-day. Sir Percival Glyde has written to Mr. Fairlie; and Mr. Fairlie has written to Laura and me, to recall us to Limmeridge immediately.

What can this mean? Has the day for the marriage been fixed in our absence?

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, January 16, in the Senate, Senator Douglas offered a resolution instructing the Judiciary Committee to report a bill to protect each State from invasion by people of other States. Senator Sumner presented a petition for cheap postage, and also moved an inquiry as to the expediency of reducing the present rate of ocean postage. Senator Yulee moved an inquiry into the practicability of providing a system for the transmission of money and other valuables by mail. Senator Sebastian introduced a bill for the relief of the American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions. Senator Bigler introduced a bill for the suppression of invasions from one State into another. Senator Clingman then took the floor, discussing Senator Pugh's resolution.——In the House, a speech on the politics of the day was made by Mr. Underwood, of Georgia, after which there was a desultory conversation on party movement, in which several members took part. No vote was taken for Speaker.

On Tuesday, January 17, in the Senate, Senator Sumner introduced a bill, supplementary to the act of 1851, relative to the liabilities of ship-owners. Senator Slidell reported in favor of the passage of the bill to prohibit the circulation of bank-bills of a less denomination than $20 in the District of Columbia. Senator Brown corrected a reported speech of his relative to the position and condition of slaves. The hour for going into an election of Printer to the Senate having arrived, Senator Brown proceeded to give his reasons why he should not vote for Mr. Bowman. A protracted colloquy ensued, when a vote was had, resulting in 27 votes for Mr. Bowman, out of 48 cast.——In the House, Mr. Pennington withdrew his resolution for the adoption of the plurality rule, in order, as he said, to relieve the House of confusion. Mr. Hutchins, of Ohio, then took the floor, and moved the adoption of the plurality rule, on which he demanded the previous question. This gave rise to some excitement and confusion. In the heat of the excitement, Mr. Hickman charged Northern Democrats with being influenced by Southerners, when Messrs. M'Clernand and Pryor declared the charges false. Mr. Hickman reiterated his charge. No vote was had for Speaker.

On Wednesday, Jan. 18, in the Senate, Senator Gwin introduced a bill to establish a line of electric telegraph to California. Senator Brown moved instructions to the Territorial Committee to insert clauses in Territorial bills for the protection of Slave property in the Territories. The motion went over under the rules. Senator Hale desiring to put a private bill on its final passage, Senator Mason objected, taking the position that, owing to the non-organization of the House, there was no Congress. After some discussion, Senator Hale withdrew his motion. Senator Bayard then had laid on the table for future action, a resolution that no final vote be taken on bills or joint resolutions, until the organization of the House. An Executive session was had, and the Senate adjourned.——In the House, a warm discussion took place between Messrs. M'Rae, Washburn, Craige, Clopton, and others, on the motion for the adoption of the plurality rule, made yesterday by Mr. Hutchins. Mr. Clopton made a speech in favor of disunion, and a conversation ensued in which many members took part on Slavery, party tactics, the Speakership, etc.

On Thursday, Jan. 19, in the Senate, on motion of Senator Douglas, his resolution instructing the Judiciary Committee to prepare a bill for the better protection of States against invasion, was made the special order for Monday afternoon next. The question as to the existence of a Congress, owing to the non-organization of the House, was brought up again by Senator Mason, and discussed and dropped without action. Senator King moved an investigation respecting the payments for public printing, when the Senate adjourned to Monday.——In the House, a speech on the Slavery question was made by Mr. Hindman, of Arkansas. Mr. Bingham then called up the plurality resolution, which was resisted by motions and speeches causing delay. In reply to questions put by Mr. Colfax, of Indiana, it was admitted that the Democrats had signed an agreement not to permit the plurality rule to be adopted.

On Friday, Jan. 20, the Senate not being in session, a speech on secession was made by Mr. Noel, of Missouri. Personal explanations referring to newspapers were made by Messrs. Pryor, of Virginia, and Howard, of Ohio. Mr. Babbitt, of Ohio, reminded the House that the plurality resolution was the question before the House. Mr. Sherman, of Ohio, after vainly endeavoring to induce Mr. Clark, of Missouri, to withdraw his resolution referring to the Helper book, made a speech explaining how he became an apparent indorser of the book. A long conversational debate ensued, and the House adjourned to Monday.

THE HARPER'S FERRY INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE.

Realf, old Brown's Secretary of State, has arrived in Washington, and will be shortly examined before the Senate Harper's Ferry Investigating Committee. Some important revelations are looked for, as it is understood he will unreservedly confess all he knows respecting the foray of Brown. Subpœnas have been issued for Giddings, Lawrence, Sanborn, and others, and it is said that probably Senator Wilson will be called on to testify before the Committee.

LOUISIANA PREPARED TO ACT WITH THE SOUTH.

In the Louisiana Legislature, on Wednesday, January 18, the Governor's Message was read. It recommends that the State be prepared to meet its sister States of the South in Convention in case of certain contingencies; favors retaliating upon the hostility of the North by licensing, and inflicting discriminations against Northern goods, amounting to an absolute prohibition.

The House passed a joint resolution, declaring the Harper's Ferry affair an attack on the rights and privileges of the South, and alleging that the hostility of the North and the election of a Republican President will cause a dissolution of the Union.

THE KANSAS LEGISLATURE.

The Legislature of Kansas, which has been sitting, the minority at Lecompton, and the majority at Lawrence, adjourned on the 18th. It is understood that the Governor will at once issue a call for an extra session, which will be held at the latter place.

A NEW FILIBUSTER MOVEMENT.

Information was received at Washington last week that thirty-five hundred men are now in New Orleans ready to embark for Vera Cruz. They go out as immigrants, and will be received into citizenship by the Juarez, or Liberal Government, when they will be mustered into service under American officers, such as Generals Ring and Wheat, and will sustain that Government until the Senate ratifies the M'Lane Treaty, which they expect will be speedily done. The leaders of these immigrants expect, for the aid they will afford the Liberals, to obtain the renewal of the grant for a railroad from Aransas Bay to Mazatlan, in the Gulf of California, and agree to pay for it the sum of ten thousand dollars. The immigrants about to embark from New Orleans agree to remain and engage as laborers in constructing the aforesaid railroad, and at the same time will be recognized as a military organization for their own protection and the protection of the country through which they pass.

LETTER FROM MR. BRECKINRIDGE.

The following letter to the Peyton Boswell Committee has been published:

"WASHINGTON CITY, Jan. 19, 1860.

"GENTLEMEN,—The claims of public duty here will deny me the pleasure of participating personally in the compliment which you have tendered to the Hon. Beverly Tucker. I regret this the more, as some one of the objects intended is to bring together men of position and influence from different sections of our common country, in order that they may unite in such an expression of sentiment as will tend to promote peace and harmony throughout the Union."

No man, North or South, who is animated by a patriotic impulse, or who appreciates his citizenship in its high and rational sense, can hesitate to approve the suppression of sentiment which you purport. Events have recently occurred which the reason and the heart of the country deplore and condemn, not only as wrong in themselves, but calculated to loosen the ties of confidence and fellowship by which our people should be bound together. The wrongful attempt of partisans to fasten the responsibility of those individual acts upon a whole section, and to array it before the world in a position charged with such criminality, has provoked a feeling of deep indignation, because of this shameful injustice. The North knows its duties and its rights, and means to fulfil the one and to assert the other, in the Union and under the Constitution. It has no desire to infringe upon any right of the South, nor to encourage, publicly or privately outrages upon or invasions of its territory, or any means by which they may be induced to the commission of these violations of brotherhood by which we have ground into the degrading proportions of a private crime.

"The Constitution was framed and adopted in a spirit of conciliation and mutual concession. If we do not inherit all the virtues, we may at least cherish the precepts and the example of the fathers who projected it by acts of wisdom and patriotism. In the dark hours of the Republic, when civil commotion threatened more than previous than the rash rankings of dissensionists and agitators now do, that Constitution proved to be our sheet anchor and safety. Let us cling to it, in this period of discord and strife, and, no matter what may be the conduct of others, the other in renewing its devotions to all the compromises under which it was formed, and all the obligations which it imposes. Accepted with this purpose, there will be no South or North, but the whole country will be united and happy people, enjoying the blessings and shielding the priceless of a common and glorious country.

"With high respect, JOHN BRECKINRIDGE.

"MESSRS. CHARLES MCBOSWELL, JOHNSTON, AND OTHERS."

THE LATEST FROM PIKE'S PEAK.

From Pike's Peak we learn that the miners were still at work, industriously improving the late discoveries. The election, which had just been held, is looked upon as a decided expression in favor of a separate organization of Jefferson Territory. The news which the mail brings from Kansas Lake is unimportant, the only thing being a desperate encounter between two gangs of desperadoes, the particulars of which are not given.

THE NEW SENATOR FROM TEXAS.

The *Herald* says: "Several years ago Mr. Wigfall, the late United States Senator from Texas, was a resident of South Carolina, and a member of the Legislature of that State, a difficulty arose between him and Mr. Brooks, the father of the late Preston S. Brooks, and Mr. Wigfall posted Mr. Brooks as a coward generally after the fashion down there. Mr. Bird, a son of the then wife of Mr. Brooks, was to be the second of Brooks, but in ignorance of the difficulty called on Mr. Wigfall, which was in no friendly terms, and told him he was to be his antagonist on the following morning. The two gentlemen were proceeding through the streets together, when Bird opened in question attracted Mr. Bird's attention. Turning at once to Mr. Wigfall, he asked if he was Mr. Wigfall was in author. Mr. W. responded that he was. Mr. Bird then said he could have it down. Mr. Wigfall struck at his peril. Mr. B., however, did it. A shooting affray immediately followed, in which Mr. Bird was killed by Mr. Wigfall. A son of Mr. Brooks, Sen., took up the quarrel and challenged Mr. Wigfall. To this Mr. Wigfall received Mr. Brooks's fire unharmed, and then discharged his pistol in the air. The duel was at this point arrested. Immediately afterward Mr. Wigfall received a second challenge from Preston S. Brooks, and subsequently for his assault on Senator Sumner. This challenge Mr. Wigfall declined to accept. The matter, however, was not allowed to subside, and, to avoid further bloodshed, Mr. Wigfall soon after left the limits of the State and removed to Texas, where he has since resided. From his antecedents there he has now emerged into the Senate of the United States."

TIGHTNESS OF THE MONEY MARKET AT WASHINGTON.

A correspondent of one of the Western papers says: "Washington City is at a dead lock, because there is not a total that no merchant can get $500 from bank here for the very best reason there is not that much money in the treasury. The banks have invested all their money in State Stocks, and there is not a dollar of unemployed money there in Speaker. But that money is scarce here is undeniable every day I hear men who wish to borrow, with the usual difficulty in getting it. It is said that Glentworth, the fugitive ex-Navy Agent, has appropriated the sum of $20,000, expecting to be repaid when the Speaker-ship was secure. But his $20,000 has not helped him, and he shows a blank face and an empty purse to his applicants. But this is one fact and there are thousands of money which may be rewarded as a sign of the times."

FEMALE EXTRAVAGANCE AT NEW YORK.

The New York correspondent of the Boston *Traveller* writes as follows:

"The attention of my good cousin could during the recession is a pretty good criterion of the state of the money market. To be able to infer, therefore, that New York dollars are well fortified, for certain, it is only necessary to hand over to those fortunate ones the bills left to the present date from at any corresponding period of the year. For example, one firm in Broadway is said to have sold $20,000 worth of fine silks, satins, and velvets, in the month of December, and another $10,000 within the same period mentioned. I have seen one dress pattern of silk in bunch, with its trimmings, cost $1,000. It is of violet color more of the richest quality of purple and purple. There are thousands of dresses of a more moderate character with jupiter of myrtle green, and others of rich with a broad band of black velvet just above the hem. There is a pocket on each side half way between the waist of black velvet, beside which nothing else will do. Hoods of which bang down in graceful folds like drapery. The dress is worn over a petticoat of much silk satin; but the only general effect is elegant and tasteful. Another dress pattern of rich silk, purple in ea of green color, cost $350. It is figured with small bouquets of flowers, and has a rich satin figure flounce, each edged with velvet, but the corsage is the most beautiful feature, ornamented, as it is, with a fichu before the trimmed with black lace. The wife of the former is a Brazilian lady, the former a Philadelphian lawyer; and the latter is said to be the friend of a New York merchant prince to his sister, one of the most beautiful young ladies in Fifth Avenue."

CAUTION TO CHEROOTS.

Rev. A. S. Hudelson, in the Brockport *Advertiser*, a card of warning to the public, and his brethren, the clergy, in particular, against a woman whom he met the early fall, and who has since deserted and ruined him. He explains how his ruin was accomplished. While conversing with her on the Newport Camp Meeting, a woman, small in stature, wearing specs, of a prepossessing appearance, appeared, passed him in a carriage, told him of her esteem and how much she was worth, and induced him to marry her. He consented, the bond was tied, and she having accomplished his ruin, fled, forsook him, probably to find another victim. Mr. Hudelson tells us that this woman had served two other men out in the same way before—one residing at Bedford, at least, in Wayne, the other in Wisconsin. The Wisconsin victim left a distinctive condition, with three children to provide for. Lest she may inflict similar misery on others of us, we give this remarkable publicity to the statement. Clergymen, who may be single—susceptible as the influence of the sex and the blandishments of fortune—beautiful beware of females small in stature, prepossessing in appearance, wearing specs, pretending to the possession of great wealth, and who pursue men in carriages to effect their ruin.

THE TEMPERANCE DANCE AT WASHINGTON.

An Ohio editor gives his views of several dances which he lately witnessed at a ball in Washington. He says: "The want of variety in this metropolitan dancing was, however, the principal drag upon the pleasure of the waltz and polka. The very obsolescence of the old-fashioned cotillion, and the consequent lack of what is called in question, I are ignored an altogether too cold and formal. The lady for whom I had the honor to escort to the dance, gave me, on his, and the other in his castle, and reel reigns supreme. The old-fashioned jig and reel, the hornpipe, the Virginia reel, which, when first carried by him clod of the floor, go away among the rest of the dances. The gentleman in front throws his head back and his eyes up, like a dying ox; the lady in front of him, with her head on one side, tucks up, swings around, sessons, to all appearance, desires forward, and leaves the ring, to the delight of all present.

PERSONAL.

At the last President's reception Mr. Washington considerable amusement was created during the evening by the rather strange conduct and uniform worn by a gentleman present, who made himself conspicuous by his dress. It was ascertained that he was a stranger from the West, and had just arrived in town. His dress was the worst by some wags, who informed him that he must wear a court dress or military uniform to be admitted to the reception of the President.

The gentleman thus has sufficiently recovered from his attack of pneumoniae catarrh to believe that he will be able to resume his seat in the Senate chamber shortly.

It is rumored that Captain Henry de la Riviere, "the gallant Zouave," is to reduced circumstances in this city, and has offered his services to Mr. Walker, the representative of Lola Montez, has given him a situation as mercantile clerk at a salary of $1,000 with a new suit provided and $40 a month.

Mr. Charles Conor is in a fair way to reap honor and promotion as the hnvest of his speech at the Academy of Music. The Democracy of this city have put him on the ticket for President; and at a meeting of colored citizens in Prince William county, Virginia, resolutions were passed unanimously to a seat on the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States.

Mr. Memminger, the Commissioner from South Carolina to Virginia, has been appointed Secretary of the Latter State by the military. He made a speech of four hours' duration, in which he explained the cause of the late efforts, and urged a convention of the Southern States to consider their future relations.

The Commercial Advertiser says that Lady Franklin will visit this city in the course of the month. She remains here she will be the guest of Henry Grinnell, Esq.

Chark B. Cochrane, member of Congress from the Eighth district of New York, who has been ill for some time, having become insane, was on Wednesday taken to the Utica Asylum for the insane. It is said treatment will soon restore him to reason.

The Washington *Star* says that the celebrated Champagne wine proprietor, has arrived in this city, en route to the West to invest his immense wealth there. He is provided with the finest shooting utensils—some of unique and costly workmanship.

The artists in Washington went over to Baltimore on Monday to "paint" a portrait of Mrs. Judge Taney, the pope painter, to a daughter of Dr. Harris, of that city. Among the artists present were Messrs. Healy, the Commissioners, not in Washington to report on the Capitol extension.

After the close of the Indiana Democratic State Convention at Indianapolis, on Thursday last, Mr. Ben Hill of Georgia, Colonel May and Mr. Denman, had a tete. As Mr. Denman was proceeding to the Bates House in company with Dr. Eddy, Colonel May, who stood on the steps of the Bates House, accosted and struck a blow at Mr. Denman, and he walked to speak to him. Denman struck at May, and the latter fell. Mr. Ben Hill and Colonel "hauled off," and struck a heavy blow at Denman, which was returned. Several gentlemen ran to the rescue on May's forehead, over the eye, which cut a severe gash, requiring several stitches. After the affray passed, those of Mr. Denman doing considerable excitement in the vicinity of the Bates House, and created the combatants. Colonel May was hastily bruised and cut, Mr. Denman escaped with a few slight bruises.

The New York correspondent of a Charleston paper says: "In the way of gossip, I learn that the late Minister of Mayor Wood is soon to be led to the hymeneal altar by a Cuban millionaire.

"The Hon. John Cochrane, of New York, who has been confined to his bed for the last two months, suffering the very painful affliction of the throat, is much better.

"The Rector Church, in this city, has been under contract from a private letter received in that city from Peterborough, England, that the Rev. Mr. Rector and family of Gerrit Smith has returned home; that his health is fast improving; that Mrs. Rector, who was in a decline, now talks freely on all the great events which have transpired since they left home, and that her memory is fast and shakes every day, but avoids reading and writing; and that her husband is not expected to live, although his case is not yet great. He is, however, round the village as his strength permits, and is able to ride out in a carriage. His temporary alienation of mind his physicians declare to have been caused by the great excitement through which acute dyspepsia was most apparent, and his subsequent restoration to full vigor of mind and body is considered a certainty."

The Secretary of the Interior has applied to the Secretary of War for the loan of a tent, which is to be presented, through the French Minister, to Louis Napoleon. It is a large one, and is intended for the use of the Imperial equipment; sculping-knife, tomahawk, peace-pipe, and other articles of Indian use. The tent, which is of the finest has been spared by way of ornament and decoration.

Kaufbelte, who was shot in Chicago last week, by his partner, Williams, for alienating his affections, is recovering. His life is due, probably, to the fortuitous of his ear, which, when Williams fired at his master, sprang upon him with a ferocity which finally compelled William to make a hasty retreat. The ball cut here for the dog. Williams would most undoubtedly have killed him, as he was completely at his mercy. Kaufbelte has created great regret afterward when informed that the wounded man would recover.

The Philadelphia *Press* has reason to believe that G. W. Jones intends to resign his seat in the Senate, and the former office of British Consul at Richmond, Virginia.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

PRESENT POSITION OF THE "GREAT EASTERN."

MR. CAMPBELL, Chairman of the Great Ship Company, has issued a statement of the present position and prospects of the *Great Eastern*. He points the state of affairs as follows: The directors can represent, in every material way, the present trouble arises from dissension in the Board of Directors. The directors have communicated with the correspondence with the Government, in which the same old ground is covered by the *Great Eastern* has been created to other vessels under the subsidy system. Mr. Gladstone replied to this intimation by stating that nothing can be done until the Committee on Contracts make their report.

THE LAST ENGLISH ELOPEMENT.

The *Scottish Observer* of December 31 gives the following particulars of the late English elopement: "We have much pleasure this week to record the elopement of the wife of a gentleman of considerable wealth and landed property, Dr. Ogg at Hunstone, near Maidstone with the Rev. Mr. Green, curate of the Rev. Lewis Hensley, at Hunton. It seems that the painful fact was discovered by Mr. Bannerman on his return from a day's hunting; and his surprise was no doubt that the elopement had been planned many weeks before, and only put off for a favorable opportunity. The guilty people were traced to Gravesend, but they had got four hours' start of their pursuers, and Mr. Bannerman only learned that they had crossed the water in a boat that had been off Gravesend for some days. It is stated that they had been seen with a brace of loaded pistols, as if determined upon extremities in case they had been taken. The eloped, his occasioned the most painful feeling among all classes of the community, and the commiseration for the injured. The curate, Mr. Green, had always been looked upon with respect for his quiet and unobtrusive manner of life, and Canon Moore, the rector of Hunton, had a particularly good opinion of him. He has property of his own right amounting to £100,000." It appears that before four months had elapsed Mr. Green had contrived to make her his wife, but the father refused, and eventually Mrs. Bannerman, who is a rich Dutch merchant.

FRANCE.

THE EMPEROR'S SPEECH ON NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

According to custom the Emperor on New-Year's Day received the members of the diplomatic corps in his suite at the Tuileries. The following is the list of the speech recorded in the *Moniteur*.

SPEECH OF THE EMPEROR TO THE EMPRESS.

The Papal Nuncio addressed the Emperor as follows:

"SIRE,—In the name of the entire body, which composes the diplomatic body around your Majesty, I have the honor, Sire, to offer you its respectful homages."

REPLY OF THE EMPEROR TO THE AMBASSADOR.

The Emperor replied as follows:

"I thank the diplomatic body for the good wishes it has expressed on the event of the new year; and I am especially happy to be able to have an opportunity of confiding its representatives that since my accession to power, *I have never had any other thought than that of preserving peace*. He then assured that he counsel of my colleagues, and that I have never had any other wish but to recognize the Central Power of Italy, and to maintain united out of the Emperor and the Duchies, either as an independent kingdom or as part of the Sardinian States, to take our stand on accomplished facts, and leave the Pope and his supporters to their fate.

The *Daily News* remarks that the projected Congress is not likely to meet soon, and that the last few great appearances indicate that the contemplated European Congress will not be held, and argues that the Government of England in such a case will be so much better. It says: "Lord John Russell has not yet declared that he will shut his mouth and leave it to recognize the Central Power of Italy, and to maintain united out of the Emperor and the Duchies, either as an independent kingdom or as part of the Sardinian States, to take our stand on accomplished facts, and leave the Pope and his supporters to their fate.

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The Paris correspondent, writing on the 1st of January, says: "The report from Paris that the Emperor would be confirmed for the end of January, but the exact day was unknown.

A dispatch, dated Rome, January 3, says that the Due de Rauzzano has been commissioned to the Holy See with the pamphlet, "The Pope and the Congress," does not mention the pamphlet, but says that Rouher's explanation produced an excellent effect on the Pope, and it is not hoped that he would not object to be represented at the Congress.

EFFECT OF THE NAPOLEON PAMPHLET.

The Russian Chancellor, Count Kisseleff, has declared to Count Walewski that the pamphlet "*Le Pape et le Congrès*" represents the views of the Emperor Napoleon in question, with which Russia does not intend to interfere unsuspected by the Emperor in the prospect of a meeting which the Russian Government is founded, and that, consequently, Russia considers the pamphlet as nothing else by that pamphlet.

Advertising in a telegram received by Count Rechberg from Prince Metternich, Count Walewski has declared to the Diplomatic body that the Congress will be the occasion at the head of the Ministry for Foreign Affairs, the pamphlet "*Le Pape et le Congrès*" should not be considered as the programme of the French Ministry.

A DINNER AT COMPIEGNE.

A correspondent of the *Morning Post* to the Liverpool *Journal* a description of private imperial life at Compiegne, from a dinner at which he was lately to be present at a "little dinner" with the Emperor and Empress, and a "little dinner" it was:

"The dinner (now my friend in his letter) was most superb. Nine spirits of the old Bourbons must have returned from Elysium to see it. The old plate and glass of the French Court since their day, the eating and drinking is more abundant and augur better; and every thing is in the most splendid style. The way the Emperor is allowed by the nation to rule the roast to entirely, for none could have it in better hands."

THE DINNER.

"After dinner the company adjourned to the *salon*. My arm was adjudged to Mademoiselle A., who seemed an attractive young lady, with large nose and dress, a specimen of a species yet unknown among us, and limited even French Empire—a blue stocking. The young lady is on the most pleasant terms with the Empress, and is the daughter of a French lady who keeps a most amusing match between them on the terrace of the Chateau. Mademoiselle A. has published a volume of Philippics to that of Menander—which the young lady says, the Empress has translated into English, and having almost wished right through the window of the Chateau, I found myself engaged to the edge of the terrace.

CHAT WITH THE EMPEROR.

"The coffee taking was a very pretty sight, the different groups in various parts of the salon seemingly enchanted over each other's conversation. I was the perfect stranger to them all, stood aloof, looking on, as I thought, unobserved. Suddenly I felt a tall personage at my elbow, leaning the mantle-piece, against which he had been leaning himself, and looking in the same direction across the room in the direction where I stood. His Majesty stood immediately behind me, with a most easy sprung or elasticity in the hips; and I was observing this with a sort of envy, when I felt a touch on my shoulder, and called me by name, in that peculiar voice through the nose which is so well known in England also, so distinct, as from an empty vessel. 'Monsieur de Salete is here.' I was quite taken aback, and turned round, and on and properly: you are very young, and have a grand country before you.' He patted me kindly enough on the left hand, leaving the left corner sticking up, while the right was still in my pocket. I felt very much as I used the gracious compliment, proceeded: 'We have many members of your family in France.' 'Indeed, Sire, Parisians. Are you acquainted with him?' 'No, Sire.' I returned, promptly, for the question displeased me entirely. His Majesty saw the effect, and patted up the right side of his mustache, and again spoke through his nose: 'You are going to leave?' *Le Tems en Grenoble*, to-night: what is your opinion of that place?' I think it very clever, Sire, but should have thought it rather risque for representation here.' 'Ah, indeed!' His Majesty looked serious, and looked me in the face for the first time. He smiled—a curious, grim, and meaning smile—and, through his nose, once more replied: 'I am quite of your opinion, M. de Sante. Bon soir.' He turned away, and I found myself alone, where he stood alone until the company adjourned to the theatre.

A PROVERB BEFORE THE SUPPER.

"The Queen was in supper, and the merry din-toll of the castle tolled one," when a proverb was proposed by Madame le Comtesse W——, in the performance of which it was announced that the whole company were to join without knowing it. Some two or three ladies, and half a dozen gentlemen then rose and began to jump and dance in the most grotesque manner, laughing the while so heartily as to cause the audience to catch the infection, and the cachinnations became general. Then Madame W—— was asked for a song and standing up, she waved her crimson fan, and sang a French song of a pastoral kind, with such inimitable humor that the whole party was convulsed with laughter. Then, and long after, she kept up her air in amusement to guess the proverb thus illustrated. When Madame Lind-Goldschmidt had concluded with her choir, the Princess M—— was called upon for her contribution; and with a pretty affectation of her position, to be allowed to sing a diplomatic song quite appropriate to the occasion. Would we learn the solution of the proverb? said the company, who prepared to pay the penalty—a forfeit of a kiss. The Princess is quite young, full, and thin, with rather a melancholy cast of countenance. Having heard the proverb sung and judged when she, too, began to jump from side to side, with one hand on her hip, and the other waving, with the other flapping to and fro her coincidence, and bursting forth with the following lamentable ditty:

"Monsieur de Metternich—
Monsieur de Kopernich—
Monsieur de Schwartzenberg—
Des alumettes chimiques—
Sont allee a Zurich—
Sont allee a Zurich, etc., etc.,

and so on for several verses, amidst the new repeats-ess laughter of the company, and the announcement that the performance was over. It was not necessary to inquire further to do them guess the proverb all this wild folly was meant to typify. The Princess was evidently unsuccessful, and at last the originator of the idea was called upon to explain. It was simply this: "*Un jour y a de Roux pice or ri*," an old English proverb, which may be rendered: "A day of roast pork is a day for the merrier," without its selfish addition of "the fewer the better cheer."

THE END OF CRINOLINE.

The *Express* correspondent writes: "The race of crinoline appears to be run. The most influential leaders of fashion have given the fashionable female world fair full two years. It was only a question of time to see the end of lapse in the rotundity of the Paris *élégantes*, and the only cause of wonder is that it has not occurred sooner. Ladies, my friends, The mode has gone out as it came—as the fad of Bloomerism has gone out. The fashionable fragments to be a hint that future additions to the Emperor's family are rather to be expected, and the general knowledge that "*amplitude*" came into fashion at the identical moment that the Empress Eugenie was anxiously looking for the advent of Napoleon IV."

HOW NEW SILKS BECOME FASHIONABLE.

He said:

"And I can give you an authentic anecdote—which will ensure the immediate and unconditional fate of New York, to open their black, blue, grey, white, and yellow the merit, too, of being short, and very much to the point. A lady, who is the wife of a man of a large business, had, last year, the misfortune to meet with an accident in the street, which broke her left leg, during which the tissue cave out of the dye-house indeed, as an accident of the kind is apt to do, and the dividate test expected. Appearances indicated that the fracture would not heal, and that the amputation of the half-ruined goods; but, like a keen man of business, he came in person to the bed-side of his wife. 'Let me see,' said he, 'this stuff, disturbed a few fracas, and the trick was accomplished. He had the stuff cut up into strips, and trailing down the boulevards, or the Champs Elysées, completely in the fashion. The stuff was found to be reunited among the patronesses of the 'latest style.' And you have seen the result. Every one is wearing the stuff, and courting the fixed gaze of the petrified passer-by—if you have seen a woman in the street, you have only to wait of dress between illegitimate brindle and rusty yellow—that was it!"

ITALY.

THE NEW PILOT OF THE MORTARA CASE.

A dispatch from Modena says that in the discussion of a demand made by the family of the boy Mortara, who had given great offense to the Austrian party, and was ordered by the Reverend Father and Inquisitor Zitelle, the latter had been arrested. Legal proceedings had been instituted.

SPAIN.

THE WAR WITH MOROCCO.

Telegrams dated Madrid, January 1, say: "On Friday evening the Moorish camp was attacked and conquered, but were repulsed with great loss. The Spaniards occupied great loss. The Spaniards occupied their position, but their loss was not considerable. The number of peace having been concluded is altogether false.

Another dated Madrid, January 2, says: After a glorious fight, the Spanish army, commanded by General Prim, stormed the Moorish camp at Tetuan, and advanced as far as Gastilleges. The Moorish executed several heroic charges, but were put to flight.

The Moors were 40,000 strong, and lost at least 1500.

The Spanish loss was 1000 killed. It was the greatest colonisation persists in the army.

The Moors are calling upon the English flag and carrying contraband of war had been brought from Ceuta to Algesiras.

JAPAN.

DEPARTURE OF THE ENVOYS TO THE UNITED STATES.

A letter dated Kanagawa, Japan, October, 11, says: "The United States frigate *Powhatan* arrived from Jeddo yesterday, with the Japanese Ambassadors aboard. Mr. Wood, our Minister to China, returned to-day by land. It is now determined that the Japanese Government will send Commissioners to America, to start on the 15th of February next, in the Japanese steamer *Kanrin*, and convey them to Panama, where they will cross the Isthmus to the United States steamer *Roanoke*, lying in the bay.

"Our Minister was desirous that the Japanese should have in charge of them a vessel of our own Navy, as America in the best season of the year, and also be presented to the Japanese Government. The *Powhatan* will not start the day of departure. There will be two Commissioners and a suite of about sixty persons in the Embassy.

"Our Minister, Mr. Harris, deserves the greatest praise for the manner in which he conducted affairs. He will establish Law—last Japanese should never leave the island under pain of death—and having Japanese visit America before any other land, although great efforts have been made to induce them to England also.

"Documents posted yesterday by which the departure of the Japanese for the United States will occur to them and remain until February, to protect the interests of the Japanese Government. The Japanese speak in the highest terms of the Japanese, and are told to have been very kind to them.

"Part of the men of the *Kanrin* Copper have been detailed by the Commander to the *Roanoke*.

AFRICA.

NEW EXPLORATIONS OF AFRICA.

We learn, on authority which we consider perfectly reliable, that Government has decided upon providing Dr. Livingstone with a new steamer for the purpose of enabling him to carry out his exploration of the Zambesi. In addition to this pleasing evidence of the interest with which the present administration views the efforts for opening up Central Africa to the influences of civilization, Dr. Livingstone has received a further grant from the Royal Geographical Society of £250 to the further exploration of the great Nyanza Lakes of Africa. The details of this latter expedition will be intrusted to Captain Speke.

SKATING ON THE LADIES' SKATING-PO

ND IN THE CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK.

SKATING ON THE CENTRAL PARK.

We publish on the preceding pages a fine picture of skating on the Ladies' Pond at the Central Park. This agreeable exercise has become very popular since the managers of the Park have organized their arrangements for the season.

There are two, or rather several ponds, which are divided into two heads—the Ladies' Pond, and the Gentlemen's Pond. The latter is a large space, which, when the skating is good, may be seen covered with a couple of thousand people. Here every one may try his skill, and tumble about on the ice as he pleases. The Ladies' Pond is reserved for the fair sex, and no gentlemen are allowed to skate on it unless they are accompanied by ladies. It is kept in good order, and policemen on skates effectually repress all tendencies to rowdyism. Both ponds are flooded from time to time from the reservoir, and thus, however much the ice may be cut up by skaters, every morning presents a clean pleasant surface to visitors—provided the night have been cold enough for the water to freeze.

The scene when ladies are on the pond is attractive in the extreme, and usually draws a large concourse of visitors.

Shakspeare, when he puts into the mouth of Touchstone that celebrated dissertation on the different degrees of removal in a quarrel, is able, it will be remembered, to dispose of his subject within seven heads. It is not so with the degrees of tumbling. This voluminous and most important topic can be done justice to in fewer than eight divisions. A greater degree of condensation, a more merged classification have been attempted, but the result was found to be imperfect, as the reader may depend upon the subjoined analysis as being reduced to the narrowest limits compatible with a conscientious examination of the subject.

There are—to deal with the matter after the Touchstone manner—eight degrees, forms, or modes of tumbling—no more, and no less. The first is, first, the "Flirg utter;" secondly, the "Smash complicated;" thirdly, the "Stagger victorious" fourthly, the "Smash inefficient;" fifthly, the "Drop sudden;" sixthly, the "Fall factious;" seventhly, the "Tumble truculent;" and, eighthly and lastly, the "Crash unresisted."

Let us now examine each, and go into their fearful subject a little more in detail, beginning of the beginning—with the Flirg utter. He who has accomplished the highest possible degree of speed known to the annals of skating, strokes suddenly against some projection of foreign matter which has become embedded in the ice—be it a stone, a frozen twig, or what not—and is then thus checked, finds his feet cut up into the air, and presently his body in such violent contact with the ice that he slides along upon his shoulder and his ear diffuses over before his legs have descended to the same level with the portions of his anatomy just hinted at—this man, we have known, knows what it is to have experienced the Flirg utter. It is a condition of tumbling wholly dependent upon, and inseparable from, a great degree of speed; and although we associated with that phenomenon known to skaters as "the outside edge." This Flirg utter is a pitiless accident, and is frequent and terrible, and can be attended by the following symptoms: a smart tingling in the ears, a sensation as of a rush of blood to the back of the head, a vision before the eyes of numerous black tadpoles ornamented with diamond frontlets or coronets, and floating in the air, a sudden taste of base metal in the mouth, a conviction on the part of the sufferer that his neck has become shorter, that his vertebræ are jammed together, that his heart is between his teeth, that his legs are in his body, that his body is up in his head, that his stomach is collapsed, that his hands are affixed to his ankles and his feet jammed into his wrists. Let us go on to the Smash complicated.

This is an accident strangely connected with peculiar states of the nervous system. You see a man advancing upon you; you have the option to avoid him, but you can't; a hideous fascination draws you on, you meet with a dread concussion, you exchange a mild cuff edge to hand, nose to eye, your hat drops off, so does his; you perform together a frenzied waltz, which brings you to a slide; you stumble; remotely, all the muscles of the sliders descend upon you, and you form the centre of an entangled mass of arms, legs, and bodies, in which no person can identify his own till, the great crash over, the sufferer crawls out of this seething mass of humanity on his hands and knees, and very commonly finds a recess or dimple in his hat, which brings the career of that article of costume to an untimely end. This is a brief history of the Smash complicated; we pass from the number of persons involved in it, and the manner in which all the victims of the accident become mixed up together in one common ruin.

We now come to the Stagger victorious, and the Scramble inefficient. It has doubtless been the lot of most persons who have looked on at the sport of skating to have their attention drawn to the contests of some individual engaged in that pastime, who suddenly, and for some unexplained reason, flings his head and body back, stamps seven times with the heels of his skates, which his arms around, casts his stick into a distant parish, plunges forward, swerves, advances several hurried paces, and then more wildly than before, revolves, clutches at the air, bows himself double, again flings himself back, recovers himself and his balance without any actual fall, and stands perfectly still for several minutes, with his hands supporting the small of his back. This is the Stagger victorious, concerning which it may be said, in one word, that it is a mistake, and that it is better to tumble down at once than to trick the back, strain the abdomen, and dislocate the limbs generally, by the manœuvres just described. But if the Stagger victorious is a mistake, what is the Scramble ineffectual—a performance in which an acrobat goes through the whole of the above-mentioned extravagances, and tumbles down after all?

This is the most disappointing and the most humiliating of all modes of falling: the unhappy victim of the Scramble ineffectual having secured the attention of every body present by the prolonged struggle which precedes his ruin.

Perhaps, however, the most undignified of all tumbles is that which has been characterized as the Drop sudden. It is a very simple transaction, commonly unattended with serious results, and consists, to put the affair in two words, of a sudden (and involuntary) sinking down on the part of the sufferer, who drops, without any apparent cause, upon the ice in a sitting posture, with his legs stretched out straight in front of him. It has been remarked by great observers and profound thinkers that the patient in this case will ordinarily remain in this position for some minutes before attempting to rise; that he is apt to look about him; and that, after picking up his hat, when the Drop sudden is finished off, he will take a handkerchief therefrom, and carefully blow his nose while still in the sitting position. From these observations the profound thinkers aforesaid have drawn the conclusion that the Drop sudden is a less alarming seizure than any other to which skaters are liable.

Let us speak of the Fall factious. The Fall factious is, in its earlier stages, intimately mixed up with the Scramble ineffectual. It is generally preceded by the same resistance and staggering, and even the Fall itself has a distinguishable character of its own. It is in this case a repetition of the tumbler and not of the tumble. He who treats the Fall in the factious manner (which is unknown in every limb) get up with a smiling countenance, joining the laugh against himself, and even sometimes murmuring a few words of complimentary remarks about his own clumsiness, or faintly humming a lively air. Let no person be taken in by this. Instances have been known of skaters driven by the Fall factious have skated for three minutes and a half after their accident just as if nothing had happened, and have then come quietly back around the swift circle in which they have been performing, and, coming to the conclusion that nobody was looking, have quietly taken their secret island, and have been found there, hours afterward, sitting among the water-fowl, and grumbling with anguish.

The Fall factious, though a less candid, is a more amiable view of our subject than that exhibited in the Tumble truculent. In the latter struggle is a man of a somewhat savage but a sincere and open character, who, when he is in a rage and in considerable pain, chooses that it is not to be concealed the fact. It is his habit, as is the case with most dangerous characters, to dine early, and he has come out to skate immediately after his meal. Under these circumstances the shock of a severe fall is no doubt to be considered as a shock to digestion; yet is this no efficient defense of the fury with which the Tumbler truculent turns upon the small boy who has come to skate with him. "Does the devil he is laughing at?" It must not be forgotten that (at least as far as the present writer's knowledge extends) no skater has ever been seen or heard arisen from any fault on the skater's part. He has either been tripped up, or has stumbled over some accident in the ice; and the Tumble truculent, in the ice itself, as the case may be, will at such times come in for certain remarks which are the reverse of complimentary. It is addressed to the display rendered on the ice; and a man will meet with no sympathy who resents his fall as a deadly injury.

We have now got to the consideration of this great subject to the eighth and last division of falls, and the Crash unresisted remains alone for consideration. Perhaps, of all the modes of tumbling, there is none so opposed to this last upon the list as the Scramble ineffectual. Just as the skater in that instance declares himself to be helpless, as in the case of the Crash unresisted, he takes the accident as it comes, makes no resistance, and only defends the last instant when the force of his legs into the air and the descent of his body upon the ice to a rapid act of self-preservation, in so ordering his fall that the freshest portions of his frame, and not the more bony angles, shall sustain the full force of the impending crash. This is perfect wisdom; and, in carrying it out, he will find the advice of Sancho Panza, on the best means of enduring a blanketing a considerable service.

"If such mishaps do come," he says, "there is nothing to be done but to shrug up one's shoulders, hold one's breath, shut one's eyes, and let one's self go whither fortune and the blanket please to toss one."

THE POLICY ON THE "MARY HASTINGS."

It was certainly a most extraordinary circumstance—though of course a little out of the line to do with it—and it made a great sensation at Bristol. I was a girl at the time, and just had my hair put upward.

I remember, as well as if it had only happened yesterday, my papa returning home one evening with the news that "Hyson Dodge" was dead at last. This Hepburn Lodge was quite a joke with us: it had been unoccupied for an age, and was in a sadly dilapidated state.

We were naturally very anxious to learn all we could about the aforesaid mysterious old bachelor's mansion. We young girls were nearly crazy with curiosity.

The dear papa was the first to bring us consolation. He had heard it from a friend, who was told by a lawyer, who knew the surveyor of the repairs, that Doughty was the name of our myth. "If what they tell me is true," added our papa, "he is the son of old Doughty, the Colonial Brewer, and worth fifty thousand at least. Now, girls, put your best looks on and dress to the nines, for he will want a wife, they say, and he might pass his time looking for one." My papa was a very witty man, and though a church-warden, excessively merry.

This Mr. Doughty became the king of Stonyford and Fiddleton. I was much shocked and pained at witnessing the almost rude manner in which the young ladies of those towns openly pursued him. So were my dear sisters—all fine girls —greatly hurt.

For it was soon noised about that Mr. Doughty inclined toward matrimony. He made no secret of his desire to settle. The flocks of Stonyford maidens, from thirty to fifteen, were shaken with trembling hope.

There resided in Bristol a gentleman of the name of Fairlop, a ship-broker, or an underwriter, or something. At any rate, he was engaged among the shipping, and insured voyages against loss at sea; so you will know what he was. He kept up a good establishment, had a carriage, and an only daughter—Clara, if I remember rightly. At this ship-broker's house Mr. Doughty was in the habit of dining two days in the week. He was discovered, by a young lady friend of ours, making desperate love to this Clara—a mere chit, I can assure you, and dressed in short frocks.

This deceitful conduct will be better understood when I tell you that this man Doughty had, by his debauched gambling, thrown away two-thirds of his princely income; and finding it difficult to renounce the grandeur in which he lived, he, with the gentleman's cunning, was answered by a rich marriage to restore his squandered fortune. There's a villain for you! He had learning, somehow or other, picked up five thousand pounds; and the ship-broker had been heard publicly to state that he would double the sum on her marriage-day, provided the money be saved. These pennies amounted to about twenty thousand sovereigns, and every day he lived he was still adding to his gains.

We were always told from the first that Clara Fairlop was to become mistress of this opulent old ogre. Her pa and ma calmly desired her to love Mr. Doughty; and she, like a good girl, answered, "she would do as they bade her." She bought jewelry for her, and she wore it. He had his miniature painted and set as a brooch for her. When people of fashion called and talk, the Fairlops gave a ball, and introduced the future son-in-law to their guests.

We soon discovered that Clara actually had two strings to her bow; for there was a Mr. Orlando Tidd, who, until Mr. Doughty made his appearance, had been a great favorite. Now this unhappy young Tidd was cast aside and discarded. Wretched young man! I have sympathized with Tidds for his wretched lot that she remarked, "If he had any courage in him, he would call out his deceitful rival, and disfigure him for life." And who was this Orlando Tidd, do you think? Why, Mr. Fairlop's managing clerk, and once his pupil. He had been articled to him on an excellent character. He had paid a heavy premium to be trifled with in that manner. He was very modest, nervous, and retiring. He was not poor, for his father left him three thousand pounds.

While Doughty was love-making, a circumstance happened which turned the tables in a manner highly gratifying to many poor girls. The ship *Mary Hastings* (A 1), homeward bound from India, with a cargo of rice—calculating by her speed on former voyages—two months behind her time. She had not been spoken with, neither had she put into port. Of course the conclusion people could come to was, that she had gone down in the middle of the sea, and all hands had perished. The owners were in consultation, for the cargo was worth more than a hundred thousand pounds. As a last experiment, they tried to effect insurances, at a premium of their loss. Yet, the affair was so hazardous, no underwriter would accept the risk, even with a premium of twenty, thirty, forty per cent, but in vain. It was a rich harvest for a highly speculative man, providing the ship did not sink. Mr. Fairlop was a desperate man at a venture. Forty per cent! He and Tidd made inquiries as to the character of the captain, examined his eye, paper at the owners's offices, and at last accepted insurances to the amount of forty thousand pounds, to be paid in a month's time, if lost—not else. The Bristol merchants said Fairlop was mad, and Orlando Tidd, who had put his three thousand pounds into the venture, a fool. Doughty was the only wise man. They were vulgar, but to the point.

The news of this silly speculation was carefully concealed from the Fairlops; but it was not long before Charles Doughty was enlightened. He had four warning letters, from four different friends, delivered by as many hands; and read them, one after another, while he tried to eat his breakfast. Like many others, he considered his papa-in-law a fanatical man; threw down his cup, knocked over a cup of tea, and spasmodically clutching at his egg, crunched it between his strong fingers. Was he to marry the daughter of a bankrupt? Was he to have 'mamma-in-law writing beggling-letters for his spoonal maintenance? Was he to have a wife who could obtain some post as clerk? Those were not *his* views at all. He must, somehow or other, send Mr Fairlop to the Bench. But how? What was he to do? That you shall know presently.

This point brings me to the mention of a spirited mine, Fred by name, who allowed himself to be guilty of a very mean action—led on by others, I know—but still nothing could, or shall, excuse his conduct.

One night, about twelve o'clock, Freddy and some upcurious young men, friends of his, greatly excited by hot glasses of spirits and water, were mentioning about, when they caught sight of a tall individual, wrapped up in a heavy cloak, hurrying along the street at a pace which looked like either escaping from justice or fetching a doctor. "I'll watch him and see what he is up to," cause the proposition to him him; or, in other words, rush after the man. They were undecided what to make of him, when they saw the form stop opposite the post-office, and stoop down to examine the opening to the letter-box. He looked about him, this tall man, and then, up the street and down the street. He saw the wild herd of clerks trotting toward him; and hastily pushing his letter into the opening, he darted off just as the hunters came to alarm the street. They would have passed the post-office in their mad chase, if Freddy had not noticed something whitish lying on the pavement. It was the letter. The mysterious stranger, in his alarm, had missed the slit in the shutters, and dropped the note. It was picked up and examined. In justice, it must be said, their first impulse was to slip it back into the box; but while trying to read the address by the gas-lamp, it was discovered the envelope was open. Yes, it was open, and to open it seemed no more than looking in at an open door." It was handed round—every one read the address, "Martin Fairlop, Esq.," and suggested, as the writing was very good and distinct, that it was either a bill or a lawyer's threat. All these young men knew Mr. Fairlop, and the gravest talk the *Mary Hastings* speculation had occasioned sharpened their curiosity to an edge which was dangerous for such young hands. In short, to make my story, it was thought that the contents of this letter should be made public, vows of secrecy being first enforced, sacredly, naught, and suggested, as the young men—

"SIR,—The interest I take in your welfare, and that of your family, forces me to a step which the world considers unjustifiable, but which I hope, for the good results, if not by its honest intentions, obtain your pardon. As a friend, I write to you, and I hope you will be united to Mr. Charles Doughty. Be warned in time. At any sacrifice save your child from assured misery. A dear friend is a liberties to warn you of a place in your family. You, perhaps, look upon him as a reformed and excellent man. Place no faith in the deceit. But yesterday I heard him boast to his dissolute companions of his intended marriage, and of his return to his debauchories, and had a life which I am sure is quite contrary either to the hopes of your daughter, or to your own peace of mind."

"There's no signature!" cried Fred. "It's an anonymous letter. Here's a go! What a blackguard! eh?"

It would seem that Mr. Orlando Tidd was no favorite among these reckless lads. He did not admire the modesty of getting into the office-night conduct and tastes caused him to be considered a molly-coddling fellow. They did not dare to say as much to his face, owing to high respect for Mr. Fairlop's managing clerk. But they had no opportunity of "paying him out" could not be missed. What a joke it would be to get Mr. Orlando Tidd at the end of this anonymous letter! What a coddling he got! Ha! ha! It was capital! It is the beloved Miss Clara, and Fairlop would be sure to believe his clerk wrote the letter. He might deny it in vain. Who knows Doughty except the city Capital! It is such good fun to see any body cared! Excellent! So an imitation of this poor gentleman's signature was appended to the anonymous warning, and this time the person who posted it, not being in a hurry, placed the letter very carefully in the box.

Can you guess at the writer of this disgusting anonymous epistle?

Mr. Fairlop was in quite trouble enough without Mr. Doughty's interference. The end of the month was drawing unpleasantly near, and yet no *Mary Hastings* (A 1) made her appearance. He, like every body else, began to look upon himself as a ruined man, and to reckon how many pence should be taken off his offer to pay the forty thousand pounds insurance money. His only hope was that his rich son-in-law might step forward and help him. Unfortunate creature! Even in his office he would call Orlando Tidd into his private room, and, with much sighing and groaning, in care-worn and solemn as fire-work makers, both certain of ruin, they would try to prop up each other's extinguished hopes. "Courage, Tidd! Cheer up, spare your hair, Tidd!" or "Four days may alter matters, Mr. Fairlop!" The unfortunate Orlando was too heart-sick for grief to give much support from such thin expectations, and Fairlop was giddy with alarm.

On the 28th of the adventure with the letter Mr. Fairlop, though he drank more than a bottle of port, scarcely closed his eyes; and when he rose in the morning was as sickened from his bed as not, for his life, shave himself. As he crept down to the breakfast-room, he thought, as he trod on the thick stair-carpet, of the day when he would be hanging out of window with the auction bill fastened on them. As he looked round on the well-furnished rooms, he wondered what his inlaid table or that gilt clock would fetch under the hammer. After hours could not decide all. Then something Miss Clara was happy enough—wretched girl, practicing her piano overhead. "Whatever happens," thought Mr. Fairlop, "she will be left in the way of an honorable man, and tenderly shielded from the effects of my ruin."

While this ship-broker was looking at his breakfast, and wishing it was over and taken away, Mr. Orlando Tidd entered the room. He gave such a smile as he looked at the food as Mr. Fairlop thought it useless to ask if he had any good news. "No, thank you, he wouldn't have any coffee!" he would only take a chair, and a small piece of that, for he sat on one corner, and looked unsteady. Every now and then he took a glance at the beloved maiden behind the urn, and wished Mr. Doughty had never been born. He knew he loved her more than any other man possibly could; he was sure that if, in time, she could accustom herself to his weak eyes and long thin legs, she would become sensible of his enormous affection, and return it with gratitude. She had laughed at him, and called him names, but nothing could drive him away. She had even made him post letters

to Mr. Doughty, and consulted him about the future arrangements at Hepburn Lodge; and yet I ever be back at school meeting her, or doing her a kind action, he never missed it. He remembered the night of the ball, when, feeling very courageous after supper, he had stammered out a kind of proposal, and she had told him "her pa" would be so angry if he heard of it, and be sure to turn him away from the office. He had recovered, now, from that cruel, unsentimental, and innocent speech. The common sense of his quiet, steadying courtship might have melted the stiff girl. She was growing tired of being cruel to such a calmly-certain lover. He took her unkindness with cool resignation and humility. Many times the idea crossed her that Orlando would make a much better husband than this Doughty; but papa and mamma were on the side of the Hepburn Lodge marriage, and the clerk was outbalanced.

A servant came with a letter for Mr. Fairlop, need I add, *the* letter—which the reader has already read?—Mr. Tidd left.

Mr. Doughty was to have breakfasted with his beloved that morning, and Clara was vexed at his breaking his appointment. She was exceedingly arbitrary in her likes, and ruled very strictly during her short reign of courtship. She did not brook delays, but the way she flashed with it on her bread cravings, proved she was in a pet. "I have a great mind not to love him," she thought. To be truthful, she had.

When Mr. Fairlop had read a few lines of his letter, he gave a short sneering laugh. He was annoyed at the loss of any tool likely during interference in his family affairs. "Who the deuce has sent this?" he asked himself, as he turned the page in search of the signature. He did not wish his daughter who the writer was; but she saw his arm fall down, his eyes light up, and his mouth open, as if on the point of saying, "Clara," he said, pushing the letter toward his child, "this concerns you quite as much as it does me." The moment he looked at his child, his tongue ran away with him. "And I have had such faith in that man Tidd. I, who brought him up from a child, you etc." He could not even steer an to his daughter's feelings had he watched her instead of chatbering. Her eyes grew bright as she read such words as he might have been from indignation. Her hand shook at first, perhaps with rage. There was a determined-looking compression—half smile, half scorn—about her little mouth, as if she could shake this Tidd, or that Doughty. She put down the letter after reading it, and then stared vacantly by her over looking right through her father, apparently focused on some object about fifty yards on the other side of the wall. "I did you ever read such an infamous, cowardly attack?" asked papa. Miss did not reply for a second, and then said, "I do not consider it cowardly because he signed it; but, for Mr. Doughty's sake, I hope it is infamous."

"Hope!" cried Fairlop, who was half mad at the bare thought of ever attempting to keep such stuff this marriage. "Hope! why, hasn't the follow the impudence to advise you? Hasn't he the assumption to advise Mr. Doughty his views? Hasn't he . . . ? Hope! why, hasn't the follow impudence to advise you? Hasn't he the assumption to advise Mr. Doughty his views? Hasn't he . . . ? Hope! Hope, indeed!" Miss Fairlop, poor girl, was the footman announcing Mr. Charles Doughty, "Ask him in, directly; he shall see this letter, this pair!"

"Oh! papa! papa! you do not. Suppose they should fight?"

The entrance of Mr. Doughty prevented any reply to this suggestion. Mr. Fairlop looked vindictive and pugnacious. The wretch Doughty, whose connection with the anonymous letter the shrewd reader has already guessed, knew in a moment the cause of this domestic disturbance. "Got the letter," he thought to himself.

He had prepared the counsel himself to set up to and confirm his anonymous warnings. His chin was black with a two-day's beard; his face had been smudged, but washed; the shoulder of his coat were drab with dust, and his shirt collar dropped like a frost-bitten leaf. Altogether he gave Fairlop to think that he had not been to bed, and was still half-tipsy. He seated himself and began to yawn. A very perceptible smell of stale cigar smoke came from the dirty man. The footman had no gave Miss Clara so enraged her that she left the room, and was presently heard overhead consoling herself at the piano.

As Doughty did nothing but yawn, and hold up before his wounded fingers decidedly not rose-tipped, Fairlop began the conversation with "Did you ever, Charles, receive an anonymous letter?" Mr. Charles looked as if they've got mine," and was obliged to hide a smile of delight in a yawn. "No, Sir," he replied, "never! and if ever I do, I shall quietly put it in the waste-paper basket the moment it catches sight of the contains. It is a method of attack I despise, and against which nobody can keep guard."

"If you will promise me to be calm," said the broker, rising, "I'll tell you something that will startle you."

Unfolding the letter, he added, "This is not an anonymous letter; it is signed; but it does not look like merit a caning."

The sudden animation that shot into the rogue's face, the animal-like look, the jerking up of the head and opening of the hands, made a wrong impression upon Mr. Fairlop. He ascribed this emotion to indignation, whereas this Charles was muttering to himself, "Signed! signed! I never could have been such a fool." He took the letter, examined it, and answered, with extraordinary impudence, "No; I can not say I know the handwriting." Then he ran his eye over it, as if he had never seen it before. He was a man of consummate effrontery. When he reached the end of the page, he looked up and said, as if half to himself, "Who could have written this? It is evidently some one who knows me well, or he couldn't betray me." This speech was intended to startle Mr. Fairlop, and it was successful. The father-in-law was going to say something in a great hurry, but words-law stopped him by asking, "Give me the name of this villain—what I do in my own house concerns no man but myself! Give me his name!" Do you see how cunningly he kept on admitting the truth of the letter. Do you think anybody but himself would have told to such a man? He acted his part so well, Mr. Fairlop really felt grateful to Mr. Tidd for warning him in time, and made up his mind to forbid the marriage. He could hardly speak civilly as he said, "if you will turn the page over, the signature is on the other leaf."

"Orlando Tidd!" muttered the startled Mr. Charles, and for several minutes he sat perfectly quiet, wondering how on earth the signature got there. "Have I ever seen this Orlando Tidd?" he asked. "You my word I don't know the fellow!"

He waited for a reply; but Mr. Fairlop was deeply engaged looking out of window, watching a man who, had in hand, was tearing up the street with the speed of a hunted cat. This man was so dangerous as a run-away horse, he sorter quietly lighting his cigar and knocked over as he took his first whiff, and a ladies' school was sent flying into the road like so many sheep. "Good heavens!" cried Fairlop, catching sight of the runner's hat face; "there comes Tidd! Can any thing have happened?" He opened the room, and was fortunate enough to open the street-door in time to prevent his clerk from dashing his brains out against the knocker. The prospect of good news made Mr. Fairlop forget all about the warning letter.

Before the clerk could get breath enough he was trying to speak, and the master doing his utmost to understand him. Nobody else but a man in fear of ruin would have been able to translate the various pants and stutters into these words: "*Mary Hastings*—seen off the Lizards—late last evening!"

The disgraceful wretch in the parlor was listening intently. He heard Mr. Fairlop, in a half-hysterical voice, say, "Thank God!" and Orlando Tidd congratulated him on the fortune the speculation had brought. Then, turning to Orlando, and, thrusting the letter close to his face, asked savagely if he knew "that handwriting." The clerk—almost recovered from the excitement inlied the calligraphy, admitted it was a very fine, bold hand, but replied he could not recognize it.

Turning the letter, Mr. Fairlop looked at the signature, and shouted, "Will that help you —perhaps you can tell me who wrote *that*?" If it be cruel, and likely to prove the work of guilt, then Mr. Orlando must have appeared highly criminal; but his reply was, "It is my name, Sir, and, on my honor, I never wrote it." At the broker could say was, "It certainly is a most singular circumstance," but his head was full of the *Mary Hastings*, and the fortune in the daylight. You slandering rogue, I shall horsewhip you."

We are not going to look upon scenes with chin legs and weak eyes as being noted for bravery; but our rogue, for once, made a mistake. With a great dignity Mr. Fairlop walked from card-case. He was a meek gentleman; but to be so grossly insulted by his rival was beyond his endurance.

It has been already stated that the news of the safe return of the *Mary Hastings*, A 1, spread over Bristol in four minutes and a half. The extraordinary good luck of the Hepburn Lodge connection was the talk of every office. My nephew, Freddy, who knew the Fairlops well, the moment he heard the thrilling news, ran off to Clara, and, thinking to be the first to congratulate the broker, darted off at a speed which nothing but Mr. Orlando's long legs could have equaled. The latter managed to worm his way into the parlor just as the discussion about the duel was at its height. The moment he saw Mr. Fairlop's face he guessed the man in the long cloak who dropped the letter. On the sofa sat poor Clara, crying; and Freddy, while trying to comfort her, was in a very tender-hearted boy), learned all the particulars of the quarrel, and how Mr. Tidd was going to fight a duel without a letter to anybody to be delivered in case of accident.

There was but one honorable course for Freddy to take; that was to credit, in the first place, the letter was lying on the carpet. He took it up, examined it, knew it directly, and, springing among the disputants, told Mr. Tidd to say, "And I'll take my oath," shouted Freddy, bless him, "that he" (pointing to Doughty) "is the man who dropped the letter. I'd swear to him if he was to dye his face black, and so could four other fellows I know." All the low wretch could stammer out was that he should be very glad for Clara to be insulted, and banging the door to after him, he marched himself off.

Little Miss Clara married Mr. Orlando Tidd, and Mr. Fairlop gave Freddy a present of five guineas.

THE END OF THE WORLD.

THERE are in every generation some presumptuous men eager to penetrate the inscrutable, and to read for us through their narrow spectacles all that has been foreordained by the Divine Wisdom. Their chief occupation is always making an End of the World. They can not foretell whether their mutton will be burned at the next dinner-time, but when the world will be burned up they tell us that they do know to a year, and sometimes almost to an hour. They wish to tell us the date of its end as distinctly as the sage, quoted by Chevreau in his History of the World, had calculated the beginning of it to have been Friday, the 6th of September, at four o'clock in the afternoon, a period which he states in his French idiom to have been "four hours after dinner." Some have fixed the ending of the world will, and some say that it will not, bring about the conversion of the Jews. The belief in the end of the world is not Jewish and Christian only. A doctrine of the final tumbling together of all things into chaos was held by the old heathen philosophers and poets, taught by Empedocles and Heraclitus, sung by Lucretius and Lucan. Seneca wrote in a book of consolation, "When the time comes, and the world, seeking renewal, is destroyed, things will, by their own powers, wound each other, the stars will strike together, and when all matter is kindled, all that now shines will shine now shines in its order will be burned up."

The Stoics were much more informed as of the manner of the world's destruction. It is to be taken to pieces, some have taught, in the order in which, as a mechanism, it was put together. A writer quietly added being first removed. But when the question of destroying all the stars arises, then vain man, unacquainted with them, has to dismiss, and does boldly discuss, the probability of all the worlds that fill the heavens being inhabited like ours, and therefore being inhabitants—if they have any—may run of being destroyed with us for our sins.

Then, again, sections of speculators have decided for themselves whether the world is to be destroyed by natural agencies—as by fire from its centre, or by the stroke of a comet—or by means wholly miraculous. The time to be occupied by the destruction has been also variously settled. Some know that it is a day's work; others have equally sure that as there were six days of creation, so there will be also a gradual process of destruction. Some have taught that the fire which burns our earth were slowly decomposing into their elements, the signs foretold to the prophets would be happening. We are assured now that the signs are happening, and we are often told that men are not so large as they were even.

It was an old Jewish doctrine that the world would last six thousand years: two thousand before the Law, two thousand under the Law, and two thousand under the Gospel. In the Christian Church there has been question whether the heaven and earth would be burned up by any, or whether only all their evil was to be destroyed out of them, and they were to be renewed.

In our own day the most remarkable expounders of the secrets of the Most High dwell especially upon the thousand years that are to come after the end.

These men have taught that the duration of the world was thought to be bound up with that of the Roman Empire. Then every comet, every earthquake, was to be a prophecy, whether of Salone, wrote, in the fourth century, to Saint Augustine, asking him whether it was true that the end of the world was at hand. Saint Augustine replied that a few years of respite would most probably be granted. From year to year the date was set forward in the fourth century, when there was a special expectation and dread, lasting till the year one thousand, which had been definitely fixed as the end of the world. "Whereas the end of the world is approaching." When the thousandth year was reached, and the world, despite there was a new reason why gifts should be made to the clergy. A new lease was granted to mankind, and there followed a new era, a renewal and redecoration of the episcopal churches, monasteries, and chapels, which took place all over Europe. The illustrious Charlemagne, in the reign of Leo the Emperor Basil the Second, was incessantly tormented by men who would predict the very hour and minute of the end of all. This Emperor, who wore monastic dress under his state armor, whom his people cursed and his Church blessed, had cares enough of his own, and he bade rich refuge, and his courtiers and flatterers were busy as ants about him, making galleries under the earth against the day of judgment.

In the year eleven hundred and seventy-nine the Eastern astrologers sent letters all over the world, announcing that on the 20th day of the ninth of September, seven years after date, the end of all things would be brought about by storms of wind. Terrified people surprised when the time came by gentle zephyrs and the mildest autumn weather.

In the year fifteen hundred and twenty-four there was great terror because John Stoffler, a German astrologer, had predicted universal deluge for the month of February. There were many great conjunctions in the constellation of the Fishes, which foreboded a terrible visitation by flood in all lands and among all creatures. Men in France, England, Spain, Italy, and elsewhere, fled from the low grounds to the mountain the hills. A Professor of Divinity at Alcala wrote a book, blaming the great cost incurred in removals, and suggesting that there would be no flood, but counseled to built himself a boat raised on four pillars. Nevertheless, this February, in which all Europe was prepared to see the waters flood, turned out to be "extremely clear and fine." In Hall's contemporary chronicle we read that, in this year, because of the signs, many people victualled themselves and went to high grounds for fear of drowning, and specially one Bolton, who was prior of St. Bartholomew's, in Smithfield" (but the story, true as to many, was a mistake as to Bolton), "builded him a house upon four-score-of-the-Hill, only-for fear of this flood, and thither he went, and made provision for all things necessary within him for the space of two months; but the faithful people put their trust and confidence only in God. And this rain was, by the writers, prognosticated to be in February, wherefore, when it began to rain in February, the people were much afraid, and said, 'Now it beginneth!' but many wise men which thought that the world could not be drowned again, contrary to God's promise, put their trust in Him only, but because they thought that some great rains might fall, by inclinations of the stars, and that water-mills might stand still and not grind, they provided for wind, and yet, God be thanked, there was not a fairer season in many years. And, at the last, the astronomers, for their excuse, said that in their computation they had mistaken and miscounted in their number an hundreth years."

In 1588 the Sieur Andrea announced that in two years the world would come to an end, and that *immediately after* ward all the powers would fall to pieces, and there would be darkness.

A famous book in the history of Physical Science, "Whiston's Theory of the Earth," professed, on its title-page, to show "the Deluge and the General Conflagration perfectly agreeable to Reason and Philosophy." This reverend gentleman was—in accordance with the scanty knowledge of more than a century and a half ago—the philosophical writer who could prove in the abstract of this earth.

One day the Duchess of Bolton pretending to come to court in a great fright, explained that she had been at Mr. Whiston's, who told her that the world was to be burned up in three years; and that, for her part, she was determined to go to China. Certainly that was a place quite out of the world. Horace Walpole's reflection upon the matter was: "For my own part, I comfort myself with the humane reflection of the Irishman in the play that we can live no less—I am not covetous."

In our day, End of the World cries are to be heard in plenty. We are still also taught by interpretations, quite, able in their ingenuity to tell us who is the Beast. Greek letters represent numbers. The number of the Beast is six hundred and sixty-six. By any man's name written in Greek letters, the numbers represented by the letters are cast up, and if their sum prove to be six hundred and sixty-six, or whatever other number that number may be interpreted to mean, the man is proved to be the Beast. Upon this principle Martin Luther has been denounced, and John Martin Luther, his name being spelled Lauter for this purpose, has been denounced. Napoleon Bonaparte was detected as the Beast, and the last of this series of discoveries, not many months old, proves in a learned book entitled Popery, more than six hundred pages long; if the number of pages had but been six hundred and sixty-six, the book would might have been more conclusive.

We are ashamed that there is need to call attention to the emptiness of all these false pretensions to a kind of knowledge that no man possesses. Another writer of a large look, lately issued from the press, seeing the Scarlet Woman in the Papacy interpreted for us the history of what is yet to come. Rome is yet to place her foot upon the necks of kings before she is swallowed up in the abyss.

A contemporary French wiseacre interprets Scripture for us into the cry of an approaching "End of the World through Spiritualism." The science cracks under its own weight, and is about to fall in utter ruin on our heads. It is no mistake to say that "Science" "See," he says, "what our globe, that immense ocean, with its phosphorous fires, and its fish of both kinds, with its elements so combustible that the volcanoes catch fire at it incessantly, and never go out for want of fuel till the sea shall have been deserted them. See, on the other hand, this chemical product burning in the water, true Greek fire, which will lay open the road to a hundred other discoveries of the same incendiary. And understand how, some day or other, conflagration may be kindled in the world." Fire set to the Thames or Seine or the Rhine or the two great capitals of science, by an unforeseen chemical accident, will spread over the Channel, raise the North Sea and the Atlantic into a mighty blaze, and the more water the more fire. The Pacific will blaze up, the rivers will run flame, and every thing life will be reduced to a cinder.

Wherein are these our contemporary specula tions better than that of the Judas who fixed Anti christ in the thirty-first year of the reign of Constantine? that of Dionysius of Alexandria, who promised him in the days of Valerian, or those who promised that the end of the world should begin when Lady Day fell upon Easter-eve. An old French wiseacre, M. Julien, taught that "Antichristianism was born about the year 1000, and that fifty: it shall die about the year seventeen hundred and ten. This may happen sooner, but I do not see how it can happen later, unless it be seventeen fourteen." And he fixed the beginning of the Millennium for the year seventeen hundred and seventy-seven. Another wiseacre now fixes it for eighteen sixty-seven. Richard Brothers, a presumptuous oracle in the days of the war with the United States, thought that "the very loud and unusual kind of thunder heard in January, seventeen ninety-one, was the voice of the angel mentioned in the ninth chapter of Revelations," and fixed the 15th of August, ninety-three, for the destruction of London. "Write, Sir," said Brothers to a printer, "and publish an old Suffolk woman ninety-four years ago; 'the High Priest, the High Priest shall never have another Christmas dinner!'"

The last, and at this particular moment most notorious, of these would-be prophets is a clergyman, to whom we have already referred, who talks big words empty of wit, and streams incessantly the phosphorescence of foam from all his mouth. He points to the wars and the police reports; tells us, in his own inflated way, that "there is at present an area accumulation and intensity of meteoric agencies in the air which no previous year has witnessed"—did he never hear of the plagues of the Middle Ages?—observes a general "dereliction of moral obligations," and fills for us a windbag of coming tribulation. "I hope," he says, "soon to publish a photographic sketch of the Millennial state, as a companion to this volume." The next step in audacity will, perhaps, be an advertisement of Heaven in the Stereoscope.

THE LATE LORD MACAULAY.

We give herewith an accurate portrait of the late Lord Macaulay, from a photograph by Messrs. Maull and Polyblank, of London. It was taken only a year or two since, and is probably the most recent picture in existence.

Lord Macaulay was fifty-nine at the time of his death, having been born in the first year of the century, at Rothley Temple, Leicestershire, England. He should have been by fair rights a Scotchman, "if a bowls had rowed right," as a zealous nationalist of that appropriating race expressed it, while tracing back the family history of the historian to his grandfather, a parish clergyman of marked ability, minister of Cardross, in Dumbartonshire—a locality which once made a very handsome contribution to the gayety and spirit of the world, in the good gift of the infant Tobias Smollett.

We have seen it stated that the English settlement of the family originated in one of the sons becoming tutor to a young gentleman of wealth in that country—a Mr. Babington. The tutor married his pupil's sister, and thus Thomas Babington Macaulay was born an Englishman. His Scottish origin, and his representation of Edinburgh in Parliament, has often led the world to think of him as a Scotchman; though some of his historical notices of the people of that nation, combated zealously by Scottish writers, may have disabused the public mind of the impression.

The future historian, Thomas Babington, the eldest son, was educated at home, and prepared for the University under a private tutor and the instructions of an English clergyman—a course which left some of the best years of life for the purpose, with his precocious development, free for the accumulation of his extraordinary stores of general knowledge. Macaulay entered Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1818. His University course was a triumph; he obtained the hard-won rewards of a Craven Scholarship and a Fellowship, while his reputation became established in the lighter successes of the Belles-Lettres, and as an extraordinary talker and debater. The year after his entrance his poem "Pompeii" obtained the Chancellor's Medal—an eloquent production according to the standard of those things, but, like most of them, mere rhetoric in rhyme, deficient in the inner graces of poetry. The picture of the Pompeians at a sacrifice, themselves the sportive victims hastening to death, though with strong obligations to Pope's lamb cropping his "flowery food," a type of men's ignorance of the future, is striking:

> "The milk-white monarch of the herd
> they lead,
> With gilded horns, at yonder shrine
> to bleed;
> And while the victim crops the bruided plain,
> And frisks and gambols toward the destined fane,
> They little deem that, like himself, they stray
> To death, unconscious, o'er a flowery way;
> Heedless, like him, the impending stroke await,
> And sport and wanton on the brink of fate."

It was an even chance at the outset whether Macaulay would turn out a popular writer of verse or prose. He has solved the problem by success in both departments. His first hit was in rhyme. The two Songs of the Huguenots, "Ivry" and "The Armada," and of the Civil War—"The Cavalier's March to London," and "The Battle of Naseby"—all of which appeared in *Knight's Quarterly Magazine* in 1824, gave unfailing promise of the "Lays of Rome."

Macaulay wrote for the *Quarterly Magazine*, besides his ballads, several thoughtful and spirited prose papers—"A Conversation between Cowley and Milton," "Criticisms on Dante and Petrarch," and others—remarkable as exhibiting thus early some of the turns of phrase which have grown into his most profitable mannerisms. *Knight's Quarterly* was conducted on a kind of club affair, and the contributors are introduced at the outset in the manner of the old essayists. Macaulay is called by his nom *de plume*. The dialogue which ensues in the examination is a very fair criticism on much of the author to the present day. His reputation for simile was thus early established: "'Tristram Merton, come into court!' There came up a short, manly figure, marvelously upright, with a bad back—like Addison—and one hand in his waistcoat-pocket. Of regular beauty he had little to boast; but in faces where there is an expression of great power, or of great good-humor, or both, you do not regret its absence." Tristram begins to talk of old authors—Aspasia, Pallas, Socrates. The remark which follows, by the master of ceremonies of the magazine, is noticeable: "His tone had just so much earnest that what he said was felt as a compliment, and just so much banter that it was felt as nothing more."

Is a certain hollowness and insincerity inherent in the author's style?

Tristram goes on with a pretty allusion to "the poor prince in the Arabian tales," when he is cut short with "a truce to your similes" and the threatened hard infliction of "silence for an hour," the most intolerable of punishments to a great talker. "A penalty for similes! horrible! Paul of Russia prohibited round hats, and Chilna of China denounced white teeth; but this is atrocious!" "I beseech you, Tristram, if you can, for a moment forget your omniscience!"

This was Macaulay's early social reputation: it is his latest. "Of Macaulay's range of knowledge," says Moore, in his Diary, "any thing may be believed, so wonderful is his memory." Again, at a dinner, "Macaulay wonderful; never, perhaps, was there combined so much talent with so marvelous a memory." Again astonished when Macaulay *memorior* opened upon him a glib series of old Irish slang ballads, Moore exclaims, "He certainly obeys most wonderfully Eloisa's injunction, 'Do all things but *forget*.'"

Sydney Smith, who could jest freely about his friends without losing his admiration of them or their admiration of him, joined in the eulogy of one of Macaulay's dinner-table monologues when one quality and another was praised: "Then, too, the occasional flashes of *Venice* were perfectly delightful!" "There are no limits to his knowledge on small subjects as well as great," said the wit of St. Paul's at another time; he is a book in breeches." This from a rival talker, for Sydney's repeated onsets would hold a room as well or better than Macaulay's continuous siege: "Yes, we both talk a great deal, but I don't believe Macaulay ever did hear my voice. Sometimes, when I have told a good story, I have thought to myself, 'Poor Macaulay! he will be very sorry some day to have missed hearing that!'" Such are the delights and distresses of brilliant conversationalists.

Macaulay started into public life at a bound, impelled by the enthusiasm and triumph of the party of reformers in which he was nurtured. He modestly, it can not be with indifference, left a brother reviewer to tell the story of this devotional and devoted early life. Sir James Stephen, himself the son of a worthy coadjutor of Wilberforce, Sharpe, Zachary Macaulay, and the rest, whom he celebrates as the *Clapham Sect*, has reproduced, in an article in the *Edinburgh*, the very atmosphere, glowing with piety and philanthropy, from which emerged, as Minerva from the head of Jupiter, the ready-armed Macaulay.

It is now thirty-six years since Macaulay first burst upon the world in the two-fold character of an orator and a reviewer. His first speech shortly preceded his first article in the *Edinburgh*. He made a glowing address, in 1824, before a well-disposed audience, at a public meeting. His antithetical periods and picturesque oratory were received as tokens of a wonderful future. He had already written on West Indian Slavery in *Knight's Quarterly*, and the earliest of his papers which we have traced in the *Edinburgh* is on the same theme. It is an article on the Negro in the West Indies, in the number for January, 1825. But his first hit in the *Review* was a paper in August, 1825, on "Milton," on occasion of the first publication of the great poet's treatise on Christian Doctrine. It glowed with youthful heat and enthusiasm; with novel, if not entirely original views of character; and that daring liveliness of expression, argumentative and declamatory, which had gained the reputation of Jeffrey, whose thunder in that field of letters, the *Review*, were more than renewed by this newly-arrived knight. To the paper of Milton succeeded others whose ardent sentences are familiar to the readers of the present day almost as household words. "Machiavelli," "Dryden," "Byron," "Bacon," "Walpole," "Johnson," "Chatham," "Warren Hastings," and the rest, all sparkling with keen analysis, quick perceptions, stores of reading picturesquely applied in skillful processes of literary art, and a rapid sympathetic imagination; full of liberal, noble views—sometimes to be opposed, seldom at the moment to be successfully resisted.

In 1827 appeared a startling paper in the *Edinburgh* on the "State of Politics in England." The crisis of the great struggle for the Reform Bill was approaching, and this article was the boldest in its warnings and its denunciations of indifference and opposition to the measure. A vivid picturesque parallel between the then condition of England and France on the edge of her Revolution—was in Macaulay's most fervid style. In his vision of the English aristocracy to be treated as the French aristocracy had been, he insists on touches of humor with the terrors of his description:

> "Have they forgotten how the gallant and luxurious nobleman, sprung from illustrious ancestors, marked out from his cradle for the highest honors of the state and of the army, impatient for control, exquisitely sensible of the slightest affront; with all his high spirit, his polished manners, his voluptuous habits, was reduced to request, with tears in his eyes, credit for half-a-crown to pass day after day in hearing the auxiliary verbs numerized, on the first page of Télémaque misconstrued by petulant boys, who infested him with nicknames and caricatures, who mimicked his foreign accent, and laughed at his thread-bare coat? Have they forgotten all this? God grant that they may never remember it with unavailing self-accusation, when desolation shall have visited wealthier cities and fairer gardens; when Manchester shall be as Lyons and Stowe as Chantilly; when he who owes, in the pride of rank and opulence, sneers at what we have written in the bitter sincerity of our hearts, shall be thankful for a porringer of broth at the door of some Republican convent, or shall implore some Italian money-lender to advance another guinea on his George!"

Several years after these friends were not forgotten. They were reproduced in one of those speeches, abounding in argumentative appeals and bursts of eloquence, which shook the House of Commons on the eve of the popular triumph. The warning was thus repeated:

> "Have they (the Lords) ever visited that neighboring country, which still presents to the eye, even of a passing stranger, the signs of a great dissolution and renovation of society? Have they ever walked by those stately mansions, now sinking into decay and petitioned out into lodging-rooms, which line the silent streets of the Faubourg St. Germain? Have they ever seen the ruins of those castles whose terraces and gardens overhang the Loire? Have they ever heard that from those magnificent hotels, from those ancient castles, an aristocracy as splendid as brave, as proud, as accomplished as ever Europe saw, was driven forth to exile and beggary—to implore the charity of hostile governments and hostile creeds—to cut wood in the back settlements of America—or to teach French in the school-rooms of London? And why were those haughty nobles destroyed with that utter destruction? Why were they scattered over the face of the earth, their titles abolished, their escutcheons defaced, their parks wasted, their palaces dismantled, their heritage given to strangers? Because they had no sympathy with the people—no discernment of the signs of their time—because, in the pride and narrowness of their hearts, they called those whose warnings might have saved them theorists and speculators—because they refused all concession till the time had arrived when no concession would avail."

The Whig leaders, without any extraordinary stretch of political wisdom, had discovered a new champion in Macaulay. He was taken up and employed with a Commissionership of Bankruptcy, and in 1830 brought into Parliament under the auspices of Lord Lansdowne, from "the immaculate and free-voting borough," as the Tory Magazine called it, of Calne.

Macaulay's maiden Parliamentary speech was delivered in April, 1830. It offered a philanthropical support of a measure to relieve the civil disabilities of the Jews, and the orator was complimented at the close by a few earnest words of eulogy from Sir James Mackintosh. The series of reform speeches followed. They were the speaker's great rhetorical triumphs; and the final success of the great measure his borough appointment was exchanged for the large popular representation of Leeds. He rapidly over his secondary political career, which was formally closed by the resignation of his seat in Parliament: in 1834 he was appointed member of the Supreme Council of Calcutta; and during his three years' connection with the Government of India effected improvements in a legislative capacity, particularly in an article of reform equalizing the legal rights of the European and Asiatic subjects of the crown. He returned to England enriched by this lucrative post, and charged with the material of his brilliant sketches in the *Edinburgh* on Hastings and Clive, and his subsequent Indian Parliamentary speeches. He joined the Melbourne Administration as Secretary of War in 1839, and lost his eloquence to the support of its falling fortunes. The following year he was elected member from Edinburgh, and served as a leader of the Whig opposition against the forces of Peel. When his party gained the ascendancy

THE LATE LORD MACAULAY.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MAULL AND POLYBLANK, OF LONDON.]

in 1846 under Lord John Russell, he was appointed Paymaster of the Forces with a seat in the Cabinet. The next year he was thrown out by his constituency for his support of the Maynooth Grant. Five years after, in 1852, he was again elected from Edinburgh, and remained in Parliament, taking no very active part in its affairs.

The public had no reason to regret his indifference to Parliament and retirement from public affairs since it gained the world the splendid series of articles in the *Edinburgh* and the "History of England." "To take Macaulay out of literature and society," said Sydney Smith, "and put him in the House of Commons, is like taking the chief physician out of London during a pestilence." Literature was undoubtedly his great success; yet his most quiet writings smack strongly of the declaimer and debater. He had essentially a spoken style. It is description, word painting, argument, but always with an eye to a case and for victory. His faults are all forgotten and forgiven in the glowing order of that style which, for the time, sweeps away taste and judgment. What action was to Demosthenes the flow of his period was to Macaulay. He was rather rhetorical than eloquent; picturesque without being poetical; he had rare powers of fanciful association without invention; he was ingenious, but not profoundly speculative. His vast reading and stores of memory perhaps seemed greater to us than they really were, from his attorney's faculty of making up a case. To read Macaulay, with the first shock of surprise and novelty, is an unsurpassed delight. He was the prince of popularity, and may almost leave us in doubt whether his great qualities stoop to the imperfections of common life, or the latter rise to the verge of greatness.

On retiring from public life Macaulay was raised to the peerage by the title of Baron Macaulay. He took his seat in the House of Peers, but never spoke. The latter years of his life were devoted exclusively to the "History of England," of which four volumes have appeared—the work being, like Prescott's "Philip the Second," left incomplete at his death. The work, of which Messrs. Harpers were, by special arrangement with Lord Macaulay, the American publishers, was even more popular in this country than in England; of their several editions they have sold over 100,000 copies.

He died of heart disease, which had troubled him once, in 1852, but over which his constitution was supposed to have triumphed. He was attacked about the middle of December, rallied, and was supposed to be convalescent, but suddenly relapsed and died.

Baron Macaulay was unmarried, and the title dies with him. He has brothers and sisters: one of the former is a citizen of this country.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

The New Partner

IN

"CLINGHAM & CO., BANKERS."

BY FITZ HUGH LUDLOW,

AUTHOR OF "THE HASHEESH EATER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

IN WHICH A BOAT IS LAUNCHED, AND COMES TO PORT.

DAY after day did Ernest Beckford sit quietly writing on his high stool in the Cheswick counting-room, while around him the same old ebb and flow of life went on that had been about little Filkins, save that its wave found him a rock, and not an empty keg, or a tangle of driftwood, which could be tossed about at its pleasure. The farthest in the world from that was this young man. And though the riot outside of him was perhaps chafed into a little greater violence by the presence of his silent, thoughtful antagonism, it still evidently felt that it had found an obstacle in him, and one which it would be difficult to surmount. Ernest Beckford was one of those very rarely found men who can pursue their own way through a perfectly unfriendly crowd, not only without dedection, but with an appearance of ease, or even comfort. Where the power to do this is not natural, its acquirement is the greatest possible of triumphs—it is the most brilliant of accomplishments. Both naturally and by self-education Ernest Beckford possessed it.

By-and-by the influence of the young man became observable even upon outsiders. Certainly it was not his office which they began to respect; there was nothing in being a second book-keeper which was especially overpowering, and stimulant to Cheswick admiration. It must have been therefore the young man himself, and the beautiful, easeful way in which he throbbed his office, which made Cheswick say, "I declare I shouldn't wonder if that young fellow came to be partner by-and-by!"

This better state of feeling toward Ernest Beckford, among Cheswickians generally, left him still more at the mercy of his pleasant companions inside the rail, if such a man could with any propriety be called at the mercy of any body. To all of them he was a continual eyesore. He was not offensive of himself, made no pretension to being judge, mentor, reprover of any sort; but the very look and bearing of the man, necessarily from his mode of life when he was not paying the slightest attention to them, was a continual institution of odious comparisons.

For the first few days after he came to Cheswick these agreeable companions of his seem themselves to revenge the displacement of little Filkins, and to assert their own utter uselessness of the new-comer by a series of talk at him which was intended to be satirical. Frequent reference was made to the salubrious characteristics of Cheswick, and many partners to spend the summer in, and extreme pain expressed lest the New York House should go down, robbed as it was of such companionship. To all of which Beckford paid as much attention as belonged to it.

Before the expiration of the second week of his residence there the young man had proved himself so very calm and immovable a surface to these attacks that the misdirected force of hanging their tactics suggested itself to them. There was no doing any thing against Beckford; perhaps something might be done with him. He could not be snubbed, overlooked, sent to Coventry in any way; that would secure the reserve of his prevented them appearing to banish him, for how can one be uncivil to a man who gives him no chance to be civil? He was very gentlemanly, but mixed with them no more than water with oil.

They would allure him, therefore. He might not be such a dem'd disagreeable fellow after all. Todds had known a man who opened up very much like this Beckford. Perhaps they have thought he had a tongue in his head, by Jove! and every body said that all he did was to read Tract Society publications and drink his black tea; but dem Todds if he didn't turn out a splendid chap after all, and when they last parted they had a devilish good time—three bottles apiece—broke one of the waiter's heads with a boat of snipe gravy, threw an arm-chair out of the window, and had a devilish fine time that they never knew how they got home—deyuk it on it—ha, ha, by Jove! I wonder how this Beckford would turn out? It was certainly worth while to try him.

It must be confessed that, even with all his self-possession, Ernest Beckford felt a certain

"HE HELD IT UP IN THE SUNLIGHT," ETC.

degree of surprise, and unusual slightly when, one day after the Bank was shut, and he was making home to his lodgings, he felt an arm suddenly thrust through his own in the most familiar fashion, and turned to discover that his friend was no other than Todds, cashier. "We're not very well acquainted yet," was the remark of that distinguished bank-officer.

"That's true," replied Beckford, in a tone of dry courtesy.

"But we ought to know one another better," continued Mr. Todds.

The young man bowed politely, with a somewhat questioning elevation of the eyebrows.

"Yes," said the cashier. "So I think. So the fellows think. In fact, we're all of that opinion. Oh! de-cidedly. It's not at all the thing, you see, for a set of splendid men like us—all of us here together—to be distant and cold to one another. You know what I mean—to come the sublime indifference dodge, you know. If we any of us have been cold to you, you mustn't mind it. It's our way at first."

The idea that any indifference which Mr. Todds might have shown had taken an aspect of sublimity, was so amusing to Ernest Beckford that he could scarcely refrain from laughing in Todds to set his mind at rest upon that point would have become a hearty laugh had there been any sympathetic person there to enjoy it with him.

"Know us, and you'll like us," pursued the cashier. "I'm sure I shall Mr. Filkins, and he liked us. Why? Because he knew us, of course. Well, you can do the same thing, and every thing will go on swimmingly. Oh, by-the-way, I've a little proposal to make. I have some friends at my rooms to-night in a quiet sort of way—just a rubber or two of whist and a glass of punch, and I'm sure we can make it pleasant for you. Come in. Say nine o'clock or thereabouts. Shall we expect you?"

The young man thought for a moment—so short a moment that his hesitation was not perceived by the cashier—and then replied:

"If I am not with you by nine o'clock you need not expect me. Thank you for the invitation at any rate."

This answer was not prompted by any fear of officials, but by one with a prompt denial. Strange as it may seem, Ernest Beckford was not quite sure but he would like to accept the invitation. He could see one phase of the life of these associates of his—the business life—and there was a sort of strange fascination even to him in that, because they were out of business hours; very much such fascination as would be to a human-nature philosopher in seeing the Queen of the Fejees in dishabille, or being admitted to the bosom of a cannibal family.

With a little persuasion to be sure and come, Mr. Todds remembered that he had already gone past a place where he must attend to some business, pressing, and, slipping his arm out of Beckford's, trotted away. A few moments and Ernest Beckford reached his lodgings and gave the little bow in which he had taken rooms was as near an approach to graceful retirement as can be procured in a country town. There was the old-fashioned office of which dormer windows rising from the roof, whose weather-boards were all green and moss-brown in motley with lichen and decay. But by no means a tumble-down old house—merely one that had "a respectable look," a square prim style, all luscious with pleasant home-like associations, and having always an agreeable sunniness about it like a Hessian fly-trap placed directly down the almost perpendicular rocky bank of the little stream, here at its broadest, which gave Cheswick its name, and to the possession of water scenery. Two of the second story windows which opened on the sight and sound of this pleasant, rustling, running sweet singer belonged to the parlor of Ernest Beckford. In the summer they were always open, by the immemorial custom of the family who kept the house; and it was not the young man's mood to close them even in the coldest season, when they opened upon such sweet intimacies with all glad fresh wood odors and music from water and trees about them.

It was at one of these windows that Ernest Beckford, coming in from his talk with Mr. Todds, found himself sitting down with a careless abandonment on the little settee which was his favorite resting-place.

There was a slight shade on the forehead of Ernest Beckford to-day as he sat looking out of that breezy window, with his cheek rested on his left hand, which seemed to see deeper than the sheen of the rippling stream below; farther than the gold and purple cloud-banks which, long before sunset, were making ready for the coming of the sundown. Plainly, had one been there who knew him, who trusted, one whose spiritual key made an exact chord with his own, Ernest Beckford might have had a secret to impart whose weight would have none the less because it was borne with a half-defiant, manly bravery, a half-smiling earnestness rather than with utter Byronic dejection. But at last the wind—that loving, cajoling, coaxing wind—kissed the secret out of him. With a sigh which he banished instantly by shutting his lips upon it, as if he would not even admit it to himself, the young man arose, and lifting the cover of a small rose-wood desk which stood upon the bureau near him, brought out in succession a miniature, a packet of letters, and a sunny lock of woman's hair. Returning to the window, he laid them all upon the seat beside him and again sat down. There was just the slightest dust visible upon the raised golden circlet and glass which held in the portrait, and this the young man rather kissed than breathed away with a lip so tender and so trembling that one would have scarcely believed it the same whose strong lines but a moment before gave such firm denial to the sigh. Then wiping it carefully, he gazed, and gazed, and gazed worshipfully, and as if his eyes could never drink their fill.

Had the human confidant whose presence we just supposed been looking over the shoulder of Ernest Beckford, he would have had but little difficulty in giving name and personality to the portrait's original. It was a lady in the

middle time of life. Her hair still glossy brown, of that peculiar tint which the sun is ever turning to gold, had still here and there flecked with silver by that speechless care and earnest, long-suffering tenderness to which her watchful eyes and more sympathetic mouth bore witness, to her child-like trust and gladness was a calmer shadow, such as they only know who have been both tried and victorious. The remaining features, even to the last, were Beckford's, save that the mouth had a womanly loving peacefulness which the mouth of few men ever arrive at without becoming effeminate, and which the young man's was yet too new to the play of passion to have learned. And what a noble line of his parted next, after they had pressed one long kiss upon the beautiful face before him, the artist had escaped them were "Mother!" and "Gone! gone!"

Then taking that rich brown tress which had been torn in his hand as reverently as a pilgrim carries his relic, he held it up in the sunlight and let it lie engolomed, till the light seemed to make it live again, and the soft air seemed fanning not it only but the dear cheek whereon which it had played long ago. And strangely there floated into his mind, and melted in with this reverie of the departed, another face; a still more precious, over which love fell also a shadow and a sunniness mingled of like soft brown hair; and strangely, too, came a deep peace into his heart, for she who had gone seemed smiling down upon him to light the way to his breast of one who was coming. And as if with a sudden inspiration he wrote with his pencil on a little scrap of paper lying near him,

"*All the life of the young man is but a pilgrimage from one sweet woman's breast to one other. From the bosom out of whose life he came he goes voyaging wearily, painfully, and rest he hath none, until he comes to the bosom with whose life he is to be one for evermore.*"

A moment more and half unconsciously he had written two names side by side beneath this sentence. He hardly thought what he did till the feeling how well they looked together flushed his cheek. What other could those names have been but these, "Beckford—Nora?"

The hand that held the paper dropped again to his side, and the two frank blue eyes of the so lately called Ernest looked out again still more intensely across the stream, the field, the distant margin of the hills, and far into the heaven beyond, through which, as to all of us sometimes happens, he seemed to see a whole past life repass before him.

He beheld a young manhood whose mantle of earnestness had fallen on him prematurely; whose eye had been made forbidding, longing quest ful at a time when most eyes are lavish and limited to the present. He beheld a young man, who, with all the greatest capacity for loving and growing in his love, for being made the better and more clear-aimed hard worker in the world, had hitherto gone through through the world for that well of another's pure affection which many men had without the asking; which some of them valued only because as they looked down it mirrored their own selfish face; which others beholded with their feet and passed carelessly away. He saw this young man successful in many things—praised, trusted, what the world calls well off, meaning in the coffer, not in the soul. But he saw him sitting often at neighbors' fireside; still oftener in the gloom of a companionship beneath which a stranger had warmed for hire, and one by one, even to his frank, glad, brave eye, the once lighted coals of a better hope went out and became ashes. And from his heart he pitied this young man; for he perceived that none else could pity, even if he could ask them; unable as they were to know how many a good and bright expectation may have faded out already to the man of twenty-four, however brave he be, and how old, in some respects, such a young man may have become through strange life-leadings.

Just where the cloud of this sight became darkest, and where light was least expected, a faint gleam shot through of a sudden; it waxed brighter, and the clear eyes of Ernest Beckford fell back upon the paper in his hand.

"Ernest—Nora."

"Is it possible? Will it be? In my life I have learned the lesson to work on because the work is right; because all great and good is on the side of work, wherever *hope* may stand. Dare I *hope* that all is well at *work*? Dare I seek the great happiness of a life, and believe in *that* as I used to—as I have, since my mother died, believed in labor only?"

Thus soliloquizing the young man stood thoughtfully at the window for a moment, then with a clouded brow and gloomy lip, threw back the pane containing the sentence and the names into the rude form of a bust, and dropped it with a thoughtless playfulness on the depths of the stream below the window, saying as it fell,

"Be my emblem! Thou shalt float away out of my sight, but not out of God's: even so I trust myself to the current, hoping to open for my own way: but He knows whither I shall go, what end reach. All my life I have dreaded to be a lonely soul; but now I will try to have such love from *her* as I can give *her*. Float away, little bust."

So it drifted out of his sight. But not—not, as he said, out of God's. And he turned from the window full of faith and peace.

But not as much so as he might have been had he seen a certain thing. But how could he know that ever since he had been sitting at the window a pair of curious pair of eyes had been looking up at him all bright with admiration, and a lovely face been flushing last he should see it from its peeping place behind the willows, on the farther brookside. How could Ernest know that any lady—as much less—made that stream and the bar afternoon rambling, reading, and musing place, for a reason which she had never even admitted to herself. And how—how in the world could he tell who it was that, when the little boat had drifted quite out of his sight, drew it slower eagerly from the eddy by which it was made prisoner; at first to kiss it and keep it simply because it was any thing which might be a memorial of him; but unrolling it and reading it, felt first the blood rush to her temples, then back to her heart, and hastened homeward not knowing whether she walked or dreamed, in a calm ecstasy whose spell she feared to break by speaking. How would Ernest Beckford know?

But the little boat was better out of his sight, but it was in God's and *hers*.

CHRISTMAS AT NETTLECROP.

TEN years ago there was a great commotion in the village of Nettlecrop. The whole place was together by the ears as the saying is: and here was Christmas almost at hand, with little or no prospect of its bringing peace and good-will, as far as the fields of Nettlecrop were concerned.

Mrs. Pradgeman had as good as told Mr. Fines, the farrier, that his wife dressed; and Mrs. Fines had said that Mrs. Pradgeman was a drunken gossiping at the door of her husband's forge again, she would n't have such a bit of her mind; and there were the Knaggses and the Penthwhistles at daggers drawn; and the Slys didn't speak to the Knaggses; and Mr. Knaggs and the Slys, and the Penthwhistles, were all of them deadly foes of the Dingleberrys; who, in their turn, held the Saunderses in bitter hatred; and the Saunderses weren't at all in favor among the Nettlecrop folks generally; but, in particular, were loathed by the Haslecrofts, who used to be such very intimate friends of theirs; and Little Lucy Saunders, aged eight years and a quarter, had informed her eldest sweetheart, Willy Haslecroft, aged eleven, that if they ever met again—which was not improbable, seeing that they lived on the same side of the Green, and only three doors from each other—it must be as people of the world; and, in short, Nettlecrop was in a state of internecine war, and the feud of the Montagues and the Capulets was a joke to it. A pretty condition of things, this, among Christians and at Christmas!

Of course Christmas, till it was all but come; and not a soul in Nettlecrop had wished that it might in a single case to his neighbor. The Slys, and the Knaggses, and the Penthwhistles, and the Dingleberrys, and the Saunderses, and the Haslecrofts, had their own compliment of the seasons to give one to another; and Mrs. Fines had sent all the way to Stoneybatter for her plums and currants rather than have the Christmas pudding compounded of any materials which had come out of Mrs. Pradgeman's general shop.

For the credit of Nettlecrop and humanity, I trust that there were hearts which yearned to open themselves to other hearts, and hands which would have gladly clasped other hands, had there been some excuse for the renewal of pacific relations. But nobody liked to be the first. There was Clay Haslecroft, by name, who wanted to be friends with all Nettlecrop and all creation. But he was only a boy, and could not have undertaken upon the part of the grown-up community to accept his offices as peace-maker. So nobody said "Merry Christmas" to anybody; and, though another night had gone, and the day itself had dawned which was the day before Christmas-day.

It had dawned brightly, too, though the snow lay deep, and the cold was intense. Tom Haslecroft free, as was his wont, before the little household was awake, and rallied forth into the keen fresh air. Into the open country, ankledeep in snow, he went, and sang for joy of the life that rushed through his young limbs. Across the village green, and through the turn-stile, and down the lane by the old church-yard, and over Farmer Jarvey's gate at a bound, and good-day to the pinched-up laborer who was stacking fagots in the shed, and good-day to you, boy, Merry Tom, and a Merry Christmas! It was the first that Tom had had bidden him that blessed season, and his heart swelled up, forcing the tears from his eyes. Knee deep now he went at times; and more than once turned back to find some sort of path. Take care, Tom Haslecroft, take care! It was in a drift a little further on—there, by the willows—that a man was nearly lost yesterday, just after dusk. Take care, Tom!

I was at Nettlecrop on that 24th of December. The window was curtained close, and the candles were lit, and the parlor was warm, and the fire burned bright and cosy, and the first glass of afternoon sherry was on the table for me, when the landlord himself entered the room, with a long face and an apology for troubling me with bad news.

"Why, is there any matter?" I asked, setting down the wine untasted.

"I hope nothing's really the matter, Sir," he answered; "but it looks like it. Mr. Hales, the Haslecroft, the wheel-wright on the green, has not been heard of since daybreak this morning, when he was seen by one of Farmer Jarvey's men going past the willows. The man says he watched him over the most dangerous part, where a traveler was nearly buried in the snow last night, and that he had kept his way in the direction of Cragsfoot Bottom, as if he meant to go through the copse. Indeed, they've found him right through the copse, near as far as Bramleigh Wood, where the wind has drifted the snow clean over the poor boy's footprints. Lord send that it hasn't covered him!"

Not another word did I say, or the landlord either, till we were standing in the porch, round which about twenty persons had gathered with lanterns.

"Heaven preserve us!" the landlord then exclaimed, breaking our silence; "but I fear we shall have another heavy fall o' snow." The flakes were coming down thickly enough. Tom had been the men's hats were already touched with white.

We set off in a body, taking our way first to Haslecroft's, where the wheel-wright's wife reached the house, whether Tom had been found. Alive or dead he was missing still; and those who had been searching for him had returned for more lanterns or torches, and for more help, were now on the point of starting again. The boy's father was among them, and distracted enough—more than been of the party also, but that she was held back with kind hands, and soothing voices, and many aids and tears. "They'll find him, my dear, they'll be sure to find him," said poor Mrs. Saunders, who was more agitated than any body beside; and had the greatest difficulty in keeping herself from being broken down altogether. "Don't give way so, there's a love! Oh, do take comfort, pray!" Rosanna was aggravating the affliction, which Mrs. Saunders felt on behalf of her long-slighted friend.

Our party now numbered at least a score; and as we crossed the green it was more than doubled by accessions from the village. All the main branches of the Slys, and the Knaggses, and the Dingleberrys, and the Penthwhistles were there; and as we turned into the lane which led to the copse, I should run up to us in a panting state, and lay vivient hands on Mr. Fines, but Mrs. Pradgeman?

"Take care, Sir, I'm a Christian man as has a flat stone bottle, of pint capacity or thereabouts" "Is—it's cordial! God's help go with you all! Oh, Dr. Carboy, Sir, I'm a Christian man as well with 'em! And Mr. Hales as well! Oh, gentlemen, don't, don't, don't come back without him!"

We left the poor woman to her hysterics and calling out encouraging words and earnest prayers for our success, by the end of the old church wall. We passed through the gate in the corner of the field, boy had vaulted gayly that morning; we took our course, guided by a shepherd who knew every foot of the land for miles round, till we had struck right down again into the hollow, and through the copse, and so onward to Bramleigh Wood, where our search began.

The snow fell fast and faster, now tumbling in a fitful, irregular way, and now descending in the form of a steady, persevering rain, as if it were being pressed downward to the muffled earth. Masses fell every now and then from the branches of the trees. The hoops we had brought with us into the wood was gradually covered as the objects were covered which at first stood forth from the snow.

A cry from the rear brought every body running to one spot. Was he found? Alas, no! But a little girl who had followed us had been overpowered by some stragglers of the band. It was Tom's cried sweet-heart, Lucy Saunders. There was faint hope now that any more would ever meet again, even as people of the world.

Faint hope and failure, as the snow came ceaselessly, silently, pitilessly, white as a shroud, to look up at it against the leaden sky, black as we saw it against the shrouded slopes and underwood, or between us and the lights of our wandering lanterns. Lucy Saunders, in spite of protests urged with piteous tears, had been sent back in charge of two people, who were to take her home, as she had been but quitted unobserved.

So was Christmas-eve spent by us in that dreary winter wood; and so did it give place to Christmas-day. Our party had been relieved by the rest of the village people. New lights had been searching the wood all night went house to sleep. But not long past noon they were all in Nettlecrop Church-yard, and the whole village at the village. Mr. Hales, the deservedly popular young clergyman of Nettlecrop, had dismissed his female congregation with a few sympathetic words, after the church service, telling them that he was impatient to join the working party in the wood; and in half an hour he was with us bodily, as he had been all that Christmas morning in the spirit.

The day wore on till two o'clock, when a man here down upon our main body, which was now assembled to consider whether it might not be advisable to search the fields of the neighborhood. It was from the further boundary—that is to say, from the side opposite to that by which we had come—that the man approached. He called out, as soon as he was well within hearing,

"Hallos, there! What's all this piece of work about a boy that's got lost?"

"Can you tell us any thing about him?" asked a dozen voices at once.

"Yes, I can. He's all right enough!"

"Where is he?"

"Well, he's in Billbury lock-up—that's where he is."

"What for?" was the next question on the part of the clamorous by this time consisted of the entire Nettlecrop corps.

"Why, for trespass, to be sure. Didn't my chap Joe take him prisoner from the constable to the boy's father yesterday morning? No? Well, I suppose he got drunk as usual and forgot it. You see, I count the young scamp on Squire Jacob's land, and took him right off to the Billbury constable. We sin't going to stand any more o' them trespassing about here. I can tell you it's if you want to get the boy out you'd better come along some of you afore the Squire."

Joy was wrestling with indignation in the breasts of the good people from Nettlecrop. They didn't murder the man. They did not fall upon him and beat him to death upon the spot. They didn't hang him up by his neck, or by his heels, or by his ears, or by his hair, or by his toes, or by his thumbs, or by his teeth, to the nearest tree; they didn't even bow-bail him. DrCarboy said he was a scoundrel; and being reminded by the Nettlecrop lawyer that this language was actionable, Dr. Carboy amended it by saying that the man was a most unmitigated and atrocious villain, who deserved, for every hour that the boy had passed in imprisonment, to suffer a year's solitary confinement—a sentence which was loudly cheered by every body who heard it uttered. The Reverend Mr. Hales, with a remarkably fine pectoral development, and the voice of a blacksmith, told the man that he ought to have a sound thrashing, and that if it had not been Christmas-day he (Mr. Hales) would have given him the one. The end of it was, that Mr. Hales, Dr. Carboy, the lawyer, and one or two more went as a deputation to the Squire, "to lay before him the talent view of the case," and gave his magisterial order for the release of the culprit. Tempted by the sight of a magnificent chestnut horse, Tom had broken into the Squire's ground, where he was surprised and captured as the keeper has already told us.

Next to the safe recovery of Tom Haslecroft on whose manly breast the fair Lucy flung herself in passionate joy when he was brought in triumph by Mr. Hales, the happiest result of this affair was the perfect reconciliation of every body in Nettlecrop to every body else. From that day forth all the ill-feeling of the Slys was transferred to the shoulders of the Squire and his men. Not a drop of ale was left for home consumption.

Mrs. Pradgeman went and made it up with Mrs. Fines, after which she sent her respectful duty to Mrs. Baxter in Billbury Jugg, with the contribute indefinite assurances that "it was all a mistake." The Slys, and the Knaggses, and the Penthwhistles, and the Dingleberrys have become united by matrimonial ties; in spite of which they remain the best friends that ever were. There is a talk of marriage on foot between the Haslecroft and Saunders families; but, for my part, I hope Tom Haslecroft will not think of marrying just yet.

AN IMPERTINENT QUESTION

IF was a most impertinent question. And it was answered in a way not rather hurled at me—by my Thought, as I sat coolly last evening by my fire.

I have had questions of the same *genre* quietly put to me before in the solitude of my chamber, but never with such a flash, such a clatter-effect, bringing the thing "down to a point" fashion.

At any time the question would have startled me; but, coming as it did, on the top of—as a agonizing, romances-pulling-down climax—half a dozen happy, sanguine schemings for the Future, it was terrible—I fairly staggered me.

The question was this:

WHERE *shall I die?*

I instinctively took a look at the bed wherein I have snored in my bachelor apartments for over the last three years.

Not a month ago a great pet of mine, the daughter of my landlady, died on that same bed. The room in which the little invalid lay suffering was the best, by much by inch—the Destroyer gradually creeping up, cat-like, from her feet till it clutched her—the last of life, for it was "the room" by the throat. I left then. I have heard that strange final exhaustion of the air, commonly known as "closeness," once, years ago, would be much gold, more than I ever coveted, to buy me to listen to it again. My landlady's wife at a strange table: it is a nervous, foolish, fidgety unpleasant one. The reader probably has his.

Therefore, unless Fortune were some day to shower her blessings very plentifully upon me, enabling me to adopt some other course of life—indeed, almost rendering it imperative that I should at all events live in a cooler apartment—I don't suppose I shall change. Or, if I do change, it will be as it is, I am pecuniarily in a position to occupy a more sumptuous apartment, and still I remain perfectly satisfied with the comfort around me. I couldn't have truer friends "drop in" than I have now, whatever were my surroundings. In fact, I doubt if any circumstances except the possession of the means to carry out a strong desire to travel could induce me to make a change.

The chances therefore are that, barring out-door accidents, I shall die on that bed.

In has this advantage: it is a practiced bed—the last one went so gently to Kingdom Come in. But the little one was about two feet eight inches high, whereas my length is five feet eleven and a half. I have never measured the bed, but cold winter nights have sunnyingly convinced me that that was the length. "Shorter"—can not assuredly be over five feet ten. The reader will at once perceive the utter absurdity of for a moment contemplating "cutting off" with any degree of comfort under the circumstances.

I shall to-morrow undertake (nasty word, but never appropriately a stricter measurement of all the bedsteads in the house, and if I discover that any shorter gentleman than myself is luxuriating on unnecessary longitude of mattress, more suitable to myself than him—after, of course, making all generous allowance for the usual "stretching" to overwhile in the contingency under consideration—why, I can only say that a sudden exchange will be effected, and him neither the wiser nor the worse for it.

Reader! as you make your bed, so shall you die on it. Look to this!

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No. CXVII.] CONTENTS. [FEBRUARY.

COOS AND THE MAGALLOWAY.
Illustrations.—Valley of the Androscoggin.—Come to see the Circus.—Owner of a Meadow Farm.—Dwellers in Lumber.—Diversity Notch.—Going up the Androscoggin.—Settlement on the Magalloway.—In Camp.—The Lumberman's Camp.—Farmer-Lumberers Lake.—On Camel's Rump.—Camp on Camel's Rump.—In Three Dominions.—Civilization.
ODE ON THE BIRTHDAY OF CHARLES WESLEY.
HOLIDAYS IN COSTA RICA.—III. SAN JOSE TO CARTAGO. By Thomas Francis Meagher.
CARLOTTA'S CHILDREN. Illustrations.—The Diligence.—Valley of Cartago.—Church of our Lady of the Angels.—Cartago.—Descent into Valley of Cartago.—Ascent of Irazu.—The Crater of Irazu.—Shooting Fish.—Hammock Making.—Peculiar Fire.—Pounding Coffee.—Coffee-Mill.—Hacienda of Navara.—The Quezal-Bird.
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FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Home or Promenade Dress.—Closed Sleeve.—Fichu.—Under-Sleeve.—Collar.—Dress Cap.

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A WIFE.

THE wife sat thoughtfully turning over
A book inscribed with the school-girl's name;
A tear—one tear—fell hot on the cover
She quickly closed when her husband came.

He came, and he went away—it was nothing—
With cold calm words upon either side;
But, just at the sound of the room-door shutting,
A dreadful door in her soul stood wide.

Love, she had read of in sweet romances—
Love that could sorrow, but never fail,
Built her own palace of noble fancies,
All the wide world a fairy tale.

Bleak and bitter, and utterly doleful,
Spreads to this woman her map of life;
Hour after hour she looks in her soul, full
Of deep dismay and turbulent strife.

Face in both hands, she knelt on the carpet;
The black cloud loosen'd, the storm-rain fell:
Oh! life has so much to wilder and warp it—
One poor heart's day what poet could tell?

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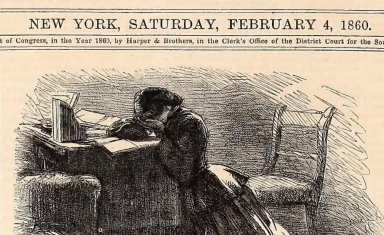
CHAPTER V.

IN WHICH A SINGULAR WAY IS DISCLOSED OF MAKING THE BEST USE OF ONE'S TIME.

THE question to what extent a man may be engaged in the handling of pitch without defiling himself thereby—how far a gentleman may go on the road with a rogue without becoming a companion of knaves—is one of perhaps more speculative than practical value. For the person who does not like to be defiled by pitch, and who is not, therefore, virtually defiled already, will have just as little to do with that disagreeable article as necessity compels him to; and the gentleman will take a branch road, or a path through the fields, as soon as it is practicable, unless he has a taste for some slight smack of knavery already, and is therefore really very good company for the rogue. So that in neither case is a solution of the question of much practical importance.

But there are now and then occasions, especially in the young man's life, when the pitch business appears to be a long habitual necessity; a work of livelihood, from which there is no visible escape; when the road is straight, highwalled at the side, branches nowhere; and the rogue is a mighty familiar, pleasant knave, who edges over to your side of the way, and rubs his elbow in your side with a leer, saying, "Kiss me, sweet ox!" In which case the problem does arise whether to knock him down or walk along with him arm in arm, possible, keeping his fingers out of your pockets; and if there be any hope for him, giving him good advice not to get hanged.



"FACE IN BOTH HANDS, SHE KNELT ON THE CARPET."—[BY MILLAIS.]

At Cheswick Ernest Beckford found himself for the first time in this position when Mr. Todds had extended to him that ultimate honor and gratification conceivable by the youthful mind of the Bank, of inviting him to his rooms to white and whisky punch.

During the whole working day, at any rate, Ernest Beckford was holden of necessity to stay among these—well, just what they were. The question now arose, what effect would it have upon the comfortableness and the usefulness of this involuntary association with them, to go a little farther on their way with them, and operate with whatever influence he might have for good on the more susceptible, the private portion of their lives?

In just such a train of thought and self-questioning as this subject would be apt to suggest he sat by the open window after the little boat had floated away out of his sight, until the sun went down. Whether to go to Mr. Todds's or not?—that was the question. But it certainly would not have been worthy of so much consideration—it would have been answered much sooner, had not one other and most important element entered into the decision. What this was will be developed by our progress. But the question was deemed to be settled, at the present time, in the greatest possible haste.

For as Ernest sat thinking there, there sounded a heavy double rap at the door, and, almost before the words "Come in!" were out of his mouth, there flounced into the room as singular a little figure as is very often seen outside of the costume department of theatres, or the rubbish closet of curiosity-shops.

Fancy an exceedingly fat person, made much shorter in appearance by this fact than his real stature gave him right to be, and with a comical duck-waddle replacing the human walk, of which years had robbed nature. A perfectly white beard covered his face and descended to his girdle, a gigantic pair of smoked-glass dust goggles shielded his eyes, and over his whole body hung, in dusty folds, such a long, rusty, camlet cloak as operatic tradition assigns to Don Basilio in the Barber. On the head of the queer object was a very broad-rimmed, soft felt hat was set in a straight, determined manner, and the woolen gloved and pudgy little hand closed over a knotty hickory cudgel. And upon invitation this somewhat remarkable conglomeration seated itself, and opened conversation with,

"You don't know who I am?"

Mr. Beckford readily assented to the proposition, at the same time requesting to be informed upon the subject on which he was in the dark, and drawing his own seat near enough to bestow the scrutiny which his visitor's opening remark had challenged.

"I know you don't. It wasn't to be expected. Nobody would unless I told them, which is unlikely. I fancy that my own mother wouldn't. I flatter myself that she would have no idea. Where are your matches, if you please? Oh! here they are, thank you; smoke doesn't trouble you? Ah! not at all? I'm glad to hear it. I'll light up then. As I was saying, I have taken every precaution in dress, just as requested, to prevent me from being recognized, and I am too cute, I can assure you, to let any thing in my behavior betray to any body that I am—"

"Mr. Filkins;" so Ernest quietly completed the sentence.

"I'll be hanged!" was the explosive reply of the stranger as he started to his feet. "Beckford, I believe you can see as sharp as a lynx!"

"Oh, sharper!" said Ernest, "considerably sharper; for the lynx, not being, as is supposed, blessed with even a district school education, would be unable to read those graceful characters marked on that cigar-holder which represent your name."

"Well! I'm flummixed—you'll excuse the phrase," answered little Filkins, in a dejected manner (for it was he). "Really, I did my best. At the request of the partners I came here in strict incog., as I thought. They told me not to make myself known to a soul till I had seen you; and now, I've gone and done it. Oh, it's mighty pretty of me, but it's just my way. Every thing's kicked over, I suppose, by that cursed holder."

"Oh no; I guess not. You mustn't be desponding about that. Nobody has seen it but me. What possessed you to come in this way, though?"

"Well, you see, I've got a cousin, a theatre costumer, up in Broome Street, and when the old gentleman, Mr. Jas. Clingham, told me he had a secret mission to send me on to you, and he wanted me to get a modest and appropriate disguise, I went up to Broome Street, and says I to Augustus, what would be nice and proper? We consulted between ourselves, and for a while I was uncertain in my mind if I wouldn't be a Cavalier of Madrid of the 15th century or the 15th somewhere along there, something with a five in it any way. My! wouldn't I have had a blessed looking pair of legs! Boots you could have out a leaf of bread in, and spurs on 'em, red thighs, and a ruff like a door-mat, with no end to cloak. And a hat—Low, such a hat, and such feathers! But Augustus said he'd agreed to let a man have that for a fancy-ball, and he would be along for it about dinner-time. So I had to take what I could get. He gave me my pick out of the rest, so I took Falstaff's stomach, hair, beard, and breeches; and as to hat, cloak, and boots, why, I'm an Italian murderer, you see. Rich, ain't it? but hot—awful hot, for June, I can tell you! I almost wish I hadn't taken any stomach. But I'm here now, thank fortune, and I don't think I'm found out. Can I stop?"

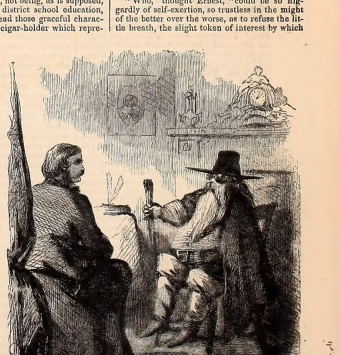
Mr. Beckford gave the voluble youth the permission he asked, as any one not unusually destitute of the emotion of compassion would have been constrained to do, seeing that it was June, as he said—and not cool for that month either—and then said:

"But your errand, Mr. Filkins? You told me, I believe, that the partner sent you. Excuse my haste, but I'm anxious to know the message that has caused so much labor on your part."

Little Filkins had by this time divested himself of all of his disguise but the ponderous stomach; and while there was still enough in his general appearance that was very ludicrous, the desire to laugh at the little man and his deep sense of responsibility (sense of responsibility is killingly funny in a little man), was checked in Ernest by his perceiving, with sincerest gladness, how much evidence of a new life there was in that now rosy, healthy face of his, which had shortly ago been so mottled and haggard; and how deep a pleasure it afforded him to have had his reformation noticed, to have had a trust committed to him by the partners.

"Thank Heaven!" thought Ernest Beckford, as he stood looking at the beaming, excited little man, "he has kept his word—he will be something—yes, even a good deal perhaps, after all." And when on this wide, vexatious, but still somewhat worth-living-on-after-all earth of ours did there ever cease to be hopes of a man who could be kindled genially out of his smoulder by a brother's saying, "I *trust* you?"

"Why," thought Ernest, "could be so niggardly of self-exertion, so trustless in the might of the better over the worse, as to refuse the little breath, the slight token of interest by which



"YOU DON'T KNOW WHO I AM?"

I was so happy as to give this little creature his first lift out of the mire? And what an ample reward for ten-fold more pains is it to see this small Eilkins raised utterly out of his smallness by having even some little thing to do, and being so anxious to do it as well as possible? Probably few men would have labored more assiduously to make themselves worthy of their office down to the last particular of dress, had they been sent on a special embassage to the moon."

"You ask me what is my errand to you?" said little Filkins, dropping his tone into the very abyss of awful mystery. "Are you sure, Tom, and let in the same voice, "that the inhabitants of this house are perfectly to be trusted? No children who get under beds? Little boys who hide themselves into closets? Girls that listen at keyholes? Then grant me your ear for a moment, while I speak my burden.

The most irresistibly comic stage sublimity, learned from some popular actor of dc- clarates the story and particular school, characterized little Filkins's manners as he drew Ernest into the farther corner from the window, and stared in a hoarse whisper, glancing at the same time cautiously over his shoulder, the words,

"Make the best of your time. Things here are ripening fast!"

"There," added little Filkins, resuming his natural tone, "now I feel comfortable. For the first time since I left New York I experience the emotion of hunge:. At the half-way station I arose and momentarily feasted on the stowed oysters c. a ham sandwich. But I shuddered at the idea. Can you eat when there's any great trouble on your mind? *Let* you eat! Responsibility is *such* a weight! All the way up I kept saying to myself, now I mustn't write it on paper. I mustn't breath it to my soul; I must keep it in my head. If I get to mapping I shall talk in my sleep to the man in front of me; dust coat by my side on the seat and let it out. By-and-by the car wheels seemed to say it; they kept grinding it out in their hoarse, gruff way all cut into lengths, "Make the—best of your—time," etc., and I actually got scared. Isn't it *dreadful* sentences, though? It's not just as if it was taken bodily right out of the dramatic version of Nobb's Six-Barrelled-Revolver-Maker of Rome! How Forrest would roll it off, heh? You're the pit, I'm Forrest—listen! I come up through a hole in the floor; a preparatory peal of thunder and green lights about my head, and speaking in a low voice .hat is almost audible silence say:

"Make the best of your time. Things he-r-r-r-e a-r-r-e r-r-r-ripening fa-ssssst!" Lord! what an opening to roll the r's for a man that had the genius! That e-so-like the knell of doom. Now just fancy who composed that! It was old Clingham, the head of the firm. I knew he had letters on discounts, was great on interest, had views of his own on tariff, but, by Jupiter! didn't know he had such a genius for tragedy! He came to me and repeated that sentence to me till I learned it; and when he said he didn't trust it on paper, I could fairly keep from saying to him, 'You err; put it on paper, with some more like it, and *fame* is yours!'"

"Do you know what it means?" asked Bedford, with a good-humored smile.

"No indeed! How should I?" was the voluble reply of the enthusiastic little Filkins. "I don't care to know! I'm in possession of these facts: First, that I have a trust bestowed upon me—*that* involves responsibility; second, that it is confidential from the head of our firm—*that* demands silence, unquestioning silence; third, that it is in the language of sublime tragedy—*that* is the all-satisfying; this calls forth the spontaneous admiration of the soul. Make the best use of what time! Don't know. What's ripening here? I hope you know. I haven't the slightest idea. All I care to know is that it shows a tragic genius that would have made Kean, Booth, Ham a second Shakspeare, and I bow to genius. That's all. But I tell you, responsibility is a weight! Can I put this stomach under the bed?"

"Oh, certainly. Sit down and rest you, and read some of the books on the table there by you, and excuse me for a moment while I look over some business I must attend to. I shall only be as you're kind enough to hope, what your message means, and I'm very much obliged to you for it. Excuse me just at the slight—"

It will perhaps somewhat appall sober and well-balanced minds to learn that just at the very moment that this most solemn and important admonition of time-preserving fell upon the ear of Ernest Beckford he settled the question, pro Todds or contra Todds, by finally resolving to accept that eminent person's invitation. Whisky and lemons are universally perceived as more particularly conservative of themselves, or other vegetable products, than either of time or equilibrium. Yet here was a young man who could think of no better way of economizing one whole mortal evening than by devoting it to the companionship of gentlemen who knew no other possible pickle for their hours of leisure. And it is not to be wondered at if the staid and well-behaved should openly express themselves in view of this decision somewhat thus: "I wouldn't have thought that of you, Beckford!" But this queer choice did occur, in spite of that fresh, almost yet echoing message from the partners, "Make the best use of your time."

Mr. Filkins having disposed of his beard, and no longer feigning a stomach when he had it not, waxed more and more comfortable over the thought of his discharged responsibility, and stretched himself over several chairs. With a pictorial London Almanac in his hand, and a smile of satisfaction upon his face, he seemed on the border of falling asleep, as was natural after such exhausting exercise as much travel, talking, and, above all, responsibility had afforded him.

In the mean time Ernest Beckford, unlocked the door of his secretary and took out a broad quarto, marked on the back "Letters." He turned over page after page of the MSS., and at last, settling on the particular copy that he wanted, he read—it was the letter he had sent by little Filkins to Clingham & Co.—as follows:

"If there be ever any message you wish to send to me, please intrust it to this young man to bring it—and let the trust which you repose in him be *marked* and *flattering*. He has valuable qualities in which he is faithful at heart—he needs only to be encouraged. Let him be made to feel your *responsibility*."

And as he looked furtively over at Filkins, and beheld how this little paragraph had been well-got—how, if one may speak of paragraphs agriculturally, it had already grown up and blossomed into the first chapter of a new life—all the gay romance of its circumstances fell off like a disturbing mist from little Filkins under the sun of that eye of kindness, and he sat there, looked at by Ernest, the human expression of much Heavenly reward to faithful-hearted labor —the non only, though the little one, and in no wise the thing to be laughed at, sneered at, or unloved. For as Herr Teufelsdröck has illustrated to us, there is a great and godlike philosophy in *tatsey* which altogether shines through clothes and comes at souls.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1860.

A NEW SERIAL STORY OF AMERICAN LIFE.

WE shall commence in an early number of *Harper's Weekly* a new Serial Tale of American Life, by a native author. This Tale will be illustrated by WINSLOW HOMER, Esq.

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RAILWAY MORTGAGES.

EVENTS point to some new understanding on the subject of railway mortgages. Mortgages on the best roads in the country are failing due, and can not be paid. In such cases the creditors talk of foreclosure; in most they are content to stand aside, and see what their debtors propose to do with their lost property. Both creditors and debtors seem to expect that some new principle on the subject of railway mortgages will be presently proposed, and are ready to discuss it.

The subject lies in a nut-shell. During the railway-building era—which may be said to have commenced in 1845, and to have culminated in 1856—every railroad company in the country borrowed money, and gave its bonds—secured by a mortgage on the road—in return for the loan. These bonds were defective in two respects. They were almost invariably made payable within five, ten, fifteen, or twenty years; and they were issued with reasonable looseness. Still, at the time they were made, such was the general confidence in the railway system, and such the public desire to become possessed of what they bought, on the one hand, all sorts of people bought mortgage bonds on railroads, without ever inquiring into their legality and validity; and railroad companies issued bonds maturing within a few years, without ever asking themselves how they were to be paid. It is only now that we are reaping the fruit of that error.

Last year the second mortgage bonds of the Erie Railroad fell due. This year (1860) $21,200,000 of the bonds issued on railroad by this section of the country mature. Next year (1861) the amount of bonds maturing in our section is $14,700,000. None of these bonds can be paid. None of the holders of them have the money enough to pay their bonded debt out of their earnings. If any of their managers ever expected they would earn money enough to do so they knew very little about railroads. Experience has proved that, when a well-situated and well-managed railroad in this part of the country has paid its working expenses, the construction and repairs account, the interest on its debt, and a fair return to its stockholders, it can not expect to have any thing left. Very few of our roads, in fact, can do as well as this. As to paying off mortgage debts out of earnings, the thing is out of the question, save in the rare cases of the Panama, the Cleveland, Columbus, and Cincinnati, and one or two other roads, which started with a very small debt and a very large and increasing revenue.

The practical question now before the public is—How is this difficulty to be met? The various railroad companies of the North and West have issued promises to pay which they can not redeem at maturity. What course should be pursued by the creditors? What by the debtors?

There are examples before us. The late President of the Erie Railroad, finding it impossible to pay off his second mortgage bonds at maturity, issued new sheets of coupons payable in five years, which have been accepted by most of the bond-holders. The Directors of the Hudson River propose to give their second mortgage bondholders, whose bonds mature this year, new bonds, bearing a second mortgage, secured by a sinking fund, and irredeemable. The Directors of the Michigan Southern offer the holders of their first mortgage bonds, maturing in November next, new bonds with some twenty-five years to run; likewise secured by a sinking fund and first general mortgage. Other similar schemes are proposed by other railroads in the like predicament.

In discussing these plans it is safe to start with the proposition that if the railroads can be made to pay their bonds, they should at once be used for the amount. Forbearance, in such a case, would be folly. But can the railroads be made to pay?

There is one plan by which the various railroad companies whose bonds are now maturing could voluntarily raise money to meet them; and that is by the sale of new bonds. But, in the first place, railroad property has fallen into such disrepute that very few railroad bonds are salable at all. Undoubted bonds, guaranteed by the State of Missouri, bearing seven per cent. interest, and as binding on the State as the regular State issues, can not be sold at a discount of 25 cents on the dollar. The public, in fact, has had enough of railway bonds, and don't want any more. Even if new railway bonds could be sold, they could only be disposed of at a sacrifice which would infallibly involve the company which made it in trouble, if not in ruin. No railroad company in this section of the country can afford to incur every three or four hundred thousand dollars in a negotiation of bonds without risking a receivership. Better default on the bonds at once than attempt to renew them at such a cost. In a word, it is impossible for railroad companies, whose bonds are now maturing, to meet them either out of their earnings or out of the proceeds of sales of new bonds.

The only resource left, under the law, is for the creditors to proceed by foreclosure. It is competent to any mortgage creditor to foreclose his mortgage, and to have the road sold under the forms of law. Whether this be an advisable course in the present crisis, No prudent man will embark in doubtful litigation if he can possibly avoid it. And we are bound to say that, of all the lawsuits which may seem to involve doubt and uncertainty, a suit for the foreclosure of a railway mortgage bond, drawn ten years ago, is the most doubtful and uncertain. Every one of the railway bonds of that date are, on the face of them, null and void by reason of looseness and informality. Others are open to grave cavil, and if opposed by shrewd lawyers might be found void after years. It is, in fact, only within a very brief period that legal accuracy has been introduced into these instruments; and the numerous and very unsettled questions on the decision of which the validity of bonds commanding high prices in our market wholly depends. Some railway mortgages in the West have ten years to run, yet, and the creditors, who have never touched a cent of interest since the foreclosure, are as far from obtaining their money as ever. In the West it is far worse. Some States have enacted laws apparently with the sole view of enabling debtors to cheat their creditors; to foreclose a mortgage and collect no money. Wisconsin, Ohio, or Iowa is the next easiest thing to damming up Niagara with a broomstick. In a word, a railway bondholder, if he could be harassed, and who seeks to recover the amount from the company by legal process, must make up his mind to many years of litigation at a cost which must be enormous, and with a prospect which at best is doubtful and uncertain.

Reverting, then, to the question above put—how are the bonds to be made to pay their maturing bonds?—we find that they can not do so voluntarily, and that they can not be compelled to pay against their will without a course of litigation which no prudent men will encounter. What is the next best thing to tried?

Several of the roads ask nothing but delay. The Erie paid every cent up in 1854 bonds which it can not pay in 1859 or 1860. The Michigan Southern asks a few years more; so do other roads. But what prospect is there that these bonds will be better able to pay then than now? Evidently none at all. The practice in the United States has been to build railroads for the sake of developing the country—hence three roads have been built where there was hardly business for one. That practice will not be abandoned. As soon as the present depression has been overcome, railroad building will again be revived, and every town, county, and village in the country will have a railroad running through it. Channels of communication will increase in the ratio of the square of the increase of population and settlement. The most that can be hoped is that second dividend-paying roads will continue to be profitable, and that some companies now temporarily depressed will recover themselves and resume their old place among dividend-paying concerns. But to expect that railroad companies which can not begin to pay their bonded debts now will be better able to do so five or ten or fifteen years hence, is to shut one's eyes to the inevitable tendency of our habits, and to the irresistible progress of enterprise.

We are thus driven to conclude that the most available and least troublesome course for railways and their bonded creditors to pursue, is to postpone indefinitely the redemption of their bonds. In principle, it must be admitted that this plan is wrong. Engagements, whether made by individuals or by corporations, should be fulfilled at all hazards. But in practice, the renewal, for an indefinite period, of railway bonds, presents fewer difficulties than any other course of dealing with them. This is the method usually adopted with mortgages on real estate, which, though invariably limited for a term of years, are seldom redeemed at maturity. Nor is this plan intrinsically unjust to the *bona fide* holder of railway bonds. Speculators often buy bonds with a view to making a profit on their redemption at par. But the public, when they buy them, take them as investments. Their object is not to make a profit by an advance on their original cost, but to secure a permanent income. The longer the bond, the better it suits them. They don't want the principal; and to them a term would merely put them to the trouble of seeking re-investment and running fresh risks. So long as the stipulated income is paid, their object is attained, and practically they have no demand for capital.

We are inclined to think that the great body of railway creditors will eventually acquiesce in the expediency of this course. Litigious persons and speculators will, of course, spend money in foreclosures; but, unless we are much mistaken, experience will not justify the wisdom of these parties. As a general rule, all these creditors will fare best who, looking merely to the practical point—the annual income—make no complaint so long as that is regularly forthcoming, and allow their bonds to remain, in all practical intents and purposes, irredeemable.

THE TERRITORY OF ARIZONA.

We hear that the Mexican Governor of Sonora has made suitable explanations to our representatives on the Pacific, and that the blockade of Guaymas has been raised. So far as it goes this is satisfactory. Sonora is the natural sea-port of *Arizona*, and for the sake of the Arizonians it should be kept open.

It will be well to observe the fact that, as matters stand, our fellow-citizens residing in the territory of Arizona are practically dependent upon the good-will of a guerrilla chief for their only communication with the outside world. We call the Governor of Sonora a guerrilla chief; he acknowledges no dependence on any Mexican government, and is practically powerful and unquestionably a guerrilla. We call the Guaymas port the only exit from Arizona; there is another, it is true, via Texas, but as it involves a month's journey across the desert, it does not deserve to be considered a natural outlet for Arizona, any more than the ports on Hudson's Bay are outlets for New York or the natural ports of Canada is Guaymas, and for permission to use that our countrymen are indebted, as we said above, to the good-will of a guerrilla chief.

By the recently concluded between the representative of the United States and the Juarez Government in Mexico, a perpetual right of transit between Arizona and Guaymas is secured to the United States. That treaty, however, has not, in the first place, been ratified by the United States Senate, and there is reason to believe that the Republican Senators will oppose it on party grounds, lest the Democrats should derive benefit from its ratification; and, in the second place, until the United States interfere openly with arms in the affairs of Mexico, the Juarez Government can grant no valid rights in that country. Every promise what it pleases, but it can not fulfill nothing.

The condition of our fellow-citizens in Arizona reflects no credit on the Government of the United States.

THE LOUNGER.

MACAULAY.

How fast our celebrated men have been dropping from our sight! Hamilton Gibson lately was old men, and in the order of nature calmly passed away; but Macaulay was not old; he was of an age when we expect to see a man who has not abused his powers giving us the fruits of his ripened experience and digested knowledge. Macaulay, indeed, was doing it, and in the best and most characteristic way. For his power was that of a dramatic historian—an annalist. His best essays are his historic essays; and the best part of his purely literary sketches of famous books and people is his account of the times in which they lived and their position in them, with a general estimate of character.

Thus his famous but early review of Milton is as poor a piece of literary criticism, as such, as we shall easily find; but it is a masterly sketch of the circumstances of the time in which the poet lived. The same is true of the article on Bacon. For Macaulay can only be called a great thinker, and no one who is not can be a great critic of thought. Compare, for instance, Carlyle's "Reviews," as they are called, with Macaulay's. Read the papers of the former upon Burns, Scott, Goethe, Richter, and Johnson, and place them by Macaulay's Milton, Bacon, Addison, and Miss Burney. The latter are purely personal sketches, single figures projected against the times in which they lived, which also live under the descriptive touch of the writer; but the former are estimates of intellectual power and significance. Enough of the times is stated to give interest and color; but it is a matter of philosophical analysis, not of historical description.

Macaulay's finest passages all show the bent of his mind. Probably the trial scene in the "Warren Hastings" is the most famous and successful illustration of his peculiar literary power. And it is this gift—an instinct for history, so to speak, developed by a remarkably trained, powerful and judicial memory and faculty of acquirement, and expressing itself in a curiously elaborate, antithetical, and luminous style—which makes Macaulay pre-eminently the popular English historian. Probably he was as impartial as historians ever can be, for that ideal impartiality, which is very often supposed to be the highest excellence of a historian, is simply impossible. A man's sympathies are not under his control, and they necessarily color what he ever they touch. He need not take a side in obsolete quarrels; but if he write honestly he can not help, directly or indirectly, expressing or implying judicial memory and faculty of acquirement, and expressing itself in a curiously elaborate, antithetical, and luminous style—which makes Macaulay pre-eminently the popular English historian. Probably he was as impartial as historians ever can be, for that ideal impartiality, which is very often supposed to be the highest excellence of a historian, is simply impossible. A man's sympathies are not under his control, and they necessarily color what he ever they touch. He need not take a side in obsolete quarrels; but if he write honestly he can not help, directly or indirectly, expressing or implying

Yet Macaulay's style, which is so praised and has been so much imitated, in a word, is one we hardly be called one of the great, original, English styles, like Taylor's, and Sir Thomas Brown's, Bacon's, Milton's, Addison's, Johnson's, Goldsmith's, Lamb's, and Carlyle's. It is more popular and intelligible, perhaps, than any of these; and indeed Macaulay will stand among English prose writers much as Pope does among the poets. Every boy will concede how clear and adequate and finished his work is—and that is, perhaps, enough just now.

BARBARIC.

One of the inconveniences of a newly-settled country like ours is the loss or oversight of individuality. It also shows itself among us in very different and very amusing ways—sometimes also in ways not so amusing. Our vast living—our pecuniferous style of comfort and luxury—of which the inmates are a population swarming all over the stairs, through the halls, and in the various offices —bustling, jostling, crowding, hurrying—busy as bees in a hive, and as little individual. A guest arrives, is ushered, is recorded—has his name on his candle, and leaves his name in pledge at the office. He is no longer Smith, or even Jones; he is number ten, number seven hundred and fortynine.

So at table, at the great ordinary, he suits himself, and the national fried beefsteak, swimming in grease—the national mud-slop called coffee, and the national "saxe" are swiftly and noisily "dumped" before him. Solemnly he swallows and silently gulps—solemnly he draws to himself the national pie and silently bolts; and having made sure of a good dyspepsia, in the shortest possible time, he rises and departs.

This comes, of course, from the neighborhood of Indians and wage life. And if you have any doubt of it listen to that frightful crash which at each fire-bell startles the whole house, with its five hundred inhabitants, and neutralizes for a awful shock any benefit they may have derived from sleep. Hear the sing-song—all inarticulate—semibrutalical, and immediately prefiguring that gnashing of teeth which some of us may have good reason for even thinking to think of. Now hear the gong is Chinese. Suppose it is, are the Chinese civilized? How about the feet of Ah Sing? Their extreme knowledge of things is not civilization. Do we not know that the sloppy mud which does duty upon our tables as coffee is abominable? Why do we not drink it ourselves? Do you call that civilization? Knowledge turned to improvement is civilization, as when, having once been swindled by a gong, you devise a bell on the head of the next man who strikes a gong while you are sleeping shall pay the penalty. That is civilization in its enlarged and generous sense.

Have we sufficiently reflected what an outrage this crashing of gongs is? Fancy any one of the cases of which there are sure to be a score in any large hotel. First, there are those who are acutely ill, and to whom sudden and loud noises are fatal risks. Then there are the chronically nervous people to whom such a hideous tumult is a cruel pang. Of course people ought not to have nerves—but they do have them; and you may be sure gongs will not cure them. Then there are the people who are watched and waited on, who are not composed to sleep until a late hour of the night or an early one of the morning. Then the arrivals by the late boat or the midnight train, who after they be startled and confounded in their very first nap? Is there no mercy left? Suppose gongs are Chinese, we ask—we are American; and one of the indefeasible rights of man is to have his nap out.

It springs, of course, from the same want of individual respect that leads people in cars deliberately to swear against you—to go to sleep, if they can, on your shoulders, and in hotels to slam their doors, and sing and whistle and shout at all hours in the passages—to fling their boots down at the doors of their rooms, as if nobody else had any rights of quiet and comfort because you have arrived and have taken a room.

Now, since the gong is determined to have us all up, why may we not turn to and put it down that we may turn in in peace? People wake themselves up at home, or are quietly called—why may not the same thing be true of the hotels? In prisons, where offenders against the public peace are sent for punishment, you may, with some show of justice, add the severity of a universal waking by the gong. But even there it is questionable whether an action might not lie for cruel and unusual punishment.

WHOSE FAULT?

It is decided apparently that the building fell because one iron pillar was not strong enough. Rather the contrary jar, or the vibration, from not the weakness of the walls or the quicksand beneath—overcame the resistance of one fatal column, and the whole came down.

Of course in the first moments of such a horrible catastrophe there is a loud cry, first for the occasion, then for the responsible man. Whose fault was it? Who ought to have known the weak spots and guarded against them? Now there is a wave of indignation mingled with that of sympathy and horror. "The owners are responsible, or the builders, or the architect, or somebody." Surely somebody must have known, or heard, or suspected. Great buildings do not come down on the run, and nobody in the world know any thing about it. There is foul play somewhere. Concealment itself is foul play. Ignorance is crime, in such a matter. Nobody has a right to be ignorant any thing. Carnal is always criminal. Great manufacturers are great assuming. Every mill is a possible lecturetomb. Let's have the owners, the architects, and builders straightway hung for murder."

It is natural. It is often enough reasonable; but it is not always so. There is a limit to human prevision and the possibilities of caution. We have no particular right in this country, where we do not do so cheap a thing, or to insist upon it very strongly, but it is still true. There may be a weakness of material perfectly hidden from any practical action. That weakness may be very accurately computed. But sometimes the calculation may fail because of some imperfection in the material—a certain jar incessantly or periodically continued, may, probably will, produce certain results. But it may be a very delicate experiment to know whether the particular piece of metal has had the dangerous amount of jar.

The point is that we have no right to impute criminality or criminal negligence too impetuously. If, for instance, any body seriously interested in the Pemberton Mill had known that last summer in the least suspicion that they could not stand, it is not one of the cases in which he would have run for bail, because that is not the way to avoid losses, and at any moment. He would have insisted upon a thorough examination, a thing which every day takes place. If, on the other hand, the fact is there had been any such insinuation, freely circulated, it would not have come to the ears of those sufficiently interested to have had the matter on the facts. That there were some people who did say that the building was weak, who complained that the walls were weak, etc., etc., may be very true. But the walls are not known to have been settling gradually strong (at least up to this moment of writing), and the foundations seem to be unshaken still. It is the iron columns which have failed.

Moreover, suspicions of large new buildings are universal. Scarcely a hall is built any where that heads are not shaken. It is the fashion of every new some day. There is to be some fatal night when we shall see what we shall see; and a great many worthy people avoid the hall until time has proved its stability.

If any body thinks a building is weak, he has no right to say it to the public at all to and his collocutor by telling the owner or the tenant that he thinks so. It is not a private but a public matter. If a great building, such as a hall, a factory, a hotel, a railway depôt, is suspected, it is something in which we are all interested; and the worthy people avoid it. But the owner of such a building likely to tumble down is the worst kind of nuisance; and a man should have no glory who cried formally to the public that his building perhaps scores of human beings, shaking his head wisely, and saying, "Exactly—I told you so. I knew all about it." I see that the doctor was all sand, and the timber rotten, and that it was bound to come all in a heap, some bright day.

If you did know all this, Sir, and held your tongue, you are the responsible man we are looking for. And if knowing it you have been interested persons, they did not attend to you, why did you not go to the authorities and complain?

"It was none of my business."

Why, what is the business of any citizen but the public safety? What man would not be anxious, merely as a matter of self-interest, to know if a store he has built should be sealed by official authority as secure. It is not so difficult or incessant a thing to have a few pieces of building well tested, especially when they are in course of erection, and then, if ever, the suspicion arises. The reports that come from the public must prove either too much or nothing; that is, they show that they were not really believed by the persons who told them, because if they were they would be savages if they held their tongues, or they show that the persons conceived that they might be savages and yet honest citizens.

Of course, if it shall be established at Lawrence that the mills were built of rotten timber, and that the guilt must lie upon those who had the knowledge; and upon them the punishment also should fall.

OFF THE TRACK.

The rule is exactly the same in railway accidents. Some must be accounted unavoidable. For instance, when a piece of iron that has been tested suddenly cracks, snaps, and throws the train over, it can not be said indeed that lives need be lost, because, if the train had been proceeding at the rate of a mile an hour, life would not have been lost although the iron did not snap. But there are certain chances—certain risks, and all we can justly insist upon is the most stringent care.

Such care, for instance, as was most distinctly not shown in either of the late accidents upon the Hudson or Harlem roads. A train goes into a tunnel, stops for a moment, and another train goes in, and, in the obscurity, dashes directly upon the first train. It is as criminally careless as to let a child fall out of a window. No train any where should be allowed to run so closely to another that a man might not have time to go back a mile to give warning. The question does not admit of debate. The person who arranged the time-table are as clearly responsible as men can be for any event; because, according to the statement, there was not time to stop the following train even had it been attempted.

On the Hudson road the same kind of carelessness caused the recent fatal smash. Apparently there was time to warn the following train, but nobody thought it a matter of vital importance. The flagman saw the coming train, says, "I ought, I suppose, have gone faster: I might have gone to the curve." The conductor, it appears, had sent him, and probably he was attending to his work. But every traveler by railway ought to remember that, if he be in danger when the train is moving, he is in danger also when it stops out of place. And every conductor ought certainly to inform the passengers what causes the detention, and to forbid to them that they are much safer out of the cars than in them. Half—perhaps nine-tenths of all the railway accidents are avoidable; and it is a matter of public interest and congratulation that Mr. W. J. A. Fuller, who was one of the victims of the recent smash upon the last summer, is steadily pushing his criminal suit against the Company.

There has been a real improvement in this matter within a few years. The Norwalk tragedy was a culmination of horrors, and greater care has doubtless been exercised since. In the event upon the Hudson road shows how useless the strictest care of the superior authorities may be. The Company, we will suppose, has done its utmost to secure safety at all hazards. The train is stopped on the way, and the conductor orders the flagman to signal the approaching train. He signals the next flagman—or thinks he does—or means to—or doesn't. The next flagman does or does not see; but in either case the result is the same. Is the Company to be blamed—or the conductor? Surely not. It is a most melancholy result of indifference, or worse than indifference, neither very, and neither could be responsible. There must be subordinates. The subordinates must have certain latitude of action and the immediate inspection of the conductor. They may be thoughtless, reckless, and in such cases

Undoubtedly such carelessness ought to be made penal in the severest manner. At such a moment the flagman is responsible for the entire care of the lives of all the passengers, and his penalty should be in the degree of the responsibility.

However, we are inclined to allow that, when we consider the thousands of persons who are travelling by rail at almost all hours of the day and night, the accidents are really very small, notwithstanding the terrible computation of the Professor who reduced to statistical tables the average chances of railway travel. Scarcely a train goes without an express agent, and that unhappy man owes, by the laws of statistics, his life, arm, and limb to the consideration of the doctrine of chances. Yet there is also the chance that you and not he may happen to be the victim. And, on the whole, it is a branch of statistics particularly well worth studying.

PUBLIC HALLS OVERHAULED.

Is there a public hall in your town? Is it sometimes crowded at concerts, fairs, Sunday-school festivals, lectures, and other assemblies? If it takes fire, how many will be burned to death? When the audience retires in the most orderly manner, does it take ten or twenty minutes, or more, to empty the room? In case of panic, how soon would it be emptied, do you think? Or do halls never burn in your town?

A lawyer once said that the world looking and meditating can not help seeing a great many halls of the kind that would secure the destruction of the audience in the event of a panic or a fire. How is it in New Bedford? . How in New London? How in Troy? in Auburn? in Rochester, even, with the Corinthian Athenæum Hall? How in Providence? in Salem? in Philadelphia? in Buffalo? Where, in fact, is the public hall that is not really a trap? The first necessity of a theatre is an adequate egress, because a theatre is considered, and most likely expects, and because the panic, in case of alarm, is certain. But the chances in almost any theatre, even without such precautions as those in the New York and Boston houses, are more favorable to the safety of the audience than in most halls. Suppose, for instance, that a fire were to occur in the pit—as before his "Washington." The hall will be packed as full as possible. You and your wife, your aunt, your cousin Mary, and your wife's uncle, are all there. You have secured capital seats in the middle of the hall; you are all attention; the orator is all eloquence; when suddenly, suddenly, suddenly, "Fire! fire!" Think of it! Is it certainly very possible; and you remember that the only egress for all that mass of people is by the broad door and staircase at the end of the hall. What is the chance that your wife will escape to enjoy the proceeds of the insurance upon your life?

This is all very possible, without any foolish apprehensions at all; and why do you "stand it?" Why do you and your neighbors and the whole town consent to run this terrible risk, when it might be so easily avoided? Suppose the catastrophe occurs; who is to blame? It is not to be put off upon proprietors, and builders, and other people in general. You went with a full knowledge of the dangerous risk; you took your family with you. You knew that if any thing happened you would suffer; your remonstrance and that of your neighbors could have prevented it, and upon you and them the responsibility falls and must remain.

Such a hall is as much a nuisance as a shaky building, and ought to be indicted. You ought to be willing to serve a year in the town council that you may introduce a bill requiring certain facilities of egress from every large room designed to be used as a place of public assembly. Such a hall ought to be allowed to be upon the third floor, for instance, or so situated that only two or three small doors at the ends are possible. And if no private person would put up a hall under such restrictions as these, some means indicates to be necessary for the public security. Let it be erected by the town. No hall is very valuable property, and it ought to be given to a public object. The proper chances of safety can be secured in no other way.

In the city of Hudson, where there is a large and handsome hall for various purposes, the exposure of life is so clearly perceived that measures are to be taken to remedy the difficulty. And yet the hall in Hudson is no worse than dozens than the halls in scores of other cities. But the people in that city are going to lock the door before the fire is stolen, and they are not satisfied out of their resolution by hearing that the horse is not to be stolen. That is perfectly easy to say before the theft.

REAL PEOPLE IN NOVELS.

One of the most celebrated of living novelists once wrote an exquisite paper in the style of the "Tatler," and the essayist upon a lady whom he honestly esteemed. Her portrait was drawn with a quaint grace, with no offensive personality or allusion, and with the perfect honesty of admiration of which any woman might have been proud. In his amazement she was indignant—her husband was indignant—her friends were indignant—the circle of friends was indignant—and the unfortunate novelist was left—to smile at the absurdity of mankind.

Another famous novelist, Mr. Dickens, has been incessantly accused of "showing up" various people. We have just published Nicholas Nickleby, half a hundred schoolmasters in Yorkshire indignantly declared that they had been satirized and maligned by Mr. Dickens! "Was, did make work'st thou in the ground so fast?" When "Bleak House" was published, it was currently reported that Mr. Dickens had libeled Lord Chief Kaimpole. A kind of airy confusion of moral distinctions, and a merry magic by which fumes of wine become overwhelming consciousness of selfishness which masked as boyish ignorance and romantic sentiment—a knavish subtlety, in fact, were said to be recognizable as those of the Lord Hunt. It was so cruel and incredible that it could not be true. Charles Dickens—the pet of the Anglo-Saxon world, the easy chief of the popular literature, and the great successor of Walter Scott, in the art which has given fame and fortune, and success, could so meanly malign the man who had grown old in literature, admired and loved by his critics, whom he was by every one loved, always poor, yet always loyal in life and lovely in nature—then Charles Dickens was not the man the world had thought him.

To state the case was to decide it. It was not so. How, or why, or what it was would sometime appear; and at last it does appear, and in a late number of *All the Year Round* Mr. Charles Dickens says:

"Four or five years ago the writer of these lines was much pained by accidentally encountering a printed statement that Leigh Hunt was the original of Harold Skimpole in 'Bleak House.' The writer of these lines is the author of that book. The statement came from America. It is unexpected to that country, in which the writer has, perhaps, as many friends and as many readers as any man that lives, gratuitously to state the fact that he has, now and then, been the subject of paragraphs in transatlantic newspapers more astonishing destitute of all foundation in fact than the wildest delusions of the wildest lunatics. For nobody could have known better than the writer. But since Mr. Leigh Hunt's death the statement has been received in England. His delicacy and generosity refrained in its revival are for the rather late consideration of its revivers. The fact is this: Exactly three graces and three virtues were found assembled in the man the world we have quoted were remembered by the author of the words of Harold Skimpole as affording the character in question. Above all other things, that 'sort of gay sadness' which is so frequently found in the sufferings of a soldier which had many a time delighted him, and impressed him as being unspeakably whimsical and attractive, was found by no quality so marked for the man in question. Partly for this reason, and partly (he has since often grieved to think) for the pleasure it afforded him, the writer of that delightful manner responding itself under his hand, he seized the idea, and, without any malice, invited the character speak like his old friend. He no more thought, God forgive him! that the animated original would be enraged than he thought the imaginary views of the fictitious Archdeacon Grantly would make an Archdeacon Grantly mad when set for Iago's leg in the picture. And he was the more occasional manner he assumed to be so cautious and conscientious that he privately referred the passage in the first number of that book to two intimate literary friends of Leigh Hunt (both still living), and altered the whole of that part of the text accordingly, before they so strong a resemblance to 'his ways.'

"He can not see the sun by this wreath on the fire, and he can not see him in the character of ever thinking that the present words might have righted the author's memory and his own. Nevertheless, he can and know that his own son may have to explain his father when folly or malice can wound his heart no more, and have this task undone."

So is it constantly in novel-writing. Some traits—some facts, perhaps—some humorous or characteristic points are considered to be woven into entirely fictitious characters, and straightway every incident, and the whole character, are declared to have been drawn from life, and to be "showings up" of certain people.

Shall painters, therefore, draw legs without models?

HON. JOHN HICKMAN, OF PENNSYLVANIA.

JOHN HICKMAN, the representative in Congress from the sixth Congressional District of Pennsylvania, was born on the 11th of September, 1810, in the Township of West Bradford, five miles west from the Borough of West Chester, the seat of justice for the old and populous County of Chester. He springs from a family of the same name long settled in the two counties composing his district, and principally distinguished as enterprising and successful agriculturists. In the year 1831 Mr. Hickman married the daughter of the Hon. Townsend Haines, now President-Judge of the Fifteenth Judicial District of Pennsylvania; and after prosecuting his studies for the prescribed period, was admitted to the bar on the 9th of April, 1833. He entered political life before his majority, casting his first vote with the Democratic party in 1831; supporting General Jackson in 1832; and adhering to the Democracy in all the national campaigns up to the present time. He was chosen a delegate to the Baltimore Convention which nominated James K. Polk, in 1844. Public attention was first drawn to him in this Convention as an eloquent and logical debater, and he is mentioned historically by Colonel Benton, in his work, "Thirty Years in the United States Senate," in connection with the proceedings of the National Convention held at Baltimore in 1844.

After the nomination of Mr. Polk Mr. Hickman returned to his district, and entered into the struggle with enthusiasm. During the canvass he spoke on more than one hundred occasions. He received the Democratic nomination for Congress of his district in 1844, but party lines were then too closely drawn either for himself or friends to hope for an election—the district at that time being generally carried by the old Whig party, with a majority ranging from fifteen to eighteen hundred. In the early part of the year 1845 he was appointed by the Hon. John K. Kane Prosecuting Attorney for Chester County, a position he held with great distinction.

He entered into all the succeeding State and National campaigns with great vigor and earnestness. He labored energetically for the election of General Cass in 1848; and in 1852 equally so for General Pierce. In 1854 he was nominated by the Democracy of his district for Congress. The first impression was very decidedly against his election, because of the heavy opposition majority; but his opponent becoming entangled in a difficulty with a portion of his own party, the disaffected—many of whom were personal friends and admirers of Mr. Hickman—threw their votes for him, and elected him to Congress by a majority reaching very nearly to *three thousand!*

When the Kansas-Nebraska legislation—which included the repeal of the Missouri Compromise—was before the country, Mr. Hickman was opposed to it. He had at all times said if he had been in Congress he would have voted against that legislation, but before his election he took decided ground in opposition to the "restoration" of the Missouri line. He would have favored the extension of the Missouri line to the Pacific, but after its abrogation he accepted the doctrine of Popular Sovereignty as originally held by its advocates.

Mr. Hickman defended his old friend, Hon. A. H. Reeder, when his contested election came before the House of Representatives. Being a member of the Committee of Elections in the thirty-fourth Congress, the case of Governor Reeder was committed principally to his charge by the majority of that Committee. It was he who, on behalf of the Committee, asked for power to send for persons and papers, so as to lay bare to the country all the facts in regard to the frauds charged in the elections in Kansas; whence mainly came the voluminous report showing that the alleged frauds in that Territory were true in nearly every particular. Mr. Hickman was again renominated by the Democracy of his district, and re-elected to Congress in 1856.

While Mr. Buchanan was absent at the Court of St. James, Mr. Hickman declared in favor of him as the Democratic nominee for the next President, maintained this position until his nomination was secured at Cincinnati, in 1856, and entered into the canvass with enthusiasm.

It is well known that he has since had the misfortune, in common with many other members of the Democratic party, to disagree with Mr. Buchanan in regard to the admission of Kansas under the Lecompton Constitution. He took positive grounds against the Lecompton Constitution, opposed the English bill, and threw himself into direct antagonism to the National Administration. He came home to his constituents in 1858; was renominated for Congress in the autumn of that year by the Anti-Lecompton Democrats, and afterward by a portion of the Republican party. Both of the great parties in the district were rent in twain by his popularity. Three candidates were in the field, and Mr. Hickman, in a contest of unexampled bitterness, where every salient point was attacked, came forth successful from the encounter.

Mr. Hickman has fine social qualities, and is never happier than when in the midst of his associates. Public life is not his choice. Once out of his present prominent position he would never return to it voluntarily. He is recognized at home as a man of unquestioned courage, courteous toward his adversary, but unwilling to make a single concession by which the truth would fail to be vindicated. His powers as an orator, combined with close analytical and logical reasoning faculties, are freely admitted where he is best known.

HON. JOHN HICKMAN, OF PENNSYLVANIA.

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "AFTER DARK," ETC., ETC.

(Printed from advance proof-sheets purchased from the author exclusively for "Harper's Weekly.")

MISS HALCOMBE'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

LUMLEIGH HOUSE.

November 27.—My forebodings are realized. The marriage is fixed for the twenty-third of December.

The day after we left for Polesdean Lodge, Sir Percival wrote, it seems, to Mr. Fairlie, to say that the necessary repairs and alterations in his house in Hampshire would occupy a much longer time in completion than he had originally anticipated. The proper estimates were to be submitted to him as soon as possible; and it would greatly facilitate his entering into definite arrangements with the workpeople if he could be informed of the exact period at which the wedding ceremony might be expected to take place. He could then make all his calculations in reference to time, besides writing the necessary apologies to friends who had been engaged to visit him that winter, and who could not, of course, be received when the house was in the hands of the workmen.

To this letter Mr. Fairlie had replied by requesting Sir Percival himself to suggest a day for the marriage, subject to Miss Fairlie's approval, which her guardian willingly undertook to do his best to obtain. Sir Percival wrote back by the next post, and proposed (in accordance with his own views and wishes from the first) the latter part of December—perhaps the twenty-third or twenty-fourth, or any other day that the lady and her guardian might prefer. The lady not being at hand to speak for herself, her guardian had decided, in her absence, on the earliest day mentioned—the twenty-third of December—and had written to recall us to Limmeridge in consequence.

After explaining these particulars to me at a private interview, yesterday, Mr. Fairlie suggested, in his most amiable manner, that I should open the necessary negotiations to-day. Feeling that resistance was useless, unless I could first obtain Laura's authority to make it, I consented to speak to her, but declared, at the same time, that I would on no consideration undertake to gain her consent to Sir Percival's wishes. Mr. Fairlie complimented me on my "excellent conscience," much as he would have complimented me, if we had been out walking, on my "excellent constitution," and seemed perfectly satisfied, so far, with having simply shifted one family responsibility from his own shoulders to mine.

This morning I spoke to Laura as I had promised. The composure—I may almost say, the insensibility—which she has so strangely and so resolutely maintained ever since Sir Percival left us, was not proof against the shock of the news I had to tell her. She turned pale, and trembled violently.

"Not so soon!" she pleaded. "Oh, Marian, not so soon!"

The slightest hint she could give was enough for me. I rose to leave the room, and fight her battle for her own way. But Laura stopped me.

Just as my hand was on the door she caught fast hold of my dress, and stopped me.

"Let me go!" I said. "My tongue burns to tell your uncle that he and Sir Percival are not to have it all their own way."

She sighed bitterly, and still held my dress.

"No!" she said, faintly. "Too late, Marian—too late!"

"Not a minute too late," I retorted. "The question of time is *our* question—and trust me, Laura, to take a woman's full advantage of it."

I unclasped her hand from my gown while I spoke; but she slipped both her arms round my waist at the same moment, and held me more effectually than ever.

"It will only involve us in more trouble and more confusion," she said. "It will set you and my uncle at variance, and bring Sir Percival here again with fresh causes of complaint—"

"So much the better!" I cried out, passionately. "Who cares for his causes of complaint? Are you to break your heart to set his mind at ease? No man under heaven deserves these sacrifices from us women. Men! They are the enemies of our innocence and our peace—they drag us away from our parents' love and our sisters' friendship—they take us body and soul to themselves, and fasten our helpless lives to theirs as they chain up a dog to his kennel. And what does the best of them give us in return? Let me go, Laura—I'm mad when I think of it!"

The tears — miserable, weak women's tears of vexation and rage—started to my eyes. She smiled sadly, and put her handkerchief over my face, to hide for me the betrayal of my own weakness—the weakness of all others which she knew that I most despised.

"Oh, Marian!" she said. "You crying! Think what you would say to me if the places were changed, and if those tears were mine. All your love and courage and devotion will not alter what *must* happen, sooner or later. Let my uncle have his way. Let us have no more troubles and heartburnings that any sacrifice of mine can prevent. Say you will live with me, Marian, when I am married—and say no more."

But I did say more. I forced back the contemptible tears that were no relief to *me*, and that only distressed *her*; and reasoned and pleaded as calmly as I could. It was of no avail. She made me twice repeat the promise to live with her when she was married, and then suddenly asked a question which turned my sorrow and my sympathy for her into a new direction.

"While we were at Polesdean," she said, "you had a letter, Marian—"

Her altered tone; the abrupt manner in which she looked away from me, and hid her face on my shoulder; the hesitation which silenced her before she had completed her question, all told me but too plainly to whom the half-expressed inquiry pointed.

"I thought, Laura, that you and I were never to refer to him again," I said, gently.

"You had a letter from him?" she persisted.

"Yes," I replied, "if you must know it."

"Do you mean to write to him again?"

I hesitated. I had been afraid to tell her of his absence from England, or of the manner in which my exertions to serve his new hopes and projects had connected me with his departure. What answer could I make? He was gone where no letters could follow with the chance of reaching him for months, perhaps for years, to come.

"Suppose I do mean to write to him again," I said, at last. "What then, Laura?"

Her cheek grew burning hot against my neck, and her arms trembled and tightened round me.

"Don't tell him about *the twenty-third*," she whispered. "Promise, Marian—pray promise you will not even mention my name to him when you write next."

I gave the promise—no words can say how sorrowfully I gave it. She instantly took her

arm from my waist, walked away to the window, and stood looking out, with her back to me. After a moment she spoke once more, but without turning round, without allowing me to catch the smallest glimpse of her face.

"Are you going to my uncle's room?" she asked. "Will you say that I consent to whatever arrangement he may think best? Nevermind leaving me, Marian. I shall be better alone for a little while."

I went out. If, as soon as I got into the passage, I could have transported Mr. Fairlie and Sir Percival Glyde to the uttermost ends of the earth, by lifting one of my fingers, that finger would have been raised without an instant's hesitation. For once, my unhappy temper now stood my friend. I should have behaved rudely altogether and burst into a violent fit of crying, if my tears had not been all burned up in the heat of my anger. As it was, I dashed into Mr. Fairlie's room—called to him as harshly as possible, that Laura consents to the twenty-mile journey—and dashed out again without waiting for a word of answer. I banged the door after me; and I kept it shuttered Mr. Fairlie's nervous system for the rest of the day.

28th.—This morning I read poor Hartright's farewell letter over again; a doubt having crossed my mind since yesterday whether I am acting wisely in concealing the fact of his departure from Laura.

On reflection, I still think I am right. The allusions in his letter to the preparations made for the expedition to Central America all show that the leaders of it know it to be dangerous. If the discovery of this makes me uneasy, what would it make *her?* It is bad enough to feel that the departure has deprived us of the friend of all others to whose devotion we could trust in the hour of need, if ever that hour comes and finds us helpless. But it is far worse to know that he has gone from us to face the perils of a bad climate, a wild country, and a disturbed population. Surely it would be a cruel candor to tell Laura this, without a pressing and a positive necessity for it?

I almost doubt whether I ought not to go a step further, and burn the letter at once, for fear of its one day falling into wrong hands. It not only refers to Laura in terms which ought to remain a secret forever between the writer and me, but it reiterates his suspicion—so obstinate, so unaccountable, and so alarming —that he has been secretly watched since he left Limmeridge. He declares that he saw the faces of the two strange men who followed him about the streets of London watching him among the crowd which gathered at Liverpool to see the expedition embark; and he positively asserts that he heard the name of Anne Catherick pronounced behind him as he got into the boat. His own words are, "These events have a meaning—these events must lead to a result. The mystery of Anne Catherick is not cleared up yet. She may never cross my path again; but if ever she crosses yours make better use of the opportunity, Miss Halcombe, than I made of it. I speak on strong conviction; I entreat you to remember what I say." These are his own expressions. There is no danger of my forgetting them—my memory is only too ready to dwell on any words of Hartright's that refer to Anne Catherick. But there is danger in my keeping the letter. The merest accident might place it at the mercy of strangers. I may fall ill; I may die; better to burn it at once, and have one anxiety the less by knowing that it has been destroyed.

It is burned! The ashes of his farewell letter are the last he may ever write to me—lie in a few black fragments on the hearth. Is this the end to all that sad story? Oh, not the end—surely, surely not the end already!

29th.—The preparations for the marriage have begun. The dress-maker has come to receive her orders. Laura is perfectly impassive, perfectly careless about the question of all others in which a woman's personal interests are most closely bound up. She has left it all to the dress-maker and to me. If poor Hartright had been the betrothed, and the husband of her father's choice, how differently she would have behaved! How anxious and capricious she would have been; and what a hard task the best of dressmakers would have found it to please her!

30th.—We hear every day from Sir Percival. The last news is that the alterations in his house will occupy from four to six months before they can be properly completed. If painters, paper-hangers, and upholsterers could make happiness as well as splendor, I should be interested about their proceedings in Laura's future home. As it is, the only part of Sir Percival's last letter which does not leave me as it found me—perfectly indifferent to all his plans and projects—is the part which refers to the wedding-tour. He proposes, as Laura is delicate, and as the winter threatens to be unusually severe, to take her to Rome, and to remain in Italy until the early part of next summer. If this plan should not be approved, he is equally ready, although he has no establishment of his own in town, to spend the season in London, in the most suitable furnished house that can be obtained for the purpose.

Putting myself and my own feelings entirely out of the question (which is my duty to do, and which I have done), I, for one, have no doubt of the propriety of adopting the first of these proposals. In either case, a separation between Laura and me is inevitable. It will be a longer separation, in the event of their going abroad, than it would be in the event of my remaining in London; but we must set against this disadvantage the benefit to Laura, on the other side, of passing the winter in a milder climate; and, more than that, the immense assistance in existing her spirits and occupying her time when our existence, which the mere wonder and excitement of traveling for the first time in her life in the most interesting quarters of the world must surely afford. She is not of a disposition to find resources in the conventional gayeties and excitements of London. It seems so cold and so unfeeling to be looking at the future already in this cruelly composed way. But what other way is possible, now that the time is drawing so near? Before another month is over our heads we will be *his husband and wife mine! His* Laura! I am as little able to realize the idea which those two words convey—my mind feels almost as confused and giddy as if I were the rival of her marriage were like writing of her death.

December 1.—A sad, sad day; a day that I have no heart to describe at any length. After weakly putting it off last night, I was obliged to speak to her this morning of Sir Percival's proposal about the wedding-tour.

In the full conviction that I should be with her wherever she went, the kind, devoted—for a child she is still in many things—was almost happy at the prospect of seeing the wonders of Florence and Rome once more. The next moment broke my heart to dispel her delusion, and to bring her face to face with the hard truth. I was obliged to tell her that Sir Percival was a rival—not even a woman-rival—in his wife's affections, which, be the reason, whatever he may do afterward. I was obliged to make sure that my chance of living with her permanently, under her own roof, depended entirely on my not arousing Sir Percival's jealousy and distrust by standing between them at the beginning of their married life, in the position of the chosen depository of his wife's closest secrets. Drop by drop I poured the profaning bitterness of this horrible revelation into the cup of my sister's innocent mind, while every higher and better feeling within me recoiled from my miserable task. Drop by drop, during the whole of it, I suffered the inevitable lesson. The simple illusions of her girlhood are gone, and my hand has stripped them off. Better mine than his—that is all my consolation—better mine than his!

When the first proposal is the proposal accepted. They are to go to Italy; and I am to arrange, with Sir Percival's permission, for meeting them and staying with them when they return to England. In other words, I am to ask a personal favor, for the first time in my life, and to ask it of the man of all others to whom I least desire to owe a serious obligation of my kind. Well! I think I could do even more than that for Laura's sake.

2d.—On looking back, I find myself always referring to Sir Percival as a single person or term. In the turn affairs have now taken I must and will root out my prejudices against him. I can not think fairly at first glances of any friend. It certainly never existed in former times.

Is it Laura's reluctance to become his wife that has set me against him? Have Hartright's perfectly intelligible prejudices infected me without my suspecting their influence? Does that letter of Anne Catherick's still leave a lurking distrust in my mind, in spite of Sir Percival's explanation, and of the light in my possession of the truth of it? I can not account for the state of my own feelings: the one thing I am certain of is, that it is my duty—doubly my duty now—not to wrong Sir Percival by unjustly distrusting him. If it has got to be a habit with me always to write of him in the same unfavorable manner, I must and will break myself of this unworthy tendency, even though the effort should force me to close the pages of my journal till the marriage is over! I am seriously dissatisfied with myself—I will write no more to-day.

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December 16.—A whole fortnight has passed, and I have not once opened these pages. I have been long enough away from my journal to come back to it with a healthier and better mind, I hope, so far as Sir Percival is concerned.

There is not much to record of the past two weeks. The dresses are almost all finished, and the new traveling-trunks have been sent here from London. Poor dear Laura hardly leaves me for a moment all day; and last night, when neither of us could sleep, she came and crept into my bed to talk to me there. "I shall lose you so soon, Marian," she said; "I must make the most of you while I can."

They are to be married at Limmeridge Church, and, thank Heaven! not one of the neighbors is to be invited to the ceremony. The only visitor will be our old friend, Mr. Arnold, who is to come from Polesdean to give Laura away—the uncle having far too delicate to trust himself outside the door in such inclement weather as we now have. If I were not determined, from this day forth, to allow nothing but the bright side of our prospects, the melancholy absence of any male relative of Laura's, at the most important moment of her life, would make me very gloomy and very distrustful of the future. But I have done with gloom and distrust—that is to say, I have done with writing about either the one or the other in this journal.

Sir Percival is to arrive to-morrow. He often, I believe, is so wishful to treat him on terms of rigid etiquette, to write and ask our clergyman to grant him the hospitality of the rectory during the period of his sojourn at Limmeridge before the marriage. Under the circumstances, neither Mr. Fairlie nor I thought it at all necessary to put to trouble ourselves about attending to trifling forms and ceremonies. In our wild moorland country, and in this great lonely house, they will claim to be beyond the reach of the trivial conventionalities which hamper people in other places. I wrote to Sir Percival to thank him for his polite offer, and to beg that he would occupy his old rooms, just as usual, at Limmeridge House.

17th.—He arrived to-day, looking, as I thought, a little worn and anxious, but still talking and laughing like a man in the best possible spirits. He brought with him some really beautiful presents, in jewelry, which Laura received with her best grace, and, outwardly at least, with perfect self-possession. The only sign I can detect of the struggle it must cost her to preserve appearances at this trying time, expresses itself in a sudden unwillingness, on her part, ever to be left alone. She is afraid of retreating to her own room, as usual, she seems to dread going there. When I went up stairs to-day, after lunch, to put on my bonnet for a walk, she volunteered to join me; and, again, before dinner, she threw the door open between our two rooms, so that we might talk to each other while we were dressing. "Keep me always doing something," she said; "leave me no time to think about myself or anybody. Don't let me think—that is all I ask now, Marian—don't let me think."

This sad state of mind not only increases her attractions for Sir Percival. He interprets it, I can see, to his own advantage. There is a feverish flush in Laura's cheek, and a feverish brightness in her eyes, which he welcomes as the return of her beauty and the recovery of her spirits. She talked to him at dinner with a gayety and carelessness so false, so shockingly out of her character, that I secretly longed to silence her and take her away. Sir Percival's delight and surprise appeared to be beyond all expression. The anxiety which I had noticed on his face when he arrived totally disappeared from it; and he looked, even to my eyes, a good ten years younger than

He really is.

There can be no doubt—though some strange reason prevents me from seeing it myself—that there can be no doubt that Laura's future husband is a very handsome man. Regular features form a personal advantage to begin with — and he has them. Bright brown eyes, either in man or woman, are a great attraction—and he has them. Baldness, when it is only baldness over the forehead (as in his case), is rather becoming than not in a man, for it heightens the head and adds to the intelligence of the face. Grace and ease of movement; a pleasant good breeding; ready, pliant, conversational powers—all these are unquestionable merits, and all these he certainly possesses. Surely Mr. Gilmore, ignorant as he is of Laura's secret, was not to blame for feeling surprised that she should repent of her marriage engagement? Any one else in his place would have shared our good old friend's opinion. If I were asked, at this moment, to say plainly what defects I have discovered in Sir Percival, I could only point out two. One, his incessant restlessness and excitability—which may be caused, naturally enough, by unusual energy of character. The other, his short, sharp, contemptuous manner of speaking to the servants—which may be only a bad habit, after all. No: I can not dispute it, and I will not dispute it—Sir Percival is a very handsome and a very agreeable man. There! I have written it down at last, and I am glad it's over.

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18th.—Feeling weary and depressed this morning, I left Laura with Mrs. Vesey, and went out alone for one of my brisk mid-day walks, which I have discontinued too much of late. I took the dry, airy road over the moor that leads to Todd's Corner. After having been out half an hour, I was excessively surprised to see Sir Percival approaching me from the direction of the farm. He was walking rapidly, swinging his stick; his head erect as usual, and his shooting-jacket flying open in the wind. When we met he did not wait for me to ask any questions—he told me, at once, that he had been to the farm in search of Mr. and Mrs. Todd had received any tidings, since his last visit to Limmeridge, of Anne Catherick.

"You found, of course, that they had heard nothing?" I said.

"Nothing whatever," he replied. "I begin to be seriously afraid that we have lost her. Do you happen to know," he continued, looking me in the face very attentively, "if the artist—Mr. Hartright—is in a position to give us any further information?"

"He has neither heard of her, nor seen her, since he left Cumberland," I answered.

"Very sad," said Sir Percival, speaking like a man who was disappointed, and yet, oddly enough, looking, at the same time, like a man who was relieved. "It is impossible to say what misfortunes may not have happened to the miserable creature. I am inexpressibly annoyed at the failure of all my efforts to restore her to the care and protection which she so urgently needs."

This time he really looked annoyed. I said a few sympathizing words, and we then talked of other subjects on our way back to the house. Surely an chance meeting with him on the moor has disclosed another favorable trait in his character? Surely it was singularly considerate and unselfish of him to think of Anne Catherick on the eve of his marriage, and to go all the way to Todd's Corner to make inquiries about her, when he might have left all the time so much more agreeably in Laura's society? Considering that he can only have acted from motives of pure charity, his conduct, under the circumstances, shows unusual good feeling, and deserves extraordinary praise. Well! I give him extraordinary praise—and there's an end of it.

19th.—More discoveries in the inexhaustible mine of Sir Percival's virtues.

To-day I approached the subject of my proposed separation under his wife's roof when he brings her back to England. I had hardly dropped my first hint in this direction before he caught me warmly by the hand, and said I had made the very offer to him which he had been on his side most anxious to make to me. I was the companion of all others whom he most sincerely longed to secure for his wife; and he begged me to believe that I had conferred a lasting favor on him by making the proposal to live with Laura after her marriage exactly as I had always lived with her before it.

"JUST AS MY HAND WAS ON THE DOOR SHE CAUGHT FAST HOLD OF MY DRESS, AND STOPPED ME."

When I had thanked him, in her name and in mine, for his considerate kindness to both of us, we passed next to the subject of his wedding tour, and began to talk of the English society in Rome to which Laura was to be introduced. He ran over the names of several friends whom he expected to meet abroad this winter. They were all English, as well as I can remember, with one exception. The one exception was Count Fosco.

The moment I heard the Count's name, and the discovery that he and his wife are likely to meet the bride and bridegroom on the Continent, put the whole marriage, for the first time, in a distinctly favorable light. It is likely to be the means of doing a family feud. Hitherto Madame Fosco has chosen to forget her obligations as Laura's aunt out of sheer spite against the late Mr. Fairlie for his conduct in the affair of the legacy. Now, however, she can persist in this course of conduct no longer. Sir Percival and Madame Fosco are old and fast friends, and their wives will have no choice but to meet on civil terms. Madame Fosco, in her maiden days, was one of the most unsurprising women I ever met with—capricious, exacting, and vain to the last degree of absurdity. If her husband has succeeded in bringing her to her senses he deserves the gratitude of every member of the family—and he may have mine to begin with.

I am becoming anxious to know the Count. He is the nearest friend of Laura's future husband, and in that capacity he excites my strongest interest. Neither Laura nor I have ever seen him. All I know of him is that his accidental presence, years ago, on the steps of the Trinita dei Monte at Rome, assisted Sir Percival's escape from a dagger-and-assassination, at the critical moment when he was wounded in the hand, and might, the next instant, have been wounded in the heart. I remember also that, at the time of the late Mr. Fairlie's absurd objections to his sister's marriage, the Count wrote the most appropriate and sensible letter on the subject, which, I am ashamed to say, remained unanswered. This is all I know of the Count, and I wonder if he will ever come to England? I wonder if I shall like him?

My pen is running away into mere speculation. Let me return to sober matter of fact. It is certain that Laura and I have entered on a venturesome proposal to live with his wife was more than kind—it was almost affectionate. I am sure Laura will like her, and I am sure I have to complain of me if I can only go on as I have begun. I have already declared him to be handsome. I have now to add a good feeling toward the unfortunate, and full of affectionate kindness toward me. Really I hardly know myself again in the new character of Sir Percival's warmest friend.

20th.—I have hit Sir Percival! I flatly deny his good looks; I consider him to be eminently disagreeable, and totally wanting in kindness and good feeling. He has made me hate him for the married couple were sent home. Laura opened the packet, and saw her husband's name in print for the first time. Sir Percival looked over her shoulder familiarly at the new card which had dropped into the basket! Miss Fairlie into Lady Glyde—smiled with the most odious self-complacency—and whispered something in her ear. I don't know what it was—Laura has refused to tell me—but I saw her face turn to such a deadly whiteness that I thought she would faint under the first sudden notice of the change: he seemed to be barbarously unconscious that he had said any thing to pain her. All my old feelings of hatred toward him revived on the instant; and all the hours that have passed since have done nothing to dissipate them. I have been unreasonable and more unjust than ever. In three words—how glibly my pen writes them!—in three words, I hate him.

21st.—Have the anxieties of this anxious time shaken me a little at last? I have been writing, for the last few days, in a tone of levity which, I feel now, has in fact enough from my heart, and which it has rather shocked me to discover on looking back at the entries in my journal.

Perhaps I may have caught the feverish excitement of Laura's spirits for the last week. If so, the fit has now passed away from me, and has left me in a very strange state of mind. A persistent idea has been forcing itself on my attention, ever since last night, that something will yet happen to prevent the marriage. What has produced this singular fancy? Is it the indirect result of the forebodings for Laura's future? Or has it been unconsciously suggested to me by the increasing restlessness and agitation which I have plainly observed in Sir Percival's manner as the wedding day draws nearer and nearer? Impossible to say. I know that I have the idea—verify the wildest ideas, under the circumstances, that ever entered a woman's head—and I can only say as I may, I can not trace it back to its source.

22d.—Such a day of confusion and wretchedness as I hope never to see again.

Kind Mrs. Vesey, whom we have all too much overlooked and forgotten of late, impudently caused us a sad morning to begin with. She has been, for months past, secretly making a warm Shetland shawl for her dear pupil—a most beautiful and surprising piece of work to be done by a woman at her age and with her habits. The gift was presented this morning; and poor warm-hearted Laura completely broke down when the shawl was put proudly on her shoulders by the loving old friend and guardian of her motherless childhood. I was hardly allowed time to quiet them both, or even to dry my own eyes, when Laura sent for by Mr. Fairlie, to be favored by a long recital of his arrangements for the preservation of his own tranquillity on the wedding-day.

"Dear Laura" was to receive his present—a shabby ring, with her affectionate aunt's hair for an ornament, instead of a precious stone, and with a heartless French inscription, inside, about congenial sentiments and eternal friendship—"dear Laura" was to receive this tender tribute from my hands immediately, so that she might have plenty of time to recover from the agitation produced by the gift, before she appeared in Mr. Fairlie's presence. "Dear Laura" was to pay him a little visit that evening, and to be kind enough not to make a scene. "Dear Laura" was to say how much she liked his visit in her wedding dress that morning, and to be kind enough, again, not to make a scene. "Dear Laura" was to look in once more, for the last time, before going away, but without harrowing his feelings by saying unless she was going away, and without tearing "in the name of pity, in the name of everything, dear Marian, that is most affectionate and most domestic and most delightful, don't distress me with self-composure *without tears!*" I was so exasperated by this miserable selfish trifling at such a time, that I should certainly have shocked Mr. Fairlie by some of the hardest and rudest truths he has ever heard in his life, if the arrival of Mr. Gilmore, from Chancery Lane, called me away, at the right moment, to new duties down stairs.

The rest of the day is indescribable. I believe no one in the house really knew how it passed. The confusion of small events, all hidden together, was worse than the confusion of every one. There were dresses sent home that had been forgotten; there were trunks to be packed and not packed; there were keys lost; there were presents from friends far and near, friendship and love. We were all needlessly hurried; all nervously excited, all in the wrong. Sir Percival, especially, was too restless now to remain five minutes together in the same place. That silent, sharp-eyed man in his troubled hits more than ever. He was in and out of the house all day long; and he appeared to give no inquisitive, on a sudden, that he questioned the very strangers who came on small errands to the house. Only this, of all this, now surprised thought, in Laura's mind and mine, that we were to part the next day, and the bunning casual, unexpected gift of a few days, not yet ever present to both, that this deplorable marriage might prove to be the one fatal error of her life that she or I could ever have to regret. For the first time in all the years of our close and happy intercourse we almost avoided looking each other in the face, and we both shrank from common consent, from speaking together in private, through the whole evening. I can dwell on it no longer. I dread what the next day may be in store for me, I shall always look back on this twenty-second of December as the most confused and most miserable day of my life.

I am writing these lines in the solitude of my own room, long after midnight; having just come back from my room, where I left Laura, pretty little white bed—the bed she has occupied since her childhood. She is asleep.

There she lay, unconscious that I was looking at her—quiet, more quiet than I had dared to hope, but not altogether in the repose of the night-light showed me that her eyes were only partially closed: the traces of tears glittered between her dark lashes. She had cried—only a brooch—lay on the table at her bedside, with her prayer-book, and the miniature portrait of her father inside, which she takes with her wherever she goes! I waited a moment, looking at her from behind her pillow, as she lay beneath me, with one arm and hand resting on the outside, the white coverlet, so still, so quietly breathing, that the frill on her night-dress never moved—I waited looking at her, as I have often waited thousands of times, as I shall never see her again—and then stole back to my room. My own love! she is all your wealth, all your beauty, how friendless you are! The one man who would give his heart's life to serve you, is far away, pursuing this stormy night, on the road of vile. Who else is left to you? No father, no brother—no living creature but Hartright, whose name the man who writes these sad lines, and watches by you for the morning, in sorrow that she can not compose, in fear that she can not conquer. Oh, what a trust is to be placed in that man's hands to-morrow! If ever he forgets it; if ever he injures a hair of her head—!

THE TWENTY-THIRD OF DECEMBER.—*Seven o'clock.* A wild unsettled morning. She has just risen—better and calmer, now that the time has come, than she was yesterday.

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Ten o'clock. She is dressed. We have kissed each other; we have promised each other not to lose courage. I am sawy for a moment in my own room. In the whirl and confusion of my thoughts, I can detect that strange fancy of some terrible misfortune happening to stop the marriage still hanging about my mind. Is it longing about *his* mind, too? I see him from the window, moving about restlessly and uneasily among the carriages at the door.—How can I write such folly! The marriage is a certainty. In less than half an hour we start for the church.

Eleven o'clock. It is all over. They are married.

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Three o'clock. They are gone! I am blind with crying—I can write no more—

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LITERARY.

HARPER & BROTHERS have published a large number of valuable works within the past month.

Captain Macy's Prairie Traveler is a small book, but one of great importance and value. It is the confession of the California overland emigrant, and as well of every one who proposes to go west of the line of civilization. It is also a book of curious interest to the stayer-at-home, informing him of all the hardships and adventures to which the prairie traveler is subjected, and the ingenious ways and means of meeting or overcoming them. We need not say that it is unique, and its contents can not be found in any other book.

The Diary of a Samaritan, also from the press of Harper & Brothers, is a book such as we rarely meet with. It is the record of experience of a minister in the Howard Association of New Orleans, and takes us to the beauties of the sick and dying, unveiling scenes of thrilling interest that surpass all powers of romance to excel. Here life in its moments of confession—those frank, unguarded moments that preach death or accompany the expectation of dissolution—stands before us. It is a book to read that men may know what stuff they are made of.

We have a beautiful edition of Goethe's Correspondence with a Child, from Ticknor & Reids; and a new and cheap edition of Irely's illustrated edition of Tom Brown's School-days. This last book is a capital present to a boy. The illustrations, in the present issues, are most admirable; and the book every one knows to be capital.

John Neal's novel, True Womanhood, published by Ticknor & Co., is worth every one's reading. Our brief space forbids a long notice. The scene of the story is during the period of greatest interest in the late revival and prayer-meetings. The plot hangs on a certain lot of forged Bank of England notes, which had come into the hands of a holder who was innocent, but who is arrested on a charge of crime. Some points of law and of fact might be improved in the story; but, as a whole, the novel is not only curious and readable, but is full of deep interest.

We mention also, from Ticknor & Co., a new volume of Kingsley's Miscellanies.

Derby & Jackson have issued the old novel of Burke's, The Fool of Quality, with a preface by Kingsley. Here is an old-fashioned novel that once did good service in its day, and may do service for their fellow-men, and may do as much again.

Rudd & Carleton publish a little book, being neither more nor less than Mother Goose's melodies, interpreted with a commentary in very good melodies of later date for grown folks. The wise sayings of old nurse Goose are texts for brief and very excellent as well as very beautiful discourses by the author of this Christmas Reading of Mother Goose.

Life's Morning is a very elegant and a very popular book by the author of "Life's Evening."—Boston: Tilton & Co.

We should be glad of more space to notice a splendid Shakspeare, Mayhew and Baker, of Boston, being The King of the Golden River, by John Ruskin, M.A. It is a graceful little story for the young, and a book for the old to read, and that ought to make the volume, small as it is, an inexhaustible study for artists, young and old.

Avotaynu is a collection of poems by Paul H. Hayne. We find in them the true ring, the poet's warm heart and free hand. The volume is one of the best contributions to American or English poetry.

Crosby, Nichols, & Co. send us Frank Wildman's adventures among the Carstacker's quaint and adventurous tales, illustrated finely.

Of fine books for children, about these holiday times, we have received from White Dove Nest Chuck and Pictures from the History of the Swiss, two exquisitely colored books from Brown, Taggard, & Chase; Lee & Carleton Series, from Sheldon & Co.; Ernest Bracebridge, from Ticknor & Co.; Guy Carlton, from Howe & Ferry; and others that have before referred to.

The Queen of Hearts, by Wilkie Collins, is a story including several stories, all well told, and the main object very touching and refreshing. There old men combine to keep a young girl waiting ten years, while they amuse her with stories of their own lives; and at last the son of one of them and the nephew of the others arrives at home to win the queen of hearts, and to keep her with them forever. This is the frame of the work, and the filling in is very rich.

We can not pass the last volume of Alison's History without reminding our readers that Harper & Brothers have now published the two entire concluding volumes. The last volume brings us down to the accession of Louis Napoleon. These books should be in the library of every young American citizen.

A book from Richardson, the proprietor of the *Historical Magazine*, and prepared by John Jay Smith, of Philadelphia, is a museum of historical antiquities. It is a quarto volume, filled with fac-similes of autographs, original letters of the fathers of the Republic, and Revolutionary posters, quaint relics of the past of all sorts, bringing more forcibly home to us the days of our great ancestors than many a more dignified historic page. There is a very pretty journal of a patriotic young Quaker lady of Philadelphia, who fled from the city in 1776 —a beautiful native flower plucked from the harsh field of war and political strife. There are several Arnold papers and drawings of particular interest, and a few rich gleanings from the Washington curiosity shop. The title of Mr. Richardson's publication is, American Historical and Literary Curiosities.

Inaugural Address, delivered at the opening of the Southern University, Greensborough, Alabama. By the Rev. W. M. Wightman, D.D., LL.D., President of the University. Published by request of the Trustees.

In this able inaugural address Dr. Wightman lays out clearly the course of study and manner of instruction by which it is intended to make the "Southern University" truly what its name implies—an establishment for the proper and thorough teaching of the most important branches of knowledge.

The New York *Spirit of the Times*, of which Colonel T. B. Thorpe is one of the editors, enters upon its *thirtieth* volume on the 11th of February. This is now one of the oldest weekly papers published in New York city.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, January 23d, in the Senate, after the adoption of the usual resolutions offered by Senator Hale (N. H.), calling for the names and salaries of the persons employed in the Treasury Department whose appointments have not been confirmed by the Senate, Senator Douglas's (Ill.) resolution, directing the Judiciary Committee to report a Statute of the Union from external invasion, was taken up, and Senator Douglas proceeded to sustain the resolution. He charged the Republican party with the responsibility of the John Brown invasion. Senator Fessenden (Me.) replied in defense of that party, and Senator Douglas rejoined, when the Senate adjourned.——In the House, speeches on the ruling topic and on the organization of the Committee of Thirty-three, by Messrs. Burlingame (Mass.) and Corwin (Ohio).

On Tuesday, 24th, in the Senate, Senator Sumner (Mass.) introduced a bill to secure wages to seamen in case of wreck. Senator Brown (Miss.), a bill to provide for the public printing. Senator Rice (Minnesota) moved that a bill be reported from the Committee of the Territory of Nebraska, which was laid over. Senator King's (N. Y.) resolution relative to the time for the public printing was adopted. Senator Iverson (Ga.) offered a joint resolution relative to the pay of the retired and decrepit officers of the Navy, which was adopted. The President sent in the information relative to the bill for the Purchase of Senator Douglas's (Ill.) resolution was then taken up, and Senator Douglas (Ill.), Senator Cobb (Conn.), Mallory (Fla.), and Benjamin (La.) spoke on it, when the resolution was postponed.——In the House, a motion was made that the House adjourned.——In the House, a personal matter was discussed, growing out of a letter, relative to Gerrit Smith, Democracy of Illinois, by Messrs. M'Clernand (Ill.), Farnsworth (Ill.), and Logan (Ill.), when Mr. Corwin (Ohio) presented his remarks commenced yesterday, and speaking on the Speakership. House adjourned without a vote for Speaker.

On Wednesday, 25th, in the Senate, Senator Lane (Oregon) presented the proceedings of the Union meeting held in Jacksonville, Oregon City, with a few remarks. Senator Hale (N. H.) opposed their reception. Mr. Lane (Oregon) replied, and the matter was finally postponed. Adjourned.——In the House, a personal matter was discussed, growing out of the Speaker's letter, by Messrs. Hammond (Ga.), Farnsworth (Ill.), and Logan (Ill.), when Mr. Corwin (Ohio) resumed his remarks commenced yesterday, and speaking on the Speakership. House adjourned without a vote for Speaker.

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On Thursday, 26th, in the Senate, Senator Lane (Oregon) presented the proceedings of the Union meeting held in Jacksonville, Oregon City, with a few remarks. Senator Hale (N. H.) opposed their reception. Mr. Lane (Oregon) replied, and the matter was finally postponed. Adjourned.——In the House, a personal matter was discussed, growing out of the Speaker's letter, by Messrs. Hammond (Ga.), Farnsworth (Ill.), and Logan (Ill.), when Mr. Corwin (Ohio) resumed his remarks commenced yesterday, and speaking on the Speakership. House adjourned without a vote for Speaker.

On Friday, 27th, the Senate not being in session, at the usual hour, according to previous understanding, the House commenced to ballot. Mr. William N. H. Smith, of North Carolina, a Whig and Clay Whig, who has heretofore acted with the Southern Opposition party, and who has never voted for the American Know Nothing order, was formally put in nomination, and received the votes of six Pennsylvania and two Kentucky members who have heretofore voted with the Republicans. On the fifteenth vote, Banks received the highest votes of his own party. It was apparent that he was gaining, and that his discovery was made by the six Republicans who had voted for Mr. Smith changed their votes, and scattered their votes for Banks, when Mr. Smith threw votes short of the necessary number. There were 234 votes cast for Mr. Smith received 112, Mr. Sherman, 106; Mr. Corwin, 4; and the balance scattering. The House then adjourned to Saturday.

THE MEXICAN TREATY.

The *Herald* correspondent telegraphs:

"The Mexican treaty negotiations now making, that there will be a severe onslaught made upon the Mexican treaty as soon as it is printed. Part of the Senators think they see a nigger in it.

"The Washington Union has received additional intelligence from Mexico, giving accounts of recent outrages perpetrated by the American citizens and others, during business in that country. They are of the most shocking character, and will excite indignation throughout the country. The object of the Constitutional Government in signing the treaty was to put a stop to these outrages, and the Government is determined, and unless Congress gives the President the power asked for nothing can be done for them."

RELIEF SHIPMENT OF THE TRAVELING AND POOR DATA LAWS.

On 25th, in the State Assembly at Albany, Mr. Conkling presented an address and remonstrance from all the principal owners of steamships and sailing vessels in the harbor of New York, against the passage of the passage of a pro rata freight law, or a law telling railroads, as railroads and not as to the commerce of the State of New State of New York, by driving the shipping off the lakes. Mr. Conkling is a lawyer of standing in Philadelphia. The remonstrance is signed by the members of every large line of steamers, as well as by all the principal owners of shipping and commercial men in the city. The remonstrance is one of the signatures were read by Mr. Conkling.

THE KANSAS AND NEBRASKA LEGISLATURES.

The Territorial Legislature reassembled at Lecompton on Friday last, in conformity with the special proclamation of Governor Medary, and immediately passed a joint resolution requesting Governor Denver, to which Governor Denver returned this resolution with his veto, on Saturday. The resolution was again passed over his veto, by a vote of nine to three in the Council, and twenty-two to eight in the House.

The Legislature of Nebraska adjourned on Friday night, the 13th, at 12 o'clock. There was not sufficient strength in either House to pass the Slavery Bill over Governor Black's veto, and it was not again brought up for consideration.

LEGISLATIVE COURTESIES.

The members of the Kentucky and Tennessee Legislatures reached Columbus at three o'clock on January 26, and were conducted to the Hall of the House of Representatives, where the General Assembly, in Joint Convention assembled and heartily welcomed them, in an address by Governor Dennison. Governor Magoffin of

Kentucky responded, returning grateful thanks, in the name of the people of his State, for their most cordial welcome. He expected a warm welcome from the people of Ohio, but was entirely unprepared for the greeting which had been given them. He would tell it to the people of Kentucky, and tell them, too, that all we have to do to keep the Government together is to see each other oftener, and know each other better. Governor Magoffin then introduced Colonel Newcomb of the Tennessee Legislature, who responded on behalf of his State. He said that while Congress can not organize, Ohio, Tennessee, and Kentucky can meet and greet each other as brethren. He eulogized the Union and the Constitution. His speech was received with great applause. After the adjournment of the Convention a meeting was extemporized, at which numerous speeches were made, the best of feeling and great enthusiasm prevailing.

DINNERS AT WASHINGTON.

The Washington correspondent of the Charleston *Mercury* has a poor opinion of the dinners given by the great people of Washington. Hear him:

"A stranger, who comes here properly recommended, dines one day with a Foreign Minister, the next with a Southern Senator, the third with a Northern Representative, and the fourth with a metropolitan resident. The dining-rooms are of different sizes, and furnished in different styles; different gentlemen and ladies occupy the positions of host and hostess; and very likely there are different circles of guests. But the same servants are in attendance, the same epergnes and table furniture are seen at each house, and there is a stereotype bill of fare.

"The food would have made either Careme, Vatch, or Soyer go mad, had it been attributed to their *cuisine*. A half-chilled vegetable soup; salmon, brought in tin cans from New Brunswick; and half a dozen *entrées*, rejoicing in Apician names, but very questionable in appearance, and so flavored as to defy detection. A pastry-cook's dessert follows, with a few *bonbons* that are greedily pocketed; and for beverages, there are badly-iced Champagne, a manufactured Bordeaux, and execrable brown sherry. Every thing is dull, prosy, stupid, and indigestible.

"How different was it in the olden time! Then, a gentleman who came here as a member of Congress, or of the Cabinet, would bring his servants and his silver, while Madame would come provided with table-linen, pickles, and preserves. The magnates of the land would be seen early in the morning at the market, and at their tables they would have the good cheer always to be found there. The ducks, oysters, and fish from the Potomac and Chesapeake Bay, with the fine beef and mutton from the valley of Virginia, and a home-cured ham, were so prepared as to make banquets unequaled at the *Trois Frères* in its palmiest days. And as for the wines, the simple announcement that the Madeiras and the clarets came from Charleston, the sherries from Philadelphia, and the Champagnes from New York, was a guarantee of their goodness.

"The best repasts given here now—*miserabile dictu*—are served up, near the 'witching time o' night,' by those spoilsmen, the subjects of King Faro. Well-supplied tables, choice wines, and agreeable company, lure many a pigeon to be plucked, and well plucked at that. When the XXXIVth Congress was organized, after the protracted contest for the Speakership, which resulted in the election of Banks, the proprietor of a noted gambling-house held orders for the pay of seven members during that entire session. It is whispered that some of the members of the present House have been equally unfortunate."

DEATH OF A MISER.

Michael Baird, who lived near Little York, Pennsylvania, was a miser. His father left a valuable farm of five hundred acres in the vicinity of York, with some farming and household articles. Michael kept a tavern a number of years—married, and raised four children. He accumulated an immense estate, which he reserved so tenaciously that he never afforded a dollar for the education of his children. He never was known to lay out one dollar in cash for any article he might be in need of; he would either do without it, or find some person who would barter for something which he could not conveniently sell for money. He farmed largely and kept a large distillery, which he supplied entirely with his own grain. He kept a team for the conveyance of his whisky to Baltimore, which, when he could not sell for money to suit him, he bartered for necessaries for his family and tavern. In this way he amassed an estate worth $400,000. Such was his attachment to money that he was never known to credit a single dollar to any man. Upon the best mortgage as security that could be given he would not lend a cent. He never vested a dollar in public funds, neither would he keep the notes of any bank longer than he could get them changed. He deposited his specie in a large iron chest until it would hold no more. He then provided a strong iron-hooped barrel, which he also filled. After his death his strong boxes yielded $250,000 in gold and silver. The cause of his death was as remarkable as the course of his life. A gentleman from Virginia offered him $12 a bushel for 110 bushels of cloverseed, but he would not do it for less than $13, and they did not agree. The seed was afterward sent to Philadelphia, where it was sold for $7 per bushel, and brought in the whole $550 less than the Virginian had offered for it. On receiving an account of his sale he walked through his farm, went to his distillery, and gave directions to his people; he then went to his wagon-house and hung himself.

PERSONAL.

The Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati *Enquirer* gives the following account of the difficulty between Mr. Buchanan and the Postmaster-General:

"The affair between the President and Postmaster-General Holt has been ended through the interposition of Secretary Floyd and Attorney-General Black. Mr. Buchanan has yielded, and Cook will now go out of the Chicago office. Holt was very firm and manly. He told the President that he never desired the place of Postmaster-General; that he took it only at his earnest entreaty; that since he had been in it he had tried conscientiously to do his duty; that if the President wanted a violator of law and decency retained in office, and shielded from exposure, he could not be an accomplice in the transaction, on which Mr. Buchanan waxed highly wroth, but finally yielded to reason, and consented that Cook should go out. The *émeute* has caused quite a stir in West-end circles."

It is announced that Governor Wise has been engaged to defend Walter R. Land, who murdered Flannegan, in Princess Anne County, Virginia, some time last summer. The trial is expected to take place at the February term of the court in that county.

The Philadelphia *Press* says: "Rosa Bonheur is about to visit the United States professionally. An opulent French gentleman, an enthusiast in art, some time since commissioned her ladyship to cross the Atlantic, proceed to the great prairies of the far West, and paint, from life, a herd of wild buffaloes. She was to take her own time, accomplish it in her own way, and fix her own price. At first she declined to entertain the proposition, but finally, after turning it over in her mind, and reflecting what an original and splendid work she could make, she has accepted the offer, and comes over in the spring to make the picture."

Roger A. Pryor of Virginia is thus minutely described by the Washington correspondent of the New York *Times:*

"Pryor stands about six feet high, sparely and actively built, with a large head of the Emersonian type, in which the forehead shows externally the two lobes into which the brain is divided. He wears a mass of long brown hair, very soft and silky, combed back behind his ears and reaching to his coat-collar. Just above the eyes, which are dark-blue, large, and rather prominent, he has two bulging compartments, wherein the perceptive faculties may be supposed to be coiled for belligerent and analytical purposes. His nose is a thin, decisive Grecian, with contracting and dilating nostrils; his mouth is well arched and sinewy, furnished with two fine, firm rows of teeth—the upper row not lying quite close together, and a little inclined to protrude. His chin is square, but retreating, with a pleasant dimple in its heart; and his complexion is as fair, clear, beardless, delicate, and sensitive as that of any literary young lady of studious habits and a romantic turn of mind. Add to the foregoing a scrupulous neatness and nicety of person, incased in a full dress suit of black, and with an abundance of spotless linen around the throat, breast, and wrists—and you will have the external man of this editor-Congressman, as nearly as your correspondent can give it. As a speaker, Mr. Pryor has a tenor voice, a little wiry, and not yet quite trained to the size of the Congressional chamber; but his management of language is admirable, and his gestures, though very moderate and restrained, possess a most suggestive force. His utterance of invective is cool, slow, and bitter—giving every arrow time to rankle before the next shaft is lodged beside it. He talks like one who has experienced the difficulty of reporting hurried speech, and with that precision of statement and illustration only to be derived from the habit of thinking pen in hand, and seeing hot words in cold type next morning. Regarded as one of the most rising young men in Congress, he has troops of friends in all sections of the House, and is esteemed for the possession of many generous and amiable qualities. Involved as a principal in many duels, and as a second in duels without number, he may be styled a permanent Professor of the College of Honor, and is called in to consult on hopeless cases of wounded pride, just as Dr. Carnochan of your city might be sent for to perform a hazardous amputation."

In announcing the preparations for Lord Macaulay's burial in Westminster Abbey, the London *Globe* says: "The sexton of the Dean and Chapter is busy opening a grave for our great historian—not with kings and knights of the Garter—not even with Stephenson or Telford—but in Poets' Corner, or the south transept of the Abbey. He will lie at the foot of Addison's statue, and close to the grave of Isaac Barrow, one of the great Trinity of Cambridge men, Macaulay's own College. The historian will not lie far off Camden—almost the father of English history—not far from what remains of May, the historian of the Long Parliament, and near to the remains of Johnson, Garrick, Sheridan, and Gifford, the Tory editor of the *Quarterly Review*. He will lie facing the statue of the poet of 'The Pleasures of Hope,' at whose funeral the noble historian helped (with wise selection) to bear the pall."

The newspapers of Burleson County, Texas, have a story of a young girl, 22 years old, who, having last fall been bitten on the foot by a snake, is now developing reptilian characteristics of a rather extraordinary nature. "She first becomes nervous, then jerky," says the most minute account, "and then her eyeballs begin to protrude, and in a few hours they look like bursting out, and she begs those around her to push them back." These are the least of her singularities. She is given also to much squirming, seeks perpetually to coil herself, and bitterly laments her destitution in the matter of rattles. Physicians are said to be in vain, and it appears, on the whole, that the case is not very hopeful.

The tall poet of Vermont was lately lecturing at Trenton, when suddenly the gas went out. The audience bore the delay so good-naturedly that Mr. Saxe complimented them on their patience, and remarking that he understood the difficulty was in the *metre*, said that, if the audience would promise not to find fault with *his* "metre," he would never mention the defect of theirs.

The Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati *Enquirer* states that "all social relations between Mr. Postmaster Holt and the President ceased some days since."

Grace Greenwood gave a lecture to the convicts and visitors at the Ohio Penitentiary on Sunday. About a thousand persons were in attendance, and her opening remarks about endearments of home, fathers, mothers, brothers, and sisters, were exceedingly affecting, moving many to tears. She held up to the admiration and wonder of her hearers the character and qualities of heart of Lady Franklin, Florence Nightingale, Dr. Kane, and many others, and retired from that singular audience with blessings from those whose feelings were wrought upon as only they can be touched by a lady of Grace Greenwood's gifts.

The Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati *Enquirer* writes that some excitement was occasioned in "society" there by the appearance in public of the daughters of the Austrian Consul-General *sans* crinoline. A matinée was given in their honor by one of the Diplomatic Corps, and the room was crowded by persons who had forgotten how women looked who were without the great extenders.

General Cass has just presented to the city of Detroit one site for a public park and another for a fountain and watering-place, provided the Common Council will devote the land which he gives exclusively to the purposes designated.

The Petersburg (Virginia) *Intelligencer* says that Governor Letcher will use all his personal and official influence to advance the prospects of Hunter, in opposition to Wise's, in the approaching Charleston Convention.

Rhineman, the paramour of Mrs. Hartung, and indicted with her for the murder of her husband, at Albany, has been acquitted of the charge of being principal in the crime. He was remanded to jail, to be tried on two other charges.

A Harrisburg (Pennsylvania) letter says: "A personal rencontre, or rather a kind of collision, took place to-day upon the street of this town, between Frederick Trace, the Democratic sealer of weights and measures for Dauphin County, and General Simon Cameron. The latter has been at home for some days. When the two met, Trace said that the General had come to assist in electing Clark—the people's candidate at the special election on last Saturday to fill a legislative vacancy in this county—and intimated, as the Cameron version of the story goes, that Cameron had spent a good deal of money to effect the result. Cameron replied that the statement and insinuation were both false, and intimated that 'he had often bought Trace,' and at a very low price. Trace gave him the lie, and Cameron struck at him with his cane. General Williams, of this place, caught the cane, and the affair proceeded no further. The affair has occasioned a great deal of talk in town and among the members of the Legislature."

Mr. G. W. Brown, editor of the Kansas *Herald of Freedom*, has, it appears, got himself into trouble, according to a Lawrence correspondent of the Leavenworth *Times*. He says: "We have a little scandal in our goodly city. Mrs. G. W. Brown has applied for a divorce, charging her liege lord with adultery and inhuman treatment."

We read in the Falmouth (Jamaica) *Post* the following respecting a traveler who has already been noticed in the *Weekly:* "We have had the pleasure of being introduced to Mr. William G. Sewell, a gentleman of New York. Mr. Sewell has been in most of the West India Colonies, and the object of his visit to Jamaica is to acquire a thorough knowledge of its social and political condition. It is his intention to travel through every parish; and as he will soon be in Falmouth, we have no doubt that he will be afforded frequent opportunities of inspecting our public and parochial institutions, and of judging from personal observation of the commercial and agricultural condition of Trelawny."

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE REMOND CORRESPONDENCE.

THE following is the correspondence which took place between Mr. Dallas, the American Minister, and Miss Sarah P. Remond:

"No. 6 GRENVILLE STREET, BRUNSWICK SQUARE, W.C.,
"*December* 19, 1859.

"SIR,—I beg to inform you that, a short time since, I went to the office of the American Embassy to have my passport *viséd* for France.

"I should remark that my passport is an American one, granted to me in the United States, and signed by the Minister in due form. It states—what is the fact—that I am a citizen of the United States. I was born in Massachusetts.

"Upon my asking to have my passport *viséd* at the American Embassy, the person in the office refused to affix the *visa* on the ground that I am a person of color.

"Being a citizen of the United States, I respectfully demand as my right that my passport be *viséd* by the Minister of my country.

"As I am desirous of starting for the Continent, I must request an answer at your earliest convenience.

"I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,
"SARAH P. REMOND."

"The Hon. —— Dallas, American Minister, No. 24 Portland Place."

"LEGATION OF THE UNITED STATES,
"LONDON, *Dec.* 14, 1859.

"MISS SARAH P. REMOND,—I am directed by the Minister to acknowledge the receipt of your note of the 12th inst., and to say, in reply, he must, of course, be sorry if any of his countrywomen, irrespective of color or extraction, should think him frivolously disposed to withhold from them facilities in his power to grant for traveling on the continent of Europe; but when the indispensable qualification for an American passport, that of 'United States citizenship,' does not exist—when, indeed, it is manifestly an impossibility by law that it should exist—a just sense of his official obligations, under instructions received from his Government as long ago as the 8th of July, 1856, and since then strictly conformed to, constrains him to say that the demand of Miss Sarah P. Remond can not be complied with.

"Respectfully, your obedient servant,
"BENJM. MORAN,
"*Assistant Secretary of Legation.*"

ANOTHER DEATH FROM WANT OF VENTILATION.

A country paper says: "On the morning of the 29th, in a house situated at High Blantyre, occupied by John Robertson, gaffer on the Hamilton and Strathaven Railway, a most painful scene occurred. Robertson's wife awakened about five o'clock in the morning, in a very exhausted state, and found her infant child, aged nine months, lying dead in her arms. She immediately aroused her husband, who also felt in a weakly condition, but had strength enough to get out of bed. They then discovered that their next eldest child—a boy named Allan, aged about three years—was also dead, and the third, a girl nine years old, seemingly approaching dissolution. The father removed the little girl into an adjoining apartment, and she fortunately, in the course of a short time recovered. The wife was likewise conveyed thither, and is progressing favorably. The deaths of the two youngest children were occasioned by suffocation—the family all slept in one bed—five human beings huddled together—in a small, dingy, smoky dwelling, consisting of one apartment, without sufficient ventilation!"

FRANCE.

RETIREMENT OF COUNT WALEWSKI.

The Paris *Moniteur* thus formally announces the retirement of Count Walewski:

"Napoleon, by the grace of God and the national will, Emperor of the French, to all present and future, greeting, have decreed and do decree as follows:

"*Art.* 1. M. de Thouvenel, Embassador at Constantinople, is appointed Minister of Foreign Affairs in the stead of M. le Comte Walewski, whose resignation is accepted.

"*Art.* 2. M. Baroche, President of the Council of State, will act *ad interim* as Minister for Foreign Affairs until the arrival of M. de Thouvenel.

"*Art.* 3. Our Minister of State is charged with the execution of the present decree.

"Done at the Palace of the Tuileries, the 4th of January, 1860.
NAPOLEON.

"Countersigned, ARCHIBALD FOULD,
"*Minister of State.*"

AN IMPERIAL PRESENT.

The *Herald* correspondent writes: "As an indication of the change in the direction of affairs, the following anecdote, which is now current, is interesting:

"A few days ago the Emperor, while conversing with the English embassadress, Lady Cowley, took occasion to observe that she did not wear on her nuptial finger the engagement ring customary in France, and he drew her attention to the hand of the Empress, on which one was fixed. On Lady Cowley avowing that such was not the English custom, the Emperor replied that Lord Cowley, who had lived in his youth so much in France, ought to have introduced the custom into England. You must permit me, he added, to supply his omission; and then taking from his vest a small morocco case, and opening it, he displayed a superb ring of three hoops of most exquisite diamonds, which he immediately placed on her ladyship's finger. The first is, he said, to supply Lord Cowley's omission; the second is a token of my personal regard, and the third is a pledge of the eternal amity of England and France. The ring is said to be worth £1500. So the English embassador has this time some substantial grounds for the new *entente cordiale*."

MRS. GURNEY IN PARIS.

A Paris letter-writer says that Mrs. Gurney is not deterred by her position from appearing in public. She walks daily on the Boulevards, seemingly watching with the greatest interest the erection of the little line of shops for the sale of New-Year's trifles, which are rising on either side, and wears a certain wide-awake hat, adorned with a long feather, which gives her an extremely juvenile appearance. She is of small figure, with a round face and ruddy complexion, small sparkling black eyes, and quantities of dark hair encircling her face and gathered on the neck behind. Her companion, though of somewhat foxy tint, has, as well, a quiet and subdued expression, which gives him the look of a pensive shepherd who has tended his flock till he has grown into the likeness of one of his own sheep. This may originate in the awkwardness of his present position, for it is quite consoling to see how his outward appearance coincides with the present French fashion, which requires every male Parisian to look like an English groom, if wishing to be taken for a French nobleman.

A CLEVER ROGUE.

An ingenious rogue in Paris has been pawning at every bureau of the Monte de Piété silver ingots, all bearing the legal stamp and marked with the legal *poinçon* of the Government. Although so heavy and so perfect in appearance, their number at last excited suspicion, and on being tested at the mint they were found to be composed of regulus antimonii, pewter, and lead, and to be worth 2 francs 50 centimes instead of 1000 francs, advanced upon them.

ITALY.

MOVEMENTS OF GARIBALDI.

Garibaldi has resigned his post as President of the National Society—a kind of anti-Mazzinian association—but has, instead, accepted the presidency of another body, bearing the significant name of La Nazione Armata. On this occasion he has published the following proclamation to the Italian Liberals:

"In the name of Italian union, without which liberty and independence can never gladden the heart of Italy, I summon you to the unifying banner of King Victor Emanuel. Let all among you, whose soul burns with the sacred love of Italy, forget their differences and embrace for your country's sake. With that noble intention the Liberals of the Libere Comizzie (an old political society) have transformed their association into that of the Nazione Armata, and with that same intention I have accepted its presidency. May our example be universally followed, so that union among brothers should cease to be a mere wish, and become a fact! Let right, supported by arms, be our programme; let the liberation of Italy be our only wish. Closely joined in one phalanx we shall henceforth have but one enemy before us, and shall live only in the hopes of Italian liberty.
"G. GARIBALDI.

"TURIN, *December* 31, 1859."

TWO YOUNG LADIES IN TROUBLE.

The Florence correspondent of the *Daily News* writes on the 27th of December: "A curious thing was done yesterday, in the Piazza del Duomo, by two fair countrywomen of ours, who are, perhaps, mere instruments in the hands of the crafty ducal party, for invitations to the Pitti and to the Cascine were regularly sent to these two heroines—Miss Lydia and Miss Mary S——. A large sheet of paper was soon provided, the words 'Viva Ferdinando IV! Abbasso il Governo!'—(Long live Ferdinand IV! Down with the Government!) were quickly written in big letters upon it, and the factious paper was posted up at the corner of Cocomero Street with more than Spartan courage. The two charming Royalists did not even choose the dark hour of the night for their purpose, preferring one o'clock in the afternoon. Now this is a very dangerous hour for such pranks. The Florentines are fond of walking up and down their splendid Piazza, and the two fair conspirators accordingly got themselves into a scrape. Four or five passers-by caught Miss Lydia and Mary 'in flagrante delicto;' a great row ensued, and popular indignation was excited. Had it not been for Major Ginori, who happened to be passing, the two young ladies would have found it hard to get home as safely as they had left it. To the remonstrances of the Major, who speaks our language fluently, the dear little things had nothing to answer, but that they were longing for the return of their beloved Duke, and they had resorted to that rather extra-legal method of expressing their devotion to him. The police were not likely to share this heroic enthusiasm for the runaway Duke, and the consequence was that the ladies were politely taken in a cab to the nearest police-station. The peculiar and rather dangerous situation in which they were placed did not, however, subdue the ardor of our two fair friends. Ducal and Royal supporters must, of course, show courage to the last. What made them look more like two agents of the ducal party is the circumstance that they are residing in the house of one of the intimate friends of the old Duke, and a near relation of a Marquis Medici, who has followed the Lorraine princes in their flight. In spite of all this, in spite of their foolish attempt, Baron Ricasoli thought proper to have the ladies dismissed from arrest, for he was convinced they had acted under other people's advice."

SPAIN.

ARREST OF A COLPORTEUR.

A correspondent of the *Morning Herald* says that one Escalante, a British subject born at Gibraltar, who is employed as a colporteur or hawker of Bibles, has been apprehended by the Spanish police in Andalusia, at the instigation of the clergy, and is to be tried on a charge of attempting to vary the religion of the State, as no provision forbidding the sale of Bibles is to be discovered in the Spanish code.

TURKEY.

BRUTAL CONDUCT OF POLICEMEN.

A correspondent of the *Times*, writing on the 21st ult. from Constantinople, thus describes the brutal conduct of a party of cavasses, or police, which is not calculated to increase our admiration of that very ruffianly force:

"There is now residing in Pera an Ionian family long known to me as one of the most undeniable respectability. On Friday afternoon last, about four o'clock, a man who had escaped from a neighboring house, whither he and some others had been pursued by the police, suddenly appeared in the house in which this family resides. He had dropped through a sky-light in the roof. There were none but women and a deaf and dumb man-servant in the house. The intruder was armed with a pistol and a long knife. He threatened the inmates with instant death unless they gave him some place to hide in. Terrified as they were, the women told him that he had no business there, and that he had better go down and let himself out at the door. To this course, however, he had an insurmountable objection—the house was surrounded by cavasses and soldiers. Some of these soon got on the roof, and entered by the same means of which the fugitive had availed himself. The door, too, was forced open, and the house was soon filled with armed men. Meanwhile the original intruder had concealed himself under a bed in one of the upper rooms. There he was found, and shot by the police, who carried him off apparently half dead. Thus far all was well. They now, however, proceeded to commit a series of atrocities for which no excuse can be made. A respectable young man had, on hearing the disturbance, come into the house to see what was the matter in his friend's residence. He and the deaf and dumb servant were seized and roughly treated by the cavasses. As they were being dragged off to prison some of the women of the house interfered, by assuring the police that they had nothing to do with the prisoner. On this the mother was knocked down by a violent blow in her breast, and one of her daughters was struck with the butt-end of a pistol. The grossest abuse was also lavished upon them. The deaf and dumb man-servant, after lying three days in prison, has been discharged."

RUSSIA.

HOW THE PRIME MINISTER SPENDS HIS TIME.

The greatest pleasure enjoyed by Prince Gorchakoff, it is said, is to sit in his dressing-gown in a large arm-chair, before an easel on which there is a fine picture. Crossing his legs, and swinging one on the other, while he plays with his slipper and smokes his cigar, he gazes for hours together on the picture. He had a fine gallery of modern pictures, and he had a valuable album containing sketches by the best living artists. Two or three years ago, a French diplomatist asked to see the album; to his surprise, he found the best sketches were gone, and said so to the Prince. "True enough," replied the latter, "my best sketches have been stolen out of it." "Stolen? Do you suspect by whom?" "Oh, yes—one of my messengers: he took to imitating me in my love for art, and helped himself out of my album." "But didn't you arrest the scoundrel?" "Oh dear, no! the puppy showed such deucedly good taste in the selections he made, I could not think of having him arrested."

HOLLAND.

SUCCESS OF AN AMERICAN PRIMA DONNA.

The name of the very promising Albany cantatrice, Miss Isabella Hinkley, is familiar to our readers. Her first public appearance in Amsterdam, Holland, is thus described by a correspondent of the *Atlas and Argus:*

"It was Christmas Eve, the opera 'Norma,' with Rosa de Vries as Norma, Miss Hinkley as Adalgisa. The house was full. The duet, with the tenor, was applauded throughout, and was recalled amidst a storm of acclamations. In Act II. she sang that beautiful solo, bringing down loud applause; but the great success was in the celebrated duet with Norma; here the excitement was at its height—the gentlemen and ladies all over the house rose, waved their hats and handkerchiefs, and screamed with delight, and insisted upon its being repeated. The curtain dropped, and yet the audience would not leave; she was called and recalled before the curtain. The opera corps overwhelmed her with attention and compliment; the manager told her, with tears in his eyes, that no *débutante* had ever made so decided a hit. The second night she sang the rush for seats was so great that the police were called in to keep off the crowd, and before 10 o'clock in the morning every standing-place was occupied and engaged. Every seat for the next three nights was secured the same day. At once she was 'cast' as prima donna, to make her *début* as such in 'Linda Chamounix,' a sure evidence of her success. Offers for Turin and Milan are already presented to her, and next week she appears before the Court at the Hague. Her triumph is an American one, and one in which every American, and especially every Albanian, should take pride. I, for one, glory in her; she is the first American prima donna that ever made so great a 'hit,' and met such complete success at the outset of her career."

MEXICO.

SUCCESSES OF MIRAMON.

By the arrival of the *Baltic* from Aspinwall we are put in possession of the following news, which was telegraphed from Panama:

On December 21 a battle was fought on the Barranca de Beltian, near Colima. Miramon led on the Conservatives, and brought into the action 3000 men, against 7000 Liberals under the command of Rocha Rojas and Ogazon. The action commenced at 9 A.M., and lasted until 2 P.M. The Liberals had from 600 to 700 killed and wounded, and the Conservatives 300. Miramon captured five field-pieces and 2000 prisoners, with a large amount of ammunition. On the 24th he took possession of Colima and sent a detachment to Manzanillo, seized two vessels—*General Vega* and *La Suerte*—and armed them; destination supposed to be Mazatlan.

ARRIVAL OF HOGS AT CINCINNATI.

JOURNEY TO THE SLAUGHTER-HOUSE.

THE HOG TRADE OF CINCINNATI.

To a New Yorker visiting Cincinnati during the spring or summer months nothing will occasion greater surprise than the absence of every suggestion or indication of the staple business to which so large a portion of its capital is annually devoted. Having heard much of its extensive hog trade, and its princely pig merchants, the traveler enters the city expecting to recognize on every hand the evidence of this leading element of its prosperity, and to be perpetually reminded of what he regards as the chief occupation, and most familiar characteristic of the place and its inhabitants. His imagination glows with visions of vagabond droves of strolling pigs, and squads of greasy butchers. He fancies pork to be the principal food of the people, listens at every turn for the shrill shriek of slaughter, and is disappointed that the gutters do not every where run blood. In truth, all his expectations in this regard are subjected to marked disappointment. He finds nothing of all this. Nothing at all to remind him of a vast centralized and systematically established trade, that gives employment to millions of dollars annually, and affords regular occupation to thousands of thrifty hands. He sees only a handsome, substantially built city, overflowing with an active population, whose occupation seems to the summer visitor to have no connection with the especial staple to which their prosperity has been so long and consistently attributed.

The experience of the winter visitor is altogether another affair. To him the reputation of the city for its hog statistics is quite appreciated. He sees and hears all around him the indications of this extensive branch of its industrial enterprise, and can readily believe that to the pig and his manifold products the city is largely indebted for its extraordinary growth and the rapidly accumulated wealth of its inhabitants. He understands why it is called Porkopolis. He comprehends its relation to and dependence upon the pig. The statement of the commercial reporters, that about 400,000 hogs are annually slaughtered by the city butchers, and distributed among the nations of the earth, does not surprise him; and he is prepared to admit the economical importance and staple value of the business, as a leading and profitable branch of American industry. 450,000 hogs, of good solid weight, and in plump greasy condition, are converted into pork and lard, in all their numerous forms, in the space of about four months; it being necessary, for packing purposes, that the pork be subjected to the hardening, solidifying effects of cold weather. Hogs are killed in the city for daily market consumption all the year round; and the number demanded for this purpose is not included in the aggregate of 450,000—the number varies a few thousand with different years—given as the average amount yearly consumed in the regular packing and shipping trade. An important branch of this trade, and the one indeed for which the city is justly celebrated throughout the Gentile world, is the manufacture of hams; of which, including the shoulders, nearly two millions are made every year. And a Cincinnati ham is an article, it must be acknowledged, that merits its reputation. But, as the Jewish proverb says, all are not of Israel that are in Israel. A very poor thing may be done up in yellow canvas and branded Cincinnati. There is an eclecticism to be observed with regard to hams as with regard to every other product of human art and invention. Cincinnati hams are like Jeremiah's figs, of blessed memory; the good are very good indeed, the bad are naught; not fit for the pigs whence they came.

Who would the choice of hams secure,
Must take this course to make it sure:
You buy your hams of ——, and then—

How near we have come to committing a grand indiscretion! What would Bacon, Bristle, & Co. have said of us, or done to us, if we had left the name, which, on wiser second thoughts, we have displaced with a dash, standing in the line as we had hastily written it. As it is, each reader may fill the blank as his better experience shall justify. For ourselves, *nous autres journalistes, nous n'en avons pas absolument rien à dire.*

The hog—the term is a harsh one, but this is really what every pig makes of himself, sooner or later, in those wild backwood regions—the hog is not a native of Cincinnati. He originates in the provinces, on the farms and prairies of the great valley of the Ohio. The Queen City is the bleeding of his reluctant pilgrimage; the final goal of his pious ambition. To be born a pig and not die the death of a hog in Cincinnati were an ignominy that none but the most groveling and debased swine could endure. The litter sort will not submit to it. The stall-fed, corn-fattened hog, contemplates the purpose of his life from a higher point of view. He is actuated by a nobler motive. He realizes the aspiration and enthusiasm of the enraptured poet; he must see Cincinnati, and die. This is to him the grand consummation of his earthly existence; the complete triumph of his hopes, the sure

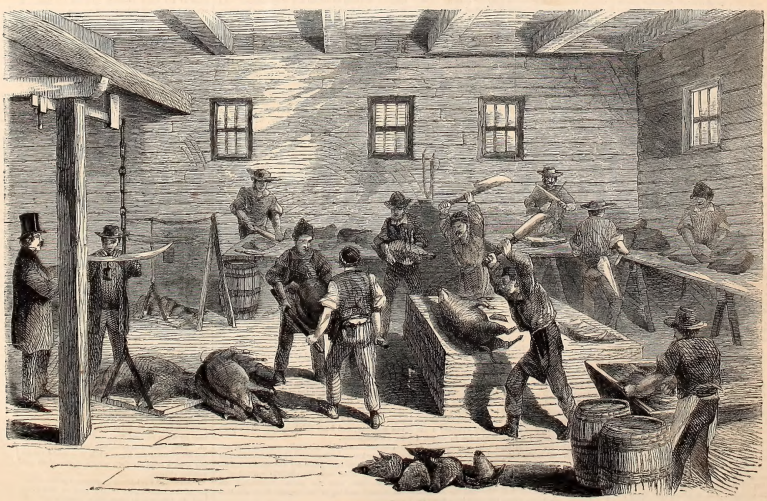
THE DEATH CHAMBER.

COOLING AND DRYING.

guarantee of his not having lived in vain; the very seal and promise of his immortality.

The hog is raised, as the term is in that part of the world, all over the Western States; though there are many, in several convenient localities, who make the business a specialty, and breed the animal in large quantities. In some places they run at large in the woods, feeding abundantly, and fattening rapidly, on "mast," the beech-nuts, hickory-nuts, and acorns that abound in the forests of the luxuriant West. Thousands are confined in pens and yards and fed on fodder and corn; and immense numbers crowd the pens attached to the larger distilleries, fattening and corrupting, as is too often the case, on the warm slops from the stills and mash-tubs. Having attained the required bulk and weight, by some such course of treatment, the hogs are gathered into droves of varying sizes, and are either carried or driven to the city, as may be most convenient to their owners, from all parts of the States of Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. Some go by steamboat, some by flat-boat; some travel on foot, and some are transported by railroad in crates especially constructed for the purpose. The last mode of transportation is the one now most generally adopted. The arrival at one of the principal dépôts of one of these hog-trains, as they are appropriately called, is the signal for the commencement of a scene of uproar and confusion as interesting and peculiar as one would wish to see. From the crates, the pigs, as a temporary disposition, are driven into pens, arranged, with convenient gateways, along the side of the track. They are still far from the end of their journey. The slaughter-houses, upon whose slippery floors their unoffending blood must flow, are situated in the upper part of the city, two miles from these intermediary pens into which they are now so hastily huddled.

The next move is their transit across the city to these slaughter-houses; a difficult portion of their journey, which they are forced to accomplish on their own feet. The direction and management of this transit is undertaken by drovers experienced in the business, who engage for the occasion the assistance of a suitable number of boys; scores of whom, of every age, color, and nation, are generally collected about the dépôt when a hog-train is expected, clamorous for an engagement. Whoever succeeds in securing the job by contract with the owner of the hogs is instantly beset by dozens of these boys, vociferously eager to be employed in



CUTTING AND PACKING.

the enterprise. The shouting and screaming of the boys, grabbing in several languages at every the quarreling and tussling of the unruly among them, the angry and peremptory exclamations of the men, combined with the squalling of the hungry pigs, produces an exciting scene of tumult and contention which is only quieted by the final departure of the pigs to that bourne where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary shall be finally at rest.

These droves vary in size, numbering generally from two or three hundred to a thousand. They are driven, by dint of considerable urging and whipping, and a great deal of shouting and hooting, through the main thoroughfares of the town; and their complexity and devious passage through the otherwise well-thronged streets affords, from its picturesque effect, more interest and amusement to the stranger than the most elaborate and good-nature to the inhabitants. A drove once started on its journey is bound, at all hazards and against all obstacles, to go through. No obstruction or inconvenience it may prove to vehicles in the street, or the crowd of passers upon the sidewalk, is a consideration that troubles in the degree the heads of the contractor and his yelling and slashing gang of vagabonds. You may be splashed and run into, delayed and otherwise offended, upset, it may be. You may quietly endure, dispassionately remonstrate, or desperately and resolutely resist, a score *pro*. To this proposition, backed up with a club, with his boot-tops over his pantaloons, a coon-skin cap on his head, red flannel sleeves on his long arms, and a cowhide whip in his hand, it is all one. He will beat you not at all. The main business of this fellow in this crowded, mark you, is to "hand those pigs on the other side of Jordan;" and, as that little begrimed, yelping ragamuffin there, with a long-eared dog at his heels, answers you in the slightest intimation that you take any interest in the subject, "You may bet yer life, old cock, he'll do it."

Arrived at the slaughter-houses, the way-worn pigs, with wallet backs and bleeding feet, are deposited in pens of the most filthy and repulsive condition. These pens are, in most cases, connected with the killing-sheds by inclined plank ways, up which the pigs are driven to the death-stroke by a mallet in the butchers. They are admitted, through a sort of trap-gate, upon an inclined platform, in charge of a stout fellow who stands, armed with an immense sledge-hammer. When the platform is sufficiently full to prevent the pigs running about, he commences the work of death by giving each one a stunning blow upon the head; which done, he is immediately seized by the butchers' hands, and stabbed, bled, scalded, scraped, and cleaned out before he has a very distinct or satisfactory impression of what has happened to him. He is converted into pork in about three minutes from the time his tail glides unsuspectingly beneath the insidious jaw of the butcher at last between him and the trials and comforts of the outer world forever.

As may be seen by our illustration, the next process is to carry the newly-slaughtered pig into another apartment, spacious and well-ventilated, where he is received by a man who lays by his lard in cool and dry. After hanging sufficiently long to become cold and stiff, the pigs are taken down and hauled off to the cutting-up room by four stout horses, to the packing-houses, situated in another part of the city. These establishments are on a vast scale, and give employment, through about four months of the year, to thousands of hands. Any one of these presents, in the busy season, a scene of activity curious and interesting in the extreme. The work is divided into several branches, each demanding the undivided attention of workmen. Here are seen large blocks and tables, upon which the hogs are cut up into hams, shoulders, sides, and what not, as said fancy or purchase demands all purposes of the market. Here, also, the packing pieces are salted and barreled, and the hams are trimmed and prepared for smoking; and in an adjoining apartment are the lard vats, connected by an apparently intricate arrangement of pipes and tubing with the boiling-houses, placed in the basement—the steam process being the one usually adopted for trying out the lard. Is is worth remarking that in this, as in all animal, economically considered, is lost or wasted. Every scrap, even the apparently most worthless, is saved and turned to account, either as an article of food or for use in the arts. Its flesh is converted into hams and pickled pork; its fat into lard; its sausage meat, and its fat scraps and scrapings into lard, stearine candles, and lard oil; its head is made into jowls and head-cheese; its tongue is smoked and pickled; its feet are soused; its blood and offal are turned into Prussian blue; of its bristles brushes are made; its hair is used for mattresses and comforters; and its bones are burned for the sugar-refineries and blacking-makers. And thus the entire animal is, in one way or another, consumed and converted, to the continued advantage and profit of innumerable economical and flourishing trades; each one of which employs a considerable amount of capital, skill, and labor for its successful prosecution, and each one of which gives unmistakable evidence of thrift and activity.

MAN IN!

IT was fourteen or fifteen years ago at least, and I was then an eager skater: a student of the higher walks (or rather strokes) of the art of skating: a diligent cultivator of that mystery which is at the root of all advancement in this exercise, the mystic "outside edge."

I was in London. The Round Pond was crowded to inconvenience. The Round Pond is just in front of Kensington Palace; it is rumored that it was once a gravel pit, and that in consequence its waters are in some parts of very great depth. The number of skaters on this piece of water on the day in question was so great, that there was scarcely a possibility of carrying out a single stroke to completeness. So constant were the collisions between the skaters, and so completely was one's attention absorbed by the necessity of steering clear of other people, that it was hardly possible to enjoy the amusement; I was on the point of giving the thing up and taking off my skates, when it occurred to me that there was one part of the pond on the opposite side which I had not tried, and which seemed to be less covered with skaters than the other portions of the ice.

Distance is a thing very soon disposed of in skating, and an approach to this more deserted region was the affair of very few moments. As I drew nearer, I found that my first impression was not an incorrect one; there were fewer people here. Fewer people and more room to cut figures on the pond, and just out there where poet Ince inscribed "Dangerous" had tumbled over on its side, there was no one. Why? Was it dangerous? Not I, for one, afraid? Why, the frost has lasted a fortnight, and any one with eyes in his head would see that that "dangerous" was but a mere notice simply because the proper authorities have forgotten to take it away.

Arrested and balked at every stroke as I had been all the morning, the sight of the clear place, where I could practice unmolested, was inconceivably attractive. I was going in for more than sixteen or seventeen, and my taming days had not begun. Here was good ice in front, and nobody to knock up against me. I struck out and left and a crowd of skaters. Pooh! No danger! That board has been there a fortnight, and what of it.

Most people who have had any thing to do with ice will be aware that that substance is subject to several difficulties. It cracks in the night in the melodious, ringing, wholesome crack, which ice of any strength is liable to, and which is not indicative of danger; then it is liable to certain forms of thin ice, which certainly does show mischief at hand, but which is not perfectly inconsistent with security; and, lastly, there is that sort which he who hears will know by instinct to be a cry of warning, but one which is uttered generally just too late.

I had not philosophized much on cracks, or, indeed, on any thing else, at the time I am writing about. I had my mind's eye on the centre of a sheet of ice, and I knew that the frost which was making my fingers tingle was from a torrighti. Ah, Mark Antony! So black, and so bitter. A few more strokes, and what a sweep I shall have over its polished surface! Ah! there's the bell. Is that man with the life bell on calling out to me? Yes. What's that!

A cruel sense as if I had never heard before, and which sent the knowledge—not the apprehension, but the certainty—into my soul that I was going through the ice. There were a few seconds of time between the crack and the time when the ice gave way under me and I was in the water. The crack, remembrance has told me since, I did not tell to with my hands, gave with every touch, and made the space which I had broken away so large, that what was all around me seemed to rise in sharp ice which I held, but held gently, seeing the thinness of the edge against which my breast was pressing, and knowing that if I struck with the slightest might go too, and then I must inevitably sink—I know not how far: there was no ground beneath my feet.

How difficult, too, to keep still: the excessive cold of the water making my chest move convulsively, and causing me to gasp for breath. How difficult to keep still, with the wicked water sucking at me and trying to get underneath—to be called a "man." I had so often writhed under the insult of being called a "boy" by my elders, that this cry of "Man in!" had in its way a sort of compliment to me. As I lay in the water with my arms stretched out over the piece of ice on which my life depended, I made the best preparations which were going on for my rescue, with an eagerness which none can know but those who have been in a similar position. There was no one near me. The machinery of the Humane Society was at all the stations, but the man with the bell was skating alone when I dropped through, and had no friend upon the ice.

Still that bell-sound, the cracking action of the water beneath me—pulling and drawing at me always. The man with the life-belt, with the long ice-hook for on which to fix the belt—a hook at the end of it, and a drag fastened to the side, is hastening toward me from the other side. Can I hold on till he comes? The cold seems actually to enter my life within me. Am I going to die? My young life —is it at an end already? O God! why did I ever do any thing wrong? The man with the ice-ladder on wheels has broken in at fifty yards' distance, and can not get any nearer to me—the ice is rotten all around. No one can come to me to help me? A circle, far, far off, of frightened people gazing at me—I can not see their faces—they are looking upon me as a boy. (I understand); they are calling out to me, but I can not hear. And what would they do? Look at home if they could see me now? Would the mourning for my sister-in-law be for them—I lied about them, and said I had no help—I shall die—and the crowd—and that snow figure which the boys have built up is like the clown I saw last night in the pantomime —and they are all screaming over this piece of ice, and my arms are wet—and the ice will be under soon—and the men with the strange machinery are standing aloof, and can not get to me, and some are running round the bank, and they have ropes —and one has got a drag—but I am sinking now, my hair is wet, and the water pouring down my collar—and when we were at Naples, my father asked me to go out with him one day and to stay with him as little as possible—and a dog would have gone—but I had some plan of my own, and would go—and he sighed—and I shall die—the men with the ropes on the bank, and with a ladder—it is tied to the ropes—it is pushed along the ice toward me—and a man is crawling along the ladder —but too late, for surely this is death—the voices on the bank—what do they say? The man is not far off—he is coming—I can not hear—I can not hold—I can not see—or hear—or feel—and I shall —die—

Not then. Saved, to write these words some fifteen years afterward, and to pause from time to time as I do so, to see how long those years have passed. Saved, to remember this rescue for an hour after it happened, and then to go back into the water, plunging it forever, to pass through other dangers and to escape other perils; but never, perhaps, to be at such close quarters with death.

I have no distinct recollection of never and ever —of how I was got out of the water. I remember something of crouching beside the man on the ladder, a huddled mass, and of freezing water, the ladder being swiftly drawn ashore by the ropes which were attached to it, and bread in one piece or twice in its progress over the surface of the ice. I remember the horror of each of these new accidents.

I remember being carried by (as I could suppose) on each side by an iceman, from the Round Pond to the receiving-house of the Humane Society. I remember being undressed, and then sent on to order the warm-bath, which I found ready on my arrival. I remember how difficult it was to get my wet clothes off. I remember how the shaking that my stockings were not the pair which were darned so much at the knee, and which would have been discreditable; and I remember seeing the water poured out of my watch—it was a silver one, but a good performer—on the ground; and then I remember feeling very much like the superintendent of the place—a man of some forty years of age, with a black face and great bushy whiskers—kept throwing the water from a very wet chest with his hands as I lay in the bath and thought how warm it felt, and how strange it was that this water should be the first thing resorted to to repair the mischief which water had done.

Is misfortune good for us, that it makes us feel so happy afterward? I shall never forget the peace of that time. I shall never forget how, looking up at the face of the man who sat beside the bath, I thought I had never seen any one who looked so good and so benevolent. He was a man who had the appearance of a saint. Saints, and he was sort of person one would wish to have by one in a storm, or indeed in any kind of danger.

The receiver of the Humane Society is not, in its interior arrangements, unlike a ward in a hospital. Clean, and warm, and airy, it is provided with the means of hot and cold vapor baths at one time, and of readily putting in practice all the directions which are given in the Society's book for the restoration of those who are said to be suspended. As soon as I had been long enough in the warm bath, I was taken out and put into a bed between two warm blankets, heated from beneath by a hot water apparatus, but without sheets. The next remedy applied was a dose of something brandy-and-water of considerable strength; after drinking which I lay down again, and thought I had never seen so warm a room before in all my life. I remained there all the afternoon, in a half-dreamy state, watching the attendants as they moved about the room, putting away the things which had been deranged on my account, and listening to the sound of the turning over of leaves, which came from an adjoining room, where the superintendent was sitting, waiting till he might be wanted again, and reading, to beguile the time, a book of shipwrecks. Meanwhile a messenger had been sent to my house for dry clothes. The messenger thoughtfully chose was a woman, lest if one of the men in his remembrance had gone he might give the alarm close to whom he was sent in an unnecessary degree. By the time the dry clothes had arrived I was just ready for a pleasant dose. I was soon dressed, and was safe at home by the fireside before the lamps were lighted in the streets.

CAPT'N BEN'S WIFE.

IT is easy to describe Captain Ben Conover. Of powerful frame without being tall, quick in motion and speech, with a square, honest face, where many years of rough service have not left a line, with a certain stamp of the sea upon him we always find in those who "follow the water," behold "Cap'n Ben," as he is universally called, the oldest and most experienced pilot on the Jersey coast.

Meeting him the other day on board the *Highland Light*, I was surprised to hear him predict a northeaster.

"You don't apprehend a storm so soon, do you?" "I've had a three days' fog, and that ought to bring fine weather according to the signs."

"Fity the clark o' the weather don't know all the signs, as he could make it to suit. Now my signs says we'll have a northeaster before to-morrow morning, and I am thinking there'll be work for me longshore."

Captain Ben is the only really weather-wise person I ever knew. He seems to know from instinct what others can only guess at; for, despite the almanac and other equally credible authority, I maintain that, with our present knowledge, we can foretell nothing of the weather from observation.

"That three days' fog notion seems to hang on like," says the observing wrecker.

"Why, Cap'n Ben, I never did see a storm come out of a long fog."

"Well, Saxon, I have"—Saxon being a longshore nickname of mine. "The big blow of '38 came on in that way. You were a young 'un then; but you may remember the *North America* drove ashore on the Hook, and filled up the old Shrewsbury Inlet. I was anchor-sweeping with Jack Hartshorne that year, and lost my sloop the same night, with old Sam on board."

"That must have been a heavy loss to you, Cap'n Ben. You were a young man then?"

"Yes, the *Juliet* was my first sloop, and I thought at the time 'twas a pretty hard pull; but if it hadn't been for that, I should never count that storm pretty much clear gain after all."

This ambiguous phrase, and the wrecker's peculiar smile, led me to understand there was a story forthcoming, so, securing a couple of stools near the stove, I sat down, and being seated, I expressed my readiness to listen.

"You know," continued the old man, "there was a new wrecking station in those days, only two or three of us kept boats at bad, dirty longshore. I had one just below Deal, and after I got home I mustered a crew for her and set a watch on the beach, I made leg for Long Branch, where Uncle Jerry had a big old barge. She had been a good vessel in her day, Chalmers were so strongly put, you could punch a piece out with your finger. Uncle Jerry was laid up with rhumatis, and I knew his sloop would go ashore in her if need come, so I thought I'd better be with them, for in a heavy sea she'd want nice handling to keep her from bein' knocked to pieces.

"I left the *Juliet* Tuesday morning and got to Uncle Jerry's about high-water Wednesday. I found young Jerry—that was then—with an under lee of the barge, at a place called South Cove, where the shore lands in pretty sharp for a mile or so, and then takes a short turn back, making a big shaped like a fish-hook, with the light to southward. The entrance to much of this bay is long bar that runs dry at low-water, and a worse place for a northeaster, I don't want to see.

"Jerry told me the *North America* was wrecked in the inlet, and said the boys had gone up there at daylight.

"'That you've stood watch all the morning alone,' says I.

"'Yes,' he says, 'I came down at low-water and 'ave been here ever since.'

"Well, Jerry, I guess six hours out in such a storm is enough for one man. You go to the house and get some hot tea, and don't hurry back either. Some of the boys will be down from the Hook before dinner-time.'

"I overhauled the boat and found they had got her in pretty good order, and then took a tramp a-foot to the inlet.

"The tide was full up, and the storm about at the worst. The surf on the bar was really awful. I have seen many storms there since, but never when the sea seemed to get up as it did that day. It would roll up on to the flat, three great swells together, and then drop up into a broken, smaller seas, combing and breaking all ways at once. As I stood looking at the bar, thinking what a poor chance 'twas for any thing like a boat living up on there, old Tommy Wayman came along, and was going past, up to the house, without seeing me, the caps of the cloak blowing all over my face; I couldn't think what would bring the old man out in such weather, so I went over and spoke to him.

"'Good morning, morning for you to be out, Mr. Wayman,' says I.

"'Oh, Ben,' he says, 'I am mighty glad to find you here! I was sure, by this wind now, there we over. I can't stand it like I used to. I see Uncle Jerry's keep up above this morning, so I've been keepin' kind of a look-out with my glass. I can't see very well, Ben, but nigh as I can make out there is a sail and some about two miles in the offing. She lays head to it, and I can't tell whether it's a ship with her mizzen gone or a brig. Any way she's in distress, and with the tide she gets to the sand they'll pull through pretty fast.'

"There's where she'll bring up, then,' says I, pointing to the bar. 'Though, if there's any body aboard that knows enough, they might make a rag of sail on her and bring her round the upper end of the bar into smoother water, and if her anchors wouldn't hold then she'd ground where the surf wouldn't hurt her a bit.'

"The old man shook his head. 'No, there ain't no pilot aboard, or they wouldn't be where they are. I see she'd have to strike here anyway, so I come down to look if any thing could be done with Jerry's boat.'

"The boat is all right, Mr. Wayman, but how long would she live in a sea like that?'

"'No boat could go on to the bar and ever come back, Ben; but I think we might take 'em under the edge of the shoal and be of help when the wreck breaks up. I could do it if I was younger, and Jerry says you're a quick hand in a boat. I've but young folks is skeery these days; 'tain't like it was when I was young.'

"I didn't see any thing to that, but took another sharp squint to wind'ard, and thought I see a faint show of spars. 'I was gone before I could so sure; but I began to with the boys were down, so I asked the old man to go down to the boat-house and help me fire the gun. He thought 'twas no use, as he couldn't be heard more than half a mile to wind'ard; but we concluded to try it, and had fired two rounds when Jerry come down. He reported a brig in sight; so we fired again. Then rounds being the signal of distress. The boys were here by the next time fired, and soon came running in. They were wet, cold, and hungry; so I made 'em all go up to the house while they could, thinking they'd need comfort, maybe, before they got another chance.

"Jerry and I set about building a big fire under of the boat-house; and by time we had done that the brig was in plain sight about a mile off

shore. If I had been aboard her then I could have saved every stick and stitch; but those who were there must have given up, for they didn't try to do the first thing.

"We laid ways down to the water, and when the others came back lifted the boat on to rollers. Then we all stood round the fire and waited. That is the hardest thing I ever have to do. All the courage in the world can't keep a man from shrinking when he has to stand idly on the shore and see a noble ship driving on to certain destruction, with human beings, new to the sea, clinging to the rigging, only to be swept off when the sea breaks over her. No one spoke around the fire that day as we watched the brig coming in. She was drifting very slowly at first; but, as old Wayman had foreseen, when her anchor touched the land they didn't hold at all, and she drove along fearfully fast.

"By this time a good many shore folk were gathered round the fire, and when I asked for volunteers to go in the boat every man was offered. I chose a crew of eight, taking every other man as they stood; and while they were taking the boat down to old Tommy Wayman came to me and asked pardon for what he had said. 'I know you'll not let an old man's talk hinder you to do any thing foolhardy, Ben; but if you should never come back I'd feel guilty about having as I live.' I shook hands with the old man, and told him 'twas no time to remember such little things; and for the rest, with the permission of Providence, I'd bring the crew safely back with more in her than she took out.

"We were a little to leeward of the brig when we started, but she drifted past us now very near the bar. I could not see her, as I held the boat almost in the water and didn't dare turn my head round even an instant, but I knew when she struck by the faces of the men. Watching my chance, I put the boat right about on the back of a sea, and we drove down toward the wreck. Just as I caught sight of her she lifted on a tremendous wave, and then pitched forward, striking so heavy that her foremast snapped like a pipe-stem and went over the side.

"As we neared her I put the boat head to wind-'ard again, and we lay almost in the surf waiting for some sign of life. There was no one on deck, and after watching a while, straining on the oars to hold our own, we had about concluded she was deserted, when one of the men thought he saw a signal from the cabin windows. Next time she lifted they could all see it waved a moment and then withdrawn, and several thought they could make out a woman's arm.

"I expected every moment the brig would break up, but, as it appeared, she was entirely new and her hull was very strong. When I saw she would hold together some time at least, I knew there was nothing to be done unless we could board her.

"There's the signal again,' said Jerry, who was pulling the bow oar, 'and it is a woman's arm, that's certain.'

"After a moment, feeling they were all looking at me, I said quietly, 'I'll not ask any one to go to a stroke further. You know what is to be done as well as I. If the boat lives through we shall save at least one human creature from a land death. If she goes to pieces—some of us may get ashore.'

"No one answered me, as I let her fall off all she'd been carrying to their oars with a will, and the next moment we were tossing and tumbling in the surf. It seemed to me hours, though I don't suppose 'twas many minutes, we were struggling literally for dear life, and, though eight better oars never were pulled, several times lost more than we had made. The old boat behaved nobly though, and, in a little lull, we finally crossed the shoal, weathered the brig, and rounded to just under her lee.

"They saw us as we passed the cabin windows, and a man staggered out with a coil of line in his hand, one end of which he made fast in the main rigging and the other round his waist. A sea coming over the brig's bow swept him off to leeward, and he was almost drowned before we could get him into the boat. He had been fearfully knocked about in the surf, where all hands had taken to the rigg, and at first couldn't speak a word. He was a Portugee, and couldn't talk much English any way, but when he was contrived to tell us there were five more aboard the brig, though he believed they were all dead except the young woman who made the signals, and she must be almost gone too by that time. I gave the helm to the stroke oar and stripped off every thing but my shirt and trousers, then taking the line from the Portugee's waist, jumped overboard and struck out for the brig. That was nothing of a swimming, but with the aid of the line I contrived to pull up into the rigging and cling there till I could get breath again. The cabin was astern, ship fashion, and by watching for seas I managed to reach the doors and open them. The water rushed out so I could hardly stand, and I had to wait for a lurch before I could go in. Every thing movable was adrift—tables, chairs, and lockers—washing from one side the cabin to the other, and through and mingling the lifeless bodies that were tossing to and fro with them.

"There was no one alive in the cabin, so I called loudly, and heard a faint answer from a side stateroom. The door was broken in and the little room was flooded with water at every side roll. Lashed fast in the top berth I found the young lady; she had given up all hope when deserted by the Portugee, and had sunk down here decently to die. Cutting the fasts, I lifted her in my arms and, without serious mishap, carried her out under lee of the caboose.

"I had not been aboard the brig more than ten minutes, but in that time the boat had drifted away and was laying in the surf on the shore side of the bar. The men bent to the work and pulled hard and heartily; but the Portugee was too much used up to row strong, and six sweeps couldn't hold. They had to let her drive into quieter water where they could bail out and take breath. Then they dashed in again and did the best men could do, working on, though often losing in one minute all they had made in ten, in imminent danger of being swamped or stove in, and the chances more against them every moment. I saw 'twas no use, and made signal to give it up and go ashore. They wouldn't do that; but going into smoother water again, they worked well up to wind'ard and tried to cross as we had at first. Two or three times in the trough of a sea I thought the old boat had gone under, and at last she did take a wave that filled her, and all but two had to in-sweep and go to bailing with their hats. They drove by some ways in shore, and beckoned me to jump and swim. I would have tried it alone, but I knew I couldn't reach with the young woman, so I waved my hand to them and turned away, feeling sort of desperate and half choked.

"There was no time for having the blues though, for my companion required immediate attention. I had a little flask of spirits in the pocket of my guernsey, and made her take enough to brighten her up a bit. She was regularly exhausted by fatigue and cold, but said she was not much bruised, and when I spoke about building a raft, was anxious to help, though she could scarcely lift her feet. I soon found there was no raft to be built, as the whole deck was breaking up, having been started when the foremast went over. I had hoped that, as the hull proved strong, it might hold together till the storm abated; but when the deck began to go I knew that was impossible. We could get into the cabin once more and found three or four blankets, which, though soaking wet, would keep the head off. Wrapping the young woman as well as I could, I carried her into the main rigging, out of reach of the seas, and lashed her fast, clinging closely by with my hands in case the brig came to cut at the last minute.

"I don't know if I told you before: the brig was the *Tonquin*, from Turk's Island, loaded with salt in bulk, and the breaking up of the deck, that I thought would be the ruin of us, proved our salvation. When the planks parted and floated off the cargo began to wash out, and as more was uncovered, it took to the bottom. She began to have a longer lift with the sea, and didn't strike so heavy. I couldn't get a range to see, but thought we must be moving, for the motion grew smooth, she swung round to her anchors, fairly afloat, and my hearty 'Thank God!' told my companion we were near the bar.

"As the brig lay pretty easy, head to it, I took the young woman down, and stowed her against the mainmast, while I made a little swept. The hold was half full of water, and there was evidently a big leak somewhere; so I thought best to cut cable and let her ride by the bow. She kept steering sail on her, but every thing was whipped out; and I had to let her go as she would.

"The young woman had quite livened up by this time, but I found her mourning piteously, and learned that her only brother lay in the cabin with the others. It appears he had left Kingston at Turk's Island for a house in New York, and his sister had accompanied him there, they two being entirely alone in the world. He had taken a fever out there, and they were returning home in hope of bettering his health, when the storm overtook them, just as they were rejoicing that the perils of the voyage were over. The poor girl cried bitterly while she told me this, and I felt as if I could have for the breakers close on the lee bow, Ben Conover might have felt another dash of salt-water too.

"We started to reach about a mile below the boat-house, but the people had followed us down shore; and as she was wash'd very heavy there, they hadn't much trouble in getting us clear of all right. They made a kind of litter with sweeps and thwarts, and I had the girl carried up to Uncle Jerry's, where good old Aunt Sarah made her comfortable as possible.

"Next morning, as she was sleeping good, I went to York without much to tell me there days to settle the affairs of the brig; and when I got back she was so glad to see me that I—well, I don't know exactly what I did; but pretty glad, too.

"Having been at Turk's Island since she was a little girl, she had no friends here, and didn't know what to do nor where to go to. I advised her to stay where she was, as I thought she'd be safer and more at home. Uncle Jerry's folks took a great liking to her; and when I built my house in Shrewsbury, and was ready to move in that next spring, they didn't want to give her up at all.

"There, Saxon, that's the longest story ever I told. We must be moving, and go back to the town. Let's go on deck and see if the South River boat is in sight. And, Saxon, if you want to see a perfect picture of the girl I found in the cabin of the *Tonquin*, you come down to Squan and make us a visit. My daughter Sarah is just the image of her."

Captain Ben was right about the coming storm. The night of the 3d of November witnessed one of the fiercest tempests of the year, and sixteen fellow-creatures became indebted for their lives to the skill, courage, and humanity of Captain Ben Conover and the hardy 'longshoremen of the Jersey coast.

FROM MY NATIVE LAND.

SWEET songster from a distant clime,
Why can't st thou to my prison grate?
Why by this cold shoals of crime
Dost wait?
Yet stay, and sing about my cell;
I love thee well.

Light tenant of the gentle breeze,
Whose sigh hath raised thy brilliant coat,
Till, like the foam crest on the seas,
Doth float
The snow beneath its gorgeous hue,
As white to blue.

Good bird, who was it bads thee fly,
And bear each bliss upon thy wing,
To him that's now condemned to die?
You bring
Dreams of the cot where he was born:
Is it yet gone?

Thou wanderer from my native land,
Thou fairy of the golden wing,
See, at my bars I suppliant stand:
Come sing
The news that nearest from abroad—
Thy precious hoard.

Tell me if yet the silver dew
Hangs heavy at the morning's dawn;
Or if the stream where once there grew,
A drooping willow at its side,
Still flows its tide?

And is the grass as soft and green,
The skies as bright as once they were?
The heaven's ah often seen
To dare
The chase, the echoing hills along,
With shout and song?

Say if the shadow of my thought,
Still goes to where the chapel floor,
And if that sacred prayer is fraught
No more,
With supplication deep and free,
Still for me?

And tell me if the roses bore
Their blossoms when you came away;
And if the one whom I adore
For aye
Still weeps and wails amid their bloom
In silent gloom?

But whisper not her name, sweet bird,
Or whisper very soft and low,
As if so sacred to be heard—
Ah! though
Some kindly angels from above
Said words of love.

But see, the light is reversed,
The rain is coming pattering from the sky:
Sweet bird, the sunshine hour is past—
Come fly—
Come quickly to my friendly breast,
And there rest!

Thou fleest, and thy 'wildering song
Is deathly false and sadly vain;
My prison bars are doubly strong
Again.
There's nothing left in life for me
But Liberty!

NEW YORK, 1860.

SPANISH THUGS.

IT is but to a limited number of Spaniards of the present day that the existence, in any age, of the society we are about to describe is known. But that it was formed in Spain, only in the latter years of Charles the Fourth's reign, is an indubitable fact in the secret history of Spain, and one in association with which the Inquisition performed, perhaps, its only praiseworthy act.

There is a portion of the period at which the secret society of Despeadores was first instituted; but from the name it is to be inferred it was of some antiquity. For though the Spanish language yet owns the verb *actiar*, desperate (not to be confounded with desperate, which latter means the act of throwing from a height or other elevation, precipitating), with the signification "to case, to alleviate, to relieve from pain or care," it has long fallen into disuse, and may be looked upon as nearly obsolete.

On the evening of a certain day in the year 1805, in a dwelling which overlooks apartments in the town of Ocaña, in Old Castile, a worthy and respected citizen lay suffering under disease of long standing; at the hour of the bell was fixed the customary pila, or little open earthenware vessel, containing holy water, surmounted by a painting of his patron saint at the foot of the bed, a table of a small kind of altar bearing a couple of lighted tapers flanking a wooden effigy of our Saviour extended on the cross, before which the sick man's eyes were riveted imploringly, gave unmistakable signs that the patient was considered in danger. And he was yet in a state of health, unmarried, well-to-do in the world, of excellent character, and notable for his devout and rigid observance of the forms and ceremonies of his Church. His only relative was a sister, who, with two domestics, constituted the household of the sick man. Aloof from the sick-chamber to make way for his friend the parish-priest—fortunately a plain, sensible, straightforward man—who, at the patient's request, had been sent for to receive his confession, and to administer the last rites of absolution and extreme unction. And now that these ceremonies had been performed, the clergyman, who had long known and held the patient in much esteem, remained at his side, praying with and exhorting him. The sick man did not exactly fear to meet death, nor did he murmur at the decree of his Maker, yet he nevertheless exhibited extreme regret at being called from this world so soon. Therefore his friend, the priest, sought somewhat to cheer him, by observing, "that, although in these acts he had complied with the duty of a good Christian in preparing himself for the worst, he ought by no means to despair of the possibility of the Divine mercy being even yet extended to him in this world, as there were numerous instances of persons recovering from a far more precarious state than he was yet in." This reawakened some hope in the patient's mind, and he seemed to gather strength and energy.

But a slight noise in the room occasioning him suddenly to cast his eyes toward the door, the patient was seized with a convulsive tremor, his countenance betrayed signs of the most intense horror, and a cold sweat burst from him, as in an agonized whisper he said to the priest, "There is no hope, no escape, for me; now, indeed, my life is circumscribed to a few minutes, and it must terminate when you leave me; my death is now certainly and inevitably at hand." The good priest feared that a sudden delirium had seized the sufferer, yet thought it well to argue with him, and inquire if any change in his sensations induced him to make so fatal a prognostic? No, he was incrcase in the symptoms of his disease; but he must die, he must die almost immediately. As he repeated this, often and vehemently, and with the same whispered tone, the priest insisted on being told the reason; and at last the patient, with great trembling and secrecy, pointed his attention to two persons who had entered and who stood in consternation at the further end of the room, as though unwilling to intrude on his spiritual conference with his adviser. They were staid, sober, and respected men of that same town, wearing the sad-colored garments that denoted their being beadles, or devotees, and they were acquainted both with the patient and the priest. They came to inquire the state of their departing friend, and if it must be, to take their farewell of him. The sick man, with increased agitation, whispered, "They are of us. They are my companions. They are Despeadores. By their hands I shall die as soon as you quit me and they and I are left alone." With this, his thin hands seized and held the priest's arm with almost supernatural force.

What was the meaning of those words? What were Despeadores? Why should his fate depend upon their? The priest were questions he was not quite unable to solve; but he determined, as far as possible, to tranquilize the poor wretch by assuring him that he would not leave his side until dismissed by himself to do so. This in some measure relieved the sick man's fright. There the priest sat for hours, during which the two men more than once drew near the bedside, inquiring of the patient (who shuddered afresh at each approach) if the state of his mind, conducive generally observing that the Senor Parroco must be wearied by his long attendance, and offering to relieve him in waiting upon the sufferer by the clergyman. But the priest, warned by the clutch of his friend's hand, declined to accept their proposal, and, finally, finding no change for a longer stay at that time, they had to withdraw.

Perceiving that there was a mystery to be could not for the present learn, and that the conflict of terror and hope rendered the patient for the time incapable of hearing it up, the clergyman resolved on staying by him until the latest hour, should his disorder finally take a fatal turn; and he gave strict injunction that no one whatsoever, not the medical attendants should be admitted into the sick-room: his clerical presence being a sufficient excuse to exclude others who might intrude. On the succeeding day he was gratified by learning that the crisis of the disorder had passed, and that the patient's condition was considered hopeful. As soon as he found him sufficiently tranquil and resumed to revert to the mysterious subject, the priest urged him to disclose every thing relating to his strange hints of the preceding night. Ultimately he drew from him, though with much difficulty, that a secret Judgment: This existed a secret Brotherhood of which he was a member, not numerously, but widely, disseminated throughout Spain, who were sworn to seek every opportunity of gaining access to such persons as, being *in extremis* words, had received the last sacraments and rites of their religion, and, under pretext of praying with and giving them spiritual consolation, to seize the first moment of being alone with them to terminate their remaining hours—by strangulation, by smothering with a pillow, or in any other way not calculated to awaken suspicion: That this Brotherhood was guided by a much higher object than the merely charitable one which their adopted name of Despeadores would imply; for, instead of merely attending to abbreviate the death-agony of the sufferer, their object was to prevent all possibility of his escaping from the world without dying, as would sometimes happen: That the Despenadores knew that, after having received plenary absolution and the other rites of the Church, the dying were in a state of beatitude, and certain of admission to heaven; while, should they be restored to health, they would be exposed to all the temptations and temptations of this wicked world, which, according to the weakness of nature, would lead them to sin again and unavoidably imperil their souls, should they afterward be cut off by accidental sudden decease: That the Brotherhood, therefore, looked to the eternal welfare of the absolved, and insured them a certain entrance into Paradise.

Anyone who can be had personally taken part in these acts on more than one occasion, the patient was sternly asked by the priest why they had never been visited by him in his frequent confessions to him? He answered that it was not incumbent on him or on any of his companions to name them, for, so far from being sins, they were meritorious actions, inasmuch as they rendered certain the salvation of souls that might otherwise perish.

The poor priest was shocked and puzzled by the revelation, for he could not easily decide whether he ought or ought not to regard it as made under the seal of confession, and consequently of inviolable secrecy; but, after some consideration, he judged it his duty to lay the whole matter privately before his diocesan, the Archbishop of Toledo. That prelate being one of the grand inquisitors, found sufficient reason in it to inform the three individuals whom the clergyman pointed out as Despeandores lodged in the cells of the Holy Office. On being examined, they exhibited neither fear nor compunction at owning themselves

members of that secret but, as they contended, most praiseworthy association, or in naming such others of the fraternity as they knew.

How to act toward the fanatics implicated in this most horrible league, who were within a short time all arrested, became a matter of perplexity as well to the Inquisition as to the Council of Castile (which, as civil crime had been committed in the formation of a secret society, had also to take part in it); for it was desirable to avoid, as far as possible, giving publicity to the facts, lest an indignant spirit of revenge should be roused among survivors who conceived that their deceased relatives had been murdered. The question of culpability was, therefore, in many instances not hypothetically for consideration of the most eminent jurists in Spain, as well of common as of canon law, and the majority of their opinions was that crime had been committed—not with a willfully guilty intent, but from a deplorably misguided and fanatical belief. The punishment was consequently limited to such different terms of confinement as were considered necessary to indoctrinate the culprits in a proper manner; and when they were released it was under the assurance that the utmost severity of the law would be put in force against them in the event of relapse. The higher ecclesiastical and civil authorities were commanded to keep a most vigilant watch, and from that time the association was virtually extinguished, whatever became of the individual feelings of its members.

How many victims may have been sacrificed to this spirit of inhuman and revolting fanaticism no human being can ever know, and the day of judgment alone can reveal.

THE NEW ROBE.

BY S. E. S.

Were Lady Ecrit rom from her cold ocean bath,
Entwining the water-shadowed hair,
One day when the winds fluttered chill o'er the path,
And the leaves shivered down on the air,
She turned, in disdain, from the soft-flowing grace
Of her robe, and her jewels' gleam,
While the splendor fell down from her fair, bright face,
Like the falling light of a dream.

"I am weary," she said, "of the crimson and gold
That shine out in my autumn dress;
For the Night hath wept over every fold,
And tarnished its loveliness.
'Twas gorgeous and rich, but I tire of it now,
And sigh for another, whose hue
Shall be like the bloom that fell from the bough
Of the apple-trees, wet with dew.

"The sober brown dress that I wore last spring
When I sought for the first young flowers,
When I listened afar for the birds that sing
Through the low monotone of the showers,
Was suited by the dress and the mist's gray wings,
That braided o'er the glistening sheen;
And as summer blushed by the valleys and springs,
I drew around me a robe of green.

"Then covered with blossoms and low trailing vines,
With jasmine and rose-leaves quaint;
And the long grasses waved in delicate lines
Where the rose in my hair grew faint.
Diamonds and violets with quivering light,
Flashing, lay on my bosom bare;
While the lilies that bloomed on my mantle white
Dropped fragrance athwart the air.

"But I cast it aside with cold, careless scorn,
And stepped from its clinging caress;
And down midst the yellow and whispering corn
I wove me a glittering dress.
Right royally flouted its purple and gold,
Gemmed over with gay crimson leaves,
While a warm, amber light glanced down from each fold,
Like the sun on the harvest sheaves.

"I braided the bands of my long, sunny hair
With the drooping grace of the wheat,
And I entwined the sheen of my golden ears
With the blue grapes fragrant and sweet.
But the wheat is shaken, the grapes' deep blue
Hath lost all its watery light,
And the hem of my robe is soiled, trailing through
The forest's brown paths in the night.

"I will dress me anew, ere the morning dawns,
In a robe whose beauty shall be
As soft as the shadow that flit o'er the lawns,
And pure as the form of the sea."
Then she turned with a bound to the wind's low sighs
That crept over the mountain bleak,
The light grew dark in her soft blue eyes,
As a thought flushed over her cheek.

When the morning came with its wide, pale light,
She stood by the frozen sea,
With her bare arms gleaming, snowy and white,
From her robe of purity.
Two floating and fair as the wind-kept down
That falls from the eider's wing;
And diamonds and pearls in her jeweled crown
Neath the sunbeams were quivering.

Long plumes of white, with their tremulous grace,
Drooping down from her shadowed hair,
Touched softly her cheek as her bright, glad face,
As she smiled on the amiit air.
In the misty folds of her drapery lay
Rare blossoms of silvery hue,
So cunningly wrought—so dream-like were they—
Each moment they changed to the view.

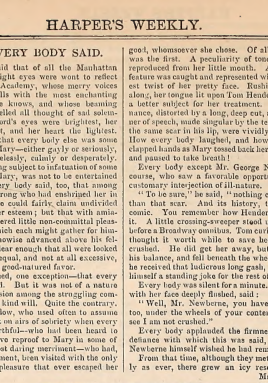
For the fluttering fall of the soft pure lace,
That lay like a veil around,
Hid the lily away in the snow-drop's place,
And covered them both with down;
And the Lady's smile overbowed her face,
In a sudden and happy glow,
As her eyes swept over her new robe's grace—
The whiteness and silence of snow.

St. Louis, Missouri.

WHAT EVERY BODY SAID.

EVERY body said that of all the Manhattan maidens whose bright eyes were wont to reflect the lustres of the Academy, whose merry voices filled Society's halls with the most enchanting music that nature knows, and whose beaming spirits forever repelled all thought of sad solemnity, Mary Dashford's eyes were brightest, her voice the sweetest, and her heart the lightest. Every body said that every body else was some way in love with Mary—either gayly or seriously, consistently or hopelessly, calmly or desperately. The idea of not being subject to infatuation of some sort, as regarded Mary, was not to be entertained at any time. Every body said, too, that among all the dashing young blades who had enlisted her in their souls not one could fairly claim undivided pre-eminence in her esteem; but that with amiable grace she showered little non-committal pleasantries around, which each might gather for himself and yet feel nowise advanced above his fellows. It seemed clear enough that all were looked upon by her with equal, and not at all excessive, though sufficiently good-natured favor.

There was, indeed, one exception—that every body acknowledged. But it was not of a nature to excite apprehension among the struggling competitors for Mary's kind will. Quite the contrary. An odd kind of fellow, who used often to assume dignity, and to put on airs of seniority when every body else was unfeignedly but lately heard in utter words of grave reproof to Mary in some of the innocents of mad dashing merriment—at which, as a proper punishment, been visited with the only petulance and displeasure that ever escaped her



"SHE LET THE NOTE FALL AMONG THE GLOWING FLAMES."

lips—who had not even the right-ful claim of extreme youth upon her attention, and who was altogether too profound and sometimes even pedantic to suit at all the tastes of the brilliant circle over which Mary held sway—was evidently viewed by her with much distrust and suspicion, notwithstanding that his relations of apparent friendship toward her were broken apart, and a superficial courtesy guided all the details of their intercourse.

Not that Mr. George Newberne was absolutely repulsive or intolerable. Very far from it. At most times, every body, Mary, too, was disposed to consider him with appreciation ;—for, after all, there were few more brilliant, more genial, more generous than he, when he so chose to be. But then

he had queer ways of intruding inappropriate severities at unexpected times, and scattering sharp observations about him, in a manner that would bring upon him the temporary hatred of all who heard him. Not even Mary, whom every body else strove to shield from the faintest shadows of discomfort, was exempt from his occasional asperities. Sometimes, in the very height of her brilliancy, when all had gathered about her delighted, and were taking a delicious vicarious enjoyment in the great quantities, the sentiment of the group would be suddenly changed from happiness to wrath by some extraordinary and ill-timed utterance of Mr. Newberne, calculated to bring reproach upon the central divinity. Perhaps Mary would then briskly retort, and bring back the happiness that had been so unfairly used against her; and at such times Mr. Newberne was always instantaneously silenced. Then thought this strange, because they had noticed that when any person else entered the contest on her part, and undertook sarcastic retaliation, he was straightway confounded and put to shame by Newberne, who, whatever were his errors, had certainly no notion of shrinking from any encounter of keen wits. How Mary endured it as repeatedly nobody could understand, and every body declared that the time must speedily come when Mr. George Newberne would be blotted out from her recognition.

I remember one of these little exhibitions of bad taste, which was perhaps the most annoying that ever occurred. One festival night, when Mary was more than usually captivating, and when all the attractions of a glittering drawing-room lor conversation was the most powerful, she was surrounded by a little army of admirers, most of whom stood silent, venturing only a chance acquiescent phrase or a submissive murmur of approval. Mr. Newberne stood not far away, listening like the rest, and smiling like the rest, at each fleshing sentence. Mary drew wonderful revelations of character. With a phrase she characterized, for evil or for good, whomsoever she chose. Of all mimics she was the first. A peculiarity of tone came aptly reproduced from her little mouth. An oddity of feature was caught and represented with the queerest twist of her pretty face. Rushing playfully along, her tongue lit upon Tom Henderson. Never a better subject for her treatment. His countenance, distorted by a long, deep cut, and his manner of speech, made singular by the termination of the same scar in his lip, were vividly brought up. How every body laughed, and how every body applauded as Mary tossed back her dainty head, and paused to take breath!

Every body except Mr. George Newberne, of course, who saw a favorable opportunity for his customary interjection of ill-nature.

"To be sure," he said, "nothing can be duller than that scar. And its history, too, is all so comic. You remember how Henderson came by it. A little crossing-sweeper was run unconsciously before a Broadway omnibus. Tom curiously enough thought it worth while to save her from being crushed. She did get her way, but then he lost his balance, and fell beneath the wheels. And so he received that ludicrous long gash, and rendered himself a standing joke for the rest of his life."

Every body was silent for a minute. Then Mary, with her face deeply flushed, said:

"Well, Mr. Newberne, you have thrown me, too, under the wheels of your contempt, but you see I am not crushed."

Every body applauded the firmness and quick defiance with which this was said, and I think Newberne himself wished he had remained quiet.

From that time, although they met as frequently as ever, there grew an icy reserve between Mary Dashford and Geo. Newberne. Some persons thought too that when he was by she showed less gayety than she had been accustomed to. But this was considered of very slight importance compared with the fact that, for the first time within the knowledge of Society, Mary began to indicate a human preference. And who should be its object but this same unfortunate Tom Henderson, of whom she had made such fun only a little while before?

Every body deluded at first, but it soon became clear that Tom was very much favored. She went with him to the opera twice as often as with any one else, and allowed him to talk with her just as much as he desired to, which she had never used to do, because, she had said, although he was a noble fellow, he was a noble and outrageous fellow, as he had proved himself in that affair of rescuing the little street-girl, yet he certainly was dull and uninteresting, and brought heaviness of spirit upon her. But she never said any thing of that kind now, and if any body ever laughed at Tom to her, she would not encourage him a bit.

This went on until Tom himself experienced a light, and understood with some degree of clearness how matters were. Of course he was vastly delighted, and gave plentiful evidence of his appreciation of the good fortune that had befallen him. He bought amazing trousers, and decorated himself all over with watch-chains and finger-rings, to the extent of a good many hundreds of dollars. In the matter of boots and kid-gloves he became astonishingly immaculate, and his neckties were the most touching things I ever saw, in that way. His absolute disregard of cost, it was said by shop-keepers, brought upon him a great deal of credit. He even undertook to express himself in a more direct way to Miss Dashford herself, by adoration-offerings of bracelets and things; but these were rather frowned upon by the lady, who forbade him to go to any greater lengths than an occasional bouquet.

Mr. George Newberne saw all this, as every body did, but, unlike the rest, refused to make it a subject of public discussion. He saw no reason, he said, to persecute either Mary or Tom with the attacments of a pair of young people, and, for his part, he preferred not to talk too much about it. This was ascribed to his well-known acerbity, and when it was announced one day that he was about to desert New York, and run off for some years to the opposite continent, every body said he had probably got tired of the unfailing topic, and was determined to get rid of it by this violent means. But somehow, every body, in spite of all his bad temper and repeated social aggressions, felt a regret which they could not explain when they heard the news. They remembered some good points of manliness, genuine sincerity, honorable friendship, which they had been in the habit of overlooking. But as it was settled that he was to go, they could only bid him the best good-by they had on hand, and wish him all sorts of pleasant journeyings.

Mr. Newberne passed around to say the last words to his friends before departing. He came in upon Mr. Tom Henderson.

"What can I do for you, Tom, over the water?" said he.

"Why, nothing," said Henderson, "nothing that I think of. But, then, Newberne, perhaps you might do something for me here before you go—but it is, if you are willing."

"Of course; say what."

"You will see Mary Dashford before you go?"

"This morning, if she is at home."

"Well, Newberne, I have always had an idea that a little present for which you said one night at Larcher's house first turned Mary's thoughts upon me. I may be wrong, anyhow I would. What do you think—shall I, old fellow?"

"I never think about any thing," said Mr. Newberne.

"Oh; well, that's strange, too. But still it seemed so to me, and since Miss Dashford has—since she gives—since every body says I have—if you see you've heard what every body says?"

"Oh yes."

"Of course; well, since that is the case, I have written a little note here—I don't like to talk much, but it came hard, and I only finished it last night —telling her what every body says, you know, and asking her what she says, you see. Don't you see?"

"I see," said Mr. Newberne.

"To be sure," said Mr. Henderson. "Now since I owe you, or at least I think I do, something in this affair already, wouldn't you be a splendid fellow, and add to the obligation by handing her this note? Then, you see, if she should be angry, you could say you know, and you see you might say a thing or two in the right direction any way, you know."

At that moment Mr. Newberne's attention was attracted to the street. Returning, after a little space, he said:

"No, Henderson, be advised, and don't ask my assistance. I can't help you in this case. Besides, letters never do at such a time."

"What, not do?"

"Not at all. I know a lady who was attacked ever so many times with letters, and who put them all away, one after the other. It needed the true evidence of earnest feeling that the voice and the eye could give. Well, I can't give you lessons, but take care to avoid letters."

"Now, my dear fellow, it's my only way. What else shall I do? You don't expect such a face as mine to fascinate, do you? And what sort of a voice is mine, cracked by an omnibus wheel, and a cut-throat? No, it won't do, you know. So help me through, and take the note."

Mr. Newberne yielded to continual persuasions, and took charge of the note and letter, too, with a little less cordiality than he had shown on entering.

Miss Dashford was at home, and would be glad to see Mr. Newberne.

Presently they stood together in the drawing-room. Less highly animated, but more charming than ever, was Mary. She never seemed so tranquil as when she welcomed her visitor; and yet in her little hand, as it lay for a moment in his, quivered, trembled, as it was not used to do.

"A last journey," said Mr. Newberne. "Do I come too early?"

"Oh no—oh no," said Mary; "you do not come too early."

"I have a double duty," he said. "First, let me tell you that I go to-morrow upon a long voyage. I would not do for me to go without your good wishes."

"I heard you were going, Mr. Newberne, but I decided for I thought if it were true I should know it from you."

What was it in her tone that made his fingers leave the note which he carried in his hand, and wonder within himself whether he would part with it at all? But he hesitated only for a moment.

"I have," he said, "promised to hand you this, from a gentleman who has done me too much honor in according it to me. It was his wish, not altogether mine, that I should bring it."

With some surprise she took it and read. Then her head drooped a little, and her face was hidden.

They stood very quietly, just by the fire-place, Newberne still folded in his heavy traveling-cloak —Mary shading her countenance with her hand. At last she looked up and spoke.

"Do you know," she asked, "what is in this note?"

"Mr. Henderson has told me," he said.

"You know, then, Mr. Newberne, how little me to a better understanding of my real duty than I myself possessed. I have always thanked you for it at some times, and I now have had the strongest reason to think so. Help me once more, Sir; tell me now what I should do."

"Don't ask me—don't ask me, Miss Dashford," he said. "Here you alone must judge. You must not ask me to say a word."

Then after another brief pause, bending forward, she let the note which told the story of poor Tom's heart fall, never touched by her own, full among the glowing flames. And yet neither spoke.

But as the little hand returned it was caught—caught too fast to be released—and the drooping form was drawn to a stronger and worthier resting-place than it had ever before found.

"You will not go—morrow?" said Mary, looking up, and speaking first, a long while after.

"My darling, no," said George Newberne.

At first every body said it was impossible. But this would not do at all; so every body said con-

fusted things indicative of profound stupor. At length, however, it was all arranged with extreme elegance, for every body said, "Of course, by all means, we always thought so; and some of us knew it from the very beginning."

THE REAL JAPANESE MERMAID.

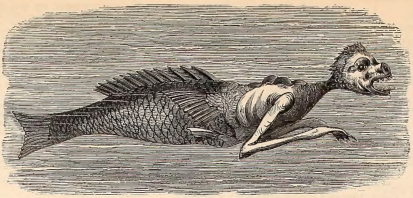
THE accompanying engraving of the well-known fish called by the Japanese the *Nosmo*, is from a sketch obligingly furnished us by the writer of the following letter. It will be viewed with interest by all who remember the excitement produced some years since by the exhibition of a so-called mermaid at Barnum's, in this city. The letter is as follows:

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

RANDOLPH, MACON COLLEGE, VIRGINIA, *December, 1859.*

I am to-night in receipt of a letter from Dr. D. B. Phillips, surgeon in the United States Navy, steamer *Mississippi*, dated Hong Kong, Sept. 27, 1859, and containing the accompanying sketch from nature and description (with the request that I forward them in his name and with his compliments to you for your *Weekly*, "of a very singular animal, found in Japan, and called the *Nosmo*. The specimen from which this sketch was taken is dead and dried, and is eighteen inches in length. I have examined it (continues Dr. Phillips) with the utmost care, and am fully persuaded that it is genuine. It is universally and immediately recognized by the Japanese as a *Nosmo*. The specimen is now in possession of Mr. T. King, master of the American schooner *Wanderer*, now at Shanghai, who purchased it at Kanagawa, Japan, for the sum of 130 *tekiboos*, equal to $40. Mr. King has since been offered $1500 for it by one I understand) Mr. Bruce, the English Minister to China." Vouching for the truth of all I assert, and leaving the question of classification to the naturalist, I remain,

Yours truly, WILLIAM B. CARR.



THE JAPANESE MERMAID.—[FROM A SKETCH BY DR. PHILLIPS, U.S.N.

THE ROCK OF GIBRALTAR.

IN connection with the war now raging in Northern Africa between Spain and Morocco we give the accompanying picture of the rock of Gibraltar, the key of the Mediterranean. If Spain should be successful in the war, her statesmen openly avow her intention of endeavoring to recover, by fair means or foul, this important position. No attempt of the kind would be successful if made by force; but England is now less covetous of territory than she was once.

Gibraltar, standing as it does on a peninsula at the entrance to the Mediterranean, is connected with the continent of Spain by a low sandy isthmus, one mile and a half long and three-quarters of a mile broad; having the bay of Gibraltar on the west (which is formed of Europa Point on the east and Point St. Garcia on the west) and the open sea of the Mediterranean on the east. Near the point of junction of this isthmus with the main land are the Spanish lines, between which and the rock is a space called the neutral ground. The highest point of the rock is about 1400 feet above the level of the sea; its north face is almost perpendicular; while its east side is full of tremendous precipices. On its south side it is almost inaccessible, making approach from seaward impossible; the west side, again, although nearly as rugged and precipitous as the others, slopes toward the sea, and here the rock is secured by extensive and powerful batteries rendering it apparently impregnable. Vast sums of money and an immense amount of labor have been spent in fortifying this celebrated strong-hold. Numerous caverns and galleries, extending from two to three miles in length, and of sufficient width for carriages, have been cut out of the solid rock, forming safe and sheltered communications from one part of the garrison to another without being exposed to the fire of an attacking enemy. Along these galleries, at intervals of every twelve yards, are port-holes, bearing on the neutral ground and bay; while trees, shrubs, and flowers of various kinds have been planted at different points, both for ornament and utility. On the summit of the rock there are several barracks, towers, and fortresses. Of late the fortifications have been carefully strengthened at every vulnerable point. Something over 1000 guns, of the largest calibre, are mounted on the rock; and it is supposed that among them the Armstrong gun will not be wanting. The principal defenses are on the west side, fronting the bay, but there is also a battery on the east side, though the steepness and ruggedness of the rock would seem to render it almost unnecessary. The town of Gibraltar is situated on the west side of the peninsula, terminating in Europa Point, and fronts the bay. The bay is of semicircular form, about six miles in length and four and a half in breadth. The best anchorage is from off the middle of Algesiras, on the west side of the bay, toward Palmones River. The shipping is sheltered on the British side by two formidable moles, called Old and New Mole—one on the north and the other on the south side of the town of Gibraltar. Opposite the town of Gibraltar, on the west side of the bay, is the Spanish town of Algesiras.

THE ROCK OF GIBRALTAR, SHOWING THE MEDITERRANEAN AND THE COAST OF MOROCCO.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

HERE is a fine example of waking up the wrong passenger:

"Passing over the Georgia Railroad some months ago, I fell in company with my friend W. H. Blankanship, better known as Dr. B., who, during the ride, got to nodding, and nodded off his hat. On awaking, he saw two gentlemen laughing at his excessive bowing. One of them remarked: 'My good man, you shot a monkey that time.'—'Yes,' said he; 'and if I'd had you in range I would have killed two!'"

About thirty-five years ago a Pittsburgh alderman committed some boys to prison "for raising a rumpus and other riotous conduct." He went by the name of Alderman Rumpus all the rest of his life.

A German doctor in Pennsylvania, giving his evidence in Court respecting a broken limb, called the fracture a fraction. In his cross-examination he was asked if the fraction of which he had spoken was a vulgar fraction or a *decimal* fraction. "Oh!" said the doctor, very earnestly, "it wash a *dishmal* fraction!"

Forty or fifty years ago the amiable Mr. T——, the curator of the Academy of Fine Arts, sat for several winters in the Legislature of Pennsylvania as one of the Representatives from Philadelphia. On one occasion, a country member having presented a petition for a lottery, Mr. T—— moved its reference to the Committee on Vice and Immorality. At this the presenter of the petition flared up, and cried, "Mr. Speaker, do you and the members of this House know what the member from Philadelphia does for his living? I will tell you: he shows naked images to ladies and gentlemen for a quarter-dollar a head. He's a pretty fellow to talk of vice and immorality!"

On Sunday morning, September 25, 1859, a notice appeared upon the door of a prominent hotel in Washington City, of which the following is a *verbatim* copy:

"Gentleman will Please not Bring any mor chairs into th passeg or about th door it very much displices th ladis & the success in the buisness depend on pleaising the Ladis"

An ex-United States Consul sends us the following:

"The Yankees residing at Buenos Ayres met together to take measures to celebrate the coming Fourth of July, and I was called upon to preside. As soon as I had briefly stated the object of our meeting, Mr. F——, formerly of Massachusetts, arose, and after handing around a printed page, proceeded to read. The preamble was good, and the resolution—'Resolved that the next Fourth of July commence on the evening of the third, and continue till the evening of the twenty-first'—decidedly patriotic. What a spree in prospect!"

"The whaling bark *Franklin* put in for repairs, and looking over the captain's log-book I found an entry of one page to consist of, 'This day commences dead calm.' A few lines below, 'See a tuttel.' Ten or twelve hours later appears the next observation, 'See anuther tuttel.' And the day's work ends with, 'This day ends—dead calm, out 1004 days nothin more pertickler.

"'Lat obs. 3. 17. S. Lon 116. 40. W.'"

Those periodicals are most likely to explode which haven't a spark of fire in or about them.

The studio of a first-rate portrait painter must be a perfect bedlam: it is full of *striking likenesses.*

It has been said that the difference between a carriage-wheel and a carriage-horse is that one goes better when it is tired, and the other doesn't.

Somebody says that "snoring is the spontaneous escape of those malignant feelings which the sleeper has no time to vent when awake."

AN EYE TO BUSINESS.—Some one has remarked somewhere, that it is a ludicrous sight to behold a physician attending his patient's funeral: it looks so like a tailor taking home his work.

PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT.—"Oh, Jacob," said a master to his apprentice boy, "it is wonderful to see what a quantity you can eat."—"Yes, master," replied the boy; "I have been practicing since I was a child."

One day a beggar man, who had long been known as the do-no-good of the place where he lived, met another laden with two panniers. On asking what was in them, and being told that they contained rags and bones, he exclaimed, "Well, then, toss me in, for I'm nowt else."

"Why, Bridget," said her mistress, who wished to rally her for the amusement of her company upon the fantastic ornamenting of a huge pie, "why, Bridget, did you do this? You are quite an artist. How did you do it?"—"Indade, it was meself that did it," replied Bridget. "Isn't it pretty, mum? I did it with your false teeth, mum."

A glass of soda water was offered to a country lad, who rejected it with the greatest indignation. "Do you think I am a salamander," said he, "to drink water biling hot?"

"You had better ask for manners than money," said a finely-dressed gentleman to a beggar boy who had asked for alms.—"I asked for what I thought you had the most of," was the boy's reply.

Philosophers themselves, like the stoic gentlemen of Marmontel, after praising simplicity of living, often sink to sleep on heavy suppers and beds of down.

Persons in a crowd should keep their elbows out of each other's stomachs; yet a man's stomach is oftener injured by the motion of his own elbow than by those of his neighbors.

THE SENTENCE OF A WISE MAGISTRATE.—Always speak of a man as you fined him.

"WANTED—A FEW MORE OF THE SAME SORT."—Farini, the dictator of Central Italy, has shown so much pluck, sagacity, and energy, that one can not help wishing Italy had at this moment more men "*ejusdem farinæ.*"

LOST MEN.—When bachelors get married their bachelor acquaintances see them no more. So far as concerns their chums who live in chambers, they might indeed almost as well be dead as wedded. Sometimes one of them appears in the haunts he once frequented, but he comes there like a ghost, and seems the merest shadow of the jolly chap he used to be. His old friends regard him more with sorrow than with anger, but neither he nor they derive much comfort from his visit. In fact, he drops in like a tax-gatherer, and makes every one uncomfortable. He who was once the life becomes the death's-head of their dinner-table. A Benedick with bachelors is a fish out of water; and the best thing to be done with him is to throw a bait out and try to make him hook it.

MALAPROPISM.—A good old lady, having occasion to mention a work by a great contemporary historian, denominated it Micawber's "History of England." Subsequently, referring to the arrangement which terminated the late Italian war, the dear old soul called it the Treatise of Villafranca.

THE BANKS OF THE TIBER.—Crassus was the richest man of his time among the ancient Romans. Who were his bankers? If the opulent triumvir had a banker, Mr. Cassius.

QUEER QUERIES.

In what light can a betting-man be viewed as a *lay* figure?

Is it legal for a blind man to sue upon a bill made payable at sight?

When the morning breaks, is it expected to appear in the Bankruptcy Court?

A PROBLEM VERY EASY OF SOLUTION.

By an Indignant Young Lady, who is tired to death at the stupid rubbish that is indulged in at the expense of ladies' dresses.

GIVEN: A Lady's Crinoline, and a Gentleman's Inverness Cape.

TO FIND OUT: Of which of the two the circumference is the greater.

THE STABLE MIND.—An ossy man, being in the Isle of Wight, and finding himself in the neighborhood of the Laureate's dwelling, goes to call upon the illustrious poet, for the purpose of seeing those bays of his which he has heard so much of.

MEMORANDUM BY A MENTOR.—How annoying it is to find people prosper, instead of being ruined as we predicted they would, in consequence of having pursued their own course instead of following our advice!

DOMESTIC PETS.—Never purchase a parrot without taking it a month upon trial. There is no knowing where the bird may have been brought up.

SOCIAL SUGGESTIONS.

BY MRS. ARTFULLE DODGERE.

When you receive your guests, be sure to tell them what a number of disappointments you have had, and how the Lion of the day (whom you know you dared not ask) was laid up with bronchitis, and so prevented coming.

If you have been so lucky as to catch some titled people, take care to tell your green-grocer to bawl their names out extra loudly when, as footman, he announces them.

In making out your dance list, introduce the Caledonians and similar antiquities. The philosophic mind may derive some entertainment from a study of the struggles to which they will give rise. But be ready to come forward as a *dea ex machinâ*—and having the directions for the figures in your hand—to act the part of the director in the maze at Hampton Court.

It being considered vulgar nowadays to eat much, of course you need not go to great expense about refreshments. A light repast is all that it is fashionable to give—*i. e.*, lots of gas, and little lobster salad.

With regard to wine, you can give your guests Champagne at a very small expense, if you do not mind giving such as will be sure to play Old Gooseberry with them. The worse the wine is, recollect, the less will people drink of it. Nobody expects to get good wine at evening parties, and it is just as well that nobody be disappointed.

A NEW TRICK.—"Does your Watch Go, and is it a Repeater?" is the title of a new conjuring trick. The watch that does *not* go is a repeater; for whenever you consult it, it always tells you the same time.

JOKING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.—Writing with tremendous chilblains on your fingers.

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

BOY.—"I say, Uncle, do flowers talk?"

WICKED UNCLE.—"Yes, my dear, they talk with *tulips.*"

MORAL LESSON.—A conscientious old gentleman, induced to stand godfather to a friend's baby, and wishing to typify the requisite renunciation of pomps and vanities, presents the little one with a set of wooden spoons.

APPROPRIATE ADDRESS.—A poet, a native of the "Land o' Cakes," wrote an Ode to the Owl, commencing with "Hoot Awa!"

EXTREMELY GREEN.—Secret drawers should never be made of green wood, or secrets, at least, should never be deposited in them, from the very great risk they run of splitting.

When is a man (lawyers included) like strong ale?—When he thinks no small beer of himself.

INCONSISTENCY OF MANKIND.—"Men," said a merry old lady, "when I was young, called me an enchantress, and now I have lost my charms, they say I am as ugly as a witch. Ah, drat 'em!"

THE SPHERE OF THE STABLE.—Roguery is a common complaint against men who are much associated with horses. Ossy men seem dead as to their moral feelings. No doubt their hearts are ossified.

A SHAMELESS BRUTE.—An epicure declared that a pig's cheek was great. His friend, assenting, remarked that the pig never blushes.

PARALLEL BY AN ILLITERATE PERSON.—Orthography is my spelling; heterography is another man's spelling.

FACILITY IN BOOK-KEEPING.—To keep books appears to be an easy matter with most people: the difficulty with the majority of those who borrow books consists in returning them.

ICHTHYOLOGY.—Whitebait, in spite of their minute dimensions, are decided by the most scientific epicures to be no small fry.

RETRIEVING ONE'S POSITION.—A fast undergraduate, immediately on having been plucked, gets driven to the station and takes a first class.

ETIQUETTE *à la Romaine.*—Upon the principle that one must do at Rome as Rome does, is one expected to put three hats upon his head because the Pope wears three crowns?

A DELICATE PROPOSAL.—A civic youth, intending to offer marriage to a young lady, wrote to ask her to unite with himself in the formation of a 'Art Union.

THE MILITARY LINE.—Captain Baggs, of the Commercial or T. G. Rifle Volunteers, describes himself and his gallant Company as Baggs & Co.

THE LAW.—Its theory (says poor Mr. Briefless) is far better than its practice.

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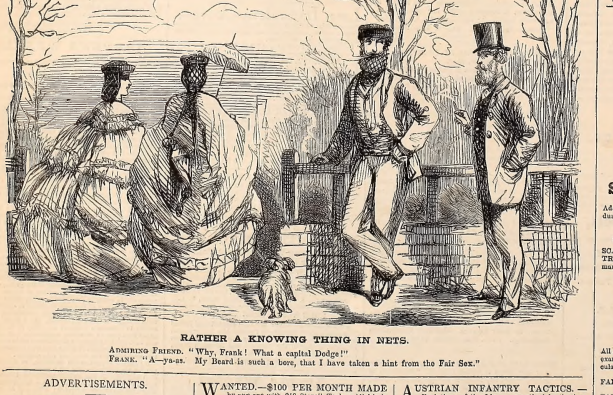

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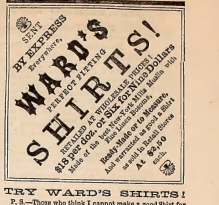

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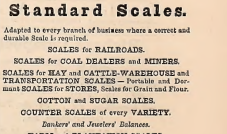

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. IV.—No. 163.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1860. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

ANOTHER NEW SERIAL TALE.

In the next number of *Harper's Weekly* we shall commence the publication of a new Serial Tale of American Life, entitled

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"THE WOMAN IN WHITE," by WILKIE COLLINS, Esquire, was commenced in No. 152 of *Harper's Weekly*; and "THE NEW PARTNER IN CLINGHAM & CO., BANKERS," by FITZ HUGH LUDLOW, Esquire, in No. 159. As *Harper's Weekly* is electrotyped, we can supply back numbers to any party who remits the money.

SPEAKER PENNINGTON.

HON. WILLIAM PENNINGTON, better known as Governor Pennington, and henceforth, until the expiration of the Thirty-sixth Congress, to be addressed as "Mr. Speaker," is a native of Newark, in New Jersey, where he was born about sixty years ago, and where he has since resided.

His father, William S. Pennington, was one of the "Jersey Blues" who did such good service in the Continental Line during the Revolutionary struggle. He was regarded as one of the best artillerists in the army, and commanded a company in Colonel Lamb's regiment at the battle of Yorktown, which was complimented by General Washington for the prompt and efficient manner in which they handled their pieces. After the close of the war he was honored with several responsible offices by his fellow-citizens, and was Governor of the State of New Jersey from 1813 to 1815.

Mr. Pennington was educated for the legal profession, which he has followed, in his native city of Newark, with great credit to himself, and to the satisfaction of numerous clients. Gifted with a vigorous mind, with persevering application, and with a fund of practical sense applicable to all the occasions of life, he has always commanded the respect and the esteem of the community of which he has for many years been a leading citizen.

When a young man, Mr. Pennington was elected a member of the popular branch of the State Legislature; but after serving one term he declined a re-election, to devote himself more assiduously to the duties of his profession and his private affairs.

In 1837 he was nominated by the Whig party, and elected, Governor of New Jersey, which made him, *ex-officio*, Chancellor of the State and President of the Senate. He was re-elected five times by the Legislature, and during the six years of his gubernatorial service gave great satisfaction to the people. While he was Governor party politics ran high, and at the commencement of the Twenty-sixth Congress, in December, 1839, the Clerk refused to call the names of five gentlemen who claimed to have been duly elected as representatives from New Jersey, and whose credentials bore the autographic signature of Governor Pennington, with the "broad seal" of the State. A complicated struggle ensued, delaying the organization of the House until the 21st of the month, when it was perfected, but the five "broad seal" members were not admitted. Their rejection was made a party issue, and the course of Governor Pennington was canvassed throughout the land. The "broad seal" was an important element in the Presidential campaign of 1840, and the Governor was endorsed by the country.

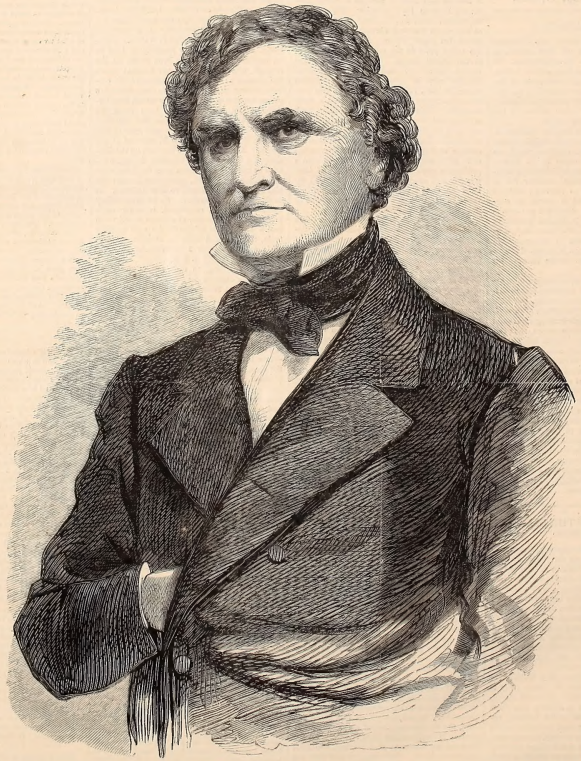
Governor Pennington was an original supporter of the principle that home-manufacturers should receive legislative encouragement and protection. Living in the midst of an industrial community, he has always been a tariff man, and has not only recognized the expediency, but the constitutionality of what was known as Mr. Clay's American System. He is, in fact, and he always has been, a believer in the principles of the Whig Party. Throughout his public life this has always been apparent in his speeches, his writings, and his actions. He has at the same time manifested a conservative spirit, a knowledge of, and a respect for the Constitution, a veneration for the forms of our political institutions, an active faith in man's capacity for self-government, and an unconquerable hostility to arbitrary or oppressive power, in whatever guise it may exhibit itself.

Retiring from a position which he had adorned, Governor Pennington again devoted himself to his profession, although he never hesitated to avow and to sustain his political predilections.—When General Taylor became President, he, without solicitation, appointed Governor Pennington Territorial Governor of Minnesota, and the Senate confirmed the appointment. But it was not accepted, the Governor not being willing to leave his comfortable home at Newark for what was then, with the exception of settlements on the rivers, almost an unbroken wilderness.

President Fillmore, anxious to secure the services of a jurist possessing the practical business qualifications for which Governor Pennington has been so justly famed, offered him the appointment of Judge in California, under the law which provided for the legal settlement of landtitles, as established by the treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo. He could not, however, be tempted from the retirement of domestic life.

At the last Congressional election, however, he could not resist the importunities of his personal and political friends, and he accepted the nomination of the "People's Party," in the Fifth Congressional District. This is composed of Essex, Hudson, and Union Counties, embracing Newark, Elizabeth City, Hoboken, and Jersey City, all largely interested in manufactures. The whole number of votes cast was 21,627, of which Governor Pennington received 11,641, electing him by a majority of 1659.

Governor Pennington was warmly welcomed at Washington as one of the old-school of politicians, with an integrity of principle unquestioned and unquestionable. Conservative gentlemen of other parties expressed their willingness to aid in elevating him to the vacant Speaker's chair, for the history of his life afforded conclusive proof that in his hands the power would not in any way be improperly exercised to the injury of any section of the Republic. Ex-



HON. WILLIAM PENNINGTON, OF N. J., SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.]

cepting, of course, Mr. Muhlenberg, the Speaker of the House during the very first session of Congress, and also Henry Clay, he is the first *new member* who has been elected Speaker. He may, in the goodness of his heart, not be as severe in his disciplines as the more turbulent spirits in the House require to keep them in order, and to facilitate the transaction of business; but the integrity and firmness of his character, the urbanity of his manners, and the gentleness of his position render it certain that he will discharge the important duties of his position with honor to himself and advantage to the people.

In person, Mr. Speaker Pennington is one of the finest looking gentlemen in Congress. His figure is manly and erect; his features are well formed and expressive; his hair is slightly frosted by age; and he speaks in an audible, distinct tone. When he has become a little more familiar with parliamentary rule, and handles his gavel with more decision, he will be one of the best presiding officers who have thus far occupied the third position in the Government of the United States.

Socially, Mr. Speaker Pennington has those urbane and polite manners which characterize gentlemen of the generation now passing away. In his own family circle, which he has so reluctantly left to enjoy unexpected honors, he is as fondly beloved as he is highly esteemed by his neighbors and respected by his fellow-citizens. It is to be hoped that he will receive the support, in his new and arduous position, of the conservative and the order-loving Representatives.

The Chief Justice, in No. 153, which was dated December 3, 1859.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1860.

THE SPEAKERSHIP.

THE long contest has ended, and Governor William Pennington, of New Jersey, is Speaker of the House of Representatives. So it is pity the fight had not been settled before. The recovery of the general commerce of the country has been seriously retarded by the uncasiness created by the long contest for Speaker, and the accumulation of useless millions in the sub-treasuries of the United States.

We wish we could hope that the election of a Speaker would put an end to the foolish speechmaking about slavery and disunion which we have lately heard *ad nauseam* in the House. Outside of the bluster people understand thoroughly that these speeches, whether for or against slavery, amount to nothing; and ore more empty than, intended to operate on constituencies at a distance. Should it be the misfortune of this country to be divided into two or more distinct nations at any future day, it is quite certain that the task of reorganization will require the aid of men of a very different calibre from the brawlers of the Thirty-sixth Congress.

Should the people of either section ever seriously contemplate such a catastrophe as disunion, they will choose them leaders, not from the loud talkers and angry mouthers of threats, but from among the hard-working and quiet members of committee whose names, thus far, have hardly been mentioned in the debates. We will be no light task for any man to prep are a practical scheme for the severance of this nation—a task for which menacing orations and insane debates are no sort of apprenticeship.

The Congressional reports during the next month or two may enable the careful observer to form a guess as to the names of the future leaders of the American people, whether united or disunited. They will be found among the hard-workers on committees—among the conservative, practical speakers—among the men who never pander to existing sectional prejudices—among those, in short, who really realize that they owe a debt to Washington to serve their country, and not themselves.

A NEW PHASE OF THE SLAVERY QUESTION.

WHILE politicians and theoretical writers are angrily discussing schemes for the extension, the limitation, and the abolition of slavery, the real slavery question—the most important problem of the age—is assuming a new phase, in obedience to the inexorable laws of trade and political economy. Not even the wisest of the statesmen of the past foresaw the perils which environ the present slavery controversy; now that those perils are generally realized, how many even of our most clear-headed and prophetic teachers perceive the changes which God's providence is preparing?

While the highest negro fields hands have been sold in New Orleans at prices ranging from $2200 to $2500 apiece. It is not stated, nor have we any reason to believe, that these field hands were superior to the ordinary negroes of their class: they were mere field hands —that is to say, they knew no mechanical trade. They were simply young and healthy, and they were wanted in New Orleans at $2200 @ 2500. Nor was theirs an exceptional case. We have before us records of sales of negroes at New Orleans for some months back; at most of those healthy young negroes, suited for labor on plantations, have commanded from $1800 to $2000 a head. The market-price of field negroes on the Gulf may, in a word, be said to have been firmly established at $2000 @ $2500.

Ten or twelve years ago negro field hands sold at New Orleans at from $600 to $1200—$1000 being a fair average price for first-class healthy young negroes. It is therefore no exaggeration to state that within the past ten years negroes sold in New Orleans have risen one hundred per cent. in value.

For the secret of this remarkable advance we must refer to the increased demand for cotton and the export of cotton. It is cotton which employs negro labor in the South; without negroes no cotton is raised; and, *vice versa*, without no negroes can be wanted. It follows, as a natural consequence, that the demand for (and hence the price of) negroes is dependent on the consumption and value of cotton.

Twenty years ago, in 1840, the United States exported to foreign countries 743,906,000 pounds of cotton, worth $63,870,307; being an average of 8·5 cents a pound. Ten years ago, in 1850, the United States exported to foreign countries 1,600,760,000 pounds of cotton, worth $71,984,606; being an average of 11 cents a pound. Both of these years, we may remark, were unusually good years for producers of cotton: that is to say, the prices were above the average of that day. Last fiscal year (1858–59) the United States exported to foreign countries cotton worth $161,434,451. The value was thus twice the export of that staple in 1850, only ten years before. This year the cotton export will probably exceed $180,000,000 in value; so that it may be said that the amount of cotton sent abroad between 1st September, 1859, and 1st September, 1860, will be three times as great as that which was sent abroad between the like period ten years before. A similar increase has taken place in the consumption of cotton in the United States. In 1848 the United States are said to have consumed 600,000 bales of cotton; in 1852, 680,000 bales; in 1856, 770,000 bales; while this year the consumption will probably reach 1,000,000 bales. This increase of consumption, both at home and abroad, having been accompanied, as by a decline, by a rise in the price—middling uplands having risen from an average of 8 @ 9 cents a pound to an average of 11 @ 12 cents—the consequence has been a prodigious increase in the area of cotton land planted, and consequently in the demand for labor on cotton plantations. Hence the advance in the price of field hands from $800 @ $1200 to $2000 @ $2500.

If the remarkable increase which has taken place within the past twenty years in the demand for cotton were due to exceptional circumstances, it would not be safe to base any philosophical argument on the consequences of that increase. It is never safe, for instance, to found arguments upon an advance in the price of cereals; for they can be produced throughout the temperate zone, and any marked advance in the price is sure to be followed by an increase of production, and a consequent decline in market value. With cotton the case is different. From the earliest recorded period of cotton furnished to the manufacturers of the world are produced near the Atlantic coast of the United States in a belt between 30° and 40° north latitude, which, although it has been supplied by Brazil, Egypt, Hindostan, the West Indies, Africa, etc., etc. Outside of that belt there appears to be no possibility of producing cotton, save in the countries we have mentioned —in which all the power of the Governments of England and France, and all the appliances of art and science, whether applied to the culture or quarter of a century, have failed to raise a crop that would keep the Manchester spinners going for more than a few weeks. So it would seem time all these countries together do not produce more than one of our great cotton-growing States, and the article yielded by them generally proves to be inferior in quality, and cannot so thoroughly have been their exertions, that it is safe to conclude that, for some years to come at events, there can be no material increase in the production of cotton from those sources, and that the world's reliance for its annual supply must continue to be on the belt of land extending from 30° to 40° north latitude, on and near the Atlantic coast of North America.

On the other hand, looking to the probable future of the trade in cotton goods, it is impossible to escape the conviction that, unless some substitute for cotton should be discovered, that trade must go on increasing from year to year with the spread of commerce and civilization. No material is known out of which clothing can be made as cheaply and as satisfactorily as cotton. Experience proves this to be the case, for the consumption of cotton goods increases in every country from year to year, has done so for a quarter of a century, and must continue to do so. Between 1840 and 1852 the production of cotton goods in Europe doubled; between 1840 and 1860 the production of cotton goods in the United States has doubled. The increased consumption in France may be inferred from the fact that since September, 1859, to date, we have exported to that country more cotton than used to be sent to France in a whole year, prior to 1850. Every country in the world, in short, is increasing its consumption of cotton. The establishment of peace in Europe, the opening of China, the commencement of commercial intercourse with Japan, the settlement of Australia, the colonization of Liberia, the civilization of Africa, the improvement of the condition of the Hindoos—all these imply an increased consumption of cotton goods, and consequently an increased demand for the raw cotton, which, as we said, can only be produced in the United States between 30° and 35° north latitude.

If this reasoning be sound, it is safe to conclude that the advance in the price of negroes which we have noted is no accidental occurrence, but the natural consequence of a commercial necessity, and that it will be permanent. Nothing short of the reopening of the slave-trade —which the present age will not tolerate—can again reduce the price of negroes to the rates current ten and fifteen years ago.

Now there are several States of the Union which are interested in the rise in which no cotton is grown. In these States no cause is operating to enhance the value of negro property; on the contrary, the gradual encroachments of free labor and political agitations rather tend to diminish the value of such property in those States; and it would fall much lower but for the fact that it can be transported to the cotton-growing States and there converted into money. Such States are Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee, Virginia, Maryland, Delaware, and North Carolina. These States contained, at the census of 1850, 1,231,632 slaves. In 1857, it is probable that the number had increased to upward of 1,300,000. It is probably considerably less now. For in Virginia, Kentucky, and Missouri slave property, to hold as an investment, has been worth, on the average, over five per cent. per annum; hence the advance in the price of negroes in the cotton-growing States has led to very extensive employment of slave-labor for sale at New Orleans. The movement has been going on steadily for nearly a generation, but has been especially remarkable within the past year or two —since the recent advance in negroes at the South. A gentleman who traveled up the Mississippi a fortnight since describes the negro exodus as more extensive than the Irish exodus during the famine, every boat he met was black with slaves, bound to New Orleans. It would hardly be necessary, in the present state of affairs, to argue that every boat he met was profitable for the owner of negroes to sell them South at the rate of $2000 for each healthy hand, than to keep them in Missouri or Virginia and to receive 5 per cent. on a value ranging from $1200 to $1500.

Reverting, for a moment, to the propositions above stated; the cause of the advance in negroes being permanent in its nature, and the effect consequently presenting every chance of permanency; it follows that the conviction that slave-owners, in the Northern slave States, find it more profitable to ship their negroes South than to hold them where they are, and the exodus being already in full progress; the question arises —how long a period of time must elapse before the change that is going on begins to tell on the political phase of the slavery question? How long will mere political considerations avail to preserve the balance of power between the slave and the free States?

We forbear to pursue the inquiry. Its tendencies are obvious to every unbiased observer. No prophetic spirit is needed to detect the drift of opinion in the country, and the peaceful solution which will presently be discovered for evils now seemingly incurable and fatal.

Philosophers, political economists and moralists may preach, but mankind in the mass, as in the individual, is ruled by self-interest. No power in the world will in the long-run induce slave-owners in Northern slave States to retain their slave-property at a large annual loss; nor will any humanitarian or philosophical arguments induce the slave-owners of Northern people to uphold a crusade against the slave institution in States in which it is useful, and where it could not be dispensed with save at the cost of vast pecuniary loss. The signs of the times are eloquent; those who run may read.

THE LOUNGER.

ABOUT MONUMENTS.

We have a very hard time with our monuments. The money to build them comes much more reluctantly and sensibly than for any other purpose. Just a few years ago Washington Irving, and a single society of sympathetic men subscribe twenty thousand dollars; but the grand national movement to Washington, which began at the push-pin, in what year of grace is that to be completed? Then, several years ago, there was the Bunker Hill Monument to be built. Upon the whole, Bunker Hill is our most representative revolutionary name and battle-field spot. Webster made one of his finest "efforts" when the corner-stone was laid. *Jubilate! Exegi monumentum!* cried Boston. But Boston was mistaken.

Poor Bunker Hill! If the guns of our sires had hung fire as the monument did, there would have been no occasion for a monument. The pale gray shaft—it looks, at a distance, like a tall lined tower woven of the east wind (for the east wind is visible in Boston on a summer day)—seemed, for a long time, like Cologne Cathedral, a ruin before it was built. It looked sadly across the river to the busy city, which was briskly clustering over all the heights and stretching along the marshes on its neighborhood—itself a monument of intelligence, industry, and thrift; but the busy city was too much occupied with its own prosperity to attend to that of the monument; and the poor, pale fragment glimmered, unheeded, helpless and pitiful, until a Dayadère came skipping over the sea, and with one pirouette lifted the monument upon the point of her toe to completion. So much for any body who remembers the early days of the "Cachuca" and "Cracovienne" to contemplate the Bunker Hill Monument without a pensive regret for Fanny Elsler.

In the neighboring State of Rhode Island, which reverses the ancient circle Macrobius'es eval sess forth, as its founder, there is no monument, no statue, not even a head-stone, to commemorate Roger Williams; and the proposition to erect a mere memorial has never been seconded by the sympathy of the people warmly enough to succeed. So in the work of perpetuating Mount Vernon, it is certainly impossible to say when the money would have been collected except for the assistance of Mr. Everett.

The truth is that the genius of our people does not incline them to erect monumental memorative statues. The countenances of our greatest men are familiar to every body every where in the coarse lithograph likenesses that hang over the walls of tavern bar-rooms and other places of popular resort. Besides, we grow such enormous annual crops of great men!

But to continue. Mr. Everett has issued proposals for another monument, a President of an association to erect a memorial on Washington Green. He is supported by a body of Vice-Presidents from every part of the country, gentlemen of what an enthusiastic French *feuilletoniste* would call a phenomenal respectability. The address to the citizens of the United States, signed by Mr. Everett, and evidently written by him, explains the grounds of the national appeal made by the Association. The purpose is first to put upon which armed resistance was first regularly made to the arms of Britain and the war began. Therefore it is a monument, and the design which is proposed monument by Mr. Billings presents no Massachusetts individual, but a minute-man; for in the way in which men feel that kind of thing, and the spirit represented by them carried the Revolution.

Subscriptions are solicited.

Vermont, too, is awaking to this matter. Mr. Mead, at Brattleborough, is chiseling a heroic statue of Ethan Allen in the act of demanding the fort at Ticonderoga, and demanding the surrender in the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress. The figure is full of action.

Undoubtedly, whether our genius has a monumental tendency or not, a taste for such works can unquestionably be cultivated. To be sure there is the Cooper Monument—a plant of exceeding slow growth. But every subscriber ought to reflect maturely that statues and monuments are not investments that return large dividends.

Is this perhaps the reason of our monumental apathy? And *do* republics never patronize art, as graduating collegians say on Commencement Day?

ADVERTISING.

THERE is a fact of which the Lounger has spoken before, and to which he now directs the attention of all interested persons. It is this: If you have invented a patent, don't ask distinguished persons to commend it to public notice, under their names, in the newspapers; if you have a lecture to delive r, don't get the following well-known gentlemen to sign a letter of request to you, expressing their profound interest and that of the whole city in your views. Don't do it for many reasons, and, among them, for these:

The people who sign such letters have not a profound interest in the matter; they have only an *esprit de corps* interest in it. Then they sign as a "set off." Did you sign the one of them present? Then, above all, every body knows that the signers know that it is a piece of transparent machinery—that whenever it appears the public has the alarm, and instead of a commendation read a condemnation, because it knows that speakers whom they wish to hear do not need the aid of the machinery.

For instance, here is young Charles Vanloo. He is the favorite pupil of Lionardo da Vinci. Perhaps Charles has just painted a picture of Daniel in the Lions' Den. He naturally wishes to exhibit it, and "reap a golden harvest of fame and dollars." He has requested us to be embodied in a list. So he talks it over with his master, and he writes:

"MY DEAR VANLOO,—Your picture is exquisite. It seems to me to combine all the *agrémens* of Peregino with the delicate *Mundus Jocundus* of the later Bolognese school. The figure of the Prophet is in the sublimest grove style, and as for the lions, why, my dear Charles, it will not be your fault if tears are not heard all over the Exhibition-room. I could have wished a little more glancing upon the windows of the distant palace, seen through the opening of the cave—but why should I mention it? I know you well—I sincerely congratulate you; and I salute you as, within a very short time, the undoubted artist in the ordinary to the Union Club. Use this as you will. Put your pictures in your sponsor. Cordially yours, my dear Vanloo,

"LIONARDO DA VINCI."

Who is taken in by this letter for a moment? Of course every body knows that it is an act of sheer kindness on the part of old Da Vinci; and inasmuch as the sight of peeps inevitably suggests

weakness, perhaps the commendatory and invitatory letter might be advantageously disseminated. If you read in the preface of a book that it is published "by the request of friends who have assured," etc., are you prepossessed in favor of that book? No, Mr. Yankee: if you really do combine the *aqua fortis* and the delicate *Mundo Jumbo*, the world will find it out without the letter of Mr. Da Vinci.

SURPRISING.

It is clear that clergymen are not yet freed from the questionable compliment of a call from the parish who come and bring good things and a fat purse, and make themselves at home—eat it all in the papers! Don't misunderstand. Nothing is pleasanter than the social respect manifested by coming, and nothing often, probably, more reasonable than the money. Only, instead of carrying it as a gift, you should be receiving your clergyman's regular salary by the amount. The difficulty in the case is publishing the matter. Why don't you publish your other charities, as well as those to the minister? Why should he, of all men, be selected as the luckless individual who shall be paraded in the papers as the recipient of the bounty of his friends? The instinctive comment of every man who reads that any clergyman's society visited him and gave him "a handsome sum of money" is, "Very well! suppose they did. What on earth did they put it in the papers for?"

And why did they? They knew that nobody except the persons concerned had any interest in the matter. Why, therefore, is the public informed that Mr. Crow read a sermon to "setting address" upon the occasion, and that Mr. Thomas Jones and Mr. Richard Swiveller also made "interesting remarks"?

Simply that the eloquence of those gentlemen and the generosity of the congregation may be made known. And the whole performance, the moment it is made public, is of the most vulgar and offensive kind. For all sensible people give five hundred dollars to any friend, whether he be their pastor or not, without calling every body to see how generous they are, and inviting attention also to the fact that their friend is the recipient of their alms? If it be such a very fine thing to give the few hundreds over and above the salary, how much finer it would be to add them to it; in which case, it is to be hoped, it would be regarded as an affair perfectly and appropriately private between pastor and people.

PARTY SPIRIT.

At a moment when political excitement is so warm that some sober people begin to think it is going to boil over, it is important for us all to wait for them to remember that they may cool themselves off very rapidly by reading the disquisitions of the old parties upon General Washington, and by cultivating a familiarity with the early and late feud of the Federalists and the Jeffersonians.

There was the late Justice Story, who was a Jeffersonian in early life, and lived in the highly respectable town of Salem, in Massachusetts. But Salem was the very *sehjetum* of Federalism. It is in Essex County, and the "Essex Junto" was—what was it? No one but the Master Joseph gets his head almost broken, and flies into a protecting house, pursued by a group who differ with him in politics.

So in New Hampshire, in those hot times, the Legislature, which was of one political hue, wanted to control the judges who were of another. How should it be done? Why thus: Be it enacted that all the courts of the State be abolished; Section Second: Be it enacted that new courts are created with new names! Straightway it is as if the seat of the bench had fallen out and the old ledges disappear.

In the old Federal days, too, there was inquirement of whom, and, and as a Hartford convention. And when the *Chesapeake* and *Shannon* engaged one morning off Cape Ann the shores and hills were crowded with spectators. They were of the two kinds, the Jeffersonians and the Federalists. Suddenly a great smoke enveloped the ships. Every eye upon shore was strained, and every tongue silent, until the wind slowly blew away the cloud, and the two ships were seen sailing together toward Halifax. Even such an ocean of party strife feeling the Federalists were not sorry.

Then there was the last smoke, how vividly! Then has been an "era of good feeling" since. And there will be another era of the same kind when the smoke of the present confusion lifts.

"MY CANARIES."

In these snowy days how the birds at the windows make summer again! Sitting by a warm fire reading a fragrant, pulpy book, may it be Rohan's Ghost," for instance, the sudden, clear, alert roulade, the trilling, eager, penetrating scrap of the canary changes the carpet into a June meadow, and you think you hear bobolinks. Every body loves birds. Not always in the house, indeed; and not crows or owls especially. But the little shy, glancing, singing, twittering thin; from whose nature, and habits and rules of action we drop, they are every where welcome in spring morning, and the canaries, little exotics of song, that tender-hearted and young mistresses, bring home in sunny places among the other tender foreign plants and flowers, with them "it is always May," and they are dearer from their very dependence.

There is many a reader of the Lounger doubtless who either keeps birds, or wants to, and would, if she could only know just how to take care of them. Will all such permit the Lounger to introduce them to "Cousin Sarah," who, under the form of a child's book, has done the very thing they desire and tries her own experience and affection tell: them what they want to know? She call it "My Canaries," and it consists of pleasant chat about real birds, what they did and sang; and how droll and interesting their little ills, and how to guard them and do the best for them. It is a charming book for children of any age, and in loving birds and flowers we are all children. That love, - nay thing will, keep the heart young.

IN RE MRS. GRUNDY.

The ludicrous distortions o. a man's features in a tea-pot are hardly so droll and outrageous as the distortions of what he says, which are printed in the newspapers. It is a rule that you may disbelieve every thing you see a man say in the paper of another opinion than his. If he say that the moon looks like green cheese, he will be reported to have said that it is a lump of spring butter. His real words will be painfully disguised, and his meaning utterly misrepresented.

The worst of this is not its misrepresentation, for nobody's opinions and words are of such vast importance, but it is the contempt for men which the journals show for their readers. I hint a man should willfully lie about another in print or by word of mouth—that, with no particular hatred, but with only a general desire of injury, because a man is of another opinion, is exquisitely contemptible. And that we should, in a Christian house, require this, by supporting it, does not elevate us in the estimation of an honest heart.

As a general thing, editors are like scissors and gilders, upon their own side, and scavengers upon the other. Whatever the men of their side do it is to be presented in the most favorable light, and every kind of ridicule and falsehood is to be freely poured out upon the other side. We all know it—we all expect it—and, with no particular hatred, are all affected by it. We work hard, like boys in a dark room, to build up a terrible ghost of sheets and clothes-horses, and when the light is let in away we scamper frightened out of our wits at our own work.

Mean, at last, it seems as if no self-respecting man could respect public opinion. An opinion made by the meanest—a lie told by the most malicious—is treated as a general sentiment by being printed in a paper—"Why," a man says, "if that's the public opinion I'm ashamed of it!" and he condemns. If an enemy praise me, I shall tremble. If he sneer at me, I shall be content."

And yet, perhaps, this feeling does not condemn immoral action half so sharply and vindictively as it does unpopular opinions. In a dueling community, for instance, no man would probably have a much easier time if he committed a great many crimes which might be named, than if he refused to fight a duel upon moral religious grounds. How many people are known to be liars, who are yet generally recognized and tolerated, while many honest, high-minded men and ladies are taboo for abstract opinions!

All these things excite no very profound respect for Mrs. Grundy. But the worst is to hear people who has cut her apron-strings and walks on by him-self. He tod he can not do it—that he edge of his reputation is not also preserved when he does hold his tongue and cherish his opinions. The company of silent sympathizers with him is not in numbers. They are the great body of the free and accepted. The few who do the loud talking, and who have the ear of the public. Mr. G.'s—the most worshipful Grands—who are more conspicuous than the rest, but who only count one each. It may, however, perhaps, be worth while for any such opinion to remember that the unexpressed is weightier than the other; and to observe that, after being excommunicated for a day, Luther becomes the religious hero of posterity.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—Frontfield, Indefinitely declined.

—Cap-eal writes: "You are in error as respects the origin of the term 'wide-awake,' as applied by the Locofocos to the Republicans. It was common in the country to me of *their not having a wig*. Surely that's it!"

—A Democrat. Doubtless in the spring the pleasantest route to Boston is by the Worcester Railroad. But the cost of which need not be more than forty or fifty dollars. You must look at the advertisements of the Southern steamers.

—O. D. The lines you quote are usually attached to the engraving of a picture representing a boy sitting directly in the vein of Pope's famous figure of the wound ed deer. The Lounger does not know the author.

"See the startled wild fowl quitting the reedy pond,
And seek, in mankind flight, those golden skies.
You would if someone not in your own hand;
His limbs yet falter on the watery strand.
Poor bashful lad! that fearful, fateful morning! Ere,
How blest the shelter of that island shore!
There while he sobs like infant on its rest,
Nor found nor auster shall his tears molest."

—Joseph. "Is Mr. Browning the author of 'so beautiful poem to a c.'? 'Polly, my Boy?' No. Miss Mulock, who wrote "John Halifax," is the author. You will find it in her volume of poems lately published in Boston.

—Inquirer. No, there is no monument to Roger Williams in the Providence Public Square. There is a little muncetta. The question has been often discussed in the little square, but the fact is that Roger Williams has not yet determined to erect a proper memorial. The inhabitants contend that the State itself is the best memorial of its founder; but the natives inquire, whether it would be any the less so if it had a statue of the great lawmaker in the square? You will find a fine statue of Roger Williams in the first volume of Arnold's "History of Rhode Island," which contains engravings of Pollyry says in his "History of New England." The letter give to themselves, and to forming the Rhode Island, view of the sturdy old dissenter, who, when he was more than seventy years old, rowed in an open boat to Newport to defend his colony's charter. Let bad gone, but the dispute was held, and Roger proclaimed that he was victorious.

—Anon A. Nogan. It was Horace Smith (or his brother) who wrote the address to a mummy:

"And thou hast walked about, how strange a story!

In Thebes streets three thousand years ago."

—W. H. C. When an Englishman speaks of "a frock" he means, if he is talking of men, what we call a frock-coat.

—W. H. "Madge" has been mislaid.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A green spring from the Emerald Isle entered a boot and shoe shop to purchase himself a pair of brogues. After overhauling his stock-in-trade without being able to suit his customer, the shopkeeper hinted that he would make him a pair to order. "An' what'll ye ax to make a good pair?" said the man. The price was named, the Irishman demurred, but after a "lasting and the bargain was made. Paddy was about leaving, when the other called after him, asking, "But what kids did I want them, Sir?"—"Oh," cried Paddy, promptly, "I don't mind about the size at all—make them as large as you like, and I'll pay for the same."

Beauty is a gi t thing, but learning is better. In the estimation o the auctioneer, even, the Muses counted for far less than a pair of "Nine Sisters."

"Day, where do you come from, and how do you live?" "Come from Galway, and live by sting"—"Would you like employment?" "Faith, I would, Sir, if it ain't hard work."—"Well, boy, if you like, I will set you up in a comfortable way, and you can commence and get double"—"Go along, I'm ready!"—"Well, you go somewhere and get a bag of wind, and bring it to me."—"Arrah, Sir," replied the punster, "Just *bag* off half the name, and it is yer."

A shrewd old gentleman once said to his daughter, "Be sure, my dear, you never marry a poor man; but remember the poorest man in the world is one that has money, and nothing else."

According to the old mythology, Neptune, the sea-god, created the horse; and was the inventor of the bridle. This probably accounts for the fact that people who pull on the reins seem to so frequently get *bridled* in the street."

A terrible Bore—The bore of the Armstrong gun.

Bee to destiny. One of these days he may be polite and return your bow.

Why is a fool in high station like a man in a balloon? Because every one of any opinion looks to him, and he appears little to every body.

Believe misfortune quickly. A man is like an egg—the longer he is in trouble the less he is liable to be worn taken out.

If a woman could talk out of the two corners of her mouth at the same time, there would be a good deal to be said on both sides.

A man who employs people to work for him should not be more careful to feed his stomach than his hands.

A popular writer says it is not the drinking, but the thirst. Some people think it is neither the one nor the other. Some persons, influenced probably by this important consideration, seem to have deliberately resolved never to get sober.

CURIOSITIES.

A plate of butter from the cream of a "joke."

A small quantity of tar supposed to have been left after the Swedes pitched their tents.

The phrase which used to painting the "signs of the times."

A bucket of water from "Alf's well."

Soup with which a man was washed overboard.

The sheep which is used to sharpen the sheep's edge.

The pencil with which Britannia ruled the wave.

A portion of yeast sent to the baker to leave in your service.

A dress from the moon when she gave change for the last quarter.

The answer belonging to the *sup of sorrow*.

A dress made for the calling of a sociable wife.

The chair in which the sun sets.

The instrument looked at by the tee meeting.

A buckle to fasten a bagging stock.

The paper from the Lord Mayor.

Hinges and lock from the trunk of an elephant.

A dress from the politician's views.

Dockers from the Cradle of Liberty.

A feather from the wings of a flying report.

At the University of Virginia, several years ago, there was a young student preparing himself for the law. Whenever the Lounger visited the place he found him employing himself a young Patrick Henry, and would make rare oratorical efforts on every occasion when he had partaken pretty freely, he imagined that he had been grossly insulted. Leaving his finger on the side of his nose, he would in his wrath in the following flight: "If you repeat that insult, Sir, I will call you out immediately!" Another hapless young mangled corse will furnish food for the ravens, and the benevolent Society for the relief of fisherless children will be crafted in every breeze."

Reading Character in Writing.—There are persons who profess to give a clue of character by handwriting; and to judge from their advertisements, there is very little doubt that their profession pays them. Yet their judgments, after all, are mere matters of guess-work. For instance, as the gipsies do, on the mere pretence of simply looking at the hand. Now, writing a good hand is not by any means an easily inspired by a good head. Still less is it indicative of having a good heart. A man may write a beautiful hand at the superfine sale, and yet may write the coarsest and most commonplace letter in the world. A fine cleared hand and a fair may sign his name so puzzlingly that nobody can read it. And a man, perhaps, who writes a very bad hand may, without untruth, be looked on as a man of mark.

Remark on Dress.—If a hat is a tile, straw-bonnets are thatch.

The Wreath and the Weaker.—An artificial florist describes himself as "Head Gardener to the Ladies."

Brandy-and-Water by Degrees.—Brandy-and-water. Brandywine. Brandywine. Brandywine. Brandywine. Brandy-wit-ty. Brr-ughh!

Some persons seem to suppose that, as soon as they have breakfasted, it is their bounden duty to divest themselves entirely to the great business of the day—thinking of dinner.

"Miss, what have you done to be ashamed of that you blush so?" "Sir, what have the paper and the straw-bonnet and the pencils done that they blush so?"

"Pa, they tell us about the angry ocean: what makes the ocean angry?"—"Oh! it has been provoked, child."

It is a legal maxim that "the law does not concern itself about trifling matters;" but lawyers and law-makers often do.

"I have pity on a blind woman!" cried an athletic beggar man to a painter-by.—"You must be mad as well as blind," was the answer.—"I see you more than a short time more than a poor blind woman."—"Ah, Sir," replied the beggar, "that's true enough; but as I took the place of my poor blind sister that's dead, I have to go on with the business in her stead, and if I had not I was a strong man, of course nobody would pity me."

"Though lost to sight, to memory dear," as the maiden exclaimed when her lover shook his fists was buried in beard and whiskers.

Why is a cat's tail like a seam's bottom?—Because it grows down.

Uniform love is now defined as the love of a girl for a soldier.

A cockney being asked why he married a second time, replied, "Because it was re-quired."

The young woman who was "driven to distraction," now fears that she will have to walk back.

"THE SAILOR BOY LAY DEAD AND COLD UPON THE SUNNY DECK."

THE RETURN OF THE "FIRE-FLY."

"We're into port at last, Fred, we've pass'd the harbor bar,
I see the vane upon the spire blaze like a fiery star.
The town's in sight, I see the cliffs, the very street's track,
And the windows at St. Arthur's flashing all the sunlight back.

"Fred, rouse your heart for this, man! just think of mother's joy,
And of our dear blind father's pride in you, his youngest boy.
Fancy how madcap Mary in a breath will laugh and cry,
And, more than all, how one you know will greet you by-and-by.

"Nay, never look so white, man: remember when we lay
Becalm'd for five long days and nights in Trinidade's bay.
You said 'twould bring back life and strength to heart and arm once more,
Could you but feel the wind that breath'd along our own old shore.

"And now 'tis here: I smell the thyme and broom from off the down,
I see the yellow gorse that girds the hill-top like a crown.
I can not blame your weakness, boy, my tears could almost flow,
To think of nearing all we left three weary years ago.

"I'm sure they're thinking of us now with anxious hearts at home,
I warrant me they've heard long since the gallant *Fire-fly's* come;
And little Mary will have been, a hundred times to-day,
Begging a peep through Walter's glass, and watching on the quay.

"We'll not be half an hour at home ere Katie will be there,
Blushing like any half-blown rose, as modest as she's fair.
What! not a word or smile at *that*? as if I did not know
For whom you've bought the shawl and wreath you've safely stowed below.

"Hurra! we're come to anchor; I see the steamers' smoke;
A little time, and we shall sit amid our own dear folk.
Come, let me help you up, Fred, by this you're rested well."
But the cheery words and loving voice on heedless seases fell.

The sailor boy lay dead and cold upon the sunny deck,
A little lock of golden hair hung from his bended neck.
'Twas just as well—he ne'er could know that on *his* Katie's breast
Another's child look'd up and smiled before it sank to rest.

HON. WILLIAM PORCHER MILES, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

W. PORCHER MILES, Esq., the Representative from the Charleston District of South Carolina, was born therein, on the Fourth of July, 1822. His ancestors for eight successive generations had been inhabitants of the Palmetto State, to which the Miles family emigrated from England when it was a loyal colony, and where they rendered good service during the struggle which resulted in establishing it as a sovereign member of the Original Confederation. His paternal grandmother was a Porcher, one of those old Huguenot families which brought the best blood of France across the ocean, and he is bound by many other strong ties of kindred and association to his home. Of that home he is emphatically a representative man. "I will act with the Democratic party," said he, about a year since, on the floor of the House, "faithfully, honestly, truly, and heartily, where I can do so conscientiously and consistently with the rights and honor of my State and section. When they call on me to depart one iota, the half of a hair-breadth, from that course, I turn my back upon them and leave them forever. Yes, Sir, I am willing to avow myself a sectional man. I come here to represent, in part, the State of South Carolina, and her rights and interests are first in my estimation, and foremost in my heart at all times."

After having acquired the rudiments of education, young Miles was placed at the celebrated academy at Willington, conducted by Dr. Waddel, a son of the preceptor and brother-in-law of John C. Calhoun. While there, he not only became well versed in the classics and mathematics, but had admirable opportunities for investigating the relation which the States and the General Government bear to each other. The great statesman of South Carolina was then proclaiming the doctrine that the General Government emanated from the people of the several States, forming distinct political communities, and acting in their separate and sovereign capacity, and not from all of the people, forming one aggregate political community. It was not to be wondered at that these views were adopted by a large majority of the South Carolinians then growing up, and these youth are now the master-spirits who control the political movements of at least fifteen States of the Confederation.

Entering the college of Charleston, young Miles was soon ranked among the most diligent students in his class, displaying a remarkable proficiency in classical studies. When he graduated he received the highest honor; and his valedictory at the commencement exercises elicited high praises from the audience, which included Lord Morpeth, now the Earl of Carlisle, who warmly congratulated the orator.

After leaving college, Mr. Miles commenced the study of law in the office of Edward M'Cready, Esq.; but after having been thus occupied about a year, he was elected Assistant Professor of Mathematics at the college of Charleston. Responding to this call to serve his *alma mater*, he accepted the position, and, while performing the arduous duties connected with it, continued to pursue his studies with unostentatious assiduity. The large stores of varied knowledge accumulated he has mentally digested, and retains in readiness for immediate use when occasion requires.

In August, 1855, Mr. Miles was a prominent member of that devoted band of humanitarians which left their homes in response to the Macedonian cry from the pestilence-stricken city of Norfolk, "Come over and help us!" While almost every State nobly contributed money, South Carolina also sent men! Nor is there a brighter page on her proud chronicle of the deeds of her sons than that on which is inscribed the services of Mr. Miles and his comrades at Norfolk. Their fortitude and perseverance in the prosecution of their arduous labors—the kindness and attention with which they ministered at the bedsides of the sick—and the fearless and undaunted courage manifested by them during a period of such awful solemnity and peril—all won them the heartfelt thanks of the survivors at Norfolk, and the gratitude of their fellow-citizens at home.

The people of Charleston testified their appreciation of the heroic conduct of Mr. Miles by nominating him for the mayoralty before he returned. On reaching his home he accepted this nomination, and, in the course of his remarks, he eloquently and completely vindicated himself from charges of connection with the proscriptive Know Nothing party which had been brought against him. He showed clearly that they had been based on garbled extracts from a speech delivered by him before a literary association, and fully exculpated himself from the charge brought.

Mr. Miles commenced his labors as Mayor of Charleston in November, 1855, and developed talents as an administrative officer and as a magistrate which have laid the firmest foundation for his official reputation. During the two years that he presided over the municipal government of Charleston many important reforms and changes were carried out, and new measures of merit were also inaugurated—an excellent Board of Aldermen seconding and supporting the Mayor. The financial management was also reformed, and the city government not only determined that they would "pay as they went," but they put into practical operation a scheme (originated by James G. Holmes, Esq.) for so liquidating the public debt of the city that in thirty years from that time it will have been extinguished.

Important sanitary reforms were also inaugurated, among them a system of "tidal drainage," to the successful operation of which is attributed the diminution of sickness in the subsequent summers. The police force, as reorganized by Mayor Miles, became one of the best in the country. It has a chief, two captains, six lieutenants, eighteen sergeants, and one hundred privates, with an additional force of fifty mounted men. These mounted policemen, especially recommended by Mayor Miles, are remarkably effective, and are regarded as the most valuable part of the whole system.

In 1857 the retirement of Governor Aiken, who had represented the Congressional District composed of Charleston and the surrounding parishes, induced the numerous friends of Mr. Miles to present him as a candidate. He was triumphantly elected, defeating General James Gadsden, who had been the Minister of the United States at Mexico, and also Colonel John Cunningham, an ex-editor of the American organ.

On taking his seat in the House of Representatives Mr. Miles was immediately placed upon the important Committee of Commerce, where he industriously examined the many bills and petitions referred to these guardians of the commercial interests of the country. Not only did he secure the passage of a large appropriation for completing a new custom-house at Charleston, where such a building was needed, and look after the individual interests of his own constituents who are engaged in commercial pursuits, but he carefully studied and effectively pressed the resources of the Southern States.

The removal of writing-desks and cumbersome chairs from the Hall of the House of Representatives, and the present arrangement of seats (as in the British Parliament), by which the members are

HON. WILLIAM PORCHER MILES, OF CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.
[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.]

brought together in a smaller space, and enabled to transact business with greater facility, is the work of Mr. Miles, who proposed the change, and pertinaciously urged its adoption. He also proposed another important reform, which, if adopted, would save the country from the infliction of political essays, generally patched up by the literary *Bohemians* who haunt the Capitol, and palmed off on confiding constituencies as the productions of indolent or incompetent Representatives. The resolution offered by Mr. Miles provided "That hereafter no speech by any member of this House shall be published in the *Daily Globe*, unless it has been actually delivered in the House; and that a deduction of $50 be made from the pay of the said newspaper for every violation of this prohibition." This desirable reform was stifled by an "objection," and the mails are loaded down, as before, with speeches bought at prices ranging from twenty to one hundred dollars, and often not even read, yet published by contract as "delivered in the House of Representatives of the United States."

At the close of his Congressional term Mr. Miles was re-elected without opposition, and took his seat among the Representatives of South Carolina in the 36th Congress.

In a speech on the organization of the House, delivered a few weeks since, Mr. Miles frankly stated that the position of himself and of his political associates is simply this:

"That the Southern States, being the sole judges of what is best for their own interests, and for their own peace and security, can, whenever they choose, take their destinies into their own hands. We do not intend, therefore, to indulge in any 'bluster or bravado' as to what we can do in the event of a disruption of the Union. That is a matter that declamation, menace, rhetorical flourishes, even sober argument, will throw very little light upon; it will have to be submitted to the stern arbitrament of arms. I say that, because I believe that will be inevitable—not because the South would, in case she thought proper (in accordance with her constitutional rights) to retire from this Confederacy, desire to make war upon the North; but because we are constantly warned that, in such an event, the North would make war upon us. Yes, Sir, we are told that if we attempt to exercise our undoubted right to withdraw from this Government, in which, as sovereign States, we are peers and equals, we will be treated as revolted provinces and subjugated by force of arms! Well, Sir, the South is arming; and if she be not allowed to secede in peace, she will do it at the cost of war. She is the sole judge of the reasons which shall justify her, and the time when it will be expedient for her to break her connection with her Northern co-States. " " " When it shall become inevitable, the South will take the judgment of the tribunal of nations. She will assume her independent position among the Powers of the earth, and will know how to act afraid.' She will march on steadily to the fulfilment of her high mission, desiring the friendship of all—dreading the enmity of none. If attacked, she will be ready to face the world in arms; for Justice and Truth will be on her side, and her trust will be in the God of battles, who is likewise the God of justice and truth!"

The Huguenot origin of Mr. Miles has been mentioned; it is legibly stamped on his lineaments and exhibited in his deportment. The descendants of those gallant French Protestants have not lost the gracious worldliness of the Scotch Covenanters, or the calculating coldness of the English Puritans, or the wild enthusiasm of the Irish Presbyterians—but they have inherited the noble, the gifted, and the genial traits of *la belle France*, with more energy, more earnestness, and more mental ballast, than has characterized that land since the massacre of St. Bartholomew. Mr. Miles has a graceful yet manly figure—a capacious forehead, trenched with the traces of thought—a steady, impressive gaze—an honest and gracious smile lurking about the corners of his resolute lips—and the courteous manners of the old school of educated gentlemen, rare and ripe as a glass of Madeira that has stood a score or more of years in the genial temperature of Charleston.

"THERE, CROUCHED UP IN THE FARTHEST CORNER," ETC.

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "AFTER DARK," ETC., ETC.

(Printed from advance proof-sheets purchased from the author exclusively for "Harper's Weekly.")

MISS HALCOMBE'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

* * * * * * *

BLACKWATER PARK, LAURENCE.

June 27.—Six months to look back on—six long, lonely months since Laura and I last saw each other!

How many days have I still to wait? Only one! To-morrow, the twenty-eighth, the travellers return to England. I am busy, hardly realizing my own happiness; I can hardly believe that the next four-and-twenty hours will complete the last day of separation between Laura and me.

She and her husband have been in Italy all the winter, and afterward in the South. They come back, accompanied by Count Fosco and his wife, who propose to settle somewhere in the neighborhood of London, and who have engaged to stay at Blackwater Park for the summer months before deciding on a place of residence. So long as Laura returns, no matter who returns with her. Sir Percival may fill the house from floor to ceiling, if he likes, on condition that his wife and I inhabit it together.

Meanwhile, here I am, established at Blackwater Park; "the ancient and interesting seat" (as the country history obligingly informs me) "of Sir Percival Glyde, Bart."—and the future abiding place (as I may now venture to add, on my own account) of Miss Marian Halcombe, spinster, now settled in a snug little sitting-room, with a cup of tea by my side, and all the earthly possessions ranged round her in three boxes and a bag.

I left Limmeridge yesterday, having received Laura's delightful letter from Paris the day before. I had been previously uncertain whether I was to meet them in London or in Hampshire; but this last letter informed me that Sir Percival proposed to land at Southampton, and to travel straight to his own country-house. He has spent so much money abroad that he has none left to defray the expenses of living in London during the remainder of the season; and he is economically resolved to pass the summer and autumn quietly on Blackwater. Laura has had more than enough of excitement and change of scene, and is pleased at the prospect of country tranquillity and retirement which the arrangement I prudence provides for her. As for me, I am ready to be happy say where in her society. We are all, therefore, well contented in our various ways to begin with.

Last night I slept in London, and was delayed there so long to-day, by various calls and commissions, that I did not reach Blackwater this evening till my day's end.

Judging by my vague impressions of the place, thus far, it is the exact opposite of Limmeridge. The house is situated on a dead flat, and seems to be shut in—almost suffocated, to my north-country notions—by trees. I have seen nobody but the man-servant who opened the door to me, and the housekeeper, a very civil person, who showed me the way to my own room, and got me my tea. It is a nice little boudoir and bedroom, at the end of a long passage on the first floor. The servants' and some of the spare rooms are on the ground floor; and all the living rooms are on the ground floor. I have not explored the house yet, and I know nothing about the house, except that one wing of it is said to be five hundred years old—

that is bad a word round it once; and that it gets its name of Blackwater from a lake in the park.

Eleven o'clock has just struck, in a ghostly and solemn manner, from a turret over the centre of the house, which I saw when I came in. A large dog has been woke, apparently by the sound of the bell, and is howling and yawning drearily, somewhere round the corner. I hear echoing footsteps in the passage below, and the iron thumping of bolts and bars at the house-door. The servants are evidently going to bed. Shall I follow their example?

No. I am not half sleepy enough. Sleepy, did I say? I feel as if I should never close my eyes again. The bare anticipation of seeing that dear face and hearing that well-known voice, to-morrow, keeps me in a perpetual fever of excitement. If I only had the privileges of a man, I would order out Sir Percival's best horse instantly, and tear away on a night-gallop, eastward, to meet the rising sun—a long, hard, heavy, ceaseless gallop of hours and hours, like the famous highwayman's ride to York. Being, however, nothing but a woman, condemned to patience, propriety, and petticoats for life, I must respect the housekeeper's opinions, and try to compose myself in some feeble and feminine way.

Reading—is that the question—I can't fix my attention on books. Let me try if I can write myself into sleepiness and fatigue. My journal has been sadly neglected of late. What can I recall—standing, as I now do, on the threshold of a new life—of persons and events, of sights and sounds, during the past six months—the long, weary, empty interval since Laura's wedding-day?

Walter Hartright is uppermost in my memory; and he passes first in the shadowy procession of my absent friends. I received a few lines from him, after the landing of the expedition in Honduras, written more cheerfully and hopefully than his last letters to Laura. A month or six weeks later I saw an extract from an American newspaper describing the departure of the adventurers on their inland journey. They were last seen entering a wild primeval forest, each man with his rifle on his shoulder and his knapsack at his back. Since that time civilization has lost all trace of them. Not a line more have I received from Walter; not a fragment of news from the expedition has appeared in any of the public journals.

The most interesting and threatening obscurity hangs over the fate and fortunes of Anne Catherick and her companion, Mrs. Clements. Nothing whatever has been heard of either of them. Whether they are in the country or out of it, whether they are living or dead, no one knows. Mr. Fairlie's valet-detective has lost all hope, and has ordered the useless search after the fugitives to be finally given up.

Our good old friend Mr. Gilmore has met with a rod check in his active professional career. Early in the spring we were alarmed by hearing that he had been found insensible at his desk, and that the seizure had been pronounced to be paralysis of the first. After a long complaining of fulness and oppression in the head; and his doctor had warned him of the consequences of his habits of unbroken sedentary in continuing to work, early and late, as if he was still a young man. The result now is that he has been compelled to take a long rest out of his office for a year to come at least, and to seek repose of body and relief of mind by altogether changing the old mode of life. The business is left, accordingly, to be carried on by his partner; and he is himself, at this moment, on his way to Switzerland, in company with the settled there in mercantile pursuits. Thus another true friend and trust-worthy adviser is lost to me, for the present; but not for trust, for a time only.

Poor Mrs. Vesey—traveled with me as far as London. It was impossible to abandon her to solitude at Limmeridge after Laura and I had both left; and I have therefore arranged that she is to live with an unmarried younger sister of hers who keeps a school at Clapham. She is to come to Blackwater again to visit her pupil, I might almost say, her adopted child. I saw the good old lady safe to her destination; and left her in the midst of her relatives, quietly happy at the prospect of seeing Laura again in a few months' time.

As for Mr. Fairlie, I believe I am guilty of no injustice if I describe him as being unutterably relieved by having the house clear of us all together. He was not happy in his choice of simply preposterous—he used to let months pass in the old times without attempting to see her —and, in the case of Mrs. Vesey's, I think he leave to consider his telling us both that he was half heart-broken at our departure to be equivalent to a confession that he was secretly rejoiced to get rid of us. His last caprice has led him to keep two persons unnecessarily employed on producing sun-pictures of all the treasures and curiosities in his possession. One complete copy of the collection of photographs is to be presented to the Mechanics' Institution of Carlisle, mounted on the finest cardboard, with ostentatious red leather inscriptions underneath. "Madonna and Child, by Raphael. In the possession of Frederick Fairlie, Esquire." "Copper coin of the period of Tiglath-Pileser. In the possession of Frederick Fairlie, Esquire." "Unique Rembrandt etching. Known all over Europe as *The Smudge*, from a printer's blot in the corner which exists in no other copy. Valued at three hundred guineas. In the possession of Frederick Fairlie, Esquire." Dozens of photographs of this sort, and all inscribed in this manner, were completed before I left Cumberland, and hundreds more remain to be done. With this new interest to occupy him, Mr. Fairlie will be a happy man for months and months to come; and the two unfortunate photographers will share the social martyrdom which he has hitherto inflicted on his valet alone.

So much for the persons and events which hold the foremost place in my memory. What next of the one person who holds the foremost place in my heart? Laura has been present to my thoughts all the while I have been writing these lines. What can I recall of her, during the past six months, before I close my journal for the night?

I have only her letters to guide me; and, on the most important of all the questions which our correspondence can discuss, every one of those letters leaves me in the dark.

Does he treat her kindly? Is she happier now than she was when I parted with her on the wedding-day? All my letters have contained these two inquiries, put more or less directly, now in one form, and now in another; and all, on that one point only, have remained without reply, or have been answered as if my questions merely related to the state of her health. She informs me, over and over again, that she is perfectly well; that traveling agrees with her; that she is getting through the winter, for the first time in her life, without catching cold—but not a word can I find any where which tells me plainly that she is reconciled to her marriage, and that she can now look back to the twenty-third of December without any bitter feelings of repentance and regret. The name of her husband is only mentioned in her letters as she might mention the name of a friend who was traveling with them, and who had undertaken to make all the arrangements for the journey. "Sir Percival" has settled that we leave on such a day; "Sir Percival" has determined that we travel by such a road. Sometimes she writes "Percival" only, but very seldom—in nine cases out of ten she gives him his title.

I can not find that his habits and opinions have changed and colored hers in any single particular. The usual moral transformation which is insensibly wrought in a young, fresh, sensitive woman by her marriage, seems never to have taken place in Laura. She writes of her own thoughts and impressions, amidst all the wonders she has seen, exactly as she might have written to some one else, if I had been traveling with her instead of her husband. I see no betrayal any where of sympathy of any kind existing between them. Even when she wanders from the subject of her travels, and occupies herself with the prospects that await her in England, her speculations are busied with her future as my sister, and persistently neglect to notice her future as Sir Percival's wife. In all this there is no under tone of complaint, to warn me that she is absolutely unhappy in her married life. The impression I have derived from our correspondence does not, thank God, lead me to any such distressing conclusion as that. I only see a sad torpor, an unchangeable indifference, when I turn my mind from her in the old character of a sister, and look at her, through the medium of her letters, in the new character of a wife. In other words, it is always Laura Fairlie who has been writing to me for the last six months, and not Lady Glyde.

The strange silence which she maintains on the subject of her husband's character and conduct she preserves with almost equal resolution in the few references which her printed letters contain to the name of her husband's bosom friend, Count Fosco.

For some unexplained reason the Count and his wife appear to have changed their plans abruptly, at the end of last autumn, and to have left Paris, instead of going to Rome, at which latter place Sir Percival had expected to find them when he left England. They only reached Paris in the spring, and traveled as far as the Tyrol to meet the bride and bridegroom on their homeward journey. Laura writes readily enough about the meeting with Madame Fosco, and assures me that she has found her aunt so much changed for the better—so much quieter and so much more sensible as a wife than she was as a single woman—that I shall hardly know her again when I see her here. But on the subject of Count Fosco (who interests me infinitely more than his wife) Laura is provokingly circumspect and silent. She only says that he puzzles her, and that she will not tell me what her impression of him is until I have seen him, and formed my own opinion first. This, to my mind, looks ill for the Count. Laura has preserved me more perfectly than most people do in later life, the child's valuable faculty of knowing a friend by instinct; and, if I am right in assuming that her first impression of Count Fosco has not been favorable, I, for one, am in some danger of doubting and distrusting that illustrious foreigner before I have so much as set eyes on him. But patience, patience; this uncertainty, and many uncertainties more, can not last much longer. To-morrow will see all my doubts in a fair way of being cleared up, sooner or later.

Twelve o'clock has struck, and I have just

come back to close these pages, after looking out at my open window.

It is a still, sultry, moonless night. The stars are dull and few. The trees, that shut out the view on all sides, look dimly black and solid in the distance, like a great wall of rock. I hear the croaking of frogs, faint and far off; and the echoes of the great clock-bell hum in the airless calm long after the strokes have ceased. I wonder how Blackwater Park will look in the daytime? I don't altogether like it by night.

28th.—A day of investigations and discoveries—a more interesting day, for many reasons, than I had ventured to anticipate.

I began my sight-seeing, of course, with the house.

The main body of the building is of the time of that highly overrated woman, Queen Elizabeth. On the ground-floor there are two hugely long galleries, with low ceilings, lying parallel with each other, and rendered additionally dark and dismal by hideous family portraits—every one of which I should like to burn. The rooms on the floor above the two galleries are kept in tolerable repair, but are very seldom used. The civil housekeeper, who acted as my guide, offered to show me over them; but considerately added that she feared I should find them rather out of order. My respect for the integrity of my own petticoats and stockings infinitely exceeds my respect for all the Elizabethan bedrooms in the kingdom; so I positively declined exploring the upper regions of dust and dirt at the risk of soiling my nice clean clothes. The housekeeper said, "I am quite of your opinion, Miss;" and appeared to think me the most sensible woman she had met with for a long time past.

So much, then, for the main building. Two wings are added at either end of it. The half-ruined wing on the left (as you approach the house) was once a place of residence standing by itself, and was built in the fourteenth century. One of Sir Percival's maternal ancestors—I don't remember, and don't care, which—tacked on the main building, at right angles to it, in the aforesaid Queen Elizabeth's time. The housekeeper told me that the architecture of "the old wing," both outside and inside, was considered remarkably fine by good judges. On further investigation I discovered that good judges could only exercise their abilities on Sir Percival's piece of antiquity by previously dismissing from their minds all fear of damp, darkness, and rats. Under these circumstances, I unhesitatingly acknowledged myself to be no judge at all; and suggested that we should treat "the old wing" precisely as we had previously treated the Elizabethan bedrooms. Once more the housekeeper said, "I am quite of your opinion, Miss;" and once more she looked at me with undisguised admiration of my extraordinary common sense.

We went next to the wing on the right, which was built, by way of completing the wonderful architectural jumble at Blackwater Park, in the time of George the Second. This is the habitable part of the house, which has been repaired and redecorated, inside, on Laura's account. My two rooms, and all the good bedrooms besides, are on the first floor; and the basement contains a drawing-room, a dining-room, a morning-room, a library, and a pretty little boudoir for Laura—all very nicely ornamented in the bright modern way, and all very elegantly furnished with the delightful modern luxuries. None of the rooms are any thing like so large and airy as our rooms at Limmeridge; but they all look pleasant to live in. I was terribly afraid, from what I had heard of Blackwater Park, of fatiguing antique chairs, and dismal stained glass, and musty, frouzy hangings, and all the barbarous lumber which people born without a sense of comfort accumulate about them, in defiance of all consideration due to the convenience of their friends. It is an inexpressible relief to find that the nineteenth century has invaded this strange future home of mine, and has swept the dirty "good old times" out of the way of our daily life.

I dawdled away the morning—part of the time in the rooms down stairs, and part out of doors, in the great square which is formed by the three sides of the house, and by the lofty iron railings and gates which protect it in front. A large circular fish-pond, with stone sides and an allegorical leaden monster in the middle, occupies the centre of the square. The pond itself is full of gold and silver fish, and is encircled by a broad belt of the softest turf I ever walked on. I loitered here, on the shady side, pleasantly enough, till luncheon time; and after that took my broad straw-hat and wandered out alone, in the warm lovely sunlight, to explore the grounds.

Daylight confirmed the impression which I had felt the night before, of there being too many trees at Blackwater. The house is stifled by them. They are, for the most part, young, and planted far too thickly. I suspect there must have been a ruinous cutting down of timber all over the estate before Sir Percival's time, and an angry anxiety on the part of the next possessor to fill up all the gaps as thickly and rapidly as possible. After looking about me in front of the house, I observed a flower-garden on my left hand, and walked toward it to see what I could discover in that direction.

On a nearer view, the garden proved to be small and poor and ill-kept. I left it behind me, opened a little gate in a ring fence, and found myself in a plantation of fir-trees. A pretty, winding path, artificially made, led me on among the trees, and my north-country experience soon informed me that I was approaching sandy, heathy ground. After a walk of more than half a mile, I should think, among the firs, the path took a sharp turn, the trees abruptly ceased to appear on either side of me, and I found myself standing suddenly on the margin of a vast open space, and looking down at the Blackwater lake from which the house takes its name.

The ground, shelving away below me, was all sand, with a few little heathy hillocks to break the monotony of it in certain places. The lake itself had evidently once flowed to the spot on which I stood, and had been gradually wasted and dried up to less than a third of its former size. I saw its still, stagnant waters, a quarter of a mile away from me in the hollow, separated into pools and ponds, by twining reeds and rushes, and little knolls of earth. On the farther bank from me the trees rose thickly again, and shut out the view, and cast their black shadows on the sluggish, shallow water. As I walked down to the lake I saw that the ground on its farther side was damp and marshy, overgrown with rank grass and dismal willows. The water, which was clear enough on the open sandy side, where the sun shone, looked black and poisonous opposite to me, where it lay deeper under the shade of the spongy banks and the rank overhanging thickets and tangled trees. The frogs were croaking, and the rats were slipping in and out of the shadowy water, like live shadows themselves, as I got nearer to the marshy side of the lake. I saw here, lying half in and half out of the water, the rotten wreck of an old overturned boat, with a sickly spot of sunlight glimmering through a gap in the trees on its dry surface, and a snake basking in the midst of the spot, fantastically coiled, and treacherously still. Far and near the view suggested the same dreary impressions of solitude and decay; and the glorious brightness of the summer sky overhead seemed only to deepen and harden the gloom and barrenness of the wilderness on which it shone. I turned and retraced my steps to the high, heathy ground; directing them a little aside from my former path, toward a shabby old wooden shed, which stood on the outer skirt of the fir plantation, and which had hitherto been too unimportant to share my notice with the wide, wild prospect of the lake.

On approaching the shed I found that it had once been a boat-house, and that an attempt had apparently been made to convert it afterward into a sort of rude arbor, by placing inside it a fir-wood seat, a few stools, and a table. I entered the place, and sat down for a little while to rest and get my breath again.

I had not been in the boat-house more than a minute when it struck me that the sound of my own quick breathing was very strangely echoed by something beneath me. I listened intently for a moment, and heard a low, thick, sobbing breath that seemed to come from the ground under the seat which I was occupying. My nerves are not easily shaken by trifles; but on this occasion I started to my feet in a fright—called out—received no answer—summoned back my recreant courage—and looked under the seat.

There, crouched up in the farthest corner, lay the forlorn cause of my terror, in the shape of a poor little dog—a black-and-white spaniel. The creature moaned feebly when I looked at it and called to it, but never stirred. I moved away the seat and looked closer. The poor little dog's eyes were glazing fast, and there were spots of blood on its glossy white side. The misery of a weak, helpless, dumb creature is surely one of the saddest of all the mournful sights which this world can show. I lifted the poor dog in my arms as gently as I could, and contrived a sort of make-shift hammock for him to lie in, by gathering up the front of my dress all round him. In this way I took the creature, as painlessly as possible, and as fast as possible, back to the house.

Finding no one in the hall, I went up at once to my own sitting-room, made a bed for the dog with one of my old shawls and rang the bell. The largest and fattest of all possible house-maids answered it, in a state of cheerful stupidity which would have provoked the patience of a saint. The girl's fat, shapeless face actually stretched into a broad grin at the sight of the wounded creature on the floor.

"What do you see there to laugh at?" I asked, as angrily as if she had been a servant of my own. 'Do you know whose dog it is?"

"No, Miss, that I certainly don't." She stopped and looked down at the spaniel's injured side—brightened suddenly with the irradiation of a new idea—and, pointing to the wound with a chuckle of satisfaction, said, "That's Baxter's doings, that is."

I was so exasperated that I could have boxed her ears. "Baxter?" I said. "Who is the brute you call Baxter?"

The girl grinned again, more cheerfully than ever. "Bless you, Miss! Baxter's the keeper; and when he finds strange dogs hunting about he takes and shoots 'em. It's keeper's dooty, Miss. I think that dog will die. Here's where he's been shot, ain't it? That's Baxter's doings, that is. Baxter's doings, Miss, and Baxter's dooty."

I was almost wicked enough to wish that Baxter had shot the house-maid instead of the dog. Seeing that it was quite useless to expect this densely impenetrable personage to give me any help in relieving the suffering creature at our feet, I told her to request the housekeeper's attendance, with my compliments. She went out exactly as she had come in, grinning from ear to ear. As the door closed on her she said to herself, softly, "It's Baxter's doings and Baxter's dooty—that's what it is."

The housekeeper, a person of some education and intelligence, thoughtfully brought up stairs with her some milk and some warm water. The instant she saw the dog on the floor she started and changed color.

"Why, Lord bless me!" cried the housekeeper, "that must be Mrs. Catherick's dog!"

"Whose?" I asked, in the utmost astonishment.

"Mrs. Catherick's. You seem to know Mrs. Catherick, Miss Halcombe?"

"Not personally. But I have heard of her. Does she live here? Has she had any news of her daughter?"

"No, Miss Halcombe. She came here to ask for news."

"When?"

"Only yesterday. She said some one had mentioned a report to her that her daughter had been seen in our neighborhood. No such report has reached us here; and no such report was known in the village when I sent to make inquiries there on Mrs. Catherick's account. She certainly brought this poor little dog with her when she came, and I saw it trot out after her when she went away. I suppose the creature strayed into the plantations and got shot. Where did you find it, Miss Halcombe?"

"In the old shed that looks out on the lake."

"Ah, yes, that is the plantation side, and the poor thing dragged itself, I suppose, to the nearest shelter, as dogs will, to die. If you can moisten its lips with the milk, Miss Halcombe, I will wash the clotted hair from the wound. I am very much afraid it is too late to do any good. However, we can but try."

Mrs. Catherick! The name still rang in my ears, as it the housekeeper had only that moment surprised me by uttering it. While we were attending to the dog the words of Walter Hartright's caution to me returned to my memory: "If ever Anne Catherick crosses your path make better use of the opportunity, Miss Halcombe, than I made of it." The finding of the wounded spaniel had led me already to the discovery of Mrs. Catherick's visit to Blackwater Park; and that event might lead, in its turn, to something more. I determined to make the most of the chance which was now offered me, and to gain as much additional information as I could.

"Did you say that Mrs. Catherick lived any where in this neighborhood?"

"Oh, dear no," said the housekeeper. "She lives at Welmingham, quite at the other end of the county—five-and-twenty miles off at least."

"I suppose you have known Mrs. Catherick for some years?"

"On the contrary, Miss Halcombe, I never saw her before she came here yesterday. I had heard of her, of course, because I had heard of Sir Percival's kindness in putting her daughter under medical care. Mrs. Catherick is rather a strange person in her manners, but extremely respectable-looking. She seemed sorely put out when she found that there was no foundation—none, at least, that any of *us* could discover—for the report of her daughter having been seen in this neighborhood."

"I am rather interested about Mrs. Catherick," I went on, continuing the conversation as long as possible. "I wish I had arrived here soon enough to see her yesterday. Did she stay for any length of time?"

"Yes," said the housekeeper, "she staid for some time. And I think she would have remained longer, if I had not been called away to speak to a strange gentleman—a gentleman who came to ask when Sir Percival was expected back. Mrs. Catherick got up and left at once, when she heard the maid tell me what the visitor's errand was. She said to me, at parting, that there was no need to tell Sir Percival of her coming here. I thought that rather an odd remark to make, especially to a person in my responsible situation."

I thought it an odd remark, too. Sir Percival had certainly led me to believe, at Limmeridge, that the most perfect confidence existed between himself and Mrs. Catherick. If that was the case, why should she be anxious to have her visit at Blackwater Park kept a secret from him?

"Probably," I said, seeing that the housekeeper expected me to give my opinion on Mrs. Catherick's parting words; "probably she thought the announcement of her visit might vex Sir Percival to no purpose, by reminding him that her lost daughter was not found yet. Did she talk much on that subject?"

"Very little," replied the housekeeper. "She talked principally of Sir Percival, and asked a great many questions about where he had been traveling, and what sort of lady his new wife was. She seemed to be more soured and put out than distressed, by failing to find any traces of her daughter in these parts. 'I give her up,' were the last words she said that I can remember; 'I give her up, ma'am, for lost.' And from that she passed at once to her questions about Lady Glyde; wanting to know if she was a handsome, amiable lady, comely and healthy and young—Ah dear! I thought how it would end. Look, Miss Halcombe! the poor thing is out of its misery at last!"

The dog was dead. It had given a faint, sobbing cry; it had suffered an instant's convulsion of the limbs, just as those last words, "comely and healthy and young," dropped from the housekeeper's lips. The change had happened with startling suddenness—in one moment the creature lay lifeless under our hands.

Eight o'clock.—I have just returned from dining down stairs in solitary state. The sunset is burning redly on the wilderness of trees that I see from my window, and I am poring over my journal again, to calm my impatience for the return of the travelers. They ought to have arrived, by my calculations, before this. How still and lonely the house is in the drowsy evening quiet! Oh, me! how many minutes more before I hear the carriage-wheels and run down stairs to find myself in Laura's arms?

The poor little dog! I wish my first day at Blackwater Park had not been associated with death—though it is only the death of a stray animal.

Welmingham—I see, on looking back through these private pages of mine, that Welmingham is the name of the place where Mrs. Catherick lives. Her note is still in my possession, the note in answer to that letter about her unhappy daughter which Sir Percival obliged me to write. One of these days, when I can find a safe opportunity, I will take the note with me by way of introduction, and try what I can make of Mrs. Catherick at a personal interview. I don't understand her wishing to conceal her visit to this place from Sir Percival's knowledge; and I don't feel half so sure, as the housekeeper seems to do, that her daughter Anne is not in the neighborhood after all. What would Walter Hartright have said in this emergency? Poor, dear Hartright! I am beginning to feel the want of his honest advice and his willing help already.

Surely I heard something? Yes! there is a bustle of footsteps below stairs. I hear the horses' feet; I hear the rolling of wheels. Away with my journal and my pen and ink! The travelers have returned—my darling Laura is home again at last!

LITERARY.

B. Dawson & Son, of Montreal, have just published a work entitled "Archaia; or, Studies of the Cosmogony and Natural History of the Hebrew Scriptures," by Professor Dawson, Principal of M'Gill College, Montreal, Canada. The theme is inexhaustible and perennially interesting; Professor Dawson is a ripe scientific scholar, and his papers on geological subjects are remembered by the members of the American Scientific Association. He has brought to bear on the genesiasal history of creation much research and keen logic. Without indorsing all the statements he makes, we may safely say that his book will command the careful attention of the learned, and deserves to become generally popular.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, January 30, in the Senate, Senator Grimes (Iowa) corrected the statement made the other day by Senator Toombs, to the effect that Iowa had passed unconstitutional laws. Senator Brown's (Miss.) resolutions relative to the organization of Territories were taken up. Senator Wilkinson (Min.) moved an amendment that Territories are the common property of the people; that Congress has power to legislate for the interests of free labor in them; and that a clause be inserted in the bills organizing Territories prohibiting slavery therein. Senator Nicholson (Tenn.) took the floor, and addressed the Senate on the subject of the "Irrepressible Conflict." When he concluded the subject was postponed till Wednesday; and after an Executive Session the Senate adjourned.——In the House, a discussion arose as to the right of ladies to seats on the floor, and after some talk, in which it was insisted upon that they should vacate their seats, they left, and the floor was finally cleared. The House then prepared to vote for Speaker, when Mr. Sherman (Ohio) rose and withdrew his name as a candidate. Three votes were then had, the last one standing: For Mr. Pennington (N. J.), 115; for Mr. Smith (N. C.), 113; scattering, 5. Necessary to a choice, 117. Adjourned.

On Tuesday, January 31, in the Senate, Senator Iverson (Ga.) introduced a bill to carry out the provisions of the fifteenth article of the treaty with Mexico. On motion of Senator Fitch (Ind.), 15,000 extra copies of the President's Message were ordered printed. Senator Grimes (Iowa) was excused from serving on the Committee on Private Land Claims, when Senator Douglas's resolution, relative to inter-State invasion, was taken up. Senator Hunter (Va.) addressed the Senate at length, occupying the entire session.——In the House, Mr. Sherman (Ohio) moved a vote for Speaker, when Mr. Smith (N. C.) withdrew his name from the canvass. Mr. Reagan (Texas) nominated Mr. M'Clernand (Ill.) Mr. Millson (Va.) seconded this nomination, and, after various explanations, the vote was proceeded with, resulting as follows: For Mr. Pennington (N. J.), 116; for Mr. M'Clernand (Ill.), 91; for Mr. Gilmer (N. C.), 5; for Mr. M'Queen (S. C.), 6; for Mr. Millson (Va.), 6; scattering, 9; necessary for a choice, 117. An adjournment was then moved by Mr. Winslow (N. C.), which was resisted by the Republicans. The Democrats, however, promised that a vote should be had promptly on reassembling the next morning, and the House adjourned.

On Wednesday, February 1, in the Senate, the President sent in a statement of the fees paid at the Consular offices. Senator Hale (N. H.) moved an inquiry into the expediency of paying the officers of the Army a gross sum per annum instead of allowances. On motion of Senator Grimes (Iowa), marines were included and the resolution adopted. Senator Gwin (Cal.) introduced a bill granting the right of way to a company for a line of telegraph to the Pacific. Senator Rice (Min.) moved instructions to the Committee on Territories, to report a bill organizing the Territory of Dakota. Senator Green (Mo.) moved to amend, so as to have so much of Minnesota as was not included in the boundaries of that State annexed to Nebraska. The resolution was laid over. The Senate went into Executive session, and then adjourned.——In the House, the vote for Speaker was, after explanations by members, proceeded with, and resulted as follows: For Mr. Pennington (N. J.), 117; for Mr. M'Clernand (Ill.), 85. Necessary to a choice, 116. Mr. Pennington was declared elected, and was then sworn in; after which, the members took the oath of office in the usual manner and then adjourned.

On Thursday, February 2, in the Senate, Senator Gwin (Cal.) gave notice that he would move to take up the Pacific Railroad bill on Monday next. Senator Sumner (Mass.) moved an inquiry into the expediency of abolishing the hospital tax on seaman, and also the system of marine hospitals, which was adopted. Senator Wigfall (Texas) noticed a bill for a Railroad and Telegraph from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Senator Lane (Oregon) moved an inquiry into the expediency of establishing a naval station on Puget's Sound. Adopted. Senator Davis (Miss.) offered a series of resolutions relating to the obligations imposed on the States by the Constitution, the rights of the people in the Territories, etc., etc. They were made the special order for 1 P.M. next Wednesday. Senator Wilson (Mass.) introduced a bill appropriating a million of acres of the public lands for the benefit of free schools in the District of Columbia. Senator Foster (Conn.) moved an inquiry whether the appropriation for the new post-office at New York is now in force, and whether further legislation is necessary. Adopted. Senator Brown's resolutions, relative to Territorial governments, were then taken up, and Senator Fitch (Ind.) addressed the Senate at length. Adjourned.——The House was not in session.

On Friday, February 3, the Senate not being in session, the House proceeded to elect officers. Mr. Forney was chosen Clerk, and Mr. Hoffman Sergeant-at-arms. The House adjourned to Monday.

SPEECH OF SPEAKER PENNINGTON.

When the Clerk announced the election of a Speaker, Mr. Pennington, amidst a quiet that strongly and delightfully contrasted with the excited and disorderly proceedings which previously prevailed, spoke as follows:

"Gentlemen of the House of Representatives,—I return you my grateful acknowledgments for the distinguished honor you have been pleased to confer upon me in electing me Speaker of this House. Coming here for the first time at the present session, to be associated with you as a member, no event could have been more unlooked for than that I should be called upon to preside over your deliberations; and my friends will do me the justice to say that I have not sought the position, as I certainly never desired it. I am, nevertheless, as conscious of the dignity and importance of this high office as any gentleman can be, but should have been far better pleased had its duties been intrusted to abler and more experienced hands. After witnessing the almost insurmountable obstacles in the way of an organization of this House, I came to the conclusion that any gentleman of any party, who could command a majority of votes for Speaker, was bound in deference to the public exigencies to accept the responsibility as an act of patriotic duty, whether it was agreeable to his personal feelings or not. As that choice has unexpectedly fallen upon me, I have not hesitated to accept it. In the execution of this high trust my object will be to do my duty with impartiality and justice to all. I shall have great necessity, gentlemen, for your influence in the new position in which I am placed, and I feel entire confidence I shall receive it at your hands. A representative from the State of New Jersey, upon whose soil so many brilliant achievements were accomplished in the Revolutionary war, and whose people have ever been distinguished for their devotion to the Constitution and the Union, I pray to the Great Arbiter of our destinies that I may do no act to impair the integrity of either, but that they, by wise and prudent counsels, peace and order may yet reign in our midst, and our free institutions be perpetuated to our descendants. I feel I have a national heart, embracing all parts of our blessed Union. Again thanking you for your kindness, I now enter upon the discharge of the arduous and complicated duties of that station."

Mr. Phelps, of Missouri, being the oldest consecutive member, administered the oath to the Speaker by request of the Clerk.

THE SCENE IN THE HOUSE.

The *Times* correspondent writes: "The close of the Speakership scene was impressive and imposing. The galleries were crowded and orderly. In the Hall every member was in his proper seat. The Speaker-elect, one of the finest men of the House in personal presence, was conducted, amidst profound silence, to the Chair, by Messrs. Sherman and Bocock. His address was in good taste, and eminently national in tone. For that instant, at least, all sectionalism was stilled. No foreigner present could fail to be satisfied that, after all our party bickerings, we are but one people in heart and sentiment. It was the first organization in the new Hall, and it is quite certain that the old one never presented a scene altogether so splendid to the eye."

SPEECH OF MR. SHERMAN.

At a serenade offered to the leading Republican members on Thursday Mr. Sherman, being loudly called, appeared, and spoke as follows:

"My Friends, Ladies and Gentlemen,—I had retired to seek rest and quiet. You summon me, and I obey. But I was not prepared for this cordial and kindly greeting of hand, heart, and voice, which leaves me almost without the power of returning my thanks. We have met to congratulate each other upon the happy result of this day's labor. A Republican Speaker is elected, and no calamity comes; a Republican Speaker is elected, and the people rejoice; a Republican Speaker is elected, and stocks advance; a Republican Speaker is elected, and cotton is worth eleven cents a pound and upward—and may it advance higher. [Cheers.] A Republican Speaker is elected, and slave property remains the same in value. [Cheers.] A Republican Speaker is elected, and the Union is safe. [Cheers.] So it will be when a Republican President is elected—[prolonged cheers, and cries of 'Good!']—for in that event every right of every citizen of every State will be secured in his hands. The only dissolution of the Union which our adversaries fear is a dissolution of their union with the public treasury. This is the 'union' they clamor about; and it must be confessed they cling to it with a sincere love. [Laughter.] This is the source of their injustice to us. We tell them our determined, only purpose, and they quote at us the language of some crazy fanatic. They represent us as believing what we do not believe; they say we intend what we do not intend; and then they howl and rave at us. I tell you, my fellow-citizens, if you take away the pressure of money, the pressure of office, you will not hear these men crying out 'Disunion!' and endeavoring to separate the people of one part of this country from the other. [Cheers.] My friends, we will conquer their injustice, we will beat down their prejudices, we will quiet the fears of the few among them who are sincere. We will do it with firmness and love, with brotherly kindness and respect. Dissolve the Union of these States! Fellow-citizens, my people live afar off, on the shores of one of the beautiful lakes of the West. If they were to hear among them such talk as we hear from the Democratic office-holders of the federal capital, they would not hang them, but they would denounce and curse them. Dissolve the Union! It can't be done. Ohio, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Indiana have recently met and resolved it shall not be done. [Cheers.] I tell you, my fellow-citizens, my heart is in this contest—my hand is in it. [A voice, 'Your pocket, too!'] Yes, my pocket, too—and every energy that I possess. I tell you, you will all live to see not only a Republican Speaker, but, I trust in God, a Republican President. [Cheers.] My fellow-citizens, let us greet the new Speaker as the harbinger of coming events. The past is with our adversaries—we rejoice in the present. Let us hope for the future."

THE PROPOSED SOUTHERN CONVENTION.

Resolutions were introduced in the Virginia House of Delegates on Monday, January 30, declaring that while we recognize an imperative necessity for decisive measures in the present condition of things, yet we believe that prompt and efficient co-operation can be more safely obtained by the direct and authoritative action of the constituted authorities of the Southern States than through the agency of an assemblage which can have no legitimate power except to debate and advise. Therefore the General Assembly of Virginia will not at this time undertake to invite any conference of Commissioners appointed by the authorities of the Southern States.

Governor Houston's Message to the Legislature of Texas, transmitting the resolutions of the South Carolina Legislature, opposes the Southern Convention. The Legislature introduced resolutions sustaining Governor Houston's views. Texas gave up her independence to the Union, and is unwilling to surrender the Union on an emergency not deemed sufficient to excuse so important a step.

TRIAL OF STEPHENS AND HAZLITT.

In the Circuit Court of Jefferson County, Virginia, indictments were on Wednesday found against Andrew Stephens and William Hazlitt, as accomplices in the Harper's Ferry convulsion. In delivering the charge to the Grand Jury, Judge Kenny, who presided in the absence of Judge Parker, dwelt upon the atrocity of Brown's attempt, and the necessity of vindicating the safety and the dignity of the State, while he earnestly advised the Jury to avoid passion, prejudice, and groundless suspicion. For the Commonwealth Mr. Andrew Hunter, who conducted the proceedings against Brown and the earlier convicts, appears; while the defense is conducted by Mr. George Sennott, of Boston. On Thursday, upon the opening of the Court, Mr. Sennot, on behalf of Stephens, prayed that the case might be transferred to the Federal Courts, in order that the prisoner might be tried at Staunton. The Court refused to make the requisite transfer, and the case proceeded, Mr. Harding opening for the State.

FRIGHTFUL ACCIDENT.

One of those calamities so invited by the mode in which those man-traps of our city, the tenement houses, are constructed, occurred on Thursday evening on Elm street. A double building, crowded to the sixth story with human beings, took fire in the basement, and owing to the combustible material deposited there, the house was at once filled with flames and smoke. The unwarned and panic-stricken inmates, whose escape by the stairway was cut off, fled to the upper story. A few leaped from the windows and were saved with more or less injury; and others were rescued by the noble efforts of the firemen; but a large but unascertained number perished before the eyes of the spectators. The building was the property of Mr. Edward Waring.

EXECUTION OF STEPHENS.

Stephens, the man who poisoned his wife in order to marry one of her nieces, and whose trial made so much noise some time since, was duly executed for his crime on 3d February in the yard of the Tombs, New York. He died without confessing his guilt.

HIS ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE.

Stephens had tried to escape. About two weeks ago he considered the idea that all hopes of a pardon would be useless, and accordingly set to work to derive means to secure his freedom. With the aid of a friend he divulged his schemes to Sanchez, who, it appears, heartily joined in the conspiracy, and soon all their plans were made to carry into execution their murderous purpose, and Monday night was arranged, so far as can be ascertained, to carry into execution their deadly work. For some time they were unable to decide upon what weapons should be used; but finally, at the suggestion of Stephens, revolvers were agreed upon, they being the most effectual. Accordingly Stephens undertook to secure the weapons, and by some means at present unknown, but no doubt through the help of a third party, two revolvers, loaded, were placed in their hands, without the knowledge of the wardens or any of the deputies. It seems that it has been the habit of the keepers to give the above two prisoners their suppers after the remaining convicts had been locked up for the night, and it was at this time that the attempt to carry into effect the plot was to be perpetrated. Stephens was, the minute the keeper opened his cell door, to step out and shoot him dead, and then to kill the other keeper in the like manner; he was then to procure the keys and release Sanchez, and if possible, both liberate themselves.

HOW THE PLAN FAILED.

It, however, in some way became known to the Warden of the prison, Mr. Charles Sutton, on Monday afternoon, and he at once took prompt steps to foil them in their bloody purpose. Mr. Sutton communicated the fact to Sheriff Kelly, and these two gentlemen, with two others, one a Mr. Cunningham, a keeper, forthwith proceeded to the cells of the prisoners. They called Stephens to his cell door, after opening it, and ordered him to submit to being searched. At this announcement Stephens seemed greatly surprised, but putting on an air of firmness, demurred, and said he thought it rather hard that one whose life was so short should be subjected to being searched, or even suspected of having any such designs, and at the same time being apparently very indignant. This plea was, however, of no avail, and the Warden, Sutton, with Sheriff Kelly and the two others, seized him, finding that he would not allow them to search him quietly. As soon as they took hold of him he made a desperate struggle, and resisted with all his power, but finally he was thrown to the floor, and while four held him upon his back the other searched his pockets. As was suspected, in one of his pockets was found a six-barrel revolver, heavily loaded. When it was taken out Stephens gave up, and hung his head, knowing full well that it was now all day with him. He said nothing, but was immediately handcuffed by Mr. Cunningham, and locked up in another cell. They then proceeded to the cell of Sanchez, and demanded him to give over the pistol he had in his possession, which he instantly did, producing a like revolver, loaded to the muzzle. Both Sanchez and Stephens were then taken to a dark cell on the fourth tier, handcuffed and safely secured. That the plot was frustrated is no fault of Stephens, as his desperate character is too well known to admit of a doubt but that had he got out of his cell his escape was sure. On searching Stephens's cell a hole was discovered partly made through the side wall between his cell and Sanchez's; it was hid by the bed and some cigar boxes. How the secret leaked out has not been ascertained, but it is presumed that Sanchez became alarmed and "squealed." The only sure way of escape for the prisoners, had they been successful in killing the two keepers, were to procure the keys, pass into the court-room of the Special Sessions, thence into the Fire Marshal's office, and opening the outer door, all they had to do was to scale the iron railing, and they were free. There is no doubt but some of Stephens's friends were in waiting during the night to aid them in their flight.

A WARNING TO LADY-SKATERS.

We read in the Boston *Atlas*: "An afternoon or two since, a young lady, while skating on Jamaica Pond, strapped her skates so tight about her feet as to prevent any circulation of the blood in the feet below the ankles. The consequence was, that, upon taking them off to return home, her feet were both found to be frozen. Although every effort was made by physicians to restore them to a normal state, one of them was so badly frostbitten as to render amputation necessary to prevent mortification ensuing."

A CONNECTICUT SCANDAL.

The Stamford (Connecticut) *Advocate* gives the particulars of a runaway wife at that place, which has been the topic of conversation among scandal-mongers for some days. They are as follow:

"A few weeks since a young and beautiful girl took up her residence in that town, and entered the High School as a pupil. Every body, especially the young men, were curious to know who the young stranger was, and where she came from: but with all the ingenuity invented on such occasions, the interested ones were completely baffled in their efforts to ascertain her place of residence. A few days since, however, a gentleman from New York made his appearance and claimed the fair *incognita* as his lawful wife. The husband insisted on taking his wife with him, but the lady resisted his importunities, and kept her person beyond his reach. Hereupon the gentleman became more violent in his demonstrations, and would probably have resorted to forcible means to coerce the return of the lady, but for the arrival of her brother. Two men met at the Stamford House on Friday last, when an excited colloquy ensued, during which the husband indulged in remarks derogatory to the character of his wife and her family. These remarks were followed by a blow from the fist of the brother, which laid the disconsolate husband at full length on the marble floor. The spectators here interfered, and prevented any further demonstrations of this character. On the following morning the brother and sister took passage on the cars for New York, whither they were followed by the baffled but not yet despairing husband. Further this deponent sayeth not."

PERSONAL.

The Postmaster-General, it is said, has decided to discontinue the coach service between Yuma and San Diego, and will in future substitute horseback service, as more economical.

The New York correspondent of the New Orleans *Courier* says that "a number of our first-class citizens—gentlemen of the *bon ton*—are associating together for the purpose of forming a society, the objects of which shall be to extend hospitality to distinguished men from all parts of the Union upon their arrival in New York."

Hon. Mr. Faulkner, the newly-appointed Minister to France, with his family, sailed for Europe in the *Fulton* on Saturday.

Ex-Governor Chase, of Ohio, was, on 1st inst., chosen United States Senator by the Legislature of that State. The vote stood—for Chase, 75; Pugh, 54; Corwin, 5.

A jury was being impanneled some years ago in Ouachita. Uncle Zeke, from the pine hills, was on the panel. When called up to be sworn, he objected to sitting on the case. It required some urging from the Court to get his "reasons." Finding it necessary, however, to divulge, he said, "Judge C., I don't like to expose this town, but the fact is I've been drinking mighty mean licker for near a week, and have had nothing but cat-fish to eat at the tavern, and fear, under the circumstances—my nerves being powerful weak—that I couldn't do justice." Of course Uncle Z. was excused.

Ex-President Pierce and lady have arrived in Nassau, New Providence. Within forty hours after leaving these wintry shores they were breathing the balmy air of the tropics. The Governor of the island and other officials had received the Ex-President with great politeness.

Blondin has decided to amuse the Quebeckers the coming season. After inspecting several localities he has fixed on a position close to Montmorenci Falls, from point to point, immediately below the cataract. He says the span he intends to walk is 1400 feet long, being 200 feet longer than the span he walked at Niagara Falls. The Falls of Montmorenci are nearly 250 feet high, being 100 feet higher than the Falls of Niagara.

Among the *on dits* of the day is one to the effect that Madame Bodisco, widow of the late Russian Embassador, will shortly wed Captain Scott, of the British Navy.

A wedding took place in Oxford, Marquette County, Wisconsin, a few days since, and soon after the knot was tied the bride was taken off by a neighbor to sit up with a sick person. The bridegroom next morning applied to the Justice to have himself unmarried, but the functionary informed him the thing could not be did.

Miss Swisshelm, the editress of the St. Cloud (Minnesota) *Democrat*, has been appointed surveyor of logs and lumber. The appointment having been ridiculed, she replies that women have as much right to employments in which the pay is more than the work as men have, and that for one she declines the honor of working for the wages of wifehood; that she would rather saw logs into boards with a hand-saw, for her bread and butter, than take the doled pittance which keeps most women's souls inside their bodies; and that not one man in five hundred would object to any woman doing the work of a surveyor-general.

The beautiful residence of John A. Rogers, Esq., situated near the village of Indiana, County of Haldimand, Canada West, was totally destroyed by fire on Friday last, together with his valuable household furniture, plate, etc., and two of his children, aged respectively five and three years, the former a boy and the latter a girl, were consumed in the building.

Mr. Rogers, when erecting this fine residence, designed the upper half story as a "play-room" for his children during the inclement weather—where the little ones were at the time of the accident, and, as is supposed, obtained some matches and kindled a fire in their play-room, which was not discovered until the whole of the upper part of the building was in flames, and too late to save either children, building, or its contents.

A little daughter of Samuel Antz, of Lewiston, accidentally swallowed a new penny on Saturday morning last, from the effects of which she took sick shortly after, and died on Sunday.

Last week, while the youth and beauty of Centreville, Illinois, were gathered at a social party, at the Centreville Exchange, an old gentleman who was subject to spells of walking in his sleep, after going to bed, fell into a slumber (*la somnambula*). He arose from his bed attired in nothing but a shirt, and walked directly among those who were participating in the scenes of festivity. The surprise was said to be more astonishing than agreeable.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE EUROPEAN CONGRESS.

The object of Lord Cowley's mission to London was, to resume the negotiations between England and France, which were instituted by the former, and interrupted by Count Walewski's opposition. The principle of these negotiations was, non-intervention in the affairs of Central Italy. France, adopting the same basis, is desirous that the whole of Europe should give its formal assent to the principle. With this view, Lord Cowley was solicited to sound the feelings of the British Cabinet as to the advisability of addressing a collective note to the European Cabinets. In this note, an infraction of the principle of non-intervention was to be treated as a *casus belli*. The British Cabinet, while expressing its readiness to support the principle of non-intervention, either at the Congress or in its communication with the foreign Powers, pointed out the impossibility of pledging itself without the consent of Parliament to a course of policy which might possibly involve hostilities. The feeling of the Northern Courts gave rise to some fear that Europe would not tacitly submit to so threatening an intimation, and which also implied the adoption of principles opposed to the independence of every State which possesses the right of forming alliances as it may think proper, and at its own risk and peril.

The British Cabinet having thus declined the proposition to enter into any engagements having such an important bearing, the question of an early meeting of the Congress is again revived.

MEETING OF THE GREAT SHIP COMPANY.

A stormy meeting of the Great Ship Company had been held in London. A report was presented, showing the position of the Company, and announcing the resignation of the board. A motion to receive the report was followed by an amendment that, before doing so, a Committee of investigation be appointed. After a warm discussion, it was resolved to decide the question by ballot. The result of this ballot was expected to be made known on the day the *America* sailed. The meeting stood adjourned till the 17th.

BURIAL OF LORD MACAULAY.

On 9th January the funeral of Lord Macaulay was solemnized at Westminster Abbey.

The chief mourners were the Rev. J. Macaulay and Mr. Macaulay, Jun., C. L. Macaulay, Esq., and George Trevelyan, Esq., who were seated in the first carriage. S. F. Ellis, Esq., E. Cropper, Esq., J. Cropper, Jun., Esq., and H. Holland, Esq., were conveyed in the second carriage.

At Hyde Park corner the carriages of noblemen and others swelled the procession, which was now of enormous length, probably a hundred vehicles having been added to it, and as it continued down Grosvenor Place the spectacle was one of imposing solemnity. Here, too, a long line of carriages was drawn up by the roadside, partly to allow the cavalcade to pass, and partly, no doubt, to afford the occupants an opportunity of witnessing its passage. On the steps and at the windows of the houses were also a large number of spectators, and here, as elsewhere, the exhibition of public feeling was most sympathetic.

The body was received at the Abbey by the pall-bearers, and the coffin was carried through the cloisters up the nave to the choir, being deposited beneath the organ during the celebration of the service.

The pall-bearers were:

The Lord Chancellor,	Lord John Russell,
The Earl of Carlisle,	Duke of Argyll,
Earl Shelburne,	The Speaker,
Earl Stanhope,	Sir David Dundas,
Sir Henry Holland, Bart.,	The Dean of St. Paul's (Dr. Millman).

The congregation included distinguished representatives of both Houses of Parliament, of the clergy, of literature and science, the bar, the army and navy, and other leading professions.

The service was commenced by the Rev. Canon Jennings. As the coffin was borne onward to the choir, the choristers sang the fine composition of Purcell, "I am the Resurrection and the Life." When arrived at the choir, the Psalm, "Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place," was chanted, and the lesson appointed for such service was read. The anthem was from Spohr's "Last Judgment," "Blessed forever are they that die trusting in God."

The Dean read portions of the service, and when he came to those sublime words, "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust," the personal friends of the illustrious deceased could be at once distinguished from the depth of their emotion. In a gallery immediately over the grave were three ladies in deep black, who seemed utterly overpowered with grief.

The service occupied about an hour. At its close the chief mourners took a last view of the grave and coffin, and then silently quitted the scene. The barriers being now thrown down, the crowd of spectators were allowed to approach the verge of the grave. The outer coffin is formed of polished elm, and it incloses a leaden coffin and shell. The lid is divided into three compartments; the upper one contains, on an engraved plate, the arms of the deceased peer. The shield bears two arrows and two buckles, and has two pelicans as supporters. The crest is a boot with a spur, surmounted with the usual coronet. The motto of the coat of arms is "Dulce Periculum." The second compartment contains the following inscription: "The Right Hon. Thomas Babington Macaulay, Baron Macaulay of Rothley, born 25th Oct., 1800, died 28th Dec., 1859." At the lower part of the lid is a small shield with the initials of the deceased peer, "T. B. M." The coffin is ornamented with massive gilt handles, three upon each side and one at each end, surmounted with coronets, and the surface is covered with black silk velvet, and is decorated in the usual style of funeral ornamentation.

DIAMONDS FROM LUCKNOW.

Mr. Amunn arrived in London by the Bombay mail, having for sale a considerable parcel of diamonds, some of them quite extraordinary for size and importance. He had disposed of a few, the price ranging from £1000 to £15,000. An uncut brilliant of unusual magnitude he has refused to part with for 7,000,000 francs, and stands out for £300,000, which, if he can't get in Paris, he carries the gem to Amsterdam or St. Petersburg. The "diggins" in Lucknow, and some other hidden localities, during the mutiny were not unproductive.

FRANCE.

FREE TRADE ESTABLISHED IN FRANCE.

The Emperor Napoleon has announced, by a letter addressed to M. Fould, his desire to substitute a system of approximate free trade for the narrow protective principle which has heretofore governed French commercial intercourse, and intimates his design to inaugurate the new economical era as early as may be consistent with agricultural development. At the same time, the fact of a commercial treaty of reciprocity between France and England having been negotiated is affirmed; so that the relations of the two countries, it is understood, will be relieved at once of excessive restrictions. The change has been productive of general satisfaction both in France and England.

THE EMPEROR'S ULTIMATUM TO THE POPE.

By late arrivals we are furnished with a remarkable letter addressed by the French emperor to the pope. In it he deplores the state of affairs in Central Italy, ascribing it by no indirect implication to the unwillingness of his Holiness to adopt reforms demanded by the condition of the people, and pointing out the only alternative which the actual position of affairs seems to present. It consists in the abandonment of the Romagna, upon condition, to be guaranteed by the Great Powers, of undisturbed property in the remaining states. With what reception this decisive measure met we are not informed.

THE LATEST ON THE HOOP QUESTION.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Court Journal* sets at rest the question of the Empress renouncing hoops. He says:

"We can, therefore affirm upon our conscience and honor that, whatever may have been said with regard to the abandonment of crinoline by that august and gracious lady, the absence of whatever portion may have been cast aside was not perceived; indeed, we should almost say that it must have added to the expansion of the petticoat by the fertility thus afforded for the more easy expansion of that which remained. Nothing could be more graceful and more dignified than the flow and fall of her Majesty's garments; but, at the same time, we can say that any falling off is there? As the beautiful and gracious lady took her seat upon the throne she fills so well, the uniform, the sword, nay, one half of the very person of the Emperor became lost to view—imbedded, as it were, in the beautiful and glittering mass beneath which it disappeared, leaving not even the thin and indistinct outline under the velvet of the Imperial robe to show that it still existed."

A DROLL EXPEDIENT.

A ladies' shoemaker in Paris named Mathieu, being hard up for money, lately conceived the idea of writing his memoirs, together with, to use his own expression, "the biography of the feet" of all his customers. He sent a circular, together with a proof-sheet, to every one of them, politely stating that any lady who might wish her name not to appear in his book must be good enough to remit him the sum of fifteen francs. The following specimens of the biography were read in court, on his trial:

"Madame A—— lives Rue ——, No. —, first floor; married in 1844; three children; pays badly; feet very difficult to fit, instep too flat, two corns and three bunions; walks awkwardly, and wears her shoes out in the inside very fast.

"Madame P——, Rue ——, No. —, two pair back; still an old maid; borrows children to take with her into the Tuileries Garden; pays her bills, but makes a hard bargain; feet spreading, toes crowding one over the other; two corns and a bunion.

"Madame B——, Rue ——, No. —, fifth floor; formerly kept a cook-shop; has two sons, privates in the army of Africa; two unmarried daughters; gives her children nothing and never pays until served with a writ; feet flat, large, and fatty, and very apt to burst the leathers; a great many corns and bunions, all mixed up together."

Several of the ladies applied to were weak enough to pay the fifteen francs, but others complained to the police, and the literary shoemaker was condemned, for swindling, to a month's imprisonment.

ITALY.

ULTIMATUM OF THE POPE.

The Paris correspondent of the *Post* reports that the Papal Nuncio has said the Pope will give up the Romagna, provided the rest of his dominions be secured to him.

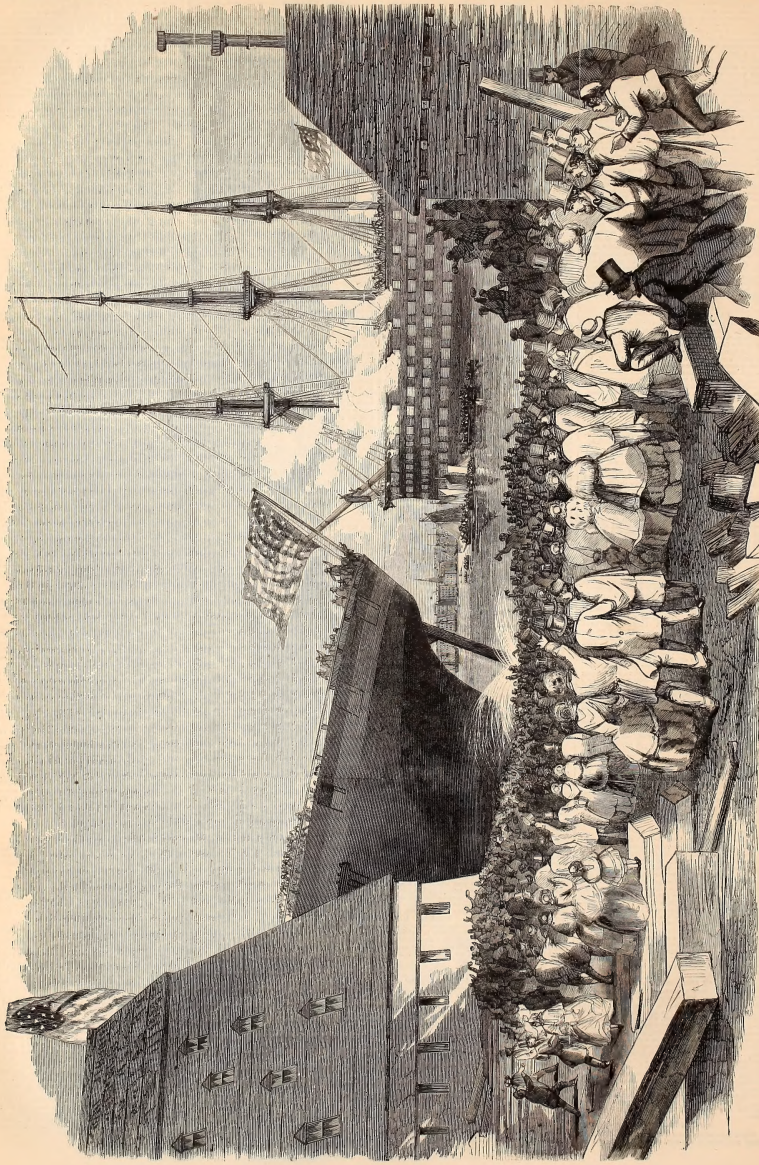
Cardinal Antonelli's reported resignation was not confirmed.

At Vienna it is fully believed that the Government intends openly and actively to interfere in Central Italy in favor of the exiled Dukes and Papal Government. The Pastoral of the Archbishop, published in the Weimer *Zeitung* on the 11th, confirms this fear.

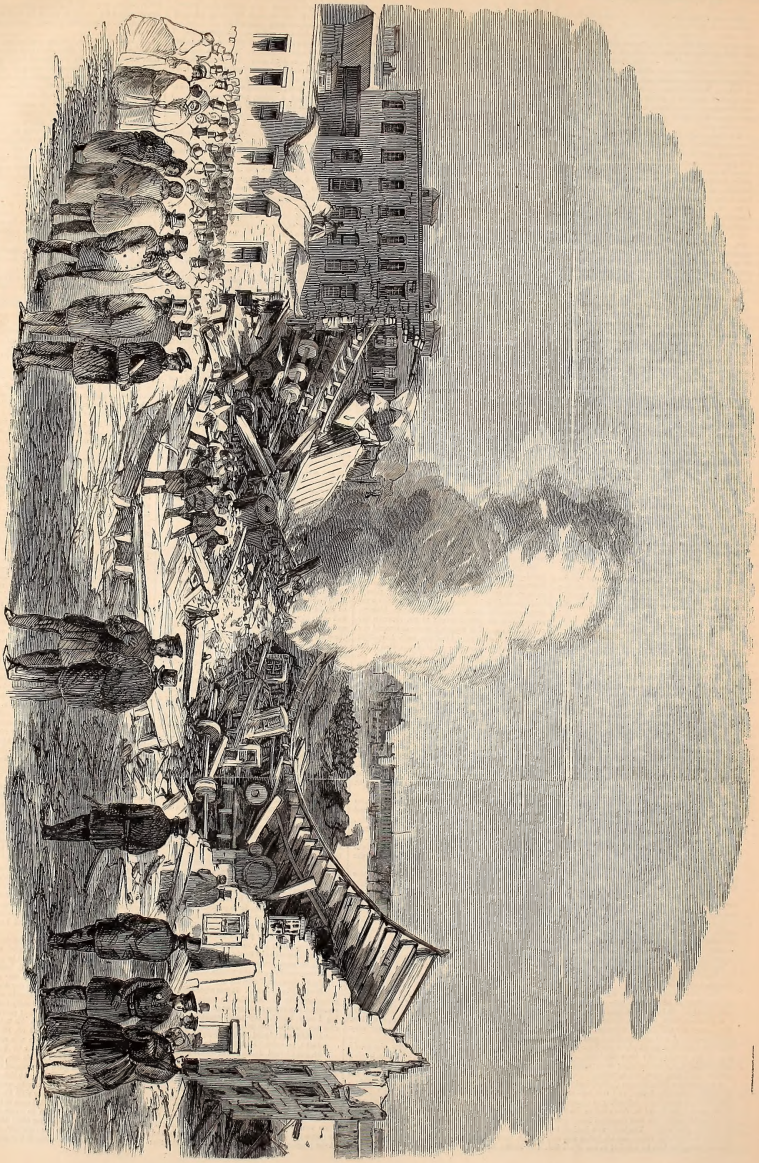
NOTE TO THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH.

The Roman correspondent of the *Courrier du Dimanche* writes, under date of the 31st ult.:

"Yesterday Cardinal Antonelli sent to the Duke of Grammont a note of the utmost importance, and which has been the subject of all sorts of commentaries to-day. It is couched in very firm language, and contains categorical conclusions. His Eminence informs the French Embassador of the painful surprise felt by the Pope on learning the publication of a work which throughout assails and outrages the temporal sovereignty of the Holy See. The Cardinal then proceeds to state that such pamphlet would have passed unnoticed, or at least would not have caused any more uneasiness to the Holy See than other publications of the same nature put into circulation by the enemies of the Church, if certain circumstances had not unfortunately imparted to it a real importance. His Eminence complains of the silence of the French *Moniteur* respecting a production to which the universal press of Europe attributes an official origin, and frankly declares that the explanations obtained by the Apostolic Nuncio at Paris appear to his Holiness any thing but satisfactory. The Sovereign Pontiff is resolved to defend firmly, and under all circumstances, the integrity of the domains of the Church. If the Emperor Napoleon's Government, which has given the Holy See so many proofs of pious solicitude, should not think proper to assure the Sovereign Pontiff that the policy of France is not that of the anonymous pamphlet, the Holy Father would not consent to attend the Congress."



LAUNCH OF THE UNITED STATES STEAM CORVETTE "RICHMOND," AT NORFOLK, VIRGINIA, ON JANUARY 26, 1860.—[SEE PAGE 90.]



EXPLOSION AT AMES & MOULTON'S HAT FACTORY, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK, ON FEBRUARY 3, 1860.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

LAUNCH OF U. S. STEAM CORVETT.. "RICHMOND".

THIS fine vessel, the last of five of a similar class added to our navy, has been for months ready for the water; but not till now has the order been given to launch her. At a quarter before noon on the 26th of January she entered her destined element in splendid style, at Norfolk, Virginia, amidst the plaudits of thousands, who covered the decks of the surrounding vessels, and filled every "eligible vantage" for view at home. The ceremony of christening was gracefully performed by Misses Robb and Berryman—the latter a daughter of the distinguished engineer of the Atlantic and pioneer of the ocean telegraph.

The *Richmond* will not suffer in beauty of model in comparison with any of her sister ships. The following are her measurements: Length over all 220 feet; length between perpendiculars, 205 feet; extreme breadth 42; moulded ditto, 41; draught, fore and aft, 16; extreme depth from rail to keel forward, 22; amidships, 28 feet 6 inches; aft, 21 feet 6 inches; displacement at fifteen feet, 2958 tons; tonnage, by register, 1934. Her two engines have each 84-inch cylinder, and 14 inches stroke, with Martin's patent boilers and Sickels's valve. The propeller, of brass, is 14 feet in diameter. Her armament is 90, forecast 84, and mizen-mast 73 feet long; main-yard, 84 feet; and other spars in proportion. Fitted for thirty, she will mount but twenty guns, all of 9 inches. Engines and all are ready for her, and she will soon be fit for a cruise.

There are now five new steamers at the Gosport yard—gratifying evidence of Uncle Sam's awakening attention to the enlargement of his steam navy. An unprofessional man may be indulged in one reflection in this connection. One of the first wants of a new and large steamer, and, with her, there is always something in a name. Now we have never seen any explanation of the disappearance from our navy-list of many of those names which figure, and will always figure, so brilliantly in our history. Where are the *Java*, the *Guerriere*, the *Wasp*, the *Hornet*, the *Chesapeake*, etc., etc.? Poor substitute, indeed, the *Frigolile* and the *Duck Rice* for the tithes which are to the sailor's heart as the sound of a trumpet to the war-horse. It is a general thing, to enlist local feeling by dubbing our liners (if we ever have any) after States, frigates after rivers, and sloops after towns. But why make the rule so rigid? Why appeal so strictly to neighborhood rivalry, to the exclusion of name of national significance, and identified with national glory? England's practice is different, and here is a wide field for naval matters. The name *cordiale* may oblige her to ignore many of her old French prizes; but even the Frenchman will meet at her hands the *Victory*, the *Trafalgar*, and the *Duke of Wellington*; while with us she does not mince matters in the least. Our once-despised "line-built frigate," the *Chesapeake* and the *Peacock*, are carefully perpetuated. The *Chesapeake* if we mistake not, was prominent in the late Chinese engagement, her alliance in which was solicited. As our gallant Commodore glanced at her flag, he must have given the adage, "blood is thicker than water," a mental interpretation rather different from that it ordinarily bears.

EXPLOSION OF A STEAM-BOILER IN BROOKLYN.

WE engrave on the preceding page the explosion of the hat-factory of Ames & Moulton, in Brooklyn, New York, which took place on 3d inst. The explosion occurred at about 7.30 A.M. The loss of life already ascertained is six killed and fifteen injured, many of them mortally.

The factory is situated from Nostrand Avenue, near Myrtle, to Sanford Street. The main structure is 150 feet long and 25 feet wide, with a building at right angles, on the east side, 50 feet square—with buildings of brick, and three stories high. The boiler was on the ground-floor of the main building.

The precise cause of the explosion can not be definitely ascertained, as the engineer is killed. It is supposed, however, that the water-pipes were frozen, and, a large fire being built, steam generated so quickly as to cause the catastrophe. The engine-room and the centre of the main structure are a mass of ruins.

The noise of the explosion was heard a mile distant, and the force that the houses in the neighborhood shook to their foundations. A portion of the boiler was impelled a distance of 250 feet.

A general fire alarm was rung, and the firemen and police were promptly on the ground and commenced tearing away the rubbish. They encountered in extricating all who were supposed to be underneath. The dead have been taken into the sitting department, where all were recognized up to noon, except one. The injured were taken to their residences or to hospital.

The bodies of the five men who were killed were laid together in the planing room, where they were identified by their friends.

About two hundred persons were employed in the building, of which from fifty to seventy-five were females. As long some time before the hour to commence work, but few, comparatively, were here when the catastrophe occurred. Five girls [illegible] and many perhaps thirty men and boys. Had the explosion taken place one hour later the loss of life would have been frightful. Dozens were approaching the building from different directions, and some were just entering.

A young man John Hughes (Gilliel) had applied for work some days before, and was told to come this (Friday) morning. According to engagement he reported himself and sat down before the boiler to warm his feet. He was launched into eternity a moment afterward. The body was bruised into an indistinguishable mass, and his father was only able to recognize him by a defect in one of his feet.

A BROTHER'S STORY.

MAGGIE and I—sister and brother—were alone in the world. Father and mother had sought the spiritual life, leaving us here without a friend to whom we could lay the claim of kin. Father had been stricken in high health and robustness—cut off as the scythe cuts the stout stem. Mother—gentle, sensitive, frail—had lain down her life after, with that quiet releasing of grasp through which death has robbed many of sleep. We were quite alone—Maggie and I.

She was but a child—only fifteen. I was just within the shadow of twenty-one. We leaned toward each other entirely now—clasped our hands closer, and loved one another more fondly than ever before. Not that the former love was less, but this was greater

Another shadow came creeping over us. I was becoming blind. First a lessening of the glare of light and a dimness of vision; then indistinctness of outline; then confusion of objects; then—total chaos. Beneath the pressure came the earth sinks away all its forests and hills and cataracts are gone, till at last black clouds envelope me, and I lie in her indefinite and illimitable space. So to me it seemed that life was gliding away, leaving nothing but existence—a dreamless sleep.

Extinguish the light in your drawing-room of an evening, and after the first dense blackness will come creeping into view the faint outlines of objects—until, and then the lesser objects, till, in a little time, not many of them will be lost to you. So from the fear entire extinction of the material sense of sight, came gradually back, through other avenues, the same sweet scenes of life—veiled, it is true, in a veil of pleasantness, and scarcely less rich in suggestion than before.

As I have said, Maggie, when I lost sight of her, was not fifteen. She was a child. Nothing in her estimate beauty. Mentally mature, but in form and feature unperfected. A brunette, I remember here, in my blindness, that her hair was very smooth and black; her forehead not massive, but finely chiseled and suggestive; her eyes soft and brown; her *outline* was the distinguishing feature of my sister Maggie. It could never be painted. Even the finest touch of the artist is but a coarse light. Looking into her eyes, you looked into depths—floating, viscid crystals—black, cool, black, infinite, mellow, soft, profound. Such was the compass of a glance. I have seen eyes nearly dry —so void of liquidity as to suggest artificial lubrication; but Maggie's eyes whispered a thought in swimming. And yet my sister had not been called beautiful. Nor was she: there was not harmony between the features to be so considered.

I had always thought that the subsiveness of woman, her clinging nature, involved the sense of need—need of protection. I felt that I was never more helpless—who so helpless as a blind man?—my Maggie clung closer and closer. Protection! I was ashamed of my own selfishness. Maggie was the oak, and I the ivy.

Maggie used to me from the first words that we loved—each with the natural voice and most varied intonation. I verily believe that her soul-reading gave me more of the blessing of sight than it could possibly have caught had my own eyes wandered along the lines. Poetry, romance, history, art, politics, all were brought to me in noble, deep, musical tones. The morning paper enlivened our little breakfast-table. After the early household duties, Maggie ran to me, and asked me "the heavy reading of the day." After dinner, romance After that, poetry. At the tea-table, the evening paper. By candle-light, "Shirley." Between whiles she talked to me, or, with a sister's delicate tact, gave me time to muse when the mood was on, remembering that I could not take the pictures of color and form through retrospective musings.

Maggie's power of description was either originally great, or else her habit of word-painting for my benefit and pleasure wrought wonders. She could give me clear pictures of the scenes and objects: even painting and statuary were reproduced, and delicate shades of mood and curve of outline were almost as present to my inner sense of sight as in days gangrene.

Maggie became to me in the street, taking my arm as naturally as though I had not lost vision, and leading me thus. She learned to drive fearlessly, and thus gave me the full luxuriation of carriage-motion and the perfume of meadows and orchards.

Maggie took the place of light: saw for me; made me happy in spite of my stupendous loss. And she was as happy as I.

As months and years ran by, making her more and more necessary to me, accustomed to the thought of losing her would spring upon me, watched by this reflection: "She is not beautiful, and can not be won, perhaps, by any but a blind man like me." Thus the thoughts would rise and be pushed away. But often when, as the evening clo'd, she would throw herself into my arms, and sob out her sleepiness—Maggie was always full of both vivacity and drowsiness—I felt that I was dearer to her other Maggie than the angular school-girl of my days of vision: and when, passing my hand up to her face, I found her cheeks rounded and symmetrical, touched her full lips, and brushed the long lashes, and when I toyed with her fingers, measured her throbbing wrist, and felt the beautiful contour of her arm, my heart would sink a little. How could I help it? I hope I was not very wicked.

But when I hinted such a possibility, she would press her soft hand upon my lips, and, imprisoning my words, give wings to her own, and tell me over and over again that never, never, never could she be so happy as now, "queen of our little sitting-room, with such a brother to care for." Dear Maggie! Young men came often to call on me—to whom she would chat with so [illegible] heart as to set me quite at my ease. But what does a woman know of the life before her?—or a man either, for that matter?

Maggie became less airy and rollicking. Not sad; only about her seemed to float a silvery cloud—a veil, dream-like envelope; her step seemed changed from the sparkling dancer to the soft Italian. She was even more tender than before gained her hand almost unconsciously now, and laid her cheek more carefully upon mine.

One day a stranger called—a stranger to me. I knew the approaching step to be new long before the bell had begun to tinkle. The tread was regular and firm. A deep, rich voice uttered the salutations and the name of Jesse introduced the hand that I grasped met mine with a manly pressure. Maggie joined in the conversation, but the tone was changed. A little shyness—more liquid tone. I knew then that the depths of her woman nature had been stirred, and that her heart, like the Nile, was overflowing. Yet I felt that, a second time, I had lost my sight! After the shock that comhad gone me strength to bear it wi.ingly.

Days, weeks, months of time had come I called her to me, and, pressing her to my heart, opened the whole mystery to her. She knew it before I spoke—and told her that I gave her willingly to the stranger. Putting her hand upon my forehead —that hand of indescribable size and softness—I said, "I shall not see you. He can not come o us; I must not go to him." I expostulated; she was firm. It spoke the emotions of love and, trembling like a l af the while, gave precedence to love and duty. It was all in vain. The "stranger" went to his home, and I knew then, for the months which followed, Maggie and he were, in a sense, together.

A year had departed. Maggie and the "stranger" had sustained their waiting betrothal, but there was no change in her purpose. One morning in January of that year I went into the chu ter of my eyes. I felt upon my knees, prayerfully, and without the power to rise. As days and weeks went by, I felt light returning to my eyes gradually. Oh, how I prayed for the gift of actual vision!—less for my own sake than for Maggie's, while I kept the revelation in my heart, though it seemed ready to burst with the imprisoned joy. The outlines of objects came to me—then shapes, and last. I saw Maggie, the beautiful, queenly Maggie was pictured a thousand times before she had suspected that I had the blessing restored to sight.

I can not tell how I broke the sweet news, for I do not know. I remember tears, rubbings, smiles, caresses, laughter, and then—

The "stranger" came again. And when, at length, Maggie threw her arms about me with her joyous "Good-by," I could whisper a thought in my ear which made it, she said, almost easy to leave me. But no matter about that.

The marriage-day arrived and had been wrought, under God, through the skill of a young oculist in whose hands I had placed myself, enjoining strict secrecy, lest Maggie's love be lifted upon a wave of hope only to be dashed down again.

OUR PET.

THE way we became possessed of Our Pet was this. The uncle with whom I and my brother and sister live is fond of pets. He has a splendid dog, a pig, had a grand fondness for animals, and brought us up in the same praiseworthy sentiments. He has some rare birds in the stable, five poodle-dogs, and a proportionate variety of cats; and we loved them all dearly; but a feeling had somehow arisen among us, and needed to be repressed, that the family happiness was incomplete without a monkey. How to get one was the difficulty, for my uncle would not have a "nasty, mischievous monkey," who wore kilts, and had no manners; and a gentlemanlike monkey, accustomed to good society, was not easily found. At last, a lady living a few miles off, wrote to offer my uncle hers, as it had grown so intolerably mischievous she could keep it in house. Nothing daunted by the pleasing character awarded to it, my uncle cheerfully accepted the gift. Jacko arrived, was duly ad mired, petted, and put to bed in the stable, the warmth of which he seemed greatly to enjoy. Next morning my maid came to dress me, looking very much as if she had just been on board a steamboat in very rough weather.

"What is the matter, Jane?" said I.

"The monkey, miss," said she. "He's a walgur beast. I can't abear him."

"What has he done?" said I.

"Done, miss?" said she. "If you'll believe me, he's a setin' on the door-step a eatin' a live snail for his breakfast. I do."

It didn't sound nice, certainly; but hunger brings us acquainted with strange mouth-fellows; and I supposed the poor thing hadn't been properly taken care of; so I hurried down stairs, and found him chained to the rather in the dining-room, and the servants waiting for prayers. My uncle began to read a chapter. Jacko, finding it dull sitting there, with nobody noticing him, and nothing to do, began to pull at the tail of the black poodle lying near him on the hearth-rug, just to see how he would like it—as a pleasant way of beginning an acquaintance.

"Gro-o-o-o!" said the poodle.

"Jacko, be quiet," said my uncle.

"Hauuk!" said Jacko. It was a peculiar sound, something like a growl, that he made; unlike the peevish cry of a monkey, and very creditable during I ever heard. My uncle went on with the chapter. Jacko gave another sly pull.

"Grooooo-o-o!" said the poodle.

"Jacko, be quiet," said my uncle.

"Hauuk!" said Jacko; but finding that, for some inexplicable reason, my uncle did not intend to send a cook at hi head, he amused himself during the remainder of prayers by pulling steadily at the dog's tail, hand-over-hand, just as a sailor pulls at a rope, eliciting melodious music from the unhappy dog, angry, but perfectly useless ejaculations from my uncle, and a series of choking fits from the astonished household, who could hardly be expected to view such an exhibition unmoved. After prayers my uncle observed that he "r ither though " would settle Master Jacko to-morrow." From that time forward, during prayer-time, he w s always chained, rain or shine, to the door-steps, where, when he had once beheaded every flower within his reach, he could do no more mischief beyond vociferating himself hopelessly with live snails.

But on return to his first day among us. After breakfast at which he got a great deal more cream than his fair share, he was turned loose into the garden, being evidently tame enough. He wisely awoke enough to his own interests not to wander far from the house. Before luncheon he was brought in and chained again to the dining-room. The table was already laid, and the servant went to fetch the meat. Crash—crash—crash! In ran my uncle, and found Jacko with one of the fireirons like Mariou, among the ruins of Carthage, surrounded by broken glass and china, knives and forks, bread, butter and all rich mixed up promiscuously, and still holding in his hand the corner of the tablecloth, which he had pulled and pulled till down it came, with all its contents, on the floor. He got a tolerably sound thrashing for this exploit, but he did not seem overly sorry. My uncle m ant the table was relaid he began to cheat for his beer; and nobody could have any luncheon in peace till he got it. After luncheon he was turned out again to wander at his own sweet will in the garden, and I went to my music-l son. Presently the cook came to my door in great fright, and—e, in at the door, and asked me to come and k to her in the passage. I went.

"If you please, miss" said she, with ominous politeness, "what would you pl..se horder for dinner?"

"Dinner?" said I, helplessly: "didn't my uncle order dinner before he went out t.

"Yes, miss," said she, "he *hordered* it; but 'ow am I to get it, miss, when there's Mike outerwalkin', while that hanimal is a-roaring and a-vampag' ..ab-t? He come into the kitchen ten minutes a.o, of course we runn'd away, along of being frightened: and when we come back if h 'adn't been a-writin' on the mantel-piece with the 'ot poker, and 'ad a soup; and he's heat up the pie, and a flask of oil, and a pot of potatoun, and 'blister; and now he's a-hairing of 'imself in the t p of 'e 'ouse with your music-master's hat."

"Oh, Kitty," said I, clapping my hands, "if your master should hear you! Where is the dear to Jacko to bring the hat down again or not, that when Mr. Mellon said, "My dear young lady, you are playing wrong. What is the matter?" "Please ma'am?" I looked at it seriously, and said in monkey" instead of "a minute."

Shall I ever forget that meek little man's face when, on going away, he asked for his hat, and was informed by our Jacko, with the utmost gravity, that "the monkey had took'd it to the top of the 'ouse, Sir; but they've sent for a chimbley-sweep to get it down."

That functionary arrived in due time, and got the hat. I waited for Jacko in the garden with a cane of shrewish and forcible rotundity; and while he was drinking it, being rather exhausted with the excitement he had gone through, he allowed me to put the chain on, and I led him quietly away.

Monkeys certainly have very strong likes and dislikes. There is a particular style of person they can not endure. My uncle George's son is one of these Parishs of monkey civilization. No monkey who ever came across her could endure her for a moment, and least of all Jacko, though she is generally considered a pretty enough sight to look upon. However engrossing his occupation might be—whether he was eating his dinner, or going to sleep after it on my lap, or tossing the dogs, or pretending to be asleep in order to catch some of the tangled forests of their long curly hair—it was all the same—the moment she appeared he was dressed with a mischievous alacrity, and made a frantic dash at her as far as his chain would allow; then, when he found he really could not get at her, he rose to his feet on the wood-rstrut on the fender, and execute a war-dance among the fire-irons, grinning his teeth, rolling his eyes, flinging wild yells at her, and shaking his fists, and saying, as plain as monkey could speak, "She makes me sick; do, do take her away." She never provoked him in any other way: on the contrary, she was studiously deferential and timidly polite to him; and I dare say that was partly the reason why he behaved so ill; for I think monkeys are rather like lovers—a little wholesome severity, not to say harshness, is good for them, and keeps them in their proper place.

One morning my uncle, coming down to breakfast, was greeted by Jacko with an excessive urbanity and overacted delight that he guessed there must be something wrong; and, looking sharply round the room to see that there was no butter on the table, and that Jacko held one hand carefully behind his back. My uncle slowly advanced, eyeing him stealthily; Jacko, loudly professing how charmed he was to see him that particular day of all days in the year, still kept his hand behind his back. My uncle came close up, still eying him fixedly. Jacko, seeing there was no help for it, with a look bundled up from the butter into the grate, crossed his hands in his lap, and sat smilingly serene, as a good man roused from peaceful slumber. "Jacko, you sha' be licked!" said my uncle. He understood perfectly, and in his terror made such a horrible clutter with his chain among the fire-irons that my uncle began to imagine him, that he might thrash him in peace and comfort. But Jacko was too quick for him; the moment he was free he sprung up the chimney, and sat singing in the draught. His triumph was short. He for

got he had a *tail;* and my uncle, cautiously putting his hand up the chimney, caught the tip of that tail, and brought him down, squealing and yelling, to receive his deserved punishment. Another time we found the breakfast-room so full of feathers that we thought somebody must have been plucking a goose there; but it was only Jacko, who had contrived to reach one of the sofa-pillows, and had been unripping it for his amusement. It was a great satisfaction to our feelings when he nearly choked himself with two or three feathers that had got into his cream; and then he glared vindictively at us, as if we had done it!

Things went on in this way for some months—Jacko perpetually getting into scrapes, and perpetually being forgiven—when a change came o'er the spirit of the family dream. It was arranged that we should go and pay a visit to my brother, the clergyman. Jacko was to go, too, for change of air.

Well, we went to see my brother. Never shall I forget that day's journey. We woke and found ourselves famous. It seemed as though the intelligence of our approach with our queer retinue was telegraphed along the line before us; for whatever station we alighted at, we instantly became the centre of a group of admirers. Jacko's admirers consisted entirely of boys of every age and degree of respectability, from mamma's darling with blue eyes and curly hair, going home for the holidays, in his best jacket and trowsers, to the seediest urchin of the streets. Big and little, they clustered round like bees, flattening their noses against the hamper that contained Jacko, though there was nothing to be seen but two eyes that glowed like burning coals. However, it seemed to afford them unlimited satisfaction; and I heard one little fellow say, in an awe-struck whisper, to a small confederate, "Them's the ladies as belongs to the monkey!"

"The longest day, live till to-morrow, will have passed away." This trying day was over at last, and we arrived at my brother's village. Jacko was received in any thing but a flattering manner. As he was being taken out of his hamper at the door, a parrot, swinging in its cage opposite, bristled up all its feathers at him, and screamed out, "Get out, you snob!" Jacko, a true philosopher, was no more depressed by this undeserved contumely than he had been elated by the triumphs of the morning. "Haunk!" said he, and devoured all the out-door grapes he could reach, while waiting for a more substantial supper. Presently my brother's dog, the most sagacious creature I ever saw, came out to meet us. It was curious to watch his astonishment at the sight of Jacko; he walked round and round him, sniffing; then gravely sat down on his haunches, to examine him at leisure; then gently bit the end of his tail, to see what he was made of, seeming to say, "You are very odd; you are the oddest thing I ever saw; but I am monarch here, and as long as you don't bite I will befriend you." A touching friendship sprang up between them; the dog would hardly stir without the monkey; and it was quite pretty to see them playing together like two kittens, Jacko putting his head quite fearlessly down the dog's enormous throat, and bullying him in every way, as if he were a human being.

Jacko soon signalized his arrival at the rectory by coming out in quite a new light—as a moral reformer. He prevailed upon an old woman to go to church, who had withstood every description of clerical battery for years. No amount of blankets, or pounds of tea, or persuasion, could induce her to set foot inside the church. Once I went to her, armed with tea and sugar and a convincing tract, and bored her to such a degree that at last she turned upon me. "Don't tell me. Young uns goo to church fur to shew thur bunnets; old uns, fur to goo to sleep. I'se sleep varmer here." And feeling secretly guilty of a certain new bonnet, trimmed with blush-roses, I slunk off. But fools rush in where angels fear to tread: Jacko succeeded where many a curate had failed. When Good Friday came round, all the village went to church except this old woman and Jacko, who, prowling up the street, spied some hot cross-buns in her window for sale. They did not remain there long; and he settled himself comfortably on her pump-handle to enjoy his feast. Presently the old dame came out to get some water, and seeing Jacko, fell down in a fit. When restored to consciousness by her neighbors, she solemnly assured them that she had with her own eyes seen the devil sitting on her pump, eating hot cross-buns. "Naw, dame, naw," said John Tarbut, pork-butcher and oracle to the village; "'t couldn't ha' been the devil thees't seen; t' devil would ha' been afeared to eat hot cross-buns; they'd burn his mouth like. Thee must ha' seen a cretur very like the devil, what parson's sisters play wi'." "Eh, man," returned the irritated dame, "thee thinks a' the world's fools but thysen. Dost think I doan't know the devil when I sees un?" And nothing would persuade her but that she *had* seen the old gentleman himself, and that he would certainly come again "to fetch her," unless she mended her ways. Accordingly, she came regularly to church from that day forth; and from that day forth Jacko was known in the village as the young ladies' devil.

Now there is a confidence that I wish to make to an enlightened public. I will tell the truth, humiliating though it may be to my hero. Jacko didn't marry; and he didn't die; he "emigrated;" which is polite English, I believe, for describing the fate of people who "leave their country for their country's good;" who are transported, in short. His tricks were so incessant, and so very unclerical, that he kept the village in a perpetual state of hot water, besides earning for my brother an unenviable notoriety as the "parson what kept the devil." So it was settled in family conclave that he must be parted with; and though I could then guess what the feeling of Brutus must have been when he sacrificed his sons, I was forced to submit. A friend sailing for the West Indies agreed, as a favor, to take him with him; and we have never heard of Jacko since.

CROFUT ON SKATES.

There they were, all bundled into a four-horse sleigh, waiting for me, shouting for me to "Come down, Crofut!" It was "Our Skating Club," of which I was Secretary and Treasurer, and my Atalanta was among them; but, although I had been waiting for them, I didn't rush with joy to the window to say, "Coming!" I wanted to go, and I dreaded to go. The fact is—let me confess it in my first paragraph—that I am not a good skater: indeed, I may say that I am a miserable skater. I never should have joined the club if Atalanta hadn't said, "Do, Charley—I mean, Mr. Crofut!" I wanted to go because she was going—a good reason, you'd say, if you knew her; and I didn't want to go, because all the rest of them made fun of me. Whenever I fall, which is frequently, they laugh; they say they are sorry for me, but that they can't help laughing. Banks, of Boston, is always particularly sorry for me, aggravatingly sorry; tells me to "Toddle up!" in a patronizing, gentle, affectionate way, that makes me mad enough to bite his head off; but I know it would only make the matter worse to betray my enraged sentiments; so I smile. Then there's Helen, of Troy, the tall, the thin, the acutely yet blandly sarcastic Miss Helen, who delights to carom the sneers on Atalanta, which she means to have hit me. Is there any creature more peculiarly hateful than a smart, spiteful, jealous woman? And Helen is plainly jealous of Atalanta, whom every body admires; as my dear friend Banks knows full well, when he ventures to flirt, even faintly, with the rival of "her Highness." Banks don't attempt it off the ice, but there he knows he can safely snub me, and I submit simply because I can't keep up. Not that she encourages him! Oh no; she's an angel!

The sleigh was open and omnibus. Atalanta sat at the entrance. She narrowed her skirts, and with one of her winning smiles remarked, "Here's room!"—simple words, but capable of an interpretation both blissful in the present and hopeful for the future.

Five and a half miles of unalloyed joy! Banks and Helen sat nearest the driver, and we were sheltered from them by a dozen of merry-makers. The vehicle was so crowded that our elbows touched; also, our feet were temptingly contiguous; wolf-skins protected us, under cover of which my angel allowed me to press her little hands. She smiled upon me and said, How glad she was I came! She encouraged me, Let them tease, I should soon rival the fastest of them. And how nicely she managed to be so personally kind, and yet to be joining all the while in the general glee. I feared at the time that we should be noticed, but have since surmised that the other couples might have been similarly engaged. Omnibus-sleighs, and wolf-skins, and contagious proximities tend to a general, but only superficial, merriment, which overfloats an undertow(e) of private and particular flirtation.

Under these ameliorating circumstances I forgot past failures and disgraces, forgave my enemies, and felt kindly disposed toward the whole human race. I even looked forward to future successes: the time would come when I should no longer distrust the treacherous divergence of skates; the time would come when—"Ah! blissful when!"—when I could claim the right to have and hold the little hand I pressed in mine, perennially, not slyly, as now, under cover, but openly, in the sight of all men—especially of Banks, of Boston.

But now we were nearing the lake, and there came over me a sense of the transitory nature of mortal delights. Measure pleasure by miles, in sleighing time, and how fleetly it flies! I clung to the rapturous present with a closer grasp of that little hand; and when they all screamed, "Here we are! There it is!" I did not look up, but I saw in mind that cheerless expanse of ice—miles and miles of glazy, glary ice—and I shivered within, grew gelid at heart, the while I tried to chatter a smile as my contribution to the general rejoicing. How I hated the sight of that frozen lake! Scene of awkward trials and ridiculous failures, of sprains and strains, of bumps and thumps, of sneers and tears—yes, even of tears, for I had actually wept the silent tear there, in vexation at my invincible awkwardness.

My frame of mind was become so frigid that I could hardly limber my lips into a smile, when my Atalanta, approaching me at the lake's edge, with radiance in her eyes, and her skates in her hands, said,

"Help me buckle 'em on?"

This was indeed a gleam of sunshine. She had never asked me before. Always that hateful Athenian, Banks, assuming superiority in such matters, had contrived to secure the doing of the delightful task. Now it was mine; and I bestowed a lingering care upon each little buckle.

Oh, dainty, dainty boots! Oh, ankles round and small! Painters and poets may rave of that dim horizon line "where sky and water meet," but to my eye no line of beauty is so perfect, so enchantingly beautiful, as that which marks the upper edge of blackest kid and the lower edge of snowy stocking!

And now she is off and away! Would that McLenan might see her, and catch with his fine pencil-point her symmetries of shape and motion! Erect, and with scarcely an effort, she glides along, skimming the surface like a yacht before the wind. Muff, and skating-jacket, and closely-fitting hood give her an upper compactness, with which the undulations of her flowing skirt make graceful contrast. Her colors, too—scarlet and gray, with segments of "Balmoral," and glimpses of something brightly white beneath—I grow selfish as I am charmed by them, and would have no other eyes than mine enjoy their dazzlement.

Now she increases the speed of her flight. Her skate-irons ring as she spurns the humming ice. With the swiftness and grace of a bird she glances along.

Now slowly she circles her course, and returns, leaning, with alternate swervings, from side to side—scanning "the poetry of motion" with smooth Iambic rhythm. She comes nearer and nearer; I can see the roses on her cheeks, and the smile she is bringing me. She sweeps a circuit, and rounds to at my landing, exclaiming, between breaths,

"You won't say that Helen can beat me!"

"Say!" I could say nothing. I was speechless. Had my thoughts found words, I should first, I think, have submerged the Helen beneath the thick ice of my scorn, and then have offered my Atalanta my heart and hand, my fortune and fur-coat, my gloves, skates—every thing. In spirit, I dashed out to meet her; in body, I stood still, though my very skates seemed inspired with a passion for hers, and slipped uneasily forward. So I was silent—wisely postponing my "pop," hoping for opportunity to do it more gracefully upon *terra firma;* for suppose I had slipped and tripped, or had stumbled and tumbled! Think of it!

"Come," she said, "let's go out and join the rest. Give me your hand!"

"No, thank you," I replied. "I was just thinking of offering you my hand, but not for that purpose. (How charmingly she blushed!) I'm going off to practice by myself."

So she spoke kindly and encouragingly, and I thanked her with all my heart, and she sailed away. Then I straggled off alone to a distant, quiet bay, and began my old experiments in bifurcation.

Voila! I am at practice! I remember the "spread-eagle" wherein Banks excels, and am performing a humble imitation. Yet I fear to attempt it, lest never again shall be re-united my twin-born Londoners; as they separate in venturous essay, I trust only in the strength of my tailor's stitching—for if that fails me, then inevitably a dissolution of the union.

Viva! I have spread—not the eagle, but Crofut. A stands for Atalanta. Shall I adventure it? May I attain the joy of displaying to her the successful result of a determined, heroic effort in her behalf and honor?

Courage, mon enfant!

BUMP!

With quadrupedal exertions I regain the perpendicular, and I resolve to attempt, in future, only the simpler experiments. I can at least improve my speed; *Andiamo! Corraggio!* Never say die!—I straggle, I straddle, I gesticulate unmeaningly, I emulate the graces of a wooden-jointed doll, I trip at nothing, and fall at full length.

My utter disgust with myself is not at all mitigated as I see in the distance the mazy involutions of my friends and hear their cheerful voices. I can distinguish them by their colors, and as I try to identify them— Do I see clearly! Is that Banks skating with my Atalanta, hand to hand, face to face! Are they waving their arms in the Spanish dance! Thus does he improve my absence; and she—but no, she's an angel. And yet she can not but prefer his easy skill to my stiff clumsiness. But oh, "my soul is dark!" What would I not give to be among them, inferior to none, superior, even by only a little, to that baleful Banks!

Zip! zip! zip! zip! I heard behind me the swift strokes of an approaching skater, and turning around, saw, close at hand, a youth of rural aspect, who seemed on the point of running me down; but he stopped, miraculously, yet so near me that we stood face to face. I may have assumed a trifle of hauteur in expression, for I was not pleased to find my chosen retreat invaded by a stranger, but the fellow was not to be easily abashed.

"Hope I don't intrude," he said; "the pond belongs to the town, I b'lieve."

"No intrusion, Sir!" but before I had well ended the sentence he was off like a shot, and I forgot my brief annoyance as I gazed at his superb skating. A "country gawky," plainly, his outgrown garments giving view of bare wrists and blue stockings, but he could skate! His speed was amazing, absolutely. Banks, our best, couldn't hold a candle to him. And when he came nearer, as if willing to display himself, I looked with wonder at the exhibitions of his skill. What graceful movements, what sweeps and curves, what bold, far-reaching strokes to right and left! And then his caligraphic dexterities, his fanciful delineations, his monograms and curly-q's, his letterings, from A to Ampersan! In spite of butternut color and brass buttons, I thought of Mercury, and almost looked for the wings at his heels.

An acquaintance with this rustic occurred to me as being desirable. If he could teach what he knew, I desired to learn; I would pay liberally for instruction from such a master of the art. I addressed him with mellowed manners, and after bestowing some well-composed compliments upon his skill, confessed my own clumsiness and begged the favor of a few lessons.

"Hain't got no time. Father won't let me stay above an hour, anyhow, 'n' I wanter skate."

"But if I should send your father a dollar bill, wouldn't he excuse you for staying a little longer?"

My friend smiled, hung his head to either shoulder in turn, and admitted that the money "might make a difference with the old man." So we began.

"What you want fust is not to be afraid. Take hold o' my hands and strike out; don't you be afraid o' fallin', only strike out, like a good un!"

I grasped his hands; he skated backward; I followed. It was like holding on by a locomotive, sixty miles an hour. I couldn't "strike out" nor think of it; I could only hold on and follow him. I persuaded him to move more slowly, for at that rate I was learning nothing; and at a moderate speed, with frequent hints and encouragements, I seemed really to be gaining. When left to myself, on trial, I was conscious of greater confidence than I had ever enjoyed before, and became more hopeful as I got bolder.

"'F you only had a different pair o' skates, you'd do better. You can't learn easy on them. The runners is too short, an' too narrer, an' a gret deal too sharp."

I examined his. They were of homely construction, fastened to his big feet mainly by leather strings, but the irons were sensibly shaped, I thought. My friend pointed out their peculiar excellences: "broad an' flat in the middle, you see, to stan' on easy, an' hollered jest a trifle, fore an' aft, to give you a purchase ag'inst the ice."

I asked him where he got them.

"Wa'al, father he's a blacksmith, an' he forged the runners out o' a couple o' old files, an' I made the woods myself."

I asked to try them on; he consented willingly, and helped me gordianize the knots of the "luthers:" together we got them on firmly, and I started. To my surprise and delight I found that I could move easily, even rapidly, upon them.

"Try the long strokes," said my tutor; "don't fiddle so!"

I obeyed him, and, with increasing boldness, soon attained a pleasing success. It was an entirely new sensation to me, the feeling at ease upon skates. The accomplished skater, I suppose, is as unconscious of his skates as a bird is of its wings. I began to appreciate this unclogged freedom of foot, and became slightly enraptured with my new experience in locomotion. Jonathan noticed my joy, and shouted to me.

"*That's* the kind! You're gittin' on *famous!* *You'll* do on *them* skates! Kinder *like* it, don't yer?"

Whether my Yankee friend had an eye to a bargain or not, with his allusion to "*them* skates," I am not sure. I bought them, and at a price which gave him an amazing content. After agreeing with him as to farther instructions for the next day, my Mercury returned to Vulcan and the paternal blacksmith's shop, with a five-dollar bill in one of his hands and twinkles in both of his eyes.

It was now getting rather late in the afternoon, and I bethought me of returning to join my friends. Should I surprise them with my proficiency, or scrape back on my old skates, and reserve the surprise until it should be more complete? As I stood looking toward the distant swarm of merry skaters, debating the questions, I observed a seeming commotion among them; they suddenly grouped themselves together and were bending forward, as if some one had fallen; their voices were hushed; the nervous, hurried movements of those at the circumference of the circle betokened an accident. I gazed earnestly for Atalanta's colors, but in vain; I could distinguish most of the others, but the familiar gray and scarlet was out of sight. Could she be *hurt* in some way, never mind how! I started with a dash. The distance which separated me from them was nearly half a mile, but the ice was good, and, thanks to my teacher and his skates, I could now start for such a stretch with confidence. But I gave little thought to the distance, or to my new facilities for passing it; I was off, yet though anxiety for my Atalanta had taken an alarmed possession of me, I could not but notice with what easy fleetness I flew. I thought not so much of my means of motion as of the motion itself; this was exhilarating. With winged heels, quick breath, and bounding pulse, I stretched ahead with a speed which amazed me, and fully realized the merit of my mentor's first maxim, "What you want is, not to be afraid!"

As I approached the group I heard Helen's sharp voice:

"Water! she's fainting!"

Some one, then—Heaven grant, not my Atalanta!—was seriously hurt. I forced my way among them, and there she lay, her head in Fleta's lap, and one of her feet, from which dangled a broken skate, cushioned upon a pile of muffs. How pale she was! How beautifully pale she seems as now I recall the picture; eyes closed and hair thrown back, motionless, marble-like. At that moment, however, I gave no thought to picturing.

"What is it?" I asked, hurriedly.

"Only the ankle sprained," some one replied.

"Will no one bring some water," exclaimed Helen again. "Mr. Banks! where's Mr. Banks? Oh! do somebody go and get some water! she has fainted away!"

"'Water!'" remarked the incompetent Banks, "I'd like to know where she'd have me get 'water' when the ice is at least two feet thick!"

Whence inspired, I can't tell; but *snow* occurred to me, and I dashed toward the shore. In a few seconds—we were not far from the bank—I came back with my cap full; Helen dashed it in her face, and presently she revived; the dear eyes opened, and with what delight I leaned forward and caught the first gleams of restored intelligence! I fondly thought that something more than intelligence beamed forth to meet my anxious glance; but soon the exquisite torture of her dislocation brought the shadow of pain across that blessed face, and I could only turn away to hide the dampness at my eyelids. But something must be done: she must be carried home.

"Come, you gentlemen"—it was the bright Helen who spoke—"what are you going to DO? She must be removed from off this ice, or she'll catch her death of cold. Banks!—no: *imbecile!*—Charley Crofut, you are worth something [I made obeisance to the reigning queen with really a sincere respect for her as a sensible woman, although severe]; you just tell us what's to be done."

My wits flew variously for a moment, then I suggested,

"Put some shawls under her, if she can bear to be moved, and cover her well. I'll go and get a sleigh."

I remembered a farm-house not far from the foot of the lake; surely I could find some means of conveyance there. Away I went.

Jonathan is right. I print the maxim for the benefit of beginners:

"*Strike out, and don't be afraid!*"

Fear, at this juncture of my experience, did not occur to me to think of. I zipped along telegraphically, yet not fast enough, it seemed, as I thought of the dear one for whom I was exerting myself. Let no one of my readers be incredulous as to my rate of speed, who has not known the inspiration which impelled me.

Amos Perkins was not at home; but Mrs. Amos

was, and so was the horse and sleigh. I hardly waited for her leave, but, hanging into the barn, stirred up the sedate animal within in a summary manner (considering the season), and had him "tackled in" before he well knew what it all meant. The sleigh—have you never seen a Connecticut country sleigh of the antique pattern? Then I can't describe the vehicle, I'm in a hurry.

"Gee up, Dobbin!"

And Dobbin geed up rather. No road to the edge of the lake, and the crusted snow two or three feet deep, you can fancy what a hillowy ride I had. But once on the ice, and I soon learned the capacities of my animal. He knew oats; we weren't long in arriving at the scene of disaster.

That ride home! That ride home! Fleta went with us—a cousin of Atalanta's—and took care of the sufferer. I drove, as Dobbin could testify had he power to tell. Yet I often looked over my shoulder at that dear, patient pale face, and received, as often as I looked, a smile which— There is difficulty in rendering smiles into English, do you know? So small a percentage of my readers, however, will fail to understand exactly what might properly follow the "which" which antecedes the dash above, that I won't trouble myself with an attempt at translation. A smile in Kamschatcan means the same precisely as a smile in Patagonian. Dialects differ, but the *lingua d'amore* is the same the world over.

Do you know, my reader, the beatific loveliness of the smile which conquers pain and lightens up the pallor of a sufferer's face? Then you can appreciate the happiness with which I applied the whip-cord to Dobbin's back between the brief intervals of retrospect: you can sympathize with me; you will not be in the least surprised to read the necessary *denouement* of my essay upon "Skates:"

We are married.

ST. VALENTINE'S MORNING, 1860.

ST. VALENTINE'S MORNING.

OUR lady readers will be glad to have the above pretty picture, which tells the story of St. Valentine's morning. We are not going to inflict upon them, after the manner of historical journalists, a strictly classical and accurate account of the institution of St. Valentine, with a biographical sketch of the worthy old presbyter, St. Valentine himself, who never did any thing that should have rendered him an object of anxious solicitude to virgins and youths, but rather on the contrary, by getting himself beheaded, set them an example which they will do wisely to avoid. Every body who read *Harper's Weekly* last year and the year before (and where is the civilized person who did not?) learned all that is good and requisite to know about valentines and St. Valentine's day. We shall therefore content ourselves by directing our fair readers' attention to the engraving; to the sweet young lady who, so calm and unmoved that she can not surely be in love, is receiving a most expensive valentine from the roguish child in the centre of the block, and does not dream of the arrow which the rascal Cupid is aiming at her from his invisible heights; to the bad boys who are peeping through the door to see how the girls like their valentine; to the fair lady's-maid of the olden days of chivalry, who is handing her mistress's valentine to her lover—who, for obvious reasons, receives it on the point of his lance; to the affected *misanderies* of the marquis of Louis the Fourteenth's age, kneeling, with anxious and excited face, at his charmer's feet.

If it be necessary to add any thing, we would draw their attention to the following new and appropriate lines:

CUPID'S COURT.†

A youth before Cupid at court once was brought,
Saith the Judge, "What's the reason of this?"
"Be merciful, Judge; I stealing was caught,"
"Caught stealing?" "Yes; stealing a kiss."

"*Confessed* then the fault!" spoke sternly the Judge,
"Let us see what the Scriptures have said:
'An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth,'
For a kiss no penalty's laid."

"The Scriptures your law?" in joy the youth cried;
"Their judgment I'll gladly obey;
'Tis one wound for a wound, one stripe for a stripe,'*
But 'the thief seven-fold shall repay.'"†

We hope that every young lady reader of *Harper's Weekly* will receive at least one handsome Valentine; that it may come from some one whose name she can guess; and that when they next meet the audacious writer or sender may be soundly punished for his boldness.

* See Exodus, xxi. 25. † See Proverbs, vi. 31.

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The New Partner

IN

"CLINGHAM & CO., BANKERS."

BY FITZ HUGH LUDLOW,

AUTHOR OF "THE HASHEESH EATER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

A FEW FRIENDS.

It was thought best, on all accounts, that little Filkins should execute the spirit of the partner's behest not to be recognized at Chesswick by keeping fan-dusted at Sherry's lodgings. The latter had a most substantial supper prepared and sent up to his rooms, of which his guest partook with such a natural freedom from embarrassment as seemed to indicate that responsibility was not bad for him. After which Ernest went forth to attend the party at the house of Mr. Todds, cashier.

Mr. Todds had taken up his abode with the highly respectable and sensitive Mrs. Dilks, upon seeing in an advertisement that that lady was open to such a proposition. He was not such a spoon, as he would have readily told any body that desired the information, as to bite at that part of the paragraph which dwelt luxuriously upon "all the comforts of a home;" the "estimable and Christian family" was all gammon —the estimableness probably consisting in the very flattering opinion they indulged of themselves, and the Christianity being restricted to hints not to force or make experiments in secular music with Saxe Horns on Sunday, when the pious members of the household wished to —sleep. The advantages of the place consisted almost entirely to Mr. Todds in neighborhood —the man with the freestone steps next door having formerly owned a grandfather who cured nearly all Chesswick when it was first settled round the old Body, with bran knobs to her ruling, decently opposite, being the brother of a clergyman, a gentleman retired with a handsome fortune from bottled lemon beer, and two younger sons who had enough to live on even if they had done nothing but sleep, eat, and drive their own income, which they therefore did do.

It was to this house that Ernest Beckford beat his way. It was a tall brick edifice, very red in the day-time, as if blushing to the eyes with the self-consciousness of its own awful gentility; and even now he seemed to tell it from any other building by a sort of lurid glare, which fancy saw it shedding through the darkness of that warm and moonless June night. Sounds broke upon Ernest Beckford's ear, as soon as the door was opened, from the elevated region of third pair back. To say the least, it seemed as if animated discussion was going on in the room of Mr. Todds.

Thither went Ernest mounted, and, knocking at the door, was ushered in, with a pleasing hilarity of manner, by Mr. Todds, and introduced by that gentleman to the various guests whom he had not known previously, and who were chiefly representative of the mercantile interests of Chesswick, and the sporting class in general. "Mr. Beckford, Mr. Mixer. Mr. Beckford is a gentleman from Clingham & Co.—pecuniary, like ourselves—and him a valuable friend, perfectly reliable, secured by pledge of public stocks, heh, Beckford? Ha, ha! Mr. Mixer is of a house that's our large customer—he's in oil-cloth, door-mats, too? No? I'm surprised —really, I thought door-mats."

Mr. Mixer—a gentleman recognizable particularly by a most elaborate cravat pattern, and who, before Ernest entered, had been talking to Mr. Todds, with the gloves on, how it was that Figg hit Solomons when the last named worthy departed this life, threw the dexter glove upon the floor, and extended his hand with a most gratifying frankness—saying, "Glad to know you, Sir!"

It was chiefly, however, his physical prowess which enabled him to do this so fearlessly, for the rest of the young gentlemen about the room came up to be presented to Ernest with very much the same cheerful alacrity and air of making an agreeable acquaintance that characterizes an assembly of youthful sinners, who behold a doctor of divinity coming to talk to them. "Evidently," thought Ernest, "I am not especially an encouragement to our friends' gayety. But I believe I will stay, and 'make the best use of my time.'" It is surprising how very awkwardly sporting men will sometimes permit themselves to feel, in spite of those free-and-easy characteristics of which they boast themselves so much, in the presence of a very quiet and gentlemanly person, who, though coming among them as into a new life, feels no embarrassment at all.

Ernest Beckford saw the chill he had thrown over these young friends where he settled to fill with every possible degree of rejoicing. Not being at all a selfish man, though a very self-respecting one, he was desirous to relieve them as well as his entertainer from the embarrassment into which the arrival of a person who was not "one of our fellows" had thrown them.

He accordingly turned to Mr. Todds, and said, "May I borrow your gloves a moment? Yes! boa, Mr. Mixer? Yes! May I have the pleasure of a little exercise with you?"

If Mr. Mixer had heard the previous proposition made by the steeple of Trinity Church he would have placed as immediate confidence in his own ears. But before he could muster any expression of surprise Ernest stood before him on guard; he picked up his right glove from the floor rather by instinct than from any true understanding of what was happening, put it on, and made a feint. At the next moment what Britain would call a well-directed blow thought took Mr. Mixer off his feet, and extended him in a sporadic form over the floor. He picked himself up, slapped Ernest on the back, and told him he was a dem'd fine fellow. After which the utmost hilarity and good-fellowship was restored to the circle. It was the shortest way to put Mr. Mixer at his ease to knock him down, and all his friends with him.

Mr. Todds had prepared his guests for a "muff;" they were to make it pleasant to him, for reasons of policy, and they should him." The guests all now set this down as one of Todds's jokes, and greeted Ernest as a great accession to the jovialty of the party.

Ernest; a gentleman named Mangles, fat, fair, and forty, and who, from the exuberance of his nature and his fondness for Champagne, had stripped to his immediately extra-cutaneous garment, and was gradually making his way out of that as the hilarity of the company advanced; Mr. Bradby of the Bank, and another person whose true identity must now ingloriously sleep forever, in history the latter having had the baptismal name which he prefixed to Smith: these four made up a party, and sat down to play old Maid. Seated at one table, they were three gentlemen more, who preferred euchre of the peculiar subgenus known as cut-throat, and a few others still continued to dance, to the music of the five song. Mr. Todds, as entertainer, amused himself with superintending the refreshments, and meanwhile brewed a very large tin-pail—begging that the inaccessible bowl might be excused—of iced negus. This was consumed, or at last effected, tasted, and pronounced excellent, was circulated freely in tumblers, mugs, and small cups, of various sizes and patterns which prevail in bachelors' lodgings.

It began to have its effect. Little by little the interest in the cards languished, and the air of the more comprehensive sympathy for universal creation grew on the company. At last Mr. Mangles, the large gentleman in oil, got in a fit of brotherly enthusiasm for Ernest, against whom he was playing, and who had just trumped his two-spot with the ace, and with the deuce set at enmity no longer with him, even in sport, and falling upon his neck, began to inquire to him tearful confidences from the unsullied pages of early childhood.

One by one the distinct groups broke up, and a ring was formed about the table on which the punch pail stood. The enthusiasm of the young gentlemen who, during the previous part of the evening, had preferred harmony to antagonism, spread through all the circle, and beautifully various, both in number and school of execution, were the musical efforts of the amateurs in that direction. To the great astonishment and mortification of Mr. Mixer, who had been overwhelmed, as we stated, with reminiscences of primitive innocence, persisted in trying to the very lugubrious and sacred melody of Ortonville, a ballad which he recollected to have sung in his Sunday-school, Whereat Mr. Bradby, with whom cheerfulness now assumed the high-jovial and bellicose aspect, being very much chagrined, he interposed Mr. Mangles by sundry questions, suggestions, and snatches of more profane melody, in a manner highly derogatory to vocal harmony, and productive of no little unpleasantness of feeling.

Thus Mr. Mangles. "Permit me, L'diesandgemlun, to awake a harp which on the Bab—on the Baby—which has long hung on the Bab'-lonish willows. Ernest, I'm a child—I'm childhood."

"'Birds in their little nest agree
But I'm shockingsight—'"

Mr. Beadby. "I deny it in toto! 'Tisn't a shocking sight. It's a remarkably pleasant sight to see birds in their little nests agree. I'll stand up for the birds. I'm a bird. I was brought up with 'em. And any body that says it's a shocking sight again, will do it over my dead body!"

Mr. Mangles. "I repeat it, I

"'Birds 'bir' IFII ner'agree...'

I say it 'n ht' authority 'f Doctor Watts."

Mr. Beadby. "What's Watt?"

Mr. Mangles. "Watts's name!"

Mr. Beadby. "Don't repeat my words, Sir! Won't stand it if you are drunk, and very much ashamed I am to see you so. What's his name?"

Mr. Mangles again (in a subdued voice, as if yielding to force of circumstances). "I said Watts, 'ndsayitagain, Watts!"

Mr. Bradby. "I know him; he's a beast. I'll sing something of my own:

"'In the good old Colony times,
When we all were under the King,
Three regulah chaps—'"

Mr. Mangles (reviving and very forcibly). "And 'tisshockingshot!"

There can be but little doubt that the very next moment would have seen Mr. Bradby's tumbler of punch wasted upon the outer instead of the inner side of Mr. Mangles's physical economy, had not Mr. Todds, who saw how nearly things had come to a crisis, very adroitly picked up the said utensil as Mr. Bradby was reaching for it, and finished it himself. Which effected a diversion in favor of Mr. Mangles until he could be laid upon the settee. There was now abundant room for Mr. Bradby's song, which consequently shed itself abroad to his own intense satisfaction, and little more or less delectation of every body else.

Prominent among the most excited admirers of the band was Ernest Beckford. With feet and hands, with mug now quite drained, with fist upon the hard mahogany, he signified his applause passionately.

And Todds, cashier, looked upon him with an approving smile, based upon the hypothesis that he was getting "delightfully tight." Then cast a glance of triumph upon Mr. Bradby and the first book-keeper, M'Dowlas (whom we have not mentioned before, but perhaps shall not mention again, because he never did any thing worth mention; not even to get drunk with a comical expression, but rather stupidly and incapably so), as much as to say, "I told you so! I was the man who really appreciated Beckford; see him disclose splendid!"

Song followed song; applause became more and more excessive; and the large tin—pail, whose centripetal attraction kept the ring around it in hilarious revolution, got lower and lower.

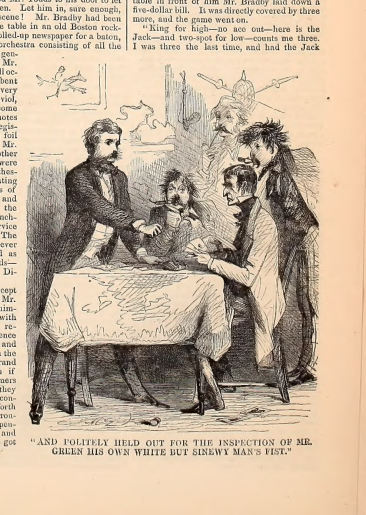
Mrs. Dilks, meanwhile, sat upon the hardest of hair cushions, in the stiffest of upright armchairs, in the back parlor two stories down. There were no doors between her boarder and his guests and herself; but these floors were not impermeable to sound. Which fact caused her relief and rest from daughters, who were nearly as old as herself, to experience those emotions which persons mature and grave have a singular tendency to feel when in suspense, as to whether the house is coming down on their heads.

Mrs. Dilks had just arisen, and, in a manner of extreme yet dignified and self-sustaining acerbity, was about to ascend to the room hired by Mr. Todds, to make a final admonition prior to "calling the police," when a ring came at the front door. Which was just in her way, she opened without the five minutes of profession, and, all smiles and sunshine, behold Mr. Luke Green stands before her.

"Oh, don't show me up, ma'am! Spare yourself, I entreat you! I know the way perfectly—makes Providence glad you are aware, upon these young persons of the Bank. Ah! how young people need fatherly superintendence!—how one looks for them to accept responsibility, ma'am—great; duty only enables us to sustain it. You are a mother, I believe?—yes. So I thought: you can understand me, then. Oh, spare yourself, I pray! I can go just as well without a light. Good-night, ma'am!"

In less than a minute thereafter the lightest of taps summoned Mr. Todds to his door to let Mr. Luke Green. Let him in, sure enough, upon a singular scene! Mr. Beadby had been elevated upon the table in an old Boston rocking-chair, with the newspaper for a baton, was leading an orchestra consisting of all the rest of the young gentlemen, except Mr. Mangles, who, still occupying a recumbent position, made an excellent bass-viol, and gave forth some very voluminous notes from the lower register, elicited by a roll in the hands of Mr. Mixer. The other instruments were supplied by clothes-brooms representing violins, the backs of chairs as harps and psalteries, and the now emptied punch-kettle doing service as a snare drum. The chorus was one never before performed as such on any boards—Filkins and his Dinah.

Every body except Ernest ceased as Mr. Green disclosed himself; and he, with mock solemnity, requesting the audience to sustain talent and listen to a solo on the double-action grand chair-back, even if the other performers were so drunk they couldn't go on, continued to send forth from his throat reminders of the most penetrating melody, and stopped when he got re-ly.



"AND POLITELY HELD OUT FOR THE INSPECTION OF MR. GREEN HIS OWN WHITE BUT SINEWY MAN'S FIST."

"Very drunk," observed Mr. Green, turning to Mr. Todds, with a sad shake of the head.

"Very!" returned the gentleman addressed, in a peculiarly sprightly and pleasant manner. "By Jove! didn't think it was in the fellow!".

"Really it is too bad, though, Mr. Todds," added the Bank superintendent, in a desolate tone. "This young man came here with the best of recommendations, and look what you have made of him. Bad as Mr. Filkins already. Ah! how evil habits infect even the most innocent. Sad boys, sad boys!"

"Guess it won't hurt him," curtly answered Mr. Todds. "If he's been drunk before, he's used to it; if he hasn't, why he'll do it better next time. That's my philosophy. If a man can't be a brick sometimes what's he live for?"

"A very ratio," said Mr. Green, addressing himself to the company at large, "and may I ask, for Mrs. Dilk's sake, that the harmless mirth of our young friends take a form less decidedly demonstrative? The excellent woman whom I have mentioned, after a most laborious day, was about making a visit upon this room as I came in; and nothing but my representation to her of the extreme care which she owed to her health prevented her from so fatiguing herself. Doubtless it would be also disagreeable to you to have her take that pains." Then, turning to Mr. Todds, he added, *sotto voce*, "Suppose you propose a return to cards—as a slight sedative, you know?"

As requested, the cashier suggested, with all the quiet which he was capable of, making allowance for the youth and festivity which it might be an agreeable variation of the hilarities of the evening to resume cards. The suggestion appeared to receive general favor, and even Mr. Mangles arose from his resting-place, said that he felt perfectly right, notwithstanding that it was his general conviction still that Sodom in their little nests agree; and sat down opposite his former enemy, Mr. Bradby, in a game of old sledge. The other two who made up that set were M'Dowlas and —oh! it was discovered that a fourth was wanting. Would Mr. Green play? suggested Mr. Bradby. Mr. Green thought he had better not—they could make up the set without him. No? Positively would no one fill up the game? Well, then, just to oblige, he would take a hand, though it was not his usual custom.

As he said this he looked out of his ordinarily placid, steel-gray eyes, with a sharp, quick glance aside at Ernest, which would have kindled pank, or any thing drier and more impressible than that unfortunate young man was just at present. With a sleepy, good-natured air he returned the compliment; at the same time drawing his chair up—in a feeble, half-discouraged sort of way—to a place where he could look at the game.

By this time Mr. Todds had bestirred himself, and was ready with another pail of punch. Tumblers, mugs, or cups, all around, and mutual healths to begin with. Mr. Green just sipped, scorning another fire-proof glance at Ernest as he did so, which that young man evidently noticed not in the slightest.

The game went on at the table near which Ernest was sitting, and meanwhile the remainder of those in the room had organized themselves into various groups, one playing euchre, another whist, and a couple of gentlemen amusing themselves at bluff upon the settee. Presently Ernest nodded more and more, and finally leaning his head upon the post of the door by which he sat, was evidently asleep. On the table in front of him Mr. Bradby laid down a five-dollar bill. It was directly covered by three more, and the game went on.

"King for high—no ace out—here is the Jack—and two-spot for low—counts me three. I was three the last time, and had the Jack

time before—seven. The game is mine, I believe."

This might have been said by some men in a way to provoke all the losers to frenzy. I have known of a loser who, hearing it said, lifted the heavy arm-chair on which he had been sitting and pitched it into an elaborate ormola-framed pier-glass twenty feet high, necessarily to the somewhat damage of that expensive article. But in the present instance it was uttered with a touching ease, delicacy, smoothness, a tone from four notes on the one hand, or condolence on the other—a perfect lulling placidity and passive force, which lubricated the passage of the stake to the winner's wallet, so that it seemed in the very nature of things as possible for a stick to float on the glassy surface of the pool's funnel, as for that twenty dollars to have been swept into any other hands than Mr. Luke Green's.

There was not a murmur from any of the losers. There was not the slightest unusual motion on the part of any body.

And Mr. Luke Green supposed that he alone was the repositor of one secret. He, together with a knave who, in the present day, sometimes keeps our darkest secret with us for so long that we even dare to fancy him our accomplice, because he does not shriek out at the instant. Who but Luke Green knew how the Jack, the King, and the two-spot, all came into his hand at the same time—who could declare that he saw the cards stacked? There was no one besides himself, as he thought, more in thought—in words—then his steel-blue eye shot another spark over his shoulder—oh! with one exception, that Mr. Halliwell. How fortunate that he was drunk, poor animal!

Several times the same thing happened, the pursuit, the gentle cajoling—every body drinking pretty deep, except Mr. Green, who must be excused, as he never had a strong head. At last Mr. Luke Green grew serious, and was accordingly assisted to assume a reclining posture upon the settee, as before.

The heavy unconscious by this little episode aroused Ernest Bedford. He rubbed his eyes, stretched himself, and seeing the vacant seat of the Illustrated Mangler, expressed a desire to become his successor.

Another glance of the steel and flint fire. Not paying any attention to it or to the subject of an answer to his request, he sat down dreamily in the same place, jogged confidently at his pocket-book, drew out from it a bill, and laying it down in a very irresponsible and bibulous manner, said, "Drive ahead, old fellow!"

"Awful drunk," murmured Mr. Bradby, approvingly.

Mr. Green's only answer was to send another dart of the steel-blue fire in Ernest's direction, and drive it with such a swing woefully at Teddie and Brudby. The game went on, and Ernest lost his stake to Luke Green. He swept the next pool into his hand with the look of one who is beside himself—not haggard, blear-eyed, disheveled—but with a wild, forceful light of decision and earnest in his great blue eyes —his sleepy manner quite worn off by excitement—he slapped down a roll of bills on the table with a hand that made it ring again, and ring, in a voice that seemed as fearfully calm as Green's.

"There is one hundred dollars; your whole wallet can't cover that!" Nobody seemed disposed to answer—everybody was probably frequently played for, if ever, by most of the gentlemen present. And Ernest sat looking at Luke Green with a face of unmoving challenge.

It was a moment of suspense, great suspense to even the most unconcerned in the room; and whether shaken from his usual emotionless balance by the weight of so much notice, or disgrained enough before to could control himself, that this fresh stripling should defy him, Luke Green took his wallet from his pocket, and laying it on the top of Ernest's stake, said, "There it is! And here's to its better acquaintance with your $100." So saying, he flung down a small note. He was secure enough, he had stacked again.

"Does this hand decide it?" said Ernest.

"Exactly, my young friend," was Green's reply. "Our other gentlemen don't choose to play on Ernest's hand, and you recollect we were five and— I suppose I may show my hand to our friends who have left the game?"

Ernest looked Green, indulging a sardonic look of triumph which he was betrayed into by his bad angel, and contrary to all his previous habit of reserve, flourished a sprawl of cards, which all bore the trump mark, over his shoulder, where Teddie stood nodding approvingly.

"Your play, if you please, Sir," said Mr. Green.

"Precisely," was the very calm reply of Ernest. "You have shown the hand that you *think* decide it—permit me to show you the hand that I *know* does."

So saying he rose from his chair, threw down the cards he held on the table—not a trump among them all—and politely held out for the inspection of Mr. Green his own white but sinewy man's fist, which that worthy could receive from the surprise natural at th's eccentric demonstration, this good right hand of Ernest's held taken in its grips his own notes and Mr. Green's wallet together. The next instant and they were altogether in his inside breast-pocket. The door was just behind him; one long, agile, backward spring brought him to it, and before a single arm of all that paralyzed company could be stretched out to bar his way the door was locked on the outside, and Ernest was down the stairs, had opened the front door and shut it behind him.

FULL OF LIFE.

So full of life is Ceylon that the great forest trees disappear almost instantaneously after they have fallen to the ground, being reduced to dust by the white ants and beetles. Let a man come near with a gun, and a palmyra palm shall seem to have no creature in it; when there is a block of mahogany in possession, hidden cunningly behind its leaves. But let a dog follow, and the desire of all the monkeys to look at the dog will set them peeping.

There are two kinds of the graceful little Loris or Ceylon sloth, a creature that moves so wonderfully as to cone unawares on a bird, and seize it before the alarm of its presence has been given. Its large bright eyes are said to be very useful as charms or love potions, and it is said that they extract them cruelly by holding the little animal to the fire until its eyeballs burst. Equally cruel is the mode of taking tortoise-shell from the hawksbill turtle, by which it is supplied to commerce. It takes after death the shell is clouded and milky. Therefore the turtles are seized as they repair to the shore to deposit their eggs, and are hung over a small fire, which makes the shell to shrink from the bone to which they are attached. Then the miserable creatures are allowed to escape to the sea, where, by a singular is the instinct a the period of breeding that the turtles are found to return to within one mile of their birth-place, though at each visit they may undergo a repetition of the same torture. At Colobo the turtle is killed by blows on the head, and the shell is removed by the aid of boiling water. Indifference to the sufferings of animals is a characteristic of the Ceylon natives. Disciples of Buddha, they refuse to eat animals to take life, are dead to any sense of pain they may inflict. Pigs, with their fore and hind legs tied together by a rope, are carried to market by men screaming with pain. Fowls are brought to market from long distances, hanging by their feet, and ducks are carried by the bill, which is a cruel mode bent to stifle their cries. Worst of all is the sale, by Tamil fishermen's wives, in the Jaffna marketplace, of fresh-water tortoises, to be living animal, which lies on its back with its beating heart close to the sun and is left to die. Cut away fins, fat, and pounds of flesh, usually leaving head and head to be the last pieces selected. The heart still beats, and the mouth sings, when the shell is nearly emptied of all its contents.

The swarm of life in Ceylon includes a multitude of bats, who form one of the features of the evening landscape. Of many forms and sizes, they abound in every available cave, gallery, bungalow roof, or other place of shelter. They hang to the trees. At sunset out they fly, and chase the moths even about the lamps upon the dinner-table. One bat has a growth like a leaf at the end of its nose. One glossy black little bat, not much larger than the bumble-bee, will alight on the dinner-cloth, and show no great terror at being caught under a wine-glass.

In the depths of the forest the most formidable fellow is the bear, who digs for honey, feeds on the ants, and accounts nothing daintier than honey. A bear, found by a traveler growling over his breakfast in the midst of a cocoa-nut grove on a branch, thrusting portions of a red ant's nest into his mouth and licking his paws with the other by endeavored to clear his eyebrows and lips of the angry inmates, by whom he also was bitten. In time of great honey hunger bears become fierce, unable to climb back, frighten away the women who resort to the wells for water. The bear is, in Ceylon, a most dangerous beast, and there is no nuisance strength against man only in self-defense; then he endeavors to fill his assailant by a blow upon the head, and when the man has prostrate, makes his attack first upon the eyes. The bears also attack fearlessly the rude dwellings of the Veddahs, for the honey found in the roofs of some of these poor people. The post-office runners, who always travel by night, carry torches, that the bears who are hunted by day may keep away from them.

The only sort of tiger in Ceylon is a leopard, or cheetah, who is, in fact, the true panther, and he is much less feared than the bear. The deer, which is a variety of him, sometimes met with, it is not safe to shoot altogether black. He haunts the pasture land in quest of deer and cattle. There is a belief among the people that when a leopard has brought down a deer, bullock, he will not return to feed upon it if it fall, in dying, so that the right side is underneat. The Ceylon leopard will attack the buffalo, and even the elephant, for a kid. He is strongly attracted by the smell of small-pox. This disease, as the natives shrink from vaccination, is frightfully common in the villages. Route small-pox hospitals are made in the jungle, and to these the leopards are so certainly allured that special hand of them is necessary.

Of the jackals there is a native superstition attached to a small horn, called Narri-combu, which sometimes grows on the head, hidden by a tuft of hair. Cingalese and Tamils alike hold this jackal's horn to be a talisman, which commands for its owner the fulfillment of all wishes, and which, if lost, invariably finds itself again for him. On the other hand, the leopard's tooth carries concerning for the ichneumon, that it uses some plant as an antidote to the bites of the serpents upon which it preys, is here rejected.

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. IV.—No. 164.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1860. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

TWO NEW SERIALS.

WE COMMENCE IN THIS NUMBER

THE

Uncommercial Traveler,

BY

CHARLES DICKENS,

And a new Serial Tale of American Life, entitled "THE MISTRESS OF THE PARSONAGE."

THE BRIDAL OF GALTRIM.

THE priest's at the altar: the bride—and the groom—
The bridesmaids—and gallants, with doff'd cap and plume,
Are kneeling around till the word forth is gone
That license the union of two into one.
But while the decree were responding "Amen,"
The blast of a war-trumpet rang through the glen,
And each man, as he sprang to his feet, grips'd his sword,
While the fresh-plighted hand of the bride held her lord.

"Oh, hold me not, dearest!—you would not detain?
It is honor to go—'twere disgrace to remain.
The foe's at the gate; we must drive him away!—
A joust is befitting a chief's wedding-day!"
He buckled his mail o'er his gay wedding garb;
His colt'd for his lance, and he sprang on his barb,
And waved back a graceful adieu, as he cried,
"A victor I soon will be back with my bride!"

And soon was he back, and a victor beside—
But 'twas to his widow, and not to his bride;
For, foremost in danger the foe to repel,
In the moment of conquest the conqueror fell.
Slowly the victors return from the field,
Lamenting the knight whom they bore on his shield;
And the Lady of Galtrim, as Chronicles say,
Was maid, wife, and widow—and all in one day.

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THE MISTRESS OF The Parsonage.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

PART I.

IT is October.

Not October with golden mists, and mantle of soft gray upon the distant hills—not October with cool, breezy mornings, glorious noons, and sweet, half-mournful evenings—but October bleak and rainy, over which the heavy clouds brood like a pall. Within lies the corpse of the past, and the black robes of mourning throw their shadow on my heart.

I remember Octobers that are gone—dead and buried with my happiness; and they came dancing joyously, their foreheads bound with golden sheaves of grain and wreaths of gay-colored leaves, and their robes were gold and purple as the sunset. Where are they now? The third-story room of this dull city-house looks out upon other houses as dark and dull; and as I pace its narrow limits I think of Bonnivard, and the stone floor on which were imprinted the marks of his weary footsteps. I would wear the Roman penitent's dress of serge, with the galling chain beneath—but *he* taught me differently from that; no self-inflicted suffering can ever erase those blotted pages of life. And yet I have not been really *wicked*—only thoughtless, and more sinned against than sinning.

That quiet study continually haunts me, with the pale, earnest face of him who bends over his writing, while I lie idly upon the sofa, or trifle with some nondescript bit of sewing. I see the smile that ever fell upon me like the sunlight streaming through those rose-draped windows. I feel again its gentle influence; and I wake to weep, and find it but a dream.

My pen is in my hand; a waste of blank paper, procured to meet the wants of my little flock of scholars, spreads itself out before me; and I will commence the retrospection of a misspent life. It is a pleasant task to live over again, even in thought, those days of quiet happiness; and, perchance, it may prove a useful lesson to this poor, tempest-tossed heart thus to record my folly and waywardness.

I know not where I was born; but it must have been in the country, for I have faint, misty recollections of green fields, and apple-blossoms, and a low, spreading house, with moss-covered eaves, and a deep well, where "the old oaken bucket" used to hang, dripping with clear drops that, on a warm summer day, were more precious than diamonds.

But later memories come, crowding back these pleasant thoughts; and I awake, as from a dream, in a small, dreary house, that stands in a close city street, and seems never visited by the fresh air. I stand now in that dark, narrow entrance-hall, so close and confined that, when placed there for punishment, I fancied the sides were moving to crush me.

My grandmother lived there—my father's mother—a fierce old woman, with deep, black eyes, that were set so far back in her head they looked like caverns. She was a female miser, and had a gaunt, hungry look that made me afraid she would eat me. Her pocket—an immense sack worn under her dress—was full of keys; for she kept every thing locked; and she would try to persuade me that bits of fat or lard tasted better on bread than butter. When I read of *Amine* and the *Ghoule*, in the Arabian Nights, I thought of her. Her usual dress in winter was a stuff petticoat, and a man's coat with the tails cut off, and a thick muslin cap with deep ruffles—the hue of this cap made me wonder if it was not like the clothes of the dressed dolls in the shops, sewed on never to come off.

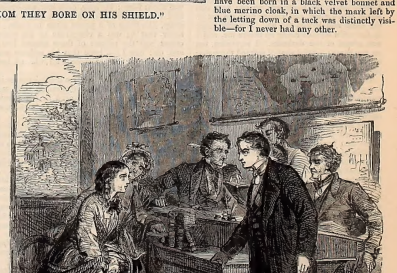
She had one "sole daughter of her house and heart;" I shall always hate the name of Hester. The sharpest gray eyes that were ever placed in human head, a figure especially calculated for so energetic a character, and hands and nose that had a peculiarity of always looking chilly, were the distinguishing attributes of my maiden aunt. She was not then very old, but she had the precocious sharpness of a "lone woman;" and as the ill-used maid-of-all-work said of her, "that she was hooked for an old maid was written in her face."

I have, even now, a disagreeable sensation of Hester's fingers, as they closed over and sunk into my plump little arms, while administering correction for some childish mischief; and I remember that they were cold and hard. Had I suffered the same amount in any other way I should not have cared so much, but I disliked to have her touch me.

Both mother and daughter were animated by a determined spirit of saving; and in consequence of this disposition we were short of clothes, short of provisions, and short of all the comforts of life. I used to think that I must have been born in a black velvet bonnet and blue merino cloak, in which the mark left by the letting down of a tuck was distinctly visible—for I never had any other.

"IN THE MOMENT OF CONQUEST THE CONQUEROR FELL."

"LAMENTING THE KNIGHT WHOM THEY BORE ON HIS SHIELD."



"ALLOW ME TO EXAMINE THE YOUNG LADY—"

The house was old, and oddly contrived. From the front door you walked down the hall for some distance, and then turned quite unexpectedly into a small parlor, where the first object that would probably arrest a stranger's attention was a huge shell comb on the mantle-piece. Of the fitness of things my grandmother cared not; the comb had cost money—had been admired as a head ornament—and there was, therefore, no reason why it should not now do duty as a piece of parlor furniture.

A cosey, warm carpet, maple chairs, a sofa hard-heated as its owners, and green blinds to the windows, completed the furnishing of the apartment. The parlor was bleak, cold, and discouraging; and yet they kept it locked as though it contained valuables. When a little thing, I made superhuman exertions to get a view of it through the keyhole; but the first time that I found the door really open put an end to my interest.

Then you crossed a second strip of entry to the sitting-room—a small apartment that looked upon a yard containing a large peach-tree. In summer this peach-tree always bore an abundant crop of green worms; but in the early autumn large, luscious-looking peaches were carefully laid in a small basket, with which Hester travelled mysteriously forth, and when she returned the basket was in the same condition as Mother Hubbard's cupboard. A looking-glass, with gilt cherries around the frame, is the principal article of sitting-room furniture that I can remember.

A door opened from this apartment into a closet that contained a cot bedstead. Here my grandmother, Aunt Hester, and myself slept; and I, at least, found it rather crowded quarters. There were rafters overhead that were whitewashed; and at the foot of the bed hung bunches of onions and red peppers. I used to sleep there and dream of being smothered, and wake to find it all alone, and Hester would have the blue flame that curled slowly upward from the newly-kindled fire in the sitting-room. At this hour of the day she was always engaged in a calico morning-gown that had a belt made only of the lining—a calico belt she pinned on afterwards. A aunt's appearance was changed surprisingly cold—the room looked any thing but comfortable—and I dreaded the summons to get up. But I always came before it was made for it; and when dressed, I descended, half-frozen, to the kitchen. Here a repast of re-coffee, or hot tea, and stale bread was soon dispatched; and then began my daily duties, which consisted, in those early days, of running up and down stairs, going of errands, bringing skeins of silk and thread, ripping up old things, peeling apples, washing dishes, and doing any thing which a pair of small hands would do.

When I was first taken there I was a little, dimpled, rosy-cheeked thing, who could only speak plainly. I was brought there by my father after my mother's death; but he, too, died, and they were the only relations I had. Hester's was no money left in their hands for my maintenance; I was a dependent orphan, and they made me feel it to the utmost.

A cheerless childhood passed on with but little to vary its dreary monotony. Nothing ever took place that I can locked parlor except on two occasions: one was a funeral, and the other a tea-drinking.

I have a faint remembrance of a sick lady, who spoke very kindly to me, and gave me sugar-plums; she was a lodger who had a room up stairs; she died, and her body was brought into the parlor. I stood upon tip-toe and looked over a her face had a yellow hue, and there were dark circles around her eyes. I cried aloud, for there was no one now who would care for me, and Hester took me out of the room and locked me up. The still figure in the coffin seemed rising up before me, and I was afraid of the darkness. I screamed, but no one came; fearful shapes seemed thronging about me, and I fell upon the floor in a paroxysm of terror.

I awoke to consciousness three weeks after. I had been very ill, and when I recovered I wandered about the house a thin, pale child, with a grief at her heart for which no one cared.

One afternoon my aunt came in with a moderate-sized pound-cake in white paper wrappings, and began cutting it into the thinnest possible pieces. My grandmother was polishing some white and gilt cups and saucers, and I wondered in all meant. I caught a glimpse from the sitting-room of some prim-looking young ladies and heavy men in the parlor; but before long I was consigned to the companionship of the red peppers and onions, and fell asleep with the hum of voices in my ear.

This is the only time that I can remember any visitors; no one ever came to the house except "the minister," who talked through his nose and drank a great many cups of tea. I never felt disposed to accept his repeated invitations to sit on his lap, and Aunt Hester considered me a hardened sinner. They were professors of religion, but *professors* only. I read the Bible, and the Psalms, and the religious books that were abundantly scattered around, and felt a sweet meekness growing up in my heart that made me comfort myself sometimes then, I think I may say *always*, with gentleness and a forgiving spirit.

But I met with no return for my forbearance. They took my submission as a natural right, and apparently considered me nothing more than a machine for working and saving.

Once I rebelled. Mince-pie was my particular horror and aversion: it always seemed to me such a dark field for mystery—such a detection-proof opportunity for the smuggling in of unlawful articles; and my *grandmother's* mince-pie—oh! I shudder to think of it. I had refused it at dinner-time; after dinner Aunt Hester came bringing a piece on a plate. "It was ridiculous," she said, "to humor a child's whims. I *should* eat it." I entered the porch as it was of rest, and Mr. Winnesle led me into the pleasant parlor and introduced his sister.

Dear, good Arethusa! she was an extensive specimen of womanhood, with white eyes and hair—the latter dressed in a high and peculiar fashion, with love-locks at the side. She was not much younger than her brother, and exhibited that peculiarity in matrimony kindness that won my heart. Her stock in trade of conversation was an "Is it possible!" uttered in a variety of tones, and she was in a state of perpetual surprise. But I loved her from the first —she was so kindly considerate.

Before long I felt perfectly at home, and I would pace my airy room in childish delight at its length and breadth. New begun light, and life, and freedom. I was a new existence, and the past was but the chrysalis from which the butterfly emerges.

That country tea-table, how pleasant it was! The room cool and shaded, white through the open windows were the heads of roses on the evening breeze; the table pure and inviting, and smiling faces around it—things to which I had been unaccustomed for many a day. On the first floor were the parlor, dining-room, and Mr. Winnesle's study and bedroom; on the second, a large attic chamber, reassigned to my use, Arethusa's room, and others that were not used.

Mr. Winnesle took me to the school and introduced me to the teacher, whom I found not a set of cherubs, ready to go into ecstasies at sight of their new teacher, but a community of wild Indians who looked on me as destined with dislike. But my trials in this line were lightened by kindness at home; and I tripped to school like the veriest child among them, and returned perhaps more sober, but not less happy; for this kind friend of mine was always there to meet me on the constant sunshine in my path. Why they became so kindly interested in my welfare I did not stop to ask. The perfection that enveloped passed me on all sides as we take the blue sky and the flowers, and thought it not more strange than the gifts of a heavenly Father.

Mr. Winnesle had a horse and a small carriage; and every pleasant evening we drove about the country, while the golden stars crept out in the sky, and the moonbeams shone on our homeward route.

I scarcely knew myself until I went to Meadowbank; it was as though I had been in a trance all those past years, and suddenly awoke to find the beautiful life that others existed in by my new friends; their kind, anticipating care rendered me perfectly helpless; and in my wild exuberance of spirits I frequently ran into imaginary mischievous pranks that called forth smiles and laughing reproofs. Then I was driving, and pointing the fingers toward some airy bank, or the lonely-expressed face of Arethusa; now I had run into the woods, and frightened them both by calling from the top of a tree.

There were quieter moments than these, when I sat in Mr. Winnesle's study, and read aloud to him from books which he selected with a kind view to my improvement; and I could those many hours when she engaged to light old stores of learning, and left kind, housewifely Arethusa commanding a more substantial meal in the kitchen. She tried to initiate me into these mysteries, but my hands ached terribly; and she said, with a loving smile, that they were too small to be of any use. I looked at them in surprise; no one had ever told me so before; but my former hands my grandmother always attended to the housekeeping department, and left Hester and me to sew and preach school. Here my presence which was not owing, as Arethusa seemed to suppose, to the smallness of my hands.

Mr. Winnesle's annual smile, and place his substantial hand beside mine, and call me "Fairy." They were making me vain; but, gods! the fearful recess so new and pleasant! I never used to think of my looks before; but now I found that long brown ringlets were prettier than fine-colored or grey hair; that *some* eyes were like large violets; and they wondered if I had stolen my cheeks from the peaches. It is not unwise flatterers make me write this now; for, oh! they are numbered with the things that have been.

Arethusa loved to overlook my wardrobe (not much trouble *that*), and select my most becoming things; with skillful fingers "made and clothes look amaist as weel as new." My school kept me pretty well employed; but Arethusa always found time for every thing, and mended my clothes as naturally as she sewed buttons on her brother's shirts. In the evening we sat around the centre table; the sister with her sewing, Mr. Winnesle with a book—and I also reading, or idly teasing them both.

But sometimes we two strolled out into the moonlight; while Arethusa, who did not understand moonbeams and "such romantic nonsense," sat within at work, or waited in the door-way for our return. Sometimes we wandered to the lake that was not far from the house, and went long down into the clear water Mr. Winnesle preached beautiful sermons, that were like the shell-flowers we gathers by the wayside. And in the temple not made with hands that encompassed us on all sides I stood motionless, my soul freighted with a deep feeling of awe, and lifting itself from earthly things far beyond the blue canopy that overshadowed us.

We strolled on past cottages and country-seats, and looked in upon rooms flooded with a soft light, and upon the occupants as they listened to and fro, or gathered in the windows, or around the tables. We looked in other people's windows, and imagined their histories, and planned incidents and *denouements* that had very little foundation.

I rattled on in this wild manner, and Mr. Winnesle would listen with a smile, or remark with a sigh, that "I was young yet." Was it a "heritage of woe," this youth, that he always wished? Or was he thinking of his own spring that had departed in autumn? I looked forward why it was.

Arethusa smile welcomed our return; and then came those beautiful readings from the Bible, when Mr. Winnesle's voice seemed to me like that of one inspired—then prayers—a kind "good-night" from my friend—Arethusa's kiss—and then to bed.

I would lay my hand lamp on the mantle, and gaze at the snowy counterpane, white curtains, and vase of flowers placed there by affectionate hands—of the moonlight that entered among the foliage—the roses that crept to my window and offer up a silent prayer of happiness. The dews that were falling on the fields and hedges for wild flowers to scatter about the study; and sometimes I even dared to pelt the Rector himself with these floral missiles.

I never knew what Sunday meant until I went to Meadowbank. The sound of the early church bells, wafted across the fields by the summer breeze, was like a strain of music; and having donned my best simple costume, from which the long curls escaped not *quite* accidentally, I took my seat beside Arethusa, while Mr. Winnesle, with his white gloves and white cravat, drove us slowly to church.

A half-concealed pride diffused itself through my heart as I walked up the aisle to the Rector," for Mr. Winnesle was much beloved by his parishioners; and I took my seat with the consciousness that many eyes were upon me. But I cared not for the country youths—my attention was fixed upon the pulpit; but I should as soon have left them in love with St. Paul as Mr. Winnesle.

Thus ended another church, how it rises up before me! It was pure and fresh in all the beauty of white walls and green blinds, for the congregation had at that spring completed the often-broached project of painting it throughout; and through the open windows came glimpses of the green fields, and waving foliage, and blue water. They were unpretending-looking people, those inhabitants of Meadowbank, and were honest enough must have come them from a former generation; but, oh! the faces beneath them were pleasant to look upon, and glowed with spontaneous hospitality to strangers. I looked from the rough farmers, stiff in their coats of Sunday best, to Mr. Winnesle, and his face seemed to me like that of Adam; and standing beneath the eloquence showered from the pulpit, I felt as though I could never dare to trifle with him again.

And now Memory, sweet magician!
Weaves her silver wand for me;
Calls all the misty Present,
Once again my soul is free!

Village spires are faintly gleaming—
Village bells are on the air—
Hayey with the summer fragrance,
June's sweet breath is melting there.

As in days of yore, I'm seated
In the old beloved pew;
Village church, so quiet and simple,
Still my heart will turn to you.

Hark! the sweetly-chanted numbers
Issue through the open door;
And rise, like spirits winged for heaven,
As the tide of music pour.

Now a deep-toned voice upraises
To the skies its load of prayer,
Each heart bows in adoration,
Finding calm every where.

Oh! the tear-drops will come stealing
That I struggle to repress;
Though the rose breathes summer stillness,
Sobs are rising in mine face.

Ever still my soul is sighing,
With its burden of unrest,
For those days of sweet communion
When I gathered with the blest.

Once again that voice is breathing
Forth its sad and solemn joys—
Once again the sound is rising
Heavenward of tuneful praise.

But, alas! 'tis only dreaming,
And I wake to dream again—
Grasping still my parted treasures,
Source of mingled joy and pain.

Ever still that face will haunt me—
Day and night it seems a guide;
Yet am a pilgrim wandering—
He is traveling heavenward.

I stood visiting my long curls before the glass in the study, I thought that I was alone; and I studied my face as I would a new picture that interested me.

"Fairy," said a gentle voice behind me, "you are very beautiful."

I had suspected as much before; but my cheeks now looked still more like the peaches that grew beneath the window. Mr. Winnesle turned me gently around, and looked gravely and earnestly upon my downcast face.

"It is a great gift, this beauty," said he. "Oh! how often it has proved a curse to those whom God has gifted—toward the deformed, the old, the suffering!"

I slipped down stairs to Arethusa; and when Mr. Winnesle next saw me I was braiding up the locks which it was her highest enjoyment to have me arrange; and I saw by his smile that the cloud on his heart had passed away.

So glided on the days to autumn, peacefully as a calm river; and I would that they had all glided on thus to the ocean of eternity. The close October wind came rushing through the

trees; leaves of crimson and gold were lying on the Episcopal walks; and "the fields were ripe for the harvest."

Mr. Winneslie would sit, with bowed head, listening to the autumn wind as it wailed the dirge of summer; and melancholy foreboding crept into his heart, and checked the smile upon his lips.

"It is always so," said Arethusa, in answer to my questioning; "as often as the autumn comes round he looks himself in his study for days together. He wants cheering; but I scarcely know what to say to him."

"May I come in?" said I, as I knocked softly at the door of the study.

"This room is always open to you, Fairy," was the kind reply, as Mr. Winneslie raised a sorrow-shaded face from the desk on which he had been leaning.

"But what is the matter?" he continued, as he noticed my eyes.

They were full of tears; for I held in my hand a letter from Hester, and she said that I must return, a more lucrative situation had been found for me. It was worded coarsely, even for her; and I sank down on the sofa and sobbed aloud.

"Ernestine," said Mr. Winneslie, as he seated himself beside me and took my hand, "do you then so very much regret leaving us?"

"They can not *make* me go!" I replied, passionately. "I will *never* return to them!"

"There is *one* way," said Mr. Winneslie, "by which you could remain with us always; would you accept it, Ernestine?"

I looked into the deep, loving eyes that were bent upon me, and knew that he was asking me to become his wife. My heart throbbed quickly at his unpremeditated words; but I was not—I *dared* not. He was too good, too noble and elevated for a foolish girl like me; but he would let me say no more; and I was only conscious that his arm was around me, and I was sobbing convulsively, with my head resting on his shoulder.

"This will not do, Fairy," said he, with his kind smile; "you must cheer up, my child, instead of crying yourself; for remember that you have promised to marry an old man, who will be always sighing and complaining."

I smiled back through my tears, but I feared not; my ship was safely moored in a firm harbor.

"Dear wife him, dearest," said Arethusa, as she kissed me again and again in the overflowing gladness of her heart. "He has troubles that none but a wife can relieve; may you indeed prove a helpmate to Arthur!"

I smiled as I laid my head upon my pillow. These sentences were very proper for a woman of Arethusa's age; but a giddy girl of nineteen was far from considering so deeply. Had I written the story of the marriage-day, you would, doubtless, have run thus: "I, Ernestine, take thee, Arthur, to be my wedded husband, to receive from me all the favors that you choose to bestow, all the love that you can conveniently spare, to be considered by you as the idol to whose wishes all other wills must bow, and promise in return—*to be satisfied.*" Who could expect more?

I received from the place I had called *home* a letter that was in fact a certificate of dismissal; in which Hester entirely washed her hands of me, and could scarcely conceal her joy at the pleasing performance. In answer to my invitation she said that "she had no time for such nonsense as weddings."

It wounded me at first; but Mr. Winneslie came to look over my head, and I forgot all but that I was to be a clergyman's wife.

We were married. A white-haired clergyman from a neighboring town performed the ceremony; and I stood leaning on Mr. Winneslie's arm, and received the congratulations of those around.

My wedding-day had achieved a triumph of the needle in my white muslin dress; and the long brown curls were suffered to float beneath the bridal veil. Arthur had twisted those curls around his finger; they were precious in *his* sight, and I would not have them put back.

So Arethusa kissed and arranged them with a sigh, as she thought of the childish-looking bride I would make; and even the clergyman seemed surprised when his eye first rested on me. But Mr. Winneslie was satisfied; his responses came from a heart trembling beneath its weight of happiness, and I feared nothing as I looked forward into the future.

The guests were heavy-looking men, thrifty wives, and young women who were so stiff and exact that the discipline of dress seemed painful to them. They were an old assemblage who filled the parlor of the Parsonage on my wedding-day; but Arethusa passed among them in mysterious ceremonies with the manner of one who was quite satisfied with her guests.

The carriage was at the door; my traveling-dress was ready; and in a few moments I was whirled off for my first peep at the world under the guidance of my new guardian.

How, child as I was, it appeared to me like an ever-brilliant panorama, and how Mr. Winneslie lived over again his own youth in my enthusiasm, are still fresh in my memory.

A REGRET.

I WALK with memory through the blooms
Spring's tender fingers spread;
The lark amid the faint perfumes
Sings gayly overhead.
With joyful sounds the woodlands ring;
The wild brook flashes on;
The honey-bee is on the wing—
But she is dead and gone!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1860.

A NEW SERIAL BY DICKENS.

WE publish in this number the first of "a series of occasional journeys" by "an uncommercial traveler," said traveler being Charles Dickens, Esq., and the journeys being actual tours and trips made by him in search of the picturesque, the interesting, and the unknown. The first journey, of which we publish the record herewith, was to the scene of the wrecks of the *Royal Charter*. It is in Dickens's most powerful manner.

It was by sketches of real life—reports, in fact—that Dickens first won his fame. We have no doubt that this new series will sustain the reputation he has won as a novelist; each journey will, in fact, be a tale complete in itself.

We have purchased from Mr. Dickens the right of publishing these journeys in advance of their appearance in this country.

SOMETHING FOR THE LEGISLATURE TO DO.

IT may seem childish to suggest useful subjects for legislation to the members of the Legislature of New York, as every one sees that that body is engrossed in corrupt schemes for the establishment of monopolies and trusts, and for the plunder of the railroad companies which are now in existence.

Still, we believe, doubtless, among the members of the Senate and Assembly a few individuals who are conscious of their duties, and who do not consider di-bones gain the whole purpose of their legislative career, we venture to suggest that the recent catastrophes in tenement houses and manufacturing establishments in this and other cities within the State call loudly for legislative interference.

The accident in Elm Street—which we described in our last number, and by which a score of persons lost their lives—was not the only necessity for adopting a law by which the owners of tenement houses shall be bound to provide their inmates with suitable means of escape in case of fire. Various other accidents of a somewhat quite a number of fire-escapes have been suggested. We do not intend to try to discriminate among them. It is clear that some remedy should be adopted; the most practical plan would be that the Legislature should create competent fire-wardens for the city, and leave to them the responsibility of deciding what is, and what is not, an adequate safeguard against fire.

In like manner, inspectors of steam-boilers should be appointed, whose duty it should be to examine all boilers in use in large cities; and no one should be allowed to use a boiler until its safety had been certified by those inspectors. We have no doubt but a large majority of the steam-boilers at present in use in the city are unsafe: the iron being, in most cases, entirely unsuited for the intended purposes.

Many lives will be saved if the Legislature passes the requisite laws on these subjects. We will only add that, as the Mayor of New York seems a good deal occupied with party political affairs, he may not have time to attend to such matters, and the appointment of the inspectors had better be left to the Governor.

THE NEW ERA IN FRANCE.

WE published in our last number the points of the recent manifesto of the Emperor of the French on the subject of free trade, in which Napoleon III. announced his intention of using his power and all the means of the French Government to develop agriculture and industry throughout his empire, and to abolish the old-fashioned restrictions which, in the guise of protection, have so long hampered the progress of enterprise among the French. It may safely be said that, momentous and astounding as many of Napoleon's previous measures have been, this is the greatest wonder and the greatest triumph of them all.

Hitherto many British manufactures have been wholly excluded from France. British cutlery and many descriptions of British textile wares have been contraband. On the other hand, all kinds of raw materials—cotton, wool, sugar, coal, and iron—have paid enormous, and in some cases almost prohibitive, duties. The consequence has been—first, high prices for all articles of consumption, which either "protected" by the tariff or which were made from commodities heavily taxed at their admission into the country; and, secondly, a stagnant and often a retrogressive state of industry, consequent upon the want of competition.

With the marvelous sagacity which has marked every step in the career of the Emperor of the French, Napoleon is now going to lay the axe to the root of these evils. He proposes to admit British manufactures into France on payment of a moderate duty. And he proposes to admit, free of duty, all such articles as cotton, wool, and sugar, which enter into manufactures. Thus the French manufacturers, if they wish to retain their home markets, will need to better themselves; to avail themselves of all the resources of modern science; to work well and cheaply, and to sell cheaply. They will be enabled to purchase their raw materials at a lower rate than usual; but for the rest they will have to trust to themselves.

The inevitable result of these measures will be a large increase of commercial and industrial activity in France. No unbiased person can carefully study the result of the free trade system in England without coming to the conclusion that free trade is the surest system for a country which seeks manufacturing and commercial development. Protection blights the very interests it is expected to serve; free trade fosters every interest. For, in plain words, free trade throws the burdens of taxes upon stagnant and unproductive property, while protection imposes upon traffic and enterprise the burden of supporting the idle and lucky politic.

Under the new French system we expect to see France rise to a new and unexampled pitch of prosperity. England already proposes to reciprocate, by abolishing the present duties on French wines and silks. We should be large gainers by the abolition of the present duties on cotton; and when the promised boon is granted it would be wise and politic for us to follow the French example, by removing some of the heaviest duties which now impede our import trade from France.

THE LOUNGER.

PUDDLE-PHILOSOPHY.

THE conceit of Expansionists is one of the commonest forms of conceit, because every body supposes his own tooth aches more than any body's else ever did or could. A man who has not constant twinges in his gums feels a kind of scornful superiority of the man who has not. His conviction is that nobody has had any trouble worth having until he has had the toothache. That is, we all try other people by the test of our own experience. "You've always had your own way, my dear," says he; "it's good for you to have a little suffering," somebody remarks, with ludicrous conceit, to his neighbor.

"How are you, my dear neighbor," do you call this suffering? Why this is only a smart toothache. I can go to sleep on this. Wait till you've had inflammation of the lungs, or the typhus measles—in bed for eighteen months. Wait till you've had your leg amputated, and then ere all. Wait till you've felt a cancer in your breast, which I am dying, and then talk to me of a 'little suffering.'"

For what is human life but such sufferings? A man buries his mother, and we all think that he now begins to know something about the stern realities of life. Why! the man has been heartbroken all his life for reasons of which we all know nothing; and he has been so much our master that we never knew that there was the matter. And if the man loses a fortune, and we all fall to and talk about discipline and trial and the rest of it. We pish a long time, and yawn and long dismally that he may be taught by trial. Yes, and he is taught by trial. Taught so well by trials which were real and which he doesn't especially care about, this purely external circumstance. Taught indeed by trials of which outsiders know nothing.

Why, then, should we magnify the toothache because that is our particular form of trial? Some men are tried by poverty, and their friends live luxuriously, sleep soundly, lie soft in whatever money can buy or skill prepare; you and I look on, and think that he is getting a great round of good solid twinges in the gums to make him all right! Suppose now that we look into the core of the fruit and see that it is worm-holes. Perhaps we will think it a pity that such a blooming perfection should not have had a few bumps and bruises.

If, as has sometimes been experience inspires, trial is necessary to the strengthening and development of character, we may be very sure that no body escapes. Every body has his own person. Something stirs and moulds your whole life which is nothing to another man; as a gust blows a puddle in one boy over and he is in tears, while another boy will ripple the neighboring sea. "Godfrey!" cries the Puddle, "what a gale there is to-day!" The Puddle is perfectly right. It is wind for a puddle. But then Puddle-philosophy is no rule for the ocean.

Nobody knows when he has had trials of another man's life come to him. In fact they are only suspected sometimes by the greater cheerfulness and hilarity, by the calm opulence of all trial. But let Angela in the convent wore a garment next her skin which was lined with the points of pins turned inward and piercing the flesh. Outwardly she wore clean linen on her person and sweet smiles upon her face. The other sisters knew when she had added pins, and they increased the torture only by the greater calmness and sweetness of her smiling. One day the youngest of all the sisters who had just come and knew nothing of the rule of fire, said to her:

"Dear Angela, how happy you are! Are you not afraid of such unmixed enjoyment? Ah, dear, if you could only have a turn of toothache it would do you so much good!"

Angela smiled, and, going to her cell, added a hundred pins. But when she came in to vespers the youngest of the sisters looked at her, trumpeted by holy smiles, and said to herself: "Poor dear Angela! if she could only have some trials!"

You will find the instance in any neighboring volume of the Domestic Saints.

LET WELL ENOUGH ALONE.

SOMEBODY in the Legislature proposes to meddle with the management of the Central Park. Before any action is taken it is greatly to be wished that the whole body of law-makers would visit the Park and see what it is, and what it is going to be, and should understand that the present improvements which have been achieved by a management which profoundly understands the character of the work, and which has accomplished its ends with an impartiality and satisfaction to nearly every concerned entirely unparalleled in the history of our public works.

Of course the real object of any interference whatsoever is a political object. The pretense may be economy; the intention is to construct partisan machinery. Now the Central Park is quite beyond the realm of politics. It chanced, indeed, to be organized under the auspices of one of the great parties, but that was only chance. It has been administered for the exclusive political advantage of that party, the other might justly claim a share in the spoils and endeavor by every means to obtain the control. But it is not so. The architect in charge has been scrupulously careful to banish politics altogether; and as he is an honest man he has not, under this plea, only the more skillfully promoted partisan objects. He has pushed the work forward as if there were but one party in the country, and that one anxious to complete at the earliest moment a magnificent public enterprise worthy the city of which it is the chief ornament, and of the country whose generous spirit it represents.

Had the chance fallen to the other party, and the work been done in the same way, there is not a man in a million who is competent to speak to the point, who would not have desired to leave it entirely in the hands of the architect appointed by that party. Of course nobody expects that there are not gentlemen enough in the other party than that which is represented by a majority of the Commission to fill the place of Commissioner with the utmost ability; but when a change is projected which involves the discharge of duties in the work itself, why not abstain? why not let well-enough, or rather as-good-as-possible, alone?

The Central Park is undoubtedly an expensive work. Did the city of New York suppose it was to have a park worthy to take rank, directly upon its completion, with the finest parks in the world without paying well for it? And being well under way, does the city desire to have that work suspended or stopped, that speculators may come to line their own nests? As we said long ago, it is a miracle that so honest a work should have been so honestly done. Let it be left to its own opinion. Let it, then, proceed as begun, and stand as a monument of the truth that the people were better than their government.

TRAPS.

ALL learning from experience is simply shutting the door after the horse is stolen. It is an effort to keep the cow, at least, now that the horse is gone. The city of New York has done its work, but goes upon the principle that it is better to save some than lose all. Therefore the lessons of experience with the fire-traps are studied at all; and they are the sharpest spur to action. When a parent has lost a darling child from disease contracted under particular circumstances, he will be very sure to avoid those conditions in the case of his other children.

Is not the city of New York the parent of her citizens? A Niobe of stone, sometimes, rather than of flesh, if you please, but still a Niobe. What, then, does she mean to do about the case of eighteen citizens by five in a tenement house? Eighteen people are burned in a dwelling-house of five stories high, between nine and twelve o'clock in the evening, because the staircase is at once contracted, and there are no ladders or fire-escapes any where adequate to the occasion.

Undoubtedly the fewer laws the better; but only when the few laws are adequate to the event proposition, gravely made in a certain State, to make the calling of names in the street a penal offense, is a farce. A ludicrous law does not avail individual liberty which it is wiser for society to indulge than to restrain. But the care of life and property is the first duty of society and the city justly takes measures to protect the pedestrian from falling into excavations in any street, so it ought to guard against the probability of such accidents as that in Elm Street.

Because the probability is that a fire in all tenement houses will not be constructed, it would occasion the same terrible results. They are only traps, ordinarily set to catch incomes for owners, and, involuntarily, to catch the lives of the inmates; and they should be just as severely subjected to supervisory law as steamboilers.

And if the city be incompetent to enact such laws, let the Legislature do it. The Legislature is now engaged in the work of railroad bills, and are introduced every day, for every purpose. Who will give notice of a bill to prevent the taking of human beings in tenement traps?

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—JAMES, Kensington, Pennsylvania. The verses are hardly worthy of publication. As to continuing to write poetry, the rule is very simple. No man ever hurt himself by practicing versification in late moments, though perhaps there are many studies more useful. But as to writing poetry for a living, no sane person should think of it. Alfred Tennyson and Longfellow would have starved if they had had no other resource than their Muse to support them.

—G. F. S. Captain Mayne Reid is a real name, and he is alive and writing, as a fresh book from his pen evinces.

—"A Sentimental Friendship," by DAISY, of Louisville, is respectfully declined.

—The obliging offer of CALLENDER is declined, very respectfully, from want of space.

—MARIE. You may read of the Lady of Shalott in the old Arthur romance. But the significance of the picture you must ponder for yourself. What is the "meaning" of Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner"?

HON. J. L. M. CURRY, OF ALA.

HON. J. L. M. CURRY, of Alabama, is a native of Lincoln County, Georgia, where he was born in June, 1825. His father, Colonel William Curry, a wealthy planter, removed with his family to Talladega County, Alabama, in 1838, and settled in the beautiful valley bordering on the picturesque mountain range known as the Hillabee country.

The Curry family are of Scotch descent—a fact remembered and appreciated by them with a pride characteristic and peculiar to the Caledonian race.

On his maternal ancestry nothing more need be said in this connection than that his mother was a Lamar—a name honorably and inseparably connected with the history of Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, and Texas.

The subject of this brief sketch graduated at the University of the native State in 1843. When a student at college he devoted much of his time to the library and literary societies of the institution. Here, by habits of temperance which yielded to no temptation, and by an industrious zeal which knew no tiring, he laid the foundation, in solid principles and elegant attainments, of a brilliant career of usefulness which has from its commencement known nothing but success. Soon after leaving the University of Georgia he entered the law-school at Harvard University, Massachusetts, from which institution he received a diploma in 1845. On his return home he opened an office in the town of Talladega, where, for two years, he devoted himself, with abundant evidence of future success, to the practice of his profession.

In 1846 he enlisted as a soldier in the Mexican war, and served during a part of that campaign in a company of Texas Rangers. In 1847 he was married to Miss Ann, youngest daughter of Chancellor Bowie; and, bidding adieu to clients, courts, and fees, for not the less arduous but more congenial and fascinating field of politics, was, in the same year, chosen by the Democracy of Talladega County a member of the State Legislature—a position to which he was re-elected in 1853 and 1855. While a member of the Legislature, although young in years, he soon distinguished himself, not only as an orator and parliamentary debater of a high order, but as a committee man ever faithful in the discharge of his duties.

The canvass of 1855, conducted by Messrs. Curry and Parsons, though limited in range, was probably not less brilliant than was the canvass of the same year in the Old Dominion. In that, as in this, the "invisible Sam" was totally routed —the "Black Knight, with his vizor down," was met and conquered. In 1856 Mr. Curry was appointed by the Democratic State Convention an elector for the 7th Congressional District. In 1857 he was elected, without opposition, to represent the people of that district in the 35th national Congress; and was, again without opposition, re-elected in 1859.

On entering Congress—by force of talent, not political tact—he soon occupied a prominent position, and is now, in that unwieldy body, one of the few members who can, in addressing the Chair, command the ear of the House.

In delivery Mr. Curry's style is bold, energetic, and rapid—fluent in the use of words well-selected, chaste, and expressive. His speeches read well; but when delivered in his strong, shrill, well-cultivated voice—whether they soothe, excite, or electrify—they never fail to interest an audience.

In politics Mr. Curry is a Democrat of the Calhoun school; and without ill-feelings toward any section, he is devoted to his native South and her institutions, and to the Union administered under a *strict construction of the Constitution*. In the principles of "State Rights" he was early indoctrinated, and from them he is as immovable by outside influences as are the blue hills of the "Benighted Seventh."

HON. J. L. M. CURRY, OF ALABAMA.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.]

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "AFTER DARK," ETC., ETC.

[Printed from advance proof-sheets purchased from the author exclusively for "Harper's Weekly."]

MISS HALCOMBE'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

July 1st.—The confusion of their arrival has had time to subside. Two days have elapsed since the return of the travelers; and that interval has sufficed to put the new machinery of our lives at Blackwater Park in fair working order. I may now return to my journal with some little chance of being able to continue the entries in it as collectedly as usual.

I think I must begin by putting down an old remark which has suggested itself to me since Laura came back.

When two members of a family, or two intimate friends, are separated, and one good abroad and one remains at home, the return of the relative or friend who has been traveling always seems to place the relative or friend who has been staying at home at a painful disadvantage, when the two first meet. The sudden encounter of the new thoughts and new habits eagerly gained in the one case, with the old thoughts and old habits passively preserved in the other, seems, at first, to part the sympathies of the most loving relatives and the fondest friends, and to set a sudden strangeness, unexpected by both and uncontrollable by both, between them on either side. After the first happiness of my meeting with Laura was over, after we had sat down together, hand in hand, to recover breath enough and calmness enough to talk, I felt this strangeness instantly, and I could see that she felt it too. It has partially worn away, now that we have fallen back into most of our old habits, and it will probably disappear before long. But it has certainly had an influence over the first impressions that I have formed of her, now that we are living together again—for which reason only I have thought fit to mention it here.

She has found me unaltered; but I have found her changed.

Changed in person, and, in one respect, changed in character. I can not absolutely say that she is less beautiful than she used to be: I can only say that she is less beautiful to *me*. Others, who do not look at her with my eyes and my recollections, would probably think her improved. There is more color, and more decision and roundness of outline in her face than there used to be; and her figure seems more firmly set, and more sure and easy in all its movements than it was in her maiden days. But I miss something when I look at her—something that once belonged to the happy, innocent life of Laura Fairlie, and that I can not find in Lady Glyde. There was, in the old times, a freshness, a softness, an ever-varying and yet ever-remaining tenderness of beauty in her face, the charm of which it is not possible to express in words—or, as poor Hartright used often to say, in painting, either. This is gone. I thought I saw the faint reflection of it, for a moment, when she turned pale under the agitation of our sudden meeting, on the evening of her return; but it has never reappeared since. None of her letters had prepared me for a personal change in her. On the contrary, they had almost painfully, recalled to my memory the days of her girlhood and the happy by-gone time when there were no secrets between us.

"Whenever you and I are together, Marian," she said, "we shall both be happier and easier with one another if we accept my married life for what it is, and say and think as little about it as possible. I would tell you every thing, darling, about myself," she went on, nervously buckling and unbuckling the ribbon round my waist, "if my confidences could only end there. But they could not—they must go on into confidences about my husband, too; and, now I am married, I think I had better avoid them, for his sake and for your sake, and for mine. I don't say that they would distress you, or distress me—I wouldn't have you think that for the world. But—I want to be so happy, now I have got you back again; and I want you to be so happy too—" She broke off abruptly, and looked round the room, my own sitting-room, in which we were talking. "Ah!" she cried, clapping her hands with a bright smile of recognition, "another old friend found already! Your book-case, Marian—your dear little-shabby-old-satin-wood bookcase—how glad I am you brought it with you from Limmeridge! And your work-box, just as untidy as ever! And the horrid, heavy, man's umbrella that you always would walk out with when it rained! And, first and foremost of all, your own dear, dark, clever gipsy-face, looking at me me just as usual! It is so like home again to be here. How can we make it more like home still? I will put my father's portrait in your room instead of in mine—and I will keep all my little treasures from Limmeridge here—and we will pass hours and hours every day with them: four friendly walls round us. Oh, Marian!" she said, suddenly seating herself on a footstool at my knees, and looking up earnestly in my face, "promise me you will never marry, and leave me. It is selfish to say so, but you are so much better off as a single woman—unless—unless you are very fond of your husband—but you won't be very fond of any body but me, will you?" She stopped again; crossed my hands on my lap; and laid her face on them. "Have you been writing many letters, and receiving many letters, lately?" she asked, in low, suddenly-altered tones. I understood what the question meant; but I thought it my duty not to encourage her by meeting her half-way. "Have you heard from him?" she went on, coaxing me to forgive the more direct appeal on which she now ventured, by kissing my hands, upon which her face still rested. "Is he well and happy, and getting on in his profession? Has he recovered himself—and forgotten *me*?"

She should not have asked those questions. She should have remembered her own resolution, on the morning when Sir Percival held her to her marriage engagement, and when she resigned the book of Hartright's drawings into my hands forever. But, ah me! where are the faultless human creature who can persevere in a good resolution without sometimes failing and falling back? Where is the woman who has ever really torn from her heart the image that has been once fixed in it by a true love? Books tell us that such unearthly creatures have existed—but what does our own experience say in answer to books?

I made no attempt to remonstrate with her: perhaps because I sincerely appreciated the fearless candor which let me see what other women in her position might have had reasons for concealing even from their dearest friends—perhaps because I felt, in my own heart and conscience, that, in her place, I should have asked the same questions and had the same thoughts. All I could honestly do was to reply that I had not written to him or heard from him lately, and then to turn the conversation to less dangerous topics.

There had been much to sadden me in our interview—my first confidential interview with her since her return. The change which her marriage has produced in our relations toward each other, by placing a forbidden subject between us, for the first time in our lives; the melancholy conviction of the dearth of all warmth of feeling, of all close sympathy, between her husband and herself, which her own unwilling words now force on my mind; the distressing discovery that the influence of that ill-fated attachment still remains (no matter how innocently, how harmlessly) rooted as deeply as ever in her heart—all these are disclosures to sadden any woman who loves her as dearly, and feels for her as acutely, as I do. There is only one consolation to set against them—a consolation that ought to comfort me, and that does

over to a new page; and my pen shall let Laura's husband wipe his present.

The two guests—the Count and Countess Fosco—come next in my catalogue. I will dispose of the Countess first, so as to have done with the woman as soon as possible.

Laura was certainly not chargeable with any exaggeration in writing me word that I should hardly recognize her aunt again when we met. Never before have I beheld such a change produced in a woman by her marriage as has been produced in Madame Fosco. As Eleanor Fairlie (aged seven-and-thirty), she was always taking pernicious nostrums, and always worrying the unfortunate men with every small accusation which a weak and foolish woman can impose on long-suffering male humanity. As Madame Fosco (aged three-and-forty), she sits for hours together without saying a word, or taxes up in the strangest manner in herself. The hideously ridiculous love-locks which used to hang on either side of her face are now replaced by stiff little rows of very short curls, of the sort that one sees in old-fashioned wigs. A plain unstrung pearl necklace lies in her bosom, and makes her look, for the first time in her life since I remember her, like a decent woman. Nobody (putting her husband out of the question, of course) now sees in her what every body once saw—I mean the structure of the female skeleton, in the upper regions of the clavicular-bones and the shoulder-blades. Clad in quiet black or gray gowns, made high round the throat—actress as that she would have laughed at or screamed at, as the whim of the moment inclined her, in her maiden days—she looks, and looks nothing else, her dry white hands (so dry that the pores of her skin look chalky) incessantly engaged, either in mechanical needlework, or in rolling up endless little cigarettes for the Count's own particular smoking. On the few occasions when I have seen her eyes out of her work they are generally turned on her husband, with the look of mute submissive inquiry which we see in the eyes of a dog or a cat, by a faithful dog. The only approach to an inward flutter which I have yet detected under her outer covering of repose, is the nervous hurry itself, once or twice, in the form of a suppressed eyelash, getting out of position. When she loses (the maids included) to whom the Count speaks, or on whom he looks, with any thing approaching to special interest expressed, except in this one particular, she is always, morning, noon, and night, in-doors and out, fair weather or foul, is cold and clammy to the metaphysician as the stone out of which it is cut. For the common purposes of society the extraordinary change thus implied in Mrs. Fairlie need not doubt, a change for the better, seeing that it has transformed her into a civil, silent, submissive woman, as the world goes. But, How far she is really reformed or deteriorated in her secret self is another question. I have once or twice seen signs in her which have made suspicion may have sealed up something dangerous in her, locked up under the seven-times-heated-ness of the freedom of her former life. It is quite possible that I may be altogether wrong in this idea. My own impression, however, is, that I am right. Time will show.

And the magician who has wrought this wonderful transformation—the accomplished artist who has tamed this once wayward Englishwoman till her own relations hardly know her again—the Count himself? What of the Count?

This, in two words: He looks like a man who could tame any thing. If he had married a tigress, instead of a woman, he would have tamed the tigress. If he had married we, I should have made his cigarettes as his wife does—I should have held my head on a platter, ready for use, as she holds hers.

I am almost afraid to confess it, even to these secret pages. The man has interested me, has attracted me, has forced me to like him. Is my short hair to be less admired, my straight into my favorable estimation—and how he has worked the miracle is more than I can tell.

It absolutely startles me, as I say it to my mind, to find how plainly I see him!—how much more plainly than I see Sir Percival, or Mr. Fairlie, or any other person of my own absent person of whom I think, with the one exception of Laura herself! I can hear his voice, as if he was speaking at this moment. I know what his conversation was yesterday as well as if I was hearing it now. How am to describe him? There are peculiarities in his personal appearance, his habits, and his amusements which I should blame in the boldest terms, or ridicule in the most merciless manner, if I had seen them in another man. What is it that makes me unable to blame them or to ridicule them in *him*?

For example, he is immensely fat. Before this time I have always cordially disliked corpulent humanity. I have always maintained that the popular notion of connecting excessive grossness of size and good-humor as inseparable allies was equivalent to declaring, either that no people but amiable people ever did fat, or that the decided addition of so many pounds of flesh has a directly favorable influence over the disposition of the person on whose body they accumulate. I have invariably combated both these absurd assertions by quoting examples of fat people who were as mean, vicious, and cruel as the leanest and the worst of their neighbors. I have asked whether Henry the Eighth was an amiable character? whether Pope Alexander the Sixth was a good man? Whether Mr. Murderer and Mrs. Murderess Manning were not both unusually stout people? Whether hired nurses, proverbially as cruel a set of women as are to be found in all England, were not, for the most part, also as fat a set of women as are to be found in all England? And so on, through dozens of other examples, modern and ancient, native and foreign, high and low. Holding these strong opinions on the subject with might and main, as I do at this moment, here, nevertheless, is Count Fosco, as fat as Henry the Eighth himself, established in my favor, at one day's notice, without let or hindrance from his own odious corpulence. What can it mean?

Is it his face that has recommended him? It may be his face. He is a most remarkable likeness, on a large scale, of the Great Napoleon. His features have Napoleon's magnificent regularity: his general mien recalls the grandly calm, immovable power of the Great Soldier's face. This striking resemblance certainly impressed me, to begin with; but there is something in him besides the resemblance which has impressed me more. I think the influence I feel myself ready to find is in his eyes. They are the most unfathomable gray eyes I ever saw; and they have at times a cold, clear, beautiful, irresistible glitter in them which forces me to look at him, and yet causes me sensations, when I do look, which I would rather not feel. Other parts of his face and head have their strange peculiarities. His complexion, for instance, has a singular sallow-fairness, so much at variance with the dingy-black color of his hair that I suspect the hair of being a wig; and his face, closely shaven all over, is smoother and freer from all marks of wrinkles than mine, though (according to Sir Percival's account of him) he is three-and-sixty years of age. But these are not the prominent personal characteristics which distinguish him, to my mind, from all the other men I have ever seen. The marked peculiarity which singles him out from the rank and file of humanity lies entirely, so far as I can tell at present, in the extraordinary expression and extraordinary power of his eyes.

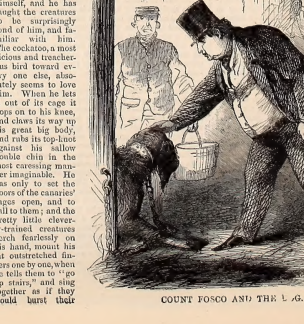
His manner, and his command of our language, which greatly assist him, in some degree, to establish himself in my good opinion. He has that quiet deference, that look of pleased attention implying a listening to a woman, and that secret gentleness in his voice, in speaking to her (whether she be clever, or whether she be not), which, say what we may, we can none of us resist. Here, too, his unusual command of the English language necessarily helps him. I had often noticed the extraordinary aptitude which many Italians show in mastering our strong, hard Northern speech; but, until I saw Count Fosco, I had never suspected it possible that any foreigner could have spoken English as he speaks it. There are times when it is almost impossible to detect, by his accent, that he is not a countryman of our own; and, as for fluency, there are very few born Englishmen who can talk with the same command and repetitions as the Count. He may construct his sentences, more or less, in the foreign way; but I have never yet seen him at a loss for a word, or expression, or hesitate for a moment in his choice of a word.

All the smallest characteristics of this strange man have something strikingly original and perplexingly contradictory in them. Fat as he is, and old as he is, his movements are astonishingly light and easy. He is as noiseless in a room as we are (and, more than that, with all his look of unmistakable mental firmness and power, he is as nervously sensitive as a woman. He starts at chance noises as irritatingly as Laura herself. He winced and shuddered yesterday when Sir Percival beat one of his dogs, so that I felt ashamed of my own want of tenderness and sensibility by comparison with the Count.

The relation of this last incident reminds me of one of his most curious peculiarities, which I have not yet mentioned—his extraordinary fondness for pet animals. Some of these he has left on the Continent, and has brought with him to this house a cockatoo, two canaries, and a whole family of white mice. He attends to the necessities of these strange favorites himself, and has even taught the creatures to be surprisingly fond of him, and familiar with him. The cockatoo, a most vicious and treacherous bird toward every one else, absolutely seems to love him. When he lets it out of its cage it hops on to his knee, and claws its way up his great big body, and rubs its top-knot against his sallow double chin in the most caressing manner imaginable. He has only to set the door of the canaries' cages open, and to call to them, and the pretty little cleverly-trained creatures perch fearlessly on his hand, mount his fat outstretched fingers one by one, when he tells them to "go up stairs," and sing together as if they would burst their throats with delight, when they get to the top finger. His white mice live in a little pagoda of prettily painted wire-work, designed and made by himself. They are almost as tame as the canaries, and they are perpetually let out, like the canaries. They crawl all over him, popping in and out of his waistcoat, and sitting in couples, white as snow, on his extraordinary shoulders. He seems to be even fonder of his mice than of his other pets—smiles at them, and kisses them, and calls them by all sorts of endearing names. If it be possible to suppose an Englishman with any taste for such childish interests and amusements as these, that Englishman would certainly feel rather ashamed of them, and would be anxious to apologize for them in the company of grown-up people. But the Count, apparently, sees nothing ridiculous in the amazing contrast between his colossal self and his frail little pets. He would blandly kiss his white mice, and twitter to his canary-birds amidst an assembly of English fox-hunters, and would only pity them as barbarians when they were all laughing their loudest at him.

It seems hardly credible, while I am writing it down, but it is certainly true, that this same man, who has all the fondness of an old maid for his cockatoo, and all the small dexterities of an organ-boy in managing his white mice, can talk, when any thing happens to rouse him, with a daring independence of thought, a knowledge of books in every language, and an experience of society in half the capitals of Europe, which would make him the prominent personage of any assembly in the civilized world. This trainer of canary-birds, this architect of a pagoda for white mice, is (as Sir Percival himself was told me) one of the first experimental chemists living, and has discovered, among other wonderful inventions, a means of petrifying the body after death, so as to preserve it, as hard as marble, to the end of time. This fat, bland, elderly man, whose nerves are so finely strung that he starts at chance noises, and winces when he sees a house-spaniel get a whipping, went into the stable-yard, on the morning after his arrival, and put his hand on the head of a chained bloodhound—a beast so savage that the very groom who feeds him keeps out of his reach. His wife and I were present, and I shall not soon forget the scene that followed, short as it was.

"Mind that dog, Sir," said the groom; "he flies at every body!" "He does that, my friend," replied the Count, quietly, "because every body is afraid of him. Let us see if he flies at *us*." And he laid his plump, yellow-white fingers, on which the canary-birds had been perching ten minutes before, upon the formidable brute's head, and looked him straight in the eyes. "You big dogs are all cowards," he said, addressing the animal contemptuously, with his face and the dog's almost touching each other. "You would kill a poor cat, you infernal coward. You would fly at a starving beggar, you infernal coward. Any thing that you can get mastery unawares—any thing that is afraid of your big body, and your wicked white teeth, and your slobbering, blood-thirsty mouth, is the thing you like to fly at. You could throttle me at this moment, my pretty, miserable baby! You daren't touch much as look me in the face, because I'm not afraid of you. Will you think better of it, and try your teeth in my fat neck? Ah! not you!" He turned away, laughing at the astonishment of the men in the yard; and the dog crept back meekly to his kennel. "Ah! my nice waistcoat!" he said, pathetically. "I am sorry I came here. Some of that brute's slobber has got on my pretty cream-waistcoat." Those words express another of his incomprehensible oddities. He is as fond of fine clothes as the veriest fool in existence; and has appeared in four magnificent waistcoats already—all of light garish colors, and all immensely huge even for him—in the two days of his residence at Blackwater Park.



COUNT FOSCO AND THE L. G.

His tact and cleverness in small things was quite as noticeable as the single but inconsistencies in his character, and the childish triviality of his ordinary tastes and pursuits.

I can see already that he means to live on excellent terms with all of us during the period of his sojourn in this place. He has evidently discovered that Laura secretly dislikes him (she confessed as much to me, when I pressed her on the subject),—but he has also found out that she is extravagantly fond of flowers. Whenever she wants a nosegay he has got one to give her, gathered and arranged by himself; and, presented to my amusement, he is always cunningly provided with a duplicate, composed of exactly the same flowers, grouped in exactly the same way, to appease his icily jealous wife, before she can so much as think herself aggrieved. His usual argument of the Countess (in public) is a sight to see. He bows to her; he habitually addresses her as "your ladyship;" he carries his cravings to pay her little visits on his fingers, and to sing to her; he kisses her hand, when she gives him his cigarette-case, he presents her with sugar-plums in return, which he puts into her mouth physically, from a box in his pocket. The rod of iron with which he rules her never appears in company—it is a private rod, and is always kept up stairs.

His method of recommending himself to *me*, is entirely different. He has discovered (Heaven only knows how) that ready-made sentiment is thrown away on me; that I detest flattery of every sort. And he flatters me to my heart's content! Yes! I can find him out when I am away from him: I know he flatters my vanity, when I think of him at home, in my own room—and yet, when I go down stairs, and get into his company again, he will blind me again, and I shall be flattered again, just as if I had never found him out at all! He can manage me as he manages his wife and Laura, as he managed the blood-hound in the stable-yard, as he manages Sir Percival himself, every hour in the day. "My good Percival! how I like your rough English home!" "My good Percival! how I enjoy your solid English sense!" He puts the rudest remarks Sir Percival can make on his effeminate taste and unmanly quietness of style from him in that manner—always calling the baronet by his Christian name; making him with the extremest politeness; putting him on the shoulder; and bearing with him benignantly, as a good-humored father bears with a wayward son.

The interest which I really can not help feeling in this strangely original man has led me to question him a little about his past life. Sir Percival either knows little, or will tell me little, about it. He and the Count first met, many years ago, in Italy, under the dangerous circumstances to which I have alluded elsewhere. Since that time they had been perpetually together in London and Paris, and in Vienna—never in Italy again; the Count having, oddly enough, not crossed the frontiers of his native country for the last ten years. Perhaps he has been made the victim of some political persecution? At all events, he seems to be patriotically anxious not to speak of any of his own countrymen who may happen to be in England. On the evening of the day when he asked how he and were from the nearest town, and whether we knew of any Italian gentlemen who might happen to be settled there. He is certainly in correspondence with people on the Continent, for his letters have all sorts of odd stamps on them; and I saw one of them this morning, waiting at his place at the breakfast-table, with a huge official-looking seal on it. Perhaps he is in correspondence with the government? And perhaps that is hardly to be reconciled either with my other idea that he may be a political exile.

How much I have to love written about Count Fosco! And what does it all amount to?—as poor, dear Mr. Gilmore would ask, in his impenetrably business-like way. I can only repeat that I do assuredly feel, even on this short acquaintance, a strange, half-willing, half-unwilling fascination for the Count. He seems to have established over me the same sort of ascendency which he has evidently acquired over Sir Percival. Free, and even rude, as he may occasionally be in his manner toward his fat friend, Sir Percival is nevertheless afraid, at times, plainly see, of giving any serious offense to the Count. I wonder whether I am afraid, too? I certainly am not a man, in all my experience, whom I should be so sorry to have for an enemy. Is this because I like him, or because I am afraid of him? *Chi sa?*—as Count Fosco might say in his own language. Who knows?

2d.—Something to chronicle to-day besides my own ideas and impressions. A visitor has arrived—quite unknown to Laura and to me; and, apparently, quite unexpected by Sir Percival, too.

We were all at lunch, in the room with the new French windows that open upon the verandah, and the Count (who devours pastry as I have never yet seen it devoured by any human beings but girls at boarding-schools) had just aroused us by asking gravely for his fourth tart, when the servant announced the visitor.

"Mr. Merriman has just come, Sir Percival, and wishes to see you immediately."

Sir Percival started, and looked at the man with an expression of angry alarm which silenced us all.

"Mr. Merriman?" he repeated, as if he thought his own ears must have deceived him.

"Yes, Sir Percival: Mr. Merriman, from London."

"Where is he?"

"In the library, Sir Percival."

He left the table the instant the last answer was given, and hurried out of the room without saying a word in any of us.

"Who is Mr. Merriman?" asked Laura, appealing to me.

"I have not the least idea," was all I could say in reply.

The Count had finished his fourth tart, and had gone to a side-table to look after his vicious pet cockatoo. He turned round to us, with the bird perched on his shoulder.

"Mr. Merriman is Sir Percival's solicitor," he said, quietly.

Sir Percival's solicitor. It was a perfectly straightforward answer to Laura's question; and yet, under the circumstances, it was not satisfactory. If Mr. Merriman had been specially sent for by his client there would have been nothing very wonderful in his coming town to obey the summons. But when a lawyer travels from London to Hampshire simply to pay a visit, and when his arrival at a gentleman's house is entirely unexpected by the gentleman himself, it may be safely taken for granted that the legal visitor is the bearer of some very important and very unexpected news—news which may be either very good or very bad, but which will not, in either case, be of the common, everyday kind.

Laura and I sat silent at the table for a quarter of an hour or more, wondering privately what had happened, and waiting for the chance of Sir Percival's speedy return. There were no signs of his return; and we rose to leave the room.

The Count, attentive as usual, advanced from his corner in the window, carrying the fat cockatoo, with the bird still perched on his shoulder, and opened the door for us. Laura and Madame Fosco went out first. Just as I was on the point of following them he made a sign with his hand, and spoke to me, before I passed him, in a whisper.

"Yes," he said, quietly answering the unexpressed idea at that moment in my mind, as if I had given it utterance in the plainest language—"yes, Miss Halcombe; something *has* happened."

I was on the point of answering, "I never said so." But the vicious cockatoo ruffled his clipped wings, and gave a screech that set all my nerves on edge. I drew back, and made me only too glad to get out of the room.

I joined Laura and Madame Fosco in the hall. The thought in her mind was the same as the thought in mine, which Count Fosco had surprised; and, as I passed them, they whispered to almost the echo of his. She too said to me, secretly, that she was afraid something bad happened.

THE FIRST IMPRESSION.

I WAS passing a farm-house in the suburbs of an active young city, when something about it attracted my attention. It was a large house, with a Similar patriarchal buildings I had often seen. Gambrel-roofed; prolific of additions of various sizes; a picturesque portico in front; chimneys suggestive of age and corpulence; brown; moss-flecked in the tips of the roof-shingles; blue bushes hiding the white wooden foundation; red-currant bushes nestling close to the walls, waiting patiently for the time when they should be ripe; thrifty sage loved in spite of their thorns; flower plats, in circles and irregular curves, peopled by pretty, ripped and sisters; a "stoop" with seats on each side; and pansy in its age like an English squire; on the right a well-sweep—

This last item I have command of a paragraph; for it is one of my idiosyncrasies to admire the whole fraternity. I like the well-sweep for its evident cheerfulness. I like it through its usefulness. Standing stiffly in its place, looking gravely at the stars, bowing now and then when hospitably famous, and always ready to take to the natural inclination of its vertebræ, it is the very personification of a grave, conscious dignity. This one was apparently new. It had a fresh-colored coat of paint. Its posture was at the reasonable angle, forty-five degrees. An antique moss bucket, in a pendent, it was not; but it was neat, and within the summits of a neatly-thinsel curb. Between it and the house, were various young fruit trees and vines, answering as a partial foil to the too impudent stare of passers. In fact, it was as cosmetic as appropriately decorated. Cheerful, kind, and courteous a well-sweep as you will find doing the squeuse honors at any farm-house in the land.

As I have confessed, all this I admire; and many might apply to many homesteads of my acquaintance. And yet this one fixed itself like a welcome-host in my mind. I had passed it, waved waves of my memory, and remained there for days. The next time I passed I leaped the fence, and called down the depths of the well, and, like a kind, and courteous a well-sweep as you will find doing the squeuse honors at any farm-house in the land.

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I was out shooting wild pigeons one day—I do not count them now, and I wonder very much that I could do it then—and I was passing through a farm upon my old friend the brown house. The sun was gilding the tops of the trees, and only the tops. The day had been bright and warm—the month was June—and the evening breeze from southwestern meadows entered windows and door-ways with a cool and grateful fragrance. Through an open door near the rear of the farm-house I caught a glimpse of the well-sweep. I left my gun and shot swayed to and fro with the gentle evening breeze; an old man, with locks as snowy as the cloth, was lifting his hand and bowing his head in reverent invocation. The picture was a pleasant, not to say a hallowing one. Continuing my walk to the other side of the house, and giving my accustomed bound, I marched along with the free carelessness of youth, turned the corner of a grape trellis, and—

The well-sweep was doing obeisance at the back of as pretty a cluster of clinging fingers and as beautiful a pair of arms, displayed by the falling drapery, as had ever kindled my admiration. I am not remarkable for presence of mind, but I remember thinking on the instant that if Providence had made me a well-sweep instead of an engraver, I should have come down with much less reluctance than the grim old star-gazer evinced. The old man's prayer had begun. I was slightly embarrassed. She was watching the descent of the bucket. Golden ringlets; a neat and beautifully-fitting chintz, covering a full, but not loose aprons, amounting to the neck, which housewives wear for protection during the lighter labors of the kitchen; a slightly pink flush—as I thought—to the not ungraceful effort, while the blush of exercise mounted to and tinted the alabaster of her neck, the features hidden by the bucket. Such was the apparition close before me.

Backsaws are often ungracious and obstinate. In the present instance the intractable thing refused to dip and fill. I could not shake and retreat like a coward. I, a native of the country, under no temptation, with the least dash of manliness in my temperament, could have done no less than I did. Stepping forward, and grasping the rope gently, I said, in such tone as a union of gallantry, deference, and frankness produced, "Let me help you." The young girl gave a momentary start of surprise, uttered a bit of an exclamation, lifted her head, tossing the tresses from brow and cheeks, and looked at me with a face—I will not describe it minutely, but her mien united self-possession and courtesy—as disdaining to be overmuch startled, and willing to meet the emergency with generous politeness. The effort at self-control sent back the flush of exertion till the lily superceded the rose. There are emergencies in which the mind seizes and sets great questions instantaneously. Within the compass of a second I had taken my impression of the face before me.

The taper fingers unclasped. "Thank you," she said, and stepped back, leaving down. I filled the bucket, drew it up, poured carefully from its brim till the table-pitcher, which, kneeling gracefully upon the ground, I had filled from lightning fingers, was full to overflowing. "Thank you," she repeated in the same musical tone; and only adding, but with a slight increase of color, "I send you a glass," entered the house. A boy of ten, bright-eyed and active, came with a goblet. I drank, returned it, and went away.

My mood was changed. Instead of bounding over the fence, I surmounted that obstacle to my progress by a gentle and gentleman-like manner. I thought upon the vision—upon contour, motion, features. Never before or since was my memory so powerful. I could not tell for the life of me what I had done through it!

That night, for my evening's lesson, I turned to the story of Rebekah by the well of Mesopotamia, and thought it very beautiful indeed.

I have not fallen in love since. I love at first sight" in its ordinary sense, and can only account for the conclusiveness of this "impression" through the following fact: I am sure to see my emergency may rouse the soul and bring it flashing from the features, as lightning reveals whole landscapes at a flash which might escape our eyes through the slow and measured marching of the dawn.

LITERARY.

A NEW AND SUPERB NATIONAL WORK is now in preparation. Mr. Lossing, the well-known author of the "Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution," published by the Messrs. Harper, is actively engaged in the collection and arrangement of materials for a complete illustrated history of the last war between the United States and Great Britain, to be entitled THE PICTORIAL FIELD-BOOK OF THE WAR OF 1812. He expects to visit the important localities of the country of that war during the ensuing season; and, preparatory therefor, he has opened correspondence with reliable sources. In a circular prepared for that purpose, he says:

My plan is to give a complete History of the War—Political, Social, Historical, Biographical, and Pictorial—drawn from the most authentic sources opened by both parties in the contest, including its relative antecedents and consequents, and its connection with events of later years. It will be comprised in a single volume of at least eight hundred pages, uniform, in every particular, with the "Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution." It will also be published by the same house, Messrs. Harper and Brothers.

To obtain much of the material for my FIELD-BOOK OF THE REVOLUTION, I visited every battle-field, and conversed with our War for Independence, in the old Thirteen States and Canada; made sketches—board and reduced traditional and documentary history. Reminiscences—in a word, gleaned from the broad field where others had reaped before me, and from the fields I added to their store. I am pursuing a like course in the prosecution of my labors for the WAR OF 1812, and in GREAT BRITAIN. To facilitate my labor, I respectfully ask your kind response to each of the following questions as your memorandum, and return the circular, shall allow:

I. Is there any locality in your vicinity made memorable by an event connected with the War? If so, what is it? Near what city, village, or post-office is it? and by what public conveyance can it be reached?

II. Have you in possession, or are you cognizant of unpublished documents of historic value, which may be copied briefly for my use? publication in my work? If so, what? and how may such copies be obtained?

III. Are there veterans of the War, reliable as traditionary witnesses, residing in your vicinity? If so, what are the names of such persons, and their addresses?

IV. Have you in possession, or do you know of any pictorial sketches of military movements; fortifications; portraits of military officers; medals, particular localities, such as battle-grounds, head-quarters of officers, etc., etc., of the War?

V. Do you possess, or can you furnish, a brief biographical sketch of any man or men distinguished in the War, which has not been published? If so, of whom?

These questions are merely specific and general. I shall feel grateful to you for any historical information that may suggest itself to your mind.

In all cases the just rule will be observed, to give full credit to the source whence information shall be obtained; and a reciprocity of favor will be cheerfully accorded, if opportunity shall occur.

All documents, drawings, maps, or engravings which may be placed in my hands, shall be carefully kept from loss, and returned to the owner as soon as copied, if required, by such conveyance as he may direct.

I shall be glad to receive from you, as soon as you will regard this communication with favor; for I desire to make the work as full, truthful, and available as the degree of patient labor, artistic skill, and literary taste which I possess, will permit.

From address me at Poughkeepsie, Duchess county, New York, or through the Publishers, Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS, New York City.

Very respectfully yours, etc.,

BENSON J. LOSSING.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, February 6, in the Senate, bills were introduced to extend the pay of Pursers in the Navy; to extend the pre-emption privilege to Oregon; and to establish a Bureau of Statistics. Resolutions were adopted to inquire into the expediency of establishing a semi-weekly mail between St. Louis, Missouri, and Placerville, California; and between New Orleans and El Paso, Texas. A bill was reported adverse to amending the law relating to protection granted seamen. The President was requested to communicate to the Secretaries and disputes sent to and received from the Minister to Mexico, and the Consul-General to Havana. Bill to increase and regulate the pay of the Navy was made the special order for Monday. Senator Chandler (Mich.) moved to reconsider the vote ordering printed the President's Message. The motion was carried, and the latter to withdraw his motion, and gave notice that he would call up the passage of the Bill again. Senator Bell (Mass.) replied. After some debate the matter was laid over till Thursday. On motion of Senator Hammond, of the House, after a personal explanation from Mr. Clark (N. H.) the Resolution of Approbation passed by the House and amended on motion of Mr. Phelps (Mo.). On motion of Mr. Stanton (Ohio), the House proceeded to the election of a Door-keeper, and George Marston was chosen. The motion of Mr. Washburne (Ill.), the Hon. Cornelius Comstock, Postmaster, and Josiah M. Lucas was chosen. Many resolutions of inquiry into the expediency of the Post Office Department were offered. The House adjourned till Thursday.

On Tuesday, February 7, in the Senate, the Kansas resolution, passed on the last day of the last session, was introduced, asking for the removal of the last and dishonorable Senator of the State of Mississippi, and declaring that the Territory of Kansas is entitled to admission by the same. Resolutions were adopted appropriating money for the Smithsonian Institute; to inquire into, and authorizing Commissioner Shattuck to accept, the Indian Reservation in Wisconsin. Wilson (Mass.) introduced a resolution to appoint a Committee to inquire into and report upon the powers and responsibilities of the several Heads of Departments respecting removal from and appointment to office. A bill to relieve harbor and river passage is used to indicate the legislation in Congress on this subject. Bill to pay Mr. Hunter's claim passed. Which was reported with amendments, was taken up. After some remarks the Senate adjourned. Consideration of the bill was postponed, when the Senate went into executive session, and soon after adjourned. The House was not in session.

On Wednesday, February 8, in the Senate, a joint resolution was offered, and under the rule laid over, authorizing the payment of the Indemnity Bill now pending to Austria for the definition of the status of Washington on the 22d of July, appropriating $500,000 for the purpose. Bill to restore Mr. Hunter's claim passed. Bill to prevent the carriage is used to influence the legislation in Congress was also passed. Bill to pay Mr. Hunter's claim passed. Which was reported with amendments, was taken up. After some remarks the Senate adjourned. Consideration of the bill was postponed, when the Senate went into executive session, and soon after adjourned. The House was not in session.

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On Thursday, February 9, in the Senate, a joint resolution was offered, and under the rule laid over, authorizing the payment of the Indemnity Bill now pending to Austria for the definition of the status of Washington on the 22d of July, appropriating $500,000 for the purpose. Bill to restore Mr. Hunter's claim passed. Bill to prevent the carriage is used to influence the legislation in Congress was also passed. Bill to pay Mr. Hunter's claim passed. Which was reported with amendments, was taken up. After some remarks the Senate adjourned. Consideration of the bill was postponed, when the Senate went into executive session, and soon after adjourned. The House was not in session.

On Friday, February 10, in the Senate, a joint resolution was offered, and under the rule laid over, authorizing the payment of the Indemnity Bill now pending to Austria for the definition of the status of Washington on the 22d of July, appropriating $500,000 for the purpose. Bill to restore Mr. Hunter's claim passed. Bill to prevent the carriage is used to influence the legislation in Congress was also passed. Bill to pay Mr. Hunter's claim passed. Which was reported with amendments, was taken up. After some remarks the Senate adjourned. Consideration of the bill was postponed, when the Senate went into executive session, and soon after adjourned. The House was not in session.

On Saturday, February 11, in the Senate, a joint resolution was offered, and under the rule laid over, authorizing the payment of the Indemnity Bill now pending to Austria for the definition of the status of Washington on the 22d of July, appropriating $500,000 for the purpose. Bill to restore Mr. Hunter's claim passed. Bill to prevent the carriage is used to influence the legislation in Congress was also passed. Bill to pay Mr. Hunter's claim passed. Which was reported with amendments, was taken up. After some remarks the Senate adjourned. Consideration of the bill was postponed, when the Senate went into executive session, and soon after adjourned. The House was not in session.

On Monday, February 13, in the Senate, a joint resolution was offered, and under the rule laid over, authorizing the payment of the Indemnity Bill now pending to Austria for the definition of the status of Washington on the 22d of July, appropriating $500,000 for the purpose. Bill to restore Mr. Hunter's claim passed. Bill to prevent the carriage is used to influence the legislation in Congress was also passed. Bill to pay Mr. Hunter's claim passed. Which was reported with amendments, was taken up. After some remarks the Senate adjourned. Consideration of the bill was postponed, when the Senate went into executive session, and soon after adjourned. The House was not in session.

On Tuesday, February 14, in the Senate, a joint resolution was offered, and under the rule laid over, authorizing the payment of the Indemnity Bill now pending to Austria for the definition of the status of Washington on the 22d of July, appropriating $500,000 for the purpose. Bill to restore Mr. Hunter's claim passed. Bill to prevent the carriage is used to influence the legislation in Congress was also passed. Bill to pay Mr. Hunter's claim passed. Which was reported with amendments, was taken up. After some remarks the Senate adjourned. Consideration of the bill was postponed, when the Senate went into executive session, and soon after adjourned. The House was not in session.

On Wednesday, February 15, in the Senate, a joint resolution was offered, and under the rule laid over, authorizing the payment of the Indemnity Bill now pending to Austria for the definition of the status of Washington on the 22d of July, appropriating $500,000 for the purpose. Bill to restore Mr. Hunter's claim passed. Bill to prevent the carriage is used to influence the legislation in Congress was also passed. Bill to pay Mr. Hunter's claim passed. Which was reported with amendments, was taken up. After some remarks the Senate adjourned. Consideration of the bill was postponed, when the Senate went into executive session, and soon after adjourned. The House was not in session.

On Thursday, February 16, in the Senate, a joint resolution was offered, and under the rule laid over, authorizing the payment of the Indemnity Bill now pending to Austria for the definition of the status of Washington on the 22d of July, appropriating $500,000 for the purpose. Bill to restore Mr. Hunter's claim passed. Bill to prevent the carriage is used to influence the legislation in Congress was also passed. Bill to pay Mr. Hunter's claim passed. Which was reported with amendments, was taken up. After some remarks the Senate adjourned. Consideration of the bill was postponed, when the Senate went into executive session, and soon after adjourned. The House was not in session.

On Friday, February 17, in the Senate, a joint resolution was offered, and under the rule laid over, authorizing the payment of the Indemnity Bill now pending to Austria for the definition of the status of Washington on the 22d of July, appropriating $500,000 for the purpose. Bill to restore Mr. Hunter's claim passed. Bill to prevent the carriage is used to influence the legislation in Congress was also passed. Bill to pay Mr. Hunter's claim passed. Which was reported with amendments, was taken up. After some remarks the Senate adjourned. Consideration of the bill was postponed, when the Senate went into executive session, and soon after adjourned. The House was not in session.

On Saturday, February 18, in the Senate, a joint resolution was offered, and under the rule laid over, authorizing the payment of the Indemnity Bill now pending to Austria for the definition of the status of Washington on the 22d of July, appropriating $500,000 for the purpose. Bill to restore Mr. Hunter's claim passed. Bill to prevent the carriage is used to influence the legislation in Congress was also passed. Bill to pay Mr. Hunter's claim passed. Which was reported with amendments, was taken up. After some remarks the Senate adjourned. Consideration of the bill was postponed, when the Senate went into executive session, and soon after adjourned. The House was not in session.

On Monday, February 20, in the Senate, a joint resolution was offered, and under the rule laid over, authorizing the payment of the Indemnity Bill now pending to Austria for the definition of the status of Washington on the 22d of July, appropriating $500,000 for the purpose. Bill to restore Mr. Hunter's claim passed. Bill to prevent the carriage is used to influence the legislation in Congress was also passed. Bill to pay Mr. Hunter's claim passed. Which was reported with amendments, was taken up. After some remarks the Senate adjourned. Consideration of the bill was postponed, when the Senate went into executive session, and soon after adjourned. The House was not in session.

On Tuesday, February 21, in the Senate, a joint resolution was offered, and under the rule laid over, authorizing the payment of the Indemnity Bill now pending to Austria for the definition of the status of Washington on the 22d of July, appropriating $500,000 for the purpose. Bill to restore Mr. Hunter's claim passed. Bill to prevent the carriage is used to influence the legislation in Congress was also passed. Bill to pay Mr. Hunter's claim passed. Which was reported with amendments, was taken up. After some remarks the Senate adjourned. Consideration of the bill was postponed, when the Senate went into executive session, and soon after adjourned. The House was not in session.

On Wednesday, February 22, in the Senate, a joint resolution was offered, and under the rule laid over, authorizing the payment of the Indemnity Bill now pending to Austria for the definition of the status of Washington on the 22d of July, appropriating $500,000 for the purpose. Bill to restore Mr. Hunter's claim passed. Bill to prevent the carriage is used to influence the legislation in Congress was also passed. Bill to pay Mr. Hunter's claim passed. Which was reported with amendments, was taken up. After some remarks the Senate adjourned. Consideration of the bill was postponed, when the Senate went into executive session, and soon after adjourned. The House was not in session.

On Thursday, February 23, in the Senate, a joint resolution was offered, and under the rule laid over, authorizing the payment of the Indemnity Bill now pending to Austria for the definition of the status of Washington on the 22d of July, appropriating $500,000 for the purpose. Bill to restore Mr. Hunter's claim passed. Bill to prevent the carriage is used to influence the legislation in Congress was also passed. Bill to pay Mr. Hunter's claim passed. Which was reported with amendments, was taken up. After some remarks the Senate adjourned. Consideration of the bill was postponed, when the Senate went into executive session, and soon after adjourned. The House was not in session.

On Friday, February 24, in the Senate, a joint resolution was offered, and under the rule laid over, authorizing the payment of the Indemnity Bill now pending to Austria for the definition of the status of Washington on the 22d of July, appropriating $500,000 for the purpose. Bill to restore Mr. Hunter's claim passed. Bill to prevent the carriage is used to influence the legislation in Congress was also passed. Bill to pay Mr. Hunter's claim passed. Which was reported with amendments, was taken up. After some remarks the Senate adjourned. Consideration of the bill was postponed, when the Senate went into executive session, and soon after adjourned. The House was not in session.

On Saturday, February 25, in the Senate, a joint resolution was offered, and under the rule laid over, authorizing the payment of the Indemnity Bill now pending to Austria for the definition of the status of Washington on the 22d of July, appropriating $500,000 for the purpose. Bill to restore Mr. Hunter's claim passed. Bill to prevent the carriage is used to influence the legislation in Congress was also passed. Bill to pay Mr. Hunter's claim passed. Which was reported with amendments, was taken up. After some remarks the Senate adjourned. Consideration of the bill was postponed, when the Senate went into executive session, and soon after adjourned. The House was not in session.

On Monday, February 27, in the Senate, a joint resolution was offered, and under the rule laid over, authorizing the payment of the Indemnity Bill now pending to Austria for the definition of the status of Washington on the 22d of July, appropriating $500,000 for the purpose. Bill to restore Mr. Hunter's claim passed. Bill to prevent the carriage is used to influence the legislation in Congress was also passed. Bill to pay Mr. Hunter's claim passed. Which was reported with amendments, was taken up. After some remarks the Senate adjourned. Consideration of the bill was postponed, when the Senate went into executive session, and soon after adjourned. The House was not in session.

On Tuesday, February 28, in the Senate, a joint resolution was offered, and under the rule laid over, authorizing the payment of the Indemnity Bill now pending to Austria for the definition of the status of Washington on the 22d of July, appropriating $500,000 for the purpose. Bill to restore Mr. Hunter's claim passed. Bill to prevent the carriage is used to influence the legislation in Congress was also passed. Bill to pay Mr. Hunter's claim passed. Which was reported with amendments, was taken up. After some remarks the Senate adjourned. Consideration of the bill was postponed, when the Senate went into executive session, and soon after adjourned. The House was not in session.

On Wednesday, February 29, in the Senate, a joint resolution was offered, and under the rule laid over, authorizing the payment of the Indemnity Bill now pending to Austria for the definition of the status of Washington on the 22d of July, appropriating $500,000 for the purpose. Bill to restore Mr. Hunter's claim passed. Bill to prevent the carriage is used to influence the legislation in Congress was also passed. Bill to pay Mr. Hunter's claim passed. Which was reported with amendments, was taken up. After some remarks the Senate adjourned. Consideration of the bill was postponed, when the Senate went into executive session, and soon after adjourned. The House was not in session.

On Thursday, March 1, in the Senate, a joint resolution was offered, and under the rule laid over, authorizing the payment of the Indemnity Bill now pending to Austria for the definition of the status of Washington on the 22d of July, appropriating $500,000 for the purpose. Bill to restore Mr. Hunter's claim passed. Bill to prevent the carriage is used to influence the legislation in Congress was also passed. Bill to pay Mr. Hunter's claim passed. Which was reported with amendments, was taken up. After some remarks the Senate adjourned. Consideration of the bill was postponed, when the Senate went into executive session, and soon after adjourned. The House was not in session.

On Friday, March 2, in the Senate, a joint resolution was offered, and under the rule laid over, authorizing the payment of the Indemnity Bill now pending to Austria for the definition of the status of Washington on the 22d of July, appropriating $500,000 for the purpose. Bill to restore Mr. Hunter's claim passed. Bill to prevent the carriage is used to influence the legislation in Congress was also passed. Bill to pay Mr. Hunter's claim passed. Which was reported with amendments, was taken up. After some remarks the Senate adjourned. Consideration of the bill was postponed, when the Senate went into executive session, and soon after adjourned. The House was not in session.

On Saturday, March 3, in the Senate, a joint resolution was offered, and under the rule laid over, authorizing the payment of the Indemnity Bill now pending to Austria for the definition of the status of Washington on the 22d of July, appropriating $500,000 for the purpose. Bill to restore Mr. Hunter's claim passed. Bill to prevent the carriage is used to influence the legislation in Congress was also passed. Bill to pay Mr. Hunter's claim passed. Which was reported with amendments, was taken up. After some remarks the Senate adjourned. Consideration of the bill was postponed, when the Senate went into executive session, and soon after adjourned. The House was not in session.

On Monday, March 5, in the Senate, a joint resolution was offered, and under the rule laid over, authorizing the payment of the Indemnity Bill now pending to Austria for the definition of the status of Washington on the 22d of July, appropriating $500,000 for the purpose. Bill to restore Mr. Hunter's claim passed. Bill to prevent the carriage is used to influence the legislation in Congress was also passed. Bill to pay Mr. Hunter's claim passed. Which was reported with amendments, was taken up. After some remarks the Senate adjourned. Consideration of the bill was postponed, when the Senate went into executive session, and soon after adjourned. The House was not in session.

On Tuesday, March 6, in the Senate, a joint resolution was offered, and under the rule laid over, authorizing the payment of the Indemnity Bill now pending to Austria for the definition of the status of Washington on the 22d of July, appropriating $500,000 for the purpose. Bill to restore Mr. Hunter's claim passed. Bill to prevent the carriage is used to influence the legislation in Congress was also passed. Bill to pay Mr. Hunter's claim passed. Which was reported with amendments, was taken up. After some remarks the Senate adjourned. Consideration of the bill was postponed, when the Senate went into executive session, and soon after adjourned. The House was not in session.

On Wednesday, March 7, in the Senate, a joint resolution was offered, and under the rule laid over, authorizing the payment of the Indemnity Bill now pending to Austria for the definition of the status of Washington on the 22d of July, appropriating $500,000 for the purpose. Bill to restore Mr. Hunter's claim passed. Bill to prevent the carriage is used to influence the legislation in Congress was also passed. Bill to pay Mr. Hunter's claim passed. Which was reported with amendments, was taken up. After some remarks the Senate adjourned. Consideration of the bill was postponed, when the Senate went into executive session, and soon after adjourned. The House was not in session.

On Thursday, March 8, in the Senate, a joint resolution was offered, and under the rule laid over, authorizing the payment of the Indemnity Bill now pending to Austria for the definition of the status of Washington on the 22d of July, appropriating $500,000 for the purpose. Bill to restore Mr. Hunter's claim passed. Bill to prevent the carriage is used to influence the legislation in Congress was also passed. Bill to pay Mr. Hunter's claim passed. Which was reported with amendments, was taken up. After some remarks the Senate adjourned. Consideration of the bill was postponed, when the Senate went into executive session, and soon after adjourned. The House was not in session.

On Friday, March 9, in the Senate, a joint resolution was offered, and under the rule laid over, authorizing the payment of the Indemnity Bill now pending to Austria for the definition of the status of Washington on the 22d of July, appropriating $500,000 for the purpose. Bill to restore Mr. Hunter's claim passed. Bill to prevent the carriage is used to influence the legislation in Congress was also passed. Bill to pay Mr. Hunter's claim passed. Which was reported with amendments, was taken up. After some remarks the Senate adjourned. Consideration of the bill was postponed, when the Senate went into executive session, and soon after adjourned. The House was not in session.

On Saturday, March 10, in the Senate, a joint resolution was offered, and under the rule laid over, authorizing the payment of the Indemnity Bill now pending to Austria for the definition of the status of Washington on the 22d of July, appropriating $500,000 for the purpose. Bill to restore Mr. Hunter's claim passed. Bill to prevent the carriage is used to influence the legislation in Congress was also passed. Bill to pay Mr. Hunter's claim passed. Which was reported with amendments, was taken up. After some remarks the Senate adjourned. Consideration of the bill was postponed, when the Senate went into executive session, and soon after adjourned. The House was not in session.

On Monday, March 12, in the Senate, a joint resolution was offered, and under the rule laid over, authorizing the payment of the Indemnity Bill now pending to Austria for the definition of the status of Washington on the 22d of July, appropriating $500,000 for the purpose. Bill to restore Mr. Hunter's claim passed. Bill to prevent the carriage is used to influence the legislation in Congress was also passed. Bill to pay Mr. Hunter's claim passed. Which was reported with amendments, was taken up. After some remarks the Senate adjourned. Consideration of the bill was postponed, when the Senate went into executive session, and soon after adjourned. The House was not in session.

On Tuesday, March 13, in the Senate, a joint resolution was offered, and under the rule laid over, authorizing the payment of the Indemnity Bill now pending to Austria for the definition of the status of Washington on the 22d of July, appropriating $500,000 for the purpose. Bill to restore Mr. Hunter's claim passed. Bill to prevent the carriage is used to influence the legislation in Congress was also passed. Bill to pay Mr. Hunter's claim passed. Which was reported with amendments, was taken up. After some remarks the Senate adjourned. Consideration of the bill was postponed, when the Senate went into executive session, and soon after adjourned. The House was not in session.

On Wednesday, March 14, in the Senate, a joint resolution was offered, and under the rule laid over, authorizing the payment of the Indemnity Bill now pending to Austria for the definition of the status of Washington on the 22d of July, appropriating $500,000 for the purpose. Bill to restore Mr. Hunter's claim passed. Bill to prevent the carriage is used to influence the legislation in Congress was also passed. Bill to pay Mr. Hunter's claim passed. Which was reported with amendments, was taken up. After some remarks the Senate adjourned. Consideration of the bill was postponed, when the Senate went into executive session, and soon after adjourned. The House was not in session.

On Thursday, March 15, in the Senate, a joint resolution was offered, and under the rule laid over, authorizing the payment of the Indemnity Bill now pending to Austria for the definition of the status of Washington on the 22d of July, appropriating $500,000 for the purpose. Bill to restore Mr. Hunter's claim passed. Bill to prevent the carriage is used to influence the legislation in Congress was also passed. Bill to pay Mr. Hunter's claim passed. Which was reported with amendments, was taken up. After some remarks the Senate adjourned. Consideration of the bill was postponed, when the Senate went into executive session, and soon after adjourned. The House was not in session.

On Friday, March 16, in the Senate, a joint resolution was offered, and under the rule laid over, authorizing the payment of the Indemnity Bill now pending to Austria for the definition of the status of Washington on the 22d of July, appropriating $500,000 for the purpose. Bill to restore Mr. Hunter's claim passed. Bill to prevent the carriage is used to influence the legislation in Congress was also passed. Bill to pay Mr. Hunter's claim passed. Which was reported with amendments, was taken up. After some remarks the Senate adjourned. Consideration of the bill was postponed, when the Senate went into executive session, and soon after adjourned. The House was not in session.

On Saturday, March 17, in the Senate, a joint resolution was offered, and under the rule laid over, authorizing the payment of the Indemnity Bill now pending to Austria for the definition of the status of Washington on the 22d of July, appropriating $500,000 for the purpose. Bill to restore Mr. Hunter's claim passed. Bill to prevent the carriage is used to influence the legislation in Congress was also passed. Bill to pay Mr. Hunter's claim passed. Which was reported with amendments, was taken up. After some remarks the Senate adjourned. Consideration of the bill was postponed, when the Senate went into executive session, and soon after adjourned. The House was not in session.

On Monday, March 19, in the Senate, a joint resolution was offered, and under the rule laid over, authorizing the payment of the Indemnity Bill now pending to Austria for the definition of the status of Washington on the 22d of July, appropriating $500,000 for the purpose. Bill to restore Mr. Hunter's claim passed. Bill to prevent the carriage is used to influence the legislation in Congress was also passed. Bill to pay Mr. Hunter's claim passed. Which was reported with amendments, was taken up. After some remarks the Senate adjourned. Consideration of the bill was postponed, when the Senate went into executive session, and soon after adjourned. The House was not in session.

On Tuesday, March 20, in the Senate, a joint resolution was offered, and under the rule laid over, authorizing the payment of the Indemnity Bill now pending to Austria for the definition of the status of Washington on the 22d of July, appropriating $500,000 for the purpose. Bill to restore Mr. Hunter's claim passed. Bill to prevent the carriage is used to influence the legislation in Congress was also passed. Bill to pay Mr. Hunter's claim passed. Which was reported with amendments, was taken up. After some remarks the Senate adjourned. Consideration of the bill was postponed, when the Senate went into executive session, and soon after adjourned. The House was not in session.

On Wednesday, March 21, in the Senate, a joint resolution was offered, and under the rule laid over, authorizing the payment of the Indemnity Bill now pending to Austria for the definition of the status of Washington on the 22d of July, appropriating $500,000 for the purpose. Bill to restore Mr. Hunter's claim passed. Bill to prevent the carriage is used to influence the legislation in Congress was also passed. Bill to pay Mr. Hunter's claim passed. Which was reported with amendments, was taken up. After some remarks the Senate adjourned. Consideration of the bill was postponed, when the Senate went into executive session, and soon after adjourned. The House was not in session.

On Thursday, March 22, in the Senate, a joint resolution was offered, and under the rule laid over, authorizing the payment of the Indemnity Bill now pending to Austria for the definition of the status of Washington on the

District of Columbia.—Messrs. Carter, Bilger, Barnett, Hine, Cowling, Hutchings, Dyer, Sage, and Anderson of Kentucky.

Revolutionary Claims.—Messrs. Briggs, Ferry, Cox, Vance, Jackson, Duell, Delaporte, Holman, and Fenton.

Public Expenditures.—Messrs. Haskin, Palmer, Edmondson, Killinger, Sonne, Hindman, Wood, Clopton, and Franks.

Private Land Claims.—Messrs. Washburn of Wisconsin, Clark B. Cochrane, Avery, Kenyon, Hoskins, Hamilton, Anderson of Missouri, Bealhgay, and Blair.

Manufactures.—Messrs. Adams of Massachusetts, Scranton, McQueen, Looke, Moore of Kentucky, French, Dunn, Bryan, and Hughes.

Agriculture.—Messrs. Butterfield, Carey, Whiteley, Burnett of Kentucky, Wright, Bristow, Pendleton, Burch, and Grow.

Indian Affairs.—Messrs. Etheridge, Burroughs, Woodson, Farnsworth, Clark of New York, Scott, Leach of Michigan, Thayer, and Aldrich.

Militia.—Messrs. Tompkins, Irvine, Jenkins, Webster, Quarles, Smith of Virginia, Packer, and Simms.

Foreign Affairs.—Messrs. Corwin, Buffington, Barksdale, Morris of Pennsylvania, Adams of Boston, Davis, and Humphrey.

Roads and Canals.—Messrs. Pepper, Verree, Craige of North Carolina, Adrain, Junkin, Reagan, Dahlgrin, Dodd, and Smith of North Carolina.

Invalid Pensions.—Messrs. Foster, Foster, Sickles, Terrence, Kelsey, Gooding of Michigan, Hall, Brabson, and Martin of Ohio.

Claims not Invalid.—Messrs. Maloy, Morris of Illinois, Dunn, Singleton, Burroughs, Gurley, Montgomery, Rust, and Perry.

Patents.—Messrs. Millward, Stewart of Maryland, Burnett of Kentucky, and Frank.

Public Buildings and Grounds.—Messrs. Train, Beale, Scott, Bingham, and Ingersoll.

Retrenchment and Unfinished Business.—Messrs. Logan, Lovejoy, Hickman, Shiddell, and Foster.

Accounts.—Messrs. Spinner, Kunkel, Blake, Graham, and Allen.

Mileage.—Messrs. Ashmore, Van Wyck, Lounis, Hardeman, and Hamilton of Illinois.

Engraving.—Messrs. Adrain, Carode, and Maclay.

Expenditures on the State Department.—Messrs. McKean, Stout, Barr, Love, and Downs.

Expenditures on the Treasury Department.—Messrs. Lovens, Quarles, Wells, Thomas, and Train.

Expenditures on the War Department.—Messrs. Stewart of Pennsylvania, Larrabee, Tompkins, Cooper, and Merrill.

Expenditures in the Navy Department.—Messrs. Hutchins, Underwood, Hall, Hughes, and Sherman.

Expenditures in the Post-office Department.—Messrs. Pallony, Martin of Virginia, Moore of Kentucky, Sweat, and Sloan.

Expenditures on the Public Buildings.—Messrs. Brayton, Nash, Watson, Harris of Virginia, and Nelson.

Joint Committee on the Library.—Messrs. Grow, Anderson of Tennessee, and Pugh.

Joint Committee on Printing.—Messrs. Gurley, Haskin, and Dimmick.

Joint Committee on Enrolled Bills.—Messrs. Davidson and Theaker.

THE NEW BREAKER FROM CALIFORNIA.

Hon. Milton S. Latham was inaugurated governor of California on the 9th, nominated by the Democratic State convention on the 20th by the United States senate, and elected to that office on the next day. The vote stood—Latham 62,007; Downey, 57; Independents (Anti-Lecompton Dems.), 15—D. C. Shaft (Rep.), 2. Mr. Latham was a resident of San Francisco on the 5th of Washington. He is elected to fill the term of the late Senator Broderick, which expires in 1863, and will supercede Mr. Hunt, who was appointed by the Governor of California to the vacancy of the Legislature. Mr. Latham was a member of the House of Representatives in 1853–4, and resigned himself with the office of Secretary of State, but emigrated to Alabama in 1844, and from there to California. His election to the United States Senate was a surprise, not only to his competitors, but to the public.

LOSS OF THE "NORTHERNER."

The overland mail brings intelligence of the total loss of the steamer *Northerner*, Captain Dall, on Point Arena, off Cape Mendocino, while on the passage from San Francisco to the northern ports. Captain Dall was saved and the first and third officers, second engineer, pilot, fourteen of the crew, and eighteen passengers were lost. The mails were saved.

RIOT AMONG THE MARYLAND SECESSIONISTS.

On February 15, in the Maryland House of Delegates, resolutions were adopted condemning the course of Hon. Henry Winter Davis in voting for Mr. Pennington for Speaker of the House of Representatives as an act deserving of censure, in being in opposition to the sentiments of the people of the entire State. The resolutions were adopted by a vote of 44 and dissenting votes by the American delegates voted for the censure.

A resolution was also adopted for appointing a committee to wait on Governor Hicks, to inquire whether the newspaper statement that he had sent his Secretary of State to Washington to congratulate Mr. Pennington on his election was correct. Several members declared that they were authorized to say that the statement was unfounded; but the resolutions, notwithstanding, was published.

CONVICTION OF STEVENS.

The trial of Stevens, at Charlestown, was concluded on Saturday. No new evidence was adduced. The speeches of counsel were mostly of a political character. Mr. Sennott, counsel for the prisoner, going into a history of the late Congress of the Republican party. The jury was out fifteen minutes, and returned with a verdict of guilty on all the counts. The prisoner was unaffected by the announcement.

THE NEW LEGISLATURE.

The Kansas Legislature is burdened with business, which called extra sessions the members, who are, for the most part, inexperienced in legislation. After much debate on Indian, the Free-banking Slavery in the House passed by a vote of 39 to 6. The Territorial Census, just published, shows a population of 107,000 against a vote of 70,000 to 79,000. A Personal Liberty bill is now before the House, but its fate is deemed extremely doubtful.

PROPOSED MEDIATION BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND CHINA.

The Chamber of Commerce, at a special meeting held on Thursday, adopted a memorial to the President of the United States, asking for the exercise of such friendly assistance with that of Great Britain for the restoration of peace with China, as might be deemed consistent with dignified, and proposing to abolish the practice of conditions that a vessel would of itself be sufficient to repeat private property in time of war. The documents were ordered to be printed.

VERDICT ON THE ELM STREET CALAMITY.

The Jury who investigated the Elm Street calamity yesterday, after a verdict censuring Mr. Wood, in favor of the building, for omitting to construct an iron stairway, or otherwise provide for the escape of the inmates, in case of fire, and called upon the Legislature to stringently enact that all such building to be occupied by a number of families shall be over five stories in height, and that all of them be provided with ample fire-escape ways, with doors opening upon them from each story.

SHOCKING DEATH OF HYDROPHOBIA.

About the beginning of November last Melissa Carter, of Hockory Grove township, Iowa, was bitten on the arm by a dog. The Davenport (Iowa) Gazette thus describes the result: "Last week she complained of a pain in her back and general indisposition. Showing her dog wound to one of her school companions last week, she said it was still painful, and her sores looked inflamed. Saturday afternoon she lay in bed. Sunday morning last she was taken convulsions on the sight of water. Her convulsions afterward were for a few minutes to over an hour in duration, and the case sensible hours before. During these spasms she snatched at every thing violently, chewed a napkin, and appeared to be made more frantic by the appearance of water, even by the lamplight. At times she shrieked fearfully, yet did not appear conscious. It was a horrid spectacle. Monday morning, during her rational moments, she called the family around her, and bade them an affectionate farewell, being fully sensible of her hopeless condition. Her convulsions gradually became weaker, and on Monday evening at half past five o'clock she quietly died. We learn these particulars from fugitive items we find in the Democratic, the letter of whom was with her almost constantly from Sunday morning till the hour of her death. Her death occurred about nine weeks after the date of the bite. The dog was also insensible to water, and became very bitey by this dog, nor any cattle, etc. The dog, a very large one, appeared perfectly well yesterday, and was utterly unknown in the neighborhood."

ACCIDENT TO MRS. BUCHANAN.

About half past eleven o'clock on Wednesday morning a sad accident occurred to Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher, residing in the avenue in the city of Brooklyn. The facts are as follows: Mrs. Beecher left home yesterday morning for the Long Island Rail Road depot, intending, taking two of her children with her in the wagon. All went on well until reaching the corner of Clinton and Heights, when the horse took flight and galloped wildly down Hicks Street. Mrs. Beecher, with admirable courage to have preserved her presence of mind, for on arriving at Pulaski Street she immediately saw that the only chance it would be to attempt to turn the horse either up or down the street, and therefore, with a firm hand, she attempted to push him straight ahead. The result shows that this course was equally if not more successful as to have turned and trusted to the chance of the horse being stopped by the Fulton ferry gates, which come into force against the Long Island Bank building, the consequence following such a catastrophe would have been. Beecher and one of the children quite seriously, and the other child slightly. The former was thrown violently up and conveyed to a drug store in the neighborhood, where an examination proved that her left leg was in two pieces of a very serious nature. It is said by those who witnessed the accident that Mrs. Beecher's head struck against the stone steps of the bank, which present a sharp angle.

ELOPEMENT AND REMORSE.

We read in the Chicago *Herald*: "A few days ago, one of our city merchants, a married man, absconded, thrown around him by an unsuiting wife, received upon leaving with a young lady of this city. It has been for very long time despotically sustain. He recently packed his trunks, and was preparing to start for New York, Boston, Albion, and St. Louis Railroad, and the young lady had secured tickets for Cincinnati, where she was to meet him. Word was sent to the wife of his intended flight, and the gentleman, who was entirely unconscious that his movements were watched, was followed. He wished to purchase a ticket for Cincinnati, but was informed by the time he had reached ——, a little station, a few miles this side of Albion, that the train had passed. He had not the moral courage to reveal his feeling to the guilty partner of his flight, and, becoming a deputy sheriff of this county, he begged him to extricate him from his predicament. His friend, the Sheriff, acted with reasonable demand, and when the absconding husband had seated himself in the train with his wife, who was reading a bogus warrant, arrested him and took him out of the car just as the train was moving, and refused to pursue her journey alone."

THE TERRIBLE FATE OF A ROPE DANCER.

On Saturday night, about 11 o'clock, a sad accident occurred at the Varieties Garden, No. 40 Bowery. Mrs. Josephine Diamond, a young and interesting female of German denomination was Mademoiselle Josephine Loverette, was announced to appear in the evening performance of a rope ascension from the stage to the gallery. She was to go up the rope attached to the stage, and when she got to the end of the rope was attached, to the stage, when the rope drew back and she descended in a sitting posture on the foot-lights, and was immediately in a there. The performance was suddenly suspended. The bowels and the head of the unfortunate woman, who was a musician in the orchestra, jumped up from their seats, and the other musicians, and, aided by employes of the theatre, who rushed from the rear, carried the unfortunate woman behind the scenes. In her fright the sufferer rushed wild, at about, hastily and unconsciously, and fell to the floor, and in this way very vestige of clothing was destroyed, and was carried home in a carriage to No. 48 Bayard Street, and attended by doctors; but her injuries were of such a serious nature that she died early on Sunday o'clock on Sunday morning, when she died. The unfortunate woman was but recently married. She was born in Livingston County, New York, in 1837, and took to the stage as a profession. It is said by her friends that she might not only support herself, but furnish assistance to her parents, who resided in Germany at the time. She has had engagements as a ballet dancer at Laura Keene's and Wallack's theatres. She appears to have always objected to her performing on the rope, fearing that some evil would befall her. Many such presentiments, which had often been expressed, was recalled to the mind of the sufferer when the performance was first announced, for almost the last words she uttered were, "Mother, I have to do this against my wishes, but I wanted to make money for you and the children."

PERSONAL.

Señor De Oviedo and his fair American bride left the St. Nicholas Hotel on Saturday, at one o'clock, and embarked on board the *Quaker City* steamer, bound for Havana, and a visit to his estate on the "ever faithful island." Many of the guests of the hotel and friends took leave of them on board the steamer, wishing them a happy voyage and safe return. Señor De Oviedo has a half that Señor De Oviedo has passed in the city and suburbs as he was not recently married. Among the large orders for the sun-staring of steam and other machinery for the Japan steamer is an order for the manufacture of his expensive for articles of taste and luxury—has a manner to suit the most fastidious. His establishment is palace, and handsome profits for those who have had his patronage.

Cardinal Antonelli passed the evening of December 31 at the palace of the Tuileries. The Emperor arrived at Rome, to see the old year out and the new year in. The principal attendance and guests of the Cardinal Antonelli for his distinguished guests, comprising several members of the Sacred College and the French and Austrian Embassadors, was the performance of a celebrated conjuror, who is now giving his performances at one of the principal salons in Rome. The Cardinal Secretary of State occupied the centre of the room, and other two guests were opposite the Emperor of Negro, and condescended to the Emperor's left, and the remainder of the suite in various tricks.

The *Chicago Indiana Herald* says that a school teacher in Union County was dunked by his scholars on the 3d of last month, his birthday, and on leaving the hall, days. They insisted that he should treat or take a dunking. He refused, and they put him in a stream near by, cut a hole in the ice, and put him in and pulled him out about a dozen times. The teacher had no change of clothes. It cost each one of the young gentlemen $5. The teaching came to Dan.

Nicholas Longworth has now in his cellar four hundred and sixty thousand bottles of wine. When it is remembered that there are but four other wine merchants of importance in Cincinnati, some idea may be formed of the extent to which the grape is cultivated in that vicinity.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

The opening of the English Parliamentary session of 1860 took place on the afternoon of January 24, the royal speech being delivered by commission.

The interest of the day bordered the assemblage of a large concourse of spectators to witness the royal procession from Buckingham Palace to the House of Parliament.

The Queen left the palace about half past one o'clock and arrived at the entrance to the House of Lords shortly before two.

On alighting, her Majesty proceeded to the robing-room, and in a very few minutes entered the House, accompanied by his Royal Highness the Prince Consort and the great officers of State.

The Queen having taken her seat on the throne, a copy of the Royal Speech was handed to her by the Lord Chancellor, and which her Majesty read.

AFFAIRS OF EUROPE.

"My relations with foreign Powers continue to be on a friendly and satisfactory footing.

"At the close of last session I informed you that overtures had been made to me to ascertain whether, if a convention should be signed by the great Powers of Europe for the purpose of settling arrangements connected with the general peace, I would consent that a plenipotentiary would be sent by me to assist at such a congress. I have since received a formal invitation from the Emperor of Austria and from the Emperor of the French to send a plenipotentiary to a congress to consist of the representatives of the eight Powers who signed those treaties of Vienna of 1815 the object of the acts of such Congress being stated to be to receive communications of the treaties concluded at Zurich, and to deliberate—associating with the above-mentioned Powers the Sardinian and the Ottoman States—and of the Two Sicilies—on the means best adapted for the pacification of Italy, and for the consolidation of the future welfare of that state.

"Desirous at all times to concur in proceedings having for their object the maintenance of peace, I accepted the invitation. I have since received a note known that in such a Congress I should steadfastly maintain the principle that no decision should be allowed be employed to impose upon the people of Italy any particular government or form of government.

"Circumstances have arisen which have led to a postponement of the meeting of that Congress and having therefore for its meeting; but whether in Congress or in separate negotiations, I shall not fail to use my best endeavors to dispose of Italy freedom from foreign interference by force of arms, and I trust that the relations of peace and the relations of the Italian peninsula may be peacefully and satisfactorily settled.

"Papers on this subject will soon be laid before you.

"I am in communication with the Emperor of the French with a view to extend the commercial intercourse between my subjects and his, and I am also still closer the bonds of friendly alliance between them.

"A Treaty of Commerce between Spain and Morocco I endeavored by friendly means to prevent a rupture. That Treaty has been concluded.

"I will direct papers on this subject to be laid before you.

THE NEW WAR WITH CHINA.

"My Embassador to the Imperial Majesty of the Emperor of the French having, in obedience to their instructions, proceeded to the mouth of the Pei-ho river, in order to proceed to Pekin for the purpose of the ratification of the Treaty of Tien-tsin, in pursuance of the 60th article of that Treaty, other further progress was opposed by force, and a conflict took place between the Chinese forces and those of my allies, in which the naval forces by which the Plenipotentiaries were escorted.

"This unlooked for event has for the moment interrupted the treaty, but, after sustaining a severe loss, very completed to me.

"I am preparing, in concert and co-operation with the French Emperor, for the renewal of hostilities, and for this redress and a fulfillment of the stipulations of the Treaty of Tien-tsin.

"I will be gratified to me no if the prompt cessation of the effusion of blood in the seven-days' conference which will be made by the Plenipotentiaries shall obtain the object of their mission.

"I have directed that papers on this subject shall be laid before you.

THE SAN JUAN AFFAIR.

"An unauthorized act committed by an officer of the United States in regard to the Island of San Juan, between Vancouver's Island and the main land, might have led to a serious collision between my forces and those of the United States; but the moderation which has been prevented by the judicious forbearance of my naval and civil officers in the island, and by the temperate and conciliatory provisional arrangement proposed on the main by the governor of Vancouver's Island.

"I trust that the question of boundary, out of which this untoward event has arisen, will immediately be in a manner conformable with the just rights of the two countries, as defined by the Treaty of Washington of 1846.

THE INDIAN MUTINY.

"The last embers of disturbance in my East Indian dominions have been extinguished. The Indian Army has made a powerful progress through the districts which had been the chief scenes of disorder, and, by a judicious combination of firmness and generosity, by activity has almost everywhere restored the habits of unanimity established. I have received from my Viceroy the most satisfactory reports of the loyalty of the Indian subjects, and of the good feeling evinced by the native chiefs and by the great majority of the people. The attention of the Government in India has been directed to the development of the internal resources of the country; and I am glad to inform you that an improvement has taken place in the financial prospects.

HOME AFFAIRS.

"My LORDS AND GENTLEMEN.—I have accepted with satisfaction the offer of the services of the Militia—the service which I have received from my subjects. This manifestation of their zeal has added an important element to our system of national defense.

"Measures will be submitted to you for amending the laws which regulate the representation of the people in Parliament, and for the local representation on a more broader and firmer basis.

"I recommend to your consideration the improvement of the law of bankruptcy, and particularly the establishment of a uniform tribunal of law, the consolidation of the statutes, and such a further fusion of law and equity as may be found practicable. And, in every suit, the rights of the parties may be satisfactorily determined by the tribunal which the suit is commenced.

"I am deeply gratified to observe that the great interest of the country is rapidly in a state of thriving condition; that pauperism and crime have diminished; and that the moral condition of my people, both in the United Kingdom and in my colonies and possessions beyond the seas, is steadily advancing."

The speech concluded with the usual expressions of contentment, of order, and of obedience to the law.

"With deep regret I announce to the Assembly Inter of nations for these inestimable blessings, I fervently pray that his best endeavors may guide your deliberations for the advancement and consolidation of the welfare and happiness of my people."

DEATH OF CAPTAIN HARRISON.

Captain Harrison, the well-known commander of the *Great Eastern*, has died on board the ship lying off Southampton. He was crossing the Solent from his residence at Hythe to the ship, when he was seized with the 31st ultimo, in his own gig, in company with Dr. Watson, the surgeon of the *Great Eastern*. Captain Jury, the chief pacer, and a son of the latter. The boat was manned by six pilots belonging to Hythe, and the crew-swain of the *Great Eastern*. The weather was very squally, and as the boat neared the Southampton docks Captain Harrison ordered the sail to be lowered, but it stuck fast, and a heavy gust of wind caused the boat to capsize. Captain Harrison clung to the boat for a few minutes, making desperate attempts to right it, but he became exhausted and fell back into the waves. He was picked up about twelve minutes afterward floating a foot below the surface of the water, with his arm cast loosely over the boat. All possible energetic efforts were made by an less than ten medical men to restore animation, but all were unavailing. The deceased was supplied without any stock whatever. Ogden, the coxswain, and Captain Jury's son also fell victims to the disaster, although the latter survived for a time some days longer. The event created a painful sensation throughout England, owing to the high esteem in which Captain Harrison was held. Warm eulogies were being passed upon him, and his death was generally regarded as a very serious blow for the *Great Eastern* enterprise.

A NEW SUBSCRIPTION FOR COBDEN.

The London *Economist* alludes to the proposal that the Right Hon. Richard Cobden lose best nearly all his private fortune by investments in American railroad securities, and says that the sum of £40,000 in some from £50 to £500 have been subscribed to repair his loss.

FRANCE.

THE COMMERCIAL TREATY WITH ENGLAND.

A commercial treaty between France and England was signed at Paris on the 23d. The terms were not authorized by the English Chancellor of the Exchequer to be submitted his budget to Parliament. The treaty is declared to be instantaneously promulgated in the Paris *Moniteur*.

The treaties were afford as to the provisions of the treaty.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Times* learns on good authority that the treaty of Commerce between France and England contains the principles of free trade. He also states that English coal will be admitted duty free, and that the duty on iron will be reduced.

The Paris correspondent of the *Spectator* says that the effective modification of the following objects: A complete and unlimited free admission of coal and British iron; high duties, rates and direct and indirect between both countries, rates and the respective existing duties between the English and French ships from all tonnage dues in both England and France.

Another letter-writer maintains that the duty on manufactures will be reduced to a much lower rate, not exceeding 30 per cent, 25, or 21, 20.

The Paris *Pays* says that the conclusion of the treaty will be received with joy in France and England, negotiations with other powers will be continued, and commerce will receive a new impulse.

MORE CORRESPONDENCE WITH THE POPE.

The Liverpool *Post* contains the following:

The following correspondence is addition to that the following statement in true:

"I am in receipt of a letter which has written a second letter to the Pope. It was brief and to the point. The Emperor of the French is willing and anxious to remain as hitherto the stalest son of the Church, and will continue to be obedient to the Holy Father in all things spiritual; but if his Holiness opposes the late annexations, *let him not expect help from the French.*

"The Pope having called for the withdrawal of the French troops from Rome, the Emperor, in the same letter, says that they shall be withdrawn to His Holiness' protection, but that the Emperor will withdraw a month's notice to be given to any attempt to assault in the Eternal city."

THE TRADE OF FRANCE.

The Paris *Moniteur* of the 16th ultimo publishes the following statement of the trade of France for 1859, which amounted to 1,914,614 000 francs, being an increase of 276,016 000 francs on 1858. The items are given in francs: Import duty on foreign sugar, 12,050,000 francs; import duty on foreign coffee, 8,000,000 francs; 3,452,000 francs; sundry duties and receipts, 9,564,000 francs; import duty on spirits, 4,000,000 francs; salt duties, 1,496,000 francs; sale of tobacco, 147,000 francs; stamp duties, 56,000,000 francs; postage, navigation dues, 857,000 francs; stamp duties, 821,000 francs; registration duties, 106,000,000 francs; mortgages, 150,000 francs; transit charge on foreign letters, 50,000 francs; duties on mines, 1,000,000 francs; navigation duties, 15,000,000 francs; duty on letter-paper, 2,350,000 francs; sundry receipts, 1,000,000 francs; sale of gunpowder, 597,000 francs. The increase in the receipts of 1858, as compared with 1857, was 41,721,000 francs.

AMERICAN BELLES IN PARIS.

Of a late ball at the American Embassy a letter-writer thus speaks:

"Among the distinguished ladies present, and who attracted considerable attention through the entire evening, were Mrs. Mayor Wood, Winfield Scott, and Mrs. Winston's clock, leaning upon the arm of Beverly Tucker, Esq., Mrs. Mayor Wood's dress for evening was very rich.

"American titled nobility was represented by the Countess Dina, a daughter of Mrs. Mayor Wood, in a new array, who was married in Paris about five years since; and who, with her husband, the Count, attracted by the liveliness and interest of the reception.

"Among the ladies of the younger age and grace and vivacity and fine dresses, it may appear invidious to select any ladies for particular notice, but the writer must say that who, as there always are on such occasions, attracted greater admiration than the two daughters of Mrs. Winthrop Porter, of Boston, dressed in a robe of simple white, with no ornament but bright blue ribbons, and the latter in set off her beauty.

"Miss Blatchford, of New York, dressed in white, with elegant trimmings of blue, was thought to be the best dressed lady in one of the finest-looking rooms in Paris.

"Miss Thorne, of Louisiana, divested in pink, was very appreciable and greatly.

"The Misses Hutchinson, of New Jersey, sisters.

"Miss Hall, of Washington, was handsomely and highly intelligent lady, drew around her a crowd of admirers.

"Miss Allen, of Philadelphia; Miss Wolf, Mrs. Deeds, Mrs. Cunningham, an American lady, and a host of artist of considerable repute; Meadames Forseni, Lemire, Bonfils, Bonfils, Mrs. Bonfils, Madame Brett, were all very much admired.

"The Imperial Prince corps was represented by Mr. Calhoun, *Chargé d'Affaires*, and the gay and amiable Mr. Wilson, Secretary of Legation.

"The army by Major Crittenden, Captain J. W. Todd, Captain Ingalls, and Captain Pegram, all very appointed in uniform, the blue coats and brass buttons proving an agreeable relief to the eye of fashion.

"Then the dentistical profession—quite an important one in Paris—was represented by Messrs. Brewster, Hewitt, Davis and Thomas W. Evans, dentists to the Emperor, who, surrounded by a number of ladies, was conversing, and both of whom were Imperial decorations: and by Messrs. Fowler, Gage, and Spooner.

ITALY.

A LETTER FROM GARIBALDI.

The following letter was addressed by General Garibaldi to Colonel Sumner, who had made him a present of a hunting rifle:

"Caprera, December 15, 1859.—An adoptive citizen of the great Republic, proud of belonging to the universal cause of the republican sword with gratitude, in the name of my country, your benevolent and generous offer.

"Your present will be to me a dear pledge of union only as the material support sent by a brave man to a people struggling for its independence, but as the particularly moral aid of the great American nation.

"Please, Colonel, to receive the affection, your devoted friend,

"FROM, January 16, 1860." G. GARIBALDI.

CHINA.

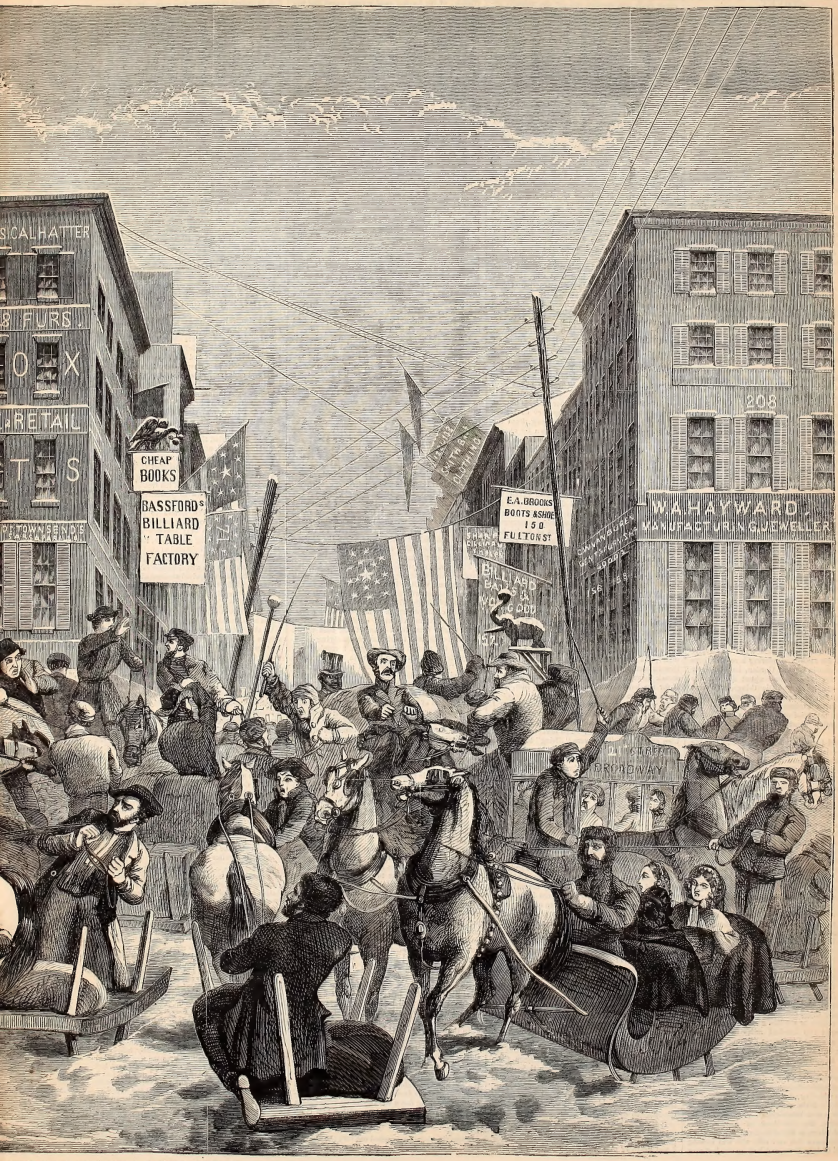
PROGRESS OF OUR SQUADRON.

A naval letter from China, dated at Hong Kong on the 30th of November, published in the London *Times*, says:

"The American flag-officer Tatnall, in the United States steamer *Powhatan*, has been succeeded by flag-officer Stribling, in the United States steamer *Hartford*.

"Mr. Ward has arrived here from Shanghai. The treaty with the United States has been ratified. Before the ratification of the treaty, no doubt, some curious articles compose it. The sale opportunity of smuggling opium into China, and the consequent lowering of the two ports, *Swatow* and Taiwan, in Formosa.

VIEW OF BROADWAY, OPPOSITE



FULTON STREET, NEW YORK.

BROADWAY, OPPOSITE FULTON STREET.

THE scene represented in the paper of the present week is one that will at once be recognized by every one who has visited New York. Broadway, opposite Fulton Street, is, in its way, the most striking place in the United States. No other spot conveys so good an idea of the bustle and the stir of the great commercial city of America. Even in pleasant weather, when the streets are dry, and there is no temptation to encumber them with unusual vehicles, there is always a monstrous crash, and throng, and hurry, and noise, and clutter opposite Barnum's. But when snow has fallen, and has begun to melt; when, in addition to the omnibuses, the especially crowded with sleighs, and the sleighing is so bad that many of these look as though they could not possibly be dragged through the mud; when the Fifth Avenue slime render walking a trial to booted men, and a cruel punishment to ladies; when, between the feet of long files of cabs and the dread of soiling white underskirts, fair politeness suffer the agonies of death in endeavoring to cross Broadway at this exact point; when the shouts of policemen mingle with the roar of omnibus-drivers, the shrieks of girls, the shrill cries of mischievous boys, the hoarse horns on the Museum balcony, and perhaps the hoarse rattle of a fire company in the distance, the scene has become one to be never forgotten. As such we hand it down to posterity.

THE Uncommercial Traveler.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

ALLOW me to introduce myself—first, negatively.

No landlord is my friend and brother, no chambermaid loves me, no waiter worships me. No boots admires and envies me. No round of beef or tongue or ham is expressly cooked for me, no pigeonhouse is especially reared for me, no botticelli-puddlement is personally addressed to me, no hotelkeeper-puppets is set apart for me, no house of public entertainment in the United Kingdom greatly cares for my opinion of its brandy or its sherry. Now I put down these things as what I am usually rated at a low figure in the bill; when I come home from my journeys, I find them all remarkably low. I always forget about prices, and should have no idea, if I were put to it, how to vituperate a waiter into endurable humility. It doesn't work. As a town traveler, I am never to be seen driving a vehicle externally like a young and volatile pianoforte tuna, and internally like an over-tea'd widow in a number of fat boxes are taking in layers. As a country traveler, I am rarely to be found in a gig, and am never to be encountered by a pleasure train, waiting on the platform of a branch station, quite a Dervid in the midst of a light Stonehenge of cymbals.

And yet—preceding now to introduce myself positively!—I am both a town traveler and a country traveler, and I am both by sea and land. Relatively speaking, I travel for the great house of Human Interest Brothers, and have rather a large connection in the fancy-goods way. Literally speaking, I am always wandering here and there from my rooms in Covent Garden, London—now about the city, now about, now into the country by-roads—seeing many little things, and some great things, and because they interest me, I think may interest others.

These are my brief credentials as the Uncommercial Traveler. Business is business, and I start.

Never had I seen a year going out, or going in, under circumstances of lighter heart. Seven hundred and fifty-nine had but another day to live, and truly its end was Peace on that sea-shore that morning.

So settled and orderly was every thing seaward, in the bright light of the sun and under the transparent shadow of the clouds, that it was hard to imagine the bay otherwise, for years past or to come, than it was that very day. The Tug Steamer lying off the shore, the Pilot Lighter lying still nearer to the shore, the boat alongside the Lighter, the men in the boat, the captain aboard the Lighter, the methodical figures at work, all slowly and regularly heaving up and down with the breathing of the sea, were features as much a part of the nature of the place as the tide itself. The tide was on the flow, and had been for some two hours and a half; there was no visible obstruction in the sea within a few yards of my feet: as if the stump of a tree, with earth enough about it to keep it from floating, were left in the water, had slipped a little from the land—and as I stood upon the beach and observed it dimpling the bright smooth surface of coming in, I saw it move.

Orderly, to quiet, to regular—the rising and the falling of the Tug steamer, the Lighter, and the boat—the turning of the windlass—the coming in of the tide—as myself seemed, to my own thinking, any thing but new to the spot. Yet, I had never seen it in my life, a minute before, and had traversed many hundred miles to get at it. That very morning I had come bowling down, and straggling up, hill-country roads; looking back on snowy summits among coarsens peasants, well to do, driving fat pigs and cattle to market; noting the neat and thrifty dwellings, with their unusual quantity of clean white linen drying on the bushes; having windy weather, suggested by every cotter's little rick, with its thatch straw-ridged and extra straw-ridged into overlapping compartments, like the back of a rhinoceros. Had I not given a lift of fourteen miles to the Coast-Guardsman (lit and all), who went to the bis spell of duty there, and had we not just now parted company? So it was; but the journey seemed to glide down into the placid sea, with other chafe and trouble, and for the moment nothing was so calmly and monotonously real under the sunlight as the gentle rising and falling of the water with its freight, the regular turning of the windlass aboard the Lighter, and the slight obstruction on very near my feet.

Oh reader, haply turning this page by the fireside at Home, and hearing the night wind rumble in the chimney, that shore presents to me the uppermost fragment of the Wreck of the *Royal Charter*, Australian liner, and passenger ship. Remembered well, that struck here on the terrible morning of the twenty-sixth of last October, broke into three pieces during the strength of the gale, at least five hundred human lives, and has never stirred since!

From which point, or from which, she drove ashore, stern foremost; on which side, or on which, she passed the little island in the bay, for hers beneficial to have been driven on each side her; these are rendered bootless questions by the darkness of that night and the darkness of death. Here she struck.

Even as I stood on the beach, with the words "Here she went down!" in my ears, a diver in his grotesque dress dipped from over the side of the boat alongside the Lighter, and drooped to the bottom. On the shore by the water's edge was a rough tent, made of fragments of sail, where other divers and workmen sheltered themselves, and where they dried and cleaned their clothes and refreshed at mid-day. Chronic-like with rain and wash beef, to the destruction of their frail chimney. Cast up among the stones and boulders of the beach, were more relics of the last vessel, and masses of iron twisted by the fury of the sea into the strangest forms. The timber was already blanched and dry, like drift-wood, and even these objects did no violence to the prevailing air the whole scene wore, of having been exactly the same for years and years.

Yet only two short months had gone since a man, living on the nearest hill-top overlooking the bay, had been startled out of sleep by that day-break by the wind that had begun to strip his roof off, and getting upon a ladder with his nearest neighbor to secure the chimney-pots, by force for keeping his house over his head, saw, from the ladder's elevation as he looked over the hill-crest toward the shore, a troubled object close in with the land. And he and the other descended to the beach, and finding the sea momentarily casting over a great broken ship, had clambered up the stony ways like staircases without stairs, on which the wet was like grease, and had secured as fruit hangs on boughs, and had given the alarm. And so, over the hill-slopes, and past the waterfall, and, as I have described, past the land drains off into the ocean, the scattered quarrymen and fishermen inhabiting that part of Wales had come tumultuously, as they had visions of clergyman among them. And as they stood in the leaden morning, stricken with pity, leaning hard against the wind, they saw that vessel's cargo blew in with the salt foam and remained upon the land when the foam melted, they saw the ship's lifeboat, with the crew of the beach of wreck; and first, there were three men in her, and in a moment she capsized, and there were but two; and again, she struck by a vast mass of water, and there was but one; and again, she was thrown outward, and that one was gone. A man struck through the broken planks and waving as if for the help that could never reach him, went down into the sea.

It was the clergyman himself from whom I heard this, while I stood on the shore, looking in this kind whither the ship had gone to the spot where the boat had been. The divers were down then and busy. They were "lifting" to day, the gold found yesterday, and the silver and many thousand pounds. Of three hundred and fifty thousand pounds worth of gold three hundred thousand pounds worth, in round numbers, was the total then recovered. The great bulk of the remainder was surely and steadily coming up. Some loss of sovereigns was to be expected, and was paid for. A first sovereign had drifted in with the sand, and been numbered for and with the beach, like the shells; but more other golden treasure would be found. As it was brought up it went aboard the Tug steamer, to be weighed and counted once if. So tremendous had the force of the sea been when it broke the ship, that it had beaten one great integer of gold, into a mere strange mass not much a part her solid iron work: in which also several loose sovereigns that the ingot had swept in before it had been forced into the solid mass, and which the iron had been liquid when they were forced there. It had been remarked of such bodies come ashore, too, as had been cast up, months after the ship had been stunned to death, and not suffocated. Observation, both of the internal changes that had been wrought in them, and of the external impression, showed death to have been thus merciful and easy. The report was brought while I was lidding such discourse on the beach, that no more bodies had come ashore since last night. It began to be very painful whether more were to come to be thrown up until the northeast winds of the early spring set in. Moreover, a great number of the passengers, and particularly the women and children, after yawning open, and would keep them down. A diver made known, even then, that he had come upon the body of a man, and had sought to release it from a great superincumbent weight; but that, finding he could not do so without mutilating the remains, he had left it where it was.

It was the kind and wholesome face I have made mention of as being then beside me that I had purposed to myself to go home by Wales. I left some of it. I had heard of that clergyman as having buried many scores of the shipwrecked people; of his having opened his house and heart to their agonized friends: of his having used a most sweet and patient diligence, for weeks and weeks, in the performance of the forlornest offices that Man can render to his kind; of his having most tenderly and thoroughly devoted himself to the dead, and to those who were sorrowing for the dead. I had said to myself, "In the Christmas season of the year I should like to see that man!" And he had swung the gate of his little garden in coming out to meet me not half an hour ago.

So cheerful in the good faithless of affectation, as true practical Christianity ever is! I read more of the New Testament in the fresh, frank face going up the village, than I have in five minutes. I had have read in anathematizing discourses (albeit put to press with enormous flourishing of trumpets) in all my life. I had supposed of the Sacred Book in the cordial voice that had nothing to say about its owner than in all the would-be celestial pairs of bellows that have ever blown conceit at me.

We climbed toward the little church at a cheery pace, among the loose stones, the deep mud, the wet, coarse grass, the oozing water, and other obstructions from which frost and snow had lately thawed. It was a mistake (my friend was glad to tell me on the way) to suppose that the peasantry had shown any superstitious avoidance of the drowned; that they had kept away from the wall, and had assisted readily. Ten shillings had been paid for the bringing of each body up to the church, but the way was not to be earned for money. (a which it was wrapped in a sheet) were necessary, and three or four men; and, all things considered, it was not a great price. Wages were none the richer for the wreck; for it was the season of the herring-shoal—and who could cast nets for fish, and find dead men and money in them, at once?

He had the church keys in his hand, and opened the churchyard-gate, and opened the churchdoor; and we went in.

It is a little church of great antiquity; there is reason to believe that some church has occupied the spot there from time out of mind. The pulpit was gone, and other things usually belonging to the church were gone, owing to its living congregation having been set for its neighboring school-room, and yielded it up to the dead. The very Communion-table was shouldered out of their places, in the bringing in of the dead; the black wooden tables on which they were painted were taken away, and the pavement arranged below them, and on the stone pavement all over the church, were the marks and stains where the drowned had lain. Those marks! The eye, with little or no aid from the imagination, could yet see how the bodies had been turned, and where the head had rested, and where the feet. Some faint traces of the wreck of the Australian ship may be discernible on the stone pavement of this little church, hundreds of years hence, when the digging for gold in Australia shall have long and long ceased out of the land.

Fortyodd shipwrecked men and women lay here at one time, awaiting burial. Here, with weeping and wailing in every room of his house, my companion had striven for hours, solemnly, surrounded by eyes that could not see him, and by hearts that could not speak to him, patiently examining the tattered clothing, cutting off buttons, hair, marks from linen—any thing that might lead to subsequent identification. Sometimes, after looking for a scar, a bent finger, a crooked toe, comparing letters sent to him with the ruin about him. "My boy Arthur, aged seven, has a gray eye and a pleasant smile," one sister wrote. Oh, poor sister! well for you to be far from here, and keep that as your last remembrance of him!

The ladies of the clergyman's family, his wife and two sisters-in-law, came in among the bodies often. In the church, they were laid out for love to do so. Any new arrival of a bereaved woman would stimulate their pity to compare the description brought with the dead faces. Sometimes they would go back able to say, "I have found him," or, "I think she lies there." Perhaps the nearest spot to the pulpit of all that lay in the church, would be led in blindfold. Conducted to the spot with many compassionate words, and encouraged to look, she would sink down, in a piercing cry, "This is my boy!" and drop insensible on the insensible figure.

He soon observed that in some cases of women the identification of person, though complete, was quite at variance with the marks upon the linen; this led him to notice that even the marks upon the linen were sometimes inconsistent with one another; and he began to understand that they had dressed in great haste and agitation, and that their clothes had become mixed together. The identification of many of the dead was rendered extremely difficult, in consequence of a large proportion of them being dressed alike—in clothes of one kind—which had been supplied by slop-sellers and outfitters, and not made by single garments, but by hundreds. Many of the men were brothers, going to or returning from the diggings for the price of the birds; other hall bills of exchange in their pockets, or in belts. Some of these documents, carefully unwrinkled and dried, were little less fresh in appearance than day than the present page will be, under ordinary circumstances, after having been opened three or four times.

In that lonely place it had not been easy to obtain even such common commodities in towns as ordinary disinfectants. Pitch had been burned in the church, as well as the ordinary at hand, and the frying-pan in which it had bubbled over a bracket of coals was still there, with its ashes. Hard by the Communion Table were some boots that had been taken off the drowned and preserved—a goldigger's boot, cut down the leg for its removal—a trodden-down man's ankle-boot, with a buff cloth top—and others—soaked and sadly, weedy and silt.

From the church we passed out into the churchyard. Here there lay, at that time, one hundred and forty-five bodies that had been identified at the wreck. Of these, all but carried there, when not identified, in graves containing four each. He had numbered each body in a register describing it, and had placed a corresponding number on each coffin, and over each grave. Identified bodies he had buried singly, in private graves, in another part of the church-yard. Several bodies had been exhumed from the graves of four, as relatives had come from a distance and seen his register; and, when recognized, these had been exhorted in private graves, so that the mourners might erect separate headstones for the remains. In all such cases he had performed the funeral service a second time, and the ladies of his house had attended. There had been no offense in these cases when they were brought again to the light of day: the discovery Earth had already absorbed it. The drowned were buried in their clothes. To supply the great fashion demand for coffins, he had got all the neighboring people handy at tools to work the livelong day, and Sunday's likewise. The coffins were homely formed; I had seen two, waiting for occupants, under the lee of the ruined walls of a stone hut on the beach, within call of the tent where the Christmas Feast was held. Similarly, one of the graves for four was lying open and ready, here in the church-yard. So much of the scanty space was already devoted to the wrecked people that the villagers had begun to express uneasy doubts whether they themselves could lie in their own ground, with their forefathers and descendants, by-and-by. The church-yard being but a step from the clergyman's dwelling-house, he overlooked the latter. The white surplice was hanging up near the door, ready to be put on at any time for a funeral service.

The cheerful earnestness of this good Christian minister was not boisterous as the circumstances out of which it shone were sad. I never have seen any thing more delightfully genuine than the calm dominion by himself and his household of all they had undergone as a simple duty that was quietly done and ended. In speaking of it, they spoke of it with great compassion for the bereaved, but had no stress upon their own hard share in those weary weeks, except as it had attached many people to him in particular, and elicited many touching expressions of gratitude. This clergyman's brother —himself the clergyman of two adjoining parishes, by the bye—had sixty-four of the bodies in his own church-yard, and who had done to them all that his brother had done as to the larger number —must be considered as included in the family. He was there, with his neatly-arranged papers, and made no account of his trouble than any orderly else did. Down to yesterday's postward, my clergyman alone had written one hundred and seventy letters in this matter, to bereaved friends of the lost people. In the absence of all self-assertion, it was only through my now and then drawing him into question, in which direction arose, that I became informed of these things. It was only when I had remarked again and again, that I could see in the future of the case one of death he had been required so closely to familiarize himself with for the soothing of the living, that he had casually spoken of the hard, unadorned fact of his cheerfulness, "indeed, it had rendered him unable for a time to eat or drink more than a little refreshment of tea, and a piece of bread."

In this noble modesty, in this beautiful simplicity, in the serene avoidance of the least attempt to "improve" an occasion which might be supposed to have sunk of its own weight into my heart, I went away happily down, in a few steps, from the church-yard with its new grave, which was the type of Death, to the Christian dwelling near it, with it, which was the type of Resurrection. I never shall think of the former without the latter. The two will always rest side by side in my memory. If I had lost a new dear to me in this unfortunate ship—if I made a voyage from Australia to look at the grave in the churchyard—I should go away thankful to God that that house was so close to it, and that its shadow by day, and its domestic lights by night, fell upon the spot where the mother had so tenderly laid my dear one's head.

The references that naturally arose out of our conversation to these descriptions sent down of shipwrecked persons, and to the gratitude of relations and friends, made me very anxious to see some of those letters. And as I presently seated before the wreck of papers, all bordered with black, and from them I made the following few extracts.

A mother writes:

REVEREND SIR,—Among the many who perished on your shore was numbered my beloved son. I was only just recovering from a severe illness, and during that time fiction has caused a relapse; so that I am unable at present to go to the scene of my sorrow, my child's bed and last. My darling son would have been sixteen on Christmas-day. He was a most amiable and affectionate child, early taught the way of salvation. We fondly hoped that, as Christ was born in the middle of autumn to his profession, but "it is well," "I feel assured my dear boy is now with the redeemed. Oh, he did not wish to go home with regret. On the fifteenth of October I received a letter from him from Melbourne, dated August twelfth; he wrote in high spirits, and in conclusion he says: "Pray for a fair breeze, dear mamma, and I'll not forget to write for it: and, God permitting, I shall see you and all my little pets again. Good-by, dear mother—good-by, dearest parents. Good-by, and with love to all." Oh, it was cruel, and an eternal farewell. I do not apologize for thus writing you, for oh! my heart is very much given going astray!

A widow writes:

Left in such a state as I am, my friends and I thought it best that my dear husband should be buried where he

lies, and, much as I should have liked to have had it otherwise, I must submit. I feel, from all I have learnt of you, that you will see it done decently and in order. Little dear it signifies to us, when the soul has departed, where this poor body lies; but we who are left behind would do all we can to show how we loved them. This is decided me: but it is God's hand that inflicts us, and I try to submit. Some day I may be able to visit the spot, and see where he lies, and erect a simple stone to his memory. Oh! it will be long, long before I forget that dreadful night. In there were a thing in the vicinity, or any shop in Bangor, to which I could send for a small picture of Moelfre or Llanallgo Church, a spot now sacred to me?

Another widow writes:

I have received your letter this morning, and do thank you most heartily for the interest you have taken about my dear husband, as well for the sentiments yours contains, extolling the spirit of a Christian who can sympathize for those who, like myself, are broken down with grief.

My God bless and sustain you, and all in connection with you, in this great trial! Time may roll on, and bear all its sad train with it, but your sad account of the person will stand in history; and, as successive years pass, many a widow will think of your sad calamity, and the tears of gratitude flow down many a cheek, the tribute of a thankful heart, when other things are forgotten forever.

A father writes:

I am at a loss to find words to sufficiently express my gratitude to you for your kindness to my son Richard upon the melancholy occasion of his visit to his dear brother's body, and also for your ready attention in pronouncing over the sacred burial service over my poor unfortunate son's remains. God grant that your prayers over him may reach the Mercy Seat, and that his soul may be received (through Christ's intercession) into heaven!

His dear mother begs me to convey to you her heartfelt thanks.

Those who were received at the clergyman's house write thus, after leaving it:

DEAR AND NEVER-TO-BE-FORGOTTEN FRIENDS,—I arrived here yesterday morning without accident, and am about to proceed on my home by railway.

I am overpowered when I think of you and your hospitable home. Words could speak, but cannot express what my heart. I refrain. God reward you with the same measure you have dealt with!

I consecrate no names, but embrace you all.

MY BELOVED FRIENDS.—This is the first day that I have been able to express my bitterness about a funeral, which will explain the reason of my not writing sooner.

If I could only have had my last melancholy hope realized in seeing once the body of my beloved and lamented son, I should have returned home somewhat comforted; but now I could but have increased my distressingly resigned.

I fear now there is but little more to say, and that is on our without hope.

The only consolation to my distressed mind is in my having been so kindly allowed by you to know the matter in your hands, by whom I well know that every thing will be done for the son he, according to arrangements made before I left the scene of the awful catastrophe, both as to the identification of my dear son, and also his interment.

I feel most anxious to hear whether any thing fresh has transpired since I left you; will you add another to the many deep obligations I am under to you by writing to me? And should the body of my dear son and relative made son be identified, let me hear from you immediately, and I will instantly return.

Words can not express the gratitude I feel I owe to you all for your benevolent aid, your kindness, and your sympathy.

MY DEARLY BELOVED FRIENDS.—I arrived in safety at my house yesterday, and a night's rest has restored and tranquillized me. I am again repeat that hospitality has no words by which I can express my sense of obligation to you. You are enshrined in my heart of hearts.

I have seen him! and can now realize my misfortune more than I have hitherto been able to do. Oh, the bitterness of the cup I drink! But I bow submissive. God must have done right. I do not want to feel less, but to acquiesce more.

There were some Jewish passengers on board the *Royal Charter*, and the gratitude of the Jewish people is fervent and expressed in the following letter, bearing date from "the Office of the Chief Rabbi:"

REVEREND SIR.—I can not refrain from expressing to you my heartfelt thanks on behalf of those of my flock whose relatives have unfortunately been among those who perished at the late wreck of the *Royal Charter*. You have, indeed, by your kind act left all of your kindness to the living and the dead.

You have not only acted kindly toward the living by receiving them hospitably at your house, and energetically assisting them in the mournful duty, but also toward the dead, by exerting yourself to have our co-religionists buried in our ground, and according to our rites. May our heavenly Father reward you for your acts of humanity and true philanthropy!

The "Old Hebrew congregation of Liverpool," thus expresses itself through their secretary:

REVEREND SIR.—The wardens of this congregation have learned with great pleasure that, in addition to those individual attentions, at the scene of the late disaster to the *Royal Charter*, which have received universal approval, you have very benevolently employed your valuable efforts to assist such members of our body as have sought the bodies of lost friends to give them burial in our consecrated grounds, with the observances and rites prescribed by the ordinances of our religion.

The wardens desire me to take the earliest available opportunity to offer to you, on behalf of our community, the expression of their warm acknowledgments for your kind thanks, and their sincere wishes for your continued welfare and prosperity.

A Jewish gentleman writes:

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,—I take the opportunity of thanking you right earnestly for the promptness you displayed in answering my note with full particulars concerning my much-lamented brother, and I also herein beg to express my sincere regard for the willingness you displayed and the fatherly you afforded for getting the remains of my poor brother exhumed. It has been to us a most sorrowful and painful event, but when we meet with such friends as yourself, it is a measure, somehow or other, stolen that mental anguish, and makes the suffering so much easier to be borne. Considering the circumstances connected with my poor brother's fate, it does, indeed, appear a hard one. He had been away in all seven years; he returned four years ago to see his family. He was then engaged to a very amiable young lady. He had been very successful abroad, and was now returning to fulfill his sacred vow; he brought all his property with him in gold unlearned. We heard from him when the ship stopped at Queenstown, when he was in the highest of hope, and in a few short hours afterward all was washed away.

Mournful in the deepest degree, but too sacred for quotation here, were the numerous references to these miniatures of women's memories that the necks of rough men (and found there after death), those locks of hair, those scraps of letters, those many, many gifts memorials of hidden tenderness. One man cast up by the sea bore about him, printed on a perforated lace card, the following singular (and unavailing) charm:

A BLESSING.

May the blessing of God await thee. May the sun of glory shine around thee. May joy and peace of pleasure, honor, and happiness be ever open to thee. May no sorrow distress thy days; may no grief disturb thy nights. May the pleasure of heaven kiss thy cheeks, and the pleasures of imagination attend thy dreams; and when angels of peace waken their tired of earthly joys, and the curtain of death gently closes around thy last sleep of human existence, may the hand of God attend thy bed, and take care that the expiring lamp of life shall not receive one rude blast to hasten on its extinction!

A sailor had three devices on his right arm. "One device on the Cross, the forehead of the crucifix and the vesture stained red; on the lower part of the arm, a man and woman; on one side of the Cross, the appearance of a half moon, with a face; on the other side, the sun; on the top of the Cross, the letters I.H.S.; on the left arm, a man and woman dancing, and an effort to represent the female's dress; under which, initials." Another seaman "had, on the lower part of the right arm, the device of a sailor and a female; the man holding the Union Jack with a streamer, the folds of which were forced back, and the end of it was held in her hand. On the upper part of the arm, a device of Our Lord on the Cross, with stars surrounding the head of the figure, and one large star on the side in Indian ink. On the left arm, a flag, a true lovers' knot, a face, and initials." This astonishing work of art had the reputation of the miraculous curing of a mutilated arm, when such surface was carefully scraped away with a knife. It is not impossible that the perpetuation of this marking custom among seaman may be referred back to their desire to be identified, if drowned and hung ashore.

It was some time before I could sever myself from the many interesting papers on the table, and that I broke into the dread drama with the kind family before I left them. As I had brought the Coast-Guard down, I took the Preventive Service with his leathern wallet, walking-stick, bugle, and tarrier dog. Many a heart-broken letter had he brought to the Rectory, and many were the months many a benignantly painstaking answer had he carried back.

As I took along I thought of the many people, inhabitants of this mother country, who would make pilgrimages to the little church-yard in the years to come; of the many, in the lands of the wrists of all the wreck of letters I had left upon the table; and I resolved to place this little record where it should, however, be unobtrusive. Epitaphs, inscriptions, and the like, will do a great deal for Religion, if, dare say, and Heaven grant they may! but, I doubt if they will ever do their Master's service half so well, in all the time they last, as the Heavens have done in their use in this bleak spot upon the rugged coast of Wales.

Had I lost the friend of my life in the wreck of the *Royal Charter*, and had I lost the greatest, the more than friend of my life; had I lost my maiden daughter, had I lost my hopeful boy, had I lost my little child; I would have laid him where that wreck so busily and gently in the church, and say, "None better could have touched the form though it had lain at home." I could have felt that it could be thankful for it: I could be content to leave the grave near the house the good family pass in and out of every day, undisturbed, in the little churchyard where so many are so strangely brought together.

Without the name of the clergyman to whom—I hope, not without carrying comfort to some heart at some time—I have written, my reference would be as nothing. Where is the Reverend Stephen Rose Hughes, of Llanallgo, near Moelfra, Anglesey. His brother is the Reverend Hugh Robert Hughes, of Penrhos Alligo?

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

Time little maid was standing
And did the little maiden know
Afar the strains of music
Came floating from the town.
And did the little maiden know
The thought that made me tremble so?

I saw the silken lashes
That hid her tender, tender eyes;
We listened to the music
That floated through the skies.
But did the little maiden know
The reason why I trembled so?

I longed with utter longing
To clasp her dainty, dainty waist:
Could ever such bliss be mine
Such bliss was not for me.
And did the little maiden know
The thought that made me tremble so?

All tremulously bending
Her lily, lily hand I took
Her slender form enfolding.

One only word I spoke:
It was so sweet to let her know
The reason why I trembled so.

OLD REES.

HE was a little man, with high shoulders and stiff knees, and wore the livery of the dockyard house,* a long frieze coat, with the badge of the charity on the sleeve. As he walked slowly toward me, with the weight of nearly seventy years on his shoulders, I had time enough to perceive that something ailed him. As he came nearer, I perceived that his cheeks were very pale, his eyes dim, and that his whole bearing betokened sadness. As he passed by the arbor, instead of his usual "Good morning, Sir!" he silently took off his hat, and stumbled against the threshold.

"How goes it, Rees? Is any thing the matter with you, my friend?" I asked.

The old man looked up, astonished at the sound of that word "friend;" perhaps now, in his sixty-ninth year, he heard it applied to himself for the first time. Then his features passed over his thin features; his gray eyes first lighted up, and then grew dim with tears. His whole countenance said, "Yes, Sir!" but his lips uttered only these words: "Hearken, Sir. Do you know little Rotas?"

I answered that I had not that honor.

"Did not Mr. Peter ever show him to you? The whole town knows little Rotas. He collects plenty of cash, I can tell you."

"But what about this man?" I asked.

"He is a man at all; he's a dwarf, a regular dwarf, Sir; you might show him at a fair; but he's a wicked little wretch: he lives in the asylum, but he comes out in the day-time a madman. He makes a great deal of money by his hump. When the children are coming home from school, they surround him, and call out Rotas dances for them. He jumps about a stick like a monkey, and makes his hump look enormous. I have a hump, Sir, but mine is a slight one. I perceived that Rees was less jealous of the hump in itself than of the cents which it brought.

"I wish, Sir, I were a melancholy tune *vi* "I wish I had a hump. I should then have nothing to do; I could get plenty of cents by making the people dance to my tune. But Rotas is a drinking," he said, changing his tone, as he took down the coat, and pulled it up with much care—"no, I would not drink."

"Ah, 'he continued—" ah, Sir, you do not know it, but I am very unhappy and than angry. Little Rotas has done me a great injury; little Rotas is very spiteful. People," he continued, as he stopped to pick up a pebble, "people think him mad, but he is only wicked. You know that in the asylum we are all poor people—as poor as those in the churches—but there are others earn a little money, but it does us no good; we are obliged to bring it all to the *father*, and every week he gives us a trifle for our pocket-money. But, first at all quite right, Sir; for when I shall become old, and no longer able to earn a cent, I shall still get my little allowance. But little Rotas, by continually dancing out a colored pocket-handkerchief, and tapping the cover of his snuff-box: " I bought them with my pocket-money.

"Rotas," he went on, "receives his allowance also. But what does he do for it? Rotas does nothing but make people spill up a few words in the street. He pretends to be a half-idiot; and when he gets a few cents from the children for dancing, he runs away to the town. But that is *his* affair," continued Rees, "and why need he have ruined me? You don't know what he did; I'll tell you, Sir. I had, by a great deal of money—I had twelve guilders."

"And how did you get them, Rees?"

"Honestly, Sir. I went to Rotas up while I was messenger to an apothecary. Sometimes when I carried a bottle of medicine to some country-house in the neighborhood of the town, the master or the mistress would say: 'Give the poor man a tencent piece; 'tis but weather.' And so by degrees I scraped together my twelve guilders. It was against the rules of the house; but I hid them near my heart."

"And wherefore? Had you really need of the money, or was it only for the pleasure of keeping it?"

"Ah, Sir," said the old man, shaking his head, "if I may make bold to say so, rich idlers can't understand it. No messenger of the council can understand it, for they have no care about such things. Living and dying, every thing goes well with them. But listen, Sir. We are well-off in the house: the council are kind to us. On fast days we get buttered rolls; and every three weeks an ox is portioned out by the will of some great nobleman who died long ago. We always get the meat chopped up into small pieces; and the managers of the asylum look after the cook, and the meat's tongue. We are very well-off; but a man, Sir, can't help thinking of his death.

"I trust you will be well-off also after your death, Rees," I replied.

"I hope so, Sir; in heaven there is nothing but happiness. But that is not what I meant. I want to have my body provided for—do you perceive?"

"How do you mean, Rees?"

"I'll tell you, Sir. As soon as we are dead they lay us on straw, and then us in the linen of the house, just as when we were alive. Then they carry us to the church-yard, and bury us in the common grave-yard. That is what I do not like. I want, when I am dead, not to have any charity-clothes about me."

He paused for a moment, and his eyes filled with tears. "I long," he resumed, "to lie in my own coffin—I can't well explain it—as I saw my father lie in his with his own clothes. I have never had a shirt which belonged to me—I would fain have a winding-sheet of my own."

I was greatly moved. Speak not of prejudices!

* An alms-house in Holland, for the reception of old men or women.

The rich of this world have them by hundreds. This poor man could cheerfully endure every thing—meagre food, a hard bed, and, for his age, hard labor. He had no home; he was to have no special grave; all he desired was the assurance that his last vesture should belong to him.

"You see, then, Sir," he continued in a somewhat hoarse voice, "what the twelve guilders were for. It was a large sum; but I wanted something besides—I wished to be interred decently. I don't well understand these things, but I calculated four guilders for the linen, two guilders for the men who should bear me, and half a guilder each for the twelve men who should follow me to the grave. Was not that all well arranged? The apothecary's apprentice wrote down all the directions for me on a piece of paper. I wrapped up the twelve guilders up in it, and sewed the whole in a little leathern bag, which for the last thirty years I have worn next my heart. And now it is all gone!"

"But Rotas steal it?" I inquired.

"No," replied Rees, rousing himself from the painful reverie in which his own last words had plunged him; "but he discovered I had it. His bed is next mine; so perhaps he saw it when I was dressing or undressing; or perhaps, during an illness that I had, I may have talked of it in my sleep, for it was always in my thoughts. Last Tuesday, you may remember, Sir, it rained all day, and Rotas could not go singing about. The weather was so bad that the children could not stop in the street to look at him. All his pocket-money was gone, and he had to ask begging alms from me. "Rees," said he to me after dinner, "I have six cents." "Rotas," I replied, "I won't lend you money to spend in drinking." "Rees," said he, "I must have them." "Not from me," said I. "Rees," said he, "if you don't give me the money, I'll tell the father what you have hidden under your clothes." I felt that I grew as pale as a sheet, and I handed him the six cents. But I could not help crying. "Rotas, you're a rascal," I whisper that vexed him or not, I can't tell; but yesterday he got drunk; and while they were fastening the log to his leg, he shouted like a madman: "Rees has money—Rees has money! inside his coat!" Then he fell down. But I cannot tell me this when I came in. It was bedtime, and we all undressed in the men's dormitory. Rotas was already in bed, lying there like a pig. As soon as the others were asleep, I slipped the little bag from off my neck, and was going to hide it in the straw of my bed; but before I had time to do so, the door opened, and in came the father, with a lantern in his hand. I fell back on my pillow, with the little bag in my hand, and stowed it the light like an idiot. I felt every one of the father's footsteps fall on my heart. "Rees," said he, lending over me, "I have no money, and I know very well it is quite against the rules of the house to keep it concealed." And he took the little bag out of my hand. "It is only for a time!" I cried, and I fell on my knees in the bed; but it was no use. "I will take care of it for you," said the father; and he opened the bag, and counted over the money carefully. My own dear burial money! I had not had it for more than a year and a day; thirty years before, when I sewed it up. "I want to you," cried I again, "that I will spend it on nothing but my burial." "Oh!" said the father, "I am of that for you," said the father, and went away with the money and the lantern. "Rotas," I called out after him, "I told you the truth!" and closed my eyes all night. That's all, Sir, I have to tell.

"Why do you not address a petition to the council?" I asked.

"No, no!" sobbed he, fumbling with his hand inside his vest, as though still searching for his money. "They will never restore it to a poor devil."

"Come, Rees," said I, "you must and shall recover your money. I will speak to the gentlemen of the council, and we will see whether the rule can not for once be evaded in favor of an honest, industrious man like you. Cheer up, Rees, you *shall* get your guilders again."

"Shall I?" said the poor man, encouraged by my confident tone. "shall I really get it?"

I promised to do what I could, and made the requisite application. The president sent for the father, and ordered him to secure the property of the council. It was a most formal and solemn affair. First of all, Rees was summoned into the board-room, and then desired to wait outside; then the father was called in, and in like manner dismissed. Immediately ensued a grave deliberation, which lasted for an hour, and at which the result was, that the president referred the decision to the wisdom of the council; and the councilors, not to be outdone in politeness, graciously themselves ready to be guided entirely by the opinion of the president.

However, as the matter could not rest there, the president at length delivered the decision in the words:

"That, in one point of view, it is right to restore the sum of money in question to Rees, on account of our old servant's character, and that the understanding that he will keep this money till his death, as safely as our excellent and indefatigable honorary treasurer, Mr. Van Beuningen, has always bowed—" but, on the other hand, it would not be well to encourage Rees in the idea that his money could possibly be safer in his own custody than in that of the before-named excellent treasurer."

Such was the categorical sentence of the president. The secretary, with some show of justice, ventured to observe that the decision was hardly consistent with equity, and demanded that the question "to restore or not to restore," should be put to the vote. Whereupon the treasurer had the magnanimity voluntarily to cede his right to the administration of the sum in question, and it was unanimously resolved that Rees should receive back his twelve guilders, wrapped up, as before, in their little leathern bag.

Two years longer old Rees wore his money next his heart. Last year, I visited the church-yard of D——, and it was sweet to me to know that there, in the common grave, slept a man who,

through my means had been decently borne to his last home by twelve comrades of his choice, and who had breathed his last in the cherished certainty of wearing his "own shroud."

Perhaps Old Rees, in his dying hour, had a kindly thought of me.

POPE PIUS THE NINTH.

THE critical condition of affairs in Italy has again brought the Pope to the surface, and we accordingly publish his portrait from a late photograph. It is of historic character at the present time.

Pope Pius the Ninth was born at Senegalia in 1792, and is consequently at the present time about 68 years old. His family was ancient and wealthy; his name is Mastai Ferretti. In early youth he was destined for the army, and it is said—though this has been denied—that he served some time in a regiment of dragoons. However this be, he fell in love, when a very young man, with a beautiful English girl, who refused to marry him unless he would become a Protestant. Declining to pay this price for a wife, and unable to bear the mortification of losing her he loved, Mastai resigned his commission, entered the Church, and won golden opinions by his fervor, zeal, and intelligence. At the age of thirty he was dispatched to Chili to reorganize the Church there, which had been thrown into disorder by the revolution. This mission he fulfilled with such success that, on his return, he was intrusted with an important post in the Government at Rome. He shortly afterward became Papal nuncio at Naples. There he won no little fame by the courage and disinterested kindness which he displayed toward the sick; the cholera was raging among the lazzaroni, and many priests, overcome by terror, refused to perform their offices to the dying. Mastai not only spent his whole time at the bedside of the sufferers, but sold his plate and cartiages and devoted the money to their use; preferring, as he said, "to walk on foot so long as the poor of Jesus were dying in the streets."

Under Gregory XVI. Mastai Ferretti, who had been appointed a cardinal, administered the diocese of Imola, in the Romagna, and by his skill and conciliatory policy contrived to soothe much of the discontent which prevailed in that region. On Gregory's death he was summoned to Rome to assist at the conclave which was to elect a new Pope. It was generally understood that Gregory's successor was to be Cardinal Lambruschini; Cardinal Ferretti was one of the scrutineers. On the third ballot he was elected Pope. His excitement when, as scrutineer, he made the astounding discovery, was so great that he fainted.

As Pope, Pius IX. commenced his career nobly. He liberated the thousands of political prisoners who had been thrown into jail by Gregory. He reformed many departments of the Government. He encouraged the national Italian feeling. He spoke openly against the Austrian domination. So novel a stand for the head of the Church attracted the world's attention. Pius became the most popular man in Europe, and the excitable Italian people ripened for revolt. The French revolution of 1848 kindled the flame. Then Pius tried to stem the tide by reactionary measures. It was too late. He refused to be a party to any revolutionary proceedings, and appointed the most unpopular noble in Rome—Count Rossi—to be his Prime Minister. It was fatal. The Romans rose, murdered Rossi, took the government into their own hands, and imprisoned the Pope, who was only too glad to fly some time afterward, in the disguise of a Bavarian valet.

He made his escape to Gaeta, where for some months he held his court. Although the Austrians and their deputies allies having begun to crush out revolution, Pius was restored by the French and Neapolitans. Ever since then he has been upheld on his throne by a French army. Were the French to leave Rome the old man's head would not be safe for an instant.

It is time to say no more, since his restoration to power, Pope Pio Nono has evinced very little of the spirit which once won for him the good will of liberal men throughout the world. Prior to 1850 his rule was despotic and as inefficient as that of any of his predecessors; robbery was an everyday matter in the Papal States; murder was common; and the jails, which contained but few assassins and thieves, were crammed with respectable persons accused of political offenses. When the war broke out the sympathies of the Pope were openly manifested on the side of tyranny and foreign domination; Pius was an Austrian to the backbone. Hailing from heaven above, he could not, of course, be expected to share the feelings of the Romans about Italian nationality. It needed more watchfulness than ever, on the part of the French General, to prevent the Pope's subjects sacking the Vatican.

When the war ended, the Emperor of the French proposed an Italian Confederation with the Pope at its head. To this Pius agreed; but with senile fatuity insisted, that, before any new arrangement were made, foreign troops should invade the revolted Romagna, and reduce to submission those of his subjects who, disgusted by the crimes of his government, and especially the massacre of Perugia, had expelled his legates and declared their independence. This was too much even for the Emperor of Austria—far too much for Louis Napoleon. The request of the Pope was accordingly declined. Upon which the old man refused to have any thing to do with the Confederation.

Matters stand thus at present. On New-Year's Eve Napoleon wrote the Pope a wise, calm, and

POPE PIUS THE NINTH.—[FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.]

temperate letter, advising him to submit to fate, and to recognize the independence of the Romagna. On New-Year's Day, Pius, in the speech to the French general, called Napoleon a hypocrite, and all the other hard words he could remember. The world, judging between the two, does not decide in favor of the Pope.

As we said a few words since, the Papacy is a respectable institution, which many wise persons are out of regard for the past, would like to preserve from entire destruction. In his proper sphere the Pope can be of great use to civilization and Christianity. But if he can only be maintained by bombarding cities and slaughtering people who seek their mere rights; if the existence of his spiritual authority be inseparable from the perpetuation of the most loathsome and degrading despotism in Europe; it is not likely that the generous sentiments which induce men of all religions to feel sympathy for the Pope will stand the test, and our generation will probably see the overthrow of an institution which claims to date from St. Peter, the only saber man in the room, and from him the company shaded down to Mangles, and imbecility through all grades of woeful unhelpfulness. Luke Green was the only saber man, I said. And this is true, meaning by sobriety freedom from liquor. For otherwise he seemed almost a madman. Finding it impossible to pull the door open, he first ran to the window, and peered anxiously down for an instant in perfect silence, as if not enduring to trust his eyes against his desire, when they told him that there was no portico roof upon which he could jump, nothing to break a fall of forty feet if he sought to get down by that way. But in less time than it has taken to relate this the mad fever-fit passed over, and the before-time coolness returned. Returning to his old manner, save that the placid eye now burned steadily with a strange unpleasant fire, he very coolly took a broad and heavy hunting-knife from the wall, where it hung as one of the sporting ornaments to Mr. Todds's room, inserted it between the door and the side-post, and throwing all his weight into one lunge against the handle, burst out the socket that received the bolt, and flung the door wide open.

Then whispering hurriedly to Todds, the sereest of all present, both from his naturally hard head and the present excitement, that no one must follow him, he was soon on the track of the fugitive, separated from him only by a little more than a hundred seconds.

And now with great pleasure leaving the party, some of them consoling over Luke Green, some of them vituperating Ernest, many of them with difficulty restrained by Mr. Todds from joining the pursuit with line and cry, and all finally conciding to take a little more punch by way of comforting their sympathy, we follow the two who took their sudden departure before us, and in the order of their exit, into the open air.

The moment that Ernest reached the street he walked very quietly around the nearest corner, and then, seeing that the way was clear as far as the eye could reach, all Chesewick having been fast asleep since midnight, now two hours ago, made at his utmost speed for his lodgings. Letting himself in softly with his night key, he hurried to the chamber provided for little Filkins, woke him, told him to dress himself more rapidly than that operation had ever been performed in his life, and to meet him at the willow clump just across the brook, which we before indicated as the observatory of Nora Manton. Then putting into a valise the little rosewood box which held his relics, and which through all his life - journeying had never once left him, the letter-book, and a bundle of papers carefully sealed and tape-bound, he passed out of the back door, across the little yard that led to the water, then by stepping-stones over the brook, and rested at last, sitting down on the broad roots of the tree appointed for his tryst with little Filkins.

Thus situated, it was impossible for any one from the house to see him, the yellow-brown, burly trunks of the clump giving no relief whatever in that dim night light to his face as it looked between them, while he could see with perfect ease up into his own window, and hear with distinctness, should that be necessary, any thing that might be said loudly on the other side of its lifted sash.

Probably, thought he, Luke Green will make directly for my rooms. Probably also, he will find some difficulty in discovering the house, knowing it only by hearsay—call that two minutes' delay. He is infuriated, but—no, I don't think he will dare to break the front door, he will ring—count three minutes more for arousing some one to let him in: he will then, I suppose, sit down in my arm-chair, finding that I am not in, and wait till I return. Myself find plenty to amuse him till then! At any rate, Filkins has five minutes to dress in the bushes as I told him, he will reach here before Green comes. Heavens grant he may!

As these ideas revolved rapidly through his mind, he believed he heard the front bell of the old house ringing. He listened—it did ring—it was pulled again and again—it rang violently. There could be no doubt who was at the door, and he almost stilled the beating of his heart to hear what would come next, to know how little Filkins would get off.

Of a sudden the bell stopped, and in a moment more he heard loud voices in his own room. A broad lamplight flared through his window, striking the willow for an instant and making Ernest stoop still lower that he might not be discovered. Then two figures appeared at the window, both in earnest conversation — they turned about and faced him, with the lamp directly on their faces.

One was Luke Green, his under-jaw set as if it were holding the thumb of his enemy, his eyes shining with a cold, merciless, motionless glare, like the glint of a moon-struck iceberg. The other was—Gracious Heavens! could the fellow be mad?—little Filkins! But not as *natural*—in the same dress which he had worn when that day he appeared before Ernest—the bravo's long cloak wrapping him from head to foot, the venerable beard and wig sitting snugly to his face—the little man was talking in his most voluble manner, and gesticulating like one frenzied. He would certainly betray himself, and then, he was in Luke Green's power. What could that poor little mas ker do, if unmasked, against the superintendent's infinite calmness? He would be crouched like a robin's leg in the mouth of a cat. "God help him!" said Ernest, almost resolved to go to his help before the crisis came; "how *could* he risk it?"

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The New Partner

TO

"CLINGHAM & CO., BANKERS."

BY FITZ HUGH LUDLOW,

AUTHOR OF "THE HASHEESH EATER," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER VI.—*(Continued.)*

ABOVE strain there was rattling and pounding of the door in great measure. There was fury and consternation; there was astonishment of the blankest kind; there was a whirl and clash of all sorts of fierce emotions. Luke Green was

"HE STRETCHED OUT HIS HAND, AND CAME TOWARD ME LIKE A TIGER."

Leave the little holder of responsibility alone for that. The light moved away, and with it Ernest saw Green disappear from the room. Little Filkins leaning on his arm and going gingerly, like a rusty-jointed old man, the right hand firmly grasping the knotty cudgel with which he had arrived that afternoon. Ernest had listened intently, but not one word had he heard from which to gain a clew as to how matters were shaping, so low had little Filkins spoken, with all his volubility.

The light did not return. At last Ernest gave up expecting it, and leaned his mind no more, resolutely banishing the thought of what had become of his zealous little conjdutor, and saying to himself, "If it is best that he should be kept, he will be kept safe. I have done all I can do—let me not throw off of its balance by vexatious rumpings the mind that may presently need to be calm for some new exigency." With this very philosophical reasoning, and determining to wait at the willow for Filkins until that event, he should be made absolutely dangerous by the perfect breaking of the now painfully burnished jaw, he steadily turned his thought out of its recent channel.

CHAPTER VII.

IN WHICH THE EX-SECOND BOOK-KEEPER BALANCES PART OF HIS ACCOUNT WITH THE SUPERINTENDENT.

THE young man grew quite shorebird in this thinking, and, meanwhile, the sky, which waits not for even those who love it best, grew nearer and nearer—and that degree of light which it would have been dangerous for Ernest to remain in, when lo! he was hurried with one leap back into this world of sense wherein our physical legs must walk, albeit those of Messeigneurs our souls find in quite other paths the highest delectation. Behind him there came a splashing, a puffing, and an inarticulate vagrant noise generally, which, in a more Oriental region, would have indicated the passage of a small herd of elephants across a body of water. Ernest drew himself closer behind the willow clump, that the invader, if hostile, might not see him, and waited to know what would follow. What next thing perceptible was a venerable beard spread out upon the surface of the brook like some rare and luxuriant specimen of sea-weed—long black cloak floating above the ripples below it—and entangled in all, the face of little Filkins looking out in the most imploring and abject manner for help. He had slipped off the stepping-stones in his haste to get across, and was now on all fours in the bed of the brook, crawling ashore as well as he could with his embarrassment in the way of costume thick upon him.

"Phew!" cried little Filkins, warping himself in by aid of a long willow root-fibre and clinging up by Ernest's hand—"phew! isn't responsibility a weight, though? I was awful scared for fear you'd go off without me; but I came as quick as I could, and—missing a stone, went down, kersazzle! Water *is* awful wet, ain't it? Bad as liquor to stand up under when there's too much of it. But never mind; 'I'll try it on,' as the Dutchman said when they asked him if he could pass the bottom of a lager barrel before sundown.' Take it all in all, I don't dislike responsibility; but Lord! ain't it a weight?"

"I'm very glad you're here," said Ernest; "I shouldn't have been able to wait much longer. From what I know of Luke Green he will not be very much in haste to invoke the civil aid in our pursuit, the majesty of the law being an exceedingly disagreeable acquaintance in prospective if he expects to get his deserts, as I judge from a few recent indications; but he is quite desperate just now, and would not hesitate at any means lying in his own private power to stop us. And though I can not say that I should run from him if he confronted me on the road I was taking, I should still prefer to let him choose a road that didn't intersect mine. So far I have got along without resorting to the defences I did possess, though, if the key hadn't been on the outside of Teddy's door to-night fortunately, Green might have come after me quickly enough to make it necessary to show them."

"What was the row? What are the defences?" said Filkins; "what are they?"

"I never show them unless it is necessary," replied Ernest.

"Lord, what a responsibility!" exclaimed the little man.

"We must now," continued Ernest, "strike right across the fields for Duxbury station; it's just four miles by the road, and we shall have to climb fences a good deal this way, we won't shorten that distance much. The down nightowl train reaches here half past four, and Green will, most like, go down to see if I get on. It's half past three now by my watch, and I suppose we had better all be eight or ten minutes it takes to run between here and Duxbury for difference of time-pieces. Can you walk four miles an hour?"

"If I can't I can trot it. Jehoshaphat! I feel so responsible I could go there with you on my back in about fifteen minutes."

"I thought responsibility was such a burden," said Ernest, smiling.

"Responsibility," rejoined the little man, assuming that thoughtful manner which was his wont when about to become metaphysical and didactic—"responsibility is a steam-engine. It's a devilish heavy thing of itself, a great, thumping, lazy, overgrown, unwieldy machine; looking for all the world like a cooking-stove belonging to the Goliath family, on wheels. You look at it, you've struck a big thought for the prevailing impression. It don't look as if there was any go in it; but there is—great guns, Jiminy! how it does squizzle! Well, d'ye see? I'm responsibility; you're steam. By Julius Cæsar, I could go any where for you, Beckford!"

Ernest's only answer for a moment was to take the hand of the excited little man, and, by a side him and give it a most affectionate squeeze, which was reciprocated warmly. And then, as they strode briskly along, Ernest told Filkins, in all its risks, more and more behind them, he said:

"I have never been happier at the result of any word I ever spoke than I have been in what I said to you once. Now, how came my dear fellow! And now, how in the world did you manage with Green? How did you stay so long? And—but, no, we are here at all? Tell me all about what has happened."

"Well, you see, in the first place, I had hardly got my wind after that run when they drove in he shed about five minutes longer than my body —and didn't exactly understand who it was you said would be there. Then I thought of what you must have said to me out of the way, and when I must hurry to be out of the way of, when of a sudden there came a pull at that front bell as if some gentleman of an impatient turn of mind was trying to jerk the front of the house off like a blower from a grate and thought that was the handle. Now, I'm a man of many wits, confused, that's Beckford come back again; so I just teetered up from my stage breeches as quick as I could, and clapped on my beard and wig to look scrumptious, and threw the cloak around me to hide my body as much as could, taking the lamp in my hand, ran down stairs to let you in. Just then I thought who it was you said was coming after you, and I'm a man not to mizzle back and let the house do its own dooropening! But he'd seen me through the sidelights already, and was pounding at it not to go straight on. I was on the third step from the bottom, and between that and the door this chap opened into my body like a ticket that Green would know the humble individual you had with; and he, he's not in that walk of life you know—stocks and dividends, up there at noses at ten and sugar; so says I, I'll be old Spicer, and see this jig by the name of me for any thing else. So I hobbled to the door, and tried to look as I thought a small grocer would be kind of bowed down with responsibilities, while I was pretending to fumble for the key. I ain't sure whether I did old Spicer natural; but at any rate he did, for when I got the door open and saw Green never looked as if he suspicioned any thing but only said, 'Does a young gentleman named Beckford live here?' Lord, how he shut his teeth on the Beckford; as if it were a gum ring and he a baby teething, and how awful white he was in the face! 'Yes, Sir,' says I, making believe cross as a hen with her head cut off; 'and a pretty time of night this is to call on him!' 'Is he in?' said Green. 'No, he isn't!' I answered very short, for he husky as I could. I was afraid he'd be smelling the flask that he had heard my voice before. 'Do you know where he is?' he went on, just as calm and steady as could be, like a person asking questions in a Sunday-school. Now what the deuce could I tell him? I didn't know any thing about where you'd spend your evening, how you'd meet Green, or what the matter was between you and him. I only guessed by the little I caught from you, when I stood blinking at the lamp you'd swung me up, that you weren't particular to entertain him just now. And the remarkably kind and anxious way he asked after you, as if you were just getting over a sickness and he'd brought you some calves-foot jelly, strengthened me in the opinion that, as the poet says, affection could brook delay."

"Was he alone?"

"I guess so. I didn't see any body with him, and he didn't mention any one."

"Very well, I hardly expected he'd care to bring his friends. But I interrupted you?"

"Oh, all right! I was going on to say that the next thing was to think where I should tell him you were. The fancy came into my head that I'd play him a little trick, that would be for the benefit of both of us, take him off of your track and come up with him, *very mildly*, on some odd scent I've got against him. Not that any *trick* would pay every thing up I owe the scurvy rascal! Lord, no! But to go on: I said to him, in a sort of broken-down voice, and like an old gentleman that hated dreadfully to go up stairs, 'Well, come up to Mr. Beckford's room, and sit down, and I'll see if I can find out where he has gone. He's a very good lodger, that young man is, and he always leaves a note to me in his room somewhere, when he's going to stay out all night, to tell me where he sleeps, and how much he's coming back, so that my mind may be easy, in case of accident, you know! With that we went up into your room together, he looking at me pretty sharply over his shoulder, for I made him go ahead. I tell you, I ain't the man that like's to have Luke Green behind me! When we got up there I fussed around every where, making believe look for the note which had got mislaid, probably, and all the time thinking where I'd take him to find you. 'Let me help you,' says Luke Green, in oh! such a helpful voice, like a mother! 'No, thank you,' says I, very crusty, 'I can look myself.' No trouble in the world,' said he, gentle as before, and began to rummage the room, gliding about all over like a cat. Pretty soon he stooped down, and what do you think he brought out from under the bed?"

"I'm sure I can't tell. A pair of old boots, perhaps."

"No! boots aren't a circumstance. Falstaff's stomach! I left it there, you know, this afternoon; and out it came with those goggles of mine on you'd see. 'Why, I declare,' says he, and I, just as soon as I could catch my breath, 'to go and muss over a gentleman's life-preserver that he values as much as his own life when he goes a fishing.' 'And I suppose,' answered Mr. Green, with the pleasantest cool smile of his whole face, 'you can't drink water and sugar with and make it very good lemonade—' I suppose these are what he sees on his eyes to keep off the glare of the water!' holding up the goggles at the same time. I felt so flummixed for a minute for fear that, not swallowing the life-preserver, he would get to suspicion every thing, that I didn't know whether I stood on my head or my feet. But then I had an idea stuck into me and pretended to find the note. 'Sit down,' says I, 'and let me see what he says.' Then I pretended to read something like this: 'Dear Mr. Spicer, I expect to spend the night till quite late with Luke Green.'

"'No Master!' asked Green, rather sharply. 'Devil a Mister,' says I, and went on. 'And I'm not through with him—if I'm not assassinated by that time, for he's a d—d rascal—'

"'Does it say that?' cried Green, starting to his feet, and the blood there was left in his face going out of it—'does it say that? Let me see the letter!' and he stretched out his hand, and came toward me like a tiger. I put my hand behind my back, leaned against the wall, and looking him full in the eye with an astonished sort of gaze, said, 'Why, do you know this Green?'

"Oh no,' says Green, sitting down quietly and putting on a face like a deacon, with an effort that took all the ice and brass that even he has; 'only I thought it was queer language for *a lovely Christian character* like Mr. Beckford to use.'

"That was a little too much for my constitution, from *him*—such a lovely Christian character himself—and—forgive the expression—but I swore a little out. Then came a sight that I'll bet nobody but me ever saw. You've seen the Alps, haven't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, I've seen Luke Green *blush*. He actually did do that thing; and then said he, 'Mr. Spicer, I apologize, Mr. Spicer!' in a confused sort of way. I pretended to be reading the piece of paper I had in my hands very hard, and then gave a tremendous laugh to cover the first. 'I was laughing,' says I, 'to think what a way that Beckford is—Hoh-hoh-he!' 'What's the matter?' says he, very sympathizingly; 'I enjoy a joke myself.' 'And you're sure you won't tell any one?' 'Perfectly! oh, of course not.' 'Well, you see, he says this Green, whoever he is, may come for him some time within the course of the next twenty - four hours, and he don't care to see him. So I'm to tell him that he's gone to — but, oh! I mustn't mention it, though I oughtn't to tell you any thing about this.' 'Oh, certainly, mum's the word!' 'My dear Mr. Spicer, how absurd!' says Green, hardly able to keep his face ice over and boiling - water heart of his; 'I don't recollect having ever heard of the individual. Is he a Hartford Green? or is he one of the Greens of Cambridge? — My name's Simmons — Alonzo Simmons, of Mobile. I married Ernest's father's sister, and I'm anxious to see him because I leave in the early train and I shall miss him now.' As he said this the reprobate wiped his eyes with his handkerchief as if snatching the tears of disappointed consanguinity. I let him think he'd fooled me, whatever comfort that was to him, and went on to say, keeping up a simple, halfsilly, and cross - old - man's voice, 'Oh, well, then there can't be any harm in telling you. Mr. Beckford tells me to say to this Green that he's gone to New York, and all the time, d'ye see, he'll be really only twenty miles from here, out in the country, at the Corn and Pumpkin Tavern, in Huddlesfield! Hn-jhn! ho-ho—he-he! First-rate,' says I, 'sain't it? Capital,' said Green; 'I never heard of any thing so good. How this Green will be sold, hah!' 'Is this Green *really* such a great rascal?' said I, innocent as a baby. 'Any body that can be made such a great fool,' said he, smiling like a death's-head with his teeth shut tight, 'oughtn't to be a great rascal, by common philosophy.' With that he concluded that he would leave—told Mr. Spicer to give Mr. Beckford his uncle Alonzo's love (which duty that venerable grocer now performs with sympathetic tears in his eyes)—and then started down stairs, as nearly on the spring as consistent with your father's sister's husband's dignity, I waited till he got out of sight down the street —and then stole over to the back wall of Grant's livery stable yard. I thought I hadn't misseed my fist, and sure enough there he came, around by the side streets, two minutes after. I heard him order a chaise to be put into a light wagon for Huddlesfield—saw him start— and by this time he's breathing the gray mare that Bradley hired a sulky with last summer up Newmile Hill. You know the rest. I came to the willow as quick as possible, refreshing myself with a bath on the way. I think I shouldn't tell you about there being no danger of seeing Green in getting on the cars at Chewsick, because the walk down here is just what I wanted —being damp, and also full of responsibility. In fact, I don't feel as if I could sit still! Well, what do you think of the night's work? Pretty good, heh? If a fellow, to quote Mr. Green, could make 'a great fool out of a great rascal' every day, wouldn't it be worth while to be responsible all the time?"

It is a great sin, verily, O brother Bee-Line, I agree with thee, to encourage that in others which thou wouldst not do thyself; but hear thou never—I put it to thy candor—felt thy ribs titillated with a not undelectable sympathetic exhilaration, and the muscles of thy mouth draw up reluctantly in spite of worldly lickerishness at the corners, as thou readest in Liber Genesis, cap. xxx., of one Jacobus, and Laban, in the matter of certain ring-streaked, spotted, and speckled animals of a domestic nature, he obtained the windward side of that famous knave Laban, and got his rights by a species of redress which, if not known to Blackstone, was still a most felicitous short cut across the school-moralities to natural justice? Thou wouldst not, O Bee-Line, have played the scurvy fathers-in-law that Laban did, but dost then not somewhat rejoice when Jacob has got well through with it; clap the hands at the adroit patriarch across the gulf of a few thousand years or so, and cry "Hurrah! Evoe Jacobe! Good for thee, thou trump and father of the faithful!"

Then blame not Ernest Filkins, although he might not have taken *that* method to outwit Luke Green, his only answer to little Filkins's happy wit was a sermon but a short length, and a hug which showed the small repositor of responsibility in what estimation his patron held the qualities of sincere faithfulness, quickwittedness, and personal, grateful affection.

Thus they reached Duxbury, and together took the train.

"DOES A YOUNG GENTLEMAN NAMED BECKFORD LIVE HERE?"

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"I SEND you," writes a friend, "the following extract from an advertisement, picked up in a country town some years ago, for preservation. Its author was the eldest son of a worthy baptist minister, and at one time considered a wealthy farmer, in one of our river counties:

"'The subscriber will offer for sale on the 12 day of April 1[illegible] at 10 o'clock on that day the following articles Two to horse sleys as one pleasure slay two logs chain on one slay one set of Plow Gears Work . . . . . and other article to numerous too mention will be sold on 6 months for approve notes And sum under one dollars cash down one cent."

"The legal profession in the West are not ignorant of the real importance of the imaginary ornaments of their duties of the peace. There is a type of this class residing within a hundred miles of this place, whose proceedings are sometimes sufficiently rich to merit reporting.

"A constable's unlawful eyebrow was arraigned before the Squire, charged with 'assaunt and battery.' It appeared from the statement of the prosecutor that his victim *pushed* the prosecuting witness down, seized him by the hair, and literally *pulled* one side of his head bald. After argument of the learned counsel, it was decided by his Honor that the action could not be sustained, for the reason that *pushing was not assaulting, and that pulling was not battery.* The prisoner was discharged.

"At another time a man was brought before him charged with perjury. It appeared from the evidence that the defendant, in compliance with the laws of this State, had entered a certain complaint or declaration in a civil action, which complaint he knew at the time contained material allegations which were false. The defendant admitted that he knew the allegations sworn to by him were not true, but he justified himself by declaring that the practice in lawsuits was to let the lawyer put any and every thing in the declaration, whether it was true or not—*like they did in New York*—and that swearing to it was no part of *his* form. The Squire was not satisfied with the explanation, and the prisoner was discharged."

A fond parent sends this smart saying of his little four-year old:

"Little Charlie came to the table very hungry, and he had his fork in a potato, and the potato transferred to his plate, before he thought of the usual 'blessing.' Looking up to his father he says, 'Pa, you takes to Heaven while I nourishes myself.' His hunger made him wish to improve every moment."

EPITAPH ON A TOMB-STONE IN THE OLD GRAVE-YARD IN MODERN CITY.

"My son, thou hast gone to sleep
In the fair-fabled West.
Thy friends, they for you do weep
Who made in the East."

Aunt E——— was trying to persuade little Eddy to retire at sundown, using as an argument that the little chickens went to roost at that hour. "No," says Eddy, "I see the old hen always goes with them." Aunty tried no more arguments with Eddy.

QUALIFICATIONS FOR A MISSISSIPPI SCHOOL-TEACHER.

A roving young gentleman, without employment and money, concluded to take to school-teaching as a means of livelihood. Accordingly he applied to the trustees of a country school, when the following conversation took place:

TRUSTEE. "What studies do you teach?"

The applicant indicated his qualifications by the following reply:

"I can teach anything you want—from A, B, C to a good game of draw-poker."

He was immediately accepted and inducted.

An old man died lately, selling, in Knoxville, Tennessee, a lot of books, part of the effects of a college professor lately deceased. One of the purchasers, he stated when he was, and was told it was a Greek Lexicon. "Here, gentlemen," he says, "here, Lexington. What do you want for this for Lexington? It is not Lexington in Kentucky, nor Lexington in Virginia, but it is a Greek Lexington."

On the line of the Milwaukee and Mississippi Railroad, and over the first crevasse, is a bridge of some length. For greater safety the Company require the trains to be moved at speed only a crawling. To prevent which a ganger, a sign-board is put, and beside the track, some distance from the bridge, is marked "Slow." Some one either a wag or a deepest, creditor of the corporation, has added, in chalk, a word "pay," and produced a "Down."

"Going to leave, Mary?"

"Yes, mum, I am, and I'm very much discontented."

"If there is any thing I can do to make you more comfortable, let me know."

"No, mum, it's impossible. You can't alter your figger so that it can be more to my taste. Your dinners suit me, and I can't appear on Sundays as I used at my last place, where missis's clothes fitted tarrify."

What part of a ship is like a farmer?—The tiller.

If corses were hereditary, they might pr yarly be called patrimonial ashers.

"That's a flume of mine," as the bellows said to the fire.

What is the oldest tree in England?—The e, ve-tree.

As a specimen of the utility of logic, we give the following:

A sharp student was called up by the worthy professor of a college, and asked the question,

"Can a man see without eyes?"

"Yes, Sir," was the prompt answer.

"How, sir?" said the astonished professor, "can a man see without eyes? Pray, Sir, how do you make that out?"

"He can see with one, Sir," replied the ready-witted youth; and the whole class shouted with delight at his triumph over metaphysics.

Emily Smith, a young lady over 5 years of age, great book-worky, and every body but knows she ought indeed to be married, but is suprised that no young man is so foolish to his car as husband needs. Monsieur is not particularly struck with charms. We will give a specimen number. A few years ago G——— was engaged to a young man who was in one of our city theatres, in the manager of which in the very model of deportment—a perfect Crystal Palace. On a particular night G——— had laid out upon a table at the wing certain "properties" he would use in the progress of the piece, to their they would be ready when he should come quickly from the stage. Among other things was his property nose, rendered almost on duty, cause across these properties, and, supposing them not of since, returned them to the property room. Presently G——— jumped off to his table: it was empty! A table stood near Mr. Manager. Horror and astonishment written all over him G——— screamed out,

"Where's the blasted shose?"

"Where's my blasted shose?" echoed Mr. Turvydrop, with a Chesterfieldian courtesy, addressing a boy standing by.

G——— stared, and bellowed, "Where's the d—n *fakements*?"

"My G——— requires the d—n fakements," repeated Turvydrop.

G——— stared fiercely again the emblem of enmity, and then, time being up, leaped back on the stage with a single shout of derision. There are no words to express that sort of language in wood.

Let friendship creep gently to a height: if it rush to it it may soon run itself out of breath.

A High Rent.—A hole in the crown of your hat.

Why are Commerce shanks like dead persons?—Because we can not make them here.

A friend was remarking the other day about Shakespeare ascribing *grammar* to some when he makes Mark Antony say, "This is the most unkindest cut of all." Upon which a commuter replied by saying that Antony being a Roman could not be expected to understand *English grammar* correctly!

"Well, farmer, you told us your place was a good place for hunting. Now we have tramped it for three hours and found no game."

"Just so. I calculate, as a general thing, the less game there is the more hunting you have."

An editor says that the only reason why his house was not blown away during the late gale was, because there is a heavy mortgage upon it.

Mr. Sergeant Gardiner, being lame of one leg, pleading before the late Judge Fortescue, who had little or no hair upon the top of his head, the sergeant had his wig because of it.

"Oh, my lord," said the sergeant, "have but a little patience, and I'll prove every thing as plain as the nose in your face!"

A lecturer, addressing a Mechanics' Institute, contended, with tiresome prolixity, that "Art could not improve Nature," when, to the great delight of his audience, set the room in a roar by exclaiming, "How would you like a new nose, Sir?"

"Why are you like a crazy man, my dear?" asked a fond wife of her husband. "Upon my life, I am getting herself closer to him, and putting on one of her sweetest smiles, "because she said I am your other self, and you are now beside yourself."

The "Young Men's Debating Society" having discussed the question, "Which does more harm when it goes out?—have got a new and more exciting one up, "When a house is burning down, does it burn up, or does it burn down?" There is to be a warm debate on this question.

The Southern *Presbyterian* tells the following of two Charleston darkeys: "Our friend Hughes, whose beautiful residence on Meeting Street does not command the most hurried passer-by to escape without at least one look and admiration, has taken into his employment two orderly slaves, related a short time since the following illustrative anecdote:

"Immediately opposite the front door, and in full view from the dining-room, is a large colored copy of Correggio's and its environs—the city occupying the central and most conspicuous place in the picture. As negro boys stopped to admire it, and, not suspecting that any one was listening, made their remarks thereon. Sez Sam, 'what dat hanging up dere?' 'Why, Sam, you not know? Dat de world.' 'Well, what dat dem in de middle?' 'Why, boy, you not know dat sudder? Dat's de Mediterranean Sea!'"

An editor and a young schoolmistress were engaged in a conversation the other day, when the following passed between them:

EDITOR. "Miss, when are you going to get married?" SCHOOLMISTRESS. "Why, Sir, I'm sure I don't know. Can you advise me?"

EDITOR. "Well, as that's my intention, suppose we marry?"

SCHOOLMISTRESS. "Well, I don't know whether that would be a chance or not!"

A gray hair was copied among the raven locks of a fair friend of our own. "Ah," said she, "every gray hair is a sorrow." "Indeed," replied the gentleman, "then how many sorrows must you have!" "Oh, a great many!" she exclaimed. "If I pull it out ten will come to the funeral." "Then," said he, "you must let it alone in silent discovery." "Pooh! it not nevertheless," said the darkhaired beauty, "I can not see it unless I procure a looking glass for the purpose!"

A gentleman in a steamboat asked the man who came to collect the passage money what was the matter with a sailing blown up as the steam made such a horrid noise. "Why, Sir," replied the sharp collector, "unless you refuse to pay your fare."

Dr. Abell, of Kentucky, besides being an inveterate punster, cultivates a taste for fine fare. On the other day, as he was engaged in changing the position of a magnificent turkey at Washington's birthday dinner, a lady of five years old, once trudging through the room with her hat and apron, full of nuts, stopped to see and asked,

"Pa, is that a *nord* that holds up that picture?"

"No, my son, it's *tyre*."

"Well, I know it's a nord, 'cause, pa, it's a *strong likeness*, and it might break the tape."

Two bodies of men, the one being hopeful went out whistling "Pop goes the Weasel."

The memory of a good deed is a perpetual joy to us and even the memory of a bad one brings a not unhappy satisfaction. Many an old man luxuriates still upon a rich repast devoured fifty years ago; and it can't get him the nightmare now.

COCKNEY CLERICUS.—"Jack," said Robins, "which vessel would you sooner go to, Hosford or 'Redberg'?" "Hosford, dooms, he is sure, you know, to be preserved Jack." "Yes, and I prefers a-dentistry to baldness."

What tree represents a person who persists in incurring debts?—Willow (will owe).

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Hoarseness, &c.

Brown's Bronchial Troches.—These cough and voice lozenges, which have been before the public for a year, are prefer for relieving hoarseness, to anything that we are acquainted with. They are of great benefit to singers, in winter, and make this statement gratuitously, for the benefit of sufferers in the ministry.—*Central Christian Herald, Cincinnati.*

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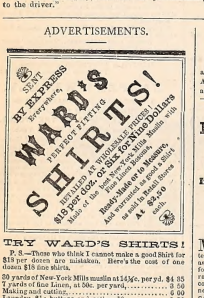

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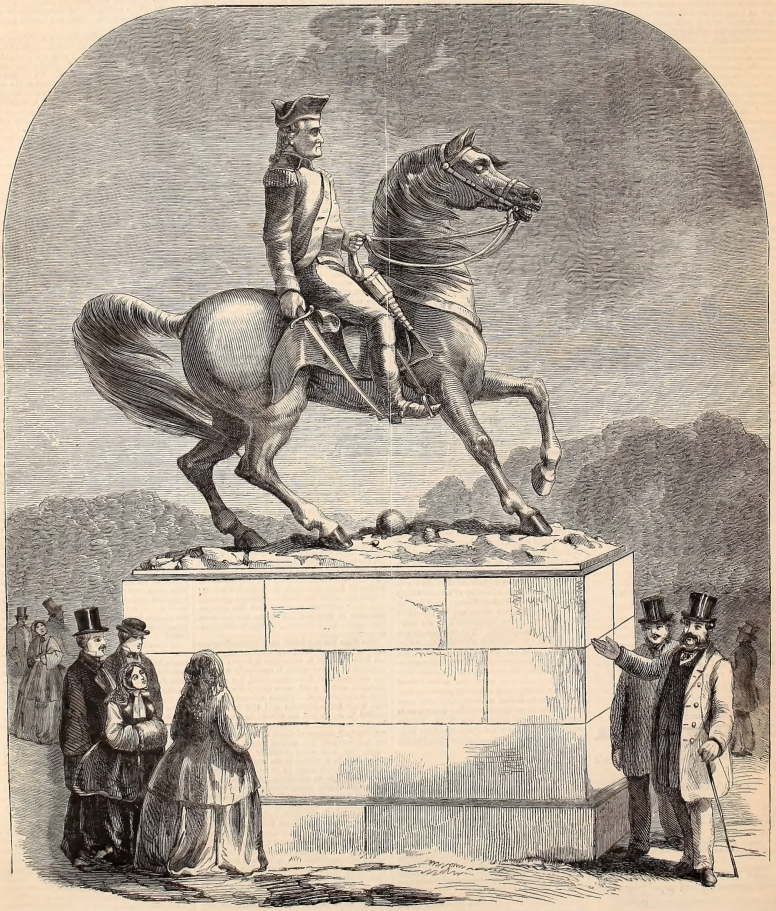


CLARK MILLS'S STATUE OF WASHINGTON.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

CLARK MILLS'S STATUE OF WASHINGTON.

We engrave on the preceding page Clark Mills's Equestrian Statue of Washington, which is to be inaugurated on 22d inst. at the federal capital. It is proposed that the pedestal (which will be submitted for the adoption of the next Congress) shall be of marble, about twenty-five feet in height, to be divided into three stories, illustrating the three great epochs in the history of the country, the figures to be executed in bronze. The first story is to represent the country as it appeared on its first discovery, when inhabited by the Indians; the second story, its general aspect under the changes wrought by the hand of civilization; the third and last story, the great revolutionary struggle—to be surmounted by the colossal statue of Washington.

The first story is seen in low relief. The Indian is represented as engaged in his favorite sports—capturing the buffalo, pursuing the moose and deer, and cultivating his corn and tobacco. The first panel of the second story is in high relief. The white man appears cutting his way into the dense forest, with hope and prosperity beaming on his countenance. In a corner of the same panel, the Indian is seen retiring—looking wistfully back, loth to leave his hunting-grounds, but obliged to fly before the face of civilization. In the second panel, the white man has cleared away the trees, erected his log cabin, and is cultivating his ground, symbolic of which are seen his oxen and plow. To show some of the difficulties which he had to encounter, here and there, from behind the trees, the Indian is seen shooting him down with the very rifle which the white man taught him to use. This leads to a war. The next panel shows the battle with the Indians—man to man, arm to arm—but the white man is represented as gaining the ascendency. The next presents the symbols of his progress in agriculture, commerce, and the arts, and his comparative power and independence. At this stage fresh difficulties arise, and these are the troubles with the mother country. The next succeeding panel exhibits the three ship-loads of tea in Boston harbor, and white men, dressed as Indians, throwing the tea overboard. The next panel is the signing of the Declaration of Independence. This brings us to the third epoch, the Revolutionary War.

The third story is in full relief. Washington's Generals appear of the size of life. Eight of them are mounted on horseback; the rest are represented in groups, as if in consultation, holding a council of war.

The crowning figure in this great historical representation is the statue of the Father of his Country, represented as he appeared at the battle of Princeton, where, after attempting several times in vain to rally his troops, he put spurs to his horse and dashes up to the cannon's mouth. His terror-stricken horse stops and recoils, while the balls tear up the earth beneath his feet; but Washington, cool, calm, collected, and dignified, believing himself simply an instrument in the hands of Providence to work out the great problem of liberty, remains firmly seated, like a god upon his throne. The repose of the hero at this moment of imminent peril to his life contrasts admirably with the fearful agitation manifested by his noble but unreasoning steed, who is sustained by none of the considerations which impart courage to the hero and the Christian.

"DAISIES."

BY C. H. WEBB.

Our Lillie loved the spring-flowers,
  And often told their praises;
She loved the early blossoms,
  But most of all the daisies;
And when the twilight shadows
  Came with the silent hours,
She prayed to leave her cradle,
  And slumber with the flowers.

We pressed her eyelids gently,
  And hushed the little lisper;
But the wish was heard in heaven,
  And the angels caught the whisper:
So when the wondering sunbeams
  Were lost in leafy mazes,
We laid our little Lillie
  To sleep among the daisies.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, February 25, 1860.

THE NEW SERIAL BY CHARLES DICKENS.

In the next number of *Harper's Weekly* we shall publish the

SECOND JOURNEY OF AN **Uncommercial Traveler,** BY CHARLES DICKENS.

This new series promises to be the most interesting and popular work of the most interesting and popular of living writers in our tongue.

THE FRANKING PRIVILEGE.

We can not approve the course of the United States Senate in tacking to the deferred Post-office Deficiency Bill a provision abolishing the franking privilege; for the simple reason, that the payment of a just debt should not be rendered contingent on the success of a doubtful reform movement. But no person who holds enlarged views of public policy can question the soundness of the principle involved in the Senate's scheme for the abolition of Congressional franking.

The franking privilege was created in the mistaken notion that it was for the public interest that members of Congress should be enabled to receive and to dispatch letters and printed documents without incurring expense. It was assumed that the public had not the means or sense enough to pay for what it wanted in the shape of Congressional documents, and that members of Congress, in communicating with their constituents or the public at large, ought to be enabled to do so without charge.

There are a few cases in which the above principle may hold good. When a member of Congress writes to seek information of a citizen at a distance, or when a citizen volunteers such information in order to guide the member in legislating for the public good, it would be unjust to throw either upon the member or the citizen the expense of postage. Such communications between members of Congress and private citizens should still be carried at the public expense.

But the necessity existing in this case is far from extending to the bulk of the matter which now passes through the mails under Congressional franks. Without alluding to private parcels, which are notoriously carried great distances at the public cost, it is well known that the bulk of the franked matter now intrusted to the mails consists of Congressional speeches and electioneering documents. It is utterly unreasonable to seek to throw upon the public at large the duty of paying for the transmission of such matter as this. To the public it is a matter of indifference which political party triumphs at elections, or what Congressional orator establishes a reputation for eloquence or patriotism. These considerations concern parties and individuals; and upon those parties and individuals the expense of the adventure should fall. It is monstrously unjust to tax the people of the United States to pay for the transportation of party speeches or personal puffs: to collect money from people in Georgia for the carriage of Senator Sumner's anti-slavery harangues, or to tax the citizens of Massachusetts for the dissemination of Senator Toombs's appeals for a Southern confederacy.

The true plan would seem to be to modify—not to abolish—the franking privilege: to leave to the chairman of each Congressional committee the privilege of franking, or receiving free of charge, all documents, printed or otherwise, which may be required for the purposes of his committee; and with regard to all other postal matter, to place it on the same footing as letters from merchant to merchant. If Senator This or That desires to let the public know what an admirable speech he has made on the Slavery question, let him pay the postage out of his own pocket; or if the leaders of his party think it worth while, let them bear the expense. But in no case—save in the one we have mentioned—should the cost fall on the public.

There can be no real solution to our Post-office difficulty except by the abolition of the Post-office system, and the transfer of the business of carrying letters and printed matter to the common carriers of merchandise. Over a year has elapsed since we demonstrated in these columns the monstrous absurdity of a Government Post-office in the United States; nothing has since appeared which alters any of the views then set forth. Our Post-office does not carry letters safely or speedily. The postmasters and their clerks are suspected of robbing the mails, and the public has no remedy. The Postal system costs the country several millions annually. Finally, the patronage of the Post-office is the chief source of corruption in our federal politics. Every thing which the present system does would be better, more cheaply, and more safely done by private enterprise; and the most fruitful source of degradation in our politics would be got rid of if the Post-office were abolished, and letters and newspapers placed on the same footing as parcels.

☞ We have received the report of the Kentucky Institution for the Blind for 1858 and 1859—a most interesting document. The institution is mainly supported by the State—a very creditable thing for Kentucky. Last year it gave instruction to 51 pupils—16 males and 35 females—at a cost of nearly $10,000. In alluding to the expenses of the year the report says:

"We will allude, in this connection, with the highest satisfaction, to an important item of the ordinary expenses of this Institution, for which, so far as our information extends, no similar institution in the world is authorized by law to provide. In the year 1850, in accordance with the recommendation of Dr. T. S. Bell—a gentleman who gratuitously gave to the Institution his valuable services as physician for several years, and whose unwearied devotion to the interests of the Institution as a trustee, during the eighteen years of its existence, is well known to the people of Kentucky, and most gratefully appreciated by the pupils—the Legislature passed an act, alike honorable to the distinguished gentleman who suggested it and to the State and the age in which we live, authorizing the officers of the Institution to present to every graduate, in the name of the Commonwealth of Kentucky, a copy of the entire Bible, printed in raised letters for the blind. Although no special provision has ever been made by the State to meet the cost of these very expensive donations to the graduates, but, on the contrary, the amount required for this purpose is, in the language of the aforesaid act, 'considered and accounted as an item of the ordinary expenses of the Institution,' we have ever regarded the act as one of the most benevolent and commendable ever enacted by any Legislature in behalf of the blind."

THE LOUNGER.

A WORD WITH THE H. R. R. R.

It is about four or five weeks, Dear H. R. R. R., since a shocking and unnecessary accident, resulting in loss of life, took place near—let us say for the sake of the argument—near Tarrytown. It was occasioned first by a defective locomotive, and, second, by a defective brakeman. The thing was perfectly plain, so very plain, indeed, that even a Coroner's Jury could not help seeing it. The inference in the foolish public mind was that greater care would be taken; and no more defective locomotives would be used at least immediately.

On Saturday, the 11th February, 1860, Dear H. R. R. R., the train arrived from the West at Albany, and after scrambling across the river (a transit which reflects the highest credit upon our civilization, as the whole current of travel upon the continent is suddenly confused there by want of a proper bridge, in order that an occasional sloop may get aground above the venerable city) the passengers took the train which came down from Troy at 4½ P.M. There was some delay in leaving East Albany, because the locomotive had burst some pipe. Another was linked to the train and away we went. The first stopping-place was Stuyvesant, where we remained so long that several passengers stepped out to ascertain why. The why was a hot box. After about twenty minutes we started and ran on to Hudson. There we waited another twenty minutes. "What is the matter, Mr. Conductor?" "Hot box, Sir." "Hope we are not to be in a hot box all the way to New York." The conductor smiled most cheerfully—"Hope not, Sir; but there was no water-tank at Stuyvesant."

Away we went again, having lost forty minutes since the hour of departure from Albany. The next station was Tivoli—known among brakemen as Tie-vo-lie. Here more hot box and another twenty minutes, and the question now was, how comfortably can we pass the night upon the train? This time no conductor was visible. Off again, and another stop at Rhinebeck; a full stop, indeed; a period to the journey. There was great tinkering here, and at length it was announced that we should wait for the up-train, and that Poughkeepsie had been telegraphed for a fresh locomotive. So we waited and chatted, and the smokers smoked, and the oyster eaters ate oysters at the saloon by the station, and after the up-train passed us we started again with our fresh power, and reached New York a little more than two hours behind our time.

Accidents will happen, Dear H. R. R. R., and you have been usually too faithful in your service to have rough words used toward you; but why was not the locomotive at East Albany in perfect condition? What is your name worth among travelers, when it is known that at one of your termini you replace disabled locomotives by the same? You can no more justify such a fact than a tailor who should send home a new coat with a hole burned in the elbow. Accidents will happen—but for some accidents there is no excuse.

And so no more at present from your friend the Lounger.

THE POLITE LETTER-WRITER.

The letters of the Emperor Napoleon to the Pope are the most remarkable and significant of recent epistles. They are the final chapters of About's and Guerroniere's pamphlets; and they say to the Bishop of Rome as plainly as words can say it: "Dear Sir,—You are such a wretched governor that your provinces have revolted like sensible provinces as they are. You can not get them back again; and if you try, you will be ridiculously worsted."

The Pope has not heard such truth-telling for many a long year. Even the old Napoleon would not have ventured to write such a letter; for the principle of liberty, which is constantly remodeling civilization as it develops itself, has affected European society much more deeply than in the first Emperor's day. Events incessantly show that when Louis Napoleon said that he comprehended his epoch and his mission he was telling the truth, although he expressed it in that florid and dramatic manner of which Crapeau is so fond. He has certainly not secured confidence in advance, but with equal certainty every month shows that he is master of the settlement of Europe; and that, whether he be an honest man or not, whether he be ambitious and selfish or not, he is undoubtedly doing what every thoughtful man and lover of national liberty wishes to have done.

If any body is skeptical of this point, let him remember what a botch Lord Palmerston made in 1848 when he undertook to tinker the Italian question. He sent private agents to all parts of the peninsula; he fomented popular movements; he expressed open sympathy; revolutions broke out; blood flowed; and after long disturbance the iron hand of the old tyranny fell upon the land more heavily than ever. Lord Palmerston was always on the watch for a favorable moment—a happy conjuncture of events. My Lord Micawber only waited for the right time to turn up to step in and give the word for the millennium to begin. The consequence was that Italy was excited, aroused, defeated, and bitterly indignant, as if the Micawber foreign policy were a kind of political thimble-rig.

Now Louis Napoleon *makes* the right time, and secures the happy turn of events. He was not enthusiastically greeted by Italy when he descended the Alps last summer. Italy remembered Orsini, and asked, doubtfully, "Is it a smile I see shining on his lips or a sword in his hand?" At the best, Italy thought that the union of Savoy with France was not so bad as the domination of Austria over the whole country. Then came the quick succession of brilliant battles. Austria was to be driven headlong into the Adriatic, when the truce of Villafranca burst in the midst of Italian hope like a bomb in a camp, and all Italy cried, "Treason! treason!"

Was it treason? Read by the light of to-day was that treaty treason? Is not the Italian question, which, as including the Pope, is the most perplexing of all the questions, nearer solution to-day than ever before? Is not Italy at this moment nearer to national independence than it has ever been before? While the Austria into which the old Napoleon was forced to marry, since he could not subdue it, now totters and reels before the new Napoleon, who tears the treaty by which Austria and its friends dictated dismemberment of the Napoleonic empire. There is a terrible poetic justice in events.

When Napoleon the Silent rode out of Paris toward Italy last year, we claimed the right of declining to believe that Dick Turpin was springing upon his horse to gallop off and relieve a poor widow, as he said he was going to do. We did so because Richard had not hitherto ridden to the relief of poor widows. But now, as every month illuminates his career, how can any man fairly deny him the praise of sagacity and happy results? It is not necessary to consider him the greatest and best and most humble of mortals. It is not even necessary to deny him a vast ambition, nor to deny that an immense work yet remains for him to do at home.

In fact, with all his surprising foreign success, it is clear that Louis Napoleon has not yet conquered confidence at home. The severe censorship of the press is but the symptom of an entire system of social suppression which is not consonant with permanent peace. And it is this domestic state of affairs which suggests the suspicion that his foreign policy is intended to dazzle and distract his own nation rather than to benefit any other.

But whatever the intention may be, the results are written in the increasing sense of confidence in a natural and peaceful solution of the complication of European affairs. To understand his significance in those politics, fancy that he died suddenly. Would the great cause of national liberty in Europe deplore his loss or rejoice at it? Surely an Emperor who writes such letters to the Pope is not likely to betray the cause of the people, although he may not work for it in the received popular way.

HEROISM.

The history of death-beds shows that most men die bravely; and it is notorious that few criminals shrink under the gallows. So when conspicuous victims fall—like Charles First or Louis Sixteenth—they behave so calmly, and with such lofty resignation, that half the world measures the men by their conduct at the last moment, and pronounces them martyrs.

But although these instances are impressive they are not more touching than the unknown cases which meet us all—which have no historic dignity, no interest of name, or position, or association—and which for that very reason are the more heroic and striking. How many a martyrdom of the heart, we all know, which softens and subdues the whole life; and in comparison with which it would be a relief to the victim to lay her head under the sharp, swift axe! How many a parent is tortured and tried, through long weary years, by the misconduct and vice of a child, who would think it happiness to have no other suffering than imprisonment and death! Charles First takes leave of his children, weeps, prays—and his head drops amidst the tears of half a nation and the regret of posterity; and yet in all our experiences how many a man there must have been who was as suddenly and shockingly cut off as Charles, without the chance of a word to wife or child—without provision made for them: who has no prestige, and no other mention than his alphabetical place in the newspaper obituary!

In the same way, how many people there were who gladly paid two dollars to see an actress represent the woes of an unhappy woman, who would turn the very same woman from their doors if she came to beg a penny! Blind old Belisarius may stand perpetually appealing in the engraving upon the parlor wall, and we secretly think it a good lesson of charity and sympathy for the children; but how many of us look with any admiration upon the living Belisarius asking an obolus at the door?

I thought of these things lately when traveling upon a railroad in the interior of the State. It was a wintry sunset, and the black bare trees stood rigid against the bright sky. "Please, gentlemen, show me a seat," was said in a low clear voice. We all turned from the windows and saw a young man, evidently totally blind, standing in the aisle of the car. He was very poorly dressed, and held a small traveling-bag in one hand and a cane in the other. The seat by me was vacant, and I took his hand and drew him in. He seated himself quietly, and said nothing but "Thank you, Sir." The tone, as before, was so calm and manly, so entirely free from whine, and there was something so profoundly sad in the expression of the young man's face, that I began to talk with him, although he was evidently perfectly willing to remain silent, and did not seek in any way to enlist sympathy.

His story was very simple. He was a moulder, he said, and his thin, pale, unhealthy-looking hands confirmed his words. He had worked in various

places, and a year ago last December was engaged in the casting of a huge cylinder, when an explosion took place, and the hot sand was blown into his eyes, burning the optic nerves, while a heavy piece of metal struck his body, causing a rupture. When he could move the company gave him some money—about a hundred and thirty dollars—and he made his way West from Baltimore, where he was injured, to consult some oculist of whom he had heard. All the last summer he was trying to get relief, but was gradually convinced that what he was told was true, and that his sight was gone forever. For some time he remained passive under the shock of this conviction, and then started from Chicago alone to make his way to New Hampshire, where he would find friends. I met him at Rome, in New York, and he said that he had come so far mainly by the kindness of conductors and inn-keepers. "They usually pass me on," he said, "and the hotel-keepers give me a bed and breakfast for nothing." When I asked him if he had no money at all, he said that at that moment he had none, and was going on to the next town where there were iron-works, for the workmen generally made up a little sum among them to help him forward. When the conductor came the young man stated his case, and the impression of his honesty was so unavoidable that the conductor not only freely passed him, but returned and talked with him, and advised him where to go for the night upon arriving at the next town. Upon talking further, he said that it was very lonely and tedious to be so suddenly helpless, but that people were generally kind, and when he reached his friends in New Hampshire he should begin to learn some trade at which he might work in the dark. There was nothing querulous in his voice or manner, but the same gravity of tone which I saw in the tranquil sadness of his expression; for it seemed as if his power of smiling had gone with that of seeing.

He had a rough stroke upon arriving at the next town. It was late at night, and I found a man to show me the way to the nearest tavern. We led the blind man into the bar-room, when the landlord, a surly man—who evidently regarded our guide as a runner who brought him only unprofitable customers—swore at him loudly for bringing a blind man into the house. The runner defended himself, and I talked with the landlord, holding reason in my hand to which he soon yielded; but the runner refused even a penny for helping a blind man to the door.

There are plenty of blind men. The mishaps of every day make more. Then more should be the pity. We who have all our senses and opportunities are sadly troubled if our rose-leaves are crumpled. And although it is poor comfort, when we have broken an arm, to be told that we might have broken both legs, yet it will help us to bear our own griefs with fewer sobs if we think of the patient, silent heroism all around us.

THE LEGISLATURE UPON WOMEN'S RIGHTS.

PROBABLY we have all had our little joke at "Woman's Rights"—as if there were no such things, or as if they had all they were entitled to have: we men, of course, being the judges. We are not offended, somehow, when Shakespeare makes Portia appear as the wise young Judge, although we know she is a woman disguised. We are not shocked to think of Hypatia lecturing in Alexandria; of Queen Elizabeth reviewing the troops at Tilbury; of Angelica Kauffman and Rosa Bonheur painting; of Mrs. Damer, the Princess Marie of Orleans, and Hattie Hosmer carving statues; or of Malibran, Jenny Lind, and little Patti singing. We feel that they were all doing what they had the right to do, because they had the power of doing it well.

Will any political philosopher inform us why, if Rosa Bonheur should happen to marry (as even the best of women sometimes do) an idle, dissolute, vagabond husband, he should have the right to squander all the money she earned by her work for the gratification of his appetites, leaving her and her children, if she were unfortunate enough to have any, at the mercy of his caprices? And yet that has been virtually the state of things in this State, and in what the world itself, with amusing vanity, calls "the civilized world," down to the present time—modified now and then, but not in any radical manner.

That radical change, however, is now about to be made. Bills have been ordered to the third reading in both houses of our Legislature "which fully recognize," says the *Times* correspondent, "the right of a married woman to the fruits of her own toil; giving her exclusive control of her own earnings." This is simply just and honest, and it ought to have been done long ago. Moreover, it is the sign of the working of a principle which will lead to other great reforms in the relation of the sexes. To the women who have felt the grinding operation of the old system and have protested, as well as to those who spoke for them, we men have always complacently responded, "Come, come, strong-minded darlings! go home and rock your cradles. Don't unsex yourselves, dears, by meddling with things you know nothing about!" A poor washer-woman, who has toiled and drudged the whole week to earn money to buy food for her children, comes home on Saturday night, and the husband takes her wages to buy rum, and brings shame, and sorrow, and death into the house. She knows nothing about it, of course. She unsexes herself if she complains, and tries to feed and save her children. It is only husbands who understand these matters. Wives are fragile flowers committed to their tender nursing. The Heaven-appointed sphere of woman is home.

Very well. Let us grant that. But let us also take care that it be true. If her sphere be the home, she has the right to rule in it; and if she keep it going—if without her wages (overlooking for a moment the fragile flower theory) there be no home at all—surely she is to be mistress of the disposition of those wages.

This is a truth so simple and lustrous that even legislating husbands have at length perceived it, and they are taking measures that it shall have the fortification of law. Of the ability and opportunity of women to earn wages Mrs. Dall has given the most interesting and striking details in her late calm little work of which the Lounger spoke nearly two months ago.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE FOR MARCH.

THE Lounger has seen no better edited number of a magazine than *Harper's* for March. Mr. Stoddard's stirring ballad of "Valley Forge" is fitly illustrated by Chapin's spirited drawing. It would be hard to say whether the drawing was made for the poem or the poem for the drawing, in such strict harmony have Poet and Artist wrought. Tennyson's classic poem of "Tithonus" is a notable feature of this number; but the Lounger has seen nothing better than the genial tribute which Thackeray pays to Irving and Macaulay. Those who have been wont to look upon Thackeray merely as a keen satirist of vices and follies, may correct their notions by reading the touching record which he gives of the two men whose recent death has left such a void in the literature of our English tongue.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—R. IRVING P. "An Ode to a Friend's Old Hat" would provoke universal sympathy more than admiration. It is full of truthful feeling.

MY LADY'S SLIPPER.

I FOUND it at the foot of a rock beside an old forsaken saw-mill; originally the prettiest bit of delicate bronze kid in the world, ornamented with a coquettish velvet rosette, but now bespattered and bespangled with cruel clay, and with a slight rent on the left quarter, as though the foot it once encased had torn itself away by violence, and left the little thing to perish. It was a mute appeal to my chivalry, and with Quixotic valor I fished it out of the obstinate mire, with the ivory eagle's beak that tips my walking stick, and proceeded to wipe away the disfiguring marks of its dishonor with my unread morning paper.

I suppose I had passed this old mill a score of times during the past three weeks, and yet I had never given it more than a careless glance until this very serene but sultry August morning, when the cool even sound of dropping water invited to a closer investigation of its peculiar beauties. The great mill-wheel was tufted with yellow moss; it ran up and down the rough boards; it peered from between crevices; it overhung the roof; it twined itself around the stump of an aged elm, playfully determined to get the upper hand of every thing unsightly, and to cover the traces of decay with its tender fingers. There was also an abundance of drooping yellow blossoms, lady's ear-drops the children call them, and a long line of stately cardinal flowers, magnificent in their robes of bright crimson. I am neither artist nor poet, and yet I experienced a very agreeable sensation of inward satisfaction as I surveyed the dropping water, the huge mill-wheel, the clinging moss, the gay flowers, and the slipper in my hand. I am somewhat given to dreaming in moments of idleness, and so, as I turned the latter article over and over, I brought forth from some inner shrine of my heart a certain ideal woman, of whom I had been long enamored, and slipped it on her foot. It fitted to a T. My lady—the ideal, was a small creature, a Titania in fact, crowned with sunny hair that rippled and floated over her dimpled cheeks and fair shoulders; she had the softest of blue eyes, the dewiest of lips, the loveliest of hands; and I pictured her standing beside the old mill-wheel, her hat hanging by its azure strings, her hair in beautiful confusion, her hands full of blossoms (for, of course, the cardinal-flowers had lured her hither), her cheeks flushed—not blowzed—her lips pouting with vexation as the mud-embedded slipper refused to return to its allegiance; and so vivid was my fancy I was on the point of leaping across the stream to her rescue, when a slimy, shining, villainous snake wriggled out from the tall grass close to my feet and restored my scattered senses. I put an untimely end to his existence, tucked the slipper into the breast pocket of my coat, and gathering a bunch of cardinal-flowers, made my way back to my lodgings at the village inn.

Hitherto my observations at table had been confined to my immediate neighbors. I knew that the man on my right was a yellow dyspeptic, who drank spring water and ate stale bread; my *vis-à-vis* was a fussy, fleshy woman, with an immense quantity of showy jewelry, while the neighbor on my left was an elderly young lady in false curls and gold bowed spectacles. Further than these my eyes had not wandered, but now I had an object. Perhaps my Cinderella was dwelling under the same roof, partaking of the same fare and at the same table with me, and I had not beheld her! I walked hotelward in a contemplative yet exalted frame of mind, ascended to my room on the second floor, deposited my bouquet in the yellow and green earthen mug that ornamented the wash-hand stand, and was proceeding to examine my person in the seven by nine inch looking-glass, when there fell a hasty rap on the door, followed by the intrusion of a black lace cap, trimmed with snuff-colored ribbons, which I recognized as the property of my landlord's good wife. She was in a puff of excitement, and burst forth with,

"There! I'm glad to see *you*, Doctor!"—She was always particular to call me Doctor.—"Come right along to No. 5, and see to that poor dear Miss What's-her-name. Don't stop to prink, for she'll never know whether you are black or gray. She's in such pain."

"Cholera morbus?" I suggested.

"Lor' no, child—ankle!" with disagreeable emphasis on the "child."

I followed Mrs. Kyes across the entry, and was met on the threshold of No. 5 by Miss What's-her-name's maternal relative in tears. She had put her daughter to bed, drawn down the scant curtains of sixpenny patch, and filled the room with spirits of camphor and hartshorn. "Georgianne is always in trouble," she sighed, "she is so daring; and now she has sprained her—her—do look, Doctor!"

In a moment the delicate ankle was shrinking and trembling in my hand, sadly inflamed and rapidly swelling. I dispatched Mrs. Kyes for wormwood and vinegar, and ventured a glance at the pillow; but there was visible only a vail of long, rich, black hair, escaped from fillet and comb, and running wild over Miss Georgianne's face and the red and green bed-spread. I confess to the secret hope that this lady might not prove the Cinderella; for the midnight hair could belong to none other than a brunette, with wide-open, mischievous, tormenting black eyes and numberless coquettish airs and graces—the exact opposite to my delicious Hebe. Nevertheless, I had the curiosity to examine the hotel book when at liberty, and there I learned that No. 5 was occupied by Mrs. Ward Effingham and daughter, of Albany.

That evening, according to my established habit, I lounged out upon the balcony in my dressing-gown to enjoy a cigar and the starlight, and dream of the possibilities arising from the bit of a slipper that lay helpless in my pocket. I am ready to affirm that the thought of open windows or the vicinity of No. 5 did not occur to my mind until Mrs. Effingham's voice smote upon my innocent ear.

"Pah! that disgusting cigar! Georgie, love, does it make you faint?"

"Not in the least, mamma; I like it."

"It must be *that* young Stebbins. I'm worried to death lest he shouldn't pursue the proper treatment with your ankle. I don't believe he ever had a patient before."

"He was gentle enough," in a sleepy tone from Miss Georgianne.

"Hum! I don't like his brusque manner; evidently unused to society; came in this morning in a linen blouse and no neckerchief, and his hair all over his ears."

"Then I shall just like him, mamma! I never could endure your *prim* men. To-morrow I shall look at him—but I'm going to sleep now." And so she drowsed off, and I retired to my room to muse on the shock my vanity had received.

Georgianne Effingham was a beautiful young woman; but having admitted that I am neither artist nor poet, no one will anticipate a minute description of her charms. It is sufficient to say that, at the first glance I had of her face, I struck my colors; blue-eyed Hebe vanished, and graceful, living, breathing Diana floated into her niche.

Mrs. Effingham would, henceforth, have made a capital chairman of a Vigilance Committee. She was bland as a June morning, unruffled as a pond by moonlight, soft as a zephyr, but neither motion, glance, nor whisper escaped her twinkling green eyes. To begin with, she wasn't half pleased with Dick Stebbins, *vide* colloquy with Georgianne above mentioned; but when she found his professional calls assumed the character of unprofessional visits, and the chess-board was brought into requisition, and sundry volumes of poetry and prose and bouquets of wild flowers followed in rapid succession, she became seriously alarmed. What in the world was a young man worth who persisted in wearing linen coats and no mustache! I enjoyed her exceedingly, kept my own counsel, persisted in beguiling the tedium of Miss Georgianne's confinement by every means in my power, and made a final *coup-d'etat* by taking her out for a drive as soon as she was able to walk down stairs.

Our good host fitted up the team, a veritable "one horse shay" tackled to the meekest of old animals, warranted safe in harness and free from tricks. It was near sunset of a charming day, and Miss Effingham was in the gayest of moods. We drove circuitously to the village post-office over a new road cut through a piece of woodland, and along the margin of a bright little pond, stopping by the way to gather berries and flowers, until Georgianne's hands and lap were full. She was busy arranging them just as we came out on the old road, close by the saw-mill. At sight of the great wheel she gave a bit of a start, and cried out with pretty eagerness,

"There are Cardinal flowers growing down there; please get me some! they are just what I want to set off these pale blossoms."

"How *can* you know, Georgie?" You perceive I had slipped up along through the Miss Effingham, Miss Georgianne, Miss Georgie, until I had reached the pleasant summit, Georgie, and was in blissful anticipation of that notch of felicity when the name should be prefixed by the possessive pronoun.

At first she blushed; then, raising her frank dark eyes to mine, she said, with charming *naïveté*, "I've been here before. Somewhere down by that great rock I sprained my ankle and lost a luckless slipper. I was after Cardinal flowers then, but had to give them up."

This was just the moment I had anticipated for the last ten days. I had planned half-a-dozen of nice speeches to be used on the occasion; more than once I had dreamed of it; and yet, now it had come, I was hopelessly, totally dumb. Georgianne waited while I went for the flowers; she received them with beaming smiles, and prattled away as artlessly as though I were not in a fever of awkward embarrassment.

There was a letter at the office for Miss Georgianne Effingham.

"From Harry!" she cried, enthusiastically. "I'm so glad his ship is in!" And she pushed the missive down into the little pocket of her blue silk gown.

"You might read," said I, tartly. "I can hold your bouquet and drive too."

"No, thank you. I will wait until we are home," with a roguish smile. "I shall have the double pleasure of anticipation, and—"

"Confound your anticipations!" It was out before I thought, and Georgie was shocked; but I could not help it. We drove home in profound silence. At the door of the hotel I ventured to beg her pardon, and she granted it like a dear good girl; but she had a grieved look about the mouth and eyes that made me ashamed of myself.

I was off the next morning before sunrise fishing with old Kyes, the first time for many a day; absolutely I didn't feel fit to stay under the same roof with Georgie. I had a good opportunity for reflection between dawn and three o'clock in the afternoon, and it brought me to the following important conclusion. If Georgie loved me, she would not lay up my bit of rudeness; if she didn't, it was best I should know it at once; so I gathered a bunch of pure white water-lilies for an offering of peace, and returned with hopeful steps to the inn. I would wave all ceremony; she had seen me in my rough fishing suit before, and pronounced it charming; so I rushed up stairs, three steps at a bound, and pushed open the door of No. 5.

Miss Effingham was sitting on the lounge beside a whiskered, mustached, imperialed man, who had his arm around her slender waist, and so preoccupied were they as not to observe the intruder. Not so the bland, serene mamma. I caught the triumph in her green eyes, and, turning on my heel, banged the door after me, and retreated to my room, where I hurled the unfortunate flowers at the water-pitcher, and tore up and down like a madman, contemplating the various implements of self-destruction within reach with savage satisfaction. After a while I grew calmer, and decided to suspend action until I should prove to Miss Georgianne that I was not to be trifled with.

So I took a book and sauntered down to the piazza. Presently a pair of horses were led round to the door, and in another moment I heard voices and laughter on the stairs. Georgie came tripping down, the folds of her long velvet skirt gathered up in her hand, the long crimson plumes of her riding-hat sweeping her cheek, and her fair face sparkling with eager delight. She brushed by me, leaning on the stranger's arm; in another moment he lifted her carefully to the saddle, and they galloped away.

"Likely young feller!" said old Kyes, rubbing his hands one against the other. "'Pears like one th' kind with plenty money."

"What is his name?"

"Dunno. Guess the young woman would tell you."

At this juncture Mrs. Kyes's snuff-colored ribbons fluttered out at the window.

"That child is crazy," said she. "What in the world did you let her ride off for? She can't walk across the floor without limping."

I muttered something about Miss Effingham's ability to take care of herself, and was lounging away, when the thought of her, faint and suffering, drove away my resentment. In five minutes I was seated in the venerable chaise, following after her as speedily as possible. Just beyond the saw-mill I met my gentleman riding swiftly back to the hotel. Miss Effingham was faint and unable to proceed, and he had left her under a tree while he procured a conveyance. I was not long in finding her, you may be sure, and knelt beside her as penitent and humble as a lamb.

"I thought you would come," said she. "Oh, that dear old chaise!"

I lifted her in my arms as if she had been a baby, and placed her on one of the ragged green cushions; the other I made a foot-stool of, and smiled to think how I was heaping the coals of fire on her coquettish little head.

"I ought not to have gone," she said, timidly, for I maintained a dignified silence. "I ought not to have gone; but Harry teased so, and we used to have such splendid rides, I did not know how to say no."

It was too much for frail flesh and blood to bear; but I succeeded in swallowing my indignation, and said, carelessly,

"I am glad I met you, Miss Effingham, for I am going away to-morrow morning." She turned her eyes upon my face with sorrowful surprise.

"Going away!" she repeated. "I thought you were to stay until the middle of September. Pray don't go."

"You will scarcely miss me now," said I, pointedly.

"Indeed I shall," cried she. "Harry leaves in the morning, to see after his ship, and won't be back for a week. We shall be terribly lonely."

We were at the hotel door. I lifted Georgianne from the chaise, carried her up stairs, and laid her down upon the sofa. Mrs. Effingham was out. I drew the little slipper from my pocket, and put it in her hand. She looked up in my face, and I thought her woman's wit read every thing I couldn't say, for her glorious eyes drooped, and a tear fell on the tiny velvet rosette.

I retreated to my room, and busied myself packing, humming meanwhile all the sentimental songs I knew. In the evening I went out on the balcony, and paced back and forth, faintly hoping to catch a glimpse of Georgie's soft shadow on the curtain. It was evident I had lost her—the only woman I had ever loved, and for the first time realizing what such a loss must be, I leaned over the railing, and covered my face to shut out the bright moonlight. I heard no step, but at the same moment a soft hand fluttered down upon mine, and a dear voice whispered, "You didn't bid me good-by, Dick."

It was Georgie, looking like a saint, with her tearful eyes and tremulous lips. I don't remember what I said, only I know it was nothing very wise; neither am I able to recall her reply, except that there was something in it about "brother Harry;" but I have a distinct and perfect recollection of standing with her hands in mine until Mrs. Effingham called her in, and then, as I ventured to kiss her white forehead, she said, archly,

"If you will stay, Dick, you shall have both slippers!"

I staid.

SENATOR CLAY, OF ALABAMA.

CLEMENT CLAIBORNE CLAY, a Senator of the State of Alabama in the Congress of the United States, is one of the three sons of senators who have been elected to seats in that body. His father, the Hon. Clement Comer Clay, was born in Halifax County, Virginia, December 17, 1789, and had strong ties to bind him to the Old Dominion, but an adventurous disposition led him to Tennessee, where he studied, studied law, and was admitted to the bar. In 1811 he removed to Huntsville, Alabama, then a mere village, where he commenced practice in the log cabin then used as a court-house, and where he has since resided, identified with the growth and prosperity of that flourishing city. During the Creek War he raised and equipped a company, which he commanded with such courage and zeal as to win the especial commendation of General Jesup, while he won the affection and esteem of those under him. On one occasion, finding that the provisions furnished were of such a bad quality as to endanger the health of his men, he at once ordered them to be burned, and had new supplies purchased with his private means.

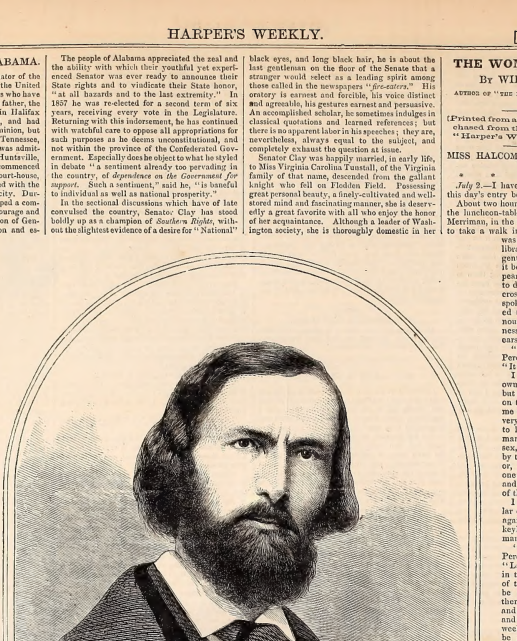
The people of Alabama, appreciating Mr. Clay's talents and his devotion to the home of his adoption, have conferred upon him almost every office within their gift. He was a Member of the Territorial Council; he sat on the bench of the Circuit Court, of which he was Chief Justice from 1820 until he resigned in 1823; he was a Member and the Speaker of the State Legislature; he was a Representative in Congress from 1827 to 1835; he was Governor of the State in 1835 and 1836; in 1837 he was elected to the United States Senate; and he is now enjoying the evening of a well-spent life, esteemed throughout the Southern States as having invariably sustained the rights and upheld the honor of the land of his birth. A highminded politician, a judicious and well-read lawyer, and a scholar of varied attainments, he is none the less devoted to the attractions of home.

His son, Clement C. Clay, Jun., the subject of this sketch, derives his middle name of Claiborne from the family of his mother. He was born in 1819, in Madison County, Alabama; and in his case an old proverb is falsified, as he has ever enjoyed high "honor in his own country," which he has proudly clung to. Nature was no niggard in endowing him with intellectual abilities; neither was he unmindful, at an early age, of the obligations they imposed. He graduated with honor at the University of Alabama when in his sixteenth year.

When Mr. Clay senior was elected Governor of Alabama he appointed his son Private Secretary, and the young student was at once launched upon the troubled waters of political excitement. But he did not forsake his books—indeed he has never forsaken them; constantly adding to the stores of a most retentive memory, and securing to himself the grace of a wide cultivation, including power as well as the classics, the law, and political economy. His editorial contributions to the leading journal of the State at that time show the singular fearlessness and honesty which has since characterized his course, and has made him a statesman rather than a politician.

After his father was transferred from the Gubernatorial chair to the Senate of the United States Mr. Clay went to the University of Virginia, where he completed his legal studies. Returning to Huntsville he commenced practice, and with success; but his fellow-citizens soon insisted on electing him as their representative to the State Legislature, in which he served with credit in 1842, '44, and '45. In 1846 the Legislature elected him Judge of the Madison County Court, where he presided with dignity and courtesy until 1848, when he resigned, to resume his practice. In this he was eminently successful, possessing that rare legal perception which distinguishes the lucid expounder of the law from the accidental forms in which it is often obscured.

In 1853 Mr. Clay was elected a Senator from Alabama, and immediately took a high position among those of his peers who consider the attainment of political power as of minor importance compared with the honest expression of their sentiments. Regarding himself as the envoy of a sovereign State to the Council of the Confederation, he was ever ready to assert the rights of that State, as defined by Jefferson and by Calhoun. To quote his own words in an important debate, "Identified with Alabama," said he, "by my birth, education, interest, and affection—regarding her as 'my nurse in my mother and my grave'—indebted to her for the highest honors and greatest trusts she could bestow, and standing here as one of her commanders in this council-chamber of sovereign States, I feel it my duty as well as privilege to justify, as far as I can, all her acts relating to her sister States or to the Federal Government."



HON. CLEMENT CLAIBORNE CLAY, OF ALABAMA.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.]

Her acts in relation to the Federal Government have been characterized by a spirit of moderation and conciliation, which, while it has not failed to secure the respect of her sister States, has won the confidence of the Federal Government. Her claims to the public lands, her rights in the Territories, her position on the slavery question, have been ably and eloquently maintained by her Senators, and by no one more than by the subject of this sketch. Alabama has been fortunate in her representatives, and has never had reason to blush for the conduct of any of them.

Mr. Clay's speeches in the Senate have been numerous, and have always been listened to with attention. He has never spoken for mere effect, but has always had something to say, and has said it in a manner which has commanded the respect of his opponents. His speech on the Homestead Bill, in 1854, was a masterly exposition of the principles involved in that measure, and was regarded as one of the ablest arguments in favor of the bill. His speech on the Kansas question, in 1856, was a calm, dignified, and able vindication of the rights of the South in the Territories, and was listened to with profound attention by the Senate and by the crowded galleries. His speech on the Pacific Railroad, in 1857, was a clear and able exposition of the constitutional powers of Congress in relation to the subject, and was also listened to with attention. His speech on the Homestead Bill, in 1859, was a calm and able argument against the principles of the bill, and was also listened to with attention. His speech on the Harper's Ferry raid, in the Senate, he calmly narrated the provocations which he considered the Southern States had received, and then said, "I rise here to indulge in no menace. We have been menaced during this Congress, and often before, by our political opponents, with the halter and the hangman if we dare resist their authority, and refuse to submit to subjugation. I know that those who are foremost to threaten are generally hindmost to execute. I never have uttered, and never will utter any menace. I make no predictions, no promises for my State; but, in conclusion, will only say that, if she is faithful to the pledges she has made and principles she has professed—if she is true to her own interest and her own honor—if she is not recreant to all that State pride, integrity, and duty demands, she will never submit to an unjust and iniquitous sectional authority."

Senator Clay's personal appearance is that of a student rather than a politician. Tall, rather slender in form, with thoughtful features, keen black eyes, and long black hair, he is about the last gentleman on the floor of the Senate that a stranger would select as a leading spirit among those called in the newspapers "*fire-eaters*." His oratory is earnest and forcible, his voice distinct and agreeable, his gestures earnest and persuasive. An accomplished scholar, he sometimes indulges in classical quotations and learned references; but there is no apparent labor in his speeches; they are, nevertheless, always equal to the subject, and completely exhaust the question at issue.

Senator Clay was happily married, in early life, to Miss Virginia Carolina Tunstall, of the Virginia family of that name, descended from the gallant knight who fell on Flodden Field. Possessing great personal beauty, a finely-cultivated and well-stored mind and fascinating manner, she is deservedly a great favorite with all who enjoy the honor of her acquaintance. Although a leader of Washington society, she is thoroughly domestic in her habits, and noted for her sympathy with those in distress, her kindness to the sick, and her charity to those in want. Idolizing her husband, and devoted to the State of which he is a Senator, she is emphatically his help-mate, and should share his laurels, as she has done much to encourage and to aid him in obtaining them. Their only child died some years since.

Senator Clay purchased, a few years since, a romantic site on an eminence near Huntsville, called Menifauna, and has there erected a rural home, christened "Cozy Cot." It is described as a lovely retreat, with the delicious temperature attendant on its location, two thousand feet above the level of the sea, and commanding a panoramic view, almost unequaled, of the Huntsville land of the Tennessee River. Here, when released from his official duties, the Senator indulges in agricultural improvements, or joins his wife in her floral pursuits; enjoys the rare treasures of his valuable library, and dispenses the courteous, cordial hospitality found at a Southern Home.

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "AFTER DARK," ETC., ETC.

[Printed from advance proof-sheets purchased from the author exclusively for "Harper's Weekly."]

MISS HALCOMBE'S NARRATIVE (CONTINUED).

* * * * * * *

July 2.—I have a few lines more to add to this day's entry before I go to bed to-night.

About two hours after Sir Percival rose from the luncheon-table to receive his solicitor, Mr. Merriman, in the library, I left my room, alone, to take a walk in the plantations. Just as I was at the end of the landing, the library door opened, and the two gentlemen came out. Thinking it best not to disturb them by appearing on the stairs, I resolved to defer going down till they had crossed the hall. Although they spoke to each other in guarded tones, their words were pronounced with sufficient distinctness of utterance to reach my ears.

"Make your mind easy, Sir Percival," I heard the lawyer say. "It all rests with Lady Glyde."

I had turned to go back to my own room, for a minute or two; but the sound of Laura's name on the lips of a stranger stopped me instantly. I dare say it was very wrong and very discreditable to listen—but where is the woman, in the whole range of our sex, who can regulate her actions by the abstract principles of honor, when those principles point one way, and when her affections, and the interests which grow out of them, point the other?

I listened; and, under similar circumstances, I would listen again—yes! with my ear at the keyhole, if I could not possibly manage it in any other way.

"You quite understand, Sir Percival?" the lawyer went on. "Lady Glyde is to sign her name in the presence of a witness—or of two witnesses, if you wish to be particularly careful—and is then to put her finger on the seal, and say, 'I deliver this as my act and deed.' If that is done in a week's time, the arrangement will be perfectly successful, and the anxiety will be all over. If not—"

"What do you mean by 'if not?'" asked Sir Percival, angrily. "If the thing *must* be done, it *shall* be done. I promise you that, Merriman."

"Just so, Sir Percival—just so; but there are two alternatives in all transactions; and we lawyers like to look both of them in the face boldly. If through any extraordinary circumstance the arrangement should *not* be made, I think I may be able to get the parties to accept bills at three months. But how the money is to be raised when the bills fall due—"

"Damn the bills! The money is only to be got in one way; and in that way, I tell you again, it *shall* be got. Take a glass of wine, Merriman, before you go."

"Much obliged, Sir Percival; I have not a moment to lose, if I am to catch the up-train. You will let me know as soon as the arrangement is completed? and you will not forget the caution I recommended—"

"Of course I won't. There's the dog-cart at the door for you. Jump in. My groom shall get you to the station in no time. Benjamin, drive like mad! If Mr. Merriman misses his train, you lose your place. Hold fast, Merriman, and if you are upset, trust to the devil to save his own."—With that parting benediction the baronet turned about and walked back to the library.

I had not heard much; but the little that had reached my ears was enough to make me feel uneasy. The "something" that "had happened" was but too plainly a serious money embarrassment; and Sir Percival's relief from it depended upon Laura. The prospect of seeing her involved in her husband's secret difficulties filled me with dismay, exaggerated, no doubt, by my ignorance of business and my settled distrust of Sir Percival. Instead of going out, as I had proposed, I went back immediately to Laura's room to tell her what I had heard.

She received my bad news so composedly as to surprise me. She evidently knows more of her husband's character and her husband's embarrassments than I have suspected up to this time.

"I feared as much," she said, "when I heard of that strange gentleman who called, and declined to leave his name."

"Who do you think the gentleman was, then?" I asked.

"Some person who has heavy claims on Sir Percival," she answered; "read who has been the cause of Mr. Merriman's visit here to-day."

"No you know any thing about those claims?"

"No; I know no particulars."

"You will sign nothing, Laura, without first looking at it?"

"Certainly not, Marian. Whatever I can harmlessly and honestly do to help him I will do—for the sake of making your life and mine love, as easy and as happy as possible. But I will do nothing ignorantly which we might one day have reason to feel ashamed of. Let us say no more about it now. You have got your hat on—suppose we go and dream away the afternoon in the grounds?"

On leaving the house we directed our steps to the nearest shade. As we passed an open space among the trees in front of the house there was Count Fosco, slowly walking backward and forward on the grass, sunning himself in the full blaze of the hot July afternoon. He had a broad straw-hat on, with a violet-colored ribbon round it. A blue blouse, with profuse white fancy-work over the bosom, covered his prodigious body, and was girt about the place where his waist might once have been with a broad scarlet leather belt. Nankeen trousers, displaying more white fancy-work over the ankles, and purple morocco slippers completed his lower extremities. He was singing Figaro's famous song in the Barber of Seville, with that cringing display of vocalization which is wrung from any other than an Italian throat; accompanying himself on the concertina, which he played with dramatic throwings-up of his arms, and graceful twistings and turnings of his head, like a fat St. Cecilia masquerading in male attire. "Figaro qua! Figaro la!" Figaro qua! Figaro giù!" sang the Count, jauntily tossing up the concertina at arm's-length, and bowing to us, on one side of the instrument, with the air, grace and elegance of Figaro himself at twenty years of age.

"Take my word for it, Laura, that man knows something of Sir Percival's embarrassments," I said, as we returned the Count's salutation from a safe distance.

"What makes you think that?" she asked.

"How should he have known, otherwise, that Mr. Merriman was Sir Percival's solicitor?" rejoined. "Besides, when I followed you out of the inhabited room, he told me, without a single word of inquiry on my part, that something had happened. Depend upon it, he knows more than we do."

"Don't ask him any questions, if he does. Don't take him into our confidence!"

"You seem to dislike him, Laura, in a very determined manner. What has he said or done to justify you?"

"Nothing, Marian. On the contrary, he was all kindness and attention on our journey home, and he several times checked Sir Percival's ourbreaks of temper in the most considerate manner toward me. Perhaps I dislike him because he has so much power over my husband than I have. Perhaps it hurts my pride to be under any obligations to his interference. All I know is, that I *do* dislike him."

The rest of the day and the evening passed quietly enough. The Count and I played at chess. For the first two games he politely allowed me to conquer him; and then, when he saw that I had found him out, begged my pardon, and, at the third game, checkmated me in ten minutes. Sir Percival never once referred, all through the evening, to the lawyer's visit. But either that event, or something else, had produced a singular alteration for the better in him. He was as polite and agreeable to all of us as he used to be in the days of his probation at Limmeridge; and he was so amazingly attentive and kind to his wife that even Jey Madame Fosco was roused into looking at him with a grave surprise. What does this mean? I think I can guess; I am afraid Laura can guess; and I am quite sure Count Fosco knows. I caught Sir Percival looking at him for approval more than once in the course of the evening.

3d. A day of events. I most fervently hope and pray I may not have to add, a day of disasters as well.

Sir Percival was as silent at breakfast as he had been the evening before on the subject of the mysterious "arrangement" (as the lawyer called it) which is hanging over our heads. An hour afterward, however, he suddenly entered the morning-room, where his wife and I were waiting, with our hats on, for Madame Fosco to join us, and inquired for the Count.

"We expect to see him here directly," I said.

"The fact is," Sir Percival went on, walking nervously about the room, "I want Fosco and his wife in the library, for a mere business formality; and I want you there, Laura, for a minute, too." He stopped, and appeared to notice, for the first time, that we were in our walking costume. "Have you just come in?" he asked, "or were you just going out?"

"We were all thinking of going to the lake this morning," said Laura. "But if you have any other arrangement to propose—"

"No, no," he answered, hastily. "My arrangement can wait. After dinner will do as well for it as after breakfast. Run along to the lake, eh? A good idea. Let's have an idle morning; I'll be one of the party."

There was no mistaking his manner, even if it had been possible to mistake the uncharacteristic readiness which its words expressed, to submit his own plans and projects to the convenience of others. His good-humored interest in finding an excuse for delaying the business formality in the library, to which his own words had referred. My best week within me as I drew the inevitable inference.

The Count and his wife joined us at that moment. The latter had brought a gorgeously-red tobacco-pouch, and her store of paper in her hand for the manufacture of the eternal cigarettes. The husband dressed, as usual, in his blouse and straw-hat, carried the gay little pagoda-cage, with his darling white mice in it, and smiled and bowed to us, with the bland amiability which it was impossible to resist.

"With your kind permission," said the Count, "I will take my small family, here—my poor little harmless pensioners—out for an airing along with us. There are dogs about the house, and shall I leave my forlorn white children at the mercies of my dog? I think not."

He chirruped paternally at his small white children through the bars of the pagoda; and we all left the house in a body.

In the plantation Sir Percival strayed away from us. It seems to be part of his restless disposition always to separate himself from his companions on these occasions, and always to occupy himself, when he is alone, in cutting new walking-sticks for his own use. He has a mania at cutting and lopping, at hazard, appears to please him. He has filled the house with walking-sticks of his own cutting, and yet he never takes up for a second time. When they have been used once, he throws them by as if exhausted, and he thinks of nothing but going on and making more.

The Count and Madame he joined us again. I will put down the conversation that ensued, when we were all settled in our places, exactly as it passed. It is a remarkable conversation, as far as I am concerned, for it has seriously disposed me to distrust the influence which Count Fosco exercises over my own better feelings. I intend, and to resist it, for the future, as resolutely as I can.

The boat-house was large enough to hold us all; but Sir Percival remained outside, trimming the last new stick with his pocket-axe. The three women found plenty of room on the large seat. Laura took her work, and Madame Fosco began her embroidery. I, as usual, had nothing to do. My hands always were, and always will be, as awkward as a man's. The Count good-humoredly took a stool, many sizes too small for him, and balanced himself on it with his back against the side of the shed, which creaked and groaned under his weight. He put the pagoda cage on his lap, and let out the mice to crawl over him as usual. They are pretty, innocent-looking little creatures, and the sight of them creeping about a man's body is, for some reason, not pleasant to me. It excites a strange, responsive creeping in my own nerves; and suggests hideous ideas of men dying in prison, with the crawling creatures of the dungeon preying on them unstarved.

The morning was windy and cloudy; and the rapid alternations of shade and sunlight over the waste of the lake made the view look doubly wild, weird, and gloomy.

"I call that picturesque," said Sir Percival, pointing over the wide prospect with his half-finished walking-stick. "I call it a blot on my property. In my grandfather's time the lake flowed to this place. Look at it now! It is not four feet deep anywhere, and it is full of eddies and pools. I wish I could afford to drain it, and plant it all over. My bailiff (a superstitious idiot) says he is quite sure the lake has a cause on it, like the Dead Sea. What do you think, Fosco? It looks just the place for a murder, doesn't it?"

"My good Percival!" remonstrated the Count. "What is your solid English sense thinking of? The water is too shallow to hide the body; and there is sand every where to print off the murderer's footsteps. It is, upon the whole, the very worst place for a murder that I ever set my eyes on."

"Humbug!" said Sir Percival, cutting away fiercely at his stick. "You know what I mean. The dreary scenery—the lonely situation. If you choose to understand me, you can—if you don't choose, I am not going to trouble myself to explain my meaning."

"And why not," asked the Count, "when your meaning can be explained by any body in two words? If a fool was going to commit a murder, your lake is the first place he would choose for it. If a wise man was going to commit a murder, your lake is the last place he would choose for it. Is that your meaning? If it is, there is your explanation for you, ready made. Take it, Percival, with your good Fosco's blessing."

Laura looked at the Count, plainly in her dislike for him appearing a little less plainly in her fear. He was so busy with his mice that he did not notice her.

"I am sorry to hear the lake-view connected with any thing so horrible as the idea of murder," she said. "And if Count Fosco must divide murderers into classes, I think he has been very unfortunate in his choice of expressions. He gives them as fools only, seems like treating them with an indulgence to which they have no claim. And to describe them as wise men, sounds to me like a downright contradiction in terms. I have always heard that truly wise men are truly good men, and have a horror of crime."

"My dear lady," said the Count, "those are admirable sentiments; and I have seen them stated at the tops of copy-books." He lifted one of the white mice in the palm of his hand, and spoke to it in his whimsical way. "My pretty little smooth white rascal," he said, "here is a moral lesson for you. A truly wise Person is a law to good Mouse. Mention that, if you please, to your companions, and never gnaw at the bars of your cage again as long as you live."

"It is easy to turn every thing into ridicule," said Laura, resolutely; "but you will not find it quite so easy, Count Fosco, to give me an instance of a wise man who has been a great criminal."

The Count shrugged his huge shoulders, and smiled on Laura in the friendliest manner.

"Most true!" he said. "The fool's crime is the crime that is found out; and the wise man's crime is the crime that is not found out. If I could give you an instance, it would not be the instance of a wise man. Dear Lady Glyde, your sound English common sense has been too much for me. It is checkmate for me this time, Miss Halcombe—ha?"

"Stand to your guns, Laura," sneered Sir Percival, who had been listening in his place at the door. "Tell him, next, that crimes cause their own detection. There's another bit of copy-book morality for you, Fosco. Crimes cause their own detection. What infernal humbug!"

"I believe it to be true," said Laura, quietly.

Sir Percival burst out laughing—so violently, so outrageously, that he quite startled us all—the Count himself not excepted.

"I believe it, too," I said, coming to Laura's rescue.

Sir Percival, who had been unaccountably amused at his wife's remark, was, just as unaccountably, in a violent fit of anger. He struck his new walking-stick savagely on the sand, and walked away from us.

"Bless our dear Percival!" cried Count Fosco, looking after him gayly; "he is the victim of English spleen. But, my dear Miss Halcombe, my dear Lady Glyde, do you really believe that crimes cause their own detection? And you, my angel," he continued, turning to his wife, who had not uttered a word yet, "do you think so too?"

"I wait to be instructed," replied the Countess, in tones of unusually strong reserve, addressed to Laura and me, "before I venture on giving my opinion in the presence of well-informed men."

"Do you, indeed?" I said. "I remember the time, Countess, when you advocated the Rights of Women—and freedom of female opinion was one of them."

"What is your view of the subject, Count?" asked Madame Fosco, calmly proceeding with her cigarettes, and not taking the least notice of me.

The Count smiled, and recited one of his white mice reflectively with his unoccupied little finger before he answered.

"It is truly wonderful," he said, "how easily Society can console itself for the worst of its shortcomings with a little bit of clap-trap. The machinery it has set up for the detection of crime is miserably ineffective—and yet only invent a moral sentiment, and hope that it works well, and you blind every body to the blunders of the hour the moment. — Crimes cause their own detection, do they? And murder will out (another moral epigram), will it? Ask Coroners who sit at inquests in huge towns if that is true, Lady Glyde. Ask secretaries of life-assurance companies if that is true, Miss Halcombe. Read your own public journals. In the few cases that get into the newspapers, are there not instances of slain bodies found, and no murderers ever discovered? Multiply the cases that are reported by the cases that are *not* reported, and the bodies that are found by the bodies that are *not* found, and what conclusion do you come to? This: that there are foolish criminals who are discovered, and wise criminals who escape. The hiding of a crime, or the detection of a crime, resolves itself into a trial of skill between the police on one side, and the individual on the other. When the criminal is a brutal, ignorant fool, the police, in nine cases out of ten, win. When the criminal is a resolute, educated, high-intelligent man, the police, in nine cases out of ten, lose. If the police win, you generally hear all about it. If the police lose, you generally hear nothing. And on this tottering foundation you build up your comfortable moral maxim that Crime causes its own detection! Yes—till the crime you know of. And what of the rest?"

"Devilish true, and very well put," cried a voice at the entrance of the boat-house. Sir Percival had recovered his equanimity, and had come back while we were listening to the Count.

"Some of it may be true," I said; "not all of it may be very well put. But I don't see why Count Fosco should celebrate the victory of the criminal over society with so much exultation, or why you, Sir Percival, should applaud him so loudly for doing it."

"Do you hear that, Fosco?" asked Sir Percival, with a sneer. "Take my advice, and make your peace with your audience. Tell them Virtue's a fine thing—they like it, and I can promise you."

The Count laughed inwardly and silently; and two of the white mice in his waistcoat, alarmed by the internal convulsion going on beneath them, darted out in a violent hurry, and scrambled into their cage again.

"The ladies, my good Percival, shall tell us about virtue," he said. "They are better authorities than I am; for they know what virtue is, and I don't."

"You hear him?" said Sir Percival. "Isn't it awful?"

"It is true," said the Count, quietly. "I am a citizen of the world, and I have met, in my time, with so many different sorts of virtue, that I am puzzled, in my old age, to say which is the right sort and which is the wrong. Here, in England, there is one virtue. And there, in China, there is another virtue. And your John Redglishman says my virtue is the genuine virtue. And John Chinaman says my virtue is the genuine virtue. And I say Yes to one, or No to the other, and am just as much bewildered about it in the case of John with the top-boots as I am in the case of John with the pigtail. Ah, nice little Mouse! come kiss me. What is your own private notion of a virtuous man, my pet-pet-pretty? A man who keeps you warm and gives you plenty to eat. And a good notion, too, for it is intelligible, at the least."

"Sir, a man," said the Count, "interposed. "Accepting your illustration, surely we have one unquestionably virtue in England which is wanting in China. The Chinese authorities kill thousands of innocent people, on the most horridly frivolous pretexts. We, in England, are free from all guilt of that kind—we commit no such dreadful crime—we abhor reckless bloodshed with all our hearts."

"Quite right, Marian," said Laura. "Well thought of, and well expressed."

"Pray allow the Count to proceed," said Madame Fosco, with stern civility. "You will find, young ladies, that *he* never speaks without having excellent reasons for all that he says."

"Thank you, my angel," replied the Count. "Have a bonbon?" He took out of his pocket a pretty little inlaid box, and placed it open on the table. "Chocolat à la Vanille," cried the impenetrable man, cheerfully rattling the sweet-

"FIGARO QUA! FIGARO LÀ!" ETC.

meats in the box, and having all stored, Clarefred by Fusco as an act of homage to the charming society.

"Be good enough to go on, Count," said his wife, with a spiteful reference to myself. "Oblige me by answering Miss Halcombe."

"Miss Halcombe is unanswerable," replied the polite Italian—"that is to say, so far as she goes. Yes! I agree with her. John Bull does abhor the memory of John Chatterton. He is the quickest old gentleman at finding out the faults that are his neighbors', and the slowest old gentleman at finding out the faults that are his own, who exists on the face of creation. Is he so very much better in his way than the people whom he condemns in their way? English society, Miss Halcombe, is as often the accomplice as it is the enemy of crime. Yes! yes! Crime is in this country what crime is in other countries—a good friend to a man and to those about him as often as it is an enemy. A good rascal provides for his wife and family. The worse he is, the more he makes them the objects for your sympathy. He often provides, too, for himself. A profligate spendthrift who is always borrowing money, will get more from his friends than the right honest man who only borrows of them once, under pressure of the direst want. In the one case, the friends will not be at all surprised, and they will pay. In the other case, they will be very much surprised, and they will hesitate. Is the prison that Mr. Secretary lives in, at the end of his career, a more uncomfortable place than the work-house that Mr. Honesty lives in, at the end of his career? When John-Howard-Philanthropist wants to relieve misery, he goes to find it in persons where crime is everywhere, and in those rare cases where virtue is wretched too. Who is the English poet who has won the most universal sympathy —who makes the easiest of all subjects for pathetic writing and pathetic painting? That nice young person who begun life with a forgery, and ended it by a suicide—your dear, romantic, interesting Chatterton. Which gets on best, do you think, of two poor starving dress-makers—the woman who tells temptation that it is honest, or the woman who falls under temptation, and steals? Come all honest people, and thank me for making of that second woman's fortune—it advertises her from length to breadth of goodhumored, unmistakable Englishness—and she is relieved, as the breaker of a commandment, when she would have been left to starve, as the keeper of it. Come, my jolly little Monsoe! Be—be presto! pass! I transform you, for the time being, into a respectable lady. Stop there, in the palm of your hand, my dear, and—and listen. You marry the poor man whom you love, Mouse; and one half your friends pity, and the other half blame you. And you—on the contrary, you sell yourself for gold to a man you don't care for; and all your friends rejoice over you; and a minister of public virtue sanctions the base horror of the vilest of all human bargains; and smiles and smirks afterward at your table. If you are quite enough to make him to breakfast. Hey! presto! pass! Be a mouse again, and speak. If you continue to be a lady much longer, I shall have you telling me that Society abhors crime—and then, Mouse, I shall close if your own eyes and ears instantly of any use to you. Ah! I am a bad man, Lady Glyde, am I not? I say what other people only think; and when all the rest of the world is in a conspiracy to accept the mask for the true face, mine is the rash hand that tears off the plausible pasteboard, and shows the bare truth underneath. I will get up on my big elephant's legs before I do myself any more harm in your sensible estimation—I will get up and walk the little airy walk of my own. Dear ladies, as your excellent Sheridan said, I go—and leave my character behind me."

He got up, put the cage on the table, and paused for a moment to count the mice in it. "One, two, three, four—Ha!" he cried, with a look of horror, "where, in the name of Heaven, is the fifth—the prettiest, the whitest, the most amiable of all—my Benjamin of mice!"

Neither Laura nor I were in any favorable disposition to be amused. The Count's gibing cynicism had revealed a new aspect of his nature from which we both recoiled. It was natural in impossible to avoid a mental distress of no very large a man at the loss of so very small a mouse. We laughed, in spite of ourselves; and when Madame Fosco came to set the example of leaving the best-house empty, so that her husband might search it to its remotest corners, we rose also to follow her.

Before we had taken three steps the Count's quick eye discovered the lost mouse under the seat that we had been occupying. He pulled aside the bench, took the little animal up in his hand, and suddenly stopped, with his back turned, looking intently at a particular place on the ground just beneath him.

We had no idea what fresh agitin his hand should so that he could hardly put the mouse back in the cage, and his face was of a faint livid yellow hue all over.

"Percival!" he said, in a whisper. "Percival! come here."

Sir Percival had paid no attention to any of us for the last ten minutes He had been entirely absorbed in writing figures on the sand, and then rubbing them out again, with the point of his stick.

"What's the matter now?" he asked, lounging carelessly into the boat-house.

"Do you see nothing there?" said the Count, catching him nervously by the collar with one hand, and pointing with the other to the place near which he had found the mouse.

"I see plenty of dry sand," answered Sir Percival; "and a spot of dirt in the middle of it."

"Not dirt," whispered the Count, fastening the other hand suddenly on Sir Percival's arm, and shaking it in his agitation. "Blood!"

Laura was near enough to hear the last word, and by an instinct she interpreted it. She turned to me with a look of terror.

"Nonsense, my dear," I said. "There is no need to be alarmed. It is only the blood of a poor little stray dog."

Every body was astonished, and every body's eyes were fixed on me instantly.

"How do you know that?" asked Sir Percival, speaking first.

"I found the dog here, dying, on the day when you all returned from abroad," I replied. "The poor creature had strayed into the plantation, and had been shot by some keeper."

"Whose dog was it?" inquired Sir Percival. "Do you own it?"

"Did you try to save the poor thing?" asked Laura, earnestly. "Surely you tried to save it, Marian?"

"Yes," I said; "the housekeeper and I both did our best—but the dog was mortally wounded, and he died under our hands."

"Whose dog was it?" persisted Sir Percival, repeating his question in a little irritably. "One of mine?"

"No, not one of yours."

"Whose, then? Did the housekeeper know?"

The housekeeper was one of Mrs. Catherick's desire to conceal her visit to Blackwater Park from Sir Percival's knowledge, occurred to my memory the moment he put that last question, and I half doubted the discretion of answering it. But, on the other hand, after the general alarm, I had thoughtlessly advanced too far to draw back, except at the risk of exciting suspicions which might do Count roughly, and placed himself face to face with me, under the open sky-light.

"How came the housekeeper to know it was Mrs. Catherick's dog?" he asked, fixing his eyes on mine with the same close and attention which half-angered, half-startled me.

"She knew it," I said, quickly, "because Mrs. Catherick herself owned it to me."

"Brought it with her? Where did she bring it with her?"

"To this house."

"What the devil did Mrs.-Catherick want at this house?"

The manner in which he put the question was even more offensive than the language in which he expressed it. I marked my sense of his want of common politeness by silently turning away from him.

Just as I moved, the Count's pervasive hand laid me on his shoulder, and Count's cool, malhideous voice interposed to quiet him.

"Be still, Percival—be still—gently—gently."

Sir Percival looked round in his angriest manner. The Count only smiled, and repeated the soothing, "gently—gently."

"Gently, my good friend—gently!"

Sir Percival hesitated—followed me a few steps—and, to my great surprise, offered me an apology.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Halcombe," he said. "I am provoked by a trifle, and I am afraid I am a little irritable. But I should like to know what Mrs. Catherick could possibly want here. When did you see her? Was the housekeeper the only person who saw her?"

"The only person," I answered, "so far as I know."

The Count interposed again.

"In that case, why not question the housekeeper? It will be time enough, then, Percival, to the fountain-head of information at once?"

"Quite enough," said Sir Percival. "Of course the housekeeper is the first person in question. Excessively stupid of me not to see it myself." With a few words he instantly left us to return to the house.

The motive of the Count's interference, which had puzzled me at first, now revealed itself to Sir Percival's back was turned. He had a host of questions to put to me about Mrs. Catherick, and he rightly judged that the housekeeper, to which he could scarcely have asked in his friend's presence. I made my answers as short as I civilly could, and then hastened forward to the check the least approach to my exchanging of confidences between Count Fosco and myself. Laura, however, encouraged by her friend to be extract all my information, by making inquiries herself, which left me no alternative but to reply to her. The sense of being in a trap in the very unenviable and very false character of a depository of Sir Percival's secrets, at the end of it was, that, in about ten minutes' time, the Count knew as much as I knew of Mrs. Catherick, and of the relations which had unwittingly connected us with her daughter, Anne, from the time when Hartright met with her to this day.

The effect of my information on him was, in one respect, curious enough. Intimately as he knows Sir Percival, and closely as he appears to be associated with him in certain family affairs in general, he is certainly as far as I am from knowing any thing of the true story of Anne Catherick. The unsolved mystery in connection with this unhappy woman is now rendered doubly suspicious, in my eyes, by the absolute conviction which I feel that the clew to it has been hidden by Sir Percival from the most intimate friend he has in the world. It was impossible to mistake the eager curiosity of the Count's look and manner while he drank in greedily every word that fell from my lips. There are many kinds of curiosity, I know—but there is no misinterpreting the curiosity of blank surprise. If ever I saw it in my life, I saw it in the Count's face.

While the questions and answers were going on we had all been strolling quietly back through the plantation. As soon as we reached the house the first object that we saw in front of it was Sir Percival's dog-cart, with the horse just to and harnessed by it in the stable-jacket. If these unexpected appearances were to be trusted, the examination of the housekeeper had not produced results already.

"A fine horse, my friend," said the Count, addressing the groom with the most engaging familiarity of manner. "You are going to drive out?"

"I am not going, Sir," replies the man, looking at his stable-jacket, and evidently wondering whether the foreign gentleman took it for granted that he was going to drive himself.

"Aha?" said the Count, "does he indeed? I wonder he gives himself the trouble when he has got you to drive for him? He is going to fatigue that nice, shining, pretty horse by taking him very far, to-day?"

"I don't know, Sir," answered the man. "The horse is a mare, if you please, Sir. She's the highest-coursged thing we've got in the stables. Her name is Minny. Minny, sir! and she'll go till she drops. Sir Percival usually takes four of York for the short distances."

"And your shining courageous Brown Molly for the long?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Logical inference, Miss Halcombe," continued the Count, wheeling round briskly, and addressing me. "Sir Percival is going a long distance to-day."

I made no reply. I had my own inferences to draw, from what I knew through the housekeeper and from what I saw before me; and I did not choose to share them with Count Fosco.

When Sir Percival (who is in Cumberland if thought to myself) he walked away a long distance, on Anne's account, to question the family at Todd's Corner, and that he is in Hampshire, he is going to drive away a long distance, on Anne's account again, to question Mrs. Catherick at Limmeridge!

We all entered the house. As we crossed the hall Sir Percival met us on the library door to meet us. He looked hurried and pale and anxious—but for all that he was in his most quiet manner when he spoke to me.

"I am sorry to say I am obliged to leave you," he began—"a long drive—a matter that I can't very well put off. I shall be back in good time to-morrow—but, before I go, I should like that little business-formality which I spoke of this morning to be settled. Laura, will you come into the library?" It won't take a minute.—a mere formality. Countess, may I trouble you also? I want you and the Countess, Fosco, to be witnesses to a signature—nothing more. Come in at once, and get it over."

He held the library door open until they had passed in, followed them, and shut it softly.

I remained for a moment perversely standing alone in the hall, with my heart beating fast, and my mind misgiving me sadly. Then I went on to the staircase and ascended slowly to my own room.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, Feb. 13, in the Senate, the death of Senator Broderick, of California, was announced by Senator Hunt (Cal.), who took occasion to give a brief history of the career of the deceased. Mr. Broderick was born in Cattsenden (Ky.), Seward (N. Y.), Foster (Conn.), Fessenden (Me.), and Hamlin (Me.) made appropriate remarks of respect for the memory of the deceased were passed, and the Senate adjourned over to Wednesday. Mr. Broderick's child called for the question on his motion to go into an election of Clerk, and Hemphill Johnston, Esq., on the offer that the House shall retain the right to modify existing laws relative to the printing of the Senate and House. It was chosen shall accept the offer with this understanding. The House proceeded to the 57th ballot. Two votes were lost, when further proceedings were interrupted by the receipt of a message from the Senate, announcing the death of Senator Broderick, of California. In the first vote Mr. Johnston received 116 votes—Mr. Morris (Ill.), Sanders of Sexton, 7; Mr. Blanchard, 2; Mr. Mitchell, 1; and Mr. Hickman (Pa.), Dorlinguese (Mass.), Morris (Ill.), and Sherman (Ohio), 1 each. The vote was then announced made of the death of Senator Broderick, and appropriate resolutions were adopted, and the House adjourned over.

On Tuesday, February 14, in the Senate, the Wyandot (Kansas) State Constitution was received. Senator Seward (N. Y.) moved to take up the Committee on Territories. Senator Brown (Miss.) moved an inquiry whether it is intended to act upon the Wyandot State Bill on which there will some discussion, which Senator Douglas (Ill.) replied that the Committee on the Territories be instructed to report immediately a bill for the admission of Kansas into the Union. Senator Wilson (Mass.) rose for a special order arrived, and by general consent the Senate proceeded to the consideration of private bills. Reports, without debating the question on Kansas affairs. Senator Bayard (Del.) moved that the Presidential elections were afterward taken up. Senator Seward (N. Y.) addressed himself to the question in a very exciting speech was interrupted by the hour of 1 o'clock arriving for the consideration of the unfinished business of the morning hour, which was the Homestead bill.

On Wednesday, February 15, in the Senate, the Wyandot (Kansas) State Constitution was received. Senator Seward (N. Y.) moved to take up the Committee on Territories. Senator Brown (Miss.) moved an inquiry whether it is intended to act upon the Wyandot State Bill on which there will some discussion, which Senator Douglas (Ill.) replied that the Committee on the Territories be instructed to report immediately a bill for the admission of Kansas into the Union. Senator Wilson (Mass.) rose for a special order arrived, and by general consent the Senate proceeded to the consideration of private bills. Reports, without debating the question on Kansas affairs. Senator Bayard (Del.) moved that the Presidential elections were afterward taken up. Senator Seward (N. Y.) addressed himself to the question in a very exciting speech was interrupted by the hour of 1 o'clock arriving for the consideration of the unfinished business of the morning hour, which was the Homestead bill.

On Wednesday, February 15, in the Senate, Senator Mason (Va.) moved an order for the arrest of Messrs. Sanborn, John Brown, Jun., and Redpath, who refused to answer the summons to appear before the Harper's Ferry investigating Committee. The resolution was adopted. The Post-office Deficiency bill was taken up, and the Senate exceeded from its amendment abolishing the franking privilege. The bill to abolish the franking privileges was then taken up, and after various proposition for amendment, the consideration it was postponed when the Senate adjourned.——In the House a memorial was received from the Portuguese Government of the Territory of Jefferson relative to Constitutional Conventions, and the recognition of a Delegate from the Territory. The House proceeded to a vote for Printer. Mr. Defries was chosen on the 36th ballot—Messrs. Ford, 49, and Forney, 43. The next vote was taken with the same result. Among the bills introduced was one by Mr. Morrill (Vt.), donating lands for the promotion of the arts and sciences in the various States; and another for the prevention of polygamy in the Territories. Mr. Waldron (Mich.) offered a resolution for inquiry into the expediency of abolishing the imposition of sentinel and tax. Mr. Fenton (N. Y.) introduced a bill to establish three sections in the Revolutionary Claims. Mr. Latham (Cal.) introduced a bill for a Pacific Railroad bill. Mr. Davis (Miss.) offered a resolution, calling on the Secretary of War for the instructions issued by him to Postmasters relative to the introduction of mail matter. Mr. Grow (Pa.) introduced a bill for the sale of public lands to actual settlers. Mr. Florence (Pa.) introduced a Free-Soil Squatter bill, and one granting a pension to the widow of the war of 1812. A number of other bills were introduced, when the House adjourned.

On Thursday, February 16, in the Senate, Senator Doolittle (Wis.) called for his resolution for the admission of Kansas with the Wyandot Constitution, but the subject was postponed. Senator Grimes (Iowa) moved in favor of a direct mail steamship to the Pacific. The resolution relative to the inauguration of Abraham Lincoln was adopted. The Post-office Bill was then taken up for discussion. It was finally adopted, appropriating $6,000,000 for the service. The District of Columbia Militia bill was then taken up, and, after discussion, postponed. On Monday Senator Brown (Miss.) gave notice of a bill to prohibit offenses against slave property in Kansas. The Iowa Bill was read into Executive Session, and adjourned till Monday.——In the House, a message was received from the President announcing that he had signed the Post-office Appropriation bill. Mr. Jackson (Md.) moved an adjournment for two weeks, on the ground that the Clerk might rearrange members' seats. Rejected. Mr. Curry (Ala.) introduced a bill to repeal the Territory bounties. Mr. Taylor (La.) introduced a bill providing for the acquisition of Cuba by negotiation, and its admission to the Union. Referred. Mr. Sherman (Ohio) introduced a resolution declaring the Union willing wages to members of Congress, declaring that no person has a right to property in slavery, and, making provisions to the soldiers of the war of 1812, to establish the proper circulation of uniform currency throughout the United States, to amend the naturalization laws, to provide for the apportionment of Territories by act of law, etc., to provide for election by the people of Deputy Postmasters, to amend the Post-office laws, and to alter the Act of 1840 for several Public Railroad and Telegraph lines, to provide for Territorial Governments, to repeal the Act for the admission of Kansas into the Union, to provide for the admission of Kansas immediately to admission into the Union. Resolutions were introduced in relation to inquiries into the expediency of organizing the postal system and abolishing the franking privilege. The resolutions relative to the election of Secretary of the coal and iron-ask contracts by the Secretary of the Navy were adopted. The approval of the President to more effectual rendition of fugitives from justice; to facilitate intercourse between the United States and Canada for information relative to the removals, etc., of Postmasters, were referred to inquire into the expediency of acquiring the British North American possessions; for the better protection of naturalized citizens abroad, for the acquisition of Cuba, for the repeal of the navy-yard and shipbuilding district bounties. A memorial was received from Mr. S. G. Daly contesting the seat of Mr. Eastman. The Committee of Elections then went into Committee on the President's Message. Mr. Anderson (Mo.) made a strong Democratic speech. Mr. Fenton (N. Y.) replied in defense of the Republican position of the country.

On Friday, February 17, the Senate not being in session, the bill to admit Kansas into the Union, a bill to incorporate the United States Agricultural Society. Laid on the table and ordered to be printed. Resolutions and debate in the Senate on the Harper's Ferry affair. Mr. Wilson (Mass.) addressed the Senate in favor of the Republican platform. The election of Printer was postponed till Monday. Mr. Sherman (Ohio) moved to take up the resolution to abolish the franking privilege. The Senate refused to abolish the franking privilege was received, and after considerable discussion was referred to a select Committee. Adjourned till Monday.

SYMPATHY WITH ITALY.

A demonstration of sympathy with Italy, in favor of sympathy with the cause of Italian Freedom, was largely attended and of the most enthusiastic character. Resolutions were passed approving of the doctrine of non-intervention, and the pamphlet entitled *Le Pape et le Congrès*, and speeches were made by Mr. Cassidy, Mr. Wm. P. Prentice, the Hon. Charles King, the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, Dr. James Wynne, Mr. Mitchell, and the Hon. Joseph Hoxie.

THE NICARAGUA NEGOTIATION QUESTION.

"The following interesting correspondence will be read with pleasure by our citizens of foreign birth:

FROM SENATOR TOOMBS, OF GEO., TO HIS CONSTITUENT.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 18, 1860.

"*Hon. Lewis Cass, Secretary of State:*

"SIR: Certain citizens of Danish, Aniline of Ottawa County, Ohio, wishes to obtain a passport, and, at the same time, to visit Europe, and return to the United States and reside in the Duchy of Holstein. He is a native of that country, but has resided in the United States long enough to extend the age of twenty years, and—as you will discover by his application—has taken the necessary steps to naturalize in the Court of Common Pleas for Ottawa County, Ohio, on the 15th day of May, 1858.

"Although not subject to military service at the date of his departure, he will be liable to the charge of desertion (or his absence) by the Danish authorities, and is apprehensive that he may be arrested, detained, or imprisoned, or compelled to serve as a soldier, in case he should return to Holstein. An answer at your earliest convenience will oblige. Yours respectfully,

G. E. PUGH."

THE PRESENT POSITION OF MR. CASS.

"DEPARTMENT OF STATE, WASHINGTON, Jan. 7, 1860.

"*Hon. Geo. E. Pugh:*

"SIR: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, and I inclose for your information an extract from a letter of Mr. Wright, the U. S. Minister at Berlin, dated July 16, 1859, which explains the views of the Government respecting the rights of naturalized citizens abroad, and from which it will not depart. It is the duty of Mr. Wright, as the diplomatic representative of our Minister, Mr. Wright, was discharged from the service by the Prussian Government. He will receive that, agreeably to the principles laid down in this dispatch. Mr. Wright has been dismissed from the service in Denmark, as he left there before he had been called into the army or Navy, and therefore could not be rightfully considered a deserter. We deny that conscription, or compulsory service in time of peace, constitutes for their fulfillment, create any liability on the part of an American naturalized citizen, to which he can be subjected when returning to the country of his birth. This principle has been recognized by treaty with Denmark. Mr. Smith, a native of that country, but an American citizen, was forced into the Danish army for military service in September last. Our Minister at Copenhagen, Mr. Bodisco, remonstrated in the strongest terms against the violation of the rights of our countrymen, and urged his prompt discharge by his Government for his consideration. His course was approved, and he was informed that 'the President has taken much interest in this case, involving, as it does, the claim of a foreign Government to interfere with the personal security and liberty of so many of our citizens whose interests may require them to return, for temporary purposes, to the respective countries of which they were once inhabitants.'

"The Minister of Foreign Affairs of Denmark informed Mr. Buchanan, in answer to his application, that the Government was unable upon the point of taking the necessary measures for the discharge of Mr. Smith 'on a special and exceptional measure,' when it was ascertained that

be had already been released from the service in consequence of his place having been supplied by a substitute.

"As soon as a satisfactory description shall be received, a passport for Mr. Dutfield will be made out and forwarded to you.

"I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"LEWIS CASS."

DEATH OF A MILLIONAIRE.

At noon, on Thursday, Mr. Stephen Whitney, one of the oldest and wealthiest of our citizens, died at his residence in Bowling Green. Some of his intimate friends state that he was in his 79 year of age, but others allege that he had completed his 80th year. He entered business, in the city, at an early period of his life, and has always been considered strictly upright in his dealings, but, at the same time, close and sharp in driving a bargain. These characteristics laid the foundation for a fortune which has accumulated at the rate of a million estimated at the enormous amount of $8,000,000. Much of this large property consists of real estate, a large proportion of which is situated in the First Ward. He also had large amounts of money invested in productive mortgages and stocks and bonds of various descriptions. Up to the time of his last illness Mr. Whitney retained his vigor to a great extent to collecting rents and to superintending the repairs which it was found necessary to make in the numerous buildings which he owned. Should it this summer be as seldom seen on Wall-street, he will be was not of a speculative character, and it is said that the misfortunes which, a few years since, overtook many of his relatives, who were engaged in the grain trade, involved him only to a limited extent. His will, which exhibits the conservative element of his character more forcibly than his speculative refusal to follow in the acquaintances and neighbors who, years ago, relinquished their down-town residences to look for more quiet and comfortable homes in the upper part of the city. For the last fifty years Mr. Whitney has resided on Bowling Green. In politics he was one of the oldest of the Old-Line Whigs, and a warm supporter of Henry Clay, for whom at one large ship said to have contributed liberally. Mr. Whitney leaves a large number of children and grandchildren. His eldest son-in-law, Hon. J. Phillips Phoenix, retired from business many years ago, after having acquired a large fortune, and died at his residence, which was in the immediate vicinity of the home of Mr. Whitney, twelve or fourteen months ago.

THE CUSTOM-HOUSE OFFICERS AT FAULT.

A late extensive seizure of jewelry on board the *Asia* has terminated in a verdict in favor of the claimant. The lynx-eyed custom-house inspectors, in the prosecution of their duties, thought that a wealthy Mexican banker travelling in that steamship must surely be the fortunate wearer of jewelry, but "more than the law allowed;" but it being subsequently proved that the jewelry was for personal use, and not for merchandise, the Government consented to surrender the goods to the claimant, which was done.

PERSONAL.

Washington papers style Secretary Toucey's reception on Wednesday night the most successful affair of the season. Miss Lane was present, and also, *The States* says, Mrs. Senator Clay. Madame Pico, the Mexican minister ladies of the diplomatic corps, with metropolitan belles, and numerous strangers. Among the latter were gentlemen of all positions in public life—secretaries and ex-secretaries, governors and ex-governors, senators and members, reporters and representatives—men of reputation, men of intellect, men of mind, and men possessing neither trait of character.

The Cincinnati *Gazette* has the following bit of gossip concerning Professor Huntington, late of Harvard College: "We have no authority for saying, though we have heard it mentioned by gentlemen who may be supposed to know, that it is the intention of Dr. Huntington to become a candidate for orders in the Church. The character of his late lectures certainly imparts probability to the supposition."

There is a middle-aged lady who takes her sewing-goes into the Maine House of Representatives, seats herself in the seat used by the Speaker, and listens to the successive responses to the speeches of the members, according to her taste.

Governor Cosas tells the story that when Lieutenant-Governor Stevenson of Tennessee was in Cincinnati on the Kentucky and Tennessee Legislature, he was accompanied by a "body servant," a negro, handsomely clothed—"boy" of about thirty, who was conscious of his dignity. An old darkey was on in the hotel and spoke with him familiarly, seemed him in the hall of the Neil House, and asked the departure of the Governor's party. "Why, Jack, haven't any of the Abolitionists carried you off yet?" "Yah! yah! Mas' Norman Jack, when I seed you go-ne down de street an turn an wid Gobner Donelson and Gobner Wickliffe, I knew you were sure—yah! yah!"

Mr. Speaker Colfax has a peculiar device having had any thing to do with the payment of Mr. Clay's debts, and pronounce its originality fatally by a correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial a fatalistic.

As Mr. Alcott is now in his wife and three children, were driving over the ice on Lake George, the horse and sleigh suddenly went through a crack in the ice. The price of the sufferers were not heard, although they were within a short distance of a house on the shore. The dog Board succeeded in saving his wife and one child. The other two were drowned.

Dr. Brola, of Natchitoches Parish, Louisiana, has devised much interest in the experiment with grapes. He says, says the Natchitoches *Union*, is the complete success of his plan in producing grapes of the most superior quality, and a demonstration of the fact that wine can be made profitably with comparatively little expense. By grafting the best varieties from France upon the wild grapes that grow so luxuriantly in this section, he has now bearing plants that can not be excelled in Europe. The *Union* predicts the raising of wine in North Louisiana, of no distant period, which will command one to any of standards.

Edmund About's duel at Meudon is the talk of literary circles. He was challenged by a small disbelief publication, editor of the *Orpheon*, a musical organ.

Here is a characteristic of the vicissitudes of fortune. A few years ago one of the most active and successful business men in the city of Hudson was Lansing Hall. Every thing he touched turned into money. He once made $150 in a single day on hour, by a purchase and sale piece of real estate. Fifteen years ago Mr. W. was worth $70,000. Since then the luck turned against him. He lost $34,000 by buying stock in the Hudson and Berkshire Railroad. He was followed by misfortune, caused by indorsements. In less than eighteen months Mr. W. passed from affluence to extreme poverty—from $70,000 worth $10,000 to being worth not one cent. Mr. W. is now a resident of Albany, and earns a living for himself and family by peddling candies, apples, and doughnuts.

The Philadelphia *Bulletin* says that the new pastor of Rev. Henry A. Wise, Jun., Rector of the Church of the Epiphany, Philadelphia, are advertised to preach in the church of Episcopalians. His style is different from that of his distinguished father, the Governor of Virginia, in that it is simple and direct. Mr. Wise is eloquent in delivery, although much embarrassed by a nervous affection which at times entirely prevents articulation, and interrupts him with a distressing cough. His person will be a youthful and delicate, and when animated his gesticulation is graceful and easy.

The New York correspondent of the Charleston *Courier* says that "a very pretty story is generally told about Gen. Daniel E. Sickles has experienced a change of heart, and now contemplates commencing the practice of a common church. His former friends say that they have noticed a wonderful change in his conduct recently. In Washington he leads a very different life from what he once did. Before he leaves the Capital, it is thought he will make a public profession of Christianity."

It is stated that Mrs. Blandina Dudley has commenced proceedings in the Supreme Court at Albany to have a deed set aside which was obtained from her by Judge B. Miller of Utica, and which conveyed to him a large portion of her estate. She says that her name was procured to the deed by his allegation that the paper was a mere piece of attorney to transact certain business.

Mrs. Mary Hewitt has addressed a note to the London *Globe* denying that she has joined the sect of Swedenborgians, however she may respect them as a body of Christians, and believing there are many deep truths in many of their religious doctrines.

FOREIGN NEWS

ENGLAND

THE PROPOSED ANNEXATION OF SAVOY.

Lord John Russell made an announcement in Parliament that the Government could not produce the correspondence relative to the proposed annexation of Savoy to France, but he said that Count Walewski had assured Lord Cowley that the Emperor had no intention of proposing the annexation. The British Government sent a dispatch expressing satisfaction at the assurance.

THE SAN JUAN DIFFICULTY.

The London *Times*, in an editorial, explains the present position of the San Juan difficulty. It says:

"We have reason to think that the proposals made to the American minister will be found to be fair and moderate. Instead of standing out for the Rosario Channel and the whole of the waters to the north of Vancouver's Island and none of them, a third channel is proposed for the boundary line, which will not only evade the two disputed routes, but will leave the Americans in possession of the largest share of the disputed islands. This channel, in its course, cuts off the Island of San Juan almost to the west, and necessarily leaves a large part of this island only, while the Americans will retain the remainder. It is considerable, in fact, in the concession that made, that it reasonably suggests a little compensation, and we believe the American Government will find the fairly set at rest the whole of a certain coast of headland which the fortunate possession of the Island of San Juan necessarily keeps this reasonable proposal will be accepted."

HER MAJESTY'S DRESS.

When Parliament opens the Queen Majesty wore a dress of pearl-colored satin with gold bars; over it a mantle of rich crimson velvet, with a deep and massive gold border. Her head-dress was a tiara of brilliants. The cloak of Princess Royal was of white velvet, that of white tulle over a pale blue under-dress; round her head was a wreath of white roses. The Princess Alice was dressed wholly in white, with a wreath of pink flowers as a head-dress.

BURNING OF THE SHIP "ENDYMION."

The ship *Endymion*, of the Dramatic line of New York packets, was burned on the night of the 15th on the Isle Sh. She was lying in the stream ready to sail, when a fire accidentally broke out in the unknown cause, about 9 o'clock in the morning. In addition to the crew, men, having 28 passengers on board, were also on board. All of them were saved, together with their luggage. The vessel was scuttled, but the water did not left her out of water, and in spite of every exertion the flames raged for about three hours, when the vessel was totally destroyed. She had a large and valuable cargo, consisting of woollens, cotton goods, hardware, and general merchandise, some portions of which it was supposed would be saved in a damaged state. The ship was insured, but it is not known whether the cargo was insured.

FRANCE.

THE SUPPRESSION OF THE "UNIVERS."

The *Moniteur* of Sunday, January 29, publishes the following decree, signed by Napoleon III., for the suppression of *Univers*, signed by the Minister of the Interior:

"SIRE,—The *Univers* has for a long time dwelt in the persistent press the organ of a religious party the predominant of which are daily more and more hostile to the rights of the State; its incessant efforts tend to dominate over the lay clergy. It not only misrepresents, but outrages the country, to undermine the fundamental bases upon which the ability of the Government and the society are established.

"This open war waged against our most ancient national traditions is dangerous for religion itself, which it compromises in the eyes of the populations; and more of it, by associating it with doctrines irreconcilable with the nature of governments, it tends to separate it from her sacred principles from its respectful submission to the Holy See in the spiritual order.

"The religious press has misunderstood the mission of moderation, which, in virtue of the law of 1852, the *Journal d'Univers*, especially, heedless of the warnings given to it, daily abused the indulgence with which it is the duty of the Government to treat the press.

"It is with this object in view that I propose to your Majesty to submit to the journal *L'Univers* the execution of the decree of the 17th of February, 1852, and to pronounce the suppression of the journal *L'Univers*.

The doctrines and pretensions which that journal would take to revindicate, and which are in open war with modern monarchy always energetically opposed them; great dialogue almost generally condemned by it that opened. Your Majesty will not show yourself less anxious than your predecessors to maintain the principles of the legislation essential for our national traditions.

"I am, with profound respect, Sire, of your Majesty the very faithful and very obedient servant and subject,

"The Minister Secretary of State in the Department of the Interior,

"BILLAULT."

The above report is followed by the subjoined Imperial decree:

"Napoleon, by the Grace of God and the national will Emperor of the French,

"To all present and future greeting:—

"On the proposal of our Minister of the Interior, Considering Art. 17 of the decree of the 17th of February, 1852,

"We have decreed and decree as follows:

"*Art.* 1. The journal *L'Univers* is suppressed.

"*Art.* 2. Our Minister of the Interior is charged with the execution of the present decree, which will be inserted in the *Bulletin des Lois*.

"Done at the Palace of the Tuileries, the 29th of January, 1860.

(Countersigned) "BILLAULT,
"Minister of the Interior."

MR. CORDEN'S BAGGAGE.

The Paris correspondent of the Augsburg *Gazette* writes: "I gather from one of the managers of the Opéra de Quai Mr. Corden, whose benefit takes place to-morrow, from England, his luggage weighed about 10,000 kilogrammes (about 10 tons). The luggage of a top immediately forwarded to St. Cloud. This paved considerable patience of every kind of English requisite. An Emperor went with Mr. Corden over the whole of these things, and expressed himself highly pleased. I will write with that of the corresponding articles of French manufacture. As soon as the luggage of Mr. Corden arrived Mr. Corden had established a depôt of English goods in the palace of St. Cloud, and Napoleon was obliged to confer with the Emperor, as he once before had done with Sir Robert Peel. The Emperor made a good use of this opportunity to acquire commercial knowledge, and he then became enabled to meet and conquer the deputations of the protectionists on their own ground."

A LUCKY DENTIST.

An American dentist in France is thus mentioned by the Paris correspondent of the *Evening Post*:

"There are few persons in Paris who have not heard of Dr. Evans, the American dentist, as he is called, par excellence, and who has charge of the teeth of pretty much all the sovereigns of Europe, and of America too, I suppose, when the latter comes to Paris. He made a fortune during the Crimean war, and also by the instance of the former Empress of Russia. On parting, she presented him with a diamond ring valued at 60,000 francs—about $12,000. The Doctor and Mrs. Evans have recently been enough from crowned heads, in the shape of bracelets, watches, snuff-boxes, rings, and the like articles in gold and precious stones, to make him a millionaire, if he had their cost in money. There is, by the way, a report that he is about to sell the establishment of Europe from whom he has not some costly testimonial.

"The sovereigns of France are warm friends of his; he is a favorite with the Emperor, and has free access to the Imperial family at its town, and he visits them frequently when they are in the country. His intimacy at the court has no doubt contributed somewhat to the demand for his services elsewhere, for it is well known that he has frequently been the bearer of messages between the Tuileries and Windsor, thereby gaining much important consequence, it was desirable not to invest with an official character. He has also been employed, as the simplicity of their domestic life, and the purity of their domestic relations, that his family act as models which it would be well if our country people, when they cross to the continent, would more generally imitate."

THE STRUGGLE OF THE PROTECTIONISTS.

The French Protectionists are making desperate efforts against the Emperor's proposed commercial reform. Petitions are showered upon the Senate, all the manufacturing towns against the measure. On the other hand, the Free Trade party are also active, and petitions are addressed from important commercial bodies.

HOW TO MAKE A NEWSPAPER TO GO.

The *Herald* correspondent writes: "The process of obtaining an invitation is very simple. You know this: with the people of consequence in Paris, and those living on the de monarchical governments, there is much more difficulty in obtaining invitations to dinner than in any republic than there is for Americans, the rule with the Ministers of the Imperial Government is never to invite a foreigner unless he has not been presented to his own. Any respectable person can obtain an audience of the Queen by leaving his name at the American Legation, will be presented at the Tuileries, and in the name of the Empress at the Tuileries, issued in the name of the Empress, by assent of preparation is required. The recipient must, in the hour appointed, present himself in a court dress, therefore them, as he will not be permitted to enter the Palace without it. Gentlemen wear the full dress of the dress description. The dress worn by Americans is very simple, consisting of a black dress coat, with a single or double row of buttons, straight embroidered collar, with embroidered cuffs, white vest, black pants, with a double pantaloons, with a gold band at its side, a white cravat, and white kid gloves, sword, and a cocked hat; or, if one happens to have a good coat, and is desirous of appearing in it, he may wear it with the steel-grips and pumps, which is the strict court dress."

ITALY.

Writing of one of Mr. Buchanan's Consuls, the Paris correspondent of the *Times* says:

"Mr. Smith—Marshall Smith, I believe, is his name—has been appointed Consul-General at Constantinople, left home with his first quarter's salary in his pocket, seven $250, or $1,750 altogether. Even told, but his commission, and came to Paris, where he appears to have spent the greater part of it. Consul's commission, and even at Constantinople, was but a step in the career which Mr. Smith has chosen for himself. The American Government needed an interpreter here, just as much as it needed a Consul there, and the consequence is that he is "blocked up at Meurice's. Mr. Smith has already made his appearance at the Tuileries, one an acquaintance which he made on board the ship, and the other since he arrived."

THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS IN THE STREET.

The same writer says: "Driving a pair of splendid bays attended by outriders, with the white lion in their headdress, and handling them as though he were accustomed to it, the Emperor passed me yesterday on the Champs Elysées Napoleon came along the avenue. He was dressed in a blue frock-coat buttoned up to the throat and wore a cloak of its own. The points of his mustache looked particularly stiff, and his hat was drawn down over his eyes to shield from the latter's. I required a steady hand and a quick eye to guide the horses through the crowds the immense throng of vehicles of every description which filled the avenue, and which, in addition to the usual Sunday crowd upon the streets, was obliged with the other to acknowledge the salutations which greeted on every side, and to be kept up a continual bowing. I consider myself a tolerably good driver myself, but I felt that I was not quite my head as he passed. A great man is he—he has been accustomed to the habit of driving—perhaps more than he supposes is the true measure of great men, after all. The Emperor grew more and more into my good graces. Up on the 20th of April next, but looks as fresh and young, I think, as when he was five years ago, before he began the whole weight of Europe on his shoulders, and the Papal Question to boot.

"A short distance behind him came the Empress in an open carriage with four. She was dressed very simply, but with scrupulous neatness, bowing to every body, and seeming to be the object of what seemed to me *l'bon jour*." She has faded very much within even the last year, and I should think that the delicate constitution of European affairs has affected her perpetually more than the Emperor. She appears to be about four on the fifth of May next, and it is one of the sad ills that she is a Roman Catholic. Considering the last few years ago, led her to like her increasing figure beneath a mass of crinoline. She was dressed in black, and a few days since she sent a nice, newly-invented bed and mattress, intended, I believe, to be offered when she wounded at Solferino, with her personal hopes and wishes for his speedy recovery."

A ROYAL SCANDAL.

The *Times* correspondent writes:

"England and Prussia have now finds a nice bit of gossip in the movements of the young Prince of Orange, who is now paying a visit to Berlin. This young Prince, about to enter upon the scene, and heir to the throne of Holland, is, it appears, desirous of marrying one of the Princess Alice, second daughter of Queen Victoria by Prince Albert. Should the needful marriage of inclination, holds essentially to the doctrine that her children must marry for love, and time it has been arranged that, after a short stay at Paris, the young Prince was to go to Berlin, and there meet the second daughter of Prince Alice, or, in other words, that there should be a little courtship between the young people before the ceremony took place. Just before the time fixed for the visit to London, the Prince arrived in Paris, he received a message either, that the young Prince had found some agreeable ladies in the neighborhood of Berlin, and had stayed behind, and that, to sum up the Prince's French visit in one word, he had been 'going it.' Now the Queen is a good mother and a good woman, exactly one heaven, and does not approve of such peccadilloes even in a Prince's visit just as his juvenile Highness was on the point of leaving Paris for London he received a telegraphic dispatch from the Hague peremptorily ordering him to forego his visit to London, and to start instantly for Berlin! The Prince's astonishment knew no bounds. Was ever mother so cruel as to cut off the head of her wild young rover, heartbreaking town of Bordeaux? What did it all mean? But the order came from the King, his father, and must be obeyed. The Queen was not willing to receive the young gentlemen into her family with the Prince's intimate connection, and such a visitation was the wind and her Majesty.' She so intimated to King William of Holland, who seems to have held the same opinion.

"But how comes the most amusing part of the history, and a part which perhaps has not yet crossed the channel. The party had not gone far on the road to Bordeaux when the officers who form the suite of the young Prince of Orange were surprised with the intelligence that the Prince as well as his wounds, found to their consternation that the Prince had left the ladies of the chamber, the Grand Opera, and the particular admiration of the Bordeaux world, and that there was a situation for men charged with so enormous a burden.

"The party turned their faces about, and journey to Bordeaux, and return with the Prince to Paris."

A TALE OF SORROW.

He adds: "A touching tale of sorrow has just been brought to my knowledge through an application for assistance. The husband of the lady who has applied to me, but an orphan, and living in her uncle and aunt, who have brought her home almost from the time of her birth; and after dwelling with him to Canada, then to Rome, and to the principal cities of Italy, and to Paris, where she got, at last arrived in Paris, where they now are. The lady and her husband parties have lived very happy, and the Spaniard was not nasty her for the obvious reason that he was a Catholic and she a Protestant. They have had a complete state of destitution, and with the pangs of hunger, and forced to separate and disunite. The husband, a doctor of my acquaintance was sent for, and he found the lady in a state of the most pitiful food, and almost in a state of insanition. She begged to be sent home to her friends in the north of Italy, and promised to go to her man again as long as she lived. On his part he asked no more than to be allowed to go to Paris, where he had a relative of his Spanish friends in Paris would manage to get him a place. The parties have lived very happily together on the charity of Spaniards and on pauns made to the Jews, and the husband, having never been accustomed to found by the doctor, who has since not only supplied all his wants but has also given him money to pay his debts. He trained for her a lodging-place with an American family in the Rue Richelieu, and has left for Paris, passage to New York."

AN UNHAPPY AMERICAN GIRL.

We read from *Galignani's Messenger*: "A young woman, twenty-three years of age, was yesterday morning found lying senseless in the Champs Elysées. Upon being conveyed to the Chamber of Deputies, she was conveyed at once to the Hôtel Dieu. Upon the examination it was that an attempt had been made to poison herself. The poison had not taken effect, as it was in her left arm had been opened. He bound up the wound, and administered the usual remedies, and she soon recovered her senses. She then stated that she had attempted to commit suicide in consequence of her father, a working man, having abandoned her. She said that she was a native of the United States, and had left America for Africa. Having remained not to reside there for some months, she was taken home.

ITALY.

THE POLICY OF SARDINIA IN CENTRAL ITALY.

On the 25th January the Sardinian Minister for Foreign Affairs addressed a circular to the Sardinian Ambassadors abroad on the question of Central Italy. Cavour observes that the inhabitants of Tuscany have accepted the Congress with confidence, but important difficulties have arisen in the negotiations.

The pamphlet *Le Pape et le Congrès*, of which, without seeking to discuss the principles, we have given the substance; the letter of Napoleon to the Pope; the speech of the Emperor at the opening of the session of the Chambers, are the causes of facts which show the impossibility of the Congress being the best means for Central Italy. It is certain that the Congress will not be assembled, and that the Powers, consequently, will not be being satisfied on their part, wished also to satisfy their consciences by proposing the best means for the pacification of the present. Only announcing these facts, Cavour declares that Sardinia will not shrink from the responsibility for the tranquility of Europe, and the pacification of Italy.

THE ANNEXATION OF SAVOY TO FRANCE.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Times* writes which states that, on the 25th, the Emperor received the Senate, and read to them a speech of which a few words. Nearly two hundred and fifty persons were present, and the Emperor was received by the residents of Chambery, and asked information from the Sardinian Minister for Foreign Affairs, and from the King of Sardinia to cede the Province to France. The Emperor replied that he had not yet received any cede that the statement was received with some cries of "Vive la France!" The Senators of Chambery were completely strangers to the demonstration, which took place in the street, and it was inferred that their feelings were consequently sympathetic with France.

GARIBALDI'S MARRIAGE.

As some doubt has been thrown upon the intelligence of General Garibaldi's marriage with Signorella Raimondi, the daughter of a Florentine Professor, the *Mercantile*, of Genoa, of the 7th instant, says: "Garibaldi has married the young and beautiful Signorella Raimondi, daughter of a Florentine Professor, was the General's witness."

AUSTRIA.

TROUBLES IN THE AUSTRIAN ARMY.

At latest dates it was considered more than ever likely that the Austrian troops would be withdrawn from the Papal States. Agitation continued to prevail in Venetia before long. Arrests were also still attacked and wounded in Verona, and the cavalry were ordered to be in readiness to march against the rebels. At least the Cividale Reg at Chiegnia, Pordenone, and Portogruaro, and the Hungarian Regiment Archduke Albert Venice for insulting persons pronouncing words favorable to the Italian cause. Numerous authorities of Venice had been acquainted with the determination of Austria to retain that province, and defend it to the utmost.

MEXICO

ADVANCE OF MIRAMON ON VERA CRUZ.

The Vera Cruz correspondent of the *Picayune* writes: Vera Cruz dated to the 19th inst.

The Mexican army, City of Mexico on the 8th for Vera Cruz, with 5000 men, and his advance-guard was reported to be within 30 miles of Vera Cruz.

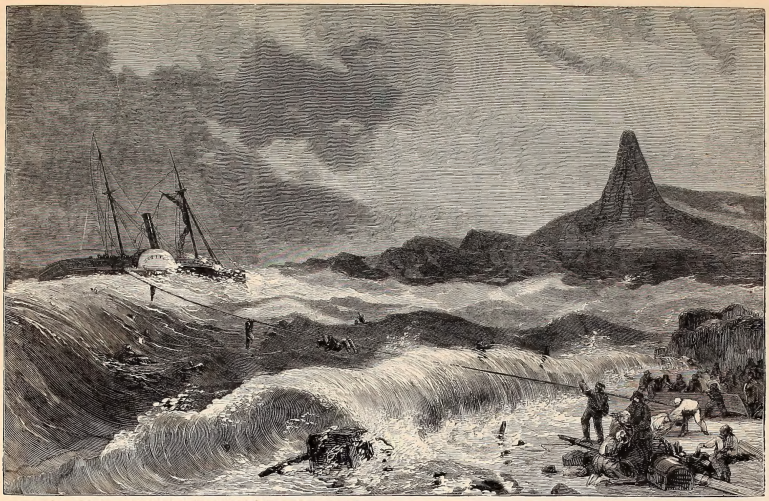
Vera Cruz had been declared in a state of siege.

The *Saratoga* was at Vera Cruz.

AUSTRALIA.

TWO EUROPEAN GIRLS RESCUED FROM SAVAGES.

The Sydney *Herald* gives an account of the rescue of two European girls from the savages. It appears to be the only survivors out of all the passengers wrecked in the *Maria* in 1834. They were taken from the wreck of the island on the 23d of October, were found sixty miles inland by Mr. Frazer, who, with a party, proceeded to the respective ages of fifteen and sixteen years. Their appearance was exceedingly revolting, their persons from long suffering and exposure to the weather, are covered with a coating of hair; the skin, stained by their tormentors to assimilate with their own, had become spotted and wrinkled, as if from old age; the nose had seeing loosely before they fell into the hands of the natives, and their countenances bore the appearance of despair, apparently quite gone." Other European are believed to be prisoners of the blacks on Fraser Island.

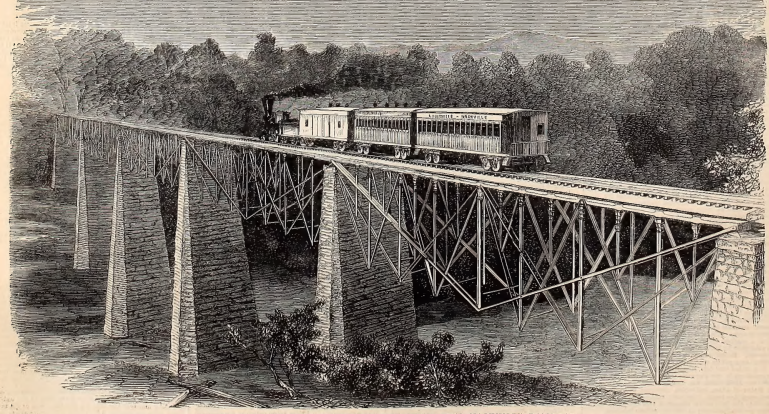


WRECK OF THE STEAMSHIP "NORTHERNER."—[FROM A SKETCH BY A PASSENGER.]—SEE PAGE 123.

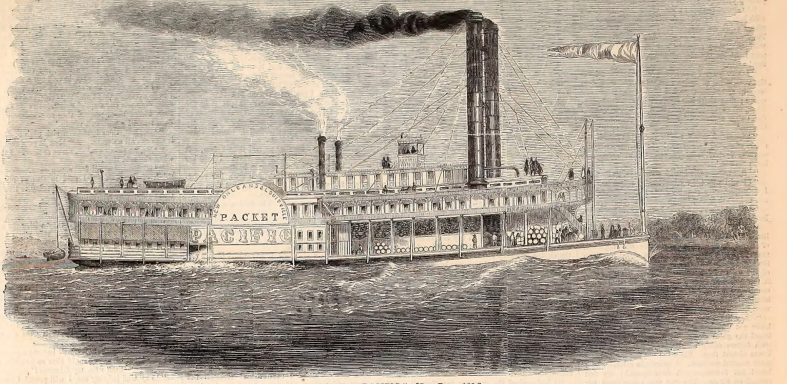
BRIDGE OVER GREEN RIVER—LOUISVILLE AND NASHVILLE RAILROAD.

THIS structure, of which we present an engraving herewith, is one of those great works which, as triumphs of man's intelligence and energy over the obstacles interposed by nature to his free communication and commerce with his fellows, are looked upon in every country as fit subjects of national pride and eulogy. It is—with the single exception of the Victoria Bridge at Montreal—the largest iron bridge on this continent. It crosses the valley of Green River near the town of Munfordsville, Kentucky, and twenty miles above the celebrated Mammoth Cave, which is located on the same stream. Its total length is 1000 feet, consisting of three spans of 208 feet and two of 288 feet each; is 118 feet above low-water; contains 638,000 pounds of cast and 381,000 pounds of wrought iron, and 2500 cubic feet of timber in the form of rail-joists. There are 10,220 cubic yards of masonry in the piers and abutments. The cost of the superstructure, including that of erection, was sixty-eight dollars per foot lineal—that of the entire work, $165,000. The plan of truss is that invented by Albert Fink, the designer and constructor of the bridges and viaducts on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad; and is peculiar in this, that it is self-compensating and self-adjusting, and no extremes of temperature can put it in such a condition that all the parts can not act in their accustomed manner and up to their full capacity.

The construction of the masonry of this bridge was commenced in the month of April, 1857, and completed in March, 1859. The iron work of the superstructure, which was built by Inman & Gault, of Louisville, was begun in July, '58, and the entire bridge was in its place, and ready for the regular passage of trains, by the 1st of July, 1859. The first span was erected in February, '59. The work of raising the false works for the reception of the superstructure was one of no inconsiderable difficulty. Before the regular use of the bridge it was thoroughly and severely tested with the heaviest loads that could possibly be placed upon it, as also with loads moving with the greatest attainable velocity. The deflections caused by the different loads agreed in all cases with those previously calculated from the known extension and contraction of the materials, thus affording mathematical proof of the excellence of the design, the faithfulness of its execution, and the correctness of the builders' estimates of its proportions and consequent strength.



BRIDGE OVER GREEN RIVER, ON THE LOUISVILLE AND NASHVILLE RAILROAD.



THE STEAMER "PACIFIC."—[SEE PAGE 123.]

"I DRANK MILK FROM THE CUP SHE HANDED ME."

"I FILLED MY JOINED HANDS WITH THE WATER, AND SHE DRANK EAGERLY."

THE PYTHAGOREAN:

A TALE OF THE FIRST CENTURY.

"Who shall deliver me from this *body of death?*"
ST. PAUL.

"I REMEMBER," said Claudius—an old, gray-headed man, a minister of one of the early Christian churches in the first century—"I remember my youth. I was the son of an Athenian. Both my parents died before I knew them, and left me to the care of an old man, my father's eldest brother. He was a disciple of the doctrines of the Pythagoreans. He taught me well. From him I learned how to live; the luscious fruit, the sweet honey, the wholesome grain—these were our food. Exercises of all kinds, and study in its season, helped the flight of time till I became a man, then he died and left me his small property. I knew a trade—that of a carpenter—and with the money he left me and my trade I traveled much—in Greece, Egypt, and Italy. Still I felt unsatisfied with my lot. There was a void here," and the old man placed his shriveled hand upon his heart, "that would not fill.

"One day—that day is as yesterday—I felt the void was gone; the place was filled! I was walking in one of the woods, near to a city in the north of Italy, when I heard a footstep behind me. The leaves rustled as though dancing to the music of the faint breeze that sighed among the tops of the young trees. I turned, and beheld—Virginia! just such a sun shone on her."

The old man paused in his walk, full in front of the window. The reddish light cast a glow upon his features, and he seemed to blush as did the youth when first he saw his idol.

"Virginia! Shall I ever forget thee!"

He had quite lost his hearers now, while they eagerly drank in his words.

"Her step, her mien, her face! The void was gone. She bore upon her head a vessel of milk, which she poised gracefully with one arm uplifted, and with the other held her tunic from contact with the damp grass, for the dew was falling. I followed her—saw her deliver the vessel which was emptied—and returned to her. She came back by the same path, carelessly swinging the vessel by one of its handles and singing some childish lay. I had heard in my own city the voices of the hired singers of the great, but never did my ears drink in such melody as flowed from that swelling throat. She thought she was alone, and warbled like a bird. I followed her still, and saw her enter a poor, mean cottage near the borders of the wood. It was not long before I found an excuse in my thirst to call there. I drank milk from the cup she handed me. It was the nectar of the gods."

His hearers started. Where was the Nazarene now? He was gone. It was a young man with the full tide of passion flowing in his veins to whom they listened.

"The father was a slave of Sporus the magistrate of the district, but was allowed by his owner to have all the privileges of freedom on payment of a certain sum at every month. He was a carpenter, his wife kept a few cows from which the household of Sporus was supplied. I soon hired myself to the father, and being a good workman raised myself in his esteem; why need I delay, I wooed Virginia—I won her. All the freshness of her girlhood's love was mine. At evenings she would listen to me as I detailed for her my travels by sea and land. She, too, could teach me something, for she had with her mother joined the Nazarenes, the Christians.

"SPORUS WAS AVENGED!"

"We were to have been united—all was ready, two moons only had to run their course and she was mine. Alas! how we build on sand.

"Sporus had often seen Virginia. He knew she was his slave. I knew it too. I must buy her freedom. I went to his house, saw him; he asked to see her again. I urged that it could not affect the price—he would see her. He saw her—he refused—I could not marry a slave. What could we do? I offered him thrice her value as a slave—he still *refused*; and, why? He wanted her for himself!

"Virginia not my wife, but the slave and mistress of Sporus! The thought was horrible. Wealth can do much. I persuaded her to flee.

"It wanted but a week of the day fixed, when she, as her custom was, went to the house of Sporus with her milk. I was at work, and saw her go. She was longer than usual returning. I watched the openings in the trees through which she was to come. She came not. I could not endure the suspense—I went to meet her. I reached the wood, I heard her scream. I should have known that voice any where. I ran—I found her with disordered dress and disheveled hair struggling in the arms of her master, Sporus.

"I struck him to the earth, and she twined her arms round me and clung to me, as though dreading to lose me.

"'Loose me, dearest, I am powerless. See he rises.'

"She left me free, but took fast hold of my girdle, as though there was safety in the very act of touching me.

"He rose. 'Glaucus, she is my slave, her father is my slave, leave her to me.'

"Sporus, thou wretch accursed, I will not leave thee. I will with these fingers tear thy vile heart from its place to feed the dogs if thou darest but to touch the hem of her robe.'

"Glaucus, I warn thee. Thou hast struck me. I am a Roman. I never forget an insult. Yet if thou will leave her to me, and leave this place thyself, thou shalt cheat my revenge.'

"Domon that thou art, I will not leave thee with her. Thou art more vile than the very beasts whose cries do nightly echo through this wood. They wed with no unwilling mates, while thou—waif that thou art—wouldst have despoiled this poor lamb but for me. I will not leave thee with her.'

"Once more I warn thee, Glaucus, tempt not the vengeance of Sporus. Virginia, if thou dost love him, bid him go. I will make thee my queen; thou shalt have slaves at thy command. Thou, who art thyself a slave, shalt have thy freedom; thou shalt wed Sporus the magistrate. Bid him go.'

"Sporus, I would not be thy bride for all the riches of earth. Glaucus, leave me not with this wretch; I will live with thee or die with thee, but leave me not.'

"Once more, Glaucus, I warn thee, go!'

"I will not, thou doubly condemned wretch. I defy thee—thy country's laws thou darest not ask to help thee now.'

"Glaucus—Virginia—I have warned ye thrice. Beware the vengeance of Sporus!'

"He left us—she fell into my arms—I carried her home. The seven days had passed—the night of flight had come. We stole out together, reached the wood in safety; not a sound but from the leaves—the waving of the living, the crushing of the dead under our feet. Hope lit our hearts. A few hours more and we should be safe. I heard a sound—other feet. O God! They had us bound, blindfolded, gagged, in a moment. Hope's lamp went out never to be rekindled.

"They hurried us through the wood, and then I know not where, till we came to a building. I heard the gates shut. They fastened my wrists with fetters softly lined with leather, and light. I was chained. They led me farther into a room of stone vaulted corridor. I heard the echoes, and I heard her footsteps. A door opened; my feet rustled on straw. The gag was taken from my mouth; the bandage from my eyes. Oh, Christus! what a pitiable sight met my gaze. Virginia was kneeling on the ground, her face upraised to mine. I could see by the dim light that came from a large opening above that she was bound as I was, but—oh, Sporus! thou child of Tartarus—her fetters were so heavy she could scarcely lift them unaided.

"There was a window in the place. I rushed toward it. She screamed, and was dragged with me. We were licked together—most cruel mockery!

"I sat down on the stone bench against the wall. She knelt on me. We spoke not. Our hearts were too full. I noticed that my slightest movement caused her pain. I could see the eyes close and the lips compressed even in the midst of sleep.

"Morning broke at last; then I found why the lips compressed in pain. Her fetters, four fingers broad, had the edges turned in to the wrists and filed to points like a fine saw. They had cut through the skin, and the blood flowed on the hands and arms. No wonder, now, the poor child screamed so piteously at my movement.

"The window were in was a small square room with a partial roof, the middle open to the air. Through the centre, in a channel cut in the stone floor, ran a stream of water. I dipped my fingers and tasted it. It was salt to bitterness. On one side of the room was the stone bench on which we had sat the long night through. On the opposite side ran two small fountains—the one water, the other wine. The wine flowed into a basin till it was full, then ran over and was lost—it was the wine; the other ran away at once—there was no basin to collect that. Between the fountains, at a man's height from the ground, was a circular metal mirror. Other objects the room had none, except a trough or shelf under the mirror. The windows were high—higher than my head—I could just catch sight of the distant hill-tops through them. Such was our prison.

"I looked from the windows to her face. It was the old look, grief of love and confidence, which it spoke better than words:

"'Glaucus, thou hast not kissed me since we came here!'

"'My poor child' (she was small and delicate; I called her child sometimes), 'I have had sad thoughts; to think that I have brought her to this suffering, those fetters, galls me to madness.'

"'They do not hurt me much when you are quite still; it's when you move they hurt me. But oh, my Glaucus! is it that brought them here, not thou me. Thou mightest have been happy but for me. Ah! woe is me that I should that have harmed thee!'

"Yet, Virginia, I would rather be here with thee than free with any other. Thou art mine in life or death.'

"'Must we to starve us here?'

"'Alas! I know not what he means. See, there is water—drink!'

"I lifted her fetters, and she came to the fountain and knelt. I filled my joined hands with the water, and she drank eagerly.

"'Will not thou drink, Glaucus?'

"And she tried to fill her hands as I had done, but now the lips firmly set and the tears start to her eyes with the pain of those horrible fetters' teeth.

"'Nay, love, I will thus,' and I let the full stream fall into my parched mouth.

"We went back to the bench. I threw her fetters on my knee, to take their weight; and so the day toiled slowly away. The blood coagulated round the wrists, and the least movement tore open the wounds afresh. She slumbered at last with fatigue and pain. How fair she looked as, lying on my breast, she slept! Her breath was shorter and faster than I had ever known it. Evening came, and the sun was just sinking, when I saw the mirror move and close again; and at the shelf there stood bread and flesh—the flesh was scarcely dressed.

"I dared not move, though hunger was rampant within me. At last she woke, and started with surprise, then shrieked with pain. Those accursed fetters! she had forgotten them.

"'I am hungry—is there no food?'

"I pointed it out to her, and she eagerly seized the bread and began to eat ravenously. Then stopped—put down the bread.

"'Forgive me! I did forget thee, but hunger made me. See! there is flesh—it is of swine—I can not eat it. I am a Nazarene. Thou shalt have the flesh, and I the bread, Glaucus.'

"She had forgotten I was a disciple of Pythagoras. She ate—I gave her drink—and still I was famished.

"Thou dost not eat thy flesh,' she said, with an effort to smile. 'Ah! I had forgotten, thou didst tell me that thou hadst never tasted flesh and all the bread—all is gone. Oh, wretch that I am! I have killed thee. Thou wilt perish of hunger while I am still. Oh, woe is me!'

"'Dearest, fear not! I hunger not. Sorrow hath taken away desire for food.'

"I felt the mad wolves gnawing in my vitals then.

"And then came another night. I had placed her on my own knee as before, with her hands resting on the other, on which lay our chains. One arm was round her form, and I thought the weight the chains lent they should slip. She slumbered. The stars grew dim; I was awakened by a wild shriek and a jerk at my chains. She still fallen asleep, the hand relaxed its hold, a movement of hers had thrown the chains from my knee toward the ground. The jerk of the chains united mass was jerked on her slender wrists. What wonder that wild scream of anguish! She had fainted. I carried her to the bench, and laid her bleeding arms. The stream was less! She recovered, and expressed such sorrow for having awoke me that my eyes filled with tears. She slept again—day, and again we sat as before, till morning once more broke.

"I had noticed the previous day that all round the room there were openings near the bottom of the wall reaching to the floor about a span high. There came to each opening a large rake, which pulled the straw from under our feet, then a large piece of wood on the end of a pole with which the floor was washed; and soon after a large bundle of straw was flung down from the opening in the roof. Then we understood why it had touched in some time: God only knew how long.

"How I longed for evening—for food. She talked to me of her youth, and how her change of faith; never had she been so dear to me as at that moment. All the longings of my nature after purity and truth which I had felt when I sat with the professors of the various religions. I was half inclined to think there was no truth or purity in any worship, in any faith, save that she taught me of the God of the Nazarenes—of the Man-God Christus; told me of his deeds, his life of love—pure, his cruel death. I could say only that truth was here, here. was purity; and as she talked to me I felt I could believe. I was a believer in the Prophet of Nazareth from that time.

"At last evening came. We both watched intently the mirror. The hour drew—the moment on its surface; it turned, the bread and flesh were there, the mirror closed again.

"Glaucus, thou shalt have the share of bread to-night.' She broke it in halves: there was less bread than the day before. She saw it, too.

"We ate and drank, and thought that was her the last portion of mine. She kissed me, and devoured it most eagerly, and looked at the shelf in her turn.

"'Not yet, dearest!' I said, 'not yet.'

"She understood me, and we lay down again for the night.

"Days and nights passed. Each day saw the fresh straw, each night there was less bread. One night there was none at all, and but little flesh. That night I saw it first!

"She lay asleep, breathing quickly, with the fever-flush on her cheek; not a sound save her breathing, the murmuring of the salt stream at our feet, and the trickling of the two fountains. I saw it then—I could not look at her. I could not endure that she should be there so still. I woke her with kisses.

"'What dost thou want, Glaucus?' she said, peevishly, 'thou hast awakened me to pain. I was dreaming of home, and Christus, Christus there, and thou hast put them on again. Thine are soft, thou dost not feel them; let me sleep.'

"I murmured some low reproach, and again she slept, and again IT came. I shut my eyes, it was still before them; I looked up at the stars, it hid them; I could not see for it.

"Morning came—she awoke fevered and dry. 'Water, Glaucus, or I perish!' I led her to the fountain. The stream had become drops!

"I held my hand, as drop by drop it fell into the pain, and then put it to her lips.

"'More, Glaucus, more! Stay, let me come.' She put her lips to the aperture, while I held her fetters, and drank—drank as one whose arms exhausted with the effort. The day passed in a sort of torpor.

"Evening came—no bread, and less flesh. It was nearer.

"'Glaucus, I must eat! Christus, forgive me! but I must eat. Give me the flesh.'

"I gave it her. She tore it from my reluctant hand like a wild animal, and with her teeth and nails rent it into shreds, which she boiled whole. Ye gods! what a sight for these poor eyes it was!

"'Eat, my Glaucus,' she said, fiercely, 'eat, I say.'

"But 'thou'lt not have enough, Virginia.'

"True! Thou, Glaucus, shalt eat to-morrow.'

"Eat to-morrow! I kissed her lips, still wet with the juicy flesh, and tasted—oh, it was life! To-morrow! to-morrow! would it never come?

"That night I saw IT more clearly than ever. I could not look at her as she slept, IT was so clearly there.

"Morning again—again the fountain—the water drop, drop, drop! The wine gurgled in its basin—we both heard it, had heard it, it always was so.

"No love; not yet, not yet.'

"Evening came. I had horrible intensity we watched the mirror. It moved—it turned, there was flesh—less than before.

"She ate—I held her head to her mouth in a moment, and threw herself on the floor to take the weight of her chains off her hands.

"'Virginia, I prithee, give me to eat!'

"She tore off a morsel, and dropped it in the straw. I seized it and ate it. It was fullness of life—more than life!

"'Virginia, more!—more, for pity's sake! Thine own Glaucus asks it of thee.'

"She tore off a smaller morsel than before. It was maddening. More I must have. I held her hands, and tore the remainder in halves.

"The poor wrists bled afresh with her resistance. She swallowed her portion, and then with eager tongue licked mine.

"I was a man again. The food was like new life: but still I saw IT.

"'Glaucus, I faint. Let me drink.'

"Once more I led her to the fountain: there was no water! The wine ran gurgling into its full basin, and I drank.

"Glaucus, I must drink, my throat is on fire!'

"I saw frenzy in her eyes. I could not deny her longer. 'Drink, dearest Virginia! but a little.' She put aside my hands with the wine in them, impatiently, and stooped down to the basin and drank.

"I thought she would never cease; at last she did—raised her flushed face to mine.

"'Drink, Glaucus, drink! My fetters pain me not: I am cool now.'

"The fever-flush she looked at me again, and put her arms about me: her fetters were lighter now. I met her look.

"I was wounded at nightfall through the streets, and soon eyes that as a boy I wondered at, as a youth admired, as a man pitied. 'My God! my God! Virginia, I love you now!' My own Virginia, pure as an angel, was looking at me as those eyes only can look.

"'Glaucus, Glaucus!' and her arms tightened round me, and her lips were pressed to mine. Her breath, odorous of wine, half-suffocated me. Oh, Christus! I had died before I had been obliged to recognize in this fierce drunken girl my own Virginia!' Yet it was so. I could not return her kisses.

"'Dost thou not love me, dearest Glaucus?'

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"The old man paused, choked with his emotions.

"The horrors of that night I shall never forget. I struggled, and I conquered. She slept at last, the fever's grip had been given to mine.

"I wiped the dews from her brow again and again till morning came, the woke not; the night day came, and still she slept. I saw IT all the time—all through the lone night as she lay in my arms I saw IT there.

"As the sun was going down she woke and looked at me with a new light in her eyes; cried for water. I had my own. Then she sang again some hymn of childhood, then knelt in front of me.

"'Marcus' (she thought she was a child again and I her brother), 'I'll make thee a garland,' and she gathered the straw of the place, put the ears together, and made a crown; then put it on my head. I helped her by holding the fetters; she thought I held her.

"'Let me, Marcus—let me go.'

"'Nay, Virginia, thy Marcus loves thee too well.'

"She looked from my face to her hands. 'See, I've found some poppies among the corn and squeezed them; see, the juice is running down my fingers. I'll paint thee, Marcus, as we saw the man from Britain painted in the market-place; it's red, not black, that we want;' and she took a few pieces of the straw and put them to her poor arms, and with her own dear blood streaked my face.

"'Now I'll kiss thee, Marcus, and we'll go home. I must have milk.'

"I loosened her, we walked about the room. I gave her a few drops of wine, and she was contented and slept.

"Evening again. I watched the mirror alone. The flesh came—less than ever. I feared to wake her, yet I must eat. I took her softly in my arms, and moved her gently. She slept. I reached it. I must free one hand for a moment. I reached the flesh, but I felt her heavy chains slipping. They fell, pulled her down, and with a loud shriek the clang reached the floor. She woke, gave one look at my face, all blood-stained as it was, and shouted 'Glaucus, Glaucus! help! Sporus—then demon, let me go!' She tore my face with her nails and bit me, and then the wildest of all sounds, the heard the cry of the wild bird—I've heard the cry of the despairing seamen, as they struggled in the waves I've heard the wild wailings of wounds, the wail among the mountain pines, but I never heard such a sound as that before or since. I hear it now! and the old man put his hands to his ears, as if to keep out the sound.

"She thought it was Sporus; and struggled for life.

"'I am thine own—thy Glaucus.'

"'Liar that thou art,' and again the cries for Glaucus, and the same wild scream. She tore herself from my grasp and fled round and round the cell. I could have held her by the chains but for the poor wrists; at last I caught her robe and she fell, but it was on the sharp edge of the wine basin, and the blood flowed from a great gash in her fair forehead, and then she swooned, and in the odor of that blood as I stanched it I saw IT with terrible clearness. I dare not kiss her forehead while it flowed. I held her and lay by her side while I ate my feast. I felt strong again, and reproached myself for eating—I was but the longer to live, and why live? Yet I could not but eat.

"The moon was shining brightly on her face, and again I saw IT as she lay. What would I not have given to see it not? In vain I tried to sleep to sunrise; the stars were growing fainter in the grey morning light when she woke. Oh, what happiness! the old look—the look of love when she sat at my feet in the wild free woods.

"'How I have missed you, Glaucus? I have had such dreams; I have been a child, and then I dreamed of the woods and Sporus again, and I have dreamed that I was happy, but that you did not kiss me on our nuptial couch. In vain I called thee, kissed thee, pressed thee to me—thou wert dead; and I a widowed virgin.'

"Dearest, thou hast been sick nigh to death; it was not all a dream. Art thou in pain now?'

"'Yes, Glaucus, more! It was no dream. I knew when she said that.'

"Nay, love, I shall leave you soon. You will think of those things I said to thee of my god Christus? Will thou have any thing to live for, when I am gone?'

"I shall go soon too, I hope—I know not how to live without thee, my Virginia.'

"Let men die not when they will, save with guilt; thou yet mayest escape this when I am gone.'

"'True, dearest.' I should not have been there an hour but for her and her chains. Freedom or death was the work of a moment; the windows I could reach easily.'

"Glaucus; will thou grant me a last request?'

"Ay, my life; any thing that thou wilt ask.'

"She smiled on me. She knew her face to look had no strength. She fell back. I stooped and kissed her. We could have wept, but nature had no sense of sorrow left—the fountains were exhausted and dry.

"Promise me that thou will become a preacher of those truths I have taught thee so humbly, yet so willingly—then wilt, my Glaucus?'

"Thy God helping me, I will preach Christus among men till death summons me to thee, love. Soon, soon! O God, soon!'

"I am happy.' She looked so. I felt she was happy.

"Christus, bless with thy spirit this thy servant. Make his labors for thy cause be lovely, successful. Bless us both, O Christus!' She paused, put up her chained arms to my neck, drew me to her, and I kissed me tenderly. 'Glaucus, Glaucus, O Gracus Christus!' she murmured, and so died.

The old preacher sobbed not alone.

"I let her lips chill mine, still I moved them not. She was dead! Sporus was well avenged: his slave, my Virginia, was dead; I thought of the evening. It came—the mirror moved not—there was no flesh. The wine still gurgled and sparkled in its basin. I looked toward the windows, they were gone!—there was no escape. IT was there. IT was there with me all that night, all that long day.

"Evening came again—the mirror moved not—IT was there dreadfully near. I took my chains, twisted it into a rope, and put it round my throat —drew it tighter and tighter—I could not keep my consciousness—I could not—I could not take upon IT longer. Tighter and tighter—IT was going, thank God! All was growing dim and indistinct. Tighter and tighter—I was nearly gone, IT—the earth opened. I fell down a fathomless abyss, and all was darkness. I knew no more.

"I awoke in a cell. It was night. I felt weaker—I saw I was still there; the robe had broken and saved me. To what? There she lay as calm, as lovely, so holy, by the side of death. I could hardly think she was dead, yet she was, and I saw IT there.

"I must die! I crawled to the wine fountain —I drank—deeply—but hunger was now more furious than ever, and there was no food.

"I carried her carefully back to the bench. I saw IT coming now! A giddiness seized me—IT was always—I was weaker. I stooped to kiss her lips. IT was nearer still again. I stopped—and once again—and then—My God! IT had COME! I saw IT. IT was THERE! God forgive me! but I must die!

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"I was a king! I feasted royally, plenty was mine. I slept on a bed of softest down. I ate when I pleased, I drank—how I drank!—'twas strange, my hands were bound still.

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"I was a runner in the games. I saw the assembled thousands, heard their murmurs when they saw my form. I had fleetness—we started. The circus was small, very small. I could have effaced it with my hand. I knew no such game—it was new, but I would run. I ran faster and faster; the pace was killing me; my eye started from their sockets, the golden apple rolled before me—I stooped for it—I fell, and all was dark once more.

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"I woke. I was a gladiator. Once more the arena, and still so small. I saw my foe. He was as large as myself. He must have fought just before, the fresh blood was on his face. I moved cautiously—he was gone—I watched—moved again—he came back. I lifted my hand to strike, I was not free—neither was he—it was a new game, but I would fight. He raised his foot, struck at his face with all my force—I hit him—but we both fell —he was under. He was bound to me! I struck again and again. I had killed him now. Again and again I struck—he moved. I seized him by the throat. We rolled over and over each other—I knew he was quite still. I watched and drank, and slept while I watched.

"I woke again: it was dark. I was a prisoner chained to—what?—a stone—a wet stone! Ha! ha! they had tied me with ropes, with knotted ropes! I felt for a knife—I had none—I could not see.

"They forgot the prisoner's teeth! I gnawed and twisted the ropes all the long night—they were old and rotten—they stank in my nostrils; but I gnawed on, and I was free once more.

"I was free! I ran, I jumped, I leaped. I danced to wild music that seemed close to me. I was free! I was in the wild woods once more—the trees waved, the wind kissed my cheek as of yore. I lay down beneath a tree and slept. I dreamed of Virginia—she came to me—sat beside me—she was soon to be my bride. My heart leaped at the thought. She was my bride now—I had her from the time—the day passed, the night came, I lay beside my bride. I pressed her to me—she answered not—she was cold!

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"I awoke. *I was not mad now*; but where was I? It was the same place—the old square opening to the sky, the same gurgling of the wine fountain, my chains on my wrists. But the foul odor! I could not bear it. And then—what was that? No! it could not be *she*. It was she—shall I ever forget that sight?

"I see it now—my God! I see it now," shrieked the old man, "that putrid mass, bruised, torn, mutilated—without a trace of humanity about it—the bones showing through the torn shreds of skin, the flesh eaten—yes, eaten away! Those ears in which I whispered words of love—those eyes in which I saw my happiness—those lips that pressed so lovingly to mine—those tender breasts on which I hoped to see my children hang—gone!—gone! all were gone! and by their gleam I saw the eyes from their fleshless sockets glared on me, while the lipless teeth seemed to gnash at me from their bare skull. Armless too—and the arms!—I started. The bones were in the fetters still—*her* fetters. They still hung to mine. I was free in all but them.

"I looked round and saw the mirror; the matted beard, the blood-stained visage that became me ALL!

"One window was open now. I leaped, caught the sill, and I was free, completely free if for life *if not that sight* from mine eyes. It would not go; never went—never has gone. Thirty years it—*this remaining horror*—has been before me. I have seen every thing through that as through a veil. It was growing indistinct. To have called it back again. I see it now. My God!—my God! I see it now!" and the old man would have fallen, but that his friends caught him and laid him on the couch.

A few minutes and he revived. He raised himself into a sitting posture, his eyes strangely lighted. "Brethren, before I depart I would pray with ye once more." His hands were uplifted in prayer; the voice came low and faint. "Our Father who art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come; thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses—as we forgive them that trespass against us—" A spasm crossed his face, his chest heaved with a mighty effort; his voice, low before, burst out now with a violence that shook the walls. "Help me, O God! I must—I will—I *do* forgive them. Spoura, then, even *them*, art now forgiven—Christus, have mercy, have mercy—the trespass—" He struggled, knelt, leaned forward as though he saw something in the air, stretched out the old withered arms to grasp the phantom, while a smile of happiness unspeakable lighted up the pallid features.

"Virginia! I come—I come!"—then fell back into their arms—*dead*.

* * * * *

It was night; the sun had set. He was with Virginia now.

It was gone forever.

THE WRECK OF THE "NORTHERNER."

We are indebted to the civility of a California correspondent for the sketch of the loss of the *Northerner*, which is engraved on page 120. The sketch was made by a passenger at the time of the wreck. We condense from the accounts of the survivors the following narrative:

It was about five o'clock on Thursday, the 5th inst. that the disaster occurred. The rock upon which the *Northerner* struck was about midway between Blunt's Reef and the coast, and perhaps two miles from the latter. It is always covered.

There was no confusion or noise after the accident. The pumps were sounded, when it was found that the ship was leaking fast. The bell then ordered the steward to inform the ladies in the cabin, most of whom were in their berths at the time, that they would be taken to the boats, and to leave their clothes on, ready for any emergency, but not to alarm them. At the same time the ship's head was put toward the shore, and the sails on the land at full speed. The steward says, I went into the cabin and told the ladies that they had better dress. Some of them said, "Oh no: we don't want any dinner," thinking that the second time he got ready to serve. I told them that the ship was leaking some, and that perhaps they might have to take to the boats. They thought I was joking, and it took some time for me to convince them of the truth. They then dressed, and all went into the after cabin to take room, on the starboard side.

Gradually we neared the shore, toward the mouth of Bear River. It was growing dark rapidly. The weather had suddenly changed, and it had commenced blowing from the southwest, with fine rain. We saw that we were running into a heavy surf.

It was about six o'clock when the ship first struck; I should judge she went stem on, and being in the surf, a roller came after her the moment she stopped, washing fore and aft the ship, and taking several off their feet, but none were washed overboard. This was, however, but a small specimen of the surf which afterward made up as the wind increased.

The first thing that was done was to lower a boat on the larboard side—all the starboard boats having been left inboard and taken over to that side of the ship for that purpose. The sky lay with her head to the southward, and her larboard side was consequently in-shore. Mr. French, the first officer, was directed by Captain Dall to lower his boat and try and save the ladies. No attempt had been made yet to run a line to the shore. The boat was got overboard safely, and four ladies, Mrs. Tew, Miss Hartney, Mrs. Sweitzer, and Mrs. Thompson and child, with three children of Mrs. Tew—were placed safely in board. No more could see fifty yards in-shore from the wreck, and none knew whether the boat would live in the surf or not; but Mr. French took the chance. The ladies behaved nobly. There was no whimpering, no screaming, nothing.

Two boats were lost, and Mr. French, the first officer, started again for the ship, but was caught in an eddy, and not captured, and his immediate charge, "I guess we'll goes on to say."

About this time a tremendous sea struck the ship, carrying away the stern, but fortunately no person was aft at the moment. The wreck of the stern did not take the other two boats were lost, and we waited some time for them to return. Seeing that something must have happened to prevent their return, Captain Dall asked Mr. O'Neil, the chief engineer, whether he could carry a line to the shore. He said he would attempt, "I will try," and took the last boat, and all our hopes seemed centred in him, with the belief that we were ourselves by the line. Fortunately, the boat reached the shore in safety by that means. A larger one was lent on from the ship and hauled to the beach. Gregg was still on board, as was also her brother.

Meanwhile the passengers were commenced to try the line. In almost every instance they were washed away from the rope before they had gone fifty or sixty yards. The force of the surf was tremendous. It came in from the ocean in toppling walls of water, and kept the rope almost constantly buried. Many had a terrible fate of those who had gone before, the next few made a running jump, and succeeded in getting into the water over a fatal expedient, for they got entangled in the line, and were quickly drowned. Fifteen persons in the water were for even a moment.

Some of the passengers reached the shore safely.

A number of others remained amidships on the wreck, determined to take their chances of being washed ashore, but fortunately, before the ship broke up, two or three more after, the fragment upon which they were drifted away, and all were saved. Mr. Gregg, one of the last right, at intervals, the cries of those persons who had lashed themselves to the forward paddle-wheel were heard distinctly above the whistle and the wind. Among these were Mr. Gregg and his sister, who had refused to take the rope, preferring to remain together. When the wreck broke up the heavy iron-work among the wheels, which was very strong, remained comparatively stationary. At daylight not a vestige of the wreck could be seen save this iron work. All the wooden part of the hull had been washed ashore. Some of the crew were along the beach for eighteen or twenty miles, in search and aid, but found no one living or dead except Gregg.

But the most sorrowful spectacle was that of the body of Miss Gregg, which after her death, during the horrors of that dreadful night, the force of the surf had not been able to wash away from her side. Her brother's love was securely lashed. The other two bodies were gone—only to be washed ashore a few days after. Gregg recognized the body of the poor unfortunate young woman, and had her wrapped in a blanket, and with the help of a young man bore with the long hair floating over the face. When the surf broke the body would swing out, and with the recoil, fall back upon the iron. This was continued from the beach—there being no means of removing the body. At last the tide fell, when it was carried by those joining hands, and thus extending themselves out into the surf. The water was not then more than four feet deep—a large sand-bar having been formed inside of where the wreck had been. This last one climbed up the beach and placed on the corpse deck, where it was taken ashore and placed with the rest.

In the meantime the bodies were found on the beach. Some of them bore marks of bruises about the head and face, received from floating timbers, and from the wreck floating in the surf. These were all buried behind a small hillock, a few hundreds yards from the beach.

THE STEAMER "PACIFIC."

AMONG the many fine steamers that ply the waters of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, the steamer *Pacific* is in the front rank. She is built exclusively for a passenger boat between Louisville and New Orleans, and has won a high name with the traveling community for her many good qualities.

The *Pacific* is a first-class boat in point of size and steam-power, having capacity for the burden of 1200 tons and cabin accommodations for 120 persons with state-rooms. Her extreme length over is nearly 350 feet, with 40 feet breadth of beam and 8 feet depth of hold. The model of the hull is very nearly that of a shark at the bow and stern, with good bearings, which makes her buoyant on the water; and her immense power propels her against the current of the strongest tide, or the force of the wind, and with an ease of locomotion that is both agreeable and astonishing to the traveler.

The cabin of the *Pacific* is very large, and is built in style; the build semi-Gothic and Corinthian, with lofty sky-lights, and her state-rooms very large and convenient, each being provided with every convenience the most fastidious could desire, including wash-stands, dressing-cases, mirrors, and all else required. She has also a nursery, nurses' room, bath-room, barber shop, etc., making her in all requirements a floating well-arranged hotel. The furniture of the cabin is of the best materials, rich, beautiful, and durable; while in her centre outlet, bets, and saddling-room the same has been spared, to make her a most desirable boat for the Southern travel, and the comfortable accommodation of families.

THE CHIEF ENGINEERS OF THE FIRE DEPARTMENT.

We publish on another page portraits of Harry Howard, ex-Chief Engineer of the New York Fire Department, and John Decker, his successor in that office.

Mr. Decker's election has been quite a triumph for him and his friends; he is likely to prove a very popular and efficient officer. He is of a Staten Island family; his father dealt in oysters, and was a noted connoisseur in bivalves. It is told of the old gentleman that having no one occasion ordered from a sloop-owner a load of oysters, the master omitted to insure his craft and cargo, and both were lost on the reef up the bay: Mr. Decker, however, paid him the amount stipulated. Both he and his wife are members of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

John Decker, the present Chief Engineer, was born in Vesey Street, New York, in 1823; joined the Department in 1844; became foreman of Company 14 in 1850, and held that position for one or two years. In 1852 he resigned, and in the following year was elected to the board of Assistant Engineers, which office he has held to the present time. He was elected Chief Engineer, a few days since, by a majority of 800, out of 2840 votes. He is a quiet, plain man, of unassuming manners and irreproachable character.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THE MISTRESS of The Parsonage.

By ELLA RODMAN.

PART II.

WE were back again at the quiet Parsonage. There was Arethusa, with the same pleasant smile, and she led me in, and wrapped me up comfortably before the fire. But there was now one who considered his own right the strongest; and between the two I seemed in danger of being overwhelmed with an excess of care.

Arethusa continued her housekeeping duties, as before; she smiled at my offers of help, and Mr. Winesale looked as if not of the study—as he declared—"to keep me out of mischief," but as I *knew* to keep me in his sight. His sadness had departed—his pale cheeked with new light, and it flattered me to think that I had worked this change.

Arethusa sewed on buttons and mended stockings, as in the days of her brother's bachelorhood; she had gained nothing by his marriage except the additional care of a grown-up baby. Mr. Winesale knew that I was not fond of needle and pin, and Arethusa's heart had long ago made the same discovery; so I was as tenderly cared for as a waxen doll, and expected to do nothing but idly amuse and smile upon them.

I found this kind of life very pleasant; and I rejoiced that I was a clergyman's wife, and that no one would ever call me "Miss."

The winter passed rapidly away, and spring came with its buds and blossoms. Then did I begin more than ever to feel the loneliness of a manse. Arethusa was more than ever locked up more thankful that the lines had fallen to me in such pleasant places.

I remember well the inexpressible feeling of langnor, the loss of appetite, and inability to exercise, which had always heralded the advent of spring in my life. I was conscious; and with what indifference my grandmother and Hester would see me in the room my untasted breakfast to pursue my weary routine of household duties.

Now, freshly-laid eggs and luscious cream tempted my appetite; and Mr. Winnesile's anxious look, at any failure on my part to dispatch the good things placed before me, was a loving reminder that there was some one to watch my every movement.

Good, master-of-fact Arethusa, to whom the budding or the falling of the leaves was only a signal for house-cleaning and summer or winter clothing, having finally gotten through with the first duty mentioned, reminded her brother that it was time for her periodical visit to the city, and remarked that she would get me a summer bonnet as she was there herself, and if my dress would be upon the same scant pattern? However, I said nothing; but Mr. Winnesile, who had remained silent for some time, had, it would seem, been troubled by the same surmises, and my heart beat wildly to see his pride in me, when I Mistress Winnesile.

"We will all go together to the city, so that Fairy can choose for herself; your taste, my dear sister, may not be exactly to her liking."

Arethusa looked surprised, but acquiesced at once, although she said something about a clergyman's wife "in public." Upon which I immediately informed her that I was going in search of a pink bonnet, blue dress, and yellow shawl, as a penalty for jesting me thus always in her common-sense nature that she believed it all, and answered me with a sort of mournful regret until I thought I must be undeserving her.

Mr. Winnesile understood it all, and shook his head reprovingly, but I only laughed at him, and danced off to make preparations for what seemed a perfect era in our quiet life.

My husband had an aunt in the city, living comfortably in a spacious house, and thither he conducted me. She was a very agreeable old lady, and when I was presented to her said, archly, to Mr. Winnesile,

"Ah, well, it's one thing to preach and quite another to practice. Theory, model woman who respects her husband and keeps her household in order; practice, a pretty child whose long curls and sparkling eyes have put all philosophy to flight. Ah, Arthur! you're no better than the rest of them, after all."

This was not intended for my ear, but it reached it, nevertheless. Her nephew looked quite confused at this attack, and the old lady added lightly, as she took my hand,

"You need not be ashamed of your apology, though."

I wondered if he *was* ashamed of me; but a stolen glance soon told me *that*, and my spirits rose at once.

Mr. Winnesile seemed to have fallen in love with me afresh; and, petted and flattered on all sides, I laid my head on my pillow with an elated heart, and my locking, I am afraid, "for ornament of a meek and quiet spirit." Perhaps Arthur was more lenient to my faults than he should have been, but if so, this was his weakness. Never had I imagined a more perfect, noble character than my husband.

Our stay was limited, and the next morning we were deep in the mysteries of shopping.

Mr. Winnesile, man-like, felt specially in love with a rich, rose-colored, quiet-looking, fine silk, of an exquisite shade; and when I tremblingly asked the price, and put it from me as what sounded to my simplicity exorbitant, he whispered in my ear,

"Take it, darling, if you like it! my purse will stand it very easily."

The silk was measured off, and then came the pleasant affair of the bonnet, which I had never gone "a shopping" in my whole life before, could scarcely believe my own identity. Mrs. Cleveland's knowledge of the ways was a great advantage to us; and being conducted by her to a tasteful milliner, a pretty straw bonnet, trimmed with rose and white ribbon, with a cap of violets, was soon selected; and this, with a small quantity of fine lace muslin, completed a *tout ensemble* the like of which I had never figured in before.

"If you are suitable for a clergyman's wife," Mr. Winnesile declared; and when Arethusa remarked, rather doubtfully, that "she hoped the Simsons wouldn't go without an invite as they generally did," he had quite a long talk with her about being "too austere," telling her that it was the duty and proper for us to show our sense of beauty in a reasonable degree, and asking her why God had made the flowers if life were to be a mere stroll of duties and cares.

To all of which Arethusa, whose logical powers were not largely developed, only replied that "she hoped the princess wouldn't go to ruin."

I cared very little for "the Simsons," or any one else in Meadowbrook, as I equipped myself in my new dress and becoming cap, and Mr. Winesile was so delighted with my appearance that he got positively angry at Arethusa.

"And now let us take our walk," said he, when this little ebullition was over. "And Aunt, dear Arethusa, we will call upon your grandmother and aunt."

"Not *there*!" I exclaimed, in dismay, as I felt the blood leave my hand from my face. "I never want to see those horrid people again!"

"My dear child," said my husband, reproachingly, "duty will never do. Time, years reconciliations have not displayed much affection for you; but you owe them, notwithstanding, a certain degree of attention for your father's sake. We must not give way too much to impulse, Fairy; and we never neglect any of the proprieties of life without regretting it either. Poor child!" he added, noticing my dismayed face, "I did not think I had become tired of her, and wanted to take her back? No, no, Fairy. You are quartered upon me now for life, and I wouldn't part with you if I wished it."

I smiled at his ridiculous conceit, and with a delightful feeling of security I approached again the house where I had spent so many weary years.

Hester opened the door, just on a crack at first, as was my way of old; and I just bowed to read a person's beart in the opening of a door. A free, widely-opened door is the sign of a generous nature; while a door opened on a crack, through which appears an eye, cold, calculating, and watchful, bespeaks a nature from which the contrast would need a very successful prayer. Such a nature was my Aunt Hester's.

With a scarcely-suppressed grunt of dissatisfaction she surveyed us from head to foot, and then gave entrance to a most scanty "come in." I remembered what Mr. Winnesile had said to me, and inquired politely after my grandmother, as I accepted this scanty invitation.

"Well, she's complaining," said Hester, "as usual."

I heard my husband sigh as he glanced around the dreary room; and I looked at him with more love in my heart than I had ever yet felt, as I thought of what *would* have been but for him.

My grandmother soon made her appearance.

"Hoity, toity!" she exclaimed, as her eye fell upon me. "What a fine lady Teena has grown, to be sure! They always called me by this odious name.

My aged relative planted herself close beside Mr. Winnesile, and began to tell me what I had me very hard to manage; giving, in illustration, various juvenile misdemeanors that had quite escaped my memory.

Hester attacked me; and after commenting upon the expensiveness of my dress—adding that "she always *knew* I had an extravagant turn"—she told me that "a silk dress like that ought to last a life-time;" and then gave me various recipes for dyeing. My maiden aunt preached me a long lecture upon economy, which, she said, was a most important virtue in

JOHN DECKER, CHIEF ENGINEER OF THE NEW YORK FIRE DEPARTMENT.—[SEE PRECEDING PAGE.]

a minister's wife; and endeavored to instruct me in the process of making soft soap. I was weary, and looked at Mr. Winnesile, who understood my appealing glance; but the old lady had him firmly by the button-hole, and getting away was not an easy matter.

When we at length rose to go Hester drew herself up, as if for an effort, and shortly remarked: "I always thought that Teena would manage to take somebody in—she had just the way for it."

This was the first time I had seen my husband angry. He glanced at my fast filling eyes, and a crimson streak crossed his forehead, as he replied, passing my hand through his arm:

"I beg you to understand, madam, that I do not consider myself in the least '*taken in*.' I *should* have supposed that I, a man old enough to be her father, had taken this poor child in, had I not seen that I have probably secured her from a *worse* fate."

Mighty pretty!" said my grandmother, tossing her head; while my aunt remarked, in a tone intended to be extremely cutting, "*I think* you call yourself '*the Rev.* Mr. Winnesile?'"

We had gained the door, but as we passed through it, Hester threw after me, as a malediction, the words: "Mark this, *it won't last*."

Was her evil spirit suddenly gifted with the spirit of divination, glonting over what it saw in the future?

"We will not go there again, darling," said my husband, in answer to my flushed face and tearful eyes; "your grandmother and aunt appear to be very singular people."

To his charitable and loving heart they were only "singular"—I wished that I could be as lenient.

We went back to Meadowbrook; and, as Arethusa had predicted, "the Simeses" *did* talk. Miss Sally Simes had suffered a bitter disappointment when Mr. Winnesile placed me in the position of clergyman's wife, and she now took every opportunity of revenging herself. My attire was described by the envious spinster almost to rival the magnificence of the famous "field of the cloth of gold;" and quite threw into the shade Buckingham's little practice of dropping jewels along his path, as deserted children, in the fairy tales, dropped crumbs to find their way.

The poison took effect; and Meadowbrook began to look upon me with averted eye. I did not care for Meadowbrook; but, for my husband's sake, I put by the offending silk dress for a time, and resumed my white muslin. I smiled to myself as I reflected that Miss Sally Simes could not take out my eyes and substitute her own green ones for them, nor replace my flowing ringlets by her grizzly head-covering. There was comfort in *that*. I often wondered if she wouldn't like to know Aunt Hester, and if they wouldn't be fast friends.

Sister Arethusa sometimes made visits. She had some relations living at an outlandish place, some miles distant, called "Hog's Point;" and were it not that before these departures she wound up the kitchen machinery and warranted it not to run down before her return, our meals would have occurred with delightful irregularity, or probably not have occurred at all.

I really thought that if *any* one was safe from the entangling meshes of Cupid, it was sister Arethusa; I had come to regard her as an institution—as much of a fixture as the fire-place; and nothing had as yet occurred to upset this little theory of mine.

But one memorable afternoon Arethusa and her bandbox returned from a visit at Hog's Point, but, alas! she came not alone; for with Arethusa and Arethusa's bandbox appeared a tall man in green spectacles, who reminded me of an elongated strip of parchment. I was alone in the parlor when this arrival came, and Arethusa, considerably flurried, presented her companion to me as "Professor Boggs," and then hastily made her escape.

The Professor started at me, called me "Miss," and endeavored to make himself agreeable until Mr. Winnesile came. The visitor shook hands with Arthur as though he were a pump-handle, and then graciously remarked,

"Your daughter, Sir, has been entertaining me very well in your absence—a promising young lady."

My husband glanced at my "baby frock" of white, with its blue sash, and the long ringlets shading a face that was dimpling with a suppressed inclination to laugh, as he replied, with a smile,

"Your mistake, Sir, was a very natural one; but allow me to present you to *Mrs.* Winnesile."

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the Professor, with the sudden stunt of an awkward man completely "taken aback," and he pushed up his spectacles in a comical manner to look at me.

He appeared to be a plain, good-hearted individual, and let Arethusa do all the "courting." That elderly damsel was in a nervous flutter of uncertainty, as she sat there pouring out tea; and her singular mistakes caused her brother much perplexity—he being evidently busy in detecting the incipient stages of insanity. But *I* saw it all at once. Professor Boggs was the son that blushed to all things else, and the poor soul was divided between admiration for him and her anxiety to note the effect produced by her lover on others.

For that Professor Boggs *was* a lover was speedily made known by his applying to Mr. Winnesile, in due form, for the hand of his staid sister; and as "youth and inexperience" certainly could not be pleaded in Arethusa's case, there was no reasonable objection.

The bride-elect said that "she felt it her duty to settle at Hog's Point—she might be the means of doing some good." It is really astonishing how plainly *duty* is discerned when viewed through the spectacles of *inclination!*

But Arethusa was certainly a kind sister, and I really loved her. It was, perhaps, this very thing that disposed me to look unfavorably upon the wooing of Professor Boggs. I should miss her sadly; and as to Arthur—why, he *might* get breakfasts, and dinners, and suppers, and buttons sewed on, and—he might not.

Professor Boggs's mistake about me seemed to have troubled my husband, for the next day, as I was twisting my ringlets, he looked at me in an uneasy manner, and remarked,

"I am afraid those pretty curls are rather childish, Fairy. Couldn't you arrange them in some more dignified way—something like Arethusa's, for instance?"

I was quite provoked with him for this; but I only answered,

"Oh yes, certainly, if you wish it." And when he had gone down stairs I resolved to punish him well.

I completely saturated my rebellious curls with water, and then, culling to mind distinctly every queer crook and turn in that marvelous head-structure of Arethusa's, I piled up my own luxuriant locks in exact imitation of it; and having daubed down a love-lock on each cheek, I saw that the transformation was complete. The arrangement was very top - heavy, though, and made my head ache badly; but I was determined to carry it out for that day, at least, and I walked down stairs with a demure face.

Mr. Winnesile started visibly when he saw me, and evidently took me at first for a stranger; while Arethusa exclaimed, in her astonishment,

"Why, Fairy! what *have* you been doing to yourself? You don't look like yourself at all! Where are the curls?"

"Mr. Winnesile requested me to put them up," I replied; "he thought them 'too childish,' I believe."

He looked in amusement at my grave face, and whispered, as he followed me to the window: "Don't try this again, Fairy—your own way is the best. What does very well for a woman of Arethusa's size becomes a perfect burlesque on *you*."

So the curls were retained, as I meant they *should* be.

Arethusa was married at the Parsonage in a drab-colored merino dress; for it was autumn, just a year after our marriage, and she equipped herself with a view to the journey to Hog's Point.

She looked very solemn, and made very loud responses; while the Professor seemed frightened, and had the audacity to behave as though this were his first attempt, although he had been married three times before! As an old lady present remarked, "he was unfortunate in his wives." But Arethusa clung firmly to his arm, and looked sturdily resolved to make him a good wife as long as she lived.

Almost from the moment that they were pronounced one my sister-in-law designated him as "husband," and "husband" he has been ever since; never by any possibility "Professor Boggs," or "Jonah" (Jonah calls up such unpleasant ideas of whales)—always "husband." If it was "husband thinks this," or "husband thinks that," until I became tired of the very sound of the name.

Well, Arethusa went "for good," as the children say; and I felt like a ship afloat without a rudder.

"La!" said the worthy creature, as I sobbed upon her shoulder, don't take on so, Fairy.

"You can come to Hog's Point and see me, you know—you ever often." I often think it is well that the objects of our affection don't know how much selfishness there is mingled with our love.

"And, Ernestine," she continued, with a sudden gleam in her face, while I listened eagerly for a crumb of comfort, "*don't forget the flannelcakes on Friday, dear*—Arthur always likes flannel-cakes on Friday."

These were my sister-in-law's parting words; and I walked back into the parlor under the melancholy influence of the reaction that always follows a wedding, or any excitement.

But my husband drew me to the fire, and I was folded in his arms, close, close to his heart.

"All alone, now—you and I, Fairy," said he, with a loving smile. "Now we will see what a notable little housekeeper you'll make."

But I looked serious.

"I am afraid," I replied, with a mournful shake of the head, "I am really afraid you'll starve!"

Mr. Winnesile laughed at my earnestness.

"One would suppose," said he, "that you were contemplating the impossibility of providing for an Ogre! I am not so *altogether* given up to eating, Mrs. Ernestine—I know *somebody else*, I think, who likes good things quite as well; and if you can eat your own manufactures, I am sure that *I* can. But cheer up, darling; there is no fear of our suffering—Minnè will see to that."

"Minnè" was a substantial American woman, who governed the kitchen completely; and I am not sure that her dominion didn't extend considerably beyond it. Minnè understood things, with the exception of some few articles for which I had received particular instructions from Arethusa; but somehow, I did not remember them as I should have done.

My first batch of mince-pies were spoiled with pepper—I had always an idea that mince-pies were extensively peppered; and in consequence of this novel ingredient they were "love's labor lost." The flannel-cakes, of which Mrs. Boggs had so impressively reminded me, were flanned by nature and flannel by nature, and repulsed all the loving advances of knives and forks. Thus my attempts in the cooking line were nearly always failures; but my husband appeared to be satisfied, and this was all I cared for.

The winter passed quietly and pleasantly, and I never felt lonely. When Mr. Winnesile was writing his sermons or visiting his parishioners, I sewed, or sat on the floor in his study, surrounded by piles of volumes that I had dragged from the book-case to find the most interesting.

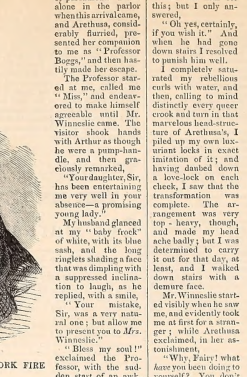
Frequently we had long walks, when we stopped at the cottages of the poor to leave the warm garments which my needle had, perhaps, put together in the morning. It was pure and peaceful, this simple life, and my husband soon taught me to call our Heavenly Father home.

At Christmas came Professor and Mrs. Boggs from Hog's Point; and we dressed the old Church with greens and had a merry time of it.

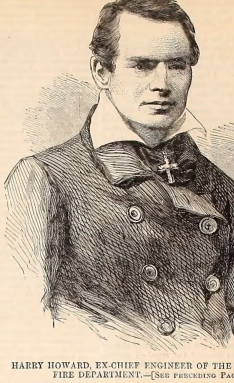
Arethusa was just the same as ever, except, perhaps, an addition of dignity; and immediately after her arrival she went into the kitchen on a voyage of discoveries. She evidently discovered dreadful things; for, when I asked her if it did not look well, she only reiterated,

"The *closets*, child, the *closets!*"

My sister-in-law compared the kitchen to "a whited sepulchre," and various other unpretty things; it was "slicked up," she said, on the outside, while all sorts of things were stowed away in holes and closets. Now, *I* thought we had done very well, and Mr. Winnesile immediately put in a disclaimer; but Arethusa shook her head, and evidently considered me a hopeless case.



THE MEETING AFTER THE MARRIAGE.



HARRY HOWARD, EX-CHIEF ENGINEER OF THE NEW YORK FIRE DEPARTMENT.—[SEE PRECEDING PAGE.]

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of New York.

The New Partner

IN

"CLINGHAM & CO., BANKERS."

BY FITZ HUGH LUDLOW,

AUTHOR OF "THE HASHEESH EATER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

RELATES HOW A BANK SUPERINTENDENT AND A DEMON OF UNFAITH GOT TURNED OUT OF DOORS.

As the morning with whose dawn our last chapter closed advanced to nine o'clock the doors of Clingham & Co. opened for business as usual, because, in the first place, banking hours commenced then by the immutable laws of sober progress; and, in the second place, Mr. John Manton took down the shutters at that hour—a fact only less predestermnate and inevitable than the astronomical one. But the doors opened only on just so much possibility of transacting business as was inherent in the one very sleepy and mopey head owned by Mr. M'Dowlas. And it was not until full ten o'clock that the other young gentlemen had all arrived, and were sitting or standing indifferently at their posts, with the exception of Ernest Beckford. All that day went dragging by the eyelids.

Whenever it was possible, from a temporary slack in the tide of business, or an unusual nonchalance as to whether there was business or not, the various officers of the bank gathered in a little swarm at some one desk, and canvassed the main event of the preceding night. Canvassed it with the most minute ferocity which a disagreeable subject excites in under-slept men; canvassed it, calling all sorts of undutiful names, and implying all manner of unpleasant imprecations, but always coming to the conclusion at last, that the wallet-snatching was merely a drunken freak on the part of a man not used to liquor, and so quite maddened thereby, and that on returning to his senses he would be very much ashamed of what he had done, returning to ask forgiveness and repair his error. Would they receive him back among them, and treat him as if nothing had happened? Some one thought that he might be made something of after all, though he did do a thing which no gentleman of honor would do. But the majority leaned to the decidedly expressed opinion of Mr. Bradby that they'd be d—d if they would.

They had hoped to receive a fillip to their lagging senses in the coming of one or the other of the prominent actors in the last night's occurence; but when hour after hour went on and no Ernest appeared to cry peccavi, to look ashamed of himself, to be sent to Coventry, or to produce any sensation whatever—and when the speculators, the men wanting discounts, the poor widows, and the agents of worthy causes had all to be sent away one after another with the answer, "Not in, I tell ye"—and there was no information, no suggestion, no hypothesis to fall back upon except their own—the young men of Clingham & Co., Chiswick Branch, found each other very bad company.

Long after bank hours were over and the doors shut, at the gray of dusk a very sorry and used-up rag drew into the livery-stable yard of the Brothers Grant at Chiswick, a light wagon, much mud-bespattered and weather-beaten. Upon the seat, just arrived from Bloodfield, sat Mr. Luke Green. And with as perfect a sweetness of voice as if he had just arrived from an airing for pleasure, he turned to one of the proprietors, who stood smoking his pipe outside the stalls, and said:

"My venerable friend breathed his last just after I arrived. I was so happy, by the speed of your excellent mare, to have reached Huddersfield in time to close his eyes!"

Uttering which cheering and praiseworthy reflection, he slipped the value of his vile into the hand of Richard Grant, who took it, feeling as if the blessing of a most pious character went with it, putting a new gilt on the two quarter eagles, but who would have been less of this sentiment had he followed the gentle and self-forgetting soother of death-beds just outside of his yard, and seen the square, polished, white under-jaw shut tight, and the small, long fingers clench till the veins knotted on the back of the hands. Had he seen the smooth, ivory forehead mapped by livid branching boundaries, the calm cheeks grow sunken as with death in unpleasant smile, like a glary, quiet pool on the sea, where a shark lies underneath; had he heard that single word which Luke Green uttered, through lips that hardly opened to let it out, "*Beckford!*" Not a, grunt in it, not a qualifying expression of any kind: but the manner in which it was uttered told of a crowd of satanic bad wishes, for this word and the world to come, covering so hard behind it as fairly to keep the doors of speech from opening to let them out, such as never was a dollar should be sounds in any merely human vocabulary. "*Beckford!*" as if that simple name must stand representative of all hellish desires, sponsor for the fulfillment of all fiendish threats which otherwise could get no airing even indirectly. "*Beckford!*" and repeating it again, he passed quiet and unnoticeably away to his house.

The next day in the bank went more briskly. Messrs. Todds, Bradby, & Co. unburdened their minds freely, at various times, to Mr. Green upon the sly—and being a man with that gentleman never to appear too familiar and confidential with the subalterns before others—and felt a great deal better for it. But only during its answer that they received to any of their remarks was, that every body had been disappointed in the young man Beckford; but that the whole subject had better be forgotten. It was his desire that it should be so. The wallet was not of much consequence: if the unhappy fellow was betrayed into stealing it, he thought very likely the excitement of bank and drinking had been at the bottom of it, and that now he was ashamed to return, for fear of being dealt with according to law. But he would not prosecute him—oh no! let it go! That was the better way. And the young men left the superintendent's room with a feeling of relief that Green's nature never played all-fours for small stakes merely to add to the interest, you know.

Three o'clock came and shut the doors of Clingham & Co. It was then that Luke Green, briskly concluding the two or three letters he had to send after business hours, and seeing that all the janiors under his superintendence had departed, rose and passed across the hall to the room in which John Manton usually sat at this hour—looking at, rather than into, the first volume of Rollin's "History of the World," of the style and finish of which he had indeed satisfied himself, or it not Rollin, something else of the same kind, and equally unreadable—Foxe's book of Martyrs, or Jonathan Bibb's sermons, for instance. Invariably from one until four or five in the afternoon he was still from dinner state of mind, and having a book in his lap thought himself meditating. At a reasonable time before dinner, he considered himself on having been historical, devotional, philosphical, as the work on his knees had partaken of either of these characteristics, and addressed himself to getting hungry by either walking or whirling his arms about like a windmill. Poor old man! Luke Green had been told twenty years before that he would ever have reached this state of being, this perfect content in all vegetation, but that he was still but settled, like a bright tar-coal, under the wet bog of many troubles, and that a little breath from a slanderer had been knocked down. But, line by line, the Mansoul within him had ebbed down to the beach of his body, leaving it dry and to senses barer and barer, until it seemed as if, long before the time had come, according to the manner of men, for the tide to be quite out with him, the slack-water of his soul was nigh at hand, and he would be left a mere physical existence—an eater, a drinker, a sleeper—and here and there just a memory or two to mock the departed mind, like the little pools of brine that stand in old sailors' wooden legs after the above the water-line when the tide is down.

I have said long ago that Green read to her father in the evening. Sometimes, as on the evening when we first saw her, the thing read was the newspaper; sometimes it was one of the driest of dry books of polemic theology; but the book or the paper, or whatever it might be, was many a time gently and noiselessly folded up when the poor old man's head fell wearily on his breast, and a pair of overflowing girl eyes looked at him as if their bright well was their fountain would break. It seemed to her as if he slept more sweetly for being watched with love. And joyous tears did not, unless perhaps it would have disturbed him to have her weep. The aforesaid girl had been left his office to pay John Manton a visit had been spent by Nora in her father's room. She was darning—I know it is unromantic, but it is not in the best sense prose, rather poetry of the highest order, when we think how often those same woman fingers that rear invalid stockings glide thence to knit up the thread of raveling hearts—she was darning, and a pile of blue socks just from the wash grew low and low, while unwinding afternoon, being rolled up as fast as discharged cured, and laid in a basket at her side. John Manton addressed not a syllable to her of any description, for Rollin was in his lap. It was a warm, lazy day, the windows were open, and gradually the sensible stillness of every thing put John Manton to sleep. Nora, as ever when he slept, sat looking at him with an unspeakable tenderness, until at last she found that she slept threads by darning at the same time, and for a while stopped the latter. The long alspace sack which he wore had been black when it was new, and having been pressed only once, and not sponged at all, did not shine greasily in the seams at that time, as it did now. It fluttered in the little breath of air that came through the half-closed shutters, and showed not only its own rustiness to perfect advantage, but several delicate yet not indiscernible lines whose three cornered tears had been wounded down the knee-sprung legs of the old man's pantaloons. And following the outline of his form, flung on the settee in a childish abandonment to sleep, Nora's glance rested on his shoes, and the eyes that had been filling poured over, for one of those queerly tender thoughts in which so truly humor sits by the deepest well of pathos in our souls.

"To think that those poor dear old feet that have so many, many and all their weary way to the grave, should have to wear patched cowhide, while some people—"

She did not complete the thought even to her own mind, for the spirit of envy is drowned in a good woman's tears. She arose, and planting on the rather fantastic for the softest kiss, as a real to sweet sleeping till she came again, passed quietly out of the door that led to her own room.

A moment after, Luke Green came to the hall door and tapped. The old man awoke and listened. The tap was repeated, and he called "Come in." Upon which Luke Green entered, and with an obeisance such as he would have made to a king, whom he wished a favor, drew a chair up to the settee on which the old man had been lying.

"Dear sir, I find myself in this rather protrating weather? Are we doing pretty well, considering?" said Luke Green, opening the conversation with a reverent cheerfulness of tone.

"Oh, so so—very well for me—yes, yes, very well, indeed, thank you."

"I have had to be out of town for a day or two, which accounts for my not coming in to see how my *dear* old friend was getting on. Now, are you sure there's nothing I can do to soothe your pain—you haven't any pain? No? Very *really*. Most thankful we ought to be for that. I am so glad to hear it. Nothing I can do to make you comfortable in any way? See if you can't think of something—"

"Oh, you're very kind, Mr. Green, very; but really I don't know of any thing that would be one tenth part worth the fact is, I feel rather tired. I have felt tired for a good while. I don't know when I haven't felt so. I suppose I always shall."

"Isn't it the liver? Or the stomach? Are you sure it isn't the stomach? Boggs's Frailon is highly recommended for *that*. Let me get you a bottle of Bogg's Frailty's Friend—"

"I don't think it is the stomach, Mr. Green. It may be the liver. I can't tell. I only know that I'm very tired, and always am."

"Back? Limbs? Shoulders, perhaps?"

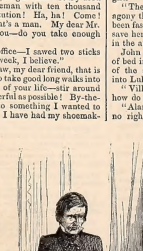
"All over; no one place—tired of seeing, hearing, feeling, smelling, feeling—tired of every thing."

"Ah! a case of ennui! really, now, must we be so fretfulness? Excuse my word, a rogue, a regular rogue! Oh you funny fellow, honest and hearty as you are, to get *blase*—really used up at fifty! Ah! a constitution with ten thousand a year and no constitution! Ha, ha! Come! we must rouse up: that's a man. My dear Mr. Manton, I've got it to you—do you take enough exercise?"

"I go to the post-office—I saved two sticks of wood one day last week, I believe."

"Oh, pshaw! Pshaw, my dear friend, that is nothing! You ought to take good long walks into the country every day of your life—stir around and make yourself cheerful as possible! By-the-by, I have got to something I wanted to speak of at any rate. I have had my shoemaker make me a capital pair of shoes for English walking shoes lately, and while he was about it, thought he might as well make another, they pleased me so much—let's look at your foot—ah! that is the size of mine, as I thought—and—wait a second—how—how are they are—will you accept them, my dear friend, as a great favor to me —for a small token of affection?"

As Mr. Luke Green said this he was drawing a bundle from behind the easy chair, which he had very unobtrusively brought in and hidden there —breaking open the paper that wrapped it—and displaying to the eyes of John Manton what were indeed a very handsome pair of the article mentioned.



"OUT WITH YOU. OUT!"

The old man arose from his reclining position and took them in his hand. Then seemed almost dispossed to hand them back. Then looked down at his patched and time-rusty shoes of hide. Then looked back and contrasted them with the sheeny pair in his hand—and stroking their rich, smooth gloss, was seduced. Moreover, Luke Green had already begun playfully untying the strings of the pair he wore, and kept saying, "Try them on! try them on—they don't bite—you needn't be afraid of them." So they were on almost before John Manton was aware. And the seductive Green regarded them and him with a suave smile that seemed to encase him in a suit of glaze from head to toes.

Mr. Green's eyes now wandered for a moment about the room, as if with the purpose of putting his friend at ease, by appearing not to hear his repeated thank you's. And in its wanderings fell upon many additions which his own beneficent hand, coming noiseless as the dew, sinker of grass-thirst, had made to the comfort and the obligation of the Manton family. In the corner was a little card-table, which held the family daguerreotypes. That table he had sent in on the sly—one birth morning of Nora Manton—with a card marked "From an unknown friend" in the boldest strokes of his well-known handwriting. The pretty brocatelle curtains that shone through the summer muslin—making a pleasant subdued rosiness at the window sides —he had hung those with his own hand one day when John and his daughter were at dinner, happening in in the course of the afternoon to be catechised and look conscious upon the subject of "whose doing they were." A handsome little plated epergne, with a flower-glass replenished from rose and violet beds daily by Nora, to infuse a breath of summer into her father's wintry life, several books such as come with the compliments of the season, table ornaments, one of the engravings from Goupil's, which hung upon the wall—all these Luke Green could look upon with complacency, as being so many reminders to him of his past goodness.

The subject of the shoes now being passed over comfortably, and the two men preceding that they had never thought of them—Mr. Green whistled abstractedly, put his hands in his pockets, paced up and down the room three or four times, and then, with a sigh, sat down again, and began critically examining a spot in the carpet. The deep dejection apparent in his countenance could not fail to arouse even the dormant faculties of John Manton, who looked at his visitor for a moment with an air of puzzle, and then said,

"You're not ill to-day, I hope, Mr. Green?"

"No, not ill precisely. Oh! it is nothing; I shall soon be over it—"

"But I beg—please let me know—if—if something can't be done for you."

"I'm afraid not: I wish something could be done. But it's impossible for any one to keep any thing from *you*. I will tell you: I *must*. My dear, *dear* friend, Mr. Manton—you believe I was you?"

Here Luke Green seized the trembling hand of the old man, and gazed into his eyes as one who would read his soul.

"Yes; I believe you do."

"And you are sure that I love your daughter Nora? that I have the interest of that charming angel at the very bottom of my heart?"

"You have often told me that you had her very much. And she is a good girl—a good girl."

"Then be sure that I tell you with heartfelt agony that she is the dupe of a villain; she has been fascinated; she will be destroyed, unless we save her, by a man whose knavery is unequaled in the annals of crime!"

John Manton, like one groping his way out of bed in a dream, lifted himself up by the arm of the sofa, and looked with bewildered eyes into Luke Green's face.

"What? Fascinated? Destroyed? How, how do you mean—not my Nora, is it?"

"Alas! my old friend, your, our—as I have no right to say *our*—dear, dear Nora! Now

don't be excited; be quite calm: there is no serious harm yet; I will tell you all. Do you know any thing of a certain young man, who has been employed here in the bank in a subordinate capacity for the last few weeks—a young man with a very innocent, plausible face, blue eyes, and light-brown hair, named *Beckford*?"

"Yes, yes, I've seen him; is it he? Oh, go on!"

"Be quite calm, my old friend, your health will not permit of this excitement. Perhaps all may be well, he may not be quite the doubledyed villain he appears."

"Good God! Go on, go on: has he hurt *Nora*?" And twenty years at one dash of the sponge of passion were wiped off of the face of the father.

"All in time. This Beckford knows your daughter?"

"Yes: she has met him at a party; they have bowed in the street. Will you go on?"

"I know still more: she has been seen walking with him, and I have myself seen them look at one another at church, when their little thought that they were noticed, as no people ever look unless they *love*. And this Beckford is —no; but I will not prejudice you against one who may even now be your daughter's accepted lover."

"Luke Green, will you drive me mad? In the name of God speak on!"

"Very well: but remember if it tears your soul you wished me to—you made me. I must bear all that I have to say, making every allowance for youth, frailty, and the natural evil of our hearts. This unhappy young man is a *thief!* an accomplished thief, probably out of one of the very worst gangs in New York. Sit still! I'll tell you particulars—proofs. Two nights ago I sat at the house of a friend where he also was visiting. When I arose to leave he went out first and in great haste, and there is one person at least ready to swear that he saw my watch, which I had carried too carelessly in my pocket, in Beckford's hands. At any rate, when it was too late to follow the—Beckford, I discovered that it was gone, and in a mere twenty-five hundred dollars."

"Oh! oh! Go on! Go-o-n!"

"I must go as quickly as I could. He had fled from there, leaving word that he had gone to a place many miles out in the country. I took a horse and carriage, and, well, sent the police in pursuit of him. They returned, saying he could not be found. Under his bed was discovered a false stomach, and a pair of such glasses as are worn in disguise by criminals wishing to elude the detectives. I have heard that a box of burglar's tools have since been found, but I haven't seen those yet. And there is but little doubt he goes by other. See this piece of paper I found under the bureau in his room. Look!"

"Read, Ernest," said the old man, peering mazedly through his glasses, "why, that isn't Beckford, it's—"

"Sh! don't speak it aloud, there may be listeners, and the crime's forgery! He has enough for one head to bear on it now. And let me give you a hint. I've been trying to look into affairs of this Bank from getting on to the uncertainty I have heard the rumors on the street about Clingham & Co., going to the dogs for some weeks past; and I tell you I don't see but its going to be fort pretty soon. There's been a defalcation lately: the books are coming short at the yearly audit some five thousand dollars; and don't see how I could hide it if it were for my own brother. Clingham & Co. will have to know who's the defaulter, and I must tell 'em."

"Beckford?"

"Sh! not so loud. I don't say any thing about it. I'm listen! As you know quite a love for Miss Manton, beware lest she disappear some night to become the mistress of a burglar!"

Once too much, Luke Green! a little beyond the mark of policy!

Luke Green saw that he had said one of those things which few men, even the most abject, pass unresented, and was about to recover, for he had not been in a passion; in his engineering, he had carelessly laid his hand upon the wrong cord, misjudging the delicacy of the work he practiced on—that was all; but it was too late—he had done the harm.

Sir Frank Manton, standing erect and untrembling as a young man, "there is not the being on God's earth that could say that thing to me of Nora and stand under my shelter. Leave the room, Luke Green! The little that is left to me of honor shall not be polluted by the foot of a man who comes to say such lies of *her!* Out with you. Out!"

"But, my dear friend, one moment—"

"Not an instant! Oblige me by not making more words or acts necessary!"

"Very well, John Manton, very well!"

And uttering these words in the tone of one who is pretty sure that it is going to be my thing but very well in reality, Luke Green glided out as quietly as he had come.

The moment that the door was shut John Manton sank into a chair, and, feeling that he was about to abandon his self-control, he threw himself back upon it, wrists and cried like a child. The shadow of the last twenty years fell over him again, and he withered and bent in it like a cellar-grown leaf. The fire went from his eye, the tension from his muscles, and even the manly sense of indignity from his heart. He only knew that his poor old time-beaten and crumbling tenement of a body had been visited through every crack and cranny by such a gust as had not shaken it for many and many a day. And now, in childlike tears and trembling, he lay exhausted under the reaction.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

An avaricious fellow in Brussels gave a large dinner recently. Just as the guests sat down a specific shriek was heard in the court-yard. The host hurried out, and returned pale, afflicted, and his hands covered with blood.

"What is it?" was the inquiry.

"Alas!" he said, "a poor workman, father of a large family, has met with a terrible accident. He was pressed down by a cart, and grievously wounded. Let us eat in peace."

A collection was taken up, and the guests contributed fifty francs. Generous souls! It was the miser's ruse to make them pay for the dinner.

There is a story of a respectable lady, who being pestered for alms by a professional mendicant wife—"Do, there's a dear lady! Do, there's a good lady!" finally and unwillingly responded, "If I want's a lady, I'd poke this here parasol in your mouth."

"If's a melancholy thing when those you depend on turn against you," as the gentleman said when the baker asked him to pay his bill.

"Sally," said a fellow to a girl who had red hair, "keep away from the candle, or you'll get fired."

"No danger of that," replied the girl, "you are too green a-ready."

A candidate for the honor of representing four Fifth burghs in Parliament calling upon an honest shoemaker for his vote and influence, found the liberty of kissing the gude-wife, who was a middle-aged woman, and, in doing so, he took no further liberty of slipping a couple of guineas out of his own mouth into that of the matron, and thus left being offended by such a breach of decorum, the lady slyly said, as she pocketed the two shining pieces, "Ca' yea like, Sir, ca' yea like, gudder, Sir."

Some time ago a professor of legerdemain entertained an audience in a village which was principally composed of soldiers. After various feats of the latter with various tricks—metamorphosing wine into water, etc.—he said the loan of a half-penny for the use of the company. A soldier, with a little hesitation, handed out the coin, which he gravely pocketed, and exhibited, as he said, transformed into a guinea.

"Ay! is that my bawbee?" exclaimed the soldier.

"Undoubtedly," answered the juggler.

"Let's see't then," said the soldier, turning it round and round in examination with an acrimony of delight, he watched the juggler for his chance to slip it back into his pocket, said, "Tae wan'st ye'll no turn't into a bawbee again."

A small boy was caught stealing dried berries, and was locked up in a dark closet by the grocer. The boy commenced singing most lustily, and, as he stopped, and after using all the persuasion that his young mind could devise, he promised, "Now, if you'll let me out and send for my daddy, he'll pay you for them, and lick me besides." The grocer then could not withstand this appeal, and released the urchin.

An Irishman being asked whether he did not frequently receive letters from a friend in America, who, indeed, Jemmy often speaks to me in Irish, but I always answer him in English, for I don't like to show off, you know, I don't want Jemmy to know that I understand Irish."

A fashionable visitor thus addressed a little girl: "How do you do, my little dear? I am very well, I thank you," she replied. The visitor then added: "Now, my dear, I've asked you how I do, and you said, honestly replied, 'I don't want to know.'"

"Ah, did you ever dabble in stocks?"—"Well, yes, I put my foot in them once."

The respectable old lady who "raised the rising hop" has given the search of the blacksmith who "riveted the chain of friendship."

In some cases authorship is but another word for perjury.

At Newcastle the people must be a youthful set—for all are miners.

In a speech on behalf of a blind asylum the orator gravely remarked that "if the world were blind what a melancholy sight it would be!"

He that scrils in prosperity will shrink in adversity.

A medical man asked his legal adviser how he could prescribe a best way to get rid of a client who had become small. "I am not aware of any Act," says the lawyer, "but I should tread to kill him myself."

When Mr. White looks black does he change color?

A manufacturer invites the public to come and see his invisible wire fences.

"Come here, Tom: do you know your A B C's?" "Yis, sur, I know a bee see."

A French writer has lately observed, with commendable caution, that "matter is not always to be depended on."

A proxy novel is opposed to the laws of natural philosophy. Here the line of reflection should never be greater than that of incidence.

What is the difference between a blunder and a wedding? One is a mistake, and the other a take miss.

If a bashful marries, does his wife become a bashful-ess?

A provincial reporter elegantly observes of a female pickpocket: "She comes like a sunbeam, and, like it, steals noiselessly away."

When Lord Byron was asked whether he did not think Miss Bird's acting in "Ion" was good, he said that he considered it "exceedingly natural; he replied, "I really can not say; I have never enjoyed the acquaintance of any other species."

"I say!"—Mrs. Jenkins was in the habit of using "I say" to almost every sentence to which she gave attention. On one occasion, during the lull for a conversation, on his entering she said, "I say, James, I have been to Mrs. Brown's to-day, and heard such news! I say, I am in the habit of saying 'I say' to every word I say. Now, if I do say 'I say' to every word I say, it does not become you to say that I say 'I say' to every word I say, James."

The following explanation of the privileges accorded in Leap Year to ladies to choose husbands is from a work entitled "Courtship, Love, and Matrimony," printed in the year 1606: "Albeit, it is now become a part of the common laws of regard to every relation of life, that as often as every bissextile year doth return, the ladies have those privileges during that time, as to choose or make or love unto the men, which they doe either by words or deeds, as their owne tongues prompt, and, moreover, no one will be entitled to the benefit of clergy who doth refuse to accept the offers of a lady, or, in like sort, in any wise treat her proposal with slight or contumely."

A writer says that the gentle sorts of animals are greatly lessening now-a-days, and that the ferocious ones more gentle. Perhaps, then, the time may come when the golden age, in spite of the ferocious sheep, will run with all his might—and mane.

A man who had been married twice to ladies both named Catherine, advised his friends against taking dupli-Kates.

An old cynic, at a concert one night, read in the programme the title of a song—"Oh! give me a Cot in the Valley I Love." Reading it over attentively, the old fellow finally exclaimed, "Well, if I had my choice, I should ask for a bolstead."

THE ADVANTAGES OF POVERTY AND ADVERSITY.—You wear out your clothes and shoes. You are not troubled with many visitors. You are exonerated from making calls. Horse do not bore you. Sponges can not hang your table. Itinerant bands do not play opposite your window. You avoid the nuisance of serving on juries. No one thinks of presenting you with a testimonial. No tradesman insists on his bill by asking, "Is there any other little article to-day, Sir?" Begging letter-writers leave you alone. Impudent know it is useless to treat you. You practise temperance. You swallow infinitely less gluten than others. You are saved many a dispeptic misery and headache. And lastly, if you have a true friend in the world, you will find, in a very short space of time, to discover the agreeable fact.

An advertisement reads as follows: "Stolen, a watch worth ten pounds by a gentleman; if the thief will return it he shall be informed where he may steal one worth two of it, and no questions asked."

The Irish shopkeeper, who was cheated by an old woman stealing a jar of whisky and leaving a jar of water in its place, which, on speaking a strange dialect, neither Irish nor English. A punster said he had reason to complain of being watered.

HEARTLESS HOAX.—An agriculturist in London, on the 1st of April, goes to the Zoological Gardens with a recommendation, which he follows, to ask to be shown the two-horned dilemma.

EXTREMELY GREEN.—Secret drawers should never be made of green wood, for, in a very, at least, short time he deposited in them, from the very great risk they run of shrinking.

BEFORE AND AFTER.—A ben-pecked husband writes: "I before married, my domestic life would be all sunshine; but afterward I found out that it was moonshine."

One ought to have dates at one's finger-ends, seeing they grow upon the palm.

Apropos of earthquakes—one should not raise an alarm while others are quaking.

"Whose son are you, my little boy?" "I ain't nobody's son; I'm Mr. Thomson's nephew, Sir."

We suppose that a man who never speaks may be said always to keep his word.

"Sir, have you read the ode I composed to Sleep?" "Oh yes, and it composed me to sleep."

Isn't it rather an odd fact in natural history that the *Aerial Navy* is never at sea, but always in the *harbor?*

An eminent artist of the day is about getting up a "panorama of a low-suit." It opens in the year one, and ends with about 1860.

Why should potatoes grow better than any other vegetable?—Because they have eyes to see what they are doing.

There is a man in town so knowing that people who don't know their own minds come to him for information on the subject.

It should be remembered that a hare assertion is not necessarily the naked truth.

A bad hat, taken to an evening party, frequently comes out the next day as good as new.

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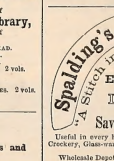

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HARPER'S WEEKLY will continue, as heretofore, to publish the best tales and sketches that can be had of our foreign authors. It has already published a *Tale of Two Cities*, by CHARLES DICKENS (with original illustrations drawn for HARPER'S WEEKLY); *What will he do with it?* by Sir E. LYTTON BULWER; *Lady Audley's Secret*, by MISS WILKIE COLLINS; *Lois the Witch*, by MRS. GASKELL; *A Good Fight*, by JOHN CASTLE; and *Tempest and Sunshine*, by MRS. WILLIAM CURTIS; it is now publishing *The Uncommercial Traveller*, by CHARLES DICKENS; *My Lady Ludlow*, by MRS. GASKELL; *The Woman in White*, by WILKIE COLLINS; *The New Forest*, by *Orphans & Co.*, by JAMES HAIN FRISWELL; by TOM HOOD, LEDRU, both of which are illustrated by MRS. WILLIAM CURTIS, and *The Mistletoe Bough*, by MRS. PAYNE, by ELLA ROSMAR, illustrated by WINSLOW HOMER. By the close of the year the conclusion of these tales will be effected, and others will be commenced. It being the intention of the publishers to issue every week a tale of permanent excellence that is written here or abroad. It is hardly necessary to add that while the foreign serials appear in HARPER'S WEEKLY are purchased from their authors by the publishers of HARPER'S WEEKLY, who, in many instances, give for a mere right of *priority* what amounts to a handsome sum of money to the author.

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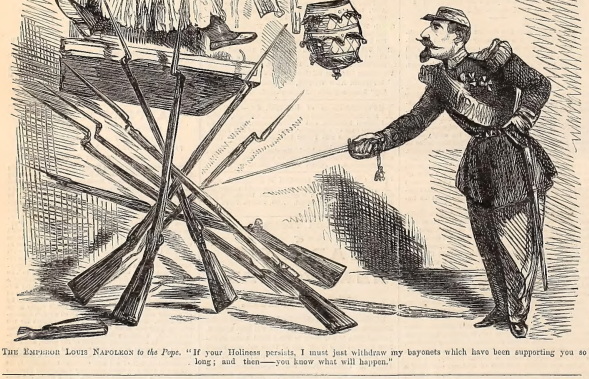

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. IV.—No. 166.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1860. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

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CHARLES DICKENS'S NEW SERIAL.

WE publish in this number the Second Journey of "THE UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELER"—being a Report, by CHARLES DICKENS, on the Work-house of Wapping. We need hardly add that it is intensely thrilling and affecting. This new series fully sustains Mr. Dickens's world-wide popularity.

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1. THE WOMAN IN WHITE, by WILKIE COLLINS, with MCLENAN'S illustrations—commenced in No. 152.

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A NIGHT ON THE ICE—THE ESCAPE FROM DEATH.

A NIGHT ON THE ICE.

WE had been to a picnic, in the Canadian backwoods, some six or seven miles beyond the Tircouagn, and were returning home in two light one-horse sleighs, the first containing Mr. Norton and his elder daughter, the second her sister and myself. The night was calm and beautiful in its dim snow-light, and the red glow of the northern streamers above our heads flashed and leaped and quivered in a thousand brilliant corusecations; while strangely and sweetly through the gray old woods sounded the clear girlish voices of the sisters, as from the different sleighs they sang in alternate stanzas one of the quaint old ballads of the Middle Ages. At length we reached the banks of the Tircouagn, which lay between us and our home, a mirror of ice, and we at once commenced its passage. As we swept quickly on, it seemed to me that some other sound mingled with the firm footfalls of the horses, and the chime of their bells—a low threatening murmur like the echo of a distant tempest. But Mr. Norton drove gayly on, as if he either heard it not, or thought nothing of it, and I dismissed it from

LOSS OF THE STEAMSHIP "HUNGARIAN," OFF SABLE ISLAND, NOVA SCOTIA, FEBRUARY, 1860.—[SEE FRONT PAGE.]

my mind, until as we drew near the centre of the river, strange dark spots, like cloud-shadows, began to flick its gleaming surface.

The next instant one appeared right on Mr. Norton's path, and too close for him to avoid. With a long leap the horse bounded over it, and as the sleigh was drawn quickly after, there was a plash that told it had struck against water. I could see Mr. Norton spring hurriedly up.

"Back, back, for your lives!" he cried to us; "the ice is breaking up!"

I turned to follow his directions, but it was too late—two or three such spots lay between us and the bank. I looked around; but they were rapidly appearing on every side; and then I remembered to have heard that the ice of the Tircouga was treacherous at the appearance of hot springs in the bed of the river, which at times burst forth; and that particularly in the early part of the winter the mercury in the tube was five degrees below zero, of which before evening not a trace would remain.

Perceiving how matters were, Mr. Norton bade us follow him, and quickly, for that not a moment was to be lost; and then dashed off at a rapid pace for the opposite bank, leaping the chasms, and spreding lightly on over the frozen portions, as if he hoped by swiftness to diminish the danger; and with the same breathless speed we hastened on in his rear.

Meanwhile, larger and more numerous grew those dark blue spaces, and longer and more frequent our horses' leaps. At length there came a chasm none could not venture. I looked eagerly round for some more favorable spot; but as my eye glanced onward, it fell on constantly-widening water, until it had gone the circuit, and, with a sensation of surprise and horror, I perceived that we stood upon an ice island, from which the main, rounding its way, rapidly returning. I looked after Mr. Norton; but, unsuspicious of what had happened, he was still making his way with accelerated speed over the ice: so I felt we were left to our own efforts for escape, and my utter inexperience rendered the chances few indeed, unless we could again draw near enough to the main ice to leap the space between; and none can tell how anxiously I watched each movement of our raft as it began to yield to the influence of the current. But each fathom that we were swept down the river seemed to bear us a greater distance from its icy fetters, and we soon found ourselves floating on a comparatively open space of water, and surrounded by numerous islands.

I could almost have echoed poor Annie's cry of agony when the certainty of our position burst upon her, so fearful it is. Alone at midnight, on a fragment of ice, floating down a rapid river whose future course I knew not, while on each side stretched tracts of trembling ice, and beyond them rose banks of inaccessible steepness! What could exceed the dreariness of such a position, and the hope could it leave to us of life? While, to complete our misery, we had not even the power to struggle against our fate, but must passively await its coming.

How deeply I pitied my young companion, as she sat there weeping such bitter tears. It was hard for her to part with life, after sixteen years of such bright and joyous experience as hers had been; hard to lay it down thus suddenly and mysteriously, absent from all she loved, and yet harder the unresolvable fears for her father's and sister's safety which our own danger had awakened. I tried to utter words of consolation as I wrapped the poor girl in the buffalo robes from the sleigh, right and left our position rendered doubly cold. She looked a sad contrast to the bright creature of the last few hours, whose joyous ballad-notes were yet lingering in my ears. But when the first shock was over, poor Annie struggled bravely with her grief, and during the remainder of that long dreary night of peril she sat calmly by my side, the most patient and resigned companion man ever had in danger.

Meanwhile, the river was bearing us swiftly on past rocky headlands, and dark pine forests, waving above their edge, on to yet wilder and grander regions, where it seemed even the red man would scarce pitch his wigwam. Sometimes the river swept us smoothly along on its broad bosom, at others it contracted into narrower limits, and hurried on with a quicker current; and as our frail raft was swept about by the broken waves, we ofttimes thought either that it would part, or we be swept from its watery surface, while every hour and then our poor horse beat the ice wildly with his hoof, and, as he recognized its unsoundness, his low plaintive cries of distress rent piercingly far and wide over the river, and quivered through the dismal woods beyond.

Day at last broke upon us, still floating down that lonely river, between its frowning banks, and on our raft, whose limits were now small indeed. Death seemed close upon us in one of his most repulsive forms, and we no longer pretended blindness to his coming, but spoke together as they should where fear was at hand.

Suddenly the river took an abrupt bend, and, aided by the waters of another river, which here fell into it, spread almost to the dimensions of a lake; but still it was bordered by those monotonous, wild-like banks, shutting out every hope. At length we sighted something like a chasm dividing the cliff down to the water's edge. I sprang to my feet in a moment. Here was at least a chance of life—the first that during all those wretched hours had presented itself—and I resolved at once to profit by it.

Without a moment's delay the horse was cast loose from the shafts, and Annie was tied securely to his back, then with a few words of encouragement and hope to the poor young girl, doomed to so many hardships and dangers, I took the halter in my hand, and sending the horse into the water, leaped in myself, and then commenced swimming to the shore.

But the struggle was a long and arduous one, for we were more than a mile from the land, and both the horse and I were cramped and stiffened with cold. Many a time I thought the effort was in vain, and that neither the horse nor I would ever reach the shore, that to my weariness seemed to recede as we advanced. Moreover, the current pressed strongly against us, striving to sweep us down beyond our goal, against the steep rocky barrier that lined the water. Fortunately the hot springs had raised the temperature of the water, for poor Annie's girlish form was almost hidden in it, as the waves lightly surged around her, sometimes even sweeping above her head. But the young girl's courage rose with the occasion, and she bore without complaint the last phase of suffering.

But they strive hard whose prize is life, and after more than an hour of hope, and doubt, and fear, we reached the land we had never hoped to tread again. As we emerged from the water the wintry wind pierced through our saturated clothing, with an icy chill that threatened to freeze them on us. Providentially, however, God, we found a settler's house near at hand, where we obtained dry clothes, refreshment, and the loan of a horse and sleigh, in which we speedily soon speeding along the road to Tircouga. As we proceeded, fresh fears for her father's and sister's fate assailed poor Annie, which were only set at rest when she found herself in their arms.

THE LOSS OF THE STEAMSHIP "HUNGARIAN."

WE publish on the preceding page a picture of the wreck of the steamship *Hungarian*, which was lost on the morning of February 20, on Sable Island, Nova Scotia. At the time of writing very few particulars of this terrible catastrophe have come to hand, but the Halifax *Citizen* dated 21st, said:

"The large steamship ashore on the west side of Cape Sable is the steamship *Hungarian*, which sailed from Queenstown on the 9th inst. for Portland.

She is a total wreck, and all her crew and passengers are supposed to be lost.

A small portion of her hull is now visible at low water.

Nothing like the news dispatched for the Associated Press can be learned, but it is thought it may be in the mail, a small portion of which has been saved in a damaged state.

One passenger ticket has been found with the name of Ellen Sheehan upon it.

The following has been sent from Cape Sable to Messrs. Cunard & Co.:

"A steamer's lights were seen on Monday morning at three o'clock; at daybreak the spars and rigging were seen standing, and at 10 A.M. all had gone by the board. Then the ship settled fast. A heavy sea was running, breaking mast high over the ship. Communication with the ship was impossible All on board must have been lost, unless the boats left the ship before daylight, which is not likely. At low water part of the ship is still visible."

The *Hungarian* left Liverpool on Wednesday, the 8th inst., under command of Captain Jones, and touched at Queenstown, Ireland, as customary with the vessels of the Cunard company, the next afternoon (Thursday, the 9th ult.) for Portland.

The *Hungarian* was on this occasion on her third voyage from Liverpool to Portland, her preceding trips having been accomplished in good time, and under very favorable auspices.

Other dispatches, dated 24th, say:

A dispatch from Ragged Island, 24th, to the Postmaster General's office, says the supplementary mail bags for Canada and New York have been picked up, and are in safety, out in a very damaged state, and are awaiting orders. Postmaster General Woodgate has ordered the mails to be brought to Halifax to be arranged, as the bags are burst and the letters torn.

The following is the latest news from the scene of the wreck:

BARINGTON, *Feb.* 24—9 P.M.

Thomas Nickerson informs me that, on Monday morning at three o'clock, he saw the main lights of a steamer's light. It was stationary for some time, and he supposed a ship had struck on the Horse Race, about two miles off the Cape. He was then seen to move. At daylight a large steamer was seen ashore, with one mast standing. He thinks he saw men on it when it first struck, which was soon after daylight.

A report has reached me that the steward's pocket-book has been picked up, having some passengers' names or extras. I will inquire into it and report.

On Wednesday the body of one small child was found, and yesterday that of one man, supposed to be a fireman. The Coroner is attending to them.

Portions of the mail and cargo are being yet picked up.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1860.

COMMERCIAL LEGISLATION.

LANE, the man who cheated the Fulton Bank of several thousand dollars, which he spent on fast women, horses, and other forms of dissipation, has been convicted, and will be sent to Sing Sing. No one will pity a fellow who was equally infamous as a confidential servant, as a husband, and as a son; who, not content with robbing his employers, reduced his old father to beggary, and deliberately involved his wife, family, and friends in ruin and disgrace.

But it is a mercy he has been convicted. Eminent counsel, before the trial, gravely doubted whether he had committed any offense of which the law could take cognizance. Our commercial code is so imperfect that it is a mere chance that he was caught in the net. He very nearly escaped. Indeed, such is the laxity, and such the omissions in the penal statutes against commercial frauds, that a man may cheat and steal to a hundred times Lane's amount without running any grave danger. Schuyler, it is said, might have returned to New York in safety; under our present law he could not have been punished. A man walks the streets, rules political meetings, and fills offices of honor in the State who, a few years ago, deliberately robbed Wall Street brokers of nearly a hundred thousand dollars, yet was held to have committed no penal offense. Peter Funk sells brass watches every day to Provincial mechanics, and the law can do no more than compel him to refund the stolen money when his victim has the nerve and the means to prosecute. The other day a rascal was taken before the Mayor for robbing a stranger by selling him a spurious ticket for a passage on board an Atlantic steamer; he was told to refund the money; he refused, and was about to be taken to prison when he suddenly recollected himself, and observing, "I can't afford to be locked up the day the California steamer sails," reluctantly disgorged, and was liberated. In plain words, he consented to forego the fruits of one robbery for the prospect of half a dozen others.

They order these matters better in England. There, for many years, the commercial code has been ceaselessly improved year by year as new statutes being passed to meet every new form of roguery devised by the increasing ingenuity of rascalism, or suggested by the development of commerce. The consequence is, that in London, where rogues abound, the rogue who is punished is the rule, and the rogue who escapes the exception. It is high time that we took a lesson from our neighbors over the water in this respect. Our commercial laws are entirely inadequate to cope with the modern forms of fraud. Who will undertake to revise them?

DELIBERATE MURDER.

THE spread of diseases of the throat has latterly attracted much attention. Deaths from throat diseases, especially that form of them known as *diphtheria*, are much more frequent than they used to be, especially in towns. Various causes have been assigned for the appearance of diphtheria as an epidemic; few of them, however, are to be compared with the facts. The climate is not more severe than it used to be. Latterly the clothing of women and children has been rather lighter than it was half a dozen years since; the faculty and the press have inveighed so loudly against thin shoes and unsubstantial coverings for the body that a better style of dress has been generally adopted. The only good reason that has been given for the surprising development of throat disease in these days is the habit—more common in most of our large cities—of hastening the melting of the snow in the streets by mixing it with salt. In New York, Philadelphia, and elsewhere, during every snow-storm, the streets are plentifully salted by the omnibus proprietors, whose profits are diminished during the sleighing season.

The consequence of this is the conversion of the snow into what an eminent surgeon styles a sort of *ice-cream*—intensely cold, and so penetrating that it chills every thoroughfare without boot. The air, too, is impregnated with a saline vapor most trying to the air-passages. Thus during the saline season, every pedestrian in the large cities is sure to have wet feet, and to breathe an atmosphere as irritating to the throat as the fumes of poisonous fluid or noxious gases. Why should we look any further for the causes of the throat epidemics which are ravaging the country?

Salting the streets, we believe, contrary to law. Yet the omnibus proprietors continue to scatter their salt as though the laws were waste paper, and there were no one to account in comparison with sixpences.

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

For Harper's Weekly.

At a meeting of ladies—the wives, sisters, and daughters of Masons in attendance upon the National Masonic Convention at Chicago—in September, 1859, in the ladies' parlor of the Richmond House, on the 14th of that month, it was resolved to form a society to raise funds for the completion of the Washington Monument, now in progress of erection in the city of Washington. The following States—Connecticut, New York, Virginia, Tennessee, Louisiana, Texas, Missouri, Mississippi, South Carolina, Michigan, and Illinois—were represented.

A constitution for the government of the society, and an address to the people of the United States was adopted, and Mrs. Finlay M. King, of Port Byron, New York, was chosen President, and Mrs. Anna M. Cosby, of Washington City, Secretary.

The names of the Vice-Presidents for the different States of the Union will be furnished for publication when the list is completed, and answers have been received to all the letters of appointment to that office.

The Constitution, Address, and By-laws are in the possession of the Secretary for publication and distribution, as soon as the preliminary arrangements for a complete organization in the several States of the Union are concluded, which, it is confidently believed, will be in a very short time.

MRS. ANNA M. COSBY,
Secretary of the Ladies' Washington National Monument Society.

THE LOUNGER.

EDITORIAL.

THE trials of a magazine editor have not been sufficiently considered by the public. But they are very many and severe; the chief of all being the necessity of refusing the contributions of his friends. Often enough he may unjustly refuse them. Man is mortal, and editors are but men. But the secret of such a refusal is his friendship; for the editor suspects himself of partiality, and the sonnet that would be a good enough sonnet if it were Jones's, unknown to the editor, is condemned because it is Jenkins's, his lesson friend.

Besides, let all friends of the editor consider what his position really is. He is a captain of a ship, which he sails not for his own pleasure, but for the profit of the owners and his own honor and emolument. He can not give away passages. He can not stop and have a game at Acrambo when he is heading for Ceylon. He may infinitely prefer to please his friend by taking a glass, but it is understood that what he is commanded to build not drink. The editor is that captain. He is sailing a ship which labors to other people, and his port is public favor. It is his duty to avoid, with much prosperous voyage—that is, the best and most salable magazine he can; of course, if he can do it without prostitution of his mind or character, he will throw up his command. But it is no prostitution of his power, it is only a pain in his feelings, to say, "Friend, I can not take you, for I have no right to indulge my private partiality at the expense of the owners. I would gladly take you, to gratify my friendship, but I have no right to make other people lose for my gratification."

Apollidore sends his last poem in ten mortal cantos; "good for ten months," he says kindly in his note. It is not very good. It would sink the magazine. What shall the editor do? What can he do? What ought he to do?

Now if he does it, how harshly Apollidorus will feel toward that editor! How he will criticise the poetry that does appear! How grieved and hurt and mortified will be! And, if the disappointed Apollidorus, the editor is not there to please himself altogether, nor you, but the average public taste. Therefore, what ought he to do in the magazine, because he knows what people like; *his* people, the readers of his magazine. Perhaps he may think they could like your poetry. Then, confidently the world owes you as much as that. But if it won't pay? That is always the rub. If people won't like your poetry, and won't pay for it, and think it a bore, and swear at it (for the world is remarkably profane when poetry it does not like), why should you make the editor your scapegrace? Do you suppose he has not vexation of soul enough already?

Remember that every month, or every week, he has to prepare a feast, the same yet different. He must have a variety, neither too short nor too long, nor too monotonous, nor too much "to be continued." He must have poetry, and humor, and politics, and fiction, and adventure. And he must have all these in such combinations, and of such quality, as he can not explain nor describe, but which he recognizes instinctively. And after answer he can make is, "Respectfully declined." If you insist upon knowing why, he can merely reply, "Because it is not magazine stuff. If you say, 'I don't know what that is.'" He must answer, "I do." And must not explain it. And if you are the poet and the gentleman he believes you to be, you will not scowl, and say that really you had supposed your poem was as good as Milton's, generally published, but you will shake his hand heartily, and say, "Never mind, my dear fellow, I forgive, pity, and thank you."

THE ARCTIC PROBLEM.

CAPTAIN MCCLINTOCK'S book, Captain Osborne's article in *Once a Week*, and now by an Arctic officer in the first number of the *Cornhill Magazine*, and a brief and luminous resumé of the history of Arctic adventure from Captain Lyon's time in *Harper's Monthly* for March, bring down the records of polar exploration to the latest moment —the discovery of the fate of Sir John Franklin and his ships and some of his men. Dr. Hayes, now in will be the last the company of Kane in his last voyage, has also just issued a narrative of an over-ice journey to communicate with a civilized settlement in Greenland; and Doctor proposes to head another expedition to complete surveys, and, if possible, discover what yet remains as a full knowledge of the fate of Sir Franklin expedition; perhaps also—who knows?—to sail into the Polar Sea, where Kane and his companions fancied the ships of Franklin might yet be drifting.

The fascination of such a search and of the Arctic life in general, has been manifested during the last hundred years, especially, by the incessant departure of ships for the North, and by the wild, eager interest with which the world hungers on the story of the voyage. The expeditions of Parry and Ross, of Buch and Franklin and Richardson—the detail of strange life among the strange northern people —the description of the irresistible might of inclenate nature, so to speak, have a charm like that of the "Arabian Nights." Who was ever tired of it? It is the very reverse of fairy land, and yet as interesting. Of late years we have had no more who was so popularly a hero as Dr. Kane. One evening, after his first voyage, when he lectured in the old Tabernacle, the building was crowded

by a throng who stared at him with curious wonder, as if he had been the Calif Haroun al Raschid.

And yet to how many—certainly to the Lancers who writes these lines—the whole Arctic world was confused as that same fairy land, or the England of Mr. Arthur, where certain names that had a kind of clear, polar music in them, but no meaning of locality. "Lancaster Sound," "Prince Regent's Inlet," "King William's Land," "Melville Bay," were names as familiar as Camelot and Caerleon, but as exquisitely vague. Somewhere M'Clintock has cleared them up, and given them a permanent place in memory as they have a fixed one upon the map. Undoubtedly it is not because the other writers are not clear enough if you study them with a map, but that for the first time the Lancers read carefully with the map in their hair. The style of M'Clintock also is so simple and clear that the dullest of Loungers can easily follow him as he goes with a perfectly local idea of the situation of Franklin's party when their ships were finally lost and their fatal retreat began. How gladly one thinks that the intuitive sense of a woman secured the knowledge of the explorer's fate! Captain M'Clintock, indeed, the loyal friend both of Lady Franklin and her husband, declares, and Sir Roderick Murchison confirms it in his preface, that Franklin was really the discoverer of the Northwest Passage, and that had he only taken a course to the east instead of the west of King William's Land, he might have sailed through to Behring's Straits; for there was no land, there was only ice between the spot in which the *Erebus* and *Terror* were lost, and a point which had been reached by ships from the west.

If he were a discoverer, then, he was an unconscious one. And in an effort in which success is essential to fame. The great moral of the Arctic exploration is this, that as man was sent into the world to subdue it, and subdue it, so there is no obstacle that he will not overcome in subduing it.

SPIRITS.

The Rev. Mr. Harris, who has been long what is called a "Spiritualist," is reported to have recently deserted his body of believers, or rather to have declared that he has no faith in the goodness or intelligence of such spirits as he has been in the habit of dealing with.

Now there seems to be no reason for calling those whose faith in spiritual things would seem to rest upon mere material phenomena "Spiritualists." That name, certainly, one would say, should be reserved for those who believe without assistance from sight or touch.

Yet every man must confess that a seer or a shrug does not dispose of that singular tendency of the world to mistake things which lingers in tradition from age to age, and constantly reappears in literature. In the work of Robert Dale Owen, "Footfalls on the Boundary of another World"—is the latest collection of this curious evidence, stated in a most remarkable spirit. It has the transparent credulity of old Increase Mather, in his "Remarkable Providences;" but it has one fault which, however, which have been explained in so judicious a work of the kind. There is no mention made of the incidents, equally remarkable with those given, which have been explained by purely natural and intelligible causes, thereby creating an analogical inference in regard to these which are not so explained.

A few weeks since a party of Loungers were discussing the subject in a class, when one of them read from old Mather's "Providences" the case of the Newburyport family who suffered so sadly from devilish imperfections, until one day a voice came from sea, and after witnessing the diabolical phenomena said that he thought, if he could have his ears bored, and a young boy who shared the afflicted family, there would be a cessation of the dreadful phenomena. So for a day he reasoned with Satan, locked in the youth. In fact he knew Satan a good deal better than he sent, in the shape of thwacks and flagellations, and the happy result was an end of the infernal antics. Mather took the whole story as seriously as if it really were the devil, and not the boy, who had afflicted the family.

There is a vast collection of ghost stories, of traditions of supernatural appearances, of inexplicable sounds, &c., which can hardly be dismissed as old women's fables and nursery tales. No man can tell when, or why, or where we strike suddenly upon the line that separates the visible from the invisible, and what we call natural from the preternatural. The whole distinction would be, would and unusual. We make our human experiences the standard of nature, whereas nature is the divine method. But such a faith in spiritual things should be developed or chiefly cultivated by the extraordinary phenomena, and not by the ordinary processes of nature, is likely to be as uncertain in duration as it is questionable in quality. Men differ in their susceptibility and organization: but as a man who is persuaded of immortality by three knocks upon the floor, is certainly no more distinctively a "Spiritualist" than he who has never heard them, and to whose mind the song of every bird and the beauty of every flower certifies it.

THE NEW PRIMA DONNA.

"Collegian" writes enthusiastically of the young singer of whom the Lounger spoke several weeks since. "Collegian" is probably a Boston boy, for she has lately been in Boston. He says he wants first to know how to pronounce her name. "Dear Lounger," he writes, "spare me! They say that it rhymes with *fatty*, as all the people here make it." That, again, suggests a doubt whether he be from Boston, because the Italian language is probably pronounced in its purity in that city, and every Bostonian knows that the true pronunciation is Fah-tée.

Here in New York the managers call her in the cards "Miss Patti," because she is an American *prima donna*, you know. By the reverse operation of the same law, probably, that capital singer, Mr. Drayton, is Henri. It is a curious inquiry, from this point of view, whether we were baptized Henry or Henri. It doesn't make the slightest of an iota either way; and yet there is a widely-diffused superstition to the contrary. Some years since there was an excellent lady who taught singing, and whose advertisements announced Madame Valentini. We have no reason to doubt that she is still living somewhere, and, we sincerely hope, prosperously: but we *should* like to know whether she is not called Mrs. Valley. We have no reason to suppose so—except that of analogy.

Some years ago, also, there was a *début* of Mrs. Simson. She was studied to be—Simonson, to whom had she not studied? She had letters of compliment from— Well, from the most illustrious people, and from Jenny Lind—it was evidently Mrs. Sutton; you saw it at a glance—she did not cooper exactly; and since every body did—That last was the fatal word. If she had only thought to call herself something ending with a vowel! Dear me! dear me! It is always the slight, lazy final consonant that chokes, as it were, the success of all singers who are not born Italians!"

So few a great deal more than it used to be, attached to that final consonant, as we have sometimes hinted. In the present c.. se little Patti is successful because she has a wonderful voice, the admirable method, the *suavità* of youth. If she had a poor voice, or sang badly, or was perfectly unintelligent, all the vowels in the alphabet would not save her. And when managers have discovered that what is wanted is not a long semi-Italian advertisement but a sweet singing, we shall have an Opera; but not until then.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—W. D. C. Your poem will appear in the *Weekly*.

—M. L. C. P. The "Serf's Bride" is respectfully declined.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A DESERVEDLY verdant-looking individual called upon a lawyer in Montreal, and asked if the latter's services were accessible, by hard labor for the few past years, some seventy-five dollars would be found in his pocket, and upon whereby he might make money a little faster; and he had understood to take some of his stock and profit with him. The jeweler selected what he thought would sell readily, and the new partner left the store. In the course of but a few days when he returned, bought a new gold watch, and ordered a large extra supply of stock, returned and greatly increased his stock. He succeeded so well, and prospered to such a degree that one day he asked him how much profit he obtained on the value of his stock.

"Why, I put on 'bout 5 per cent."

The jeweler thought that a very small profit, and exclaimed, with surprise:

"Well, I says he, puddles, I don't know as I exactly understood about your per cent; but an article for which *I pay you one dollar I rarely sell for less.*"

A new Sunday-school has been established in a neighboring town on the Troy and Boston Railroad, and the other day the superintendent gave out the instructions to hang out the red flag whenever there were enough scholars present. The boys soon came pouring in, next morning the engineer saw the flag out, and stopped. He scanned looking and found no scholars, but on the car but the agent, asked him if there were any passengers to get, and was answered with an honest "No."

"Then why did you stop the train?" said the conductor.

"Why," exclaimed the agent, "I thought somebody had a wash to get off."

That agent was immediately promoted to a professorship in a Sunday-school.

Two sons of green Erin were standing by a hydraulic press superintended by a friend of mine, when one called out to the other:

"Jim, I'd like to put ye under and squeeze the divil out o' ye."

"Would, ye indade, my boy?" was the answer, "supposin' the divil out of you an' there'd be nothin' *left!*"

I remember asking an irreverent brother of mine some years ago if he could tell me where the exact spot on my vest. After rubbing it, and smelling it, and examining it in all lights, he had the unfeeling conclusion—

"Well, I declare, Buck, I believe it's a clean spot!"

"I'll give that fellow a piece of my mind!" exclaimed a sour-tempered lady in New Orleans, the other day.

"I wouldn't," replied her uncle, "*you've none to spare.*"

A waggish citizen of Stonington, Connecticut, went into a Boston store some years since to buy a carpet. Having got his taste he asked the price.

"Two dollars and five cents."

"I'll take it at that rate."

"No, I couldn't sell that carpet for two dollars and five cents."

"Oh! well, I won't chaffer."

And then he went to the car citizen returned to the pedlar.

"I suppose you would sell on credit with good security?"

"Certainly."

"Six months?"

"Yes."

Then another random talk, and the subject came up again.

"Of course you make the usual discount if one takes up his purchase at once?"

"Of course."

"Well, then figure up my discount and I'll take the goods."

SHOPKEEPER *(after exploring a moment).* "Zounds! I'm selling my carpet for two dollars after all!"

The clerk—

"An old gentleman, long a resident of this city," writes a Western correspondent, "though now gone to that bourne from whence no traveler returns, was noted for his dry humor, and not, any manner of expressing himself. One fall, a year or so ago, he purchased a barrel of what purported to be cider, though really so dilute as hardly to taste like the beverage. The old gentleman remarked that the cider was well watered, which upon in one case came to be literally the case. He waxed very wroth, and, on meeting his customer, said:

"Mr. A——, I understood you had sold me a barrel of cider that had water in it."

"Yes, sir," was the reply, "I only sold you cold me a barrel of water with a little cider in it."

Did the hangman, in the "second the plain" see sop?

Why is the world like a piano?—Because it is full of sharps and flats.

When may a man be said to be literally immersed in business?—When he's giving a swimming lesson.

The young man who pays his addresses to dumb belles is in no danger of being discarded.

There is a man at Tuscus who wakes so slow that they say he wears a pair of spurs to keep his shadow from treading on his heels.

PENCTUALITY.—Dr. Kitchener, whose name fully bore out his derivation, was remarkable for his pigeon himself upon his punctuality, and was in the habit of having the following motto hung over his study door: "Come at seven, go at eleven." Theodore Hook, who always liked to get into what he called the short hours, added the word "it" to the above, and great was the surprise of the doctor when he came to be found that, by the alteration, the notice read as follows: "Come at seven, and go it at eleven."

"Ma, if you will give me an apple, I will be good."—"No, my child, you must not be good for pay—you ought to be good *for nothing*."

Atanagricultural dinner the following toast was given: "The game of fortune—shuffle the cards as you will, Spades will always be trumps."

"Do you sing?" says the tea-pot to the kettle. "Yes," replies the kettle, "I can manage to get over a few bars."

"Sam, Sam!" exclaimed a lady—"what is your occupation?"

"Stop that abominable noise," said a commanding officer to a trumpeter at the side of a battle; "we can stand *fire*, but we can't stand that air!"

The fellow who took offense has not yet returned it.

The man who checked his rage covered it with gingham.

The boy who crept on a pace subsequently walked on a plank.

The barber who dressed the head of a barrel has been obliged to curl the locks of a wash.

Rough language is bad in youth; when used by old people it is the dialogue.

A passenger was conversing in a railway carriage. Said one to the other, "Do you know the 'Barber of Seville?'" "No," replied the latter, "I always shave myself."

A writer on domestic economy, in giving instructions for keeping apples fresh, says, "Lay with the small end down." He does not specify whether this direction is for him or his readers.

AN AFFECTIONATE BEGINNER.—In the advertisement of a new hotel, it is said, "It embraces about sixty rooms."

An Irish paper says that among those mortally wounded at Waterloo was Major O'Brien, *afterward* Mayor of Dublin.

The man who are willing "to die for an idea" would be much better employed in living for a reality.

We suppose that the man who, in the hour of danger, turns pale and makes his escape, may be said to come off with flying colors.

"Where shall I get a panel?" said the sheriff to the judge.—"Why, I suppose, Sir, that you can get enough outside out of jail."

A man in Shropshire has invented a machine to make bumble-pie. It is driven by the force of circumstances.

How many sides has a round plum-pudding? Two—inside and outside.

The young woman who was "driven to distraction" now finds that she will have to walk back.

An Irish editor, commenting upon cut his thread of his discourse and thus addressed the congregation: "My dear brethren, I have lost what I am now just half through my sermon; but as I perceive you impatience, I will say no more about it, reminding you that more than a quarter as long as that you have heard.

A couple of Austrian travelers stopping at the Hotel Europa, in the city of Cordova, the capital of the Argentine Confederation, were surprised and amused by hearing on the 5th of May the following toast: "We rejoined to know what it meant, they called for the Spanish dictionary, and found it to mean a hare and a pig.

General Zarembo had a very long Polish name. The king having heard of it, one day asked him, good-humoredly, "Pray, General, what is your name? The General repeated to him immediately the whole name. "Why," said the king, "I think himself never had such a name."

"I should presume not, Sir," replied the General, "as he was no relation of mine."

The Duke of Wellington was once refused admission into the assembly-room at Cork by a waiter not to London; while Queen Victoria's predecessor, William the Fourth, was similarly outside a certain pair of Windsor Castle through an official's ignorance of the royal identity. Lord Wellington, with his usual tact, bade's allowed to pass here after dark except the king and the king's friends."

An Englishman dining in a Chinese village was greatly enjoying a savory dish, and would have expressed his pleasure to the host in Chinese, understood nothing of English, nor could our friend utter a word of Chinese. The smacking of lips and other gestures of the kind caused the question, ingeniously put. Pointing at the portion of meat on his plate which he supposed to be duck, the Englishman, with an inquiring look, said, "Quack, quack?" The host, with a grave, gravely shaking his head, as much as to say "No," replied, "Bow, wow, wow!"

The other day my friend Jos Brown,
A very worthy fellow,
Returning from a market-town
Without his silk umbrella,
Was caught in a shower,
So heavy, 'twas not strange
That he got in search of his quiet home
He did his clothing change.

Now why was he while doing so
Just like a pilot boat
Which, underlone is being cook'd?
Again—made it float?
If you the answer find to this
We'll tell you what you guess'd;
But, lest we should be deem'd remiss,
'Tis best we tell you best.

"How to Raise the Wind."—A number of drastic measures (says the *Versailles Record*) having drunk themselves completely out of the Emperor's head their "heads" should soon come to an end, yet their brains setzep know to raise the wind. The former constitution one of them, with characteristic slowness and a great amount of originality, has invented a lottery. It is "all the rage." While the rack was being sought for all eyes were fixed upon it. The rack was brought, and he immediately set about getting into it. After some bustling and considerable trouble, which the whole assembly, he was got up to the neck in it. This done, he, poking out his head, grave to the following answer, "Now, I'll be off hanse, and you'll tell me for as much as ye can get." A sum was at once made up, and the prisoner was let out, and just slowly apprehending Thomas's meaning, he said it was "a splendid novelty of ingenious Loyalist, who invented Javelin's novelty.

SHAME AND SHAME ALIKE.—A certain king of Spain had promised to bestow relief upon the people of the country round Burgos, who had been ruined by war. They flocked in great numbers, but the treasurer would not let them in except on condition of having half of what they should get. Having consented to this, the countrymen entered the royal hall, where their leader knelt at the monarch's feet, and said, "I beseech your Majesty to command that every one of us here shall receive a hundred lashes!" "An odd petition truly," said the king; "why do you ask for such a thing?" "Sir, Sir," replied the peasant, "your Majesty's treasurer and the door-keepers insist on having half of whatever you give us."

A Californian paper tells of a hunter who killed nine thousand snipes at four shots, and the air was full of falling birds for several days, and to speak of the great number of cripples hobbling about the ground. Munchausen couldn't do more.

THE "GREAT SEA-SERPENT" FOUND AT LAST.

We publish on the following page an engraving of the "Great Sea-Serpent," from a sketch kindly sent us from Bermuda, on the coast of which island it seems that this famous creature has at length made his first appearance on dry land.

It appears that on 2d January last two gentlemen, walking on the beach of Harrington Sound, heard a strange splashing in the water, and almost directly afterward saw "a huge sea-monster" stranded on the shore, and rapidly dying from exhaustion. It was bright and silvery in color, without scales, and, as compared to those, about fifteen feet long.

Of course so strange a visitor attracted a great deal of attention, and among others, a fellow of the Linnæan Society of London, Mr. Matthew Jones, who happened to be on the island, hastened to examine the serpent. His report is as follows:

"Order, Acanthopterygii: Family, Cepotoni: Genus, Gymnetrus: Species, ——: Body oblong, compressed; naked, tuberculated; cuticle, a silvery covering of metallic lustre. Length, from head to caudal extremities, sixteen feet seven inches. Depth, at fourteen inches from facial commencement, nine inches, and decreasing gradually to near the vertical extremity of the stomach, when it attained its greatest depth of seven inches, and then decreased by degrees to the caudal commencement, which at the same distance and through the spinal column, two and a half by four inches.

"These dimensions are in the extreme.

"From the facial extremity of the snout expanding a slight depression at the occiput to the position at which the dorsal commences, a series of eight fins were taken, a gradual elevation of the dorsal ridge took place, and from the capital portion of this ridge arose, at equal distances from each other, a series of seven erect, quill-like, flexible filaments, from two to three feet in extent, gradually decreasing from base to apex, and possessing, in the case of the three longest, lanceolate points. These equidistant filaments were in connection of the three anterior ones, unconnected by membrane. From this series of lengthened elements, all along the back, from head to tail, extended a series of membranous fins, as closely situate to each other as to present the appearance of a single fin, the rays of each being united to the individual fin joined by the connecting membrane. The membrane of the *right* ventral, which is the position of the *right* ventral was sufficiently complete to enable me to state that it contained twelve spines. Anal and caudal fins absent.

"Head, truncated, compressed; facial outline of a dark color.

"Mouth, so damaged as not to be positively determinable at present, and separated from the fish from the portions of jaw still remaining, I should pronounce it intermaxillaries.

"Eyes, fourteen lines in diameter, slightly depressed, lobes, three and a half lines in width, of a bright silver, investing pupil of a somewhat dark color, and, in color, a light transparent blue.

"Stomach, a membranous chamber extending from beneath the gills to the anal extremity, five feet. Unfortunately this stomach had been opened and its contents partially injured before I saw the specimen; but a large proportion of mill, cuticle, etc., has been preserved including the major portion of the swimming bladder, which for so large a fish may be considered small. The color, so light, is evanescent. This swimming bladder contained a large amount of oily matter, and a piece thrown on the rutted surface of the water immediately subdued the agitation.

"Gill rays, eight in number, four to a side, crimson, flabellate; the anterior pairs furnished with double rows of tubelli, having the internals white, and armed on their inner side with minute dark-blue spinules.

"Gill covers, bony, radiate; not entirely covering the gills.

"Teeth. No appearance of any.

"In conclusion I have above described [from] it must be state that it was a male fish, and from the extremely fragile nature of its various parts I may venture to express an opinion that it had by no means attained maturity. I may also remark that my measurements were taken twenty-four hours after death, during which time it had lain exposed on the rocky shore."

Mr. Jones adds:

"The most notable fact, in connection with the capture of the present specimen, will doubtless be the interest and attention it will produce in the scientific world, for most assuredly we have in the specimen now before us many of the peculiarities, even to the minutest, the appearance of which hitherto apocryphal monster, the Great Sea-Serpent, so detailed by navigators, is invested. The long-known and somewhat crescentic eye, joined assiduously by the connecting membrane, and extending to the dorsal fins, which, viewed from a vessel's deck, present to the spectator the same so accurately described as a singular feature in the gigantic specimen seen by Captain M'Quhe, R.N., and officers, of H. M. S. *Daedalus*. Then again, the rapidity with which the last individual specimen moved through the water would coincide with the capabilities of a member of this genus; for the motive power produced by the fish on striking its tail, coupled with the extremely compressed form of body from the head throughout, must be immense.

"Here, then, we have a partial elucidation of the various statements which have at intervals appeared in the columns of the widest presses of England and America, emanating from the pens of travelers, and usually headed 'Occurrence of the Great Sea-Serpent.'"

Most people will be inclined to concur with Mr. Jones in identifying this *Gymnetrus* with the sea-serpent. A serpent which, in infancy, was sixteen feet long, may well be supposed to attain any size at maturity.

HON. JOHN SHERMAN.

HON. JOHN SHERMAN, a Representative in Congress from the thirteenth district of the State of Ohio, is descended from the Sherman family of Connecticut, which settled there in 1635. His great-grandfather, Taylor Sherman (a connection of Roger Sherman), was a leading member of the Committee of Safety in the struggle for Independence. His father, Charles Robert Sherman, was one of the first emigrants from New England to Ohio, then called "The West," and he settled at Lancaster in the year 1810. After having for some years practiced law with success, he was elevated to the bench, and died in 1829, while presiding as a Judge of the Supreme Court. He was universally respected throughout the State as a pure and upright citizen, an able lawyer, and a sound and incorruptible jurist.

John Sherman, born on the 10th of May, 1823, at Lancaster, Ohio, was left at the death of his father one of a large family, with but slender means of support. After attending the public schools and academies in Lancaster and in Mount Vernon Counties until he was fifteen years of age, he joined a party of civil engineers, then engaged on that branch of the public works of the State of Ohio known as the "Muskingum Improvement." He was attached for two years to this party, which was under the command of Hon. S. R. Curtis, an ex-officer of the army, who has since distinguished himself in the Mexican War, and is now Mr. Sherman's colleague as a Representative from the State of Iowa.

In 1840 Mr. Sherman entered the office of Judge Parker, at Mansfield (his present residence), as a student of law; and so diligently did he apply himself, that he was admitted to the bar the day he was at legal age, in 1844. He soon after entered into partnership with his brother, C. T. Sherman, Esq., who enjoyed a high reputation as a commercial lawyer, and at once took a prominent position at the bar. While his brother counseled clients and attended to the office business, he appeared in court.

The region of country in which Mr. Sherman resides was principally settled by Pennsylvanians, strongly attached to Democratic principles. An enthusiastic Whig himself, he was thus virtually disqualified for the receipt of any elective office; nor was he a candidate until the caucus which resulted in his election to Congress. He was, however, chosen as the Whig delegate to the National Convention of '48, at Philadelphia, where he supported General Scott; but after the nomination of General Taylor zealously engaged in securing his election. In '52 he was appointed (with the Hon. S. F. Vinton) a Senatorial delegate to the Whig National Convention at Baltimore, where he had the satisfaction of seeing General Scott nominated. Neither was it his fault that the old hero was not elected, for he was an active participant in the campaign.

After the political agitation produced by the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, in 1854, two ex-Members of Congress—both Democrats, and supporters of the Kansas-Nebraska bill—presented themselves as candidates for Congress in the Mansfield District. A Convention of Whigs, Democrats, and others opposed to the Kansas-Nebraska bill, was called, and at its meeting Mr. Sherman was unanimously nominated. The contest was a warm one, but he was elected by about 3000 majority, and has since been twice re-elected.

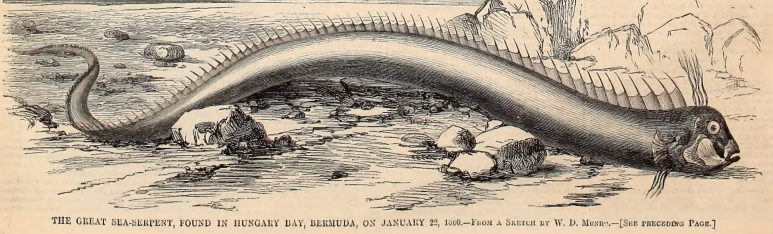
HON. JOHN SHERMAN, OF OHIO.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.]

As a member of the Kansas Investigating Committee Mr. Sherman wrote an elaborate and able report, which was adopted as a standard authority by his political friends, and was denounced by their opponents. In this report, as in his speeches on the subsequent endeavors to give Kansas a State Government, he has taken a firm but temperate stand. "I trust," said he, in debate, "that the same sense of fraternal kindness that guided our fathers in their Revolutionary struggle will smoothed many difficulties in the formation of this government; and, more potent than all else, that the guiding hand of Divine Providence may save our beloved country from the shock of civil strife or civil revolution."—"Let us not war with each other; but, with the grasp of fellowship and friendship, regarding to the full each other's rights, and kind to each other's faults, let us go hand in hand in securing to every portion of our people their constitutional rights."

Mr. Sherman has acquitted himself with great credit as a member of the Committees on Foreign Affairs and on Naval Affairs, in which latter capacity he interposed an able and conclusive defense of the course of Commodore Paulding at San Juan. During the last session of Congress he was distinguished for his opposition to extravagant expenditures; and as a member of a special committee of investigation into naval affairs, he exposed glaring abuses with merciless zeal. At the same time he has ever been willing to vote liberal appropriations for carrying on the operations of Government; and he urged the giving to the soldiers of the war of 1812 and the Indian wars the same honor and the same reward which a grateful country has extended to the Revolutionary patriots.

On the first ballot for Speaker of the present Congress, December 5, 1859, Mr. Sherman had 66 votes, Mr. Bocock 86, Mr. Grow 43, Mr. Botelor 14—the remainder were scattering. At the next balloting Mr. Sherman received 107; and afterward, with the aid of Anti-Lecompton Democrats, attained to within three votes of a election. Week after week he retained this position. Nor were his friends willing that he should withdraw, until it was ascertained that a pledged band of his opponents would resist, by parliamentary stratagems, the adoption of the plurality rule. At last, on the 30th of January, 1860, they reluctantly consented, and at the fortieth ballot Mr. Sherman gracefully withdrew from the protracted contest, during which he had been placed in a most trying position, yet had so deported himself as to command general respect.

Mr. Sherman is evidently not ambitious to be ranked among the oratorical appendages of the House. Politics are with him a reality, not a pastime; and when he rises to address the House it is because he desires to give utterance to his deliberately formed opinions on some question of importance. These opinions, which cover the whole ground of debate, he so states as to make their full force apparent. His delivery is unaffected, graceful, and forcible. His gestures are pleasing, and his ability as a debater is manifest when he is questioned or interrupted by his opponents. He is of fair complexion, with auburn hair and beard, blue eyes, and a pleasing expression. Happily married to a daughter of the late Judge Stewart, of Ohio, he enjoys the attractions of home and the social pleasures of refined society. His many friends assert that he possesses warm feelings, unstinted generosity, grateful remembrance of kind-



THE GREAT SEA-SERPENT, FOUND IN HUNGARY BAY, BERMUDA, ON JANUARY 22, 1860.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. D. MONRO.—[SEE PRECEDING PAGE.]

ness, and no disposition to revenge illiberal opposition, even when it has come from quarters where it was least to have been expected.

Mr. Sherman is now Chairman of the Ways and Means, in which all legislation involving expenditure of money is matured. The labor is necessarily great, especially as the Chairman of the Committee is expected to sustain its action before the House, and must therefore be "posted up" on all the various departments of Government. It is believed that Mr. Sherman will have the Appropriation Bills in readiness for legislative action at an earlier period of the session than has been customary, and that the evils of hurried sectional legislation just prior to final adjournment will be avoided. He will thus sustain his reputation, and add to his already strong claims for high honors at the hands of the people.

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "AFTER DARK," ETC., ETC.

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MISS HALCOMBE'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

July 3.—Just as my head was on the door of my room I heard Sir Percival's voice calling to me from below.

"I must beg you to come down again," he said. "It is Fosco's fault, Miss Halcombe, not mine. He has started some nonsensical objection to his wife being one of the witnesses, and has obliged me to ask you to join us in the library."

I entered the room immediately with Sir Percival. Laura was waiting by the writing-table, twisting and turning her garden hat uneasily in her hands. Madame Fosco sat near her, in an arm-chair, imperturbably admiring her husband, who stood by himself at the other end of the library, picking off the dead leaves from the flowers in the window.

The moment I appeared the Count advanced to meet me, and to offer his explanations.

"A thousand pardons, Miss Halcombe," he said. "You know the character which is given to my countrymen by the English? We Italians are all wily and suspicious by nature, in the estimation of the good John Bull. Set me down, if you please, as being no better than the rest of my race. I am a wily Italian, and a suspicious Italian. You have thought so yourself, dear lady, have you not? Well! it is part of my wiliness and part of my suspicion to object to Madame Fosco being a witness to Lady Glyde's signature, when I am also a witness myself."

"There is not the shadow of a reason for his objection," interposed Sir Percival. "I have explained to him that the law of England allows Madame Fosco to witness a signature as well as her husband."

"I admit it," resumed the Count. "The law of England says Yes—but the conscience of Fosco says No." He spread out his fat fingers on the bosom of his blouse, and bowed solemnly, as if he wished to introduce his conscience to us all, in the character of an illustrious addition to the society. "What this document which Lady Glyde is about to sign may be," he continued, "I neither know nor desire to know. I only say this: circumstances may happen in the future which may oblige Percival, or his representatives, to appeal to the two witnesses; in which case it is certainly desirable that those witnesses should represent two opinions which are perfectly independent the one of the other. This can not be if my wife signs as well as myself, because we have but one opinion between us, and that opinion is mine. I will not have it cast in my teeth, at some future day, that Madame Fosco acted under my coercion, and was, in plain fact, no witness at all. I speak in Percival's interests when I propose that my name shall appear (as the nearest friend of the husband), and your name, Miss Halcombe (as the nearest friend of the wife). I am a Jesuit, if you please to think so—a splitter of straws—a man of trifles, and crotchets, and scruples—but you will humor me, I hope, in this one consideration for my suspicious Italian character, and my uneasy Italian conscience." He bowed again, stepped back a few paces, and withdrew his conscience from our society as politely as he had introduced it.

The Count's scruples might have been honorable and reasonable enough, but there was something in his manner of expressing them which increased my unwillingness to be concerned in the business of the signature. No consideration of any importance than my consideration for Laura would have induced me to consent to be a witness at all. One look, however, at her anxious face decided me to risk anything rather than desert her.

"I will readily remain in the room," I said. "And if I find no reason for objecting my small scruples on my side you may rely on me as a witness."

Sir Percival looked at me sharply, as if he was about to say something. But at the same moment Madame Fosco attracted his attention by rising from her chair. He looked at both her husband's eyes, and had evidently received her orders to leave the room.

"You needn't go," said Sir Percival.

Madame Fosco looked for her orders again, got them again, said she would prefer having me to our business, and resolutely walked out. The Count lit a cigarette, went back to the flowers in the window, and gently blew jets of smoke at the leaves, in a state of the deepest anxiety about killing the insects.

Meanwhile, Sir Percival unlocked a cupboard beneath one of the book-cases, and produced from it a piece of parchment, folded, longwise, many times over. He placed it on the table, opened the last fold only, and kept his hand on the rest. The last fold displayed a strip of blank parchment, with little dots stuck on it at certain places. Every line of the writing was hidden in the part which he still held closed under his hand. Laura and I looked at each other. Her face was pale—but it showed no indecision and no fear.

Sir Percival dipped a pen in ink, and handed it to his wife.

"Sign your name there," he said, pointing to the place. "You and Fosco are to sign afterward, Miss Halcombe, opposite those two x's. Come here, Fosco, and see that your signature is not to be done by mooning out of window and smoking into the flowers."

The Count threw away his cigarette, and joined us at the table, with his hands carelessly thrust into the scarlet belt of his blouse, and his eyes steadily fixed on Sir Percival's hand. Laura, who was on the other side of her husband, with the pen in her hand at the time, saw the Count glance between them, holding the folded parchment down firmly on the table, and glancing across at me, as I sat opposite to her, with such a sinister mixture of suspicion and embarrassment in his face, that he looked more like a prisoner at the bar than a gentleman in his own house.

"Sign there!" he repeated, turning sharply on Laura, and pointing once more to the place on the parchment.

"What is it I am to sign?" she asked, quietly.

"I have told you, to explain," he answered. "The dog-cart is at the door, and I must go directly. Besides, if I had time, you wouldn't understand it. It is a purely formal document—full of legal technicalities, and all that sort of thing. Come! come! sign your name, and let us have done as soon as possible."

"I ought surely to know what I am signing, Sir Percival, before I write my name?"

"Nonsense! — What have women to do with business? I tell you again, you can't understand it."

"As my rate, let me try to understand it. Whenever Mr. Gilmore had my business for me to do, he always explained it first; and I always understood him."

"I dare say he did. He was your servant, and was obliged to explain. I am your husband, and am not obliged. How much longer do you mean to keep me here? I tell you again, there is no time for reading any thing: the dog-cart is waiting at the door. Once for all, will you sign, or will you not?"

She still laid the pen in her hand, but she made no approach to signing her name with it.

"If my signature pledges me to any thing," she said, "surely I have some claim to know what that pledge is?"

He lifted up the parchment, and struck it angrily on the table.

"Speak out!" he said. "You were always famous for telling the truth. Never mind Miss Halcombe; never mind Fosco — say, in plain terms, you distrust me."

The Count took one of his hands out of his belt, and laid it on Sir Percival's shoulder. Sir Percival shook it off irritably. The Count put it on again with unruffled composure.

"Control your unfortunate temper, Percival," he said. "Remember, I have a right."

"Right!" cried Sir Percival. "A wife right in distrusting her husband?!"

"It is natural for her to accuse me of distrusting you," said Laura. "Ask Marian if I am not justified in wanting to know what this writing requires of me before I sign it?"

"I won't have any appeals made to Miss Halcombe," retorted Sir Percival. "Miss Halcombe has nothing to do with the matter."

I had not spoken hitherto, and I would much rather not have spoken now. But the expression of distress in Laura's face when she turned it toward me, and the insolent injustice of her husband's conduct left me no other alternative than to give my opinion, for her sake, as soon as I was asked for it.

"Excuse me, Sir Percival," I said—"but, as one of the witnesses to the signature, I venture to think that I have something to do with the matter. Laura's question seems to me to be a perfectly fair one; and, speaking for myself only, I can not assume the responsibility of witnessing her signature, unless she first understands what the writing is which you wish her to sign."

"A cool declaration, upon my soul!" cried Sir Percival. "The next time you invite your left to a man's house, Miss Halcombe, I recommend you not to repay his hospitality by taking his wife's side against him in a matter that doesn't concern you."

I started to my feet as suddenly as if he had struck me. If I had been a man I would have knocked him down on the hearthstone of his own door, and have left his house, never, on any earthly consideration, to enter it again. But I was only a woman—and I loved his wife so dearly!

Think God, that faithful love helped me, and I sat down again without saying a word. She knew what I had suffered and what I had suppressed, and she looked to me, with the tears streaming from her eyes. "Oh, Marian!" she whispered softly. "If my mother had been alive could she have been more for me!"

"Come back and sign!" cried Sir Percival, from the other side of the table.

"Shall I?" she asked of my ear; "I will, if you tell me."

"No," I answered. "The right and the truth are on our side—sign nothing, unless you have read it first."

"Come back and sign!" he reiterated, in his loudest and angriest tones.

The Count, who had watched Laura and me with a close and silent attention, interposed for the second time.

"Percival!" he said. "I remember that I am in the presence of ladies. Be good enough, if you please, to remember it too."

Sir Percival turned on him, speechless with passion. The Count's fat hand slowly tightened its grasp on his shoulder, and the Count's steady voice quietly repeated, "Be good enough, if you please, to remember it too."

They both looked at each other. Sir Percival slowly drew his shoulder from under the Count's hand; slowly raised his face away from the Count's eyes; doggedly looked down for a little while, and then sat down at the table; and then spoke, with the sullen submission of a tamed animal rather than the becoming resignation of a man conquered.

"I don't want to offend any body," he said. "But my wife's obstinacy is enough to try the patience of a saint. I have told her this is merely a formal document—and what more can she want? You may say what you please; but it is the part of a woman's duty to set her husband at defiance. Once more, Lady Glyde, and for the last time, will you sign or will you not?"

Laura returned to his side of the table, and took up the pen again.

"I will sign with pleasure," she said, "if you will only treat me as a responsible being. I have little what sacrifice is required of me, if it will affect no one else, and lead to no ill results—"

"Who talked of a sacrifice being required of you?" he broke in, with a half-suppressed return of his former violence.

"I only meant," she resumed, "that I would refuse no concession which I could honorably make. If I have a scruple about signing my name to an engagement of which I know nothing, why should you visit it on me so severely? It is rather hard, I think, to treat Count Fosco's scruple so much more indulgently than you have treated mine."

This reference, yet most natural, reference to the Count's extraordinary power over her husband, incurred as it was, set Sir Percival's smouldering temper on fire again in an instant.

"Scruples!" he repeated. "Your scruples! It is rather late in the day for you to be scrupulous. I should have thought you had got over all weakness of that sort when you made a virtue of necessity by marrying me."

The instant he spoke those words Laura threw down the pen—looked at him with an expression in her eyes which, throughout all my experience of her, I had never seen in them before—and turned her back on him in dead silence.

This strong expression of the most open and the most bitter contempt was so entirely unlike

herself, so utterly out of her character, that it amazed us all. There was something hidden, beyond a doubt, under the mere surface-brutality of the words which her husband had just addressed to her. There was some lurking insult beneath them, of which I was wholly ignorant, but which had left the mark of its profanation so plainly on her face that even a stranger might have seen it.

The Count, who was no stranger, saw it as distinctly as I did. When I left my chair to join Laura I heard him whisper under his breath to Sir Percival: "You idiot!"

Laura walked before me to the door as I advanced, and at the same time her husband spoke to her once more.

"You positively refuse, then, to give me your signature?" he said, in the altered tone of a man who was conscious that he had let his own license of language seriously injure him.

"After what you have said to me," she replied, firmly, "I refuse my signature until I have read every line in that parchment from the first word to the last. Come away, Marian, we have remained here long enough."

"One moment!" interposed the Count, before Sir Percival could speak again—"one moment, Lady Glyde, I implore you!"

Laura would have left the room without noticing him, but I stopped her.

"Don't make an enemy of the Count!" I whispered. "Whatever you do, don't make an enemy of the Count!"

She yielded to me. I closed the door again; and we stood near it, waiting. Sir Percival sat down at the table, with his elbow on the folded parchment, and his head resting on his clenched fist. The Count stood between us—master of the dreadful position in which we were placed, as he was master of every thing else.

"Lady Glyde," he said, with a gentleness which seemed to address itself to our forlorn situation instead of to ourselves, "pray pardon me if I venture to offer one suggestion; and may believe that I speak out of the profound respect and my friendly regard for the mistress of this house." He turned sharply toward Sir Percival. "Is it absolutely necessary," he asked, "that this thing here, under your elbow, should be signed to-day?"

"It is necessary to my plans and wishes," replied the other, sullenly. "But that consideration, as you may have noticed, has no influence with Lady Glyde."

"Answer my plain question plainly. Can the business of the signature be put off till to-morrow—Yes, or No?"

"Yes—if you will have it so."

"Then what are you wasting your time for here? Let the signature wait till to-morrow—let it wait till you come back."

Sir Percival looked up with a frown and an oath.

"You are taking a tone with me that I don't like," he said. "A tone I won't bear from any man."

"I am advising you for your good," returned the Count, with a smile of quiet contempt. "Give yourself time; give Lady Glyde time. Have you forgotten that your dog-cart is waiting at the door? My tone surprises you, ha? I dare say it does; it is the tone of a man who can keep his temper. How many doses of good advice have I given you in my time? More than you can count. Have I ever been wrong? I defy you to quote me an instance of it. Go! take your drive. The matter of the signature can wait till to-morrow. Let it wait; and renew it when you come back."

Sir Percival hesitated and looked at his watch. His anxiety about the secret journey which he was to take that day, revived by the Count's words, was now evidently disarming possession of his mind with his anxiety to obtain Laura's signature. He considered for a little while, and then got up from his chair.

"SIGN THERE!"

"It is easy to argue me down," he said, "when I have no time to answer you. I will take your advice, Fosco—not because I want it, or believe in it, but because I can't stop here any longer." He paused, and looked round darkly at his wife. "If you don't give me your signature when I come back to-morrow—!" The rest was lost in the noise of his opening the book-case cupboard again and locking up the parchment once more. He took his hat and gloves off the table and made for the door. Laura and I drew back to let him pass. "Remember to-morrow!" he said to his wife, and went out.

We waited to give him time to cross the hall and drive away. The Count approached us while we were standing near the door.

"You have just seen Percival at his worst, Miss Halcombe," he said. "As his old friend, I am sorry for him and ashamed of him. As his old friend, I promise you that he shall not break out to-morrow in the same disgraceful manner in which he has broken out to-day."

Laura had taken my arm while he was speaking, and she pressed it significantly when he had done. It would have been a hard trial to any woman to stand by and see the office of apologist for her husband's misconduct quietly assumed by his male friend in her own house; and it was a hard trial to *her*. I thanked the Count civilly, and led her out. Yes! I thanked him: for I felt already, with a sense of inexpressible helplessness and humiliation, that it was either his interest or his caprice to make sure of my continuing to reside at Blackwater Park; and I knew, after Sir Percival's conduct to me that, without the support of the Count's influence, I could not hope to remain there. His influence, the influence of all others that I dreaded most, was actually the one tie which now held me to Laura in the hour of her utmost need!

We heard the wheels of the dog-cart crashing on the gravel of the drive as we came out into the hall. Sir Percival had started on his journey.

"Where is he going to, Marian?" Laura whispered. "Every fresh thing he does seems to terrify me about the future. Have you any suspicions?"

After what she had undergone that morning, I was unwilling to tell her my suspicions.

"How should I know his secrets?" I said, evasively.

"I wonder if the housekeeper knows?" she persisted.

"Certainly not," I replied. "She must be quite as ignorant as we are."

Laura shook her head doubtfully.

"Did you not hear from the housekeeper that there was a report of Anne Catherick having been seen in this neighborhood? Don't you think he may have gone away to look for her?"

"I would rather compose myself, Laura, by not thinking about it at all; and after what has happened, you had better follow my example. Come into my room and rest and quiet yourself a little."

We sat down together close to the window, and let the fragrant summer air breathe over our faces.

"I am ashamed to look at you, Marian," she said, "after what you submitted to down stairs, for my sake. Oh, my own love, I am almost heart-broken when I think of it! But I will try to make it up to you—I will indeed!"

"Hush! hush!" I replied; "don't talk so. What is the trifling mortification of my pride compared to the dreadful sacrifice of your happiness?"

"You heard what he said to me?" she went on, quickly and vehemently. "You heard the words—but you don't know what they meant—you don't know why I threw down the pen and turned my back on him." She rose in sudden agitation, and walked about the room. "I have kept many things from your knowledge, Marian, for fear of distressing you, and making you unhappy at the outset of our new lives. You don't know how he has used me. And yet, you ought to know, for you saw how he used me to-day. You heard him sneer at my presuming to be scrupulous; you heard him say I had made a virtue of necessity in marrying him." She sat down again; her face flushed deeply, and her hands twisted and twined together in her lap. "I can't tell you about it now," she said; "I shall burst out crying if I tell you now—later, Marian, when I am more sure of myself. My poor head aches, darling—aches, aches, aches. Where is your smelling-bottle? Let me talk to you about yourself. I wish I had given him my signature, for your sake. Shall I give it to him to-morrow? I would rather compromise myself than compromise you. After your taking my part against him, he will lay all the blame on you if I refuse again. What shall we do? Oh for a friend to help us and advise us!—a friend we could really trust!"

She sighed bitterly. I saw in her face that she was thinking of Hartright—saw it the more plainly because her last words had set me thinking of him too. In six months only from her marriage we wanted the faithful service he had offered to us in his farewell words. How little I once thought that we should ever want it at all!

"We must do what we can to help ourselves," I said. "Let us try to talk it over calmly, Laura—let us do all in our power to decide for the best."

Putting what she knew of her husband's embarrassments, and what I had heard of his conversation with the lawyer, together, we arrived necessarily at the conclusion that the parchment in the library had been drawn up for the purpose of borrowing money, and that Laura's signature was absolutely necessary to fit it for the attainment of Sir Percival's object.

The second question, concerning the nature of the legal contract by which the money was to be obtained, and the degree of personal responsibility to which Laura might subject herself if she signed it in the dark, involved considerations which lay far beyond any knowledge and experience that either of us possessed. My own convictions led me to believe that the hidden contents of the parchment concealed a transaction of the meanest and the most fraudulent kind.

I had not formed this conclusion in consequence of Sir Percival's refusal to show the writing, or to explain it; for that refusal might well have proceeded from his obstinate disposition and his domineering temper alone. My sole motive for distrusting his honesty, sprang from the change which I had observed in his language and his manners at Blackwater Park, a change which convinced me that he had been acting a part throughout the whole period of his probation at Limmeridge House. His elaborate delicacy; his ceremonious politeness, which harmonized so agreeably with Mr. Gilmore's old-fashioned notions; his modesty with Laura, his candor with me, his moderation with Mr. Fairlie—all these were the artifices of a mean, cunning, and brutal man, who had dropped his disguise when his practiced duplicity had gained its end, and had openly shown himself in the library on that very day. I say nothing of the grief which this discovery caused me on Laura's account, for it is not to be expressed by any words of mine. I only refer to it at all because it decided me to oppose her signing the parchment, whatever the consequences might be, unless she was first made acquainted with the contents.

Under these circumstances, the one chance for us, when to-morrow came, was to be provided with an objection to giving the signature, which might rest on sufficiently firm commercial or legal grounds to shake Sir Percival's resolution, and to make him suspect that we two women understood the laws and obligations of business as well as himself.

After some pondering, I determined to write to the only honest man within reach whom we could trust to help us discreetly in our forlorn situation. That man was Mr. Gilmore's partner—who conducted the business, now that our old friend had been obliged to withdraw from it, and to leave London on account of his health. I explained to Laura that I had Mr. Gilmore's own authority for placing implicit confidence in his partner's integrity, discretion, and accurate knowledge of all her affairs; and, with her full approval, I sat down at once to write the letter.

I began by stating our position to him exactly as it was; and then asked for his advice in return, expressed in plain, downright terms which we could comprehend without any danger of misinterpretations and mistakes. My letter was as short as I could possibly make it, and was, I hope, unincumbered by needless apologies and needless details.

Just as I was about to put the address on the envelope an obstacle was discovered by Laura, which, in the effort and preoccupation of writing, had escaped my mind altogether.

"How are we to get the answer in time?" she asked. "Your letter will not be delivered in London before to-morrow morning, and the post will not bring the reply here till the morning after."

The only way of overcoming this difficulty was to have the answer brought to us from the lawyer's office by a special messenger. I wrote a postscript to that effect, begging that the messenger might be dispatched with the reply by the eleven o'clock morning train, which would bring him to our station at twenty minutes past one, and so enable him to reach Blackwater Park by two o'clock at the latest. He was to be directed to ask for me, to answer no questions addressed to him by any one else, and to deliver his letter into no hands but mine.

"In case Sir Percival should come back to-morrow before two o'clock," I said to Laura, "the wisest plan for you to adopt is to be out in the grounds all the morning with your book or your work, and not to appear at the house till the messenger has had time to arrive with the letter. I will wait here for him all the morning to guard against any misadventures or mistakes. By following this arrangement I hope and believe we shall avoid being taken by surprise. Let us go down to the drawing-room now. We may excite suspicion if we remain shut up together too long."

"Suspicion?" she repeated. "Whose suspicion can we excite now that Sir Percival has left the house? Do you mean Count Fosco?"

"Perhaps I do, Laura."

"You are beginning to dislike him as much as I do, Marian."

"No; not to dislike him. Dislike is always, more or less, associated with contempt—I can see nothing in the Count to despise."

"You are not afraid of him, are you?"

"Perhaps I am—a little."

"Afraid of him after his interference in our favor to-day!"

"Yes. I am more afraid of his interference than I am of Sir Percival's violence. Remember what I said to you in the library. Whatever you do, Laura, don't make an enemy of the Count!"

We went down stairs. Laura entered the drawing-room, while I proceeded across the hall, with my letter in my hand, to put it into the post-bag, which hung against the wall opposite to me.

The house door was open; and, as I crossed past it, I saw Count Fosco and his wife standing talking together on the steps outside, with their faces turned toward me.

The Countess came into the hall rather hastily, and asked if I had leisure enough for five minutes' private conversation. Feeling a little surprised by such an appeal from such a person, I put my letter into the bag, and replied that I was quite at her disposal. She took my arm with unaccustomed friendliness and familiarity; and instead of leading me into an empty room, drew me out with her to the belt of turf which surrounded the large fish-pond.

As we passed the Count on the steps he bowed and smiled, and then went at once into the house; pushing the hall-door to after him, but not actually closing it.

The Countess walked me gently round the fish-pond. I expected to be made the depositary of some extraordinary confidence; and I was astonished to find that Madame Fosco's communication for my private ear was nothing more than a polite assurance of her sympathy for me, after what had happened in the library. Her husband had told her of all that had passed, and of the insolent manner in which Sir Percival had spoken to me. This information had so shocked and distressed her, on my account and on Laura's, that she had made up her mind, if any thing of the sort happened again, to mark her sense of Sir Percival's outrageous conduct by leaving the house. The Count had approved of her idea, and she now hoped that I approved of it too.

I thought this a very strange proceeding on the part of such a remarkably reserved woman as Madame Fosco—especially after the interchange of sharp speeches which had passed between us during the conversation in the boat-house, on that very morning. However, it was my plain duty to meet a polite and friendly advance, on the part of one of my elders, with a polite and friendly reply. I answered the Countess, accordingly, in her own tone; and then, thinking we had said all that was necessary on either side, made an attempt to get back to the house.

But Madame Fosco seemed resolved not to part with me, and, to my unspeakable amazement, resolved also to talk. Hitherto, the most silent of women, she now persecuted me with fluent conventionalities on the subject of married life, on the subject of Sir Percival and Laura, on the subject of her own happiness, on the subject of the late Mr. Fairlie's conduct to her in the matter of her legacy, and on half a dozen other subjects besides, until she had detained me, walking round and round the fish-pond for more than half an hour, and had quite wearied me out. Whether she discovered this or not I can not say, but she stopped as abruptly as she had begun—looked toward the house door—resumed her icy manner in a moment—and dropped my arm of her own accord, before I could think of an excuse for accomplishing my own release from her.

As I pushed open the door and entered the hall I found myself suddenly face to face with the Count again. He was just putting a letter into the post-bag.

After he had dropped it in, and had closed the bag, he asked me where I had left Madame Fosco. I told him, and he went out at the hall door immediately to join his wife. His manner, when he spoke to me, was so unusually quiet and subdued that I turned and looked after him, wondering if he were ill or out of spirits.

Why my next proceeding was to go straight up to the post-bag, and take out my own letter, and look at it again, with a vague distrust on me; and why the looking at it for the second time instantly suggested the idea to my mind of sealing the envelope for its greater security—are mysteries which are either too deep or too shallow for me to fathom. Women, as every body knows, constantly act on impulses which they can not explain even to themselves; and I can only suppose that one of those impulses was the hidden cause of my unaccountable conduct on this occasion.

Whatever influence animated me, I found cause to congratulate myself on having obeyed it, as soon as I prepared to seal the letter in my own room. I had originally closed the envelope, in the usual way, by moistening the adhesive point and pressing it on the paper beneath; and, when I now tried it with my finger, after a lapse of full three-quarters of an hour, the envelope opened on the instant, without sticking or tearing. Perhaps I had fastened it insufficiently? Perhaps there might have been some defect in the adhesive gum?

Or, perhaps——No! it is quite revolting enough to feel that third conjecture stirring in my mind. I would rather not see it confronting me, in plain black and white.

I almost dread to-morrow—so much depends on my discretion and self-control. There are two precautions, at all events, which I am sure not to forget. I must be careful to keep up friendly appearances with the Count, and I must be well on my guard when the messenger from the office comes here with the answer to my letter.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, February 20, in the Senate, the bill for the relief of the widow of Captain Dearabell, of California, was passed. Several claims to bounty lands were reported against. The Committee on Printing submitted a resolution to withhold the work of binding the Senate documents until it was ascertained whether the contract for the same was in accordance with the law. A resolution was adopted to inquire into the expediency of a revision of the Postal laws. The House resolution appropriating $10,000 to defray the expense of inaugurating the Washington Statue was received and concurred in. Senator Brown's (Miss.) resolution relative to Territorial Governments was then taken up, and Senator Clark (N. H.) addressed the Senate. When he had concluded a message was received from the President, covering a memorial from the citizens of Nebraska and the western slope of the Rocky Mountains, which was referred to be printed. A message was also received from the House announcing the death of the Hon. William O. Goode, of Virginia, late member of the House from Mr. Pryor's District. Senator Hunter (Va.) moved the usual resolutions, and gave a sketch of the life and character of the deceased. Adopted. The Senate then adjourned.——In the House, Messrs. Vallandigham (Ohio), Kellogg (Ill.), Burnett (Ky.), Adams (Ky.), Stokes (Tenn.), were announced by the Speaker as the Select Committee on the Senate bill to abolish the franking privilege. Mr. Lovejoy (Ill.) asked leave to introduce a preamble and resolution for the appointment of a Committee of five to inquire into the recent outrages upon citizens of Northern States visiting or doing business in the Southern States, and report whether any further legislation is necessary to afford the protection guaranteed by the Constitution. Objections were made, and a call of the House moved, when Mr. Sherman (Ohio) reported from the Committee on Ways and Means, bills for the support of the Indian Department; for fulfilling the treaty stipulations with certain Indians in Oregon and Washington Territories; and for the construction of certain fortifications. Mr. Pryor (Va.) then announced the death of William O. Goode, his predecessor. Addresses were made by Messrs. Miles (S. C.) and Vallandigham (Ohio), when the customary resolutions were adopted, and the House adjourned.

On Tuesday, February 21, in the Senate, Senator Seward (N. Y.) introduced a bill for the admission of Kansas into the Union, which was made the special order for Wednesday of next week. Senator Doolittle (Wis.) presented a memorial from the Wisconsin Legislature, complaining of the impositions practiced upon the Menemonee Indians, and asking for a law to protect them. On motion of Senator Haun (Cal.) an inquiry was ordered as to the expediency of making a survey of the silver and other mines on the eastern slope of the Nevada Mountains. Also, as to granting the proceeds of the New Almaden quicksilver mines to California, toward building a railroad from the Pacific, which was laid over. Senator Mason (Va.), from the Harper's Ferry Committee, reported a resolution to bring Thaddeus Hyatt before the bar of the Senate, to answer for contempt for refusing to appear and testify before the Committee. After debate the resolution was adopted. On motion of Senator Hale (N. H.) the President was called upon to state whether Peru had fulfilled her treaty obligations. Senator Bigler (Pa.) moved an inquiry into the expediency of having the Senate confirm the appointment of Captains in the Navy, and increasing the pay. Adopted. The Senate then took up the bill to authorize the sale of public armories to the several States and Territories, and to regulate the appointment of Superintendents of Armories. After debate the subject was postponed. The District of Columbia Bank-note Act was then taken up, and after a short debate was laid aside. The Senate then adjourned till Thursday.——In the House, Mr. Smith (N. C.) corrected the statements which had been freely made during the contest for the Speakership, classing him with the American organization. He said he had never been a member of that organization, but was a Whig. Mr. Morris (Ill.), from the Committee on Roads and Canals, introduced a resolution relative to the removal of the Red River raft. Mr. Washburne (Ill.) submitted a majority report in favor of restoring the old seats and desks in the House. Mr. Miles (S. C.) submitted a minority report. The question being taken on the reports, that of the majority was adopted. Mr. Hoard (N. Y.) moved an inquiry whether any improper attempts to influence legislation in the House have been made by persons in the Executive Departments. Objection being made, Mr. H. withdrew his resolution for the present. On motion of Mr. Washburn (Me.) the election of printer was postponed till Thursday. The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union. Mr. Lamar (Miss.) addressed the House relative to the politics of the day. He was followed by Mr. H. W. Davis (Md.) in response to the action of the Maryland Legislature respecting his vote for Speaker Pennington. Adjourned to Thursday.

On Thursday, February 23, in the Senate, a memorial from the New York Chamber of Commerce, relative to damages sustained by vessels at sea, was presented by Senator Seward (N. Y.). Senator Sumner (Mass.) moved an inquiry from the President in regard to the occupation of one of the islands in the West Indies by American citizens. Adopted. Senator Pugh (Ohio) reported a bill preventing assignees locating lands under bounty land warrants, which was passed. Senator Hale's (N.H.) resolution in relation to the conduct of Peru in carrying out treaty stipulations was adopted. Senator Brown (Miss.) introduced a bill to punish offenses against slave property in Kansas. Senator Mallory (Fla.) reported a joint resolution authorizing Captains Hudson and Sands to accept certain testimonials from Great Britain, which was adopted. Senator Chandler (Mich.) made an ineffectual effort to have the St. Clair Flats improving bill taken up. The bill relative to arms and Superintendents of Armories was taken up, debated, and postponed. The District of Columbia Bank-note bill was then taken up, debated, and amended somewhat, when the Senate adjourned.——In the House, a Message was received from the President, including memorials from Kansas and Nebraska on the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains, asking for legislation in their behalf. On motion of John Cochrane (N. Y.) accommodations in the galleries were provided for the New York Seventh Regiment, and other regiments visiting Washington. After some opposition, the House proceeded to vote for a Printer. The first vote stood: For Mr. Defrees, 83; Mr. Glossbrenner, 86; scattering, 10: necessary to a choice, 90. The second: For Mr. Defrees, 77; Mr. Glossbrenner, 87; Mr. Edward Ball of Ohio, 9; scattering, 7; necessary to a choice, 91. Mr. Kilgore (Ind.) then withdrew the name of Mr. Defrees, and Mr. Dawes (Mass.) nominated Samuel Bowles of Massachusetts. The next vote stood; For Mr. Glossbrenner, 84; Mr. Defrees, 2; Mr. Bowles, 57; Messrs. Gales & Seaton, 2; Mr. Mitchell, 9; remainder scattering; necessary to a choice, 89. The House again voted as follows: For Mr. Ball, 68; Mr. Glossbrenner, 84; scattering, 5; necessary to a choice, 89. The House then adjourned.

On Friday, February 24, in the Senate, Senator Wigfall (Texas) introduced a joint resolution requesting the President to call out the Regiment of Texas Volunteers, authorized by the act of 1858, to protect the frontiers of Texas from the ravages of Cortina. Laid over. Senator Fitzpatrick (Alabama) reported a bill making provision for carrying the mail between the United States and certain parts of Mexico. Senator Johnston (Tennessee) reported the Homestead bill, and moved that it be made the special order for Thursday next. Senator Brown's (Mississippi) resolution relative to Territories was taken up, and Senator Doolittle (Wisconsin) addressed the Senate in reply to Senator Toombs's attack on Wisconsin. When he concluded Senator Toombs secured the floor, and the Senate adjourned till Monday.——In the House, Mr. Carter (N. Y.) moved resolutions of regret that the President and Committee of Arrangements for the statue inauguration ceremonies failed to extend to the New York Seventh Regiment the hospitality and respect which were so eminently its due. Objections were made on the ground that they cast an imputation upon the Committee which might or might not be true. The House then proceeded to vote for a Printer. Three votes were had, the first resulting—for Mr. Glossbrenner, 92; Mr. Ball, 81; Mr. Mitchell, 15. Necessary to a choice, 96. Mr. Stokes (Tenn.) nominated Harvey M. Watterston of Tennessee. Another vote was had as follows: Mr. Glossbrenner, 89; Mr. Ball, 78; Mr. Mitchell, 17; Mr. Watterston, 1; Mr. Windom, 1. Necessary to a choice, 95. Mr. Bristow (Ky.) moved that Mr. Seaton, of the firm of Gales & Seaton, be appointed Printer. The Speaker (Mr. Bocock) decided the resolution inconsistent with the order to vote *viva voce*. Mr Bristow then nominated Mr. Seaton, and Mr. Stokes then withdrew the name of Mr. Watterston. The House then again voted: For Mr. Ball, 75; Mr. Glossbrenner, 75; Mr. Seaton, 16; Mr. Mitchell, 16; Scattering, 3; Necessary to a choice, 93. Mr. Keitt (S.C.), understanding that Mr. Carter's resolutions relative to the 7th Regiment had been objected to on account of his absence, endeavored to have them taken up, but the Speaker stated that it would not be in order. On motion of Mr. Vallandigham (Ohio) an inquiry was ordered into the causes for the delay in issuing land patents, and the adoption of such remedy as may be necessary. Mr. Keitt stated

that Mr. Carter's resolutions were unfounded in fact. The House then went into Committee on the State of the Union, and the West Point and Pension Appropriation bills were laid aside to be reported to the House. The President's Annual Message was then taken up, and Mr. M'Pherson (Pa.) addressed the House on Political matters. Mr. Spaulding (N.Y.) spoke against the President's veto of the St. Clair Flats Improvement bill. The House then adjourned till Monday.

INAUGURATION OF MILLS'S WASHINGTON.

This ceremony took place, as appointed, on 22d, notwithstanding very unfavorable weather. The Seventh Regiment had gone on from New York to be present.

The column moved at about half-past three, and the other associations fell in. The sky had partially cleared up, and the column, extending over half a mile in length, proceeded up Pennsylvania avenue under pleasing auspices, except the mud.

THE PLATFORM.

The column reached the President's house at about four o'clock under an unclouded sun. Altogether it was the finest military and civic display in Washington for many years. Pennsylvania Avenue was crowded with both residents and visitors. The patriotic excitement was intense, owing to the anticipated interesting events. The view of the procession as it neared the circle of the great point of attraction was truly splendid.

The procession having reached the circle the military wheeled to the right of the inclosure, while the prominent civilians entered it and took seats on the platform.

The Cabinet officers, with the exception of Secretary Floyd, sat together. The President, Vice-President, and Clark Mills, the artist, were in proximity to each other, and the orator of the day was, of course, conspicuous.

The platform was tastefully decorated with the flags of England, France, Russia, Prussia, Austria, Brazil, Peru, Chili, the Netherlands, Ecuador, Denmark, Portugal, Sardinia, Central America, Naples, Spain, Mexico, Buenos Ayres, Paraguay, and Rome. Our own flag waved above all, and the desk was profusely decorated with the stripes and stars.

THE SPEECHES.

Senator Hammond introduced Rev. Mr. Nadal, who offered a prayer. Hon. Mr. Bocock, of Virginia, the orator of the day, then delivered an oration. Speeches were also made by Mr. Clark Mills, Mr. Whiting, Grand Master of the order of Masons at Washington, and the President.

THE PRESIDENT'S SPEECH.

Mr. Buchanan was greeted with general and prolonged applause. He spoke in a distinct and animated tone, as follows:

"FELLOW-CITIZENS,—I accept the auspicious omen now presented to us in this calm sunset almost without a cloud. The early part of the day was boisterous. Many accidents also occurred to delay the progress and the completion of these ceremonies. But these occurrences have terminated as, thank God, always has been the case in the history of our country. If storms and tempests beset us in the morning, the end of the day is still clear, bright, and animating. Such, I trust, will ever be the issue of the gloom and darkness that for a season appear to envelop us. [Applause.] The honorable and important duty has been assigned to me of dedicating this statue of Washington, which is a noble production of native American genius. This welcome and grateful task I now proceed to perform. Standing here on this beautiful and commanding position, surrounded by the Senators and Representatives of all the States of the Confederacy, and by a vast assemblage of our fellow-citizens, civil and military, and in full view of the noble Potomac, which Washington loved so well, and of the shores of the ancient Commonwealth which gave him birth, I now solemnly dedicate this statue to the immortal memory of the Father of his Country. [Applause.] I perform this act of pious devotion, not in the name of the people of the North or the South, the East or the West—not in the name of those who dwell on the waters of the Atlantic or of the Pacific—but in the name of the whole American people of the United States, one and indivisible, now and forever. [Loud applause, and cries of 'Hurrah for Old Buck.'] May the God of our fathers preserve the Constitution and the Union for ages yet to come. May they stand like the everlasting hills, against which the tempests from every quarter of the heavens shall beat in vain. In a word, may they endure so long as the name of Washington shall be honored and cherished among the children of men. [Renewed and prolonged applause.] May Washington City, which he founded, continue throughout many, many generations to be the seat of government of a great, powerful, and united confederacy. Should it ever become a ruin by a dissolution of the Union, it will not, like the ruins of Balbeck and Palmyra, be merely a monument of the vanity of human greatness; but it will teach the lesson to all the dwellers upon earth that our grand political experiment has failed, and that man is incapable of self-government. May such a direful disaster to the human race be averted, and in the language of Solomon at the dedication of the Jewish temple, 'May the Lord our God be with us, as He was with our fathers. Let him not leave us or forsake us.' [Applause.] May this be the prayer of all present, and may each one return to his home in heart more ardently patriotic and more determined to do his whole duty to God and his country than when we assembled here to-day."

VISIT OF THE SEVENTH TO THE WHITE HOUSE.

Next morning Hon. John Cochrane accompanied the officers of the Seventh Regiment to the President's house, and introduced them to the President and other officers of the Government. The Regiment, forming a line on Pennsylvania Avenue in that vicinity, was afterward reviewed by the President in the presence of a large number of spectators, who were delighted with both the appearance and evolutions of this popular military corps.

The Regiment, the same afternoon, having proceeded by companies in review, and coming to a "front face," were exercised in the manual of arms by Colonel Marshal Lefferts.

THE PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS TO THEM.

The President, in the street, near the centre of the line, thus addressed them:

"COLONEL LEFFERTS, OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS OF THE SEVENTH REGIMENT,—I can not permit you to part from me without expressing, in a few words, my cordial thanks for your having graced the great occasion of yesterday. The military precision in your march, the admirable manner in which you go through your exercise, and the stout, hardy, noble, and defiant look which you exhibit, show that in the day and hour of battle you would not be mere parade soldiers, but that you would be in its very front. The occasion on which you came was a great occasion. The alacrity with which you obeyed the request of the authorities here ought ever to be highly commended. The Congress of the United States made provision for the erection of an equestrian statue to the Father of his Country. It was yesterday inaugurated; and through the rain, the mud, and the inclement weather, you appeared as if you had been on holiday parade; and we all thank you for the sacrifices you have made in doing us this honor. The statue was inaugurated. It was a national, not a municipal, occasion. The statue was executed by the authority of Congress—it was inaugurated by Congress, and we thank you for your great and important services during the ceremonial. Who would not do honor to the memory and name of Washington? He is endeared to the heart of every American, and as long as the twenty-second of February shall come in each successive year, so long let it be a day of cherished patriotism in the hearts of all our countrymen. It is a day that ought ever to be remembered in our annals, and when the birthday of Washington shall be forgotten, liberty will have perished from the earth. Every thing passed off admirably yesterday. The crowd was immense. The plaudits bestowed on the Seventh Regiment were enthusiastic. If there was any thing to regret, it was this—that none of the representatives of foreign governments graced this commemoration. When you were here last, you had been a guard of honor for the remains of James Monroe. He was a soldier, he was a patriot, he was a statesman, he was an excellent President. There was peace in his day. I trust there will be peace in the days of my successors. Storms have prevailed during my period, but I see the clouds breaking away, and I trust and believe that a new 'era of good feeling' will ere long return. I will not detain you longer than to reiterate my thanks for the honor you have done us, and I am sure it will be a day recorded and impressed upon your memory as one on which you have rendered good service to your country—a day in which you have stirred up the fires of patriotism in every breast. I thank you, gentlemen—thank you with all my heart for this visit."

DEFECTION FROM SPIRITUALISM.

The Springfield *Republican*, in an article upon "manifestations" and "phenomena," says: "Perhaps the most serious blow that Spiritualism has received is the defection of Rev. T. L. Harris, lately the inspired poet of the new movement in this country, now a Swedenborgian minister, and at present lecturing against Spiritualism in England. He does not deny the fact of possession by spirits, but thinks they are spirits of a low order both in intellect and virtue; that they are of the same class with the demons spoken of in the New Testament; and that they pass themselves for the spirits of the friends of those consulting them, or of distinguished men, in order the better to deceive and accomplish their destructive purposes. The effect of this possession Mr. Harris says he has felt in his own mind and person, and he describes it as most fearful. Only a few years ago it had such hold of him that it gave a fixed rigidity to his muscles and a terrible, unearthly expression to his countenance. He had known many excellent and amiable persons under this influence to have their energies crushed, lose their appetites, be deprived of sleep, find their self-control destroyed, and their bodies wasting away and their minds enfeebled, as if under some fell disease. Mr. Harris gives a shocking account of the moral influence of the doctrine he has just abandoned, and we have no doubt he greatly exaggerates it, with the zeal natural to a new convert."

SHOCKING DEATH.

The wife of Julius M. Smith, Esq., of Concord, Massachusetts, came to her death on Tuesday morning under somewhat singular circumstances. Wishing to have a number of teeth extracted, she desired the surgeon to administer to her whisky, in order to render her insensible during the operation. After some objection, which was overruled, a tumbler and a half was administered to her during an hour. The teeth were then extracted, and for ten or twelve hours the woman presented only the ordinary symptoms of intoxication, except that, for a few minutes, she appeared like a person in an apoplexy, but soon recovered. About an hour after drinking the whisky she vomited freely, without pain or unusual difficulty. Her pulse and breathing, says the Boston *Traveller*, were natural, and the family and friends who called in the course of the day and evening felt no apprehension till 12 o'clock Monday night, when the doctor, who, feeling some anxiety in consequence of the symptoms of apoplexy manifested, had remained with her during the greater part of the evening, requested that another physician be called for the purpose of holding a consultation. Nothing, however, could be done, and she expired at about 7 o'clock yesterday morning, without having shown any sign of returning consciousness or of suffering. An effort at the start was made to have her take ether or chloroform, which she appeared to think would injure her; whereas it is probable these substances, particularly ether, would have proved powerless. She was about thirty years old.

SALTING THE STREETS.

This nuisance is permitted in Philadelphia as well as in this city. A correspondent of the *Bulletin*, speaking of the injurious effects arising from it, says: "Salt will crack the surface of smooth ice, or melt snow under certain temperature, but certainly will not melt the latter under a very low one. It is said the good effect of the plan is only observed while the sun shines upon it; but fortunately when this is the case it is not required, even should it facilitate the operation. When the snow is light and falls at a moderate temperature, as has been the case throughout this season, it will be dispersed by the wheels of the cars from pressure alone. But the greatest evil, to which I beg leave to draw your attention, is the effect of the evaporation of so much salt throughout the city, which causes, as I think can be demonstrated, a white scum or precipitate on the walls of brick and sandstone houses, the unsightly appearance of which, I presume, has been observed of late in the finest edifices of our city. Salt is a chloride of soda, which, ascending in a state of vapor and uniting with the lime in the mortar between the bricks, or wherever these substances may be found in a state of solution, forms a chloride of lime, producing in certain seasons and state of the weather the effect above described. This white substance is frequently seen on houses where salt has been used as a solvent of ice and snow, and particularly near ice-cream establishments, where salt is used for freezing purposes. It has for a long time been observed on chimneys and side-walls of houses, caused, no doubt, by salt used for culinary purposes in kitchen fire-places."

PERSONAL.

The *Tribune* is requested to state that Mrs. Brown, the widow of the martyr of Harper's Ferry, is much embarrassed and annoyed by the multitude of letters addressed to her, for one purpose or another, by entire strangers, who have no claims upon her attention, and who seek to promote their own interest or gratify their curiosity, regardless of the restraints of delicacy and propriety. Want of manners, in such a case, certainly indicates a want of sense, but we hope this notice may be generally copied by the press and lead, at least, to some abatement of the evil alluded to.

Our Minister Resident to Guatemala and Honduras, the Hon. Beverly L. Clark of Kentucky, has entered into the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church, the ceremonies of abjuration of the old and confession of the new faith having been performed in the Cathedral of the City of Guatemala.

The youthful widow of Oliver Brown, the son of John Brown, killed at Harper's Ferry, gave birth to a daughter, at North Elba, New York, on the 3d, but the child of sorrow lived only three days.

The Westminster *Review* states that Whitefield, the great revivalist preacher, was at one time a slaveholder in Georgia, being, at his death, the owner of fifty slaves, men, women, and children, whom he left in his will to the Countess of Huntingdon.

The Quebec *Mercury* understands that advices have been received by the *North Briton*, intimating the intention of her Majesty that the visit of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, to Canada, shall take place in the early part of July next.

Near Babylon, Long Island, on the 18th inst., Mr. Silas Muncy, aged eighty-five years, died. Also at the same time and place, Sarah, wife of Silas Muncy, aged eighty-two years, died. This aged couple had lived together as man and wife for sixty-three years.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE NEW BUDGET.

ON 9th, in the House of Commons, Mr. Gladstone rose amidst great cheering, and proceeded to make his financial statement. He stated that the annual income had been satisfactory, having produced £70,578,000, while the expenditure was £68,953,000. The estimated expenditures for the ensuing year were £70,100,000, and the estimated income from existing resources would only be £60,700,000—an apparent deficit of £9,400,000. To meet this he proposed an income tax for the year of tenpence in the pound on incomes above £150, and sevenpence on incomes below that sum, which would give a surplus of nearly half a million. The tea and sugar duties he proposed to renew for another year. He entered into the provisions of the French treaty, and intimated that the duties would be reduced on wine from 5*s*. 9*d*. to 3*s*. per gallon; on brandy, from 15*s*. to 8*s*. 2*d*. per gallon; on timber, from 7*s*. 6*d*. to 1*s*.; on currants, from 15*s*. 9*d*. to 7*s*.; on raisins and figs, from 10*s*. to 6*s*.; on hops, from 45*s*. to 14*s*.; on chicory, from 16*s*. to 6*s*.; on agreement stamps, from 2*s*. 6*d*. to 3*d*. The duties are to be entirely abolished on paper, butter, tallow, cheese, oranges, nutmegs, and liquorice. Brokers' notes are to bear a stamp of one penny, and dock warrants threepence. There is to be a duty of one penny per package on all goods exported and imported pressed. The stamp on newspapers is entirely abolished. France agrees to reduce the duties on coal and coke in 1860, and on flax, hemp, and other items, from the 1st of June, 1861. On the 1st of October, 1861, France will reduce the duties on all articles of British production to an *ad valorem* duty of thirty per cent., and after three years to twenty-five per cent. England engages to reduce all duties on French manufactured goods. The treaty is to be in force ten years. He defended the action of the Government in negotiating this treaty. The army estimates are £15,800,000, including £5,000,000 for the China war. The budget was received with cheers, and its consideration fixed for the 20th.

THE ANGLO-FRENCH ALLIANCE.

The same day Lord John Russell stated that no convention had been entered into between England and France relative to combined operations in China; but an ordinance on the subject had been issued, which settled the basis of proceedings and the question of a permanent occupation by either Power of any portion of Chinese territory.

A NEW POINT OF ETIQUETTE.

We read in the Manchester *Guardian*: "The little leading type paragraph in to-day's *Times* on the subject of the reception of the volunteer officers by the Queen marks the settlement of what deserves to be called the great Court question of the day, viz.: What is to be done should the officers of the volunteer corps claim to be presented at the Queen's levees, and their wives at the drawing-rooms? It is not a question of rank so much as one of room and time, and regard for the royal comfort and capacity of endurance. There are, or soon will be, some thirty thousand of these officers, and supposing one half of them anxious for the honor of kissing her Majesty's hand, the Lord Chamberlain would be puzzled where to find room for the crowd, and the Queen would suffer a martyrdom from the fatigue of the ceremonial. It is no joke to hold out a hand to be kissed by thousands. It is not so long ago since a President of the United States narrowly escaped losing an arm owing to an abscess, supposed to have been caused, or irritated to extra mischief, by the hand-shaking at one of his mob levees at the White House. At the same time there was the greatest reluctance to interpose any barrier between the volunteers and the gratification of their loyal aspirations for a kiss of the royal hand. The difficulty has formed the subject of many and anxious counsels at the Lord Chamberlain's office, and at that mysterious institution—the Board of Green Cloth. The solution now hit upon, the holding of a separate levee for volunteers, is considered a master stroke of ceremonial invention, and the Lord Chamberlain draws freer breath. Her Majesty, too, will sleep all the sounder for her escape from the threatened avalanche of loyal defenders of the crown and realm upon the already crowded space of the reception rooms at St. James's."

FRANCE.

THE PACIFIC POLICY OF THE EMPEROR.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Times* says a circular will soon be issued by the new French Foreign Minister to the diplomatic agents abroad, which may be considered in some sort the programme of the Imperial Government. In its foreign policy it is to be eminently pacific and friendly to all.

THE EMPEROR'S NEW COUNSELOR.

The Countess Casanova is the name of an Italian visitor at the French Court, to whose influence, Paris scandal says, is owing the change in the views of the Emperor in regard to Central Italy. It is said this Judith was selected by Count Cavour himself, and placed, under the eyes of Holofernes, in a box at the Opera directly opposite to one in which the Emperor sat when at Turin. The lady subsequently appeared at the *fêtes* at Compeigne, and has since formed one of the French Court.

FASHIONABLE BETTING IN FRANCE.

From a recent number of the *Etoile Belge*, a journal conducted with considerable talent, we extract the subjoining paragraph: "At the last Chantilly Races, a lady well known in the fashionable circles at Paris, inoculated with the English passion for betting on horses, lost 15,000 francs. Her husband, ignorant that she had any stake on the race, entered the grand-stand in great glee, having won 20,000 francs on *Black Prince*; observing his wife did not partake of his joy at this good fortune, he offered to share his gains with her, upon which she avowed her loss. Like a kind husband, he immediately paid it, saying, however, 'I must take a house for you, madam, in the country—there is no longer any question about that, and never let me hear of your betting again.' In England, women who possess an independent fortune bet like the men. The daughter of a great English poet, Ada, the sole fruit of his unfortunate marriage, fell a victim to her passion for betting. Having staked an amount of £80,000 on the Derby, she lost three-quarters of it (or 1,000,000 francs), all her personal fortune. It was her ruin; her husband, inexorable, allowed her a small pension, upon which she retired to an estate in Rutlandshire. Six months after this exile the poor lady died of despair."

AUSTRIA.

NO SETTLEMENT OF THE ITALIAN DIFFICULTY.

It is confirmed that Austria refuses to accede to the principal proposition of England for the settlement of the Italian question, but the formal communications on the subject had not been received by England and France.

Advices from Verona report great military preparations there. Count Deganfeld, commander of the Second Austrian *corps d'armée*, declares, in an order of the day, issued at Verona, that from the 15th of February the whole of the Venetian province of Mantua and districts of Trent will be governed by martial law.

THE LIBERTY OF THE BOUQUET.

The *Gazette de Thurgovie* says that not long ago a bouquet was thrown to a *danseuse* in one of the theatres at Venice made up of the three colors of Italian independence, red, white, and green. She picked it up and kissed it. For this she was summoned before the police authorities, and ordered thenceforth to trample on all bouquets which might be thrown to her. This order got abroad, and next night there was thrown a bouquet of the Austrian colors, black and yellow. In obedience to the order of the police she trampled it under her feet, while the house was shaken by acclamations of applause.

ITALY.

MAZZINI'S VIEWS.

The Scottish papers publish a letter from Signor Mazzini to his friend, Mr. John M'Adam, of Glasgow. Mazzini is again in England, and, as we learn from this letter, occupying himself with the promotion of the cause of Italian nationality and unity in the kingdom of the Two Sicilies:

"We are working actively on the South to promote there a change which would reach the aim at once. You helped us, through pecuniary assistance, when we were at work in the north of Italy; help us, if you can, for the south. Explain to your countrymen that our aim is unity—that there is the root of the question—that Italy will never be tranquil, Europe never be at peace, while that supreme aim of ours is not reached. Urge for support being given to the claimed annexation of the dukedoms of Tuscany, of the Legations, of Piedmont. Bonapartism is conceding the annexation of the dukedoms, doubtful about the Legations, negative about Tuscany. And, above all, urge, insist for the withdrawal of the French troops from Italy, but especially from Rome. What is the use of talking of non-interference while 20,000 French soldiers are forbidding Rome manifesting her verdict about papal rule? The withdrawal as soon as the Pope's security would be guaranteed was promised since 1849. It was promised again in 1856, on condition that the Austrian troops would withdraw from the Roman provinces. It is asked for by the Pope; it is by the Italian people; and since the war for independence it is a logical deduction, as, since the peace of Villafranca with Austria, it is an elementary political duty. Ask for it—petition, speak, resolve in every meeting for it. Rome free is Italy one; and the movement now going on among your Catholic population ought to stir up your Protestant believers to something like a counter demonstration. These are the things you might, if willing, do for us. My hour is exhausted, and I can not write more; I shall as soon as I can. Believe me, dear friend, ever gratefully yours, JOSEPH MAZZINI.

"JOHN M'ADAM, No. 65 Hyde-Park Street, Glasgow."

The Mazzini party was said to be active at Rome. General Guyon had taken measures for preventing any manifestations.

WHAT IT COSTS TO LIVE IN ITALY.

A correspondent of the Boston *Transcript*, now living at a villa near Florence, writes the following:

"Do you wish to know what it costs to inhabit a villa at Bellosguardo? A friend who has lived here with his family, the past six years, in a beautiful old house that would easily accommodate twenty more persons besides, told me he paid two hundred and fifty dollars a year for the establishment, furnished.

"Provisions, compared in price to those in the Boston markets, are gratuities, dropped ready cooked on the table daily, for nothing. Listen! Best beef, five cents per pound; best chickens, fourteen cents each; vegetables enough for a dinner of six persons, five cents. Butter and cream in proportion. A carriage holding four persons costs, all the seats filled, fifty cents an hour. If taken for several hours, much less. I paid ten cents yesterday for a fresh, bouncing bouquet, in which were roses, mignonnette, pinks, hyacinths, anemones, heliotropes, and many other varieties.

"Female servants, faithful and good-tempered, happy to be employed, and thankful for a home, can be had in any number among the *contadini*, for three dollars a month, and think themselves amply paid. A first-rate man-servant commands six dollars per month. Fifty cents a week are not unusual wages for a housemaid, and one excellent old damsel who has served a family of my acquaintance seven years, as chief cook and bottle-washer, told me, on her wages being raised to seventy-five cents, that she was living 'in Paradise.'

"In winter the air is mild, and flowers grow in the open fields all through the season. The nightingales make the spring musical, and the summer time is one long gala day. Not a bad place to live in—certainly not a dear one."

MORE BAD PICTURES FOR THE UNITED STATES.

The Florence correspondent of the Boston *Transcript* writes:

"Florence is busy this week with departures for Rome. Twenty Americans set sail last Saturday from Leghorn, having left this city in the morning on their way to the South. They had a boisterous night on the Mediterranean, we hear; the boat being crowded, their discomfort was intense. No one cares just now to travel by land from Sienna, as the road is hardly a pleasant one in these perilous times. Mr. R. C. Winthrop is expected here this week. Miss Chapman, whose fine voice Bostonians will remember, has made great progress in her musical studies, and has been honored with an invitation to sing at the Florence Philharmonic Concert. She will make her public *début* in Italy therefore next week. During her residence here she has become a great favorite. Her untiring industry as a student of music has been rewarded, as industry always is, with success.

"It is amusing to see the vessel-loads of bad pictures on their way to America. Very old masters, very badly copied, are furiously popular. If Raphael & Company have any cognizance of what is going on from year to year in the galleries of the Pitti and Uffizi, what sighs must rend their angelic bosoms! I saw, not long ago, a 'Madonna' packed into a box with several other paintings, bound for New England, so atrocious in color and drawing that I could not help wishing that the vessel might spring a leak and every thing on board be saved except the pictures. There was a sybil among the treasures, as intoxicated a looking damsel as paint could make her. But the frame was gorgeous."

SPAIN.

PROGRESS OF THE WAR.

Marshal O'Donnell is created Duke of Tetuan, and raised to the rank of a grandee of Spain. He had also been presented by the Queen with the ground on which the victory was won. Fifty cannon were captured at Tetuan.

In the battle of the 4th the Spanish loss was ten officers and seven hundred and eleven men killed and wounded.

O'Donnell judged it useless to pursue the Moors into the interior.

The Madrid *Epoca* expresses the opinion that on the capture of Tetuan England would again offer her mediation for bringing about a peace, and it would probably be accepted.

TURKEY.

WHAT THE SULTAN IS LIKE.

Fredrika Bremer, in a recent magazine article, thus describes the Turkish Sultan:

"A little man in a dark coat, a dark red cap with a long black tassel on his head, and a pale, unpleasing countenance, comes down the steps, with as little dignity as a shopman. Can that really be the Sultan? Yes, it must be the Sultan, because the elderly military personages by his side reply with an expression of deep reverence to some remarks of the little man, and the stout lady with the children steps hastily forward into his path, as if she would stop his further advance. He starts, makes a half-step backward, and contracts his eyebrows most threateningly. Yet he listens to what she has to say, but listens with a gloomy expression, and then casts an inquiring glance on his brother-in-law, the High Admiral. He utters a few words of explanation, shrugging his shoulders, and then another word or two, which seem to say, 'What do I know about your husband?'—motions the stout lady out of the way, and walks on to the shore, talking gayly with the gentlemen who attend him. He steps into the caique, from which the canopy has been removed; puts on his gloves, distorts his face in looking up at the sun, and so doing exhibits his tobacco-stained teeth; while his plain, uninteresting countenance assumes a most disagreeable expression. This, then, is the man who is called 'God's Shadow on the Earth,' and who rules with absolute sway over the lives and happiness of 35,000,000 of human beings! I have seen many crowned heads, but none who seemed to me so devoid of dignity, so devoid of any thing remarkable as this 'Shadow of God on Earth.' Nevertheless, the throne must produce an effect either for good or for evil. Travelers who see Abdul Medjid only at public audiences usually observe merely the lifeless, automatic character of his exterior. I now saw him under other circumstances. He was lively, and his countenance, although pale, indicated more youthful strength and health than I had been led to expect. 'That is,' I was told, 'because within the last few years he has drank something stronger than Champagne, and this has given him strength. Besides, he was to-day in a good-humor. But he generally looks very gloomy.' For the rest, Abdul Medjid has the Turkish family features, the oval countenance, with somewhat prominent cheek-bones, the nose broad at the nostrils, and arched; the dark-brown, well-cut, but not large, eyes; and the finely-penciled eyebrows. They struck me as finest when contracted with their threatening expression, and the countenance then appeared most significant. If they could contract with a grave earnestness, Abdul Medjid would be a man of high character. Naturally mild of disposition, a good son, good brother, unwilling, although a despot, to sign a death-warrant, Abdul Medjid is not wanting in the softer feelings. That which he wants is real earnestness, real strength. So, at least, it seems to me. He does not throw himself seriously into any thing, but lets all go as it may and will. 'Allah Kerim!'"

THE INAUGURATION OF CLARK MILLS'S STATUE OF WASHINGTON, ON FEBRUARY 22, 1860.

THE SEVENTH REGIMENT NEW YORK STATE MILITIA IN THE CARS EN ROUTE FOR WASHINGTON.—[FROM A SKETCH BY OUR OWN ARTIST.]

We published in last number an engraving of Clark Mills's statue of Washington, which was inaugurated on 22d at the Federal Capital. We now publish an illustration of the ceremony of inauguration, and two illustrations of the share taken in that event by the famed Seventh Regiment of New York State Militia.

The Seventh left New York on the evening of 21st, and arrived at Washington, after many vexatious delays, at 11·30 A.M. on 22d. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, the ceremonies were commenced without delay. The Seventh took its place in the line, and the procession proceeded up Pennsylvania Avenue to the President's House. An eye-witness observed:

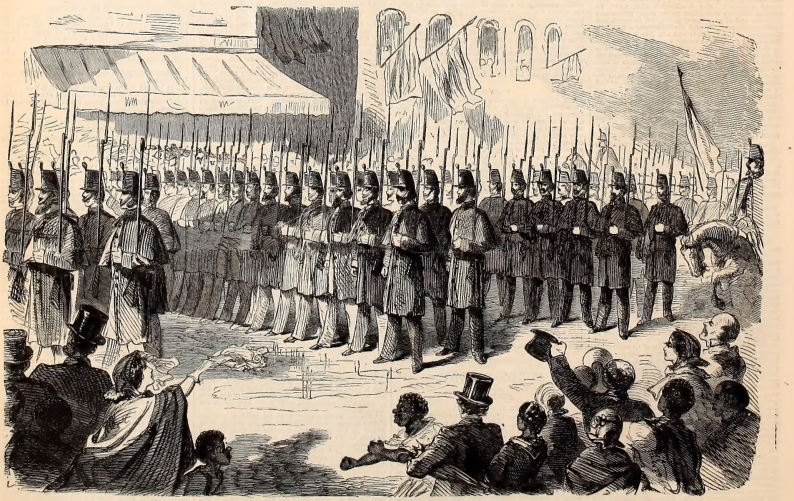
"The principal feature in the whole procession was the presence of the Seventh Regiment. On the route of march they proceeded in column by companies. The carriage of the men was erect, their hand discoursed most excellent music, and they moved with the precision of a grand piece of machinery.

Another writer says:

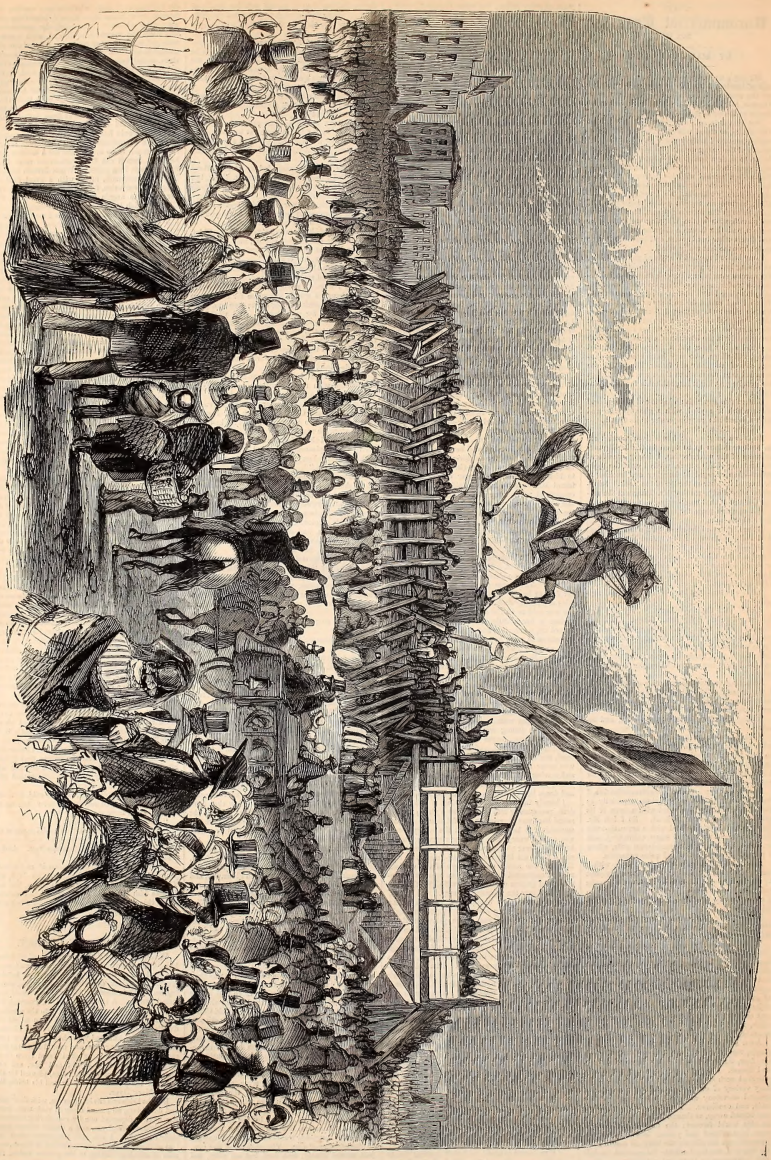
"The New York Seventh Regiment was the greatest attraction of the procession, containing eight full companies, each extending nearly from curb to curb. The Baltimore battalion of City Guards, in point of discipline and numbers, elicited universal comments. The Law Greys were small in number compared with the foregoing, but were highly disciplined, and attracted much attention. The corps of Marines stationed at the Washington Navy Yard, one hundred and sixty in number, had the right of the column, and received the cheers of the spectators as they passed. The ordnance men, about fifty in number, made a fine display as a full company of light artillery. The Georgetown College Cadets made a creditable appearance in point of numbers and discipline. The Alexandria military participated, and made a fine martial appearance. The Fort Tobacco Cavalry—a new company, said to be the wealthiest corps in the country—added much to the interest of the procession.

"None of the diplomatic corps were present. They were assigned a place in the programme immediately after the Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States, but this they declined to occupy."

The account of the ceremony will be found in the news pages.



THE SEVENTH REGIMENT MARCHING UP PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE, WASHINGTON CITY.—[FROM A SKETCH BY OUR OWN ARTIST.]



THE INAUGURATION OF CLARK MILLS'S STATUE OF WASHINGTON, BY PRESIDENT BUCHANAN, AT WASHINGTON, D. C., FEBRUARY 22, 1860.—[FROM A SKETCH BY OUR OWN ARTIST.]

THE Uncommercial Cravler. NO. II.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

My day's no-business beckoning me to the east end of London, I had turned my face to that point of the metropolitan compass on leaving Covent Garden, had got past the India House, and at last began to file off to the right, toward Wapping.

Not that I intended to take boat at Wapping Old Stairs, or that I was going to look at the locality, because I believe (or I don't) in the constancy of the young woman who told her sea-going lover, to wash a beautiful old tune, that she had ever continued the same, since she gave him the bacco-box marked with his name; I am afraid he usually got the worst of those transactions, and was frightfully taken in. No, I was going to Wapping, because an eastern police magistrate had said, lately, in the morning papers, that there was no classification at the Wapping work-house for women, and that it was a disgrace, and a shame, and divers other hard names, and because I wished to see how the fact really stood.

Long before I reached Wapping I gave myself up as having lost my way, and, abandoning myself to the narrow streets in a Turkish frame of mind, relied on predestination to bring me somewhere or other to the place I wanted if I were ever to get there. When I had ceased for an hour or so to take any trouble about the matter, I found myself on a swing-bridge, looking down at some dark locks in a some dirty water. Over against me stood a creature remotely like the likeness of a young man, with a puffed sallow face, and a figure all dirty, and shiny, and dingy, who may have been originally great sons of his filthy old father, Thames, or the drowned man about whom there was a placard on the granite post like a large thimble that stood between us.

I asked this apparition what it called the place? There was built it appeared, with a gaunt grin, and with a sound like gurgling water in its throat,

"Minster Baker's trap."

As it is a matter of great sensitiveness with me on such occasions to be equal to the intellectual pressure of the conversation, I deeply considered the meaning of this speech, while I eyed it from position—then engaged in hugging and sucking a horizontal iron bar at the top of the sleek. Inspiration rewarded me, that Mr. Baker was the acting Coroner of that neighbourhood.

"A common place for suicide," said I, looking down at the locks.

"Soe!" returned the ghost, with a stare. "Yes! And Poll. Likewise Emly. And Nancy. And Jane"—he sucked the iron between each name—"and all the libeing. Ketches off their bonnets or shoes, keows, and headers down here, they does. Always a headerin' down here, they is. Like one o'clock."

And I said about hour of the morning, I suppose?"

"Ah!" said the apparition. "*They* an't partickler. Two after the hour. There. All times o' night. O'ny mind you!" Here the apparition rested its profile on the bar, and gurgled in a sarcastic manner. "There must be somebody comin'. They don't go a headerin' down here, wen there an't no Bobby nor gen'al Cove, far to hear the splash."

According to my interpretation of these words it was myself a General Cove, or member of the miscellaneous public. In which modest character I remarked:

"They are often taken out, are they, and restored?"

"I dunno about restored," said the apparition, who, for some inscrutable reason, very much objected to that word; "they're carried into the werkiss and put into a 'ot bath, and brought round. But I dunno about restored," said the apparition; "*that* is'nt—and vanished.

As it had shown a desire to become offensive, I was not sorry to be find myself alone, especially as the "werkiss" it had indicated with a twist of its twisted head, was close at hand. So I left Mr. Baker's terrible trap (baited with a scum that was like the soapy linings of cooky chimneys), and made bold to ring at the work-house gate, where I was wholly unexpected and quite unwanted.

A very bright and nimble little matron, with a bunch of keys in her hand, responded to my request to see the House. I began to doubt whether the police magistrate was quite right in his facts, when I noticed how quick active little figure and her intelligent eyes.

The Traveler (the matron intimated) should see the worst first. She was welcome to see every thing. Such as it was, there it all was.

So it was the only preparation for our entering the Fever wards." They were in an old building squeezed away in a corner of a paved yard, quite detached from the more modern and spacious main body of the work-house. They were in a building most monstrously behind the time—a mere series of grottos or lairs, with every inconvenience and objectionable circumstance in their construction, and only accessible by steep and narrow staircases, infamously ill adapted for the passing up stairs of the sick, or down stairs of the dead.

Shed in these miserable rooms, here on bedsteads, there on mattresses, as I understand it on the floor, were women in every stage of distress and disease. None but those who have attentively observed such scenes can conceive the extraordinary variety of expression still latent under the general monotony and uniformity of color, attitude, and condition. The form a little coiled up and turned away, as though it had turned its back on this world forever; the uninterested face at once lead-colored and yellow, looking passively upward from the pillow; the haggard mouth a little dropped, the hand outside the coverlet, going for and indifferent, so light and yet so heavy; these were on every pallet; but when I stopped beside a bed, and said ever so slight a word to the figure lying there, the ghost of the old character came into the face, and made the Fool ward as various as the fair world. No one appeared to care to live, but no one complained; all who could speak said that as much was done for them as could be done there, that the attendance was kind and patient, that their suffering was very heavy, but they had nothing to ask for. (It is the general cry when an clean and sweet as it is possible such rooms to be; they would require a pest-house in a single week if they were ill-kept.

I accompanied the brisk matron up another barrack staircase, into a better room, and was directed to the idiotic and imbecile. There was at least Light in it, whereas the windows in the former wards had been like slits in a prison-house passages. There was a strong grating over the fire here, and, holding a kind of state on either side of the hearth, were seated, in the full light of the grating, two very old ladies in a condition of feeble dignity, which was surely the very last and lowest reduction of self-consciousness that there is in this wonderful humanity of ours. They were evidently jealous of each other, and passed their whole time (as some people do, where fires are grateful) in mentally disparaging each other, and contemptuously watching their neighbors. Some of these specles on provincial gentlewomen was extremely talkative, and expressed a strong desire to attend the service on Sundays, from which the circumstances of London have derived the greatest interest and consolation when allowed that privilege. She gossiped so well, and looked about her so much like a lady herself, that I began to think this a case for the Eastern magistrate, until I found that on the last occasion of her attending chapel she had taken a pocket and stole, and had caused some confusion in the response by suddenly producing it and belabering the congregation.

So these two old ladies, separated by the breath of the grating—otherwise they would fly at one another's throats—sat all day long composing one another, and contemplating a world of fits. For every body else in the room had fits, except the watchwoman: an elderly, stale-bodied creature, with a large upper lip, and an air of repression, and saving of her strength. She sat quite still with her hands folded before her, and her eyes slowly rolling, biding her time for catching or holding somebody. This civil creature was quite above the interest to identify a reduced member of my honorable friend Mrs. Gamp's family) said, "They has 'em continual, Sir. They has more than one room entire than if they was coach-horses dropped from the moon, Sir. And when one drops, another drops, and sometimes both. There's as many as four to've on 'em at once, dear me, a rollin' and a tearin', bless you!—this young woman, now, has one dreadful bad."

She turned up this young woman's face with her hand as she said it. This young woman was seated in the light, pondering, in the profoundest of distraction. There was nothing repellant either in her face or mind. Very apparently were, variéties of epilepsy and hysteria were about her, but she was said to be the worst there. When I had spoken to her, and she had looked at me, had turned up, pondering, and a gleam of the mid-day sun shone in upon her.—Whether this young woman, in the days of her health, had been afraid, as they sit or lie pondering in their confused, dull way, ever get mental glimpses among the notes in the sunlight, of healthy people, and having things? Whether this young woman, brooding like this in the summer season, ever thinks that somewhere there are trees and flowers, even mountains and the great sea? Whether, not to go so far, this young woman ever has any dim revelation of that young woman who is dying woman who is not here, never will come here, who is created, and lives, and loves, and, and has a husband, and bears children, and lives in a home, and who never knows what it is to have this sullen and tearing pressure on her brain? I know what this young woman, God help her, gives herself up then, and drops like a coach-horse from the moon?

I hardly know whether to mention that infant children, penetrating into so hopeless a place, made a sound that was pleasant or painful to me. It was something to be reminded that the misery in it was not all weary, and was ever renewing itself; but this young woman was a child not long ago, and a child not long passed from under its skin. Howbeit, the active step and eye of the vigilant matron conducted me past the two provincial gentlewomen (whose dignity was roused by the children) and into the adjacent nursery.

There were two babies here, and more than one handsome young mother. There were ugly young mothers also, and sullen young mothers and callow young mothers. But the babies had not appropriated to themselves any bad expression yet, and might have been, for any thing that appeared to the contrary in their faces, Princes Imperial, and Princesses Royal. I had the pleasure of giving a practical commission to the baker's boy to take care of the baby, and found it fun to into the oven for one red-headed young pauper and myself, and felt much the better for it. Without that refreshment, I doubt if I could have been in a condition for "the Refractories," toward whom my guide then turned her way next, and marshaled me the way that I was going.

The Refractories were picking oakum in a small room gloomily warmed by a fire-place in a dark form, with their backs to a window; before them, a table and their work. The oldest Refractor was, you twenty; youngest Refractory, say sixteen. I have never yet ascertained, in the course of my uncommercial travels, why a Refractory habit should affect the tonsils and uvula; but I have always observed that Refractories of both sexes and every grade, between a Ragged School and the Old Bailey, have one voice, in which the tonsils and uvula gain a diseased ascendancy.

"Five years and I should be twenty, going for to pick five pound," said the Chief of the Refractories, keeping time to herself with her head and chin. "More than enough to pick what we picks now, in sitch a place as this, and 6a wot we gets here!"

[This was in acknowledgment of a delicate intimation that the amount of work was likely to be increased. "Not that I mind it myself, mum, for one Refractory had already done her day's task—it was barely two o'clock—and was sitting behind it, with her hands folded, "but some mow it.)

"A pretty Ouse this is, matron, ain't it?" said Refractory Two, "where a plesesman's called in if a gal says a word!"

"And wen you're sent to prison for nothink or less!" said the Chief, tugging at her oakum, as if it were the matron's hair. "But any place is better than this; that's one thing, and be thankful!"

A laugh of Refractories, led by Oakum Head with folded arms—who originated nothing, but who was in command of the skirmishers outside the conversation.

"If any place is better than this," said my brisk guide, in the calmest manner, "it is a pity you left a good place when you had one."

"Ho, no, I didn't, matron," returned the Chief, with another pull at her oakum, and a very expressive look at the enemy's forehead. "Don't say that, matron, 'cos it's lies!"

Oakum Head was brought up the skirmishers again, skirmished, and retired.

"I wasn't a going," exclaimed Refractory Two, "though I was in one place for as long as four years—J wasn't a going for to stop in a place of that sort, for all the Missis's fine talk and the fam'ly warn't 'speetable characters—there! And where I fort nately or bunfort'nately found that to be people worth calling so, or pretended to make themselves out to be—there! And where it wasn't their faults, by chalks, if I warn't made bad and hardened—like!"

During this speech Oakum Head had again made a diversion with the skirmishers, and had again retired.

The Uncommercial Traveler ventured to remark that he supposed Chief Refractory and Number One to be in the same room when he had been taken before the magistrate?

"Yes, Sir," said the Chief, "we har! and the wonder is, that a plesesman an't 'ad in now, and we took off sgen. You can't open your lips here without a plesesman's 'ead."

Number Two laughed (very urvularly), and the skirmishers followed suit.

"I'm sure I was thankful," protested the Chief, looking sideways at the Uncommercial, "if I could be got into a place, or got abroad. I'm sick and tired of this perpetooal life. I am, with reason."

So would he, and so was, Number Two. So would be, and so was, Oakum Head. So would we all and so were Refractories.

The Uncommercial took the liberty of hinting that he hardly thought it probable that any lady would undertake to be a likely young domestic of retiring manners, would be to opted into the engagement of either of the two sading Refractories, on her own presentation of herself as per sample.

"It ain't no good being nothink else," said the Chief.

The Uncommercial thought it worth the worth trying.

"Oh no, it ain't," said the Chief.

"Not a bit of good," said Number Two.

"And I'm sure," said Oakum Head, "to get into a place, or got abroad," said the Chief.

"And so should I," said Number Two. "Truly thankful I should be."

Oakum Head then rose, and announced as an entirely new idea, the mention of which profound sagacity had not yet suggested to her sister to be done" So I decoyed myself into another train of thought to ease my heart. But I don't know that I did it. It was so full of misery, that it was, after all, only a change to a single pauper, who had in possession of my remembrance instead of a thousand.

"I beg your pardon, Sir," he had said, in a confidential manner, as we were passing out, taking me aside, "but I have seen better days."

"I am very sorry to hear it."

"Sir, I have a complaint to make against the master."

"I have no power here, I assure you. And if I had—"

"But allow me, Sir, to mention it, as between yourself and a man who has seen better days, Sir. The master and myself are both Freemasons, Sir, and I make him the sign continually; but because I am in this unfortunate position, Sir, he won't give me the countersign!"

SUSA WHITE'S COSSET.

WHOEVER visits "y' antient towne" of Windham, Connecticut, will not fail to observe just on the outskirts of the village, on the road leading to Scotland and Canterbury, decaying wooden mansion, standing back a little from the highway in a weedy neglected garden. A stone-walled lane, guarded, not entirely by a giant sycamore, opens to the southern entrance of that old mansion, known to all the dwellers around as "The Parsonage House."

More than a hundred years has that house been standing, gathering moss and mould from the elements, and "Time's effacing finger" has scored those blackened walls were bright and new, and the hoary sycamore was a young tree, planted by the hands of the youthful minister and his bride, the lovely Mary Dyer.

But the bride and the bridegroom, with their sons and daughters, all passed away in their time, leaving, as they departed one by one, darker shadows in their familiar places, and a deeper silence upon their dwelling. I can just remember when the last of these, an aged woman clothed in black, was seen at evening walking in the garden before the house where great golden sun-flowers, and cup-

roses, African marigolds and princes' feathers—flowers beloved and cherished by the old black serving-woman Cressa—were all that remained of the blossoms her mother had loved and planted. That same old woman in black was a bright-eyed, fair-haired, sunny-hearted little maiden once; the pet of the parson's household, the pride of his parish; named for her great-great-grandmother who came over in the *May Flower*. Not of the lonely old woman, the last of her family, am I going to write now, but of little Susa Wade White, whose grandmother used to tell me about sometimes when I asked her for a story.

Early in the spring of 1773, a farmer, living in the eastern section of the town of Windham, carried into his house one cold, stormy morning, a young lamb whose dam had perished in the storm. The poor little thing was chilled and almost dead. He laid it on his kitchen hearth, and his wife wrapped it carefully in a warm flannel blanket. When it gave signs of life, she put into its mouth some warmed milk, and rubbed it tenderly, until it licked her hands, and bleated in answer to her caresses.

"What can I do with it?" she asked her husband, when he came to dinner. "'Tis a nice lamb, as white as snow; but with the prospect just now before us, I shall have much time to nurse another, for when the 'Sons of Liberty' are called to the field the women will have to raise the bread."

"That's a sartin fact, Amy," replied her husband, "and the time is at hand! I couldn't bear to leave the little critter to die, though. I'll tell you what we *will* do with it, wife! There's the minister's little gal, who comes out here sometimes, and who seems to have a great liking for pets; we'll just keep it a few days till it gits strong and lively, and then carry it to her. She'll like it, I know."

Farmer Carey was not at all mistaken in his conjecture. The bright eyes of Susa White were brighter than ever the morning when the new pet was carried to the parsonage, for on each side, declared, was softer than silk and whiter than snow! She would take the very best care of it, and keep it until it was an old sheep. Her father, who was consulted about a name, advised her to give the lamb no *heathen* name, but to call it Nebuchadnezzar, because some day it would have to eat grass like the old King of Babylon. Susa thought it rather a hard name, but said that Nebby or Neb would do very well.

So that afternoon, when the parson was fast asleep in his study, she put a wreath of yellow dandelions around the cosset's neck, and sent Kate, the little servant-girl, to call some of the neighboring children. She then led it to the great mowing-trough which stood running over beside the well, and dipping her hand into the sugulate font, said, in tones grave as the Sunday tones of her father's:

"This lamb's name shall be Nebby," at the same time sprinkling his white, woolly head. The cosset not at all pleased with the ceremony; for he shook off the cold drops, and stamped his feet at his young mistress, to show his great amusement of the child, particularly of little Kate, who said, "White woolly didn't like being 'tized' any better than a darkey!"

Neb grew famously, and soon became as great a pet, almost, in the village as his mistress. Susa White's lamb was privileged to go any where he pleased, nibbling either grass or flowers as best suited his taste.

That was one of the pleasantest springs of Susa White's life, though a season of sore perplexity and darkness to the older and wiser in heart. From north to south there was a fluttering of wings for freedom. Act after act of oppression had roused the indignant people to a trial of its strength. The American army was not then organized, but association was the order of the day, and the watchword of all was "Liberty." Enough had been heard of the absolute power of Parliament; the colonies were no longer afraid to stand up boldly and declare, "The people have rights, and why not reason is supreme!" Such was every where the state of feeling when the infamous act for closing the port of Boston reached that patriot city. No time had declared his determination to starve his subjects into unreserved submission.

It was the tenth of May when the Port Act was received, and tidings of it were wafted speedily as possible from town to town, and from one to the colony. Sections traversed by stage-coaches were favored at that era, for the couches had always the latest news from the seat of disaffection, and every one was what the people of all ages and rank waited and expected with the greatest anxiety.

Long before the hour for the weekly stage a group of men might have been seen collecting around the old Stamford Tavern in Windham, discoursing on the one subject of common interest to all. From the court-house and from the counter, from the work-shop and from the plow, they came, eager to catch the first sound of the coach-horn, and to hear the rattling of the heavy wheels down the stony hill. Women with children in their arms stood at the doors to look out at the four-horse vehicle, and prisoners in the gloomy old jail grated through their grated windows to watch it as it passed.

"There she comes!" exclaimed half a dozen voices at once from the tavern steps. "There she is on the top of Zion's Hill! Smith tools loudly today. Ha's got news—no mistake about it!"

Blowing his horn most vigorously, the driver came dashing down the dusty road, his fine horses scarcely touching the ground over which they bounded. Beautifully they described their circle in front of the stage-house, bringing the coach-door and the ladies' entrance in a moment side by side. While the driver, with one hand, was guiding his team through their well-known figure, with the other he scattered a handful of papers amidst the by-standers: copies of the Boston Port-bill, edged with black in token of mourning; also an appeal from the citizens of Boston, asking counsel and aid of the sister colonies in their time of trial. Sad news this from "good old Boston"—for Boston, then as now, was the pride of New England.

Before the couch was started again on its way to Hartford the bills were posted all over the village; one on the great elm before the tavern door —the same tree on which the jolly little Bacchus sat for so manly long years astride his tun; a second was secured to another large elm a little farther to the north; a third to the whipping-post, which stood on the meeting-house corner; and the fourth to the court-house door. Before night they were read to the most remote sections of the town, and all true Windhamites had informed themselves not only to make common cause with the suffering colony, but to wage perpetual warfare against tyranny.

The next day was the Sabbath, and Parson White—who, like most of New England's clergy of his time, was a flaming patriot—carried the subject with him into the pulpit, and made a most earnest appeal for the rights of his brethren. He recounted all they had done and all they had suffered since that first odious Revenue Act had spread consternation and alarm throughout all the land; he spoke with enthusiasm of their resistance of the Stamp Act, and of the course they had pursued in regard to the tea question, for which they were now suffering the vengeance of the British Parliament, and being treated as the chief of rebels." In conclusion, he exhorted them, as men who loved their fellow-men, to concert some measures for proving what aid they were able to the beleaguered city.

There was no lack of attention on the part of the parson's auditory that day. The subject of his meditation hung on his words; it was a rousing call to action, such as the heart of man both loves and approves in times of danger and peril. Even the weakest intellect in the house could comprehend the subject and its requirements; and before the discourse was ended there was a universal cry what they could spare from their own immediate necessities. Poor little Susa! Never she turned her eyes for a moment from her father's high pulpit toward the door, and caught sight of Neb standing within the front feet on the door-sill, and evidently looking so sleek and handsome, felt for the first time the appeal directed to herself. Her bright eyes quickly filled with tears. "Dear Nebby!" she thought, sorrowfully, "I can not give *him* up. He would not make a mouthful for so many, if I did. He's all the pet I've got!" She recommend good Deacon Carey to keep him until he was a great sheep." This last reflection was a momentary comfort.

As soon as the blessing was pronounced she hastened to the door, feeling very sorry that Neb should have been thrust upon her by himself there that afternoon. "Every body will be saying now, 'There's one of the minister's little gals has got a grain nice fat cosset which she can sell as well as not!' I know they will—and well they may, too; but then, I can't help it. Poor Nebby! Poor Nebby!"

Nebby, wholly unconscious of what was passing in the mind of his youthful mistress, frisked around her as usual, licking her hand in token of welcome, and testifying his joy in the best way he could at her release.

"He's grown famously," said old Mr. Tinker. "He'd make a fine rooster!"

"I guess he won't," said Susa, in an under tone, standing over a fit to pet the cosset, for the reality to hide her tears. "Savage old man, isn't he, Neb?"

No one could speak to the lamb or pet him that night as usual but Susa Dorothea, and those thinking she ought to lay him on the altar of her country and humanity, when such a thought never entered the mind of a single one of her father's parishioners. On the contrary, they would, one and all, have protested against so great a sacrifice on the part of their little favorites. It was the voice of her own conscience speaking to little Susa White, and the voice of humanity also, asking the sacrifice of her pet lamb.

A town meeting was called immediately to deliberate on what should be done in this case. The Port Bill was to take effect the 1st of June, and then from many hundreds of the poorer citizens would arise a shout of woe. For the hands of industry were most effectually bound. There was a grand rally from every quarter of the town on the day appointed for the meeting. The old meeting-house was crowded to its utmost capacity, and there was no lack of zeal or enthusiasm. A number of young men came forward in their determination to offer their services to the blockaded city in the arts of agriculture, and in the person. Those would bear whatever contribution their fellow town's-people had to offer. The galleries were full of women, who were eager to bear a portion of all that was said or done, and some of the former of these had a widow's mite to add to the offering.

"Salt Lincoln hay is very good for working to fatten," whispered Susa White to her older sister. "I should hate to have our Dyer, shouldn't you?"

"No, indeed," was the reply; "nothing is to be shoved off on to us that if he wouldn't, if there was any need of him. I'll tench him to fire a gun by myself at nobody else out!"

"But he might be killed, you know," said Susa, thoughtfully, "like those young men father told us about last evening at Grey's ordinary."

"Well, that's a patriot's privilege, Susa. There's no use in building such a fuss about money when once the field is to be bought. I only wish I were a man myself to help drive every British officer out of Boston."

"Oh dear! every body is braver and more generous than I," thought Susa, bending down her head thoughtfully. "Now, there's Mary Wade Lincoln, whose oldest son has offered to go, has just given a sheep. Maybe she brought it up by hand, and likes it as much as I like Nebby. Then she is a poor woman with ever so many little children to take care of. I saw her wipe her eyes just now; but then I think it was because Nathan is going away, and not the sheep."

The gallants were beginning to be cleared, but Susa White lingered; for she had not yet learned the full amount of the contribution. It was not long, however, before Mr. Solomon Huntington, who was moderator, gave notice that two hundred and fifty-seven sheep and lambs were then on the paper ready for delivery. The young men who had volunteered to drive them would be ready to start the next day at noon. If there was any more business before the meeting they would adjourn.

Then Susa went down and stationed herself a little way from the front door to wait for her father. Nebby was not there; she had taken the precaution to shut him in the cow-stable before leaving home, lest his fat body should excite farther remark. Her father came out at last, talking with one of their neighbors. She went and put her hand in his softly, and looked up in his face to attract his attention.

"What's the matter, Susa? what do you want?" he asked, in a careless way.

"To give Nebby to the patriots," she said, bursting into tears.

Mr. White stood regarding his little daughter for a moment in silence, entering a word. His companion turned away to wipe a tear from his eye. Every body in town knew the child's fondness for her pet.

"So you wish to send Neb to the hungry children of Boston, do you?" her father inquired at last. "I am glad you are willing to make a sacrifice for the good of others, my daughter! 'The liberal soul shall be made fat.'"

"I want you to speak to Deacon Carey about it," she said, "for he may think strange." And again the child's tearful eyes were sent up for her.

"A cause that has not only the 'widow's mite,' but the infant's sacrifice, will be prospered of the Lord, Sir," said Colonel Dyer, approaching. "Let the women and children work with us, make the barley, and dry the sage; leaving alone the tea and the coffee, and the Lord will prosper us, and the Old Country will come to her senses by-and-by! Then, while the minister went back to add the last gift to the list, I'll take your hand caressingly as Susa's head, and said, 'You have a brave, generous heart, my child, and God bless it!'

Susa only shook her head in reply. She did not speak all the way home; and when they reached the house, perceiving some children there who had come to play with her and Nebby, she ran along to the orchard gate, slipped through, and was soon hard aloof and hidden from view.

Not a word was said in Susa's presence about her offering that night; but at the breakfast table next morning Mr. White told her that Mr. Tinker had been over to offer to send one of his sheep in place of hers. It was the same old man who had spoken to her in the grove with the cow by himself there that afternoon. "Every body will be saying now, 'There's one of the minister's little gals has got a grain nice cosset which she can sell as well as not!' I know they will—and well they may, too; but then, I can't help it. Poor Nebby! Poor Nebby!"

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BY FITZ HUGH LUDLOW,

AUTHOR OF "THE HASHEESH EATER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.—*Continued.*

THE inner door of the room opened, and Nora came dancing in with airy gentleness, thinking that her father still was asleep. She had been dressing for a walk; and her face was bright with a healthful confidence, such as she had a right to feel, having done every woman's duty that lay before her for the father who made her his household, and being now close to go out, and run, rumble, muse, and play the unconscious poet as her list, in God's dear life-giving meadows, under his glad, vouchful blue sky. A gipsy hat of dauntiest Leghorn—kept bright by loving use, though it had seen several generations of that paternal head-coverings—and perched like a pleasant, great bird on her shining, low-brought hair, a little jauntily inclined to one side, as if, while it sheltered her with its wings, it would also kiss her pearly cheek stooping down in the summer winds afield. And under this affectionate shade those clear, truthful blue eyes of hers looked out lovingly, like twin wells in the spring forest, which never were withered any bad face, any harmful thing; aught that lives save the happy sky, the birds, and the treetops. Oh, dear Nora, unconsciously! she leaned down once more to kiss her father, and saw that he was not asleep, but that his hands were clasped over his eyes, and the tears were stealing through his fingers. "Oh father, dear father! what is the matter?" she exclaimed, half-terrified, and gently trying to remove the hands that she might see his face. Then she knelt down over him, sitting down by his side, and kissed him again and again.

"Oh, Nora! Nora!" sobbed the old man, "I have been—I have been—but have done something very wrong—very passionate!"

"What is it, darling? Please tell *me*, won't you?"

"Oh, I have grieved our kind friend, Mr. Green; I ordered him out of the door, and he will always go with me from this time on, for the friend he has been any more! And after what he has done for us, after what he has done this very day for us! Look there, Nora!"

And John Manton held out his foot to show Nora Luke Green's present, and then relapsed into child-sorrow.

The blood came, mantling Nora's cheek close on the border of her brown hair, and her eyes drooped for an instant with a look that was displeasure and shame, but both well under rein. And then she said, "Father, I know Mr. Green any more presents from Mr. Green, if you had just as lief, father dear. When I was a little girl, it began with you buying me almost such small things; even then I was ashamed to take them; it was always pain to me not to answer. No, I thank you; and many a time I have felt as if I wanted to put them out of sight, because it grieved me to look at these witnesses of—well, I will say *unkind* weakness, for he has been kind to my dear father, but obligation, at any rate."

"Doesn't he always seem as much obliged as we, dear?"

"Yes, daring father, he *seems* so, but you know he *isn't*. Look all about this room, for instance. There is a picture; here is an engraving; there's a book; there's a vase; there's—and we never can be able to repay him! And now that I am a young lady, now that I am your little right-hand, grown older, as you, you know"—and she kissed the old man's forehead with affectionate playfulness—"don't you have a sort of feeling that it isn't right for me, like-wise, not womanly for me to have such benefits bestowed on this dear little family of mine, when I can never pay them back as I ought?"

"Perhaps Luke Green doesn't think so."

"Think what, dear?"

"That there is no way in which you can pay them back."

"What do you mean, my dear father?"

"You know that I have not very long to live, at the utmost that can be hoped but a very few years, and then when I leave you all alone, who—"

"Father!" The young girl started, and threw back her hair upon her shoulders, as if the string had choked her. And with her face all aglow, her eyes brimming, and her voice trembling, she continued, "You cannot think such a fact she should quite break down.

"And is all this my price? My father! oh, my father! I am not worth so little to you, then, that you are willing these things, these miserable things, should buy me? Oh! oh! that they had never entered that door; that they never had come, bringing this wrong, this curse with them! Is my separation between you and me—a separation by my purchase! *Dear* father! let me stay and be your handmaid, your servant!"

And with an unconscious pathos Nora knelt, holding her father's hand upon her heart. And the poor old man wept again.

"Forgive me," she went on to say, "if I grieve you speaking so strongly; but these thoughts break my heart; yes, and these presents too. What has been done this afternoon to turn your thoughts to what has been said that made you angry? Tell me, darling: I know it wasn't *your* fault; how did he offend you?"

John Manton, roused by the magnetic sympa-

thy of his daughter, rallied from his exhaustion and granted her request. In detail he related the occurrences of the afternoon. With the faithfulness of an echo he told Nora all that Luke Green had said of her—of Ernest Beckford. And when at last, stung by the memory of the insult, and shaking his fist as he repeated it, with somewhat of the original courage which had met the exigency, he said, "And now, do you wonder at my turning him out of the door?" He was surprised to hear no response from Nora, and, looking up into her face, beheld it marble-white, the eyes fixed, the lips bloodless and half apart, while a strange shuddering ran through her shoulders, and she seemed like one who has been too frightened by a dreadful spectacle, and feels the scream which would tell her terror frozen at her heart.

"Nora! Nora! daughter! what is the matter with you?" exclaimed the old man, now alarmed, with good reason, in his turn.

"I do not think I will go out to walk today," she said, in a slow, dreamy utterance: "I am not very well—I shall do better to go and lie down a little while. But it will pass over. Oh yes, it will pass over."

"Can't I help you? Let me support you; you sin't able to get up stairs alone."

"Oh yes! I'm quite strong—see, I can walk as briskly as ever! I will be down again in time for tea: do you go to sleep again, dear, and don't be alarmed. You need no alert."

Again she pressed a kiss on her father's mournful brow, and casting on him one quick, loving look, which was all her heart had time to give, between the throes of its dire pain-wrestle, she almost bounded out of the room, up the stairs, and into her own little bedchamber. Once in, and she locked the door noiselessly, then fell upon her knees at her bedside, saying only, "O God! O God!"

With her face buried in her hands, and perfectly motionless, she knelt quite passive to her thoughts, crushed down by their massive freshet, and hardly sure whether it was of herself she was thinking, or of some poor girl elsewhere, who had suffered a great calamity. There was heart-sickness; there was fearful astonishment; there was uprooting of heavenly hopes that had grown gloriously since their deep first planting; there was a despair of all things in this world; there was an awful insidious question that would not go into exile, "Does *God* know? Does *God* care? But were all these in her soul or another? Were they grief, or were they pity?"

As if to steady herself on something strong and free, Nora arose, dreamily went to the window, and looked out into the high, wide summer sky—type of all glad, great hearts; with clouds floating through it that change, but itself changing never! And there was one soul, or her ideal of one soul, whom this sky had always called to her mind. Like him, it was pure and e'er gladsome; stainless, chainless, trustworth, ; full of all high hopes, suggestions, promises. Ah! to her soul his had been the all-surrounding heaven! Sunny by day, by night starry: tinging all thought, next to God!

"Ernest Beckford! Ernest!"—she repeated, looking far off across the fields to one well-remembered spot by the brook-side—"Ernest!"—and she paused, not willing immediately, even in question, to link that name to the next thoughts. "Burglar—thief—forger—seducer! O God! be pitiful to a poor girl that hath nowhere to go but to thee; no one to ask, no one to counsel her. Tell me—oh tell me! Show me, if need be, some sign in heaven—something that will not lie—that I may be sure; for my heart is breaking!"

No—no sign in the sky came to Nora Manton. But, just for that moment, the sky itself seemed to swoon and blacken in sympathy with her soul. For suddenly, as by the fiend's own trumpet of resurrection, there arose and stood before her an appalling memory—a memory sweet in its birth, but terrible, terrible in its new life, its return under a new guise of interpretation. The night she first saw Ernest Beckford, where was he? How did he meet her? In the counting-room, after bank hours—long after—for it was eleven o'clock at night. And how had he come in thither? Plainly by the same key with which he locked the outer-door when he left her. Yes, he had carried a key which could admit him at any time. And what right had a second bookkeeper—one of the most slightly attached of all the officers to the permanent interests of the Bank—what right had he to such a key? Who ever heard of such a one having it? And again sounded through her brain those dreadful names, "Burglar, thief, defaulter!" "O God! O God! have mercy on me!" again cried the poor girl, thrown once more upon her knees by the window, in her wrestle with this maddening suspicion.

Had he died—had he, in all his untarnished nobleness, come drifting to her feet on some river tide, and, leaning down, she had drawn him out cold, pale, drowned; had aught befallen him that was medicable by patience, by effort, by prayer: Were it captivity, she could have travelled land and sea to sit down at the dungeon-door and work for his ransom; were it long wasting sickness, night and day she could have nursed and watched him until she received him at God's hand, or herself lain down to rest beside him on the Infinite arms! Were it aught that men call bad in fortune—oh! the ineffable desirableness of any thing, or all of these, compared with her hearing him called—she could not say—think, those words again!

And as the pang of these thoughts grew sharper her perception became more intense, and every littlest spot upon the floor, every mote sky of her heart—Nora arose and felt at peace. No other proof than this little stranded boat, her own, with all its freight of beautiful hope, by right of salvage, had she that Ernest *loved* her. She knew that in his eyes she had always seen the same electrical sparkle of glad surprise that her heart felt when they met. She knew that he never spoke aught to her the few times that she had been in society together, in flattery, in badinage, in surface-talk, that he came to her with such an earnestness as characterized his manner to none else, that he spoke to her of deeps within his heart such as men seldom descend into in a woman's presence, but never had his lips told her any thing like the burden which that little boat carried. Yet in her heart she knew that she loved Ernest Beckford, giving him the passionate first-fruits of a soul that has just crossed the threshold and come to the altar of the holily beautiful temple of Womanhood. This she knew, and the Spirit that takes care of such as she, told her through her fresh, unblunted woman-instinct, that the man who launched that little paper pinnace was worthy—was able to give her back love for love.

"God and Ernest forgive me!" were the first words she spoke. And for the first time now she wept—wept tenderly and quietly. Not such tears as might have come to her fevered eyes a moment before—like hot and bitter springs of brine boiling up among the dryness of desert sand, but tears that seemed rather to fall from above on her blue eyes as the dew from heaven upon thirsty violets—a life-bringing overflow from the upper exhaustless fountains. Through these refreshed eyes of hers she looked out and saw all things new; the very cloud-veil of her tears had a sweet faith-rainbow in it, and all distrust was washed out of her heart like dust

"PRINCES SEVEN, ENCHAINING HANDS, BEAR THE LIVE HEAD HOMEWARD."—(BY MILLAIS.)

that floated in the sunshine past her window, every thing was noticed, and left a distinct, painful impression on a mind melted like wax in the fire of trouble. And each object brought its suggestion, its reminiscence. Sitting by this window, how often had she thought of *him* within the last few weeks, with her eyes fixed on one luxuriant Persian lilac which blossomed just by the garden wall. It had become dear to her because her eyes rested on its sweet, weakly pillow of purple when her heart was reposing on such delicious reveries. And now it seemed as if each delicate trumpet of all those overladen spikes of blossom were plainly visible by itself, and had its own faint, funereal strain—audible to the heart, if not to the ear. Looking beyond the little grassy slope and terraced pottery below it, which formed the garden of the Bank, her eyes caught a glimpse of the brook, revealed between thick alder clumps. In the sun it shone like a pool of gold. The serpentine line which it described, backward up into the meadows, was invisible by reason of the high grass and shrubbery that fringed its banks. Yet Nora from childhood knew all its windings, and by her mind's eye followed up the stream toward its head, but stopped at a certain rock, above whose jutting foot a little eddy spun lazily forever, dimple chasing dimple all the summer's day. Once more she stooped down and drew a small paper-boat ashore from the great waters against which it lay waterlogged, and seeing handwriting therein, spread it open, with a quickened beating of the heart, to read—

"All the life of the young man is but a pilgrimage from one sweet woman's breast to one other. From the bosom out of whose life he came he goes voyaging wearily, painfully, and rest he hath none, until he comes to the bosom with whose life he is to be one for evermore. Ernest—Nora."

As if a great shadow had been lifted from her eyes—as if that sign for which she had asked Heaven had suddenly dawned forth in the inner from parched and rained-on leaves.

"He is not false to God," she said in her heart, calmly; "he is not false to himself—to the thought of him that I have cherished day and night so long—the thought that has grown beautiful and great until it has overshadowed all other things in my soul, and made them silts to water its roots. The whole world may forsake him, yet will not I! He may be taken to prison or to death—all tongues may speak him ill—all faces that can look into his noble eyes and then laugh at him, may laugh! I can wipe off with one tear of mine all scorn of their thin his proud fair forehead can not shed, and, O God! if thou wilt give—if thou hast given—his love to me, I will kiss his heart into patience, into hope, through his dear lips! He is pure! He is true! Ernest! as God liveth, I will never—never—*never* leave thee nor forsake thee!"

She knelt once more, no longer in the silence of an unutterable anguish, but the silence of a God-steadied soul, prepared to meet the worst in the jointless panoply of Faith. Luke Green—a weak, sick, childish, old father—all the talk, the thought, the action of that vague Protean monster which we call the World—the direst, ugly-looking suspicions—were on one side, Nora Manton would put her hand in Ernest Beckford's and stand on the other, under the shadowing wings of God's young daughter, Faith, which is standing with God."

And I have noticed that it is not an unhappy thing, this standing in a minority of two or three when God is one of them.

She knelt in prayer. And having received strength anew, bathed her temples and her eyes, and returned to her father. Returned, too, with so much additional helpful courage and strength beaming from her, that its prodigal largess of overflow being quaffed by the poor old man, exhilarated him into an utter forgetfulness that he had shown Luke Green the door. And all that evening, instead of having the paper read to him and going to sleep, he sat on the back couch and told stories of his boyhood, while, with a brow of chastened cheerfulness and love, Nora sat at his feet, the moon filling on her brown hair.

Such a godlike quality there is in having met the fiend, come he in what shape he may—temptation, doubt, pain, or death—and conquered him by faith, that the good of victory is not a mere selfish benefit, a reward to the soul that has fought, but also makes that soul a centre of new force for other and weaker spirits. With more than enough strength for personal, present living we come out of our gymnasium—with our superfluity we lift every poor soul one that touches us up to a higher level of soul-life. It is, therefore, better to conquer pain than never to have it and float pleasantly down the tide. And so felt Nora Manton, sitting at her father's feet that night listening to stories that pleased *him*, while she did not know at that moment where, under God's wide silvery sky of night, Ernest Beckford was standing—knew only that *God has never been known to desert true souls.*

THE LEGEND OF THE HEAD OF BRAN.

[BRAN was a king of England in the old fabulous British history; and the legend says that Bran's head was cut off by his order, carried by seven Princes to the White Mount, the site of the present Tower of London, and there buried, looking toward France. So long as the head lay there, said the legend, no invasion could come from over sea.]

I.

WHEN the Head of Bran
Was firm on British shoulders,
God made a man!
Cried all beholders.

Steel could not resist
The weight his arm would rattle;
He, with naked fist,
Has brain'd a knight in battle.

He march'd on the foe,
And never counted numbers;
Foreign widows know
The hosts he sent to slumbers.

As a street you scan,
That's tower'd by the steeple,
So the Head of Bran
Rose o'er his people.

II.

"Death's my neighbor,"
Quoth Bran the Blest;
"Christian labor
Brings Christian rest.

"AND SEEING HANDWRITING THEREIN, SPREAD IT OPEN," ETC.

From the trunk sever
The Head of Bran,
That which never
Has leat to man!

"That which never
To men has bow'd,
Shall live ever
To shame the shroud:
Shall live ever
To face the foe;
Sever it, sever,
And with one blow.

"Be it written,
That all I wrought
Was for Britain,
In deed and thought:
Be it written,
That, while I die,
Glory to Britain!
Is my last cry."

III.

Crimson-footed, like the stork,
From great ruts of slaughter,
Warriors of the Golden Torque,
Cross the lifting water.
Princes seven, enchaining hands,
Bear the live head homeward.
Lo! it speaks, and still commands;
Gazing far out foamward.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THE MISTRESS OF The Parsonage.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

PART III.

In our drives about the country a favorite point of interest was a mansion of gray stone, that stood isolated and tenantless amidst thick trees that formed a perfect grove around it, and gave the place a dark air of mystery that possessed for me a strange fascination.

Mr. Winnesile always stopped the horse there that I might gaze upon the house as long as I liked; and he had told me laughingly that it was haunted. The almost perpetual twilight made by those trees rendered it a fitting place for the perpetration of a dark deed, and I shuddered as I looked upon it. Well might I shudder, for the trail of the serpent was upon it.

One mild day in March we drove toward the stone house; but as we approached it we saw several workmen busily engaged upon it. Some were altering windows, others were clearing away the rubbish of dead leaves and brushwood that had accumulated around the house, and others were here and there lopping down a tree that obscured the view. These were unmistakable signs of coming occupants; and I felt a pang of regret that the neglected old place which I had looked upon almost as mine should be thus disturbed.

Mr. Winnesile spoke to one of the men, who advanced respectfully to the carriage, and in answer to his inquiries told us that the place was being repaired for the owner, Mrs. Otcheson, who might be expected there some time in May.

"A widow, then?" was the natural query.

"Oh no, Sir!" replied the man, with a peculiar smile, "The lady has a husband."

THE BUDS.

We did not wish to question the man any further, and drove homeward—talking, as we went, of the place and the new-comers. I felt quite excited upon the subject, but my husband took it more calmly.

Every time that we passed now the house presented some new phase of improvement. One day a tasteful portico had been added—then a bay-window—then a trellis-work for climbing plants. The guiding hand in all these alterations was evidently one of exquisite taste, and I felt considerable curiosity to behold the person, whom I at once decided to be Mrs. Otcheson.

Rich plate-glass glittered in all the windows, in place of the little dusty panes, obscured by cobwebs; a beautifully graveled walk wound up from the entrance-gate; and the lawn, entirely cleared of all unsightly obstructions, wore the rich velvet hue of early spring-time.

And one raw afternoon in May, as Mr. Winnesile and I passed the house on foot, returning from a visit to some poor parishioners, we saw that the long windows were draped with rich curtains; and little hands pushed aside the obscuring folds, and bright, dimpled faces looked eagerly out. The wind shook the trees, and scattered cherry-blossoms over the lawn, and delighted voices called out:

"Look, mamma! it snows! It *really* snows!" We had just concluded that it would not do to be gazing in at other people's windows, when a splendid looking woman looked forth upon the lawn, and laughed merrily at the children's mistake.

I had never seen such a woman before! A beauty perfected by all the refinements of luxury, the advantages of education, and the adornments of wealth. I do not know how long I might have stood there gazing, had not my husband drawn me away; and I thought of her continually until I saw her again.

The next day we passed Mrs. Otcheson in the road, accompanied by a gentleman whom we at once concluded to be her husband. They were a splendid looking couple; she, with her bright, glowing beauty, and he, with his classically-handsome face, pale, as if from suffering, and a melancholy, wearied look, clouding the dark splendor of his eyes.

I glanced at him again—he was *lame;* and I felt the tears coming into my eyes as I raised them to his face. Those dark eyes were bent upon me so earnestly that I withdrew mine in confusion, and the warm color rushed into my face.

The strangers were evidently settled in their new quarters, and it was time for the neighbors to show them some attention. Mr. Winnesile and I were among the first who called, and that visit opened to me an entirely new phase of existence.

The hall door stood wide open; and as we approached a gay figure flitted from the window, and Mrs. Otcheson came forward to receive us.

"The very persons whom I most wish to see!" she exclaimed with an easy grace, seizing me by both hands; "Pardon my freedom, Mr. Winnesile," she continued, "but I always say exactly what I feel."

Her manner was caressing in the extreme; and I felt flattered that this beautiful, distinguished-looking woman should treat me with such affectionate consideration.

She ushered us into a room that fairly dazzled my eyes with a perpetual view of crushed flowers. Our feet sank into them on pressing the soft and yielding carpet. Sofas, chairs, and sofas seemed strewn with them, and the room well deserved the name bestowed upon it of "summer parlor."

I was half-bewildered, and almost afraid to sit down any where, our plain Parsonage was so different; but Mrs. Otcheson specially deputed me upon a sofa, and placed herself beside me. She talked so fast that I could scarcely notice her minutely; but I saw her many, too many times afterward, and her portrait is distinctly impressed upon my memory.

She was perhaps thirty years of age; not very tall, but decidedly inclined to fullness, and her complexion reminded me of milk and water. I can think of no comparison so appropriate; it had, here and there, the beautiful *blue* tinge produced by the mixture of those liquids, and her neck and shoulders, which she wore very much exposed, were a perfect study. Her face was very like the portraits of Martha Washington taken in her youth, except that the hair and eyes were lighter.

She was dressed in an apricot-colored silk, with a scarf of some cloud-like texture floating away from her shoulders; and her diminutively beautiful hands were covered with gems that seemed, to my inexperienced eye, enough to buy the whole of Meadowbrook.

There was an air of luxury every where, from Mrs. Otcheson herself to the minutest adornment of the lordly mansion; and I sat in a half-dreamy state, only roused by the discovery that I was being minutely scanned by the smiling eyes of my new acquaintance.

We inquired after Mr. Otcheson. "He did not appear to be in very good health," my husband added.

Mrs. Otcheson looked puzzled for a moment.

"Oh," said she, with a merry laugh (merry laughs were frequent with her), "that was Oscar—my brother, I mean—whom you saw with me the other day. I will show you the conservatory, if it will not fatigue you too much, and probably we shall come across him in our rambles. He is rather sensitive, poor fellow!"

MRS. OTCHESON AT THE PIANO.

We walked through two or three more elegant rooms before we entered the conservatory. It was very spacious, and beautifully fitted up, with a queer little room opening out of it, from which came the sounds of children's voices.

A gentleman sat there, surrounded by the bright faces we had seen in the window; and as he turned at our approach, I encountered again those singular eyes that seemed to exercise a magical power over me. I wished to retreat, and managed to get behind my husband, to whom the gentleman was at once introduced as "my brother, Mr. Pendleigh;" and then I was drawn forth from my hiding-place, and my name was pronounced by Mrs. Otcheson in a very indifferent manner.

I turned to the children, in order to conceal my embarrassment; but the pretty little creatures whom I had admired ran directly in my face, and attracted the attention of the whole party to me by exclaiming:

"Why, mamma, Oscar can look exactly like the picture of an angel in my story-book!"

Mrs. Otcheson laughed and looked at her brother.

"Harry is practicing pretty speeches early," said she.

"Harry speaks, as all children speak, directly from the heart," replied Mr. Pendleigh, quickly.

He spoke in a low tone, and I am quite sure Mr. Winnesile did not hear him.

Mr. Pendleigh's manner puzzled me extremely. I felt very sorry for him, and very much interested in him; but at the same time I was rather afraid of him. He broke off the chinese buds in the conservatory, which he carried about with him until the moment of our departure, and then gave them handed to me with a low bow. I took them mechanically; and then my children dabbled in the embrace of Mrs. Otcheson, who said, as she kissed me,

"Now remember that, since you have found the way, you are to run over here very often without ceremony. I am an old married woman, you know, while you have no cares."

This speech, uttered in quite a loud tone, struck me as a little singular. Had she forgotten that I, too, was married? Or did she only refer to her children? Mr. Pendleigh's manner to Mr. Winnesile was respectful in the extreme—reverential, I thought—and my husband appeared very much pleased with him.

Our visit was returned with flattering expedition by Mrs. Otcheson and her brother. "Mr. Otcheson," she said, "was so much immersed in business that he had scarcely time to visit his own family."

Mr. Winnesile had gone out, and I was left to the formidable ordeal of receiving the visitors alone. Mrs. Otcheson evidently saw my embarrassment, and kindly endeavored to relieve it. She praised the Parsonage, admired its situation, and the roses that clustered around the windows; and, finally, she talked herself out into the porch, leaving me to what I particularly dreaded, the strange scrutiny of Mr. Pendleigh's eyes.

He must have perceived that they troubled me, for he suddenly withdrew them, and, much to my surprise, gave vent to the following remark:

"I should think, Miss Winnesile, that you would sometimes feel rather lonely here, even with your father's company?"

"My father's company?" I repeated, somewhat bewildered.

"Perhaps," he continued, "he is too much of a student to leave his books very often? I should judge so from his appearance."

"Is it possible," I asked, with a faint glimmering of the truth, "that you supposed Mr. Winnesile to be my father?"

"I did," said he with a smile. "He is your uncle, then?"

"No," I replied, as calmly as possible; "he is my husband."

Mr. Pendleigh started to his feet. The expression of his face frightened me. He stood there looking at me for a moment, and then rushed to the door to meet his sister, who was just entering.

Mrs. Otcheson's face was troubled in a moment; but, passing her arm through her brother's, she desired me to excuse them for a short time, as he had been seized with a sudden illness, from which he would soon recover.

They went out together, and conversed earnestly for a few moments. Then Mrs. Otcheson returned alone. Her brother, she said, had desired her to excuse his abrupt conduct to me; but he was subject to these attacks, which often seized him at most unaccountable seasons. He hoped soon to have the pleasure of making his apology in person.

"What were you saying to Oscar just as I came in?" inquired my visitor. "It seemed to be a very animated conversation."

"We were talking of Mr. Winnesile, my husband," I replied. "Mr. Pendleigh, it appears, suspected him to be my father!"

"*Your husband!*" exclaimed Mrs. Otcheson, with a little start. "Is he really your husband?"

"Did you not know this?" I asked, abruptly, for something in Mrs. Otcheson's manner engendered the suspicion that this was all acting.

She smiled at what she called my naiveness, "and replied, gaudedly, that one would not be led to form such a supposition from my appearance.

"But how could this have happened?" continued the lady. "Forgive my freedom, but you are such a mere child—were you left to Mr. Winnesile's guardianship when an infant, or were you rescued by him from some dreadful death—or what *could* possibly have brought you two together?"

"Neither," I replied, proudly, my lip quivering at the recollection of all my husband's tenderness. "I was a poor, oppressed orphan, struggling as an ill-paid teacher for my daily bread, and to Mr. Winnesile I owe all that I have, and all the love and duty I could give would but ill repay him."

I had burst into tears, and Mrs. Otcheson wound her arm caressingly about me with soothing epithets. There was something about this woman which I could not fathom. But the moment before I had almost hated her, and now I was sobbing upon her bosom, drawn there by an irresistible power of attraction which some mortals possess.

"This is noble in you!" said Mrs. Otcheson, dropping a tear or two in sympathy with mine. "My husband, too, is a great deal my senior; but I just am bound with *golden* fetters, not those of love. My story, if told, would be found very similar to that of 'Auld Robin Gray.'"

It did not strike me at the time as strange that a woman could communicate to a perfect stranger a fact like this; so much is there in "manner" that I considered Mrs. Otcheson as very much to be pitied for her misfortunes. When I knew her better, I transferred my pity to *Mr.* Otcheson.

We had quite a long interview, and I became calm again, and promised frequent visits; and at last, with many kind messages for Mr. Winnesile, my visitor took her departure.

When alone, I sat and thought these things all over, and I could not make them quite straight; but, while deep in my reverie, my husband's hands were suddenly placed over my eyes, as he saluted me as "Mrs. Grave-face."

I laughed, and told him of my visitors; and he said, with a brightening smile, that Mrs. Otcheson was very kind, and he was glad I had found such agreeable acquaintances. Mr.

Pendleigh, he said, was a noble-looking fellow: we must do all in our power to make him forget his misfortune.

Poor Arthur!

The first Sunday after their arrival there appeared at church Mrs. Otcheson and the children, and an elderly gentleman with stiff, white hair brushed up very high. Mr. Otcheson stood up very erect, and took very loud responses, and seemed determined to render himself as imposing as possible; but what a contrast to *her!*

The family attracted much attention; and poor Mr. Durrell, the young candidate for priest's orders then now and then officiated in Mr. Winnelsie's place, dealt forth his amiable platitudes with even less success than usually for all eyes were constantly traveling in the direction of that one pew. Mrs. Otcheson's beautiful face seemed to look forth from a rose-colored cloud, the effect of the plumes in her bonnet; while the children, with their costly legbarness and rich white flounces, their dresses in the latest Paris style, and faces and air minatures of the mother, were specimens of childhood not often seen in Meadowbrook.

So the good people looked, as country people will; and Miss Sally Simes maliciously remarked that "she supposed we should all be turned upside down now." Notwithstanding which prediction the people of Meadowbrook confessed, without an exception, to look on their feet as they had hitherto done.

Mr. Otcheson was seldom visible save on Sunday, being generally immersed in his ledger and daybook in the city to enjoy his country-home. He looked like a long skeleton-up line of figures; and Mrs. Otcheson might perhaps be excused for any thing but marrying him.

I stopped at the house one morning, at rather an unseasonable hour, on an errand for Mr. Winnelsie; and Mrs. Otcheson declines that nothing could be pleasanter, and I should go directly up to her "sanctum," as she called it, and be perfectly at home.

Her energetic volubility conquered me; and finding all my objections overruled, I suffered myself to be persuaded, and followed her up the broad flight of richly-carpeted stairs to a large room in the second story.

The same taste was displayed in every part of the house; and in answer to my admiring remarks, Mrs. Otcheson said that one would scarcely suppose a gentleman to be the prime mover of all.

"Mr. Otcheson?" and I, inquiringly.

"Mercy, no!" she replied, quite pettishly; "Mr. Otcheson couldn't tell pink from blue, or green from red. The slightest inconsistency offends Oscar's quick eye; and I often think that, with his ultra-refinement, he is scarcely a fit companion for a man of the world of this commonplace sphere."

Mrs. Otcheson seemed devoted to her brother; and in a deep, saintly affection appeared to me very beautiful. Oh! what short-sighted creatures we are! But it must be remembered that I might as well have spent my life in a convent, for all the knowledge I had of the world and the world's iniquities; and Mr. Winnelsie, with his thoughts like mountains half lost in heaven, was not much wiser.

The room was furnished with green—a light, spring-like tint; and rich lace draped the toilet-table and windows. What intricacies of the toilet were here displayed in dazzling splendor! Cut-glass bottles filled with perfumes, wonderful pomades, and mother-of-pearl dressing-combs—in short, every thing that wealth and taste could devise. I had scarcely imagined such luxury; and I thought of the severely plain Arcadian morning that these surroundings with the ease of a cow in a flower-bed.

Mrs. Otcheson noticed me in a fastened that quite frightened me, so low did I sink into its cushioned depths; and I should scarcely have been surprised had I been gently let down through some trap-door.

"Now," said my smiling friend, "this is just as it should be. I am quite lonely to-day, for Oscar has gone on some erratic expedition to the city, and your arrival was quite *apropos*. This is my own particular domain, into which no one ventures to intrude; even the children knock at the door for permission to enter; and here I can imagine myself *free*"—she said it as if she stretched the wedding-ring on her finger—" free, I mean, from all cares."

I understood her, perhaps, as she did not wish to be understood; and I pitied her, sitting there in her luxury and misery.

We sat thus for some minutes; but suddenly Mrs. Otcheson caught my eye, and dashing off this melancholy mood, she moved quickly toward an elegant piano.

"Do you play?" said she, abruptly.

I unwisely replied in the negative; and running her fingers carelessly over the keys, she struck a few random notes, and then perceiving my absent mien, struck boldly forth into a strain of melody that pervaded my whole soul with a grand and mingled delight.

I absolutely *fed* upon that music; and when the notes ceased, and Mrs. Otcheson turned to ascertain the cause of my silence, I drew a long sigh, like one unwillingly awakened from a pleasant dream.

"Why, you are a perfect enthusiast!" she exclaimed; "and yet you have no knowledge of music? That is so singular!"

"Not so very," I replied: "a musical education is expensive, and I was educated upon very economical principles."

"Very frankly spoken," said Mrs. Otcheson; "I like that. But I have a proposal to make," she continued, "which is, that you commence taking lessons forthwith, with me for your teacher. I see that you would be an apt scholar, and it will be a real charity to provide me with some employment. Let us begin at once."

The proposition was a tempting one, but I hesitated to accept it until I had consulted Mr. Winnelsie. I did not know that he would wish me to accept this favor from a stranger.

Mrs. Otcheson laughed when I spoke of my husband.

"Well," said he, "you *are* an obedient little wife—you are but a child yet."

I turned the conversation with the rather abrupt remark, "Your brother was not at church on Sunday?"

"No," she replied; "it the truth is, Oscar very rarely goes to church—he does not approve of it."

"Does not *approve* of it?" I repeated.

"No," continued Mrs. Otcheson, apologetically; "Oscar has some very peculiar views, and one of these is that going to church is a species of vanity. He can worship God, he says, better in the open air—in every thing."

"It strikes me," thought I, "he doesn't worship Him at all." I was silent, and could scarcely have been more shocked had Mr. Pendleigh appeared visibly before me and displayed a cloven foot.

"We have always thought it best," said Mrs. Otcheson, "to humor Oscar—during that time, and perhaps some gentle influence, might wean him from these strange notions. He is a great admirer of Mr. Durrell, perhaps, Mrs. Winnelsie, if you were to take him in hand, you might be able to convert him from his heathenism."

"I should be very glad to do him any service in my own goodness to undertake the reformation of another, and here the conversation dropped.

I was quite frightened at discovering how the hours had slipped away, and I departed home for fear that my husband might become uneasy.

Mr. Winnelsie was delighted with the music-plan, and thought it a very kind thing for me. I should go there, he said, as often as I liked; and he appeared to think that Mrs. Otcheson would be a very fit object of conferring a favor. I told him about Mr. Pendleigh, and he was quite troubled.

"Poor Arthur!" he said; "poor, deluded fellow! There is a great deal more of this in the world than you imagine, Fairy; and we are not to sit still and fold our hands, even if we do distrust our own goodness. We must endeavor to cultivate the acquaintance of this Mr. Pendleigh, and show him that we really feel an interest in him, and perhaps, with God's help, we may be able to win him back to the truth."

And my husband, who was not one to content himself with talking, took an early opportunity to invite Mr. Pendleigh to dine, apparently as much at home at the Parsonage as he felt inclined.

"It is always cool and shaded," said he, with frank simplicity, "if it can offer no other attraction; and to an invalid like yourself a change may be very grateful."

Mr. Pendleigh seemed very much affected. He grasped Mr. Winnelsie's hand with warmth, and regarded him with the half-yearning reverence with which we look upon those whom we believe to be very much better than ourselves. "He would certainly come," he said, "as the only way in which he could show his deep appreciation of this kindness was by accepting it."

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SENATOR HUNTER OF VIRGINIA.

ROBERT M. T. HUNTER, a United States Senator from Virginia, was born in Essex County, in the eastern part of that State, on the 21st of April, 1809. His ancestors were among the first settlers in that fertile region, which lies on the southern bank of the River Rappahannock, formerly frequented by European vessels, which brought supplies of goods in exchange for tobacco. Here the Hunter family, generation after generation, successfully cultivated their estate; nor do we learn that any of them occupied public positions until James Hunter (the father of the subject of this sketch) was elected a Member of the State Legislature. He gave his son Robert a liberal education; and the young man, after having graduated at the University of Virginia, studied law with Judge Henry St. George Tucker, of Winchester, the author of several legal works, and a prominent politician in his time.

In 1830 Mr. Hunter was admitted to the bar, and commenced practice in his native county, where, in 1832, he cast his first Presidential vote for Andrew Jackson. He, however, espoused the cause of State Rights, in the attempt made by the Administration to coerce South Carolina, and was elected to the Virginia House of Delegates by the opposition in 1834. He served three years, and took a high stand as an independent, original legislator, opposing the Administration in its hostility to "nullification" and its exertions to "expunge" a resolution on the records of the Senate; yet sustaining the veto of the United States Bank and the efforts to abolish the "American system" of protective tariffs.

In 1837 Mr. Hunter was elected to the Twenty-fifth Congress as a Representative from his native District; and although he acted with those State-Rights Whigs who had supported Judge White for the Presidency, he zealously opposed a United States Bank. In an able speech, which displayed his intimate acquaintance with financial matters, he expressed his earnest desire to relieve the country from the pecuniary distress then paralyzing industry and arresting progress. "I might," said he, "perhaps escape responsibility by declaring that, as I had nothing to do in producing the present distress, so I was bound to do nothing toward restoring things to a sounder condition. Sir, I scorn the excuse. I think I see something which may be done for the good of the country, and I am willing to share the responsibility with those who will attempt it. In taking my course I form no new connections, I make no alliances; I act as I was sent here to act. I legislate not for party, but for the good of our common country. I tread all personal and party considerations in the dust when they present themselves in competition with the most important interests of the people." The course thus marked out early in life Mr. Hunter has consistently pursued; neither has he been found alternately advocating and opposing the great financial or commercial measures which have divided the country—bearing one party to step into another at a critical moment, and grasp the honors of victories already won by those who had been his opponents. His constituents appreciated his ability and his integrity, which they indorsed by a re-election.

When the Twenty-sixth Congress met the organization of the House was delayed by the first of the four memorable contests for the Speakership which have occurred during the past twenty years, and there is a curious connecting link between the first and the last. When the House met, on the 2d of December, 1839, five gentlemen presented themselves as representatives from New Jersey, which then elected by "general ticket," and exhibited their certificates, bearing the "broad seal" of the State and the signature of its Governor, William Pennington.—The seal and the signature were alike repudiated after a stormy debate; and on the 16th of December Mr. Hunter was elected Speaker by three majority.

Mr. Hunter was thus called on to preside over the House of Representatives during the troubled close of the Van Buren administration, and so discharged his arduous duties as to receive a unanimous vote of thanks at the expiration of the term.

Re-elected to the Twenty-seventh Congress, Mr. Hunter found himself one of the minority combating the measures introduced by the Whigs after their triumphant election of President Harrison. Bank, bankrupt, tariff, and loan bills were opposed by Mr. Hunter with equal zeal; and during the last session he aided in repealing one of these measures—the bill for the relief of bankrupts, passed at the first session.—His opposition to a National Bank was, however, used against him with effect during the next canvass, and he had the disadvantages arising from a change in the boundaries of his district—his competitor defeating him by a small majority.

In the Presidential campaign of 1844 Mr. Hunter warmly advocated the election of James K. Polk, and was himself successful as a candidate for the House of Representatives. He cordially supported President Polk in the difficulties with England on the Northwestern boundary and in the prosecution of the war with Mexico. On the introduction of the "Wilmot Proviso" he opposed it, and has since been the uncompromising opponent of the party then formed, now known as the Republican.

Elected in 1846 a Senator of the United States from Virginia, he took his seat in December, 1847, and was placed on the Committee of Finance,

HON. ROBERT M. T. HUNTER, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM VIRGINIA.

[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.]

of which Daniel S. Dickinson, of New York, was Chairman. There has not, from that day to the present time, been a prominent question before the Senate which he has not—clearly, briefly, and emphatically—given his views upon. He has made it comparatively few long speeches, but has left the impress of his intellect upon nearly every subject debated. Ever ready to maintain the rights of Virginia, and to sustain the honor of the South, it has nevertheless been truly said of him that he has distinguished himself for that manliness of character which comprehensively grasps the future and the present; and which, divesting itself of local and sectional prejudices, seeks so to legislate as to increase the prosperity of the Union.

In 1849 Senator Hunter succeeded Senator Dickinson as Chairman of the Committee of Finance—a responsible position, which he has since held. One of his earliest acts was to advocate the establishment of a branch mint in the city of New York, in acknowledgment of which important service a large body of citizens tendered him a public dinner. In declining it, on account of pressing engagements at home, he set forth the position taken by Great Britain in extending for the empire of trade and the supremacy of the seas, and declared that if Brother Jonathan is to enter the contest New York must take the lead. "Sea is," said he, "already giving evidence that she accepts her destiny, and is preparing for the conflict. Her lines of magnificent steamers, if they do not girdle the earth, will expangle the oceans in more directions than one; her commercial enterprise and ambition are worldwide in their extent. In such an undertaking as this may all good omens attend and all success reward her. In such a struggle she has the right to expect the fostering care of American legislation. She may justly demand all proper facilities for commerce, the whole machinery of the mint and assay office, and whatever shipbuilding system adjusted to her wants, and whatever legislation may be necessary to enable her to maintain a free commercial competition with the rest of the world. The very creation of such an emporium as New York would then become, and be eminently conservative of peace abroad and harmony at home; for all its vast interests would be staked to some extent on the peace of the world, and wholly upon contented home."

As Chairman of the Committee on Finance Senator Hunter has been obliged to take a leading part in the discussion of all tariff questions, and he has adhered strictly to his original position—that no more money is to be raised off duties on foreign imports than would be just sufficient for the support of the Government, honestly administered. This has prompted him to keep down, so far as he has been in his power, the expenditures of the Government. "I think," he said, last year, "we are in more danger from an increased taxation, and from a contest in regard to a high tariff and revenue, and all those questions, than we are from any thing else just now; and, under that belief, I have felt it to my duty to vote even against some good appropriations if I believed they could be postponed without any serious detriment to the country."

Senator Hunter is not, however, disposed to cripple American industry by adhering to a tariff policy calculated to depress it. In a speech made last year, in reply to Senator Simmons, of Rhode Island, Mr. Hunter, the Senator from Rhode Island made an appeal to us in the name of the American laborer; and whenever he speaks on that subject he moves my sympathies, because he is eloquent and sincere; he touches my heart, if he fails to convince my head; but when I come to look coolly upon it, I find that my theory of doing it is very different from his. I, too, would aid the American laborer. The paths we would pursue to reach the same end diverge most widely. I would cheapen the axe with which he hews his way into the forest; the saw and the plow with which he wrings from the reluctant grasp of mother earth a hard-earned subsistence for his wife and his children; the blacksmith who covers him by night, and the coat which shields him by day against the storms and the rigors of winter. I would diminish the price of the bolt with which the sailor fastens the side of his ship together, and cheapen the cordage which holds the spars in their places: and if in justifiable means in my power I would open to him every port upon all the seas. I would cheapen to the mechanic all the tools which he used and the clothes which he wore; I would cheapen to him the sugar that sweetens the cup that cheers but not inebriates: I would relieve him from the load of dependence for his subsistence upon luxuries to be extracted from the hard earnings of his fellow-laborer. I would extend, because I would cheapen the cost of making, that iron path upon which our citizens of every degree are passing day and by night in pursuit of their objects of pleasure or of profit. In short, Sir, I would open wide the door to the self-development of American industry, and leave it free to pursue the best of its own genius; and if it did not then achieve whatever is grand and useful, or curious and beautiful in art, the fault would not rest upon the want of proper opportunity, but upon its own incapacity. Myself, I am willing to abide by the result. I do not distrust the capacity of my countrymen to do as much as has been effected by any other nation in founding empires or building up industrial systems."

While Senator Hunter has been diligently engaged at Washington others have attempted to supplant him in the affections of the Democrats of Virginia, but without success. When the Member of Statesmen and of Presidents" inaugurated the proud monument erected at her Capitol in honor of George Washington, Senator Hunter was the orator selected, and truly grand was his finished and philosophical production. He has been again re-elected to the Senate of the United States, and is undoubtedly the chosen candidate of the Virginian Democracy for President.

In person Senator Hunter is not a brilliant man. Grave and sincere, the expression of his countenance is peculiarly quiet and subdued—often languid and indifferent. His hair is jet black, and his complexion is swarthy. His form is compact, and there is an intimation of slowness and sophlegm in his movements; if he has passions they have little effect upon his exterior—the iron stove scarcely glows with the intensity of internal fire. His attire is careless; his manners are frank and cordial. No suspicion or taint has ever clouded his political career; no flock of lobby harpies flock around him; and he is evidently disposed to be governed by the dictates of his own conscience rather than by the edicts of a caucus. In short, he is the impersonification of that great truth proclaimed by Mr. Jefferson, in the letter which he drew up for presentation by Virginia to George the Third: "The true art of governing is the art of being honest; and to acquire that does not need the advice of many counselors."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1860.

SUBVENTIONS TO OCEAN STEAMERS.

UNANSWERABLE statistics show that the vast empire of the seas, which ten years ago was nearly ours, is again passing into the grasp of England. The steam navy of England is driving not only our sailing-vessels, but our steamers also from the American Ocean. Our operation is gradual, but steady. In the year 1857, out of forty-two steamers plying between this country and the European ports were American, and thirty-one English, French, or German; in the year 1859, out of forty-six steamers plying regularly across the Atlantic, only five were American and forty-one were foreign. In other words, in two years the steam service across the Atlantic increased ten and a half per cent.; but in the same period the foreign steamships on the route increased thirteen per cent., while the American steamships declined over fifty per cent.

In seeking for the causes of this palpable defeat of our steamship-owners by foreigners, we discover that British ship-owners enjoy a marked advantage in a subvention granted by the British Government. That Government sagaciously devotes a large sum annually to the maintenance of the Cunard line of steamers, which the members can afford to carry passengers and freight at cost; the money they receive from the English Government, in the guise of mailpay, affords a handsome profit upon the capital invested by their owners. This places them in a position far superior to that of any American line. The same policy is employed by the Canadian line, which receives a similar annual aid from the Government of Canada. Other lines—the screw line from New York to Liverpool, the Collins line, and the Havre line—likewise receive aid, in one shape or another, from the British Government. The statesmen of England have long since arrived at the conclusion that a few hundred thousand pounds would be well invested in driving American steamships off the Atlantic. How well they have succeeded in the figures given above sufficiently show.

Our steamships received nothing but a bare remuneration for transporting the mails from port to port. They were not, like the Cunard line, paid a large subsidy to the Collins steamers. Unhappily Mr. Collins and his associates had neither the sagacity nor the discretion which were requisite to retain the boon. Instead of relying on the patriotism and sagacity of Congress, it is loudly asserted that they undertook to buy up members and Senators, and, as was sure to be expected, the result was the loss of their annual grant. An odor of corruption and roguery hung round the line, and it died of its death. It was badly managed, badly officered, and badly engineered in every way. If Mr. Collins had been content with the same allowance as the Cunard vessels receive from the British Government, and if he had forborne to seek that by scheming and intriguing, he would have enjoyed it still, and the line would still have been in existence.

However, we may let by-gones be by-gones. The question is now, shall any thing be done for the salvation of our steam navy? We, in this journal, have always taken the democratic ground that Government subventions to lines of steamers were wrong in principle, and tendency of the fatal protective system. We hold that if the steamship business be good and profitable, our people can safely be trusted to engage in it; if it be not good and profitable, it is waste of time and money to tax the people at large to make it so. But in this case a distinction must be drawn on national grounds. High national reasons forbid us to suffer the domination of the Atlantic Ocean to pass into the hands of Europeans. In the event of war, the vast preponderance of Great Britain's steam navy would place this country at great disadvantage. The question, therefore, for our representatives at Washington is, whether these national considerations are of sufficient weight to induce us to follow England in her plan of subsidizing lines of Atlantic steamers, so long as she persevers in that policy?

We can not but think that Mr. Dallas—whose presence at the Court of St. James has been thus far purely ornamental—might render a good service to his country by bringing this subject under the notice of the British Government. If that Government would agree to abandon its present subsidy to the Cunard steamers we ought to let our steamers shift for themselves. But if the British Government perseveres in protecting the great British line, then, if it be of national consequence to us to have an American line, there would seem to be no alternative for this country but to follow the example, unsound as it is in principle.

EXPLOSIONS OF STEAM-BOILERS.

ESSENTIAL as steam is to the development of the industrial, manufacturing, and commercial prosperity of this country, recent catastrophes are lending many to regard its drawbacks as almost counterbalancing its advantages. So much property and so many lives are being daily destroyed by explosions of steam-boilers that, if it were impossible to devise proper remedies for such accidents, it would almost become a question whether we had not better dispense altogether with so terrible an agent of mischief. Happily for the cause of mechanical and scientific progress, very few accidents have occurred thus far which can not be legitimately traced to carelessness in some shape or other.

Unscientific boilers are apt, whenever an explosion occurs, to lay the blame on the boiler maker. Undoubtedly some boilers are made of unsound iron, and hanging would be a mild punishment for the manufacturers who, for a trifling gain, expose their fellow-creatures to such risks as explosions involve in large cities. But the vendors who talk of iron being "bright and shiny on the edge," and therefore "apparently rotten," are not always reliable. Boiler makers and manufacturers have the best reasons in the world for using none but the best iron. It is not reasonable to believe that either the one or the other will wantonly sacrifice their commercial standing, the work of years, and jeopardize the lives of every one within half a mile of the material which they furnish for so important a purpose, simply because by so doing they can add a trifle to their bank account. Nor is it at all plausible to say that a boiler maker of known reputation is going to slight his work in some particular or fraction of others, when doubtless his productions—the produce of his skill and capital—dot the country far and wide in the United States and scores of roads and seas.

We do not mean to say that bad iron is never used in the manufacture of boilers; but in most cases of accident we believe the real cause will be found to lie in the carelessness of the operatives intrusted with the management of the boilers. For instance, according to the evidence given at the recent coroner's inquest in Brooklyn, it appears that fires were started overnight, and left "banked" all night with some but a small supply of water; and it also appears (though no mention is made of it) no means were provided for supplying the water needed. Now boilers need water if fire is kept in them, whether working or not; there are leakages and condensation going on continually, which are exhaustive, and which no engineer can foresee. To conduct a boiler with out means of running in water. Need any further cause be sought for the terrible loss of life in this case?

Similar instances abound. A case has come to our knowledge in which a blind man, in the State of Massachusetts, ran a locomotive, accompanied by his wife, with the consent of the superintendent and directors. We can point to places in this city where the proprietors of steam-vessels intrust their boilers are in an unsafe condition, and yet go on every day with a serene calmness, trusting to luck and a boy's supervision; not realizing that they have in their vaults a boiler which rends bands of iron and brass as a man as straw. Then, when "misfortune" overtakes them, we have the melancholy fact over again—"had iron," "no safety-valve," etc., etc.

If our Legislature could spare a few days for the railroad and steamboat railroad plunder bills which now engross the attention of members, they might do some good by enacting laws imposing heavy penalties on parties owning steam-engines and boilers recklessly managed, and employing men who are not engineers, but, technically speaking, "stoppers and starters;" overloading safety-valves, and committing other similar imprudences. Under such restrictions steam would be rendered safer in its use, better in its action, and more profitable to its proprietors.

Steam cylinders should be increased. Steam at sixty-five pounds pressure per square inch is more effective, and works with more economy to each and every part of the engine, the boiler included, than smaller cylinders with higher pressure. It is a common practice in factories to get a little engine, and "work her up," as they call it. We have asked one engineer in the city here what power he called his engine (seeing that it was labouring very hard, and fairly staggering under its load—it was one of 11½ bore and 22 in stroke). "Oh!" said he, "it's about 30-horse." He carried seventy-five pounds steam to the square inch, and thought he was getting 30-horse power out of it! This is but a sample of one from many. Engineers crack on steam as much as they can fairly get; hang on pokers, weights, shaft-couplings, and whatever comes to hand; then, when they finally "work her up," we have the old tragedy over again.

The main evil is, that sufficient attention is not paid to hiring capable men to work engines. If a manufacturer wants a book-keeper, he takes pains to ascertain if he be reliable and honest; but if he wants an engineer he takes the first that comes with his certificate, and that is often offhand, often at so low a rate of wages that no careful, sober, intelligent man would accept the place. There are a few places in this city where good prices are paid to engineers. Now these incompetent and underpaid men are not so much to blame for the disasters arising from their want of capacity or inattention as the men who hire them. The former must get a living at some rate or other, and so long as there is a demand for their services there will be plenty of them. There is no lack of engineers in the land; no lack of men who solely and religiously strive to do their duty at any and every personal hazard. But too many owners of steam-power, in this city especially, seek to save a few dollars a month by employing incompetent hands, and the result is—the old story—buildings blown up; unfortunate human beings killed by the score; and, of course, the usual verdict—"Nobody to blame!"

If the Legislature would render it incumbent on the owners of steam-engines in large cities to employ competent engineers, and would render them personally responsible for accidents where they had failed to do so, we might have to record a reform in this important matter.

AN OUTRAGE.

ON Friday last Superintendent Pilsbury, whose portrait we give on another page, tendered his resignation of the office of Superintendent of the Metropolitan Police. His ground for the step was the persistence of Messrs. Bowen, Stranahan, and Mayor Wood—Commissioners of Police—in assuming entire control of the force, and disregarding the superintendent to the mere rank of their recording clerk.

This is the first overt act of the new league between Fernando Wood and the Republicans of New York city. The object of which is to use the police in the Presidential election in November next, each (Wood and the Republicans) privately intending to cheat the other when the time comes. The object of the three members of the Police Commission who voted against this outrage is to preserve the police free from politics, and to render them a safe, moral and useful body. It now rests with Commissioner Shillman—whose casting vote remains to be thrown—to decide which side shall win.

At the time the Metropolitan Police Act was passed this journal took the ground that the measure was unsound in principle, and that, in practice, it would merely render the police a Republican instead of a Democratic machine. Thus far, we are bound to say that much has been done by the Commissioners to disprove the latter statement; the police in their hands has undoubtedly proved more efficient than it was before. But now, it seems, the mask is being thrown off; the Republican party want their reward. It rests with Mr. Shillman to decide whether they shall get it, at the cost of police efficiency in this city.

THE LOUNGER.

"WOMAN."

MICHELET has published the sequel to his "Love," which, like Palmer Cox's "Brownies," and which will not disappoint any admirer of the first book. It is very difficult to speak of the work as a whole, for, like the latter, it is alternately impassioned and scientific. And yet he says a great many noble and true things with generous eloquence. In the pendulous confidence of dependent young girls seeking their fortune in great cities, and the terrible dilemma of death or dishonor, which Mrs. Dall so calmly puts in her admirable little treatise, are presented by Michelet with a fullness and force which are startling. It affectingly rouses the maudlin sensitiveness that "women are about as well off as they can ever hope to be." Are men so? And is the position of woman in a world where men rule so palpably preferable?

The book has one fatal defect. It is only a criticism, not an experience. Michelet says truly enough that the sexes are entirely different. "Woman is not lesser man," as Tennyson sings; and this, which is designed as an analysis and exposition of what is most essentially feminine in woman, is written by a man. It is, therefore, only the writer's observation, and not an observation which can be scientifically verified; for it is an estimate of character and nature which is necessarily colored by the individuality of the observer. It is often incoherent and vaguely sentimental, but interests by its frequent shrewd insight and delicate appreciation.

Yet its key-note is the same. "Woman is born to suffer. Every great step of life is to her a wound," says our author. So in the midst of the most glowing passages the thought suddenly obtrudes, "This is not a loyal appreciation of a more

exquisite human nature; it is morbid sympathy, it is the pity of superiority, for an invalid."

In fact, Michelet's entire theory of the sexes is not of equality in diversity, but of vigor and dependence. Man is the sun, woman is the flower, living only in his light, forever leaning and yearning toward him. The husband is protector, guardian, father (Michelet says so) of the wife. Has it never entered into the mind of a Frenchman to conceive a woman robust and healthy in body, steady in nerves, profoundly cultivated in mind, calm and candid in soul, simple in manner, and of heart so loving and loyal that sentimental sophistry is impossible? Here are three hundred pages about woman, her life and love and education, and not the slightest recognition of the fact that the utter renunciation of the very thing which he declares to be the especial object of her creation may be her radiant crown of glory. The depth and sweetness and power of human character have been quite as nobly illustrated by the women who have never married as by those who have.

Yet it would be very unfair not to acknowledge the evident honest intention of Michelet to heighten the respect and reverence for women, which seems almost to have died out of Frenchmen, if their literature and their life are truthful witnesses. Of the life, Michelet, himself a Frenchman, and for many years in constant communication with the young men of France, must be taken as a competent witness—more competent than any foreign observer. The literature, however, speaks for itself. Even in George Sand's stories—and Michelet calls her "our great novelist, a woman of wonderful power"—what melancholy portraits we have! Even Consuelo tells lies. Even the best of the heroines are intellectually or morally deformed. George Sand's novels are a chorus of fiery, indignant protest against the place assigned women in the most *débonnaire* and polite of nations. How a Frenchman lifts his hat when a woman passes, and keeps his seat! What is Balzac but the cruelly calm analyst of the woman of an essentially artificial society? Shall I speak of Dumas—of Sue—of Paul de Kock, whom it is not quite decent to mention, but whose scantily-draped stories were the reading of the great middle class of French men and women? Of late he has been somewhat superseded by the younger Dumas, by About, and still more recently by Ernest Feydeau, whose last book every man who respects women will quietly put into the fire, and hold his tongue with shame, indignation, and wonder. Think for a moment how love and women are treated by the men who live and write around him, and you will better understand Michelet's two books. He has not escaped the general infection, indeed. He is too thoroughly French to understand the essential purity of women; but he is too much a man not to feel how unworthy of them are the ideas which prevail around him, and under whose influence he has been educated.

And so he addresses his book to his companions. It is in the high, sentimentally-false key in which they praise women when they praise at all. That he could not help—but it serves to win their ear and attention. Then he curiously mingles fact and science with the weak romanticism of the general strain. That, again, serves to interest them, because France is first in physiological science. The book speaks to a society which freely discusses, even in its lightest and most popular literature, what we do not mention. With all its prodigious plain speaking, therefore, it is not prurient nor indecent. It is a treatise of æsthetic physiology, or physiological æsthetics. It alludes to many facts which have been hitherto hidden in strictly scientific works, but which are no more improper here than there, and which he conceives to be essential to the better education of the French idea and treatment of women. As the public does not read those scientific works, he puts their results in a form that will be read and, as he hopes, heeded. If, he argues, the constantly fresh discoveries of science are to be made generally useful, must they not be generally known? And how can the mass of men and women know unless somebody tells them? If you ask, what is the use of such a book here? the answer is, None at all, if French morality be confined to France.

Michelet's is not the Book of Love or of Woman that a simple, noble man would conceive. The clear, heaven-pure, lark-like strain,

> "A perfect woman, nobly planned
> To warn, to comfort, and command,
> And yet an angel still, and bright
> With something of celestial light,"

is unknown to him, with all his "woman is a religion," and his sometimes maudlin raptures and rhapsodies. But it does not follow that it is bad because it is not the best. The worst man would be touched by its naïve appeal. The wisest and healthiest, while he smiled at its grotesque ecstasies, would still feel that it was an honest effort at greater justice in social relations and a truer appreciation of character

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

THE poets and enthusiasts sigh for the Indian names. Why have we not retained the rich, resonant, musical mouthfuls of nomenclature by which the red men knew the places which they shall know no more? Why was the Classical Dictionary spilt all over Western New York, ludicrously reviving those associations with names which are so poetic and enduring? A New Yorker, for instance, enjoys none of the historic charm of the word Syracuse. It has no full Sicilian flavor in his mind—no gleam for his imagination. It means only a very new and very bustling inland town, which political conventions make hideous two or three times a year. It is the same with Utica. It no longer means Cato and Roman heroism. It only means Bagg's Hotel and twenty minutes for dinner.

As you go westward matters do not mend. You dart in despair through Rome, Verona, Manlius, Syracuse, Canton, Jordan, Savannah, Clyde, Palmyra, Macedon, Rochester, Coldwater, Chili (!), Batavia, and finally alight, saddened and weary, at *Buffalo*. Upon the other road you have Camillus, Marcellus, Auburn, Waterloo, and Geneva. A man who often travels that route necessarily gradually loses the sweet significance of the names. He sees in them no more poetry, no more picturesqueness; for no sane man will contend that any of the towns mentioned are either poetic or picturesque. They are merely hasty stations thrown up by a rapidly advancing civilization.

And in saying that we have touched one of the reasons why they are so grotesquely named. The Indians were very few in number, and their names were necessarily the same. The entire population of New England, when the Pilgrims landed, is estimated to have been only about three hundred thousand; and all over the country they were a spare population. Let us not be unjust. Even along the Central Road the Indian names occur. In the midst of this classic society there are Oriskany, Canastota, Canaseraga, Chittenango (water flowing to the north), Cayuga, Seneca Falls, and Canandaigua (the place of laying down burdens). How musical, how memorable these names are! Around them, as around the old English, or German, or Italian, or Greek names, historic associations might grow and cluster. To the American in Rome the name Canaseraga would bring a sweet patriotic thrill, as when, in sooty London streets, the wandering Switzer hears the *ranz-des-vaches*. What emotion would he derive, as he stood in the Coliseum, from hearing of Rome upon the Central Road? Rapt in historic lore, and hearing of a nomination at Syracuse, "Archimides, of course," he answers, musingly.

The tradition is that some good surveyor went about districting the land, and his clerk, who had had "an eddication," consecrated his surveys with names taken from Lemprière. Doubtless they would willingly have taken the Indian names But if there were none, what could they do? One thing certainly was possible. They might have named the townships from the prevailing woods and flowers. Shrub-oak is quite as good a name for a town as Coldwater, which is probably the translation of some French name of the spot. Painted Post, on the Erie road, is a good name Live-oak would certainly have been a preferable name to Buffalo—even if the grand word Ontario had not been at hand waiting to be used. But next to the difficulty of getting a good name is that of getting rid of a bad one. So we shall probably have to bear the names we have. Perhaps Buffalo is just as prosperous as it would be under any other name. But prosperity is not every thing. A rose would smell as sweet if it were called a blood-cabbage; but it wouldn't have so pretty a name. How some of Milton's long, sonorous, refluent lines, made up entirely of names, have a breathless romance in their music! How exquisitely Charles Lamb treats names! What a weird world Edgar Poe created with his "ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir" and his "dank tarn of Auber!" Names are things. Suppose Rowena, in "Ivanhoe," had been named Dolly Jerusha, would the story have survived to be, as it now is, the most universally read book in literature?

So if we can not change the old name, we can certainly sin no more.

A PUBLIC DISGRACE.

IF some traveler in the interior of wild lands should tell us that he had found there tribes who humorously insisted upon calling themselves civilized, and who yet forced travelers who were comfortably journeying to cross broad rivers upon the ice at midnight in open sleighs and with the mercury below zero, how we should laugh at the good joke of their supposing themselves civilized, when a good bridge is one of the earliest and most excellent proofs of civilization. Nor has any body forgotten, probably, the universal execration which saluted the "Erie war" a few years since, when the inhabitants of the little town of Erie, upon the famous lake of that name, pulled up the track of a railroad, in revenge for an effort to make the gauge of different roads uniform, that passengers might go on without detention. The people of Erie were not of a temper to behold the coffee, which they had prepared for delayed and wrathful passengers, cooling upon the counter. Not they! If the companies chose to harmonize their tracks at the expense of possible custom for Erie pies and cakes (no pun is here intended), they did it at the risk of having their tracks pulled up about their heels. Those were remarkable events. If the public has forgotten them, the travelers have not. And among them the Lounger, who was turned out of a comfortable seat at night and forced to stumble and plunge through a driving snow-storm with his fellow-passengers, catching a horrible cold by the way. There was one comfort, however. The passengers resolved to abstain utterly from the pies and cakes of the agreeable little town of Erie, and so they did; pushing patiently on until they reached the borders of Christian civilization.

Yet why was it any more intolerable to be turned out of a comfortable car at Erie, to plod on to another train, than it is to be forced to cross the Hudson River at Albany to connect with all the Eastern and Western trains? Even the Gunpowder Creek in Maryland, perhaps two or three times as broad as the Hudson at Albany, is crossed upon piles; but the great current of Eastern and Western travel is stopped and confused at one of its most important points, just the one where there should be every convenience and facility. Whose is the fault? It can not be that of the H. R. R. R., or the Western Railroad, or the Central, or the Northern, the four great lines which concentrate at that point. They gain nothing by the vexation and delay. It can not be the fault of Albany, for in every way the city would gain, as indeed all cities gain by great works of public accommodation. Can it be the wish of the sister city Troy—that quiet, dignified, conservative city? What does Troy gain by it? The profit of sloop-trade? But is not that dearly bought by the execration of representatives of every part of the country, who look up the river indignantly and shake metaphoric fists at the sober little city? Will it not be dreadful that Troy should be chiefly known only as the city which incommodes the great stream of travel; throws snags into it, as it were, upon which if the passengers themselves are not wrecked, their patience is, and certainly their kindly regard for Troy is lost forever?

However, this is supposition only, about Troy. It is a city too intelligent, too refined, too generous, to favor any such dog in the manger policy as this.

A bridge at Albany is not a matter of railroad speculation only, it is an affair of general public benefit. Any thing so awkward, so confused, so troublesome to every person and thing as the present transit, is not to be seen upon any other route in the country. We New Yorkers laugh at the Camden and Amboy institution. Has it any point or practice so barbarous as ours at Albany?

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

SCENE IN THE LOBBY OF THE OPERA HOUSE.—Wichard, ole fellah, did you observe how that gurl gazed at my kervat? No, Bwyon, I did not, for there was a sweet cweature in the boxes, whose eyes were positively inverted on my boots all the evening.

One day as Mr. C—— was limping down the High Street of Edinburgh, from the Court of Sessions, he overheard a young lady say to her companion rather loudly, "That is Mr. C——, the lame lawyer." Upon which he turned round, and, with his usual force of expression, said, "No, madam, I am a lame man, but not a lame lawyer."

STRANGE WAGER.—Many whimsical things are done in Paris. A man named Dessanges, who had not money enough, and one Laffarge, who had too much, laid a singular wager. Dessanges bet Laffarge that he would sit upon the parapet of the Pont Neuf from seven in the morning till five in the evening, for one month, and that he would make all kinds of grimaces the whole of the time. He has already been at his post nearly a fortnight, but he is obliged to have a friend by his side to inform those that pass by that he is not making faces at them, but that he is merely doing it for a wager. Hour after hour this friend is occupied in giving the public this piece of information, and people as they pass by him say to one another, "Never mind, that fellow is not making faces at us." By this extraordinary wager Dessanges realizes forty francs a day. The crowd increases to such an extent to get a peep at the *grimacier* that it is thought the police will cause his removal.

HAVING THE ADVANTAGE.—Tom Hobbs was a queer fellow in his day. Tom would drink like a fish, and when he had taken his fifth glass of a morning, no man possessed more shrewdness. When in this condition, and in his happiest mood, Tom one morning met a gentleman on horseback, whom he had never put eyes upon before. As is customary in the country, Tom immediately accosted him: "Ah! here you are, my good fellow, how d'ye do? Upon my honor it does my heart good to see you once more. How's your family, and the old woman? We haven't seen her this long time! When is she coming down to see my wife?" "I am quite well, I thank you," said the gentleman; "but indeed, Sir, you have the advantage!" "Advantage! my good fellow, what advantage?" inquired Tom. "Why, really, Sir, I beg your pardon," replied the gentleman, "but I do not know you!" "Know me!" exclaimed Tom; "well, I don't know you—and I should like to know where the deuce is the advantage?"

"A man is, in general, better pleased," says Dr. Johnson, "when he has a good dinner upon his table than when his wife talks Greek."

Why are shepherds and fishermen like beggars?—Because they live by *hook* or by *crook*.

What is the difference between one who walks and one who looks up a flight of stairs?—One steps up stairs, and the other stares up steps.

An artificial florist lately described himself as "*head* gardener to the ladies."

We were considerably amused by an account that we lately saw of a remarkable duel. There were six *men* upon the ground and six *misses*.

An original way of answering two questions at a time: "Here, Biddy, my darlint, what's the time o' night, and where's the pertaty pudding?"

"It's eight, Sir."

Call a lady "a chicken," and ten to one she is angry. Tell her she is "no chicken," and twenty to one she is still angrier.

"I have a fresh cold," said a gentleman to his acquaintance.

"Why do you have a fresh one: why don't you have it *cured?*"

A writer, who has just returned from China, says that the most useful crop raised by the Chinese is peas. The Celestials are a prudent people—they *mind their peas and cues*.

WHAT IS A FRIEND?—A friend is one who jumps down and puts on the drag when he finds that you are going down the hill too fast.

Wanted to know, whether it is a sure sign, when a man slips down in the mud, that he has a *drop* too much.

A good-looking young lady recently entered a dyer's shop, and thus accosted him:

"You are the man that dyes, are you not?"

"No," replied the gallant; "I'm the man that lives; but I'll die for you."

Archdeacon Fisher was not without a little vanity on the subject of his sermons, and once received a quiet hint from Constable on the subject. Having once preached an old sermon, which he was not aware that Constable had heard before, he asked him how he liked it. "Very much indeed, Fisher," replied Constable; "I always did like that sermon."

REMEDY FOR FITS.—Buy your clothes at a slop-shop, and you will never have a fit afterward.

In Northampton, lately, a hen hatched seventeen chickens from sixteen eggs. Smart biddy that.

"Is that sage cheese of a reflective turn?" asked Dr. Spooner of the provision dealer.

"No, Sir, not a mite," was the reply.

"What was the use of the eclipse?" asked a young lady.

"Oh, it gave the sun time for reflection," replied a wag.

THE EYE OF THE LAW.—It has become so weak from want of proper practice in the different courts that it is going to advertise for a pupil.

The following is Aunt Betsey's description of her milkman: "He is the meanest man in the world!" she exclaimed. "He skims his milk on the top, and then he turns it over and skims the bottom."

If a rich old gentleman has a thought of marrying, let him consider well beforehand what it is that he stands in need of—a wife, an heiress, or a nurse.

If you have a friend whom you desire to remain a friend, get in debt to him. He'll never leave you—he'll haunt you; and "in fond remembrance," ever cherish your virtues and the amount of your indebtedness.

"How much money have you?" said a rich old curmudgeon to a gay young fellow courting his pretty daughter. "Oh, I haven't much of any thing now, but I have a very rich prospect, indeed." The wedding occurred, and the old chip learned from his fine son-in-law that the rich prospect was the prospect of marrying his daughter.

The earth is a tender and kind mother to the husbandman, and yet at one season he always harrows her bosom, and at another he pulls her ears.

People with morose tempers and sour faces need not wonder that they make so few friends. Even little boys who wish to catch flies know better than to take vinegar for the purpose—they use molasses.

If 4 hound dogs with 16 legs, can catch 29 rabbits with 87 legs, in 44 minutes, how many legs must the same rabbits have to get away from 8 hound dogs with 32 legs, in 17 minutes and a half?

Answer—

Let the three-legged rabbits, like sensible folks,
Borrow twenty-nine legs from their neighbors.
Then give them a start of a mile and a quarter,
And I'll bet you my hat, if you think that I "oughter,"
That in seventeen minutes—add a half if you please—
A school-girl will give you the answer with ease.

A young man was frequently cautioned by his father to vote for "measures" not "men." He promised to do so; and soon after received a bonus to vote for Mr. Peck. His father, astonished at his voting for a man whom he deemed objectionable, inquired the reason for doing so. "Surely, father," said the son, "you told me to vote for measures; and if Peck is not a measure, I don't know what is."

In the course of a pending inquiry into the conduct of the matron of an English union work-house, one of the witnesses, of the name of Maguire, was jocularly asked, while under examination, if he was an Irishman. Instantly drawing himself up with an air of wounded pride, he replied, "I am, Sir! I would not deny my country, even if I was a Yorkshireman!" As two or three of the gentlemen present were natives of the latter country, we need scarcely add that the patriotic Hibernian's hit told most admirably.

A traveling gent, passing a farm, saw a boy at work in a corn-field by the road-side, and being of an inquiring turn of mind, he stopped his horse and thus addressed the youth: "My son, whose farm is this?"—"Dad's," was the laconic reply.—"Does your father raise any stock?"—"Ees, lots uv 'em."—"What kind?" continued the stranger.—"Corn-stalks, mostly," was the reply, as he proceeded to "hoe" a hill of the article, and the stranger went on his way musing.

ONE OF THE MOSQUITOES.—"An' so you're going out to the East Indies, my darling Mrs. Marooney," said an old crone to the young wife of a soldier about to embark for Madras. "I've been in them parts myself, and well do I remember the torment I went through night and day with the muskcatoes. They have long suckers hanging down from their heads, and they'll draw the life-blood out of you before you can say pease." This terrifying account lived in the memory of the young woman. The vessel made the Madras Roads; the decks were soon crowded; all hands were delighted at the sight of land, Mrs. Marooney among the rest; but her joy was of short duration, for on shore she perceived an elephant. Horror-struck at the sight, and in breathless agitation, she approached the mate, exclaiming with uplifted hands, "Lord save us, is *that* a muskcatoe!"

ANECDOTES OF DOGS.—A certain cattle-dealer in Irvine is frequently in the habit, when visiting Ayr market on Tuesdays, of leaving his dog behind him. On these occasions, upon missing his master, the animal has been frequently known to take the next train to Ayr, visit the cattle-market, and, not finding the object of his search, return again to Irvine. His conduct has often attracted the notice of the guards on the line, and his movements have been watched; but we have not heard by what class he is accustomed to travel, and at what rate he is charged.—A gentleman's dog having been convicted of sheep-killing, he told a man to shoot him the following morning. The dog was lying in the room at the time, and apparently listening to the conversation. Whether he understood it or not, I will not pretend to determine; but the very first time the door was open he bolted out, and never again came within reach of his old master. This seems rather a stretch of canine intelligence, but it was told to me as a true story, and I am convinced that the relater, who was the master of the dog, believed it himself.

A SCOTTISH REMINDER.—An old servant who took charge of every thing that went on in the family, having observed that his master thought he had drunk wine with every lady at table, but had overlooked one, jogged his memory with the question, "What ails you at that ane wi' the green gown?"

The Rev. Dr. Mason stopped to read a theatrical placard which attracted his attention. Cooper, the tragedian, coming along, said to him,

"Good-morning, Sir—do ministers of the Gospel read such things?"

"Why not, Sir?" said the Doctor; "ministers of the Gospel have a right to know what the devil is about as well as other folks."

A young lad had progressed with his "eddykation," under the guidance of a schoolmaster, as far as words of five letters. While under drill, one day, he came upon the word "pipe." "What does that spell?" said the dominie. "Couldn't tell." "Try it again." "P-i-p-e." Still he couldn't pronounce it. "What do people smoke with?" said the master. The boy made no answer, but, with a brightened countenance, commenced once more, "P-i-p-e—cigar!"

A cobweb marriage is thus noticed by one of our contemporaries: "Married, last week, John Cob to Miss Kate Webb."

"Why does father call mother honey?" asked a boy of his elder brother. "Can't think, except it's 'cause she wears a large comb in her head."

Gentlemen who smoke allege that it makes them calm and complacent. They tell us that the more they fume the less they fret.

A doctor detained in court as a witness complained to the judge that if he was kept from his patients they might recover in his absence.

"Mr. G. has spoken ill of you," said a gossip to his friend, a man who thoroughly understood the world. "That astonishes me," was his reply; "I never have rendered him any service."

"I have learned this profound truth," says Alderman Johnson, "from eating turtle, that it shows a most depraved taste to mock any thing for its greenness."

"Dick, why don't you turn that buffalo robe t'other side out—the hair side is the warmest?" "Bah! Tom, don't you suppose the animal knew how to wear his own hide?"

In these days of crinoline the world of fashion is truly "a wide, wide world."

Physicians' prescriptions are now called "death warrants in Latin."

"Raising the wind" is now denominated more classically "exciting the financial Æolus."

"Done it on my own hook" is now rendered "executed the responsibility on my own personal curve."

GENERAL AMOS PILSBURY.

We present in connection with this sketch an excellent likeness of the General Superintendent of Police, Amos Pilsbury. He was born in the town of Londonderry, New Hampshire, on the 8th of February, 1805. He came from a sturdy stock. His grandfather took part in the baptism of blood on the plains of Lexington and slope of Dunker's Hill. His father, Moses C. Pilsbury, was in the war of 1812. He left his small farm and needy family at the call of his country, and remained in the army till the war closed. He was a noble specimen of the Puritan stock—religious, devout, decided in his convictions, bold, and of unflinching integrity. He left home to begin life at ten years of age, with his whole capital in his pocket, consisting of one cent. He started from his home, what was better than gold, a good name, good principles, a deep religious faith, an indomitable energy, and a confidence that his own right arm would achieve for him a position.

While working on his farm at Londonderry, Moses C. received a letter from the Governor of the State inviting him to Concord. He was tendered the post of Warden in the State Prison. It was a post of honor and emolument. Applicants were numerous. Men of political influence pressed their favorites upon the attention of the Governor. Mr. Pilsbury was not a candidate. He did not desire the new and untried responsibility. He did not feel competent to assume its duties. But the Governor and Council were persistent. All others were passed by, and the modest, distrustful, reluctant farmer was made Warden of the prison. He served in that capacity eight years. He laid the foundation of that fame which can never be lost.

In the prison of Concord Ames entered upon his distinguished career in the month of April, 1834, at the early age of nineteen years. He began on the lowest round of the ladder, and was appointed one of the guards of the prison. But he took his stand at once as a ruler among turbulent men. At that time prisons were as bad as prisons could be. They were schools of dissipation and seminaries of crime. Convicts entered baleful in transgression, and came out full-grown men. The cells were noisy with profanity, and reeked with crime and obscenity. All classes, ages, and conditions herded together. The young criminal and the hoary-headed villain, the youth arrested for petty larceny and the bold robber and murderer, dwelt in a common receptacle. Their time was spent in idleness, profaneness, gambling, drunkenness, and all lewdness. What little government there was was the fruit of force. Moral instruction was not attempted. The Bible, prayer, the Sabbath, worship, labor, and solitary cells as a means of discipline and regulation were not thought of.

Faith, patience, and toil produced a change even in the Concord Prison. There was no chapel, but the dining-room was used. The State provided no Chaplain, and the Warden officiated. Each day the men filed in to their meals. The Warden appeared at the head of the table, read a portion of the Word of God, and offered prayer, before any one was allowed to taste his food. This was a part of the discipline of the prison. His deep religious faith was his hiding-place of power which gave him such command over men. At the expiration of eight years the Warden left the Concord Prison one of the best regulated in the land.

In the year 1837 Amos Pilsbury was appointed Deputy Warden of the new State Prison at Weathersfield, Connecticut. His father was Warden, having been appointed in the month of July, in the same year. At that time Connecticut could boast of one of the worst prisons in the land. The State prisoners were confined in the copper mines at Symsbury. Their cells were seventy feet below the surface of the earth—deep, dark, damp, gloomy pits. Into this receptacle the convicts were lowered to sleep, and from it they were brought up every day for work. They were made secure by the strongest chains on their ankles. The chain was not removed by day or night until the convict was borne to his burial or was discharged. And the number and weight of his chains depended upon the conduct of the prisoner. From this prison one hundred and fifty-two desperate, and defiant men as were ever seen together were to be conducted to their new home at Weathersfield. They had been hardened by years of hardened by imprisonment. They knew what it was to be infamous—to drag a heavy chain day and night—to feel it gall their limbs in their downsitting and their uprising, at work and at play—they knew brutality, abuse, curses, blows, violence, sharp cold, and keen hunger. They knew nothing of humane discipline, kindness tempering severity. The young Deputy Warden was charged with the removal of the men from Newgate. He marched them down in admirable order. The rare power of controlling men, which has made his name famous for thirty years, was exhibited in his control over these hardened men. Inside the prison walls at Weathersfield the convicts were formed into line. Without weapon of defense or protection the young Warden struck the chains and fetters from the limbs of the convicts. These degrading and galling tokens of servitude had been worn by some of them for ten years. The astonished convicts were told that chains and fetters would form no part of the new discipline. Long habits of herding together without discipline or subordination—with all the bad traits of character sharpened, and licentious habits cultivated—the new system was regarded by many as hazardous, if not foolhardy. But the young Deputy was conscious of his power over the desperadoes in the prison-yard, who were unchained for the first time for years. But the men were as orderly as if they were visitors and not convicts. Each man was told his duty. The discipline of the prison was explained. He was shown his neat and clean cell. He was informed that his comfort would depend upon his own conduct.

The prisoners had not seen the Warden. They were drawn up into a line to receive him. He was a

GEN. AMOS PILSBURY, CHIEF OF THE N. Y. METROPOLITAN POLICE.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.]

man not far from fifty years of age—a plain, farmer-like looking man. He was unarmed, and carried the Bible under his arm. He came into the presence of the prisoners, and thus addressed them:

"Prisoners,—I come to you with the sword of Justice and the olive-branch. Which will you have? For the government of my own family I read daily from the Bible, and ask the blessing of God on them. I shall do the same with you."

Amidst profound silence, while the tears started from eyes not accustomed to weep, he read that portion of the Word of God which asks this significant question, "Who maketh us to differ?" He followed the reading by a brief, touching, and affecting prayer. And so the new discipline was inaugurated. The scene was worthy of the pencil of the great artist. The new prison—one hundred ungovernable and desperate men—chains and fetters struck from their limbs lying on the pavements by their side—a mere youth by their side controlling them—an aged man with no weapon of defense but the Word of God, amidst profound silence commending those neglected men to that Redeemer who, in the days of his flesh, had commanded his disciples to visit the prison. The question of discipline was settled from that moment. No insubordination was seen. The government was as perfect the first week as it was after the lapse of years.

In April, 1830, General Pilsbury was elected Warden of that prison on the resignation of his father. He was a young man—too young, many thought, for so important a post. But it was soon apparent that the mantle of the sire had worthily descended upon the son. For order, discipline, and economy the Weathersfield prison became the model prison of the land. Its fame extended to Europe. Men made pilgrimages to it to learn the secret of its prosperity. To support the old Newgate prison, from 1810 to 1827, the sum of $120,000 had been drawn from the State treasury. The new prison, under General Pilsbury, at the expiration of two years, after defraying all its expenses, returned into the treasury the sum of $8000 as the earnings of the institution.

At the expiration of two years a new warden was appointed, who, with the aid of the directory, undertook to conduct the affairs of the prison. An immediate and desolating change followed the removal of General Pilsbury. The prisoners would obey no one. They were bold, noisy, and riotous. They broke out into open and defiant rebellion. Every form of disorder prevailed. Prisoners communicated with each other in defiance of the rules. Under-keepers traded with the convicts. Newspapers reflecting on the affairs of the prison were circulated. An under-keeper was murdered. The prison was reduced to a state of anarchy. Nine months had destroyed the discipline of years. The Legislature recalled General Pilsbury. The moment he appeared within the prison walls the rebellion ceased. Discipline revived; the men went cheerfully to their work; and during the entire twelve years that General Pilsbury conducted the affairs of that institution no similar outbreak occurred. He left it the most perfect institution of the kind in the world.

To the people of the city of Albany General Pilsbury gave ten years of the best part of his life. In 1845 he became warden of the Penitentiary in Albany, and reared the buildings connected with that institution. The people of Albany, in common with those of the State, became alarmed at the vast increase of crime. Common jails were perfect nuisances. Frauds and flagrant abuses were in the management. Prisoners were crowded together in one common room, where rum, gambling, rioting, oaths, and idleness marked the pastimes. Discipline was defied. Men tried for petty offenses, both half-fledged petty larceny, hardened villains, set side by side in one common jail, all mixed and all vicious. The citizens of Albany resolved to remedy the mischief in a degree. They committed to General Pilsbury the erection of the institution and its government. Under his eye it grew in perfection and public favor. The annual reports of the Inspectors, which cover a period of ten years, are full of enthusiastic praise. They speak of him as a disciplinarian unequaled—of his humane firmness—of the economy of his rule—of the reformation that followed his regulations—how the idle and vicious were compelled to earn their own bread—the taste, the order, the cleanliness, the health of all, and all departments of the prison—his unwearied perseverance, and his singular tact and ability in the management of men. For beauty of location, economy, and discipline, it is now unequaled. The most desperate and turbulent men, that were brought to the prison in chains, when they passed the gate and had their fetters knocked off, would cast their gibes and oaths, throw away their cigars, and exclaim, "All right, Captain. Now we have done. We know where we are. We shall keep the rules." And during the whole imprisonment would be found the most obedient to the rules of the prison.

In 1853 General Pilsbury took charge of the State property at Ward's Island. It was one of the dark places of the city. The Commissioners of Emigration clothed the Superintendent with full power to conduct the affairs of the institution according to his own judgment. Nearly 2000 persons were supported on the island; 200 persons were employed and paid to do the work. The annual expenses in the island were $260,000. The new warden produced an immediate change. The expenses were reduced. All who were able were compelled to work. The well took charge of the sick. The indolent and worthless concluded they had better work where they could get pay, and left the island in disgust. The number to be supported ran down from 2000 to 600, paid employés to 60, and the annual cost from $260,000 to $75,000. Order arose out of confusion, economy out of mismanagement, and industry took the place of idleness.

Last year General Pilsbury was appointed to the head of the Metropolitan Police—an office which, by the time this paper reaches our readers, he may have resigned. When he accepted the post of Chief it was with the express understanding that he should have power enough to fulfill the duties. He made no claim to police patronage, or to legislative or judicial authority over the department; but he insisted on being the "executive head." After some debate the Commissioners agreed to his terms and appointed him, assuming him that he would be "leaded down with power." Those Commissioners now undertake to deprive the General of the power of detailing the men; they seek, in fact, to make one of their number as a Committee the real executive head of the police, reducing General Pilsbury to the position of a clerk to the Commissioners. It is under these circumstances that he has tendered his resignation. The result of the affair will be probably known by the time this paper is printed. If the Commissioners really deprive General Pilsbury of the power for which he stipulated when he took his office, and without which he could not discharge its duties in an efficient manner, they will assume an enormous responsibility. No man of any character would take the post vacated under such circumstances, and the disasters would probably be called upon to interfere.

General Pilsbury is now fifty-four years old. He has two children living, one of whom, a son, succeeds him at Ward's Island. He is a man of fine presence, with a full, pleasant face.

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "AFTER DARK," ETC., ETC.

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MISS HALCOMBE'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

July 3d.—When the dinner hour brought us together again, Count Fosco was in his usual excellent spirits. He exerted himself to interest and amuse us as if he was determined to efface from our memories all recollection of what had passed in the library that afternoon.

"HUSH!" SHE WHISPERED; "I HEAR SOMETHING BEHIND US."

Lively descriptions of his adventures in traveling; amusing anecdotes of remarkable people whom he had met with abroad; quaint comparisons between the social customs of various nations, illustrated by examples drawn from men and women indiscriminately all over Europe; humorous confessions of the innocent follies of his own early life, when he raised the fashions of a second-rate Italian town, and wrote preposterous romances, on the French model, for a second-rate Italian newspaper—all flowed in succession so easily and so gayly from his lips, and all addressed our various curiosities and various interests so directly and so delicately, that Laura and I listened to him with as much attention, and, inconsistent as it may seem, with as much admiration also as Madame Fosco herself. Women can resist a man's love, a man's fame, a man's personal appearance, and a man's money; but they can not resist a man's tongue, when he knows how to talk to them.

After dinner, while the favorable impression which he had produced on us was still vivid in our minds, the Count modestly withdrew to read in the library. Laura proposed a stroll in the grounds to enjoy the close of the long evening. It was necessary, in common politeness, to ask Madame Fosco to join us; but this time she had apparently received her orders beforehand, and she begged we would kindly excuse her. "The Count will probably want a fresh supply of cigarettes," she remarked, by way of apology; "and nobody can make them to his satisfaction but myself." Her cold blue eyes almost warmed as she spoke the words—she looked actually proud of being the officiating medium through which her lord and master composed himself with tobacco-smoke!

Laura and I went out together alone.

It was a misty, heavy evening. There was a sense of blight in the air; the flowers were drooping in the garden, and the ground was parched and dreary. The western heaven, as we saw it over the quiet trees, was of a pale yellow hue, and the sun was setting faintly in a haze. Coming rain seemed near: it would fall probably with the fall of night.

"Which way shall we go?" I asked.

"Toward the lake, Marian, if you like," she answered.

"You seem unaccountably fond, Laura, of that dismal lake."

"No; not of the lake, but of the scenery about it. The sand and heath, and the firtrees, are the only objects I can discover, in all this large place, to remind me of Limmeridge. But we will walk in some other direction if you prefer it."

"I have no favorite walks at Blackwater Park, my love. One is the same as another to me. Let us go to the lake—we may find it cooler in the open space than we find it here."

We walked through the shadowy plantation in silence. The heaviness in the evening air oppressed us both; and when we reached the boat-house, we were glad to sit down and rest inside.

A white fog hung low over the lake. The dense brown line of the trees on the opposite bank appeared above it like a dwarf forest floating in the sky. The sandy ground, shelving downward from where we sat, was lost mysteriously in the outward layers of the fog. The silence was horrible. No rustling of the reeds—no bird's note in the wood—no cry of waterfowl from the pools of the hidden lake. Even the croaking of the frogs had ceased to-night.

"It is very desolate and gloomy," said Laura. "But we can be more alone here than any where else."

She spoke quietly, and looked at the wilderness of sand and mist with steady, thoughtful eyes. I could see that her mind was too much occupied with its own thoughts to feel the dreary impressions from without, which had fastened themselves already on mine.

"I promised, Marian, to tell you the truth about my married life, instead of leaving you any longer to guess it for yourself," she began. "That secret is the first I have ever had from you, love, and I am determined it shall be the last. I was silent, as you know, for your sake—and perhaps a little for my own sake as well. It is very hard for a woman to confess that the man to whom she has given her whole life is the man of all others who cares least for the gift.

"If you were married yourself, Marian—and especially if you were happily married—you would feel for me as no single woman can feel, however kind and true she may be."

What answer could I make? I could only take her hand, and look at her with my whole heart, as well as my eyes would letme.

"How often," she went on, "have I heard you laughing over what you used to call 'your poverty' how often you have made me mock speeches of congratulation on my wealth! Oh, Marian, never laugh again, if you love me, over poverty—it has made you your own mistress, and has saved you from the lot that has fallen on me!"

A sad beginning on the first day of my wife!—and in its quiet, plain-spoken truth. The few days we had all passed together at Blackwater Park had been many enough to show me—to show my one—what her husband had married her for.

"You shall not be distressed," she said, "by hearing how soon my disappointments and my trials began—or even by knowing what they were. It is bad enough to have them on my memory. If I tell you how he received the first, and last, attempt at remonstrance that I ever made, you will know how he has always treated me, as well as if I had described it in so many words. It was one day at Paris, when we had ridden out together to the tomb of Cecilia Metella. The sky was calm and lovely—and the ground old ruin looked beautiful in the remembrance that a husband's love had raised it in the old time to a wife's memory. I was in my best tenderly and graciously toward my husband than I had ever felt yet. 'Would you build such a tomb for me, Percival?' I asked him. 'You said you loved me dearly, before we were married; and yet, since that time—' I could get no farther. Marian! he was actually looking at me! I pulled down my veil, thinking it best not to let him see that the tears were in my eyes. I fancied he had been paid any attention to me; but he had. He said, 'Come away,' and laughed to himself, as he helped me on to my horse. He mounted his own horse, and laughed again as we rode away. 'If I do build you a tomb,' he said, 'it will be done after your own money. It would be whether Cecilia Metella had a fortune and paid for her.' I made no reply—how could I? I was ashamed of my own folly. 'Ah, you light-complexioned women are all sulky,' he said. 'What do you want? compliments and flattery? Well, well, I'm in a good humor this morning. Consider the compliments paid, and the speeches said.' Such little kisses, they were hard things to us, how well we remember them, and how much harm they do us. It would have been better for me if I had gone on crying; but his contempt dried up my tears and hardened my heart. From that time, Marian, I never checked myself again in thinking of Walter Hartright. I let the memory of those happy days, when we were so fond of each other in secret, come back for comfort me. What else had I to look to for consolation? If we had been together, you would have helped me to better things. I know it was wrong, darling—but tell me if I was wrong, without any excuse."

I was obliged to turn my face from her.

"Don't ask me!" I said. "Have I suffered as you have suffered? What right have I to decide?"

"I used to think of him," she pursued, dropping her voice, and moving closer to me—"I used to think of him when Percival left me alone at night to go among the Opera people. I used to fancy what I would have been, if it had pleased God to bless me with poverty, and if I had been his wife. I used to see myself in my neat cheap dress, sitting at home and waiting for him, while he was earning our bread—sitting at home and working for him, and loving him all the better because I *had* to work for him—seeing him come in tired, and taking off his hat and coat for him—and, Marian, pleasing him with little dishes at dinner that I had learned to make for his sake. Oh! I hope he is never lonely enough and sad enough to think of me, and see me, as I have thought of *him* and seen *him!*"

As she said those melancholy words all the lost tenderness returned to her voice, and all the lost beauty trembled back into her face. Her eyes rested so lovingly on the blighted, solitary, ill-omened view before us as if they saw the friendly hills of Cumberland in the dim and threatening sky.

"Don't speak of Walter any more," I said, as soon as I could control myself. "Oh, Laura, spare us both the wretchedness of talking of him now!"

She roused herself, and looked at me tenderly.

"I would rather be silent about him for ever," she answered, "than cause you a moment's pain."

"It is in your interests," I pleaded; "it is for your sake that I speak. If your husband heard you—"

"It would not surprise him if he did hear me."

She made that strange reply with a weary calmness and coldness. The change in her manner, when she gave the answer, startled me almost as much as the answer itself.

"Not surprise him?" I repeated. "Laura! remember what you are saying—you frighten me!"

"It is true," she said; "it is what I wanted to tell you to-day when we were talking in your room. My only secret, when I opened my heart to him at Limmeridge, was a harmless secret, Marian—you said so yourself. The name was all I kept from him, and he has discovered it."

I heard her; but I could say nothing. Her last words had killed the little hope that still lived in me.

"It happened at Rome," she went on, as wearily calm and cold as ever. "We were at a ball, given to the English by some friends of Sir Percival's—Mr. and Mrs. Mayland. Mrs. Markland had the reputation of watching very closely; and some of the guests prevailed on her to show us her drawings. We all admired them—but something I said attracted her attention particularly to me. 'Surely you draw yourself?' she asked. 'I used to draw a little once,' I answered; 'but I have given it up.' 'You have once drawn,' she said, 'you may take to it again one of these days; and if you do, I wish you would let me recommend my master.' I said nothing—you know why, Marian—and tried to change the conversation. Mrs. Markland persisted—'I know he had all sorts of teachers,' she went on, 'but the best of all, the most intelligent, and the most attentive, was a Mr. Hartright. If you ever take up your drawing again, do try him as a master. He is a young man—almost a boy—and extremely poor—I am sure you will like him.' Think of those words being spoken to me publicly, in the presence of strangers—a gentleman who had been invited to meet his bride and bridegroom! I did all I could to control myself—I said nothing, and looked down at my dress. When I ventured to raise it again, my head again my eyes and my husband's eyes met, and I knew by his look that my face had betrayed me. 'We will see about Mr. Hartright,' he said, looking at me all the time, 'when we return to England. I agree with you, Mrs. Markland—I think Lady Glyde is sure to like him.' He laid an emphasis on the last words which set my cheeks burn, and set my heart beating as if it would stifle me. Nothing more was said—we came away early. He was silent in the carriage, driving back to the hotel. He helped me out, and followed me up stairs as usual. But the moment we were in our drawing-room he closed the door, pushed me down into a chair, and stood over me with his hands on my shoulders. 'Ever since that morning when you received your audacious confession to me at Limmeridge,' he said, 'I have been on the watch for the man; and I found him in your face to-night. Your drawing-master was the man; and his name is Hartright. You shall repent it, and you shall repent it, to the last hour of your lives. Now go to bed, and dream of him, if you like—with the marks of my horsewhip on his shoulders.' However he may be angry with me now, he refers to what I acknowledged to him in my confidence with a sneer or a threat. I have no power to prevent him from putting this own horrible construction on the confidence I placed in him. I have no influence to make him believe me or to keep him silent. You looked surprised to-day when you heard him tell me that I had made a virtue of necessity in marrying him. You will not be surprised again when you hear him repeat it the next time he is out of temper—oh, Marian! don't! you hurt me!"

I had caught her in my arms, and the sting and torment of my own remorse had closed them round her like a vice. Yes! my remorse. The white despair of Walter's face, when my cruel words struck him to the heart in the summer-house at Limmeridge, rose before me in mute, unendurable reproach. My hand had pointed the way which led the man my sister loved, step by step, far from his country and his friends. Between those two my hand I had stood to sunder them forever, the one from the other—and his life and her life lay wasted before me, alike, in witness of the deed. I had done this, and done it for Sir Percival Glyde.

For Sir Percival Glyde.

I heard her speaking, and I knew by the tone of her voice that she was comforting me—for, while overcome by nothing but the reproach of her silence! How long it was before I mastered the smothering misery of my own thoughts I can not tell. I was first conscious that she was kissing me; and then my eyes seemed to wake on a sudden to their sense of outward things, and I knew that I was looking mechanically straight before me at the prospect of the lake.

"It is late," I heard her whisper. "It will be dark in the plantation." She shook my arm, and repeated, "Marian! it will be dark in the plantation."

"Give me a minute longer," I said—"a minute to get better in."

I was afraid to trust myself to look at her yet, and I kept my eyes fixed on the view.

It was late. The dense brown line of trees in the sky had faded in the gathering darkness, to the faint resemblance of a long wreath of smoke. The mist over the lake below had stealthily enlarged, and advanced on us. The silence was as breathless as ever—but the horror of it had gone, and the solemn mystery of its stillness was all that remained.

"We are far from the house," she whispered. "Let us go back."

She stopped suddenly, and turned her face from me toward the entrance of the boat-house.

"Marian!" she said, trembling violently. "Do you see nothing? Look!"

"Where?"

"Down there, below us."

She pointed. My eyes followed her hand, and I saw it too.

A living figure was moving over the waste of heath in the distance. It crossed our range of view from the boat-house, and passed darkly along the outer edge of the mist. It stopped, far off, in front of us—waited—and passed on; moving slowly, with the white cloud of mist behind it and above it—slowly, slowly, till it glided by the edge of the boat-house, and we saw it no more.

We were both unnerved by what had passed between us that evening. Some minutes elapsed before Laura would venture into the plantation, and before I could make up my mind to lead her back to the house.

"Was it a man or a woman?" she asked, in a whisper, as we moved at last into the dark enclosure of the outer trees.

"I am not certain."

"Which do you think?"

"It looked like a woman."

"I was afraid it was a man in a long cloak."

"It may be a man. In this dim light it is not possible to be certain."

"Wait, Marian! I'm frightened—I don't see the path. Suppose the figure should follow us?"

"Not at all likely, Laura. There is really nothing to be alarmed about. The shores of the lake are not far from the village, and they are free to any one to walk on by day or night. It is only wonderful we have seen no living creature there before."

We were now in the plantation. It was very dark—so dark that we found some difficulty in keeping the path. I gave Laura my arm, and we walked as fast as we could on our way back.

Before we had gone half-way through, she stopped, and forced me to stop with her. She was listening.

"Hush!" she whispered; "I hear something behind us."

"THERE SAT THE COUNT," ETC.

"Dead leaves," I said, to cheer her, "or a twig blown off the trees."

"It is summer time, Marian; and there is not a breath of wind. Listen!"

I heard the sound, too,—a sound like a light footstep following us.

"No matter who it is, or what it is," I said; "let us walk on. In another minute, if there is any thing to alarm us, we shall be near enough to the house to be heard."

We went on quickly—so quickly that Laura was breathless by the time we were nearly through the plantation, and within sight of the lighted windows.

I waited a moment to give her breathing-time. Just as we were about to proceed she stopped me again and signed to me with her hand to listen once more. We both heard distinctly a long, heavy sigh behind us in the black depths of the trees.

"Who's there?" I called out.

There was no answer.

"Who's there?" I repeated.

An instant of silence followed; and then we heard the light fall of the footsteps again, fainter and fainter—sinking away into the darkness—sinking, sinking, sinking—till they were lost in the silence.

We hurried out from the trees to the open lawn beyond; ceased it rapidly; and without another word passed between us reached the house.

In the light of the hall-lamp Laura looked at me, with white cheeks and startled eyes.

"I am half dead with fear," she said. "Who could it have been?"

"We will try to guess to-morrow," I replied.

"In the mean time say nothing to any one of what we have heard and seen."

"Why not?"

"Because silence is safe—and we have need of safety in this house."

I sent Laura up stairs immediately, waited a minute to get off my hat and put my hair smooth, and then went at once to make my first investigations in the library on pretense of searching for a book.

There sat the Count, filling out the largest easy-chair in the house; smoking and reading calmly, with his feet on an ottoman, his cravat across his knees, and his shirt collar wide open. And there sat Madame Fosco, like a quiet child, on a stool by his side, making cigarettes. Neither husband nor wife could by any possibility have been out into that evening, and have just got back to the house in a hurry. I felt that my object in visiting the library was answered the moment I set eyes on them.

Count Fosco looked in polite confusion, and tied his cravat on, when I entered the room.

"I am afraid you are disturb you," I said. "I have only come here to get a book."

All unfortunate men of my size suffer from the habit of fat. The Count, relieving himself gravely with a large green fan. "I wish I could change places with my excellent wife. She is as cool at this moment as a fish in the pond outside."

The Countess allowed herself to thaw under the influence of her husband's quaint compassion. "I am near warm, Miss Halcombe," she remarked, with the modest air of a woman who was confessing to one of her own merits.

"Have you and Lady Glyde been out this evening?" asked the Count while I was taking a book from the shelves to preserve appearances.

"Yes; we went out to get a little air."

"May I ask in what direction?"

"In the direction of the lake—as far as the boat-house."

"Aha? As far as the boat-house?"

Under other circumstances I might have resented his curiosity. But to-night I looked for as another proof that neither he nor his wife were connected with the mysterious appearance at the lake.

"No more adventures, I suppose, this evening?" he went on. "No more discoveries, like your discovery of the wounded dog?"

He fixed his unfathomable gray eyes on me, with the same clear, irresistible glitter in them which always forces me to look at him, and always makes me unaware while I do look. An unsatisfactory sensation that his mind is prying into mine overcomes me at these times; and it overcame me now.

"No," I said, shortly; "no adventures—no discoveries."

I tried to look away from him and leave the room. Strange as it seems, I hardly think I should have succeeded in the attempt if Madame Fosco had not helped me by causing him to move and look away first.

"Count, you are keeping Miss Halcombe standing," she said.

The moment he turned round to get me a chair I seized my opportunity—thanked him—made my excuses—and slipped out.

An hour later, when Laura's maid happened to be in her mistress's room, I took occasion to refer to the discoveries of the night, with a view to ascertaining next how the servants had been passing their time.

"Have you been suffering much from the heat down stairs?" I asked.

"No, miss," said the girl, "we have not felt it to speak of."

"You have been out in the woods, then, I suppose?"

"Some of us thought of going, miss. But cook said she should take her chair into the cool court-yard outside the kitchen door; and, on second thoughts, all the rest of us took our chairs out there too."

The housekeeper was now the only person who remained to be accounted for.

"Is Mrs. Michelson gone to bed yet?" I inquired.

"I should think not, miss," said the girl, smiling. "Mrs. Michelson is more likely to be getting up just now than going to bed."

"Why? What do you mean? Has Mrs. Michelson been taking to her bed in the daytime?"

"No, miss, not exactly, but the next thing to it. She's been asleep all the evening on the sofa in her own room."

Putting together what I observed for myself in the library and what I have just heard from Laura's maid, one conclusion seems inevitable. The figure we met at the lake was not the figure of Madame Fosco, of her husband, or of any of the servants. The footsteps we heard behind us were not the footsteps of any one belonging to the house.

Who could it have been?

It seems useless to inquire. I can not even decide whether the figure was a man's or a woman's. I can only say that I think it was a woman's.

DERNIER RESORT.

Sere told me that she loved me *once*,

"But now," she feared, "her love was dead."
The fault was mine—I was a dunce
To show a bigger heart than head.

With love I pestered her so much
She thought it cheap—not worth a groat!
Well, 'love is blind;' but this I vouch,
Her words took from my eye the mote!

"Sweet love," I said, "your love is dead,
And mine, though living, 's little worth;
We now should part; we may not wed—
I go a whaling voyage north!"

I spoke with pride and high-born zest;
She saw the passion in my eyes.
She leaned her head upon my breast,
And said, "*If you go, may not I?*"

ONLY A WOMAN'S STORY.

LONG ago, my friend, as you watched with me in my sickness, I promised to tell you the story of my life. It all seemed to come back to me in those long wakeful nights; and if you have not forgotten the lonely woman cheered by your kindness, I will keep my promise now.

You know that all home I lived in was my first home. I hoped to be taken from it to my last one. It was the pleasantest place in the world to remember—the old house, resting under the elm-trees, and the smooth natural lawn sloping down, with its green grassy banks, to the river. It seemed as if God had made that beautiful spot for a resting-place. Far behind the old house rose the great solemn mountains that lay close against the sky. I think now, perhaps, it was nearer heaven.

Next to our house was the tram farm-house, always my other home, and only separated from it by a hedge, that as a child I thought high, as a maiden could be with— Ah! it is hard to *stop remembering*; and it is wrong to live only in retrospection.

I don't know when John Maynard and I first liked each other. It seemed as natural as breathing. We were always together. As children, we took the love-passages usually played in the fields; hand in hand we wandered over the hills for the wild-flowers in summer, and the scarlet berries in autumn. As we grew older, there came a time when I looked for the blossom of the larch grew long. John was to go out into the great, wonderful world, and grow rich and famous; and I was to stay at home and wait—wait. I think that is what we are all doing in some way or other.

So the years went by till John was twenty and I seventeen. Then the old child-plans became more real. At last it was true that he would go to a city far away. Somehow the walks grew plainer as the time grew freer; and I almost wished he would not be so kind, it was making it so much harder to say good-by.

Then the harvest moon went down and down, until the last day before he was to go. It was early autumn, and we walked through the woods, which were flaming with the changing foliage; then by the river, with the scarlet glory of the Cardinal flower; over the hill where we used to watch the sunsets, and think how soon the sun went down. Every thing was much the same, but John looked away off to the distant hills which were to lie between us; and if my eyes were bent on the flowers at my feet I did not see them for the tears I was trying to hide.

But when we came to the fallen tree, our old seat, it seemed to come over me all at once that John was going away—that I might never see him again!—till I seemed to be saying to myself, "Never again! never again!" I just looked in his face, and—I am not crying! I was only my *heart* that was crying before.

Then he took my hands and told me the story —old since people have lived and suffered; new while they live and love. He told me how the friendship of a lifetime had grown into love for me—he never knew how much until he came to leave me; how my love for him would be his incentive to honor and success; and, again and again, those wonderful, wonderful words—he loved me!

What could I answer? Only that I did not remember the time when I had not loved him; that I would wait with patient trust until the time came to fulfill our hopes and promises.

As we walked through the deepening twilight, we said we would go through life as through the wood together. I think the very birds sang sweeter for our happiness! We were so young that all life seemed natural—bathed in sunshine, like the distant hills that stretched away before us. That night, as I smoothed my brown hair, I looked through happy tears at the face which he said was fair to him—and so seemed prettier to me for that.

So he went away; and there came a long, long time when I had little to make it shorter. Then the winter came, and the soft snow hid the old walks and wood-paths, and obliterated them all, like Time. Then came the tardy spring, with its sweet promise; and the summer, with its fulfilling blossoms; and at last the golden autumn. Just one year! And he was to come back for a short while, returning again to the city. Oh! it was such an eager pleasure to expect him—only the days were so much longer when I were wishing them away! So I sat, with womanly wonder, thinking how he would look—wondering if the year and the new life had changed him; never once asking myself if he had changed my love. How could he? Why I not the same, with a love enriched by memory as well as hope?

So the last time went by—and if John's letters grew less frequent I thought it was because he was coming to me so soon. At last he came. Oh, how dreary it had tried to expect some outward change from the effect of city life, and the natural development of his young manhood. I knew he must grow and outgrow a great deal. Then I tried to find in his conscious difference of ways and manners, and I was afraid of comparing his new and his old life. Then the first fears came—and stayed.

When people cease loving you, Fanny dear, they are sometimes a great deal kinder, as if to make up for it. John was so kind that he betrayed the truth day by day, hour by hour. I held him by his honor, and no longer by his love; how he wearied of the ties he was too honorable to break! I was full of resources but he became only *duties* to him. You know the difference and I could not bear that. I saw it all, day by day, and I think strength was my own was given me to bear it. I think earth gave less than that heaven might grow more so. Life would be hard and difficult if it were not for the thought of this eternal compensation.

One evening we took the old walk through the woods. As I remembered our last walk there, I tried to compose myself for what I had to do, but I never faltered. I told him how I had seen, day by day, the change that had come over him; how my own love had never altered but was unchanged; how I could never accept my happiness at the expense of his. I told him how I had seen him fulfilling the duties of a position unsuited to his old, Fanny, duty is *not* always happiness; and we only gather the pale Platonic flowers of peace when we lose the passion-flowers of love!

I don't know when I was free—free from his sacred promise to me—free to win and wed! It was hardest of all to say I should rejoice in the happiness I had given him—his wife. There came a strange feeling at my heart as I said it; but I looked up at the sky, and that made me stronger —that calm, quiet, beautiful, with its upper deeps.

John was touched at what I said; but he never gainsayed it, nor wronged me by deceiving me. He only said he was not worthy of me. Of that we have always differed, and always shall differ. He saw I was firm and sincere; and then he even tried my strength by telling me of a woman he had met in the city whom he knew I was wo manly pride came to my aid, and he never knew how every word entered the heart he had broken.

As we walked home through the wood its shadows seemed to fall all around my heart. The glory in the west had faded away, and only the solemn, shifting gloom looked down upon us.

That night we parted calmly, never to meet again. He went back to his new love and new life, and I back to loneliness and a hopeless future.

The dreary days lengthened into months, and another year brought the news of his marriage. I tried to pray for *his* peace. My own heart was numbed with pain. I can't say much about long watching and waiting; the uneventful life of lonely womanhood. Then the sense of "duty" —the old selfish enigma of duty for happiness' memory for hope, "the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness."

After many years came news of his death. Then there was a great blank in my life; when it must have been my duty to live it was over. Death silently takes away, but never in soul. It is to the happy who are eager for life.

My good old parents were taken from me. Heaven was kind, and they died in one day—never missing each other, and lying down together to their welcome sleep.

For ten long years I have been alone; but I shall find companions soon, for I know that *three* are waiting for me above. *Three*; for Heaven redeems earth's losses: and I shall find my own again will redeem life's woes and blindness, and be my eternal compensation.

That is all, Fanny; only a woman's story, short and simple, soon told and forgotten. But when woman's part of grief comes to you, remember we shall be kindred by the sacred tie of sorrow. *We have not all our dead*; and there are griefs above the earth deeper than those beneath it, for we dare not mark *all our graves*.

I have tried to be brave and patient. When happiness failed, I have asked for peace—only peace. I have waited so long for that. It seems near and eternal now.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, February 27, in the Senate, Senator Davis (Mass.) presented a memorial from the Legislature of New Mexico asking for the organization of the Territory of Arizona. Senator Seward (N. Y.) presented petitions against the Senator's proposed revision of the tariff of 1857. Senator Collamer (Vt.) moved an inquiry into the expediency of making an appropriation to pay Captain Ellis for the property which he returned to their writers. Adopted. Senator Wilson (Mass.) gave notice of a bill to provide that no one shall be paid for public printing 25 per cent. Senator Brown's resolution relative to Pyramidions was then taken up, and Senator Toombs (Ga.) addressed the Senate. The subject, after some discussion, on the Senate's own executive session, adjourned.—In the House, the bills for the payment of Thomas Smith and Joseph Hamilton, for the services of Military Academy, were passed. Mr. Cockburn (Pa.) moved a bill to failure to elect a speaker to introduce a resolution to test quiry whether any further legislation was necessary to secure the fidelity of public officers in the District of Columbia, and also the rights of free persons in said District. The printing of extra copies of the President's Annual Message, and Reports of the Heads of Departments, was ordered, as necessary for the public service, the saving of some $16,000 being secured. Mr. Adonin (N. J.) inquired in any misleading in reply to Mr. Cutler's petition relative to the treatment of the New York Seventh Regiment. But objections were made, and the House proceeded to vote for Printer. Mr. Corbin (Ind.) withdrawing the name of Mr. Defrees. Three votes were had, but there having been no choice, several ineffectual efforts were made to postpone and adjourn, when another vote was had, as follows: Necessary to a choice, 93; for Mr. Printer, 74; for Mr. Ford, of Ohio, 53; for Mr. Defrees, 71; Mr. Sexton, 13; Mr. Bull, 2; Mr. Winston, 1. Mr. Ford declined and declared.

On Tuesday, February 28, in the Senate, Senator Mason (Va.) moved a resolution calling upon the President to furnish a copy of any report establishing the boundary between the United States and Great Britain. Senator Foot (Vt.) submitted a report and bill explanatory of the existing law in effect of the 3d section of the act of 1819 with Spain. The bill authorizing the sale of Fort Snelling, etc., and regulating the appointment of Superintendents of Public Armories, was taken up and debated. Mr. Toombs then went into executive session. Adjourned.—In the House, Mr. Sherman (Ohio) reported, from the Committee on Ways and Means, a bill providing that the President's Message and Executive documents could be printed in time for distribution at the commencement of each session of Congress. Mr. S. said the object was to have the Message and documents shall be allowed twenty cents per mile instead of forty. Mr. Sherman moved to be cemented by a straight and graphical line, and repealing all existing acts upon the subject. Mr. Sherman explained the object of the present system. Some debate was had, when the bill, which had been reported as a substitute for one referred to Mr. Pendleton, was adopted. Mr. Sherman then moved the consideration of the bill to provide for the sale of the further proceedings were interrupted by Mr. Ruffin (N. C.) rising to a question of privilege, declaring that his name was not recorded as voting on the election of Printer yesterday. Mr. Sherman insisted upon the question being put first, and Mr. Ruffin said he would move to certain that he was not recorded. The House was adjourned without taking the question on Mr. Sherman's motion.

On Wednesday, February 29, in the Senate, the Invalid Pension Bill was passed. Senator Gwin (Cal.) reported the Military Academy Bill without amendment. On motion of Senator Seward (N. Y.) the bill for the admission of Kansas was put on its passage. Senator Mason of Senator Mason (Va.) the President was called upon to furnish whatever communication he had received from the Governor of Texas relative to the disturbances on the Rio Grande. Senator Seward presented the memorial of the Legislature of Kansas, praying for admission into the Union, and moved that it be referred to the Senate at length. After his speech, there was a long debate, lasting till 6 o'clock, in which Senators Douglas, Green, Bigler, Seward, Doolittle, and Wigfall took part, when the subject was postponed till Monday next. The Senate adjourned.—In the House, Mr. Parrott (Kansas) presented the resolutions of the Legislature of Kansas asking admission as a State under the Wyandot Constitution. Mr. Curtis (Ohio) moved to suspend the rules in order to take up a resolution calling on the President for copies of any official correspondence between the Department and Governor Houston of Texas, regarding the difficulties on the southwestern frontier. Mr. Stanton (Ky.) moved to lay the table, which was carried by a vote of 91 to 74. Mr. Curtis then moved authorizing our troops to enter any of the States of Mexico. Mr. Bocock (Va.) moved to lay the motion to amend the journal by recording his vote for Mr. Glossbrenner. Mr. R. T. Hamilton (Texas) moved that he had voted was confirmed by other members who heard him, and the motion was agreed to. Mr. Curtis's motion was then to be corrected. The Speaker then declared the election of Mr. Glossbrenner. Mr. Curtis (Ohio) said he had, while Mr. Ruffin's motion was pending, endeavored to obtain the floor in attempting the introduction of a resolution. Mr. Ford he declared elected Printer, made another motion, which was agreed to. The Speaker then announced that the House would proceed to the election of Printer. Mr. Ruffin moved to lay the motion, but they was disagreed to, and the House voted as follows:

Necessary to a choice, 180; Mr. Seaton, ... 9
Necessary to a choice, ... 91; Mr. Winton, ... 2
Necessary to a choice, ... 91; Mr. Ford, ... 53
Mr. Glossbrenner, ... 76; Mr. Ritchie 1

On motion of Mr. Sherman (Ohio) the latter motion was agreed to, and the House adjourned till to-morrow. The House then went into Committee of the Whole, and resumed the consideration of the Senate bill granting a speech in behalf of Slavery. He was replied to by Mr. Sherman (Ohio). Mr. Grow (Pa.) addressed the House on the subject of the public lands. Mr. Grow (Pa.) addressed the House in favor of appropriations to American industry, when the House adjourned.

On Thursday, March 1, in the Senate, Senator Davis (Miss.) submitted a modified series of resolutions (Miss.) submitted a modified series of resolutions (Democratic Platform), and they were ordered printed. Senator Bigler submitted the act regulating the appointment of duties on imports, etc., was taken up and passed. The Military Academy Appropriation bill was taken up, and Senator Wigfall (Texas) moved an amendment appropriating $100,000 for the support of a regiment of mounted volunteers to defend the frontiers of Texas, in consequence of the acts of Mexico. Mr. Seward (N. Y.) which Senators Douglas (Ill.), Doolittle (Wis), Mason (Va.), Iverson (N. C.), Wigfall (Texas), Benjamin (La.), Crittenden (Ky.), Trumbull (Ill.), Davis (Miss.), Gwin (Cal.), and Salisbury (Del.) participated, when the matter was referred to the Committee on Military Affairs.—In the House, Mr. Adonin (N. J.) rose to reply to the censures cast on the Washington States Committee of Arrangements by Mr. Carter's (N. Y.) resolution, but several members objected. On motion of Mr. Washburn (Me.), an inquiry was ordered into the expediency of abolishing a portion of the land offices, or reducing their salaries. Mr. W. also reported a bill amendatory of the act providing for the safety of passengers on steamboats. After debate, the consideration of the bill was postponed for three weeks. The resolutions which Mr. Curtis (Iowa)

attempted to offer on Wednesday, calling upon the President for copies of whatever communications had been received from Governor Houston of Texas, relative to the troubles on the frontier, was adopted. Mr. J. Cochrane (N. Y.) reported a bill for the better protection of female immigrants on the high seas. The President's Annual Message was then taken up, when Mr. Ashmore (S. C.) addressed the House in defense of the South in the position it now occupied. The House then adjourned.

On Friday, March 2, in the Senate, Senator Wilson (Mass.) introduced a bill amendatory of the act providing for the execution of the public printing. The private calendar was taken up, and a large number of bills were passed. The bill granting a pension to the widow of Gen. Persifor F. Smith coming up, it was amended, on motion of Senator Seward (N. Y.), by including the widow of Gen. Riley, when the subject was postponed. The Senate then went into Executive Session, after which it adjourned till Monday.——In the House, Mr. Adrain (N. J.) had read a statement in reply to the resolutions of Mr. Carter (N. Y.) relative to the treatment of the New York Seventh Regiment at Washington. The statement shows that there was no cause of complaint whatever at the treatment extended to the New York Military. The bill carrying into effect treaty stipulations with the Indians of Oregon and Washington Territories, was passed. The House then proceeded to vote for Printer, with this result:

Whole number of votes..187	For Mr. Glossbrenner... 72
Necessary to a choice... 94	For Mr. Seaton......... 9
For Mr. Ford.......... 96	Remainder scattering.

Mr. Ford was declared elected. Mr. Morris (Ill.) was excused from serving on the Committee on Roads and Canals. Mr. Colfax (Ind.) reported a bill authorizing publishers to print on their papers the date when a subscription expires, and it was passed. A large number of private bills were reported, and the House adjourned till Monday.

THE OVERLAND MAILS.

The *Tribune* correspondent says:

"The Senate Post-office Committee will report a bill for carrying a semi-weekly mail from St. Joseph to Placerville for $600,000 per annum, and for a semi-weekly service from El Paso to New Orleans, being an extension of the San Antonio and El Paso route, at $295,000 per annum. This, with the Butterfield route, would furnish six trips per week from the Atlantic States to California, costing about $1,400,000 yearly.

"The bill of the House Committee has been erroneously published. It advertises for bids to carry the entire Overland Mail, papers and letters, through in twenty days from each point on the Mississippi and the Missouri Rivers, as the contractor may designate, to San Francisco. Bids are also to be invited for a semi-weekly service, letters to go through in thirty days, and papers, weekly, in thirty. Mr. Colfax estimates that the daily service could be performed for $900,000 or $1,000,000, and the semi-weekly and weekly service for $700,000."

THE LATEST FROM THE "HUNGARIAN."

The agents of the steamer *Hungarian* at Montreal have received a statement from Mr. Andrew Crawford, who has visited the wreck. He found nothing above water but the starboard bow from the break of the forecastle. No more bodies have been found, and it is supposed they have been drifted eastward. None of the goods have been taken on shore whole. A great many loose letters have been found at the fishermen's houses, and there are twelve or fifteen bags at the Barrington Post-office. No effects belonging to the passengers have been seen which could be identified.

A later dispatch from Halifax states that it is now ascertained beyond a doubt that there are no survivors of the disaster to the *Hungarian*. Only three bodies have been found—those of a woman, a man, and a child two years old. Three buildings have been obtained at Barrington in which to store the goods which are constantly drifting ashore. The ship's articles, which have been found, show that the crew numbered seventy-four. The passenger list had not yet been found. The only passengers known to have been aboard are William Boultenhouse, of Sackville, New Brunswick, and Dr. Barrett, of New York. Besides a box belonging to the latter, three trunks have been found, one belonging to Margaret Robertson, of Montreal, one to Robert Martin, of Toronto, and one to W. R. Crocker, of Norwich, Connecticut. It is to be presumed these parties were also aboard.

CORTINAS ON THE RIO GRANDE.

From the Rio Grande we learn that Captains Tobin's and Tomlinson's Rangers have disbanded and returned home. Cortina is in possession of the west bank of the Rio Grande, and continues his depredations in Texas. The border is guarded by Captain Stoneman's Cavalry and Captain Fowler's Rangers to the extent of their ability.

HOW TO GET ON IN LIFE.

Mayor Wood, in his harangue to the cartmen, told them the following interesting story of his success in life:

"It has been one of the secrets of my little success in life that I have never said, 'I can not.' [Applause.] I have always said, 'I would' (Wood?). I have done it if I could, and if I did not I had the satisfaction of knowing that I had exhausted every energy of my life and being to succeed. The highest position is as open to you as it is to any other men. Wealth is open to you as it is to other men. The wealthiest men in this city were much poorer than any of those sitting within the sound of my voice. There is no man here who at the age of twenty-one was more poor, more obscure, than the humble individual standing before you. I do not speak in this manner because I assume to be any thing; but I have been a working man, and I have earned my living in the city of New York by these hands. I am not ashamed to say it. Let every man rely upon himself. Do not lean upon others. Walk abroad under the great canopy of heaven, and feel that within yourselves is all that the Almighty vouchsafes to any of his children. You have life, energy, youth, and all you want is determination, vigor, and indomitable perseverance."

HOW LUCY STONE LOOKS.

The New York (lady) correspondent of the Springfield *Republican* writes as follows of Lucy Stone's appearance last week at the Cooper Institute:

"It is extremely difficult to make the Lucy Stone on Thursday evening identical with the Lucy Stone of four years ago. The bright cheeks were there, the girlish figure, the musical voice; but the old assurance, the perfect self-poise, the rapid, confident, slightly saucy utterance were all wanting. She did not seem less earnest, but less assured. She told her old story of women's legal disability and wrongs, but not in the old demanding and decant tones. The mother's heart had dissolved the woman's voice, and what was once pertness is now pathos; what it has lost in vigor it has gained in tenderness. Those who listened to Lucy Stone Blackwell, and to her sister-in-law, Antoinette Brown Blackwell, before their marriage, can not fail to observe the great change which has come over the public manner of the ladies since that event. Although they still adhere to their pet idea of an oratorical mission, and occasionally leave their homes and their babies to talk on a public platform, they do so in a much more subdued and womanly way than of old. The brothers Blackwell married these ladies with a full knowledge of their strong-minded tendencies. Was it in order to undertake the fascinating task of 'taming' them, as did the husband of Shakspeare's 'Shrew?' Antoinette Blackwell has a noble nature, and so burdened is it with the sorrows of humanity and a sense of its own high mission, that her voice seems broken, and her words come low and slow. While on Thursday evening here stood 'Lucy,' talking, to be sure, yet blushing and trembling as she never did in that little ridiculous, impertinent Bloomer that she used to wear."

CURED BY SECOND ADVENT PREACHING.

The New Bedford (Mass.) *Standard* tells the following story: "Miss Louisa Jones, an intelligent and accomplished young lady of Fairhaven, twenty-one years of age, has been very ill for the last four months, confined to her bed, and for the last two months had lost the use of her lower limbs, so that she could be moved only with great difficulty. She appeared to be failing rapidly, and the medical attendants declared they could do nothing more for her. On the 8th inst., some friend who was in to see her mentioned that the Rev. Joseph K. Bellows, of New York, a Second Advent preacher, was in town, holding a series of meetings. She immediately expressed a desire to see him, and the belief that, should he pray for her, she should recover. The clergyman accordingly visited her that evening, and Miss Jones describes her sensations during the prayer as similar to those of a person receiving a galvanic shock. That night she arose and dressed herself without assistance, and on the following Sabbath she attended church. She is now enjoying the best of health, and relishes the heartiest food. The young lady belongs to the same religious persuasion with the preacher, which is an indication of her system being very susceptible to the influence of imagination."

SURPRISERS SURPRISED.

The Buffalo *Express* says that Young America not long ago undertook to have a surprise party at the house of Dean Richmond. In full feather, with eatables, and drinkables, and music, the self-invited guests, to the number of two hundred, drove up to Dean's door, rang the bell, and prepared for a rush in. But they reckoned wrong. Dean answered the bell in person, and of course blocked up the entrance. He politely asked the business of the leader of the party. He was informed that it was a "surprise party." He assured them that he was not surprised at all; was not surprised at any thing nowadays; did not intend to have a party that night; when he wanted one, he would make proper preparations, and bid the guests himself. He wished them a pleasant "good-night," and closed the door.

PERSONAL.

A State Convention of the citizens of Missouri hostile to the Administration, assembled on Wednesday at Jefferson City, and was very fully attended. This Convention unanimously presented the name of Edward Bates to the country as a candidate for next President, and planted itself on a platform of opposition to the Administration doctrines respecting Slavery in the Territories.

The State Convention of the Democratic party of Pennsylvania, at Reading, on Thursday nominated Henry D. Foster, of Westmoreland County, for Governor of that State, though he had few or no votes on the first ballot.

Wisconsin has chosen a very able and respected delegation to the Chicago Convention, headed by Carl Shurz, and instructed it unanimously to present and support William H. Seward as the Republican candidate for next President.

When Governor Seward was in Syria, a Turkish officer of high rank, made him a present of three thorough-bred Arabian horses, the choice of his stud of some forty-eight animals. These Barbs—two stallions and a mare—will be here by the next ship from Beyrout. One of the stallions is said to be destined to a farm in Columbia County.

In the Maryland Senate, recently, Dr. Lynch of Baltimore County, offered an order appropriating $500 to the Colonization Society, to send Henry Winter Davis to Liberia. He prefaced the order with a few remarks, to the effect that Mr. Davis's loss would not be felt, and that he might find a wide field of labor, immortalize his name, and live honored and respected in the colony.

The Washington Statue Inauguration Committee was composed of Hunter, Hamlin, and Hammond, Senators; and Keitt, Adrain, Garnett, and Train, Representatives. In justice to the Hon. John Cochrane, it should be borne in mind that he was not a member of the Committee, and therefore is not at all responsible for the utter want of arrangement of that "Committee of Arrangements." When the Seventh Regiment reached Washington Mr. Cochrane was in Baltimore, consulting his physician. Immediately upon his return, in the evening, he called upon Colonel Lefferts, and finding that the proper attentions had not been shown the regiment, assured the commander that nothing should be left undone on the following day that he could do. The review of the regiment by the President, and an assignment to it of a place in the gallery of the House, were brought about by his personal exertions.

The Cape Ann (Mass.) *Advertiser* says that, during the heavy gale of the 16th ult., David Choate, while returning from that place to Essex, in a light chaise, found that he must either take in ballast or his chaise would be blown over; he accordingly arrived in Essex, with two great rocks, weighing over two hundred pounds, in the bottom of his chaise.

Colonel Forbes, of the Harper's Ferry "disclosures" notoriety, quitted New York for Liverpool in the early part of November last. He left in the ship *John Bright*, under an assumed name, wearing a false beard and mustache, and otherwise disguised, and gave out that he was going to Canada. His assigned reasons for recrossing the Atlantic were, first, an apprehension that he might receive a not-to-be-disputed requisition for his presence in Washington; second, that his personal safety, and even existence, was endangered by the enmity and apprehensions of the persons implicated by his "disclosures;" third, a disgust for all "humanitarians" and Yankees. He proposes remaining in London, there to await an opportunity for resuming his former avocation of amateur Italian patriot and revolutionist.

The Lynchburg *Virginian* says: "We were shown, on yesterday, a beautiful cane, gotten up by a gentleman of Bedford, to be presented to the Hon. H. A. Edmundson, as an appreciation of his conduct in 'switching' John Hickman, in the streets of Washington, the other day. The cane has a heavy silver head, upon which is engraved, 'To Hon. H. A. Edmundson, the man who whipped one of the eighteen million.'"

Gerrit Smith is making use of his returning health. He has retained Messrs. Sedgwick, Andrews, and Kennedy, of Utica, to commence suits in his behalf against Watts Sherman, Royal Phelps, and S. L. M. Barlow, prominent members of the notorious Fifth Avenue Hotel Democratic Committee. Fifty thousand dollars are the damages claimed in each case. There are twenty-eight other members of this Committee. We have not learned when they are to be sued, nor have we learned when the many publishers of the "Manifesto" are to be sued.

Mr. Clark Mills, author of the equestrian statue of Washington, is not a native of South Carolina, as stated, but of New York. He was in Charleston as an apprentice to a plasterer, for which trade he was destined by his relatives. He came to Washington on his way to Italy, where he was to study art, but was here engaged by a private association to make a bronze statue of Jackson, which stands in Lafayette Square. Congress voted him $20,000 as a compliment, on account of his success in that work, and gave him an order to make an equestrian statue of Washington, at a cost of $50,000.

The Lancaster (Penn.) *Express* says that the Hon. John Hickman is in a very precarious state of health. He came home from Washington, intending to return on Monday last, but his indisposition was found to be so serious that it was deemed unadvisable to undertake the journey, and his friends are fearful that he will not be able to resume his Congressional duties for some time.

The King of Siam has expressed his admiration of American character by naming his youngest son George Washington.

Some time since, Nicholas Longworth of Cincinnati shipped to the care of the American Minister in London, Mr. Dallas, ten boxes of sparkling Catawba, and requested him to be so very good as to accept one box for his own use, and turn over the other nine to his wine-merchant, with instructions to sell them for what price he thought best, and account for the net proceeds to one Nicholas Longworth of Cincinnati, Ohio, direct. Mr. Dallas, however, returned the subjoined reply:

"Dear Sir,—Yours is received, informing, etc. I can not approve of your procedure. I can not reconcile the duties of Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States at this Court with those of a commission merchant. I shall not receive the wine, etc.

"Yours, etc., George M. Dallas."

The *Australian Gazette* of November 16 says: "The All England Eleven are prepared to make a voyage to the antipodes with a view to competing with Australian cricketers. Private letters have been received in Melbourne from England, stating that upon certain terms 'The Eleven' will take so long an ocean voyage, on the understanding that they are to play a series of matches against the best teams the Australian continent can produce. The subject was to be very shortly brought before the public, and if the response be favorable negotiations will be at once entered into."

Mr. Frederick Whitehead, of this city, late of Buffalo, says the St. Louis *Bulletin*, who is engaged in Storm's shooting-gallery, on Fourth Street, bids fair to eclipse Travis himself, or even the world-renowned hero and patriot, William Tell. The other evening, while in the gallery, we saw him shoot an apple from the head of another gentleman, who stood at the distance of ten paces. What makes this feat a remarkable one is the fact that it was performed with a pistol and ball, and not with an air-gun, which is usually employed in shooting-galleries. The same gentleman stood off ten paces and held a seven-spot diamond card in his hand. Mr. Whitehead, with a pistol and ball, shot five spots out of the card.

On Friday last Dr. George B. Winship, of Boston, the lecturer on physical culture, lifted with his hands 1136 pounds, and is quite sanguine that within twenty days he will be able to raise with ease 1200 pounds.

General Sir William Napier, the historian of the Peninsular War, is dead. His age was 74 years.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

MORE CHURCH RIOTS.

There has been another disgraceful row at the church of St. George's-in-the-East, London, of which the preacher, the Rev. G. F. Lee, says: "When I entered the pulpit, walnut-shells, orange-peel, and small detonating crackers—some of which were let off during the service—were thrown at me; and a row of boys to my left, in the south gallery (headed by a man who, as I am informed, was once brought before the Thames magistrates for rioting, and treated with kind and liberal leniency) shot peas at my face through pea-shooters, so that I was compelled to protect my eyes with the sleeve of my surplice."

FRANCE.

THE ITALIAN IMBROGLIO.

We take from a dispatch addressed by the new Minister of Foreign Affairs in France the following extracts.

The English propositions were four in number, as follows:

"1. France and Austria should renounce henceforth any interference in the internal affairs of Italy, unless called upon by the unanimous assent of the great Powers.

"2. The Government of the Emperor should come to an understanding with the Holy Father to evacuate the Roman States when the organization of his army should allow it, and when our troops could be withdrawn from Rome without danger to the maintenance of order. Our army should also leave the north of Italy within a suitable period.

"3. The internal organization of Venetia should be excluded from the negotiations between the Powers.

"4. Finally, the King of Sardinia should be requested by the Government of the Emperor, and by that of her Britannic Majesty, acting in concert, not to send troops into Central Italy until those different States and Provinces should have, by a new vote of their Assemblies after a new election, solemnly declared their wishes; and should these Assemblies pronounce themselves in favor of the annexation, France and Great Britain should no longer object to the entrance of the Sardinian troops."

NON-INTERVENTION IN ITALY.

M. de Thouvenel adds:

"The first of the four English propositions could not, I told him, give rise to any difficulty. The principle of non-intervention is a national rule, the importance and authority of which no one appreciates more than we do; and, in our opinion, it constitutes one of the most essential elements of any serious and final settlement of the Italian question. If the Government of the Emperor intervened itself, it only did so ceding to imperious circumstances, because in the state of affairs in Italy its interests imposed the necessity upon it, and it always looked upon the term of its efforts in the Peninsula as the establishment of a political system of a nature to prevent any intervention in future. Our views in this respect have been publicly expressed by the Emperor himself on the most solemn occasions. The propositions of the English Government would, therefore, only give a diplomatic sanction to a wish as evidently sincere as it has been repeatedly renewed. I told Lord Cowley that the Government of His Majesty adhered to it without reserve. I added that our opinion on this point had never varied, and that we, therefore, should feel ourselves fully justified in acquiescing in it without entering into explanations with the other Cabinets.

FRANCE WANTS TO EVACUATE ROME.

"On the second point, to make known to the English embassador the views of the Government of the Emperor, I could also refer to its previous declarations, and especially to that of the first French Plenipotentiary at the Congress of Paris. Now, as then, we sincerely desire to put an end to the military occupation of the Roman States. The Government of his Majesty is also anxious to evacuate the Lombard Provinces, and thus to put an end to an armed intervention which the very principles of our policy urge us to make as short as possible. We therefore most willingly accept the English proposition as well as regards the Roman territory as Lombardy; but the proper moment for doing so is an important point, which, moreover, the English Government has not overlooked, and I have been enabled to make use of the very cautions which it recommends such a measure to be accompanied with, fully to establish that the evacuation of Rome ought necessarily to remain subordinate to the certainty that no serious danger should result therefrom to the safety of the Holy See, and that the evacuation of Lombardy should not take place until the joint consent, tacit or declared, of the great Powers should guarantee the new organization of Italy.

AND TO ACT FAIRLY IN ALL OTHER RESPECTS.

"Passing to the third proposition, I declared to the English Embassador that it did not appear to me to give rise to the objection, and that the Government of the Emperor can in principle but give its assent to it. I, however, observed to Lord Cowley that it appeared to us advisable to provide for the eventuality should Austria think it possible to negotiate private conditions by offering concessions to Venetia, and that in such case it would be well to reserve the right of examining the overtures which should be made by the Vienna Cabinet.

"As regards the fourth and last point, M. le Comte, it touches upon an order of considerations which did not allow me to give at present a definitive answer, and I had to remind Lord Cowley of the position of the Government of the Emperor toward the other great Powers, especially toward Austria. It is impossible for us to disavow the obstacles which the provisions of the treaty of Zurich meet with. After having honestly exerted for many months its incessant efforts to facilitate their realization, the Government of the Emperor has come to the conclusion that it was difficult for it to entertain the hope of triumphing over those obstacles.

"It believes it may pay itself the just compliment of having fulfilled all its engagements in this respect. It is, moreover, disposed to consider the measures proposed by the English Government as well suited to effect a solution which would satisfy the great interests of Italy, and which contains guarantees of stability necessary for the general interests. These measures are in perfect keeping with the principles which form the bases of our institutions, and we should not be justified in challenging the efficiency when applied to other countries. But, whatever may be our opinion upon the value of the combination of which the Government of her Britannic Majesty takes the initiative, we regard ourselves as morally bound first to consult the Court of Austria on the subject. We must uphold the upright intentions of the Emperor, and the sincerity of his policy, above all suspicion; and, with the stipulations of Villafranca and of Zurich before us, we could not bind ourselves at once in a formal manner.

"If the uselessness of our counsels and endeavors has convinced us of the impossibility of restoring the authority of the deposed Princes, we are not the less bound to prevent any false interpretations, and to set aside all doubts, by redeeming first of all the word of France in straightforward explanations with the Court of Austria."

POLITICAL UNEASINESS.

The Paris *Constitutionnel* states that the opening of the session of the Senate and the Legislative body has been postponed till the 1st of March.

The Paris *Presse* had received its first warning, "for having mixed false news with most malevolent remarks, which wound the feelings of the nation, and are contrary to the real state of affairs."

The *Gazette de France* had received a second warning for an article which, "in disfiguring the history of France, calumniates the great act by which Napoleon I. re-established Catholic worship in France."

HOW LACORDAIRE GOT HIS SEAT IN THE ACADEMY.

Among the stories told of the canvassing in Paris for the seat in the French Academy, made vacant by the death of De Tocqueville, is the following by the Boston *Traveller's* correspondent:

"A lady, one of the most beautiful women in Paris, warmly advocated Father Lacordaire's claims to the vacant seat, intending her eloquence for the ear of an eminent member of the Academy, who happened to be in the room. In conclusion, she directly appealed to him to give the friar his vote. He replied: 'Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, the most beautiful and most intellectual woman of her day, took a most active part in the canvass for Charles James Fox. In her zeal for the eminent orator she even went so far as to solicit in person the votes of the humblest freemen. She was of the greatest service to the Whig party; her winning beauty, her rank, and the splendor of her equipage, made her indeed an irresistible advocate. In the height of the canvass she appealed to a butcher for his vote. He said she might have it if she would allow him to kiss her. She accepted his terms. He kissed her. Fox got his vote.' The advocate of Friar Lacordaire understood the apologue, and holding out her cheek to the very celebrated, but very ugly academician, said; 'Take your price!' The bribe was instantly taken. Finally, the Reverend Father secured his triumphant election."

ITALY.

THE ITALIAN QUESTION.

Le Nord says that the reply of Austria to the English propositions for the settlement of the Italian question had reached Paris. Count Rechberg states that Austria can not retract from the engagements of Villafranca and Zurich, and therefore can not admit, *de jure*, facts contrary to those engagements and the treaty between France and Austria. He observes that if the treaty of Zurich is respected in Venetia, why should it not also be respected in the Italian Duchies? If the propositions of England are carried out, it is a great experiment that is about to be made in Central Italy. Austria will not oppose that experiment by force of arms, convinced that events will not fail soon to give support to the cause, if right, and justify Austria.

A Berlin telegram on the same subject says that Austria had declared her resolution not to abandon the basis of the agreement of Villafranca; that she will not promise an absolute non-intervention in Central Italy; and that, should no Congress take place, she will only negotiate with France.

According to a St. Petersburg dispatch, Prince Gorchakoff had informed the French Government that Russia does not consider the English proposals to be altogether a solution of the Italian difficulty; and that a real understanding could only result from a Conference of the Five Great Powers. It is said that the French Embassador had expressed to Prince Gorchakoff the readiness of his Government to adhere to the proposals of Russia.

Reports had been circulated in Paris of an approaching Conference of the Four Great Powers (without Austria) relative to the English proposals, but they are stated to be without foundation. Doubt is also thrown on the assertion of *Le Nord* that the reply of Austria had reached Paris.

A Berlin dispatch says that Prussia would probably refuse to give her adhesion to the English proposals.

IS GARIBALDI MARRIED?

Respecting Garibaldi, private letters from Turin again contradict the fact of his marriage with Mademoiselle Raimondi, which is once more going the rounds. A Garibaldi has indeed married a Mademoiselle Raimondi, but it is Garibaldi, Jun. The fact is, while the *Globe* and other papers were representing him in the rather ridiculous light of an old fellow of sixty marrying a girl of sixteen, Garibaldi was miles away, with a sporting party, in the little island of Capraja, shooting wild goats.

HOLLAND.

ANOTHER THELLUSSON WILL.

The Dutch papers are now discussing an extraordinary will, made at Amsterdam 150 years ago, by a Jew named Jacob Pereyra. Out of his immense wealth he allowed only 20,000 guilders annually to his widow and children. The remainder, consisting of securities then considered safe, he left in trust to the wardens of his synagogue, who, after 150 years, rendering an account of their stewardship before the judges, were to devote 100,000 guilders to the endowment of a certain charity, and then to divide the remainder in equal proportion between his heirs. The 150 years will expire in February, 1861, and the descendants are summoned to appear at Amsterdam on the 7th of June next, to receive an account of the trust. The formalities of the law are, of course, complied with, but it is well known that, as in the English case of Thellusson, the result will be a disappointment to the heirs, for the accumulation will hardly be sufficient to meet the first charge of the endowment. The greater portion of the securities, which for more than 50 years after his death paid 40 per cent., are said to have become almost worthless. The bankruptcy of the East India Company in 1775, the revolution and French invasion in 1795, the loss of colonies and trade, war taxes, and annexation to France, impaired their value, while the settlement of the national debt at the Restoration in 1813 completed the ruin. The wealth of Pereyra, instead of attaining in 150 years the colossal dimensions expected by the testator, has shrunk into a mere nothing, illustrating once more the lesson so impressively taught by the Thellusson will.

CANADA.

OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

The Canadian Parliament opened on 28th ult. at Quebec with the usual ceremonies.

The Governor's speech announces that a reply has been received from the Queen of England to the invitation of the last session of Parliament, and that the Prince of Wales may be expected to visit Canada during the coming summer. He refers to the satisfactory arrangements for the transmission of the European and American mails by the Canadian steamers; speaks of the settlement of the boundary line between Upper and Lower Canada, and of the consolidation of the Municipal law of Lower Canada, congratulates Parliament on the issue of the consolidated statutes of Canada; calls attention to the law of debtor and creditor, and to the present system of currency and banking rates, with a view to further legislation—also to the administration of the Crown lands; congratulates the House on having surmounted the financial difficulties; says that papers will be laid before the House with reference to the consolidation of the public debt, and the recent success of the Minister of Finance in attaining this object; says that the commercial depression has diminished credit, but impresses on the Government the necessity of strict economy; asks the requisite provisions for the public service; finds a subject of congratulation in the bountiful harvest of last season, and the present signs of revival of commerce; trusts that the marks of returning prosperity may continue to increase, and that law and order may be maintained, and rejoices that but few subjects of a broad and important character remain requiring immediate legislation.

THE GALE OF FEBRUARY TENTH IN NEW YORK BAY.—BY C. PARSONS, ESQ.

THE GALE OF FEBRUARY TENTH IN NEW YORK BAY.

WE publish on the opposite page an engraving of the gale of 10th February in the Bay of New York, showing those ancient landmarks, Castle Garden and Castle William. As the imitated will readily understand, it would have been impossible to publish the engraving sooner, and, at the same time, to do justice to Mr. Parsons's admirable design. The following description of the gale we abridge from the New York *Herald*:

"About ten o'clock on the evening of 9th the wind, which during the day had been blowing gently from the southwest, veered round to the west, and finally to the northwest, from which point it began to rush with great fierceness. A light fall of snow occurred about the same time, lasting for fifteen minutes, when a shower of rain fell, and the whole sky became overclouded, as if with a black pall. The wind increased in violence all the time, and the sombre aspect of the heavens likewise continued until midnight, when the sky cleared off splendidly, and the moon and stars shone out with unusual splendor.

"The temperature changed almost as suddenly as the wind—a cold, sharp, biting frost immediately taking the place of the pleasant warmth that prevailed during the day time. From twelve o'clock until daylight the storm blew fearfully, and one of the most terrific hurricanes experienced in this neighborhood for years swept over the city, whistling through the keyholes, howling through the chimneys, shaking the windows, and even houses, and making altogether such discord as rendered sleep entirely out of the question, and frightened nervous people almost out of their senses. It was emphatically a fearful storm; and the wonder is that half the frail, insecure structures abounding all over the city were not tumbled down on the sidewalks and roads, with the customary loss of life usual on such occasions. As it was, the roaring of the wind, slapping of the shutters, and tossing and tumbling of badly secured signs and awnings, occasioned a din and uproar scarcely inferior to that which we may suppose would have resulted had an earthquake, instead of merely a furious puff from old Boreas, taken place.

"The storm did not abate during the whole of the 10th, and the scene presented in the streets of this city, Brooklyn, Hoboken, Williamsburg, and Jersey City can be more easily imagined than described. The roofs of several houses were found to be completely blown away, sometimes a distance of several hundred feet; innumerable chimneys dashed to pieces; awnings, signs, railings, fences, and lamp-posts rent, torn, and scattered in every direction; trees uprooted, broken glass glittering on the sidewalks, shutters unhinged and smashed to atoms, and small wooden sheds of every description knocked into the most irreparable ruin.

"About ten o'clock on the morning of the 10th the storm swept so violently along Broadway that pieces of timber, stones, and large lumps of frozen clay were hurled by the wind into the door-ways and against the magnificent store-windows, with an effect it is unnecessary to describe."

ENCAMPMENT OF THE ARGENTINE TROOPS ON THE TIGRE.

WE publish herewith, from a sketch by Mr. J. K. Keller of United States steamer *Pulaski* (late *Metamora*), an engraving of the encampment of the Argentine troops on the River Tigre, awaiting the arrival of the vessels which were to convey them to Rosario.

The war between General Urquiza, President of the Argentine Confederation, and the Province of Buenos Ayres was brought to a close, and a treaty of peace signed on the 11th November, 1859, the Province coming into the Confederation, as one of the States thereof. By a stipulation of the treaty General Urquiza engaged to have his troops removed out of the Province of Buenos Ayres within fifteen days, and the landing on the River Tigre, a short distance above the anchorage of the United States steamer *Pulaski*, was selected as the place of embarkation. Early on Sunday morning, the 13th, the troops began to arrive, and by noon of the same day the vast plain lying between the river and the town of San Fernando was covered with cavalry and infantry (numbering 18,000 men) awaiting the arrival of the vessels chartered to convey them to Rosario.

The cavalry in their flaming red dresses, with myriads of gay pennons of the same color fluttering from beneath the glittering spear-heads of their lances, as they galloped hither and thither, or seated, *en bivouac*, round the camp fires, relieved by the dark blue of the infantry, drawn up in long lines, with thousands of horses and cattle grazing about, formed quite a picturesque, brilliant, and animated scene. The above sketch represents General Urquiza, seated by a tree, with some of the officers of his staff round him, and orderlies standing by, ready to convey orders. The centre of the foreground is taken up with groups of mounted men, in their peculiar costume, *fully equipped*, and some of Urquiza's officers, African, native, and European. The party on the left, roasting beef, boiling *yerba tea*, and playing cards. Apulparce, on a high knoll, fills up the back-ground on the right, and the troops, drawn up in line for roll call, the centre and left.

THE ENCAMPMENT OF THE ARGENTINE TROOPS ON THE TIGRE.—FROM A SKETCH BY J. K. KELLER, ESQ., U. S. STEAMER "PULASKI."

THE Uncommercial Traveler.

NO. III.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

As I shut the door of my lodging behind me, and came out into the streets at six on a drizzling Saturday evening in the last past month of January, all that neighborhood of Covent Garden looked very desolate. It is so essentially a neighborhood which has seen better days that bad weather affects it sooner than another place which has not come down in the world. In its present reduced condition it bears a thaw almost worse than any place I know. It gets so dreadfully low-spirited when damp breaks forth. Those wonderful houses about Drury Lane Theatre, which in the palmy days of theatres were prosperous and long-settled

places of business, and which now change hands every week, but never change their character of being divided and subdivided on the ground-floor into mouldy dens of shops where an orange and half a dozen nuts, or a pomatum-pot, one cake of fancy soap, and a cigar-box, are offered for sale and never sold, were most ruefully contemplated that evening by the statue of Shakspeare, with the rain-drops coursing one another down its innocent nose.

And yet, on such a night in so degenerate a time, the object of my journey was theatrical. And yet within half an hour I was in an immense theatre capable of holding nearly five thousand people.

What Theatre? Her Majesty's? Far better. Royal Italian Opera? Far better. Infinitely superior to the latter for hearing in; infinitely superior to both for seeing in. To every part of this Theatre spacious fire-proof ways of ingress and egress. For every part of it convenient places of refreshment and retiring rooms. Every thing to eat and drink carefully supervised as to quality, and sold at an appointed price; respectable female attendants ready for the commonest women in the audience; a general air of consideration, decorum, and supervision, most commendable; an unquestionably humanizing influence in all the social arrangements of the place.

Surely a dear Theatre, then? Because there were in London (not very long ago) Theatres with entrance-prices up to half a guinea a head, whose arrangements were not half so civilized. Surely, therefore, a dear Theatre? Not very dear. A gallery at threepence, another gallery at fourpence, a pit at sixpence, boxes and pit-stalls at a shilling, and six private boxes at half a crown.

My uncommercial curiosity induced me to go into every nook of this great place, and among every class of the audience assembled in it—amounting that evening, as I calculated, to about two thousand and odd hundreds. Magnificently lighted by a firmament of sparkling chandeliers, the building was ventilated to perfection. My sense of smell, without being particularly delicate, has been so offended in some of the commoner places of public resort, that I have often been obliged to leave them when I have made an uncommercial journey expressly to look on. The air of this Theatre was fresh, cool, and wholesome. To help toward this end, very sensible precautions had been used, ingeniously combining the experience of hospitals and railway stations. Asphalte pavements substituted for wooden floors, honest bare walls of glazed brick and tile—even at the back of the boxes—for plaster and paper, no benches stuffed, and no carpeting or baize used: a cool material with a light glazed surface being the covering of the seats.

These various contrivances are as well considered in the place in question as if it were a Fever Hospital; the result is, that it is sweet and healthful. It has been constructed from the ground to the roof with a careful reference to sight and sound in every corner; the result is, that its form is beautiful, and that the appearance of the audience, as seen from the proscenium—with every face in it commanding the stage, and the whole so admirably raked and turned to that centre, that a hand can scarcely move in the great assemblage without the movement being seen from thence—is highly remarkable in its union of vastness with compactness. The stage itself, and all its appurtenances of machinery, cellarage, height, and breadth, are on a scale more like the Scala at Milan, or the San Carlo at Naples, or the Grand Opera at Paris, than any notion a stranger would be likely to form of the Britannia Theatre at Hoxton, a mile north of Saint Luke's Hospital in the Old-street-road, London. The Forty Thieves might be played here, and every thief ride his real horse, and the disguised captain bring in his oil jars on a train of real camels, and nobody be put out of the way. This really extraordinary place is the achievement of one man's enterprise, and was erected on the ruins of an inconvenient old building, in less than five months, at a round cost of five-and-twenty thousand pounds. To dismiss this part of my subject, and still to render to the proprietor the credit that is strictly his due, I must add that his sense of the responsibility upon him to make the best of his audience, and to do his best for them, is a highly agreeable sign of these times.

As the spectators at this theatre, for a reason I will presently show, were the object of my journey, I entered on the play of the night as one of the two thousand and odd hundreds by looking about me at my neighbors. We were a motley assemblage of people, and we had a good many boys and young men among us; we had also many girls and young women. To represent, however, that we did not include a very great number, and a very fair proportion, of family groups, would be to make a gross misstatement. Such groups were to be seen in all parts of the house; in the boxes and stalls particularly, they were composed of persons of very decent appearance, who had many children with them. Among our dresses there were most kinds of shabby and greasy wear, and much fustian and corduroy that was neither sound nor fragrant. The caps of our young men were mostly of a limp character, and we who wore them, slouched, high-shouldered, into our places with our hands in our pockets, and occasionally twisted our cravats about our necks like eels, and occasionally tied them down our breasts like links of sausages, and occasionally had a screw in our hair over each cheek bone with a slight Thief-flavor in it. Besides prowlers and idlers, we were mechanics, dock-laborers, costermongers, petty tradesmen, small clerks, milliners, stay-makers, shoe-binders, slop workers, poor workers in a hundred highways and byways. Many of us—on the whole, the majority—were not at all clean, and not at all choice in our lives or conversation. But we had all come together in a place where our convenience was well consulted, and where we were well looked after, to enjoy an evening's entertainment in common. We were not going to lose any part of what we had paid for through any body's caprice, and as a community we had a character to lose. So we were closely attentive, and kept excellent order, and let the man or boy who did otherwise instantly get out from this place, or we would put him out with the greatest expedition.

We began at half past six with a pantomime—with a pantomime so long that before it was over I felt as if I had been traveling for six weeks—going to India, say, by the Overland Mail. The Spirit of Liberty was the principal personage in the Introduction, and the Four Quarters of the World came out of the globe, glittering, and discoursed with the Spirit, who sang charmingly. We were delighted to understand that there was no Liberty any where but among ourselves, and we highly applauded the agreeable fact.

The Pantomime was succeeded by a Melo-Drama. Throughout the evening I was pleased to observe Virtue quite as triumphant as she usually is out of doors, and indeed I thought rather more so. We all agreed (for the time) that honesty was the best policy, and we were as hard as iron upon Vice, and we wouldn't hear of Villainy getting on in the world—no, not upon any consideration whatever.

Between the pieces we almost all of us went out and refreshed. Many of us went the length of drinking beer at the bar of the neighboring public-house, some of us drank spirits, crowds of us had sandwiches and ginger-beer at the refreshment-bars established for us in the Theatre. The sandwich—as substantial as was consistent with portability, and as cheap as possible—we hailed as one of our greatest institutions. It forced its way among us at all stages of the entertainment, and we were always delighted to see it; its adaptability to the varying moods of our nature was surprising; we could never weep so comfortably as when our tears fell on our sandwich; we could never laugh so heartily as when we choked with sandwich; Virtue never looked so beautiful or Vice so deformed as when we paused, sandwich in hand, to consider what would come of that resolution of Wickedness in boots, to sever Innocence in flowered chintz from Honest Industry in striped stockings. When the curtain fell for the night, we still fell back upon sandwich, to help us through the rain and mire, and home to bed.

This, as I have mentioned, was Saturday night. Being Saturday night, I had accomplished but the half of my uncommercial journey; for its object was to compare the play on Saturday evening with the preaching in the same Theatre on Sunday evening.

Therefore, at the same hour of half past six on the similarly damp and muddy Sunday evening, I returned to this Theatre. I drove up to the entrance (fearful of being late, or I should have come on foot), and found myself in a large crowd of people who, I am happy to state, were put into excellent spirits by my arrival. Having nothing to look at but the mud and the closed doors, they looked at me, and highly enjoyed the comic spectacle. My modesty inducing me to draw off, some hundreds of yards, into a dark corner, they at once forgot me, and applied themselves to their former occupation of looking at the mud and looking in at the closed doors: which, being of grated iron-work, allowed the lighted passage within to be seen. They were chiefly people of respectable appearance, odd and impulsive as most crowds are, and making a joke of being there as most crowds do.

In the dark corner I might have sat a long while, but that a very obliging passer-by informed me that the Theatre was already full, and that the people whom I saw in the street were all shut out for want of room. After that I lost no time in worming myself into the building, and creeping to a place in a Proscenium box that had been kept for me.

There must have been full four thousand people present. Carefully estimating the pit alone, I could bring it out as holding little less than fourteen hundred. Every part of the house was well filled, and I had not found it easy to make my way along the back of the boxes to where I sat. The chandeliers in the ceiling were lighted; there was no light on the stage; the orchestra was empty. The green curtain was down, and packed pretty closely on chairs on the small space of stage before it were some thirty gentlemen, and two or three ladies. In the centre of these, in a desk or pulpit covered with red baize, was the presiding minister. The kind of rostrum he occupied will be very well understood if I liken it to a boarded-up fire-place turned toward the audience, with a gentleman in a black surtout standing in the stove and leaning forward over the mantle-piece.

A portion of Scripture was being read when I went in. It was followed by a discourse, to which the congregation listened with most exemplary attention and uninterrupted silence and decorum. My own attention comprehended both the auditory and the speaker, and shall turn to both in this recalling of the scene, exactly as it did at the time.

"A very difficult thing," I thought, when the discourse began, "to speak appropriately to so large an audience, and to speak with tact. Without it, better not to speak at all. Infinitely better to read the New Testament well, and to let *that* speak. In this congregation there is indubitably one pulse; but I doubt if any power short of genius can touch it as one, and make it answer as one."

I could not possibly say to myself as the discourse proceeded that the minister was a good speaker. I could not possibly say to myself that he expressed an understanding of the general mind and character of his audience. There was a supposititious working-man introduced into the homily to make supposititious objections to our Christian religion and be reasoned down, who was not only a very disagreeable person, but remarkably unlike life—very much more unlike it than any thing I had seen in the pantomime. The native independence of character this artisan was supposed to possess, was represented by a suggestion of a dialect that I certainly never heard in my uncommercial travels, and with a coarse swing of voice and manner any thing but agreeable to his feelings I should conceive, considered in the light of a portrait, and as far away from the fact as a Chinese Tartar. There was a model pauper introduced in like manner, who appeared to me to be the most intolerably arrogant pauper ever relieved, and to show himself in absolute want and dire necessity of a course of Stone Yard. For, how did this pauper testify to his having received the Gospel of humility? A gentleman met him in the work-house, and said (which I myself really thought good-natured of him), "Ah, John! I am sorry to see you here. I am sorry to see you so poor." "Poor, Sir!" replied that man, drawing himself up, "I am the son of a Prince! *My* father is the King of Kings. *My* father is the Lord of Lords. *My* father is the ruler of all the Princes of the Earth!" etc. And this was what all the preacher's fellow-sinners might come to, if they would embrace this blessed book—which I must say it did some violence to my own feelings of reverence to see held out at arm's-length at frequent intervals, and soundingly slapped, like a slow lot at a sale. Now, could I help asking myself the question, whether the mechanic before me, who must detect the preacher as being wrong about the visible manner of himself and the like of himself, and about such a noisy lip-server as that pauper, might not, most unhappily for the usefulness of the occasion, doubt that preacher's being right about things not visible to human senses?

Again. Is it necessary or advisable to address such an audience continually as "fellow-sinners?" Is it not enough to be fellow-creatures, born yesterday, suffering and striving to-day, dying to-morrow? By our common humanity, my brothers and sisters, by our common capacities for pain and pleasure, by our common laughter and our common tears, by our common aspiration to reach something better than ourselves, by our common tendency to believe in something good, and to invest whatever we love or whatever we lose with some qualities that are superior to our own failings and weaknesses as we know them in our own poor hearts—by these. Hear me!—Surely, it is enough to be fellow-creatures. Surely, it includes the other designation and some touching meanings over and above.

Again. There was a personage introduced into the discourse (not an absolute novelty, to the best of my remembrance of my reading), who had been personally known to the preacher, and had been quite a Crichton in all the ways of philosophy, but had been an infidel. Many a time had the preacher talked with him on that subject, and many a time had he failed to convince that intelligent man. But he fell ill, and died, and before he died he recorded his conversion—in words which the preacher had taken down, my fellow-sinners, and would read to you from this piece of paper. I must confess that to me, as one of an uninstructed audience, they did not appear particularly edifying. I thought their tone extremely selfish, and I thought they had a spiritual vanity in them which was of the before-mentioned refractory pauper's family.

All slangs and twangs are objectionable every where, but the slang and twang of the conventicle—as bad in its way as that of the House of Commons, and nothing worse can be said of it—should be studiously avoided under such circumstances as I describe. The avoidance was not complete on this occasion. Nor was it quite agreeable to see the preacher addressing his pet "points" to his backers on the stage, as if appealing to those disciples to shore him up, and testify to the multitude that each of those points was a clincher.

But in respect of the large Christianity of his general tone; of his renunciation of all priestly authority; of his earnest and reiterated assurance to the people that the commonest among them could work out their own salvation if they would, by simply, lovingly, and dutifully following our Saviour, and that they needed the mediation of no erring man; in these particulars, this gentleman deserved all praise. Nothing could be better than the spirit, or the plain emphatic words of his discourse in these respects. And it was a most significant and encouraging circumstance that whenever he struck that chord, or whenever he described any thing which Christ himself had done, the array of faces before him was very much more earnest, and very much more expressive of emotion, than at any other time.

And now I am brought to the fact, that the lowest part of the audience of the previous night *was not there*. There is no doubt about it. There was no such thing in that building that Sunday evening. I have been told since that the lowest part of the audience of the Victoria Theatre has been attracted to its Sunday services. I have been very glad to hear it, but on this occasion of which I write the lowest part of the usual audience of the Britannia Theatre decidedly and unquestionably staid away. When I first took my seat and looked at the house my surprise at the change in its occupants was as great as my disappointment. To the most respectable class of the previous evening was added a great number of respectable strangers attracted by curiosity, and drafts from the regular congregations of various chapels. It was impossible to fail in identifying the character of these last, and they were very numerous. I came out in a strong, slow tide of them setting from the boxes. Indeed, while the discourse was in progress, the respectable character of the auditory was so manifest in their appearance that when the minister addressed a supposititious "outcast," one really felt a little impatient of it, as a figure of speech not justified by any thing the eye could discover.

The time appointed for the conclusion of the proceedings was eight o'clock. The address having lasted until full that time, and it being the custom to conclude with a hymn, the preacher intimated, in a few sensible words, that the clock had struck the hour, and that those who desired to go before the hymn was sung could go now without giving offense. No one stirred. The hymn was then sung, in good time and tune and unison, and its effect was very striking. A comprehensive benevolent prayer dismissed the throng, and in seven or eight minutes there was nothing left in the Theatre but a light cloud of dust.

That these Sunday meetings in Theatres are good things I do not doubt. Nor do I doubt that they will work lower and lower down in the social scale, if those who preside over them will be very careful on two heads: firstly, not to disparage the places in which they speak, or the intelligence of their hearers; secondly, not to set themselves in antagonism to the natural inborn desire of the mass of mankind to recreate themselves and to be amused.

There is a third head, taking precedence of all others, to which my remarks on the discourse I heard have tended. In the New Testament there is the most beautiful and affecting history conceivable by man, and there are the terse models for all prayer and for all preaching. As to the models, imitate them, Sunday preachers—else why are they there, consider? As to the history, tell it. Some people can not read, some people will not read, many people (this especially holds among the young and ignorant) find it hard to pursue the verse-form in which the book is presented to them, and imagine that those breaks imply gaps and want of continuity. Help them over that first stumbling-block by setting forth the history in narrative, with no fear of exhausting it. You will never preach so well, you will never move them so profoundly, you will never send them away with half so much to think of. Which is the better interest: Christ's choice of twelve poor men to help in those merciful wonders among the poor and rejected, or the pious bullying of a whole Union-full of paupers? What is your changed philosopher to wretched me, peeping in at the door out of the mud of the streets and of my life, when you have the widow's son to tell me about, the ruler's daughter, the other figure at the door when the brother of the two sisters was dead, and one of the two ran to the mourner, crying, "The Master is come and calleth for thee?" Let the preacher who will thoroughly forget himself and remember no individuality but one, and no eloquence but one, stand up before four thousand men and women at the Britannia Theatre any Sunday night, recounting that narrative to them as fellow-creatures, and he shall see a sight!

WHITE CATS.

Albinism in man and in the inferior animals has been always attended by peculiar traits of character and constitution; but in no animal, except the cat, has it been accompanied with *deafness*.

Dr. Sichel, a French naturalist, communicated the fact, some years ago, that, after many observations and experiments, he had found that cats with perfectly white coats and blue eyes are invariably *deaf!* Make any sound you will near them, except such as are of a nature to convey vibrations—as shaking the ground, striking the floor with a hammer—and the animal will remain perfectly indifferent. Crack a whip as loudly as you will, imitate the barking of a dog, clap the hands—in fact, make any noise except such as may convey vibrations, and the result will be the same—indifference on the part of the animal.

If, however, there is the smallest spot of black, brown, or gray on the coat of the cat, or if the iris be any other color than blue, or grayish-blue, then the power of hearing will be the same as in another animal.

This naturalist had a cat, which he procured while a kitten; the coat was perfectly white, and the eyes were perfectly blue. This cat, which at sight of a dog made off with rapidity, paid not the slightest attention to his barking if she did not see him. At the end of a few months the iris became of a deeper color, and the cat began to show signs of attention when a bell was sharply rung about a yard from her ear. But unfortunately the further progress of the experiment was interrupted by the death of poor puss, she having been worried in the street by a dog whose barking she had not heard.

Professor Hevsinger, a German, has drawn attention to another extraordinary peculiarity of white animals; viz., their inability to resist the injurious effects of external agents, which to other animals are perfectly harmless.

And we are told by Carillo, by Marinosci di Martini, and by Menni di Lecce, that in Naples and Sicily eating of *Hypericum crispum*, or, as it is called there, *Fumulo*, acted perniciously on *white*, but not on black sheep; causing in the former the wool to fall off, the head to swell, and death itself to supervene in a couple of weeks. On this account, in Tarentino, where this plant is very common, *black* sheep alone are kept.

Spinola, in his work on the Diseases of Swine, says that buckwheat, *Polygonum fagapyrum*, if eaten at its time of flowering, causes diseases in white and partially white swine, which are not produced by the same agent in black animals.

Another fact bearing upon the point of the inferiority of white animals, in strength and power of resistance, to otherwise harmless agents, is related by a Mr. Youatt. He says: "A cow, for the most part white, but having some black spots, fell sick, and became bald in every part of the white surface. On these parts the epidermis detached itself from the subjacent true skin, while the dark spots continued perfectly healthy." A similar fact is related by a veterinary surgeon named Erdt.

To this day, in Ireland, the thrifty housewife will always call out for the white calf to be killed; and if you ask her why—little versed in Natural History, but shrewd enough in experimental observation—she remarks, "The white calf is ever dawny [sickly], and the white cow is a bad milker."

A few years ago there was a dinner-party given in the city of Dublin by an eminent dignitary of the Church, famed for learning and eccentricity; and in the course of the evening, during the "feast of reason and flow of soul," the host proposed the

following strange conundrum: "Why do white sheep eat more than black ones?"

Taken aback at once by the strange simplicity of the question, which, on account of the well-known ability of the interrogator, was supposed to involve a most intricate maze of solution, not one of the noble, learned, and accomplished guests could give an answer! They were fairly nonplused. Said the Archbishop: "Do you give it up? Do you give it up, Miss Lind?" (for the world-famed and accomplished cantatrice was present.) "Do you give it up, my Lord Chief Justice? Do you give it up, Mr. Vice-Provost? What! all give it up? Well, then, it is *because there are more of them!*"

THE SNOW IS COMING DOWN.

HEY! boy, hitch up the chestnut mare,
The snow is coming down;
From every street the clang of bells
Is waking up the town.
Is waking up the town, my boy,
Is waking up the town;
So, please the Lord, we'll ring a chime
For snow while coming down.

Jump in, my own, my Fannie dear,
The mare is fresh and new;
She's good for two, short, forty-six;
I named her after you.
We'll show the eager, staring crowd
The very reason why
That nags were made to travel fast,
And feathery flakes to fly.

By Jove! the town is far behind!
Sit closer, love, to me;
We whirl so quickly by the slows,
They haven't time to see.
You'll not object—I know you won't—
To this arm, gently—so;
Because—I love you, Fannie dear;
You knew it long ago.

How spotlessly the hills are dressed
In all their silver sheen!
Fair brides, encrowned with flowers of white,
With peeping leaves between.
So, Fannie darling, will I crown
The one that I love best;
The dearest girl in all the world,
Whose head is on my breast.

Keep close, my love, beneath the robes,
The flakes are falling still;
Draw nearer, nearer to my heart,
You know the wind is chill.
Now, darling, press your lips to mine,
One long-drawn kiss of love;
While fleecy snow lies white below,
And skies look black above.

Fly on, my noble steed! you bear
My fortunes on your wing.
My buds of hope, beneath the robes,
Are sweetly blossoming.
To me the hours so swiftly go,
They seem like specks of time,
When dancing flakes the music wakes
Of merry sleigh-bells' chime.

Fly on, my gallant steed! two hearts
Are flying in your track;
Of two you bore so boldly forth
But one you'll carry back.
For, Fannie darling, you and I
Beneath these robes are one;
The old life goes as melts the snows,
The new life has begun.

THE STORY OF THE GOOD SHIP "ANN."

ON the twenty-fifth of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty, I, Thomas Jefferson Adams, mariner, of Philadelphia, signed articles with John Owen, captain and owner of the ship *Ann*, bound from that port for Liverpool, with a full cargo of cheese and flour. At the request of certain persons, who have at times heard part of the story, I am going now to set down what befell me on that voyage. And every word is as true as the tides that ebb and flow day after day, and year after year, forever and ever.

There were fourteen of us besides the Captain, all told. He was a bluff, true-hearted sailor and a good man, with a wife as much like him as one person can be like another; and when he was at home, as pretty a half-dozen children climbed about him as it ever warmed a man's heart to see. The mate was a more reserved and distant man, but a good sailor, and did his duty always. The crew were all experienced hands, and worked with a will. I was the youngest on board, being then nineteen. I will not describe myself—those who know me don't need that I should, and there's no use in putting down words that never did yet paint the face of man or woman. The ship was nearly new. The season was favorable. And as our sails turned and filled before a pleasant breeze, while the golden sunshine danced upon the waters, and the green hills and trees and fields were all covered with the glories of summer dawning brighter every day, we all burst forth with "Hail Columbia," as if by way of good-by to home for but a little while.

We had two passengers. Mistress Dartford and her only daughter, Grace, were bound on a visit to the old country, where they had relations, and were entitled to some little property which it was needful they should see to themselves, Mistress Dartford's husband being dead. Our Captain was a friend of the family, and so came to offer her the passage and his own cabin for their use. The mother was a stern old lady enough, and didn't seem likely to make herself very much at home with us. But Miss Grace—well, that's twenty years ago, but her brown hair waves as softly over her brow as it did then, her kind-looking brown eyes look as tender and loving as they did then, and her gentle voice is as low and sweet as it was when, on that spring afternoon, it mingled sweetly with our rough chorus as we sang farewell, when we set out on that last voyage of the good ship *Ann*. What harm could befall a ship with such an angel on board, was the thought of all of us as she stood at the stern watching the shore as it gradually sunk down in the west—with her pretty curls and the gay ribbons of her hat fluttering together in the wind. But harm did befall us, as shall presently be told.

For eleven days that breeze never slackened, nor did the weather change. We all had a pleasant time. Miss Grace and I soon got acquainted, partly, I suppose, because when she asked the Captain all our names, he called me a likely lad, and, pinching my ear, told her that he had known my father, who was drowned at sea years before, and that his wife and my mother were girls together, which was all quite true. That very evening I had grown intimate enough to make her up a seat on deck, and tell her one or two wild stories I had heard of life at sea, of shipwrecks and storms, and of love born amidst danger and death from winds and waves, or amidst fire and flashing steel; and I was with her most of the time all those eleven days, for there was not much to do. I forgot to say that she and I were of an age, but her ways were so much older than mine that I almost looked upon her as a woman grown before whom I was but a rough sailor boy. It is true she told me not to call her Miss, but only plain Grace, but I never forgot to for all that.

Well, we went on thus, as I said before, for eleven days—eleven happy days. On the twelfth certain signs known to seamen began to show that a change was at hand. A strange feeling in the air—wind dropped—all but a kind of sighing among the ropes and spars—a few ash-colored clouds in the horizon—that was all. But the Captain called me to him, and said he, "Tom, there's dirty weather over there. We shall have it within an hour's time. Now, I'll leave the ladies to you—mind they don't be frightened or get into any hurt." I said I would do my best, and I did.

Presently the cloud, at first "no bigger than a man's hand," rose up and spread over all the sky. The water changed, as it always does, from blue to black, and an indescribable gloom seemed to rest upon all nature. None but those who have seen and felt it know what a mysterious pause seems to take place before the tempest hurls its first stroke at the devoted ship. It actually seems as if the sea and sky almost dreaded to begin the dreadful conflict that would convulse both as if with terror and rage.

We had not long to wait. There was barely time to make all fast, to double-reef every sail, and to fasten down the hatches before the fierce wind was sweeping over the water, and covering the tops of the waves with foam, and bending our ship down till her main-yard nearly dipped into the raging sea. One moment we were tossed like a dead leaf before an autumn gale; then up, up, higher, higher upon a world of water, from whose summit we could see all the sea and sky roaring and wrestling in wild confusion; then down, down till hope and life seemed shut out by the hills and precipices of water that hung over us and shut us in; then the hill of water that had rolled on toward us toppled over and fell, beating us down as a drowning rat is beaten down to die, while every man clung to ropes or spars till the ship rose and, shaking the water from her decks, staggered on bravely, bravely. That was twenty years ago, but I see the scene now with all its wild terrors. I also see a form that never left the deck for hours, a face that never blanched with fear all that night. She would not go below; I could not make her do so. At least she begged so hard to be let stay on deck that I wrapped her up in one of our coats, and gave her a tarpaulin hat, which she tied on, and then lashed her fast to a spar and there she staid. There all that night she staid, and when even the stout old Captain looked grave, and a wreck drifted past—a confused mass of wood and sails and cordage—she never quailed, but stood looking straight ahead with her curls dripping with the salt waves. Once she shrieked and hid her face—a tremendous sea had swept over us, and when we came out of it one man was gone. All we could see of his fate, though we knew what it was too well, was a floating object like clothes borne away into the darkness—all we could hear was one cry that was drowned by the din around as soon as his drowning terror made him utter it.

Then Miss Grace shrieked and begged me to take her below, where she wept bitterly, whispering to herself, oh, cruel, cruel sea!

But our ship was spared. The good ship *Ann* weathered the gale. The next morning the rising sun poured his flood of golden light athwart the waters, the blue sky looked calm; and the only signs of last night's storm were the rolling billows which seemed to heave and swell like the bosom of a sobbing child, and the vacant place of our poor messmate, who we should never see more, and to whose poor young wife we should have to tell the news when we came home.

We soon forget troubles, however, and that *very* afternoon Miss Grace and her mother took their usual seat on deck—I talking all the nonsense I could to make them cheerful. How I succeeded may be judged from the fact that hours after the moon rose we were there still.

Another day came. And on the morning of that day came the great trouble which befell us all on that last voyage of the good ship *Ann*.

That next morning we had all had breakfast, and were washing the decks, when Miss Grace ran up the cabin stairs and came to me in a great state of fright. When she could speak she whispered that I was to come below and see what was the matter—what she could not tell, but something dreadful she was sure—for her cabin was swarming with rats! I went down, and true enough there they were, running as if wild all about, or crouching in heaps in the corners.

Mrs. Dartford was calm enough, but her manner frightened me most of all. She desired me to fetch the Captain—for there was great danger—"lose not a moment," she added, "and, young man, recover your nerves—you will have need of all your courage and skill—God help us all." The Captain came. I saw in a moment what the lady meant. The good ship *Ann* had sprung a leak, and while we stood there more rats crowded up from the hold into which the water was pouring like a sieve.

No efforts with the pumps could save us. The ship had been too much damaged evidently for us to look for escape except by the boats.

All hands were summoned, and in a few manly words told what had happened, and that the boats were our only chance. All hands set about preparing them without a murmur, and as if without fear.

We had two boats, and were thus distributed: in one, the Captain, the ladies, and five men, besides myself. In the other, the mate and six men. Each boat was provided with stores of salt meat and biscuit, water and spirits; each was a strong sea-going boat, such as all of us might well be thankful to possess. Within one hour from the discovery of the leak we were all embarked and lay at a short distance from the ship. It was not long before she gave a lurch and roll, and then went down headforemost. It was not till then that we realized the loneliness of our situation, gazing upon the few eddying sticks which marked the grave of the good ship *Ann*.

Well, we had orders not to separate and to steer for the Newfoundland coast. No fear that we would if we could help it. But God forgive the man, whoever he was, by whose forgetfulness it came to pass that we were thus adrift in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean without compass, or chart, or oars.

I said we were to keep together. We did so for three days and nights. On the fourth day we saw a sail, which only just lifted above the horizon and then sank again. That day the mate, who was in the other boat, fell ill, and we could hear him raving in delirious madness all the next night. In the morning he was not in the boat. Two days more—two dreary days, during which we saw another sail, which only just showed itself long enough to make us sick with hope deferred. In the evening the other boat's crew hailed us, and inquired whether we had any brandy. We gave them all we could spare—about two quarts. And then the darkness came down once more—oh, that darkness, how fearful, how hopeless it was!

Before the day dawned again we heard yells and cries of rage across the water; other sounds impossible to describe told plainly of a deadly conflict which we had no power to check, helpless as we were ourselves. Next morning when we looked for her she was gone. None of us spoke, but all knew full well that our wretched comrades had swamped their boat in the night and were all drowned.

Seven days were gone—seven weary days. On the seventh one of our number began to rave just as the mate had done, and flung himself suddenly overboard.

Eight days were gone. On the eighth the Captain told us we must be put on half rations. We all prayed together that day—it was Sunday. There was no sail, nor help, nor hope yet.

Two more days passed. An old man, the oldest of the crew, an able sailor in spite of his age, fell ill. He begged the Captain to bleed him—he dreaded fever. This was done; and in the night he tore off his bandage, and died in a pool of blood at the bottom of the boat.

We were now restricted to four ounces of food each a day. A quart of water was all that each could be spared.

The next five days passed over like a dream. Few of us spoke much, and when we looked at each other it was with a kind of apathetic despair. Our number was now less. One more had been committed to the deep.

At last we began to starve. How the two ladies bore up was the wonder of us all; but at length Mrs. Dartford told us she could not hold out much longer, and she began to fade away every hour before our eyes. Miss Grace sat with her mother's head in her lap, white as a sheet but cheerful. But I could see that she, too, was failing; and sure enough she fainted as the sun went down, and lay as like death as a living woman could be. It was a mercy that she did so. For before day broke her poor mother had been taken from her, and with reverent words and tender care we had committed the poor worn body to the deep. I then covered Miss Grace's head, and held her resting in my arms till she should wake and I could whisper such consolation as a poor dying fellow-creature could offer. Thus, hour after hour, did I hold her to my breast till she came to herself. She only shivered and crept closer to me, and when I kissed her pale lips only smiled faintly. She had seen her mother's vacant place, but life had grown to be so like death that it seemed almost natural that she should be gone.

Twenty-seven days had gone by. We were now but five altogether—Miss Grace, the Captain, and two besides myself. We all knew that our time was coming fast, for we were all too feeble to help ourselves or each other, and all would be over soon. As to thoughts of rescue we never seemed to dream of it, but lay feeble and speechless.

I never knew when or how it was—for I became insensible myself for many hours—but when I came to myself, there was Miss Grace leaning over me and moistening my lips with a handkerchief wet with rain. I think that rain saved both our lives. We were then alone—alone without any to see or aid us. All the rest had gone. I asked no questions, but feebly pressing her to me—she was all the world to me now—resigned myself to die.

Total eclipse of sight—no speech for each other—hardly a pulse left in our hearts—all was over at last.

But not all over. For when I woke, as I did from a sleep which was not like sleep, strange figures flitted round me, and new voices whispered he is coming to himself.

And so I was. And I was saved. But what of Miss Grace? Those round me told me she was safe. I should see her soon.—"Did I understand them?" Oh, yes! I understood them well—for the wandering eyes, they told me afterward, closed peacefully and I slept again.

Oh, blessed waking! Whose soft tresses touched my face, as I lay, half fearing to open my eyes for fear I should scare the blessed vision away? Whose soft breath mingled with mine—whose warm lips pressed mine—whose dear form was once bending down lower, and lower, until the heart that beat, I knew, for me was throbbing against my own—whose happy tears fell from her loving eyes?

Yes, I never doubted. Out of that great peril had grown love between us two—mighty, enduring love. No need to tell it. We both knew it well.

What need for more? We were saved, and were in good time safe at home. God bless the sailor who first saw us, a speck on the wide ocean! God bless the brave crew who saved us! They come and see us still, though that was twenty years ago; and when they come, they see a dear woman whom I never called Miss Grace after our rescue from our great peril in that last voyage of the good ship *Ann*.

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The New Partner

IN

"CLINGHAM & CO., BANKERS."

BY FITZ HUGH LUDLOW,

AUTHOR OF "THE HASHEESH EATER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

IN WHICH A FAMILY TREE IS CLIMBED, WITH PECULATIVE INTENTIONS.

THE Main Street of Cheswick roars with a roar that imitates that of Broadway as the roar of a little boy in tears imitates that of a big lion in displeasure. The Main Street of Cheswick is also bustling. A nervous thrill of market wagons and trotting sulkies—for there are both a race-course and a farming district neighboring—runs through it all day.

But about twenty rods above the Bank a little alley lets out of this hurly-burly, passing under an archway between two of the oldest moss-shingled houses, so unobtrusively that the casual passer might very naturally suppose it some private entrance with the gate left unlatched by accident. Most eccentric is its course. At first it pushes forward as with the most unconquerable determination to be an ideally straight line, then it dives downward, growing steeper and steeper, now helping itself by time-shattered steps of rough limestone, now plunging so precipitately that it seems seeking the centre of things; then it crooks abruptly to the right; then, with a graceful curve, it bends on itself to the left; then it ascends by more steps and more steeps; and, finally, when the traveler is just about questioning whether a retreat is not the only means of avoiding chronic dislocation of joints and obliquity of eyes through excess of tortuosity, he suddenly discovers that his troubles are over and he has no farther to go—if it is Blinker's Court he's seeking. At this moment he will find himself in a square open space, perhaps ten or twelve rods across, and his first impression will be that a remarkably large number of first-floor doors are condensed into a remarkably small compass on each of the four sides of the quadrangle. Red brick walls, rising to the height of five stories and a garret, make the place sombre as the bottom of a well, save at exact noon; and as a consequence of this fact, vegetation does not flourish with tropical luxuriance in Blinker's Court. It is full June, all lavish of living green and pink, and time would fail to tell what other glories out of the infinite summer-thesaurus of dyes and forms; but Blinker's Court has not, will not become aware of it. Sole representative of the vegetable kingdom, grows up, in the midst of a broad stone platform in the centre of the place, an old, rheumatic, and altogether diseased pump. Its fungous and honey-combed tap-root it plunges downward into a dark abyss, where, beneath gases which, were there any vent through which they could be caught, it would puzzle a chemist to analyze, lies festering all the year round, and irredescent on the surface but for the darkness; a pool of wicked liquid leached through the gravel of the court from emptied dish kettles, tubs, and all unlovelier utensils, and blaspheming the holy name of water. Hebdomadally, another interesting characteristic is added to this delightful retreat by the recurrence of wash-day, and the whole glimpse of sky and breath of air vouchsafed in more favorable seasons to the lower lodgers on Blinker's Court is intersected by lines drawn from each window to its opposite neighbor, upon which the mutually helpful inhabitants of the place dry their own multifarious garments, and permit their *vis-à-vis* to dry; which, on such occasions, cause the atmosphere of Blinker's Court to assume the appearance of a snow-storm of clothes magically arrested *in transitu*.

There is a Blinker's Court in every man's life; some place, spot, or incident in his heart or outside—close on the verge of his daily business, but perfectly deaf to the tumult of it—out of earshot, out of eye-shot, quite a little cavern in a rock, though accessible from loud, storming life at a moment's notice, and by some such tortuous alley as led to this place.

But every body is not so fortunate as to have Mr Blinker's Court and the real, old original one estimable. This was the case with the favored apprentice of Clingham & Co., Chesswick Branch. And thitherward, after his unexpected departure from the room of Mr. John Manton, on the afternoon whose history was given in our last chapter, did Mr. Luke Green bend his way. Had walls ears, the walls of that alley might have heard more objections made to their crookedness, and that quality of them consigned to more unpleasant destinies, than ever before since they stood. It was as if Mr. Green's mind was accessible only by a slow match, the external end of which had been lit by the smoulder resentment from Mr. Manton, the inner end being just now reached, with a result direly incendiary and explosive. Little pebbles, in themselves of no consequence, were squirring away from Mr. Green's foot as far as they could in any one direction without hitting in an angle. The earth beneath, which could not be squirred or stirred, was kicked rather than trodden on by him; and as he emerged into the open square of Blinker's Court he looked up at the arrested storm of clothes which darkened heaven—for it was wash-day in Blinker's—as if he wished his eye were a meat-knife, and he could run its edge back and forth once or twice over each of those lines.

Toward Number 3 he made his way with a directness that proved him no stranger—dodging, with a half-suppressed oath, between moist sheets and garments having lower limbs—through a group of old women who attended around the pump to assist the said clothes to dry—among kneeling urchins, whose mothers he knocked out of the ring in so adroit a manner as to explain the admiration with which they saked if he wouldn't like to come back, and try it over again—and finally opened the door bearing the number which he sought, passing in without any forewarning of bell or rap. He mounted a narrow and almost perpendicular staircase, which fared him as he came in, and at the top of the third flight passed along the entry to its farther end, and knocked on the grenay panel of an old and much battered door opening on the right hand. Knocked again, and that the knob. That door was locked.

"The devil!" said Luke Green. "Her eare grow worse and worse!"

Whereupon he began playing a reveille with both fists, until his knuckles smarted, and the door communicated its jar to the partitions. He heard a resting inside, and redoubled his efforts. Then came a sound of hobbling feet, and a very attenuated, tremulous voice asked, querulously, through the keyhole, "Who's there?" He put his mouth to the same opening, gave a short whistle, and the door was opened instantly.

A very old woman stood in the door-way. A snowy cambric cap, with ruffles severely starched, and, for the present fashion, enormous, was drawn lightly down over her head, so as to display just the faintest line of thin white hair at the front, and tied under her chin with two green bows, large in proportion, as the wings under the tiniest heads in the old masters, and suggesting those, save that the old woman was so much too old to be a cherub; or, indeed, taking into consideration the other portions of her physique, an angelic being of any kind. A perfectly clean but very coarse blue bedgown, of some woolen stuff, reached a trifling distance below her knees; stockings of the same material and color; and a long pair of man's India-rubbers completing her attire below; while, above, a green baize jacket, apparently the lining of some gentleman's greatcoat, which had once if only a few times before his decease, hung loosely on her shoulders. But the most curious part of her, as of all people worth five minutes' examination, was her face. Her eyes, black as jet, but sunken till they seemed no larger than pin-heads, lay, each like a crafty little spider, parda at the centre of its cobweb of converging wrinkles; and when she turned upon Luke Green, looked just ready to leap out and spring back again with a fly in their claws. Her nose extended in a perfectly straight line forward and downward, making an angle sharp as the beak of a goldfinch as it returned toward the lip, and had a suspicious air, a look of inspection about it that made one feel uncomfortable who had any family secrets—a real jack-desk, probing into one nose it was. To these graces add a long upper lip, with a not invisible grizzled mustache, and a short, square chin, with an evident muscular possibility of bite in it, and the old woman is drawn who opened the door for Luke Green.

"I didn't know as I ever *should* get in," said the Bank superintendent, in a reproachful tone.

"Oh, Lukey, Lukey—the impotent boy he was! Couldn't he wait just one minute for the poor old woman to wake up, and give her eyes one little wipe, before she opened the door? It might be pickpockets—it might be highway robbers. Then, again, it might be arson, or somebody wanting to come in and murder me, glory. Or it might be murder—*murder*, Lukey! Just think of that—and poor old mother here all alone! There's that box under the bed to think of. It's all yours—every bit on't—when the old woman's gone. Come in, Lukey—come in, boy—come and sit down with his mother, that's a dear, and take a little bite and sup. Come, Lukey!"

While she said this she drew him into the room and locked the door after her.

It was a very neat room, but furnished no more expensively than the room which serves as kitchen, parlor, and bedchamber is usually furnished among the better class of the poor. Luke Green drew two chairs into the middle of the room, and having done this and thrown a pair of cushion to the old woman, took the other himself.

"Well, mother," he began. "I've had trouble enough since I saw you. When was it I was here last? Let's see—oh yes, to-morrow week was the last time. Well, I've had my fill. I've had vexations enough to make a man want to get out of the earth—any where, almost. Vexation on my fine prospects!"

"Poor Lukey! poor Lukey! who's been a-hurting my boy now? I never let 'em do it; I never did. Why, you remember when you used to go to the old stone school-house, just across the brook from where we lived, by the big chestnut-tree—Why, some one's been trying to get off that tree! You don't see any thing like 'em now, Lukey—do you? Where's the red apples mother time? Oh you little rogue! What boys were they? Speck, they were Joe Burrill's boy and Jerry Spencer. They begin to lick you. Don't you remember how I came out with the churn-dasher, and the way I put it round their shoulders, and they set out in front of our house—saucy little brats! I gave it to 'em! I'd just been churning; I could make butter then—sweet butter, I hear! those very times! But that must be thirty-six years ago come next August. I didn't let them hurt my Lukey! They sha'n't hurt my Lukey now. I won't let 'em! Who's been a-doing it, Lukey? Tell your old mother."

Luke Green sat thinking for a moment after his mother had finished these words, either having been absorbed in something else, or thinking she had more to say; and then, bringing down his fist on the elbow of the chair she sat in so violently as to start it, he exclaimed fiercely,

"I believe I shall lose that girl; and if I do, then—I'm lost!"

"Lost, Lukey—lost! why, what do you mean? Haven't you got me to support? There's always always be a home for you in this old heart, Lukey, till it stops a-benting, here in Blinker's Court—"

"D—n Blinker's Court!" said Luke Green, angrily.

"There's worse places than Blinker's Court, a great deal. Oh, Blinker's Court isn't a bad place, only there are plenty of neighbors."

"Never mind about Blinker's Court, mother. Just listen to me for a minute. I came to Chesswick to take care of Clinghams' business."

"So you did! so you did! I always knew you would rise, Lukey."

"Can you stop and let me talk? Or would you like to keep on? I can wait till another time."

The old woman shook her head in a deprecating manner, put her hand over her mouth, and Luke Green continued:

"As I said, I came here to be head of the Bank. As you too said, I did rise. It was a rise that I had earned, if ever man did, by working like the devil in a soul-tying, brain-racking business for other people. I was glad to come here, for a good many reasons. One was that it made me head of something, after having been all degrees from the other end up. Another was that I liked to be by you. And another was this girl."

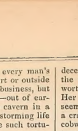
"Oh Lukey, Lukey! you're in love, Lukey!"

"Love to the devil! Do you think me a calf? You know why I ever thought of her. If it hadn't been for you I never would have bothered my head if she'd been knocked on *hers*. I'm not a woman's man, I fancy. D—n them, they've always been a curse! They've always bound to be a vexation to somebody till the world ends! But never mind. I'll go on. Let me paint the picture of my life for the last three years. You begin by telling me to put in for that girl. I sak why? You answer that you know she is not Nora Manton; it is really Nora Clingham. I am surprised, of course, ask you how you know—why you think so?"

"Lukey, Lukey, hain't I told you a hundred times? And now I'll tell you again. It does seem as if you never could believe me; but I'll tell you once more, and this is the last time."

"I wish to God it might be! I'm tired enough of hearing it."

"Don't make any rash prayers, my boy; no good ever comes of it. It may be the last word, and then you'd be sorry you'd ha' said it. But I'll tell you all about it.'



BLINKER'S COURT.

"GO ON, AND GET THROUGH."

Like a man who sees no way to leap over a stream, and braces himself to go through it, Luke Green prepared to hear the most intolerable story, which his mother hardly exaggerated in saying she now told him for the thousandth time. With a resigned expression on his mouth, his right elbow resting on his left palm, his chin on his disengaged hand shading a pair of very sullen eyes, he simply said to his mother, "Go on, and get through."

THE STEAMER "PEYTONA."

We present herewith an engraving of the steamer *Peytona*, of the Louisville and New Orleans Louisville line; a vessel now which is attracting attention in the West. We take the following description of her from a Louisville paper:

"Her draught of water light, and in trim, is barely 2½ feet. She has also many accommodations for 150 passengers, in addition to which the texas can accommodate thirty-two more, as good as these in the cabin. The outfit of the cabin is rich and unique, consisting of Brussels or tapestry carpets, lace curtains, and rich drapery for all the ladies' rooms, together with fine linens, splendid table covers, costly curtains, beautiful chandeliers, &c.

"The *Peytona* was built expressly for the trade between Louisville and New Orleans, and special attention has been paid to the accommodation of passengers and consequently her tare stock, as her guards are covered in, and the deck room is commodious. Her capacity for freight is equal to the burden of 1000 tons of freight, with the same draw of the water. The hull is well fastened, with an easy model and ample power to make her fast and safe. The dimensions are as follow: Length over all, 205 feet, with 30 feet beam and 9 feet depth of hold, well fastened. Her motive power is ample and well applied, working an immense waterwheel with over 14 feet length of buckets. The cylinders are of 34 inches diameter, with 9 feet stroke, and 5 boilers 22 feet long and 42 inches in diameter. Her chimneys rise 50 feet high from the hurricane deck. She is furnished with a steam freight hoister, steam capstan, and all the late improvements.

"The cabin, one of the most beautiful on the river, has fifty-two state rooms. Every state room in the after cabin contains, in addition to the berths, a transom bed for the use of children, which will make her a very desirable boat for families. They are furnished with spring mattresses, linen sheets and linen pillow-cases, washstands, washbowls, bureaus, and every thing complete. Beyond the ladies' cabin is a fine promenade, which is made comfortable by a stove. Below the ladies' cabin is the nursery, which contains rooms for sixteen persons."

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THE MISTRESS of The Parsonage.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

PART III.—*Continued.*

My music lessons with Mrs. Otcheson were commenced at once; and, according to her account, I made astonishing progress. I was surprised at myself, and began to feel almost as great an affection for the piano as though it had been a living thing.

Mr. Pendleigh was sometimes present at these lessons, and sometimes he was otherwise engaged. Mrs. Otcheson frequently called to him to come and note my improvement, and sometimes his voice, a magnificent bass, lent volume to our singing; but his manner to me was quite distant and respectful, and his mood one of settled melancholy.

I had seen very few different characters, and Mr. Pendleigh was a sort of enigma that I often found myself studying. But if I looked toward him I was sure to catch those deep eyes fixed upon me, and the glance rendered me uncomfortable.

On my birthday a handsome piano awaited me—a gift from Mr. Winnesiis; and this thoughtful kindness, together with the possession of so coveted a treasure, fairly brought the tears to my eyes.

I drummed upon it almost from morning to night; and I doubt if *prima donna* ever had a more admiring audience than those crude performances found in my husband.

Mr. Pendleigh came frequently to the Parsonage; sometimes to be closeted with Mr. Winnesiis, and sometimes he was bodily turned over to me. Sometimes Mrs. Otcheson accompanied him, and we rambled over the country, and sat down in the woods, where Mr. Pendleigh read to us, or repeated long poems, with which his memory seemed inexhaustibly stored. His voice was deep and thrilling; and I have frequently turned aside to conceal the tears called forth by passages from "Marmion," which never struck me before with such touching beauty.

Gradually my thoughts of Mr. Pendleigh became softened; I felt for him a mingling of pity and admiration that wove off my restraint in his presence; and I liked to talk with him, although our opinions were very often at variance.

I argued with him about my beloved Church with more enthusiasm, probably, than judgment; for Mr. Pendleigh would smile good-humoredly, but appear still unconvinced. During one of these discussions he handed me a slip of paper, on which he had written:

"The country is God's ancient Church,
His house not made with hands;
Where every part is perfect grace
Which awes accordance stands."

This did very well, I thought, as far as it went; but seeing that I made very little impression on Mr. Pendleigh's judgment, I concluded that Mr. Winnesiis was better fitted to wrestle with him on questions of theology.

He had the utmost confidence, he said, in *our* goodness; he wished that he was half as deserving; but he had been peculiarly tempted, and it was therefore no wonder if he had peculiar views. And then he would gracefully dismiss the subject, as a matter of small moment after all, and turn to the pages of poetry that seemed to have so much greater attractions for him.

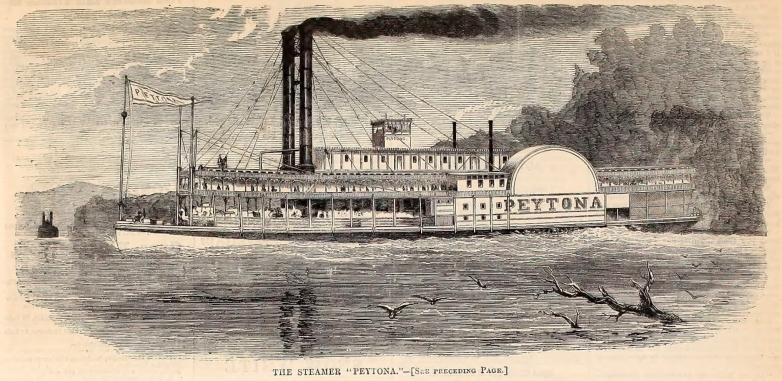
Mrs. Otcheson said that she never could feel sufficiently grateful to me—I was a perfect wonderful; I amused Oscar so much, and drew him off poor fellow! from the contemplation of his misfortune. He was so much improved since he had known me. And now she had something very delightful to propose! They were going to take a little *trip* to the sea-shore with the children, and if I and Mr. Winnesiis would join their party it would give them the greatest possible pleasure.

I thought so! I had never seen it; I wondered what it looked like! I was half wild to go; and I ran to Mr. Winnesiis to divulge the plan in quite a paroxysm of excitement. "I would do us all so much good," Mrs. Otcheson said.

My husband replied, with an indulgent smile, that "he was good enough already, as far as health went; but, from my flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes, *I* must be very much out of order, and therefore I had better take the prescription alone."

"Not *alone!*" I repeated, with a sudden conviction of the dreariness of the word. "I *can't* go alone!"

"Then you really dislike to leave your old husband?" as he drew me up to his chair.



THE STEAMER "PEYTONA."—[SEE PRECEDING PAGE.]

"The very thought has taken the light from your eyes and the color from your cheek."

I could see that he was pleased at my unwillingness to leave him; and a half smile broke forth at the probable result of my application.

"Do you know, Fairy," he continued, "that you are getting to be a very dissipated little woman? We have had music, poetry, and moonlight walks; and now you must go to the seashore, like Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Smith. I expect that, next, you'll be applying to me for a set of diamonds?"

"You don't expect any such thing!" I exclaimed, pettishly, for I was impatient to have him say "Yes."

"Well," said Mr. Winnesilie, as he kissed the incipient pout from my lips, "you may tell Mrs. Otcheson that she can have you for a few weeks, without the incumbrance she had dreaded. I can not leave Meadowbrook, except for a day or two—but I will take an occasional trip to see you."

I was only half-satisfied with this; but my husband declared that the sea-air was just what I needed—I had looked rather pale and languid lately; and as he did *not* need it, he couldn't be excused for leaving his post.

So it was all settled, and Mr. Winnesilie's absence was looked upon as a very reasonable thing.

Mrs. Otcheson said, laughingly, that she thought she should pass me off as a young lady, a cousin of hers, who had just made her *début* in society. They all laughed at the idea; but I thought of my husband alone there at the Parsonage, and did not feel quite satisfied.

But all other feelings were soon absorbed in the delight of the new scene that opened upon me. How I loved the white, pebbly shore that seemed stretching away into regions of unknown space—the rising and falling waves—the deep, musical *roar* that reverberated from the fathomless waste!

Mrs. Otcheson was amused at my delight, and said that "I was a perfect *child*;" but Mr. Pendleigh looked at me half enviously that I could enter thus fresh and unsophisticated into what appeared to him a very commonplace scene.

From the dancing, dressing, flirting crowd inside I shrank in nervous embarrassment; and it was absolutely painful to me to enter the confined dining-room, where Mrs. Otcheson seemed perfectly at her ease. Hosts of acquaintances came thronging about her; and as in some instances she haughtily carried out her proposed intention of passing me off as an unsophisticated young relative, the surmises afloat respecting me were various and contradictory. I had attained to the dignity of twenty-one years, but people declared that I scarcely looked seventeen; and some persisted in considering me a school-girl, emancipated for a few weeks from thraldom.

Again, it was reported that I was the bride-elect of Mr. Pendleigh; a theory favored, perhaps, by our being continually together, for had not my husband given him to me as a sort of charge? I looked upon him now with most friendly eyes; and many a pleasant ramble we took on the sands, accompanied, generally, by the merry troop of children, running before or behind us, while Mrs. Otcheson dispensed tea and honeyed words in the drawing-room.

I had not been gone long before Mr. Winnesilie followed me. It was very surprising, he said, that he could not do without me, when Mimi made him twice as comfortable as I did, and the Parsonage was so still now, that he could write without the least interruption.

"But I don't like the stillness, Fairy," said he, "and I thought that if I did not come to look after you, you might perhaps get into mischief."

His stay was very short, though; the noise, he said, disturbed him, and he went back to his books.

Mr. Pendleigh had queer, wild moods sometimes, that made me think him a little crazy. He would start abruptly and leave me, or watch my movements to such a degree that I became uncomfortably conscious of his fixed gaze. I even wondered if it were not dangerous for him to be so near the sea, fearing that, in some strange mood, he might plunge in.

We had walked down on the sea-shore one evening, and he began to talk so wildly that I became frightened. He spoke of fearful destinies, and said that he felt convinced, from his hitherto miserable life, that some dark fate was in store for him—one plunge would end it all —why had not the thing created a right to give back its life into the Creator's hands?

I trembled with an undefined fear, and placed my hand on his arm to restrain him. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and as my fingers touched him he turned his face to me with a look that startled me.

I could not explain that glance, but it made me uneasy; and I was withdrawing my hand, when my other arm was suddenly seized, and I turned to face my husband.

Mr. Winnesilie had arrived unexpectedly, and come out on the beach in search of me. Without a word he drew my hand through his arm, and walked off at a rapid pace.

"Fairy," said he, at length, "this is no place for you—we must go home. I have been thoughtless in exposing you to such influences."

I did not say a word upon the subject, partly from fright, and partly from pride that my husband should fancy me so weak as to be led away, even in appearance, from the path of right; and when we reached our room I quietly began putting up my things, while Mr. Winnesilie leaned his head upon his hand and sighed.

I had wondered what they would think of our abrupt departure, but Mrs. Otcheson took it very smilingly; it was quite natural, she said, that Mr. Winnesilie should become impatient and take us, at length, by surprise; she was rather tired of the place herself, and would soon follow us.

Mr. Pendleigh shook hands with us very cordially, and seemed quite unconscious of any reason for our abrupt departure. Possibly Mr. Winnesilie thought that he had been too hasty; for he took leave with his usual kindness, and we were soon established again at the Parsonage.

"My birdling must not leave her nest again, unless accompanied by me," said my husband, as he welcomed me home.

I said nothing; but I could not help thinking that my jaunt to the sea-shore had not been so productive of pleasure as I expected.

When the Otchesons returned, Mr. Winnesilie said that I had better not resume the musiclessons; he was afraid that perhaps spending so much time there led me to neglect others.

"I will never go there again if you do not wish it," said I, with an injured feeling.

"Oh no," replied my husband, "go there the same as ever—there is no reason why you should avoid them—only don't spend quite so much time there as you have been in the habit of doing; it gives people occasion to talk."

It seemed to me that there was a coldness between us which Mr. Winnesilie did not choose to explain, and of which I was too proud to complain. He was kind still, but he was not exactly the husband of former days; and I began to fear that he looked upon me as that despicable character, a married flirt. I did not know then how his ears had been poisoned by those hangers-on who always abound at watering-places. While I was awaiting in dignified silence an explanation from *him*, he expected an explanation from *me*; and I passed lonely hours at my piano, while my husband shut himself up in his study.

Whenever I caught Mr. Winnesilie's eye it was fixed upon me with a sad expression; and I began to be afraid of him, for Arethusa had feared that these prolonged fits of melancholy might bring on insanity.

When Mrs. Otcheson returned her first visit was paid to me; and she appeared both surprised and disappointed when I told her that Mr. Winnesilie thought there was no longer any occasion for me to trouble her with my musical education, as I could now practice at home, and already accompanied myself in his favorite songs well enough to please his not critical ear.

I could not understand her dismay. She had hoped, she said, that our little musical gatherings would interest Oscar, who had often threatened to go to Europe; and as she did not consider it safe for him to go alone, and it was not then convenient for her to accompany him, she endeavored to amuse him as much as possible at home.

I said that I wondered he had not gone before; for a person of wealth and refinement, without any employment, nothing could be more natural; but Mrs. Otcheson was evidently not pleased with these remarks, and changed the subject as soon as possible.

"A *story*," said she, with emphasis, "feels very differently; but let us talk of something else. If you are no longer to take music-lessons, I do 'it pray, desert us altogether, or Mendolbrook will become insupportable; for you know that we consider you and Mr. Winnesilie the only civilized portion of the population."

I willingly acceded to her request to "turn over often," for I felt an unusual weight of loneliness; and when Mrs. Otcheson and her feathers had disappeared in the distance, I sat there in the little parlor buried in a profitless reverie.

I was unhappy and wicked; and instead of saying, "I will arise and go to my Father," I sat feeding my imagination with forbidden fancies. My husband no longer cared for me; I was an unloved wife; and it *might* have been so different! Perhaps, had I remained in my humble position of school-teacher, *free* as before I saw Mr. Winnesilie, I might—

One Sunday, to my great surprise, Mr. Pendleigh was at church. His manner was so reverential and subdued that Mr. Winnesilie remarked it with much pleasure.

"Perhaps, Fairy, your counsels have not been in vain," said my husband, with the old smile; "but I began to fear that Mr. Pendleigh might not attend so much to the teaching *as to the teacher*. I hope that I have not done him injustice; but old men are always jealous, you know."

I was so perfectly firm in my own strength that I had no sympathy for my husband's weakness; and something like contempt rose in my heart when he spoke of Mr. Pendleigh.

Mr. Winnesilie saw it, and the next day, when Mrs. Otcheson called in her phaeton, driven by her brother, for me to take a drive, he urged my acceptance of the invitation.

With a significant glance at my husband I had proudly declined, but Mrs. Otcheson persevered. It would do me good, she said—I looked pale—would soon return, etc.; and Mr. Winnesilie insisted so pertinaciously upon my going that I did not dare to refuse.

I threw a black lace mantilla over my head, and Mr. Winnesilie having put a warm shawl in the carriage, we were soon whirling along at a rapid pace. The fresh air was invigorating, the motion delightful, and my elastic spirits rose at once. I felt gay and mischievous; my cheeks burned with excitement; and Mrs. Otcheson exclaimed that I made the prettiest and most romantic picture she had seen in a long while.

At this Mr. Pendleigh turned to survey me; and I blushed and laughed as I said that I had forgotten to label myself, "Eyes off!"

ON THE BEACH.

"Gabrielle!" exclaimed her brother, suddenly, "didn't you intend stopping at one of these queer places for something to satisfy the coarser demands of nature?"

"Yes," she replied; "and of course we have passed it! The children will never forgive me if I don't bring their 'round-hearts.' There is a man out here"—turning to me—"who keeps a little cake-shop, and makes excellent round-hearts. The children, who are not accustomed to luxuries, declare that 'round-hearts are good enough for *any* body;' and I promised to bring them some 'Johnny-cake.'"

The horses were turned around, and the cake-shop hunted up.

"Don't get out," said Mrs. Octheson, as I prepared to follow her; "it is such a little place; and you will only soil your dress."

"We will take a turn up the road," called out Mr. Pendleigh, "while you are making your bargains."

Mrs. Octheson nodded her head, and pushed vigorously against the little door of the shop.

I felt uneasy, I knew not why; nor was this feeling lessened when Mr. Pendleigh seized my hand and exclaimed, imperiously,

"I must speak to you, and I *will!* I have loved you since the first day I saw you, and imagined you the daughter of that prematurely old man. What but the perverse fate that has followed my footsteps from the cradle gave you to *him?* I could have surrounded you with wealth, luxuries, and refinements; watched your every look; enshrined you as my bright-est gem in a casket of magnificence; you should not have known a wish ungratified; and *now*—"

I felt like one in a dream; his violence terrified me. Mr. Winnielie's pale face, with its stern look upon it, rose up before me; and had it been for life or death I could not have spoken. Mr. Pendleigh was encouraged by my silence to proceed:

"Do not judge me too harshly, *Ernestine*—how often have I repeated that name when alone! You see before you an unfortunate man, the constant victim of a designing sister. You look surprised. She acts well her part, does she not?—this scheming, *loving* Gabrielle! She has been an accomplished actress ever since she could walk. In the bloom of her early girlhood she sacrificed her youth, beauty, and purity on the unhallowed shrine of the Juggernaut—Gold; and when my misfortune—caused by the carelessness of an uncle—was repaid, as he considered, by leaving me his fortune, Gabrielle became suddenly roused to my welfare, and took me under her especial charge. She feared that a *wife* might interfere with the claims of her children upon their rich uncle, and she watched me with a jealousy that more than equalled his saw through this; but I remembered that she was my *sister*, and I could not determine to cut myself off from my only relations. And fate threw you in her way; you were young, beautiful, and *married*, therefore a perfectly safe tool for her to use against all dangerous fancies. You were surprised that I addressed you as '*Miss* Winnielie' in the early part of our acquaintance—that was part of Gabrielle's plan; she wished to keep me in ignorance of your position until my affections were engaged beyond all power of recalling them; *then* she could smile at all danger from meanowning mammas or beautiful daughters. With me it has succeeded but too well; and you, Ernestine? You are pale and sad of late—"

He stopped suddenly, for my eyes were fix-d, as with a spell, upon an approaching figure that I recognized but too well.

The coming had rested by the roadside when out of sight of the shop; but Mr. Pendleigh, with a fierce expression of defiance, as though the appearance of Mr. Winnielie had awakened him, urged the horses forward, still retaining a tight grasp upon my powerless hand.

Varied pictures flashed before me in that half-trance: Mrs. Octheson's heartless duplicity; the insult of Mr. Pendleigh's avowal; the cold set expression of my husband's face; a future lifetime of wretchedness.

Mr. Winnielie had seized the horses and stopped the carriage. I heard his voice, as he addressed Mr. Pendleigh:

"To you, Sir, I have nothing to say. Read the parable of the ewe-lamb, and your own conscience will make the application."

I was unlocked, and he lifted me out in his arms.

When I recovered I was sitting in a countryman's wagon with my head leaning on my husband's shoulder. I raised my eyes to his face, but I was frightened, and closed them again with a shudder. I relapsed into unconsciousness; and when I opened my eyes again I recognized myself as the one leading to Hog's Point. I knew not what was in store for me; and I felt so weak from the late excitement, and the days of sumptuous whitjck had quenched it, that I cared very little what became of me. It was a silent drive of two or three hours; my husband's face was rigid, and his eyes studiously avoided mine.

Arethusa had seen the vehicle in the distance; and she stood at the gate, her face shaded by a huge sun-bonnet, peering out at the travelers.

"Well, I declare!" was her salutation, "I should as soon have expected to see you drive up in a wheel-barrow, or on a wooden rocking-horse! Whatever possessed you to come in this style? How do you look, Fairy!" and my sister-in-law bustled around, untying my bonnet-strings, shaking up a cushion and depositing me upon a sofa.

I glanced appealingly at Mr. Winnielie.

"Ernestine is not well," said he, "and I have brought her to you, in hopes that the change may do her good."

Arethusa said that was all right; but I read in this speech a painful significance, and I hastily brushed off the two large tears that rolled down my cheeks.

After tea Arethusa took me up stairs to "the spare-room," where my comfort had been formerly cared for; and I sank down into an easy-chair with queer fancies respecting the high, old-fashioned bed.

It was so large and white; it seemed to take the shape of a truckless field of snow, and I was plunging madly through the drifts, calling wildly to my husband, but he would not come and rescue me. Then I experienced the sleepiness so often described as the last sensation of freezing; I knew that I was dying, but I could not rouse myself; and I gradually drifted off into the dread expanse.

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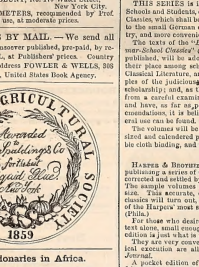

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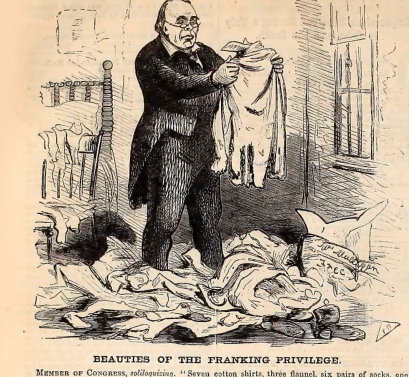

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. IV.—No. 168.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1860. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

ANOTHER NEW SERIAL.

We shall shortly commence a new serial Tale of American Life by an eminent native author. This tale will be illustrated.

We continue in this number our other serials, to wit:

1. THE WOMAN IN WHITE, by WILKIE COLLINS, with MCLENAN'S illustrations—commenced in No. 152.

2. THE NEW PARTNER IN CLINGHAM & CO., an exquisite Story of American Life, by FITZ HUGH LUDLOW, illustrated by MCLENAN—commenced in No. 159.

3. THE MISTRESS OF THE PARSONAGE, by ELLA RODMAN—another charming Tale of Country Life in the United States—with HOMER'S illustrations—commenced in No. 164.

On or before the conclusion of these tales, others of equal merit will be commenced, it being the intention of the publishers to secure every work of undoubted excellence that is written here or abroad. The foreign serials which appear in HARPER'S WEEKLY are purchased from their authors by the proprietors of HARPER'S WEEKLY, who, in many instances, give for a mere right of priority what amounts to a handsome copyright to the author.

We can furnish back numbers on receipt of the money.

HON. JOHN WENTWORTH, MAYOR ELECT OF CHICAGO.

HON. JOHN WENTWORTH, OF CHICAGO.

We publish herewith a portrait of the Hon. John Wentworth, who was elected Mayor of Chicago on Tuesday last. Mr. Wentworth has many friends, and perhaps a few political enemies, who will be glad to see his bold face.

He was born forty-five years ago, in the town of Sandwich, in the State of New Hampshire, of poor parents. His family are of English origin, and claim descent from a noble family in the old country. While quite a lad he taught school for his support, and earned money enough to pay his expenses at Dartmouth College. At the close of his collegiate career he removed to the West, and settled at Chicago as a student of law. On his admission to the bar he speedily obtained some practice, and his courage and energy attracted attention. He shortly afterward connected himself with the press, and made himself known as a powerful writer. Embarking in politics, he was elected a representative to Congress in the year 1843, and sat twelve years in that body, winning respect from his fellow-members. On his return home he was elected Mayor of Chicago—an office to which he has just been re-elected, after a contest of unexampled bitterness. He was the candidate of the Republican and anti-Douglas party.

TERRIBLE ACCIDENT AT CINCINNATI.

We engrave herewith, from a sketch by Mr. E. Fraser, the shocking accident which occurred at Cincinnati on 1st inst. A Cincinnati paper thus describes the sad event:

"About half past eight o'clock this morning a wall of St. Xavier Church, on Sycamore Street, between Sixth and Seventh Streets, now being demolished, suddenly fell, crushing beneath its weight a large number of the laborers, and killing many outright. The disaster occurred on the west side of Sycamore, north of Sixth. The St. Xavier Church was the oldest Roman Catholic Church in the city. It was originally a frame building, located some distance from the street. A brick addition was built in front of the old frame, and in the course of time the original building was demolished, and its place supplied by a brick addition to the newer part. The whole is now being torn down to give place to an entire new Church. The Church formerly belonged to and was the re-

FRIGHTFUL ACCIDENT AT THE ST. XAVIER CHURCH AT CINCINNATI, MARCH 1, 1860.—[FROM A SKETCH BY MR. E. FRASER.]

blessed of Bishop Purcell, but he dropped out of a number of years ago to the Jesuits, whose property, with the College adjoining it, it now is. The congregation is almost exclusively Irish, and partakes largely of the laboring classes resident in the Thirteenth Ward.

"The society determined not to give out the demolition of the old building by contract, the object being to give employment, so far as possible, to members of the congregation. Mr. Peter Ryan, a very worthy man, was engaged to superintend the work, and had charge of all the men employed. The demand for work was very great, as much so as to prove a great annoyance to Mr. Ryan. All who had contributed to the new Church confounded they must be employed.

"The roof was stripped from the building last week, and this week the laborers were engaged destroying the walls. The very dangerous plan was adopted of undermining a portion of the wall at the time, and letting it fall into the inferior. The front portion of the north wall, that portion which throws down yesterday, sixty-two men then being in the employ of Mr. Ryan. This morning it was deemed prudent to reduce the force, and a number of laborers were reduced to thirty-five.

"Those who were retained were, of course, much reduced at the fact, and went to work with unusual energy.

"Mr. Ryan ordered fifteen men to the rear portion of the north wall, for the purpose of undermining and throwing it down. The balance of the force was disposed of in other parts of the building, some being at work on the top of the south wall. The fifteen went to work with their picks just above the foundation, digging out the lower inside row of bricks. The wall was about twenty feet high, a foot in thickness, and thirty feet long. It seems that the rain of yesterday had affected the foundation somewhat, and as soon as it was loosened a little the wall gave way, and suddenly and unexpectedly fell in.

"The workmen engaged at it dropped their tools immediately, and endeavored to escape. Only one, named Mormon, succeeded. He had been working on the south side, and had just passed to the interior, through an aperture in the inner south wall, when he heard the crash behind him. He looked up and saw it falling toward him. In a moment he darted through the aperture, and barely escaped being injured at work at the wall.

"His fellow-workmen were not so fortunate. None of them saw outwardly, hoping to escape the falling bricks. The wall caught them, however, and they were crushed down all in a heap. The rest ran northwardly, and not the same fate.

"It was some minutes before the dust cleared away sufficiently to view the surviving workmen, and those attracted by the crash, to remove the ruins in search of the victims. Mayor Wood, the Superintendent, and a street at the time of the accident, and as soon as he could be got to work at work at the ruins.

"While the search was being prosecuted women ran through the crowd, screaming and inquiring for their husbands. As soon as they knew them one was not there to recognize it. Wives threw themselves, screaming, upon the mangled and bloody forms of husbands who an hour before had left them in the bloom of health. And in their frenzy they would embrace and kiss the crushed heads of those so dear to them. The peculiar trailing of the hair, therefore was terribly revolting.

"And then came children, presenting the most touching scene of all. A little boy, going to school, heard of the accident.

"Not knowing that his father was at work there, he came over to gratify his curiosity. While standing and looking on, he saw the body of his father taken from the ruins, and almost recognizing it, threw away his books, and, with a shriek, threw himself upon the mangled remains. The scene caused a cessation in the labor of recovery, for tears were few who witnessed it but had to have to wipe away the tears of sympathy that flowed for that aggonized little heart.

"At another place, a girl ten or twelve years old sat beside the body of her father, screaming and moaning mournfully. She would lavish kisses upon the cold hand that had been her protector, but cast he so no longer.

"There are a list of the killed and injured. It is correct and full, with the exception of the names of two, taken at an early hour by exhibitors:

"Stephen Gischlin—fatally injured. He has a family.

"Martin Maughen—dead. He resided on Sixth Street, near Culvert, and leaves a large family.

"John Kelly—dead. When taken out of the ruins life pulse was beating, but it soon ceased. He also leaves a family. He lived in the Sixth Ward.

"Timothy Sullivan—dead. He was an elderly man, having children married. He leaves a wife and several small children. He lived in the neighborhood of the church.

"Timothy Shay—dead. He leaves a wife and a small family of children. He lived in the Thirteenth Ward.

"Patrick Gallagher—dead. He lived in the Fifth Ward, and was a man of family.

"James Kelly—dead. He was a single man, recently from Devon county. He came to the city to pursue studies, and has taken a situation as laborer there to aid him in that purpose.

"John Russell—dead. He lived in the Thirteenth Ward, and was a single and too children.

"Daniel Brady—dead. He resided on Sixth Street Hill, and leaves a family.

"Thomas Shiras—dead. Leaves a family; resided on Sixth Street Hill.

"John Duffy—dead. He leaves a family, who, up to eleven o'clock, had not heard of his death. He resided somewhere on Second Street.

"Richard Fitzgerald—dead. He was a widower, and leaves three young children to mourn his loss.

"These make eleven dead, and one fatally injured, which, with the two carried away by relatives, and the one who had such a narrow escape, accounts for the fifteen that were engaged about the wall. The deaths by the calamity number fourteen."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1860.

PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES.

THE time for the assembling of the national conventions is fast approaching, and, as usual, the friends of the various possible candidates for the Presidency are busily engaged in presenting them in the most favorable light before the public eye. The leading daily papers are full of biographical sketches and personal appeals. If the nominating conventions make a bad choice, it will not be for want of information.

On the Democratic side the leading candidate for the nomination is Senator Douglas, of Illinois. We have published two portraits of Senator Douglas,* and have given a very full account of his life and public services; it will suffice here to say that he is the first choice of the entire Northern Democracy, but is opposed by those Southern Democrats who claim that the Constitution carries slavery with it, and that no Territory can make a law to exclude the institution. In Louisiana, Georgia, and some other Southern States, however, there is a Douglas party of some strength.

Next to Senator Douglas, on the Democratic side, come President Buchanan, Vice-President Breckinridge, Senator Lane, Senator Hunter, Senator Davis, ex-Governor Pierce, Mr. Guthrie, and a number of others. Of these ex-President Pierce may be ruled out without difficulty. Mr. Buchanan is, for obvious reasons, not very favorably regarded by the North, except the nomination. Senator Davis, as a representative of the fire-eating section of the South, though a man of marked ability (we published his portrait and biography in No. 54), may perhaps be ruled out on the ground that his views would not be palatable at the North. Senator Hunter (whose portrait we published last week) is a very able man, and has been for many years Chairman of the most important Committee of the Senate. The recent proceedings of Governor Wise in reference to the John Brown affair appear to have strengthened Mr. Hunter very considerably in Virginia. Still he is not a man about whom any enthusiasm would be excited; and though in ordinary times he would be an unexceptionable candidate, and, if elected, a very able chief magistrate, it is possible that the Democracy may prefer a champion with more personal popularity. Governor Wise probably has the merit of having discharged the duties of Secretary of the Treasury in an admirable manner; he has proved himself a great man of business, a safe financier, and not chimerical to violent animosity from any side. He has the advantages of coming from a border State, and one which has been true to the Democratic nomination by the Republicans, might possibly be a doubtful one. Between him and Mr. Breckinridge the contest may be close. The latter is a man of great ability. He comes of a famous and distinguished family. He is young, and might be presented before the public in what the old Romans would call the toga. He has no enemies. His Frankfort speech, which was intended for Southern consumption, is his only vulnerable point. Lane, the Senator of all, is Senator Jo Lane, of Oregon. Senator Lane is an old soldier of the Mexican war —a man, it is said, of great decision of character, resolute and self-reliant. He is understood to be the second choice of the all extreme Southern men; Mr. Jefferson Davis is said to be especially very strong in his favor.

Passing to the candidates of the Republican party, Senator William H. Seward stands forth in prominent relief as the legitimate chief of the anti-slavery faction. He is the head of the Republican party; and if no considerations of policy or availability were permitted to interfere with the nomination, he would be in a matter of course. It appears doubtful, however, whether he could carry Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Illinois; and hence many minor Republicans are looking elsewhere for a more available man.

The principal Republican organ in this city has pronounced Mr. Edward Bates, of St. Louis, a Fillmore Whig, whose recent convictions are said to lean to the Republican side. Mr. Bates has never published any statement of his political belief which justifies these assertions on his behalf; he has always acted as an opponent of the Republicans. Still, Mr. Greeley and others believe in him, and his nomination rests chiefly on the prospect of his uniting the various elements of the Opposition to the Democracy—will be warmly urged on Chief Justice Chase, the newly-elected Senator from Ohio, has many friends. Mr. Chase is a man of great courage, learning, and eloquence; his nomination would be popular in the Northwest. He is a thorough, out-and-out Republican, and could hardly expect to conciliate doubtful constituencies. Governor Seward, of Michigan, will have friends at Chicago. He is an eminently available man; self-made, and, like many self-made men, of considerable force of character, but by no means a brilliant leader. Governor Wise, in reference to the John Brown affair appears to have strengthened Mr. Hunter very considerably in Virginia. Still he is not a man about whom any enthusiasm would be excited; and though in ordinary times he would be an unexceptionable candidate, and, if elected, a very able chief magistrate, it is possible that the Democracy may prefer a champion with more personal popularity. Governor Wise probably has the merit of having discharged the duties of Secretary of the Treasury in an admirable manner; he has proved himself a great man of business, a safe financier, and not chimerical to violent animosity from any side. He has the advantages of coming from a border State, and one which has been true to the Democratic nomination by the Republicans, might possibly be a doubtful one. Between him and Mr. Breckinridge the contest may be close. The latter is a man of great ability. He comes of a famous and distinguished family. He is young, and might be presented before the public in what the old Romans would call the toga. He has no enemies. His Frankfort speech, which was intended for Southern consumption, is his only vulnerable point. Lane, the Senator of all, is Senator Jo Lane, of Oregon. Senator Lane is an old soldier of the Mexican war —a man, it is said, of great decision of character, resolute and self-reliant. He is understood to be the second choice of all the extreme Southern men; Mr. Jefferson Davis is said to be especially very strong in his favor.

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* See Nos. 93 and 104.

PROGRESS OF JOURNALISM.

A NEW daily newspaper is announced on the basis of not giving the news. We are assured that it will be a perfectly safe and reliable paper, enjoying intimate connections with persons of the highest respectability; but the chief claim which it makes to public favor rests, as we said, on its promises not to give the news which might conflict with the views of its founders. It is intended for the perusal of a choice and select circle, who may rely on never finding any thing in its columns that shall irritate or annoy them. The world may wag as it pleases; vice may exist, and may escape or be punished; heterodox opinions may be uttered in virtuous journals, and may prevail or be crushed out; but the new daily paper will take no cognizance of any thing but the progress and development of its own special doctrines.

This is no new experiment. In the days of Mrs. Partington, I long memory, likewise of General Jackson, there were journals published on precisely the basis on which the new daily proposes to plant itself. Those journals were called political party organs. They were published for the edification, instruction, and fortification of the faithful; and were cautious never to admit to their columns a single word that might tell against the party of which they were champions. Unhappily, a day came when reckless and unprincipled followers began to publish such newspapers, *but they ran the news* without regard to party, sect, opinion, prejudice, or bias; and the pig-headed public subscribed to these independent sheets, and left the old party organs to die out. We trust this may not prove the fate of the new daily.

There are in London, rather more daily journals in New York, with 800,000 inhabitants, than there are in London, with 2,500,000; but what matters that? Are we not a great people, and despotism dead, after all, even in view of the talent and experience and energy and skill and nothy which are devoted by the *Herald*, *Tribune*, *Times*, and other papers to the collection of news, who can say that a paper which openly announces its intention of avoiding the beaten path, and of leaving out Sunday, and dispensing with all this energy and experience, shall not succeed as a novelty? So many daily papers have tried to command success by the old methods of getting the news, that it is really an open question whether the founders of the new paper are not displaying their wisdom by announcing their intention of not giving the news. True, it will cost the owners about three hundred thousand dollars all told to get a foot-hold; but what are three hundred thousand dollars in the eyes of a man who pays five or six per cent upon of consecutive losses the new paper may, perhaps, sustain itself; there may then be a race for news it want a paper without the news; and then the new daily will flourish.

We shall rejoice to see the experiment tried. A neighbor—Mr. Stephen Smith—has started an excellent paper, the *Spirit of the Press*, on the plan of the Paris *Gaîgnani*, and many friends think he has rather a better prospect of success than the new daily, for he not only gives all the news, but comments from all the leading papers besides. Still, we should like to see the new daily started. The abstraction of capital is one of the best signs of civilization; and the expenditure of two or three hundred thousand dollars in an attempt to publish a daily paper without the news will be an auspicious event.

THE LOUNGER.

AUTHORS UPON AUTHORS.

WHAT are authors to do about speaking of each other in print? Of course they view the vast enormous authors are also editors, the occasion must often arise for them to speak of the works of others, and shall they be silent? Or may they sometimes, if they keep silent, or say what they do not think, or what they do?

Lamartine has lately answered the question for himself, by a notice of Thiers' Consulate and Empire, in which, according to the report, he speaks "of all the vulgarity of Thiers' style and taste, his superficiality, and his love of grandiose and false." Assuming that such was Lamartine's real opinion of the author, as critic of another, ought to say what he thinks. The interesting question, of course, is how would such free words, however honest, publicly speaking, affect the private intercourse of the reviewer and reviewed?

Suppose upon the day on which this little expression of opinion appeared Lamartine and Thiers had been asked to the same dinner, would they have met cordially? If they had parted the night before warm friends, would there be any perceptible coolness in their greeting? Why should there be? Is it in literature as in sporting circles, Love me, love my dog? Must Lamartine like Thiers' books because he loves Thiers? Must he also swear that Thiers is a man of perfect taste, that he knows all about pictures, and statues, and wines? Does friendship require that he should pledge his honor that Thiers is six feet four inches high, that he knows more than any body that ever lived, and that he is as good as he is great, and has just the pounds of the Apollo Belvedere?

Why not? Do you say that friendship does not require him to say these things because they are palpably untrue? But that is no answer, because an untruth is an untruth whether palpable or not. Every body can see that if Lamartine declares Thiers to be seven feet high that he is saying what is not true. But if Lamartine knows that Thiers has not a twilight taste, when he thinks he has; that he is telling just as great an untruth, although without any one's knowing it, apparently, friendship no more requires a man to tell one kind of untruth than another. Friendship, indeed, may tell him. It often does. It is notorious that Jones positively believes Jenkins to be a great epic poet simply because Jenkins writes rhymes and Jones loves him.

Then, also, friendship may hold a man's tongue. It generally does. Brown knows perfectly well that Black's huge picture is a huge daub, but in his notices of the Exhibition he says nothing about it. And if Black has not lost the power to ask him why, Brown will tell Black what he thinks of the picture, but he will not tell the public.

So it is tolerably clear that Lamartine is not a very warm personal friend of Thiers. For he would either not speak of the work, or he would speak of it to some of the public. It altogether fits the case if he would censure as delicately as he could; while he praised, for the same reason, with the greatest warmth. Friendship is founded, not upon what we do, but upon what we are.

CARELESSNESS AND CRIME.

THE verdict in the Pemberton Mill case suggests the inquiry, When does carelessness become crime, and therefore amenable to law?

If a man let fall from a window into a crowd and kills some one, it seems to be clear enough that he is guilty of some punishable offense. But the plea that he meant no harm; for common sense instantly replies, "If what you say be true you are a lunatic, and must be treated accordingly." But if you have your wits, you know it is impossible to fire a gun into a crowd without injury to some one. The intention of injury, or insanity, must therefore be assumed, and you must suffer accordingly."

The verdict in the Lawrence case declares that the building fell from the insufficiency of the two pillars, and that Mr. Bigelow ought to have tested them so thoroughly as to have known that they were defective. On him the responsibility, therefore, falls upon him. And yet it may be a case of ignorance as well as of carelessness. You, indeed, only pronounce the question one step further: for a man who is ignorant of the matter undertakes to erect a house which fall in consequence of that ignorance, and buries the inmates, his very ignorance becomes criminal, does it not? Suppose a person is taken ill, and a neighbor says that he knows all about it, and gives poisons—through sheer ignorance—which prove fatal, ought he to suffer only public contempt?

Probably yes. For it is not a case in which malice can be presumed. Neither can you presume it in the Pemberton Mill case. But a terrible punishment will follow. Besides the difficulty of farther employment in his profession, such an unfortunate is necessarily always accompanied by the terrible consciousness of a tragedy to which he owed such fatal accessory.

But because the building that fell chanced to be a mill it is simply absurd to speak of the catastrophe as if it were a sin of exceptional blackness. Not to say that capital is too wise to desire or to conceive at a total loss of property, it is enough to observe that the buildings which are erected for all our mills nor other structures full of people, but stores and warehouses. The defect is not so much—so far as property is the moral extent of capital as in the ignorance or carelessness of mechanics. If bloated capital insists upon having the mills watered, and the sugar sanded, and human misery generously built, it would be powerless unless labor helped in and fulfilled the bargain. Every workman knows whether he is doing honest work; and if he is not, he can not shuffle off the responsibility upon the boss or the proprietor. If he and all the rest refused to do dishonest work it could not be done. If it be done, he and all the rest at least share the guilt with the proprietor.

If therefore the Pemberton Mill was insecurely built, it is the fault of all who helped build it, unless they were deceived or ignorant. Every bricklayer, for instance, of intelligence and experience, knows about how thick the wall of a certain house should be. If he quietly help erect a wall only half thick enough, he knows that he is imperiling the property of all who are to work in the mill. The *contractor is, of course*, officially responsible. But each individual workman is equally so. It certainly would be very unfair to hang Mr. Bigelow or Mr. Fuller because the Pemberton Mill fell. But it is not likely that any one will ever again employ the one to cast columns or the other to erect mills.

THE INQUISITION.

THE difference between what people really are, and what they are supposed and represented to be, is an edifying study. And so with parties. The story of the five hundred cats is still a good satiric commentary upon this. How furiously we write, and talk, and preach about matters of which we know nothing except by rumor and the report of those who are quite as likely to be wrong as right in their comprehension of the point. There are whole classes of people traditionally denounced. Every monster of a party, or race, or sect, or class is held responsible for all the sins of all the other members. One would think there were an abso-

lete free-masonry in opinion—whereas the truth is that no two people in the world either think precisely alike, or express their faith by exactly the same formula.

Thus it does not follow that we ought to suppose a man to be a bad and immoral man because his political philosophy seems to us false and dangerous. Probably ours seems equally so to him. We think his views, if carried out into practice, would produce anarchy; so we call him incendiary, and disapprove—we cut him in the street, and thank God we are not as other men are. Now the ludicrous point it, that he does precisely the same thing to us. He thinks our views are dangerous and false, and destructive to society if carried out. He denounces us as incendiary and infidel, and cuts us, and won't have us to dinner.

What, then, becomes of society if honest difference of opinion is to be the signal for such violent and injurious conduct? For suppose that there be an absolutely true political philosophy—an absolutely correct view of any institution or law—is yours or mine the true philosophy, the correct view? You believe with all your heart in yours. Yes: so do I in mine. Now is there any common standard by which the question between us may be tried and determined? Suppose there be such a standard, shall I take your interpretation of it, or will you take mine? And if you decline to take mine, and hold by your own, shall I call you bad names, and carry the world against you? And shall you do the same toward me?

The case is clear enough. In the first place, don't suppose that you know what a man thinks or even says, until you have heard him, or read his authorized statement. And, secondly, don't read as you have no reason to suppose him to be dishonest, remember that he is not a worse man than you merely because he holds a different view of any subject of thought whatsoever. If we are to suppose that men are bad men because they do not agree with us, we found our philosophy of life upon the Inquisition. In fact, any man, any where, who endeavors to fix a stigma upon another, else for a difference of belief, however dangerous he may consider that belief to be, is a little Torquemada, is a Grand Inquisitor in the extent which public opinion, not his own private hatred, allows. If he can excite others, either as a mob or a committee, to injure the person or reputation of the offender, he helps truth and honesty. God just as much as the Spanish Inquisition did, and no more. Of course, under the domination of such a spirit all truth is obscured, all inquiry is paralyzed, and the progress of individual liberty stops.

To the question whether, if a majority honestly consider a certain opinion radically wrong, and its consequences socially dangerous, they may not justly restrain its expression, the answer is instant—No: because they can not be sure that their opinion is right. They are no more sure of it than the remnant of his. And, if it were possible to ensure that they had this absolute certainty, then, instead of repressing discussion, they would earnestly invite it that the doubters might be converted to their all error overthrown. For the debate the moment you try to gag an opponent every spectator is at once convinced that you are afraid that if he spoke he would have the better of the argument. Their minds, therefore, remain undecided until he does speak, and all their sympathies are enlisted for him.

It is in this sense that the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church. Persecution is a suicidal plan. It prepares the material and it becomes the tenderest roollet and to fructify the smallest seed of the truth. And it is in no trust of more important of thought as it is of religious discussion. Kill a man for *saying* any thing whatsoever, or for holding any opinion, and every drop of his blood springs up a harvest of supporters. Let a man talk, and if his views are only wind they will blow themselves away. If they are more than wind, the world has a right to them—the world wants them, and if you try to stop his mouth—why you only invite him, when the world has come over to his side, to stop yours.

For not only is the blood of the martyrs the seed of the church, but whatever takes the sword takes also the risk of perishing by it.

"UNTER DEN LINDEN."

UNDER the spreading Linden tree
We sat in the twilight still,
While the slim brave shadows glided on
Stealthily up the hill.
Only, we sat the stately hall that rose
In its turreted pride near by;
And she named them—and I envied him not,
For, a happier man was I.

Ah! happy, I true, was I, as I sat
Under the Linden tree;
For a golden head lay close to my heart
As I held my love to me.

Under the Linden tree I sit
To-night in the darkness still,
And the slim brown shadows have glided on
Silently up the hill.
Oh, grand does the stately mansion stand,
In its turreted pride near by;
And the master there—oh, I envy him not,
Though a sorrowful man am I,
For his gold has stolen the tickle heart
That plighted its faith to me,
And alone with a memory and I sit,
Under the Linden tree.

EDGAR POE AND HIS CRITICS.

In reading the exquisitely tender, subtle, symmetrical, but profoundly appreciative sketch of Edgar Poe, which has been just issued under this title, it is impossible not to remember the brave woman's arm thrust through the slide to serve as a bolt against the enemy. The praise and the blame which have been cast upon the life and genius of Poe have been almost fierce and frantic. By how many is he not still regarded as a heartless, unprincipled, ruthless vagabond? By how many is he not sternly worshiped and openly extolled as our only great, original poet? And this, at least, is true, that he has exercised more direct influence upon the form of our poetry than any of his contemporaries.

The author of this little book (it has only eighty pages), with an inexpressible grace, reserve, and tender, heroic charity—having a right which no other person has to speak, tells, in a simple, transparent, and quiet strain, what she thinks of his career and genius. She omits nothing that is worthy of mention. It is no special Prince of fairy she delineates; but a fellow-man of ours, greatly gifted, greatly erring; often from his own faults—often falling in the dark ways where we all stumble, but still looking for light—not a model man, by any means, but one from kind and intelligent hands he has been so often represented. the delicate reticences of the book—in its tone toward music, as if the temptation to speak of the mystery of the song she sings—there is a pensive and peculiar charm. But it is not a eulogy. It is a criticism which is profound in the power of sympathy, and vigorous by its clear comprehension. Thus, we shall hardly have a finer statement of Poe's intellectual and moral position than

"Wanting in that supreme central force or faculty of the mind whose function is a God-conscious and God-reverencing faith, he was yet endowed with extraordinarily for such solution of the great problems of thought as were almost attainable by the mind buried from its infancy by the abnormal preponderance of the subjective and imaginative faculties. It was this very disproportion which rendered it impossible for some of those marvelous intellectual creations which, as we shall hope to prove, had an important significance, to be otherwise than morbid in the tone."

It was Poe's intricate and misfortune to wage war upon the false-others. In a series of papers upon the "Literati" he seems like a frenzied East Indian running amuck through the quiet, unoffending crease in hand. But those of us who belong to an epoch just after his—who were not grabbed at or even assailed—can afford to hurled from personal prejudices to appraise, and only that charity in our hearts which contained genius and weakness and error must always be remembered—as of the last decade must needs turn these pages with a singular interest and sadness; not without a secret prayer, perhaps, that his life may be fully recorded, and the stains we have left upon so many pages of our books, and our lives are pointed out to public contempt, may be effaced from and gentle as this may pull away the briers to plant rosemary where we lie.

NAHLOTYPES.

AN "Engraver on Wood," D. V. V., writes to the Lounger from Buffalo, enclosing a specimen of work similar to Mr. Ehninger's "photographic etching," which were executed two or three years since, by a process then in common use by Mr. Arthur Nahl. The result is very delicate, and pretty, and forcible; precisely how it differs from Ehninger's process the Lounger is unable to say. His correspondent writes:

"If you will take the trouble, with a strong magnifier, to carefully examine one of the cuts I enclose you, and you will see that there could be no improvement as regards superficial finish of working out; for the lines are exceedingly fine, perfectly opaque, and adhere to the glass so firmly, that the finest cross-hatching can be made, and still perfectly clear. There is also an advantage of their present ground in that it is white, so that the lines have their full effect unbroken as to sharpness. As before stated, it can be put into the relief-engravers and linked at the same time, and there never is no cracking, nor peeling up of the ground, so that finer work can be executed on it than you generally see in the finest steel engravings."

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

C. H. M., Fort Wayne.—Your letter is the author of whom you speak. He exhibited all the celebrated modesty of authors under such circumstances. He said that he was "glad you were very kind;" and he was "glad if any of my poor," etc. Altogether he thanks you the exercise Lounger will do you very glibly, and hopes (with all the celebrated modesty of authors) that he may some day be permitted to meet you more in the place and under the circumstances you suggest.

—Perhaps claims that the postmaster ought to be as much favored by the public as the editor or newspaper as a clergyman or schoolmaster, saying that the postmaster "makes" the magazine. The reason of this preference we plain enough. Clergymen and schoolmasters are both accepted literary judges in their communities; that they are supposed to correct their sentences upon the reading neighbors; and, third, they are both unsalaried. For these reasons the Lounger thinks that postmasters are, as a class, accepted literary judges, or exercise a literary influence, or are *unsalaried* (!), we can continue the argument.

—An Octogenarian asks whether the artist, in his illustrations of Dickens' "Old Curiosity Shop," has not given the wrong date for the year 1715 to the year 1715. But our friend will remember that the story extends over several years and that it would be very difficult for him—as would it not?—to indicate the yearly changes of a fashionable. The costumes of the period, therefore, are general, and, according to the authorities, they are correct. The Lounger would gladly have the date 1715 corrected.

—C. H. The wave of Eugene Aram sow a real incident, and was not invented either by Bulwer or Hood. He was born in 1704, and in August, 1759, after a trial at York, he was executed for the murder of a shoemaker named Clark, at Knaresborough, and was hung three days after the trial. He was a man of unusual accomplishments, and was engaged in preparing a comparative lexicon of the English, Latin, Greek, Celtic, and Celtic languages when he was arrested on the charge of murder. Passages from his defense of this accusation are said to be extant. He defended himself at his trial with great ingenuity, and after his condemnation confessed his guilt. He declared that he was instigated by jealousy of Clark, whom he suspected to have made love to his wife. The night before his execution he tried to commit suicide, but he was discovered and the deed prevented. Eugene Aram left a wife and six children. Both Bulwer and Hood have invested his fate with a romantic interest. Walter Scott, to whom it was dedicated in December, 1831, praised Bulwer's novel highly; and Hood's ballad is prominent in English literature.

—J. W. D. The ode on the death of Washington Irving is declined, with thanks.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

An old Frenchman in our town has carried on the contentionary business for half a century. Before it became so convenient to lay in his stock at New York he used to make annual visits to Paris for that purpose. On his return from one of these trips he was welcomed in the street by a friend, whom he had invited to visit his "Magasin," to look at his importations. The invitation was accepted; and after admiring his wonderful contradictions of French genius exhibited on the first floor, he was taken to the upper chambers, where he found the more supplies of bonbonnes, etc. When about to retire his host presented him with a box, which concealed a protected some object. His curiosity being excited, he asked what it was. Monsieur excitement, which had been great all along, was now wonderfully increased. "Take it home with you, and you will know it," was the reply. On his station on one side, he gathered up the folds of the paper, and found that it was a small piece of the finest cloth an air of the greatest satisfaction. Within a niche, specially formed for it, lay a small monument of human consequence and elegant elaboration. Their strange to tell, a pair of breeches! Now this is what we do not understand its meaning.

"What is this, monsieur?" he said. "May I ask what it is intended for?"

"Why, Sare, it my own con-pe-si-tion; that, Sare, was in de for me by one of the first artist of Paris under de Empire. Dey was made for Napoleon, but I have exert to be necessary of my dear departed Madame P., and see, my dear Sare, dey fit me!"

George —, a graduate of one of our Northern universities, was a student at law in his native village. His father was a man of wealth, and his son, after the fashion of students, discovering no talent in his head, about his time was spent in the usual manner. All went on swimmingly Rinkydink, and every day, for nearly a week, the "Old Gentleman" was in the habit of calling at the office before. Tired of this, as he did not seem to mind it, George said to him, "Father, I wish you would call some well," said he, "only there is a little too much nonsense about it."

THE SYMPATHIZING WOMAN.

If we were to ask Mrs. Dobbs what Mr. Dobbs was should, without hesitation, call her a sympathizing woman. Nobody was more ready to feel for others in their sorrows. Nobody knew all about it by experience, and was sympathize with them from the bottom of her heart.

Mr. Turner met her about when our day Mr. Dobbs came along dragging the real toward his house, he knew, in the absence of his wife, it would be called upon to the attention but so he resolved to play a little on the good woman's sensibilities for a joke.

"Mrs. Dobbs," said Mr. Turner, he wrapped himself up in it, and turned himself to the door, "I'm sorry to tell you, ma'am, that Mr. Turner, are you sick?" asked Mrs. Dobbs, as she saw his agitation.

Mr. Turner could not guess the imaginary invalid.

"What's the matter?" said Mrs. Dobbs.

"Oh, a great many things. First and foremost, I've got a conception of the liver."

"Dear, dear!" sighed Mrs. Dobbs. "I come pretty near dying of it ten years to come next spring. What else?"

"Dropsy," again groaned Mr. Turner.

"Dear me!" sympathized she with you. I was troubled with it, but finally got over it."

"Neuralgia," added Mr. Turner.

"Nobody can tell Mr. Turner, what I've suffered from neuralgia. Oh, it's awful!" sighed she.

"Rheumatism," added Mr. Turner.

"Yes, I've been pretty likely to go along with neuralgia. It did with me," suggested Bob.

"Yes," sighed Mr. Turner," said the sympathizing woman, "how I thought I should have gone distracted with the rheumatism!"

I thought it was with great difficulty that he could relate all his complaints.

"I am suffering a good deal over a sprained ankle," said Mr. Turner, "and—and—and—" Mr. Turner, I'm sorry to hear it," said Mrs. Dobbs, "but the fact is"—here Bob groaned—"I'm afraid—" the doctor was with me, that my trouble is—" in short, "I'm afraid I'm going to die."

Bob got home, and wondered what Mrs. Dobbs could say to that.

"Mr. Turner, is it possible?" exclaimed the sympathizing woman. "Is he terrible? I know it is. I frequently have spell-ings-and-sinkings and that's awful."

Bob could stand it no longer; he burst into a roar of laughter that shook the house. The poor woman, in the violent paroxysm of insanity, she was led to take a hurried leave.

The following is a verbatim copy of a notice to work a road:

November 26th 1859

MR. DR. F——

You are hereby notified to work on the Monday and Tuesday, the 5th & 6th next as you are there days behind company to the amount of one hundred and ten days which you are hereby notified to work. Road overseer."

Franklin, on hearing the remark that what was not on earth went to the moon, asserted that there must be a deal of good advice accumulated there.

The wonderful power of steam, said man's minds. But most of the expedients foreshortening a man's day shorten his days.

A man said to another, "Which is the heaviest, a quart of rum or a quart of water?" "Rum, most assuredly, for a quart of water is nothing," replied the staggering under a quart of rum, when he would have carried a gallon of water with ease.

A "Bridget" who, as usual, entertains an exalted opinion of the great things of the old country, was asked by a fellow-servant in the room where she formerly lived in Ireland. "Yes, and sure they do." "What kind of pies?" "Mutton pies, to be sure."

The reason why whales frequent the Arctic Seas is, probably, because they supply the "Northern lights" with oil.

It is a legal maxim that "the law does not concern itself about small matters;" but lawyers and law-makers often do.

A young gentleman of our acquaintance says he thinks that young ladies who refuse good offers of marriage are like "Looking by Moonlight."

A rascally old bachelor says a man frequently admits that he was in the wrong, but a woman never—she was "only mistaken."

There is a lawyer so excessively honest that he puts all his money in a savings-bank, so determined is he that every thing shall have its due.

A business man of our acquaintance is so scrupulously exact in his dealings that, whenever he pays a visit, he always will insist upon taking a receipt.

Of all "quits that are done for hearing," we should say that the lovesick with a rich widow that was deaf of both ears was about as difficult as any to win.

A young lady, a few evenings since, said to her revered Pastor "Please don't my cloak?" "Certainly," said he, clasping his arms around her, "and the contents too."

THE METAMORPHOSIS.

Maid, closely turn, remember this:
You take his nature with his name.
Ask, too, what his religion is.
For you will soon be of the same.

A CHEAP MAN'S PATRONAGE.—The Prince of Conti was embarrassed for want of money—would to Heaven that the want were confined to the Prince of Conti! People reduced any longer to live on. His cochman came to him one morning and said:

"Give me horses, my lord, or send hay and corn."

"Give them hay and corn, then," replied the Prince.

"But, my lord, the farmers and the corn-chandlers refuse to supply me any more until their accounts are discharged."

"And what does the matter," quoth the Prince, very gravely.

"But, highness, what shall the horses have?"

"Have! called out the Prince.

"Have nothing, sir, I suppose."

"So the coachmaker and farmer refuse us credit—the rascals, do they?" said the Prince.

"Yes, my lord."

"Enough! I will not give them credit?"

"No one, your highness?"

"No one."

"Yes, now I think of it, my lord, the pastry-cook does."

"Honest fellow, we must encourage him," cried the Prince. "Harness the horses, let him be settled; give the horses cheese-cakes and custards."

A beggar boy made an application to a farmer's wife to forward her relief, and was refused on the ground that she "had no copper;" to which the little urchin ingeniously and very coolly replied, "I'm willing to wait."

An old butcher who had procured a marriage license for a friend, while glancing over it, was heard to ejaculate, "Good Lord! what a name!" "Why, what's the matter?" said a wife—would like to have a wife—but most so without a copper." "Why, sir, here's a man who is to be married to Miss Sweetbread!"

"There was a run on the farm," said Agricola, "as no horses for sale." "Then," said Mr. Dobbs, interrupting and who stood in so much need of moral suasion as the dog. "what Would you do with the horses?" "Why," said the consequence was that the dog never looked a sheep in the face again. He is now a reformed dog in his body, literally. Woodcuffs uplifted was the ram aforesaid to his master, by his insolence became intolerable, he was sore to pitch into whomsoever went nigh him. "I'll fix him," said the lad, "I'll put a stick in his cross-bar out of a hole in the barn, point foremost, and hang an old hat on the end of it. You can't help but laugh, when you see a bat, whether there is a head in it or not; how then, would a ram? And I'll warrant he'll not be very long a good marksman from long practice, the bar broke in between his horns. And one time it did break. This little admonition effectually cured him of butting."

THE MAIDEN'S TEARS.

"Say, maiden fair, why dost thou weep?
Some cause for grief must be
Within thy heart, is bringing
Into thine eyes these pearly tears,
Sweet memories of by-gone years,
Thou fondly dost recall,
Of unequited love, a dream
Written from its hidden source the stream
That down thy cheeks is stealing?"
"Nay, sir, not for love," "What then? Oh, say?"
"Well, then, we dine on goose to-day."
The tears were gone.

WRESTLING WITH AN ELEPHANT.—A rather curious scene has occurred in Blackburn during a performance in a menagerie. A young man, who had taken more than sufficient to overcome his monster elephant, determined, like a Hercules, to show the full force of his strength of the huge bulk of flesh with his own. There is at the back of the elephant's cage a pillar of wood, and on this he, on one rod, binding one tusk to the other. One hero seized the trunk, and both began to show their whole weight upon it. The elephant, not altogether liking this sort of treatment, first endeavored for his part to push the audacious antagonist. He raised his great head aloft, and with a trunk which was strong enough from the pillar, he almost touched the canvas covering, and was no doubt much higher than the head of any man ever carried him. The animal repeated this, and a second time he succeeded in the pillar, and the man, perhaps perhaps thinking it best to temper justice with mercy, wrapped the trunk round the wrestler's body, and instantly lumbered youth, and very unceremoniously laid him in the mud that overspread the floor. Then, as the man rose, the elephant coming off the victor, while his combatant stood blinded with mud, and, amidst the hearty laughter of the spectators, vanished.

The doctrine of "Popular Sovereignty" being largely understood in Missouri, Governor Stewart has undertook to define it in a recent speech, which he did so clearly and in such plain terms that every man in the State will cease to maintain the principle there in the eyes of the nation. He said:

"Mr. Chairman, what is Popular Sovereignty? I know what it is, and I will tell you what it is, fellow-citizens. Popular Sovereignty is the great principle of Democracy. The Democrats. It gives to every man, the right to regulate your own domestic matters in your own domestic affairs, according to your conscientious lights. You can have your chickens fried, Mr. Chairman, in the pan or boiled, or roasted, and Congress has no right to interfere. You can have beef-steak for breakfast, Mr. Chairman, if you like it, or you can have it for tea if you like it, according to your own domestic institution, without any to the contrary notwithstanding. And Congress can not interfere with your domestic institutions. That is what it is, Mr. Chairman and fellow-citizens!" [Tremendous applause.]

Judge Barker, of Indiana, was one of the men who never let an opportunity slip for obtaining information. He could never be satisfied with general statements, however clear, but always required references that his fund of useful information had not, during a somewhat long life, been neglected.

At one time the Indians, George Crog—Halsted and Charles Bullock, Esqs., were invited, with Governor Ward, member of the Aborigines,' and the Governor's attention for such "facts" as would be useful to the Indians, and of which information might be gleaned. When the party returned

"I wish to ask you one question. Which are the most savage—the Seattle Indians, or those that you met?"

"Why," said Bullock, "the Seattle Indians are the most savage."

"Then," said Governor Stevens, "I will not ask the others."

Colonel General Johnson had another association. He was showing his garden to Colonel Scott, who remarked, "Why, Johnson, you have a fine show of horseradish."

"Oh! yes," he replied, "I was always great for horseradish."

At the March Term, 1859, of the Montgomery Circuit Court, Indiana, just closed, a prisoner by the name of Keeney was tried upon a charge of an assault and battery with intent to commit murder. He was a butcher by profession, and had always been deemed alive to the importance of procuring patrons and customers. The jury, after a short retirement, returned into court a verdict of "Not Guilty." Keeney looked around as if something was expected of him, and was quickly, he turned to the jury, bowed to them with a grateful air, and remarked, "Gentlemen of the jury, I am much obliged to you for your very liberal patronage."

What kind of fruit is never sold single?—The pear.

THE LADY IN BLACK.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THE MISTRESS OF The Parsonage.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

PART III.—*Concluded.*

I HAD been very ill; for weeks I was lying there in almost total unconsciousness; but at length I awoke.

"My husband?" were the first words framed by my parched lips.

"Hush! dear, he will come soon," whispered Arethusa, as she bent over me soothing a refractory child.

Something seemed to tell me that this was a subterfuge; and catching Arethusa's hand, as she leaned over me, with a grasp that frightened her, I exclaimed:

"Arethusa! where is my husband? Tell me *now!—instantly!*"

"He is gone," was the sad reply.

"Gone *where?*" said I, wildly. "Is it possible that he would desert me when I was so ill?"

No; he had watched tenderly beside me, half distracted, it seemed, between his love and sorrow; but when I evinced signs of improvement he tore himself away to avoid a parting scene that would have been painful for both.

"But why must there have been a 'parting scene?'" I exclaimed; "and why am I here? Why am I not at the Parsonage?"

"There is another clergyman at the Parsonage now," said Arethusa, hesitatingly. "Arthur has gone to a missionary station at the Far West. 'Henceforth,' he said, 'his life should be devoted to his Master.'"

"How *dared* he go and leave me, his *wife?*" I exclaimed, in a tempest of anger. "What *have I* done that I should be treated thus?"

Arethusa gave me an inquiring look that I understood at once. Yes, I remembered it all now, and she had a right to my confidence.

"Arethusa," I exclaimed, with sudden earnestness, as I seized both her hands, "I do not know what Arthur has told you; but I can not blame him for his misconceptions: I have been placed in such unfortunate circumstances, the only wish to tell you the story as it really is, for I can not bear to lose your good opinion. You have been a kind sister to me, dear Arethusa, and although you know me to be very foolish and inexperienced, you believe in my truthfulness, do you not?"

Arethusa pressed my hand affectionately, and I could see that the tears in her eyes prevented her from speaking. I told her every thing that had occurred from the first arrival of Mrs. Otchesons, omitting nothing of my own weakness or Mr. Winneslie's trustfulness.

It was a long story, and at the close I sank back exhausted.

"You poor, dear baby!" exclaimed the tender-hearted Arethusa, while the tears rolled down her cheeks, "you've been most outrageously treated; and I don't care if Arthur *is* my brother, he's not a bit too good to be eaten up by the Indians! I feel so angry at him! instead of waiting until you told him how things were, to go stalking off to that outlandish region! I'll sit right down and write him a letter, and tell him all about it."

"No," said I, restraining my sister-in-law's impetuous movement; "he didn't love me any longer, Arethusa, and I don't wish to call him back unwillingly. Wait, and perhaps he will begin to think that I am not quite so bad."

"You know, Fairy," said the kind-hearted creature, "how low-spirited he used to be; and when a child he was always queer; you can scarcely expect him to act like other people, and I think he'll get enough of the Indians before long. You just stay here and make yourself comfortable; this is your *home*, remember, for you always seemed to me just like a child."

I was much comforted by my sister-in-law's idea of "making myself comfortable," and I had other plans in my busy head.

There was something hard under my pillow, and Arethusa drew forth my Bible and Prayer-book.

"Arthur put them there," said she, "as he bent down to kiss you for the last time."

He had kissed me, then; he did not quite hate me; and I bent down over my treasures to hide the tears.

How vividly the Prayer-book called up the day of my baptism! My husband had given it to me on that morning; and I gazed on the Maltese cross on the side, and the purple velvet cover glistened with the drops of holy water that had fallen upon it, with sad feelings of reproach. How had I kept those vows? For had I withstood the world, the flesh, and the devil?

The Sacred Volume and its companion were seldom out of my hands during my convalescence; and I daily drank healing draughts from the pure fountain. But giving myself up entirely to severe lectures upon the impropriety of sinking into a state of dependence, and the healthfulness of action, I felt greatly fortified; and proceeded forthwith to horrify Arethusa with my intention of going to the city.

"I don't see any thing to discourage me, dear sister," said I, seeing her about to speak; "I feel perfectly convinced that this is the *right* course for me to take; and I have come to think more of that now than of any thing else. I shall return to my occupation from which your brother took me; I have now obtained a sufficient number of scholars to keep me from starving, and the discipline will do me good."

"I can look on both sides yet," urged Arethusa, "and have no doubt that I always shall look so, in my reply; '*so that* must not always be.'"

"Well, remember, Fairy, that when you are weary with teaching you must take a run out here to get a mouthful of fresh air and some of my new cream. *Whatever* happens, you are my sister, and I shall always love you dearly."

Yes, I could rely upon Arethusa's affection, so that life was not *all* dreary.

The winter was setting in; the apples had all been gathered; various household preserving-agements accomplished, and I set off without delay.

I had several scholars to attend to, and I resolved to do my best. My pupils were from the humble ranks of life; and were generally deplorably ignorant, not only of the rudiments of education, but of the first principles of religion. I had a two-fold task before me, but I endeavored to discharge it conscientiously; and conquering my natural timidity, I ventured to visit the parents.

Sometimes I was repelled, sometimes encouraged; and in many instances I had the delightful consciousness that I was doing some good. I had put on the robes of widowhood, for had I not lost my husband? And "the lady in black" was the name by which I was soon known in the humble streets through which I passed.

Thoughts of the past were many; but I could not shake them off; and often the recitations of my scholars sounded in my ears like the drowsy hum of the bee, and I was once more at Meadowbrook, sitting beneath the rose-vines, or wandering with Mr. Winneslie in the lanes around.

I permitted myself the extravagance of taking a church paper, because now and then, at rare intervals, the name of the Rev. Arthur Winneslie was mentioned in it; and sometimes a communication, written by himself, giving an account of the progress of the mission. How I devoured those brief accounts! They seemed like letters from my husband to me; and when I read of toils and hardships, just slightly glanced at, with his characteristic self-denial, I felt ready to fly to him at once and abandon his self-chosen life as a martyr. I could. But ah! I remembered that I had not deserted *him*—he had deserted *me*; and I could not force my society upon him.

It was a pleasure to me to emulate, in some degree, his privations; and the missionary little thought from whence came the contributions of "Mispah," which were always acknowledged in the paper. I loved that motto: "The Lord watch between thee and me when we are absent one from the other;" and I cheerfully ate my crust, without lamenting the flesh-pots that had been sacrificed in so good a cause.

I carefully avoided the street in which stood my grandmother's residence; our last meeting had not been productive of pleasure, and I shrank from Hester's cold, stony eyes, so utterly devoid of any thing like sympathy. Some time passed without our meeting, and I congratulated myself daily.

But one afternoon, just before the holidays, I returned from school more than usually depressed. My pupils had been fractious and the school-room cold; the streets through which I passed were filled with pedestrians, all happy and bustling; the shops were thronged with purchasers; and I drew my vail more closely about me, as the full sadness of the word "*alone*" seemed whispering to my heart.

Seated by my little stove I suffered the tears to course down my cheeks unchecked: for the season was one in which the light-hearted are gayer, and the sad-hearted more depressed. I started to remember my duties, and I felt that I did not murmur—no, I deserved it all; I only wept uncomplainingly, for my lonely heart sent up such a strong cry for my husband—for the love that was mine in the past.

I was startled by the opening of the door; and I know not what sent a thrill of half-expectant joy through my frame—but, alas! the tearful eyes encountered a most unwelcome apparition. The spare, wiry figure of my Aunt Hester loomed up distantly before me. Her relapse upon the bare floor of my room were made to be opened, she made it a rule to omit the ceremony of knocking—her reply to any remonstrance being that "no one should never do things at which they was ashamed to be caught."

As I was doing something at which I was very much ashamed to be caught I suffered accordingly.

"Well all," said my relative, with a grim smile, as I sat looking at her in a kind of frightened surprise, "why don't you say that you're glad to see me? You *look* delighted!"

"Aunt Hester," I replied, controlling my tears as much as possible, "you are welcome to my hospitality as it is—and if there is any thing that I can do for you, I will do it willingly."

"Come, now," said my aunt, as she deliberately put aside a huge cotton umbrella, "I like that. If there is any thing that you can do for me!—perhaps, ma'am, you can present me with a fine place in the country? I shouldn't mind what sort it was, so long as I could get away from here," she continued, with a sort of malicious cheerfulness; "it'll never always upends; and I'm sure that you must be scandalously there at Meadowbrook that your husband had to leave you? *I thought* no good would come of all those fine feathers!"

I passed a moment to keep down my rebellious spirit; and the words, "The cup which my Father has given me, shall I not drink it?" seemed to whisper encouragement, and I replied, quite calmly:

"Aunt Hester, I have no doubt that I have been very much misrepresented, and it is, perhaps, natural that you should believe what you have heard of me; but if you choose to listen to a long story, I will relate to you the *facts* of the case."

"Well," said Aunt Hester, incredulously, "let's hear what you've got to say for yourself." It seemed as if she had taken her hair and some of my new cream. *Whatever* happens, you are my sister, and I shall always love you dearly."

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that you've been humbled, if you choose to behave yourself properly. I shall consider it my duty to come and see how you're getting on. If you want a dinner, or a tea, or any thing, I s'pose you can have it where you've often had it before. Don't be so pressing. Tea-ea, I can't stop all night."

The cotton umbrella and the stiff figure vanished together, and I sank down upon the bed and fainted from sheer wretchedness.

Years, weary years, passed on, and my poor heart sent up the frequent cry: "How long, O Lord? forever?"

No communication passed between Arethusa and her brother; the distance was great, and the means of conveying letters uncertain; the few crumbs afforded by my church paper were all that I had to feed upon. Communications from others gave an account of the failing health of the missionary—toils and privations were doing their work; and my agony became almost insupportable at the idea that he would probably die without a reconciliation, with no loving hand to smooth his pillow.

He *must* forgive me—*must* know that I was innocent; and I sat down, in the excitement of the moment, and wrote a long letter. I told Mr. Winneslie of my perfect unconsciousness of any wrong—of the trust he himself had reposed in the man whose name I could not bear to write—of my wretchedness at the conviction that I was no longer loved—and of the scene in which I had acted so passive a part. I told him that we should probably never meet again in this world. I did not write this as an inducement to return to me; but before either of us passed into the presence of our Judge, I desired a full understanding and reconciliation.

I left the letter with Arethusa—she thought she might be able to send it—and with the consciousness that I had been my seldom spirit, and accomplished a painful duty, I returned to my daily tasks.

I am sitting here this damp autumn day, pouring out my sorrows to myself, and blotting what I write with my tears. Will my husband die? Shall I never behold his living face again?

I hear heavy footsteps approaching my room. Aunt Hester calls all shoes "paper-soled" that do not make noise enough for half a dozen men; and as it is about time to expect another infliction from her, I may as well nerve myself for the "tug of war." . . . .

I know not where to begin. My cup of joy is full to overflowing. My neglected manuscript was broken off abruptly, and for the sake of those whom it may teach in after-years, I must put the finishing touches.

Nearer sounded the ominous footsteps—fainter grew my heart with a dread of Aunt Hester—but the opening door disclosed a figure that darkened on my vision as I sank into the outstretched arms.

Words of tenderness wooed me back to life:

"Ernestine! my wife! my poor, injured wife! Only say that you forgive me!"

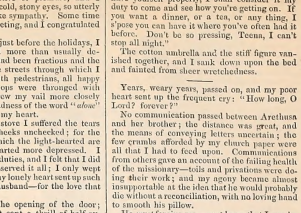
I clasped him closely—he had *come at last*—and now only death should separate us. He was changed—thinner and paler than of old, and his hair more thickly streaked with silver.

"These poor, pale cheeks," he murmured; "what has become of my Fairy's bloom?"

"Gone," I replied, "with my weakness and folly. I am strong, now, dear husband; suffering has purified me."

The tears were in his eyes, and I saw them although he turned aside. But a wild happiness had taken possession of me, and I sat there smiling in perfect contentment.

"Not one word of reproach?" asked Mr. Winneslie; "no questions as to how I came or what brought me?"



MEADOWBROOK PARSONAGE.

"You are here," I replied, "that is enough—I have been so lonely."

"Poor child!" said he, tenderly; "poor, suffering child! And I promised to cherish and protect her. But my mind was unsettled, Fairy—I accustomed to look only on the dark side of things, I took the reality of my misery for granted, and the blow stunned me. I wished to shut myself out from the face of man—to bury myself in the wilderness; and fearing that your grief and loveliness might move me from my purpose, I stole away while you were unconscious, and left you to the care of Arethusa, who would, I knew, discharge her trust with affection and tenderness. There I expected you to remain; and when I felt that my health required relaxation, I resolved to go to my sister's and see you once more. But what was my astonishment to learn from Arethusa that you had left her house, as soon as you rose from your sick-bed, for a gloomy home in the city, guided by your daily toil? She handed me your letter, and my heart bled at the idea of your sufferings. I lost no time in seeking you—and I am here, a repentant, and, I hope, a *better* man, to ask you, my darling wife, if you *can* overlook my past and return to me? Shall we go together and work in the vineyard where I have spent these weary years away from you?"

"Whither thou goest, I will go!" were the words that came from my willing heart; and the announcement of years was gone as if by magic. To the North pole, or the South pole, it was alike indifferent to me; for wherever I went I would not be *alone*.

My husband took me at once to Arethusa's, and we fell to talking over our plans for the future. My sister-in-law was decidedly opposed to our missionary project; we both needed nursing, she said, and were not fit to go off among savages, who, she appeared to think, were converted as much by bodily force as by Gospel preaching.

But Mr. Winnesile said that he knew of no other field of usefulness, and he could not be contented to stand in the market-place idle.

"Look at that!" exclaimed Arethusa, pointing energetically to me, as I happened to cross the room, "what kind of a figure is *that* for toil and hardships? Why, a good strong wind would take her off!"

My appearance *was* rather shadowy; and my husband's eye followed me with a troubled expression. Nothing more was said on the subject then, and my worthy sister-in-law fancied that she had triumphed.

That very day Mr. Pling, one of the old church-wardens of Meadowbrook, called to see Mr. Winnesile, and had a long conference with him.

"How would you like to go back to Meadowbrook?" asked my husband.

Meadowbrook! the name awakened associations both pleasant and painful. The painful, however, predominated; there were too many people there whom I never could meet again.

But Mr. Pling had come laden with a heavy budget of news. The whole Osborne party had sailed for Europe immediately after our departure, and the house had passed into other hands. Mrs. Osborne having voted Meadowbrook the most stupid place she ever was in. The Simeses, root and branch, had moved to a neighboring town, and the Rev. Gilbert Mucross, the clergyman installed in Mr. Winnesile's place, having entirely failed to please his flock, or they him, found Meadowbrook a most uncomfortable residence, and sent in his resignation. The poor Meadowbrookians were, therefore, left in spiritual darkness, occasionally lightened by a visit from the Bishop, or some wandering clergyman; and when they heard that Mr. Winnesile had returned, they resolved to do their best to get him back. So said Mr. Pling, adding that Mr. Winnesile was very much admired in Meadowbrook, and that perhaps it stood as much in need of his services as the place with the unpronounceable name which he had left.

As if to crown the matter, a letter from the Mission announced two new recruits just entered upon their labors; and advised Mr. Winnesile, in consideration of his delicate health, to seek a more favorable post.

"Well," said Arethusa, when all this news had been imparted, "where are you going now?"

"Fairy shall decide," replied my husband, smiling.

"Then," said I, "*I* decide to go to Meadowbrook."

And to Meadowbrook we went.

Busy hands had put the old rectory in complete order; various improvements had been made; and a number of warm friends welcomed our return. Once more in my dear old room I shed tears of perfect happiness, and breathed a prayer of gratitude to the Giver of all good gifts for both the sunshine and the storm.

I am writing in Mr. Winnesile's study; from the window I see my husband just returning from a pastoral visit, and, I fancy, I detect the improvement in his whole appearance which a little good nursing has effected. As for me, I am growing so fat, with this country air and *happiness*, that Mr. Winnesile says it is quite a misnomer to call me "Fairy," and I am reluctantly compelled to agree with him.

Dear Arethusa no longer finds the closets "at sixes and sevens," and my husband declares that there is not a better housekeeper in Meadowbrook. I love to have him praise me, but now I strive to deserve it; for I have again a *home*, and a noble heart to fold me in its loving depths.

THE END.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

The New Partner

IN

"CLINGHAM & CO., BANKERS."

BY FITZ HUGH LUDLOW,

AUTHOR OF "THE HASHEESH EATER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IX.—*Continued.*

THE FAMILY TREE CLIMBER.

"YOU see, I was remote to Mr. Joseph's family—Mr. Joseph Clingham's; though, because there were so many of them, they always used to say Mr. George, Mr. Joseph, and so on, without putting any Clingham. Oh what a house that was, Lukey! The child that was born into it might have crowed day or night and to think of his good luck. There was a carriage for the use of the nursery, all alone by itself, and every day when the weather was fine the coachman was told to come and take out me and the children. Such rides! How I wished my little Lukey could be along with me! But then no, he couldn't ride—he had to rise; and rising and riding don't go together, not at first, though he will have a carriage now some day Lukey? Then he was off, all the year round, at some bank a great way out of town, and I thought I'd ed for him except come Christmas and New-Years; and even then I didn't always see him, poor boy! now a-swelling and now a-fainting and carrying, now a-writing till twelve o'clock at night; but he was a-rising, a-rising all the time —wasn't he?"

"Yes, yes; get on, mother, get on."

"Don't hurry the poor old mother, sonny, I'm a-getting to it. Let's see, where was I? There were plenty of daughters in that Clingham family—the other brothers used to say they were like Jacob's sons because they envied Joseph, but he didn't feel much like being envied. For though there were all pretty dear little young ones, those girls, they were so cruel and Joseph did mightily want to have a son. At last another child was expected. Well, we got all ready for it in the nursery; and every body had been expecting and hoping and praying for a boy so long now we felt sure it would be that kind of a baby. Even the little girls, down to the shortest little mite just learning to talk, kept running up to my side a dozen times a day to say, 'Won't we have a little brother —won't we have a *dear* little brother, nurse?' That shows how much it was thought about.

"Well, the time came, and the provoking little beast didn't. I know it isn't right, Lukey, but I can't help it; that's just the way we felt about it—that it was desperate mean of him. Though it wasn't his fault, poor thing! Girls will be girls, and this one was. Of course I didn't have much to do with the young Clinghams for some time after they were born—a woman in the wet line, or else Mrs. Clingham herself taking care of them till they were enough along to eat like other Christians. So I was very much surprised to have the waiter come to me one day, and say, 'Mrs. Green' (he always was very respectful), 'Mrs. Green, please to go to Mr. Clingham's study; he wants to see you.' and when I got there, to hear Mr. Clingham say he had sent to have a talk with me about the baby. 'Nurse,' said he, 'can you keep a secret?' 'Lord bless me, Mr. Clingham!' says I, 'if I should tell all I know now I guess some folks wouldn't be out of jail. Though they say women do let out every thing they know, I've always found that when people were in my trade enough to come to me with it, being though I'm a woman, but I may be different from most of 'em.'

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"'You don't understand me, nurse,' says he. 'I ought to have said, more correct perhaps, we are going to have a boy. There'll be a fine one here—to be a candidate for your nursery—if we can help it so, some time next week.' In other words, and to speak plain, Mrs. Clingham and I have concluded to change babies with Mrs. Joseph Clingham's next. Remember, keep mum about it; and now I want you to help us. Will you do it?' 'If I can, and I'm sure I will, and I suppose it is, for it's you that does it.' 'You'll be well paid,' says he. 'Very well, what is it?' says I; and then he told me that I was to take little Nora—the very same, dye see, Lukey? he called her just the same that this little girl's called here—I must go by steamboat up the river to Hyde Park. There I'd find a carriage waiting for me, and I was to tell the servants, I must go to the nearest station and start off with her and a trunk full of baby clothes they'd have ready for me, and, moreover, to all the servants, I was going to Meadowbrook, and that perhaps it stood as much in need of his services as the place with the unpronounceable name which he had left.

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"I *WILL* GO!" HE TURNED YOU OUT OF DOORS, DID HE?"

key! Sonny, sonny, you make me think of that tea-kettle: you're shiny and quiet outside; you wouldn't think you were cross to look at yourself in the glass now, though you do hurry up your old mother so, but inside I'll bet you're biling. Well, well, let's have tea. I won't say any more about the baby. Only just this: You want to know how I know that this girl here is Nora Clingham, and no Nora Manton anyhow. I'll tell you. When I stopped at that house in Hyde Park, it was just sundown. The babies were changed in the west parlor of the house, and I saw the man that gave me his baby-boy for Mr. Clingham's daughter right in the full glare of red light that came through the open window. He was a very peculiar-looking man—I marked him particular—I'd have known him any where after that in a crowd of thousands and thousands. And I handed him our baby, and told him to call it Nora—that was Mrs. Clingham's wish, if it was agreeable to him. Now, when I come to Cheswick, just five years ago last April, who should I meet one day a-walking in the street but this very same, peculiar, marked looking man—just the same one-sided stoop, only a little more by years, as was nat'ral—just the same drooping lip and chin that run back, with a deep dimple in it, and just the same mournful, seeking sort of look about the eyes. And he had a girl with him. I heard him call her *Nora!*—Nora! d'ye mark it, Lukey? And when I asked some body who that was, that man and that girl, I was told it was John Manton and his daughter *Nora*. And then the whole truth came up to me, and I seemed to see that Hyde Park house flash fairly into my eyes; and you can guess I wasn't much surprised when I found whose tenants John Manton and *his daughter Nora* were. *His* daughter Nora! Humph! That's all."

"Now you've told your story," said Luke Green, "and I've listened patiently to it, though I knew it by heart before, I beg you'll keep still and listen to what I have to say. No preserves, I thank you. Three years ago you told me these facts. You told me, too, that Joseph Clingham had died, and that, if there was no will, one-fifth of all his large property and interest in Clingham & Co. would belong to this girl, who is supposed to be Nora Manton, but is really Nora Clingham. That was ingenious in you—a mighty clever and far-reaching thought for one of your sex, who are generally either peacocks or geese."

"Oh, Lukey, Lukey, don't tickle the old woman's vanity, you designing rogue."

"Is it like me to flatter? I know I can do it. I know I do do it; but not when I can help it. That *was* a devilish sharp stroke for a woman to think of, and I followed up the idea. I found that Joseph Clingham *hadn't* left any will—that he died suddenly of ossification of the heart when he supposed he had full twenty years life-lease longer. His heart turned into bone, you know—that's what ossification means—not into stone, which is petrifaction, and would be a much properer, prettier disease for a gentleman in business on 'Change to die of. Well, as you know, I immediately began to put in for the girl, according to your bright suggestion. She was young and raw then, but I thought I'd begin early. So I commenced playing the devoted to a baby in sun-bonnets, who wore tails braided down her back and tied with blue ribbon. Lord! wasn't I ardent? In short, I was as sweet as I knew how to be."

"Oh, Lukey, Lukey, boy, that was a *deal* too sweet."

"Never mind. Now it was a picture—now it was a silver kickshaw for nosegays—now it was a card-table—now it was something else. I didn't see as I was gaining much—the girl grew older and older."

"Women always do," said Luke Green's mother, sententiously, and with a sigh.

"And," continued Luke Green, without noticing the interruption, "she didn't seem to like me any better—but, saucy minx! she quite avoided me. Yet I kept on, day and night planning and trying different styles of attack on the young woman—both because you always would hie me on when I felt like giving up the job, and because the chance of recovering the girl's share in Joseph Clingham's estate out of his administrators wasn't to be snuffed at, when it amounted to a cool hundred thousand, to say nothing of such part of the partnership interest as would descend to her. So I've toiled away like a dog—now pulling this wire, now that—for all these long months and years. At last I got old Manton's consent. He even said I should have his help. I thought then that I was made. He told me she was a poor, portionless girl, which showed he didn't suspect what I wanted her for; and I answered back—Heavens! so piously—that my humble income was enough for two, and her loveliness was an abundant dower. As I said, I supposed, because the girl seemed to think so much of the old man, that, when he wanted her to do it, she'd take right to me—or mind him, any way. He *did* talk to her, I know, for he told me so; and after that she didn't avoid me so much, though there wasn't any other change. I suppose she was what you women would call trying to *bear* me. To cut the story short, I had every hope of getting her, by hook or by crook, until there came to the Bank, in place of a book-keeper that was turned out by James Clingham, a rascal—d—n him a thousand times!—and I have every reason to believe that the fool is in love with him."

And Luke Green indulged in an imprecation which is as unpleasant to write as it would have been to hear.

"Not in love with my Lukey—my dear, sweet Lukey? She shall be in love with you—we'll make her. We won't lose her so—will we, sonny?"

And the spider eyes of the old woman retreated so far into their cobweb of wrinkles as to be out of sight, with the intensity of her determination; while as that cruel, square lower jaw of hers came up with a crunch against the crust she was nibbling, the likeness of the mother to the son became fearfully apparent; and had you been there, you would have thanked your stars that neither of them disliked you, and held your finger where the crust was. Then she continued:

"What's the name of the man that comes in between you and the girl, Lukey? What's his name? Just let's hear it."

"Ernest Beckford," answered Luke Green, with a look and in a voice that were curse enough without farther words.

The old woman's twin spiders sprang out as if they had the very fattest fly right on the edge of their cobweb.

"Ernest—Ernest—Ernest? Let me see! Ernest, you say? I've heard that name somewhere. Where was it, now? I used to know an Ernest. Oh, I *can't* think! Deary me, Lukey, I'm getting to be a terrible forgetful old woman!"

"Oh, it isn't likely you could have ever heard of him. He's a perfect stranger to most of the firm, I believe, except that he had done them some service abroad where he came from. But *she* loves him—I know she does; and to-day, when I went to old Manton's to talk about him, what do you think *he* did to me? *He*, d—n him!"

"What, Lukey? What?"

"He turned me out of doors! By ——, if I am not even with him, may I—"

And at the same time the lower jaw of the man and the woman ground audibly, and with a force which once more told their kinship. The old woman put down her cup, and leaning on the elbows of her chair, lifted herself to her feet. Her face was ashy pale, and her lip trembled, though her teeth were shut.

"Let me go, Lukey—let me go!" she muttered, trying to shake her shoulders loose from his grasp. "I *will* go! He turned you out of doors, did he? *He*, the baby-changer! I'll go and drag him out of his house! I'll bring him out by the hair! I'll spit on him! I'll show him to the crowd, and say, 'There's the man that sold his son for a daughter! Baby-changer!' Let me go, Luke Green! Let me go, I say! Mind me, boy! I'm your mother! Turned you out of doors, did he? *He!*"

It required all the strength even of a grown man like the Bank superintendent to hold down the struggling old woman, endued as she was with a preternatural force through rage. But at length her fury spent itself; and, all limp and shivering, she fell back on her chair like an exhausted tiger-cat, and listened to her son.

"Do you want to ruin me? Do you want to make yourself a cursed old fool and me a laughing-stock, and, worse yet, a perfectly lost man? Good God! are you crazy? Sit down—sit down!"

When she had grown quiet again, or measurably so, he continued:

"I must have that girl, if it costs me my life. Look you, mother! You're old, but I know you can keep a close tongue. I'll just give you a little inkling of something. For quite a while past I've been making stock operations and doing other slippery money-business; and now that I've laid the egg and sat on it, it's got to hatch. It will all be out before long; there's no help for it; and then, unless by that time Nora Manton, as she calls herself, Nora Clingham as she is, is my wife, and I am in that way related to the Clinghams, so that it won't do to blow out on me, I lose my place as superintendent, and, hark! *very likely my liberty!* As sure as there's a God or a devil, if I don't get that girl I shall be in danger of State Prison inside of the next six weeks!"

"Lukey! Lukey! I'll die before I let them take you!" was all the old woman could gasp, now staring into his face with a ghastly fixedness.

"*I'll* die before I go there. But I must make one more push for the girl. Now can *you* think of any new plan? You always were up to plans, and that's one reason why I've come to you to-night. If you can fix on any thing we haven't tried yet, I believe I'm ready to put it in operation, if it isn't absolutely crazy. Your profit's my profit, and mine's yours. If you do succeed in getting that cursed girl for me, there's no queen ever lived better and had more honor than you shall have. I will be your slave, as well as your son, till you die."

The very fact of perceiving herself thus left to her own resources was a quickener to the intelligence of the old woman. With the sheer necessity of thinking harder than usual, planning with a rarer sagacity, her eyes grew larger, emerging out of their cobwebs, and seeming to advance toward the outer rim, as if to tighten the strands and lay them more cunningly for a prey. She set down her tea-cup, put her chin in her palm as if to press the jaw still tighter on some thought whose very life she was sucking out, and rocked her whole head forward and back upon her elbow. And in the dim light which by this time was all that strained down from the sunset sky through the wet raiment intervening between heaven and Blinker's Court, her strange cap seemed a mysterious unshriven spirit, flitting restlessly, aimlessly in its pain on the ghost-white muslin wings that held it under her chin. And as she rocked, and the gloomy spirit flitted, Luke Green still paced the floor, ever and anon looking toward her as if asking for her conclusion.

Suddenly she sat perfectly motionless, pressing her chin as if she would crush it in. Then she lifted herself to her feet with almost juvenile alacrity, and, in a voice that was more like a hawk-scream than a human voice, cried out:

"Lukey! Lukey! I have it, Lukey, boy! The day's ours! Oh, goody—goody—goody—good! Look here now! Keep quiet, boy—don't get excited! Haven't you lent old Manton money? Didn't you tell me you had?"

"Yes; he owes me three hundred dollars now. I've got his note for it. It isn't worth that!" and Luke Green contemptuously snapped his fingers. "I lent it to him knowing I couldn't get it again unless I got that d—d woman. It was a venture, that's all."

"Never mind, never mind! Hark, Lukey, you just take that note and show it to the girl, and tell her that if she marries you it's hers. But if she don't take you, then it goes into the hands of the Law, and John Manton gets sold out on execution. And just you hint to her one other little thing—you needn't tell her right out that it is so, and lie about it—just you hint that, maybe, her father knows more about the disappearance of certain bank money than he'd care to tell her, and that, when you caught him at a little operation of that kind, he gave you that note to cover you in case *you* were blamed; and, Lukey, tell her that it may go hard with her father if it's found out, but it never shall be found out if she'll marry you. And then strike while the iron's hot—the moment she gets frightened, and says Yes, take her right off to the nearest justice's, and marry her directly! What do you think of that, boy?"

The superintendent stood silent for a moment after his mother had ceased—while she, clutching him by both wrists, peered up into his face—and then replied, slowly, and considerately,

"By G—d! I believe I'll try *that*."

He bid his mother good-night. She kissed him repeatedly with that mouth so hard, so malignly set, for every other thing and creature. "You'll rise, Lukey, you'll rise! bound to rise, heh, sonny?" These words were the last that sounded on his ear as he went down the stairs. And as he came past the door of the front room on the lowest floor the lodger therein opened it for a moment, and on the wall opposite there hung, as a decoration, shined upon by the full flame of the just lighted candle, a colored engraving of Haman's gallows and elevation. "Bound to rise, heh, sonny?" These words seemed sinking through the air like a plummet from third pair back. And Mr. Luke Green shuddered slightly, though the evening was warm, as he passed out into Blinker's Court.

LITERARY.

THE BEREAVED will, we think, be interested by an advertisement in another column directed to them.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, March 5, in the Senate, Senator Haun (Cal.) presented the credentials of Milton S. Latham (Cal.), who appeared and was sworn in. Senator Sumner (Mass.) introduced a resolution calling upon the President for copies of all correspondence relating to the propositions on maritime law and neutral rights by the Congress of Paris of the 16th April, 1856. The bill authorizing the sale of arms to the States was taken up, when Senator Fessenden (Me.) moved an amendment prohibiting any State or Territory from purchasing a greater number than its population would justify. No action was taken on the amendment, and the bill was laid aside. The Claims Court Bill being taken up, Senator Bayard (Del.) explained its provisions and advocated its passage. Senator Hale (N. H.) moved an amendment requiring that an appropriation be made by Congress before any money is paid out of the Treasury. Some discussion was had, when the motion to amend was lost. Some other amendments were proposed and made, when, after discussion, the Senate adjourned without disposing of the bill.——In the House, Mr. Millson (Va.) moved that the House proceed to the election of a Chaplain to officiate alternately with the one already chosen by the Senate. A discussion ensued, and Mr. Millson's resolution was adopted. Mr. Sherman (Ohio) made an ineffectual effort to have the bill regulating the mileage of members of Congress reduced to twenty cents per mile, straight line traveling, taken up. He gave notice that he would renew his motion to-morrow. He also asked consent to move that the subject of a Pacific Railroad be referred to a Select Committee of fifteen—he declining to serve on the Committee. Mr. Curry (Ala.) objected. Mr. S. then moved a suspension of the rules, which was agreed to, and the motion adopted. Mr. Burroughs (N. Y.) asked consent to move the appointment of a Committee of nine to inquire into the expediency of aiding New York in the construction of a ship-canal around the Falls of Niagara. Objection was made. Mr. Barksdale (Miss.) asked leave to offer a resolution fixing upon the 4th of June as the day for the adjournment of Congress; objected to. Mr. Covode (Pa.) asked leave to offer a resolution for the appointment of a Committee of five for the purpose of investigating whether the President or any other officer of the Government has, with money, patronage, or any other improper means, sought to influence Congress or any Committee thereof with regard to the rights of the States or Territories, and also to make investigation into a number of matters connected with Government. Mr. Florence (Pa.) objected to the introduction of the resolution, as also did a number of other Democrats. The suspension of the rules was moved, amidst much excitement, when the House agreed to the motion, and the resolution was adopted. Mr. Reagan (Texas) offered a joint resolution that the sum of $5,000,000 be placed at the disposal of the President, to defray the expenses of the volunteer forces to be called into military service on the Rio Grande frontier. The resolution was referred to the Committee on Military Affairs, when the House adjourned.

On Tuesday, March 6, in the Senate, the Vice-President presented a certified copy of the Kansas Constitution. Senator Mason (Va.) stated that the Sergeant-at-Arms had Thaddeus Hyatt in custody, and moved that he be brought before the bar of the Senate, and asked what excuse he had for disobeying the summons of the Senate Committee, whether he was now ready to answer, and that he be required to answer the questions propounded by the Committee. Senator Hale (N. H.) moved to substitute the word reason for excuse in the first interrogatory; negatived, by 42 against 12. Senator Mason's resolution was then adopted, and Mr. Hyatt was given till 2 P.M. on Friday next to decide upon answering the Committee's questions. Senator Brown's (Miss.) resolution relative to the Territories was taken up, and he addressed the Senate at length. Senator Fitch (Ind.) replied, when the subject was postponed. The Military Academy Appropriation Bill was taken up, and Senator Wigfall (Texas) explained the position occupied by the people on the frontier of Texas, and urged the adoption of the amendment appropriating $1,300,000 to equip a regiment of Mounted Texan Volunteers. Senator Fessenden (Me.) opposed immediate action on the ground of the silence of the President and Secretary of War on the subject. Senator Toombs (Ga.) thought the President and Governor of Texas had ample power already. After further discussion, a message was received from the President inclosing Governor Houston's communication on the subject. Also a communication from the Secretary of War. The Senate then adjourned without any action on the bill.——In the House, the bill for the protection of female passengers on emigrant ships was taken up, and after being amended so that a process may be issued in the English, French, or German language, and that suit be brought within one year from the time of the arrival of the vessel, the bill was passed. Mr. John Cochrane (N. Y.) reported a bill for the simplification and codification of the revenue laws. Mr. Washburne (Ill.) reported a joint resolution, which was adopted, directing the unexpended balance of the appropriation for a light-house at Chicago to be devoted to the improvement of the harbor of that city. Mr. Florence (Pa.) presented a memorial asking that steamers of light draught be substituted for sailing schooners in the revenue service. The House then proceeded to the election of a Chaplain, and Mr. Stockton of Philadelphia was elected by 16 majority. On motion of Mr. Sherman (Ohio), the Congressional Mileage Bill was taken up and passed, 154 against 21. Mr. Hoard offered a resolution calling for a select Committee to inquire into certain statements made by Messrs. Adrian, Haskin, and Hickman, last December, to the effect that the President had endeavored to bribe them from their course of duty. An exciting debate ensued, after which the resolution was adopted, when the House adjourned.

On Wednesday, March 7, in the Senate, Senator Seward (N. Y.) presented petitions for the Homestead bill and for protection on coal and iron. Senator Sumner (Mass.) moved an inquiry into the expediency of appointing a commission to revise and arrange the statutes of the United States, which was agreed to. Senator Brown's resolutions relative to Territories was taken up, and Senator Wade (Ohio) took the floor, and addressed the Senate at length, and was followed by Senator Toombs. The subject was then postponed till to-morrow. The Military Academy bill was then taken up, when Senator Fessenden (Me.) moved the postponement of it till the papers received from the War Department relative to the Texas border troubles were printed. Senator Wigfall (Texas) urged immediate action, but the Senate agreed to the motion to postpone, and adjourned.——In the House, Mr. Farnsworth (Ill.) moved an inquiry into the expediency of establishing an Assay Office and Branch Mint at Chicago. Referred. Mr. Thayer (Mass.) reported against Mr. Morrill's Agricultural College bill. Mr. Morrill (Vt.) moved that the consideration of the report be postponed till the third Tuesday in April. Mr. Branch (N. C.) wanted the bill to go to the Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union. Mr. Crawford (Ga.) moved to lay the bill on the table, which was negatived by 106 Nays to 72 Yeas. The motion to postpone was then agreed to. Mr. Aldrich (Minn.) endeavored to obtain consent, but failed, to offer a resolution directing the Committee on Ways and Means to inquire into the expediency of removing the National Capital to some point west of the Mississippi. Mr. Burnett (Ky.) reported a bill incorporating the United States Agricultural Society. The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union, and Mr. Van Wyck (N. Y.) took the floor, making a speech which caused some excitement. Mr. Perry (Me.) and Mr. Moorhead (Pa.) followed on the same side, when the House adjourned.

On Thursday, March 8, in the Senate, Senator Grimes (Iowa) gave notice of a bill for the retrocession of the District of Columbia to the State of Maryland, and for the removal of the capital of the United States. Senator Brown's (Miss.) Territorial resolutions were then taken up, and Senator Collamer (Vt.) addressed the Senate. He was followed by Senator Benjamin (La.) in reply. The West Point Bill was then taken up, and Senator Wigfall (Texas) withdrew his amendment for an appropriation to pay Texas volunteers, and presented another specifying the items desired. After some debate the amendment was adopted. Senator Hale (N. H.) moved that when the regiments of volunteers are raised, the reglar army be decreased in proportion. Lost. Adjourned.——In the House, Mr. Burch (Cal.) introduced a bill to pay the expenses attending the suppression of Indian hostilities. He also offered a resolution, which was adopted, instructing the Judiciary Committee to ascertain if any legislation is necessary to facilitate the organization of the House, and preserve order, previous to the election of a Speaker. Mr. Kellogg (Ill.) introduced a bill granting lands to actual settlers in the Territories, and providing that the inhabitants elect all Territorial officers. Mr. John Cochrane (N. Y.) introduced a bill to amend the act limiting the liabilities of ship-owners. Mr. Gurley (Ohio) reported a Congressional printing, binding, and lithographing reform bill—proposing to establish a Government printing-office. Mr. Burnett (Ky.) moved to instruct the Committee on Public Expenditures to investigate the giving out of the public binding. The motion was carried to grant a clerk and stenographer, as also the motion of Mr. Burnett. Mr. Colfax (Ind.) submitted a report and bill proposing a reduction in the expenses of the Post-office Department; also inviting proposals for carrying the entire mails between the Atlantic and Pacific States, on one line. The Army Appropriation Bill was reported. Messrs. Stanton (Ohio) and Curtis (Iowa) urged that the bill should be referred to the Committee on Military Affairs, and Messrs. Sherman (Ohio), Phelps (Mo.), and Washburn (Me.) took opposite grounds, when the bill was referred to the Committee of the Whole. The bill requiring the Executive documents to be printed previous to the commencement of the session was taken up and debated at length. The bill was amended so as to place the printing at the option of the President, and then ordered to a third reading, when the House adjourned.

On Friday, March 9, in the Senate, Senator Fitch (Ind.) introduced a bill to provide for the public printing. Senator Bright (Ind.), one for enlarging the public grounds about the Capitol. Mr. Thaddeus Hyatt, who had refused to appear before the Harper's Ferry Investigating Committee, was brought in, and in response to the Vice-President's inquiry, said he was ready to answer, presenting a voluminous document to be read as his reply. This was, on motion of Senator Mason (Va.), sent to the Clerk to be read, when the reading was interrupted by Senator Mason, who regarded the paper as not so much of an answer as an argument. Debate ensued upon the objection, and the Senate ordered the paper to be read by Yeas 40 against Nays 12. After the reading was completed, Senator Mason recapitulated the facts of Mr. Hyatt's summons and arrest, together with the points contained in the answer. He then moved that Mr. Hyatt be confined in the jail until he signifies his willingness to appear and answer all proper and legal questions that may be put to him by the Select Committee of the Senate. Senators Doolittle (Wis.) and Fessenden (Me.) saying that they wanted time to examine this question, Senator Mason varied his motion so as to order that Mr. Hyatt be remanded to the custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms until the further order of the Senate. This was agreed to, and the Senate adjourned.——In the House, the Committee on the subject of the Pacific Railroad was announced. It consists of the following: Messrs. Curtis (Iowa), Farnsworth (Ill.), Phelps (Mo.), Davis (Md.), Scott (Cal.), Rice (Mass.), Fenton (N. Y.), Smith (Va.), Taylor (La.), Kellogg (Mich.), Blair (Pa.), Aldrich (Minn.), Hamilton (Texas), French (Me.), and Stout (Oregon). The Committee on the Corruptions of the Executive Department was also announced, and consists of Messrs. Covode (Pa.), Olin (N. Y.), Winslow (N. C.), Train (Mass.), and Robinson (Ill.). Mr. Gurley (Ohio) reported a joint resolution to repeal a part of the Printing law, so as to give each House control of its own printing. An exceedingly spicy debate ensued, in which the alleged frauds in the binding were discussed. The resolution was finally laid on the table, and the House adjourned till Monday.

THE CODIFICATION OF THE REVENUE LAWS.

We read in the *Herald:*

"Mr. John Cochrane has charge of his bill for the codification of the revenue laws. It is the product of about five years' labor. It has passed under the supervision of two Secretaries of the Treasury and three Committees on Commerce. Its provisions are of the utmost import-

ance to the administration of revenue law, and indeed to its actual intelligibility. It is a simplification in the wisest flemency afford. Mr. Cochrane has found out in the wisest course is exclude from it all innovations of an experimental character, leaving to the work of fit and unquestionable character. A bill of such magnitude and importance as this will of read not one in an this can be read with any to be as familiar with its a hundred could be pronounced so consequently he wishes it details as to understand the object proposed by this bill is understood that the chief objects laws, and the collation of the the repeal of all restrictions upon the importation of sugar, said and judiciously supported laws by a high, uniform, and discriminating duty, according to the standard of saccharine matter, as adopted by the regulations of the Treasury Department. He is opposed to the repeal of the drawback, but without assertion proved practicable by an understood that an improvement of law. Then it is proposed to make the law take effect in one month. The principle of this bill is simple, and when made, its law is to be perfected, if in any part defective, in the light of experience. The bill is short, and will probably have a special and early day set apart for its consideration."

CONSTITUTIONAL LANGUAGE IN CONGRESS.

The following is the report of a recent occurrence in Congress, from Globe:

MR. VAN WYCK. "Sir, I will indulge in no unkind remarks in regard to the feelings of any man; but I will assert, must be met, and history vindicated, let the consequences fall on whom they may. One act of cowardice on the part of Massachusetts burning witches in the ancient times. Does he not know that your gods people with slaves at the stake, and it seems to waken no horror in your minds."

MR. DAVIS of Miss. (interrupting). "I pronounce the gentleman's last observation unqualified. I pronounce the man's assertion falsehood."

MR. VAN WYCK. "My time is short, and I hope not to be interrupted."

MR. DAVIS of Miss. "You have no right to utter such foul and false slanders."

MR. GROW. "I rise to a point of order. It is that no member upon this floor has a right to libel the people of any portion of this country, and then deny the characteristics of that people the right to reply. I protest against the time continually being taken from me unfounded."

[Cries of "Order" on the Republican side.]

MR. VAN WYCK "I have heard such words before, and I say now, as I have declared on former occasions, the blustering of that sort. I am not here to libel any part of the Union."

MR. DAVIS, of Miss. "Will you go outside the District of Columbia and test the question of personal courage with any Southern man?"

MR. VAN WYCK. "I travel anywhere, and without fear of any one. For the first eight weeks of this session you stood upon the floor continually libelling the South and the people of the Free States, charging them with treason and all manner of crimes; and you yes but never in a great rage when I told you a few facts."

MR. DAVIS of Miss. "Mr. Chairman—"

THE CHAIR. "The gentleman from New York can not be interrupted except by a point of order, and the Chair appeals to the gentlemen of the Committee not to violate the rule of order in the House. The Chair trusts they will do so."

MR. DAVIS, of Miss. "I shall observe them, Sir, if others do not; but I certainly will not permit Southern people to be slandered."

MR. VAN WYCK. "If gentlemen are so sensitive in regard to these matters, I ask them to be as sensitive as to the feelings of others; if they were, we would not have had such a treasonable demonstration in the North as we had during the first eight weeks of the session."

AFFRAY AT WASHINGTON.

"An encounter occurred on March 7, between Colonel Fred. W. Lander, of Washington's, superintendent of the overland wagon road expedition, and W. H. F. Maguay, of Kansas, foreign correspondent of the Washington Sentinel of the same expedition. It will be recollected that an attack was made last winter in the Senate chamber upon Willard's Hotel, by Mr. Maguay, upon Colonel Lander. In this affray, it is said, Colonel Lander, who had been received four terrible blows—the first struck while his back was turned—but reacted Maguay to the floor, knocked down and beat him until pulled off by the bystanders. Maguay went away, and while Colonel Lander was present in the Rocky Mountains, stayed in St. Louis then he had whipped him in the fight, and at the same time supplied opprobrious epithets to him. Directly after the occurrence, Maguay sent two gentlemen to Colonel Lander begging him not to renew the difficulty which had originally grown out of Maguay's refusal to fight Colonel Lander a duel, or make required apology. Colonel Lander returned to California shortly after, and when the steamer arrived yesterday. To-day Colonel Lander met Maguay in front of Kirkwood's Hotel, and struck him a slapping. Maguay got out of a hack, with some friends. Lander was unarmed, but Maguay was. The gentleman to whom Maguay had made the aforesaid remarks. Colonel Lander said: 'Mr. Kinnaid if you are a gentleman, call your remarks to this gentleman.' Maguay stepped back upon the steps of the hotel, followed by Colonel Lander, who grew put his hand to his pocket and muttering, 'Damn you,' Lander struck him again, and Maguay drew his knife, saying, 'Apeat up, and speak loud, Sir!' Lander then struck Maguay again, upon the hotel. 'Yes,' said Lander, 'speak loud enough.' While the two were closing, attempted to go into the hotel; Lander stopped him, saying, 'Come round here, Sir,' and face to face, and unarmed, at the same time turning him rudely round by the shoulder.

HOW IT ENDED.

"Hereon Mr. Kirkwood, the proprietor of the hotel, in the most gentlemanly manner, interposed, requesting Lander not to create a disturbance in the house, telling him that the front door-keeper was very near, and pointed at the noise of the altercation. This for an instant parted the combatants, and permitted Maguay to get a weapon into fact. He immediately drew his pistol, and pointing it to Lander, said, 'Approach me again, and I will blow you a dead man.' Lander jumped to attack him, saying at the same time, 'I am unarmed, you cowardly—' It was no matter," Mr. Kirkwood again interposed. Colonel Lander said, 'Come out on the avenue again.' 'I will have this gentleman from this affair here, take your pistol, and I will point you at I am, unarmed, and you Maguay refused. Lander then, after stigmatizing him as a liar, a coward, a blackguard, and scoundrel, struck any one of the crowd to step forward—if which there were more than forty—and take up the gauntlet in the friend of Maguay. None up to king, Colonel Lander retired. The last parliamentary board was, 'I will be found my challenge; you have refused to name your time and place, and your own weapons, and now you shall have struck me with a billy and were whipped by me for it, and have lied to the contrary, and now you have sounded, you refuse a scratch fight; you with a loaded pistol and I unarmed—I shall never speak to you more.' Colonel Lander then made his apologies to the proprietors of the hotel, which he was in the habit of visiting, and retired. Colonel Lander was accompanied by Major Yates, and after the altercation joined by his brother, W. H. Watt, who took no part in the affair whatever. Colonel Lander is a Massachusetts man, and says for the honor of his State he will never carry concealed weapons, though he will fight any one who assaults him with or without them."

MURDER OF JOHN BROWN APPALD.

"In Grand Jury of Jefferson County, Virginia, having given indictments against Owen Brown, son of John Brown, and Hiram Morrison, two of the Harper's Ferry insurgents, Governor Letcher has made a requisition upon Governor Beriah Magoffin, of Kentucky, for the arrest and delivery to Virginia officers of said persons, and states that he has already given his reasons to Governor Letcher."

TRAGEDY AT SYRACUSE.

A terrible tragedy was enacted on Thursday in Syracuse. A husband, whose wife's honor had been tempted with by a Scotch boy, and pursued his two children and then himself, the poison proving fatal in each case. The man's name is Tinker, and that of the physician Searles. The latter has been indicted by the Coroner's Jury for this act from the indignation of the citizens.

A SAD STORY.

The Troy *Times* of the 25th ult. details the following: "Not a very great while ago—at least within the memory of the oldest inhabitant—a gentleman of wealth and position, who lives on the Fifth Avenue in New York, came to this city for the express purpose of seeing the rural elephant. He soon became acquainted with the different varieties of the animal, and among that he was very much pleased, as subsequently appeared, altogether too rapidly with the Circassian Girl. Some time since the New York gentleman became acquainted with a woman who bore a striking resemblance to the Circassian, and about any thing but virtue. She was a married woman, with as well as very fond of her husband. Her conscientiousness be possessed of his wherewhals. He was not a man to be trifled with, and the fair Circassian soon was unmoored and he would die. This alarmed the woman, who, in the course of a few days simply swore. The wife, thus left without restraint, took upon herself the management of affairs, and in the course of a few weeks, while he was confined to his room, nursed him assiduously. But all in vain. The husband grew worse, and not only returned, but made an application for a divorce, which was granted him by the Court, after having no defense to make. Since the severance of her connection with the husband, the woman has been more and added intemperance immorality. On Friday night last, after having spent the evening in a drinking saloon before returned to, a black mass of putrefactory loss and penury and misery, she committed suicide by drowning herself in a canal near the wages arrested the challenge, and the Coroner's inquest was held on the body on Saturday last. He at first declined to marry them, but upon being assured by the parties that they would be married with reluctance on account, and he performed the ceremony. The distinguished gentleman left the city on the next train, when the woman was taken to the house of her father, in this city, where she has since remained, and where she now lies dead, and offered a rich reward for the discovery of a husband. The husband of the woman is a respectable man, and her father is also respectably connected in this city."

TRAGEDY IN VIRGINIA.

We read in the Richmond *Dispatch*, February 29:

"The usually quiet and law-abiding people of Powhatan county, on the Richmond and Lynchburg road, were put three or four days, in consequence of a terrible tragedy, or series of tragedies, which occurred in their midst on Saturday last. The particulars reached this city last evening, and were communicated to us. The details, although not so full as we shall doubtless, be hereafter, are given at no time, are sufficiently startling to thrill of horror at their mere recital.

It appears, according to the version given us, that, some years since, a grand-daughter of the venerable and highly respectable Mr. Langhorne, of Powhatan county, married a gentleman from the adjoining County of Henrico, named Richard Clements. Of the latter gentleman we have been unable to ascertain. The maiden name of Mr. Winkler's grandson was Mary Ann Watt. The parties lived happily together until about eighteen months since, when, upon the most trivial provocation, as we have been informed, Mr. Clements desired a separation from his wife, and forthwith instituted proceedings for a divorce, at the same time impeaching her home as a place unfit for her.

"Last Saturday was set apart for the taking of depositions in the case, at the residence of Mr. Langhorne, in Mr. Henry County.

Mr. Watt, the father appeared to defend the suit and protect the honor of his grand-daughter.

While the taking of depositions progressed, and after the plaintiff had finished with a witness, Mr. Wither Watt, a brother of the defendant, arose and said the husband, Mr. Clements. He immediately arose, drawing a bowie knife as he did so, and made a lunge at Mr. Wither, it seems, who rose and drew a pistol from his pocket, and fired at Mr. Clements, the second penetrating the abdomen he fired, striking Clements in the forehead and killing him instantly.

"A nephew of Mr. Wither, and a Mr. Smith, brother of Mr. Clements, were present at the time of the affair in the room. A brother of Mr. Clements, who had also been present during the trial, was shot dead by the hand of Mr. Wither, the ball taking effect, and producing, it is feared, a fatal wound. Mr. Wither then shot himself, Mr. Vincent Wither again fired, striking Clemmens No. 2, in the left breast.

"At this stage of the sanguinary affair Mr. Smith, a brother of Mrs. Clements, who had been out of the room, securely unsheathed the blade when he was fired upon by a second brother of Mr. Wither, and he fell mortally wounded in the shoulder, and producing a painful wound. Influenced by the scene, Mr. Smith shot himself through the mouth, and with one powerful thrust of the knife completed the destruction of his life. Mr. Smith's countenance was falling dead on the spot.

"Three of the parties died, and the other three all wounded, the terrible tragedy here ended."

HORRIBLE DEATH.

The Providence *Journal* says: "A melancholy and fatal accident occurred about nine o'clock Monday morning, at the Dyerville Mills, in the town of Cumberland, Rhode Island. Mrs. Potter, wife of Asa Potter, who lived in the upper story of the basement of the mill, was passing near the upright shaft, when her dress caught on the lower end of the shaft, and wound on the shaft, winding it around the shaft, throwing her down, and her head striking the floor, was instantly killed. Her body, the shaft making one hundred revolutions per minute. The shaft was stopped as soon as possible, but she was dead when disentangled from it. While the machinery was in motion, the belts and pulleys were constantly thrown against the contiguous machinery in a very fearful manner, and the body was dashed with crush and mangle the bones and flesh of her head, neck, shoulders, arms, and upper portion of the body. The husband had charge of the room, and was present when the sad accident occurred. He left two boys, the youngest about four years of age.

THE CORONATION OF NAPLES.

The London *Times* of the 16th ultimo says: "Mr. Hewson, the American consul, has been known in the island of Jersey, Mr. Hewson, the American consul, has been known in the island of Jersey, Mr. Hewson, the American consul, has been known in the island of East Hartford, adjoining the city of Solihull, and the Rev. Mr. Sparrow, the officiating minister. The forthcoming contest with Sayers for the championship of England.

FRANCE.

GRAVE LOOK OF AFFAIRS.

The *Herald of Freedom* says: "In France affairs wear a grave look. The protectionists are doing all in their power to defeat the accomplishment of the new commercial treaty, but the Emperor has evinced so great a determination to carry out his favorite policy that the machinations of the foe against the interests of the many have been, up to the present time, baneful. The protectionists were unable to understand that any attempt at protection by their representatives in the Corps Legislatif would be the signal for the working-classes would be dealt with in a most severe and summary manner. The result has been a cessation of all manner of manifestations of insubordination among the operatives. In the mean while the treaty has been published, and the public are about to judge for itself that the interests of all parties were cared for thereby. A consequent reaction has set in many of the hitherto violent political clubs, has taken place, and the Government may now confidently look an easy transition into wiser and more liberal commercial relations with all the world, should not the intelligent and shrewd police of the communities facing that of England succeed in overthrowing a treaty that is but the forerunner of similar treaties with all other commercial nations."

It is said that in France affairs wear a grave look. I refer thereby to the machinations of the clergy, who are frightened at the liberal opposition by to the Emperor than his Holiness, he should be meek and lowly notwithstanding the temporal power really remained to Pius IX. The pope man is gentle enough himself, but he no more dreams of Antichrist, who will appear in the time of the end, than of Antichrist, who urges him on to acts of violence and persecution. He is the victim of fear for the cause of the Church. Each day the ranks of the papal army are thinned more and more, and the order for a more imminent between these restless mercenaries and the people of Rome.

THE QUESTION OF SAVOY.

The London *Morning Post* contains the following important statement:

"This question no longer adds to the complications of Europe. The cession of Savoy and Nice is definitively ascertained of France. The Emperor Napoleon had foreseen the difficulty which would arise in Italy. Since one of events pushed in the direction of an Italian kingdom, he had sought to find a compensation that public opinion would raise from the French shores of the Alps between the Emperor and the Sardinian Government for the cession of Savoy. The French Government has been however, prevented from carrying out this for the decision that was to be carried at by the great Powers of Europe. The Treaty of Zurich, of last year, in addition may therefore be considered as definitely obsolete."

THE CONDITION OF NAPLES.

He added: "Allow me, one closing day letter, to assure you that I have not lost the hope of seeing once that he rests, sleeps, and takes his usual outdoor exercise, and that, in the midst of the anxieties of his position, the tremendous responsibility of the country establishment, he is in the enjoyment of health and spirits. Some people in Majesty, and observed that he was gay, and cut his cigar with his usual coolness and dexterity. I am sure that he never had but extraordinary spinal diseases or dental affections, and that his wife has also enjoyed a good deal of secret mail shots and blades scenes. The Empress and Princess Imperial are also in excellent health."

ITALY

PROBABLE WHOLESALE EXCOMMUNICATION.

A letter from Rome in the *Nord* says: "Violent movements are said to be in preparation among the highest personages in the Government. The first would be a wholesale excommunication of the Emperor and of the sovereigns who may assist him; next, the placing of Rome under interdict. The bull of excommunication by the Pope of a general council to examine the question relative to the rights of the temporal power of the Popes may not be ascribed to the ingredient contained therein, but may be fee to assume the attitude to those concessions ought not to be retracted as concerns to the principle of religion. Such are the wild projects put forward by ultramontanism."

CONVULSIONS.

At latest accounts from Naples rumors that Victor Emanuel had loaned an address urging Naples and Sicily to the cause of Italian unity. Great armaments were being secretized. A Congregation at the Vatican had been convoked to consider the affairs of the Romagna, no matter what political events might supervene.

LITERATURE & ARTISTS AT HOME.

The Editorial Correspondence of the New York *Albion*, dated at Rome, gives the following interesting account of the state of the arts there:

"With a facility of adaptation that seems to be the peculiar gift of the Italian artist, Mr. Hicks has been taken her plate suddenly among sculptors, and promises to become one of the most distinguished artists. It might have been guessed, it might have been the instant he arrived in Rome, that he would take to it, for he arrived upon a car-car. Many have tried to discover the secret of his success in his new profession, but indeed, it will not—it is, otherwise with this lady. Intuitive genius, that instantly grasps the spirit of any thing, and has already executed in marble a pair of statuettes, the first of which is the size of life, and the second of which will be greatly admired when they are seen. The first is a figure of a young girl, standing in a lovely attitude, and with a most charming face. Close to order, the order entailed uncommon difficulty. They were to be in the costumary costumes of our day; and, being intended for sprite and sorrow niches in a handsome drawing-room, the sculptor was obliged to the leading sculpture decline positively to sanction the innovation of modern dress. Gentlemen that would not say may be represented as they really are, in the material which the most industrially employ, but when a young lady are doing save reality. Mr. Gibson would not undertake, at any price, that which he considered unworthy of art, and generally are in the year of grace 1859. Not so Miss Hosmer. She has adopted the magical maxim of modern civilization, and is determined that it was not a hopeless one."

SPAIN

THE WAR WITH MOROCCO.

At latest dates Marshal O'Donnell was actively engaged in forwarding the war preparations and in reconsidering the terms of peace with Morocco. He had received eleven delegates sent by Muley Abbas to ask on what conditions he would grant peace. Marshal O'Donnell replied that the Queen alone had the right to fix the conditions of peace, and, however, sent a messenger to Madrid on the subject.

The Madrid *Correo* of the 16th says that General Ortega had left for Ceuta with the conditions upon which peace will be granted.

The *Correspondencia de Espana* believes the war will continue.

MEXICO.

REVOLUTIONARY MOVEMENTS.

Advices from Northern Mexico, received via Galveston, report that Miramon had left Monterey with 2,000 men for Zacatecas.

It is also reported that Miramon has ordered Cortina to hold out until March, when he would receive reinforcements.

WEST INDIES.

FIRE IN TRINIDAD.

A very destructive fire occurred in Bridgetown, Barbadoes, on the night of the 22d ultimo, which laid waste Swan Street, Coleridge, and spread over to Nelson Square, consuming many dwelling-houses and other buildings. The loss is estimated at $2,500,000. Messrs. Griffith and Co., agents of the Phœnix company, and Messrs. Cook in Bridgetown and New York, were entirely consumed. Their books and papers, which were fully insured for insurance. G. and S. Shook were fully covered by insurance in a highly respectable Jersey company, and all their consignments abroad were fully insured in Liverpool. Lloyd's risk at $6 25 to $7 in Bridgetown.

NOVA SCOTIA.

THE LATEST FROM THIS "HUNGARIAN."

The steamship *Hungarian* is expected to be sold at Barrington on the 23d instant, for salvage.

The body of another man, supposed to have been a passenger, has been found. Two of his teeth were filled, one with silver and the other with gold. The body was buried.

The books and letters of Clement B. Fassett, M. D., of New York, and the personal effects of his daughter Ada, have also been found also the letters of G. Bancroft, of Brighton, England, and of Mark Downes, of Dublin.

"FOR WHILE THEY THE HOUSE WERE HOLDING, BALLS THE WIVES WERE FASTLY MOULDING."

THE SACK OF DEERFIELD, MARCH, 1704,

A BALLAD OF MASSACHUSETTS.

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

Or the onset fear-inspiring, and the firing and the pillage
Of our village, when De Rouville with his forces on us fell,
When, eve dawning of the morning, with no death-portending warning,
With no token shown or spoken, came the foemen, hear me tell.

High against the palisadoes, on the meadows, banks, and hill-sides,
At the frill-sides, over fences, lay the lingering winter snow;
And, so high by tempest rifted, at our pickets it was drifted,
That its frozen crust was chosen as a bridge to bear the foe.

We had set at night a sentry, lest an entry, while the sombre,
Heavy slumber was upon us, by the Frenchman should be made;
But the faithless knave we posted, though of wakefulness he boasted,
'Stead of keeping watch was sleeping, and our solemn trust betrayed.

Than our slumber none profounder; never sounder fell on sleeper,
Never deeper sleep its shadow cast on dull and listless frames;
But it flew before the crashing of the portals, and the flashing
And the soaring and the roaring and the crackling of the flames.

"HUGE HE WAS AND BRAVE AND BRAWNY, BUT I MET THE SLAYER TAWNY."

Fell the shining hatchets quickly 'mid the thickly-crowded women,
Growing dim in crimson currents from the pulses of the brain;
Rained the balls from firelocks deadly, till the melted snow ran redly
With the glowing torrent, flowing from the bodies of the slain.

I, from pleasant dreams awaking at the breaking of my easement,
With amazement saw the foemen quickly enter where I lay;
Heard my wife and children's screaming, as the hatchets wake their dreaming,
Heard their groaning and their moaning as their spirits passed away.

'Twas in vain I struggled madly as the sadly-sounding pleading,
Of my blessing, dying darlings fell upon my tortured ears;
'Twas in vain I wrestled, raging, fight against their numbers waging,
Crowding round me there, they bound me, while my manhood sank in tears.

At the spot to which they bore me, no one o'er me watched or wavied;
There unguarded, bound and shivering, on the snow I lay alone;
Watching by the firelight ruddy, as the butchers dank and bloody,
Slew the nearest friends and dearest to my memory ever known.

And it seemed as rose the roaring blaze, up soaring, redly streaming
O'er the gleaming snow around me through the shadows of the night,
That the figures flitting fastly were the fiends at revels ghastly,
Madly urging on the surging, seething billows of the fight.

"FELL THE SHINING HATCHETS QUICKLY 'MID THE THICKLY-CROWDED WOMEN."

Then I felt, though horror-stricken, pulses
quicken as the swarthy
Savage, or the savage Frenchman, fiercest
of the cruel band,
Darted in and out the shadows, through the
shivered palisadoes,
Death-blows dealing with unfeeling heart,
and never-sparing hand.

Soon the sense of horror left me, and be-
reft me of all feeling;
Soon, revealing all my early golden mo-
ments, memory came;
Showing how when young and sprightly, with
a footstep falling lightly,
I had pondered as I wandered on the
maid I loved to name.

Her, so young, so pure, so dovelike, that
the lovelike angels whom a
Sweet aroma circles ever whersoe'er they
wave their wings,
Felt with her the air grow sweeter, felt with
her their joy completer,
Felt their gladness swell to madness, si-
lent grow their silver strings.

Then I heard her voice's murmur breath-
ing summer, while my spirit
Leaned to hear it and to drink it like
a draught of pleasant wine;
Felt her head upon my shoulder drooping
as my love I told her,
Felt the utterly-pleased flutter of her heart
respond to mine.

Then I saw our darlings clearly that more
nearly linked our gladness;
Saw our sadness as a lost one sank from
pain to happy rest;
Mingled tears with hers and chid her, bade
her by our love consider
How our dearest now was nearest to the
blessed Master's breast.

I had lost that wife so cherished, who had
perished, pass'd from being,
In my seeing—I, unable to protect her
or defend;
At that thought dispersed those fancies, born
of woe-begotten trances,
While unto me came the gloomy present
hour my heart to rend.

For I heard the firelocks ringing, fiercely
flinging forth the whirring,
Blood-preferring leaden bullets from a gar-
risoned abode;
There it stood so grim and lonely, speaking
of its tenants only,
When the furious leaden couriers from its
loop-holes fastly rode.

"THEN WE HEARD DE ROUVILLE'S ORDERS, 'TO THE BORDERS!'"

Suddenly my gloom was lightened, hope was
heightened, though the shrieking,
Malice-wreaking, ruthless wretches, death
were scattering to and fro;
For a knife lay there—I spied it, and a
tomahock beside it,
Glittering brightly, buried lightly, keen
edge upward, in the snow.

Naught knew I how came they thither, nor
from whither; naught to me then
If the heathen dark, my captors, dropped
those weapons there or no;
Quickly drawn o'er axe-edge lightly, cords
were cut that held me tightly,
Then, with engines of my vengeance in
my hands, I sought the foe.

Oh, what anger dark, consuming, fearful,
glooming, looming horrid,
Lit my forehead, draped my figure,
kept in fury from my glove;
Midst the foemen rushing frantic, to their
sight I seemed gigantic,
Like the motion of the ocean, like a tem-
pest my advance.

Stoutest of them all, one savage, left the
ravage round and faced me;
Fury braced me, for I knew him—he my
pleading wife had slain;
Huge he was and brave and brawny, but
I met the slayer tawny,
And with rigorous blow and vigorous clove
his tufted skull in twain—
Madly dashing down the crashing bloody
hatchet in his brain.

As I brained him rose their calling—"Lo!
appalling, from you meadow
The Moncda of the white man comes
with vengeance in his train!"
As they fled, my blows Titanic falling fast
increased their panic,
Till their shattered forces scattered widely
o'er the snowy plain.

Stern De Rouville then their error, born
of terror, soon dispersing,
Loudly cursing them for folly, roused their
pride with words of scorn;
Peering cautiously they knew me, then by
numbers overthrew me;
Fettered surely, bound securely, there
again I lay forlorn.

Well I knew their purpose horrid, on each
forehead it was written—
Pride was smitten that their bravest had
retreated at my ire;
For the rest the captives' durance, but for
me there was assurance
Of the tortures known to martyrs—of the
terrible death by fire.

And the seven who kept it stoutly, though devoutly triumph praying,
Ceased not slaying, trusting somewhat to their firelocks and their wives;
For while they the house were holding, halls the wires were fastly moulding—
Neither fearful, wild nor tearful, toiling earnest for their lives.

Onward rushed each dusky leaguer, hot and eager, but the seven
Rained the levin from their firelocks, as the Pagans forward pressed;
Melting at that murderous firing, back that baffled foe retiring,
Left there lying, dead or dying, ten, their bravest and their best.

Rose the red sun, straightly throwing from his glowing disk his brightness
On the whiteness of the snow-drifts and the ruins of the town—
On those houses well-defended, where the foe in vain expended
Ball and powder, standing prouder, smoke-begrimed and scarred and brown.

Not for us those rays shone fairly, tinting rarely dawning early,
With the pearly light and glistering of the March's snowy morn;
Some were wounded, some were weary, some were sullen, all were dreary,
As the sorrow of that morrow shed its cloud of woe forlorn.

"THEN I CUT THE CORD THAT BOUND ME, PEERED AROUND ME, ROSE UPRIGHTLY—"

Then we heard De Rouville's orders, "To the borders!" and the clarion[1],
Dark, abysmal fate before us opened widely as he spoke;
But we heard a shout in distance—into flutter-ing existence.
Brief but splendid, quickly ended, at the sound our hopes awoke.

'Twas our kinsmen armed and ready, sweeping steady to the nor'ward,
Pressing forward fleet and fearless, though in scanty force they came—
Cried De Rouville, grimly speaking, "It's our captives you are seeking?
Well, with iron we environ them and wall them round with flame.

"With the toil of blood we won them and undone them with our bravery;
Off to slavery then we carry them or leave them lifeless here.
Foul my shame so far to wander and my soldiers' blood to squander
'Mid the slaughter free as water, should our prey escape us clear.

"Off, ye scum of peasants Saxon, and your backs on Frenchmen turning,
To our burning, dauntless conquer prospect tribute promptly pay;
Do you come to seize and beat us? Are you here to slay and eat us?
If your meat be Gaul and Mohawk, we will starve you out to-day."

How my spirit raged to hear him, standing near him bound and helpless!
Never whelpless tigress fiercer howled at slayer of her young,
When secure behind his engines, he has baffled her and vengeance,
Than did I there, forced to lie there while his bitter taunts he flung.

For I heard each leaden missile whar- and whistle from the trusty
Firelock rusty, brought there after long-time absence from the strife,
And was forced to stand in quiet with my warm blood running riot,
When for power to give an hour to battle I had bartered life.

All in vain they thus had striven; backward driven, beat and broken,
Leaving token of their coming in the dead around the dell,
They retreated—well that served us! their retreat from death preserved us,
Though the order for our murder from the dark De Rouville fell.

As we left our homes in sashes, through the lashes of the sternest,
Welled the earnest tears of anguish for the dear ones passed away;
Sick at heart and heavily loaded, though with cruel blows they goaded,
Sorely cumbered, miles we numbered footsore alone that weary day.

They were tired themselves of tramping, for ensuring they were ready,
Ere the steady twilight newer pallor threw upon the snow;
So they built them huts of branches, in the snow they scooped out trenches,
Heaped up firing, then retiring, let us sleep our sleep of woe.

By the wrist—and by no light hand—to the right hand of a painted,
Murder-tainted, loathsome Pagan, with a paler face than I,
Soon was tied:
And the one to whom they bound me, 'mid the scoffs of those around me,
Bowing to me, mocking, drew me down to slumber with him, too.

There I lay—no muscle stirring, mind unerring, thought unswerving,
Body nerving, till a death-like, breathless slumber fell around;
Then my right hand cautious stealing, o'er my bedmate's person feeling,
Till each finger stooped to linger on the belt his waist that bound.

'Twas his knife—the handle clasping, firmly grasping, forth I drew it,
Clinging to it firm, but softly, with a more than robber's art;
As I drove it to its utter length of blade, I heard the flutter
Of a snow-bird—ah! 'twas no bird! 'twas the flutter of my heart.

Then I cut the cord that bound me, pierced around me, rose uprightly,
Stepped as lightly as a lover on his blessed bridal day;
Swiftly as my need inclined me, kept the bright North Star behind me,
And, ere dawning of the morning, I was twenty miles away.

THE CASH-BOY.

"WELL, John, you can tell your mother that we do not want you any longer."

Thus spoke Mr. Augustus Ledger, head book-keeper and prospective "Co." of the Broadway dry-goods firm of Muzzlin & Measure—meantime care fully arranging the curl over the left ear by the aid of a small mirror balanced against an inkstand.

A plaintive, sacred voice came up through the bars of the desk, "asking one word of incredulousness—" Sir?" and a pair of pitiful little chapped hands fell to twirling a button on the shabby coat from pure nervousness.

"I say," continued the elegant Augustus, "you can tell your mother that we don't want you any longer. That *pore monnie* has never been found, and we can't trust you."

The poor little cash-boy turned away from his harsh judge with a spot of red on either cheek that told how he had felt the insult. The incident referred to was the unaccountable disappearance of a pocket-book that Mrs. Velours had declared to have been stolen from her while in the store. She was quite sure where she had laid it while deciding upon the merits of some laces, and positive too that the little "light-haired boy" was the only creature near it. Three days had passed since then, and no traces of the missing article came to hand; and the exquisite Augustus declared that "it would not do to have such a baby-looking boy about them any way," and he coolly crushed out hope in the poor little heart in every vestige of which the most bitter were those, "You can tell your mother."

Mr. Ledger was a widower—had laid in a grave to which she gladly went, a fair-haired wife. He had fancied her beauty once, but soon tired of it, and his restless, vacillating nature should not be true to any thing but his own supreme selfishness. So she had died one spring day when her baby boy was three weeks old. Every body said she was a frail creature, and could not be expected to live. Augustus said so, and thought to himself how irresistible he should look in full mourning; and if there ever came a thought that perhaps a true manly heart and gentle protecting arm might have saved the poor flower, he banished it. He gave himself credit for being a "real good fellow," and so he was good to himself. He ran some up with hired nurses; and another, any other contingency that drifted about him. He too was a "cash," pet and idle, but well favored and successful. He was the one who laughed loudest at Johnny's queer coat and patched boots. His father could not appear in the time-honored "best suit" to which every boy he sure," he thought, "all that was well enough for women;" "but—" And he would shrug his shoulders, and cry to think of Augustus, also. There were times that *would* come to him when the echo of his dead wife's prayers came like a fer-off sound of solemn music, and the orchestra of the theatre soon drove it away. Such was Augustus Ledger, widower, head book-keeper, and prospective "Co."

John was a little fellow, and this was his first start in life, so it was not to be wondered at that "telling mother" brought the tears to his eyes. He went for his shabby cap and to say good-by to Lewis; the only boy about the place who had humanity who had stopped in the mad race for preferment to care for a poor little weed straggling for life on the barren sands of Wall street. He it was who had slyly slipped a stray dime now and then in the boy's hand for his mother; he it was who had shielded him when Junius Ledger had made fun of the merino coat, stigmatizing it as "woman-made" (that coat in whose history was bound up more of real pathos and unwritten sacrifice than in many a moving tale of fiction)—and he, too, who had interceded for the three days' absence. "Good by, Master Grey!" and the little thin hand trembled as Lewis grasped it in his own. Lewis was what every body called "a weak man;" he never knew how to do a thing *gracefully*; couldn't dance better than a bear; and above all, couldn't endure to have any one know how self-sacrificing he really was. If a beggar crossed his path he would answer her gruffly "No," and then, perhaps, turn back two blocks to bestow a gratuity, and bury *that* face and brown eyes that were not afraid to look at you; but his mouth was awake, his nose nothing to speak of, and his complexion not to be compared to the pink and white that appeared in the face of Augustus Ledger. He started at the feverish thin hand was laid in his own, and his first impulse was to cut—to be the little fellow in his arms and fight somebody: he didn't know who; his second thought was, that that course wouldn't be best: so he only said, almost gruffly, to cover his feelings at the sight of the frail boy's misery, "Now, Johnny, John, don't give up the ship;" and then he wheeled straight round and turned his back to him, and Johnny quietly walked away. What made Lewis Grey stand and stare at a pile of gray and brown calico—why he should use his handkerchief so unnecessarily—or why he should remark to his neighbor, when he turned around again, "Very bad weather for colds this," I don't know, but that was the performance.

John walked out into the sunshine with a heavy heart; past the long rows of shops, where every body seemed to have something to do and some place in this world; past the brown stone fronts, where rosy children looked out of the windows; past the long markets, where provisions were so plenty it seemed as though no one ought to be hungry in the world; and past the quiet old churchyard, where, long ago, the dead were laid, but where, now, the sod was unbroken from the first of summer sunshine until the last whirling leaves of autumn played at hide-and-seek among the tombstones. He stopped and looked through the iron fence at this quiet spot. A daisy, a real live daisy, grew within his reach, and as it bent toward him with the gentle wind, it put him in mind of the days "when father was alive," and they lived in the country. He was thirteen years old and now, but it seemed as though ages had passed since that happy time two years before, and the boy sighed wearily. The daisy kept nodding and nodding to him, as much as to re-echo Lewis Grey's words, "Don't give up the ship." Then, in a fit of childishness, he would not call it a daisy. "Oh yes, it's very well for you to be so jolly: you don't have any trouble—*we folks* have to *pay* for being alive, when we don't owe a cent, and are alive a single day, and, daisy! you ain't tired either; your back don't ache as mine does, I know, or you wouldn't keep on bowing so; and nobody's ugly to you." As he spoke there came a great gust of wind around the corner, and, sweeping all into a heap, laid the flower down for him to pick. In a moment the breeze had passed, and then it was up again and nodding to John as much as to say, "You couldn't but mind at it, and at the same moment felt a light touch on his shoulder, and, turning, saw a young girl with a bundle and some books in her hand.

"Well, my little friend," said she, in the gentlest voice in the world, "don't you see how patient the daisy is?" at the same time smiled kindly as he looked up in her face. "I heard you talking just now, and I wondered whether you thought that God put you and the daisy there for the world because he had something for you each to do?" and her kind dark eyes looked inquiringly at the small grumbler. He knew from her tone and bearing where he had been sitting, and answered, frankly.

"Oh, yes, Miss, I know—mother tells me such things, and sometimes I try to feel right, but I have felt pretty bad to-day. I am not very well nowadays."

A boy's confidence is easily won, and as he walked beside Miss Katie Bonn, before he was aware of it he had told all his simple troubles in a few childhood until now, sewing gladly for the smallest pay; how hard she had worked to get the place where she was, and how she liked it. "And now," said he, "she will be so sorry about it—to think that any body should call me a thief;" and here the trembling lip quivered too much to form the words. Sweet Katie Bonn! she listened till her own blue eyes were filling up too; but she put her hand on the boy's shoulder, and said, cheerily,

"Keep up your courage, Johnny; I think I can get you back to your mother to-day, and you shall come and see her to-morrow. Here are some tracts, and I'll write my name and number on one, and you must come and bring home work sometimes. Good-by. I am going up home now."

The widow Mead had just finished her household work. "The last of seven was as bright as cleanliness could make it; the striped rag carpet was unlitterel by a shred; through the open closet door the shelves were shining as scrubbing and clothes brush could make them; the bright cookstove was a mirror, and the bedcovering was clean and trim. The widow had only one article of Johnny's stocking-ing, and when many a modest little bit of an air-castle was woven as well as the heel of the well-worn stockings; and when she should get to the dark by-and-by, and then rise to be a "Co.," and then they would have a fine house with fine clothes she had built, for them without the city. There should be honey-suckles trained over the windows and mignonette be-neath; there should be a garden and red roses every where, and a shady porch in the midst of them; and Johnny would be grown so tall and stout, and have such a deep voice, and such a—and—as was the pleasant dream running on, when in the midst of it the door opened, and with the sound of its latch fell the little fabric she had built, for there was Johnny, poor little Johnny, tired and sick at heart. The tears would come now, and he sat down on the door-step and let his mother's feet and cried bitterly, telling her as well as sobs would allow his tried and disgrace.

"Oh, mother! I can't stand it—I can't! Mr. Ledger is too bad; he knows I didn't touch the money; you'd believe me, mother, you know. Jim, too. You need not shake your head, mother, I *do*; he has had lots lately."

"Hush, my son," said his mother, stroking down his fair hair with caressing hand, "my dear son, don't talk so; you must not accuse another when you do not so badly about it yourself. It will be found out, I am sure, who took it; and perhaps you can get another place: I am sure God has not left us badly about it yourself. It will be found out, I am sure, who took it; and perhaps you can get another place: I am sure God has not left us badly about it yourself. It will be right. It is pretty hard to forgive Mr. Ledger; but we ought to try to do it, and maybe he will be sorry himself."

Then she wiped his eyes and talked cheery and hopefully, though she could not but see that the failure of his petty salary was starvation to them. She brought him some bread—the last loaf and a little drink of milk, and sighed as she saw how weak and pale he looked. Poverty was coming pretty close now. She could get no work, and the few pence that she earned for the last piece were all that she could depend upon for food for the morrow. But with the trusting faith of a true Christian she nerved what she said, when in her nightly prayer she asked, "Give us this day our daily bread"—ready to go out on the morrow to seek for it in every honest and laborious way; but trusting still that His hand would guide her steps.

We left Lewis Grey wiping his eyes and clearing his throat behind the counter of Muzzlin & Measure, declaring that it must be he had taken cold. The slim little figure, clad in faded pants and coat of uncouth cut, the drooping eyes and hot hands haunted him; and Lewis was desperately vexed to think he had let the boy go home with them finding where he lived. "By George!" said he to himself, "I don't believe he has enough to eat." He would fain have started off in hot pursuit in his usual better-clothier manner, but a fat dowager demanded his undivided attention while she selected some sort of a "popolorum" fabric as he called it. She was dispatched at last well satisfied, and her place was taken by a fair young girl, no older than our sweet friend Katie Bonn, who, after leaving our little friend, bent thither her steps. She had been in the store several times before, and Lewis always blushed tremendously when she appeared. Her graceful form and movements seemed something wonderful to him, who never knew what to do with his hands and feet; her quiet womanly self-possession, a marvel he could not sufficiently admire. He had found out, in a roundabout fashion, one day too, that she was "Miss Bonn!" that her father was of the great and mighty firm of "Bonn & Bonn;" and, moreover, that Augustus Ledger was thinking, in the most sublime assurance of success, that he might as well make up his mind to sacrifice his elegant self in consideration of the sum which might reasonably belong to "Old Bonn's" only daughter. But Old Bonn's daughter had an idea of such a thing. She laughed a little to herself as she saw his growing devotion, and thought that it would be well to be any harm to bring out him to her feet, just to tell him "No, I thank you." Lewis was a very conscious trembling the silk as he could be; but nevertheless the fates would get turned in the most aggravating manner, and loudly he resolved to push a piece in her lap. Then he had to apologize, and as the little woman laughed merrily and returned it with quiet grace, he felt that he was the rather vexed that he was angry, as though his hair wasn't brushed right; in fact, as though he wasn't worthy to stand before her at all.

She was indeed a most a pretty and fascinating person he was, and what good, honest eyes he had, and speculating whether, if he married at all, it could be for any thing but love. In the course of this, and was rather relieved when she turned away to examine something out of the counter, which, he remembered too the discarded cash-boy, and started in a hurry to look for him.

He found out Katie knew one of the clerks say, "There goes Grey. He'll chase a dozen blocks after that cash-boy, I bet you!" In a moment it flashed through Lewis's mind that this must be Lewis Grey—no other than the kind friend that little John loved so well. She stopped to look at it, and had to long that the clerk was obliged to recall her.

"Would this suit?"

"No! I am sure not that, something heavier." The fair hands were turning over coarse muslins and flannels, for she "remembered the poor," and, with a little flush in her cheek, showed others more. She hired poor women to make garments that were sold at high rates in the store, and did this quietly, and in many a poor home they thanked God for sending her to them in their times of destitution. And yet no one ever openly conversed or associated with Katie Bonn. The cloth was purchased, and as she passed Augustus she looked so sweet and innocent that he had to lap his head on the counter at once. One hundred thousand dollars—sweet face, little Methodistical—break her of that soon—yes, oh, yes, would do very well.

Three weeks had slipped away with its burden of joy and sorrow, cares and hopes. The sun of April was reflected back from the tall, fair towns and glorious brick of the city. The widow odors came up from reeking streets, even to the windows at high up in the room where Johnny Mead lay ill. Yes, he was very ill. The excitement and grief of that day had brought on a brain fever that had nearly worn him out. Like a ministering angel, Katie Bonn had come and gone—come from the luxurious drawing-room to those poor rooms, had given food and wine and work, had cheered the poor mother, and helped her bear this saddest trial of all. It was a blessing to her to be able to call only have the sweet charity and humble spirit of this young girl!

The boy's eyes brighten as, propped up on pillows, he waits her coming—listens for her footsteps on the creaking stairs. Ah, she is here. Her bright and expressive face beside him, and her voice speaks:

"How is my little friend? See, I have brought you some nice jelly and some oranges. I borrowed on purpose for you yesterday when I was out of town;" and she put in his hand a bunch of roses, syringia, prickly interwoven with fresh sweet sprays, clover-heads, and daisies. How he held them all, cool and dewy as they were, to his hot cheek and lip—it did not feel that he should thank her otherwise. His mother's eyes were full of tears as she thanked the kind friend God had raised up for them. But Katie had hard work to keep still as some one she left them it was all arranged that she should call every day on her way to the store of her carand take the sick child and his mother in her carriage out to the country of her father's estate of Green Lawn. A little bit of a cottage, then, through Katie's instrumentality, had been fitted for them, and she thought that she could give Mrs. Mead enough employment to supply her daily wants. What a happy prospect! Katie had declared that if it could only be found out that he had not committed the theft, and if he could only see Lewis Grey before he went to sea, he should be almost perfectly happy. He concluded at last to write a note to Lewis, which he did, in scrambling, unformed characters, thus:

"MR. GREY—I hope you have not forgotten me: I am little Johnny the cash-boy that you used to be so clever to. I am pretty sick—the Dr. says that maybe the country air will do me good; and oh! I have got such a kind friend—she is going to take me and mother to Clover-land, or some such name, next week. Oh, Mr. Grey! hasn't my lady found out about that money I said I didn't take? Please come to see me. I am tired now. Good-by, dear Sir, JOHN MEAD."

This letter was finished with much weariness and labor, under the supervision of Katie's soft blue

eyes, and her practical thoughtfulness added what he had forgotten, the number and street, and as Johnny was too tired to finish the superscription, it was written in her own fair round hand, and posted on her way home, and not a day passed after that without Lewis's kindly face. A week more and again we are at Johnny's bedside. Gone now are all the hopes of health or life. With bowed head and form, the mother looks at the child she loves as he lies so faint and white. The doctor stands beside him; but in his pitying eye there is no ray of hope.

The river is wide open, and the sounds of busy life come up from the street below, dimly, and as though the roar had come from the same world as that within the sick chamber. Katie is there, watching every movement, proffering the iced drinks, changing the pillow, and praying in her heart like Job when death all things well would comfort the mother. Now and then the boy's mind would wander off among the scenes he had loved; and then, like a cloud, would come the great sorrow, and the stoutest heart would have melted to hear those painful, wandering, and troubled thoughts.

"Oh! I never stole—oh no, no, never. I didn't eat the money; did you, Jimmy? Now I must tell mother—she will be so sorry :" then, changing his fancies, his eye would light up as he said, "The daisies," "the daisies," they are calling me. Mother I must go; the daisies, they are calling me to stay with them. Then a mean—and a few moments' deep and unclouded sleep.

All held their breath as the sick child slept; and when a low tap at the door was followed by the entrance of Lewis Grey, who seemed eager to speak some good tidings, Katie laid her finger on her lip and pointed to the bed. The noise of his entrance, however, awoke him, and he had become calmed and conscious in this interval. He held out his hand to Lewis who sat beside him. As he was gone to speak to him, but the words choked him, and he whispered to Miss Katie to tell him that the child had discovered to be Jimmy Ledger, and that every body knew now that John was true. Johnny held out his arms, and with the one word, "Mother" he gave her to lay her head beside him then, with a face of perfect peace, he began to make his childish preparation for that letter land.

"Good by, Lewis, you have been very good to me, and I hope I shall know you when you go to heaven.

"Miss Katie, I should like you to plant a few daisies on my grave."

On the pavement words between mother and son we will not intrude; of the child's hope through Him who blessed little children, we may speak: of the agony of love that cheered him as he was "going to the daisies," when, with the eyes raised, the weak voice whispered, "Now I lay me down to sleep." Then no shame to Lewis Grey's manhood that he cried like a child; for his guardian angel was by him, then unseen, to bid him look to that Saviour who carried this sufferer to peace down the dark valley. A few more murmurings, a few faint sobbing breaths, and the Cash-boy had closed his account.

THE CADET'S BABY.

I AM a military man—not a private in the ranks, but an officer these many years. I have seen service in Florida, in Mexico, on the borders, and a hair of 'hominy's' own. *a few.*

When I was just seventeen, a cadet at West Point, I was on my way home for the first time with my uniform, and (I grow up now) was not a little conscious or indifferent as I seemed to the many admiring glances young ladies bestowed upon it and the martyr-like coldness of general within.

Toward the middle of the forenoon an Irishwoman got into the cars. They were crowded, and she, no doubt, had no respect for the military while others had had, took what was almost the only unoccupied seat, and by my side. I am, or was, a Democrat, the woman was well clad and clean, so I kept my place. In her arms she held a child —a young babe of some six or eight months. It was a plump, beautiful, happy little thing. I had a very unmanly and uncadetish weakness for both babies and mothers, and it was so long since I had been so near to either that I petted and noticed this little creature not a little.

At most of the stops it stopped for five minutes. Most of the passengers got out. I meant to have the novelty of a six o'clock dinner in Boston, so I did not stir from my seat. Seeing that I did not, the woman begged to know if I would hold her baby for her a few moments while she got out. I assented. She took the child in my arms and vanished. The minutes passed away; one by one the passengers returned; presently, when the bell rang, a crowd came with a rush to resume their places; the locomotive started; we were off; and where, in the name of horrors! where was the woman? My hair began to rise, and the sweat to start from every pore; still I waited, hoping that the woman was trying to get through the other cars, and would come finally to assume her responsibility.

A quarter of an hour elapsed; every body was quietly seated, and still I held that child. People began to stare, young ladies to titter. I felt myself as red as a lobster. The conductor passed through. I stopped him. With a shaking finger I pointed to the burden in my arms, and stammered out something about the mother having been left behind.

"What the d—l!" he exclaimed, as his eye fell on the child. "Well, you're in for it, and no mistake. I saw that woman after she got out streaking it like mad away from the depôt, but I thought she had her young one with her. You're nicely took in and done for, that's a fact."

"But what's to be done with this child?" I asked.

"Don't know, I'm sure. How far are you going?"

"To Boston (a-sigh."

"Then I guess you'll have to carry it as far as there. Then you can take it to one of the hospitals or asylums; that may attend to this sort of business, and leave it. Perhaps some of these ladies will help you to take care of it till we get to Boston," and the conductor passed on.

As he went forward, evidently he told the story, for heads began to turn, and then men and boys came scanning it from the aisles to see the fellow that had the baby left with him. Plenty of jokes were cracked at my expense, for every now and then I heard a laugh, a burst, and some such phrases as, "Precious green, eh?" "Such a go!" "Looks father!" etc., etc.

I was in a rage. My blood boiled furiously. One minute I wanted to swear, the next to kick everybody and thing in the car. I soon saw by my passion I gave the poor little thing in my arms a grips, for she uttered a quick, little cry. She stopped at a moment, and I was sorry. She lay in my arms so innocent, and helpless, and fair, and white, and looked up at me with such complacent, happy love, that I was young and green. Shy owing out in spite of me—my embarrassment too.

"I may as well be a man as such a contemptible sneak," I thought. "I was a military company to get saddled in this way, to be sure, but that's my fault, and not this poor little baby's, and I may as well bear it through. As for those confounded fools, just let 'em laugh, that's all."

So I settled myself coolly to her care of my baby. People after a while grew accustomed to see her in my arms, and most of the afternoon she slept soundly.

But oh, how heavy she grew! I seemed to have a leaden weight tugging heavier and heavier upon me. Her little head would fall upon my shoulder, day after day, in the way they do? For me, I'm certain I'd rather move, though I never tried it.

However, at last we got to Boston, the baby waked; and waked fretful and hungry, I suppose. She began to cry; a long, dreadful, and evidently uncompromising cry. She began to look again, curious to see what master nurse would do.

I tied every possible corner up with the child; my watch, my eagle buttons, held it up to the window, I dandled it, I nearly turned it upside down in me. Every prayer I remembered, every miserable efforts to make it forget its needed and rightful consolation, and cried louder and louder till at last I seemed to hold nothing but a head that was an immense squall. A man could stand it no longer, let alone a cadet, and I rose desperately from my seat, determined to appeal to some one or woman for assistance. As I passed through the car, some of the younger ladies broke into their senseless titter again, the older ones looked at me with contempt, and the men eyed with a knowing sort of leer, that had not my arms been occupied, they would have had a lit enough with their shoulder for.

Another looking person whom I approached hopingly, trembled me with a look of disgust, and glass, that made me shake in my shoes as if I had committed the unpardonable offense. I gave up in despair, and was about to return to my seat, when a gentleman at the extreme end of the car beckoned me forward. It was a little family party, the gentleman, his wife, and a few girls with them, who held their babe in her arms. The gentleman and his wife were both young, and evidently Southerners.

"We heard about this baby from the conductor," said the gentleman, as I came near. "My wife has been fidgeting, ever since it began to cry. Can we do any thing for you?"

The lady looked her assent.

"Will you let me look at your baby, Sir, a moment?" she asked in, it seemed to me then, the sweetest tone I had ever heard.

She held out her arms, and I laid the baby in them.

"Such a young child—and so pretty, too! How it cries! What is the matter with it?"

"I don't know, madam, unless it's hungry," I answered. "It has been with me some hours, and a woman got in this morning. I don't know what to do with it."

"Poor little love!" exclaimed the lady, "what a shame a woman could be cries!" She hesitated, glanced at her own baby in her servant's arms, at her husband, then, blushing like any rose, the sweet mother laid my baby on her bosom, beneath her shawl, and looked down on it as if it had been her own—of her very flesh and blood.

Her husband smiled, and leaning forward as if to protect her from the rude glances, made room for me on the seat with their nurse.

I explained the affair to him, told him my name, and found that my father was an acquaintance to him. As we talked, I saw that his wife, listening, examined the dress of the child on her lap, felt of its texture, and finally took off a little cloak that it held up its sleeves. A little miniature was set in the clasp of each. She looked at them, then she said, "I'm afraid, my dear, that this woman has abandoned this child in your care is not its mother. The fine gold clasps, the material of the baby things, then this babe's clothing is of the most exquisite make and quality, and in these sleeve-chains are two unmistakable initials. The woman is not a mother, lets, the other a beautiful woman, evidently a lady. Depend upon it the child is a stolen one, or came to her hands by some unfair means. What shall be done?"

"Do not be troubled, madam, about the fate of this child. After the possibility or probability you have suggested, I shall not leave it in Boston. I will take it now; I will advertise the case. Or if its parents are found, I shall be glad; and if not, I think my mother will care for the rest. Only," I added, "I wish the meeting were safely over."

The lady's eyes sparkled through tears. "I can't tell you," she said, "how what you have done, and are doing, seems to me, but I think you too noble to dread any thing. I will answer for the mother who has such a son!"

"Softly, softly, if you please," expostulated her laughing husband; "don't be quite oblivious of the fact that *I* exist." She turned to him with a look that must have silenced the veriest grumbler in the world.

We reached Boston, took a carriage together, and only at the hotel entrance did my new friends bid me adieu. "God bless you!" said the beautiful, noble woman, as she gave me back my baby. I should have knelt and kissed the hand of such a princess, but my arms and I were then so awkward at taking, that the embrace was somewhat a possible accomplishment at one and the same time.

The clerk glanced suspiciously at me and my burden.

"We are full, Sir. Not a room to be had."

I sent for a messenger, and again my name vouched for me. What it is to have a family in the land! "But where in the world, Mr. Edward," he demanded, "did you get that child?" I told the story. He shook his head, but said nothing.

I sent for a chambermaid to come to my room. I thought she looked old and sore for it that evening the night. At first she was hard to awaking. I put my hand in my pocket. I gave her a ridiculously large fee, but I was young and green.

She took the child.

"But stop—you'll not—not the young gentleman that did after laving yez've baby? Holy Virgin! my carachter od be ruined intirely, intirely!" I assured her of the rectitude of my intentions, and sent her off, but she was at my door in the morning before I had left my bed, and nothing would induce her to keep the child a moment.

I took the stage for my country home. The driver recognized the lad he had driven so often over the stones years before.

"How you're grown, to be sure, Mr. Edward! Your folks won't know you. I'm thinking, specially the little ones. Why, you've grown as tall as Sam Pettingue to be a family man a *leetle* too early."

I laughed and took my seat. But as we began to move, I felt myself to be terribly nervous and cowardly. The house stood back some distance from the road, and I could wind up from the gate I saw the whole family gathered on the piazza to welcome me. I think I should rather have walked up to the house alone. My sister started and down the steps to meet me, then stopped. I stepped up on to the piazza. My mother, pale as death, looked into her son's face. My pretty cousin, Ella, on whom I had always, from round-jacket days, been sweet in a sneaking sort of way, darted an amiable, mischievous look at me, and put on support my mother. My father advanced.

"What do you dare to bring here, you shameless young puppy?" he said in a passion. He stood down so angry that utterance was absolutely impossible. At any other time I should have shouted with laughter, but I was in a condition similar to present; now I only hesitated to tell my story. In a few moments my mother's arms were around me, my sister and cousin were contesting a *Penn* for possession of my baby, and my father recovered from his hyper critical astonishment enough to say, though I did hear him growl through his white beard, "Confounded goosey!"

I advertised far and wide to no purpose. But my baby grew so into the affections of all the household that I took more steps to lose.

We named her Perdita, and I left her with my mother. When I returned year after year I found her such time gentler, sweeter and prettier, and the each time manifested an affection for me charmingly legitimate. She was she not "*My Baby*?" As such I cherished her.

She was six years old when I left West Point for active service. Before that I had a wandering and adventurous life for years "by flood and field."

"My Baby" wrote me, at first, often. Her first letters were scrawls—blots—half written, half printed, and sometimes her meaning eked out with rude drawings. In those days she was charming-ly pretty. Now, I'm not so—*I* think so and so—*I* love so and so." But years changed her calligraphy, and, alas! the feeling of her letters. Now, I am charmed with her characters, stood, "Your *mother* does so and so;" or, "Your *sister* thinks and loves," etc.

"My mother wrote: "We can't call Perdita your 'Baby' any longer. She does not permit the title, and I am sure I don't. In fact, could accustom me that our fair young queen was ever a baby. I am old to be enthusiastic, but our darling is surely the loveliest child and the most ever treated one. She makes hearts ache, but as yet their pain is vain. We tried to be so cautious; but she has somehow learned to love you fondly, and it is his her knowledge to the proud little heart. It may be that that makes her melt out to us. Will you never come home to see us and her?"

It was in the spring of the year 1856. I was on my way home to America. An elderly gentleman, who had evidently been a soldier, occupied the state-room next to mine. A similarity of tastes and habits brought us much together during the voyage.

We had been absent from his country many years.

"When I left it," said he to me, "I meant never to revisit the shores that had been accursed to me. But I dream of it often, and could under the circumstances; and I could not remain. I thought then I could never see again spots that had been so fatal to me. And yet I return now, impelled by some feeling which I can neither account for nor resist. I dream that I am going to see my child —sometimes, even in waking moments, I am fully convinced that I shall find her."

"How," I interrupted, in spite of myself; "is not your child dead?"

"Alas! I do not know."

"You do not know?! did she not die before you left America?"

"No. Three months ago I should have said I wished she had rather than live last to me, exposed to fates I shudder to think of. Now I am hopeful. Mere—trustful. It seems to me she has been kept pure, and that I shall know her. And yet—and he sighed heavily—I haven't the shadow of a reason for such hope and trust."

I was excited—I compared my remembrance of the miniature on "My Baby's" sleeve-chain with the picture before. I made him explain all. He told me of the child's birth—the delicate health of his wife afterward, his taking her to Cuba, leaving the child in, as he supposed, trusty care, the death of his wife in Havana, and while he was still in the first anguish of her loss, news from his child's nurse of its death, and of her own speedy return to Ireland. He came to New York too late to find her, and left America at once—forever as he supposed. Two years afterward, he had met a servant who had been with him during his married life, and who declared to him positively that his child was not dead at the time on which the woman had written him; but further than that he could not say, as he had left all the fortunes of another master. The unhappy father sought vainly for the woman, and now returned as a last means of search. He showed me the child's miniature. It was the woman who had abandoned her charge in my arms, and the face was the changed, aged one of Perdita's miniature. What days thereafter I restored to my friend his so-early lost child, and gave up "My Baby" to her rightful father.

Without a pang? Yes. Did I console myself with her pretty cousin after-mentioned? She hadn't had patience to wait that! I might—husband, and several olive-branches precluded that. Did I then?

I saw "My Baby" a stately, radiantly, beautiful woman. She called me Major ——, she treated me in the most precise and formal manner. Her most favor she bestowed upon me was the slightest possible touch of the fingers as she bade me good-night or good-morning, and I am not ashamed in my idolizing father's arms lavishing the tenderest caresses upon him. Would I have it otherwise? No. But there is a dearer child in the arrears with which I was treated—the faintest flush that ever tinged a maiden's cheek was near her, or addressed her, had for me an inexpressible sweetness. But I wouldn't have bartered for aught on earth short of what I ever received. What? Love, of course! I mean that you, a scarred old veteran of fifteen thirty and forty, dared— Didn't I? Hum! And that was the way of it. In my military capacity I was invited to West Point. I went, and my friend and his daughter accompanied me. I sat beside her at the table. The band performed, at a little distance, read diligently. I said,

"Perdita! you have traveled this route before with me, you remember it, you remember us all?"

She blushed scarlet, and looked at me beseechingly.

I went on.

"To think what a heavy, hungry, unpacifiable baby I carried that day, and the way that poor Cadet's humanity was ridiculed!"

The tears started, and the young lady at my side bowed her head slightly head.

"And the worst feature in the case is that he has never had any suitable recompense. A good deal is due reward, to a soldier, in course of course; but in this case every feeling of my soul, every fibre of my heart, demands something more than a mere reward—something more. Perdita! my darling these seventeen years, I lost you to your father; but I can not be. Be generous. Here, here where I have held my Baby," give, O give her back to me!"

She raised her head.

"If she were as much trouble now as then?"

"My darling, don't trifle! Am I to have you?"

My young lady answered me, and then coquettish herself with deliberately drawing off her glove. Then she turned to me.

"Since you will be troubled," and she laid her hand hand in mine. Mine again.

Shortly after we were married. I carried Perdita during our wedding tour to the friends I had found for her and me in the cars seventeen years before; found them, and most reverently kissed the gracious hand that had then so sweetly tended what was now become my earthly all.

NELSON'S GOLD-WASHER.

WE publish on page 172 an engraving of another of the ingenious machines by which the earth is forced to render up its golden wealth—the gold-washer, patented by Mr. Nelson, of 206 William Street, New York. Mr. Nelson says of it:

"It is now used to do a larger amount of work, and to save the fine gold, with less labor and expense, than has heretofore been done by the shoveler process. The object which I have designed to obtain is, to have a portable machine, which the miner can take apart and move from place to place with ease; and which can be moved from the earth or stone as it may accumulate to obstruct the working of the machine, and thereby save the expense and time of erecting long sluices. There is only required a flat piece of iron to set in bringing, as it inclines, and to allow the miners room to shovel the earth in. The sluice should discharge the earth and stone at the entire width of the machine, and be placed at an incline of sufficient pitch to allow the water to carry the earth and stone off without clogging. The end of the sluice should be elevated, or perforated with holes, so as to allow a sheet of water to be discharged over every part of the screen, so that as the screen rotates the water comes in contact with every part of the earth or stone. The spring rods, which are hinged above the screen, as it revolves come in contact with the stone, clay, earth, etc., and, by their elasticity, throw over the surface, forcing the stones, as fast as they accumulate, over the edge—the water and earth passing through the screen into the tin pans underneath, which have stirrers back of each of the rims, to keep the earth loosened up so that the joining motion which is given to the pans by the ball and eccentric, on the top of the machine, causes the fine gold to be deposited back of the rims and in the bottom of the pans, which without the stirrers and vertical motion would pass off with the earth and water. The amount of work which the machine is capable of doing, if rapidly worked, would be several thousand bushels per day."

Mr. Nelson expects that these machines, which only cost $200, will become very popular in California.

HON. ELIHU B. WASHBURNE,* OF ILLINOIS.

ELIHU B. WASHBURNE, the present Representative in the national councils from the first Congressional District of Illinois, is a brother of Hon. Israel Washburn, of Maine, and Hon. Cadw. C. Washburn, of Wisconsin, both of whom are prominent members of Congress. Born at the family homestead in Livermore—then in Androscoggin County, Massachusetts, now in Oxford County, Maine—young Washburne received the advantages of public school education, and then was a student at Kent's Hill Seminary. Afterward he served an apprenticeship in the printing-office of the Kennebec *Journal* (then conducted by Hon. Luther Severance), and acquired the rare benefits of typographical knowledge, so well calculated to qualify intelligent minds for any position in public life. Nearly a score of the members of the present Congress can claim a printing-office as their *alma mater*.

In 1838 young Washburne entered the office of Hon. John Otis, of Hallowell (afterward a member of Congress), as a student-at-law. In the following year he entered the Law School of Harvard College, where he graduated, and was afterward admitted to the bar. At that time the tide of emigration was setting toward the northern portion of the Mississippi Valley, and Mr. Washburne turned his footsteps toward that fertile region, so truly styled an extensive field of generous rivalry, where honor and distinction are achieved by those who are capable of grasping and worthy of holding them.

Mr. Washburne settled in the picturesque town of Galena, then the head-quarters of those engaged in mining lead, which is found thereabouts in great abundance. Commencing the practice of law, he soon acquired the respect and confidence of the hardy and adventurous people among whom he had located. Basing his professional action on the truth and justice of the law, he acquired an enviable reputation as an able, a reliable, and a candid lawyer, and thus secured a lucrative practice.

In 1845 Mr. Washburne married Miss Adele Granger, of Galena, a daughter of Colonel Henry Gratiot, well known as a pioneer in the settlement of the Northwest, while his brother, General Charles Gratiot, was the principal engineer officer in the Indian expeditions conducted by General W. H. Harrison and others in that region. Although decided in his attachment for the principles of the Whig party, Mr. Washburne took no active part in politics, preferring the quiet pursuit of his profession and the comforts of domestic life.

He was called from this retirement, however, in 1852, when he was nominated by the Whigs as their candidate for Congress in opposition to the Hon. Benajah Campbell, who then represented the district. After an animated contest Mr. Washburne was elected, and has since been three times re-elected. In 1852 his majority was two hundred and eighty-six; in 1856 it was *twelve thousand one hundred and seventy-four*, and his District gave Colonel Frémont the largest majority of any district in the United States.

Mr. Washburne was an active opponent of the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, and subsequently distinguished himself by his exertions in behalf of the "Free-State" people of Kansas. His speeches on this question are characterized by logical arrangement, legal learning, and a fearless avowal of the views of his constituents so unmistakably expressed at the ballot-box.

After the pro-

* This Mr. Washburne has a first cousin, but his brothers do not use it in spelling their names.

HON. ELIHU B. WASHBURNE, OF ILLINOIS, CHAIRMAN OF THE COMMITTEE ON COMMERCE.
[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.]

NELSON'S GOLD-WASHER AT WORK AT THE MINES.—[SEE PRECEDING PAGE.]

longed contest for the Speakership of the Thirty-fourth Congress was terminated by the election of Mr. Banks to the Speaker's chair, Mr. Washburne was placed at the head of the Committee on Commerce—a marked compliment, as that position had generally been filled by the Representative of some commercial sea-port. In the Thirty-fifth Congress he was retained on this Committee by Speaker Orr; and now that the Thirty-sixth Congress has at last been organized, we find that Speaker Pennington has restored him to his former position as Chairman of the Committee. This was in accordance with the generally expressed desire of members of all parties, who wished to see "the right man in the right place."

Since Mr. Washburne has been a member of the Committee of Commerce he has paid great attention to the codification of the Revenue Laws of the United States, which have been accumulating, unrevised, since 1793. He has also urged the proper improvement of harbors on the Western lakes, and of dangerous rapids in the Mississippi River. The great scheme for connecting the Atlantic and the Pacific has found in him an earnest advocate: "I am," said he, in debate, "for a Pacific Railroad, earnestly, sincerely, and in good faith. I do not care from what side of the House the proposition comes; whether it be from the Republican side (from which nearly the whole number of votes that are to carry the measure are to come), or whether it be from the Democratic side. I care not what party or what individual shall have the credit of the measure, provided the credit belongs to such party or such individual."

Mr. Washburne has earnestly endeavored, year after year past, to suitably amend the Act of Congress better to provide for the security of the lives of passengers on board vessels propelled in whole or in part by steam. The owners of steamers, who would be subject to heavy expense in complying with the proposed requisitions, have thus far succeeded in opposing Mr. Washburne's projected law. But the frequent disasters that follow in too rapid succession have aroused the attention of the public, and imperative demands are now made for some regulations by which a recurrence of these terrible calamities may be prevented.

Mr. Washburne is ever on the alert to assert and to maintain the rights of his constituents. In the tariff agitated, he demands that the interests of the lead-miners shall be remembered. If money is to be appropriated for public buildings, the custom-houses and post-offices at the Northwest must not be left unfinished; and manfully has stood up in behalf of Rock Island in the Mississippi River, one of the most beautiful spots in the Republic. "I contend," said he, "that this Rock Island reservation ought never to be sold. I never want to see it go out of the hands of the Government. I appeal to all Western men to stand by that beautiful island, and to protect it from the gang of trespassers, speculators, and plunderers who are now spoliating and destroying it. Protect it, I say, from those who now seek, not only to despoil it by stripping it of its timber, but to secure the title to it at a nominal price. I want that island reserved. I am against its sale in any way or shape. I want to see it reserved and protected in its original beauty. I expect, at no very distant day, to see it the site of some splendid public work. It is one of the most fitting sites for a national armory or a military hospital for the Northwest. It should never be sold; and we should do something to protect it."

Mr. Washburne is a thick-set, well-made, middle-aged gentleman, with light hair, a pleas-

nnt expression of countenance, and that rare quality for which Themistocles was famed—*the ability to impare confidence.* What he says, either in private or political life, *he means.* Unbending integrity marks his official career; while he is equally distinguished by his active sympathy for the oppressed, his assiduous labors in promoting the social advancement of his adopted home, and his devotion to his numerous friends.

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "AFTER DARK," ETC., ETC.

(Printed from advance proof-sheets purchased from the author exclusively for "Harper's Weekly.")

MISS HALCOMBE'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

July 4th. The misery of self-reproach which I suffered yesterday evening, on hearing what Laura told me in the boat-house, returned in the loneliness of the night, and kept me waking and wretched for hours.

*I lighted the candle at last, and searched through my old journals to see what my share in the fatal error of her marriage had really been, and what I might have once done to save her from it. The result soothed me a little; for it showed that, however blindly and ignorantly I acted, I acted for the best. Crying generally does me harm; but it was not so last night—I think it relieved me. I rose this morning with a settled resolution and a quiet mind. Nothing Sir Percival can say or do shall ever irritate me again, or make me forget, for one moment, that I am staying here, in defiance of mortifications, insults, and threats, for Laura's service and for Laura's sake.

The speculations in which we might have indulged this morning on the subject of the figure at the lake and the footsteps in the plantation, have been all suspended by a trifling accident which has caused Laura great regret. She has lost the little brooch I gave her for a keepsake on the day before her marriage. As she wore it when we went out yesterday evening, we can only suppose that it must have dropped from her dress either in the boat-house or on our way back. The servants have been sent to search and have returned unsuccessful. And now Laura herself has just gone to look for it. Whether she finds it or not, the loss will help to excuse her absence from the house if Sir Percival returns before the letter from Mr. Gilmore's partner is placed in my hands.

One o'clock has just struck. I am considering whether I had better wait here for the arrival of the messenger from London, or slip away quietly, and watch for him outside the lodge-gate.

My suspicion of every body and every thing in this house inclines me to think that the second plan may be the best. The Count is safe in the breakfast-room. I heard him through the door, as I ran up stairs ten minutes since, exercising his canary-birds at their tricks: "Come out on my little finger, my pret-pret-pretties! Come out, and hop up stairs! One, two, three —and up! Three, two, one—and down! One, two, three—twsi-twi-twi-twee!" The birds burst into their usual ecstasy of singing, and the Count chirruped and whistled at them in return, as if he was a bird himself. My room door is open, and I can hear the shrill singing and whistling at this moment. If I am really to slip out without being observed, now is my time.

Four o'clock. I come back to this journal with sensations filling my mind which it would be useless for any woman to attempt to describe. The three hours that have passed since I made my last entry have turned the whole march of events at Blackwater Park in a new direction. Whether for good or for evil I can not and dare not decide.

Let me get back first to the place at which I left off, or I shall lose myself in the confusion of my own thoughts.

I went out, as I had proposed, to meet the messenger with my letter from London, at the lodge-gate. On the stairs I saw no one. In the hall I heard the Count still exercising his birds. But on crossing the quadrangle outside I passed Madame Fosco, walking by herself in her favorite circle, round and round the great fish-pond. I at once slackened my pace so as to avoid all appearance of being in a hurry; and even went the length, for caution's sake, of inquiring if she thought of going out before lunch. She smiled at me in the friendliest manner—said she preferred remaining near the house—nodded pleasantly—and then entered the hall. I looked back, and saw that she had closed the door before I had opened the wicket by the side of the carriage gates.

In less than a quarter of an hour I reached the lodge.

The time outside took a sudden turn to the left, ran on straight for a hundred yards or so, and then took another sharp turn to the right to join the high road. Between these two turns, hidden from the lodge on one side and from the way to the station on the other, I waited, walking backward and forward. High hedges were on either side of me; and for twenty minutes by my watch, I neither saw nor heard any thing. At the end of that time the sound of a carriage caught my ear; and I was met, as I advanced toward the second turning, by a fly from the railway. I made a sign to the driver to stop. As he obeyed me a respectable-looking man put his head out of the window to see what was the matter.

"ARE YOU GOING BACK TO THE HOUSE, MISS HALCOMBE?"

"I beg your pardon, I said; "but am I right in supposing that you are going to Blackwater Park?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"With a letter for any one?"

"With a letter for Miss Halcombe, ma'am."

"You may give me the letter. I am Miss Halcombe."

The man touched his hat, got out of the fly immediately, and gave me the letter.

I opened it at once; and read these lines. I copy them here (without the address to me or the writer's signature); thinking it best to destroy the original for caution's sake.

"*Private and Confidential.*

"DEAR MADAM,—Your letter, received this morning, has caused me very great anxiety. I will reply to it as briefly and plainly as possible.

"My careful consideration of the statement made by yourself, and my knowledge of Lady Glyde's position, as defined in the settlement, lead me, I regret to say, to the conclusion that a loan of the trust money to Sir Percival (or, in other words, a loan of some portion of the twenty thousand pounds of Lady Glyde's fortune), is in contemplation, and that she is made a party to the deed, in order to secure her approval of a flagrant breach of trust, and to have her signature produced against her if she should complain hereafter. It is impossible, on any other supposition, to account, situated as she is, for her execution to a deed of any kind being wanted at all.

"In the event of Lady Glyde's signing such a document as I am compelled to suppose the deed in question to be, her trustees would be at liberty to advance money to Sir Percival out of her twenty thousand pounds. If the amount so lent should not be paid back, and if Lady Glyde should have children, their fortune would then be diminished by the sum, large or small, so advanced. In plainer terms still, the transaction, for any thing Lady Glyde knows to the contrary, may be a fraud upon her unborn children.

"Under these serious circumstances I would recommend Lady Glyde to assign as a reason for withholding her signature, that she wishes the deed to be first submitted to myself, as her family solicitor (in the absence of my partner, Mr. Gilmore). No reasonable objection can be

EXPLOSION OF A STEAMER ON THE DELAWARE, MARCH 6, 1860.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

made to taking this course—for, if the transaction is an honorable one, there will necessarily be no difficulty in my giving my approval.

"Sincerely assuring you of my readiness to afford any additional help or advice that may be wanted, I beg to remain Madame, your faithful servant,

I read this kind and sensible letter very thankfully. It supplied Laura with a reason for objecting to the signature which was unreasonable, and which we could both of us understand. The messenger waited near me while I was reading to receive his directions when I had done.

"Will you be good enough to say that I understand the letter, and that I am very much obliged?" I said. "There is no other reply necessary at present."

Exactly at the moment when I was speaking these words, holding the letter open in my hand, Count Fosco turned the corner of the low from the high road, and stood before me as if he had sprung out of the earth.

The suddenness of his appearance, in the very last place under heaven in which I should have expected to see him, took me completely by surprise. The messenger wished me good-morning, and got into the fly again. I could not say a word to him—I was not even able to return his bow. The conviction that I was discovered—and by that man of all others—absolutely petrified me.

"Are you going back to the house, Miss Halcombe?" he inquired, without showing the least surprise on his side, and without even looking after the fly, which drove off while he was speaking to me.

I collected myself sufficiently to make a sign in the affirmative.

"I am going back too," he said. "Pray allow me the pleasure of accompanying you. Will you take my arm? You look surprised at seeing me?"

I took his arm. The first of my scattered senses that came back was the sense that warned me to sacrifice any thing rather than make an enemy of him.

"You look surprised at seeing me!" he repeated, in his quietly pertinacious way.

"I thought, Count, I heard you with your birds in the breakfast-room," I answered, as quietly as I could.

"Surely. But my little feathered children, dear lady, are only too like other children. They have their days of perversity; and this morning was one of them. My wife came in, as I was putting them back in their cage, and said she had left you going out alone for a walk. You told her so, did you not?"

"Certainly."

"Well, Miss Halcombe, the pleasure of accompanying you was too great a temptation for me to resist. At my age there is no harm in confessing so much as that, is there? I desired my hat, and set off to offer myself as your escort. Does the last old man my friend—now by better than no escort at all? I took the wrong path—I came back in despair—and here I am escorting (may I say it?) at the height of my wishes."

He talked on in this complimentary strain, with a fluency which left me no exertion to make beyond the effort of maintaining my composure. He never referred in the most distant manner to the letter he had seen in the house, or to the letter which I still had in my hand. This ominous discretion helped to convince me that he must have surprised, by the most dishonorable means, the secret of my application in Laura's interests, to the lawyer; and that, having now assured himself of the private manner in which I had received the answer, he had discovered enough to suit his purposes, and was only bent on trying to quiet the suspicions which he knew he must have aroused in my mind. I was wise enough, under these circumstances, not to attempt to deceive him by plausible explanations—and woman enough, notwithstanding my dread of him, to feel as if my hand were palsied by resting on his arm.

On the drive in front of the house we met the dog-cart being taken round to the stables. Sir Percival had just returned. He came out to meet us at the house-door. Whatever other results his journey might have had, it had not ended in softening his savage temper.

"Oh! I see two of you come back," he said, with a lowering face. "What is the meaning of the house being deserted in this way? Where is Lady Glyde?"

I told him of the loss of the brooch, and said that Laura had gone into the plantation to look for it.

"Brooch or no brooch," he growled, sullenly, "I recommend her not to forget her appointment in the library this afternoon. I shall expect to see her in half an hour."

He turned from the Count's arm, and slowly ascended the steps. He honored me with one of his magnificent bows, and then addressed himself coyly to the scowling master of the house.

"Tell me, Percival," he said, "have you had a pleasant drive? And has your pretty shining Brown Molly come back at all tired?"

"Brown Molly be hanged—and the drive too! I want my lunch."

"And I want five minutes' talk with you, Percival, for," muttered the Count, "five minutes' talk, my friend, here on the grass."

"What about?"

"About business that very much concerns you."

I lingered long enough, in passing through the hall-door, to hear this question and answer, and to see Sir Percival thrust his hands into his pockets in sullen hesitation.

"If you want to badger me with any more of your infernal scruples," he said, "I, for one, won't hear them. I want my lunch!"

"Come out here and speak to me," repeated the Count, still perfectly unainfluenced by the rudest speech that his friend could make to him.

Sir Percival descended the steps. The Count put him by the arm, and walked him away gently. The "business," I was sure, referred to the question of the signature. They were speaking of Laura, and of her refusal to doubt. I felt heart-sick and faint with anxiety. It might be of the last importance to both of us to know what they were saying to each other at that moment—and not one word of it could by any possibility reach my ears.

My husband stood still, and from room to room, with the lawyer's letter in my bosom (I was afraid for the time even to trust it to my pocket and key), till the oppression of my suspense half maddened me. There were no signs of Laura's return to the house; and I thought of going out to look for her. But my strength was so exhausted by the trials and anxieties of the morning that the least effort of the slightest resistance, and after an attempt to get to the door I was obliged to return to the drawing-room and lie down on the nearest sofa to recover.

I was just composing myself when the door opened softly and the Count looked in.

"A thousand pardons, Miss Halcombe," he said; "I only venture to disturb you because I am the bearer of good news. Percival—with a capricious in every thing, as you know—has been fit to alter his mind at the last moment; and the business of the signature is put off for the present. A great relief to all of us, Miss Halcombe, as I see with pleasure in your face. Pray present my best respects and felicitations when you mention this pleasant change of circumstances to Lady Glyde."

He left me before I had recovered my astonishment. There could be no doubt that this extraordinary alteration of purpose in the matter of the signature was due to his influence; and that his discovery of my application to Easthope was known, and had led to his forcing an answer to it to-day, had offered him the means of interfering with certain success.

I felt these considerations in my mind, and seemed to share the exhaustion of my body, and I was in no condition to dwell on them, with any useful refinement, while I remained under the threatening future. I tried a second time to run out and find Laura, but my head was giddy and my knees trembled under me. There was no choice but to give it up again and return to the sofa, sorely against my will.

The quiet in the house and the low murmuring hum of summer insects outside the open window soothed me. My eyes closed of themselves; and I passed gradually into a strange condition, which was not waking—for I knew nothing of what was going on around me; and not sleeping—for I was conscious of my own repose. In this state my fevered mind broke loose from the one heavy load that was on it, and in a trance, or day-dream of mystery—I know not what to call it—I saw Walter Hartright. I had not thought of him since I rose that morning; Laura had not said one word to me either directly or indirectly referring to him; and yet there he was now as plainly as if the past time had returned, and we were both together again at Limmeridge House.

The scene was the same as one among many other men, none of whose faces I could plainly discern. They were in the open air, and under an immense ruined temple. Colossal tropical trees—with rank creepers twining endlessly round them, and hanging in festoons of thick glimmering and grinning at intervals behind leaves and stalks and branches—surrounded the temple, and shut out the sky. There was a dismal shadow over the forlorn band of men on the steps. White exhalations twisted and curled up stealthily from the ground, and approached the men in wreaths, like smoke; touched them; and stretched them out dead, one by one, in the places where they left off. A sense of pity and fear for Walter loosened my tongue, and I answered him to escape. "Escape! Can you escape back?" I said. "Remember your promise to her and to me. Come back to us before the Gentlemen reaches you and lays you dead like the rest!"

He looked at me with an unearthly quiet in his face. "Wait," he said. "I shall come back. The night when I met the lost Woman on the highway was the night which set my life apart for the instrument of vengeance that is yet unseen. Here, lost in the wilderness, or there, welcomed back in the land of my birth, I am still walking on the path which leads back me, and you, and the sister of your love and mine, to the days before Limmeridge and the evitable End. Wait and look. The Pestilence which touches the rest will pass me."

I saw him, as I had seen him in the forest, and the numbers of his lost companions had dwindled to very few. The temple was gone, and the idols were gone—and the ruins place, the figures of dark, dwarfish men lurked murderously among the trees, with bows in their hands and arrows fitted to the string. Once more I feared for Walter, and cried out to warn him. I have more to say, and will say it, in immovable quiet in his face. "Another step," he said, "on the dark road. Wait and look. The unseen must strike fire ere I spare me."

I saw him for the third time, in a wrecked ship, stranded on a wild, sandy shore. The overclouded boats were making away from him for the land, and he alone was left to sink with the ship. I cried to him to hail the hindmost boat, and to make a last effort for his life. The quiet face looked at me in return, and the unmoved voice gave me back the changeless reply. "Another step on the journey. Wait and look. The Sea which drowns the rest will spare me."

I saw him for the last time. He was kneeling by a tomb of white marble; and the shadow of a veiled woman rose out of the grave beneath and waited by his side. The immovability of his face had changed to an unearthly sorrow. But the terrible certainty of his words remained the same. "Darker and darker," he said; "farther and farther yet. Death takes the good, and Death takes the evil—and spares me. The Pestilence that wastes, the Arrow that strikes, the Sea that drowns, the Grave that closes over Love and Hope are steps of my journey, and take me nearer and nearer to the End."

My heart sank under a dread beyond words, under a grief beyond tears. The darkness closed round the pilgrim at the marble tomb; closed round the veiled woman from the grave; closed round the dreamer who looked on them. I saw and heard no more.

I was aroused by a hand laid on my shoulder. It was Laura. She had dropped on her knees by the side of the sofa. Her face was flushed and agitated, and her eyes met mine in a wild, bewildered manner. I started up the instant I saw her.

"What has happened?" I asked. "What has frightened you?"

She looked round at the half-open door—put her lips close to my ear—and answered in a whisper:

"Marian!—the figure at the lake—the footsteps last night—I've just seen her! I've just spoken to her!"

"Who, for Heaven's sake?"

"Anne Catherick."

FRIGHTFUL EXPLOSION ON THE DELAWARE.

We engrave on the preceding page the terrible explosion which took place on the 6th inst. on the Delaware River. The story is thus told by the Easton (Pa.) *Express*:

"This morning the shores of the Delaware, below the bridge, on both sides of the river, were crowded with persons to witness the departure of the little steamer which had been built at this place to run between Belvidere and Port Jervis. At 6 o'clock the steamer left the lock at Southtown, and made her way up the river against a swift current, and having on board about a hundred men. As she passed along the crowds on both shores cheered her on. She had being a most beautiful one. At the bridge she stopped, when a number got off, having stated above forty persons, and then went on up the river, the crowd returning, supposing that she would run safely to Belvidere. But how much were they saddened, sad and sad was the news which started the community at noon, when the report came that the steamer had exploded on the north side of the island near the Water-works!

"It appears that she was moored at that spot, and when all was ready to start the boiler exploded with a terrific crash, the pieces flying in every direction, and the hot steam enveloping the unfortunate victims. Some of the passengers on board were thrown fifty feet into the water, and were blown off into the water and slightly injured, and others again were dreadfully mangled.

"The sight upon the land, to which we hastened immediately upon hearing of the catastrophe, was beyond harrowing. The limbs of the poor sufferers, the presence of those who were in search of friends supposed to be among the dead or wounded, and the dead, together formed a sight to make the stoutest heart sad.

"The scene as it appeared to us can be explained, it is impossible to describe. Women who were fearful that relatives were on board, ran up and down almost distracted, questioning almost every one in regard to the dreadful affair.

"It was reported that a lady and two children were aboard and were lost, but we made inquiries, and found that no ladies were on the boat.

"A number of persons went to work at the wreck when we went to press, to ascertain whether there were any bodies in it."

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I.

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Once so nobly, humbly mine:
Once so swift my coldest bidding to obey;
Oh, base, ignoble pride,
That cast the gift aside,
Like a flower idly pluck'd and thrown away.

II.

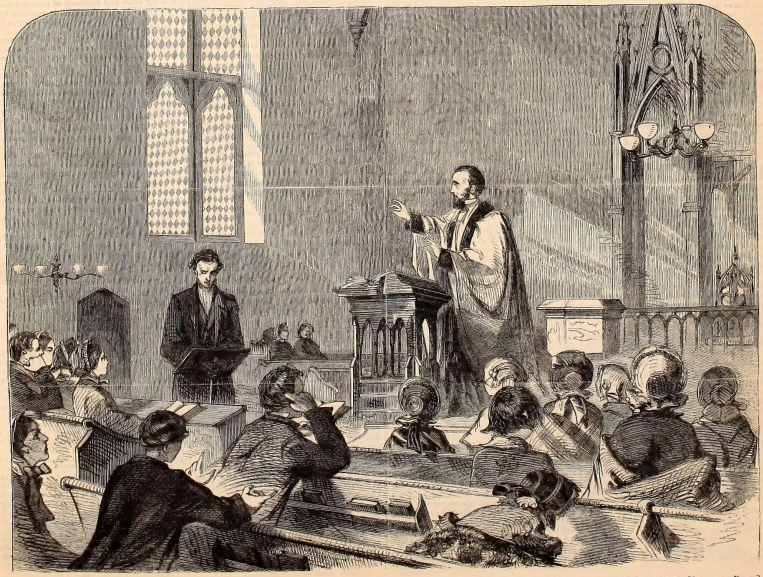
He loved her not at first,
In security accurst
I thought my power never could depart.
But, oh, with patient care
She has won my jewel rare,
And now I'm lost forever to his heart.

III.

I could tear her limb from limb,
If I thought his love a whim,
If I hoped to win a thought of his again.
But no! the time has past,
He has look'd and loved his last,
And I'd die to save his heart a moment's pain.

IV.

And his child—*her* little child!—
With those eyes so brave and mild,
Oh, would that there were poison in his kiss!
Oh, strange entangled fate,
How I love her, how I hate:
How I curse her, how I bless her for his bliss!



READING THE PARABLE OF THE PRODIGAL SON TO THE DEAF MUTES AT THEIR CHURCH IN EIGHTEENTH STREET, NEW YORK, MARCH 11, 1860.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

V.

There are voices in the roar
Of the breakers on the shore—
There are whispers in the wash of the sea.
There are echoes in the breeze,
As it murmurs 'neath the trees,
There are faces in the stars for me.

VI.

Those solemn voices roll
Through the desert of my soul—
They chill my bleeding heart to its core.
When I say that peace and rest
Once more may fill my breast,
Comes the never-failing echo—Never more!

PREACHING TO THE DEAF AND DUMB.

MANY of our readers may have heard of the church for deaf-mutes in Eighteenth Street in this city; but few, we presume, have witnessed its services, and all will be glad to see the faithful picture given on the preceding page.

The first services of this church were conducted by its present rector, the Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, in the smaller chapel of the New York University, on the first Sunday of October, 1852. In this place it struggled for existence during five years, gradually gaining in strength and means, until its removal to the Lecture-room of the New York Historical Society Building, corner of Second Avenue and Eleventh Street. Here its prospects improved so much that it was deemed expedient to purchase, in July last, the church and parsonage in West Eighteenth Street, originally built by Christ Church. In this church its services began on the first Sunday of August, 1859. Since then it has steadily worked its way toward permanent success.

In this church are gathered adult deaf-mutes (graduates of various Institutions), their families, and others willing to promote their welfare, the Sunday services being oral at half-past ten A.M. and half-past seven P.M., and in the sign-language at three P.M. We present a sketch of the latter service as the Rector and his silent congregation appeared on Sunday afternoon, March 11. The deaf-mutes sang one of the hymns we are using at clerk, giving the responses in the service according to the common Prayer-book. The rector translated on this occasion the parable of the Prodigal Son. This church is doing great good among the deaf-mute residents of this city and its vicinity. Its rector makes it his duty to visit deaf-mutes in their seasons of sickness and trouble, and to endeavor to help them to situations in which to earn their daily bread. Since he left his position as instructor in the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, in which office he has found, by personal application, situations for upward of fifty deaf-mutes.

This is the first church of its kind in the world. Within the past year a similar one has been established in London. We close this brief sketch with a list of the present vestry: C. C. Lathrop and S. R. Comstock, Wardens; George R. Jackson, W. O. Fitzgerald, Josiah Jones, John C. Bronson, Dr. Alex. M. Badd, M.D., Franklin Campbell, D. Reynolds Budd, and James L. Harris, Vestrymen.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1860.

THE REVENUE OF THE UNITED STATES.

MR. SHERMAN, Chairman of the House Committee on Ways and Means, has proposed to fund the twenty odd millions of Treasury notes now in circulation by the issue of a five per cent. Federal stock. It is intimated that this measure is but the cloak for a protectionist scheme devised in the interest of the Pennsylvania iron-makers and coal-diggers, and that the party design is to secure Pennsylvania for the Republicans next fall. If this be so, the project will probably fail; a decided majority of the House of Representatives—as of all intelligent bodies in the country—are and must be opposed to the imposition of fresh duties on imports. But in the main, and in respect to the main object of Mr. Sherman's Committee, the idea is sound.

There is no present prospect that the United States will be able to pay off the debt, incurred in consequence of the revulsion of 1857, out of the revenue derived from customs duties. The imports during the present fiscal year are the heaviest ever known; yet the income which they provide will hardly suffice for the current expenditures of the civil government. As to raising the duties, that is a method which does not commend itself to any enlarged mind. Our object should be, and is, to expand, not to contract commerce; to lighten, not to increase the burdens which press upon trade. As, therefore, we are not yet out of our notes at maturity, it is impossible to do better than to fund them, especially as the public will give one per cent. more for funded stock than for Treasury notes.

If ever an intelligent, self-reliant, and large-minded financier obtains the position of Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, or Secretary of the Treasury, an effort at all events will be made to remedy the present absurd system on which the revenue of the Government of the United States is collected.

The whole scheme of rendering the Government incomes dependent on the produce of customs duties is wrong. It takes money, because it levies toll on commerce, which it should be the aim of our Government to foster, not to tax; secondly, because it is a fluctuating source of income, sometimes so prolific that the Government is driven to use its surplus in the purchase of its bonds at an enormous premium, and sometimes so scanty that the Administration is forced to borrow at high rates of interest to defray the ordinary expenses of the public service; and, thirdly, because it is an unfair, indirect, and roundabout way of raising a revenue, which might be all very well among people who are unfitted for the duties and responsibilities of self-government, but which is beneath the character of citizens of the United States.

If this country were peopled by a race of Spanish half-breeds, with a large admixture of negro, no sense of ambition or manliness, there might be some excuse for adopting a sneaking system of taxation which shall secure to a people's pockets without their feeling it. In Nicaragua, for instance, or some of the States of Mexico, one can imagine a sagacious statesman resorting to the tariff system on the ground that, though people would not pay a direct tax levied as such, they might not object to pay so much more for wine, sugar, coffee, tea, dry goods, and hardware. Such a statesman would act upon the assumption that the people for whom he legislated would be afforded him by an active commercial port; nor can the manufacturer prosper if he, too, be confined to the home market. Both must be free to thrive, require to be able to say to their neighbors:

"Gentlemen, you will not buy my corn or my boots? Very well; then I will send them to France, China, Africa, or Australia, where I can obtain a reward for my labor; and you will have to get your food and your boots where you best can."

If the farmer and the manufacturer have by unwise legislation been driven from the foreign trade of the country, by heavy tariffs or other legislative impediments reduced it within narrow limits, the consumers address them:

"Gentlemen, we will give you so much for your corn and your boots; you may take it or not as you please, but as we are the only customers you can get, you must either take our offer or lose your property and starve."

This is the legitimate and inevitable consequence of imposing taxes, tolls, and restrictions on foreign trade—such as customs duties.

If the commerce of the United States were abolished altogether, and the world around the United States created a free port, it would become the great emporium for the goods of all nations. All the manufacturers of foreign countries would come here to sell, and all the consumers to buy. We are so centrally situated here we say that, by the days of steam and telegraphs, the great cities of this country would, in this event, become the great mart for the trade, not only of America and Europe, but of Europe also. For, having no customs tariff to impede trade, and possessing within us the great raw materials of life and industry, it would be possible for us to undersell the world in all leading articles of commerce.

It is to be asked how, in such a case, would the Federal Government be supported?—the answer is obvious—by direct taxation.

The writer was present, a year or two since, in the United States Senate when the Hon. Jefferson Davis, one of the most clear-headed statesmen in the country, intimated his wish to see a system of direct taxation established in this country. He was answered by a very worthy man, Senator Simmons, of Rhode Island, who sneeringly inquired where the people would get the gold and silver to pay taxes, as he knew many localities where those metals were unknown, and inconvertible bank-notes were the only currency. He was unable to designate the localities to which the Senator referred, but if there be any such, we think it is high time that a sound currency were introduced into their currency systems, and we can not conceive any better way of achieving it than by the adoption of a Federal scheme of taxation. There are, it is commonly supposed, no less than $250,000,000 of coined gold, silver, and copper in circulation in the United States. It is not likely that the Government would hold over $50,000,000 of this at any time. Senator Simmons's objection will not hold water. Missouri, Illinois, Texas, and two other Western States are cursed by wild-cat banks, whose notes are practically inconvertible; but the people of these States are waging a vigorous war against these pests, and in a year or two they will be crushed out. Besides, even now, gold is never dearer at Chicago and St. Louis than 1½ per cent. premium for currency.

As to the difficulty of accustoming the people to direct taxes, we say, in the first place, there is no city or county in the country (the State of Camden and Amboy alone excepted) where the people do not pay some city, or county, or State taxes; if they pay these, why should they object to pay taxes to the General Government? In the second place, if, after all the brag and bluster we hear so often about the extraordinary and God-given capacity of our race for self-government, we don't know enough to pay the cost of our Government in a straightforward way, out of our own pockets, in gold and silver, then it is high time that the fact were known and proclaimed aloud. If we are such a miserable sneaking people that we won't pay our debts if they are presented to us fairly and squarely, but can be cheated into paying them in an underhand, indirect way, in the guise of a customs duty, it is of the first importance that the public should be made aware of the fact, and that historians and philosophers should be set on their guard.

We have cast these suggestions without any idea that they will be acted upon immediately, or for some time to come. But whenever the Treasury Department or the Committee on Ways and Means falls into the hands of an Independent thinker, then, perhaps, the obsolete absurdity of a Customs Revenue may be exploded.

HARRIET MARTINEAU ON SEWING.

I WEAR the people of a higher and a lower class, and American and other foreigners, would be made to understand how much domestic business is actually transacted by middle-class women in England. I do not like the discredit of the popular notion that our English girls are too genteel to understand how to cook, and to do shopping, and manage the house. Whether the business is properly done or not, women should insist on its being regarded as a duty, that there may be the better chance for its being done. If the daughter we are now contemplating is a rational girl, she will prepare to be in personal charge of the kitchen, and getting into training under her mother. She will be up early (thereby insuring the early rising of the servants), and off to the fishmonger's or the vegetable market—having the benefit of an early choice of good articles. She will have learned with her mother the dinners of the week (with a margin for unexpected occurrences); and therefore, when the cook has made breakfast, is ready for her conference with the cook. She chooses to know how to do every thing that she requires to be done; and so far as may be, by experience. She experiments upon cakes and puddings; and the syllabubs, tarts, and preserves are of her making, till she is satisfied of her proficiency. The linen in the housemaid's department is under her care, and it will be her fault if a table-cloth has a jagged corner or the sheets a slit in the middle. These matters, so far, occupy very little time, while they afford much less of exercise and amusement to a healthy mind.

The sewing is another affair. It is still the curse of profitless labor among the poor of the middle class. There can hardly be another woman in that class more thoroughly fond of the needle than myself: and I have, practically, have done needlework, of all kinds, in the course of their lives: yet it is my belief that thousands of parents are actually cruel to their daughters in withdrawing from them the amount of needle-work customary in this and a few other countries.

Fathers and brothers suppose that the women of the household are to sit down to make linen for the house and the inhabitants every week or fortnight, and to stick to the work all day, as the men do to their business. If they knew the strain upon the nerves, and the general unhealthiness of the occupation, when a certain limit of hours is past, they would forbid it as peremptorily as intemperance in stimulating morals. I fear it is still too often the case that all the girls of a family are seated at the work-table all day long, except when at meals, or when taking a walk; and that to one of them can attempt to steal half an hour's solitude in her own room without being sent for to join the sewing-party. There may be reading aloud—and this is a great improvement upon perpetual talk; but there is the need of solitude, and of freedom of occupation, is too often forgotten in households where needle-work is assumed to be the whole employment. If not the whole duty, of women. I could say much more under this head; but the advent of the sewing-machine supersedes much remonstrance and preaching. It will not, happily, take the needle out of women's hands, because there is much delicate and critical work which it can not do; but it will soon put an end to the slavery to the needle, under which so many English girls grow crooked, and sallow, and nervous, and miserable.

H. MARTINEAU.

THE LOUNGER.

PALMS WITHOUT THORNS.

IT sometimes happens that a man has all the honors of martyrdom without any of the pains. He has the halo of Saint Sebastian, but none of the arrows eating his flesh. He is called to the throne without peril, being unconscious of any thing but the kindest feeling and the most courteous conduct toward each other, that all sense and hear the noise of the battle which has been provoked in their names, but of which they are innocent.

Men who are sagacious enough to build up a great and prosperous business are usually sensible enough to see that the result is achieved by a strict attention to the laws of trade. A merchant who should say to a fellow-trader, "Sir, I can not buy those bales of goods of you until I know whether you are sound upon the Augustinian theology—whether you prefer German music to Italian—whether you are a free-trader or protectionist—and whether you think 'Adam Bede' as good a novel as 'John Halifax,'" would be a very unsuccessful merchant, to say the least.

For a man's views upon subjects that have no relation to the matter in hand are as much his private property as his coat. If Dickens's publishers should inform him that they would print no more

stories for him if he persisted in wearing a hat instead of a cap. Dickens, as a large creditor, would probably see out a writ *de lunatico*, for he would be very sure that the worthy man had gone mad.

Whoever buys this paper, *Harper's Weekly*, buys it because he thinks he shall get its money's worth, or he is a very foolish fellow to buy it at all. As people who write the articles and draw the pictures which it contains are of all countries, sexes, ages, conditions, habits, tempers, manners, tastes, and opinions. But when they co-operate in the preparation of the paper they have but one aim, and that is to please. If they joke, or describe, or sing, or moralize, or satirize, or criticise, or speculate, &c., &c., they intend to do so reasonably. If they do not, you, discriminating reader, will not buy the paper. Now suppose that you knew all the people who contribute to make a single number of the *Weekly*—suppose you had discovered that you agree with them upon every possible point of human thought—and suppose moreover that what they wrote for your amusement was exactly dull—would you buy the paper? No, not if you were a discriminating reader.

Then suppose that you differed upon great subjects, but that they pleased you in what they wrote, and had the good manners not to introduce the topics of difference, are you going to cut your own nose off to spite yourself? Gentle Sir, you must be entreated. You are discovered. You are the author of that celebrated programme, "*The Conservator*; a new and popular magazine. First number will be issued on the first day of April. The largest sums will be paid for entertaining contributions. N.B.—*If persons who do not exactly weigh more than a hundred and thirty pounds—who prefer quail peas to steel—or who are color-blind, need not apply.*" You would be as wise in writing those conditions as a railroad company in engaging engineers upon the same terms, and no wiser.

ONE HEAD.

It is a wise provision of nature that the human body is made with one head. For what labyrinths of confusion there would needs be if there were two wills to direct the action of the same body. The advantage of this single headship has been always acknowledged in military discipline. It is the key of the whole. It is the same in farming, in manufactures, where one man controls, and the rest, natural workers, by a perfectly faithful metaphor, are called hands. Cæsar, Hannibal, Alexander, Napoleon, Washington, were the directive will of the action of nations. The latter, indeed, held councils of war, but the will of the General is supreme over the whole, and the parts are all absolutely subject to their several heads. To disobey, to strike an officer, is death. It is the fundamental rule of all discipline, and of all success by combined human action. So in the June days of '48 in Paris, the government was obliged to send for Lamartine and his companions had equal powers of command; it was not until they had resigned, and the single power had of Cavaignac devolved on the whole, that the disturbance was quelled, and the republic restored. Cavaignac was not made dictator, but his single department he was supreme.

Now a police is a civil army. It can no more be efficiently directed by half a dozen heads than a regiment can be commanded by so many colonels. It must have one will to control it, made as responsible as you please, but supreme within its reasonable sphere. That is what has been forgotten in the recent action of the Police Commissioners in this city. The proof of it is here, that a threatening riot should suddenly arise, the Commissioners, by the necessity of the case, would invest their Superintendent with uncontrolled powers.

Undoubtedly a Superintendent is subordinate to the Commissioners. But undoubtedly, he, too, be justly removed only when he fails to perform the duties incident to his position, not when he protests against the interference of the Commission in discharging them. A gardener is responsible to his employer for the general care of the plot with which he takes care of the garden; but if the employer incessantly removes the plants and parallyzes the whole method of the gardener, a self-respecting intelligent man will resign his situation. And as you ascend in the scale of importance of employment, you find the probabilities of resignation increased. If the object of a Police Commission be the preservation of public order, it is surely not a wise thing to appoint an able and faithful officer, to resign by insisting upon interfering with the details of the discharge of his duty. If, however, the object of a Police Commission be something else—if it be, for instance, party discipline, and not public order—the Commission is undoubtedly the best judge of the method by which that end can be attained.

DEMOCRACY, DIRT, AND DISCOMFORT.

THE faithful student of the Latin Grammar remembers that poetry proves, *Facta est Amica*—a wise man learns of his enemy. Now English travelers and critics are not our enemies: but they occasionally see and say things very disagreeable which many of us see as plainly but are not so ready to say, and which a great many among us suppose are seen because they are not said. In fact, there is probably as little individual independence among Americans as among the citizens of countries which are not the greatest and most glorious of all countries in creation—as this country is. The foreigners who have crossed the sea, and who, upon their return, have laughed at our spitting, and bragging, and other minor offenses, are viewed as public enemies. Mrs. Trollope, for instance, and Captain Hall, and even Dickens—who objected to being regarded as a prize porker—have all fallen under our severe censure. Undoubtedly they said a great many foolish and flat things, and often ludicrously attributed to our political philosophy what was merely a solecism in good manners. Frequently, too, their profounder criticisms were so shallow and unjust that we were blind, through indignation, to their more reasonable remarks.

Thus one of the most unimportant of all the gentlemen who have come over to visit us lately—Mr. Grantley F. Berkeley—has been writing letters to some sporting journal, in which he apparently takes his revenge upon the whole country, because some Western railroad company did not transport hunting-dogs as Mr. Grantley F. Berkeley thought hunting-dogs ought to be transported. The chances undoubtedly are in favor of his knowing more about the matter than the company. But his criticisms upon our general habits and the spirit of our society and government do not show that in other and more important and serious matters the chances are in favor of his superior knowledge. And yet among his minor observations there are one or two worth attending, the observation of a very general popular error. For instance, he says, in a very ill-mannered way, but not without a little sting of truth:

"Lumbering along rails, tyrannizing over all other wheeled conveniences, there you have a cheap omnibus; and when I observed to a friend that I thought it would

'Bob-boys,' all of them spitting in chorus between their teeth, my democratic friend, who does not like sarcasm, assures me that in this land of freedom there can be but one price and one vehicle for all."

This remark of his democratic friend was not particularly apt in the city, because any one who chooses can take a carriage and avoid the public conveyances. But it is true enough as applied to the great railroad lines. And another observer—the author of one of the most delightful and valuable books ever written upon this country, a writer as different from Mr. Berkeley as a man of great intelligence, who comes to study the secrets of the amazing prosperity and progress of this nation, is from one who comes to shoot buffalo—Mr. James Skirling—says:

"The popular notion of equality is no less superficial than that of Liberty. The Democrat who is not satisfied with entering a railway by the mast have an outward monotony of condition. The people must all ride in the same car, eat at the same table, and vote at the same polling-place. * * * Why should not a poor man consent to ride in a less luxurious car, to dine at a cheaper table, as well as live in a less luxurious house, paying a proportionate rent?"

To understand the full force of such a criticism it is necessary to know the singularly sympathetic and intelligent spirit of Mr. Stirling's book. Thus, all he says Dickens and Mr. Jefferson Brick in mind, when he wrote:

"The stereotyped ideal of a Yankee editor is the vulgar English caricature of a Mississippian, with a pen in one hand and a bowie-knife in the other, stabbing, indifferently with either weapon, whosoever dares to differ from him. * * * Such an one, and find a scholar and a gentleman, who has probably traveled from one end of Europe to the other. This is an instance, among a thousand, of the extreme difficulty of estimating aright the civilization of a people at a distance."

Both these travelers have the sense to see—the one sneeringly, the other sagaciously—what there is a deeper significance in than appears. Each takes its character from a mean misapprehension of the democratic principle—a sort of do-as-you-please-as-good-as-anybody-else notion, which will degrade every thing to the level of the lowest intelligence. Let a man, for instance, step into a car on the night train, and observe that it is a black-hole of horror—filled with the poisonous exhalations of two or three hundred bodies, offensive to every sense, destructive of comfort, and deleterious to health. He would willingly pay twice the fare for a clean, cool, comfortable place to sit in for the rest. Yet if any company should make distinctions of price and place, except that between the emigrant and the first-class, the whole people who availed themselves of the preference offered would be denounced as "stuck-up aristocrats!" And yet for what is the first-class kept? For what it buys? And if a man is not a pampered minion of wealth and pride because he wears calfskin boots instead of patent leather, he is not to be so considered if he prefer to breathe fresh air, and to pay more for it, rather than suffer with the others of the train, and bring with clothes, and cheeks, and pea-nuts, and frizzled apple-parings, and saliva (red or pale) or fifty other pests.

The despotism of one ignorant man is bad, but that of a million ignorant men is a million times worse.

A LETTER TO ——.

DEAR LITTLE MISS,—You are fond of music, are you not?—for if not, why do you go to the rehearsal of the Philharmonic Society? If you do like it, you will listen with joy to the orchestra play. If you do not, you will have the politeness to keep silent, and let those hear who wish to.

I, for instance, dear little Miss, pay five dollars a year for the privilege of hearing Beethoven, and Mozart, and Haydn, and *Mendelssohn*, and Weber—I do not pay it to hear you cackle and tattle. When you sit by my side, with half a dozen other dear little Misses all cackling and tattling as much as mocker, and whisper, and rustle, you are a dear little band of highway robbers, swindling me out of the music I have paid for.

I said *swindling*, dear little Miss.

Why does not your mother or your responsible nurse keep you quiet? No person of ten years old should be permitted to go alone into places of public resort until he knows and obeys the rudiments of good manners. You do not, dear little Miss. You are an utterly under-bred and vulgar person. Because you wear tolerably fine clothes, and because the young men like your pretty face, you think that what you and your set do is all right. Little Miss, it is all wrong.

For instance, the other day at the rehearsal, when your tittering and gabbling became intolerable, I turned to you and asked you, in a perfectly polite way, if you would please allow me to hear the music. Do you remember what you did? You stared at me for a moment with an insolent boldness, which you meant to look like crushing contempt and superb disdain, and then you rattled on faster than before. Are you aware that you were deplorably vulgar in so doing? It showed such a poor, thin, shallow character—such weak conceit—such miserable selfishness—as I pitied you to see. I wanted to hear the music, so I left you. And, dear little Miss, if that kind of selfishness is the key-note of your character throughout life, you will constantly see people getting up and leaving you.

Don't do so, dear. If you want to flirt, stay outside. If you are afraid of losing the men, tell them that they will be let out during the music, and they will stick to you like her subjects to Maria Teresa. (She was Empress of Austria and Queen of Hungary, you know. Her Hungarian nobles said, "*Moramur pro nostra rege.*" It was the Latin way of saying that they would die for her.) If you say to a youth who insists upon talking, "Frederick, or Robert, or Henry, or Thomas, there are some persons who like to hear the music, although I had rather talk with you," you will dance or immediately whether he be a gentleman or not. And do you wish to associate with those who are not? Yes, of course you do. Do you ask how I know? Because, dear little Miss, your conduct in other days has shown me that you are not a lady.

You see, dear, we have had quite enough of this business. You and the other girls and boys have lately taken possession of the concert-room—and it is not a concert that we hear, but only your whispering. The next time that I am disturbed by your fatal gabble, I shall not politely request you the playing until we can remove a very vulgar, little girl, who is annoying every body in her neighborhood by giggling and gabbling."

I hope you will think of these things, for I am really your friend.

THE LADY IN THE BLUE BONNET.

The above extraordinary letter has been intrusted to the Lounger to reach its destination. He cannot imagine to what it refers. It seems to be addressed only to dear little Miss ——; but he knows so many of that address!

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—Testimonial. The poem "Tristrum and Iseult" by Matthew Arnold, which has late Dr. Arnold, and was Regius Professor of Poetry at Oxford, England. The poem is dedicated to Arthur Hugh Clough, late of Oxford, and Iseult of Brittany. Arnold has published two volumes of miscellaneous poetry, and one volume containing the poem of Sir Tristrum.

DOOMED TO DEATH.

BY AN EX-CHAPLAIN TO A JAIL.

THE thoughts of almost every man condemned to die by the law are taken up with, and concentrated upon, the hope of reprieve. Notwithstanding that in many cases the doomed person is ready to admit the justice of his sentence—although I have my doubts whether there is much genuine candor in that statement, and am of opinion that it is commonly made with a view to obtain a portion of exciting commiseration, and eventually pardon —yet, it being in the power of his brother-men to save his life, the desire of life seems to him to be an action absolutely monstrous and incredible. That the prison authorities, the government, the nation, the whole world should quietly suffer him to be led out under the open sky to be put to death—to be hung by the neck till he is dead—appears to him not only cruel, but, although he knows it to be what has happened to hundreds of others before him) a thing utterly impossible. He cannot bring his eyes to the fate awaiting him as long as he can, almost always up to the last night he has to live, very often up to the moment when he sits his foot upon the scaffold itself. I believe that, in the majority of cases, the entire energies of the unfortunate wretch are directed to the unavailable attempt of gaining a reprieve. I mistrust for the most part, I am sorry to say, even his willing acceptance of my good offices, and his readiness to call his attention to more important matters. "More important?" thinks he: "What can be more important to me than the question of whether he is to die on Monday, Tuesday, to-morrow, in an hour perhaps—or whether he is to Live?"

Mary B——, was condemned to death for the murder, by poison, of her own sister, for whose husband she entertained a guilty passion. There was no doubt of her having committed the crime, or of her having deserved the punishment. She had, when I first saw her, nearly a week to live, it being about that time to the ensuing Monday. She told me, in our first interview, of how many minutes that space contained—for she had been allowed a pencil, with which (closely watched lest she should swallow it) she had made the calculation—and "*Forty-seven hundred and twenty* gone!" she whispered with a shudder, when I took my last leave of her. The hours, and even the minutes during this poor creature's last two or three days, whenever the great jail-clock struck the hour overhead, she would count them in pain; and upon waking in the mornings, would ask with eagerness what time it was, and then lamoan herself that she had slept so long. Her hours—passed in a miserable cell, shut out from any sight of the green earth (for it was mid-July), and almost every sound, except the footsteps of the two sentinels come up thither to remind her of the world with which she was never more to mix—must surely have been wretched indeed; and yet her cry was, "Oh, that they might be again!" Notwithstanding her evident agony at the thoughts of her approaching end, she actually attempted to anticipate it by some twenty-four hours by suicide; or rather, I think, she pretended to attempt it, with some faint notion that such an evidence of her utter misery might procure her pardon; for those miserable persons always imagine, in their frenzied terror, that the governor, the chaplain, nay, the very jailer himself, has power in the matter, and could get them off, or at least respited, if he pleased. How often, when I have been leaving some poor wretch's cell with the comfortable hope that what had been so coolly listened to by the ear, may have taken root in the heart also, have I been suddenly made conscious of the *real motive* that had actuated my unhappy convert, by his plucking up sleeve, and whispering in a tone of heartfelt earnestness which there was no mistaking: "And you will tell them, that I am penitent, chaplain; and that it will do no harm to let me live;" or by some assurance reiterated for the thousandth time that he is an innocent man. All these with how had any experience in this matter perceive the folly of the assertion that penal servitude, or any other punishment that may be possibly dreaded, is, or can be, equally dreaded with that of death itself. Men fear it every where, and the woman, who commonly fall after their sentence into a kind of stupor; and the case of Mary B—— was by no means worse than that of many others I have known. When not in a state of agonized despair, "The king!" "The good king!" "The merciful king!" was especially in her mouth; and she would only know of her condition, she expressed her confidence that he would have saved her. Her cell-door was never opened unexpectedly without her starting up at it with an air of hopeful eagerness. Again, with a certain tenderness of delicacy, she requested me not the minutest questions regarding the place of execution; whether it was in the prison-yard, or on the old hill-side behind the jail; and on being refused, inquired how many persons it was likely would be there to see "it." She always spoke of her execution as "it." Her last night she spent at the window, drinking in the quiet of the stars, and talking farewell, as it seemed, of their ineffable beauty. But this phase of her character was exceptional. I believe that from the hour of her conviction to that of her death, the thought of a reprieve never out of her waking mind for many consecutive minutes. When she slept, however, poor girl—for she was scarcely a grown woman—she dreamed of the days of her innocence; generally, as she told me, of her childhood; and her last look upon the scaffold was directed inland, as toward the jail, whither, as she knew, a reprieve, if reprieve there was, must necessarily come.

The case of Robert S——, under sentence of death at the same time, exhibited a marked contrast to that of this unfortunate woman. He had been convicted of burglary with violence, and there having been a previous conviction recorded against him the law, as often stood, would not certainly take its course. He seemed fully to understand and even acquiesce in this. The law and he, as it seemed to him, had been upon opposite sides in life, and at last the law had got the better of him. When the judge had told him to dismiss from his mind all hope of earthly pardon for his crimes it, I always found him, if not resigned and penitent, at least respectful and uncomplaining. He was grossly ignorant of religion, as of every thing else; but he was not one of those stupid thoughtless boys who form the most of his class. He showed a lively and laudable desire to leave something behind him for those who had been mainly dependent for their support upon him. In course he took to accomplish this would have been impossible in these days, but it was very common in. I was myself the agent of his intentions either assisting or opposing it. The prisoner asked leave of the jailer to send for a surgeon, in order that he might tell him some of his last words before execution, and his request was acceded to. Mr. M——, of our senior town, accordingly had an interview with the convict; he had a reputation more than provincial, and was exceedingly assistant in his manual of his darling profession. He was indeed pretty well known as a purveyor of bodies, and I guessed what he had come about when I saw him leaving Robert S——'s cell on the eve of the fatal day. He had, it seemed, given the poor fellow a soverign, but declined to have any dealings with him regarding the contemplated purchase. I was rather surprised to hear this, but asked no questions about it at that time. The next day Robert S—— was executed in accordance of his sentence, and buried within the prison walls. He was perfectly quiet and self-possessed to the last, and never expressed a wish to me to have saved any hope of escaping his fate. And yet the case had been in reality quite otherwise.

Meeting Mr. M—— a few weeks afterward at the house of a friend, he informed me of his reasons for not purchasing the body of Robert S——.

"The fact is," said he, "I bought that poor fellow's carcass once before. He was hung for burglary two years ago in the next county, and was carried to my house after execution. He frightened Mrs. M——a good deal that night by the noise he made in first coming to consciousness. It was annoying, of course, but my trade being to cure, and not to kill, I was obliged to do what I could for him, and he was well in a fortnight; and yet that lesson, severe as it was, had, you see, no effect upon him, and he has now been hung in real earnest. He did not know that I was to be the doctor sent for, and was taken terribly aback when he saw me. But he raised had never forgiven me my ten pounds, you see, and I was not going to pay for the same thing twice over. I should have declined any dealings of the kind, you know, besides, since his manner assured me that he had come device in his head of escaping the hangman. He then plucked out what that was now, for, between ourselves, I did get the body after all. He did not trust to chance, which through the mismanagement of the rope saved him on the former occasion, but had provided himself with a silver tube—a thing not of the slightest use, poor fellow! but which many of his class put on implicit trust in—which he managed to keep about him, and to place unobserved in his throat on the fatal morning. I found it there myself."

Thus, even in the case which I had judged to be an exception to the general rule, the one cause of apparent fortitude in the person irrevocably doomed to death was the secret hope of escaping it.

SENATOR TOOMBS, OF GEORGIA.

ROBERT TOOMBS, a United States Senator from Georgia, is emphatically one of the representative men of the republic. As Carlyle said of Danton: "No hollow formalist, deceptive and self-deceptive, ghastly to the natural sense, was this; but a very man—free from the dross of cant—fiery, real; from the great fire-bosom of Nature himself." Like the revolutionist statesman of France, he is no mere theorist; no speculative, dreamy philosopher; no man of words when the time for action has arrived. His intellect, his passions, his comprehensions, his actions—all are prominent as are the rugged outlines of his herculean frame—massive as the stalwart proportions of his form—in striking contrast with those around him on the floor of the Senate.

Mr. Toombs, like many other citizens who have made themselves men-orable by their public services, is the son of a Virginian, although we do not find his name on the genealogies of the "*first families*" of that glorious Old Dominion. His father, having marched Southward during the War of the Revolution, to aid in repelling a foreign foe, settled in Wilkes County, Georgia, where Robert was born, on the 2d of July, 1810. Early associations often have a powerful effect, and it is not at all improbable that the father's recital of his campaigns against the British or the Indians who yet lingered around the borders of civilization, inspired the son with patriotism and with courage. Brought up with simple, industrious, honest surroundings, young Toombs was emphatically a child of the people; and he has ever reflected the energy, the enthusiasm, the love of country, the stern courage, and the contempt for every thing mean, which characterized the pioneer settlers of the South and of the Southwest.

From an excellent mother (who was his father's third wife) young Toombs received the rudiments of education, and at an early age evinced quickness of appreciation, with ability to retain and to apply what he was taught. Having gone through the requisite academical studies, he entered the University of Georgia, at Athens. While in the senior class, he went to Union College, at Schenectady, in the State of New York, where he graduated.

In 1829 Mr. Toombs (not having attained the legal age) was admitted to practice law under a special act of the Legislature of Georgia, and he at once found himself sound as a counselor and able as an advocate. While sustaining the causes of his clients with great zeal, he displayed an unimpeached and unimpeachable honesty of purpose, a strong sense of justice, and a determination to *wrong no man*, which soon gave him a commanding position at the bar. Never, it is said, would he undertake a case which he did not believe, after examination, to be just and honorable; and this, doubtless, is the secret of his invariable success. Fortune crowned his labors, and by carefully investing his receipts, generally in unsettled lands, the poor boy became a wealthy man.

In 1836 Mr. Toombs was elected captain of a company of volunteers, at the head of which he hastened to join the force congregated to hold in check the Creek Indians, under Neamathla, who had been instructed by the success of the Seminoles to commence hostilities. By the prompt concentration of regular and of volunteer troops, under the command of General Scott, the campaign was of brief duration.

In 1837 Mr. Toombs was elected to the Georgia House of Representatives, in which he sat (with the exception of the session of 1841) until he was elected to Congress in 1845. Originally a Democrat, he had retired from General Jackson after the promulgation of the Proclamation against the South Carolina Nullifiers, and joined the State Rights party of Georgia, which recognized Governor Troup as its leader, and as the champion of its principles. Loyal to the Constitution of the Confederated States in all its expressly defined grants of power, and conceding the right of the Chief Magistrate to execute the authority so delegated, the State Rights' or "Troup Men" of Georgia stoutly resisted that latitude of construction which might consolidate power at Washington, until Republicanism would crystallize in monarchy. Mr. Toombs was not a disciple of Calhoun's. While admiring the glittering generalities and abstract theories of the gifted South Carolinian, the young Georgia legislator advocated MATERIAL PROGRESS! While a member of the House, he exerted himself manfully and successfully for the establishment of that system of internal improvements which has placed Georgia foremost among Southern States. He was the advocate and the founder of the system of public education adopted in Georgia, and so much better calculated than the system of New England to secure a general attendance of the children of the poor.

In 1845 Mr. Toombs was elected a Representative to the Congress of the United States, defeating Hon. Edward J. Black, who had represented the District since 1838. He was classed among the State Rights' Whigs, and in a speech delivered on the tariff in the Senate a year or two since, he referred to his first effort in the House, which was in favor of the tariff of '46. "The principle of that act," said he, in his more recent speech, "was to discriminate for the protection of the industry of the country; and as far as that bill did it, it met my approbation then, and does now. I would have twice the duty on sugar that I would on coffee, because coffee is not raised in this country. I would levy duty on an article raised by my own countrymen. In laying taxes for revenue, I would rather do it so as to benefit my countrymen than put them on what would not benefit them. These are the principles I have acted on through life. I have read and studied this question as thoroughly as I am capable of, and these are my opinions to-day."

HON. ROBERT TOOMBS, OF GEORGIA.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.]

While partially associated with the Whig party, Mr. Toombs never acknowledged fealty to either "caucus" or "convention," and he was ever opposed to the increasing power, patronage, and influence of the Executive Department.

In 1850 Mr. Toombs united with Mr. Howell Cobb (now Secretary of the Treasury) and other Democrats in the formation of a "Constitutional Union Party," based on the "Compromise Measures," which he had supported in Congress. In February, 1851, he wrote that, "apart from the question of Slavery, another great question is rising up before us, and becoming a 'fixed fact' in American politics. It is and has the will of a majority, sometimes called the *higher law*, in antagonism to our constitutional compact. If the first succeeds, we have no other safety except in secession; if the latter, 'Liberty and Union may be forever one and inseparable.' In all these questions it is our true policy to stand by those who agree with us—repudiate those who differ from us."

In April, 1851, at a caucus of the Whig members of Congress, called to make arrangements for a National Convention, resolutions were introduced indorsing the principles of neither one, but commending the Democratic nominees—Pierce and King. Against the election of General Scott he took decided ground, urging the Union Whigs by all honorable ways and means to defeat him. "If we succeed," said he, "we shall have 'conquered a peace,' a lasting, enduring peace; and whatever may be the result, we shall have done our duty to ourselves, our principles, and our country."

This fearless opposition to party rule was acceptable to the people of Georgia, who elected Mr. Toombs to fill the seat occupied by Hon. Robert M. Charlton, who had been appointed after the resignation of Hon. John M'Pherson Berrien.

At the commencement of the administration of General Pierce, Senator Toombs was dissatisfied with his course. At a barbecue gotten up at Oglethorpe, to welcome the Senator back to Georgia after the adjournment of Congress, he made a speech in which he denounced the President as having violated the pledges of his inaugural. "If" said the Senator, "he was honest in his promises, how dare he trifle with his official duties, and outrage public opinion by conferring important offices, at home and abroad, on notorious free-soilers and abolitionists?" The Kansas-Nebraska bill, however, changed the Senator's opinion of the President, and ever since he has acted with the Democratic party, although he has never worn its harness. Although he has on several occasions eulogized President Buchanan, he did not hesitate to denounce the message justifying the seizure of William Walker by Commodore Paulding on foreign soil, and he characterized the act as "a usurpation of authority not granted by the Constitution or laws, but in derogation of both."

In advocating the adoption of the Lecompton Constitution Senator Toombs explicitly stated that he was not at all fearful of endangering the interests of the South, neither did he sneer the acts of Northern politicians to sustain her domestic institutions. "The Slave States," said he, "will take care of themselves."

In advocating the acquisition of Cuba Senator Toombs declared that he was not actuated by a desire to add one more Slave State to the Union, or to increase the slave-holding vote in Congress.

"I never," said he, "considered that I held my rights of property by the votes of Senators. It is too feeble a tenure. If I did, I have shown by my votes that I have not feared them. Whenever any State, Minnesota or Oregon, or any other came, no matter where from, if she came on principles which were sufficient, in my judgment, to justify her admission into this great family of nations, I have never refused her the right hand of fellowship. I did not inquire whether she had seventeen or eighteen Free States. If you had fifty it would not alter my vote. The idea of getting one Slave State would have no effect on me. But Cuba has fine ports, and with her acquisition we can make first the Gulf of Mexico, and then the Caribbean Sea, a mare clausum. Probably younger men than you or I will live to see the day when no flag shall float there except by permission of the United States of America. That is my policy. I rose mere with a view to declare my policy for the future, that development, that progress throughout the tropics was the true, fixed, unalterable policy of the nation, no matter what may be the consequences with reference to European Powers."

As a statistician, especially on every subject connected with the revenue and the expenditures of the General Government, Senator Toombs has no superior in Congress. He is thoroughly "posted up" on the tariff and the public lands, as he is on every detail of expense. Never mean, he is the uncompromising enemy of extravagance, and he now protests against it. "Sooth," he says, "true retrenchment is with Congress; others say Congress can do nothing without the Executive. The truth is, the fault is with both; it is with the executive and with the legislative departments. They have both departed far from the true track; they have both encouraged extraordinary, unnecessary, profligate, and many of them corrupt, expenditures."

While opposed to a large standing army, and severe in his criticisms on the supercilious manner in which military men are too apt to speak of civilians, Senator Toombs has ever shown himself the firm friend of an efficient naval force. Opposed to the "right of search," he would not remonstrate against its exercise by the English cruisers, but order our naval officers to "seize or sink the aggressors, and get an explanation afterward." He was an earnest advocate in behalf of the officers struck from the navy list by the action of the retiring board, which he denounced as "the most infamous tribunal that ever disgraced any nation under the sun."

Senator Toombs has always urged that the Post-office Department be made to defray its own expenses; and he went so far last year as to take the responsibility of defeating the Postal Appropriation bill, rather than sanction large items in it of what he considered illegal expense. Indeed, his action in the Senate would imply that he stands clothed with the extraordinary powers given by the conscript fathers of Rome to one of their number, selected to see—"*Ne Respublica detrimentum capiat*;" "that the Commonwealth received no harm."

Senator Toombs remarks in debate about reporters were justly intended for the Senate purveyors of words for the *Globe*, who, "by the word syllable uttered, even on trivial questions of order. Truly did the Senator remark: "Why, Sir, you would have to give a great many persons in this country ten dollars a day to rank the *Globe*. Nobody reads it. I think it is a good burial-place. I do not know a more private place on the face of the earth to put any thing than one corner of the Washington *Globe*; and that is the security of one of the outrages and abuses of Congress. If there was a different system—if the newspapers circulated about the views taken on prominent questions before the country, as they formerly did, the real business of Congress would be before the people, and they would decide on it; but now we bury all in the *Globe*, and from there there is no resurrection. It is harmless, I admit, but expensive; and that is my objection to it."

The personal appearance of Senator Toombs, as

he appears in the Capitol, is that of a demagogue—a leader of the people, not a cosmopolitic statesman. His long black hair hangs in disorder around his massive head, and his stalwart frame is carelessly attired; neither is he remarkable for courteous manners when excited in debate. Regardless of political, of sectional, or of social claims upon him, he speaks what he believes to be THE TRUTH, as a Senator of the Sovereign State of Georgia. Speaking with the inspiration of an improvisator, and with a tongue of fire, he scatters forth his invectives like burning coals upon the heads of his opponents, regardless of what they or the rest of mankind may think.

In the domestic relations of life Senator TOOMBS is said to be the very reverse of what he is before the public. The devoted husband of a most estimable lady, a kind father, a true friend, a hospitable host, and a public-spirited, useful, and charitable citizen, it would seem that "to know him is to love him." His frank bonhomie of manner, his fund of anecdotes gathered at home and abroad, and his originality of ideas, make him a welcome guest wherever he goes, and secure him the personal esteem of even his most bitter political opponents.

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "AFTER DARK," ETC., ETC.

(Printed from advance proof-sheets purchased from the author exclusively for "Harper's Weekly.")

MISS HALCOMBE'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

July 4th. I was so startled by the disturbance in Lemn's face and manner, and so dismayed by the first waking impressions of my dream, that I was not fit to bear the revelation which burst upon me when the name of Anne Catherick passed her lips. I could only stand rooted to the floor, looking at her in breathless silence.

She was too much absorbed by what had happened to notice the effect which her reply had produced on me. "I have seen Anne Catherick! I have spoken to Anne Catherick!" she repeated, as if I had not heard her. "Oh, Marian, I have such things to tell you! Come away—we may be interrupted here—come at once into my room!"

With those eager words she caught me by the hand, and led me through the library to the end room on the ground floor, which had been fitted up for her own especial use. No third person, except her maid, could have any excuse for surprising us here. She pushed me in before her, locked the door, and drew the chintz curtains that hung over the inside.

The strange, stunned feeling which had taken possession of me still remained. But a growing conviction that the complications which had long threatened to gather about her, and to gather about me, had suddenly closed fast round us both, was now beginning to penetrate my mind. I could not express it in words—I could hardly even realize it dimly in my own thoughts. "Anne Catherick!" I whispered to myself, with useless, helpless reiteration—"Anne Catherick!"

Laura drew me to the nearest seat, an ottoman in the middle of the room. "Look!" she said; "look here!" and pointed to the bosom of her dress.

I saw for the first time that the lost brooch was pinned in its place again. There was something real in the sight of it, something real in the touching of it afterward, which seemed to steady the whirl and confusion in my thoughts, and to help me to compose myself.

"Where did you find your brooch?" The first words I could say to her were the words which put that trivial question at that important moment.

"She found it, Marian."

"Where?"

"On the floor of the boat-house. Oh, how shall I begin—how shall I tell you about it! She talked to me so strangely—she looked so fearfully ill—she left me so suddenly—!"

Her voice rose as the tumult of her recollections pressed upon her mind. The inveterate distrust which weighs, night and day, on my spirits in this house, instantly roused me to warn her—just as the sight of the brooch had roused me to question her the moment before.

"Speak low!" I said. "The window is open, and the garden path runs beneath it. Begin at the beginning, Laura. Tell me, word for word, what passed between that woman and you."

"Shall I close the window?" she asked.

"No; only speak low: only remember that Anne Catherick is a dangerous subject under your husband's roof. Where did you first see her?"

"At the boat-house, Marian. I went out, as you know, to find my brooch; and I walked along the path through the plantation, looking down on the ground carefully at every step. In that way I got on, after a long time, to the boat-house; and as soon as I was inside it I went on my knees to look over the floor. I was still searching, with my back to the door-way, when I heard a soft, strange voice, behind me, say, 'Miss Fairlie.'

"Miss Fairlie?"

"Yes—my old name—the dear, familiar name that I thought I had parted with forever. I started up—not frightened, the voice was too kind and gentle to frighten me—but very much surprised. There, looking at me from the door-way, stood a woman whose face I never remembered to have seen before."

"How was she dressed?"

"She had a neat, pretty white gown on, and over it a poor, worn, thin dark shawl. Her bonnet was of brown straw, as poor and worn as the shawl. I was struck by the difference between her gown and the rest of her dress; and also saw that I noticed it. 'Don't look at my bonnet and shawl,' she said, speaking in a quick, breathless, sudden way; 'if I wasn't a poor white, I don't care what I wear. Look at my gown as much as you please; I'm not ashamed of that.' Very strange, was it not? Before I could say any thing to soothe her, she held out one of her hands, and I saw my brooch in it. She was so pleased and so grateful that I went quite close to her to say what I really felt. 'Are you thankful enough to give me one little kindness?' she asked. 'Yes, indeed,' I answered; 'any kindness in my power I shall be glad to show you.' 'Then let me pin your brooch on for you, now I have found it.' Her request was so unexpected, Marian, and she made it with such extraordinary eagerness, that I drew back from her or two, not well knowing what to do. 'Ah!' she said, 'your mother would have let me pin on the brooch.' There was something in her voice and her look, as well as in her mentioning my mother in that unprepared way, which made me ashamed of my distrust. I took her hand with the brooch in it, and put it up gently on the bosom of my dress. 'Do you know my mother?' I said. 'Was it very long ago? have I ever seen you before?' Her hands were busy fastening the brooch: she stopped and pressed them against my breast. 'You don't remember a fine spring day at Limmeridge,' she said, 'and your mother walking down the road that led to the school, with a little girl on each side of her? I have had nothing else to think of since; and I remember it. You were one of the little girls, and I was the other. Pretty, clever Miss Fairlie, and happy Laura Anne Catherick were nearer to each other than they are now!'

"Did you remember her, Laura, when she told you her name?"

"Yes—I remembered your asking me about Anne Catherick at Limmeridge, and your saying that she had once been considered like me."

"What reminded you of that, Laura?"

"*She* reminded me. While I was looking at her, while she was very close to me, it came over my mind suddenly that we were like each other! Her face was pale and thin and weary—but the sight of it startled me, as if it had been the sight of my own face in the glass after a long illness. The discovery—I don't know why—gave me such a shock that I was perfectly incapable of speaking to her for the moment."

"I am afraid she was hurt by it. 'You have not got your mother's face,' she said, 'or your mother's heart. Now I can see's face was dark; and your mother's heart, Miss Fairlie, was the heart of an angel.' I am sure I feel kindly toward you, I said, 'though I may not be able to express it as I ought. Why do you call me Miss Fairlie?' 'Because I love the name of Fairlie, and hate the name of Glyde,' she broke out, violently. I had seen nothing like madness in her face before this; but I fancied I saw it now in her eyes. 'I only thought you might not know I was married,' I said, remembering the wild letter which we got at Limmeridge, and trying to quiet her. She sighed bitterly, and turned away from me. 'Not know you were married?' she repeated. 'I am here *because* you are married. I am here to make atonement to you, before I go to meet your mother in the world beyond the grave.' She drew farther and farther away from me, till she was out of the boat-house—and then she watched and listened for a little while. When she turned round to speak again, instead of coming back, she stopped where she was, looking at me with a hand on each side of the entrance. 'Did you see me at the lake last night?' she said. 'Did you hear me following you in the wood? I have been waiting for days together to speak to you alone—I have left the only friend I have in the world anxious and frightened about me—I have risked being shut up again in the mad-house—and all for your sake, Miss Fairlie, all for your sake.' Her words alarmed me, Marian; and yet there was something in the way she spoke that made me pity her with all my heart. I am sure my pity must have been sincere, for it made me bold enough to ask the poor creature to come in and sit down by the boat-house by my side."

"Did she do so?"

"No. She shook her head, and told me she must stop where she was, to watch and listen, and see that no third person surprised us. And from first to last she has waited at the entrance, with a hand on each side of it; sometimes bending in suddenly to speak to me; sometimes drawing suddenly to look about her. 'I was here yesterday,' she said, 'before it came dark; and I heard you, and the lady with you, talking of me. I heard you tell her about your husband. I heard you say you had no influence to make him believe you, and no influence to make him silent.' Ah! I knew what those words meant; my conscience told me what I was listening. Why did I ever let you marry him? Oh, my poor, proud, nuncle, wicked fear!—" She covered up her face in her gown as she spoke, and moaned and murmured to herself behind it. I began to be afraid she might break out into some terrible despair—but suddenly she tore I could master. 'Try to quiet yourself,' I said; 'try to tell me how you might have prevented my marriage.' She took down her face, and looked at me vacantly. 'I ought to have had heart enough to stop at Limmeridge,' she answered. 'I ought to have had the courage of his coming there to frighten me away. I ought to have warned you and saved you from your fate. Why did I only have courage enough to write you that letter? Why did I only do harm, when I wanted and prayed for good? Oh, my fatal, my mad, miserable, wicked fear!' She repeated those words again, and hid her face again in the end of her gown and her shawl. It was dreadful to see her, and dreadful to hear her."

"Surely, Laura, you asked what the fear was which she called by those earnestly?"

"Yes; I asked that."

"And what did she say?"

"She said she dared not return, if *I* should not be afraid of a man who had shut me up in a madhouse, and who might shut me up again if he could? I said, 'Are you afraid still?' Surely you would not be here if you were afraid now?' 'Yes,' she said, 'I am afraid now.' I asked why not. She suddenly bent forward into the boat-house, and said, 'Can't you guess why?' I shook my head. 'Look at me,' she went on. 'I told her I was grieved to see that she looked very sorrowful and very ill. She smiled for the first time. 'Ill?' she repeated; 'I'm dying. You know why I'm not afraid of him now. Do you think I shall meet your mother in heaven? Will she forgive me if I do?' I was so shocked and so startled that I could make no reply. 'I have been thinking of it,' she went on, 'all the time I have been in hiding from your husband, all the time I lay ill. My thoughts have driven me here—I want to make atonement—I want to undo all I can of the harm I once did.' I begged her as earnestly as I could to tell me what she meant. She still looked at me with fixed, vacant eyes. '*Shall* I undo the harm?' she said to herself, doubtfully. 'You have friends to take your part. If you know his wicked secret, he will be afraid of you; he won't dare use you as he used me. He must treat you mercifully for his own sake, if he is afraid of you and your friends. And if he treats you mercifully, and if I can say it was my doing—' I listened eagerly for more; but she stopped at those words."

"You tried to make her go on?"

"I tried; but she only drew herself away from me again, and leaned her face and arms against the side of the boat-house. 'Oh!' I heard her say, with a dreadful, distracted tenderness in her voice, 'oh! if I could only be buried with your mother! If I could only wake at her side, when the angel's trumpet sounds, and the graves give up their dead at the resurrection!'—Marian! I trembled from head to foot—I was horrible to hear her. 'But there is no hope of that,' she said, moving a little, so as to look at me again; 'no hope for a poor stranger like me. *I* shall not rest under the marble cross that I washed with my own hands, and made so white and pure for her sake. Oh no! oh no! God's mercy, not man's, will take me to her, where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.' She spoke those words quietly and sorrowfully, with a heavy, hopeless sigh; and then waited a little. Her face was confused and troubled; she seemed to be thinking, or trying to think. 'What was it I said just now?' she asked, after a while. 'When your mother is in my mind, every thing else goes out of it. What was I saying? what was I saying?' I reminded the poor creature, as kindly and delicately as I could. 'Ah, yes,' she said, still in a vacant, perplexed manner. 'You are helpless with your wicked husband. Yes. And I must do what I have come to do here—I must make it up to you for having been afraid to speak out at a better time.' 'What is it you have to tell me?' I asked. 'A Secret,' she answered. 'The Secret that your cruel husband is afraid of.' Her face darkened; and a hard, angry state fixed itself in her eyes. She began waving her hand at me in a strange, unmeaning manner. 'My mother knows the Secret,' she said, speaking slowly for the first time; 'weighing every word as she uttered it. 'My mother has wasted and worn away under the Secret half her lifetime. One day, when I was grown up, she told it to me. And your husband knew she told it. Knew to my cost. Ah, you don't know, Laura, what she told it.'"

"Yes! yes! What did she say next?"

"She stopped again, Marian, at that point—"

"And said no more?"

"And listened eagerly. 'Hush!' she whispered, still waving her hand at me. 'Hush!' She moved aside out of the door-way, moved slowly and stealthily, step by step, till I lost her past the edge of the boat-house."

"Surely you followed her?"

"Yes; my anxiety made me hold enough to rise and follow her. Just as I reached the entrance she appeared again, suddenly, round the side of the boat-house. 'The Secret,' I whispered to her—'wait and tell me the Secret!' She put out her left arm and looked at me, with wild, frightened eyes. 'Not now,' she said; 'we are not alone—we are watched. Come here to-morrow at this time—by yourself—mind—by yourself.' She pushed me roughly into the boat-house again, and I saw her no more."

"Oh, Laura, Laura, another chance lost! If I had only been near you she should not have escaped us. On which side did you first sight of her?"

"On the left side, where the ground sinks and the wood is thickest."

"Did you run out again? did you call after her?"

"How could I? I was too terrified to move or speak."

"But when you did move—when you came out—?"

"I ran back here to tell you what had happened."

"Did you see any one or hear any one in the plantation?"

"No; it seemed to be all still and quiet when I passed through it."

There was a moment to consider. Was this third person, supposed to have been secretly present at the interview, a reality or the creature of Anne Catherick's excited fancy? It was impossible to determine. The one thing certain was, that we had failed again on the very brink of discovery—failed utterly and irretrievably, unless Anne Catherick kept her appointment at the boat-house for the next day.

"Are you quite sure you have told me every thing that passed—every word that was said?" I inquired.

"I think so," she answered. "My powers of memory, Marian, are not like yours. But I was so strongly impressed, so deeply interested, that nothing of any importance can possibly have escaped me."

"My dear Laura, the merest trifles are of importance where Anne Catherick is concerned. Think again. Did no chance reference

"NOT NOW," SHE SAID; "WE ARE NOT ALONE—WE ARE WATCHED."

escape her as to the place in which she is living at the present time?"

"None that I can remember."

"Did she not mention a companion and friend —a woman named Mrs. Clements?"

"Oh! yes! yes! I forgot that. She told me Mrs. Clements wanted sadly to go with her to the lake and take care of her, and begged and prayed that she would not venture into this neighborhood alone."

"Was that all she said about Mrs. Clements?"

"Yes, that was all."

"She told you nothing about the place in which she refused to go after leaving Todd's Corner?"

"Nothing—I am quite sure."

"Nor where she has lived since? Nor what her illness had been?"

"No, Herbert, not a word. Tell me, pray tell me, what you think about it. I don't know what to think, or what to do next."

"You must do this, my love: You must carefully keep the appointment at the boat-house to-morrow. It is impossible to say what interests may not attend on your seeking that woman again. You shall not be left to yourself a second time. I will follow you at a safe distance, Nobody shall see me; but I will keep within hearing of your voice if any thing happens. Anne Catherick has escaped Walter Hartright, and has escaped you. Whatever happens she shall not escape me."

Laura's eyes read mine attentively while I was speaking.

"You believe," she said, "in this secret that my husband is afraid of?"

"I do believe in it."

"Anne Catherick's manner, Marian, was wild, her eyes were wandering and vacant, when she said those words. Would you trust her in other things?"

"I trust nothing, Laura, but my own observation of your husband's conduct. I judge Anne Catherick's motive by his actions—and I believe there *is* a secret."

I said no more, and got up to leave the room. Thoughts were crushing me which I might have told her if we had spoken together longer, and which it might have been dangerous for her to know. The influence of the terrible dream from which she had awakened me hung darkly and heavily over every fresh impression which the progress of her narrative produced on my mind. I felt the ominous Future coming close; chilling me with an unutterable awe; forcing on me the conviction of an unseen Design in the long series of complications which had now fastened round us. I thought of Hartright—of the love of him, in the body, when we said farewell; as I saw him, in the spirit, in my dream—and I, too, began to see now where the events were advancing, blindfold, to an appointed and an inevitable End.

Leaving Laura to go up stairs alone, I went out to look about me in the walks near the house. Only a momentary uneasiness under which Catherick had parted from her had made me secretly anxious to know how Count Fosco was passing the afternoon; and had rendered me secretly distrustful of the results of that solitary journey from which Sir Percival had returned but a few hours since.

After looking for them in every direction, and discovering nothing, I returned to the house, and entered the different rooms on the ground-floor, one after another. They were all empty. I came out into the hall, and went up the stairs to return to Laura. Madame Fosco opened her door, as I passed it in my way along the passage; and I stopped to see if she could inform me of the whereabouts of her husband and Sir Percival. Yes, she had seen them both from her window more than an hour since. The Count had looked up with his customary politeness, and had menaced, with his habitual attention to her in the smallest trifles, that he and his friend were going out together for a long walk.

For a long walk! They had never yet been in each other's company with that object in my experience of them. Sir Percival cared for no exercise but riding: and the Count (except when he was polite enough to be my escort) cared for no exercise at all.

When I joined Laura again I found that she had called for me in my absence, the imperiousing question of the signature to the deed, which, in the interest of discussing her interview with Anne Catherick, we had hitherto overlooked. Her first words when I saw her expressed her surprise at the absence of the expected summons from Sir Percival to the library.

"You may make your mind easy on that subject," I said. "For the present, at least, neither your resolution nor mine will be exposed to any further trial. Sir Percival has dropped his plans: the business of the signature is put off."

"Put off?" Laura repeated, amazedly. "Who told you so?"

"My authority is Count Fosco. I believe it is to his interference that we are indebted for your husband's sudden change of purpose."

"It seems impossible, Marian. If the object of my signature, as we suppose, is to obtain money for Sir Percival that he urgently wants, how can the matter be put off?"

"I think, Laura, we have the means at hand of setting that doubt at rest. Have you forgotten the conversation that I heard between Sir Percival and the lawyer, as they were crossing the hall?"

"No; but I don't remember—"

"I do. There were two alternatives proposed. One was to obtain your signature to the parchment. The other was to gain time by giving bills at three months. The last resource is evidently the resource now adopted—and we find fairly hope to be relieved from our share in Sir Percival's embarrassments for some time to come."

"Oh, Marian, it sounds too good to be true!"

"Does it, my love? You complimented me on my ready memory not long since—but you seem to doubt it now. I will get my journal, and you shall see if I am right or wrong."

I went away and got the book at once. On looking back to the entry recording the lawyer's visit, we found that my recollection of the two alternatives presented was accurately correct. It was without a relief to my mind as to Laura's to find that my memory had served me, on this occasion, faithfully as usual. In the perilous uncertainty of our present situation it is hard to say what future interests may depend on trifles in the accuracy of the entries in my journal, and upon the reliability of my recollection at the time when I make them.

Laura's face and manner suggested to me that this last consideration had occurred to her as well as to myself. Any way, it is only a trifling matter; and I am almost ashamed to put it down here in writing—it seems to set the fortunes of my husband and myself at a miserably vivid light. We must have little indeed to depend on, when the discovery that my memory can still be trusted to serve us is useful as if it was the discovery of a new friend!

The first bill for fifteen hundred pounded us as it had done ringing Sir Percival and the Count returned from their walk. We heard the master of the house enter the evening room for being five minutes late; and the master's guest interposing, as usual, in the interests of propriety, "Time, and time!"

* * * * *

The evening has come and gone. No extraordinary event has happened. But I have noticed certain peculiarities in the conduct of Sir Percival and the Count which have caused me a little feeling very anxious and uneasy about Anne Catherick, and about the results which to-morrow may produce.

I know enough by this time to be sure that the aspect of Sir Percival which is the most calm, and, naturally, therefore, the most secret, is his polite aspect. That long walk with his friend had ended in improving his manners, especially where I was concerned. I felt a new surprise, and to my secret alarm, he called her by her Christian name, asked if she had heard locally from her cousin Frederick, and—Vesey was to receive her invitation to Blackwater, and showed her out of the room with a politeness that he almost recalled the days of his hateful courtship at Limmeridge House. This was a bad sign, to begin with. But what I more than ominous still that he should pretend, after dinner, to fall asleep in the drawing-room, and that his eyes should cunningly follow Laura and me when he thought we neither of us suspected him. I have never had any doubt that his suddenly formed intimacy with the Count was meant to harm to question Mrs. Catherick—but the experience of to-night has made me fear that the question was answered in vain, and that he has got the information which he unquestionably left us to collect. If I knew where Anne Catherick was to be found, I would be up to-morrow with sunrise and warn her.

While the master of the house and Sir Percival presented himself to-night was unhappily but too familiar to me, the aspect under which the Count appeared was entirely new. It was entirely new in my experience of him. He permitted me this evening to make his acquaintance, for the first time, in the character of a man of excitement—of sentiment, as I believe, really felt, not assumed for the occasion.

For instance, he was quiet and subdued; his eyes and his voice expressed a restrained sensibility. His dress, for the first time, was some hidden connection between his shoveled hat and his deepest feeling: the most magnificent waistcoat he had yet appeared in, was relieved by a sea-green silk, and delicately trimmed with fine silver braid. His voice sank into the tenderest inflections. He was assiduous in attending to Mr. Fatherly admiration, whenever he spoke to Laura or to me. He pressed his wife's hand under the table when I proposed to her to retire with Laura at dinner-time. He took wine with her. "Your health and happiness, my angel!" he said, with fond, pathetic emphasis, "is all I drink or nothing; and sighed, and said, "Good Percival!" when Sir Percival drank to him. After dinner he took Laura by the hand, and asked her if she would be "so sweet as to play to him." She complied—and he listened attentively. Not, mat by the piano, with his watch-chain resting in folds, like a golden serpent, on the sea-green protuberance of his waistcoat. His immense head lay languidly on one side; and he gently beat time with two of his yellow-white fingers. He highly rewarded Laura's performance. He admired Laura's manner of playing—not as poor Hartright used to praise it, with an innocent enjoyment of the sweet sounds, but with a more cultivated, practical knowledge of the merits of the composition, in the first place, and of the merits of the player's touch, in the second. As the evening closed in he begged that the lively spring light might be left, because it "lighted up the appearance of the lamps. He came, with his horribly silent tread, to the distant window at which I was standing, to be out of his way and to avoid the very sight of him—he came to ask me to support his protest against the lamps. If any one of them could only have burned him up at that moment I would have gone down to the kitchen and fetched it myself.

"Surely you like this modest, trembling English twilight?" he said, softly. "Ah! I love it. I feel my labors exhilaration of all that is noble and great and good purified by the breath of Heaven, on an evening like this. Nature has such imperishable charms, such inextinguishable tenderness for me!—I am an old, fat man; talk which would become your lips, Miss Halcombe, sounds like a derision and a mockery on mine. It is hard to be laughed at in my moments of sentiment, as if my soul was like myself, old and overgrown. Observe, dear lady, what a light is dying on the trees! Does it penetrate your heart as it penetrates mine?"

He pointed, as he spoke, to the reappearance of famous lines of Dante on the Evening-time with a melody and tenderness which added a charm of their own to the delicate beauty of the poetry itself.

"Ah!" he cried suddenly, as the last cadence of those noble Italian words died away on his lips; "I make an old fool of myself, and only weary you. Let us look at the moon window in our bosoms and get back to the matter-of-fact world. Percival! I sanction the admission of the lamps. Lady Clare—Mrs. Vesey's brother's eldest daughter, my good wife—which of you will indulge me with a game at dominoes?"

He addressed us all three, but looked especially at Laura. She had learned to feel my dread of offending him, and she accepted his proposal. It was more than I could have done at that moment. I could not have sat down at the same table with him for any consideration. His eyes seemed to me to be positively soul though this thickening obscurity of the twilight. His voice trembled under every nerve in my body, and turned me hot and cold alternately. The mystery and terror of my dream, which had haunted me, at intervals, through the evening, now oppressed my mind with an unendurable foreboding and an unutterable awe. I saw the white figure again, with the veiled woman sitting out of it by Hartright's side. The thought of Laura walled up like a spring in the depths of my heart, and filled it with waters of bitterness, never, never known to it before. I caught her by the hand as she passed me on her way to the table, and kissed her on the right wrist to part us for ever. While they were all gazing at me in astonishment, I opened the nearest window which was open before me to the ground—ran out to hide from them in the darkness; to hide even from myself.

We separated that evening later than usual. Toward midnight the sultry silence was broken by the shuddering of a low, melancholy wind among the trees. We all felt the sudden chill in the atmosphere; and the Count was the first to notice the stealthy rising of the wind. He stopped while he was lighting my candle for me, and held up a hand warningly.

"Listen!" he said. "There will be a change to-morrow."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, March 19, in the Senate various unimportant matters were disposed of. Mr. Hammond offered his resolutions to commit Theddeus Hyatt to jail until he consents to answer the questions of the Harper's Ferry Investigating Committee. Debate ensued, in which Senators Hammond (S. C.), Fessenden (Me.), Hale (N. H.), Simmons (R. I.), Crittenden (Ky.), Pearce (Md.), Davis (Miss.), and Mason (Va.), participated, when the resolutions were adopted—Yeas 44, Nays 10. The Senate then went into Executive session and soon after the doors were opened Mr. Washburn (Wis.) offered a preamble and resolution, setting forth that the Governor-elect of Florida had been appointed upon the Menemenne Indians, and asking for a select Committee of investigation. Mr. Clingman (N. C.) reported a resolution from the Committee on Elections, requiring Mr. Broderick to appear before the Committee at once, and to serve on Mr. S., within ten days, a particular statement of the grounds upon which he claims his seat. Mr. from a minority of the Committee, submitted a minority report; pending which the Senate (P. V.) went up a resolution about the reception of the Seventh Regiment. The House refused to receive the report of the Committee. Mr. Lovejoy (Ill.) called up his motion to reconsider the vote by which the Committee of Ways and Means was referred to the Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union. Lamarsh, and the following Republicans: Messrs. Curtis, Morrill (Vt.) endeavored to introduce a bill from the Committee of Ways and Means, providing for the payment of outstanding Treasury notes, authorizing a loan, and regulating and fixing the duties on imports. The preamble (Miss.) objected, and the House refused to suspend the rules—Ayes 97, Noes 114; not two-thirds.

On Tuesday, March 13, in the Senate, after various routine bills, etc., Mr. Bigler (Penn.) offered a Senate Toombs (Ga.), establishing uniform proceedings relative to land claims in California. Mr. Bigler, Mr. Latham, Mr. Wilson (Mass.) submitted a resolution, directing an inquiry as to the expediency of establishing a branch for the suppression of the African slave-trade has been exhausted, and recommending legislation in accordance on the subject. Senator Thomas objected, and the resolution was laid over. In the House, after the usual resolutions till Thursday, by Yeas 31 to Nays 22. The Court of Claims Bill was taken up. The bill was then discussed and amended somewhat, when it was passed—Yeas 34, Nays 10.——On Wednesday (2nd) Mr. Hunter reported the bill settling proposals for carrying the Pacific and Atlantic mails by the Isthmus. After some discussion the bill was passed. Mr. Adams (Ky.) reported a bill to establish mail routes in Kentucky. Mr. Simmons (R. I.) Mr. A. also reported adversely upon the bill providing for the erection of a monument to Commodore Perry, which was laid on the table. Mr. Sherman (Ohio) selected leave to report a bill to provide for the public Means a bill to provide for the redemption of outstanding Treasury notes, authorizing a loan and regulating and fixing duties on imports. Mr. Cobb (Ala.) objected. Mr. Sherman moved to suspend the rules—Ayes 97, Noes 114; not two-thirds. Mr. M'Queen (S. C.) removed the objection. Discussion ensued, in which Messrs. Sherman and Cobb took part, and the bill was finally postponing an increased tariff. The matter was then referred to the Committee of Ways and Means. Mr. Sherman moved to take up the bill for the appointment of the Consular and Diplomatic expenses. Mr. Pryor (Ga.) moved to lay the motion on the table—Yeas 99, Nays 114; not two-thirds. Mr. Kellogg (Ill.) and Mr. M'Clernand (Ill.) made long personal explanations of no public interest.

On Wednesday, March 14, in the Senate, after various minor matters, the Military Academy bill was taken up, and Senator Wigfall's (Texas) amendment, making an appropriation for the defense of the frontier of Texas, was adopted. Senator Hale (N. H.) moved an amendment providing that the acceptance of the regiment of mounted volunteers, under the act of April 7, 1858, be left optional with the Lieutenant-General. Rejected—Yeas 18, Nays 34. An attempt to reduce the term of study from five years to four also failed. The bill was then passed—Yeas 41, Nays 11. The bill for the protection of female emigrant passengers on ships was passed, and the Senate adjourned.——In the House, Mr. Hickman (Pa.) reported from the Judiciary Committee a bill establishing a paper circulation, upon a basis of uniform value, throughout the United States. It proposes that for all deposits of gold, silver, and bullion there shall be issued certificates to circulate as currency. The bill was referred to the Committee on Commerce. Mr. Hickman reported a resolution directing the inquiry into the necessity for further legislation for the protection of citizens going from one State into another to engage in private business. Mr. M'Queen (S. C.) expressed a desire to have an amendment to the resolution, and the matter was passed over. Mr. Hickman also reported from the Judiciary Committee a bill to amend the acts which were adopted, directing an inquiry into and report upon the authority for employing the army as a posse comitatus as to the legality of slavery in Territories; the propriety of paying the claims of the Seminole and other Indians for their legislation is necessary relative to the rendition of fugitives from service or labor, and also to report a bill for the consistent for a seat in the House shall be paid a salary of three thousand dollars, and limited to a seat. The House then took up the Consular and Diplomatic Bill. An amendment was adopted, appropriating $10,000 for the completion of the boundary survey between the British possessions and Washington Territory. The bill was then laid aside, to take up that making appropriation for the support of the Army for the Department. Mr. Corry (Ala.) spoke in defence of slavery, as also Mr. Vance (N. C.), Mr. Lovejoy (Ill.), and Mr. Kilfinger (Pa.) with whom the House adjourned.

On Thursday, March 15, in the Senate, the resolution of Senator Mason, instructing the Committee on Foreign Relations to inquire what legislation may be needed to carry out treaty stipulations with China, Burmah, and Siam, was adopted. The bill incorporating the National Gallery and School of Arts was introduced by Senator Wilson (Mass.). The order of the day was the bill providing for the enlargement of the Louisville and Portland Canal, and for the construction of a branch. When it was taken up, Senator Wade, of Ohio, presented resolutions in favor of the project. Senator Bright procured the adoption of an amendment that when the Canal and branch shall be finished and paid for from the tolls received, the tolls shall be reduced to a point merely sufficient to keep the improvement in repair. Senator Toombs (Ga.) regarded the whole concern as one with which Government had nothing to do. Conference was then spoken, and the bill was finally passed.——In the House, the Indian and the Army appropriation bills were taken up, and after considerable debate the Army bill was passed. The greater part of the day was spent in that body in the discussion of the Whole standing amendments to the rules. Some discussion occurred on the question whether the Committee of Ways and Means, entrusted with amendments by the Senate, should be referred to the Committee of Ways and Means, or to the Military Committee. Without settling the point the House adjourned.

On Friday, March 16, in the Senate, communications were received from the President reporting the state of the Rio Grande frontier, and from the Secretary of the Treasury giving information in regard to our commerce with the British Provinces. The bill relative to Nations. An amendment was offered, as amended, and after some length, without final action. Private bills were then taken up, and a number of them passed. The executive session the Nicaragua Treaty was under review. After the addition of an amendment or two it was rejected.——The House devoted the day to the revival of its rules.

AFFAIRS ON THE RIO GRANDE.

Official advices from the War Department from army officers state that the troubles on the Rio Grande may be regarded as at an end. Cortinas, the Mexican Texan bandit, has given up the contest and retired into the interior of Mexico. These Mexican troubles, however, are restless fellows, and it would not be surprising if Cortinas should break out in a fresh place at any moment.

THE JAPANESE EMBASSY.

The Japanese embassy to this country, which was to have left Jeddo on the 21st of February for Washington, consists of seventy persons. They were expected to arrive at San Francisco on the United States steamer Roanoke about the 1st of March. Orders had been received at the Navy Yard, Mare Island, to have the Navy-yard dock in readiness in which to repair the *Powhatan*, before completing the voyage to Japan with her distinguished passengers *en route* to Washington.

THE VOYAGE TO AND TO THE PACIFIC.

The *Herald* correspondent telegraphs:

"An earnest and probably successful effort is making by the Government to secure the aid of the leading telegraph gentlemen of the country, to insure the prompt completion of the proposed line of telegraph from the Mississippi River to San Francisco. There are now present in the city, for consultation upon this subject, Hiram Sibley, Esq., President of the Western Union Telegraph Company; Mr. Creighton, Esq., President of the American Telegraph Company; T. R. Walker, Esq., President of the New Orleans and Ohio Company; Mr. Ellsworth, President of the Mississippi and Louisville Company; Judge Caldwell, of Kentucky; Mr. Patton, Esq., of Nashville; Mr. Cyrus W. Field, Esq., of New York; Ezra Cornell, Esq., of Ithaca, New York.

"Nearly all the Presidents of the various telegraph companies interested in the United States are here, looking after the bill before the Senate for a line of telegraph to the Pacific. The Government has a great pecuniary interests in behalf of this measure that it is likely to fail to the passage of these telegraph bills think that while they are asking aid from Government, they ought to have the line for the money the Government pays per annum instead of fifty. One, however, stands about as good as chance of passing Congress as the other. Congress will not appropriate a dollar for any such purpose."

THE CENSUS OF 1860.

He adds:

"Instructions for marshals and assistants in taking the census are being prepared. The appropriation from those of 1850 will be slight. A compliance with the recommendations of New York Chamber of Commerce, regarding commercial statistics, is not deemed practicable. The Government has no information about commerce is fully appreciated by the Census Bureau, but no method of collecting what which is valuable through the census, has been discovered. The multiplicity of exchanges which a single manufactured article undergoes in the course of sale, re-sale, and transportation from one end of the Union to the other, renders an accurate computation of the value of domestic commerce impossible. It is estimated that the cost of the census will exceed that which was paid before Congress next session, so that an appropriation must be made and passed at once. Nothing, we will not be in season to act upon the rolls for the Thirty-seventh Congress. The Census Bureau expects to have them elected previous to the commencement of the next session, but the returns from those States whose Legislatures meet biennially to apportion their districts for the next Congress before the members of the Thirty-eighth Congress are elected."

VIRGINIA DECLINES TO STEP OUT OF THE RINK.

The following resolutions have passed both houses of the Virginia Legislature by large votes:

"Resolved, by the General Assembly, That we have received with deep sensibility the commiseration which South Carolina and Mississippi have made to the authorities of this Commonwealth, through their Commissioners, Hon. C. G. Memminger and Hon. F. B. Starke, and we hail with lively gratification the renewed manifestations of that fraternal affection which has hitherto characterized, and we trust will always continue to characterize, the relations of South Carolina and Mississippi with Virginia.

"Resolved, That we perform a pleasing duty in recording and communicating to the authorities of South Carolina and Mississippi our high appreciation of the ability, dignity, and courtesy with which their Commission-

ers have discharged the important duties of their mission.

"Resolved, That the present General Assembly of Virginia, recognizing in our present relations with non-slaveholding States an imperative necessity for decisive measures, does not yet distrust the capacity of the Southern States, by a wise and firm exercise of their reserved powers, to protect the rights and liberties of the people, and to preserve the federal Union. For this purpose we earnestly desire the concurrent action of the Southern States. But the General Assembly respectfully submit, for the consideration of South Carolina and Mississippi, and all our sister States of the South, that efficient co-operation will be more safely had by such direct legislative action of the several States as may be necessary and proper, than through the agency of any assemblage which can exercise no legislative power except to debate and advise.

"Resolved, therefore, That in the opinion of the General Assembly it is inexpedient to appoint deputies to the conference proposed by South Carolina and Mississippi.

"Resolved, That the Governor of this Commonwealth be requested to communicate the foregoing resolutions to the Governors of the States of South Carolina and Mississippi, and to the Governors of each of the other slaveholding States.

"Resolved, That the President of the Senate and the Chairman of the House of Delegates transmit to Hon. C. G. Memminger and Hon. P. B. Starke a copy of the foregoing resolutions."

WHERE WILL THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION BE HELD?

The *Herald* correspondent says: "The subject of changing the place for holding the Democratic Convention to some other city is still agitated; but as the Cincinnati Convention fixed the place, and only left the National Committee the power to fix the time of holding it, it is a question whether the committee have the power to change the place. It is understood that some Richmond gentlemen arrived here to-day and tendered the committee the use of the large African church in which to hold their convention; but no official action has yet been taken on the subject. The Charleston hotel speculators will not make much out of the California and Oregon delegations, as they have made arrangements to take with them tents and camp equipage, furnished them by the War Department for the purpose, and will take to a field and enjoy themselves in real border life style.

"A prominent member of the National Democratic Executive Committee thus replies to an inquiry as to changing the place for holding the National Democratic Convention:

"There is a good deal said seriously about it, much pressure for it, and if continued, the committee may be called together to consider it.

"From this the fact is apparent that there is no determination yet on the subject."

NEW DISCOVERIES IN CALIFORNIA.

The mining news from all parts of California is very glowing; new discoveries, of quicksilver, silver, gold, and cinnabar, were almost an everyday occurrence, besides other developments of mineral wealth peculiar to that State.

ELECTION IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

The general election took place in New Hampshire on the 13th. The returns indicate a slight Republican gain, Goodwin, the Republican candidate for Governor, leading Cate, the Democratic, by nearly 5000 votes.

A DINNER AT SENATOR SEWARD'S.

A lady correspondent of the *Tribune* writes: "A dinner which I attended at Senator Seward's may serve as an illustration of the style on such occasions. At 6 o'clock we were set down at his residence; found a number of the guests already assembled—the others arriving not long after. A formal presentation to the gentleman who is to be your escort to the dining-room takes place; you have a pleasant chit-chat in the drawing-room, during which time, according to etiquette, you remain standing; you are then led into the dining-room; a waiter in white gloves meets you at the door, designates your seat, where you find your name attached to the napkin placed by your plate. The host then mentions the names of his guests, to see if they are properly seated. Turtle-soup is then served; the other courses in regular order, seventeen in number—the plates being changed for each course; wine-glasses, five in number, of different size, form, and color, indicating the different wines to be served. The meats are carved by the head cook, in a separate apartment, and, being placed in silver dishes, are handed to you by a waiter in white gloves always at your left hand.

"Upon entering the dining-room you perceive the table laid with perfect taste, containing the confectionery and conserves for the grand finale; beautiful pyramids of iced fruits, oranges, French kisses, etc., all beautiful to look at, but dangerous unless your digestive organs are stronger than mine.

"You are conducted back into the parlor in the same manner that you entered—when coffee is served and liquors of different kinds. A short time is spent in conversation, when the guests one by one begin to leave.

A RECEPTION AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

"Yesterday (March 10) we drove to the White House, desiring a better opportunity than we had when last there to look around, it being Miss Lane's reception-day. After handing in our cards to a waiter at the door, we were ushered into the presence of the ladies in the great reception-room, among whom was Miss Lane, to whom we were presented in due form. We found her a very agreeable woman, dressed in fine taste, and, upon the whole, rather handsome—not at all stiff, and possessing the faculty of making one feel at ease, which is, after all, the greatest of social accomplishments. A few moments having passed in a pleasant chat, we were reminded by the arrival of other guests that we had consumed the time which belonged to us, and then took our leave.

AT MRS. SLIDELL'S.

"Next we proceeded to Mrs. Senator Slidell's, who is, I believe, the most *recherché* of fashionable ladies. After a process of introduction similar to that already described, we found ourselves in the presence of the lady of the house and her two daughters. Mrs. S.'s dress consisted of a lilac silk, flounced, and bound with white velvet, sleeves short and slashed with lace, an ornamental comb in her hair. This was the *tout ensemble* of this gay, *distingué* Madam. I judged from her foreign accent, as well as from the vivacity of her manners, that she must be French. A table richly laid with a great variety of comestibles next claimed our attention; then came the final leaving-taking—stiff courtesy, and a winding up by placing our cards upon a silver waiter, handed to us by a servant in livery, when we stepped once more into the open air, and congratulated ourselves that so much had been done."

AN UNFORGIVING PAPA.

The will of John G. Boker, the father-in-law of John Dean, the coachman, who eloped with "his own Mary Ann" about three years ago, was offered for probate in the Surrogate's Court last week. The testator leaves all his property, consisting of a considerable amount of real and personal estate, to his wife, to be divided after her death into four parts, which are to be distributed among four of his children. One clause cuts "Mary Ann" off, however, from the share she was to have had when the testament was framed—the deceased even mentioning his desire to have her name entirely obliterated from his will.

BANK-NOTES FLYING DOWN STREET.

We read in the Milwaukie *Wisconsian*, March 3: "A little before two o'clock this afternoon, an accident of a most singular and exciting description happened at the banking-office of Armstrong, Spink, & Co., on the north-east corner of East Water and Huron Streets, in Cross' building. The wind has been blowing a perfect hurricane at times to-day, and at this time, just as a person was entering the banking-office, a tremendous gust of wind came up, and the door being open, a current of wind rushed in and burst through the windows on the Huron Street side, which forming a vent hole for the wind, it poured in tremendously, bursting in the front windows also, and completely gutting out the office almost instantly, sending the money and papers lying on the counters flying down Huron Street, while the large glass windows were broken into a thousand pieces, and the curtains flapped from their fixtures and were slit into shreds, while people were rushing out from adjoining stores and shops on hearing the din and clatter, fearful lest some terrible accident was happening.

"It is impossible to tell how much money was blown away, but probably several hundred dollars, besides some valuable business papers, etc. Boys and men went scrambling down Huron Street after such as they could get hold of, and in a few minutes half of the Third ward almost was out hunting up stray one, five, or ten dollar bills, as the case might be. Much of the money has been returned by honest finders, but still a good deal has been carried off by boys and others who found it, and will probably be salted down by the finders.

"We never saw a place scooped out more instantaneously and completely than was this. Almost every thing in the office was swept out into the streets, and the place was made a perfect wreck. There were five large windows, all of which were smashed to smithereens. A few individuals were slightly cut by the glass, and as the contents of the office were whisked out into the street some teams passing at the time got frightened and ran away."

PERSONAL.

W. D. Shipman, Esq., has been appointed Judge of the United States District Court for Connecticut in the place of Judge Ingersoll, recently deceased. Mr. Shipman has been for some time Attorney for the Connecticut District, he having been placed in that position, we believe, by President Pierce. He resides at East Haddam on the Connecticut River.

Piccolomini is married. She sang one morning at the Crystal Palace, and left on the next for Dublin, where the knot was tied. The happy possessor of the fascinating singing-bird is an Italian Prince, a Roman by birth, and a relative of one of the Cardinals. He does not, as in many instances, marry for the round sum realized by the vocalist, but is a man of some fortune—for Italy.

General Whitney, the new Collector of Boston, was formerly Superintendent of the Springfield Armory. Last Saturday evening the workmen of that establishment presented him with an elegant set of silver ware—a pitcher and five goblets—valued at $300.

A pardon arrived in St. Louis on the 2d instant from President Buchanan for Marcus A. Wolff, who was sentenced to the penitentiary about four years ago, for a term of five years, upon a charge of forging land warrants. The case will be remembered by many as one in which a good deal of interest was felt at the time. It is supposed that the brothers Wetmore, who were concerned in the same affair, will also be pardoned.

The Princess Clothilde is not very pretty, but she speaks fluently five languages, and is a thorough Greek and Latin scholar; is well acquainted with the works of all the ancient and modern poets, and is particularly fond of quoting Shakspeare. Her character, in spite of her extreme youth, is very firm—this her face indicates. The Empress Eugénie is very fond of this her young relative.

The health of Chief Justice Taney was so much improved that he was able to attend a consultation on Saturday. He expects to resume his seat on the bench next week, after the present brief recess. He is now eighty-four years old.

Captain Jeremiah Holmes, the renowned gunner of Stonington, who periled his life to save the place from pillage and fire, and his courageous wife who fired the first gun at the news of peace on the east branch of Mystic River, celebrated their golden wedding at Mystic Bridge, Connecticut, March 8. The first table was surrounded with more than a score of venerable persons, the average age of each of whom was seventy-one years. The venerable couple were made the recipients of numerous and valuable presents.

By the Memphis papers we notice that Miss Jenny Stanley, who is playing a winter engagement at Memphis, had a narrow escape from death from strangling a few evenings ago. She was performing the part of Cordelia, in "King Lear," and in the act in which she is supposed to be hanged, she is brought in upon the stage by Lear with a rope around her neck. During the scene the rope became entangled, and when the curtain dropped she was found to be so far strangled as to be insensible, and it was some minutes before she could be restored to consciousness.

The Court *Journal* says that there is not the slightest foundation for the announcement, copied from the Dutch papers, of the approaching marriage of the Prince of Orange with an illustrious British Princess.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE NEW REFORM BILL.

LORD J. RUSSELL has introduced in the House of Commons a Reform Bill. It extends the elective franchise to ten-pound occupancies in counties, and six pounds in boroughs. Twenty-five of the smallest boroughs are to have one instead of two members, and the seats thus gained are to be distributed between the most populous counties, and the boroughs of Ireland and Scotland get two additional members each. A corresponding reduction is made in the franchise, but the present representation is not to be disturbed. The Liberal journals are not satisfied with the measure.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

A regular meeting of the Atlantic Telegraph Company has been held in London. The report of the Board of Directors states that the endeavors which have been made for some months back to raise the funds for the necessary additional cable have resulted in a subscription of £70,000. The Board, however, are disposed to defray from their own means the expenses of keeping the Company in existence for a further period. A Committee was constituted by the Board of Trade some time back to report on Deep-Sea Telegraphs, and the conclusion arrived at will shortly be laid before Parliament. The Chairman and officers of the Atlantic Telegraph Company were among its members, and the belief is that the information acquired is such as to demonstrate that works of this character are much easier of accomplishment than the most sanguine have hitherto supposed them to be. The Board have likewise been encouraged by these investigations to attempt the recovery of the cable and its restoration to working order. £2000 will be required for this purpose; but in the worst event a considerable portion of this amount will be repaid by the quantity of cable picked up. It is accordingly proposed to offer the £20 shares remaining unissued, giving to the subscribers a lien on the proceeds of all the cable that may be saved, and the privilege, in case of success, of receiving gratuitously another £20 share fully paid up. The balance sheet of the Company shows the funds on hand to be only £393. The total expenditures have been £466,658.

The Atlantic Telegraph Company adopted the report of the Board of Directors, and agreed to raise £20,000 to make the attempt to resuscitate the cable, or recover as much of it as possible.

AABRYLET.

The Liverpool *Albion*, of the 18th of February, says: "In a conversation recently between her Majesty and Lord Palmerston, the French treaty was warmly discussed, and somewhat too earnestly pressed upon her Majesty, who evidently disliked the style of the colloquy. It is said that the Queen, handing Lord Palmerston a slip of paper with these letters, 'AABRYLET,' desired his lordship to form them into one word, which would aptly convey her Majesty's views on the question of the treaty. Your readers shall have the word next week."

FRANCE.

OPENING OF THE LEGISLATURE.

The French Legislature opened on the 1st inst. The Emperor's speech promises every effort for the maintenance of peace; rejoices at the amicable relations with all the European Powers, and hopes for a speedy peace with Cochin China, and the just chastisement of the Chinese for their perfidy. The Emperor also hopes that the Italian affairs are approaching a settlement, and says that he has advised the King of Sardinia that Tuscany must not be annexed, but that the wishes of the other Italian provinces may be entertained, provided the rights of the Holy See are respected in principle.

The safety of the French frontiers, he adds, requires the annexation of Savoy, and he hopes that frank explanations of the question will cause the great Powers to recognize the justice of the claim. He professes astonishment at the agitation of the Catholic world, and points to his efforts on behalf of the Pope. The French army has been reduced by 150,000 men, and would be further reduced but for the Chinese war and the Italian occupation. He concludes by referring to the new free-trade policy, and predicting the most favorable results.

The speech produced a slight depression on the Paris Bourse.

The English journals protest against the annexation of Savoy.

A BALL AT THE TUILERIES.

The *Herald* correspondent writes: "A grand ball has been given at the Tuileries, which did not terminate till three in the morning. The number of persons present was estimated between four and five thousand. It did not differ in any respect from those which I have so often described. There was the usual throng of uniforms, of gay toilets jammed to death, the usual squeeze into the room on the left of the grand staircase, where tea, coffee, chocolate, ices of every variety, and cakes in abundance, not forgetting that much-prized luxury of the French, rum punch, hot and cold, and the usual round of the Emperor, preceded by the unmeaning face of his grand chamberlain, the Duke de Nassau. To give rarity to it, the Emperor accosted a young man with his empty sleeve pinned to his breast. 'Where did you lose your arm?' said his Majesty. 'At Solferino,' was the reply. 'What reward have you received?' 'None, Sire.' 'Send in your name to me to-morrow, and we will see what can be done.'"

THE PRINCE IMPERIAL AS AN INTERCESSOR.

He adds:

"The Prince Imperial has already begun his *rôle* of a merciful intermediator between the law and the execution. Yesterday the sentinels on either side of the Arch of Triumph, which conducts from the Place du Carousal to the Palace of the Tuileries, were so remiss as to allow a carriage to pass under it which did not contain the sacred person of the monarch of France—such privilege being permitted only to him. The Captain of the Voltigeurs who happened to be on guard immediately ordered both sentinels to be placed under arrest. As his orders were in process of execution, the Prince Imperial drove up, and seeing the mournful looks of the unfortunate soldiers, he appealed to the Captain to temper justice with mercy—in a word, he entreated that the sentries might be pardoned, because 'he did not like to see soldiers punished.' Of course he was successful."

ITALY.

THE CARNIVAL AT ROME.

A dispatch to London says that the Pope is said to be ready to make concessions. Letters dated Rome, Saturday, February 18, state:

"The past week has been the Carnival week, in consequence of which some unusual excitement had occurred. The enthusiasm, however, has been confined chiefly to the Americans and English who were in Rome at the time. This is owing to the fact that on account of the disturbed state of political affairs the Romans will not participate in the gayeties. They may also be influenced by a threat which it is generally understood has been made by the Italians against those of their people who may be seen joining in the festival.

"There has been some fear lest the Carnival should be the means of exciting the people and stirring them up to revolution. The French Commander-in-Chief of the army of occupation therefore stationed a strong line of soldiers from one end of the Corso to the other, who were directed to stand ready to fire upon the people, should appearances render it necessary for the officer in command to give such an order. Nothing, however, of a tragical nature occurred except the killing of four men who were employed to start and stop the horses in the race. The few Romans whose interests obliged them to remain in the Corso might have been seen looking gloomily upon the Carnival, while many others left the city or remained in the environs."

A SPEECH BY THE POPE.

At the annual meeting of the Roman University, on 14th ult., the Pope made a speech. After the usual ceremonies, his Holiness tendered his foot to the kisses of all persons present; he then stood up, and answered, in Italian, these words:

"I gladly accept, gentlemen, the feelings which I feel (*sic*) expressed in your address—both those which refer to your duties as instructors of youth, and those which you express toward our person. As to the former, I advise you to abide with firmness by your resolutions; for the others, I thank you. Certainly our position is at this present moment exceptional. The present disposition of our youth gives us great cause to fear, as they are, indeed, too prone to seduction. Those who venture upon this are not many, it is true; but they are free and bold (*sic*), and by their evil arts they lead the inexperienced into their own way. I have no more to tell you—nay (*sic*), will tell you that I have read in a certain paper a sentence which has attracted my attention, and has pleased me much. This is it: that the political funerals of the Popes breathe an air of life. Yes, certainly, instructed by the history of our predecessors, I have found out that this sentence is true. I add, that that spirit of prayer which is so universally aroused among the Catholics is also the work of God, and we may, therefore, confidently trust that no greater evils will oppress us. What has occurred in this place (alluding to the riot among the students) is an event which I do not wish to recall to mind—nay, I will not speak of it. I wish, however, to tell you, that before leaving home (*sic*) I have received some information which has greatly consoled me. In a second-rate Italian town which has gone asunder from the Pontifical dominions, and where a high-school exists—you understand me, Bologna—some good priests have celebrated a mass according to the intention (mark well!) of the Holy Father. The fact being brought to the knowledge of those young men (the students), they have clubbed their money to have other masses said to this same holy purpose. I do not say this to induce you to follow their example—oh, no! I say it only to tell you of my great satisfaction, since prayer is what we must principally rely upon; and I am certain that the prayers of so many Catholics throughout the world will not be unfruitful before the Lord, whose blessing I invoke upon you. Benedictus," etc.

HIS TEST OF HUMAN FITNESS FOR SELF-GOVERNMENT.

The London *Times* (February 22) Florence correspondent furnishes the following anecdote regarding his Holiness, which is considered authentic:

"A few days ago he was walking out of the Porta Angelica, preceded and followed by his Noble Guards, accompanied by two Monsignori. He was conversing with these prelates on various matters, when he stopped short before an old countryman who was kneeling on the high road, soliciting his blessing. 'Are you a Christian?' asked the Pope; and as the poor fellow, all taken aback, was dumb, the question was again and again repeated, with sharp eagerness. 'Please your Holiness, I am' ('*Santo Padre, sì*'), at last stammered out the countryman. 'Do you know the Ten Commandments?' pursued the apostolical catechist. '*Santo Padre, sì*,' was again the answer; whereupon the Pontiff bade him tell them one by one. The poor dumbfounded fellow tried one or two, then jumped over to the fifth or sixth, perceived his mistake, and his confusion became worse confounded, till he fairly broke. The Pope then walked on with his suite, and said, triumphantly, 'Let the people learn God's Commandments by heart, and then they will be fit for independence.'"

PLEASANT STATE OF THINGS IN VENICE.

The circular of the Governor of Venetia states that all persons who, from their previous conduct and known opinions, might seem capable of entertaining projects hostile to Austria, are to be compelled to enter the military service, and be incorporated in companies of discipline. The military authorities are to be the sole judges of the propriety of enrolling any persons denounced. The local authorities are ordered to send in a list of suspected persons by the 5th of March.

GARIBALDI'S MARRIAGE.

The London correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian*, referring to Garibaldi's marriage, states that on the morning of the wedding, the General received information as to the antecedents of his bride, which led to a long and stormy interview with her father, and to his subsequent departure. He has not since rejoined his wife, and an Austrian report says that the General has applied to the Pope for a dispensation from his marriage vows."

The *Gazette de Lausanne* gives the following, taken from a Lucerne journal: "The young wife of Garibaldi has arrived at Lucerne, in company with an adjutant of her husband. The officer being challenged to a duel by the General, replied to it by flight."

SPAIN.

PROGRESS OF THE WAR.

The *Correspondencia Autographa* mentions that Marshal O'Donnell had remitted to the Moors the following bases for the conclusion of peace. Possession of all the territory conquered, including Tetuan; an indemnity of 200,000 reals; an engagement to respect the Catholic religion; and commercial stipulations favorable to Spain. A delay terminating on the 23d was granted for a reply. It was doubtful if the Moors would accept the terms.

A majority of the Madrid journals were opposed to the conclusion of peace, and demanded the occupation of Tangiers.

The correspondent of the London *Times* at the seat of war writes that the opinion there was that the Spanish Government would not show itself deficient in generosity, and that the war was as good as over.

The Moorish loss in the battle of the 4th was estimated at 1000. Upon their defeat the Arabs committed great excesses, and could not be restrained, although 16 were put to death on the spot.

Muley Abbas, with his defeated force, was half-way between Tetuan and Tangiers.

At the latest date no reply had been received to the conditions of peace, and O'Donnell was preparing further operations.

THE BRITISH PROVINCES.

THE LAST FROM THE "HUNGARIAN."

We read in the Yarmouth (Nova Scotia) *Tribune*:

"The ill-fated steamship is reported to have been seen by a coasting vessel, off Liverpool, about 6 P.M. on Sunday, 19th ult., apparently steering N.N.W., which, unless she were at a distance of at least twenty-five miles from the coast, must have been nearly four points off her true course. At three o'clock on the following morning a man named Barry Nickerson, residing on Cape Sable, descried, exactly in the direction of the reef known as the 'Horse Race,' what he took to be the lights of a steamer. These lights when first seen were stationary, and remained immovably in the same position, as our informant thinks, for more than half an hour, when they appeared to move very swiftly in a northwesterly direction, and in the course of ten or fifteen minutes became once more stationary. Mr. Henry Nickerson, who resides on Fish Island, states that he first saw the light in the position which the wreck now occupies at four o'clock, and comprehending that some unknown vessel was in distress, aroused his son and a neighbor, crossed in a fishing skiff the inlet which divides the island from Cape Sable, and, in the hope of attracting the attention of the crew, exhibited a lighted lantern from the highest point of land that could be found.

"The lights of the unknown vessel continued to be visible until daybreak, when they disappeared, probably in consequence of the fall of the mast to which they were attached. As day dawned the hull of a large steamship was plainly discernible on the 'Great Rip,' a dangerous ledge about two miles southwest of Cape Sable, the foremast gone, the mainmast, mizzenmast, and smoke-pipe only standing, and the sea making a constant breach over the ship. The rigging of the mainmast had the appearance, according to the statements of our informants, of being crowded with human beings, to the number of between fifty and sixty—a supposition we see no reason to discredit. About half an hour after sunrise the mainmast was seen to go overboard, the smoke-pipe disappeared soon afterward, and the mizzenmast followed about 10 A.M. The spectacle is described by those who witnessed it as one of terrific grandeur—the sea around white with breakers, the doomed ship rolling heavily, as surge after surge broke against her iron sides, the spray dashing in volumes to the height of her mast-head, and the billows pouring in ceaseless cataracts over her decks.

WHAT HAS BEEN SAVED.

"The violence of the sea during the morning and the early part of the day was so great that no attempt could be made to approach the ship. Not even a lifeboat, it is affirmed, could have been got with safety through the breakers which environed the coast.

"At nine A.M. the wreck began to break up, and the surface of the deep was soon strewn with packages of light goods, the lading of her upper decks. The ebb tide, aided by a strong westerly wind, carried these articles for the first few hours in the direction of Baccaro, and into the bays and inlets beyond. The flood tide, for the next few hours, carried whatever was washed from the wreck in an opposite direction. On Tuesday, the wind having moderated, and the sea being comparatively smooth, a great number of boats and several small vessels put off in search of the drifting merchandise. Between four and five hundred boats, it is computed, were for the first three or four days engaged in this manner. The bales being generally of a size which precluded their being taken into a boat, were broken open with a few blows of an axe, the contents lifted on board, and the box allowed to go adrift. The quantity of goods thus saved must have been immense; but their wide dispersion will render the task of collecting them for sale rather a formidable undertaking.

"Several of the mail-bags of the *Hungarian* were picked up on Tuesday, and one or two others on the following day. These were taken charge of by the magistrates, and have ere now been forwarded to Halifax. A boat of about fifteen feet keel, with the oars lashed, drifted into Port Latour bottom up. Other boats, shattered to pieces, have been seen floating in the vicinity. The gunwale of one of them was picked up by Captain Cook, of the schooner *Melrose*, on Saturday. One of the masts came ashore at Shag Harbor, and another at Fish Island. The latter spar has still attached to it a portion of the plate iron by which it was connected with the decks. The only bodies yet found were that of a man, supposed to have been one of the fireman of the ship, which was found at Shag Harbor, and that of a female child, about two years old, which was washed ashore at Stoney Island. Inquests were held on both these bodies, and both were decently interred. The report that the body of a man had been discovered at Cat Point, near Baccaro, is without foundation, as is, also, we hope, the statement that the corpse of an infant, picked up at sea, was consigned again to the deep by the owner of the boat, in his eagerness to secure the tempting prizes with which the surface of the water at the time was covered."

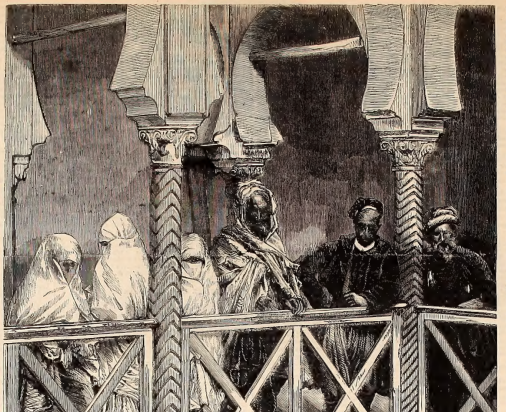
STEAMERS AND TELEGRAPHS IN CANADA.

The Canadian Parliament on 10th voted $8000 per voyage to the Canadian line of steamers, and $10,000 a year for the telegraph to Belle Isle.

It is projected to run a submarine cable from some point on the St. Lawrence at or below the present terminus of the Montreal Telegraph Company's line, to a point on the Labrador shore, at the Straits of Belle Isle.

The channel at the selected place is so narrow that all vessels passing through the Straits approach within half a mile of the main land. This extension of the telegraph wire reduces communication between Europe and America to about six days, as the length of the proposed cable is some 500 miles, or nearly two full days' steaming distance.

THE WAR IN MOROCCO.



MOORISH LIFE—ON THE BALCONY.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.]

MOORISH LIFE—IN-DOORS.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.]

IN connection with the pending war in Morocco, which, from present appearances, promises nearly to extinguish the ancient race of Moors—once the rulers of Spain, and one of the most powerful nations on the earth—we give a couple of pictures of Moorish life, from photographs lately taken. One represents the outside of a Moorish house, with three dark-faced, unpleasant-looking gentlemen staring down into the street, with their wives beside them. The other introduces us to the *sanctum sanctorum*—the inner chamber of a fine Moorish lady, whom attendants, like herself, wear that expression of listless, voluptuous apathy peculiar to that climate.

The details of the movements of the hostile armies now warring in Morocco are given from week to week in this paper, in the columns devoted to news. We are sure that our readers will prefer to any account of battles and sieges the following lively extract from a recent work of travel, Mrs. Elizabeth Murray's Journey through Morocco:

"I was soon able to discover that the natives of this sunny clime have a much more ample standard of beauty than any by which the taste, the judgment, and the senses of Europeans are directed. Learn, my readers, from the shores of Northern Africa what genuine beauty is and henceforth bestow your admiration only where it is due. Beauty, then, is size, magnitude, amplitude—let me not mince matters, but say the word at once, excessive fatness. The lady whom, being now enlightened, we looked upon as the very *beau ideal* of Moorish beauty, was perfectly ungainly in appearance, and of the most unwieldy proportions; but these were the qualities that made her the cynosure of all eyes, the points of attraction which rendered her irresistible, and which excited tender feelings in the hearts of her admirers. The gentle lover's admiration, in Morocco, increases with the size of his mistress, and his devotion becomes unlimited along with her proportions. Benighted Europeans appear to have some anticipation of the truth when they occasionally speak of a young lady who is not quite eight-like in form as making a good *embonpoint*. The perfect Moorish standard of female beauty is considered to be attained when a woman it is hard for a camel. Our fellow-travelers will certainly reached that standard, for her arms hung down with fat, and her fingers, which were loaded with rings, had swollen over them, so that if not quite a load for two camels, they certainly were more than enough for one.

"The Jewesses of Barbary, especially when young, are most classically beautiful. Their features are almost invariably regular and delicate, and their black eyes, which are not piercing as in Spain, but pearly and melting, are full of repose, and their eyebrows, perhaps, on observing them, is that the pupils are unnaturally large and distended; but this appearance, which is considered to add to their beauty, is produced by art, as one can easily detect on approaching the ladies nearer, and by observing them more closely. The cobol-stained eyelid at once discovered the secret of the means by which this highly-prized mark of beauty is produced. The operation is performed by dawing a small silver instrument like a bodkin, which has been previously dipped in the appropriate liquid, over the edges of the eyelids on the inner sides. The sensation caused by this operation, which is effected with the eyelids closed, is said to be very agreeable and refreshing; and when the complexion and the eyes are dark, it undoubtedly produces an appearance of beauty, and if the reality is already there, increases and heightens its effect. The operation, however, is seldom successful when it is tried as an experiment on English ladies, their ruddy complexion, light eyes, and fair hair forming an *ensemble* which is not capable of the slightest improvement by such means. The application altogether, in such cases, produces a very disagreeable effect; and the countenance, instead of being rendered more beautiful and expressive, assumes a remarkably coarse and dirty appearance.

"Animal beauty, however, is all that the Jewess of Barbary possesses. Physically she is a beautiful creature, but she is nothing more. Her intellect is without cultivation; she is a stranger to refinement; no expression animates her otherwise fine countenance; and she is totally without any distinct character of her own. However beautiful and attractive she may be in appearance, one turns away without interest or emotion from a being who can hardly be said to have a soul, or whose better part, at least, in consequence of the circumstances under the influence of which she has been reared, has been lulled into something like an almost unending sleep.

"Mahometan countries are perhaps the only ones where a woman can be said to possess, in some respects at least, any advantages of liberty over men. The Christian woman is unreclaimed in her movements, and can freely enter the houses and bazaars, where she is known, when she pleases; and the Moorish woman, wrapped up in the ample folds of her garments, and so disguised as to baffle every prying eye, can roam about to seven in whatever direction she may choose, without incurring the slightest risk of being recognized. During the nine years which I resided in Tangier, I had many opportunities of visiting the Moorish women, and of closely observing their character. I found them generally to be ignorant, gossiping, and frivolous—possessing, in fact, all those small peculiarities of character that distinguish women in our own Christian country. The superintendence of their domestic affairs formed their gravest and most important occupation. Their apartments were filled with a hideous posse of black slaves, each one with her own progeny around her, the wife reigns supreme over her noisy circle, and lords it most superbly in their midst. If she wishes to bestow her attention on some more light and elegant occupation, she resorts to embroidery, a never-failing refuge for her unoccupied hands in her many idle hours during the long, hot, and sunny day. I remember one monstrous creature—a Moorish beauty—the wife of an official, who, on receiving me, felt my clothes and counted my fingers, to see if a Nazarene woman was in all points made like herself. My gloves next attracted her attention, and she proceeded to examine them, although, from some cause, she shrank from them at first with fear. She was, as is usual here, very beautiful down to the chin, and her complexion was as fair as that of an English matron. Her black languishing eyes, like those of the Jewesses, were stained with *al cohol*; and besides the extreme whiteness of her skin, she possessed that peculiarly marble-like quality which is only obtained by the frequent use of the bath. Her hair was flowing down in rich luxuriance over her shoulders, and the head and face altogether presented an appearance of remarkable beauty. But the extraordinary size of her body, which was quite overwhelming, I found rather difficult to recognize as any reasonable addition in the way of beauty, according to my European standard, which I do not find myself quite prepared to dispense with.

"In Morocco the Moorish maiden, on her betrothal, undergoes a regular course of fattening, which is continuously carried on till her marriage, and which is conducted on the same principle as that on which our farmers fatten fowls. While undergoing the process, she sits all day in a dimly-lighted room, and is stuffed incessantly with *kuscus-soo*, a preparation of flour, which is the national dish of Morocco; in addition to which she drinks copiously of water. While undergoing this regimen she is dressed lightly, and in order to prevent any exertion or exercise on her part, she wears a gigantic pair of silver anklets, of great weight, the presence of which renders rest more desirable than the slightest locomotion. This process continues for some time, and the indolence of the mind being added to that of the body, she is sure, ere long, to arrive at the orthodox amplitude.

"I was fortunate enough in having an opportunity of witnessing the process of a lady's toilet. The first thing she did was to paint her face with a white creamy mixture, then to connect the eyebrows by a thick black dash of about half an inch in width. The eyes also had an extra tint of *al cohol*. . . . . .

. . . . . Her head-dress was costly and magnificent beyond all description. It consisted, in the first place, of the richest jewels, the favorite emeralds and pearls predominating among them. They arose in glittering spectacle, one above another, until, in consequence of the manner in which they were arranged, they assumed the appearance of a magnificent bishop's mitre. The adornment of the head was completed by a knotted silk handkerchief, with which it was surmounted. But with all the richness of the ornaments, there was such an absence of taste in the manner in which they were disposed, that the lady's face formed altogether a grotesque and barbarous spectacle. The remainder of her dress corresponded with sparkling gems. Strings of gorgeous pearls, and antique chains of gold, were suspended from her neck. A crimson caftan, or dress, much of the same English gentleman's dressing-gown, was taken from the chest of drawers and tied on. But the slippers were a serious objection to it. The unavoidable consideration that it would require the removal of those red and blue cheeks induced the lady to discard it without hesitation, and to seek for a more suitable substitute.

"The momentous question of what she should wear, therefore, again became the subject of deliberation, and after many *pros* for this, and many *cons* against that, a decision was at length, with some difficulty, arrived at. A pale blue caftan, embroidered with silver, carried the day. Having found a way for her ample proportions into the selected garment, a somewhat shorter one, of crape-like material, which sparkled all over, was thrown over it. Her bodice, which was worn open, was richly embroidered with gold; and one of those superb striped scarfs, which are generally worn in this country, was tied round her not very slender waist. The sleeves of the dress were wide and flowing, leaving the arms, except where they were covered with the peculiar bracelets worn here, quite exposed and bare. These bracelets, which are extremely heavy and massive, consist of a solid gold band, with silver and gold projections; and they have been adopted even by some of our own fair countrywomen who have visited Morocco. Her fingers were painted with little sprigs in bright orange henna, as were also her feet, which, to match her hands, were stained with ornaments of the same bright color. The latter, considering the immense proportions of the other parts of her body, were unnaturally diminutive, perhaps appearing by contrast even more so than they really were. They must have been very much impeded, however, in the process of locomotion, by the ponderous anklets of chased silver, with the burden of which most Moorish women are oppressed. The red slippers which, with one exception, terminate our description of her attire, were made to match in richness of material and ornament the other parts of her dress, being elaborately adorned with embroidery of silver thread and slikes of varied color. All these particular portions of her toilet having been carefully adjusted, a large clear mirror was snarf was thrown over her shoulders; and as it retained all its crispness, it produced a remarkably angular effect in the appearance of her immense proportions.

"One touch of lemon to heighten the crimson bloom on the cheeks, and this most accurt lore of the toilet can do nothing more to add to the effect of her personal charms. She is now ready to take her departure for the house where the important entertainment is to be given.

She beckons to me to follow her, and with nothing left visible but one eye, which might be any body's, for she has enveloped herself, for her passage through the streets, in the ample folds of the large Moorish *Haick*, she proceeds to thread her way through narrow and dirty lanes."

MISS ADELINA PATTI, THE NEW PRIMA DONNA.

WE present herewith a portrait of Miss Adelina Patti, the new *prima donna*, whose success at the Academy of Music in this city, and elsewhere, has been the subject of so much comment. Miss Patti is almost an American; the English is the tongue she knows and likes best. The following sketch of her was written by an enthusiastic admirer:

"Miss Adelina Patti was born at Madrid, Spain, April 9, 1843. Her mother, Madame Barili Patti, was the *prima donna* of the Grand Theatre at Madrid, and on the evening preceding the birth of Adelina, the youngest of a large family, Madame had sung 'Norma,' in which *rôle* she had a high reputation. Curiously enough, after the birth of Adelina, Madame Patti lost her voice almost entirely, and has always believed that it was given to the child.

"Madame Patti left Madrid as soon as possible after Adelina's birth, and returned to Milan, the permanent residence of her family. Here the impresario Strakosch made the acquaintance of the new *prima donna*, then only four months old. The Patti family emigrated to this country in 1844, when Patti *père* joined Sanquirico, the basso, in the management of the Italian Opera, Chambers Street. There were four daughters of Madame Patti, all artists. The eldest, Clotilda Barili, married the son of Colonel Theene. Amalia, the next, is the wife of Mr. Strakosch. Carlotta resides in this city, and is an accomplished teacher of music; and the latest edition of this fair musical libretto is Adelina, the subject of this sketch.

"Adelina was what is called a precocious child. She could sing almost before she could *speak*. She caught up at the age of four all the gems of the operas, and sang them correctly. Her first public appearance was made at the age of nine years, when Mr. Strakosch, Ole Bull, and the infantile *prima donna* made a tour in the provinces, where Adelina sang all the great pieces made familiar by Jenny *Lind*, Sontag, Bosio, and others. The little lady created the greatest enthusiasm, and her share of the profits amounted to twenty thousand dollars, which her father invested in a country seat, the summer residence of the family.

"Although so far advanced in art, Adelina had not forgotten to be a child. She always took her doll to the theatre or concert-room, and once refused to sing unless 'Maestro' (Strakosch) would allow her to carry it on the stage. Once she had sung a very difficult cavatina in such a way as to 'bring down the house' with tremendous applause. When the calm came after the storm, Adelina having recognized on one of the front benches a child of her own age, said, in a clear, smooth voice, 'Nelly, come to my room right away; I've got such a beautiful doll to show you, and we'll have such fun!' The effect of this naïveté upon the audience may be imagined.

"At this time our *prima donna* received the highest compliments from Sontag, who told her that she would be one of the greatest singers in the world; and from Alboni, who said if she went to Paris she would make such a *furore* as is seldom seen there.

"After the concert tour with Strakosch, Miss Patti went to the West Indies with Gottschalk, the pianist. In Havana she sang, in costume, the duet in the 'Barber of Seville,' with her brother Barili. The enthusiastic Havanese made such a row in recalling her that she ran away frightened, and could not be persuaded to go upon the stage again. Throughout the Indies she divided the honors with Gottschalk, and at Porto Rico had an offer of marriage (she was then fourteen) from the richest proprietor in the place. But that diamond wedding did not come off. Adelina is still in 'maiden meditation, fancy free,' and is *devenue* only to art."

MISS ADELINA PATTI, THE NEW PRIMA DONNA.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

Miss Patti made her first appearance at the Academy of Music this winter. She has since sung the following parts: Lucia, in "Lucia de Lammermoor;" Amina, in "Sonnambula;" Elvira, in "Puritani;" Henriette, in "Martha;" Zerlina, in "Don Giovanni;" Rosina, in "Barbiere," etc., etc. She will shortly appear in "Don Pasquale," "Figlia del Reggimente," and "Linda." Her voice is a soprano, whose volume will probably increase by-and-by; her method is admirable. A very distinguished critic thus noticed her singing at her *début*:

"Her appearance was that of a very young lady, petite and interesting, with just a tinge of the school-room in her manner. She was apparently self-possessed, but not self-assured. After the first few bars of recitative she launched boldly into the cavatina—one of the most difficult pieces in the opera. This she sang perfectly, displaying a thorough Italian method and a high soprano voice, fresh, full, and even throughout. In the succeeding cabaletta, which was brilliantly executed, Miss Patti took the high note E flat above the line with the greatest ease. In the duet with the tenor (Brignoli), and that with the baritone (Forti), and the mad scene, Miss Patti sang with sympathetic tenderness—a rare gift in one so young—and increased the enthusiasm of the audience to a positive *furore*, which was demonstrated in the usual way—recalls, bouquets, wreaths, etc., etc."

HOW BABIES ARE PUT TO SLEEP IN INDIA.

THE accompanying sketch exhibits a scene of daily occurrence in India, in the lower range of the Himalayas between Simla and the plains. It refers to the custom which is adopted by the women to lull their children to sleep, so that, while wrapped in slumber, they may themselves be able to go forth either to labor on the road or assist in the cultivation of the small patches of ground that, by an ingenious amount of terracing, enables the hill-man to rear grain for the few inhabitants who have their tiny homes, or hovels, perched upon every accessible space suitable for the safe erection of a domicile. Springs of water are abundant, and near one of these, where it flows in a silvery stream, on a ledge or field immediately beneath it, the children, from even a month old to three or four years of age, are brought and laid down. By means of a small piece of a slit bamboo a slight flow of water is obtained from the stream, and the bamboo slip is so adjusted that the water falling from above alights on the well-shaven crown of the child and trickles off: thus the child falls asleep, and the unceasing flow of the water on its head keeps up a perpetual lullaby: and so, for hours and hours the most refractory infant is quieted and left without apprehension by the mother, who, when her work is over, returns to the spot, hoists up her child on to her hip, and sallies home. A more picturesque scene than what is occasionally exhibited by this daily performance is scarcely to be met with in the East, and forms one of the most characteristic and striking pictures that gratify the traveler in the Himalayas.

We are not prepared to recommend the example to those of our American fellow-countrywomen who have troublesome babies; but the custom is curious and interesting.

THE Uncommercial Traveler.

NO. IV.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

Is the sweet little cherub who sits smiling aloft and keeps watch on the life of Poor Jack, commissioned to take charge of Mercantile Jack, as well as Jack of the national navy? If not, who is? What is the cherub about, and what are we all about, when Poor Mercantile Jack is having his brains slowly knocked out by pony-weights, aboard the brig *Beelzebub*, or the bark *Bowie-knife*—when he looks his last at that infernal craft, with the first

HOW THEY PUT BABIES TO SLEEP IN INDIA.

officer's iron boot-heel in his remaining eye, or with his dying body towel overboard in the ship's wake, while the cruel wounds in it do "the multitudinous seas incarnadine?"

If it be unreasonable, then am I the most unreasonable of men, for I believe it with all my soul.

Is it unreasonable to entertain a belief that if, aboard the trig *Beelzebub* or the bark *Rosie-knife*, the first officer did half the damage to cotton that he does to men, there would presently arrive from both sides of the Atlantic so vociferous an invocation of the swift-tide cherub who sits calculating aloft, keeping watch on the markets that pay, that such vigilant cherub would, with a winged sword, have that gallant officer's organ of destructiveness out of his head in the space of a flash of lightning?

This was my thought as I walked the dockyard at Liverpool, keeping watch on poor Mr. Mercantile Jack. Alas for me! I have long outgrown the state of sweet little cherub; but there I was, and there Mercantile Jack was, and very busy he was, and very cold he was: the snow yet lying in the frozen furrows of the land, and the northeast winds making off the tops of the little waves in the Mersey, and rolling them into halfstones to pelt him with. Mercantile Jack was hard at it, in the bitter weather, as he mostly is in all weathers, poor Jack. He was girded to ships' masts and funnels of steamers, like a forester to a great tree scraping and painting; he was lying out on yards, furling sails that tried to beat him off; he was dimly discernible up in a world of giant cordage, reefing and splicing; he was faintly audible down in holds, stowing and unshipping cargo; he was winding round and round at capstans, making that monotonous, and drunk; he was of a diabolical aspect, with coating for the Antipodes on him, and washing decks lustrously, with the breast of his red shirt open to the blast, though it was sharper than the knife in his fourteen girdle. He was hammering over bulwarks, all eyes and hair; he was standing by at the shoot of the Conard steamer, off to-morrow, as the maids in trade of several kinds, from poulterers, and fishmongers, poured down into the ice-house; he was coming aboard of other vessels, with his kit in a tarpaulin bag, attended by policeconvoys to the very last moment of his shore-going existence. As though his senses, when released from the agency of the elements, were entirely attention to be confused by other turmoil, there was a rattling of wheels, a clattering of hoofs, a clashing of iron, a pelting of cotton and hides and casks and timber, an incessant deafening disturbance, on the quays, that made the very mariners stare around. And in the midst of it, he stood swaying about, with his hair blown all manner of wild ways, rather exactly like the wave of his plunderers, and the rigging in the docks was shrill in the wind, and every little steamer coming and going across the Mersey was dancing in its blowing off, and every buoy in the river bobbed spitefully up and down, as if there were a general taunting chorus of "Come along, Mercantile Jack! Ill-lodged, ill-fed, ill-used, hocussed, entrapped, anticipated, cleaned out. Come along, poor Mercantile Jack, and be tempestfeasted till you're drowned!"

The uncommercial transaction which had brought me and Mercantile Jack into this predicament in Liverpool police-force, that I might have a look at the various unlawful traps which are every night set for Jack. As my term of service in that delightful confines was short, and my personal bias in the capacity of one of its members has ceased, no suspicion will attach to my evidence that it is an admirable force. Besides that it is composed, without favor, of the best men that can be picked, it is directed by an unusual intelligence. The organization against Fires I take to be much better than the metropolitan system, and in all respects it tempers its remarkable vigilance with a still more remarkable discretion.

Jack had been full of work in the docks some hours, and I had taken, for purposes of identification, a photograph-likeness of a thief, in the portrait-room of the head police-office (on this day he seemed rather complimented by the proceeding), and I had been on police-parade, and the small hand of the clock was moving at 9, when I took up my lantern to follow Mr. Superintendent to the traps that were set for Jack. In Mr. Superintendent I saw, as any body might in a tall, well-looking, well set-up man of soldierly bearing, with a cavalry air, a good chest, and a resolute set of the jaw by means ungentle face. He carried in his hand a pliant black walking-stick of hard wood: whenever and wherever, an hour after-time of the night, he struck it on the pavement with a ringing sound, it instantly produced a whistle out of the darkness, and a policeman, on this remarkable stick I refer an air of mystery and magic which pervaded the whole of my pyrquisition among the traps that were set for Jack.

We began by diving into the obscurest streets and lanes of the port. Suddenly pausing in a flow of cheerful discourse, before a dead wall, apparently some ten miles long, Mr. Superintendent struck upon the ground with the well opened and short-cut, with military salute of hand to temple, two policemen—not in the least surprised themselves, not in the least surprise Mr. Superintendent.

"All right, Sharpeye?"

"All right, Sir."

"All right, Trampfoot?"

"All right, Sir."

"Is Quicksaver there?"

"Here am I, Sir."

"Come with us."

"Yes, Sir."

So Sharpeye went before, and Mr. Superintendent and I went next, and Trampfoot and Quicksaver marched as rear-guard. Sharpeye, I soon had occasion to remark, had a skillful and quite professional way of opening doors—touched latches delicately, as if they were keys of musical instruments—opened every door he touched, as if he were confident that there was stolen property behind it —instantly insinuated himself, to prevent its being shut.

Sharpeye opened several doors of traps that were set for Jack, but Jack did not happen to be in any of them. They were all such miserable places that really, Jack, if I were you, I would give them a wider berth. In every trap somebody was sitting over a fire waiting for Jack. Now, it was a crouching old woman, like the picture of the Norwood Gipsy in the old stupendary dream-books; now, it was a grimy of the male sex in a checked shirt and without a coat, reading a newspaper; now, it was a man crimp and a woman crimp, who always introduced themselves as united in the matrimonial bonds, and as Jack's Delight, his (un)lovely Nan; but they were all waiting for Jack, and were all frightfully disappointed to see us.

"Who have you got up stairs here?" says Sharpeye, generally. (In the Move-on tone.)

"Nobody, sure-ly, gen-tle-men-a-ny-el!" (Irish feminines reply.)

"What do you mean by nobody? Didn't I hear a woman's step go up stairs when my hand was on the latch?"

"Ah! now this you're right, Sure, I forgot her! 'Tis on'y Betsy White, Surr. Ah! you know Betsy, Surr. Come down, Betsy darlin', and say the gintlemin."

Generally, Betsy looks over the balusters (the steep staircase is in the room) with a forcible expression in her profile that shows an intention to compensate herself for the present trial by grinding Jack finer than usual when he does come. Generally, Sharpeye looks at Mr. Superintendent, and says, as if the subjects of his remarks were wax-work:

"One of the worst, Sir, this house is. This woman has been indicted three times. This man's a regular bad one, Sir. This woman's name is Pegg. Gives himself out as Waterhouse."

"Never had stitch a name as Pegg near me back, Sir, since I were in this house, bee the good Lard!" says the woman.

When we had gone in many such houses, and had come out (always with Sharpeye first looking into waiting for Jack), we started off to a singing-house where Jack was expected to muster strong.

It was a Friday night, and Friday night was considered as a good night for Jack to be at sea. Jack did not share in every great force even though the house was one to which he much resorted, and where a good deal of money was taken. There was British Jack, a little maudlin and sleepy, lolling over his emptied glass, as if he were trying to make out the figures of a quadrille on the Loafing Jack of the Stars and Stripes, rather an unpromising customer, with his long nose, lank cheek, high cheek-bones, and tight lips, who had given him but his cabbage-leaf hat; there was Spanish Jack with curls of black hair, rings in his ears, and a knife not far from his hand, sitting down into troubles with him; there were Maltese Jack, and Jack of Sweden, and Jack the Finn, looming through the smoke of their pipes like Scandinavian Stars that looked as if they were carved out of dark wood, toward the young lady dancing the hornpipe, who found the platform so exceedingly small for it that I had a nervous expectation of seeing her, in the awkward accommodation, dancing off the counter. Still, if all hands had been got together, they would not have more than half filled the room. Reserve, however, said Mr. Superintendent, by nature, the host, that it was Friday night, and, besides, it was getting on for twelve, and Jack had gone aboard. Among and watchful of this, was Jack's own Victualer the host, with tight lips and a complete edition of Cocker's arithmetic in each eye. Attended to the hornpipe, and, when it ended, always on the spot. When he heard of talent, trusted no body's account of it, but went off by rail to see it. If true, then engaged it. Pounds a week for talent—four pound—five pound. Banjo Bones was a celebrated talent. Hear this talent to-night, and going to play—it was real talent! In truth it was very good; a kind of piano-accordion, played by a young girl of a delicate appearance, in boots, hat and dress, that made the audience look coarser. She sang to the instrument, too; first, a song about a village bell, and then, a comic song, and a song about how I went to sea; winding up with an imitation of the bagpipes, which Mercantile Jack seemed to understand the best. It was good girl, said Mr. Licensed Victualer. Kept herself select. Sat in Song, not listening to the blandishments of Jack. Jack's own child, mother. Father dead. Once a merchant well to do, but an unspeculated himself. Lived respectably on a salary paid for item of talent under consideration, Mr. Victualer's pounds dropped suddenly to shillings—shillings to halfpennies—nothing for a young person like that, you know; she only went on six times a night, and was only required to be down from six at night to twelve. What was more conclusive was, Mr. Victualer's assurance that he "never allowed any language, and never suffered any disturbance." From which statement the statement, and the order that prevailed was the best proof of it that could have been cited. So I came to the conclusion that four Mercantile Jack might do (as I am afraid he does) much worse than trust himself to Mr. Victualer, and pass his evenings here.

The night was now well on into the morning, but our miles and miles we explored in another world, where nobody ever goes to bed, but every body is eternally sitting up, waiting for Jack. This exploration was among a vast number of dismal courts and blind alleys, called Entries, kept in wonderful order by the police, and in much better order than by the corporation: the want of gaslight in the most dangerous and infamous of these places being quite unworthy of so spirited a town. I need describe but two or three of the houses in which Jack was waited for, as specimens of the rest. Many we attained by noisome passages, to profoundly dark that we felt our way with our hands. Not one of the whole number we visited was without its show of prints and ornamental crockery: the quantity of the latter set forth on little shelves and in little cases, in otherwise wretched rooms, indicating that Mercantile Jack must have an extraordinary fondness for crockery to necessitate so much of that bait in his traps.

Among such garniture, in one front parlor in the dead of the night, four women were sitting by a fire. One of them had a male child in her arms. On a stool among them was a swarthy youth with a guitar, who had evidently stopped playing when our footsteps were heard.

"Well! how do you do?" says Mr. Superintendent, looking about him.

"Pretty well, and hope you gentlemen are going to treat us ladies, now you have come to see us."

"Order there!" says Sharpeye.

"None of that!" says Quicksaver.

Trampfoot, outside, is heard to confide to himself, "Muggins's last this is. And a bad 'un!"

"Well!" says Mr. Superintendent, laying his hand on the shoulder of the swarthy youth, "and who's this?"

"Antonio, Sir."

"And what does *he* do here?"

"Come to give us a bit of music. No harm in that, I suppose?"

"A young foreign sailor?"

"Yes. He's a Spaniard. You're a Spaniard, ain't you, Antonio?"

"He Spaniard, sure."

"And he don't know a word you say, not he, not if you was to talk to him till doomsday." (Triumphantly, as if it redounded to the credit of the house.)

"Will he play something?"

"Oh yes, if you like. Play something, Antonio. You ain't ashamed to play something, are you?"

The cracked guitar raises the feeblest ghost of a tune, and three of the women keep time to it with their heads, as they talk with the child. If Antonio has brought any money in with him, I am afraid he will never take it out, and it even strikes me that his guitar may be in a bad way. But the look of the young man and the tinkling of the instrument so change the place in a moment to a bad one of Jack's traps, that I wonder where his mate is, should a mate be available for evil.

I am bound to acknowledge (or it tends rather to my uncommercial confusion) that I occasioned a difficulty in this establishment, by having taken the child in my arms. Under my offering to restore it to a ferocious joker, not unstimulated by rum, who claimed to be its mother, that unnatural parent put her hands behind her and declined to accept it; backing into the fire-place, and very shrilly declaring, regardless of remonstrance from her friends, that the child was to be Law that whoever took a child from its mother of his own will was bound to stick to it. The uncommercial sense of being in a false position with the child into the poor little child, beginning to be frightened, was relieved by my worthy friend and fellow-constable Trampfoot, who, having been on his article as if it were a Bottle, passed it on to the nearest woman, and left me free. It was clear that there was no such thing as a night-cap to this baby's head, and that even he never went to bed, but was always kept up—and would grow up, kept up—waiting for Jack.

Later still in the night we came (by the court "where the cats make mischief," and by the other court across the street, into which his body was dragged) to another parlor in another Entry, where seven women, sitting round a fire, in just the same way. It was a dirty and offensive place, with some ragged clothes drying in it; but there was a high shelf over the entrance door (to be out of the reach of marauding hands, possibly) with two large bells leaves on it, and a great piece of Cheshire cheese.

"Well!" said Mr. Superintendent, with a comprehensive look at the group, "how do you do?"

"Not much to boast of, Sir." From the courteering woman of the house. "This is my good man, Sir."

"You are not registered as a common Lodging House?"

"No, Sir."

Sharpeye (in the Move-on tone) puts in the pertinent inquiry, "Then who ain't you?"

"Ain't got no one here, Mr. Sharpeye," rejoins the woman and my good man together, "but our own family."

"How many are you in family?"

The woman takes time to count, under pretense of counting, and adds, as one scant of breath, "Seven, Sir."

But she has missed one; so Sharpeye, who knows all about it, says,

"Here's a young man here makes eight, who ain't of your family?"

"O No, Mr. Sharpeye, he's a weekly lodger."

"What does he do for a living?"

The young man here takes the reply upon himself, and shows workmen's, "Ain't got nothing to do."

The young man here is modestly brooding behind a damp apron pendant from a clothes-line. As I glance at him I become—but I don't know why—vaguely reminded of Woolwich, Chatham, Portsmouth, and Dover. When we get out, my respected fellow-constable Sharpeye, addressing Mr. Superintendent, observes:

"You noticed that young man, Sir, in at Darby's?"

"Yes. What is he?"

"Deserter, Sir."

Mr. Sharpeye further intimates that when we have done with his services he will step back and take that young man. Which in course of time he does: feeling at perfect ease about finding him, and knowing for a moral certainty that nobody in that region will be gone to bed.

Later still in the night we came to another parlor up a step or two from the street, which was very cleanly, neatly, even tastefully kept, and in which, set forth on a draped chest of drawers masking the staircase, was such a profusion of ornamental crockery that it would have furnished forth a handsome sale-booth at a fair. It backed up a stout old lady—HOGARTH drew her exact likeness more than once—and a boy who was carefully writing a copy in a copy-book.

"Well, ma'am, how do you do?"

Sweetly, she can assure the dear gentlemen, sweetly. Charmingly, charmingly. And overjoyed to see us.

"Why, this is a strange time for this boy to be writing his copy. In the middle of the night!"

"So it is, dear gentlemen, Heaven bless your welcome face and send you prosperity; but he has been to the Play with a young friend for his diversion, and he combinates his improvement with entertainment by doing his writing-exercise afterward, God be good to us!"

The copy admonished human nature on the subjects the boy of every fierce desire. One might have thought it recommended stirring the fire, the old lady so approved it. There she sat, ruddy beaming at the copy-book and the boy, and invoking showers of blessings on our heads, when we met her in the middle of the night, waiting for Jack.

Later still in the night we came to a nasseous room with an earth floor, into which the refuse steam of an iffy trickled. It was dreadful. Its habitation was abominable; the seeming poverty of it, disused and dire. Yet, here again, was visitor or lodger—a man sitting before the fire. He was rest of them elsewhere, and apparently not distasteful to the mistress's niece, who was also before the fire. The mistress herself had the misfortune of being in jail.

Three weird old women of transcendant ghastliness were at needle-work at a table in this room. Says Trampfoot to First Witch, "What are you making?" Says First Witch, "Money."

"*What* are you making?" retorts Trampfoot, a little off his balance.

"I begs to hold your money," says the witch, shaking her head and setting her teeth; "you as has got it."

She holds up a common cash-bag, and on the table is a heap of such bags. Witch Two laughs at us. Witch Three scowls at us. Witch sixes hold all, stitch, stitch. First Witch has at last put circle round each eye. I fancy it like the beginning of the development of a perverted political lake, and that when it spreads all round her head she will die in the odor of devilry.

Trampfoot decides to be informed what First Witch has got behind the table, down by the side of her, there? Witches Two and Three creak angrily, "Down with the child!"

She drags out a skinny little arm from a brown dust-heap on the ground. Adjured not to disturb the child, she lets it drop again. We find at last that there is one child in the world of Entries who goes to bed—if this be bed.

Mr. Superintendent asks how long are they going to work at those bags?

How long? First Witch repeats. Going to have supper presently. See the cups and saucers, and the plates.

Mr. Superintendent opines it is rather late for supper, surely?

"Late? Ay! But we has to 'arn our supper afore we eats it!" Both the other witches repeat this after First Witch, and take the Uncommercial measurement with their eyes, as for a chamber crooking-sheet. Some grim discourse ensues, referring to the mistress of the cave, who will be released from jail to-morrow. Witches pronounce Trampfoot "right there," when he deems it a trying distance for the old lady to walk; she shall be fetched by coach and a sprig-cart.

As I took a parting look at First Witch in turning away, the red marks round her eyes seemed to have already gotten larger, and to be hungrily and thirstily looked out beyond me into the dark doorway to see if Jack were there. For Jack came even here, and the mistress had got into jail through deluding Jack.

When I at last ended this sight of travel and got to bed, I had to keep my eyes and my comfortable thoughts of Seaman's Homes (not overdone with strictness), and improved dock regulations, giving Jack every benefit of home, and a home aboard ship, through my mind's wandering among the vermin I had seen. Afterward, the same vermin all over my sleep. Evermore, when on a breezy day I see Poor Mercantile Jack running into port with a fair wind and all sail set, I shall think of the unsleeping host of devourers who never go to bed, and are always in their set traps waiting for him.

THE STEEPLE-CHASE.

THE first time I saw half-witted Billy, said the schoolmaster, he was in the midst of a crew of children, who were, with thoughtless and horrible mirthfulness, pursuing the poor fellow up a high hill at him when he screamed and jumped up and down, and shaped his own face, and pulled his hair out. I had access at my place at the school only a few days, but I recognized some of my own scholars among those young heathens. I scattered them pretty promptly, and made such a preachment about it from my desk that the practice was at once discontinued. But Billy was thenceforth my fast friend.

Billy is the most acutely nervous little fiberthighter—flutterer, Mrs. Billy calls him—that I ever saw, and absolutely restless. He hardly sleeps three hours a day, and then as lightly as a watch-dog. But he is always dancing gayly about, and ready for a laugh, unless he is vexed. Mrs. May has a longing sort of hope that his poor lost wits may somehow come back to him out of the moon, or wherever they are bottled up. I had not the heart to undeceive her; so I have permitted him to sit in the schoolroom, and even to ramble about therein, provided only he is decorous and quiet; which he does, ever and anon scrawling on

a slate, or peering quaintly into a book as wisely as a bird; and once in each few minutes he comes up to my desk after a smile or a pat on the head, which having been received, off he trots again, giggling, and whispering to himself, "Good Billy, good Billy!" I have watched him a good deal, and an odd subject he is.

I shortly discovered that one of his strongest traits was an instinctive love of ascending. Every bean-pole, fence, tree, ladder, rope, or other accessible upward road whatever, he would immediately try; and his poor mother was in a state of constant fear and tribulation about him; sometimes finding him up at the eaves of a house on the lightning rod, laughing and chattering; or squatting about in a high tree, or astraddle on a ridge-pole. Since his entry into school she had much less trouble with him, especially since he used to follow me about also at all other times like a dog; holding by my finger, gabbling to himself, looking up to giggle in my face, and to get a pat and sniff of approval.

Meeting Mr. Allyn one afternoon last winter, near the new Baptist church at the lower end of the city, I stood and talked over various interesting school matters for a long time, and at last, turning abashedly about with him, took his arm and walked toward his house, still conversing earnestly. I left him at his gate, and crossed the street to Mrs. May's, where I had been lodging for a few weeks only. Entering the little parlor, I found my pale and feeble little hostess sitting near the window. At my entrance she looked up and asked,

"Where's Billy, Mr. Delano?"

"I don't know," answered; "isn't he here?"

And as I spoke the truth flashed upon me, that he had gone down the street with me, and had lost his usual hold of my hand when I stopped to talk with Mr. Allyn. And I also reflected that he might very probably have slipped away into the new church, and have taken it into his flighty head to go scrambling up inside the unfinished spire. Although quite a boy, he was feeble and easily tired, fatigued; and I could not help feeling that if he should succeed in reaching the narrow platform at the top, there was imminent danger lest his over-excitable brain should be dizzied with the exertion and the height, and his poor half-life be brought to a terrible end by the tremendous fall. As the thought of that if this should happen it would be by my own carelessness came into my mind, I think I turned pale. For the weak-minded man, I said within, watching my features intently and seeing me change countenance after I answered her, imitation I know not what of vague feminine fright; and springing up in anguish, she cried,

"Oh, Mr. Delano, where is Billy? Is he dead?"

And she wept bitterly; so that I was fain to comfort her by seeming to remember where I had left her half-witted boy, and to promise to bring him home in a few minutes; with which assurances I immediately left the house, and hastened toward the church.

Work on the building was suspended for the winter; so that there was nobody there to interfere with the execution of Master Billy's scheme, if such he had. My doubts were speedily solved. As I drew near the church I saw that a small crowd of boys standing on the further side of the street and laughing and swearing together, as they gazed intently at the summit of the spire. Now I could discern a small figure up there; now I could distinguish the spish gesticulations and quick fantastic movements of Billy May. He could not have been there more than a very few moments, for already men and women began to gather in the street and look upward with laughter and some with sympathy and fear.

There was nothing for it but to hasten up after him; and as I could do it so safely as I, his favorite; for his spiteful, heedless passion would surely send him screaming down the flimsy scaffold at the approach of any distasteful person. Throwing off hat and coat, I hurried to the door. It was filled with a heavy-swearing hurrier of heavy trip-linch plank. The simpleton must have scrambled up an inclined joist which led to a narrow window in the side of the lower story of the tower. The door was no time to lose. I picked up a heavy block of stone and drove in the door. As I did so, I heard Mrs. May's shrill voice outside. She had followed me to the church.

"Oh-hoo," she sobbed, "Billy, Billy! Come down, come down!"

A sharp high screech from the top of the spire answered her, and indicated the whising of Billy's fatful anger. I heard it as I entered the dark and chilly interior of the great stone spire; and at the same time I heard a murmur of voices outside. This, as I afterward learned, was the smothered cry of the gathering crowd, at the insane dancing of the idiot on his airy perch; for his unnatural senseless cry had in fact the effect of enraging him; and he began at the moment to jump about and gesticulate at a most furious and inanimated and perilous rate.

The interior of the tower and spire was empty, except for the various appliances which had been used for the purposes of its erection. Glancing upward, therefore, I saw only the rough and irregular interior of a great perpendicular stone tube, in the middle of which shot up a vast centre-post of heavy timber, framed with cross-pieces running to holes in the wall for the support of planks, platforms, and pulleys; lost above my head in the dimness of the narrow and almost unlighted tower, and the congeries of workman's materials. A heavy tackle-fall hung idly down at one side; snow and ice lay here and there mixed with spattered mortar, sand, and stone-chips; and a rough and icy ladder of stats nailed insecurely across two clumsy pieces of joist, led, perpendicularly up thirty feet, to a rude landing-place.

Up I went, however, with perilous and painful climbing. A rotten slat broke in my hand; and if I had not fallen sideling against the rugged stone wall I should have broken my neck. As it was I barely saved myself. At the landing-place of which I spoke I paused a moment. To my surprise there was no further ladder. The workmen had probably withdrawn it to prevent climbing up. Without waiting to speculate upon the means which Billy might have used to ascend, I seized the heavy ropes of the tackle, which was hooked on some distance above me, and, recalling some of my boyish sleight, "shinned" up hand over hand, to the edgeless plank at which it was secured. By a desperate effort I lifted myself to the upper edge, and out of breath, with burning hands and beating heart, sat down for a moment's rest.

Bang—bang—bang!

What a dreadful pain shot through me as I heard something thus full against stone and timber, tumbling from the vast dark height above me, with those quick irregular heavy dead knocks! Had he fallen? Down it came, however, a block of frestone about a foot square, and it had, like lodged by Billy, by mere accident, only grazing my foot, crashing onward, and reaching the ground with a heavy thud!

From this point the only means of ascent, for the remainder of the passage in the interior, was a succession of pieces of joist, set insecurely at various angles, and having slips of board nailed across them to the middle with the commonest sort of nails; and even of these unsafe steps a number were already broken down, and either quite gone or sticking slantingly against the wall. Here the space in the interior was also now very contracted; and several times in the darkness I received a bad knock from some projection which I could not well see, or from a projecting stone in the wall. Slowly, however, and with difficulty, I ascended to a point which must be considerably above a hundred feet above the earth, and emerged upon a half-floor, or large hole between the timbers, which made an empty space about four feet high, with no interior means of further ascent, and lighted by a large hole between the timbers. Here, looking up, I saw the sky through the unfinished summit, and caught a glimpse of the jumping simpleton. That I could not see him was owing to the darkened for it I became for the first time aware that the wind had risen to a gale. It hummed and whistled and moaned through the tower, and the rope-fastened outside scaffolding at the top, with that tremendous power for which it finds scope in the unimpeded spaces of heights, was also making a tempest above when there is only a moderate gale below.

Fortunately Billy did not see me; and climbing outside I betook myself to the only possible road for the tremendous ascent. It consisted of a light and rocking scaffold constructed around the exterior of the spire. As I came out into the open air the wind caught me with such force as almost to sway my breath; and clinging tightly to the ropes which bound together the loose materials of the scaffold I looked about me. The first object on which I saw that the air was all gloomy with approaching evening, and with the awful coming of a vast gloud of storm from the northwest; looked of horizontally, over tree-tops and houses, with a shrill such as I conceived that one might have at a long bell bore from a bottom to the tower; looked downward, and saw the wide street, now black and swarming with a countless crowd of spectators, from whom, however, I could not hear a sound. The dizziness of the place began to affect my brain; but, resolutely shutting all the facts of the situation except that I must go onward, I laid hold again of the slats and timbers. There was not room inside of the scaffolding. The locks of the workmen had evidently made use of a series of slats nailed upon the sheer exterior of the scaffold! To the high, however, as I supposed, it was clear that instinctive desperate grip which such situations seem to necessitate, and refusing to see anything except the narrow octagonal shaft of stone that rose close beside me, and the successive steps of my fragile and slippery ladder, step by step I worked on.

I think that is the only time when I ever felt that the world can be to a man's mind and fearful stories of its power at sea; but I have no experience of it there. Here, however, I had; and indeed it seemed as if I had left the world, and were leaping savagely at me to sweep me from my shaking hold. The scaffold itself was only a loose sort of frame, set up against the wall of the tower built apart from it, and slipped down on it like a case, by its own weight, but with no solid connexion to the stone. For this reason it worked and writhed about under the terrific gusts as if it would twist itself to pieces.

My head was at last nearly even with the top of the unfinished spire, and I made sure of success. I felt a sudden and overpowering confidence, and a unearthly shriek from the insane child startled me so much that it is a wonder that I did not fall. But in spite of that I was down in the first wild preoccupation of my own mind, of the immeasurable force of that terrible wind, there surged up at the same moment a sense of darkness in the street below a great deep shout, or groan—I know not which it was—an intense and wild and fearful cry, that thrilled through my very heart; and I knew that the boy had fallen, and that the crowd had sent up that wail of horror at beholding his death.

Trembling from head to foot, with mouth parched and dry, hands and knees numb and bleeding, and heart beating frightfully, I raised myself upon the summit of the unfinished spire. The boy was dead! Instead of the sight must be, something impelled me to look over the tremendous verge further below.

As sure as I am alive he had fallen, or been blown off, and, by a chance which might almost be called a miracle, his garments had caught on the top of a scaffold pole; and there he hung dangling in the air, two hundred and thirty feet above the ground!

He was alive, however. Looking up, he spied me.

"Hold still, Billy!" I cried, preparing to descend a foot or two and catch him.

"Bad Billy! bad Billy!" he screamed; and, dangling as he was, knocked his fists against his poor, silly little head—according to his usual method of expressing penitence—after a fashion which even the inexpressible horror of the situation perhaps rendered the more ludicrous. At any rate, I could not help almost laughing.

Mustering what little strength I had remaining, and descending cautiously to a foothold below the little swinging scarecrow, I steadied myself among the poles and timbers of the scaffold, and securing a strong hold of Billy's collar, I took him violently from his perch and lifted him to my breast, whereupon he clung tightly to me, clasping both arms around my neck, and sobbing and sniveling as if his heart would break.

But the boy's life, which, with the multitude below had groaned forth at the sight of the boy's fall was a mere whisper, a breath, to the vast resounding shout that went up from them as I did so. Even where I was it swelled, and rolled, and re-echoed up, reverberating in my ears with an undulating thunder, like the endless exultation of some vast triumphant army.

They told me afterward that the suspense had been horrible down there in the street; that women had fainted and strong men turned pale, in the painful expectancy; and that, as the poor fellow was seen to be safe, loud weeping or loud laughter relieved the hearts of many, and that in their reprieve from the fear that great shout arose such as one as had never been heard there before.

Climbing back again, I sat down, totally and inexpressibly exhausted, with the chilled and shivering child cowering close to me. Some dim instinctive apprehensions of his danger had, doubtless, come upon him, for he clung quietly up to me, he repeated, softly, many times,

"Bad Billy! bad Billy!"

Strong men came up, and, with much peril and difficulty, helped us down. I could not stand when I reached the ground, but, through the crowd of citizens seeking to praise and thank me I was helped home, and lay ill for some days. Mrs. May had fainted, and, indeed, did not see the peril of her only child. But her delight in finding him yet alive was most wild and extravagant. And that, I suppose, must be the reason why Billy likes me.

COMMERCIAL GRIEF.

A LETTER, deeply bordered with black, attracted my attention among the heap that lay upon my table. It was evidently a messenger of affliction. The black seal was the deep upon a black background, that formed the device upon the seal, and read the contents. Nothing more than an intimation from a friend of the sudden death of her brother-in-law, and a request that, under the circumstances of the sudden bereavement of the widow, I would withhold certain sad commissions relative to the mourning and monument which she intrusted to my care.

After reading I set out upon my sad errand, and had no difficulty in finding the *maison de deuil* in question. It met me in the sad habiliments of mourning. No yellow colors glared from the shop-windows, no gilt annoyed with its festive glare. The haine of the deceased presumed to make itself seen in letters of the saddest gray on a black ground. Here and there beads of white set off the general gloom, and the crape-frost, like the crape pipings of a widow's cap. The very metal window frames and plates had gone into a decorous mourning—into black and crape—what we had, under the circumstances, would be quite indecent—brass.

On my pushing the plate-glass door it gave way with a hushed and muffled sound, and I was met by a gentleman of sad expression, who, in the most sympathetic manner, inquired the nature of my want: and, on my reply, directed me to the Inconsolable Sable Grief Department. The inside of the establishment fully corresponded with the outer appearance without. The long passage I traversed was paneled in white with black borderings, like the many mourning-cards I had opened; and I was becoming impressed with the deep solemnity of the place, when I caught sight of a neat little figure rolling up some papers, on inquiring if I had arrived at the Inconsolable Grief Department, she replied in a gentle voice, slightly shaded with gayety, that this was the ladies' mourning counter, and that I must proceed until I had passed the repository for widow's silk. Following her directions, at last reached an elegant apartment, a large room draped with black, with a hushed atmosphere about it, as though a body was invisibly lying there in state.

An attendant in sable habiliments, picked out with the smallest of white silk, and with an unexhaberish eye and manner, awaited my commands. I accordingly produced my list. Scanning it critically, he said—

"Permit me to inquire, Sir, if it is a deceased partner?"

I responded assent.

"We take the liberty of asking this distressing question," he added, "as we are sometimes called upon to keep up the character of this establishment by matching at once the exact shade of affliction. The appearance of partners in this department gives satisfaction to the deepest woe. Permit me to show you a new texture, which we term the *inconsolable.*' With which words a pasteboard box before me, full of mourning fabrics.

"Is this it?" I inquired, lifting a lugubrious piece of goods.

"Oh no!" he replied; "the one you have in your hand was recommended for last year's affections, and was termed 'the stunning blow shade;' it makes up well, however, with our *sudden bereavement* silk—a leading article—and our *distraction* trimmings."

"I am afraid," said I, "my commission says nothing about these novelties."

"Ladies in the country," he blandly replied, "are possibly not aware of the perfection to which the art of mourning genteelly is now brought. But I will see that your commission is attended to, to the letter." Giving another glance over my list.

"Oh! a widow's cap is mentioned, I see. I must trouble you, Sir, to proceed to the Weeds Department for that article—the first turning to the left."

Proceeding as I was directed, I came to a recess fitted up with a solid phalanx of widows' caps; I perceived, at a glance, that they exhausted the whole extent of grief, from its deepest shade to that tone which is expressive of a pleasing melancholy. The foremost row confronted me with all the severity of crapen folds, in the midst of which my mind's eye could see the set features of many a Mrs. Clennam, while those behind gradually relaxed into the most jaunty curlatory; and one or two of the outsiders even breaking out into overtly flowing and the most flaunty weepers.

Forgetting the proprieties for the moment, I inquired of the grave attendant if one of the latter would be suitable?

"Oh no, Sir," she replied, with a slight shade of severity in her voice; "you may gradually work up to it in a year or two; but my lady is only relenting to the front row of weeds," she indispensable for the first burst of grief."

Acquiescing in the propriety of this sliding-scale of sorrow, I selected some weeds expressive of the deepest dejection I could find; and having completed my commission, I inquired where I could procure for myself some lavender gloves?

"Oh, Sir, for those things," she said, in the voice of Tragedy speaking of Comedy, "you must turn to your right, and you will come to the Comfortmenter Mourning counter."

Turning to the right, accordingly, I was surprised and a little shocked to find myself once more among worldly clothes; trader lavender, I had expected, but violet, mauve, and even absolute red, stared me in the face. I was about retiring, thinking I had made a mistake, when a young lady, with a charming tinge of cheerfulness in her voice, inquired if I could any thing in her department?

"I was looking for the Complimenting Mourning counter," I replied, "for some gloves, but I fear I am wrong."

"You are quite right, Sir," she said; "this is it."

She saw my eye glance at the cheerful silks, and, with the instinctive tact of woman, guessed my thoughts in a moment.

"Mamie, Sir, is very appropriate for the lighter sorrows."

"But absolute red," I retorted, pointing to some velvet of that color.

"Is quite admissible when you mourn the departure of a distant relative; but may I show you some gloves?" and setting the action to the word, she lifted the cover from the glove-box, and displayed a graduated picture of delicious tints, indicative of a struggle between the cheerful and the sad.

"There is a pleasing melancholy in the shade of gray," she said, indenting slightly each outer knuckle with the elastic kid as she measured my hand.

"Can you find a lavender?"

"Oh yes; the sorrow-list is very slight in that, and it wears exceedingly."

Thus, by degrees growing beautifully less, the grief of the establishment died out in the tenderest of lavender, and I left profoundly impressed with the charming improvements which Parisian taste has made on the old aboriginal style of mourning.

CINGALESE BOATS.

WE give on page 188 a picture of a Cingalese boat, which will enable us to note some matters. When a stranger first sees one of these boats in the water he can not understand how it lives. As soon, however, as he comes more within view the means are apparent by which the light boat is made to sustain such heavy rigging. A cone-shaped float of solid wood is projected and sustained from the boat's side by outriggers, which are secured by ligatures to the mast and thwarts, as seen in the illustration. Whichever way the wind sets the float has the effect of counterbalancing the sail pressure on the hull. If, for instance, the wind is on the starboard quarter (supposing the float to be on the opposite side), the effect is a pressure on the boat, which is immediately resisted by its buoyancy; but if the wind is from the larboard side the float acts with the same effect, the pressure by its weight. The relative power of the sail filled, and the capacity of the float to resist the capsizing tendency, is easily calculated. In a gale, hence the float is not uncommonly seen suspended in the air. It will be observed by the reader that, although the weight and pressure of the boat is thus influenced by the peculiar appendage described, the power for propulsion is scarcely interfered with. It is this fact, in fact, which enables the Cyclon boat to attain unusual speed, and to face a breeze which an ordinary sailing-boat dare not encounter. The outrigger is fitted with temporary fastenings only, so as to admit of its being shifted from side to side to suit different conditions of wind and tide.

OLD HELP OUR MEN AT SEA!

Gon help our men at sea!
In firelit, pictured rooms, 'mid wine and flowers,
And gleesome company,
The wild wave hurls that word, in our blithest hours,
To nigh this prayer;
And, lonely, with clenched hands, at night 'tis ours,
"Lord of the waves, O spare!"

God help our men at sea!
I had a brother once. Our love na'er fall'd
In its intensity.
Smiling on our sweet mother, as he sail'd,
I saw him last.
Ah me! how that sweet mother drop'd and paled
Ere one brief year had past!

God help our men at sea!
They saw him, who sortived that dreadful night,
In his extremity—

GOD HELP OUR MEN AT SEA!

Kneeling, and looking in the stormfire's light,
To Heaven for grace.
And angels' glory was upon him, bright
As upon Stephen's face.

God help our men at sea!
Those pilgrim fathers, who leave all to teach
Their Saviour's charity.
May their prayers, like St. Paul's, in tempest reach
His ears, who said,
With an exceeding tenderness of speech—
"'Tis I. Be not afraid!"

God help our men at sea!
The workers, who at home can find no spheres
For work; whom poverty
Drives from their birthland, strong, despite those tears,
To toil, and win;
And then, pleas God, return for peaceful years
To their own land and kin.

God help our men at sea!
If lust of power or of revenge assail
England's tranquillity,
Using His gracious gifts, we shall prevail,
As oft before.
And Israel see the proud Egyptians pale
And "dead on the sea-shore."

REV. HENRY G. GUINNESS.

THE accompanying portrait will be recognized by all who have heard the eloquent young preacher, Mr. Guinness, who is now in this country.

Henry Grattan Guinness was born near Dublin, Ireland, in the year 1830. His father was brother to Mr. Guinness, the brewer of Dublin "Stout" celebrity, and was an officer in the army; and his mother the widow of Captain d'Esterre, who fell in a duel with the late Daniel O'Connell, some 25 years ago. He was brought up and well instructed, by his pious parents, in the knowledge of Divine truth. About seven years ago he determined to go to sea. He left England, and wandered over the shores of Mexico, the West Indies, Texas, through the Caribbean Sea, etc. During the voyage the ship was nearly lost on two occasions, and it was chiefly owing (the captain states) to the steadiness and presence of mind displayed by young Guinness that the ship was preserved.

On reaching home his friends urged him to turn his thoughts to agriculture. To this he was disinclined, but yielded to their wishes, and went to reside on the estate of a relative in the west of Ireland. His taste remained unchanged. He preferred the stir of seamanship to the quietness of farming. Accordingly, in the year 1854, he again set out on a voyage to the East Indies. Soon after the ship sailed they were obliged to put back, in a half-wrecked condition, and he being attacked by a most serious and alarming illness, was quite unable to proceed further, and returned to his home in Cheltenham, apparently a dying man.

It was about this time that he experienced a change of heart, and having obtained peace in believing, he at once, with the help of God, determined to spend and be spent in his Master's service. For this purpose he entered New College, London, under his friend and tutor, the late Dr. Harris. This was about January, 1856.

Pending his acceptance at New College, Mr. Guinness occupied himself among the poor of Cheltenham. He also addressed gatherings in the work-house and other places. On one of these occasions some unforeseen circumstance had prevented the inmates from assembling as he had arranged, and as he was retracing his way back, sad with disappointment, the thought struck him, "Do not many of the people I am passing in the streets need to be told of sin, and Christ, and mercy?" Filled with this thought, he took up his position in a retired part of the town, pulled out his Bible, and began to read aloud. A number of persons were soon drawn around him, and he preached an admirable discourse from Ps. xxx. 5: "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." This was his first sermon in the open air. The thing was soon "noised abroad." He persevered in this and other forms of Christian endeavor for the good of souls during several months, at the same time preparing for the college entrance examination.

Previous to leaving college, which was in June, 1857, he had, together with other preaching occupations, been for three months supplying the pulpit of the Tabernacle, Moorfields, London. His engagement at this place contributed much to determine his career.

In the month of July he was ordained as an Evangelist. The service was held in the Tabernacle, ministers of several churches taking part in it. Neither they nor Mr. Guinness himself considered that the ceremony gave him any additional grace or authority. It was only a recognition of him by the brethren as in their judgment called of God to the work, and a devout commendation of him to the favor of the Divine Lord, in whose employ he was engaged. The proceedings are said to have been deeply solemn and interesting.

And now this young preacher entered upon a range without limit or trammel, save what his own infirmity and God's providence might impose. Though a stripling, he fearlessly struck out, determined to know nothing among men save Jesus Christ, and him crucified. He traveled through England; went over the length and breadth of the principality; visited Scotland; and spent a short time in France; testifying any where and everywhere the good, old apostolic doctrine of "Repentance toward God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ." The stir produced, as he proceeded from place to place, was remarkable.

He arrived in this country a few weeks since, and has been preaching daily to crowds of people. Every right-minded person will wish him God-speed in his noble work.

REV. HENRY GRATTAN GUINNESS.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.]

The New Partner

IN

"CLINGHAM & CO., BANKERS."

BY FITZ HUGH LUDLOW,

AUTHOR OF "THE HASHEESH EATER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER X.

WHICH GIVES THE HISTORY OF A LAST CHANCE.

THE day succeeding Nora Manton's battle and triumph over the Doubt Fiend went by, like all other days, with just so many ticks of the banking-room clock as well as clocks in general.

As we have said, there is a patent-safe side, and there is also a human-heart side to every business man, to every firm, to Clingham & Co., and to the house which their Cheswick Branch occupied. For representative of the patent-safe side, Luke Green sat all day and held his secret hate, revengeful prayers, and plannings.

He had set in ruins on foot for Ernest Beckford's whereabouts; he was quietly, cautiously hunting him down by emissaries who were trusty and silent; and he lived on the hope of coming up with him as his most concentrated nutriment and stimulus. In his soul he hated him for Nora's sake; but his ostensible reason for venge-

A CINGALESE BOAT IN A HIGH SEA.—[SEE PRECEDING PAGE.]

ance was to be the wallet, which he really believed, however, to have been taken in a drunken freak.

On the human-heart side of the house, the secret of Ernest Beckford, the love of him, the unshaken, unshakable faith in him, was well kept also. Bitterly were some of the moments of the day marked with tears — so strange it seemed to Nora, as she glided from room to room on her household avocations, going softly, as one who knows not what God would say or do next, and anxious to catch His least whisper—so strange it seemed that, if Ernest really loved her as she believed, he should depart thus from Cheswick — not only without expressing himself, but in a way which, with most sensitive girls, would have materially injured his cause—by stealth, and as Luke Green would say —though Nora would not, could not even think —like a defaulter, a thief. What was the meaning of this singular absence? What the meaning of any absence at all? His post in the Bank was vacant: his duties neglected with a substitute was sought, and all this without explanation, without warning, without excuse.

It was well for her perhaps, that during this day her mind was diverted in another direction, and another set of emotions brought into play than grief and pining, anxious wonder. The event which did her that service was this: John Manton having the dyspepsia, found his life consist of two main tendencies—sin and contrition —which made it resemble one of those pleasant serpentine streams that one sees in a flat country, where there are no mountains to straighten the water-courses; and which having run ten miles to the east, immediately compensates by bending on itself and running as many back to the west again. The Missouri, on the Kansas border, is such an instance; and John Manton's life was another. On Sunday the air was bracing, the sky was cloudless, the walking dry, the parson eloquent; he had a good appetite, and ate a hearty dinner, with Gloria-tibi's resounding through all the porches of his system—after which he discoursed cheerfully upon all subjects connected with the present and future condition of the race. On Monday there was a muggy atmosphere—a sky full of great, awkward, dingy clouds, looking like a young cook's mistake in dumplings; under foot was a coarse, chocolate paste, that swillowed up the shoes of the wayfarer, and John Manton felt the aftereffects of yesterday's hearty dinner; whereupon he lost all confidence in human perfectibility, and regarded himself as the chief of sinners, because he had yesterday expressed a mere whimsical vagary to the effect that we were not all going as fast as possible to the Dissgreenlies. One. So that, as I said, his life was a pretty methodical alternation of sin and contrition—fantasy and despair—impudent happiness and ridiculous abasement. On this present day he had an attack of repentance. It seized him when he first awoke in the morning, and grew worse and worse all day, until three o'clock precisely of the afternoon; at which period, in spite of the entreaties and almost indignant arguments of Nora's really indignant heart—in spite of her representing to him that he would make his manhood disrespected, and open the gate for her womanhood to be trampled upon in the same brute feet that would spurn him—in spite of his own memory, faint and diluted by dyspeptic tears of remorse as it was, that yesterday he had felt nobler and worthier in showing Mr. Green the door than in any act of his last dozen years—persisted in going to the superintendent, confessing that he had been hasty, and virtually asking to be restored, with full forgiveness, to the superintendental bosom.

As the door closed behind him on his way to Luke Green's desk the wounded heart of the young girl gave itself utterance in a sigh that told of tears too far down to come. Alone, entirely alone was she, with that loneliness which there feel who not only have no helper, but have also to help the faint-hearted. She had borne her father all that day, like a drifting mass of logged sea-weed, on the wave of her mighty womanly patience and faith; now he had slid from her, and was washed out of her reach, to be whirled in on the veering, eddying current of his own morbid self-will.

Presently, as she sat silently thinking and grieving, and in her heart turned over the leaf of that day's discouragement to begin a fresh page of effort and patience, she heard the well-known footfall of her father returning, accompanied by his voice and that of Mr. Luke Green. Evidently the difficulty was all made up between them, for an unwonted liveliness pervaded John Manton's tone, and Mr. Green's was restored to all its habitual suavity and fluency. Could *he* be coming to call on her? She sprang from her seat, and flew rather than ran out of the room, and up the stairs to her own little bedchamber. There she put on her flat and walking-shoes as quickly as possible, and throwing aside the apron which she had worn while showing Priscilla, her one servant, how to set the sponge for John Manton's Graham bread, she was all ready for an escape into the fields, or woods, or anywhere—any where out of the sight of her dishonored and self-respectless father and the mildly triumphant superintendent of the Cheswick Branch. She heard the two enter below, she heard her own name called at the foot of the stairs; but having no morbid notions about duty, where duty meant swelling the ovation in which her father was led captive at the heel of a man who was odious to her, she did not answer the call. So that her father inferred she was gone out—as she was in a second thereafter.

There is such a divine, quiet endurance to be learned of the heaven that Nora found herself many hours each day in contact with, than she had been in-doors.

A little picket gate let Nora out from the back of the Bank-house garden into the broad meadows through which the stream flowed. Once in the fields and she was hidden from both the Bank, or, at least, indistinguishable. To make the distance between her and it long enough, and to find a convenient hiding-place wherein, should she be so disposed, she could be concealed, was the work of but a few minutes. Then she sat down, crossed a stone wall perhaps twenty rods from the gate, leaned her head on her hand and cried briskly, but recoiled, as on the other side of the fence she saw stretched out upon the grass the figures of two young men smoking cigars. Although it was in the height of the summer season, one of them was enveloped from head to foot in a cloak-like overcoat, which was upheld by a very broad brimmed and intensely cocoa-ribbanded hat, which also concealed his face. Propped on one elbow, he was gesticulating earnestly to his comrade, a person of herculean shoulders and limbs, whose head, as much from eighteen stone in weight, who, in more perfect abandon, had thrown himself at full length upon the grass immediately before and with his great red seal-like pair of flippers extended at right angles from his body on the grass, and his cigar between his teeth, was turned toward the sky, looked not unlike some new model of monitor, with its turret in the bow, and with an outrigger arrangement—a round, blanket materially assisted by the long Regalia, which, being alternately taken from and put in his mouth, made a very respectable and energetic smoke-pipe. Altogether he looked as if he could steam from Cheswick to Cincinnati, or Noah's ark down the bay very easily. A chip hat like his companion's, and a blue linen Raglan, of a number of capes, completed the large surface to be covered and very flowing, blue cloth pantaloons, and heavy boots, were his attire. A clump of elders furnished the two an extempore booth, under which fragments of egg-shell, bread, and cheese, and the cover doing service as salt-cellar, showed that they had been taking dinner *al fresco*. To complete the picture, a sail-boat, of by no insignificant dimensions, was moored to a suitable trusty one—the stout man having a stout bludgeon, and his slight friend being equipped with a slender oar. As Nora stood on the upper step of the stile, where she saw them first, she paused in indecision whether to advance or retreat, her heart beating faster with the start their queer appearance had given her. The smaller of the two pirates noted her hesitation, and whispered something into the ear of the prostrate one, upon which he elevated himself all sufficiently to recognize, to further they both wandered off into the fields, away from the path which Nora seemed seeking by the stile. She paused, and then continued her way, walking as rapidly as possible, though afraid to attract the men's attention by running, should they be mischievous characters. Her suspicions were allayed, however, as she saw the smaller of the two produce a most unpiratical kind than usual of summer idlers—gentlemen from the boards of southeastern wards of the town, or such like, who journey in a row boat quietly, being now quite out of view from the Bank. Five minutes more, and she had reached the oddly pastoral new row of willows on which Ernest's window looked, sweet—oh! more than all attendant sweets to her love — because there the first bud of *his* love to her blossomed in her sight—there the secret freight of his heart's treasure was drawn ashore by her hand from the shoals, while he still thought that none beheld it save Him to whose ears it was consigned. From this spot to a long distance above the house where Ernest had lodged the silver willows grew close and luxuriant, branching near the ground, as is their wont, and sending their long root fibres far back into the land as well as downward into the warm-course, whose crawling bank they were planted to protect. They thus made a compact hedge, behind which Nora had sometimes stolen, thinking that it was pleasant to protract her afternoon walk under their flickering green and pearly leaves, and *perhaps*—for, oh thou world, it would have been so very immodest to *think!*—that perhaps here and there, as at the clump opposite Ernest's window, she might fittingly rest in some shadowy concealment, and now and then see, unseen, between the branches, that noble face which looked out on the West—that face so dearly intermixing with all her day life and dreams.

To-day, alas! no maidenly reserve was needed in approaching this spot. No deep and musing eye was there to glance attracted to her hiding-place by any motion of hers. There would be no fair, brave, unconscious face there to welcome her again. *He* was gone—gone! Oh! who but God could tell whither?

As Nora thought of this, and the sense of her utter loneliness came upon her like a faintness at the heart, she made the place that had been once her dreaming nook by the hour her oratory now; and, kneeling down by the willows opposite to Ernest's window, cried out in the bitterness of her soul,

"O God! O God! why must he be gone, and under this dreadful shadow? Let me see him again, and make as noble as he is! Or— Oh! I can not ask thee to let me see him dead, even if, being alive, he must be sullied. But no, no, no! he is not dead—he will be, aught but the glorious soul he ever was to me. Oh, my God, spare this suspense to me—spare it, and let me behold once more my adored one—my pure—my glorious—my beloved—"

A foot crushed under it a dead osier, somewhere down the willow range, evidently from the sound, not many yards off. There was a noise of breaking boughs, as if some one who had crossed the stream were penetrating the barrier of branches from the water-side. Nora sprang to her feet, back her fist, and listened, with alarm on her face, and her head erect like a startled fawn. She waited for some time, but neither seeing any thing, nor hearing any repetition of the noise, concluded her fears fanciful, and ascribed them to a falling branch or something kindred.

She had just thrown herself down upon the grass again, with the former abandonment, when the noise was heard again, and the true cause for her alarm presented itself. Steering along the edge of the willows, with a meek downcastness, came Mr. Luke Green, his arms crossed before him, his eyes fixed upon the ground, and, to all appearance, buried in deep thought. Before Nora could recover from her surprise he had reached her, and seemed going past. Then he paused, looked up, and, with the most admirable imitation of having come upon her accidentally, coughed, appeared embarrassed at his intrusion, and said, gently,

"Really—forgive me, Miss Manton! The loneliness of the land of this place has so fascinated us both, that I may be pardoned if our walks intersect—to say nothing," added Mr. Luke Green, in a somewhat more quiet even than usual, "of another loveliness which might have been drawn *my* man of fine taste hither, had he been aware of the means, to know it was here."

And the superintendent cast at Nora such a glance as is interchanged between the boys' and girls' galleries, during a long sermon, in a village church between boarding-schools.

"As you *had* no means of knowing I was here, Mr. Green, five taste must be an instinct with you," said Nora, to flatter your taste, I think. Pray use all the stock of flattery you have upon that."

And Nora, conscious that her color was mounting with the sense of contempt and displeasure, began to pass Luke Green with these words, which were spoken in the tone of womanly firmness, but without a suspicion of pique.

"I have not the honor of knowing what sweet Miss Manton by the sincere offering of a feeling I hold in common with all who know her? How unfortunate it is, then, that the result of her failure — her own childhood's friend—one who has a good deal of both deeply—yes, deeply—at all—at his heart, and he is quite cast out of favor for an over-anxiety, a slight tenderness in the expression of his affection! Will you not forgive me, as you used to if I teased you when a little child?"

And Luke Green unostentatiously, yet effectually, put himself in her way, so that she could not escape without more energy in her manner than the exigency of the case seemed to call for.

"Mr. Green," spoke Nora, her voice trembling just perceptibly with dislike and anxiety, "you will not have offended me — at any rate, I shall not remember it—if you will not talk to me in compliments any more. If you feel friendly to me, and you say you do, whenever we happen to meet I wish you would show it by making the language

"DO YOU KNOW THAT HANDWRITING?"

you address to me as plain as if you were talking to one of your customers at the Bank."

"Oh, my dear little friend, think how unjudgeful that would be! I sometimes tell them to clear out, sometimes refuse their requests flatly, and never, never speak to them as if I had known them for years, like a certain young lady."

"Yes, you have known me for years; that is very true. And I think I have a right to hope that every year you will respect me more. I am not a child, Mr. Green — not any longer, though when you came to Cheswick I was one. You seem to forget this. Please to remember it. I really must bid you good-afternoon, as it came to this place without bringing any companion by preference."

Again she tried to pass him, looking and bowing her desire to do so very clearly. But Luke Green put out his hand—not rudely, but persuasively, and in a most pleading manner.

"Please listen to me, Miss Manton. It will not harm you to give five minutes of your time to a man who has watched your growth up to womanhood with sleepless anxiety—with more than parental interest. You ask me to speak plainly. Hear me just the little time I ask, and I will speak so."

Nora folded her hands, put herself into a listening attitude, and bowed, granting his request.

Luke Green continued: "I am glad that I chanced upon you this afternoon, for the sake of this very plain speaking. There is something very sweet in the thought of being permitted to speak plainly to the young lady, in all I did to my little playmate Nora in her childhood. As I said, he watched your womanly budding and blossoming; what my poor efforts could do they have done to aid in smoothing your pathway up to womanhood, I will not say. I would—God in Heaven—that I could surround you with such a hedge of tender care that nothing hurtful or fearful should ever cross your path so long as you live. But as I look on your poor old father, oh, oh!"

Luke Green put his hand over his eyes to hide a very proper emotion to which his just dramatic taste assigned this as the best place; and then, feeling somewhat relieved, resumed:

"Grieve as as it does, he certainly can not lead long, he must be taken to his rest."

A shadow of great distress passed over Nora's face as he said this, which Luke Green observed and fell in with adroitly.

"Yes, and then, then I beheld you in this cruel world fatherless, motherless, and my heart breaks to think what you will do. What *will* you do? who *will* take care of you?"

In spite of her indignation at what she instinctively felt must be a willful lie, Nora made her unhappy, the lip of the young girl quivered, as yielding to the softer emotion, she replied, quietly,

"God takes care of my father and myself both —he can also take care of me hereafter."

"Miss Manton!"—and as Luke Green said this he drew nearer her and made an effort to take her hand, which she avoided without appearing to notice it—"Miss Manton! is there no one on earth who can be Heaven's aid in guarding you? Can you not put your hand confidingly into that of one who loves you, and let him be your protector—even interposing his own heart between you and ill—for all your life?"

Nora felt her cheeks all mantling with the rich red blood that as yet was not schooled to keep her woman secrets, for she did think of such a one, though she answered nothing.

"I will speak more plainly. *I am that man!* I am he that could shield you with his person, with his life, his honor, even were it called for! I have loved you from childhood. I love you now!"

"If you are a true friend to my father and me—if he dies, which God forbid! and we

shall ever take his place in my esteem but you, Mr. Green."

"Miss Manton, let me be nearer than father to you, nearer than mother, brother, nay human friend! I will say directly what I mean—be my wife, and till you die you shall never know want unsatisfied! I am rich, I am daily growing richer; think what my place and my money will get for you; elegant house, carriage and horses, every luxury of city and country."

"Sir! dare you insult me because I am a girl and alone?"

"No, no! I do not mean that; I fear you misunderstand me."

"For your manhood's sake I *hope* I do, Mr. Green."

"Nora!—"

"Miss Manton, if you please, Sir; allow me to pass: it is best this conversation should cease."

"And will you not then be the wife of the man who holds you as dear as Heaven? Will you not—will you never love me?"

"Mr. Luke Green! after the insulting offer you have made to buy me, and which is but the last effort of a long series, is I believe, to make me the thing of purchase from a poor and sick-hearted old man whose only possession I am—after all this, do not dethe that holy name of love in my ears by your speaking it! Ask me at some future day, when you are ashamed of what you have said, if that day comes, not to *loathe* you, and perhaps I may do *that*. I only know what it is to love, and that is the daughter of a poor old man to make her an object of such money value, and other value you have to-day thrown yourself incapable of understanding. But if my father should die, I had rather also die and go to God and him than be obliged to pass for a moment's existence on the earth! I *also* speak plainly; you will hereafter understand and avoid me. I wish to part now!"

And Nora looked the impersonation of moral strength, as, standing upright in her consciousness of purity and honor, she made a queenly gesture with her white, womanly arm, her blue eyes filled with tears of sorrowful indignation but clear enough to shame down the cold, mechanic glance of Luke Green. How much stronger she may brute force did even he feel her to be as her small figure, which he could have crushed ere she could have cried, confronted him, in the wisdom and *odor* not of the unconscious right and might! And for a moment he recognized that as if made desperate at the sight of that growing beauty of the prize just as it was about to slip from his hands forever, he stepped nearer, and, in her saying, hastily, "I shall not go—not yet—till I say one word more. I am anxious—naturally so, with the feelings I have cherished toward you—to avert a great calamity from you. Mr. Manton may do something worse than *die*. Something that might be a great deal harder than death both for him and you, may happen." Luke Green said this with a terrible coolness which might have appalled many a man, and the young, tender woman upon whom he had fixed his eye ere she uttered these had shrunk deliberately, and without a trace of human passion, grew deathly white, and her face was blank with a strange look of puzzle.

"What do you mean?' she said, faintly; "what do you mean?"

"Do you fear that handwriting?" And he held up for her inspection a note of hand for three hundred dollars, signed by John Manton.

"Oh!" said Nora. She uttered this exclamation in a tone that expressed mingled relief and surprise, relief, because if that was all it was not as dreadful as the suspense produced by Luke Green's mysterious manner; pain, because that note was still another item of the awful obligation to the superintendent, and one she had not known till now.

"I do know the handwriting," said Nora, commanding herself; "and if I do not blush to see it, it is because the feeling that I bear to myself no longer, gives no place to shame for the loved and unfortunate father whom you have insulted."

"I insnared? *I?* Now, really, if it were not such a very solemn and painful subject, I should be inclined to be amused. No; I will not permit myself to speak playfully—my heart aches too much to do *that*—I will not be profane to my own better nature. My dear young lady, let me speak plainly to you again. I am not skilled in wooing women, and if I seemed rude to you before, I pray forgive me. Let me tell you that your dear father has not been insnared by me. Could you hear this note tell its own story it would say nothing of having been taken compulsorily from Mr. Manton. I pressed no loan on him to which it is a witness. Hark!—and Luke Green listened. "I thought I heard a splash. Oh, it was nothing!" he said, as he looked down the willows upon the brook, and saw it lonely as before. He continued:

"I never even asked it of your father as acknowledgment of an indebtedness incurred by him before. No! It is but one of ten just like it. See, here they are!" and Luke Green took a bundle of papers from his pocket, folded and filed, and drew his finger over them rapidly. On each of them he had indorsed, "Mr. Manton's note for $300," of various dates!

Nora's heart choked her so that she could not speak. She passed her hand over her brow, as if to recall herself and brush away a web that seemed settling over her eyes. And Luke Green went on:

"Shall I tell you the painful history of those papers? I hardly know whether it is best or not, loving you as I do."

"*Go on, Mr. Green,*" said Nora, in a tone of such terrible calmness as equaled her subsequent's in his most governed moments, and now even startled him hearing it in her.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

WHY should any one afflicted with defective legs turn clergyman?—Because he would cease to be a layman *dame nature*.

A DRIVE'S THOUGHT ABOUT WOMEN.—It matters very little how ugly she may be, a woman never sees a pretty one excepting in the looking-glass.—*Our own Bachelordom.*

ADVICE TO GAS MONOPOLISTS.—"Gentlemen, Flare up, or you may burn your fingers!"

QUITE OUT OF THE QUESTION.
As befits a Knight companion
Of the Garter Blue and Red,
The *Nigdens* of his Uncle
Casts longer eyes upon his *Nice*.

But if this close attachment
To a tie so dear he owns,
Let him beware lest Europa
Invoke the Holy Lamas.

The Imperial *Idea*
All must desire to please,
But Nice is neither Roman
Nor "Prohibited degrees."

SIMPLE, BUT AGRICULTURAL.—Q. What is the best time for sowing tenter-hooks?—When the landlord goes round and collects his rents.

ADVICE TO BACHELORS.—Tell cold pudding to settle your love; but don't do any thing which will induce you to settle your money.

ADVICE.—"Friend! Imitate the example of the railway engine. He is the most indefatigable runningcan keep up for hours at the rate of forty, and even sixty miles an hour—and yet he never tires all the while, and yet he never takes any thing but water when he wants to set his whistle!"

Elderly unmarried ladies are considered by some persons the least sensible of all kinds of sensible animals.

"You seem to walk more erect than usual, my friend." "Why, I have been encouraged by circumstances."

"Can't we make your lover jealous, Miss?"—"Oh, yes, Sir, I think we can, if we get an Adonis together."

Shrewd inquiries are being made whether the cup of sorrow has a saucer.

An Irish paper advertises, "Wanted, an able-bodied man as a sewer-cleaner."

We know a poor fellow who takes the palm in all his quarrels with his wife. She slaps his face.

A lady, playfully condemning the wearing of mustaches, declared, "It is one of the fashions I set my face against."

One person abusing another in the presence of Church-ill, the poet, said, "He was extremely outraged, that if you said a good thing he could not understand it."—"Yes, Sir," said Church-ill, "he is very far gone."

"Good-morning, Patrick," said a gentleman to his Irish laborer. "Slippery this morning."—"Slippery!—why, yer honor, it's as dhry as a bone!"—Upon my word, and I did down three times without getting up once!

A Gascon officer, demanding his salary from the Minister of War, declared that he was in danger of dying with hunger. The Minister, who was disposed to be facetious and ruddy, told him that his face contradicted his statement. "Ah, my lord," said the brave, "that is true; this face is not mine, it belongs to my landlord, who has given me credit for a long time."

A new form of electro-biology has been evoked in Paris—all who choose are sent to sleep with a tobacco-pipe instead of a watch. The experimentalist of a Paris *soirée* is to produce an attack of Agoustinus, as it is termed, and pour down through their dimmished in their hands, and men armed with all the silver spoons they can lay hold of. The most extraordinary tales are told of the accidents brought about; and in one corner you are informed that a lady has thrown soup into the by looking at Madame V——'s diamond hair-comb; and in another, you catch the words, "Monsieur, if Baron Y——'s inquest produced by too steady contemplation of a well-polished carving-knife, and of which nothing in the world can cure him now.

TRANSPLANTED FOR LIFE.—The man who marries happily.

GREAT SOCIAL QUESTIONS.—Which is the right side of twenty? What do you mean by twenty? Is it twenty one the wrong side of? Should you call twenty-nine the wrong side of it? Is it the wrong side of thirty? Is it forty any right side at all nearer than some figure under thirty? If there is a right side of twenty is it not that which is the nearer to threescore and ten?

THE SERVANT'S SERIAL.—A lady, on hiring a servant girl, gave to country, told her, among other information, that she should have the liberty of attending church every Sunday, but that she would be expected to return home always immediately on the conclusion of service. The lady, however, found a good deal of difficulty in making this apparently reasonable arrangement. "No, ma," said the lass, "I cannot do that, for I wishes to the crack conversation o' the kirk-yard for a the service."—*Dean Ramsay's Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character.*

A WORD IN THE SWELL VOCABULARY.—A young gentleman in an office at Somerset House was highly delighted by reading, in the report of the coronation correspondent of the *Morning Post*, the statement that the Swell corps, commanding their several sections, would have to be mounted "by the labor of the fellahs of Egypt." "By Jove!" he exclaimed, "how delicious the Morning Post is a deserved cleva fellah! Know how to spell fellah. Those other fellahs should clever fellahs too—those parasitic fellahs—spell fellah some way. Shall always spell it in a proper manner. With all my heart, I have a fee to-day had to be executed by the labor of those Egyptian fellahs."

ALLITERATIONS.—The following stanza is more curious than cogent:

Weird women wily watching, wet Wednesday wanes away,
Dim darkness dispersing, down darts distinct day,
The traveling tinker to town trips along,
The tippling tailor to tipple is tempted so strong.

Things bought at "great bargains" are mostly parted with afterward at "a tremendous sacrifice."

A man in battle is not allowed to whittle to keep his courage up, and the reason is obvious—he doesn't have that tendency.

She that marries a man because he is "a good match" must not be surprised if he turns out a "Lucifer."

It is said that the Tartars invite a man to drink by gently pulling his ear. A good many of our people will "take a pull" without waiting to have their ears pulled.

A reliable swell declares that he lately danced one evening with three young ladies, the united circumference of whose dresses amounted to a hundred yards.

An old toper chanced to drink a glass of water one day for want of something stronger. Smacking his lips and turning to one of his companions, he remarked, "Why, it don't taste badly. I have no doubt 'tis whole sense for females and tender children!"

IT'S A BAD RULE THAT DOESN'T WORK BOTH WAYS.

SWELL. "I want you to measure me for a vest, please."
TAILOR. "Can you possibly yourself. We do not make here but the robes of ladies."

SWELL. "Y-a-as, I know; I know; that's what's a man to do? The women are all getting their things made by tailors, and there's no getting any thing done."

A gentleman replied to a female vagrant who accosted him that he never gave to beggars in the street. "If I knew where your home lived," quietly responded the woman, "I'd be after calling at your house, and then I shouldn't trouble you with your arrangements." An accommodating beggar that.

A SOLDIER'S JOKE.—An ex *dit* from the camp of Aldershott states that Colonel Dare——, who is a rigid disciplinarian, lately issued an order that the men's hair should be cut short; next morning, on parade, he pointed out four fellows whose hair had not been cut close enough, and on the following day called the same men to the front, when a titter ran through the company, which soon broke into a threefold laugh. On the men being directed to take off their caps they presented their hairs shaved, leaving their hair as close as if their heads had been shaved. The gallant colonel good-humorredly joined in the laugh, but afterward said he should not like strangers to be laughing at them, and then ordered the four men to be confined to their barracks for six weeks, when it might be supposed their hair would be grown sufficiently for them to appear in public. The men little anticipated such an end to their joking.

Major E—— had a servant whose simplicity was almost incredible. One day the Major told him to deny him to all visitors, he carried out the order to the exclusion of the Major's most intimate friends. Determined, then, by a master that he was always at home to his brother, John was told to answer the door, and on that virtue his brother next called he was immediately shown in; but after waiting till an hour alone he summoned John to know the reason of the Major's non-appearance. The literal servant told him that he had the Major under bed, gone out to dinner, but that the general order was, "Always denied to the Major." In the next occasion John received still more explicit orders, and if the Major's brother should call he was to say that he had died that Major E—— was in the general's to dinner. The Major, however, fearful of again making a mistake, rushed into the dining-room of his own office, where his master sat at table at the general's, and, in an anxious voice, exclaimed, "Major, what am I to say if your brother does not call at all?"

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. IV.—No. 170.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1860. [SECOND EDITION.

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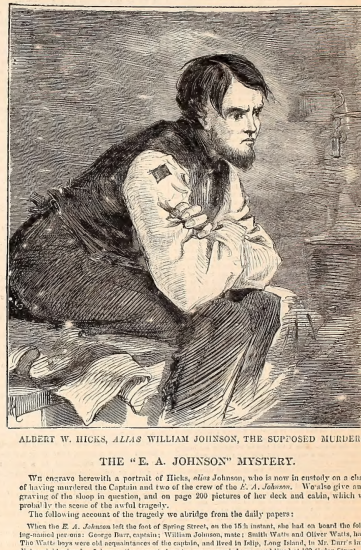
THE SLOOP "E. A. JOHNSON," AS FIRST DISCOVERED.



ALBERT W. HICKS, *ALIAS* WILLIAM JOHNSON, THE SUPPOSED MURDERER.

THE "E. A. JOHNSON" MYSTERY.

We engrave herewith a portrait of Hicks, *alias* Johnson, who is now in custody on a charge of having murdered the Captain and two of the crew of the *E. A. Johnson*. We also give an engraving of the sloop in question, and on page 200 pictures of her deck and cabin, which were probably the scene of the awful tragedy.

The following account of the tragedy we abridge from the daily papers:

When the *E. A. Johnson* left the foot of Spring Street, on the 15th instant, she had on board the following-named persons: George Burr, captain; William Johnson, mate; Smith Watts and Oliver Watts, hands. The Watts boys were old acquaintances of the captain, and lived in Islip, Long Island, by Mr. Burr's immediate neighborhood. Johnson, the suspected party, was a married man, and lived at 128 Cedar Street. He had never been on board the vessel before, and was employed by the Captain a few hours previous to sailing. The object of the voyage was well known to all on board, and all were aware that the Captain had quite a snug sum of money on board. From an oyster dealer at Fulton Market Captain Burr had received $300, and when he arrived at Keyport Messrs. Ferres & Simmons placed in his hands about $500 more. The voyage to Keyport passed off without any incident worth noticing. On Sunday, the 18th instant, the sloop set sail from Keyport on her trip to Deep Creek, Virginia, where she was to take in a cargo of oysters for planting, and return to Keyport with all possible dispatch. What terrible and bloody work transpired on board from that time up to Wednesday morning is best known, perhaps, to William Johnson, for he appears to be the only one of the crew who is now alive to tell the tale of

"Murder most foul and unnatural."

The next thing that is positively known concerning the sloop after her departure from Keyport is her collision with the schooner *John L. Mather*, Captain Nickerson, about half past three o'clock on Wednesday morning. The sloop was then sailing in the direction of New York, while the schooner was going in an opposite direction, bound for the Delaware Breakwater.

THE COLLISION

occurred off the tail of the West Bank, and was no doubt the result of ignorance or fright on the part of the steersman of the sloop. When within three hundred yards of each other the course of the sloop was suddenly changed, and her head was directed full against the schooner's quarter. Every effort was made by Captain Nickerson to avoid the collision, but in vain, as unexpected was the movement on board the sloop. The schooner was cut down to within eight inches of the water's edge; but fortunately her commander was able to keep her afloat until she arrived at Quarantine, where she was taken in tow by a steamboat and conveyed to this city. In conversation with our reporter on Wednesday afternoon, Captain Nickerson stated that the sloop had only one man on deck at the time of the collision, and that he never uttered a word during the time the vessels were together. The sloop drifted to leeward, and as her stern swung around a yawl boat could be detected hanging from the davits. On his arrival in the East River, some hours after the collision, Captain Nickerson saw the *E. A. Johnson* lying at Fulton Market slip, and immediately identified her as the sloop that had caused such damage on board his vessel; besides, a quantity of rigging left on board of his vessel in the collision, corresponding with that missing from the sloop, reduced the identity almost to a certainty. He immediately gave information of the matter to Captain Weed, and an important link in the chain of circumstantial evidence against the accused was then secured.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE SLOOP

in her dismantled condition, after the collision, was first made by Captain Sickles, of the fishing schooner *Telegraph*. The *E. A. Johnson* was then drifting in the lower bay, about midway between Coney Island and Sandy Hook. Her sails were all down and hanging in the water, her bowsprit and cut-water carried away, and her general appearance denoting an abandoned wreck. The *Telegraph* immediately bore down for the wreck, and just as she was coming alongside the steamboat Cyrus Captain Dorris, came up, and the crews of both vessels boarded the sloop together. The sight that presented itself on board the *E. A. Johnson* was truly sickening. The entire deck on the starboard side was covered with blood, while here and there the presence of several locks of matted hair showed too plainly that their were gazing upon the theatre of some mysterious and dreadful tragedy. The condition of things around the companion-way and down in the cabin confirmed their worst fears. It was evident that the crew had been murdered, their bodies dragged to the rail, and thrown overboard. The marks of blood upon almost every article of furni-

tors; together with the tested condition of the clothing and bed-clothes, led to the impression that the wretched mother had immediately been preceded by the child's father. Every closet, cupboard, and place of search seemed to have been ransacked, judging from the marks of blood and tossed condition of the contents. Fully satisfied in their own minds that some horrible tragedy had taken place on board, they promptly started for New York, bearing with them the dismantled sloop.

The police were set on the trail at once, and we give the account of the arrest in the words of officer NEVINS:

THE ARREST.

Captain Smith and myself left the city on Thursday, in the twelve o'clock train of the Long Shore Railroad, for Stonington and Providence. The same afternoon we arrived at Stonington, and went on board the Providence boat Commonwealth, to make inquiries for a sailor-man, his wife, and child. The boat arrived that morning about two o'clock, and of course our only chance of getting trace of the murderer was from the officers of the boat. We had heard of several men with children, but they did not answer the description; so we waited until nine o'clock that night, when Mr. C. Howard, the baggage-master, arrived in the Boston night train. He gave us information of two or three different women who stopped on the route between Stonington and Boston. The description of one party, of a man, woman, and child, who stopped at Canton, Massachusetts, was so near, that on the arrival of the boat from New York, at two o'clock on Friday morning, we left in the train which carried forward the passengers. On arriving at Canton, however, we found that the woman was not the one we were in search of, so we immediately returned to Providence, being satisfied that the murderers could not have taken the Boston train, as in Providence we called upon Mr. George Billings, detective officer, who, with several other officers, watched the train and boats on every assistance. We drove around the city to all the sailor boarding-houses, and to all the railroad depots, questioning baggage-masters and every one likely to give us information, but could get no satisfactory clew, as we considered that they had probably crossed the Fall River route, and Captain Smith went down to the steamboat Bradford to get to make inquiry there. Mr. Billings had remembered that on the previous morning a sailor and a little sore-eyed woman and child came up with them, and asked if he knew of any good boarding-house, in a retired part of the city, where he could go for a few weeks. He told him that he did not, but would take him to a hackman, who took him off to a distant part of the city. The hackman was soon found, and at once recollected the circumstances, and where he had taken the party. It was then arranged, by general consent, to-morrow that the hackman should go into the house, and inquire of the landlady if this man was in, pretending that two of his party were quarrelsome, and that he had been apparently asleep. I woke him up, and to immediately began to make inquiry there. We had not charged him with passing counterfeit money, because I did not want his wife to know what the real charge was. We got his baggage together, and took him with us to the watch-house. I searched him, and found in his pocket-book about seven hundred dollars in counterfeits, also, his knife, pipe, and among the rest, two small screwed bags, which I knew from identified as being used by the Captain to carry his silver. In his pocket-book was $173, mostly in five and ten dollar bills of the Farmers' and Citizens' Bank of Brooklyn. There was also found in his possession. I didn't take his wife's baggage, and I felt sorry for her that I gave her $10 at the depot. For women act it was she cried bitterly, but if she had known what her husband was really charged with it would have been awful. I took the $6 from the landlady that he had paid in advance, because I didn't know but the money might be identified. When we got him to the watch-house, I told him to let me see his hands, for if he was a counterfeiter, and not a sailor, as he represented, I could tell. He turned up his palms, and said, "There are no marks on them." I said yes, and began to examine, too; and then I told him I did not want him for counterfeiting, and he replied, "I thought as much." So I up and told him what he was charged with, and he declared upon his soul that he was innocent, and knew nothing of the matter, and was never on the wharf. I don't think his wife knew any thing about it. Some time before he had been living up a yacht, and was to get $50 a-year, and when he came home as flush with money he told his wife he had got the prize money. I asked him if he would go on to New York quietly with us, or stay in jail ten or fifteen days for a requisition. He said he would go with us, and we started at 7 o'clock in the morning. He behaved so cool and indifferent that I at one time almost supposed he had mistaken our party for the New London culprit there was an immense crowd of people waiting to see the prisoner. As we went on through the crowd, they cried out, "There's the murderer; lynch him, lynch him!" I told him that I was glad about the first man who touched him. At every station after that, as we came through, there were large crowds curious to see the prisoner.

VISIT OF THE PRISONER'S WIFE.

The Herald reporter says, on Monday 26th:

The desire on the part of thousands to get a glimpse of the suspected murderer was so great that the second precinct station house, in which the prisoner was confined, was thronged all day yesterday with an excited and excited crowd. Among the visitors was Johnson's wife, who arrived in the city at an early hour, in company with her infant child, and had an interview with her husband. She was informed of the real charge preferred against the prisoner, she seemed very excited, and wondered, "I thought it would be all right." The large amount of money that the prisoner was possessed of when he started from New York had created a suspicion in her mind that all was not right, but still she had no idea that her husband would resort to such monstrous means in order to succeed. When brought down stairs to see the prisoner she seemed much affected, and wept bitterly. The prisoner, however, appeared slightly moved, and tried to smooth over matters to her satisfaction by stating that he had been very much troubled of late in the charge preferred against him; but she evidently did not believe his statement, and took her leave of him in a manner which showed that there was considerable doubt in her mind as to his innocence.

THE VISIT OF THE CORONER.

About one o'clock Coroner Schirmer paid a visit to the prisoner. Captain Weed, in order to take the prisoner's statement, introduced the officer by saying that he was the Coroner who had held an inquest upon the body of Captain Burr, who had been found murdered the day previously. The announcement that one of the bodies had been found produced but little effect upon the prisoner. He merely said "Yes," in an inquiring tone, and then relapsed into his former state of silent indifference. His imperturbable manner could not have been natural. An innocent man could not have displayed such extraordinary coolness under such trying circumstances. The Coroner was shocked at the audacity of the fellow, and went up stairs, declaring he never saw any thing like it in his life.

CAPTAIN BURR'S WIFE.

It was understood yesterday that Captain Burr's wife was so shocked at the news of the tragedy that she was rendered hopeless. She has hardly uttered a word since she received the sad tidings of the probable murder of her husband, and it is now that the physician in attendance says it is his opinion that she will sink under the blow.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1860.

THE SEIZURE OF MIRAMON'S STEAMERS.

WE give on page 201 a beautiful picture of the seizure of the steamers *Miramon* and *Marquez* by the United States sloop of war *Saratoga* in the harbor of Vera Cruz, Mexico. The circumstances of the seizure were very simple. These two vessels were fitted out at Havana, in Cuba, manned by the Liberal Church party in Mexico, and were dispatched by sympathizers with Miramon to assist in the assault on Vera Cruz—which assault, however, they declined to show their colors, when required to do so by the ships of war lying in the harbor, and when questioned by a commissioner sternly fired upon them After this, of course, there was nothing for it but to make them prizes of war as pirates.

A telegraphic dispatch to the Associated Press states that, when the fight began, these vessels showed Spanish colors. If this be so, it will completely manifest the perfidy of Spain. We owe regular Spanish ships of war, but may have been privateers under the Spanish flag—fitted out by Santa Anna, Miramon, and other friends of the Church in Mexico.

The general impression of people in this country is that the seizure will do no harm. The proceedings of Orvay, the British Minister in Mexico, and Gabriac, the French Minister, have been such that it is not unwise that the Mexicans should have a lesson. Besides, how this country feels with regard to the pending civil war in their country. Good may result, sooner or later, from this emphatic announcement of the sympathies of the United States with the liberal party.

It must always be remembered by Americans that the contest now raging in Mexico is merely the old story—the fight between the privileged class, which is the Church, and the people For my own part the Church party in Mexico has been acquiring dominion, power, wealth, influence, and capacity. The Church property, at the present time, is worth at least $250,000,000—which, as only 8 per cent. is reckoned as the income of $12,500,000, nearly twice as much as the whole national revenue. Besides the power which such enormous property confers, the Church party possess, over their adversaries, the incalculable advantage of a perfect and thorough organization, extending throughout the republic, from Sonora to the borders of Guatemala, and through most society from General Miramon's household to the hut of the poorest half-breed. To these may be superadded the advantage the Church adds the vast power derived from superstition. Even among an educated and enlightened people the influence of the clergy is so great that very few persons can venture to contend against it: what must that power be among a people, ignorant and degraded, and accustomed to delegate to priests the duty of thinking for them? This is the capital of the Church party in Mexico: money, organization, and superstition. These three maintain their supremacy.

On the other hand, the popular party is based, at bottom, upon the fundamental principles of democracy. We do not propose to become the apologists of the Juarez Government, or to justify every act of the so-called constitutionalists of Mexico; many of their measures seem to us very ill advised. But the radical idea which underlies their organization is simply the democratic principle, to oppose all privileges, monopolies, and oligarchies of any kind. In practice, for instance, the Constitutionalists declare the confiscation of the vast portions of the country for the use of the Church; to the *main-morte* system; to the exemption of Church property from seizure and taxes; to each and all the personal and real privileges and exemptions enjoyed by the Mexican clergy. Their hope of success depends on the development of intelligence among the Mexican people. Among a truly intelligent and enlightened people a theocracy is impossible. And whenever the Mexicans become enlightened and intelligent the Church party will fail; till then its chances are the best.

We have said that this was an old story. The same fight has been fought out in several States of the Union in some shape or other—for instance, in Massachusetts and South Carolina: it has been waged to an end in France, Spain, and Germany; but perhaps our neighbor, Canada, affords the best modern parallel, and a study of the Canadian problem is instructive to students of the history of Mexico.

Lower or Eastern Canada was first settled two hundred years ago by intense Catholics, nuns, friars, and priests leading the way, and a special ordinance of the French monarchy forbidding the landing of Protestants in the colony. Upper or Western Canada was settled within a century by strong Church of England men, among whom Episcopalian bishops and priests were almost as powerful as the Roman Catholic clergy were in the Eastern Province. Each set of ecclesiastics, with the sagacity which marks the priesthood of almost every Church, proceeded to anchor itself and make sure its power by acquiring land. In the Eastern Province the most fertile and promising portions of the country were reserved by the Catholic priests, and ecclesiastical corporations. Of the cities of Quebec and Montreal, and of the richest counties of Lower Canada, at least one half was, one hundred years ago, and is still, owned by the Roman Catholic Church The Church of England pursued the same policy in the Western province, reserving its lands were set apart as "Clergy Reserves" and rectory domains. Thirty years ago the power of each Church, in its separate provinces, appeared to rest on a basis of impregnable strength. It was remarked by a sagacious traveler that even Spain, at the time when Joseph Bonaparte was forced to strike down the Jesuits to save himself, was not so thoroughly in the hands of priests as the Canadas in 1830.

At the very time this remark was made the seeds of the inevitable conflict had been sown, and the germ was coming up. In Upper or Western Canada the superior wealth of the Episcopal Church was small, and its tactics careless; education became general, and the schools were independent of the Church. The consequence was the growth of a powerful body of Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists, and other sects, among whom the dominant Church was regarded with deep hatred. These sects outnumbered the members of the established Church, and commenced a crusade against the Clergy Reserves and Rectories. The conflict was long and severe, but the issue could not be doubtful. The plea of "vested rights" has never proved the key of a popular reform, or protected a palpable abuse from attention. A day came when "the Church" was thoroughly beaten, and the vast tracts of land which had been set apart for the support of the established Church of Upper Canada were wrested from their owner and devoted to secular and educational purposes. The end, after a conflict of a quarter of a century, the fight between hierarchical privilege and democracy in the Western Province.

In Canada East the case was different. From the very first settlement of the Province the Papal priests had sagaciously monopolized the teaching of the people. They had spent money lavishly in the establishment and maintenance of colleges, seminaries, and boarding-schools, at which the youth of Canada be educated at a far less cost than was possible at private institutions. This judicious outlay secured generations after generations of Canadians, who would rather have died than suffered an assault upon their Mother Church, and who deemed it a sacred duty to increase the means of that Church's power and wealth. The superior management of the Roman Catholics in Lower Canada is evident from the fact that, notwithstanding the injury inflicted on the best interests of the Province by the monopoly of real property in the hands of the Church, no party of any standing has ever proposed a crusade against the Lower Canada ecclesiastical corporations. Churches, seminaries, colleges, nunneries, and bishoprics acquire property by decree, and, of course, they can not sell it, secure they go on swelling their estate and their income from year to year; but no jealously exists here against the people at their schools, that no one but a stray heretic here and there ever complains of the abuse, and to all outward appearance they are too well stronger than ever.

Mexico occupies a middle position between Canada East and Canada West. As in the former, the priesthood of Mexico have secured the best land in the country, but as in the latter, they have neglected the necessary precaution of training the people, at their own expense, to believe that the aggrandizement of the Church is the gain of the country. Hence the conflict which has not yet commenced in Lower Canada is in full vigor in Mexico, and the result must of course be what it has been in Spain, France, Germany, and Canada West. A time must come, sooner or later, when the clergy will be beaten, and must inevitably lose the Church of the land of which it originally robbed them.

In the mean time, the part which the United States should play must be a very delicate one. It will never do to try to bully the Mexicans. They will no more stand foreign bettering than ourselves. If we were to land an army to support Juarez to-morrow, every Mexican would rally round Miramon, and no right-minded person could censure the proceeding. All the talk which we hear about conquering Mexico is pure nonsense. We could not conquer Mexico if we tried, and the worst misfortune that could befall us would be to do so, and to have to deal with the country afterward. The true policy of the United States is stand by and look on quietly, waiting for Providence to fulfill His ends at the appointed season; evincing our sympathies on proper occasions, not obtrusively so as to vex Mexican pride, but discreetly so as to let our opinion have its fair weight with intelligent Mexicans. Mexico has great capacities; immense mineral wealth; great agricultural resources; fair industrial capacity: a mineral and agricultural people; a good internal system of law; a comparatively small debt. As soon as the irrepressible conflict is ended, she will take her place worthily among the nations of the world, and will become a useful, powerful, and friendly neighbor.

BRADY'S PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON IRVING.

MANY regrets were expressed, on the death of the late Washington Irving, that he had left no portrait with which his friends were satisfied.

For many years of his life Mr. Irving had refused to sit for his portrait, and his relatives and friends said that in early life portraits had been unsatisfactory to him. Literary institutions, historical societies at home and abroad, had in vain solicited his portrait. This reverence seemed unreasonable. Recently a lady, a relative of the family, who had been absent for several years, much to the surprise of his family, said she had a small daguerreotype taken of Mr. Irving previous to the departure for Europe. It was a good likeness; and from this, after infinite labor and expense, a fine photograph has been obtained by Mr. Brady, of this city, and a portrait in oil on canvas. His friends and nearest relatives are delighted with it, and pronounce it perfect.

The many admirers of the great Washington Irving can now have an opportunity of gracing their libraries with a faithful representation. The genial smile is peculiarly his own; and the face expresses all the humor, genius, and humanity belonging to his character. The likeness is certainly indefatigable in his profession, and deserves the popularity he enjoys.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE GREAT SEA-SERPENT.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

BERRIES SPRINGS, *March 14, 1860.*

I OBSERVED in your Weekly, dated March 3, a drawing of the "Sea-Serpent" which I thought it might interest you to know that a fish corresponding in every particular but one was stranded on the sea beach of Turk's Island, July 4, in 1855. I am not certain of the year. Mr. George Gibbs, who is something of a naturalist, saw it, and he is still residing on Turk's Island. The only difference I can discern is, that the one I saw at Turk's Island had over the head and back of its entrance canoe on the sides of the back beautiful protuberances like silver studs—not plain studs, but of raised work. It did not remember the tail, but it was exhibited for a day or two by the colored man who found it, and then thrown back into the sea. I recollect feeling surprised that no one took the trouble to stuff it, for it was perfectly sound. Whether those protuberances were peculiar to the female, or what, I do not know; but my first afterward would lose them, is a doubt. It was very beautiful, and had a bright silvery appearance from the water to the top of the tail.

Very respectfully yours,

SUSAN ELIZA LEEDS.

THE LOUNGER.

ALL THE BLUE BONNETS OVER THE BORDER.

THE letter which the Lounger published last week, written by "The Lady in the Blue Bonnet," and addressed to "Jack Falstaff, Esq.," by "gigled and gabbled" at the rehearsal of the Philharmonic Concert, has brought upon the Lounger a flood of notes, some of which he publishes, that the merits of the case may be laid fairly before the great Public.

There is evidently a profound difference in the opinions upon this momentous topic. It is a question of manners, indeed; but there is the old root of discord like Lamoger's opinion (alas!) may perhaps give heed to Burke, "the one name, greatest of all," as Sir Thomas Lawrence said in the days of the other, at the St. Patrick's dinner, as he touched with light and more the fame of the great Irish orator. In the Hall Lounger, Adam, Addison, J., hear what Burke, C. J. from the High-Court of Social Law, gives us in evidence, and will call a recorded in his first letter on a Regicide Peace:

"Manners are what vex or soothe, corrupt or purify, exalt or debase, barbarize or refine us, by a constant, steady, uniform, insensible operation, like that of the air we breathe in."

Therefore you will pardon to a Lounger the space he allows for the discussion of the subject. Besides, it concerns the breeding of music, and all good citizens are interested that good music shall be heard. It is not rates of interest, nor the laws of supply and demand in trade, that radically control society. Society is composed of men and women, and they are influenced by ideas—what we call interest is only an idea. Society is the globe. The Hindoo philosophers are satisfied that it rests upon an elephant, who stands upon a tortoise. There are men who are perhaps wiser, and who be-

believe that it rests nowhere, but is forever supported by invisible, divine forces. Selfishness is the tortoise, going upon its belly. Many people can understand that its shell may be strong enough to support an elephant; and perhaps the elephant holds the globe. But the theory is insufficient. The unseen things are the strong things in this world, as in all life.

But the Lounger must cut himself short to make room for his correspondents.

SIR,—Is this a free-country, or is it not? If I buy a ticket to a concert, have I the right to enter the hall, or have I not? To take a seat, or not? If I have, have I surrendered my liberty of speech by the purchase of my ticket? If I hire a room at a hotel, haven't I an undoubted right to bang my boots down at the door, when I go to bed, if I want to, or to sing and shout, if I choose to? In the name of justice have I not purchased the right to that room, and are my arms to be paralyzed and my lungs scratched by sour looks when I should certainly kick if I met him in the passage? If a "Lady in the Blue Bonnet," whom I know nothing about, except that she is probably a Puseyite, prevails old maid, doesn't like the Philharmonic rehearsals, let her stay at home. I like 'em, and I don't see why people should be gagged at 'em. If she doesn't want to hear people talk, let her go to the dressmaker's church, up in something street. I'll be still enough for her there, probably; and they want more money. They have a debt, poor things! and they are selling prints of the church to help pay it off. Now mark my words, Mr. Lounger, *I don't believe this lady* (she calls herself so) *is a bit honest hes bought a single copy of a picture to help along the poor deaf-mutes.* Of course not; such people never do. They complain, in the meanest, most selfish way, of being disturbed by hearing music at a nasty concert, simply because they've paid for it! They want their money's worth—that's the whole story.

For my part I'm sick of this twaddle about hearing music. By Heavens! it's enough to drive a patient man jump out of his skin to hear these people go on. There are at least sixty instruments —sixty instruments, Mr. Lounger, tuning and twanging and blurting and roaring, enough to bring the house down, and because some innocent and lovely girl sings, her unquestionable right, as being in civilized society, to speak—yes, Sir—to speak, to whisper, to express her opinion, or her emotion, or to make a suggestion, in tone more or less loud (as if she could be heard even if she bawled out in the midst of that tremendous din), why, something in the guise of humanity must thereupon complain piteously, as if the lovely and innocent girl had committed an enormity! I do not dare to trust myself to speak of such conduct as it deserves, or to characterize such a mean, miserable, contemptible, imbecile, disgusting, and, some proceeding as it richly merits. I pass it over, with this one word of exhortation to the person who wears a bonnet: Just mind your own business. I don't complain of your coming to hear the music, and I'll thank you not to come out and talking if I want to. Suppose that I choose to? Probably you have a husband* (poor fellow !), and I want to try card.

Yours, Mr. Lounger,
VESCVIUS JONES,
Middlepunch, U.S.N.

DEAR LOUNGER,—This is between us—but do you know the real history of the letter signed "The Lady in the Blue Bonnet," which you published last week? It is very good, and this it is.

You see it isn't a woman at all. Didn't you guess it? Tom Mamble and I are rivals. I am not ashamed to say it, because every body knows it, and every body knows that Clara is going to give Master Tom the mit—mitt—mitten. I've sent him one anonymously through the Post-office each ready, and made him pay heavy postage for it, like fun. Well, you see how it is. Clara likes me, Tom, and I were sitting together at the rehearsal —that is, I was sitting by her, and Tom must needs come up and plant himself into the open seat on the other side. Now, strictly between us, Tom is the most utter ass going. It is really quite surprising what an ass he is. Well, you see how it is, thing. When he found that he couldn't talk with her, he pretended to listen to the music; but I knew all the time he was trying to hear what we were saying. He was mad as fire at something Clara had said to me. I heard her say that he mustn't say such things—and I guess the row was offering himself. At any rate, he was dreadful angry, and went away without saying a word, and the whole thing was done, and the letter last week is the way in which he chose to take his revenge. There was no more a Lady in a Blue Bonnet in all than there was a bull in a china shop. It was only Master Tom Mamble, who was mad with a girl because she wouldn't have him. The fact is that a hearsal is a capital cover to talk. You may say that it's a semi-public, semi-private thing, and in a way, and the hum prevents the actual words from being heard. Clara and I always go, and have our best talks there; and I suppose I shall never bothered any more; for if Master Tom didn't get his mitten last time, he will next. I hope things are jolly with you.

Yours, old Lounger, FRANK SNIEV.

The Lounger has at least a bushel of notes, in a very variety of delicate, lucid, girl's hand, before him, and he is a Lounger,—that hugely ugly thing who calls herself a 'Lady in the Blue Bonnet' reassures us; but, poor old dotard! I only pity her," etc., etc. The wonder of "dear young ladies" who love this convicted themselves is enormous. The Lounger is sorry for them. He is sure that they will do better in future. The blue-bonneted lady was tart; but did she not say a great many true things—great many things worth remembering?

* Mr. Middlepunch of course forgets, in his ardor, a previous passage of his letter, in which he suggests the disinter condition of "The Lady in the Blue Bonnet."

If any still doubt, here is one more letter:

MY DEAR LOUNGER,—I was delighted to see the letter by a fair young lady, which you published last week, from the Lady in the Blue Bonnet. I have suffered so much from precisely the same annoyance, and every body seemed so unwilling to say any thing about it, that I was gradually settling into misanthropy, or, rather, misogyny.

You will ask me why I did not speak. Simply because I can not. I am so infernally polite that I am at every body's mercy. If a man grinds my corn with his new shoe, half a foot thick in the sole, I smile in the sweetest manner, as if he were tickling me. If I see two men knocking each other in the street, I always lift my hat and exclaim, "I beg your pardon!" as if I were concerned in the matter. If somebody asks somebody else at table to have something, I look bland and bend my head, merely because I am conscious that the occasion has arisen for blandness and head-bending. If a city friend goes out with me to my country-place, and takes an air in my boat upon the river, although he pulls directly against me, I say not a word. I would rather sink to the bottom of the stream than suggest that he is making hard work for me; and if a tug ever runs foul of my boat, come house with such swollen veins in my forehead that my doctor, who used to prescribe returning in such a condition, whipped out his lancet without a word, and bled me freely; while my city friend, unmaking for a fellow-passenger and seasons, hit the doctor upon the head with the oar, so that I had to bleed him with his own lancet to recover him. In case of any disability to ask my friend not to pull the wrong way.

So I should doubtless have been a happy married man long ere now, if I could only bring myself to inflict upon an innocent girl the surprise and confusion of an offer. I tried once—I did, indeed.

"Dear Miss Budken!" I cried; but immediate, he felt the apoplectic fraternity in my throat. She blushed—she stammered—she looked down. It was fruitful. I cursed myself for subjecting her to such embarrassment. She looked up, coyly, raised my hand to my head, as if to touch my hat, which only increased my bewilderment, and paused.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Budken, I'm sure," and never alluded to the subject again.

You may be interested—I beg your pardon, I'm sure, for I don't see why you should be—but it is interesting and humiliating to add that the name is Miss Budken no longer. She is Mrs. Nicholas Butterbury now. I see her sometimes at the Philharmonic rehearsals. She is very fond of music, occupies two seats (her husband always pays double fare for her in the cars), and who sleeps through the number. What a pulmonary organ that poor husband must be! For you see he couldn't have paid the least attention to the blushing and stammering.

Now you see the reason why I can not speak to the young ladies who talk during the music at the Philharmonic rehearsals and concerts. If I had a daughter, and she should behave with the indelicacy and impoliteness to make such a noise at the Philharmonic rehearsals and concerts, if I should speak to her about it—I suppose I couldn't do that—but I should quietly and politely take a pinch of pic acid. As it is, I only look on in perfect amazement and secret indignation. But it is entirely so.

I have been about like a May morning. If one of the girls says something particularly silly, and looks at me as if she expected me to laugh, why, I am too polite not to. So I generally contrive to refer me to disappoint her—and I grin. That only encourages her. Away she goes, and seems convinced that it is I who am the real cause of the disturbance. It is all my confounded politeness. But can you wouldn't have me an unfeeling brute, would you?

Of course the same thing prevents my rising and chastising the cad by the side of me, for his disapprobation of the dear young lady's conduct. It might pain her. No, I could not bring myself to do that.

You may imagine, then, dear Lounger, the peculiar satisfaction with which I read the letter of last week. If I were not afraid of confusing her, I should try to discover the lady in the line bonnet, and suppose I should find her on my knee in search for her, and suddenly they should slight upon her, and she should perceive that I was now writing of her. She would then see that I was not far off my seat. No, no, my dear friend, not for worlds would I betray that I suspected she could write—how much less that she could write to me! Anonymity gives me such satisfaction.

If it did not seem to me very impolite to have solicited your attention for so short a communication, I should stop here; but common politeness constrains me to suppose you may whether you think the letter of the lady in the blue bonnet will do any good? Do you suppose the dear young lady to whom it was addressed will ever receive it; and if she has, whether she will talk all the louder at the next concert? Do you think it was the young friend who wrote it who spoke for I am sure she chattered long enough and loud enough—and if she were not a dear young lady, I should certainly call her a very vulgar, impolite girl.

Goodby, dear Mr. Lounger. I thank you profoundly for the kind attention with which, I have no doubt, you will read this note; and I am, with a thousand apologies for the trouble I have expected, your most obedient humble, and obsequious servant,

THE SHORT GENTLEMAN IN SPECTACLES.

BEFORE the summer the first volume of Parke Godwin's History of France will be published; and the author will take the place he has won by scholarship, research, enthusiasm, and remarkable judicial, historic perception, in the famous group of our historians—Bancroft, Prescott, Irving, Hildreth, and Motley. Mr. Godwin brings to his work an early love of the subject; a faithful study, followed through many years; a matured comprehension of the relation of his theme to universal history; and a style known to all thoughtful readers as singularly nervous, racy, idiomatic, and brilliant. The opportunities of visit and interesting description of the great semi-barbaric forces of the Middle Ages will not, we may be sure, be lost by the historian. We, who are contemporary with the latest French movements in Italy, shall naturally hang with peculiar interest upon the narrative; while in France itself we shall look to the historian —prepared for the narration by essential interest and knowledge—for a clear, continuous statement, developed in historical progression, of the spirit which has culminated in the French Revolution, traced through all its ramifications in politics, religion, society, literature, science, and art; in schools of philosophy, in practical experiments of social reform, in political theories, and in scientific achievement. For the abundance necessary for all that is involved in the great argument of the development of one of the controlling nationalities of civilization, and for its picturesque and popular presentation, Mr. Godwin is especially well qualified. While Prescott, with passionless but faithful touch, shows the beginning of modern history; and Motley, with impetuous eloquence, makes the story of the Netherlands as stirring like the Nibelungen—Motley, the Tyrteus of historians—Godwin will deepen and prolong the strain with the epic of French nationality, the romantic episodes of chivalry and Provençal song.

Among the many good books which the year will bring us, we are sure that the first volume of the History of France will be of the chief in permanent value; and the laurels which its author has hitherto worn in single sprays will be twined into a crown.

FISTS.

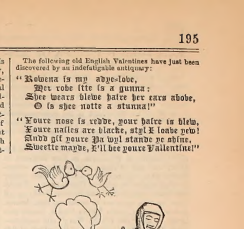
IF two men were preparing to attack each other with hammers on some pleasant day in April, would it be necessary to tell still and do nothing but bet upon the result? Does it make any serious difference when the hammers are human fists instead of iron? Yet two men are known to be getting ready to fall upon each other with their Cyclopian fists, and to batter and bang until one is killed or maimed, or so beaten and bruised that he can not stand up. Nothing depends upon the affair but the honor on both sides of the Atlantic. Nothing is settled or proved by it. It is a piece of unmitigated brutality. It is the most disgusting exhibition of mere animal force, and doubly bestial when so used. Great muscular strength is a grand thing. Although the apotheosis of muscle is rather a heathenish than a human element; but there is nothing half so agreeable in seeing the superior strength of one man proved by wrangling another into the ground; by, as in seeing a hungry bear quietly hug a man to death, and eat him up. In either case, it is a fiendish beast using the power of a beast to satisfy his natural craving. In the former case, it is a man using the power of a beast to maim or murder another man for no possible purpose whatsoever.

The gladiatorial combat of a prisoner with a beast—he ordered to fight between two captives—the miserable, ridiculous duel even—all have some intelligible excuse, but they are all frightful in themselves, and in their consequences and results. The prize-fight is unredeemed savagery. It is the absolute negation of humanity. It is a degradation beneath brutality, for wild animals are never less than animals; while a man in the prize-ring shows no quality of humanity.

GEOFFREY CRAYON.

MR. THOMAS HICKS has just completed an exquisite sketch of the genial author so lately dead. It represents Irving seated in an easy-chair in a pleasant library—paper upon the table at his side—his pencil, dusty outland, hanging upon the wall above not behind his head, while a window seems to the floor out upon a balcony, beyond which the artist stretches placidly away, lighted by two or three sails of the sloops which are so characteristic of the dreamy, loitering recesses with which Irving has invested the river and its shores.

The head is that of the younger man—of Geoffrey Crayon, as he is known to us in Stewart Newton's portrait. The position and the accessories are perfectly harmonious. It is the genial gentleman, the accomplished scholar, the sweet dreamer, the unaffected author, the simple, affectionate man, that we see in the picture, and we can understand her how we loved him. It will unquestionably be the portrait of Irving—one of the rare and happy works that will be left to us—which those who know of the personality of the author it reverses and cherishes.



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MESSRS JONES & CO

SIR I want a fiddle and as I am odd from every body else I want a odd fiddle.

I have one but it is a right handed fiddle I want a left handed fiddle.

The counter and bass wont sound and I can only give one reason for the counter and bass not sounding right and that is because the round post has to be on the left side of the fiddle and on the left side of the fiddle there is a strip of wood that extends from one end to the other inside of the fiddle. And this piece of wood that is inside of a right handed fiddle is on the left side of the left handed fiddle and the round post is on the right side of the fiddle. Now this piece that I mentioned above of a right handed fiddle supports the counter and bass now this piece must be on the right side of the fiddle so the round post must be on the left side of the fiddle under the treble if you succeed in getting a viol for me it will be a great favor I want one only 20 inches in length the bow 24 inches in length i want one that will cost me about a dollars I dont want it to cost me any more I dont dollars cost and carriage all must not be over 5 dollars. I suppose you know my father Jethro Jones

Yours &
Amer soon JETHRO JONES.

PS If there is no such fiddle to be had in your city please try and get one made for me

TO MESSE JONES & CO

Baltimore Md.

SIMKINS remarked that money is the great lever in the affairs of mankind. "A very great lever, indeed," replied Binkey, "I wish you could lend me one."

WHEN Jemima went to school she was asked why the noon luncheon was slaughter?—"Because," she replied, "it is so very important that they all marched."

"I AM going to write a book on popular ignorance," said a conceited young man to Brown. "I know of no one," said the latter, "more competent to produce such a work."

A medical gentleman wrote a letter in 1832 to Sir Henry Halford on cholera, in which he took to himself the credit of being "the first to discover the disease, and communicate it to the public."

WHEN his cousin Charlotte Dunne was married, Jones said, "It was Dunne before it was Dunne while it was doing, and it was not Dunne when it was done."

AN old lady once complained to her doctor that she could scarcely sleep. "Don't you count sheep, ma'am?" replied the candid physician; "nobody wants you to do it."

A quack advertises a compound that will cure every thing from a bad character to a bad temper.

"HOW tall are you, my lovel?" "I stand six feet in my shoes!" "Good feet in your shoes, indeed! no man living can stand more nor two feet in his shoes; you must be a giant, and you stand six feet in your stocks!"

IT is an old and true saying that a man should not marry unless he can support a wife; and, from some extempore list of the necessaries, we are beginning to doubt seriously whether a woman can prudently marry unless she can support a husband.

CHEERING FOR THE PURSUIT.—Give a child a bat and a ball.

A poet says: "Oh, she was fair, but sorrow came and left his traces there." What becomes of the balance of the harness he don't state.

"GOT any ice at your end of the table, Bill?" "No; but I've got the ladle." "What's that?" "A spoon."

"HOW is it," said a gentleman to Sheridan, "that your name has not of late been mentioned in the House?" "Why, because I am not absent," replied Sheridan, "for we own every body."

During the service at the Abbey Church, Scotland, recently, the vicar had just published for the second time the banns of marriage between Timothy Tosspot, a decayed stonecrop and Elizabeth Teague (a buxom widow of thirty), with the customary form for a marriage-getting, when up rose a short, thick-set, elderly female, who had been remarkably busy with her needle among the old women in the middle aisle during the former part of the service, and, in a small, reasoning voice, cried out, to the banns in this church; ay, and in all other Scotland." The minister the young couple couldn't help uttering a little, and gazing a great deal at the small female, who had accomplished the feat of rising and bracing in church, according to the rubric; and who, after all, turned out to be the mother of the would-be bridegroom.

NATURE IS ART.—Nature will always triumph over acquired genius, as the following anecdote amusingly illustrates: Ceres d'Arroll argued against Dante that nature was assisted by art; but Dante asserted the contrary, and attempted to prove the truth of his assertion by exhibiting his cat, which, by dint of long practice, had been accustomed to hold a candle in its paw until the wanted to read. Ceres, however, was not prepared for the exhibition, and, after a couple of mice, through his performance had been discovered, and Wisdom on the cat immediately dropped the candle, and fled upon the mice; so that Nature once more triumphed over art.

HON. JOHN S. PHELPS, OF MISSOURI.

JOHN SMITH PHELPS, of Missouri, is—in legislative parlance—the "senior member" of the present House of Representatives. Many of his colleagues are older in years, but his consecutive term of service dates back to the commencement of the Twenty-ninth Congress, in 1845, and it consequently devolved upon him to administer the oath of office to the Speaker elect.

Three brothers Phelps, emigrants from Old England, landed at Plymouth, in New England, in 1630, and one of them, animated by an adventurous spirit, was soon after-ard a pioneer settler in what is now the State of Connecticut. His descendants were industrious yeomen, ready at all times to take up arms in defense of their homes. One of these was Elisha Phelps, fought gallantly in the "Old French War;" and another—Noah Phelps (the grandfather of the subject of this sketch) took a good service in the Revolutionary struggle. At Ticonderoga he commanded, as sergeant, a party of scouts sent in advance to reconnoitre, and before the close of the war he had risen to the rank of captain.

Elisha Phelps, a son of this Revolutionary patriot, was a graduate of Yale College, and practiced as a successful lawyer and as a leading politician. He was repeatedly elected by his fellow-citizens to represent them in the popular branch of the State Legislature, over which he presided in 1821 and 1822; and he served several terms in the State Senate. From 1830 to 1834 he was Controller of the State, and afterward acted as one of a Board of Commissioners who revised the State statutes. He was a Representative to Congress from 1840 to 1921, participating in the debate on the admission of Missouri, and again from 1825 to 1829.

John Smith Phelps, a son of Elisha, was born at Simsbury, Hartford County, Connecticut, on the 22d of December, 1814; so that he is now but in the prime of life, although patriarchally known as the "senior member." His father destined him for the law, and after the young man had graduated at Hartford, took him into his office, where he studied until admitted to the bar. For a few months he practiced law at home, but soon decided to seek a wider field of action, and "in life's morning march, when his spirit was young," he started for what was then regarded as the Far West.

In 1837 Mr. Phelps reached Missouri, and determined to settle in the fertile region then recently vacated by the Delawares and the Kickapoos. Judge Tompkins, of the Supreme Court, before whom he was examined before receiving a license to practice, advised him to settle in a more populous region; but the young lawyer preferred identifying himself with a young community, confident that he would advance with its prosperity. That Judicial Circuit (the territory of which now embraces twenty-five counties) then contained but six counties; yet, to attend the courts held in each three times a year, Mr. Phelps was obliged to ride eighteen hundred miles! The pioneer settlers were rough, uncultivated, and often lawless men, and every man went armed, even in court. The young lawyer was thus inured to hard-ship, and taught self-reliance whenever danger threatened. It is in frontier life that many of our foremost men have imbibed the true principles of independence and of individual responsibility, and have learned to value their fellow-citizens according to their merits—not as they "are looked and sized' in crowded communities, according to the orders of society, or dwarfed by dependence and the pressure of poverty." The knowledge of human nature acquired in the long forest rides around that frontier circuit, or in the rude court-houses, has since been of much service to Mr. Phelps in harmonizing and controlling the discordant elements of the national House of Representatives.

The young man soon became popular. His manly disposition, kindness of heart, and high social qualities won for him the esteem of a host of friends, many of whom became his clients.

In 1840 his Democratic fellow-citizens elected him to represent them in the State Legislature; and it is worthy of remark that he has ever been a consistent member of the Democratic party, as founded by Jefferson and indorsed by Jackson. His first experience in legislation was somewhat trying, as his party was smarting under their defeat by General Harrison, and the Whig minority in Missouri was jubilant over their national victory. About this time Mr. Phelps was appointed Brigade Inspector of Militia, and has since borne the title of Major—a modest and somewhat rare title in these days when Generals and Colonels abound on every hand.

In 1844 Major Phelps was elected a Representative to Congress from Missouri on a general ticket —that State having resisted the Mandamus Act requiring the establishment of Congressional Districts, until the session of the Legislature of 1844-'45. In 1846 he was elected in his District, and he has since been re-elected, until he is now serving his eighth term, this being his sixteenth session. His popularity is shown by the fact that, with one exception, he has not been at home during the canvassings or at the elections. Competitors have been numerous, but his constituents are well aware of his devotion to their interests, and of the faithful manner in which he represents them.

Major Phelps served five years on the Post-office Committee of the House, and was instrumental in bringing about the first reduction of postage, to three cents on paid letters, and five cents on those unpaid. This important reform he advocated in the House, and subsequent results have proved the correctness of his arguments, based on statistical data.

Transferred to the Committee on Ways and Means, which, in fact, *prepares* all the legislation of a public character involving the receipt or payment of moneys for the action of the House, Major Phelps has since been a prominent member. In the Thirty-fifth Congress he was chairman of the committee, and had an arduous task, the financial difficulties rendering a curtailment of expenses inevitable. The country has become inhabited, and the restless pioneers of civilization have moved nearer toward the setting sun, making way for a more refined and educated population. But the popularity of the Representative of the District in the Congress of the United States has kept even pace with the march of improvement. Well do his constituents know that his integrity and fidelity to Democratic principles are equaled by his careful attention to the business of each one of his constituents, rich or poor, who has interests to be looked after at Washington. Others intrust such matters to clerks —he gives it his personal supervision.

During the past summer Major Phelps accepted an invitation from the territorial authorities to visit New Mexico, for the prosperity of which he has ever taken a decided stand in Congress. He was received with great enthusiasm, and his journey through the territory was a perfect ovation.

Major Phelps resides on and successfully cultivates one of the largest farms in Southwestern Missouri, about a mile and a half from Springfield. There, with his two children, he enjoys his brief vacations, and indulges in the pleasures of rural life. He is rather tall and erect, with a graceful form, a quiet but earnest look, a keen, searching eye, a finely-developed forehead, and a genial expression of countenance. He is "no orator as Brutus is," neither does he bore the House with elaborate essays or patch-work speeches, yet he never fails to command attention and respect when he takes the floor. He never provokes a contest, but never relinquishes a position; always, by plain, frank statement, narrowing down the question, until by one plain truth he secures success. His remarks, although invariably "off-hand," are replete with reliable information, and form a valuable portion of the recorded debates.

HON. JOHN S. PHELPS, OF MISSOURI.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.]

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "AFTER DARK," ETC. ETC.

MISS HALCOMBE'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

July 5th.—The events of yesterday warned me to be ready, sooner or later, to meet the worst. To-day is not yet at an end; and the worst has come.

Judging by the closest calculation of time that Laura and I could make, we arrived at the conclusion that Anne Catherick must have appeared at the boat-house at half past two o'clock on the afternoon of yesterday. I accordingly arranged that Laura should put herself at the luncheon table, to-day, and should then slip out at the first opportunity; leaving me behind to preserve appearances, and to follow her as soon as I could safely do so. This mode of proceeding, if no obstacles occurred to thwart us, would enable her to be at the boat-house before half past two, and (when I left the table in my turn) would leave me to a safe position in the plantation before three.

The change in the weather, which last night's wind warned us to expect, came with the morning. It was raining heavily when I got up, and it continued to rain until twelve o'clock—when the clouds cleared, the blue sky was seen, and the sun shone again with the bright promise of a fine afternoon.

My anxiety to know how Sir Percival and the Count would occupy the early part of the day was by no means set at rest, so far as Sir Percival was concerned, by his leaving us immediately after breakfast and going out by himself in spite of the rain. He neither told us where he was going nor when we might expect him back. We saw him pass the breakfast-room window hastily, with his high boots and his waterproof coat on; and that was all.

The Count passed the morning quietly in-doors; some part of it in the library; some part in the drawing-room, playing odds and ends of music on the piano, and humming to himself. Judging by appearances, the sentimental side of his character was persistently inclined to betray itself still. He was silent and sensitive, and ready to sigh and languish tenderously (as only fat men can sigh and languish) on the smallest provocation.

Luncheon-time came, and Sir Percival did not return. The Count took his friend's place at the table —plaintively devoured the greater part of a fruit tart submerged under a whole jagful of cream—and explained the full merit of the achievement to us as soon as he had done. "A taste for sweets," he said, in his softest tones and his tenderest manner, "is the innocent taste of women and children. I love to share it with them—it is another bond, dear ladies, between you and me."

Laura left the table in ten minutes' time. I was sorely tempted to accompany her. But if we had both gone out together we must have excited suspicion; and worse still, if we allowed Anne Catherick to see Laura accompanied by a second person who was a stranger to her, we should in all probability forfeit her confidence from that moment, never to regain it again.

I waited, therefore, as patiently as I could, until the servant came in to clear the table. When I quitted the room there were no signs, as the house or out of it, of Sir Percival's return. I left the Count with a piece of sugar between his lips, and the vicious cockatoo scrambling up his waistcoat to get at it; while Madame Fosco, sitting opposite to her husband, watched the proceedings of her bird and himself as attentively as if she had never seen any thing of the sort before in her life. On my way to the plantation I kept carefully beyond the range of view from the luncheon-room window. Nobody saw me, and nobody followed me. It was then a quarter to three o'clock by my watch.

Once among the trees, I walked rapidly, until I had advanced more than half-way through the plantation. At that point I slackened my pace, and proceeded cautiously; but I saw no one, and heard no voices. By little and little I came within view of the back of the boat-house—stopped and listened—but even still I was close behind it, and must have heard any person who had been talking inside. Still the silence was unbroken: still, far and near, no sign of a living creature appeared any where.

After waiting a second by the side of the building, first on one side and then on the other, and making no discoveries, I ventured in front of it and fairly looked in. The place was empty.

I called "Laura!"—at first, softly—then louder and louder—no one answered, and no one appeared. For all that I could see and hear, the only human creature in the neighborhood of the lake and the plantation was myself.

My heart began to beat violently; but I kept my resolution, and search'ed, first the boat-house and then the ground in front of it, for any signs which might show me whether Laura had really reached the place or not. No mark of her presence appeared inside the building; but I found traces of her outside it, in footsteps on the sand.

I detected the footsteps of two persons—large footsteps, like a man's, and small footsteps, which, by putting my own feet into them and

tasting their size in that manner, I felt certain were Laura's. The ground was confusedly marked in this way just before the boat-house. Close against one side of it, under shelter of the projecting roof, I discovered a little hole in the sand—a hole artificially made, beyond a doubt. I just noticed it, and then turned away immediately to trace the footsteps as far as I could, and to follow the direction in which they might lead me.

They led me, starting from the left-hand side of the boat-house, along the edge of the trees, a distance, I should think, of between two and three hundred yards—and then the sandy ground showed not a further trace of them. Feeling that the persons whose course I was tracking must necessarily have entered the plantation at this point, I entered it too. At first I could find no path, but I discovered one afterward just time-ly enough among the trees, and followed it. It took me, for some distance, in the direction of the village, until I stopped at a point where another footpath crossed it. The bushes grew thickly on either side of this second path. I stood, looking down it, uncertain which way to take next; and, while I looked, I saw on one thorny branch some fragments of fringe from a woman's shawl. Closer examination of the fringe—and that it had been torn from a shawl—was certain, and I instantly followed the second path. I sought me out, at last, to my great relief, at the back of the house. I say to my great relief, because I inferred that Laura must, for some unknown reason, have returned before me by this roundabout way. I went in by the court-yard and the offices. The first person whom I met in crossing the servants'-hall was Mrs. Michelson, the housekeeper.

"Do you know," I asked, "whether Lady Clyde has come in from her walk or not?"

"My lady came in a little while ago with Sir Percival," answered the housekeeper. "I am afraid, Miss Halcombe, something very distressing has happened."

My heart sank within me. "You don't mean an accident!" I said, faintly.

"No, no—thank God, no accident! But my lady ran up stairs to her own room in tears, and Sir Percival has ordered me to give Fanny warning to leave in an hour's time."

Fanny was Laura's maid; a good, affectionate girl, who had been with her for years—the only person in the house whose fidelity and devotion we could both depend upon.

"Where is Fanny?" I inquired.

"In my room, Miss Halcombe. The young woman is quite overcome, and I told her to sit down and try to recover herself."

I went to Mrs. Michelson's room, and found Fanny in a corner, with her box by her side, crying bitterly.

She could give me no explanation whatever of her sudden dismissal. Sir Percival had ordered that she should have a month's wages, in place of a month's warning, and go. No reason had been assigned; no objection had been made to her conduct. She had been forbidden to appeal to her mistress, forbidden even to see her for a moment to say good-by. She was to go without explanations or farewells—and to go at once.

After soothing the poor girl by a few friendly words, I asked where she proposed to sleep that night. She replied that she thought of going to the little inn in the village, the landlady of which was a respectable woman, known to the servants at Blackwater Park. The next morning, by leaving early, she might get back to her friends in Cumberland, without stopping in London, where she was a total stranger.

I felt directly that Fanny's departure offered us a safe means of communication with London and with Limmeridge House, of which it might be very important to avail ourselves. Accordingly, I told her that she might expect to hear from her mistress or from me in the course of the evening, and that she might depend, for our both doing all that lay in our power to help her, under the trial of leaving us for the present. Those words said, I shook hands with her and went up stairs.

The door which led to Laura's room was the door of an ante-chamber, opening on to the passage. When I tried it, it was bolted on the inside.

I knocked, and the door was opened by the same heavy, overgrown housemaid, whose lumpish insensibility had tried my patience so severely on the day when I found the wounded dog. I had, since that time, discovered that her name was Margaret Porcher, and that she was the most awkward, slatternly, and obstinate servant in the house.

On opening the door she instantly stepped out to the threshold, and stood grinning at me in stolid silence.

"Why do you stand there?" I said. "Don't you see that I want to come in?"

"Ah, but you mustn't come in," was the answer, with another and a broader grin still.

"How dare you talk to me in that way? Stand back instantly!"

She stretched out a great red hand and arm on each side of her, so as to bar the door-way, and slowly nodded her addle head at me.

"Master's orders," she said; and nodded again.

I had need all my self-control to warn me against contesting the matter further, and to remind me that the next words I had to say must be addressed to her master. I turned my back on her, and instantly went down stairs to find him. My resolution to keep my temper under all the irritations that Sir Percival could offer was, by this time, as completely forgotten —I say so to my shame—as if I had never made it. In the gentle state of mind I had suffered and suppressed in that house—it actually did me good to feel how angry I was.

The drawing-room and the breakfast-room were both empty. I went on to the library, and found Sir Percival, the Count, and Madame Fosco. They were all three standing up, close together, and Sir Percival had a little slip of paper in his hand. The instant I saw it I knew the Count say to him, "No—a thousand times over, No."

I walked straight up to them, and looked him full in the face.

"Am I to understand, Sir Percival, that your wife's maid is to go, and that your own housemaid is the jailer who keeps it?" I asked.

"Yes; that is what you are to understand," he answered. "I have only one other thing to get double duty to do—take care your room is not a prison, too."

"Take you care how you treat your wife, and how you threaten me," I broke out, in the heat of my anger. "There are laws in England to protect women from cruelty and outrage. If you hurt a hair of Laura's head, if you dare to threaten with a finger, I swear to some what came way, to those laws I will appeal."

Instead of answering me, he turned round to the Count.

"What did I tell you?" he asked. "What do you say now?"

"What I said before," replied the Count—"No."

Even in the vehemence of my anger I felt his calm, cold, gray eyes on my face. They turned away from me as soon as he had spoken, and looked significantly at his wife. Madame Fosco immediately moved close to my side, and in that position addressed Sir Percival before either of us could speak again.

"Favor me with your attention for one moment," she said, in her clear, icily-suppressed voice. "I have to thank Sir Percival, for your hospitality, and to decline taking advantage of it any longer. I remain in no house in which ladies are treated as your wife and Miss Halcombe have been treated here to-day."

Sir Percival took a step back, and stared at her in dead silence. The declaration he had just heard—a declaration which he well knew, as I well knew, Madame Fosco could not have contrived to make without her husband's permission—seemed to petrify him with surprise. The Count stood by, a picture of the coolest and the most enthusiastic admiration.

"She is sublime!" he said to himself. He approached her while he spoke, and drew her hand through his arm. "I am at your service, Madame," he went on, with a quiet dignity that I had never noticed in him before. "And at Miss Halcombe's service, if she will honor me by accepting the offer that I can offer her."

"Damn it! what do you mean?" cried Sir Percival, as the Count quietly moved away, with his wife, to the door.

"At other times I mean what I say, but at this time I mean what my wife says," replied the impenetrable Italian. "We have changed places, Percival, for once; and Madame Fosco's opinion is—mine."

Sir Percival crumpled up the paper in his hand; and, pushing past the Count, with another oath, stood between him and the door.

"Have your own way," he said, with baffled rage in his low, half-whispering tones. "Have your own way—and see what comes of it." With those words he left the room.

Madame Fosco glanced inquiringly at her husband. "He has gone away very suddenly," she said. "What does it mean?"

It means that you and I together have brought the worst-tempered man in all England to his senses," answered the Count. "It means, Miss Halcombe, that Lady Clyde is relieved from a gross indignity, and you from the repetition of an unpardonable insult. Suffer me to express my admiration of your conduct and your courage at a very trying moment."

"Sincere admiration," sobbed Madame Fosco.

"Sincere admiration," echoed the Count. I had no longer the strength of my first angry resistance to outrage and injury to support me. My heart-sick anxiety to see Laura, my sense of my own helpless ignorance of what had happened at the boat-house, pressed on me with an intolerable weight. I tried to keep my appearances by speaking to the Count and his wife in the tone which they had chosen to adopt in speaking to me. But the words failed on my lips—my breath came short and thick—my eyes looked longingly, in silence, at the door. The Count, understanding my anxiety, opened it, went out, and pulled it to after him. At the same time Sir Percival's heavy step descended the stairs. I heard them whispering together outside, while Madame Fosco was assuring me, in her calmest and most conventional manner, that she rejoiced, for all our sakes, that Sir Percival's conduct had not obliged her husband and herself to leave Blackwater Park. Before she had done speaking the whispering ceased, the door opened, and the Count looked in.

"Miss Halcombe," he said, "I am happy to inform you that Lady Clyde is mistress again in her own house. I thought it might be more agreeable to you to hear of this change for the better from me than from Sir Percival—and I have therefore purposely returned to mention it."

"Admirable delicacy!" said Madame Fosco, paying back her husband's tribute of admiration with the Count's own coin, in the Count's own manner. He smiled and bowed as if he had received a formal compliment from a polite stranger, and then went off to let me pass out first.

Sir Percival was standing in the hall. As I hurried by the stairs I heard him call impatiently to the Count to come out of the library.

"What are you waiting there for?" he said; "I want to speak to you."

"And I want to think a little by myself," replied the other. "Wait till later, Percival—wait till dinner-time."

Neither he nor his friend said any more. I gained the top of the stairs, and ran along the passage. My hand and my agitation I left the door of the ante-chamber open—but I closed the door of the bedroom the moment I was inside it.

Laura was sitting alone at the far end of the room; her work-basket, heavily on a table, and her face hidden in her hands. She started up, with a cry of delight, when she saw me.

"How is your head?" she asked. "Who gave you leave? Not Sir Percival?"

In my overpowering anxiety to hear what she had to tell me, I could not answer her—I could only put questions, on my side. Laura's eagerness to know what had passed down stairs proved, however, too strong to be resisted. She persistently repeated her inquiries.

"The Count," I said, at last. "I answered, impatiently. "Whose influence in the house—?"

She stopped me with a gesture of disgust.

"Don't speak of him," she cried. "The Count is the vilest creature breathing! The Count is a miserable Spy—!"

Before we could either of us say another word we were alarmed by a soft knocking at the door of the bedroom.

"Who is there?" I asked; and I went first to see who it was. When I opened the door, Madame Fosco confronted me with my handkerchief in her hand.

"You dropped this down stairs, Miss Halcombe," she said. "I thought I could bring it to you as I was passing by to my own room."

Her face, naturally pale, had turned to such a ghastly whiteness that I started at the sight of it. Her hands, so sure and steady at all other times, trembled violently; and her eyes looked wolfishly past me through the open door, and fixed on Laura.

She was listening before she knocked! I saw it in her white face; I saw it in her trembling hands. I saw it in her look at Laura.

After waiting an instant she turned away from me in silence, and slowly walked away.

I closed the door again. "Oh, Laura! Laura! we shall both rue the day when we spoke those words!"

"You would have spoken them yourself, Marian, if you had known what I did know. Anne Catherick was right. There was a third person watching us in the plantation yesterday; and that third person—"

"Are you sure it was the Count?"

"I am absolutely certain. He was the Percival's spy—he was Sir Percival's informer—he set Sir Percival watching and waiting, all the morning thro', for Anne Catherick and for me."

"Did you find anything found? Did you see her at the lake?"

"No. She has sealed herself by keeping away from the place. When I got to the boat-house no one was there."

"You're sure?"

"I went in and sat waiting for a few minutes. But my restlessness made me get up again to walk about a little. As I passed out I saw some marks on the sand close under the front of the boat-house. I stooped down to examine them, and discovered a word written in large letters on the sand. The word was—look."

"And you scraped away the sand and dug a hole? place in it?"

"How do you know that, Marian?"

"I saw the hollow-place myself when I followed you to the boat-house. Go on—go on!"

"Yes; I scraped away the sand on the surface—but in a little while I came to a strip of paper hidden beneath, which had escaped my art. The writing was signed with Anne Catherick's initials."

"Where is it?"

"Sir Percival has taken it from me."

"Can you remember what the writing was? Do you think you can repeat it to me."

"In substance I can, Marian. It was very short. You would have remembered it word for word."

"Try to tell me what the substance was before we go any further."

She complied. I write the lines down here exactly as she repeated them to me. They ran thus:

"I was seen with you yesterday by a tall, stout old man, and had to run to save myself. He was not quick enough on his feet to follow me, and he lost me among the trees. I dare not risk coming back here to-day at the same time. I write this and put it in all the usual, at six in the morning, to tell you so. When we speak next of your wicked husband's Secret we must speak safely, or not at all. Try to have patience. I promise you shall see me again; and that soon.—A. C."

The reference to the "tall, stout old man" (the terms of which Laura was certain that she had repeated to me correctly), left no doubt as to who the writer had been. I called to mind that I had told Sir Percival, in the Count's presence, the day before, that Laura had gone to the boat-house to look for her brooch. In all probability he had followed her there, in his officious way, to relieve her mind about the matter of the ignorance, immediately after he had mentioned the change in Sir Percival's plans to me in the drawing-room. In this case he could only have got to the neighborhood of the boat-house at the very moment when Anne Catherick discovered him. The suspiciously hurried manner in which she parted from Laura had no doubt prompted his useless attempt to follow her. Of the conversation which had previously taken place between them he could have heard nothing. The distance between the house and the lake, and the time at which he left me in the drawing-room, as compared with the time at which Laura and Anne Catherick had been speaking together, proved that fact to us, at any rate, beyond a doubt.

Having arrived at something like a conclusion so far, my next great interest was to know what discoveries Sir Percival had made after Count Fosco had given him his information.

"How came you to lose possession of the letter?" I asked. "What did you do with it when you found it in the sand?"

"After reading it once through," she replied, "I took it into the boat-house with me, to sit down, and look it over a second time. While I was reading a shadow fell across the paper. I looked up, and saw Sir Percival standing in the door-way watching me."

"Did you try to hide the letter?"

"I tried—but he stopped me. 'You needn't trouble to hide that,' he said. 'I happen to have read it.' I could only look at him helplessly—I could say nothing. 'You understand?' he went on; 'I have read it. I dug it up out

"I SAW ON ONE THORNY BRANCH SOME FRAGMENTS OF FRINGE FROM A WOMAN'S SHAWL."

of the sand two hours since, and buried it again, and wrote the word above it again, and left it ready to your hands. You can't lie yourself out of the scrape now. You saw Anne Catherick in secret yesterday; and you have got her letter in your hand at this moment. I have not caught *her* yet; but I have caught *you*. Give me the letter.' He stepped close up to me—I was alone with him, Marian—what could I do?—I gave him the letter."

"What did he say when you gave it to him?"

"At first he said nothing. He took me by the arm, and led me out of the boat-house, and looked about him on all sides, as if he was afraid of our being seen or heard. Then he clasped his hand fast round my arm, and whispered to me—'What did Anne Catherick say to you yesterday?—I insist on hearing every word, from first to last.'"

"Did you tell him?"

"I was alone with him, Marian—his cruel hand was bruising my arm—what could I do?"

"Is the mark on your arm still? Let me see it!"

"Why do you want to see it?"

"I want to see it, Laura, because our endurance must end, and our resistance must begin, to-day. That mark is a weapon to strike him with. Let me see it now—I may have to swear to it at some future time."

"Oh, Marian, don't look so! don't talk so! It doesn't hurt me now!"

"Let me see it!"

She showed me the marks. I was past grieving over them, past crying over them, past shuddering over them. They say we are either better than men, or worse. If the temptation that has fallen in some women's way, and made them worse, had fallen in mine at that moment—Thank God! my face betrayed nothing that his wife could read. The gentle, innocent, affectionate creature thought I was frightened for her and sorry for her—and thought no more.

"Don't think too seriously of it, Marian," she said, simply, as she pulled her sleeve down again. "It doesn't hurt me now."

"I will try to think quietly of it, my love, for your sake. Well! well! And you told him all that Anne Catherick had said to you—all that you told me?"

"Yes, all. He insisted on it—I was alone with him—I could conceal nothing."

"Did he say any thing when you had done?"

"He looked at me, and laughed to himself, in a mocking, bitter way. 'I mean to have the rest out of you,' he said; 'do you hear?—the rest.' I declared to him solemnly that I had told him every thing I knew. 'Not you!' he answered; 'you know more than you choose to tell. Won't you tell it? You shall! I'll wring it out of you at home if I can't wring it out of you here.' He led me away by a strange path through the plantation—a path where there was no hope of our meeting *you*—and he spoke no more till we came within sight of the house. Then he stopped again, and said, 'Will you take a second chance if I give it to you? Will you think better of it, and tell me the rest?' I could only repeat the same words I had spoken before. He cursed my obstinacy, and went on, and took me with him to the house. 'You can't deceive me,' he said; 'you know more than you choose to tell. I'll have your secret out of you; and I'll have it out of that sister of yours as well. There shall be no more plotting and whispering between you. Neither you nor she shall see each other again till you have confessed the truth. I'll have you watched morning, noon, and night till you confess the truth.' He was deaf to every thing I could say. He took me straight up stairs into my own room. Fanny was sitting there doing some work for me, and he instantly ordered her out. 'I'll take good care *you're* not mixed up in the conspiracy,' he said. 'You shall leave this house to-day. If your mistress wants a maid she shall have one of my choosing.' He pushed me into the room and locked the door on me—he set that senseless woman to watch me outside—Marian! he looked and spoke like a madman. You may hardly understand it—he did indeed."

"I do understand it, Laura. He *is* mad—mad with the terrors of a guilty conscience. Every word you have said makes me positively certain that when Anne Catherick left you yesterday you were on the eve of discovering a secret which might have been your vile husband's ruin—and he thinks you *have* discovered it. Nothing you can say or do will quiet that guilty distrust, and convince his false nature of your truth. I don't say this, my love, to alarm you. I say it to open your eyes to your position, and to convince you of the urgent necessity of letting me act as I best can for your protection while the chance is our own. Count Fosco's interference has secured me access to you to-day; but he may withdraw that interference to-morrow. Sir Percival has already dismissed Fanny, because she is a quick-witted girl and devotedly attached to you, and has chosen a woman to take her place who cares nothing for your interests, and whose dull intelligence lowers her to the level of the watch-dog in the yard. It is impossible to say what violent measures he may take next, unless we make the most of our opportunities while we have them."

"What can we do, Marian? Oh, if we could only leave this house, never to see it again?"

"Listen to me, my love—and try to think that you are not quite helpless so long as I am here with you."

"I will think so—I do think so. Don't altogether forget poor Fanny in thinking of me. She wants help and comfort too."

"I will not forget her. I saw her before I came up here, and I have arranged to communicate with her to-night. Letters are not safe in the post-bag at Blackwater Park—and I shall have two to write to-day, in your interests, which must pass through no hands but Fanny's."

"What letters?"

"I mean to write first, Laura, to Mr. Gilmore's partner, who has offered to help us in any fresh emergency. Little as I know of the law, I am certain that it can protect a woman from such treatment as that ruffian has inflicted on you to-day. I will go into no details about Anne Catherick, because I have no certain information to give. But the lawyer shall know of those bruises on your arm, and of the violence offered to you in this room—he shall, before I rest to-night!"

"But think of the exposure, Marian!"

"I am calculating on the exposure. Sir Percival has more to dread from it than you have. The prospect of an exposure may bring him to terms when nothing else will."

I rose as I spoke, but Laura entreated me not to leave her.

"You will drive him to desperation," she said, "and increase our dangers ten-fold."

I felt the truth—the disheartening truth—of those words. But I could not bring myself plainly to acknowledge it to her. In our dreadful position there was no help and no hope for us but in risking the worst. I said so in guarded terms. She sighed bitterly—but did not contest the matter. She only asked about the second letter that I had proposed writing. To whom was it to be addressed?

"To Mr. Fairlie," I said. "Your uncle is your nearest male relative, and the head of the family. He must and shall interfere."

Laura shook her head sorrowfully.

"Yes, yes," I went on; "your uncle is a weak, selfish, worldly man, I know. But he is not Sir Percival Glyde, and he has no such friend about him as Count Fosco. I expect nothing from his kindness, or his tenderness of feeling toward you, or toward me. But he will do any thing to pamper his own indolence, and to secure his own quiet. Let me only persuade him that his interference at this moment will save him inevitable trouble, and wretchedness, and responsibility hereafter, and he will bestir himself for his own sake. I know how to deal with him, Laura—I have had some practice."

"If you could only prevail on him to let me go back to Limmeridge for a little while, and stay there quietly with you, Marian, I would be almost as happy again as I was before I was married!"

Those words set me thinking in a new direction. Would it be possible to place Sir Percival between the two alternatives of either exposing himself to the scandal of legal interference on his wife's behalf, or of allowing her to be quietly separated from him for a time, under pretext of a visit to her uncle's house? And could he, in that case, be reckoned on as likely to accept the last resource? It was doubtful—more than doubtful. And yet, hopeless as the experiment seemed, surely it was worth trying. I resolved to try it, in sheer despair of knowing what better to do.

"Your uncle shall know the wish you have just expressed," I said; "and I will ask the lawyer's advice on the subject as well. Good may come of it—and will come of it, I hope."

Saying that, I rose again; and again Laura tried to make me resume my seat.

"Don't leave me," she said, uneasily. "My desk is on that table. You can write here."

It tried me to the quick to refuse her, even in her own interests. But we had been too long shut up alone together already. Our chance of seeing each other again might entirely depend on our not exciting any fresh suspicions. It was full time to show myself, quietly and unconcernedly among the wretches who were, at that very moment, perhaps, thinking of us and talking of us down stairs. I explained the miserable necessity to Laura, and prevailed on her to recognize it, as I did.

"I will come back again, love, in an hour or less," I said. "The worst is over for to-day. Keep yourself quiet, and fear nothing."

"Is the key in the door, Marian? Can I lock it on the inside?"

"Yes; here is the key. Lock the door, and open it to nobody until I come up stairs again."

I kissed her, and left her. It was a relief to me, as I walked away, to hear the key turned in the lock, and to know that the door was at her own command.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, March 19, in the Senate, a bill was passed fixing the postage on drop-letters at one cent, instead of two, and authorizing publishers to print on their papers the date when subscriptions expire. A resolution calling for information relative to the Indian massacre at Mountain Meadow, in Utah, and as to the present condition of the survivors, was adopted. A resolution having reference to the reception of the Japan Embassy was adopted. The Homestead Bill, and the bill carrying into effect the ninth article of our treaty with Spain, were debated.——In the House, a bill authorizing a loan of $20,000,000 for the redemption of Treasury notes, and increasing the duties on imports, and the Light-house and Executive and Judicial Appropriation Bills, were reported from the Ways and Means Committee. A bill repealing the act providing for the Willett's Point fortification was introduced. Several amendments to the rules of the House were adopted. On a motion to take up the Military Academy Appropriation Bill, in order to act on the amendment providing for a regiment of mounted volunteers on the Rio Grande, Mr. Cox, of Ohio, delivered a speech on our relations with Mexico.

On Tuesday, March 20, in the Senate, a resolution was adopted directing inquiry as to the expediency of extinguishing the Indian title to land in and about Pike's Peak. A joint resolution that Congress adjourn from April 23 to May 20 was proposed, but objected to and laid aside. Several resolutions having reference to the suppression of the African slave-trade were introduced by Senator Wilson. The bill providing for the payment of the claims of Florida was discussed. An executive session was held, and a motion made to reconsider the vote whereby the Nicaragua treaty was rejected. Considerable discussion ensued, but the Senate adjourned without taking the question.——In the House, the Military Academy Appropriation Bill, with the amendment providing for a mounted regiment of volunteers for the defense of the frontier of Texas, was referred to the Committee on Military Affairs. A bill authorizing the President to call into service a regiment of volunteers for the suppression of hostilities in New Mexico was similarly referred. The recommendation of the Committee on Elections, allowing Messrs. Sickles and Williamson sixty days to take testimony in support of their allegations, was debated till the adjournment.

On Wednesday, March 21, in the Senate, the House bill providing for the protection of female passengers on board emigrant ships was passed. A resolution calling on the President to inform the Senate if any instructions have been given to our naval officers by which the United States naval forces were to take part in the civil war in Mexico, and by what authority the Mexican war steamers were recently captured, was adopted. The President was also called upon to communicate the correspondence that has taken place with reference to the difficulties between the judicial functionaries of Utah Territory. The bill to reduce the price of the public printing, and to regulate the charges for binding, etc., was taken up. The bill was amended so as to reduce the charges for printing twenty-five per cent. below the present rates, the reduction to apply to all the public printing executed during the present session of Congress, except Post-office blanks; also that the binding shall be done by binders elected by Congress, and in that shape the bill passed. The Florida Claims bill was debated, and its further consideration postponed till the 16th of April.——In the House, a resolution was proposed calling for information relative to the capture of the Mexican war steamers in the Gulf, but its introduction was objected to. The resolution of the Committee on Elections, allowing Messrs. Sickles and Williamson time to take testimony respecting the allegations relative to the election in this city, was adopted.

On Thursday, March 22, in the Senate, the bill to establish mail routes in Kansas Territory, was passed. A resolution was adopted calling for information relative to the expulsion of a naturalized citizen of the United States from Prussia, in 1857. A bill providing that persons, by indorsing their names on letters sent by mail, can have them returned free of postage, when undelivered, was passed. The Pacific Railroad bill and amendments thereto were ordered to be printed. The Homestead bill was then taken up. A motion was made to substitute the House for the Senate bill, and the Committee on Public Lands reported in favor of the Senate bill. An interesting debate ensued, in which Senators Clingman, Hale, and Wigfall took part. The discussion took a wide range, embracing, among other subjects, the New England strikers and the relations between the North and the South.——In the House the Senate's amendment to the bill providing for the protection of female emigrants on shipboard was agreed to, and the bill passed.

On Friday, March 23, in both Senate and House nothing of importance transpired, both houses being engaged upon the private calendars.

MR. BATES'S POSITION.

The Hon. Edward Bates has addressed a letter to the Missouri delegates to the Chicago Convention, in reply to interrogatories propounded to him by them. The main points of it are as follows: He has no new opinions upon the subject of the extension of slavery, and has formed none with reference to the present array of parties. He is coeval with the Missouri question of 1820; he formed his opinions then, and has not changed them since. At the time of the Revolution and long after, slavery was regarded as an evil, but temporary in its nature, and likely to disappear in the course of time. Yet while it continued it was a misfortune to the country socially and politically. Slavery is a social relation—a domestic institution. It exists by local law. The Federal Government has no control over it in the States, but the Territories are subject and subordinate to the Government—they not being supreme like the States. The nation is supreme over them. He is opposed to the extension of slavery, and in his opinion the policy and spirit of the Government ought to be against its extension. The Constitution does not carry slavery into the Territories, nor any where. It only acts upon it where it is established by local law. The Dred Scott decision only decides that Dred Scott was not a citizen, and the opinions of the Judges beyond this are extra-judicial, and of no authority. The questions discussed by them were political, and not within their cognizance, and belong and could be disposed of only by the political departments. The discussion was most unfortunate, as it produced a dangerous conflict between the co-ordinate branches of the Government. He favors the colonization of the free blacks in the American tropics, the Homestead Bill, the immediate admission of Kansas, a perfect equality of rights among citizens, and the construction of the Pacific Railroad, under the auspices of the Government. He is gratified that his name has only been used in a spirit of harmony and peace, and to prevent division and controversy among those who ought to be united. He has neither sought nor held any political office for twenty-five years, and is satisfied with the honors already paid him by the public.

HOW THE DEMOCRATS WILL FARE AT CHARLESTON.

The *Herald's* correspondent says:

"Every day produces some new evidence from Charleston that the landlords of the hotels and boarding-houses are going to charge the most extravagant prices for quarters during the session of the Democratic National Convention. A Member of Congress received a letter a day or two since, in reply to an application for quarters, stating that he could have a room, provided he would agree to pay the enormous price of ten or twelve dollars for it from the 15th of April, eight days before the Convention meets. He declined taking it. Another gentleman showed me a letter to-day, which he received from a citizen of Charleston to whom he applied for rooms, with board for himself, wife, and son, informing him as follows:

"'I went to the principal hotels to see what I could do for you, but all refused positively to have any ladies in the house, as, in each hotel, drawing-rooms, parlors, and halls will be packed with beds and cots, and each occupant will be charged ten dollars per day. I next went to all the private boarding-houses, and found them all engaged. Next I went to several private houses, and at last I induced a lady to say she would accommodate you if you and your wife will take a bed-room and let Charlie sleep in the parlor on a sofa. She will charge you eighteen dollars per day for the three. I assure you you can not do better if you wish to come. I have never seen such an exciting time here as there is about the Convention. I board at the —— House, but had to give up my room last week until the 1st of May, for the landlord told us all that we must pay during April fifty dollars per week, and then allow him to put some one else in our room. This I could not afford, and went to a friend's house, and now find I must change again, and God only knows where I shall go. The reason why board will be so enormous is that every thing in market is very high. Beef now sells for fifty cents per pound, and every thing is in that proportion.'"

WHAT THE CHARLESTON PEOPLE THINK.

The Charleston *Mercury* of the 16th says: "An intense excitement prevailed in the city yesterday, on the publication of our second Washington dispatch, which in some measure cast a doubt over the meeting of the Convention. Arrangements which had been in rapid progress were suspended in many instances, and in others faintly carried on. It is, in our opinion, but the pretext seized by the friends of Mr. Douglas to transfer the Convention, if possible, to some city where they will be in the ascendant. This movement commenced many months since, when they prated of the danger to be apprehended from personal violence in Charleston. This is, however, their last card, and this will fail. Mr. Douglas's friends see plainly that a Convention in Charleston will preserve a Southern aspect, and can not be brow-beaten or bullied. The six hundred and fifty gentlemen who compose the Convention will be taken good care of, and the preference given them. About one hundred have already been invited to accept the hospitalities of our citizens, and many more undoubtedly will be. But the myriad hangers-on, who are not admitted to the floor of the Convention, must take their chances for feed and sleep. It is greatly to be desired that their number may be reduced to as small a figure as possible. The Convention will meet in Charleston; but if Mr. Douglas and his friends desire a Northern Convention let them call one."

The Charleston *Courier* of the 15th says: "Our leading landlords, as we have already stated, have been diligent and active in making preparations, at largely increased expenses to themselves. They now assure us, positively and authoritatively, that five dollars per day for board will be the maximum of charge to or for any delegate or member of the Convention. Accommodations have already been secured for over three hundred delegates, on terms, we are assured, satisfactory to the parties interested; but our landlords do not consider themselves able or obligated to tender the same assurances for an unlimited number of visitors, or for any not officially connected with the Convention."

THE "E. A. JOHNSON" MYSTERY.

The account of this strange affair will be found on another page. The police are now in a fair way to capture the suspected murderer of the crew of the oyster-sloop *E. A. Johnson.* It has been ascertained beyond a doubt that one of the crew, named William Johnson, has been seen alive in this city since the discovery of the murders, and the police very naturally suspect him to be the assassin. Johnson started for Stonington on Wednesday evening, taking with him his wife and child. He had a large amount of money in his possession when he left, and was quite lavish in his expenditures during his stay in this city. The police have gone in pursuit of the fugitive, and the fact of his arrest is looked for hourly.

MRS. BRENNAN TURNED UP.

A private letter from Florence states that Mrs. Brennan, whose disappearance from Staten Island caused so much excitement some fifteen months ago, and who was supposed to have been murdered, is now in Italy, and was recently for a short time in Florence. By whom she was accompanied we are not informed, but she is thought not to have been alone. She was seen and recognized there by persons who knew her perfectly. This would seem to set entirely at rest the story of her murder, which has for some time past been supposed to be without foundation in fact.

AMERICAN SAILORS BROUGHT HOME FOR TRIAL.

The two mates of the American bark *Anna* arrived at this port last week in the steamship *Fulton*, having been sent home by the American Consul at Southampton for trial, on the charge of killing six of the crew of the bark by a course of cruelty so revolting as to appear almost incredible. They were committed to prison for examination.

FUNERAL OF STEVENS AND HAZLETT.

The remains of Stevens and Hazlett were brought to Englewood, New Jersey, for interment. The execution took place on Friday. The remains were forwarded by express, and reached Rahway on Saturday, when they were taken at once to Englewood. The coffins were opened, but the bodies were not submitted to the care of an undertaker. The features were scarcely recognizable, and they were not shown either to the intimate friends of the deceased or at the funeral. Attached to the button-hole of Stevens's coat by red and blue ribbons, was a plain black India-rubber ring, but for whom it was intended his friends were not informed. His betrothed accompanied his remains from Charlestown, and was joined at Englewood by his father and sister.

MRS. STANTON BEFORE THE LEGISLATURE.

Monday afternoon, writes the Albany correspondent of the *Post*, beheld the Chamber full of ladies, come to hear Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton address the Senate and Assembly Committees of the Legislature on the subject of extending the elective franchise to women. It gave one some idea of how Legislative halls will appear after the boon shall be conceded—when women shall vote and be voted for. Seats, lobbies, and galleries were thronged. Senator Hammond, of the Senate Committee, opened the solemnities by inviting any person who chose to address the Committee, and Mrs. Stanton, escorted by the Rev. Mr. Mayo, ascended the desk. A correspondent of the New York *Times* writes: "Last evening, or yesterday afternoon, Mrs. Stanton spoke for two hours in advocacy of these doctrines, before the House Judiciary Committee, and an audience that filled the Assembly Chamber as I never saw it filled, except when Seward was elected Senator in '55. Then it was jammed—yesterday it was simply full. Mrs. Stanton talked forcibly—it is needless for me to say that she talked earnestly, of woman's sufferings, sweetly of her endurance, eloquently of her rights. When she talked of her right to be protected in the enjoyment of her property, of her right to be released from the bondage of an ill-assorted marriage, she was listened to with marked favor. She pleaded these demands with the feeling of a true woman, and she carried the conviction that she was not asking more than policy as well as justice demanded should be conceded. When she claimed that her voice should be heard on the hustings, and her vote be received at the ballot-box, she was earnest, and eloquent, and plausible, but she must have felt that she was not convincing her audience—and she did not."

HYATT IN JAIL.

The Washington correspondent of the Boston *Traveller* writes that the case of Hyatt is exciting much attention. Senators and members of the House are among his numerous visitors. The jailer has relaxed the rules, which are rigorously enforced against the other prisoners, whether rich or poor, which are, that they shall receive no visitors except members of their immediate family and their physician. Mr. Hyatt's room is quite large, with a high ceiling, a very large window grated with iron bars, from which all view of the city is excluded by heavy wooden blinds, which can neither be opened nor removed. When Mr. H. was placed in the room, it was bare of all furniture. Government has supplied him with nothing. The room now contains a bed, three chairs, a walnut table, a few tin and earthen dishes, a wash-stand and fixtures. The brick floor is covered with cement, except in large spots where this is broken away. The walls and ceiling are whitewashed, and the room is scrupulously clean. All the furniture of the room has been supplied at the cost of the prisoner, as will be all the additions made to his accommodations.

Mr. Hyatt appears not at all downcast by his imprisonment. He declares his determination to maintain the position he has assumed, because he believes it to be right, and because he believes it would be wrong to accede to the demands of the Senate. Not that he desires to conceal any thing, for he has asserted that, whenever the Senate will recede from the compulsory process, he will volunteer to answer any questions which they may ask. His position is this: He denies the right of the Senate to coerce witnesses, either as to attendance or as to testimony. He has nothing which he desires to conceal, but he declares it his intention to test the power of the Senate. He can suffer as long as they can inflict punishment. It has resolved itself into a question of endurance.

Mr. Hyatt has sent for his library and his maps, has made arrangements for furnishing his rooms comfortably, and will make himself as contented as possible, with a view to a stay of years. He has written to his brother to conduct his affairs as though he were dead. He speaks of his intention of employing his time in study; but he is now engaged in preparing a pamphlet containing his reasons for taking the course he has, containing the debate upon his case, the argument of his counsel, and his comments and conclusions upon the whole subject. This pamphlet will be published in two editions: the one printed in all the luxury of fine paper and large type, illustrated with the finest lithographs procurable in this country of Senators Sumner and Hale, his defenders in the Senate; the other in a cheap form—both to be distributed at cost.

ATTEMPT TO POISON A FAMILY.

A telegram from Meloy's Station, dated March 17, says: "Daniel Hayden, a resident of this county, was arrested by a State warrant at this place to-day at noon, charged with an attempt to poison one Ashworth and

family, also residents of this county. The attempt was made about a year ago by putting red precipitate, corrosive sublimate, and arsenic into some corn meal, which luckily, however, was not taken by the family owing to the peculiar stench the mixture created. Hayden was not suspected of perpetrating the act until a few days since, when, in a state of intoxication, he disclosed the affair to some persons living here, threatening, at the same time, that if they divulged the secret he would kill them. A former wife of Ashworth died a month previous to the happening of the above, and experienced physicians gave it as their opinion that she was poisoned. A deep malice has existed between the parties for years. The prisoner will be immediately examined.

PERSONAL.

A New York correspondent of the Charleston *Courier* says: "Moses H. Grinnell, a leading partner for a number of years in the house of Grinnell, Minturn, & Co., will soon withdraw from the concern, and return with his family to Europe to spend considerable time. Mr. Grinnell has sold his splendid residence at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Fourteenth Street. The house of Grinnell, Minturn, & Co. will retain its old name, as Mr. Robert B. Minturn, his son, and a son of Moses H. Grinnell, will continue to be partners in it. Henry Grinnell has not been connected with the house for several years, and none of his sons were ever partners in the concern." The charities of this city, and the benevolent institutions of the State at large, can ill spare Moses Grinnell.

Captain Judkins, one of the Cunard captains, was recently in Paris with his wife, and was treated with particular courtesy by Louis Napoleon, who was once a passenger on the *Cambria*.

General Garibaldi has received a present from the Americans of New York, consisting of a handsome gun, which will fire thirty shots without being reloaded.

Again the foreign journals announce that Miss Hinckley, of Albany, the American prima donna, has had a new success in Amsterdam. The *Argus* says she sang in the opera of "Linda" in presence of the Queen of Holland, who came and took her by the hand, and thanked her for the great pleasure afforded by her singing. Her Majesty has spoken of the young vocalist very often since, and says that she has been dreaming of her ever since—"she looked so pretty." Miss Hinckley has had several offers to sing in Italy and France. At Utrecht, she sang at a concert, and the house was completely filled with students. After the concert she was serenaded by the students, who came in a torch-light procession, and the lady was called out upon the balcony of her hotel, and saluted with huzzas and fire-works. A banquet was also prepared in her honor. At Rotterdam, also, her success was brilliant.

Zadock Pratt performed the journey from San Francisco to St. Louis without stopping at any one time for more than half an hour, the whole occupying 19 days, with 159 relays of four, five, and six horses or mules to the team, about half being mules. This is a wonderful feat for a man nearly seventy years of age. There was a conductor and a driver, both armed to the teeth. In some places they carried water 16 miles, and then drove 40 miles without water.

Peter G. Washington, in explanation of the cause of the death of the Hon. David A. Bokee in Washington, thus testified before the Coroner's jury:

"He very seldom complained of sickness. Meeting him casually at the door of the hotel about two o'clock yesterday, witness remarked to him that he looked unwell. His reply was that he felt sick at his stomach. Witness advised him to take a couple of blue pills early in the evening and a bottle of Congress water in the morning, and to continue the taking of the Congress water for a week. He stated that he would do so. Witness afterward saw him for the last time about four o'clock."

The United States steam frigate *Brooklyn* left Hampton Roads on the 15th inst. with the Hon. Robert M'Lane, Minister to Mexico, and Colonel J. T. Pickett, Consul at Vera Cruz, on board. She will proceed at once to Vera Cruz for the purpose of securing protection to the lives and interests of our citizens there during the threatened attack on that place by Miramon.

A correspondent of the Albany *Argus*, writing from Chicago, under date of March 16, says: "I heard this morning that Mr. Burch had withdrawn his suit for divorce."

Margaret Dillon, an Irish domestic, was looking at the Pemberton Mill when it fell. She was so completely paralyzed that from that moment she lost the power of speech, and though she has attended to her work regularly since, she has not uttered a word!

Mr. Charles J. Faulkner, the new American Minister at Paris, has taken a suit of rooms for the summer at the Place de l'Arc de Triomphe, at the extremity of the Champs Elysées.

Barry, the artist, while on a late visit to Boston, came into possession of a white linen table-cloth, woven fifty years ago, by the wife of Robert Burns, and spread on the oaken table in the poet's cottage, on those great occasions when the Edinburgh gentry deigned to honor their protégé's home with their patronizing visits. Late in the evening Mr. B. produced the sacred relic, which, of course, underwent the eager and reverential inspection of the company. Then, at the suggestion of a lady present, it was spread in an upper room; lemons and highland whisky were sent for; a Scotch punch was brewed, and over the table-cloth, hallowed by its associations with the peasant bard, the memory of Burns was drank by all, and Auld Langsyne sung in due and ancient style.

Miss Tennessee Gibson died last week in Arkansas, from the effects of snuff-dipping. She fell asleep with the "mop" in her mouth, and was found a corpse some hours after. A post-mortem examination revealed the fact that she had swallowed the juice, which was converted into nicotine, a deadly poison. Her lips, cheek, and breast were smeared with the foul stuff in her dying struggles, alone in her room. Before she retired she felt a deadly sickness, having swallowed some of the juice; but as she had used it so long, nothing was thought of her complaint until it was too late.

Governor Alexander Ramsey, of Minnesota, has sent a veto message two columns long to the Legislature, giving reasons why he can not sign an act to commute the sentence of Mrs. Anna Bilansky, now under sentence of death in St. Paul, to imprisonment in the State Prison during her natural life. Anna was convicted of the murder of her husband, Stanislaus Bilansky, by poison. The Legislature did not pass the bill over the Governor's veto; consequently Mrs. Bilansky will be hung on the 23d inst.

Madame de Wilhorst of New York recently appeared in opera at Berlin, and did not make a favorable impression, as the Boston *Traveller* says.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

PARLIAMENT—THE SAVOY QUESTION.

IN the House of Commons, March 5, the report on the Customs Act was brought up, and agreed to with a few amendments.

On proceeding to the other orders of the day, Lord Palmerston moved that they be postponed until after the notice of motion given by Mr. Byng for an address to her Majesty, on the subject of the commercial treaty with France.

Mr. Lindsay observed that the terms of that motion were not before the House.

Mr. Kinglake opposed the motion of Lord Palmerston, and called upon the House not to depart from the ordinary mode of proceeding.

Mr. Byng said if it was the opinion of the House that the exact terms of his motion should be previously before it, he would postpone the motion until Thursday.

Lord Palmerston then offered to withdraw his motion.

Objections were raised to the proposed day, and the discussion of this question gradually drew into its area topics of much larger dimensions, the most prominent being the annexation of Savoy to France.

Mr. S. Fitzgerald urged this subject with great earnestness upon the House, and expressed his hope that Parliament would make a solemn protest against that act.

Mr. Bright condemned the terms employed by Mr. Fitzgerald.

Mr. Roebuck inveighed against the Emperor of the French, whom he accused of breach of treaties.

Lord John Russell said that such irritating discussions only sowed suspicion and distrust, and were calculated to bring about a total rupture with a neighboring friendly country. He thought the present was not the time to raise the discussion. Sardinia, the Power most interested, had not spoken on the subject. His opinion was, that the treaty of commerce with France was destined, if approved by Parliament, to draw closer the ties of friendship between the two nations, by giving both an interest in the blessings of peace, which would tend to prevent the great calamity of war.

After some further discussion the motion was withdrawn.

THE NEW FRENCH TREATY.

In the Commons, on 8th inst., Mr. Byng moved an address to the Crown, approving of the new commercial treaty with France, and promising that Parliament will take the necessary steps to carry it into effect.

Lord A. Vane Tempest moved an amendment, declaring that Parliament declines to express any opinion on the treaty until such time as the final intentions of the Emperor of the French with respect to Savoy are made known.

A general debate took place on the merits of the treaty; after which Lord Vane Tempest withdrew his amendment, and further debate was adjourned to the next day.

Sir H. Carrus, a leading Conservative, said he would support the treaty.

The debate was resumed the following day.

Mr. Horsman moved that the article in the treaty relative to coals be admitted, but it was rejected by 226 majority.

The debate involved the Savoy question and the general relations of England and France. The address was finally agreed to without an amendment and without a division.

THE PASSENGERS BY THE "HUNGARIAN."

Messrs. Allen and Gillespie, the agents, have forwarded the following list of the passengers, etc., who were on board the *Hungarian*:

Cabin Passengers—J. E. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Balmer, Rev. James Stewart, Mrs. Woods, Mr. and Mrs. E. Evans, Allan Cameron, W. R. Crocker, J. W. Crocker, Mr. Leslie, Mr. and Mrs. Talbot, Dr. and Mrs. Samaniego, Barry A. B. Cortin, Mr. Wyatt, Mr. Boultenhouse, Mr. Boulton, Mrs. Delano and child, Dr. Barrett, and G. J. Nash, officer in charge of mails.

Steerage Passengers—Hugh M'Caffrey, Abraham Tagg, Wm. Vogle, John Richardson, Henry Richardson, T. Allen, Frederick Child, Mrs. F. Child, Frederick Child, Bell Morrison, Richard Madden, Robert Martin, E. D. Bartlett, George Shank, George M'Dermott, John Daly, John Delaney, Wm. Kerley, William Wright, Michael Lucey, Martin Downes, Francis Richardson, Miss Ellen Sheehan, and Patrick M'Guerin.

Crew—Sailing Department—W. H. Hardie, 1st officer; Wm. Allan, 2d officer; Richard Porter, 3d officer; William Cain, 4th officer; M. Fielding, boatswain; James Bazley, boatswain's mate; John Bailey, M. M'Pherson, A. Liddle, A. Phillips, J. Shannon, William Quinn, A. M'Millan, Thomas M'Lean, J. Crossthwaite, R. Lutus, David Jones, Thomas Carter, John Ramsden, George Booley, John Bennett, M. Golightly, M'Donald, Edwards, Williams, Cleve, Watt, Greenaway, Merriman, P. Mitchell, A. Boyd, W. Craddock, Gilbert, Johnston, Chorley, M'Culloch, John Brice, seamen; Nelson, Wakes, ordinary seamen; Maxwell, boy. Engineer's Department—W. Stewart, 1st engineer; John M'Kean, 2d engineer; A. Smith, 3d engineer; John Clark, 4th engineer; Hugh M'Gunn, 5th engineer; Isaac Welsh, John Calderwood, H. Russell, H. Lowe, J. Mooney, J. Boyle, W. Holmes, Peter Hanlon, Henry French, John Jones, John Fox, R. M'Nalley, Archibald M'Call, John Jones, John Hamil, William Welsh, Alexander Watson, Rich. M'Donald, Thomas Shaw, William Flannigan, T. Jamerson, Thomas Ritchie, James Allison, Robert Edwards, firemen. Victualing Department—C. M'Donald, first steward; J. M'Kinnon, second steward; Richard Thomas, John Maddon, George Edwards, Alexander Wapshaw, Edward Lennan, Robert Dewar, James Rhodes, Hugh M'Gregor, Thomas Hannah, stewards; Francis Duvoure and George Searisbrook, cooks; William Preston, baker; James Gittins, butcher; J. Longgell, John Brennan, Thomas Kennedy, James Kenard, Edward M'Main, Augustus Caine, Wm. Howarth, Robert Stevenson, Peter M'Crea, stewards; Edward Murphy, William Horrocks, cooks; William Prescott, Richard Jones, Joseph Marriott, stewards; T. S. Green, store-keeper; Dr. Ferguson; T. Robertson, purser; Miss Caughtrie, stewardess; Jones, steward.

The return from the Liverpool emigration agent gives: From Liverpool, crew, 80; cabin passengers, 30; steerage passengers, 40. From Queenstown, cabin passengers, 15; steerage passengers, 40. Total, 205.

MUSICAL CELEBRITIES.

The London *Era* says: "With regret we announce the attempt at suicide in Paris last week of the celebrated *chef d'orchestre*, M. Jullien, by stabbing. He was making arrangements for some grand performances of sacred music, etc., which were to have commenced on the 8th inst. by a performance of Handel's "Messiah." Several English *artistes* were engaged for the occasion. The concerts have since been postponed, M. Jullien having been placed under restraint."

The Irish papers deny that Mademoiselle Piccolomini has been united in the holy bonds of matrimony since her arrival in Dublin.

DISRAELI AND GLADSTONE.

The House of Commons has its conflicts of bad temper and ill manners, one of which is thus hit off by the clever London correspondent of the Liverpool *Albion* in his account of the debate of February 22:

"In Monday's debate there was a plurality of singularities, and few of them commendable. The Bucks mover got up a small momentum, and was certainly ponderous enough for a couple of Lincolnshire squires amalgamated into one. Neither was Gladstone's tartness toward Disraeli of the kind the ex-Ionian Commissioner can look back upon with satisfaction. It had far too large an infusion of Thirsites for so Homeric a connoisseur; and, indeed, is sought to be extenuated on the score of a certain morbid state of mind, arising out of a peculiar mental cause at the moment, as well as an unusually disordered bilious apparatus. The gods have made him vixenish, but not vehement, in the vituperative line. Satire is not his forte; and, if it were, he had better not have courted comparison with one the remembrance of whose performance in that department puts all rivalry so entirely out of the range of possibility, that the performer himself has disdained these fourteen years even to evoke the memory of his prowess by exercising it now on baser game than he then struck down. The eagle-slayer wars not on barn-door poultry, though he may occasionally give homely cocks a tap on the comb when their crowing becomes headacheishly obstreperous. Thus it was last night. While speaking he was interrupted several times by Gladstone, upon whom at last the Caucasian turned that Peeleitic orb of his which had calcined the Sublime of Mediocrity into the essence of what is within one step of sublimity; and, dropping a sneer at the 'running commentary' and 'peculiar temperament' of the right hon. gentleman, 'who had quarreled with his old friend the Pope, as he had with all his old friends in turn,' was annoyed no more. As if stung by a particularly lively puff adder, Gladstone at first recoiled, and then coiled himself up, so palpably festering to the quick that not only did he not smile when Benjamin quizzically affected dislike of office because of its injury to the nerves, but he didn't even try to smile when all the House laughed aloud at the Tiverton joker's reference to the Disraelian nervous system.

PALMERSTON AT BAY.

"Perhaps, however, his non-participation in the hilarity awakened by his chief, in this instance, was nothing particular. He seems terribly troubled by the pranks of the aged audacity; and nothing is more probable than that some fine morning he may throw up office because of his fastidiousness concerning the political morality of the great bishop-maker. Thus take the occurrence of Monday night. Rising after Horsman, whom he called his 'right honorable friend' with an interminable iteration whose significance it was impossible to mistake, the Premier proceeded to pervert the whole drift and scope, spirit and letter, of what the member for Stroud had just uttered. This was shocking enough, even admitting the reality of the pretended badinage accompanying it. The Opposition clamored out its reprobation of such proceeding, and called aloud for Horsman, who repeatedly stood up, but had to sit down again. In no way abashed, the Premier went on. Louder rose the uproar, but yet, and bullying more loud, rose the swaggering tone and truculent bearing of the Minister, not a word of whose utterance could be heard in the din. Then reverberated such exclamations as never yet smote mortal ear in that building; and that they did so now would seem to be the knell of the tradition about the 'first assemblage of gentlemen in the world.' Will it be, can it be, credited that there were shouts of 'Shame, shame!' directed against the Chief Adviser of the Crown and leader of the House of Commons, far the most experienced of all living members in the ways and forms of Parliament, for refusing the most ordinary courtesy, one denied in no place on earth wherever the semblance of discussion is observed? Yet so it was. At last he was forced into a momentary pause, during which Horsman got up [Palmerston standing all the while], and, in the most deliberate and emphatic manner, pronounced, 'I never uttered one single word of what the noble Lord says I did.' Of course the 'noble Lord' immediately apologized, expressed his regret, sorry to misunderstand right honorable friend, etc. Of course he did nothing of the sort; if he were the kind of individual to do so, would he be what he is, where he is, and how he is there? Without one instant's hesitation, he gave the lie as promptly as he had received it, declaring that he 'reaffirmed what he had said,' that he didn't pretend to a better memory than other people, but couldn't be mistaken about his right honorable friend's expressions; and on he went, just as though there had been no interruption whatever, and that he were doing exactly as became his years, his position, his responsibility to his countrymen, and his respect for himself."

ANOTHER DICKENS IN LUCK.

According to the London correspondent of the Leeds *Mercury*, young Charles Dickens, the son of the great Charles, is going out to India to manage an Indian agency for the firm of Baring Brothers, in which, says the correspondent, he has long held a responsible post, having been initiated into the mysteries of the merchant's craft by them. He has also another great friend in the financial world—Miss Burdett Coutts—who will back him, it is said, in any *per se* undertakings which he may think it wise to undertake. So, without much speculation, we may anticipate living, perhaps, to see the great house of Dickens as famous in commerce as it is in literature. Doubtless his father could, if willing, add to his store, for current report says he has made £70,000 in the last ten years.

THE LAST ELOPEMENT.

The Court *Circular* reports another Belgravian elopement. A young lady eloped with her guardian's under butler on St. Valentine's Day, and nothing was heard of their whereabouts until the 18th, when a letter, containing a marriage certificate, was received by Mr. W., informing him that the ceremony had been performed at a well-known church in the aristocratic neighborhood of Wapping. The lady, on coming of age, is entitled to £10,000.

FRANCE.

THE SAVOY QUESTION.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Times* says it was thought likely that as soon as universal suffrage in Tuscany declares for annexation to Piedmont, the Savoyards will have a French army on the spot.

The Paris *Patrie* believes itself in a position to state that, in the question of Savoy, Sardinia shows such conciliatory intentions as might be expected from a country which owes its aggrandizement to France.

It was reported that since Sardinia rejected Napoleon's programme for Italy, the French troops have received orders to be ready to march at the first notice, and that the evacuation of Lombardy and return of the army to France are threatened.

Lord John Russell had stated in the House of Commons that Austria and Prussia concurred in the views of England. Russia had not yet replied.

Sardinia had consented to the inhabitants of Savoy voting on the subject.

ITALY.

WILL SARDINIA GIVE UP SAVOY?

The *Opinione* of March 8 publishes Count Cavour's dispatch of the 2d relative to Savoy and Nice. He declares that the aggrandizement of Sardinia can never prove dangerous to France; but considering the obligations that Sardinia is under to France, serious attention must be given to the Emperor's demands. At the moment when Sardinia demands for the inhabitants of Central Italy the right to dispose of their destiny, she exposes herself to the charge of inconsistency if she denies the right of freely expressing their wishes to her subjects dwelling on the other side of the Alps. However great the regret would be at the cradle of the Piedmontese monarchs demanding a separation, Sardinia would not refuse to recognize the weight of a manifestation, however slight, if made in conformity with the prescriptions of Parliament. In regard to the opposition of the great Powers, Cavour thinks that the desire for proper frontiers of France and Sardinia will insure just and equitable negotiations on this head.

COUNT CAVOUR ON VENETIA.

The *Opinione* of Turin publishes in French the following circular by Count Cavour on Count von Bissengen's circular to the Venetian delegations:

"*To the King's Legations at Paris, London, Berlin, and St. Petersburg.*

"MILAN, *February* 20, 1860.

"MONSIEUR LE MINISTRE,—I hasten to direct your attention to the annexed document, which a journal of this city has just published. Some time ago Austria gave a contradiction, through her official journals, to the rumor that the state of siege had been proclaimed in Venetia. At the same time the King's Government was accused of fostering disturbance by its emissaries among the Italian populations left by the Treaty of Zurich under the dominion of Austria.

"The document that I have the honor of transmitting to you will edify the Government of —— respecting the real causes of the profound discontent and constant agitation prevailing in Venetia. By this circular to the imperial and royal Austrian delegations in Venetia, Count Bissengen subjects to forced enrollment in *compagnies de discipline*—a mode of punishment which no civilized nation has inserted in its codes, which we search for in vain in the Austrian code, and which is nearly equivalent to convict labor—all the individuals who, by their antecedents, sometimes, or conduct, may appear capable of making attempts hostile to the Austrian Imperial Government.

"Be so good, Monsieur le Ministre, as to point out to the Government of ——, 1. That the elasticity of these expressions is so great that nearly the whole male population of Venetia may come under this category; 2. That the circular says expressly that no considerations of health will be attended to which might oppose the application of this mode of chastisement; 3. That the measure in question is not temporary, as the state of siege naturally is; and that it equally has for its effect the substitution in Venetia of military authority for the jurisdiction of the ordinary tribunals.

"I think it would be advisable to place these observations before the Minister of Foreign Affairs, leaving to him the task of deducing the necessary consequences of this state of things in Venetia.

"Accept, etc., C. CAVOUR."

AMERICANS IN ROME.

A letter from Rome, dated 15th ult., says: "The number of Americans in Rome this winter is very small. Among those from the cities of Albany and New York are General Peter Gansevoort and family, Mr. Delavan and family, Mr. Van Rensselaer and family, and General and Mrs. Cooper, from Albany; Mr. William Chauncey, Colonel Charles Darling and family, Lieutenant and Mrs. Mygott, U. S. N., Mr. and Mrs. Gardner Howland, Hon. Heman J. Redfield and wife, Mr. William Platt and family, Mrs. James Lorrimer Graham and family, Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Jerome, and Mr. and Mrs. William H. Smith, from New York.

AUSTRIA.

GOVERNMENT REFORMS.

From Austria we have reports of important governmental reforms. The Imperial Council is henceforward to be composed of two different elements, one proceeding from nominations by the Emperor—most probably the princes of the Imperial house, the highest functionaries of the State, and other eminent persons besides; the other, proceeding from elections by the provincial representations, is to be formed, the difference in population being taken into account with regard to the number allotted to each province, and the whole number of members of this description amounting to thirty-seven. The Council is to meet in May next. The subjects to be submitted to the Council are the deliberation and definite settlement of the Budget, control of accounts, all laws having force over the whole of the empire, all projects of laws proceeding from the provincial representative assemblies, and any other subjects submitted by the Emperor's command. This is a step toward constitutionalism, though, of course, a brief one.

MOROCCO.

PROGRESS OF THE WAR.

News from Morocco is to the 28th of February. The permanent occupation of Tetuan by the Spanish had been definitely agreed upon, and 10,000 beds have been ordered to be sent there. Several battalions in the Peninsula have been ordered to be ready to go to Africa upon the first summons.

A letter from the Sultan of Morocco was read on the 25th of February at the principal mosque in Tangiers, announcing his rejection of the conditions of peace proposed by Spain. He states that he is coming to the northern provinces with a large force; that there is little prospect of peace; that he has ample funds, and that he will prosecute the war to the end if he loses all his sea-ports. He exhorts all true believers to rise in defense of their country, and says that he has given orders to put to death all plunderers.

The Sultan, acting on the concluding announcement, had dismissed the Arab cavalry, who plundered Tetuan, and beheaded many of their chiefs.

An interview took place on the 23d of February between Marshal O'Donnell and Mulley Abbas. The cession of Tetuan was discussed, but the representatives of the Sultan were not prepared to accede to the demand of Spain, and the negotiations, therefore, came to an end.

MEXICO.

BOMBARDMENT OF VERA CRUZ.

Miramon bombarded Vera Cruz on the 13th, but with little damage.

On the 14th a flag of truce was sent to Juarez, which resulted in the suspension of hostilities.

A military congress, composed of the chiefs of the two armies and representatives of the foreign governments, met on the same evening, but the result was not known at latest dates.

It was reported that Miramon had abandoned the siege, deserted his army, and taken refuge on board the French fleet.

The city of Mexico had pronounced against Miramon, and his army there was deserting him.

THE NAVAL ACTION OF SIXTH MARCH.

THE picture on page 204 will convey to the beholder an idea of the conflict between the United States sloop-of-war *Saratoga* and the Mexican vessels *Miramon* and *Marquez* off Vera Cruz on the night of 5th-6th March inst., which ended in the capture of the latter vessels.

The following official account of the affair was transmitted by telegraph from New Orleans to Washington:

"NEW ORLEANS, *March* 19, 1860.

"Hon. ISAAC TOUCEY, Secretary of the Navy:

"SIR,—Lieutenant Chapman left Vera Cruz on the 11th instant in command of the prize steamer *Marquez*, of Havana, as bearer of dispatches to the Department from Captain Jarvis; but learning on my arrival here this morning that he had not arrived, I deem it my duty to forward the following report to you:

"On the 5th instant General Miramon commenced the siege of Vera Cruz, and on the 6th General Marin appeared before the city with this and another steamer, and not showing his colors, Commander Turner, in the *Saratoga*, with detachments from the *Savannah* and *Preble*, in the steamers *Indianola* and *Wave*, was ordered to proceed to the anchorage of the steamers, off Anton Lizardo, and ascertain their character. Upon nearing them one of them was seen to be moving off, when a shot was fired ahead of her to bring her to, and the *Indianola* was sent to overhaul her. The hail from the *Indianola* was replied to by a fire from the *General Miramon's* guns and a volley of musketry, when the *Saratoga* fired a broadside, and the action became general, resulting in the capture of both of Marin's steamers, with himself and a large number of his men on board.

"Captain Jarvis ordered both prizes to this port. The *Preble* will be here in a few days with Marin and most of the prisoners on board, the rest being distributed between this steamer and the *Marquez* of Havana.

"Your dispatch will reach me here.

"Respectfully, R. D. MINOR, Lieut., U. S. N.

"Commanding prize steamer *General Miramon*."

Another account states:

"The American loss is but three wounded, one of whom mortally. The Mexican loss is fifteen killed and twenty to thirty wounded.

"Miramon paid $55,000 for the two steamers.

"Marin's steamers passed by all the foreign squadrons and the castle without hoisting a flag, although ordered to do so by a shot from the castle and other signals. The English, French, and Spanish vessels of war did not notice the fact.

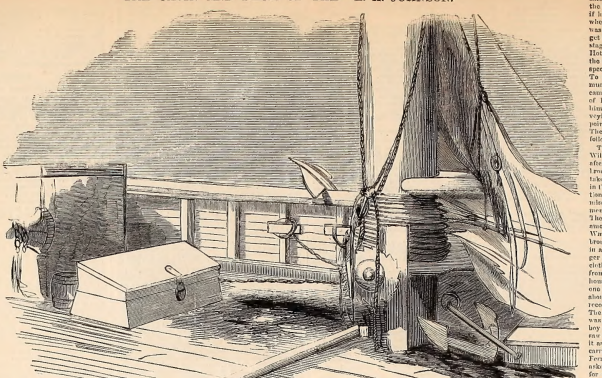
"The engagement took place by moonlight.

A later report says that "the *Indianola* pursued the *Miramon*, whereupon the latter fired on her. The *Indianola* returned the fire, and her crew boarded the *Miramon* at the point of the bayonet. A portion of the *Indianola's* deck was carried away by the shot. The *Miramon* was then run aground, and the *Saratoga* brought the *Marquez* to.

"The first engineer of the *Marquez*, an American, was killed.

"Captain Turner asked Marin why he fired on the American vessels without provocation? Marin replied that his men could not be controlled. He knew the nationality of the *Saratoga*, and understood her signals. The men fired contrary to his orders. Captain Turner replied, 'You are entirely responsible for the outrage.'"

THE CABIN AND DECK OF THE "E. A. JOHNSON."



SCENE OF THE FIRST CONFLICT ON BOARD THE SLOOP "E. A. JOHNSON," WITH THE BLOOD-STAINS ON THE DECK.

We give herewith pictures of the cabin and deck of the *E. A. Johnson*, with the traces of the fearful struggle of which they were the scene.

The first thing that attracted the attention of Captain Downs and Lieut. on boarding the *E. A. Johnson*, was the presence of blood in large quantities upon the deck. In no less than three places were there extensive pools of gore and marks which evidently showed that some bloody substance had been dragged along the deck and thrown overboard. The cabin presented a still more horrible appearance than the deck, the floor and all the furniture being covered or spotted with blood.

The cabin had evidently been the scene of some sanguinary struggle. The floor, ceiling, benches, and furniture were all stained with blood. A further examination showed that the cabin had been ransacked by some persons as if in search of plunder, for upon the floor were strewed articles of clothing, papers, bedding, etc. The Coroner's deputies took notice of every thing they found in the cabin, among which were the following articles: A skate, on which were still to be found —"I now take my pen in my hand to let you know that I am well, and I hope you are the same. I left Egg Harbor—" A coffee-pot, covered with blood and human hair, was found in a corner near the stove. A broom, which had apparently been used in scooping the blood from the floor, and a hammer, also smeared with blood, were found near the companion-way. Marks of blood were found on the ladder leading to the deck, upon the lockers, upon the sides of the cabin, and upon the ceiling. There were four fresh and distinct marks, as if made with the blade of a knife or short hatchet, upon the transom and ceiling, and one of the lieutenants was stained with blood. A pair of pantaloons, in the pockets of which were found twenty-nine cents, were found wrapped up in a piece of blood-stained paper; also the handle of a carpet-bag or valise, which had recently been torn off. The cuts were, upon examination, found to be filled with blood, which had leaked down from the floor, and allowed to remain there in the clotted state in which it was discovered. All the lockers and closets were stained with blood, probably by the assassin in search of plunder, as also the stove and cooking utensils.

From the cabin the blood was traced up the companion-way to the deck, where marks as if produced by the dragging of some bloody substance were observable all along from the cabin door to the side of the vessel. The rail, too, was smeared with blood, and also the side of the sloop, showing that the assassin concluded his work by throwing the evidence of his guilt into the sea. The finger-marks of blood on the rail and the indentation of a knife-tends to the belief that the murderer was compelled to sever the hand of his victim as he clung to this frail support before he could throw him overboard.

Amidships on the starboard side, near the centre-board, was found a large pool of blood, which was also traced to the side of the vessel. The second victim had probably been murdered here, dragged to the rail, and committed to the deep. Further forward, near the main hatch, was another pool of blood, connecting with a fourth pool around the foremost mid-forecastle hatchway, and occupying a space of about six feet square. In the latter pool was found a lock of brown hair, which had evidently been torn out of the murdered man's head in the struggle.

HOW THE PRISONER WAS IDENTIFIED.

On Saturday evening, soon after the arrival of the prisoner, the man John Burke, with whom he had lived in Cedar Street, was confronted with the prisoner, whom he identified at once as William Johnson, the man who, with his wife and child, had left No. 123 Cedar Street on Wednesday afternoon, and went on board the Fall River boat. Mr. Simmons also stepped forward and recognized the prisoner as one of the hands who sailed from this port with Captain Burr on board the sloop *E. A. Johnson*. Upon being asked if he knew Captain Burr, he said he did not, he never saw him, and never sailed in the vessel commanded by him. Other questions were put to him by Mr. Simmons, but they were all answered in the same vague manner.

Yesterday afternoon an old man named Charley La Coste, who keeps a coffee and cake stand near the East Broadway stage terminus at the South Ferry, identified Johnson as the man who, on Wednesday morning last, at about 5 o'clock, stepped opposite to his stand, apparently looking to see that he had Chevriol, when he asked him if he wanted some coffee. He afterward went into the booth and sat down, leaving what appeared to be his clothes-bag outside the railings. He had coffee and cakes, which amounted to the sum of six cents. When about to leave, he handed him a ten-dollar gold piece in payment, which he asked him if he had no less change. He said he had, and pulled from his pocket a handful of gold, silver, and some cents, and, abstracting a half dime and a cent, paid his bill. About this time some bootblacks came round and wanted to black his boots. He looked down at his feet, and said his boots were not worth the trouble. He then asked if he could get a carriage, when La Coste told him it was too early; he ought to get into an East Broadway stage and ride up to Frenche's Hotel, as he had asked for the whereabouts of a respectable place to put up at. To this suggestion he demurred, when a newsboy came up to him, took hold of his bag, and implored him for the privilege of conveying his bag to any given point of the Metropolis. The boy took the bag and followed the man.

That boy's name was William Bryan. Yesterday afternoon the prisoner was brought from his cell, and taken into the officers' room in the back part of the Station-House, where a promiscuous assemblage of men had been gathered in. The prisoner took his place among them. The boy, Wm. Dreen, was then brought into the room, and in a moment stated his finger upon the man whose clothes-bag he had carried from La Coste's stand to the house No. 129 Cedar Street, one morning last week, about 8 o'clock; he did not recollect which morning. The man thus pointed out was the prisoner. The same boy immediately afterward saw the bag, and identified it as the one which he had carried from the South Ferry to Cedar Street. He asked Johnson fifty cents for the job, but on his refusal he compromised, and took three shillings.

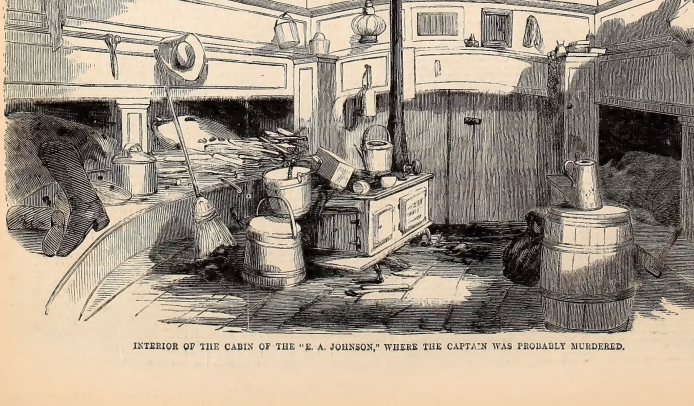
Alonzo Egbert was introduced in the same manner as the boy, and selected Johnson as the man who spoke to him on the bridge at the Vanderbilt landing on Staten Island, last Wednesday morning between 6 and 7 o'clock. He was not certain, but he thought he was the man.

Augustus Gilder, the boy who sold Johnson the oyster stew, the eggs, and the miserable hot gins, was also introduced in the same manner. He at once pointed out Johnson, and said, "That is the man."

Another little boy, who had acted to block Johnson's boots at the South Ferry, was introduced. He looked carefully through the crowd, repeatedly fastening his eyes upon Johnson. The boy at last stepped opposite Johnson again; the prisoner satisfied this, made a contortion, and turned away his face, when the boy said he could not see the man. The prisoner was then taken back to his cell.

The movements of the prisoner are so thoroughly linked with this shocking crime, that they form a complete chain of circumstantial evidence; and this chain, which is riveted with iron strength, can be traced, link by link, from the loading of the yacht to the arrest of Johnson.

It remains to be seen how the ends of justice will be served.



INTERIOR OF THE CABIN OF THE "E. A. JOHNSON," WHERE THE CAPTAIN WAS PROBABLY MURDERED.

THE CARSTANG-SHAW CASE AT ST. LOUIS.

We engrave herewith, from sketches made for us by M. G. G. Friedlen, of St. Louis, Missouri, a portrait of Miss Effie Carstang, the plaintiff in the famous case of Carstang *vs.* Shaw; and a picture of the Court-room during the trial of the case. Very few of our readers need to be reminded that this is the great breach-of-promise case which was tried a year ago, and then resulted in a verdict of $100,000 damages for the plaintiff. A new trial was ordered, which is now proceeding.

THE PLAINTIFF.

The plaintiff, Miss Effie Catharine Carstang, has lived in comparative obscurity till the commencement of the present proceedings. She went to St. Louis in the year 1851, and has resided since on Fifth Street, between Franklin Avenue and Morgan, with Mrs. Seamon, her sister. Her acquaintance with Mr. Shaw commenced during the year 1856, and the promise to marry is alleged to have been given in November, 1854. In personal appearance Miss Carstang is rather tall in figure, and withal graceful, has dark hair, brilliant eyes, blonde complexion, and a firmness of character which has marked her participation in the present suit since its inception. We should judge the lady to be on the shady side of thirty, and not unattractive in point of personal beauty. She has maintained a remarkable perseverance throughout the whole trial, and accompanied her counsel personally to New York and other places, gathering testimony in her own vindication. The attempt to compel her to give bonds for the payment of the costs was unsuccessful, the motion therefor having been denied by Judge Leber. Pending this matter, Mr. Carstang proved the ownership of property reputed to be worth about $2,000 of promissory notes secured by a mortgage on land on the southwest branch of the Pacific Railroad.

Her counsel stated that she is a native of New York or Brooklyn. Her parents both are dead. Her father was a worthy and conspicuous member of the Methodist Church, well known and respected by his neighbors in Brooklyn as a citizen, and enjoying a license to preach and exhort in the church of which he was a member, though pursuing a secular business during the days of the week. He died some ten years ago, his wife having died before him. The plaintiff is now, as she has been for several years, without any near male relative.

She is without wealth or wealthy friends, and is doubtless much perplexed to meet the severe pecuniary demands to which she has been subjected in the manner in which she has prosecuted this suit.

THE DEFENDANT.

The defendant, Henry Shaw, has been a resident of St. Louis for forty-one years. He was formerly a merchant, and acquiring great wealth, retired from business as long ago as 1841. Subsequently he went to Europe and traveled extensively on the Continent, spending several months in Italy, observing the arts and artists of that country. From early youth botany has been his favorite study, and while in Europe Mr. Shaw improved every opportunity to gather information or profit from the experience of others on this subject. In personal appearance Mr. Shaw is of medium height, hearty complexion, rather sharp in features, with blue eyes, and possessed of great quantity of hair—in fact, one of the politest men in St. Louis. His age is between fifty and sixty, and his hair is tinged with gray. His wealth is variously estimated at between $1,500,000 and $2,000,000. On the corner of Seventh and Locust streets, his city residence forms quite an ornament to that locality. It is a three-story brick building, with a wing in the shape of an L, built in rather a quaint style of architecture, and has a carriage entrance on Locust Street. About ten years ago Mr. Shaw became possessor of a tract of land, 600 acres in extent, situated in a southwesterly direction from the court-house, on the old Manchester road. At the time it was a barren prairie, but the wealth of the proprietor enabled him to transform the wilderness into a cooperative Eden.

MISS EFFIE CARSTANG.—[FROM A SKETCH BY G. G. FRIEDLEIN, ESQ.]

The first witness called was Mrs. Mary Seamon, sister of the plaintiff. We abridge her testimony.

THE SHAW COURTSHIP.

MRS. MARY SEAMON sworn, testifies: Know the plaintiff; am her sister; Mr. Shaw called to see my sister, the plaintiff, in the year 1854; can not say how long he staid at that time; was in the habit of staying half an hour or longer; continued his visits for nearly two years—until, I think, late in the fall of 1855; understood that he visited with a view to marriage; Mr. Shaw would come sometimes two or three times, sometimes once a week; generally in the morning, but also often in the afternoon and evening; never took his visits as visits to myself; he was sometimes entertained by myself, sometimes by my sister; sometimes in the parlor, and sometimes in the sitting-room; Mr. Shaw presented my sister with a set of jewelry, a piano, gloves, fruits, flowers, etc.; generally brought something at each visit; he and my sister sometimes rode out together; Mr. Shaw had visited about three or four times before I got to think that he came for purposes of marriage; at one time he brought some books; I was admiring them, and as was my sister; he asked us if we understood botany; said he wished to understand botany before he would like to make her his wife, and that was the reason he had brought the books; told my sister afterward I did not wish Mr. Shaw to come to my house, because I do not like rich men to visit us; the books were his first gift; some months after that he brought the jewelry; after that the piano; Mr. Shaw called one day to take my sister out riding, and on this occasion used the expression: "This time I will bring her back, but the next time when I take her out riding I shall not, because I want to make her my wife;" the gloves, of which there was a whole bag, were brought by the servant, while Mr. Shaw halted with his carriage at the door; this was left, as the piano was given, also before the jewelry was presented to my sister; think it was after the conversation about the books; my sister was willing and ready to marry him, and made preparations for the event; began to prepare in the summer of 1857, so far as I can remember; they were to live at Tower Grove; remember Mr. Shaw calling one day; he said it was very warm, and the country so much more pleasant than the city; then he added, "After I marry your sister I shall ask you if you will not come into the country and live with me?" Mr. Shaw, when he brought the piano, came accompanied with other men; asked me where he had better put it, as my sister was not at home, and had it put under his directions; this was in 1857; Mr. Shaw inquired afterward, at one time, whether she preferred much; the piano was called for by Mr. Shaw, late in the fall of 1857, and taken away; this was a few months previous to the bringing of the suit; I am not positive as regards the time—was not present; my sister, however, was at home at the time; think Mr. Shaw called once after she had received the piano, but she was not then at home—that was about a month or six weeks after the presentation of the piano; Mr. Shaw's deportment was very gentlemanly; his visits from the first gradually increased in frequency; some of the neighbors also noticed the circumstance; the marriage was to have taken place in the summer of 1857, to judge by the preparations; think Mr. Shaw called only once a year after that; was once in Tower Grove myself; there the flowers were brought from their cause at all seasons; and so also the fruit, consisting of pears, grapes, etc.; from the period when Mr. Shaw first visited down to the conversation about the suit, I think about two months elapsed; never asked Mr. Shaw as to what were his intentions with regard to my sister; my aunt died in August last at my house; when I told my sister of the impropriety of Mr. Shaw's visits, she said that his intentions were honorable, and, of course, I then had no more objection; my sister had some property, which she gave to me previous to her prospective marriage to Mr. Shaw; she settled the property upon me because I would not agree to live with her after her marriage; my sister wrote a letter to Mr. Shaw after he broke off his visits, which, however,

THE TRIAL OF THE BREACH OF PROMISE CASE, CARSTANG *vs.* SHAW, AT ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI, MARCH, 1860.—[FROM A SKETCH BY G. G. FRIEDLEIN, ESQ.]

was not noticed by him; Mr. Shaw and my sister were to have taken their marriage tour to Rochester, New York, where Mr. Shaw's mother resides.

DID NOT LISTEN AT KEYHOLE.

The witness, on being cross-examined, said: Do not think I ever gave any other account to any body of the means of my knowledge of the breach of promise than the one given, but may have answered in an unsatisfactory manner questions put from mere motives of curiosity; do not recollect giving Mr. John McMullen (neighbor) a different account; do not recollect ever telling him that the only knowledge I had of the contract was derived from putting my ear to the keyhole of the parlor door, and listening to a conversation going on between Miss Ellie and Shaw, or to any body else; do not remember talking to Mr. Harris about it at all, but was present when my sister talked to him; may have put off his curiosity by giving an unsatisfactory answer; know a woman named Ellen O'Keefe—she was a servant girl in my house; never had any conversation with her about the contract; never told her what I had heard it was derived from listening through the keyhole; conversed with her once in this court-house on the subject of my testimony, but did not tell her that my lawyers told me that her testimony would kill the case; never told her any thing else calculated to affect, modify, or alter the testimony to be given by her in court.

DID EFFIE BORROW MONEY OF SHAW?

When we first came here we were out in debt to my lady, and paid out that year's rent in advance; knew my sister's handwriting; this writing (here shown) looks like plaintiff's hand; this another note similarly worded like plaintiff's hand; can't tell her writing without seeing her write it; never heard of these notes before this trial; if she gave them to Mr. Shaw, it was a secret that was not let into it; Effie has never denied the execution of these notes or bonds; don't think I ever heard my mother claim to my person; she has not said any thing to me, in particular, about them at all, didn't know of Effie borrowing money from defendant; don't know that she represented herself to Mr. Shaw as proud, and wanting to borrow fifty for the time of getting this money; don't know of any necessity that existed, requiring Effie to have the money at that time.

DID SHE VISIT SHAW AT HIS HOUSE?

Have visited Mr. Shaw's house in town between six and eight times; only visited it by night, various times; couldn't say whether it was three or a dozen times; we went to see Mr. Shaw, etc.; went to make him a farewell visit, as he was going away; never saw any white person there; have been there in the afternoon; returned home with my sister; cannot fix that time later than eight o'clock; it was winter that would make it dark; don't know that Effie Carstang was out all night of Mr. Shaw's house in town nor in the country either; don't know that she had a room at my house in town; don't think it likely that she would have had one without my knowing it; Mrs. C. might have staid out at Tower Grove one night without my knowing it; she has been absent from the house one or two nights; has staid with the family of Mrs. Bray, of Broadway; she went out to Mr. Shaw's; think she would have told me; don't know that she has been away from home more than two nights; don't think has been to St. Joseph to see her cousin; she went to Cincinnati about two months before the first trial, and returned in about two weeks; came home in the night, on the arrival of the cars; if Effie went to Mr. Shaw's and staid there all night she concealed it from me.

CONJUGAL TROUBLES OF EFFIE'S SISTER.

I stated on last trial that my husband lived with me in Brooklyn; my husband became home in New York city; was married in 1849; lived with my husband till 1856 or 1857; my husband left myself agreed to separate; the separation was effected to learn at this stage of the examination.) He could not get into any business, and could not support me; he did nothing, and could not get any thing to do. Q. Did you ever have any thing else against your husband than his drinking? A. Yes, my husband sought other society, and objectable, of both sexes. He went to the hotel more, as I was told, than was his custom; I suppose, why I left him; his failure to support me was one reason; I filed a bill for divorce in the City and County Courts, on the ground of adultery and desertion: am not sure about the desertion; it was a great while ago—1856.

Various questions were put to witness, tending to ascertain the nature of the Effie had been guilty of freedoms with young men. [Objection to the questions. Sustained. Defendant's counsel now that her husband on her had an illegitimate child. She was not aware that Effie had been in a love scrape similar to this at New Orleans.

TESTIMONY OF THE SERVANT.

The next witness was the servant, Rebecca Lemman. She said she had lived with Mrs. Seaman: lived with her more than once; the first time I staid with her three months; then went to her years ago [sic]; the 6th of April, afterward, I went to her a second time; this, I think, was the second April after I had left her; the second time I staid with her six months; was occupied as a servant; saw Mr. Shaw at Mrs. Seaman's; saw him at the door; saw Miss Ellie Carstang; that was during my first term of service; I then conducted him into the parlor; Effie came in before Miss Carstang; both lookingbody wanted to see her, without mentioning his name; Mr. Shaw did not call by name, but said to me, "Never mind—you just go up and tell Miss Carstang that somebody wants to see her;" after that now Mr. Shaw came frequently; sometimes three times a week, sometimes twice, sometimes four times; he never asked to see any body else but Miss Carstang; he would bring with him sometimes fruits, and sometimes flowers; they were for Miss Effie; don't think he ever brought any to Mrs. Seaman; knew of the picture. It was put up under the direction of Mr. Shaw; think the fair Mr. Shaw came to see Miss Effie, I reckon; saw him at the door, he asked for her, and I told him she had gone to the fair, and then he said, "I thought so;" once to the fair to-morrow she had been going once before that; he didn't seem to be mad because she was gone; I asked Miss Effie once if that gentleman (Mr. Shaw) staid in the house; she said no; she said I should stay with her as she was going to get married in two months. I asked her who she was going to marry—thought she was going to be married to Mr. Homes; she said no, but that she was going to marry a richer man than Mr. Homes was; she asked me where I thought she would rather have, one of the men of the house, or Mr. Shaw; I asked her if she was going to marry the old gentleman with a great deal of money while ago; I thought she was going to marry Mr. Homes; but she said she would rather have Mr. Shaw. I never heard Mr. Shaw say any thing himself about his going to be married to Miss Effie.

THE DEFENDANT'S CASE.

On Friday Mr. Stapley proceeded to open the case for the defendant, reciting what they intended to prove. He said that the plaintiff, instead of being introduced to Mr. Shaw, had sought his acquaintance for the purpose of entrapping him; that she applied to him for assistance in order to satisfy an inexorable landlord, and proffered Mr. Shaw security. He then reviewed the testimony relative to the promise of marriage, treating it very lightly. He also intimated very strongly that the character of the plaintiff for chastity was now about to be endeavored to be impeach a number of the witnesses. On Saturday Mr. S. concluded his address, and the testimony for the defense was commenced.

The first witness was William N. Davis, who, after making some statements damaging to the reputation of the plaintiff, being subjected to a cross-examination, his testimony dwindled down considerably. On Monday the deposition of Mrs. Chamberlain, taken at Cincinnati on the 27th of March, was read. She recollects that Mrs. Seaman knew of the alleged Judge Ivy black-mail affair. She had never heard of any thing against the character of the plaintiff for unchastity. Several other witnesses were examined, and the bulk of their testimony showed that they had heard some one express opinions that the characters of the sisters—Mrs. Seaman and Miss Carstang—were not good, but knew nothing positive themselves.

DEACON HOLBROOK.

My story opens in a New England sitting-room. There were three persons present. Let me introduce them in order. First there was Deacon Holbrook, an old man, not fat but round, seventy now, with white hair, a tall, spare form, and decided features. Next, his wife, a mother-in-law, and Mrs. Holbrook expressed in her calm benevolence on her face as to charm all who saw her. Yet, at this moment, anxiety, grief, and resentment struggled for the mastery. The third figure in our tableau was a young man, with a frank, handsome face, of good and cheerful expression, who sat by the wife, middle of the floor with downcast look, shrinking from the angry words which his father uttered.

"I tell you, Henry Holbrook," said he, "you have disgraced yourself and me—me, a Deacon of the Church. You have embittered the declining years of your parents."

"Do not be too hard with him, Deacon Holbrook," interposed his wife. "Remember it is his first fault."

"If it were any thing else," said his father, still unappeased, "but to marry a girl you can mislead become a gambler! My son, who has been so carefully trained in the way that he should go!"

"It is done once," urged the wife, with all of a mother's instincts.

"There are some crimes that can not be committed once," said the deacon, "and repentance is sin, returned the father, with unabated sternness.

All this while the young man had remained silent, though his varying color showed that he felt deeply the harshness of his father's words. At length he spoke:

"Father," said he, firmly, "you will one day repent your severity. No sooner had I sinned than I repented. I have been miserable ever since to you and my mother. Instead of encouraging me in my repentance, you load me with reproaches which in my own conscience had long anticipated, and which, Heaven knows, I did not need."

Deacon Holbrook was about to speak, but Henry rapidly continued: "To tell me I am guilty of treason you. I will remove myself and my disgrace from your presence."

As he was about to leave the room his mother asked anxiously, "Where would you go, Henry?"

"Stay him not, Hannah!" cried the Deacon sternly. "It is well that he should leave a place where he can no longer look an honest man in the face."

"Deacon Holbrook, he is our son!" said the wife, reproachfully.

"I wish I could forget it," was the unrelenting reply.

These last words reached the ears of the young man, as he left the room, and brought on an expression half of grief, half of indignation, swept over his face. He knew that he had done wrong, but he felt that he was not the only guilty person. With one farewell glance at his mother, full of unspoken gratitude and love, he left the house which had been to him so long a home.

This was the fault of which Henry Holbrook had been guilty: Having been sent to New York by his father to collect a sum of money due him, he had been allured to a gaming-house by a companion, and lost, first his own, then the money not until after much persuasion. Having lost a part of the money in his charge, he kept on playing in the hope of recovering his loss. But he never had been expected, instead of this he lost all that remained. Then thoroughly ashamed, and bitterly mortified, having forfeited the trust in his own home and confessed all. This confession was received, as we have seen, with severity by a child his confidence, and excite his indignation. And now he had gone forth from home, a wanderer, he knew not whither, with no effort on his father's part to stay him.

Let me do Deacon Holbrook the justice to say that he was not a hard-hearted man, nor a cruel his rigor. The sum, though not large—a hundred dollars—was yet of importance to him. Still he would overlook that, and not have cast his son out for crime, as he termed it, by which it was lost. There was much of the Puritan rigor in Deacon Holbrook. The Puritans were a people of stern principle, but not ourselves here and there in some of their descendants and in Deacon Holbrook we have them in a straight line from one of the pilgrims of the *Mayflower*.

After Henry's departure the old house became quieter than before. All the life had gone out of it. Deacon Holbrook himself was a man of few words, and his taciturnity had abated his wife's social tendency. Very long, very quiet, and very tedious were the evenings which they spent together. On one side of the fire-place sat the Deacon, gravely reading through his spectacles the agricultural paper which came weekly, and which was the only one he took, or perhaps he might be engaged upon "Pilgrim's Progress," or "Baxter's Call," his favorite works. Opposite him sat his wife, her fingers actively engaged in knitting, her mind intent upon her absent boy. All was staid, quiet, subdued. There was not even a kitten to enliven the scene. Mrs. Holbrook had once ventured to introduce one into the house, but the Deacon speedily intimated his dislike of cats, and Puss soon found herself out.

One night Deacon Holbrook brought a letter for his wife. It was such an unusual circumstance for the good woman to receive a letter that she took it eagerly, and tore it open with unwonted haste.

What was it that made her eyes sparkle with joy? The familiar hand-writing had not deceived her. She knew at once, by the peculiar flourish at the top of the H, that it was from Henry.

She read it through with grateful joy. It was from one of the mining districts of California. It appeared that Henry had worked his passage, having no money; and, leaving the vessel at San Francisco, had proceeded at once to the mines, where he was now working. He had not been there long enough to form an idea of what were his chances of success. He wished his mother to write, and promised to keep her advised of his movements. There was only one reference to his past life. "I trust," he said, "I am afraid father still retains his bitterness of feeling toward me. If this is the case, do not trouble him with any message. Tell him otherwise you may give him my dutiful regards, and say that I do not yet despair of making myself a good man once more."

Deacon Holbrook did not look at his wife while she was reading this letter, though the handwriting was unusually brief, and easy to read.

"Joshua," said his wife, timidly, using the rarely-mentioned Christian name of her husband, "this letter is from Henry."

"So I suppose," said he, coldly.

As he spoke he took from his pocket the *Weekly Farmer*, and, adjusting his spectacles, began to read.

This was a hint, and as Mrs. Holbrook understood it, she put away the letter, to peruse the subject further. But she could not help asking, "Would you like to hear what he says, Joshua?"

"You will oblige me by not mentioning his name again," said the Deacon, stiffly. "He has forfeited all claim to be remembered by you."

So days, months, and years passed. Deacon Holbrook had a month of five years since Henry Holbrook left his home. There was little change in the air of the grave, sober-looking mansion of Deacon Holbrook. The Deacon himself had failed more in form than in reality, as any two preaching. His form had lost its ancient efectness, and was bowed. His face had grown more wrinkled, and his hair more silvery white. Mrs. Holbrook received tidings of Henry at short intervals. He was well, and doing well, he wrote; but did not enter into particulars. Some time he should return to see his mother. Of his father he did not speak. These letters were all brought home from the village post-office by Deacon Holbrook, but he never signified any curiosity or interest to learn their contents. Whether his name had not been mentioned between the two for years; yet—and let not this surprise the reader—it would be hard to tell which loved the absent one most constantly. Behind the Deacon's taciturnity there beat a heart, and that heart was more tender to his lost son than he was willing that the world should know.

All at once his quiet life was broken in upon, and that in a most unexpected way.

One day he entered the house, his face as pallid as a sheet, his limbs tottering beneath him, his whole expression that of great and intolerable anguish.

"What's the matter, Deacon Holbrook? What's the matter, Joshua?" cried his alarmed wife.

"Hannah, we are paupers—paupers in our old age!" said her husband, bitterly.

"God grant that you be not supposed, Joshua?" asked the wife, turning pale from sympathy.

Little by little it came out that Deacon Holbrook had become responsible for a bank officer with whom he was well acquainted and in whose integrity he had entire confidence. But first-by the astounding intelligence had arrived that the officer, after a series of defalcations, had fled the country, and his securities were called upon. The amount for which the Deacon had become bound was sufficient to swallow up the house and farm—all, in fact, that he owned.

The farm was not a valuable one. It comprised fifty acres of rough soil, which, by hard labor, had been got of receiving his due. He moderate wants of a small and economical family. In the market it would not bring over three thousand dollars, and for this amount the Deacon was bound. Twenty day he had reckoned himself rich. Now he regarded himself as a beggar.

"This is indeed worse than death," thought the Deacon with stern sorrow. "The Lord has indeed smitten me sorely in my pride."

Little time was given for anticipation before the blow fell. The Holbrook farm was advertised for sale, and the auction was to take place in three weeks. Bills were printed and posted about the fences and in stores. Meanwhile Deacon Holbrook went about in a state bordering on stupefaction. All day long he would sit in the rocking-chair, with his eyes fixed on the opposite wall, saying nothing, and apparently paying little attention to what was going on about him. His wife, scarcely less sorrowful than himself, feared that his reason was undermined.

Three weeks passed by, and brought the day of the sale. Mrs. Holbrook would gladly have absented herself; but her husband, exhibiting more life than of late, insisted on being present. So, with many misgivings, she became an unwilling witness of the trying scene.

The bidding commenced at two thousand dollars. Gradually it went up to twenty-nine hundred, and was about to be knocked off at that price to Squire Clayton when the trampling of hoofs was heard—a young man, with a handsome face browned by exposure, leaped from his horse, and inquired eagerly the amount of the last bid. On being told, he at once exclaimed, "I bid three thousand dollars."

At that price it was knocked down to him.

"What name, Sir?" inquired the auctioneer.

"Deacon Joshua Holbrook," was the reply, in a loud, clear voice.

There was a burst of surprise, and the question, "Who is he?" passed from one to another.

Among the rest Deacon Holbrook looked up eagerly, and a question was on his lips.

"Father, mother, don't you know your boy?" asked the young man, with emotion.

Deacon Holbrook's eyes lighted up with joy. Silently he opened his arms. The reconciliation was complete.

Henry subsequently explained that, having been successful at the mines, he had wished to return immediately to his home, but, coming to New York, he had learned his father's misfortune. He had therefore turned his steps back he could to his native village, and fortunately arrived in time to prevent the sacrifice of the farm.

"Father," he said, "I should my vain pride and the hardness of my heart that led me to turn away from my only son," said the Deacon, solemnly. "Henceforth let our hearts be filled with the love that falleth not!"

And his wife and son reverently said, "Amen!"

A FRIENDLY VISIT.

It may be pretty safely affirmed that Miss Fanny Bloss was almost as charming a young lady as any likely to be met with in a day's search. Not that she was particularly pretty; other young ladies, her friends would say, were handsomer than their own satisfaction, at least—that she didn't possess a tolerably decent feature; nor was she very witty, or very accomplished, or remarkably clever; nevertheless, all the items being open to criticism, the sum total was decidedly satisfactory, and her personality unfathomably charming.

So thought Matthew Arrowsmith, Esq., aged sixty, her uncle and guardian, who believed in her thoroughly, who gave in to all her numerous whims and fancies, and loved and spoiled her with considerable success. Uncle Matthew was a man of mark among gentlemen in his town; ex-mayor, present magistrate, councilman, and all sorts of things, which history presided over his head, systematized over himself in a good-humored but pretty strict way, and, being reasonably looked upon as a model man, his bachelor uncleship became, as was much esteemed, both on this account and for her own intrinsic merits. Between her and her uncle, however, there was depth came this day, at some time or another, is not unlikely to interpose between most young ladies and their parents or guardians.

This "foreign body" was no other than a young architect, Charles Harcourt, who, not long shortly before this history commences, had made certain tender proposals to Miss Fanny, who accepted them herself in the absence of fact, and without him respecting them to her uncle as a matter of form. There being no reason for impeaching Charley's morals, reputation, or means, and no reason for refusing Mr. Arrowsmith's consent, save his disinclination for parting with his niece to any body, he had accordingly given it left but to conclude agreement previously effected; he did so therefore, and at some length, to fulfill very well his part.

"Uncle," said Fanny, one night, just before going to bed, "what's the matter with you?"

"The matter with me?" said Uncle Matthew, "nothing's the matter; what should be the matter with me?"

"Don't be foolish," said Fanny. "I want to talk seriously to you. Do you think I can be comfortable, or—or any thing, while you look so moped and miserable?" And then, as I said, as she what's the matter, you say 'Nothing.' I'm very angry with you—very."

"Well, I don't know as to comfort," said Uncle Matthew, rather maliciously. "I thought you were pretty comfortable when you were on the sofa there, with Charley's arm round your waist and your heads so close together."

"Oh, I'm sure Sir," said Fanny. "Besides, Charles has noticed it, too. He says you don't look like yourself."

"Oh! he noticed it too, has he?" said Mr. Arrowsmith. "I'm sure I'm much obliged to him. I'd a fance he only noticed one person at a time."

"Uncle, please look at it either. Ah, Fan! I don't know what I'm to do without you. I'm afraid I shall have to think that young man has taken from one of these days, after all. What should you say to that?"

"You're not going to do without me," returned Fanny, sitting down on his knee and putting her arm round his neck. "We're all going to live together—myself, Charley and his cat, and Cupid, bengs of things. Don't let such ideas get into your head, and put you out. You want rousing. I know what I shall send to Leather Bed Effie Harper, and we'll go all sorts of excursions and drives, and you shall be your own self again."

"Now you're ridiculous," interrupted Fanny, with a slight blush. "At any rate, if you are left to the care of Bella, I shall expect you to be very polite and attentive to her."

"Ah!" said Uncle Matthew, "I'll keep my eyes open, and take a few lessons in the mean time; I shall have plenty of opportunities. I wish I shouldn't—so, never mind; I don't mean it. I'm an old fool."

"You're an old love," said the young lady; with which amiable contradiction the dialogue concluded.

Next day, however, Fanny wrote to her old school-fellow, the before-named Bella Harper, inviting her to pay a visit to Hilton; and in due time Bella Harper's affirmative answer arrived, followed shortly by Bella Harper herself.

Well, Bella arrived; was ardently affectionate toward dearest Fanny, respectfully and timidly ditto toward Uncle Matthew, frankly and pleasantly friendly toward Charley, whose acquaintance she was not long in making after her arrival. The

night of Bella's arrival there was a sort of state kept up in her honor: the lamp was lighted, then followed "a little music"—that is to say, Fanny played the piano, then Bella played, then Charley sang to Fanny's accompaniment, and so on—excessively pleasant, but possibly a thought dull. Bella yawned once or twice, there could be no doubt, though she did her best to conceal the fact; but then, you see, she had been traveling a great part of the day. As for Charley, when Fanny let him out of the hall-door, he didn't scruple to say that Miss Harper might be a nice girl enough, but that, in his opinion, she was a nice girl too many—that, as a matter of taste, he thought two people were better company than three, and so forth. Fanny said he was talking nonsense, and the discussion ended in the ridiculously illogical manner which, I am informed, is not uncommon in such cases.

Next evening, however, the proceedings were conducted on a very different system; no light was introduced, but the three sat there talking, till, as dusk stole on, the conversation grew fitful, languid, and finally died away. Fanny and Charley sat very close together, with a book of prints wrong side up before them, so long as the last gleam remained; but when Mr. Arrowsmith at length entered, calling out, "Hallo! all in the dark here—confound that chair! Why, Fanny, where are you?" it is a fact that that young lady commenced a number of voluble but rather confused excuses—"It was so much pleasanter talking in the dark; wasn't it, Bella? We were just going to ring for lights," etc., etc. But Bella gave no answer to this appeal; and when the lights were brought it became evident, to Mr. Arrowsmith's great amusement, and to the confusion of the other two, that she had disappeared. Away flew Fanny to Bella's bedroom, and, tapping at the door, was straightway admitted, scolded her friend, and brought her back.

For two or three evenings, therefore, Bella made a third in the drawing-room. But inasmuch as the game in which Fanny and Charles were engaged is one which can not, even with the best intentions on the part of the players, be made as interesting to a looker-on as to themselves, it is not to be supposed that a young lady, by no means destitute of resource, would sit for any great length of time complacently and unprofitably contemplating the happiness of her two friends. Accordingly, an evening arrived when, after a short sojourn in the drawing-room, and at the time when the conversation had merged from a trio into a duet, Bella arose and made her way to the door. At this movement, Fanny, suddenly recalled to a sense of the courtesies, cried out,

"Where are you going, dear?"

"Oh," said Bella, quietly, "I shall be back directly," which, it will be perceived, was not an answer to the question. Being a conscientious young lady, and having promised not to retire again to her own room, Miss Harper, on this occasion, betook herself quietly down stairs, and opened the door of the dining-room. But it would appear as if she hadn't calculated on finding the apartment occupied, for on seeing Uncle Matthew seated quietly before the fire she drew back, saying, timidly, "Oh! I beg your pardon, Mr. Arrowsmith; I didn't know you were here;" which was strange, as she was perfectly aware of his custom, and had left him there not a quarter of an hour previously.

"Come in, my dear, come in!" cried Uncle Matthew, gallantly; "don't let me drive you away. I dare say you don't find the young folk up stairs the best of company; at least I know I don't; and I can't see why you and I shouldn't league together against them for once in a way."

Bella laughed a quiet, queer little laugh as she replied, still holding the door in her hand, "I don't know what Fanny would say to that, in the first place; and in the next, I know you're accustomed to sit by yourself after dinner, and don't want me to disturb you."

"Quite a mistake, my dear; at least I didn't sit by myself before that young gentleman up stairs became so regular in his attendance. Fanny used to keep me company, and read the paper to me, and pour out my wine, and warm my slippers, and I don't know what, and here comes a— Well, well, I miss her a good deal; but I beg your pardon, my dear, there's a terrible draught from that door; come in, and be charitable to an old man."

So Bella came in, and *was* charitable: informed Mr. Arrowsmith that she should try to act Fanny for once, though she knew she should be *so* clumsy; insisted on opening and peeling his walnuts with the whitest little fingers possible, poured out the wine, procured the slippers from their peculiar corner and put them inside the fender, read little bits of the paper, and demanded explanations from the pleased Uncle Matthew; sympathized with him on prospective events, praised Fanny, and, in a word, made herself so charming that, when at last she jumped up, declaring that she must go—what would Fanny say?—she had no idea she had been so long—he absolutely begged her to stay a little bit longer.

Next night, if Mr. Arrowsmith expected to be similarly favored by Miss Harper, he was destined to be disappointed; for she remained in the drawing-room, on the principle, perhaps, of turn and turn about being fair play. But the following evening (and, it may as well be said, pretty regularly subsequently) she again ventured to invade the dining-room, and again was Uncle Matthew the object of the little delicate attentions of which he had approved so highly on their first bestowal. What with the excursions which took place by day—when Charley always managed, on some pretext, to be of the party, and when, therefore, Miss Harper and Mr. Arrowsmith were left pretty much together—and these evening meetings, there grew up quite a good understanding between that lady and gentleman.

But there must be an end to all things, however pleasant. One evening when Miss Bella made her accustomed, and, it must be confessed, eagerly expected entry into Mr. Arrowsmith's dining-room and presence, her face wore a rather curious expression of expectation and anxiety, which, however, her companion did not notice; and it was, therefore, quite unexpectedly that, after the usual programme for the evening had been gone through, rather more attentively than usual on Bella's part, Mr. Arrowsmith suddenly discovered the young lady, very decidedly and unmistakably, in the act of "having a good cry."

Quite horrified by the suddenness of this catastrophe, Uncle Matthew anxiously demanded its cause.

"My dear," said he, "I'm afraid something has happened to distress you. It isn't any thing Fanny has—"

"Oh! no," replied the disconsolate one; "Fanny's only too kind, and every one else here; that's it; that's the reason why I—" Sobs followed. Mr. Arrowsmith looking considerably puzzled, as well he might, at so curious a provocative of tears, Bella explained, in continuation, that it was the early prospect of being torn from these endearments which was so dreadful to contemplate; that she now began to wish she had never tasted pleasures which she should soon have to relinquish without probable hope of their renewal; that she was conscious this confession might lay her open to the charge of ingratitude; but she trusted her then hearer, at all events, would understand the feelings which actuated her; that she, herself, should, above all things, miss the pleasant evenings she had been lately in the habit of spending; though she felt it highly improbable that Mr. Arrowsmith would, in his turn, feel any loss at her departure. All this, and more, did Miss Harper deliver at greater length than would be feasible here to repeat, to the great bewilderment and partial dismay of her hearer. The contemplation of that gentleman's face, in which these emotions were plainly visible, while he assured her that he should miss her very much—of which fact he had become vividly conscious while she was talking—gave great content to the young lady; which was increased as he went on to protest earnestly that there could be no possible need of her being in such a hurry to run away; that she mustn't think of going yet, and so on.

But on this point she was firm. "It was only like Mr. Arrowsmith's kindness to wish her to stay; but on that kindness she couldn't think of trespassing; she had staid too long as it was, it would only be more difficult to leave at last. No! she must go, and Fanny must take her own place again."

"Fanny!" broke out Uncle Matthew, rather bitterly; "that's only poor comfort, my dear; you know how much time she has to give me now; you'll only make me miss you more by talking of Fanny, which surely couldn't be what Miss Harper wanted to do."

"Oh!" said she, "I'm sure that must be because she knows I've been trying to supply her place for a time. Mr. Bingham isn't always here, and—"

"No, only about ninety-nine nights out of a hundred," grunted Uncle Matthew.

"Well, you can surely have them both," suggested Bella.

"Yes, to get into a corner and begin to whisper in ten minutes, so that I feel as I can fancy a man does listening at a keyhole. No, no, my dear, I don't count much on that; I must give in and bear it. I suppose it's natural that old fellows should make way for young ones. I dare say she finds me stupid, and—"

"Oh no, I'm sure she can't do so," burst out Bella, with a gush. But having thus discharged her full heart she suddenly became conscious and hid her face in her pocket handkerchief. Inasmuch, however, as that screen only covered one eye she was able to perceive that the effect of this speech was to make Mr. Arrowsmith look keenly at her, then into the fire, then cough, look into the fire again, grow rather red in the face, and finally scratch his head. On this Bella judged it expedient to sigh, and to say—"No! you mustn't take fancies of that kind. I'm quite sure dear Fanny hasn't lost any of her affection for you; but, but—"

"But she's got a great deal more for somebody else, eh?"

No reply for a time, then softly, "Poor Fanny! you must not blame her; she has never known what it is to be without a kind friend, and doesn't think so much of—of losing one, as those who are not so accustomed to—to—" And here the young lady broke down again, and a pair of dark eyes shone upon the sympathetically agitated Uncle Matthew through a watery vail.

"No, no; don't now, my dear; you really mustn't," faltered the poor gentleman; "don't distress yourself; there, there," patting, as he spoke, Bella's hand, which he had seized in his flurry. Bella made a little movement to withdraw it, but finding it would not be forcibly detained, wisely left it where it was, and sobbed violently. This little pantomime lasted for some time, until she felt her companion's grasp sensibly tighten, when she rose, and declared she must go and write home to give notice of her approaching arrival.

But Mr. Arrowsmith didn't release her hand as before; no, he began, "Stay, my dear, I—" then stopped, looked furtively into her face, half relaxed his grasp, tightened it again, coughed, and gave evident symptoms of confusion and indecision. Perhaps Bella could have helped him if she would; at all events she didn't, save negatively: that is, she stood quite still and said nothing.

A long pause; at last Mr. Arrowsmith desperately faltered out, "I don't know, my dear, what you'll say to ——; I fear you'll be ——; you see I'm so much older than you; why must you ——; in short, why need you go away at all?"

Voice from behind handkerchief: "Oh! Mr. Arrowsmith!"

"My dear, I don't know if you could be happy with so old a man, but I can see very plainly that Fanny is as good as lost to me; and, in short, if you can make up your mind to marry me, my dear, I'll always do my best to make you comfortable." Miss Harper turned upon Mr. Arrowsmith a glance of gratitude and tenderness ineffable, and softly murmured, "Oh, Sir! but what will Fanny say?"

At this Uncle Matthew's expression immediately changed to one of great trepidation, and he ejaculated, in a manner hardly complimentary to his fair companion, "Ay, by George, there's Fanny, sure enough; what *shall* I say to her?"

"Oh!" returned the lady, "I dare say you would rather I should tell her."

"Well, my dear," replied the craven Uncle Matthew, "if you would be so kind."

"Very good," said Mrs. Matthew Arrowsmith elect, as cool as a cucumber, "I'll mention it to Fanny."

This last-named young lady, "on with the new love" in the drawing-room, was all unconscious that "the old love" was so rapidly slipping through her fingers in the dining-room; and when, after Charley's departure, Bella concisely informed her of what had taken place, all that poor Fanny could at first say was, "Oh! Bella, you're joking." But on being informed that no joke was intended, she vehemently protested that Miss Harper ought to be ashamed of herself.

"I don't see, dear," returned Bella, demurely, "why I should be ashamed of having secured the regard of so estimable a gentleman as Mr. Arrowsmith, or of taking a step so likely to conduce to our mutual happiness."

"Mutual fiddle-stick," retorted Fanny, hotly; "for goodness' sake don't talk in that wicked way of marrying a man old enough to be your grandfather."

"I owe you too much happiness to be angry with you," went on Bella, with dignity; "for if it hadn't been for your forgetfulness of every body but Mr. Bingham, all this would probably never have happened. Your neglect of me I don't complain of, but that of your Uncle, I must say, with every friendly feeling for you, was inexcusable, and you can't wonder at his endeavoring to supply elsewhere the apparent loss of your affection. However, I shall always feel kindly toward you, whatever your conduct to me may be, and I'm sure Ma— Ma—"

"Bella," shrieked Fanny, "if you call him Matthew I'll smack you."

Bella laughed, as being the winner she could afford to do; but she turned rather red notwithstanding, and would, perhaps, have replied sharply, but that at this juncture the cause of the debate appeared on the scene, looking exquisitely sheepish and uncomfortable.

The conversation was continued to a great length; and, before its close, grew so acrid in tone that both ladies became melted to tears, and Uncle Matthew was reduced to the extremity of despair. However, talking won't alter facts. When Fanny told Charley what had occurred, whatever reasonable disappointment he may have felt at the change in his lady-love's prospects, he didn't show it, but told Fanny he loved her all the better, now that there was only herself to love. And when, in continuation, he proceeded to show that the occurrence was a reason why Fanny and he should get married with as little delay as possible; though she, of course, protested that she couldn't see that, yet it is certain that she displayed much less heat subsequently in discussing the step her Uncle had taken. In due time both marriages took place. Whether Fanny will ever be really reconciled to her Uncle's wife remains to be seen; that lady, at all events, in default of children of her own, is excessively kind to the little Binghams, who, on their part, cherish none but the warmest feelings toward their "Aunty Bella;" so that there is no telling what may happen in the future through the medium of these young people.

THE SLOOP "SPRAY."

WE engrave herewith the sloop *Spray*, which seems to have been the scene of a conflict as horrible as the *E. A. Johnson*. Her story we abridge from the daily papers as follows:

The Captain of the sloop *Lucinda*, of Rockaway, says that when off Barnegat, on the 21st inst., his vessel collided with the sloop *Spray*, and that the two sloops were fast to each other for about fifteen minutes, during which time he saw no person on board the *Spray* except the Chinaman, who refused to seek safety on the *Lucinda*.

The Captain also states that the deck of the *Spray* was strewn with bedding and various other articles, indicating that the cabin had been overhauled and the contents scattered over the deck. He is quite positive that there was no person on board the *Spray* at the time of the accident except the Chinaman, and attributes the collision entirely to his ignorance or malice, as it might have been avoided had the *Spray* been properly managed.

The Chinaman, who goes by the name of John Low, or Jackalow, as he is more frequently called, is well known in New York, and has sailed with Captain Leete for the past four years. Something more than a year ago he stole considerable money from Captain Leete and ran away to New Haven, where he was captured by the police and brought back to New York. Such was Captain Leete's attachment to Jackalow that he refused to press the prosecution, and on his discharge immediately restored him to his position as cook on board the *Spray*. He is reported to be a very revengeful fellow, and when excited stops at nothing, however desperate, in order to gratify his revenge. He says that he came to this country seven years ago in the United States steamer *Mississippi*, and that he is now twenty-six years old. When picked up by the vessel, and during his continuance on board, he persistently refused to converse with any one, pretending that he did not understand the English language, although, when the questions were not too direct, he evidently understood well enough, and was able to laugh and joke with the crew about the women; but when any thing was said about the *Spray* he was not so lively or communicative. When asked why he did not take the Captain's money with him, he said that he could not get it. His stories concerning the manner of the Captain's death are very conflicting. He first said that the Captain was thrown overboard by being struck by the main sheet; then he said that at the time of the collision the Captain was standing on the bowsprit and was knocked off by the concussion, and finally that he was sick in the cabin and unable to get on deck.

When picked up he had on a coat belonging to Captain Leete, in the pockets of which was found a memorandum book, upon the fly-leaf of which was written in pencil, "J. F. Leete, Guilford, Ct." The book contained various memorandums concerning the sale or purchase of hay, onions, and potatoes. In one of the pockets of the coat was found a letter written to Captain Leete by Calvin M. Leete, dated Guilford, Dec. 12, 1859, and relating to the disposition of a cargo of onions. Besides these he had with him in the boat a hatchet, a compass, and a quantity of provisions, showing that he, at least, had abundant time to leave the sloop before she sunk.

Jackalow manifested considerable uneasiness while on board the *French*; when Captain Webb left his vessel in the harbor to go on shore, he jumped into the boat and insisted upon accompanying him, which he did. As soon as a landing had been effected he sprang ashore and disappeared in the crowd, since which time he has not been seen. He had little or no money with him, and beyond the articles already mentioned it is not known that he took any thing from the vessel. The police are in hot pursuit of Jackalow.

PRACTICING.

"PRACTICING, practicing." Well, if you're doing it,
Why do you snub me with answer so tart?
Since to a friend superficially viewing it
Practice appears, Jane, a wonderful art.

"Nonsense!" Most likely, you petulant cousin,
Yet you've a mystery under your eyes;
Gloves on it, Jenny-bird? Bet you a dozen.
Five and three-quarters, I know, is the size.

"Tease." No I'm not, Jane. I'm humbly requesting
Small explanations I think you might deign:
Surely, the one-sided bet I'm suggesting
Means that I'll pay for my lesson, Miss Jane.

"Well, what's the wonder? The music before us
Is plain enough, certainly. Out of *Lurline*.
The exquisite air that leads up to the chorus
Where Rudolph— Grimaces, Sir! What do they mean?"

Don't say grimaces, but hasten to solace
Fear I begin to have, Jane, for my sight:
I really can't see, in the scoring of Wallace,
Half that you'll do when you sing this to-night.

Where does he tell you, the moment you're seated,
Give a half-smiling, half-terrified glance:
Where is it written, Jane—Here be repeated
I'm sure they'd be much more delighted to dance?

Where does he say that though knowing how well you'd
Accomplish the song, you must daintily moan
I have really no voice; and then, skimming the prelude,
Fling out a rich note that Alboni might own?

Where is the least kind of mark or direction
Give, yet don't give, a sweet look—you know where:
Is it done at "devoted," or done at "affection,"
Or here, where Lurline's in a trance of despair?

When that same Party, restoring your flowers,
Mumbles and mutters the compliment due,
Jane, I don't read in this music of ours,
I always sing well when I'm singing to you.

Practicing, practicing! Tears—overquick, child,
Sure one may tease when one—cousinly—loves!
I think Charley Churchill no end of a brick, child,
And—kiss me for bringing them—here are the gloves.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

The New Partner
IN
"CLINGHAM & CO., BANKERS."

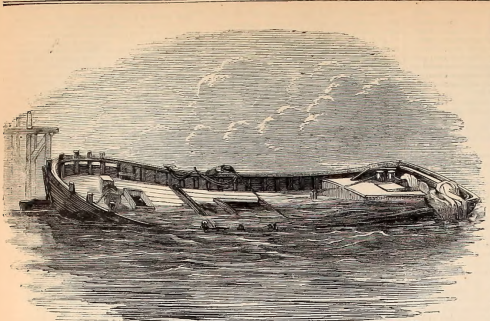
BY FITZ HUGH LUDLOW,

AUTHOR OF "THE HASHEESH EATER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER X.—*Continued.*

THE HISTORY OF A LAST CHANCE.

"LET me tell you," said Mr. Green to Nora, still holding her father's promissory notes in his hand, "as delicately as possible. I am at a loss how to approach the subject as I would; but I will hint it to you. You have perhaps been told what your father and I were talking of yesterday; that some serious money troubles are about to take place—some disclosures relating to the involved circumstances of the Bank? Ah, you have! I thought likely.



THE SLOOP "SPRAY."—[See preceding Page.]

THE CHINAMAN JACKALOW.

Now supposing such a set of circumstances as this: An aged and most reputable gentleman, in a moment of temptation, signs somebody else's name instead of his own to a check for $3000. The head officer of the Bank is his friend — discovers the old gentleman's moral mistake before any body else — makes up to the person who suffered by it the exact amount of the check, borrowing from the Bank for that purpose, rather than let his friend become a ruined man. Suppose, too, that when this friend, who has been at fault, discovers the head officer's kindness he gives him certain notes to secure him against loss, though the head officer knows all the time that they are worthless, the old gentleman being not worth a farthing. Suppose further, if I don't tire you—?"

"*Go on.*"

"Suppose that through such kindnesses as this — together with similar ones to a certain book-keeper in the Bank, who has also committed errors to a large amount — the head officer has come to a place where he must either have all these operations discovered by his superiors, his aged friend and the book-keeper plunged in irremediable ruin, or must sacrifice most of his own private fortune to balance accounts and prevent disclosures; where almost beggary stares him in the face on one hand, and, on the other, the certain doom of one man with white hairs who is his friend, and another in the morning of life whom he feels a deep interest in, to the State Prison — what shall he do?"

"Oh, my God! my God! What does all this mean?"

And saying this Nora sank upon her knees on the willow roots, covering her face with both hands. Luke Green continued:

"The State Prison is a terrible thing. Perhaps, in the case we have just been supposing, these people whom the head officer wished to save would be sent there for life. And *that* would be a *particularly* terrible thing — a terrible thing that means a multitude of smaller terrible things; silent work at weaving dead flowers in wool, that mock the live flowers of the fresh fields, in a room that smells carpety, that looks carpety — where the air you breathe is carpety in small, floating, fibrous, strangling particles — where the whole life is one great maddening carpet, ever being woven, never done, only cut down from the loom when the short-haired, stripe-legged Number 50, or 106, or whatever number he may be, goes out in a cart to the convict's grave; or putting small squares of iron under a slow, steady, cruel steam-punch, that comes down with a crunch, just as if it were smashing the number's brains, and taking pleasure in it, instead of only making bolt-washers in the hame-shop; or being a foundery number, and playing at a little hell with melted iron, among other devils that are damned to that place for wife-slaying, for baby-strangling, for all sorts of things not to be told of in dark nights without a light in the room. So much for the work. Now for bed: a tomb just long enough to stretch one's self, under masonry a hundred feet thick, where you lie and seem to feel it all growing shut and fastening you alive, till you shriek yourself to death, footless, wateriess. For recreation: a sermon from a man, who, when he gets through, will go out of hell, and talk to husbands who can travel with their wives — go forth into the woods and fields with their children — while you, brotherless, sisterless, wifeless, childless, are locked into your grave from eleven o'clock of the sunshiny Sunday morning, through all that weary day, until dawn of Monday, to grin through a grate at a stone wall, to think your pleasant thoughts, or to sleep — deep and *drear*!"

Nora still sat, with her head bowed, and answered not a word. Luke Green took courage, and proceeded:

"All this would be very disagreeable to the friends of the head officer. Disagreeable to *him* — eminently so. Now the sacrifice of nearly all his fortune would prevent it. He would willingly make that sacrifice on one condition. He would save the venerable man; he would also save the young one — though, of course, *that* can be no inducement for Miss Manton — if she will become — his wife?"

Still Nora answered nothing. The superintendent was emboldened.

"Yes, that is right; take it into consideration. I am willing to consider all the past as merely a young girl's coquetry — the caprice of a woman too recently grown to know her mind. I loved you in spite of all. I will make

NAVAL ACTION BETWEEN THE U. S. SLOOP "SARATOGA" AND TWO MEXICAN STEAMERS.—[See Page 199.]

you a tender and loving husband for all time to come. Miss Manton, now is your opportunity! Save your father; save—save me from despair! *Say yes!* For your sake, for his, for God's sake, say yes!"

And Luke Green knelt down on the sod, in front of the unconscious girl, his face all utterly melted away in the fire of his real desperation, and tried to pull away her hands from her face, that he might see what was its expression—what mute answer it gave him. Meanwhile the note of John Manton, and its nine lying copies, were almost crushed in his fist with the violence of his mental and physical tension. For it was Luke Green's last chance.

Nora could not resist his grasp. Her hands were drawn from before her face, and Luke Green saw in those eyes of silent, unbroken agony no sign of desperate submission to his will, but only a tortured woman-soul's mutter—while prayer that God would give her faith and strength to say "No!" though all hell should keep pealing "Say yes!" forever.

Above the clump of willows came a short, shrill whistle, which was answered by another from below. Luke Green started from his knees, glaring when the young girl lay a frenzied driven from his prey; and she, crowbelieved with the hopes she had been fostering, hardly knew whether to hope or fear. Those whom she heard might be his emissaries. Nothing was to be said to expect now; and if they who whistled were friendly to her, or indifferent, and she might avail herself of their coming to fly from Luke Green—still, to fly whither? To her father? Luke Green held in his hand what she believed were witnesses, false or true, capable of sending him to a felon's cell for life. To Ernest? Gone! gone! and whither? To God? Yes, to Him alone!

Quick as lightning these thoughts flashed through her mind; while Luke Green stood erect, his face full of a direful defiant and vengeance mingled, looking hither and thither to see what the sounds meant. But before either she or he could decide what course to take, two new elements entered into their consideration. As Nora looked up she saw, to her astonishment, the two horses she had been lounging by the stile when she sought to pass over. The slight man in the comfort cloak came up the bridle, the very large comrade came down; and they met and stopped close by Mr. Green.

"Yes may begin, Turkle," said the slight man.

"This is Mr. Luke Green, I believe?" said the large comrade.

"You needn't believe, Turkle; it *is* Green. Go ahead."

"You have lost a wallet, I hear. What next, compassion?"

"Which contained valuable papers," said the slight one, supplementarily.

"Oh yes! Which contained valuable papers," repeated the large one.

"Which *did* contain valuable papers," assented Luke Green. "But let me suggest, gentlemen, that this conversation be in a more appropriate place. Come to my office, for instance, and I assure you I shall feel the liveliest satisfaction in making the subject matter of discussion agreeable to you, if you can throw any light on it. It is hardly respectful to talk of business before ladies."

And Luke Green bowed toward Nora, with a most bewitching smile.

"Turkle!" said the slight man.

"Yes, Sir!" responded the large one, promptly.

"Are you afraid of ladies?"

"N, Lain't. They won't hurt nobody."

"We are both, then, as I seem to be consultation with my friend, perfectly comfortable where we are," continued the slight man, coolly; and then added, turning to Nora, who was rising to depart—the brim of her hat drawn down be its ribbons, so as to hide her gi-thwithered eyes —"And I pray you won't leave us, madam. We have no private—none at all, you know—and you are a comfort to us rather than a disturbance. Permit me to present you with one of our cards. If you ever want any thing in our line, it won't come amiss."

And the slight man winked in a most improper but good-humored way at the young lady, with the one eye which was visible over the collar of his cashet cloak.

Nora took the card mechanically, and was about to put it in her pocket without reading it, when a something in the handwriting, as she just glanced at it, seemed familiar to her. She scrutinized it, all trembling, for a moment, and then read it through with a fixed, dreamy glance, moving her head from side to side as if to catch the whole meaning rapidly as possible. It said:

"I hope I do not flatter myself in believing that Miss Manton will be glad to know that nothing ill has befallen me, and that I pray for the time when I may meet her once more.

"ERNEST."

The overburdened spirit of Nora Manton could not forbid itself one little cry of joy! She stepped forward in the innocent frankness of her great relief, and peered at the cashet cloak, as if perchance that might be somehow a disguise wherein Ernest Falkins lurked. But the cashet, as if divining her thought, shook its head, put its finger mysteriously on its lips, carried Nora to put the card in her pocket, and turned around to Mr. Green.

"Do as polite to me," said that gentleman, pleasantly; "you have given me no card."

"All in time," replied the slight man. "I carry the cards for the whole house. Here's one to the gentleman. Turkle, haven't you got a card for the gentleman? Hunt it up, Turkle, and hand it to him. I always like my I ask whether your wallet contained one note for one hundred and ten dollars, to you as obligee, from one Filkins as obligor?" And in the fact that the mention of that fact makes you less anxious to tear yourself away."

"How you seen that note? It is not of much consequence, to be sure; but if it is in your possession I will give you a receipt for it. I should hate to have it fall into hands which might use it to trouble the poor young man." And Luke Green looked at the speaker with a benevolent sweetness, as if expecting to charm it out of him.

"I am happy to be able, most excellent man, to state that this note is now in the possession of a person who would shed tears of sincere melancholy should the poor young fellow ever be troubled by it, and who now exhibits it to yourself as a memorial of departed days!" With these words the benevolent-looking man in cashet removed his chip hat, letting a great profusion of straggling yellow hair fall over his cloak-collar; and from the crown of the chip aforesaid took out a slip of paper secured there by a pin. He held it up in front of the superintendent, who made a quick little cat-like snap at it, but was avoided adroitly by the slight man. "Look at it, but don't touch it!"

"Under the circumstances, it strikes me that, by way of relieving our minds of any further anxiety, it will be best to dispose of this distressing subject as follows:" Thus saying, he folded the note neatly lengthwise through the middle, tore it across into seven little strips, and let them drift off on the wind.

Nora looked on with astonishment; and Luke Green, bringing his lower jaw up with a cruel crunch against the upper, exclaimed, "Very well, Sir! Destroyed with my own paper comrade observed this! You will not escape!"

"He hopes you observed, Turkle," said the man in cashet. "It is always proper to observe—did you?"

"I did observe," answered Turkle.

"Oblige me with your card then, Sir, that, if I should wish you as witness, I may find you," said Green, threateningly.

"Haven't you found the card yet, Turkle?" asked the man in cashet.

"Here it is at last!" spoke up Turkle, cheerfully.

"One moment, Turkle!" said the slight man, authoritatively: "before you give him your card I wish to make a little speech. I feel as if I would relieve me. First, I promise by asking what you that note given to you for, Mr. Luke Green?"

With a sneer of contempt at the speaker, the superintendent turned to the large man.

"Is your card ready? I'll take it, if you please, Mr. Turtle."

"Turkle—not Turtle. Manners before conscience. Listen to the gentleman. He's going to speak."

Man in cashet continues:

"I will tell you what that note was given for. Filkins was a respectable young fellow. I knew him well. He had as good a mother and as fine girls for sisters as ever lived. He got acquainted with one Luke Green, and learned of that old reputable to gamble: the note was to pay a little debt. Filkins grew more and more; he tried to drown his better heart out with liquor, but the more he tried to drown it the more it swam. There came also a man named Beckford—Ernest Beckford—and he saw what a plight that better heart was in; how Filkins was trying to drown it with brandy; and whenever it crawled a little way up the shore and tried to breathe, this devil, the Green devil—though Black would be a better name for him—kept pushing it back into its hell with a pack of *stacked* cards!"

"You lie! Who are you?" And Luke Green laid his hand on the speaker's shoulder as if he would pull him out of the garments he very evidently wore as a disguise. The slight one jerked himself away, and continued:

"*Stacked*—I repeat it—*stacked* cards. That Filkins didn't know it *then*, for he wouldn't have been the fool of a swindling hypocrite so long. Ernest Beckford saw all this, or knew it by magic, and he saved Filkins! He drew the letter heart out on to dry land, and it's been keeping stronger and stronger ever since, every beat saying God bless *him!*" And this day, it is one of Filkins's warmest thoughts that he owes to that real man his escape out of the clutches of *that* real devil! Turkle, you may give the gentleman your card."

The large man made one step forward and presented the document which he denominated his card to Mr. Green, with the graceful ponderosity of a fat embassador tendering his credentials. It was a sadly greasy paper; but that was hardly enough reason for the emotion which it produced on the superintendent. His face grew deadly pale, the cold sweat stood on his temples, his cruel under-jaw came shut like an animate vice: this was for an instant, and then all the former desolate spirit returned to his countenance.

"It is what I have been expecting for some time," said he. "A man who is kind to his *friends*"—here he glanced at Nora, who still stood at the willow-clump, not knowing whether she waked or dreamed—"will certainly be well rewarded. Ha, ha! a warrant for my arrest, my dear! Gentlemen, which he displayed the paper toward Nora, then continued in a stage aside: "Tell your father to save himself; let him fly, fly!" And then which he drew the two notes of Mr. John Manton from the pocket where he had thrust them on the arrival of the two men, and before the one to clear, then, tore them into as many pieces as the note of Mr. Filkins, and sent them to follow their widely disseminated descendment. "Thank God! thank God!" ejaculated Nora, inwardly. It was one of those cases where selfish relief is lost amid the swelling servant of a tender and loving humanity.

"That was well done, very well done," said Turkle. "I suppose as I ever had that game come on me before, when I nabbed a fellow. But hadn't we better put on the kenchels, for a man who dissolves his indictments before search may destroy himself before commitment?"

"I guess he'll come along without any thing, Turkle. I have to look as if I was triumphing over even the devil when he's down. You give him your kenchels, and I'll go ahead; he'll follow me when he knows me."

And the slight man, so saying, turned down his collar of his cashet, lifted off his chip hat and his straggling yellow hair together, and displayed to the superintendent of Chesvick Mills the handsome head of his former endeared associate, little Filkins, second bookkeeper.

Had the superintendent been arrested immediately several evidences of his guilt would have been secured—the destroyed note of John Manton and its forged copies. That was of little consequence, however, as the destruction had given an immense relief to Nora. But the superintendent would have been saved the commission of another—a crowning fault, had he been arrested immediately, as he would have been, by a person with less poetic taste and talent for distribution of circumstances than little Filkins. Those talk which caused elder Turkle had handed him the warrant for his inspection, he had an opportunity to draw unobserved a small revolver from his vest pocket, to pass his hand to his face without exciting particular notice, and to return it with the expunk gone.

As Filkins, the superintendent, and Turkle crossed the stile, and the stile, now in arm and in the relative positions in which I have just written their names, what a strange spectacle would have been presented to a solitary student with all-seeing eyes! They all went quietly, silently. Turkle, because he was a man of deeds and not words; some mechanical instrument from without to incite to articulate utterance; Filkins, because he was thinking hard of many things past, present, and future; Luke Green (so they thought), because he was sober and had determined to keep the cool front toward just adversity that he had worn to ill—mad prosperity. But the two on the outside were so ignorant of him in the middle, so close beside him in these fleshly bodies, yet so utterly unpartaking of his soul! They knew so little what a mystery they were leading unresistingly away with them—what a solemn meaning there was to him in those few minutes between the brook and Chesvick village. The grass was that intense, glad green, as the grass is in bright dreams, seeming to be seen through windows of transparent gold, made so by the flood of glory which came like a loosed sea slanting across all things from the west where the sun was within an hour of going down. In the same golden sun-glidness the tree trunks and branches became a royal arabesque cut in pure flame, the wind smelled sweet of hay and gardens, and beloved earth in labor in the spring had settled it to a summer holiday to make people happy in with coolness and odors. The deep of the sky, the broad cheering rays of earth below, and the air that was in the midst, were all blessed with a benediction of quiet. Ah! how would those two men upon that outside have looked upon that sight but it been their last time, and they had known it! It was the last time for him who walked between, and how had they shuddered had they been aware of *this*—two strong, life-enjoying men leading one who to all outer eyes was even as they, yet who trod in reality right over the thinning, weakening crust of death, while they walked on the solid earth! How strangely does this world seem to those few eyes who ever look on her in their yet undimmed chambers, still knowing that in a few minutes more she will be out of sight to return no more forever! There is sublimity unutterable in the man who has five grains of strychnine in him, though a sublimity which is not preferable to commonplace life.

The three had not quite reached Chesvick Main Street, and were still in the fields seeking the best path by which to enter the village unobserved, when the superintendent, who had hitherto walked quietly, his firm face bent toward the ground, gave a quick, glad whirl, released one of his elbows from little Filkins, and at the same time arched his body backward with a force so strong as to cause even the large man

"Not *this* time, my fine fellar!" exclaimed the efficient officer *resolvent*, as he pinioned Luke Green's wrists behind his back. "Not just yet; we've up to that dodge, you know. Get the bracelets out of my right pocket while I hold him, will ye, Mr. Filkins?"

The young man peered curiously into Luke Green's face, and then, growing pale as pale, his own seemed to mirror its expression.

"Good God, Turkle! what's the matter with the man?"

"He's up to the escape dodge," said Turkle, indignantly. And so he was, though not after the manner that Turkle had suspected. There was a flock of white foam on his under lip; the muscles of his mouth and cheeks were strained into wiry ridges; his cold steel-gray eyes opened and shut mechanically, like a key figure's, but were glassy with an agony which his mechanical action prevented them from expressing otherwise. He *was* escaping; nor could all earth but Turkle hold him. They had him down on the velvet green grass; he tore it up in handfuls and crushed its juices out in his grasp; and then reeling himself with one fierce convulsion, he lay supported by his head and feet, the semblance of a bridge. For a moment his chin relaxed, and as the two men above knelt down over him they heard, or thought they heard, him say, "Water!" So Turkle sat down and took the dying man's head upon his lap, while little Filkins ran to bring water from the nearest house. When he returned the lips that had thirsted for it were shut in the eternal silence.

"Do we carry him without help, Turkle?"

"Yes."

And this was the only word they spoke on the way into Chesvick. They brought their prisoner to his own house, and covering reverently with a napkin that terrible mystery of death which transfuses even a wicked face with at least the sacredness of fear. As they thus bid his face, little Filkins, in his soul, laid just such a covering, save that it was eternal, over the false things, the cruel, and the badly fascinating, which its eyes had ever looked or its lips ever said to *him*, whispering solemnly, as he left the room on tiptoe,

"Thank God that I was saved from him, so that I can forgive him!"

DEATH OF LUKE GREEN.

THE SUNSET GLEAM.

Two strangers were introduced by the crack of a rifle.

Briggs, a lawyer, rusticating in the country, was in the forest hunting partridges, one afternoon, with decidedly ill success. Finally the sun, red in the face with overmuch shining, concluded to set, and leave Briggs to take care of himself. Just then a squirrel ran nimbly up a very tall tree, and looking saucily down, challenged our hunter in the most approved squirrel dialect:

"Fire away, Mr. Briggs—I'll risk you—you're a lawyer, and no sportsman—do your prettiest, young man!"

Briggs couldn't stand that.

Raising his rifle, he touched the spring, and while the sharp crackle was dancing through the forest, down came the poor thing.

Emma was out on her palfrey taking an evening ride. That she was quite alone is no matter, for these were peaceful rural districts, and the girl was spirited. The crackle of the rifle, multiplied by the echoes, together with a sudden sight of a hunter's shirt, quite overset the equanimity of "Jenny," her sweet, Jenny danced, reared, plunged, and curveted. With a steady eye and lip compressed the lady held her rein in a firm hand; but the animal was thoroughly frightened, and Emma was thrown.

The girl opened her eyes upon a hunter's shirt, with a man in it, a gray cap with an irregular fur under it, and a Minié rifle. The man opened *his* eyes upon a disheveled brunette, with a bleeding temple.

If Briggs's face was not handsome his heart was, as was shown by the courtesy, gentleness, and discretion with which he cared for the young girl. And if Emma was not so comely as the average of heroines, she was quite as brave and grateful as the best.

In the door-way of her home—the farm-house over the hill—sat a white-haired old man, talking by signs with a deaf-mute by his side. It was the father of Emma, to whom Mr. Briggs resigned his charge with becoming manliness and modesty. A noble old man. Little less than seventy years of age, and evidently shaken by the earthquakes of life, there was yet the unmistakable marks of warmth, breadth of heart, and native greatness, which characterized Nature's chosen noblemen.

This was the introduction. Not particularly romantic, nor yet impressive in its effect upon either of the persons.

"A very good girl, I should think," mused Briggs, on his way to the village hotel; "rather interesting."

"Rough features," thought Emma, as she lay resting on the lounge; "but all the better for that, I dare say. A fig for handsome men!"

A week or two wrought a change in the state of affairs. Briggs found himself deeply interested in this problem: Giving, a young lady of a very quiet, unresolute exterior, to find her nature. Emma found herself wondering why the young man felt so much with her father, and so little with herself. "How his features kindle!" thought the girl. "I believe he is handsome, after all!" and the point of her cambric needle pierced the tip of her plump little finger. "Miss Roberts is positively pretty," thought Briggs, in the midst of a learned remark, addressed to the old gentleman, on the economic uses of corn-stalks.

A week or two more, and Briggs had found rich veins of ore under the rather impenetrable surface of his little friend; while Emma had learned to flush at the sound of a single familiar footfall.

A little while after Emma sought her nest one night, with a fluttering hold where her heart used to be; while in his walk to his rooms Alfred Briggs saw a richer beauty in moonlight and startwinkle than had ever crept into his soul before.

The aged father had been a man of enterprise. Many of his earlier years had been spent in commercial turmoil. His later resort to rural life was taken as a rest in declining strength, involving neither harrassing care nor burdensome labors. One great burden had followed him, however, to his country home—a weight of apprehension hanging heavily over his accumulated years. In one of those frequent accidents of property transfer, the title to a large proportion of his estate had become the subject of litigation, and there was a danger that the honest gatherings of industrious years would be wrenched from him by the technicalities of legal procedure.

The blow fell at this point of our story, breaking in upon the otherwise pleasant flow of events. The old man withstood the rush of ill-fortune with the iron tenacity of age, but came out of the overwhelming dismantled, as a ship comes up from the engulfing of a mountain wave. It was not that the venerable man was sordid, that this grasping of his gains was so keenly distressing—it was not for the loss of the property, as property; but lifelong commercial effort gives a tie between a man and his fortune analogous to the patriarch, and even the paternal. Not poets alone, but men of business as well, personify inanimate things.

Under the pressure of the wrong, the old man, finding the injustice perpetrated through keen technical pleading at the bar, became strongly prejudiced against the legal profession, and this impression soon ripened into ungovernable prejudice. Indeed upon his mind there appeared to be an approach to derangement; and yet, coupled with such grandeur of error in all other respects, it was hard to count it unsoundness.

Its earliest manifestation brought tears to the eyes of one of the best and most trusting of maidens, whose weeping had been lately tears of joy rising copious from deep springs of feeling in her richly loveable nature. Alfred became the object of the old man's most earnest dislike, and even of his evident hate. Under the spell of this prejudice the father annulled the betrothal.

Entreaties, reasonings, tears, were alike unavailing. Months, full of stolen interviews and painful uncertainties, produced no change.

Love is reckless of expedient, and Alfred, renouncing the law at a dash, entered upon the career of a journalist. But the unreasoning prejudice had fastened upon the person. There was no hope. To cap the climax of misery the old man, reverting to the forms of his early religious teachings, pronounced his paternal curse upon his child if ever she gave her hand to Alfred Briggs.

The die was now cast. The most dutiful of daughters could never lose the spell of that anathema, however unreasoning, and Alfred could never ask the violation of that command. The unhappiness would follow them to the end of life. Emma told the distressing story; one glance into the other's eyes, and each was understood from the instant.

A few months thereafter the old man was stricken with mild disease. For days death and unconsciousness hung in a tremulous balance. A long stupor lay upon him, broken only by fitful motions now and then. But one morning, as the sun streamed in at the eastern window, the old man opened his eyes with the dear old familiar light in them. Emma burst into tears. The kiss of the father moved while his fingers closed on her hand. He had lost the power of speech. In vain he struggled to articulate; not a sound escaped. This was evidently the last flash of the setting sun, and the words which were struggling for utterance were of infinite value. In vain. Suddenly a thought lit his anxious face, and resorting to the alphabet of the fingers he gave the word "Alfred." Never was scarlet sent in more breathless haste; and when the lover had reached the bedside the feeble fingers moved to the words "My son." Then the old man sank into dreams, from which, after a few intervening minutes, he woke to see "the Great White Throne, and Him that sitteth thereon."

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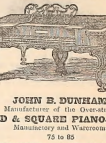

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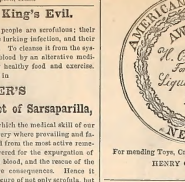

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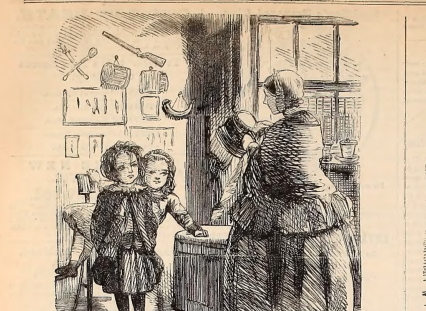

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PART I.

CHAPTER I.

SPREADING THE STRANDS.

IT was in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and five, and in the River Garonne, where a large, wholesome merchant brig lay placidly on the broad and shining water. The fair city of Bordeaux, with its great mass of yellow-tinted buildings, towers, and churches, rose from the river's banks, and the din and bustle of the great mart came faintly to the ear. The sails of the brig were loosed, the crew were hauling home the sheets and hoisting the topsails with the clear, hearty songs of English sailors, while the anchor was under foot and the chain rubbing with a taut strain against the vessel's bluff bows. At the gangway stood a large, handsome seaman, bronzed by the sun and winds of about half a century, dressed in a square-cut blue jacket and loose trowsers, talking to the pilot—a brown little Frenchman, in coarse serge raiment and large, clumsy sabots. The conversation between them was carried on partly by signs, for, in answer to the pilot, the other threw his stalwart arm aloft toward the folds of the spreading canvas and nodded his head.

"*Fort bien! vite donc! mon Capitaine,*" said the pilot; "the tide is on the ebb, let us go! Up anchor!"

"Ay, pilot!" replied the Captain, pulling out his watch. "In ten minutes; the ladies, you know, must have time to say 'good-by.' Isn't it so, my pilot?"

The gallant little Frenchman smiled in acquiescence, and taking off his glazed hat with the air of a courtier, said, 'Parbleu! certainly, why not? Jean Marie would lose his pilotage rather than hurry a lady."

Going aft to the raised cabin on the quarter-deck, the Captain softly opened the weather door, and looking in, said, in a kindly tone,

"It is time to part, my friends; the pilot says we are losing the strength of the tide, so we must kiss and be off."

Two lovely women were sitting, hand clasped in hand, on the sofa of the transom. You saw they were sisters of nearly the same age, and a little boy and girl tumbling around their knees showed they were mothers; young mothers, too, for the soft, full, rounded forms of womanhood, with the flush of health and maternity pride tinged their cheeks, while praises of dark hair banded over their smooth brows and clerful eyes told the story at a glance. They rose together as the Captain spoke. "Adieu! chere Rosalie, we shall soon meet again, let us hope, never more to part." "Adieu, Nathalie! adieu, dearest sister! adieu! adieu!"

The loving arms were twined around each other in the last embrace; the tears fell like gentle rain, but with smiles of hope and trustfulness they parted.

"Ay," said the sturdy skipper, as he stood with eyes brimful of moisture regarding the sisters, "ay! trust me for bringing you together again. Well do I remember when you were little wee things when I brought you to France after the earthquake in Jamaica; just like these little rogues here"—and he laid his brawny paws on the heads of the children, who clung to each other within the folds of their mothers' dresses; "but never fear, my darlings," he went on, "you will meet happily again! Ay! that you shall, if old Jacob Blunt be above land or water."

A boat which was lying alongside the brig shoved off, the little boy who had been left on board was held high above the rail in the arms of a sturdy negro, while the mother stood beside him, waving her handkerchief to the boat as it pulled rapidly toward the shore.

"Man the windlass, lads!" cried the Captain. "Mister Binks, brace round the head yards, and up with the jib as soon as the anchor's aweigh."

The windlass clinked as the iron palls caught the strain of the cable, the anchor was wrenched from its oozy bed; the vessel's head fell off, and, gathering way, she moved quietly down the River Garonne.

CHAPTER II.

CALM.

THE great lumbering brig with yards square, mainsail hauled up, with the jib and spanker in the brails, lay listlessly rolling on the easy swell of the water, giving a gentle send forward every minute or so, when the sluggish sails would come with a thundering slap against the masts, and the loose cordage would rattle like a drum-major's rattan on a spree. The sea was one glassy mirror of undulations, shimmering out into full blaze as the rising sun just threw its rays along the crest of the ocean swell; and then dipping down into the rolling mass, the hue would change to a dark green, and coming up again under the brig's black counter would swish out into a little shower of bubbles and sparkle again joyously.

Away off in the distance lay the Island of Jamaica. The early haze about the mountain tops rising like a white lace veil from the deep vallers below, with here and there a white dot of a cluster of buildings, gleamed out from the somber land, like the flicker of a heliotrope; and at intervals, the base of the coast bursting forth in a long heavy fringe of foam, as the lazy breakers chafed idly about the rocks of some projecting headland. Nearer, too, were the dark succession of waving blue lines in parallel bars and patches of the young land wind, tipping the backs of the rollers in a

"WHEN THE WIND COMES FROM GOOD SAN ANTONIO, MY LADY-BIRD—"

flattering ripple of cat's-paws and then wandering gloriously away out to sea.

Aloft stood a low, squarebuilt sailor at the wheel, his striped Guernsey cap hanging on one of the spokes, and his body leaning, half asleep, over the barrel, which gave him a sharp twitch every now and then when the sea caught the rudder on the wrong side. Near at hand, with an arm around an after topmast backstay, and head resting over the rail, was the mate, Mr. Binks, his grey-glass to his eye, through which he was peering at the distant hills of Jamaica. Presently, as he slowly was about to withdraw the glass from his eye, and as the old brig's nose, her head in-shore, something appeared to arrest his attention, for changing his position and climbing up to the break of the deck cabin he steadied himself by the shrouds, and rubbing his eye with the sleeve of his habit, he gave a long look through the glass, muttering to himself the while. At last, having apparently made up his mind, he sang out to the man at the wheel in this strain:

"Ben, my lad, look alive; catch a turn with them halliards over the lee-wheel; and just take this 'ere glass and trip up to the fore cat-head and see what ye make of that fellow, here away under the easternest headland."

Ben, without more ado, scoured the spokes of the wheel, clapped his cap on his head, hitched up his trowsers, and taking the glass from the mate rolled away up the fore rigging. Meanwhile Mr. Binks walked forward, stopping a moment at the galley-door to take a tot of grog from the cook, and then going on to the topsail-sheet bits, he carefully seated himself and leisurely began to air up his sugar in his tumbler with an iron spoon; making a little cymbal music with it on the outside while he gulped it down. He had not been many minutes occupied in this way when Ben hailed the deck from the fore yard.

"On deck there!"

"Hullo!" replied Mr. Binks.

"I see the craft," cried Ben; "she's a fore and after, sails down and sweeping along the land. She hasn't got a breath of wind, Sir."

"Very well," said Mr. Binks, squeezing into the tin pot with a sound like a sheet-iron organ, "come down."

As Ben weighed himself off the fore yard and caught hold of the futtock shrouds to swing in to the standing rigging, he suddenly paused, and putting the glass again to his eye to see out: "I say, Sir! Here is a big chap away off on the other quarter, under topsails. There! Perhaps you can see him from the deck, under a handspike clear of the sun"—pointing with the spy-glass as he spoke in the proper direction.

"All right," said the mate, as he began again the eyeing of the pot and spoon music, "Becalmed, ain't he?"

"Yes, Sir, not enough air to raise a hair on my old gentleman's wig!" muttered Ben, as he slowly trotted down the rigging.

The sun came up glowing like a ball of fire. The land looked away long before it had become far off from the island, and, saving the uneasy clatter at times of the loose sails and running gear, all remained as before. It was getting on toward eight o'clock, and the Captain came up from his cabin stairs.

Going to the latticed door of the deck cabin the jolly skipper threw it wide open, clapped his hands together thrice, and then placing them to his mouth like a speaking-trumpet he bellowed out in a deep, low roar,

"Hawse there, all hands! Heave out, lady-bird and baby! Land ho!"

Then came a joyous note from a soft, sweet voice which a screen drawn across the latticed cabin, mingled with a little cooing grunt from a child, and presently an inner door swung back, and the sweetest little tot of a boy came tumbling out into the open space, and sprang at once into the Captain's arms. The little fellow buried his brown curly head into the old skipper's whiskers, and then, kicking up his fat naked legs he laughed and chattered like a magpie.

"Aha! you young scamp, this small nose smells the oranges and cinnamon, eh? And does little Momma shuts her pretty eyes and won't look for papa, and so near home, too!"

Here Madame Rosalie's low sweet voice trilled out more as a slightly foreign accent, while the contralto tones vibrated on the ear like the note of a harp.

"Ah! but Capitaine, how could you deceive me? Still, I forgive you for telling me last night we were so far from Kingston. Was you know, to," she went on in her Creole accent, "how I love and want to see my dear husband after last four years, since you promised him away in your good big ship. But never mind, my good friend, I shall pay you off one of these days, and now send, please, for Banou to dress his little boy."

Scarcely had the worthy skipper reached a bell-rope near at hand, and given it one pull than the cabin door opened and in stepped a brawny black, whose bare wrists and ankles, white teeth and eyeballs glittered with delight. There was that about his face which indicated intelligence, energy, devotion, and withal those strange indescribable marks of expression which nature sometimes stamps in unmistakable lines on the skin, whether it be white or black. He was below the middle height, but the large head was set with a great swelling throat on the shoulders of a Titan. His loose white and red striped shirt was thrown well back over his black and broad chest; and putting out a pair of muscular arms that seemed as massive and heavy as lignum vitæ, the boy jumped from the Captain to meet them; and then striking his little soft legs down the sleek of Banou's shirt, he ran his rosy fingers in his wool, and shouted with glee.

"Oh!" said the black, as he passed his huge arms around the little fellow, and smoothed down his rustic garments as if it were the plumage of a bird, "what little Master Henri loves his Banou, eh? Good, he take bath."

Bearing his charge out upon the quarter-deck beneath the awning, he pulled a large tub from under a boat turned upside down over the deck cabin, and then while the young monkey had scrambled round to his back, and was beating a tattoo with his tiny fists on his shoulders, Banou caught up a bucket and proceeded to drawwater from over the side, which he dashed into the tub. When he had nearly filled the tub he felt around with his hand to see the water, and as he was about to seize a mosquito, and clutching the kicking legs with one hand, he pulled the little fellow a somersault over his head, and skinning off at the same time his diminutive breeches, he plunged him into the water, laughing singing the while in a laughing chant:

"Dis ir de way strong Banou catch him,
First he strip him, den he duck him,
Henri he jump and cream for his motter,
But Banou lub him more dan all de motter!"

Here the brawny nurse would souse him head over heels in the sparkling water, lift him up at every dip, with his black nose after him, making mock bites at the little legs and stomach; and finally, holding him aloft, dripping, laughing, and struggling, go on with the refrain:

"What will papa say when he sees Him,
Planning boy dat is sure to please him?
Big Banou he will scold and frown,
But little Henri he kick and pinch him!"

All this time the men seated forward on the deck, peering over the bows with mess-kids, would pause occasionally, shake their great tarry fingers at the imp, chuckle pleasantly with their mouths full of food, and think of the nurse belonged to them as individual property.

"Oh, my little master will get his black, at last, "when will papa say to-morrow when he sees his brave Henri?"

"Ah, Banou," he will be, Banou!" said the lovely mother, who had just come on deck, as she kissed the mouth of the young scamp, while the boy dried himself and dried his little naked body in a large towel.

"Ah, yes, my mistress, we all will be happy when once we to get home to master on the plantation."

"Tell me! tell me, good Capitaine," said she, turning in a pretty petulant way to the skipper, "when shall we get in port?"

It was a sight to see her, in the loose white morning gown folded about the well-swelling bosom, her slender waist clasped by a flowing blue sash, the dark tresses in bands of her hair confined by a large gold filigree pin, and half-concealed by a jaunty little French cap, with the ribbons floating down over her shoulders ears. And while her soft, dark, hazel eyes were bent eagerly toward the solid old skipper, and her round, rosy face was slightly raised a most nature-locket fastened by a massive linked gold chain around her neck, ah, she was a sight to see and love!

"Tell me, mon cher Capitaine Blunt, how many hours or minutes will it be before I shall see my husband?"

The good-natured skipper laughed pleasantly at the eagerness of the question, and instead of opening his hands wide, he gave vent to a long, low whistle, and replied,

"When the wind comes from good San Antonio, my lady-bird—when the sea-breeze makes —then the old brig will reel off the knots! But see! just now our wind is as dead as a magpie bird's wings out! There, look at that fellow!"

High up in the heavens two or three man-of-war hawks, with snowy breasts and wings, and their swallow tails out as sharp as knife-blades, were bending seaward, and every little while falling in a rapid curve plunges, as if in a swoon, and then again giving an almost imperceptible dash with their wings, they would resume the lost space and continued on in their silent flight.

"That's a sure sign, Madame Rosalie," continued the skipper, "that the trade-wind has blown itself out, and the chances are that this hot sun will drive it in from the Caribbean Sea and so in a dead calm till the moon quarters to-night. What say you, Mr. Binks, am I right?"

"Never know'd it to fail, Capt'in, Sir," said the mate, with an honest intention of voice, as he tried to stare the sun out of countenance in following the Captain's glance.

"Helm!" said the young mother, with a little sigh of sadness as she began opening one of the lace rail to the green hills and slopes of the island, standing now out boldly, with the lofty blue mountains rolling away in the distance, like a mid-heaven; "so near, too, and he is thinking and waiting for us!"

"Dear," exclaimed the skipper, hastily, "the youngster wants his breakfast!"

CHAPTER III.

HIGH NOON.

HIGH noon! Still the stanch old brig bowed and dipped her bluff bows into the long, easy swell of the tropics; the round, flat counter sent the briny bubbles sparkling away in the glare of the ecuatide sun; the sails flapped and chafed against the spars and rigging, while the crew sheltered themselves beneath the awnings and dozed on peacefully.

Not so, however, with the large sail that had been seen from the brig in the early morning. For, with a lofty spread of kites and a studding-sail or two, she at times caught a fleeting puff of air; and when the sun had passed the zenith she had approached within half a mile or less of the brig. There was no mistaking the stranger's character. Her taunt, trim masts, square yards, and clear, delicate black tracery of rigging, shadowed by a wide spread of snow-white cotton over the low, dark hull—which at times showed a row of white, shuttling ports—a row of ports with a glance of white inner bulwarks—while the brass stars of her armory reflected sparks of fire from the blazing rays of the sun, showed she was a man-of-war.

"She's one of our cruisers, I think, Sir," said the mate, as he handed the spy-glass to the Captain; "but Ben here believes contrariwise, and he ought up a bit to understand."

"Have to 'gin again, Mr. Binks; for to my mind she's an out-and-out Yankee sloop-of-war. I 'heer people make up to the gaff at her with our ensign, or else he'll be burning some powder for us."

Even while they were speaking her flag went rapidly up in a roll to the corvette's peak, when, shaking itself out in white and red, with a galaxy of white stars in a blue union, on the lee side of the spanker, while at the same instant a long, thin streak of white smoke issued from itself from the main track, and hung motionless in the calm down the mast. Her decks were full of men, who were seen under the shadow of the sails to leeward; and on the poop were three or four officers in uniform and straw hats. One of these stood for some time gazing at the brig—one hand resting on the rattines of the mizzen-shrouds and the other slowly sweeping a trumpet backward and forward. Presently an officer with a pair of gleaming epaulets on his shoulders stepped to the young leader, touched his hat, and waved his hand toward the brig. A moment after, "Brig ahoy!" came in a sharp, clear, mingly tone through the trumpet.

"Sir?"

"What brig is that?"

The Captain of the wharf, named after my dear old wife, God bless her! and myself, Jacob Blunt, Sir, and I'm a Yankee skipper, in a *sotto voce* chuckle to the fair passenger who stood beside him.

"Where are you from, and where bound?" came again through the trumpet.

"Bordeaux, and bound to Kingston. We have a few passengers for Robert Collet Cobbe and Admiral Villeneuve." There was a wave of the trumpet as the speaker finished hailing, and then turning to his side he officer with the gold swabs, and passing only a moment, he moved to the other side of the corvette's poop. The result of the brief colloquy, for he will be all us what his name is after all the questions he's axed."

"Don't ye know, Mr. Binks," broke in the Captain, "that the dignity of a man-of-war is such that it seems to be considered a rule never than that she has a cargo of cannon-balls and going on a cruise any where, which ye may have an idea is considerable information as we might get out of our own calabashes without asking a question."

"You are quite right, Captain Blunt, but I did not tax my mind to think when I spoke them remarks," said Binks, deferentially.

The corvette's trumpet once more communicative than the mate gave her credit for, and a moment after the officer with the trumpet came out,

"This is the United States ship *Scourge*, from Fort Royal, bound on a cruise! Please report us."

And again, after a few words apparently with the officer who stood by him, the trumpet was raised to his lips, and he asked, "Have you seen any vessels lately?"

The skipper was on the point of answering the hail, when his mate said, "Beg pardon, Captain Blunt, but Ben and me made out a fore and aft schooner early this morning, with every rag out, pulling in under the outermost headland there," pointing with his horny finger as he spoke.

"Nothing, Sir, but a small schooner at daylight away over the land."

"What?" came back in a clear, quick note from the corvette.

"Small craft and after, Sir, with sails down and sweeps out, close under the land."

In a moment two or three officers on the corvette's deck were heads together, several glasses were directed toward the now dim mirage-like shadow of the island, and the next instant the boat-hook of the corvette's whaler was heard, followed by a gruff call of "Away there! Aricls away!"

Immediately a cluster of sailors, in white frocks and trowsers and straw-hats, sprang over the brig's quarter into a boat; and then with a chirruping, surging pipe, a boat fell rapidly to the water. The falls were cast off, the cutter headed up to windward, and soon an oblong stepped over the side and tripped down to the boat. The white blades of the oars stood up on end in a shower, the boat pushed off, the oars fell with a single splash, and she steered for the brig. Descending down into the gentle valley of the sea, the boat was disappear for an instant, till nothing but the white hats and feather blades of the oars were visible; and again rising on the crest, the water flashed off in foam from her bows as she came dancing on.

In a few minutes the corvettes cried "Way enough," and throwing up his hand with the word "Toss," the cutter shot swiftly alongside; the boat-hooks of the bowmen bought her up with a sudden jar, and the next moment an officer with an epaulet on his right shoulder, and a sword by his side, stepped over the gangway. The skipper was there to receive him, to whom he touched his cap with his fore finger; but as his eye glanced aft he saw a lady, and he gracefully removed his cap and bowed like a gentleman to her. He was a man of about eight-and-twenty, with a fine, manly, sailor-like figure and air, and with a pair of bright determined grey eyes in his head that a coast would not care to look into twice.

"I am the First Lieutenant of the *Scourge*, Sir," he said, turning to the skipper, "and if you will step this way, I'll have a few words with you."

This was said in a careless tone of command, but without with frankness and civility. The Captain led him aft toward the taffrail, but in crossing the deck the little tot of a boy followed closely in his wake, and getting hold of the officer's sword, which trailed along by its belt-strap on the deck, he got outside of it and seized on to the coat skirts of the wearer. The little tug he gave caused the officer to turn around, and with a respectful smile and manner he snatched the urchin up in his arms, kissed him on both cheeks, and as he put him down again and detected the cloth for him to play with, he exclaimed:

"Why, what a glorious little reefer you'll make one of these days! Won't you?"

"*Oui! oui! mon Prpre!*" said the little scamp, as he looked knowingly up in the officer's face.

"Excuse my little boy, Sir," said his mother, who was in chase of him; and then turning to the child with a blush spreading over her lovely face, "It is not your papa, Henri! papa is in Kingston."

"Ah, madame! I love children. I had once a dear little fellow like this, but both he and his sweet mother are in heaven now. God bless them!"

A flush of sadness tinged his manly cheeks, and he passed his hand rapidly across his eyes, as if the dream was too sad to dwell upon; but changing his tone, while with one hand he patted the little fellow's head, he went on: "Madame lives in Jamaica?"

"Oh yes! I was born there, but my parents were deported by an arrogant people. I was quite a little child, and this good Captain here carried my sister and myself to France soon after, where Monsieur Pirou"—here she paused and blushed with pleasure—"where I married my husband, who is a planter on the island. Perhaps you may know Monsieur Jules Piron?"

"Piron?" said the navy man with warmth. "Ay, madame, Sir Jules Piron is one of our first planted sugars! Know him? Why, madame, it is only a week ago that a lot of us dined with him at his house outside of Kessaint [you hear it, madame? in the grand piazza which looks down the gorge. But he behaved very shabbily," said the officer, with a fine face lighted up gayly, "for he kept a spy-glass to his eye oftener than the wine-glass to his lips, in looking toward the island, and in taking note of madame and the little boy he had never seen."

"Oh, Monsieur! you make me so happy," said the lovely woman, as with sparkling eyes and heaving bosom she cried, "Banou! Banou! bring here the picture that I see you have in your room!"

The black, who had been standing near and guarding every movement of his little charge, with one hand on the sword-hilt of the officer, immediately approached the officer, and, falling on his knees, seized his hand and drew it toward the face.

"Ah, madame, I see that kindness meets with a return as well from a dark as a fair skin," said the officer to the lovely one, as he gently withdrew his hand from Banou's grasp.

"But," he continued, turning toward the skipper, as the clear sound of the cruiser's bell struck his ear, "I must not forget what I came for."

"You say, Captain, that you saw a schooner at daylight, eh? This way, if you please"—as he passed on to the after part of the deck and walked over to the other side of the deck—"what was she like?"

"She was reported to me by the navy man," replied Jacob Blunt.

"Please send for him. Oh, Mr.—a—"

"Binks," said that individual, touching his hat, and making an awkward scrape at a bow.

"Well, Mr. Binks, did you clearly make out the vessel you saw this morning under the land?"

"Can't say exactly, Sir," said Ben Brown there was on the fore yard, and he got a good squint at her."

"Ah! and you are the man?"

The mate straightway went forward, and, after a few pokes about the lee waist, Ben was produced, and the jolly-boat tars came rolling aft.

"You saw the schooner, eh?" said the Lieutenant, as if he was in the habit of asking sharp questions and getting quick answers.

"Yes, Sir," said the sailor, and then scratching his head, he hitched up his knife-belt and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand and took off his cap.

"Where?"

"Here away, Sir," with a wave of his hand: "just clear of that bluff foreland where the gap opens with the Monkey-rock."

"How was she rigged?"

"Bare sticks, Sir, not much of a bowsprit, and one sail spread. I see her first by the flash of her sweeps in the rising sun as she was heading about one-quarter into the land."

"Two masts, you say?"

"Ay, Sir; but I thought as 'tow there was a *figure-head* yard a stickin' out over her starn, though I wasn't sartin."

"So!" said the Lieutenant, in a musing tone and with rather a grave face and compressed lips; "that will do; thank you, my man." Then placing his hand on the skipper's shoulder, he drew him to one side, out of ear-shot, and said,

"Captain Blunt, are you much acquainted in these latitudes?"

"Oh yes, Sir, me and my old brig are regular traders here, from Bordeaux to Jamaica and so home to England."

"No treasure, I presume?" went on the officer, with a smile.

"Why, Lieutenant, none to speak of, p'raps; just a handful of dollars and a guinea or two in

the bag for a few sacks of sugar or coffee, or a pipe of rum or silk like on my own account."

"Well, my friend, there is probably nothing to fear, but if the breeze springs up, keep as close to the convicts as you can, and I shall ask the Captain to keep a look-out for you during the night."

"By-the-way"—the officer continued in a low tone as he moved toward the gangway—"in case any thing should happen, you had better hoist a lantern at your peak or in the main rigging—we have sharp eyes for ugly customers, and one or two of them have been particularly troublesome of late hereabouts."

Turning for a moment to bid adieu to the fair lady-passenger on the quarter-deck, and receiving his sword after a playful struggle with the youngster, he buckled it around his waist, and stepping lightly over the side and into the boat, the oars fell with a single splash, and the cutter shot rapidly away toward the corvette.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1860.

FIRES IN TENEMENT-HOUSES.

ANOTHER terrible destruction of life has ensued from a fire in a tenement-house; ten human beings have been hurried unexpectedly, in the dead of night, to the presence of their Maker. As in the case of the Elm Street fire, the nature of the buildings was such that once the flames gained headway escape and rescue were impossible.

Tenement-houses are the curse of New York. They are as independent of law as lands in the prairie or the Hudson Bay Company's territory. They are the refuge of thieves, outcasts, and prostitutes; from their slimy dens these creatures issue forth nightly to disgrace our civilization, sure of a safe retreat when the crimes of the night are ended. Some tenement-houses are inhabited by neither thieves nor prostitutes; in them teeming families are crowded into small, uncleanly, ill-ventilated rooms, where pestilence is begotten and habits of vice acquired by children from their very infancy. The idea of the owner of a tenement-house is to make the most money by the least outlay. How he builds with the cheapest materials, and in the most unsubstantial way; allots the least space possible to each lodger, and devotes a whole thought to the squeezing of his rent—having secured himself against loss by fire by an ample insurance. Properly administered, such property is the very best going; we have the best authority for saying that it should yield ten per cent. at least, and, in judicious hands, is frequently made to yield twelve and fifteen.

This is clearly a case for legislative control. In more than half the cases in which the Legislature of this State meddles with private business it goes wrong, simply because it forgets that competition and the law of supply and demand suffices to regulate trade; but this is a case in which nothing but legislative interference will avail. It is the direct interest of landlords of tenement-houses to overcrowd them and to neglect precautions against fire.

In France and England the owners of such houses are under the direct and constant supervision of regularly appointed officials. In Paris, especially, the subject of fire is regulated with remarkable strictness. Had such massacres occurred in that city as we have had in Elm Street and Forsyth Street, it would have gone hard with the owners of the buildings. But no such disasters could have occurred there, because such buildings would have been disposed by the inspectors the day they were finished, and the owners would not have been permitted to take tenants. So in England. The law requires every owner of a tenement-house to grant so many feet of space to each tenant, and to provide proper means of escape in case of fire. This law is thoroughly and efficiently carried out.

A very simple law would achieve great good here. A section obliging owners of tenement-houses to provide fire-escapes, and another compelling them to furnish their tenants with so many square feet of room, and fresh air, would answer the purpose, provided honest men were appointed to set the law carried into execution. Such a law should commend itself to the Albany politicians, from the fact that it provides employment for a few more patriots.

THE ALMS-HOUSE.

THE New York *Tribune* published, some ten days ago, an article reflecting very severely on the official administration of the Governors of the Alms-house, charging them with loose behavior, indecent license, and gross mismanagement of the interests committed to their charge. The Governors have since held a meeting, at which the *Tribune*'s accusations have been vehemently repelled, the purity of the Governors asserted, and a desire expressed for a committee of inquiry—said committee to be recruited from that pure, incorruptible, and unabused body, the New York State Legislature.

We have no objection to say plainly that the public is with the *Tribune*, and not with the Governors. Roughly speaking, we think that the *Tribune* was more than half right in all that it said. They do not believe—as the Governors insinuate—that the *Tribune*'s article was written spitefully by some discharged employé of the Ten Governors; or, if it was penned by a person who had been in the Governors' employ, they rather think that he told the truth, whatever his motive may have been. And nobody expects that any good will result from a legislative committee of inquiry. The Ten Grand Law and other railroad schemes can secure majorities in both Houses, it is not likely that the Board of Governors will find it impossible to secure a whitewashing at the market price from the same bodies.

The public were horrified only a few months ago by the publication of undeniable evidence to the effect that the Ten Governors were in the habit of farming out the wards of the city to the lowest bidders, and that the most frightful outcasts thus traded off were sometimes murdered by the fiendish brutes to whose mercies they were intrusted. We repeat only because Mr. Carlock's name to recall the circumstance to our readers' memory.

We now learn that the gross carelessness of which Mr. Carlock tragedy was an accidental revelation pervades the whole administration of the Alms-house. Every department, we are assured, is crowded with worthless wretches of drunken orgies, paid for by the city, and indulged in—before the eyes of paupers and convicts—by the Governors themselves or guests in every man's mouth. We can testify personally that, as a general rule, the convicts are not allowed the worst-behaved forms of such decency.

In theory, the plan of transferring the patronage of the Alms-house from the city to the State capital is clearly wrong. But after all, naked theories are not always the best guides. And with the experience of the Metropolitan Police before us, we are bound to admit that, even at the cost of seeing a band of hungry rural politicians saddled upon us, the transfer of the Alms-house patronage to Albany would not be viewed by respectable people with much regret. If one half the charges that the *Tribune* has well founded, the sooner Blackwell's Island is purged of the officials who are now employed there the better: no change could be for the worse.

We shall return to the subject at an early day.

THE LOUNGER.

A MUNICIPAL QUESTION.

IN the city of New York wants to have a railroad through the streets, why should it be obliged to ask leave of the State? Is not the City Government parent—quite as much so as the licensing of omnibus lines; and it is something with which the State has no more to do than with the laying out of new streets or the cleaning of old ones.

The paramount safety of a popular form of government lies in its constant decentralization. The municipality is the germ. The State is a series of independent little communities, governing their own affairs. Centralization is despotism. There is no more reason that the city of New York should ask the leave of the State to lay down a railroad within the city limits for the city convenience, than that it should ask the same permission to substitute gas for oil in the street lamps.

So also in the matter of ferries to the neighboring shores. Why should there be the system of *ferry-rights*? Why should not the transportation of passengers and freight from Brooklyn and Hoboken and Jersey City and Staten Island to the city be left open to the laws and chances of all other commercial enterprises, while care for human life and safety is maintained by the general law of the State? Is there any more reason that the transportation of passengers between Staten Island and New York should be subject to the control of the city than the larger ferry from New York to Liverpool? Why should there not be as many ferries to Brooklyn as there are people willing to risk their capital in the venture—subject always to stringent laws of personal security for the passengers?

Once more, why should the city own markethouses any more than dry-goods shops? Food is the first necessity of life, and the last thing a person there will always be plenty of persons who will have it for sale. But clothes are also a necessary of life in this climate. Why does not the city set up great buildings and let rooms in them to tailors? It is indeed the business of the city to take care that bad food is not sold; but so it is its duty to guard against swindling every where.

Half of the reason that we are governed so badly is that we are governed too much. This distracting system of city interference begets the business of contracts and jobs which annihilate the public morality. It would an honest man always, about a hundred dollars to get.

Of course, no system will work well where men are corrupt. But, for all that, there is a choice in systems. Some give more chances of decent government than others. The system usually ought not to try to manage matters which are purely municipal, and the city should not complicate trade by interfering with its simple and legitimate laws.

BLOOD IN ART.

GOUPIL'S engraving shop and picture gallery, near Union Square, is one of the pleasant lounges of the city. You can see there the last French prints, good and bad—the engraving of Gerome's Duel after the Masquerade, the fine head of Ary Scheffer, his Stigmata, the single figure of Marie Antoinette, superb with scorn, from Paul Delaroche's picture—all these, and many, many more, and often a good picture.

At present, however, you can see a forcible, unpleasant picture there, by the same Gerome who painted the Duel after the Masquerade. It is the Death of Cæsar, and is apparently a part of a larger picture, of which there is an engraving in the window, and which represents the whole scene—the Senate Chamber, with the retiring crowd of conspirators. In the painting, however, you see only the prostrate body of Cæsar and the chair overthrown. It is terribly real. The clotted blood upon the floor—the smearing upon the tops of the chair-backs—the daggers in the drapery—the ghastly fingers which have sought at the knives—the wounds upon the exposed arms—the bloody tracks of the assassins upon the marble pavement, as they moved away—the utter desolation—the rigidity of horrible death—if you want these in a picture, you have it in Gerome's Dead Cæsar. A pretty thing to hang in your parlor! It is merely a murdered man painted in his gore. It might be one of the scenes from the *L. A. Chasseur au Spring*, except that the accessories show it to be Roman.

The significance of Cæsar's death can not be represented by wounding his blood, dead body as well that you smell blood, and fall sick, as in a direction from. It is the very morgue horror of sublimity in physical horror. A corpse is a corpse, whether it be Alexander's or Yorick's. The moment for a picture of Cæsar's death is the moment of the advance upon him with uplifted daggers. We know already that he was killed: therefore it is not necessary to show us that he is dead. Cæsar lying in his gore is a corpse; but Cæsar confronting his fate is Cæsar still. If you would paint a martyr, paint it before the flames are out: ashes left to paint, but when he stands at the stake serenely smiling through consuming fires. You need not not draw the actual forms of angels descending with palms; for in the spirit that has conquered death there is the tranquil superiority of which palms themselves are but the symbols.

To paint life, and not death, is the business of an artist—to paint life, and the higher the form of life, the higher the art? And hence religious painters who represent the life of faith are considered chief of all.

Gerome loves unmitigated horror. The Duel after the Masquerade is a striking picture—but how unrelieved! The bold glassiness! It is gregarious, fantastically horrible.

Now comes down National Academy exhibition. Oh, gentlemen painters, we critics are all sharpening our pens and our eyes! We are each of us a pure, impartial human individual, with certain fancies about what pictures ought to be. But we are all going to brandish the "we" about your backs, as if we were indeed the world, the great public, speaking!

A FEAST OF LEATHER.

THE Swamp will be merry day a week or two ago. Or, more properly speaking, it was the edge of the Swamp that saw it, for Messrs. Young, Schultz, & Co., Fraser & Brother, and Mattison and M'Coy have removed their great leather business from the narrower Ferry Street into Frankfort.

Perhaps of all measures upon the globe the Swamp is the most generous. It grows to eat of nine-tails, or lubrushes, or flags, or blue-blossomed pickerel weed—not at all; it blossoms with high brick stores, with warehouses, with piers, sidewalks, curbstones; it expands and bourgeons all over with leather.

And here was observed what silent stores leather stores are? The squeak has not set in yet. The hides lie in huge piles upon the floors. You touch none lower than the upper shoulder as you pass the door, just broad enough to allow a passage for a cart, which they are loading with leather. It is only when you examine that are fleury. The great business of South Street and the Swamp moves on quietly. Great fortunes grow out of them, as trees out of the ground, larger and larger every year, and standing at length broad and benignant, honorable landmarks to their boughs, and acorns for future trees falling from their abundance.

To celebrate the opening of their new stores a pleasant custom prevails. Leather dealers, clergymen, editors, and other religious persons," as one of the orators remarked. There were wit and festive eloquence in plenty. The road to good humor lies over a full stomach. And it was pleasant to know that in a time which, like all other times, is reprobate as the very worst time that ever was, the prospects of trade are so bright and smiling. There is no body of merchants more cordially united than the leather men. It is a body so fraternal, so democratic, so modest, that there is no assumption of dignity, and no one of them is more ambitious than another to be considered the great leather head.

ON THE WAY TO CHARLESTON.

Ten Major Jack Downing, Downingsville, Downing County, Maine; in care of Mr. Harper, which send it to you.

WASHINGTON METROPOLIS, *April* 2, 1860.

WAAL, Uncle Jack, here I be at last, clean tuckered out and hardly able to write to tell mi'end you enjoin' the same blessin'. This here cussing from Maine to Alexandria in a pesky pink-stern schooner ain't exactly equal tew hookin' corn with putty gals, and a-dustin' red ears all the time. No, it ain't. Our nigger's shirt-collar, on a July afternoon, when he gits tew enchode and finely, doesn't hav the starch taken out of it was than that pesky pink-stern schooner tuk the life out of me, I tell you. Why, if the plagny critter had gone right deown I wouldn't have cared, I was so miserable, and only a passenger, plase take it! see, I tew the fullur that stood tew the buck end with a lever, a sort of pryin' the thing along.

Wa'n't glad when we got tew Chesarpeak Bay! and the water was smooth, and some of the bad families of Virginny brought us sum oysters in a small kote. Then we saw Mount Vernon, where Washington was razed, and where a man of that name now rases canes for memento-morts, but is agoin' to sell cent to a grate many fowks, the Father of his Country not having any children in the male line. It's a pretty nice sort of place, and I guess a ice-cream temperance restorator there, with ardents in the back-room, whud pay. A masterly lot of folks go there, they du say, in the summer.

When the schuner was tied up in Alexandria I runs up here in a ferry-bote, bickety-splash. The place looks like a cross 'tween a way off, and sum'at that it's sort of scatter'd and uncompleted; and on goin' a'mosst there's the sprysest lot of fellers ever yew did see.

"National?" sez one.

"Yes, Sir-ree!" sez I; "National tew the core."

"Brown's?" sez another.

"No, Sir!" sez I, "nor blacks neither. I ain't ov them partys."

"United States?" sez another yet.

"Sartin!" sez I; "yew don't think I'm a foreigner?"

And by this time they was a-pullin' and a-haulin' on me tew kill. I tew'd as fast tew one of them 'Vestergotin' Committees we read about; but, sure as I liv', 'twant nuthin' but cerridge-drivurs.

"Scout" sez I, "for I'm a-goin' tew walk."

And walk I did!

There was a sidewalk all the way, with houses and stables and sum luxurious lunks, and all sorts of places; but I kept strate on, askin' every one I met for the White House. Some sort ov a'lurid, but I kept on, and at last stumpt it clean up to a new pergod boots, cost $2 87½, and jist as good as any calf-skin or shiny leather any where. But when come tew the ground plase, sumwhere I reckon sort o'swelled up, but I rung the bell jist as if the House tew min—it is main, the small peace of it, anyhow. An Irisher come tew the door.

"Is Mr. Buchanan tew hum?" sez I.

"Do you want to see the President?" sez he.

"If I didn't," sez I, "what would I be a doin' on here?"

"Well," sez he, "the President's engaged."

"Sho!" sez I. "Why, I kinder that's tew never'd a gone and done that at his time of life."

"Cum to-morrow", sez he, "from twelve till one; and if the President's at lessur he'll see you."

"Wa'al," sez I, feelin' sort of chap-fallen, "if I can't du no better, guess I'll go tew Jack's and I 'few giv' this tew Mr. Buchanan, and tell him I'll be here tew-morrow." And I gin yaw letter, Uncle Jack, a tellin' him how I was a goin' tew Charleston tew the Convention.

The Irisher hain't no more than tuk the letter than he slamm'd the door, and there I stod a lockin' at it, jist like a fool—anyhow, I felt like wun. But, sez I tew myself, sez I, Lookee here, never wun a fair trainin' day; so I legun tew whistle Yankee Doodle, and off I went, left foot furst, eye tew the front, and the little fingurs on a-hankin agin the seames of my panterloons.

After I'd gone along a peace I heard some one holler arter me, "I say!" I jist let him holler, and kept right on, head up. "I say!" he hollered agin and agin. So I kum up tew see what he had tew hand on my shoulder. "I say!" sez he—tews the President's Irisher.

"Wa'al," sez I, "what dew you say?"

"Why," sez he, "the President no sooner red yar letter than he sung out, 'Michael!' 'Sur?' 'Go yon almost like the gentleman and bring him back this, and bring him here.' And, Sur, won't yez have the kindness to go back with me?"

"Seein as it's you, Michael," sez I. "I will. But tew wa'n't over civil tew me when I was there jist now."

"Ah! Sur," sez he, terrible perlite, "I thot yez was an office-seeker."

By this time we got tew the grate house again, and in I walked. Gorry grashus! There stood the identecal Mr. Buchanan, and I know'd him in a minit, after havin' seen pictures on him in Mister Harper's paper.

"Why, Mr. Downing," sez he, "what made you leave this house without seein' me?"

I was a goin' to speak rite out, but Michael looked so sheepish like, tes I, "I thot you was busy, and didn't like tew interrupt."

"Intrude!" sez he. "The nephew of Major Jack Downing an intruder here, where Andrew Jackson's portrait looks for a long time?" Sez he.

"Wouldn't yew have felt tickled tew hev metal hint, Uncle? I guess; and I'll tell you somethew second-hand silk hat, and I hollers, "Hurrar for Jackson! and Buchanan tew!"

Mr. Buchanan, sez he, "You're a chip of the old block! Come up stairs." And he took me, jist as sosherble as you'd take our doctor up inter the hired man's room up inter his 'Sanctum.' Sez he, "and tell me all about it."

Deown I set, and told him how we was all sorted of frustrated about the mail-box and democracy up in Downin'ville, and how yew'd sent me tew the Charleston Conveyshun arter real democracy and a quill of vaxcheration.

Sez he, when I told him all, "Now you just stay here till it 's time for you to go to Charleston; and I'll introduce you to all the candidates, and show you the city, or my private secretary will."

I thought I'd take the course, and he took me inter the next chamber, where he interduced me to Mr. Buchanan, his private secretary. "His uncle and I," sez he, jintin' tew me, "were friends; now he's set the nephews cronies." Then he went out, and I've set deown and scribbled this off, tew send on tew Mr. Harper, who yew sed wud print it jist as yew'd tew have yure letters home printed.

Your lovin' nephew till death does part,

BENJAMIN DOWNING, 2D.

HON. THOMAS CORWIN, OF OHIO.

HON. THOMAS CORWIN, a Representative in Congress from the Warren District of the State of Ohio, stands at the head of the "Old Guard" of national legislators—that race of Statesmen whose voices were heard in the now deserted halls of the original Capitol; who were inspired by high-toned sentiments of patriotism; who investigated every question without either sectional or partisan prejudice; and who met every responsibility with fearless intrepidity. Among the many distinguished citizens of the United States there is scarcely one who, from his character and talents, as well as his national principles and patriotic career, has a stronger hold upon the affections of THE PEOPLE, than "*the Whipper-Boy*, TOM CORWIN!"

General Corwin is a parent that the Corwin family immigrated to this country from Hungary, and the people of Essex County, in Massachusetts, claim the subject of this sketch as a descendant of one of the exiliest settlers on that rock-bound coast. What is it that his father, Matthias Corwin, was a pioneer resident in Kentucky, and removed from there, in 1798, to what is now Warren County, in Ohio, where he cleared a small farm near the present town of Lebanon. After that portion of the Northwestern Territory was admitted into the Union as the State of Ohio, Mr. Corwin served for many years in the Legislature, a part of the time presiding as Speaker of the House. He was afterward one of the Associate Judges of the Court of Common Pleas, which office he held at the period of his death in 1829. He is spoken of by those who were his neighbors as a respected citizen, a faithful member of the Baptist Church, and as a public officer of unimpeachable integrity.

Thomas Corwin was born in Bourbon County, Kentucky, on the 29th day of July, 1794, and at the age of four years was taken by his father to Ohio. His early and only education was received in a log-cabin, and as he became strong enough to be serviceable on the farm, his studies were confined to the winter months. While yet a lad, the brave Harrison and his gallant army were on the Northern frontier, almost destitute of provisions, and a demand was made on the patriotism of the people to furnish the necessary sustenance. The elder Mr. Corwin loaded a wagon with supplies, which his son delivered, as was described in after-years when that son was nominated for Governor of his native State. "I remember," said General Anthony, after describing the hardships of the campaign, "that when we were dependent for food for what came through the brushwood country, where each wagoner had to make his way wherever he could find a passable place, there came a team which was managed by a little, dark-complexioned, hardy-looking lad, apparently about fifteen or sixteen years old, who was familiarly called TOM CORWIN. Through all of that service he proved himself a good 'whip' and an excellent 'reinsman;' and in the situation in which we are about to place him he will be found equally skillful."

Returning from the frontier, young Corwin resumed his labors on his father's farm, and at night pored over what books he could obtain. When qualified, he entered the Clerk's office of the County Court as an assistant, and in 1816 he commenced the study of law under Joshua Collett, Esq., afterward a Judge of the Supreme Court.

In 1817 Mr. Corwin was admitted to the bar, at which he has since held a high position, both in the skillful management of cases and in his arguments. Some of his forensic efforts have been reported; and these reports, like those of his political speeches, fail to impart to the reader any thing like a correct idea of his style of eloquence. Stenographers attempt in vain to follow him—perhaps he who seek to make a synopsis of his remarks are entranced with his genial humor and weighty wit, and omit to note the profound knowledge he displays of what true statesmanship should be. Alas! that the narrow limits prescribed for this hastily-prepared sketch forbid the introduction of some of the "gems" which have adorned Mr. Corwin's oratorical efforts.

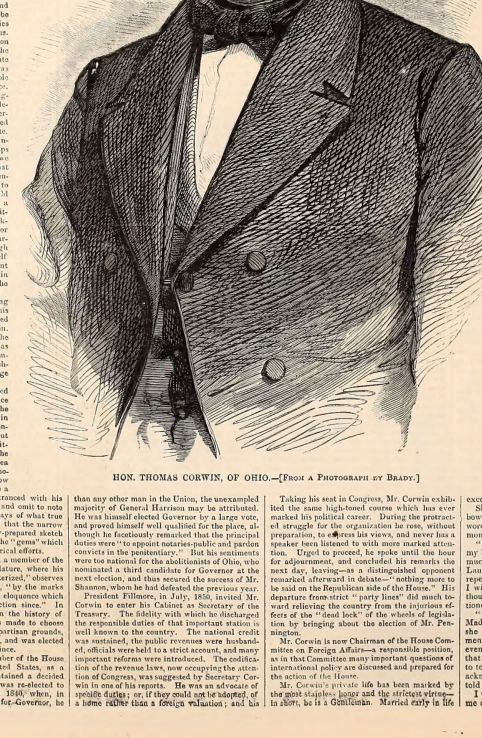
In 1818 Mr. Corwin was elected a member of the lower branch of the Ohio Legislature, where his *début* into public life "was characterized," observes a writer in the *American Review*, "by the marks of independence, uprightness, and eloquence which have given him so much distinction since." In 1829, when, for the first time in the history of Warren County, an attempt was made to choose members of the Legislature on partisan grounds, he was again persuaded to serve, and was elected in opposition to the political nominee.

In 1830 he was elected a member of the House of Representatives of the United States, as a Whig, although his district contained a decided majority of Jackson men. He was re-elected to each successive Congress until 1840, when, in consequence of his nomination for Governor, he resigned his seat. During this long term in the House he was a zealous advocate of what were known as Whig principles, and the strenuous adversary of executive invasions of liberty. But he participated in no intrigues, sought to control no political alliance, engaged in no traffic for office. His manliness was tempered with a moderation that, while it asserted its own convictions of right, left undisturbed the rights of others. His appearance in debate, says a biographer, was rare, but always effective. The announcement of his name was an assurance of profound stillness in the House. That stillness continued while he occupied the floor, except as it was sometimes broken by demonstrations of excitement, such as wisdom, argument, and eloquence like his must occasionally produce.

During the political campaign of 1840 Mr. Corwin became extensively known as an effective public speaker; and to his efforts, more perhaps than any other man in the Union, the unexampled majority of General Harrison may be attributed. He was himself elected Governor by a large vote, and proved himself well qualified for the place, although he facetiously remarked that the principal duties were "to appoint sheriffs and pardon convicts in the penitentiary." But his sentiments were too national for the abolitionists of Ohio, who nominated a third candidate for Governor at the next election, and thus secured the success of Mr. Shannon, whom he had defeated the previous year.

President Fillmore, in July, 1850, invited Mr. Corwin to enter his Cabinet as Secretary of the Treasury. The fidelity with which he discharged the responsible duties of that important station is well known to the country. The national credit was sustained, the public revenues were husbanded, officials were held to a strict account, and many important reforms were introduced. The codification of the revenue laws, now occupying the attention of Congress, was suggested by Secretary Corwin in one of his reports. He was an advocate of specific duties; or, if they could not be adopted, of a home rather than a foreign valuation; and his suggestions have now been adopted, to a great extent, by President Buchanan and other political opponents.

After the expiration of the Fillmore Administration, in 1853, and until the fall of 1858, Mr. Corwin attended to his professional duties in Cincinnati (where he had a law-office), maintaining his residence at Lebanon, and remaining comparatively aloof from the political questions of the day. But he could not refuse the general desire expressed that he should accept a nomination to the present Congress; and when he "took the stump" thousands of his old constituents greeted him with gladness, and listened eagerly to the manly and independent expression of his views on the topics of the day, which are directly at variance with the opinions of some of the Republican party by which he was elected. This is an instance of independence on the one hand, and of toleration and confidence on the other, worthy of commendation.



HON. THOMAS CORWIN, OF OHIO.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.]

Taking his seat in Congress, Mr. Corwin exhibited the same high-toned course which has ever marked his political career. During the protracted struggle for the organization he rose, without preparation, to express his views, and never has a speaker been listened to with more marked attention. Urged to proceed, he spoke until the hour for adjournment, and concluded his remarks the next day, leaving—as a distinguished opponent remarked afterward in debate—"nothing more to be said on the Republican side of the House." His departure from strict "party lines" did much toward relieving the country from the injurious effects of the "dead lock" of the wheels of legislation by bringing about the election of Mr. Pennington.

Mr. Corwin is now Chairman of the House Committee on Foreign Affairs—a responsible position, as in that Committee many important questions of international policy are discussed and prepared for the action of the House.

Mr. Corwin's private life has been marked by the most stainless honor and the strictest virtue—in short, he is a Gentleman. Married early in life to an estimable lady of a Quaker family in Delaware, he has a son and four daughters, forming a happy family circle at his rural home in Lebanon.

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "AFTER DARK," ETC., ETC.

[Printed from advance proof-sheets purchased from the author exclusively for "Harper's Weekly."]

MISS HALCOMBE'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

July 5th.—I had only got as far as the top of the stairs when looking at Laura's door suggested to me the precaution of also locking my own door, and keeping the key safely about me while I was out of the room. My journal was already secured, with other papers, in the table-drawer, but my writing-materials were left out. These included a seal, bearing the common device of two doves drinking out of the same cup; and some sheets of blotting-paper, which had the impression on them of the closing lines of my writing in these pages traced during the past night. Distorted by the suspicion which had now become a part of myself, even such trifles as these looked too dangerous to be trusted without a guard—even the locked table-drawer seemed to be not sufficiently protected in my absence, until the means of access to it had been carefully secured as well.

I found no appearance of any one having entered the room while I had been talking with Laura. My writing materials (which I had given the servants instructions never to meddle with) were scattered over the table much as usual. The only circumstance in connection with them that at all struck me was, that the seal by tidily in the tray with the pencils and the wax. It was not in my careless habits (I am sorry to say) to put it there; neither did I remember putting it there. But, as I could not call to mind, on the other hand, where else I had thrown it down, and as I was also doubtful whether I might not, for once, have laid it mechanically in the right place, I abstained from adding to the perplexity with which the day's events had filled my mind, by troubling it afresh about a trifle. I locked the door, put the key in my pocket, and went down stairs.

Madame Fosco was alone in the hall looking at the weather-glass.

"Still falling," she said. "I am afraid we must expect more rain."

Her face was composed again to its customary expression and its customary color. But the hand with which she pointed to the dial of the weather-glass still trembled. Could she have told her husband already that she had overheard Laura reviling him in my company as a "Spy?" My strong suspicion that she must have told him; my irresistible dread (all the more overpowering from its very vagueness) of the consequences which might follow; my fixed conviction, derived from various little self-betrayals which had become notice in each other, that Madame Fosco, in spite of her well-assumed external civility, had not forgiven her niece for innocently standing between her and the legacy of ten thousand pounds—all rushed upon my mind together; all impelled me to speak, in the vain hope of using my own influence and my own powers of persuasion for the atonement of Laura's offense.

"May I trust to your kindness to excuse me, Madame Fosco, if I venture to speak to you on an exceedingly painful subject?"

She crossed her hands in front of her, and bowed (or so it solemnly, without uttering a word, and without taking her eyes off mine for a moment.

"When you were so good as to bring me back my handkerchief," I went on, "I am very, very much afraid you must have accidentally heard Laura say something which I am unwilling to repeat, and which I will not attempt to defend. I will only venture to hope that you have not thought it of sufficient importance to be mentioned to the Count?"

"I think it of no importance whatever," said Madame Fosco, sharply and suddenly. "But," she added, resuming her icy manner in a moment, "I have no secrets from my husband, even in trifles. When he noticed, just now, that I looked distressed, it was my painful duty to tell him why I was distressed; and I frankly acknowledge to you, Miss Halcombe, that I *have* told him."

I was prepared to hear it, and yet she turned me cold all over when she said those words.

"Let me earnestly entreat you, Madame Fosco—let me earnestly entreat the Count—to make some allowances for the sad position in which my sister is placed. She spoke while she was smarting under the insult and injustice inflicted on her by her husband—and she was not herself when she said those rash words. May I hope that they will be considerately and generously forgiven?"

"Most assuredly," said the Count's quiet voice, behind me. He had stolen on us, with his noiseless tread, and his book in his hand, from the library.

"When Lady Glyde said those hasty words," he went on, "she did me an injustice which I lament—and forgive. Let us never return to the subject, Miss Halcombe; let us all comfortably combine to forget it, from this moment."

"You are very kind," I said; "you relieve me inexpressibly—"

I tried to continue—but his eyes were on me; his deadly smile, that hides every thing, was set, hard and unwavering, on his broad, smooth face. My distrust of his unfathomable falseness, my sense of my own degradation in stooping to conciliate his wife and himself, so disturbed and confused me that the next words failed on my lips and I stood there in silence.

"I beg you on my knees to say no more, Miss Halcombe—I am truly shocked that you should have thought it necessary to say so much." With that polite speech he took my hand—oh, how I despise myself! oh, how little comfort there is, even in knowing that I submitted to it for Laura's sake!—he took my hand and put it to his poisonous lips. Never did I know all my horror of him till then. That innocent familiarity turned my blood as if it had been the vilest insult that a man could offer me. Yet I hid my disgust from him—I tried to smile—I, who once mercilessly despised deceit in other women, was as false as the worst of them—as false as the Judas whose lips had touched my hand.

I could not have maintained my degrading self-control—it is all that redeems me in my own estimation to know that I could not—if he had still continued to keep his eyes on my face. His wife's tigerish jealousy came to my rescue, and forced his attention away from me, the moment he possessed himself of my hand. Her cold blue eyes caught light; her dull white cheeks flushed into bright color; she looked years younger than her age in an instant.

"Count!" she said. "Your foreign forms of politeness are not understood by English women."

"Pardon me, my angel! The best and dearest English woman in the world understands them." With those words he dropped my hand and quietly raised his wife's hand to his lips in place of it.

I ran back up the stairs to take refuge in my own room. If there had been time to think, my thoughts, when I was alone again, would have caused me bitter suffering. But there was no time to think. Happily for the preservation of my calmness and my courage there was time for nothing but action.

The letters to the lawyer and to Mr. Fairlie were still to be written, and I sat down at once, without a moment's hesitation, to devote myself to them. There was no multitude of resources to perplex me—there was absolutely no one to depend on, in the first instance, but myself. Sir Percival had neither friends nor relatives in the neighborhood whose intercession I could attempt to employ. He was on the coldest terms—in some cases, on the worst terms—with the families of his own rank and station who lived near him. We two women had neither father nor brother to come to the house and take our parts. There was no choice but to write those two doubtful letters—or to put Laura in the wrong and myself in the wrong, and to make all peaceable negotiation in the future impossible, by secretly escaping from Blackwater Park. Nothing but the most imminent personal peril could justify our taking that second course. The letters must be tried first; and I wrote them.

I said nothing to the lawyer about Anne Catherick; because (as I had already hinted to Laura) that topic was connected with a mystery which we could not yet explain, and which it would, therefore, be useless to write about to a professional man. I left my correspondent to attribute Sir Percival's disgraceful conduct, if he pleased, to fresh disputes about money matters; and simply consulted him on the possibility of taking legal proceedings for Laura's protection, in the event of her husband's refusal to allow her to leave Blackwater Park for a time, and return with me to Limmeridge. I referred him to Mr. Fairlie for the details of this last arrangement—I assured him that I wrote with Laura's authority—and I ended by entreating him to act in her name, to the utmost extent of his power, and with the least possible loss of time.

The letter to Mr. Fairlie occupied me next. I appealed to him on the terms which I had mentioned to Laura as the most likely to make him bestir himself; I inclosed a copy of my letter to the lawyer, to show him how serious the case was; and I represented our removal to Limmeridge as the only compromise which would prevent the danger and distress of Laura's present position from inevitably affecting her uncle as well as herself, at no very distant time.

When I had done, and had sealed and directed the two envelopes, I went back with the letters to Laura's room to show her that they were written.

"Has any body disturbed you?" I asked, when she opened the door to me.

"Nobody has knocked," she replied. "But I heard some one in the outer room."

"Was it a man or a woman?"

"A woman. I heard the rustling of her gown."

"A rustling like silk?"

"Yes; like silk."

Madame Fosco had evidently been watching outside. The mischief she might do by herself was little to be feared. But the mischief she might do, as a willing instrument in her husband's hands, was too formidable to be overlooked.

"What became of the rustling of the gown when you no longer heard it in the ante-room?" I inquired. "Did you hear it go past your wall, along the passage?"

"Yes. I kept still, and listened, and just heard it."

"Which way did it go?"

"Toward your room."

I considered again. The sound had not caught my ears. But then I was deeply absorbed in my letters; and I write with a heavy hand and a quill pen, scraping and scratching noisily over the paper. It was more likely that Madame Fosco would hear the scraping of my pen than that I should hear the rustling of her dress. Another reason (if I had wanted one) for not trusting my letters to the post-bag in the hall.

Laura saw me thinking. "More difficulties?" she said, wearily; "more difficulties and more dangers!"

"No dangers," I replied. "Some little difficulty, perhaps. I am thinking of the safest way of putting my two letters into Fanny's hands."

"You have really written them, then? Oh, Marian, run no risks—pray, pray run no risks!"

"No, no—no fear. Let me see—what o'clock is it now?"

It was a quarter to six. There would be time for me to get to the village inn and to come back again before dinner. If I waited till the evening I might find no second opportunity of safely leaving the house.

"Keep the key turned in the lock, Laura," I said, "and don't be afraid about me. If you hear any inquiries made, call through the door, and say that I am gone out for a walk."

"When shall you be back?"

"Before dinner, without fail. Courage, my love! By this time to-morrow you will have a clear-headed, trust-worthy man acting for your good. Mr. Gilmore's partner is our next best friend to Mr. Gilmore himself.

A moment's reflection, as soon as I was alone, convinced me that I had better not appear in my walking-dress until I had first discovered what was going on in the lower part of the house. I had not ascertained yet whether Sir Percival was in-doors or out.

The singing of the canaries in the library, and the smell of tobacco-smoke that came through the door, which was not closed, told me at once where the Count was. I looked over my shoulder as I passed the door-way; and saw, to my surprise, that he was exhibiting the docility of the birds, in his most engagingly polite manner, to the housekeeper. He must have specially invited her to see them, for she would never have thought of going into the library of her own accord. The man's slightest actions had a purpose of some kind at the bottom of every one of them. What could be his purpose here?

It was no time then to inquire into his motives. I looked about for Madame Fosco next, and found her following her favorite circle, round and round the fish-pond. I was a little doubtful how she would meet me after the outbreak of jealousy of which I had been the cause so short a time since. But her husband had tamed her in the interval, and she now spoke to me with the same civility as usual. My only object in addressing myself to her was to ascertain if she knew what had become of Sir Percival. I contrived to refer to him indirectly; and, after a little fencing on either side, she at last mentioned that he had gone out.

"Which of the horses has he taken?" I asked, carelessly.

"None of them," she replied. "He went away, two hours since, on foot. As I understood it, his object was to make fresh inquiries about the woman named Anne Catherick. He appears to be unreasonably anxious about tracing her. Do you happen to know if she is dangerously mad, Miss Halcombe?"

"I do not, Countess.

"Are you going in?"

"Yes, I think so. I suppose it will soon be time to dress for dinner."

We entered the house together. Madame Fosco strolled into the library and closed the door. I went at once to fetch my hat and shawl. Every moment was of importance, if I was to get to Fanny at the inn and be back before dinner.

When I crossed the hall again no one was there; and the singing of the birds in the library had ceased. I could not stop to make any fresh investigations. I could only assure myself that the way was clear, and then leave the house with the two letters safe in my pocket.

On my way to the village I prepared myself for the possibility of meeting Sir Percival. As long as I had him to deal with alone, I felt certain of not losing my presence of mind. Any woman who is sure of her own wits is a match, at any time, for a man who is not sure of his own temper. I had no such fear of Sir Percival as I had of the Count. Instead of fluttering, it had composed me, to hear of the errand on which he had gone out. While the tracing of Anne Catherick was the great anxiety that occupied him, Laura and I might hope for some cessation of any active persecution at his hands. For our sakes now, as well as for hers, I hoped and prayed fervently that she might still escape him.

I walked on as briskly as the heat would let me, till I reached the cross-road which led to the village; looking back from time to time to make sure that I was not followed by any one. Nothing was behind me, all the way, but an empty country wagon. The noise made by the lumbering wheels annoyed me; and when I found that the wagon took the road to the village as well as myself, I stopped to let it go by and pass out of hearing. As I looked toward it more attentively than before, I thought I detected, at intervals, the feet of a man walking close behind it, the carter being in front, by the side of his horses. The part of the cross-road which I had just passed over was so narrow that the wagon coming after me brushed the trees and thickets on either side; and I had to wait until it went by before I could test the correctness of my impression. Apparently that impression was wrong, for when the wagon had passed me the road behind it was quite clear.

I reached the inn without meeting Sir Percival, and without noticing any thing more, and was glad to find that the landlady had received Fanny with all possible kindness. The girl had a little parlor to sit in, away from the noise of the tap-room, and a clean bedchamber at the top of the house. She began crying again at the sight of me; and said, poor soul, truly enough, that it was dreadful to feel herself turned out into the world as if she had committed some unpardonable fault, when no blame could be laid at her door by any body—not even by her master who had sent her away.

"Try to make the best of it, Fanny," I said. "Your mistress and I will stand your friends, and will take care that your character shall not suffer. Now, listen to me. I have very little time to spare, and I am going to put a great trust in your hands. I wish you to take care of these two letters. The one with the stamp on it you are to put into the post, when you reach London, to-morrow. The other, directed to Mr. Fairlie, you are to deliver to him yourself as soon as you get home. Keep both the letters about you, and give them up to no one. They are of the last importance to your mistress's interests."

Fanny put the letters into the bosom of her dress. "There they shall stop, miss," she said, "till I have done what you tell me."

"Mind you are at the station in good time to-morrow morning," I continued. "And when you see the housekeeper at Limmeridge, give her my compliments, and say that you are in my service until Lady Glyde is able to take you back. We may meet again sooner than you think. So keep a good heart, and don't miss the seven o'clock train."

"Thank you, Miss, thank you kindly. It gives one courage to hear your voice again. Please to offer my duty to my lady, and say I left all the things as tidy as I could in the time. Oh, dear! dear! who will dress her for dinner today? It really breaks my heart, Miss, to think of it."

When I got back to the house I had only a quarter of an hour to spare to put myself in order for dinner, and to say two words to Laura before I went down stairs.

"The letters are in Fanny's hands," I whispered to her, at the door. "Do you mean to join us at dinner?"

"Oh, no, no—not for the world!"

"Has any thing happened? Has any one disturbed you?"

"Yes—just now—Sir Percival—"

"Did he come in?"

"No; he frightened me by a thump on the door, outside. I said, 'Who's there?' 'You know,' he answered. 'Will you alter your mind, and tell me the rest? You shall! Sooner or later I'll wring it out of you. You know where Anne Catherick is at this moment!' 'Indeed, indeed,' I said, 'I don't.' 'You do!' he called back. 'I'll crush your obstinacy—mind that!—I'll wring it out of you!' He went away with those words—went away, Marian, hardly five minutes ago."

He had not found her. We were safe for that night—he had not found her yet.

"You are going down stairs, Marian? Come up again in the evening."

"Yes, yes. Don't be uneasy, if I am a little late—I must be careful not to give offense by leaving them too soon."

The dinner-bell rang, and I hastened away.

Sir Percival took Madame Fosco into the dining-room, and the Count gave me his arm. He was hot and flushed, and was not dressed with his customary care and completeness. Had he, too, been out before dinner, and been late in getting back? or was he only suffering from the heat a little more severely than usual?

However this might be, he was unquestionably troubled by some secret annoyance or anxiety, which, with all his powers of deception, he was not able entirely to conceal. Through the whole of dinner he was almost as silent as Sir Percival himself; and he, every now and then, looked at his wife with an expression of furtive uneasiness, which was quite new in my experience of him. The one social obligation which he seemed to be self-possessed enough to perform as carefully as ever was the obligation of being persistently civil and attentive to me. What vile object he has in view I can not still discover; but, be the design what it may, invariable politeness toward myself, invariable humility toward Laura, and invariable suppression (at any cost) of Sir Percival's clumsy violence, have been the means he has resolutely and impenetrably used to get to his end, ever since he set foot in this house. I suspected it when he first interfered in our favor, on the day when the deed was produced in the library, and I feel certain of it now.

When Madame Fosco and I rose to leave the table, the Count rose also to accompany us back to the drawing-room.

"What are you going away for?" asked Sir Percival—"I mean *you*, Fosco."

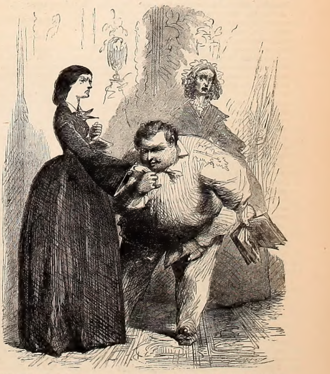
"I am going away because I have had dinner enough, and wine enough," answered the Count. "Be so kind, Percival, as to make allowances for my foreign habit of going out with the ladies, as well as coming in with them."

"Nonsense! Another glass of claret won't hurt you. Sit down again like an Englishman. I want half an hour's quiet talk with you over our wine."

"A quiet talk, Percival, with all my heart, but not now, and not over the wine. Later in the evening, if you please—later in the evening."

"Civil!" said Sir Percival, savagely. "Civil behavior, upon my soul, to a man in his own house!"

I had more than once seen him look at the Count uneasily during dinner-time, and had observed that the Count carefully abstained from looking at him in return. This circumstance, coupled with the host's anxiety for a little quiet talk over the wine, and the guest's obstinate resolution not to sit down again at the table,



"HE TOOK MY HAND AND PUT IT TO HIS POISONOUS LIPS."

revived in my memory the request which Sir Percival had vainly addressed to his friend, earlier in the day, to come out of the library and speak to him. The Count had deferred granting that private interview when it was first asked for in the afternoon, and had again deferred granting it when it was a second time asked for at the dinner-table. Whatever the coming subject of discussion between them might be, it was clearly an important subject in Sir Percival's estimation—and perhaps (judging from his evident reluctance to approach it) a dangerous subject as well in the estimation of the Count.

These considerations occurred to me while we were arranging in the dining-room in the drawing-room. Sir Percival's angry commentary on his friend's assertion of him had not produced the slightest effect. The Count persistently accompanied us to the tea-table—waited a minute or two in the room—then went out into the hall, and returned with the post-bag in his hands. It was then eight o'clock—the hour at which the letters were always dispatched from Blackwater Park.

"Have you any letter for the post, Miss Halcombe?" he said, sparingly provided with the bag.

I saw Madame Fosco, who was making the tea, pause, with the sugar-tongs in her hand, to listen for my answer.

"No, Count, thank you. No letters to-day."

He gave the bag to the servant, who was then in the room; and, at the moment, passed round the air of the lively Neapolitan street-song, "La mia Carolina," over me. His wife, who was usually the most deliberate of women in all her movements, made the tea as quickly as I could have done it myself—finished her own cup in two minutes—and quietly glided out of the room.

I rose to follow her example—partly because I suspected her of attempting some treachery up stairs with Laura; partly because I was resolved not to remain alone in the same room with her husband.

Before I could get to the door the Count stopped me by a request for a cup of tea. I gave him the cup of tea, and tried a second time to get away. He stopped me a second time by going back to the piano, and suddenly appealing to me on a musical question in which he declared that the honor of his country was concerned.

I vainly pleaded my own total ignorance of music, and the total want of taste in that direction. He only appealed to me again with a vehemence which set all further protest on my part at defiance. "Was Italy and the Germans (he indignantly declared) were always reviling the Italians for their inability to cultivate the higher or kinds of music. We were perpetually talking of our Oratorios, and they were perpetually talking of Italian symphonies. Did we know, and did they forget his immortal friend and countryman, Rossini? What was 'Moses in Egypt' but a symphony under another name? What was 'Moses in Egypt?' Would I listen to this, and this, and this, and say if any thing more sublimely sacred and grand had ever been composed by mortal man?"—And without waiting for a word of assent or dissent on my part, he took me hard in the face all the time, he began thundering on the piano, and singing in at with loud and furious emphasis, only interrupting himself, at intervals, to announce to me fiercely the titles of the different pieces of music. "Chorus of Israelites, in the Plague of Darkness, Miss Halcombe!"—"Recitative of Moses, with the tables of the Law."—"Hymn of Israelites, at the passage of the Red Sea. Aha! aha! Is that sacred? Is that sublime?" The piano trembled under his furious lateral hands; and the tea-cups on the table rattled as his big bass voice thundered out the notes, and his fingers fell next time on the floor.

There was something horrible, something fierce and devilish, in the outburst of his delight at his own singing and playing, and in the triumph with which he watched its effect upon me, as I shrank nearer and nearer to the door, but was released at last, not by my own efforts, but by Sir Percival's interposition. He opened the dining-room door and called out angrily to know what "that infernal noise" meant. The Count instantly got up from the piano. "Ah! if Papa calls," he said, "I must go." And away he went. Ah! aha! The end. The Muse of Music, Miss Halcombe, deserts us in dismay; and I, the old minstrel, exhale the rest of my enthusiasm in the open air!" He stalked out into the veranda, put his hands in his pockets, and resumed the "recitative of Moses," once more, in the garden.

I heard Sir Percival call after him from the dining-room window. But he took no notice; he seemed determined not to hear. That long-deferred quiet talk between them was still to be put off, was still to wait for the Count's absolute will and pleasure.

He had remained me in the drawing-room nearly half an hour from the time when his wife left us. Where had she been, and what had she been doing all that time?

I went up stairs to ascertain, but I made no discovery; and when I questioned Laura I found that she had not heard any thing. Nobody had disturbed her—no faint rustling of the silk dress had been audible, either in the anteroom or in the passage.

It was then twenty minutes to nine. After going to my room to get my journal I returned and sat with Laura; sometimes writing, sometimes stopping to talk with her. Nobody came near us, and nothing happened. We remained together till ten o'clock. I then rose, said my last cheering words, and wished her good-night. She locked her door again, after we had arranged that I should come in and see her the first thing in the morning.

I had more to do to my diary before going to bed myself; and as I went down again to the drawing-room, for the last time that weary day, I resolved merely to show myself there, to make my excuses, and then to retire an hour earlier than usual for the night.

The Count and his wife were found at his wife were sitting together. Sir Percival was yawning in an easy-chair, the Count was reading, Madame Fosco was fanning herself. Nothing new, in fact, was flushed now. She who never suffered from the heat was most undoubtedly suffering from it to-night.

"I am afraid, Countess, you are not quite so well as usual," I said.

"The very remark I was about to make to you," she replied. "You are looking pale, my dear."

My dear! It was the first time she had ever addressed me with that familiarity! There was an insolent smile, too, on her face when she said the words.

I am suffering from one of my bad headaches," I answered, coldly.

"Ah, indeed? Want of exercise, I suppose? A walk before dinner would have been just the thing for you." She turned to the "walk" with a strange emphasis. Had she seen me go out? No matter if she had. The letters were safe now in Fanny's hands.

The Count saw a smoke, Fosco," said Sir Percival, rising, with another uneasy look at his friend.

"With pleasure, Percival, when the ladies have left the room," said the Count.

"Excuse me, Countess, if I set you the example of retiring," I said. "The only remedy for such a headache as mine is quiet and rest."

I took my leave. There was the same insolent smile on the Countess's face when I shook hands with her. Sir Percival paid no attention to me. He was looking impatiently at Madame Fosco, who answered my parting salutation with me. The Count smiled to himself behind his book. There was yet another delay to that great talk with Sir Percival—and the Countess was the impediment this time.

Once safely shut into my own room I opened these pages, and prepared to go on with that part of the day's record which was still left to write.

For ten minutes or more I sat idle, with the pen in my hand, thinking over the events of the last terrible hour. What I at last addressed myself to my task I found it difficult in a proceeding with the exactness which I had always taken before. In spite of my efforts to fix my thoughts on the matter in hand they wandered away, with the strangest persistency, to the conversation of Sir Percival and the Count; and all the interest which I tried to concentrate on my journal centred, instead, on the few words that passed between them which had been put off all through the day, and which was now to take place in the silence and solitude of the night.

In this perverse state of my mind the recollection of the loud pacing to and fro overhead would not come back to me, and there was no resource but to close my journal and to get away from it for a little while.

I opened the door which led from my bedroom into my sitting-room, and having passed through quietly, for the purpose of more accident, in case of draught, with the candle left on the dressing-table. My sitting-room window was wide open, and I stood looking out, idly, for a while, at the night.

It was dark and quiet. Neither moon nor stars were visible. There was a smell like rain in the still, heavy air, and I put my hand out of window. No. The rain was only threatening; it had not come yet.

LITERARY.

MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS have now in the press, and will publish at as early a day as possible, "THE MILL ON THE FLOSS," a new story by the author of "Adam Bede," which has created such a successful novel."—Adam Bede."

"Adam Bede" was a surprise to the world of novel readers. It showed such power of observation, such felicity of touch, such breadth of view, and so pure and healthy a tone, that while its readers were delighted, the most severe critics here and in England unhesitatingly pronounced sentence of approval upon the new author, and placed her book in the very front rank of our English fictions.

The new story, of which we have read a part, opens with a description of a country girl and boy in scene and character. Those who were delighted with the rustic boyhood of Adam Bede, and which occur in the closing chapter of "Adam Bede," will be pleased to know that the "Mill on the Floss" has a very similar and admirable picture for its opening characters, the setting forth of whose sayings and doings is as delightfully fresh and healthful as the best love of children can desire. *Tom* and *Maggie*, the children of the miller on the Floss, are evidently the heroes of the book.

Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS will publish "The Mill on the Floss" here simultaneously with its publication in London, having secured the early sheets of the work by special arrangement with the author, to whom they pay a large sum of money. They will print two editions—one cheap, in paper covers; and the other on handsome paper, and bound in muslin, at one dollar.

The same house have in press the Life of HON. STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS, of Illinois, by J. W. Sheahan, Esq., editor of the Chicago *Times*, which will be published in a few days. It will be a volume of 500 pages 12mo, with a fine portrait, and will be sold, bound in muslin, at one dollar.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, March 26, in the Senate, the bill to facilitate communication between the Atlantic and Pacific States was called up. It was so amended as to take from the appropriation which shall be applicable under its provisions the power of interfering with the right to locate a railroad by preventing all the lands on the route of the proposed telegraph line, and by providing that no appropriation shall be made by the Land Department until the line is in operation, and that it shall cease when the contractors fail to keep it in repair. The Consular Appropriation Bill was amended so as to provide that $25,000 of the appropriation for the relief and protection of American seamen shall be used in the present fiscal year; an amendment appropriating $15,000 for a Minister to Paraguay was rejected, and the bill was passed. The bill to establish the office of public lands under its several States and Territories, and to regulate the appointment of surveyors-general of the National Armories, was passed (28 to 15). In the House, bills withdrawing the protection of the army from the Kansas squatter boiders; appropriating $75,000 for improving Indiola harbor; fixing and regulating the duty on lucerne; repealing the Fugitive Slave Law of 1850; and enabling settlers on the public lands to carry their property freely and without molestation into Kansas, were referred. The Committee on Ways and Means was instructed to inquire into the expediency of repealing a bill making an appropriation for a steam-revenue cutter for the Delaware district. Resolutions requesting the President to open negotiations with the Governments of Europe with the view of declaring the slave-trade piracy were introduced and referred. The Speaker laid before the House a letter instructing the Committee on Ways and Means to report a measure for the "more effectual suppression of insurrection from the tyranny of the capitalists of that State." To which Mr. Etheridge, of North Carolina, offered a resolution, declaring "the clutching of mankind" notice simply a republican sentiment; and instructing the Committee on the Judiciary to inquire into the expediency of repealing the law which prohibits any person of Congress has power to legislate upon it. Amidst great confusion it was voted down.

On Tuesday, March 27, in the Senate, Senator Seward offered a resolution declaring the action of this State in favor of the Homestead bill. Ineffectual attempts were made to amend the bill so as to repeal or regulate the pre-emption law. Senator Johnson took up a large part of the session in a labored defense of the resolutions that Territories in the State which he represents, produces more horses, mules, and asses than any other State, annually; than the Hemisphere, a position which he thought Senator Clarke of the latter State would be forward to controvert.—The House did not accomplish any business of moment. It had under consideration the bill to provide for the safety of passengers in boats propelled in whole or in part by steam. Mr. Bingham, of Ohio, made a long and principled argument in support of the measure. Consideration of the subject was postponed to a fortnight, and, after a brief discussion of the Army Bill, the House adjourned.

On Wednesday, March 28, in the Senate that Committee in favor of the House Homestead Bill, and of a uniform homestead law throughout the States. The Navy Bill was so amended that explates at one hundred and fifty dollars each; appropriating $75,000 for improving Biloxi

passage. I hailed, and ordered them to pursue him and get on board him if possible, as I was ordered to communicate with the senior officer, who I supposed was on board of this vessel. At the same moment I fired a shot ahead of him to bring him to. As soon as they got close to him, which was but a few moments, to my extreme astonishment he opened a heavy fire of great guns and musketry upon them, and it was reported to me at the same time that the other steamer was slipping her cable. I immediately gave him a broadside, as I had not the remotest doubt of his being in complicity with and under the orders of the officer of the other steamer, and I was afraid he would go to his assistance, in which case I should have been obliged to recall my vessels or to have witnessed their capture and destruction; and as he had the audacity to fire into me without any provocation whatever, I was determined to seize him if I could. He ran up the Spanish flag as soon as I fired.

CAPTURE OF THE "MIRAMON."

In the mean time the larger steamer was hotly engaged with the forces on board my two little steamers in a running fight. Finding he could not get out of the southern passage, he immediately changed his course, put his head to the northward and passed inside of me to gain the northern passage and to keep out of the way of my guns, followed by my vessels, warmly engaged with him all the time. He was evidently too fast for and was gaining upon them; as he shot ahead of them I got a gun to bear upon him and shot away his smoke stack. I found now that it was impossible to fire without danger to my vessels, as they were all together. The chase was continued, and in the midst of the hot fire on either side I could not but admire, at this moment, the daring gallantry of these fine fellows, contending with such a superior force. They closed in upon and grappled with him, in spite of his efforts to shake them off. Finding it impossible to escape, I suppose he ran his vessel on shore; at all events, pressed closely by them, she grounded, which I was not aware of at the time. They were then distant about a mile from my ship, and my anxiety was intense for their safety. I could afford them no possible aid. My three largest cutters were on board, and before I could have manned my boats and got to them the affair would have been ended. I was not, however, kept long in suspense, for almost immediately I heard three cheers, and was informed that they were boarding her over the bows, which could be distinctly seen by our glasses.

THE "MARQUEZ" TRIES TO ESCAPE, BUT IS CAUGHT.

I now return to the steamer at anchor close to me. While the engagement continued between the other vessels, and at the moment they were passing this ship, the First Lieutenant, who was on the poop, called me to say that this steamer was firing musketry. I directed again a division of guns to be given him, which was done. I then hailed and ordered him on board. As he did not come at once I sent Lieutenant Chapman on board to say if he did not instantly come on board I would send a guard to bring him. He came on board, and informed me, in answer to my inquiries, that his ship was the *Marquez*, of Havana; that he had been employed by Captain Marin, who commanded the other ship, to transport stores and munitions of war, and that he was Spanish. In the mean time I had sent an officer to bring Captain Marin on board. As soon as he reached my cabin I asked him how he had dared to fire upon my vessels. He replied unhesitatingly, and in the presence of a witness, that when he observed my vessels steering into the harbor he had informed his crew that he was sure they were American vessels of war, and positively had forbidden them to fire, but that it was a mixed crew of various nations, having been but recently taken on board, and not being yet properly disciplined he found it impossible to control them.

I observed that it was a great outrage, for which he would have to answer, which he pretended most deeply to regret; all of which I knew to be untrue, because during the action he was distinctly heard calling upon his men to board with him.

* * * * * * *

WHAT SORT OF VESSELS THEY WERE.

It only remains for me to speak of the force and armament of these vessels, as far as I have been able to ascertain them. The larger steamer, called the *Miramon*, carries two broadside, one pivot gun, and several howitzers, with a crew of about one hundred men. I am not positive as to the calibre of her guns. Supposing she would follow me up yesterday, I expected to have been able to give a minute account of her, but she is still aground.

The *Marquez* of Havana carries also one pivot and two broadside guns, with about seventy persons on board. Her pivot gun is a heavy twenty-four pounder. The captain of this last vessel threw overboard quantities of ammunition, much of which was picked up floating in the harbor by my boats in chests and kegs. When he was taken possession of, his guns were all dismounted and lying upon the deck beside of the carriages, which I have no doubt was done after he found he was captured, and before I could get a boat on board of him.

He assumes to be an armed vessel, and his papers of clearance do not speak of his having any guns on board, yet his armament is such as I have reported it, and there is not a doubt but that his vessel was equipped at Havana as a part of the force with which Captain Marin was to act on this coast.

HICKS HELD AS A PIRATE.

Albert W. Hicks, *alias* Johnson, of oyster-sloop notoriety, was committed on Thursday by Commissioner White on charges of murder and robbery at sea—either punishable with death. The testimony went further in establishing his identity as having been engaged on the sloop *E. A. Johnson* on her last trip; his name was found on the sloop's articles. The watch found on his person was identified by a watchmaker, from his business record, as that left with him twelve months ago to be cleaned for a Mr. Burr.

EXECUTION OF JOHN CRUMMINS.

John Crummins was executed at the City Prison on Friday morning, Governor Morgan having finally determined, at a late hour on Thursday night, not to interfere with the due course of law. Crummins made a brief speech when led to the gallows, in which he acknowledged the commission of the crime for which he was to suffer, but stated that he did not intend to kill M'Henry. He died easily. The Governor's refusal to grant a respite has been highly commended by thinking people.

THE "NORWAY" TRAGEDY.

We read in the Hartford *Times* of March 26:

"We published in a late number of the *Times* a notice of the death at sea, December 6, five days from China, of Mrs. Antoinette Johnson, wife of Captain Henry W. Johnson, and daughter of Captain Samuel Kellogg, of East Hartford. Her death was soon followed by that of her infant son, not two months old.

"The facts, as further developed by the arrival of the vessel at Havana, are of the saddest character. Mrs. Johnson left her parents, in East Hartford, a year or more ago, with great reluctance, to join her husband in China, where he had command of a vessel. Her desire to join him in that far-off region overcame her reluctance to leave her parents, and she went—only to fall a victim to the disorders which are there very apt to attack a stranger. She was attacked by dysentery, and in her illness gave birth to a child. As soon as it was practicable, Captain J. placed her on a homeward-bound vessel, in charge of a Chinese nurse, and in company with her infant and older child.

"It appears there were one thousand coolies aboard, bound for Cuba, and a mutiny occurred. They set fire to the ship and endeavored to force the hatches. The crew were so frightened that they tried to seize the boats and quit the ship, but an Englishman threatened to shoot the first man who left the ship, and the crew then went to the assistance of the officers and fought with the coolies all night. Thirty of the poor creatures were killed, and more than ninety wounded, before the mutiny was quelled. Mrs. Johnson and her child, ill and suffering, died of fright. The child's body was preserved in spirits and brought to America. The loss of his estimable daughter is a sad blow to Captain Kellogg and his family, who had prepared for a joyful welcome of their long-absent and favorite on her expected return."

EXECUTION OF A WOMAN IN MINNESOTA.

We learn from the St. Paul *Pioneer*, of March 24, that Mrs. Bilansky was hanged on Friday, the 23d. The crime alleged against her was that of poisoning her husband on the 12th of March, 1859. Every effort had been made by her counsel to secure her acquittal, but without effect. She escaped once from the hall of the jail, and, after a week's absence, was retaken with a person said to be her paramour. At the scaffold the following scene occurred, in the presence of about one hundred persons, among whom were a number of Dacotah or Sioux Indians, who had come to witness this exhibition of Christian civilization.

When the prisoner arrived upon the platform, she was led forward, and kneeled upon the drop, the clergy, jailer, and the Sisters of Charity, and other ladies, in the same posture around her. About five minutes were then spent in reading prayers by the clergy, in which she seemed to take a deep interest. Upon rising, she was asked if she had any thing to say. She said:

"I die without having had any mercy shown me, or justice. I die for the good of my soul, and not for murder. May you all profit by my death! Your courts of justice are *not* courts of justice; but I will yet get justice in heaven. I am a guilty woman, I know; but not of this murder, which was committed by another. I forgive every body who did me wrong. I die a sacrifice to the law. I hope you all may be judged better than I have been, and by a more righteous judge. I am prepared to meet my God."

Dr. Miller, the deputy sheriff, then approached her with the rope, when she exclaimed, "Dr. Miller, how can you stain your hands by putting that rope around my neck—the instrument of my death?"

He assured her that duty compelled him to do it; and she made no resistance, and only said, "Do, for God's sake, put it on so it will not suffocate me."

After it had been arranged, Dr. Miller took the black cap from his pocket, and proceeded to put it on her head, when she said, "Be sure that my face is well covered."

All this took place in less time than it will take to read it, during which she said several times, "God have mercy—God have mercy on my soul!" Her last words were, "Lord Jesus Christ, receive my soul."

THE FINAL SCENE.

She was requested to take a step forward on the drop, and then, every thing being prepared, Dr. Miller made a motion to Sheriff Tullis, who pulled the fatal rope, and in an instant she fell. The fall was about four feet, and the machinery was so nicely adjusted that the noise was scarcely heard outside of the inclosure.

There was scarcely any movement in the body after it dropped, a slight convulsive motion and a heaving of the chest was all that was observed.

The body was allowed to hang about twenty minutes, during which time prayers were read audibly by the clergy, who remained kneeling on the platform.

The physicians having examined the body several times, then stated to the sheriff that life was extinct, and she was cut down, and placed in a plain black coffin that had been placed in front of the gallows during the whole period of the execution.

Her demeanor on the scaffold was excellent. She was not defiant or stoical, neither did she shed a tear. It is the opinion of many that she expected a pardon or reprieve to the last moment.

The most disgusting feature connected with the affair, says the *Pioneer*, was the eagerness and persistency with which females sought to obtain eligible places to view the dying agonies of one of their own sex.

A MASTER MURDERED BY HIS SLAVES.

The Petersburg *Express* of March 27 has the following:

"We learn from a friend residing in Burkeville, Nottoway County, that a most shocking and brutal murder was perpetrated within three-quarters of a mile of that place on yesterday morning about one o'clock, the victim being Hiram Fowlkes, Esq., and his murderers his own servants. The deed was found out about half past six o'clock—some five hours and a half after its commission—traces of blood being discovered by the members of the family, and traced up until the mutilated body of Mr. Fowlkes was found about half a mile from the house, on the side of the Southside Railroad, covered with sand. The traces were also found to lead from one of the kitchens occupied by a portion of the servants of the deceased, and blood was found upon some of their clothing. The negroes were also seen at an early hour covering up the blood, as it since proves, along the road, which had fallen as they conveyed the body away; and the horse which he generally rides was found tied to a limb near to where he lay, and had, apparently, trampled on his face. The authorities of the county, as soon as aware of the crime, commenced prompt measures toward the investigation of the affair, and fixed eleven o'clock for the time of the holding of the inquest. Previous to the leaving of the mail train for this city, our informant learned that the negroes were in custody and had confessed the crime. It appears, also, that at about one o'clock, near which hour the murder occurred, the deceased, hearing a noise in the kitchen, left the house and went to the kitchen to ascertain the cause of it. He did not return again. It is supposed that they then and there seized and dispatched him before he could recover from among them. Mr. Fowlkes was a highly respectable gentleman, and was well known in this city as well as in the county in which he lived. He leaves several children."

A LADY ON A COW-CATCHER.

A singular accident occurred on Monday evening last on the Central Railroad at Waterloo, says the Rochester *Union*, by which a lady of that village had a gratuitous ride before a locomotive, and narrowly escaped a terrible death by being crushed beneath the wheels of the engine. As the mail train, due here 11:30 last night, was coming into Waterloo at 8:40, Mr. Wright, the engineer of the locomotive "General Gould," saw a lady running along one of the streets toward the train. Not supposing that she intended to cross the track ahead of the train, he kept on his way running slowly, perhaps five or six miles per hour. The lady, probably deceived somewhat by the speed of the train or the distance it was from her, attempted to cross the track ahead of the engine, but did not succeed. She was struck by the small snow-plow or pilot, and fell upon it in such a manner that she rode quite safely for ten rods or more. The engineer, the instant that he saw how summarily he had taken up a passenger, shut off steam, reversed, and by the application of the brakes stopped the train as soon as possible. He ran to the lady, and found that she was not so much injured but that she was able to walk and speak. She was somewhat disconcerted by the accident, but expressed the belief that she had received no serious injury. It was a miraculous escape from a dreadful death.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE SAVOY QUESTION IN PARLIAMENT.

On the 13th, in the House of Commons, Lord John Russell laid upon the table further correspondence relative to the affairs of Italy, and explained the attitude of the Government both as regards Italy and Savoy. He asserted that hostility all along had been shown to the contemplated annexation of Savoy to France, and that as regards Italy the policy of the Government was dictated by the sole desire of securing the permanent peace of that country.

Several opposition members, including Mr. Disraeli, denounced the conduct of the Government, and asserted that the policy pursued had promoted the views of France with regard to Savoy.

Lord Palmerston defended the Government, and stated his conviction that if the great Powers objected France would not persist in the annexation.

After further debate the correspondence was ordered to be laid on the table.

THE "GREAT EASTERN" COMING TO NEW YORK.

We read in the London *Observer* of March 12: "At the recent meeting of the shareholders of the Great Ship Company it was agreed to raise an additional sum of £100,000, in order to complete and equip the great ship for sea, making the total nominal capital of the company £430,000. The additional capital is to carry a preference dividend of seventeen and a half per cent., payable out of the first profits of the company; and the directors have the power of redeeming the new shares after the expiration of two years, on giving three months' notice and payment of a bonus of twenty per cent.

"Captain Robertson, of the Board of Trade, has made a minute and careful examination of the ship, and has stated the alterations which will be required to be made before the Board of Trade will grant their certificate. Many of these requirements are of a very trifling character, but the whole of the works required can be completed in about two months. It is expected that the ship will be able to start for New York about the same time that the Prince of Wales will visit Canada, and will, it is hoped, be able to accompany the royal squadron. Circulars have been issued to the present shareholders, requesting them to send in applications for the new shares, and up to last night applications for nearly £20,000 had been received at the offices of the company."

THE SOCIAL EVIL IN LONDON.

A second meeting of unfortunate females took place lately at midnight, at the St. James's Hall, Piccadilly. At the hour named some 300 females of the unfortunate class, many of whom were most fashionably attired, assembled (in accordance with invitations which were indiscriminately issued at the *cafés* and other places of resort in the locality) to partake of tea, coffee, and refreshments. Subsequently addresses were delivered by several ministers and gentlemen, with a view to induce any of the females of the class named to enter their names as candidates for admission to various reformatories, arrangements having previously been made for this purpose. The vicinity of the hall was crowded by persons anxious for admission, who were refused unless provided with tickets from the committee who organized the movement. A similar meeting will shortly be held at the East-end of London.

FATAL RESULT OF REVIVALS.

Sarah Alderson, a servant girl with Mrs. Dale, of Newport, below Stockton-on-Tees, returned a few weeks since from a Methodist revival meeting in a fearful state of mind. Her very features were affected. She said she had been converted. Her companions and she had been so frightened by the influence of the service that they had to be accompanied home. The preacher had said something about the girl taking care of herself or the devil would get her. Her friends had no control over her. She became delirious, and was sent home. She escaped from them during the night, and was found next morning in the cow-byre, holding two of the cows by the tail, singing hymns and songs, and shouting and praying. All means to restore her rationality failed. She was sent to Newport, raving mad.

A FATAL JOKE.

"There is now in a female lunatic asylum at Hammersmith," says the London *Court Circular*, "a lady of exquisite beauty, who was driven mad by being suddenly startled by her maid. The lady's name is H——, and she resided with her husband, Mr. H——, a wealthy share-broker, at a splendid mansion in Cavendish Square. One evening about six weeks ago, she strolled in the dusk into her husband's library to procure a book. The lady's maid saw her enter the apartment, and in a mere frolic concealed herself behind the curtains belonging to the window, until her mistress had placed her hand upon the work she came in search of, when she suddenly sprang upon her with a loud shout. The lady was so astounded by the shock that she was struck almost senseless. Delirium ensued; confirmed madness followed, which has ever since continued without abatement, to a degree dangerous to all who come near her. Her propensities are fierce and vicious; she tries to bite at all who approach her, and it is more than probable she will never recover her reason."

FRANCE.

A SAD CARNIVAL.

A Paris letter says: "This has been a remarkably sad Carnival, as far as regards out-door amusements, although there have been a good many public and private balls. The slush in the streets on Mardi Gras was so formidable that scarcely a Pierrot was to be seen on the Boulevards. The gods and goddesses who ride in triumphal cars in the procession of the Bœuf Gras were shivering in the northeast wind and suffering visibly from catarrh. The only remarkable feature in the conduct of the annual ceremony was the abandonment of the innovation of sticking the fat ox upon the top of a car. This time he walked as of old."

THE LAST GRAND FANCY BALL.

A magnificent fancy ball has been given by M. Fould, Minister of State, at which all the rank and fashion of Paris were present. The rooms were decorated with the greatest taste, and the ladies' dresses were splendid. Powder was very generally worn, and the Princess Mathilde was one of the many who had selected that style of arranging the hair. The Emperor and Empress were in domino, and seemed much amused with the gayety of the scene. The Princess Clotilda and Prince Napoleon were also present. The display of jewels was extraordinary, and the curious variety of the beautiful dresses when dancing commenced rendered the scene most striking. A splendid supper was given at half past one, and dancing continued afterward till four in the morning. On the preceding evening Count de Chasse-loup-Laubat gave a grand ball at the hotel of the Ministry of Algeria and the Colonies, in the Place Beauveau. Every thing was arranged on the grandest scale, and the fête was brilliant.

ITALY.

THE TRANSFER OF ALLEGIANCE BY VOTE.

The Sardinian Government is said to have consented to the demand of France for the cession of Savoy and Nice by a special treaty between France and Piedmont—the treaty to be followed by the vote of the municipalities of the ceded territory. The total result of the voting in Tuscany on the question of annexation to Piedmont, was as follows: Total number inscribed, 386,446; for annexation, 366,571; for a separate kingdom, 14,925; canceled, 4949. In the Æmilian Provinces, the numbers in favor of annexation to Piedmont are as follows: The Romagna, 202,659; Modena, 115,621; Parma, 88,511. The number of votes for a separate kingdom had not been yet announced in the Provinces.

THE SAVOY QUESTION.

Proclamations by the Governor of Savoy were posted up in all the parishes of that country, notifying that the inhabitants will soon be called upon to vote upon the question of the maintenance of the union with Sardinia or annexation to France, according to the form prescribed by Parliament.

It was stated that England supports the demand of Sardinia to ascertain the wishes of the people of Savoy and Nice by universal suffrage.

FERMENTATION IN SICILY.

The fermentation continues very great in Sicily. Pigeons are let fly decorated with the Italian national colors, fire-works are discharged, and cries raised of "*Vive l'Italie.*" At Palermo the prisons are overflowing with the persons arrested.

The English fleet had arrived at Naples, part of which had anchored in the port, the other part proceeding to Castellamare. This event caused great sensation for several nights. Tri-colored cockades have been scattered in the streets. Fresh arrests of shopkeepers and porters had taken place. The military preparations continued, and the works at the arsenals were carried on without intermission. The formation of a moveable column to reinforce the army of the frontier is spoken of; it would be commanded by the King.

THE POSITION OF PIEDMONT.

The following letters have been published.

COUNT CAVOUR TO BARON RICASOLI AT FLORENCE.

"Excellency,—Baron Talleyrand yesterday, by order of the French Government, read to me and left me a copy of the dispatch which I here communicate to you. It contains the exposition of the ideas of the Emperor of the French regarding the settlement of the Italian question, ideas which may be briefly stated as follows:

"The duchies of Parma and Modena to be at once annexed to Piedmont without again consulting universal suffrage. The Romagna to form a vicariate, placed under the high sovereignty of the Holy See, and governed by his Majesty, who is at once to assume their administration. Tuscany to be constituted into a separate kingdom under a prince freely elected by the population.

"France expresses no preference with respect to the choice of the future sovereign; but, according to verbal and authentic assurances, the election of a prince of the house of Savoy would be opposed by France.

"After having taken his Majesty's orders, I have replied to Baron Talleyrand that the King's Government will not oppose any obstacle in the way of the proposed settlement; that it would transmit the above proposals to the Governments of Tuscany and the Æmilian Provinces, and would intrust them to the wisdom of the men who administer public matters in those countries.

"Whatever the result of the vote may be the King's Government declares beforehand its readiness to abide by it, since it has never had any other view but that of securing the peace and organization of Italy, by giving lawful satisfaction to the wishes of the people.

"Cavour."

THE ATTITUDE OF TUSCANY.

Baron Ricasoli replied as follows:

"Florence, *March* 4, 1860.

"Tuscany is intelligent enough to perceive that the period of municipalism is past; the idea of nationality has taken its place. The mission of the Government of the 27th April was to free the country from Austrian slavery, and to seek a guarantee for the future in union with Sardinia. The attitude of Tuscany during the last ten months has confirmed the mission, and proved that the union and the manifestation against Austria are not produced by a mere inconsiderate enthusiasm in favor of Sardinia."

The dispatch explains the motives by which, in accord with M. Farini, he had decided in favor of another vote at the period of the convocation of the Sardinian Parliament:

"Every thing," he observes, "concurred to show that we were fully justified in our desire to escape from a dangerous position. I afterward received your Excellency's dispatch of the 29th ult. I considered it the bounden duty of the Tuscan Government to inform the Tuscans of the views of France. It is enough for me that the appeal to universal suffrage is not in contradiction with the wishes of the Emperor, who has very great and numerous claims to the gratitude of this population and of all Italy. The Tuscan Cabinet can not incur the responsibility of a definitive resolution, but it fully guarantees the freedom of the vote."

MEXICO.

MIRAMON IN RETREAT.

We have dates from Vera Cruz to 22d.

The bombardment continued till the morning of the 17th, when Miramon attacked the city, but after half an hour's combat was repulsed with considerable loss.

There were from two to five hundred women and children in the Castle.

The bombardment was resumed the same day with renewed vigor, doing much damage. One bomb burst in the American Consulate, which seemed an especial mark for Miramon.

Another assault was attempted on the night of the 19th, but was quickly repulsed.

Carvajal's force captured a convoy of fifteen wagons, loaded with munitions and provisions, and from two to four hundred dollars in specie, near Jalapa, destined for Miramon's army, and dispersed the guard of 700 men.

Miramon raised the siege on the 21st, and withdrew toward the capital.

After the capture of Marin's steamers Miramon sent a decree to the capital confiscating all American property and ordering Americans sent out of the country.

THE BRITISH PLAN FOR SETTLING MEXICO.

A confidential note of the British Minister of Foreign Affairs, dated London, January 26, 1860, and addressed to the British Chargé d'Affaires to Mexico, contains the following paragraphs:

"Her Majesty's Government would see with satisfaction an armistice for six months or a year, with the object of convening a National Assembly, fairly elected, which might provide for the future government of the country.

"Her Majesty's Government does not presume in any manner to prescribe the form of such government; but it should be of such a nature as to promise stability and order. With this view, the Executive should have a character of permanence.

"A general amnesty should be decreed, and civil and religious toleration should be proclaimed, because it is only through some concessions by each of the parties to the contest that the re-establishment of peace can be hoped for.

"If this advice, offered for the good of Mexico, be not accepted, Her Britannic Majesty's Government will have no other resource than to demand from the two parties reparation commensurate with the injuries suffered by British subjects.

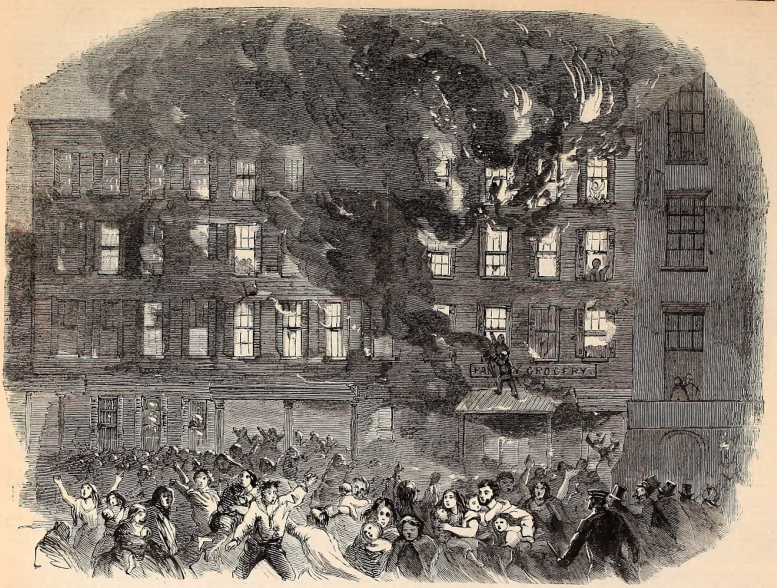
"You will read this dispatch and deposit a copy with the Minister of Relations, communicating it likewise to Captain Aldham, for the Government of Vera Cruz, and you will take measures to transmit to that officer all propositions which the General Government may have to make with a view to an accommodation.

"This dispatch was commenced before the Message of the President of the United States arrived here. The President proposes to depart from the established policy of the United States, with a view of giving the Liberal party, under M. Juarez, a triumph over the Church party, under General Miramon. But Her Majesty's Government has no hope of seeing peace re-established by the triumph, through forcible means, of either of the two parties. I have the honor, etc.,

"John Russell."

A DRAMA IN REAL LIFE.

A newspaper published at Coloma, Mexico, tells the following frightful story, and calls upon the public to punish the criminals: "When General Pueblita entered the town of Ayo he exacted a forced loan from the people, and a share of it fell upon the curate of the place. The curate acted as though he would pay, but he did not make his appearance at the point designated for payment, and General Pueblita ordered him to be arrested. A party of men went to his dwelling and knocked at the door. There was no answer, and they broke in. They found no one in the house, and were about to leave it, when they heard a frightful voice proceeding from the ground, saying, 'I am hungry!' The officer in command went back to General Pueblita, and told him about the voice. The General appointed a commission to examine the house. This commission went to the curate's dwelling, and, after a careful examination, they found a movable stone in the floor, and under this was a stairway leading down to a vault, which was entirely dark, and had no connection with the air save the staircase and a small hole that served as a ventilator. In this vault they found some books, a few articles of furniture, and a woman who had been shut up there for eighteen years. She was taken to General Pueblita's quarters. When brought into the light, where she saw a number of persons, she fainted. After she had returned to her senses a thousand questions were asked her, to which she replied only that she had been buried in the vault for eighteen years, without going out for a moment; that she had been married, and had children by her husband, but she knew nothing of their fate; that, while imprisoned in the vault, she had had children by the curate, but she knew nothing of what had become of these children, and after saying this much she became obstinately silent. While this was passing a sergeant of the Pueblita brigade then present discovered that this woman was his mother, and she recognized him as her son and embraced him. The son then ran for his father, who came and recognized his wife. The husband, fifteen years ago, was imprisoned three years on the charge of having murdered his wife, this woman."



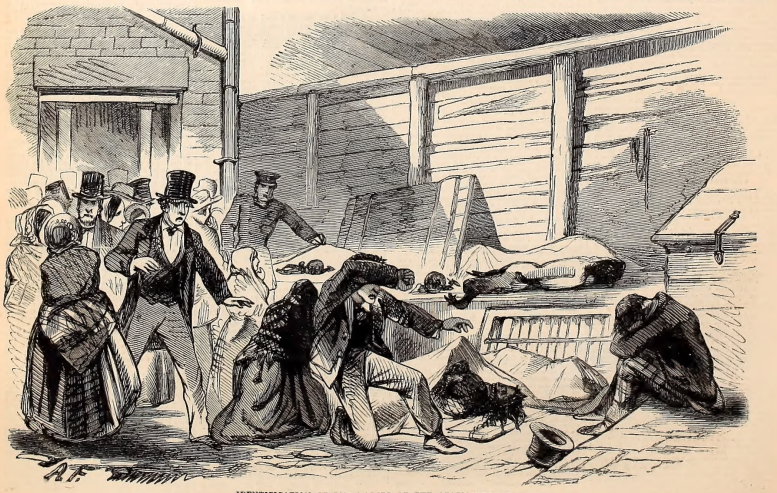
TERRIBLE FIRE IN A TENEMENT-HOUSE, FORTY-FIFTH STREET, NEW YORK, MARCH 28, 1860.

ANOTHER TENEMENT-HOUSE MASSACRE.

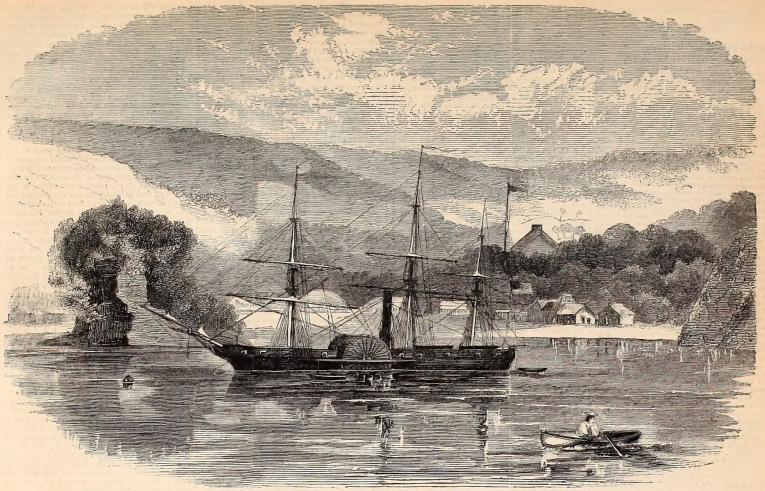
WE publish herewith engravings of the terrible fire in a tenement-house in Forty-fifth Street, which took place on the morning of 28th ultimo. The following account is from the *Herald*:

Between one and two o'clock yesterday morning a fire broke out in a four-story frame dwelling at No. 90 West Forty-fifth Street, between Broadway and Sixth Avenue. The alarm brought the firemen to the premises, and every exertion was made to save the lives of the occupants. Several were taken from the second and third stories fronting the street, but the rear windows could not be reached so quickly—hence the terrible loss of human life.

It seems the Fire Marshal, among others, was quickly at the scene; he states that all access to the upper part of the house was prevented in consequence of the stairs



IDENTIFICATION OF THE BODIES AT THE STATION-HOUSE.



DEPARTURE OF THE JAPANESE ENVOYS—RESIDENCE OF U. S. MINISTER HARRIS AT SIMODA, JAPAN.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

from the first flight being on fire. In his opinion the fire originated on or under the first flight of stairs. With such rapidity did the fire ascend, that but a few minutes elapsed before the flames burst through the roof. At the fourth story window in the rear a woman was seen standing; she was told by the persons in the yard not to jump, but it was of no avail; the fire pressed on her, and rather than be burned alive, she sprang from the window and struck with full force on the ground in the yard. She was immediately picked up; her head and face were streaming with blood, and it was subsequently ascertained that her left thigh was broken. She informed the Fire Marshal that her name was Jane M'Anally, twenty-eight years of age; that she was on a visit to the family of Thomas Bennett. She further stated that Mrs. Bennett and her four children were on that story at the time she sprang out of the window. The police procured a carriage and conveyed the injured woman to the New York Hospital.

The flames raged with considerable fury, and the whole upper part of the house was soon destroyed, when the smouldering beams fell to the first floor.

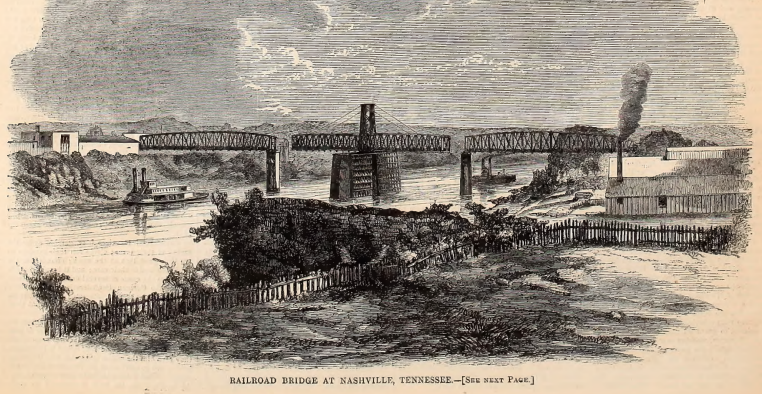
Thomas Bennett, who is employed in the stage stables of the Sixth Avenue Railroad Company, occupied apartments on the fourth story, rear. His family consisted of his wife and four children. Mr. Bennett was not at home when the fire broke out. While the fire was raging Mr. Bennett was running about distracted, inquiring the whereabouts of his family, but no one could give him the least satisfaction.

Andrew Wheelan was also employed at the stables, and was not at home. He occupied apartments on the third floor, rear rooms. His family consisted of his wife and four children. He, like Mr. Bennett was also making inquiries about his family, but no one could give him any tidings about them.

In about an hour after the commencement of the fire the firemen partly subdued the flames, so as to permit access to the ruins of the burned building. Fire Marshal Baker entered the room on the first floor and discovered the first body. It was that of a young person; but the top part of the skull was burned off, and the arms and legs mostly burned away. It exhibited but a charred trunk, beyond recognition. In searching about with his lantern he found the body of a child, also terribly burned; and in the same room he found the body of an infant.

These bodies were removed carefully by the firemen, under the direction of Engineer Rush, to the Twenty-second Ward Station-house. The firemen continued the search for bodies, and the next found was the body of a grown person, hanging head downward, jammed against the stairs on the floor of the second story, resting partly on an iron bedstead. Close to this vicinity a woman and two children were found together on the remains of a bed, supposed to be a mother and her children. The remaining bodies were taken out, numbering ten in all, and conveyed to the station-house.

The first story of the house was occupied by Martin Redman and family; he kept a grocery and liquor store, and slept in the room back of the store. Mr. Redman says that his wife woke him and asked if he had put coal in the stove, as she heard a crackling noise. He replied no. He then got out of bed, opened the door leading to the hall, and then saw that the flames were burning on the stairs and along the entry. He and his family escaped in safety. Mr. Nolan and family, who occupied the second story, fronting the street, made their escape out of the window to the piazza, and the family on the



RAILROAD BRIDGE AT NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

third floor front escaped the same way, all egress by the stairs being cut off.

DEPARTURE OF THE JAPANESE ENVOYS FOR THIS COUNTRY.

THE Japanese envoys who are to visit this country are already on their way, and will be landed at noon at Panama. In connection with their coming visit we give a picture of the residence of our consul, Townsend Harris, Esq., at Simoda, Japan, sketched from the United States steam frigate *Minnesippi*. Mr. Oliphant, in his recent admirable work on China and Japan, thus describes the scene:

"At the head of the Bay of Simoda, and about a mile distant from the town, is situated a pleasant group of trees. Its mysterious shades are dedicated, doubtless, to religious purposes, and connected in their solemn recesses some picturesque old temple, in which, for an untold number of years, shriveled priests have performed their sacrificial rites. It is a spot eminently suggestive of repose and religious retirement; and we could scarcely believe our eyes when, on bringing our telescopes to bear, we distinguished fluttering among the leaves of a sacred Ju-tree the well-known combination of red, white, and blue which forms the national flag of our transatlantic cousins. Yet so it was; the sanctuary which had stood over the premises originally occupied by some recent Incarnation of Buddh; and Mr. Harris, the American consul, had removed to the shrine of that divinity into a four-poster. We learn all this from Mr. Hawkins, Mr. Harris's secretary, who came out to visit us before we have had time to land, and who brings Lord Elgin an offer of assistance on the part of the American consul.

"I landed with Lord Elgin to pay Mr. Harris a visit. The external aspect of his abode, as seen from the ship, did not bode a luxurious interior upon a closer acquaintance. Had one visited Mr. Harris's residence from the external side of the habitable world, it would be difficult to conceive a retreat more perfectly adapted for the purpose. It was, however, entirely out of the question in the result rather of necessity than choice it is small consolation to think that you are imprisoned in a corner admirably suited to a recluse. Often, in the course of his wanderings, the traveler is struck with the charms of some silent nook in this bustling universe. His first impression is, 'What a delightful spot for a hermit!' and he thinks he should pity the poor creature. For disciples of Zimmerman, notwithstanding, or lovers in a Petrarchian strain, the choice would, perhaps, probably, than any other country in the globe, but neither Mr. Harris nor Mr. Hawkins seemed enlightened to appreciate them. A well-selected library, and a few rooms comfortably fitted up, gave no agreeable air of civilization to the whole interior, but what are considered the two years of almost entire isolation and banishment from communion with one's fellow-men? Except upon the rare occasions of Simoda being visited by some foreign vessel, Mr. Harris never had more than a single guest with whom they could exchange an idea. They had been for eighteen months without receiving a letter or a newspaper, and by some fortuitous combination—sheer being an animal unknown in Japan."

RAILROAD BRIDGE AT NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.

THE great bridge over the Cumberland River, at Nashville, is one of the finest structures of the kind in all the country. It is jointly owned by the Louisville and Nashville, and the Edgefield and Kentucky railroads, though built under the immediate direction and control of the latter company.

Its extreme length is 700 feet, made up of four spans—two fixed, one on each side, and two draw spans, in the middle. Each fixed span is 200 feet in the clear between supports. Each draw span is 129 feet in the clear between piers. They are the largest railroad draws in the world, the one at Rock Island being next.

The total length of draw, from one extremity of the movable portion to the other, is 280 feet, and its entire weight, as computed at about 800 tons. It can readily be turned into position by one man in four minutes, and by two or three men in two and a half minutes.

The centre pier, on which the immense draw turns, is 30 feet in diameter at the top, 35 feet at the bottom, and 50 feet high. The eastern abutment pier is 76 feet high, and the western main pier 70 feet high. The foundations of all the piers are laid smoothly upon the solid rock, in water about twelve feet deep at mean low water. The extreme rise of water in the river at the point where the bridge stands is 57 feet.

The total quantity of material in the bridge is 6800 perches of masonry, 434,000 feet of timber, and 160,000 pounds of iron.

The entire cost of the bridge is about $200,000.

THE DEMON OF HOMBURG.

THE Landgraviat of Hesse-Homburg, with about six thousand inhabitants, is at the foot of the Taunus mountains, and not far from Frankfort. The capital is Homburg vor der Hoehe (before the Hills), so called to distinguish it from other places of the same name. Some twenty years ago this little town was scarcely known to any but its neighbors. Just then appeared Francois Blanc, who had been gamblers on 'Change in France, which they had good reason for quitting, met at Frankfort with two master gamblers and the staff of French croupiers, and conceived the idea of establishing a special gambling-place.

Homburg has mineral springs, and this led the brothers Blanc to select this little innocent town for the test of their projected gambling-hell. They had made the acquaintance of an old friend of the Landgrave of Homburg and an old rich and unprincipled baroness. By these helpers, the transactions with the Homburg Government and the Landgrave were contrived, and at last the prince was induced to grant an audience to our adventurers. A mason, working near the open window of the room where the Landgrave received them, was an unseen witness of the rather curious conversation, and through him the particulars transpired; at least, it is said in Homburg. We have only to do with the result. The prince resisted for some time the shameful proposition, but having a small income, he at last consented, and a document was signed by which the exclusive Blanc were invested with all the exclusive rights they sought.

Experience of Wiesbaden and Baden had proved that this sort of business is very profitable. There was no want, therefore, of capital; many, indeed, regretted that the company was limited to a fair, astonishingly short time there rose before the eyes of the wondering Homburgians a temple of vice, grander than any they had ever seen. This happened three-and-twenty years ago. The greater part of the inhabitants of the place, dazzled by the prospects of riches pointed out to them, lent themselves to the scheme, and sided for once with their princes. The modest houses of the simple farmers and peasants have vanished, and where they stood palaces have been erected ready to accommodate the crowds that flock hither. The swine which mingled freely with the rustics in the street have been changed into ladies and gentlemen.

How has the ascendency of Homburg been secured? Simply by advertising in the papers of Europe and America, and circulars, of which the following little clause in the advertisements: "The game at Trente et Quarante is played with the Regnet de Soliel, and the Roulette with a Single Zero, which arrangement offers to the players at Trente et Quarante considerable advantages over those vantages than any other bank, and at Roulette fifty per cent." In other words, the bank of Homburg gives to each player double chances to win than those at the other Rhenish watering-places. The ruin of the gambler, who is attracted by this promise, is, in Homburg, a more precious result than quite as certain as elsewhere. Yet the whole gambling world went almost crazy over it. Even old professional players, who had hitherto followed constant trente et quarante and roulette, predicted speedy ruin to the bankers. Princes, who had spent one hundred pounds a day, the undertakers did not become bankrupt, but paid to the shareholders a dividend of not less than fifty per cent.

An alley of orange-trees—each costing about forty pounds—adorns seven or eight acres of enchanted palace of play. Through a noble portico the victim enters the hall, where he is received by liveried functionaries, who take away his hat, stick, and overcoat. It is advisable to use their services, for a good hat or cut left any where in the saloons of Homburg never reappears. In addition to one of the numberless marquises, counts, and barons providing breakfast. In front of it, as we entered, a splendid ballroom, with a turn to the left, and then to the right, straight on: that is the way to the devil's sanctuary. We find a splendid hall leading to the left, and are almost dazzled by the glaring splendor of it. From the ceiling, adorned with rich and costly dark bronze chandeliers bearing numberless lights, multiplied again and again by the magnificent looking-glasses placed at each side, and even behind chamber. A long range of high windows, separated from each other by splendid marble columns, opens to a view of a garden of flowers. Statues, draperies, and furniture are of dark red velvet. And there is a little too much gilding, as one might expect.

In the middle of this hall are placed two oblong tables, with a space of fifteen yards between them, each covered with green cloth; one of them is the roulette, the other the trente-et-un table. Let nobody think of a gambling-table as a board surrounded by men in despair. During thirty years' acquaintance with the German gaming haunts I have not witnessed more than seven or eight cases even a shriek. What I have seen has, with a few trifling exceptions, been much more ludicrous than tragical. There are no gambling-houses in Germany, but very rarely in the gambling-house itself. The agents of the Speiljuden keep a sharp eye on all desperate people likely to become troublesome, and to injure the reputation of the bank by publicly expressing their despair.

The tables are densely crowded by people of both sexes, who have the outward appearance of fine ladies and gentlemen. It is impossible to tell who look pale and worn; but we are at a watering-place to which visitors are supposed to come chiefly for the restoration of health. Some have been on ugly, roguish look; but we know many honest gentlemen afflicted with the same. Some are excited; but the sight of excitement alone can help feeling a little excited by a mere following of the chances of the game. Most of the people, on the contrary, are quiet, or apparently so, and the handsome ladies are coquetting. The highest style of our education is, with many, to be able to conceal the passions working in us. It requires a tolerably high talent for observation to be able to read the features of the gamblers with attention, and get at the agitated minds of these unhappy fools.

In the centre of the table before the four croupiers, facing each other, are piled up small paper rolls of gold, and heaps of gold and silver. The whole table is covered with green cloth or velvet, the stakes of the punters. As many of them as have room sit at the table; these are generally the old players, and their game is best worth following. Many of these have before them little printed tickets, upon which they mark with a pin, after each coup, whether it was red or black. It is a foolish amusement, held to be important as a means of finding out the system upon which accident works in this game, in order to form certain rules for the direction of the speculator. The only sure system of winning is that followed by the bank.

There is no loud talking in this hall; people speak with each other in whispers. There is the stillness of a church, with the air of a ball-room. Only the priests of this unhallowed temple dare to speak aloud, and the ivory ball is to be heard turning in the disk, until it clicks against some metal points in it before falling into its rest. The monotonous "Faites votre jeu" (Make your game), "Rien ne va plus" (No more stakes admitted now), "Trente-deux; noir; pair et passe," is repeated from morning to night; even the money falls without noise on the green cloth when deservingly thrown to a winner by one of the croupiers.

These croupiers are all alike. They have a tired, lung-dog expression. They are paid either by the day or the year. Those who attend to the roulette receive from the house spended in Homburg, one hundred and twenty pounds a year; and at the trente-et-un, one hundred and sixty pounds. After 1868 these salaries are raised to two hundred and two hundred and fifty pounds. Most of them are ruined gamblers, or persons unable to get on in the world, who have declined to be the disgrace of their new calling. They are despised and even hated by the gamblers. Their position as regards the public is that of the lawyer's servant in old times, whose very touch was a pollution. Their countenance, as a rule, is not more cross than they can help; they watch them closely, and set over them other rogues as mine. In spite of this vigilance, however, they always manage to rob the robber. One of them was in the habit of taking a pinch of snuff after each coup from a snuff-box which he always placed on the table. At the bottom of the box was some adhesive stuff, so that as often as its owner put it down upon a single or double zero, it left a piece of gold. Another very high and stiff officer, that one can not help touching very closely in the course of the game, which naturally has something to do with the croupier's frequent jerking at his uncomfortable collars; at such jerk, however, he contrives to drop a piece of gold, now for a gold piece, which slid down into a belt worn by him over the shirt.

One of the croupiers occasioned a great deal of confusion by counterfeiting the gold rolls used at the bank. He covered a round stick of lead, and rolled it with the point. On the back of which he had taken an impression. Since that time the gold rolls are ripped open in the middle to expose the gold inside.

These croupiers form, however, only an inferior part of the staff of the bank; most of them come from Paris. The bank employs them as servants of the banker, and distrusts them. The more important servants are not recognized so easily. They are to be found not only in Homburg; we may meet them in the saloons and clubs in Paris, London, Vienna, Petersburg, and other places, where they are rich and the idle congregate. They are the pensioners of the bank, paid either by the year or by a share in the profits obtained by their means. Most of them are ruined gamblers, or other adventurers, of either sex. A genteel air is their necessary qualification for the "distinguished" public as well to distrust fine and amiable gentlemen, and all the more for their high-sounding names and titles—Baron Suttenberg. Among them are many ruined barons and dismissed military officers, well connected, and of good address. Another staff is yet more dangerous for foolish men. It includes the most respectable-looking old ladies, having their place in church, in attendance, ruling, perhaps, in embalmed carriages. It includes young bewitching widows, of course marchionesses, countesses, or at least baronesses, women beginning with Saint, probably because most of them come from the neighborhood of Notre-Dame de Lorette in Paris. Finally, we find in the gambling-hall and the promenades, their fresh toilets exciting the admiration of every one but the ladies, pretty young husbands with them at whose appearance one can not help wondering. They look as if not at home in their clothes, as if their hands are not ever clean, and a man of the world suspects at once the brilliant rings upon their vulgar fingers. They are, however, many grades above the more elegant wives, and keep carefully out of the way if these are in gay company. Many of those ladies may be seen at the gambling-table, piles of gold before them, and playing eagerly. The gold belongs to the bank, and that fellow sitting upon a high stool behind the croupiers at the middle keeps a sharp eye upon their fingers through his tortoiseshell-mounted spectacles. They are decoy-ducks, of course, and they catch many geese.

Another set of servants of the bank consists of the gentlemen of fortune. Some of these are generous enthusiasts, shabby and care-worn, who believe that there exists some law by which chance is regularly, with the lapse of time, forced to observe their winning ever after. Each of them has his system, which he holds to be infallible, but which it requires unlimited capital to carry out. There is undeniable truth in most of these systems, for almost all of them are founded on the fact that the colors red and black appear in change. If I, therefore, lose money on one of them, and double always until it appears in my favor. This is clear, and the bank knows it, of course, perfectly well. But it does not intend to lose, and for this reason the amount of the stakes is limited. That to be put on a single chances—as, for instance, red or black—must not much exceed three hundred pounds. The lowest stake at the roulette is one florin, and at rouge et noir three shillings. The importance of this maximum will be shown by an example. If I take my seat at the table, and double always when losing, my stake will have increased at the eleventh appearance of black to an amount which I am not permitted to double again. Forced to submit to the laws of the bank, I lose a hundred and thirty florins, even in the case of winning. But if black appears for the twelfth or thirteenth time, as it occurs on the average every ten days, I am a loser of more than seven thousand florins. By following such a system money may be won for several days; but the player is sure once caught can not recover his losses. Whoever adheres long to such a system will be ruined. This the bank knows, and it patronizes, therefore, such professers with the utmost tenderness, taking the cleverest of them into its service. They are sent abroad, and fitted out by the bankers with means to appear as fashionables in good society. Many, however, of these professors are the bitterest enemies of the bank, infatuated believers in their own systems. They have been ruined, made for small, middling, and large capitals, and are contented with a certain share in the gain made by any who apply to them. The client will, perhaps, win for a week or longer, and rejoice: but the day comes surely when the system fails.

Sometimes large sums are won by punters. This accident, by strengthening the faith of the credulous, only makes more custom and profit to the bank. It is, therefore, the duty of the agents of the bank to invent stories about persons who have become rich by gambling at the bank. One case was, however, not invented; it occurred in the year 1859, and in that year the shareholders got only a dividend of thirty per cent instead of forty. The fortunate man was one of the Bonaparte princes. He came to Homburg when assisting at a scientific meeting in Wiesbaden. He lost, at trente-et-un, about twenty thousand francs; when, leaving the saloon, he felt in his pocket three twenty-franc pieces, and put them at eleven to three different chances on the roulette. In an hour's time he had won the winner of thirty thousand francs, and went to breakfast with his adjutant. Before sitting down the adjutant said to the prince, "I am certain, sir, you will lose all again during evening." The prince offered a lot of one thousand francs that he would win eight thousand francs before his friend should win either. The bet was accepted. The prince returned to the trente-et-un, and put on one of the croupiers, jokingly, "Well, black will it be, red or black?" "Well, red —" "Right, you said red," replied the prince, and added eight thousand francs upon red alone. He won the stake and his let. In the evening the prince won sixty thousand francs. The next day he was ridiculously low run of good luck. The whole neighborhood was in the greatest agitation, for there never had been such a run of luck before. The prince made off a winner of two hundred thousand francs, and left when the bank thought it wise to reduce the maximum by half. Out of his winnings he presented four Frenchmen with prizes, and paid their debts; he gave twenty thousand francs to the poor in Homburg, and took with him the rest—seventy thousand pounds. General Jean was also one hundred thousand florins.

Such cases, however, are a good deal of mischief. Sometimes the bank thinks it wise to get rid of a too lucky fellow. He is, before he knows how it was done, induced to continue playing at a quarrel in the saloon, and on that account denied future admission. Or the quarrel occurs outside, with one of the leaders of the bank, and a duel is the result, or the police orders the troublesome stranger to leave Homburg to prevent a duel.

Among the most desirable visitors to Homburg there has been an old French marquis, with one of his many children born and always married to one and the other too, as often as he could spare it. In this one hand he held a leaden image of some saint, which he was constantly caressing with the other as long as the ivory ball was running, or the cards dealing, or after a good bit. There was an old Russian princess resident in the place, also playing constantly and at random, left the bank its regular advantage of the zeros in an average loss to it of half her income, that is to say, of about twenty pounds a day. There was a ruined major, who had gambled away four estates, praying piously for luck, and denying to no beggar a farthing lest the want of charity might lead to the Divine ordaining of his game. There was a very old judge, once lady of honor to the Queen of France, who, when retiring from her place, took lodgings in a neighboring house at Homburg. She kept a carriage and several servants, and was reported rich by the spies of the bank. She was compelled to part with her carriage at the end of the first year; after the second year she must part even with her chambermaid, and remove to a less expensive hotel. Her money did not pay the bank for its risk of gambling. After another half year all her resources were exhausted, and nothing left but a pension of eight pounds, which she received regularly from Paris on the first day of each month.

This poor old lady was perfectly aware of her folly, but she could neither desist from playing nor decide to leave the place. When reduced to her pension, she took a wretched room, pampering but a bed, a table, a chest of drawers, four straw-bottomed chairs, and a looking-glass, and agreed with her landlord of the house in advance for France every month for lodging, board, and a daily half-chopine of spirits. The remaining one hundred and forty francs went to the gambling-table. On the second day of the month she took her place there, and lasted about the year, playing, with cards and drinking her allowance of spirits. She associated with nobody, and never spoke about the past.

Commercial travelers here gamble away the money of their firms; clerks rob their masters to buy bright gold luck at the bank; officers lose the bands confined to their care; and it is said that the Landgrave, in consequence of several defalcations of the German Confederation in Frankfort. Farmers and peasants, attracted by the hope to gain a few florins without trouble, lose what they have earned by hard work during years.

Suicides are numerous, although the bankers do all they can either to prevent such cases, or to conceal them when occurring. Having ascertained by their spies that some poor fellow is desperate, they give him the means to pay his bill, if not too heavy, and to carry away his despair to any other place. Many unfortunates are found hanging in the park, the body is removed by their

friends in the police, and the incident kept secret as much as possible. If there are witnesses, money is placed in the pockets of the suicide, in order to prove that he did not kill himself in consequence of gambling, although it may indeed look suspicious enough to find a thousand-franc note in the pocket of a man who has just pawned his watch for a few florins. Very often even the inhabitants of the little town are not able to ascertain the circumstances attending such a case, and the papers do not publish them.

A person in Homburg had not only lost his fortune and place, but also funds trusted to him. He resolved to enter the saloon of the bank with two loaded pistols in his pocket. As soon as he had lost his last florin, he intended to kill with one pistol the "chef de partie," and with the other blow out his own brains. He communicated this intention to a gentleman almost as poor as himself, who advised him to threaten the administration of the gambling bank with his intention. The young man tried the experiment, and it answered; he did not receive the four hundred florins asked for, but at least three hundred and fifty florins.

A poor young man from Berlin shot himself behind the Kurhaus. A Homburg demon, who was sitting at his wine after the play had finished for the day, heard the report, and said, "Again some one pops off without taking post-horses."

AN HONEST ARAB.

We had been on a fishing tour in the Highlands of Scotland, and, *en route* to town, were idling a day or two in "the gray metropolis of the north." "Scotchman, ho! Scotchman, forkerty, fewzees, penny a hunder—this day's Scotchman, Sir!" shouted a shrill-toned, ragged little imp at the tip end of a cold, wet, bitter day in October, as we stood blowing a cloud at the door of the New Royal in Prince Street.

"No, we don't want any."

"Fewzees, penny a hunder, Sir; this day's penny, Sir—bold prize, Sir—only a bawbee!" persisted the young countryman of Adam Smith, as the market shows it symptoms of decline, and threatened to close decidedly flat.

"Get along, Bird's-eye, don't want any," growled Phillips.

"They're guide fewzees, Sir, penny a hunder."

"Don't smoke," Phillips, *logotur*, whif, whif, whif.

"They're guide fewzees, Sir, hunder and twenty for a penny, Sir," coming round on my flank.

"No, don't want any, boy."

The keen blue face, red bare feet ingrained with dirt, and bundle of scanty rags looked piteously out at me, over a little, but still hovered round me. Now, when I put down my first subscription to the One Tun Ragged School in Westminster, I took a mental pledge from myself to encourage vagrant children in the streets no more. Somehow in this instance that pledge wouldn't stand by me, but gave way.

"Give me a penn'orth, young 'un."

"Have 'em, sweet," whif, whif.

"If the lurchers don't the son of Lucifer does," threw in Phillips.

"Ah, I haven't got a copper, little 'un, nothing less than a shilling; so, never mind, my boy, I'll buy from you to-morrow."

"Buy them the nicht, if you please. I'm very hungr-grey, Sir."

"He'll give you check for the balance, by God!"

His little cold face, which had lightened up, now fell. Down his bundle of papers, I saw his sales had been few that day.

"I'll gang for change, Sir."

"Well, little 'un, I'll try you—there is a shilling—now be a good boy, and bring me the change to-morrow morning to the hotel—ask for Mr. Turner."

"Give my friend your word of honor, as a gentleman as security for the bob."

"As sure's I live, I'll bring the change the morn," was the promise of young Lucifer before he vanished with the shilling.

"Well, Phillips, we strolled along Princes Street, "you don't expect to see your brimstone friend again, do you?"

"I do."

"Your friend will dishonor his I.O.U. as sure as——"

"Well, I won't grieve about the money; but I think I can trust you boy."

"Can?" Why, you Arce trusted him; and your deliberation savors remarkably of the wisdom of the historical statesman, who began to think about closing the door when—lost the illustration don't seem to strike you as a novelty."

"Well, we'll see."

"Yes, wonders, but not young Brimstone and your money."

Next morning we spent in "doing" the lions.

On our return to the inn, I inquired:

"Waiter, did a little boy call for me to-day?"

"Boy, Sir?—call, Sir? Boy, Sir."

"Of course, Geff, he didn't. Did you really expect to see your young Arab again?"

"Indeed I did, Harkary. I wish he had proved honest."

"Then, oh Lucifer, son of the morning, how thou art fallen!"

Later in the evening a small boy was introduced, who wished to speak with me. He was a duodecimo edition of the small ootoz of the previous day, got up with less outlay of capital—a shoeless, shirtless, shrunk, ragged, wretched, keen-witted Arab of the streets and closes of the city. He was so very small and cold and childlike—though with the same shivering feet and frame, thin, bloodcold face, down which tears had worn their weary channels—that I saw at once the child was not my friend of the previous night.

"Enter Antonio to redeem his bond!" Phillips, *logotur*.

He stood for a few minutes diving and rummaging into the recesses of his rags; at last little Tom Thumb said:

"Are you the gentleman that bought fewzees frae Sandy yesterday?"

"Yes, my little man."

"Well here's ninepence (counting out divers copper coins), Sandy canna come; he's no well; a cott on ony him the day, and broken his leg, and lost his bannet, and his fewzees, and your fourpence-piece, and his knife, and he's no weel. He's no weel ava, and the doctor-gentleman he's doe—ine,—in,—and—that's a' he can gie you noo." And the poor child, commencing with sobs, ended in a sore fit of crying.

I gave him food, for, though his cup of sorrow was full enough, his stomach was empty, as he looked wistfully at the food on the table before him.

"Are you Sandy's brither?"

"Ay, Sir;" and the food-gates of his heart again opened.

"Where do you live? Are your father and mother alive?"

"We bide in Blackfriars Wynd in the Cowgate. My mither's dead, and father's awa, and we bide whiles wi' our gudemither," sobbing bitterly.

"Where did this accident happen?"

"Near the college, Sir."

The thing a cab, we were speedily set down at Blackfriars Wynd. I had never penetrated the wretchedness of these ancient closes by day, and here I entered by night, and almost alone. Preceded by my little guide, I entered a dark, wide, winding stair, until, climbing many flights in the pitchy darkness, he opened a door, whence a light maintained a feeble unequal struggle with the thick, foul atmosphere of the room. My eyes age nearly gave way as the spectacle of that room burst upon me. In an apartment, certainly space not more than ten square yards, visible by the guttering candle stuck in a bottle, were an overcrowded mass of wretched beings sleeping on miserable beds spread on the floor. Upon the floor, sprawled reclining upon the cold unfurnished boards.

Stepping over a prostrate quarreller drunkard, I found my little friend in the next carpeter's shavings on the floor. He was still in his rags, and a torn and scanty counterpane had been thrown by him over the bed of sorrow. Poor lad! he was so changed. His sharp pallid face was clammy and cold—lends of the dying were standing about him. His bruised and ... only lay motionless and still, except ... moaning heard his fluttering breath. Some old woman, in mantlin drunkenness ... or banished father's second wife, and not his mother), won and then bathed his lips with whisky—which, however, he refused—but he got a bottle of spirits to drown the grief she anticipated and assumed. A doctor from Royal Infirmary had called and had ordered the patient inside the poor lad's agony (for his case was hopeless, even though he had been admitted to the infirmary in the early part of the day, and had been in the infirmary in the neighborhood), but his tipsy nurse had forgotten to administer it. I applied it, and had the satisfaction of seeing considerable bed of straw; and feeling a woman, an occupant of the room, to attend him during the night, I gave her such directions I could, left the degraded, squalid home.

Next morning I was again in Blackfriars Wynd. Its squalid inhabitants, air, and towering, antique, dilapidated mansions (the abode of the peerage in far-off times) now struck my senses. Above a door-way was written upon the wall—"Except ye Lord do build ye house, ye builders build in vain."

I said the room was spacious; it was almost noble in its proportions. The walls of paneled oak sadly needed the carpenter's and upholsterer's art; cunning carving, ruthlessly broken and disfigured, enameled tiles around the fire-place, once representing Scripture subjects, were daubed over and defaced, and the ceiling festooned with antique fruit and flower, shared in the general Vandal wreck. With the exception of a broken chair, there was hardly one none in that stifling den. Its occupants, said the surgeon, whom I found at the bedside of my little guide, were of our class, and the poor lad's stepmother—she had taken him from the ragged school that she might defraud the pitiful earnings—was at work in infirmary as my there.

For the patient medical skill was naught, for he was sinking fast. The rosy flush from his face to the blue eyes was slowly oiling out, his pallid cheeks were sunk and thin, but consciousness returned, and his young face flushed with pleasure at my arrival. As I took his feeble hand, a flicker of recognition seemed to gleam across his face.

"I got your message, and am come."

"My poor boy, you were very honest. Have you any money, young, poor child, I can do for you? I promise to—"

"Really, I'm sure I'm deein,' wha will take care o' you noo?"

Little Reuben was instantly in a fit of crying, and threw himself prostrate on the bed. "Oh, Sandy! Sandy! Sandy! Sandy! Sandy! Sandy!"

"I will see to your little brother."

"Thank you, Sir! Dinna—dinna leave me, Ren—dinna—dinna—Sandy—mither—mither—"

"Whist! whist!" cried little Reub, looking up, and turning pallid again, and silence in the room. That moment the calm faded smile, that seemed to have alighted as a momentary visitant upon his face, slowly passed away, the eyes became blank and glazed, and his little life imperceptibly rippled out.

The honest boy lies in the Canongate churchyard, not far from the grave-stone put up by Burns to the memory of Ferguson, his brother poet, and I have little Reuben at Dr. Guthrie's ragged school, and receive excellent accounts of him, and from him.

"What of your young Arab, Turner?" said Phillips, the following afternoon. "Was he honest, and is he really ill?"

"Yes, Phillips, he was an honest Arab; but now he is 'where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.'"

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Fame is like an eel—rather hard to catch and a good deal harder to hold.

Unquestionably if a man means well, the more he means the better.

Some author tells us that "much is said about the tongue." True, the thing is in every body's mouth.

It is certainly a paradox that we are naturally desirous of long life, and yet afraid of living to be old.

"Do you understand figures, boy?"—"Oh, yes, I am always cutting a fine one."

A skeptic thinks it very extraordinary that an ass once talked like a man. But it is still more extraordinary that thousands of men are continually talking like asses.

There is a man in Tetuan so witty that his wife manufactures all the butter that the family uses from the cream of his jokes.

It is a general remark that all classes of persons are ever ready to give advice. Women. We think the lawyer must be excepted: they sell theirs.

Mr. Merryman Lathrop says, when he went on the Sunday excursion, he didn't expect to return in the hotel-way, the beef in the bullocks near the steerage; and when they ran out of eggs, the ship fog on.

"When am a sweet apple and a sour apple alike?—When they are pared.

Why is Berlin the most dissipated city in Europe?—Because it is always full of Balls.

Take away my first letter, take away my second letter, take away all my letters, and I am still the same.—The postman.

A marquis said to a financier, "I would have you to know that I am a man of quality." "And I," replied the financier, "am a man of quantity."

"Fine complexion Mrs. H. has got," said Brown to his friend Beatties, the artist. "I know it," replied Beatties, "and I lay on the colors at the same shop."

"Give me a hint, dear girl." "I can't," she replied: "I don't mind tending you one, but I must have it returned to-morrow."

Why are jokes like nuts?—Because the drier they are the better they crack.

A Question for Music Masters.—Can a mile be said to play the piano in "Sunday" manner?

Every man can and should do something for the public, if it be only to kick a piece of orange peel into the road from the pavement.

A Mr. Lyon declined fighting a duel, and was called a dog for it. "Ah, you may call me dog, but a live dog is better than a dead lion."

"Waylock's the Cubed best in Endeyer."—"You say that because you have lumber, and berrings, and lasdocks, and many other things—but all I know is, that I have got the best cart in the country, for the last dozen years, and it hasn't had the smallest effect in curing that."

Misprints will present themselves in other columns besides those of newspapers. The author of a temperance work entitled "Drunkenness is Folly," was horrified to read, "Drunkenness is Jolly."

The celebrated suit, which crowed so naturally that it was not known whether the cock or the hen finished, has at present a picture of the moon that's painted with such wonderful fidelity to nature that it can't be seen in the day-time.

A gentleman remonstrating with Mr. Kenney against his bringing out a piece called "Matchmaking," said, "Allow me to make a few animadversions upon it."—"Animadversions, Sir," replied Kenney, "I do not wish for any sad versions of my comedy."

The following occurred in a school near London.

Teacher. "Now, boys, what speech is the word say?" Boy (*hesitatingly*). "Noun, Sir."

Teacher. "What is its gender?"

Boy (*perplexed*). "Can't tell, Sir."

Teacher. "Is it masculine, feminine, or neuter?"

Boy (*looking sharp*). "Can't say, Sir, till it's hatched."

A young lady reprimanded her shoemaker for not following the pattern she had given a pair of shoes she had ordered; and, among others, insisted that they were not square. Crispin replied that she had given him no pattern, in order to oblige her, well knowing the modesty of her disposition, that she was not fond of *fellows*.

Dr. Carrie (not by name and but by nature), when asked by a particularly inquisitive woman to tell her the precise meaning of the word "idea," about which she had been reading in some metaphysical work, but could not understand it, replied very excitedly, "Madam, madam, is the feminine of idiot, and means a she-fool."

Frederick the Great was always very fond of disputation; but he never entertained his discussions by collaring his antagonist and kicking his shins, few of his hasty courtiers could boast of the stress against his shins. One day he was more than usually disposed for an argument, and asked one of his suite what he thought was to give his opinion on some particular question. "It is impossible, Sire," was the reply, "to express before a sovereign who has such strong convictions, and who wears such thick boots."—*Punch*.

To explain the fatalities of travel which mark the age, a tourist said that during the present year he had cats-ra-combs, and that the Prince had presented him in Egypt, drank the health of Queen Victoria as the vergot of the coast of Navarre, and hence rather sharply scolded by his wife on the summit of Mont Blanc!

Orfila, the celebrated French chemist, being examined as to poisons in a trial, was asked by the Vice-President whether he could tell what quantity of arsenic was sufficient to kill a man. "Before replying," Corbisart, M. le President! but I must know beforehand the age of the by, the sex, the temperament, the condition and habits of body, whether married or single, widow or maidel, whether or not addicted to wine, and many other points, to can answer your question."

During the absence from circuit of Mr. Campbell (now Lord Campbell) on his matrimonial trip with the celebrated Miss Scarlett, Justice Abbott observed, when a cause was called on,

"My Lord, Mr. Brougham, that Mr. Campbell was in this cause?"

"Yes, my lord," replied Mr. Brougham, with that sarcastic look peculiarly his own; "he was, my lord, but I understand he is not now."

"I am sorry to hear that, Mr. Brougham," said the Judge, shaking sadly.

"My lord," replied Brougham, "it is whispered here that the cause of my learned friend's absence is the Scotch fever."

What goes most against a farmer's grain?—His reaping-machine.

A splendid car but a very poor one, as the organ-grinder said of the donkey.

Why is a dun like a woodcock?—Because he hores with his bill.

Our Bread and the Blue Jacket.—A young damsel who is engaged, and will shortly be united to a gallant son of Neptune, lately visited the Mariners' Church. During the sermon the parson discoursed eloquently and with much earnestness of the dangers and temptations of the sailor. He concluded by asking the following question:—"Is there one who thinks any thing of him who wears a tarpaulin hat and blue jacket, or a pair of trowsers made of duck? In short, is there one who cares aught for the poor sailor?" A little girl, a niece of the damsel, replied, "Aunt Mary does, and her sister, said, in a loud loud enough for every one to hear, "I do, Uncle Jack, I do, indeed!"

An Incident at Madame Tabeaud's.—Whenever I see a poor fellow going to get spliced it always puts me in mind of a country lass at Madame Tabeaud's, who came in London to see the guillotine there in the room of horrors, and a young man who was with her tenderly; and after looking at the knife and then looking up at the knife and down on the block, what does he do but kneel down and put his head on the hole to try how it fitted, when he caught a glimpse, as he turned round, of the bright edge of the cleaver that was hanging right over him, suspended only by a string, and just ready to do the job for him. Well, he was afraid to move for fear of slipping the string and letting the cleaver fall on his neck. The way he got from it no matter; it was the naturallest thing in the world, and he was the way he settled for lady. There was a crowd round him in no time; you never see such a stir as it made, for he got away in a stupid gloss-like, with people going about as silent as if they were among the dead. In the midst of every body a-talking of it, and They thought it was part of the show, and that he acted his part beautiful, just as a body really would if he was going to be beheaded in airnest. So nobody thought of helping him, but let him go from screech on, as if he paid for it, till at last one of the attendants came runnin' up, and seeing the knife, got him out, and was beginnin' to pitch into him, when the feller saved him the trouble by handin'.

Dodge More Host.—Two persons of respectable appearance entered a public-house not many miles from the village of Red Hill, and requested to have dinner served them. Mine host complied with their request by placing before them a sumptuous repast, and with exemplar justice it is they called for some ale. After enjoying themselves for a short season, one of 'em presented to the other to rise a piece of 50 pounds, the loser to pay for the dinner, etc. Accordingly the piece of paper had been measured the ground, and during the gentlemen, Observing that they were beyond the aforementioned, and supposing that they were doing so in ignorance, he went out and told them of the mistake, and then what they were out of sight, and did not return. The landlord, therefore, had the gratification of thinking he had been dodged, for they ran off without paying for their dinner.—*Hertford Mercury*.

Coercing.—Pitts is a fast man, a sharp man, a man of business fact, and always gets at the lowest cash prices and best ways. Well, Pitts had heard of it I don't find any thing that suits me better, I'll call and take that. So Pitts is parted to the store, and quite lately Potts said to himself, "I am getting into years, and may as well get married." Pitts's matrimonial qualities wouldn't let him wait, so off he starts, and calling upon a friend, opened the conversation by remarking that he should like to know what else thought about matrimony. Pitts said:

"Oh, Mr. Potts, that is an affair in which I am not as very good authority to speak, and I prefer to leave that yourself."

"But," says Pitts, "you are interested; my dear girl, will you marry me?"

The young lady blushed very red, hesitated, and finally, as Pitts was very well to do in the world, and of good standing in the city, she accepted him, and Pitts escaped the matter-of-fact Pitts responded.

"Well, I'll be darned, if I don't find any body that suits me better than you, I'll come back."

A Fatal Mouth.—The month of April has been remarkable for the mortality to celebrated women:

Christina of Sweden	died April	19
Duke of Parma	"	18
Elizabeth of England	"	3
Gabrielle d'Estrees	"	10
Jeanne de Navarre	"	9
Judith, Queen of Poland	"	19
Madame de Pompadour	"	15
Madame de Sevigne	"	14
Mademoiselle de Montpensier	"	5
Petronilla	"	4

And also to celebrated men:

Baron (Lord)	died April	16
Bedford	"	14, 1788
Byron (Lord)	"	19, 1824
Collins (the Poet)	"	12, 1759
Chatham	"	11, 1778
Dunstanville	"	8, 1840
Dukes of Marlborough	"	16, 1722
Fielding	"	8, 1754
Fuze (of the *Book of Martyrs*)	"	18, 1787
Franklin	"	4, 1776
Goldsmith	"	13, 1760
Handel	"	14, 1759
Hastings (Lord) beheaded	"	13, 1483
Hutter (Ralph)	"	3, 1826
Jones (Sir Wm)	"	27, 1794
Kimbens	"	2, 1791
Rolleile	"	8, 1731
Rowse (the Author)	"	20, 1813
Shakspeare	"	23, 1616
Somers (Lord)	"	26, 1716
Wilkie (Sir D.)	"	1, 1841

Bishop Thomas, in his dignity somewhat taken down when he took possession of the episcopal palace at Norwich, found in the hall several wood upon logs, and exclaimed, "Bless us, these rat! what a multitude of people—" "Why, my lord," said the steward, "you're nothing to the crowd last Friday to see a man hanged!"

The Curate's Cow.—Solomon Grisdale, curate of Stonegrave, had a favorite cow, and had a mourner family, lost his only cow. Mr. Surtees determined to make a present to the sacrifice cow, and wrote to the Bishop of Litchfield and Coventry (the late Earl Cornwallis), who was then Dean of Durham, on the great thirst of Herrington, to ask what he would give. "Give?" said his steward, "give him now, to be sure. Go, Mr. Surtees, to Wooddy, my steward, and tell him to give you the money out of my purse." The steward went to Mr. Surtees, who had not expected above a five-pound note at most, and said, "My lord, I could not ride to heaven upon the back of that cow?" A white afterward the Bishop of Durham, meeting the Lord Chancellor with, "Surtees, what is this absurd speech that I hear you have been making to the Dean?" "Nothing absurd in it," was the reply. "When the Dean rides to heaven on the back of that cow, many of you Prelates-rics will be glad to lay hold of her tail."

A gentleman, just married, told Foote that he had married and unfortunate woman, and asked his advice. "Sir," said the wit, "I'll tell you what to do—sell her."

Don't judge of moral character by the face. The frog is more innocent than many an animal that has a much handsomer physiognomy.

The very last curiosity spoken of in the papers is a wheat that came off a dog's tail when it was docked. The man who discovered it has retired from public life.

A gentleman who has for two years refused to contribute any thing toward the support of the Methodist preaching of the Gospel, recently surprised his friends by contributing to the purchase of a bell for a new church edifice. On being asked the reason for this exercise of liberality, he replied that he must let his money where he could not keep it long.

THE Uncommercial Traveller.

NO. V.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

In the late high winds I was blown to a great many places—and indeed, wind or no wind, I generally have extensive transactions on hand in the article of Air—but I have not been blown to any English place lately, and I very seldom have been blown to any English place in my life, where I could get any thing good to eat and drink in five minutes, or where, if I sought it, I was received with a welcome.

I travel by railroad. I start from home at seven or eight in the morning after breakfasting hurriedly. I fly with skimming over the wide landscape, what with mining in the damp bowels of the earth, what with banging, booming, and shrieking the scores of miles away, I am hungry when I arrive at the "Refreshment" station where I am expected. Please to observe—expected. I have said I am hungry; perhaps I might say, with greater point and force, that I am to some extent exhausted, and that I need—in the expressive French sense of the word—to be restored. What is provided for my restoration? The apartment that is to restore me is a wind-trap, cunningly set to invegle all the draughts in that corner-side, and to communicate a especial intensity and velocity to them as they rotate in two hurricanes: one about my wretched head: one, about my wretched legs. The training of the young ladies behind the counter who are to restore me has not been from my infancy directed to the assumption of 'a defiant dramatic show that I am not expected. It is in vain for me to represent to them, by my humble and conciliatory manners, that I wish to be liberal. It is in vain for me to represent to myself, for encouragement of my sinking soul, that the young ladies have a pecuniary interest in my arrival. Neither my reason nor my feelings can make head against the cold glazed glare of eye with which I am assured that I am not expected and not wanted. The solitary man among the bottles would sometimes take pity on me, if he dared, but he is powerless against the rights and mights of Woman. (Of the page I have no account, for he is a boy, and therefore the natural enemy of Creation.) Chilling fast, in the deadly torandoo to which my upper and lower extremities are exposed, and subdued by the moral dread vantage at which I stand, I turn my dismounted eye on the refreshment that are to restore me. I find that I must either scald my throat by insanely ladling into it, against time and for no vegetable, hot water stiffened with flour, or I must make myself flaky and sick with Banbury cake; or I must stuff into me delicate organization a sausage-pin-cushion with which I know will swell into immeasurable dimensions when it has got there; or I must extort from an iron-bound pantry, with a fee, as if I were farming on its table-ts, in every phase of its profoundly unsatisfactory character, the like the banquet at the nearest and shabbiest of evening parties, that I begin to think I must have "brought down" to supper, the old lady unknown, blew with cold, who is retiring her teeth on edge with a cool orange, at my elbow—that the pastry-cook, who has compounded for the evening on the lowest terms per head, is a fraudulent bankrupt, redeeming his contract with the stale stock from his window—that, for some unexplained reason, the family giving the party have become my mortal foes, and have given it on purpose to attempt me. Or I fancy that I am "looking up" again, at the evening conversazione at school, charged two-and-sixpence in the half-year's bill; or that I am down again at that celebrated evening party given at Mrs. Bogles's boarding-house when I was a boarder there, on which occasion Mrs. Bogle was taken in execution by a branch of the legal profession who got in as the harp, and was removed (with the keys and substretched out) by a pair of durance, half an hour prior to the commencement of the festivities.

Take another case.

Mr. Grasinglands, of the Midland Counties came to London by railroad one morning last week, accompanied by the amiable and fascinating Mrs. Grasinglands. Mr. G. is a gentleman of a comfortable property, and had a little business to transact at the Bank of England, which required the concurrence and signature of Mrs. G.

Now Jolting's being a hotel for families and gentlemen, and high repute among the Midland Counties, Mr. Grasinglands plucked up a great spirit when he told Mrs. Grasinglands she should have a chop there. That lady likewise felt that she was going to see Life. Arriving on that gay and festive scene, they found the station-yard in a flabby undress, cleaning the windows of the empty coffee-room, and the first waiter, denuded of his white, looking up his crumb-cloth in the Post-office Directory. The latter (who took them in hand) was greatly put out by their patronage, and showed that he had to be troubled by a sense of the pressing necessity of instantly smuggling Mrs. Grasinglands into the pubescent corner of the building. This slighted lady (who is the pride of her division of the county) was immediately conveyed, by a back and dark passage, and up and down several steps, into a penitential apartment at the back of the house, where five invalided old platewarmers leaned up against one another under a discarded old melancholy sideboard, and where the wintry leaves of all the dining-tables in the house lay thick. Also, a sofa, of incomprehensible form regarded from any sofane point of view, murmured "Bed;" while an air of mingled fluffiness and heelstaps added, "Second Waiter's." Secreted in this dismal hold, objects of a mysterious distrust and suspicion, Mr. Grasinglands and his charming partner waited twenty minutes for the smoke (for it never came to a fire), twenty-five minutes for the sherry, half an hour for the table-cloth, forty minutes for the knives and forks, three quarters of an hour for the chops, and an hour for the potatoes. On settling the little bill—which was not much more than the dev's pay of a Lieutenant in the navy—Mr. Grasinglands took heart to remonstrate against the general quality and cost of his reception. To whom the waiter replied, substantially, that Jairing's made it a rule to have accepted him on any terms; "for," added the waiter (unmistakably coughing at Mrs. Grasinglands, the pride of her division of the county), "when individuals is not staying in the 'Ouse, their favors is not as a rule looked upon as welcome to Jairing's. Jairing's while; nor is it, indeed, a style of business Mr. Jairing wishes." Finally, Mr. and Mrs. Grasinglands joined out of Jairing's, and fled, penniless, landlemen in a state of the greatest depression, scorned by the bar, and did not recover their self-respect for several days.

Or take another case. Take your own case.

You are going off by railway from any Terminus. You have twenty minutes for dinner before you go. You want your dinner, and, like Doctor Johnson, Sir, you like to dine. You present to your mind a picture of the refreshment-table at that Terminus. The conventional shabby evening dress supper—accessible to the public for all terminis and all refreshment stations, because it is the last repast known to this state of existence of which the human creature wearies, and which in the last or earliest extremity—sickens your contemplation, and your words are these: "I will not dine at this stale hash-house that turn to and to the mouth. I can not dine on shining brown patties, composed of the sweepings-up-together of the counter. I can not view the device of an indigestible star-fish in leaden pie-crust without. I can not dine on a cheesecloth that has been lapped round a sandwich exhausted receiver. I can not dine on barley-sugar. I can not dine on Toffee." You repair to the refreshment-room. You repair to the coffee-room.

It is a most astonishing fact that the waiter is very cold to you. Account for it how you may, snouth it over how you will, you can not deny that he is cold to you. You are not to him as you, he does not want you, he would much rather you hadn't come. He opposes to your flushed condition an immovable composure. He is, in fact, not enough, another waiter, born, as it would seem, expressly to look at you in this passage of your life, stands at a little distance from the Terminus under his arm and his hands folded, looking at you with all his might. You impress on your waiter that you have no minutes to throw away, and propose that you shall begin with a bit of fish which will be ready in twenty. That proposal declined, he suggests—a neat original idea—a fowl or mutton cutlet. You close with either cutlet, and your waiter, being "full" of resources, retires in a manner and calls down some unseen shaft. A wretchliquid dialogue ensues, tending finally to the effect that veal cutlet is procurable in the course of a moment. You anxiously call out, "I veal then!" Your waiter, having settled that point, returns to you over your table-cloth with his powerful hand cocked-hat wise (slowly, for something out of window engages his eye), a white wine-glass, a green wine-glass, a tea fingerbowl, a tumbler, and a powerful bold lotatory of fourteen coasters with mottoes. You are to mistake the latter for a new mode for your purpose—with nothing in them that will come out. All this time the other waiter looks at you—with an air of severe disapprobation and curiosity, now, as if it had occurred to him that you are rather like his brother. Half your time goes, and you see nothing come but the fish and the bread, you implore your waiter to "see after that cutlet, waiter; pray do?" He can not go at once, for he is carrying in seventeen pounds of American cheese for you to finish with, and a small Leaded Light of celery and watercress. The elder waiter changes his leg, and takes a new view of you—doubtfully, now, as if he had rejected the resemblance to his brother, and began to think you more like his aunt or his grandmother. Again you beseech your waiter, with pathetic indignation, to "see after that cutlet!" He does not go to see after it, and by-and-by, when you are going away without it, comes back with it. Even then he will not take the dish-cover away until you have a purse of a flourish, and a look at the musty cutlet as if he were surprised to see it—which can not possibly be the case, he must have seen it once before. A sort of fur has been produced upon its surface by the coals of fire, and it is as tough as gutta percha, staggering on two feet instead of three, is a cutaneous kind of sauce, of brown pimples and pickled cucumber. You order the bill, and, when your waiter has bring your bill yet, because he is bringing, instead, three flinty-hearted potatoes and two grim beans. You see occasional glimpses of waiters in area railings, badly boiled. You know that you will never come to this pass, any more than to the illness and utter, and you will never be wholly deserted your bill; but it takes time to get, even when gone for, because your waiter has to communicate with a lady who lives behind a mash-tub in a corner, and who appears to have to refer to several Ledgers before she can make it out, and to have it been staying there a year. You become distracted to gut away, and the other waiter, once more changing his leg, still looks at you—but suspiciously, now, as if you had begun to remind him of the party who took the great-coats last winter. Your bill at last brought and paid, and the case of absence a mouthful, your waiter reproachfully resains you that the attendance is not charged for a single meal," and you have to search in all your pockets for sixpence more. He has a worse opinion of you than ever when you have given it to him, and lets you out into the street with the air of one saying to himself, as you can not doubt he is, "I hope we shall never see you here again!"

Or, take any other of the numerous traveling instances in which, with more time at your disposal, you are, have been, or may be, equally ill served. Take the old-established Bull's Head, with its old-established knife-boxes on its old-established sideboards, its old-established flue under its old-established four-post bedsteads in its old-established airless rooms, its old-established flourishes up stairs and down stairs, its old-established cookery, and its old-established principles of plunder. Count up your injuries, in its sidedishes of shining sweetbreads in white positions, of mushrooms' powders in rice for entry, of pale stewed bits of calf ineffectually relying for an adventitious interest on a decorative bulb. You have had experience of the old-established Bull's Head's stringy fowls, with lower extremities like wooden legs, sticking out of them; of its unchangeable boiled mutton, gushing horribly among its capers when carved; of its little dishes of pastry—roofs too permanently established over half an apple or four gooseberries. Well for you if you have not forgotten the old-established Bull's Head's Fruity port; whose reputation was gained solely by the old-established price the Bull's Head put upon it, and for its old-established air with which the Bull's Head set the glasses and D'Oyleys on, and held that Liquid Gout to the three-and-sixpenny wax-candle, as if the old-established color hadn't come from the dyer's.

Or lastly, take, to finish with, two cases that will all know.

We all know the new hotel near the station, where it is always gusty, going up the lane which leads to nowhere, where we are sure to arrive at night, and where we make the gas start awfully with us upon the front door. We all know the flaring of the new paint, the mistrust that is to new, and the walls that are too new, and the house that is haunted by the scent of mortar. We all know the doors that have cracked, and the cracked shutters through which we get a glimpse of the uncomfortable house. We all know the new people who have come to keep the new hotel, and who wish they had never come, and who (inevitably in a month or two) leave come. We all know how much too scant and smooth and bright the knives are in texture, and how it has never settled down, and can not fit itself into right places, and will get into wrong places. We all know how the forks, being lighted, show maps of Dutch canals in walls. We all know how the ghost of mortar pops into our sandwich, stirs our negus, pervades with his presence our tea, makes our bedroom and prevents the smoke from following. We know how a leg of our chair comes off, and what is the nearest way to the depots: I waiter attributes the accident to a general greenness pervading the establishment, and informs us, in reply to local inquiries, that it is thankful to say he is an entire stranger in that part of the country, and is going back to his own connection on Saturday.

We all know the hotel, the great hotel, the station hotel belonging to the company of proprietors, that has been completed, and is up in the back skirts of any place we like to name, and where we look out of our palatial windows at little back yards and pigstyes, kitchen-masses, fowl-houses, and pigeon-traps, and pigeties. We all know this hotel, in which we can get any thing we want, after it is lost, or can get any thing we have notely'd glad to see us, or sorry to see us, or minds (our bill paid) whether we come, or go, or how, or when, or why, or wherefore. We all know this hotel, where we have no individuality, but put ourselves into the general page, as into the public room, and are disposed of according to our division. We all know that we can get on very well indeed at such a place, but will not particularly go to it, and this may be because the place is largely wholesale, and there is a lingering personal retail interest within us that refuses to be satisfied.

To sum up. My uncommercial traveling has not yet brought me to the conclusion that we are much the better for railways, steamers, and pace. I do not believe that the end of the world will ever be near at hand so long as any of the very tiresome and arrogant people who are constantly predict that catastrophe are left in it, so I shall have small faith in the Hotel Millennium while any of the uncomfortable superstitions I have glanced at remain in existence.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

The New Partner

"CLINGHAM & CO., BANKERS."

BY FITZ HUGH LUDLOW,

AUTHOR OF "THE HASHEESH EATER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

IN WHICH A DEAD MAN HOLDS BALOON.

The news of the sudden death of the superintendent had hardly fallen upon the startled ear of Cheswick, ere his partner had the undertaker called to discharge that duty, and the coroner, whose office had long been an unintresting matter, through the obstinate persistency of Cheswick people in such commonplace behavior as dying in their beds, had only just been summoned to the enjoyment of his unused privilege, when the sway of this earlier astonishment was disputed by still another bit of startling news. A telegraph dispatch from New York to take charge of the Cheswick Branch of Clingham & Co. And this time there could be no doubt of it—a *real* partner.

Had Mr. Tollogar seen him? No, he could not say that exactly; but John Potts, of the Eagle Tavern, assured him that a very dignified-looking man, with a hawk's eye and nose, an unexpugnable reserve of manner, and at least a pound of watch-seals, had entered his bar-room that morning and drank a bottle of Byass's stout, for which he pulled out a double-eagle in payment. His whole bearing was that of a man who is worth a number of hundred thousand dollars; and there could be no question but he was the partner.

Nor had Mrs. Dilks seen the partner. But she knew that poor dear Mr. Green was dead, and (as nothing in regard to him had yet come out) she supposed that Clingham & Co. could not in decency do less than one and all of them to be present at the funeral; for he was a perfect gentleman, and of a sweetness of behavior—excellent soul!—which made her feel quite as if he were her own father. And as Clingham & Co. would probably do what Clingham & Co. ought to do, the partners no doubt were all in Cheswick; wherefore, reasoning from the general to the particular, *the* partner was necessarily there. On which supposition Mrs. Dilks straightway founded the unhesitating report that he arrived in Cheswick by the most probable train of the night before. The steward, the chambermaid of Cashier Todds confirmed her in her certainty, lasting, as it did, not only through the night which was not unusual—but until long after breakfast of the next day—which was unusual—that gentleman having a singular habit of taking breakfast, however much inebriated he might have been the night before.

When the other officers of the Bank lodged and boarded the same phenomenon of their protracted absence was noted, and every where it was ascribed to the same cause. They were paying their respects to that great mystery—into whose sanctum, whether subterranean, in ocean-caverns, or aerial only fancy could suggest, they alone of all Cheswickians were fortunate enough to be invited. Curiosity was a terrible sin, but thoroughly believed-in real privilege.

Was he at the Bank? No. At first some of the more curious-minded had endeavored (as ought that possible; and although the shutters were down, and on the heavy iron-plated outer door of entries was a notice to the effect that there would be no business done there that day on account of the death of Mr. Green, they still rang at the famous pull-straps, and, finding that Cashier Todds and Nora invariably excused themselves from being seen, assiduously pumped the handmaiden Priscilla, departing with a sore sense of being supposed upon because she could not be induced to say that she had concealed the partner somewhere about the premises. By-and-by so many came to gratify their inquisitiveness in this way that the information whatever was paid from within to the hell, or rather the bell-handle, since the former had been put out of the power of attracting notice by a judicious bandage of cotton-batting around its tongue.

Finally, was he at the house where the dead man lay? No, until the Coroner came. Luke Green had kept his silent lodging there alone. For an old servant, and a middle-aged, prosy, maid of all work in his unpretentious establishment, with the superstition peculiar to her race, and liked sympathy with the dead, and fear of his being brought in, locking the door behind her, and asserting that she would not remain for a thousand dollars in the house with a dead man who walked through the dark quietly as a cat, and sat down at the foot of her bed, smiling at her and fled upstairs to the garret. Only when this, where the whole story came out, there were those who added that he was in the ambilty two words to her in a low, quiet tone that stopped her blood and nearly craced her brain. They were,

"Least chance!" Last chance! Though I have never had this from her own lips, and it may be only one of those fallicious after-thoughts which people, in adding the facts together, suppuply what is necessary to round them out to the poetic ideal.

Then the Coroner came he found it necessary to break the lock, and immediately there swarmed in on the front door, up the stairs into the French-chamber—where there was every thing except opportunity for seeing, hearing, and hear—including whatever was to be seen, heard, hearing vulgar—and into all the other halls, passages, and chambers of the house, where the only opportunities were to see, hear, hearing, shouting and listening to exaggerated telegraphs from the more fortunate, such a motley crowd of witnesses as to set Inquest on its ear in a very few seconds, that no partner was there, unless he had an eccentric predilection, to say nothing of dimensions, for secreting himself away between the floor of the upper and the ceiling of the lower rooms. Mrs. Dilks Filkins and Priscilla were to help them to better knowledge; both these having dispeared immediately after their deposit of the body in the bed, the only one left to the eminent officer who was conducting the investigation learned any thing as to those who had borne the dead to his home, was the hiring of the undertaker to make preparations for the funeral; sent, as he stated, by two persons of whom he knew not the names, who had left him a forehand all the burial expenses, given orders to have the remains laid in the place on the next but one succeeding, and expressed an intention to be present at that time, though probably not before. Whereupon several constables were dispatched with commands not to sleep until the two were found and made some use of for the public regulement, either to be hanged, or, if any vexatious obstacles were in the way to that end, to be sworn, to have to, to have to next best thing done to them by being made witnesses. Which latter the People ex. Pauvre Diable always contrives to make only a few shades less disagreeable than the former.

Having now settled, in the most summary way, where the partner was not, and having also truly stated the existence of a very generally obtaining opinion that, in this exigency, he was and ought to be somewhere, we will leave, for a few moments, the consideration where he was, while we state two or three things about our elder acquaintances.

And, in the first place, it is not known, neither is it conceived to be of any consequence, precisely where the large man and his slight friend went immediately after the escape of their prisoner. Thus much is certain, that it was near enough whither were the eye of justice, or so much of that ubiquitous organ as blinked through Coroner Doldrum's spectacles, was unable to fix its keen and burning glance upon them.

Secondly, at the very moment that the Coroner's inquisition was going on, the young gentlemen of the Bank, from Todds, cashier, down to the runners, were in close confinement, each by himself, in one of the houses of the town; having been brought thither by virtue of due process before any one of them had learned the news of Mr. Green's death.

In the third place, the most strange, and, to one heart at least, terrible uncertainty hung over Ernest Beckford's whereabouts. His absence, so unexpectedly and unexplainably occurring, as we now noticed for the first time, just before Mr. Green's death, with the Bank affairs in such a distracted condition, and such blame for carelessness or something far worse attaching to the employes—this was talked about every where. Besides, there were vague rumors of his connection with wallet snatching, which grew into surmises of his practice of habitual larceny, which culminated in authoritative reports of his connection with the worst class of villains. These had their first rise from him, such as even the most cautious may inadvertently let drop in great vexation, on the part of Todds and Maugles, or even others, as to Ernest's behavior on the night of the punch party. John Manton looked out timidly into the street, heard the people speaking excitedly of these reports, and coming in again repeated them casually to Nora, who treasured them up as so many new, increasing agonies. Oh! in that day of fear and utter uncertainty to the human soul that dies, how did the immortal and divine soul within her live, just hanging by that hand of faith which clasps God's arm! And what an scene to all her troubles did there come, when a sheriff's officer called at the house during the afternoon, and asked to search for one Beckford, whom he had been unable to find, but who was down on the list of those who, during the last year, had been connected with the Bank, and was to be arrested with all the others on the charge of large defalcations.

At length the young girl's agony grew to intense that she could not bear any longer to see an unconcerned person near her. At the same time she wished to learn something of the state of facts in the terrible case of Luke Green's death, hoping that light might be shed upon her uncertainty, and that her suspense might in some way be decided by the results of that investigation. She accordingly implored her father, with a pertinacity that astonished one accustomed, like him, to see her utterly self-denying in all that pertained to curiosity or any ordinary gratification, to go out for a walk and leave her alone. "Go," said Nora, "and learn what all this about Luke Green's sudden death really means. You *ought* to go, believing as you do that he was your friend, and see too, if, as I hear said, one of the partners has really come."

Stupefied by the quick succession of excitements which had fallen during the last day or two upon his brain, and unable to realize whether Luke Green was alive or dead—and if dead, whether he himself and his quarrel with him had not in some sort been the fatal cause—John Manton was very hardly persuaded to exchange his silent fireside, nightmarish as it now seemed to him, for the distraction of the crowd outside. The bare thought of the locks he should encounter as the dead man's particular acquaintance, the hypotheses he should hear to account for every thing logically in fifty different ways, and each unquestionably the only possible one, the noise, the jostle, and the possibility of trembling before Coroner Doldrum as a witness, made him shudder. But Nora's entreaty at last prevailed, and the old man peevishly took his hat and stick and went forth, as if he were about to plunge into a bath at zero. He directed his steps toward the house where the inquest was holding. The witness whom the Coroner was now examining was a very important one—his testimony bearing directly upon, if not quite deciding, the important point, whether a cuticular abrasion over the nasal cartilage would be sufficient to cause traumatic tetanus, by sympathy with the os scaphoides of the left carpus. As Coroner Doldrum had been a doctor himself before his elevation to the present dignity, and his witness was a rival practitioner in somewhat better, and owing to his having studied medicine more than politics and frequented the bedside rather than the ward meeting, the examination was peculiarly piquant, and from its so directly aiming at the best interests of justice, peculiarly fascinating also to the audience. It had reached the following pleasing crisis:

Coroner. "I understood you to say, Sir, that the daphnoides flabelliformis was only a continuation of the main clavicle of the phalanges—"

Witness. "The deficiency in the Court's understanding I can not remedy; but I hope no such d—d nonsense will go down as mine in the reports of the case. I beg—"

Coroner. "That is contempt, Sir, contempt! I've a great mind—"

Witness. "Indeed? Report much underrates your Honor then."

Just at this juncture—happily for the welfare of both judge *and* witness, and that the name of law might not be dishonored—the door which it had been—the unsuppressed ribald merriment which elicited the popular gratification at this disrespect of dead men's bones—was now hushed for a moment, and a murmur ran through the house that the old friend of the dead man stood below in the hall. Whereat the dense pack of killers who had listened and watched, many, managed, by considerable benevolence and squeezing their persons, to open an avenue, perhaps six inches wide, through which John Manton, in his unconscious bewilderness and terror, was pushed up to the Coroner's table, the mob closing behind him as he passed, very much as a rat is driven into the corner of a bag by pulling it through the hand.

Every body in the house, that knew him by sight, the Coroner among the rest, though neither he nor more than one or two of the audience had ever obtained a nearer acquaintance with him. But every body now nodded to him as having been a friend of the dead man, and he was seconded a big fellow who, in the excitement of the moment, as well as a stool by the side of his Honor.

With a stolid look, as one who is frightened too deeply for his face to express it, did John Manton sit gazing on the painfully-agony-distorted countenance of the dead. He also knew who is delivered from a great terror, but as yet can not understand that he is now once a great *to die*, and is therefore perpetually looking to see it step forth again. As one who from the dead man had always stood in a great awfulness, and now that it was gone was weak, being left devoid of any.

As John Manton was on the stand, and every one in all the house was silent, and could never hear good or ill word more was stretched to catch his faintest answer, all was serene in Bleecker's Court. Every body, as has been observed, received no tides, no ripples even, from the outer world of Chewsick life. It would have been the place to summon the most impatinal panel from, had the sheriff thought of it, in all the county of Chewsick. For Chewsick wheltzer in Blinker's Court it was known that Luke Green was dead. Such is the narrowness of our most important news. We are prone to think, if we were are, let us think that, were we dead to-morrow, there is a Blinker's Court which would not know it.

But, strangely enough, one of the inmates of Blinker's court was just this very time trudging homeward from a rent-raid on some poor tenants, and came by the house where the inquest was holding. It was a small boy, as has been observed, received no tides, no ripples even, from the outer world of Chewsick life. It would have been the place to summon the most impatinal panel from, had the sheriff thought of it, in all the county of Chewsick. For Chewsick wheltzer in Blinker's Court it was known that Luke Green was dead. Such is the narrowness of our most important news. We are prone to think, if we were are, let us think that, were we dead to-morrow, there is a Blinker's Court which would not know it.

But, strangely enough, one of the inmates of Blinker's court was just this very time trudging homeward from a rent-raid on some poor tenants, and came by the house where the inquest was holding. It was a small boy, as has been observed, but still very energetic and masculine-looking woman, in a scant blue bed-gown and a cap with tremendous bows, and a parasol, or umbrella washed whitey brown by the showers of a decade, and dislocated in its joints by fights with the winds of as long a period, and trembling with a strange earnestness which brought her receded eye out of its bed of wrinkles like a quick-leaping insect, she asked a pleasant lad who sat on the steps and fired peas among those who were able to get in, "Sonny! what are the folks a doin' in there?"

"None o' your sonny, old girl! There's a dead man in there that hain't quite dead enough, and so they're a talkin' him deader, that's what's the row—"

"Who's the man? Who is he? Who—"

"Once who's enough," answered the boy, critically; "the feller had something to do with the Bank, and his name was Green."

The old umbrella spun from the hand of the woman like the lightest plaything. She was very old, but she leaped the distance between her and the door three steps at a time.

There were two catch-polls at the door who sought to bar her way with their staves. She flew at their faces with a wild-beast fierceness. They were accustomed to encounter with all sorts of mad men and women, as was natural in their walk of life; but there was a something in her look which daunted them, and they let her get by.

"Open the way, men, open the way!" she said, hoarsely, to the crowd. "Some one said he is dead, and I'm his mother."

Ready passage did these words make both for curiosity's sake and humanity's. The stairs were so crowded that the balusters were in danger of giving way; but each man once more, as for John Manton, squeezed himself into counter compression, and the old woman rushed upward through the gap with the lithe muscles of a child.

"Make way for Luke Green's mother!" rang from the men below, and the crowd in the upper hall, as well as in the dead chamber, parted at that name in an instant. And thus utterly unconscious that every eye peered at her—no thing on face of expression but the mad knowledge that Luke Green was dead, and she was his mother—she came to the board on which the dead man lay.

"Lu—key!" She screamed this word in her shrill old woman's voice, making a long cadence upon the first syllable, as one who calls another at a distance. "Lukey! wake up, boy! Don't you be shamming now to scare the old woman. Come of your tricks, my rogue!" Thou she leaned down and whispered in his cold ear: "I know you're afraid to let 'em think you're alive, because if you did they'd be mean to you, and send you to prison, perhaps; but there's a child in the chest under the bed, *real* gold, sonny, and will make it all right with them, and get you off! Come to! Lukey, come to!" All but these last words was said so low that none but those nearest the body could hear them; and the last were uttered peevishly, as one who thinks it time for a trick to be played out, while she caressed the shoulder of the dead man. Coroner Doldrum stopped his examination of John Manton, and, with the motley audience, gazed in blank astonishment at this old woman, whom many of them had seen before, but none had ever suspected of relationship to Luke Green. Who is it? Is that Green's mother? The same question that went from mouth to mouth in underbreath, as the woman bent over the rude death-couch of the apprehensionless. Then his shoulder she passed her hand to his face, and then, as if feeling had come to corroborate the test of sight to which before she had trusted belief, she started back, sliding her trembling hand along the icy forehead, and then, with a piercing shriek, fell upon the body of her son. There she lay, with his head clasped in her arms, rocking herself up and down, moaning:

"Dead—dead—Lukey, you're dead—oh—oh—dead, dead!"

"Do you know that woman, witness?" asked the Coroner.

"I do not, Sir," answered John Manton.

The old woman raised her head quickly, and her eyes snapped fire. "Whose voice was that? Who said I didn't know her?" She sought all the faces in the direction of the answer, and her eye lit upon the witness.

As John Manton met it, she cried, "is it you that utters that lie? God wither your tongue, you wretch!"

"Before God I do not know you," said the old man, faintly, trembling in every limb.

Nothing but the dend body of her son intervening prevented the woman springing upon John Manton like a tiger. She leaned over toward him as far as she could, and with her skinny hands knotted and menacing him, cried out, "I'll tell ye who I am, John Manton. I'll tell ye who I am, the mother of this dead man—and you killed him! Yes, you may tremble; it was you that killed him! I know it. Do ye remember that day, years and years ago, that pleasant spring day, when I met you at the Vin Tassel House, and you gave me a son for a daughter?"

There were those who gave a low shuckle among the mob at this suggestion of a pleasant piece of preternatural; but the frowns of the intent listeners checked the mirthful tendency, and the old woman went on.

"Villain! Earl you don't know me? I know you; and I tell ye, as I tell the world here, that you are a fool, a hypocrite, and *baby changer!* And it's you and yours that have been the death of my Luke—I knew you'd kill him. Ah, ah, ah, I told him so. It's true, Lukey, isn't it?—the old woman's right. John Manton, you wouldn't let your heiress have him, would ye? *Baby changer!* May God bring me up to you!" She reached forward as if she would strike him over her son; but her passionate rage had exhausted itself before there was any danger to John Manton, and she sank into the arms that were stretched to prevent her, trembling, and livid in the face with madness.

"What does all this mean?" said Coroner Doldrum, savagely, looking at John Manton with an eye that he meant to have look like pictures he had seen of Justice. John Manton, pale as death, sat on the witness's stool, covering his eyes with his hands, and only shook his head in answer to the stern preserver of law. This conduct—humble, not presuming in the same impudence of visage as his Honor—was an infallible proof of guilt, and afforded the magistrate an opportunity of showing how much humbler officer he was to the country by committing somebody. As he had been afraid until now that no such delicious chance would offer itself, he seized it with avidity.

"Very suspicious behavior, very suspicious!" said Coroner Doldrum. "For the last time, I ask you again if you know what this old lady means? She says you are a baby changer, and that you killed her son! Now what have you got to say?"

John Manton rose, supporting his tremulous knees by the back of a neighboring reporter's chair, and faltered out these words:

"May it please the Court, what she means about killing her son I can not say. As to her remarks upon the subject of an exchange of children I understand her better, but have no right to make any public disclosures upon the matter, as it is a confidential secret."

"You know her, then?" said Coroner Doldrum, fiercely.

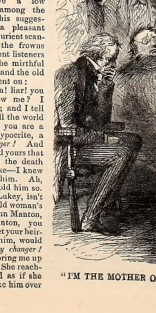
"Yes, Sir."

"And just now, on your oath, you asserted that you did not know her! That is rank perjury, Sir, and contempt of Court into the bargain. How do you get rid of that, Sir? And you decline to satisfy the Court upon the subject of the baby changing, do you, Sir? Very well; things begin to be a little clearer as to this death. Very suspicious; very. I shall commit you, Mr. Manton, and adjourn this Court until nine o'clock to-morrow morning. Constable, take Mr. Manton into custody."

Hardly knowing whither he went, the poor old man was hustled along by one of those catch-polls who feel a peculiar enthusiasm in taking a respectable man to the lock-up—a sort of oblation to the tug-rag of society from whom they themselves spring. The fascination of the inquest was now dispelled, and the corrége that followed to see the pleasant sight of John Manton's imprisonment cleared the house of all but Coroner Doldrum, two or three other tip-staves, the dead man, and his mother. Justice, as embodied in the person of a judicial Doldrum, was at a loss to know what equitable disposition to make of the latter. At length, after musing for a moment, a bright thought beamed upon him. There were three tip-staves—I said two or three, it will be remembered—one of them was to stay and take care of the body; another lived next door to himself, and would make him nice company home; while the third might just as well take the old woman out of the way and put her in jail—if he only considered her as a witness. He *would*, therefore, consider her as a witness.

"Highjinks," said he, to one of the catch-polls, "I consider this woman as a witness—take her to the lock-up." Which was accordingly done straightway, though not without both oral and mechanical objection on said witness's part. Thus was every body disposed of. After which, Coroner Doldrum went home to tea, highly gratified by his bright idea and its success.

The greatest joke of all is, that it is not only a high *legal* proceeding and *legal* idea upon the Statute Books of the State of New York, in the nineteenth century.



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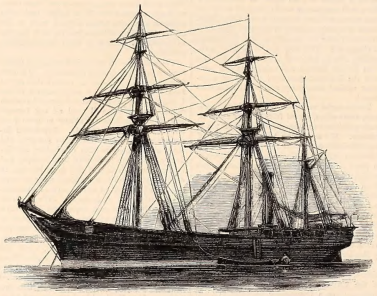

THE STEAMER "MARQUIS DE LA HABANA."—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. H. CLARK, ESQ., OF NEW ORLEANS.]

THE CAPTURED MEXICAN STEAMERS.

WE give herewith pictures of the captured Mexican steamers *Miramon* and *Marquis de la Habana*. The former is represented as she lies off Algiers, Louisiana, from a sketch kindly furnished by Mr. W. Graham, of New Orleans; the latter, which only came up the river a week afterward, was, like her consort, kindly photographed for us by J. H. Clark, of New Orleans. The vessel lying beyond the *Miramon*, in the large picture, is the United States sloop *Preble*, and further in the distance is a revenue cutter. The following description of the *Miramon* is from the New Orleans papers:

"She was Commodore Marin's flag-ship, and consequently fitted up with more of an eye to comfort and elegance than her consort, the *Marquis de la Habana*. Her cabin, in particular, is very neatly and tastefully arranged.

"Outside the *Miramon's* cabin, however, things look very different. The gun-deck, upper works, rigging, and all, give evidence of the hot engagement she has been in. The marks of cannon-balls, Minié balls, mus-

THE CAPTURED MEXICAN STEAMER "MIRAMON," WITH THE U. S. SLOOP "PREBLE," LYING OFF ALGIERS, LA.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. H. CLARK, ESQ., OF NEW ORLEANS, AND A SKETCH BY W. GRAHAM, ESQ.]

et bulk, and shell explosions, are every where to be seen. Among the most noticeable is the mark of a cannon-ball on a large mahogany dining-place in the centre of the room. It is particularly curious in this, that the iron has the appearance of being melted rather than indented. The smoke stack also, curious enough, has a clean cannon-shot through it. The wheel and wheel-house, compass, ventilator, etc., are completely smashed up, while the sides of the steamer are riddled in every direction, and the rigging very badly cut up.

"The *Miramon* received three broadsides from the *Saratoga*, besides an innumerable number of rifle-shots from the *Indianola* during the engagement, and it is surprising that there was not more life, in any case great, was given greater. Every thing bears witness to the bravery and determined resistance of her commander. He lived at, however, very little to enjoy his ocean fortune. Retiring at once to his cabin, he divested himself of every portion of his uniform except a richly tassoled cocked-hat, sword, and attired himself in a pair but elegant suit of black, which he wore ever after.

"The *Miramon*, like the *Habana*, has not yet broken cargo. Her magnificent, indeed, is sealed up precisely as it was when it left the Havana, and lies by to the wharf still hangs where it was found in the cabin. Nor has the purchasing agent of Juarez, as far as I can ascertain, been unrolled. It is certain, however, that the steamer has a large quantity of powder on board, and probably shot, shell, and other munitions of war in abundance.

"Also were found in the *Miramon*'s cabin a list of her officers, her flag, pass-book, etc., containing a complete record from the date of her departure from Havana to the hour of her capture, signed in each case by the officer of the day; also, a large quantity of hat bands bearing the name of General Miramon.

"The *Habana*, which is a handsome modeled steamer of about 600 tons burden. She was built at Greenock, Scotland, as indicated by her figures, and is probably five or six years old. Her history before she came into the possession of the Cuban Government in a mail boat is not known. Nor indeed is any thing positively known of her recent transfer to the agent of Miramon's Government. We have heard in a rumor that her purchase money was somewhere between $50,000 and $60,000, and that it was transmitted to Havana through the French Consulate at Vera Cruz."

The New Orleans *Delta*, in speaking of the *Marcos de Habana*, captured in Vera Cruz, says: "There was found on the single mark of the blockade of the *Saratoga* noticeable on the *Marques*—a thirty-two pound ball had entered her bulwarks about midships, in the starboard quarter, passed through the larboard side, making a round, clear hole, as if it had been cut with a circular saw. In its passage this ball carried off both legs of an unfortunate American, who, in an evil hour, doubtless under the pressure of some desperate stress of fortune, had enlisted in Miramon's enterprise. It is remarkable that he was the only person on the *Marques* who was killed, and he was the only American in her crew. The name of this unfortunate man was not known to any on board."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1860.

ARRAIGNING THE PRESIDENT.

THE recent protest of the President of the United States against Mr. Covode's Investigating Committee has been thoroughly discussed by the journals throughout the country. Not a few among the number censure Mr. Buchanan, directly or indirectly, for the reiterated allusions to his age and services. But, with a few exceptions, all seem to admit that the want of common respect shown him by the House of Representatives in appointing a Committee to inquire whether or no he had been guilty of corruption justified an emphatic protest.

It is not worth while to inquire whether Mr. Buchanan's especial remarks upon his public career and his advanced years are strictly in accordance with good taste. 'Tis a trifling matter at best, and if the President's political rivals have a spirit of complaint but this his record will stand well in history. His career is one of which he may well be proud, and his approaching retirement from public life imposes an authority to his counsels on which he may well be pardoned for dwelling with some emphasis.

The true point to which good men should direct their attention is simply this: is it right, is it decent, is it in good taste that the Executive of the nation should be arraigned before a Committee of the House of Representatives in a charge of corruption, and that calumnies, coined by disappointed politicians, should be published to the world in the form of a public document, and at the national expense?

The charge in this case is, in plain words, that the political patronage of the Government has been distributed among its supporters, and to not among its opponents. That charge is well founded and true. Ever since the time of Jackson it has always been so. That the system is wrong in principle, and that it would be a great thing for the country to alter it altogether, we freely admit. But it was established twenty years before Mr. Buchanan was inaugurated, and he has but carried it out after the example of his predecessors. He has displaced and appointed postmasters, collectors of customs, United States marshals, and other Government officials in accordance with the well understood principles which have ruled the Government for nearly a quarter of a century, which principles may be briefly summed up in the axiom that, where a friend and an enemy are competitors for an office or a contract, the preference, all other things being equal, should be given to the friend. We repeat that we do not like the system. It would be far better for the Government to chose its servants on the ground of fitness alone, regardless of their political services or their party claims. But the present method has long been in use for over twenty years, and having been rigorously carried out by seven Presidents before Mr. Buchanan, it is monstrous to impute it to him as a crime that he followed their example.

Independently of this, however, there is an impropriety in the investigation which is now being conducted by Mr. Covode and his friends which can not fail to strike every person with ordinary notions of decency. If we are a civilized nation, we owe some sort of respect to the man we have raised to the office—Chief Magistrate. Insults leveled against him are outrages upon the whole people. Until he commits offenses which justify his impeachment in the manner provided by the Constitution, he is entitled to some respect, to some immunity from the coarse vituperation and brutal calumnies which are the fit food for demagogues alone. What weight can we expect his remonstrances and his representations to carry with foreign powers, if we set the example of showing him up as a corrupt and venal man—a corruptionist? What will the foreign world think of us, if the man whom we have chosen as our Chief Magistrate is arraigned instead of charged, and constructively tried for the offense by a Committee of Congress? Will they not be justified in regarding him as a type of the nation? What is most forcibly illustrated by aristocracy's hate over the indecent spectacle? What an argument against democracy and popular Government!

There ought surely to be something, some man, some office, sacred from the low abuse of party politicians and the assaults of vulgar placehunters. We are in the habit of boasting of our superiority to the poor half-breed races of the Southern part of the Continent, and adducing, in proof of it, our patient submission to the verdict of the majority, and our disposition to be to the minority. But if that submission be simply entered by our abstaining from barricades and civil war, we are not sure that prevent us from doing our best to bring that majority's verdict into contempt, and to degrade the chosen head of the nation by low devices and vulgar tricks, the basis on which our boasts rest is pretty slender.

Where is the Covode system to end? Next March, perhaps, a Republican may be President of the United States, and in 1863 or 1864 there may be a Democratic majority in Congress. Does any one suppose it would be difficult for the majority to get up scandalous tales about the distribution of the public patronage, and to make it appear that the President had tried to corrupt people? There are always disappointed seekers of offices and contracts who are ready to invent calumnies against the official who has disappointed them. If we inaugurate the principle of appointing Committees into the distribution of the Presidential patronage, it is quite certain that every President from this time forth will be proclaimed to the country and to the world as a knave and a rogue before his four years end. What will the country gain by that?

One of the natural evils of a democratic form of government is a tendency to degrade the highest magistrates of the State. In monarchies, the monarch and his principal advisers are generally so far removed from the people that an innate feeling of respect protects them from the virulence of party spite. In republics, the supreme authority is transient; the agent of the people is one of them, and per se no higher than his constituents. Hence citizens of a republic are disposed to take much greater liberties with their chief and their subjects of a supremacy with them. But the ease of good government requires that there should be some limit to this license. If the President is habitually treated by co-ordinate branches of the Government as a rascal who deserves punishment for disgraceful misdemeanors, it can hardly be expected that his administration will receive that aid and that support from without which it must be inefficient. Nor can it be hoped that foreign powers will pay to our Chief Magistrate a respect which is denied him by the most authoritative body in his own country. On the contrary, investigating committees like Mr. Covode's must inevitably tend to bring the national Executive into contempt abroad and at home, and to weaken the hands of Government for all useful purposes.

The Republican majority in Congress are not acting judiciously. They have passed through a rattle bill which no one ever expects to pass, and an appropriation scheme which is a mere political trick. They have passed a nondescriptable statute about polygamy in Utah. They have brought forward no practical measure to soothe the bitterness of the existing troubles, or to prevent the civil evils of the present crisis. Their insulting arraignment of the President is a fitting climax to their other errors.

By the time these lines are read Mr. John Hickman's report from the Judiciary Committee, justifying Mr. Covode's investigation, will probably be before the public. It is well understood that it will be a powerful partisan document. Such weapons are dangerous; to-morrow, perhaps, it will be the other party's or that will be gored.

COTTON AND BREADSTUFFS.

The cotton crop of 1859, up to the beginning of the present month, yielded 4,000,000 of bales; if the receipts hold out, on the ratio of former crops, the total yield will be fully 4,600,000 bales, over twenty per cent. more than the greatest crop previously made. We presume we are within the mark when we say that the amount of money received by the Southern country for this great staple will not be far short of two hundred and fifty millions of dollars—the quarter of which will come from abroad.

The wheat and corn crops of 1859 were good on the whole. In parts of Ohio and New York, in Northern Michigan, Illinois, Iowa, and Minnesota, the crops were short; but the rest of the country made up for the deficiency. We presume that we are within the mark when we say that 250,000,000 bushels of these staples were produced in 1859. Of this large amount, however, a very small proportion—probably not a quarter—has gone or will go abroad. The shipments of Indian meal for Europe since the harvest of 1859 have been merely nominal. We have fed our own people at moderate cost; we have supplied the West Indies and other adjacent countries which depend upon us for cereal food; but we have had no such surplus as justified shipments to other grain-growing countries.

These facts are of use as indicating the future tendencies of foreign commerce. We have frequently had occasion to remark that cereal food had ceased to be a staple export of the United States. Future experience will confirm the statement. It will need all our farmers and all our people's ability to grow food enough for our own people. Population increases so rapidly in this happy country, and there are so many articles of production and industry which can be raised here cheaper and better than abroad, that this must become, in ordinary years, the best market for our farmers. The steps which lead to the exports of manufactured articles is momentous. We are now shipping from this port alone over $200,000 a week of dry goods of our own manufacture to foreign countries. Add to this infinite amount of other manufactures, machinery, hardware, leatherware, etc., etc. By-and-by, when the West fills up, Illinois will become a great focus of manufacturing industry. When labor becomes cheap in that State, with the natural advantages it possesses, it will undersell Europe in all even New England in dry goods and hardware. Immigration is sluggish at present, owing to the excessive rush of immigrants three and four years ago, but the check is but temporary. Illinois will become a great focus of thoroughly aware of the facts, and who has no capital but his own hands, will stay at home if he can come here. In the course of a few years the tidal wave will again assume enormous proportions—the demand for food will again tax the utmost capacity of our farmers—and the surplus of labor will cause a vast development of industrial activity.

☞ THE "HORSE FAIR"—a print from Rosa Bonheur's celebrated picture, by Messrs. Sarony, Major, & Knapp, is one of the most beautiful specimens of lithographic color printing we have seen. It has been issued to subscribers, we believe, by Messrs. J. M. Emerson & Co., of this city.

THE LOUNGER.

JULLIEN.

STATE STREET is gone, and so are the summer evenings at Castle Garden. The places, indeed, remain. The same fountain and a carriage-way around the Battery, and the old, round, squat fort, upon the most conspicuous point of the city site—like a huge wen upon a man's nose—still remains. But the uses and associations which made the places poetic are gone forever. Yet, when the great city has exorcised and until it has covered all the island, and even pushed on and absorbed Yonkers, it will never be surprising that State Street was a myth and Castle Garden a delightful a resort. For there the bay will still be—the gleaming calms, the sparkling waves, the sails of ships going and coming to and from the whole world—the swelling heights of Staten Island—the lofty spires of Brooklyn—wind, sunshine, and moonlight—and the same sympathetic people, many a New Yorker, as yet unborn, will half regret the days he never knew, and the pleasures he will only hear in history.

But among the traditions or Castle Garden to which he will listen delighted, none will charm him more than two-and-a-half which aim that here Jenny Lind sang first and last in America, and that other which describes the great concerts of Jullien.

For they were great concerts, in every sense. The variety and combination of the whole orchestra, and the ability of the individual musicians, were unrivaled; and the musical discipline, the shading of time and tone in the performance, were masterly. Jullien may have been what is called a charlatan—but he gave us such Beethoven and Mendelssohn nights as we have never had—no, not even from the Philharmonic Society, whose name shall never be spoken by the Lounger without thanks and praise. The Director's charlatanism was superficial—his love of music and reverence for the masters was genuine and profound. And who was not glad to have Beethoven made the hero of a musical gala—to see him, as it were, arrayed in festal garments, the grave master, the most magnificent of the adorning of the princes and Mozart and Mendelssohn nights were a kind of apotheosis—a jubilee—a triumph. They were the popular recognition and homage of the composers. And when, after leading out the exquisite andante of the Fourth Symphony—say, to the exquisite end—the Conductor sank back in his gilded chair, his white-gloved hands hanging languidly upon the arms, the black ringlets hanging, a little matted, upon his forehead, and the half-impressive white waistcoat palpitating with exhaustion and emotion; and the lacs ends of the enormous cravat—that flattering lie in pastel—fluttering—he presented a visible image of the fatigue inevitably resulting from a proper rendering of so grand a musical work.

Yet the performance itself was as effortless as a breath. The extravagant figure (not unlike Mr. M'Lenan's) which satirically represented the Count Fosco, in the "Woman in White") that stood upon a pedestal apparently playing with a *baton*, seemed also to control every single instrument magnetically. Now he waved, now he smiled, now he raised a finger, now he stopped it; now, with both hands, he seemed to be lifting a nestful of music; and now, with dreaming, wandering eyes, he gazed abstractedly fanned far away upon some sweet suggestion of the theme—but in all, and through all, he was the centre, the fount, the joyous heart of the whole performance.

The music that is peculiarly associated with his name was full of tread, gay, skillful effects. In this kind it was the music that sounds on the outside of the houses in Italy. It is not very beautiful painting, but it is all smiling, and festive, and agreeable. It has no particular tenderness except to increase the pleasure of the passenger by patches of bright color. So with the Jullien music. It had no sadness, no pathos or aspiration, but it was a striking, unexpected, amusing combination of harmonious effects.

He was popular in his musical sympathy—and that is, perhaps, the rarest praise of a musician. The works of Mr. Fry and Mr. Bristow had the most advanced and illustrious of the orchestra. What he could do was done for the fame of American music.

—Where be thy white gloves now? Where thy cravat-ties? Cheery, jovial, genial Director, full of talent and love of applause, prompt to please and to be pleased, adieu shall be the word kindly remembered in lands far from thy native country, by hearts that owe thee so many and many an hour of enjoyment. Sickness forbade—amiability build a monument during life which names after death to commemorate the builder.

NORTHING.

DR. HAYES is resolved to sail the Polar Sea—if there be a Polar Sea. The other evening, at the Historical Society's rooms, he stated with great clearness and simplicity what his plan was. It is briefly this:

The Arctic Ocean has a mean diameter of about 2500 English miles. The lands about it form the southern and outer margin of a great continuous belt encircling the pole, which must be crossed to reach the sea. Dr. Kane was of opinion, and Dr. Hayes coincides, that the best route to this ice belt is through Smith's Strait, at the head of Baffin's Bay, because, although the belt is somewhat broader at this point, yet the polar current sets to the northward through the strait, and loosens the ice. Observations convince Dr. Hayes that on the eastern side of the strait he will find smooth ice. The first summer will bring him up to latitude 80°. There he will winter. In the early spring he will throw out advance parties, which will establish provision depots on the land. These parties will be followed by the main expedition carrying a boat mounted upon runners—when, if such fortune awaits us, we will launch our little vessel upon the unknown waters, and, sailing God speed, will push off directly for the pole."

DR. HAYES has no doubt of meeting the open water at about 82°.

He speaks of the difficulties in such a cool, sensible way; and indeed the frequent voyages of late years have rendered the whole matter of arctic travel so familiar to the public, that the enterprise presents itself almost entirely as a scientific voyage. To this we must add our own personal pride in being the first to reach the pole, and to complete the lines of arctic discovery. The funds for the expedition are nearly collected. They will be immediately circulated for the signatures of all who wish to subscribe. The necessary sum can not be very large, in justice to the memory of Kane, we hope that, before many months, the question will be decided, and we shall know whether the North Pole does actually float on an icebergs sea.

MACAULAY UPON JEFFERSON.

MACAULAY was a profound student of English history, a rhetorical and picturesque writer, a scholar of unusual erudition and retentive and available memory. In no sense was he a great man, but in many ways admirably accomplished. He was not a thinker nor an actor. He was not a scholar like Milton; nor a historian like Thucydides. Jeffrey once says that Macaulay "is good" is good to eat. That is to say, he takes the low, obvious, material view of all questions.

He had a good style, and we followed himself but in complete armor. At the dinner-table he made Sydney Smith jealous. In Parliament, the orators who could surpass him in mere speaking felt the masterly power of his preparation and method. In writing reviews, which were really monographs, he skimmed along the average popular sentiment, putting the thoughts of commonplace minds into neat and declamatory phrases that they looked new. But it was only the familiar old copper lightly plated.

In writing the history of England he reached

the same result of success and approbation by appealing to the spirit of partisanship, and by describing the latter policies are always picturesque when they are distant. He had the good sense, which is known as British sense, and "no humbug." He held that politics are simply matters of expediency; and does not seem to have admitted that there are certain fundamental principles which are to be worked out in human affairs, by the means of various expedients, certainly, but with ulterior purposes, entirely independent of them. He was of that class of men that it is right to take the ship, now this way and now that; who understand precisely how to do it, what to handle, and when to do it. But they know nothing of the course. But this is not. The progressive voyage is the thing, and the ship bears away to the right and to the left in order that it may reach a point directly ahead. Thus his history reads like the memoir of a party, not like a philosophical and poetic picture and analysis of human development and the progress of society under certain conditions. There is something more pitiful than a visionary; and this is, a man who has no vision.

These things appear plainly enough in his letter upon Lecturing to Mr. Henry S. Randall, the biographer of Jefferson. It is certainly amusing to read it, and it is no less instructive. There can be no doubt of the acquaint humor of Macaulay's warning of Jefferson: "I readily admit that his intentions were good, and his abilities considerable. And I believe him to be an honest man. He does not perceive the secret of Macaulay's political philosophy, when he says of France in the year 1857, under Louis Napoleon, "Liberty is gone; but civilization has been saved."

Macaulay's general theory of our system is that "your Constitution is all sail and no anchor." That is, he believes that so long as the popular breath blows fair, all is well; but when it is foul, there is nothing to prevent its driving the ship upon the breakers. To intrust the Government to the majority, he says, is to abandon it to the poorest and most ignorant part of society. Consequently when, having spread over the continent, this country is as thickly peopled as the old countries, there will be the same fluctuations of trade—"the mass will have only half a breakfast, and, being the Government, it will divide all the riches among all the people, taking up the next corn, and the next year the nation will die of famine or lapse into barbarism.

That is his horoscope for America. Institutions purely democratic, he thinks, must sooner or later destroy liberty or civilization, or both.

The fault of all this statement and argument is that they assume men to be always the same; whereas the very Jeffersonian problem is just this: Since what is true has been invariably true of men under the various systems of despotism that have prevailed in historical times and countries, can we not devise a result by bringing the whole moral nature of man to co-operate with the material? In other words, since the system of absolute selfishness—that is, in which the many have been sacrificed to the few—has failed to perpetuate nations hitherto, does not the hope of the race lie in the system which declares and practises justice and humanity, and thereby tends to prevent the very conflict you anticipate?

Macaulay's whole statement is based upon European and ancient history, and yet the sources of the atrocities of the French Revolution are to be sought in the palaces of the Bourbon Kings, not in the National Assembly. Louis Fourteenth was the seed of Robespierre. It is not fluctuations of trade—it is the tyranny which grows out of a want of humanity which destroys liberty and civilization. Your government is, in the educated class, of a class which is, and knows itself to be, deeply interested in the security of property and the maintenance of order," is probably overpowered by the mass whenever they have had a week or a month of half breakfasts—and that mass, instead of being enlightened and capable of sensible reasoning, is a dull brute force, and made so by the very system you applaud.

The government of a single man would be the best government possible, if the man were perfect. Undoubtedly a theocracy is the ideal system, and the government of the few best men might be a good government. But who are they? How are you to find them? And when you have found them, how are you to prevent their brains being turned by the power which scarcely any human being has ever been found steady enough to administer justly?

The letter of Macaulay's is published in the *Southern Literary Messenger*, and is well worth attention.

UNDER CHLOROFORM.

UNTIL the last three or four hundred years amputation of a limb was a very rarely performed except when, from injury or disease, its extremity had begun to mortify; and then the surgeon ventured to make incision in the sound portion, but limited themselves to an operation through the tissues which had already lost their vitality. This timidity was due to the fact that they were unacquainted with any effectual means of stopping the bleeding from the larger arteries divided by the knife. Certain and easy as is the control of such bleeding now, by the simple process of tying a piece of thread or silk round the extremity of the bleeding vessel (as we shall hereafter see), it was unknown, at all events as applicable to amputation, to any surgical writer from Hippocrates, 400 B.C., or from Celsus, who flourished in the first Christian century, to the fifteenth. Consequently the numerous instances of injury and disease in which life is now saved by a timely resort to amputation were then always fatal. Hence, also, arose the various expedients which the more adventurous operators of the time resorted to in order to stop fatal bleeding, with the effect only of increasing the patient's torture, and with the attainment of no good result. Thus the incisions were performed with a red-hot knife, that the divided vessels, torn and charred by the heavy instrument, might contract or become plugged, and so be prevented from bleeding (Albucasis, eleventh century). Effective for the instant, the force of the circulation quickly overpowered the slender obstruction, and fatal hemorrhage sooner or later took place. This plan continued more or less in vogue down to the discovery of the ligature in the sixteenth century, and was practised even later in Germany by the celebrated Hildanus (1641), although he subsequently adopted the new method. According to another plan, the surgeon, after making the ordinary division of the flesh down to the bone, with studied endeavor not to divide the arteries until the last moment, twisted the bone with a hot iron, or, more of some styptic fluid, usually a powerful acid or astringent, to arrest the bleeding. If these were not successful, the limb was lopped off at once by hand, ready prepared, into which the bleeding stump was plunged. Between Scylla and Charybdis, the patient escaped between the two, either he died from loss of blood in a few hours or less, or, if the dreadful remedies succeeded, he survived a day or two to die of fever or exhaustion. After an earlier method, that of Guido di Caulice (1363), a bandage of plaster was made to encircle the member so rigidly that mortification attacked all the parts below, which then, after the lapse of months, dropped off, a horribly loathsome and offensive stump. A modification of this was Ambroise Paré's machine to sever the limb in an instant by a single stroke; and it was not uncommon at the period to effect the same purpose by the hatchet or by a powerful mallet and chisel.

It is to Ambroise Paré, the great French surgeon, who flourished in the sixteenth century, that we owe the application of the ligature (used long before in ordinary wounds) to the bleeding arteries of amputation. He described the method in the red-hot cautery, and of all the frightful adjuncts already described; and accordingly, instead of simply carrying the thread round the vessel by means of a needle passed through the soft parts adjacent—a method of adjustment which, from its simplicity, is now employed only in exceptional instances. Richard Wiseman, sometimes styled the father of English surgery, who practised in the latter half of the seventeenth century, is believed to have been the first to employ the ligature in England, and to relinquish the application of heated irons. At this era also, the circulation of the blood was discovered by the renowned Harvey, and the distinction between arteries and veins, which, although it was long unrecognized, the value of the ligature was rendered more than ever obvious.

But enough of this: let us soothe our ruffled nerves by seeing how the thing is done to-day. We will take a quiet post of observation in the room of the operation of one of our great metropolitan hospitals in this year of our Lord 1860. Notice is posted that amputation of the thigh will be performed at 1 P.M., and we occupy our seat ten minutes before the hour.

The area itself is small, of a horse-shoe form, and surrounded by benches rising one above another, in one above another, to the number of eight or nine tiers. From 100 to 150 students occupy these, and are pretty closely, especially on the lower rows, whence the best view is obtained. For an assemblage of youths between eighteen and twenty-five years, who flock together from all parts of the city, they are tolerably well-behaved and quiet. There or four practical jokers, however, it is evident, are distributed among the crowd, and time passes all the quicker for the rest. The clock has not long struck two when the folding-doors open, and in walk two of the surgeons and attendants of the hospital, followed by a staff of dressers and a few professional lookers-on—the latter being confined to seats reserved for them at the back and lowest most tier. A small table, covered with instruments, occupies a place on one side of the area; water, sponges, towels, and a chair stand on the opposite. The surgeon who is about to operate rapidly glances over the table, and sees that his instruments are all there and in readiness. He requests a colleague to take charge of the tourniquet, and with a word deputes an assistant to "take the time" by his watch, and to call out the lapse of the most minutes. A small table, covered with instruments, occupies a place on one side of the area; water, sponges, towels, and a chair stand on the opposite. The surgeon who is about to operate rapidly glances over the table, and sees that his instruments are all there and in readiness. He requests a colleague to take charge of the tourniquet, and with a word deputes an assistant to "take the time" by his watch, and to call out the lapse of the most important minutes. The patient, who, covered with a red-hot knife, that the divided vessels, torn and charred by the heavy instrument, might contract or become plugged, and so be prevented from bleeding (Albucasis, eleventh century). Effective for the instant, the force of his circulation quickly overpowered the slender obstruction, and fatal hemorrhage sooner or later took place. This plan continued more or less in vogue down to the discovery of the ligature in the sixteenth century, and was practised even later in Germany by the celebrated Hildanus (1641), although he subsequently adopted the new method. According to another plan, the surgeon, after making the ordinary division of the flesh down to the bone, with studied endeavor not to divide the arteries until the last moment, twisted the bone with a hot iron, or, more of some styptic fluid, usually a powerful acid or astringent, to arrest the bleeding. If these were not successful, the limb was lopped off at once by hand, ready prepared, into which the bleeding stump was plunged. Between Scylla and Charybdis, the patient escaped between the two, either he died from loss of blood in a few hours or less, or, if the dreadful remedies succeeded, he survived a day or two to die of fever or exhaustion. After an earlier method, that of Guido di Caulice (1363), a bandage of plaster was made to encircle the member so rigidly that mortification attacked all the parts below, which then, after the lapse of months, dropped off, a horribly loathsome and offensive stump. A modification of this was Ambroise Paré's machine to sever the limb in an instant by a single stroke; and it was not uncommon at the period to effect the same purpose by the hatchet or by a powerful mallet and chisel.

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HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Personal Advertisements.

[On the model of Mr. Dickens's Second Card.]

THE OFFICER OF THE SEVENTH REGIMENT with manly mustaches who upset the lobster salad over a lady, thinking her an acquaintance, in Stewart's, and, before like an officer and a gentleman, she will hear of something to her advantage. When you have bought the dress, show this advertisement to the young man, and he will do the rest. You need not trouble yourself further.

TO MISS EMMA.—Excuse my not coming back to dance, as agreed, but I should have lost my supper, which you know is indigestible. I had had nothing to eat for more than an hour. Send us your address, and another shall be sent you up such a jolly pie. Hope you got home safe. W. P.

TO SHINY BRAIDS (Diamond cross, pink ribbons).—The Have Hall, but I was detained by business, and my heart is breaking (spiel. Please send a line, only one, to Stephen, Fifth Avenue Hotel, Room 27, and oblige your address, and desirous to marry. ——— Please write. A. B.

IF THE LADY who took by mistake the mosaic brooch in Broadway will return it she will kindly return the same, she shall have her own diamond one, with many thanks. Apply at the office.

LOST, early in the Ball, the fondest and truest heart that ever beat in the bosom of a gallant fireman. The lady who picked it up, supposing it was watch-set by him all the night, and is implored to communicate her address, so that the poor heart be had. Address to Young Goshen care of *Harper's Weekly*.

SILVER THISTLE (Highlander).—If you really meant what you said, you will have no difficulty of reporting it in writing. Our names are in the *Directory*. Initial same as your own. Please address Box 2,000. We go out of town in July, but return afterward for the season. ELLISON.

WILL THE GENTLEMAN, WHO MUST REMEMber her *ne*, because to have my dress in the polka, be so very kind as to send me my pocket-handkerchief? He may keep the fleece. LAURA.

P.S.—I don't care about it, only Julia, that you wouldn't dance with, goes on so, and says she will tell Ma.

ALBERT. I can not read your horrid handwriting, but Aw walk in Madison Square every fine afternoon. Pretend not to know me; but don't ask me, for Hobbs, and then be reminded you saw us at the ball. Take most to her, mind. MARGARET.

A GENTLEMAN TOOK BY MISTAKE a cloak with a red lining, which was a blanket, which he took before he discovered that it was not for him. Having thereby attracted the attention of the police, he thought fit to announce to inform Miss Letitia * * * * that her falsehood is known, and that she need not expect to hear again although he hopes she will be happy from (the once playfully called) TROTTIEBEE.

FEMALE FORTIFICATION.—Every woman's crinoline is her castle.

A STRIPPING INQUIRY.—Is it likely that ghosts talk in the dead language?

Swift defined a "mess" as a "man of nasty ideas." Louis Napoleon has taught us to define a "nasty policy" as a "policy of live ideas."

COUSINS' TALK.

"No, Amy, you're quite wrong. I never was refused in all my life."

"Yes, my dear, how can you say so? Why, there was Louis Simpson——"

"I say again, you're wrong—completely wrong. It's true I was" declined with thanks' once, that's never to be retracted."

ALCOHOLIC TEST.—A red nose.

A FINE ILLUSTRATION OF THE ASSOCIATION OF IDEAS.—*Sunny* suggests *cabbage*.

"MY JONES, why do you wear that bad hat?" "Because, my dear Sir, Mrs. Jones vows she will not go out of the house until I get a new one."

A merchant in Burlington, having sunk his shop floor a couple of feet, announces that, in consequence of recent improvements, goods will be sold considerably lower than formerly.

A letter from China says that the Chinese have succeeded, by the skill of their cultivation, in producing a red and delicious variety of tea. We suppose they have accomplished this by crossing their teas.

A *drummer* is the fastest man in the world, because time leads all men, but he drums beats time.

The Chinese picture of ambition is "a Mandarin trying to catch a comet by putting salt on his tail."

An old sailor said that he supposed dancing girls were fashionable partners at half-mast as a mark of respect to departed modesty.

The young lady who burst into tears has been put together with such a view to wearing hoops to prevent the recurrence of the accident.

The winds are responsible for many an unlucky blow.

What is the best to prevent old maids from des-pair-ing?—Pairing.

"A retainer at the bar," as the boy said when caught by a dog just as he was about to climb on the orchard fence.

"A bad wife," says an old author, "is confusion, weakness, discomfiture, despair"—bad enough, is it not, good man?

"Warm day, Jones, warm day!" said Smith, as they met lately. "Yes, it is," said Jones; "it is *some* warm last summer."

Mrs. Partington having heard her son say that there were a great many anecdotes in the new almanac, begged to look at them, and, as she turned over the leaves, my body was poisoned nothing was necessary but to give him an anecdote and a dose of arsenic.

"I shall be indebted to you for life," as the man said to his creditors when he ran away to Australia.

The fellow who got intoxicated with delight has been turned out of the concert-room entirely.

The boy who was caught looking into the future has been arrested for trying to see the show without paying.

What a world of gossip would be prevented if it was only remembered that a person who tells one of the faults of others intends to tell others of your faults!

A gentleman praising the generosity of his friend observed, "Oh! he would take his money last cent." "Then, of course, he liquid-ate his debts," rejoined a wag.

The latest Irish bull we read of is the case of an Irish landlord who was about to raise the rent because he could have himself from pecuniary embarrassments, got his tenants to extend for a large amount out their insolvency.

An apothecary in the country sent a lady three draughts, and on being asked what effect they were intended to produce, said, "Three, ma'am, is to warm you, the second to cool you, and the third is to prevent the excessive effect of either."

A colored cook expected company of her own kind, and was at a loss how to entertain her friends. Her mistress said: "Chloe, you must make an apology." "La, missus, I couldn't! I got no flour, no butter, no eggs, no butter, no saltin to make it wid."

A rapid and emphatic recital of the following is said to be a delightful cure for hiccups: "Hobbs meets Snobbs and Nobbs; Hobbs bobs to Snobbs and Nobbs; Hobbs robs Snobbs and Nobbs, and robs Nobbs of his cobbs, says Nobbs, the worst for Hobbs's jobs and Snobbs's sobs."

A strict temperance man, whose wife had fallen down in a fit, and was dying, in utter amazement hurried off, if on his conscience as a Christian physician, it would be right to administer to her a little brandy and milk, to put a little brandy to her lips. "The deuce take your brandy, Sir," said the doctor, in a rage, "in a case like this, one scruple of brandy is worth twenty scruples of conscience!"

"Well, I saw nothing about men's hair," said old Mrs. Grimcloist to an acquaintance of the scandal tribe; "but I remember Mrs. Dennis, who died, was once just twenty-nine years old for the last fifteen years, to my knowledge." The last sentence modified the whole matter, at which misfortune her grief was so intense that her own hair stood on end, and she could not shed a tear for years after the occurrence of that sad event. Singular, wasn't it, how Mrs. Grimcloist shed the other—"false hair" in a hairdresser's shop at the corner of the street?

A good lady, who had two children sick with the measles, went to the doctor's shop for medicine. The friend had just received a note from another lady inquiring the way to make pickles for the sick children, and who inquired about the pickles received the remedy for the measles. On her return another of the sick children read with horror the following: "Scald them three or four times in vinegar, and cover with double them with salt, and in a few days they will be cured."

A CAPITAL RECORD.—Charles XII., King of Sweden, was once riding near Leipsic, when a peasant came and knelt before him to request justice from a grenadier who had carried away his family's dinner. The king ordered the soldier to appear. "Is it true," said he, with a stern countenance, "that you have robbed this man?" "—Sire," said the soldier, "I have not done him so much injustice as your majesty has done his master; you have taken from him a kingdom, and I have taken only a trifling dinner." "Fellow," said the king, "you are promoted to a captain's place." "Sire, I humbly beg to be excused." "Why so?" "Because, if I have deprived you of a kingdom, I have kept nothing for myself."

HON. MARTIN J. CRAWFORD, OF GEORGIA.

MARTIN J. CRAWFORD, a Representative in Congress from Georgia, was born in Jasper County, in that State, on the 17th day of March, 1820. He is a son of Hardy Crawford—a member of that family so old and honorable in Georgia, where the name of Crawford has repeatedly been associated with responsible and distinguished public positions. His mother was a daughter of Lieutenant William Jenkins, an officer of the Virginia Continental Line, who settled in Georgia soon after the close of the Revolutionary War. The early education of Mr. Crawford was received under the watchful care of his father, who exacted diligence and obedience under all circumstances. Thus the boy was timely prepared for usefulness and distinction in manhood. His education, so sedulously commenced, was completed at Mercer University, a flourishing institute in Central Georgia.

Shortly after leaving the University Mr. Crawford commenced the study of the law under the advice and counsel of Hon. Thomas F. Foster, a lawyer of distinction, and for several years a conspicuous member of the House of Representatives of the United States. The schoolmate of his father, and always his intimate friend, Mr. Foster at once took a great interest in his student, whose progress was such that he was admitted to the bar just before he was twenty-one years of age. Although Mr. Crawford entered upon his profession with solid acquirements, as the result of diligent reading, and with every prospect of great success, the death of his father about that time, by which he came to the possession of a handsome fortune, disinclined him to engage actively and entirely in the law. He contented himself, therefore, with so much practice, and no more, for some years, as would secure to him at home and on the circuit the genial society and generous intercourse for which the bench and bar of Georgia are famous.

While yet a young man, Mr. Crawford was elected a member of the lower branch of the Legislature of Georgia, and he served in the session of 1842–43 with marked success, taking a position among the most active and useful members.

With a determination to quit politics and devote his attention to the practice of the law, Mr. Crawford removed in 1848 to Columbus, where he has since resided. He was true to his purpose until 1850, when the excitement growing out of the slavery question was scarcely any—if at all—less in the South than at the present time. A disciple of the extreme Southern State Rights' School, Mr. Crawford shared in the general excitement which pervaded his section, and consented to be chosen a delegate to the celebrated Nashville Convention. He maintained in that body and before the people the duty and necessity of resistance to the Compromise Measures of 1850. Georgia, however, determined to accept the adjustment, and he acquiesced.

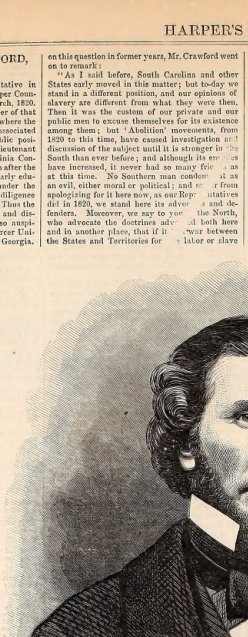
The election of Hon. Alfred Iverson to the Senate of the United States in 1853 created a vacancy on the bench for the circuit in which he resides, to which Mr. Crawford was chosen. He rose rapidly in his new field of duty. His courteous manners, united with a fine intellect, an excellent knowledge of and a firm and impartial administration of the law, eminently fitted him for the judicial office. So satisfactorily did he demean himself, that, upon his retiring from the bench, resolutions were adopted by the bar, for the first time in the history of the circuit, declaring their high appreciation of him as a man, and their full approval of his career as a judge.

In 1855 Mr. Crawford was nominated for Congress (running against his own wishes) by a Democratic Convention. The District is composed of twenty-four counties, and the canvass, which was conducted with ability on both sides, was one of great labor and excitement. Mr. Crawford was elected over his competitor—who was regarded as one of the most sagacious leaders of the American party—by a majority of some 600 votes, and took his seat as a member of the Thirty-fourth Congress in December, 1855. He was again elected, in 1857, to the Thirty-fifth Congress, by a majority of 1600 votes, and to the seat he now holds, as a member of the Thirty-sixth Congress, in 1859, by a still larger majority: thus proving that his constituents consider him a "good and faithful servant."

In Congress Mr. Crawford ranks among the ablest men in the House, and although strong in his own opinions, and sometimes heated in their advocacy, he preserves decorum in debate, and is always courteous and respectful in intercourse. His speeches on the general politics of the day, of which he has made several since he came to Congress, are among the best on the ultra-Southern side, and candidly express his views. His position on the revival of the slave-trade may be gathered from the following paragraph from his remarks in an incidental debate on that subject in the House. After stating the position of several Southern States on this question in former years, Mr. Crawford went on to remark:

"As I said before, South Carolina and other States early moved in this matter; but to-day we stand in a different position, and our opinions of slavery are different from what they were then. Then it was the custom of our private and our public men to excuse themselves for its existence among them; but 'Abolition' movements, from 1820 to this time, have caused investigation and discussion of the subject until it is stronger in the South than ever before; and although its enemies have increased, it never had so many friends at this time. No Southern man confesses it as an evil, either moral or political; and refrains from apologizing for it here as we and Representatives did in 1820, we stand here its advocates and defenders. Moreover, we say to you—the North, who advocate the doctrines of both here and in another place, that if the war between the States and Territories for labor or slave labor—'that all must be free or all must be slave'—you but hasten the day when, upon the plains of Arizona, and the territory south of us, even to Central America, you will find the South equal to the necessity which you have imposed upon her, and a perpetuation of slavery, which time itself can scarcely compute. The question, therefore, rests with the North. Let us alone, and we are content; if we are driven to the necessity of African laborers it will be your fault, not ours."

Mr. Crawford speaks with great fluency, and is concise and forcible rather than ornate, fortifying his positions with facts and authorities, and making no attempt at display. He is of middle size, well made, with Celtic features and complexion, and keen, piercing eyes. Graceful in his gestures, and possessing a pleasant yet commanding voice, he is invariably listened to whenever he rises, and generally retains, while on the floor, the earnest attention of the House. This is, probably, because he "never speaks without having something to say;" and seldom, except to the immediate question under consideration. He was in last Congress and is still a member of the Committee of Ways and Means.



HON. MARTIN J. CRAWFORD, OF GEORGIA.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.]

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "AFTER DARK," ETC., ETC.

(Printed from advance proof-sheets purchased from the author exclusively for "Harper's Weekly.")

MISS HALCOMBE'S NARRATIVE (CONTINUED).

July 5th.—I remained leaning on the window-sill for nearly a quarter of an hour, looking out absently into the black darkness, and hearing nothing except, now and then, the voices of the servants, or the distant sound of a closing door, in the lower part of the house.

Just as I was turning away wearily from the window to go back to the bedroom, and make a second attempt to complete the unfinished entry in my journal, I smelled the odor of tobacco-smoke stealing toward me on the heavy night air. The next moment I saw a tiny red spark advancing from the farther end of the house in the pitch darkness. I heard no footsteps, and I could see nothing but the spark. It traveled along in the night, passed the window at which I was standing, and stopped opposite my bedroom, inside which I had left the light burning on the dressing-table.

The spark remained stationary for a moment, then moved back again in the direction from which it had advanced. As I followed its progress I saw a second red spark, larger than the first, approaching from the distance. The two met together in the darkness. Remembering who smoked cigarettes and who smoked cigars, I inferred immediately that the Count had come out first to look and listen under my window, and that Sir Percival had afterward joined him. They must both have been walking on the lawn—or I should certainly have heard Sir Percival's heavy footfall, though the Count's soft step might have escaped me, even on the gravel walk.

I waited quietly at the window, certain that they could neither of them see me in the darkness of the room.

"What's the matter?" I heard Sir Percival say, in a low voice. "Why don't you come in and sit down?"

"I want to see the light out of that window," replied the Count, softly.

"What harm does the light do?"

"It shows she is not in bed yet. She is sharp enough to suspect something if we hold enough to come down stairs and listen, if she can get the chance. Patience, Percival—patience!"

"Humbug! You're always talking of patience."

"I shall talk of something else presently. My good friend, you are on the edge of your domestic precipice; and if I let you give the women one other chance, on my sacred word of honor they will push you over!"

"What the devil do you mean?"

"We will come to our explanations, Percival, when the light is out of that window, and when I have had one little look at the rooms on each side of the library, and a peep at the staircase as well."

They slowly moved away; and the rest of the conversation between them (which had been conducted throughout in the same low tones) ceased to be audible. It was no matter. I had heard enough to determine me on justifying the Count's opinion of my sharpness and my courage. Before the red sparks were out of sight in the darkness I had made up my mind that there should be a listener when those two came sat down to their talk, and that the listener, in spite of all the Count's precautions to the contrary, should be myself. I wanted but one motive to sanction the act to my own conscience, and to give me courage enough for performing it; and that motive I had. Laura's honor, Laura's happiness, Laura's life itself, might depend on my quick ears and my faithful memory to-night.

I had heard the Count say that he meant to examine the rooms on each side of the library, and the staircase as well, before he entered on any explanations with Sir Percival. This expression of his intentions was necessarily sufficient to inform me that the library was the room in which he proposed that the conversation should take place. The one moment of time which was long enough to bring me to that conclusion, was also the moment which showed me a means of baffling his precautions—or, in other words, of hearing what he and Sir Percival said to each other, without the risk of descending at all into the lower regions of the house.

In speaking of the rooms on the ground-floor I have mentioned incidentally the veranda outside them, on which they all opened by means of French windows, extending from the cornice to the floor. The top of this veranda was flat, the rain-water being carried off from it by pipes into tanks which helped to supply the house. On the narrow leaden roof, which ran along past the bedrooms, and which was rather less, I should think, than three feet below the sills of the windows, a row of flower-pots was ranged, with wide intervals between each pot; the whole being protected from falling, in high winds, by an ornamental iron railing along the edge of the roof.

The plan which had now occurred to me was to get out, at my sitting-room window, on to this roof, to creep along noiselessly, till I reached that part of it which was immediately over the library window, and to crouch down between the flower-pots, with my ear against the outer railing. If Sir Percival and the Count sat and smoked to-night, as I had seen them sitting and smoking many nights before, with their chairs close at the open window, and their feet stretched on the zinc garden-seats which were placed under the windows, and with their chairs close to each other, I should hear every word they said, and every inference I drew from it would be certain to be the right one. On the other hand, they chose to-night to sit far back inside the room, then the chances were that I should lose all or nearly all they said, and that I must run the far more serious risk of trying to outwit them down stairs.

Strongly as I was fortified in my resolution by the desperate nature of our situation, I hoped most fervently that I might escape this last emergency. My courage was only a woman's courage after all; and it was very near to failing me when I thought of trusting myself on the ground-floor, at the dead of night, within reach of Sir Percival and the Count.

I went softly back to my bedroom, to try the safer experiment of the veranda roof first.

A complete change in my dress was imperatively necessary, for many reasons. I took off my silk gown, to begin with, because the slightest noise from it, on that still night, might have

betrayed me. I next removed the white and cumbersome parts of my underclothing, and replaced them by a petticoat of dark flannel. Over this I put my black traveling cloak, and pulled the hood on to my head. In my ordinary evening costume I took up the room of three men at least. In my present dress, when it was held close about me, no man could have passed through the narrowest spaces more easily than I. With a little breadth left on the roof of the veranda, between the flower-pots on one side and the wall and windows of the house on the other, made this a serious consideration. If I knocked any thing down, if I made the least noise, who could say what the consequences might be?

I only waited to put the matches near the candle before I extinguished it, and groped my way back into the sitting-room. I locked that door, as I had locked my bedroom-door—then quietly put off my shoes and shawl, and cautiously set my feet on the leaden roof of the veranda. My two rooms were at the inner extremity of the new wing of the house, in which we all lived, and I had five windows to pass before I could reach the position it was necessary to take up immediately over the library. The first window belonged to a spare room, which was empty. The second and third windows belonged to Laura's room. The fourth window belonged to Sir Percival's room. The fifth belonged to the Countess's room. The others, by which it was not necessary for me to pass, were the windows of the Count's dressing-room, of the bath-room, and of the second empty spare room.

No sound reached my ears—the black, blinding darkness of the night was all round me when I first stood on the veranda, except at that part of it which Madame Fosco's window overlooked. There, at the very place above the library to which my course was directed—there I saw a gleam of light! The Countess was not yet in bed.

It was too late to draw back; it was no time to wait. I determined to go on at all hazards, and trust for security to my own caution and to the darkness of the night. "For Laura's sake!" I thought to myself, as I took the first step forward on the roof, with one hand holding my cloak close round me, and the other gripping against the wall of the house. It was better to brush close by the wall than to risk striking my feet against the flower-pots within a few inches of me on the other side.

I passed the dark window of the spare room, trying the leaden roof at each step with my foot, before I risked resting my weight on it. I passed the dark window of Laura's room ("God bless her and keep her to-night!"). I passed the dark window of Sir Percival's room. Then I stood a moment, knelt down, with my hands to support me, and so crept to my position, under the protection of the low wall between the bottom of the lighted window and the veranda roof.

When I ventured to look up at the window itself I found that the top of it only was open, and that the blind inside was drawn down. While I was looking I saw the shadow of Madame Fosco pass across the white field of the blind, then pass slowly back again. Thus far she could not have heard me, or the shadow would surely have stopped at the blind, even if she had wanted courage enough to open the window and look out.

I placed myself sideways against the railing of the veranda, first ascertaining, by touching them, the position of the flower-pots on either side of me. There was room enough for me to sit between them, and no more. The sweet-scented leaves of the flower on my left hand just touched my cheek as I lightly rested my head against the railing.

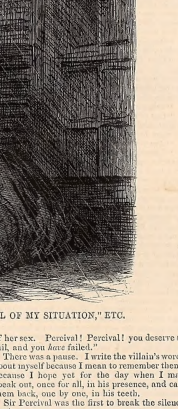
The first sounds that reached me from below were caused by the opening or closing (most probably the latter) of three doors in succession—the doors, no doubt, leading into the hall, and into the rooms on each side of the library, which the Count had pledged himself to examine. The first object that I saw was the red spark again flying out into the night, from under the veranda, moving away toward my window, wailing a moment, and then returning to the place from which it had set out.

"The devil take your restlessness! When do you mean to sit down?" growled Sir Percival's voice beneath me.

"Oui! how hot it is!" said the Count, sighing and yielding wearily.

His exclamation was followed by the scraping of the garden chairs on the tiled pavement under the veranda—the welcome sound which told me they were going to sit close at the window, as usual. So far the chance was mine. The clock in the hall struck the quarter to twelve as they settled themselves in their chairs. I heard Madame Fosco through the open window yawning, and saw her shadow pass once more across the white field of the blind.

Meanwhile Sir Percival and the Count began talking together below, now and then dropping their voices a little lower than usual, but never sinking them to a whisper. The strangeness and peril of my situation—the dread, which I could not master, of Madame Fosco's lighted window, made it difficult, almost impossible for me at first to keep my presence of mind, and to fix my attention solely on the conversation beneath. For some minutes I could only succeed in gathering the general substances of it. I understood the Count to say that the one window slight was his wife's; that the ground-floor of the house was quite clear; and that they might now speak to each other without fear of accidents. Sir Percival merely answered by upbraiding his friend with having unpardonably slighted his wishes and neglected his interests all through the day. The Count thereupon defended himself by declaring that he had been beset by certain troubles and anxieties which had absorbed all his attention, and that the only safe time to come to an explanation was a time when they could feel quite certain of being neither interrupted nor overheard. "We are at a serious crisis in our affairs, Percival," he said; "and if we are to decide on the future at all we must decide secretly to-night."



"THE STRANGENESS AND PERIL OF MY SITUATION," ETC.

That sentence of the Count's was the first which my attention was ready enough to master exactly as it was spoken. From this point, with certain breaks and interruptions, my whole interest fixed breathlessly on the conversation, and I followed it word for word.

"Crisis?" repeated Sir Percival. "It's a worse crisis than you think for, I can tell you!"

"So I should suppose, from your behavior for the last day or two," returned the other, coolly. "But wait a little. Before we advance to what I *do* know. Let us first see if I am right about the time that is past, before I make my proposal to you for the time that is to come."

"Stop till I get the brandy and water. Have some yourself."

"Thank you, Percival. The cold water with pleasure, a spoon, and the basin of sugar. Eau sucrée, my friend—nothing more."

"Sugar and water for a man of your age!—There! mix your sticky mess. You foreigners are all alike."

"Now, listen, Percival. I will put our position plainly before you, as I understand it; and you shall say if I am right or wrong. You and I both came back to this house from the Continent, with our affairs very seriously embarrassed—"

"Cut it short! I wanted some thousands, and you some hundreds—and without the money we were both in a fair way to go to the dogs together. There's the situation. Make what you can of it. Go on."

"Well, Percival, in your own solid English words you wanted some thousands and I wanted some hundreds, and the only way of getting them was for you to raise the money for your own necessities (with a small margin beyond for my poor little hundreds) by the help of your wife. What did I tell you about your wife on our way to England? and what did I tell you again, when we all came here, and when I had seen for myself the sort of woman Miss Halcombe was?"

"How should I know? You talked nineteen to the dozen, I suppose, just as usual."

"I said this: Human ingenuity, my friend, has hitherto only discovered two ways in which a man can manage a woman. One way is to knock her down—a method largely adopted by the brutal lower orders of the people, but utterly abhorrent to the refined and educated classes above them. The other way (much longer, much more difficult, but in the end not less certain) is never to accept a provocation at a woman's hands; to watch with animals, it holds with children, and it holds with women, who are nothing but children grown up. Quiet resolution is the one quality that animals, children, and the women all fail in. If they can once shake this superior quality in their master, they get the better of him. If they never succeed in disturbing it, he gets the better of *them*. I said to you, Remember that plain truth when you want your wife to help you to the money. I said, Remember it doubly and trebly in the presence of your wife's sister, Miss Halcombe. Have you remembered it? Not once, in all the complications that have twisted themselves about us in this house. Every provocation that your wife and her sister could offer to you you instantly accepted from them. Your mad temper lost the signature to the deed, lost the ready money, set Miss Halcombe writing to the lawyer, for the first time—"

"First time! what do you mean?"

"This. Miss Halcombe has written to the lawyer for the second time to-day."

A chair fell on the pavement of the veranda —fell with a crash, as if it had been struck or kicked down. It was well for me that the Count's exclamation roused Sir Percival's anger as it did. On hearing that I had been again discovered my self-control failed me at the critical moment, and I started so that the railing against which I leaned cracked again. How, in the name of Heaven, had he found me out? The letter had never left my own possession till I myself placed them in Fanny's hands at the inn.

"Thank your lucky star," I heard the Count say next, "that you have me in the house to undo the harm as fast as you do it. Thank your lucky star that I said No when you were mad enough to talk of turning the key to-day on Miss Halcombe, as you turned it, in your mischievous folly, on your wife. Where are your eyes? Can you look at Miss Halcombe and not see that she has the foresight and the resolution of a man? With that woman for my friend, I would snap these fingers of mine at the world. With that woman for my enemy, I, with all my brains and experience—I, Fosco, cunning as the devil himself, as you have told me a hundred times—I walk, in your English phrase, upon eggshells! And this grand creature—I drink her health in my sugar and water—this grand creature, who stands in the strength of her love and her courage, firm as a rock between us two and that poor flimsy pretty blonde wife of yours —this magnificent woman, whom I admire with all my soul, though I oppose her in your interests and in mine, you drive to extremities, as if she was no sharper and no bolder than the rest of her sex. Percival! Percival! you deserve to fail, and you have failed."

There was a pause. I write the villain's words about myself because I mean to remember them, because I hope yet for the day when I may speak out, once for all, in his presence, and cast them back, one by one, in his teeth.

Sir Percival was the first to break the silence again.

"Yes, yes; bully and bluster as much as you like," he said, sullkily; "the difficulty about the money is not the only difficulty. You would be for talking strong measures with the woman yourself, if you knew as much as I do."

"We will come to that second difficulty all in good time," rejoined the Count. "You may confuse yourself, Percival, as much as you please, but you shall not confuse me. Let the question of the money be settled first. Have I convinced your obstinate head, or shown you that your temper will not let you help yourself? —or must I go back and (as you put it in your dear straightforward English) bully and bluster a little more?"

"Pooh! It's easy enough to grumble at *me*. Say what is to be done—that's a little harder."

"Is it? Bah! This is what is to be done: You give up all direction in the business from to-night; and you leave it, for the future, in my hands only. I am talking to a Practical British Husband—ha? Well, Percival, will that do for you?"

"What do you propose if I leave it all to you?"

"Answer me first. Is it to be in my hands or not?"

"Give it is in your hands—what then?"

"A few questions, Percival, to begin with. I must wait a little yet to let circumstances guide me in the right direction. I may, in every possible way, what those circumstances are likely to be. There is no time to lose. I have told you already that Miss Halcombe has written to the lawyer to-day for the second time."

"How did you find it out? What did she say?"

"If I told you, Percival, we should only come back at the end to where we are now. Enough that I have found out—and the finding has caused that trouble and anxiety which made me so inscrutable to you all through to-day. Now to refresh my memory about your affairs—it is some time since I talked them over with you. The income of your wife was raised, in the shape of your wife's signature, by means of bills at three months—raised at a cost that makes my poverty-stricken flesh creep to think of it! When the bills are due, is there really and truly no earthly way of paying them but by the help of your wife?"

"None."

"What! You have no money at the bankers'?"

"A few hundreds, when I want as many thousands."

"Have you no other security to borrow upon?"

"Not a shred."

"What have you actually got with your wife at the present moment?"

"Nothing but the interest of her twenty thousand pounds—barely enough to pay our daily expenses."

"What do you expect from your wife?"

"Three thousand a year, when her uncle dies."

"A fine fortune, Percival. What sort of a man is this uncle? Old?"

"No—neither old nor young."

"Good-tempered—like my dear man? Married? No, I think my wife told me not married."

"Of course not. If he was married, and had a son, Lady Glyde would not be next heir to the property. I'll tell you what he is. He's a maudlin, twaddling, selfish fool, and bores every body who comes near him about the state of his health."

"Men of that sort, Percival, live long and marry malevolently when you least expect it. I don't give you much, my friend, for your chance of the three and a year. Is there nothing more that comes to you from your wife?"

"Nothing."

"Absolutely nothing?"

"Absolutely nothing—except in case of her death."

"Aha! in the case of her death."

There was another pause. The Count moved from the window on the gravel walk outside. I knew that he had moved by his voice. "The rain has come at last," I heard him say. It *had* come. The state of my cloak shewed that it had been falling thickly for some little time.

The Count went back under the veranda—I heard the chair creak beneath his weight as he sat down in it again.

"Well, Percival," he said, "and in the case of Lady Glyde's death, what do you get then?"

"If she leaves no children—"

"Which she is likely to do?"

"Which she is not in the least likely to do—"

"Yes?"

"Why, then I get her twenty thousand pounds."

"Paid down?"

"Paid down."

They were silent once more. As their voices ceased Madame Fosco's shadow darkened the blind again. Instead of passing this time it remained for a moment quite still. I saw her fingers steal round the corner of the blind and draw it on one side. The dim white outline of her face, looking out straight over me appeared behind the window. I kept quite still, shrouded from head to foot in my black cloak. The rain, which was the one thing to be dreaded over the glass, blurred it, and prevented her from seeing any thing. "More rain!" I heard her say to herself. She dropped the blind, and I breathed again freely.

The talk went on below me, the Count resuming it this time.

"Percival! do you care about your wife?"

"Fosco! that's rather a downright question."

"I am a downright man, and I expect it."

"Why the devil do you look at me in that way?"

"You won't answer me? Well, then, let us say your wife dies before the summer is out—"

"Drop it, Fosco!"

"Let us say your wife dies—"

"Drop it, I tell you!"

"In this case you would have the twenty thousand pounds, and you would lose—"

"I should lose the chance of three thousand a year."

"The *remote* chance, Percival—the remote chance only. And you want money at once. In your position the gain is certain, the loss doubtful."

"Speak for yourself as well as for me. Some of the money I want has been borrowed for you. And if you come to gain *my* wife's death would be ten thousand pounds in *your* wife's pocket. Sharp as you are you seem to have entirely and forgotten Madame Fosco a legacy. Don't look at me in that way! I won't have it! What with your books and your questions, upon my soul you make my flesh creep!"

"Your flesh? Does flesh mean conscience in English? I speak of your wife's death as I speak of a possibility. Why not? The respectable lawyers who scribble scrabble your deeds and your wills look the deaths of living people in the face. Do lawyers make your flesh creep? Why should I? It is my business to-night to pass my pen over every possibility of mistake—and I have now done it. Here is your position: If your wife lives, you pay those

bills with her signature to the parchment. If your wife dies, you pay them with her death."

As he spoke the light in Madame Fosco's room was extinguished, and the whole second floor of the house was now sunk in darkness.

"Talk! talk!" grumbled Sir Percival. "One would think, to hear you, that my wife's signature to the deed was got already."

"You have left the matter in my hands," retorted the Count; "and I have more than two months before me to turn round in. Say no more about it, if you please, for the present. When the bills are due you will see for yourself if my 'talk! talk!' is worth something, or if it is not. And now, Percival, having done with the money matters for to-night, I can place my attention at your disposal if you wish to consult me on that second difficulty, which has mixed itself up with our little embarrassments, and which has so altered you for the worse that I hardly know you again. Speak, my friend—and pardon me if I shock your fiery national tastes by mixing myself a second glass of sugar-and-water."

"It's very well to say speak," replied Sir Percival, in a far more quiet and more polite tone than he had yet adopted; "but it's not so easy to know how to begin."

"Shall I help you?" suggested the Count. "Shall I give this private difficulty of yours a name? What if I call it—Anne Catherick?"

"Look here, Fosco, you and I have known each other for a long time; and, if you have helped me out of one or two scrapes before this, I have done the best I could to help you in return as far as money would go. We have made as many friendly sacrifices, on both sides, as men could; but we have had our secrets from each other, of course—haven't we?"

"You have had a secret from *me*, Percival. There is a skeleton in your cupboard here at Blackwater Park that has peeped out, in these last few days, at other people besides yourself."

"Well, suppose it has. If it doesn't concern you you needn't be curious about it, need you?"

"Do I look curious about it?"

"Yes, you do."

"So! so! my face speaks the truth then? What an immense foundation of good there must be in the nature of a man who arrives at my age, and whose face has not yet lost the habit of speaking the truth! Come, Glyde, let us be candid one with the other. This secret of yours has sought *me*: I have not sought *it*. Let us say I am curious—do you ask me, as your old friend, to respect your secret, and to leave it, once for all, in your own keeping?"

"Yes—that's just what I do ask."

"Then my curiosity is at an end. It dies in me from this moment."

"Do you really mean that?"

"What makes you doubt me?"

"I have some experience, Fosco, of your roundabout ways, and I am not so sure that you won't worm it out of me after all."

The chair below suddenly creaked again—I felt the trellis-work pillar under me shake from top to bottom. The Count had started to his feet and struck it with his hand in indignation.

"Percival! Percival!" he cried, passionately, "do you know me no better than that? Has all your experience shown you nothing of my character yet? I am a man of the antique type! I am capable of the most exalted acts of virtue—when I have the chance of performing them. It has been the misfortune of my life that I have had few chances. My conception of friendship is sublime! Is it my fault that your skeleton has peeped out at me? Why do I confess my curiosity? You poor superficial Englishman, it is to magnify my own self-control. I could draw your secret out of you, if I liked, as I draw this finger out of the palm of my hand—you know I could! But you have appealed to my friendship; and the duties of friendship are sacred to me. See! I trample my base curiosity under my feet. My exalted sentiments lift me above it. Recognize them, Percival! imitate them, Percival! Shake hands—I forgive you."

His voice faltered over the last words—faltered, as if he was actually shedding tears!

Sir Percival confusedly attempted to excuse himself. But the Count was too magnanimous to listen to him.

"No!" he said. "When my friend has wounded me I can pardon him without apologies. Tell me, in plain words, do you want my help?"

"Yes, badly enough."

"And you can ask for it without compromising yourself?"

"I can try, at any rate."

"Try, then."

"Well, this is how it stands: I told you to-day that I had done my best to find Anne Catherick and failed."

"Yes, you did."

"Fosco! I'm a lost man if I *don't* find her."

"Ha! Is it so serious as that?"

A little stream of light traveled out under the veranda and fell over the gravel-walk. The Count had taken the lamp from the inner part of the room to see his friend clearly by the light of it.

"Yes!" he said. "*Your* face speaks the truth this time. Serious, indeed—as serious as the money matters themselves."

"More serious. As true as I sit here more serious!"

The light disappeared again, and the talk went on.

"I showed you the letter to my wife that Anne Catherick hid in the sand," Sir Percival continued. "There's no boasting in that letter, Fosco—she *does* know the Secret."

"Say as little as possible, Percival, in my presence, of the Secret. Does she know it from you?"

"No; from her mother."

"Two women in possession of your private mind—bad, bad, bad, my friend! One question here before we go any farther. The motive of your shutting up the daughter in the asylum is now plain enough to me; but the manner of her escape is not quite so clear. Do you suspect the people in charge of her of closing their eyes purposely at the instance of some enemy of yours, who could afford to make it worth their while?"

"No; she was the best-behaved patient they had—and, like fools, they trusted her. She's just mad enough to be shut up, and just sane enough to ruin me when she's at large—if you understand that?"

"I do understand it. Now, Percival, come at once to the point, and then I shall know what to do. Where is the danger of your position at the present moment?"

"Anne Catherick is in this neighborhood, and in communication with Lady Glyde—there's the danger plain enough. Who can read the letter she hid in the sand and not see that my wife is in possession of the secret, deny it as she may?"

"One moment, Percival. If Lady Glyde does know the secret, she must know also that it is a compromising secret for *you*. As your wife, surely it is her interest to keep it?"

"Is it? I'm coming to that. It might be her interest if she cared two straws about me. But I happen to be an encumbrance in the way of another man. She was in love with him before she married me—she's in love with him now—an infernal vagabond of a drawing-master, named Hartright."

"My dear friend! what is there extraordinary in that? They are all in love with some other man. Who gets the first of a woman's heart? In all my experience I have never yet met with the man who was Number One. Number Two, sometimes. Number Three, Four, Five, often. Number One, never! He exists, of course—but I have not met with him."

"Wait! I haven't done yet. Who do you think helped Anne Catherick to get the start, when the people from the madhouse were after her? Hartright. Who do you think saw her again in Cumberland? Hartright. Both times he spoke to her alone. Stop! don't interrupt me. The scoundrel's as sweet on my wife as she is on him. He knows the secret, and she knows the secret. Once let them both get together again, and it's her interest and his interest to turn their information against me."

"Gently, Percival—gently! Are you insensible to the virtue of Lady Glyde?"

"That for the virtue of Lady Glyde! I believe in nothing about her but her money. Don't you see how the case stands? She might be harmless enough by herself; but if she and that vagabond Hartright—"

"Yes, yes, I see. Where is Mr. Hartright?"

"Out of the country. If he means to keep a whole skin on his bones I recommend him not to come back in a hurry."

"Are you sure he is out of the country?"

"Certain. I had him watched from the time he left Cumberland to the time he sailed. Oh, I've been careful, I can tell you! Anne Catherick lived with some people at a farm-house near Limmeridge. I went there myself, after she had given me the slip, and made sure that they knew nothing. I gave her mother a form of letter to write to Miss Halcombe, exonerating me from any bad motive in putting her under restraint. I've spent, I'm afraid to say how much, in trying to trace her. And, in spite of it all, she turns up here, and escapes me on my own property! How do I know who else may see her, who else may speak to her? That prying scoundrel, Hartright, may come back without my knowing it, and may make use of her to-morrow—"

"Not he, Percival! While I am on the spot, and while that woman is in the neighborhood, I will answer for our laying hands on her before Mr. Hartright—even if he does come back. I see! yes, yes, I see! The finding of Anne Catherick is the first necessity: make your mind easy about the rest. Your wife is here, under your thumb; Miss Halcombe is inseparable from her, and is, therefore, under your thumb also; and Mr. Hartright is out of the country. This invisible Anne of yours is all we have to think of for the present. You have made your inquiries?"

"Yes. I have been to her mother; I have ransacked the village—and all to no purpose."

"Is her mother to be depended on?"

"Yes."

"She has told your secret once."

"She won't tell it again."

"Why not? Are her own interests concerned in keeping it as well as yours?"

"Yes—deeply concerned."

"I am glad to hear it, Percival, for your sake. Don't be discouraged, my friend. Our money matters, as I told you, leave me plenty of time to turn round in; and *I* may search for Anne Catherick to-morrow to a better purpose than you. One last question before we go to bed."

"What is it?"

"It is this. When I went to the boat-house to tell Lady Glyde that the little difficulty of her signature was put off, accident took me there in time to see a strange woman parting in a very suspicious manner from your wife. But accident did not bring me near enough to see this same woman's face plainly. I must know how to recognize our invisible Anne. What is she like?"

"Like? Come! I'll tell you in two words. She's a sickly likeness of my wife."

The chair creaked, and the pillar shook once more. The Count was on his feet again—this time in astonishment.

"What!!!" he exclaimed eagerly.

"Fancy my wife, after a bad illness, with a touch of something wrong in her head—and there is Anne Catherick for you," answered Sir Percival.

"Are they related to each other?"

"Not a bit of it."

"And yet so like?"

"Yes, so like. What are you laughing about?"

There was no answer and no sound of any kind, the Count was laughing in his smooth, silent, internal way.

"What are you laughing about?" reiterated Sir Percival.

"Perhaps at my own fancies, my good friend. Allow me my Italian humor—do I not come of the illustrious nation which invented the exhibition of Punch? Well, well, well, I shall know Anne Catherick when I see her—and so enough for to-night. Make your mind easy, Percival. Sleep, my son, the sleep of the just; and see what I will do for you when daylight comes to help us both. I have my projects and my plans here in my big head. You shall pay those bills and find Anne Catherick—my sacred word of honor on it, but you shall! Am I a friend to be treasured in the best corner of your heart, or am I not? Am I worth those loans of money which you so delicately reminded me of a little while since? Whatever you do, never wound me in my sentiments any more. Recognize them, Percival! imitate them, Percival! I forgive you again; I shake hands again. Good-night!"

Not another word was spoken. I heard the Count close the library door. I heard Sir Percival barring up the window-shutters. It had been raining, raining all the time. I was cramped by my position, and chilled to the bones. When I first tried to move the effort was so painful to me that I was obliged to desist. I tried a second time, and succeeded in rising to my knees on the wet roof.

As I crept to the wall and raised myself against it I looked back, and saw the window of the Count's dressing-room gleam into light. My sinking courage flickered up in me again and kept my eyes fixed on his window as I stole my way, step by step, back along the wall of the house.

The clock struck the quarter-past one when I laid my hands on the window-sill of my own room. I had seen nothing and heard nothing which could lead me to suppose that my retreat had been discovered.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, April 2, in the Senate, the Territorial resolutions of Senator Davis, of Mississippi, were taken up and speeches made thereon by Senators Saulsbury, of Delaware, Ten Eyck, of New Jersey, Brown, of Mississippi, and Wigfall, of Texas.——In the House, the bill prohibiting polygamy in Utah was taken up, and Mr. Millson, of Virginia, spoke urgently in favor of the passage of the prohibitory bill, on moral grounds. Mr. Pryor maintained the same views, taking pains to show the distinction between Slavery and Polygamy, as subjects of such legislation, and arguing the right of Congress to legislate for the Territories. The opposite opinions were advocated by Mr. Taylor, of Louisiana, who saw nothing but a useless and mischievous precedent in the bill. In the course of the debate Messrs. Etheridge and Nelson, of Tennessee, expressed their design to vote for the measure; but deprecated precipitate action in a matter so momentous. Without definite result, the House adjourned.

On Tuesday, April 3, in the Senate, there were reported bills organizing the Territories of Arizona and Colorado. Senator Green, of Missouri, introduced resolutions suggesting charges against William Medill, Controller of the Treasury, the principal misdemeanor being his alleged refusal to adjust an account with the contractors for the Vera Cruz mail, notwithstanding an act of Congress directing him to do so. The resolutions demanded the removal of Mr. Medill. Resolutions providing for the payment of expenses to be incurred in bringing the Japanese Embassy to this country were adopted. The House bill in regard to new contracts for a daily overland mail was referred. A commission was ordered for the adjustment of American claims upon Paraguay. The Homestead bill of the House was called up at the instance of Senator Johnson, of Tennessee, who urged its passage, and was followed in an able and telling speech by Senator Wilkinson, of Minnesota, who also sustained the measure.——In the House, Mr. M'Clernand, of Illinois, made a set speech in opposition to the pending anti-polygamy bill. Mr. Lamar, of Mississippi, was in favor of the bill, as was also Mr. Vallandigham, of Ohio. Mr. Noell urged a variety of reasons against it, which were strengthened by the arguments of Mr. Keitt, of South Carolina. Mr. Thayer, of Massachusetts, was for partitioning Utah between the two projected Territories upon its eastern and western frontiers; and so solving the difficulty, without direct legislation. At the same time, he was unfriendly to the organization of the new Territories. At the adjournment, Mr. Keitt was still speaking adversely to the bill.

On Wednesday, April 4, in the Senate, various documents were presented; after which Senator Green called up his resolutions in reference to Mr. Medill, and moved their reference to the appropriate committee. Senator Saulsbury spoke in opposition to the reference. Senator Pugh moved a postponement of the subject, as Mr. Medill was absent, and detained by sickness in Ohio. Senator Green, however, insisted upon his motion, alleging that the Controller had been furnished with a copy of the resolutions prior to his departure. He was opposed by Senators Bayard and Benjamin, and finally the subject gave way to the Homestead Bill, as the special order, Senator Pugh advocating the bill with amendments. Senator Wigfall followed, opposing the measure in a speech of great length. A resolution, offered by Senator Sumner, calling for copies of correspondence in the State Department relative to military service exacted from American citizens abroad, was adopted.——In the House, the Military Academy Appropriation Bill was reported from the Military Committee, with a recommendation that the Senate amendment, authorizing a regiment of Texan Volunteers, be concurred in. Mr. Keitt then resumed from Tuesday his remarks against the Polygamy Bill; and was followed by Mr. Gooch, of Massachusetts, who advocated amendments, and opposed the plan of partition favored by Mr. Thayer. Mr. Simms, of Kentucky, was for the measure. His remarks called out Mr. Hooper, the Utah delegate, who denied the charges brought against the Mormons. At this stage Mr. Nelson called for the previous question, which was ordered by a vote of 114 to 75. Mr. Nelson then spoke for an hour in advocacy of the bill.

On Thursday, April 5, in the Senate, the Indian Appropriation Bill coming up, Senator Latham moved, as an amendment, that California be permitted to provide for her own Indians. Without further discussion the subject was laid aside, and the Homestead debate was resumed. The amendment offered by Senator Fitch, providing for the retention by Government of alternate quarter sections, was rejected. Senator Brown, of Mississippi, referred to a bill he had to offer as a substitute, the distinctive trait of which was to extend the period of pre-emption, and to prevent the ejection of settlers. Senator Green, of Missouri, attacked the whole scheme of free lands or homesteads as mischievous, and as a product of reckless and dangerous partisanship.——In the House, Mr. Sherman, from the Committee of Ways and Means, reported the Post-office Appropriation Bill. Mr. Nelson then resumed and closed his speech in favor of the Utah Polygamy Bill, and was followed by Mr. Hooper, the Mormon delegate, who threatened that the passage of the act would revive the ill-feeling between his people and the Government, which had so lately been extinguished. The substitutes proposed by Messrs. Branch and M'Clernand were successively put to vote and rejected. The bill finally passed by 149 yeas to 60 nays. Mr. Sickles, of New York, claiming to speak to a privileged question, referred to the contest for his seat, and produced and commented upon the notice which Mr. Williamson, in response to the House resolution, had caused to be served upon him. The subject was referred to the Committee upon Elections. The Tariff Loan Bill was taken up in Committee of the Whole; and Mr. Lovejoy, of Illinois, made a violently radical speech on the slavery issue. A portion of his remarks caused great excitement among Southern members.

On Friday, April 6, in the Senate, forty-two private bills were passed, including all the House bills of that character. A bill was introduced providing for the location of United States courts at Binghamton, New York. The House resolution relative to the expenditure of money for public works at Chicago was adopted.——In the House, seventeen private bills were passed. Mr. Covode, who is at the head of a committee engaged in making investigation into the electioneering tactics of the Democrats, made a report setting forth that Collector Schell, of New York, refuses to divulge the names of the subscribers to a fund raised in this city for party purposes during the last Presidential canvass. The report concluded with a recommendation that the Speaker cause the arrest of Mr. Schell, and that he be held to answer for contempt. The subject was laid over till Monday, when a counter report will be made. A resolution was adopted requesting the President to communicate whatever information he may have relative to the expulsion of American citizens from Mexico and the confiscation of their property by Miramon. Several other subjects were brought up, none of them, however, of importance.

FRACAS IN THE HOUSE.

On April 5, during Mr. Lovejoy's speech on Slavery, a fracas occurred. Mr. Pryor rose to a point of order, and approached the speaker menacingly.

Mr. Pryor. "That is my point of order. Let him talk over there, but he shall not come to this side to shake his fists in a menacing and ruffianly manner at us."

The Chairman. "I request gentlemen to take their seats and come to order."

Great confusion in front of the desk—a dozen members from the Democratic side menacing Mr. Lovejoy, who was supported by his friends from the Republican side.

Mr. Cox. "Let him go back to his seat and resume—"

Mr. Barksdale (shaking a heavy gold-headed cane at Lovejoy) said, "You lying scoundrel, come over here if you dare!"

Great confusion, and a collision imminent.

The Chairman. "I beg respectfully to request that gentlemen will take their seats."

No attention was paid to the request by the excited circle that now stood in front of the desk.

The Chairman. "I request members to assist me in preserving order."

Mr. Adrain, of New Jersey. "Perhaps the best way to avert this difficulty would be for the gentleman to speak from his seat. We all know him to be a man of courage, and that he can not be intimidated."

Mr. Pryor. "Nobody wants to intimidate him. I give him credit for courage."

Mr. Lovejoy. "Nobody can intimidate me."

Great noise and confusion, several members addressing Mr. Lovejoy in any but a complimentary way. But, though fingers and fists and heads all shook and wagged most ominously around him, the cause of the disturbance stood unmoved amidst friends and foes.

Mr. Adrain. "I know that no one desires to intimidate him, and it is therefore better that the gentleman should go and speak from his seat."

Mr. John Cochrane, of New York (making himself heard over the tumult). "I move that the Committee rise if this disturbance do not cease."

The Chairman. "Will gentlemen take their seats?"

No acquiescence—gentlemen's tongues, fingers, and heads all going together, and all threatening the gentleman in the centre. While the noisy spirits were thus working themselves into a fury, or were taking this way to get rid of what was within, one gentleman from Kentucky, whose tongue subsequently came into action, was noticed to be very intent on paring his nails with the blade of a rather formidable knife. The occupation was suspicious, and the sinister look of the operator was more so. In the midst of the noise and uproar it was impossible to catch the remarks of every member.

Mr. Pryor. "I repeat, he does not belong to this side of the House, and he should speak from the side to which he belongs."

Mr. Singleton, of Mississippi. "He came over shaking his fists at us, but he must not do it."

Mr. Burnett, of Kentucky. "Mr. Chairman, there is a rule of the House which requires members to speak from their seats. The gentleman from Illinois was not in his seat when he commenced speaking. The gentleman from Illinois can not and shall not cross this aisle in a menacing manner to threaten our side of the House—I tell him that, let the consequences be what they may, he must speak from his seat, and he shall and must do it."

THE COMMITTEE RISES.

Several Voices. "Call the Sergeant-at-Arms."

Mr. Grow (Pa.). "Let the committee rise."

The Chairman. "Will gentlemen take their seats?"

No compliance. Confusion raging in front of the desk.

Mr. Cox. "Why does not the Chairman insist on the gentleman from Illinois taking his seat?"

The Chairman here called upon the Sergeant-at-Arms to execute his office and restore order.

Mr. Burnett. "You may call upon your Sergeant-at-Arms, but I shall not do it."

The deputy Sergeant-at-Arms here approached with his mace, which he carried in a very humble manner, and with a very undecided and downcast look. As he walked to the ring he was told very emphatically that he had no authority to enforce order. And still the clamor and uproar were kept up, and from out of the centre of the ring strode

Mr. Kellogg, who, in a stentorian voice, declared, "The gentleman shall speak. He shall not commit a breach of the rules of the House, but he shall have his rights according to the rules of the House, and if he violates them I shall be the first to rebuke him; but he shall speak."

A general fight at one time seemed imminent, and the wildest excitement every where prevailed.

The Speaker was called in to resume his seat, when the Chairman reported that the committee rose, owing to the disorder.

Finally comparative quiet was restored.

Mr. Sherman said, "We are in good order now."

SCENE BEFORE THE INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE.

The *Herald* says: "The examination of Mr. Butterworth before the Covode Investigating Committee has been closed. Before the testimony was signed, Mr. Butterworth, addressing himself to Mr. Train, a member of the committee from Massachusetts, said,

"Sir,—'In the course of this investigation you propounded to me questions personally offensive. You in effect asked me to state if I had not bargained with the President and bartered my principles to retain my place. In order that no unjust inferences might be drawn from a refusal, I consented to answer the question. I regard this as a personal insult, and one to which I do not intend quietly to submit. I now give you an opportunity to withdraw the question.'

"Mr. Train. 'I did not intend to insult you, Sir. I

was requested to ask the question, and did so simply to ascertain if the President had used any improper influences in the matter.

"Mr. BUTTERWORTH. You had no right to propound an impertinent question to me to gratify the malignancy of cowardly slanderers. If you had ventured such a story in the senate I should have resented the insult on the spot; and I do not intend to permit any member of this Committee to shield himself behind his official position to escape a just personal responsibility."

"Mr. COX inquired of the Committee, 'I do not agree with you, sir, that you have any right to hold any member personally responsible for the discharge of his official duties; and, so far as I am concerned, I do not intend to be intimidated by any threats.'

"Mr. BUTTERWORTH. 'I make no threats. I state a fact; and we will leave the matter to the action of the Committee. My action will be determined by yours.'

"Mr. CORWIN. 'I take the liberty to say to the witness of the question, and answer also; but you had better let the Committee alone. You have committed a crime before here, and this can be left out of the printed report.'"

To this Mr. BUTTERWORTH responded, and the affair was thus amicably adjusted."

RELATIONS OF CONNECTICUT AND RHODE ISLAND.

State elections took place in Connecticut on 2d, and Rhode Island on 4th inst. In the former State, the Republicans elect Governor by about 500 votes, thus losing a Democratic gain of nearly 1000. In Rhode Island the Democratic candidate, we are also supposed by the "Conservative Republicans," was elected by about 1500 majority. Much excitement prevailed throughout Rhode Island on the occasion.

ANOTHER CONGRESSIONAL ROW.

The *Herald* of Saturday morning correspondent gives the following account of a difficulty, which occurred on Saturday between Messrs. Hindman, of New York and Lindsman of Arkansas:

"There was almost a street collision this forenoon, about 10 o'clock, between two Congressmen, Mr. Van Wyck of New York, and Mr. Hindman, of Arkansas, in front of the National Hotel. There are various interpretations of the affair, but the following I obtained from an eye-witness: 'Mr. Van Wyck was standing upon the front steps of the hotel, with Mr. Stuart of New York, and Mr. Lovejoy of Illinois. Mr. Hindman sighted them a curious look, and muttered some of the fierce expressions named above to enter the hotel, when Mr. Van Wyck remarked him with the words, 'I'll be d—d if you don't, Mr. Hindman.' The latter resented the salutation with a movement of his hand toward Mr. Van Wyck's face. Stuart interposed as an intended blow, but Mr. Hindman did not reach Mr. Van Wyck. Mr. Stuart stepped between and mildly remonstrated with Mr. Hindman, and he desisted and entered the house.' Mr. Stuart then left, and had made a speech in the House of Representatives in sailing to enter the house of Representatives, and he (Mr. Hindman) could not permit Mr. Van Wyck to speak to him. Mr. Van Wyck, on seeing Hindman struck, made an advance to Mr. Hindman. Mr. Van Wyck was standing on the front steps of the hotel, with Mr. Stuart of New York, and Mr. Lovejoy of Illinois. Mr. Hindman sighted from a curious look, muttered some of the fierce expressions named above to enter the hotel, when Mr. Van Wyck remarked him with the words, 'I'll be d—d if you don't, Mr. Hindman.' The latter resented the salutation with a movement of his hand toward Mr. Van Wyck's face. Mr. Stuart interposed as an intended blow, but Mr. Hindman did not reach Mr. Van Wyck. Mr. Stuart stepped between and mildly remonstrated with Mr. Hindman, and he desisted and entered the house. Mr. Stuart then left, and had made a speech in the House of Representatives in sailing to enter the house of Representatives, and he (Mr. Hindman) could not permit Mr. Van Wyck to speak to him. Mr. Van Wyck, on seeing Hindman struck, made an advance to Mr. Hindman. Mr. Van Wyck was standing among the Democratic members, growing out of the affair, they separated. Out of these facts have grown all sorts of rumors, the most reasonable of which charges a blows and exhibition of deadly weapons, nothing of which happened."

THE CONCORD REBELLION.

We give elsewhere illustrations of the Sanborn arrest and rescue.

It is said that, since the agitation following the John Brown invasion, there have not been expected more trouble. The feeling seems to have been very strong against the Sanborn arrest, and on account of the manner in which he made the arrest. The Boston *Journal* says:

"Nothing but the assurance that a writ would soon be obtained and the fear that a mob would in a legal way prevented the exasperated citizens from pounding the officer and rescuing the prisoner. Every attempt was made to attack the officials. One man raised his arm to strike, but was seized by bystanders who at once observed his movements. Another was on the point of hurling a stone at the officers, but was arrested in the attempt. The citizens generally, without distinction of party, united in sympathizing with Mr. Sanborn. But three men were found who had formed the centre of the mêlée—one of them was the Postmaster, and another an officer of the Custom-house."

MEETING OF THE DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL COMMITTEE.

The Democratic National Committee met at Washington on 5th. Twenty-three States were represented. George A. Cobb, of North Carolina, was chosen Chairman *pro tempore*, in the absence of Judge Smalley, and C. L. Vallandigham, of Ohio, was unanimously received that it is inexpedient, under existing circumstances, to change the time for holding the Democratic Convention from Charleston to any other place. The Committee adjourned in order to attend the Jackson Day Ball, at ten o'clock in the Grand Lodge of the Masonic Hall, which has been tendered and accepted by the Hon. John Cochrane.

Previous to action on the resolution, Mr. Vallandigham stated the reasons for the course which grew out mainly of the complaints about impositions in Charleston concerning accommodations for visitors. He had received numerous letters on this subject. Gentlemen of Baltimore, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, St. Louis, and Louisville had presented inducements for changing the place of meeting to those cities. He was satisfied that the Democracy of Charleston would, as far as they could, extend their hospitalities to delegates.

Mr. Ashmore (S. C.) stated to the Committee that he had appeared before them as the Secretary, but did not regard himself a member. He had met the Executive Committee of South Carolina at the solicitation of the Hon. B. H. Wilson, the member of said Committee from South Carolina, in his district, for the sole and only object to appoint the time when the Convention will meet in Charleston. The Convention regarded himself as limited to the single act of fixing the time, which had been done, and, in the absence of an alternative contract, should decline voting or participating further than to say, as a matter of personal fact, that he had received many letters from distinguished gentlemen in Charleston, of their own Democracy, who assured him that the hospitalities of that party would be extended to the fullest extent of their means to the numerous visitors and delegates. He was frank to say, in his opinion nothing need be expected from the Legislature of South Carolina. As to change, he hoped no effort would be made to effect one. He did not think the Convention had the power to make any, and if it were so, it would have a very deleterious and injurious effect upon the friends of the Convention in South Carolina, who, he thought, were unanimous in opposing the removal of the Convention. He had been informed by letters that many of the hotels would charge only three dollars per day for accommodations, and received private letters, saying that certain houses had been fitted up for the reception of five and six dollars per diem, including lodging and bedding. The landlords of the city were of opinion that the price of provisions no excuse for the charges. He should not discuss this question, however, but he should decline voting on any of the propositions before the Committee, would withdraw.

PROTEST FROM MARIN.

Commodore Marin has published a protest against the seizure of his vessel, the *Sarah L. Watts*. After relating the circumstances, and stating that he did not fire until two shots had been fired at him, he concludes as follows:

"For all which, and in view of the claim for redress which the Government may have against me, or any person, on account of the outrage committed by Captain Turner, of the *Saratoga*, without the least color of right, pretence, or excuse, upon vessels and men belonging to the Mexican Republic, in the waters of Mexico, and within its cannon-shot from the coast, the undersigned hereby publicly, and in the most solemn manner, protests:

"1. Against his having been approached stealthily, and in the dark, while at anchor in one of the ports of the Republic to which he belongs, by the *Saratoga*, a man-of-war of the United States, commanded by Captain Turner of the United States Navy, in consort with the steamer *Rare*, a vessel in the service of the Vera Cruz Government, and with the *Indianola*, a merchant steamer, known to be in the interest of, and under agreement from the same Government, to capture, destroy, and against his having, while Mexico is at peace with the United States, been fired at in flagrant violation of the laws of nations.

"2. The undersigned protests against his having been reduced to captivity with his officers and crew, and brought to this port of New Orleans, the undersigned being kept during the whole passage in strict confinement.

"3. The undersigned protests against the detention of the steamer under his orders, and against their transportation to this port.

"4. The undersigned protests against the slaughter of seven of his men by the fire of the boats sent to board the Mexican steamer, and where resistance was no longer attempted by them.

"5. The undersigned protests against the outrageous manner in which he and his men have been treated by the in this city as common felons, without cause or warrant, and without being informed of the cause of their arrest, though no complaint as yet has been made against them, or evidence, offered by any of their accusers or delinquency whatsoever."

[Journal of the Mexican Navy.

"NEW ORLEANS, *March 27*, 1860."

MINING EXCITEMENT IN CALIFORNIA.

The overland mail, which left San Francisco March 11, brings telegraphic dispatches to the 10th inst. Utah. The mining intelligence is of a still more glowing and exciting character. The wealth of Washoe had not yet been attested by responsible investigators, who had visited the Eldorado region, but the reports from the mines itself had been omitted, and had yielded at the rate of \$100 a ton. Those of Gold Mountain, Esmeralda, etc., were also promising returns exceeding the most imaginative expectations. Gold Mountain, Esmeralda, etc., ores are brought of the astonishing richness of the quartz of gold in their crevices, and new mines are continually there hastening. The neighborhood of Yreka, California, was also exciting attention by the values of recent gold discoveries.

THE END OF THE CASTNER-GRAHAM CASE.

The Times and Transcript of Saturday last, from St. Louis:

"The infinite relief of a long-suffering and much-bored community, the Castnar case is at last decided. Ever since, last Monday morning, the first of the past weeks' trial of the most exciting case which has ever occurred in this city, the court-room has been thronged, engaged in pens and disorder. The defendant has obtained the verdict which he has so persistently and so boldly promised to usurp the plaintiff, his counsel was obliged to plead with unusual zeal, and the jury deliberate with the most unenviable position. A millionaire, trembling on the verge of bankruptcy, a lovely wife, a fond mother, a distinguished landscape gardener, whose labor at Tower Grove Park will live as a monument to his memory, and who has unselfishly endowed the city of St. Louis with grounds which will be the pride of her citizens for ages to come, a *Jardin des Parcies* of Paris, if the vice and liberal plan of its device could be carried out, and a lady of fashion, active in this trial as a libertine of seventy, and, like Madame Pompadour, ruling the court, and each one of the current incidents of this arouse reveal more meanness than they do capacity, more villainy than virtue, more guilt than verdict, and, indeed, the only verdict that could have been rendered, and the evidence in the case was so overwhelming against the community that some adequate punishment could be meted out to the guilty defendant. The only witness who swore to the contract of marriage was the sister of the plaintiff, and her testimony was contradicted and disproved by the most disinterested witnesses and her character and that of her sister were shown to be decidedly bad. The contract of marriage was proved to be that Miss Edie had been proved a public prostitute: but on the plea, advanced by her counsel, that she was insane, money, she is, and has been for the last twenty years, an inmate of a house of ill-fame in this city, of the highest type. Possessing a fine form, pleasing appearance, fascinating manners, address, and talents, she has combined with and energy, Ellie Castaing's career has been very successful, and she has accumulated a large sum by the sale of her liberal favors.

A PROTEST AGAINST CASSIUS M. CLAY.

Hon. Cassius M. Clay published, on April 3, an appeal to the people of Madison County against the Revolutionary Committee of Safety appointed by a self-styled denouement by a small majority last Tuesday, and has come to consider his cause again entitled to. He says he advised Hanson and his associates to leave; that he had no connection with them, and that the Bowie Knives and Colts he advised they will defend themselves. His address concludes with a denunciation of Frank Blair and George Hoadley, in which they say the troubles did not originate with the Republicans, because Mr. Hoadley, a man who is not a citizen of Kentucky, was instructed, and his daughter insulted by a Republican. The address concludes as follows: "You may be strong enough to overpower me, but you cannot deprive me of my rights as a free citizen, to my friends, and to my country. If I fall, I shall not fall in vain. I shall fall in the defence of the principles and associations, if perchance my blood shall atone for the sins of others, and the Union be saved. So should you then be."

Private advices intimate apprehensions of further trouble.

A POLITICIAN IN LUCK.

The *Tribune* says: "Mr. Surveyor Hart has fallen heir to an estate under the following romantic circumstances. Some years ago, Mr. Hart, then a youth, became enamored of him, but he did not return the passion. He left the country, and the lady, who was made the object of her tender recollections, which were shown by a wedding ring, which she wore, and which was found in a secret faith, valuable presents—sweet mementos which during the absence of her lover, she regarded almost as up. Every feast of the Passover, as well as every other day, she would visit the cemetery, and, as a mark of respect to this city, sentimental objects of art and verie; and when the intelligence of his death reached her, her grief-stricken heart could bear no more. As she was faithful in life, so she was faithful in death, and bequeathed the other day that the poor lady had gone to the better land. Mr. Hart, hearing of the death of his early love, it was legally necessary for him to go abroad to look after the property, he sailed on Saturday for Hamburg, where the estate lies."

PERSONAL.

Hon. JAMES K. PAULDING, Secretary of the Navy under President Tyler, died at his residence at Hyde Park on the 6th inst., aged 81.

In the Report of the Jury Expedition the hope is expressed that "the Government will take some action to reward Captain Lent" may be an instrument, in the event of this return, to bring about a more friendly state of our relations with that empire, of aiding in the interests of peace, and in the true interests of both countries."

Among the sojourners in Havana on the 25th ult. were Mrs. Hayden, Mrs. Lowison, Miss Havemeyer, Mrs. Dr. Masters, and Mrs. Butler, all of New York; Miss Conway and Mr. Parkman, of Boston; Dr. Tucker; Mr. Hayden, of Cincinnati, and Dr. Gee, of Key West.

Mr. Augusta, Georgia, Miss Otis, Miss Parkman, Mrs. and Miss Hayden, of New York, and Mr. Mansion.

Tom Sayers, the English Champion, has been engaged to give instructions in pugilistic science to the pupils of an institution in the principal cities in the United States, commencing after the fight with Heenan. The engagement has been definitely settled, and we are assured will not be broken, whatever the result of the approaching contest may be.

Madame Colson has been engaged to sing for five weeks at the French Opera at New Orleans. For this period she has \$2500 salary, but a full benefit without deduction for expenses, and \$250 for traveling expenses.

The Hon. Cassius M. Clay, minister to the Hon. Josiah Quincy, Sen., are the largest tax-payers in Quincy, Massachusetts, the former paying \$1,200 and the latter \$1,000. As trustee, Mr. Adams pays \$750 additional to the above-named sum.

It is asserted, "on high Democratic authority," that Senator Douglas has declined Mr. Buchanan's invitation to visit the White House.

Joseph Hoegst, of Cincinnati, has filed a petition asking for a change of name. He alleged that George was a German name, which, being translated, means "stout-hearted." That it was generally understood and recognized among those of his fellow-citizens with whom he associated, and in business and social intercourse. As the reason he asked to use his mother's maiden name, Joseph Hoegst, which is pronounced Hogg, Lydia Ewald. Judge Mallon was of the opinion that there was no necessity for the change, the petitioner should be allowed, and adjudged that the name should be changed accordingly.

A man named Joseph Gan left his home in Newark, New Jersey, on Saturday morning, since which time nothing has been heard of him. His mind is somewhat deranged, and he was a patient in the Essex County Lunatic Asylum at Trenton, in which direction it is supposed he has wandered. He is a native of Belgium, about fifty-five years of age.

The mulatto slayer of Edgar A. Poe, the poet, Mrs. Maria Clemm, is in Accomack, Virginia, over seventy years of age, and in a very distressing poverty.

The Tribune says: "Conjugal affection does not rule high in Lebanon, Ohio. The case of Mrs. Lee Ann Morrison, sale as to the regard and the society of his young fellow-citizen Mr. Hammond, which is an earlier love, the latter bestowed on her friends, to the exclusion of the husband. Morrison indignantly left the language in the jaw, and brought an action against the lover and his friends, claiming damages since such an improper visit was brought to pass. Two trials were had; in the first, the indefatigable husband got a verdict for the sum of \$1000. A new trial was ordered, new evidence put in, and the second jury gave damages for \$500. What the mitigating circumstances were, whether the love of the wife was worth only half as much as the first, or was shown that the husband had not appeared to value it as a thing worth having, we have not stated. The matrimonial yet sees fair stand: an Ohio jury have settled the question that a wife is worth \$500 to her husband."

General Jefferson Davis is again suffering from inflammation of the eyes. The surgical operation performed on one eye, has left the other somewhat clouded by the loss of both.

Lord Byron received a six days' speech in his celebrated case before the Court of Claims last week. Nothing, during the long proceedings, has been so interesting to the last, as well on account of facts connected with the history of the case, as that the merits of the claim at issue.

Mr. Isaac Townsend, a wealthy merchant of this city, died on Sunday 1st, at his residence in West Twenty-fifth Street, in the fifty-fifth year of his age. Mr. Townsend was the last surviving son of the late Gen. Townsend, being Vice-President of the Bank of the State of New York, and also of the Merchants Exchange Company. He was also a member of the Alms-house Board, and served one year in the Common Council.

Rosa Bonheur has not only received, as already stated, the first medal of honor for her picture of the Horse Fair, and paint a picture of a herd of wild bullaloes, but has received, as stated, the cross of the Legion of Honor. Whether the latter is accepted as well as the former is not yet known.

Mr. William Foster of Charleston, S. C., who died recently, left a property valued at \$5,000,000. He leaves all the income of his estate, real and personal, to his widow, during her widowhood, however, with the payment of certain bequests and annuities to relatives after the decease of the widow. And also appropriates the legacy of the several charges mentioned, the whole estate is given in trust to the Governor of Carolina, for the establishment and support of a retreat for aged indigence, under certain regulations, of which is the building of cottages for the use of the poor, free of expense.

Hawthorne intends to visit Rome this year. He has been absent nearly eight years, during which time he has visited various countries of Europe.

FOREIGN NEWS

ENGLAND.

THE PRINCE OF WALES COMING TO AMERICA.

It is announced by the Secretary to the Prince of Wales to Canada, on his forthcoming visit, will form part of the screw steamer *Hero*, 91 guns; the *Ariadne*, 22 guns; the *Styx*, 51 guns; the *Racer*, 6 guns, and the royal paddle yacht *Osborne*. The Prince will take his passage and will arrive in Canada in July, where the vessels of war class in the navy. The yacht *Osborne* will be left in the river for the use of the Royal family.

The London *Times*, in an editorial on the subject, expresses a loyal desire that the Prince, on his return, will make a tour through the United States, where he may be sure of a generous reception. It should visit the President at Washington, the *Times* feels sure the courtesy will be extended to the Queen's son, and would tend closer the bonds which unite the two countries.

THE FRENCH FLEET IN THE CHINA SEAS.

The *Herald* correspondent writes: "In my last letter I mentioned some of the evidences of the interest felt in England in the success of the new 'international fight' between Heenan and Sayers. The interest has manifested itself in other ways than betting. A gentleman actually lodged Heenan to quit his comfortable quarters at Saddler's—Tom's old house—and go into Mansion House as a residence—and to retire to some more quiet and less public place. Heenan has accordingly left the train from all the country about, and even from London, eighty miles distant, and is now living, I hear to-day, in Surrey, whenever he started out for a walk, followed him often by a dozen boys, and he so far kept retired from the sight and the actual territory of Sayer to another Power.

The Queen has given her consent to appear in a particular manner any annexation of the neutralized provinces of Lombardy, Venetia, and the Papal States to France, as in contradiction to the stipulations of the Treaties of Vienna and the Declaration of Paris, and the interest of Swiss neutrality, as if they were an integral part of the Sardinian States, and declared that they are to enjoy the neutrality of Switzerland in the same manner as the Swiss Cantons."

"In the mean time, and with reference to the Scandinavian which I had the honor to explain to you in the audience which you were good enough to grant me on the 13th of March, I have received orders to call the duty of protesting formally, in the name of the Swiss Confederation, against every measure which may have for object to annex these provinces to France, till such time as the question of the Duchies of Schleswig-Holstein has been definitively settled."

KEAN."

"I avail myself of this occasion, etc.,

CANADA.

HOW THE PRINCE OF WALES WILL FARE IN CANADA.

The *Toronto Daily Globe* says, concerning the visit of the Prince of Wales:

"The Ministry announced last night that the Prince of Wales would leave Quebec for Montreal on the 19th of July—certainly not earlier. This is not so good a time for seeing the country as June or August. We perceive that a fine job is being cut out in Quebec in connection with the visit. It is proposed to hire the palace of the Catholic Archbishop of Quebec. Mother Church will drive a hard bargain, we are afraid. The Nova Scotia Legislature have resolved to invite the Prince of Wales to visit that Province. The same motion was made in the New Brunswick House of Assembly, but it was a member of the House of Assembly, but it was only the legislatures discovered their error and the vote was carpaged, but only by a division of 23 to 18."

PREACHING TO THIEVES AND HARLOTS.

We give herewith a picture of the Sunday-evening service in the Methodist Episcopal Church in Greene Street, New York, by Rev. W. P. Corbit, on 1st April, inst. It had been previously announced that the sermon would be especially addressed to "Thieves and Harlots;" and these classes had been notified by the detectives that, for that occasion, the church would be a sanctuary. The experiment was watched with great interest, as the similar attempts which are now being made by Mr. Baptist Noel and others in London, England, are said to promise quite handsomely. We abridge from the *Herald* the following account of the service and congregation:

"A better location for preaching a sermon to such persons could hardly have been selected. The Rev. Mr. Corbit's church is in Greene Street, not far distant from the most notorious portion of the notorious Mercer Street, and in the immediate vicinity of the up-town settlements of small thieves.

"Although our reporter reached the church long before the hour announced for the commencement of the services, he found the house crowded in every part. The aisles were filled with 'standees,' and the rail around the altar was, like a perch, decorated by a number of young men. Inside the altar were several persons; and four more occupied the pulpit, to the evident discomfort and inconvenience of the pastor. It is a well-known fact, that congregations, like dreams, generally go by contraries. An announcement that a lecture will be delivered to young men always attracts all the young ladies of the place; and so, an invitation to thieves and harlots crowded the church with probably the most respectable audience ever collected within its walls. The congregation comprised many respectable men and women, such as we see every day upon 'Change, in business, or in society. Several theatrical and other celebrities were present. About half the congregation were ladies, and many of these were aged. Our reporter, occupying a position from which he could see the entire audience, and assisted by an experienced detective, was able to 'spot' only four well-known harlots, and if any thieves were present they kept themselves very 'dark,' and were not observed.

"The services began with the hymn commencing:

'Lord, we are vile, conceived in sin,
And born unholy and unclean,'

which was sung with great fervor, the congregation rising. A prayer followed, in which the pastor reminded the brethren that they were once as vile in heart as any present, but had been redeemed by grace. The prayer, as well as the sermon which it preceded, were greeted by many loud 'Amens,' after the singing of the hymn entitled 'The Sinner's Resolve,' Mr. Corbit gave notice, while the collections were being made, that he would preach his farewell sermon next Sunday evening, and then took for his text the following passages of Scripture: Proverbs, 13th chap., 15th verse, 'The way of the transgressor is hard;' Luke, 23d chap., 42d verse, 'And the thief said unto Jesus, Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom;' and Matthew, 21st chap. and 31st verse, 'Verily, I say unto you that the publicans and the harlots go into the kingdom of God before you.'

"After the singing of the hymn entitled 'Rock of Ages' the congregation quietly dispersed. To a disinterested observer it was amusing to notice the care which the gentlemen took of their pockets while the audience was passing out, each suspecting his neighbor, in the jam, to be one of the 'thieves;' and also the spirit with which the ladies, for obvious reasons, resented a too-prolonged stare."

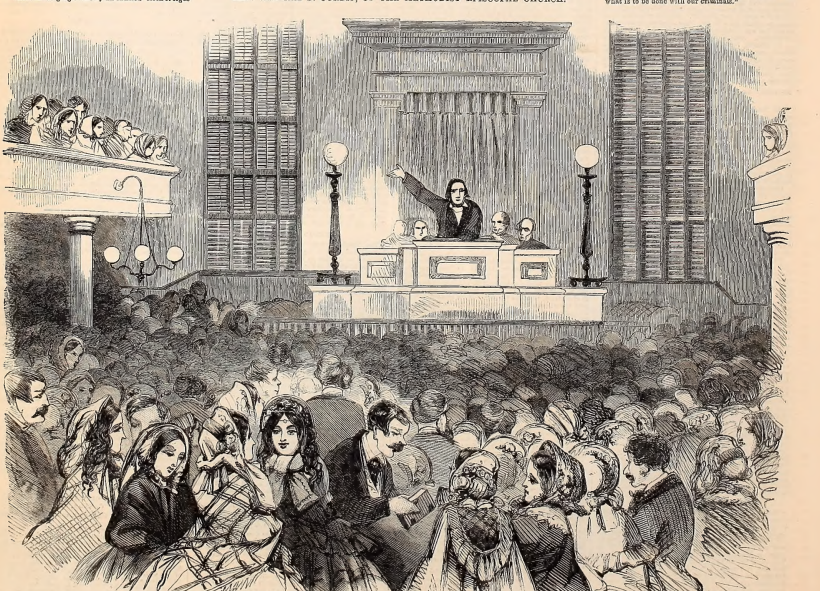
We hope the experiment may be repeated. The first attempt proves nothing, and further trials may develop much good.

Mr. Corbit is one of the most eminent preachers of the Methodist faith, and is a man of undoubted sincerity, energy, and zeal. He was born in New Jersey, in or about 1820, and became in early boyhood a wagoner in Pennsylvania. Rising in his trade, he undertook the business of carting brick into Philadelphia from the adjacent kilns, and at one time had as many as one hundred men in his employ. His energy was remarked by all who knew him; it is said that, in order to be the first at work in the morning, he used to sleep all night on a chair. Some years ago he was touched by the preaching of the late Rev. Dr. Charles Pitman, of New Jersey, in his lifetime one of the ablest ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church; under his guidance Mr. Corbit joined the church and studied for the ministry. His career as a preacher has been very successful. Few preachers in this city can command a larger audience. His famous sermon to the firemen of New York will be remembered by many of our readers; it attracted no little attention at the time.

Probably no one is better qualified to give an opinion as to the probable effect of Mr. Corbit's preaching than Mr. Matsell the ex-Chief of Police. He says:

"Mr. Corbit, by his sermon last Sunday evening, has given a practical turn to Christian effort, which for many years has been too much in theory. To successfully combat vice and crime, it must be brought to light and boldly grappled with. Leaving the evils of society to work their own cure, is just as suicidal as it is for a patient, in a dangerous but not incurable condition, to refuse the medicines which his physician may prescribe.

"This sermon of the reverend gentleman may be regarded more in the light of an introductory lecture on crime and criminals than as a complete essay on this all important subject. He suggested no new means whereby thieves or prostitutes could be reformed, but merely pointed out, in touching and eloquent language, the dangers to which the thief was exposed, his fears, his continual dread of the law's officials, and of a trip or a State prison ever staring him in the face. In striking contrast, he showed the peaceful life the true Christian led, who, awake or asleep, felt the fear of none in the world. In concluding his discourse the reverend gentleman gave a parting word of advice to his brethren, which was well timed. If a sister who had fallen from her high estate should reform and become a member of the church it was their duty to encourage her, and what she had been should be blotted out from their memories. The object of the sermon may have been in some respects a failure, but it will certainly accomplish one grand end, in arousing the minds of the people to the important question of what is to be done with our criminals."



REV. WILLIAM P. CORBIT, OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

REV. WILLIAM P. CORBIT PREACHING TO "THIEVES AND HARLOTS" IN THE GREENE STREET METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, ON APRIL 1, 1860.

Captain Brand,

OF THE

SCHOONER "CENTIPEDE,"

A PIRATE OF EMINENCE IN THE WEST INDIES;

His Loves and Exploits,

TOGETHER WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE SINGULAR MANNER BY WHICH HE DEPARTED THIS LIFE.

BY

LIEUT. H. A. WISE, U.S.N.

(HARRY GRINGO),

AUTHOR OF "LOS GRINGOS" AND "TALES FOR THE MARINES."

ILLUSTRATED BY

C. PARSONS AND A. LUMLEY.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER IV.

SUNSET.

Not a breath from the lungs of Æolus. The sun went down like a globe of fire; but just as it touched the horizon it flattened out into an oval disk, and, sinking behind a dead, slate-colored cloud, shot up half a dozen broad rose and purple bands, expanding as they mounted heavenward, and then fading away in pearly-tinted hues in the softening twilight until it mingled in the light of the half-moon nearly at the zenith. Presently, along the eastern horizon, the banks of clouds, which had been long dead and motionless all the sultry day, seemed to be imbued with life, and separating in their fleecy masses, rose above the sea, and soon spread out, like a lady's fan, in all directions.

"Ho! ho!" shouted Captain Blunt, clapping his hands, "what said I, Madame Rosalie, when we saw the sun setting up his Ice backstays a while ago? A breeze, eh? Come, Mr. Binks, be wide awake! We shall be bowling off the knots before the watch is out."

The mate caught the enthusiasm of the skipper, and, jumping up on the break of the deck cabin, he sung out:

"Bye hear there, lads! give us a good pull of the topsail halliards, and round in them starboard braces a bit! That's your sort! Well, the head yards! That'll do with the main! Up with the flying jib, and trim aft them starboard jib and staysail sheets! There! Belay all."

Now came the rippling breeze all at once over the sea, fluttering furtively for a minute or two, so as to make the topsails of the brig swell out and then fall back in a tremendous shiver; but again bulging forward in a full-bosomed curve, the vessel felt the tug and began to dash the spray from her bluff bows till it fell away beyond the lee cathead in flying masses of foam. The studding-sail booms rolled out, the sailors busied themselves aloft in making the additional sail, and by-and-by the old brig floundered along, the bubbles gurgling out ahead in the ruffled water, tipping over astern as the crests broke on her quarter; at times plunging her bows into the rolling swell, but coming up sturdily again, and so on as before.

Meanwhile, the corvette had edged away in a parallel course with the brig, running past her at first as if she were at anchor, when she let her topgallant-sails slide down to the caps and, with the weather clew of her mainsail triced up, she held way with the brig a mile or more to windward.

"Now, Madame Rosalie," said the kind old skipper, "it is nearly midnight; take your last snooze in the old barky, and wake up bright and happy for Port Royal and—you know who, in the morning."

The charming woman had been watching, with soul-rapt gaze, the lofty hills of Jamaica from the last blaze of the setting sun and until the moon too had vanished and left only a dim blue haze over the island. She started as the Captain spoke, gave a deep sigh, kissed her hand to the good old skipper, said, "*Bon soir mon ami*," and with a smile she entered her cabin.

The black was seated within the partition of the apartment near a small swinging cot, urging it gently to and fro, and watching over his little charge.

"Good-night, Banco," she said, in patois French, "you may go to bed, and I will take care of my little boy."

THE PIRATES BOARDING THE BRIG.

The black grinned so as to show his double row of white teeth beneath the rays of the cabin lamp, and without a word he moved silently away. The lady stood for a few moments gazing lovingly at the sleeping child, and then drawing the miniature from her bosom, she detached it with the chain from her neck, and after pressing it to her lips, she leaned softly over the cot and fastened it around the little sleeper. As light and zephyr-like as was the effort it caused the little fellow to stir, and reaching out his tiny arms, and while a baby smile played around the dimples of his cheeks, he clasped his mother's neck.

Ah! fond and devoted mother! That was the last sweet infantile caress your child was ever destined to give you! Treasure it up in joy and sorrow, in sunshine and gloom, for *long*, long years will pass before you press him to your heart again!

CHAPTER V.

DARKNESS.

On went the *Martha Blunt* with no fears of danger near. The bell struck eight, the watch had been called, and the Captain, taking a satisfactory look all around the horizon, glanced at the compass, and, with a slight yawn, said:

"Well, Mr. Binks, I believe I'll turn in for a few hours; keep the brig on her course, and at daylight call me. It will be time enough then to bend the cables, for I don't think we shall want the anchors much afore noon to-morrow. Where's the corvette?"

"There she is, Sir, away off on the port beam. She made more sail a few minutes ago, and now she appears to be edging off the wind and steering across our forefoot. I s'pose she's enjoying of herself, Sir, and exercisin' the crowds of chaps they has on board them craft."

"Well, good-night, matey"—pausing a moment, however, as the honest old skipper stepped down the companion-way, and half-communing with himself, and then, with his head just above the slide, he added: "I say, Mr. Binks, there's no need, p'r'aps, but you may as well have a lantern alight and bent on to the ensign halliards there under the taffrail, in case you want to signalize the corvette. Ah, Banco! that you, old nigger? Good-night!"

So Captain Blunt went slowly down below, and at the same time the black went off, coiled himself down on the deck, and made a pillow of the brig's ensign.

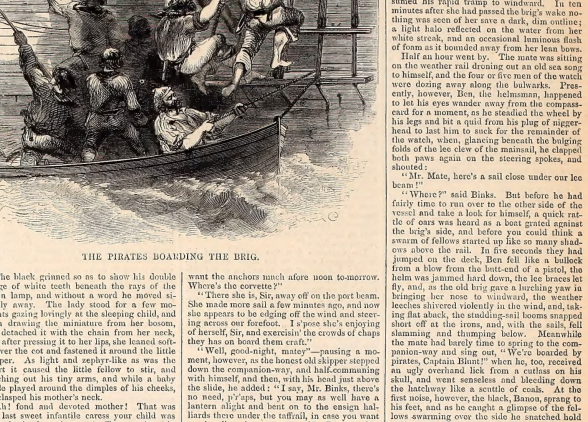
"Here comes the corvette, Sir!" soon after said Ben to the mate, as he stood on tip-toe holding on to the spokes of the wheel, and taking his eyes off the binnacle a moment to get a clear view over the rail. "Here she comes, with her starboard tacks aboard, athwart our bow, and moving like an albatross!"

The man-of-war had for an hour or more crept well to windward, and then, wearing round, she came down close upon the wind under royals, and her three jibs and spanker as flat as boards. As she whirled on across the brig's bow, a few cables' length ahead, the sharp ring of the whistles was again heard, and the moment after the head sails fluttered and shook in the wind, the sheets and blocks rattled, and with a clear order of "Mainsail haul!" the after yards swung round like magic, the sails filled, and without losing head-way the head yards were swung, and she gathered way on the other tack. On she came, with the *spray* flying up into the weather leech of her foresail, the dark mazes of her rigging marked out in clear lines against her white canvas, and the watch noiselessly coiling up the ropes on her decks. As she pushed her sharp snout through the water, and grazed along the brig's lee quarter, an officer on the poop gave a rapid and searching glance around, peered sharply along the brig's deck, waved his trumpet to the mate, and resumed his rapid tramp to windward. In ten minutes after she had passed the brig's wake nothing was seen of her save a dark, dim outline, a light halo reflected on the water from her white streak, and an occasional luminous flash of foam as it bounded away from her lean bows.

Half an hour went by. The mate was sitting on the weather rail droning out an old sea song to himself, and the four or five men of the watch were dozing away along the bulwarks. Presently, however, Ben, the helmsman, happened to let his eyes wander away from the compass-card for a moment, as he steadied the wheel by his legs and bit a quid from his plug of nigger-head to last him to suck for the remainder of the watch, when, glancing beneath the bulging folds of the lee clew of the mainsail, he clapped both paws again on the steering spokes, and shouted:

"Mr. Mate, here's a sail close under our lee beam!"

"Where?" said Binks. But before he had fairly time to run over to the other side of the vessel and take a look for himself, a quick rattle of oars was heard as a boat grated against the brig's side, and before you could think a swarm of fellows started up like so many shadows above the rail. In five seconds they had jumped on the deck, Ben fell like a bullock from a blow from the butt-end of a pistol, the helm was jammed hard down, the lee braces let fly, and, as the old brig gave a lurching yaw in bringing her nose to windward, the corvette leeches shivered violently in the wind, and, taking flat aback, the studding-sail booms snapped short off at the irons, and, with the sails, fell slamming and thumping below. Meanwhile the mate had barely time to spring to the companion-way and sing out, "We're boarded by pirates, Captain Blunt!" when he, too, received an ugly overhand lick from a cutlass on his skull, and went senseless and bleeding down the hatchway like a scuttle of coals. At the first noise, however, the black had sprung to his feet, and as he caught a glimpse of the fellows swarming over the side he snatched hold of the ensign halliards where the signal lantern had been bent on, and in an instant it was dancing away up to the gaff, shrouded from view to leeward of the vessel by the spread of the spanker. In another moment the black leaped to the deck cabin and darted through the door. But less time than it has taken to tell it the *Martha Blunt* had changed hands. There on the quarter-deck stood, in groups, some sixteen barefooted villains, in coarse striped gingham shirts, loose trowsers, and skull-caps, and all with glittering, naked knives or cutlasses, and pistols in their belts and hands. In the midst of this cluster of swarthy wretches, near the companion-way, stood a burly, square-built ruffian, with a pistol in each hand, and his dexter paw pushing up a brown straw-hat as he ran his fingers across his dripping forehead



"YOU WOS NOT BORN TO BE SHOT; BUT WE'LL SEE WHAT SALT-WATER WILL DO FOR YE BY-AND-BY."

and a tangled mass of carroty, unshorn locks. There was a snip of a red silk kerchief tied in a single knot around his bare bull neck; for a shirt was thrown back, and exposed a tawny, hairy chest, as a ray of light dashed up from the binnacle. He looked—as indeed he was—the lowest type of an English sailor scoundrel. His companions were of lighter build, and their dress, complexion, and manner—to say nothing of their black hair and rings in their ears—indicated a birth and breeding in other and hotter climes.

"Well, my lads," said the big fellow, who seemed to be in command, "the barkey is ours, and we'll sink that infernal cruiser handsomely. Go forward, Pedro, and gag them lubbers, and then tell the boys to trim aft them jib sheets—and, mind in them after braces, mates of you, so we can keep way with the schooner and take things easy."

Here he laughed in a husky, spiritless, low chuckle, and then went on: "This will make up for lost time, amigos! Christo! there may be some ounces on board. But who's left in the boat, Miguel?" This was addressed to a bow-legged, beetle-browed individual, with a hare-lip, which kept his face in a perpetual and skeleton-like grin, who hissed out from between his decayed front tusks:

"*El Jefe—Americano, con tres de nosotros.*"

"Bueno! all right; three of the chaps will do to look out for her, but tell the Doctor to put the boat astern, and I veer him a rope from the gangway. There! that's well with the braces! Keep her off a point; so that's it."

As the orders were promptly obeyed, and the crew of the brig gagged, and the vessel surged slowly on her course, the same speaker turned to his men and said,

"Now, my hearties, let's have an overhaul of the skipper's traps; give him up here, will ye? I never mind," he added, "I'll just step down and have a growl with him myself."

As the man-o'-war's-boat foremost down the companion ladder, two of the pirates jumped after him, and, dealing him another cruel stab with a knife deep into the back, they speared him into the lower cabin. There was a brief struggle, the sound of voices mingled with curses and threats, and then all quiet again.

In pursuance of his expressed purpose, the stout ruffian slewed himself round, took a sweep about the cabin, and then sticking his pistol in his belt, he slowly descended the ladder, gave the wounded and dying mate a kick, and with a hoarse laugh entered the cabin.

There on a small sofa abaft, between the two stern sir-ports, sat Captain Blunt. Blood was trickling down a heavy drover from a recent bruise on his forehead, but notwithstanding the swelling and pain of the wound, his features were calm, and his face honest. On either side of him sat as villainous a brace of mongrel Portuguese or Spaniards as ever infested the high seas; and his arms were pinioned by a stout cord to the bolt above the transom.

"My service to you, Sir!" said the leader of the gang, with a devilish smile of derision, as he stuck his arms akimbo and squirted some tobacco-juice from his filthy mouth across the cabin table at the pinioned prisoner.

"I 'spose you know by this time that you're a lawful prize, captured by an Independencia Constable off the West Indies, notwithstandin' ye had sich safe escort and convoy all the afternoon."

Here he chuckled, squirted more juice over the table, then dropped down on a sea-chest elected to the duty, took off his hat and scratched his yellow-red hair. The poor Captain said not a word but shook a great clot of blood from his brow.

"Well! now my old hearty, the first thing for you to do is to poke out your manifest and any other letters of value ye may have stowed away; and be dam quick, mind ye, for you haven't much time to sail in this 'ere craft, Howsoever, I'll be as quick as you."

"You'll find the Manifest and the ship's papers there inside that instrument-box; and all the money we had used is in that locker; and I trust in Heaven it may burn your hands to cinders, you bloody devils!"

"Hot! mates, brains! keep a stopper on your jaw, blast ye! or I'll squeeze your dead carcass through that 'ere stern port."

The fellow as he spoke, and, stepping up to the narrow state-cabin near by, he jerked open the upper drawer of a small bureau affair, and pulling out a canvas bag, sealed at the mouth, tossed it on to the cabin table. The coin fell with the heavy dead sound peculiar to gold, and the ruffian, after taking it up again and weighing it tenderly, grovel out, "This chink will do for a rapper of any sprite! So now he's have a peep at what the cargo consists on."

Then stepping a second time to the berth, he gave a kick to the instrument-box, the lid flew off, and diving in his fist he drew out a bundle of papers. Once more seating himself at the table beneath the swinging lamp, he clumsily undid the papers and spread them before him.

"What a blessed thing is education," muttered he to himself, "and what a power o' knowledge reading 'itin' does for a man!" Putting his fat stumpy finger on each line of the manuscript as he read, he began to spell out the contents, he began, "Man-i-fest of Brig *Martha Blunt*—Ja-ckob Blunt mas-ter:" here he paused, and, squirting more tobacco-juice over at the skipper, as if to attract his attention, he suddenly ejaculated, "Hank ye! Master Blunt, what was the name of that man-o'-war vessel as was 'r'in' by you this morning?"

"The *Scourge*," replied the skipper, faintly, as he shook the great drop of blood from his brow.

"The what? The *Scourge*! That dam Yankee snake! Smash my brains! D'ye know that that ship has been a hangin' about the north side of Cuba for ever so long, interruptin' our trade? And you an Englishman to go and ax him to protect ye! Blast your eyes, take that!"

Here he snatched a pistol from his sash, and taking aim full at the skipper's breast, he pulled the trigger. Fortunately the weapon snapped and did not explode. The ruffian laid it in merriment in his hand, and then letting it rest upon the table, he said, with a horrible imprecation,

"Ye see your luck's down to the bed; but we'll see what salt-water will do for ye by-and-by."

Taking out his knife at the conclusion of this speech, he picked the flint of his pistol, opened the pan, shook the priming, and then shoved the weapon back into his belt. The mention of the *Scourge*, however, had evidently caused him some trepidation, for when he resumed the perusal of the papers, it was in a more subdued, agitated sort of way, and not at all at his ease.

Smoothing the papers again before him, he went on, with many stumblings, commencing to read: "Eighty-six canes of silks—light, and easily stowed away; twenty-nine tons bar iron; extra-fine cambrics—bale-mark, 1-3-5; will help to sink the brig; forty pipes of Bordeaux; two hundred baskets Champagne; three hundred and fifty pieces of claret—quite enough, I warrant you; two casks Cognac brandy—but I say, you Blunt," said the fellow, looking up, "where's your own private stock? I'll be bound you've spelt in' out all this 'ritin', and my mouth's as dry as a land crab's claws. Howsoever," he continued, as he caught with satisfaction the bottle which came over the swarthy faces of his companions beside the Captain, "wait a bit, and we'll punch a hole in it in no time!" and he chuckled.

Having run through the Manifest, he opened another paper and exclaimed, "Hello! what have we here? A list of passengers—Ma-dame Rosalie Picon and—ho! that's a French piece, I knows by the name. Where is she, Blunt? Hasn't she come aboard, has she? D'ye hear, there, ye infernal Blunt?"

The Captain's face was troubled, and his head dropped once on his breast without replying; but one of the scoundrels at his side struck him a brutal blow in the face, and his pale-blue eyes flashed with anger, and, jerking up his head, with an effort, "Yes, we have a female passenger on board, with a child and nurse. Mam'selle Picon is the name, to leave the innocent woman in peace. You've robbed and ruined me and my poor old widowed mother, but don't harm the ladies, down or hang me, but don't harm the poor lady!"

The tears blinded him as he spoke, and mingled with the bloody stream which trickled down his cheeks. The ruffian's ugly face and bloodshot eyes lighted with a fiendish gleam of his satisfaction as the skipper began his appeal, but before he had well finished speaking he broke in:

"Avast your jaw! will ye? You'll have enough to look out for your own gullet, my lad, without meddling with that of others. I'm not to say your prayers afore eight bells is struck, because there's sharks off Jamaky."

Then shaking his head cavalierly myrmidons he exclaimed, "Look out sharp for that old chap, my lads, while I goes to sarch for the woman spoke of."

"*Si, Señor,*" replied the man with a nod and a grin, and he resumed his seat again; and no sooner had the ruffian left the cabin than a bottle and glasses were placed upon the table, and they fell to with a will, complimenting the brand and vintage—which, by the bye, was the last drops from their tumblers into his face.

MISS NIGHTINGALE ON NURSING.

NURSING is a faculty, not a science. It is a gift, not an acquirement. There are some worthy female beings, most estimable in every way, on never make decent nurses. You love them; you are charmed with them in society; you wish them all imaginable prosperity, but would as soon think of introducing a French hen and a dancing bear round about your sick-bed as of surrendering your self to their instructions.

First of these is the pool-natured, unscientific nurse, whose slipshod feeding, and whose kindhearted nothings do well where there is not cheerful conversation and a busy kitchen. Such a nurse I have known to make a delightful sick-room by quietly taking a rich, thick, chrome-colored custard, as the best restorative for the disorganized system. Another, more scientific, would have put up the blinds, and throw wide the windows when a German band is playing underneath, to relieve the tedium of a convalescent's monotonous life over congestion of the brain; such a nurse has, before now, pressed wine and brandy on a patient in the agonies of cholera-spasms, because she had engaged him in a lively chat as the finest remedy for a nervous headache. This is the nurse who despises doctors and puts her trust in the apothecary and the butcher; who shudders at gray-powder and prefers beef-tea; who always thinks you are being brought to bed, even when you are only in a fever. This nurse is the dearest creature in the world for the drawing-room days of life. Round, bright-eyed, cheery, talkative, she is the delight of the light of the house, and the jolliest companion in the world: but I pray that none but my cr ities or my enemies may ever have her. The one is under the belief that she is nursing to perfection. She is herself blessed with a large volume of life and a strong nervous organization, with big lungs, a big heart, and a big, but coarsely-textured brain. She is a treasure to the healthy world: I can not repeat this too often. But when she is sick, such a fine noble domestic elephant as it is! But bright eyed treasure, stay down in the drawing-room, or rampage about the boy-field, and, when I am ill, never put so much as the tip of that beloved blunt nose inside the kind of my door!

And take your sister with you: your sister is a Mull, and Muffs are as objectionable as elephants, when the knocker is tied up. Muff, too, is a precious creature for the healthy hours; a tender, clinging, loving soul, full of sensibility and kindness—a universal favorite, who, every one declares, must make one of the best of nurses. Try her, my friend; try her for one week; and surely at the end of that time you will be ready to pass on Muff's theory of nursing is comprised (she being, of course, your wife) in incessant personal attention, and incessant tender caresses. When you are fainting for air Muff will hang over you, between you and the window, stifling you with her soft weight upon your chest, and her warm hands upon your forehead. Muff is always praising your patience, your firmness, your gentleness; exaggerating your kindness to your fare, and making a far mightier fuss about every little occurance than even you think, with all your sick selfishness, is warranted by the circumstances. If would take a strong man to live through a month of Muff's bedside practice. She is rarely still, but always fidgeting as far as a very gentle one can fidget, and does every thing in whispers. She softly tells you that your head is too low when it is twelve inches, and she drags you in another pillow, which she pushes and pats under you in the most irritating manner; or just as you have found out a comfortable position for your head, which you have pulled shockingly awry and feebly manipulated into symmetry with your person, Muff tenderly informs you that your shoulders require lowering, softly, drags up your head, and pushes back the bolster to its mathematical precision of place. She tells you to turn over till she arranges you, and pats you till you would beat her, if she were any body but Muff, and you were yourself. "Your fellow" (she whispers Muff—you are half asleep, in a quiet dose, and in a wonderfully easy position, for her ministrations) "is quite right—getting time for your nasty medicine; so don't go to sleep, there's a dear!" It wants twenty minutes of tia time, and you have been asleep for two weeks; but you were just then so tranquil and so comfortable! Muff would be bitterly hurt if told that she is worse than useless in a sick-room; and it is the most aggravating circumstance in her case that you love her with all your heart, and to complain (one of the invalid's greatest comforts) would be almost next to murdering her.

Then there is the conscientious nurse, hard and practical: that kind of nurse which goes on turning its own handle according to the tune set for it by the doctor. Grimbones can not judge for herself. She can not understand, or, understanding, act faithfully, and with punctuality and precision; but she has no originality, and must work according to the prescription of the doctor. If the doctor says that certain medicines—sleeping draughts, for instance—are to be given every three hours, and you happen to fall asleep when it is a sweet and dreamless sleep, which was the very effect the medicine was intended to produce. But Grimbones has always been obedience is the cardinal virtue. There are moral pedantries in nursing as well as any thing else. Grimbones is a purely pedantic nurse—reliable with spare shoulders, a flat back, and bony hands, who dresses in black masks skimp and light, and usually loves to mention medicines quite grimly to her waist, and a half-mourning—always looking like a half dirty—cap. Grimbones is a good woman, but an awful nuisance, and is going to hover round a sick man's helpless bed. She is usually your mother-in-law. Therefore give Grimbones the keys of the store-cupboard, the wine-cellar with perfect confidence; give her also dominion over your servants; but tell her gratefully, kindly (for Mercy's sake don't offend her), that you would much rather she would not nurse you.

Escape, if you can, from the watching nurse, whose eye is never off you, who won't let you turn in bed your arm, or your leg, or even wink, without her interference, who turns you every five minutes by asking "what you would like now?" who can never let well alone, and has the profoundest contempt for the healing powers of nature; who thinks that constitutions are babies, and have to be lifted on their legs every second, as they can never get up of themselves.

I think I prefer her, and even Grimbones and Muff, to Aunt Gruesome. When that little gray shadow flits across the floor, the enemy is the stairs by express train from any remote part of the country to take possession of them, as if they were a conquered state. Aunt Gruesome has always children, and your man-servant and your maidservant, and even the stranger that comes with the meat. Aunt Gruesome's every body-only your dear sharp, short directions—snapped off in broken sentences by her teeth—as if subject to a spell. She is no sister of mercy (though in a measured, angular way) that she never seems to sit down; the most she can do is to lean her little person against the edge of a chair, because the room is a bile moment for housemaids. Then it is that Aunt Gruesome darts cutting glances into the corners of rooms and cupboards, and finds a fever. She is to you, helpless and forlorn, feel that the management of the banished wife of your cousin is being arranged, and, with your consent, most unnecessarily criticised. I dare say Aunt Gruesome is not wholly unknown to some of my readers.

But last and best of all, there is the dear fairy nurse, who is never in the way at the wrong time, and never out of the way at the right time; who, when you wish for her, appears like magic by your side, and, when you want any thing else, brings that very thing. She is marvelous tactful, and, above some unexplained source; who is always cheerful and never tired; who seems fresher after sitting up for the night than when the rest of the household after seven hours' bed; who, when you can sit up, achieves worlds of ease and comfort with pillows, and bits of bed, and cozy footstools; who tells you exactly what you ought to know, and won't let you be bothered with any news that might worry you; whose sympathy, though tender, is invigorating, for she never "poor-dellows!" you, as Muff does a hundred times a day: who does your work for you in quiet, unostentatious way, and contrives to let you have the impression that it did itself, like the tangled wool or golden web of fairy tales; who sees jellies which no confectioner could approach, and mulls claret as if she had been taught the process by a special patent. This fairy nurse, this deity of a sick-bed guardian, this exquisite undertaking of nature, reconciles you to nursing womanhood in general, and makes you once more believe in the good gifts of feminality. I know such a nurse; with heart, head, and senses in unfailing harmony. Under her delightful administrations it is almost a pleasure to be ill. Such a nurse is like the poet, "born, not made." But even she may be benefited by scientific rules. Indeed, she is almost the only kind of nurse who can be so benefited; for all the rest only add a little scientific pedantry to their other qualifications for or disqualifications for their work.

The most sensible book ever written on the subject is Miss Nightingale's Notes on Nursing. Her rule of rules, the one which stands as the first commandment on which hang all the rest, is "TO KEEP THE AIR THE PATIENT BREATHES AS PURE AS THE EXTERNAL AIR WITHOUT CHILLING HIM." Nursing of a sick-room by means of inside windows, or doors opening into corridors, passages, halls, courts, or any other inclosed space. The outside air, and when it does not blow cold and freest, is all that she will admit. With this commandment firmly established next comes the need of some special and peculiar knowledge—namely, how to chilly hours of early morning, when the patient's vital powers are low, and before the food and warmth of the day have roused him up from the healthy action or to feverish heat; and at all times —morning, noon, and night alike—in weak, protracted, or exhausted cases, when very often the patient is lost for want of this one matter of simple care and forethought. Hot bottles, hot flannels, warm drinks, a good fire, and protection generally to the bodily condition, are needed in such cases; and all this extra external warmth can go on together, with the smallest amount of ventilation from the outside. "People don't catch cold in bed," says Miss Nightingale: a truth that can not be too strongly impressed on those who have to attend to the sick or the aged.

In the matter of cleanliness it is enough to say that nothing can be too great or too minute to eradicate for the proper management of a sick-room. No dirty rags left fluttering about; no airing of damp linen or clothes upon the valuable furniture; no superfluous drapery any where, and not a rag of carpet if possible to be done without; no dirty pots and pans; no decaying vegetables or meats swimming on the hob; no unwashed glasses, with the lip mark left in filthy ripples at the edge, nor spoons left in the jelly, or clustering round the bowl, or with the dregs of the draught congregated into a mahogany-colored pool; not the smallest thing about the room to shock the keenest sense of nose or eye, and then, perhaps, you may come up to the mark of the needful amount of sick-room cleanliness. Make no noise, and do as little as need be; but for the sake of suffering humanity do not imitate Muff, and think that whispering and creeping about is the proper sister sick-room silence. These are almost worse than our dear elephant's mode of slapping things down with a bang, and of speaking to you from the top of the stairs, or hailing a man-of-war. "A firm, light, quick step, a steady, quick hand are the desiderata; not the slow, lingering, shuffling foot, the timid, uncertain hand. Slowness is not gentleness, though it is often mistaken for such. Quickness, lightness, and gentleness are quite possible in it." The nursing nurse is an abomination; a nurse with crinoline, silk petticoats, creaking stays, or squeaking shoes, with keys hanging in her pocket, with a chain that flaps against her steel buckle, with jingling bracelets or charms, or even with floating ribbons, is absolutely inadmissible in a sick-room, and should be gently shown the door at the earliest opportunity.

Never stand or fidget about when the patient speaks with you, and always sit where he can see you without turning his head. Be careful of attentiveness when you speak to him, and never gesticulate. Speak with an even voice, without undue emphasis, without drawl, and with distinctness and never speak from behind the door, or from the fire-place, or with your back turned. Never speak at all to other people toward the time while your patient is standing or moving about: "a patient in such a state is not going to the East Indies," and if you would wait no more than ten days, ten years further, any promenade he could make would be over. Under no pretense whatever wake him out of his sleep. He who should do it, says the hungry Frenchman, gnyly; and he who sleeps in sickness is getting all the good which food or medicine could give him. Never disturb your patient for any irresolution, doubt, or change in your own mind. "People who think outside their heads," as one knows about every day in the week, though they have no business with the sick, for they fatigue them by their changes of imagination quite as much as if they carried the patient about, makes as many yards or miles as they proposed. Leave the sick-room quickly, and come in quickly—not with a rush, not suddenly, and like a bull, but lightly and decidedly; not as if you were leaving half your mind behind you, and the other half were turning round to seek it. "Conciseness and decision in your movements are as necessary in the sick-room as silence, gentleness, and smile. Possess yourself entirely with respect to your time from failing, either loitering or hurrying." Reading aloud to the sick is to be avoided as the very rarely followed, and then only under strict charge, of

clear, distinct, even-toned, and not lengthy trials: taking care that every word is heard distinctly, that there is no mouthing, and no plunging, and that the course is short and unflagging.

"Variety of form and brilliancy of color in the objects presented to patients are actual means of recovery;" whereupon, by all means gather together as much variety as possible. Hang up an engraving where the patient can see it, and change it every day, or week, or month, as may be; have a growing plant or a few cut flowers near the patient; let the light come in freely and lovingly, but unless in such cases as it is painful and hurtful; and, if possible, let the bed be so placed that he can look at the view from it, and gather into his sick soul a little of the health and vigor of the natural world. Let him have bright and cheerful subjects for thought, and turn his mind as much as possible from the eternal contemplation of his own miseries, and the terrible self-consciousness which creeps over us all during illness. But this variety must be given temperately and judiciously; care must be taken not to fatigue by a too rapid change, or by the exhibition of colors or of objects which, through some idiosyncrasy or other, exhaust and depress rather than stimulate and encourage. Again, as soon as the sick can use their hands, let them. Let them have a little needle-work, a little netting, a little manual labor of same kind. The doing faculty is so large a one, instinct with humanity that absolute idleness soon becomes one of the most intolerable of curses.

Never let a patient see his food raw, or smell it in the process of cooking, or know any thing about it until it is presented to him tastefully and neatly, and at the right moment, when his appetite is most craving. Hours of appetite vary in different individuals, and it is well to study their period of recurrence in the particular case under charge. If twelve be better than two, or four than six, make the principal meal appear at the former hours. But it is mere patient nursing that one o'clock, or twelve, or two, is to be the hour of dinner, liked or not; and that it is the wholesomest time to eat, though he must be what is right. People, sick people at least, will only do what they like; and what they like is generally from their own mode of determining her opinion as to what they ought to do and ought to have. Do not leave uneaten food by the patient; and, above all, never wish him to eat nothing at all, do not let him "always have something beside him." Be careful that every thing about his meals is scrupulously clean; that every article of food be fresh and in good condition. Be chary of jellies, except as refreshment for a parched mouth, but do not trust to them as nourishment; and with beefsea, regard it rather as containing a "certain reparative quality, we do not know what," than as so much actual nourishment. The Christian says of beef-tea, that "possibly it belongs to a new denomination of remedies" for patients can take this who reject every other diet, and can maintain life on it into the bargain. Cream, in many long chronic cases, is irreplaceable by any other article whatever—it makes them, sweets, jams, negus, drinks, or sugared tea, come under the strictest ban. Especially with fever patients, whose furred tongues and parched throats demand something sharp or pungent. Tea and coffee are both good as restoratives, but tea is the best, being the more digestible; yet neither ought to be given after five o'clock in the afternoon, as both help to keep up the excitement which causes sleepless nights. On the other hand, a cup of tea given at five or six in the morning, after one of these sleepless nights, will often tranquilize and compose the patient, and send him off after a sleep of two or three hours. Typhus patients often refuse their tea, and one of the first signs of their recovery is their asking for it again. Some attempts have been made to substitute cocoa for tea and coffee; but independently of the fact that the many sick dislike it, it has no restorative power. It is an oily starchy nut that increases fat, and does no more. It is pure mockery of the sick to call it a substitute for tea;" and "Cocoa as an exciting stimulus it has not, might just as well offer chestnuts instead of tea," says Miss Nightingale, scornfully. Arrowroot is an excellent vehicle for wine, but has great nutritive power in itself; buttermilk is often of exceeding service, especially in fevers; even cheese has its place of much value, and that to a great under circumstances of disease which would seem specially to forbid it. Cold Nature sometimes plays false to all known science, and asserts her independence in the most extraordinary language.

"Feverishness is generally supposed to be a symptom of fever—in nine cases out of ten it is a symptom of bedding:" a symptom of piles of mattresses, with pillows, a feather-bed or two on the top, never unpicked, never cleansed, never changed or aired, and saturated with the moisture of the patient. Have you an iron bedstead with a hair mattress, light Witney blankets, no counterpane, no valance, no curtains. If possible, have two such beds for the very sick, who are obliged to be always in bed, and change the patient's restingplace every twelve hours. In the mean time, hang up the bed-clothes to air, and throw the bed open for the same purpose. Let the bed be low; if you make it too high the patient feels like a sandwich between four and a mattress; and let it be even with the throat of the chimney, and that in the current of best air; also let it be small, so that a nurse can easily manage it. Do not put a table or place it with one side to the wall; never put a tray down on it; let it be set in the lightest part of the room, and where the patient can look out of the window: in case of bed-sores, eschew blankets underneath, for they act as poultices and retain the damp. And let there be light—sunlight purifies, renovates, strengthens; unless in certain acute, nervous, or ophthalmic cases, light is almost always over-valued by the sick—always and without exception by the weakly and convalescent, to whom it acts as a tonic and a stimulant. If possible, have your walls painted with oil paint, which can be washed; cultivate a horror of the ordinary unglazed bed-room papers, which absorb the dirt from the air, can not be cleansed, and are mostly held to their places by putrid paste.

Abolish carpets, and have the floor perpetually swept and washed. Never offer advice. "Chattering hopes and advices" are moral nuisances that can not be admitted for a moment. To talk cheerfully is not to exaggerate stories of recoveries, or to make light of present danger; sympathy does not mean the proffering of all sorts of wild opinions, when the nurse requires only to be encouraged, and must know best what ought to be done—when, too, the adviser does not know all the facts of the case, nor the circumstances that modify it, nor can only judge of the broken leg by looking at the bedclothes. Have immense faith in "baby." Bring in baby for a minute, in the course of an hour, as the case may be; and those cool lips, those little fresh unconscious hands, those sweet wondering infant eyes, will do more for the patient than all the stupid words of all the foolish people in the world. Baby is a blessed creature in the sick-room, and has its little mission of usefulness and good. And a bit of pleasant news, a bit of good fortune happening to any of your friends, is good too, and brings a little of the outside cheerfulness of life flushing like health and youth into the chamber.

The chief mental or intellectual quality in a nurse is, perhaps, the power of observation. An observant nurse is a great mistake as Elephant or Muff, and the type of the Dutch nurse, "Sairy Gamp," a nurse who confounds instead of distinguishing between similar symptoms, is apt to lead her patient with no inquiring mind into a ditch. But this is a knowledge which comes only by experience, actual bedside experience, coupled with superior teaching, and, therefore, the more reason that the latter be severely visited. It only helps us to understand the full importance of accurate observing, and to hide, with Miss Nightingale, that this may be made a matter of scientific training and teaching, and that all professional education in this country is obliged to go through a regular system of instruction which shall qualify them for their work into something very different from Grimbones or Mrs. Gamp.

To this end, and to every other end ever so remotely connected with the sick-room, nursing, and with nursing of every kind, Miss Nightingale's Notes will conduce more effectually than any thing that has ever been written or spoken on the subject.

ON THE WAY TO CHARLESTON.

NO. II.

WASHINGTON CITY, *April* 9, 1860.

JEST tew think, dear Uncle Jack, that I'm a stayin' here tew the White House, as sosherble as a schoolmaster tew keep hum in his district, or a pop'lar with the children. Why, Mr. Buchanan ain't no more stuck up than our minister, and wears a white cravat just like ourn. As for Miss Lane, his neice—there, 'tain't no use—she's one of the puttyest gals ever you seed in all your born days. Ain't no wonder, when you think on it, that her Uncle Jemes hain't never got married, for she looks arter all his things, and never bothers him about nothin'. She seems tew be plus tha', for as John Bunyun sez in his Paradise Lost,

"My heart's down East, wherever I roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home:
And though I'm fur away from the old shop,
My heart's down East wherever I go!"

The President gits up bright and early, I tell you, and likes tew have them folks on afore I tew take tew drive the cous tew pastur. Then he shaves himself, not fancyin' moustaxhees, and ties on his cravat, and then sets down tew breakfast. Then he reads his neus paper, the *Constitushun*, but I don't see nuthin' funny in it, tho' they dew say it's masterly good. Arter that he sees sum company.

About half arter seven—sharp — breakfast's ready, down in the little dinin'-room, where there's a picter of Washington hangin' over. The restorator, I spose they call him, but ain't sure, is a Britisher named Pendergast, who cum over with a feller named Bulwer, and finally got into place. He cooks most splendid, and I'm sure, for the day or tew I shu'be here as Kabinet officer. But he gits my bill sum'h'r, I'll swar; and havin' sed the great cumin' here on that consarned skuner, I've put my considerashun in.

Well, arter breakfast Mr Buchanan walks about a little, and then goes up tew his offis, wher he gits sum letters. Sumtimes he don't, for I'm lucky if he hain't got no postage tew pay, I tell yew; and I'd rather read the warrant cullin' a tew mestin Mormons tew be hung than git a letter. Then he reads 'em, and some he answers, and some he tears rite up, and some he gives to little Jemes Buchanan, his secretery who has a masterly perlite little old chap a helpin' him write.

Then the Members of Congress come, and they call, say the Kabinet days, but I guess they don't. I hain't seen no grind-stone yet, but sort o' guess there's one in his offis, for some on 'em cum out a lookin' pale and miserable. Perwided I expect they be, these here members, arter all sorts of places, 'specially for boys as West Pinters, or in the Middshipmen's Skool at Annypolis. But the last is I dunno, but guess they take there leaves and goes to forrin parts.

Well, Fridy's the Kabinet days, but other days the President's tew hum tew the people when they hist the flags up on the State House to call in the Congressers, just as in Downinvil we stick eout a little red caller for the baker tew stop. And 'ain't tho a crowd! Mighty Cain! Why, the dipt down tew Portland ain't nothin' tew it. And they all want sumthin'—con'rully offices or sumthin tew draw pay fur. But he shakes 'em off rapidly. I tell yew, I'd as lief be Uncle Sam's bills furnishin' tew anshun, never stoppin' tew dwell. I shu think he'd git eout of all pashents, but it seems tew agree with him, tho' when tew o'clock strikes the sho's over, and those who go eout don't get no chexs.

Then the President writes his letters, and sees perticuler people till three o'clock, when he walks eout. He's got four hosses, and tew backs, and fellers to drive 'em rigged eout in uniform, but he loves them for Miss Lane, and stubs it off as independent tew his mind as any tew interest.

At five there's dinner. Can't say I fancy it, for the things ain't put on the table at furst, and when one hez been waitin' for 'em a half an hour's nice, and Miss Lane talks tew me about Downingville, and we drinks tew yew in sum Californy champain, which is good sort ov cider, I sed on with salleratus tew make it bubble mightily.

When he can, the President goes inter a parler, and plays with his children, three on 'em eout up in his offis, and lites his segar, and talks. Any how, up stairs or downs, mushin' or talkin', he's off tew bed at ten o'clock. I'm a kind ov old-fashioned style, fust havin' read the *Herald*, which he'l'eves in.

I mite go on and tell yew about the big green hous, where Mister Weed cums (no relashun of the psalms and hymns) has a mighty putty lot of flours, or of the watchman's rooms, where I love tew talk with a feller named Hopkins, who cum from New Hampshire, or the liber for sterrin' heat inter pipes, fired up by George Runlett. All this is mighty interestin.'

But I like tew hav Mr. Buchanan send Edward down arter me, and tew go up inter his offis, and tell. Sumtimes he's writin' his speech, that used tew print the Portland *Argus*, will cum in, and sumtimes Mr. Browne, that prints the *Constitution*, but generly he's alone, and I tell him, and any how we talks Charlestun.

As for bein' vestigashuns, Mr. Buchanan keeps his offis open 'round'th'clock. He hain't got nuthin tew hide, and he don't care, and the fellers that 'ain't satisfied with their share may go tew Haller-fax for all he cares, only he don't want his popularity tew know how he's accused by people who don't like him, and how his eggs'cutive and adjoyer a wig, which wig principles he's ollers gone agin.

Nor be ain't no candidate. I know this, for he's show'd me sum letters, for one of his Pennsylvany frends tew read tew the convention, fust thing. Don't mention this, but it's so.

Short, very. I'll be back tew go in fur? Tew which I say, sez I, I dun no! But it ain't a man whose furst name's Steven and whose last name's Douglas! Fact. Nor Jeff Davis, whose name's Jeff, nor Bell, whose name's Johnny. Your affexshunet nephew,

BENJAMIN DOWNING.

P.S.—Ther's a feller keeps a pesterin' me to claim for the time our country marched under Sargent Joel tew Madewaskur. He ses he'd will giv him half he'll git a big appropriation, and wants five dollars in advance. What da yew say?

ANOTHER ESCAPE OF A BALLOONIST.

WE are enabled, through the politeness of a Savannah correspondent, to publish the accompanying picture of the narrow escape of Mr. Cevor, the balloonist, from the ocean at Savannah, Georgia, on 8th March. Mr. Cevor gave the following account of his voyage to the editor of the Savannah *Evening News*:

Taking advantage of the slight lull in the wind, he ascended very rapidly from Armory Hall yard at *three minutes after five o'clock*, sailing away to the northeast, and gradually ascending; in the hope of meeting a current that would carry him more to the westward, until he had reached an elevation of about two miles and a half. Here he found a current that suited him to a nicetrue. Upon his right the vast ocean loomed away in the distance: while under him the forests, rivers, and habitations of men appeared very near as distant and as perfectly defined as the eye could desire, presenting a picturesque appearance, the most vivid imagination can conceive of, while every object, however minute, was distinct to sense. Finding that his course was gradually tending seaward, and quite certain that he would fail to encounter a current which would carry him further into the ocean, and not wishing to encounter that, there was a prospect of doing so in safety. The descent was commenced, when he struck a current which threatened to carry him out to sea, when he discharged more gas from his balloon, and hastened his downward course. Observing the precipitation, Mr. Dalton, that they must go into the water, which he saw was inevitable, his throat being very dry, he could only utter the words, if you can;" for the first time since their start exclamation of fear was uttered, having preserved a coolness and exhibited a nerve that but few men can boast of possessing.

He informed him that such a course would be certain death to both. Then changing positions—Mr. D. taking the reins, and Mr. Cevor standing into the car—the balloon quickly descended; and *at twenty minutes after five o'clock*, precisely, the vessel Oshgosa Sound, *four* miles distant from the city. The car was rapidly dragged through the water, the balloon surging and struggling to right itself, and ascend, and for nearly an hour Mr. Cevor was immersed up to his breast, until at last he was drawn on board the boat by the hands of Capt. Head. His descent had been attentively watched by Mr. Hopkins, who had procured with his wagon to render assistance, and rescued him and his companion from their perilous position. While in the water, one of the rope-rings broke, and the vessel, and the other broken: so that no means of controlling the balloon remained to them, and the combined effects of Mr. Savage, his negroes, and the accounts were of no avail in attempting to hold the monster; and rudely breaking away from its captors, it darted aloft, like a projectile, and in one moment more was hurtling away, like the fierce wind upon whose pinions it was borne, careering in the freedom that was its own, and by which it was carried off, over the sea, away from the land. Those who saw it, it could not penetrate, to the home of balloons alone. Dripping and cold, his wayward and volatile bearer gone, he was met with that unaffected and hearty welcome that a good and honest heart only knows how to offer, and conducted by Mr. Savage to his house.

ARREST AND RESCUE OF MR. SANBORN AT CONCORD, MASS.

WE publish on the following page a picture of the strange scene which took place at Concord, Massachusetts, on the night of the 3d instant. Mr. Sanborn, of New Hampshire, had refused to obey the summons of the Senate Investigating Committee, and that body had dispatched the Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate, Mr. Hume, to bring him. He was arrested in his own house, but was immediately rescued by his friends. He himself has published the following account of the affair:

"CONCORD, MASS., *April* 3, 1860.

11 P. O'CLOCK AT NIGHT.

"To the Citizens of Massachusetts:

"I have to inform you that a cowardly assault was committed on me this evening, at about a quarter past nine o'clock, in my own house, by four or five persons claiming to have authority to arrest me. The facts are these:

"I came in from a call about nine o'clock, and was sitting in my slippers, at my desk, when a knocking called me to the door. I went down stairs, opened the door, when a small man entered and said, 'Does Mr. Sanborn live here?' 'That is my name, Sir,' said I, putting out my hand to welcome him. 'Here is a paper for you,' said he, handing me a folded one, which I took.

"At that moment a gray-haired, tall, and stout man entered the front door, and said, 'I arrest you, Mr. Sanborn.' 'By what authority?' said I, 'and what is your name?' He gave me a name, but said, 'I am from the United States Marshal's office,' or words to that effect. I said, 'What is your authority, your warrant?' repeated it. 'I have no warrant,' said he, 'but I have a letter.' At this time two more men appeared. 'Show it, read it,' said I. A small crowd having himself gathered in the yard, for some would give their names), began to read a paper, but had got only a few lines when the gray-haired ruffian took a pair of handcuffs from his pocket and proceeded to put them on my wrists, I standing in my slippers, without a hat or coat, and thin in slippers of cloth.

"A violence was given, some men rushed in, none of them known to me, and carried me by force to the street, where stood a carriage with two horses. They lifted me from the ground, and tried to put me in the carriage. I resisted with my feet, for my hands were fast in the manacles. They then lifted me three times without success, breaking the carriage: but the horses started and they could not get me in. In the mean time my cries and those of my sister had called my neighbors from their houses, who surrounded the ruffians and prevented them from carrying me off.

"I stood in the street in my slippers half an hour, wearing the handcuffs, until Deputy Sheriff Keyes came by force from the ruffians' hands under a writ of *habeas corpus*, issued by Judge Hoar. Their names, given after a long time, are as follows: Asa Fowle, Deputy Sheriff Coolidge, ——Tarleton, and —— Freeman. There were two or three others, whose names I have not learned.

"Fifteen minutes after I was handcuffed, standing in the street, Senator Wilson arrived, accompanied by the President Breckinridge, for my arrest, with an indictment from M'Neir, Sergeant-at-Arms of the United States Senate, authorizing the arrest, and I was put in jail. He did it I have said. People of Massachusetts, act as it seems to you best in this case.

"FRANKLIN B. SANBORN."

The subject has since been taken up in the Legislature of Massachusetts, which sympathizes warmly with Mr. Sanborn, and the prisoner having been brought up on *habeas corpus* before the Supreme Court, was promptly liberated.

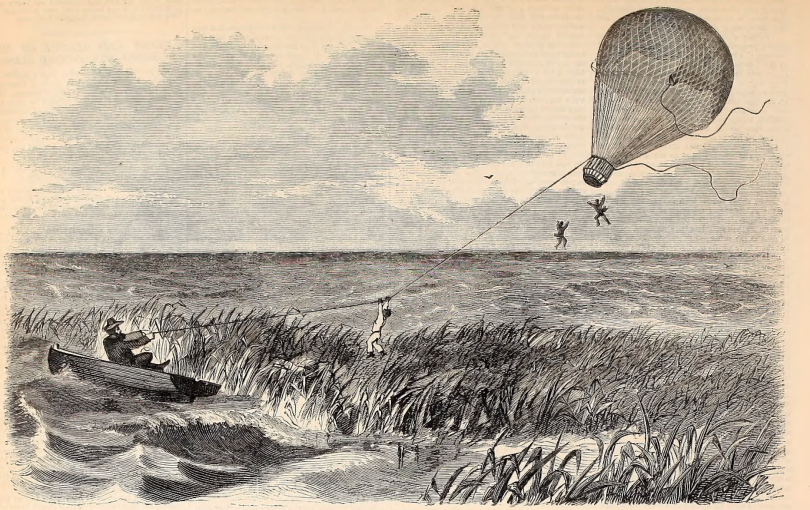
Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

The New Paper
OF
"CLINGHAM & CO., BANKERS."
BY FITZ HUGH LUDLOW,
AUTHOR OF "THE HASHEESH EATER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XII.
IN WHICH CLINGHAM & CO. GET THEIR NEW PARTNER.

AFTER John Masters had departed Clingham & Co. remained with her forehead pressed against a pane of a window, which looked out upon the street, for more than a quarter of an hour, and until it became perfectly evident that her father was not intending to return without full information. Another season of solicitude, almost as long, she spent in attempting to read, and repeatedly finding the attempt vain, as time and again she shut the book and walked to the window. At last her solicitude became an agony, and she determined that she would not wait any longer, but would go forth to seek Clingham & Co. and if he had come, to throw herself at his feet and supplicate that, whatever might be disclosed, he would have mercy upon one, for a heart-broken, much loving woman's sake.

True, she did not believe Ernest had ever committed any flagrant crime, for in the slightest connected with the difficulties in the Bank she had risen utterly above the unfath omable suspicion; but against the charge against him, his own absence was against him, and, worst of all, the dead superintendent might have accused him, and hoped or remedy by all sorts of false entries, interpolations, erasions upon the books which the Bank's province to keep, and which he, like all subordinate officers in such an institution, was far from having entirely under his own control. "Even now," said Nora to herself, "the tarry-breeches may be there; at this very moment he may be examining records whose falsity there is no living tongue to witness, and in his thought accusing Ernest of the blackest crimes at their instigation. Deliberate forgeries he was not to blame, interpolations of which he was never guilty, all the venomous lies that distil from the tongue of ill rumor, may be charged to his account and treasured up



NARROW ESCAPE OF A BALLOONIST AT SAVANNAH, GEORGIA, MARCH, 1860.—FROM A SKETCH BY AMBROSE SPENCER, ESQ.—[SEE PRECEDING PAGE.]

for the day when he shall be confronted with them, an innocent but a defenseless man." Then the horrible picture which the mysteriously dead superintendent had drawn, of a doom to State Prison for life, came floating in more than its original vividness before her eyes, carrying more fearful solemnity and omen with it from the fact that the lips which painted it were at that time so unaware near their last utterance. She could bear it no longer. It never once came into her mind what other women would do under the circumstances. She acted now just according to her noble womanhood; its pure, uncorrupted instincts leading her into the commission of that which as, even under protest, I will not connive with a lying social

ARREST AND RESCUE OF FRANK B. SANBORN, ESQ., AT CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS, ON THE NIGHT OF APRIL 3, 1860.—[SEE PRECEDING PAGE.]

folly by calling it impropriety, I will coin a name for—she committed an *unsanctity*.

She dressed herself for the street, therefore, and set forth, as I have said, to visit the partner. But before she left the house she unlocked one of the drawers of her bureau and took from its recesses a small morocco-covered box, which she wrapped carefully in several layers of paper and hid beneath her mantilla. She then thought and felt a prayer for help and success, too deep for audible utterance, and departed with it, issuing out of her soul as she went.

John Potts's Tavern—the Eagle—being the house where, as its landlord was wont to say, every body that was any body stopped, and he cared for nobody else, Nora directed her steps thither. She rang at the private entrance and asked to see Mr. Potts. He heard the request, but only answered that there was no man of the name of Clingham in his house—no partner of any kind—he had his own wife, and he supposed she wouldn't do.

Nora turned away slowly from the door, wondering deeply within herself where she should go next, when a person whom she had never seen before—but whom we may recognize in brass-buttons, as large protuberance in the commissariat department of his being, a venerable white beard, and a pair of dust goggles—approached from the pump in front of the tavern, where, during all her interview with John Potts, he had been assiduously regarding the region of the milky way—bowed, and said, in a low tone,

"Did I understand the young lady to ask where she might find the partner who is here from Clingham & Co.?"

"I did ask that," said Nora, looking at the stranger with a gaze of surprise and search; "is he in town?"

"He is, Madame."

"And can you tell me where I may find him? You will confer a favor on me by doing so, if you have any right."

"The fact is this, Madame—the partner, being not as young as he once was, objects decidedly to fatigue; and as he knows that five of the six thousand estimable people who compose Chewick would be in his bedchamber at this moment, did they but know where that honored locality lay, he therefore, from motives of prudence, has not yet put up the handbills saying where he is to be exhibited. I have the honor to be Monsieur Achille Bindaud, the illustrious partner's valet de chambre, and her ladyship's very humble servant." And M. Achille Bindaud abased his venerable head until it hit the lower button of his waistcoat. Nora was about to turn away, thinking the man crazy, when he continued:

"Can Madame keep a secret? I doubt not that—yes? Let us go, then. If Madame preserve the silence and forgive the talk room where my poor venerable Mister must rest on account of the weak eyes, the rheumatiz, the liability of to speak above the littlest voice for his malady of the throat—all can be arranged. Let us go! Pardon that I go before to show the way."

"I can do no better than to follow him," thought Nora. "He is yet early twilight, and he seems only a comical fellow who is not at all mischievous. It is perfectly natural, too, that the partner should not wish to receive all Chewick, as he would have to do if it were known where he is. He is a very old man, it seems—God grant that he may be also a fatherly!"

Her voluble guide managed to get out of Chewick Main Street without addressing any further remarks to her. He turned down a secluded side street, out of that into another, and finally, when Nora had begun to wonder whether all this were a plot or a serious jest, he stopped at a quiet and entirely unpretentious house of brick, that was once white, but needed sadly to be reminded of it by the partner, and opened the picket gate in front, saying,

"This is the place, Madame. Excuse the looks, I pray you."

Nora hesitated about entering.

"Frankly, Madame suspects the house? I do not marvel. But let me give a proof."

He threw open the front door, and on a large trunk, which he dragged out to the light for her inspection, was plainly painted, with a far from recent look, "Clingham—New York."

Nora summoned her heart and passed in. There was no reason to suspect evil except her loneliness, and that gave her the right to ask a better protection than man's.

"Will Madame walk into the parlor one instant, while I mount on high to announce her to Monsieur?"

"Certainly."

He flung back the door of the room at their right hand and drew a curtain to the window, bowing Nora into it. After which he hurled himself up stairs in a manner very juvenile for a valet with so venerable a beard.

Nora had no time, even had she wished it, to prepare her overflowing heart for any set and formal speech. There was a sound overhead of rumbling and thumping, as of men putting things to rights in a hurry—and then Achille returned, saying,

"Would Madame ascend? Monsieur would gratify himself much of that honor."

With a spirit that could not Heaven in inaudible agony for wisdom, help, fortitude to bear the best or worst, Nora followed the valet up to his master's room. It was twilight, as has been said, but a balmy summer one, so that the lamps were not lighted, and the air from without fanned gratefully in through the wide open windows, just perceptibly rustling the curtains. There could not have been a pleasanter room for an invalid as the poor partner who had come to settle Chewick's troubles seemed to be. He sat in a large easy-chair, his feet resting on another, and a shawl thrown over him. His forehead rested on his hand, and as Nora came in and modestly bowed, with her sad, earnest face and drooping veil, he only feebly inclined his head in a gentlemanly recognition, and said in a half whisper,

"Please be seated."

Then nodded and waved his hand to the faithful Achille to withdraw, which he had not obeyed the summons the partner bowed to Nora again to intimate his audience.

"Mr. Clingham," she began, with a painful trembling in her voice, "I am a young lady whose name would perhaps be familiar to you, if connected with that nature of my business with you makes it desirable, for the present at least, that I should not name myself. There is a letter—"

"Excuse me, Madame," he said, and in it perfect confidence that neither it, nor any thing else I shall say to you, shall ever be communicated to another?"

"You may, Madam, with perfect security," he whispered.

"I wish to say, then, that I know, through no improper or unreliable sources, something of the reason why you are here. There have been recent transactions, perhaps, in the way in your Banking House in this place. There are rumors abroad that all the officers of the Bank, save one—Mr. Newton—have absconded, that he is dead, strangely dead, are now in confinement on serious criminal charges."

The gentleman sighed and uttered, "True!"

"And to-day there came to my father's house a person in search of one who has not yet been arrested, but who, I fear, will answer to similar accusations." Nora's voice, which had hitherto been tremulous, now grew strong and clear.

"I come to you to speak of that one particularly. I have a deep interest in that man; you, Clingham, have I be, I owe it to you, if evil comes to him—I—I—"

Her voice choked again, and she could not complete her sentence. The partner buried his face in both hands and was visibly moved; his whole frame shaking like a leaf, in sympathy with the young girl's emotion. She governed herself, and went on calmly:

"The name of the young man—Ernest—Beckford. The affairs of the Bank may be so complicated that he may seem to be involved. His enemies may have made his books tell lies, for there was one who I do not believe lived that—though he is dead, I will mention his name—Mr. Green. Perhaps in his life *he* may have wronged him. Circumstances may look dark against him; but he *is*, oh, Mr. Clingham! he *is* as innocent as Heaven! And now, the request I have to make is this: If you have examined the books of the Bank, or if you shall, and find any deficiency that would fall to his account, let me plead with you, let me entreat you not to deal with him by law! I have brought you all I have—neither it is much or little I do not know, but it is all my mother left me." And Nora opened the little morocco box.

"Here is a gold watch—it is large and old-fashioned, but it is an excellent time-keeper. Here are two bracelets—pearls. And here is a pearl necklace here too, besides a pair of pearl ear-drops and several rings, one of them a diamond. I have been counting them up, and if I calculate right there are things here that are worth several hundred dollars. Keep, I shall never wear them, and if you will not take them and save him *I shall hate them always!* Will they not partly pay the deficiency that may be in his books? If they will, *dear Sir!* forgive me for asking you to take them, and give him time to pay the rest. He *will* do it—he would work like a slave—work to the death to do it, though he is innocent. Oh, for the dear sake of our Father in heaven, be merciful like Him, and take them!"

As she said this she tried to put them into his hand, but he gently pushed them away. She thought he was refusing her prayer—for the shadow which, as night grew deeper, was creeping closer over all things had him and the trees which were running through his fingers—and she threw herself upon her knees in the desperation of the one last entreaty:

"Oh, pity me! pity me!" she cried. "Are you a father—or if not that, haven't you some one, something to love—do you not at least love God?—and how could you bear it if He were torn out of the heavens and away from you? Have mercy—and that the God of an innocent man and of a broken-hearted girl, who will pray for you day and night, will bless you! *He* is innocent. Come whatever may upon his head, God is with him for evermore. The noble, the pure, the high-souled one; that knows baseness only as a terrible distant name: that is the best, the truest, the most upright man who breathes! *Save him!* But save him or not, I also, will love Him till time is no more."

"Amen! and as God liveth, not even death shall henceforth part thee and me."

"My God!" said Nora, "who spoke then?"

The partner, now standing up in his manly erectness, led her, all bewildered and pale as snow, to the faint twilight of the window. What it that up through that sky, measureless in the bivouac of the hosts of God, the lights really burned gladder for the joy they shone on, or did Love give a miracle of clearness to the eyes of the soul? for there was light enough at that window for Nora to see that the partner into whose arms she fell was none other than—Ernest Beckford!

CHAPTER XIII.

YET NOT OF ERNEST *Beckford*; for as will have already been discovered, the young man who, to detect the chief causes in the ruin which wickedness was bringing upon Chewick's Branch and its insnared junior officers, took this assumed name with the position of a subaltern, was truly the youngest partner of the name and house of Clingham. Save the other members of the firm none had known the secret, not even the renowned and reformed little Filkins had been intrusted with it until his return from New York, for the last was the dramatic transformation of Achille Bindaud.

The affairs of the Bank were discovered to be in a truly lamentable condition. The superintendent had used his position to issue forged paper to large amounts, for which the Bank was, at least, in honor bound. The widows and orphans who had received it, and, absurdly enough, honor and necessity were synonyms with the Messrs. Clingham, which fact made the conscience of the house, though for a time only, better off than their ledgers. I am happy to say that in those extreme Lake Green none of the subalterns were found to be involved very deeply. Todds, cashier, was the most so. To pay his punishing defalcation Green had defalcated also to the amount of $1500. His poor old father, the worthy butcher we have mentioned, paid this for him, and every vigorous measures were taken, and, to save the excellent man's gray hairs from so sorrow-ing grave, the son was allowed to escape by flight. That is to hope he does better at Geoding, where he follows the paternal trade, than he did here.

As for the other errors amount to nothing besides drunkenness, shameless carelessness, and irresponsibility. Luke Green had supplied them with money for their vices, gambling it back from them till they had no more, and taking their notes for the balance. The wallet which Ernest had seized by his hazardous but successful stroke at the punch-party was full of these, with other evidences of the superintendent's guilt. Ernest returned, with several reprimands and a thorough fright, to the heedless victims who had given them; and they felt their punishment augmented by their profit, though they did have to be dispensed with by the Bank. May they too learn a lesson not to be a knave's fools!

Little Filkins was fortunately taken in hand soon enough to save an excellent man made of him. He is a blessing to the "fine mother and splendid sisters" of whom he is justly proud, as well as to another young woman, who finds him a great comfort on Sunday evenings, and shows symptoms of meaning before long to take him eternally. Though he has not gone into the Siamese fraternal business, he feels perfectly satisfied with his lot, being now that most estimable and responsible cashier of Clingham & Co., Chewick Branch.

But we are leaving a very excellent gentleman in a very disagreeable place. The very same night that Nora visited the partner a writ of *habeas corpus* took Mr. Manton out of jail—Ernest explaining, what he could not in honor explain, that the change of children which had been made was after this wise. He himself was the son of Samuel Clingham, and the youngest of four of his own sex. Mr. Joseph Clingham, on the other hand—as the mother of Luke Green had said—was the father of an unmarried family of girls. When he, Ernest namely, was born to Samuel, and a girl, Nora by name, was given by Heaven to Joseph, the two brothers, for variety's sake, proposed an exchange. But Samuel Clingham and his wife felt a delicacy about having this fact known. Ernest was then employed their old friend John Manton to go to the secluded town of Hyde Park with their boy and make the transfer for them. Now Green met him there, and, as was intended, got the idea that the boy John Manton gave her was his own. The name of the girl whom he received from her struck him as a pretty one, and when, several years after, he had a daughter he named her Nora Clingham Manton. Which state of facts, together with an old woman's forgetfulness of the lapse of recent time, caused Luke Green's mother to make the mistake she did about the identity of John Manton's daughter. When, upon Ernest's appearance before herself and the coroner, she was fully aware of the phantasm and gilt lie she had persuaded her unprincipled son to chase to his death, she went home to Blinker's Court, and on the morrow was found to have followed him—dead in her bed—by poison, or nature and terror, I know not. The explanation just detailed, together with Turkle's and Filkins's affidavits as to the manner of Luke Green's discovery, satisfied the ends of justice and Coroner Doldrum, if indeed that be not a repetition of the same idea; this worthy magistrate having, if any part of justice, the ends, and the very small ends at that. So Mr. Manton was restored to his house.

It was thought better, after all the troublous experience which these chapters have recited of engineering Chewick Branch through uninterested subalterns, that a resident partner should take the superintendence. It was Ernest Beckford, now no longer Beckford but Clingham, in name as in truth, who was elected to the place. And it was on the very first day of his presidency that he took into the firm

THE NEW PARTNER OF CLINGHAM & CO., BANKERS"

—took her in with bride-cake and blushes—with the sweetest smiles of heaven and kisses of earth. Took her in to be ready *Nora Clingham* —as she played she was in her Banking-room soliloquy, where Ernest first heard her dear voice—and John Manton had his draft honored, his coat repaired by getting a new one, and his head once more uplift among his equals. Took her in to write the paternal-sole and the human-heart sides of the Bank House in an indissoluble marriage; so that golden plenty should flow across to the family-pair, and they love should hover like a winged flame over the head of the new president in his office, coming from the west wide to where the sun appears when work was done. Took in the New Partner, finally, with great thanksgivings audible from the heart, and prayers, and praises unspoken, from the mingled soul of them both, to Him who had so opened their doors to Love, Angel-daughter Faith, that blessing them for their welcome, she made within them a dearer home for her sister Love, where both dwelt, twin angels, unshakably, eternally.

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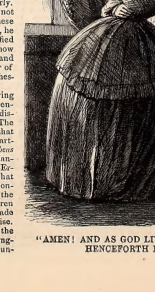
Faith had sung, "Be sure that rest will come!" Love, in silvery antistrophe answered back, "I have found it!"

THE END.



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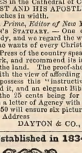

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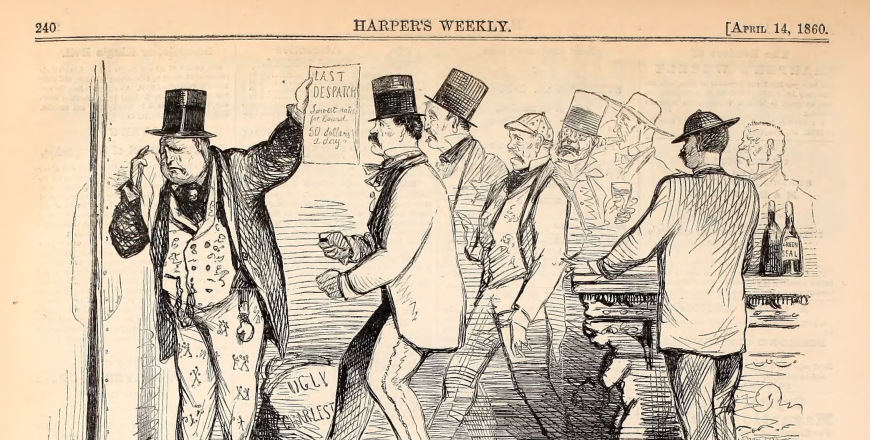

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. IV.—No. 173.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1860. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

HON. STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM ILLINOIS.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

HON. STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.*

To the Hon. STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS is conceded by his friends and opponents an importance in the political concerns of the United States not exceeded by that of any living statesman. His great abilities, his great successes, as well as his unfortunate courage, have made him for many years a leading man in the councils of the nation, and have drawn to him the warm admiration and unflagging devotion of a vast body of the Democratic party. Though it is an accepted doctrine of the Democratic party that the nominee for President is the only choice of the party, and that, after the nomination, the nominee is the only man that ought ever have been spoken of for the office, yet Mr. Douglas has attracted to himself at this cause thousands upon thousands who religiously believe him to be only Democrat who has the public confidence at the North to an extent that can warrant or lead to success in the contest of 1860. This paper, however, has nothing to do with the controversies in or out of the party, as to the strength of Mr. Douglas, or of any one else, as a candidate for the Presidency. We find his name conspicuously presented to the public, and as conspicuously presented by his opponents as by any one else; and in view of the all-absorbing topic of the Charleston Convention, we propose to lay a brief statement of his history before our readers.

Mr. Douglas is a descendant of the great Scotch family of the same name. Two brothers of the name of Douglas emigrated to America at the same time; one went to Maryland, and his descendants are to be found on the banks of the Potomac, in Virginia, North Carolina, Kentucky, Tennessee, and perhaps other Southwestern States; the other brother remained at New London, in Connecticut, and from his latter brother proceeded the ancestors of Stephen A. Douglas. The family of Douglas intermarried with that of Arnold—the family of which Benedict Arnold was associated with, or Williams in the settlement of Rhode Island, and whose son was afterward Governor of that province. Hence the name of Arnold, which name was also by Dr. Stephen A. Douglas, the father of the statesman of the present day. Dr. Douglas was born in Rutland County, New York, and removed to Vermont, where he graduated at Middlebury College, studied medicine, and soon after becoming of age, entered upon a good practice as a physician. He married Miss Sarah Fisk, the daughter of a farmer, and in July, 1813, while holding Stephen in his arms, and his little daughter on his knee, died suddenly of disease of the heart.

Mr. Douglas was born at Brandon, Vermont, on the 23d of April, 1813, and on the day of the meeting of the Charleston Convention will have completed the forty-seventh year of his age.

His earlier days were spent with his mother and sister upon a farm—the joint property of his mother and her brother, a bachelor. Just about the time fixed upon for young Douglas to enter college, Mr. Fisk married, and the cares of a young family rendering him unable or unwilling to lay upon himself the expense of giving his nephew a collegiate education. The man who has since then found the means and ability, and exhibited a fondness for the constitutional rights of the Southern people, was even in boyhood gifted with an energy and a will which enabled him able to cope with the most disadvantageous circumstances. Instead of repining and weeping over the bitter downfall of his expectations, he picked up such necessary clothing as he could conveniently carry, and, with his bundle on his back, left home, and on foot proceeded to the nearest town, and indentured himself as an apprentice to a cabinet-maker.

For two years he worked assiduously at this business, when, he became most proficient in it, ill health and a small physical frame rendered it impossible for him to endure the severe labor which was required of him. He therefore left the shop, intending to return to it after he should have recruited his health; and in the mean time entered school at Brandon. After he had been at school a year or more, his mother and sister both married, and removing to Canandaigua, New York, induced him to accompany them.

At Canandaigua he entered a classical academy, and also read law in the office of Mr. Hubbell. During this period he made great progress in the classical studies, and also in his legal acquirements. As an orator, even at that early day, he was noted for the force and power of his logic. He was particularly conspicuous in the discussion of political questions; was an active supporter of General Jackson in the contest between Jackson and Granger, was a warm friend and advocate of the former.

In June, 1833, he left Canandaigua for the Western country. He reached Cleveland, but, under further examination of age, and the law requiring him to have been a resident of the State one year before admission to the bar, he accepted the position of clerk in the office of the Hon. S. A. Andrews, with a promise of partnership in the future. A severe attack of illness, protracted for several months, however, destroyed this arrangement, and in the fall Mr. Douglas left Cleveland, in search of some eligible point where he might engage in the practice of the law. His ambition was to appear at the bar, having no doubt of his success. He proceeded by canal-boat from Cleveland to the Ohio River, and, stopping by chance in Cincinnati, was feeble in health, and with very few dollars in money. His necessities demanded immediate employment, and he canvassed Cincinnati and Louisville seeking that employment, but failed to find any.

He then left for St. Louis—an undefined impression that Illinois was to be his ultimate destination leading him on toward that region. Arrived at St. Louis, the Hon. Edward Bates, now a candidate for the Republican nomination for the Presidency, tendered Mr. Douglas the free use of his office and library until he could do better; but Mr. Douglas's necessities required employment upon which he could derive a revenue, and failing to obtain such in St. Louis, he pushed on to Jacksonville, Illinois, where he arrived in December, 1833. He was equally unsuccessful at Jacksonville in finding employment; so he proceeded on foot to the town of Winchester, sixteen miles distant. He had but thirty-seven cents in money, and knew not where he was to get more. The next day the Winchester lawyers met in the public square, who had been gathered to attend an application sale; the sale could not proceed for want of a clerk, and young Douglas was at once appointed to and requested to serve in that capacity. He served three days as clerk, and received six dollars for his services. He had pleased the farmers very much; he had defended Jackson and his policy with a warmth and a vigor that was unusual. He made himself acquainted with the whole week's school of forty scholars, at three dollars each per quarter, was made up, and Mr. Douglas entered upon the office-business.

In March, 1834, still lacking one month of being twenty-one years old, he was admitted to the bar of the Supreme Court; with the approbation of his school, and such small fees as he had earned in the mean time by attending cases before the Justices' Court, he started upon a new track and moved up to Jacksonville, the county seat of Morgan County, then one of the largest counties in the State.

He opened a law-office in Jacksonville, and soon was known as an ardent Democrat. General Jackson's bank policy was the leading public topic, and upon it Democrats were divided, and the Whigs were fast gaining strength. The county, owing to the influence of the Yankee settlements, had become decidedly Whig in its politics. Douglas and some friends called a mass meeting to defend General Jackson's bank policy. The appointments was considered a most daring one. When the day arrived he alone had the courage to offer the resolutions. He did so, and made the opening speech. He was replied to by a Mr. Lamborn, one of the ablest lawyers of the county, in a speech of much severity. It was a fierce assault upon Douglas. He at once met the issue. He rejoined in a speech which has become historical in Illinois. In a very short time his words of burning eloquence drove Lamborn from the Court-house, and then for an hour he held the meeting bound in spell-binding astonishment by his powerful defense of the President. When he had concluded his resolutions were adopted, and he was elected by acclamation to a second large men and carried through the town in triumph. Henceforth Douglas was recognized as the leader of the Democracy of the county. At the meeting of the next Legislature he was elected State's Attorney for the first judicial circuit, over the hero-Illinois, Hon. Joseph Duncan, and was also, though opposed, carried it into successful operation. A Democratic ticket was nominated, but which was the weakest ever run in Illinois, a opinion that some of the candidates withdrew, and Douglas was forced to take a place on the ticket for the Legislature. He canvassed the county thoroughly, and the result was that the entire Democratic ticket, with one exception, was elected. General Duncan was defeated.

Mr. Douglas took his seat in the Legislature in the winter of '36–7, and was an active and laborious member. In July, 1837, he was appointed Register of the Land Office at Springfield. In the fall of that year he took an active part in establishing the Democratic press of that city, in opposition of candidates for State offices, and saw it put into successful operation.

In November, 1837, he was nominated by a Democratic Convention for Congress, in the immense district extending from Jacksonville to the eastern limit of the State, and which embraced places in August, 1838, and during that time Mr. Douglas and his opponent, Mr. Stuart, canvassed it as far as was practicable. The district had a Whig majority of over 3000 majority; at the official canvass recorded Stuart only five majority in an aggregate vote of nearly 40,000. Douglas was elected by several hundred votes by tricks and unjust practices. The campaign was regarded, however, as a general triumph.

Mr. Douglas during the next two years devoted himself to a successful practice in the law, taking a prominent part in the Democratic caucuses of the Supreme Court. He undertook the great case which resulted in Governor Ford's "plain vote" case—a vote which secured the State for Van Buren in 1840.

In 1840 he canvassed the State for Van Buren; and to his efforts has always been attributed the successful issue of that election in Illinois, one of the two Southern States where the Democratic flag was not defeated.

In January, 1841, he was appointed Secretary of State. At this time the judges of districts in the Supreme Court was remodeled—that is, the number of Judges was increased from four to nine; and in February Mr. Douglas was elected a Judge of the Supreme Court. He was then less than twenty-eight years of age. He continued as Judge, performing his duties with such ability as acknowledged ability until June, 1843, when he was nominated for Congress. The district was a Whig one, and he was interested in no other contest than on the ground that he was the only Democrat who could hope to be elected. He at once, with Mr. Browning, his Whig opponent, entered upon the canvass, and they spoke daily until the election, when both were prostrated with illness. Douglas's majority was 645.

In December, 1843, he took his seat in Congress, being several months less than thirty years of age. In 1844 he was re-elected by 1700 majority, and in 1846 by over 3000 majority; but after the last election, and before the commencement of his term under it, he was elected a Senator of the United States.

One of his first speeches in Congress was the memorable one in support of the bill to refund the fine imposed on General Jackson by Judge Hall at New Orleans. That speech was afterward declared by General Jackson to be the best and only proper vindication of his conduct on that occasion.

Mr. Douglas was an active and ardent supporter of the American title up to the line of 54° 40' on the Oregon boundary question, and was one of the last to surrender it.

He was also a supporter of the annexation of Texas; and his speeches on that question, and upon the several issues arising out of the Mexican war, form perhaps the clearest and ablest vindications of the purity and patriotism of the administration of President Polk that are to be found in the Congressional debates.

He has been always a strict supporter of the "Monroe Doctrine," in the right and propriety of keeping the American continent free and exempt from any and all settlement or colonization, under any pretense, by European Power. His votes against the Clayton and Bulwer treaty, because it was a partnership with England in the affairs of Central America. His votes against the treaty with Mexico, because it contained an implied pledge not to annex any more territory of that Republic. He is opposed to making any bargain or contract about annexation of territory, because he wishes the United States to be left free and untrammeled to act as the best interests may require whenever the occasion arises. If it be deemed necessary at any time to acquire Cuba, he is for having the action of the Government of the United States, and not clogged by any treaty stipulations with European Powers, who by right have no concern in the affairs of the American continent.

He differs from many on the question of filibusterism. He denies the power of the United States to follow adventurers across to other lands, and arrest them there, on a charge of violating the neutrality laws; the power and authority of the United States extending but a little distance of one marine league from the coast; and once beyond that, the expeditions can not be arrested by the United States. He is opposed to Daniel Walker, or any other American, the privilege of expatriating himself, and of going to other lands and there taking upon himself a new allegiance.

When Mr. Douglas entered Congress, and while he was a member of the House, he voted steadily against the reception of abolition petitions; and so long as the same rule prevailed in the Senate he adhered rigidly to it.

He was from the first a firm advocate of the extension of the line of 36° 30' to the Pacific Ocean. He proposed the admission of the plan for the annexation of Texas, and had the gratification of seeing it adopted.

He proposed to extend the same line as a permanent settlement of the slavery question, during his whole service in the House and in the Senate up to 1850. He was the leading champion and prominent defender of the Missouri Compromise. Upon the failure of the Omnibus Bill the separate bills of Mr. Douglas were taken up and passed.

He reported the Nebraska-Slave Act, and a few months after its passage met an armed mob in Chicago, and defended that act so effectively that his Common Council unanimously repealed certain nullification resolutions they had previously adopted.

In 1854 he proposed the Kansas-Nebraska Act repealing the Missouri restriction upon slavery north of 36° 30', on the ground that Congress in 1820 had exceeded its constitutional power, and Slavery in the Territories should be left exclusively to the determination of the people settled there.

He extended the Kansas-Nebraska Act through in the face of an opposition more fierce and determined than was ever before arrayed against any measure. It was denounced throughout the North by every description of indignity. When he reached home in the character "a slave vote" already cast in favor than he found the Fugitive Slave Act in 1850. He announced his intention to defend it. At the meeting he was met by another armed mob, who, fearing the power of his argument, refused to let him be heard. For three hours he stood up before the mob and addressed them in calm and fair manner, defended the President, and defended the repeal of the Missouri restriction. But little that he said was allowed to be heard. He was groaned, hissed, and by all the means that a mob can find to insult the object of their hatred he was insulted and assailed. He was not conquered, though he was denied the privilege of being heard.

In spite of all these demonstrations, in spite of a thorough combination of the Know-Nothings and Republicans, Illinois in 1854 elected a Democratic State ticket and her five Democratic members of Congress.

In 1856 Mr. Douglas took the stump in behalf of Mr. Buchanan and the Cincinnati platform, and successful in securing the vote of Illinois for the Cincinnati nominees.

In 1857 the unfortunate Lecompton controversy arose. Mr. Douglas thought that, under a strict adherence to Democratic faith, Congress ought not to accept a Constitution unless it was the act of the people. The President thought differently. The Lecompton controversy then arose, and individuals supposed to be rival candidates for the Presidency, instead of reconciling the difficulty, sought to widen the breach. In the final settlement of the controversy Mr. Douglas acquiesced, but his enemies sought his destruction. They opposed his re-election in 1858; but after one of the most eventful political contests in the Union, Mr. Douglas carried the State Legislature, and in January 1858 was re-elected to the Senate.

The above is a hurried sketch of the public life of Mr. Douglas. It is a mere outline of his political acts. His name is prominently before the country as a candidate for the nomination by the Charleston Convention; and the multitudes at the North who call themselves his friends are sanguine that the Convention will select a candidate whose nomination will of itself be the certain precursor of victory. Such a candidate they claim Mr. Douglas to be.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1860.

THE APPROACHING CONVENTION.

THE topic of the day is the Convention which is to meet at Charleston on 23d for the purpose of selecting a Democratic candidate for the Presidency, and we accordingly devote most of our available space to illustrating the place where the Convention will be held, and the men who are likely to figure as candidates.

We publish on pages 248 and 249 eleven portraits of prominent candidates, representing every faction of the Democracy—from Douglas and Pierce to Slidell and Davis. When all of these, if any of them, will obtain the nomination no man can tell. A few months ago the chances of Senator Douglas were very brilliant; they have, however, been impaired by the undisguised hostility of the Southern leaders of the Democracy. Between him and them there is a gulf not on the question of territorial sovereignty; and as they will have the settlement of the platform, it seems hardly possible that they can frame it so that he can stand upon it. Furthermore, the law of political parties is clearly opposed to the preferment of individuals who have bolted from the party on questions of such magnitude as the Lecompton affair. For these reasons, while Douglas is manifestly the candidate under whose banner the Democracy would go into the election, there is a strong probability that he will be passed over, and the nomination given to some one who shall sympathize cordially with the views of the Southern masses on the subject of slavery in the territories.

Whether that man will be Breckinridge, or Guthrie, or Buchanan, or Jo Lane, or Houston, or any of the other leaders whose names we now publish, no one can venture to predict. It is pretty clear that, if an ultra-Southern man is nominated, he will have but a small vantage nominee, and will run very strongly indeed. Indications are not wanting of Republican tickets in Maryland, Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Delaware. There are in all these States old Whigs who might not be disinclined to support a Republican nominee running on a conservative platform. In Maryland, too, in Virginia there are leading men whose adhesion to Seward is said to have been privately promised, in the event that his platform shall diminish sectional hostility; and in case it exists at present.

These considerations will have their weight with the Charleston Convention. The business of nominating is not a mere political affair; so grave a matter as a Presidential nomination, involving the government of the country and the disposal of $50,000,000 a year of patronage for four years, is not to be settled by methods of mere feeling, or fancy, or prejudice, or rhetoric. The members of the Charleston Convention must, before they make a choice, calmly weigh the consequences of defeat. The Convention, before they stake their fortunes upon the prospects of a personal favorite, how the party will stand the risk. If they hazard the nomination they should have witnessed a successful Republican administration, and an acquiescence in Republican supremacy by the rank and file of the Southern people.

Of course there is no lack of people who declare that the election of a Republican will be the signal for the dismemberment of the Confederacy. But this, again, is much easier said than done. With the remembrance of the John Brown raid fresh in our minds, and with the evidence around us of the lively sympathy expressed for him by many Northern people, one can readily understand the feeling which may persuade many Southerners to seek refuge in secession; and it is by no means certain that it may not have to come to this at last. But if it does, the operation will be overly, painful, and, at least for the time, destructive and oppressive. Democrats who contemplate secession as a last resource should calmly weigh the cost of such a step, on the one hand, and on the other, the inconvenience of selecting a candidate who may not be their first choice, their especial favorite; there strikes a balance between the two and act accordingly.

It was Macaulay, we believe, who first said that politics was the science of expedients, and that theories were all nonsense. There is

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* The Life of Hon. Stephen A. Douglas, 500 pages 12mo, by J. W. Sheahan, Esq., editor of the Chicago *Times*, has just been published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers.

enough practical common sense in the dictum to entitle it to careful consideration at the hands of the Southern delegates to Charleston.

THE LOUNGER.

NATIONAL ACADEMY.

The twenty-fifth exhibition is open. The pictures bloom with the flowers, and spring, which opens the door to so much, opens none to the picture-mania and lovers more attractive than that in Tenth Street. To be sure, when it is opened, the result is not always in keeping with the expectation. The patrons of the Academy are neither spacious nor splendid; but then we go to see pictures, not rooms.

The opening night brought the usual gay throng. There was a time when speeches were made and punch flowed freely upon such an occasion; but it is gone now, and a better, cleaner, comelier festival is the result. It is quite worth while to attend an opening night, were it only to discover how many distinguished people there are in New York—how many that we are all glad to look at as having done something—or left it undone. They laugh at us for the facility with which we Americans make great men. But we ought to produce them much more frequently than any country in the world, and you have only to go to an opening night to see if we do not do our duty.

Several of the familiar names are absent this year. Gray and Hicks and Kensett and Rossiter and Church are among those who do not exhibit. But Huntington, Gignoux, Elliott, Stone, Baker, Durand, Gifford, Hubbard, the Harts, Gay (of Boston), Staigg, Eppinger, the Browns, Cafferty, Casilear, Cropsey, Lossing, Lang, Hall, Corbyn, Easter, Eastman Johnson, M'Entee, Mignot, Shattuck, and the Thompsons are names familiar, and always welcome.

The exhibition is a good one; the artists themselves seeming to consider it not very remarkable. There is, however, one work which instantly reproduces all the rest in attraction and importance, but there are many which are very carefully and thoughtfully executed—the poor portraits have been very generally suppressed—and there is a pleasant variety of subject. But an exhibition is a mixer. It requires exploration, and to the Lounger can only speak of a general impression.

Upon entering the visitor is saluted by crayon heads of Bryant (22) and Mr. Irving (21); but neither fairly represent the poets. There is a benign sweetness mingled with the Quaker severity of Whittier's head, which is not found in this drawing; and Longfellow's genial, fastidious, piercing eye is wanting. The Boston artist, Joseph Ames (24), is an excellent likeness. Staigg has a portrait of a lady (271), which is remarkable for its musical richness and fidelity. He has not been afraid to paint hands for hands, nor a face with wrinkles. It is an admirable work, in the best style of portraiture, and the more striking as coming from a painter whose studies hitherto have lain among miniature heads. Near by hangs one of Elliott's strongest (23). It is a portrait full of individual character, and consequently a capital likeness. In this latter point the touch of Elliott seems to be quite unerring.

No. 224 is Florence at Sunset, from the San Miniato Hill, by George L. Brown. It is put over the door. Some pictures must be put over the door, probably, but a Lounger must needs bewail the fate of the painter. Seen from below, the aerial perspective of the picture appears to be very well done; and there is a broken splendor in the clouds, the reflections in the water, the towers and domes of the city, and the gleaming mountain sides which many a traveler will remember. On the other hand, seen, at least, from below, the picture seems to be somewhat superficial. There is a want of depth in the splendor. But, good or bad, the picture charms the eye—or is it only the memory?

Mr. Gignoux, whose exquisite picture of Niagara by Moonlight our readers will remember was engraved in the Lounger, contributes but one work to this exhibition—"Morning in May" (256). A cloud of apple-blossoms whitens the scene until it becomes a picture reproductive of the white-piece for which Gignoux is so noted, and the bright, sweet, fresh spring renews the air. It is the same breadth and core which distinguish all his work. But why should that admirable painter, Mr. Gifford, wish so much to be gay, with so delicate a touch, with so felicitous a fancy—why should he steep every scene he paints in that vague, shimmering, sandy hue, which spectator believes that he sees only a mirage, and not the fair, substantial reality of earth and sky and sea? His pictures are so tender in sentiment, and he has evidently such a refined talent, that he surely does not need to cultivate a marked mannerism. It is akin to a mistake of some of our popular poets, who think they can not write poetry without using certain luscious words and pulpy phrases. If they can not do it without that habit, they certainly can not with it. So Gifford "Coming Rain" (407) is delightful. The moist coolness of the shower breathes out of the picture. How delicious to see in a hot summer morning!

Mr. Eastman Johnson's "Mating" (465) is exquisite. In the freeness of his handling and confidence in the expression of details, Mr. Johnson recalls Stuart Newton. Like him, too, he has really poetic perceptions. Would the Lounger do wrong to call him the "champion" both of this exhibition and of the one last year?

Certainly he will not do so until greater familiarity with the pictures justifies his doing so. And all this talk about pictures is such poor stuff! What is it that we see in them? One man sees months of struggle, yearning, doubt, exultation, despair—he sees the crowded chapter of a life—and his neighbor sees some execrable mountain, hands of men and women that seem to him carved from turnips.

"A picture is a picture," says Jones. "You can't make any thing else of it."

Yes; but when Keats looks at it, and tastes nectar, and sees Arcadia; and Jobbett looks, and sees only a poor sketch of a hill pasture—shall not painter have the credit of Arcadia or of the pasture?

L. N.

It is interesting to observe how surely Louis Napoleon accomplishes what he wishes—how timidly he seems to hold Europe in his hand, and yet how entirely incredulous every body is, even in France, of the permanence of his power. He can do every thing, says common opinion, but seat himself upon his own throne.

But the explanation of one of these facts simplifies the other. A survey of Louis Napoleon's whole career shows clearly that in ascending to power he did not bring with him the vengeful passions of an older day. He distinctly recognized the one great truth which kings, especially hereditary kings, are never permitted to see, that human civilization and progress are synonymous terms, and that the tendency of all society is more to individual independence. The king, who formerly ruled by the grace of God (as he said) and in spite of the people, now rules by their favor. That is to say, the historical development of the race, in the more civilized countries of Europe, has reached the point at which the whole movement appears to some degree and for the first time, be recognized.

In semi-barbarous countries, like Russia and Austria, where the feudal system lingers in a more vital form than in the west of Europe, the people, as a political power, are still unknown. Russia, more homogeneous, more powerful than its neighbor, crouches intrenched in its old traditions; but Austria, more exposed to the attrition of civilization, is ruled by a government which is opposed to the people, and will consequently ruin the empire. Austria is a modern and more foolish Canute, who sits upon the shore and with threatening scepter commands the waves to retreat. But the waves obey celestial laws, and he is doomed to destruction.

In all his policy Louis Napoleon seems to have followed the lead of the popular instinct, and to have relied upon it. He is a man with a vast deal of feeling in Italy, and of the kind of action to be counted upon, he has moved steadily forward, expelling Austria from Italy, and even defying the Pope out of the Legations; then appealing to the popular wishes in the matter of union with Piedmont, while he leaves Savoy with Victor by "loyal leave."

The net result of the Napoleonic game in Europe is, for Italy, the humiliation of Austria toward the position of a secondary state; the erection of Italy into a first-rate power, fully allied to France; and the aggrandizement of the French territory by Savoy and the command of the Alpine passes. All this is doubtless satisfactory to the great multitude of the people interested. It is, in fact, an execution of their wishes. If you add to this a French alliance with Russia, and a powerful employ in his free-trade policy at home and cordial alliance with England, you have described such changes as would have been impossible for centuries since Bonaparte and Frederick the Great could have effected, and a political insight quite as profound as these "practical statesmen" will may be.

Why, then, is the tenure of his dynasty so uncertain? Simply because the cardinal fact which he recognizes, the universal progress of the people, is far will, puts all permanent political relations in doubt. An emperor in France must henceforth rule by the people, or he must although he might control the army, he could only maintain a fight with it: he could not altogether suppress the people, On which they would ultimately, very recruited.

It would save a deal of trouble, probably, if kings and emperors, like popes, were held to be, ex officio, infallible. But they are not, and it of doubtful expedience to tolerate a second Presidential term. But a married king is scheming for an irrelievable series of terms.

MELANCHOLY TRUTHS.

THE Lounger receives a great many letters full of all kinds of inquiry about the prospects and rewards of literary labor. He has always the same reply to make; and although to offer statistics to an ardent aspirant for fame is like going to a miser by to give a stone where bread was asked for, yet the following facts are so curious and useful that the Lounger gives every literary aspirant to do what he has done—cut them out.

"Out of 1000 published books, 600 never pay the cost of printing; 200 just pay the cost; 100 return a slight profit, and only 100 show a substantial gain. Of these 100 books, 6/0 are issued in the first year of the year, and 350 more at the end of three years: only 50 run to seven years' existence. Of the 50,000 publications put forth in the 17th century, hardly more than 50 have a great reputation and are reprinted. Of the 80,000 works published in the 18th century, one-fifth is hardly preserved more than were rescued from oblivion in the 17th century. Men have been writing books for 3000 years, and there are hardly more than 500 writers throughout that long period who survived the ravages of time and the forgetfulness of man."

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

MISS. M. A. K. The verses are declined, with many thanks from the Lounger for the kind words and the pretty tribute of flowers. "Your letter is so kind and candid," he will justify your opinion by saying that he is not more sensitive to merited praise, although plenty of good feeling, in the lines.

—A. "A Prayer" is very good, if you will work it out more carefully. But you must not dispense with articles. Why do you say "at sunset hour?" Do you say "at the sunset hour?" If the metre requires a certain number of feet, take care that they are whole feet. Don't pull off even the smallest toe.

—Tom. A letter addressed "Charles Reade, Author, London, England," will reach him. The English Postoffice is one of the most perfectly methodized and efficient institutions in the world. The United States P. O. is not.

—"GUY HEVINGSTONE" and "The Sword and Gown" were written by an English barrister by the name of Lawrence.

ON THE WAY TO CHARLESTON.

No. III.

Two Major Jack Downing, Downingsville, Downing County, Maine; in care of Mr. Harper, which send it in print.

WASHINGTON METROPOLIS, *April* 11, 1860.

DEAR UNCLE JACK,—It's busy times here, I tell you, and I and the President's got our hands chock full of busyness. Aunt Nabby used tew say that it's a man's work to run sum tu-ns—'woman's work ain't never done;' but she hadn't never bin here tew Washington, and seen what a President has to do. Jest now I'm in the Cabinet-room where he looked arter, of which more anon—then there's the office-se kers, a pesterin' on him like green-head flies on a hoss in the hale endevors—then there's wimmen that's got claims or sons tew be made Westpinters of—and last, but by no means leste, there's them pesky Representatives a pryin' and a peekin' round, jist like Joe Hiss when the Massachusetts General Court gin him leve tew go to the Roxberry Nursery.

Now that air Know Nawthin' Committee looked terrible sort o' wamble-crop when they didn't find nawthin' tew pump me on, and I guess that three ore peekin' committees won't make much cost of Old Buck. I spose the Democrats have razed sum think, and pulle the wool over their eyes, and made speechifiers, but who hain't? As Mr. Buchanan said t'other day, see he, "Let the politykisiuns that is smugly fixed mind their stores as be fust."

Sez I, "If they do, jist let me catch 'em and there 'ent back—for tew can play tew any games."

"True," sez he.

It's sort o' wurryin', tho', tew the old gent, tew have these things clouded at him now, jist as yu, Uncle Jack, used tew like tew have your apples shuns agin the Nollyfiers in '32 brot up, and 'vere targeted. Nobody never kno'ed who pole the club of Sergeant Hubbard was, for he "Indepenent Downin'vil Cadets" on bear to keep Mr. Calhoun's folks quiet. And if they did all git land warrants, jist as the 'Lection was sure and fair to whose forit win it? The fact on't is, that nun on yu polytishoners air tew cousin'd honest, and it's jist Dick, pull devil, pull baker, all the time. If Mister Kenwood wut jist look inter our Mane dis'ns here, and rair up all the hobbyin' that got up a-ridin' round, I guess we'd down in a hurry. It puts that he'd think the New York tavern wun't be the only plais what ded't disdyer's tin a goin'on.

Now Jeff Davishun, tew which plais this ole hoss seems tew be on the way from all pints of the compass, and Bobolink Rhett, and the Governor of these tew wate on these Delliegates when we so there nunes on the tavern hooks, and take 'em rite tew the White House, and the Secretary tew takes rite up inter Mr. Buchanun's office, and goes in without knockin'—the Substetutes we takes inter the private Secretary's office, and the Editors I takes kere on—and the Ex-Members of Congress, that are a looking out arter offs, we takes tew the *Congressshun Intelligencer*, and General Bowman tells 'em how much he saved the kuntry when he fixed the printin' so that nobuddy but him can make a cent out on it.

Then we puts in, I tell yeou, 'cordin tew the man. We hunts for Hunter, we goes it for Gutherie, we so Mr. Lane, or we takes ground for Breckinridge, or we does sumthin' for Davis, 'cordin tew our customer. But we don't say no good word for Douglas, for he's in sum books; but I tell yeou, Uncle Jack, I don't believe he cares a pistareen.

Sumtimes, tew, these folks that listen tew us, and sort o' tork about different pollytishuners, are soon arterwards a-comin' deown stares from ever Mrs. Gilliss' and Mrs. Lane's, and tew Brown's Hotel, which a the bed quarters ov the Little Gyant, as they calls him. They've got all sorts of places on him, and sumtimes he's Secretary ov Nevy, mertaimes he jist as natral as life, and a side-bord in a corner cupbord fire-grate. And hire-by hangs a lot ov Mr. Douglas's speeches tew go all round. All this we kno' all about tu the White House, but we'll hed it off, tho' frankly I sort o' feel sorry for the poor critters arter all, for he's a masterly smart kind o' feller, I tell yeou. Mister Buchanun ses that he's a sort o' complex amentary party, by, but he can't rench the 9 vote.

Thair ain't, howsumever, no nun who'll be Governor till sort o' Christmas time, sumwhere, for I'm a-gineasted to here that Douglas's short but stubbed legs has carried him abed, or that they has picked sum sun as the baby's never yet un nawthin' tew, 'cept I don't know nawthin', and don't a No-Knawthin' but tikes his tod like a knaservytiv old Wig.

Sez I to the boy, sez I, "Jest hand tew me that."

T'other side's a watchin' sharp, I tell yeou. And, don't yeou think, Mr. Sewerd hid me tew dine with him t'other day, and I went, 'cordin tew my lite. Buchanun's white cravats, which Miss Lane side in the puttyest little not, makin' me look like a mannister.

Mr. Sewerd's a pert, wiry little man, with gray hare an' a big nose, and a sleepy David sort o' look, but he's gittin' tew be a terrible thinkin'. He goes in for bein' popular, and sure as I'm born there tew bile table was Parson Lovejoy and Guvvernur Makra, and sum of the Black Republikin kicked up such a dust up tew Congress a few days afore. I guess deown tew Downin'vil yeou thort they was a goin' tew do it? Want on't. Only make believe, like the sham fites tew grinul trainin', and here they wos, a drinkin', and a jokin', jist like the District lurney and Squire Fessenden after jurin' afore a jury jist as if that'd eat each other up. Sewerd seemed to try tew keep 'em all good-natured, but he was sort o' unnatural, and folks as his chance's sort o' small. Guess it's so?

Sum gent in a kind o' nudge Machine, who's mighty near the steppin'-cest pint, but they want Pitt Fessenden for Vice, and a great Vice he'd be, for he's mastarly smart, I tell yu. A fu follers me a bulletin' for Banks, but the Pennsylvania Dutchmen sent, West wunt listen tu no dark-lantern tork. "Sam" wos a good-larted fellur, but folks who ased him can't shine, and Banks hain't got no shadder of a sho'.

Wa'al, I kinder guess I've told yu all about this terrible busyness, and a rumpsy means tew go from here, yesterday see Mr. Buchanan, ses he:

"Benjie!"

I new he wos good-natured, cos if he hadn't a bin he'd a sed Mister Downing.

"Sir?" sez I.

Ses he: "I want tu kno' jist heow Hunter stands tew hum, and tu kno' whether Old Virginny will go Yaw, Waw, or other-wise."

Ses I: "I'm off!"

Ses he: "Stop. There's going to be a big celebrashun Monday, and a company means tew go from hear, and I'll have ya invited."

Sew he sends his perlite little man (who bothers me to death upon every occasion) tew get duly, and up comes an invite to Corporal Benj. Downing, 3d, to alsumpenary the National Rifles tew Washington, writ on guilt-edge papur, and seled with red wax.

"Thunder!" sez I.

"What's the matter?" sez Mr. Buchanan.

"I hain't go no uniform," sez I, feeling bad enuff to boo-hoo right out in meetin'.

"Well I kin that," sez he. So he sent for a cote he used to ware tew Court in London, and a sword, and the Irisher went and bought a yard of red cotton velvet, and Miss Lane, she went tew work a stunt with her from Philadelfy, sewed it on, and I was fixed out, I tell yeou. Why the pictors of fellers for the Frank Leslie Illustrated Nuse, got me a stunt tew Lewis Napoleons, Esq., wa'n't nauthin' tew compare to me.

This afternoon the cumpeny's a cumin' tew escort me, and wun't I cut a dash! So my next letter 'll be from Richmond, and I'll tell ya all about tew-day, and Miss Lane, whose got sum fust famoleys. Tell Sarah Hale that I'm true till death, and I'm yours, the perlite little old chap writes for the Freedmen's Book, sez, with a sad expreshun of esteem, and high consideration,

Very respectfully, your obedient nephew,

BENJAMIN DOWNING, 3d.

THE CITY OF CHARLESTON.

Of the following page the reader will find a fine engraving of the city of Charleston, where the Democratic Nominating Convention is to meet on 23d inst. It is, as we need hardly add, one of the oldest, noblest, and most beautiful cities of the South. The ground-plan of the present city covers, north and south, a space of seven nearly three miles long, by something less than two miles at the widest, east and west. The population within these limits of late amounted to ranges between fifty-five and sixty-five thousand souls. The Palmetto City is happily placed within two spacious rivers, the Cooper and the Ashley—the Etiwan and Kiawah of the Red men. These unite to form the harbor, which is ample, and attractive to the eye in high degree, forming a beautiful *escenade*, not less sweet than spacious.

An eminent Southern writer has thus described the entrance to the port of Charleston:

"As you enter from the sea, between the Islands of Sullivan and Morris, the city opens before you in the fore-ground, at the distance of about seven miles. Very few, from the ocean. It is built, like Venice, upon flats and shoals of sand and mud. So low it its land, that the islands that it is built on directly in the continuous till you approach quite near it. This illusion is produced by the appearance of the city, which from the opposite yet for the relief which would be yielded by an elevated base appears to lay lofty eminences on either side. As you advance the bay expands, wide and majestic, forming a harbourage to which there can be no objection, were it for its safe anchorage alone. Just at the entrance, which forbids the admission of ships of very heavy draught, you see the fortress which guards the Charlestonian—supposed to be quite feasible—to dredge the channel so as to remove obstructions. In the event, Charleston must necessarily acquire a large and imposing commercial marine of her own. In front of you, commanding the channel, is Fort Sumter, a formidable pile of fortress, with double tier of heavy cannon, rising from the water in the form of a pentagon. In passing Sullivan's Island, the eye readily distinguishes the Moultrie House, famous as a local watering-place of the old more fashionable days, which bears the name of Moultrie, distinguished in American history as the scene of the first and most decisive check given to the Britannic, when a few hundred native riflemen, who had never fired a cannon before, successfully repulsed under a formidable British fleet, making such slaughter among them as, in proportion to the numbers engaged, was not surpassed by the carnage at Inkerman and the Nile. On the right you see Hudrtle's—Mount Pleasant village—which nies the Cooper as the fortresses of '76. On the left are the shores of James and Morris Islands, the latter bearing the light-house of the Palmetto City. You see the fort of Castle Pinckney, which was erected from the British, prior to the battle of Fort Moultrie, to which it is a small fort, of citizen soldiery. Here, at the very portals of the city, you encounter Castle Pinckney, covering an equal number of guns, and here we appear to give you a bird's-eye view of the city itself. We are now in the eastern city itself—the Palmetto City. You see the best *ensemble* at a glance, and perceive its two most prominent characteristics—the verandas, balconies, piazzas, with the simple gardens and their foliage, which isolate every dwelling-house, and form a substitute for public squares, in which Charleston is lamentably deficient. But for the largeness of the several lots, and the taste of the people for shade trees, the deficiency would be fatal at once to the health and the beauty of the place.

"This city is one of many beauties, arising from this isolation of the dwellings, and from the ample verdure which girdles them."

THE CITY OF CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA, WHERE THE DEMOCRATIC NOMINATING CONVENTION WILL BE HELD.—[SEE PRECEDING PAGE.]

"QUICK AS LIGHTNING TWO BLACK SINEWY PAWS SEIZED HIM," ETC.

Captain Brand,

OF THE

SCHOONER "CENTIPEDE,"

A PIRATE OF EMINENCE IN THE WEST INDIES:

His Loves and Exploits,

TOGETHER WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE SINGULAR MANNER BY WHICH HE DETACHED THEM LIFE.

By LIEUT. H. A. WISE, U.S.N.

(HARRY GRINGO),

AUTHOR OF "LOS GRINGOS" AND "TALES FOR THE MARINES."

ILLUSTRATED BY

C. PARSONS AND A. LUMLEY.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER VI.

DANGER.

IN all this time so little noise had been made that even the watch below, in the brig's forecastle, were snoozing away without a dream of danger - though had one of them shown his nose above the fore-peak he would have either been knocked down and murdered like the mate, or, with a peg in his jaws, been hurled overboard. When the leader of the pirates stepped again on deck, he said to his companions, who were still clustered around the companion-way,

"Well, my boys, we have 'arned a good prize —a fine cargo of the real stuff—silks, wines, and what not, besides a few of the shiners!" Here he jingled the bag of gold and dollars in his paws, and then threw it, with an easy, indifferent toss, on to the side of the companion-way.

"But what think ye, lads?" he continued, in a hoarse whisper; "there's a petticoat aboard ! and as sure as my name's Bill Gibbs, here goes for a look; for there's nothing like lamplight for the lovely creetures!"

As he skewed round on his bare feet to approach the entrance to the deck cabin, a move was made in the same direction by two or three of the wretches of his band; but shoving them roughly back with his heavy fist, and clapping a hand to his belt, he said, in a threatening tone,

"None o' that, my souls! I takes the first look myself; and if I think her beauty 'll suit the chief, why—I shall be able to judge, ye know, whether she'll go farder on the cruise, or swim ashore with the rest of the lubbers at daylight to Jamaiky. Keep your eye on the schooner, Pedro, and don't make no more sail! D'ye hear?"

"Ay, ay, Si Señor!" quoth that worthy, as he and his fellows fell sulkily back. It took but three strides for Mr. Bill Gibbs to reach the cabin door, when finding it hard to open, after several trials at the knob, he placed his burly shoulder against the edge of the panel work, and, throwing his powerful weight upon it, the door yielded with a snap of the lock, and he pitched forward full length upon the cabin floor. The noise startled the lady within, and speaking as if half asleep, she called,

"Banou! Banou! what is the matter?"

"Mon Dieu, Madame! we are prisoners in the hands of pirates!"

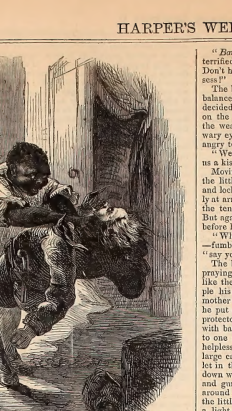
Before more words were uttered, Mr. Bill Gibbs, who by this time had regained his feet while giving vent to a volley of blasphemous curses, roared out as he beheld the black, "Ho! nigger passengers, hay? A meanser of color, as I'm a Christian! I say, cucumber shins, is that 'ere woman as is talkin' as black as you be?"

He was not left long in doubt concerning the color of the person he alluded to, for at the instant the state-room door flew open and the lovely woman, in her loose night-dress and hair streaming in brown, heavy, silken tresses over her fair neck and shoulders, with a pale and terror-stricken face, stood before him. Speechless with agony, she gazed at the coarse ruffian who had, at the moment, reached the swinging cot which held the little boy, and while he was in the act of looking at the sleeping child the mother uttered a fearful cry and the boy awoke.

"Sarvice, Madam! don't be scared! come and take the little chap! I ain't goin' to hurt him—that is, if it be a him."

The frightened mother, spell-bound at first, needed no second bidding, and forgetful of her dishevelled dress, sprang forward, and with outstretched arms, bare to the shoulder, was about to snatch her child. The pirate, however, with his red eyes gleaming with unholy fire, threw his great arm around the lovely woman's waist, and with a hoarse, fiendish chuckle of triumph, attempted to draw her toward him. But quick as lightning, two black, sinewy paws clutched him with such a steel-like grip about the throat that his sacrilegious arm dropped by his side, and he was hurled violently back against the cabin bulkhead. Then standing before him, the negro glared like an angry lion roused from his lair, as he looked round inquiringly at his mistress.

"Ho!" sputtered the ruffian, as he pulled a pistol from his belt, "ho! you mean fight, do ye?"



"*Banou!* mon *pauvre Banou!*" screamed the terrified woman. "Yield! Oh, Sir, spare him! Don't harm us, and we will give you all we possess!"

The burly scoundrel hesitated a moment, and balanced the cocked pistol in his hand, as if undecided whether to blow the black's brains out on the spot where he stood; and then shoving the weapon back in his sash, and keeping a wary eye on his assailant, he exclaimed, in an angry tone:

"Well, come here, then, my deary, and give us a kiss for this nigger's bad manners."

Moving forward as he spoke he caught up the little boy from the cot, tore the gold chain and locket from his neck, and shook him roughly at arm's-length, in hopes, perhaps, of enticing the tender mother within his merciless grasp. But again the black interposed his heavy frame before his mistress.

"What! at it again, are ye? Well, then" —fumbling with his left hand for his pistol— "say your prayers, ye imp of darkness."

The black seemed, however, in no mood for praying; and putting forth his slabs of arms, like the paws of an alligator, he tried to grapple his foe by the throat. The cries of the mother now mingled with those of the child as he put out his little arms to shield his black protector. The ruffian failed in his purpose, with baffled rage evaded the negro by stepping to one side; and as he did so, he hurled the helpless child with great force from him. The large cabin windows at the stern were open to let in the breeze; and as the brig sank slowly down with her counter to the following waves, and gurgled up as the sea eddied and surged around the rudder, the faint, plaintive cry of the little boy arose above the seething waters—a light splash followed—and the mother had lost her child!

"Oh, monster!" cried the heart-broken woman. "Oh, my boy! my boy! May Heaven curse you forever!" as she sank down senseless on the deck.

The awful howl of vengeance which burst from the deep lungs of Banou came simultaneously with the report of the pirate's pistol, the bullet from which struck the black hard in the left shoulder; but putting out for the third time his sinewy arms, and this time with an iron gripe that only left the ruffian time to yell with a stifled curse for help, he was hurled headlong, smashing through the latticed cabin door, and fell sunanned upon the outer deck. In an instant half a dozen pistol-balls whistled around the negro's head, and the knives of the pirates flashed from their sashes as they rushed forward to bury the blades in his body; but keeping to one side, and while two more bullets were driven into him, he seized an iron-stool pump brake from the bulwarks, and, with a mighty bound, he whirled it once with the rapidity of thought high above his head, and brought it down on the leg of his prostrate foe. Such was the force of the blow that it smashed both bones, and drove the white splinters through the brutal trousers, where they gleamed out red and bloody by the light of the binnacle lamp. Even then, wounded, and the blood flowing from several places, and though almost encircled in the grasp of the scoundrels, Banou made good his retreat to the cabin, and planted his powerful body firmly against the door.

With a volley of polyglot curses and yells in all languages, two or three stepped to raise their fallen leader, while the others, leaving the wheel and vessel to herself, rushed in pursuit of the black. Scarcely, however, had they made a step when their ears were saluted by a stunning crash from a heavy cannon, and the peculiar humming sound of a round shot as it flew just above their heads between the brig's masts.

There, within half a cable's length to windward, loomed up the dark hull of a large ship. The crew were evidently at quarters, with the battle lanterns lit and gleaming in the ports, while the rays shot up the black rigging and top-hamper, and spread out over the sails in fitful flashes as she slowly forged abreast the brig, with her main top-sail to the mast. For a minute not a sound was heard, though the decks were full of men, some with their heads poked out of the open ports beside the guns, or swarming along over the lee hammock nettings and about the quarter boats; but the next instant there came in a voice of thunder through the trumpet,

"What's the matter on board that brig?"

There was no answer for a few seconds, until a choking voice, as if with a pump-bolt athwart the speaker's mouth, mumbled out,

"We're captured by pi—"

A dull, heavy blow cut short these words; and though the reply to the hail could hardly have been heard on board the ship, yet, as if divining the true state of the case, loud, clear orders were given:

"Away there, third and fourth cutters! away! spring, men!" Then came the surging noise of the whistles as the falls dropped the boats from the davits; then the men leaping down into the cutter—silently and quick—no sound save the clash of a cutlass or the rattle of an oar-blade as they took their places and shoved off. Again an order through the trumpet:

"Clear away the starboard battery! Load with grape! Sail trimmers! stations for wearing ship! Hard up the helm! Fill away the main-yard!"

The *Scourge* had by this time forged ahead of the brig, her sails black or shivering, as she came up and fell off from the wind, and the boats dancing with full crews toward her. No sooner, however, had the presence of the unwelcome stranger been made known on board the brig than the pirates seemed seized with a panic, and without a second thought they scudded to leeward, where their boat had been hauled alongside, and forgetful or indifferent for the fate of their companions below, though dragging the while their maimed comrade to the rail, they lowered him into the boat, jumped in themselves, and pulled away with all their strength toward the schooner near. They were not, however, a moment too soon; for as the last of the band disappeared down the side, and supplied by a crowd of nimble sailors to windward, headed by an officer with his sword between his teeth as he swung over the bulwarks. The first sound which greeted the new-comers was from below, and from the throat of the honest skipper. Down the open companion-way leaped the officer, with half a dozen stout, eager sailors at his heels, and dashed right into the lower cabin. There was the brave old skipper, with but one arm free, shielding himself and struggling—faint and well-nigh exhausted—from the knives of the drunken brace of rascals who had been left to guard him. A pistol in the hands of one of the new comers was pointed with an unsteady aim at the officer as he entered, but the ball struck the empty rum-bottle on the table and flew wide of its mark; and before the smoke of the powder had cleared away a sword and cutlass had passed through and through both their carcasses, and they fell dead upon the cabin floor.

THE NIGHT CHASE.

While Captain Blunt found breath to give a rapid explanation of the trouble, and while the

brig was once more got under control and the wounded cared for, we will take a look at the man-of-war and the part she bore in the business.

At the first sound of the warning gun from the cruiser the schooner began to show life, and drawing her head sheets she were short round on her heel, with every thing ready to run up her fore and aft sails, while a stay-tackle was likewise rove and hanging over the low gunwale to hook on to the boat and hoist it in the moment it came alongside. Meanwhile the *Scourge* had risen ahead of the brig, and swerving round her fore-foot, with her starboard tacks on board, she emerged out beyond, with a bound just stipped from the leash. As she cleared the brig the schooner lay with bare masts about three cables' length to windward, and while many eyes and teeth lit up in the gbre; then, too, the crews of the guns, in their trim frocks and trousers; the marines on the top-gallant fore-castle, with their firelocks and white cross-belts; and then shaft a knot of officers on the poop, with night-glasses to their eyes—all standing out as clear as day in the sudden flashes from the cannon. Then followed the concussive roar, and the next instant you could hear the hurtling rush of the iron ball, as it flew singly or in bunches through the air, or skipped in its deadly flight from wave to wave, until it came crashing into the pirate's boat, slapping with heavy thumps against the schooner's side, or flowing along her decks; while a shower of the splinters flew high over her lee rail, and told how well the iron had done its bidding. Then were heard dying groans and imprecations, rapid orders, the shattered and sinking boat cut adrift, and, a moment after, the hulls of the vessel spread as flat as a wall, the sheets flat aft; and, taking the breeze, she heeled over till her lee rail was all awash, and away she walked, close hauled, right up to windward.

But again came the clear, commanding tones on board the cruiser, mingled with the jumping of the crew and ramming home the charges in the guns:

"Load! round shot! Run out! One point abaft the beam! Fire as you bring the schooner to bear!"

Out belched the red flames, the heavy glides of iron—like so many black pens in daylight—sung their deadly note as they darted on their way, and the pirate gave a little heel to starboard as the shock of the explosion was felt. One shot dropped within fifty yards of the low hull of the schooner, bounded clear over it, and after deck, knocked off the head and shoulder of a man at the tiller, and then went skipping away over the water like a black foot-ball. Another messenger cut off the schooner's delicate fore-topmast as clean as a bit of glass, bringing down the gaff-sail, and, what was equally pleasant, the fellow who was setting it—pitching him over and over like a wheel, until he fell in bruised and lifeless lump of jelly, on the oak bits at the foremast. Before, however, they were treated to another of these mortific dons the pirate had her chair cast in splendid style, and with every stitch of her canvas spread, and tugging and straining, she rushed on with the heels of a race-horse, within three points of the wind. The *Scourge*, too, was now close hauled, her yards braced as fine as needles, and crowded with every rag of sail that would draw; and every ten minutes or so she would let slip two or more guns from a division at the chase. But the unsteadiness of starlight, the darkening effect of the passing trade clouds, made the little vessel a very difficult object to see; and though one of the last balls struck her on the narrow deck, and, passing through that and the water-ways, and out on to board, spoiled two of her timbers, and no end of planking, still she was the last damage she received. Her crew, also, had got what was could be out of harm's way—both the sound and wounded—and were lying quietly as possible, deep down in the vessel's run. The daylight broke the heaven began to slacken, but she was by this time hull down from the corvette, a long way beyond the reach of her long eighteens in the bow-ports, and eating her way to windward, with no chance of being taken.

"It's no use," said the captain of the corvette to his first lieutenant, as they stood watching the receding chase. "We may as well give it up; she has the heels of us in this light wind, and will soon be out of sight. I think, however," continued the captain, with a smile, "that he'll remember the *Scourge* when he meets her again. This is the second time we've chased that fellow; and this heat, by the way the splinter flew, we must have peppered the skin off his back."

Shutting up the joints of the spy-glass which he held in his hand, he took hold of the main rope of the poop-ladder, and as he put his foot on the steps, he said,

"You can go about, Mr. Cleveland, and run down to the brig."

CHAPTER VII.

THE MEETING AND MOURNING.

THE afternoon following the night when the foregoing events transpired, the *Martha Flint* sailed slowly along the sandy tongue of land which separates Port Royal from Kingston, and dropped anchor in the harbor. As the cable rumbled out with a grating sound through the hawse-hole, and the clerk-ship were furling the sails, a large, gayly-painted barge, pulled by a dozen blacks shaved by a striped awning, shot with astonishing celerity from under the wharves, and clapping their hands, and shouting joyously. A rope was immediately thrown from the gangway of the brig, and a light, handsome man, with a broad Panama hat, loose white jacket and trowsers, sprang with a bound up the side, and leaped on deck.

Captain Blunt stood there to receive him. A broad white bandage was passed around his head, and the tears trickled slowly down his bronzed and honest cheeks. Just beyond him, under the shade of the awning, lay Barton, stretched out at full length on a mattress; while Ben, the helmsman, was kneeling beside him, fanning him and scattered flies from the wounded paulin. A yard or two beyond, on a broad plank resting on trestles, lay the mate, Mr. Binks, cold and rigid as marble, with his face and the union-jack folded modestly over his corpse. The black breathed heavily and in pain; but when he caught sight of the gentleman as he stepped on deck, a deathly blue pallor came over his countenance, and, closing his eyes, the hot sun burst suddenly on the white of his ball.

"My God! Captain," said the gentleman, with a bewildering stare, "what's all this? Where's Mr. Cleveland?"

The old skipper merely made a motion with his hand toward the cabin, and leaning painfully against the mast, with a wailing cry the gentleman's blood forsook his cheeks, and, with his knees knocking together, he staggered like a drunken man into the cabin. Then, after a few minutes later he emerged, bearing in his arms the drooping, sobbing form of his wife. Starting from his chair, and seeing the husband as he bore her to the gangway, she gave one shuddering, terrified, searching gaze over the blue water, to seaward, and then, with a wailing cry that would have shook the hardest heart, she fell sobbing again into her husband's arms.

The voices and the sobs of the two persons in the barge alongside subsided into low mourning groans; four or five came up and carefully lowered Barton down, then all got into the boat, and she moved mournfully away toward the shore.

WRITTEN BY MY LADY.

I SUPPOSE I write this in the desperate hope of awakening an interest. I could have closed it, and I shall never know it. It is a dreadful thing to go to the gallows abhorred by every body: it is a more dreadful thing to live abhorred.

Not the gallows! it is not *that* I am afraid of. When I heard the words, "To be hanged by the neck till you are dead," I could have kissed the judge for that righteous and most merciful sentence. Any thing to escape from the intolerable loathing of myself—intolerable, I feel sure, to no one of them who, in detestation of my crime, has less of pity for me than I myself. The thought of pain, of suffering, is a consolation and a relief to me; I would have it crueler, more shameful, if it might be. No horror that could be inflicted would compare with the horror unspeakable in the dock after such a deed. I must hope, as I suppose we all do, that death will bring some change involving of not pardon and peace, some relief for the unendurable present. At times I fancy it will all prove a dreadful dream; *that I never did it.*

From my childhood I have had to remember, I was of an eager, passionate nature, impulsive to a degree which would often have covered me with confusion and trouble, but for the check of unconquerable shyness, partly inherent, partly the result of circumstances. A plain-featured, awkward, sensitive person was the result of a first marriage (she wedded again in the second year of her widowhood), my surroundings might have been happier. I was brought up with a sister less than affectionately, under the care of a step-father. He ruled his family absolutely, but with as much justice as was consistent with the narrowest-mindedness common to men of his stamp. I think his creed, one of the severest as regards this life and the next, intensified the misery I felt myself to be. I am sure it did not make him, or my mother or me, any better or happier. Love had not sufficient force of character, and respected him not sufficient to touch to attempt or to effect any modification of it. So he had his way in every thing.

Ours was a dull household: mine was a somber boyhood. I had plenty of repression, little love. I had little beauty to look at, and no graces. The instincts of whose heart were wiser than the dictates of her husband's head. I believe her child stood unreasonably in the way of every thing that gives him a step-father for his sake rather than her own, being left very poor at her husband's decease. But she never could show it. Her love was open as to excite his successor's suspicion or jealousy. He might have grown kinder if he had had children of his own; but, with the exception of a baby which died in its infancy, my mother brought him none. I have heard that he seemed sorry and disappointed at this.

Passionate, impulsive, and shy—these, I repeat, were its predominant features: the latter resulting from my constant association with persons of my own age, and from a consciousness of awkwardness and plainness of feature. I was jeked on both subjects by my school-fellows until I became angrily sensitive to them, and painfully conformed in my shamefacedness. This, and the repressive influences at home, induced a morbid habit of reserve, which my approbativeness often burst through, to my subsequent chagrin and mortification. As my opinion of temper brought earnestness or sharp comment from my step-father I had additional reason for self-control; but until manhood I never attained much more than the semblance of it. Then it deceived people, and in some degree myself, with respect to my disposition. If none of this had been forced upon me; if my eager, ardent nature had been allowed healthy vent; if what was good within me had ripened in the sunshine of affection, what had, freely but tenderly repressed, I might at this hour be an honored and happy man, instead of a condemned murderer. But God knows best. I will not.

School-days over, I entered my step-father's office. He was a solicitor in good practice. I had no predisposition for the profession, but his aspersion carried its weight of authority; my mother thought it very respectable," and I had hardly turned my thoughts in any definite direction. It answered indifferently well, and in due time I was articled.

Coming manhood did little toward emancipating me from the restraints of home. I had scarcely any communion with my mother. I was a standing repudiation that I should be in-doors every night by ten o'clock, virtually debarred me from amusements absurd. Until I was 21 miles, still more, in a struggle, effected the abolition of the latter privation, and none, but no considerable, improvement in the former. I was succeeded in unwillingly and after pertinacious opposition, originating a series of quarrels which, after my mother's death, terminated in the total estrangement of myself and step-father.

I forget her death the more rapidly from a youthful passion which I cherished for the first time. It is my intention to speak only of circumstances which had a direct influence on my character, and this boy-love may be dismissed in a few sentences.

I fell in love with a sister of one of my acquaintances: a handsome, gay girl, my senior by a year, a coquette by nature. I submitted to her whims for twelve months, when we quarreled our last quarrel over a ball-room flirtation, after which I urged my suit had overborne her original distaste for my ugliness—it was no longer mere passion, but love, deep, humiliated, and sincere. She broke off, in spite of miserable humiliation on my part, leaving me to digest the pain and mortification of it. I saw her but once more (she married and went to India) she will think she had a happy escape. Perhaps she had.

I seriously dwell upon this passion from so common an experience. It made me doubly sensitive to my defects, natural and acquired. I brooded retrospectively and morbidly, developed self-esteem into cankthered egotism, yet despised myself for my recent folly. I refused to attain self-control, and, as aforesaid, achieved a mere mask of it. At this period the alienation between myself and my step-father began to widen, and terminated in my withdrawal both from his office and home.

I was able to keep myself, having acquired, with a world of pains, the art in the exercise of an amount of patience foreign to my nature. The art of stenography; though not a proficient in the craft, I had mastered enough to be useful. Also, I presently began to write for magazines and periodicals, at first poorly enough, and with proportionate remuneration. This, with my occasional services at my step-father's prohibition, I had become an eager reader of fiction, and this, germinating in a feverish, unhealthy, and unnatural manner, produced fruit of a sort which yet commanded a certain price.

Years passed, and I prospered, leading a very different life from that natural to me by temperament, but not a better one. My step-father's example had disgusted me with professions of religion: I had no faith and no moral grounds to restrain me from vicious indulgence, for my disposition was not calculated to attract those who could have given me healthy pleasures, nor was it improved by pecuniary success.

That accursed shamefacedness, always my enemy, now developed a species of impertinence—I went far enough to confound evil with good—impelled me to reject kindly advances made by the better sort; a proceeding which soon left me to the companions, but no friends. My employers respected my intellect, but disliked me. Not to exaggerate my position, I will say that it was rather unsatisfactory than habitual, nor ever openly defiant of the decencies of society. I lived this life for ten years. When I was 30 I longed for a wife, a home, the recollection of past mortification, of present unfitness, of my motives, deterred me from seeking them. Instead, self-indulgence pulling upon my appetite, I presently devoted myself exclusively to literary ambition.

Four years of persistence produced their results. I came now to the train of circumstances which brought me here.

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They were hospitable people, dwelling in a pleasant house in a London suburb, with a garden and conservatory. I was not long cured from business on something more than competence. His family consisted of a son and two daughters. She was the youngest. I will not dwell on her that is should light up such a fire in my heart?

A girl of sixteen, with kind, thoughtful, brown eyes; soft, smooth, fair hair; and rosy cheeks. That was all. A mere girl, less than half my age, pretty, very pretty, but neither clever nor beautiful. I had looked upon scores of faces more perfect in feature, brighter in intellect, without my quickening of the pulse more than transient admiration. Yet I was and from the first. I could tell how imperviously the passion took possession of me, how it enthralled my whole nature to the exclusion of every thing but that one tyrannic idea, the crowning horror that grew out of it might be understood if not pitied.

I began insensibly enough, God knows. I went to the house, as I have said, at first in company with her uncle, then with or without him, always obtaining a cordial welcome. There was a goodness, an unaffected kindness in the little family, manifest in its mutual relations, its behavior to friends and servants, which seemed new in spite of my distrust of myself and others. I had never seen any thing like it, never known how much of affection, of unconscious self-control, of modest esteem and forbearance might be comprised in the one word *home*.

The girls often sang to us of evenings. I wonder whether I am unusually sensitive to sweet voices, that here should have affected me as it did, making my whole assembly insensibly pause in my soul as for something I had never known, something I should never attain, which was delicious, yet exquisitely painful.

Her girlish ways, her manner as she went about her household duties or performed the little rites of hospitality, possessed an indescribable fascination for me, totally irreconcilable with reason or with any other judgment; for, strange as it may seem, I knew as well as she was, even when under the influence of the passion which controlled me. I knew it, but had no power to break the enchantment.

She never suspected it—as how should she? It was as much as her elder that she regarded me as out of the pale of those to whom might be attracted by her girlish beauty. To her, a girl of sixteen, I was an *old-looking man*, a visitor, a friend of the family, nothing more. My intellectual superiority was not her timid. She never dreamed of her power over me.

The touch of her hand, accidental contact with her dress, the upturned glance of her kind, calm eyes, filled me with tremor; my self-possession became resonant to her presence. When I conversed it was always with a secret hope that she would listen or read. I never spoke to her, except in miserable desire to interest her, and a wretched sense of failure. I revolved over and over again in my mind the trivial words that passed between us, pondering on the tones in which she had spoken, and nursing the unrest which devoured me like a burning fever.

So it went on, day by day, week after week, for six months.

There was a handsome lad of fifteen, a schoolfellow of her brother, who came to the house, and whose fancy selected her as the object of a boyish passion: one rife with daily day-dreams and romance, but of no more depth or consequence than such fancies ordinarily are. I noticed it at the outset. I believe I discovered it before he himself had any distinct consciousness of the feeling. When evident to all, and something of a joke in the family, he was severely chaffed, and, though I felt pretty sure that the object of his boyish devotion was not indifferent to him, I presently began to write for magazines and periodicals, at first poorly enough, and with proportionate remuneration. This, with my occasional services at my step-father's prohibition, I had become an eager reader of fiction, and this, germinating in a feverish, unhealthy, and unnatural manner, produced fruit of a sort which yet commanded a certain price.

Years passed, and I prospered, leading a very different life from that natural to me by temperament, but not a better one. My step-father's example had disgusted me with professions of religion: I had no faith and no moral grounds to restrain me from vicious indulgence, for my disposition was not calculated to attract those who could have given me healthy pleasures, nor was it improved by pecuniary success.

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them now: he, with his youthful, glowing face, all admiration and enjoyment; she, in her light dress and straw-hat, her sweet eyes just raised in answer to him, and a smile on her lips. One of the party jestingly called my attention to them once—as if *that* were needed.

We rambled about in the forest until noontide, and for an hour longer, presently dining in an open space where were some fallen trees and a little spring. He sat at her feet, and as much as possible engrossed her conversation. Her brother joked him on it, and I joined in the laugh. We were all very merry together, and my conduct excited no suspicion. I talked gayly, and observed her looking at me more than once in quiet surprise. Fury and despair were raging in my heart, yet I talked lightly and merrily; and when the brother proposed that we should try our skill in shooting at an extemporized target, I bore my part like a boy among boys.

Tiring of this and of other sports, we rambled hither and thither. Then I feigned drowsiness, and they left me, to come back in an hour or so, bidding me take care of our dinner-baskets. The brother left his pistol; it was heavy, and he tired of his plaything. When they had all gone off among the bushes, I sat up on a fallen tree, and loaded the weapon. I declare before Heaven I had no thought then of the dreadful use to which I was soon to put it; I had an inclination to play with the idea of suicide.

It was fascinating, in my maddened, morbid state, to put the muzzle between my teeth, and fancy what pulling the trigger would effect. I imagined it in detail. A horrible crash and a great darkness. I should be found on their return lying beside the log, dead. How shocked they would be—how horrified! What would *she* say? Would she be sorry? How little she or any one in the world would suspect the cause of it! I should carry my secret with me into the next world; perhaps I should be at rest, and people would pity me.

The thought grew upon me so that I rose to dissipate it—rose, and strolled off among the trees, with the accursed pistol in my pocket. My hands behind me, my head bowed, my eyes on the grass, I went, walking slowly, thinking of her.

It might have been five minutes, it might have been an hour, when I heard a girl's voice, caroling merrily—a voice and song I knew well. A dizziness was in my ears, my heart throbbed tumultuously and painfully. I raised my eyes and saw her alone, coming toward me, down a foot-path into which I had wandered.

She had never looked prettier or kinder. There was a rosy flush of health and exercise upon her cheek, a sweet light of love in her eyes, and a glory of afternoon sunshine streaming through the boughs upon her fair brown hair. Something told me that the boy's ardor had won, if not a reciprocation of his passion, at least an unusually favorable hearing. I turned, and we walked side by side. "Where were the others?" I asked.

"Oh, coming, but a long way behind. She had run away from them." And she laughed.

"Why?"

"They had teased her. She was glad to have met me, as I would take her part."

"And Harry?" She blushed, and, returning an evasive answer, stole a sidelong glance behind. I looked behind, too. There was no one visible.

"He loves you," I said. She blushed deeper than before, and turned her face away, and we walked on in silence for a few seconds. Then it came. "*I* love you!" I said. "Do you know what a man's love is?" And I poured forth a flood of passionate, incoherent words, such as can not be recalled or written down, such as men sometimes utter once in a lifetime.

She listened, amazed—affrighted. There was more than that in her face. As I seized her hand and told her of my hopelessness and agony, I saw, distinctly, in the girlish countenance, a look of repugnance and aversion. She broke from me, and attempted to run away. The next moment I stood with the discharged pistol in my hand, a little smoke curling upward from its muzzle.

* * * * * *

What need to narrate how I fled from the spot, the long red bars of sunset streaming after me through the wood, like the fires of hell? How I longed for death, yet had not the courage to slay myself? How I gave myself up to justice for that murder, was tried, found guilty, and condemned to death?

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, April 9, in the Senate, a resolution was adopted instructing the Committee on Foreign Relations to inquire by what authority the United States naval forces captured the Mexican war steamers near Vera Cruz recently. The memorial of the New York Chamber of Commerce for an amendment of the act relating to the liabilities of ship-owners was presented. Notice was given of a bill providing for the more effectual suppression of the slave-trade. Senator Davis's resolutions relative to slavery in the Territories were taken up, and Senator Chestnut, of South Carolina, made a long speech on the subject.——In the House, a resolution was adopted calling upon the President for information respecting the African slave-trade. The report of the Covode Investigating Committee, recommending the arrest of Collector Schell, of New York, for contempt, was taken up. A minority report was presented, justifying Mr. Schell in withholding from the Committee the names of the subscribers to the New York Hotel Electioneering Fund. After some debate the reports were recommitted. Reports of the Judiciary Committee on the President's protesting message were presented.

On Tuesday, April 10, in the Senate, a bill was passed providing for the extension of the period in which Oregon can locate certain grants of land. Senator Sumner presented a memorial from Frank B. Sanborn, the individual who resisted the United States officers in Massachusetts recently, and whose affray was illustrated in our last number. The memorial was laid on the table. The Homestead bill was then taken up, and a discussion ensued upon the slavery question, in which Senators Doolittle, Mason, Chestnut, and others took part.——In the House, Mr. Taylor, from the Judiciary Committee, presented a minority report on the President's protesting message, sustaining the position of the President. The bill for the admission of Kansas into the Union was then taken up and debated till the adjournment.

On Wednesday, April 11, in the Senate, the bill amending the Patent law was rejected by the casting vote of the Vice-President. The Judiciary Committee asked to be discharged from the further consideration of the memorial asking for the location of United States Courts at Binghamton, New York. A bill for the protection of witnesses in criminal cases in the District of Columbia was introduced. A motion was made to take up the bill relative to the transportation of the mails overland to the Pacific, but after some conversation the subject was passed over. A resolution was adopted directing inquiry as to whether any corporal punishment has been substituted for flogging in the navy, and also as to what steps have been taken with regard to the alleged homicide on board the United States steamer *Brooklyn* in New York harbor some time since. Senator Mason offered a resolution for an adjournment of Congress from the 19th to the 30th of April, in order to afford members an opportunity to attend the Charleston Convention. The Homestead bill was then taken up, and a lengthy debate ensued.——In the House the debate on the bill to admit Kansas into the Union under the Wyandot constitution was resumed and concluded, and the bill passed by a vote of 134 to 73. The discussion was interrupted by Mr. Pryor, who entered into an explanation of his language on the occasion of Mr. Lovejoy's recent speech on Slavery.

On Thursday, April 12, in the Senate, Senator Mason's resolution for an adjournment from the 19th to the 30th instant, in order to enable the members to attend the Charleston Convention, was withdrawn. The remainder of the session was occupied with business relating to the District of Columbia. A bill making an appropriation for the support of the public schools of the District was taken up, and an amendment was offered that a portion of the funds be donated to the education of the colored population. This brought up the Negro question, and a discussion ensued, and the Senate adjourned without taking the question on the amendment.——In the House, a report from the Coast Survey was received, showing the practicability of making Harlem River navigable. Reports on the public printing and the French Spoliation bill were presented. The former was postponed till the 25th of April, and the latter till the 9th of May. The Senate Pacific Telegraph bill was briefly discussed. In Committee of the Whole several members made speeches on the Slavery and Presidential questions.

On Friday, April 13, in the Senate, the House bill for the admission of Kansas into the Union was referred to the Committee on Territories. Senator Wilson's resolution relative to the suppression of the African slave-trade was referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs. Senator Sumner presented the return of the Massachusetts Sheriff who took part in the Sanborn affair at Concord, Massachusetts, on the 3d instant, and availed himself of the occasion to animadvert upon the conduct of the Harper's Ferry Investigating Committee in not summoning Governor Wise, of Virginia, before them. He was answered by Senator Mason, the Chairman of the Committee, and the papers were laid on the table. After the adoption of some verbal amendments to the bill amendatory of the Patent laws and the passage of several private bills, the Senate went into executive session and confirmed a number of army appointments.——In the House nothing of general interest occurred.

ALMOST A DUEL.

An affair of honor between Pryor, of Virginia, and Potter, of Wisconsin, has almost grown out of a personal altercation which took place in the House of Representatives, on Wednesday, in connection with Lovejoy's late speech.

The New York *Herald* gives the following version of the affair:

It is understood that after Mr. Potter replied to Mr. Pryor's first note, that he would receive any message that might be sent him in the District, Mr. Pryor asked him if he would accept a challenge, to which Mr. Potter replied that he would inform him whenever a challenge reached him. Mr. Pryor then sent him a challenge, to which Mr. Potter replied, referring him to Colonel Lander to make the necessary arrangements. These terms, as proposed by Colonel Lander to Mr. T. P. Chisman, were, that Mr. Potter, though disclaiming allegiance to the code, would fight Mr. Pryor in any place, in doors or out, in the District, with bowie-knives. This was declined, on the ground that the weapons were barbarous and inhuman, and not usual among gentlemen. To this Colonel Lander replied that Mr. Potter detested the whole system of dueling as barbarous and inhuman, but being called to account for the exercise of free speech on the floor of the House, he consented, not being accustomed to the usual weapons of the duelist, to meet him in a way that would place them on equal terms, and to name the time, place, and weapons. But as the weapons named by Mr. Potter were objected to, Colonel Lander, without Mr. Potter's knowledge, tendered himself to Mr. Pryor, without restrictions, which was also declined, on the ground that he had no quarrel with Colonel Lander.

THE CORRESPONDENCE.

The correspondence will shortly be published. The main points in it are said to be as follows:

First—Several notes passed to determine whether the challenge should be given and accepted in the District, Mr. Potter ignoring the Southern code by refusing to leave the District, and establishing one of his own by not leaving it.

Second—The challenging party went to Virginia, from which they dated their notes and gave the challenge, which was received and accepted by the challenged party in the District.

Third—Potter's ultimatum was sent to Pryor last night, about eight o'clock, announcing that he would fight with bowie-knives, in a room, or in the open air, within twelve hours. That the principals should take their position within four feet of each other; that the battle should commence at a given word, which should be announced by one of the seconds; that each second should stand in the rear of his principal, armed with a Colt navy pistol, to see fair play.

Fourth—At about eleven o'clock Pryor's second, Mr. Chisman, whose adviser was understood to be Senator Hunter, returned an answer, declining the terms, and denouncing them as barbarous.

Fifth—Mr. Lander, the second of Mr. Potter, immediately replied that if the bowie-knife was barbarous, he believed the whole code of honor no less so, and in order to accommodate the gentleman he would waive the barbarity, and offer himself as a substitute for his principal, which act was not known to Mr. Potter. Mr. Lander, it is understood, offered to fight in such a way as would be satisfactory to the opposite party.

In this tilt Colonel Beal, of Pennsylvania, a United States Engineer, acted as the friend of Colonel Lander. Mr. Chisman, the friend of Pryor, replied to this act of courtesy on the part of Lander, that neither he nor Mr. Pryor had any quarrel with him, and they must decline meeting him.

And here ends the correspondence. This last note of Mr. Chisman was received by Colonel Lander at seven o'clock A.M. on Friday. Should Mr. Pryor attempt to reopen the subject, it is said that Mr. Potter will not permit it, as Mr. Chisman, acting for Pryor, announced that it must close in his note declining to accept the proposal of Colonel Lander. It is said that the only way Pryor can obtain satisfaction now is by a street attack, which Potter will not shrink from.

ARRIVAL OF A JAPANESE VESSEL AT SAN FRANCISCO.

His Imperial Japanese Majesty's war steamer *Candinmarruh*, commanded by Kat-sin-tarroh, a captain in the Japanese navy, arrived at San Francisco March 17, and anchored off Vallejo Street wharf at three o'clock P.M., after thirty-seven days' passage from Uragawa, and having on board the Chief Admiral of the Imperial Japanese navy, Co-ser-ke-ma-sa-no-ci-um. The object of the visit of the *Candinmarruh* is as a tender or preceding vessel to the United States steamship *Powhatan*, which left Jeddo on the 10th of February, bound to San Francisco, having on board the Japanese Embassadors, and suite of seventy, sent by the Emperor to Washington. The following are the names of the officers of the ship: Admiral, Co-ser-ke-ma-sa-no-ci-um; Captain, Kat-sin-tarroh; Captain Attending, Managero; Lieutenants, So-ko-rah-to-tosah, Okeomo, Yu-ha, Use-e-ro, To-mo-a-go-ro, Eu-ah-ket-che; Chief Engineer, Ha-ma-ge-ro; Second Engineer, Kin-ge-ro; four midshipmen, three doctors, and seventy before the mast.

The steamer mounts ten guns, viz., four eighteen and six thirty-two pounders. She also mounts four swivels and one howitzer. She brought as passengers Captain John M. Brooke, U.S.N.; Mr. E. M. Kern, U.S.N.; and nine of the crew of the late United States schooner *J. Fenimore Cooper*, which was wrecked at Yokahama on the 23d of August, 1859.

FRESHET ON THE MONONGAHELA.

One of the most destructive freshets that has occurred for many years prevails along the low lands of the Monongahela. The rise in the river came so suddenly that much damage was done to property. A number of coal-boats were destroyed, manufactories were flooded, and families driven from their dwellings. The railroads have also suffered from landslides.

DISPOSAL OF THE MEXICAN STEAMERS.

With regard to the disposition of the Mexican war steamers captured near Vera Cruz, the Government has decided to leave them to be dealt with by the Federal courts at New Orleans. The crews of the respective vessels will be permitted to go wherever they please.

PERSONAL.

Mrs. John Weeden died in Columbia, Lorain County, Ohio, on Friday week, aged ninety-three years. She was the last of the survivors of the Wyoming massacre. A few of the inhabitants escaped, among whom were the family of William Martin, Mrs. Weeden's father. Mrs. Weeden was twelve years old at that time, and she retained a vivid recollection of the massacre until her death. She was a prisoner with her sister in the fort, where every male was put to death by the tomahawk. The sisters left the Valley with their father and mother and little sister, and traveled with a flag of truce through the then dense forest till within forty miles of the Connecticut River. There they were met by two of Mr. Martin's sons, and taken to Colchester.

After the jury, in the Carstang-Shaw case, had returned their verdict for the defendant, Mr. Shaw, he entertained his friends and hoisted a red flag, signifying freedom, above his dwelling.

Messrs. O'Reilly and Speed propose to construct a line of telegraph from St. Paul, Minnesota, to Puget Sound, within two years, without any other aid from the Government than the right of way.

A man in Muskegon, Wisconsin, being drunk, had both feet frozen. Struck with remorse, he resolved to starve himself to death. At last accounts he seemed to be near his end, and, for all that appears to the contrary, the neighbors were very contentedly looking on.

The *Tribune* understands that the Hon. August Belmont has expressed willingness to visit Charleston as a member of the regular Democratic Delegation from this State, and that negotiations are now pending with the Hon. Anthony Dugro, one of the Governors of the Alms-House, for a resignation by Dugro in Mr. Belmont's favor. Mr. B., if successful in this matter, will, it is understood, go down as a Douglas delegate; but his brotherly affection for the Hon. John Slidell, of Louisiana, may possibly produce a change in his views when he reaches Charleston. Certain it is that Slidell and Mr. Buchanan count largely upon his aid.

The Boston *Journal* says: "The friends of Frank B. Sanborn are about to present his sister—as a token of their respect for her bravery—one of the latest style of Colt's revolvers. It will bear an engraved representation of the old Pine Tree flag, and the inscription, '*Sic itur ad astra!*'"

A Washington correspondent of the New Orleans *Picayune* says that the President of the United States, in the course of a conversation with him a few days ago, expressed an intention of writing some reminiscences of his own career in Congress and abroad. Mr. Buchanan, says the writer, is desirous of leaving on record some notes of the prominent public men with whom, at different periods of his life, he has been associated.

An old woman, fortune-teller by profession, well known in Troy, went to bed the other night in an unusual state of intoxication; she managed to fall out of bed in such a way that she was suffocated.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

LORD JOHN'S PROTEST AGAINST THE ANNEXATION OF SAVOY.

The strong language which Lord John Russell used in the House of Commons respecting the French annexation of Savoy and Nice has provoked a good deal of comment, and it has been viewed as a proof of the rupture of the Anglo-French Alliance. His lordship indulged in the following protest, as an indication of the future policy of England:

"Sir, my opinion, as I declared it in July and January, I have no objection now to repeat—that such an act as the annexation of Savoy is one that will lead a nation so warlike as the French to call upon its Government from time to time to commit other acts of aggression [hear], and therefore I do feel that, however we may wish to live on the most friendly terms with the French Government—and certainly I do wish to live on the most friendly terms with that Government [cheers]—we ought not to keep ourselves apart from the other nations of Europe [loud cheers from both sides of the House], but that, when future questions arise—as future questions may arise—we should be ready to act with others, and to declare, always in the most moderate and friendly terms, but still firmly, that the settlement of Europe, the peace of Europe, is a matter dear to this country, and that settlement and that peace can not be assured if it is liable to perpetual interruption [loud cheers], to constant fears, to doubts and rumors with respect to the annexation of this one country, or the union and connection of that other; but that the Powers of Europe, if they wish to maintain that peace, must respect each other's rights, must respect each other's limits, and, above all, restore and not disturb that commercial confidence which is the result of peace, which tends to peace, and which ultimately forms the happiness of nations." [Loud cheers.]

There was considerable excitement in the House when the Foreign Minister sat down.

THE COMING PRIZE-FIGHT.

The *Herald* correspondent writes: "I have just had a conversation with a gentleman thoroughly familiar with sporting matters, and who is taking the odds on Heenan. He says, however, that, although there are such quotations as six to four, he can not get them, and has never been able to get over five to four. Sayers, he says, is a hard fighter, but he has been once defeated, and may be again; and he considers that if he is beaten by Heenan it will be no disgrace to him to be defeated by a man five inches taller, three stone heavier than himself, and a man in the full vigor of youth, as Heenan is. The fight, he thinks, will be of short duration, and Sayers' game will be to keep 'the Boy' as far off from him as possible, not allowing him to close and overcome him by his superior size and weight, if he can avoid it. Nat Langham, the only man who ever whipped Sayers, has been giving Heenan some lessons in sparring, and says he has improved wonderfully."

A few days afterward a meeting was held to settle details finally:

"About half past ten o'clock Mr. Dowling, the ring editor of *Bell's Life in London*, and the stake-holder in the coming fight, said: 'Gentlemen and patrons of the prize-ring, I am happy to inform you that at last all the preliminaries for the coming fight are arranged. To-day the final deposit was made in my hands, and every thing is now in a fair train for bringing matters to a satisfactory conclusion. There has been a great deal of talk as to whether the fight would take place on the day named; but I would recommend you to take no heed of such reports. The fight will come off on the 16th of April, as originally agreed upon. It has also been stated that an extravagant price will be charged to those who desire to witness this great international contest. Ten and five guineas has been named as the sum requisite to convey a passenger to the place of combat; but I am now happy to state, positively, that the charge will be three pounds a head, and arrangements have been made for bringing off the match in a manner gratifying to all concerned.'"

THE REIGNING BELLES OF ENGLAND.

The Court *Journal* says of the late *levée*: "There were some strikingly beautiful faces among the fair *débutantes*, and, if we may be permitted to judge on so important a point, it will be difficult for one belle to reign triumphantly without danger of usurpation from a bevy of claimants. A very distinguished *débutante* was Lady Alice Hill, who was attired in white. Indeed, the color was a prevailing one, though here and there there was a dotted dress or two of last year's fancy color, mauve. Green seemed to be a favorite color. Lady Alice Hill wore a feather and vail and roses—the latter the fashionable flower of the day, though not particularly seasonable. Feathers are now completely in the vogue at the drawing-room. Lady Blanche Craven was a *débutante* of the day; she wore a beautiful costume of white, trimmed with white roses; the ornaments of pearls and feathers. Lady Gertrude Amherst was also one of the most noticeable of the presentations; her costume was very tastefully relieved by silver and blue flowers, and she wore a wreath of the same flowers, with feathers—no jewelry. The Countess Amherst, who presented her daughter, had a very beautiful costume of a new mauve color, which was very effective. The Duchess of Wellington's very beautiful costume was also of this color. There were a few costumes of black—among the most striking being those of the Countess of Fife and Lady John Russell."

FRANCE.

THE ANNEXATION OF SAVOY.

The *Moniteur* publishes the treaty of the cession of Savoy and Nice by the Sardinian Government to France. This treaty is according to the summary already published, and has, besides, the following articles: A mixed commission will determine what Savoy and Nice shall contribute to the public debt of Sardinia and to the execution of several public contracts; the Sardinian Government reserves to itself to finish alone the boring of Mount Cenis; the treaty will become executive for Sardinia after receiving the sanction of Parliament.

The *Moniteur* also announces that the Senate has rejected, by passing to the order of the day and with 115 against 16 votes, several petitions requesting the intervention of the Senate in favor of the temporal power of the Pope.

RESULTS OF THE CHANGE.

A Paris paper says: "France takes on herself as her quota of the public debt of Piedmont 177,000,000 francs by the incorporation of Savoy—a transaction extremely liberal on the French side, the revenues of that poor territory being, up to this period, scanty, but from freedom of commerce with its natural customer and provider, there is a prospect of the investment turning out not so bad. On the coast Ventimiglia is the boundary town (20 miles beyond Nice), not St. Remo, as required by Napoleon III. Count Grieffé de Bellecombe takes his seat in the French Senate House as head of the deputation of Savoy notables, as well as the Prince de Monaco, and other eminent landholders of the province, as France allows her senators 30,000 francs a year."

SWITZERLAND.

THE SWISS PROTEST AGAINST THE ANNEXATION OF SAVOY.

The following is a summary of the report addressed by the Federal Council to the Federal Assembly: "The interests of the safety, independence, and neutrality of Switzerland demand that her rights, in reference to the neutralized provinces of Savoy, should not be encroached upon by their annexation to France. Even admitting that the neutrality of these provinces should continue, their annexation would still be against the treaties, and would threaten the rights and interests of Switzerland. The expectation of the good offices of the Powers concerning these questions reassures Switzerland, on condition that no occupation of those provinces by France previously takes place, and that the *statu quo* shall be respected."

The following are therefore the proposals made by the Federal Council: "That the Assembly may ratify the resolutions which have been adopted, and grant the necessary credits. The Assembly should request the Council to continue to protect energetically the rights and interests of Switzerland in regard to the neutralized provinces of Savoy, and to obtain that the *statu quo* should be respected. It may also authorize the President to take all necessary measures to that effect. The Assembly will be again convoked in the event of its becoming necessary to call out the troops, or should other grave circumstances require it."

PRUSSIA.

A PRUSSIAN REMONSTRANCE.

The reply of Prussia to M. Thouvenel's note was sent to Paris on the 27th ult. Prussia disapproves of the annexation of Savoy to France. Switzerland, whose rights were reserved by Sardinia, has made an appeal to the Powers. Those rights must be examined and protected. Prussia concludes by announcing that she will treat the question of Switzerland in a special note.

ITALY.

MORE BULLS OF EXCOMMUNICATION.

On March 26 the act of major excommunication against those who have either promised aid to or counseled rebellion, invasion, or usurpation in the Romagna was published. The act was posted up in several quarters of Rome. On the Tuesday previous the Papal Government forwarded to the whole of the diplomatic corps a protest against the annexation of the Legations to Sardinia.

The Papal Carabineers have taken off the escutcheon of Sardinia from the house of the Sardinian vice-consul at Pesaro.

THE KING TO HIS TUSCAN SUBJECTS.

A proclamation of the King to the people of Central Italy has been published. The following is a summary:

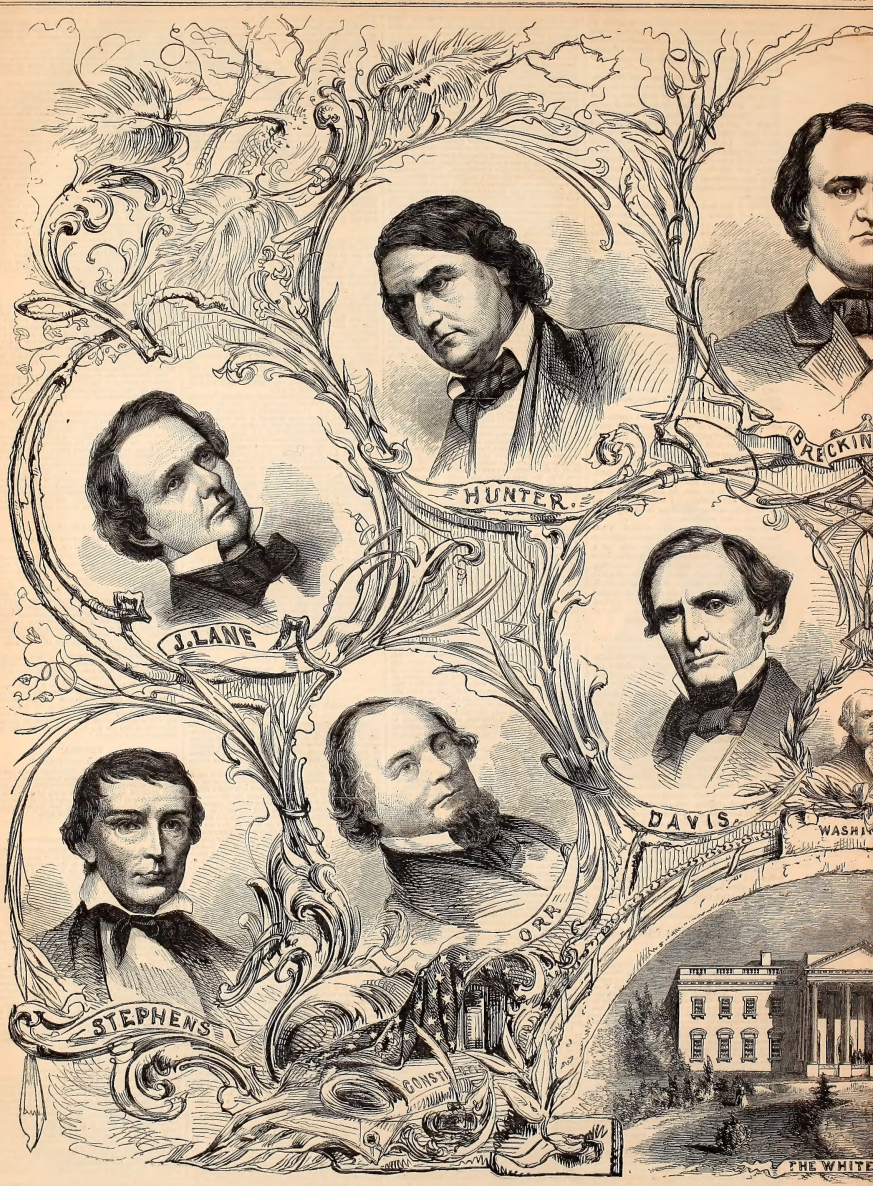
"Your wishes are satisfied. You are united under one monarchy—a reward well merited by your unity and perseverance. It is, however, necessary to continue the virtues of which you have given such an admirable example to the world. Above all things, persevere in the firm resolution to make such sacrifices as are indispensable for accomplishing and establishing great enterprises. We are now bound by an indissoluble pact of honor to our common country and to universal civilization. I have exposed my life for the independence of Italy, and I have given my people an example of loyalty. I now claim from my new peoples the same affection as from my former subjects. I desire to strengthen the Italians in the unanimity of their resolution to resist aggression, and to prepare continually for better things."

SPAIN.

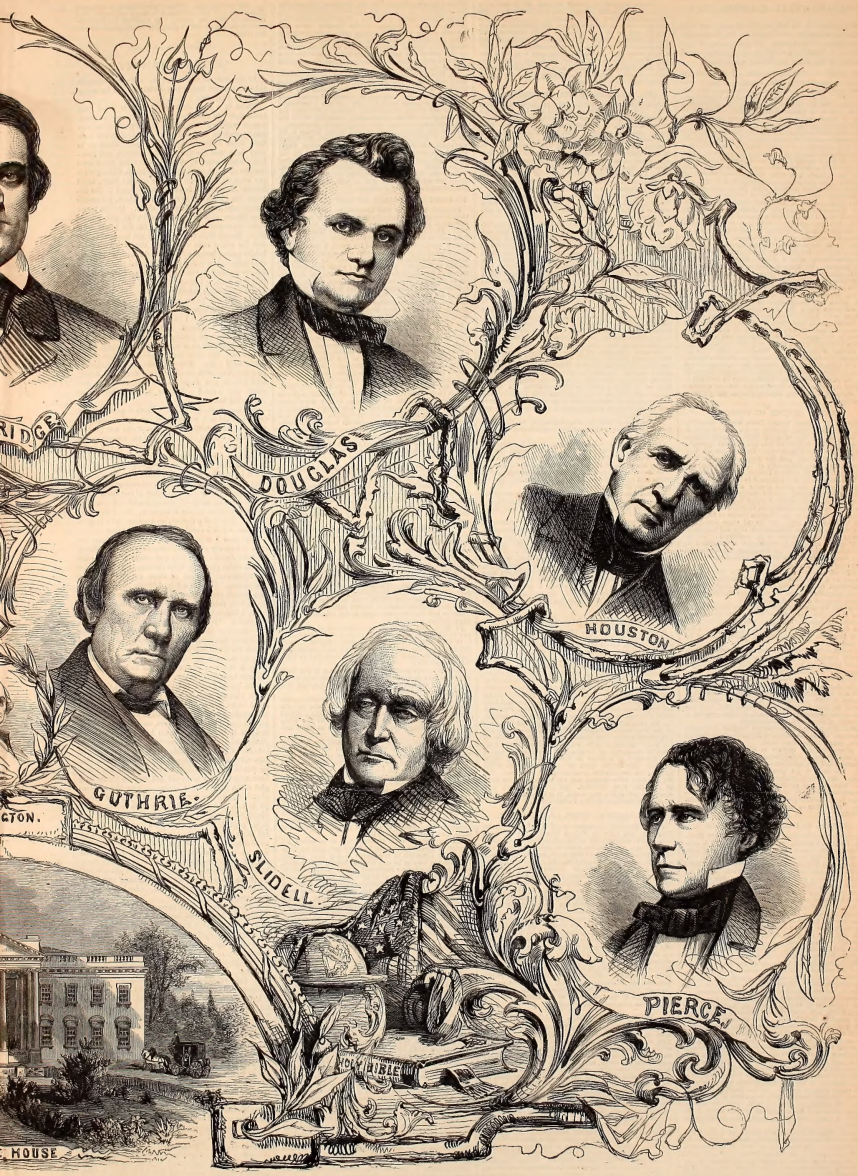
PEACE WITH MOROCCO.

The official *Gazette* of Madrid publishes the preliminaries of peace agreed upon between Spain and Morocco. Morocco cedes to Spain the whole territory from the sea to the Hollow Road of Anghera, and also a certain portion of territory at Santa Cruz. The convention of 1859, referring to Melilla, Penon, and Albucenas, is ratified. An indemnity of twenty million piastres to be paid to Spain. Tetuan will be kept by Spain until this payment is effected. A treaty of commerce is also to guarantee to Spain the same privileges as to the most favored nation. A representative of Spain and a missionary establishment to be permitted at Fez. The treaty of peace to be signed at Tetuan before the 25th of April. All hostilities to cease. The Spanish army, however, is to be allowed to chastise the Kabyles.

It is asserted that the Court will leave on Tuesday next for Aranjuez. Marshal O'Donnell will return immediately; upon his arrival the Cortes will be convoked.



PROMINENT CANDIDATES FOR THE DEMOCRATIC NOMINATION



AT CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.—[From Photographs by Brady.]

PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES.

We publish on the two preceding pages portraits of eleven prominent candidates for the Democratic nomination at Charleston. The biography of Hon. Stephen A. Douglas we publish on page 242. Brief sketches of the other candidates we subjoin:

HON. JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE, OF KENTUCKY.

John C. Breckinridge, Vice-President of the United States, was born near Lexington, Kentucky, on 21st January, 1821, and is consequently thirty-nine years of age. His father was an eminent clergyman; his grandfather served a term as United States Senator, and filled the office of Attorney-General of the United States. The family has always been influential and prosperous.

Mr. Breckinridge was educated for the bar, and, after a successful course of study, settled in Iowa. The climate and prospects not suiting him, he returned home, and established himself at Lexington, Kentucky, of which city he is still a resident when not engaged at the federal capital. He had married previous to his return to Kentucky an amiable lady from Georgetown, District of Columbia. Mr. Breckinridge practiced as a lawyer, and obtained a lucrative practice, until, on the outbreak of the Mexican war, he concluded to volunteer, and was elected Major of the 3d Kentucky Regiment of Volunteers. His regiment arrived in Mexico too late to be present at any of the brilliant actions of the campaign; but Mr. Breckinridge was conspicuous in the unhappy strife which subsequently broke out among the general officers—having been chosen by General Pillow as his counsel before the court-martial held upon him. On his return home, Mr. Breckinridge was elected to the House of Representatives, after a severe contest with General Leslie Coombs. He was re-elected in 1853, his opponent on this occasion being Governor Letcher. During the angry sessions of the 33d Congress Mr. Breckinridge took an active part as one of the Administration leaders, and was drawn into a quarrel with Mr. Cutting, of New York, which very nearly ended in a duel. Shortly after this affair—in which Mr. Breckinridge's coolness and firmness were highly commended—Mr. Pierce offered him the mission to Spain, but Mr. Breckinridge declined to leave the country, and Mr. Dodge, of Iowa, was appointed in his stead. Mr. Breckinridge was nominated for Vice-President on the ticket with Mr. Buchanan, and was elected to that office in November, 1856. He has discharged the duties of President of the Senate with dignity and impartiality; and, though the youngest person who ever filled the post, is thought to compare favorably with his predecessors. Mr. Breckinridge is believed to be more moderate in his views on the slavery question than many other Southern leaders, and has many friends in the North.

SENATOR HUNTER, OF VIRGINIA.

Robert M. T. Hunter, United States Senator from Virginia, was born in Essex County, in the eastern part of that State, on the 21st of April, 1809. James Hunter (the father of the subject of this sketch) was elected a member of the State Legislature. He gave his son Robert a liberal education, and the young man, after having graduated at the University of Virginia, studied law with Judge Henry St. George Tucker, of Winchester.

In 1830 Mr. Hunter was admitted to the bar, and commenced practice in his native county, where, in 1832, he cast his first Presidential vote for Andrew Jackson. He, however, espoused the cause of State Rights, in the attempt made by the Administration to coerce South Carolina, and was elected to the Virginia House of Delegates by the Opposition in 1834. He served three years, and took a high stand as an independent, original legislator, opposing the Administration in its hostility to "nullification" and its exertions to "expunge" a resolution on the records of the Senate; yet sustaining the veto of the United States Bank and the efforts to abolish the "American system" of protective tariffs.

In 1837 Mr. Hunter was elected to the Twenty-fifth Congress as a representative from his native district; and although he acted with those States Rights Whigs who had supported Judge White for the Presidency, he zealously opposed a United States Bank.

When the Twenty-sixth Congress met, the organization of the House was delayed by the first of the four memorable contests for the Speakership which have occurred during the past twenty years: it was not till the 16th of December Mr. Hunter was elected Speaker by three majority.

Re-elected to the Twenty-seventh Congress, Mr. Hunter found himself one of the minority combating the measures introduced by the Whigs after their triumphant election of President Harrison.

In the Presidential campaign of 1844 Mr. Hunter advocated the election of James K. Polk, and was himself successful as a candidate for the House of Representatives.

Elected in 1846 a Senator of the United States from Virginia, he took his seat in December, 1847, and was placed on the Committee of Finance, of which Daniel S. Dickinson, of New York, was chairman.

In 1849 Senator Hunter succeeded Senator Dickinson as Chairman of the Committee of Finance—a responsible position, which he has since held.

In person Senator Hunter is not a brilliant man. Grave and sincere, the expression of his countenance is peculiarly quiet and subdued—often languid and indifferent. His hair is jet black, and his complexion is swarthy. His form is compact, and there is an intimation of slowness and apathy in his movements. If he has passions, they have little effect upon his exterior—the iron stove scarcely glows with the intensity of internal fire. His attire is careless; his manners are frank and cordial.

GENERAL SAM HOUSTON, OF TEXAS.

General Samuel Houston, of Texas, was born in Rockbridge County, Virginia, on March 2, 1793, and is consequently, at the present time, sixty-seven years of age. At a very early age he lost his father, and with his mother removed to Tennessee, where he received what little education that wild region could then afford. While yet a lad, he entered a country store as clerk; this employment not suiting him, he abandoned it and tried to keep school; but finding this still less to his taste, he left it alone, and enlisted as a soldier. General Jackson was at that time conducting a war against the Creek Indians, and under him young Houston, then twenty years of age, learned his first lessons of war. In the course of four or five years he rose to the rank of lieutenant, and won the esteem of Jackson and his officers. At the close of the war he left the army, and commenced the study of law and the practice of politics. In 1823 he was sent to Congress from Tennessee, and served two terms with credit. In 1827 he was elected Governor of the State. At the close of his gubernatorial term he removed to Arkansas, resolving to live in the way which suited him best—in the backwoods and the forests, and with Indians for companions. Discovering, shortly after his settlement in Arkansas, that the red men were grievously victimized by the Government Indian agents, he undertook their championship, and made several journeys to Washington to plead on their behalf. It is understood that the cunning of the agents was too deep for the frank soldier, and his missions were unsuccessful. It was on his return from one of these that he happened to be present in Texas just at the time that the Texans were beginning to agitate actively for independence. They had chosen a Convention, and invited Houston to a seat. He drew their new Charter, and, war having been shortly afterward declared upon them by Santa Anna, the President of Mexico, volunteered in the war, and became second in command under General Austin. At the death of the latter General Houston assumed sole command of the Texan forces. He prosecuted the war with vigor and ability, and brought it to a successful close by the victory of San Jacinto, in April, 1836, which secured the independence of Texas.

General Houston was the first President of the Texan Republic, and served, subsequently, another term in the same capacity. He was from the first an ardent advocate of annexation to the United States; and when that step was decidedly taken in 1844, he was named one of the United States Senators from Texas. He served in the Senate until last year, when he was elected Governor of the State—an office which he now fills.

General Houston is known all over the Union as a whole-souled, honest patriot. He is no orator, and seldom occupies much time in speeches. In politics he has always acted with the democracy; but his views are very liberal, and he was an opponent of the Nebraska bill and its sequels. He is very eccentric in his manner and habits—a strict vegetarian and teetotaler, and fond of simple rural life. In the Senate he used to spend a portion of each day in "whittling" sticks into quaint forms and toys, which he presented to ladies of his acquaintance. General Houston has many friends who seek to elevate him to the Presidency.

HON. JEFFERSON DAVIS, OF MISSISSIPPI.

Hon. Jefferson Davis was born in Mississippi about 1806. The father's means enabled the son to receive the best education the country afforded. After the usual course at school, he entered Transylvania College, Kentucky, where he remained until his father obtained for him admission to West Point. It was in 1822 that he entered West Point Academy; he left it, with honor, in 1828, as brevet second lieutenant, and at his own request was placed in active service. The only wars of the time were the frontier affairs against the Indians; in these young Davis distinguished himself in so marked a manner that, when a new regiment of dragoons was formed, he at once obtained a commission as first lieutenant.

In 1835, the United States being at peace with the world, and likely to remain so, Lieutenant Davis grew tired of military life, and settled down quietly on a cotton plantation in Mississippi.

In 1843 he took the stump for Polk; and having attracted no little attention in his State by his vigor and ability, he was sent to Congress at the election which took place in 1845. He had only been a few months at Washington when the Mexican war broke out. He wrote home earnestly urging upon his friends not to allow Mississippi to be behind her sister States in contributing men for the war. The answer was an announcement that a regiment of volunteers had been formed, and that he had been chosen as its colonel. He resigned his post in Congress instantly, and joined the *corps d'armée* under General Taylor.

Very few officers in the army which marched against Mexico achieved so much distinction as Colonel Davis. Space forbids our attempting to follow him throughout the campaign: suffice it to say, that wherever danger was to be encountered or glory won, there Colonel Davis, with his Mississippi rifles, was to be found.

The term of service for which the Mississippians had volunteered having expired, they were disbanded; and the surgeons insisted on the Colonel withdrawing from active service, in order to give that attention to his wound which it deserved. He was not long permitted, however, to nurse himself on his plantation. In the fall the Executive of his State appointed him United States Senator, to fill a vacancy; and as soon as the Legislature met he was elected unanimously to the office for the ensuing six years.

In September, 1851, he was nominated for Governor by the Democrats of his State, but was defeated by about a thousand votes.

On Pierce's election he was chosen to fill the responsible position of Secretary of War. He discharged the duties of that office to the general satisfaction of the army during the whole of President Pierce's term of office.

At the close of President Pierce's administration Mr. Davis was again chosen United States Senator by the Legislature of Mississippi.

Colonel Davis married, some years since, a daughter of General Zachary Taylor. At her death he married a lady whose amiability and tact have made him many friends.

In the North Colonel Davis is regarded—somewhat unjustly, perhaps—as a type of the Southern fire-eater. Many persons who have never seen him fancy him quarrelsome, petulant, hot-headed, turbulent. His appearance in the Senate does not justify these views. A prim, smooth-looking man, with a precise manner, stiff, soldierly carriage, and cold expression; his head fuller, seemingly, of statistics and hard, dry principles than any thing else; his voice cool and firm, without tremor or excitement: he is the last person a spectator would pick out as "the fire-eater." In his own country he is intensely beloved—chiefly from his kind and gentle disposition.

HON. JOSEPH LANE, OF OREGON.

Joseph Lane, of Oregon, was born in North Carolina in December, 1801, and is consequently fifty-eight years of age. At the age of fifteen he removed to Indiana, and became a clerk in a store. In a few years he embarked in business on his own account, and likewise took an active part in politics, serving several terms in the State Legislature, and becoming one of the most efficient leaders of the Democracy in the Northwest. When the Mexican war broke out, Lane was among the first to volunteer, and served gallantly at the head of his regiment under General Taylor. At Buena Vista he distinguished himself by bravery and coolness, and received from President Polk a commission of Brigadier-General as a reward. On his return from the war he was appointed Governor of the Territory of Oregon, and removed his family and household gods to that distant region. At the close of his gubernatorial term he was elected Delegate to Congress by the people of Oregon, and on the admission of the Territory as a State he was chosen United States Senator. His friends think he has fair prospects of obtaining the Democratic nomination for President. His life has been adventurous, and his successes in the teeth of obstacles very brilliant. He is a Democrat with Southern principles, but would, it is supposed, run very strongly in Indiana and the Pacific States.

HON. JAMES GUTHRIE, OF KENTUCKY.

James Guthrie, ex-Secretary of the United States Treasury, was born in Nelson County, Kentucky, in 1793, and is consequently at the present time sixty-seven years of age. His father, General Adam Guthrie, was one of the early settlers of that State, and was prominent in all the many conflicts which the pioneers of civilization had to wage with the Indians. James Guthrie was educated at Bardstown, and engaged in trade between Louisville and New Orleans, frequently sailing down the river in the flat-bottomed boats which were the common carriers of the time, and returning on horseback or on foot. At the age of twenty-seven Mr. Guthrie resolved to abandon mercantile pursuits, and studied law. As a lawyer he was eminently successful, and had for a long period the best practice in Louisville. He served some terms in the Kentucky Legislature both as Senator and member of Assembly, and was Chairman of the Convention which framed the Kentucky Constitution of 1850. On the election of Mr. Pierce, in 1852, it was deemed advisable to select a member of the Cabinet from the Middle States, and Mr. Guthrie was appointed Secretary of the Treasury. His administration of the public finances was eminently successful. His reports occupy the very highest place in American financial literature. Mr. Guthrie is the first choice of the Kentucky delegation for the nomination for President.

HON. JOHN SLIDELL, OF LOUISIANA.

Hon. John Slidell is a New Yorker by birth; he was born, in this State, somewhere in the neighborhood of 1793, and went to seek his fortune at New Orleans as soon as he reached man's estate. It is to be presumed that he had received from his family a good—indeed, considering the times, one might say an excellent—education; for, though he arrived at New Orleans "poor, friendless, and alone," he was able to take his place almost immediately at the bar of that city, and to cope with the master intellects which have always adorned the forum of Louisiana. The eminence of his brother (the late Commodore Slidell Mackenzie) in literature will also vouch for the completeness of the education of the two young men.

Mr. Slidell's success as a lawyer was unparalleled even in that city of sudden success, and, after a few years' patient labor, he gradually accumulated a princely fortune. His first public service appears to have been as United States District Attorney at New Orleans, to which office he was appointed by General Jackson. He was frequently sent to the State Legislature of Louisiana; and having vindicated his capacity for public and political business, was chosen one of the Louisiana delegation to Congress.

While a member of Congress, Mr. Slidell was selected by the President to act as Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary to Mexico. The circumstances imparted unusual importance to the mission. War was actually on the point of breaking out. After many and futile discussions the Mexican Government refused to receive Mr. Slidell; and after much strenuous exertion on the part of the latter to avert from Mexico the blow that was impending, he finally demanded his passports and returned home.

Mr. Pierce, on assuming the direction of the government, tendered to Mr. Slidell the post of United States minister to Central America. Unfortunately the offer was declined. Our interests in Central America were committed to much weaker hands, and the Presidential term of Mr. Pierce passed away without witnessing the solution of any of the embarrassing questions which are involved in our relations with our Southern neighbors.

When Mr. Soulé vacated his seat in the Senate to fill the post of United States Minister to Madrid, Mr. Slidell was appointed to succeed him for the unexpired term; and at the close of this term he was re-elected for six years. He has been a very quiet, unobtrusive member of the Senate. He is more felt in council than in debate.

In person Mr. Slidell is striking; his figure is stout, about the middle height, with a bold, dignified mien. His features are rather handsome.

EX-PRESIDENT PIERCE, OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Franklin Pierce, of New Hampshire, ex-President of the United States, is thought by his friends to have some chances of a re-election to the office he held from 1853 to 1857. He was born in Hillsborough, New Hampshire, in 1804, and is consequently fifty-six years of age at the present time. He received in his youth a good education, studied for the bar, and soon won a prominent rank among the lawyers of New Hampshire. In 1833 he was elected to Congress, and, after four years' service in the House of Representatives, became a member of the Senate in 1837. In 1842 he resigned his seat, and repairing to Concord, New Hampshire, devoted himself to the practice of his profession. He rose to a very high position, and was frequently retained as consulting counsel in cases in this and the New England States. On the outbreak of the Mexican War Mr. Pierce volunteered, and was at once appointed Colonel and General of Brigade. He might have had the Secretaryship of War had he been willing to accept it. He landed at Vera Cruz in June, 1847, at the head of 2500 men, and accompanied General Scott in his famous march on the capital, distinguishing himself by his gallant conduct at the various engagements which occurred on the journey. On the conclusion of peace he resigned his commission, returned home, and resumed the practice of his profession.

At the Baltimore Convention, in 1852, he was nominated Democratic candidate for the Presidency, and was triumphantly elected, in November of the same year, over his old chief, General Scott. His career as President is fresh in the memory of all our readers. That he was not popular during his administration is pretty generally admitted; but the basis on which the unpopularity rested is not so clear. As a general rule, he discharged the duties of his office with fairness and honesty; his errors will not weigh heavily against him in the judgment of posterity.

HON. ALEX. H. STEPHENS, OF GEORGIA.

Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, was born on the 11th of February, 1812, on his father's plantation at Talliaferro, near Crawfordsville, in Talliaferro [pronounced *Tolliver*] County, Georgia. When in his fourteenth year his father died, and the homestead was sold, his portion of the entire estate being about five hundred dollars.

After the death of his father good friends offered to give young Stephens a classical education, and he accepted their aid, but only on condition that the money advanced should be considered a loan. In nine months he completed his preparatory studies, and entered the University of Georgia, at Athens, in 1828. He had little taste for any study except the Latin classics, but applied himself with such diligence that he graduated in 1832 at the head of his class. His health had been seriously impaired, but he immediately commenced teaching a public school at Madison, by which, with subsequent employment as a private tutor, he earned sufficient money to repay in full the sums advanced by his friends to defray his collegiate expenses.

In May, 1834, Mr. Stephens commenced the study of law in his native town, without the aid of any teacher.

In 1836, while dangerously ill with congestive fever, Mr. Stephens was elected a member of the Georgia Legislature, in the lower branch of which he served in 1837, '38, '39, and '40.

In 1842 he was persuaded to accept a seat in the State Senate, where he again distinguished himself both in debate and in the unostentatious but most important task of forwarding the public business.

In 1843 Mr. Stephens was, without his knowledge, nominated as a candidate for Congress, to fill a vacancy. He "took the stump," and, after a most exciting political contest, was elected. He was a member of the Whig party in its palmy days, and his speeches at home carried the State.

Since the dissolution of the Whig party Mr. Stephens has acted in the House with the "Men of the South." He has served prominently on the most important committees, and effected the passage of the Nebraska Bill through the House when even the warmest friends of the measure despaired of accomplishing that end. This parliamentary achievement gave Mr. Stephens a high reputation as a successful "tactitian;" and the Administration was, doubtless, well pleased at his appointment as chairman of the Committee on Territories, and subsequently as chairman of the special committee to which the Lecompton Constitution was referred. Mr. Stephens declined a re-election at the end of his Congressional term, and retired to private life.

Mr. Stephens is most distinguished as an orator, although he certainly does not look like one who can command the attention of the House at any time, on any topic, and so long as he may desire to speak. His health, as we have previously remarked, is very feeble—indeed, he has been, apparently, at death's door since childhood, having been afflicted with four abscesses, and a continued derangement of the liver, which gives him a consumptive appearance, although his lungs are sound. He has never weighed over ninety-six pounds; and to see his attenuated figure bent over his desk—the shoulders contracted, and the shape of his slender limbs visible through his garments—a stranger would never select him as the "John Randolph" of our time, more dreaded as an adversary, and more prized as an ally in debate, than any other man in the national House of Representatives.

HON. JAMES L. ORR, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

The Hon. James L. Orr is in his thirty-eighth year. He is of Irish extraction. His paternal ancestor emigrated to this country, and settled in Pennsylvania about 1730. James L. Orr was born on the 12th day of May, 1822, at Craytonville, Anderson District, South Carolina. He began his studies when quite young at a country school, from whence he was transferred to an academy at Anderson, and thence to the University of Virginia, where, by constant application, he acquired great proficiency in the higher branches of learning. He left college in 1841, and, in 1842, entered the law-office of Judge Whitner; in 1843, after passing a highly creditable examination, he was admitted to the bar. He began the practice of the law at Anderson, and during the first year he also established and edited a newspaper called the *Anderson Gazette*. He was elected, in 1844, when a little more than twenty-two years old, to the Legislature, from the Pendleton District, by a larger vote than any other candidate in the State received. His career in the Legislature was distinguished by usefulness through the exercise of sound sense and good judgment.

In 1848 Mr. Orr became a candidate for Congress. His opponent, who took the field some months in advance of him, was a lawyer of great talents and high reputation. They were both Democrats, and the contest resolved itself into one of personal popularity. After an animated and exciting canvass, Mr. Orr was elected by 700 majority. From that time to the end of the last Congress he has continued to hold his seat, being re-elected at the close of each term without opposition.

The Congressional career of Mr. Orr was both a brilliant and a useful one. When the last session of Congress opened Mr. Orr was nominated, without opposition, and elected its presiding officer. He justified the expectations of his friends and of the party which placed him in the chair.

LITTLE PAQUETTE.

If you will sit down on this rustic seat beneath this old twisted beech-tree I will tell you the story of Little Paquette.

There is a path through the maple wood that leads down to the river bank. You see the river yonder winding through the meadow—how the waters sparkle in the sunlight! But it does not look thus down there beyond the wood. There it is very deep, and the yews, and cypresses, and hemlocks which grow upon the banks make the waters always as black as night. The air is stifling with the odor of rank and noxious weeds; dark, lurid flowers bloom there in the summer; and in the autumn the plants are covered with black, poisonous berries and horny and bristly seeds. On the water float plants with great spotted leaves, and among them the water-snakes creep. On the banks dark green lizards dart in and out of the heavy foliage, and the adder coils himself on the gray rocks, his bright colors looking dark and dead under the horrid shade. It is a foul and a dreadful place. When I have finished my story you can go there and see it if you wish. I never visit that spot, but it was Little Paquette's favorite resort.

She was six years old when she came to live with me. She came into my lonely cottage like a gleam of sunlight. I never saw her mother. My son married a French woman. She died when Paquette was very young; and soon after my son died, and left me as a legacy his child—my Little Paquette. She was very beautiful. Can I describe her? No. Can you paint an April sky?—now glowing with sunlight, now dark and heavy with clouds, now dissolving in rain, now blue, and clear, and calm? Neither can I describe her changeful beauty.

She was a strange child. From the first I knew that I could not understand her. Our minister said she was a genius. I suppose she was; and I have often wished that I had sent her away to some great person who would have taught her and trained her in a different way from what I could. But it is too late now for such regrets, and I do not think I could have made her leave me; for she was very self-willed and passionate whenever any thing came between her and the object of her love. She loved me devotedly—I thought with all the love of which human nature is capable. But I was mistaken. She had a deeper, an intenser love to give another. But I shall come to him in time.

And now I must tell you something about Jamie. The story of Little Paquette would be nothing without Jamie. He was our minister's son, only a year older than my little darling, and they grew up together. Neither of them ever chose other playmates. He was a fair, delicate boy, with pensive mouth and dreamy blue eyes. It was strange to see how this dreamy boy always chose the sunlight, while bright, arch Little Paquette best loved the shade. He built that woodbine arbor close on the borders of the maple wood, where it overlooks the sunny meadow. And there he liked to sit and watch the grass waving in the breeze, or the lambs playing merrily on the banks; or else he would listen to the song of the birds, for he loved all tender and beautiful things.

But Little Paquette was not always in the mood to be pleased with Jamie's woodbine arbor. She liked to go down to the river side, and sit under the hemlock-trees, and she talked to the loathsome weeds, and poisonous flowers, and dark-hued lizards as if they were human beings. And when Jamie, with fear and trembling, would follow her into that dark and horrible place, she would repulse him with scorn, and speak such bitter words that he would leave her, and return sadly to his woodbine arbor. But he could not remain there long and think of Paquette sitting among the noxious plants and the water-snakes, and again he would go to her, and with soft, persuasive words would plead with her to leave such companions; and then, perhaps, she would throw her arms around his neck, and call him her dear preserver, and go contentedly back with him to the woodbine arbor, and sit there for hours talking of the happy life they would spend together. For thus early these children had agreed to love each other always, and Paquette would often say that nothing but death could ever part her from Jamie. Alas! poor Little Paquette!

I like to linger over these recollections of her childhood; but I must hasten, or I shall make my story so long that it will weary you. Years passed away, and they seemed but a few months to Jamie and me—so happy were we with Little Paquette.

But the time came when she ceased to be much with us. I believe for a while she ceased to love us. One summer a painter wandered into our pleasant village. I think he would soon have left it had he not seen my darling child. Her wonderful and changeful beauty captivated his fancy. This was not strange, for she fascinated every body. She threw the charm of her genius over every thing she said or did. But she was a wild, eccentric being; one could never account for her moods. One of her fancies I well remember. She used constantly to wear a bright, sharp little dagger in a jeweled sheath. It had been given her in France by a noble Spanish lady, she said, and as it was the only memento she had of her infantile years she would wear it for their sake. I did not like this fancy of hers, but it was vain to resist her when she coaxed and pleaded with so many pretty ways. I could never refuse her any thing.

Still less did I like her fancy for the handsome painter—young Marmaduke. He told her that she was a child of genius—that Jamie could not appreciate her—that Jamie was of too calm and gentle a nature to feel for her that deep, strong passion which, he asserted, glowed like a fire in his

own heart. He drew for her such gorgeous pictures of the life she should enjoy with him in Italy, or some such fair and beautiful land, that her warm imagination was charmed. And then he described the dull, still, passionless life she would pass with our gentle Jamie until she grew pale with dismay at such a future. She used to walk with him day after day on the sunny banks of the river down yonder in the meadow. Far better would it have been for her if she had been sitting under the hemlock-trees among the water-snakes and poisonous weeds.

What was Jamie doing all this time? He was away from home studying diligently,—writing frequently to Paquette of his progress, and how the thought of her cheered him in his labors. His father intended to leave the ministry and Jamie was to take his place. And at the time for his return drew near how sweet and tender grew his hopes! how full of earnest love were his words! I used to think that if Jamie had remained in Paquette would never have loved Marmaduke. But I do not know. There was a sympathy wanting between them—the lack of which she felt, I dare not. He could never reach to the height of her genius, and I fear she never sounded to the depth of his love.

He came home to find his affections thrown aside; his hopes crushed; but no murmur or complaint ever escaped his lips. He saw that none was happier with Marmaduke than she had ever been with him, and her happiness was dearer to him than his own.

But there came an end to this happiness. I scarcely need tell you how it ended. It is the same old story which has been told over and over again. Marmaduke left us in the winter, saying that in the summer-time he would return and claim Paquette for his own. "What could I do but give my consent; for I knew she loved him most fervently, although I was when I thought she could not love other. And Marmaduke returned not in the summer; but there came to us tidings of his marriage with some Spanish maiden. I looked for some violent sign of grief from Paquette when she was told this, but she gave no such sign. Gradually her cheek lost their sparkling brilliancy, her cheek its roundness and bloom; her step its joyousness.

I dread to tell you why October is the most sorrowful of all the months of the year to me. Many long years have passed since that fearful October night; but they seem to me as if I were writing on this very seat—my little Paquette and I. It was a clear, bright night. The full moon was high in the heavens and poured its light over all things. Then Paquette spoke to me of her love for Marmaduke, and how cruelly he had deceived her. She spoke calm and low, and was so very calm! She showed me a letter he had written a short time before, in which he told her that he had never loved her, and that he supposed she had ceased to feel any affection for him, and concluded by hoping she was happy with Jamie. Such a letter to such a girl! I was quiet! I wondered at her calmness. He requested an interview with her, in order to exchange the notes and little love-tokens which had passed between them.

"I have written to him," said she, rising, "that I go now to meet him on the river bank, under the hemlock-trees."

She still spoke soft and low, and was so very calm!

She left me, and went into that woodline arbor, and out of it into the maple wood, and down that winding path to the river side. I noticed how heavily and slowly she walked pressed upon the withered leaves, and how different it was from her usual light, airy tread. I watched her as she went through the maple wood, her white dress flitting among the trees. The golden and crimson leaves were scattered over her like gems. I saw her clothed in the glory of the moonlight, and then she disappeared amidst the black shadows.

So shadowy was I, in thinking of my darling that I took no note of time. It may have been an hour or more after she left me that I was aroused from my revery by Jamie. He seized my arm, and demanded of me where Paquette had gone. I could not answer him, for I was horror-stricken as his wild look fell upon me. He almost dragged me through the maple wood down to the river, involuntarily close my eyes now when I think of the sight which met my view. Marmaduke lay stretched upon the ground—dead. The grass around him was stiff and purple with the dark blood which had flowed from a wound in his side. His face was white and wan. A branch of the dearly nightshade hung over him, and the dew was dripping off from the flowers upon his cheek. His right hand was tightly clenched around a steadier sapling of the water-hemlock. Dark-hued clusters of poisonous berries hung in his staring, sightless eyes. A huge adder was slowly trailing over the prostrate body, and water-snakes were gliding quietly among the mushrooms which lined the river bank, and gave to the place the dead calm of a churchyard. The shadows lay heavy and black over all.

But where was Paquette? Jamie drew a little dagger out of the heart of the dead man, and picked up a jeweled sheath, which lay among the poisonous weeds.

"Hide them!" he hurriedly exclaimed. "Let nothing witness against her!"

And then he fled from the spot like one pursued by a demon. I hid the bloody dagger and its bright sheath into the dark waters.

But where was little Paquette? Where was the beautiful maiden? I had but lately seen her crowned with golden and crimson leaves, and clothed in the glory of the moonlight?

That question has never yet been answered. God only knows where the Little Paquette spent that fearful night. God only knows what misery and remorse she suffered through weary years. God only knows the agony of her bitter after-life.

But Jamie said she would return to us. Weeks and months and years rolled away, and she came not, nor did we hear aught of her. But still Jamie said she would return; and with a sweet, patient hope, and a love that outlived time and sorrow, and rose above sin and despair, he sat every summer evening in the woodline arbor to await her coming. And close beside it he built a small cottage, and every winter night you could see the light gleaming from the casement, and streaming far into the maple wood. And thus for years he watched and waited.

I used often to come to this seat under the beech-tree, and I never failed to be here on every anniversary of that sad night on the river. I had last seen my little Paquette; and once, as I sat here, while the full moon high in the heavens above me, watching the yellow and crimson leaves as they fell from the trees, and thinking of that night, years before, when I had last my darling, I heard the same heavy, crushing footfall upon the withered leaves, and then I knew she had come back. I looked eagerly around me, but I could discern only the shadows and the darkness. She came slowly into the maple wood.

The trees threw down upon her their golden and crimson leaves. The moonlight gleamed upon her like a glory, but her long hair was unbound, and it floated around her—a dark shadow between her and the moonlight.

I did not go forward to meet her. There was one then waiting in the woodline arbor whose coming I was first to welcome to our home.

When I entered the arbor I found Jamie seated on the mossy floor holding her in his arms. Her eyes were closed. Her face was very thin and pale, but on it was such an expression of sweet peace and holy love as I had never hoped to see on earth again. Her hands were as white and as marble. I thought she was dead, and I thanked God that I had been permitted once more to look upon my Little Paquette.

But she did not die then. It was not until months afterward that Jamie and I laid her in the grave. She was dying, and she knew it, and so was darling. She was gentle and loving to Jamie and me, especially to Jamie; and we both knew that she was better, and holier, and purer than she who left us—better, and holier, and purer than she had been in her happy childhood—and with this knowledge we were content. I left you to read from these pictures of sin, and want, and despair!

And holily and calmly she died, and peacefully she sleeps, and by her side lies Jamie; and there in that woodline arbor you will find their grave.

THE SOUTH CAROLIN INSTITUTE IN WHICH THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION IS TO MEET.

We give on the following page a view of the building of the South Carolina Institute, in which the Democratic Convention will meet, and which is a partial view of the Circular Church (Presbyterian, formerly Congregational), which stands beside it.

The South Carolina Institute was designed for the promotion of the mechanical and agricultural arts in South Carolina. City and State have equally (we believe) appropriated money to its objects. The building of the Institute, as here shown us, is a structure of the Italian style. It fronts on Meeting Street, with a façade of eighty feet. The entrance is through a lofty archway, with staircases on either hand, leading to the hall shown above. This spacious apartment will seat three thousand persons. The Roman-Corinthian portico shown in our picture, near the Hall of the Institute, is that of the Circular Church.

A BURNING SHIP.

We engrave on the following page a picture of the ship *Jacob A. Westervelt*, which was burned in New York Bay on the evening of Wednesday last. The conflagration was a fine one. The following account of the disaster we condense from the *Daily Times*:

"The fire originated in the between decks, aft, and was caused by the upsetting of a lamp. The captain had gone below, in company with a boy, for the purpose of procuring some of the passengers' money for safe-keeping in number, and while this engaged the boy let the lamp fall. It struck the deck, and the contents took fire, and in a few minutes the smoke was so dense as to defy the exertions of the men sent below to extinguish the flames.

"The Harbor Police steamboat *Magnolia*, with a squad of fifteen men on board, was the first on the fire, drawing about nine feet, immediately repaired to the ship and removed the crew and passengers, some sixty in all, also furnishing the ship's sails, some rigging, captain's sextants and other instruments.

"The crews of Brazilian corvette *Dauna Isabel* and of the United States revenue cutter *M'Lane* were early on the fire, and rendered valuable aid. They were lowered down the side of the burning vessel, which were brought ashore by the pilot-boats.

"The steam-tugs *Mercury* and *Samson* and the steam ferry-boat *Telford*, all of which have the Worthington pumps on board, also rendered very timely assistance, streams of water were thrown into the ship. The anchors of the burning vessel having been slipped she was towed ashore, between Bedlow's and Gibbet Island, where she grounded head to the wind. The circumstances caused the fire to work forward slowly. In order to try exertion the fire gained headway, and at 7½ p. m. the masts could be seen burning fore and aft. At 8 she had so increased that the mainmast went by the board, and the forward vessel burning fore and aft. At 9 o'clock the whole interior of the ship was a mass of fire, and all hopes of saving her hull had been abandoned.

"The vessel was scuttled where there is but sixteen feet of water at low tide. This was done at the request of one of the owners; but it proved a fatal mistake, as had she been sunk at the point where she lay when the fire broke out, doubtless her hull would have been saved."

Vessel and cargo are estimated at $235,000; supposed to be insured in Europe.

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "ANTED DARK," ETC., ETC.

MISS HALCOMBE'S NARRATIVE CONCLUDED.

* * * * *

July 6th.—Eight o'clock. The sun is shining in a clear sky. I have not been near my bed. I have sat upon my chair always, wakeful eyes. From the same window at which I looked out into the darkness of last night I look out now at the bright stillness of this morning.

I count the hours that have passed since I escaped to the shelter of this room by my own sensations—and those hours seem like weeks.

How short a time—and yet how long to me—since I sank down in the darkness here, on the floor, drenched to the skin, cramped in every limb, cold to the bones—a useless, helpless, panic-stricken creature.

I hardly know when I roused myself. I hardly know when I groped my way back to the bedroom, and lighted the candle, and searched (with a strange ignorance at first of where to look for them) for dry clothes to warm me. The dawning of those things is in my mind, but not the time when they were done.

Can I even remember when the chilled, cramped feeling left me, and the throbbing head came in its place?

Surely it was before the sun rose? Yes: I heard the birds twittering in the fore-court the time by the sudden brightness and clearness, the feverish strain and excitement of all my faculties which followed it. I remember my resolution to control myself, to wait patiently hour after hour, till the chance offered of removing Laura and myself from the place, without the danger of immediate discovery and pursuit. I remember the persuasion settling itself in my mind that the wisest thing I could do was to lie on each other would furnish us, not only with our justification for leaving the house, but with our weapons of defense against them as well. I recall the impulse that awakened in me to prepare those words in writing exactly as they were spoken, while the fact was my own, and while my memory vividly retained them. All this I remember plainly: there is no confusion in my head to-day. But coming in here, from the bedroom, with my pen and ink and paper, before sitting down at the window, I opened window to get all the air I could to cool me—the ceaseless writing, faster and faster, harder and harder, coming on, more and more wakefully, all through the dreadful interval before the house was astir again—how clearly I recall it, from the first beginning by candle-light to the end on the page before this in the sunshine of the new day!

Why do I sit here still? Why do I weary my hot eyes and my burning head by writing more? Why not lie down and rest myself, and try to quench the fever that consumes me in sleep?

I dare not attempt it. A fear beyond all other fears has got possession of me. I am afraid of all this head that burns my skin. I am afraid of the creeping and throbbing that I feel in my head. If I lie down now, how do I know that I may have the sense and the strength to rise again?

Oh, the rain, the rain—the cruel rain that chilled me last night!

* * * * *

Nine o'clock. I was it nine struck, or eight? Nine, surely. I am beginning again with my writing, from head to foot, in the summer air. Have I been sitting here asleep? I don't know what I have been doing.

* * * * *

Oh, my God! am I going to be ill?

* * * * *

Ill at such a time as this! No, no; not ill. Only cold. So cold, so cold!

My head—so proud of my head. I can write, but the lines all run together. I see the words. Laura—I can write Laura, and see I write it. Laura—mine—which was it?

So cold, so cold—oh, that rain last night!—and the strokes of the clock, the strokes I can't count, keep striking in my head—

* * * * *

NOTE.

[At this place the entry in the Diary ceases to be legible. The two or three lines which follow contain fragments of words only, mingled with blots and scratches of the pen. The last marks on the paper bear some resemblance to the letter or letters (L. and A.) of the name of Lady Glyde.

On the next page of the Diary another entry appears, in the same woman's handwriting, large, bold, and firmly regular; and the date is "July the 13th." It contains these lines:]

[POSTSCRIPT BY A SINCERE FRIEND.]

The illness of our excellent Miss Halcombe has afforded me the opportunity of enjoying an unexpected intellectual pleasure.

I refer to the perusal (which I have just completed) of the above Diary.

There are many hundred pages here. I can lay my hand on my heart and declare that every page has given me unmixed delight and me.

To a man of my sentiments it is unspeakably gratifying to be able to say this.

Admirable woman!

I refer to Miss Halcombe.

Stupendous effort!

I refer to the Diary.

Yes! these pages are amazing. The tact which I find here, the discretion, the rare courage, the wonderful power of memory, the accurate observation of character, the easy grace of style, the charming outbursts of womanly feeling, have all inexpressibly increased my admiration of this sublime creature, of this magnificent Marian. The presentation of my own character is masterly in the extreme. I certify, with my whole heart, to the fidelity of the portrait. I feel how vivid an impression I must have produced to have been painted in such strong, such rich, such massive colors as these. I lament afresh the cruel necessity which sets our interests at variance, and opposes us to each other. Under different circumstances how warmly I should have been of Miss Halcombe—how worshiped by Miss Halcombe would have been of us!

The sentiments which animate my heart assure me that the lines I have just written express the Profoundest Truth.

Those sentiments exalt me above all merely personal considerations. I bear witness, in the most disinterested manner, to the excellence of the stratagem by which this remarkable woman surprised the private interview between Percival and myself. Also to the marvelous accuracy of her report of the whole conversation which is beginning to its end.

Those sentiments have induced me to offer to the unimpressionable doctor who attends on her my vast knowledge of chemistry, and my luminous expressions of the more subtle resources which medical and magnetic science have introduced at the disposal of mankind. He has thrown himself proudly at usual himself of my assistance. Miserable man!

Finally, those sentiments dictate the lines—grateful, sympathetic, paternal lines—which appear in this place. I close the book. My strict sense of propriety restores it (by the hands of my wife) to its place on the drawing-room table. Events are hurrying me away. Circumstances are guiding me to serious issues. Vast perspectives of the most splendid nature expand before my eyes. I accomplish my destiny with a calmness which is terrible to myself. Nothing but the homage of my admiration is my own. I deposit it, with respectful tenderness, at the feet of Miss Halcombe.

I breathe my wishes for her recovery.

I condole with her on the inevitable failure of every plan she has formed for her sister's benefit. At the same time, I entreat her to believe that the information which I have derived from her will in no respect help me to contribute to that failure. I gratefully confirm the plan of conduct which I had previously arranged. I vow to think these pages for awakening the finest sensibilities in my nature—nothing more.

To a person of similar sensibility this simple assertion will explain and excuse every thing.

Miss Halcombe is a person of similar sensibility. In that persuasion, I sign myself,

FOSCO.

THE NARRATIVE OF FREDERICK FAIRLIE, ESQ., OF LIMMERIDGE HOUSE.*

It is the grand misfortune of my life that nobody will let me alone. Why—I ask every body—why was I born? Nobody answers that question; and nobody lets me alone. Relations, friends, and strangers all combine to annoy me. What have I done to deserve it? Ask my servant, Louis, fifty times a day—what have I done? Neither of us can tell. Most extraordinary!

The last annoyance that has assailed me is the annoyance of being called upon to write this Narrative. As a man in my state of nervous wretchedness can be of writing a narrative? When I put this extremely reasonable objection I am told that certain very serious events relating to my affairs have happened within my experience, and that I am the fit person to describe them on that account. I am threatened, if I fail to comply with the unanswerable request, with consequences which I can not so much as think of without perfect prostration. There is really no need to threaten me. Anything rather than my miserable health and my family troubles, I am incapable of resistance. If you insist, you take your own responsibility, and I give way immediately. I will endeavor to remember what I can (under protest), and to write what I can (also under protest). And then I can't remember and can't write Louis must remember and write for me. He is an ass, and I am an invalid; and we are likely to make a nice set of mistakes between us. How humiliating!

I am told to remember dates. Good Heavens! I never did such a thing in my life—how am I to begin now?

I have said Louis. He is not quite such an ass as I have hitherto supposed. He remembers the date of the event within a day or two—and I remember the date of the person. The date was either the fifth, sixth, or seventh of *July*; and the name (in my opinion a remarkably vulgar one) was Anne.

On the fifth, sixth, or seventh of July I was reclining, in my usual state, surrounded by the various objects of Art which I have collected about me to improve the taste of the barbarous people in my neighborhood. That is to say, I had the pictures and some of my pictures, and shells and coins, and so forth, all about me, which I intend, one of these days, to present (the photographs, I mean, if the clumsy English language will let me mean any thing)—to present to the Institute at Carlisle (horrid place!), with a view to improving the tastes of the Members (Goths and Vandals to a man). It might be supposed that a gentleman who was in course of conferring a great national benefit on his countrymen was the last gentleman in the world to be unfeelingly worried about private difficulties and family affairs. Quite a mistake, I assure you, in my case.

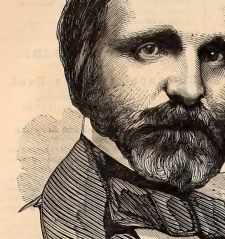
* The manner in which Mr. Fairlie's Narrative and other Narratives that are shortly to follow it, were originally elicited, forms the subject of an explanation which will appear at a later period of the Story.

THE SOUTH CAROLINA INSTITUTE, AT CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA, IN WHICH THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION WILL MEET.—[SEE PRECEDING PAGE.]

However, there I was, reclining, with my art-treasures about me, and wanting a quiet morning. Because I wanted a quiet morning, of course Louis came in. It was perfectly natural that I should inquire what the deuce he meant by making his appearance when I had not rung my bell. I seldom swear—it is such an ungentlemanlike habit—but when Louis answered by a grin, I think it was also perfectly natural that I should damn him for grinning. At any rate I did.

This rigorous mode of treatment, I have observed, invariably brings persons in the lower class of life to their senses. It brought Louis to *his* senses. He was so obliging as to leave off grinning, and inform me that a Young Per-

THE SHIP "JACOB A. WESTERVELT" ON FIRE IN THE HARBOR OF NEW YORK, APRIL 11, 1860.—[SEE PRECEDING PAGE.]



HON. JOHN F. FOTTER, OF WISCONSIN.—PHOT. BY BRADY.—[SEE PAGE 247.]

son was outside wanting to see me. He added (with the usual talkativeness of servants) that her name was Fanny.

"Who is Fanny?"

"Lady Glyde's maid, Sir."

"What does Lady Glyde's maid want with me?"

"A letter, Sir—"

"Take it."

"She refuses to give it to any body but you, Sir."

"Who sends the letter?"

"Miss Halcombe, Sir."

The moment I heard Miss Halcombe's name I gave up. It is a habit of mine always to give up to Miss Halcombe. I find, by experience, that it saves noise. I gave up on this occasion. Dear Marian!

"Let Lady Glyde's maid come in, Louis. Stop! Do her shoes creak?"

I was obliged to ask the question. Creaking shoes invariably upset me for the day. I was resigned to see the Young Person, but I was not resigned to let the Young Person's shoes upset me. There is a limit even to my endurance.

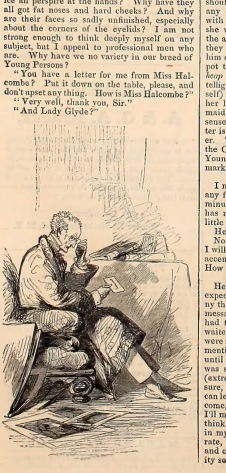
Louis affirmed distinctly that her shoes were to be depended upon. I waved my hand. He introduced her. It is necessary to say that she expressed her sense of embarrassment by shutting up her mouth and breathing through her nose? To the student of female human nature in the lower orders, surely not.

Let me do the girl justice. Her shoes did not creak. But why do Young Persons in service all perspire at the hands? Why have they all got fat noses and hard cheeks? And why are their faces so sadly unfinished, especially about the corners of the eyelids? I am not strong enough to think deeply myself on any subject, but I appeal to professional men who are. Why have we no variety in our breed of Young Persons?

"You have a letter for me from Miss Halcombe? Put it down on the table, please, and don't upset any thing. How is Miss Halcombe?"

"Very well, thank you, Sir."

"And Lady Glyde?"



I received no answer. The Young Persons face became more unfinished than ever, and I think she began to cry. I certainly saw something moist about her eyes. Tears or perspiration? Louis (whom I have just consulted) is inclined to think tears. He is in her class of life, and he ought to know best. Let us say tears.

Except when the refining process of Art judiciously removes from them all resemblance to Nature, I distinctly object to tears. Tears are scientifically described as a Secretion. I can understand that a secretion may be healthy or unhealthy, but I can not see the interest of a secretion from a sentimental point of view. Perhaps, my own secretions being all wrong together, I am a little prejudiced on the subject. No matter. I behaved on this occasion with all possible propriety and feeling. I closed my eyes, and said to Louis,

"Endeavor to ascertain what she means."

Louis endeavored, and the Young Person endeavored. The result was confusing each other to such an extent that, I am bound in gratitude to say, they really amused me. I think I shall send for them again when I am in low spirits. I have just mentioned this idea to Louis. Strange to say, it seems to make him uncomfortable. Poor devil!

Surely I am not expected to repeat my niece's maid's explanation of her tears, interpreted in the English of my Swiss valet? The thing is manifestly impossible. I can give my own impressions and feelings perhaps. Will that do as well? Please say, Yes.

My idea is that she began by telling me (through Louis) that her mistress had dismissed her from her mistress's service. (Observe, throughout, the strange irrelevancy of the Young Person. Was it only fault that she had lost her place?) On her dismissal she had gone to the inn to sleep. (I don't keep the inn; why mention it to me?) Having had a bad night and seven Miss Halcombe had come to say good-by, and had given her two letters: one for me and one for a gentleman in London. (I am not a gentleman in London—hang the gentleman in London!) She had carefully put the two letters into her bosom (what have I to do with her bosom?); she had been very unhappy when Miss Halcombe had gone away again; she had not had the heart to put bit or drop between her lips till it was near bedtime; and then, when it was close on nine o'clock, she had thought she should like a cup of tea. (Am I responsible for any of these vulgar fluctuations, which begin with unhappiness and end with tea?) Just as she was *warming the pot* (I give the words on the authority of Louis, who says he knows what they mean, and wishes to explain; but I snub him on principle)—just as she was warming the pot the door opened, and she was *struck of a heap* (her own words again, and perfectly unintelligible this time to Louis. Tell us to myself) by the appearance in the inn parlor of her ladyship, the Countess. I give my niece's maid's description of my sister's wife with a sense of the highest relish. My poor dear sister is a tiresome woman to be married to a foreigner. To resume: the door opened, her ladyship, the Countess, appeared in the parlor, and the Young Person was struck of a heap. Most remarkable!

I must really rest a little before I can get on any farther. When I have reclined for a few minutes, with my eyes closed, and when Louis has refreshed my poor aching temples with a little eau de Cologne, I may be able to proceed.

Her ladyship, the Countess—

No. I am able to proceed, but not to sit up. I will recline, and dictate. Louis has a horrid accent, but he knows the language and can write. How very convenient!

Her ladyship, the Countess, explained her unexpected appearance at the inn by telling Fanny that she had come to bring one or two little messages which Miss Halcombe in her hurry had forgotten. The Young Person thereupon waited anxiously to hear what the messages were; but the Countess seemed disinclined to mention them (so like my sister's tiresome way!) until Fanny had had her tea. Her ladyship was surprisingly kind and thoughtful about it (extremely unlike my sister), and said, "I am sure, my poor girl, you must want your tea. We can let the messages wait till afterward. Come, come, if nothing else will put you at your ease, I'll make the tea and have a cup with you." I think those were the words, as reported excitably in my presence by the Young Person. At any rate, the Countess insisted on making the tea, and carried her ridiculous condescension of humility so far as to take one cup herself and to insist on the girl's taking the other. The girl drank the tea, and, according to her own account, entertained the extraordinary occasion five minutes afterward by fainting dead away for the first time in her life. Here, again, I use her own words. Louis thinks they were accompanied by an increased secretion of tears. I can't say myself. The effort of listening being quite as much as I could manage, my eyes were closed.

Where did I leave off? Ah, yes, she fainted after drinking of tea with the Countess; a proceeding which might have interested me if I had been her medical man, but being nothing of the sort, I felt bound by hearing of it nothing more. When she came to herself, in half an hour's time, she was on the sofa, and nobody was with her but the landlady. The Countess, finding it too late to remain any longer at the inn, had gone away as soon as the girl showed signs of recovering, and the landlady had been good enough to help her up stairs to bed. Left by herself, she had felt in her bosom (I regret the necessity of referring to this part of the subject a second time), and had found the two letters there quite safe but very much crumpled. She had been giddy in the night, but had got up well enough to travel in the morning. She had put the letter addressed to that obtrusive stranger, the gentleman in London, into the post, and had now delivered the other letter into my hands, as she was told. This was the plain truth; and though she could not blame herself for any intentional neglect, she was sadly troubled in her mind and sadly in want of a word of advice. At this point Louis thinks the secretions appeared again. Perhaps they did; but it is of infinitely greater importance to mention that, at this point also, I lost my patience, opened my eyes, and interfered.

"What is the purport of all this?" I inquired.

My niece's irrelevant maid stared, and stood speechless.

"Endeavor to explain," I said to my servant. "Translate me, Louis."

Louis endeavored, and translated. In other words, he descended immediately into a bottomless pit of confusion, and the Young Person followed him down. I really don't know when I have been so amused. I left them at the bottom of the pit as long as they diverted me. When they ceased to divert me, I exerted my intelligence and pulled them up again.

It is unnecessary to say that my interference enabled me, in due course of time, to ascertain the purport of the Young Person's remarks. I discovered that she was uneasy in her mind, because the train of events that she had just described to me had prevented her from receiving those supplementary messages which Miss Halcombe had intrusted to the Countess to deliver.

"OH, MY GOD! AM I GOING TO BE ILL?"

She was afraid the messages might seem of great importance to her mistress's interests. Her dread of Sir Percival had deterred her from going to Blackwater Park late at night to inquire about them; and Miss Halcombe's own directions to her, on no account to miss the train in the morning, had prevented her from waiting at the inn the next day. She was most anxious that the misfortune of her fainting-fit should not lead to the unjust misfortune of making her mistress think her neglectful, and she would humbly beg to ask me whether I would advise her to write her explanations and excuses to Miss Halcombe, requesting to receive the messages by letter, if it was not too late, or to make no apologies for this extremely prosy paragraph. I have been ordered to write it. There are people, unaccountable as it may appear, who actually take more interest in what my niece's maid said to me on this occasion than in what I said to my niece's maid. Amusing perversity!

"I should feel very much obliged to you, Sir, if you would kindly tell me what I had better do," remarked at the long-winded Young Person.

"Let things stop as they are," I said, adapting my language to my listener. "I invariably let things stop as they are. Yes. Is that all?"

"If you think it would be a liberty in me, Sir, to write, of course I wouldn't venture to do so. But I am so very anxious to do all I can to serve my mistress faithfully—"

People in the lower class of life never know when or how to go out of a room. They invariably require to be helped out by their betters. I thought it high time to help the Young Person out. I did it with two judicious words:

"Good morning!"

Something outside or inside this singular girl suddenly creaked; Louis, who was looking at her (which I was not), says she creaked when she courtesied. Curious. Was it her shoes, her stays, or her bones? Louis thinks it was her stays. Most extraordinary!

As soon as I was left by myself I had a little nap—I really wanted it. When I awoke again I noticed dear Marian's letter. If I had had the least idea of what it contained I should certainly not have attempted to open it. Being, unfortunately for myself, quite innocent of all suspicion, I read the letter. It immediately upset me for the day.

I am by nature one of the most easy-tempered creatures that ever lived—I make allowances for every body, and I take offense at nothing. But, as I have before remarked, there are limits to my forbearance. I laid down Marian's letter, and felt myself—justly felt myself—an injured man.

I am about to make a remark. It is, of course, applicable to the very serious matter now under notice, or I should not allow it to appear in this paper.

Nothing, in my opinion, sets the odious selfishness of mankind in such a repulsively vivid light as the treatment, in all classes of society, which the Single people receive at the hands of the Married people. When you have once shown yourself too considerate and self-denying to add a family of your own to an already overcrowded population, you are vindictively marked out by your married friends, who have no similar consideration and no similar self-denial, as the recipient of half their conjugal troubles and the born friend of all their children. Husbands and wives *talk* of the cares of matrimony, and bachelors and spinsters *hear* them. Take my own case. I considerately remain single, and my poor dear brother Philip inconsiderately marries. What does he do when he dies? He leaves his daughter to *me*. She is a sweet girl. She is also a dreadful responsibility. Why lay her on my shoulders? Because I am bound, in the harmless character of a single man, to relieve my married connections of all their own troubles. Poor single people! Poor human nature!

It is quite unnecessary to say that Marian's letter threatened me. Every body threatens me. All sorts of horrors were to fall on my devoted head if I hesitated to have Limmeridge House into an asylum for my nieces and her misfortunes. I did hesitate, nevertheless.

RECOGNITION.

COULD we believe when life is o'er,
When turns to dust this weary head,
When these cold lips shall speak no more,
Sunk to the silence of the dead;
That in that starry world beyond,
Unclouded by one human care,
No well-known form shall blast our gaze,
No loved or lost one linger there:

Oh, if in ours these longing eyes
No more shall look with tender gaze,
No circling arms, no sweet caress,
E'er bless us as in other days;
Say what a glorious cheat would be
This gift of life beyond the tomb,
If with us all our loves and hopes
Sink in its silence and its gloom!

C. C. COX.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A FAIR EXCUSE.—Our fair cousin Fanny (we dare not give her surname) says she really is surprised at the ridiculous complaints which men keep making about Crinoline; for of course they must admit that the widest of wide petticoats cover both *ins* and *outs*!

VERY URBANE.—A discerning friend of ours told us, a short time back, that in his opinion "there was nothing like humbug in the world." This may or may not be the case. One thing, however, is pretty certain: if there is nothing else, there is, at any rate, a great deal of the original article itself.

A TRAP TO CATCH LANDLADIES.

LANDLADY.—I beg to tell you, Sir, that you are out of gin *(produces empty bottle)*.

TRAVLR.—Impossible; but stop, I'll see. *(Goes into bedroom, and returns with a full bottle.)* I thought you were wrong. I must tell you that I got three two bottles at the same time. The bottle you hold in your hand I got as the ingredient for your special consumption —the bottle I have here I kept under lock and key in the other room for my own private use. The truth is, you drink much faster than I do. Where your bottle is empty, you see mine is scarcely touched. So, as I said at first, no use, it is not *that* an out of gin, but rather yourself."

[The Landlady is most virtuously indignant, but evidently guilty.]

"DONE TO RAGS."—Austrian finances.

THE CLOAK OF RELIGION.—A Cardinal.

A TRIPLE HATFUL OF MONEY.—His Holiness the Pope appears to be making a good thing out of the tribulation with which he is afflicted. Last heard has been offered in a letter written to Mr. Cullen, the titular Archbishop of Dublin, for the Peter's Pence fund, "It is not with that I should return in our name, and in the warmest terms, our sincere thanks to your faithful clergy and people for the third sum of £1000 which they have offered to us through you." Three hats for Peter may have their use, but for money; but the less appears likely to be more than made up to him in Peter's pence.

UNCOMMONLY NICE.—The standing dish at the Tuileries' dinners just now is *Gâteau de Savoie*.

A HOSTILE TRETH.—You know the number of friends a man can lose by the manner of smiling in the wrong sense.

ONLY WHAT MIGHT BE EXPECTED.—The adhesion of Savoy to France is the work of vassal Savoyard *crpens*.

THE ART OF CONVERSATION.—A remark, apparently neat, but upon examination exceedingly hollow, was recently made by a misogynist. He said, Man is, but with women it is the converse.—*The Hermit of the Haymarket.*

A QUESTION FOR PHILOLOGISTS.—Philosophers are raising the important demand whether the inter-onest parts of the human individual solely by *mind*.

WONDERFUL METAMORPHOSIS.—A tectotaler was seen, a day or two ago, to turn *into* a public-house!

A preternaturally intelligent thing was said upon the stage of the Adelphi Theatre, the other day, at rehearsal. The morning was extremely wet. Mr. Paul Bedford was on his stage, when enter to him enquiry in a shower. "If the weather, for both had been caught in a shower. "If am so wet," observed Bedford, "that I am wetter," said Mr. Bedford, "and as my pat'e over I shall retire and dry." "Yes," said the acting author (not touching), "Superfluous lags the writer 'un on the stage."

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THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.

WE devote the bulk of our space this week to illustrations of the momentous Convention now in session at Charleston, and upon the fruit of whose labors the destiny of the Union may depend. We give below a picture of the Delegates leaving the Charleston Hotel on the morning of 23d; on page 260, a picture of the gathering in the area of the Convention Hall; and on pages 264 and 265, a fine engraving of the Convention in session on 23d April. These pictures explain themselves, and need no verbal description.

ON THE WAY TO CHARLESTON.

No. IV.

Tew Major Jack Downing, Downingsville, Downing County, Maine; in care of Mr. Harper, who'll send it in print.

CHARLESTON HARBOR, *April* 16, 1860.

HERE I be at last, Uncle Jack, large as life and twice as natteral, with the schunnur ankerd rite off again the city, and the stars and stripes a flyin' from the gaff. Hoorah! ses I, for the man that wins; and if yeou goes in for him, Uncle Jack, yeou'll be Postmaster jist so long as yeou pleas.

Furst and fourmost, tho', let me tell yeou how I went tew Old Virginny tew help unkiver the marble imortashun of Henry Clay. I told yeou how Mr. Buchanan had me fixed up, and away I went with them air Natshunel Rides, feelin' jist as good as enny on 'em. We went down tew Richmond in grate stile, and I told the fellurs heow we went tew Madawaska tew fite the Brittishurs; and a French fellur, who was a pioneuer with a big and dull axe, told 'em heow he wos a Nashurral Gard under a Mister Louis Phillips, and sung about "infants of Tut lic," who was a continuerly a-"marchin' on," which he called a Marsells Hymn, but which ken't in the regular 'dishun of Watts & Hopkins. All this tyme we was a goin' it inter Virginny, I tell yeou, and a keepin' the konducter awake by shoin' our tickets.

At last ses he, "Richmond!" and thair we wos, and thair was a cumpenny all reddy to receave us, and didn't they give three chears for Corporol Downing, I tell yeou! Then they 'scorted us tew our hotel, a reg'lor dubble-barril affair on tew sides ov a street, with a bridge atween the tew sides up stares and know toll tew pay.

Furst we all tuk a julup. An' I kept it up, a puttin' them air julups deown jist so long as I stay'd thair; an' I tell yeou, no wun noes what sweetun'd lickur is till they drinks julups. If I'd a dyed, and bin sent tew Downinville, and berry'd in the gardin, they'd a bin a mist patch thair furever. Mint's a Virginny institushun.

The next day thair was the parsid. Cavalry a prancin' aboout like fun on all sized hosses, and infantry a marchin' arter, and carriges with invited gests, ov which I wos wun. I sot along side ov "Tyler tew," who's a rampagin Dimmercrat now, and has a big nees, and axed me tew his farm. The Chefe Marshall was a Mr. Dimmick, frum Cape Cod, an' a pesky spri little chap he is, bein' genurrally tew the bed of the Republic Gard—a set ov fellurs who watch the pennertenshery and keep things sort ov strate.

Thair wos an uncommun lot ov folks tew see the immortashun unkiver'd, and it bete Forth ov July, specially fur ladies in whoops. I tell yeou tu tell Sarah Hale that sir set on 'em maid sout ov grapevines I got for her aint a circumstance. Wa'al, finolly, they all got fixed, and then they prey'd, and a fellur told us all aboout Mr. Clay, and then they tuk the sheet of, an' thar he stud. It deon't amount tew much, arter awl, and wun't kumpair with Crawford's Washington—a mitey fine peace of brass casting, I tell yeou.

Arter the norgurashun thair wos a dinner, tew with yeour old frend Mister Brooks maid a pliamin' speech, as did uthers. I, bein' called upon, and totully unprepar'd, drew eout my old Forth o' July oration, citto'd ovur, and spoke it right eout, lickutty-cut. Mister Botts wasn't missed a bit.

The next day the sogers went away, and I sort o' sounded reound, and I writ to Mister Buchanan: "Play Hunter agin Wise, jist as yeou dew the New Yorkers, but go in fur Breckinridge." Neow yeou see if he deon't dew jist so.

Then I went deown tew a place they calls Rochette, whair I feound the old pink-starn schunur a

DELEGATES TO THE DEMOCRATIC NOMINATING CONVENTION LEAVING THE CHARLESTON HOTEL ON THE MORNING OF APRIL 23, 1860.

[FROM A SKETCH BY OUR ARTIST CORRESPONDENT.]

waitin' fur me, and we got aborde. Every wun is neou a goin' where we wos a goin', and 'commerdashuns seem to be kind o' scairs. Enny how, lots an' cords ov fellers are dyin' tew go, but can't raze the wind.

The coste ov North Karryliny is terrible flat and missurabul, and they air ketchin' a powerful grist ov shad all along jist neow, wich the darkies fetch of tew the schunur, and traded rite pert. Tork abeout the way these hear fellurs be treated; why, tha ben't no wun in Downingville, witheout it's the hogs, that dus so little, etes so much, and doesn't dew nuthin' except sleep harf the time. "Unhappy descendunts ov Ham," the perpetuol sicreterry of the "Downing Fillanthropic Sociashun for byin' brich-loaded rifles for Regenuratin' Kansas" calls 'em. But I calls 'em "Happy packers away ov Bacon," and eggs, and the best corn bred ever yeou tasted.

Wa'al, arter cruisin' along we got hear, and as we went buy old Fort Moultry, whar Gin'ral Jacksun had his sogers in nullyficashun tymes, I run up the flannel gridirun, and fired the old swivel, "bang." I kind o' guess it sort o' stir'd up the Armory and Knavery fellers thair; an' if they'd a knoan whu I wos, the'd a reciprekated the salute. As it wos, it was like Israel Andrews's reciprosity treety, all wun-sided.

This here Charlestun's a sort o' low place, and most on it looks orful old and stashunary. The folks look as tho' they'd oll bin tew a ball the nite afore, and most tirud eout, and didn't keer abeout duin' much.

The furst place I went tew was the *Kuryur* offis, before wich is a Palmetter tree, which is the arms of South Karryliner, and terribul prickly arms 'tis tew. Then they tuk me tew see a grate boar, they sed, and ses I, "I'm a judge of Suffolks and Chesturs;" but 'twan't no hog, but a hoal right deoun evver so menny thousand feat, up wich the water comes a spoutin'. They calls it sum hard name, and it's hard drinkin', I tell yeou, but good for dispepsee.

Talk about Funnell Hall Market tew Bosting. Why, it ain't a cirkunstans tew the long markets hear, whair ther's all sorts ov green garden sars a'ready, and the biggest lot ov fat darkies ever yeou seed in yeour born days, and whoppin' grate turkey-buzzurds a storkin' reound pickin' up offol. Tew shute won ov these burds is tew be fined ten dollurs and whipped if yu're a cullur'd pussun, for wich they haves tew pay the feller that laies it on half a dollur more, wich is hard.

It's a queer place, I tell yeou, and they taikes it easy, but is grate on firin' up, and settles their trubbles acordin' tew a Kode, by wich they goes in and blazes aweigh tew each other, jist as the Kongress men orter, but they deon't.

Pollytics is hear jist as 'tis in Maine, only t'uther way. Ther's folks wot's got offis, and draws pay from Uncle Sam, and thair's folks wot deon't. Up our weigh the folks wot deon't go agin the insturtushun—deown hear they goes in fur it. Up our weigh the folks wot deon't goes in fur gittin' cullur'd peple aweigh from deown South tew Kannady—deown hear they goes in fur gittin' cullur'd peple aweigh from Africy to bring 'em hear. And they pollytishunurs keep up the same all-fired fuss thair and here, but tew each plais they drinks tewgether soshably, and deon't mene a wurd they say.

Ev'ry wun hear's a preparin' for the Convenshun, jist as our Portland peple lade in for the *Grate Easturn*, that didn't cum. And as no other convenshun will ever cum hear, they've put up prices steep, I tell yew, even chargin' ten cents fur a peace of pie, that's legal tender for fourpence happenny the wurld over.

Wa'al, I've got tew go eout and look 'reound, and rite tew Mr. Buchanan who we can best bete Duglus with, for bete him we're beound tew.

If yeou see Sarah Hale by herself, tell her I'm true as steal, and with luv tew all inquirin' frends, I be your

Luvin' Nephew till Deth,

Benjamin Downing, 3d.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, April 28, 1860.

THE STATE LEGISLATURE.

THE State Legislature has adjourned at last, leaving a flavor of rottenness in the public nostril. The session opened with a Message of Governor Morgan recommending that the railroads be plundered in order to spare the Republican party the odium of increasing the taxes; it ended, very appropriately, with the passage, over that same Governor's veto, of the city railroad bills which grant away to Tom, Dick, and Harry—the best friends of the legislators—the most valuable franchises in the city of New York. It began in plunder, it ended in rot. At too late an hour Edwin D. Morgan bethought himself of the beauty of honesty and the vileness of corruption; but the lesson he had taught the Legislature in his Message—that all was fair in politics so long as it helped "the party"—was too well remembered. In the words of a smart assemblyman, where stealing is the order of the day, what matters it whether we steal penny loaves or silver spoons?

One of the wisest and most experienced politicians in this State says openly that the present Legislature is the most corrupt that ever met at Albany. 'Tis saying a good deal. The Know Nothings in their day were acquainted with the value of votes, and Democrats, too, have been known to do well at Albany. But we doubt, on the whole, whether the votes on the city railroad bills and the Albany and Susquehanna have ever been paralleled. To grant, without price and without restriction, to a party of unknown men, franchises for which responsible citizens had vainly offered millions; to make over to George Law and his friends, in perpetual property, the best streets of this city; and this at a time when municipal taxation is increasing at the rate of a million a year, is certainly a climax of audacity which thus far has never been surpassed or even equaled.

The question arises, where will this lead? Some people take the ground that the unparalleled corruptions of the present Legislature are peculiar to the Republicans. Unquestionably there is some truth in this, for the majority in both Houses is Republican. But some of the most corrupt men in both Houses are Democrats. One member, who was elected by a county expressly to defeat the fraudulent demands of a pretended creditor of his constituents, was bought up by that creditor at the commencement of the session, and has steadily worked against his county; he calls himself a Democrat. The same remark may be made of others. In a word, though in this State the Republicans have been, as a rule, more dishonest in State affairs than their opponents, careful inquiry discloses the fact that party distinctions fail to account for the general rottenness and profligacy which reign at Albany.

The inference is painful and humiliating—it is, that our public men of both parties are so degraded that they can not safely be intrusted with the administration of public affairs.

There are two remedies—and only two—for the evil; one is a more conscientious discharge by all citizens of the duty of voting; the other is armed revolution. If every citizen in the State took the pains to vote, and to ascertain something of the character of the man he voted for, the bulk of the representatives elected would be men of character. There is no community in the State so poor that it can not spare one good man to go to Albany for three months. Rogues obtain seats in the Legislature through the supineness of the public. People say that their vote will not be missed, and neglect going to the polls; or if they go there, they are content to vote their party ticket without inquiring into the character of the men whose names it bears. The first plan leaves the field open to rogues; the second is scarcely less fatal, for every one knows what the nominees of primary conventions are likely to be. If every taxpayer and honest man were to make a sacred duty of going to the polls, and of voting—regardless of party—for no man of whose honesty he did not feel assured, we should hear no more of city gridirons, and Albany and Susquehanna infamies.

If, on the other hand, the people of this State will not take the trouble to go to the polls and vote, knowingly, the remaining alternative is revolution. Some day some popular leader or demagogue will establish an understanding with a few regiments of militia, and will surprise the State by declaring martial law some morning. He will easily obtain funds for the enterprise, and if he has pluck and character, the bulk of the respectable classes will sustain him. He will find no difficulty in obtaining possession of the State arsenals, in seizing the Governor, and dissolving the Legislature. At the rate matters have progressed latterly public opinion would justify him in trying the several leaders of the latter by court-martial, and hanging a few of them. A like fate might be meted out to some of the great agents of corruption in the State, and to the Common Council of this city, without any regrets on the part of the people at large. Matters have been latterly tending to such a pass that every thing is fast ripening for a Bonaparte; a few more such sessions as the last, and a few more years of neglect of voting, and every citizen of standing will be ready to accept a despot—as the least of evils offered to his choice.

THE KINGDOM OF ITALY.

The Italian war of 1859 is yielding its fruit. Bologna and the best part of the Papal States are freed from the shameless tyranny of the Pope; and Piedmont has in a few weeks doubled her territory and tripled her population. No such change has been made in the map of Europe since the famous treaties of 1815.

There are three points in these transactions which deserve attention on this side the water.

The first is the deference paid by Europe to the principle of popular sovereignty. The people of Tuscany, Æmilia, Modena, and Savoy have, in the face of Europe, transferred their sovereignty by popular vote, just as we transfer power from President to President. The old European idea of sovereignty was that it was inalienable and interminable; that a man could no more shake off his allegiance than he could change his color or his shape as a human being. This idea was stated and actually enforced by Great Britain within the memory of men now living, and not very old men either. Now, the sovereigns of Europe acquiesce calmly in the deliberate transfer, by popular vote, of the sovereignty of Tuscany from the Grand Duke and of the Æmilian Provinces from the Pope to the King of Piedmont, and of Savoy from the King of Piedmont to the Emperor of France. Here is progress indeed!

Next, the conduct of the Italians of the northern Papal States, of Tuscany, Parma, and Modena deserves careful remark. It has been common to observe that no race was fit for self-government without some education in its use. Even De Tocqueville ascribes the frequent revolutions in France to the disuse of popular elections in the *communes*. This idea involved the old fallacy which the Greek humorist expressed by saying that no man should go into the water till he knew how to swim. Still, so many failures have been achieved of late years by nations which have attempted to govern themselves that the Italians—who are not an educated people, and who have been trampled under foot for a score of generations—were quite plausibly accused by loud talkers of being entirely unfit for the autonomous state. See how the event has disproved the charge! Not even in law-abiding America or constitutional England could the people have behaved with more wisdom, and forbearance, and patience, and circumspection, and high sense of responsibility than the Tuscans, Æmilians, and Parmese have evinced since entire liberty was suddenly thrust upon them. Who shall venture to say after this that such or such a race is unfit for self-government?

The third remarkable feature in these transactions is the unprecedented disappearance of local jealousies and petty feuds between city and city, and state and state. The question was put to the people of the states newly annexed to Piedmont whether they preferred annexation or a separate political existence, and the vote for the latter was in every instance so small as hardly to be worth recording. Now, no feature is more prominent throughout the political history of Italy than the jealousies which have always prevailed between the various cities and states into which that country has been divided. Florence has always been at war with Milan and Venice; Milan could not abide Turin; Lucca has been choked with hatred of Florence; the Bolognese have always been ready for war with Padua; Genoa has made war on Leghorn, and been at deadly feud with Venice; and so on throughout time. The history of modern Italy is little else than the record of endless and bloody feuds between town and town, village and village, duchy and duchy. Even in our own day, when, in 1840, Charles Albert made a bold stroke for Italian independence, he failed chiefly because he was only feebly supported by his neighbors on the South, and positively opposed by Venetia. Now, it seems, the Italians have learned that it is better to form one powerful state than to be split up into a dozen or more petty states, capable of offering no serious resistance to foreign enemies. There is nothing more noble—or more sensible—in history than the enthusiasm with which the Florentines and the Bolognese accepted the dominion of the King of Piedmont, in order to constitute a great Italian nation. Those who know the strength of their innate prejudices against their neighbors can appreciate the sacrifice. It is an example worth meditating.

☞ We beg to acknowledge favors received from the purser of the *Marion* steamship.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE REVENUES OF THE GOVERNMENT.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Seeing that you are the advocate of Free Trade and its necessary concomitant, the collection of the revenues of the Government by direct taxation, I propose to avail myself of your columns to discuss these subjects, satisfied that, when fairly presented to the public, the positions you have assumed will commend themselves to the favor of a vast majority of the people of this country.

* * * * * *

I propose to show, first, that our present system is not only flagrantly unjust, but that its injustice is stamped with the character of meanness, because its inequalities are in favor of the rich and against the poor.

I suppose it will be admitted by all as a just principle, that the man with much property shall pay to the support of the Government as much, in proportion to his property, as the man who has but little. In other words, if a man having $100 pays $1, the man with $1000 ought to pay $10. Under our present system it is not only intended that this equality shall not be preserved, but it is absolutely impossible that it should be. I will make this proposition so clear that the most ignorant shall not fail to see, nor the most prejudiced be able to deny its truth.

From the best data within my reach the whole property of the whole country is estimated at about $10,000,000,000. According to the report of the Secretary of the Treasury, the Government collected last year from customs $50,000,000. This amounts to just fifty cents upon every $100 of the whole property of the country. The Government got the money; somebody paid it; let us see who it was, and in what proportions. Bear in mind that there was paid to the Government fifty cents on every $100 of the whole property of the whole country. Then the man who had only $100 of property ought to have paid only fifty cents; if he had $1000 he ought to have paid $5; if he had $1,000,000 he ought to have paid $5000.

It is stated that Mr. Astor, of New York, is worth $50,000,000. Supposing this to be true, he ought, in justice and fairness, to have paid $250,000. This, as I shall presently show, it was utterly impossible for him to do.

Let it be remembered that under our system no man can pay to the General Government a dollar except what he pays as duties upon the foreign goods he consumes. Assuming the average of those duties to be twenty per cent., Mr. Astor would have to consume foreign goods to the amount of $1,250,000 before he could pay his share. We all know that this is impossible. Supposing that he consumed $10,000, then he paid to the Government only $2000, leaving $248,000 of his share to be paid by somebody else. No part of this can be paid by another man of the same wealth, because he can not pay his own share; the man with only $1,000,000 can not help, because his share being $5000, he must consume $25,000 to pay his own share; the man with only $100,000 can not help much, unless he has a very large family and is a little extravagant withal, for his share is $500, and he must consume $2500 of foreign goods before he can pay his share.

Let us now go to the other end. The share of the man having $100 of property is just fifty cents. When he has consumed foreign goods to the amount of $2 50 he has paid his share. If he buys for himself a coat at $5 he has paid double, if, with his family, he consumes of foreign goods in clothing, sugar, tools, or no matter what, the value of $100, he pays to the Government $20, and $19 50 of this goes to make up the share which ought to have been paid by Mr. Astor, or somebody else. The one, by the most lavish expenditure, can not pay a tithe of his share; the other, by the most pinching economy, can not escape with his; and yet Mr. Astor can better afford to pay the $250,000 than the other can the fifty cents; in the one case it would not cut off even a luxury of life; in the other, there is a necessary loss. Mr. Astor pays two-fifths of a cent on the $100 of his property; the other man pays two thousand cents on his $100: in other words, the very poor man pays to the Government five thousand times as much in proportion to his property as the very rich one.

True, this is an extreme case, but only on one side. There is no other man in the country as rich as Mr. Astor; but there are thousands and tens of thousands who have not the $100—men with large families, who live upon salaries, clerks, school-teachers, mechanics—in short, people in all the pursuits and employments of life, relying upon their labor alone to support themselves and those dependent upon them, many of whom are compelled to pay for the support of the Government from $5 to $100 without having a dollar of property. The injustice of this system is too gross and palpable to need argument.

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Free Trade.

THE LOUNGER.

PAULDING.

Mr. Paulding, whose death has been announced, was the Nestor of American literature—at least, he was its oldest representative. By a curious coincidence, as Bryant was speaking of the long life and felicitous career of Washington Irving, the companion with whom his first literary successes were achieved was closing his eyes also upon the scenes with which for eighty years they had been familiar.

It is indeed a melancholy proof of the transitory character of literary reputation, that few readers among those who may be distinctively described as of the present day were probably aware that Paulding was yet living. Very few of them, probably, are familiar with his works, and they may well be surprised when they learn that his published writings would fill twenty-five volumes, and the unpublished perhaps as many more.

Paulding has a certain traditional reputation. The name of the man is recognized, while that of most of his works is not remembered. This fact, however, is explained by the local and temporary character of so many of them. Political pamphlets, squibs, parodies, etc., are like fire-works: they explode, flash, and sputter, and that is the end of them. It is still further explained by a peculiar intellectual acridity, which always leaves an impression of crudity and unripeness as fatal to the fruits of human genius as it is to those of mother earth. When it is said that the secret of literary immortality is to be sought in style, the meaning evidently is not that it is a matter of good grammar and hard study, but that a pure and simple style is the reflex of a sweet and ripe mind whose thoughts are mellow. And the process of intellectual mellowing is purgative. It clears the mind, and consequently the style—which may be called the mind's complexion—of all those foul and sour humors which belong to youth and greenness. Some men of great intellectual vigor never get beyond their mental youth. Their minds have the mumps and measles and scarlet-fevers of prejudice and passion to the latest period, so that they never have the calm maturity of manhood. They are splendid sprouts and suckers, but never symmetrical trees. These are the men who make sensations by their vigorous onslaughts and stinging satires. But satire, if it would hold a permanent place in literature, must either be genial and humane, like Rabelais's and Fielding's, or it must spring from a scornful superiority, like Swift's. In like manner the sharp persiflage of Pope survives from the very perfection or ripeness of its method. It is not a strain of mere indignation; but it is a carefully-polished work of art.

Irving himself is often cited as a signal example of the success of style. But in his case it is peculiarly true that the simple and mature style was the expression of the ripe mind. He felt rather than thought; and his tenderness of nature was such that he covered all sides with his sympathy.

Hence, while he lived at a period and in a country of many and profoundly exciting questions, and wrote books for nearly half a century, he rarely, if ever, alluded to controverted topics, and then expressed no decided preferences. This was not moral weakness, certainly, nor intellectual apathy; it was merely that overmastering geniality and unwillingness to hurt the feelings of others, which, when it is sincere—as we have known it in some women—is an exquisitely touching trait of character. Mr. Bryant, in his eulogy, recalls a forgotten incident which illustrates this quality in Irving.

In the year 1832 a London publisher undertook to reprint Mr. Bryant's poems, if Irving would introduce them with a preface, which he consented to do. But the publisher—a true Briton—objected to a line in one of the poems—

"The British soldier trembles."

"And Irving," says Bryant, "good-naturedly consented that it should be altered to

"'The foeman trembles in his camp.'"

The poet adds that the change was made from a simple desire to do him service, and at the time he acknowledged his gratitude to Irving.

Irving's early friend Paulding would have been more likely to make the line stronger, or to italicize, than to alter it; and the fact explains much of the difference in the men, and of their relative position at the close of their lives. A man of vigorous mind and of patriotic sympathies, Mr. Paulding threw himself and his pen into the hereditary quarrel with England, and struck some stalwart blows. But these were strictly occasional works. Neither their matter nor their manner certified a long date for them; and yet this kind of work seems to have been more congenial to his sympathy than the purely literary effort. But when his "Dutchman's Fireside" was published, it was at once considered to be the best of his works—and it is precisely the one in which he is most genial and contemplative in tone. It is a pleasant sketch of the old Dutch days and customs, which had so strong a fascination for the early authors of Manhattan—and it is doubtless the work with which the name of its author will be especially identified in our literary history.

SOLDIERS.

WHEN people shake their heads over the letter of Macaulay, of which we spoke last week, and wonder whether he is not more than half right, they forget one essential difference between the United States and every great modern power in the world since the time of Charles VII. of France, and that is the army. Comparatively speaking, every thing is safe so long as we have no army; and the man who should propose to augment the standing military force of the country would probably have an eye to its destruction.

A standing army is a third estate in the realm, and it is that which keeps the others quiet. The European revolutions have always been so fierce and desolating because they have been repressed by the armies until they have accumulated such fury that nothing can withstand them. Then they swell and sweep onward, carrying away every thing in their course. In any community of men and women, which, by its very nature, must be perpetually moving and changing, to enforce an absolute *statu quo* by the strong arm is simply to sit upon the safety-valve. You do not prevent the accumulation of steam, but you only secure a fearful explosion.

Our party contests are as vehement, probably, as any that were ever waged; but the issue is inevitably peaceful; not only for the reason that peace is best for all kinds of private prosperity, but because the country is always so equally divided that any other combat than the verbal would be evidently fruitless. Great measures with us have never been carried—and it is fortunate for us that it is so—by overwhelming majorities. The result is that the great minority is always a security for moderation upon the part of the majority. The victorious party must proceed very wisely, very slowly, or its victory will be wrested from it. And there is this further advantage, that great changes in affairs should always be made gradually, and with the least possible rupture in the general course of events—a policy which is imposed upon the successful party by the number and importance of the opposition.

It is easy to see how utterly all this might be changed by the existence of a large standing army. The military band has always been used to subvert constitutions and destroy independence; and it would be very easy for any party which came into power—even in our most intelligent, enlightened, and Christian America—to persuade itself that the good of the country required that the party policy should be maintained by military force. In every country of Europe the game of aspirants and intriguers is not the conversion of public opinion, but the command of the army; and the most fatal news that can be brought to any despot trying to hold himself upon his tottering throne is, that the soldiers fraternize with the people.

In every popular government like ours, constitutions will always mean what the people, or the majority, decree. But fortunately their decree can only be practically enforced by argument and appeal. There is no club at hand for them in the shape of an army, by which they can enforce a word with a blow; and it is only in those extreme cases, which happily have never yet arisen, that the mass of the people themselves would take up arms

A LITTLE REASON.

"DEAR MR. LOUNGER,—We sent you, a few weeks since, the Life of ——, and the —— ——, which we have just published at 75 cents, and have been waiting patiently ever since to see some review or notice of the works in *Harper's Weekly*. Yours, truly,

"—— & ——."

This little note offers us a pregnant text, and a text that is offered by a great many such notes, which we constantly receive.

In the first place, if we should make little notices of all the books which are so kindly sent to the office of the *Weekly* the paper would be merely a publishing circular. There are a great many valuable and charming works sent, for which we are most heartily obliged, but about which, with an occasional exception, the necessities of the case compel silence.

In the second place, then, while it is the duty and pleasure of such a family paper as this to keep its readers aware of the general course of public interest, the books, and pictures, and other works of art, as well as the persons and events which engage the general attention, it is obvious that there must be some principle of selection, and in a paper which advertises all reputable wares those are naturally preferred which, other things being equal, are brought to the particular attention of the paper by their advertisement in its columns. Nobody understands this better than such practical business-men as —— & ——. They know, whatever the reader may or may not know, that if we view this matter from a strictly mercantile point (and they will not quarrel with us for doing that), a review of ten or twenty lines in a paper where advertising is fifty cents per line is worth five or ten dollars. This is the purely mercantile aspect of the question, but it is instructive.

So it will generally happen that, where only two or three good books can be noticed at once, the choice will generally fall upon those good ones which are also peculiarly friendly to the *Weekly*. But the *Weekly* has an absolute discretion in the matter. A publisher has no more right to *claim* a special notice of his book because he has advertised it than the merchant who advertises his shoes or pickles. If the advertisement is not worth the money he is a poor business-man if he pays it. If it is worth the money (as we modestly believe it to be, in the *Weekly*), then any further notice is the purest possible favor, and it should be allowed only upon the ground that the work is really of value and interest, of which the *Weekly* must be the judge.

This is and must be the rule. But the Lounger, for his part, has sometimes spoken, and will doubtless sometimes speak, of books which had neither been sent to him nor advertised in the paper, but a knowledge of which he believed would be agreeable to his readers. He would therefore subjoin the following reply to the note he has quoted in the beginning of this paragraph:

Messrs. —— & ——:

DEAR SIRS,—Your esteemed favor of the —— is received, as also the books to which you refer. I am quite sure that you will understand me to have no other than the kindest feeling in saying that advertising your books in this paper is a matter for your own discretion, and any notice of them in the reading columns equally a matter for the discretion of the paper.

Your obliged friend and servant,

THE LOUNGER.

ENGLAND AND THE EMPEROR.

A PRIVATE letter to the Lounger, from a resident at Cambridge University, in England, says: "What a cunning policy Louis Napoleon is pursuing! I am glad to see, however, that at length the rulers of the British people are roused to as complete a distrust as has possessed nine-tenths of the nation, and me among them, for a long time. The commercial treaty and all that humbug has never caused the volunteer rifle movement to flag at all. The Cambridge town corps is now some sixty or seventy men; the University corps over five hundred—a formidable-looking body, and in uniform, under arms, a pretty show...... The only way that we non-soldiering part of the community can show our patriotism is by making up our minds to pay, with the best grace possible, good fat income-taxes."

This is doubtless the general feeling in England, and Lord John Russell's very foolish speech was perhaps made to propitiate this feeling and keep himself in place. The general European policy of L. N. is, beyond question, the real policy of England—that is to say, it is the necessary result of the English system and influence. The secret of the British animosity is, therefore, to be sought not in the changes which L. N. is making in the map of Europe, but in the attack his whole policy incessantly makes upon the self-complacency of England. For the truth is that Louis Napoleon recognizes a radical political principle—that of universal suffrage—which is scouted by English statesmen; and at the very moment when Lord John, in the country which talks so loudly of its freedom and the rights of Englishmen, is languidly bringing forward a Reform Bill to allow a few more people to vote, Louis Napoleon acknowledges universal suffrage in Italy. He owes his throne to the confession of that principle—Victoria does not. Louis Napoleon is by necessity, and, happily for his sagacity, by choice, the imperial radical. The doctrine of Legitimacy is destroyed in France forever, and he knows it. His efforts are unquestionably directed to a policy which shall make his name so precious to France that it will virtually elect his heir as his successor.

Yet he is careful to make some exception to the universality of the rule of popular suffrage. His point is, that a nation without a chief may elect that chief—but that it can not, by the suffrage, alter its status as a nation. Hence he was willing that Tuscany should elect a King of Tuscany—but he did not smile upon the merging of the nation with the Sardinian. Hence, also, as Savoy was not without a chief, he held that no appeal to the suffrage was necessary to complete its cession. That was a matter for the chief himself to settle.

Of course this is making a distinction where there is no difference; but probably he sees that as clearly as any body. Meanwhile the cession is not formally made until the Sardinian Parliament sanctions it; and in that Parliament the delegates from Savoy have their seats and consequent votes. It is a most interesting move in the great game of "Republican or Cossack" which is now playing upon the board of Europe. The chagrin of England is possibly that the champion upon its own side is not an Englishman.

"THE MILL ON THE FLOSS."

THE literary success of the last year was the novel of "Adam Bede," and the announcement of a new work by the author of that story has excited more interest than any late English literary event. It is stated that an edition of sixty thousand copies will be printed by Blackwood & Sons, the Edinburgh publishers, to satisfy the demand. Upon its publication, Miss Evans, the author, already known before "Adam Bede" by her "Sketches of Clerical Life," her contributions to the *Westminster Review*, her translation of Strauss's "Life of Jesus," and Feuerbach's "Christianity," leaves England for Italy—the most popular of the English author women novelists since Charlotte Brontë. It is a little curious that an American Miss Evans, of Mobile, should have made her début at about the same time, with a novel, "Beulah," which has also had a decided success.

The Lounger is more fortunate than all his readers, probably, because he has read the "Mill on the Floss." It is in his power to tell the outline of the story, and turn the edge of interest in thousands of minds. But he has too high a respect for the proprieties of novel-reading to be guilty of any such offense. No, kind reader; you shall open these pages with an eagerness and curiosity untouched by any malicious information thrust upon you in advance. You shall follow the fortunes of Tom and Maggie Tulliver, of Lucy Deane, and Stephen Guest, and Philip Wakem, and enjoy all the turns and the points as the author intended you should, brought to them naturally in her own way.

That way is as quiet and winning as in "Adam Bede." The book is full of delicate dramatic skill, exquisite delineation and description—finished like an elaborate cabinet picture, and lighted with a glimmering humor throughout. There is passion in it, pathos, and power. It is the illustration of an earnest purpose, of a heroic spiritual struggle. The fineness of the portrayal of character in the earlier part will atone for the lagging interest, but presently the interest rises to the absorbing point. The work is marked throughout by the repose and ease of conscious power; and it is surely a fair question whether Miss Evans has not already placed herself by the side of Charlotte Brontë and Mrs. Gaskell. She is less intense and passionate than the first—less perceptive by the heart (so to say) than the last; but it is doubtful, perhaps, whether she have not a greater intellectual depth and breadth, as she certainly has more mental repose, than either.

"The Mill on the Floss" will be universally read, and there will be wet eyes before it is laid down. There will also be a more patient, cordial human sympathy, a more willing toleration of difference in character and aim, or one of the seeds which the story leaves in the life will have failed to flower.

It is to be issued immediately by the Harpers, and may be out as soon as these lines.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

WANTED.—An Act of Congress, inflicting heavy fines or penalties on all persons who throw orange peel on the pavement. Will no Member, who is in the habit of tripping, or who is clever in breaking down at every step he takes, propose it?

LE VOL DE L'AIGLE.—The Californian market has been flooded by an influx of bad "Eagles"—the outside of which, we are told, is of gold, but the inside filled up with lead.

These false eagles are suspected to be of Chinese manufacture. We should rather presume them to be French.

The French Eagles, it is certain, are very apt to carry lead in their insides—in the shape of bullets.

"THE PRETTIEST LITTLE BABY IN THE WORLD."—The only one point upon which the female sex is ever unanimous—the baby in every case being, of course, the lady's own.

PRESENCE OF BEAUTY INSURES PRESENCE OF MIND.—There is nothing so much in favor of the presence of ladies as the abominable nonsense that men talk in their absence.—JENKINS, *on being detained from joining "the Ladies" full three-quarters of an hour after the announcement had been made that* "TEA IS READY."

BARK *vs.* BITE.—The Romagnoles are threatened with excommunication for their desire to get out of the "Bark of St. Peter." They declare they have no objection to the bark of St. Peter. What they object to is the bite of St. Peter's representative.

A student went into a book-store and inquired of the proprietor if he had any pocket Testaments in Greek. "In Greek?" echoed our good friend, hesitatingly; "I believe not, Sir, but I have a lot of elegant ones in morocco."

A celebrated judge, who stooped very much when walking, had a stone thrown at him one day, which fortunately passed over him without hitting him. Turning to his friend, he remarked, "Had I been an upright judge, that might have caused my death!"

The servant of a Prussian officer was one day with a crony, who inquired how he got along with his fiery master. "Oh, excellent," answered the servant; "we live on very friendly terms; every morning we beat each other's coats. He takes his off to be beaten, and I keep mine on!"

A CHINESE TOPER.—A story is current among them of a great wine-drinker, who was able to sit on all the day at table, and after consuming what would have been sufficient to drive the reason out of half a dozen men, would rise up perfectly sober. The Emperor, hearing the fame of this deep drinker, asked him to dinner, that he might test his marvelous powers. As the story goes, the king had ordered a hollow figure to be cast in bronze, of the exact size and model of this man, and, as the wine was served, for each cup that the guest drank a similar cup was poured into the opening on the top of the head of the image. This went on for some hours, until at length the bronze statue *overflowed*, while the guest continued at the table and rose from it perfectly sober!—*Pictures of the Chinese, described by the Rev. R. H. Cobbold, M.A.*

Lincoln, of Illinois, is famous for his quick wit and good jokes. The following struck us as rather amusing. The other day, when he was up not far from Kansas, with a friend or two, they saw a small stream, and inquired its name. One of the passengers said,

"It is called 'The Weeping Water.'"

Lincoln's eyes twinkled.

"You remember," said he, "the laughing water up in Minnesota, called Minnehaha. Now, I think, this should be Minneboohoo."

There was a roar; and "Minneboohoo" will probably be the name of the stream henceforth.

DECIDING A CASE.—A farmer called at the house of a lawyer to consult him professionally. "Is t' squeer at home?" he inquired of the lawyer's wife. He was answered negatively. After a moment's hesitation a thought relieved him. "Mebby yourself can gi' me information as well as t' squeer, as ye're his wife?" The kind lady promised to do so if she found it in her power, and the other proceeded as follows: "Spoaze ye were an old white mear, an' I should borry ye to gwang to mill, with grist on yer back, an' we should get no farder than Stair Hill, when all at once ye should back up, and rear up, and pitch up, and kneel down backward, and break your darned old neck, who'd pay for ye? Not I—darn me if I would!" The lady smilingly told him, as she closed the door, that as he had himself settled the case advice would be superfluous.

THE DUNMOW FLITCH.—I believe it is necessary that the happy couple who claim the flitch should be able to declare on oath that they have been married a year and a day without once differing in opinion on any subject; and I once was told of a husband and wife who, asserting their right to the prize, had then and there a dispute as to the best mode of cooking the first piece, the lady vowing she would have it boiled for dinner, and her lord and master strongly asserting his determination to have some broiled for his breakfast, thus leading the judge to suspect that conjugal differences of opinion between them were not quite so rare as they would have wished to make it appear, and that the "flitch," that year, at least, had been unworthily bestowed.

HYDROPATHY.—The story goes, that a lover of the chase, who was somewhat addicted to the pleasures of the table, and loved more glasses of port wine than was quite good for him, consulted a hydropathic Galen respecting some symptoms in his kitchen department which were beginning to give him alarm. The doctor recommended the application of the wet bandage to his stomach at bedtime, there to remain until the following morning. "I will see you to-morrow," added he, "when I shall be better able to judge of your symptoms." At night our hero, having saturated the folds of linen in cold spring water, began the application as directed, but the shock to his internal economy being greater than he had bargained for, he bethought himself of taking off the chill by re-dipping the bandage into water in which there was a certain portion of his favorite beverage. Having thus made things rather more comfortable, he awaited the doctor's visit the next morning. "Show me your bandage," was almost the learned man's first exclamation. It was produced. The doctor regarded its discolorations for a moment with feelings of lively satisfaction, and then, solemnly addressing his patient, who had some difficulty in retaining his gravity, "I thought so, Sir," he said; "this is the port wine you have drunk for the last twenty years coming out."

GEORGE THE THIRD ON THE COURAGE OF HIS FAMILY.—He observed that he could not bear that any of his family should want courage. To which I replied, I hoped his Majesty would excuse me if I said I thought a proper attention to prevent the ill effects of an accident that *had* happened was no symptom of a want of courage. He then said, with some warmth, "Perhaps it may be so; but I thank God there is but one of my children who wants courage, and I will not name HIM, *because he is to succeed me*."—*Diaries and Correspondence of George Rose.*

Old Mrs. Squibob, of Arkansas, is a most inveterate whist-player. Her pastor, on a late occasion, undertook to convey to Mrs. S. the idea that, possibly, the practice of whist-playing was not altogether in the strictest accordance with the profession of a Christian; and, to say the least, its indulgence caused a great loss of time. "Yes," responded the old lady; "I have noticed that very often much more time than is actually necessary is taken up in *shuffling and dealing!*"

Last summer I was in a steamer returning home from a foreign tour. One of my fellow-passengers was a large fat man, full of fun, and fond of practical jokes; he kept all around him in a roar of laughter. On our arrival at the wharf the gang-plank was launched on shore, and the passengers began to crowd over it. Our fat friend dared not trust himself upon it without help from some strong and friendly hand. As he stepped upon the plank, with a small carpet-bag in hand, he shouted, "Coach! coach!" and two hackmen started from the crowd of their fellows standing by, and each lent him a hand. "Ah! thank you, my good fellows," said he; "you are very kind. I'm now on solid ground, and do not want a coach!"—"And sure it's glad we are of that; for we should be obliged to make two loads iv yer!" said one of the whips in reply, turning the laugh completely against our jolly friend.

STABILITY OF THINGS IN ENGLAND.—In one of his lectures Mr. Emerson tells a story to exemplify the stability of things in England. He says that William of Wykeham, about the year 1050, endowed a house in the neighborhood of Winchester, to provide a measure of beer and a sufficiency of bread to every one who asked it forever; and, when Mr. Emerson was in England, he was curious to test that good man's credit; and he knocked at the door, preferred his request, and received his measure of beer and quantum of bread, though its owner had been dead 800 years.

"The citizens of Sing Sing are much dissatisfied with the name of their village, as identifying them perpetually with the famous prison. Mr. Willis passed through the other day, and, seeing a group of convicts in their picturesque and fashionable garb, he proposed that the prison keep the old name of Sing Sing, while the town receive the new and characteristic one of Zebra-ville."

This is the closing argument of one of the legal practitioners in Iowa:

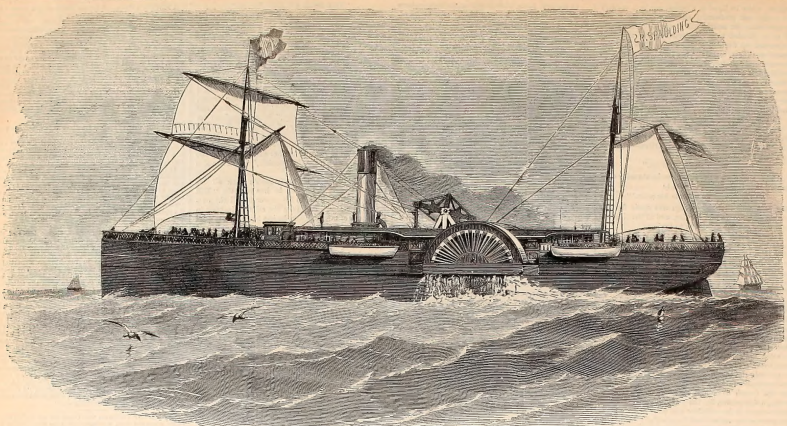
"GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY,—Would you attempt to empty the great Mississippi with a gourd? No, gentlemen, I know you would not. Would you attempt to spear a buffalo with a knitting-needle? No, gentlemen, I know you would not. Then I ask you, in the name of common sense and decency, how you can convict my client guilty of *man*slaughter for taking the life of a *woman?*"

"I'm very sorry," said a learned judge to a young woman, who hesitated much in giving some very unpleasant evidence, "I am very sorry to have to enforce such an explanation as this; it must, of course, be painful to any decent person, but the ends of justice require it; and not only so, but all the well-dressed females you see on either side of me, have come a long way to hear that which pains you so much to utter."

A remarkable inundation occurred in Scotland in the year 1771, which ever since that period has been known as the "flood." A little town called Paradise is situated within the district which suffered from this disaster. At a recent trial, an old Scotchman of sixty years of age, who was a witness, was asked if he knew Mr. ——. "Noa," he replied, "but aw kend his faithur." "When was that?" "Before the flood." "Now, my man," inquired the learned counsel (who knew nothing of the flood of 1771, and thought to be down upon the witness), "where did you live, then?" "In Paradise, to be sure!" A roar of laughter completed the amazement and discomfiture of the cross-examiner.

"There are some members of the community," said the sagacious and witty Thomas Bradbury, "that are like crumbs in the throat. If they go the *right* way, they afford but little nourishment; but if they happen to go the *wrong* way, they give a good deal of trouble."

Once upon a time there lived an old couple known far and wide for their interminable squabbles. Suddenly they changed their mode of life, and were as complete patterns of conjugal felicity as they had formerly been of discord. A neighbor, anxious to know the cause of such a conversion, asked the gudewife to explain it. She replied, "Me and the old man have got on well enough together ever since we kept two bears in the house."—"Two bears!" was the perplexed reply. "Yes, sure," said the old lady, "bear and forbear."



THE STEAMSHIP "S. R. SPAULDING," IN WHICH THE NEW ENGLAND DELEGATION LIVES AT CHARLESTON.

THE "S. R. SPAULDING."

We publish herewith an engraving of the *S. R. Spaulding* steamer, in which the Democratic delegates from New England have taken passage to Charleston. The *Spaulding* left Boston on Friday 13th, arrived in Baltimore on Sunday 15th, and sailed for Charleston on 18th.

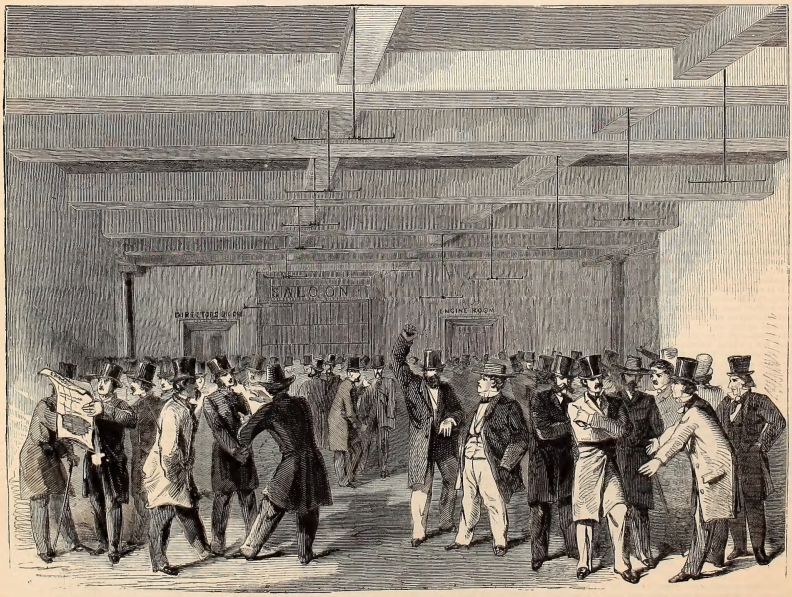
The *S. R. Spaulding* is a new iron steamer, built at Wilmington, Delaware, last year. Her tonnage is 1360 tons, her length 218 feet, breadth of beam 33 feet; she has one beam engine 56 inch cylinder and 11 feet stroke. She is commanded by Captain Howes. She carries three brass guns, two of them were used in the battle of Bunker Hill, and the other was taken from the Spanish wreck, *San Pedro*, sunk in the Bay of Cumana, 1815.

The *S. R. Spaulding* has been chartered for eighteen days by the Democrats of New England for $10,000. Among her passengers, who number one hundred, are Hon. Caleb Cushing, Benjamin F. Butler, B. F. Hallett, etc.

The *Herald* correspondent thus describes her accommodations:

"Extra accommodations have been fitted up for the purpose of the present excursion. Berths with curtains have been constructed in the forward between decks, and seem to be comfortable. The state-rooms are commodious for a sea-going steamer. The saloon is neatly furnished, and every thing thus far indicates that the boat is staunch, well appointed, and well commanded. A regular bar is established on board, where good liquors are dispensed at ten cents per glass. It is patronized to a moderate extent—it being one of the regulations of the ship, and one of the primary stipulations of the excursion, that all persons found at all over the boy shall at once be sent to Frans, the steward, for external manipulations and for the application of internal cataplasms in the shape of raw oysters."

The New England delegates to the Convention have resolved to live on board the *S. R. Spaulding* until the Convention breaks up; they can thus live more cheaply, and probably more comfortably, and certainly more healthily, than in the overcrowded hotels of Charleston.



THE AREA OF THE CONVENTION HALL AT CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA, ON THE MORNING OF APRIL 23, 1860.

THE PIRATES' DEN.

Captain Brand,

OF THE

SCHOONER "CENTIPEDE,"

A PIRATE OF EMINENCE IN THE WEST INDIES:

His Lobes and Exploits,

TOGETHER WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE SINGULAR MANNER BY WHICH HE DEPARTED THIS LIFE.

By LIEUT. H. A. WISE, U.S.N.
(HARRY GRINGO),
AUTHOR OF "LOG GRONGO" AND "TALES FOR THE MARINES."

ILLUSTRATED BY
C. PARSONS AND A. LUMLEY.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER VIII.

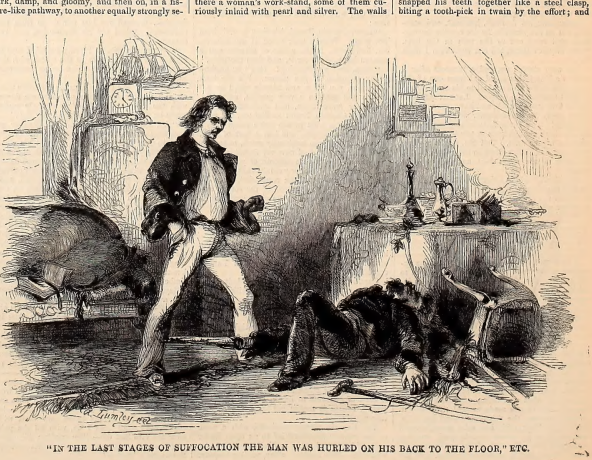
CAPTAIN BRAND AT HOME.

UPON a broad, flat rocky ledge, near a small landlocked narrow inlet, of one of the clustering Twelve Apostle Keys on the south side of Cuba, stood a red-tiled stone building, with a spacious veranda in front, covered by plaited matting, and cnvas curtains tricecl up all round. The back and one side of the building rested against a craggy eminence which overlooked the sea on both sides of the island and commanded a wide sweep of reef and blue water beyond. A few clumps of cocoa-nut trees and dwarf palms, with bare gaunt stems and tufted tops, stood out here and there along the rocky slopes, while lesser vegetation of cactus and mangrove bushes were scattered thickly over the island, cropping out with jagged edges of rock, down to the sandy beaches of the sea-shore. A deep narrow inlet of blue water lay pure and still near the base of the rocky height, where, too, was a shelving curve of white sand, sprinkled about by a few mat sheds, and on the other side the rocks arose to the elevation of a hundred and fifty feet and acted as a precipitous wall to the water. The inlet here took a sharp turn, scooped out in a secluded basin, and then narrowing to less than forty yards in width, it wound and twisted for a good mile in a thin blue channel to the open sea. Half that distance further out was a roaring ledge of white breakers, where the long swell came hammering on it, bursting up in the air in brightish green masses, and then tumbling over the reef and bubbling smoothly on toward the shore. On a level with the water no channel could be discerned through the ledge; but looking down from the heights around the inlet a narrow blue gate-way was marked out, skirted on the surface by frothy crests of dead foam, and near where flocks of cormorants and gulls were riding placidly on the inner side of the ledge. The island itself was about two miles broad and seven long; and about midway of its width the inlet formed a forked strait, one branch finding its way to the north, between a low succession of sandy hummocks where the water was too shallow to float a duck, and the other finding an outlet, scarcely a biscuit-toss wide, between two bluff rocks. With the trade-wind this passage was safe and accessible; but or the change of the moon, with a breeze and swell, the south, the sea came bowling in, in boiling eddies and whirlpools, and it required a nerve of iron to attempt an entrance. Just within this narrow mouth, on a flat beveled edge of rock but a few feet above the water, was a small battery of two long eighteen-pounders, and two twenty-four carronades mounted on slides and trucks, with platforms laid on a bed of sand. Near by, beneath a low shed of tiles and loose stones, was a pile of round shot, nicely blacked, and some stands of grape and canister in canvas bags and cases, together with a large copper magazine of cartridges. Seated a little way off on a low stool was a dingy Spaniard with a telescope laid across his knees, which every little while he would raise to his eye and take a steady glance around the horizon to seaward. At other times he would roll and light a paper cigar, murmuring some low ditty to himself as he sent the smoke in volumes through his nose. A small brass bell hung beside the shed near the battery, which was connected by a wire strung on low posts, or hooked from rock to rock to the stone building away up at the basin. To return, however, to the building: the veranda rested on square rough masonry full twenty feet from the ground, which was loopholed for musketry, and with but one narrow slip of a door-way that fell like a portcullis, banded and strapped with bars and studs of wrought iron. Within this stone inclosure was a large and roomy vault, half filled with cases, barrels, and packages, and at the upper angle was a narrow subterranean vaulted passage, barred also by an iron-bound door which led to a succession of whitewashed chambers, dark, damp, and gloomy, and then on, in a fissure-like pathway, to another equally strongly secured outlet on the other side of the crag. Leading to the veranda was a tastly stretched rope-ladder lashed to eye-bolts let into the natural rock below and hooked on to the edge of the floor above. This was the only approach to the main floor of the building from the outside, though within were heavy trap-doors like the hatches of a ship, which communicated to the chambers beneath. The whole structure was of stone and tiles, roughly built, but yet strong and durable, and capable of resisting any assault, unaided by cannon, that could be brought against it. The floor was divided into four rooms, the smallest used for a kitchen, the next for a magazine of small-arms, and the third a spacious bedchamber, which opened into a large square apartment facing the veranda, and which deserves more notice.

The lofty ceiling came down with the slant, showing the bare red tiles and heavy square beams which supported the roof. In one of the stoutest of these beams was an eye-bolt and copper-strapped block, through which was rove a long green silk rope, with one end secured by a cleat on the wall and the other dangling loose and squirming, whenever a current of air struck it, like a long, slim snake. Around the sides of the room, which were paneled with cedar, stood four or five quaint ebony armories, and as many cabinets, clocks, and book-cases, with here and there a woman's work-stand, some of them curiously inlaid with pearl and silver. The walls were hung with a great number of pictures of all kinds of vessels—generally, however, of the merchant description—under full sails, with vivid light-houses in the distance, and combing breakers under the lee; and all portraying gallant crews and buoyant freights, which probably had never reached their destinations. Among this gallery of marine display was a broad framing of the "Flags of All Nations;" and codes of signals, too, in bright colors, hung beside them. Further on, in a pretty panel by itself, surrounded by an edging of mother-of-pearl, was a triple row of female miniatures, a number of them of great beauty, and many executed in excellent taste and art. In one corner was a large chart-stand, covered with rolls of maps and nautical instruments; while above were suspended, by white rope grummets, a pyramidal line of spy-glasses and telescopes of all sizes and make. Near the centre of the apartment stood a large round dining-table, on which were laid things for a breakfast, a box of cigars, and a small silver pan of live coals. There were but two windows to this room, both hung with striped muslin curtains, the one-leaves going to the floor, and looking out upon the veranda; and but two doors, one leading to the kitchen, and the other to the sleeping-chamber on the opposite side.

Presently this last door opened, and, pushing aside a blue gauze curtain which hung before it, an individual of about eight-and-twenty years of age stepped languidly into the room. He was a tallish man, rather spare in build, and though pale apparently from long illness, yet he was evidently very active and muscular when his nerves were called into action. Had it not been for a choleric curve to his large nose, and a little parting at the corners of his wide mouth and compressed lips, the face might have been thought handsome. The eyes were light blue, set close together, but hard and stony, with no ray of mercy or humanity in them. He wore no beard, and his light-brown hair was thin and dry, and carefully parted at the side. He was dressed in a snow-white pair of loose drilling trowsers, cut sailor fashion, straw slippers, and silk stockings; and above he wore a brown linen jacket with large pearl buttons and pockets. As he entered the room he held a delicate cambric handkerchief with a fine lace border in his hands, which he seemed to regard with curious interest as he lounged toward the windows of the veranda.

"I wish I could remember," he muttered musingly to himself, "which of these sisters this bit of cambric belonged to, marked with an E—Ellen or Eliza—hum! They would die—silly things!—tried to stab me! Ho! ho! ho! Never left me even a miniature either for my collection. *Bueno!* There's more fish in the sea—and under it too!" he continued, with an unpleasant elevation of his eyebrows. By this time he had approached the open window, and shoving the delicate fabric daintily in his pocket, he gave a slight yawn and looked out. Before him lay the deep blue basin of the inlet, with a couple of boats hauled up on the shore; a few idle sailors moving about, or squatted beneath the shade playing cards or sewing. Without letting his eye rest more than a moment on this scene, he turned and gave a long earnest gaze between an opening of the rocks to seaward. Then with an angry frown he approached the table, poured out a cup of black coffee, threw rather than dropped in a lump of sugar, and sat himself down for his morning's meal. He had scarcely, however, gulped down his cup of coffee and choked after it a slice of toast, than he pushed away the breakfast things, snapped his teeth together like a steel clasp, biting a tooth-pick in twain by the effort; and



"IN THE LAST STAGES OF SUFFOCATION THE MAN WAS HURLED ON HIS BACK TO THE FLOOR," ETC.

then, tossing the pieces away, he dashed his hand into the cigar-box, extracted one, touched it to the pan of coals, and began to smoke savagely. At first the grateful smoke appeared to soothe his chafed spirit, for he threw himself lazily into a large cane-bottomed settee, and, stretching out his legs, seemed to enjoy the tranquil scene around him with uninterrupted pleasure. But soon a scowl darkened his face, he dropped his cigar on the floor, and springing to his feet as if touched by a galvanic battery, he snatched down a telescope from the wall, steadied it at the window-sash, and peered again long and anxiously to windward. He saw nothing, however, save the long, glassy, unbroken undulations of a calm tropical sea, rolling away off beyond the ledge under a burning sun; no sign of a breeze—not even a cat's-paw; and only now and then the leap of a deep-sea fish sparkling for a moment in the air, and some sluggish gulls and pelicans sailing and diving about the reef for their prey. Shutting up the glass with a crash that made the joints ring, he strode to the settee, where hung several knotted bell-ropes, and seizing one gave it a sharp jerk. Then putting his ear to an aperture in the wall, where was a hollow cane tube like the mouth of a speaking-trumpet, he listened attentively till a hoarse whisper uttered the word "Señor." Putting his mouth to the tube, he said,

"Can you make out the *Centipede* from the crag station?"

"Not sure, Sir, this morning; but last evening, at sunset, I saw a sail which I took to be her. The sea-breeze is just beginning to make, and if she's to windward of Punta Arenas she'll soon heave in sight."

This colloquy was held in Spanish; and when the signal-man had ceased speaking the interlocutor lit another cigar mechanically, kicked a foot-stool out of his way like a foot-ball, and thus communed with himself as he rapidly paced between the table and the veranda:

"Twelve weeks ago yesterday since the schooner was off Matanzas; not a word of news to cheer me through all that cursed fever; the spring trade done, and the track deserted by this time!"

Then pausing in his walk he stopped at the chart stand, and unrolling a map, he went on:

"Where, in the devil's name, could she possibly have gone to? She might have been to Cape Horn and back before this. Miserable fool that I was to trust the craft with that thirsty, thick-headed Gibbs! Diavolo! he may have been captured, and if he has, I hope his neck has been stretched like a shred of jerked beef."

Even while he was talking a bell struck near the settee, and putting his ear again to the tube, the hoarse voice said, "I can make her out now, Señor! She's just caught the strong, young breeze, and is hull up, coming along with the bonnet off her foresail and a reef in her mainsail. There's a felucca to windward of her, which I take to be the *Panchita*."

"Ah! ha!" laughed the individual in the room. "The *Centipede* is safe then; and I am to have the pleasure too of a visit from the *Tuerto*, the mercenary old owl, with his account of sales and his greed. But let me once catch him foul, and, my one-eyed friend, I'll treat you to such a dance that you won't need shoes!"

Here he glanced with a meaning look at the silk rope swaying from the beam above his head, and the laugh of satisfaction which followed was not one a timid man would care to hear in a dark night; nor did it come from his heart, as any one might have discovered from the ferocious gleam of inward passion which shot out in the cold sparkle of his eyes and flitted away over his grating teeth.

Controlling his feelings, however, and stepping out on the veranda, he drew aside the curtains and sung out to the men in the huts, "One of you fellows, tell the boatswain I want him."

The men started up, and a moment after a man in a blue jacket stood out from one of the sheds and threw up his hand to his straw-hat.

"Get together the people! Let run the cable at the Alligator's mouth, and have three or four warps ready for the schooner when she passes the point! The *Panchita* is coming too, so look out and have enough lines to tow both vessels in case the breeze fails. Tell Mr. Gibbs to moor close under the other shore in the old berth, and to come to me when he's anchored! D'ye hear?"

All this was said in a sharp tone of command, and by the alacrity with which the orders were executed the men seemed to be accustomed to a master who knew how to rule them.

CHAPTER IX.

MASTER AND MATE.

A couple of hours had passed since the occupant of the stone building had last spoken to his subordinates down at the inlet, but the interval he devoted to a minute inspection of weapons in the armory adjoining his bedroom. They were all in excellent order, all of the best make, and very neatly arranged in stands and cases around the room. When he emerged again, after locking the door, he held an exquisite pair of small pistols inlaid with gold in his hands, which he gently polished with his cambric handkerchief, and then slipped them in his trowsers' pockets. Then he held short dialogues with the voice at the signal-station, and without looking out of the window he informed himself of what was doing outside, and what progress the vessels made toward their haven. When, however, the schooner poked her slim, low, black bows, with her sails down, around the point, he gave one stealthy peep, or glare rather, at her. He took all in at that glance, from the patches of sheet-lead nailed over the shot holes in her side, to the sawed off stump of the fore topmast; and then he remarked the absence of the boat which was carried amidships, and the few men moving about her deck. Ay! he took it all in with that one comprehensive glance, and when he had done, he raised his forefinger quivering with anger, and slowly and unconsciously passed it with an ominous gesture across his throat.

Soon was heard a sullen plunge as an anchor was let go, and the splashing of the warps upon the water as the stern of the *Centipede* was being moored to the rocks, to make room for her companion the felucca now shortly expected.

"Mr. Gibbs is coming on shore, Señor, and he seems to have a wooden leg," came through the tube. "The Doctor is coming with him, and there is a little boy in the boat."

"Ho!" muttered the man in the saloon—"where was that brat picked up?"

Nothing more was said. The tall man lit a cigar, threw himself in an easy attitude on the settee, opened a richly bound volume, and waited. Ten minutes may have gone by when the trampling of feet was heard on the smooth rocks outside the building, and the voice of Mr. Gibbs exclaimed,

"Easy, will ye, Doctor! Don't ye see it tears the narves out of me to hobble with this broom-stick-handle of a leg! There! Stop a bit! How in thunder am I to climb this dam ladder? Oh!" Here a low howl of pain. "Another shove. Easy, old Sawbones! So—give us another push, will ye! All right! There, that'll do."

The next minute Mr. Bill Gibbs stood on the broad piazza, and, with the assistance of a crutch, he hobbled to the entrance of the apartment, and only pausing to recover his wind and compose his features, he pulled off his straw-hat and entered.

"So ho! Mr. Gibbs," said the man on the settee, as the burly, lame ruffian darkened the entrance, laying the book down as he spoke, and waving his delicate handkerchief before him.

"So ho, Mr. Gibbs, you've come back at last! Delighted to see you. I am, 'pon my soul. Ah! one of those stout pins gone? Why how's this? Some little accident. Santa Cruz rum and a tumble down the hatchway perhaps, eh? D'ye smoke? Take a cheroot. Put that bag on the table."

All this was said in a gay, gibing tone, with an indifference and *sang froid* that a tight-rope dancer might have been proud of; and as he ended he threw a handful of cigars across the table, and pushed the pan of coals toward his visitor. Before, however, Gibbs had time to utter a word in reply his companion, while lolling over the settee, caught up an opera-glass from the table, and, placing it to his eyes, went on:

"Ha! ho! the fore topmast of my pretty long-legged schooner is gone. Pretty stick it was. I suppose, Master Gibbs, that *you*"—he nodded fiercely without removing the glass—"cut it up for that lovely new leg you've mounted. Ay, my beauty"—again apostrophizing the vessel, which lay like a wounded bird in the calm inlet before him; "but where's my beautiful barge that used to cover the long gun? Ho! stormy weather you've seen of late."

During all this one-sided conversation Gibbs had managed to wriggle his mutilated body on to a wicker chair, where he steadied himself with his crutch, evincing manifest signs of choler the while by running his fat fingers through the reddish door-mat of hair, hitching up his trowsers, and rapping nervously his timber stump of a leg on the floor, until at last, unable apparently longer to control himself, he burst out, with his bad face suffused with passion:

"I say, Captain Brand, it's time to end them 'ere gibes. What's took place is unfortinate, but, howsoever, I has a bag of shiners and a wooden leg to show for it, and dam the odds."

"Stop, stop, my bull-dog! Don't be profane in my presence, if you please. We are both Christians, you know, and friends, too, I hope."

This was said in a very precise, emphatic, and clear enunciation, and without apparent heat, and Captain Brand smiled too, but such a smile! as his wide mouth came down with a twitch at the corners, and left a sort of hole, where the cigar was habitually stuck, to see his teeth through. "And now, my friend, suppose you give me some little account of your cruise, and fill up, if you can, any chinks that I haven't seen through already," he concluded, throwing his legs again over the back of the settee, and elevating his eyebrows as the cigar smoke curled in spiral wreaths around his face.

Mr. Gibbs hereupon settled himself more at ease in his chair, laid his crutch across his knees, and began:

"I s'pose, Sir, you got the news I sent in a letter from Matanzas after we'd been chased out of the Nickolas Channel by that Yankee corvette?"

Captain Brand nodded at the eye-bolt which held the green silk rope from the ceiling, as if calculating mentally the strain it would bear, merely as a matter of philosophical speculation perhaps.

"Well, arter that—and a very tight race it was—we ran down to the Behamey Banks. There we picked up a Yankee schooner loaded with shingles and lumber; and as the skipper was sarsy, I just made him and his crew walk one of his own planks, and then bored a couple of holes through his vessel arter takin' out some water which we stood in need of.—You hasn't a drop of summut to drink, has you, Captain Brand, becase it makes my jaw-tackle dry to talk much?"

The Captain merely motioned with a wave of his cambric handkerchief to an open liquor case which stood on a cabinet near, and to which Mr. Gibbs hobbled, when, seizing a square flask of crystal incased in a net-work of frosted silver, he returned with it to the table. Had Mr. Gibbs chosen he might have brought with the flask a small, thimble-shaped liqueur glass; but he did not, and contented himself with a China coffee-cup which stood on the tray before him. He seemed a little near-sighted, too; and as he inverted the flask, gave no heed to the quantity of fluid he poured into the cup. But he took care, however, that it did not run over; and then, raising it with a trembling hand to his lips, he said, "My sarvice to you, Captain Brand," and tossed it down his capacious throat. The Captain gave no response to this compliment; but as Mr. Gibbs put down the coffee-cup, he said, blandly,

"Thank you; but suppose you put that flask back in the case. I am rather choice with that brandy; it was a—given to me by a—person who was a—unfortunately drowned, and a—I never offer it a—the second time."

Puffing his cigar as he spoke, in an easy manner, and then turning round to listen to Mr. Gibbs's narrative. Becoming more genial as the brandy loosened his tongue, Mr. Gibbs continued:

"Well, Sir, from the Behameys we ran to leeward, nearly to the Spanish Main, in hopes perhaps of finding some stray fellow as was bound to Europe; but we see nothing for days and days and weeks and weeks, till finally the water fell short again; and we beats up and runs into Santa Cruz. There, as luck would have it, Eboe Pete and French Tom got into a bit of a scrimmage up on a gentleman's plantation, arter sunset, and was werry roughly handled by a patrol of sogers as happened to be near. I believe as how Eboe Pete died that night; and I heerd, too, that French Tom had his skull cracked; and what does he go for to do but make a confession to the authorities that the *Centipede* was a pirate! Well, Captain, the moment that information reached *me*, and seein' a soger's boat gettin' ready, and the sogers running about the water-battery of the fort, than I just slips the cable and runs out to sea, like a bird; and, Lord love ye, Sir! the way they pitched round shot arter us was—was—" Here Master Gibbs paused for a simile, and the Captain observed, with a hacking, cough-like laugh,

"You saved the water-casks, though?"

"Why no, Sir; and we was forced to go upon a 'lowance of a pint a water a man!"

"Ho!" rejoined the listener. "Capital! Didn't suffer, I hope? Go on."

"Howsomever, I says to myself the Captain wants a good, valy'ble cargo, and so we beats up again and stretches away back along the coast of Jamaiky, on the look-out for any think that might be comin' that 'ere way. Well, Sir; d'ye see, airly one morning, as we was a lying close as wax under the land, we spies a big brig becalmed off to seaward; but we diskivered at the same time that same Yankee cruiser as was in chase of us off Matanzas! I know'd as how you would be displeased at any risks being run; so we keeps clean and snug inshore, under a pint o' land, till set of sun, and until arter the moon went down. Then the breeze sprung up fresh from the old trade quarter, and says I, Now we'll make a dash at that 'ere drogher, and squeeze him as dry as bone dust; more pertikerly, ye see, Captain, since the corvette, arter dodgin' about him all day, had yawed off, and, with his port-tacks aboard, was beatin' to wind'ard."

Here Mr. Gibbs's auditor took the cigar from his mouth and rolled his light-blue eyes at him, puffed a thick volume of smoke through the corner of his mouth, but said never a syllable.

The narrator gave a wistful look at the brandy-flask, drained the last few drops from the coffee-cup, pushed out his timber leg, and resumed:

"So you see, Sir, as I was a sayin', I says to myself, I'll get the boat in the water with the lads, and, to make sure of all being conducted ship-shape, I'll go myself."

"Oh!" said the Captain, as his eyebrows went up and the corners of his mouth came down, with the faintest breath of a sardonic smile, while he lit a fresh cigar—"Oh! you did!"

"Ay, Sir! So we let the old drogher go bouncing on past us, at about the rate of five mile in four hours, when we crossed his wake under the jib, and then we ups with the fore and main sail, got a pull of the sheets, and da—"

Captain Brand shook the point of his curved nose at the speaker, who checked himself, and, giving an emphatic rap with his crutch on the floor, went on with, "Beg parding, Sir! but Lord love ye, we just walked up under his lee, and afore he know'd where he wos, we boarded him, knocked over two or three chaps, and had the skipper lashed down in his cabin as quick as winkin' and as quiet as could be. Ay, Sir! we had it all our own way; but durin' the scrimmage wot should I see but the loveliest young 'oman as ever I clapped eyes on!" Here his timber stump grated nervously on the floor. "Says I, that's just the craft, with such a clean run and full bows, as would please Captain Brand"—that individual rolled round on his elbow and brought his eye to the opera-glass in the direction of the schooner.

"She isn't there, Captain!" parenthesized the narrator, following the motion with his head. "So I just fisted hold of her to hand her tenderly into the boat, with a bag of shiners as wos found on board, when, so help me ——; beg parding, Sir, if a dwarfed giant of a nigger didn't take an overhand lick at me with an iron pump brake and nearly cut this 'ere larboard pin in two pieces; and, smash my brains"—he continued, shaking his broad paw aloft with rage—"but what does I do, with all the pain from the clip that da— (beg parding, Sir) give me, I slams away with a pistol-bullet through the nigger's head—"

"Didn't I see a little boy on board the *Centipede?*—perhaps I was mistaken, the sun blazes so fiercely, eh?" broke in Captain Brand, though the sun didn't blaze with a fiercer light than shot out of his deadly cold blue eyes.

"Ho, ay, Sir! That young imp was a bitin' at my tother leg like a bull-terrier pup while the nigger was attackin' me, and then he goes and crawls out of the cabin winders and was fished out of the water by the chaps as was towin' astarn in the boat."

"Oh, really! how very fortunate!" muttered the Captain; "go on! don't stop, I pray you, Master Gibbs."

"Well, Sir, I knows very little what happened arter this, for the young 'oman was a screamin' and our chaps a cursin' about the decks, when all of a sudden I fell off into a faint like, and the same time a heavy gun came slamming into our very ears; and there was that infarnal curvette agen bowlin' down within five cables' length of the brig, her battery all alight and the whistles a callin' away the boats in as violent a haste as any think I can remember," said Gibbs, as he paused to catch his breath.

"You must have kept a sharp look-out, though?" But without heeding this remark the burly scoundrel went on:

"Well, Captain Brand, the boys tumbled me over the side—"

"Not forgetting the little bag of shiners!" sneered his auditor.

"—Tumbled me into the boat, Sir, and then pulled like mad for the schooner. I know'd, d'ye mind, Captain, or, leastways, I felt sartain we could show any think afloat our heels, and so away we scrambles aboard and off we splits. But ye must see by this time, Sir, the corvette had come down and rounded to on the weather-beam of the drogher, acting like a screen for the schooner close under his lee. It wos only a minnit, though, while he wos holding some jaw with those lubbers aboard the brig before he filled away again, and wearing sharp round her bows, he diskivered us sartain. I don't think, as matters stood by this time, that our boat was a boat-hook's length from the schooner when I jist see a burst of red flashes from the man-o'-war's starboard ports, and heerd an officer roar out, 'Give him the whole three divisions of grape!' when I'm ——; your parding ag'in, Sir; I'm blessed if ever I heerd sich a rain of cold iron in all my sea-goin' experience. Ay, Sir, by G—gracious, Sir, if about two bushels of them grape didn't riddle the barge like the nozzle to a watering-pot, and same time tore seven of our noble fellows all to rags—"

"You saved the boat, of course," suggested his companion, in a kind voice, but with a frightful sneer.

"Why, Captain, we unfortinately lost her; for ye see, arter tumbling me aboard the schooner and arter bailing nigh as much blood as water—"

"Capital! excellent! best joke I ever heard," broke in Captain Brand, with a hollow laugh of much enjoyment.

"—Arter bailin' as much blood as water, and findin' the man-o'-war was heaving in stays to slam another broadside into us, we cut the boat adrift and then got the sheets flat aft, the gaff-topsails up, and away we drove with a crackin' breeze right up to wind'ard like a sword-fish. Lord love ye, Sir, we walked away from the cruiser, a eatin' the wind out of him like a knife, and notwithstandin' he hove more nor forty round shot at us, he only knocked away the fore topmast and some other triflin' little damage about the hull and"—he hesitated—"Lascar Joe's head."

"That counts off about half your crew! eh?" said Captain Brand, smiling in his peculiar manner. "Well, what next?"

"Why, Sir, the next mornin' Belize Mike—as is part Doctor you know—said as how my leg was to come off below the knee, and arter givin' me a sip or two o' rum—"

"Bottle," interjected the Captain, twisting the beak of his nose in a puff of smoke.

"—rum, why, smash my brains! Sir, if he didn't hack it off with a wood-saw!"

"Well, what next?"

"Then, Sir, ye see, we run the schooner down Cape Cruz, where we kept werry snug and quiet till sich times as the old one-eyed Diego judged the coast clear to return to head-quarters."

"Well, what then?"

"That's all, Captain Brand!" concluded the narrator his garbled yarn, as he again had recourse to scratching the door-mat on his head, and cast a thirsty look at the brandy-flask.

"That's all! is it?" hissed the man with the iron jaws, in a tone of concentrated passion, as he sprang with a single bound from the settee and clutched Master Gibbs with both hands around his hairy throat, until his face turned livid purple, and his eyes started from the sockets. "That's all! is it, you drunken beast! That's all you have to tell after idling away the summer, losing anchors and boats and more than half my crew, and bringing a hornet's nest down about our ears! That's all! is it? And what would you say now, if I should order the Doctor to cut off your other leg close behind your ears—you beast!"

In the last stages of suffocation the man was hurled on his back to the floor, and there lay, bleeding a torrent from his mouth and nose. His superior stood over him for a moment and put his hand in his trowsers' pocket for a pistol, and then he glanced rapidly at the green rope squirming from the beams above; but changing his purpose apparently, he strode back to the settee and shouted, "Babette!"

Presently the door opened from the passage leading to the kitchen, and there appeared a large, powerfully-made negro-woman, with her arms akimbo and a pair of blood-shot eyes

gleaming from beneath a striped Madras turban wound round her head.

"Babette!" repeated the Captain, resuming his seat and his habitual polite air and voice. "Serve out a barrel of Bordeaux and a beaker of old Antigua rum to the *Centipede's* crew to drink my health; and I say, my beauty! have a pig or two killed, tell the boatswain to haul the seine, and have a good supper for all hands to-night. And Baba"—he went on as if he had just thought of something—"there's my friend Gibbs lying there—I believe he has fallen down in a fit—be very careful of him—a bed in the vault—a little biscuit and water—he may be feverish when he wakes up, you know! And Babette, old girl, if you are in want of kindling wood, you may as well use that timber leg of our friend Gibbs! I don't think he'll want it again. There! doucement, Baba!"

The negress gave a deep grunt of assent, and, seizing the senseless body lying on the floor, she dragged it out of the room. Returning a few moments after, she wiped up the blood with a cloth dipped in hot water, and finally disappeared.

LITERARY.

The Life of Stephen A. Douglas, by James W. Sheahan. (Published by Harper & Brothers.) The author of this Life is the editor of the *Chicago Times*, and an intimate personal friend of the distinguished Senator from Illinois. Though the work as completed has not been submitted to Mr. Douglas, yet we know that he furnished the data necessary to its preparation. This is the only Life of Mr. Douglas which has been written with his knowledge and approbation. It narrates the incidents of his early career, his connection with the policy of Illinois, and his subsequent course in respect to the great questions of the day. It also contains the famous essay on "Popular Sovereignty," upon which he is content to rest his reputation as a statesman, and his claim to the highest office in the gift of the American people.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, April 16, in the Senate, Senator Wilson introduced his bill providing more effectually for the suppression of the slave-trade. It calls for five fast steamers, adapted to the African service; enlarges the bounty; offers $100 for each kidnapped African delivered to a United States Marshal; makes ownership and preparation of slavers piracy; substitutes for the death penalty imprisonment for life; and requires American vessels sold abroad to return to the United States for a new register. Senator Mason laid before the Senate the cases of John Brown, Jun., and F. B. Sanborn, stating that arrests could not be effected in either instance without further action by the Senate. Remarks were made by Senators Sumner and Mason in relation to the reference of Mr. Sanborn's memorial, after which Senator Brown's resolutions were taken up, and discussed by Senator Latham, of California. A vote upon the resolutions was urged by Senator Brown, but was postponed. After considering briefly the bill amending the Patent Laws, the Senate adjourned.——In the House, the abuses attending the appointment of subordinate officers of the House of Representatives was discussed, and referred to the Committee on Accounts. A bill, introduced by Mr. Eliot, prohibiting the transportation of coolies in American vessels, was referred to the Committee on Commerce. The Senate resolution appropriating $50,000 for the entertainment of the Japanese Embassy was concurred in. The consideration of the President's protest and the report of the Judiciary Committee thereupon coming up as the special order, was postponed until May 1. A bill organizing the Census Bill, reported from the Judiciary Committee, was passed. Repeated attempts were made during the session to obtain an adjournment until after the Charleston Convention.

On Tuesday, April 17, in the Senate, a message from the President, relative to the impressment of American citizens in foreign military service, was received. The memorial of Mr. Frank Sanborn was referred to the Committee upon the Judiciary. Senator Hale, calling up his resolution adjourning the Senate from April 19 to May 22, Senator Clingman moved to substitute May 1 as the latter term. The subject was discussed in a desultory way, and various amendments were suggested; but the resolutions were finally tabled by a large majority. Senator Slidell moved a resolution providing for an adjournment of the Senate every three days, from the 19th inst. to May 1. This was laid over. After a brief executive session, Senator Johnson, of Tennessee, reported back the Homestead Bill from the Committee upon Public Lands, with various amendments. Senator Johnson, of Arkansas, explained the alterations. The bill, as now reported, sells land to the heads of families only, at the price of 25 cents an acre, and requires a residence of five years on the land before the title shall be perfected. There were other points of difference of minor importance. An amendment of the House to a Pension Bill excited some discussion; as did also the President's veto of the Edwards relief bill.——In the House the pay of members was cursorily treated, a resolution of Mr. Schwartz, of Pennsylvania, constituting the text. The House then went into Committee on the Deficiency Bill, when Mr. Conkling, of New York, reviewed the positions of the Annual Message upon the question of Slavery in the Territories. The Committee rising, the House rejected Mr. Bonham's resolution providing for an adjournment over the Charleston Convention. The consideration of the Deficiency Bill was then resumed. An appropriation to pay for reports in the *Congressional Globe* led to remarks from several members, adverse to the practice of members revising their speeches. Mr. Branch, of South Carolina, was very severe upon the abuse.

On Wednesday, April 18, in the Senate, a number of Abolition petitions from Massachusetts were, by a strict party vote, laid upon the table. Senator Wilson's resolution of inquiry into the contracts for iron made by the War Department was previously debated by its proposer and Senator Davis, and was finally laid aside. Senator Slidell's resolution, providing for a series of adjournments from to-day until the 1st of May, coming up, after some opposition it was passed by a vote of 26 to 22. The Homestead Bill was then discussed, Senator Gwin's amendment relative to the mineral lands occasioning some remarks of Senator Latham on the land titles of California. Without action the Senate adjourned.——The House commenced its business for the day by passing the Deficiency Bill. The Senate's amendment to the Military Academy Bill, authorizing a regiment of mounted volunteers for the Texan boundary, was subsequently considered in Committee of the Whole; Mr. Stanton opposing and Mr. Curtis advocating the amendment. The debate was participated in by Messrs. Reagan, Hamilton, and Olin, but without action the committee rose. The adjournment resolutions of Mr. Bonham were read for information, but the Republicans objected to a vote.

On Thursday, April 19, in the Senate, the Committee appointed to investigate rumored abuses of the public printing made its report. The House bill in regard to the census was passed. Senator Bayard, from the Judiciary Committee, reported a bill relative to private property taken for public uses, and prescribing the mode of valuation and compensation. After a debate in which Senators Mason, Wigfall, and Collamer participated, the bill was set aside, and the Homestead bill taken up. Senator Gwin modified his amendment respecting the occupancy of mineral lands, by excluding foreigners who have merely declared their intentions from the advantages of the Act. Senator Lane, of Oregon, and Senator Bragg, of North Carolina, opposed this modification; and it was rejected. Senator Fitch offered an amendment, which was rejected, permitting all soldiers who had been in actual service to locate a quarter section. Senator Crittenden proposed and argued at length for an amendment restricting the benefits of the bill to persons actually resident in the country at the passage of the act. The amendment was opposed by Senator Johnson, of Arkansas, and was unsuccessful. The subject was finally made the order for May 2, when it is understood the vote shall be taken, and the Senate went into Executive session.——The House, in Committee of the Whole, discussed the Senate amendment to the Military Academy bill, whereby some $800,000 are appropriated to raise and equip a regiment of mounted volunteers in Texas. Messrs. Reagan, Pendleton, and M'Rae successively spoke in favor of the regiment, while Messrs. Stevens and Stanton opposed it; the latter proposing an amendment, which failed, authorizing the President to employ the same money to mount any infantry regiment of the regular army, and detail it to the Indian service. Mr. Otero, the delegate from New Mexico, moved for a similar appropriation for his Territory. A vote was at length obtained upon the Senate's amendment, when it was lost, 50 to 69, and the Committee rose. The House then accepted the Senate's amendment by a close vote, and adjourned.

On Friday, April 20, the Senate not being in session, the House devoted its attention mainly to private bills, passing several of them, and among the number that granting a pension of $50 a month each to the widows of Generals Macomb, Smith, and Riley. At the opening of the session Mr. Crawford endeavored to procure an adjournment until Tuesday, but the proposition was opposed by Mr. Houston and others, and was voted down. The Committee on Elections reported in regard to the contested membership for Nebraska, declaring Mr. S. G. Daly, rather than the sitting delegate, Mr. Eastabrook, entitled to a seat. Mr. Burlingame procured the adoption of a resolution instructing the Committee on Foreign Affairs to inquire into the expediency of raising the Sardinian Mission to first-class grade. The House adjourned to Monday.

MORE CHALLENGES.

At Washington, on April 19, the Hon. Robert J. Walker sent a peremptory challenge to Attorney-General Black, by the hands of Senator Brown, of Mississippi. Mr. Black verbally declined accepting the invitation without explanation. This action of Governor Walker grows out of the testimony of Mr. Schnable, of Pennsylvania, before the Covode Committee.

THE DOINGS OF THE LEGISLATURE.

We read in the Albany *Journal* of April 18: "The Legislature has adjourned. The session has been a busy one. It is rare that so many important questions come up at once as have this year. We briefly recapitulate the disposition made of the leading measures: The completion of the canal enlargement has been provided for, and the last tax levied for it. The long-desired result is now close at hand.—The Pro Rata Railroad Freight bill was passed by the Assembly, but failed in the Senate.—The Railroad Toll bill falls through by disagreement between the two Houses, which the Conference Committee was not able to adjust.—Six New York city railroad bills were passed. One was signed by the Governor, the others vetoed. But the five vetoed bills were then passed through both Houses by a two-third vote, and have become laws.—The grant of $1,000,000 to the Albany and Susquehanna Railroad was first passed by the Senate, but reduced by the Assembly to £350,000, and the reduction concurred in by the Senate. The Governor vetoed it. The Senate passed it over the veto, but was lost in the Assembly.—The Annual Appropriation bill and Supply bill have both been passed and signed.—The Tax bills have also become laws. The total tax this year will be three mills and three quarters on the dollar, viz.: For schools, three quarters of a mill; completion of the canals, half a mill; interest on the two and a half million loan, quarter of a mill; for support of Government, a mill and one-eighth; interest on canal debt, a mill and one-eighth.—The Capital Punishment Bill, establishing a distinction between two classes of murder, and making one punishable with imprisonment for life, is now a law.—The bill repealing the enactments of 1805 in regard to alienation to deed, commonly called the 'Anti-Rent bill,' also becomes a law.—The bill perfecting the constitutional amendment abolishing the property qualification for colored voters, was passed and approved.—The bill securing to married women their earnings and property in trade was passed and is a law.—The amendments of the Metropolitan Police act were passed and go into effect.—The bill establishing a Department of Public Charities in the City of New York passed last night, and has been signed by the Governor.—The bill providing for the sale of the West Washington Market in New York was passed, vetoed, and then passed by a two-thirds vote in each House over the veto.—The bill to remove the City Hall in New York to Madison Square was passed in both Houses.—The Divorce bill failed to pass either House.—The proposed repeal of the Usury Laws also failed to receive the sanction of either House.—The bill prohibiting bequests by will to Charitable Institutions exceeding a specified amount, in certain cases, was passed and signed.—The bill for the relief of Insolvent Debtors passed both Houses, with a provision that it is not to take effect until April, 1861.—The bill prohibiting railroad stockholders from voting by proxy, and that empowering members of religious and charitable societies to vote by proxy, both failed to pass.—The extension of the Chenango Canal was passed by the Senate, but failed in the Assembly.—The bill providing for the appointment of Canal Appraisers in each of the counties along the line of the canal failed to become a law.—The changes and amendments in the laws relating to State prisons were adopted.—The bill giving the State custody of the unclaimed deposits in the savings' banks failed to pass either house.—The bill to amend the Excise law and the Prohibitory Liquor law, also failed to become laws.—The bill 'to lengthen the canal locks without cost to the State' passed the Senate, but was not acted on in the Assembly.—No new counties are formed. Highland County failed to pass. Canisteo and Coshocton counties were vetoed.—The New York Tax Levy bill, after being amended by striking out the item of $80,000 for the Commissioners of Record, was passed and signed.—The bill to guard against unsafe buildings in New York, and the Brooklyn Park bill, have both become laws.—The bill amending the act defining the powers and duties of the Contracting Board was passed."

ARRIVAL OF THE JAPANESE EMBASSY.

The United States steamer *Powhatan*, Captain Pearson, bearing the flag of Commodore Tatnall, arrived at San Francisco on 27th of March from Japan, *via* Honolulu. She brings the Japanese embassy, consisting of two principal embassadors, princes of the highest rank among the nobility of the empire, and two associates, who are nobles of nearly equal rank. These four are of the Emperor's Council. They are accompanied by a suite of sixteen officers.

The following is a list of the embassy:

Simme, Prince of Boozen, Mooragaki, Prince of Awadsi, envoys; Ogoori Mata-itsee, chief censor; one vice-governor of the treasury; one vice-governor for foreign affairs; one secretary of the first rank (Serabay Akoo); two inspectors of the first rank; two secretaries of the second rank; two treasury officers; two inspectors of the second rank; two interpreters; two doctors; fifty-three servants.

The *Powhatan* arrived at Honolulu on March 5, and remained there till the 18th. The embassadors were there received with all formal honors. Private hospitalities were extended on every hand, and the King and Queen held court at the palace for the reception of the distinguished foreigners, and welcomed them in appropriate terms. They were also entertained at a grand ball given by the officers of the *Powhatan*, expressing great delight at the gay and novel scene.

THEIR RECEPTION.

They bring $100,000 to defray their personal expenses, although the embassy is invited at the sole expense of the United States. They were given the best quarters on board the *Powhatan* during the voyage, and arrived in good health and highly pleased.

The chief dignitaries are magnificently dressed in embroidered silk robes, each wearing a sword of beautiful workmanship. They have conducted themselves with great dignity and propriety.

The Japanese embassadors visited San Francisco on the 31st ult., and have remained the honored guests of the city ever since. Twenty thousand dollars has been appropriated from the city treasury to provide for them suitable entertainment. All the corporation officers, the members of the Legislature, the Governor, and citizens generally, have paid their respects in person, and on the 2d inst. a grand public reception was given the strangers at the largest hall in the city, where the United States officers, both civil and military, with the foreign consuls and State authorities, participated in the reception ceremonies.

The Japanese carry an immense amount of baggage, including many boxes of presents to the United States Government.

BAPTISM IN EXTREMIS.

Dr. Magoon of the First Baptist Church, Albany, administered baptism last Sabbath to a young girl about 16 years old, who was in the last stages of consumption. She felt that God, for Christ's sake, had forgiven her sins, and she could not be content to leave the world till she had acknowledged her Lord before men in the way of his own appointment. After some doubt and hesitation her wishes were complied with, and she was carried to the Baptistery in the arms of several brethren of the Church, having on the white robes which were understood to be her grave-clothes, and was immersed by the pastor. The scene was one of the most touching ever witnessed, and the congregation was bathed in tears. No injury occurred to her from the baptism, and in the afternoon she attended again to join the Church in observing the Lord's Supper.

MARRIAGE OF A SOUTHERN BELLE.

The *Tribune* says: "A beautiful young Southern belle, wearing the appropriate name Queen Rose, was, till Tuesday afternoon, an inmate of a fashionable boarding-school in Philadelphia. A medical student, one of those who did not sacrifice the Quakers for the sake of the Union, and return to his plantation, saw the rose, and at once made her his queen. She accepted his homage, in spite of the heartless common-sense of a guardian who thought of house-rent, the butcher, and many other things, and on Tuesday the twain were made one in the bonds of marriage. The young lady was soon missed; a detective was dispatched by the unromantic guardian to search for her; he found her, but was too late. The guardian then took the youthful wife home, and gave the husband into the care of the law, though what the law can do except return him his wife can not be stated without some acquaintance with the code of Pennsylvania. Age of parties: she, 15 years; he, 22."

TOUCHING SCENE.

On Thursday the Judge of Probate in Cincinnati decided that one Sylvester Gaffney was entitled to the custody of Mary Ann Butler, his step-daughter, seven years of age. Upon his going round to take the custody, the child, who had been sitting in the lap of one of the ladies present, drew back from him in apparent terror, and in an imploring manner, and in tears, called out to the Judge, "Oh, Judge, do not give me to him!" This caused considerable emotion, and Gaffney showing a disposition to assert the right the Court had declared in his behalf, several persons gathered around. Mr. Nicholas Longworth, the wine king, in an excited manner, said, "Let the mob interfere!" but the first man who attempted it was instantly taken hold of by the officers present and thrown out of the room. Mrs. Weightman, with whom the child had been living, overcome by the excitement of the entire proceedings, fainted. The little child wept bitterly, and clung to the friends that had adopted it. Many of the ladies wrung their hands. The whole court-room was turned into a scene of confusion; and the Judge, as a matter of discretion under the circumstances, directed Sheriff Kessler to take the child until further orders.

PERSONAL.

Mrs. Chesnut of South Carolina, the Vice-Regent of the Mount Vernon Association in that State, is eighty-five years of age. She was one of the young girls who strewed flowers in his path, when, in 1789, Washington was received with public honors at Trenton.

A private letter from Cassius M. Clay, dated the 10th of April, says: "Our troubles with the November Committee are, I trust, ended forever. We are left to the enjoyment of our constitutional rights, and to press on that divine revolution which will forever make them unnecessary."

When Edward Everett was President of Harvard College, Mr. Peter C. Burke, his father-in-law, gave to the College $10,000 for the purpose of erecting a suitable house for the President's use. At Mr. Everett's suggestion, the money was invested; it has now doubled, and the corporation are about building a house on Quincy Street, east of the University grounds.

A correspondent writes from Chinendega, Nicaragua, that the Hon. Beverly Clark, the United States Minister to Guatemala, is dead; and that before he died he was divorced from his wife, and received as a monk into the order of the San Franciscans.

The Washington *Star* says that on Tuesday morning Roger A. Pryor appeared at the office of Justice Donn, and gave bail in the sum of $5000 not to fight a duel within the limits of the District, or give or accept a challenge to fight within the said limits, or to leave the said limits to fight, or to give or accept a challenge to fight. We are informed that Mr. W. H. Thomas is his security. Mr. Pryor was arrested yesterday, but being engaged at the time, and the officer having no fear of a breach of the peace, he was permitted to fix upon 11 o'clock to-day as the time to give the required bond.

The London *Times* has the singular announcement that Mr. Salamanca, the Madrid banker, has become joint contractor of the New York, Erie, Ohio, and Mississippi Railways, connecting the Atlantic with the Great Western.

One of those indecent demonstrations commonly called a "Calithumpian serenade," was attended with a fatal result a few days ago, in Harrisonburg, Virginia. A newly-married couple were insulted with a din of pots, and pans, and bells, beaten and rung by a party of young men. A brother of the bride went out of the house and pursued the serenaders; one of them turned upon him, and shot him dead.

The collection of Mr. Du Chaillu, the African explorer, attracts much notice in Boston, where it is now on exhibition. The number of daily visitors is quite as large as in New York. Professor Agassiz, and other naturalists, pronounce the collection superior, in many important respects, to any in Europe.

Captain Beatie, supposed to be the oldest man in Southwestern Virginia, died recently at the age of 100 years.

Since the death of their father, two children of Mrs. Growden, a widow residing in Ohio, had lived with their grandfather in Cumberland, Maryland. The mother desired them, and went to take them home with her. They were unwilling to go; she then went to a neighboring town, where she prevailed on ten or twelve people to accompany and assist her in taking the children by force. The friends of the latter rallied, and a hard fight ensued, to the bodily harm of many. The police carried off several of the fighters, and the mother rescued one child.

A young girl, the daughter of a lawyer in Toledo, Ohio, being struck with a longing to become an actress, ran away from home and went to Detroit. Applying to as many theatrical managers as she could find, she received the same answer from all—a negative. She then disappeared, and had not been found at latest accounts.

A rather large story is told by an exchange, to the effect that a woman in the County of Santa Barbara, California, has one grape-vine which, in a single year, bore 5000 bunches of grapes, yielding $4000. When a girl, on leaving Monterey for her present home, she picked up a vine-cutting to drive her mule. This cutting she planted on her arrival, and after a lapse of seven years the foregoing is the result.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

WARRANT AGAINST SAYERS AND HEENAN.

At Hertford, on March 31, a warrant was granted to apprehend Thomas Sayers and John C. Heenan, in order that they might be bound over to keep the peace. It is understood that the warrant would be at once executed, and the parties required to find sureties to a heavy amount, as the magistrates are determined to prevent, if possible, the fight from coming off in Hertfordshire.

FRANCE.

JULLIEN'S DUEL.

M. Lecomte tells the following story of Jullien, when the great leader was giving orchestral concerts in the Jardin Turc at Paris:

"One of his musicians, who had been a fencing-master in a regiment, had a dispute with him, and sent him a challenge. Jullien asked a week to prepare for the duel, and his request was granted. At the end of that time the encounter took place with swords, and he received a furious thrust which ran him right through the body, the hilt of the weapon actually resting upon the wound, and his antagonist having naturally let go his sword, Jullien rushed upon him, and in his turn dealt him a desperate blow; after which, having thus revenged himself, he remained erect, with a sword sticking out of his back! Nobody daring to withdraw it, he himself had the energy to pluck it from the wound. It had made itself a passage which, wonderful to relate, interfered with none of the organs essential to life. A month afterward Jullien had resumed his *bâton* and his primrose gloves, and, pallid and in elegiac attitudes, he once more presided over those concerts to which the fame of his adventure now attracted all Paris."

A TRUTHFUL HUSBAND.

A Belgian journal gives an example of a husband who is ready to do justice to his wife under the most trying circumstances. The wife being accused of poisoning, and on the point of being convicted, begged that the husband's testimony might be admitted in her favor. This request was granted, and the man declared that the best proof of her innocence was the fact that he was alive, "for," said he, "I am sure that if my wife had possessed the least disposition to poison any one, she would have begun with me, whom she has hated cordially for ten years." This evidence was conclusive; the jury laughed, and the woman was acquitted.

ITALY.

SPEECH OF THE KING.

At Turin on April 2, His Majesty entered the hall of the Senate amidst indescribable applause, and delivered the following speech:

"The last time I opened Parliament, amidst the troubles of Italy and the dangers of the State, faith in divine justice encouraged me to augur well of our destinies.

"In a very short time an invasion was repulsed, Lombardy was freed by glorious deeds of heroism, and Central Italy became free by the marvelous virtue of its inhabitants, and thus to-day the representatives of the rights and hopes of the nation are assembled around me.

"For such a benefit we are indebted to a magnanimous ally, to the valor of his and our soldiers, to the assistance of volunteers, and to the persevering concord of the people.

"The gratitude of present and future generations is due to France for the welfare of Italy, and for consolidating the union of the two nations, who have some community in origin, principle, and destinies.

"It was necessary to make some sacrifice, and I have made that which was dearest to my heart. Reserving the vote of the people and the approbation of Parliament, and reserving also, in regard to Switzerland, the guaranty of her international rights, I have concluded a treaty for the reunion of Savoy and the surrounding territory of Nice with France.

"The provinces of Amelia have been arranged as in former times; but with Tuscany, who has her own laws and her own rules, a special temporal provision was necessary.

"For the first period of legislation you will only have to discuss the most urgent measures, and my Ministers will prepare the projects upon which you will have to deliberate for the second period.

"In entering upon the new order of things, and without regarding the old political parties in any other way than remembering the services rendered to the common cause, we call for a noble co-operation, and the expression of every sincere opinion, in order to obtain our principal object—the welfare of the people and the greatness of the country, which is no longer the Italy of the Romans nor that of the Middle Ages. It must no more be left a field open to foreign ambition; but it must, on the contrary, be the Italy of the Italians."

GERMANY.

THE LAST GROAN FROM AUSTRIA.

The Austrian Cabinet has resolved to protest solemnly against the annexation of Tuscany, Parma, and Modena to Piedmont. A note to this effect, dated the 24th, has been directly addressed to the Cabinet of Turin. In this note, Austria first establishes her positive and incontestible right to oppose an act which, in despoiling legitimate Princes of the States guaranteed to them by European treaties, would also destroy the rights of succession and reversion which these same treaties secure to the House of Hapsburg with respect to the said States. Austria then proceeds to demonstrate that Sardinia has participated in the engagements contracted by France, who, in consideration of the treaty of 1735, has guaranteed the possession of Tuscany to the House of Lorraine, in order to indemnify this dynasty for the cession of her ancestral heritage.

* * * * * * *

Such a violation is so much the more flagrant from having been accomplished upon the morrow after the peace of Villafranca and Zurich, of which the essential condition was the restoration of the legitimate Princes.

Induced by all these motives, Austria protests in the most peremptory manner against this most illegal annexation made by the King of Sardinia, and appeals to the conscience of all Europe on the subject.

To this end, at the same time that this protest is forwarded to Turin, a copy will be furnished to all the foreign Cabinets, to whom also a circular note is addressed by Austria, in which it is said "that Austria, in confining herself at the present time to protesting against the said annexation, hopes that Europe will recognize in this proceeding a most convincing proof of her moderation, and of her desire to maintain the peace of the world."

SPAIN.

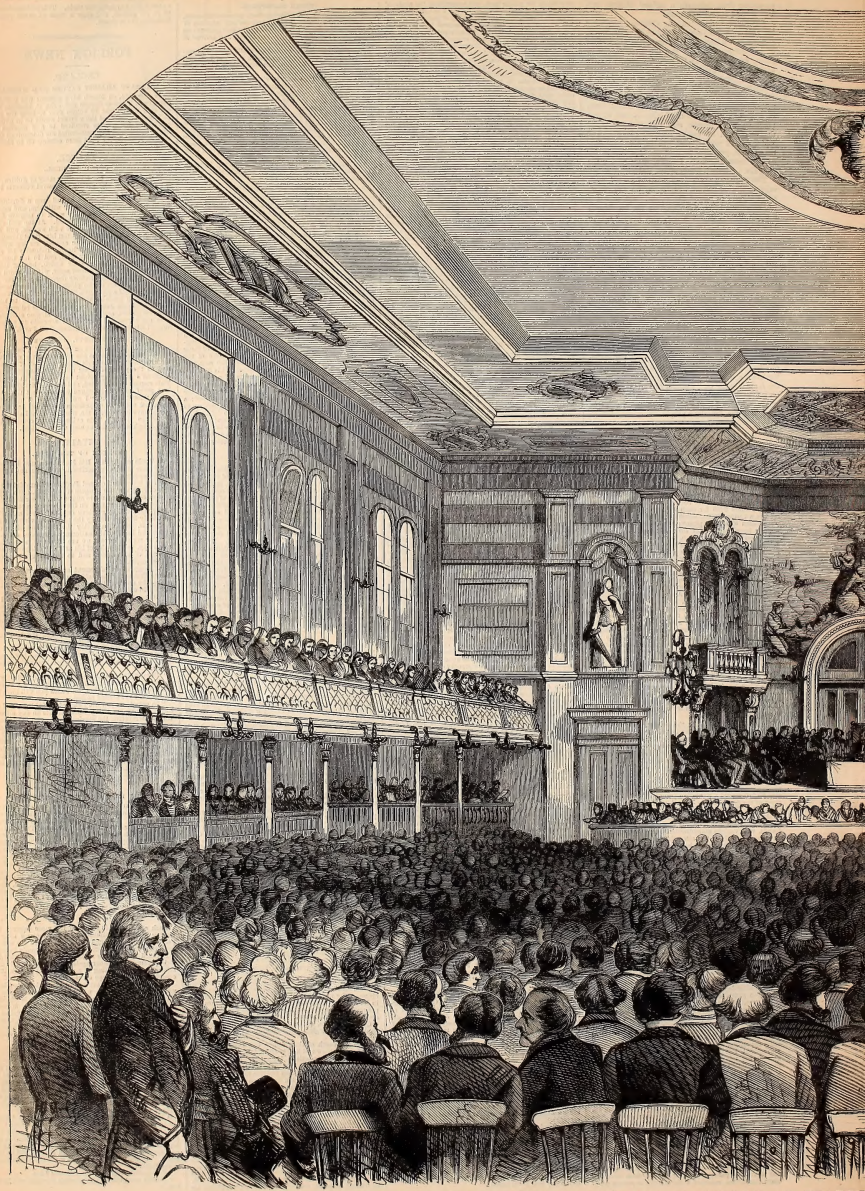
A CARLIST MOVEMENT.

From Spain we learn that a movement in favor of Don Carlos had been inaugurated by General Ortega, at the head of 3000 men. His troops had not been attacked by Government forces. General discontent prevailed in Spain among all classes, in regard to the Moorish treaty. It was understood that the O'Donnell Cabinet would be obliged to resign immediately.

A late telegram from Madrid, on April 4, says: "When the troops found that General Ortega had deceived them as to the object of the recent movement, they refused to march to his cry of 'Vive la Reina.' The General, seeing the turn of affairs, took flight and was pursued by his own troops. Hopes are entertained that he will be captured. The troops he misled have made their submission to the Queen.

"Tranquillity reigns in the Balearic Isles.

"Perfect tranquillity also prevails throughout the nation."



THE NATIONAL DEMOCRATIC NOMINATING CONVENTION IN SESSION AT CHARLE

STON, SOUTH CAROLINA, ON APRIL 23, 1860.—[From a Sketch by our Artist Correspondent.]

LOST AND FOUND IN THE WOODS.

I.

ALL ready for a start. The farm horse is harnessed to the old-fashioned chaise with a top that looks as though saying, "How d'ye do?" with many bows; the whip, fitting loosely in the socket, is making a graceful angle with the dash-board; while its lash is deluding old Dolly into the belief that it is a troublesome but feeble fly on her back.

"Come, Aunt Ruthy!"

The childish voice echoes almost strangely in the old house, for Katie does not live there. Katie's father and mother have taken her baby brother on a journey for his health, leaving her in Aunt Ruthy's charge. Poor Charlie! he did *not* feel well, that was certain; in a childish way he was tired of life. His big eyes grew bigger and sadder, his arms were thin and pitiful, and he was low-spirited generally. Dr. A—— had come and gone again many times. Charlie had put out his tongue, and had held out his tiny hand for Dr. A—— to feel the little pulse that beat so feebly, until he was fairly tired. Every body stared at him, and wondered what ailed him. Old Nurse Ryan troubled him by putting fingers with a faint odor of rhubarb about them in his mouth, in search of any teeth that were on the eve of coming through; Aunty Smith punched him in the ribs and diaphragm, to see if all was right there; Neighbor Worriefull thought his stockings weren't long enough, and his frocks too low; Mrs. Clearcold thought that Charlie ought to be soused in ice-water every morning. Imagine the poor little thing, with scarce an ounce of vitality, gasping and shivering through a plunge-bath! But worse than all, Mrs. Venomous insinuated that "the child's natural food was not wholesome for him." There was one mad little mother then, I can tell you.

So all these things, instead of doing "the baby" any good, had only made him more miserable; and at last Dr. A——, not knowing what else to do, prescribed a change of air. Charlie didn't care whether he went to Havana or Halifax. He intended to cry any way. So the stage, two days before the date of our opening, had taken him, with father, mother, and nurse, to see what mountain air would do for him—leaving Katie looking after the receding vehicle with eyes so full of tears that the horses, stage, and sundry trees and bushes were all mixed up in her field of vision. But Aunt Ruth—the fairest and brightest of old maids—was at hand to cheer her; and after shutting the deserted house, took her home with her to "The Meadow," as the farm was called, where Colonel Prescott had lived these many years. "Going to grandfather's" is a pleasure distinct and apart from other enjoyments, as any child can testify.

And so it happened that Katie was at the farm-house—like a sunbeam glancing here and there, and like a bird waking up the still old house with her childish laughter. Among the innumerable treasures of the garret she had discovered a heap of balls of carpet-rags, cut and wound ready for weaving, and had coaxed Aunt Ruth to make the long-deferred pilgrimage to the weaver's this pleasant June day.

"Come, Aunt Ruthy, hurry up!"

Aunt Ruthy's soft voice answers, "Coming, Kitty!" and she herself appears in the door-way. Pale, but with the softest hazel eyes in the world, abundant brown hair, a figure petite and round, and a small white hand, which she is incasing in big driving-gloves—such is Aunt Ruth. To little Kate she seems very old—oh, ever so old—but to Squire Leeson, who sits and stares at her every Sunday, she seems wondrous fair and young. Katie has heard them say Aunt Ruth was thirty—and that seemed to her half-score of years as a far-off period, and one quite beyond the pale of human sympathy. She had heard whispers, too, of "Aunt Ruth's beau"—handsome Harry Raymond—whom she loved and yet never married. Katie did not know why. She only knew that every night, when aunty had said her prayers, she looked at a lock of sunny hair, and sometimes cried as she laid it away.

Now they are off really. Aunt Ruthy drives, and Katie is busy enough trying to keep the carpet-balls in place; for at every bump in the road they come rolling toward the front of the wagon. Down the long lane they go as fast as Dolly's ideas of rapid traveling will permit; then by the side of the wood, so dark and cool. Presently they come to the forest road, where the tall trees arch overhead, and the sunshine only comes through now and then to hunt up a bit of green moss or a bunch of violets to lie upon. The scared squirrels sit leaning against their brushy tails but a second, and then dart away. Friendly brown birds just hop aside with a "chirrup" as they pass; and in the distance the bark of a watch-dog is heard. Katie wonders why Aunt Ruth is so sad and still to-day. The lines have fallen on Dolly's back, and she seems only to be looking at the wagon-wheel, and counting how many times the cracked spoke in it comes uppermost. She is thinking of the time—six years ago to-day—when she walked in that wood as though it were enchanted ground—when a strong arm was round her, and a handsome, frank face was looking into hers—when the world contained no one whom she held to be so faultless as Harry Raymond. Memories of the time when he boarded at the weaver's on the hill—when the way to Squire Prescott's seemed neither dull nor long, for Ruth was there to welcome or to bid adieu. Then she remembered, too, how a seeming friend had told her he was false and wicked—how she suffered distrust to creep into her heart when a trivial event seemed to confirm the dark stories. Then came the quarrel, beneath the calm starlight, when he angrily bid her good-by forever, and was gone, to be seen no more.

Not a night since then but that among the petitions that ascend from this troubled earth with the mists of every twilight there went up the old maid's prayer for the wandering lover. Many a time when she sat patiently reading the Albany *Argus* to the Colonel her thoughts were far enough away, and "constituents," and "party," and "democracy"—those charmed watchwords—jingled without meaning in her ear. The Colonel would enjoy them vastly though, and occasionally appeal to her for assent to the political propositions. "Yes, father," she would say at random, and then go on with the same old cogitations, in which a handsome face was ever reproachfully looking at her.

Ah these old maids! We pass them by without a thought of the fires that may be slumbering in the heart, of the bitter memories that they carry, of hearts they loved turned false, or forms so dear laid under the sod. Ruth was an old maid, and none knew why but herself. Squire Leeson would fain have placed her in the big white house on the hill; but, "She was much obliged, she was sure; but she didn't wish to accept any one." And so the Squire contented himself with staring at her from the square pew in church. Mr. Forsyth, the pale and gentle widower, had "hoped she would take the place of the angel he had lost over his poor little ones;" but good authority had whispered that he worried the said angel into her grave. She quietly declined becoming angel number two; and he put the black border (very deep one) of his handkerchief to his eyes, sighed, and thought he would ask Mary Stanley next. Young Jack Graves—just half her age—was in the last stages of an undying attachment, which had covered a quire of paper with the love-sick effusions of his muse.

But "Aunt Ruth" went on her way alone—an old maid, and likely to remain such. No news ever came of Harry Raymond to her ears, and she fancied him often with a wife and children in some happy home far away; at least she tried to think it might be so.

II.

"Why, Aunt Ruth, what are you thinking about so long?" and Katie's sunny face peered round to see her face. "Don't look at that wheel any more; it will turn over just so every time." Aunt Ruth started with self-condemnation for her selfishness in leaving Kate to her own thoughts so long; and anxious to atone, she proposed that they should take a short ramble through the wood, leaving old Dolly to rest and fight the flies at her leisure.

No sooner said than done. The child clapped her hands with delight, for visions of laurels and other flowers had peeped through the trees. The horse was left tied to one of the trees, very happy to be allowed to rest, and off started the travelers. Little Kate did not know quiet. She ran here and there, her pink dress glancing through the trees and shrubs like a big blossom. Aunt Ruth looked after with pleasant smiles. She thought how fair and bright she was, how much she was beloved, and how many hearts would bleed if aught of ill should come to her. She remembered how frail she once was, and how her mother had watched her through years of weakness; how her baby sister, like her, had faded, but, unlike her, had died, and slept on the hill where the sunset turned the white roses pink with its light; and then Aunt Ruth thanked God that this bright blossom had grown strong, and fresh, and bright. She looked around at the thick-standing tree-trunks, opening but short vistas before the avenue was closed with others; while the laurel grew strong and like a wall of greenness here and there. Then she thought, "What if one should be lost here?" and half startled and yet laughingly saying to herself, "I am getting nervous," she called, with a quick, hurried utterance, that showed she was indeed strangely discomposed, "Katie! Katie!" No answer. She threw her bonnet back, and lifting the heavy bands of hair from over her ear again called, and listened for a voice to answer back. But only the soft soughing of the summer wind in the tree-tops, the tinkle of the stream where it fell over the rock, and the hum of the fluttering insects fell on her ear. In such moments a whole lifetime seems to flash through the brain. She fancied the dreadful search—the mother's face when they told her "The child is not!"—the father's agony—and the desolation over hearth and home. These forebodings did not last long. Her bright, hopeful spirit rallied; and though her first step forward convinced her that she too was lost, she resolved, as long as her strength would hold out, to leave no nook of the vast lonely wood unexplored. She tried to find the path by which they had come, but could not trace a step—so only rushed on blindly, calling louder still, "Katie! Katie!" Fear urged her footsteps quickly on in the direction in which she saw her last, as she thought, "The child lost, and her mother away; O God, what shall I do?" The last year's leaves fluttered up from her hurried step like frightened things, the bushes tore her vail away as she pushed through, while to her calls on Katie's name there only came the mournful coo of the dove and the chirrup of the cricket. We must leave her searching thus while we return to the little wanderer.

III.

Kate followed the butterfly, as we have seen, quite around the gray rock where Aunt Ruth last saw her down the glen, where the leaves rustled knee-deep at every tread. Almost in her hand, the winged creature flitted on beyond the clump of thick laurels, and thus lured her on until beyond the sound of the voice that was calling her so wildly. She had turned quite in an opposite direction at first, and unconsciously the seeker and the sought were receding from each other at every step. It was not until the fluttering, painted creature had flown quite up into the sunset rays that glanced above the laurels, and then soared up out of the wood altogether, that Katie knew that she had wandered far. She pushed her curls away impatiently to catch the answer as she called "Aunty! Aunty!" But no voice came back. She ran a few steps in one direction, then returned. She tried to think which way she had come thither, but alas! there were no marks by the way. She thought she remembered a white laurel a few steps back; but alas! there were many of the pale flowers on either side. She tried to think, as she wrung her little hands together, what she might do, but no path was there, no clearer open way. Only trees—trees—trees every where.

She sat down at the foot of an oak, and covering her face with her hands, cried most bitterly—a low pitiful moan sometimes, and sometimes a shrill cry. The sun's rays began to shine through the trunks of the trees from the west now, and she knew that before long the dark night would come. Then she thought of the little bed at home with its white covering and pillows, of the curly head that was wont to lie there, of the prayer at her mother's knee, and the good-night kiss as she went to her happy slumbers.

Then she seemed to see them searching the wood for her, and finding her pale and cold under the trees, and she came to feel pity for the lost child, as if it were not herself but some one that she had read about and loved. She wondered how mother would feel, and whether they would put her in a coffin with blue cut muslin and white satin all around her, like little Lilly Shadow.

She had cried until she was exhausted, but resolved to make one more effort in some direction; but a new terror was at hand. As far off as she could see among the trees there moved a dark object, hither and thither. At first she thought of bears and wild beasts, and then almost laughed with joy as she saw that it was a large dog—as large as Gessler. On it came, nearer and nearer. At last she could hear its quick step hastening toward her, and soon it was close enough to see that its tongue was hanging from its mouth covered with foam and blood, and that its eyes were like shining sparks. Her breath came thick and fast with terror, for she knew the dog was mad. In that last moment of agony, as the raging brute came nearer she flung her bonnet to the ground, and, her hands clasped convulsively, she looked to the only friend who could aid her now, Our Father in Heaven. The fiery eyes were on her, the hot breath was on her hand, when the sharp crack of a rifle was heard and the maddened brute was rolling in the dust, and Katie was saved. Her childish faith led her to believe that Our Father had answered her prayer instantly. And was she wrong? for surely He it was who led the hunter's step this way to snatch from a horrid doom the golden-haired child.

"Courage, little one!" said a frank, brave voice, and she found herself in the arms of a green hunting-coat, and a pair of deep-blue eyes looking kindly at her and the golden brown hair shining in waves and curls as he fanned her with the broad straw-hat he wore. "Courage, little one! see, he is dead; he can't hurt you any more;" and he pointed to the blood-stain on the grass beside the dog. She shuddered and clung to him, hiding her eyes from the dreadful sight. Among his hunting accoutrements was a cup, which he filled from the stream and bathed her poor tear-stained face, and before long she was composed enough to tell him that her name was Katie, and that "Aunty" and she were going to the weaver's. As she chatted she told how kind that same "Aunty" was to *every body*; how every body loved her, and how she loved every body—"every body but the Squire," she added, with a little laugh.

"And why don't she love the Squire, petite?" said the hunter, as he bent the ashen twig idly in his hand.

"Oh! I don't know. You see aunty had a beau once," she continued, as, childlike, her confidence once given was no half-way affair, "and somebody told her he was a bad man, and she believed it just a little minute, and he found it out and went away, and Aunt Ruth cried."

The ashen branch broke under the pressure of his clenched fingers as he sprung up pale and excited.

"We must find aunty, Katie; she is looking for you. Come this way. I know where the bent oak is. She can not be far from there."

Her tired footsteps could not keep pace with his hurried tread, and catching her upon his shoulder, he strode off, tracing his way through the darkening wood as only a hunter could do.

IV.

We left Aunt Ruth wandering up and down, looking every where for the lost child, until an hour's search revealed the fact that she traveled, as wanderers are so apt to do, almost in a circle, and was near the spot she had left, and yet no traces of her sister's child. The fear, the excitement, and the fatigue began to overcome her strangely, and her feet almost refused to move; so she sat down for a moment beside the old gray rock around whose side Kate had vanished, and prayed for strength to find her. A dim mist came over her eyes, and every thing began to look far-off and faint, when the sharp report of a gun rang through the wood. One shriek as she thought of the possible danger to the child from a careless sportsman, and Ruth Prescott had fainted, her head sunk on her arm flung over the stones, and she lay like one dead.

A crash through the underbrush, a bounding step, and Kate with her preserver, Harry Raymond, stood beside the wan, still face. Katie thought she was dead, but the lover raised the drooping head on his arm, and bid Katie run for some water, rubbing the little white hands he remembered so well. At last the great hazel eyes unclosed, but the one word on either side, "Ruth!" "Harry!" and they knew that they had met to part no more.

What wonder if, amidst the coming shadows of twilight, Aunt Ruth both laughed and cried over the recovered treasures—the lost child and the wandering lover. What wonder if old Dolly, tired of her sojourn among the trees, had whirled about until the prospects of a rag-carpet were exceedingly unpromising, by reason of the balls being scattered here and there and every where? What wonder if handsome Harry Raymond drove them home, while the old chaise nodded approval to every explanation that was made on either side.

When curly-headed Charlie came back, big and fat and rosy, there was no story that would soothe him so well as "'Bout sissy lost." When, many sunshiny years after, Grandma Ruth held an honored place among descendants, there was no tale she liked to tell so well as "Lost and Found in the Wood."

THE Uncommercial Traveler.

NO. VI.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

I GOT into the traveling chariot—it was of German make, roomy, heavy, and unvarnished—I got into the traveling chariot, pulled up the steps after me, shut myself in with a smart bang of the door, and gave the word, "Go on!"

So smooth was the old high road, and so fresh were the horses, and so fast went I, that it was midway between Gravesend and Rochester, and the widening river was bearing the ships, white-sailed or black-smoked, out to sea, when I noticed by the way-side a very queer small boy.

"Halloa!" said I, to the very queer small boy, "where do you live?"

"At Chatham," says he.

"What do you do there?" says I.

"I go to school," says he.

I took him up in a moment, and we went on. Presently the very queer small boy said, "This is Gadshill we are coming to, where Falstaff went out to rob those travelers, and ran away."

"You know something about Falstaff, eh?" said I.

"All about him," said the very queer small boy. "I am old (I am nine), and I read all sorts of books. But *do* let us stop at the top of the hill, and look at the house there, if you please!"

"You admire that house?" said I.

"Bless you, Sir," said the very queer small boy, "when I was not more than half as old as nine, it used to be a treat for me to be brought to look at it. And now I am nine, I come by myself to look at it. And ever since I can recollect, my father, seeing me so fond of it, has often said to me, 'If you were to be very persevering, and were to work hard, you might some day come to live in it.' Though that's impossible!" said the very queer small boy, drawing a low breath, and now staring at the house out of window with all his might.

I was rather amazed to be told this by the very queer small boy, for that house happens to be *my* house, and I have reason to believe that what he said was true.

Well, I made no halt there, and I soon dropped the very queer small boy and went on. Over the road where the old Romans used to march—over the road where the old Canterbury pilgrims used to go—over the road where the traveling trains of the old imperious priests and princes used to jingle on horseback between the Continent and this Island through the mud and water—over the road where Shakspeare hummed to himself, "Blow, blow, thou winter wind," as he sat in the saddle at the gate of the inn-yard, noticing the carriers; all among the cherry orchards, apple orchards, corn-fields, and hop-gardens; so went I, by Canterbury to Dover. There the sea was tumbling in, with deep sounds, after dark, and the revolving French light on Cape Grinez was seen regularly bursting out and becoming obscured, as if the head of a gigantic light-keeper, in an anxious state of mind, were interposed every half minute, to look how it was burning.

Early in the morning I was on the deck of the steam-packet, and we were aiming at the bar in the usual intolerable manner, and the bar was aiming at us in the usual intolerable manner, and the bar got by far the best of it, and we got by far the worst—all in the usual intolerable manner.

But when I was clear of the Custom-house on the other side, and when I began to make the dust fly on the thirsty French roads, and when the twigsome trees by the way-side (which, I suppose, never will grow leafy, for they never did) guarded here and there a dusty soldier, or field laborer, baking on a heap of broken stones, sound asleep in a fiction of shade, I began to recover my traveling spirits.

Welcome the old French hill, with the old French lunatic (not in the most distant degree related to Sterne's Maria) living in a thatched dog-kennel half-way up, and flying out with his crutch and his big head and extended night-cap, to be beforehand with the old men and women exhibiting crippled children, and with the children exhibiting old men and women, ugly and blind, who always seemed, by resurrectionary process, to be recalled out of the elements for the sudden peopling of the solitude!

"It is well," said I, scattering among them what small coin I had. "Here comes Louis; and I am quite roused from my nap."

We journeyed on again, and I welcomed every new assurance that France stood where I had left it. There were the posting-houses, with their archways, dirty stable-yards, and clean postmasters' wives, bright women of business, looking on at the putting-to of the horses; there were the postillions counting what money they got, into their hats, and never making enough of it; there were the standard population of gray horses of Flanders descent, invariably biting one another when they got a chance; there were the fleecy sheep-skins, looped on over their uniforms by the postillions, like bibbed aprons, when it blew and rained; there were their jack-boots, and their cracking whips; there were the cathedrals that I got out to see, as under some cruel bondage, in nowise desiring to see them; there were the little towns that appeared to have no reason for being towns, since most of

their house were to let, and nobody could be induced to look at them, except the people who couldn't let them, and had nothing else to do but look at them all day. I lay a night upon the road and enjoyed delectable cookery of potatoes, and some other sensible things, adoption of which at home would inevitably be shown to be fraught with ruin, ruin here or other, to that rickety national blessing, the British farmer; and at last I was rattled, like a single pill in a box, over leagues of stones, with a deeply cracking, plunging, and flourishing two gray tails about—I made my triumphal entry into Paris.

Whenever I am in Paris I am dragged by invisible force into the Morgue. I never want to go there, but am always pulled there. One Christmas Day, when I should rather have been any where else, I was attracted in to see an old, gray man lying all alone on his cold bed, with a cup of water turned over at his gray hair, and running, drip, drip, drip, down his wretched face until it got to the corner of his mouth, where it took a turn and made him look sly. One New-Year's morning (by the same token, the sun was shining outside, and there was a neuralgically balmy touch of feather on the nose within a yard of the gate), I was pulled in again, to look at a flaxen-haired boy of eighteen with a heavy blow, but who was dying immediately to open them, shake his head, and "come up smiling." Oh, what this large, dark man could tell of that night city!

It was very hot weather, and he was none the better for that, and I was much the worse. Indeed, a very small pleasant little woman, with the key of her lodging on her forefinger, who had been shoving him to her little girl while she and the child ate sweetmeats, observed monsieur looking poorly as we came out together, and asked monsieur, with her wondering little eyebrows prettily raised, if there were any thing the matter? Faintly replying in the negative, monsieur crossed the road to a wine-shop, got some brandy, and resolved to fortify himself with a dip in the great floating bath on the river.

The bath was crowded in the usual airy manner by a set of customers in striped drawers of various gay colors, who walked up and down arm in arm, drank coffee, smoked cigars, sat at little tables, conversed, played cards with the boards who dispensed the towels, and every now and then pitched themselves into the river head foremost, and came out at the other end: this social routine, I made haste to participate in the water part of the entertainment, and was in the full enjoyment of a delightful bathe, all in a moment I was seized by an unreasonable idea that the large dark body was floating straight at me.

I was an old diver, and dressing instantly. In the shock I had taken some water into my mouth, and I coughed and sick, for I fancied that the contamination of the creature was in it. I had got back to my cool darkened room in the hotel, and was lying on a sofa there before I began to reason with myself.

Of course I knew perfectly well that the large dark creature had been dead, and that I should no more come upon him out of the place where I had seen him dead than I should come upon the cathedral of Notre Dame in an entirely new situation. What troubled me was the picture of the creature; and that had so curiously and strongly painted itself upon my brain that I could not get rid of it until it was worn out.

I noticed the peculiarities of this possession while it was a subject present to me. That very day, at dinner, some morsel on my plate looked like a piece of him, and I was glad to get up and go out. Later in the evening, I was walking along the Boulevard Saint Denis, when I saw a bill at a public room there, announcing small-sword exercise, broadsword exercise, single-stick, and other such feats. I went in, and, some of the sword play being very skilful, remained. A specimen of our own national sport, the British Boxer, was announced to be given at the close of the evening. In an evil hour I determined to wait for this Boxer, as because a Boxer was a chance of many specimen (educated by two English grooms out of place), but one of the combatants receiving a straight right-hander with his left between his eyes, did exactly what the large dark creature in the Morgue had seemed going to do—and finished me for that night.

There was a rather sickly smell (not at all on unusual fragrance in Paris) in the little ante-room of my apartment at the hotel. The large dark creature in the Morgue was by no direct experience associated with my sense of smell; but when I came to the knowledge of him, he lay behind a wall of thick plate-glass, as good as a wall of steel or marble for that matter. Well, the whiff of the room never failed to reproduce him. What was more curious was the capriciousness with which the association seemed to light itself up in my mind elsewhere; I might be walking in the Palais Royal lazily enjoying the shop windows, and might be regarding with envious eye the really-magnificent clothes shops that are set out there. My eyes, wandering over impossible-waisted dressing-gowns and luminous waistcoats, would fall upon the master or the shopman, or even the very dummy at the door, and would suggest to me, "Something like him!"—and instantly I was sickened again.

This would happen at the theatre in the same manner. Often it would happen in the street, when I certainly was not looking for the likeness, and when probably there was no likeness there. It was not because the creature was dead that I was so haunted, because I know that I might have been (and I know it because I have been) equally

affected by the image of a living aversion. This lasted about a week. The picture did not fade by degrees, in the sense that it became a whit less forcible and distinct, but in the sense that it obtruded itself less and less frequently. The experience may be worth considering by some who have the care of children. It would be difficult to overvalue the intensity and accuracy of an intelligent child's observation. At that impressible time of life it means something more than close observation. If the fixed impression be of an object terrible to the child, it will be (for want of reasoning upon) inseparable from that object. It will cleave to it at such a time, be Spartan with it, send it into the dark against its will, keep it in a lonely bedroom persisting in it, and will not loiter under it.

On a bright morning I rattled away from Paris in the German chariot, and left the large dark creature behind me. I was ill, and very ill indeed, though, that I had been drawn back to the Morgue, after he was put under ground, to look at his resting-place, and that I found him there. Like him —particularly his boots. However, I rattled away for Switzerland, looking forward and not backward, and so my parable ends.

I went away in the German chariot on sunrise, and rattled on, day after day, like one in a sweet dream, with a change of scene to bulk on the harness of the horses that the nursery rhyme about Banbury Cross and the venerable lady who rode in state there, was a vile one to carry. And now I came into the land of wooden houses, innocent cakes, thin butter soup, and spotless little inn bedrooms with a full complement of flies. And now the Swiss marketmen were forever rifle-shooting at marks across gorges, so exceedingly near to my road that I felt as if I were in the Cantos of Tells, and went in highly-deserved danger of my tyrannical life. The prizes at these shooting matches were watches, smart handkerchiefs, hats, spoons, and (above all) tea-trays; and at these contests I came upon a more than usually interesting and delectable countryman of my own, who had shot himself deaf in whole years of competition, and had won so many tea-trays that he had covered his entire family with his carriage full of them, like a gloriously Cheap-Jack.

In the mountain country into which I had now travelled a yoke of oxen were sometimes hooked on before the post-horses, and I went lumbering up, up, up, through the clear, cold air. Rest to me, or of falling water for change of music. Of a sudden mist and rain would clear away, and I would see vineyards, orchards, and little villages, with towering spires and odd towers; and would stroll afoot into market-places in steep winding streets, where a hundred women in bright shady hats were selling butter and fruit, and suckled their children as they sat by their clean baskets, and had such enormous calves (or glandular swellings) that I wondered that it became a science to know where the nurse ended and the child began. About this time I deserted the German chariot for the back of a mule, and went up a thousand rugged ways, and looked down on a thousand woods of fir and pine, and would, on the whole, have preferred to be sleeping; a little nearer to the inside, and not usually travelling with a hoof or two over the precipice, though much consoled by reflection that this was to be attributed to his great sagacity, by reason of his carrying bread loads of wood at other times, and not being clear but that I was privileged to that station of life, and required as much room as they. He brought me safely, in his own wise way, among the passes of the Alps, and here I enjoyed a dozen climates a day; being now (like Don Quixote on the back of the wooden horse) in the region of wind, now in the region of rain, and now in the region of tinkling ice and snow. Here I passed over trembling domes of ice, beneath which the cataract was roaring; and here I passed under arches of icicles of unspeakable beauty; and here the sweet air was so bracing and so light that at bathing-places I rubbed myself dry with a towel that had been in an Arctic condition a mile off, would steam again. By such ways and means I would come to the dinner-table at the end of the day, and go to the track to see the waterfall; and then, uttering a howl like a young giant, on espying a traveller in a rather woolly, unwashed, and tangled way on the steep, the idiot flung on the wood-pile who sunned himself and roared his gritty, would rouse the ostler struggling within the inn, who would stream out bustily, throwing her child over one of her shoulders and her gridiron over the other, as she came on with the relays and religious houses, and bleak refuges of many kinds, on this journey, and by the drive at night, and by the dawn, and would see the day perished within call, in wreaths and drifts of snow. One night the stove within, and the cold outside, wrought a delicious entertainment in the window-pane, and I dreamed I was in Russia—the identical sort out of a picture-book I had, before I could read it for myself—until I found that I was to be bound by a noble personage in a fur cap, boots, and ear-rings, who, I think, must have come out of some melodrama.

—The sky became overcast without any notice; a wind very like the March east wind of England set in, across me; and a voice said, "How do you like it? Will it do?"

I had merely shut myself, for half a minute, in a Gurney vehicle that stood for sale in the Saint Denis Carriage Department of the London Pantechnicon. I had a commission to buy it for a friend who was going abroad; and the look and manner of the chariot, as I tried the cushions and the springs, brought all these hints of traveling remembrance before me.

"It will do very well," said I, rather sorrowfully, as I got out at the other door and shut the carriage up.

CANADIAN TESTIMONIAL TO GENERAL CODRINGTON.

The subjoined letter will explain the engraving on the following page:

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

MONTREAL, March 30, 1860.

Inclosed you will find a photograph of the Testimonial about to be presented to "Sir W. W. Codrington, K.C.B., Bart.," Governor of Gibraltar, by the "Jewish Ladies of Canada," for which I hope you will find a corner in your esteemed Journal.

It is a copy of the Old Testament, richly bound in blue velvet and morocco leather, the large clasp having the word "Lord," in Hebrew characters, worked on it in gold. On the plate is the following inscription:

PRESENTED TO
SIR W. W. CODRINGTON, K.C.B., BART.,
Governor of Gibraltar,
BY THE
JEWISH LADIES OF CANADA,
As a Testimonial
Of their high appreciation of his generous philanthropy toward their distressed co-religionists from Morocco.
A.M. 5620.

The Bible is placed in a case of bird's-eye maple, decorated with silver and lined with crimson velvet—the whole being of Montreal manufacture.

THE CLAY STATUE AT NEW ORLEANS.

On 12th April, Mr. Joel T. Hart's grand statue of Henry Clay was inaugurated at New Orleans, in presence of one of the largest concourses of people ever assembled in that city. Mr. Hart was the orator of the day; in opening his oration he thus alluded to the statue, which we engrave on the following page:

"In the year 1850, a number of public-spirited and patriotic citizens, desirous of manifesting their veneration for the character and public services of Henry Clay, formed themselves into a society named the 'Clay Monumental Association of New Orleans.' Their object, as their name indicates, was to erect in this city a suitable monument to the illustrious man whose memory they designed to honor.

"They determined to erect a bronze statue of Mr. Clay, and they fixed upon a sculptor for its location, with the permission of the city authorities.

"On the 12th of April, 1856, the corner-stone of the pedestal was laid with appropriate solemnities. The work of making the statue was intrusted to Mr. Joel T. Hart, of Kentucky. The artist accepted the high and delicate commission, and in the most important work to a native artist has given distinguished evidence in the world of Art gave an earnest of its admirable execution; and who, born by the side of the illustrious patriot, and having early imbibed the spirit of his principles, would bring to the performance of his grateful task a genius glowing with the enthusiasm of a personal and fervent admiration.

"Equally judicious has been the selection of this site for the statue. In the very centre-ground hemisphere of our city—in the very heart of the metropolis, overlooking the Mississippi, the great avenue of our internal commerce, and one of the strongest natural bonds of the Union—it stands conspicuous; a noble and permanent monument of the people's love, and a monument of the gratitude and veneration of a free people."

The statue is about twelve feet high, the pedestal is somewhat taller than it appears in our picture.

Mr. Clay is represented in the act of addressing the Senate, the left hand resting on the pedestal, the right gracefully extended.

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "AFTER DARK," ETC., ETC.

MR. FAIRLIE'S NARRATIVE—*Concluded.*

I HAVE mentioned that my usual course hitherto had been to submit to dear Marian, and make no noise. But the present occasion the consequences involved in her extremely inconsiderate proposal were of a nature to make me pause. Mr. Clay is represented in the act of addressing a Lady Gyde, what security had I against Sir Percival Glyde's following her here, in a state of violent excitement, and accusing me of harboring his wife? I saw such a perfect labyrinth of troubles involved in this proceeding that I determined to keep my head, as it were. I wrote, therefore, to dear Marian, to beg (as she had no husband to lay claim to her) that she would come here to myself first and talk the matter over with me. If she could answer my objections to my own perfect satisfaction, then I assured her I would receive our sweet Laura with the greatest pleasure—but not otherwise. I felt, of course, at the time, that this temporizing on my part would probably end in bringing Marian here in a state of virtuous indignation, banging doors also; and of the two indignations and bangings I preferred Marian's, because I was used to her. Accordingly I dispatched the letter by return of post. It gained me time, at all events—and, oh dear me! what a point that was to begin with.

When I am totally prostrated (did I mention that I was totally prostrated by Marian's letter?) it always takes me three days to get up again. I was very unreasonable—I expected three days of quiet. Of course I didn't get them.

The third day's post brought me a most impertinent letter from a person with whom I was totally unacquainted. He described himself as the acting partner of our man of business—our dear, pig-headed Old Stager. In consequence of his decease, the letter had been addressed to him at Miss Halcombe's handwriting. On opening the envelope, he had discovered, to his astonishment, that it contained nothing but a blank sheet of note paper. This circumstance appeared to him so suspicious (as suggesting to his restless legal mind that the letter had been tampered with) that he had at once written to Miss Halcombe, and he had received no answer by return of post. In this difficulty, instead of acting like a sensible man and letting things take their course, his next absurd proceeding, on his own showing, was to pester *me*, by writing to inquire if I knew any thing about it. Why the deuce should I know any thing about it? Why alarm *me* as well as himself? I wrote back to that effect. It was one of my keenest letters. I have produced nothing with a sharper epistolary edge to it since I tended his dismissal in writing to that extremely troublesome person, Mr. Walter Hartright.

My letter produced its effect. I heard nothing more from the lawyer. This, perhaps, was not altogether surprising. But I was seriously a remarkable circumstance that no second letter reached me from Marian, and that no warning signs appeared of her arrival. Her unexpected absence did me amazing good. It was so very soothing and pleasant to infer (as I did of course) that my determined objections had made it up again. Five days of undisturbed tranquility, of delicious single blessedness, quite restored me. Six days—I am strictly within the truth or sixteenth of July, as I imagine—I felt strong enough to send for my photographer, and to set him to work again on the presentation copies of my art-treasures, with a view, as I have already explained, to the improvement of tastes in this barbarous neighborhood. I had just dismissed him to his work-shop, and had just settled comfortably with my cousin, when Louis suddenly made his appearance with a card in his hand.

"Another Young Person?" I said. "I won't see her. In my state of health Young Persons disagree with me. Not at home."

"It is a gentleman, this time, Sir."

A gentleman of course made a difference. I looked at the card.

Gracious Heavens! my tiresome sister's foreign husband. Count Fosco!

Is it necessary to say what my first impression was when I looked at my visitor's card? Surely not. My sister having married a foreigner, there was but one impression that any man in the world could possibly feel. Of course the Count had come to borrow money of me.

"Louis," I said, "do you think he would go away if you were to tell the five shillings?"

Louis looked quite shocked. He surprised me inexpressibly by declaring that my sister's foreign husband was dressed in mourning, and looked the picture of prosperity. Under these circumstances, my first impression altered to a certain extent. It never took a favorable shape that the Count had matrimonial difficulties of his own to contend with, and that he had come, with his wife, out of the family, to cast them all on my shoulders.

"Did he mention his business?" I asked.

"Count Fosco said he had come here, Sir, because Miss Halcombe was unable to leave Blackwater Park."

Precisely so, apparently. Not exactly his own, as I had supposed, but dear Marian's. It made very little difference. Troubles, any way. Oh dear!

"Show him in," I said, resignedly.

The Count's first appearance really startled me. He was dressed in an alarmingly large person, that I quite trembled. I felt certain that he would shake the floor, and knock down my arttreasures. He did neither the one nor the other. He was refreshingly dressed in summer costume; his manner was delightfully self-possessed and easy; his head is a strong one. My first impression of him was highly favorable. It is not creditable to my penetration—as the sequel will show—to acknowledge this; but I am a naturally candid man, and I *do* acknowledge it, notwithstanding.

"Allow me to present myself, Mr. Fairlie," he said. "I come from Blackwater Park, and I have the honor to be the husband of being Madame Fosco's husband. Let me take my first and last advantage of that circumstance by requesting you to make no apology to me. I beg you will not disturb yourself—I beg you will not move."

"You are very good," I replied. "I wish I was strong enough to get up. Charmed to see you at Limmeridge. Please take a chair."

"I am afraid you are suffering to-day," said the Count.

"As usual," I said. "I am nothing but a bundle of nerves—dressed up to look like a man."

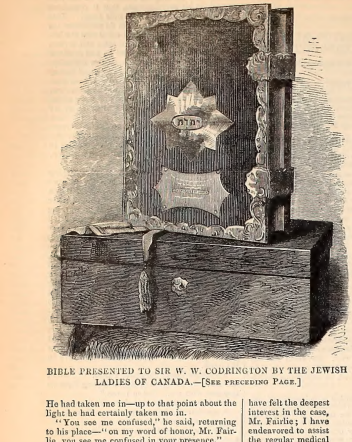
"I have studied many subjects in my time," remarked this sympathetic person. "Among others, the inscrutable subject of nerves. May I make a suggestion, at once the simplest and the most profound? Will you let me alter the light in your room?"

"Certainly—if you will be so very kind as not to let any of it in on me."

He walked to the window. Such a contrast to dear Marian! so extremely considerate in all his movements!

"Shall I," he said, in that delightfully confidential tone which is so soothing to an invalid, "is the first essential. Light stimulates, nourishes, invigorates. You can no more do without it, Mr. Fairlie, than if you were a flower. Observe. Here, where you sit, I close the shutters to compose you. There, where you do not sit, I draw up the blind and let in the invigorating sun. Admit the light into your room, if you can not bear it on yourself. Light, Sir, is the grand decree of Providence. You accept Providence with your own restrictions. Accept Light on the same terms."

I thought this very convincing indeed.



BIBLE PRESENTED TO SIR W. W. CODRINGTON BY THE JEWISH LADIES OF CANADA.—[SEE PRECEDING PAGE.]

He had taken me in—up to that point about the light he had certainly taken me in.

"You see me confused," he said, returning to his place—"on my word of honor, Mr. Fairlie, you see me confused in your presence."

"Shocked to hear it, I am sure. May I inquire why?"

"Sir, can I enter this room (where you sit a sufferer), and see you surrounded by these admirable objects of Art, without discovering that you are a man whose feelings are acutely impressionable, whose sympathies are perpetually alive? Tell me, can I do this?"

If I had been strong enough to sit up in my chair I should of course have bowed. Not being strong enough, I smiled my acknowledgments instead. It did just as well; we both understood one another.

"Pray, follow my train of thought," continued the Count. "I sit here, a man of refined sympathies myself, in the presence of another man of refined sympathies also. I am conscious of a terrible necessity for lacerating those sympathies, by referring to domestic events of a very melancholy kind. What is the inevitable consequence? I have done myself the honor of pointing it out to you already. I sit confused."

Was it at this point that I began to suspect he was going to bore me? I rather think it was.

"Is it absolutely necessary to refer to these unpleasant matters?" I inquired. "In our homely English phrase, Count Fosco, won't they keep?"

The Count, with the most alarming solemnity, sighed and shook his head.

"Must I really hear them?"

He shrugged his shoulders (it was the first foreign thing he had done since he had been in the room), and looked at me in an unpleasantly penetrating manner. My instincts told me that I had better close my eyes. I obeyed my instincts.

"Please, break it gently," I pleaded. "Any body dead?"

"Dead!" cried the Count, with unnecessary foreign fierceness. "Mr. Fairlie! your notional composure terrifies me. In the name of Heaven, what have I said or done to make you think me the messenger of death?"

"Pray accept my apologies," I answered. "You have said and done nothing. I make it a rule, in these distressing cases, always to anticipate the worst. It breaks the blow by meeting it half-way, and so on. Inexpressibly relieved, I am sure, to hear that nobody is dead. Any body ill?"

I opened my eyes and looked at him. Was he very yellow when he came in? or had he turned very yellow in the last minute or two? I really can't say; and I can't ask Louis, because he was not in the room at the time.

"Any body ill?" I repeated; observing that my notional composure still appeared to affect him.

"That is part of my bad news, Mr. Fairlie. Yes. Somebody is ill."

"Grieved, I am sure. Which of them is it?"

"To my profound sorrow, Miss Halcombe. Perhaps you were in some degree prepared to hear this? Perhaps, when you found that Miss Halcombe did not come here by herself, as you proposed, and did not write a second time, your affectionate anxiety may have made you fear that she was ill?"

I have no doubt my affectionate anxiety had led to that melancholy apprehension, at some time or other; but, at the moment, my wretched memory entirely failed to remind me of the circumstance. However, I said Yes, in justice to myself. I was much shocked. It was so very uncharacteristic of such a robust person as dear Marian to be ill that I could only suppose she had met with an accident. A horse, or a false step on the stairs, or something of that sort.

"Is it serious?" I asked.

"Serious — beyond a doubt," he replied. "Dangerous — I hope and trust not. Miss Halcombe unhappily exposed herself to be wetted through by a heavy rain. The cold that followed was of an aggravated kind; and it has now brought with it the worst consequence — Fever."

When I heard the word Fever, and when I remembered, at the same moment, that the unscrupulous person who was now addressing me had just come from Blackwater Park, I thought I should have fainted on the spot.

"Good God!" I said. "Is it infectious?"

"Not at present," he answered, with detestable composure. "It may turn to infection; but no such deplorable complication had taken place when I left Blackwater Park. I Glyde. I am Sir Percival's oldest friend; I am related to Lady Glyde by marriage; I am an eye-witness of all that has happened at Blackwater Park. In those three capacities I speak with authority, with confidence, with honorable regret. Sir! I inform you, as the head of Lady Glyde's family, that Miss Halcombe has exaggerated nothing in the letter that she wrote to your address. I affirm that the remedy which that admirable lady has proposed is the only remedy that will spare you the horrors of public scandal. A temporary separation between husband and wife is the one peaceable solution of this difficulty. Part them for the present; and when all causes of irritation are removed, I, who have now the honor of addressing you—I will undertake to bring Sir Percival to reason. Lady Glyde is innocent, Lady Glyde is injured; but —follow my thought here!—she is, on that very account (I say it with shame), the cause of irritation while she remains under her husband's roof. No other house can receive her with propriety but yours. I invite you to open it!"

Cool. Here was a matrimonial hailstorm pouring in the South of England, and I was invited, by a man with fever in every fold of his coat, to come out from the North of England and take my share of the pelting. I tried to put the point forcibly, just as I have put it here. The Count deliberately lowered one of his horrid fingers, kept the other up, and went on—rode over me, as it were, without even the common coachmanlike attention of crying "Hi!" before he knocked me down.

"Follow my thought once more, if you please," he resumed. "My first object you have heard. My second object in coming to this house is to do what Miss Halcombe's illness has prevented her from doing for myself. My large experience is consulted on all difficult matters at Blackwater Park; and my friendly advice was requested on the interesting subject of your letter to Miss Halcombe. I understood at once—for my sympathies are your sympathies—why you wished to see her here before you pledged yourself to inviting Lady Glyde. You are most right, Sir, in hesitating to receive the wife until you are quite certain that the husband will not exert his authority to reclaim her. I agree to that. I also agree that such delicate explanations as this difficulty involves are not explanations which can be properly disposed of by writing only. My presence here (to my own great inconvenience) is the proof that I speak sincerely. As for the explanations themselves I—Fosco—I who know Sir Percival much better than Miss Halcombe knows him, affirm to you, on my honor and my word, that he will not come near this house, or attempt to communicate with this house, while his wife is living in it. His affairs are embarrassed. Offer him his freedom by means of the absence of Lady Glyde. I promise you he will take his freedom, and go back to the Continent, at the earliest moment when he can get away. Is this clear to you as crystal? Yes, it is. Have you questions to address to me? Be it so; I am here to answer. Ask, Mr. Fairlie—oblige me by asking to your heart's content."

He had said so much already in spite of me, and he looked so dreadfully capable of saying a great deal more, also in spite of me, that I declined his amiable invitation in pure self-defense.

"Many thanks," I replied. "I am sinking fast. In my state of health I must take things for granted. Allow me to do so on this occasion. We quite understand each other. Yes. Much obliged, I am sure, for your kind interference. If I ever get better, and ever have a

STATUE OF HENRY CLAY, AT NEW ORLEANS, INAUGURATED APRIL 12, 1860.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY J. H. CLARK, ESQ., OF NEW ORLEANS.—[SEE PRECEDING PAGE.]

second opportunity of improving our acquaintance—interview.

He got up. I thought he was going. No. More talk; more time for the development of infectious influences—in my room, too; remember that, in my room!

"One moment yet," he said; "one moment, before I take my leave. I ask permission, at parting, to impress on you an urgent necessity. It is this, Sir? You must not think of waiting till Miss Halcombe recovers before you recite Lady Glyde. Miss Halcombe has the attendance of the doctor, of the housekeeper at Blackwater Park, and of an experienced nurse as well—three persons for whose capacity and devotion I answer with my life. I tell you that. I tell you, also, that the anxiety and alarm of her sister's illness has already affected the health and spirits of Lady Glyde, and has made her totally unfit to be of use in the sick-room. Her position with her husband grows more and more deplorable and dangerous every day. If you leave her any longer at Blackwater Park you do nothing whatever to hasten her sister's recovery, and, at the same time, you risk the public scandal, which, you, and I, and all of us, are bound, in the sacred interests of the Family, to avoid. With all my soul I advise you to remove the serious responsibility of delay from your own shoulders by writing to Lady Glyde to come here at once. Be your affectionate, your honorable, your inevitable duty; and, whatever happens in the future, no one can lay the blame on you. I speak from my large experience; I offer my friendly advice. Is it accepted—Yes, or No?"

I looked at him—merely looked at him—with my sense of his amazing assurance, and my dawning resolution to ring for Louis, and have him shown out of the room, expressed in every line of my face. It is perfectly incredible, but quite true, that my face did not appear to produce the slightest impression on him. Then without nerves—evidently born without nerves!

"You hesitate?" he said. "Mr. Fairlie! I understand that hesitation. You object—sec, Sir, how my sympathies look straight down into your thoughts!—you object that Lady Glyde is not in health and not in spirits to take the long journey from Hampshire to this place by herself. Her own maid is removed from her, as you know; and of other servants fit to travel with her from one end of England to another there are none at Blackwater Park. You object, again, that she can not comfortably stop and rest in London on her way here, because she can not comfortably go alone to a public hotel when she is a total stranger. In one breath I grant both objections—in another breath I remove them. How me, if you please, for the last time. It was my intention, when I returned to England with Sir Percival, to settle myself in the neighborhood of London. That purpose has just been happily accomplished. I have taken, for six months, a little furnished house, in the quarter called St. John's Wood. Be so obliging as to keep this fact in your mind, and observe the programme I now propose. Lady Glyde travels to London (a short journey—I myself meet her at the station); I take her to rest and sleep at my house, which is also the house of her aunt; when she is restored, I escort her to the station again; she travels to this place, and her own maid (who is now under your roof) receives her at the carriage door. Here is comfort consulted; here are the interests of propriety consulted; here is your own duty—duty of hospitality, sympathy, protection, to an unhappy lady in need of all three—smoothed and made easy, from the beginning to the end. I cordially invite you, Sir, to second my efforts in the sacred interests of the Family. I seriously advise you to write by my hands, offering the hospitality of your house (and heart), and the hospitality of my house (and heart), to that injured and unfortunate lady whose cause I plead to-day."

He waved his horrid hand at me; he struck his infectious breath! he addressed me oratorically—as if I was laid up in the House of Commons. It was high time to take a desperate course of some sort. It was also high time to send for Louis, and adopt the precaution of fumigating the room.

In this trying emergency an idea occurred to me—an inestimable idea, which, so to speak, killed two intrusive birds with one stone. I determined to get rid of the Count's tiresome troubles, by complying with his odious foreigner's request, and writing the letter at once. There was not the least danger of the invitation being accepted, for there was not the least chance that Laura would consent to leave Blackwater Park while Marian was lying there ill. How like a charmingly convenient obstacle could have escaped the officious penetration of the Count I was impossible to conceive—it had escaped him. My dread that he might yet discover it, if I allowed him any more time to think, stimulated me to such an unusual exertion that I struggled into a sitting position; seized—really seized—the writing materials by my side, and produced the letter as rapidly as if I had been a common clerk in an office. "Dearest Laura,—Please come, whenever you like. Break the journey by sleeping in London at your aunt's house. Grieved to hear of dear Marian's illness. Ever affectionately yours." I handed these lines, at arm's-length, to the Count—I sank back into my chair—I said, "Excuse me; I am entirely prostrated; I can do no more. Will you wait and hand Louis the letter? Love to all, and sympathy, and so on. *Good-morning.*"

He made another speech—the man was absolutely unchastisable. I closed my eyes; I endeavored to hear as little as possible. In spite of my endeavors I was obliged to hear a great deal. My visitor's endless flow of words accumulated himself, and congratulated me on the result of the interview; he mentioned a great deal more about his sympathies and his regard for the injured my miserable health; he offered to write me a prescription; he commented on my forgetfulness of not forgetting what he had said about the importance of light; he accepted my obliging invitation to rest and breathe a little—because he was to expect Lady Glyde in two or three days' time; he begged my permission to look forward to our next meeting, and to my further counsel and gaining me by saying farewell; he added a great deal more, which I rejoice to think I did not attend to then, and which I can remember now. I heard his sympathetic voice travelling away from me by degrees; but, large as he was, his exit was quiet. He left the room, leaving me at it being absolutely noiseless. I don't know when he opened the door, or when he shut it. I only know that I was left alone at last again, after an interval of silence—and he was gone.

I rang for Louis, and retired to my bedroom. I would wash my hands, and use cologne-water, and I would have a fumigation. I would have a fumigation, and I would use cologne-water, and I would use chloride of lime to purify the room, and I would use vinegar for myself, and copious fumigation for my study, were the obvious precautions to take; I was grateful for the idea for the moment, and they proved successful. I enjoyed my customary siesta. I awoke moist and cool. My first thought was, Have I done right? Am I really got rid of him? Yes—he had gone away by the afternoon train. Had he lunched; and, if so, what? Never mind—I was safe, quiet, and cream. What a man! What a digestion!

Am I expected to say any thing more? I believe not. I believe I have reached the limits assigned to me. The shocking circumstances which happened at this period I did not, I am thankful to say, happen in my presence. I do beg and entreat that nobody will be so very unfeeling as to lay any part of the blame of those circumstances on *me*. I did every thing for the best. I am not answerable for a deplorable calamity which it was quite impossible to foresee. I am shattered by it; I have suffered bitterly from anxiety and sorrow. My servant, Louis (who is really attached to me, in his unintelligent way), thinks I shall never get over it. He sees me trembling at this moment, with my handkerchief to my eyes. I wish my memory, in justice to myself, that it was not my fault, and that I am quite exhausted and heart-broken. I can say no more.

THE NARRATIVE OF ELIZA MICHELSON, HOUSEKEEPER AT BLACKWATER PARK.

I am asked to state plainly what I know of the progress of Miss Halcombe's illness, and of the circumstances under which Lady Glyde left Blackwater Park for London.

The reason given for making this demand on me, is that my testimony is required in the interests of truth. As the widow of a clergyman of the Church of England (reduced by misfortune to the necessity of accepting a situation), I have been taught to place the claims of truth above all other considerations. I therefore comply with a request which I might otherwise, through reluctance to connect myself with distressing family affairs, have hesitated to grant.

I made no memorandum at the time, and I can not therefore be sure, to a day, of the date; but I believe I am correct in stating that Miss Halcombe's serious illness began during the first week in July. The breakfast hour was late at Blackwater Park—eleven o'clock. It is as true, never earlier than half past nine. On the morning to which I am now referring, Miss Halcombe (who was usually the first to come down) did not make her appearance at the table. After the family had waited a quarter of an hour, the upper housemaid was sent to see after her, and came running out of the room, dreadfully frightened. I met the servant on the stairs, and went at once to Miss Halcombe to see what was the matter. The poor lady was incapable of telling me. She was walking about her room with a pen in her hand, quite light-headed, in a state of burning fever.

Lady Glyde (being no longer in Sir Percival's service, I may, without impropriety, mention my former mistress by her name, instead of calling her My Lady) was the first to come in from her own bedroom. She was so dreadfully alarmed and distressed that she was quite useless. The Count Fosco and his lady, who came up stairs immediately afterward, were both most serviceable and kind. Her Ladyship assisted me to get Miss Halcombe to her bed. His lordship, the Count, remained in the sitting-room, and having sent for my medicine-chest, made a mixture for Miss Halcombe, and a cooling lotion to be applied to her head, so as to lose no time before the doctor came. We applied the lotion, but we could not get her to take the mixture. Sir Percival undertook to send for the doctor. He dispatched a groom on horseback for the nearest medical man, Mr. Dawson, of Oak Lodge.

Mr. Dawson arrived in less than an hour's time. He was a respectable elderly man, well known all round the country; and we were much pleased when we found that he considered the case to be a very serious one. His lordship, the Count, affably entered into conversation with Mr. Dawson, and gave his opinions with a judicious freedom. Mr. Dawson, not over-courteously, inquired if his lordship's advice was that of a doctor; and being informed that it was the advice of one who had studied medicine, unprofessionally, replied that he was not accustomed to consult with amateur physicians. The Count, with truly Christian meekness of temper, smiled, and left the room. Before he went out, he told me that he might be found, in case he was wanted in the course of the day, at the boat-house on the banks of the lake. Mr. Dawson have gone there I can not say. But he did go; remaining away the whole of the dull seven o'clock, which was dinner-time. Perhaps he went out to set the example of keeping the house as quiet as possible. It was entirely in his character to do so. He was a most considerate man.

Miss Halcombe passed a very bad night, the fever coming and going, and getting worse toward the morning instead of better. No nurse could be found in the neighborhood, her ladyship the Countess and myself undertook the duty, relieving each other. Lady Glyde, most unwisely, insisted on sitting up with us. She was much too nervous and too delicate in health to bear the anxiety of Miss Halcombe's illness calmly. She only did herself harm, without being of the least real assistance. A more gentle and affectionate lady never lived; but she cried and she was frightened—two weaknesses which render her entirely unfit to be present in a sick-room.

Sir Percival and the Count came in the morning to make inquiries. Sir Percival (from distress, I presume, at his lady's affliction and at Miss Halcombe's illness) appeared much confused and unlike himself in his mind. His lordship testified, on the contrary, a becoming composure and interest. He had his straw-hat in one hand and his cane in the other; and he mentioned to Sir Percival, in my hearing, that he would go out again and study at the lake. "Let us have perfect quiet," he said. "Let us not smoke in-doors, my friend, now Miss Halcombe is ill. You go your way, and I will go mine. Good-morning! I like to be alone. Good-morning, Mrs. Michelson."

Sir Percival was not civil enough—perhaps I ought in justice to say not composed enough—to take leave of me with the same polite attention. The only person in the house, indeed, who treated me, at that time or at any other, on the footing of a lady in distressed circumstances, was the Count. He had the manners of a true nobleman; he was considerate toward every one. Even the young person (Fanny by name) who attended on Lady Glyde was not beneath his notice. She was sent away by Sir Percival, his lordship (after paying his sweet little birds at the time) was most kindly anxious to know what had become of her, where she was to go the day she left Blackwater Park, and so on. It is in such little delicate attentions that the advantages of an aristocratic birth always show themselves. I make no apology for introducing these particulars; they are brought forward in justice to his lordship, whose character, I have reason to know, is viewed rather harshly in certain quarters. A nobleman who can respect a lady in distressed circumstances, and can take a fatherly interest in the fortunes of an humble servant girl, shows principles and feelings of too high an order to be lightly called in question. I advance no opinions—I offer facts only. My endeavor through life is to judge not, that I be not judged. One of my beloved husband's finest sermons was on that text. I read it constantly—in my own copy of the edition printed by subscription in the first days of my widowhood—and at every fresh perusal I derive an increase of spiritual benefit and edification.

There was no improvement in Miss Halcombe, and the second night was even worse than the first. Mr. Dawson was constant in his attendance. The practical duties of nursing were still divided between the Countess and myself. Lady Glyde persisting in sitting up with us, though we both entreated her to take some rest. "My place is by Marian's bedside," was her only answer. "Whether I am ill or well, nothing will induce me to lose sight of her."

Toward mid-day I went down stairs to attend to some of my regular duties. An hour afterward, on my way back to the sick-room, I saw the Count (who had gone out again early, for the third time) entering the hall, to all appearance in the highest good spirits. Sir Percival at the same moment put his head out of the library door, and addressed his noble friend, with a coarse eagerness, in these words:

"Have you found her?"

His lordship's large face became dimpled all over with placid amusement; but he made no reply in words. At the same time Sir Percival turned his head, observed that I was approaching the stairs, and looked at me in the most rudely angry manner possible.

"Come in here and tell me about it," he said, to the Count. "Whenever there are women in a house they're always sure to be going up or down stairs."

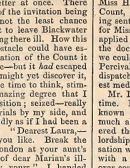
"I hear Sir Percival," observed his lordship, kindly, "Mrs. Michelson has duties. Pray remember her admirable performances of them as sincerely as I do! How is the sufferer, Mrs. Michelson?"

"No better, my lord, I regret to say."

"Sad—most sad!" remarked the Count. "You look fatigued, Mrs. Michelson. It is certainly time you and my wife had some help in nursing. I think I may be the means of offering you that help. Circumstances have happened which will oblige Madame Fosco to travel to London either to-morrow or the day after. She will go away in the morning and return at night; and she will bring back with her, to relieve you, a nurse of excellent conduct and capacity, who is now disengaged. The woman is known to my wife as a person to be trusted. Before she comes here say nothing about her, if you please, to the doctor, because he will look with an evil eye on any nurse of my providing. When she appears in this house she will speak for herself; and Mr. Dawson will be obliged to acknowledge that there is no excuse for not employing her. Lady Glyde will say the same. Pray present my best respects and sympathies to Lady Glyde."

I expressed my grateful acknowledgments for his lordship's kind consideration. Sir Percival cut them short by calling to his noble friend (using, I regret to say, a profane expression) to come into the library, and not keep him waiting there any longer.

I proceeded up stairs. We are poor erring creatures; and however well established a woman's principles may be, she can not always keep on her guard against the temptation to excessive idle curiosity. I am ashamed to say that my little curiosity, on this occasion, got the better of my principles, and made me unduly inquisitive about the question which Sir Percival had addressed to his noble friend at the library door. Who was the Count expected to find in the course of his studious morning rambles at Blackwater Park? A woman, it was to be presumed, from the terms of Sir Percival's inquiry. I did not suspect the Count of any impropriety—I knew his moral character too well. The only question I asked myself was—Had he found her?



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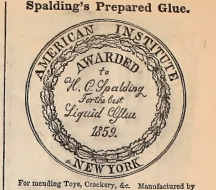

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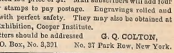

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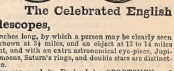

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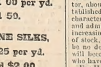

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. IV.—No. 175.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1860. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

ONLY FOR SOMETHING TO SAY.

"Not engaged? I'm so glad. Will you talk with me, then?
An oasis for me in this desert of crowd:
Blest be the blindness of dancing men,
And Laurent for playing so loud!
And as you came with the Ardeley set?
Do you like them? listen and never forget,
Do those men listen and never forget,
And never again be in fancy free?
I scarce remember'd you, fair as you are,
And you'll learn as brightly when I am gone—
Careless that thoughts of a vanished star
Make a starless night so lone.
It may take one flower before I go—
One little bud to tell of the giver?
Oh yes, it will die in a day, I know,
But the memory—never—never?"
An innocent spirit that knew not pain,
A sweet sunny brow that was stranger to sorrow,
May ponder and dwell on such words again,
Half-glad, half-sad, to-morrow.
Nay, buoyy bird, never pine. Among
The falsest and gayest be fair and gay,
Spite of homage wrung from a flattering tongue,
Only for something to say.

"That last value yours, Sir? Certainly, no.
Have I not kept the very next two?
And should I have kept and remember'd them so
For any one else but you?
Oh, I'll not praise you for dancing in time,
And talking better than all the rest;
But because it is so I think it no crime
To like you for a partner best.
Why did you look, when I danced with Sir John,
With a look as black as a storm of thunder,
And now put your drawing-room manners on,
And your brightest face, I wonder?
Well, will you take me to have some tea?
Dear, how fresh it is on the stair!
You're not too engaged to stay with me
A minute or two in the air?"
A look that had scorned the tenderest guile,
A heart that deem'd itself stern and strong,
Is bent to the light of a Psyche smile,
And chain'd by a siren-song.
He, there, Sir Knight, unconsquer'd yet—
Rover so long, are you caught to-day
In the soft snare set by a clever coquette,
Only for something to say?

"HEARTS MAY BE BROKEN BY LIGHT WORDS SPOKEN."

'Tis a glorious prowess, in sooth, with a word
To wound the trusting, and tame the proud,
Even as a leaf by a breath is stirr'd,
A spray by a dew-drop bow'd.
And so the battle goes bravely through,
And heart gets hardest as tongue flows free,
And swells the blazon, "I conquer you,
Lest you should conquer me."
Fight on, brave souls, 'tis a noble strife—
Play on, rosy lips, 'tis a merry game—
Tourney for tourney, and life for life,
Weapons and lists the same.
Since language was framed but to hide the thought
(Moral as deep as the proverb is old),
Since daily the delicate miracle's wrought,
Hourly the legend told,
You will surely own it an idle creed,
Frivolous gallant and faithless maid,
That forbids the victim to suffer and bleed,
For one vain hour's parade;
You will surely deny by the evidest token
Of trophy on trophy won day by day,
That hearts may be broken by light words spoken—
Only for something to say.

RATS IN THE HOSPITALS.

We give herewith a picture of the beds in Bellevue Hospital, in this city, in one of which the newborn child of Mary Connor was eaten by rats on Monday morning, 23d ult. The artist has peopled the scene, so as to bring its horrors vividly before the public mind. That it is no exaggeration the published evidence proves. All the hospital authorities state that the building is swarming with rats, as many as forty having been killed in a bathtub in one evening; and Mary Connor herself mentions that, in her agony, she felt them running over her body. The following is Alexander Hadden's account of what he pleased to call the "unpleasant occurrence."

THE DOCTOR'S ACCOUNT.

"Mary Connor, an unmarried woman, aged thirty-one years, was admitted to Bellevue Hospital Sunday afternoon. She stated that she expected to be confined soon, but could not specify how soon. Up to the period of admission to the hospital she had been engaged in house-

THE SICK WOMEN IN BELLEVUE HOSPITAL, NEW YORK, OVERRUN BY RATS.

cleaning, working very hard every day. She had no pains, and made no complaint. She walked unassisted to the ward appropriated to women who come here to wait their confinement. The ward was occupied at the time by twenty other women patients, and by the nurse, who had charge of the ward. At six o'clock Monday morning I was called by the nurse to see a woman. I went immediately to the ward, found the woman, who was expected by the nurse to be soon confined, as follows: Lying on a bed between two other beds, not five feet from either; both beds were occupied by waiting women. I asked of her condition; she stated she thought her child was born. I immediately examined and found the child beneath the hips of the mother, in a lifeless condition, and mutilated, apparently, by rats. In the position in which the child was life could not have existed but a few moments. The mutilation, without doubt, occurred after the death of the child. She stated that she complained of feeling slightly ill to a patient on her left, but thought she would be worse before she was better, and did not wish the doctor sent for. She fell asleep, and was conscious at one time that something was running over her, which she supposed to be a cat. She again went to sleep; and on waking she was observed to be uneasy by one of the women, who told the nurse. I was at once sent for. The woman was not in a feeble condition when I first saw her.

"ALEXANDER HADDEN."

THE MOTHER'S STATEMENT.

Mary Connor (the mother) says she has been in this country eight years; the last five years in New York; have always lived in the same family until within the last two months; I was never married; I became pregnant last August; the father of the child is ——; I was not in habits of intimacy with him; he knew of my situation and has done nothing for me; he made me no promises at any time; I came to the hospital last Sunday, in the afternoon; when I came here I thought I would be confined the last of this month; I said so to the woman in the hospital; after going to bed I fell asleep soon; woke up during the night and felt bad; did not call any one; heard no noise or disturbance of any kind until the child was born, as I thought; I felt no pains; after the birth of the child, as I thought, I soon fell asleep or fainted, and when I woke I felt something in the bed; felt that there was a cat or rat there; could not tell which; the doctor came to me in the morning as soon as the nurse sent for him; I was born in County Dublin, Ireland.

The new Commissioners have taken up the matter. They have work before them—if they intend to do their duty. Not only the rats but the officials need some sweeping out.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1860.

THE BRUTAL PRIZE-FIGHT.

WE publish this week, as part of the news to the illustration of which this journal is devoted, an engraving of the brutal and bloody prize-fight which lately took place in England between Tom Sayers and John C. Heenan. We need not say that we regret its appearance in our columns. Unfortunately, the subjects which we illustrate are not of our choosing: we are bound to supply the public with what they want, and we have no power to control their choice. We therefore give the prize-fight just as we should give any other matter of news which happened to engross the public attention.

But this is a column in which the opinion of *Harper's Weekly* may be freely expressed; and we wish to express it in such a manner that it shall not be misunderstood. A notion has latterly gone abroad, under very promising auspices, that prize-fighting is a manly and reputable business; that it is calculated to improve the physical capacity of our people; and that the existing prejudice against it is the offspring of cant and error. Against that notion we desire to enter an emphatic protest. We believe prize-fighting to be a degrading, brutal, and shameful practice; we consider the prize-ring a natural nucleus of blackguardism; and we do not believe that pugilism is in the least degree calculated to do good, while it can hardly fail to do evil.

The tree must be judged by its fruits. In this country prize-fighters are generally notorious bullies, blackguards, and rowdies. John Morrissey has been the hero of a hundred scrapes, Heenan was one of the bullies who drove the last Democratic Convention out of their hall at Syracuse, and nearly killed old Mr. Stryker; Baker killed Poole; Cunningham, Mulligan, Price, Kelly, and their fellows are perpetually appearing before our police courts charged with some offense or other. These are the kings of the prize-ring in the United States. Their life is one continual scene of riot, debauchery, brutality, and crime. They live either upon the sale of adulterated liquors in rum holes or upon the wages paid them by politicians for bullying honest voters at the polls. In their own words, they "travel on their muscle"—modern Robin Hoods and Dick Turpins; but without a particle of the chivalry which redeemed the one, or a trace of the generosity which created sympathy for the other. Generally cowards, they seldom venture abroad—with all their strength and all their skill—without a pistol or a knife concealed in their clothing. Their habits are brutal; their associations licentious; their conduct disgraceful; their whole career blackguardly.

Perhaps some one will say that the vices of American prize-fighters are peculiar to this country, and that in England the ring is purer. Look again at the facts. The highest aim of a London prize-fighter is to keep a tavern where bullies congregate and blackguards get drunk. This is the climax of a successful champion's career. Broken-down sots like Berkeley write rhodomontading letters about the nobility of the prize-ring, and its restoration to its ancient splendor. The fact is that Berkeley was long since thrust out of the society of decent people, and would be well pleased to drag the world down into the mire in which he wallows. For a generation at least civilization has made real progress in England, and pugilism has ceased to be reputable. No man of character has any thing to do with it. The Tipton Slasher and the Tutbury Pet live with men like themselves—coarse and brutal in their tastes, vagabond in habit, and far beyond the pale of decent society. Some Americans fancy that because a lord or a baronet sympathizes with prize-fighters, therefore prize-fighting is approved by Englishmen of station. This is just as ridiculous as it would be to assume that cheating and bullying are established institutions here because members of Congress sometimes cheat and bully. The lords and baronets who patronize the ring in England are pariahs—outcasts from society—as thorough blackguards as the lowest shoulder-hitter in New York. They can not help being titled.

The idea that the prize-ring is a manly institution, and that prize-fighting has a tendency to improve the physical power of the race, will not bear scrutiny. Nothing can be manly whose inevitable fruits are ruffianism, cheating, drunkenness, debauchery, idleness, and profanity. Did any one ever hear of a prize-fight which did not bring forth these fruits? The boldest blackguards in New York trembled at the ruffianly display at the fight between Morrissey and Heenan, and to this day the disputed bets, and the drunken carouses, and shameful liaisons which followed that event are prominent topics of conversation in "sporting circles." If this be manliness—it a man can not be manly without coming into contact with such enormities—then, in God's name, let us try to be Christians, not men. But it is an outrage to call such infamies manly. Manliness implies the very opposite of these things. It means courage, not pistoling and knifing; it means honesty, not cheating; sobriety and good conduct, not drunkenness and ruffianism, industry and good citizenship, not sloth and riot and profanity. When Price had broken one of the ribs of Australian Kelly, by the counsel of his quick-eyed second he aimed every subsequent blow at the point where the jagged edges of the broken bone threatened to tear his antagonist's lungs and heart, till the wretched creature almost screamed with the agony—if this were manliness, what is it to be unmanly?

There can be no question but the course of exercise pursued by boxers in training for a prize-fight is calculated to develop their muscle to the best advantage. They live soberly, frugally, and regularly; they take a great quantity of wholesome exercise, and avoid all excesses. Nothing can be better. But what does this prove? Simply that there are occasions when ruffians find themselves obliged to forswear their usual habits for the sake of money and éclat. To infer that prize-fighting is right because one of its incidents is wholesome is very illogical. Nothing can be more admirable than the physical dexterity of the Thugs of India; the famous poisoner, the Marquise de Brinvilliers, possessed a marvelous knowledge of chemistry; a wonderful amount of science was displayed by Professor Webster, the murderer of Dr. Parkman; the stories of the pirates of the Spanish Main fill us with admiration for their skill, and courage, and foresight, and cunning; but, for all this, does any one want to become a Thug, or a poisoner, or an assassin, or a pirate? The rules observed by boxers in training are simply the rules which every prudent man will follow in his everyday life. To take plenty of open-air exercise; to develop each set of muscles in turn; to eat nothing but wholesome, digestible food; to drink moderately, and to avoid spirituous liquors; to go to bed early and rise early—is not this what our doctor tells every one of us? Why go to the prize-ring for what is dinned into our ears by our medical man from the time we leave the nursery till middle age?

This journal has always insisted on the importance of physical exercise. We attach immense importance to it. We hold that the development of the body is at least as important as the development of the mind; and we should be glad to see some of the Greek and some of the prosody classes in our colleges discarded, and foot-ball and cricket or rowing substituted in their place. We think every business-man should go to a gymnasium or take some violent exercise daily. But boxing is by no means the exercise to be recommended. It is very inferior—as a means of developing the strength—to foot-ball, or rowing, or cricket, or fencing. It calls into play fewer muscles than any of these, and does not try the muscles it does exercise fairly and regularly. Boxing strains as much as it develops. Heavy blows are apt to do serious mischief; a sudden violent shock may do more harm in a second than a month's careful training can repair. Regular pugilists must expect to have battered noses and discolored eyes; happy if their ribs are all right, and no disease of the kidneys be engendered by continual ill-usage. Who ever knew an old prize-fighter? As to strength, where is the pugilist who can lift as heavy a weight as Dr. Winship, who never fought in his life?

If, then, pugilism is neither beneficial as a physical exercise, nor tolerable in view of its inevitable immoral tendencies, what shall be said of the general and engrossing interest that has been felt in the combat between Sayers and Heenan? The other evening a refined and enlightened audience was assembled at the Academy of Music to hear a charming opera by Flotow; the music was exquisite, the singers were doing their best, the interest was at its climax, when, suddenly, at the doors, a cry arose that an extra of a sporting paper was offered for sale containing the particulars of the prize-fight, and in ten minutes the house was empty. The rascal who contrived the swindle cleared three or four thousand dollars, and sold 30,000 copies of his paper in a few hours. Nor is this interest confined to this country; the most snobbish and aristocratic of the London weeklies—the Saturday *Review*—had an article the other day commending the spirit of the poor wretches who fought the other day—as though every one did not know they were mere hired gladiators. What are we to infer from these facts? What can be inferred but that the moral perceptions of the age are less acute than optimists fancy, and that the old leaven of brutality still constitutes a large part of our character? This is a matter which philosophers and ministers should ponder deeply and honestly. Moralists must be writing and clergymen must be preaching to very little purpose, since the bulk of the people of England and America are heart and soul engrossed in a fight compared to which a Spanish bull-bait is a mild and diverting pastime. To what purpose so many pulpits and so many sermons if the brutal prize-fighter is the hero of the day? With what feelings can the clergy, with what feelings can the press contemplate the spectacle which is before their eyes at the present time, when all society is plunged into such palpable barbarism? How shall they—the teachers of the world—render an account of their teachings?

THE METHODIST GENERAL CONFERENCE.

ON Tuesday, the first day of May, the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church assembled in the city of Buffalo. It is composed of ministerial delegates from upward of forty annual conferences, and represents seven thousand ministers, and indirectly nine hundred thousand lay members. The questions which are expected to come before it for determination are so momentous that its proceedings will possess a national interest. Chief among these are: the extension of the period of ministerial service—which is now limited to two years in each church; lay representation in the conferences; and the change of the terms of communion so as to exclude slaveholders from Church fellowship. The last question is likely to excite the most discussion; and on its decision, it is supposed by many, the future unity of this great denomination will probably depend. As most ecclesiastical controversies are a tangled maze to the outside public, it may not be amiss for us to present to the many readers of the *Weekly* the shape in which this topic will come before the Conference.

In the year 1844 the Methodist Church, which then extended from Maine to Texas, divided upon a specific point of the slavery question—namely, the censure of a bishop who had by marriage become the owner of slaves. But this case was more the occasion than the real cause of the schism. Several of the Southern conferences adhered to the Northern Church; so that it has, at present, ecclesiastical jurisdiction over the Methodists of Delaware, Maryland, the District of Columbia, and parts of Virginia, Kentucky, Arkansas, and Missouri. It professes nevertheless to be anti-slavery both by law and usage. Its enactments upon the subject of slavery are contained in a "General Rule," which forbids "the buying and selling of men, women, and children, with the intention to enslave them;" and a Chapter which declares the Church to be "convinced of the great evil of slavery," and which requires the preachers to enforce upon "members the necessity of teaching their slaves to read the Word of God, and to allow them time to attend upon the public worship of God on the regular days of divine service."

Under these disciplinary rules the Methodists of the border Slave States have held with their Northern brethren, and there has been a tolerable harmony maintained between the extremes. But, simultaneously with the growth of sectional feeling in the States, there has grown up in the minds of many Northern Methodists a feeling of bitterness against their slave-holding brethren as such. In short, sectionalism in the Church has advanced at an equal pace with sectionalism in the nation. And its *dénouement*, in the Methodist body, is anticipated at Buffalo in the determination of the proposal to exclude slaveholders, though professing Christianity, from all church privileges.

It is alleged on the one side, that "the position of Northern Methodism, as against slavery, is not marked with sufficient distinctness; that slaveholders—a few very rare cases excepted—can not be Christians, and should, therefore, be ruled out of the Church; and that, as a necessary step for the removal of slavery from the nation, slaveholding should be judged *primâ facie* a disqualification for Church membership." On the other side, it is urged, with much earnestness, that "the admission of converted slaveholders to Christian fellowship has the sanction of apostolic usage; that Mr. Wesley, who pronounced against the system of slavery as emphatically as any other man of his time, received both masters and their servants into his societies; that the founders of Methodism in America did the same; that the free blacks of Maryland and Virginia—in the former State numbering 90,000—owe their improved condition chiefly to the influence of the Methodist Episcopal Church; and that the General Conference is under an implied pledge to the Methodists of the border Slave States, in consideration of their adherence to the Northern organization, not to disturb the existing terms of communion."

Such are, as far as we have been able to gather them, the salient points of the controversy. We do not pretend to arbitrate between the disputants; but it is clear that concession and forbearance alone can prevent a disruption of this powerful ecclesiastical organization. Whether an adjustment of these conflicting views be practicable, we are not qualified from our position to say; but we sincerely trust that some adjustment may be devised. If, as is affirmed, the laity are not so eager for the proposed change as the ministers, the postponement of the question until the admission of laymen into the councils of the Church is accomplished, would be an act both of wisdom and justice. The entire number of slaveholders in the Northern Methodist body is variously estimated at from three to five thousand. Did the opposition to the new condition of membership come from this little handful only, it would probably be of little or no avail. But the "border members," as they are styled, are sustained in their position by the Methodists generally of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York city, and the southeastern portion of the State of New York, and of Southern Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. Should a division ensue, the new boundary line would certainly run north of the city of New York. There would then be three great Methodist bodies, Southern, Conservative, and Abolitionist.

Thus, at Charleston, Chicago, and Buffalo, the pivot of controversy is the adjustment of one and the same question. This coincidence resembles the connection said to exist between widely separated volcanic mountains: it is the same subterranean fire which pours from craters hundreds of miles apart. We look, however, to the ecclesiastical body for an example of wisdom and moderation; and we assure the reverend divines who are assembled at Buffalo that such an example will not be lost upon the country. In these fretted times there is more need that discords should be composed than intensified. So many of the bonds of amity by which North and South have of old been held together are broken, that we can not contemplate without a feeling of pain the prospective rupture of the delicate ties of brotherhood by which the Northern and Southern members of the same Christian household have hitherto been made one. From sectionalism in politics to sectionalism in the Church is a fearful stride toward national disorganization. It may be well deemed a misfortune if the flow of Christian charity is henceforth to stop at the line of Mason and Dixon.

It strikes us, too, as public journalists, that there is, after all, but small cause for so much contention. Three or five thousand slaveholders, who are restrained from buying and selling slaves, and who are reputed to be the most humane of masters, are but a small fraction of 900,000 church members. Sound policy would suggest advisory measures in advance of such as are strictly mandatory. Whether it be right for a Church to prescribe other qualifications for admission than those found in the New Testament is a point which deserves to be well considered. Certain it is, that if every systematically agitated scheme of reform is to culminate in a new term of church membership, most of the ecclesiastical bodies in the United States are destined to disintegration. And thoughtful men, in order to escape the constant unsettling of the fundamental conditions of Christian fellowship, will be compelled to seek spiritual homes where some things, at least, are conceded to be determined by the Bible, the testimony of history, and the experience of ages.

☞ WE have been shown a very beautiful letter addressed to the Rev. Mr. Gallaudet, of this city, by a deaf and dumb gentleman residing at Ponchatoula, Louisiana, in consequence of the publication of our picture of the services at Rev. Mr. Gallaudet's church in this city. We regret that we have not room to insert it whole. It is a touching tribute to the usefulness of the Deaf and Dumb Church.

THE LOUNGER.

"OUR CIVILIZATION."

The Japanese Embassadors are coming. They are to be entertained by "the city." "The city" is to take them in carriages to see the Institutions By all means let it be done; and we may be very sure that the account the worthy guests give of the exhibition will not be less interesting in Japan than the first accounts of the splendid city of Jeddo were to us when they were published two years ago. The illustrious guests will arrive at the time of the anniversaries. Our morality and philanthropy will be in full feather. If the Japanese diplomatists are of a poetic turn they may fancy that our self-congratulatory charity expands itself upon their arrival, as a well-bred peacock spreads his gorgeous tail as the visitor drives up the avenue by the lawn.

"The city" must not forget one institution. The visitors must surely go and see the Bellevue Hospital. They are barbarians—they don't wear black hats—the absurd creatures wear satin clothes; let us bear with them good-humoredly although they are not civilized; and therefore, by all means, let them be taken in the city hacks (probably the poor savages never rode in hacks) to the Bellevue Hospital—our grand charity—our pride—our "institution"—that they may see what civilization can do. And please to show them particularly the "waiting-room" in which Mary Connor, on the verge of confinement, was placed on Sunday evening a week ago; and please to point out the bed on which, during the night, all alone in her agony, the poor woman suffered the pangs and perils of child-birth; and please to mention to the sallow barbarians from Japan that, while the mother lay there exhausted, the rats came and devoured the nose, the upper lip, the toes, and half the left foot of the new-born infant, so that when the doctor came early in the morning the child was dead—well out of the scrape of our noble public charitable institutions.

Then, please, drive as hard as you can to the Academy of Music, and let the envoys of Japan perceive the complacent manner in which we subscribe thousands of dollars to ameliorate the barbarisms of China and Siam and the islands of the Indian Ocean. Mingle your tears, Conscript Fathers! with those of the illustrious strangers, as you hear recited the sufferings of Crim Tartary, the woes of Thibet. Then return to ham-sandwiches and rum-punch, and over your banquet hiccup with maudlin pride a toast to the prosperity and increasing renown of our noble charities. Before the festive scene concludes let some particularly eloquent Conscript Father point out to the Japanese philosophers the ingratitude of man, remarking how strange it is that poor people hate public charity, and even recoil from the Bellevue Hospital.

ANOTHER WORD WITH THE JAPANESE EMBASSADORS.

Before you proceed to convict us of utter public heartlessness and barbarity, please to observe that we have partially awakened to the enormity of the abominations practiced in our name and in that of public charity, and that we are making a strenuous effort to be tolerably decent in the world's eye and estimation. We have just inaugurated a new system, and hope to see some new results. It was the President's misfortune, not his fault, that he said to the assembled doctors of the Bellevue, the day after the shocking affair of Mary Connor, that he "highly esteemed their professional services in ameliorating the condition of those unfortunates intrusted to their medical and surgical supervision." The President is a great joker, but this, in good faith, was not a great joke. It was the ordinary compliment, and unquestionably he spoke of what was implied by the character and ability of the medical gentlemen he was addressing, and of what the new commission means to effect.

The whole business evidently needs the most tremendous purgation. The exposures that were made some time since in regard to the iniquity of the old commission were clearly faithful. There is good ground for hope, your Excellencies, that matters are mending, and that before you return to the depths of savagery in which your ridiculous native country is sunk, the charitable institutions of New York will have ceased to be a disgrace and a by-word.

POOR PAPA!

In the year 1846 the Lounger used to see Pope Pius IX. rolling through the streets of Rome in his gilded carriage, between sidewalks covered with kneeling people, who gave as well as received a blessing. Rome, Italy, and the whole world of generous hearts were full of enthusiasm and hope. A Pope had come to the throne who had done nothing upon which a bad augury could be founded. Born a gentleman, his ecclesiastical career had been marked by mildness and intelligence; and upon his election to the Papacy he passed by the palace of the Vatican, with which the papal tyrannies are associated, and chose for his residence the Quirinal palace, whose airy gardens overlooked the city, and whose elevated position might have been regarded as symbolic by the eager enthusiasm of the people.

That enthusiasm was not religious but political. It was two-fold; being, on the one hand, the delightful sense of relief occasioned by the death of the dull old monk, Gregory XVI., the history of whose reign makes the heart ache; and, upon the other, the distinct hope awakened by the accession of a kindly and not aged man to the government of the country. The first months of his reign justified this feeling. The usual amnesty was more generous in its scope, and immediate propositions were made for reforms.

This hope was the jubilee of a year. It was too good to last; and the history of the last ten years in Rome is simply the melancholy tale of a mild, well-meaning man, whose weakness is developed by position, gradually resigning himself to the crushing embrace of the system of which he is a part, until at last the freedom and good government of which his spirit and projects in his first few months of power were the earnest have been assumed for themselves by a part of his old subjects, and the poor Papa can only make mouths at the king who helps them. His Holiness, Pius Ninth, Pope of Rome, issues a bull of excommunication, and the whole world laughs and passes by. It is not even served upon the offenders. It is nailed up on the door of St. Peter's, St. John Lateran's, and a few other churches and public buildings in Rome, with the *nota bene* that it is to be considered served upon the sinners. Here is a valiant gentleman who shuts himself up in his house, writes a blustering letter to his neighbor Jones, pins it up in his dressing-room, and adds, in a foot-note, "Jones, consider your nose pulled!"

A day or two after Papa Pius goes to say mass at the Church of Santa Maria Sofia Minerva—not, as in the Lounger's day, with a protecting throng of friendly, hopeful, and admiring people, but surrounded by a thousand soldiers.

Macaulay says, in one of his essays, that it is remarkable the Protestant Church hardly occupies a greater European territory than it did fifty years after the Reformation. But the moulding influence of a principle can not be measured in that way. The truth is, that the spirit of Protestantism—which is only the application of the doctrine of liberty to religious thought and life—is the controlling power of human development. It never retrogrades. It never has retrograded. It modifies and ameliorates every where; and Italy and France are alive with the essential principle of Protestantism, but it shows itself politically rather than religiously.

The year after the Pope's coronation the Lounger was talking with his host upon the southern shore of the Mediterranean. The Italian, with the bitterest sarcasm, denounced the Church and the priests. The most eloquent orator in the anti-Papal league could not have been more vehement. In the midst of the conversation his little son entered habited like a priest; he was a scholar in ecclesiastical training "How is this?" said I; "are the priests what you say, and yet are you going to make Guiseppe a priest?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Eh, Signore, they are in possession."

When the whole world of sensible people, inside and outside of nominally Catholic states, smiles in derision at the Pope's bull, the Pope may be said to be gored by his own animal; and the fact is of too striking historical significance to be disregarded.

CHICKERING'S PIANOS.

Whoever has been in Boston has seen Chickering's great manufactory, and, if he were lucky, has heard some of the finest music in the world at Chickering's rooms, and from Chickering's pianos. The founder of the house, the late Jonas Chickering, was one of the most valued citizens of that city—a quiet, simple, energetic man, full of a rare sympathy for music and musical persons—who had the great satisfaction at his death of knowing that he had indissolubly associated his name with music in America. From the days of Louis Rakemann down to the last player of note, the pianists who have visited Boston have all delighted in his instruments, and have been the cause of the profoundest delight to others. Mr. Chickering was honored in many ways, but in none more widely or more agreeably to himself than in his recognition as the great piano-forte maker. The Chickering instruments, constantly improved, are known every where for a certain romantic sweetness and *cantabile*, or singing quality, as well as power, which are quite unrivaled except by the Erards. Good as many other pianos are, there is a uniformity of excellence in the Chickering which only great talent, experience, and capital can command.

It is a pleasure to know that the house was never more flourishing, and that in New York, as well as Boston, it has an extensive ware-room. If a man would be sure of a good piano, he should be sure to go to the corner of Broadway and Fourth Street.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—Ignotus. When a Frenchman says, in response to an offer, "*Merci*" (thank you), he means, invariably, *thank you, no*. When the Lounger thanks for poetry received, he means *merci*.

—Border Ruffian complains that the advertisement of a certain novel appeared in the *Weekly*. Does not the gentle B. R. perceive that there would be no end to the inconvenience of allowing every reader of a paper to edit it? It would be exceedingly confusing.

—Maggie wishes to know whether, if the Empress Eugénie discards hoops, the world will discard them. Of course it will. But the fashion is not *made*, it is only *set*, by Eugénie. It is invented by the *modistes* of Paris, and the Empress has the *éclat* of first exhibiting it. Probably every woman finds certain advantages in hoops, and among them that result of "a certain degree of amplitude necessary in skirts in order to display the female form"—whatever that mysterious sentence may mean—to which Maggie alludes.

—G. A. J. asks why and whether we believe that Dickens wrote the "Tale of Two Cities?" We believe it, in the first place, because it was so stated in *Harper's Weekly*, which republished it; and, in the second place, because of its essential *Dickensism*. "In what part," asks G. A. J., "do you discover the wit, humor, pathos, and lifelike delineations of character which mark his other productions?" There is certainly less humor than in most of his tales, but Mr. Cruncher is purely and extravagantly a creation of Dickens; so is the first interview between Miss Pross and Mr. Lorry; and the pathos and poetry, and sense of tragedy every where, are all his. The murder of the Marquis in his chateau is in the highest style of poetry. Does G. A. J. not remember that the genius which perceives the comedy of "Pickwick" necessarily sees the tragedy of the French Revolution?

—J. J. B. would like to know "where a new day first begins." So would the Lounger.

LITTLE MAGGIE.

The soft June breeze of a bright Sabbath morning entered the open windows of a pleasant church in Clinton, stirring the airy plumes and delicate flowers of many a beauty's hat, and ruffling the iron gray on many an old man's head. It was a pleasant congregation. On the desk was a tiny white vase crowned with the most delicate blossoms of the flower month, and a white rose lay upon the open page of the Bible.

A young man had walked easily up the aisle, had taken his seat at the desk, and was now sweeping his full dark eye over the congregation, as if to measure the work before him. There were little irregularities in the surface of the broad forehead, as though the brain had beat against the frontal bone; the hair, thrown carelessly back, was half inclined to curl, and the lips lay together with a finish and precision, in spite of a redness and roundness. It was a strong face; not handsome, but earnest, grave, strong.

This was the new minister. The old warrior who had battled the Prince of the power of the air for almost half a century, whose broad hand had touched the forehead of many and many a bride and many and many a sleeper, had but just now gone to his rest, saying, "I have fought a good fight, I have kept the faith."

Hymns had been read in a full rich tone, prayers had been offered with humility and earnestness. The preacher rose to speak. The interest excited by the appearance and bearing of the young orator, added to the natural charm of novelty, gave him the undivided attention of every one within the walls. Commencing in a low and musical tone, without ostentation, but with calm earnestness, he unfolded the points of his theme, "The Power of a Christian Life." As the young preacher advanced in his discourse, warming with the unthreading of his argument, strengthening important points and enforcing home truths with the natural fire of his nature, his whole face and figure seemed kindled to a glow of unrestrained enthusiasm, and the light of real genius shot from his eyes. Nothing could have been more complete and deep than the impression with which his audience was held when he said "Amen."

The central pew in the church was occupied by a family, the most noticeable member of which was a lady of fair complexion, a youthful roundness of feature, dressed in a rich silk, and carrying her head somewhat proudly. That she gave entire attention to the discourse is to be presumed, since that may be said of each of the audience. That she was impressed by the manliness and power of the young preacher—that he approached the ideal of a proud and somewhat intellectual nature—the reader may take upon the testimony of the writer.

In a corner pew, near the wall, but not far from the desk, sat an old man of not less than eighty winters, his massive face furrowed and his thin hair white as snow. From beside him a pale, classical, maidenly face peered up at the preacher. The young girl was very plainly dressed—with consummate neatness and taste, but with a grave economy. At first she sat there shrinkingly, half seeming to hide under the broad, bent shoulders of the aged grandfather; but when the tide of thought was fully aroused the child forgot herself, and permitted flashes of feeling to play upon the most expressive and changeful features that I ever saw. During the whole sweep of that discourse the study of her face was like the reading of a poem. When the preacher, having dwelt in glowing language upon the beauty and power of devotion to the happiness of others, closed the Bible and lifted a hand for prayer, the young girl leaned her head upon her fingers and wept in her own still way—so like the falling of an April rain.

The old gentleman tottered feebly from the church, and hence the two were the last to descend the steps. It was a strange sight to any but the accustomed villagers—that massive grandfather, supported so bravely by the slight creature at his side; and yet it may be questioned whether he ever doubted the strength of his sweet little protector.

The old man's foot slipped upon the step, and he would have fallen quite upon the little maiden, whose white fingers were clasping his heavy arm, had not the young minister caught him at the instant and held him with a strong hand.

The old man looked into the face of the preacher, and grasping his hand, said, in a heavy and yet tremulous voice,

"You are a brave lad, my son, a brave lad. Never give way Fight the good fight. I was young once, but now I am old and broken. Young men must bear the armor now. Fight bravely, my son. God bless you! God bless you!"

The young preacher held Maggie's little hand in his for an instant, covering it quite in his broad palm, while she, looking up to his full, clear eyes with her own speaking ones, sank into herself with a sense of utter littleness.

Poor little foolish Maggie! Standing there the self-reliant protector of her grandfather, and yet looking up to the face of the young minister with such a feeling of reverence, of illimitable distance, as gave her the impression of sinking, sinking, till she half believed herself no bigger than a daisy. Genius is godlike, and has its worshipers. But these differ widely in their adoration—one bending with a stiff obeisance and another falling prostrate.

As she walked along slowly beside the old man Maggie felt as though she had gone back to the days of her childhood, she seemed so little! Why, the very dress she wore—the little buff chintz—seemed to have outgrown her; and even the shawl, which sat so prettily upon her shoulders when she went to church, had become a world too large. And her thoughts—those glowing, burning thoughts which she had kept within her bosom, feeding them from books, and warming them with her native ardor of imagination, till her heart seemed all too big for her little figure—had come to seem *so* small! Foolish little Maggie!

The old man muttered to himself as he went along, leaving the maiden to her own littleness and adoration. But afterward, when bedtime had come—when the Word had been read, and prayer had ascended—little Maggie felt like talking; and she said,

"Grandfather, isn't it a noble thing to be young, and strong, and eloquent? Oh! it is a *splendid* thing to be a man!"

And for an instant that expressive face lit up into a perfect glow.

"Yes, Maggie. *I* was a strong young fellow sixty years ago. And the work I used to do! Never saw the man who could go ahead of me then, child. But now I'm getting old—getting old—getting old."

And the old man relapsed into musings. The young girl's face fell back to its quietude, disappointed that her own high thoughts were so poorly met. So she went to her nest with her own glow of feeling unshared.

The lady in silk met the young preacher every day; for she was the daughter of a wealthy elder, who had been requested to take him into his family for a few months. Beautiful, refined, intellectual. Nor was she unimpressed. The high talent of the young orator had wrought upon an imagination made sensitive to intellectual influence by its own intellectual bias, until, it must be confessed, she saw in him an approximate realization of her own proud ideal. Too high-born and gifted to be other than his peer, she was yet conscious of an admiration somewhat too glowing for the ordinary relations of life.

A year went by. The young minister was often called by his position to the bedside of the decaying old man. Little Maggie felt safe when he was there; for it seemed as though his great heart and strong hand could cover and protect, not only herself and her grandfather, but half the world besides.

At first she would rarely talk—for what could he care for her little thoughts?—but at length, drawn out little by little, the wealth of her inner nature began to find expression; and after he was gone little Maggie would sit a long while wondering what could make her so lose sight of herself when he was by—could make her forget what a very little, simple creature she was—and then the old inshrinking would come again.

The grandfather died—died as a spent candle flickers and is gone—died one Sabbath morning, with only Maggie by his bedside, and she not afraid of the messenger that came. As the light went out from the aged eyes the dear girl pressed her trembling fingers upon the lids, laid her warm face to the wrinkled cheek, the ringlets falling and mingling with the snowy locks, and sobbed in abandonment of grief. The young preacher found them thus; and Maggie felt calm again—felt safe under the shadow of his great heart.

After this was the bustle of preparation for burial; the coming and going of friends; the awkward but well-meaning sympathy of the village people; the strong, uplifting words of the funeral service; the slow procession; the last touch; the hollow fall of earth; the drear return.

The young preacher was called away—called suddenly and strongly to a field of labor worthy of his vigorous youth and high talent.

Poor little Maggie! Weeping on her pillow till she wept herself asleep, utterly conquered by her tears till neither household activity nor merry songs could hold them from gushing out whenever she thought of this new loss. Maggie would never be thought of again! He would move among the great, make himself a name, and be very useful and very happy. Well, she should never lose her little title in him; a wee bit of a share in his success—there was comfort in that.

Every body said he was going to carry with him the elder's daughter. Maggie was very glad, for the lady was called amiable and good, though a little proud. People pronounced her a fit companion for a minister of mark, with her clear, practical sense and superiority of mind. Maggie hoped she would love him very dearly; but it seemed to her, somehow, that she couldn't *begin* to love him as she ought. She couldn't help wishing that the elder's daughter were a little less stately, and handsome, and proud.

The young minister had promised to come and see her once more before he left; and to-day, Saturday, would be the day, she was sure; for to-morrow was the Sabbath, and Monday morning's coach would take him away. She had sung very little to-day, her voice trembled so; and she had sewed very little, for she could not see so well as usual. But she went out into her flower-garden and gathered a tiny little star of the snowy Bethlehem, the smallest and fairest she could find, and placed it between the leaves of her own little Bible. Then when she sat down and thought of giving it to him, Bible and all, she began to grow little again, and wondered if he would smile at her for hoping to be remembered very long.

The young man came and went; but before he left, little Maggie went to her table, fluttering like a winged bird, and bringing the Bible which she had loved for so many years, put it into his hand, and asked him softly—because her voice wouldn't come—if he would carry it with him and keep it for her sake, and then the foolish little Maggie sat down and cried. A strong arm stole around her. A deep rich voice, close to her ear, said, "Yes, child! and may I carry little Maggie with me too?"

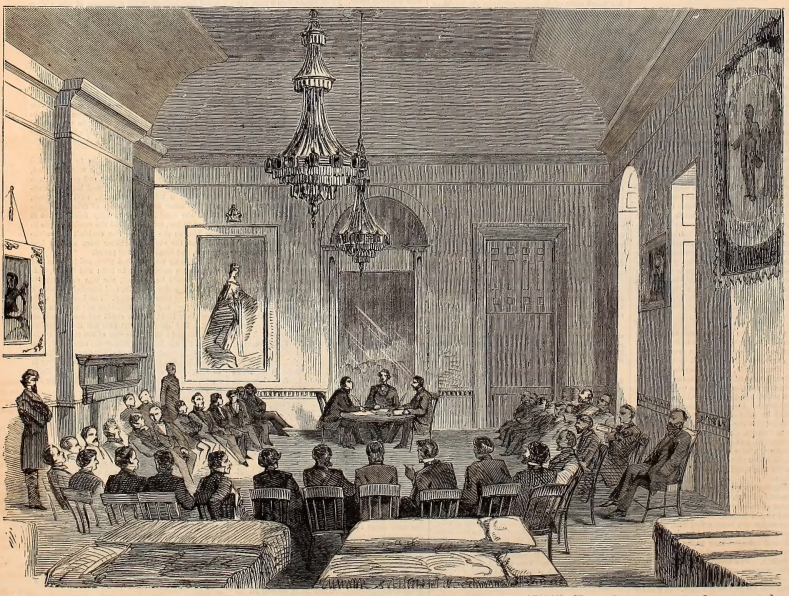
Maggie looked into the eyes that were bent upon her. They were earnest and soul-full. Then she went down, down, down into nothingness, till she was no bigger than a butter-cup, her little heart almost stopped its beatings, the blood left her cheeks, and her hands were as white as snow; and then the reaction came, the warm blood coursing through the arteries with almost the sound of gurgling streams; and little Maggie's finger-tips were warm and crimson when she laid her head on his bosom and wept in her own still way—"so like an April rain."

She made the darlingest little wife that ever a minister had.

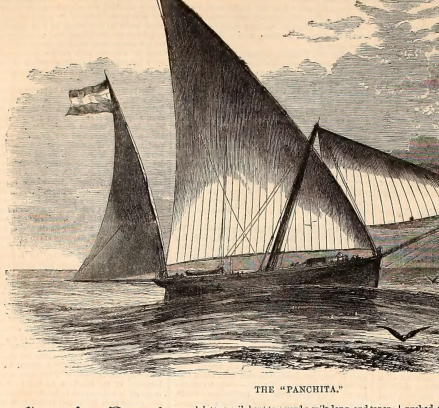
SLEEPING-ROOM OF THE NORTHWESTERN DELEGATION, HIBERNIAN HALL, CHARLESTON.—[FROM A SKETCH BY OUR OWN ARTIST.]

THE CONVENTION.

WE present herewith two pictures from Charleston—one of Mayor Wood's committee-room; the other of the head-quarters of the Douglas delegations from the Northwestern States. It will be seen that both parties were in close quarters—the Wood men have their beds beside them, and Mr. Douglas's friends are packed pretty close. It seems, however, that the Democrats have not flocked to Charleston in as large crowds as was expected. One correspondent says that preparations were made for 15,000 visitors, and that there will not be half as many. Others doubt whether the whole number present will exceed 3000. So much for $5 a day board.



MEETING OF THE REJECTED WOOD DELEGATION IN THEIR COMMITTEE-ROOM, ST. ANDREW'S HALL, CHARLESTON.—[FROM A SKETCH BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]



THE "PANCHITA."

Captain Brand,

OF THE

SCHOONER "CENTIPEDE,"

A PIRATE OF EMINENCE IN THE WEST INDIES:

His Loves and Exploits,

TOGETHER WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE SINGULAR MANNER BY WHICH HE DEPARTED THIS LIFE.

BY LIEUT. H. A. WISE, U.S.N.
(HARRY GRINGO),
AUTHOR OF "LOS GRINGOS" AND "TALES FOR THE MARINES."

ILLUSTRATED BY
C. PARSONS AND A. LUMLEY.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER X.

AN ANCIENT MARINER WITH ONE EYE.

"THE *Panchita* has passed Mangrove Point," came in the hoarse whisper from the signalman. "You can see her now from below, Sir." Captain Brand put on a fine Panama hat, and stepped out on the veranda, where, with a cigar in his mouth, he leaned over the balustrade and kept sharp watch on every thing that was going on below him. In a few minutes a long pointed brown bowsprit protruded itself beyond the wall of rocks, followed by a great triangular lateen sail, bent to a yard a mile long, and tapering away like a fly-fishing rod, where, at the end, was a short bit of yellow and red pennant. As her bows came into view they showed above a curved prow falling inboard, with a huge bunch of sheepskin for a chafing mat on the knob, and a thin red streak along the wales, on a lead-colored ground, above her copper, which was painted green. As more of her proportions came into the picture you saw a stout stump of a mast, raking forward, with short black ropes of purchases for hoisting the single yard, and heavy square blocks close down to the foot of the mast. When this great sail had come out from the screen of rocks another light stick of a mast stood up over the taffrail, with another lateen sail and whip stem of a yard, to which was bent the Spanish Colonial Guarda Costa flag. In fact, she was a Spanish felucca all over, from stem to stern, and truck to water-line. A few dingy hammocks were stowed about half-way along her rail, and there were a good many men moving about her decks in getting the cable clear; and a lot more clinging like so many lizards along the bending yard, and all in some attempt at uniform dress, in readiness to roll up the sail when the anchor was down. There was a long brass gun, too, burnished like gold, on a pivot slide, with all its equipment, trained muzzle forward in front of the mainmast. No sooner had she sagged into the open basin, with her immense sail hanging flat and heavy in the light air, than a boat from the schooner boarded her, and presently she let go an anchor. There were a few coarse compliments and greetings exchanged between the crews of the two vessels, and some rough jokes made, as the last-comer veered out the chain, rolled up his sails, and set taut his running gear in quite a tidy and man-of-way style.

"God, be with you, Don Ignacio, and say I shall be happy to see him," cried Captain Brand from the pinzza to a man at the cove; "and tell him," continued he, "that I should have called in person, but I can't bear the hot sun since I caught the fever. Take my pig."

This was said in Spanish, and when he had finished speaking he shaded his face behind the curtain and scowled.

"You're a bird of ill omen, my one-eyed friend; but one of these days I'll wipe out old scores, and now once too, perhaps," Captain Brand muttered to himself; and from his murderous expression of face he seemed just the man to carry out his threat. Meanwhile a light whale-boat of a pig, manned by four men and a coxswain, pushed off from the shore, and in three strokes of the oars she was alongside the felucca. The coxswain stepped over the low rail, and walking aft, turned down a cuddy of a cabin, took off his hat, and delivered his message. A minute later he again got into the boat, and pulled to the cove, where he said to the Captain,

"Don Ignacio says he'll come in his own boat when he's ready."

"Buena!" was responded aloud; and then to himself: "Don't ask or receive favors—eh? What an old file the brute is!"

He said no more, but watched. Presently a small man came up out of the cabin of the *Panchita*, but so very slow, and with such a quiet motion, did he emerge, that one might suppose it was a wary animal rather than a human being. He was scrupulously neat in attire—a brown pair of linen trowsers, a Marseilles vest with gold filigree buttons, an embroidered shirt bosom, with diamond studs, and a dark navy-blue broadcloth coat, with standing collar and anchor gilt buttons. His headgear was simply a white chip hat, with a very narrow brim and a fluttering red ribbon; but beneath it his coal-black hair behind was chopped as close as could be, leaving a single long and well-oiled ringlet on each side, which curled like snakes around a pair of large gold rings pendent from his ears. His complexion was dark, lillous, and swarthy, with a thin, sharp nose, and a million of minute wrinkles, all meeting above, at the corners, and under a small line of a mouth; quite like rays, in fact, and only relaxed when the lips parted to show a few ragged, rotten pegs of sharp teeth. But perhaps the most noticeable feature in his face was his eye—for he had but one—and the spot where the other is seen in the species was merely a red, closed patch of tightly drawn skin, with a few hairs sticking out like iron tacks. His single eye, however, was a jet black, round, piercing organ, which seemed to do duty for half a dozen ordinary glims, and danced with a sharp, malevolent scrutiny, as if the owner was always in search of something, and never found it; and every body and every thing appeared to slink out of its light wherever it glanced around. His age might have been any where from forty to sixty. As he stepped on deck, clear of the cuddy cabin hatch, his sinister optic played about in its socket—now scanning the long brass gun, the half-furled sails, the crew, the ropes, or taking a steady, unwinking glance at the mid-day sun, and then shifting off to the shore and sweeping in the *Centipede*, the little pool of blue water, and the mouth of the inlet. Feeling apparently satisfied with the present aspect of affairs, he slowly pulled out a machero from his waistcoat-pocket, plucked a cigaretto from the case, and then proceeded deliberately to strike a light. Even while performing this simple operation his uneasy orb, like unto a black bull's-eye, traversed about in its habitual way; and when he raised the spark of fire with his brown, thin hand, and the claws of fingers lended with rings, he seemed to be looking into his own mouth. Nodding to a fellow who stood near, with a crimson sash around his waist, he inclined his eye toward the shore, blew out a thin wreath of smoke from his lungs—all the while his vigilant organ shining like a burning spark of lambent jet through the smoke—and merely said,

"The boat?"

In a moment a small cockle-shell of a punt was lowered from the stern of the felucca, when, stepping carefully in, he seized a scull, and with a few vigorous twists pushed her to the landing at the cove.

During all these movements of the commander of the felucca Captain Brand was by no means an inattentive observer; and indeed he was so extremely critical that he stuck the tube of a powerful telescope through an aperture of the curtains around him, and not only looked at his cautious visitor, but he actually watched the expression of his uneasy eye, and almost counted every wrinkle—finely engraved as they were—on his swarthy visage; but if Captain Brand's own visage reflected an index of his mind, he did not seem over and above pleased with what he saw.

"Has a bandile of papers under his arm! I can see the hilt of that delicate blade, too, sticking out from his wristband. Ah! I've seen him throw that short blade from his coat-sleeve and strike a dollar at twenty yards! Wonderful skill with knives you have, Don Ignacio; but you never yet tried your knack with *me!* Oh no, my Tuerto—bird of ill omen that you are! We can't do without one another, though, just yet; so let us wait and see what's in the wind!"

Soliloquizing these remarks, Captain Brand withdrew his telescope as the commander of the felucca approached, and, with a cheerful smile, waited to receive him. A few moments later the one-eyed individual mounted the rope-ladder stair-way, carefully feeling the strands, however, and looking suspiciously around him as he stepped lightly on the piazza.

"Ah! compadre mio!" exclaimed Captain Brand, in Spanish, as he seized his visitor by the flipper, and squeezed his fingers till the

"HE TOUCHED THE BELL OVERHEAD AS HE SPOKE, AND, PUTTING HIS MOUTH TO THE TUBE, ASKED, 'ANY THING IN SIGHT?'"

"THE DOCTOR DREW NIGH, AND, GENTLY PUSHING ASIDE THE CURTAIN, STOOD LOOKING AT THE CHILD," ETC.

pressure of his valuable rings made him wince, as he was led into the large and spacious saloon, while at the same time the Captain gave him a hearty slap between his narrow shoulders.

"Ah! compadre! How goes the friend of my soul?"

The small man gave no symptoms of joy at this warm greeting; but screwing his wiry frame out of the Captain's caresses, his eye finished like a spark of fire quickly up and down and all around the apartment, as if making a mental inventory of the furniture, and not omitting his tall companion from the crown of his head to the toes of his straw slippers, when he quietly remarked through his closed teeth,

"*Como estamos V*——" "How are we?"

"Ah, Don Ignacio, *poco bueno, poco malo!* Half and half. Just getting well over that maldito attack of Yellow Jack."

"Hum! more bad than good. No. I've brought you some letters from the agent at Havana."

"Thanks—thanks, my friend. How! Babette! Babette! Some aniscite for Don Ignacio. Presto! my good Baba. There; that

will do!" he said, merrily, as the liqueur and glasses were placed on the table. "And don't omit the turtle soup for dinner, and tell Lascar Joe to make it. Ah! I forgot—the best cook I had—the devil's making soup of him now. However, do the best you can, my Baba, and let us have dinner about sunset."

Then turning to his visitor, with a graceful bow and a laugh, he added: "And well have the Doctor to dine, too, and tell how he cut off our poor friend Gibbs's leg with a hand-saw. Dios! amigo! Capital joke, 'pon my honor!" Captain Brand's honor! Lord have mercy upon us! And he had very few jokes and never told one himself.

"How?" replied the Tuerto, in the pause of the conversation. "There's better jokes than that to hear. Look!"

With this brief rejoinder he threw a bundle of newspapers on the table, and pulling out a packet of letters from a breast-pocket, pitched it toward his host. Then helping himself to a thimbleful of anisette, he took off his narrow-brimmed ship hat for the first time, polished up his eye a bit with the knuckle of his fore-finger, and looked at his companion fixedly.

"Letters, I see, from our old friend Moreno, at Havana," said Captain Brand, as he sat down on the settee, and with a pretty tortoise-shell knife cut round the seals. "Ah! what says he? 'Happy to inform you,' is he? 'Packages of French silks seized by custom-house on account of informal invoice and clearance.' Why didn't the fool forge others, then? Well, what next? 'Schooner *Reel*, from Barbadoes, with cargo of rum, jerked beef, etc., wrecked going into Principe, and crew thrown into prison on suspicion of being engaged in—' Oh! oh! he served them right, when I ordered them to St. Jago—delighted they must be! 'Bills for advances and stores now due, please remit per bands of Don Ignacio Sanchez—' Hey! Cop tain Brand caught a ray from the one eye of his companion, which he returned with interest; and then laying the letters down on the table with the softest motion in life, he exclaimed, with a sigh,

"Not the best men in the world, as you say, compadre; all those rich goods and those bags of coffee and pipes of rum gone to the devil. But these are little accidents in our profession."

"Como?" said Señor Ignacio, "our profession?" shaking his forefinger before his paper cigar in a deprecating manner. "Speak for yourself, amigo."

"Ah! true," the other went on—"my profession. The freedom of the seas, the toll of the tropics, the right of search, and all that sort of thing—privateering, in fact. You know, to the usual risks." Here he inclined his head to one side and gave a slight cluck to his lips, as much as to say, "Remember we're man choking to death with a knotted rope under his ear. However, we must be more cautious in the future." And retiren to his glasses, for there are still on the sea as good barks as ever floated."

Captain Brand said this as if he were a mere chant of large means and strict integrity, and was about to enter into some shrewd commercial speculation.

"Hum!" murmured Señor Ignacio while pouring out another little glass of anisette. "Always true, you had better read the paper from Havana before you talk of another cruise."

"Oh! delighted to read the news, quite refreshing to get a peep at the world after being cooped up here for months! Another French revolution! Bonaparte alive yet! A Patriot war! Nelson and Villeneuve! All interesting."

Thus glancing rapidly over the prints, pausing at times at a paragraph that excited his attention, then tossing a paper away and taking up another, till suddenly Captain Brand's hand shook where he was he read aloud:

"His Britannic Majesty's squadron has been augmented on the West India station. Ships of *Fire Fly*, sloops *Condor* and *Jeter*, touched at Nassau, New Providence, on the second instant, bound to leeward. We also learn that the United States have fitted out a squadron of small vessels, called the Mosquito Fleet, to search for the suite of Lopez, who has so impudently mitted atrocities among the islands. He was last chased by the American corvette *Scourge*, off Morant Cays, on the east coast of Jamaica, but escaped during the night. The officer having day a shattered boat was picked up which had been cut away from the piratical schooner, containing several dead and dying bodies of the pirates. One of the latter gave such information to the Captain of the *Scourge* as leads to the hope that Brand's retreat may soon be discovered and his nest of pirates be destroyed. Received advices from Cape Haytien that a vessel loaded with valuable merchandize struck on the Cavallo Reef and went down. The crew, however, five in number, were rescued, but on landing were identified by the mate of the English bark *Trident* as a portion of the men who robbed that vessel and murdered the master and several of the passengers. Our readers may remember that among the latter were two sisters, who leaped overboard and were drowned, so as to save themselves the horror of a more cruel fate. The men identified as those were arrested by the civil Office, were sent in chains to Havana, and were yesterday publicly garroted in the Plaza of Moro Castle.

CHAPTER XI.

CONVERSATION IN SLEEVES AND POCKETS.

CAPTAIN BRAND laid down the paper without a sign of outward emotion, and nodded his head several times at the one-eyed man facing him. He then extracted his perfumed handkerchief, examined the cipher in the corner, and waved it before his face. Don Ignacio pulled out a red silk bandana and polished his eye as if it were the lens to a spy-glass. At length the corner spoke: "Amigo mio! The nets are spreading! But the fish are not in them yet!"

"No, amigo!"

"Ah, compadre! *viento y ventura pocos duran!* The fair breezes have chopped round in our teeth! Success, my friend, crentes jealousy, envy, hatred, and malice! Now here were we arranging along and quietly, when what we ter, only coming up for a bite occasionally, when on come those villainous sword-fishes and wish to drive us away?" Captain Brand gave expression to this pious homily in a tone of virtuous reproach against the world at large, and as if he were a very much injured and ill-used individual man. He touched the bell overhead as he spoke, and, putting his mouth to the tube, asked,

"Any thing in sight?"

"Nothing, Señor."

"Telegraph the man at the Tiger Trap station to keep a bright look-out, and direct the gunner to keep the battery manned day and night! Tell the boatswain to set two more chain on the other side at the Alligator's Mouth!"

Don Ignacio gave a rather suspicious glimmer at his vessel as this last order went forth, and inhaled; then he nodded-sweetly twice to the wrinkles about the line of his mouth could be tortured into a smile. He composed his features to divine nothing passing in the Don's mind, for he added, politely,

"The cable won't interfere with the *Pawchita*?"

"No, amigo! the felucca is anchored just *outside* of it. The Tuerto was about to mention any thing to chance, and he had taken the precaution to be on the safe side of the pirates, whether friends or enemies. He had indeed been as near an approach to a pirate himself as could be, and had only abandoned the business for a profession which, if less exciting, was more less risk and more profit. In other words, he was now a colonial officer in command of a Revenue Cutter, which, however, was shutting his eye—at piracy whenever he was well paid for it; and he invariably was well paid for it or else he made it so. Which, by the way, is as crafty and determined an old villain as ever smiled the West Indies. He had amassed a large fortune, and was a most inharcteristic-pirate, pretty much all his wealth acquired by the easy trouble of holding his tongue. Yet his greed was insatiable, and he would have sold and sold the fingers from his hands, and his legs and arms with them, all save his single black hair of an ogre—which he would have kept for doubloons. In fact, this feverish thirst after gold, which always raged in his hot veins, had induced him to join Brand's band at first, and he shall see with what result. The truth is, however, that Captain Brand was the only man of his nationality he could trust, and the one for whom he felt the least dread. He knew him to be bold, skillful, and wary, and a man of a high and chivalrous organization that should he play him false, his own neck might get a wrench in the gargoule while he was throwing the noose for his confrère.

To return, however, to the pair of worthies sitting in conclave in the parlor of the Cachita. Assuming the conversation, observed in a careless tone, quite as if the subject under discussion was a matter of indifference:

"When will this swarm of hornets be down upon us?"

The Spaniard blew a thick puff of smoke from his cigarrito, and still holding it between his teeth, while his eye glittered through the murky cloud, he replied,

"Perhaps a fortnight, a little more or less. I left St. Jago five days ago, with orders from the Administrator to beat up for the rest of the island and procure information for the English consul."

"Any cruisers down that way?"

"Ay! the corvette *Scourge* and the *Snapper* schooner; they arrived the night before I sailed."

"Did you speak with the officers, amigo?"

"O, si! I had a long talk with the Captain of the corvette at the custom-house!"

"Hola! you did, eh?"

"Yes! I showed him a chart of the Isle of Pines, and pointed out how to get into the old hole!"

Here the pair laughed short laughs, when Brand continued his questions with,

"And how did he get out?"

"Hooked him, for I heard him order his first lieutenant to be ready for weighing at daylight, and say that he would proceed direct with that of the dying man they picked up in the *Cantipede's* boat!" replied the Tuerto, with a chuckle.

"Good!" exclaimed Brand, as the fat face assumed an unwonted sternness, while he rested his cheek on his left hand with the elbow on the table, and slipped the right into the pocket of his trowsers.

"Bueno! amigo mio! But how do I know but you may have made a little mistake, and described another haunt besides the Island of Pines, off its north-eastern end?"

There was the faintest click of a noise in the Captain's pocket as he spoke, but not so faint but that it struck upon the ear of the Spaniard, and, pushing back his chair a foot or two from the table, he raised his right hand, the forefingers and thumb slightly bent inward, but grasping a jewel-hilted knife, whose dim, blue blade glimmered up the loose sleeve. There was nothing threatening, apparently, in the movement, though the two villains looked at each other with a cold, murderous, unflinching glare.

The Don was the first to break the silence; and he said, in a low, hissing tone,

"Maldito! Because I had a little account of plata to settle with you before the men-o'-war should roast you out! But beware! Capitano mio! I left a little will at St. Jago with directions where to find me in case I did not return in a certain time!"

"Ho, compadre! how very cautious with your friends! Why, what has put such thoughts into your head? Diavolo! we have stood by one another too long to mistrust now! There! my hand upon it!"

Saying this Captain Brand's whole manner changed, and drawing his hand from his pocket he reached over toward his companion. The Don, however, remained in his sairowly, and his head out a wary sparkle as he withdrew his hand, when cautiously putting forth his own left, he touched the cold, thin, brown fingers to those of the man before him. This operation ended, he quietly sipped a few drops of anisette and pulled and lighted another paper cigar.

"Well, amigo! let us now proceed to business," said Brand, gayly, "for dinner will soon be ready, and we have no time to lose. How stands the account?"

"The papers are on board the felucca, and it will be more convenient when the settlement is made to come on board with the money. How would to-morrow morning do? There's no hurry?"

"Just as you choose, friend of my soul! The doubloons, or the silk, or broadcloth is ready for you at any moment. Say you in any thing except the delicious wines of France. Bueno!" he added, pulling out a splendid gold repeater, with a ruinous display of the clustred knob. "And now, amigo! accept this little token into the bargain."

Don Ignacio's fiery eye twinkled with greed; but it was only for a moment, when, giving a quick glance at the coronet and coat of arms, he waved his forefinger from side to side and shook his head.

"What's No? Why you know it once belonged to the Captain-General of Cuba, old Tacon de rol de ridda tol—what was his name? He gave it me, you know, together with some other trinkets, for—for—you know—you remember? Very generous old gentleman—noble man indeed—that was. May he live a thousand years, or more, if he can!"

Ay, Don Ignacio did remember the circumstance attending that generous transaction, and he remembered to have heard also that the Captain-General made a present of all his money and jewels when the pirate of the Spanish Main delivered at his throat. He said nothing, however, in allusion to this interesting episode, but he smiled meaningly, and went on with his cigar.

"Not take it, eh? Well, amigo, I must look on up somewhere else for dinner. Basta! the keys of the wine-cellar. The best, my beauty, and plenty of it! Ah! Doctor mio! is he compañion: "Suppose we take a stroll to the Tiger's Trap; the sun is sinking, and a walk will give us an appetite for the turtle-soup—vamos!"

CHAPTER XII.

DOCTOR AND PRIEST.

WHILE Captain Brand and Don Ignacio Sanchez walked pleasantly along the pebbly shore of the clear blue inlet to the Tiger's Trap, let us, too, examine the curious habitations which sheltered the Pirate's haunt. Apart from the mat-sheds of the shelly cove of the basin, where the Congo and Spanish negroes dwelled, there was a nest of red-tiled buildings which served the crew of the former vessel for a dwelling place in any of the temporary situations of a little sandy plateau, within a stone's-throw of the water, and shaded by a cluster of palm-trees; while in the rear of the whole jungle of cocoa and bushes, through which led numerous paths to a small lagoon beyond. The buildings were four in number, and of those houses, the basis was plastered with yellow clay, with broad, projecting eaves extending over roughly-built piazza. Seated at the door of each one of these buildings we have described were two men. One, the shorter of the two, was dressed in a long, loose, Dombaston garment, about his waist by a white rope, which fell in knotted ends over his knees. A red handkerchief was bound in a turban of black ebony beads, hooked on to a heavy gold cross which rested on his cagacious breast, and which the wearer was continually fondling and occasionally pressing to his lips. His face was dark and sensual—thick, unctuous lips, a flat nose, and a low, receding forehead, over the fringe of raven hair went like a thick curtain all around his head, only leaving a bluish-white round patch on the crown exposed. This individual was the Padre Ricardo, who, for some good reasons best known to himself, had left his clerical charge in the city of Vera Cruz, and taken service with Captain Brand. One of the reasons for leaving—and rather abruptly, too—was that the Padre was confided into the heart of his own father, who had reported him to his superior for his licentiousness. The Padre, however, was not aware that he was accurately entirely by filial duty in killing his old parent, to save him the pain and disgrace which would have followed the exposure of his son! He still clung to the priestly calling, and prided himself upon his feats and vigils, and never omitted the smallest forms or penances; and said mass from Ave Maria in the early morning to Angelus at vesper time in the evening. For Captain Brand he was always ready to shrive a dying pirate—and pretty busy he was, too, at times—or look after the spiritual affairs of a troubled conscience in sound health; which, if important to the safety or well-being of the fraternity, he took every opportunity of imparting to his superior in command. In these pursuits he not only made himself useful to Captain Brand, but he became more or less his confidant and adviser; and seemed to maintain his influence by ghostly advice over the superstitious feelings of the men. The Padre, however, utterly detested the sea, and never touched his soft feet in the water if he could by any possibility avoid it; but since he had plenty to eat and drink on the island, and no end of prayers for his amusement when in charge of the haunt was his own to look out for the people who were left when the *Centipede* sailed on service, he thus passed the time in a delightfully agreeable manner.

The companion who sat opposite to the Padre was a tall, gaunt, cadaverous person, evidently of French extraction, with sandy hair and sun-burnt about his face; but yet the physiognomy expressed the utmost determination of character—such a heart and eye as could perform a delicate surgical operation without a flutter of nerve or eyelid, and who would stand before a leveled pistol looking calmly down the barrel as the hammer fell. His face was intellectual, and he never smiled. His whole appearance portrayed a thorough sternness. Where he came from no one knew; nor did he ever open his lips, even to the Captain, with a reason for taking service among his band. All known was that he landed from a slaver at St. Jago, and was engaged by Don Ignacio to serve professionally with Brand in the same capacity as the Spanish Main. When, however, he reached the rendezvous of the pirates, and discovered that they were altogether a different sort of gentleman he had bargained for, he nevertheless made no objections to remain, and took the oath of allegiance to the articles, stating that he did not be called upon to take an active part in their proceedings. Since then, he had been absent for three years, attending to the sick or wounded, taking no interest in the accounts of the exploits of the Centipede when returned from cruising, and holding speech with any one save his room-mate, the Padre, or occasionally a dinner or a walk with Captain Brand. On the last occasion, however, of the *Centipede* he had been induced to go on board, so that he might become a check on the greed of the brutal ruffians who had been placed temporarily in command; but, as we have already seen, his influence had been of little avail.

There was yet another occupant of the room inhabited by the Doctor and Padre Ricardo; and a low moan would very easily cause the first to rise quietly from his chair and approach the low iron bedstead on his side of the lodging. There, beneath a light cotton mosquito-net, lay one poor little Henri—his once round, rosy, innocent face now pale and thin, with a red spot on each cheek, and a dark soft line beneath each sunken eye. Uneasily he moved in his fitful slumber; and putting his little hands together as if in prayer, he murmured, "Oh! mamma! mamma!" Beside the bed stood an unglazed jar of lemonade, together with a phial and a spoon. The Doctor drew nigh, and, gently pushing aside the curtain, stood looking at the child for some minutes. Presently the little sick boy feebly stretched out his delicate, thin hands, and unclosed his eyes. Oh! how dim, and sad, and touching was that look, as he gave a timid, half-wild stare, and then, while the lids light tremulously, the hot drops bubbled out and coursed slowly down his tender cheeks.

The Doctor, with the gentleness of a woman, bent over him, and taking up his poor, limp little hand, he remained for a few moments counting pulse and catching the hot breath on his dark cheeks. As if communing with himself—as a glow of compassion lighted his care-worn visage, he muttered, "By the great and good God who bears me, if I save this child I will restore him to his mother's embrace!" He sank back on his knees by the bedside as he made his vow, and letting the little hand rest on the bed, he looked into the face in his devotions. What thoughts passed through that man's mind none but the Almighty knows; but when he rose from his knees there was a calm and resolved expression, and pouring a little lemonade in a glass he held it to the sleeper's lips. Then he moved noiselessly back to the table, he said, in a low tone,

"Padre, the boy will live. His fever is leaving him, and he will get well."

"Ave Maria Santissima!" ejaculated the Padre, crossing himself and kissing his cross, "I knew that you had the new drug in the Doctor. I will make him a little priest, and he shall swing the censer and chant the Misericordias when I get the new church at Vera."

"Time enough to think of that, mi Padre, when he gets strong again. But you have all when he gets strong again. But you have all your prayers to say, or he will do him no good, and so I hope you won't put yourself to the trouble."

"Doctor, amigo, Doctor; but don't sneer at the prayers of the Church. They do good; they ease the soul and soothe the pangs of Purgatory!"

"Ah! and how long do you expect to stop in Purgatory?"

"A—purissima! What a question to ask your pious and devout Padre Ricardo!"

"I question you, my holy priest fire," retorted the Doctor, as he opened a book lying on the table before him, and put an end to the conversation. His companion then helped himself to a measure of pure gin and unclasped the covers of his richly-bound missal.

Scarcely, however, had their conversation ceased when a hoarse hum of many voices was heard in the direction of the sheds without, mingled with shouts in all tongues and uproarious laughter.

"Diavolo!" said the Doctor, looking out of an open window "the people have knocked off work and are coming home to their supper,

They seem to have brought some of the crew of the felucca with them too. We shall have a loud night of it, for the Captain has sent them a pipe of wine and a barrel of rum to carouse with."

"Pobre cito! all They have had a hard time of it during the summer; short of rum, and water, too, I hear, and they need refreshment and repose. So many of my poor flock killed too by that accursed American cowards. I must hear to administer the last consolations and holy rites," sighed the Padre, as he kissed the crucifix and bowed his head. "There's Lascar Joe too among the missing! He refused the Sacrament, infidel as he was, the day before he sailed; but what turtle-soup he made! The Padre hereupon sighed deeply again, but whether for the loss of the Lascar or the soup no one knows.

The noise without increased; the rattle of crockery, the clinking of glasses, the moving of feet, and all the sounds of hungry, boisterous sailors at table. Soon, too, a shout or cheer would be heard, then a verse of a song, roars of laughter, and now and then the tickle of a guitar struck by vigorous fingers in waltz or fandango.

"Marci!" muttered the Doctor, as he looked compassionately at the sick child on the bed, "those noisy devils will, I fear, disturb the little boy, and it is a hot time too, Padre, as the place we all are going to."

"It is warm, my son!" he replied, as his thick, unctuous lips parted with a smile at his companion's allusion to another and a hotter place; "but I think if our good Capitano would have a cool drop for my little patient, it will be soon of the big building there. It is always cool on the crop, you know!"

"Ah! perhaps he will!" said the Doctor, reflectively; "I'll see about it."

Stepping again to the bedside of the little sufferer, he laid a hand gently on his forehead, where the soft curls lay in confusion about his temples, and then quickly touching his pulse he regarded him attentively for a few moments, while at the same time a light glow of perspiration came hastily over the innocent face and spread itself down the neck.

"His fever is breaking! Grace à Dieu!" whispered the Doctor to the Padre; "his pulse is regular and cool, and he is sleeping sweetly. Now, if you like, we will go to see the Captain; and if he consents, I will carry the child with he wakes to the dwelling." The Doctor carefully closed the door of the room as he and his companion stepped out into the open air, and spread itself down the neck.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, April 23, in the Senate, President Bigler chose unanimous copies of the resolutions passed on Saturday. Mr. M'Lean, when Minister to China. The Postmaster-General was requested to report the copies of the contracts entered with Messrs. Johnson and Vanderbilt, respectively, for carrying the mails.——In the House, Mr. Bocock then suggested that time might be saved if gentlemen were willing to waive the tariff, and instead refer it to the Committee of the Whole. But a motion of Mr. Pidgin, that when the House adjourn, it be to-day, was negatived, and the House went into Committee of the Whole. Mr. Avery defended Southern rights from Republican aggression, and Mr. Morrill argued that the increase of the tariff was a necessity, that the part of the public debt which falls due in 1868 may be paid.

On Tuesday, April 24, the Senate was not in session. Mr. Grimes introduced an amendment to the Constitution, being occupied with debates on the slavery and tariff questions.

On Wednesday, April 25, the Senate not being in session, in the House, a bill was introduced granting to each newspaper and periodical readers may receive packages by mail at pay rates of freight. In Committee of the Whole, several Republican members, including Mr. Garvin, of Ohio, delivered their views on the constitutionality of the Fugitive Slave Law.

On Thursday, April 26, in the Senate, several executive communications were received, among them the report of Mr. Crosby relative to the difficulties between the United States and Great Britain respecting the occupation of the island of Ruatan. Some unimportant business was transacted, and the Senate adjourned till Monday. In the House, a discussion took place on the slavery question.

On Friday, April 27, in the House, the Senate not being in session, a resolution was offered directing the Secretary of War to communicate to the House the Commission as a full plan of the floating steady battery for the defence of the harbor of New York; which has been in progress of construction at Hoboken for some years past, under the superintendence of the Board of Engineers. A motion was made to the reception of the resolution, and no action was taken on it. In Committee of the Whole, half a dozen political speeches were made.

THE CHARLESTON CONVENTION.

At the City of Charleston, on April 23, the Democratic National Convention assembled at noon. There was a full attendance from every State in the Union. The Convention was called to order by Judge Stanley, Chairman of the National Committee. During the morning, of Arkansas, was chosen temporary Chairman, and returned thanks for the honor. Prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Hanckel, of Charleston. William F. Ritchie, of Virginia, was appointed temporary Secretary. After a warm dispute occasioned by the attempt to read a letter from the Ohio delegation from New York, Mr. Avery, of Ohio, offered a resolution to appoint a committee on permanent organization. Mr. Rickards, of Illinois, offered an amendment that the committee shall consist only of members from States from which there was no contest. Mr. Richardson, of Illinois, spoke in favor of harmony, and urged gentlemen to keep cool and preserve order. Mr. Cochrane did not desire any thing but a fair hearing. Mr. Cook, of Ohio, offered a resolution confining only New York and Illinois from participating in the organization, the seating of delegates being contested. Mr. Clarke, of Missouri, protested that the resolution was out of order; for a State should be excluded whose delegations have been admitted by the Rules. (Cheers and groans.) Mr. Cook contended that those who were admitted to the floor had a right to participate in all the acts of organization except the Committee on Credentials. A long debate followed, participated in by Messrs. Richardson, Judge Mack, of Alabama, and Barksdale, of Mississippi. Mr. Cessna offered an amendment that the committee, now on organization, and one on credentials, be appointed, following New York to be excluded from the latter. The previous question was called, and the resolution adopted by ayes 165, nays 98.

The vote on striking the New York and Illinois delegations from the Committee on Credentials was adopted with the following negative votes: Maryland, 3 • Virginia, 15; Georgia, 10; Alabama, 9; Louisiana, 6; Mississippi, 7; Texas, 4; California, 3. Balance all in the affirmative. Ayes, 344; nays, 54. A resolution was introduced requesting the delegates from New York and Illinois not to participate in the organization until the right to the seats of the delegates is settled. A motion to lay the resolution on the table was carried—ayes, 202; nays, 84. On the motion the vote was nearly the same as the previous one, except that Wisconsin has the affirmative and Arkansas in the negative.

The States were called for the report of the Committee on Organization and Credentials, and were appointed by the delegations.

A resolution was offered requesting the credentials to be handed to Secretary Ritchie for safe-keeping and directing that Fernando Wood be heard to-day. Mr. Richardson moved to refer the resolution to the Committee without debate. Mr. Cochrane moved to amend by striking out the word "debate," and by inserting the word "discussion." Mr. Richardson accepted the amendment. Mr. Wright, of Pennsylvania, made a strong appeal for harmony. If the Convention should adjourn to-day, nominations to be made would not be worth the paper on which they were recorded when known to the country. The will was in favor of the rule. Every delegate should be permitted to cast the vote of his State, despite the convictions and those of his constituents. Pennsylvania had never voted as a unit except when the Convention was unanimous. He closed by demanding the previous question, and the vote was then taken on the rule of the report relating to presiding officers, and it was adopted unanimously.

Mr. Flournoy, the temporary Chairman, then returned thanks, counseling moderation and harmony. The ayes still marching under one flag. The Democratic party has but one flag—the flag of the Constitution. The Democratic sentiment, and hoped no more allusions would be made to such divisions.

CALEB CUSHING'S ADDRESS.

Hon. Caleb Cushing was then introduced to the Convention, amidst tumultuous applause.

When the cheering subsided General Cushing addressed the Convention as follows:

GENTLEMEN OF THE CONVENTION.—I respectfully refer to you my name associated with the nomination for the honor which you have this day done me in appointing me by general acclamation your President. I am aware, a responsible duty imposed, much more than a high honor conferred. But I am encouraged to accept it in the direction of business and of debate, and in the preservation of order, by the confidence reasonably and faithfully and impartially to effectate here as your minister, and not invalidly to preside over you. It is a great deliberative assembly like this it is not the presiding officer in whom the strength resides. It is not his strength, that power—[Loud applause]—which is the result of the instinct of self-respect. I rely, gentlemen, confidently upon you, not upon myself. This is a great parliamentary dispatch of the business of this Convention. Gentlemen, you have come here from the united hands of the Eastern States, from the rich States of the imperial centre, from the new-lighted States of the North-West, and the fertile States of the mighty basin of the Mississippi, from the golden coast of the Pacific, and from the Gulf. [Loud cheers.] You have come hither in the exercise of the highest political duty which belongs to participate, to aid in the election of the future rulers of the republic. You are the representatives of the true democratic party—of that great party of the Union whose grand mission it is to combine and to reconcile the reconcilable popular freedom for constitutional order, to maintain the supremacy of the laws of the United States. [Loud and long-continued applause.] To stand, in a word, on the broad platform of fiction and fundamental Constitution. Cries of "That's the talk!" and loud and enthusiastic cheering.] Gentlemen, I repeat, it is a motto inscribed on that scroll in the hands of the monumental statue of our great statesman and sage, Washington—"Truth, Justice, and the Constitution." [Loud cheers.] Opposed to us are those who desire to overthrow the Constitution, under the false and insidious pretense of supporting it. [Laughter.] Opposed to us are those who in this country a permanent sectional conspiracy—a traitorous sectional conspiracy—against the Union and the rest of the Union against the other half; those who, impelled by this stupid and fanatical spirit of faction and fanaticism, would hurry our land on to revolution and to civil war. Those, the representatives of that sectional party, is the part, the high and noble part, of the Democracy of the Union to meet and to defeat. [Loud and long cheers.] Ay, that is our part, and we will do it in the name of our God and our country. [Loud cheers.] Ay, we will do it; [great and enthusiastic cheers.] Ay, we will do it; for, gentlemen, we have the power, we have the right, we have the spair of the genius of our country; we will continue to prosper with unexampled [sic] prosperity, under the Almighty God. [Loud applause.]

Mr. Cushing then again loudly cheered upon the conclusion of his address.

UNIT VOTING.

A warm debate sprung up on the rule reported by the Committee on Organization, in which Messrs. Richardson, M'Cook, Cochrane, Bocock, Avery, and Judge Mack, of Indiana, spoke; Messrs. Randall, of Pennsylvania, and many others took part. Mr. Richardson moved the previous question on the rule. Mr. Randall also opposed it, declaring that certain delegations from Pennsylvania and Illinois had been proposed to violate and misrepresent their constituents in voting for Douglas, whose nomination by the Convention would lead to certain defeat. He then went into a review of the action of the Committee on Credentials relative to this subject. Mr. Richardson rose to reply, and asked Mr. Randall whether he had not violated the Democratic principles and freedom? How long had the gentleman been in the Democratic party? [Laughter.] Cries of "Order" and great excitement. Several persons rose to points of order. Mr. Chairman decided that Mr. Richardson was entitled to the floor, and that with his decision denying his right. Mr. Richardson, standing on the platform, declared that he had been misrepresented, and if entrusted to be heard, was kindly allowed to go on, and he would show that he had not. He would only come down to the fold, alluding to his political associates entitling him to the right of representation in the Convention. [Laughter.] He did not desire, after a life of service in the cause, to be denied the right of representation. [Laughter.] The question was called on the motion to strike out the word relative to the right of representation of delegates to the Convention, and the rules instructed by the convention that appointed them. During the discussion which ensued the greatest excitement prevailed. The Secretary, Virginia, Rodes, and other delegations protested against the announcement of the Chairman, saying the rules of the United States as a unit against the adoption of the rule. Ten of the twelve Tennessee delegates were opposed to the manner in which the vote of that State had been recorded. The vote was finally announced as follows: ayes, 101; nays, 248. So the rule was adopted, and the majority of a delegation was declared to be entitled to cast the vote of that State, under instructed by the convention that appointed them.

THE COMMITTEE ON PLATFORM.

The resolution of the appointment of a committee on resolutions and a platform was then called up, and an amendment or two was offered, when Mr. Bocock, President or Vice-President until the committee have made their report. A vote was first taken on the resolution for the appointment of the committee, which was adopted. The committee was then appointed by the vote, on the rule against unit voting is regarded as a test vote. The vote to lay it on the table was as follows:

Massachusetts	8	Alabama	9
Pennsylvania	14	Louisiana	6
Ohio	21	Mississippi	7
Maryland	5	Texas	4
Virginia	15	Arkansas	4
North Carolina	7	Missouri	9
South Carolina	8	California	3
Georgia	10	Oregon	3
Illinois	11		

Total ayes, 161; nays, all the balance of the States, 258.

OTHER MATTERS OF ORGANIZATION.

After the Committee on Platform was announced, the motion was renewed on the proposition that no balloting shall be had until the report of the Committee on Platform be adopted. A motion to lay the resolution on the table was rejected.——Mr. Avery, of Ohio, said he was then taken on the resolution, and it was adopted by acclamation. A new point was raised on the propagation to limit members from speaking more than once on the same question, and finally laid over to the morrow. The President was directed to invite ministers of the Convention with prayer. Judge Mack, of Indiana, moved the Alabama platform, and it was referred to the Committee on Platform. The Committee on Credentials anon stated that they would not be able to report before the following morning. The Convention adjourned.

SPEECHES NOT TO BE LIMITED.

On Wednesday, April 25, the Convention met at ten o'clock.

The resolution restricting speakers to fifteen minutes, and not once on the same subject, was taken up, debated, and rejected—ayes, 148; nays, 154.

A Southern delegate demanded that there should be no gag law on any subject.

The motion was adopted limiting speaking to fifteen minutes on all subjects except the platform, and on that the time was extended to one hour—ayes, 237; nays, 71.

CREDENTIALS AND DELEGATIONS.

The Committee on Credentials reported that the sitting delegates from New York, Maryland, Illinois, Massachusetts, and Maryland (the latter T. M. Lonsdale and Wm. H. Norris) were entitled to their seats.

The report of the minority of the committee was presented. It is in favor of admitting the rival delegations from Alabama, California, Arkansas, Texas, Georgia, and Mississippi, and recommends that one-half of the votes of each State be given to the Douglas and the other half to each to cast 71 votes.

The announcement of the result was received with cheers and great excitement.

A motion was made that Fernando Wood delegates to honorable seats on the floor added to the excitement, but the rose was laid on the table—ayes, 152; nays, 151.

A vote was for taken on the Illinois question, and the minority report was adopted.

The vote was next taken on the Maryland question, and the majority report was adopted by a vote of 152 to 151.

A vote was taken by States on the minority report of the Committee on Credentials between the two New York delegations.

The States voted aye were: North Carolina, 5; Georgia, 10; Virginia, 15; Missouri, 1; Alabama, 9; Louisiana, 6; Texas, 4; Mississippi, 7; California, 3; Arkansas, 3. Ayes, 58; nays, 210. So the Dean Richmond delegation was seated and Mr. Wood delegation excluded.

After some other business the Convention, at seven o'clock, adjourned.

NO PLATFORM YET.

On Thursday, April 26, nothing was done in the Convention as the Committee on Platform had not reported. The Committee on Credentials also reported nothing.

On Friday, 27th, three reports were made from the Committee on Platform, one by a majority of the committee, affirming that it is the duty of Congress to protect slavery in the Territories; one by a minority report of the Committee saying nothing about slavery in the Territories, but affirming the Cincinnati platform, submitted by Hon. F. Butler, of Massachusetts, simply indorsing the Cincinnati platform, and the Dred Scott decision. The three reports were discussed by Messrs. Avery (O.), Cushing (Mass.), Guthrie (Ky.), Richardson (Ill.), and others. Mr. Cochrane (N. Y.) offered a new Platform—affirming the rights of Congressional protection of slavery in the Territories; and Mr. Bayard another to the same purport. Discussion was had upon them till the adjournment.

REPUBLICAN CONVENTION AT BALTIMORE.

A fair portrayal of the Convention on Thursday and Friday and a Maryland Republican State Convention, for the purpose of electing Delegates to the Chicago Convention, and making preparations for the Presidential Ticket (N. Y. Times), was held in Baltimore. Governor Hicks attended the meeting, and at an early stage of the proceedings explained that he had called the Convention to prevent of the disgraces, and destroyed their papers. This was done in the midst of the tumultuous shouts of the Convention. The proprietor of the hall where the meeting was held refused to allow the Democratic meeting to hold premises in the afternoon. They, however, met at a private hall, and appointed delegates to the Chicago Convention, and a State Committee who were empowered to nominate an electoral ticket, which they resolved to support at the Presidential election.

PERSONAL.

The New York correspondent of the Charleston *Courier* says that there "was a grand wedding up the North River, on Tuesday, the 24th, between a daughter and a son of the great author. A son of Governor Morgan was married to a daughter of General James Watson Webb, of the *Courier and Enquirer*."

N. W. Lyon, a Revolutionary soldier, died at his residence in Easton, Connecticut, on the morning of the 18th inst., in his one hundred and first year. He was engaged in the Continental service during the Army for some time.

The Prince of Wales, on his visit to this country, will be attended by nine gentlemen of honor and one of the Queen's Favorites of State, who will probably be the Duke of Newcastle.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE GARIBALDI EXCITEMENT.

The great prize-fight between Heenan and Sayers came off, near Aldershot, on the morning of 17th April. Sayers was the favorite, and the betting was 5 to 4 on him, finally handed by Heenan. Sayers drew first blood, but Heenan soon got the mastery in the first knock-down. In the thirty-third round, Sayers's friends finding him exhausted, threw up the sponge, and Heenan was declared upon the ring. This continued till the thirty-eighth round, when Sayers was declared victor, and Heenan was carried off the field. The battle lasted two hours and twenty minutes, and was fought with great determination on both sides. Heenan's head was severely bruised, and his face much disfigured, while Sayers was but little marked. Sayers was much exhausted, and was finally laid over the ropes. The Prince of Wales was present, and the Queen's favorite sent to inquire after the health of the champion.

In the 40th and 41st rounds this dishonorable treatment was resorted to. In the 40th Heenan being brought up until Heenan presented himself before him, and declared he would not fight any more. Sayers, finding that he was up the last time he was in his corner, and his seconds refused to support him in the round, he managed to him, by throwing up the sponge, he advanced upon him in the midst of the uproar, and declared that where he only being struck in return by some one else in that corner he advanced upon him, and with a single but indignation at the outrageous manner in which the object of the ambition had been treated, he received from him, he opened a free fight against them all. His friends, however interfered, and order was restored in the corner. Ever whose, after declaring himself to be the winner of the fight, and the winner of the belt and title of the Champion of England, he left the ring. Fair-minded men will honorably applaud and will decide whether these facts, so clearly and bravely won, shall not be given to him because he as a stranger to their soil.

THE RESULT.

The *Herald* correspondent says: "The general topic of conversation to-day in London was the great combat of yesterday. The feeling in the minds of the public is almost entirely in favor of Heenan. The breaking in of the ring was a concerted plan of the pickpockets, who were disappointed in the battle not lasting Saturday; nearly every American losing his watch or pocket-book.

"Mr. Wilkes has sent to Macdonald to collect the wagers backed by him on the fight between the Englishman Benwicket Association this evening to demand the belt for Heenan. Mr. Wilkes says he never saw a fight in which both combatants and the swelling in his face had much improved, as on the present occasion. Heenan's head he should be would have bought quicker and would have whipped him in less than an hour. Heenan's left eye is also in statues by all he Americans here.

"Mr. Dean Richmond has sent the belt he must be built and void, he recommends me in England to subscribe a certain sum for Heenan, to purchase for Heenan, and to let Sayers keep his. The Americans say that he shall not receive a penny of the subscription, which will be so entitled to bear nothing but the highest commendation to Heenan's courage and skill. Strangers Sayers was well known to possess endurance and courage, but Heenan's unexpected power and science made his bravery. Heenan wants to fight Sayers immediately, but he will not do so, as he has received no offers.

"Morrissey is dreadfully put out; he had been with Heenan's party, and gave them instructions to telegraph to Heenan's weak points. He has left for Liverpool to-day against him, to the tune of $10,000. During the fight by the combatants, Heenan's friends were cheering for Sayers. He has lost two very much in consequence. The opinion is that the fight will not be authorities will certainly prevent it. It is not yet known what disposal has been made of the five thousand sovereigns Heenan is breaking his head. As he forcetted his ball, which was knocked up in the ring.

THE NEW ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

An Arctic conference in London writes as follows to Mr. Henry Grinnell:

"Dr. Hayes's Expedition has attracted attention here among Arctic circles, and from the interest the Americans have given to the world that they are preparing an expedition to the Polar Sea, and that the expedition would be of interesting or competing for that honor; but from what I can learn from some of the leading members of the expedition, Arctic officers and scientific men, when the conscious feeling that the Polar Sea is open, and will be immediately seized upon by English explorers. There is no doubt that Dr. Hayes will succeed in reach the attention of Arctic men here, and if Hayes should not get there first, he will have the credit of having stimulated others to take the matter up."

FRANCE.

THE NEW ARCHBISHOPS.

The *Courier of the Alps* announces that French engineers are traveling through the lately annexed provinces of Savoy and Nice, for the purpose of commencing making plans for numerous public works to be executed. A survey is to be made for the construction of a line of the French cadastre; railways are to be constructed, new public roads are to be laid out, and harbors are to be laid down. The engineers have commenced their operations in the Haute-Savoie district. A letter dated from the Town-hall of Nice announces that the engineers of the Ponts-et-Chaussées have begun to make the necessary plans for the completion of the railway from Toulon to the Var. It is also stated that the Government, that Prince Napoleon and the Princess Clotilde propose to make, after Easter, a journey through the principal towns of the newly-annexed provinces. The Emperor has decided, it is said, that the Government shall visit the annexed provinces, that the private now forming the army from that part of the country to which the contingent to be levied annually in future will amount to about 4500 men, in place of 6,000 hitherto drawn by conscription. The vote by universal suffrage, on the question of the annexation of Savoy and Nice to France is to be taken on Sunday the 22d instant.

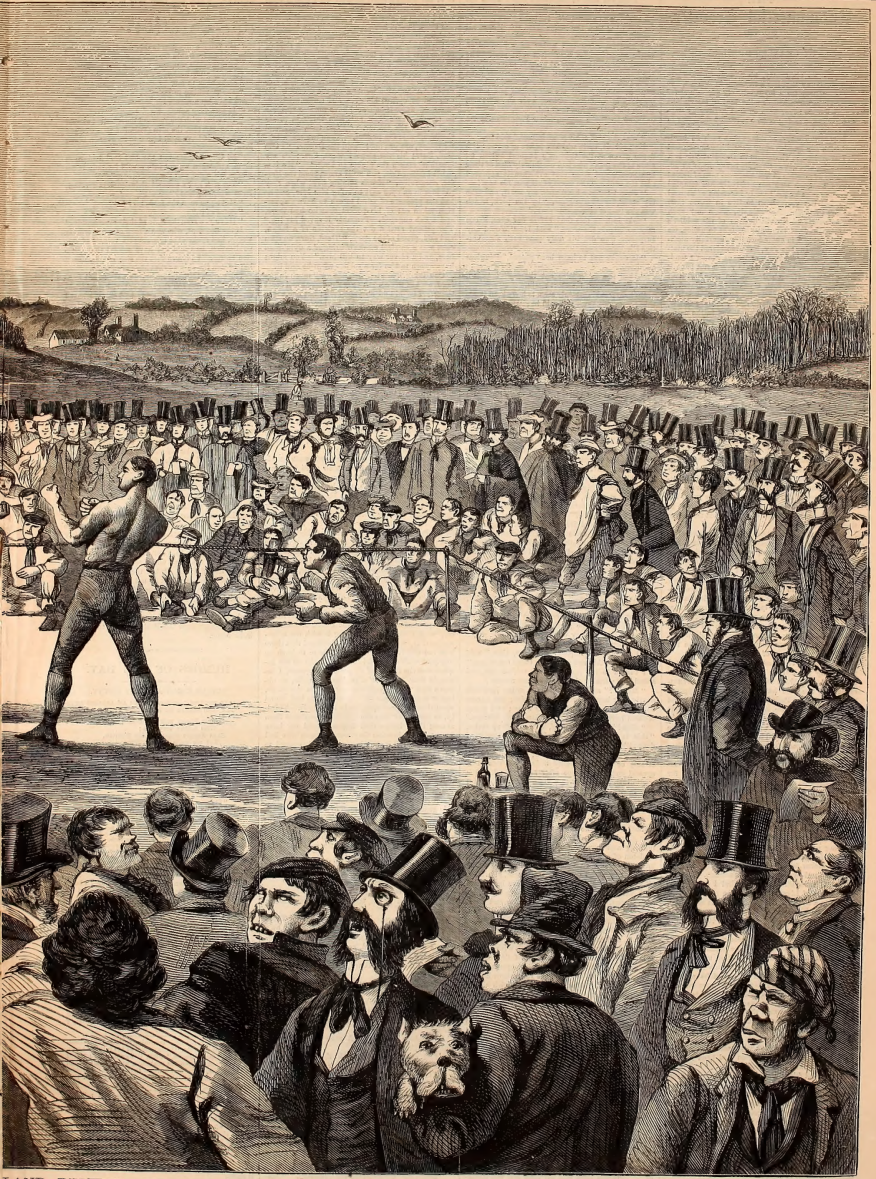
The *Gazette de France* says: "The additional guard has been ordered to undertake service in the town; and as soon as the decree appointing the Duke of Magenta to the battalion of Sardinian infantry which is here is to leave, the object of withdrawing both the Italian and French troops being to prevent any collision which may while is about to take place relative to the annexation to France."

ITALY.

GENERAL LAMORICIERE AT ROME.

A letter from Rome of the 17th says: "General Lamoricière has been received at a private audience by the Holy Father. He arrived here on the 14th of the anniversary of Navy, having had conferences with the chief of the Papal Government. He has been received with the greatest of the Military Magnates of San Michele." The same letter states that the Count de Montalembert the Protestant necessary for every Frenchman who enters a foreign military service. A letter from Rome, same date, together with General Lamoricière, the ex-Duke Cascais of Saxe-Coburg, left for America on the 15th, that the troops of the Duke of Modena are to join the Papal forces, and that Lamoricière's mission to Rome is placed in Paris from Rome, spoke very hopefully of the prospect of the Pope's affairs. The Pope is desirous of God, and arrow diligent, I hope soon to leave Rome." The *Opinione* of Turin, however, declares that Prince Napoleon that General Lamoricière had listened to the overtures from Rome to organize the Pontifical army in Ancona, and permission having been accorded to him to his campaign in Italy. The *Opinione* of Turin, however, declares that Prince Napoleon that General Lamoricière had listened to the overtures from Rome to organize the Pontifical army in Ancona, and permission having been accorded to him to his campaign in Italy. The *Opinione* of Turin, however, declares that Prince Napoleon that General Lamoricière had not accepted the proposal of the Vatican.

BLOODY, BRUTAL, AND BLACKGUARD PRIZE-FIGHT IN EN(



LAND, BETWEEN HEENAN AND SAYERS, ON APRIL 17, 1860.

THE

Uncommercial Traveler.

NO. VII.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

I TRAVEL constantly, up and down a certain line of railway that has a terminus in London. It is the railway for a large military depôt, and for other large barracks. To the best of my serious belief, I have never been on that railway by daylight without seeing some handcuffed deserters in the train.

It is in the nature of things that such an institution as our English army should have many bad and troublesome characters in it. But this is a reason for, and not against, its being made as acceptable as possible to well-disposed men of decent behavior. Deserters are assuredly not tempted into the ranks by the beastly inversion of natural laws and the compulsion to live in worse than swinish foulness. Accordingly, when any such Circumlocutional embellishments of the soldier's condition have of late been brought to notice, we civilians, seated in outer darkness cheerfully meditating on an Income Tax, have considered the matter as being our business, and have shown a tendency to do that which we would rather not have it misregulated, if such declaration may, without violence to the Church Catechism, be hinted to those who are put in authority over us.

Any animated description of a modern battle, any private soldier's letter published in the newspapers, any page of the records of the Victoria Cross, will show that in the ranks of the army there exists under all disadvantages as fine a sense of duty as it has ever been in any station on earth. Who doubts that if we all did our duty as faithfully as the soldier does his this world would be a better place? There may be greater difficulties in our way than in the soldier's. Not disputed. But let us at least do our duty toward Aim.

I had got back again to that rich port where as many snares are set for Mercaglie Jack, and I was walking up a hill there, on a wild March morning. My conversation with my official friend Bridges, by whom I was accidentally accompanied, took this direction as we took the up-hill direction, because the object of my uncommercial journey was to see some discharged soldiers who had recently come home from India. There were men of Hicks's Jack's among them; there were men who had been in many of the great battles of the great Indian campaign among them; and I had some curious to note what sort of changed soldiers looked like when they were done with.

I was not at all interested (as I mentioned to my official friend Pangloss) because these men had claimed to be discharged, when their right to be discharged was not admitted. They had behaved with unblemished fidelity and bravery; but a change of circumstances had arisen, which, as they considered, put an end to their compact and entitled them to enter on a new one. Their demand had been blunderingly resisted by the authorities in India; but it was to be presumed that the men were not far wrong, inasmuch as the bungle had ended in their being sent home discharged, in pursuance of orders from home. (There was an immense waste of money, of course.)

Under these circumstances—thought I, as I walked up the hill on which I accidentally encountered my official friend—under these circumstances of the men having successfully opposed themselves to the Despotic Department of the great Circumlocution Office, on which the sun never sets and the light of reason never rises, the Pagoda Department will have been particularly careful of the national honor. It will have shown these men, in the scrupulous good faith, not to say the generosity, of its dealings with them, that great national authorities can have no small retaliations and revenges. It will have made every provision for their health in the passage home, and will have landed them restored from their campaigning fatigues by a sea-voyage, pure air, sound food, and good medical care. And I pleased myself with dwelling, beforehand, on the great accounts of their personal treatment which these men would carry into their various towns and villages, and on the increasing popularity of the service that would inevitably follow. I almost began to hope that the hitherto ever-failing deserters on my railroad would by-and-by become a phenomenon.

In this agreeable frame of mind I entered the work-house at Liverpool. For the cultivation of laurels in a sandy soil had brought the soldiers in question to the door of Glory.

Before going into their wards to visit them, I inquired how they had made their triumphant entry there? Had it been brought through the rain in carts, it seemed, from the landing-place to the gate, and had then been carried up stairs on the backs of men? Their groans and pains during the performance of this glorious pageant had been so distressing as to bring tears into the eyes of spectators not too well accustomed to scenes of suffering. They were so dreadfully cold that those who could get near the fires were hard to be restrained from thrusting their feet in among the blazing coals. They were so horribly reduced that they were awful to look upon. Racked with dysentery and emaciated with scurvy, one hundred and forty wretched men had been revived with brandy and laid in bed.

My official friend Pangloss is lineally descended from a learned doctor of that name, who was once tutor to Candide, an ingenuous young gentleman of some celebrity. In his personal character he is as humane and worthy a gentleman as any I know; in his official capacity he unfortunately preaches the doctrines of his renowned ancestor, by demonstrating on all occasions that we live in the best of all possible official worlds.

"In the name of Humanity," said I, "how did the men fall into this deplorable state? Was the ship well found in stores?"

"I am not here to asseverate that I know the fact, of my own knowledge," answered Pangloss, in his roundabout official way; "but I have grounds for asserting that the stores were the best of all possible stores."

A medical officer laid before us a handful of rotten biscuit and a handful of split peas. The biscuit was a honey-combed sponge, and there was the excrement of maggots. The peas were even more fatal than the biscuit. A similar handful had been experimentally boiled six hours, and had shown no signs of softening. These were the stores on which the soldiers had been fed.

"The beef—" I began, when Pangloss cut me short.

"Was the best of all possible beef," said he.

But, behold, there was laid before us certain evidence given in the Crimea upon Inquest holden on some of the men (who had obstinately died of their treatment), and from that evidence it appeared that the beef was the worst that could be had!

"Then I lay my hand upon my heart, and take my stand," said Pangloss, "by the pork, which was the best of all possible pork."

But look at this food before our eyes, if one may so misuse the word," said I. "Would any Inspector who did his duty pass such abomination?"

"It ought not to have been passed," Pangloss admitted.

"Then the authorities cut there—" I began, when Pangloss cut me short again.

"There would have seemed to have been something wrong somewhere," said he; "but I am prepared to prove that the authorities cut there are the best of all possible cuts."

I never heard of an impeached public authority in my life who was not the best public authority in existence.

"We are told of these unfortunate men being laid low by scurvy," said I. "Since lime-juice has been required to be served out every day in our navy, surely that disease, which used to devastate it, has almost disappeared. Was there lime-juice aboard this transport?"

My right official was beginning "the best of all possible—" when an inconvenient medical forefinger pointed him to another page of the evidence, from which it appeared that the lime-juice had been bad too. Not to mention that the vinegar had been bad, the vegetables bad, the coals bad, the cooking accommodation insufficient (if there had been any thing worth mentioning to cook), the water supply exceedingly inadequate, and the beer sour.

"Then there was," said Pangloss, a little irritated, "there was the want of a possible men."

"In what respect?" I asked.

"Oh! Habitual drunkards," said Pangloss.

But again the unwelcome medical fore-finger pointed out another passage in the evidence, showing that the dead men had been examined after death, and that there was no sign of their possibly have been habitual drunkards, because the organs within them which must have shown traces of that habit were perfectly sound.

"And besides," said the three doctors present, one and all, "habitual drunkards brought us low as these men were brought low, and required more care and food, as the great majority of these men are recovering." They would not have strength of constitution to do it.

"Reckless and improvident dogs, then," said Pangloss. "Always are—nine times out of ten."

I turned to the number of my official friend, and asked him whether the men had any money?

"Money?" said he. "I have in my iron safe nearly four hundred pounds of theirs; the ship have nearly a hundred pounds more; and many of them have left money in Indian banks besides."

"Has" I inquired, "any of that money been spent?"

"this is not the best of all possible stories, I doubt!"

We went into a large ward, containing some twenty or five-and-twenty beds. We went into several such wards, one after another. I find it of making it known that I was not a doctor, and I saw in them, without frightening the reader from the perusal of these lines and defeating my object of making it known.

Oh the sunken eyes that turned to me as I walked between the rows of beds, or—worse still—that plucked at me as I passed calling, and saw nothing and cared for nothing! Here lay the skeleton of a man, so lightly covered with a fair, wax-looking skin, that the form of the skeleton in the anatomy was clothed, and I could clasp the arm, above the elbow, in my finger and thumb. There lay a man with the black scurvy eating his legs away, his gums gone, and his teeth all gaunt and bare. This boy was pronounced by the doctors to be dying, and the patient had died but yesterday. That bed was a hopeless one, because its occupant was sinking fast, and the man whose head lay there on the pinched mask of face upon the pillow with a feeble moan. The awful thinness of the fallen cheeks, the awful hopelessness of the sunken eyes, the line of lead, the hands of ivory, the recumbent human images lying in the shadow of death, with a kind of solemn stillness about them, as if each one of them died aboard the ship and were lying at the bottom of the sea—oh, Pangloss, God forgive you!

In one bed lay a man whose left leg had been saved (as it was hoped) by deep incisions in the feet and legs. While I was speaking to him a nurse came up to change the bandages. Some of these dressings had rendered necessary, and I had an instinctive feeling that it was not well to turn away merely to spare myself pain. I was sorry for, and keenly sympathetic; but the efforts he made to subdue any expression of impatience or suffering were quite heroic. It was easy to see, in the shrinking of the figure and the drawing of the bed-clothes over the head, how acute the endurance was, and it made me shrink too, as if I were in pain; but when the new bandages were on, and the poor feet were composed again, he made no complaint (he had not uttered a word), and said, plaintively, "I am so tender and weak, you see, Sir!" Neither from him nor from any one sufferer of the whole ghastly number did I hear a complaint. Of thankfulness for present solicitude and care I heard much; of complaint not a word.

I think I could have recognized in the dramatic skeleton there the ghost of a soldier. Something of the old air was still latent in the palest shadow of life that flitted to. One emaciated creature, in the strictest literality worn to the bone, lay stretched on his back, looking as like death that I asked one of the doctors if he were not dying or dead? A few kind words put the doctor in his place, and he opened those eyes, and smiled—looked, in a moment, as if he would have made a salute if he could. "We shall pull him through, please God," said the doctor. "Please God, Sure, and thankye," said the patient. "You are much better to-day, are you not?" said the Doctor. "Please God, Sure; but the shape I want, Sure; 'tis my breathin' makes the nights so long." "He is a careful fellow this, you must know," said the Doctor, cheerfully, as we left him rubbing both when they put him in an open cart to bring him here, and he had the presence of mind to ask to have a sovereign taken out of his pocket that he had there, and a cab engaged. Probably it saved his life." The patient rattled out the skeleton of a laugh, and said, proud of the story, "'Dess, Sure, an open cairt was a comical means o' bringin' a dyin' man here, and a clever way to kill him." You might have known it was a joke by the tone he said it.

One thing had perplexed me very much in going from bed to bed. A very significant and cruel object. I could not imagine man but one. He had attracted my notice by having got up and dressed himself in his soldier's jacket and trowsers, with the exception of the lining by the fire; but he had found himself too weak, and had crept back to his bed, and laid himself down on the outside of it. A coarse, common-looking man, as to be a young man aged by famine and sickness. As we were standing by the Irish soldier's bed I remembered my official friend the Doctor. He took a board with an inscription on it from the head of the Irishman's bed, and asked me what age I supposed that man to be? I had observed him with attention while talking to him, and answered, confidently, "Fifty." Pangloss, with a pair of spy glasses at the patient, who had dropped into a stupor again, put the board back, and said, "Twenty-four."

All the arrangements of the wards were excellent. They could not have been more humane, sympathizing, gentle, attentive, or wholesome. The owners of the ship, too, had done all they could, liberally. There were bright fires in every room, and the convalescents were sitting round them reading various papers and periodicals. I took the liberty of inviting my official friend Pangloss to take more convalescent men, and to tell me whether their faces and bearing were or were not, generally, the faces and bearing of steady, respectable, well-behaved soldiers? He is master of the work-house, overhearing me, said that he had had a pretty large experience of troops, and had better opportunities than these had ever had to do with. They were always (he added) as we saw them. And of us visitors (I add) they were unfeignedly glad that we were there.

It was audacious in me, but I took another liberty with Pangloss. Prefacing it with the observation that, of course, I knew beforehand that there was not the faintest desire any where to hush up any part of this dreadful business, and that the Inquest was in the usual form of all possible Inquests, I besought four things of Pangloss. Firstly, to observe that the Inquest was *not held in that place*, and at some distance from it. Secondly, to look round upon those helpless spectres in their beds. Thirdly, to remember that the witnesses produced from among those beds on that Inquest could not have been selected because they were the men who had the most to tell it, but because they happened to be in a state admitting of their safe removal. Fourthly, to say whether the Coroner and Jury could have come there, to those pillows, and taken a calm evidence? My official friend declined to commit himself to a more detailed reply.

I have already stated that in one of the fireside groups; as he was a man of a very intelligent countenance, and as I have a great respect for nonCommissioned officers, I sat down on the form on the nearest bed to have some talk with him. (It was the bed of one of the gristliest of the poor skeletons, and he died shortly after.)

"I was glad to see, in the evidence of an officer at the Inquest, sergeant, that he never saw men shaken better on board ship than these men."

"They did behave very well, Sir."

"I was glad to see, too, that every man had a hammock."

The sergeant gravely shook his head. "There must be some mistake, Sir. The men of my own corps had no hammocks. There were not hammocks enough on board, and the men of the two next messes laid hold of hammocks for themselves as soon as they died on board, and squeezed my men out, as I may say."

"Had the squeezed-out men none then?"

"None, Sir. They were obliged to put their hammocks were used by other men who wanted hammocks; but many men had none at all."

Then you don't agree with the evidence on that point?"

"Certainly not, Sir. A man can't when he knows he is going to die."

"Did any of the men sell their bedding for drink?"

"There is some mistake on that point, too, Sir. Men were under the impression—I knew it for a fact at the time—that it was not allowed to take hammocks or bedding on board, and so men who had things of that sort came to sell them purposely."

"Did any of the men sell their clothes for drink?"

"They did, Sir." (I believe there never was a more truthful witness than the sergeant. He had no inclination to make out a case.)

"Many?"

"Some, Sir" (considering the question). "Soldier-like. There had been long marching in the rainy season by bad roads—no roads at all, in short—and when they got to Calcutta men turned to and drank before taking a last look at it. Soldier-like."

"Do you see any men in this ward, for example, who sold their clothes for drink at that time?"

The sergeant's wan eye, happily just beginning to rekindle with health, traveled round the place, and came back to me. "Certainly, Sir."

"The marching to Calcutta in the rainy season must have been severe?"

"It was severe, Sir."

"Yet what with the rest and the sea air, I should have thought that the men (even the men who got drunk) would have soon begun to recover on board ship?"

"So they might; but the bad food told upon them, and when we got into the latitude it began to tell more, and the men dropped."

"The sick had a general disinclination for food, I am told, sergeant?"

"Have you seen the food, Sir?"

"Some of it."

"Have you seen the state of their mouths, Sir?"

If the sergeant, who was a man of a few orderly words, had spoken the amount of a volume of this publication, he could not have settled that question better. I believe that the sick could as soon have eaten coals as the ship's provisions.

I took the additional liberty with my friend Pangloss, when I had left the sergeant with good wishing, of asking Pangloss whether he had ever heard of biscuit getting drunk and bartering its nutritious qualities for putrefaction and vermin; of peas becoming hardened to the hue of bullets, and refusing themselves off the face of the earth; of limejuice, vegetables, vinegar, cooking accommodation, water, coals, and beer, all turning bad, declining together and going to ruin? If not (I asked him), what did he say in defense of the officers condemned by the Coroner's Jury, who, by signing the General Inspection report relative to the ship *Great Tasmania* chartered for these troops, had deliberately declared all that bad and disgusting dung-bill refuse to be good and wholesome food? My official friend replied that it was a remarkable fact, that when those officers were called on to recite good, and other officers only comparatively better, those particular officers were superlatively the very best of all possible officers.

My hand and my heart fail me in writing my record of this journey. The shadow of the soldiers in the hospital-beds of that Liverpool workhouse was so shocking and so shameful, that as an Englishman I blush and blush to remember it. It would have been simply unbearable at the time but for the consideration and pity with which they were soothed in their sufferings.

No punishment that our inefficient laws provide is worthy of the name when set against the guilt of this transaction. But if the responsible few of it die out unavenged, and if it do not result in the inexorable dismissal and disgrace of every one who can be sponsible for it, their scrape will be infamous to the Government (no matter of what party) that so neglects the high moral influences in the nation that tamely suffers such intolerable wrong to be done in its name.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

SIMPLE SIMON AND THE PENNY.

A BALLAD RECENTLY DISCOVERED IN AN ANCIENT QUARTO MS., AND EDITED BY FREDERICK FINCH, B.D.

Simple Simon met a Pieman,
Who talked very fine:
Says Simple Simon to the Pieman,
Let me taste French Wine.

Said the Pieman unto Simple Simon,
First give me a Penny:
Said Simple Simon to the Pieman,
'Tis dear to buy so many."

V. 1. *Simple Simon.* Johannes Taurus.

V. 1. *Pieman, see Pans Vin, or pious man.* Guillelmus Lapidarius, Parisiensis Ecclesiæ Canonicus.

V. 2. "Et veram Ambitus magni Monstravit Semitam."

Ingressus Simplex Simeon Sanctum Templum dedit,
Ait, si placuit, sed quo Emisse Sereno fertilis Rempublicam?

V. 3. *Paltry penny four.* Tres Imbris vel Nubes, tres cubiti spatium, est.

V. 4. French wine. Vitis Gallica Sabinum canthoris.

V. 6. *Give me a Penny.* Vestigal magnum, propinatum, ad physicianum sanandum, Gallicis Gallicum Gallicè Gallicè ait si.

V. 8. *Dear to buy.* Non est Simonis tam stultus, post omnia, ut sit ita stultus.

PRIMAL EXTINGUISHERS!—We know a shoe which is so extremely fastidious that he is always measured for his umbrella.

—That's a flame of mine!" as the bellows said to the fire.

Oho—that rivers should be so full just where they empty themselves!

Many institutions are ingeniously called *semi-*tastes, for they do not half teach any thing.

The man who was hemmed in by a crowd has been troubled with a thin in his side ever since.

Two old friends met, not long since, after a separation of thirty-five years. "Well, Tom," says one, "how has the world gone with you, old boy? Married yet?—Yes, and I've a family yon can't match: seven boys and one girl." "I can match it exactly," was the reply, "for I have seven girls and one boy."

The *Tribune* is certainly becoming rusty in Bible learning. It quotes with a "little revision" the words of Jesse's son, David the son of Jessie," when it was not little David and not Jessie's son, but the anointed King of Israel, and all the people," who was sent on that errand. Is this a specimen of the Biblical and historical accuracy of that paper?

What figure is that which if cut in two becomes naught?—The human figure.

William the Fourth seemed in a momentary dilemma one day when at table with several officers he ordered one of the waiters to "take away that marine there," pointing to an empty bottle. "Your Majesty," inquired the cadaverous old waiter, "do you consider an empty bottle to a member of our branch of the service?"—"Yes," repeated the monarch, as a sudden thought struck him, "I mean to say it has done its duty once, and is ready to do it again."

The philosopher Frazer says that, "though a man without money is poor, a man with nothing but money is still poorer."

Relieve misfortune quickly. A man is like an egg—the longer he is kept in hot water the harder he is when he is taken out.

"I presume you won't charge any thing for just *remembering* me," said a one-legged sailor to a wooden-leg manufacturer.

A lawyer engaged in a case, tormented a witness so much with questions that the poor fellow at last cried for water. "There," said the Judge, "I thought you'd pump him dry."

A collegian, enlightening a farmer upon animalculæ, applied his microscope in the cheese, saying, "Now, look and see them wiggle."—"Well," said the farmer, placing the cheese in his mouth, "let them wiggle. I can stand it as long as they can."

Why is B like a hot fire?—Because it makes oil boil.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Wilson, to see this splendid field of potatoes so seriously diseased," said a sympathizing inspector. "Ah! weel, it's a great pity," replied the farmer, "but there's ae comfort—Jock Tamson's is not a bit better!"

THE HON. JOHN MINOR BOTTS, OF VIRGINIA.

AMONG the distinguished persons whose names have been suggested in connection with the Presidency is the Hon. John Minor Botts.

Mr. Botts was born in the town of Dumfries, in the County of Prince William, in the State of Virginia, on the 16th September, 1802. His parents removed while he was yet very young to the City of Richmond, where his father, Benjamin Botts, became an eminent lawyer, and was one of the counsel of Aaron Burr in his celebrated trial for treason. In the winter of 1811, by the conflagration of the Richmond Theatre some eighty persons perished in the flames and otherwise. By this sad catastrophe Mr. Botts lost both of his parents, and was thus very early left without the natural and competent guardians of his youth. Having received an adequate, though not what is termed a full education, before his majority he was admitted a practitioner of law in the courts of Virginia.

He did not long continue, however, to practice his profession; having married very soon thereafter, he retired to the County of Henrico, and became a cultivator of the soil, which occupation he continued successfully to follow for a considerable period after his entrance into public life.

Always a Whig, he was elected, from the county of his residence, in the year 1833, a member of the House of Delegates of Virginia; and so continued, by yearly re-election, until the year 1839, when he was elected to Congress. In the former body he very soon distinguished himself as an able debater, an eloquent speaker, a well-informed man, endowed with high qualities of firmness and consistency. The first debate in which he took any part in the latter body arose on the election return of the representatives from New Jersey, which gave rise to animated discussion. In a speech delivered January 9, 1840, Mr. Botts vindicated with "power and effect" the majesty of her "broad seal;" and on the 10th of March the minority report of the Committee, prepared by him, was presented to the House, and the subject was finally disposed of by the admission of the returned representatives to their seats. His effort on this occasion placed him in the foremost rank of members. During the same session (July 14, 1840), on the bill making appropriations for the army, he again addressed the House ably with a view to retrenching the expenditures of the Federal Government. When Mr. Tyler succeeded to the Presidency by the death of General Harrison, Mr. Botts very soon found himself constrained to place himself in opposition to his administration—a position personally repugnant to him, since he and Mr. Tyler had been warm personal friends; but as believed he was guided by high considerations of duty. On the particular subjects which gave rise to that difference his speeches may be found—the one dated August 4, and the other September 10, 1841.

Another prominent act was his successful effort to repeal the Twenty-first Rule, which had been adopted for the purpose of excluding abolition petitions. In this connection he used the following language: "The right of petition is guaranteed by the Constitution; is absolute, unqualified, and unlimited; and to impair that right is to inflict a fatal wound upon popular freedom." The result of the repeal was, as he had predicted, a death-blow to all similar petitions. In the session before the repeal 6000 were presented; in the session after it only 6.

Mr. Botts closed his Congressional career (after serving three sessions) with the session of 1847–'48; since which time—with the exception of being in the Virginia Constitutional Convention, in which he bore a conspicuous part—he has been a private citizen. Though not in public life, Mr. Botts has not remained a careless observer of passing events.

Mr. Botts took ground against the famed Kansas-Nebraska Bill; and his letters, published at the time in the *National Intelligencer*, exhibited great power. On this occasion he was the subject of censure from many of his own party and section, many of whom have since acknowledged the correctness of his views, and give testimony to his judgment and foresight.

Hon. John Minor Botts is now to-day as devoted a follower of Mr. Clay as he was thirty years ago At the present time he co-operates with the Constitutional Union party.

HON. ERASTUS BROOKS, OF NEW YORK.

THE Hon. Erastus Brooks, whose portrait is given herewith, was born in Portland, Maine, January 31, 1815. His father was lost at sea near the close of the year 1814, and left his family so far unprovided for, that young Brooks, when but eight years of age, was sent to Boston to make his own way in the world. Here he was employed as an errand boy, and gained the rudiments of an education by attending evening school. His next move was to a printing-office, where he was successively "devil," journeyman printer, and finally publisher and proprietor of a daily paper called the *Yankee*, at Wiscasset, Maine. Finding now that he needed a better education, he began preparing himself for college, defraying his expenses by teaching school and setting type. When prepared he entered Brown University (Providence, Rhode Island), from which he graduated in due time. Afterward taught grammar-school at Haverhill, Massachusetts, and became editor and part proprietor of the Haverhill *Gazette*. In 1836 he went to Washington, and became the correspondent of the New York *Daily Advertiser* and of several New England papers; next took an interest in the New York *Express*, of which his brother was an editor; and remained in Washington, as one of its editors, for sixteen successive sessions of Congress. In 1843 he traveled through Europe, corresponding with the *Express*.

In 1853 he was elected to the State Senate of New York, and distinguished himself by his advocacy of the bill which took the Church property of the Roman Catholic Church in this State from the possession of the bishops, as individuals, and placed it under the control of the lay trustees of the churches, in trust for the congregations. This involved him in a controversy with Archbishop Hughes, which attracted much attention at the time. He was again elected to the State Senate in 1855, and in 1856 received the nomination of the American Party for Governor of this State. He was beaten at the election, and has since taken no active part in public life. He is connected with the "Union Party," whose Convention meets at Baltimore on 9th May.

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "AFTER DARK," ETC., ETC.

THE HOUSEKEEPER'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

To resume. The night passed as usual, without producing any change for the better in Miss Halcombe. The next day she seemed to improve a little. The day after that her ladyship, the Countess, without mentioning the object of her journey to any one in my hearing, proceeded by the morning train to London; her noble husband, with his customary attention, accompanying her to the station.

I was now left in sole charge of Miss Halcombe, with every apparent chance, in consequence of her sister's resolution not to leave the bedside, of having Lady Glyde herself to nurse next.

The only circumstance of any importance that happened in the course of the day was the occurrence of another unpleasant meeting between the doctor and the Count.

His lordship, on returning from the station, stepped up into Miss Halcombe's sitting room to make his inquiries. I went out from the bedroom to speak to him, Mr. Dawson and Lady Glyde being both with the patient at the time. The Count asked me many questions about the treatment and the symptoms. I informed him that the treatment was of the kind described as "saline;" and that the symptoms, between the attacks of fever, were certainly those of increasing weakness and exhaustion. Just as I was mentioning these last particulars Mr. Dawson came out from the bedroom.

"Good-morning, Sir," said his lordship, stepping forward in the most urbane manner, and stopping the doctor with a high-bred resolution impossible to resist, "I greatly fear you find no improvement in the symptoms to-day?"

"I find decided improvement," answered Mr. Dawson.

"You still persist in your lowering treatment of this case of fever?" continued his lordship.

"I persist in the treatment which is justified by my own professional experience," said Mr. Dawson.

"Permit me to put one question to you on the vast subject of professional experience," observed the Count. "I presume to offer no more advice—I only presume to make an inquiry. You live at some distance, Sir, from the gigantic centres of scientific activity—London and Paris. Have you ever heard of the wasting effects of fever being reasonably and intelligibly repaired by fortifying the exhausted patient with brandy, wine, ammonia, and quinine? Has that new heresy of the highest medical authorities ever reached your ears—Yes, or No?"

"When a professional man puts that question to me I shall be glad to answer him," said the doctor opening the door to go out. "You are not a professional man; and I beg to decline answering *you*."

Buffeted in this inexcusably uncivil way on one cheek, the Count, like a practical Christian, immediately turned the other, and said, in the sweetest manner, "Good-morning, Mr. Dawson."

If my late beloved husband had been so fortunate as to know his lordship, how highly he and the Count would have esteemed each other!

Her ladyship the Countess returned by the last train that night, and brought with her the nurse from London. I was instructed that this person's name was Mrs. Rubelle. Her personal appearance, and her imperfect English, when she spoke, informed me that she was a foreigner.

I have always cultivated a feeling of humane indulgence for foreigners. They do not possess our blessings and advantages; and they are, for the most part, brought up in the blind errors of popery. It has also always been my precept and practice, as it was my dear husband's precept and practice before me (see Sermon XXIX., in the Collection by the late Rev. Samuel Michelson, M.A.), to do as I would be done by. On both these accounts, I will not say that Mrs. Rubelle struck me as being a small, wiry, sly person, of fifty or thereabouts, with a dark brown or Creole complexion, and watchful, light gray eyes. Nor will I mention, for the reasons just alleged, that I thought her dress, though it was of the plainest black silk, inappropriately costly in texture and unnecessarily refined in trimming and finish, for a person in her position in life. I should not like these things to be said of me, and therefore it is my duty not to say them of Mrs. Rubelle. I will merely mention that her manners were—not perhaps unpleasantly reserved—but only remarkably quiet and retiring; that she looked about her a great deal, and said very little, which might have arisen quite as much from her own modesty as from distrust of her position at Blackwater Park; and that she declined to partake of supper (which was curious, perhaps, but surely not suspicious?), although I myself politely invited her to that meal in my own room.

At the Count's particular suggestion (so like his lordship's forgiving kindness!), it was arranged that Mrs. Rubelle should not enter on her duties until she had been seen and approved by the doctor the next morning. I sat up that night. Lady Glyde appeared to be very unwilling that the new nurse should be employed to attend on Miss Halcombe. Such want of liberality toward a foreigner on the part of a lady of her education and refinement surprised me. I ventured to say, "My lady, we must all remember not to be hasty in our judgments on our inferiors—especially when they come from foreign parts." Lady Glyde did not appear to attend to me. She only sighed, and kissed Miss Halcombe's hand as it lay on the counterpane. Scarcely a judicious proceeding in a sick-room, with a patient whom it was highly desirable not to excite. But poor Lady Glyde knew nothing of nursing—nothing whatever, I am sorry to say.

The next morning Mrs. Rubelle was sent to the sitting-room, to be approved by the doctor on his way through to the bedroom. I left Lady Glyde with Miss Halcombe, who was slumbering at the time, and joined Mrs. Rubelle, with the object of kindly preventing her from feeling strange and nervous in consequence of the uncertainty of her situation. She did not appear to see it in that light. She seemed to be quite satisfied, beforehand, that Mr. Dawson would approve of her; and she sat calmly looking out of window, with every appearance of enjoying the country air. Some people might have thought such conduct suggestive of brazen assurance. I beg to say that I more liberally set it down to extraordinary strength of mind.

Instead of the doctor coming up to us, I was sent for to see the doctor. I thought this change of affairs rather odd, but Mrs. Rubelle did not appear to be affected by it in any way. I left her still calmly looking out of window, and still silently enjoying the country air.

Mr. Dawson was waiting for me, by himself, in the breakfast-room.

"About this new nurse, Mrs. Michelson," said the doctor.

"Yes, Sir?"

"I find that she has been brought here from London by the wife of that fat old foreigner, who is always trying to interfere with me. Mrs. Michelson, the fat old foreigner is a Quack."

This was very rude. I was naturally shocked at it.

"Are you aware, Sir," I said, "that you are talking of a nobleman?"

"Pooh! He isn't the first Quack with a handle to his name. They're all Counts—hang 'em!"

"He would not be a friend of Sir Percival Glyde's, Sir, if he was not a member of the highest aristocracy—excepting the English aristocracy, of course."

"Very well, Mrs. Michelson, call him what you like; and let us get back to the nurse. I have been objecting to her already."

"Without having seen her, Sir?"

"Yes, without having seen her. She may be the best nurse in existence, but she is not a nurse of my providing. I have put that objection to Sir Percival as the master of the house. He doesn't support me. He says a nurse of my providing would have been a stranger from London also; and he thinks the woman ought to have a trial, after his wife's aunt has taken the trouble to fetch her from London. There is some justice in that, and I can't decently say No. But I have made it a condition that she is to go at once if I find reason to complain of her. This proposal being one which I have some right to make, as medical attendant, Sir Percival has consented to it. Now, Mrs. Michelson, I know I can depend on you, and I want you to keep a sharp eye on the nurse for the first day or two, and to see that she gives Miss Halcombe no medicines but mine. This foreign nobleman of yours is dying to try his quack remedies (mesmerism included) on my patient; and a nurse who is brought here by his wife may be a little too willing to help him. You understand? Very well, then, we may go up stairs. Is the nurse there? I'll say a word to her before she goes into the sick-room."

We found Mrs. Rubelle still enjoying herself at the window. When I introduced her to Mr. Dawson neither the doctor's doubtful looks nor the doctor's searching questions appeared to confuse her in the least. She answered him quietly in her broken English; and though he tried hard to puzzle her, she never betrayed the least ignorance, so far, about any part of her duties. This was doubtless the result of strength of mind, as I said before, and not of brazen assurance by any means.

We all went into the bedroom. Mrs. Rubelle looked very attentively at the patient, courtesied to Lady Glyde, set one or two little things right in the room, and sat down quietly in a corner to wait until she was wanted. Her ladyship seemed startled and annoyed by the appearance of the strange nurse. No one said any thing for fear of rousing Miss Halcombe, who was still slumbering, except the doctor, who whispered a question about the night. I softly answered, "Much as usual;" and then Mr. Dawson went out. Lady Glyde followed him, I suppose to speak about Mrs. Rubelle. For my own part, I had made up my mind already that this quiet foreign person would keep her situation. She had all her wits about her, and she certainly understood her business. So far I could hardly have done much better by the bedside myself.

Remembering Mr. Dawson's caution to me, I subjected Mrs. Rubelle to a severe scrutiny, at certain intervals, for the next three or four days. I over and over again entered the room softly and suddenly, but I never found her out in any suspicious action. Lady Glyde, who watched her as attentively as I did, discovered nothing either. I never detected a sign of the medicine bottles being tampered with; I never saw Mrs. Rubelle say a word to the Count, or the Count to her. She managed Miss Halcombe with unquestionable care and discretion. The poor lady wavered backward and forward between a sort of sleepy exhaustion, which was half faintness and half slumbering, and attacks of fever which brought with them more or less of wandering in her mind. Mrs. Rubelle never disturbed her in the first case, and never startled her, in the second, by appearing too suddenly at the bedside in the character of a stranger. Honor to whom honor is due (whether foreign or English)—and I give her privilege impartially to Mrs. Rubelle. She was remarkably uncommunicative about herself, and she was too quietly independent of all advice from experienced persons who understood the duties of a sick-room—but, with these drawbacks, she was a good nurse; and she never gave either Lady Glyde or Mr. Dawson the shadow of a reason for complaining of her.

The next circumstance of importance that occurred in the house was the temporary absence of the Count, occasioned by business which took him to London. He went away (I think) on the morning of the fourth day after the arrival of Mrs. Rubelle; and, at parting, he spoke to Lady Glyde very seriously in my presence on the subject of Miss Halcombe.

"Trust Mr. Dawson," he said, "for a few days more, if you please. But if there is not some change for the better in that time send for advice from London, which this mule of a doctor must accept in spite of himself. Offend Mr. Dawson, and save Miss Halcombe. I say those words seriously, on my word of honor, and from the bottom of my heart."

His lordship spoke with extreme feeling and kindness. But poor Lady Glyde's nerves were so completely broken down that she seemed quite frightened at him. She trembled from head to foot, and allowed him to take his leave without uttering a word on her side. She turned to me when he had gone, and said, "Oh, Mrs. Michelson, I am heart-broken about my sister, and I have no friend to advise me! Do *you* think Mr. Dawson is wrong? He told me himself this morning that there was no fear, and no need of fresh advice."

"With all respect to Mr. Dawson," I answered, "in your ladyship's place I should remember the Count's advice."

Lady Glyde turned away from me suddenly, with an appearance of despair for which I was quite unable to account.

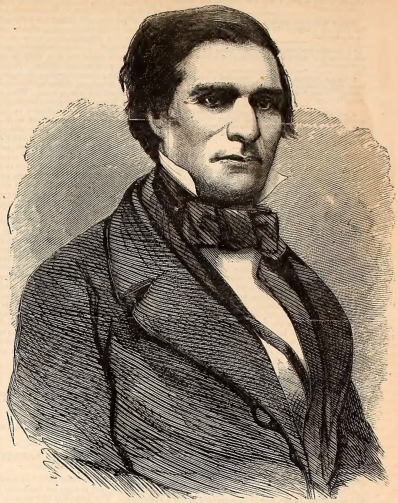
"*His* advice!" she said to herself. "God help us—*his* advice!"

The Count was away from Blackwater Park, as nearly as I remember, a week.

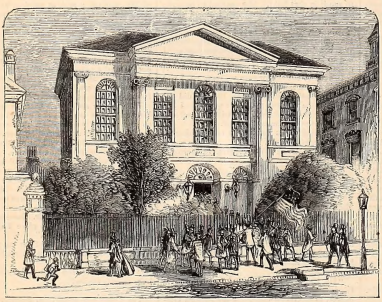
Sir Percival seemed to feel the loss of his lordship in various ways, and appeared also, I thought, much depressed and altered by the sickness and sorrow in the house. Occasionally he was so very restless that I could not help noticing it; coming and going, and wandering here and there and every where in the grounds. His inquiries about Miss Halcombe and about his lady (whose failing health seemed to cost him sincere anxiety) were most attentive. I think his heart was much softened. If some kind clerical friend—some such friend as he might have found in my late excellent husband—had been near him at this time, cheering moral progress might have been made with Sir Percival. I seldom find myself mistaken on a point of this sort, having had experience to guide me in my happy married days.

Her ladyship, the Countess, who was now the only company for Sir Percival down stairs, rather neglected him, as I considered. Or, perhaps, it might have been that he neglected her. A stranger might almost have supposed that they were bent, now they were left together alone, on actually avoiding one another. This, of course, could not be. But it did so happen, nevertheless, that the Countess made her dinner at luncheon-time, and that she always came up stairs toward evening, although Mrs. Rubelle had taken the nursing duties entirely off her hands. Sir Percival dined by himself, and William (the man out of livery) made the remark, in my hearing, that his master had put himself on half rations of food and on a double allowance of drink. I attach no importance to such an insolent observation as this on the part of a servant. I reprobated it at the time, and

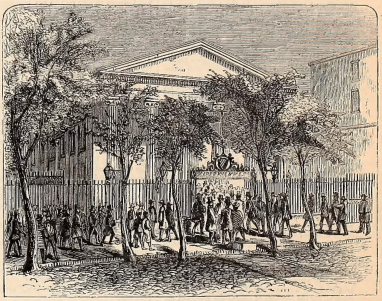
HON. JOHN MINOR BOTTS, OF VIRGINIA.—[SEE PRECEDING PAGE.]



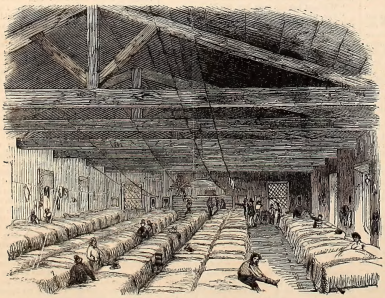
HON. ERASTUS BROOKS, OF NEW YORK.—[SEE PRECEDING PAGE.]



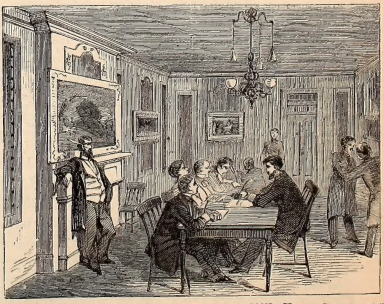
ST. ANDREW'S HALL, CHARLESTON, HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE WOOD DELEGATION AT CHARLESTON.—[FROM A SKETCH BY OUR OWN ARTIST.]



HIBERNIAN HALL, HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE NORTHWESTERN DELEGATION.—[FROM A SKETCH BY OUR OWN ARTIST.]



TAYLOR HALL—ONE HUNDRED AND NINE COTS FOR DELEGATES.—[FROM A SKETCH BY OUR OWN ARTIST.]



COMMITTEE-ROOM OF THE MASSACHUSETTS DELEGATION.—[FROM A SKETCH BY OUR OWN ARTIST.]

I wish to be understood as reprobating it once more on this occasion.

In the course of the next few days Miss Hildombe did certainly seem to all of us to be mending a little. Our faith in Mr. Dawson revived. It seemed to be very confident about the case; and he assured Lady Glyde, when she spoke to him on the subject, that he would himself propose to send for a physician the moment he felt so much as the shadow of a doubt crossing his own mind.

The only person among us who did not appear to be relieved by these words was the Countess. She said to me privately that she could not feel easy about Miss Halcombe on Mr. Dawson's authority, and that she should wait anxiously for her husband's opinion on his return. That, in turn, his letters informed her, would take place in three days' time. The Count and Countess corresponded regularly every morning during his lordship's absence. They were in that respect, as in all others, a pattern to married people.

On the evening of the third day I noticed a change in Miss Halcombe, which caused me serious apprehension. Mrs. Rubelle noticed it too. We said nothing on the subject to Lady Glyde, who was then lying asleep, completely overpowered by exhaustion, on the sofa in the sitting-room.

Mr. Dawson did not pay his evening visit till later than usual. He came as late as set eyes on his patient I saw his face alter. He tried to hide it; but he looked both confused and alarmed. A messenger was sent to his residence for his medicine-chest, disinfecting preparations were used in the room, and a bed was made up for him in the house by his own directions. "Has the fever turned to infection?" I whispered to him. "I am afraid it has," he answered; "we shall know better to-morrow morning."

By Mr. Dawson's own directions Lady Glyde was kept in ignorance of this change for the worse. He himself absolutely forbade her, on account of her health, to join us in the bedroom that night. She tried to resist—there was a sad scene—but he had his medical authority to support him, and he carried his point.

The next morning, one of the men servants was sent to London, at eleven o'clock, with a letter to a physician in town, and with orders to bring the new doctor back with him by the earliest possible train. Half an hour after the messenger had gone the Count returned to Blackwater Park.

The Countess, on her own responsibility, immediately brought him in to see the patient. There was no impropriety that I could discover in her taking this course. His lordship was a married man; he was old enough to be Miss Halcombe's father; and he saw her in the presence of her nearest female relative, her aunt. Mr. Dawson nevertheless protested against his presence in the room; but I could plainly remark the doctor was too much alarmed to make any serious resistance on this occasion.

The poor suffering lady was past knowing any one about her. She seemed to take her friends for enemies. When the Count approached her bedside, her eyes, which had been wandering incessantly round and round the room before, settled on his face with a dreadful state of terror, which I shall remember to my dying day. The Count sat down by her; I felt her pulse and her temples; looked at her very attentively; and then turned round upon the doctor with such an expression of indignation and contempt in his face that the words failed on Mr. Dawson's lips, and he stood, for a moment, pale with anger and alarm—pale and perfectly speechless.

His lordship looked next at me.

"When did the change happen?" he asked.

I told him the time.

"Has Lady Glyde been in the room since?"

I replied that she had not. The doctor had absolutely forbidden her to come into the room, on the evening before, and had repeated the order again in the morning.

"Have you and Mrs. Rubelle been made aware of the full extent of the mischief?" was his next question.

We were aware, I answered, that the malady was considered infectious. He stopped me before I could add any thing more.

"It is Typhus Fever," he said, sternly.

In the minute that passed, while these questions and answers were going on, Mr. Dawson recovered himself, and addressed the Count with his customary firmness.

"It is *not* typhus fever," he said, sharply. "I protest that this interference is wrong. No one has a right to put questions here but me. I have done my duty, to the best of my ability—"

The Count stopped him, also, by words, but only by pointing to the bed. Mr. Dawson seemed to feel that silent contradiction to his assertion of his own ability to grow only the more angry under it.

"I say I have done my duty," he reiterated. "A physician has been sent for from London. I will consult on the nature of the fever with him, and with no one else. I insist on your leaving the room."

"I entered this room, Sir, in the sacred interests of humanity," said the Count. "And in the same interests, if the coming of the physician is delayed, I will enter it again. I warn you once more that the fever has turned to Typhus, and that your treatment is responsible for this lamentable change. If that unhappy lady dies, I will give my testimony in a court of justice that your ignorance and obstinacy have been the cause of her death."

Before Mr. Dawson could answer, before the Count could leave us, the door was opened from the sitting-room, and we saw Lady Glyde on the threshold.

"I *must* and *will* come in," she said, with extraordinary firmness.

Instead of stepping back her the Count moved into the sitting-room and made way for her to go in. On all other occasions he was the last man in the world to force a lady to do his will; but surprise of the moment he apparently forgot the danger of infection from typhus, and the urgent necessity of forcing Lady Glyde to take proper care of herself.

To my surprise, Mr. Dawson showed more presence of mind. He stopped her ladyship at the first step she took toward the bedside.

"I am sincerely sorry, I am sincerely grieved," he said. "The fever proves to be infectious. Until I am certain that it is not, I entreat you to keep out of the room."

She struggled for a moment; then suddenly dropped her arms and sank forward. She had fainted. The Count carried her from the doctor, and carried her into her own room. The Count preceded us, and waited in the passage till I came out and told him that we had recovered her from the swoon.

I went back to the doctor to tell him, by Lady Glyde's desire, that she wished to see him and to him immediately. He withdrew at once to quiet her ladyship's agitation, and to assure her of the physician's arrival in the course of a few hours. Those hours passed very slowly. Sir Percival and the Count were together down stairs, and sent up, from time to time, to make kind inquiries. At last, between five and six o'clock, to our great relief, the physician came.

He was a young man—full of attention; very serious, and very decided. What he thought of the previous treatment I can not say; but it struck me as remarkable that he put many more questions to myself and to Mrs. Rubelle than he put to the doctor, and that he did not appear to attend with proper interest to what Mr. Dawson said while he was examining Mr. Dawson's patient. I began to suspect, from what I observed in this way, that the Count had spoken Mr. Dawson the illness all the way through; and I was naturally confirmed in that idea when Mr. Dawson, after some little delay, asked the most important question which the London doctor had been sent for to set at rest.

"What is your opinion of the fever?" he inquired.

"Typhus," replied the physician. "Typhus fever beyond all doubt."

That quiet foreign person, Mrs. Rubelle, crossed her hands, bands in front of her, and looked at me with a very significant smile. The Count himself could hardly have appeared more gratified, if he had been present in the room, and had heard the confirmation of his own opinion.

After giving us some useful directions about the management of the patient, and mentioning that he would come again in five days' time, the physician withdrew in private with Mr. Dawson. He would offer no opinion on Miss Halcombe's chances of recovery; he said it was impossible at that stage of the illness to pronounce one way or the other.

The five days passed anxiously.

Countess Eleanor and myself took it by turns to relieve Mrs. Rubelle; Miss Halcombe's condition growing worse and worse, and requiring our utmost care and attention. It was a terribly trying time. Lady Glyde (supported, as Mr. Dawson said, by the constant strain of her suspense on her sister's account) rallied in the most extraordinary manner, and showed a firmness and determination for which I should myself never have given her credit. She insisted on coming into the sick-room two or three times every day, to look at Miss Halcombe with her own eyes, promising not to go too close to the bed if the doctor would consent to her wishes so far. Mr. Dawson very unwillingly made the concession required of him: I think he saw that it was hopeless to dispute with her. She came in every day; and she self-denyingly kept her promise. It felt it personally so distressing (as reminding me of my own affliction during my husband's last illness) to see her so afflicted under these circumstances, that I must beg not to dwell on this part of the subject any longer. It is more agreeable to me to mention that no fresh disputes took place between Mr. Dawson and the Count. His lordship made all his inquiries by deputy, and remained continually in company with Sir Percival down stairs.

On the fifth day the physician came again, and gave us a little hope. He said the tenth day from the first appearance of the typhus would probably decide the result of the illness, and he arranged for his third visit to take place on that date. The interval passed as before—except that the Count went to London again, one morning, and returned at night.

On the tenth day it pleased a merciful Providence to relieve our household from all further anxiety and alarm. The physician positively assured us that Miss Halcombe was out of danger. "She wants no doctor now—all she requires is careful watching and nursing, for some time to come," were the words he used. Those were his own words. That evening I read my husband's touching sermon on Recovery from Sickness with more happiness and advantage (in a spiritual point of view) than I ever remember to have derived from it before.

The effect of the good news on poor Lady Glyde was, I grieve to say, quite overpowering. She was not able to bear the violent reaction; and in another day or two she sank into a state of debility and depression which obliged her to keep her room. Rest and quiet, and change of air afterward, were the best remedies which Mr. Dawson could suggest for her benefit. It was impossible to dispute professional interference; and the Count (I can not imagine why) lost all the self-control which he had so judiciously preserved on former occasions, and taunted the doctor, over and over again, with his mistake about the fever, when it changed to typhus. The unfortunate affair ended in Mr. Dawson's appealing to Sir Percival, and threatening (now that he could leave without absolute danger to Miss Halcombe) to withdraw from his attendance at Blackwater Park if the Count's interference was not peremptorily suppressed from that moment. Sir Percival's reply (though not designedly uncivil) had only resulted in making matters worse; and Mr. Dawson had thereupon written a letter, in a state of extreme indignation at Count Fosco's usage of him, and had sent it to the post next morning.

We were now, therefore, left without the attendance of a medical man. Although there was no immediate necessity for another doctor—nursing and watching being, as the physician had observed, all that Miss Halcombe required—I should have been thankful had there been consulted, have obtained professional assistance, from some other quarter, for form's sake.

The medical question was to strike Sir Percival in that light. He said it would be time enough to send for another doctor if Miss Halcombe showed any relapse whatever. In the mean while, we had the Count to consult in any minor difficulty; and we need not unnecessarily disturb poor Lady Glyde in her present weak and nervous condition, by the presence of a stranger at her bedside. There was much that was reasonable, no doubt, in these considerations; but they left me a little anxious, nevertheless. Nor was I quite satisfied, in my own mind, of the propriety of our concealing the doctor's absence, as we did, from Lady Glyde. It was a merciful decision, I admit—for she was in no state to bear any fresh anxieties. But still it was a deception; and as such, to a person of my principles, at best a doubtful proceeding.

A second perplexing circumstance which happened on the same day, and which took me completely by surprise, added greatly to the sense of uneasiness that was now weighing on my mind.

I was sent for to see Sir Percival in the library. The Count, who was with him when I went in, immediately rose and left us alone together. Sir Percival civilly asked me to take a seat; and then, to my great astonishment, addressed me in these terms:

"I want to speak to you, Mrs. Michelson, about a matter which I decided on some time ago, and which I should have mentioned before but for the sickness and trouble in the house.

In plain words, I have reasons for wishing to break up my establishment immediately at this place—leaving you in charge, of course, as usual. As soon as Lady Glyde and Miss Halcombe can travel, they must both have change of air. My friends, Count Fosco and the Countess, will leave us before that time to live in the neighborhood of London. And I have reasons for not opening the house to any more company, with a view to economizing as carefully as I can. I don't blame you, but my expenses here are a great deal too heavy. In short, I shall sell the horses, and get rid of all the servants at once. I never do things by halves, as you know; and I mean to have the house clear of a pack of useless people by this time to-morrow."

I listened to him, perfectly aghast with astonishment.

"Do you mean, Sir Percival, that I am to dismiss the in-door servants under my charge without the usual month's warning?" I asked.

"Certainly I do. We may all be out of the house before another month; and I am not going to leave the servants here in idleness with no master to wait on."

"Who is to do the cooking, Sir Percival, while you are still staying here?"

"Margaret Porcher can roast and boil—keep her. What do I want with a cook if I don't mean to give any more dinner-parties?"

"The servant you have mentioned is the second unintelligent servant in the house, Sir Percival."

"Keep her, I tell you; and have a woman in from the village to do the cleaning and go away again. My weekly expenses must and shall be lowered immediately. I don't send for you to make objections, Mrs. Michelson—I send for you to carry out my plans of economy. Dismiss the whole lazy pack of in-door servants to-morrow, except Porcher. She is as strong as a horse, and we'll make her work like a horse."

"You will excuse me for reminding you, Sir Percival, that if the servants go to-morrow they must have a month's wages in lieu of a month's warning."

"Let them! A mouth's wages *saves* a month's waste and gluttony in the servants' hall."

This last remark conveyed an aspersion of the most offensive kind on my management. I had too much self-respect to defend myself under so gross an imputation. Christian consideration for the helpless position of Miss Halcombe and Lady Glyde, and for the serious inconvenience which my sudden absence might inflict on them, alone prevented me from resigning my situation on the spot. I rose immediately. It would have lowered me in my own estimation to have permitted the interview to continue a moment longer.

"After that last remark, Sir Percival, I have nothing more to say. Your directions shall be attended to." Pronouncing those words, I bowed my head with the most distant respect, and went out of the room.

The next day the servants left in a body. Sir Percival himself dismissed the coachman and stablemen; sending them, with all the horses but one, to London. Of the whole domestic establishment, in-doors and out, there now remained only myself, Margaret Porcher, and the gardener; this last living in his own cottage, and being wanted to take care of the one horse that remained in the stables.

With the house left in this strange and lonely condition, with the mistress of it ill in her room, with Miss Halcombe still as helpless as a child, and with the doctor's attendance withdrawn from us in enmity, it was surely not unnatural that my spirits should sink, and my customary resistance be very hard to maintain. My mind was ill at ease. I wished the two poor ladies both well again, and I wished myself away from Blackwater Park.

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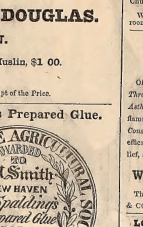

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. IV.—No. 176.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1860. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

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REPUBLICAN WIGWAM AT CHICAGO.

We present herewith a view of the new building—yclept the "Republican Wigwam"—which the Republican clubs of Chicago have built for the National Republican Convention to be held in that city on 16th inst. It reflects credit on the liberality of the Chicago people.

The building stands on the corner of Lake and Market streets, a very suitable location. It is 100 feet by 180; the cornice stands 40 feet from the ground. The ground-floor, inside, is divided between the stage, which will seat 1800 persons; two large commodious committee-rooms, one on either side the stage; and the floor of the hall, which will accommodate, it is said, 8000 persons. The floor rests on an inclined platform, so that persons on the rear seats will have a good view of the stage. For spectators, a gallery 33 feet wide runs round three sides of the building: a portion of this is set apart exclusively for ladies, and has a separate entrance. The roof of the hall is arched, and in it are five sky-lights, which, with the doors and windows on three sides, will afford ample light and ventilation. At night the whole building will be lit with gas.

The erection of such a building on such short notice, and for such a purpose, shows that the Western people are not so poor as many are fond of asserting.

The architect of the building is Mr. W. W. Boyington.

FROM THE CHARLESTON CONVENTION.

No. V.

Tew Mejor Jack Downing, Downingsville, Downing County, Maine; in care of Mr. Harper, who'll send it in print.

CHARLESTON WHARF, *April 30, 1860.*

DEOU you remember, Uncle Jack, when we all went out a fishin', tew years ago last July, and got becaln'd right off agin Mount Desart island? Kinder geuess yeou hain't forgot it, and heow you got all riled up, having tew speak a Fourth ov July address; and there we was, fifty miles off, on the mornin' ov the third. Deon't you remember heow that ere old pink-starn schuner wobbled about, with her sales all histed, and a puff ov wind a little, her one mile—then tuther! Then she'd roll—then she'd pitch—then yeou'd git mad, and say we'd never git tew Portland, so yeou could reel off your Independence yarn. Between yeou and I, it stru ov seemed once as though yeou wen'or most used profane words, but ov course yeou didn't deou no sich a thing.

"Wot in time's that got tu deou with Charleston?" ses yeou. "I a masterly sight," ses I; fur jist as we wos then, the Dimmocrats is now. Heve I'v bin near a fortnite, and not a chance has I had to see my way ahed a boat's length. The old ship ov State that Governur Morrill always tells abeout has bin in a tite place, I tell yeou, and the way the gusts ov wind from the North and from the South has made her sort ov keel over is curus, I tell yeou. Gin'ral Cushin's had jist as much as he could deou tew keep things a goin' on, and nites, when he's gone tew Governur Alston's house, where he's staid, I guess he's been sort ov tucker'd eout. This here presidin' over a Convention aint wot it's cracked up tew be, I tell yeou, and bein' a Dellergate ain't much better. But I'm a gittin' ahed ov my time, and will go back tew the coumencin' ov the beginnin'.

When I furst got tew Charleston 'twas all as quiet as a Sunday mornin' arter the folks has got ready tew go tew meetin', but the bells hain't begun tew ring. The beds wos all made, and the vittles wos mostly cooked, and the clerks tew the taverns had butiful day-books all reddy to make charges in, 'specially "sundreys." Cullurd waiters trotted abeout like ravin' destracted roosters, a whisking little brums tew brush sum wun with, and every thing wos like 'twas tew Downingville when yeaus was a goin' tew bring Gen'ral Jackson chair, but didn't. So I had the scrunur maid fast by tew honours, hed and starn, and started around tew sell my apple sars and cidar. The way the old place looks I've all reddy told yeou, and there's a good many wus places tew, only it must be oll-fired hot here in July. It's hot enuff neow; but they say this ain't nothin' tew compair.

Wa'al, furst com the stoute boats from Boston, and New York, and Philleruyclehy, chock full of Dellergates, and Substertutes, with other female frends. They had lots ov lickur abord tew, and brass bands that plaid ollfired nice, and they hurrard for Douglas, and went ashore jist as tho' they nenti tew have him noumernated rite eff. Then cum the fellurs from the Upper Mississip—if yeou know where that place is, I deon't—and they hollurd for Douglas, lickerty-split. A little more, I shud hav written Mr. Harper tew tell yeou and the folks tew go in fur Douglas any heow, but jist then along cum Mr. Slydel, and Mr. Bright, and Gen'ral Cushing, an' ses they, "Wait!" An' I weighted.

Then cum Mistar Yancey, with a lot more or regular fire-eters, but mitey good fellers, I tell yeou, usin' lots of tobaccer, and talkin' kinder wild, but keepin' rite strate tew their work. They took a grate likin' tew me, and sed yeou was a conservytiv man, and I wos your nephew. Ses I, "I leeut nothin' else."

Well, the Douglas men talk'd mighty leoud, and sed wot they could dew, and when the convenshun went tew meetin' they rush'd off at a 2.40 gate, beound tew win. But Slydel winked at Gen'ral Cushin', and he put on the brakes, and then the chances got sort ov hallnuced.

Neow, Uncle Jack, the old craft was then like that air schuner we wos in off Mount Desart. Deou yeou yeow I was a goin' tew rite yeou to go in wun way or t'other, and have yeou cum eout and then have tew take the back track? Narry time. So I let um navigate, and build their platforms, usin' Wood or not, jist as they plezed. And tew day, fur the furst time, I sess daylite, and tain't Douglas. No, Sir! The fire-eters is tew much fur the Little Gianturs, stemeboats, principles, lands ov music, and outside dellergations, with New York dellegates and their substertutes and other female frends.

THE REPUBLICAN WIGWAM AT CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, IN WHICH THE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION WILL BE HELD, MAY 16, 1860.

We ain't cout of the woods yit, and if there ain't an irrypressible conflict here, there ain't none no where; but Slydel sez we're bound tew win, and the Southern fire-eters goin' cout has made 'em coax 'em back, and the dellergates that's gut offiuns hates tew loose them, they dezn't. Who blaims 'em?

It's sort ov thick and muggy tho', yet, and I swanny, sumtimes I think if we'd sent avl these old Sennertors home, and let the fire-eters go, and gone in for Douglas, we'd win. But Slydel sez, he'll go in for Douglas yet and I and the bed-post, if enny boddy but Douglas is nommernated, I'm bound to hev sumthin'. They've promised it tew me, sure, and I can't say no. So hold yure hosses a while.

Wall, we've had grate times here. Boozys, and dances, and icecreams, and strawberries, and fresh bandannas. It's a grate place fur good livin', I tell yeou.

We've had an editur's supper, tew, where mayor Wood made a speech, and he's a nice pretty looking sort ov a man, I tell yeou, and so shall Greeley, tur as Mister Greeley ses in his paper. I spoke as the assistant local reporter's assistant or the Portland *Courier*, and dun a furst rate supper fur nuthin' and mean to rite an account of it in full.

But I must stop, tho' I hain't begun. This letter ain't very clear, but it's the best I can dean, the things is mightyly squabbled up deown here. Keep shaly on Douglas, and when yeou dew git the news, say I sed so, and hoorraz like fun. Your luvvin nephew till deth,

BENJAMIN BOWNING Ed.

[BY TELEGRAPH.]

P.S.—Convention's adjourned—Hold on tur my letter—don't go fur to print it.

B. B.

Impossible to gratify you, Mr. D——: the letter is in type, and must appear.—*Ed. Harper's Weekly.*

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1860.

THE BALANCE OF TRADE.

FOR the first time in history money is dearer in London, England, than in New York. Five per cent. is the Bank minimum in London; here, it is not easy to place large sums on desirable security at five. The newspapers and many of the bankers have been puzzled by the phenomenon; it is, however, easily accounted for.

We have shipped to Great Britain since January 1, from this port alone, about $7,000,000 more produce of various kinds than we shipped during the corresponding period of 1859, and upward of $7,000,000 more than the average of previous years. Our shipments of cotton from Southern ports have been still more largely in excess of former years. On the other hand, our imports are less in excess of those of last year. The consequence is obvious: instead of having specie to remit to pay our debts, the course of exchange is, and has been for some time, really in favor of the United States, and money in New York is more abundant than it is in London.

Some of the papers argue that this is the first indication of a transfer of "financial centrality" from London to New York, and indulge in pleasing visions of a gorgeous future based upon that transfer. The realization of these hopes will largely depend on two movements: first, of the production of the precious metals in California and elsewhere, and secondly, the consumption of foreign luxuries by our people.

It seems to be generally expected that the yield of gold in California will not fall off, and that the mines have lately discovered in that State will add largely to its exports of produce. If these expectations be realized, the United States will be quite likely to become creditors of the world. Especially will the silver mines of Washoe exercise a potent influence on our commercial relations, if they prove as rich as is asserted. Silver is badly wanted in Europe to pay the balance due to China and India for the commodities imported from beyond the Cape. For some years Great Britain has been obliged to buy silver from France and Germany, paying for it in American and Australian gold, in order to effect settlements at Calcutta, Hong Kong, and Shanghai. Should the Washoe mines produce $25,000,000 or $30,000,000 a year of silver—as the Californians seem to expect they will—most of this would go direct from San Francisco to China, and New York would become the great clearing-house for the trade between Asia and the commercial nations. Instead of our payments of tea-buying bills on London to pay for their imports, as is now the case, the London tea merchants would pay for their cargoes by buying bills on New York—to be turned into silver at San Francisco. The effect of this upon the exchanges can readily be imagined.

But the real key to the future of this country will be found in the general consumption of foreign goods. We may produce twice as much as we do now; if we consume an equal or a greater amount of foreign luxuries, we shall be no richer than we are at present. This is a matter which comes home to every man, and which depends on the private expenditures of individuals. The dry-goods importers laugh at the newspaper critics who complain of overimportations. They say, and very justly, "We import what we can sell: we have sold to the jobbers our entire importation at prices which, on the average, are satisfactory to us; if we had more goods we could sell them: why expect us to order our orders when we can sell the goods at a profit?" To this reasoning there is no answer. The importers import enormously because they can sell to the jobbers; the jobbers increase their purchases because, per cent. per annum because they can increase their sales to the trade in like proportion; the trade increase their orders because they find that the public is ready to take an increased quantity of goods. So we come down from the Custom-house millions to the affairs of Brown and Smith, whose wives buy an extra silk dress or a cash cap as the strength of the prosperity which Brown and Smith happen to enjoy.

If any check is to be given to the importation of foreign goods, the attack must be made at the root of the evil. We must appeal to Brown and Smith as individuals, and ask them not to spend so much in foreign finery. So long as they are willing to buy it will be idle to expect any curtailment on the part of dealers, jobbers, or importers. If Brown and Smith persist in their extravagance, all the calculations and all the statistics in the world will not prevent the aggregate consumption of the country increasing fully as fast as the profits of Public Charities will meet him at every turn. If they examine the accounts of any of the institutions on Blackwell's Island—with the single exception of the Lunatic Asylum—they will see that are not permitted to have their swing—they will find him looming up in every column. If he were a modest man of ordinary habits, he might be tolerated. If he ate nothing but new-born babies, his gross tastes might be deplored in silence. But the rascal costs so much to feed; he eats so much veal and mutton, and fowl, and oysters, and molasses, and sugar, and tea; he drinks so much brandy, and Heidsieck, and sherry, and beer; he requires so many sheets, and yards of muslin, and flannel, and blanket, that really it becomes a question whether it would not be wise for the city to compromise with him, and get rid of him forever. The actuaries actuaries sends us a calculation which goes to show that this Alms-house Rat costs half a million a year to keep. Would he take two millions, and cry quits?

Mr. Simeon Draper, the new head of these Charities, will have to put the case to the Rat, and make the proposition. Mr. Draper has the reputation of a shrewd man, but we venture to say that the Rat will outwit him. He is as cunning an animal (see Buckland on Rats)—he has as many lives as cats—he is so firmly rooted in the Alms-house and its departments, that we are not sanguine of Mr. Draper's success. We are inclined to think that, even if the Rat himself be sacrificed, Mr. Draper will let the Rat's cousins and uncles and nephews continue to feed upon the city. We shall see when the accounts come in. Meanwhile, with the highest confidence in Mr. Draper's integrity, we don't believe he will scotch that Rat.

☞ OUR acknowledgments are due to Adams's Southern Express, and to many kind friends at Charleston, for the files sent to our editorial correspondent in that city during the Democratic Convention.

THE LOUNGER.

MANLY ARTS.

THE mild question of Pugilism was argued fully and decisively on the editorial columns of the last number of the *Weekly*. But now that the great event is over, and the public mind of two empires is comparatively at rest, we can more intelligently survey the field of so much gore and glory, and more justly estimate the invaluable advantages that have accrued to the cause of civilization, good morals, and humane heroism. While the gentle knights were fighting, the *Saturday Review*, a kind of Guy Livingstone among journals, an aristocratic "swell," informed mankind, and especially Uncle Sam, that "the battle of Farnborough is not a fit subject for a moral." Then Sayers and the Benicia Boy furnish at the present moment an example which deserves to be generally imitated." What a volley of admiring expletives the *Saturday Review* must have emitted on the day after the fight, when the great combatants, bleeding, fainting, and the heroic purpose for which the two gentlemen were preparing, when they furnished the high example, was accomplished! For if a man is so worthy of all praise when he is merely getting ready to break the nose, and rib, and lay open the cheek of his antagonist, how much more must he be when he has actually doing it! If he be great when he is merely moulding his arm into a vice for his opponent's ear, how much greater when that arm, encounter, may well say, with graceful complacency, "that nations without great qualities could not have brought together two men willing to pass through such an ordeal as the terrible fight of Tuesday." Sayers, having been born, as it appears, in Ireland, and Mr. Heenan, according to the excellent authority of (we believe) the same great journal, "a native, in the Troy district of the United States," it is indeed magnanimous in the *Times* to celebrate the glory of America and Ireland. But whatever the number of countries and races that may emulously claim the birth of these two heroes, it remains an incontestable fact that Mr. Heenan and Mr. Sayers, by striking each other with mawleys and bunches of fives upon the head, the nut, the cone, the knob, the cannister, the noddle, the mug, the knowledge-box; the nose, the muzzer, the mozer, the snuffer, the snitch, the nozzle, the mazzard; the eyes, the optics, the peepers; the mouth, the kisser, the whistler, the mivvey; thereby drawing the blood, the claret, the ruby, the crimson, the lamebrowed, the gravy; besides knocking the knocker off his pins, his pegs, his stumps, his timbers, and, finally, boring, fibbing, and sending each other to grass, have proved the "great qualities" of their countrymen, and established beyond question the humanity, the self-sacrifice, the refinement, the fraternal sympathy, the wise brain, the true heart, the grave persistent moderation, which are, indeed, the "great" qualities of nations.

And if any added proof of these qualities had been wanting, it would only have been at once found in the universal and profound interest excited in both countries by the prospect of the hideous and bloody mutilation of two human beings—an interest so indicative of "great qualities" that it inspired not a solitary effort to prevent the consummation, except that of some local magistrates who laid bail at two hundred and fifty dollars? The most generous will allow that the eager curiosity which drives thousands of people to a public execution does not more undeniably prove the "great qualities" of a nation than the keen zest with which the fight was expected and enjoyed.

But these are male still more potent, and the manliness of the Benicia Boy seems largely into still stronger relief by the rush of the mob which broke up the encounter. Mr. Heenan, of the Troy district, and not the head of Mr. Sayers, of Ireland, into chancery. That is fair, as the laws of the Prize Ring are expounded. Having that head in chancery, Mr. Heenan, by the rules of the institution which proves "great qualities" in nations, had the perfect right to punch it with his mawleys and his bunches of fives, and of course to exert the strength necessary to retain it in a proper position to operate feasibly upon it. If during that necessary exertion the proprietor of that head succumbed to the exigency of the situation and suffocated, it was his misfortune and the chance of war, so long as he was in the ring on the ground; but amid the serene and gratifying consciousness, as he caused to breathe, that he was in the very act of proving "great qualities" in his nation, as the London *Times* would not fail duly to set forth.

This was not the result. The mob, intent upon fair play, wanting their favorite every chance fixed. But so subtle is the virtue of the institution that it is all the same, and "great qualities," including, of course, love of fair play, remain proved as before.

At the games of Greece Herodotus recited his history, poets sang, and philosophers discoursed, making the "manly qualities" illustrious. And twenty centuries ago, John Hampden, Champion of the Commons, quietly died a brutal despotism, and the "great qualities" of his country drove the English king—at Valley Forge the naked feet of American soldiers marked the "great qualities" of a young nation in blood upon the frozen snow—in an unknown or more enlightened day two men, without a quarrel, having known each other only like wild beasts as possible, fight with more than brutal ferocity, and are borne blind, giddy, bloody, mutilated out of human semblance, from the field, amid the applause and excited attention of the two great Christian civilized nations of the world, having thereby proved the "great qualities" of these nations.

How truly sang the sacred Psalmist, "Thou madest him a little lower than the angels."

THE NEWS.

THE LOUNGER.

WHEN the savage king broke the thermometer because the mercury went too high or too low, and would not obey his will, he found that in fact the weather; the temperature remained precisely the same as before. In like manner, an editor may ignore the news, and omit to allude to it, but he does not annihilate the news by so doing: he merely destroys the value of his paper.

For a two-pages—a journal which professes to tell what interests the public mind—must print the news. That news may be very disagreeable; but what then? It is the melancholy office of chronicling and disgusting that members of Congress should give each other the lie, and make speeches when they are drunk; that they do, in fact, behave as brutes, and whoever wishes to read the news must encounter that. It is very disgusting when your peckstones are in full play, in the street, that the brats a frost should blight their promise. Do you expect to have any more peaches because you break your thermometer?

A journal is a meter of the times. You look at it, and you see precisely the present point of interest, and opinion how bright or how low civilization is rising or falling. It may indicate the zero of degradation, or the summer heat of Christian sympathy. But it marks the point irrespective of you and of your acts. You may tear it to pieces, you may tear it, or you may let your eyes run. But the world will not be better because you are angry at being told that it is bad. Except, indeed, as it incites you to hurl forward your own little mite you owe to consulting your meter, not to contenuing it. If in a time of infection people should agree never to latray when they had the plague-spot, because it was such an unpleasant business, the spirit of the pestilence would chuckle with delight as he swept away his victims. If our civilization has plague-spots, do you suppose we shall help the matter by decorously covering them up? A journal of news which should refrain from speaking of the central subject of public interest, whatever it were, would be ridiculed and deserve the failure which would infallibly overtake it. And to speak

of that news intelligently to its readers, it must tell them what it is talking about. In other words, it must relate the news as it really stands.

Every wise man wants to deal with the facts of the case. If there has been a brutal fight, how can its brutality be so impressed upon the mind of the public as to bring the truth of the matter home? It slips over a general statement as it does over all crime and sin in the general. It is the individual fact and arrest and arrests the reader. That there are *rats* in the Bellevue Hospital is that something over which he shakes his head. That the rats in Bellevue Hospital, upon a specified night, half-devoured the two-born infant of Mary Connor, is something that shakes his heart, and stirs him up to help extirpate all rats, of the brute or human kinds, from the public property. In like manner, if we had that there was a gaping hole in England in which the result was undecided, he sighs vaguely over the brutality of such matters? but if he reads that with a fearful shock Wyvern sat Heenan's left cheek open and blinded one eye, while the blood spirted out from an immense gash," he exerted to make an active protest in the name of decency and humanity, and feels quite strong enough to tell his neighbor, who has bet twenty dollars on the fight, what he thinks of the brutalizing process as applied to human beings.

This doctrine has been often laid down in this paper, and last week the "daily effusion" of a graph was a brief and forcible statement of it. But the Lounger has heard so much censure of the conduct of "respectable papers" in alluding to the fight or describing it, that he wishes to remind the reader of the principle upon which the intelligent conduct of a journal which professes to treat matters of current public interest must rest. It does not follow that every thing which happens every where is to be described in all its details—for every thing that happens is not news; and the editor's discretion will decree the line at which public morality and decency will arrest his presentation of the news. He may justly describe the details of a battle, but he will decree where he stops. For one, the Lounger will frankly confess that one such picture as that of the French soldier sitting starving in the snow, with the head of his frozen son in his breast, is a more powerful argument than many mild sermons upon the horrors of war; and his detestation of a prize-fight is a hundred fold intenser since he saw some fearfully vivid representations of the actual personal mutilation of such an exhibition. We do not get out of difficulties by shuddering at them, but by looking them squarely in the face. A prize-fight may be a handsome sight, but the point is that millions of people are interested in it. Let every man, then, in every way, comprehend what a prize-fight is, and it will the sooner disappear from our horizon.

WAIFS.

THERE two poems, which have never been published, need no other introduction than the names of their authors. Mr. Longfellow and Emily Bronte, Charlotte's sister, and known as Ellis Bell. Irving's verses have the graceful pensiveness of a companion piece. Moore; and Emily Bronte's has a gloom which pervaded all the sisters wrote, and which hung, like a fateful cloud, over their lives.

WRITTEN IN THE DEPENDENT ALBUM.

THEN paused as the votive throng,
That fondly seek this fairy shrine,
And pay the tribute of a song
Where worth and loveliness combine—

What boots that I, a vagrant wight
From clime to clime still wandering on,
Upon this page should write my name?
—Who'll think of me when I am gone?

So plow the wave, and tow the sand;
Turow seed to every wind that blows;
Along the highway strew thy hand,
And fatten on the crop that grows.

For even thus the man that roams
On landless hearts his feeling spends;
Strange tenant of a thousand homes,
And friendless, with ten thousand friends!

Yet here, for once, I'll leave a trace,
To ask in aftertime a thought;
To say that here a resting-place
My wayward heart has fondly sought.

So the poor pilgrim heedless strays,
Unmoved, through many a region fair;
But at some solemn hill strikes gaze,
To it that he has worshiped there.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

June 24, 1819.

THE OUTCAST MOTHER.

TV'S seen this doll in July's shine,
As lovely as an angel's dream;
Above—Heaven's depth of blue divine,
Around—the evening's golden beam.

I've seen the purple heather-bell
Look soft among a thicket's stem;
And, oh! I've known such music swell—
Such soft dreams wake these pores know.

So soft, yet so intensely felt;
So low, yet so distinctly heard;
My heart's wealth pause, joy upon would melt,
And tears would dew the green heath-sward.

I'd linger here a summer day,
Nor care how fast the hours flew by;
Nor mark the man's departing way,
Smile sadly from the dark'ning sky.

Then, then, I might have laid me down,
And dreamed my step would gentle be;
I might have left thee, darling one,
And thought thy God was guarding thee!

But now there is no wand'ring glow,
No gleam to say that God is nigh!
And coldly spreads the couch of snow,
And harshly sounds thy lullaby.

Forests of heather, dark and long,
Wave their brown branching arms above;
And they must soothe thee with their song,
And they must shield my child of love.

Alas! the flakes are heavily falling.
They cover fast each guardian crest;
And chilly white their mantles clothing—
Thy frozen limbs and freezing breast.

Wakes up the storm more madly wild,
The mountain drifts are piled on high:
Farewell, smitten'd, unfriended child,
I can not bear to watch thee die!

E. J. BRONTE.

HAWORTH, *July 12, 1838.*

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

OF the recent Irish trials the counsel was desirous to obtain a full admission from one of the witness. Upon him, having himself been one of the sworn members of the League, the bar had been trying to rely on the others. Having vainly labored for nearly an hour to get him to say, "I confess, now, Sir, that you had some direct from there men to Dublin, on Monday last?"—"I did so," promptly answered the witness. "Well, Sir, that is direct, at all events. Now, Sir, will you tell me, in as brief a way as possible, the motive brought you here?"—"In fees-motive, to be sure."

The following story gives a lively idea of how the Russian system Poland. A few days ago, a church in the forest, and the latter robbed him of his horse. On returning to the inn he began to harangue the people on the spot in command, who was cleft when struck we shall see, proved to be a most rigorous disciplinarian. The Cossacks were paraded, the robber was pointed out, when, with the utmost self-confidence, declared that he had found the horse. "How?" replied the Jew. "I was upon his back, and he threw me off." "Impossible," answered you, too; but having no use for a Jew, I did not keep you." The excuse was admitted, and the poor Israelite was dismissed without a penny.

Apropos of the recent mill between Sayers and Heenan, the rage for muscular exercise, and a knowledge of the science of getting out of the way of a blow, owes its the shoulder-hitters by perfection. The professors of the "march of intellect" have taught the young idea how to shoot from the young bloods about town, in the way of fers de combat, that the "mill" of the day is a thing of the past without the gauf gve pen is shown up by the experience of Billy Morgan, who, when he was matched to fight Young Wenham was ever lounged in the lobbies at the Parliament of Arts, or walked down Pall Mall, and the German in Mr. Gossipingo's brown stout frock or jacket, and Mr. Bowie, always in a blue coat with bright arms, black and tans, and the F. R. that is the perfection at a private dinner, they devoted their whole time to the cultivation of fine development of the chest, and improvement generally in the service of fighting and battling and race. They devoted themselves to that celebrated master of the art, "Dublin Pitchcap," who taught them the fifteen dollars for twelve lessons, (unanimity in advance,) and Billy and his friend Wenham, who had also lessons went of beautifully: Billy and him dreamed elocutionarily "*somber-hide*," "*Bow-wow*," "*Bah*," and all the little scientific dodges. Brown, Sayers, Morrissey, Tom Bowe, and others, were "done" by the new professional words: their merits freely canvassed, to the great delight and admiration of the members of the Club.

—Club. Our amateurs attended their second lesson. The philosophical exercises of "*Bob and Carry*" succeeded, and effect, especially the *effect*, in a theoretical diagram, in his own mind. Dublin Pitchcap, "*Bob and Carry*," *counter-hits*, and *hits* not exactly described, over the principles, and finished with a practical exhibition of clarity, saying nothing of aches and pains (besides, somebody "dropped" last week.) Billy and Wenham "*put in*" the mirors of the manly art did not come to the *scratch* when time was called; they appeared to forget to "*time*" and "*toe-the-scratch*" *Notwithstanding the hint* past in advance. Sam told: "my lessons each, thirty dollars." Billy and Wenham paid them! When sam this he needn't mind. We don't mind—Ed. Sporting Life and Times.

Some time in January last, on one of us "splendid Mississippi steamers," a couple of gentlemen commenced a political discussion which soon ran into Secession, Disunion, and the other Southern "Opposition." Of course the Dissolution Territorial Question was soon in its boiling point. After a considerable time was consumed in explaining the position of the Northern Democracy, our Opposition friend demanded "the exact difference between Mr. Douglas and the Administration on the question in the Territories."

"My friend," said Administration, "the difference is no DIFFERENCE."

"I don't" exclaimed the other, interrupting, in a very loud tone, and raising himself from his chair, extending both hands excitedly, "I don't see it at all, nor you for it! Yes, Sir, they can get a patent for thing them keys!"

The company laughed immediately: and "Administration" made his escape in the general confusion.

A SENTIMENT.

About a dozen years ago a respectable Irish military company was organized in Lowell, Massachusetts, and named the "Jackson Musketeers." During its brief existence they met to spend a social evening. After the supper was finished the usual sentiments were called up to speak, and responded as follows:

"Mr. President, I am a tailor, maker, but will give you a sentiment—The Jackson Musketeers! equal to none: the last on the field, and the first to leave it!"

It is needless to add that he intended to say that the company was equaled by none; the *first* on the field, and the *last* to leave.

Roberts, the tragedian, recently filled an engagement at a theatre in the "interior." His Richard the Third was witnessed by one of the critics, native of that region, who gave it a notice which will convey a conception of the character was good—very good indeed; but his form was not suited to playing the part of a hero. He was not large enough; something was the matter with one of his legs: and he was a little inappropriate.

"I was once in the 'tea and sugar line,' and among the 'boys' about the establishment was one about twelve years of age, and a little 'off' in the upper story—not into the mysteries of our trade, he being fresh from the Emerald Isle. I found it rather a difficult task. I had been busy for some time in getting the word 'hogshead' impregnated into his limited comprehension, and had at last succeeded, when my eyes resting for a moment upon a barrel, I called him with the question, 'What is that?' He stared for a minute from the bogshead to the barrel, when, with a grin of delight that lighted up his features, he replied, very promptly, 'It's a *pighead*!'"

"'A MR'ALS NIGGER.'—My friend asked Anthony Bess, a negro superannuated on the Virginia farm, if he came to get free. 'Why, Massa Vincent, my health was berry bad when I was in bondage. I couldn't do so hard of work; I was berry feeble: 'twas jes so much as I could do to hoe my own garden and eat de corn; and de Missus what owned me so dat I was a mis'able nigger—one of de mis'ablest kind, dat is, mis'ably 'fectionate to her. I mis'able nigger, and I ain't worth nothing, and I think you'd better let me, I'm willing to work for nothing.' So Massa Vincent, I was such a poor nigger that Massa Spread to sell me for 'bout a hundred dollars, but I'se try to work and earn de money to pay her, and I did; and my health has been gittin' better ebber since, and I spucks I made 'bout nine hundred dollars dat time out of dat nigger. Wah! wah! Massa Vincent!"

"To a person were once disputing so loudly on the subject of religion, that they awoke a big dog which had been sleeping on the hearth before them, and he forth, with barked most furiously. An old divine present, who had been quietly sipping his tea while the disputants were talking, gave the dog a kick, and exclaimed, "Hold your tongue, you silly brute! you know no more about it than they do."

GETTING AN INVITATION.—REV. MR. S—— had traveled far to preach to a congregation at ——. After the sermon he was invited to accompany the deacons one of the brethren to invite him home to dinner. In this he was disappointed. One and another departed, until the house was almost as empty as the minister's stomach. Hammering away, however, he walked up to an elderly gentleman, and gravely said, "Will you go home with me to-day for dinner, brother?" "Where do you live?" "About twenty miles from this, Sir." "No," said the man, "I cannot go, you must go home with me." "Thank you—I will, cheerfully." After that time the minister was no more troubled in that place about dinner.

Paddy Malone went to his priest and asked him, "What is a miracle, your reverence?" The priest, after his several questions, and found he had been to the river to get some blessed strange fish. He was perplexed mad, and telling Paddy to stand out before him, he gave him a severe cuffing on each side of the ears.

"Did it hurt you?" asked the priest.

"To be sure it did, your honor."

"And it would have been a miracle if it didn't," replied his reverence, to which Paddy walked away answered, but not satisfied.

While spending the summer, several years ago, at a watering-place, I met with a charming little girl, who amused by a story that was told of a little boy, Dannie Lee, who had been spending a few days in the summer there with his parents.

His nurse had threatened him, and little Dannie had quietly snugged himself in bed, when his mother, who was sick, came for a moment to sit and hear his prayers. Upon kneeling down and beginning to repeat "Our Father," he suddenly stopped, and jumping up, said, "Sarah, there's no use in saying my prayers here: there is no hell in this house." "Why, my child, what do think many an elder person than Dannie at that gay and fashion-ridden watering-place?

A reverend gentleman, who lives less than a thousand miles from "somewhere," has a daughter now in her fifth year. Having, a few days ago, reproved something his sermon for the coming Sunday, he was interrupted by the entrance of his little girl, who came in, dressed with an anxious, inquiring look, said, "Papa, what was Sarah's name in the Bible?" "Sarah, my dear." "I know she was a Miss Jethro, papa, but what was her other name?"

In a quiet country village in the Far West of Canada there lives a family which rejoices in the high-sounding and aristocratic name of Smith. The members of this family also at one time rejoiced in the habit of coming to church at the last moment possible; and as their pew is situated near to the chancel, they, on entering, attracted considerable attention, and marred the attention of the congregation. On one occasion the first being appointed to read the Lessons, Genesis, commencing the evening of Israel by Balaam. Just as the clergyman had read the words "Let me die the death of these holocks," seven of the Bullock family entered, and marched up the aisle to their seats. The unavoidable consequence was, as may have been supposed, an audible titter throughout the church. The unfortunate thing in which even the clergyman could with difficulty refrain. It is almost needless to add, the unfortunate members of a strange coincidence have, since that Sunday, been more punctual in their attendance.

"We have on our farm an old Dutchman called Jake, who is quite an original. A month or so ago he went up to the city, and on his return I asked him if he had seen with him, which he valued very highly. But he had not seen him, having missed the train and coming back. When he landed we asked him what brought him back so soon. "Ye yes, ven I got to de depot, I had about a hour to wait, he shanked mine pod and knocks de tun overboard, and I says to myself, I vill not vait vor dot dog to catch it." "Why, how do you know the exact spot, Jake?" "Oh, I got him. Jees before I left de city I vent down to de dock, looked, and found a big scratch in the bottom of the boat just where I knew the tog would vent overboard. However, Jakes never found the gun, and declares the tide took it out to sea."

DRAWING AN INFERENCE.—A young clergyman who had delivered a discourse in the place of an aged brother minister, received the opinion of the latter respecting it. "Oh!" said he, plainly, "many of the words you used were above the comprehension of your hearers: thee, for instance, the word 'inference:' perhaps one half of the congregation did not know its meaning." "Inference! inference!" exclaimed the other; "why, every one understands that word. I think you will find it not so. There's my clerk, now: he prides himself upon his intelligence, and is a very intelligent. We will try him. Zechariah, my brother here wishes you to draw an inference from what you do?" "Why, I pretty strong; but Johnnadab, the coachman, is stronger than I. I'll ask him." Johnnadab was sent on the errands to look after the coachman, and returned: "Johnnadab says he never tried to draw an inference. Sir; but he reckons his horses can draw any thing that has been drawn yet."

One day last summer the passengers by a fancy-cake bakery in a Western town were mystified by the following card, hung as a bill of fare:

WEDDING CAKE.

Every person passing stopped to read it, and wondered at its meaning.

In about a week it was altered by the scratching out of one of the E's, and it now tells the passer-by that they have WEDDING CAKE to sell.

MY AQUARIUM.

THE aquarium, which but a few years ago was comparatively unknown in this country, has now become one of the popular amusements of the day and at the present time drawing near when the materials for stocking an aquarium may best be procured, a few hints, derived from my own experience, may be useful to those who are to the young naturalist embarking upon his first scientific voyage.

I shall take the salt-water aquarium for my subject, as in that only have my observations been made; and for many reasons the salt possesses a superiority over the fresh-water aquarium, which any one living in the vicinity of New York or Brooklyn, or any other of our maritime cities, can not but observe.

My aquarium was commenced at Newport during the summer of eighteen hundred and fifty-eight, and at the present moment it is as clear as the purest crystal, the water having been changed but twice, previous to and after its transportation to the city.

One remark is needful for the young beginner—that is, Be cautious. Do not be too hasty in stocking your aquarium; wait a few days for your young plants to be fairly domiciled in their new habitation, or you will meet with the same ill-fortune which attended me upon my first attempt to naturalize the finny monsters of the deep.

Having procured a large China foot-tub, and cleansing the white sand and stones from their impurities, I proceeded to stock my aquarium. First, I dropped a few whelks or snails, to the number of fourteen, then some shrimps, half a dozen fish, and innumerable quantities of star-fish, which I had picked up on the rocks. With this medley it was transported to my room with great satisfaction; which, alas! did not last long, for the next morning the water had lost its crystalline purity, and by night a peculiar phosphorescent gleam might be observed as agitating the tank.

The morning, alas! revealed a deplorable state of things. There were my poor fishes lying dead on the surface of the water, the star-fish, with their feeble tiny fingers, lying listlessly at the bottom; and the whole tank seeming putrefaction as rapidly as possible in the hot temperature of a summer's day. So I consigned my poor pets to the ash-heap, and set about preparing for another. This time I procured a tank, and, assisted by the "Aquarium" text-book by Gosse, and with hints from a young lady, whose writings on this subject have been read and admired by many—I succeeded at last in establishing my aquarium upon a firm basis.

As before, I cleansed the stones and gravel from their impurities, and having arranged my rockwork, I poured in the water, drawn at high-tide, and filled about several quarts. A few plants of sea-lettuce, *ulva latissima*, and two or three clumps of *corallina officinalis*, constituted the marine shrubbery of the aquarium; it was then left for three days at rest.

At the end of that time a few snails and soldier-crabs were added, then a number of sea-anemones; and thus adding two or three specimens daily, until my aquarium consisted of about forty inmates, appeared to be happy and satisfied with their new abode.

It is not for me to designate the numerous species of plants and animals which thrive and increase in an aquarium. Many of these are not immediately accessible to the city's youth; but, doubtless, the young naturalist, with a little industry, will soon slide that will gladly transmit to him these species which he is unable to procure.

In a tin pail, filled with fresh water and fresh seaweed, I have preserved specimens for three or four days. They were, however, of the lower class of animals like star-fish and sea air. Fish will not live long in a confined state.

Having first procured your tank, and carefully washed it, let it remain undisturbed, and then attend to the depth of one inch. In the arrangement of the rock-work your own taste is the best guide. Any pure protozoa, with the various species of stones and shells covered with moss, is preferred; and by others the arch, or stones, placed in such a manner as to form an arch, is considered the most picturesque and the sluggish eel love to congregate.

Specimens of *ulva latissima* can be collected on New York Bay, and Long Island Sound, or purchased from Brooklyn. The pleasant shores of Bay Ridge furnish innumerable quantities of tuccinne or snails, and Hallet's Point, the shores of the aquarium. Here also have I found the serpula, with its plumed coronet, the hairy horse-shoe, and one or two small specimens of the flat-fish or flounder. Shrimps can be procured at any fish-market, and a small pond on Third Street, near to the foot of Third Street, Brooklyn, will furnish you with sticklebacks.

The finest actinine I have ever procured in the vicinity of New York were at Hallet's Point, near the first landing; and although I have seen specimens of fine ones on the piers at the various ferries, I have never had the good fortune to procure one.

Thus, with but little expense and much pleasure, one may have in an aquarium what can be procured; and the rocks and sea-weed, which were looked on with disgust, will shine with undiscovered beauties when placed in your miniature ocean.

THE CITY OF CHICAGO, ILL.

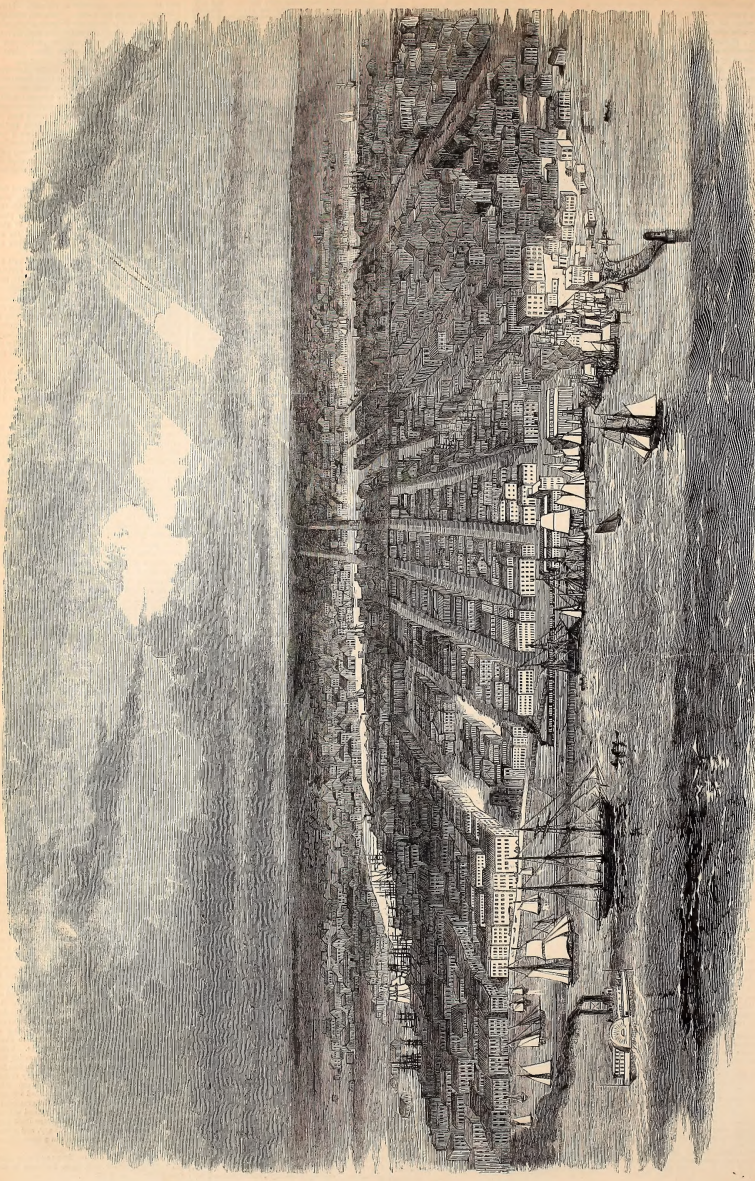
WE give on the next page a picture of the city of Chicago, Illinois, where the Republican Nominating Convention will be held on 16th inst.

Chicago is the youngest of our great cities, and the most promising. Though it was only organized as a town in 1833, with 28 voters, it has a population at present of 120,000, and is the largest primary grain dépôt in the world.

The first white men who visited the site on which Chicago now stands were Father Marquette and his party, who encamped there in the winter of 1673–5. The United States built a fort there—called Fort Dearborn—in 1804. It was evacuated in 1814, and many of the garrison massacred by the Indians close to the walls. After the war the fort was reoccupied.

Chicago has been built up by railroads and the trade in produce. The Illinois and Michigan Canal, which was finished in connection with the first impetus to the city, which then contained 20,000 inhabitants. In 1850 there were 49 miles of railroad centering in Chicago; the system comprising upward of 4000 miles of road. This told directly on the population, which, from 28,200 in 1850, rose to 60,652 in 1855, 83,452 in 1856, 109,000 in 1856, 120,000 in 1858, and probably 140,000 or 150,000 now. The city became the focus for the grain and produce trade of Illinois, Iowa, and the other Far Western States. Its people, then whom the country contains none more enterprising or more energetic, have not been content to avail themselves of their natural advantages. They have spent millions of money in improving the channels of trade, in establishing new feeders for their railroads, in building an inland navy of immense steamers, and they have made the city the centre and focus of the great trunk railroads which connect the Atlantic States with the Mississippi valley. The Chicago grannies (of which we published two engravings in a recent number) are the greatest in the world; the Chicago hotels rank second only to those of New York; the city of Chicago itself presents evidences of wealth, and luxury, and splendor which no one expects to meet in a town scarcely a quarter of a century old.

We congratulate the Republicans on the hospitable treatment which is in store for them in the Queen City of the West.



THE CITY OF CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, WHERE THE REPUBLICAN NOMINATING CONVENTION WILL MEET ON MAY 16, 1860.

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "AFTER DARK," ETC., ETC.

THE HOUSEKEEPER'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

THE next event that occurred was of so singular a nature that it might have caused me a feeling of superstitious surprise, if my mind had not been fortified by principle against any pagan weakness of that sort. The uneasy sense of something wrong in the family, which had made me wish myself away from Blackwater Park, was actually followed, strange to say, by my departure from the house. It is true that my absence was for a temporary period only; but the coincidence was, in my opinion, not the less remarkable on that account.

My departure took place under the following circumstances.

On the day when the servants all left I was again sent for to see Sir Percival. The undeserved slur which he had cast on my management of the household did not, I am happy to say, prevent me from returning good for evil to the best of my ability, by complying with his request as readily and respectfully as ever. I cost me a struggle with that fallen nature which we all share in common before I could suppress my feelings. Being accustomed to self-discipline, I accomplished the sacrifice.

I found Sir Percival and Count Fosco sitting together again. On this occasion his lordship resumed present at the interview, and assisted in the development of Sir Percival's views.

The subject to which they now requested my attention related to the healthy change of air by which we all hoped that Miss Halcombe and Lady Clyde might soon be enabled to profit. Sir Percival mentioned that both the ladies would probably spend the autumn (by invitation of Frederick Fairlie, Esquire) at Limmeridge House, Cumberland. But before they went there, it was his opinion, confirmed by Count Fosco (who here took up the conversation and continued it to the end), that they would benefit by a short residence first in the genial climate of Torquay. The great object, therefore, was to engage lodgings at that place affording all the comforts and advantages of which they stood in need; and the great difficulty was to find an experienced person capable of choosing the sort of residence which they wanted. In this emergency the Count begged to inquire, on Sir Percival's behalf, whether I would object to give the ladies the benefit of my assistance by proceeding myself to Torquay in their interests.

It was impossible for a person in my situation to meet any proposal made in these terms with a positive objection.

I could only venture to represent the serious inconvenience of my leaving Blackwater Park in the extraordinary absence of all the in-door servants with the one exception of Margaret Porcher. But Sir Percival and his lordship declared that they were both willing to put up with inconvenience for the sake of the invalids. I next respectfully suggested writing to an agent at Torquay; but I was met here by being reminded of the imprudence of taking lodgings without first seeing them. I was also informed that the Countess (who would otherwise have gone to Devonshire herself) could not, in Lady Clyde's present condition, leave her niece; and that Sir Percival and the Count had business to transact together which would oblige them to remain at Blackwater Park. In short, it was clearly shown me that if I did not undertake the errand no one else could be trusted with it. Under these circumstances I could only inform Sir Percival that my services were at the disposal of Miss Halcombe and Lady Clyde.

It was thereupon arranged that I should leave the next morning, that I should occupy the day after in examining all the most convenient houses in Torquay, and that I should return, with my report, on the third day. A memorandum was written for me by his lordship, stating the various requisites which the place I was sent to take must be found to possess; and a note of the pecuniary limit assigned to me was added by Sir Percival.

My own idea, on reading over these instructions, was, that no such residence as I saw described could be found at any watering-place in England; and that, even if it could by chance be discovered, it would certainly not be parted with for any period on such terms as I was permitted to offer. I hinted at these difficulties to both the gentlemen, but Sir Percival (who understook to answer me) did not appear to feel them. It was not for me to dispute the question. I said no more; but I felt a very strong conviction that the business on which I was sent away was so beset by difficulties that my errand was almost hopeless at starting.

Before I left I took care to satisfy myself that Miss Halcombe was going on favorably.

There was a painful expression of anxiety in her face which made me fear that her mind on first recovering itself was not at ease. But she was evidently strengthening more rapidly than I could have ventured to anticipate; and she was able to send kind messages to Lady Clyde's child, who was fast getting well, and entreating her ladyship not to exert herself again too soon. I left her in charge of Mrs. Rubelle, who was still as quietly independent of every one else in the house as ever. When I knocked at Lady Clyde's door, before going away, I was told that she was still sadly weak and depressed; my informant being the Countess, who was then keeping her company in her room. Sir Percival and the Count were waiting in the road in the lodge as I was driven by in the chaise. I bowed to them, and quitted the house with not a living soul left in the servants' offices but Margaret Porcher.

Every one must feel what I have felt myself since that time, that these circumstances were more than unusual—they were almost suspicious. Let me, however, say again, that it was impossible for me, in my dependent position, to act otherwise than I did.

The result of my errand at Torquay was exactly what I had foreseen. No such lodgings as I was instructed to take could be found in the whole place; and the terms I was permitted to give were much too low for the smallest of which if had been able to discover what I wanted. I returned to Blackwater Park on the third day, and informed Sir Percival, who met me at the door, that my journey had been taken in vain. He seemed much disappointed with some other subject to care about the failure of my errand, and his first words informed me that even in the short time of my absence a most remarkable change had taken place in the house.

The Count and Countess Fosco had left Blackwater Park for their new residence in St. John's Wood.

I was not made aware of the motive for this sudden departure. I only heard that since the Count had been very particular in leaving the kind compliments for me. When I ventured on asking Sir Percival if Miss Halcombe or Clyde had any one to attend to her comforts in the absence of the Countess, he replied that she had Margaret Porcher to wait on her. He added that a woman from the village had been sent for to do the work down stairs.

The answer which shocked me—there was such a glaring impropriety in permitting an under-housemaid to fill the place of confidential attendant on a lady—that I left the matters at once, and met Margaret on the bedroom landing. Her services had not been required (naturally enough), in the circumstances; she evidently recovered that morning to be able to leave her bed. I asked after Miss Halcombe, but I was answered in a sloenling sulky way, which left me no wiser than I was before. I did not choose to renew the question, and perhaps provoke an impertinent reply. It was in every respect more becoming to a person in my position that I present myself immediately in Lady Glyde's room.

I found that her ladyship had certainly gained in strength since the last interview. Although still sadly weak and nervous, she was able to get up without assistance, and to walk slowly across her room, feeling no worse effect from the exertion than a slight sensation of fatigue. She had been made a little anxious that morning about Miss Halcombe, having herself received no news of her from any one. I thought this seemed to imply a blamable want of attention on the part of Mrs. Rubelle; but I said nothing, and remained with Lady Glyde to assist her to dress. When she was ready we both left the room together to go to Miss Halcombe.

We were stopped in the passage by the appearance of Sir Percival. He looked as if he had been purposely waiting there for us.

"Where are you going?" he said to Lady Clyde.

"To Marian's room," she answered.

"It may spare you a disappointment," remarked Sir Percival, "if I tell you at once that you will not find her there."

"Not find her there!"

"No. She left the house yesterday morning with Fosco and his wife."

Lady Clyde was not strong enough to bear the surprise of this extraordinary statement. She turned fearfully pale, and leaned back against the wall, looking at her husband in dead silence.

I was so astonished myself that I hardly knew what to say. I asked Sir Percival if he really meant that Miss Halcombe had left Blackwater Park.

"I certainly mean it," he answered.

"In her state, Sir Percival! Without mentioning her intentions to Lady Clyde!"

Before he could reply her ladyship recovered herself a little and spoke.

"Impossible!" she cried out, in a loud, frightened manner, taking a step or two forward from the wall. "Where was the Doctor, where was Mr. Dawson when Marian went away?"

"Mr. Dawson wasn't wanted, as there's here," said Sir Percival. "He left of his own accord, which is enough of itself to show that she was strong enough to travel. How you stare! If you don't believe she has gone, look for yourself. Open her room door, and all the other room doors, if you like."

She took him at his word, and I followed her. There was no one in Miss Halcombe's room but Margaret Porcher, who was busy setting it to rights. There was no one in the spare rooms or the dressing-rooms when we looked into them afterward. Sir Percival still waited for us in the passage. As we were leaving the last room that we had examined Lady Glyde whispered, "Don't go, Mrs. Michelson! don't leave me, for God's sake!" Before I could say any thing in return she was out again in the passage speaking to her husband.

"What does it mean, Sir Percival? I insist —I beg and pray you will tell me what it means!"

"It means," he answered, "that Miss Halcombe was strong enough yesterday morning to sit up and be dressed, and that she insisted on taking advantage of Fosco's going to London to go there too."

"To London!"

"Yes—on her way to Limmeridge."

Lady Glyde turned and appealed to me.

"You saw Miss Halcombe last," she said. "Did you think she looked fit to travel in four-and-twenty hours afterward?"

"Not in my opinion, your ladyship."

Sir Percival, on his side, instantly turned and appealed to me.

"Before you went away," he said, "did you, or did you not, tell the nurse that Miss Halcombe looked much stronger and better?"

"I certainly made the remark, Sir Percival."

He addressed her ladyship again the moment I offered that reply.

"Set one of Mrs. Michelson's opinions fairly against another," he said, "and try to be reasonable about a perfectly plain matter. If she had not been well enough to be moved do you think I would have risked letting her go? She has got three competent people to look after her—Fosco, and your aunt, and Mrs. Rubelle, who went away with them expressly for that purpose. They took a whole carriage yesterday, and made a bed for her on the seat, in case she felt tired. To-day, Fosco and Mrs. Rubelle go on with her themselves to Cumberland—"

"Why does Marian go to Limmeridge and leave me here by myself?" said her ladyship, interrupting Sir Percival.

"Because Limmeridge won't receive you till he has seen your sister first," he replied. "Have you forgotten the letter he wrote to her at the time of your illness? It was shown to you; you read it yourself; and you ought to remember it."

"I do remember it."

"If you do, why should you be surprised at her leaving you? You want to be back at Limmeridge, and she has gone there to get your uncle's leave for you on his own terms."

Poor Lady Clyde's eyes filled with tears.

"Marian never left me before," she said, "without bidding me good-by."

"She would have bid you good-by this time," returned Sir Percival, "if she had not been afraid of herself and of you. She knew you would cry over her; she knew you would distress her by crying. Do you want to make any more objections? If you do, you must come down stairs and put your questions in the dining-room. These worries upset me. I want a glass of wine."

He left us suddenly.

His manner all through this strange conversation had been very unlike what it usually was. He seemed to be almost as nervous and flustered, every now and then, as his lady herself. I should never have supposed that his health had been so delicate, or his composure so easy to upset.

I tried to prevail on Lady Glyde to go back to her room, but it was useless. She stopped in the passage, with the look of a woman whose mind was panic-stricken.

"Something has happened to my sister!" she said.

"Remember, my lady, what surprising energy there is in Miss Halcombe," I suggested. "She might well make an effort which other ladies in her situation would be unfit for. I hope and believe there is nothing wrong.—I do indeed."

"I must follow Marian!" said her ladyship, with the same panic-stricken look. "I must go where she has gone; I must see that she is alive and well with my own eyes. Come! come down with me to Sir Percival!"

I hesitated, fearing that my presence might be considered an intrusion. I attempted to represent this to her ladyship; but she was deaf to me. She held my arm fast enough to force me to go down stairs with her, and still clung to me with all the little strength she had at the moment when I opened the dining-room door.

Sir Percival was sitting at the table with a decanter of wine before him. He raised the glass to his lips as we went in, and drained it at a draught. Seeing that he looked at me angrily when he put it down again, I attempted to make some apology for my accidental presence in the room.

"Do you suppose there is any secrets going on here?" he broke out, indignantly; "there are none—there is nothing underhand; nothing kept from you or from any one." After speaking those strange words, loudly and sternly, he filled himself another glass of wine, and asked Lady Glyde what she wanted of him.

"If my sister is fit to travel I am fit to travel," said her ladyship, with more firmness than she had yet shown. "I come to beg you will make allowances for my anxiety about Marian, and let me follow her at once by the afternoon train."

"You must wait till to-morrow," replied Sir Percival; "and then, if you don't hear to the contrary, you can go. I don't suppose you are at all likely to hear to the contrary—as I shall write to Fosco by to-night's post."

He said these last words hastily filling his glass up to the light, and looking at the wine in it instead of at Lady Glyde. Indeed he never once looked at her throughout the conversation. Such a singular want of good-breeding in a gentleman of his rank impressed me, I own, very painfully.

"Why should you write to Count Fosco?" she asked, in extreme surprise.

"To tell him to expect you by the mid-day train," said Sir Percival. "He will meet you at the station, when you get to London, and take you on to sleep at your aunt's in St. John's Wood."

Lady Glyde's hand began to tremble violently round my arm—why, I could not imagine.

"There is no necessity for Count Fosco to meet me," she said. "I would rather not stay in London to sleep."

"You must. You can't take the whole journey to Cumberland in one day. You must rest a night in London—and I don't choose you to go by yourself to a hotel. Fosco made the offer to your uncle to give you house-room on the way down, and your uncle has accepted it. Here! here is a letter from him addressed to yourself. I ought to have sent it up this morning, but I forgot. Read it, and see what Mr. Fairlie himself says to you."

Lady Glyde looked at the letter for a moment, and then placed it in my hands.

"Read it," she said, faintly. "I don't know what is the matter with me. I can't read it myself."

It was a note of only three lines—so short and so careless that it quite struck me. If I remember correctly it contained no more than these words:

"DEAREST LAURA,—Please come whenever you like. Break the journey by sleeping at your aunt's house. Grieved to hear of dear Marian's illness. Affectionately yours,

"FREDERICK FAIRLIE."

"I would rather not go there—I would rather not stay a night in London," said her ladyship, breaking out suddenly with those words before I had quite done reading the note, short as it was.

"I SHALL SEE YOU NO MORE," SHE SAID, IN A VERY MARKED MANNER. "THIS IS OUR PARTING—"

"Don't write to Count Fosco! Pray, pray don't write to him!"

Sir Percival filled another glass from the decanter, so awkwardly that he upset it and spilt all the wine over the table. "My sight seems to be failing me," he muttered to himself in an odd, muffled voice. He slowly set the glass up again, refilled it, and drained it once more at a draught. I began to fear, from his look and manner, that the wine was getting into his head.

"Pray don't write to Count Fosco!" persisted Lady Glyde, more earnestly than ever.

"Why not, I should like to know?" cried Sir Percival, with a sudden burst of anger that startled us both. "Where can you stay more properly in London than at the place your uncle himself chooses for you—at your aunt's house? Ask Mrs. Michelson, I say."

The arrangement proposed was so unquestionably the right and the proper one that I could make no possible objection to it. Lady Glyde as I sympathized with Lady Glyde in other respects, I could not sympathize with her in her unjust prejudice against Count Fosco. I however before met with any lady of her rank and station who was so immeasurably narrow-minded on the subject of foreigners. Neither her uncle's note, nor Sir Percival's incensing impudence seemed to have the least effect on her. She still objected to staying a night in London; she still implored her husband not to write to the Count.

"Don't it?" said Sir Percival, rudely turning his back on us. "If you haven't sense enough to know what is best for yourself, other people must know for you. The arrangement is made, and there is an end of it. You are only wanted to do what Miss Halcombe has done before you—"

"Marian?" repeated her ladyship, in a bewildered manner; "Marian sleeping in Count Fosco's house!"

"Yes, in Count Fosco's house. She slept there last night, to break the journey. And you are to follow her example, and do what your uncle tells you. You are to sleep at Fosco's to-night, as your aunt did, to break the journey. Don't throw too many obstacles in my way! Don't make me repent of letting you go at all!"

He started to his feet, and suddenly walked out into the veranda through the open glass doors.

"Will your ladyship excuse me," I whispered, "if I suggest that we had better not wait here till Sir Percival comes back? I am very much afraid he is overexcited with wine."

She consented to leave the room in a very absent manner.

As soon as we were safe up stairs again I did all I could to compose her ladyship's spirits. I reminded her that Mr. Fairlie's letters to Miss Halcombe and to herself did certainly sanction, and even render necessary, sooner or later, the course which had been taken. She agreed to this, and even admitted, of her own accord, that both letters were strictly in character with her uncle's peculiar disposition; but her fears about Miss Halcombe, and her unaccountable dread of sleeping at the Count's house in London, still remained unshaken in spite of every consideration that I could urge. I thought it my duty to protest against Lady Glyde's unfavorable opinion of his lordship; and I did so with becoming forbearance and respect.

"Your ladyship will pardon my freedom," I remarked, in conclusion; "but it is said, 'by their fruits ye shall know them.' I am sure the Count's constant kindness and constant attention from the very beginning of Miss Halcombe's illness merit our best confidence and esteem. Even his lordship's serious misunderstanding with Mr. Dawson was entirely attributable to his anxiety on Miss Halcombe's account.

"What misunderstanding?" inquired her ladyship, with a look of sudden interest.

I related the unhappy circumstances under which Mr. Dawson had withdrawn his attendance—mentioning them all the more readily because I disapproved of Sir Percival's conduct, and long to exonerate the Count (as he had done in my presence) from the knowledge of Lady Glyde.

Her ladyship started up with every appearance of being additionally agitated and alarmed by what I had told her.

"Worse, worse than I thought!" she said, walking about the room in a bewildered manner. "The Count knew Mr. Dawson would never consent to Marian's taking a journey—he purposely insulted the Doctor to get him out of the house."

"Oh, my lady! my lady!" I remonstrated.

"Mrs. Michelson!" she went on, vehemently; "no words that ever were spoken will prevent me that my sister is in that man's power and in that man's house with her own consent. In horror of him is such that nothing Sir Percival could say, and no letters my uncle could write, would induce me, if I had only my own wishes to consult, to eat, drink, or sleep under his roof. But my misery of suspense about Marian gives me the courage to follow her in any way—to follow her even into Count Fosco's house."

I thought it right, at this point, to mention that Miss Halcombe had already gone on to Cumberland, according to Sir Percival's account of the matter.

"I can't afford to believe it!" answered her ladyship. "I am afraid she is still in that man's house. If I am wrong—if she has really gone on to Limmeridge—I am resolved I will not sleep to-morrow night under Count Fosco's roof. My dearest friend in the world, next to my sister, is at Limmeridge. You have heard me, you have heard Miss Halcombe, speak of Mrs. Vesey? I mean to write and propose to sleep at her house. I don't know how I shall get there—I don't know how I shall avoid the Count—but to that refuge I will escape in some way if my sister has gone to Cumberland. All I ask of you to do is to see yourself that my letter to Mrs. Vesey goes to London to-night, as certainly as Sir Percival's letter goes to Count Fosco. I have reasons for not trusting the post-bag down stairs. Will you keep my secret, and help me in this? It is the last favor, perhaps, that I shall ever ask of you."

I hesitated—I thought it all very strange—I almost feared it might be wrong—but I had been a little affected by recent anxiety and suffering. At my own risk, however, I ended by giving my consent. I told her letter had been entrusted to a stranger, or to any one but a lady so well known to me by report as Mrs. Vesey, I might have refused. I thank God—looking back on what happened afterward—I thank God I never thwarted that wish, or any other, which Lady Glyde expressed to me on the last day of her residence at Blackwater Park.

The letter was written and given into my hands. I myself put it into the post-bag in the village that evening.

We saw nothing more of Sir Percival for the rest of the day. I slept, by Lady Glyde's own desire, in the next room to hers, with the door open between us. There was something so strange and so touching in the loneliness and emptiness of the house that I was glad, on my side, to have a companion near me. Her ladyship also sat up late writing letters and burning them, and emptying her drawers and cabinets of little things she prized or feared to leave behind her, to Mrs. Blackwater Park. Her sleep was sadly disturbed when she at last went to bed: she cried out a few times, and seemed to lose all rest when she woke herself. Whatever her dreams were she did not think fit to communicate them to me. I was glad of it, myself, for I had no right to expect that she should do so. It matters little now. I was sorry for her—I was indeed heartily sorry for her and for myself.

The next day was fine and sunny. Sir Percival came up after breakfast to tell us that the carriage would be at the door to take us at noon twelve; the train to London stopping at our station at twenty minutes after. He informed Lady Glyde that he was obliged to go out, but added that he hoped to be back before she left. If any unforeseen accident delayed him, I was to accompany her to the station, and to take special care that she was in time for the train. Sir Percival communicated these directions very harshly, and left us directly after we had received all the time. Her ladyship looked attentively after him wherever he went. He never once looked at her in return.

She only spoke when he had done, and then she stopped him as he approached the door by holding out her hand.

"I shall see you no more," she said, in a very marked manner. "This is our parting—our last meeting. It may be forever. Will you forgive me, Percival, as heartily as I forgive you?"

His face turned of an awful whiteness all over, and great beads of perspiration broke out on his bald forehead. "I shall come back," he said—and paused for the door to close as if his wife's farewell words had frightened him out of the room.

I had never liked Sir Percival—but the manner in which he left Lady Glyde made me feel ashamed of having eaten his bread and lived in his house. My thoughts of saying a few comforting and Christian words to the poor lady; but there was something in her face, as she stood near her husband when the door closed on him, that made me alter my mind and keep silence.

At the time named the chaise drew up at the gates. Her ladyship was right—Sir Percival never came near us to say good-by for him till the last moment—and waited in vain.

No positive responsibility lay on my shoulders, and yet I did not feel easy at leaving her. "A line of your own free-will," I said, as the chaise drove through the lodge-gates, "that your ladyship goes to London?"

"I will go any where," she answered, "to end the dreadful suspense that I am suffering at this moment."

She had made me feel almost as anxious and as uncertain about Miss Halcombe as she felt herself. I gave her my word to write me a line if all went well in London. She answered, "Most willingly, Mrs. Michelson." We said other courteous things to each other. I said, during her silent and thoughtful after she had promised to write. She made no reply: she seemed to be too much absorbed in her own thoughts to attend to me. "I hope your ladyship rested badly last night," I remarked, after a little pause. "I did, Mrs. Michelson," she answered, perfectly disturbed by dreams." "Indeed, my lady?" I thought she was going to confide in me. She seemed to be on the point—she spoke next it was only to ask a question. "You posted the letter to Mrs. Vesey with your own hands?" "Yes, my lady." "Did Sir Percival say, yesterday, that Count Fosco was to meet me at the terminus in London?" "He did, my lady." "Oh!"

She sighed heavily when I answered that last question and said no more.

We arrived at the station with hardly two minutes to spare. The gardener (who had driven us) managed about the luggage while I took the tickets. The whistle of the train was sounding when I joined her ladyship on the platform. She looked very strangely, and pressed her hand over her heart as if some sudden pain or fright had overcome her at that moment.

I wish you were going with me!" she said, clutching eagerly at my arm when I gave her the ticket.

If there had been time, if I had felt the day before as I felt then I would have made my arrangements to accompany her—even though the doing so had obliged me to give Sir Percival warning on his return. As it was, her wishes, expressed at the last moment only, were expressed too late for me to comply with them. She seemed to understand this herself before I could explain it, and did not repeat her desire to have me for a traveling companion. The train drew up at the platform. She gave the gardener a present for his children, and took my hand in her simple, hearty manner before she got into the carriage.

"You have been very kind to me and to my sister," she said; "kind when we were both friendless. I shall remember you gratefully as long as I live to remember any one. Good-by—and God bless you!"

She spoke those words with a tone and a look which brought the tears into my eyes—she spoke them as if she was bidding me farewell forever.

"Good-by, my lady," I said, putting her into the carriage and trying to cheer her; "good-by, for the present only; good-by, with my best and kindest wishes for happy times!"

She shook her head and shuddered as she settled herself in the carriage. The guard closed the door. "Do you believe in dreams?" she whispered to me at the window. "*My* dreams last night were dreams I have never had before. The terror of them is hanging over me still."

The whistle sounded before I could answer and the train moved. I heard her call out a name for me for the last time, looked sorrowfully and solemnly from the window—she waved her hand—and I saw her no more.

Toward five o'clock on the afternoon of that same day, finding myself alone by myself in the midst of the household duties which now pressed upon me, I sat down alone in my own room to lay and compose my scattered volume of my husband's Sermons. For the first time in my life I found my attention wandering over volume pieces of writing. I was conscious that Lady Glyde's departure must have disturbed me far more seriously than I had myself supposed, I put my task away, and went out to take a turn in the garden. Sir Percival had not yet returned, to my knowledge, so I could feel no hesitation about following myself in the grounds.

On turning the corner of the house and gaining a view of the front I was startled by seeing a stranger walking in it. The stranger was a woman—she was lounging along the path with her back to me, and was looking up at the flowers.

As I approached she heard me and turned round.

My blood curdled in my veins. The strange woman in the garden was Mrs. Rubelle.

I could neither move nor speak. She came up to me as composedly as ever with her flowers in her hand.

"What is the matter, ma'am?" she said, quietly.

"You here!" I gasped out. "Not gone to London! Back at Blackwater Park!"

Mrs. Rubelle smelled at her flowers with a smile of malicious pity.

"Certainly not," she said. "I have never left Blackwater Park."

I summoned breath enough and courage enough for another question.

"Where is Miss Halcombe?"

Mrs. Rubelle fairly laughed at me this time; and answered in a tone of derision:

"Miss Halcombe, ma'am, has not left Blackwater Park either."

LITERARY.

ADAM BEDE has not yet passed, never will pass, out of popular favor. It is one of the great novels of the age. We have before us another from the same pen—THE MILL ON THE FLOSS (published by Harper & Brothers)—which partakes of the same character, while in some respects it surpasses the former. The scenery of the story is like that of "Adam Bede"—quiet country life. But the wildest scenes are found in that same quiet country life; and wilder and more thrilling story was never written than that of Maggie Tulliver, interwoven as the histories that make these pages interesting. No one who reads can rest. There is at once moment and consequence of character and scene in another, a soft and delicious picture; at another, you can't see the pages for the tears that will start.

The story covers the lives of Tom Tulliver, his sister Maggie, their cousin Lucy, and the friends that surround them. Maggie is a girl—say that the country folk are drawn to the life is saying little. They stand out from these pages, the old men and the old women, the middle-aged and the girls, as real as the rustics of Denner. They talk in their own language; and instead of reading a book, you seem to be among them. In this respect the author far surpasses Dickens in skill. There is no caricature; there is no seizing on one prominent peculiarity, and making that the whole picture. But these are the people that have lived and have talked, and now live and talk before our eyes. They are not to be found in worth shelves full of the ordinary sort.

STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS is at present one of the most prominent figures in the most prominent man in the United States. His life is a remarkable history, and the public will be glad to have it as now written by James W. Sheahan, and published by Harper & Brothers. Mr. Sheahan has omitted nothing that is interesting or important to a complete knowledge of the career of his distinguished subject. His work is well laid out and well executed; and while it gives a full history of Mr. Douglas, it also gives us a political history of the nation, showing how closely the distinguished Senator, a candidate for the Presidency, has been identified with the great events in our national growth for a quarter of a century.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, April 23, nothing of public interest transpired in the Senate.—In the House, speeches were made, in Committee of the Whole, on the slavery question and the tariff, by Messrs. Moore, Ailey, Wade, and Curtis.

On Tuesday, May 1, the Senate not being in session, the House listened to speeches on slavery, etc., from Messrs. Wilson, Hickman, and Millson of Virginia.

On Wednesday, May 2, in the Senate, Senator Davis caused his Territorial resolutions to be made the special order for Monday next. Some executive business was acted upon prior to adjournment.—In the House, Mr. Harman announced that the Tariff bill would be called up that day, and that he should move that the speeches of the session, April 30th, should be reviewed prior to the measure. Resolving itself into Committee of the Whole, the House listened to Messrs. English, Morris, and Smith of North Carolina, on slavery.

On Thursday, May 3, the Senate not being in session, Mr. Sherman urged action on the tariff question. Speeches on slavery were made by Messrs. Grow, Reid, Stanton, Millson, Singleton, and Hughes.

On Friday, May 4, both Houses were engaged on private business of no interest to the public.

THE CHARLESTON CONVENTION.

On Saturday, April 28, the adoption of a platform was again recommitted to the Committee, from whence three reports were made on Saturday evening. The majority report was presented by Mr. Avery of North Carolina. It sets out with an affirmation of the Cincinnati platform, subject to certain explanatory resolutions, which declare that all citizens of the United States in the Territories, "without their rights, either of person or property, being destroyed or injured by Congressional or Territorial legislation," that it is the duty of the Federal Government to protect these rights; that the State sovereignty begins only with the formation of a State Constitution. The annexation of the mainland of guano per Cuba, the enforcement of the Fugitive Slave law, etc. A Pacific Railroad, and a liberality report with the Democratic Party will abide by the decision of the Supreme Court on the question of Slavery within the Territories." The acquisition of Cuba and the construction of a Pacific Railroad are the planks of the majority report, which proposes the adoption of the Cincinnati Platform, subject to explanations as above referred to. Minorities followed the reception of the reports; but no vote was taken on the platform.

On Monday morning (30th), the question of platform was again taken up. Mr. Butler's report was received. The minority report was then taken up and adopted by a considerable majority. Upon this resolution the delegations of Alabama, Louisiana, Mississippi, Florida, Texas, and South Carolina withdrew. Previous to the withdrawal, action, after protesting against the action of the majority, was carried, and delegates to St. Andrew's Hall, organized a separate body.

On Tuesday, May 1, the regular Convention met at the usual hour. Before business began a member of the Georgia delegation announced that, with the concurrence of his colleagues, he felt constrained to withdraw from the Convention. He would not detain it, but four-and-one at once and left; four others followed, declaring they never would abandon the principles of the party while they had their seats. The Arkansas delegation then retired, leaving Florida the only one left in the cotton-planting States. Tennessee, Virginia, and North Carolina, with portions of Kentucky and Missouri, remained. Kentucky seceded and a protest leave was granted to retire for consultation. A struggle on the two-thirds rule followed, and without any balloting the Convention adjourned. The ballots met, and after hearing speeches from Mr. Avery, Pendleton, Ward, and Yancey, retired, organized by electing Mr. Bayard President.

In the evening the balloting for candidate for President began in the regular Convention, the two-thirds rule having been rejected, and 202 votes being necessary to nominate. The following table shows the votes given in that evening, and on the following day, Wednesday, May 2:

Ballot.	Douglas.	Dickinson.	Johnson.	Guthrie.	Lane.	Scattering.
1	145½	65	35	6½	5	1
2	147	65½	19	6½	5	1
3	147½	66	18	6½	5	1
4	149	64½	17½	6½	5	1
5	150½	64	17½	6½	5	1
6	149½	63	19	6½	5	1
7	151½	61	19½	6½	5	1
8	150½	60	23½	6½	5	1
9	150½	59	23½	6½	5	1
10	150½	58	23½	6½	5	1
11	150½	57	23½	6½	5	1
12	150½	56	23½	6½	5	1
13	150½	55	23½	6½	5	1
14	150½	54	23½	6½	5	1
15	150½	53	23½	6½	5	1
16	150½	52	23½	6½	5	1
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18	150½	50	23½	6½	5	1
19	150½	49	23½	6½	5	1
20	150½	48	23½	6½	5	1
21	150½	47	23½	6½	5	1
22	150½	46	23½	6½	5	1
23	150½	45	23½	6½	5	1
24	150½	44	23½	6½	5	1
25	150½	43	23½	6½	5	1
26	150½	42	23½	6½	5	1
27	150½	41	23½	6½	5	1
28	150½	40	23½	6½	5	1
29	150½	39	23½	6½	5	1
30	150½	38	23½	6½	5	1
31	150½	37	23½	6½	5	1
32	150½	36	23½	6½	5	1
33	150½	35	23½	6½	5	1
34	150½	34	23½	6½	5	1
35	150½	33	23½	6½	5	1
36	150½	32	23½	6½	5	1
37	150½	31	23½	6½	5	1
38	150½	30	23½	6½	5	1
39	150½	29	23½	6½	5	1
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41	150½	27	23½	6½	5	1
42	150½	26	23½	6½	5	1
43	150½	25	23½	6½	5	1
44	150½	24	23½	6½	5	1
45	150½	23	23½	6½	5	1
46	150½	22	23½	6½	5	1
47	150½	21	23½	6½	5	1
48	150½	20	23½	6½	5	1
49	150½	19	23½	6½	5	1
50	150½	18	23½	6½	5	1
51	150½	17	23½	6½	5	1
52	150½	16	23½	6½	5	1
53	150½	15	23½	6½	5	1
54	150½	14	23½	6½	5	1
55	150½	13	23½	6½	5	1
56	150½	12	23½	6½	5	1
57	150½	11	23½	6½	5	1
58	150½	10	23½	6½	5	1
59	150½	9	23½	6½	5	1
60	150½	8	23½	6½	5	1
61	150½	7	23½	6½	5	1
62	150½	6	23½	6½	5	1
63	150½	5	23½	6½	5	1
64	150½	4	23½	6½	5	1
65	150½	3	23½	6½	5	1
66	150½	2	23½	6½	5	1
67	150½	1	23½	6½	5	1
68	150½	0	23½	6½	5	1
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199	150½	0	23½	6½	5	1
200	150½	0	23½	6½	5	1
201	150½	0	23½	6½	5	1
202	150½	0	23½	6½	5	1

On the first and second ballots Mr. Toucey received 9½ votes, and on the first ballot Mr. Hayes received 1 vote.

The Ballots met on Wednesday, 2d, and adopted the platform. Thursday, 3d, the Convention, 57 ballots, and decide whether or to nominate candidates.

On Thursday, May 3, Messrs. Ould, Russell, of Virginia, the regular Convention adjourned, to meet at Baltimore on June 18. A brief address was issued by Mr. Cushing, and the Convention broke up.

The Baltimore Democrats also held a meeting and attempting to nominate.

CAPTAIN FARNHAM RELEASED.

Captain Farnham, distinguished for his connection with the sloop *Wanderer*, was on Wednesday released from the jail in Savannah, Georgia, where he has been confined for six months past. An attempt to rescue him was made by a party of the revolver friends who made the rescue. The matter was finally compromised by Captain Farnham consenting to bail, and give bonds in $20,000.

JAPANESE GALLANTRY.

Two French ladies, who were in San Francisco when the Japanese arrived there, were anxious to go on board

the vessel where the foreigners were. But ladies could only be received. Nevertheless, they put on portions of their husbands' wardrobe and made the visit. They escaped detection while they only talked, for neither party could understand the other. When, however, they shook hands with the Admiral, a peculiar smile passed over his features, and he immediately caused an attendant to dive into his cabin and bring out a variety of hair-pins, bracelets, furs, or other things pertaining to the female toilet. He said, with an Oriental wink at his interpreter, that he could not be mistaken in the character of a lady's hand.

MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE.

Yesterday at noon, says the Washington *Star* of the 3d inst., the Hon. E. J. Boulligny, M. C. from Louisiana, was united in marriage to Miss Mary Elizabeth Parker, the second daughter of our well-known fellow-citizen, Mr. George Parker. The ceremony took place at the residence of the bride's father, and the officiating clergyman was the Rev. Dr. Pyne, the pastor of Trinity (Episcopal) Church. The guests witnessing the ceremony, though not very numerous, embraced a number of the most prominent distinguished public personages here and their families—the President, Secretaries Cobb, Thompson, and Toucey among them. The bridesmaids were Miss Fanny Parker, a sister of the bride; Miss Elizabeth, of New York; Miss Catlin, of New York; Miss Alice Maury, and Miss Sarah Pendleton, of the city, and the bridesmaid, a daughter of Senator Hammond, of South Carolina. The groom's attendants were Mr. Bouligny, of New Orleans; John Maury, Esq., of this city; the Hon. Messrs. Phillips, of Alabama; Curtis, Edmundson, Ingersoll, and Miles, of South Carolina, of the House of Representatives, and another gentleman, Mr. Lenthall, whose name we have not learned. The bride is said to have been attired with great expensive taste, in gold lace, over a white satin dress, with a point lace veil, and orange flowers for her hair, and fifty-seven diamonds in the ornaments she wore. Shortly after the ceremony the reception took place, which was ushered in by a large concourse of the fashionable friends of Mr. Parker's family and connections, and by a new one-in-law, their congratulating C and Four-and-a-half streets for a long distance. A sumptuous wedding breakfast was prepared for the occasion and an exquisite string band discoursed delicious music from an adjoining apartment shielded to the door-way of the reception room, and subsequently the gay wedding party sat down to dinner at Mr. Parker's. After this the happy pair start to-day on a Northern wedding tour. This was certainly the most brilliant wedding that has ever taken place in the Federal metropolis.

PERSONAL.

Dr. James Walker, the retiring President of Harvard College, has just received a gift of $12,000 from gentlemen of Boston. This is a very generous gift, and one that will be of great service to many, for it will give to the social front freedom from the nerve of life, and will enable the students to devote their time to the pursuits for which he is especially fitted. President C. C. Felton will be inaugurated on the 24th of the present month.

The Cunk divorce case is now progressing at Norwalk, Connecticut. It is a curious line affair between Mr. Mix Cook, the accusing him of compelling her to act the shameful part of procurer and medium to the licentiousness of her husband, and he charging her with improper intimacies with a man named Sperry. Some very curious testimony has been and will be given on this matter of Spiritualism, its effect on the wife, and the use of those subjected to its influence.

Simon Cole, a son of the United States marine corps at the battle of New Orleans, died near Winchester, Virginia, on the 16th ult. He was a soldier and patriot to the last, and he was taken prisoner.

Mr. Felton will succeed to the active duties as President of Harvard College at the beginning of the present term, March 1. His formal inauguration will take place on Monday, 26th inst. Mr. Henry Lee, Jun., has been appointed by the Corporation to read all matters in the archives, but the details of the ceremony have not yet been arranged.

A gay marriage recently took place at Beirut, in Syria. The parties were the American Vice-Consul at Beirut, Dr. H. G. Barclay, of Virginia, and Miss Louisa Hoogkirs, the niece of the U. S. Consul at Jerusalem. After the wedding ceremony, the bridal party, including the officers of a British man-of-war, mounted themselves on gayly-caparisoned Arabian steeds, and, preceded by the bride in a handsome carriage, went to a small village where the flags of England and America were festooned about the hall, and a wedding-cake, a memento, for fear its height, was similarly decorated to intimidate. After breakfast, and many speeches, of course, it was the fashionable thing to do, the Americans were well favored in the exhibition of their toasts.

The investigation in the Lemley family poisoning case is progressing, and the evidence, as it comes out, becomes more than examined, and the probability is that their testimony will be a fatal one to the deed upon the one suspected from the first, Ann, the slave cook. Miss Isabella Wilson, one of the sufferers, although at first she heard the woman was threats against the family because her son had been sold to the Arkansas-pen for, also, her self whipped severely.

Not long since, we stated that at a "Charivari" party, or mock serenade, given to a newly-married couple at Harrisburgh, Pa., a large number of the guests fired from the house to demonstrate, and was shot dead. On the night of the 30th, as a boy was trying to get into a station on the Mississippi River, a man deliberately walked out and shot himself dead. What his motive was not known, but it was supposed to be the person who committed the murder above alluded to. The shooting appeared immediately after the deed. His name is Boulivard.

Miss Evans is to wed in Mobile; a boat intended for Somerset Place, on the Lake Shore Line has been named "Beulah."

The Birmingham *Zanner* says that John Sherman, in Powmal, Vermont, had born to him, on the day he completed his twenty-fifth year, a son, and he called him Levi; and on the same day were born unto him a grandson and great-grandson, the parents at this time residing in three different States. All three of the boys are living now.

About three months ago a young woman was married in this city, and with her husband left Philadelphia, on a wedding trip, he pawned or sold all her clothes except a wedding suit. They then started for New York or Boston. There the rapacious man sold his wife's last fortune generously accorded her to pay his expenses out.

At the recent county seat election in Falls City, Kansas, two men named Mock and Davis, were shot to preserve order. They soon began to quarrel, and, although separated by friends, managed to keep up a fusillade of shots at each other during the afternoon—some of them, however, taking effect. Mock fell dead, and about two with leaded pistols in search of each other, they met and both pulled both pistols back—Davis dying at once, the other lingering, but past recovery.

The late Sir Benjamin Heywood Bart., who died suddenly at the late champion fight in England, was robbed of his watch by the fellow who broke into his room.

Mrs. Sarah McCauley was buried in Philadelphia on the 6th inst., from the residence of a granddaughter. The deceased was formerly Miss Sarah Mercer, and the figurest prominent in the pitiful tragedy which for many years seventeen or eighteen years ago. In consequence of a romantic love affair, she was left a widow, married Hutchinson Herbertson, while in a carriage, on a ferryboat in the dock, on the Jersey side of the river. Young Mercer was tried at Woodbury, and acquitted on the ground of insanity. The affair caused an intense excitement at the time. Miss Mercer, who was a very beautiful girl, married a young gentleman of Philadelphia, but they were soon afterward divorced. She subsequently married Dr. J. B. McCauley, of New York, by whom she had a little five years of age at the time of her death. Singleton Mercer was from Norfolk, as a name, to one of the terrible fever there, in 1855, and he fell a victim to the scourge. His companions in Le Laurel Hall, along with the other Philadelphia victims of the epidemic.

Sayers's friends determined to deprive him of it. Before the new gate is even hung, and the workmen have removed their materials out the ropes, and the whole crowd of spectators and backers, with the prize, who had been quietly looking on for more than an hour, rushed in. The referee got up, ordering the men to leave the ring. But they managed to get at each other again; and after another short battle, Heenan got Sayers's head under his arm, where he was pounding him after the manner of Tom Hyer, and would have won without doubt, but the friends of Sayers pulled him away, and kicked and struck him. The referee, in the confusion, was set upon and dared his man to come out and fight, knocking him down on each attempt to get up. Sayers's friends, in the forty-second round Sayers was unable to rise from Harry Brown's knee, Heenan walked up and struck his seconds if they would throw up the sponge. They did so, and Heenan, throwing off coat and vest, sprang like a tiger, at one blow knocking down Jim Ward, who had given the information and struck him, then straightening himself out for the whole crowd. With great difficulty Heenan was kept from the fight away; when, after calling the crowd to witness that he had not struck a blow, he left the ring, running faster than any one who followed him to the railroad track. I saw him on the platform of the train with him much of the time since. He was almost as strong after the fight as he was when commenced. His left eye was closed, *but his left eye was as good as ever*, and he hit as before on each successful rush in the forty-second succession. Sayers was whipped on the seventieth round, and could not have stood that. If the ring had been entered Heenan would have left him senseless and out of time at once. Sayers's friends will not allow him to set at heavy odds on Sayers knew so, and that was why the fight was stopped. *The Tom Sayers admit openly and above boasting, as the police had been there from the first.* Heenan's friends are not at all disposed to be fairly assailed man will acknowledge it. It is said that the referee was bribed by Sayers's friends to give the decision on the ground that the rounds fought were illegal. This is a mean and sneaky dodge. You put down a man, and then because you find that he is not now, he will be; for he is ready to fight Sayers again, and give him another thrashing, however, next week, or next month."

FRANCE.

THE FRENCH POLICY AS TO SAVOY.

Mention has been made of a confidential dispatch addressed by M. Thouvenel to the diplomatic agents of the Emperor in Germany. The following is the text of the document:

"PARIS, *March* 15, 1860.

"Sir,—I remark in the German papers that a very extreme importance, and a meaning which is not a correct one, is given to a word which I used in my last dispatch, the word of *annexation*—which his Majesty made use of when speaking of the question of Savoy. Some see in it the first indication of the ancient reunion movement of the 1795 by Sardinia, and others the idea of founding our opinion on the right of conquest, as was done between the years of 1814 and that of 1815. The Emperor's Government does itself honor in not having recourse to the pretended reunion interpretation of a word which, nevertheless, can have with it the most legitimate sense. The Treaty, by pointing out with so much reason the territories changed by the right of war, has not done more than anything made for us on the side of the Alps by the treaty of 1815. It had modified in the most favorable manner for France, and to demand from the King of Sardinia a modification which for the most part was favorable to him, would be nonsense. Has recalling from them for France. In not what he declared in the Chambers? Has it not supported to be present what is called in French a *renunciation*? And do not the explanations which have been given on this subject clearly indicate that the only grounds on which that renunciation was based, were the most considerable aggrandizement of Piedmont, aggravating the position which results to be from the annexation of Savoy, in its relations to the Swiss Confederation, and the necessity of sacrifice to exclude any suspicion of such an idea? We have, then, in this question, absolutely contrary aspirations, to the equity and good sense of the Cabinets. You are authorized to read this dispatch to Count Rechberg, if Foreign Affairs of ——, and to make use of the indications it contains to show to the false appreciations which may be produced around you. THOUVENEL."

THE *HERALD* AND OTHER RISING BELLES.

The *Herald* of Monday contained a letter, from an American lady, has attained a considerable authority in the Old World, which will be read with interest wherever she develops in respect to the sinews of war. "Hang the expense," she writes, "I have just crossed the Atlantic for nothing!" If the choicest flowers, the rarest music, the most delicious dishes, and the most brilliant *pate de foies gras et dindons aux truffes*—if gorgeous lights and sparkling wines, the famous cheap luxury of France and her famous dames, with a goodly melange of its dukes and counts, can make a man forget upon one *gage tendresse*; and I have no hesitation in saying that Mrs. Agg—pardon—Aspinwall remained unmoved by the homely nature of her early life, is a special favorite. Since there is the case of Aspinwall, who, after all, only he gives 10,000 francs per annum for an unlovely woman, and has to endure the sneering of the country around the Ave de l'Eglise! One hears of nothing but Mrs. Longueville Clarke. Some of the princesses seem to rush from her portals—the office of one being to sweep off Paris of all the wealthy, wealthy, wealthy, of the rifle, and convey them to the ashes of an impatient host, who waits to receive them. Others, in the desire to create and weed out all vulgar small fry who, whatever noise they have made in society, have been sighing of late years money in her coward empire unworthy to come betray Mrs. Longueville Clarke. Spitzful people, who are credited with Mrs. Longueville Clarke. Spitzful people sneak up to her door, and are refused, and they have never since been asked. She herself is the impersonation of the Spirit of Evil, and delights in the creation of obliging good materials for her reception. Such as statuesque beauty, slim, wiry, active, and Longueville Clarke presents her enamelled features and very artistically is that expression of the face which is the result of her hospitality with charming hauteur and dignity. But let none accept her invitations without caution. Her home is devoted to fill up, ask permission to bring another member of her family, and then to the bring another member of her family, and then to the Longueville Clarke, the splendid dignity of Mrs. Longueville Clarke will flare up forthwith. A very near friend of mine, who is a widow, and has a very pretty daughter, a mother that she might bring a second daughter. Let me be much, I am told, by the cross. The crushed applicant to address some one else. A young gentleman of fortune, and of the highest order, is the son of a rich banker-brief. Mrs. Longueville Clarke felt deficient in good as dinner party. She was informed that the gentleman that if he thought there was time to proceed to the next course, he would be glad to see it. Mrs. Clarke saw him at dinner. The idiot of course sent for champagne with the lunch—and the dinner was spoiled for her. But enough of Mrs. Longueville Clarke. The lady is the hostess of the Empress Eugenie, and has had six diamond epaulets, with his vermilion cheeks and his moustache, and his hair, and his white cravat, and was sitting at her feet; and with a first crush of the flowers of Paradise, and the Empress Eugenie, and the hopes, despair, hatred, rivalry, delight, and triumph that in turn excited world fill a woman's heart. All day long large caravans are rolling through the grand avenue of the Champs Elysées marked *Ministère de la Guerre*, containing every species of palatial decoration for the coming *fête*; and as the night tantalizes the eyes of the world-be-invited, all sorts of ingenious contrivances are brought to bear. Ministers, embassadors, princes and their subordinates are worried to death. The poor Empress herself would gladly dispense with numbers of those who, from their position about the court and the various functionaries attached, must be invited. The superstition of their fears is perfectly wearisome, she has been known to say, and that she would gladly put up their places with newer attractions—*mais voilà! on ne peut pas!*

"Report says that her Majesty is to impersonate an antique style, and that on her arm a magnificent bracelet in which that sweetest bravura is generally conveyed, while about the hair and the throat the most splendid display is to meet the anticipated demands. But the shells! —will they contain cannon or sweetmeats? or what?"

ITALY.

THE VOTE ON THE ANNEXATION OF NICE.

The vote for annexation in the district of Nice was 24,448 votes registered 1,600 negative. About 600 refused to vote. These latter will probably form the liberal party, and have published a declaration, in which they say they would have voted for the union with France which takes possession of the country, the liberal party will be lower in strength, and which is abhorrent to it, and will preserve intact the principle of liberty of action, and of the press and speech.

PROGRESS OF TROUBLE.

At latest dates the insurrection in Messina had been quelled and tranquillity restored. Many of the insurgents were reported to be in considerable force in the mountains, while bands were also made in different parts by means of artillery.

The Papal Government has sent a dispatch to the Emperor Napoleon, not only protesting against the annexation of the Romagna to Piedmont, but declaring that it will put an end to this iniquitous spoliation.

The Pope has published a Manifesto, in which he declares:

THE LAMORICIERE'S MANIFESTO.

The following is the text for the order of the day issued by General de Lamoricière:

"ROME, *April* 9, 1860

"SOLDIERS! Our holy Father the Pope, Pius IX., having deigned to call me to command the troops charged to defend rights, I have not hesitated for a moment to resume my sword.

At the sound of the venerable voice that sat long ago proclaimed me a soldier of the Church, I forgot the words the dangers besetting the patrimony of St. Peter, Catholic sovereignty, and that sacred property which is from one end of the earth to the other. In fact, Christianity is not since the days of the Apostles divided, and it has been the principle and the life itself of civilization. Our enemies have not dared to attack openly them. All Christian nations now show that their conscience and their honor are deeply compromised.

"Revolution, as Islamism formerly, now threatens Europe; and the time has come for all to march to the rescue of civilization and of the liberty of the world.

"Soldiers, Catholics, and all the guard of the Pontiff, remember your cause, and rise to the height of the cause. Our enemies shall be but cowards and assassins.

"The General-in-Chief, DE LAMORICIERE."

SPAIN.

END OF THE CARLIST REBELLION.

General Count Urbistondo, the brother of the Montemolin and his brother Ferdinand, and their valet, were arrested at Bilbao, on the 27th inst., by order of the Governor of the Province. The gang, we are surprised to learn, had after having vainly demanded admittance, found refuge in the house of Urbistondo, where the Princes were arrested, and declared themselves at the disposal of the *juiz* of Guard.

TURKEY.

A SCOTCH GIRL SOLD FOR $2500.

The Perth *Courier* has the following: "In the course of last autumn, a young girl, the only child of a farmer of Dundee or Abercarnie, in order to visit two relations residing in Constantinople, left by the steam packet which passed the ancient Phares, and entered the port of Smyrna. On landing she was met by a Turkish lady, who attired Tura, with flowing beard and magnificent turbans, salvoed and welcomed her at the arrival, and presented instantly to be struck with the charms of the young damsel from the north. Immediately a bargain was concluded between the parties, and Tura, with a laugh, informed his fair and bewildered passenger that she was to be the property of the Turkish gentleman. The matter speedily became serious. Through the medium of a dragoman, a Greek interpreter, she entered into conversation with the captain, and inquired whether he knew of the sale. He replied that he did. He had nine wives already, he said, but could be persuaded to take a tenth, and would be glad to have her in his harem. The captain, for the sake of a joke, replied he would buy her for 2500 piastres, or £25 sterling. The Turk grumbled at the enormous demand: it was just double the price of a Circassian, but as he had never seen Circassian, Georgian, or Mingrelian ever brought to Constantinople, he closed with the captain, however, stuck to his price; and as the parties separated. But on the following morning the Turk appeared on board, and ready to the residence of her relations, the Turk unexpectedly paid down the money, and left the vessel. The audience around the lady's neck, intimated that he was prepared to fulfill his engagement. The girl was astounded. But the captain soon cleared himself: "Feb" said he, "you have been sold, and the Turk will make a present of sixteen more; so you've lost her." It may be well imagined that the unfortunate girl was in a state of distraction and wrath. We may add that the same young lady was married the other day in Dundee.

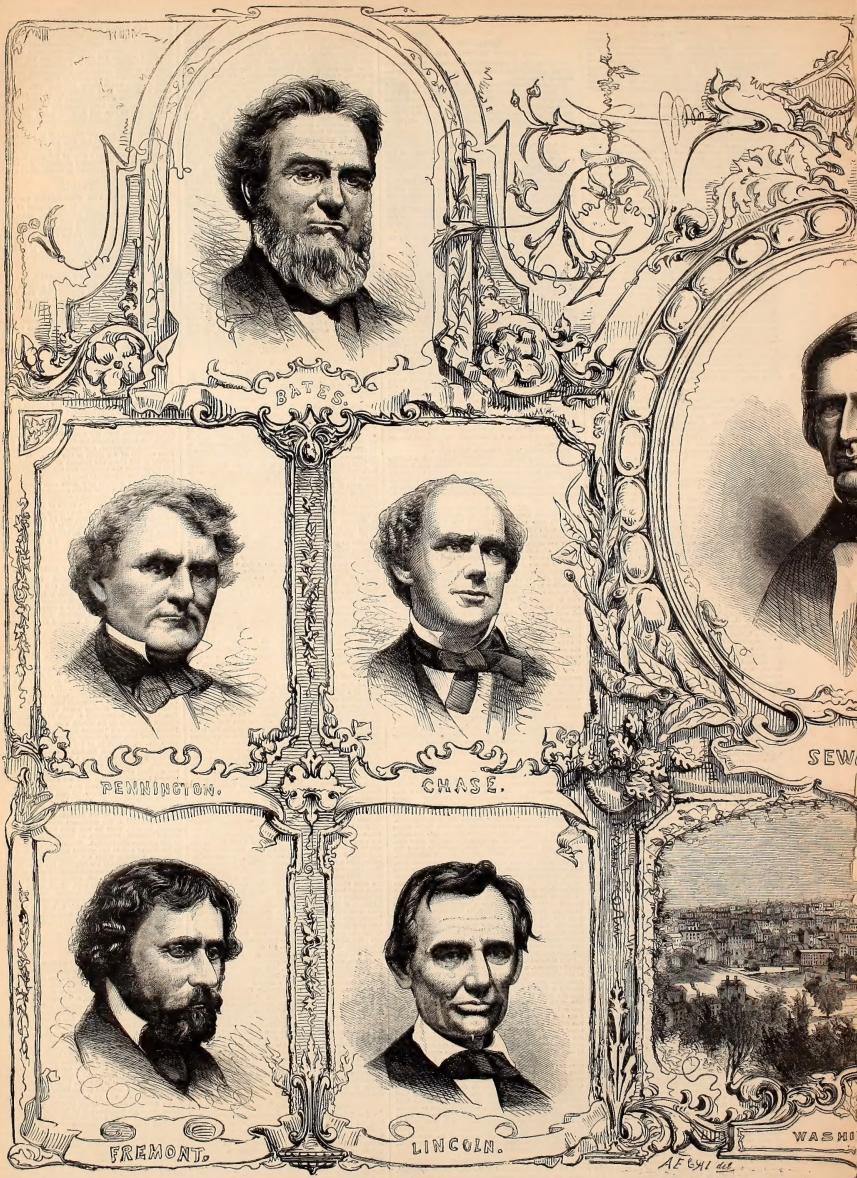
CANADA.

THE TOUR OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

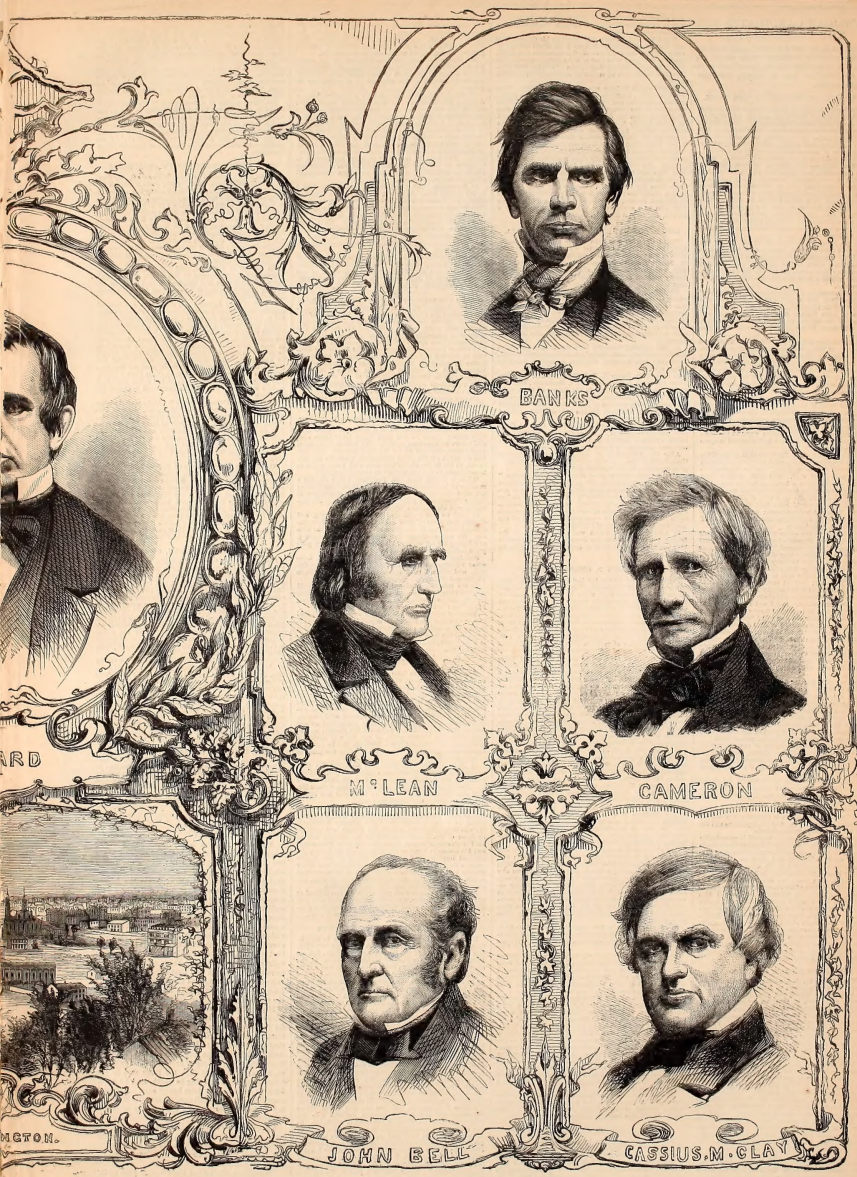
The Montreal *Gazette* has received from a correspondent at Fredericton, New Brunswick, a number of the movements of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales on the occasion of his approaching visit to British America. The date of his departure from England is to be the middle of May, and he will arrive at Halifax on the 24th of May. The first spot on this side of the Atlantic will be St. Johns, Newfoundland. The Lieutenant-Governor of that colony, as we have already announced, has received a letter informing him of the Prince's intention to visit Newfoundland, and thence cross over the country and visit St. John, New Brunswick, and Halifax. At the latter place he will thence cross over to Shediac, where his fleet will be waiting to receive him, and proceed up the Gulf and River.

If he finds difficulty in getting to Shediac, he may proceed to Pictou, and in that case cross over to Prince Edward Island, and thence to Shediac.

The Prince will be received at Fredericton, the capital of New Brunswick, on the 1st of June, and will remain there a week. He will then proceed to Woodstock, and thence to Quebec or Montreal. From this he will go to Kingston, and thence to Toronto. The distance from Toronto across the lake to the Falls, and back by rail to Toronto, is 400 miles. He will go to the Huron Tract, and travel over the Western States to Chicago, Detroit, and so by the quiet of the President; thence visit the Australian cities, and have his first meet him at Portland; or probably, if he comes by Portland, his departure may be from Quebec, and he may take the Grand Trunk from Portland after the completion of his tour in the United States. Circumstances may alter this programme of proceedings; but we have good information that it has been obtained by authority in England, and that arrangements are in progress for making the necessary information as to routes, who, in their journeys, will be attended by the Duke of Newcastle. August will likely be well advanced before his Royal Highness reaches Montreal.



PROMINENT CANDIDATES FOR THE REPUBLICAN PRESIDE



NTIAL NOMINATION AT CHICAGO.—[From Photographs by Brady.]

REPUBLICAN CANDIDATES FOR THE PRESIDENCY.

WE present on the two preceding pages portraits of the eleven leading statesmen whose names are mentioned in connection with the Republican nomination for President, and we subjoin brief biographical sketches:

HON. WILLIAM H. SEWARD, OF NEW YORK.

William Henry Seward, a United States Senator from the "Empire State" of New York, and the acknowledged leader of the present Republican party, is unquestionably one of the foremost representative men of the age. Few of his fellow-citizens are unwilling to render the due tribute to his intellectual ability, while many regard him as the champion of human freedom and of progress.

Mr. Seward was born in the village of Florida, Orange County, New York, on the 16th day of May, 1801. Of an active disposition, and possessing an inquiring mind, he mastered the rudiments of education at an early age, and in 1816 entered Union College, at Schenectady, where he greatly distinguished himself as a diligent student. Having graduated with high honors, he went to New York city in 1820, and commenced the study of the law in the office of Hon. John Anthon; but the next year returned to his native county, where he completed his legal studies in the office of Hon. Ogden Hoffman, at that time District Attorney.

In 1822 Mr. Seward was admitted to the bar, at Goshen, and soon afterward he removed to Auburn, where he entered into partnership with his future father-in-law, Judge Miller, and where he has since resided. Devoted to the interests of his numerous clients, the young practitioner soon gained a high reputation, and enjoyed a lucrative practice.

Mr. Seward became identified with the "Anti-Masonic" party in this State, and in 1828 was the President of a Young Men's State Convention, at Utica, in favor of the re-election of John Quincy Adams to the Presidential chair. In 1830 he was elected to the Senate of the State of New York, where he at once distinguished himself as a Reformer.

Having served four years as State Senator, Mr. Seward was persuaded, in 1834, to accept a nomination for Governor, in opposition to Hon. William L. Marcy, who then held the position. He was defeated; but two years later he was more successful, defeating his veteran opponent by ten thousand majority. In 1840, after the memorable "Harrison campaign," in which he took an active part, he was triumphantly re-elected.

In 1843 Governor Seward, having declined a renomination, settled down at Auburn to enjoy the comforts of domestic life, and to devote himself to his profession, in which he since occupied a leading position. His practice was varied and extensive, embracing many important patent cases and other civil suits; while at the same time he was regarded as one of the best criminal lawyers in the State of New York.

The nomination of General Taylor in 1848 as the Whig candidate for President was regarded by Governor Seward as one eminently "fit to be made," and he entered into the canvass with great zeal. The State of New York gave Taylor and Fillmore a large majority; and when the Legislature assembled Governor Seward was elected to the United States Senate by a vote of 121 to 30. It was expected that he would have been the controlling spirit of the Taylor Administration; but the untimely death of the President completely changed the aspect of political affairs at Washington.

Senator Seward was one of the most earnest opponents of the "Compromise Measures" passed by the Thirty-First Congress. "I feel assured," said he, in his famous speech of March 11, 1850, "that slavery must give way, and will give way, to the salutary instructions of economy and to the ripening influences of humanity; that emancipation is inevitable and is near; that it may be hastened or hindered; that all measures which fortify slavery or extend it tend to the consummation of violence—all that check its extension and abate its strength tend to its peaceful extirpation. But I will adopt none but lawful, constitutional, and peaceful means to secure even that end; and none such can I or will I forego."

In the Presidential campaign of 1852 Senator Seward advocated the election of General Scott, although he did not approve of the "platform." The disastrous result, which brought about a dissolution of the old "Whig party," did not appear to discourage the Senator from New York, who took bold and decided ground against the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, which he denounced in two able speeches.

In February, 1855, Senator Seward was re-elected by a combination of Whig, American, and Anti-Slavery Representatives, who then laid the foundation of the present Republican party, of which he is the acknowledged leader. It was, however, deemed expedient, at the ensuing Presidential election, to place Colonel Frémont in nomination; and Mr. Seward labored on his behalf with the same energetic zeal which had marked his exertions to promote the success of Clay, of Taylor, and of Scott.

After the adjournment of Congress in the summer of 1859 Senator Seward again visited Europe, extending his tour to "the Orient." He was every where received with marked distinction, and was the guest of the sovereigns of the principal governments.

Just previous to Senator Seward's return the entire Republic was politically convulsed by the "raid" of John Brown, which the opponents of the Republican party dexterously availed themselves of.

Senator Seward's speech of the 29th of February (the last which he will ever deliver in Congress, his friends say) dissipated at once the fears of his opponents and the doubts of his more conservative friends.

In personal appearance Senator Seward is remarkably unassuming, of middle size, with light hair toned down by age, prominent features, and heavy, overhanging eyebrows. His smile is cordial, and there is a luminous depth in the searching glance of his keen eyes that betrays a warm heart. Married, early in life, to a daughter of Judge Miller, of Auburn, he has two sons and two daughters, and a portion of his family accompany him to Washington whenever his Senatorial duties call him there. No man has a larger circle of devoted friends, and no public personage of our time enjoys a higher reputation as a cultivated, high-toned gentleman. Politicians of every phase meet at his hospitable board, which is enlivened by his inexhaustible reminiscences and sparkling wit; and could the ultra Fire-eaters select a President from among the Republican candidates named (if one was certain to be elected), they would beyond a doubt name William Henry Seward.

HON. JOHN M'LEAN, OF OHIO.

John M'Lean, LL.D., is a native of Morris County, New Jersey, where his father, an Irish weaver, who had sought a home in the New World, plied the shuttle.

At a very early age, in 1803, he entered the office of the Clerk of the Hamilton County Courts, at Cincinnati, and by laboriously transcribing documents earned a support while prosecuting his legal studies. In 1807 he was admitted to the bar, and commenced practice at Lebanon, Ohio, where he soon obtained a large share of the legal business. About this time he married Miss Rebecca, daughter of Dr. Edwards, of South Carolina.

Mr. M'Lean was in early life a strong Democrat; and in 1812 he was elected to Congress, where he warmly supported President Madison and the war with Great Britain, introducing bills for indemnifying individuals who had lost property in the public service, and for pensioning widows of officers and soldiers. He also served with ability on the Committees on Foreign Relations and Public Lands, and was twice re-elected. In 1816, having been unanimously chosen by the Legislature of Ohio a Judge of the Supreme Court of that State, he withdrew from Congress, and General William Henry Harrison, afterward President, was elected to represent the District. As a judicial officer Judge M'Lean was even more popular than he had been as a legislator.

In 1822 President Monroe appointed Judge M'Lean Commissioner of the Land Office; and in 1823 he was appointed Postmaster-General. Up to that time the postal affairs of the country had been very loosely managed; but Judge M'Lean soon had every portion of the business reduced to a perfect system, and so highly were his services esteemed that the salary of his office was raised from four to six thousand dollars per annum. President Adams retained him in office.

When General Jackson was selecting his Cabinet it is said that he asked Judge M'Lean if he would remain in office yet sanction the removal of postmasters whose politics did not agree with that of the administration. The Judge declined, stating that he was of opinion that public offices should not be conferred as rewards for political services.

In 1830 Judge M'Lean was appointed a Justice of the Supreme Court, where he has since maintained a distinguished position, and received the appellation of "the Guardian of the Constitution." In the Dred Scott case he differed from the decision of the Court, as delivered by Chief Justice Taney; and he regards slavery as "a relation created by the local sovereignty—a municipal regulation of limited extent—a domestic relation, over which the Federal Government can exercise no control."

Judge M'Lean is of imposing personal appearance, and neither his mental nor bodily vigor is affected or impaired by age. His wife having died in 1840, he married in 1843 Miss Sarah B. Ludlow, of Cincinnati. A member of the Methodist Church, he has received honorary degrees from the Wesleyan University and other colleges of that persuasion; and he is warmly esteemed by hosts of devoted friends, who admire him as a Judge, agree with him as a conservative politician, esteem him as a citizen, and respect him as a Christian.

GEN. SIMON CAMERON, OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Simon Cameron was born on the 8th day of March, 1799, in Maytown, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. Both of his parents were also natives of Lancaster County, from whence they removed to Northumberland in 1808, where his father soon afterward died, leaving the family without any other inheritance than an honest name.

Having acquired the "art and mystery" of typography, young Cameron went forth into the world, and, in 1821, was employed as a journeyman printer in the office of the *National Intelligencer* at Washington. Returning to Harrisburg, he entered into partnership in 1822 with Charles Mowry as editor of the Harrisburg *Intelligencer*, then the official organ of the Democratic party in Pennsylvania.

In 1832 General Cameron was chosen cashier of the Middletown Bank—an office which he has ever since held, displaying rare financial abilities, so seldom found in public men.

In 1845, when James K. Polk, the President-elect, tendered the State Department to Mr. Buchanan, and that gentleman resigned his seat in the Senate of the United States, General Cameron, who has ever been the devoted advocate of the protection of American labor, was placed in nomination, and was, by the aid of Whig and of American votes, elected.

From March, 1845, until March, 1849, General Cameron was distinguished as one of the most efficient and useful Senators, serving on several important committees, and exercising a potent personal influence.

After the declaration of war with Mexico, General Cameron was ever ready to vote all the force and supplies necessary for its vigorous prosecution.

A recognized champion of the "American System," General Cameron has not only ever sought to encourage home labor by adequate protection, but has been an advocate of internal improvements. In the Senate he has uniformly supported—by his vote and by his influence—bills for the improvement of our rivers and harbors, and he is identified with the construction of several of the most useful public works of Pennsylvania.

In 1857 General Cameron was again elected to the Senate, where his course has been in strict accordance with the views and interests of the great State which he so well represents.

HON. SALMON P. CHASE, OF OHIO.

Salmon Portland Chase, the last Governor of the State of Ohio, was born at Cornish, New Hampshire, January 13, 1808. His father died when he was nine years of age. In 1824 he entered the Junior Class of Dartmouth College. In 1826 he graduated with distinguished reputation. Soon after he opened a classical school in Washington, and gave instruction to the sons of Henry Clay, William Wirt, and other men then distinguished. While conducting his school he pursued the study of the law, under the direction of William Wirt; and, in 1829, was admitted to the bar of the District of Columbia.

In the spring of 1830 Mr. Chase returned to Cincinnati, and has ever since been a resident of Ohio. While a young attorney, with good prospects, but without a pressure of business, Mr. Chase prepared for publication, in three octavo volumes, an edition of the Statutes of Ohio, which is now received as authority in the Courts. Through the reputation acquired by this work, and by close attention to business, Mr. Chase soon gained a valuable practice. Previous to 1841 Mr. Chase had not been particularly identified with any political party. He supported General Harrison for the Presidency; but disapproved of his inaugural, and of the course of the Tyler administration in regard to the subject of slavery. He united in a call, made in 1841, for a Convention of the opponents of slavery and of slavery extension, which assembled at Columbus, in December of that year, and organized the Liberal party of Ohio. It nominated a candidate for Governor, and adopted an address to the people, written by Mr. Chase, which was among the first expositions of the political movement against slavery extension, and which argued doctrines that are now recognized as the basis of the Republican party. When, in 1843, a National Liberty Convention was assembled at Buffalo, Mr. Chase was an active and influential member. In 1847, at the second National Liberty Convention, Mr. Chase opposed the making of nominations, believing that the agitation of the Wilmot Proviso and the action of Congress would furnish a basis for a wider and more general movement against slavery extension; and in 1848, anticipating that the Convention of the Whigs and Democrats would refuse to give that movement any effective support, he prepared a call for a Free Territory Convention, at Columbus, Ohio, which was largely attended, and which invited the National Convention that assembled at Buffalo in August of that year, and nominated Martin Van Buren for the Presidency. The platform there adopted bore decided evidences of the influence of Mr. Chase.

In February, 1849, he was chosen a Senator from Ohio by the votes of all the Democratic members of the Legislature and of the Free Soil members with Democratic sympathies.

In July, 1855, Mr. Chase was nominated for Governor of Ohio. Before the expiration of his Senatorial term leading public men had zealously urged his fitness for that position, as a representative of the public sentiment of Ohio. His election vindicated the justness of their views. He was inaugurated in January, 1856.

At the close of his gubernatorial term, Governor Chase's political friends insisted that he should be a candidate for re-nomination as Governor; and a peculiar condition of public affairs, growing out of a defalcation of over $500,000 in the Treasury, forbade him to withhold his consent. This defalcation was discovered a few days before the semi-annual interest on the State debt fell due. Promptness on the part of Governor Chase compelled the resignation of the Treasurer, who had concealed the defalcation; secured a thorough investigation; and led to the adoption of a line of policy which enabled the Fund Commissioners to meet punctually all pecuniary obligations, and fortunately avert a large pecuniary loss.

He was re-elected by a large majority over his opponent; and at the close of his term was chosen United States Senator to succeed Mr. Pugh in 1861. He has many friends who urge his claims to the Presidency.

HON. N. P. BANKS, OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Nathaniel P. Banks was born in Waltham, a town of that State, on the 30th of January, 1816, and is now, consequently, forty-four years of age. The son of poor operatives, he began what promised to be a destiny of poverty and manual toil in an appropriate place, amidst the whirr of the loom and spindle, the clank and roar of engines, and the bustle of unresting industry. Of course he had but few advantages of education.

When the brief period of school-days had ended, and the stripling was obliged to rely wholly on his own labors for support, he still found time to improve his mind, and all his hours not occupied in the factory were devoted to the grave and important studies of history, political economy, and the science of government.

Mr. Banks first exercised his influence on the public mind through the medium of the newspaper press, as editor of a journal published in his native town. He subsequently controlled the columns of a newspaper in Lowell.

He was for six successive years, in his native town, a defeated candidate for the Massachusetts Legislature; and at the commencement of the gold excitement was about emigrating for a more promising field of political exertion in California, but was deterred by the thought of his obligations to the friends who had so long stood by him, and who desired him to await another trial. On this he was successful, and in 1848 was elected to the Massachusetts Legislature as a representative from Waltham. The fact that from that time till his election to Congress he was regularly returned to the Legislature shows the satisfaction with which his course was regarded by his fellow-townsmen.

In November, 1850, however, Mr. Banks was elected to the Senate from Middlesex County by a majority of about two thousand over his competitor. At the same time he was chosen to represent Waltham in the House, and on the meeting of the Legislature he decided to remain in the popular branch of that body. By a large majority he was chosen, on the first ballot, Speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives. For two successive sessions he held the position of presiding officer of that body.

After repeatedly declining a nomination to Congress, Mr. Banks finally acceded to the wishes of the Democratic party, and in 1852 was elected a member of the National House of Representatives, to which his constituents subsequently twice returned him with increased majorities.

His election to the Speakership of the National House of Representatives was what first brought him prominently before the American people. At the close of his term of service the unsurpassed ability, dignity, and fairness with which he had discharged the duties of the chair were generally conceded, and by none with more distinctness than by his political opponents on the floor. The vote of thanks with which Speaker Banks was honored on the last day of the session eulogized his impartiality in reference to the sectional struggles of the House, with the remark that Mr. Banks "stood so straight that he almost leaned over to the other side." It is a sufficient confirmation of this judgment to say that no decision of the Speaker was ever overruled.

He was elected Governor of Massachusetts in 1857, and still fills the office.

HON. WILLIAM PENNINGTON, OF NEW JERSEY.

Hon. William Pennington is a native of Newark, in New Jersey, where he was born about sixty years ago, and where he has since resided. His father, William S. Pennington, was one of the "Jersey Blues." The son was educated for the legal profession, which he has followed, in his native city of Newark, with great credit to himself, and to the satisfaction of numerous clients.

When a young man, Mr. Pennington was elected a member of the popular branch of the State Legislature; but after serving one term he declined a re-election, to devote himself more assiduously to the duties of his profession and his private affairs.

In 1837 he was nominated by the Whig party, and elected, Governor of New Jersey, which made him, *ex-officio*, Chancellor of the State and President of the Senate. He was re-elected five times by the Legislature, and during the six years of his gubernatorial service gave great satisfaction to the people.

Retiring from a position which he had adorned, Governor Pennington again devoted himself to his profession, and refused good appointments from Presidents Taylor and Fillmore.

At the last Congressional election, however, he could not resist the importunities of his personal and political friends, and he accepted the nomination of the "People's Party," in the Fifth Congressional District.

Governor Pennington was warmly welcomed at Washington as one of the old-school of politicians, with an integrity of principle unquestioned and unquestionable; and, after the long contest which ended in the withdrawal of Sherman, was elected Speaker of the House of Representatives.

HON. JOHN BELL, OF TENNESSEE.

Hon. John Bell was born near Nashville, Tennessee, on the 15th of February, 1797, and passed his early days among the honest and sagacious cultivators of the soil.

Entering Cumberland College, afterward the Nashville University, young Bell graduated in 1816, and two years afterward had mastered his legal studies and was admitted to the bar. Establishing himself at Franklin, Williamson County, he was at once recognized as one eminently well qualified to represent the people; and in 1817, when but twenty years of age, he was elected a State Senator. His *début* was brilliant, but he declined a re-election, preferring to devote himself to the practice of his profession.

In 1826 Mr. Bell was persuaded to enter the field against Felix Grundy, who was a candidate for Congress, receiving the powerful support of General Jackson, the favorite son of Tennessee. After an exciting contest Mr. Bell was triumphantly elected in 1827, and was subsequently re-elected six successive times.

General Harrison, when elected President, invited Mr. Bell to enter his Cabinet as Secretary of War, a position which he resigned after Mr. Tyler became President. He was then tendered a seat in the Senate, but declined in favor of Mr. Foster. In 1847 he was elected, and in 1853 re-elected, a United States Senator from Tennessee; and his course in favor of the Compromise Measures, the internal improvement bills, the increase of our steam-navy, a Pacific railroad, agricultural colleges, and other similar measures, was as marked as was his opposition to the Nebraska Bill, the Lecompton Constitution, extravagant expenditures, and threats of disunion.

Since his retirement from public life he has resided at his home in Nashville, where his accomplished wife and daughters are ever ready to join him in extending genuine Tennessee hospitality to their numerous friends.

HON. EDWARD BATES, OF MISSOURI.

Hon. Edward Bates, of Missouri, was born in Goochland County, Virginia, on the 4th of September, 1793. His ancestors were of the Quaker denomination, but his father fought as a volunteer under Lafayette, at the capture of Yorktown. In 1805, young Bates was left an orphan, the youngest of twelve children, and was brought up by an elder brother, the fracture of a thigh-bone keeping him a prisoner for two years, during which time he continued his studies. On his recovery it was proposed to send him to sea; but he finally decided to emigrate to the then far western city of St. Louis, serving the State, before he left, as one of the volunteer force raised in 1812–'13 for the defense of Norfolk, then threatened by an English fleet.

In 1814 Mr. Bates arrived at St. Louis, then a frontier town almost entirely inhabited by French and Spanish Indian traders, who looked upon the Anglo-Saxons who came from the Atlantic States with no very friendly eye. Studying law, he was admitted to the bar in 1816, and commenced a practice which he has since continued with great success. He was a member of the convention which formed the State Constitution in 1820, served afterward as District Attorney, was a member of the State Senate and Legislature, and in 1827 was elected a Representative in Congress. To use his own words, "The popular storm which blew General Jackson into the Presidency blew [him] out of the track of public life. In the canvass for a second term in Congress [he] was so thoroughly beaten that [he] was content, as the Kentuckians say, to 'stay whipped,' and never again to worry [himself] with the attempt to climb the slippery heights of politics. Thenceforth [he] looked only to professional labor for the means of supporting and educating a numerous family." When offered a seat in the Cabinet by President Fillmore, Mr. Bates declined it, and although still occupying a prominent position at home, he had almost passed from public recollection when brought forward by the Messrs. Blair and Mr. Greeley as the most available Republican candidate.

Since that announcement, Mr. Bates has written a variety of letters, taking rather original positions on the great questions of the day, although he retains his old Whig doctrines, and substantially adopts the platforms of the Republican conventions at Pittsburg and at Philadelphia. Years ago, he manumitted his own slaves and sent them to Liberia, which he considers the true way to end the Negro question; "the agitation of which," he says, "has never done good to any party, section, or class, and never can do good."

Mr. Bates resides at a rural home in the environs of St. Louis, surrounded by a numerous family, and in the enjoyment of the comforts of life, occasionally appearing in the courts in the exercise of his professional labors, and actively engaging in all schemes calculated to contribute to the social or moral improvement of the community with which he has so long and so honorably been identified.

HON. JOHN C. FREMONT, OF CALIFORNIA.

John Charles Frémont was born in Savannah, Georgia, on the 21st of January, 1813. Three years afterward his father, a native of France, died, leaving his mother, a Virginia lady, with three young children. She removed to Charleston, South Carolina, where John Charles received a thorough classical and mathematical education, and where, when but a lad, he gained a livelihood as a teacher in an evening school for apprentices. In 1833 he was appointed teacher of mathematics in the navy, and made a long cruise on the *Natchez*. On his return he joined a party of civil engineers engaged in locating the South Carolina railroads, and afterward was employed on the coast-survey.

On the 7th of February, 1838, Mr. Frémont was appointed Second Lieutenant in the United States Topographical Engineers, and commenced that series of exploring expeditions which have gained him such well-merited renown.

In 1848 Colonel Frémont was the victim of a quarrel between two officers, and was sentenced by a court-martial to be dismissed from the army. The President remitted the penalty; but as he approved a portion of the verdict of the court Colonel Frémont promptly resigned his commission, and started on an overland expedition, in which he nearly perished. On reaching California he settled on the tract known as the "Mariposas" (which he had purchased of Governor Alvarado, in 1847, for $3000), and was chosen, in December, 1849, the first Senator from California in the Congress of the United States. His Congressional career was brief, but before it expired he had introduced several bills calculated to benefit the "Golden State."

After visiting Europe, in order to obtain capital wherewith to work the mines of the "Mariposas," Colonel Frémont again crossed the Continent between the thirty-eighth and thirty-ninth parallels of latitude, and commenced suits for obtaining possession of his estate. In 1856 he was unanimously nominated for the Presidency by the Republican Convention, and an exciting canvass ensued, in which he was defeated by the vote of Pennsylvania.

The manner in which Colonel Frémont bore his defeat, and quietly retired to the "Mariposas" to attend to his private affairs, is one of the most commendable features of his useful life. His elopement with Miss Jessie Benton in the fall of 1841 is well known to the public, and his domestic life has been a happy one, even when assailed by bitter political opponents. The daughter of the "Great Expunger" of Missouri has proved to him a "helpmate," indeed; and they have a family of children who are said to be worthy of their parents, and who enliven a pleasant home at the "Mariposas."

HON. ABRAHAM LINCOLN, OF ILLINOIS.

Hon. Abraham Lincoln, of Illinois, was born on the 12th of February, 1809, in Hardin County, Kentucky. His family, although much respected, were not blessed with much of this world's goods, and he was forced to fight his own way through the opening struggles of life's campaign. In this way he became intimately acquainted with the industrial classes, and they now claim him as one of their number—"*The Flatboatman!*" Whether he was engaged in rural pursuits, or in piloting down the Mississippi boats laden with produce, he permitted no opportunity to escape for the improval of his mind. When he had thus, by his own exertions, been admitted to the bar, he settled in the pleasant town of Springfield, Illinois, where he has since resided.

When the "Black Hawk War" broke out, in the spring of 1832, Mr. Lincoln was among the first to offer his services, and was elected captain of a company of Illinois volunteers, at the head of which he distinguished himself during the brief yet effective campaign. He was afterward elected to the State Legislature, taking decided ground as a Whig of the Henry Clay school. In 1846 he was elected a member of the XXXth Congress, where he acted with the Whig party; and at the National Convention which nominated General Scott for President, in June, 1852, he was elected to represent Illinois in the Central Whig Committee. Yeoman's service did he render in that campaign.

In 1856 Mr. Lincoln entered actively into the Republican contest, and two years later the convention of that party nominated him in opposition to Judge Douglas, as Republican senator from the State of Illinois. He was defeated, as is known, but lost none of his reputation with his party.

THE LADY WITH THE BLACK HOOD.

MY story is of a lonely, rock-bound coast, where, for miles and miles, the angry surf beats and foams, and is never still; where the rough winds ever seem to strive against the tall crags that look so grand and stern; while the white-throated sea-gulls are ever wheeling round and round—mere specks in front of the great granite walls. Many a tall ship has gone to pieces there. Many a poor mangled form has been laid to rest upon that narrow beach. And many and many a vision of home, pictured by the ever-changing but ever-beautiful kaleidoscope of hope has ended upon that coast amidst the shrieking winds, and lashing waters, and black driving skies, and all the wild terrors of shipwreck and death. For it is of the rugged coast of Cornwall that I speak, where the Eddystone Light-house lifts its head high above the stormy waves.

Many years ago a storm, the like of which had never before been known upon that coast, raged for four long weeks. For four weeks the rough Cornish men waited for a change of weather, that they might put off to relieve the light-men. And for three of those four weeks they had known that the ten days' supply of provisions was exhausted, or nearly so; and that the three men in the light-house were starving to death, inch by inch. No boat could live in those heavy seas. Ever and anon the light-house bell rang mournfully its warning to the mariner, and its cry for help for those imprisoned men.

There two gray old men sit motionless and silent. They have not spoken for an hour; and the only sounds we hear are the thunder of the waves beating against the rock, and the ceaseless whizzing of the wind outside.

Presently a glimmer of light is seen high up in the dome-like roof. It looks like a star, it is so far off. It slowly comes down, the shadows flitting

about with ghastly effect as it comes nearer; and presently you see a man carefully descending a kind of ladder, until, disappearing for a moment, he suddenly enters by a door we have not seen before.

"Well, father, how d'ye fare now?"

"Badly, Martin; badly. How's the weather? Look out, quick! Untar the trap. I stifle here in this accursed place!"

The trap was untarred, and cast a harried look at the speaker. He was not mistaken, however; these despairing tones were those of his father, though strangely altered, and he silently did as he was bid. No comfort was conveyed by the burst of air that nearly threw him backward as the loosened trap flew open. It was as much as all his strength could do to close it again.

"Cheer up, old friend!" said the other man, Sholto by name. "We are sure to have help soon. I think I saw a light in the east a little time ago."

"I tell you we shall die in this prison of a place. I know we shall. The Warning came to me again last night. The same form that I have seen so often before came to me last night. 'What d'ye stare at me that way?' I says, but it never moved. There, close by that door it stood, in a long cloak with hanging sleeves, and a black hood with white bent the face."

"Martin Brunner," said Sholto, "put such things out of your head; it's bad enough to be shut up as we are."

Starvation is at all times a terrible thing; but here, where the position of the men was so cramped, and their puny strength so utterly mocked at by the elements, it seemed miserable indeed! All had borne with it, and became two men. The father and son had tried to comfort each other as became such, and Sholto's grasp of the hand had seemed to be more firm, and his clear, honest eye to beam with a more friendly look, as his face grew paler and his form more bent. But on old Martin a fearful change had come. His homely cares for days had been no resting-place for him, for he tossed and mound all night, though fast asleep, as if possessed. And he can, of course, be multiplied indefinitely; but few are needed to tell that, as the old man's body grew weak, his brain seemed more active, and he began to recall something with a stronger frame and busy duties had enabled him to throw off. The others had marveled much at this change. They could not read and see him at work thus, and one night had agreed by turns to watch him in his sleep lest he should do himself a mischief, as he more than feared he would. And his sleeping talk was always of the lady with the long black cloak and hanging sleeves, and a black hood with white bent face.

Well, the day on which our story begins had passed, and another had come. It was Sholto's turn to watch his old friend and young Martin's to tend the light, and he made believe to turn in as usual, waiting till the other slept or seemed to sleep. He had not waited long before a piteous moaning, such as he had never heard, smote his ear, and he got out of his berth and listened, and then came into the room. He was *frightened* by what he saw; for Martin Brunner, whom he had left quiet, was now seated in his chair, gazing pale and staring at vacancy, with a face such as it does not often happen to a man to have, or, thank Heaven, many of us to see. Sholto called to his son down, and together they approached the dreamer—if indeed he was one.

No token of recognition was in the old man's eyes. He had the far-off look of a caged tiger who remembers his wild freedom—that restless, strange look never seen save in insanity or brutes. They spoke to him, but only a painfully troubled light seemed to fix across his mind as if he knew but could not remember the faces near him. "Away!" he muttered. "Another devil come to me; isn't it enough that *she* is here? Is there to be more blood—filth on my hands—didn't I prove every night all these years?" And then he broke into such a wild laugh, and, twining his hands into his long gray hair, cried that for him there was peace no more—never, never, never more.

The two men laid hands on him and carried him to his bed, he keeping up that terrible cry all the while, until at last he slept again, and they left him alone. They spoke of what he had heard, though each felt a dreadful sinking of the heart that neither could explain.

Next day the storm was up and came to where they were polishing the reflectors by the break of day. They started as seeing him, but did not speak. But when the movements and laughed coolly, with a more dreadful meaning in his face than he had last night.

"Well, Sholto, my lad, how fares it now? How's the weather? Wasn't I ill last night? Didn't I talk as if I was mad? Ha! ha! *He* mad!"

"Very ill," said the other. "You *did* talk as if—"

"As if I was dreaming; so I was; I dreamed that I was fifteen years ago—"

"Fifteen years ago," said Martin, under his breath.

"And I was living on this coast—"

"On this coast," again echoed the other, as if unconsciously.

"And there was a lady—"

"Stop!" said Sholto, suddenly laying his heavy hands on the old man's mouth. "I, for one, want to hear of no dreams. God forgive us all, for we are but poor, weak creatures, that have enough to do with waking visions, I'm sure, to work. I'm near worn out; but all I want to do is to work till I die, and not to listen nor to talk. If poor Letty finds my bones here she'll have 'em buried decently—that's all we have to think of now."

From most men these few words would show some intensity of feeling; with Sholto they were as if wrung from a strong heart and a brave spirit utterly broken down. So long as the two old men had suffered together they suffered cheerfully, for they were together no longer. Out of the grave of memory a spirit had arisen and put them asunder; a memory of some dead—Sholto dared not ask what—which had poisoned the life of his friend, between whom and himself confidence, trust, esteem could exist no more. Worse than all, his daughter Letty loved young Martin, and the wedding had been fixed to take place in the spring, and the plans of the young couple had been one of the most frequent topics of conversation. But how would it be now? Martin Brunner was—what? Were his ravings the confessions of a guilty conscience or not? He hardly dared to think.

For all that he determined not to seem different to young Martin; but his very effort to appear unchanged made him more and more watch and think about their work as if suspicious and afraid of each other.

At last, when they least expected it, help came. Just at the moment when it seemed to them that body and senses would hold out no longer there was a shout outside, and a knocking at the light-house, ahoy!" and in a moment more the desolate room was full of busy life. The relief men, other men—kind, rough men—crowded, large but unburned, perhaps, but with eyes full of sympathy. A moment more and the lamps of life, so nearly out, were trimmed, and the famished men were saved. A kind, good lady had come with them—a Sister of Mercy, from foreign parts, and best of all, Letty Sholto, old Sholto's daughter! *She* had been the first in the relief boat; she it was who had encouraged all the rest, and, when others had given up hoping, had watched for the light. She was the first faint light that told of better weather; and, in her old motherly way, had cared tenderly to put off in their boat, had seized an oar and dared them to follow. Well, was not her father in the light-house, and her very heart beating there?

But the shadow of the mystery had fallen upon all like a blight. Every minute seemed an hour, and every hour a day, if time is to be measured by anxiety and grief.

It was impossible that with these rough outspoken men their looks should be hid. Martin Brunner was the first to speak. Beckoning Sholto aside, he said he had a word or two to say. "I know if, lad," was the answer made in return. "Speak out like a man; you've been one so far."

"This dream of my father's is a dreadful thing," said the young man, in a low, hurried voice.

"Lookee here, young man," said the other. "For sixty years, man and boy, I've lived on this coast, and never yet told a lie, and don't mean to begin. Not a stain has been on our character, or any of my people, all that time, and if he hadn't come among us now and then, I'd have given it myself, and—and—Letty—poor lass!" and the man turned away.

"Sholto," said Martin, earnestly, "I know what you'd say, and I'll not ask you to say it. This night I'll go away—me and father both: she sha'n't have this curse upon her. I'll go away, don't ever tell it to her—in time she'll maybe forget me."

"Martin," said the other, "I'm a poor weak man, and perhaps wrong; but I love my child, and I won't bid you stay."

Letty had approached silently while this was said, and had heard every word; but how changed she was! The girl—scarcely more—had suddenly grown in a woman's form. Her face was pale, a resolution had come into that gentle face. She put her hand into Martin's, and looked from one to the other.

"What is this!" she said; "who shall part us—who can?"

"That young man's father knows, girl. Ask him," said her father.

"Then I *will*," said she, calmly, and turned to go to where the old man had been sitting, covering over the stove.

But he too had come near and suddenly spoke:

"Neighbors, you've been kind to me; you've been kind to me; you've been kind to me!" over. For fourteen years I've had about me a dreadful secret, day and night. Day and night she has never left me—Letty here—by with the long black cloak with hanging sleeves, and a black hood with white next the face."

The good lady that had come in the boat stepped back; delicacy, perhaps, made her keep out of sight.

"It happened a good many years ago. I can't remember the time; but it was before I came here, that I was poor, desperately poor. I hadn't been always as I am now. I went into battle and was Harding and myself had gone down the hill together. Lost our work, lost our friends, and lived the last I don't myself know how. I'd a dreadful desperate house, with only a few sticks to call furniture, and often, very often, but hard crusts to eat, or a raw turnip out in the fields. Well, he was a bad fellow, mates; but a rat would have been company, and we used to get together.

"One night we were sitting by the cold hearth, with our bellies empty and our hearts sick—too cold and hungry and lonely to talk or even to think.

"All of a sudden there comes a knock to the door, and I opened it, and there was a stranger want us. It was a lady on a pony, and she asked if we could direct her to some house or place of shelter, for she had lost her way.

"It was a bitter night and raining hard; it wasn't safe for any lady to be abroad that didn't know the coast, and I told her so, and—and—I—I said, 'Madam, we are very poor men, and have but a bare floor and a roof to offer you—it's shelter, though, for a few hours, and you're welcome to it.'

"I'll take it gladly,' says she, and so gets off her pony and comes in. She was a pretty woman with a good voice, and she was dressed in a long cloak with hanging sleeves, and a black hood with white next the face. She had with her a pair of saddle-bags, and she asked us to carry them up stairs for her as they were heavy; and I took them up, and then she went herself to lie down, for she was very tired. As she took us good-night she gave us money, and so with a 'God bless ye!' was gone.

"We sat a long time and never spoke. At last Harding looks at me aside, and says he, 'I think she's asleep.' We listened, and there was no sound.

"'We're very poor,' says he; and then we listened again.

"These saddle-bags were heavy; I still I did not speak. 'Did you hear her say there was money?'

"Still I did not speak. I could not. Mates, I was hungry. Stupid, sick, careless with poverty for days and days and months. Mates, I didn't stir when, with a long, long look, straight into my eyes, a dreadful look, he gets up and slowly creeps up the stairs, stopping and listening on every step. Mates, I didn't stir when I heard the floor above creak once, twice. Mates, I didn't stir off my chair when I heard the rustle of clothes and a dull sort of blow. Mates, d'ye hear me, I didn't shriek—I didn't yell or rush from the house—but sat upon the hearth-stone, and when he had scurried home, to that accursed forever night, when I heard a kind of long, long heavy sigh up in the room above, and I like drew myself together, was found, mates, near drowned, made just before he turned over and died. But as God is up in the universe, although I knew he meant to do her, I spring at him like a tiger when I saw him come down those stairs carrying in his arms the lifeless body of the poor lady.

"He was heavy for me and fling me back; she lying on the ground and never moving while we fought till I was stunned by a full stun the head. Then I got up, came to myself, which I did soon, he was on his knees counting money—gold and silver and bank-notes. He looked up and our eyes met. 'Jack Brunner,' says he, 'it's done now, and it's got to be hid; so you'd better get up and help me, or I shall have to shut your mouth like I did hers.'

"What devil had entered into him that he should have such power over me? I don't know, but I obeyed him. I didn't think of safety for myself, though I knew that nothing could make any one believe that I had a hand in that cursed deed. Mates, don't turn from me; I cried like a child when I knelt down by her side, and took her head in my arms and looked where his knife had cut into her white throat. Then I lifted her up and carried her out.

"I took her out into the cold silent night. I took her out where the stars were shining—for the rain had ceased now—and the moon lit up all around with ghastly light. I took her down by the place where the tide was out and the sand was dry and soft, and I laid her there in a shallow grave scooped out with my hands. I laid her down where her face seemed to move with a sweet smile as if she forgave me, and I didn't cover it up. And I went away, and never looked back, or that house, or Harding any more. And from that day to this she has been with me, and from that day to this she has been left me—by the long cloak with hanging sleeves, and a black hood with white next the face."

With these words a great fear fell upon all there, in that rock-bound dwelling; for as the old man ceased, and, hiding his face, was silent for a long while, a tall form rose from the hearth-stone facing the gloom in which she had stood, and with finger pointed it was seen to be Letty Sholto.

"By the mercy of God, I had not lain in the sand long before a boat came there and found me out as I had prayed it might be delivered me; and I was saved, though my wound was severe, and I was ill for many long months. Living abroad since for many years, I only heard of Harding's death a few days ago; and I thank our Heavenly Father, who has guided me to this place to forgive with my life as in my heart, this deed long ago."

And the strange lady had a sweet face and a gentle voice, and she wore a long cloak with hanging sleeves, and a black hood with white next the face.

Great joy came on all. Old Martin's cry of "A ghost, a ghost!" was loud and shrill, and he fell at her feet with his head in his old strong arms lifted him up, and old Sholto only brushed away tears from his honest face as his daughter took the old man's hand and kissed it with gentle honest, while the strange lady knelt down before a little cross which she took from the chain about her neck.

HON. CALEB CUSHING,

PRESIDENT OF THE CHARLESTON CONVENTION.

We give on the next page a portrait of Hon. Caleb Cushing, who presents, via our pencil, over the Democratic Nominating Convention at Charleston, South Carolina. Mr. Cushing has been frequently and prominently before the public, and his features are familiar to many.

He is a man of sixty years of age, having been born in Essex County, Massachusetts, in 1800. He was bred a lawyer, and practiced for many years at Newburyport, Massachusetts. At the age of twenty-two he published a number of the Massachusetts Legislature, and served two terms. In 1829-'30 he published his first works—a "Review of Fenimore Cooper's Reminiscences of Spain," and beams connected with the *North American Review*, which was then the focus of all the best writing in New England. His first Congressional term began in 1835; he served four consecutive terms with credit, and only relinquished his seat when he went to China by President Tyler. He concluded the famous Cushing Treaty, in which, as a recent well-informed writer says that it is the best treaty ever made with the Chinese either by the Americans or any other foreign power." On the outbreak of the war in Mexico Mr. Cushing, like Mr. Pierce and Mr. Davis, volunteered; and, like them, rose to the rank of Brigadier-General. At the close of the war General Cushing resumed the seat he had formerly occupied in the State Legislature, and held it until, in 1853, he was made a Judge of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts. Under Mr. Pierce, as is known, he became Attorney General, and discharged the duties of that onerous office with fidelity and ability. In March, 1857, he retired to Massachusetts.

Mr. Cushing is an ardent Democrat, rather of the Southern than the Northern school. His choice for President is believed to be Jefferson Davis.

THE SOUTHERN BOLTERS IN CONVENTION.

We give on next page a picture of the Southern bolters from the National Democratic Nominating Convention at Charleston as they met in St. Andrew's Hall on the evening of 30th April. The States represented, in whole or in part, were Alabama, Kentucky, Delaware, South Carolina, Louisiana, Maryland, Virginia, Georgia, and Florida. The assemblage was organized by the election of John C. Preston, of South Carolina, to the chair.

Captain Brand,

OF THE

SCHOONER "CENTIPEDE,"

A PIRATE OF EMINENCE IN THE WEST INDIES:

His Loves and Exploits,

TOGETHER WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE SINGULAR MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE BUCCANEERS.

BY LIEUT. H. A. WISE, U.S.N.

(HARRY GRINGO),

AUTHOR OF "LOS GRINGOS" AND "TALES FOR THE MARINES."

ILLUSTRATED BY

C. PARSONS AND A. LUMLEY.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER XIII.

A MANLY FANDANGO.

TWILIGHTS had taken the place of the red sun, the stars came timidly out one by one, and then in sparkling clusters the brilliant constellations illumined the blue heavens as the rosy twilight faded again away. Then the regular full moon silet came with a tranquil musical sound upon the white pebbly beach, the cracks in the holes and crevices of the rocks began their plaintive whistlings, the frogs and alligators joined in the chorus from the low lagoon in the distance, and the early night of the tropic had begun. But louder far than the hum of the insects and reptiles, and louder than the chorus of the frogs, arose the wild shouts and songs of the pirates carousing, where the torches and wax lights lit up the scene of their orgies until the first light of day. The great mess-room was a blaze of light from candles and lamps, stuck in brackets or held sconce-shaped in the walls, or hanging very in broken chandeliers from the lofty beams. The remains of their feast had been cleared away, and the tables were covered with bottles, cups, and glasses, with boxes of cigars and pans of lighted coals. At one end of the room was a large table, which was laid a dozen deck with a broad silver border—sometimes used by the Padre on great occasions—and covered with cards and piles of Mexican or Spanish dollars. At the other end was a raised platform, where were four or five swarthy fellows with guitars in their hands, strumming away in the clear rattling harmony of Spanish boleros and dances, shrieking out at intervals snatches of songs in time to the music, or twirling the instruments around their heads in a frenzy of excitement. At the floor were more of the excited band vociferating with almost superhuman fluency in various languages their exploits, pausing occasionally to blow the bubbles from their glasses together, and then chattering and yelling on as before. In the centre of the apartment were nearly half dozen of the men, who sat either spinning around the floor in the waltz or moving with a certain air of careless, manly grace, one with another, in the dance of the fandango. There were at the least some sixty or seventy of these fellows in the room together. Most of them were those above the waist high, with silk sashes around their waists, with broad shoulders, large gold ear-rings, bushy whiskers, and curling hair. They were composed from all climes, from Africa to the Mexican Gulf, and their features and complexions partook of every conceivable type, from the jet black and florid complexion of the Swede to the low brow, oval, olive cheek of the Mediterranean, with its coal-black hue and fine tone of the Bight of Benin.

While the uproar was at its height, and the lofty palm roof was ringing with the gay and ribald songs and shouts of the excited crowds, two persons appeared in the door-way at the middle of the room, and entered. In a moment, as the busy revelers beheld them, the din ceased, the music was stayed, the whirling dance came to a tinkling cadence, the glasses stopped clinking, the dollars no longer chinked, and the songs and shouts died away. Each might have heard a real drop for a minute, until one of the individuals who had entered slowly advanced into the room, and threw his right hand aloft in salutation. Then burst forth a hoarse, simultaneous shout of "*Viva nuestro capitan! Viva el Centipede!*"

Captain Brand did not pause until he had reached the centre of the great hall, where he stood calmly looking around upon the motley groups who crowded about in circles at a respectful distance from him; and then amidst the silence he spoke up, in a hasty, off-hand manner:

"Well, my men, I am glad to see you all once more around me. You have not been so successful as I hoped, but we must take the good and ill luck as it comes, and I have no fault to find with you. The times, however, are bad enough; for I have certain news that our retreat here, where we have so long been hid, may be

discovered"—the villains around held their breath and let their cigars lie dead in their mouths—"but," went on their commander, "I shall do all that is prudent in the circumstances for the benefit of all of us; and if we leave here you will still have me for your leader, and my head and heart and blade ever ready to advise or protect you." As he stopped speaking another cheer arose:

"*Viva nuestro amigo! Viva! viva el Centipede y el Capitano!* We stand by you until death!"

"Thank you, my friends; I have but one more word to say. The men who have the relief at the signal stations and the water battery must keep sober. Now go on again with the music."

The Captain, however, did not immediately quit the hall, but while the revel began once more with all its enthusiasm, he moved amidst the crowd of his adherents and said a cheerful word to many:

"Ah, Pepe! your arm in a sling, eh! a graze of a grape-shot, eh? Why, Hans, you here! nothing can hurt *you*? Well, Monsieur Antoine, how well thou art looking, and that pretty sweet-heart of thine at St. Lucie! Bah! never look sad, man; thou shalt see her again. What, my jolly Jack Tar! an ugly scratch that across your jaw—a splinter, eh? Never mind; a little plaster and half allowance of grog will put you all right again. So good-night, my friends! Adios!"

Saying these words, all addressed to the individuals in their different languages, he gave a graceful wave of his hand and passed out of the building. As he rejoined his friend, the Commander of the *Panchito*—who had waited at the threshold, while his wary glim of an eye searched the faces and read the thoughts of all the villains who clustered about the room—they both stepped out into the court-yard and sauntered pleasantly on toward the crag. They had not, however, proceeded many paces before they encountered the Padre and the Doctor.

"Ah!" exclaimed the Captain, who was in advance, "how goes it with my Doctor?" shaking his hand as he spoke. "Oh, mi Padre, how art thou?" turning to Ricardo.

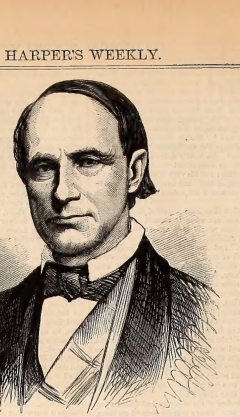
"Salve, my son! not been so well this morning with the old rheumatism in my head."

"Drunk!" said sententiously the Doctor.

Then again with a gay laugh to the other, "Well, my Doctor, your first cruise has not been so pleasant in the *Centipede* as I hoped it might be, but the next may be more agreeable."

"Perhaps so, Captain Brand; but I shall have a word or two with you on that subject to-morrow; and in the mean while, Señor, I brought a little boy back with me who is ill with fever, and my quarters are so stifling hot, and the air from the lagoon is so bad, that I would like to stow him for a day or so, with your permission, in your quarters, where it is cooler."

"Certainly, Doctor; why not? my house and all in it are at your service. By-the-way, I was about to ask you and the Padre to dine with me and Don Ignacio there. Will you join us? Yes? Then let us move on, for dinner must be ready by this time, and it would be a sin to keep Babette waiting." Excusing himself for a few minutes, the Doctor went for his sick charge and returned with him in his arms to the Pirate's dwelling.



HON. CALEB CUSHING, PRESIDENT OF THE DEMOCRATIC NOMINATING CONVENTION.—[SEE PRECEDING PAGE.]

CHAPTER XIV.

A PIRATE'S DINNER.

When the guests had assembled in the Pirate's saloon it was some minutes before their host appeared. When, however, he did step into the room from his private apartment adjoining, he was altogether an outward man of a different appearance than he presented in the early morning. In place of the loose sailor summer rig which he then wore he was now attired as a gentleman of elegant fashion of the time in which we write. His lower limbs—and very neat and straight they were—were clothed with flesh-colored silk stockings, and fitted into a pair of pointed-toed pumps with buckles of brilliants that a duchess might have envied. A pair of white cassimere breeches, which set off to advantage his well-shaped leg, were tied in a dainty bow of rose-colored satin ribbon below the knee, and fitted him like a second skin. His waistcoat was of rose-colored watered silk embroidered with silver, and which, with its flaps and ample proportions, was half-way hidden by a dress-coat of green velvet. This last garment had a sort of navy cut, with standing collar richly laced with silver, gold buttons in a double row of the size of doubloons, with loose sleeves and cuffs heavily laced with silver also. His linen was of the most gossamer fineness, the collar thrown slightly back and confined by a single clasp of rubies the size of beans, while below was a frill of cambric ruffles sparkling with opal studs framed in diamonds. The ruffles, too, at his wrist were of the most beautiful point lace, secured by royal brilliants, and he was altogether a dandy of such princely magnificence that the courtiers of the days of the old French monarchy might have taken him for a study. His manner, likewise, was every way in keeping with his splendid attire; and the ease and grace with which he excused himself to his guests for keeping them waiting certainly denoted a knowledge of a higher order of breeding and society than that in which his lot had been cast. From the very moment of his entrance, however, Don Ignacio had measured him at a glance. His single glittering eye of jet had taken him in from the laced collar of his coat to the buckles of his shoes. Not a jewel in his dress, from the flaming opals in his bosom to the brilliant stones at his wrists, and down to the sparkling clusters at his feet, did not his own uneasy optic drink in the flash and estimate the value. Nay, he calculated by instinct the weight of the gold buttons on his coat and the price of the exquisite lace which fell in snowy folds about his hands. Oh, a rum mulatto-manician was Don Ignacio! What greedy thoughts, too, passed through that little Spaniard's brain? Ah! thought he, shall I take my debt in those priceless gems, each one the ransom of a princess, which the old Capitaine General may one of these days reclaim? Hola! no! Or shall I receive more negotiable commodities in gold, cochineal, or silk? Well! veremos! we shall see!

The effect produced upon the good Padre Ricardo was altogether different. As the Captain burst with all his glorious raiment upon him he started back, and bowing before him—as if he were Saint Paul himself, and his idolater for the first time kneeling at high mass in St. Peter's—he seized his superior's white hand and kissed it with fervent devotion. Not satisfied with this mark of respect, he raised his dingy paws, holding his crucifix before him, and murmured, in a sort of ecstasy,

"*Mi hijo! mi Capitano! que brillante!* My son! my Captain! what a brilliant being you are!" Singularly in contrast, however, was the effect produced upon the Doctor, who merely raised his dark eyes in an abstracted gaze, gave a careless and rather contemptuous nod of recognition, and then turned to examine one of the richly inlaid cabinets which adorned the saloon. All these various phases of sympathy, attraction, or contempt, flickered like a sunbeam into Captain Brand's reflecting brain, as with a delicately perfumed handkerchief in one hand, and a gold enameled and diamond incrusted snuff-

MEETING OF THE SOUTHERN SECEDERS FROM THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION AT ST. ANDREW'S HALL, CHARLESTON, APRIL 20, 1860.—[SEE PRECEDING PAGE.]

"THEN BURST FORTH A HOARSE, SIMULTANEOUS SHOUT OF 'VIVA NUESTRO AMIGO! VIVA EL CAPITANO!'"

box in the other, he bowed gracefully to his visitors and seated himself at table.

The table was now rolled out into the centre of the saloon, laid with a snowy white damask cloth, and covered with the equipage for a banquet. At either corner were noble branches of solid silver candelabra, which would have graced an altar, as perhaps they had, and holding clusters of wax lights, which shed their rays over the display below. In the centre arose a huge epergne of silver, fashioned into the shape of a drooping palm-tree, whose leaves were of frosted silver, and about the trunk playing a wilderness of monkeys. Beneath, around the board, were cut-glass decanters, flat bulbous flasks of colored Bohemian glass, crystal goblets, delicate and almost shadowy wine-cups from Venice, silver wine coolers, all mingled in a heterogeneous collection of rare china and silver dishes. Such wines, too, as filled those vessels! Not a prime or negrace, in all the lands where the vine is planted, could boast of so rare and exquisite a collection. Pure, thin, rain-water Madeira, full threescore years in bottle! Pale, limpid Port, whose color had long since gone with age, and left only the swallikbs color flasks of Johannisberg of nearly light; bottles of Tokay for lips of Cardinals; tall, slim stems of the taper flasks of the Rhine. The ruby hues of wine from the Rhone stood clustering about amidst pyramids of pine-apples, oranges, and bananas—and all loading the air of the saloon with their delicious fragrance.

When the party had become fairly seated around the board, and while the host was busying out the soup from an enormous silver tureen with a tea-cup—for it did not appear that he had ever been presented in the usual way with a ladle—fishing out the floating morsels of rich calipee, with the delicate frills of his sleeve turned back, he began the conversation in the Castilian language:

"Well, amigos, we are talking our last feast together, I fear, on this little cluster of rocks for a long time to come. Another spoonful, Doctor?"

"How!" exclaimed the Padre, as he stuffed a wedge of turtle fat in his oily mouth and opened his round black eyes to their fullest extent in manifest surprise.

"*Como, mi hijo?*" he repeated, as he passed a dirty paw over his smooth chin and looked inquiringly.

"Yes, Holy Father, our good friend Don Ignacio here has brought us somewhat startling intelligence. Capital soup this. I shall give Babette a dollar. Yes, the eagles and vultures are after us; all the West India fleet; the Lord only knows how many ships, and brigs, and gunboats. Glass of Madeira with you, Doctor?"—wiping his thin lips with a corner of the damask table-cloth as he spoke—"and they have tampered, too, with my old friends, the Customhouse people—take away the tureen, Babette—and in point of fact, I shouldn't be the least surprised to see a swarm of those navy gentlemen off the reef here at my moment. A sharp knife, Babette, for these teal; a duck should be cut not torn. Try that Moselle, Don Ignacio, I know your fancy for light wines. This was given me by a—Captain—[on my soul, I forget his name; he had such a pretty wife—Madame Matilde!—glancing at the frame of miniatures on the wall—"sweet creature she was! took quite a fancy for me, I believe, and might have been sitting here at this moment, but—a—really I forget her other name! However, it makes no difference—the wine is called Moselle."

Now be it here observed that Don Ignacio drank very little wine or stimulants of any sort, and never by any chance a drop from any vessel which, with his single bright eye, he did not see his host first indulge in. This self-imposed sacrifice may have been owing to his diffidence, or modesty, or deference to Captain Brand, or perhaps other and private reasons of his own; but yet he never broke through that rule of politeness and abstemiousness. Sometimes, indeed, he carried his principles so far as to refuse a meat or the fruits which his host had not partaken of, and always with a slow shake of his brown forefinger, as if he did not like even to smell the dish presented to him.

"What! not even a sip of that nectar, compadre mio?"

The compadre shook his digit and observed that drinking nectar sometimes made people sick.

The Captain laughed gayly, and said, "Ah! learning to drink does the harm, and not the art when properly acquired." During all the foregoing interlude the Doctor remained in his grave, calm way, and only when the Captain alluded to the lady whose husband's name escaped him did he show signs of interest. Then his eye followed the look toward the miniature, and his jaws came together with a slight grating spasm.

Padre Ricardo, however, was in excellent sympathetic spirits, eating and drinking like a glutton of all within his reach, and turning his full eyes, at times, as if to a deity, upon his friend the Captain. Once he spoke:

"But, my son, you were talking of leaving this quiet retreat, where we have passed so many happy hours."

"Yes, friend of my soul! Those fellows with commissions, and pennants at their mast-heads, and guns and what not, are determined to do us a mischief." The devout Padre crossed himself and pressed the crucifix to his greasy lips. "Ay! they would no doubt arraign us before some one of their legal tribunals! Put us in prison, perhaps; or maybe give us a slight squeeze in a rope or iron collar?" The Padre groaned audibly, and dropped the wing of a teal he was gnawing, forgetting, strange as it may seem, to cross himself. "Hola, mi Padre! cheer up! We are worth a million of dead men yet! The world is wide, the sea open, and a stout plank under our feet and one of these fellows"—here he balanced a long carving knife, dripping with blood-red gravy, in his hand—"in our belts, who can stop us?"

There was the cold, ferocious-eyed gleam of a dying shark in the speaker's eyes as he went on with his carving; but the priest gave a jerk of trepidation with his chin, and appeared anxious to hear more. "Don Ignacio, a bit of this roast guana; it's quite white and tender. No? Babette, give me some of that rabbit stew?" The one-eyed individual was likewise helped to some of that savory ragout, and proceeded to pick the bones with much care and deliberation.

"Still trust, my Padre! Come, come, this will never do. Join me in a bumper of this generous old Port. Bueno! may we attain the same age! But—the—the—where did this wine come from?"—holding up the decanter between the light and his one bright eye.

Don Ignacio's glittering optic pierced clear through the light ruby medium of the wine, cut-glass decanter and all, as he forcively watched his host, and was prepared to dodge in case the heavy vessel should slip out of the Captain's hand. Such things had happened, and might again; besides, a hard flint substance with a multitude of sharp projections, two or three inches thick and five or six pounds in weight, falling on a man's head might kill him. The Don thought of all this, and twitched something up his sleeve with his hand under the table. But Captain Brand, it seemed, had no intention of smashing his elegant dinner set of glass, and putting down the decanter and raising a finger to his forehead, he said, "How did that wine come into my possession?"

"Somebody gave it to you, perhaps. Quien sabe? who knows?" suggested Don Ignacio.

Without heeding the interruption the Captain's eye rested on the brilliant snuff-box on the table beside him, where the letter L was set in diamonds and blue enamel on the back, and catching it with a rap, his face lighted up, and as he took a pinch and passed the box to the Padre, he exclaimed, "Ah! now I remember my old friend—the Portuguese Countess from Oporto. Dios de mi alma! God of my soul! what a stately beauty was her daughter!"

Here Captain Brand sneezed, and drawing a delicately perfumed lace handkerchief from his waistcoat pocket blew his nose. Meanwhile the box went round the table; Padre Ricardo took a huge pinch with his dirty paws, and feasted his eyes upon the precious lid. The Doctor scarcely gave the elegant bauble a glance as he helped himself. The Don, however, examined it with the eye of a connoisseur, and not only that, but he threw a spark at the Captain's flashy waistcoat, and thought he detected some other article in the capacious pockets besides the handkerchief. Perhaps he may have been mistaken and perhaps not, though he was so very suspicious an old villain that he sometimes did his friends injustice. Nor did he put his thin brown fingers with the few grains of snuff he had dipped from the box to his sheep-skin nostrils till he had watched the effect it had produced on those around him.

"Ah! my friends, I remember distinctly now all about it," continued the Captain, as he returned the kerchief and shook a few specks of the titillating dust from his paint lace sleeve; "it is about three years ago, just before you came to live with me, Padre, that we fell in with a large ship bound to Porto Rico. She had been disabled in an awful hurricane, which had taken two of her masts clean off at the decks, and was leaking badly. We, too, had been a little hurt in the same gale, and having made a pretty good season I was anxious to get back here and give the crews a rest. Well, we made out the ship about an hour before sunset, and it was quite dark before we came up with her. There she lay, rolling like a log, though there was not much sea on, and we could hear her chain pumps clanking, and saw the water spouting out from her scuppers as pure almost as it went into her hold. As we came up alongside, they hailed me for assistance, and said the ship was sinking and could not live till morning. Of course I could give them no actual assistance, situated as I was"—here the narrator smiled—"it would have been simply absurd, you know; the idea of my putting men on board to keep her afloat for the nearest gibber, I did not dream of. However, I determined to make her a visit, and if there should be any thing to save from the wreck in an undamaged condition, why I should look around: not too much of that Port, Padre; think of your rheumatism in the morning! Doctor, you don't drink! Well, going on board, I found two lady passengers: the wife and daughter of an old Judge of the island of Porto Rico, with half a dozen servants, who were all screaming, and praying, and beseeching me to save them—all but one, a tall, graceful girl, with a large India shawl wrapped around her shoulders, her white arms glancing through the folds, and a pair of dark, liquid, almond-shaped eyes, such as I had never before seen. The fact is, my friends, I had always before fancied them. But there stood this girl with eyes like a wounded stag; I saw her in a moment, as she leaned up against the weather bulwarks, by the light of the open cabin-door. Babette, take away all but the wine and fruit and bring fire. Pass that box this way, if you please, compadre! Thank you."

Don Ignacio seemed to have an affection for the trifle, and had counted the brilliants over and over again, and made a mental calculation of their weight and value; but when he did move it as he was desired, his greedy eye followed it with fascination.

"Yes, it's very pretty, and I set a great store by it," parenthesized the host, as he resumed his tale:

"The girl never screamed or even spoke, and amidst all the hubbub of a drunken skipper and a disorderly crew she remained quiet and unmoved. To rouse the people, I told them that I would stay by the ship and do what I could for them. At this the old lady clasped me around the neck and kissed me, and blubbered over me more than she ever did, I imagined, to the old Spanish Judge, her husband—imploring me too, by all the saints she could think of, to take herself and daughter out of the sinking vessel at once. You may believe that I would much rather have been treated in that way by the lovely girl with the wonderful eyes instead of the fat, rancid, old woman beside her; but there was no help for it just then, and so I consented, with all the professions of sympathy I could make, to do as she desired.

Here the Captain lit a pure Havana, and after a few puffs and a sip of Port, continued:

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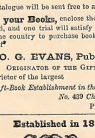

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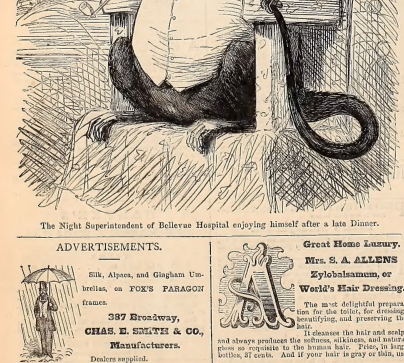

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. IV.—No. 177.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1860. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

HON. JOHN BELL, OF TENNESSEE, "UNION" CANDIDATE FOR PRESIDENT.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY HUGHES, OF NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.]

THE UNION CANDIDATES.

THE Party "of the Union and the Constitution," which met at Baltimore on 9th May, organized without difficulty, and on the second ballot nominated for President Hon. John Bell, of Tennessee. Hon. Edward Everett, of Massachusetts, was subsequently nominated for Vice-President. We give herewith portraits of both candidates.

HON. JOHN BELL, OF TENNESSEE.

Hon. John Bell was born near Nashville, Tennessee, on the 15th of February, 1797, and passed his early days among the honest and sagacious cultivators of the soil.

Entering Cumberland College, afterward the Nashville University, young Bell graduated in 1816, and two years afterward had mastered his legal studies and was admitted to the bar. Establishing himself at Franklin, Williamson County, he was at once recognized as one eminently well qualified to represent the people; and in 1817, when but twenty years of age, he was elected a State Senator. His début was brilliant; but he declined a re-election, preferring to devote himself to the practice of his profession.

In 1826 he became a candidate for Congress against Felix Grundy, one of the most popular men in the State of Tennessee, and who had the powerful support of Andrew Jackson, then a candidate for the Presidency against John Quincy Adams. Mr. Bell was elected. By successive elections he continued a member of the House of Representatives for fourteen years.

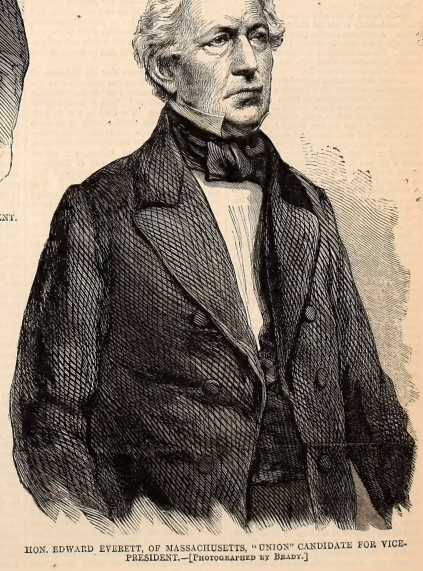
He entered Congress a warm admirer of Mr. Calhoun, and strongly opposed to the protective system, against which he made a speech in 1832. Subsequent investigations and reflection induced him to change his opinions on that subject. He was opposed to the appropriation of money by the general Government for roads and canals in the States, except in the case of some great road for military purposes, like the Pacific Railroad, and in favor of the policy of improving the great rivers and lake harbors. With all his apparent admiration for Mr. Calhoun, Mr. Bell opposed the South Carolina doctrine of nullification, and was made Chairman of the Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives, with special reference to the questions connected with that subject which might have to be considered and reported on. For ten years he was Chairman of the Committee on Indian Affairs.

He was in favor of a United States Bank, though he voted against the bill for its recharter in 1832, because, as it is alleged, he believed that the subject was brought up at that time—four years before the expiration of the old charter—merely to defeat General Jackson in the ensuing Presidential election, and because he was afraid the President would veto the bill, which proved to be the case. He protested against the removal of the deposits, and refused to vote for a resolution approving that measure. This refusal was one of the causes which led to the subsequent breach between himself and President Jackson and the Democratic party, and finally to his co-operation with the Whigs. This change of party relations was much accelerated by his election to the Speakership of the House of Representatives in 1834.

In June of that year Mr. Stevenson resigned the chair upon being nominated Minister to Great Britain, and Mr. Bell was elected to succeed him, in opposition to James K. Polk, afterward President of the United States, who was the candidate of the Administration and of the Democratic party. Mr. Bell was supported by the Whigs and a portion of the Democratic party who were opposed to the intended nomination of Martin Van Buren as successor to General Jackson. The principal ground of Mr. Bell's opposition to Mr. Van Buren was his strong disapproval of the system of removals from subordinate offices for political reasons—a system which Mr. Van Buren had zealously promoted in the party conflicts of the State of New York; and which, it was supposed, he intended to carry out to its full extent in the administration of the Federal Government. The final separation between Mr. Bell and General Jackson took place in 1835, when Mr. Bell declared himself in favor of Judge White for the Presidency, in opposition to Mr. Van Buren. Up to that time there had been no opposition in Tennessee to General Jackson's Administration, and it was generally supposed that his personal and political influence could not fail to subdue the opposition raised by Judge White and his friends. The whole force of the Administration was exerted to this end. Judge White carried the State by a large majority, and Mr. Bell was re-elected to Congress. An impulse was given to the political character of Tennessee, which arrayed it in opposition to the Democracy during the four succeeding Presidential elections, 1840-'44-'48-'52.

When the reception of petitions for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia was agitated in the House of Representatives, in 1836, Mr. Bell alone, of the Tennessee delegation, favored their reception. Subsequently, in 1838, when Atherton's resolutions were introduced, proposing to receive and lay these petitions on the table, he maintained his consistency by voting in the negative.

General Harrison, when elected President, invited Mr. Bell to enter his Cabinet as Secretary of War, a position which he resigned after Mr. Tyler became President. He was then tendered a seat in the Senate, but declined in favor of Mr. Foster. In 1847 he was elected, and in 1853 re-elected, a United States Senator from Tennessee; and his course in favor of the Compromise Measures, the internal improvement bills, the increase of our steam-navy, a Pacific railroad, agricultural colleges, and other similar measures, was as marked as was his opposition to the Nebraska Bill, the Lecompton Constitution, extravagant expenditures, and threats of disunion.



HON. EDWARD EVERETT, OF MASSACHUSETTS, "UNION" CANDIDATE FOR VICE-PRESIDENT.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BEADY.]

Since his retirement from public life he has resided at his home in Nashville, where his accomplished wife and daughters are ever ready to join him in extending genuine Tennessee hospitality to their numerous friends.

HON. EDWARD EVERETT, OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Mr. Everett, the golden-mouthed orator, was born at Dorchester, Massachusetts, in 1794. The son of a New England clergyman, he was educated with the care which such a father was likely to bestow on a son. His precocious was the fact, at thirteen he matriculated at Harvard, and graduated with honors four years later. His aptitude as a linguist was so notorious that the ruling powers of Harvard College kept their eye on him; and soon after he left the University, before he was twenty-one, he was offered the professorship of Greek, with the condition that, if he accepted it, he must spend three years in European travel, in order to fit himself for his duties.

In 1819 Mr. Everett entered upon the discharge of his duties as Professor of Greek; and shortly afterward, the editorship of the *North American Review* falling vacant, he assumed charge of that journal, and raised it to a high rank in literature.

In 1824, when Mr. Everett was thirty years of age, he began, simultaneously, his career as a politician and as an orator. An exhibit which he delivered in presence of the venerable Lafayette in that year attracted universal attention to his extraordinary powers; and from that time forth he became one of the leading orators of the country. In the same year he was sent to Congress from Middlesex. In the House he was chiefly noted for his industrious habits and vast learning. He was an invaluable man on committees. On all debates of importance his voice was heard; but he never sought to make speeches for the sake of hearing his own voice. What he said was brief and to the point. Thus, especially from New England, frequently thronged the House when he was to speak, in the expectation of hearing a grand oration; but they were generally disappointed. Mr. Everett never made a show of oratory in the House.

After ten years arduous labor in Congress, Mr. Everett was elected Governor of Massachusetts, which office he held, to the satisfaction of the people of that State for four consecutive years. In 1839 he was again a candidate, but was defeated by one vote out of over 100,000 cast. This defeat happily left him free to accept the mission to England, which was tendered him by the administration of Mr. Van Buren.

He was absent four years, during which time he won golden opinions from persons of every class in England. Among the statesmen who stand as high as Edward Everett in the British judgment at the present time. He was described by an English man at a table where we happened to be as a very important questions, yet so conciliatory as to leave any one to suppose that he was ready to yield every point in dispute and nothing as a mere argument "stuffed full of facts," and "as obstinate a Yankee as you could meet with in a month's journey in New England."

On his return to his own country he assumed the Presidentship of his old University at Cambridge. At that moment he had happily placed him beyond the necessity of daily labor for a livelihood. He was enabled to indulge to his heart's content in the studies which were dear to him, and which are the best solace of life.

Accident disturbed his pleasing labors. He was unexpectedly called to fill a leading office in the Cabinet—the Secretaryship of State. He abandoned his library, and betook himself to the drudgery of official life with as much cheerfulness as he had displayed when his first public honors burst upon him. His most important public act—his letter on the Texas question—was indited and published after his resignation of office; but the character of the man gave it importance; and there is reason to believe that it was not without influence on the mind of the leading statesmen of England. A subsequent and senatorial career justified the expectations which had been entertained of Mr. Everett. He played the part of a philosopher and a sage, and held himself aloof from the petty squabbles of politicians.

His subsequent career has been tranquil. He has appeared in public as an orator only. His oration on Charity; his oration on Washington; the profits of which are destined for the Washington Monument, and which has done more for that structure than all the private contributions of the public put together; his oration on Astronomy at the opening of the Cincinnati Astronomical Hall, in August, 1856, are master-pieces of eloquence which will live for centuries after Burke, and Sheridan, and Patrick Henry, and will be learned by boys in schools in ages far hidden in the future. If every one who has been charmed by Mr. Everett's orations votes for him he will probably preside over the Senate from 1861 to 1865.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1860.

OUR DIRTY LINEN AIRED ABROAD.

THE dirty linen which our Representatives in Congress and our metropolitan journals have been airing in Investigating Committees and leading articles has at length attracted attention abroad, and we are favored with a letter from Lord Macaulay, a speech from Earl Grey, and several articles in the London *Times* on the decline and fall of the Republic of the United States. The authorities of Lord Macaulay's assault upon American institutions is doubtful; his secretary and confidential friend assures the public that the great historian held opinions absolutely contrary to those expressed in the letter to Mr. Randall. But of the genuineness of the Grey and *Times* jeremiads there is no question. Their weight and authority are impaired, indeed, by the circumstance that both Earl Grey and the *Times* are opposing Lord John Russell's new Reform Bill, which, being democratic in its tendency, is liable to be injured by any exposition of the evils of democracy. Both assailants are interested, and therefore unreliable witnesses. But let that pass. Several of our own journals, more or less influenced by party political considerations, are disposed to admit the truth of Earl Grey's charges against this country; it is therefore worth while to look into them.

Earl Grey says: 1. That "the checks" provided by "the framers of the federal Constitution" against "the dangers of an unbalanced democracy" have been "almost swept away." I. When, and where? Whatever "checks" the federal Constitution may have originally contained against "the dangers of an unbalanced democracy" is existing still; for it has never been altered since the days of Washington and Jefferson. The Earl's knowledge of history is at fault.

2. He adds, that "it is admitted that the ablest and most enlightened citizens of the United States are absolutely excluded from all share in the government." I. Where is the mere idle rhodomontade of partisan presses and partisan speakers. The very contrary is the truth. The ablest and most enlightened citizens of the United States are to be found in the ranks of our political parties, and nowhere else. Where will you find, in private life, men of the ability of Webster, Clay, Calhoun, James Buchanan, William H. Seward, Jefferson Davis, James Guthrie, Nathaniel P. Banks, John A. Dix, and a dozen other eminent political leaders of the day? Is it in letters? The foremost historian of the country was Secretary of the Navy, and is a political leader; Mr. Everett has been Minister to England, Secretary of State, Hawthorne has just returned from the Liverpool consulship; Mr. Bryant is a leader of the Republican party. Is it in law? With rare exceptions all the foremost politicians of the day are also the leading lawyers of the country, and have abandoned the highest prizes at the bar for the more arduous and responsible duties. The men may be found, doubtless, in the ranks of science who are not politicians; but who would want Agassiz, or Dr. Carnochan, or Professor Peirce to study? Is it in literature? Who would eagerly would—by attempting a Congressional career? With the exception of these latter, all the commanding minds of the country are to be found in one or other of our political parties; and so far from its being true that ability and enlightenment are a bar to political influence, it may be asserted that they never were, and never was, a country in which able and enlightened men were so sure of that influence as they are here.

3. Earl Grey charges that the influence of the mob on our politics has imparted "an unscrupulous, overbearing tone" to our "dealings with foreign nations." This is a most English perversion of fact. The truth is, that no freeborn nation in the world submits to as much bullying by foreign powers as the United States. Our foreign Ministers and consuls, our navy and Congressmen and editors, are valiant enough in the newspapers and at Tammany Hall; but their despatches, their dispatches, they roar as gently as any sucking dove. Look at the unparalleled forbearance of the United States in the Enlistment dispute: at the mock way in which we suffer France to seize our Essential tolls on our shipping; at the long-suffering patience with which the Sound Dues question was compromised; the humiliating manner in which we submit to Spanish insolence, at the cowardly tolerance of Mexican assaults upon our countrymen; at the whole course of American diplomacy for the past twenty years; and let any honest man say whether weak and conciliatory are not more fitting epithets to apply to it than unscrupulous and overbearing! Earl Grey betrays himself when he adds that, but for England's forbearance to unstreating us as "spoilt children"—there would have been a war between this country and Great Britain before this. We never had a dispute with England in which we did not yield something of what our people deemed their fair rights for the sake of peace. We always have yielded, and always will yield—because we believe that yielding is, on the whole, less costly and troublesome than fighting. Earl Grey's approach reminds one of the footpad who took a gentleman's watch, hat, and boots; but, on his victim's pleading that he could not walk without boots, restored the latter, exclaiming that he never met so unconscionable and overbearing a fellow, and pray what would he want to bully him out of next?

4. Earl Grey charges that, while the commercial policy of England has been directed toward the removal of restrictions on commerce, ours "has maintained the narrowest system of exploded protection." This, as every one knows, is simply not true. The last two tariffs have each been steps toward free trade; and no man of any character in this country wishes to revive protective duties. At the same time, it must be remembered that protection never pressed as heavily on our people as it did on the pauper laborers of England, and there was the less necessity to be in a hurry to change our system.

5. Earl Grey complains of the coarseness and vulgarity of our Congressional proceedings. This is singularly suggestive of the remark of the exquisite in the old play, who was shocked at the rough dirt which defiled the clothes of soldiers in battle, and inquired why fighting could not be carried on in a gentlemanly way, so that a gentleman could go into battle and yet keep his clothes clean and not soil his ruffles? It is very easy for Englishmen to be grandly polite and ceremonious in Parliament when they have no topics for discussion more exciting than church rates, or the substitution of a £5 for a £10 franchise; but if Parliament had a vital, all-engrossing theme before it like American Slavery, members would as soon forget their good-breeding as our Congressmen do, and squires whose whole patrimony was at stake would be as violent in its defense as Mr. Barksdale or Governor M'Rae. Let a bill be introduced into the British Parliament for the abolition of primogeniture, or the confiscation of the estates of absentees, and then let us look out for polite discussion, elegant language, and courteous forbearance. The *Congressional Globe* contains no grosser instances of coarse language and violent temper than are to be found in Hansard on every occasion when the public mind in England has been profoundly stirred. In France, during the Constituent Assembly, there was an average of two or three duels every morning, growing out of the previous day's debate. The fact, politeness and courtesy are excellent things; but they are only to be expected to find them in debates which turn on the question whether people shall be robbed of their property or their lives.

6. Earl Grey makes a great point about the corruption which pervades our politics. The charge is well founded. Our State legislatures are generally corrupt. There are corrupt men in Congress; and the distribution of federal patronage is on a corrupt principle. There is a vast deal of corruption in our electoral business, which, however, is mainly due to our being blessed with a large influx of countrymen of Earl Grey, who are ignorant and unprincipled, and who are willing to sell their own votes to prevent the polling of other men's votes. But, after all, in this matter who shall throw the first stone? In the English journal in which we find the report of Earl Grey's speech several columns are devoted to an inquiry into a case of bribery at an English election; and we have reason to believe that there are generally even more merchantable throughout Great Britain than here. Not many years since a wealthy Englishman wanted to get into Parliament for a specific purpose, and came to an agent—the procuring of Parliamentary seats is a regular business in England—paid the sum demanded, and was duly elected. He achieved his purpose; but, being an economical man, he thought he would try what money could do. The borough which he represented sent two members to Parliament. The moral election came round on, he visited his Parliamentary agents and inquired the price of securing the other seat in his pocket for a ticket-of-leave man—a discharged convict, who had annoyed his neighborhood by getting drunk and breaking windows. A large sum was mentioned—and paid. In due time the ticket-of-leave man took his seat in the House. Shortly after the organization this eccentric member rose to resign his seat. He said that he felt he was not wanted there. His colleague—who had contented himself for a few years since, had been transported, restored to his home on a ticket of leave, and elevated to a seat in Parliament—was at once exposed to such a storm of hisses as to cause him to resign his seat. So far as his own seat was concerned, it was his intention to have a Parliamentary career of it, and he had no doubt that, with a sufficient sum of money, his efficient Parliamentary agents would have him elected.

This story, we think, will fairly balance the gossip about corrupt contracts on which Earl Grey dwells with so much unction; and we have not wasted time in referring to the recent exposures of corruption in the British navy yards, in the commissariat, and in the army. Earl Grey writing us with political corruptions is like the bituminator complaining of the voracity of the tom-tit.

We need not say that we are not blind to the great evils which embarrass the working of our political system. Very few presses have denounced them with more earnestness than ourselves. But we do not believe that they are inherent in, or consequences of, that system; nor can we see any other which offers a fair prospect of their alleviation. If it were possible to erect a monarchy or an oligarchy in this country, there is no reason for supposing that the change would afford any relief, while it would certainly entail new inconveniences from which we are now free. We believe, honestly, that in the intelligent masses of this country there is a desire and a capacity to cure the more flagrant abuses of our political affairs. The all-engrossing Slavery controversy at present diverts attention from the subject. Were that settled—even for a brief period—the work of reform would be commenced, and a very few simple provisions of law and administration would work a great improvement. We do not believe that twenty-five millions of educated men are incapable of self-government. In every society the friends of good government must largely outnumber the advocates of that which is bad; and when people learn that self-government involves a duty as well as a privilege, the rogues will necessarily be swamped. 'Tis a mere question of time; and for our part, despite Earl Grey, we are proud to say that we do not despair of the Republic.

BANK THIEVES.

THE Cashier of the Union Bank, in London, has just been detected in a petty defalcation of $1,300,000. The Union Bank kept its account with the Bank of England, as New York bankers keep their account with the Bank of Commerce, or the Republic, or the Metropolitan. The Cashier had two pass-books, one of which went to the Bank of England daily, and showed the true balance due the Union Bank; the other went to the Accountant of the Union Bank, and showed just the balance which the Cashier chose to leave. By skillfully watching sleight of hand with the two the Cashier was enabled to carry on a system of defalcation for five years; was able through the year 1857 without detection, and to steal and to lose in stock speculations over a million and a quarter of pounds. This, we believe, the greatest defalcation on record.

A wholesome moral may be drawn from it. Efficient supervision of the affairs of the Union Bank by the President and Directors would have brought the fraud to light within a month —before the bank had lost any money worth mentioning. Their neglect costs the bank $1,300,000. Are there any instances in this country which are left exclusively to the management of cashiers, and whose ruling authorities are content with a formal appearance of supervision?

We have seen a good many defalcations in American banks, but we never knew of any which ought not to have been prevented and guarded against. As a general rule, in this country, defalcations are committed by clerks, tellers, and cashiers, who fall into extravagant habits, speculate, or live profusely, and naturally defray their expenses out of the moneys which pass through their hands. In nine cases out of ten the expenditures of defaulting clerks have been for months or years a marvel and a puzzle to their entire acquaintance, save only the officers of the bank which they were robbing. It almost invariably turns out in their trial that every body foresaw the result except the parties directly interested therein. A little care on the part of their employers, a reasonable watchfulness over their habits and acquaintance, would, in nine cases out of ten, have saved all. Had the President of the plundered bank taken the trouble to "keep track" of the defaulter in his private life there would have been no defalcation.

This Union Bank case is different in character; it reminds one of the Schuyler frauds. The Cashier had been many years in the bank, was trusted, and was respected for his industry and ability as a banker. Having won this trust and respect, he was held to be above suspicion—whence the catastrophe. Bankers should learn from the case that, in banking business no man should be so implicitly trusted as not to be subject to supervision. Presidents must not blindly trust cashiers; directors must not blindly trust presidents; shareholders must not blindly trust directors. Human nature—in speculative communities—should never be exposed to too cruel temptation; the man who is not rigidly honest if he knows he is watched may fall away through weakness when he sees that detection is unlikely. Nor should any bank president rely upon what is stupidly called "a system of checks." The "system of checks" in use at the Union Bank of London is said to have been the most perfect in the world; yet we see how thoroughly it was evaded, and for five long years! There never was a "system of checks" which a smart rogue could not evade.

The case for bank managers, and the only safe plan, is—first, to know all their employés socially, to see how they live, with whom, at what cost, with what relationships, and what habits; and, secondly, never to trust any servant of the bank in any thing, but always, at proper intervals, to ascertain by personal inspection the true condition of affairs. A careful observance of these rules would render defalcations impossible.

THE LOUNGER.

THE ANNIVERSARIES.

UNIVERSAL benevolence has had its long week of festival. The annual meeting, mingling, and talking have taken place. Causes of every variety and grade of importance have been heard in their defense, explanation, and glorification. The sus-

perfluous steam of feeling which accumulates during the year has been blown off at the safety-valve of an anniversary meeting, with endless speeches. Earl Grey had better reconsider his diatribes. Let him contemplate anew our religious and benevolent character, calculated in hard Federal currency.

It is easy to joke about the speechifying; much easier than it is, by-the-by, to make speeches. For if we have the "gift of the gab" in this country, we are apt to indulge it in "long and windy" good article." His lordship might perhaps take notice that the parliamentary quality of speaking would not serve on occasions. Public orations in which eloquence is in bad taste are not the orations Yankee Doodle is wont to hear. He prefers his ale of the triple X, and entirely eschews the lighter wines of the Continent.

Therefore during every anniversary week there is a great deal of good, hearty talk, and of the most earnest and stimulating eloquence, in the City of New York. The meetings are not unlike the Eastern caravanseries in which the trader from Aleppo finds himself side by side with the trader from Bagdad, and the Nubian merchant chaffers with a Jew. Each displays and commends his particular wares, and the Bedouin handkerchief contends with the Persian rug. So we have every kind of orator, from every part of the land, and every kind of oration. For it happens that the Bedouin handkerchief is not always wrought with pure gold, and the Persian rug may be sadly threadbare.

The performance of this particular week in the year necessarily makes us think of the value and character of associative effort. When individual action is superseded by the organized co-operation of multitudes, formality and mechanism unquestionably set in. It is the difference between going and taking a family yourself and giving a man two shillings to go in your place. Better so, certainly, than that the family should starve. But what is the true answer? "Little children, love one another!—The associated effort may be charity and Christianity—doubtful it is; but it is not a mechanical charity. And while we do not therefore deny nor depreciate the good it may produce, it might be well to think at the other end of the individual, and not be satisfied with this, as if it were really the thing. It is not enough to give all your relations even to the Foreign Islanders, the young man did that.

The tendency of the great society for doing good, whatever else it may be, is to obscure the sharp outlines of the Bible story of the young man.

The other point is, that all the discussion helps a general moral and intellectual activity. The blowing of the sea—the blowing of the wind—the more potential voice of man—these are the enemies of material and moral stupidity and death. It is not enough to have a great thought or a grand impulse. You must want to express it. "I thought he was a man of mind," I found that he did not care for an audience," was a very sensible and profound remark. So it is the voice which removes the slide, and sets the light in the heart and will not to shine out and illuminate the world. It is the voice of John the Baptist which announces the celestial morning. It is the voice of Luther which thunders the *mene, mene*, in the halls of the Vatican. It is the voice of Hampden which calls Cromwell, and the Court in Westminster Hall. It is the voice of Patrick Henry, and of James Otis, and of the Sons of Liberty which intones the Declaration of Independence.

In like manner, the eloquent voices, upon a hundred subjects which make up the charm of the Anniversary week, express the doubts, the dangers, the fears, the hopes, the weakness, and the heroism of the multitudinous objects which make our sympathies active all our talk, and we are satisfied. Every tyrant with a profoundly sagacious instinct shuns the voice; for he knows that the eloquent voice has two ends—one in the heart of the speaker, and the other in that of the hearer.

THE OTHER SIDE.

THE great lesson of experience is that there are two sides to every question, and the great truth of history is that we never learn it. In the small-est and the largest issues we are equally forgetful of it. Here is the case of Mr. Collier, the Shakespearian scholar, which offers the latest illustration. He was a man of estimable life, of unblemished character, of veracity never questioned, and he published some emendations of Shakespeare which he said he had found in an old folio copy that came to his hands by chance. With the enthusiasm of a student he suggested that they might have been written by Shakespeare, and, in a manner, authoritative. There was nothing impossible or improbable in any claim or statement made by Mr. Collier. The folio was old, the writing was there, the emendations, as Mr. White justly said in "Shakespeare's Scholar," would, in the absence of evidence of authority, be taken for what they were worth. That a man like Mr. Collier, whose reputation was that of a sound and scholar, should perpetrate a dull forgery, of a kind which by reiteration has long ago lost its point as a joke and remains only a stupid crime, was too incredible. He had nothing to gain by it. His antecedents offered no justification of it; and the whole proceeding would have argued a sudden paralysis of the moral sense amounting to an insanity.

Still the suspicion was suggested. The reader does not think any more highly of the commentators for that fact. It looked and looks like a personal jealousy. But the vein of suspicion once opened was worked with untiring alacrity, until a charge of utter falsity and the meanest forgery was dug out and flung at Mr. Collier. For the last year or two, in consequence, there has been that degrestory talking of bonds over him which amounts to a reluctant verdict of guilty upon all the counts. The general conviction has undoubtedly been that Mr. Collier was a literary forger.

And now suddenly the other side flashes into light, and it turns out that he is nothing of the kind. The author of the chief pamphlet against him is suddenly revealed as the especial friend of the superintendent of MSS. in the British Museum, whose appointment Mr. Collier had not favored. The marvelous details of evidence, upon clear investigation, utterly disappear. The character of the ink is satisfactorily explained. The marking process—the different forms of letters in the pencil and the pen-strokes are cleared up. A gentleman testifies to his knowledge of the folio before Mr. Collier bought it. The whole charge sinks like smoke, and the much accused and abused commentator appears to be as honest as other men.

I do almost wish that Mr. Collier had the test of it. Possession is nine points of the law. And so every side is fair and every statement conclusive until the other side is heard. It is because no lesson of good name arising from the strong representation of one side only. Men have the reputation of forgers, murderers, and thieves through error merely because they have not been heard. We rarely hear what a man says, for instance, but only what somebody else says he said, or thought he said, or heard he said.

HOW THE BEARER WONDERED WHAT WAS IN THE BASKET.

WHAT *would* be in the basket!
Well might she wonder so!
With a sudden look of vague anxiety
At the bright-probable contrariety,
If he had left it, and ran back a minute,
That he never might know what was in it!

The basket was not of that normal type
Stout and grim, which Fishmongers use,
Which we see adorning the black silk legs
Of Yankee fanciers of the reptilian
With a marvelous undecided concretion
Of "isinglass," southern-wood, prince's-feather,
Apples, and White-pepper, crammed together.
This side-spread basket, made of rattan,
Why, it might have come from Manhattan,
Hyde—or Hyderabad, Basket-peer—
Any described or undescribed!
The cover was—like the inquiries—*cheched;*
Only think what that Indian Madras might protect!
As Easter—well, as Whit-Sunday, or Christmas!
A *yatagban's* finery luxuriant pride;
Or, perhaps only the thing to shield the odds—
Some ripened kinkils, in their rich, fruity pods.

Was it a baby?
Maybe.
If "twere a bonnet,
Somebody must have sat down upon it;
It showed such a little bandbox air about it.
There hardly seemed the ghost of a chance
That it should be so.
Yet, thinking of that,
A horror stole o'er him from head to heel—
A sort of "scarce"—such as we feel
At a lordship, unnamed, fiendish guest
At a wedding—that he thing we like best!

What sizes it! Dough-nuts? hard cider? salt fish?
Some well-beloved and national dish?
But it had no smell.
It didn't exercise—it didn't *stir.*
Perhaps she killed it before she started!
Nay England women are so cold-hearted!

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

By the time we have been civil to the Japanese Embassadors, and have shown them the great public institutions of Old Bailey and the Cattle Exhibition Market, his Highness of Wales will be at our doors. It will be a pleasure to him, doubtless, to entertain with the hospitalities of the City Hall. A gentleman himself—by which all sensible men mean a man of native refinement, of education, and of more or less conventional culture (although this last quality is usually thought sufficient capital for a gentleman)—he will naturally wish to associate with gentlemen, and the Prince will naturally find his way to the Committee of the Common Council and Aldermen.

Being pre-eminently men, they are the proper hosts of the city's guest. They will show him, in their general deportment, the social graces, the courtesies of the attitudes which have endeared the name of American to gentlemen every where in the world. His stately conversation, also, of that will explain to his princely mind the secret of our triumphant position, which the world so gladly yields and acknowledges. The qualities of candor, moderation, universal intelligence, personal dignity, and unswerving public virtue, which are partly our pride and partly our boast, will open him in full effulgence when he confronts his municipal entertainers.

The result can not but be gratifying. As he pursues his investigations about the city and among its institutions under this distinguished and capable guidance, he will mark in all hands the civic order, neatness, and energy—(especially if, by extreme good chance, an election should occur during his visit)—and in the streets the well-dressed, filth, and bad smells, the drainage perfect, the sweeping magically invisible, and every where the signs of a free thrift, industry, and comfort, he will be profoundly affected. The Queen, indeed, might wisely pause and consider whether, upon his return with future occasion, he might not leave a striking symptoms of preference for our happy institutions. For it is clear that, having described to her the plentiful style in which we live, the glowing she depicted the sobriety, wisdom, economy, and dignity with which it is enjoyed, he will argue stoutly for our whole political system.

"For, dear mother," we may hear him saying, in our imagination, "a system which daily and yearly invariably secures such men and such a government—a system which is so perfectly well understood by the smallest boy in the city—is not to be resisted. It will prevail, and it ought to prevail. For such a spectacle as I have seen not only proves the character of the government, but of the constituency. These honest, sober, economical, intelligent, and dignified men, who spurn a bribe at the prophet spurned wine, before whose faces wrong and wrong-doers shrink and wither away—these are the elected by the citizens; and I therefore gladly assume among them the existence of the same qualities. It is a very happy, noble, generous, and chastely city. Nobody, though he brought the prejudices of a prince, can entertain any doubt as to its character, and the signal proof it affords of the success of popular institutions, after seeing its government intimately, as I have done."

This is evidently the explanation of Lord Grey's late speech, so full of bitter depreciation of the present American political condition. He is an old, long-baffled gentleman. He has had plenty of chances of knowing all about us, and he knows that H. R. H. will be immediately fascinated by what he sees of our men and our institutions. Therefore he skillfully tries to prejudice him before he comes. But it will be in vain. When H. R. H. has once instructed on the secrets of the City Hall, he will understand Lord Grey better than he probably does now.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

WHEN the Pryer-Potter controversy was going on in Washington the name of the House was called upon some minor matters. When Mr. Potter's name was called an old Dutch member from Rensselaerina, who never takes up time unless he has something to say to the point, rose in his place and addressed Mr. Potter thus: "Mister Speaker, I will shust say ash how Minister Potter hash Pryer ongagement." Both sides of the House and the galleries united in an uproarious explosion of mirth at the honorable member's quiet style of, and it was only checked to be redoubled, when, after the name of Mr. Pryer was called, the same old Dutch gentleman said: "Vel, Mister Speaker, Minister Pryer has gone to pe ash shay in de Senate Chamber." For some moments the scene in the House was indescribable, and, for the once, five pound bowie-knives and slouched rifles were at discount.

Q. Which of the three great novelists of the present day writes exclusively Lytton, Warren, Dickens?

A. Dickens.

Q. Why?

A. Warren writes "Now and Then." Lytton "Night and Morning," and Dickens "In Your Eternal."

HOW TO GET OUT OF A DIFFICULTY.—In one of the populous and thriving manufacturing towns near Attleborough-Large the other day the operatives employed had a meeting to choose officers. It was known that there were two candidates for the honor, but it was not until the time of election that the exact state of the case was ascertained. On such occasion a suggestion was made that all the gentlemen desirous of becoming officers should retire during the proceedings. After the necessary movement, it was found that only three members of the company were left to proceed with business. The three gentlemen left to do their work, however, did not flinch from their duty, and, after a short time, the result of the ballot was announced back to the meeting. They were then informed that there was a first-rate difficulty about the selection, because the claims of all who had left the room were so equally balanced in relation to their services as to present no answer. Under these circumstances the meeting left it to the chairman's obvious and satisfactory way of escaping the difficulty by electing themselves to fill the three vacant posts.

A worthy Scottish Episcopalian nobleman advertised for a servant. A candidate called, and, making known his business, was shown into his lordship. Among the duties which "Flunkey" said he could include as his was blacking his lordship's boots.

"Very good indeed, that," said the "dry" old nobleman, "I always black my own boots—always. But how much wages do you require?"

Sixty guineas a year, my lord," replied Flunkey.

"Sixty guineas!" exclaimed his lordship, with consternation: "sixty guineas! Make it *seventy*, and I'll come and live with you."

NUMBO JUMBO.

NUMBO JUMBO was a Guy,
Frightened people fiercely,
Now they laugh at him all day long,
And laugh at Numbo Jumbo.

Numbo Jumbo did prevail,
With his stuffed and painted tin tail,
Now they turn no mental pale:
A fig for Numbo Jumbo.

Now, through Numbo Jumbo's hide,
Straw within can be descried;
Numbo Jumbo, sad to tell,
Despised is Numbo Jumbo.

Numbo Jumbo once could roar,
Shaking Jumbonian tin about,
But the nations heed no more
The voice of Numbo Jumbo.

Gently as the sucking dove,
Cooing in the key of love,
Scarcely heard above the above,
Bellows Numbo Jumbo.

Numbo Jumbo sinking names,
Belches forth more modern flames
At contemners of his claims:
Impotent Jumbo!

Numbo Jumbo sits on thorns,
Nose but mimics kiss his crown:
Let him then, for all he hums!
Good-night to Numbo Jumbo!

A GRATUITOUS THEFT.—What Sheridan said of wine may be applied to joking—the best is enjoy'd that which you crack at another person's expense.

THE LOST ROMAGNA.—Evil excommunications won't restore the lost Romagna.—*Punch.*

In Paris the gallery of the theatre is called Paradise. The Duchess of Orleans took a fancy to go to the play one night with the Duke her husband, and sit there. A young officer sat near her, was very free in his address, and, when the play was over, concluded by offering her a supper, which she seemed to accept. He accompanied her to the door, but was confounded when he saw her attendants and equipage, and her name. Recovering, however, his presence of mind, he handed her into the carriage, bowed in silence, and was retiring, when she said, "Sir, you forget the supper you promised!" He bowed, and replied, "In Paradise we are all equals; but in this world distinctions prevail. I seek you, madame, on earth." This prompt and proper reply obtained for him a place in the Duchess's carriage, and a better table.

"DITTO."—Here is a rhymed "modern instance" of an "old saw":

'Tis a very ancient saying,
Time till now has proved it true:
"Do unto all your neighbors
As you would have them do to you."

But another saying now prevails,
Of an entirely different hue:
"Do unto others before others,
Or they'll certainly do you."

An artificial florist lately described himself as "head gardener to the ladies."

A WORD TO THE WISE.

Love kissed a little maid,
Romping through the meadow;
Heedless to him was she obeyed,
Scornful of the shadow.

"Come with me," whispered he;
"Listen, sweet, to love and reason."
"By-and-by," she mused reply—
"Love's not in season."

Years went, years came;
Light and lovely studies;
Love met the maid again,
Drowned in deep meadow.
"Not so coy," urged the boy:
"Listen to love and reason."
"By-and-by" she mused reply—
"Love's still in season."

Years went, years came;
Light changed to shadow;
Love kissed the maid again,
Waiting in the meadow.
"Pass no more;" up rose the dream to s'er;
I can listen now to reason."
"Pass no more," mocked the boy
"Love's out of season."

Gentlemen who smoke allege that it makes them calm and contemplative. They tell us that the more they fume the less they fret.

A Poet says that the wind kisses the waves. That, we suppose, is the celebrated "kiss for a blow" about which we have heard so much.

"So far, so good," as the boy said when he finished the first pot of his mother's jam.

Why is a tooth drawn like a thing forgotten?—It is out of the head.

There is a kind of fortune called ill-luck; so ill that you hope it will be all it can be.

The girl who succeeds in winning the true love of a true man makes a lucky *hit*, and is herself a lucky *miss*.

A Mr. Lyon declined fighting a duel, and was called a dog. "Dog," he replied, "may call me a dog; but a live dog is better than a dead Lyon."

The shape of a kiss is said to be elliptical. This must be how the lovers' osculation are expressed when enjoying the luxury, for it is certainly a *lip tickle.*

"Why did you leave your last place?" inquired a young lady who was about to engage a new servant. "Why, you see, ma'am," replied the girl, "I was courted by a soldier; and when I opened the door folks took me for the mistress."

"I found," said Mark, "my nymph alone;
I knelt, and pressed her earnest prayer,
Condemn me not through love to prove
A sighing lover, not a tear,
And bless me! how she boxed my ears!"

ALCOHOLIC TEST.—A red nose.

GROUND RENTS.—The effects of an earthquake.

A SPIRITUAL INQUIRY.—Is it likely that ghosts talk in the dead language?

HOW MR. GOTTLIEB BROKE HIS PORTY.—Then, you reckonmumper dat liddle pluck bony I pyed mit the bedder?" inquired Mr. Gottlieb, in the west of Lime, only I gits shested horrly bad." "Sir?" "Ish! Yah. You see, mine Sharley he vash a goot poy, but he gits, eat forry lame mit one eye. Den, ven you gits on him to rite, he vash shtubborn as a mule, and vill not shtart vonce mit a mintit. I dinks I take him a liddle vile yesterday, ant ze mineer I gits him pack he vash shtubborn as ever. I vas shout to like a vakin peans on a poatseam; unt ven he vash not gone I dinks I vill gif him a liddle more, unt vash subsequent zixth grunt packvards, mit his dail in mine hant. Vell, mine vife she vash mat, unt she vill, "Ah, vill him?" "Oh, I vixed him petter as dem up. I bluts him in ze pack unt ze hair vas in a heap unt ze hat vas in a pool. I gifs him apout so a dozen cuts mit a hitchup; he starts to go, put he vash in no cart pefore him he makes packvards. Burdy soon he stumbles pehind, unt ait vash in his hantches, unt he vash kicks me hart unter my shamed mit himself. Den I takes him out, hitch him de ries vay, unt he gone rite off ahaat so fast as any pody's pony."

AN ARTFUCIO THIEF.—The greatest pleasure enjoyed by Prince Napoleon, when in exile, is to sit in his dressing-gown in a large arm-chair, before an easel on which there is a blank canvas, and, smoking his cigar, and swinging one on the other while he plays with his slipper and smokes his cigar, he waits for hours together for the picture. He has a fine gallery of modern pictures, and he has had a valuable addition remaining after by the best living artists. Two or three years ago a French diplomatist called on the prince: to his surprise he found the best sketches were gone, and said so to the prince. "True enough," replied the prince, "my best sketches have been stolen out of it." "Stolen! Do you suspect by whom?" "Oh yes, one of my accompanies. He took to imitating me in my love for art, and the rascal helped himself out of my sketches." "Well, but what have the scoundrel?" "Oh dear, no! The puppy showed such good taste in the selections he made I could not think of having him arrested."

LADIES AND FLOWERS.—"Bed checks are only evergets in contact in so many ways. Let a man sit and will find them where the rose so—out of doors." "Will they, indeed?" remarked Miss Louisa Amelia, as she laid down the number of the paper containing the extract. "Well, as the rose is the flower by which a lady to color, one might as well never get up at all, for I'm certain, ever since I remember, I've had a rose in the day. Now, if I'm ever metamorphosed into any thing pleasant, I hope it will be like a rose, for then I shall be the only vegetables that ever get a chance to go to the opera—gooseberries, indeed!"

WASTE NOT, WANT NOT.—A gentleman who had put aside two bottles of capital ale to recreate some friends with occurred to him that he had left the servant, a country bumpkin, had emptied them both. "Scoundrel!" exclaimed his master, "what do you mean by it?" "Why, Sir, I saw plain enough by the cloods that it were going to rain, and I knowed as how you'd be wet, and I thought turn sour; for there's nothing I do abominate like water."

SCROGGIN TALENTS.—A Scotch nobleman, of no bright parts, chatting once with the Duchess of Devonshire, she asked him how many children he had? He replied that he was a much better figure from home than in Scotland. "Oh," said the duchess, "I am glad to understand that you are honor of the nation persons are stationed at every regress that that noble race in the country has sent in addition." "Then," answered sir, "I suspect your lordship was counting."

A man called upon a lawyer, the other day, and began to state his case in rather an abrupt manner. "Sir, I have come to ask advice." "Is a husband-in-law?" "A what?" spoke out the learned counsel. "Husband-in-law, Sir?" "I have never seen that defined in domestic relations." "Don't you know what a husband-in-law is? Sir, you're no lawyer; you're an ignoramus." I am a husband-in-law, Sir, but not in *fact*, Sir—my wife's run off."

A military officer, one day, while reviewing his company, happened to tie thrown from his horse, and, as he was rising on the ground, said to a friend who came to his assistance, "I thought I had improved in horsemanship, but I find *I have fallen off.*"

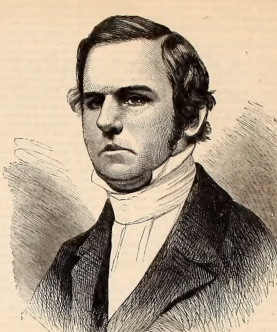
BISHOPS OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

THE Quadrennial or General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, whose session is now being held in Buffalo, New York, represents one of the largest and most successful Protestant denominations in the New World. We submit to our readers the portraits of its bishops, who preside in succession over the assembly.

BISHOP MORRIS.

BISHOP MORRIS.

Dr. Morris is senior Bishop of the denomination. He is a native of Virginia, and is now about sixty-six years old. He joined the Methodist Church in his twentieth year, and began his ministerial travels in the Ohio Conference in 1816. He was a laborious and successful itinerant in several of the Western States for nearly twenty years, enduring all the privations and encountering many of the romantic adventures which were incident to the early Methodist ministry in the West. He tells many a capital story of that heroic age of his people, and no man can tell them better than the good Bishop, for, though supposed to be characteristically taciturn, he has a rare but quiet humor, which flows exhaustlessly on befitting occasions. In 1834 he was appointed editor of the *Western Christian Advocate*, at Cincinnati. In 1836 he was ordained a Bishop. He is a man of few words but thorough sense, presides with a complete mastery of his duties, preaches sermons remarkable for their brevity, terseness, and unction, and is considered to be a man of almost infallible safety as a counselor. He is small in stature, noticeably rotund, and presents a physiognomy grave without severity, calm without stolidity. He is the author of a successful volume of sermons—a rare fact in this day; some 10,000 volumes have been sold. A volume of "Miscellanies" has also been contributed by his pen to the growing literature of his Church. His writings are distinguished by real ability, good sense, apt illustrations, and a style of rare condensation, vigor, and simplicity.



BISHOP JANES.

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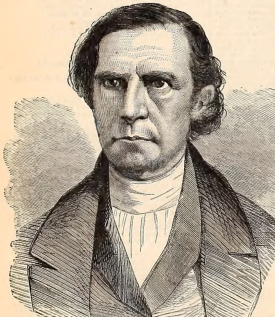
Dr. Janes is well known to the American public, especially in this section of the country; for a more energetic and devoted man is not to be found in the ecclesiastical ranks of the nation. Small in person, not robust in health, but really an invalid most of his public life, and with a voice of almost feminine weakness, he has nevertheless traveled, preached, made speeches, and managed the great interests of his denomination with such unrelaxing assiduity, eloquence, and good sense that a more effective representative of Methodism is not to be found among all its hosts; nor has he been surpassed, in these respects, since the veteran Asbury's day.

He was born in Sheffield, Massachusetts, April 27, 1807. He entered the ministry in the Philadelphia Conference in 1830. After ten years of indefatigable labors he was elected one of the Secretaries of the American Bible Society in 1840. His activity in this office was extraordinary, and his extensive travels, as an advocate of the society, brought him into general acquaintance with the Christian public throughout the country. He is master of his position as a bishop, to which dignity he was promoted in 1844. During the sixteen years since his election he has traversed the nation continually. As a preacher, he is, in spite of physical disabilities, not only eloquent, but powerful, simple in style, methodical in arrangement, lucid in illustration, and pungent in exhortation. He is always ready and successful as a platform speaker. He has the reputation of uncommon talents as a manager of the great financial, educational, and kindred affairs of his Church. The Roman hierarchy would, in fine, be proud of a man of such capabilities.



BISHOP SCOTT.

BISHOP SCOTT.

Dr. Scott was born at Cantwell's Bridge, Newcastle, Delaware, October 11, 1802, and is therefore nearly fifty-eight years old. He entered the Methodist ministry, in the Philadelphia Conference, in the year 1826, and occupied "circuits" in Delaware and Maryland, and "stations" in Philadelphia, down to the year 1840, when he was appointed Principal of Dickinson Grammar School at Carlisle, Pennsylvania. His successful self-education procured him the titles of A.M. and D.D. He has been a member of every General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church since 1832. On leaving Carlisle he resumed his pastoral labors in Philadelphia. In 1848 he was elected book agent to the Methodist Book Concern in this city, where he continued till 1852, when he was chosen Bishop by the largest ballot given for the four candidates then elected. He is tall and slight in person; his hair is "sandy;" his eyes blue, nose large and well formed, mouth chiseled to an expression of much refinement. Moral and mental refinement is indeed the characteristic of his physiognomy. He presides with quiet dignity, dispatches business rapidly but without hurry, commands universal deference by his amiable Christian character, and preaches always with interest and profit to his audience, but with no pretentious ability. He appears enfeebled by chronic disease, and age begins to mark his face and mien.

BISHOP SIMPSON.

BISHOP SIMPSON.

Bishop Simpson was born in Cadiz, Ohio, June 21, 1810. He has always been an example of Western energy; of a strenuous physique, bold but cautious intellect, indefatigable labors, and great popular success. He mastered the German language before he was nine years old, and, later, the Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and French, besides a thorough course of mathematics. He graduated at Madison College, where he received the instructions of Drs. Bascom and Elliott. About 1833 he abandoned the profession of Medicine, for which he had been licensed, and began his career as a Methodist preacher on West Wheeling Circuit, Virginia. After four years of pastoral labor

BISHOP AMES.

BISHOP BAKER.

he was appointed Professor of Natural Science in Allegheny College, Pennsylvania, and in 1839 was elected President of Indiana Asbury University, whence he removed in 1848 to Cincinnati to take editorial charge of the *Western Christian Advocate*. In 1852 he was elected bishop. Personally, Dr. Simpson is not imposing; he stoops somewhat; his face is a small, sharp triangle; his forehead a *cap-ital* refutation of phrenology; his voice harsh and badly managed; his action in the pulpit defective and even awkward; but as a public speaker few men in his church equal him, and none surpass him. His energetic and versatile intellect warms as he proceeds, till it blazes, and throws an irresistible spell over his large audiences. He shows mastery in every thing he attempts, and is now recognized as one of the "strongest" men of his denomination. His late visit to England produced a sensation through the ranks of British Methodism.

BISHOP AMES.

Dr. Ames is a native of Athens, Ohio, and was born May 20, 1806. He studied at the Ohio University; was tutor in M'Kendree College, Illinois, in 1826 and 1827; was sent out to preach by the famous Peter Cartwright in 1830. "Uncle Peter," it is said, would always "make or break" his young "itinerants." He effectually made Dr. Ames. In 1830 he was chosen Corresponding Secretary of the Missionary Society, and traveled in that capacity more than 25,000 miles the ensuing four years. In 1832 he was elected bishop. He has a noble "personal presence," calm but strong features, a remarkably clear head, is a capital parliamentarian, is always self-possessed, and renders it difficult for his conferences to get into a "flurry," however exciting the subject in debate. A species of quiet magnetism seems to emanate from him and pervade the assembly; stentorian disputants find it strangely difficult to get "into liberty" under his presidency, but business proceeds rapidly and safely. He is considered one of the most capable of ecclesiastical managers, and competent to have taken rank as a first-rate statesman. As a preacher he is always instructive, practical, and effective. The "prose" which usually characterizes genuinely great men is obvious in all his acts, and gives a quiet dignity to his features and his whole bearing.

BISHOP BAKER.

Dr. Baker is the junior Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He was born in Marlow, New Hampshire, in 1812, and was educated by the late Dr. Wilbur Fisk, at Wilbraham, Massachusetts, and the Wesleyan University, Middletown, Connecticut. The venerable Lucius Clark licensed him to preach in 1830. In 1831 he became a teacher in the Methodist Academy at Newbury, Vermont, and, in 1835, was chosen its Principal. In 1844 he began his "itinerant" labors, and in 1847 was appointed Professor in the Methodist General Biblical Institute at Concord, New Hampshire, whence he was called to the Episcopate in 1852. Bishop Baker is stout almost to corpulency; his complexion blooms with health; his features express great modesty and amiability—his head is large, his eyes of hazel color, his mouth generous. In the pulpit he is always interesting without being remarkable. Both his intellect and his character are marked chiefly by an exact balance of faculties. He is considered a thorough logalist in church questions, and one of his works is among the recognized standards of Methodist legal interpretation. He is, we believe, the only man besides Bishop Morris, among the present Methodist Bishops, who has appeared as an author.

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

(Printed from advance proof-sheets purchased from the author exclusively for "Harper's Weekly.")

THE HOUSEKEEPER'S NARRATIVE CONCLUDED.

MISS HALCOMBE had never left Blackwater Park!

When I heard those words all my thoughts were startled back on the instant to my parting with Lady Glyde. I can hardly say I reproached myself; but at that moment I think I would have given many a year's hard wages to have known four hours earlier what I knew now.

Mrs. Rubelle waited, quietly arranging her nosegay, as if she expected me to say something.

I could say nothing. I thought of Lady Glyde's worn-out energies and weakly health; and I trembled for the time when the shock of the discovery that I had made would fall on her. For a moment even my fears for the poor lady silenced me. At the end of that time Mrs. Rubelle looked up sideways from her nosegay, and said, "Here is Sir Percival, ma'am, returned from his ride."

I saw him as soon as she did. He came toward us, slashing viciously at the flowers with his riding-whip. When he was near enough to see my face he stopped, struck at his boot with the whip, and burst out laughing, so harshly and so violently that the birds flew away, startled, from the tree by which he stood.

"Well, Mrs. Michelson," he said, "you have found it out at last—have you?"

I made no reply. He turned to Mrs. Rubelle.

"When did you show yourself in the garden?"

"I showed myself about half an hour ago, Sir. You said I might take my liberty again as soon as Lady Glyde had gone away to London."

"Good night. I don't blame you—I only asked the question." He waited a moment, and then addressed himself once more to me. "You are believed, are you?" he said, mockingly. "Here! come along and see for yourself."

He led the way round to the front of the house. I followed him, and Mrs. Rubelle followed me. After passing through the iron gates he stopped, and pointed with his whip to the disused middle wing of the building.

"There!" he said. "Look at the first floor. You know the old Elizabethan bedrooms? Miss Halcombe is snug and safe in one of the best of them at this moment. Take her in, Mrs. Rubelle (you have got your key?); take Mrs. Michelson in, and let her own eyes satisfy her that there is no deception in the case."

The tone in which he spoke to me, and the minute or two that had passed since we left the garden, helped me to recover myself a little. What I might have done at this critical moment, if all my life had been passed in service, I can not say. As it was, possessed as I was by the principles, and the bringing-up of a lady, I could not hesitate about the right course to pursue. My duty to myself and my family left me but a alike fortunde me to remain in the employment of a man who had shamefully deceived us both by a series of circumstances.

"I must beg permission, Sir Percival, to speak a few words to you in private," I said.

"Having done so, I shall return to the house with this person to Miss Halcombe's room."

Mrs. Rubelle, whom I had forgotten by a slight turn of my head, insolently sniffed at her nosegay, and walked away, with great deliberation, toward the house.

"Well?" said Sir Percival, sharply, "what is it now?"

"I had to mention, Sir, that I am desirous of resigning the situation I now hold at Blackwater Park." That was literally how I put it. I was resolved that the first words spoken in my presence should be words which expressed my intention to leave his service.

He met me with one of his blackest looks, and thrust his hands savagely into the pockets of his riding-coat.

"Why?" he said; "why, I should like to know?"

"It is not for me, Sir Percival, to express an opinion on what has taken place in this house. I desire to give no offense. I merely wish to say that I do not feel it consistent with my duty to Lady Glyde and to myself to remain any longer in your service."

"Is it consistent with your duty to *me* to stand there casting suspicion on me to my face?" he broke out, in the most violent manner. "I see what you're driving at. You have taken your own construction—the construction of an innocent deception practiced on Lady Glyde for her own good. It was essential to her health that she should have a change of air immediately—and, you know as well as I do, she would never have gone away if she had known Miss Halcombe was still left here. She has been deceived in her own interests—and I don't care who knows it. Go, if you like—leave me and my affairs to housekeepers as good as you to be had for the asking. Go when you please—but take care how you spread scandal about me, or, by the Lord Harry, you're out of my service. Tell the truth, and nothing but the truth, or it will be the worse for you! See Miss Halcombe yourself, and tell her she hasn't been as well taken care of in one part of the house as in the other. Remember the Doctor's own orders that Lady Glyde was to have a change of air at the earliest possible opportunity. Bear all that well in mind—and then say any thing agreeable or disagreeable about it you dare!"

He poured out these words fiercely, all in a breath, walking backward and forward, and striking about him in the air with his whip.

Nothing that he said or did shook my opinion of the disgraceful series of falsehoods that he had told in my presence the day before; or of the cruel deception by which he had inveigled Lady Glyde from her sister, and had sent her uselessly to London, when she was half distracted with anxiety on Miss Halcombe's account. I naturally kept these thoughts to myself, and said nothing more to irritate him; but I was not the less resolved to persist in my purpose. A soft answer turneth away wrath; and I suppressed my own feelings accordingly, when it was my turn to reply.

"While I am in your service, Sir Percival," I said, "I hope I know my duty well enough not to inquire into your motives. When I am out of your service, I hope I know my own place well enough not to speak of matters which don't concern me."

"When do you want to go?" he asked, interrupting me without ceremony. "Don't suppose I am anxious to keep you—don't suppose I care about your leaving the house. I am perfectly fair and open in this matter from first to last. When do you want to go?"

I have no wish to leave at your earliest convenience, Sir Percival."

"My convenience has nothing to do with it. I shall be out of the house, for safe and sure, to-morrow morning; and I can settle my accounts to-night. If you want to study any body's convenience, it had better be Miss Halcombe's. Mrs. Rubelle's time is up to-day; and she has reasons for wishing to be in London to-night. If you go at once Miss Halcombe won't have a soul left here to look after her."

I hope it is unnecessary for me to say that I was quite incapable of deserting Miss Halcombe in such an emergency as had now befallen Lady Glyde and herself. After first distinctly ascertaining from Sir Percival that Mrs. Rubelle was certain to leave at once if I took her place, and after also obtaining permission to arrange for Mrs. Dawson's resuming his attendance on his patient, I willingly consented to remain at Blackwater Park until Miss Halcombe no longer required my services. It was settled that I should give Sir Percival's solicitor a week's notice before I left; and that he was to undertake the necessary arrangements for appointing my successor. The matter was discussed in very few words. As the discussion Sir Percival abruptly turned on his heel, and left me free to join Mrs. Rubelle. That singular foreign person had been standing constantly on the door-step all this time, waiting till I could follow her to Miss Halcombe's room.

I had scarcely walked half-way toward the house when Sir Percival, who had withdrawn in the opposite direction, suddenly stopped and called me back.

"Why are you leaving my service?" he asked.

The question was so extraordinary, after what had just passed between us, that I hardly knew what to say in answer to it.

"Mind! I don't know why you are going," he went on. "You must give a reason for leaving me, I suppose, when you get another situation. What reason? The breaking-up of the family? Is that it?"

"There can be no positive objection, Sir Percival, to that reason."

"Very well! That's all I want to know. If people apply for your character, that's your reason, stated by yourself. Go in consequence of the breaking-up of the family."

He turned away again before I could say another word, and walked rapidly into the grounds. His manner was as strange as his language. I acknowledge he alarmed me.

Even the passion of Mrs. Rubelle was getting exhausted when I joined her at the house door.

"At last!" she said, with a shrug of her lean foreign shoulders. She led the way into the inhabited side of the house, ascended the stairs, and opened with her key the door at the end of the passage, which communicated with the old Elizabethan rooms—a door never previously used in my time, at Blackwater Park. The rooms themselves I knew well, having entered them myself, on various occasions, from the other side of the house. Mrs. Rubelle stopped at the third door along the old gallery, handed me the key of it, with the key of the door of communication, and told me I should find Miss Halcombe in that room. Before I went in I thought it desirable to have understood whether our attendance had ceased. Accordingly, I told her in plain words that the charge of the sick lady henceforth rested entirely on myself.

"I am glad to hear it, ma'am," said Mrs. Rubelle. "I want to go very much."

"Do you leave to-day?" I asked, to make sure of her.

"Now that you have taken the charge, ma'am, I leave in half an hour's time. Sir Percival has kindly placed at my disposition the gardener and the chaise whenever I want them. I shall want them in half an hour's time to go to the station. I am packed up, in anticipation, already. I wish you good-day, ma'am."

She dropped a brisk courtesy, and walked back along the gallery, humming a little tune, and keeping time to it cheerfully with the nosegay in her hand. I am sincerely thankful to say that was the last I saw of Mrs. Rubelle.

When I went into the room Miss Halcombe was asleep. I looked at her anxiously as she lay in the dismal, high, old-fashioned bed. She was certainly not in any respect altered for the worse since I had seen her last. She had not been neglected, I am bound to admit, in any way that I could perceive. The room was dreary and dusty, and dark; but the window (looking on a solitary court-yard at the back of the house) was opened to let in the fresh air, and all that could be done to make the place comfortable had been done. The whole cruelty of Sir Percival's deception had fallen on poor Miss Glyde. The only ill-usage which either he or Mrs. Rubelle had inflicted on Miss Halcombe consisted, so far as I could see, in the first offense of hiding her away.

I stole back, leaving the sick lady still peacefully asleep, to give the gardener instructions about bringing the Doctor. I begged the man, after he had taken Mrs. Rubelle to the station, to drive round by Mr. Dawson's and leave a message, in my name, asking him to call and see me. I knew he would come on my account, and I knew he would remain when he found Count Fosco had left the house.

In due course of time the gardener returned, and said that he had driven round by Mr. Dawson's residence after leaving Mrs. Rubelle at the station. The Doctor sent me word that he was poorly in health himself, but that he would call, if possible, the next morning.

Having delivered his message the gardener was about to withdraw, but I stopped him to request that he would come back before dark, and sit up that night in one of the empty bedrooms, so as to be within call in case I wanted him. He understood readily enough my unwillingness to be left alone all night in the most desolate part of that desolate house, and we arranged that he should come in between eight and nine. He came punctually; and I found cause to be thankful that I had adopted the precaution of calling him in. Before midnight Sir Percival's strange temper broke out in the most violent and most alarming manner; and if the gardener had not been on the spot to pacify him on the instant, I am afraid to think what might have happened.

Almost all the afternoon and evening he had been walking about the house and grounds in an unsettled, excitable manner; having, in all probability, as I thought, taken an excessive quantity of wine at his solitary meals. However that may be, I heard his voice calling loudly and angrily in the new wing of the house as I was taking my backward and forward along the gallery the last thing at night. The gardener immediately ran down to him, and I closed the door of communication, to keep the alarm, if possible, from reaching Miss Halcombe's ears. It was full half an hour before the gardener came back. He declared that his master was quite out of his senses—not through the excitement of drink, as I had supposed, but through a kind of panic or frenzy of mind for which it was impossible to account. He had found Sir Percival walking backward and forward by himself in the hall, swearing, with every appearance of the most violent passion, that he would not stop another minute alone in such a dungeon as his own house, and that he would take the first stage of his journey immediately, in the middle of the night. The gardener, on approaching him, had been hunted out, with oaths and threats, to get the horse and chaise ready instantly. In a quarter of an hour Sir Percival had joined him in the yard, had jumped into the chaise, and, driving the horse into a gallop, had driven himself away with his face as pale as ashes in the moonlight. The gar-

"LAURA, LADY GLYDE, WAS STANDING BY THE INSCRIPTION . . . AND WAS LOOKING AT ME OVER THE GRAVE."

deener had heard him shouting and cursing at the lodge-keeper to get up and open the gate—had heard the wheels roll furiously on again, in the still night, when the gate was unlocked—and knew no more.

The next day, or a day or two after, I forget which, the cause was brought back from Knowlesbury, our nearest town, by the hostler at the old inn. Sir Percival had stopped there, and had afterward left by the train—for what destination the man could not tell. I never received any further information, neither did himself, or from any one else, of Sir Percival's proceedings; and I am not even aware, at this moment, whether he is in England or out of it. He and I have not met since he drove away, like an escaped criminal, from his own house; and it is my fervent hope and prayer that we may never meet again.

My own part of this sad family story is now drawing to an end.

I have been informed that the particulars of Miss Halcombe's waking, and of what passed between us when she found me sitting by her bedside, are not material to the purpose which I to be answered by the present narrative. It will be sufficient for me to say, in this place, that she was not herself conscious of the means adopted to destroy her from the inhabited to the uninhabited part of the house. She was in a deep sleep at the time, whether natural or artificially produced she could not say. In my absence at Torquay, and in the absence of all the resident servants, except Margaret Porcher, who was perpetually eating, drinking, or sleeping when she was not at work), the secret transfer of Miss Halcombe from one part of the house to the other was no doubt easily performed. Mrs. Rubelle (as I discovered for myself in looking into the room) had provisions and all other necessaries, together with the means of heating water, broth, and so on, without kindling a fire, placed at her disposal during the few days of her imprisonment with the sick lady. She had declined to answer the questions which Mrs Halcombe naturally put, but had not, in other respects, treated her with unkindness or neglect. The disgrace of lending herself to a deception is the only charge with which I can conscientiously charge Mrs. Rubelle.

I need write no particulars (and I am relieved to know it) of the effect produced on Miss Halcombe by the news of Lady Glyde's departure, or by the still more melancholy tidings which reached us only too soon afterward at Blackwater Park. In both cases I prepared her mind beforehand as gently and as carefully as possible; having the Doctor's advice to guide me in the last case only, though Mr. Dawson is known to myself alone to the house for some days after I had sent for him. It was a sad time, a time which it suffers me to think of or to write of now. The precious blessings of religious consolation which I endeavored to convey were long in reaching that Halcombe's heart; but I trust and believe they came home to her at last. I never left her till her strength was restored. The train which took me away from that miserable house was the train which took her away also. We parted very mournfully in London. I remained with a relative at Islington, and she went on to Mr. Fairlie's house in Cumberland.

I have only a few lines more to write before I close this painful statement. They are dictated by a sense of duty.

In the first place, I wish to record in my own personal conviction that no blame whatever, in connection with the events which I have now related, attaches to Count Fosco. I am informed that a theory in suspicion has been started, and that some very serious constructions are placed upon his lordship's conduct. My persuasion of the Count's innocence remains, however, quite unshaken. If he assisted Sir Percival in sending me to Torquay, he assisted under a mistake for which, as a foreigner and a stranger, he was not to blame. If he was concerned in bringing Mrs. Rubelle to Blackwater Park, it was by misfortune and not his fault when that foreign person was base enough to assist a deception planned and executed out by Englishmen in his house. I protest, in the interests of morality, against blame being gratuitously and wantonly attached to the proceedings of others.

In the second place, I desire to express my regret at my own inability to remember the precise day on which Lady Glyde left Blackwater Park for London. I am told that it is of the last importance to ascertain the exact date of that lamentable journey; and I have anxiously taxed my memory to recall it. The effort has been in vain. I can only remember now that it was toward the latter part of July. But I know the difficulty after a lapse of time of fixing precisely on a past date unless it has been previously written down. That difficulty is greatly increased in my case by the alarming and confusing events which took place about the period of Lady Glyde's departure. I heartily wish I had made a memorandum at the time. I heartily wish in my memory of the date was as vivid in my memory of that poor lady's face when it looked at me sorrowfully for the last time from the carriage window.

THE NARRATIVE OF HESTER PINHORN, COOK IN THE SERVICE OF COUNT FOSCO.

[TAKEN DOWN FROM HER OWN STATEMENT.]

I AM sorry to say that I have never learned to read or write. I have been a hard-working woman all my life and have kept a good character. I know that it is a sin and wickedness to say the thing which is not; and I will truly beware of doing so on this occasion. All that I know I will tell; and I humbly beg the gentleman who takes this down to put my language right as he goes on, and to make allowances for my being no scholar.

In this last summer I happened to be out of place (through no fault of my own) and I heard of a situation, as plain cook, at Number Five, Forest Road, St. John's Wood. I took the place on trial. My master's name was Fosco. My mistress was an English lady. He was Count and she was Countess. They had a girl to do house-maid's work when I got there. She was not over clean or tidy—but there was no harm in her. I and she were the only servants in the house.

I had not been very long in my new place when this house-maid came to me and said company was expected from the country. The company was my mistress's niece, and the back bedroom on the first floor was got ready for her. My mistress mentioned to me that Lady Glyde (that was her name) was in poor health, and that I must be particular in my cooking accordingly. She was to come the next day, or it might be the day after, or it might be even longer than that. I am sorry to say it's no use asking me about days of the month and such like. Except Sundays, half my time I take no heed of them, being a hard-working woman and no scholar. All I know is, it certainly was not long before Lady Glyde came, and, when she did come, a fine time of it we had of it, surely. I don't know how master brought her to the house, being at work at the time. But he did bring her there, for I opened the door to him, and house-maid opened the door to them and showed them into the parlor. Before she had been a long query in the kitchen again with me we heard a harry-skurry up stairs, and the bell ringing like mad and my mistress's voice calling out for help.

We both ran up, and there we saw the lady laid on the sofa, with her head hanging over, and her hands fast clenched, and her head drawn down to one side. She had been taken ill in a sudden fright, my mistress said; and master he told us she was in a fit of convulsions. I ran out, knowing the neighborhood a little better than the rest of them, to fetch the nearest doctor's help. The nearest help was at Goodrice's and Garth's, who worked together in partners, and had a good deal of connection, as I have heard, all round St. John's Wood. Mr. Goodricke was in, and he came back with me directly.

It was some time before he could make himself of much use. The poor unfortunate lady laid out of one fit into another, and I took on as till she was quite wearied out, and as helpless as a new-born babe. We then got her to bed. Mr. Goodricke wrote for a bottle of the medicine and came back again in a quarter of an hour or less. Besides the medicine he brought in a lot of hollow machines with tubes shaped like a kind of trumpet, and, after waiting a little while, he put one end over the lady's heart and the other to his ear, and listened carefully. When he had done he says to my mistress, who was in the room, "This is a very serious case," he says: "I recommend you to write to Lady Glyde's friends directly." My mistress says to him, "Is it heart-disease?" And he says "Yes;" and my mistress cast dangerous looks at. He told her exactly what he thought was the matter, which I was not clever enough to understand. But I know that he ended by saying that he was afraid neither his help nor any other doctor's help was likely to be of much service.

My mistress took this ill news more quietly than my master. He was a big, fat, cold sort of elderly man, who looked as white as white, and spoke to them as if they were so many Christian children. He seemed terribly cut up by what had happened to "poor dear Glyde! poor dear Lady Glyde!" he says, and went stalking about, wringing his fat hands from like a play-actor in a melodrama. For one question my mistress asked the doctor about the lady's chances of getting round he asked to speak to her in the next room, he quite tormented us all—and, when he was quiet at last, out he went into the bit of back garden, shaking master's hand, and easily making me to take them up stairs and make the sick room look pretty with them. As if *that* did any good! I think he must have been, at times, a little soft in his head. But he was not a bad master: he had a monstrous civil tongue of his own, and a jolly, good-natured sort of look with it. I liked him a deal better than my mistress. She was a hard one, if ever there was a hard one yet.

Toward night-time the lady roused up a little. She had been so wearied out by both that by the convulsions, that she never stirred hand or foot, or spoke a word to any body. She moved in the bed now and looked about her at the room and us in it. She must have been a nice-looking lady, when well, with light hair, and blue eyes, and all that. Her rest was troubled at night—at least, so I heard from my mistress, who sat up along with her. I only went in once or twice myself, to see to see if I could be of any use; and then she was talking to herself in a confused, rambling manner. She seemed to want something, but to some body who was absent from her somewhere. I couldn't catch the name the first time; and the second time master locked the door, with his regular mouthful of questions, and another of his trumpery nosegays. When I went in early the next morning the lady was clean worn out again, and lay in a kind of faint sleep. Mr. Goodricke brought his partner, Mr. Garth, with him to advise. They said she must not be disturbed out of her rest on any account. They asked my mistress a many questions, on the other end of the room, about what the lady's health had been in past times, and who had attended her, and whether she had ever suffered much, and long together, under distress of mind. I remember my mistress said "Yes" to that last question. And Mr. Goodricke looked at Mr. Garth and shook his head, and Mr. Garth looked at Mr. Goodricke and shook his head. They seemed to think that the distress might have something to do with the mischief at the lady's heart. She was but a frail thing to look at, poor creature! Very little strength, I say time, I should say, had any little strength.

Later on the same morning, when she woke, the lady took a sudden turn, and got, seemingly, a great deal better. I was not let in again to see her, no more was the house-maid, for the reason that she was not to be disturbed by strangers. A word of that being sent to master through my master. He was in wonderful good spirits about the change, and looked in at the kitchen door from the garden, with his great big curly-brimmed white hat on, to go out. "Good Mrs. Cook," says he, "Lady Clyde is going on like a house on fire now than it was; and I am going out to stretch my big legs with a sunny little summer walk. Shall I order for you, and I market for you, Mrs. Cook? What are you making there? A nice tart for dinner? Much trust, if you please—much crust very good, that; and suits and crumbles delicious in the mouth." That was his way. He was past sixty, and fond of pastry. Just think of that!

The doctor came again in the forenoon, and saw for himself that Lady Glyde had woke up better. He wanted to talk to her, or to be her talk to us, in case she was that way disposed, saying she must be kept quiet before all things, and encouraged to sleep as much as possible. She did not seem to want to talk whenever I was in the room, and, moreover, I couldn't make out what she was saying—she seemed too much worn down. Mr. Goodricke takes an uncommon good opinion about her as master. He said nothing when he came down stairs except that he would call again at five o'clock. Some time (I can't say exactly, for master came home again) the bell rang hard from the bedroom, and my mistress ran out into the kitchen to tell me to run for Mr. Goodricke, and tell him the lady had fainted. I got on my bonnet and shawl when, as good luck would have it, master made himself came to the house for his promised visit.

I let him in, and went up stairs along with him. "Good Mrs. Cook," says he, says my mistress to him at the door; "she was awake, and looking about her, in a strange, forlorn manner, and I thought her eyes a sort of full cry, and she fainted in a moment." The doctor went up to the bed, and stopped down over the sick lady. "She has suffered very serious, all at a sudden, at the sight of her, and put his hand on her heart.

My mistress stared hard in Mr. Goodricke's face. "Not dead!" says she, whispering, and turning all of a tremble from head to foot.

"Very ill, my patient, very quiet and grave. "Dead, I was afraid it would happen suddenly when I examined her heart yesterday." My mistress sank down in the arm-chair while he was speaking, and trembled and trembled again. "Dead!" she whispers to herself; "dead so suddenly! dead so soon! What will the Count say?" Mr. Goodricke advised her to go down stairs and take a dose of a little. "You have been sitting up all night," says he, "and your nerves are shaken. This person," says he, meaning me, "this person will stay in the room till I can send for the necessary assistance." My mistress did as he told her. "I must prepare the lady's friends," I must carefully prepare the Count." And so she left us, shaking from head to foot, and went out.

"Your mistress is a foreigner," says Mr. Goodricke, when my mistress had left us. "Does he understand about registering the death?" "I don't know, sir," says I, "but I should think not." The doctor considered a minute, and then, says he, "I don't usually do such things," says he, "but to save the family the trouble in this case if I register the death myself. I shall pass the district office in half an hour's time, and it can easily call in. Mention, if you please, that I will do so." "Yes, Sir," says I, "with thanks, I'm sure, for your kindness in thinking of it." "You don't mind staying here till I can send to the proper person?" says he. "No, Sir," says I; "I'll stay with the poor lady till then." I suppose nothing more could be done, Sir, than was done?" says I. "No," he says, "nothing more could have suffered sadly before ever I saw her: the case was hopeless when I was called in." "Ah, dear me! we all must go some time or other, I'm sure, Sir?" says I. He gave no answer to that; he didn't seem to care about talking. He said, Good-day" and went away.

I stopped by the bedside from that time till the time when Mr. Goodricke sent the person in, as he had promised, to register the death, Jane Gould. I considered her to be a respectable-looking woman. She made no remark, except to say that a gentleman stood was master of her, and that she had winded a many of them in her time.

How sooner bore the news when he first heard it is more than I can tell, not having been present. When I did see him he looked awfully overcome by it, to be sure. He sat quiet in a corner, with his fat hands hanging over his thick knees, and his head down, and his eyes looking at nothing. He seemed not so much sorry as scared and dazed like by what had happened. My mistress managed all that was to be done about the funeral. It must have cost a sight of money, the coffin, in particular, being most beautiful. The dead lady's husband was away, as we heard, in foreign parts. But my mistress (being her aunt) settled it with her friends in the country (Cumberland, I think) that she should be buried there, in the same grave along with her mother. Every thing was done handsomely in respect of the funeral, I say again; and master went down to attend the burying in the country himself. He looked grand in his deep mourning, with his big, solemn face, and his slow walk, and his broad hat-band—that he did!

In conclusion I have to say, in answer to questions put to me,

1. That neither I nor my fellow-servant ever saw my master give Lady Glyde any medicine himself.

2. That he was never, to my knowledge and belief, left alone in the room with Lady Glyde.

3. That I am sure in my own way what caused the sudden fright which my mistress informed me had seized the lady on her first coming into the house. The reason is very easy explained either to me or to my fellow-servant.

The above statement has been read over in my presence. I have nothing to add to it or to take away from it. I say, on my oath as a Christian woman, This is the truth.

(Signed) HESTER PINHORN, Her+Mark.

THE NARRATIVE OF THE DOCTOR.

"To the Registrar of the Sub-District in which the under-mentioned Death took place. I hereby certify that I attended *Lady Glyde*, aged *Twenty-one* last Birthday; that I last saw her on the *10th* July, 1850; that she died *on the same day* at No. 5 *Forest Road, St. John's Wood*; and that the cause of her death was

CAUSE OF DEATH.	DURATION OF DISEASE.
Aneurism.	*Not known.*

(Signed) ALFRED GOODRICKE.
Prof. Title, *M.R.C.S. Eng. L.S.A.*
Address, 12 *Croydon Gardens, St. John's Wood.*

THE NARRATIVE OF JANE GOULD.

I WAS the person sent in by Mr. Goodricke to do what was right and needful by the remains of a lady who had died at the house named in the certificate which preceded this. I found the body in charge of the servant, Hester Pinhorn. I remained with it, and prepared it, at the proper time, for the grave. I was laid in the coffin in my presence, and I afterward saw the coffin screwed down previous to its removal. When that had been done, and not before, I received what was due to me, and left the house. I refer persons who may wish to investigate my statement to Mr. Goodricke. He has known me for more than six years, and he will bear witness that I can be trusted to tell the truth.

(Signed) JANE GOULD.

THE NARRATIVE OF THE TOMBSTONE.

SACRED
TO THE MEMORY OF
LAURA,
LADY GLYDE,
WIFE OF SIR PERCIVAL GLYDE, BART.,
OF BLACKWATER PARK, HAMPSHIRE,
AND
DAUGHTER OF THE LATE PHILIP FAIRLIE, ESQ.,
OF LIMMERIDGE HOUSE, IN THIS PARISH.
BORN, MARCH 27TH, 1829.
MARRIED, DECEMBER 23D, 1849.
DIED, JULY 28TH, 1850.

THE NARRATIVE OF WALTER HARTRIGHT, CONTINUED.

I.

EARLY in the summer of 1850, I, and my surviving companion, left the wild woods of Mexico; I was among the few saved from the sea. It was my third escape from peril of death. Death by disease, death by the Indians, death by drowning—all three had approached me; all three had passed me by.

The survivors of the wreck were rescued by an American vessel bound for Liverpool. The ship reached her port on the thirteenth day of October, 1850. We landed that day, my companion and I arrived in London the same night.

These pages are not the record of my wanderings and my dangers way from home. The motives which led me from my country and my friends to a new world of adventure and peril are known. Even that self-imposed exile I came back—as I had hoped, prayed, believed, I should come back—changed man. In the scenes of a new life I had tempered my nature afresh. In the stern school of extremity and danger my will had learned to be strong; I had come to be resolute, my mind to rely on itself. I had gone out to fly from my own future. I came home to face it, as a man should.

To face it with that inevitable suppression of myself which I knew it would demand from me. I had parted with the weakness bitterness of the past, but not with my heart's remembrance of the sorrow and the tenderness of that memorable time. I had not ceased to feel the one irreparable disappointment of my life—I had only learned to bear it. Laura Fairlie was in all my thoughts when the ship bore me away and I locked my last at England. Laura Fairlie was in all my thoughts when the ship brought me back and the morning light showed the friendly shore in view.

My pen traces the old letters as my heart goes

back to the old love. I write of her as Laura Fairlie still. It is hard to think of her, it is hard to speak of her by her husband's name.

There are no more words of explanation to add, on my appearing for the second time in these pages. This final narrative, if I have the strength and the courage to write it, may now go on.

My first anxieties and first hopes, when the morning came, centred in my mother and my sister. I felt the necessity of preparing them for the joy and surprise of my return, after an absence during which it had been impossible for them to receive any tidings of me for months past. Early in the morning I sent a letter to the Hampstead Cottage, and followed it myself in an hour's time.

When the first meeting was over, when our quiet and composure of other days began gradually to return to us, I saw something in my mother's face which told me that a secret oppression lay heavy on her heart. There was more than love—there was sorrow in the anxious eyes that looked on me so tenderly; there was pity in the kind hand that slowly and fondly strengthened its hold on mine. We had no concealments from each other. She knew how the hope of my life had been wrecked—she knew why I had left her. It was on my lips to ask as composedly as I could, if any letter had come for me from Miss Halcombe—if there was any news of her sister that I might hear. But when I looked in my mother's face I lost courage to put the question even in that guarded form. I could only say, doubtfully and restrainedly,

"You have something to tell me."

My sister, who had been sitting opposite to us, rose suddenly, without a word of explanation—rose, and left the room.

My mother moved closer to me on the sofa and put her arms round my neck. Those fond arms trembled; the tears flowed fast over the faithful, loving face.

"Walter!" she whispered—"my own darling! my heart is heavy for you. Oh, my son! my son! try to remember that I am still left!"

My head sank on her bosom. She had said all, in saying those words.

II.

It was the morning of the third day since my return—the morning of the sixteenth of October

I had remained with them at the Cottage; I had tried hard not to embitter the happiness of my return to *them*, as it was embittered to *me*. I had done all man could to rise after the shock, and accept my life resignedly—to let my great sorrow come in tenderness to my heart, and not in despair. It was useless and hopeless. No tears soothed my aching eyes; no relief came to me from my sister's sympathy or my mother's love.

On that third morning I opened my heart to them. At last the words passed my lips which I had longed to speak on the day when my mother told me of her death.

"Let me go away alone for a little while," I said. "I shall bear it better when I have looked once more at the place where I first saw her—when I have knelt and prayed by the grave where they have laid her to rest."

I departed on my journey—my journey to the grave of Laura Fairlie.

It was a quiet autumn afternoon when I stopped at the solitary station, and set forth alone, on foot, by the well-remembered road. The waning sun was shining faintly through thin white clouds; the air was warm and still; the peacefulness of the lonely country was overshadowed and saddened by the influence of the falling year.

I reached the moor; I stood again on the brow of the hill; I looked on, along the path—and there were the familiar garden trees in the distance, the clear sweeping semicircle of the drive, the high white walls of Limmeridge House. The chances and changes, the wanderings and dangers of months and months past, all shrank and shriveled to nothing in my mind. It was like yesterday since my feet had last trodden the fragrant heathy ground! I thought I should see her coming to meet me, with her little straw hat shading her face, her simple dress fluttering in the air, and her well-filled sketch-book ready in her hand.

O Death, thou hast thy sting! O Grave, thou hast thy victory!

I turned aside; and there below me, in the glen, was the lonesome gray church; the porch where I had waited for the coming of the woman in white; the hills encircling the quiet burial-ground; the brook bubbling cold over its stony bed. There was the marble cross, fair and white, at the head of the tomb—the tomb that now rose over mother and daughter alike.

I approached the grave. I crossed once more the low stone stile, and bared my head as I touched the sacred ground. Sacred to gentleness and goodness; sacred to reverence and grief.

I stopped before the pedestal from which the cross rose. On one side of it, on the side nearest to me, the newly-cut inscription met my eyes—the hard, clear, cruel black letters which told the story of her life and death. I tried to read them. I did read as far as the name. "Sacred to the Memory of Laura—" The kind blue eyes dim with tears; the fair head drooping wearily; the innocent, parting words which implored me to leave her—oh, for a happier last memory of her than this; the memory I took away with me, the memory I bring back with me to her grave!

A second time I tried to read the inscription. I saw, at the end, the date of her death; and, above it—

Above it, there were lines on the marble, there was a name among them which disturbed my thoughts of her. I went round to the other side of the grave, where there was nothing to read—nothing of earthly vileness to force its way between her spirit and mine.

I knelt down by the tomb. I laid my hands, I laid my head, on the broad white stone, and closed my weary eyes on the earth around, on the light above. I let her come back to me. Oh, my love! my love! my heart may speak to you *now!* It is yesterday again since we parted—yesterday, since your dear hand lay in mine—yesterday, since my eyes looked their last on you. My love! my love!

* * * * * *

Time had flowed on, and Silence had fallen, like thick night, over its course.

The first sound that came, after the heavenly peace, rustled faintly, like a passing breath of air, over the grass of the burial-ground. I heard it nearing me slowly, until it came changed to my ear—came like footsteps moving onward—then stopped.

I looked up.

The sunset was near at hand. The clouds had parted; the slanting light fell mellow over the hills. The last of the day was cold and clear and still in the quiet valley of the dead.

Beyond me, in the burial-ground, standing together in the cold clearness of the lower light, I saw two women. They were looking toward the tomb; looking toward *me*.

Two.

They came a little on; and stopped again. Their vails were down, and hid their faces from me. When they stopped, one of them raised her vail. In the still evening light I saw the face of Marian Halcombe.

Changed, changed as if years had passed over it! The eyes large and wild, and looking at me with a strange terror in them. The face worn and wasted piteously. Pain and fear and grief written on her as with a brand.

I took one step toward her from the grave. She never moved—she never spoke. The vailed woman with her cried out faintly. I stopped. The springs of my life fell low, and the shuddering of an unutterable dread crept over me from head to foot.

The woman with the vailed face moved away from her companion and came toward me slowly. Left by herself, standing by herself, Marian Halcombe spoke. It was the voice that I remembered—the voice not changed, like the frightened eyes and the wasted face.

"My dream! my dream!" I heard her say these words softly, in the awful silence. She sank on her knees, and raised her clasped hands to the heaven. 'Father! strengthen him. Father! help him, in his hour of need."

The woman came on—slowly and silently came on. I looked at her—at her, and at none other, from that moment.

The voice that was praying for me faltered and sank low—then rose on a sudden, and called affrightedly, called despairingly to me to come away.

But the vailed woman had possession of me, body and soul. She stopped on one side of the grave. We stood face to face with the tombstone between us. She was close to the inscription on the side of the pedestal. Her gown touched the black letters.

The voice came nearer, and rose and rose more passionately still. "Hide your face! don't look at her! Oh, for God's sake, spare him—"

The woman lifted her vail.

SACRED
TO THE MEMORY OF
LAURA,
LADY GLYDE——

Laura, Lady Glyde, was standing by the inscription, and was looking at me over the grave.

THE END OF THE FIRST PART.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, May 7, in the Senate, Senator Anthony presented to the Senate a remonstrance against any alteration in the patent laws, which should take away from patentees the right of appeal from the decision of the Commissioner. A bill was passed to settle the titles to lands set apart for the half-breeds in Kansas. The resolutions of Senator Davis, which have already furnished the topic for protracted debate, came up. Senator Davis spoke at length in their support. Senator Brown took occasion to repudiate any sympathy with Mr. Douglas. Senator Clingman followed, but before he had concluded, the Senate adjourned.——The House passed, without debate, a bill reported by Mr. Burlingame from the Committee on Foreign Affairs, authorizing the appointment of a full Minister to Sardinia, at a salary of $12,000, with a Secretary, at $1800 per annum. On the motion of Mr. Grow, the debate on Territorial affairs was postponed until Thursday in order to take up the Tariff Bill. Messrs. Sherman, Grow, Blair, and Stevens spoke at length in favor of the measure.

On Tuesday, May 8, in the Senate, a resolution, providing for an expedition to observe the total eclipse of the sun in July, was passed by a large majority. Senator Clingman subsequently resumed his remarks in opposition to the resolution of Mr. Davis. Senator Benjamin followed, and the Senate then went into Executive Session.——The House, in Committee of the Whole, listened to Mr. Houston, of Alabama, in an argument against the Tariff Bill. Messrs. Morrill, Taylor, and Millson followed. Every attempt at a call of the House resulting in the want of a quorum, at eight o'clock the House adjourned.

On Wednesday, May 9, in the Senate, Senator Davis introduced his bill proposing to transfer the Indian Bureau from the Interior to the War Department. Senator Lane spoke to exonerate himself from the charge of fraud in connection with the Oregon war debt. The Homestead Bill was then taken up, when Senator Grimes, of Iowa, moved as an amendment that the privileges of the measure be extended to all unmarried men over twenty-one years of age. Senator Green, of Missouri, stigmatized the bill as an imposture. The bill was defended by Senator Johnson, of Arkansas. The amendment of Senator Grimes was rejected, and the Senate adjourned without a vote.——In the House, in the Committee of the Whole on the Tariff, speeches were made by Messrs. Millson, of Virginia, Montgomery, Kellogg, Florence, etc., but no vote was taken.

On Thursday, May 10, in the Senate, the Homestead Bill amendments offered by Senators Rice and Douglas having been rejected, the measure was finally passed by a vote of 44 to 8.——The House had Territorial business before it. After discussion of the Tariff Bill in Committee of the Whole, that measure was reported to the House, and also passed.

On Friday, May 11, the Senate passed several private bills, and the Deficiency Appropriation Bill. An executive session was then held, and the Senate adjourned until Monday.——In the House, a bill was reported providing for carrying out the stipulations of the treaty with Paraguay. The Chairman of the Committee on Territories reported bills for organizing Territorial governments for Idaho, Nevada, Chippewa, Arizona, and Dacotah, and they were all laid on the table. The Commandant of the Washington Navy-yard sent an invitation to the House to witness the reception of the Japanese Embassy on Monday; but the House refused to adjourn for the purpose.

THE BALTIMORE CONVENTION.

The Baltimore Constitutional Convention achieved the object of its meeting, on May 10, by nominating for President, John Bell, of Tennessee, and for Vice-President, Edward Everett, of Massachusetts. Upon the first ballot the strength of Mr. Bell was so clearly apparent, that upon the second nearly all the delegates hastened to record their votes for him; and he was declared the unanimous choice of the Convention. Mr. Everett was subsequently, and by acclamation, named for the second office. Prior to the balloting, the Committee upon Business reported a preamble and resolutions adverse to the utterance of any declaration of principles; pronouncing the Constitution itself a sufficient platform with which to go before the people. The proceedings were marked with exemplary harmony, notwithstanding some of the advocates of General Houston bear their disappointment impatiently.

TREATIES BEFORE THE SENATE.

The *Herald* correspondent writes: "There are now before the Senate for ratification four important treaties, as follows: The one with Mexico, Nicaragua, Honduras, and one recently negotiated by Mr. Preston with Spain, besides the New Granadian Treaty, which is now awaiting exchange of ratifications. The ratification of each and every one of these treaties is of vital importance to the United States, having been negotiated after long delay and great trouble, and which will tend, in a great degree, to settle permanently and satisfactorily the long-pending and complicated questions of foreign policy in a manner highly honorable to all parties. The treaty negotiated by Mr. Preston settles all the questions in dispute between Spain and the United States amicably and justly, and in a manner highly creditable to both governments. But judging from the present dilatory movements of the Senate, and especially the Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, who has these important matters in charge, they will, in all probability, fall to the ground for want of efficient and prompt action."

ARRIVAL OF THE JAPANESE.

The United States steam frigate *Roanoke*, forty-four guns, Captain William H. Gardner, commanding, bearing the flag of Flag-Officer William J. M'Cluney, Commander-in-Chief of the Home and Gulf Squadron, having on board the Japanese Embassy, arrived and anchored inside of Sandy Hook on Thursday night. Dispatches were taken on board from the Secretary of the Navy, ordering the flag-officer to proceed to Hampton Roads, and not enter this port. The *Roanoke* left next day with the Japanese, according to instructions.

A BUDGET OF HORRORS.

A man named Cook attempted to shoot a man named Leonard at the breakfast table at the Broadway Hotel, Lexington, Kentucky. Two shots were fired, and Leonard's arm shattered. Cause—woman.

Tom Moore was badly wounded at Cynthiana, Kentucky, a few days since, by being shot at by John Tremble, a lawyer.

Mr. Douglas, of Denville, Kentucky, was found dead in his mill, supposed to have been murdered by one of his slaves.

Captain Elliott, of Maysville, Kentucky, has died of wounds received by being shot by Frank Hurd.

Jesse Martindale, of Warren County, Indiana, died lately from burns produced by the explosion of a fluid lamp.

Mrs. Dugan, of the same county, died also of burns produced by the explosion of a fluid lamp.

Mrs. Glesser, of Mobile, and two children were dreadfully burned by the explosion of a fluid lamp.

Mrs. George Seiders, of St. Louis, was dreadfully burned about the head and breast by the explosion of a fluid lamp. All the hair was burned from her head, and she can not live.

The young ladies of Hopedale, Illinois, met to trim a church for some festival occasion, and two men, named Findley and M'Dowel, getting into a fight relative to an alleged insult toward one of the ladies, M'Dowel drew a knife and killed Findley on the spot.

A Mr. Payne died at Frankfort, Kentucky, and his father-in-law, Mr. Dryden, when sitting up with the corpse, cut his throat and died. Both gentlemen were prominent citizens of Frankfort.

SHOCKING CALAMITY.

A shocking calamity occurred near Camden, South Carolina, on Saturday last. A party of boys and girls on a picnic were drowned in a mill-pond. Nineteen bodies had been recovered, and it is thought ten more, making twenty-nine in all, perished.

DEATH OF A GREAT LAWYER.

Samuel Beardsley, one of the most eminent citizens of Central New York, died at his residence in Utica last week. He had been a prominent lawyer and politician in Oneida County for more than forty years, commencing practice at Rome, where he was appointed District Attorney, and whence he was chosen a State Senator in 1823; removing thence in 1825 to Utica, which has ever since been his home (save that for a year or two he practiced in this city), and whence he was thrice chosen to Congress, where he rose to be Chairman of the Judiciary Committee. Retiring from Congress in 1836, he was in 1840, on the death of Judge Cowen, appointed a Justice of the Supreme Court, and in 1847 was made Chief Justice. The remodeling of the Supreme Court by the new Constitution divested him of that post, and he has since remained in retirement. In the morning of his career he was for some years a partner of Judge Bronson, now Corporation Counsel of our city, between whom and himself the warmest friendship has ever since existed. He was in politics an ardent Democrat of the adamantine school, and in private life a gentleman of unsullied integrity.

PERSONAL.

The Connecticut Legislature on May 10 re-elected Senator Lafayette S. Foster. The Democratic candidate was the Hon. W. W. Eaton, of Hartford, who made a speech in the Democratic caucus, taking strong ground against Mr. Douglas and his doctrines—declaring that the seventeen Democratic States repudiate them, and defending the Southern view on the Territorial question. The vote stood, in the Senate, 14 for Foster and 7 for Eaton; in the House, 139 for Foster and 70 for Eaton.

James J. Emmet, son of Thomas Addis Emmet, Esq., of this city, committed suicide last week, at his residence in University Place, by shooting himself with a pistol.

Captain John Vine Hall has been appointed commander of the *Great Eastern*, in place of the late lamented Captain Harrison. Captain Hall was formerly in the service of the General Screw Steam Shipping Company, and in command of their steamers the *Crœsus* and *Golden Fleece*.

Mrs. Gore, the novelist, who for some time past has been afflicted with blindness, has just undergone an operation which, it is hoped, will eventually restore her to sight.

During the night of the 19th of April Mr. G. P. R. James, the well-known novelist, had an attack of paralysis, at Venice, where he is Consul-General.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

PARLIAMENT.

In the House of Commons on the 26th the Reform Bill was debated at length, Lord John Russell being the principal speaker. No action was taken, and the debate was further adjourned till the 30th ult.

On the 27th, in the House of Commons, Lord John Russell stated that Government were doing all in their power to stop the slave-trade in coolies between China and Cuba, and had opened negotiations with Spain on the subject.

His Lordship also, in reply to inquiries on the subject, explained the present position of the negotiations for a Congress on the Savoy question. He stated that the French Government thought the Congress could not meet until the Sardinian Parliament had ratified the cession of Savoy, and that they demurred to the proposal that there should be no civil or military occupation of Savoy until the decision of the Conference was arrived at. The Prussian Government held the same views as the English Cabinet, but the other Powers had not been communicated with.

The Bill abolishing church rates was debated and finally read a third time by a vote of 235 to 226.

THE GREAT BANK FRAUDS.

The frauds on the Union Bank of London, by Pullinger, the Cashier, attracted much attention. A subordinate cashier, named Edward J. Lyttleton, had also been arrested, a deficiency of £1240 having been discovered in his accounts. He attributed the deficiency to his chief, Pullinger.

Rumors of other discoveries of a serious nature had also been current, but they were pronounced without a shadow of foundation. The forced pass-book by which the great fraud was effected is not in Pullinger's writing, and every effort was being made to detect the person who assisted him on that point. It is asserted that the misappropriations by Pullinger extended over the entire five years, during which he was chief cashier. There is little doubt that the greater part of the money must have gone in stock exchange speculation, although a number of other channels are reported. The Stock Exchange Committee had commenced an inquiry into the affair, as it affected the members of the Exchange. Two or three of the brokers who transacted business with Pullinger had surrendered securities, and also money, the proceeds of stocks and shares sold which were considered the property of Pullinger.

Rumors had been current of the discovery of defalcations at the London and Westminster Bank, but they were totally unfounded. They are supposed to have arisen from the Directors having recently called on two clerks to resign, in consequence of a discovery that two false entries were made in the books in 1857, which, although involving a loss of only forty shillings, the Board felt it could not be overlooked.

Pullinger was again brought up before the Lord Mayor on the 27th. Nothing new was developed, and the prisoner was remanded for another week.

TOM SAYERS'S ARM.

The following certificate as to the state of Tom Sayers's arm is from the surgeons of St. Thomas's Hospital, London:

"Having examined Mr. T. Sayers this day, we are of opinion, from the contused state of the muscles, tendons, and minor bone of the right fore-arm, that he will be unable to use that arm for two months, or probably more."

The sum of £200 had been collected for Sayers from members of the House of Commons, all grades of politicians contributing.

FRANCE.

THE ANNEXATION OF SAVOY.

The Paris papers publish a dispatch from Chambery announcing that the number of votes recorded in Savoy in favor of annexation will exceed 100,000, while the number of noes, together with those who abstained from voting, will be about 1200.

The latest dispatch from Chambery states that the number of votes for annexation in Savoy was 131,744; against it, 233.

A banquet had been given in the theatre at Chambery to commemorate the result of the voting and in honor of M. Laity, the French Commissioner.

ITALY.

VICTOR EMANUEL IN FLORENCE.

The King of Sardinia has paid his visit to Florence, and amidst the enthusiasm of his reception there was one significant incident. In every house, we are told, there is a skeleton, but in every procession there is not always a damper. The universal rejoicing of the Italians admitted of two exceptions. The Venetians, and the Sicilians and Neapolitans, walked in the procession, and the crape on their banners indicated, first, that they were unhappy, and next, that they would be glad to hail the King of Sardinia as the King of Venice and the Two Sicilies. It is stated that, following the friendly advice of France, Victor Emanuel has, for the present, abandoned the idea of taking the title of King of Italy, under the fear that it might complicate existing international difficulties; but he evidently possesses at present the confidence of the entire people.

THE POPE'S FINANCES.

The Pope has succeeded in contracting a loan of £2,000,000 in Belgium, and has appointed a committee, composed of Cardinals Wiseman, Villecourt, and Reisach, to receive voluntary contributions for the support of the Papal troops. General Lamoriciere's reorganization of the Pope's army, if effected on the scale which he is believed to contemplate, will be so extensive as to exhaust the Roman treasury, and render necessary every possible expedient for raising funds to support the troops and maintain the Papal power.

GREEK MEETS GREEK.

A commission formed from among the clergy of Turin, had drawn up an address to the Pope, which, after receiving the signatures of the clergy of the kingdom, was to be sent to the Vatican. This document places before the eyes of his Holiness the dangers attendant on the present policy of Rome, and points out that the surest means of warding them off consists in accepting the propositions contained in the letter of King Victor Emanuel.

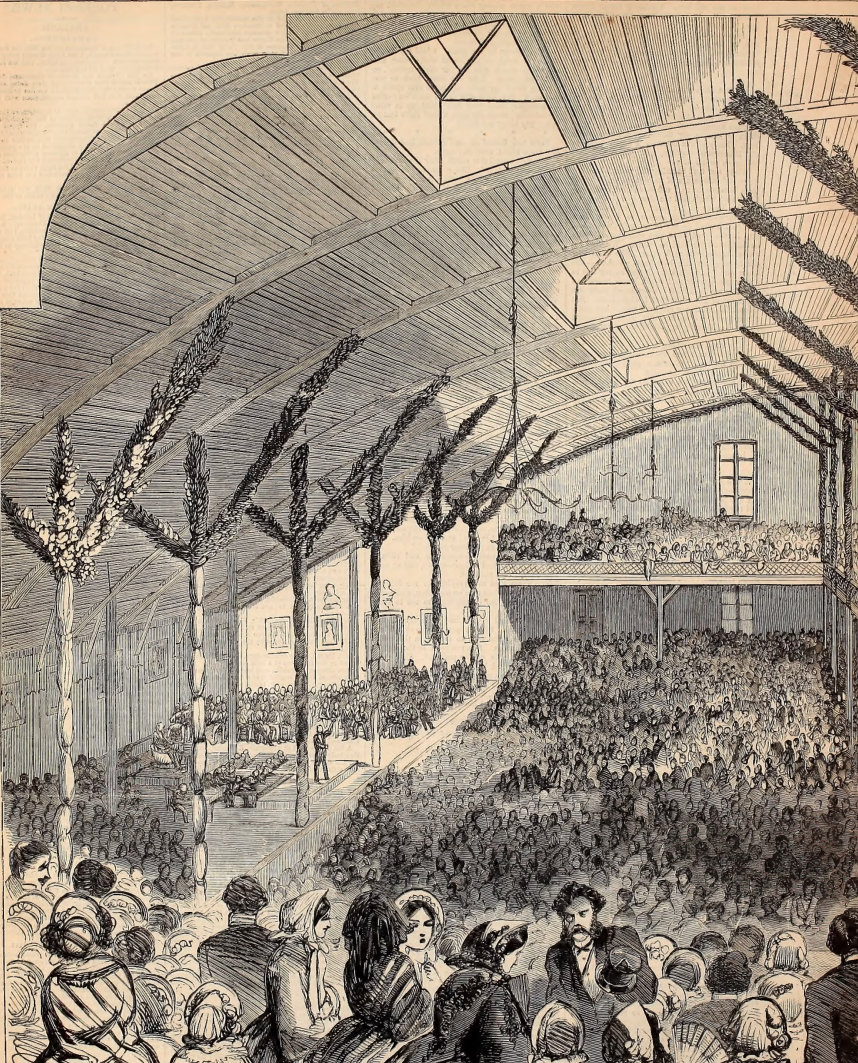
TRIAL OF FATHER FELETTI.

A letter from Italy says: "The recent announcement that Father Feletti had been arrested at Bologna, and that he was to be tried for having stolen the young Mortara, sent a thrill of satisfaction through the greater part of Europe; but we now learn, with something like astonishment, that the hard-hearted priest has escaped the punishment which he so richly deserved. He was tried by the Criminal and Civil Court of Bologna—on the very spot where his odious crime was committed. He could not deny his guilt; the proofs were too strong against him; but he appealed for mercy, on the plea that he had simply acted upon the peremptory orders which he had received from Antonelli and the Pope. His plea was admitted, and the wretch has escaped."

AUSTRIA.

SUICIDE OF BARON BRUCK.

It is now stated that the late Baron Bruck was dismissed from the Ministry of Finance, just before his death, on account of his complicity in the late gigantic frauds, and he expiated his offense by committing suicide. A Vienna dispatch gives the following particulars: When the body of Baron Bruck was judicially examined, a cut, which extended from the jugular vein to the fore part of the throat, was found. The unfortunate man had also inflicted wounds on the inner part of both wrists. The contents of the stomach are being analyzed by the sworn medical authorities, as suspicions are entertained that he swallowed poison. Another dispatch says that the cut in the neck was only superficial, and that death was caused from loss of blood at the wrists.



THE REPUBLICANS IN NOMINATING CONVENTIO

ON, IN THEIR WIGWAM AT CHICAGO, MAY, 1860.

TAKEN BY STORM.

On the extreme point of Sandy Hook, near the light-house, stands a rough wooden building, which serves the double purpose of telegraph station and office of the agent for the Associated Press. At a low table, under the only window which the shanty can boast, Edward Barnard passed the leisure hours of his long watch, from sunrise to sunset, in devotion to such studies as he might best master with the little assistance he could find. At the age of nineteen he was left to his own lesson, by reason of his skill as a boatman, to board the homeward-bound ships and procure their news, to be telegraphed to New York. During the first year he found the life exceedingly dull; but when Uncle Harry Warden was appointed keeper of the light-houses, Ed Barnard, or Barney, as he was usually called, went to board at the keeper's house, and existence suddenly became more or endurable but quite interesting. Of course that little brown-eyed maiden the keeper's only daughter, pretty Ellen Warden, had no influence in changing the young man's heart; he took but little notice of her, and at times even seemed to avoid her. Poor little Ellen! Coquettish by nature, her coquetry availed not with the frank, straightforward Edward Barnard; he had no more idea of flirtation than of needle-work or the opera. And so it happened that Ellen found Sandy Hook a very dreary place indeed. Such a sad face she wore, and such repining mutes that her poor father, though sorry enough to part with her, at last determined she should return to their friends on the main land. On the morning of her departure Barnard was off before breakfast. He must have gone very far out, for his boat was not in sight even from the top of the "big light." Did she wish to see it at that moment in the hope that he would return? Sure is it, had not her father hastened her step, she would have left without one steamboat and been left. The parting seemed to grieve her to the heart; she wept bitterly, and would not be comforted.

Meantime, Barnard was spending the morning in the most strangely unprofitable manner. Instead of following his business with his usual zest, he concreted his boat under the wharf and himself in the cedars. Hour after hour he lay upon the soft turf, apparently thinking of nothing, and left hand of cor. At dinner-time he returned to the house, but without much appetite, the natural consequence of such unaccustomed abstinence. He told the Uncle did not seem to Barney quite so near Paradise as before, but by devoting himself to study with more assiduity than ever he contrived to wear the time away.

Let me now say a word concerning Ellen Warden. Barney's mother's death she had not been separated from her father until now, and 'twas quite natural she should miss him greatly. Yet 'twas not her father she left behind in dreams and the necklace of tiny shells, with mother-of-pearl charms, which were the dearest of her treasures, her father's second child. Her filial affection was strong though, and she longed to see the good old keeper so earnestly that, when she had been absent several months, she must even go and visit him a day or two. Accordingly, bright and early one morning, while Uncle Harry was at breakfast, Ellen appeared on him by running in and throwing her arms about his dear old neck.

"Why, little birdie!" cries the astonished keeper, "where did you come from?"

"All the way from Holmedale, father. We started yesterday, but stopped overnight on the Highlands. Are you glad to see me?"

"Sit on my knee, lass, and I'll tell thee. How like thou art to thy mother!"

After a moment she glanced through the open door, and asked, demurely enough,

"Where's Edward, Edward Barnard?"

Slowly and absently the keeper answered, "It has gone—"

"Gone!" cries the young lady, with an accent of consternation at once tragic and comic; "has he really gone, father?"

"Why, yes, child. I did not say he was dead did I? Barney has gone up to the light—that's all. He'll be down in a moment."

Sure enough, he was just as the birdie was blushing with confusion because of having betrayed an interest in him. He was, as I have said, frank and honest young boatman; and the pleasure which made his heart beat so qui-kly shook also in his face with a glow that gave him a new beauty to the eyes which had beamed fondly upon him one moment, and then were dropped modestly to the floor. In that first instant of meeting she read the secret which Barnard hardly dared acknowledge even to himself. She knew that this fine young 'longshoreman—strong, brave, and skilful—tenderly subdued; was her property, to have and to hold; her conquered vassal, owing her allegiance forever. In the hour of triumph she felt that she could afford to be magnanimous, and so her greeting had so much of heart's gladness in it that her captive was sure he had never known what happiness was until this moment. She proved a most imperious sovereign, though; one who kept her throne by any but her absence, having concluded that her father was growing too old to be left alone. Poor Barney's life became a tumultuous one afore as it ever had been on the sea; one moment buoyed up on the topmost wave of high hope—the next, dashed down to the lowest depths of despond. No April day could be so prodigal of clouds and sunshine as this little queen abusing the power of her absolute sway.

During a heavy storm in the spring time Barney discovered a brig ashore on the Romer, foremast over the side, jamming, bul-ged first, like a battering-ram, against her garboard as she listed over with every sea. Going to the house Barney met Captain Ben and told him of the wreck. Captain Conover at once set about rousing his men, saying a long line to go off to her immediately. Uncle Harry did not like the idea of their going at all, thinking the chances were desperate indeed.

"I know they are desperate," said Captain Ben, with a grim smile. "There'd be no use of wrecks, ef it 'twan't for desperate chances. What makes it worse, we're short-handed, with two of the boys laid up."

"I'll go, for one," said Barnard, quiet as though 'twas to go fishing.

Captain Ben shook his head: "No, yonker, you mustn't go. There's a lass in the house there would never forgive me if it should so happen that you did not come back with us."

Without reply Barnard ran up stairs to make preparation for the perilous trip. On his return he was engaged in the hall with Ellen's little figure, and the softest, sweetest voice in the world asked, "Are you going, Edward?"

"Yes, Nelly, I am going."

"Bend down your head, will you, please?"

As he complied with her request his heavy curls fell over her face, and, blushing, she slid it in her bosom. Then taking a ring from her largest finger she placed it on his smallest one, whispering, "That was mother's wedding-ring."

One moment the little form was pressed close to his heart; one kiss, that burned for hours on her lips, and he was gone.

How long and dreary was that day. Most of the time Ellen passed in her own room. Rocking gently in her little chair she caressed the black curl which twined around the finger where her ring had been—counting it against her cheek, and wrapping it carefully in her kerchief, then—singing the while the lullaby baby-songs her mother had sung.

'Twas quite night when the boat returned. Four came into the house—three strangers and one of the wrecks.

"Where are the others?" demanded Uncle Harry.

"In the 'big light?'" answered the wrecker. "Cap'n Ben said better not bring 'em here, so I came up to see if you'd take care of these from the wreck, and let us have some bandages and such like."

Nelly felt a sickening shudder creep over her, and the strange lifeless form of Barney stood like her in the morning. Captain Conover himself, pale and bleeding, was cutting the coat-sleeve from Edward's shattered arm. The other two strangers were taking care of the boat, which, after human life, always receives their first attention. Captain Ben did not notice the girl, who, pale and terrified, and the first intimation he had of her presence was her heart-broken cry as she sank upon the stones beside the "big light." "Oh, Barney, Barney, dear, to be sure, but you shall take care of him and make him a sound man again."

Captain Ben, and Barnard were on board the brig when she broke up, and, before the boat could rescue them, the floating pieces of wreck, dashing about in a cross-sea, had well-nigh crushed them. Captain Ben escaped with sound bones, though badly bruised; but poor Barney had his left arm and two ribs broken, the left side bruised, and many a hard knock beside. They removed him carefully to the keeper's house, and Captain Conover dressed the fractures with the skill of an old surgeon. Then Ellen took her place at his bedside—the place which she would occupy for days, and the happy time of fever and delirium which followed—scarce consenting to leave him, even when he slept, for the long dark hours when he was not to wake. Thanks to her tender care—thanks to a strong physique and a temperate life, his convalescence, slowly approaching, at last reached the days when grew longer and the soft winds of summer, fresh from the Atlantic, breathed through the open windows. Happy days, too, when the first pleasure-day in June a little excursion was made to the Highlands in Barnard's own boat. So delighted was he to be on deck once more, and to be declared himself quite well again. "Dear Nelly, I shall be a trouble to you no longer. Are you not glad?"

Nelly answered with a little sigh, and was very quiet all that day; and it came to pass, thereafter, that she withdrew herself from his side. Not from her intimacy which had been so grateful to the convalescent, which had served him as foundation for so many castles in Spain. Greatly he missed her and grieved, and finally sought explanation of this most mysterious change. Nelly listened in silence, read, when he had done, with his plaint, turned away weeping, and left him, avoiding him now more than ever. Then the mystery increased, Barney and the lovers scarce spoke to each other. Nelly was silent and sad; pale, and often in tears. Pining for him? For what? Who reads the heart of a girl?

Early in the fall there came to the Hook a party of gentlemen in search of game. Some of them some young fellows they were; mustached, well dressed, and well mannered. Nelly's spirits revived. The officers, well pleased to have so agreeable in a place of so little promise, were certainly very attentive. Edward, flirt and indignant, secluded himself with his boat. He was seen only on duty; and yet when he happened to meet her sometimes, her true eyes would beam upon him the same glance of earnest kindness as before, her voice thrill with emotions which but one in the world can excite. When the Carleton Club, in the river, gave their annual regatta, Barnard wrote a little note inviting Nelly to the race. Nelly went down the river bank carrying the note in her hand. Finding Barnard there, she stood in the door a while, veiling the innocent paper in pieces. When 'twas all destroyed she sprinkled the bits on the floor, saying, "I can't go with you to-morrow," and so departed. Next morning was mild and inviting. Edward was early astir, and set sail, alone, in his boat, not to be the race in the river, but many miles out on the sea. When he returned in the evening the officer's eight-oared barge was also returned from the river, the liver-ropes handled by Nelly. After their supper was over Nelly, with coolest bravado, came to Edward's door and knocked. Not in unwholesome thought, and spoke with mocking politeness, "Why were you not at the races?

Any your friends would not be half so long at it if had you only been with us."

He looked at her sadly a moment; then held out his hand, saying, "I think you could believe that 'twas you who gave me this ring? When I think of the manner of giving I can hardly believe it myself."

Blushing and embarrassment followed, but soon she could quietly answer, "I fear you attach too much import to what was but little risqué. If you think that it meant more than friendship perhaps you had better return it."

"Nelly, can you have very well how much that ring means to me. I pray, then, that no hasty word, perhaps not wholly intended, may deprive me of hope to build on that. Wait for two or three days, and then if you wish me to know that I must not any more look upon you as I have done, throw a red rose-bud from your room as you were to-day when you came home in the barge, and—you shall have—your ring."

On the third day thereafter Nelly went down to the station with a great white rose on her dress, and under it, almost hidden, a little bud of red. Barnard was puzzled, but the rose was not returned.

Toward noon, one dreary day early in November, the Uncle Harry's overhead tongue to wheel up into battle-array, and to send forth gusty, blustering threats of strife. The keeper in the "big light" tended his small craft covering-flag and hurrying inside the Hook, while the larger vessels, keeping on their way, acknowledged the danger by reducing sail and making all snug. Far away, in the southeast, a faint line of smoke told him of a steamer inward bound, none having put out that morning. Could the tugs having fish under lee of the light-ship.

"The worst luck in the world," thought the old man. "Barney 'll be off soon, and I'll be all alone. Never mind—this the storm comes on so black he can't see the signal, if there is one."

Hurrying down, he met the object of his anxiety coming from the house clad in his storm togs and dove-cage in hand.

"You are going out? Eye just come down, and there's no signal in sight."

"Telegraph from the Highlands, Uncle Harry. Steamer from the Golden Gate. News of the Californ his elections. There, don't scold—I must go, you know."

And so he went, despite the warnings and entreaties of the good keeper, who, remounting to the top of the "big light," watched the little skiff until it was lost to his sight in the coming storm.

Edward had calculated to meet the steamer before the squall came upon him, and take a few hours' sail for a boat as was his wayward, by waiting for a pilot, not caring to approach a lee-shore without one. He discovered this, and had just time to take her bearings when the sea shut out from view by the driving spray torn from the surface of the sea by the fierce gusts of the tempest. On he drove, carefully holding his course but not seeing the steamer, until he thought he must have passed her, when suddenly a huge black mass rose before him, like a phantom springing from the depths of the ocean. He rounded to under her counter before being discovered by her, and then, amidst the shrieking of the wind through the rigging, 'twas impossible to make himself heard. They knew him of course, and though not expecting him in such weather, his package, being ready, was weighted and thrown into his boat. Securing the envelope under his pea-jacket, he hurriedly left the private, who flew like an arrow straight for home. With the package was an urgent invitation for the pilot to board the steamer and stay by her until the gale was over. He was at first tempted to do so; but a thought of those who would be anxious for his safe return, determined him to decline the kind request, so waving his hat in farewell he put the boat about, and in another moment was once more alone in the storm.

He had been out about three hours, and supposed himself to be twenty-five miles or more from Sandy Hook. He knew the coast well, however, and though his sail was reefed down to hardly more than a hand's-breadth, he kept along at a rate that he was sure would take him to the Hook. Here no reflections, however, were not of the most cheerful character as he looked back on the locker watching that he should not run too far under. Nelly had lately grown more capricious than ever, and when he had left her so seriously with her, she either discomfited him with merry mockery, or with cold words and haughty glances would turn away and leave him. "I will see a kitten shall be this evening," thought he; "but to-morrow colder than I am now, and that's too cold for comfort." Here his reverie was interrupted by a faint cry, almost lost in the roar of the tempest. Directly astern, drifting fast before the gale, was a large sail-boat, with pale faces and dripping garments and the boom flying. Some helpless creature—could it possibly be a woman?—was clinging to the tiller, though without attempt to guide the ill-fated craft, which more steer as she span round before the wind. As he bore down on the sinking sail-boat he could see that its only occupant was a woman, or rather girl, for she was evidently quite young, and how a mere boy could have managed it. "Throw a rope, boy, now," thought he, "he could jump out of that fast enough; but a girl—well, she must take the only chance there is." Ranging so close alongside that the two boats touched, he threw the end of a line, which the girl fortunately caught. Making signs to her to fasten it round her waist, he cried, "Stand on the wash-board and jump as we lift with the sea!"

With intelligent obedience she stood an instant, with one foot on the rail, watching for the right moment, and when it came, springing forward, she landed safely in Barnard's arms. Without wasting time in words—for they were fast drifting seaward —he deposited her on the stern-sheets, and again trimmed in for home. He was obliged to lay much closer to the wind than before, having lost at least five miles dead to leeward. Once more on his course, his attention was devoted to his fair passenger.

In response to Barnard's questions, she informed him her name was Annie—Annie Wilson; her father, a shipping merchant in New York, owned a cottage near Rockaway, where the family were spending the summer. They had all returned to town, however, and the apartments were closed house. She had learned to sail a boat about the little bay where they lived, and long entertained an ambition to go outside once, on a fine, quiet, broad ocean, "just to see how it would seem." Opportunity occurring in the absence of the family, she had made bold and prospered exceedingly, until she attempted to return, when a strong head-wind was to be encountered, and then, even with her manœuvre experience in boating, progress was rather slow. She thought she should have reached home finally though; but that a sudden flaw twitched the sheet from her hand, nearly upset the boat, and sent her drifting out to sea, where she certainly would have perished had she not been rescued by the timely appearance of one whose face vanished from the bottom of her heart, and whom she would pray for as long as she lived." A few tears on account of father's anxiety for his runaway girl, which ceased when assured that her father should be telegraphed to immediately; more expressions of gratitude to her preserver, her benefactor, and the weary head sank upon his shoulder, the bright blue eyes closed, and she slept of exhaustion.

Barney held on his course until he weathered the point of the Hook, preferring to run round into the bay rather than attempt to land with his fair encumbrance, through the surf. 'Twas a little past ten o'clock when he beached the boat, opposite the keeper's house, and gave his hail Uncle Harry came down with a lantern. When Miss Wilson awoke she was hardly able to move, but with assistance walked to the house, receiving Nelly's offer to carry her there. Nelly was glad, very glad to see Barnard safely returned, though she would have died rather than confess how much she had been surprised by seeing a beautiful young lady enter with him. Barnard gave his charge Nelly's room, and left her to Nelly's tender look of her. She was too tired to wait, even for supper, and would retire immediately; she should have Nelly's room. Nelly's room! Nelly's bed! even though she did take both of Edward's hands, and say: "Good-night, dear Mr. Barnard! Heaven bless you, and keep you in this night and every night."

Barney regrouped to Miss Wilson, in Eighteenth Street; but that gentleman had been sent for from Rockaway. The message should be given him immediately on his return. Hoping to have a kind word from Nelly, he returned to the house. He was disappointed, however, for he saw her again but a moment, and then she did not speak. The next morning Edward found a message at the station stating that Mr. Wilson would start for the Hook in his own boat. As he approached the house with the news, Miss Wilson left Nelly and came forth to greet him. As they stood, hand in hand, near the door, he, looking down lovingly upon her, and she, looking fondly up to him, Nelly could not help hearing and seeing all that passed between them. She heard:

"And so we must lose you. They are coming to take away my treasure, which I have but just found. Annie, I think I am entitled to one-third of you, at least; that's legal salvage."

"You are entitled to my eternal gratitude; and as to losing me, that is not to be. We shall always be friends, shall we not? I shall like you ever so much; indeed, I do now. I think you are splendid!"

Nelly not caring to hear more, had the cruelty to announce breakfast.

About an hour Mr. Wilson came. His daughter was waiting on the wharf for him, and during half an hour they two were alone with each other. Then Nelly summoned them to the house, where Barnard was writing up Uncle Harry's accounts. After greetings and thanks came an awkward pause. The weight of obligation oppressed Mr. Wilson, and he knew not how to seek relief. He, to his daughter, "Ma chère, are you ready?"

Yes, Sir; I learned from books."

"Excuse my questions; but do you know other languages?"

"None but Spanish, and just a little Italian."

"You were at work on these books. Do you understand the science of accounts?"

"I think I may say I do."

"Would you like to enter my counting-room, Mr. Barnard?"

"I hardly know, Sir. Twould take a great temptation to make me leave here," looking over to the door where Nelly was standing.

To Mr. Wilson "temptation" means money. He says, "What would you think of fifteen hundred the first year, and two thousand the next?"

Edward is astonish-ed! Two thousand dollars seems like a large fortune. And yet he wishes those brown eyes would ask him not to go. Mr. Wilson, watching him, understands his hesitation at once. "Do not be in haste to decide, Mr. Barnard; think over the matter, and write me your answer."

Another look toward Nelly. She has turned away, and is quietly tearing to pieces the necklace of shells he made for her. The tears which would fall from the brown eyes he could not see.

"The advantages of your offer are so apparent that there exists but one question in my mind with regard to it. If you feel indebted to me, and seek in this way to make me a present of money, 'twould be wrong for me to accept it; but if you can really give me opportunity to earn so much, 'twould be equally wrong to refuse."

"I like your scruples, Mr. Barnard; and take pleasure in assuring you that the sum I mentioned is the same we have always paid for work which I'm sure you can do."

"Then I shall be right glad to undertake it." He spoke very slowly, but not a look came from the brown eyes to interrupt him; and so 'twas decided he should go.

Uncle Harry mourned the loss of his pupil as though he were a son. "We shall miss you so, my boy. I was in hopes you'd stay with us; yes, Barney, I did hope you and my girl would keep stroke well enough to row in the same boat all your lives."

Such words might have made Barnard repent his decision, and remain a 'longshoreman yet, but that Nelly continued obdurate as ever. Annie Wilson's winning face would come between her and Barnard; and if bitter tears fell upon her pillow she was only the more cold and distant in his presence. And so the young man went away, grieved and almost hopeless, yet wearing the ring which she gave to him long ago.

Hardly was Edward installed in his new position when he was called upon to endure another effusion of grateful thanks. A gentleman, whom Mr. Wilson introduced as Bently, called at the office and was unsparing in professions of obligation and offers of friendly service. More, with much tact and delicacy, he really did render much aid to the young stranger in the metropolis. Edward did not quite understand all this kindness at first, but Annie Wilson explained the mystery, and, blushingly, told him all about it. In return he confided to her all his troubles with Ellen; and so it happened that in writing to Ellen, as she had promised to do, Annie's letters were filled with Barnard's praise—he was all that is good, noble, brave, and kind. Annie was greatly surprised that these letters were not answered—thinking she had written pleasantly and politically; not dreaming that her words of admiration would be as gall and wormwood to the lonely girl on Sandy Hook.

Barnard had been in town about a month, and was visiting Annie one evening, when he was taken into confidence by Bently—who was there of course—and the great secret was divulged to him. The wedding was to take place on Annie's birthday, in February. "And now," said Bently, "Annie and I want you to stand up with us, and Annie says Miss Warden must be one of the bridemaids."

Edward would be only too happy, but Nelly—that is Miss Warden—he did not know, perhaps she might object.

"Oh, you can persuade her, I'm sure!" cries Annie. "At least you will ask her, will you not?"

Yes, certainly, he would ask her. And so the next Saturday found him on the way to Sandy Hook.

Even a period so short as a month, in a city like New York, serves to effect a great change in the appearance, the mien, of a young man, when first brought in contact with its influences. The change is not only in his dress—which is sure to be vastly improved—but in his character, which may be improved, or the reverse. In Barnard's case, associations of the best class, surrounded by the highest refinements of civilization, had given him a graceful suavity, a certain air of elegance, which he was scarcely conscious of, but which was very visible to those who had known him before. Uncle Harry could hardly restrain his admiration, while Ellen was timid, a little afraid of the fine gentleman; but he soon convinced them that the same honest, manly heart throbbed beneath the broadcloth as aforetime under the Guernsey frock. Nelly made vigorous attempts to be formal and distant; but heart-felt pleasure would make the brown eyes seek the welcome face, would give to her manner the old kindly familiarity. But after supper, when he intimated that he would like to see her alone a moment, he had an important request to make, then all her pride returned. Did he think to subdue her in a moment, because he had grown so refined and handsome; or did he wish to make his important request, in order to satisfy his conscience and leave him free to take Annie Wilson? Yes, she would grant the interview, and if he wished to be free, she would take back her mother's ring, and never, never part with it again.

This was the first prearranged *tête-à-tête* he ever sought with her, and he found it rather formidable. Indeed he was so much embarrassed he hardly knew what to say. "I suppose, Annie—I mean Miss Wilson—has told you—that is, written to you, about the wedding?"

"Wedding!" cries Nelly, aghast. "I had not heard. When is it to be?"

"On the 5th of February—Annie's birthday."

"So soon!" murmured the stricken girl. "So soon!"

"Yes. I hardly thought 'twould occur so early; but the preparations are nearly all made, and my request to you is that you will be one of the bridemaids. Annie has set her heart on it, and perhaps I need not add that I too would be very glad if you would."

Poor Nelly! Where was all her pride now? Cowering upon the sofa, her little frame convulsed with sobbing, her face hidden in her hands, she wailed out, "Oh, Edward, have I deserved this?"

"Deserved?" says the dismayed youth. "How deserved? Would it be such a punishment, then, simply to stand up with me?"

"Don't, Edward. Please don't. 'Twould kill me to see you married—I know it would. When your wedding-day comes, I shall wish I was in the bottom of the ocean."

"My wedding-day? See me married? I'm not going to be married. Mr. Bently is to be the groom. Oh you dear little blush-rose, have you betrayed yourself at last? No, you shall not run away now. Nay, then, I'll hold you, if I must."

And so he did a long, long time.

Mr. Barnard was mistaken when he said he was not to be married. Nelly became Mrs. Barnard on the 5th of February.

THE Uncommercial Traveler.

NO. VIII.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

If the confession that I have often traveled from this Covent Garden lodging of mine on Sundays should give offense to those who never travel on Sundays, they will be satisfied (I hope) by my adding that the journeys in question were made to churches.

Not that I have any curiosity to hear powerful preachers. Time was, when I was dragged by the hair of my head, as one may say, to hear too many. On summer evenings, when every flower, and tree, and bird might have better addressed my soft young heart, I have in my day been caught in the palm of a female hand by the crown, have been violently scrubbed from the neck to the roots of the hair, as a purification for the Temple, and have then been carried off highly charged with saponaceous electricity to be steamed like a potato in the unventilated breath of the powerful Boanerges Boiler and his congregation, until what small mind I had was quite steamed out of me. In which pitiable plight I have been hauled out of the place of meeting, at the conclusion of the exercises, and catechised respecting Boanerges Boiler, his fifthly, his sixthly, and his seventhly, until I have regarded that reverend person in the light of a most dismal and oppressive Charade. Time was when I was carried off to platform assemblages at which no human child, whether of wrath or grace, could possibly keep its eyes open, and when I felt the fatal sleep stealing, stealing over me, and when I gradually heard the orator in possession, spinning and humming like a great top, until he rolled, collapsed, and tumbled over, and I discovered to my burning shame and fear that as to that last stage it was not he, but I. I have sat under Boanerges when he has specifically addressed himself to us—us, the infants—and at this present writing I hear his lumbering jocularity (which never amused us, though we basely pretended that it did), and I behold his big round face, and I look up the inside of his outstretched coat-sleeve as if it were a telescope with the stopper on, and I hate him with an unwholesome hatred for two hours. Through such means did it come to pass that I knew the powerful preacher from beginning to end, all over and all through, while I was very young, and that I left him behind at an early period of life. Peace be with him! More peace than he brought to me!

Now, I have heard many preachers since that time—not powerful; merely Christian, unaffected, and reverential—and I have had many such preachers on my roll of friends. But it was not to hear these any more than the powerful class that I made my Sunday journeys. They were journeys of curiosity to the numerous churches in the City of London. It came into my head one day, here had I been cultivating a familiarity with all the churches of Rome, and I knew nothing of the insides of the old churches of London! This befell on a Sunday morning. I began my expeditions that very same day, and they lasted me a year.

I never wanted to know the names of the churches to which I went, and to this hour I am profoundly ignorant in that particular of at least nine-tenths of them. Indeed, saving that I know the church of old Gower's tomb (he lies in effigy with his head upon his books) to be the church of St. Saviour's, Southwark, and the church of Milton's tomb to be the church of Cripplegate, and the church on Cornhill with the great golden keys to be the church of St. Peter, I doubt if I could pass a competitive examination in any of the names. No question did I ever ask of living creature concerning these churches, and no answer to any antiquarian question on the subject that I ever put to books shall harass the reader's soul. A full half of my pleasure in them arose out of their mystery; mysterious I found them; mysterious they shall remain for me.

Where shall I begin my round of hidden and forgotten old churches in the City of London?

It is twenty minutes short of eleven on a Sunday morning when I stroll down one of the many narrow hilly streets in the City that tend due south to the Thames. It is my first experiment, and I have come to the region of Whittington in an omnibus, and we have put down a fierce-eyed spare old woman, whose slate-colored gown smells of herbs, and who walked up Aldersgate Street to some chapel where she comforts herself with brimstone doctrine, I warrant. We have also put down a stouter and sweeter old lady, with a pretty large prayer-book in an unfolded pocket-handkerchief, who got out at the corner of a court near Stationers' Hall, and who I think must go to church there, because she is the widow of some deceased Old Company's Beadle. The rest of our freight were mere chance pleasure-seekers and rural walkers, and went on to the Blackwall railway. So many bells are ringing, when I stand undecided at a street corner, that every sheep in the ecclesiastical fold might be a bell-wether. The discordance is fearful. My state of indecision is referable to, and about equally divisible among four great churches, which are all within sight and sound, all within the space of a few square yards. As I stand at the street corner, I don't see as many as four people at once going to church, though I see as many as four churches with their steeples clamoring for people. I choose my church, and go up the flight of steps to the great entrance in the tower. A mouldy tower within, and like a neglected wash-house. A rope comes through the beamed roof, and a man in a corner pulls it and clashes the bell; a whity-brown man, whose clothes were once black; a man with flue on him, and cobweb. He stares at me, wondering how I come there, and I stare at him, wondering how he comes there. Through a screen of wood and glass I peep into the dim church. About twenty people are discernible, waiting to begin. Christening would seem to have faded out of this church long ago, for the font has the dust of desuetude thick upon it, and its wooden cover (shaped like an old-fashioned tureen cover) looks as if it wouldn't come off upon requirement. I perceive the altar to be rickety, and the Commandments damp. Entering after this survey, I jostle the clergyman, who is entering too from a dark lane behind a pew of state with curtains, where nobody sits. The pew is ornamented with four blue wands, once carried by four somebodys, I suppose, before somebody else, but which there is nobody now to hold or receive honor from. I open the door of a family pew, and shut myself in; if I could occupy twenty family pews at once, I might have them. The clerk, a brisk young man (how does *he* come here?), glances at me knowingly, as who should say, "You have done it now; you must stop." Organ plays. Organ-loft is in a small gallery across the church; gallery congregation, two girls. I wonder within myself what will happen when we are required to sing.

There is a pale heap of books in the corner of my pew, and while the organ, which is hoarse and sleepy, plays in such fashion that I can hear more of the rusty working of the stops than of any music, I look at the books, which are mostly bound in faded baize and stuff. They belonged, in 1754, to the Dowgate family; and who were they? Jane Comport must have married Young Dowgate, and come into the family that way; Young Dowgate was courting Jane Comport when he gave her her prayer-book, and recorded the presentation in the fly-leaf; if Jane were fond of Young Dowgate, why did she die and leave the book here? Perhaps at the rickety altar, and before the damp Commandments, she, Comport, had taken him, Dowgate, in a flush of youthful hope and joy, and, perhaps, it had not turned out in the long-run as great a success as was expected?

The opening of the service recalls my wandering thoughts. I then find, to my astonishment, that I have been, and still am, taking a strong kind of invisible snuff up my nose, into my eyes, and down my throat. I wink, sneeze, and cough. The clerk sneezes; the clergyman winks; the unseen organist sneezes and coughs (and probably winks); all our little party wink, sneeze, and cough. The snuff seems to be made of the decay of matting, wood, cloth, stone, iron, earth, and something else. Is the something else the decay of dead citizens in the vaults below? As sure as Death it is! Not only in the cold, damp February day do we cough and sneeze dead citizens all through the service, but dead citizens have got into the very bellows of the organ, and half choked the same. We stamp our feet to warm them, and dead citizens arise in heavy clouds. Dead citizens stick upon the walls, and lie pulverized on the sounding-board over the clergyman's head, and, when a gust of air comes, tumble down upon him.

In this first experience I was so nauseated by too much snuff, made of the Dowgate family, the Comport branch, and other families and branches, that I gave but little heed to our dull manner of ambling through the service; to the brisk clerk's manner of encouraging us to try a note or two at psalm time; to the gallery congregation's manner of enjoying a shrill duet, without a notion of time or tune; to the whity-brown man's manner of shutting the minister into the pulpit, and being very particular with the lock of the door, as if he were a dangerous animal. But I tried again next Sunday, and soon accustomed myself to the dead citizens when I found that I could not possibly get on without them among the City churches.

Another Sunday. After being again rung for by conflicting bells, like a leg of mutton or a laced hat a hundred years ago, I make selection of a church oddly put away in a corner among a number of lanes—a smaller church than the last, and an ugly: of about the date of Queen Anne. As a congregation, we are fourteen strong; not counting an exhausted charity-school in a gallery, which has dwindled away to four boys and two girls. In the porch is a benefaction of loaves of bread which there would seem to be nobody left in the exhausted congregation to claim, and which I saw an exhausted beadle, long faded out of uniform, eating with his eyes for self and family when I passed in. There is also an exhausted clerk in a brown wig, and two or three exhausted doors and windows have been bricked up, and the service-books are musty, and the pulpit cushions are threadbare, and the whole of the church furniture is in a very advanced stage of exhaustion. We are three old women (habitual), two young lovers (accidental), two tradesmen, one with a wife and one alone, an aunt and nephew, again two girls (these two girls dressed out for church with every thing about them limp that should be stiff, and *vice versa*, are an invariable experience), and three sniggering boys. The clergyman is, perhaps, the chaplain of a civic company; he has the moist and vinous look, and eke the bulbous boots, of one acquainted with 'Twenty port, and comet vintages.

We are so quiet in our dullness that the three sniggering boys, who have got away into a corner by the altar-railing, give us a start, like crackers, whenever they laugh. And this reminds me of my own village church where, during sermon-time on bright Sundays when the birds are very musical indeed, farmers' boys patter out over the stone pavement, and the clerk steps out from his desk after them, and is distinctly heard in the summer repose to pursue and punch them in the church-yard, and is seen to return with a meditative countenance, making believe that nothing of the sort has happened. The aunt and nephew in this City church are much disturbed by the sniggering boys. The nephew is himself a boy, and the sniggerers tempt him to secular thoughts of marbles and string, by secretly offering such commodities to his distant contemplation. This young Saint Anthony for a while resists, but presently becomes a back-slider, and in dumb show defies the sniggerers to "heave" a marble or two in his direction. Herein he is detected by the aunt (a rigorous reduced gentlewoman who has the charge of offices), and I perceive that worthy relative to poke him in the side with the corrugated hooked handle of an ancient umbrella. The nephew revenges himself for this, by holding his breath and terrifying his kinswoman with the dread belief that he has made up his mind to burst. Regardless of whispers and shakes, he swells and becomes discolored, and yet again swells and becomes discolored, until the aunt can bear it no longer, but leads him out, with no visible neck, and with his eyes going before him like a prawn's. This causes the sniggerers to regard flight as an eligible move, and I know which of them will go out first, because of the over-devout attention that he suddenly concentrates on the clergyman. In a little while this hypocrite, with an elaborate demonstration of hushing his footsteps, and with a face generally expressive of having until now forgotten a religious appointment elsewhere, is gone. Number two gets out in the same way, but rather quicker. Number three getting safely to the door, there turns reckless, and banging it open, flies forth with a Whoop! that vibrates to the top of the tower above us.

The clergyman, who is of a prandial presence and a muffled voice, may be scant of hearing as well as of breath, but he only glances up, as having an idea that somebody has said Amen in a wrong place, and continues his steady jog-trot, like a farmer's wife going to market. He does all he has to do, in the same easy way, and gives us a concise sermon, still like the jog-trot of the farmer's wife on a level road. Its drowsy cadence soon lulls the three old women asleep, and the unmarried tradesman sits looking out at window, and the married tradesman sits looking at his wife's bonnet, and the lovers sit looking at one another, so superlatively happy, that I mind when I, turned of eighteen, went with my Angelica to a City church on account of a shower (by this special coincidence that it was in Huggin Lane), and when I said to my Angelica, "Let the blessed event, Angelica, occur at no altar but this!" and when my Angelica consented that it should occur at no other—which it certainly never did, for it never occurred any where. And oh, Angelica, what has become of you, this present Sunday morning, when I can't attend to the sermon; and, more difficult question than that, what has become of Me as I was when I sat by your side!

But we receive the signal to make that unanimous dive which surely is a little conventional—like the strange rustlings and settlings and clearings of throats and noses, which are never dispensed with, at certain points of the Church service, and are never held to be necessary under any other circumstances. In a minute more it is all over, and the organ expresses itself to be as glad of it as it can be of any thing in its rheumatic state, and in another minute we are all of us out of the church, and Whity-brown has locked it up. Another minute or little more, and, in the neighboring church-yard—not the yard of that church, but of another—a church-yard like a great shabby old mignonnette-box, with two trees in it and one tomb—I meet Whity-brown, in his private capacity, fetching a pint of beer for his dinner from the public-house in the corner, where the keys of the rotting fire-ladders are kept and were never asked for, and where there is a ragged, white-seamed, out-at-elbowed bagatelle-board on the first floor.

Among the uncommercial travels in which I have engaged, this year of Sunday travel occupies its own place, apart from all the rest. Whether I think of the church where the sails of the oyster boats in the river almost flapped against the windows, or of the church where the railroad made the bells hum as the train rushed by above the roof, I recall a curious experience. On summer Sundays, in the gentle rain or the bright sunshine—either deepening the idleness of the idle city—I have sat, in that singular silence which belongs to resting-places usually astir, in scores of buildings at the heart of the world's metropolis, unknown to far greater numbers of people speaking the English tongue than the ancient edifices of the Eternal City or the Pyramids of Egypt. The dark vestries and registries into which I have peeped, and the little hemmed-in church-yards that have echoed to my feet, have left impressions on my memory as distinct and quaint as any it has in that way received. In all those dusty registers that the worms are eating, there is not a line but made some hearts leap or some tears flow in their day. Still and dry now, still and dry! and the old tree at the window with no room for its branches, has seen them all out. So with the tomb of the old Master of the old Company on which it drips. His son restored it and died, his daughter restored it and died, and then he had been remembered long enough, and the tree took possession of him, and his name cracked out.

There are few more striking indications of the changes of manners and customs that two or three hundred years have brought about than these deserted Churches. Many of them are handsome and costly structures, several of them were designed by Wren, many of them arose from the ashes of the great fire, others of them outlived the plague and the fire too, to die a slow death in these later days. No one can be sure of the coming time; but it is not too much to say of it that it has no sign in its outsetting tides of the reflux to these churches, of their congregations and uses.

OUR JAPANESE VISITORS.

We publish on this page three engravings of Japanese subjects, which will be viewed with interest now that every body is talking about our Japanese visitors. The picture representing Japanese noblemen is from a photograph, and will convey a faithful idea of the way they dress and their general appearance. The picture of the principal street in Jeddo is from a Japanese drawing. Our visitors have several artists with them, who will doubtless sketch our streets and publish the pictures when they return. It may be hoped that the pictures will be in a higher style of art than the view of Jeddo. The picture of the tea-garden introduces the beholder to one of the most interesting institutions of Japan—Japanese cafés, in fact, where people go to drink tea and pass an hour in a cool, pleasant atmosphere, attended by graceful maidens.

Mr. Oliphant was charmed by the waitresses at these establishments, who, he says, are as fair as European girls, and are graceful and respectful in manner. It is a pity our visitors had not brought a few of their fair countrywomen with them.

We shall next week present the reader with more sketches of our distinguished visitors.

OUR JAPANESE VISITORS—A STREET IN JEDDO.—[FROM A JAPANESE DRAWING.]

Captain Brand,

OF THE

SCHOONER "CENTIPEDE,"

A PIRATE OF EMINENCE IN THE WEST INDIES:

His Lobes and Exploits,

TOGETHER WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE SINGULAR MANNER BY WHICH HE REPAIRED THEM LIVE.

By LIEUT. H. A. WISE, U.S.N.

(HARRY GRINGO),

AUTHOR OF "LOS GRINGOS" AND "TALES FOR THE MARINES."

ILLUSTRATED BY

O. PARSONS AND A. LUMLEY.

CHAPTER XV.

DROWNING A MOTHER TO MURDER A DAUGHTER.

"No sooner had I assured the old lady that I would transfer them to my vessel than her daughter made a step forward, and, letting her shawl fall upon the deck, she seized my hand with both of hers and said, in a low contralto voice:

"'Heaven bless you, Señor.'

"By the cestus of Venus, caballeros, the pressure of that girl's hand, and the deep, speaking look of gratitude she gave me out of her liquid eyes quite did my business! I raised her soft patrician hand to my lips and kissed it respectfully. Ha! I noticed, too, as I released her round slender fingers, that she wore a sapphire of great brilliancy—ay, here it is now! I keep it in remembrance of the girl."

Saying this the host shook back the lace ruffles of his sleeve, and, crooking his little finger, exhibited the jewel to his guests.

The Doctor looked as cold as marble, and said not a word.

"Well, gentlemen, I soon got that ship in a tolerably wholesome state of command. I made my trusty old boatswain, Pedillo, lock the fuddled skipper up sound and tight in his own stateroom, and the rest of my men took a few ropes' ends and belted the lubbers of a crew until they went to work at the pumps with renewed vigor. I also insisted upon the scared male servants of the passengers lending a hand at that innocent recreation, for you see I had no intention of letting the ship go down—"

"With the Capitano Brand in her," interrupted Señor Sanchez.

"No, by no manner of means; for the ship I felt was settling fast, and I could hear the loose cargo, which had broken adrift below in the main hold, playing the devil's own game; smashing and crushing from side to side as the vessel rolled, and coming in contact with the stanchions and beams, with a surging swash of water, too, which told the tale without the trouble of breaking open the hatches. I took, however, the precaution to run my eye over the manifest to see if, perchance, there was any treasure in the after run or any where else; as, in case there had been, I should have made some effort to get at it; but there was nothing on board but wine, dried fruits, and heavy bale goods, not worth the time or trouble, in the aspect of affairs at that time, to save as much as a single cask or a drum of prunes. I glanced, too, at the clearance list, and saw that the names of the passengers were La Señora Luisa Lavarona, and the Señorita Lucia, lady and daughter, with half a dozen orders and titles, of the Judge in Porto Rico. Bueno! roll me an orange if you please, Doctor! Ah, gracias, thanks."

The Doctor rolled the orange, and had it been a grape-shot or any other iron missile its aim would have gone straight through the Captain's body just above his left waistcoat pocket.

"In the mean while the old lady rushed around in a tremendous hurry, in and out of the cabin, losing her balance occasionally in the lurches, ordering her maids to pull out trunks and boxes on to the deck; then giving me a hug to relieve her feelings, and praying and crying between whiles in the most whimsical manner. Not contented either with getting out a pile of luggage and chests that would have swamped a jolly-boat, she insisted upon writing until a locker was broken open in the cabin pantry for the purpose of rescuing six cases of old port wine which had been, she told me, sent as a present from the Archbishop of Lisbon to his friend the Judge. At this juncture I persuaded her to send her daughter and a few light articles first on board my vessel, when the boat would then return for herself and the remainder of their property. Accordingly I carefully wrapped the lovely girl in shawls and cloaks, and got her over the side and down into my boat, pitched a few light caskets and cases in after the young beauty, and then, with a quiet word or two into Pedillo's sharp ear, the boat shoved off. I suppose it may have been half an hour before my boat returned, and then I learned from the coxswain that he had shown his charge down into my private cabin, and she appeared as comfortable and resigned as possible. Well, we made quick work of it now, tumbled a good many things into the boat, when I myself got in to receive the old lady and her retinue. By-the-way, among the articles were the boxes of wine: this is some of it"—tapping the decanter now nearly empty from the attacks of the priest—"and in my opinion it does great credit to the taste and judgment of that venerable Archbishop.

"Where was I? Oh! ah! We were waiting alongside the ship, with her lower chainplates not a foot above water, for the Donna to be hoisted over the rail, since she would not permit any of her attendants to precede her—though Heaven knows they were anxious enough to do so. By this time, too, after my men had left the deck of the ship, the crew had somehow got hold of a barrel of wine, and letting the pumps work themselves, were guzzling away in grand style. I began to lose patience at last, and shouted to the old lady to come at once, or I should be compelled to leave her. She merely leaned over the rail, however, and chattered forth that she had in the world was at my service—of course, figuratively she meant—but she must stay another minute to find a jar of preserved ginger, which was her only cure for the colic."

"You didn't take the offer of the old lady as a figure of speech, I presume?" asked the Doctor.

"No!" muttered the one-eyed old wretch, with a sneer.

"And that jar of ginger spared her any more attacks of colic?"

"Caballeros, you are both right! I did accept the gift of her worldly goods in the frank spirit in which it was offered, without any reservation; and, to my almost certain knowledge, the Señora Lavarona was never more troubled with illness of any kind.

"The fact was, that finding the ship fast sinking, and her crew becoming boisterous and rebellious as the imminent danger burst upon them, they proposed, since their own boats were stove, to take possession of mine! That was a joke, to be sure! A dozen drunken lubbs, with naked hands, to capture ten of the old *Centipede's* picked men, with a pistol and knife each under their shirts; and"—here the speaker laughed heartily—"and Captain Brand beside them! Diavolo! what silly people there are in this world!"

The good Padre joined his superior in this ebullition of feeling, and seemed to enjoy the joke immensely, rolling his goggle eyes and head from

JAPANESE NOBLEMEN.

OUR JAPANESE VISITORS—A TEA-GARDEN IN JAPAN.

THE CHAIR OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE CHICAGO CONVENTION.

side to side, kissing his crucifix, and exclaiming, with devotion,

"Que hombre es eso! What a man he is!"

Well, Señores, the next minute we let go the painter and floated astern past the ship's counter, and a few strokes of the oar-blades sent us dancing away to leeward, where the schooner was lying with her fore-sail up, and the jib-sheet hauled well to windward. We made no unnecessary noise in getting alongside, and it took no great time to get the boat clear, a tackle hooked on, and to swing her on board over the long gun. Then we drew aft the sheets, set the fore-sail, and the *Centipede* was once more reeling off the knots on her course."

"But the ship, my son?"

"Why, my Padre, I was so busy attending to the schooner, and afterward going below to break the sad news to my lovely dark-eyed passenger of the loss of her mother, that I had no time to direct to the ship. Pedillo, however, told me that he heard a good deal of frantic shrieking, and prayers, and cursing, with, for a little while, the renewed clank of the chain-pumps; but after that we had got too far to windward to hear more. About midnight, though, Pedillo and some of the watch thought they saw a white shower of foam like a breaking wave, and a great commotion in the water; but that was all. So, you see, what really became of that old craft we do not positively know; though for a long time afterward I read the marine lists very attentively, but yet I never saw any accounts of her arrival at her destination.

"Perhaps," added Captain Brand, with a peculiar smile, as he lit a fresh cigar, "her arrival may have escaped my notice, as I hope it may, though I think not."

Don Ignacio intimated, by waving his forefinger to and fro, that such a hope had no possible foundation in fact; and he stated, too, that he knew the underwriters had paid the full insurance on the missing ship.

"Ah! well, that seems to settle the matter, truly," murmured the Captain, as if he had long entertained painful doubts on the subject, and now his mind was finally relieved.

"But, hijo mio! son of mine! la Señorita—hiccup—with the almond-shaped eyes—Santissima!—hic—how did she bear the—death of her—hic—mother?"

"Por Dios, Padre! there was a scene which would have drawn tears from a—"

"Pirate," suggested the Doctor.

The Padre blubbered outright, and his round, tipsy eyes nearly popped out of his head.

"Ay, Monsieur, even from mine! But to go back a little. When I had got all snug on board the schooner, I went below, and moved softly on tip-toe along the passage to the door of my beautiful cabin.

"You remember, amigo," said the narrator, turning toward Don Ignacio, "how that cabin was fitted, and how much it cost to do it. I think you paid the bill for me, no?"

Oh yes! Captain Brand was quite right. Don Ignacio remembered it well, and the bill was a thousand gold ounces, sixteen thousand hard silver dollars; and he no means dear at that, for the Don never allowed any body to cheat *him*.

"Cheats, himself, though—sometimes. Don't charge more than the usual commission."

The one-eyed usurer looked wicked at this remark, but he said nothing, being occupied at the moment rolling up a paper cigar with one hand, and wetting the brown forthinger of the other.

"Well, caballeros, I peeped through the lattice-work of the cabin-door, and there reclined my pretty prize—I recall her as if it were yesterday—on one of the large blue satin damask lounges of the after transoms. Her head rested on one of her round, ivory arms, half-hidden in the luxurious pillows; her shawl, too, was thrown back; and with a somewhat disordered dress, and a mass of glossy hair clustering in ringlets about her neck and white shoulders, I thought then, as I do now, that she was a paragon of loveliness. I saw her, as she thus reclined, by the light of a large shaded crystal lamp, which hung by silver chains from the cabin-beams, and shed a rose-tinted effulgence over the whole apartment. When I first approached the door the girl was looking out of those large liquid lamps so superbly framed in her own fringe of dusk lashes, in evident curiosity around the elegant cabin. Her looks wandered from the Turkey carpet on the floor to the beautiful silk hangings, that exquisite set of inlaid pearl ebony furniture, the display of nicknacks, and Dresden porcelain panels of the sides, and, in fact, nothing seemed to escape her; and the good taste of the fittings evidently met her approbation. At times, too, she would turn her gaze out of the narrow little window of the stern, and peer anxiously over the vessel's wake, which by this time was skimming along like a wild duck, and leaving countless bubbles behind her. At the first sound I made, however, in opening the door, she started up and stepped forward to meet me.

"Oh, Señor Capitano, mi madre! my mother! What detains her? We seem to be going very fast through the water!'

"I gently took the girl's outstretched hands and led her back to the cushioned transom. Then I told her, as kindly as I could, that I did all in my power to save her good mother, but that the crew had mutinied—they had taken possession of the unfortunate ship—great confusion existed; and as I feared, you know, that my own boat would be swamped by remaining longer alongside, I was compelled to leave her to her fate.

"But my mother, Señor!' exclaimed the girl with anguish, 'she was saved?'

"No, Señorita,' I said, 'she went down with the ship; but the last words she uttered—that is to me—were to invoke a blessing on my head, and to consign all she possessed to my care.' The poor thing swooned away as I uttered these words, and it was a long time before she came to again. When she did, however, regain consciousness tears came to her relief, and I did all I could to soothe her distress by telling her that, if the wind came fair, she would in the course of a few days be restored to her father."

"But the wind didn't come fair, eh?" broke in Don Ignacio, "and she didn't see—"

"No, amigo, the wind held steady from the opposite quarter, and I thought it better not to beat up with a fished foremast, and all that—and—as she did not see her father."

Captain Brand here wet his thin lips with a few sips of wine, and "Babette, bring coffee!" and resumed his story.

"When the girl became a little more calm I induced her to retire to my state-room, where I left her to sob herself to sleep. Don't spill that coffee, Babette, and put the liqueurs on the table. There, that will do, old lady.

"Well, Señores, the next morning my pretty prize was too ill to leave her room; but as I handed her a cup of chocolate through the door curtains she thanked me with much gratitude for what I had done, and knew that her dear father, the Judge, would bless me."

"So he will," snarled the one-eyed old rascal, "if he ever sees you, when he draws the black cap over his head."

"Possibly he may, though perhaps it will be some considerable time before he has that pleasure.

"For three days I never even saw my pretty passenger, though I heard her low, sweet voice occasionally when I laid out something for her to eat in the adjoining cabin. She sang, too, some little sad songs with a voice which vibrated upon my ear like the notes of an Æolian harp sighing in the night wind. Dios! how I regretted then, and afterward, that I did not have a cabinet piano!"

"Presented to you," suggested the Doctor.

"Yes, presented to me, so that she might have touched the keys with those ivory and rose-tipped fingers.

"So the time passed, the schooner flying on under whole sails, the wind about two points free, and the weather as fine as silk. It was the fourth evening, I think, after parting with the Oporto trader that I induced my fair passenger to come on deck and take a little breath of sea air. You will observe, caballeros, that I did not make this suggestion in the day time, because the *Centipede's* crew, you know, were rather numerous, and some of them not so handsome in point of personal looks as ladies at all times care to behold. Besides, there were certain things about the deck—racks of cutlasses, lockers of musketry along the rail, and a long brass twelve-pounder, which is not altogether hidden by the boat, you know, and might have given rise to a little curiosity, or maybe suspicion, even in the mind of a girl, as to our character, pursuits, and so forth, which I should have been puzzled to answer. Therefore I chose the clear starlight night to pay my homage, and accordingly I went below about four bells of the first watch to escort the little lady to the deck. She was dressed, and waiting for me in the cabin; and if I was so struck with her beauty when I first saw her, my heart thumped now against my ribs like a volley of musket-balls against an oak plank. She wore a black silk robe, such as Spanish women wear at early mass, and around the back part of her head—where the hair was gathered in a glossy knot, and secured by a gold bodkin—fell the heavy folds of a black lace mantilla, the lower end fastened sash fashion around her lithe waist. She stepped, too, like a queen on a pair of slim, long, delicate feet, with arched bell and instep, as if she were in command of the schooner.

"By my right arm!" exclaimed Captain Brand, shaking that member aloft in a glorious fit of enthusiasm, "I am quite sure she had conquered me, and that was more than half the battle! Well, I led her to the quarter-deck, where some cushions and flags had been placed for her near the weather taffrail, and where she sat down. Well, Senores, the graceful girl beside me never spoke scarcely for half an hour. I divined, however, what her thoughts might have been in dwelling on the painful scenes she had recently witnessed, and I held my peace also. For you see I have had considerable experience with women, and I have ever found that a man loses more by talking than by remaining watchful and attentive."

Captain Brand looked, as he gave utterance to this philosophical sentiment, as if he were a thirsty, cold-eyed tiger, lying in wait to spring upon an unwary passer-by.

"Yes, I waited, until at last she spoke.

"'Capitano,' she said, 'what a beautiful vessel you command, and how fast she sails!'

"What I replied, my friends, is neither here nor there; but I sank down on the cushions beside the lovely girl, and poured out a torrent of passionate words—which I really felt, too, at the time—as I don't think I ever uttered before or since. She was a little startled and nervous at first, but after a while I saw her stately head droop to one side till it rested on my shoulder. I stole my arm around her yielding waist, and clasped her to my breast."

Here Captain Brand looked as if the tiger had already sprung upon the passer-by, and was sucking the blood with his claws buried deep into the carcass.

"Señor," she murmured, in the low, sweet plaintive note of a nightingale, 'I am a young and inexperienced girl of an old and noble family; you have saved my life, my mother is gone, and I have no one to advise with, and if my dear father smiles upon my choice I will marry you, but do not, I implore you, deceive me!'"

"And you did not deceive her, I hope," broke in the Doctor, with a shiver of light from his determined eyes that was almost painful to see, so earnest and terrible it was, as he leaned forward with both of his clenched hands quivering nervously on the table.

Captain Brand looked at the Doctor with rather a suspicious stare, and then his features drop from his arm-pits till they rested on the flaps of his waistcoat pockets, he replied in a careless tone:

"Oh no, Monsieur, I never deceived—s—that is to say, intentionally deceived a woman, in all my life!"

"Let us hear more, my son," said the priest, who had now woke up from a short nap, and took a deep interest in the love-making episode of his Captain.

"Buena, caballeros!" continued the narrator, as he tossed off a thimbleful of maraschino from a wicker-bound square bottle, after his coffee. "Well, gentlemen, the young Don Ignacio Quesnel, Señorita Lucia, and I sat there under the weather rail till the first faint streaks of early dawn in the tropics began to announce the coming of the gray morning. Then she arose, and, leaning with a soft pressure on my arm, I took her to her cabin, kissed her sweet hands, and bade her good-night."

At this stage of the narrative Captain Brand threw himself triumphantly back in his large Manilla chair, and ran his white muscular hands through his dry light hair. Ay! the tiger had clutched his prey. An unprotected young and lovely girl had been won and lost, and her palpitating heart was soon to be torn from her tender body.

"DROWNING A MOTHER TO MURDER A DAUGHTER."

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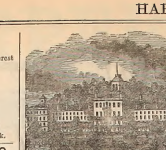

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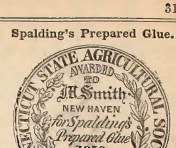

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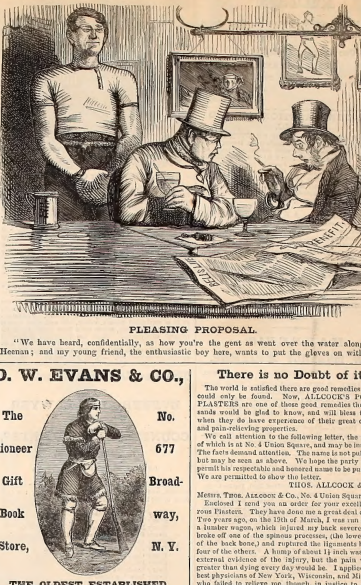

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The world is satisfied there are good remedies if they could only be found. Now, ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS are one of these good remedies that thousands would be glad to know, and will bless the day when they do have experience of their great curative and pain-relieving properties.

We call attention to the following letter, the original of which is at No. 4 Union Square, and may be inspected. The facts demand attention. The name is not published, but may be seen as above. We hope the party will yet permit his respectable and honored name to be published. We are permitted to show the letter.

THOS. ALLCOCK & CO.

MESSRS. THOS. ALLCOCK & CO., No. 4 Union Square, N. Y.

Enclosed I send you an order for your excellent Porous Plasters. They have done me a great deal of good. Two years ago, on the 15th of March, I was run over by a lumber wagon, which injured my back severely, and broke off one of the spinous processes, (the lowest joint of the back bone,) and ruptured the ligaments between four of the others. A bump of about 1½ inch was all the external evidence of the injury for the pain was far greater than dying every day would be. I applied to the best physicians of New York, Wisconsin, and Michigan, who failed to relieve me, though, in justice to them, I must say some of their prescriptions I did not follow. I gave up all hopes of permanent relief from pain, when I happened to read your advertisement, which I had seen before, but had paid no attention to it, but was persuaded to send for a dollar's worth, and at least make trial of them. This was several months ago. The first plaster did me good. I then sent for half a yard, and put it on my back, reaching from hip bone to hip bone. I have worn it for five or six weeks, and feel nearly as well as ever. I think nothing but Allcock's Porous Plaster has done me any good, and if it is not that, then I am getting well of an injury from which the best surgeons and physicians told me, "You have a chance to live, and you have a chance to die." I shall keep on sticking to the plasters, if they will stick to me, and, judging from those already tried, I think they will. I am yours truly.

Original, dated April 18th, 1860, marked 160, may be seen at No. 4 Union Square.

SECOND LETTER FROM MESSRS. J. W. JOHNSON & CO., HARTFORD, CONN., THIS YEAR.

HARTFORD, March 22, 1860.

MESSRS. THOMAS ALLCOCK & CO.:

Gentlemen—Please send us by express one gross more of your Medicated Porous Plasters. They sell better than any other plasters. They are the no plus ultra in the shape of a plaster. They relieve all and cure many of serious spinal and other affections. Send immediately. Yours,

J. W. JOHNSON & CO.

This is the second gross Johnson & Co. have had this year. We have assurances from our agents everywhere that the Medicated Porous Plasters are doing much good, and will take the place of most other strengthening plasters.

NERVOUS AFFECTIONS CURED.—Julius Metz, Esq., of Brooklyn, the well-known Professor of Music, was long subject to an affection of the muscles of the chest, attended with much spasmodic asthma. His physical sufferings were great, and his professional duties much interfered with. The application of one Plaster cured him.

All Physicians who have ever seen these Plasters, recommend. Mr. Caldwell, Dr. Wallbridge, and Dr. Jacobvinet, report that probably these Plasters are specifics in all diseases of the skin surface. Their value is beyond dispute.

Hear what the Hon. Carl Schultze, of Chicago says:

"To the Editors of the New York Criminal Zeitung:

"Gentlemen: Please inform the public, that I have quite recovered from the severe pains in my chest, from which I have so long suffered. Allcock's Porous Plaster cured me, of which he spoke so highly. I had tried almost every thing to relieve the pain, without any benefit, before I used this Plaster, which I engage to say, in a few days after putting it on, perfectly relieved me. I have worn the plasters for the last nine months, changing once in a week, and without any return of the pain in my chest, or the least difficulty in taking any kind of food. This can be attested by all my friends and my family. Show Dieckman this letter, and please to publish it in your paper.

"Most respectfully, CARL SCHULTZE."

NOTE.—LETTER OF CRIMINAL ZEITUNG.—We insert this letter with pleasure, as it affords us an opportunity of saying that any one afflicted with pain in the chest, accompanied with indigestion, can, by applying at the office, receive ample testimony from one who has been restored to health by these very Plasters of Mr. Allcock, which he uses and sells for a similar affection.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. IV.—No. 178.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1860. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

HON. ABRAM LINCOLN, OF ILLINOIS.

REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR PRESIDENT.

We engrave herewith the portrait—from a photograph by Brady—of Hon. Abram Lincoln, of Illinois, the Republican candidate for President. The following sketch of his career is from the *Herald:*

Abram Lincoln, the Republican candidate for the Presidency in the campaign of 1860, is a native of Harden County, Kentucky. He was born February 12, 1809. His parents were born in Virginia, and were of very moderate circumstances. His paternal grandfather, Abram Lincoln, emigrated from Rockingham County, Virginia, to Kentucky about 1781–82, where, a year or two later, he was killed by Indians. His ancestors, who were respectable members of the Society of Friends, went to Virginia from Berks County, Pennsylvania. Descendants from the same lineage still reside in the eastern part of Pennsylvania.

Abram Lincoln, the subject of this memoir, further removed from Kentucky to Spencer County, in Indiana, in 1816.

Mr. Lincoln received a limited education. In 1830 he removed to Illinois, and passed the first year in Macon County, engaged in agricultural pursuits. He next went to New Salem, at that time in Sagamon County, now Chenard County, where he remained about one year as a clerk in a store. About this time the Florida or Black Hawk War broke out, and on the call from the Federal Government for volunteers, a company was raised in New Salem, and Lincoln was elected captain. He served during this memorable campaign. On his return to Illinois, in 1832, he became a candidate for the State Legislature, but was defeated. The next three succeeding biennial elections he was elected to the Legislature by the Whig party. During his legislative term he studied law, and subsequently engaged practically in the profession at Springfield; but his practice at the bar did not withdraw his attention from politics, and for many years he was one of the leaders of the Whig party in Illinois, and was on the electoral ticket in several presidential campaigns. He was a disciple of Henry Clay, and exerted himself in his behalf in 1844, by making a tour of Illinois and advocating Clay's election to the Presidency. He was elected to Congress in 1846, and served until 1849.

While in Congress the Wilmot Proviso warfare was in progress, and which disturbed the peace and harmony of the country until it shook the foundation of the Union from its centre to its circumference. He voted forty-two times for the Proviso. He was also active, in connection with Seward, Chase, Giddings, and other abolitionists, in the agitation of that subject. He also opposed the Mexican War, and declared it unconstitutional and wrong, and voted against the bill granting 160 acres of land to the volunteers.

In the National Convention of 1848, of which he was a member, he advocated the nomination of General Taylor, and sustained the nomination by every canvass of his own State. In 1852 he was efficient in his efforts for General Scott, and was considered by the Whigs of Illinois and the Northwest as one of their leaders. From 1849 to 1854 Mr. Lincoln was engaged in the practice of his profession.

In 1849 he was a candidate before the Illinois Legislature for United States Senator, prior to which he stumped the State for the Whigs. When the issue met, the Democracy was in the ascendant, General Shields, the Democratic candidate. In 1850 he was again the candidate of the Whigs for United States Senator before the Legislature chosen that year; but the Democracy being in the majority, Lincoln was again defeated and Judge Trumbull, the Democratic candidate, elected. In 1855 Mr. Lincoln's name headed the Frémont electoral ticket in Illinois. In 1858 it was the desire of the Illinois Republican State Committee to have Mr. Lincoln succeed Douglas in the United States Senate, and to effect this he stumped the State for the Republicans; and it was during this campaign that Mr. Lincoln made the best political speeches of his life, and from which the people of the Union will at once read his sentiments on the great questions of the day. He is a tariff man, in favor of a protective policy, opposed to the Dred Scott decision, urging as an especial reason for his position that it deprives the negro of the rights of that clause in the Constitution of the United States which guarantees to the citizens of each State all the rights, privileges, and immunities of the several States.

In the campaign in Illinois in 1858, when he stumped the State in opposition to Douglas, he showed himself an adept in political strategy, and suited his speeches to the locality in which he spoke. His partizans claim that he had the advantage of the Illinois Senator as well in eloquence as in tact, and commend very highly the manliness and courage which he displayed on several occasions when they met in debate.

HON. ABRAM LINCOLN, OF ILLINOIS, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR PRESIDENT.

[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

In personal appearance Mr. Lincoln, or, as he is more familiarly termed among those who know him best, "Old Uncle Abe," is long, lean, and wiry. In motion he has a great deal of the elasticity and awkwardness which indicate the rough training of his early life, and his conversation savors strongly of Western idioms and pronunciation. His height is six feet three inches. His complexion is about that or an octoroon; his face, without being by any means beautiful, is genial looking, and good humor seems to lurk in every corner of its innumerable angles. He has dark hair tinged with gray, a good forehead, small eyes, a long penetrating nose, with nostrils such as Napoleon always liked to find in his best generals, because they indicated a long head and clear thoughts; and a mouth which, aside from being of magnificent proportions, is probably the most expressive feature of his face.

As a speaker he is ready, precise, and fluent. His manner before a popular assembly is as he pleases to make it, being either superlatively ludicrous or very impressive. He employs but little gesticulation, but when he desires to make a point produces a shrug of his shoulders, an elevation of his eyebrows, a depression of his mouth, and a general malformation of countenance so comically awkward that it never fails to "bring down the house." His enunciation is slow and emphatic, and his voice, though sharp and powerful, at times has a frequent tendency to dwindle into a shrill and unpleasant sound; but, as before stated, the peculiar characteristic of his delivery is the remarkable mobility of his features, the frequent contortions of which excite a merriment his words could not produce.

Mr. Lincoln is the author of the basis upon which Seward formed his "irrepressible conflict" platform, as will be seen from the subjoined extracts from his speeches. Lincoln's "irrepressible conflict" sentiments were uttered in a speech delivered at Springfield, Illinois, June 17, 1858, and Seward's speech on the same topic in October, 1858. Mr. Lincoln, in his speech at Springfield, Illinois, on the 17th of June, 1858, said:

In my opinion it will not cease [the slavery agitation.—*Ed.*] until a crisis shall have been reached and passed. "A house divided against itself can not stand." I believe this Government can not endure permanently, half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved—I do not expect the house to fall—but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing, or all the other. Either the opponents of slavery will arrest the further spread of it, and place it where the public mind shall rest in the belief that it is in the course of ultimate extinction; or its advocates will push it forward, till it shall become alike lawful in all the States—old as well as new—North as well as South.

In another speech at Chicago, on the 10th of July, 1858, he said:

I have always hated slavery, I think, as much as any Abolitionist. I have been an Old Line Whig. I have always hated it, and I always believed it in course of ultimate extinction. If I were in Congress, and a vote should come up on a question whether slavery should be prohibited in a new Territory, in spite of the Dred Scott decision I would vote that it should.

In another speech at Springfield, Illinois, July 17, 1858, he said:

I nevertheless did not mean to go on the banks of the Ohio and throw missiles into Kentucky, to disturb them in their domestic institutions.

In another speech at Galesburg, October 7, 1858, he said:

I believe that the right of property in a slave is not distinctly and expressly affirmed in the Constitution.

Mr. Lincoln was comparatively unknown to the

people of this section of the Union until during the past winter, when he made a tour of the Middle and New England States, delivering political stump speeches.

The following is from the *Tribune:*

Abram Lincoln was born in Hardin County, Kentucky, February 12, 1809, and is now fifty-one years old. He is very probably of the race of the Massachusetts Lincolns, though his parents were of Quaker stock, that migrated from Pennsylvania to Virginia, whence his grandfather removed in 1781–'82 to Kentucky, and was there surprised and killed by Indians while at work on his clearing. Like most pioneers, he left his family poor; and his son also died prematurely, leaving a widow and several children, including Abram, then six years old. The family removed soon after to Southern Indiana, where Abram grew to the stature of six feet and some inches, but enjoyed scarcely better opportunities for instruction than in Kentucky. Probably six months in all of the rudest sort of schooling comprehends the whole of his technical education. He was in turn a farm laborer, a common workman in a saw-mill, and a boatman on the Wabash and Mississippi rivers. Thus hard work and plenty of it, the rugged experiences of aspiring poverty, the wild sports and rude games of a newly and thinly peopled forest region—the education born of the log-cabin, the rifle, the axe, and the plow, combined with the reflections of an original and vigorous mind, eager in the pursuit of knowledge by every available means, and developing a character of equal resource and firmness—made him the man he has since proved himself.

At twenty-one he pushed further west into Illinois, which has for the last thirty years been his home, living always near and, for some years past, in Springfield, the State capital. He worked on a farm as hired man his first year in Illinois; the next year he was a clerk in a store; then volunteered for the Black Hawk war, and was chosen a captain by his company; the next year he was an unsuccessful candidate for the Legislature; he was chosen the next, and served four sessions with eminent usefulness and steadily increasing reputation; studied law, meantime, and took his place at the bar; was early recognized as a most effective and convincing advocate before the People of Whig principles and the Protective policy, and of their illustrious embodiment, Henry Clay; was a Whig candidate for Elector in nearly or quite every Presidential contest from 1836 to 1852, inclusive; was chosen to the XXXth Congress from the Central District of Illinois in 1846, and served to its close, but was not a candidate for re-election; and in 1849 measurably withdrew from politics and devoted himself to the practice of his profession until the Nebraska Iniquity of 1854 called him again into the political arena. He was the candidate of the Whigs for United States Senator before the Legislature chosen that year; but they were not a majority of the body; so he declined, and urged his friends to support Judge Trumbull, the candidate of the anti-Nebraska Democrats, who was thus elected.

In the gallant and memorable Presidential contest of 1856 Mr. Lincoln's name headed the Frémont Electoral Ticket of Illinois. In 1858 he was unanimously designated by the Republican State Convention to succeed Mr. Douglas in the Senate, and thereupon canvassed the State against Mr. Douglas with an ability in which logic, art, eloquence, and thorough good-nature were alike conspicuous, and which gave him a national reputation. Mr. Douglas secured a predominance in the Legislature and was elected, though Mr. Lincoln had the larger popular vote, so that if the question had been decided by the majority of the people the champion of Squatter Sovereignty and of indifference as regards slavery extension would not now be a Senator from Illinois.

HON. HANNIBAL HAMLIN.

Hon. Hannibal Hamlin, who was nominated by the Republican Convention at Chicago for Vice-President, was born in Paris, Oxford County, Maine, in August, 1809, and is now in the fifty-first year of his age. He is by profession a lawyer, but for the last twenty-four years has been, for much of the time, in political life. From 1836 to 1840 he was a member of the Legislature of Maine, and for three of those years he was the Speaker of its House of Representatives. In 1843 he was elected a member of Congress, and re-elected for the following term. In 1847 he was again a member of the State Legislature; and the next year was chosen to fill a vacancy, occasioned by the death of John Fairfield, in the United States Senate. In 1851 he was re-elected for the full term in the same body, but resigned on being chosen Governor of Maine in 1857. In the same month he was again elected to the United States Senate for six years, which office he accepted, resigning the Governorship. He is still a member of the Senate. This record is an evidence of the confidence with which he has always been regarded by his fellow-citizens in Maine.

Up to the time of the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska bill, in 1854, Mr. Hamlin was a member of the Democratic party. That act he regarded as a proof that the party, with which he had been all his life connected, no longer deserved the name of Democratic, and was treacherous to the principles he had so long cherished. Thenceforward he gave his support to the Republican party, of which he has ever since continued a faithful and distinguished leader.

THE "GOLDEN BEE."

PART I.

Laden with precious merchandise, the growth of Chinese soil,
And costly work of Chinese hands, the patient wealth of toil,
Over the wave with outspread sails, like white-winged bird at sea,
Swiftly, gayly, homeward bound, sped on the *Golden Bee.*

Stored with such peachy-textured silks as shimmer in the sun,
With countless rainbow-tinted gleams and never keep to one—
Silks to burnish Beauty's self with a new resplendent ray,
Silks an English queen might wear on her coronation day.

She had chests of fragrant tea-leaves to make social household boards,
Or to be the one sweet luxury of widows' scanty hoards;
With grotesque and dainty ivories, carved by coarse-grained hands,
For idle money-spenders in rich European lands.

Cloudless the sky—fresh blew the breeze—the Captain's heart was light,
As on the deck he lingered late and watched the coming night;
If sweet the journey homeward from an unpropitious sail,
'Tis sweeter still where Fortune smiles in port and sea and gale.

Blithe was the Captain's gallant heart, for things had prospered well,
Soon should he reach his home on shore with much good news to tell:
Good news for his Parsee merchants, and for the fair young wife,
Whose sweet affection made the joy and beauty of his life.

Soon should he kiss his bonnie boy, and hold him on his knee,
Awhile he'd listen eager-eyed to stories of the sea;
Soon should he kiss his latest-born, and then the Captain smiled,
Smiled father-like to think of *her*, his little unseen child.

A tear ran down his sunburnt cheek, a mild joy lit his eye—
So sweet were thoughts of love and home—so near they seemed to lie;
While through his great, rough heart diffused such pure and soft delight,
As like an even song of praise went up to heaven's height.

One by one upon the waves twinkled every rising star,
And Dian trailed her golden hair over the deep afar;
While lonely o'er the vastness of that solitary sea,
Glided, as on feathered feet, the good ship *Golden Bee.*

Hark! what terrific cry was that of horror and affright,
Which broke like some tempestuous sound the stillness of the night,
Rousing the crew from rest and sleep to tremble with dismay,
Waking the Captain's sunny dreams of harbor far away?

Oh, Captain, wake! 'Tis but a dream—the harbor is not won,
Thou dost not clasp thy Mary's hand, or kiss thy little son;
Thy baby sweetly sleeps ashore—that shore is far from thee—
Oh, Captain, wake! for none but God can save thy *Golden Bee.*

"Fire!" 'twas an awful sound to hear on solitary seas,
With double danger in the breath of every fresh'ning breeze;
An awful sight it was to see the vessel all alight,
As if a blazing meteor dropped into the darksome night.

Foremost and calm amid his crew the Captain gave command,
Nor backward in a moment's need to help with skillful hand,
Awhile the courage in his voice and firmness on his brow
Imparted strength and hope to hearts which ne'er had drooped till now.

Three days, three nights, the vessel burned; oh, Heavens! 'twas strange to be
Mid fire unquenchable with all the waters of the sea!
But neither skill nor strength availed: the fatal breezes blew,
Death and destruction, fiery-winged, threatened the gallant crew.

And all was lost. Those gorgeous silks would sweep no palace now,
Those ivory fans would never feign a breeze to beauty's brow;
The aromatic leaf could soothe no weary student's brain,
Or freshen lips in fever heats upon the bed of pain.

"Get out the boat!" with firm quick voice the short command was said,
And no man spoke, but straight and swift the order was obeyed;
Then one by one the crew stepped forth—but all looked back with tears,
Upon the bonnie *Golden Bee,* their home of many years.

But first the Captain snatched from flame, and pressed within his breast,
A relic of departed days, of all his heart loved best:
A little Prayer-book, well-worn now, a gift in early life,
Sweet token from his early love ere yet he called her wife.

And quick as falls a lightning shaft, when thunder is behind,
A thousand recollected joys flashed o'er his troubled mind;
Of happy, happy courtship days, and later, still more sweet,
The tranquil joys of married life, the sound of baby feet.

Amid a death-like silentness of breeze and sky and sea,
Beneath a burning noonday sun they left the *Golden Bee;*
And when they saw the blackened wreck totter amid the foam,
Each sailor breathed a prayer to God, and thought of wife and home.

Then out upon a lonely sea, six hundred miles from land,
The solitary boat sailed forth with that courageous band;
Sailed forth as drifts a withered leaf upon the surging tide,
With only hope to be their strength, and only God as guide.

No white sail specked the arid sky, no cloud or shadow came
To cool that blue abyss of air which seemed to be a flame;
No breeze sprang up to aid their oars, no friendly ray of light,
Of moon or star, shone out to guide their dreary path at night.

Oh! God, it was a fearful thing to float and drift away,
Upon so wide a wilderness, day after weary day,
With meagre store of food and drink which, ere two days had rolled,
They measured out as never yet a miser did his gold.

"Oh, Captain!" cried a sailor boy, "I ran away from sea,
And well I know my mother's heart has sorely grieved for me;
Will some one take my parting love?—I shall not reach the shore."
And then he smiled a saintly smile, nor smiled nor spoke no more.

Then tenderly, with bare brown hands, his comrades did prepare
An humble shroud, and wrapp'd him in with more than woman's care.
And all stood up and bared their heads, awhile the Captain read
The Church of England's requiem over its ransomed dead.

The red sun dipp'd into the sea, and lit the west afar,
The crimson clouds paled one by one, beneath the evening star;
A calm of even-tide enwrapp'd both breeze and sky and wave,
When in God's great cathedral vault the sailor found a grave.

They wept no more—but, silent, stood and watched the placid deep;
Thinking with wistful hearts of him who slept such blessed sleep.
And one—a gaunt and giant man—sent forth a bitter cry,
And clenched his hand, and shrieked aloud, "Oh, master, let us die!"

Oh, let us die! The words rang forth through the sweet summer air,
As if a mad and tortured soul breathed out its last wild prayer.
They sounded far athwart the sea, and up into the sky,
Till even silence seemed to make the echo, "Let us die!"

Then rose the Captain, sternly sad, and where the sun had set,
He waved one hand, and cried, in tones which could command them yet:
"Oh, comrades! will you see *His* works, and doubt that he can still
Save e'en in the eleventh hour, if such should be His will?

"Oh, while there's life despair not! Have we mothers, children, wives?
Does not *their* memory give us all the strength of double lives?
Mind ye not how the widow's cruse, though wasted, filled again?
We've yet the widow's God o'erhead, and yet a little grain.

"Oh! tender wives, who live for us, our hearts consent to take
A little hope, a little faith, for your beloved sake.
Oh! children of our dearest love! oh, pleasant home ashore!
Our souls can brave a thousand deaths to call ye ours once more!"

PART II.

Where palaces of merchant kings in marbled splendor rise—
And gleam beneath the burning blue of fair Calcutta's skies—
Where orange groves and myrtle bowers weigh down the sultry air,
The Captain's fair young wife abode, and watched his coming there.

She never heard the billows roar, or saw a ship at sea,
Without a thought of those who steered the bonnie *Golden Bee:*
She never kissed her babes at night, or woke at dawn of day,
Without a prayer that God would speed her sailor on his way.

One night rose up a fierce monsoon, and with a sudden roar,
Startled the waves from twilight rest, and dashed against the shore;
Where all night long they shrieked and wailed, and sobbing sunk to sleep,
As dying groans of shipwrecked men fade on the silent deep.

The Captain's babes serenely slept, and through the tempest smiled,
As sweet forget-me-nots bloom fair amid an Alpine wild;
The mother, weeping, clasped her hands, and, pacing to and fro,
Prayed, with a white-faced misery, in murmurs faint and low.

"Oh! husband, art thou safe ashore, or shipwrecked on the sea,
And do the wild waves bring from far thy drowning voice to me?
Oh! father of my sleeping babes, 'tis hard that thou must bear
Dangers unspeakable, which I, thy own wife, may not share.

"O God! who mid ten thousand worlds has fixed thy glorious seat,
And cares for every human heart that worships at thy feet,
Pity my happy, helpless babes—*my* watchful agony,
And guide my husband's precious life in safety back to me."

Days glided by, and brought the time when every ship might be
That one for which her soul was sick of wistfulness to see;
Days grew to weeks, and still she watched, and hoped, and prayed the same,
For the *Golden Bee*'s safe advent, which never, never came.

She held her children to her heart, and prayed without a word
(Ofttimes the heart's unspoken prayer by Heaven is soonest heard);
And if they heedless played or slept, the passion of her grief
Would spend itself in wailing tears, which brought her no relief.

Then, as a soft and tranquil day follows a night of rain,
And drooping flowers will feel the sun, and ope their leaves again,
For sweetest sake of feeble babes, no helper by save One,
She learned to lead a widowed life, and say, "Thy will be done."

One night the moon escaped from clouds, and with a pale light gleamed
Over the sea, which felt the glow, and murmured as it dreamed;
Her bright boy cradled at her feet, her baby on her breast,
She sung her evening cradle song, and hushed the pair to rest.

Awhile the elder child still drowsed, and like a dove in June,
Cooed from his little downy nest unto his mother's tune,
A ship that bore a foreign flag rode calmly with the tide,
And dropp'd its anchor in the port, by the fair city's side.

Before the mother's voice had ceased its chanting, fond and sweet,
A distant footstep echoed through the silence of the street;
And when the boy's blue dreamy eyes sought for her face no more,
A shadow flecked the window-panes, and paused without the door.

A shadow of a human form—but oh, so white and wan!
As if the strong vitality of manhood must be gone;
Then came a low breathed, tender voice, it only murmured "Wife!"
And heart to heart the two were clasped, called back to new glad life.

For hours they hardly spoke a word, but shedding blessed tears,
Poured out their prayers of thankfulness to One who always hears;
Those tears fell on their sleeping babes. O children, ye receive
Such pure baptismal rite as Church or Priesthood ere can give.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, May 26, 1860.

OUR JAPANESE VISITORS.

We devote several of our illustrated pages to the Japanese, who—at the time we write—are in Washington, enjoying the hospitalities of that thriving little town. A large sum of money was voted by Congress to defray the expenses of their reception; and, from all that we hear, the Messrs. Willard have been as successful as they usually are in entertaining them gracefully and hospitably. By-and-by they will be here, and we understand that the Messrs. Leland, of the Metropolitan Hotel, propose to eclipse their confrères of the Federal Capital by a series of entertainments of unparalleled display and magnificence.

One or two members of Congress have alluded to this "fuss" as a "piece of nonsense." They are the lineal descendants of the people who said that the "fuss" in Boston, eighty odd years ago, about the Tea-duty was "all nonsense," and of the people who shouted aloud that the resistance to the Stamp-act, which ushered in the Revolution, was mere gammon. The fact is, that this Japanese embassy is a matter of the highest national and commercial importance.

The Japanese are the British of Asia. Like our ancestors of the British Isles, they are of insular origin, and full of insular virtues and insular prejudices. They despise foreigners; but they know how to take care of themselves. Many of their customs seem absurd to us; but they are honest in their adoption, and thorough in their observance. Their country produces a number of commodities which would find a sale here, and they consume many articles which we produce. Satisfy them that commercial intercourse with us would be beneficial to them, and a valuable trade will be created. Thus far, their only commercial correspondents have been the Dutch, who have driven hard bargains with them, and impressed them unfavorably with regard to Christian nations. We can undo the mischief that has been done if we produce a favorable impression on our visitors, and commence a trade under proper auspices.

Independently, however, of immediate commercial benefits, the establishment of friendly relations with the Japanese can not fail to be of marked advantage to our Pacific States. The State of Oregon and the future State of Washington will necessarily become intimately connected with their nearest neighbors over the water. Of those neighbors Japan is the one best worth cultivating. The Russians of Northern Asia are more than semi-barbarous, and the Chinese are such a peculiar race, and so entirely foreign to us in every sense of the word, that neither can compare, in respect of neighborly value, to the Japanese. By-and-by there will necessarily grow up an interchange not only of commodities but of men between our Pacific States and the empire of Japan. Our people will go to Japan—our esteemed friend Lieutenant Habersham, late of the United States Navy, has already established a promising commercial house at Yokuhama—and will endeavor to show the Japanese the best side of the American character. On the other hand, the Japanese—if good relations be established between the two countries—will send out some of their people to plant Japanese colonies in our territory. Of this interchange the benefit will be obvious and mutual. Civilized as we boast of being, we can learn much of the Japanese—if nothing more, we can learn the duty of obeying the laws.

In every point of view, the visit of the Japanese is an important event, and we fervently trust that all classes of our people will combine to do them honor. In this city, unfortunately, they will be under charge of our aldermen, who, it is to be feared, will give them a very poor idea of our people. But nothing prevents our leading citizens from paying them private attentions, and we should be glad to hear that our rich and influential men—such as William H. Aspinwall, Moses H. Grinnell, James Gordon Bennett, Charles Hecksher, Thomas Richardson, David D. Field, and others who have fine country places—were prepared to do the honors of the city in a way which should efface any unpleasant remembrance of the grossièretés which may be expected from the O'Tooles and O'Booles, and O'Gradys, and O'Br[illegible] Common Council.

THE MARCH OF FASHION.

WELL, Fashion progresses—like the crab or the tortoise; and now we have bonnets (shall we say hats, as they call them in Minnesota?) planned after the models which prevailed in the days of Madame Recamier and graced the court of Napoleon the First. Every bonnet is its own umbrella; and there is room enough between the head-covering and the head for a good sized sign-board stating whether the wearer is wife, widow, or maid, and if either of the two latter, how much money she can call her own. We recommend the suggestion to bonnet-makers. On a pale satin ground, in commercial characters, the inscription would look remarkably neat.

In Paris they are, as usual, ahead of us. There, bonnets have been discarded, and *robes a queue* formally adopted. The merit of this last innovation consists in the unparalleled destruction of material it involves. A lady writes: "Four morning walks render a *robe a queue* a perfect *chiffon*, only fit to be given to one's lady's maid." Stones and pavements have no respect for silks or satins. If the new fashion prevails, we shall have to adopt pages as well; and Mrs. Soiechangeante of Fifth Avenue must have her little Buttons to follow her, train in hand, at every step. This will be all very well in Paris, where none but the rich are fashionable; but here, where every white woman dresses in the height of fashion, what a demand there will be for pages! The market for boys has already an upward tendency.

On the hoop question we have placed our opinions on record. Fashion must prevail, however; and the old style of clinging skirts impends in the future. One thing is not clear. In the days of Napoleon the First ladies were restricted by fashion to a very scant allowance of stuffs. They were, according to Madame D'Abrantes, a fair average; three inches more or less made a material difference in the amount of cash they had to spend. What will the dry-goods dealers do if this new fashion be consistent as far as this?

The French artists depict the goddess whom they call *La Mode* revolving in a never-ending, never-changing circle. And so it seems. Our ladies have already got back to the Empire style of bonnets, and are on the verge of adopting the Empire skirts. They will naturally be followed by the men. Top-boots, tight knee-breckes, and monstrous hats, with blue brass-buttoned coats, await us in the future. Let us bow to the decree. Provided we don't come to *ingwilleties*, curled-up toes, and the primitive costumes of the decades of Reason, we ought to submit with resignation.

THE LOUNGER.

THE NEW ALADDIN.

"MY DEAR LOUNGER, . . . once heard a story of Aladdin which was more Yankee than Arabian. Do you know what I mean, and, if so, would you kindly tell the story?
HARRIET."

The Lounger believes that this is the story.

Aladdin began by swapping jack-knives and getting the best, and bartering halves of melons and stuck together the whole ones. When he grew older, and sold berries which he picked on the hillpastures, he invented the bottom of the quart, so that a little capital was carried forward to the next measure. He hayed hard all summer—and went to evening school all winter, and learned the golden rule of arithmetic—addition for himself, and subtraction for his neighbor; and, in all the games, he was partial to the rule of 3 turned over. "You tickle me, and I'll tickle you, if I can; but at all events you tickle me."

At an early age Aladdin was considered to be good at a bargain; which meant, that he could always succeed in exchanging the worse for the better—always having the blind eye of a horse to the wall when he wanted to sell him, and always looking straight at it when he wanted to buy him; and the approving nod shook the head, and said, "Let Aladdin alone to succeed."

He grew up and left the village for the world. "He'll be rich!" said the village, with more enthusiasm and envy than any village ever does to a prospering boy. "He'll be honest, faithful, generous!" To Aladdin the whole world was but a market in which to buy cheap and sell dear. For him there was no such thing as poverty, or piety, or honor. To him all lands and waters are alike, for each is unhallowed by association. No Homer sings for him along the Hellespont—only curses the wind that will not blow him to Odessa. No sirens call to him from the sunny shore; he loves the sharp oath of a brutal boatswain.

With a Bible in his hand and a quid in his mouth he squints about the holy places in Jerusalem, and calculates the cost of the sepulchre. He scratches his name with a jack-knife upon Egyptian obelisks by the side of the hieroglyphic names of Rameses and Thothmes—assures that school early history with their grandeur; and the reverend echoes of the Libyan desert, that have sat there since they heard the shout of Alexander's army marching to find the oracle of Ammon, are awakened by the shrill whistling of Yankee Doodle and Dan Tucker.

He insults the Grand Lama—he hobnobs with the Great Mogul—he turns his back upon Emperors—he pinch out of the Pope's snuff-box. from the living animal with cheers long with the Turks, and rides Turks, and rides

He turned his goods and his opportunities over and over again, and they are all changed into piles of money. The wise village welcomes him, and proudly points him out to the Aladdins of a younger generation as the shining example of the successful man—"For, my dear son, just think of it! He began with nothing, and now look!"

My dear son does look, and he sees Aladdin owning millions of dollars, and of all the Doing-good societies of which he is not president he is director. His name is as good as gold. He has bought pictures and books and statues. He has also bought a Mrs. Aladdin. He is housed in luxury, but he pricks his mouth with the silver fork. He has a home for a poet, but he boasts that he never reads any thing but the newspapers. He goes to church twice on Sunday, and only wakes up when the preacher reviles and denounces the sinners of Sodom—the touch of Jesus of Nazareth. His head is bald and shiny with all the sermons that have hit it and glanced off. He clasps his hands in prayer, just as he does when the contribution box is passed round; and he goes home, like a thrifty successful man, thanking God that he is not as other men are—that he pays his debts, and forgets before the fire in the easy-chair, and tells the children to remember that honesty is the best policy, and looks sleepily at Mrs. Aladdin through the thick smoke.

By-and-by old Aladdin dies. The conventional services are held over the body, the hearses and mourning carriages are called out by the undertakers. The papers regret that they are summoned to depart from this life a man so universally esteemed, a public-spirited citizen, and pious man. Then the precocious swapper of jack-knives and model for the rising generation is gone. We are told by the stars that he never saw now born over him with a soft lustre that he knew not how to turn into money; and the south wind, for whose breath upon his hot brow he was never grateful, now strews his last bed with unconscious violets, which his head crushed in living. And the men who are to be formed upon that model and pursue a similar success, careless of all but their bodies, "Sic sed old Aladdin is gone at last; will he eat up with?" The sculptor carves a church upon his tombstone and grave, and calls it "Faith;" and we shall know them," while some quiet Charles Lamb, with insanity in the family, asks, as he puts aside the last good cut, and reads Aladdin's epitaph, "Where be all the bad people buried?"

GODWIN'S FRANCE.

A FEW weeks since the Lounger spoke of the first volume of Parke Godwin's History of France, as nearly ready. It has since been published; and no reader will deny that the expectation of his friends and the public has been amply fulfilled. It is a work which at once takes rank with our best histories and secures the literary position of its author; and it is such historical commendation, under circumstances which can not be known by the world of readers, is a triumph of the private energy and ambition which furnish the best credentials for the character of the work. The composition of great historical works is the peculiar province of leisure which our own historians and the more famous ones abroad have commanded. But to the hand accustomed to the pen, the preparatory proportions with detailed fidelity, picture-queness, and vigor, is the proof of qualities in the historian that are very sure to command success as well as to deserve it.

The first volume of this history includes, of course, the introductory portion of the whole. As treated by Mr. Godwin, it comprises a clear and succinct account of the geography of Gaul and of the earliest inhabitants of France, followed by a Roman conquest under Julius Cæsar, who is sketched with masterly power, and moves through the pages with living reality. The Roman dominion and introduction of the great General is fully justified by his story of his career. The subsequent state of the country, its subject to the Roman yoke and decline, leads to a condensed, graphic, and comprehensive picture of Rome under the emperors, and a delightful and valuable account of the introduction of Christianity as a historical power; with brief, but pregnant and satisfactory glimpses of its preachers, its converts, and its martyrs. The following volume, we reach the reign of Constantine, whose relations to the new religion are made very clear, and the rise of Clovis with the invasion of the eastern and western empire, the Gallic revolts, and the German invasions, pass in rapid succession before the reader's mind. The rise of the temporal power of the Papacy—a question at the present moment of universal interest—is fully and impartially treated and explained; while Charles Martel emerges, kingly and victorious, from the cloud of Gallic confusion, and stands in the very front of the scene. The Saracens, founds an imperial dynasty, dies in the plenitude of power; and, after some delay, that magnificent figure, which has so long filled men's story, Charlemagne—or, as Godwin, following the later scholars, chooses to call him, Karl the Great—stalks into the scene. At his coming the entire continuous light of history breaks in; and the volume closes with the dissolution of the enormous empire of the Franks, which Karl had governed for fortyseven years. "No one can tell," says a monk, "the mourning and lamentation that there was throughout every where, so that even the Pagans wept him as the Father of the World." Well might the people have so mourned for a ruler who could and did it then knew was gone from it forever." (P. 475.)

It is impossible not to acknowledge the very great skill with which Mr. Godwin has managed his material; the full advantage he has taken of every proper point for picturesque description; and the general symmetry, vigor, and interest of his work. A peculiar raciness of style, which is very different from the ordinary level of historical composition, is a perpetual charm in his pages; while the fullness and precision of the notes attest the patient and conscientious care with which he has wrought out each detail. He has the satisfaction of knowing that the least interesting part of his task is accomplished—that with every succeeding epoch of his narration public attention will be more and more excited. He has the deeper satisfaction of knowing that, in contributing a classic work to the literature of his time and country, he has given that country another light upon the "dim and perilous way" which all nations travel, and has built a lasting monument for his own name.

G. P. R. JAMES.

WE have all had our little joke at James and his tireless horsemen; but we have also all read many pleasant stories with interest and not to be pained to hear of his illness. A letter from Vienna states that about a month since Mr. James had an attack of fever at Venice, where he is Consul-General.

Such an event may be regarded as the public termination of a literary career which is probably unparalleled in fertility. James's original works amount to nearly eighty, in more than one hundred and ninety volumes; while his miscellaneous stories and papers might easily fill eight or ten volumes more. He is now an old man, having been born in 1801. It is an interesting fact that Washington Irving was the indirect means of the introduction of James to the world, which have so pleased the public—"it is stated, in the most recent biographical sketch of James (American Cyclopædia, Vol. xi. p. 1), that a publisher, urged by Irving to attempt some important work, and he wrote the Life of Edward the Black Prince. Irving read it, and said, 'Here is a place, and his "Richelieu" is more than a quarter of a century old.

His resolute industry as an author has succeeded in giving him a position and prominence which genius has often failed to give. He is the father of his household of over the million, without any of the peculiar humor, vivacity, and sincere antiquarian passion which constitute the excellence of Scott's literature. He is the very speller who has amused so large an audience for so long a time has my room at the top of the house, and my seven year men arise around him and pass on before him, but he has cheerfully held his own ever, without losing the love of his readers or his companions. If his hand rests now from its labors, there will be many a heart unknown to him sorry to learn it, and many a hearty hope that the stroke, which probably terminates his literary activity, may still leave him cheerfulness and contentment, and quiet years in the circle of his friends and family.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

ENCOMMISCIATION UNDER DIFFICULTIES.—The following notice has been extensively posted in Paris "Bell-obtained by Auction."

LATE FROM THE SCHOOL-ROOM.

MISTRESS.—"I'm reading such a pretty tale."
GOVERNESS.—"You must say narrative, Minnie—not tale."
MINNIE.—"Yes, ma'am; and do just look at Mud! how he's wagging his narrative!"

In a country town in Massachusetts, many years ago, lived a man known as Uncle Zeke Cushing. He had a peculiar habit of saying the most unpleasant, for the simple reason that Tower had killed his favorite ox. Tower died; but when he was buried, Uncle Zeke, as he looked upon the corpse, and turned away, grittin his teeth, exclaimed, "Darn the devil now!"

A few weeks ago, as the passengers on board the steamer *Perry*, during her passage from Newport to Providence were quietly smoking their cigars above in her forward cabin, one among them, a lover of "Ducken," proposed to his fellow-smokers that they should go down and get a game. The number required, lacking one, was obtained, and now the game began. Two or three "Ducks" had succeeded to the the arrival of the next comer before proceeding with the game. Soon a fourth appeared, and the game began. The pursuer through the cabin-door and took a seat, pulled out a pack of cards, and commenced taking notice of any one, became interested in the sheet before him. The persevering stranger cautiously approached the unsuspecting, and tapping him on the shoulder, politely invites him to take a hand. "I am a perfect stranger and quiet reply, "but I am an Episcopal clergyman, and think my flock would make severe remarks should I play cards." Well, I'll tell you what. Make a big horn, and paint yourself crawling out of the little end of it."

T CHARADE.

My first, Prometheus-like, from heaven,
Has drawn inspiring fire;
But not, Prometheus-like, condemned
To feel the vultures dire;
His effort raised the sinner's soul,
Or kindled soft desire;
His calmed the passions, or the heating heart,
Or raised its pulses higher.

My second is in season with
The yellow harvest moon,
And blooms in brilliant azure hues
When autumn winds assume grieves
When heavy frost is seen at morn,
And autumn leaves decay,
Chains kindred with the evening star,
And kindred with the day.

My whole—oh mention not my whole!
Despised, for that cause!
A feeble, puny, useless thing,
Not worthy e'en to pay for fuel.

The following epitaph was left by Dr. Dodge, of Maine, with directions that it should be inscribed on his tombstone. His relatives did not get it there, although they felt with him that it was singularly appropriate:

"Here lies Old Dodge, who dodged all good,
But never dodged the evil;
He dodged his last, but all he could,
He couldn't dodge the devil."

In an altered form it has found its way into print before as a fancy epitaph. But the truth of the case is as I have stated.

PUNCH ON THE UNION BANK DEFALCATION.

THE NEW ROGUE'S MARCH.
Air.—"See the Conquering Hero Comes."

Ope thy gate, O Newgate, let a new Rogue in,
He was never worst thought-gate—ever fit for;
Big as Bow's or west thought-gate—ever fit for;
Here, in pomp and splendor, comes the Bounded more.

Robbing his employers, is this Rascal's crime—
Fiascos case for lawyers, villainy sublime;
Theft, imagination, whose amount astounds.
Nene, by computation, three hundred thousand pounds!

After gain he hasted, lured by gain alone,
He was greedy—bolted—let the Bank be known;
How those sum were doing poses all belief,
Confidence inspires a rogue to be a thief.

Hide, you knaves inferior, your diminished heads,
Bow to your superior—skies the ground he treads.
Never before him, never hence, shall rival cites!
Grovel and adore him, prigs of smaller size.

Blush for your offenses, burglars at the crank,
Thinking your immense plunder a thing for a Bank;
Shamed by his large plunder, coiners of the Road,
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Felons, hail your greater; trumpets sound, and drums
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Giveaway—make room for him, Empire! Noble sire,
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GENTLEMAN.—"*Hein?*"

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CHIME OF THIRTEEN BELLS FOR CHRIST CHURCH, CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS, MANUFACTURED BY MESSRS. HENRY N. HOOPER & CO., OF BOSTON

CHIME OF CHURCH-BELLS.

WE publish above a faithful picture of a chime of bells from a photograph by Black & Batchelder, of Boston, Massachusetts. This chime of bells was cast by Messrs. Henry N. Hooper & Co., at their foundry in Boston, for Christ Church in Cambridge, Massachusetts. As the drawing indicates, the chime is composed of thirteen bells. In consequence of the size of the belfry, the space occupied does not admit of the bells being shown to advantage. The photograph was taken in the foundry yard, and the group of men are the operatives in the establishment.

DESCRIPTION OF THE BELLS.

1st, on the key of D	weighs	2168 pounds.
2d, on the key of E	weighs	1687 pounds.
3d, on the key of F sharp	weighs	1275 pounds.
4th, on the key of G	weighs	1201 pounds.
5th, on the key of A	weighs	999 pounds.
6th, on the key of B	weighs	695 pounds.
7th, on the key of C	weighs	614 pounds.
8th, on the key of C sharp	weighs	547 pounds.
9th, on the key of D	weighs	477 pounds.
10th, on the key of D sharp	weighs	387 pounds.
11th, on the key of E	weighs	287 pounds.
12th, on the key of F sharp	weighs	235 pounds.
13th, on the key of G	weighs	200 pounds.

The bells have been accurately tuned under the direction of Mr. Henry P. Munroe, of Cambridge, a gentleman who has devoted much time to the study of acoustics, and whose discrimination in musical tone is very acute. Eight of these bells, running in the scale from D to D, are hung for round ringing; the five upper ones are fitted for chiming only; and when properly handled, either in round ringing or chiming, will produce a beautiful effect.

HANGING THE BELLS.

The mode adopted for hanging is different from that of any other chime of bells—it being similar to that adopted by Hooper & Co. in 1837 for single bells, which has been thoroughly proved to be every thing to be desired, and for economy, simplicity, and durability it is believed to surpass all other styles of hanging used in Europe or this country.

COMPOSITION OF METALS.

Messrs. Hooper & Co. have been eminently successful in the combinations of the metals used in their bells, insuring that homogeneous character so essential for producing evenness of tone, freedom of vibration, and strength of cohesion. This last-named quality is fully demonstrated by the fact that the breakage of church-bells cast by them for the last thirty years has been but four one hundredths of one per cent—a degree of durability hardly supposable considering the severe ordeal to which bells are subjected. The funds for purchasing the Cambridge chime have been raised chiefly by Henry M. Parker, Esq., who has devoted much time to this matter.

The following inscriptions were furnished by Mr. Parker, and are cast upon the bells:

1.

Gloria in excelsis Deo, et in terra pax, bona voluntas hominibus.

LET THE NAME OF MR. THOMAS DOWSE OF CAMBRIDGE, BE REMEMBERED.

✣

"THE LIBERAL MAN DEVISETH LIBERAL THINGS."

✣

2.

Te laudamus, Te benedicimus; Te adoramus, Te glorificamus; Tibi gratias agimus propter summam gloriam Tuam.

✣

IN MEMORIAM BENEFICIORUM ILLUSTRISSIMÆ SOCIETATIS ANGLICANÆ DE PROMOVENDO EVANGELIO, IN PARTIBUS TRANSMARINIS, INSTITUTÆ.

✣

3.

Domine Deus Rex cœli Deus Pater Omnipotens.

ECCLESIÆ PRIMÆ EPISCOPALI CANTABRIGIÆ IN NOV. ANGLIA, ME LIBERE DONAVIT EDVARDUS CAHILL, LONDINIENSIS, A.D. 1760.

RECAST [illegible]

RECAST IN TH[illegible]

4.
Domine Jesu unigenite
Jesu Christe.

5.
Domine Deus
Agnus Dei,
Filius Patris.

6.
Qui tollis peccata mundi
Miserere nostri.

7.
Qui tollis peccata mundi
Miserere nostri.

8.
Qui tollis peccata mundi
Suscipe orationem nostram.

9.
Qui sedes ad dexteram
Dei Patris
Miserere nostri.

10.
Quoniam Tu solus sanctus,
Tu solus Dominus.

11.
Tu solus, O Christe,
Cum Spiritu
Sancto.

12.
Altissimus in gloria
Dei Patris.

13.
Amen! Amen!

Campanology, or bell-ringing as an art, has received great attention in England, many treatises having been published explanatory of the peals rung, and many persons have become eminent as "discoursers of this majestic music." The ringing of bells commends itself to the athlete as a pleasant exercise; for while it produces pleasurable sounds it develops and strengthens the muscles, and, owing to the erect position maintained by those who are skilled in round ringing, it tends to impart grace and dignity to the figure more than any other exercise. We trust that this is but the commencement of the establishment of correct musical chimes in the country; for we can conceive of no better mode to usher in the Sabbath morn than the pealing of sweet-toned church-bells.

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "AFTER DARK," ETC., ETC.

(Printed from advance proof-sheets purchased from the author exclusively for "Harper's Weekly.")

PART II.

HARTRIGHT'S NARRATIVE.

I.

I OPEN a new page. I advance my narrative by one week.

The history of the interval which I thus pass over must remain unrecorded. My heart turns faint, my mind sinks in darkness and confusion when I think of it. This must not be, if I who write am to guide, as I ought, you who read. This must not be, if the clew that leads through the windings of the Story is to remain, from end to end, untangled in my hands.

A life suddenly changed—its whole purpose created afresh; its hopes and fears, its struggles, its interests, and its sacrifices, all turned at once and forever into a new direction—this is the prospect which now opens before me, like the burst of view from a mountain's top. I left my narrative in the quiet shadow of Limmeridge church: I resume it, one week later, in the stir and turmoil of a London street.

The street is in a populous and a poor neighborhood. The ground-floor of one of the houses in it is occupied by a small newsvendor's shop; and the first floor and the second are let as furnished lodgings of the humblest kind.

I have taken those two floors in an assumed name. On the upper floor I live, with a room to work in, a room to sleep in. On the lower floor, under the same assumed name, two women live, who are described as my sisters. I get my bread by drawing and engraving on wood for the cheap periodicals. My sisters are supposed to help me by taking in a little needle-work. Our poor place of abode, our humble calling, our assumed relationship, and our assumed name, are all used alike as a means of hiding us in the house-forest of London. We are numbered no longer with the people whose lives are open and known. I am an obscure, unnoticed man, without patron or friend to help me. Marian Halcombe is nothing but my eldest sister, who provides for our household wants by the toil of her own hands. We two are at once the dupes and the agents of a daring imposture. We are the accomplices of mad Anne Catherick, who claims the name, the place, and the living personality of dead Laura Glyde.

That is our situation. That is the changed aspect in which we three must appear, hereforth, in this narrative, for many and many a page to come.

In the eye of reason and of law, in the estimation of relatives and friends, according to every received formality of civilized society, Laura, Lady Glyde, "lay buried in her mother in Limmeridge church-yard. Torn in her own lifetime from the list of the living, the daughter of Philip Fairlie and the wife of Percival Glyde might still exist for her sister, might still exist for me, but to all the world besides she was dead. Dead by the law, who had renounced her; dead to the servants of the house, who had failed to recognise her; dead to the persons in authority, who had committed her fortune to her husband and her aunt; dead to my mother and my sister, who believed me to be the dupe of an adventuress who had forged a fraud; socially, morally, legally—dead.

And yet alive! Alive in poverty and in hiding. Alive, with the poor drawing-master to fight her battle, and to win the way back for her to her place in the world of living beings.

Did no suspicion, existing by my own knowledge of Anne Catherick's resemblance to her, cross my mind when I read that month's news to me? No. The shadow of a suspicion, from the moment when she lifted her veil by the side of the inn-yard, was present to me always.

Before the sun of that day had set, before the last glimpse of the home which was closed against her had passed from my eyes, the farewell words I spoke when we parted at Limmeridge House had been recalled by both of us, repeated by me, recognised by her. "If ever the time comes when the devotion of my whole heart and soul and strength will give you a moment's happiness, or even a moment's sorrow, will you try to remember the poor drawing-master who has taught you?" She, who never remembered so little, remembered now, and the terror of a later time, remembered those words, and laid her poor head innocently and

"I QUICKLY AROUND THE CORNER OF THE DING LADY GLYDE BY THE ARM."

tearingly on the bosom of the man who had spoken them. In that moment, when she called me by my name, when she said, "They have tried to make me forget every thing, Walter, but I remember Marian, and I remember you"—in that moment I, who had long since given her my love, gave her my life, and thanked God that it was mine to bestow on her. Yes, the time had come. From thousands on thousands of miles away—through forest and wilderness, where companion or stranger than I had fallen by my side; through perils of death thrice renewed and thrice escaped, the Hand that leads men on the dark road to the future had led me to meet that time. Forlorn and disowned, sorely tried and sadly changed; her beauty faded, her mind clouded; robbed of her station in the world, of her place among living creatures, the devotion of my whole heart and soul and strength might be laid blamelessly now at those dear feet. In the right of her calamity, in the right of her friendlessness, she was mine at last! Mine to support, to protect, to cherish, to restore. Mine to love and honor as father and brother both. Mine to vindicate through all risks and all sacrifices—through the hopeless struggle against Rank and Power—through the long fight with armed Deceit and fortified Success—through the waste of my reputation—through the loss of my friends—through the hazard of my life.

II.

My position is defined; my motives are acknowledged. The story of Marian and the story of Laura must come next.

I shall relate both narratives, not in the words (often imperfectly and inevitably confused) of the speakers themselves, but in the words of the brief, plain, studiously simple abstract which I committed to writing for my own guidance, and for the guidance of my legal adviser. So the tangled web will be most speedily and most intelligibly unfolded.

The story of Marian begins where the narrative of the housekeeper at Blackwater Park left off.

On Lady Glyde's departure from her husband's house, the fact of that departure, and the necessary statement of the circumstances under which it had taken place, were communicated to Miss Halcombe by the housekeeper. It was not till some days afterward (how many days exactly Mrs. Michelson, in the absence of any written memorandum on the subject, could not undertake to say) that a letter arrived from Madame Fosco announcing Lady Glyde's sudden death in Count Fosco's house. The letter avoided mentioning dates, and left it to Mrs. Michelson's discretion to break the news at once to Miss Halcombe, or to defer doing so until that lady's health should be more firmly established.

Having consulted Mr. Dawson (who had been himself delayed, by ill health, in resuming his attendance at Blackwater Park), Mrs. Michelson, by the Doctor's advice and in the Doctor's presence, communicated the news, either on the day when the letter was received or on the day after. It is not necessary to dwell here upon the effect which the intelligence of Lady Glyde's sudden death produced on her sister. It is only useful to the present purpose to say that she was not able to travel for more than three weeks afterward, on the journey of that time she proceeded to London, accompanied by the housekeeper. They parted there; Mrs. Michelson previously informing Miss Halcombe of her address, in case they might wish to communicate at a future period.

On parting with the housekeeper Miss Halcombe went at once to the office of Messrs. Gilmore and Kyle to ascertain the latter gentleman in Mr. Gilmore's absence. She mentioned to Mr. Kyle what she had thought it desirable to conceal through the latter gentleman (Mrs. Michelson included)—her suspicion of the circumstances under which Lady Glyde was said to have met her death. Mr. Kyle, who had previously given friendly proof of his anxiety to serve Miss Halcombe, at once undertook to make such inquiries as the private and dangerous nature of the investigation proposed to him would permit.

To facilitate this part of the subject before going farther, it may be here mentioned that Count Fosco offered ever facility to Mr. Kyle on that gentleman's stating that he was sent by Miss Halcombe to collect such particulars as had not yet reached her of Lady Glyde's decease. The Count, being in communication with the medical man, Mr. Goodricke, and with the two servants. In the absence of any means of ascertaining the exact date of Lady Glyde's departure from Blackwater Park, the result of the Doctor's and the servants' evidence, and of the volunteered statements of Count Fosco and his wife, was conclusive to the mind of Mr. Kyle. He could easily assume that the intensity of Miss Halcombe's suffering under the loss of her sister had misled her judgment in a most deplorable manner, and he wrote her word that the shocking suspicion to which she had alluded in his presence, was, in its opinion, destitute of the smallest fragment of foundation in truth. Thus the investigation by Mr. Gilmore's partner began and ended.

Meanwhile, Miss Halcombe had returned to Limmeridge House, and had there collected all the additional information which she was able to obtain.

Mr. Fairlie had received his first intimation of his niece's death from his sister, Madame Fosco; this letter was not containing any exact reference to dates. He had sanctioned his sister's proposal that the deceased lady should be laid in her mother's grave in Limmeridge church-yard. Count Fosco had accompanied the remains to Cumberland, and had attended the funeral at Limmeridge, which took place on the 2d of August. It was followed, as a mark of respect, by all the inhabitants of the village and the neighborhood. On the next day the inscription (originally drawn out, it was said, by the aunt of the deceased lady, and submitted for approval to her brother, Mr. Fairlie) was engraved on one side of the monument over the tomb.

On the day of the funeral, and for one day after it, Count Fosco had been received as a guest at Limmeridge House; but no interview had taken place between Mr. Fairlie and himself by the former gentleman's desire. They had communicated by writing; and through this medium Count Fosco had made Mr. Fairlie acquainted with the details of his niece's last illness and death. The letter presenting this information added no new facts to the facts already known; but one very remarkable paragraph was contained in the postscript. It referred to the woman Anne Catherick.

The substance of the paragraph in question was as follows:

It first informed Mr. Fairlie that Anne Catherick (of whom he might hear full particulars from Miss Halcombe when she reached Limmeridge) had been traced and recovered in the neighborhood of Blackwater Park, and had been, for the second time, placed under the charge of the medical man from whose custody she had once escaped.

This was the first part of the postscript. The second part warned Mr. Fairlie that Anne Catherick's mental malady had been aggravated by her long freedom from control, and that the inhuman hatred and distrust of Sir Percival Glyde, which had been one of her most marked delusions in former times, still existed, under a newly-acquired form. The unfortunate woman's one idea in connection with Sir Percival was the idea of annoying and distressing him, and of elevating herself, as she supposed, in the estimation of the patients and nurses, by assuming the character of his deceased wife; the scheme of this personation having evidently occurred to her after a sudden interview which she had succeeded in obtaining with Lady Glyde, and at which she had observed the extraordinary resemblance which existed between the deceased lady and herself. It was to the last degree improbable that she would succeed a second time in escaping from the Asylum; but it was just possible she might find some means of annoying the late Lady Glyde's relatives with letters; and, in that case, Mr. Fairlie was warned beforehand how to receive them.

The postscript, expressed in these terms, was shown to Miss Halcombe when she arrived at Limmeridge. There were also placed in her possession the clothes Lady Glyde had worn, and the other effects she had brought with her to her aunt's house. They had been carefully collected and sent to Cumberland by Madame Fosco.

Such was the posture of affairs when Miss Halcombe reached Limmeridge in the early part of September. Shortly afterward she was confined to her room by a relapse, her weakened physical energies giving way under the severe mental affliction from which she was now suffering. On getting stronger again, in a month's time, her examination of the circumstances described as attending her sister's death still remained unshaken. She had heard nothing in the interim of Sir Percival Glyde. Letters had reached her from Madame Fosco, making the most affectionate inquiries on the part of her husband and herself. Instead of answering these letters, Miss Halcombe caused the house in St. John's Wood, and the proceedings of its inmates, to be privately watched. Nothing doubtful was discovered. The same result attended the next investigations, which were accordingly instituted on the subject of Mrs. Rubelle. She had arrived in London, about six months before, with her husband. They had come from Leyons, and they had taken a house in the neighborhood of Leicester Square, to be fitted up as a boarding-house for foreigners, who were expected to visit England in large numbers to see the Exhibition of 1851. Nothing was known against husband or wife in the neighborhood. They were quiet people, and they had paid their way honestly up to the present time. The final enquiries related to Sir Percival Glyde. He was settled in Paris, and living there quietly in a small circle of English and French friends.

Foiled at all points, but still not able to rest, Miss Halcombe next determined to visit the Asylum in which Anne Catherick was for the second time confined. She had felt a strong curiosity about the woman in former days, and she was now doubly interested—first, in ascertaining whether the report of Anne Catherick's attempted personation of Lady Glyde was true; and, secondly (if it proved to be true), in discovering for herself what the poor creature's real motives were for attempting the deceit.

Although Count Fosco's letter to Mr. Fairlie did not mention the address of the Asylum, the important omission cast no difficulties in Miss Halcombe's way. When Mr. Hartright had met Anne Catherick at Limmeridge, she had informed him of the locality in which the house was situated, and Miss Halcombe had noted down the direction in her diary, with all the other particulars of the interview, exactly as she heard them from Mr. Hartright's own lips. Accordingly she found no lack of the entry, and extracted the address; furnished herself with the Count's letter to Mr. Fairlie, as a species of credential which might be useful to her; and started by herself for the Asylum on the eleventh of October.

She passed the night of the eleventh in London. It had been her intention to sleep at the house inhabited by Lady Glyde's old governess, but Mrs. Vesey's situation at the sight of her lost pupil's nearest and dearest friend was so distressing that Miss Halcombe considerately refrained from remaining in her presence, and removed to a respectable boarding-house in the neighborhood, recommended by Mrs. Vesey's married sister. The next day she proceeded to the Asylum, which was situated not far from London, on the northern side of the metropolis.

She was immediately admitted to see the proprietor. At first he appeared to be decidedly unwilling to allow communication with his patient. But on her showing him the postscript to Count Fosco's letter—on her reminding him that she was the "Miss Halcombe" there referred to—that she was a near relative of the deceased Lady Glyde; and that she was therefore naturally interested, for many reasons, in observing for herself the extent of Anne Catherick's delusion in relation to her late sister—the tone and manner of the owner of the Asylum altered, and he withdrew his objections. He probably felt that a continued refusal, under those circumstances, would not only be an act of discourtesy in itself, but would also imply that the proceedings in his establishment were of a nature to bear investigation by respectable strangers.

Miss Halcombe's own impression was that the owner of the Asylum had not been received into the confidence of Sir Percival and the Count. His consenting at all to let her visit his patient seemed to afford good proof of this. And his readiness in making admissions which could scarcely have escaped the lips of an accomplice, certainly appeared to favor such a conclusion.

For example, in the course of the introductory conversation which took place, he informed Miss Halcombe that Anne Catherick had been brought back to him by Count Fosco on the thirtieth of July; the Count producing a letter of explanations and authorities, signed by Sir Percival Glyde. On receiving his inmate again, he (the proprietor of the Asylum) acknowledged that he had observed various personal changes in her. Such changes, no doubt, were not without precedent in his experience of persons of unsettled affected. They were most often at one time, outwardly as well as inwardly, unlike what they were at another. The change from better to worse, or from worse to better, in the madness, having a necessary tendency to produce alterations of appearance externally. He observed in these; and he allowed also for the modification in the form of Anne Catherick's delusion, which was reflected, as usual, in her manner and expression. But he was still perplexed, at times, by certain differences between his patient before she had escaped and his patient since she had been brought back. Those differences were too minute to be described. He could not say, of course, that she was absolutely changed in height or shape or complexion, or in the color of her hair and eyes, or in the general form of her face: the change was something that he felt more than something that he saw. In short, the case had been a puzzle from the first, and one more puzzle was added to it now.

It can not be said that this conversation led to the result of materially preparing Miss Halcombe's mind for what was to come. But it produced, nevertheless, a certain effect upon her. She was thus completely unnerved by it, that some little time elapsed before she could summon composure enough to follow the proprietor of the Asylum to that part of the house in which the inmates were confined.

On inquiry, it turned out that Anne Catherick was then taking exercise in the grounds attached to the establishment. One of the nurses volunteered to conduct Miss Halcombe to the place; the proprietor of the Asylum remaining in the house for a few minutes to attend to a case which required his services, and then engaging to join his visitor in the grounds.

The nurse led Miss Halcombe to a distant part of the property which was partially laid out and after looking about her a little turned into a turf walk shaded by a shrubbery on either side. At the half-way down this walk two women were slowly approaching. The nurse pointed to them, and said, "There is Anne Catherick now, with the only patient who waits on her. The attendants will answer any questions you wish to put." With those words the nurse left her to return to the duties of the house.

Miss Halcombe advanced on her side and the women advanced on theirs. When they were within a dozen paces of each other, one of the women stopped for an instant, looked eagerly at the stranger lady, shook off the nurse's grasp on her, and, the next moment, rushed into Miss Halcombe's arms. In that moment Miss Halcombe recognized her sister—recognized the dead-alive.

Fortunately for the success of the measures taken subsequently, no one witnessed this recognition but the nurse. She was a young woman; and one was not startled by what she saw at first some incapable of interfering. When she was able to do so, her whole services were required by Miss Halcombe, who had let the momentary sunk altogether in the effort to keep her own senses under the shock of the discovery. After waiting a few minutes in the fresh air and the cool shade, her natural energy and courage helped her a little, and she became sufficiently mistress of herself to feel the necessity of recalling her presence of mind for her unfortunate sister's sake.

She obtained permission to speak alone with the patient on condition that they both remained in sight (which could be easily done from a neighboring summer-house), and that the nurse should be told she had in her pocket (three several copies) in the nurse's hands, and asked when and where she could speak to her alone.

The woman was at first surprised and distrustful. But on Miss Halcombe's showing her Count Fosco's letter, to put some questions which she was too much agitated to ask at that moment, and that she had only to refer to the proprietor of the house in any dereliction of duty, the woman took the money, and proposed three o'clock on the next day as the time for the interview. She might then slip out for half an hour after the patients had dined; and she would meet the lady in a summer-house on the side of the north wall which screened the grounds of the house. Miss Halcombe had only time to assent, and to make her sister comprehend, by a look and tone from her on the next day, when the proprietor of the Asylum joined them. He noticed his visitor's agitation, but attributed it to the excitement produced by saying that her interview with Anne Catherick had a little startled her at first. She took her cue at once from these words—that is to say, as soon as she could summon courage to force herself from the presence of her unfortunate sister.

A very little reflection, when the capacity to reflect returned, convinced her that any attempt to identify Anne Lady and so rescue her by legal means, would, even if successful, involve a delay that might be fatal to her sister's intellect, which was already shaken already by the horror of the situation to which she had been consigned. By the time Miss Halcombe had left for London she had determined to effect Lady Glyde's escape privately by means of the nurse.

She went directly to Limmeridge House, and sold out of the funds all the little property she possessed, amounting to rather less than seven hundred pounds. Returning to the Asylum, she put the price of her sister's liberty with every farthing she had in the world, she repaired the next day, by the nurse's assistance, to her, in bank-notes, to her appointment outside the Asylum wall.

The nurse was there. Miss Halcombe approached the subject cautiously by many preliminary questions. She discovered, among other particulars, that the woman had, at former times, attended on the true Anne Catherick, had been held responsible (although she was not to blame for it) for the patient's escape, and had lost her place in consequence. The same penalty, it was added, would attach to the person then speaking to her, if Anne Catherick's identity were missed a second time; and, moreover, the nurse, in that event, had no expectation of ever obtaining her place. She was engaged to be married; and she and her future husband were waiting till they had saved two hundred pounds to start in a certain three hundred pounds to start in business. The nurse's wages were good; and in this single circumstance lay the motive in contributing her small share toward the sum required in two years' time.

On this hint Miss Halcombe spoke. She declared that the supposed Anne Catherick was nearly related to her; that she had been placed in the Asylum under a false name, and that the nurse would be doing a good and a Christian action in being the means of restoring them to one another. As a proof of the truth of her story, a single objection Miss Halcombe took four bank-notes, of a hundred pounds each, from her pocket-book, and offered them to the woman as a compensation for the risk she was to run, and for the loss of her place.

The nurse hesitated, through sheer incredibility and surprise. Miss Halcombe pressed the point on her at once.

"You will be doing a good action," she repeated; "you will be helping the most injured and unhappy woman alive. Here is your marriage-portion for a reward. Bring her safely to me here, and I will put these four bank-notes into your hand before I claim her."

"Will you give me a letter saying those words, which I can show to my sweet-heart, when he asks how I got the money?" inquired the woman.

"I will bring the letter with me, ready written and signed," answered Miss Halcombe.

"Then I'll risk it," said the nurse.

"When?"

"To-morrow."

It was hastily agreed between them that Miss Halcombe should return at the same appointed time for the appearance, caution requiring that she should wait and be guided by circumstances. On that understanding they separated.

Miss Halcombe was at her place with the promised letter and the promised bank-notes before the appointed hour. She waited more than an hour and a half. At the end of that time the nurse came quickly around the corner of the wall, holding Lady Glyde by the arm. The moment they met Miss Halcombe put the bank-notes and the letter into her hand, and the sisters were united again.

The nurse had dressed Lady Glyde, with excellent forethought, in a bonnet, veil, and shawl of her own. Miss Halcombe only detained her to suggest a means of turning the pursuit in a false direction, after the escape was discovered at the Asylum. She was to go back to the house; to mention in the hearing of the other nurses that the strangers had been inquiring, latterly, about the distance from London to Hampshire; to wait till the last moment before discovery was inevitable, and then to give the alarm that Anne was missing. The supposed inquiries about Hampshire, when communicated to the owner of the Asylum, would lead him to imagine that his patient had returned to Blackwater Park, under the protection of Sir Percival, which was the last person in asserting herself to be Lady Glyde; and the first pursuit would, in all probability, be directed to that residence.

The nurse consented to follow these suggestions—the more readily, as they offered her the means of obtaining relief against any worse consequences than the loss of her place, by remaining in the Asylum, and so maintaining the appearance of having acted in good faith. She returned to the house, and Miss Halcombe lost no time in taking her sister back with her to London. Arriving in the afternoon train to Carlisle the same afternoon, and arrived at Limmeridge, without accident or difficulty of any kind, that night.

During the latter part of their journey they were alone in the carriage, and Miss Halcombe was able to draw from the remembrances of the past as her sister's confused and weakened memories was able to recall. The terrible story of the conspiracy was thus revealed in fragments, sadly incoherent in themselves, and widely detached from each other. Imperfect as the revelation was, it must nevertheless be recorded here before this explanatory narrative closes with the events of the next day at Limmeridge House.

The following particulars comprise all that Miss Halcombe was able to discover.

POLITICAL.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, May 14, both Houses adjourned, on account of the Democratic National Convention at Charleston.

On Tuesday, May 15, in the Senate, Senator Douglas commenced his speech in defence of popular sovereignty. The Senate adjourned before he ended.—In the House, Mr. Howard was presented a gold-headed cane from Michigan.

On Wednesday, May 16, Senator Douglas concluded his speech, and Senator Davis commenced his reply.—In the House, an inquiry into the Post-Office deficiation was moved and adopted. One or two minor matters were disposed of, and the House adjourned.

On Thursday, May 17, in the Senate, Senator Davis concluded his speech. Mason succeeded Senator Douglas.—In the House, a correspondent of the New York Herald, named Simonton, was expelled for receiving money from parties interested in measures before the House. An inquiry into the Post-Office Department Bill. After acting on the Senate's amendments to the Diplomatic and Consular and Diplomatic Appropriation bill, the House proceeded to the consideration of the legislative, executive, and judicial expenses of the Government.

On Friday, May 18, the Senate ordered to be printed a bill carrying into effect treaties with Japan, Siam, China, and Persia. A resolution was adopted giving notice to the Mount de Meadows massacre. A bill was introduced providing for the examination and payment of claims of the citizens of Texas for Indian spoliations committed since annexation. A bill to organize and sell slavery in the Territories were taken up, and Senator Seward, of New York, made a speech on the subject. Senator Tomms obtained the floor, but postponed his remarks.—In the House, Public Lands were examined session, adjourned.—The House passed the bill providing for the Pacific Railroad, and the bound steam vessels. A bill abolishing the Court of Claims, and providing for the adjudication of claims by the Secretary of the Treasury, failed.—The Nebraska contested election case was decided by the casting of Mr. Estabrooke, and the institution of Mr. Dawes as delegate.

THE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

The Republican National Convention organized at Chicago on the 16th, selecting George Ashmun, of Massachusetts, for permanent President, and a long list of Vice-Presidents and Secretaries. Committees on Credentials and Platform were appointed, when a recess was taken for a long and tedious session. The Platform declares, with a Protective Tariff plank, and in defence of the Territories, and the maintenance inviolate of the Principles of the Declaration of Independence, declaring that slavery can not exist in the Territories, that the Administration with extravagance and misgovernment, and that the people have a right to determine their own institutions. The platform was adopted amidst great applause. It contains 14 resolutions.

THE PLATFORM.

Resolved, That we, the delegated representatives of the Republican Electors of the United States, in Convention assembled, in the city of Chicago, for the purpose of presenting candidates and our country, unite in the following declarations:

First, That the history of the nation during the last four years has fully established the propriety and necessity of the organization and perpetuation of the Republican party, and that the causes which called it into existence are permanent in their nature, and now more than ever before demand its energetic and complete support. That we solemnly reassert the self-evident truth, declared in the preamble to the Constitution, that the public institutions reflect, among which are those of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, which are equally secured among men to secure the enjoyment of these rights.

Second, That the maintenance of the principles promulgated in the Declaration of Independence, and embodied in the Federal Constitution, is essential to the preservation of our Republican institutions, and that the Federal Constitution, the rights of the States, and the Union of the States must and shall be preserved.

Third, That to the Union of the States this nation owes its unprecedented increase in population; its surprising development of material resources; its rapid augmentation of wealth; its happiness at home and its honor abroad; and we hold in abhorrence all schemes for dissolving this Union, from whatever source they may; and we congratulate the country that no Republican member of Congress has uttered or countenanced a threat of disunion, so often made by Democratic members of Congress without rebuke and with applause from their political associates; and we denounce those threats of disunion, in case of a popular election, as denying to every American citizen the right of peaceful discussion, as an avowal of contemplated treason, which it is the imperative duty of an indignant people strongly and speedily to rebuke and forever silence.

Fourth, That the maintenance inviolate of the rights of the States, and especially the right of each State to order and control its own domestic institutions, according to its own judgment exclusively, is essential to that balance of power on which the perfection and endurance of our political fabric depends, and we denounce the lawless invasion by armed force of any State or Territory, no matter under what pretext, as among the gravest of crimes.

Fifth, That the present Democratic Administration has far exceeded our worst apprehensions in its unnecessary and unwarrantable expenditure of the public moneys, as is especially evident in its desperate exertions to force upon Kansas a Constitution framed by a fraudulent minority, and in its base subserviency to the unjust demands of the slave power. That the recent startling developments and corruption at the Federal metropolis show that an entire change of administration is imperatively demanded.

Sixth, That the new dogma that the Constitution of its own force carries Slavery into any or all the Territories of the United States, is a dangerous political heresy, at variance with the explicit provisions of that instrument itself, with contemporaneous exposition and with legislative and judicial precedent, is revolutionary in its tendency and subversive of the peace and harmony of the country.

Seventh, That the present condition of affairs in the United States is that of Freedom; that as our republican fathers, when they abolished Slavery in all our national territory, ordained that no person should be deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law, that it becomes our duty, by legislation whenever such legislation is necessary, to maintain this provision of the Constitution against all attempts to violate it, as we deem it our duty to maintain, by legislation whenever such legislation is necessary, or of any individual, to give legal expression to that great principle of right as enunciated in the Declaration of Independence.

Ninth, That we brand the recent reopening of the African slave trade, the revival of the dead and barbarous piracy, aided by perversions of judicial power, as a crime unparalleled in the dark history of this country and age, and we demand the instant and effectual execution of the severest penalties for the total and final suppression of that execrable traffic.

Tenth, That in the recent vetoes by their Federal Governors of the acts of the Legislatures of Kansas and Nebraska, prohibiting slavery in those Territories, we find a practical illustration of the boasted Democratic principle of non-intervention and Popular Sovereignty, established by the Democratic party, and we find in the denunciation of the deception and fraud involved therein.

Eleventh, That Kansas should at the earliest period admitted as a State, under the Constitution recently formed and adopted by her people, and accepted by the House of Representatives.

Twelfth, That while providing revenue for the support of the General Government by duties upon imports, sound policy requires so discriminating a duty as the imposts as to encourage the development of the industrial interests of the whole country; and we commend that policy of national exchanges which secures to the working man liberal wages, to agriculture remunerative prices, to mechanics and manufacturers an adequate reward for their skill, labor, and enterprise, and to the whole country general prosperity and independence.

Thirteenth, That we favor such a grant as will secure the speedy construction of the Pacific Railroad, by any State legislature by which the rights of citizenship hitherto accorded to immigration or change of domicile shall be abridged or impaired; and in favor of giving a full and efficient protection to the rights of all classes of citizens, whether native or naturalized, both at home or abroad.

Fifteenth, That appropriations by Congress for River and Harbor improvements of a national character, required for the accommodation and security of an existing commerce, are authorized by the Constitution, and justified by an obligation of the Government to protect the lives and property of its citizens.

Sixteenth, That a railroad to the Pacific Ocean is imperatively demanded by the interests of our growing country; that the Federal Government ought to render immediate and efficient aid in its construction, and that no preliminary thereto a daily overland mail should be promptly established.

Seventeenth, Finally, having thus set forth our distinctive principles and views, we invite the co-operation of all citizens, however differing on other questions, who substantially agree with us in their affirmance and support.

THE NOMINATION.

On Friday 18, the Convention nominated Abram Lincoln, of Illinois, for President, and Hannibal Hamlin, of Maine, for Vice-President.

The balletings were as follows: For President:

FIRST BALLOT.			
For Mr. Seward	173	For Mr. M'Lean	12
For Mr. Lincoln	102	For Mr. Collamer	10
For Mr. Cameron	50	For Mr. Dayton	1
For Mr. Chase	42	For Mr. Bowser	1
For Mr. Bates	48	For Mr. Read	1
For Mr. Dayton	14	For Mr. Fillmore	1
Whole number of votes, necessary to a choice, 233.			

SECOND BALLOT.			
For Mr. Seward	184	For Mr. Dayton	10
For Mr. Lincoln	181	For Mr. Read	8
For Mr. Chase	42	For Mr. Cameron	2
For Mr. Bates	35	For Mr. Bowser	1

THIRD BALLOT.			
For Mr. Lincoln	354	For Mr. Dayton	1
For Mr. Seward	110	For Mr. M'Lean	1

For Vice-President, the following is the

FIRST BALLOT.			
For Mr. Hamlin	194	For Mr. Davis	8
For Mr. Clay	101	For Mr. Houston	6
For Mr. Cochrane	57	For Mr. Fessenden	4
For Mr. Reeder	51	For Mr. Read	1
For Mr. Dickinson	34		

SECOND BALLOT.			
For Mr. Hamlin	367	For Mr. Hickman	13
For Mr. Clay	86		

SUICIDE OF THE MURDERER MACDONALD.

About noon on Monday, the murderer MacDonald of the City Prison was called on the condition of Robert C. Ludlow, Esq., to visit him in a cell on the second corridor, on an indictment for the murder of Virginia Stewart, in Broadway, in August last, and for which he was shortly to be tried in the Court of Oyer and Terminer. When invited by the physician he was perfectly insensible, having taken a large quantity of Mann's Elixir, as quick four times as strong as laudanum. The stomach-pump was freely used, and he was plentifully showered with water, but his death occurred at 5 o'clock P.M. He was only 29 years of age. A jury was summoned on the following day at the Coroner's office, and an opinion that his death had resulted from the effects of criminal preparations of opium, which he had taken to procure suicide. The body was handed

who purpose having it embalmed, and, in accordance with the last request of the deceased, conveyed to Kentucky for interment.

DEFALCATION OF MR. FOWLER.

The community was startled on 15th inst. by rumors, which subsequent events verified, that Mr. Isaac V. Fowler, who has occupied the office of Postmaster of this City for seven years, had proved a defaulter to the General Government in a large amount. He has, it is charged, failed to deposit at the Sub-Treasury over $155,000 of the postal revenue collected for the Government. This deficit has been accumulating for some time, and there are various statements regarding the disposition which has been made of the money. The general opinion is that it has been advanced in the shape of loans to political friends. The bondsmen of Mr. Fowler are Messrs. George Law and G. A. Conover. The sureties they gave, however, amount only to $75,000, and it is said that they can not be held liable even to this extent, as Mr. Fowler's misdemeanor commenced at a time when they were not responsible for his conduct. Mr. Fowler's whereabouts is not known at present. He left his hotel at two o'clock Saturday afternoon, and the officials who have been endeavoring to track him since have failed to apprehend him. Hon. John A. Dix has been appointed his successor.

CAPTURE OF A SLAVER.

Letters from Key West give particulars of the capture of the slave bark *Wildfire* by the United States steamer *Mohawk*, Lieutenant Craven. The slaver had 530 slaves on board, seventy having died on the trip from Africa. The *Wildfire* is a neat clipper of 337 tons, and was formerly a packet employed between this port and Vera Cruz, and was owned by Hargous Brothers. The last trip she made to that port was in August last.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

PARLIAMENT.

THE Reform Bill had passed its second reading in the House of Commons. Lord John Russell had stated in the same branch of Parliament that the English proposition for the settlement of the San Juan difficulty had been rejected by the American Government, and that future action depends upon Secretary Cass's reply to the last English dispatch.

FRANCE.

A SAD STORY.

A sad event, unfortunately not unique in the annals of science, has just occurred at Paris. Some time ago a lady, of superior talent as governess in private families, had confided to her care a little Russian boy, born deaf and dumb. The child was of gentle temper and endearing manners, and the poor governess bent the whole of her intelligence to the possibility of instructing him to keep pace with her other pupils. Soon, at sight of his quick comprehension of the various methods she invented for his instruction, she began to grow more ambitious still, and to be devoured with the desire to endow him with the faculty which Nature herself had denied. For this purpose it appears that Mademoiselle Cleret spent whole nights in study, and lavished her slender means in experiments. At length the light broke in upon her. She remained perfectly convinced that in sulphuric ether must reside the talisman powerful enough to restore the deaf to a sense of hearing. She began by pouring into the ear a few drops only at a time, gradually increasing the quantity until it reached ten drops. The cure was complete. The child heard and understood in a short time. The articulation was still imperfect for a little while longer; but that, it seems, has since yielded to surgical treatment. The fame of the cure spread far and wide. The remedy was tried upon numberless individuals in all stages of deafness, and in every case succeeded. A commission was named to pronounce upon the discovery made by Mademoiselle Cleret. The decision was made wholly in its favor; the Montyon prize was awarded to the fortunate lady, and various testimonials of favor were conveyed to her, both from public bodies and private individuals. But the end of this sacrifice and devotion to the cause of humanity is sad to tell. Poor Mademoiselle Cleret, unable to resist the change from a position of dependence and privation to one of fame and comparative opulence, has sunk beneath the weight of the unexpected honors thus conferred upon her. Her mind, worn out with study and anxiety, exhausted with labor and with watching, has given way, and she has just been conveyed a hopeless maniac to a *maison de santé* at Montmartre.

ITALY.

PROGRESS OF EVENTS.

The King of Sardinia was at Bologna, and had received an enthusiastic reception. The Syndicats had presented him with five million francs, as a voluntary contribution from the people. There were rumors of renewed insurrections in the interior of Sicily, but nothing authentic. Arrests continued at Messina. Naples was tranquil. Garibaldi has not gone to Sicily, Cavour having dissuaded him therefrom.

SPAIN.

A GENERAL AMNESTY.

A general amnesty is granted in Spain, the only condition being that the recipients take the oath of allegiance. Count Montemolin and his brother would be reinstated as princes of the royal family.

THE JAPANESE AT WASHINGTON.

WE devote most of our illustrated pages this week to illustrations of the Japanese embassy at Washington. The reader will find pictures of the Landing at the Washington Navy Yard, of the Reception by President Buchanan, of the Presentation of Americans to the Japanese at Willard's, of the Japanese at dinner, and of the singular operation of head-dressing which the Embassadors and their suite undergo at regular intervals. We now proceed to give—from the daily papers—some description of these various incidents:

THE LANDING AT WASHINGTON.

The *Herald* correspondent writes:

"Up to twenty-five minutes past eleven, at which time a signal-gun reverberated through the yard, and the bow of the *Philadelphia* was to be seen turning Buzzard's Point, immediately below the arsenal, the crowd that had gathered within the yard did not include a thousand people, but every minute added numbers to the throng. As the steamer approached, the American and Japanese flags fluttering gayly from their staffs gave a fitting character to her appearance, and as she came up to the wharf, to which she had been signaled by the small sloop referred to, that had been drawn into the stream for the purpose, she presented a beautiful and highly effective appearance. As she turned in near the old ship-house the Marine Band, whose gay uniforms had been discerned on the bow, struck up the 'Star Spangled Banner,' which was immediately followed by the inspiring strains of 'Hail Columbia.' At twenty minutes to twelve she was made fast to the wharf. ...l of the Japanese were at this time standing on ...here they attracted great attention. One ...ioned himself on the upper deck ...heets of colored paper, and ...ed sketching the whole ...ing himself 'the ob... ...isfied their curi... ...ted that his drawings were very life-like, and that he took particular notice of the Japanese flag that was flying, and touched it off with photographic nicety. The half-shaven heads of several other of his countrymen were visible at the different windows of the steamer, and by their words and laughter were evidently passing some, to us, no doubt, very original opinions on what they saw.

"Although the boat was at the wharf at twenty minutes to twelve, no debarkation took place till a quarter past twelve, by which time several detachments of the marines and the volunteer companies of the city were arranged in a long line to the east of the walk, and the Mayor and City Councils of Washington had arrived. The latter then, accompanied by Captain Dupont and several other officers of the army and navy in command, proceeded on foot to the gangway of the steamer, where Captain Dupont introduced the Mayor to the two embassadors and their two chief counselors. The Mayor then, in a few appropriate remarks, gave the Embassy a cordial welcome to the national metropolis of a nation of thirty millions of freemen; to which Simmebujen-Nokami replied, through the chief interpreter, in the words, 'We thank you, Sir, for the high honor and compliment done us.'

"After this the salute of seventeen guns was fired from the Dahlgren battery, when the first embassador, arm-in-arm with Captain Dupont, headed the procession, and marched forward between the lines of citizens and soldiery toward the head of the yard and walk, where carriages were ordered to be in waiting to receive them. They had not proceeded many yards, however, when Commodore Buchanan stepped forward and uttered a few words of welcome to the Embassy in the name of the President of the United States and the people. He said that he reciprocated the kind feelings expressed by the Japanese Government when the treaty was made by Commodore Perry, and he felt proud, on an occasion so interesting as the present one, of being the medium of a reception and welcome so hearty as the President and citizens of America now extended to them.

"After the chief interpreter had communicated these remarks to them, the embassadors bowed their acknowledgments, and the interpreter said, 'Thank you, Sir.'

"After this the procession moved on without interruption to the end of the walk, the chief embassador walking with his right arm linked in that of Captain Dupont and his left in that of some other naval officer. The second embassador was similarly escorted by Lieutenant Porter and another. The rest followed in single file, and beside them walked other naval officers.

"I must not forget to mention that the *Nourimon*, a black lackered frame, square in shape, and in size and roof very much resembling a dog-kennel, in which was fixed the treaty-box, hidden from the public eye by a loose cover of red oil-cloth, preceded the first embassador in the line of procession, and was carried by two of the men belonging to the yard. When the end of the walk was reached it was placed on the ground, to await suitable transit to the hotel."

THE PERSONNEL OF THE EMBASSY.

It is worth while to present for once, at least, whatever orthography may be finally adopted, the Japanese names as they are uttered by their owners:

1. Sim'mi Boojsen no-Kami.
2. Mooragáki Awajsi no-Kami.
3. O'goori Bungo no-Kami.
4. Moroóta Okatóro.
5. Naroúsa Gensiro.
6. Tsokahára Joúgoro.
7. Hitáka Kesabóro.
8. Osakábi Tetstáro.
9. Matsemóto Sanójou.
10. Yósida Sagosaiémon.
11. Námoura Gohajsiro.
12. Masuj'su Sintshóro.
13. Sooj'seo Yosegóro.
14. Kúri Simahicohaj'siro.
15. Susasáwa Scójero.
16. Measáki.
17. Moryáma.
18. Tataiesi Tokujsúro.
19. Tataiesi Owaj'sero.
20. Kowasáki.

The order of the above is strictly according to the order of rank. Nos. 1 and 2 are the first and second Embassadors; No. 3 is the Censor or Adviser; No. 4 is the Officer of the Treasury; No. 5 bears the title of Governor, and is slightly subordinate to the preceding; No. 6 is the next in rank. These are all dignitaries of high position. Nos. 7, 8, 14, and 15 are attendants, or aids, to the Adviser, No. 3; Nos. 9 and 10 are officers belonging to the first and second Embassadors; No. 11 is the Imperial Interpreter; Nos. 12 and 13 are aids to the Treasury officer, No. 4; Nos. 16, 17, and 20 are Doctors; Nos. 18 and 19 are Interpreters. It will be seen they have the same first name. The family name in Japan always precedes, and No. 19, little "Tommy," is the adopted son of No. 18.

The princes, Simmi, of Boojsen, Mooragaki, of Awajsi, and Ogoori, of Bungo, are of the highest rank that could have been deputed upon this mission. They are the equals in station of the princes who negotiated the first treaty with Commodore Perry, and the subsequent treaties with Mr. Harris. They are not hereditary princes, the Lycoon, or temporal superior, having no power to send the hereditary princes from his dominions. They belong, or have belonged, however, to the Lycoon's Foreign Council of Six. Their titles have only an honorary significance, since they have no share in the government of the places whose names they bear. Simmi Boojsen no-Kami is not the governing prince of that province in Kinsin—possibly has never been in it. And so with the rest. Possibly they hold the titles by reason of family connections. The instructions which they bring from their imperial master, a Dutch copy of which has been translated by Mr. Portman, authorize them to ratify the treaty of Mr. Harris, and to arrange all affairs so as to insure perpetual peace and friendship between the United States and Japan.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF VISITORS.

Few American ladies will be likely to fall desperately in love with the principal members of this Embassy in consequence of the striking beauty of their forms and faces. The first Embassador is a man of small frame, with a stoop across the shoulders. He is about five feet five in height, and thirty-five in years. He has a long face and a peculiar nose, which is his most noticeable feature. It is too thin to be called Jewish, and too even to be styled Roman. It is in the form of a regular curve, not unlike the beak of a parrot. But perhaps I am exaggerating. The second Embassador looks twenty years older than the first, and is decidedly worse looking. He has lost many of his teeth, and those remaining are very much decayed. He has a sterner, but less intellectual look than the other, whose face is mild in the extreme.

Every man of the embassy wears by right two swords, and nearly half of these men are more or less pock marked. They are all thick-skinned and dark in complexion, the general color being that of a bamboo walking cane; but there are three of them whose faces are warmed by a rosy hue, which is very becoming. With all of them ease and dignity are seen in happy combination; nothing seems to surprise them, but every thing attracts their attention and curiosity.

The Japanese are naturally enough excited about their reception, and wish to prepare for it in quiet. Still they are not indifferent to the smiles of beautiful women, and they are received when gentlemen, no matter how commanding in appearance, are denied admittance.

THEIR COSTUME, ETC.

The *Tribune* says: "The Princes are of pleasant and intelligent appearance. The First Embassador is a person of middle age, with a countenance indicating dignity beyond all affectation, and the highest refinement. The others are of less distinguished mien, but all thoroughly agreeable in expression. Their manner of dress is very similar. The hair is shaved from all parts of the head excepting the sides and back, from which it is gathered in long bands to the crown, and there fastened with a white string, leaving a lock three or four inches long, which is stiffened with oil, and brought forward to the forehead, where it rests. They wear silk or crape under-coats, of various hues, looser robes of the same material, and mostly blue, being thrown and folded over them. In their belts of crape they wear two swords, one short (the barrikarri sword, which no plebeian can make use of), the other longer. These weapons are of a finer steel than is elsewhere made, and are borne in neatly-wrought scabbards of thick skin, inlaid with ornaments of gold and jewels. Their trowsers are very wide and short, descending only to within five or six inches of the ground, and are made of silk, which is sometimes covered with beautifully embroidered figures of birds and flowers. These trowsers are held up by a flat braid which rests in the small of the back, and around which the crape belt passes. Upon their feet are white cloth coverings, half sock, half gaiter, closely fitting, and fastened by cords. Their sandals are of straw, and are composed of a small, flat matting for the foot, and two cords—one passing over the instep, the other between the large toe and its neighbor—which serve to keep it in its place. Another article which may almost be considered an inseparable part of the dress, is the pipe, which is carried in the back part of the belt, and which is brought into very frequent, though not long sustained, use. Three whiffs are the extent of Japanese indulgence in this luxury. The princes, and most of the higher officers, wear watches purchased from the Dutch. For pockets they use a part of their flowing sleeves and the front of their robes above the belt, the customary occupation of which by goodly-sized packages gives the wearers a protuberance of stomach quite unaccountable at first sight. The dresses of the officers of lower grade are similarly fashioned, but not so rich in texture or color. Their coats are all marked with the stamp of the particular prince whom they serve. Some of these attendants have adopted leather shoes and slippers, which they found at Honolulu and San Francisco, and are rather favorably disposed to the change. The Japanese have with them, also, certain articles of wearing apparel which they seldom use—hats of straw and lacker, and overcoats made of stout paper, thickly painted, which are quite durable, and which are sold in Japan for about seventeen cents apiece."

THE JAPANESE QUARTERS AT WILLARD'S.

The *Tribune* correspondent adds: "The Japanese are amply and elegantly accommodated at Willard's Hotel. The entire lower floor of one wing has been given up to their uses. A suit of rooms, mostly connected with one another, and stretched from Pennsylvania Avenue, along Fourteenth Street to F Street, has been arranged with great care, in a manner supposed to be rightly suited to their tastes. Many of these apartments are newly furnished and covered for this occasion. The walls are thickly decorated with fine engravings, and upon every available place, bronze statuettes, of which the Japanese are fond, are liberally distributed. In all the principal rooms mirrors reach from floor to ceiling on every side—a matter of particular interest to the visitors, whose only mirrors at home are small plates of highly-polished steel. The number of their apartments is about sixty, of which nearly twenty are reception-rooms and parlors of various dimensions. For the servants, the chapel of the hotel, a spacious and convenient hall has been set apart. Upon the same floor are those indispensable aids to Japanese comfort, the bathing-rooms. The Japanese exceed all other people in their scrupulous and universal cleanliness. A flight of stairs leads down to their dining-room, where they will be at liberty to enjoy their meals with whatever seclusion they may desire. In the basement a small kitchen is at their disposal, where their peculiar arts of cookery may be practiced unmolested. A private entrance to their quarters from Fourteenth Street is secured to them, and will be under their own control.

"Every necessity that could have been foreseen is supplied. Alterations that the guests may suggest will be effected, if possible; but their ready adaptive habits would enable them to find satisfaction in much less thorough accommodation than has been provided for them. The luxurious beds which await them will not at first recommend themselves to their pleasant senses, their accustomed places of repose being nothing softer than rigorous pine at the best; but it is possible that by degrees they may become inured to feathery pillows and balmy blankets, and that couches of downiest delicacy may not be altogether unwelcome to them."

VISITS TO THE JAPANESE.

The *Herald* correspondent writes, on Tuesday evening:

"They received no visitors to-day, keeping closely to their apartments. Nevertheless they appeared pleased with the motley crowd assembled under their windows, and presented quite frequently their smiling countenances. Yesterday evening they prevented the police from driving these curious American sight-seers away, and amused themselves by throwing their native coin among them to be scrambled for. Large numbers of ladies and gentlemen paid their respects to them, and begged a card written in Japanese characters, which are exhibited, in connection with the singular coin, as trophies and mementoes of this interesting occasion. Already the men about town have attached Japanese coin to their watch-chains, in token of their importance and influence with those in authority.

"There is one peculiarity in this reception, and that is, that the Japanese inquired the occupation of the visitors, their salary, whether married, and numerous other questions, all of which were written on their note-books, and gave satisfactory evidence that they are making observations for the benefit of their countrymen at home. With the ladies they were less particular. They smiled upon them most benignly, and were profuse in their admiration as they were minute in their examination of their jewelry.

"The piano was an object of great curiosity. The source of harmony was a mystery to them, but they seemed never to tire of it. Card writing became quite a bore; and one of them, after complying with the request of a $1200 clerk to write his name in Japanese, on being applied to by another to fill up half a dozen cards in the same manner, pulled out a small pocket-book, and after a hasty inspection ejaculated 'Tired!' Of course the clerks were satisfied."

General Cass received the Embassy on Wednesday evening, and made a short speech of welcome. The appearance of the Japanese during the delivery of General Cass's speech was very awkward. They sat in their chairs with their bodies bent over and their hands on their knees; and when they stood up to acknowledge the greeting, as each sentence was translated to them they stooped their bodies very low.

THE RECEPTION AT THE WHITE HOUSE

took place on Thursday, 18th inst. The *Herald* correspondent says:

The famous East Room of the Presidential mansion began to fill at an early hour, the majority of those admitted being ladies. There were several artists about [representing *Harper's Weekly.—Ed. H. W.*] sketching the room, and reporters taking notes, which gave the impression that something very solemn and unusual was about to take place. Nor was this dispelled by the appearance of the well-preserved Marshal of the District of Columbia, Mr. Selden, who appeared in full dress, with white kids, and little fatigued by his twenty years of public services. Mr. Selden was accompanied by James Buchanan, Jun., the President's private secretary, to whom he was describing the order of proceeding. From their conversation I learned that the President was to take a position immediately in front of the large window on the west side, with his Cabinet arranged behind him, and that the officers of the navy and army were to form two lines to the door of entrance.

At eleven o'clock Senators and Members, with their wives, daughters, and children, began to arrive in rapid succession, which promised very little of an audience to Senator Davis, who was to continue his reply to the great speech of Senator Douglas. Now succeeded the hum of interesting conversation and the rustling of female apparel. Love, politics, and even religion—for the tall form of the Chaplain of the House, Mr. Stockton, was prominent in the crowd—were promiscuously discussed. The ladies declared they would not be able to see the Japanese, and then followed the endeavors, vain indeed, of their escorts to get them in the front line. But above all could be heard the most curious remarks about these "idols of the hour;" their personal appearance, their singular dress, and their funny custom of dressing the hair.

The entrance of the splendidly uniformed officers of the army and navy was the signal for desperate flirtations on the part of the gay young ladies, who were smiling most bewitchingly. Some of the plain and unpretending legislators were very differently affected. The golden dress and prominent position of these faithful subjects seemed to disgust them, and one of them very unfeelingly remarked that they should not have appeared in apparel so handsome, at least until after the passage of the bill increasing their pay. General Scott towered above the crowd, and for a time at least was the "observed of all observers."

ENTRANCE OF THE SPEAKER AND THE PRESIDENT.

But the bustle and confusion at the door increased, and many exclaimed, "Here come the Japanese!" It was a false alarm. It was only Mr. Speaker Pennington, with about fifty members of Congress and officers of the House. The House had taken a recess, suspended the public business until those having it in charge could learn whether or not mutual intercourse with their Oriental peers would not stimulate them to renewed exertions. The East Room at this point gave evidence of its incapacity to contain the sovereigns of the nation, and the necessity for a new mansion of grander proportions and enlarged accommodations. The situation of the fortunate inmates was deplorable; they were crowded together without order of any kind. Each person occupied what position he pleased, and it was more than likely, if of small stature, his neighbor's hat continually closed his wide-stretched eyes. Even the ladies, the privileged class of our republic, suffered from the pressure.

But attention was directed from these petty annoyances by the entrance of the President of the United States, accompanied by the Cabinet, and the determined efforts of Mr. Commissioner Blake to move back the crowd, and form an open line of the army and navy officers, through which the Japanese could approach the Chief Magistrate of all the States of the Union. By dint of much pushing and a little coaxing, sufficient space was cleared, and the arrangement was perfected.

THE ENTRANCE OF THE JAPANESE.

While the confusion was greatest the Marine Band was heard outside, which caused a rush for the windows, and announced the arrival of the cortége. All was expectancy and disappointment. The Japanese were in no hurry to enter, and completed their preparations with the greatest deliberation. In the mean time the limited furniture of the East Room was seized, and used to elevate the ladies. The elegant rosewood chairs and sofas, the pride of rural Americans, were wheeled from their positions against the wall, and converted into platforms for distinguished American ladies of fashion and beauty. One of the chairs accommodated three ladies and a Senator in this manner. Even the marble slabs under the mirrors were not overlooked, and one pretty young lady rendered herself conspicuous by setting herself in a looking-glass with an elegant frame.

But I am forgetting the entrance of the Japanese, with all the customary forms of homage of their own country. Immediately there succeeded loud talking and a little storm of hisses. Silence ensued, but nothing could be heard, and those in the rear amused themselves by calling attention to the continued efforts of all the little men to look over the heads of the crowd by standing on tip-toe. Still there was very general good-humor on the part of those who couldn't see or hear; but several of the disappointed declared that they had been sold, and it wouldn't pay to look at the Japanese. A portion of the President's address was audible at a distance, however, and when he spoke of the ratification of the treaty, and the Japanese betrayed by their expressive countenances how pleased they were, one of the disappointed few said that "rat" was the only thing that was intelligible to them.

THE FORMAL ADDRESSES.

Another correspondent gives the detail of the speeches:

One of the Japanese opened a series of paper boxes, one within another, and produced several letters, which were handed to the President, and by him to General Cass.

The principal Japanese then addressed the President as follows:

ADDRESS OF THE JAPANESE.

His Majesty the Tycoon has commanded us that we respectfully express to his Majesty the President of the United States, in his name, as follows:

Desiring to establish on a firm and lasting foundation the relations of peace and commerce so happily existing between the two countries.

That lately the Plenipotentiaries of both countries have negotiated and concluded a treaty.

Now he has ordered us to exchange the ratification of the treaty in your principal city of Washington.

Henceforth he hopes that the friendly relations shall be held more and more lasting, and will be very happy to have your friendly feeling.

That you have brought us to the United States, and will send us back to Japan, in your man-of-war.

Having delivered their message they retired, bowing to the President and Cabinet repeatedly on leaving their presence. They soon, however, returned, bowing profoundly as before, when the President addressed them as follows, Mr. Portman interpreting to the Japanese interpreter, and the latter communicating with the principal envoy:

REPLY OF THE PRESIDENT.

I give you a cordial welcome as representatives of his Imperial Majesty the Tycoon of Japan to the American Government. We are all much gratified that the first Embassy which your great empire has ever accredited to any foreign Power has been sent to the United States. I trust that this will be the harbinger of perpetual peace and friendship between the two countries. The treaty of commerce, whose ratifications you are about to exchange with the Secretary of State, can not fail to be productive of benefits and blessings to the people both of Japan and the United States. I can say for myself, and promise for my successors, that it shall be carried into execution in a faithful and friendly spirit, so as to secure to both countries all the advantages they may justly expect from the happy auspices under which it has been negotiated and ratified. I rejoice that you are pleased with the kind treatment which you have received on board of our vessels of war, while on your passage to this country. You shall be sent back in the same manner to your native land under the protection of the American flag. Meanwhile, during your residence among us, which I hope may be prolonged, so as to enable you to visit the different portions of our country, we shall be happy to extend to you all the hospitality and kindness evidently due to the great and friendly sovereign whom you so worthily represent.

The President handed them a copy of his address, and then shook hands with them.

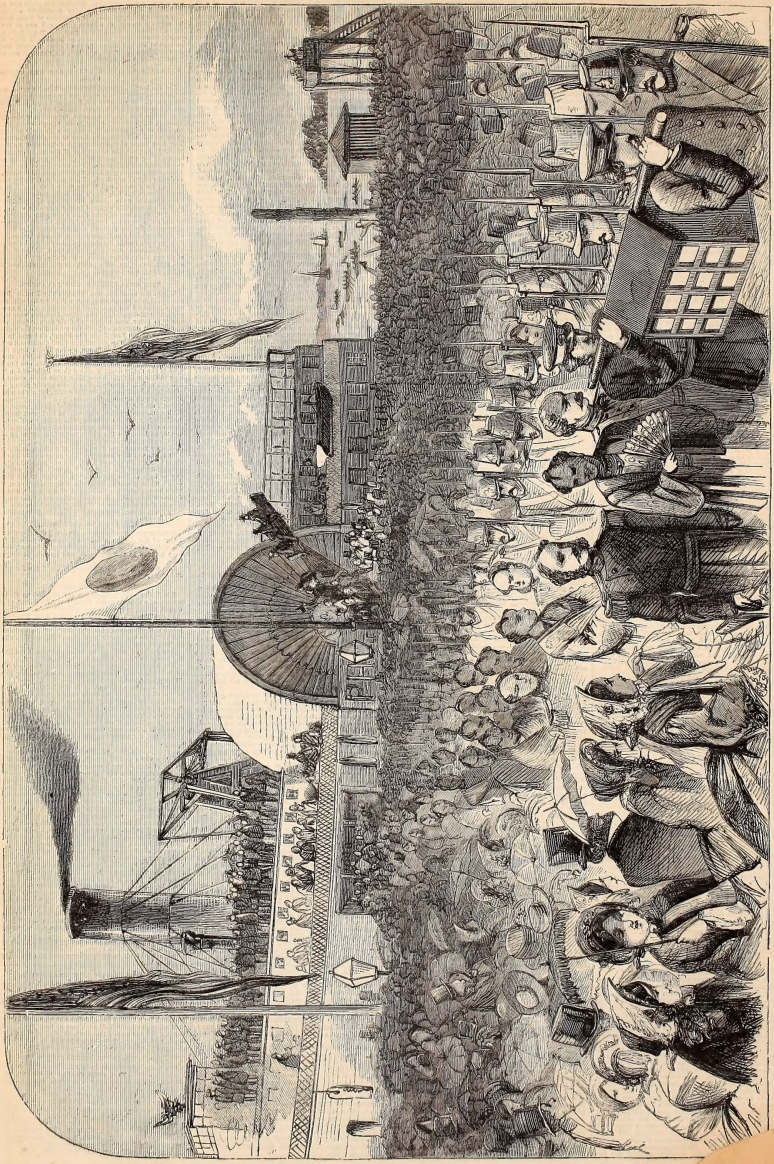
The subordinate Japanese officers were also brought in and introduced.

THE COSTUME OF THE EMBASSADOR.

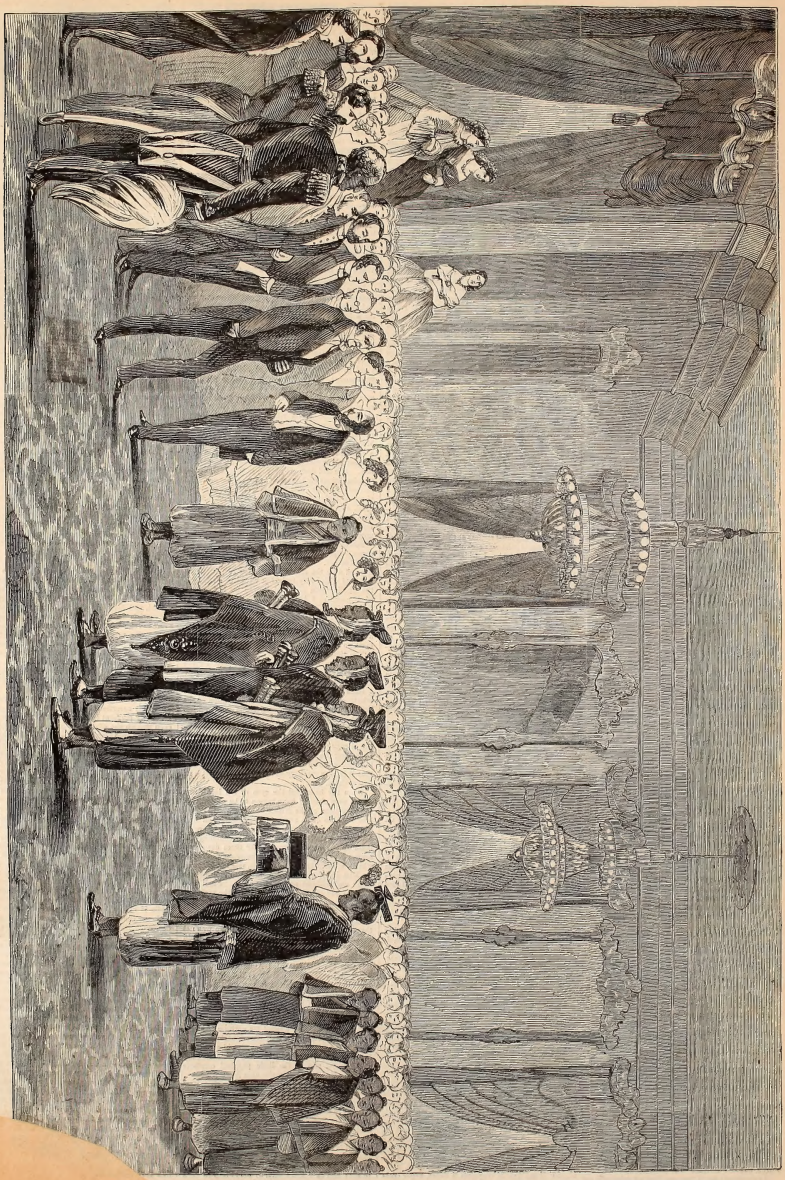
The chief Prince was arrayed in a rich brocade purple silk sack, with ample overhanging sleeves, and flowing trowsers of the same color. The other two dignitaries were in green, of similar texture and fashion. They wore caps like ladies', inverted capes, fastened on the crown of the head by strings passing under the chin. They carried pikes, halberds, and emblems of their rank. The inferior officers wore small hats, consisting of a round band, with triangular crowns, also tied to the head by strings under the chin.

A DROLL INCIDENT.

One amusing incident is worth detailing. A well-known lawyer, and a strict member of Dr. Gurley's church, and once Attorney General of the Commonwealth of Virginia, who is noted for the rotundity of his person no less than his hearty good-humor, accidentally came into contact with a perambulating Japanese, who regarded him for a few moments in unbounded astonishment. Recovering himself, he touched the corporation of Mr. F. F. V., not once, but twice, and ejaculated, "Solid!" Now for the explanation: The Japanese had found that ladies' hoops yielded to gentle pressure, and he supposed that the unnatural circumference of his new-made acquaintance resulted from a similar cause.



THE LANDING OF THE JAPANESE EMBASSY, WITH THE TREATY IN A BOX, AT THE NAVY YARD, WASHINGTON.—[SEE PAGE 327.]



RECEPTION OF THE JAPANESE EMBASSADORS BY THE PRESIDENT AT THE WHITE HOUSE, MAY 17, 1860.

THE THREE MISSES WAPSCOTT.

I AM a widower—a widower of a year's standing; it having been my misfortune to lose the late Anna Maria Potts, *née* Scrawlens, after a short but happy union of two years, four months, and thirteen days. Having no pledges of our affection, it would perhaps be supposed by the unthinking that I would, as a consequence, go back upon my bachelor days, and, relinquishing my household gods, once more taste the sweets of freedom and bonding-house. I was spared this heavy infliction by the promptness of the widowed mother of my late Anna Maria, who instantly upon the decease of her daughter announced her intention of continuing her domicile beneath my roof and ministering to my domestic ease. To this I made no objection; for whatever may be the little shortcomings of Mrs. Jabez Scrawlens, she certainly understands the mysteries of the kitchen, and, I have no hesitation in declaring, is the most capable woman I ever did see on an Irish stew.

If in the course of this narrative I should, therefore, indulge in any strictures upon this amiable woman, let them be taken only as called forth by special circumstances, not by the entirety of her conduct. During the lifetime of my late lamented Anna Maria, Mrs. Jabez Scrawlens always exercised so much supervision over my personality as kept my mind alive to the fact of her deep interest in every thing having even the most remote bearing on her beloved daughter; but of late I am forced to confess that this supervision has been extended, until I am utterly at a loss to account for her abiding and never-failing constancy to the memory of the late lamented and lost Anna Maria. That I myself am the better understood, it will be necessary that I should go into some little explanation of my domestic position.

Should there be any who would enter upon the very grounds of the matter, they can be satisfied, by spanning a few minutes at the Hall of Records, that I am the sole owner of the house and lot No. 1157 Twenty-second Avenue, and that that valuable property is now in the most flourishing upon said house and lot there is no encumbrance. That property was once the belonging of my aunt, Jane Potts—a lady every way worthy of it, and with whom, from the tender age of six, when I was bereaved by my father, I was a dweller, and to whom I acted as sole heir and executor.

Previous to my aunt's death she received a most forcibly the necessity of providing something nung, as she said, for my *début* in the world; and to this end that excellent woman practiced the most touching economy; and among the many things growing out of this resolve, she let the upper floors of her mansion, No. 1157 Twenty-second Avenue. It was to this fact that I was indebted for my wife, the late lamented and lost Anna Maria Potts, *née* Scrawlens. After this preliminary it will hardly be necessary for me to say that Mrs. Jabez Scrawlens, who had been the school-fellow of my wife, and her daughter, Anna Maria, were the first tenants of the upper floors of my aunt's house.

I am inclined to the belief that the interest of Mrs. Jabez Scrawlens, and consequently of her daughter, Anna Maria, was not awakened in my behalf during the lifetime of my aunt. If it was, it certainly was concealed with great art; for no show of it was ever made before that estimable lady, who, being of the maiden persuasion, many a time and oft raised her voice forcibly against the institution of matrimony, and more than once, in the presence of Mrs. Jabez Scrawlens and the late Anna Maria, said, with tears in her eyes, that she hoped that I would never bring on gray hairs sorrow on her, during her lifetime, so to wed; and I am happy to say that I never did.

There was a little effort on the part of Mrs. Jabez to render the late Anna Maria very much of a myth to me. In other words, I saw but little of the young lady, and never by any chance alone. I could not help noticing that when Mrs. Jabez and Anna Maria came to drink tea with my aunt, when I was always present at tea, and when my aunt went to drink tea with them, and I was always counted out, that Anna Maria never got up curls or dress, and herself and her daughter wore things which I knew she could do, for I had seen her three several times, when she was showing that great, tall, hulking fellow, Seventy, on a Sunday afternoon. I disliked Seventy excessively, and do dislike him to the present day, even though he is married, and with the most delicate mind in the possession of Anna Maria, and declared himself a broken man from that time forth, on which point I am constrained to believe him, from the fact that he has extracted from my sympathies since several small sums, which he has invariably failed to return. As I say, I was sensibly aware of this insensibility to my presence.

Previously orderly stomach all things, which brings me down to that sad day when my much beloved aunt, Miss Jane Potts, departed this life, aged forty-one, on the previous 24th of September. On this ground I have nothing to blame myself for. If assiduous attendance and wakefulness during the last illness of the late Miss Potts could in any unction to lay to my breast, I flatter myself that I have that medicament. That my unfailing interest was amply rewarded by the position I am apparent in the fact that, on the reading of my aunt's will, I was found to be sole heir to the house 1157 Twenty-second Avenue, and the following consisting of certain Manhattan Bank stock, United States six per cent, and other things.

From this moment it was that the soul of Mrs. Scrawlens came out to meet me. When she, as she beautifully expressed it, without meaning any disrespect to the late Miss Potts, saw that I stood untrammeled, but still lonely, her heart arose in rebellion against her-former unsociality, and died for my unprotected state. The first demonstration to this awakening was the coming of Mrs. Jabez Scrawlens with a week of my aunt's decease, to take the avowed purpose of setting things to rights. At that early day I may say that my mind was not prepared to have things set to rights; but still I urged no objection, and Mrs. S. and the late Anna Maria took possession of my rooms, and consumed a series of cleanings and fixings that I may truly say have never since ceased. It was at my own fireside that Mrs. S. first made that Irish stew which has since become part and parcel of my existence. It was there that Anna Maria first showed her ability on a batter pudding, and stuffed and roasted a goose as it never was stuffed and roasted before. A young woman of genius, with long blue eyes and real auburn ringlets. For the interest manifested in my loneliness by Mrs. J. Scrawlens and her daughter I could not but be grateful, and, as a consequence, show it in such small ways as was in my power. Many a time have I borrowed from Mrs. Scrawlens of Jones's way the choicest of the sugared dainties; many a time did a bottle of choice sherry—Mrs. S. is so fond of sherry—find its way to their rooms after my compliments. As the weeks flew over, and those delicate attentions toward me were undiminished, I reciprocated, to the best of my power, by occasional excursions to the country, by rides, and by such other little items as are naturally agreeable to the sex, but can only be enjoyed without the attendance of the lords of creation. On all these Mrs. Jabez Scrawlens was one of the party. In fact, from the very first week before any action of my own had called forth an expression of opinion, declared to me that she never could, never, *never* be induced by either of her sex to go any where unattended by her mother; for, as she truly expressed herself, what has a girl to do with her reputation? Mrs. S. always carried out this principle, even when the marriage-bond had made the legal protector of Anna M. M. The devotion to her daughter was so great that nothing could prevent her attendance even at the theatres and at balls, however late the hour or uncertain the weather.

What could all this lead to when the friendship already predisposed and established was discharged?

One summer evening it was, when we all, meaning the late lamented A. M., Mrs. Jabez Scrawlens, and myself, sat in the front room of my own rooms. The evening was balmy, the windows open, the moonlight streamed into the room; the late A. M. was sitting behind the sofa, where we were rather in the shadow, while Mrs. Jabez sat in the large rocking-chair, from which position it was so great that she must have fallen away into slumber so sound, that, with every few seconds of time, came a signal or distinguished sign of her presence. It was from this summer evening, with the rather marmonatic accompaniment of Mrs. Jabez, that I first took to Mrs. Jabez. The only bid her head, ringlets and all—I forget to mention that since the death of Miss Jane Potts, Anna Maria wore ringlets constantly—on my shoulder, and softly murmured consent, coupled with the reservation that I should ask her ma, Mrs. Jabez Scrawlens, who was in the adjoining room, pri orously.

Oh, the calm of that summer evening, when I sat holding the innocent head of the late lamented Anna Maria, and felt the curls blown gently by the summer breeze across my face! When I held the tiny little hand within my own, and kissed the lips which I knew to be rosy red, although at that moment I could not see them distinctly! The last time I ever drew away swiftly, or the nap of Mrs. Jabez came to a sudden termination, for scare but the first warm kisses of love were upon the lips of her that lay awoke, and the late A. M. flew toward her, and buried her head in the maternal bosom. Something, perhaps an unconscious pressure to that bosom, this action was a communication of the events of the last few moments. Acting upon this prompting, I flew toward the door, at the full speed of thought, and threw myself on my knees before both these estimable ladies. Mrs. Jabez Scrawlens had fainted away, and the late lamented Anna Maria, declared herself in the possession of Anna Maria, and declared him-self a broken man from that time forth, on which point I am constrained to believe him, from the fact that he has extracted from my sympathies since several small sums, which he has invariably failed to return. As I say, I was sensibly aware of this insensibility to my presence.

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That day two weeks we were married—rather sooner than I had intended, but I entirely acquiesced in Mrs. Jabez Scrawlens's proposition, as she hated long engagements, and so we were married; Mrs. Jabez entering with spirit into all household preparations, and the happiest woman that the house was once more as one family, that by my having assigned as the wedding chamber the south parlor, she constituted herself upon my floor, omitting, in the excitement and the hurry of changing, to mind me the least in the world about dust, and which circumstance has, to all appearances, never since recurred to her memory. Her household goods removed quickly and well with my own, and Mrs. Jabez Scrawlens took entire charge—a charge in which she remains to the present day.

Thus far in my relation carries me to the time which brought about the events that have made me my own historian. At the end of our first matrimonial year it was resolved, in solemn council, that the house was too large for our uses, and that once more a tenant should be found who would occupy the upper floor, where once dwelt Mrs. Jabez Scrawlens and daughter. To me was assigned the task of finding a tenant, and, in a very few weeks he was found, in the person of my old friend, Wapscott, of the firm of Wapscott & Jones, sugar commission. Wapscott was a widower with one child quite pale and sickly little girl, who suddenly inflicted the sympathies of the late Anna Maria. On taking the house, Wapscott responded to the inquiries of Mrs. Jabez, as to his intentions in regard of domestic matters, by saying that he should receive aid from his three sisters, the Misses Wapscott, who would do their best for them and his little girl. I fancied at this moment that a cloud passed over the brow of Mrs. S.; but it was too late, the rooms and the papers were signed, and the next day Wapscott was to take possession. That evening Mrs. Jabez took occasion to make several remarks about some people never doing anything in the way of business correctly; some people not inquiring into things, and getting giddy, and plunging head into their house; all of which remarks I felt were intended for myself, but to which I made not one word of answer.

The next day Wapscott moved in. That evening I head all the news. Mrs. Jabez had proffered her services, and, as a consequence, was all three of the Misses Wapscott. Of the personal appearance of either of these young ladies I could take no intelligent account. Mrs. S. I learned that the youngest Miss Wapscott was a "fly-away," "a giddy pate," and "a harum-scarum." That the second Miss Wapscott was "a slinky," "a slouchy," and "a slommicks." Of the eldest Miss Wapscott, the fat went forth that she was "a dragon," a dreadful one, "a shocking one."

Time passed on, and the heart of Mrs. Jabez became reconciled to the Misses Wapscott. I had paid ample compliments to them, though, for a long period I was doubtful whether either of those young ladies saw me, from the fact that, whenever I encountered them in the halls of their society, they had a way of looking at me vacantly, as though nothing stood in the spot where I was, or of looking through me, at objects behind, a loud, giving me the unpleasant feeling that I was transparent. Added to this, the Misses Wapscott never wanted the loveliness of their countenance; even going so far, if I must confess the fact, as to turn up their noses at me. This was after the late Anna Maria when I made attempts to join in the general conversation. All this did not prevent my proposing to Mrs. Jabez that the three Misses Wapscott were rather good-looking girls, and such a finished artist in her own line, Miss Helen Wapscott, with her dark eyes, and luxuriant ringlets. She had deep-set gray eyes that plainly told of calculations for housekeeping expenses and rigid economies. Miss Wapscott, the fat, was a perfect verse of both her sisters. She was middle-sized, dark, with liquid eyes, and raven hair. Miss Julia never spoke to me, but I was told by Mrs. Jabez of the Italian style, and gave way to the *dolce far niente* until it amounted to stagnation. Miss Georgina never spoke to me, but I caught her at a confirmed romp. She romped with her sisters whether they would or not. She romped with her brother. She romped with the servants in the cut, with herself, and with every body but with me. Once, in the exhilaration of mind caused by her gayety and objection, I made the timid overture, and constitutional bashfulness of my manner, and made an indigent offer of a romp with Miss Georgina, which was instantly crushed out with a "Pshaw!" and Miss Georgy was quiet for almost an hour afterward.

The time passed on, and my friend Wapscott had been my tenant, with perfect satisfaction, for the period of sixteen months, when, in the course of events, the late Anna Maria Potts was called away.

I have always struggled to reconcile myself to whatever is pre-ordained, and when I think of the little parties that we made, Anna Maria, Mrs. Jabez, and myself, in the buck sitting-room, with hot sherry cobblers and cool sherry cobblers in the summer, I feel that it is very hard. Mrs. Jabez has always dong her best to realize those moments by having the little sitting-room evening, and mixing with her own hands the beverages; but I feel that it is all a mockery and a show, the spirit is no longer there.

From the hour that the eyes of the late Anna Maria were closed I have reason to be grateful for the attentions of Mrs. Jabez to Wapscott. Even the languid Miss Julia awakened sufficiently, on that sad occasion, to become useful, and Miss Georgina proved the same by coming home during her noise to her own apartments for three days, and crying heartily at the right moment—an example which Miss Wapscott, the fat, says "was not followed by Miss Julia, who cried at the most inopportune times and without proper discretion. Shall I be justified in saying that Mrs. Jabez has received at this occurrence, and have seen no reason since to alter my mind, that Mrs. Jabez Scrawlens did not receive these attentions to Wapscott as Wapscott as they should have been received? There was not that full responsiveness of spirit which I should have been gratified to have seen in the mother of the late lamented Anna Maria.

While the late Miss Anna Maria was living, I may repeat that neither of the Misses Wapscott thought it consistent to pay me those little attentions which, bereaved as I bereaved man, sprang up out of the very overflow of the heart. When they looked upon the late A. M. as entitled to his privileges according to them, and naturally supposed that I wanted for nothing. When she was called away, what more natural than that they, through Mrs. Jabez, should offer me those little acts that their ability could carry them—to relieve my sadness and ode to the little physical comforts which, alas! I had been used to as a lifetime?

It was unquestionably in this view that Miss Helen sent down several dishes of really superb-looking jelly. I speak only of its look: the flavor I failed in satisfying myself of, from the fact that Mrs. Jabez Scrawlens, during my absence, as she declared, consigned three of them to the slop-pail and the fourth to the closet, from whence I do not believe it ever came forth, though I cannot positively assert that I saw it go in. Mrs. Jabez declared them to be trash, and horribly made—quite unfit to eat; and as I know Mrs. J. Scrawlens to be a woman of unimpeachable taste in jellies, I do not doubt that they were not open up to the mark. In speaking upon this matter, I say nothing of a preachpie and some turtle-soup, of which I tasted only through the medium of Mrs. Scrawlens, who assured me that they were totally unsuitable, and that they had met the fate of the jellies. In this little matter Mrs. Jabez elicited my warmest commendations, for the politeness that led her to so far sacrifice her conscientious scruples as to declare in my hearing, to Miss Helen Wapscott, that I had eaten and enjoyed these viands amazingly.

Miss Helen was not alone given to these kind sympathies; but many times, through the day and evening she would drop in and hold familiar consultations on family matters, imparting valuable intelligence as to where an article could get excellent butter could be had; or directing the attention of Mrs. Jabez to a nice little set of pottery at an cost a pound cheaper than those which that lady had just bought. There were, no doubt, many times when Mrs. Jabez felt naturally troubled at the thought that she had mistaken economies; but I never could see why she should allow any, immediately after the departure of Miss Helen, give way to an exhibition of irritation, which would induce her to strip off her apron and go through the performance of dusting the furniture until the perspiration rolled from her face.

To Miss Julia Wapscott, also, I was indebted for many moments of guiding reflection. Miss Julia came only at evening, when she preferred the room—as she artistically expressed it—in a half-tone, which would be produced by partially putting out the gas, and trusting to the moonlight or the reflection of the street lamps; and in winter by removing the lids to the kitchen stove and keeping the doors half shut. At such moments Miss Julia would seat herself beside me upon the sofa, and expand the fan in her hand in accordance with the Asia Maria. Of this subject she never seemed to tire. She could recount with singular correctness the exact costume of every ball that she had ever been, and intersperse it with notes of her own that showed how deeply she had studied the subject. Many a time, sitting there in the dim light, have I felt a warm tear drop upon my hand, and watched the beautiful child as she bent her head down to hide it from her eyes. Many a time have I listened, charmed even to ecstasy by the soft hum of her voice. Many a time have I seen her head bowed by weeping down her guitar, and singing over those ballads which were so admired by the late A. M. That Miss Julia was a treasure to me, I have had a chief other evidence than my own. Mrs. Jabez Scrawlens never failed, when that young lady sat beside me upon the sofa, to keep her hand on the gas-cock, that no word of her conversation should be lost. Why Miss Julia should have shown visible annoyance at this precaution on the part of Mrs. Jabez to me, but was an unquestionable fact that such was the truth.

I think I have remarked, in some previous part of this narrative, that Miss Georgina Wapscott slightly objected to a romp, when it was to be forced upon her. The same may be said of Miss Helen removed, and Miss Georgina Wapscott now sees no impropriety in entering upon numberless romps even to epileptics. My eldest child was flung head with a "Pshaw!" and Miss Georgy was quiet for almost an hour afterward.

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[Continued on page 334.]

crash awakened me from the wild, ecstatic bliss. I raised my eyes to behold before me Mrs. Jabez Scrawlens, towering like a giant, and ejaculating only the one word, "Get out!"

Is it necessary to say that Miss Julia Wapscott and myself were both upon our feet in an instant, and that the room seemed at once lit up to a supernatural brilliancy by the flashes from the eyes of that young lady and of Mrs. Jabez? Is it necessary to say this and a hundred things more to show how terribly the shock fell? Shall I confess that, under the embarrassment of the position, I was speechless, but that Miss Julia was not?

It will hardly be necessary for me to chronicle the terrors of that evening. In fact, I believe that there is a point beyond which the chronicler has no power, and that point was reached on that identical evening. There was a terrible clash of voices —of two voices. A figure swelling into gigantic proportions, with its hands resting upon the hips, and the elbows extended, which, in the dismay of the moment, I felt looked much like Mrs. Jabez Scrawlens, and then again it did not. Then there was a figure brought stern and sharp against the moonlight, with all the dress of Miss Julia, but with a celerity of action which I felt never could have belonged to that young lady. Then there were loud words, hisses, wild mocking laughs, two or three sounds resembling the action of a person in expectoration, a rush of feet upon the stairs, the door thrown open without knocking, the dim figures of Miss Helen and Miss Georgina, the wild rushing of the latter, and the sudden fall of Mrs. Jabez Scrawlens; and then all was void and darkness, every thing seeming to go away into far space, out of which came sounds in the voice of Miss Julia, much enlarged, which shaped themselves into the words "Ninny," "Wretch," "Stupid Fool," and "Beast," all of which I knew, even in my unconscious state, were intended for me.

When the outer world came back to me, the first sight that met my eyes, walking with hasty strides through the room, was the person of Mrs. Jabez Scrawlens—nothing else human was present. That lady fixed her eyes upon my reviving form, and in a moment gave way to the pent-up agonies of her soul. There are some, perhaps, who would not have considered that her words or manner of delivery were exactly of the kind that would have awakened remorse in the guilty soul; but to such I can only say that we are not all alike. When I thought of that faithful and devoted woman, who had given into my care the only child of her lone widowhood, who had clung to my fortunes through two years four months and thirteen days of matrimonial bliss, and one year of loneliness (except the Misses Wapscott), I could not but realize that I had acted the part of a villain. When I remembered the numberless instances of her practical affection, the delicious puddings, the incomparable pastry, the way in which she made coffee, and her manner of cooking a wild duck, I felt that in suffering my heart to go out groping into the darkness after the Misses Wapscott was an act unworthy of a gentleman, and only to be atoned for by a lifetime of devotion.

I shall not repeat what Mrs. Jabez Scrawlens said that evening, or what was my response. It will be enough to say that the moon went down upon us in peace, and that as I am now writing this history, the Misses Wapscott are moving away from No. 1157 Twenty-second Avenue—a consummation which was settled by Mrs. J. S. without my intervention.

To-morrow I am to be married to that charming woman, Mrs. Jabez Scrawlens.

THE LAST CRUSADE OF THE EMPEROR FRIEDRICH BARBAROSSA.

Through the misty Middle Ages, towering high above the rest,
Glitters Kaiser Barbarossa, with a bright and spotless crest.

Good in camp and great in council, he rises to our view,
Kingliest presence, 'mid the shadows that crowd the century through.

When the red beard of his manhood hung in ashen white and gray,
Through the hungry mountain passes Kaiser Friedrich took his way.

"The holy tomb, Jerusalem, is seized by Saladin,
And Paynim profanation takes the place of prayer and hymn.

"With one clearly pious action let our life for this world end,
And Jerusalem the glorious from this pagan rout defend!"

On the plain of Roncaglia, where his shield, seen high and far,
Shone upon his loyal soldier as a changeless radiant star,

Shone upon the battered peasants, shone o'er plumed noble proud,
And selfish spirits trembled, and crushed ones cried aloud

To this bravest hero Kaiser, who for rule of judgment took
Nor threat of sword, nor bribe of gold, nor old Justinian's book.

"To my *Master* I must answer. I am Kaiser over you;
But my God has made me powerful, and I owe him service true."

...tice sat down with him in his weather-
... heart from audience

... sacred city's
...estine.

"Oh, my son!" groaned Kaiser Friedrich; "oh, my gallant heir is dead!"
And the anguish of the father bowed the hero's kingly head.

"Woe is me, my son has perished! Oh, my son, my son is slain!
But Christ the Lord is living! Let us on, still on, my men!

"Still his sepulchre is sacred, still his cross is put to shame,
And to victory we must struggle for the glory of his name."

When his eager feet were planted on Calvary's mystic hill,
And gentle airs of Palestine his conquering banners fill,

As the crowning flush of triumph, as his own peculiar joy,
At the tomb of Christ the risen Friedrich found his living boy.

JOTTINGS ABOUT THE JAPANESE.

To Major Jack Downing, P.M., Downingville, State ov Maine, in care of Mister Harper, who'll send it in print.

Washingtun, *May* 15, 1860.

Honnurd Uncle,—Here I be agin, large as life, and twice as nat'ral, and hope these few lines 'll find yeou enjoyin' the same blessin'. The fact on't is, that we got so orphully squabbled up deown tew Charlestun that Gin'ral Cushing and I didn't how what on airth tew dew. One mornin' the Gin'ral come aboard the scunur, and ses he,

"Corporol!"

"Gin'ral!" ses I, jumpin' rite inter my close.

Ses he, "Cum abord the Bosting stemur, and les talk along with Butlur."

And I went. But tha'd got the train agoin', and part wos on wun track, and part wos switch'd orf, and wot tew dew they didn't kno. All at wunse ses I,

"Deown tew Downinville, when Sargent Joel gits the cumpenny eout, and trys the revolushuns ov the line, an' they gits awl mixed up, wot d'ye s'pose he dus?"

"Wot?" ses they.

"Why," ses I, "*he brakes ranks till next Saturdy arternoon!*"

They tuk the hint, ajurn'd their Cunvenshuns, and we're awl aflote agin.

Menewhile they sed I must go tew Washuntun; and gittin' a chanse tew hire eout the schunur for fratin' rice up a little rivur, I cum strate hear, jist as indurpendunt as tho' we'd made a nommernashun, in spite ov Slydell and t'uther phellers that's so masturly agin Douglass.

Mr. Buckcannon was mighty glad tew see me, I tell yeou. Ses he,

"I've red in Mr. Harper's paper heow yeou told your folks in Main heow their atryin' tew poke sharp sticks inter me in that Committy, set on by Forney and the very phellers that maid all this corrupshon."

Ses I, "The Downings is as trew as steal, and Dimmocrats ov the cleanest grit."

Ses he, "I know'd it. And I've got an offis for yeou that'll keep yeou abeout hear a spell, tew help us along."

Ses I, "What offis?"

Ses he, "Master ov Cerymonys tew the Jappyknees."

"Jappyknees!" ses I. "Cerymonys! Wot is it? Mattrymony?"

"No, no," ses the President, a larfin' like fun. "That cerymony won't be purform'd here jist neow, witheout Miss Lane takes it inter her hed tew leve me; but this is anuther matter. These Jappyknees, Corporol Downing, be a strange set ov phellers, that live over by Chiny, and we've made 'em open their doors—"

"Now I knose," ses I. "Didn't Squire Fessenden send Uncle Major Jack three big books from that Pub. Doc. 'stablishment by male? And didn't I make a lectur abeout it for the Downinville Mutual Admirashun and Improvement Sosiety abeout it?"

"You're jist the man for the rite plase," ses Mr. Buckcannon. And he give me a letter tew the Commisshunners, and told me tew go abord the stemur the next day. And I went, punctual as Aunt Nabby Greenlefe's dinnur-horn.

The Commisshuners wos awl navy offisurs. Thair was Captin Dupont, brother of the Dupont powder-mill in Delawhair, and Captin Lee—both ov 'em havin' bin tew Jappan; and Captin Porter, who'd been to the ismus with a stemur a good menny times. Then thair wos Mr. Ledyard, who marry'd Gin'ral Cass's dartur, and represented the old gentleman; and Doctur M'Donald, who's Secreterry tew the Commisshun; and sum undurstrappers from the Navy Departmunt; and the Mareens Band, in red flannel cotes, a playin' like phun. Consarn their tootin', they'd varyate Yankee Doodle sew that it sounded like an opery.

Wa'al, deown the Potomoc we went, eatin' icecreme, and enjoyin' life—Congress havin' apropreyated fifty thousand dollars, and more ov the same sort acomin'. There wos a masterly storm; but presendly the Jappyknees come along, and we went abord their stemur tew see them.

Don't I wish yeou'd a bin their, Uncle Jack; and if yeou had, yeou'd have larfed fit tew split. Their wos we, awl in unerform, grate big men; and their wos they, little, peaked, slim chaps, dressed e'enermost like wimmen folks, but as bright and chippur as a school-marm on examanashun mornin'. They torked mighty glib, but we didn't no wot they sed no more than if the'd a bin so menny blackbirds. They maid eout not tew no wot we sed, but if they deon't my name ain't Downing. Jappyknees ain't no fules, I tell yeou.

'Twas Sabbath-day, but the Jappyknees ain't converted yit, sew we went ashoar and saw the forty-ficashuns, and they fired the grate guns, and made a reg'lar gen'ral trainin' ov it. Then we awl went up river agin tew Washingtun.

The hed men kept sort ov dignyphied; and I found eout, by a Dutcher gentleman along who'd bin eout thair, that their wos tew on 'em, and that in Jappan theirs tew of every thing, jest as we used tew be Dimocrats or Whigs. Their's tew Emperors, and so we've got tew Embassadors, and each feller's got a duplercate, clear deown tew the bute-blacks.

Yesterday morning we wos a stemin' up the Potomac, flags a flyin', drums a betin', and the Jappyknees a greasin' up there hare inter littel kues on top ov their heds, a pintin' forred. There close wos wimmin fashun e'enamost, with grate trowsurs, and big sleves, from under wich there bear arms show'd. Each man had a littel white mark soed on his blue dressin'-gown, and sum had sords stuck in there belts.

Wa'al, as we drawed near tew the navy yard it looked like a bee-hive, chock full of peeple, awl dressed up. Flags wos a flyin', sogers was a marchin' abeout, offisers was a struttin' reound like ravin' deestracted roosturs, and 'twas a reg'lar fourth ov July. The Jappyknees wos delited, and wun ov them sed tew me, ses he, "Very good; much pigeon." What on airth he ment I dun no.

While we wos a waitin' I spyd wun ov Mr. Harper's artists a sketchin' away like phun, makin' a pictur ov the yard, and ov the peeple, and ov the white-washed plank-walk for the Jappyknees to cum ashoar on, and the sogers, and the stemeboat we wos on, Jappyknees and awl, includin' me. But awl at wunst he seed sumthin' on the bote, and stop'd drawin', and begun to larf like phun. I looked tew see what on airth he was a larfin' at, and thair was a Jappyknee oppositioner a sketchin' away like phun tew. I deon't wundur Mr. Harper's artist was kinder knocked aback tew see this feller, and I would like tew see the tew picturs, side by side, jist tew see which feller was best.

At last awl was reddy, and the crowd went ashoar, the big guns what wos took from the Britishers in the last war blazin' away like fun, and the music a playin' their forrin variated Hale Columby, and the peeple a cheerin', and the Jappyknees a lookin' areound dredful tickled. It bete Gin'ral Jacksun a cumin' tew Bosting, when yeou wos with him, awl tew peaces, as yeou will see by a lookin' at Mr. Harper's pictur. That air pictur will save me a deal ov explanashun, for thair it awl is, as large as life and twice as nat'ral.

Then we got inter kerryges, and, escorted by the millingterry, went rite deown past the Cappertol tew Willard's Hotel, the peeple a cheerin' like phun. It wos a grate site, and I dun no which was the gratest site in wun kerryge, three Jappynees, a fannin' and a grinnin', or me, Corporal Benjamin Downing, 3d. And judgin' from the looks of the Commisshuners in the t'other kerryges, they wos pretty well sattisphyed with their looks tew.

Willard's wun ov 'em—and a regulur Vermounter at that—who knows heow tew keep a tavern, he does. He had a Jappyknee flag a flyin', and a long entry, with rooms on each side, all fixed up in the nicest sort ov fashun. Sich sofys, and esychares, and carpets, and shandeleers, nevur wos scene.

No soonur wos we thair than a Jappyknee rushed reound and then lotted off the rooms, ritin' the name of each man on a peese of paper, and stickin' it on ev'ry dore, jist like a sine; and when they wos located they went tew fixin' up and maken their twilites, and gittin' ev'ry thing in order. Then they begun tew peek areound; and if there's enny thing in Willard's taverrn they deon't see, I'd like tew know what 'tis, either "up stares, deown stares, or in the Jappyknees' chamber." Their eyes is open, I tell yeou, and what they sees they makes a note on't, as Capting Kuttel used tew sa.

Arter a while we awl went in tew dinner—that is, the hed men ov the Jappyknees and awl ov us offisers. The outlanders used there knives and forks right glib. Mete they wudn't tuch, but they et chicking and fish, toppin' off with isecreme and sugur-plums, and taking as much Champane as they daird tew, fur each party wos a watchin' tuther, and they konstituted a temprance band of self-watchin' bruthers. Wot they didn't drink we did, fur thair's fifty thousand dollors tew be spent, and we mene tew spend it.

Wa'al, dinner wos ovur, and the embassordors went back inter there parlur, whair the ladies and gentlemun went in tew see them. Mr. Harper's artist was a sketchin' them, and so you'll see it jist as plane as if yeou'd a bin thair.

The phun was amung the secund-class Jappyknees, who wur in there rums a smokin' little pipes that are eout in know time, and a drinkin' strong tea eout of varnyshed pasteboard cups, and a jabberin' awfully. Then there artists was a drawin' every thing. If the 'lusterated papers there ain't well supply'd with picturs, t'wunt be the fault of the artists, I tell yeou.

Wa'al, all this time I been a edgin' areound, and a tryin' tew find eout wot these Jappyknees want, wot they mene tew deow, and how long they mene tew stay. But mum's the wurd. Even Mistur Portman, who was eout thair a inturpretin' for Commodor Perry, deon't kno a word. A Thursday, tho', they're a goin' tew see Mr. Buckcannon, and we're a goin' tew hav a grate time, I tell yeou. Gin'ral Scott's a goin' tew be their, and awl sorts of officers, egle buttuns, and ankur buttuns, and perlite old vetruns, and stuck-up new officurs, and the Mareen Band, and awl ov us.

Wich I mene tew rite abeout in my next. Menewhile, why not invite the Jappyknees tew Downingville? Why not? The Selectmen could enturtane awl there frends and naburs—the Downingville Independent Cadets could paraid, and hav thair music bills pade—the tavern would du a smashin' business—and if it did bare hard on the tax-payers, who cairs? We may git up a grate trade with Jappan, takin' thair varnish, and sendin' back dried apples, ax-handles, squash-seed, and other luxurys. Menewhile, say tew Sarah Hale that they ain't no femail Jappyknees, and that wun of them has given me the purtyest fan fur her that ever she seed. Recommendin' yeou tu look at Mr. Harpur's picturs, I am yours till deth,

Benjamin Downing, 3d.

Captain Brand,

OF THE

SCHOONER "CENTIPEDE,"

A PIRATE OF EMINENCE IN THE WEST INDIES;

His Loves and Exploits,

TOGETHER WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE SINGULAR MANNER BY WHICH HE DEPARTED THIS LIFE.

By LIEUT. H. A. WISE, U.S.N.

(HARRY GRINGO),

AUTHOR OF "LOS GRINGOS" AND "TALES FOR THE MARINES."

ILLUSTRATED BY

C. PARSONS AND A. LUMLEY.

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CHAPTER XVI.

NUPTIALS OF THE GIRL WITH DARK EYES.

The Captain got up from his chair, stepped to the settee, and pulling the signal cord on the wall, held a short dialogue with the man at the station; then saying in a low, sharp whisper through the tube, "A bright look-out, Pedro!" he resumed his place at the table. The Doctor had in the meanwhile got up and gone to the veranda, where, swinging in a Yucatan grass hammock shielded from the night wind, lay his little patient sleeping soundly. Carefully closing the curtains again around him, he returned to his place. The Padre was now all awake again, with his thick lips open, waiting for the Captain to go on with his story. As for Don Ignacio, he never stirred body or limb, but his eye traveled about perpetually, and he observed the movements of his companions, all at the same time. Still the hoarse roar of the pirates in their carouse arose from the covered sheds in the calm night, and the two solitary lights from each masthead of the felucca and schooner twinkled above the basin of the inlet.

"And now, amigos," began again Captain Brand, after he had assured himself that all was going on as he could wish without, "I shall inform you of the sequel of my adventure with the Señorita Lucia. The evening after the night on which I had declared my passion we were seated at dinner in the after-cabin. Ah! well we were sitting over the dessert, and I was relating to my pretty passenger some account of my early days, and of my lady mother and my old squire of a father—omitting, perhaps, some few uninteresting details."

Here the old commander of the felucca cackled, and his black, beady eye glittered as the thought flashed through his head as to what details his villainous compeer had omitted. How he forged his old father's name, which brought down his gray hairs in sorrow and disgrace to the grave; and how his poor mother, too, died of grief, together with other bitter memories, all of which Captain Brand the Pirate omitted to mention.

"Yes, I related likewise some of my early privateering adventures, when all the broad Atlantic was alive with the fleets of France, England, and Spain; how I was captured by a Spanish brigantine"—omitting again to state that he got up a mutiny with the crew of that brigantine, poniarded the captain and mate in their sleep, and, assuming command of the vessel, changed her colors for a black flag, and began his career as a pirate in the Caribbean Sea —"and how I escaped. To all this she listened with great interest, her large eyes dilating, and her bosom swelling with sympathy as I proceeded, when suddenly the cabin door opened, and my ugly friend Pedillo put his head in and gave me a warning nod."

"'What is it?' I said, rather sharply, to Pedillo; 'and how dare you intrude inside my cabin?' I fear too that I came very near doing a mischief to my boatswain, for I am rather impulsive at times, and by the merest accident I happened to have a small pistol in my pocket."

Don Ignacio twitched his sleeve, and looked as if he believed such accidents as pistols being found in the narrator's pockets happened quite often.

"'Señor,' said Pedillo, 'there are two sails standing out from the lee of Culebra Island, and one of them appears to be a large—'

"I stopped any further particulars from the lips of my subordinate by a motion of my finger, and then kissing the hands of the girl—who was somewhat surprised at what had transpired—I left the cabin and jumped on deck.

"The schooner was now running down through the Virgin's Passage, between St. Thomas and Porto Rico, with a fine breeze on the quarter, and the sun was just sinking behind the last named island. I snatched a spy-glass from the rail and looked ahead. There, sure enough, was a sixteen-gun brig on the starboard tack heading across our track, and a large frigate under single-reefed topsails, stretching away over to the opposite shores of Culebra, while they were telegraphing bunting one with another as fast as the bright-colored flags could talk. And as luck would have it, as I swept the glass round, what should I see but a long rakish corvette in company with a huge whale of a line-of-battle ship, with her double tier of ports glimmering away in the slanting rays of the sun; both on the wind and coming out from under the lee of

THE JAPANESE EMBASSADORS AND SUITE AT DINNER AT WILLARD'S, WASHINGTON.—[SEE PAGE 327.]

Culebra Point, just a mile or two astern of us. By the blood of Barabbas, caballeros, we were in a trap for wolves, and the hounds were in full cry! I immediately, however, luffed the schooner up and steered boldly for the frigate; and as a puff of smoke spouted out from the lee bow of the Admiral to windward, and before the boom of the gun's report reached us, I hoisted American colors. Seeing this, the brig hove in stays, and perhaps, being ordered to board me, came staggering along on the other tack across our fore foot, while the frigate went round too and held her wind toward her consorts to windward. Now this was just the disposition which I wanted of the vessels, and it could not have been done better for my plans had I been the Ad-

PRESENTATION OF AN AMERICAN LADY TO THE JAPANESE EMBASSADORS AT WILLARD'S, WASHINGTON.—[SEE PAGE 327.]

THE JAPANESE BARBER SHAVING THE HEAD OF HIS MASTER, IN THE COURT-YARD OF WILLARD'S HOTEL.—[See Page 327.]

miral of the squadron. In less than a quarter of an hour the brig—and no great things she was, with a contemptible battery, as I could see, of short carronades—hove aback a little on the bow of the schooner, and gave us a warning of a twenty-four pound shot across our fore foot to heave to also, at the same time hoisting the English ensign.

"So! ho!" ejaculated Captain Brand, as he twisted the point of his nose, accompanied by a malevolent scowl, "Señores, I at once hauled flat aft the foresail, dropped the main peak, and let the helm take as if to round to under the brig's stern; whereupon my man-of-war friend dropped a cutter into the water, and she had just shoved off in readiness to board me, when before you could light a paper cigar I run up the main peak, got a pull of the sheets, and the *Centipede* was off again like a shark with his fin, above water, heading for the narrow passage between Culebra and Crab Islands. It was at least five minutes before that stupid brig could believe his eyes, and ten more before he got hold of the boat again, when she filled away and began to pop gun after gun at me as he could bring his battery to bear! There was only one shot that slipped on board us, and that only smashed off both legs of a negro, and then hopped off through the foresail to windward. Had I not had a good dinner that day and pleasant society on board"—how peculiarly the speaker smiled—"I should perhaps have taught that brig such a lesson that he would not have cared to report it to his Admiral. But as I knew I had the heels of him, and as the rest of the squadron were now crowding all sail and keeping off in chase of me, I ordered Pedillo, just in touching my hat and saying 'Adios,' to clear away the long gun and return the brig's salute. The shot struck him just forward the night heads by the bowsprit, and by the way the splinters flew and his jib and head sails came down, I knew I had crippled him for an hour at least. At the same time, to prevent any mistakes as to our quality, and to satisfy the Admiral's curiosity, we hauled down the Yankee colors and set our swallow-tailed flag."

"Rather dark bunting! no?", edged in Don Ignacio.

"Ay, amigo, as black as that eye of thine, though not half so murderous," retorted the Pirate as he continued his narrative.

"Bueno, there came the whole of the squadron down after us, spitting out from their bristle ports mouthfuls of cold iron, which all went to the bottom of the Virgin's Passage, for not one came within a mile of the schooner; and then I led them such a dance through that intricate cluster of reefs and islets, that soon after dark they gave up the game, and I said 'Buenas noches' to them all!"

Here Captain Brand paused, made a careful selection of a beautifully tanned tobacco cigar from the box, shouted to Babette to produce some old Santa Cruz rum, sugar, lemons, and hot water—screeching hot he said—and while the Padre crossed himself, and then throwing his fine legs, encased in the lustrous silk stockings, on a chair beside him, and while Ida engaged fondly on the brilliants sparkling in the buckles of his shoes, he resumed his tale.

"When I went below again, after every thing had become quiet on deck, I found my stageeyed sweet-heart waiting to receive me. How superbly she looked, as she made a movement [illegible] cushions where she had been reclining

[illegible] has happened, and what [illegible] noise of guns, and [illegible] ve?

[illegible] have been [illegible] unnately have escaped, and the cries you heard were from one of my poor crew who got slightly wounded by a shot.'

"'*Ah, malditos pirentos!* cursed pirates!' exclaimed the charming beauty, as she put both her hands in mine, 'and how thankful am I that you are not hurt! But, *querido mio!* dear one!' she went on, 'when shall we get to Porto Rico and see dear father?' We must be near, for I heard one of your sailors shout to you the name of the Island!'

"In reply, I told her that we had been near Porto Rico, but that—a—circumstances were such, on account of the dangerous pirates who infested those seas, that I felt obliged, for the safety—you understand—to run along down by Hispaniola—she not having a very clear idea of the position and geography of those parts—and that our cruise might probably be prolonged for a few days more."

"And into ruphet, perhaps," said the Doctor, with a hollow voice, and a calm, cold eye.

"Oh no, my friends, certainly nothing so bad as that. Possibly to heaven! but, *quien sabe!* no one can tell!

"However," pursued the Captain, "I soon succeeded in allaying her apprehensions, and then I threw myself at her feet, and implored her to risk her father's displeasure and to marry me at once; that she knew her father was cold, stern, and obdurate, and should he frown upon my suit, I should die of despair! I used these passionate appeals and many more, until at last the fond girl yielded her consent to my entreaties.

"'But the priest, *querido mio!*' she exclaimed, as she rose and disengaged herself from my arms. I told her that I chanced to have one on board as a passenger, who would perform the ceremony.

"And so I had," added Captain Brand, "or at least a very near approach to one, for my ugly boatswain, Pedillo, had been bred up—as in scobye—you comprehend—in the house of a rich old prelate of San Paulo Cathedral in Trinidad, to whom Pedillo, one fine morning, gave about eight inches of his cuchilo!"

"Jesus! Maria!" exclaimed Padre Ricardo, starting back with horror, and rolling his beads.

"Ay, mi Padre, Pedillo assassinated the Holy Father, and plundered his cash-box besides; and so you see Pedillo was just the man I wanted."

Don Ignacio nodded his wicked old head through a cloud of cigar smoke, as a sign of approval.

"Accordingly, Señores, the next day I made the trusty Pedillo of the old bony head about his ugly face, and had the crown of his head shaved besides—quite like that round oily spot there on top of good Ricardo's poll; and then he rigged himself out in a clerical gown, to which the trunks of my bride's old mother contributed, and, take my word for it, he was as proper and rascally a looking priest as could be found on the Island of Cuba. He performed the ceremony, too, by way of practice, on Lascar Joe and the second cook beforehand, with as much decorum and solemnity, and gave us pious a benediction, as his old Trinidad uncle the prelate ever did. Well, that evening we were married."

"How many times has the Capitano been married?" grunted out Don Ignacio.

"Why, let me reflect," as he threw his cold, icy look at the frame of miniatures on the opposite wall. "You mean, comadre, how often the ceremony has been performed. Ah! I think on eleven occasions. No; it was only ten. Madame Mathilde had two husbands living when I made love to her, and declined to take a third. But then, you know, I have an affectionate disposition, and I can not set my heart against the fascinations of the sex."

He gave vent to these moral sentiments, as if he really meant them to be believed and generally adopted by his audience.

"Well, that same evening I was married to the beautiful Señorita Lucia Lascena; though I am sorry to say that Pedillo did not perform his part of the business so well as I had expected of him, from his practice in the morning. He stammered a good deal, and when he raised the crucifix to the lips of the young girl, her innocent looks and maidenly majesty of deportment so struck my coadjutor with confusion that he let the crucifix fall to the deck at her dainty feet. This little incident caused me some displeasure; but, reflecting that the poets tell us that

'A tiger, 'tis said, will turn and flee
From a maid in the pride of her purity,'

I said myself nothing to the abashed Pedillo as I gave him back the emblem; but I favored him with a look, with my right hand in my pocket—this fashion."

Here the cold-blooded scoundrel dipped his thumb and forefinger into the flap of his waistcoat, while the commander of the Guarda Costa waved his brown digit before him, as if he knew what was there all the time.

"Ah! that reference to my new-made priest to his senses, and he then got through the ceremony entirely to my satisfaction.

"Heaven forbid," said Captain Brand, turning with lazy indifference toward Padre Ricardo, "ever after this I resolved not to take the risk of such another piece of business; and this is the reason why I first sought your services."

"Gracias a Dios! Thanks be to Heaven, my son, that you found me," said the sacrilegious wretch, as he bowed to his superior and sipped a glass of rum punch.

"At the conclusion of our nuptials, while I held my sweet Lucia to my heart and kissed her pale brow, and while tears of crystal drops, half in rapture and half in sorrow, dimmed her large, sparkling black eyes, she withdrew this royal sapphire from her slender finger, and gently placing the ring on mine—when you see it, amigos—she said:

"'My dear and only love, this is the talisman of my race. It has been for ages in my family, and it has been the guardian of our hope and honor. Receive it, friend of my heart, and be the protector of the young girl who yielded up to you her very soul!'"

The Doctor started as if he had been stung by a scorpion; but Captain Brand, heedless or inattentive to the movement, went on:

"Yes, caballeros, these were her very words; murmured, too, in her low contralto tones with a pure lisping Castilian accent, as she laid her head on my shoulder and sighed.

"Ay, those were rapturous moments; and it was in some degree—yes, I may say in truth—entirely her own fault that they did not last.

"Well, for some days—eight or ten, perhaps—with light baffling winds, we crept stealthily along the south side of St. Domingo; but the weather was delightful, and the time passed on the wings of a zephyr. In the warm, soft evenings, with the moon or stars shedding their pearly gleams over the sea, she sat beside me on the deck of the schooner, watching with girlish interest the white sails above her head, or singing to me the sweet little sequidillas of her native land. And again, starting up from my arms, she would peep over the counter, trace the foam as it flashed and bubbled in our wake, or point to the track of a dolphin as he leaped above the luminous waves and went like a bullet to leeward.

"I flatter myself, caballeros, that there have been periods in my career on the high seas or on land, and may be again, for aught I know"—continued the elegant pirate, as he crossed his legs and screw back the lappels of his velvet coat, so as to expose the magnificence of his waistcoat, and the frills on his broad, muscular chest—"when men of high birth and breeding, and lonely women too of noble lineage, have not thought it beneath them to dine with, or to receive the homage of—a—Captain Brand.

"And, por Dios!"—the narrator did not consider it unbecoming his cloth and profession to swear in a foreign language—"por Dios! Señores, I have known the time, too, when I have played whist with a French prince of the blood and two knights of the Golden Fleece.

"Yes," the Captain went on, "I have every reason to know that I won the hearts, and purses too sometimes, of some of the first people I met in refined society. But yet there have been occasions when the game has gone against me."

Don Ignacio's tenacious memory came into play, and he looked back to the time when he himself had cleaned his profuse friend out of all his gains at the card-table, even to the buttons of his coat, but he gave no sign of remembrance of those days, and only blew a dense cloud of smoke from his thin yellow nostrils as the Captain spoke.

"Though those occasions have not been of frequent recurrence.

"So passed the days, Caballeros; and when one morning the high mountains back of Port Guantamano were reported me, I felt a presentiment that my dream of bliss was drawing to a close. Indeed I might probably have remained at sea a week or two longer, but the men were getting a little impatient, and I thought it better to sacrifice my own pleasure to theirs. That day we caught a cracking breeze out of the windward passage, and toward midnight we came up with this little sandy island here.

"The preparations for going into port excited the anxiety of my bride, for, poor thing! she believed we were bound into Porto Rico, and I had some trouble in inducing her to go below before we crossed the reef. Bueno! the coast was clear, the signals were all right, and in how minutes the schooner had her anchor down and sails furled pretty much in the spot where she now lies moored.

"While, however, we were sweeping up the inlet I sent a boat ahead, with directions for my tidy old housekeeper, Babette, to have every thing prepared to receive her new mistress. Just then one of those terrible thunder-storms came up; heavy masses of clouds obscured the sky, followed by such double-barrel shocks and intensely vivid lightning as is only beheld in the tropics preceding the equinox. The rain was cast along in horizontal sheets driven by a squall which burst in fury over the island, and it seemed to me that all the devils from hell were howling and shrieking in the air.

"Shielded from the storm by a large boat cloak, I carried my beautiful bride, with her face nestling on my breast, to the shore, and then I bore her into this fine saloon.

"I shall never forget the sweet words she whispered, and the loving caresses she gave me on that little journey, even while the tempest almost dashed me to the ground, and the sharp flashes of lightning nearly blinded me. They were the last she ever lavished upon me!"

No sigh escaped the lips of this cold-blooded monster as he uttered these words; no sign of feeling for the ruin of a gentle girl whom he had betrayed to his piratical life of infamy and crime; whose dream of life was destroyed like a crushed rose leaf, and all her hope gone from that moment.

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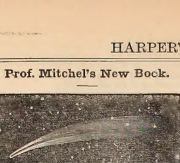

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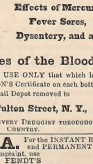

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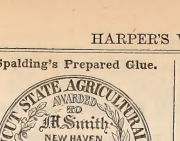

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VOL. IV.—No. 179.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1860. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THE JAPANESE EMBASSADORS.

WE publish herewith portraits of the two Japanese ambassadors, Sim'mi Boojsen no-Kami, and Mooragaki Awajsi no-Kami. They are the chiefs of the embassy now at Washington, and have just concluded the ratification of our treaty with Japan.

We are, of course, unable to give a biographical sketch of these distinguished persons. They are both members of the Council of Six, who are understood to administer the Government of Japan, and to hold a rank corresponding to that of Prince in Europe. We glean from the daily papers some gossip about their movements at Washington.

Speaking of the ball at General Cass's, at which they were present, the *Tribune* correspondent writes:

AT A BALL.

The party visiting the Secretary of State was composed of three Princes, and the five officers next in rank, and the two interpreters. For nearly an hour these ten gentlemen sustained unflinchingly the unaverted gaze of as many scores of people as could draw near to them. Their self-possession then, as it always is, was marvelous. The haughtiest stare, with intensest eye-glass concentration, could neither move them to embarrassment nor zeuss them to the least defiant glance in return. Directly personal remarks—not always uttered, I am afraid, in the best taste, and sometimes unworthy the fair lips whence they proceeded—were listened to by those who perfectly understood them with no sign of discomposure, except perhaps a slight compression of the mouth, showing that insensibility was no cause of their immovable calmness. Toward 11 o'clock the embassadors rose, and were again led through the apartments, pausing before a refection table, the details of which no interpreter was needed to explain to them. The number of guests had now greatly increased. There were present the members of the Cabinet, the Vice-President and Speaker Pennington, a few members of Congress, many officers of the army and navy, and a very full representation of foreign legations. The number of ladies seemed greater than of gentlemen. The least unwary step inguifed one in surging waves of muslin, silk, and those other kindred dangers which evade precise designation. Mrs. Dougbat, Miss Lane, Mrs. Gwin, and Mrs. Slidell were the various central orbs, alluring to themselves countless satellites, seeking from them reflections of fashionable warmth and social light. On their way along the drawing-rooms the Japanese caught sight of Commodore Tatnall, who brought them in the *Powhatan* from Japan to Panama, and whom they instantly surrounded with every grateful expression of welcome. For the few minutes that Commodore Tatnall was near, all objects beyond offering their recognition of him were abandoned. A [illegible] the embassadors stepped into the dancing-[illegible]ny gravely inspected the agile gyrations [illegible] brave men with an air of curious in[illegible]o concern, as if anxious as to [illegible]rocess so much at variance [illegible]ame subject. After a few more introductions the embassadors, at 11½ o'clock, took leave and returned home.

THEIR COSTUME.

Our picture represents the Japanese in the costume in which they appeared at the official audience. The same writer thus describes it:

The dresses of the Japanese were much more gorgeous than any they had previously appeared in. The first embassador wore robes of blue and purple crape, with richly-embroidered trowsers of silk. The garments of the second and third were of different shades of green, crape and silk, all very curiously wrought. The secondary officers and interpreters were more simply attired. All had, by means of some artificial contrivance, an unusual expanse of shoulder, which gave them an air of patunality they do not at ordinary times possess. The highest dignitaries had peculiar head-dresses, shaped like hollow boxes, and set upon the top of the head, where they were confined by long cords reaching down the sides of the face, and passing under the chin. These head-dresses were black, about five inches high and six long. They were not cubical, but were broad at the front, tapering to a point behind. They appeared to exactly cover the spot left bald upon the head by shaving. The officers next in rank were similar, though smaller, marks of rank.

THE PRESIDENT'S OPINION OF THEM.

The President had a conversation with a letter-writer about them:

Alluding to the Japanese, he said, "They never speak to me without calling me Emperor and his Majesty, and are the most particular people about what they should do. Every thing was written down for them, stating the course they were to take, the number of days they were to make, and all that, before they left Japan. They can't understand me at all. You know they were here in front to hear the band on Saturday. Well, I went down the steps to speak to some of my friends that I saw, and they couldn't understand that at all. To think that I—Emperor of the United States—should go down among and shake hands with the people, astonished them wonderfully. Oh! no, they couldn't understand that at all, so unlike any thing in their country." "How long, Sir, do you think they'll remain in this country?" "Well, I couldn't tell you; they are the queerest people to deal with possible: there's no getting any thing out of them, they're so close about every thing. Maybe they'll remain the hundred days, or perhaps only the sixty. At any rate, they'll have to wait till the *Niagara* reaches Panama, and she has to go round the Cape this worst season of the year, so that it will take her three months. Ah, there Japanese," he continued, "they're the most curious people I ever saw. They take a note of every thing. They've got down a long description of how I looked when they had the reception, and every thing they've seen—nothing escapes them. They're always sketching and taking notes of things. They're very proud, too, I can see: they bow very low, but they won't do more than is prescribed for them in their instructions."

THEIR GALLANTRY.

A correspondent of the *Herald* writes:

I omitted to mention in my last letter referring to the visit of the embassadors and suite to the President's grounds on Saturday, that Miss Lane, the President's niece, on that occasion was evidently curious to examine the blade of O'goori Bungo-no-Kami's sword.—For the information of those who may not recognize this gentleman by name, I will state his office to be that of censor or special supervisor to the embassy, and the third highest in rank. O'goori Bungo-no-Kami no sooner comprehended the desire of the lady to unsheath his estamas—such is the name of the larger weapon of the two—than he smiled most graciously, and said in Japanese, "Take it, my lady," at the same time handing it to her most gracefully. She, upon this, drew the glittering blade from its sheath (buff wood, hair leather, with an inlaying of silver), and eyed it woman-like and closely, and then returning it to its sheath, handed it back to its owner, who took it with evident pleasure that the thing of his honor and defence should have excited interest on the part of one so fair.

THEIR RESERVE.

The *Times* correspondent says:

A good story is told of the peculiar reserve of the Japanese, as illustrated during the recent passage. Up to the time of their arrival at Norfolk, the officers who had them in their charge—the "armory and knavery men," as Mrs. Partington styles them—had been unable to determine their precise rank. It was impossible to determine from their papers whether they were Envoys or Ministers. This vexed question remained unsettled until

SIM'MI BOOJSEN NO-KAMI, FIRST EMBASSADOR. MOORAGAKI AWAJSI NO-KAMI, SECOND EMBASSADOR.

THE JAPANESE EMBASSADORS IN THEIR STATE COSTUME.

the arrival of Mr. Lelyard, the agent of the Secretary of State, when, lo! the ambassador astounded every body by producing a beautifully-written English copy of the letter from the Emperor giving them full powers as embassadors.

THE PRESENTS.

The Japanese Embassy has brought several presents of a valuable character to the President of the United States. These were brought to Washington fifteen large boxes, all well filled. Among the presents is the most magnificent and costly fan ever made. It is of Japan ware, and delicately inlaid with pearls and fine gold. It cost $3000. The other presents are said to be superior silk goods, and other articles for which the country is famous. All the articles are unequaled for beauty, cost, and exquisite workmanship.

THE OLDEST PAUPER ON THE TOWN.

And so old Betsey Green is dead!
The oldest pauper on the town;
She who has eaten public bread—
Bread of the most unchanging brown—
For six-and-thirty years.

Old Betsey Green is under sod,
Mixed in with loads of human clay;
No surplced priest appealed to God,
And challenged in the light of day
A waiting crowd to fears.

They wrapped her lifeless, withered form
In the scant sheet wherein she lay;
And while her limbs were lithe and warm
They bore poor Betsey Green away,
Lest she recover breath.

They nailed the county coffin down,
With many jokes on her who died;
And one old pauper on the town,
And only one old pauper cried,
From selfish fear of death.

A gravel-wagon bore the load,
Unwashed, unsuped from mud and mire
The driver jogged o'er the road,
Lest for the pittance of his hire
He gave it too much ride.

And then the three-foot pauper grave—
Unwilling digged by pauper hands—
Where one—half idiot, half knave—
With whined halt, in waiting stands
For Betsey Green who died.

He shovels in the frozen clods,
He chuckles as they rattle down,
And to himself he laughs and nods—
This oldest pauper on the town,
Since Betsey Green is dead.

"I can remember well," he croaks,
"That she was fair as any queen;
And well to do were all the folks
Who were of kin with Betsey Green
The day that she was wed.

"For all the maids in miles about
Had set their caps at Robert Green—
The comeliest lad, without a doubt,
The country side had ever seen—
And she the greatest catch.

"And Betsey, she had babes as fair
As though she'd chosen gifts for each;
They had their mother's eyes and hair,
And Robert's wheedling, treacherous speech:
The selfish, greedy wretch!

"He spent the gold her father gave;
He mortgaged all her broad farm lands;
She toiled and watched, to earn and save;
He reaped but his dainty hands,
Or browned his handsome face.

"'Twas well for her, the neighbors said,
When, on one cold, December day,
They found him, in a snow-wreathed bed,
Upon the ice-bound public way,
Fast locked in Death's embrace.

"For Robert loved the liquor can
Too well to save his face or life:
The bloated semblance of a man
Was all they brought the stricken wife
From where he late had lain.

"Year after year, by day and night,
Her hands and head were never still.
Her boys were fair, her boys were bright—
Not one of all the six did ill,
In wedding or in gain.

"Still Betsey could not keep away
The spectre who will never wait;
And so, one stern and bitter day,
She stood before the work-house gate,
To beg for pauper fare.

"Time flies! time flies! and Betsey's dead!
And then, next comes my turn to die.
A hundred years were on her head—
Ten years the elder she than I—
How soon shall I be there?"

Again he stamped the frozen ground,
With feeble step and vacant stare;
Cast one long, idle look around,
And left old Betsey lying there,
To wait her God and crown.

Ah, well! poor Betsey's pauper blood
Runs proudly through some purple veins;
No base suspicion taints its flood,
Of this, the worst of earthly stains—
A pauper on the town!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1860.

THE NOMINATION OF LINCOLN.

THE action of the Republican Convention at Chicago, in preferring WILLIAM H. SEWARD and choosing Mr. Lincoln as its standard-bearer for the ensuing campaign, is the subject of much comment and some controversy in the papers. On one side we hear that Mr. Seward was dropped because he could not carry Pennsylvania. Again, we are told that Mr. Seward was killed by Mr. Horace Greeley, who had conceived a bitter hostility to his former chief on account of certain alleged slights, and notably because Mr. Seward declined to further certain alleged ambitious projects of Mr. Greeley. A third authority affirms that Mr. Seward was passed over on account of the corruptions of the last Legislature of New York, which was controlled by parties who, it was believed, would likewise control Mr. Seward's administration in the event of his election. A fourth opinion is, that the rules and dictatorial manner of many of the Seward managers at Chicago disgusted the Western delegates, who were not prepared to be ordered about by their colleagues; and that when open threats of withdrawing the supplies in the event of Seward's rejection were uttered in the Convention, the pride of the West could not brook the insult, and Mr. Seward's fate was sealed. Finally, many persons seem to think that the Convention could not resist the outside pressure in favor of the claims of Illinois; on the very day the platform was adopted the strength of the rival competitors was tested by a trial of lungs, and the Lincoln men (being backed by the spectators and outsiders) shouted so much longer and louder than the Seward men that the weak members at once discovered that Lincoln was the favorite, and made haste to rally to his support.

Among these reasons for the rejection of the natural head of the Republican party, two will at once strike the reader as being plausible. There seems to be no doubt that the influence of Mr. Greeley was, from first to last, actively employed against Mr. Seward. That such an opponent, with such power, prestige, and skill, must, in such a Convention, have been extremely formidable, can not be questioned. The New York *Tribune* has been the creator of the Republican party, and is still its great central organ and censor. In respect to actual influence over the political opinions of the members of the Republican party, Mr. Greeley's power is, doubtless, even greater than Mr. Seward's. When that influence was brought to bear earnestly and systematically, against the man who has been considered Mr. Greeley's best friend and patron, it must have been almost irresistible, above all locally and to the very deepest for the cause of Mr. Seward's rejection. How Mr. Greeley came to turn upon his old friend is a matter which is now not publicly to be widely ventilated, and the public will probably know the whole truth before long. Hitherto Mr. Greeley has been generally considered by his friends as actuated by conscientious men, who rose above petty considerations of personal spite and personal aggrandizement; the true story of his desertion of Seward, if truly told, will confirm this impression, and will show that in his action at Chicago he rather played the part of Brutus than that of Judas.

The recent corrupt legislation at Albany must have had great weight with the Chicago Convention. That votes were openly bought and sold last winter at the State capital; that enormous sums were pocketed by a set of money-freely paid to members or their best friends, while other measures were defeated by the same corrupt means, is notorious. It is true that among the corrupt members there were Democrats as well as Republicans; but the latter held the majority in both Houses, and are therefore responsible for their acts. Had the Republicans been honest, no corruption on the part of Democrats could have done mischief. Furthermore, it is in accordance that the most active agents of last winter's corruption at Albany were also the most active friends of Mr. Seward at Chicago, and would presumably have been his most influential friends at Washington, in the event of his election. This consideration must have prevented many from giving him their support.

These two causes appear to be primarily responsible for Mr. Seward's rejection. We may now mention a third. Among the candidates for the nomination Mr. Seward occupied indisputably the highest place. He towered a head and shoulders above all competitors—in experience, in statesmanship, in authority, in influence, in every quality which can fit a man for the Presidency. His rivals were fairly balanced among themselves; he stood alone. None of the minor candidates appeared formidable enough to alarm the others; but all were against Seward. Their obscurity protected them from hostile combinations; his eminence provoked them. It is the old story—our American ostracism—which killed Webster, and has now deprived Seward of the nomination.

THE ITALIAN QUESTION.

GARIBALDI, the soap-boiler of Staten Island, is evidently going to be the Washington of Italian independence. Monarchical policy has prevented our knowing exactly what part was his in the emancipation of Lombardy, Modena, Parma, Tuscany, and the Romagna; we may rest assured that his iron will and noble disinterestedness had not a little to do with the unanimity and lofty patriotism which have induced the citizens of those various Italian States to unite under one Government—and that a monarchy. And now we hear of him where the last battle must be fought—in the dominions of the King of the Two Sicilies. He left Genoa with 2200 men, in three steamers, on 5th May; touched at a friendly port in Tuscany; and before these lines are read our readers will probably be acquainted with the circumstances of his landing in Sicily.

There are now in Italy only two powers which resist the progressive tendency of the age and the cause of Italian unity—these are Rome and Naples. The Pope continues to claim sovereignty over the civil subjects in the northern States of the Church; to assert his divine right to trample and tyrannize the unhappy people who were given over to him by the treaties of 1815; to fulminate excommunications against each and every Christian who does not see the justice of Papal despotism, or the righteousness of the massacre at Perugia. Happily for the cause of humanity, the Pope's disease will bring about its own cure. The people of the Romagna have asserted and will maintain their independence. By-and-by Napoleon will withdraw his troops from Rome, and then the Pope will have to choose between another abdication and submission to the spirit of the age as will satisfy his people. He has neither the means nor the men to resist the impending popular outbreak. The broken-down *pinlerry*, Lamoricière, who has lately assumed command of his forces, will soon throw up the fruitless task in despair, and retire to his obvious comfortable sinecure. Without foreign interference, the cause of Italy and independence will take care of itself in the States of the Church.

In Naples the case is different. There the King has a large and disciplined army, an adequate exchequer, a navy not to be despised, the prestige of a long reign, and an enormous auxiliary force of lazzaroni and banditti, who are opposed to any improvements in the existing feeble government. In 1849 Naples restored the Pope. In 1850 Naples crushed out liberalism. In 1851, and afterward, Naples filled its dungeons with its best and noblest citizens. Naples—we speak of the kingdom of that name—is the native country of wrongs of all kinds; of highway robbers, mutinous mobs, starving peasantry, dissolute monks, gaping dungeons, bad governors, a spiritless *lazzaronisme*, a debauched aristocracy, a socialist *proletariat*, a military despotism, one-sided laws, and a corrupt officials, a universal prostration of all that is noble, and a general upheaval of all that is base in humanity. Still Naples is, alone, nearly free of Italy; and if Italy is to be united independent, Naples must admit the necessity of freedom and independence. Hence Naples is now the natural scene of the decisive conflict. How Naples it must be fought out. Hence it is that we hear of the great champion of Italian liberty setting sail for Sicily.

Time will reveal the result of his expedition; but no one can follow its progress without heartfelt prayers for its success. The defeat of Garibaldi at the present moment would be a blow to the cause of popular liberty throughout Europe. May Providence befriend him!

THE FLOATING DEBT OF THE UNITED STATES.

MR. SHERMAN, of Ohio, and Mr. Morrill, of Vermont, who appear to be the ruling spirits of the House of Representatives in Washington, have framed a new tariff bill, increasing the duties in a protective direction, and providing that the present Treasury Notes shall be funded by the issue of a new Federal stock having twenty years to run. It is not likely that the bill will become a law. Before the Republicans incorporated the protective plank in their platform at Chicago the prospect of the protectionists at Washington was slender enough; since the Lincoln men made that bid for the support of Pennsylvania the fate of the bill in the Senate has been certain. It will not pass. The tariff of 1857 will last, at all events, until the next Congress meets. The question remains—What is to be done with the outstanding Treasury Notes?

Some parties want to have them funded. If they will, recent experience proves that the United States would not get over a premium of one to two per cent. for five per cents.; and should business and railroad building again become active they would not get as much as this. If, afterward, the progress of the country proved as rapid as it was before the crisis, the tariff of 1857 would, in 1863 and 1864, provide a surplus of several millions beyond the wants of Government; and, as was the case under Mr. Pierce, the Treasury Department would be witnessed buying in its bonds before their maturity, at 15 @ 20 per cent. premium.

If, on the other hand, the Treasury Notes be simply extended—as has been the case for a couple of years—in the event of an increase of income from duties they might be retired, without any loan of any kind, in the shape of premiums. We are inclined to think that when the Senate rejects the House tariff bill this alternative will be adopted as the most satisfactory under the circumstances.

THE STEAMSHIP "ADRIATIC."

Now that the summer begins to Europe has commenced, we take pleasure in drawing attention to the magnificent steamship *Adriatic*, which is plying between New York and Liverpool. She is, as most of our readers will remember, the last of the Collins line, and must have cost over a million dollars. As to size, she is the largest passenger steamer afloat; and thus, notwithstanding her popularity, her passengers are not likely to be crowded together as they are in some inferior vessels. Her speed is proved by the last passage she made; though she was delayed several hours by a gale, she made the run from the Needles to Sandy Hook at Sandy Hook in 9 days and 17 minutes. Her comforts are unsurpassed; she is one of the quickest ships afloat. Her commander, Captain Comstock, is deservedly popular. A passenger on her last voyage writes concerning her performance in that conduct:

"On leaving Southampton we encountered strong headwinds most of the time, and all of the time high sea. Notwithstanding this we reached Cape Race, since which time we have had but about thirty-four hours good weather. The weather was so exceedingly unfavorable that the passengers from the first relinquished all hope of even a decently short passage. But after three or four days' most severe trial, when hope was quite suppressed, by common consent of several old travelers, much the fastest ship that they had ever seen in bad weather. I am satisfied that, to there acquainted with the subject, and also with the difficulties she has encountered, she has presented by her run evidence of the highest power, speed, and triumph over the roughest seas yet known in ocean navigation. Such is the high way honored herself more than if also had made an eight day run in fair weather.

"I have no particular favorites among steamers or ships, but will state that the *Persia* made her passage in ten days and a fraction on fifty-five tons of coal per day—when the *Vanderbilt*, about 800 tons less than the *Adriatic*, burnt 100 tons per day with the whole engineering skill and capital of England into the bargain, trip by trip. She was not considered a fast steamer. Her first trip, before her engines are smooth or her boxes rubbed down, was seventeen days, making a boisterous passage in nine days and seventeen and a half hours, or, as she did yesterday, with twenty-two pounds of steam and fifteen revolutions, 260 miles on 80 tons of coal. I feel proud of the triumphs of my countrymen over haughty Britannia, and of the prospect of this new ship beating the *Persia* twenty or twenty-four hours before the summer is over."

We have a magnificent engraving of the *Adriatic* in No. 39 of this *Weekly*, published September 26, 1857.

THE LOUNGER.

THE PEOPLE POWER.

EVEN a Lounger can not but observe the universal agitation. Everybody is excited in the same intensity every four years, and often enough makes wise and timid men shake their heads and wonder if our institutions can bear such a strain. But such men forget that the appeal to the people is the secret of our security, or else we are all wrong. It is the balsamy of permanent irresponsible governments which inspires our whole system; and as Antæus constantly strengthened himself by touching the earth, so our government must purify itself by a periodical appeal to the people.

Every thing depends upon the character and instincts of the people to whom the appeal is made, the plausible falsehoods of politicians. For the instincts of great masses of people are generally just and generous. They need to speak for themselves, but has found that, in addressing an unprejudiced audience, their sympathy is quite sure to be upon the right side. It is only when they have been caught by representations of interest or selfishness that they cry down the right. Most wise generally be, if not always, incited by intelligent but unscrupulous men, who use the crowd as tools to do what they themselves would not dare to do. And even as often if a speaker, who is both sincere and eloquent, can only gain the ear of a mob he can unquestionably lead them, by a direct appeal to sense of justice. The leaders know this, and their first effort, therefore, is to overwhelm the speaker's voice with a general uproar.

The suspicion against politicians is therefore well founded. The demagogue is the most dangerous man in the world; because he knows the power of popular prejudice, and does not hesitate to appeal to it. Even in what are called governments of the people it is always a few who really govern, and the mass merely follow. For intellectual force and the sway of genius are irresistible; and when a philosopher says that the many are wiser than the few, he can only mean that, as the instincts of men are generally just, the judgment of many is less likely to be warped by special selfish interest than is

that the many, as a body, have a peculiar wisdom, is not true. For upon any possible point of positive human knowledge the few are always wiser than the crowd.

Thus it happens that the more we appeal to the people the more surely the exclusive control of the government is taken out of the hands of professional politicians. It has a chance of inoculation of a fresh energy. If it have been wisely administered—that is, for the utmost general benefit—the general voice will confirm it, and the continuation will have a stable force from the fact of that appeal. If the true interest of the many have been disregarded, and they perceive it, they will effect a change. But it is possible for the adroit politician to conceal or obscure this fact, or so to inflame passion that it is overlooked; then the government, whatever it may be, will continue. But no people, instructed as we are, and with no margin to be wrung for party for its expenses, can be always blinded; so that, however hot the debate may be, we may confidently repose upon the popular verdict.

We are evidently to have a lively summer—much music, and of many kinds. But no man who has a grain of sound conviction of the justice and general wisdom of our system will be seriously troubled. There is but one thing that ought to create apprehension, wherever it exists, and that is, the conviction that the people are generally corruptible or corrupted. Whoever believes that deeply trembles, for that is the end of our political life and mission.

PICKING PUBLIC FLOWERS.

DEAR MR. LOUNGER,—As you seem to be a kind of general censor and critic, and as many things which are said to you are here heard by all, they are among the most without any risk of betraying who it is that says them, I want to call your attention to a matter which ought to be corrected, and refer to picking the flowers in the Central Park.

Last Sunday there were several arrests made for the offence, and a great many offenders were unwhipped. I saw one party, in which were two or three children, who plucked as many flowers as they could, and when their parents were reminded of the law and of the fine, "it's only the children!" they said, as if that made any difference. What rights have the children of that woman in the frightful green bonnet with yellow bows and red roses to pick the flowers that belong to every body and not to any one person? It is the most miserably selfish of all acts to destroy, for your personal and momentary gratification, a beauty which is intended for all. There is what I growled about to my cousin Boumby, with whom I was walking, as we passed the ridiculous green bonnet. "Poor children," I said, "and what are the next children who come along to do? And how long are flowers supposed to last when every child that comes by is to pick them?

I hope, Mr. Lounger, that you will talk very plainly about this business, and let every body who derides the Park see how he walks in the Park with or without the "poor children," he is narrowly watched by plenty of people who understand civil rights and mean to maintain them. Last summer it was a matter of general congratulation that the visitors behaved well. They seemed to appreciate the fact that the Park was an enjoyment for all. Keep this before them. Make them remember it all the time, and I have no doubt we shall all behave as we ought.

Perhaps I spoke just now rather hastily of the green bonnet. I did think it was frightful then, although, if it had been a thoughtful, gentle, considerate person who wore it, it might have seemed to me tasteful. For I sometimes think that the beauty of a person's dress depends upon that of the mind.

However, I see that I am growing sentimental; I believe that is what papa calls me whenever I am not saying that twice two make four. So good-by. But please tell me to keep their hands off the flowers in the Central Park. They are for every body—not for any body.

YOURS, in full faith, MARY DOBLEY.

A MODEST QUESTION.

THE fight between Heenan and Sayers was as notorious before it took place as the British war between France and Austria last summer. The Government knew it—all the police knew it—the whole kingdom of red tape was aware of it, and the circumlocution office was unquestionably willing. The fight entered, and had no precise wish at all except that Mr. Sayers's arm was disabled, and Mr. Heenan's eyes were closed. Those gentlemen with a little another turn at it, and satisfy themselves and the world which of the twain is the more enduring and skillful in the high debate. What reason can there possibly be that they should not fight now which was not valid against their fighting at all? Such a reason has been discovered, and all lovers of public decency would gladly rally like to know what it is. The Government has informed Mr. Somebody, who was the referee at the first encounter, that there must not be another. Now the Lounger submits, upon the part of people who can see no profound difference between a birthday in the month of April and the same brutality in the month of June, that a Government, which was as fully aware of the intention in the first month as it can be in the last, consented itself by every reason that it alleges for preventing another meeting between these distinguished gentlemen.

TAKING THINGS AS THEY ARE.

THERE is certainly no more common advice than that we should take men and things as they are. If a man is impressed with the urgent necessity of reformation in public or private affairs

"I swell and his heart throb with some humane hope—dull old fellow the shoulder; "Oh yes, my young friend, all very well; but you'd better take men as you find them."

Or a preacher appeals, in the spirit and words of his master, to people who profess to believe those words—he is unsympathizing, instant, vehement. "Yes, yes, my good Sir," smiles prosperous Insincerity; "but it isn't the Millennium; poor human nature is dreadfully sticky: we'd perhaps better take the world as it is."

Of course, if we take it at all we must take it as it is. And of course it is selfish, and sordid, and short-sighted; and of course it is always easy enough for us all to go to — the abode of the ill-advised.

Shall we therefore all go there? Being weak and selfish, are we to do nothing to grow strong and generosity? Are we to serve the world as we find it? If a man would be, and ought to be, ashamed of himself, if he were to build a house in which grew only burdock and Canada thistles, and lived there for ten years, and then left it growing only burdock and Canada thistles, we ought a man to feel who is born into the splendors, and opportunities, and powers of the world and humanity, and leaves them when he last without the sign of a single effort of his toward any thing nobler than his own ease? What is that terrible parable of the one talent in the napkin but an illustration of this very thing? Who is that wicked and unprosperous servant who wraps his talent in his napkin? Is he a lazy, selfish soul? He is all; he is the most active of men. He is up early and late. He sneers at repose; he pricks himself, and spurs himself, and his workmen. He and the roar of his machinery jars the air. Day and night ships sail for him; and his name is familiar in the remotest isles of the sea. He is at all the schemes, intrigues, and conquests. Who is he? He is dull old Inability and prosperous Insincerity. He is the man who says that all benevolent activity that shakes the world? He is putting his talent in a napkin.

The world, after all, is the Sphinx; and if you do not guess her riddle she will kill you. The streets are full of people who have answered Yes and no. The mark of the fatal claw is on them all. Yet she only asked, "Does your interest lie in being generous, magnanimous, public-spirited, loyal to love, to duty, to conscience, doing as you would be done by—or in selfishness?" It was a very simple question. Of course the man is a hard that few of us could solve. It was a selfishness, we said, but enlightened self-interest? and then we turned to and wrapped up our talent in a napkin.

"Let the world take care of itself; 'tis its own affair. Every man for himself, and the devil take you find them; and remember men are not angels," quoth dull old Inability; and an echo followed his words: "Am I my brother's keeper?"

IMPARTIALITY.

WHAT the Lounger lately said about Irving and Paulding reminds him that there is a very common and very false impression of the word impartiality, to the effect that it is the same thing as the absence of all positive opinion.

Now the word merely describes the state of mind in which only can we form an opinion which may reasonably be guessed to be true. A man faithfully says, "Oh! there's a great deal to be said upon both sides," he hears feels very sure either that the speaker is ignorant of the whole truth, or that he doesn't want to make it up. Moreover, in the case of the most important questions there is not a great deal to be said upon both sides. There is much to be said in favor of selfishness in whatever form it may present itself? The object of an impartial mind is to discover the truth and pronounce it to be selfishness. Then impartiality has done its duty. Then to hesitate and dally upon the plea of impartiality is to be a traitor to it. Then to betray principle in the most cowardly manner.

People who dodge through the world endeavoring to be friendly with all sides, and to avoid that which expresses a strong conviction lest somebody else of an opposite conviction should be troubled; people who slip and slide quietly over all rough places are either those who have an honest, instinctive shrinking from all those differences, or those who glide along, as rascals do, with baskets of rivers, in the slime. Neither class is impartial—one has no opinion from sympathy or cowardice, the other has none from the lowest fear and selfishness. But the Judge who, having heard all sides, declares that the prisoner is guilty, has ceased to be done though the heavens fall," he is impartial.

Hence in every country where public question are decided by public opinion, the duty of impartiality is often called an impartial one. In every important debate there can be, of course, but two sides; and one who is perfectly interested in the subject of difference will inevitably range themselves upon one side or the other. And this is the simplest reason why we will be fair to the other hinder the movement. To say that both sides are indifferent and foolish—that they do not deserve the best thing in the world, which is sincerity to complain that the cars in the train are not as perfect as you could wish. If the cars are going where you wish to go, you are only ridiculous if you remain behind for no better reason than that. Individuals are not always responsible for every action of the mass with which they move. Doubtless there was a great deal of questionable conduct in the Kansas struggle, both in the North and South, and many blunders among the officers; but all who wanted American Independence fought with that army for all that. In this case we deal with men; and we must always consider the necessary limitations and natures of the instruments we work with before we sneer at them and throw them aside as incompetent.

So it is with impartiality. A man who tries to be impartial by not taking a side, is like one who vainly endeavors to stand firmly by balancing now upon one foot, and now upon the other. He stands nowhere, he is foolishly unsteady; and when he cries self-complacently, "This is firmness!" the whole world of earnest workers merely laughs.

THE FINE ART OF ADVERTISING.

THE art of advertising has been almost exhausted. When Coleridge delivered his Shakespeare lectures in London, what kind of audience could have been assembled if he had been announced as the English Plato? "Go and hear the English Plato on Shakespeare! Go and hear the English Plato on Shakespeare! The English Plato speaks to-night on Shakespeare, sir!" Who would have come? Who would not have echoed the first two words of the exhortation, and have given it a distinct refusal?

The question naturally presents itself, why a scholar and orator, gravely discoursing upon some serious subject, should be advertised like a quack nostrum for corns, or a newly-found negro idiot called "What is it?" The people who wish to see both, as an exhibition, have no desire to hear scholars discourse. They would not be entertained.

The Reverend Dr. Scudder delivered some lectures upon India in the early part of the season. The Doctor said his lectures were advertised like a circus and menagerie. It was disagreeable to think of the lecturer's emotions when he saw the manner in which his discourses were announced. People did not believe that they were good because some purveyor or manager said so with a great theatrical flourish, but because they had heard them and told their neighbors. And although, of course, they heard of them, in the first place, from the advertisements, they would be misled by the puffiest rhetoric. Murray could not have puffed Livingstone's travels into the enormous sale they have had if they had not liked them. But he might have hired every column in the London Times, and called the work, in the largest letters, the greatest book of the age, and even written. He would have had his expense for his pains.

Advertising is, of course, the first necessary of a prosperous trade. The people must know that you have something to sell, or they will not come to buy. But the thing is to remember that those people do not buy what you say but what you offer is the finest that ever was or could be. Of course the calicoes of every man who has them to sell are fine calicoes. Of course the horse you are bargaining for is the none-such of the jockey who is selling him. Of course the shoes over the way are not and never were seen resting upon this side of the sole. Of course this novel is the greatest bit of the age. So the publisher paid enormously for the privilege of saying so.

There are certain subjects and men entitled to decent treatment in advertising. Some day we may represent a clown grinning and standing on his head. But you have no right to treat a scholar in that way.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

FEW is worth more than physic, and whoever invents or discovers a new source of supply deserves the name of a public benefactor.

Did the man who plowed the sea, and afterward planted his feet on his native soil, ever harvest the crops?

An Irish judge said, when addressing a prisoner, "You are to be hanged, and I hope it will prove a warning to you."

Seedsbeggius thinks that instead of giving credit to those who ask it, cash should be given to be paid.

In the window of a shop in an obscure part of London is this announcement: "Goods removed, messages taken, carpets beaten, and other employment on any subject."

"My dear doctor," said a lady, "I suffer a great deal with my eyes."

"Do they hurt, madam," he replied, "you would probably suffer a great deal more without them.

CHARLES. "Chris, did poor little Carlo have a pitch supper?" CHRIS. "No, Charles, he took his bit."

CLARA. "Yes, yes, the little dear. Have you seen Ida lately?"

CHARLES. "No, not exactly; but here's a piece of pink ribbon in the parlor."

The Duke de Duras, observing Descartes seated one day at a luxurious table, cried out,

"What! do philosophers indulge in dainties?"

"Why not?" replied Descartes; "do you think that human genius grows on cod-fish and cabbage?"

Johnson pressed upon old Judge Boswell, father of the illustrious Jamesy, the question what good Cromwell had ever done for the nation. "Why, sir," said Boswell, unmanned by the doctor he spoke out at last: "Fore God, doctor, he made things safe for a man to put in their necks."

THE Rev. P.'s ears one evening recently reeling down to the House of Commons discussing politics as well as theology, and meeting Sydney Smith, he exclaimed, passionately,

"Europe's true balance must not be overthrown!"

to which the other replied,

"Confound Europe's balance—try to keep your own."

An unfortunate married man was very ill used by his Landlord—the rent was due, and nothing was coming in. His friends rallied him upon this, and at last carried him off to dinner, where he could not be called to be master. One day, not long after, his better half saw no better way than himself accompanied to seek shelter under the table. Just at this moment the voices of the friends of the husband were heard. "Come, come out!" cried the wife, fearful of all exposure. "No, no!" cried the husband, in reply, "Come out, sir, dead—not I. I'll allow for once that I am master!"

Some years ago a party of Cambridge philosophers undertook, for a certain object, to ascertain into the very depths of a Cornish mine. Professor Faraday, who was one of the party, was lowered with a candle, amidst the following startling incident of his visit. On his ascent in the mine-shaft, however, by means of the ore, and with a miner for a fellow-passenger, he perceived, as he thought, certain unmistakable symptoms of frailty in the rope. "How often do you change your ropes, my good man?" he inquired, when about half-way from the bottom of the awful abyss. "We change them every three months, Sir," replied the man in the bucket: "and we shall change this one to-morrow, if we get up safe."

WHICH IS JOHN?—"What's that a picture of?" said a countryman the other day to an itinerant print-seller, who was turning over some engravings. "That, Sir," who was turning over some engravings. "That, Sir," said the Seller, "is Jo-hua commanding the sun to stand still." "Well, which is Josh, and which is his son?" said the countryman.

"HEAVY EXCHANGES AND BOTH DOWN."

—*Bell's Report of a Fight (Prairie).*

This entire of purses, and cheering of cheers.

In London and Liverpool, nothing to strange is:

For well may Exchanges be heavy in New Sayers.

Consid'ring how fond Sayers is of *exchanges.*

"Can't we have permission to Miss G——?" demanded once a great persuasion

Of Sheridan to Sheridan that to me she seems," said I, "an Eve-sore."

When we read the almost interminable sentences of Johnson often, we can not help thinking that their readers are in danger of becoming *sentenced* to them.

Why should potatoes grow better than any other vegetable?—Because they have eyes to see what they are doing.

In a speech on behalf of a blind asylum the orator gravely remarked, "I feel that the world were blind, what a melancholy sight it would be!"

An individual was arrested the other day while endeavoring to pass off counterfeit money. He said he wasn't used to the business, and was just trying to get his hand in.

They praise what they do not understand. A Dutchman says: "I vill tell you vich is de prayers of de Shakspeare, dat I vonce saw de plays acted in Engleesh, but Engleesh, in Holland, where one next von persons in all de house know myself could understand it; yet dere was not a persons in all dat house but vas in tears, dat is, all crying, and veep very much, couldn't understand von vord of de play, yet all veeping. Such vas de power of de Shakspeare."

A EXPERIMENTATIVE BOY.—*Punch* says that the Benicia Boy has ably represented his countrymen in the Prize Ring. Should events at Washington indicate the prove that he is equally well qualified to represent them in Congress.

Wigs may dale in England from King Stephen's time; and it was probably at this period that polite ears were first fastened to the head of a spectator. I have no doubt people made no scruple about owning that they wore them very readily, as a small fee was required of a hitched, which, to please the antiquarians, we may find room to quote:

"Alle aroundе my pedre ic bear a brotune bigge O!
All a-roun-de my pate white and blue
And yette to hyr ic nere myghte bee
Fil juste tell hym 'tis because my patre
Is gettynge fyfteene and gregge."

SCENE AT AN EATING-HOUSE.

OLD PARTY *(at dinner-table, very much excited).* "Why, confound you, I say I've ordered my plum with your bankercheef!"

WAITER *(doubtfully).* "It's of no consequence, Sir—it's only a dirty one!"

A NOTORIOUS CHARACTER IN THE CITY.—Broadway is an old sidewalker, continually taking steps up.

A THOROUGH BREAD KNIGHT.—The King of Scribiana has knighted the patriotic baker, Giuseppe Doli. No doubt the worthy knight will be able to support himself in doughty champion, his achievements will be recorded in the rolls of fame, and he will be acknowledged as the flour of chivalry.

THE REAL PANIC FRANCHISE.—London and Liverpool Savings would Jon Sayers is here.

A GRACE FOR HUNGRY FOLKS.—*Breakfastus Benedicat.*

Two dandies were, some time ago, taken before a Dublin magistrate charged with "swindling to the tune of £5." The justice, who was a shrewd and waggish man, had many similar cases to try, the really guilty parties of either of the professed belligerents; so he dismissed them upon a promise "not to carry the swindle further." but added, "Gentlemen, I let you off this time; but, upon my conscience, I don't know which of you is the worst, for I don't know yet which of you has been the greatest fool."

Old Bachelor Sneer would like to know what kind of a broom the young woman in the last new novel used when she swept down the cobwebs from the parlor ceiling.

THE CEREMONY OF OUR HATS.—Truefitt, the West-end hair-dresser, upon being asked what hair was the richest, replied, quite in an off-hand manner, "Why, golden, Sir; in every sense, Sir, there's none so rich as the plain golden." A gentleman overheard another, and said, "I see hops you're right, Truefitt. It stands to reason, you know, that what shines like gold must be rich; and what any hair which is simply *plated*." Truefitt acquiesced, but was annoyed by the liberty which had been taken of his proposition. He retired into his studio to ponder over it.

A young lady having asked a gentleman the size of his neck, he sent the following:

"The size of my neck I don't remarkably strange,
And admits of a very significant range;
A neck-lace of pearls, a sore throat, a halter,
And others—enough to make a man falter.
You know what shirts I like, and what not,
The length of your arm will just go round my neck."
It is needless to say he got the shirts.

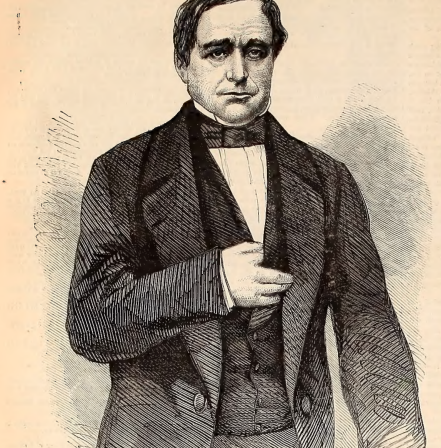
As exchange has the following, as an excellent system of gardening for ladies: Make up your beds early in the morning; sow buttons on your husband's shirts; water your flowers with perseverance; prune the young and tender branches of your family; plant a smile of good temper in your face; carefully root out all angry feelings, and expect a good crop of happiness.

FASHIONABLE CHARITY.

YOUNG LADY (to Sister of Charity). "Sister Agnes, Mrs Gaunt is below, and would like the money for the last charity-concert. Can you pay her now?" "I know it, Sir," replied the droll, and gravely proceeded—"To-morrow will be the anniversary of the parish church, St. Andrew's Holborn, a charity sermon, for the benefit of a number of poor boys, will be preached, and a collection for the orphans will take place at the close." "Exactly, Sister," replied the young lady, "I'll be sure to remember." "I don't know," responded a wag, "but, judging from the effect he produces, I should suppose him a nonsuch her of the Press."

A word of kindness is seldom spoken in vain. It is a seed which, even when dropped by chance, springs up a source of joy.

A very fat man having taken a seat in an omnibus, already crowded to the great annoyance of the passengers, several, with partial breathing and muttering figs, inquired who such a lump of flesh as the new-comer could be. "I don't know," responded a wag, "but, judging from the effect he produces, I should suppose him a nonsuch her of the Press."



HON. HANNIBAL HAMLIN, OF ME., REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR THE VICE-PRESIDENCY.

[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—SEE LAST WEEK'S NUMBER, PAGE 329.]

JAPANESE WHITTLINGS.

Ten Major Jack Downing, Downingville, Downing County, State ov Maine, in care of Mister Harper; who'll print it.

WASHUSTEN, *May* 22, 1860.

I TOLD yeou last weak, dear Uncle Jack, that I'd let yeou awl kno about the Jappyknees, the President having got me tew be his rite-hand man in point ubeout with 'em. And as Mistur Harper's had his artists hear, a sketchin' and a drawin' awl that's ben dun, why yeou'll know jist as much abeout it tew Downingvill as if yeou was hear, without eony bills tew pay. P'raps, as it's a long storry, the printurs will sort ov cut it up with little signs, saw that yeou can pick eout the part yeou like best furst. Hear goes:

THE PRESENTATION.

A Thursday the sun roze brite and yearly, and new did ev tew the White House, for the Jappyknees wos a comin' in grate stait. Ev'ry thing wos in apple-pi ordur, and the Cabbynit wos awl reddy, and the membars of Kongress begun tew cum. They brot thair wives tew, and 'twos esy tew see that repulsin' that air hill agin pollyglammy in this Desstrect has maid it a Salt Lake. Why, ev'ry membur had at leste three wives on an average—sum on 'em hornely as thunder, and sum nice eend tew eat. Then cum the offisurs, headed bye Ginneral Scott and ended by a West Pintur, and shew the navy officurs, a-gilded on thair cuffs and trowsurs saw that the memburs ov Congress thort they hadn't ought tew have enny more pay.

Jist then Mischief cum and told me that the reporturs wos eout in the cold, and I met John Cochran, and he sed the same, and in wo went tew the President, who wos a tyin' a not in a white cravat. I tell yeou, the way that air Nu Yorker lade deown the law warn't slow, and the President sed I "let 'em cum." This wos rite. The people pay the bills of this sho, and they warnt tew kno jist wot is a goin' on, and Mister Harper sketchur is the wun tew shu them hrow 'is dan.

If yeou'd a seen the processhun in which they cum, a 'scorted bye the marcens, with their grate band in red flannel a tootin' away like fun! The sogers marched in tew rows, kind ov spraddled eout, and between them was the Jappyknees, in open-backs, wun in a hack with an naval offisur. Each side on 'em marched their staff-offisurs, I s'pose, for each wun kerry'd a staff, jist like the wardens in St. Jubulo's Loge ov Freemasons tew a deddercashun. On wun staff was a flag, on another a bowy-knife, on another an ax, and sew on.

Wen they got tew the White House, and in the entry, these fellers formed in tew lines, inward fare, opin ranks, and wen the dipplermats walk'd threw they nealed deown and presentel arms—I mene staffs. Between yeou and eye, Uncle Jack, wot wou'd Ginneral Jackson hav sed tew hav had human beins a nealing deown in the White House?

Awl this tyme the east room was a gittin' packed like figs with membars of Kongress and memburs' wives. The army and the navy offisurs had jist as much as they could hew tew keep a place oppen in frunt ov the dore. The wives of the memburs stud up on chares, and wun or tew got clean up on the mantel-peaces, a displayin' dimunity orphuilly.

THE INTERVIEW.

In cum the President, with his cabbynet, and stud facin' the dore—offisurs on each side ov him—behind them lots and cords of memburs of Kongress and a grate menny more of thair wives. Ginneral Cass went eout, and in he cum with the Jappyknees. How I wish yeou could hav seen 'em.

They looked for awl the wurld like little old lady's dressed up tew kill, with queer littel things tide on there heds, and tew sords stuck in every feller's belt, which raxed up when they bowed deown like the tale fethers ov a cockerill. They cum a salein' in, dancin'-scule fashun, forrard tew —bow—forrard tew—bow—forrard tew—bow! And each time they bow'd Mr. Buckennan he bowed, and awl looked sereus as meetin'-time, only wun gurl up on a chare back saw a fellur lookin' at her pantwiletts, and sed, sez she, "Shu!" and av'ry boddy, and the gurl look'd ashamed, and the fellur didn't look tuther weigh.

Then a little Jappyknee or interpreate habits—a Prince ov Boozy they calls him —takes a papur box, and keeps a opinin' boxes eout on it, and takes eout of the innermost box a tresty, and giv it tew the President. He giv it tew Ginneral Cass, and then the led Jappyknee begun tew wunbul eout wot he had tew say. This wos translerated by the medium of Dutch, wich ain't equal tew spirit-rapin'. The grate mas of spectaturs, not bein' abel tew see, got impashent.

When the President had herd it awl, and wos a clerin' his throte tew reply, eat they saled, stars forst, a bowin'—a retretin' tew steps—a bowin'—and sew eout. We wunder'd wot in king was the mattur, and the navy offisurs sed sumthin' abeout eatsupet, when in thay cum, a-kitein'. The Dutch 'turpreter sed thay warnted tyme tew let the President recover from the 'fect ov wot they had sed; but he didn't seam tew mind it a pin, and I thort he looked as tho' he wished 'twos over.

Wa'al, in they sayled agin, and then the President he had his say, wich wos strayned thru tew 'turpeturs afore they understud a wurd. Folks thort 'twos orphul sollum, but I slipped eout, and went down stares, whair the kitchin cabernet wos a entertainin' the millertery wile the President's cabbernet wos a bein' interdooced tew the Jappyknees, and the sho wos bein' hapserly concluded. The reglur trupes, that's fed on bones and a little mete, thort a good dele more ov the eatables deown stares than the peopul did up stares that cudn't see nor here a thing. But it wos a grate event, the Count Von Videpocke, wun ov the Uropean dippelomatters, sez it wos orful tew have spectaturs thair, 'speshally the ladys. But I didn't think sew, no more did the feller who had a peap at the pantuchirk.

DINNER WITH THE JAPANESE.

A Friday I wos asked tew dine with the Jappyknees, and you'd better beleeve I went. The fore big buggs ate bay themselves, but the other sixteen ate with the offisurs, in a room Mr. Willard had fixed up apurpes. I wos disexpirited in thare weigh, for they used thare nives and forks jist like we dew. Rice seams tew be thare favrit provindur, and when fride chicken is biled in it they likes it best. Then they ates eggs—in omelets, fride, biled, pocked, or roosted. They don't say no tew champain, but sort ov keep watch on each uther, like the Suns ov Temperance. They take long drinks, tew, wen they git a chance.

After dinner I went tew the room of Squire Naurase Genisioro—wot a naim! He's a sort of Brigaid-Major tew the Prince ov Boozy and the crowd, and speker English sort ov tollerbis well. He sho'd me a little book in which a Jappynee had pictur'd eout awl the Americans thay'd seen, and 'twos funny, I tell yeou, o'enamost beatin' the picturs on the last paig of Mistur Harper's paper.

GENERAL CASS'S BALL.

That nite Genneral Cass grin a ball, and we awl went, dressed aweigh up, only the ladys' wos dressed aweigh down. Yeou couldn't move a step without a trollin' on sumbuddy's silk gourn, and nary geown wa'nt up on the neck and shoulders—orphul scrawny sum wos tew. Yeou'd ort tew hav seen the Jappyknees look; and wen thay begun tew wawlz thay look'd as tho' sum of the gals mite fly—wa'l tew peeces, and that'd liks tew scar 'em. Then wen party gals cum and smyi'd, and sed tew the 'terpeturs, "Ask him tew danse with me?" an' look'd lesseshis' like till 'twas told. 'Twos orphul tantyhain', I tell yeou, and sum ov 'em look'd as tho' they'd like tew take off thare baggy trowsurs (puttin' on others, ov coarse), and chainge thare clumsy shuse fur Congress butes, and take wun ov the party gals who stud thare like lamnuns tew go in and be squeez'd. Littel Count Videpocke worn't know where, and he sed, seys he, "Sare, I sink se Japonais be von gra-n-d-and boombug!" I thort tew myself, but didn't say so, "You're a little humbug, and eclipse, yung forrynur," But wen he got tew the chicken sallad and the champain he got better natur'd, and wen the Jappynees went hum "early tew bed," he shose agin. I left hym in the Germus bollibun, abeout tew o'clock, a whirlin' areound like plum.

OPEN-AIR CONCERT AT THE PRESIDENT'S GROUNDS.

So far, the Jappyknees had seed me, and the President, and other dignitaries; but a Saterdy they seed the peopul. The President had the Maseen band cum tew his frunt yard behind the White House, and they and the feaming plaid tew hours putty steddy—the founting not spouting much water, and the band a tooting eout music mastavly slim. The Jappyknees wos on the porch, and I and the President, Guv'nur Toucey, Kurnul Hardee, and others, wos thare, with Miss Lane, who looked purty enuff tew eet, and wos dressed up nice as a nu pin, with a vale on top ov her hed.

BENJAMIN DOWNING, 3d.

P.S.—We're a tryin' tew straten up things for Baltermore, but it's hard tew get the train that switched off the Demmercratic track tew Charleston fur Richmund, with Yancey fur conductur, tew kick on agin, and cum inter Baltermore with the rest. But General Cushin' ses he'll have a leadur a horseback, and that the "Gutlris Greys" will fall inter line with the "Giasl Grenadiers," the "Hunter Horse Guards," and the "Fire-eating Fusileers." They mought; and then agin they mought not, as the darkies say. B. D., 3d.

P.S. No. 2.—Say tew Sarah Hale that I'm true as the kumpass, with a slite Washinton varyashun or tew. B. D., 3d.

TOMMY.

We give below a portrait of the Japanese Tommy, who is such a favorite just now at Washington. Tommy is one of the attendants upon the Embassadors—a sharp, active, intelligent little fellow, he has already picked up a good many English words. Tommy was at first a great pet of the ladies; but some one having persuaded him that hoops and their superstructure were "solid," he made an attempt to verify the matter the other day, and since then the ladies are rather shy of him.

OUR JAPANESE VISITOR "TOMMY" AMONG THE LADIES OF WASHINGTON.—[SKETCHED

THE TORNADO AT CINCINNATI—THE ROOF OF THE OFFICE OF THE "CINCINNATI COMMERCIAL" BLOWN OFF.—[From a Sketch by George M. Finch, Esq.]

THE TORNADO AT CINCINNATI.

We engrave herewith, from a drawing by Mr. Finch, of Cincinnati, a picture of the unroofing of the *Commercial* building at Cincinnati by the gale of 21st ult. The *Gazette* of Cincinnati says:

"One of the most terrific tornadoes ever known visited our city yesterday afternoon between three and four o'clock, which resulted in the complete demolition of a large number of buildings, the partial destruction of churches and hundreds of dwelling-houses, the death of four men in the city and of two by drowning in the river, injury of several women and children, and miscellaneous destruction generally.

"The new *Commercial* Office Building, at the north-east corner of Race and Fourth streets, was one among the thousands which suffered. The cornice of the building was zinc, and the roof sheet-iron; but, like a piece of paper, they were ripped from their places, and scattered for a distance of one square. The compositors of the office were at work at the time, and the first intimation they had of the fury of the gale was the absence of the roof and the clattering of bricks and mortar about their heads.

"A large quantity of bricks and timbers, displaced from the *Commercial* Building, fell upon the skylight of the building adjoining, and passed through each story into the cellar, occasioning in its transit a large amount of damage. This building was occupied by Misses Bairds, milliners, Mrs. W. J. Johnston as an ice-cream saloon, and Ball & Thomas as a Daguerrean gallery. A lady of the name of Youce, who had entered the refreshment department of Mrs. J., was quite severely injured by some of the falling rubbish. Several of the servants were also badly injured; they were taken to the Commercial Hospital, and an examination of their wounds showed that one of them was in a critical situation."

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "AFTER DARK," ETC., ETC.

[Printed from advance proof-sheets purchased from the author exclusively for "Harper's Weekly."]

WALTER HARTRIGHT'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

Lady Glyde's recollection of the events which followed her departure from Blackwater Park began with her arrival at the London terminus of the Southwestern railway. She had omitted to make a memorandum beforehand of the day on which she took the journey. All hope of fixing that important date by any evidence of hers or of Mrs. Michelson's must be given up for lost.

On the arrival of the train at the platform Lady Glyde found Count Fosco waiting for her. He was at the carriage door as soon as the porter could open it. The train was unusually crowded, and there was great confusion in getting the luggage. Some person whom Count Fosco brought with him procured the luggage which belonged to Lady Glyde. It was marked with her name. She drove away alone with the Count, in a vehicle which she did not particularly notice at the time.

Her first question on leaving the terminus referred to Miss Halcombe. The Count informed her that Miss Halcombe had not yet gone to Cumberland, after-consideration having caused him to doubt the prudence of her taking so long a journey without some days' previous rest.

Lady Glyde next inquired whether her sister was then staying in the Count's house. Her [illegible]llection of the answer was confused, her [illegible]tinct impression in relation to it being [illegible]ared he was then taking her [illegible] Lady Glyde's experi[illegible] limited that she could [illegible] what streets they [illegible] left the streets, and they never passed any gardens or trees. When the carriage stopped it stopped in a small street behind a square—a square in which there were shops and public buildings and many people. From these recollections (of which Lady Glyde was certain) it seems quite clear that Count Fosco did not take her to his own residence in the suburb of St. John's Wood.

They entered the house and went up stairs to a back room, either on the first or second floor. The luggage was carefully brought in. A female servant opened the door, and a man with a beard, apparently a foreigner, met them in the hall, and with great politeness showed them the way up stairs. In answer to Lady Glyde's inquiries the Count assured her that Miss Halcombe was in the house, and that she should be immediately informed of her sister's arrival. He and the foreigner then went away and left her by herself in the room. It was poorly furnished as a sitting-room, and it looked out on the backs of houses.

She was left here alone for a considerable time—for so long that she began to feel very uneasy. The house was remarkably quiet; no footsteps went up or down the stairs—she only heard in the room beneath her a dull, rumbling sound of men's voices talking. One of the voices might have been Count Fosco's. It was at least certain that the talking left off suddenly, and that the Count entered the room again, by himself, immediately afterward.

The moment he appeared she asked anxiously why the meeting between her sister and herself was so long delayed. At first he returned an evasive answer; but on being pressed he acknowledged, with great apparent reluctance, that Miss Halcombe was by no means so well as he had hitherto represented her to be. His tone and manner in making this reply so alarmed Lady Glyde, or rather so painfully increased the uneasiness which she had felt ever since entering the house, that a sudden sensation of faintness overcame her, and she was obliged to

ask for a glass of water. The Count called from the door for water and for a bottle of smelling-salts. Both were brought in by the man with the beard. The water, when Lady Glyde attempted to drink it, had so strange a taste that it increased her faintness, and she hastily took the bottle of salts from Count Fosco and smelled at it. Her head became giddy on the instant. The Count caught the bottle as it dropped out of her hand, and the last impression of which she was conscious was that he held it to her nostrils again.

From this point her recollections were found to be confused, fragmentary, and difficult to reconcile with any reasonable probability.

Her own impression was that she recovered her senses later in the evening; that she then left the house; that she went (as she had previously arranged to go at Blackwater Park) to Mrs. Vesey's; that she drank tea there; and that she passed the night under Mrs. Vesey's roof. She was totally unable to say how, or when, or in what company she left the house to which Count Fosco had brought her. But she persisted in asserting that she had been to Mrs. Vesey's; and, still more extraordinary, that she had been helped to undress and get to bed by Mrs. Rubelle! She could not remember what the conversation was at Mrs. Vesey's, or whom she saw there besides that lady, or why Mrs. Rubelle should have been present in the house to help her.

Her recollection of what happened the next morning was still more vague and unreliable. She had some dim idea of driving out (at what hour she could not say) with Count Fosco, and with Mrs. Rubelle again for a female attendant. But when and why she left Mrs. Vesey she could not tell; neither did she know what direction the carriage drove in, or where it set her down, or whether the Count and Mrs. Rubelle did or did not remain with her all the time she was out. At this point in her sad story there was a total blank. She had no impressions of the faintest kind to communicate—no idea whether one day or more than one day had passed—until she came to herself suddenly in a strange place, surrounded by women who were all unknown to her.

This was the Asylum. Here she first heard herself called by Anne Catherick's name; and here, as a last remarkable circumstance in the story of the conspiracy, her own eyes informed her that she had Anne Catherick's clothes on. The nurse, on the first night in the Asylum, had shown her the marks on each article of her underclothing as it was taken off, and had said, not at all irritably or unkindly, "Look at your own name on your own clothes, and don't worry us all any more about being Lady Glyde. She's dead and buried, and you're alive and hearty. Do look at your clothes now! There it is, in good marking-ink; and there you will find it on all your old things which we have kept in the house—Anne Catherick, as plain as print!" And there it was, when Miss Halcombe examined the linen her sister wore, on the night of their arrival at Limmeridge House.

"MR. FAIRLIE DECLARED, IN THE MOST POSITIVE TERMS, THAT HE DID NOT RECOGNIZE THE WOMAN," ETC.

Such, reduced to plain terms, was the narrative obtained from Lady Glyde, by careful questioning, on the journey to Cumberland. Miss Halcombe abstained from pressing her with any inquiries relating to events in the Asylum, her mind being but too evidently unfit to bear the trial of reverting to them. It was known, by the voluntary admission of the owner of the mad-house, that she was received there on the thirtieth of July. From that date until the fifteenth of October (the day of her rescue) she had been under restraint, her identity with Anne Catherick systematically asserted, and her sanity, from first to last, practically denied. Faculties less delicately balanced, constitutions less tenderly organized, must have suffered under such an ordeal as this. No man could have gone through it and come out of it unchanged.

Arriving at Limmeridge late on the evening of the fifteenth, Miss Halcombe wisely resolved not to attempt the assertion of Lady Glyde's identity until the next day.

The first thing in the morning she went to Mr. Fairlie's room, and, using all possible cautions and preparations beforehand, at last told him in so many words what had happened. As soon as his first astonishment and alarm had subsided, he angrily declared that Miss Halcombe had allowed herself to be duped by Anne Catherick. He referred her to Count Fosco's letter, and to what she had herself told him of the personal resemblance between Anne and his deceased niece; and he positively declined to admit to his presence, even for one minute only, a madwoman, whom it was an insult and an outrage to have brought into his house at all. Miss Halcombe left the room; waited till the first heat of her indignation had passed away; decided, on reflection, that Mr. Fairlie should see his niece, in the interests of common humanity, before he closed his doors on her as a stranger; and, thereupon, without a word of previous warning, took Lady Glyde with her to his room. The servant was posted at the door to prevent their entrance; but Miss Halcombe insisted on passing him, and made her way into Mr. Fairlie's presence, leading her sister by the hand.

The scene that followed, though it only lasted for a few minutes, was too painful to be described—Miss Halcombe herself shrank from referring to it. Let it be enough to say that Mr. Fairlie declared, in the most positive terms, that he did not recognize the woman who had been brought into his room; that he saw nothing in her face and manner to make him doubt for a moment that his niece lay buried in Limmeridge church-yard; and that he would call on the law to protect him if before the day was over she was not removed from the house.

Taking the very worst view of Mr. Fairlie's selfishness, indolence, and habitual want of feeling, it was manifestly impossible to suppose that he was capable of such infamy as secretly recognizing and openly disowning his brother's child. Miss Halcombe humanely and sensibly allowed all due force to the influence of prejudice and alarm in preventing him from fairly exercising his perceptions, and accounted for what had happened in that way. But when she next put the servants to the test, and found that they too were, in every case, uncertain, to say the least of it, whether the lady presented to them was their young mistress or Anne Catherick, of whose resemblance to her they had all heard, the sad conclusion was inevitable, that the change produced in Lady Glyde's face and manner by her imprisonment in the Asylum was far more serious than Miss Halcombe had at first supposed. The vile deception which had asserted her death defied exposure even in the house where she was born, and among the people with whom she had lived.

In a less critical situation the effort need not have been given up as hopeless even yet.

For example, the maid Fanny, who happened to be then absent from Limmeridge, was expected back in two days; and there would be a chance of gaining her recognition to start with, seeing that she had been in much more constant communication with her mistress, and had been much more heartily attached to her than the other servants. Again, Lady Glyde might have been privately kept in the house, or in the village, to wait until her health was a little recovered, and her mind was a little steadied again. When her memory could be once more trusted to serve her she would naturally refer to persons and events in the past with a certainty and a familiarity which no impostor could simulate; and so the fact of her identity, which her own appearance had failed to establish, might subsequently be proved, with time to help her, by the surer test of her own words.

But the circumstances under which she had regained her freedom rendered all recourse to such means as these simply impracticable. The pursuit from the Asylum, diverted to Hampshire for the time only, would infallibly next take the direction of Cumberland. The persons appointed to seek the fugitive might arrive at Limmeridge House at a few hours' notice; and in Mr. Fairlie's present temper of mind, they might count on the immediate exertion of his local influence and authority to assist them. The commonest consideration for Lady Glyde's safety forced on Miss Halcombe the necessity of resigning the struggle to do her justice, and

of removing her at once from the place of all others that was now most dangerous to her—the neighborhood of her own home.

An immediate return to London was the first and wisest measure of security which suggested itself. In the great city all traces of them might be most speedily and most surely effaced. There were no preparations to make—no farewell words of kindness to exchange with any one. On the afternoon of that memorable day of the sixteenth Miss Halcombe rowed her sister to a last exertion of courage; and, without a living soul to wish them well at parting, the two took their way into the world alone, and turned their backs forever on Limmeridge House.

They had passed the hill above the churchyard, when Lady Glyde insisted on turning back to look her last at her mother's grave. Miss Halcombe tried to shake her resolution; but in this one instance tried in vain. She was immovable. Her dim eyes lit with a sudden fire, and flushed through the veil that hung over them; her wasted fingers strengthened, moment by moment, round the friendly arm by which they had held so listlessly till this time. I believe in my soul that the Hand of God was pointing their way back to them, and that the most innocent and the most afflicted of His creatures was chosen, in that dread moment, to see it.

They retraced their steps to the burial-ground, and by that act sealed the future of more than lives.

III.

This was the story of the past—the story so far as we knew it then.

Two obvious conclusions presented themselves to my mind after hearing it. In the first place, I saw darkly what the nature of the conspiracy had been; how chances had been watched, and how circumstances had been moulded to insure impunity to a daring and an intricate crime. While all details were still a mystery to me, the vile manner in which the personal resemblance between the Woman in White and Lady Glyde had been turned to account was clear beyond a doubt. It was plain that Anne Catherick had been introduced into Count Fosco's house as Lady Glyde; it was plain that Lady Glyde had taken the dead woman's place in the Asylum—the substitution having been so managed as to make innocent people (the doctor and the two servants certainly, and the owner of the mad-house in all probability) accomplices in the crime.

The second conclusion came as the necessary consequence of the first. We three had no mercy to expect from Count Fosco and Sir Percival Glyde. The success of the conspiracy had brought with it a clear gain to those two men of thirty thousand pounds—twenty thousand to one, to the thousand to the other, through his wife. They had that interest, as well as other interests, in insuring their impunity from exposure; and they would leave no stone unturned, no sacrifice unattempted, no treachery untried, to discover the place in which their victim was concealed, and to part her from the only friends she had in the world—Marian Halcombe and myself.

The sense of this serious peril—a peril which every day and every hour might bring nearer and nearer to us—was the one influence that guided me in fixing the place of our retreat. I chose it in ` far East of London, where there were f `le people to lounge and look about ` streets. I chose it in a poor ne `hborhood—because the hard ` `ence among the men a` `s the chance of th` `pains to not` `them. T` `;

never touched our little fund except in Laura's interests and for Laura's sake.

The house-work, which, if we had dared trust a stranger near us, would have been done by a servant, was taken on the first day, taken as her own right, by Marian Halcombe. "What a woman's hands are for," she said, "early and late these hands of mine shall do." They trembled as she held them out. The wasted arms told their sad story of the pain she burned up in the sleeves of the poor plain dress that she wore for safety's sake; but the unquenchable spirit of the woman burned bright in her eyes yet. I saw the big tears rise thick in her eyes and fall slowly over her cheeks as she looked at me. She dashed them away with a touch of her old energy, and smiled with a faint reflection of her old good spirits. "Don't doubt my courage, Walter," she pleaded; "it's my weakness that cries, not me. The house-work shall conquer it, if I can't." And she kept her word—she victory was won when the day was ended, and she sat down to rest. Her large steady black eyes looked at me with a flash of their bright firmness of by-gone days. "I am not quite broken down yet," she said; "I am worth trusting with my share of the work." Before I could answer, she added in a whisper, "And worth trusting with my share in the risk and the danger too. Remember that, if the time comes!"

I did remember it when the time came.

As early as the end of October the daily course of our lives had assumed its settled direction, and we three were as completely isolated in our place of concealment as if the house we lived in had been a desert island, and the great net-work of streets and the thousands of our fellow-creatures all round us the waters of an illimitable sea. I could now reckon on some leisure-time for considering what my future plan of action should be, and how I might arm myself most securely at the outset for the coming struggle with Sir Percival and the Count.

I gave up all hope of appealing to my recognition of Laura, or to Marian's recognition of her, in proof of her identity. If we had loved her less dearly, if the instinct implanted in us by that love had not been far more certain than any exercise of reasoning, far keener than any process of discussion, even we might have hesitated on first seeing her. The outward changes wrought by the suffering and the sorrow of the past had fearfully, almost hopelessly, strengthened the fatal resemblance between Anne Catherick and herself. The altered mind—of events at the time of my residence at Limmeridge House I have recorded, from my own observation of the two, how the likeness, striking as it was when viewed generally, failed in many important points of similarity when tested in detail. In those former days, if they had both been seen together, side by side, no person could for a moment have mistaken them one for the other—as has happened often in the instances of twins. I could not say this now. The sorrow and suffering which I had once blamed myself for associating, even in passing thought with the future of Laura Fairlie, had set their profaning marks on the youth and beauty of her face; and the fatal resemblance which I had once seen and shuddered at seeing, in idea only, was now a real and living resemblance which asserted itself before my own eyes. Strangers, acquaintances, friends even, who could not look at her as we looked, if she had been shown to them in the first days of her rescue from the Asylum, might have doubted if she were the Laura Fairlie they had once known, and doubted without blame.

The one remaining chance, which I had at first thought might be trusted to serve us—the chance of appealing to her recollection of persons and events with which no impostor could be familiar, was proved, by the sad test of our later experience, to be hopeless. Every little caution ` `at Marian and I practiced toward her; every ` remedy we tried to strengthen and steady ` `e weakened, shaken faculties, was a ` `t in itself against the risk of turning ` `k on the troubled and the terrible ` `former days which we ven- ` `to recall, were the lit- ` `that happy time at ` `ere and taught ` `t those re- ` `of the ` `the ` `enough in the morning for ` `er walk as usual, and ` `at her drawing after- ` `th a new anxiety ` `oom, and her ` `old way. ` `

drawing, Walter, when you are not here to help me."

"I shall soon be back, my dear darling—soon be back to see how you are getting on."

My voice faltered a little in spite of me. I forced myself from the room. It was no time then for parting with her self-control which might yet serve me in my need before the day was out.

As I opened the door I beckoned to Marian to follow me to the stairs. It was necessary to prepare her for a result which I felt might sooner or later follow my absenting myself openly in the streets.

"I think, in all probability, be back in a few hours," I said; "and you will not be sorry, as usual, to let no one inside the doors in my absence. But if my return be happy——"

"What can happen?" she interposed, quickly. "Tell me plainly, Walter, if there is any danger, and I shall know how to meet it."

"The only danger," I replied, "is that Sir Percival Glyde may have been recalled to London by the news of Laura's escape. He is not aware that he had me watched before I left England; and that he probably knows me by sight, although I do not know him."

She laid her hand on my shoulder and looked at me in anxious silence. I saw she understood the serious risk that threatened us.

"It is not likely," I said, "that I shall be seen in London again so soon, either by Sir Percival himself or by the persons in his employ. But it is barely possible that an accident may happen. In that case, you will not be alarmed if I fail to return punctually to you will satisfy any inquiries of Laura's with the best excuse that you can suggest. If I find the least reason to suspect that I am watched, I will take good care that no spy follows me back to this house. Don't doubt my return, Marian, however it may be delayed, and fear nothing."

"Nothing!" she answered, firmly. "You shall not regret, Walter, that you have only a woman to help you. She paused, and detained me for a moment longer. "Take care!" she said, pressing my hand anxiously—"take care!"

I left her and set forth to pave the way for discovery—the dark and doubtful way, which began at the lawyer's door.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, May 21, in the Senate, Senator Cameron presented a petition from citizens of Pennsylvania in relation to the Japan Treaty, praying that he should seize an early occasion to press the subject. The bill for the more effectual suppression of the slave-trade having been called up, Senator Wilson explained its provisions. The Davis resolutions were then taken up, which were reported by Senator Toombs.——In the House, the message from the President relative to the Japan Treaty was received. Mr. Montgomery moved a resolution that the House adjourn sine die on the 28th inst. Mr. Sherman moved as an amendment the substitution of June 18, which prevailed, the resolution was adopted. The Senate Homestead bill was then taken up, and the substitution of the original bill of the House was carried by a vote of 104 to 39, and the bill returned to the Senate. The bill to increase the pay of officers of the Navy was passed.

On Tuesday, May 22, in the Senate, a Committee of Conference was appointed on the Consular and Diplomatic bill. Senator Hale resumed his remarks upon the Davis resolutions. Senator Davis. Senator Bingham replied to Senator Douglas. Senator Pugh followed in reply to Senator Benjamin, defending the Illinois Senator.——The House Committee on Elections reported in regard to the Missouri contested seat, declaring in favor of Mr. F. P. Blair. A message was received from the President announcing the arrival of the *Resolute* at Key West with more rescued Africans, making an average of 1000 settled in that state, and invoking the instant action of Congress with regard to the disposition to be made of them. In Committee of the Whole upon the Appropriation bill, Mr. Pryor moved, unsuccessfully, to terminate the operation of the Gag Rule for reporting matters of amendment limiting the reports to speeches on order, and excluding those not delivered. Debate followed.

On Wednesday, May 23, the President transmitted to the Senate a message relative to the capture of more negroes by the United States steamer *Wyandotte*, off the Isle of Pines. The Republican papers received a bill relative to the treatment of the slaves which have been landed at Key West, and ask for its immediate consideration. Senator Brown objected, and it was laid over under the rule. A resolution was adopted, calling upon the Secretary of War for information regarding the sale of the Fort Snelling Reservation. The amendments of the House to the Navy Pay Bill were concurred in. Then Senator Davis' resolutions came up. Senators Wigfall and Doolittle spoke on them, and the Senate adjourned.

In the House, Mr. Forney's bill was discussed. In the House without action. In Committee of the Whole the Appropriation Bill was debated, and amended so as to omit appropriation for the auxiliary guard. When the Committee had reported, a call of the House was made, and an adjournment followed.

On Thursday, May 24, in the Senate, the bill providing for the return to Africa of the negroes rescued from the slavers *Williams* and *Wildfire* was passed. Senator Davis's resolutions having been called up, Senators Bigler, Clingman, and Brown spoke, and the Senate passed the first three.——The House passed the Pacific Telegraph bill, with an amendment throwing the contract open to competition. The Pacific Railroad bill was discussed by Mr. Curtis.

On Friday, May 25, in the Senate, the House Post-office Deficiency Bill was reported, with various amendments. The Overland Mail Bill, after remarks by Senator Gwin, was laid aside, in company with the private calendar, to make way for the debate upon the Davis resolutions, which were all adopted, after an animated debate, in which Senators Crittenden, Brown, Hale, Colla- ` `, Clingman, Toombs, and Mason took part.——An ` `e bring up, in the House, the bill for the adjust- ` `reclusionary claims failing, the House consid- ` `calendar, when a score of bills were ` `ed to relative to the reorganized Afri- ` `referred to the Judiciary Com- ` `

PLATFORM.

` `one; ` `he federal Con- ` `overally as

lity—objects for which the Constitution was formed—and, by necessary consequence, serves to weaken and destroy the Union itself.

3. *Resolved*, That negro slavery, as it exists in fifteen States of this Union, composes an important portion of their domestic institutions, inherited from their ancestors and existing at the adoption of the Constitution, by which it is recognized as constituting one of the bases, and ment of apportionment of representatives and direct taxes; that the increase of slave representation on the part of the non-slaveholding States of the Union is contrary to their constitutional compact, and destructive of their rights in open violation of the Constitution; that the maintenance of the mutual rights and obligations of the parties to the original compact, and solemn pledge to protect and preserve the rights of property, as in the Territories—which are common property, so in the States—which are sovereign and independent within their own limits, is the highest duty of the citizens of one State which are not equally sources of the citizens of one State which are not equally sources of

4. *Resolved*, That neither Congress nor a Territorial Legislature, whether by direct legislation or legislation as an indirect and unfriendly character, possesses the power to control or impair the constitutional right of any citizen of the United States to take his slave property into the common Territories, and there hold and own the same while the Territorial condition remains.

5. *Resolved*, That if experience should at any time prove that the judiciary and executive authority do not furnish adequate protection to the constitutional rights in Territory, and if the Territorial Government should refuse or refuse to provide by any remedies for that purpose, it will be the duty of Congress to provide such deficiency.

6. *Resolved*, That the inhabitants of a Territory of the United States, when they may form a constitution preparatory to be admitted as a State into the Union, may then, for the first time, decide for themselves whether slavery or non-existence, decide for themselves whether slavery, or a domestic institution, shall be maintained or prohibited within their jurisdiction; and if Congress admit them as a State, they shall be received into the Union with or without slavery, as their constitution may prescribe at the time of their admission."

7. *Resolved*, That the provision of the Constitution for the extradition of fugitives from service or labor includes the obligation of which the Union could not have been formed," and was framed in 1793 and 1850, which were enacted to secure its execution, and the main features of which, being just and wise, bear the impress of the original grace of sanction by the highest judicial authority, should be honestly and faithfully observed and maintained; and all who enjoy the benefits of our conquest of Union; and that all local prejudices or of State legislation which thwart that purpose or nullify the requirements of that provision, and thus destroy its promises as a pact, are hostile in character, subversive of the Constitution, and revolutionary in their effects.

HR. SEWARD ON THE NOMINATION OF LINCOLN.

The Central Republican Committee has received the following letter from Hon. William H. Seward, in reply to an invitation to attend a meeting to ratify the nomination of Messrs. Lincoln and Hamlin:

AUBURN, *May 21, 1860.*

"GENTLEMEN,—I will not affect to conceal the sensibility with which I have received the letter to which you, and so many other respected friends, have tendered to me congratulations of renewed and increased confidence. These letters will remain with me as assurances, in future years, that, although I was not unwilling to be chosen for another age, the vindication of my political principles, which they did, nevertheless afforded me a generous support of many good, wise, and patriotic men of my own State.

"Such assurances, however made, under the circumstances now existing, derive their greatest value largely from the fact that they elect upon me through the channel of private confidence and sincere, and altogether true to the world. You will at once perceive that such expressions would be somewhat puerile to me, and justly offensive to the community, if they should be allowed to take on any public or personal form of manifestation. For this reason, if it were respectful and consistent with your own high purposes, I would most gladly avail myself to you until I could have had an opportunity of making it convenient next week, on my way to Washington, after completing the arrangements for the repairs upon my dwelling there, rendered necessary by a recent fire.

"The same reason determines me also to decline your kind invitation to attend the meeting in which you propose some demonstration of respect to myself, by expressly considering the nomination which have been made by the recent National Convention at Chicago. At the same time it is your right to have a frank and candid expression of my own opinions and sentiments on that important subject.

"My friends know very well that, while they have always generously made my promotion to public trusts their own spontaneous act, mine had never been chosen them faithfully, so as to be able, at the close of their appointments, to look back into the hands of the people without forfeiture of the public confidence. The circumstances which cause to be the Chicago platform are these their act, not mine. The disappointment, therefore, in their nomination, is not mine. It is theirs. I accepted them unprepared. On the other hand, I have no sentiment either of disappointment or of mortification in which in any possible case could, without presumption, claim that a distinguished party ought to make choice for its candidate for the first office in the gift of the American people. I find in the nomination of Mr. Lincoln a platform as satisfactory to me as it is had been framed in the principles, and in the candidate I recognized by it eminent and able Republicans, with whom I have cordially co-operated in maintaining the principles embodied in that excellent creed. I cheerfully give them a sincere and earnest support.

"I trust, moreover, that those with whom I have labored so long and intimately cannot fail to take notice of the greater freedom then and myself relations of personal friendship remain unchanged. In the experience of politicians, will indulge me in a confident belief that no sense of disappointment will be allowed by them to cause delay, or in any way to embarrass, the progress of that cause to the attainment of which is demanded by the infinite regard to the safety and welfare of the country and of mankind.

"I am, sincerely and respectfully,

"Your friend and obedient servant,

"WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

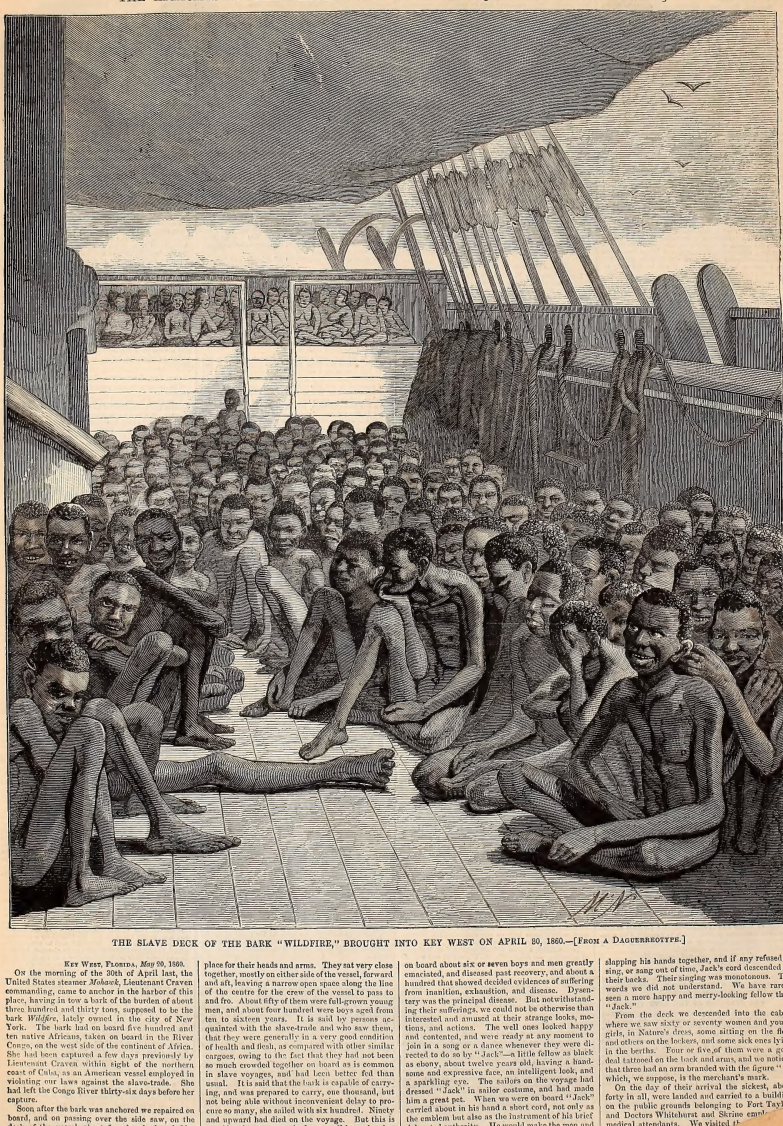
"*To Messrs. Charles C. Nott, William H. Fish, Williamson, C. S. Spencer, and F. W. Shepherd—for the Republican Central Committee.*"

THE JAPANESE AT THE NAVY YARD.

The Japanese Embassy arrived at the navy-yard about three o'clock on the 24th, in a company with the rest of the Naval Commission, and were received by Captain Buchanan, who welcomed them in a brief and courteous manner. The chief of the Embassy feelingly responded. Among the officers of the yard who were assigned as their guides were to please the distinguished guests, were Lieut. Commander William M'Intir, Lieutenant Commander L. Murray, Lieutenant Charles C. Simms, Commander John A. Dahlgren, Lieutenant H. H. Lewis, Lieutenant Somerville Nicholson, Lieutenant William Nelson, Lieutenant E. Emery, Purser R. T. M'Glassin, and Dr. Vanuxem.

Soon after the arrival of the Embassy were assembled at the Commandant's house a large number of the officers of the yard, and a sumptuous collation was served to them. Among the officers of the yard who were assembled with the Embassy were Commodore Breese, Commodore Lardner, Commodore Craven, Commodore Dornin, Commodore Ridgely, Commodore Hull, Commodore Hudson, Commodore Lavallette, Commodore Lee

THE AFRICANS OF THE SLAVE BARK "WILDFIRE."—[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]



THE SLAVE DECK OF THE BARK "WILDFIRE," BROUGHT INTO KEY WEST ON APRIL 20, 1860.—[FROM A DAGUERREOTYPE.]

KEY WEST, FLORIDA, *May* 20, 1860.

On the morning of the 20th of April last, the United States steamer *Mohawk*, Lieutenant Craven commanding, came to anchor in the harbor of this place, having in tow a bark of the burden of about three hundred and thirty tons, supposed to be the bark *Wildfire*, lately owned in the city of New York. The bark had on board five hundred and ten native Africans, taken on board in the River Congo, on the west side of the continent of Africa. She had been captured a few days previously by Lieutenant Craven within sight of the northern coast of Cuba, as an American vessel employed in violating our laws against the slave-trade. She had left the Congo River thirty-six days before her capture.

Soon after the bark was anchored we repaired on board, and on passing over the side saw, on the deck of the vessel, about four hundred and fifty native Africans, in a state of entire nudity, in a sitting or squatting posture, the most of them having their knees elevated so as to form a resting-place for their heads and arms. They sat very close together, mostly on either side of the vessel, forward and aft, leaving a narrow open space along the line of the centre for the crew of the vessel to pass to and fro. About fifty of them were full-grown young men, and about four hundred were boys aged from ten to sixteen years. It is said by persons acquainted with the slave-trade and who saw them, that they were generally in a very good condition of health and flesh, as compared with other similar cargoes, owing to the fact that they had not been so much crowded together on board as is common in slave voyages, and had been better fed than usual. It is said that the bark is capable of carrying, and was prepared to carry, one thousand, but not being able without inconvenient delay to procure so many, she sailed with six hundred. Ninety and upward had died on the voyage. But this is considered as comparatively a small loss, showing that they had been better cared for than usual. Ten more have died since their arrival, and there are about forty more sick in the hospital. We saw on board about six or seven boys and men greatly emaciated, and diseased past recovery, and about a hundred that showed decided evidences of suffering from inanition, exhaustion, and disease. Dysentery was the principal disease. But notwithstanding their sufferings, we could not be otherwise than interested and amused at their strange looks, motions, and actions. The well ones looked happy and contented, and were ready at any moment to join in a song or a dance whenever they were directed to do so by "Jack"—a little fellow as black as ebony, about twelve years old, having a handsome and expressive face, an intelligent look, and a sparkling eye. The sailors on the voyage had dressed "Jack" in sailor costume, and had made him a great pet. When we were on board "Jack" carried about in his hand a short cord, not only as the emblem but also as the instrument of his brief delegated authority. He would make the men and boys stand up, sit down, sing, or dance just as he directed. When they sang "Jack" moved around among them as light as a cat, and beat the time by slapping his hands together, and if any refused to sing, or sang out of time, Jack's cord descended on their backs. Their singing was monotonous. The words we did not understand. We have rarely seen a more happy and merry-looking fellow than "Jack."

From the deck we descended into the cabin, where we saw sixty or seventy women and young girls, in Nature's dress, some sitting on the floor and others on the lockers, and some sick ones lying in the berths. Four or five of them were a good deal tattooed on the back and arms, and we noticed that three had an arm branded with the figure "7," which, we suppose, is the merchant's mark.

On the day of their arrival the sickest, about forty in all, were landed and carried to a building on the public grounds belonging to Fort Taylor, and Doctors Whitehurst and Skrine and other medical attendants. We visited t[hem] ercoon. The United States M[arshal] for all of them shirts, and [some] some benevolent ladies

THE PRINCESS MADIA.—[FROM A DAGUERREOTYPE.]

girls and women gowns. Six or eight were very sick; the others did not appear to be in any immediate danger of dying. We were very much amused by a young lad about fifteen years old, not much sick, who had got on, probably for the first time in his life, a whole shirt, and who seemed to be delighted with every body and every thing he saw. Its evidently thought the speech of the white man was very funny. When a few words were spoken to him he immediately repeated them with great glee. Pointing to Dr. Shriver, we said "Doctor." He said "Doctor." And then pointing to Dr. Whitehurst, we said "Doctor too." He said "Doctor too." The doctors had selected from the bark a woman about twenty-four years of age to assist the nurse in taking care of the sick. She had been dressed in a clean calico frock, and looked very respectably. About sundown they all lay down for the night upon a campbed, and were covered over with blankets. And now a scene took place which interested us very much, but which we did not understand and can not explain. The woman standing up slapped her hands together once or twice, and as soon as all were silent she commenced a sort of recitation, song, or prayer, in tone and manner much like a chanting of the Litany in Catholic churches, and every few moments the voices of ten or fifteen others were heard in the same tone, as if responding. This exercise continued about a minute. Now what could this be? It looked and sounded to us very much like Christians chanting together an evening prayer on retiring to rest. And yet we feel quite assured that none of these persons had ever heard of Christ, or had learned Christian practices, or possessed much, if any, knowledge of God as a Creator or Preserver of the world. We suspect that it was not understood by them as a religious exercise at all, but as something which they had been trained to go through at the barracoons in Africa or on board the ship.

In two days after the arrival of the bark the Marshal had completed a large, airy building at Whitehead's Point, a little out of the town, for the reception and accommodation of these people; and after getting them clad as well as he could in so short a time, they were all landed on the fort wharf, and carried in carts to their quarters. On arriving there they all arranged themselves along the sides of the building, as they had been accustomed to do on the decks of the vessel, and squatted down in the same manner. It took the Marshal and his assistants some little time, and no small efforts, to give the Africans to understand that they were free to move about, to go out and come in at will. They learned this in the course of a few hours, however, and general merriment and hilarity prevailed. We visited them in the afternoon, and have done so several times since; and we confess that we have been struck, as many others have been, with the expression of intelligence displayed in their faces, the beauty of their physical conformation, and the beauty of their teeth. We have been accustomed to think that the civilized negroes of our own country were superior, in point of intelligence and physical development, to the native Africans; but judging only by the eye, we think it would be difficult to find, any where in our own country, four hundred finer and handsomer-looking boys and girls than these are. To be sure you often saw the elongated occiput, the protruded jaws, and the receding forehead; but you also often saw a head as round, with features as regular as any European's, except the universal flat noses. Little "Jack" has a head as round as an apple.

A number of these negroes—perhaps twelve or fifteen in all—have been more or less at and about Lounda, a Portuguese town on the coast, and have learned to speak a little Portuguese. Through an interpreter we learned from them that some four or five—perhaps more, but probably not many—had been baptized at the Roman Catholic missionary station at Loando. Francisco, a young man, says he was baptized by a Franciscan friar in Loando; that he was a slave in Africa, and does not wish to return there. He says he had rather be a slave to the white man in this country. Salvador, a bright-looking, smart lad, has been baptized. Constantia says she was baptized in Loando. She does not remember her father; she was stolen away when she was young, and was sold by her brother. Antonia and Amelia are both fine-looking young women, aged about twenty, and were both baptized at Loando. Madia, a pogug, unbaptized, aged about twenty, has obtained among the white people here who have visited the quarters the name of "The Princess," on account of her fine personal appearance and the deference that seemed to be paid to her by some of her companions. The persons we have here mentioned, including some eight or ten others, evidently do not belong to the same tribe that the rest do. Indeed the whole number is evidently taken from different tribes living in the interior of Africa, but the greater number are "Congos." The women we have noted have cut or shaved the hair off the back part of their head, from a point on the crown to the back part of either ear. It is the fashion of their tribe. None of the other women are thus shorn. Many of the men, women, boys, and girls have filed their front teeth—some by sharpening them to a point, and others by cutting down the two upper front teeth. The persons above named have their teeth in a natural state. Perhaps fifty in all are tattooed more or less.

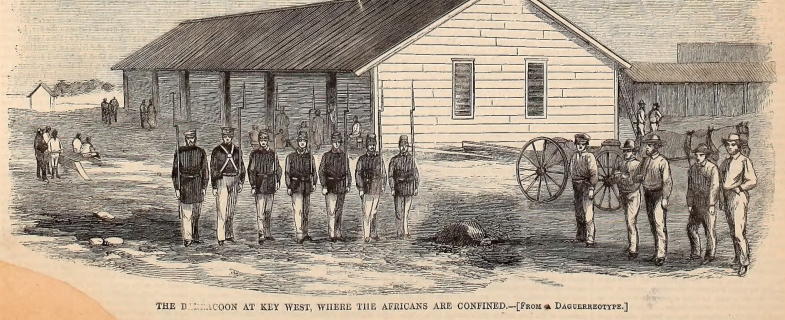
AN AFRICAN.—[FROM A DAGUERREOTYPE.]

THE ONLY BABY AMONG THE AFRICANS.—[DAGUERREOTYPED.]

Travelers describe the natives of Congo as being small of stature, cheerful, good-humored, unreflecting, and possessed of little energy either of mind or body. Negro indolence is carried with them to the utmost excess. The little cultivation that exists, entirely carried on by the females, is nearly limited to the manioc root, which they are not very skilful in preparing. Their houses are put together of mats made from the fibre of the palm-tree, and their clothes and bedding consist merely of matted grass.

The President, on receiving news of the capture of the *Wildfire*, sent a special message to Congress on the subject, from which we give an extract below. The subsequent capture of another slave ship with more Africans will probably lead to some enactment on the subject. The President says:

"The expenditure for the Africans captured on board the *Wildfire* will not be less than one hundred thousand dollars, and may considerably exceed that sum. But it will not be sufficient for Congress to limit the amount appropriated to the cost of the *Wildfire*. It is probable, judging from the increased activity of the slave-trade and the vigilance of our cruisers, that several similar captures may be made before the end of the year. An appropriation ought, therefore, to be



THE B[illegible]RACOON AT KEY WEST, WHERE THE AFRICANS ARE CONFINED.—[FROM A DAGUERREOTYPE.]

granted large enough to cover such contingencies. The period has arrived when it is indispensable to provide some specific legislation for the guidance of the Executive on this subject. With this view, I would suggest that Congress might authorize the President to enter into a general agreement with the Colonization Society, binding them to receive, on the coast of Africa from our agent there, all the captured Africans which may be delivered to him, and to maintain them for a limited period, upon such terms and conditions as may combine humanity toward these unfortunates with a just economy. This would obviate the necessity of making a new bargain with every new capture, and would prevent delay and avoid expense in the disposition of the captured. The law might then provide that, in all cases where this may be practicable, the captor should carry the negroes directly to Africa, and deliver them to the American agent there, afterward bringing the captured vessel to the United States for adjudication.

"The capturing officer, in case he should bring his prize directly to the United States, ought to be required to land the negroes in some one or more ports to be designated by Congress, where the prevailing health throughout the year is good. At these ports cheap but permanent accommodations might be provided for the negroes until they could be sent away, without incurring the expense of erecting such accommodations at every port where the capturing officer may think proper to enter. On the present occasion these negroes have been brought to Key West; and, according to the estimate presented by the Marshal of the Southern District of Florida to the Secretary of the Interior, the cost of providing temporary quarters for them will be $2500, and the aggregate expenses for the single month of May will amount to $12,000. But this is far from being the worst evil. Within a few weeks the yellow fever will most probably prevail at Key West; and hence the Marshal urges their removal from their present quarters at an early day, which must be done in any event as soon as practicable. For these reasons I earnestly commend this subject to the immediate attention of Congress."

THE

The Uncommercial Traveler.

NO. IX.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

One of the pleasantest things I have lately met with, in a vagabond course of shy metropolitan neighborhoods and small shops, is the fancy of an humble artist, as exemplified in two portraits representing Mr. Thomas Sayers, of Great Britain, and Mr. John Heenan, of the United States of America. These illustrious men are highly colored, in fighting trim, and fighting attitude. To suggest the pastoral and meditative nature of their peaceful calling, Mr. Heenan is represented on emerald sward, with primroses and other modest flowers springing up under the heels of his half-boots; while Mr. Sayers is impelled to the administration of his favorite blow, the Auctioneer, by the silent eloquence of a village church. The humble homes of England, with their domestic virtues and honeysuckle porches, urge both heroes to go in and win; and the lark and other singing-birds are observable in the upper air, ecstatically caroling their thanks to Heaven for a fight. On the whole, the associations entwined with the pugilistic art by this artist are much in the manner of Izaak Walton.

But it is with the lower animals of back streets and by-ways that my present purpose rests. For human notes we may return to such neighborhoods when leisure and inclination serve.

Nothing in shy neighborhoods perplexes my mind more than the bad company birds keep. Foreign birds often get into good society, but British birds are inseparable from low associates. There is a whole street of them in St. Giles's; and I always find them in poor and immoral neighborhoods, convenient to the public-house and the pawnbroker's. They seem to lead people into drinking, and even the man who makes their cages usually gets into a chronic state of black eye. Why is this? Also they will do things for people in short-skirted velveteen coats with bone buttons, or in sleeved waistcoats and fur caps, which they can not be persuaded by the respectable orders of society to undertake. In a dirty court in Spitalfields, once, I found a goldfinch drawing his own water, and drawing as much of it as if he were in a consuming fever. That goldfinch lived at a bird-shop, and offered in writing to barter himself against old clothes, empty bottles, or even kitchen-stuff. Surely a low thing and a depraved taste in any finch! I bought that goldfinch for money. He was sent home and hung upon a nail over against my table. He lived outside a counterfeit dwelling-house, supposed (as I argued) to be a dyer's; otherwise it would have been impossible to account for his perch sticking out of the garret window. From the time of his appearance in my room, either he left off being thirsty—which was not in the bond—or he could not make up his mind to hear his little bucket drop back into his well when he let it go: a shock which in the best of times had made him tremble. He drew no water but by stealth and under the cloak of night. After an interval of futile and at length hopeless expectation, the merchant who had educated him was appealed to. The merchant was a bow-legged character, with a flat and cushiony nose, like the last new strawberry. He wore a fur cap and shorts, and was of the velveteen race, velveteeny. He sent word that he would "look round." He looked round, appeared in the door-way of the room, and slightly cocked up his evil eye at the goldfinch. Instantly a raging thirst beset that bird; when it was appeased, he still drew several unnecessary buckets of water; and finally leaped about his perch and sharpened his bill as if he had been to the nearest wine-vaults and got drunk.

Donkeys again. I know shy neighborhoods where the Donkey goes in at the street door, and appears to live up stairs, for I have examined the back yard from over the palings, and have been unable to make him out. Gentility, nobility, royalty, would appeal to that donkey in vain to do what he does for a costermonger. Feed him with oats at the highest price, put an infant prince and princess in a pair of panniers on his back, adjust his delicate trappings to a nicety, take him to the softest slopes at Windsor, and try what pace you can get out of him. Then starve him, harness him anyhow to a truck with a flat tray on it, and see him bowl from Whitechapel to Bayswater. There appears to be no particular private understanding between birds and donkeys in a state of nature; but in the shy neighborhood state you shall see them always in the same hands, and always developing their very best energies for the very worst company. I have known a donkey—by sight; we were not on speaking terms—who lived over on the Surrey side of London Bridge, among the fastnesses of Jacob's Island and Dockhead. It was the habit of that animal, when his services were not in immediate requisition, to go out alone, idling. I have met him, a mile from his place of residence, loitering about the streets; and the expression of his countenance at such times was most degraded. He was attached to the establishment of an elderly lady who sold periwinkles, and he used to stand on Saturday nights with a cartful of those delicacies outside a gin-shop, pricking up his ears when a customer came to the cart, and too evidently deriving satisfaction from the knowledge that they got bad measure. His mistress was sometimes overtaken by inebriety. The last time I ever saw him (about five years ago) he was in circumstances of difficulty, caused by this failing. Having been left along with the cart of periwinkles, and forgotten, he went off idling. He prowled among his usual low haunts for some time, gratifying his depraved taste, until, not taking the cart into his calculations, he endeavored to turn up a narrow alley, and became greatly involved. He was taken into custody by the police, and the Green Yard of the district being near at hand, was backed into that place of durance. At that crisis I encountered him; the stubborn sense he evinced of being—not to compromise the expression—a blackguard, I never saw exceeded in the human subject. A flaring candle in a paper shade, stuck in among his periwinkles, showed him, with his ragged harness broken and his cart extensively shattered, twitching his mouth and shaking his hanging head, a picture of disgrace and obduracy. I have seen boys being taken to station-houses who were as like him as his own brother.

The dogs of shy neighborhoods I observe to avoid play, and to be conscious of poverty. They avoid work too, if they can, of course; that is in the nature of all animals. I have the pleasure to know a dog in a back street in the neighborhood of Walworth, who has greatly distinguished himself in the minor drama, and who takes his portrait with him when he makes an engagement for the illustration of the play-bill. His portrait (which is not at all like him) represents him in the act of dragging to the earth a recreant Indian, who is supposed to have tomahawked, or essayed to tomahawk, a British officer. The design is pure poetry, for there is no such Indian in the piece and no such incident. He is a dog of the Newfoundland breed, for whose honesty I would be bail to any amount, but whose intellectual qualities in association with the dramatic fiction I can not rate high. Indeed, he is too honest for the profession he has entered. Being at a town in Yorkshire last summer, and seeing him posted in the bill of the night, I attended the performance. His first scene was eminently successful; but, as it occupied a second in its representation (and five lines in the bill), it scarcely afforded ground for a cool and deliberate judgment of his powers. He had merely to bark, run on, and jump through an inn window after a comic fugitive. The next scene of importance to the fable was a little marred in its interest by his overanxiety: forasmuch as while his master (a belated soldier in a den of robbers on a tempestuous night) was feelingly lamenting the absence of his faithful dog, and laying great stress on the fact that he was thirty leagues away, the faithful dog was barking furiously in the prompter's box, and clearly choking himself against his collar. But it was in his greatest scene of all that his honesty got the better of him. He had to enter a dense and trackless forest on the trail of the murderer, and there to fly at the murderer when he found him resting at the foot of a tree, with his victim bound ready for slaughter. It was a hot night, and he came into the forest from an altogether unexpected direction, in the sweetest temper, at a very deliberate trot, not in the least excited; trotted to the foot-lights with his tongue out; and there sat down, panting, and amiably surveying the audience, with his tail beating on the boards, like a Dutch clock. Meanwhile the murderer, impatient to receive his doom, was audibly calling to him, "Co-o-ome here!" while the victim, struggling with his bonds, assailed him with the most injurious expressions. It happened through these means that when he was, in course of time, persuaded to trot up and rend the murderer limb from limb, he made it (for dramatic purposes) a little too obvious that he worked out that awful retribution by licking butter off his blood-stained hands.

In a shy street behind Long-acre two honest dogs live who perform in Punch's shows. I may venture to say that I am on terms of intimacy with both, and that I never saw either guilty of the falsehood of failing to look down at the man inside the show during the whole performance. The difficulty other dogs have in satisfying their minds about these dogs, appears to be never overcome by time. The same dogs must encounter them over and over again, as they trudge along in their off-minutes behind the legs of the show and beside the drum; but all dogs seem to suspect their frills and jackets, and to sniff at them as if they thought those articles of personal adornment an eruption—a something in the nature of mange, perhaps. From this Covent Garden window of mine I noticed a country dog, only the other day, who had come up to Covent Garden Market under a cart, and had broken his cord, an end of which he still trailed along with him. He loitered about the corners of the four streets commanded by my window; and bad London dogs came up, and told him lies that he didn't believe; and worse London dogs came up, and made proposals to him to go and steal in the market, which his principles rejected; and the ways of the town confused him, and he crept aside and lay down in a door-way. He had scarcely got a wink of sleep when up comes Punch with Toby. He was darting to Toby for consolation and advice, when he saw the frill, and stopped in the middle of the street, appalled. The show was pitched, Toby retired behind the drapery, the audience formed, the drum and pipes struck up. My country dog remained immovable, intently staring at these strange appearances, until Toby opened the drama by appearing on his ledge, and to him entered Punch, who put a tobacco-pipe into Toby's mouth. At this spectacle the country dog threw up his head, gave one terrible howl, and fled due west.

We talk of men keeping dogs, but we might often talk more expressively of dogs keeping men. I know a bull-dog in a shy corner of Hammersmith who keeps a man. He keeps him up a yard, and makes him go to public-houses and lay wagers on him, and obliges him to lean against posts and look at him, and forces him to neglect work for him, and keeps him under rigid coercion. I once knew a fancy terrier that kept a gentleman—a gentleman who had been brought up at Oxford, too. The dog kept the gentleman entirely for his glorification, and the gentleman never talked about any thing but the terrier. This, however, was not in a shy neighborhood, and is a digression, consequently.

There are a great many dogs in shy neighborhoods who keep boys. I have my eye on a mongrel in Somers Town who keeps three boys. He feigns that he can bring down sparrows, and unburrow rats (he can do neither), and he takes the boys out on sporting pretenses into all sorts of suburban fields. He has likewise made them believe that he possesses some mysterious knowledge of the art of fishing, and they consider themselves incompletely equipped for the Hampstead Ponds, with a pickle-jar and a wide-mouthed bottle, unless he is with them and barking tremendously. There is a dog residing in the Borough of Southwark who keeps a blind man. He may be seen, most days, in Oxford Street, hauling the blind man away on expeditions wholly uncontemplated by, and unintelligible to, the man: wholly of the dog's conception and execution. Contrariwise, when the man has projects, the dog will sit down in a crowded thoroughfare and meditate. I saw him yesterday, wearing the money-tray like an easy collar instead of offering it to the public, taking the man against his will, on the invitation of a disreputable cur, apparently to visit a dog at Harrow—he was so intent on that direction. The north wall of Burlington House Gardens, between the Arcade and the Albany, offers a shy spot for appointments among blind men at about two or three o'clock in the afternoon. They sit (very uncomfortably) on a sloping board there, and compare notes. Their dogs may always be observed, at the same time, openly disparaging the men they keep, to one another, and settling where they shall respectively take their men when they begin to move again. At a small butcher's, in a shy neighborhood (there is no reason for suppressing the name; it is by Notting Hill, and gives upon the district called the Potteries), I know a shaggy black and white dog who keeps a drover. He is a dog of an easy disposition, and too frequently allows this drover to get drunk. On these occasions it is the dog's custom to sit outside the public-house, keeping his eye on a few sheep, and thinking. I have seen him with six sheep, plainly casting-up in his mind how many he began with when he left the market, and at what places he has left the rest. I have seen him perplexed by not being able to account to himself for certain particular sheep. A light has gradually broken on him, he has remembered at what butcher's he left them, and, in a burst of grave satisfaction, has caught a fly off his nose, and shown himself much relieved. If I could at any time have doubted the fact that it was he who kept the drover, and not the drover who kept him, it would have been abundantly proved by his way of taking undivided charge of the six sheep when the drover came out besmeared with red ochre and beer, and gave him wrong directions, which he calmly disregarded. He has taken the sheep entirely into his own hands, has merely remarked, with respectful firmness, "That instruction would place them under an omnibus; you had better confine your attention to yourself—you will want it all;" and has driven his charge away, with an intelligence of ears and tail, and a knowledge of business, that has left his lout of a man very, very far behind.

As the dogs of shy neighborhoods usually betray a slinking consciousness of being in poor circumstances—for the most part manifested in an aspect of anxiety, an awkwardness in their play, and a misgiving that somebody is going to harness them to something, to pick up a living—so the cats of shy neighborhoods exhibit a strong tendency to relapse into barbarism. Not only are they made selfishly ferocious by ruminating on the surplus population around them, and on the densely crowded state of all the avenues to cat's meat; not only is there a moral and politico-economical haggardness in them, traceable to these reflections, but they evince a physical deterioration. Their linen is not clean, and is wretchedly got up; their black turns rusty, like old mourning; they wear very indifferent fur, and take to the shabbiest cotton velvet, instead of silk velvet. I am on terms of recognition with several small streets of cats, about the Obelisk in St. George's Fields, and also in the vicinity of Clerkenwell Green, and also in the back settlements of Drury Lane. In appearance they are very like the women among whom they live. They seem to turn out of their unwholesome beds into the street without any preparation. They leave their young families to stagger about the gutters, unassisted, while they frouzily quarrel and swear and scratch and spit, at street-corners. In particular, I remark that when they are about to increase their families (an event of frequent occurrence) the resemblance is strongly expressed in a certain dusty dowdiness, down-at-heel self-neglect, and general giving up of things. I can not honestly report that I have ever seen a feline matron of this class washing her face when in an interesting condition.

Not to prolong these notes of uncommercial travel among the lower animals of shy neighborhoods, by dwelling at length upon the exasperated moodiness of the tom-cats, and their resemblance in many respects to a man and a brother, I will come to a close with a word on the fowls of the same localities.

That any thing born of an egg and invested with wings, should have got to the pass that it hops contentedly down a ladder into a cellar, and calls *that* going home, is a circumstance so amazing as to leave one nothing more in this connection to wonder at. Otherwise I might wonder at the completeness with which these fowls have become separated from all the birds of the air—have taken to groveling in bricks and mortar and mud—have forgotten all about live trees, and make roosting-places of shop-boards, barrows, oyster-tubs, bulk-heads, and door-scrapers. I wonder at nothing concerning them, and take them as they are. I accept as products of Nature and things of course, a reduced Bantam family of my acquaintance in the Hackney Road, who are incessantly at the pawnbroker's. I can not say that they enjoy themselves, for they are of a melancholy temperament; but what enjoyment they are capable of they derive from crowding together in the pawnbroker's side-entry. Here they are always to be found in a feeble flutter, as if they were newly come down in the world, and were afraid of being identified. I know a low fellow, originally of a good family from Dorking, who takes his whole establishment of wives, in single file, in at the door of the Jug Department of a disorderly tavern near the Haymarket, manœuvres them among the company's legs, emerges with them at the Bottle Entrance, and so passes his life: seldom, in the season, going to bed before two in the morning. Over Waterloo Bridge there is a shabby old speckled couple (they belong to the wooden French-bedstead, washing-stand, and towel-horse-making trade), who are always trying to get in at the door of a chapel. Whether the old lady, under a delusion reminding one of Mrs. Southcott, has an idea of intrusting an egg to that particular denomination, or merely understands that she has no business in the building, and is consequently frantic to enter it, I can not determine; but she is constantly endeavoring to undermine the principal door: while her partner, who is infirm upon his legs, walks up and down encouraging her and defying the Universe. But the family I have been best acquainted with, since the removal from this trying sphere of a Chinese circle at Brentford, reside in the densest part of Bethnal Green. Their abstraction from the objects among which they live, or rather their conviction that those objects have all come into existence in express subservience to fowls, has so enchanted me that I have made them the subject of many journeys at divers hours.

ON BOARD A SLAVER.

BY ONE OF THE TRADE.

On a wet and cloudy morning in the month of April, 1859, I was sitting before the fire of a boarding-house in New York, ruminating on what should be my future mode of life. I had returned some time from my last voyage, which had been to the East Indies, and my funds were rapidly decreasing, and compelled me to look out for another ship. While my mind was following this train of thoughts, I became suddenly aware of voices conversing in a low tone outside my door, which on approaching nearer suddenly died away, and I heard a knock. On my saying "Come in," there entered the landlord of the house, accompanied by a stranger, to whom he introduced me as Captain Manwell, saying that the gentleman, if I was agreeable, had something to communicate; he then withdrew, leaving the stranger with me.

I begged him to be seated, and to commence what he had to say. He was a man rather below the middle height, with dark flashing eyes, and hair of the same hue, regular features, and a pale foreign-looking complexion; he altogether bore the appearance of any thing but a sailor. Having taken a chair, and drawn closer to the fire, he told me that he was in command of a ship about to proceed to the west coast of Africa on a trading voyage for palm-oil, and that he wanted some trustworthy men to man her, and that on referring to my landlord for aid, he had strongly recommended me; he had therefore paid me this visit to offer me a vacancy. Now these proceedings seemed so strange and mysterious that I could plainly see there was something at the bottom of them; so looking him steadfastly in the face, I asked him if he meant by the trading voyage "the game." He replied yes, that I was right; and having heard from my host that I spoke both Spanish and Portuguese fluently, he offered me a berth of trust, knowing that my knowledge as a linguist would be of great use to him. After some consideration I consented to go, for my desire to make money and my love of adventure urged me to do it. We then made some arrangements, and I, on my part, promising inviolable secrecy, he left, having given me directions to go down on the following morning to the docks, where I should find him on board the bark *Flora*, where we should make and [illegible] the arrangements.

I accordingly went down the follo[illegible]
and finding he had not [illegible]
ployed my time in [illegible]
found her to be [illegible]
burden, bark [illegible]
bow. She [illegible]
and cabins [illegible]

are all propelled by steam, the slavers stand a bad chance, for steam has not been introduced in the slave-trade. Now that the interior of the ship was ready, we had to look after our gear aloft. We commenced by taking the wedges from between the masts and deck, so that the masts might give with the press of canvas; and then we cut the beams that go fore and aft, for the same reason—namely, that the ship might go easier. During the time that these preparations were being made the ship had sailed over many miles of the island of Ascension, and was now on the other tack, bearing up for a place in Cross Bay, the cove, about fifty miles from Port St. Paul de Loando, where we had agreed to touch for the slaves when they were ready. Ships sometimes lie as long as three months and more for the slaves, while the agents are collecting them in the interior. We were lucky, having only to wait thirty days. No reason for going so far away from land, after leaving the Congo, was this: we knew that the *Triton*, as soon as she found we had escaped her, would coast along the shore, thinking that we should do the same as some other ships erroneously do—namely, sail along the coast and secrete themselves, or pick up detachments of slaves as they go along; but our captain, being an old hand, knew better, for by going right out to sea they would lose our scent. After making the shore about St. Paul de Loando, we sailed with the southeast trade-wind along the coast, till we came near a place called Ambriz, where we saw them ashore throwing out private signals; we accordingly anchored near the coast at 5 P.M.

The agents came off with the slaves in lighters, containing about 200 each. They were packed together with their legs full of hide. They were passed up, and sent into the hold. There were altogether 811. As soon as they were on board, the hold was sealed, the guns were armed, and appointed into watches, as we were obliged to keep a very strict eye on them, to see that they did not rise and fight with each other—for among them there were many different tribes, all at variance with one another, so that sometimes we were not like a small hell, and the sentinel had frequently to jump down among them to separate the combatants.

The lighters came alongside at 7 P.M., and at 8 P.M. we loosened sail, and squaring the yards to the trade, let slip log and line against the run of fathoms' water. We shaped our course for Ascension, which we soon sighted, having a strong southeast trade shaft on. The next day, at noon, we then steered for 2022 miles right away to the westward. We did this to get out of the track of ships, that, on leaving the coast, would be bound to the West Indies. After that we steered to the southward, and passed to the southward and westward of Ascension, which we saw to-day in the distance, and then rounding the Isle of Pines.

Before leaving the Congo we shipped a double crew, so that we had thirty-five women before the mast; but all our services were well needed, for what with accelerating the slaves' deaths, and making alterations in her, and attending to the slaves, we all had our hands full. A certain number of slaves were told off to attend to the sick, and one of them. My department was to take charge of the women.

We kept the ship as clean as possible, for filth is the root of all evil on board a ship.

At sunrise, or not later than 5 A.M. every morning, the slaves were all mustered on deck, and their tubs were produced. A gang of them were made to keep those tubs supplied with salt-water while they were in use. This was done by dipping in (neither a novel one; it reminded me of sheep-shearing—or, at least, the washing of sheep previous to shearing—in which case with other operations a circle of fifteen or twenty were made to squat on their haunches round the tub, while one of us stood there with a bucket of water, which we, in fact, were splashing it over them. After they were all drenched, they would get up and walk forward, when others would be seated and stationed with a coarse cloth of canvas, who would rub them down after the manner of a groom rubbing down a horse.

He was also supplied with a bucket full of vinegar and salt-water, with which he washed their mouths with and rub their teeth; for if he does not keep his mouth clean a yellow substance collects on the gums which in time destroys the teeth, turns to poison. He is subject to ulcers in his mouth from this; and if he bites you—a thing which all uncommon wicked men do—it is certain to mortify. I know this to my cost; for once hitting one of them with the back of my hand, I came in contact with his mouth, and one of his teeth touched and indented my hand, whereby I lost the use of it for some days.

These alkaline-purity measures employed us till between 8 and 9 A.M., when we used to serve out to them some dry biscuit and rum and water. The rum was a mixture of one part rum to three parts of water, for they could drink it, but the slaves received it with great gusto. This would occupy us altogether till 11 o'clock, when they were said to have a hot breakfast, consisting of a kind of hodge-podge. The ingredients were biscuit broken small, beans, rice, barley, and salt pork—the whole thickened with flour and fat. This was boiled in two large caldrons in the caboose, and served out to them again into tubs and buckets ranged along the deck. We always tried to keep each tribe by itself; for at mealtimes, if by accident they got mixed, a row and end in a fight. So their meal, if not choice, was substantial and good, and plenty of it.

Of course we took every care of them, as it was our interest to do so. But in a crowded slave-ship disease is very rife; we lost only ninety-four, which we considered lucky. Closeness of the bowels and jaundice are the most frequent maladies. The first we treated with injections of vinegar, and gunpowder tobacco-smoke. Whether this is one of the treatments advice I can not say, but we found it very successful.

After their breakfast they were sent down to clean out the ship. Most of them spoke only the Congo dialect, but some of them understood Portuguese and Spanish. These we picked out as leaders and interpreters of the rest, and supplied them with a shirt or pair of trowsers as a distinguishing mark of rank, which was greatly envied by the others. They were also intrusted with a piece of rope, about a yard long, as an instrument of correction, which they very freely used. We had only to tell them men what we wanted done, and they made the others do it. We also got up various amusements for the slaves, by making them for them, and a kind of cymbal, to the tune of which they danced.

At 9 P.M. another hot meal was served to them of the same description as the first, and mustered at 8 P.M.; after which they were all packed below.

No lights were allowed at night in case of attracting attention. Even the compass or binnacle lights were well screened with canvas. After passing the Isle of Pines, and having been thirty-one days from Congo, we sighted Boca Grande, on the coast of Cuba. About the coast of Cuba are to be noticed a quantity of sharp, rising-boats and pilot-boats; these are nearly all in the pay of slave-owners there, who pay them to look out for the men-of-war, and also to mislead them. Every accordingly to any slave-ship about the coast that is waiting for a chance to land her cargo. They take it by turns to look out. One of the boats lies for about ten days, when they are relieved by another boat, and receive a fresh supply. One of these boats we found on the look-out for us. They informed us that the *Bonita* English man-of-war was standing to the westward of Havana. Our orders from the shore were, that we were to stretch out to sea for four days, which we did, and then returned to the coast, and so on, and so on, out again to sea. We obeyed accordingly, but nearly fell into a trap. We were standing on for a bluff in the land, when we saw a steamer in it. I thought I recognized it, for I had been frequently on the coast before surveying in a man-of-war, and this I remembered as being our lookout. As reported this to the captain, Don Pedro, as we called him. He immediately changed the course; and it was lucky for us, for we afterward found that H.M.S. *Cumberland* was anchored on the other side of the bluff. Here, then, was another escape. After having run out the appointed time we again returned, when we received the same orders; but our late narrow shave had rather tamed us, so we were all for the land on leaving, after we had escaped so many dangers, it was a pity to run any more. So I, being a good pilot among the many ways that promised to take her in safety to one where we could lay off; and in case of any one coming on us, we could land the slaves, so the cry for a man-of-war can do nothing to you if you have no slaves on board; so if they were sent to the watering-place for water, they, the man-of-war could do would be to liberate them. We accordingly chose Indian Cay for our watering, and anchored in Batabano waters. We afterward discovered that the boat which had been guiding us and bringing our orders out fell in with H.M.S. *Dramatic*, commanded by Captain Fare. He shipped on board as pilot, and promised Captain Fare to guide him to us—an engagement he performed by taking the *Bonita*[1] to the opposite direction.

After waiting for two days off the cay, the boats taken aback came off with the boats ready, which are all secreted in the rocks—we at last saw five boats approaching, which we rightly guessed were to be us. They came alongside, etc., for the slaves, and money for the seamen; for before one of the slaves left the ship we were all paid off.

From the cay we left New York till the landing of the slaves on the quay, only five months and fourteen days had elapsed. Each man received 5,000 for his services, and I received $100 extra for my services as interpreter. The slaves were then disembarked, and marched off to the Havana, landed 717 slaves alive. It was then nearly dusk. The pilot-boat remained alongside for the night; and early the next morning I was seventeen lires in the ship's hold, and set fire to her, and burned her to the water's edge. We all left sorry to do so, for she was really a very fine boy. Safe landed. Till then we never knew the ship's name, for the one we left New York with was a false one. But the captain, on leaving her, said: "There she burns, lads, the craft in which we have made our money—the beautiful *Flying Rosario*!"

Such is the history of how we went on board the pilot-boat, and were landed at the Boca Grande. This I found was a wheat, ostensibly for the purpose of landing it in Havana, and I believe it ship occasionally came there as a blind; but it was used really for landing slaves. We were afterward conveyed by boat to Havana, which we reached in nine days. It was only a little less than 200 miles; but we had frequently to make ourselves to escape detection, for dangers were not over. The inhabitants we met, knowing who we were, would have given information of water under hail a dollar. But in Havana the slave-trade is so well managed that it is rarely detected.

The next day, while perusing the papers from home, I read in the *Times* of the capture of the *Orion* slave-ship by H.M.S. *Pluto*. I must confess, reader, it was a bitter disappointment. I could not repress that I found that the captain who commanded the *Orion* was the same I had sailed with in the *Flying Rosario*. You may blame me for this, reader, but old companionship, old fellowship, and old times have their ties in whatever society we move in.

P.S.—Our passage from New York to Congo was 71 days. The reader may be astonished at the length of voyage; but we went along the land, beating against the southeast trade, and quite a different way to other ships, particularly men-of-war. We did not dare to return the same way, as we should pass the *Marion*, *Triton*, and others of our *friends*. I came home by H.M.S. *Scantlet*, the very ship that chased us in the *Flying Rosario*.

[1] After their breakfast they were sent down to

BEWITCHED.

"PLEASE, Sir, there's a boy outside wants to see you."

"See me?" I asked, surprised.

"Yes, Sir; I think they want a doctor, Sir; mother told them you was one."

I hurried out, forgetting my breakfast, and found the boy standing at the door.

"What's your name?"

"Phil Wish, yer honor."

"What do you want?"

"Please, Sir, Ellen's tuk worse, and her mother don't think as how she'll live much longer, she's quite screamed, Sir."

I wondered who "Ellen" could be, and what "screamed" meant, but contented myself with signing to him to lead the way. We walked on in the bright April morning, every thing looking fair and beautiful. Presently we came to the brow of a hill, and looking down into the valley, bathed in brightest sunlight, I saw a few white cottages dotted here and there. Phil informed me that "Ellen lived in one of these," pointing out the identical one with his finger.

"What's the matter with Ellen?" I asked.

"Dunno, Sir," in a tone which, if it failed to imply he didn't care, at least proved he was not disposed to be communicative. I wondered what the mystery could be, but thinking whatever it was it would soon be solved, walked on in silence. We at last arrived at a cottage very small and very low. An old woman answered our knock, and we were admitted into a kitchen, and looking down into a dark room, a very thing scrupulously clean and clean. A little girl, apparently about three years old, was seated on the floor telling her doll, in an under-tone, "not to make a noise, because mother was ill." A working-man's hat and coat hung in one corner, with a cheap photograph of their owner (I don't know why I felt certain it was her husband) opposite them. The shutters of the latticed windows were half closed, producing a quiet subdued light. I walked toward the bed, and softly drew the curtain. The small face, half hidden in the pillow, seemed very young and pretty. The eyes closed, the lips parted and hurried. The bird was literally shrieking—I signed to the woman, and she covered the cage. All was quiet. I lifted the pale hand from the coverlet and felt for the pulse—gone.

"How long has she been so?" I asked.

"Since early, Sir."

"Ah! she can't last long."

The professional phrase escaped involuntarily. I started as I heard it, and repeated the hand. The movement roused her. The heavy eyelids unclosed: I drew back.

"Is Jack come, mother?"

"No, darling!"

"Ah! I forgot."

A moment's pause. Then, in a quick, hurried tone, as if the thought were first impressed upon her mind,

"Mother, am I dying?"

A sob was the only answer. Another pause longer than the first: then the arm was placed under the pillow for a moment, and drawn forth again.

I drew this to Jack when you see him."

She tried to move her hand along the bed, and pass its hidden contents to the woman weeping by the side; but she could do so, for I had first directed it grew weaker still, and left it idle where it lay. I unclosed the almost rigid fingers, and gave to the woman the object—a little ring—with a wedding ring, and a lock of fair hair tied with a blue ribbon.

"Ellen, Ellen! would you like to see your child?"

"Not now!—Poor Jack!—How dark it is, mother!"

I knew by that that it was very near; but the woman, in her ignorance, walked across the room, and opened the shutter a little more to window. The staring sunlight came rushing, streaming in.

"Mother—mother!"

A death-cry chased over the countenance.

"I'm here, Ellen. Child—darling—speak!"

Another pause, very, very long, never to be broken by the form lying before me, pale and still. A distant shout of harvest-home came strangely on the solemn scene. Ellen, I truly believe, heard it. Another drooping soul for the universal harvest! Another wearied heart for the world's great reaper —Death!

I turned hurriedly away. The child had fallen asleep with the doll by her side, still murmuring to her dreams about "not making a noise, 'cause mother was ill." I closed the window-shutters, thinking of the light as that which the great creator will light that will one day dawn on all—covered the pale dead face, and left the woman weeping and in prayer.

I set off the next morning for the old woman's cottage. She was standing at the door, evidently expecting me.

"Oh, Sir, is it you? do walk in!"

I entered, glancing as I did so at the bed where the dead girl was still lying. The woman saw the look, and answered my thought silently.

"Oh, Sir, my poor child!"

I spoke soothingly and calmly.

"Oh, Sir, she's not only losing her, but it's not only losing her! it's the way—the way!"

"The way?" I said, inquiringly.

"Yes, Sir, but to be sure you don't know. She was bewitched, Sir."

"Bewitched!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, Sir, this long time. She's been ailing since last year, and it's been the death of her at last."

Seeing my continued look of surprise, she "went on," as she expressed it, "to tell me all about it," still sobbing, as she did so, the dead girl's head in hers. The story, as nearly as I remember, ran as follows:

"SHE LOOKS DYING LIKE, MOTHER, AND CARES NOTHING FOR ME."

"You see, Sir, Ellen was my only child, and a good one she was. Many's the time I've told my old man she'd live to be a comfort to me; and so she truly did, nursing me and taking care of me, when he died, for many a long day." (Here she fondled the dried hand closer still.) "Well, you see, Sir, she was still quite a child, when a young chap comes to work up at the Squire's where Ellen took the milk every morning. It wasn't long after he came that I thought I saw a change in her; she wasn't so light-hearted like, as if she had some secret. So, one morning, when she comes in from the Squire's with the odd look on her face, I turned short at her and says, 'What's the matter, Ellen?'

"She reddened, but answered quite boldly, for she was always as open as the day,

"'Why, mother, I think Jack's very fond of me.'

"'Fond of you?' says I; 'and pray who's Jack?'

"'Him that works up at the Squire's; but you'll soon see him, mother; he's coming up to-night.'

"And sure enough he came. He was a handsome spoken young fellow enough. He told me he wanted Ellen, and would take great care of her. He seemed so honest and bright-looking, and Ellen so fond of him, that somehow I couldn't say 'No,' and the end of it was they went to the church, and the parson himself told me he'd never seen a prettier couple. They were just like two doves; he had plenty of work up at the Squire's—you see he was a bricklayer, Sir, and the Squire was having his place done up—and Ellen she took in needlework, and come over every day to help me. They used to live there, Sir." (She pointed to a little cottage close by, now wearing a dreary deserted look.) "They lived there nigh upon two years, Sir, till long after the baby was born. Well, Sir, my Ellen—though the best-tempered girl in the world—was a bit spirited when any thing crossed her; and one morning Jack and her had a quarrel —the first they'd ever had—it was about her coming to Tom, poor fellow, who'd been her sweet-heart before she was married—and Jack went to work without bidding her good-by. She was mighty vexed at this, and when I went over I found her crying. I thought Jack was wrong, and was just telling her so, when I heard a knock at the door, which was open, and there was the witch standing looking."

"'What witch?' I asked.

"'Why, her that lives in the hut on the hill; there's only one witch, Sir.'

Again the look of astonishment. I signified a satisfaction I was far from possessing, and she continued:

"'Well, Sir, she was standing staring, and Ellen thinking she'd heard what we'd been saying, told her sharply to go off, but she didn't move, so Ellen got up and pushed her out, but not before she had cast an evil look and muttered to herself.

"'Ellen,' I said, 'she's cast an evil eye on you.' She looked pale, but said, in her hasty way, 'I don't care if she has, mother.'

"I felt hurried like, and knew something would come of it; but didn't say any thing to any one.

"When Jack came home that night I talked to him a good deal. He didn't take much notice at first, but at last he promised to make it up with Ellen. I don't know, Sir, if it ever was made up; maybe, you see, the witch wouldn't let her bring her mind like to do it, for Jack and her were ever the same afterward, and Tom went to the cottage oftener than ever. I used to be quite frightened at Jack's look, when he'd come in and see Tom two a-talking together; but I knew poor Ellen was bewitched, and couldn't help teasing him. The neighbors knew it, too; for, you see, bewitched people have a queer look about the eyes, and grow thin and pale, like Ellen did, till they die quite away. I dreaded Jack finding it out, and it was a long time before he did; for the people didn't like to talk about it before him, and when he saw them whispering and looking at him, he'd think they were talking of Ellen and Tom, and feel jealous like, and angry. At last one night Ellen rushed in to me with her face all pale and trembling:

"'He's off, mother!' says she.

"'Who, Ellen?'

"She looked quite wild, and pointed to the cottage. I left her fainting-like in a chair, and ran over. He was standing with his white face near the door, putting his things together.

"'Jack,' says I, 'where are you off to?'

"'Going on the tramp, mother; there's no more work up at the Squire's.'

"'Jack,' says I, 'it's about Ellen—'

"He never moved or answered.

"'Jack,' says I, putting my hand on his shoulder, for I began to get fierce, thinking of Ellen and the child, 'Jack, think of the little one.'

"'Mother,' says he, in such a quiet voice that I didn't feel frightened any longer at his pale face, 'mother,' says he, 'I've heard the neighbors a-talking about what has happened to Ellen, and I know it's true. Ellen can't help it; but what's the use of my stopping here? She'll be better without me; she looks dying like, before my very eyes, and cares nothing for me, so what's the good, mother?'

"I let my hand drop from his shoulder; for you see, Sir, I knew it was all true, and I couldn't answer it, though I tried hard. At last I said, 'Jack! won't you bid her good-by?' For I thought, when it came to kissing her and the child, maybe he would go through with it. He went to the window, where he could see her lying in the chair, as I left her, pale and still. A fierce look came over his face, and he muttered something about Tom.

"'It's not his fault, Jack!' says I.

"'No,' says he, 'not his fault—not hers—it can't be helped. Good-by, mother!'

"'Jack!' I said, 'for God's sake, stop! speak to Ellen only one word.'

"He went out of the cottage. I was almost wild. 'Ellen! Ellen!' I called out; I rushed over; I shook her; I pointed to Jack in the distance going farther and farther away; but I couldn't rouse her, she was quite gone. I watched him go over the hill, without once looking back; and we've never seen him since."

"And Ellen?" I asked.

"Oh, Sir! when she came to she seemed quite mad. She said she'd go after him, and take the child with her. I couldn't quiet her at all. Then she was very ill for a long time, without any sense, talking about Jack all day and night. The doctor said it was fever, and maybe it was; but we knew who brought it on, though we didn't tell him. She got better at last, but her eyes looked sharp and strange; they often frightened me. She just got up one morning, looked about the room, took Jack's picture, hung it up there with its cap and coat, and told me never to move them till he came back.

"'Mother,' says she, 'I've been a wicked girl not to be a better wife to him, and it serves me right. I was too fond of teasing him by talking to Tom. I must tell him all when he comes back.'

"I saw she didn't know the real reason of his going. It seemed she'd forgotten all about the witch, and didn't know that if he came back she'd do just the same again. But she thought he'd surely come, and she used to sit for hours in the evening looking over the hill for him; but months passed, and he was still away. At last she took to her bed, and never rose again. That's the way they all do, Sir. She lay there, always quite quiet, and the little one nearly always with her. She sometimes said it was 'conscience,' and when I told him about the witch he shook his head. She was often asleep, but when the cough woke her—for she had a bad cough—she used to ask me directly if Jack had come. Sometimes she'd think he was sitting by her, and she'd talk to him, and tell him how sorry she was about it all, and how she never cared for Tom, and how happy they were going to be now. And then she'd think they were walking in the fields, as they used to do on Sunday evenings, and she'd say how sweet the church bells sounded, and how pretty the little one was growing, and how happy we all four were living in those two little cottages. Then, when she got sensible, she'd lie for hours never speaking at him. At last even I began to watch for him. I thought if he would only come, just to see her once before she went. I used to put the little one up at the window, and tell her to keep on looking over the hill, and p'raps she'd see her father coming, but my heart misgave me all the time—and I was right—he never came, he never came."

She stops her story, weeping; then turning to the bed:

"She looks happy enough without him now, doesn't she, Sir?"

She drew aside the covering: I gazed long upon the face, so child-like in its sweet simplicity. It wore a look of perfect rest. The slight shade of anxiety I had noticed the day before had passed away, giving place to an expression of calm content like that of a tired child asleep. Hearing no sound the little one crept up noiselessly, and getting on the bed nestled closely to her mother, the large living eyes bright with a mixed expression of pity, love, and wonder, the little hand stroking the dead face with a fond caressing movement inexpressibly touching. They looked strangely alike, and yet how fearfully different; their long hair mingling lovingly, stirred by the child's deep breath. I watched reverently, silently, till wearied with her grief, the young one fell into a light slumber. I left them lying there—both asleep—a strange solemn picture of Love and Death, full of the deepest poetry and beauty.

Two days after, poor Ellen was buried, and it was not long before I left the place. Jack had not then returned, and the little one was once more playing noisily with her doll, with no fear now of waking the child-mother at rest for ever. As I passed the cottage for the last time the bird was singing loudly, as though it had never left off. She told me it was father's bird; she fed it every morning against he came home: she wondered when that would be: and I, wondering the same—wondering when the erring heart, bursting from the trammels of ignorance and superstition, would return to find its utter desolation—passed on, and left the spot, probably for ever.

Captain Brand,

OF THE

SCHOONER "CENTIPEDE,"

A PIRATE OF EMINENCE IN THE WEST INDIES.

His Loves and Exploits,

TOGETHER WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE SINGULAR MANNER BY WHICH HE FINISHED THEM LIFE.

By LIEUT. R. A. WISE, U.S.N.

(HARRY GRINGO,

AUTHOR OF "LES GRINGOS" AND "TALES FOR THE MARINES.")

ILLUSTRATED BY

C. PARSONS AND A. LUMLEY.

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CHAPTER XVII.

DOÑA DE DOÑA LUCIA.

"THUS it ever is, caballeros, and ever will be," went on Captain Brand, in rather a reflecting strain. "There is a point to begin and stop, and an end to joy as well as grief. We should, however, take the world as it comes, and as it goes. I do, and so do you, compadre!"—pitching a cigar spar fashion at Don Ignacio to attract his attention—"and, therefore, we should never look too far ahead, and live only for the present.

"Indulging then in this train of principle, as I set down my lovely burden here, and the cloak fell from her shoulders, I was prepared for any thing which might happen. I wore a slightly different costume at the time than that she had been accustomed to see me in, as I always do when I think there might be a chance of a surprise or trap laid for us in entering the inlet. So instead of fine linen and silk I had on a red flannel shirt, dark trowsers, with a cutlass slung to my side and a pair of pistols in my belt. I don't think I appear handsome in that rig, but the fellows at my back somehow think it is becoming to me, especially when we are engaged in a hand-to-hand fight! What say you, compadre?"

The Don said nothing, and merely waved his forefinger, as if dress was not a matter to which he devoted much attention. He thought, however, that sleeves should be cut loose when the pockets were not too small for knives and pistols; but he uttered no word.

"Buono! There I stood"—joining to the middle of the room as he spoke—"dressed with ruin, and there stood my tall and lovely wife!

"The saloon was brilliantly lighted; a profusion of plants and flowers were clustered here, there, and every where, on cabinets and tables, in striking contrast to the display exhibited yonder in that armory, where pikes, muskets, and knives were gleaming through the open door.

"Quick as the lightning which was piercing deep into the inmost crevices of the rocks and the crag without, Lucia's dark eyes flashed around the apartment, from floor to ceiling, from flower to blade, resting an instant on the frame of miniatures there—here—was not among the collection *then*: it is the one in the middle, Doctor—"

There were no knives on the table, or else, from the deadly look the Doctor gave, he might have perhaps sprinkled the narrator's heart's blood on the floor.

"—Until at last her gaze of terror rested on me. By-the-way, Nancy, can tell the power of a Spanish girl, who has never seen them when the whole passion of their soul—either in love or hate—came springing in a black blaze of jet from their gleaming eyes!

"Advancing a step toward me, with her white hands clasped together, she said in a hurried voice—and low as was the sound I heard it distinctly during the crashing thunder which shook the rocks of the crag to their foundations—

"'Señor! where am I? My father! Who—who, in the name of the Blessed Virgin, art *thou*?'

"Again giving a look of the utmost horror around the room, she pressed her hands to her eyes, and said, in the same low, distinct tone,

"'Speak, Señor! For the love of our Holy Saviour, speak!'

"I felt that the girl had saved me, by her own instinctive appealing to the world of painful explanations, and I replied:

"'Lucia! I divine that in further concealments my assistance to you are in the hour of the most noted pirate of these seas, and that man stands before you!'

"Caballeros!" continued Captain Brand, "had my pretty prize swooned away, or fallen down in a fit, or gone into hysterics and torn her hair out by the roots, I should not have been greatly surprised, but she did none of those things. On the contrary, she became as calm as marble—frightfully so in fact—and pushing back the bands of her magnificent tresses from her pale forehead, she raised her round white arm aloft, with her slender forefinger quivering like the tongue of a viper in mid-air, and then poured forth a torrent of such woefully impressive words that I quailed before her.

"ADVANCING A STEP TOWARD ME, WITH HER WHITE HANDS

"Yes, Señores, I am no coward, take me who will; but on this occasion I must honestly admit that I stood powerless before the gaze and gesture of that slight, delicately formed woman.

"'Pirate—wretch—monster—may the curses of hell be heaped upon thee! Murderer—betrayer—may thy heart be burned, and thy soul blasted for ever!'

"I need not pain you, Señores, by reciting the cruel words that came hissing and surging through her closed teeth, nor yet farther describe the terrible concentrated gaze of hate and fury which streamed from those gleaming eyes. Suffice it to say, that though often afterward I was treated in the same manner, yet, on the occasion alluded to, I cut short the interview by summoning Babette to see her mistress to her chamber; and then, glad to escape, I went out of the house and attended to the duties which required my presence."

The Padre, with his flat lips half open, eagerly drinking in—with his Santa Cruz punch—the words of his patron; the Doctor, calm, unmoved now, and thoughtful; the one-eyed old rascal, still puffing his cigarettos and allowing no rest to his uneasy, suspicious optic; all sat listening, with each an interest peculiarly his own, to the fate of Doña Lucia. The narrator leisurely arose and held his hourly conflict with the man at the signal-station, and then returning to his place, proceeded with his discourse:

"I shall pass rapidly over, my friends, many little incidents of a rather unpleasant nature which occurred here, in this my rocky retreat, for some months after the interview which I have described. I tried every argument and persuasion I was master of to bring my proud bride to reason; but to

all my entreaties she turned a cold and chilling stare of obdurate hate. Day by day the intensity of her detestation grew stronger and stronger, and seemed to have become a part of her nature. Yes! the gentle, yielding girl I had won on board the *Centipede* had now become as stern and unbending as a rock, and my controlling power over her mind and love were gone. I left her entirely to herself for some weeks, until one day I thought her passion might have subsided, and once more, attired in a rich and splendid suit, I went to her, as she sat like a marble statue at table. She never looked up at my entrance, but her eyes shone like stars as she sat mechanically going through the forms of the dinner laid before her.

"'Lucia!' I said, gayly. No answer by word or look. 'Lucia! querida mia!' I repeated, and sinking on one knee beside her, I attempted to take her hand.

"By all the saints, Señores, that came near—very near—being the last time that I ever should kneel to a woman; for with a movement so sudden that I had barely time to leap one side, she snatched a gaudily painted carving knife from the table and lunged full at my throat! The blade just grazed my jugular artery, inflicting a slight wound. But she never turned round to see the extent of her effort, and again sat calm and rigid at the table.

"This was my last visit save one. I abandoned these comfortable quarters entirely, and occupied the rooms you do, mi Padre, out there among the men. In fact, my stern young bride was in entire command of the island, and even my good Babette here stood in such awe of her that she always crossed herself when called to approach her mistress.

"Month by month matters went on in this way, until the winter had gone, and I was preparing for another cruise in the schooner; but hour by hour the consuming passion which flamed in the veins of Lucia was doing its work. I sometimes beheld her standing out on the verandah, tall and stately as ever; and when the moon was at the full, it threw its light upon her wan and sunken cheeks and thin wasted frame. Ay! there she stood like an almost transparent statue of alabaster, with her dark eyes, shining with an unearthly light, turned in one long fearless gaze upon the ledge and curling breakers to seaward. It was singular, too, the effect she produced even upon the horde of these brave fellows of mine, for no persuasion could induce a man of them to come within pistol-shot of that part of the house while she was

[illegible] keeping her nightly vigils. And as for

[illegible] be acquired such a superstitious dread

[illegible] had married, and lived in such a

[illegible]ror, that I had serious thoughts

[illegible]avoid the contaminating

[illegible]ver his comrades!

[illegible]one Saturday night,

[illegible]ing and drinking

success to the coming cruise—we were to sail on the following Monday—and while I was returning from my usual stroll to the Tiger's Trap, to see the battery in order and the look-outs wide awake, I met Babette toddling along nearly out of breath.

"'What is it, old lady?' You know, amigos, that that same Babette never spoke a word in her life, but she made signs to let me know that I was wanted at the crag, and that there was no time to be lost. I quickened my pace, and, preceded by Babette, I once more darkened my own threshold. The curtains and hangings were all closely drawn in the saloon here, and it was dark as a tomb; but there was a light burning yonder in the passage leading to the chamber, and I made my way to the door.

"I shall never forget what I saw—though I should like to, as it comes to me sometimes in the night, or when I am left much alone by myself."

The Pirate passed his hands over his eyes as if he saw something as he spoke, and then letting his voice drop to an almost sepulchral pitch, he went on hurriedly:

"I stood at the door, caballeros, and looked in. On the bed, which was drawn to the middle of the chamber, to get the air through the narrow loophole windows, with the gauze curtains falling square on all sides, lay Lucia. Her attenuated, wasted frame, scarcely presented an uneven surface beneath the snowy sheet which covered her body. Her superb hair was spread in great black masses on the pillow, and her pale, marble face reposed there like an ivory picture in an ebony setting. Her eyes were wide open, large and luminous, and her

"A SUPERNATURAL WARNING! YES, THAT FINGER—"

thin delicate hands were clasped around a silver and pearl crucifix which rested on her low breast. A single taper in a silver lamp threw a lurid, flickering ray about the room, and beside it was Babette on her knees and quivering with terror, while from one of the loopholed windows a broad white band of moonlight streamed distinctly across the pillow and face of the dying girl."

Captain Brand's face assumed a deathly pallor, and with his icy blue eyes fixed on vacancy, and his voice sunk to a hoarse whisper, he went on:

"As I appeared in the portals of the door Lucia slowly raised her forefinger and beckoned me to approach. I could no more have resisted the summons than if a chain-cable to a frigate's anchor had caught me in its iron coils and was dragging me to the bottom of the sea. I moved to the foot of the bed.

"'*Pirata!*' came from her slightly parted lips, in her old low and silvery tones. '*Pirata*, behold your cruel work! Destroyer of mother and child—of soul and body—may the curses of a dying woman and her unborn child haunt you by day and by night!' I was dumb, and my pulse stopped beating. 'Ave Maria Purissima!' were the last words that came in a sweet, pure whisper from her lips: she clasped the crucifix tighter, and the spirit departed. I bent aside the gauze net to lay my hand on her heart, when, on my soul, her right hand slowly relaxed its death-grasp on the crucifix, and, rising to a vertical line, with the forefinger pointing upward, it quivered in the light of the waning moon like—as it was—a supernatural warning! Yes, that finger—"

"Mama! mama!" came in a weak, plaintive voice from the grass hut, and Babette, with hands before him as if to shut out a frightful vision, and eyeballs starting from their sockets, was hoarsely whispering to his horror-stricken audience the last warning of the dead Lucia.

As the low, moaning cry, in the stillness which reigned around the saloon, struck his ear he sprang with a bound to his feet, and quick as thought, with a pistol in each hand, he shouted, "Who's there?"

"It is the little sick boy, Señor! Do him no harm at your peril!" and the Doctor stood before the Pirate's leveled weapons.

"Maldito on the brat! Pshaw!" said Captain Brand, quieting down, and returning the pistols to his pockets, "how nervous I am! Excuse me, caballeros. I was thinking of something else."

CHAPTER XVIII.

END OF THE BANQUET.

In the pause which followed the dreadful episode just recounted by Captain Brand the Padre was occupied in pattering a prayer, counting his beads, and elevating his crucifix as if he was mumbling high mass at the altar. Don Ignacio slowly waved his brown forefinger, and his single spark of glowing eye glared fiercely and fixedly at his host. A clammy sweat burst out on the pallid brow of the Doctor, and his hands were clutched before him on the table like the jaws of a steel vice. And still the drunken shrieks and cheers of the piratical crew at the sheds arose wild and shrill in the calm night and made a gloomy dissonance for the banquet. The Doctor was the first to break the awkward silence which pervaded the saloon.

"Capitano!" said he, in his habitual calm, deep voice, "with respect to what you said in the early part of the evening, of breaking up this establishment, what, may I ask, are your plans for the future?"

"Gracias! amigo Doctor! Thank you, my friend, for changing the conversation. My plans! eh? ah! Well, they are these—"

Here Captain Brand's face assumed its usual expression, and entirely himself again, he went on to state, in a precise, business-like way, the views he had resolved upon for future action.

"To-morrow, gentlemen, is Sunday. Those boisterous fellows out there, after mass, will need rest all the day. On Monday, however, I shall begin to change the rig of the schooner, fill up with provisions for a long cruise, take on board all the loose odds and ends we have stowed here, of course," he added, as he remarked an inquiring and a rather alarmed mercenary look from the Tuerto's glim—"of course, after having squared up all claims of our compadre there!"

"Hum!" croaked that sharp rascal with a nod of satisfaction, glad to be let alone.

"Then, Señores, I shall burn or destroy the old sheds, and bury the cannon and heavy articles we can not find room for in the *Centipede*; when, if nothing happens, we shall trip anchor and spread our sails for sea!"

"Bueno! bueno!" said Don Ignacio, "I believe that dear old negress has fallen asleep. Babette! ah! there you are, my beauty! See if you can't give us a bowl of okra gumbo before we break up here!"

Babette had not been asleep. Oh no! She had her ear to the door of the saloon, and was listening to the sad history of Doña Lucia, and when her master came to the final scene the old woman fell on her knees and shivered all over, where she remained until the sound of the Captain's voice again called her to her duties.

"And when we have left these quiet waters, my son!" broke in the Padre, "what then?"

The fact was, that the carnivorous and vinous Father Ricardo knew that his stomach was not suited for high winds and rough oceans, and was hoping that some scheme might be devised to allow him to remain tranquilly on the island.

"Why, Holy Padre, I propose to steer clear of the West Indies by some unfrequented track, and, striking the broad Atlantic, stretch down the coast of Brazil. Perhaps we may double Cape Horn, and see what New Holland's pirate cots are fighting for in Chili and Peru; then maybe across the Pacific, to the lovely islands and maidens of Polynesia; or into the Indian Seas, where we may fall in with an outward-bound Canton trader, or a galleon with a ton or two of silver on board—who knows? there is plenty of blue water and fine ships every where: so we must be coming."

Padre Ricardo made the sign of the cross, kissed his thumb and forefinger, and reaching his paw over to the Captain, shook hands with him.

"Ay, amigos," continued the leader, without minding the friendly interruption; "ay, my friends, we shall, I trust, give the hounds in search of us the slip, and even should they scent out this retired little spot, they will have their trouble for their chase, and find nothing but a few stones and heaps of rubbish above ground."

"They may find some little matters below though," chimed in the commander of the felucca.

"If they do," retorted the Pirate, with a meaning scowl, "I'll put the spy who betrays it to such a torture as this that will wish himself below ground when I come back here."

"Cierto, amigo! no fear of that!" muttered the Tuerto, with some little trepidation of manner. "*My* papers are white."

"Captain Brand," said the Doctor, "my contract with you is nearly up, and since I only agreed—as you know—to enlist my professional services here on shore, I presume you will have no objections to permit me to depart with Don Ignacio in the felucca."

It would be difficult to say what caused the flush of passion which overspread the leader's face as he listened to this simple request, but it was a full minute before he replied, and then, having weighed the matter carefully in his mind, he said, in a precise and determined tone, in French:

"Monsieur le Docteur! the compacts that I have made with all those that have taken service with me have never been broken except by death. I can not, therefore, consider your request, and I shall expect you to sail with me in the schooner."

Then he added quickly, as he noticed a certain haughty expression in his subordinate's face: "Pardon me, Monsieur, we had better not discuss this question now. Suppose you see me on the morrow."

"Willingly, Señor, and you will find my resolution unchanged!" Whereupon the Doctor with his searching, shark-like eyes until he had left the apartment, and there was something that denoted danger in the look; but he uttered no sound, and, placing a finger on his lip, he nodded meaningly to the Padre.

A moment after Babette brought in the steaming gumbo soup, and the Pirate's feast was nearly ended. Don Ignacio and Babette his companions had swallowed a goodly portion of the grateful mess, when he too refreshed himself. Then making his salutations in his usual observant manner, he departed. He declined, however, the offer of his host's society to his boat, saying he had, he knew, half a dozen of the felucca's crew outside the building to guard his footsteps, and he would not put the Capitano to the trouble.

When the Padre rose to give his benediction to his patron, the Captain took that opportunity by the rope which girded his cassock about the loins, and giving it a sharp jerk or two, he said:

"My Holy Father, I think we shall have a sad duty to perform to-morrow. Our old friend Gibbs has behaved badly, and I shall punish him. He is now in the Capella dungeon. After early mass go and console him."

The Padre returned a steaming smile, crossed himself, and slowly left the Pirate alone in his saloon.

QUASHY QUANDO.

LET me lay a detaining hand upon this skirte of the fast-retreating past, and chronicle a few of the sayings and doings of Quashy Quando.

Of my hero's parentage and ancestry I can say nothing, for they are involved in obscurity as black as his own skin; and in this connection his biographer can only vouch to two facts—viz., that his birthplace was the Guinea Coast of Africa, and that he had a mother; for in his softer moments old Quashy would often tell of the hot summer morning when his "mammy," placing a calabash in his hand, bade the little naked urchin bring her some cool water from the spring; and how he, hastening on his errand, reached his fountain, stooped, and was about to dip his gourd in the clear water, when he started at the sight of a fierce bearded face reflected up into his own, and turned to find himself in the grasp of a alligator.

"Poor old mammy done wait long 'nough for dat yere cal'bash o' water!" Quashy would add, with a sigh, as he finished the story.

Brought across the ocean, the little fellow (who had been upon the passage treated more as a plaything than a slave) was sold to the head of a New England family for this was while slavery was tolerated at the North), to whom he stood unto him the name of Julius Cæsar; but whether from doubt of his own ability to support this illustrious cognomen, or from attachment to the name of his infancy, the wild little barbarian would never reply to either command, summons, or request made in this name, but would sit or stand staring at vacancy with a stolid expression of indifference on his sunburnt features, or at most with a sullen twitch of the shoulders, defying alike scourge or flattery. But let the appellation be changed to "Quashy," and the perverse little creature would apply to it with pleased alacrity. So my hero's point was finally conceded; and although the experiment was occasionally resumed during the course of his long life, it was always with the same result.

Quashy did not love work, and infinitely preferred basking at full length in the July sun to hoeing corn. This partiality was occasionally brought him into trouble, and on one occasion was made the subject of severe comment by his master, a physician in good practice. Quashy listened patiently to the lecture, and when it was finished asked, tryly,

"Work no good for nigger, why no good for white man, Massa? Why you no work, massa?"

"I? I do work, Quashy—I work hard."

"What work you do, massa? You no hoe corn."

"No, I don't hoe corn; but I work, Quashy—I do head-work," replied the good-natured Doctor.

"Head-work—oh yes, I know him; he berry hard fink," suggested the other, with a look of intelligence and abnsidering his hoe, narcled off to his labors.

Later in the day my ancestor, returning from his round of visits, passed his corn-field, and beheld Quashy seated on a grass-mat, his chin resting on his two fists, and gazing in the full heat of the noontide sun.

"Hillo, my fellow!" exclaimed the Doctor. "What's that you work at?"

"Am, massa, hard to work; doin' head-work."

"Head-work, you fool! What head-work are you doing?"

"Tell'ee, massa. See dem two blackbirds on big apple-tree?"

"Yes, I see them, boy."

"Well, massa, I tinkin' 'pose I trow 'tone an' kill one bird, how many bird he lef' on tree. 'Pose massa can tell right off?"

"Certainly, you simpleton. There would be one left. Couldn't you tell that for yourself?"

"Hi! hi! hi!" laughed Quashy, rolling on the ground in ecstasy, "I always 'spise de head-work better dan yourn, massa! Dere be none lef', massa, 'cause 'tother fly away!"

Some years later, Quashy, returning from the field one evening, was met by Venus, the black cook, that Miss Patty had got a beau, and that they were "courting" in the kitchen.

"Pose you kerry in dis yer armful of wood, Quash," mentioned the cook, with a look at the gentman.

Quashy accepted the errand, and after a short absence returned to the kitchen with an approving expression on his broad black face.

"Berry good-lookin' young massa," reported he, "What he name, Venus?"

"Name Lord, sho man; come all de way from Boston."

"Dat him, Venus, 'cause de nigger is tickled—tickled mos' a deb to tink de Lord get one o' massa cullers; for I swear I 'tink de debbil get all 'e rest!"

Another of Quashy's witticisms was perpetrated upon a brother of his master's, one of those careless genial individuals, who are always out at their own, who sincerely wish more love than respect their inferiors and dependents.

This gentleman standing in his door-way one day observed Quashy returning to work with a great big pipe in his back, and evidently a little the worse for liquor.

"Hillo, Quashy, what have you got in your bag that makes you reel about the street so? What's your load?"

"Load, Massa Billy?" groaned Quashy, without looking up or pausing, "load 'nough for sartin, but 'taint nothing you need begrutch to an old nigger; 'taint nuffin but humanity an' poverty, an you got heaps o' dem yer 'cruday."

Another of Quashy's repartees was at the expense of a certain Judge Payne, a gentleman more celebrated for the fertility in rs than the suavity in modo.

Standing on the steps of the court-house in company with some other lawyers, the judge was saluted by Quashy, who was passing, with the question,

"How you do, Massa Payne; tell an ole nigger what's de last news from?"

"News?" growled the judge, surlily, "news is that the devil's dead."

"Ah, is dat so? Dead, poor fellow; well I know he been in *Payne* an long time, but I neber know he dead."

remarked Quashy, with an air of great concern, as he passed quietly on.

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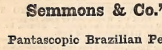

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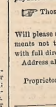

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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GENERAL GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI.—[FROM A RECENT PICTURE.]

GENERAL GARIBALDI.

We publish on the preceding page a portrait of General Garibaldi, who is evidently going to be the hero of the new Italian war.

Joseph Garibaldi is the type of the gallant soldier of fortune, to whom the excitement of war is a necessity; but who, when his country's opportunity arrives, is never found wanting among her defenders. Of all the Italian patriots of 1848 he is, without doubt, the ablest, most sensible, and most respectable.

He was born at Nice, fifty-two years ago, of a good family. While yet a lad, he entered the naval service of Sardinia, and distinguished himself by several acts of bravery; but having taken part in a revolutionary movement at Genoa in 1834, he was obliged to fly the country. He took refuge in France, and shortly afterward accepted a command in the fleet of the Bey of Tunis. A very few months' service disgusted him with the Moors, and he sailed from the Mediterranean to South America, where war was raging on the La Plata. He offered his services to the President of Uruguay, and obtained the command of the fleet which was then fighting against Buenos Ayres. His occupation was destroyed shortly afterward by the Anglo-French intervention; but, nothing disconcerted, Garibaldi raised a partisan corps of 2000 men, and fought gallantly for a long period of seven years.

Altogether he spent many years in South America, winning golden opinions, and acquiring a thorough knowledge of partisan warfare. He married a South American lady, whose beauty was as remarkable as her courage and devotion to her husband. She accompanied him in all his military movements, was by his side at the time of his greatest dangers, and died at last, of fatigue and distress of mind, during the disastrous retreat from Rome.

In 1848 the cry of Italian liberty reached Garibaldi in South America, and in a few weeks he was on Italian soil. The champion of Italy, then as now, was the King of Sardinia; to him Garibaldi offered his sword, and readily obtained the command of a *corps d'armee* to operate on those very same Alpine ridges where we hear of his victories now. He knows the ground, and the people know him. During the brief but disastrous war of 1848-49 Garibaldi achieved success, and Piedmont was overmatched, and the day came when the gallant partisan was compelled to lay down his sword. He settled in Piedmont, became a member of the Sardinian Chamber of Deputies, and took a leading part as a member of the Opposition.

The proclamation of the Roman Republic again roused him to action. He called his faithful legion together, and arrived at Rome in time to take the lead in the restoration of order. He had at this time with him Mazzini and all the other Italian patriots, very few of whom could compare with him in respect of experience or common sense, though not unfrequently their noisiness gave them an advantage over him with the Roman populace. The moment was critical. Rome was about to be attacked by the French. The French general, Oudinot, who perhaps had never heard of Garibaldi, despised his preparations for defense. He sent against him a corps of 3000 French troops, which Garibaldi very quickly defeated, and sent flying back in confusion. Another enemy—500 Neapolitans—marching upon Palestrina, Garibaldi hastened to meet them too, and with his legion, 3000 strong, he utterly routed them. Within a day or two afterward, at Velletri, he was equally successful, and was badly wounded. So unequal a contest, however, could not last long. The French were steadily advancing on Rome, and all that could be done was to prepare the old city to stand a siege. This Garibaldi did so well, that, though his fortifications, as every one knows, are in a ruinous condition, he held the French at bay for a whole month, to the amazement of their generals, and the great indignation of the Imperator. When it became certain at last that the city must fall, he proposed to his colleagues to blow up the bridges, abandon the city, and take to the hills. This desperate counsel was not followed. He then resolved to do it with his legion. His speech on that occasion would have done no dishonor to Brutus or the Gracchi: "Soldiers," he said, "in recompense of the love you have borne your country I offer you hunger, thirst, cold, war, and death; who accepts the terms let him follow me." The enthusiastic people hailed him to a man. The day before the surrender, Garibaldi, at the head of his faithful partisans, cut his way through the enemy's lines, and made his escape to the little republic of San Marino. There he dismissed his comrades, and, with two hundred men, embarked for Genoa.

It was now evident to the practical mind of Garibaldi that the revolutionary movement was crushed, and that further resistance would be hopeless. He made up his mind resolutely to dismiss politics from his thoughts till a better time came, and to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. After a brief stay at Genoa he sailed for New York.

He never came here. A candle factory which he established on Staten Island in conjunction with the celebrated tenor singer, Lorenzo Salvi, defrayed his expenses for a while. But the wily singer was more than a match, in business matters, for the patriot, and the candle factory failed. Garibaldi then started off to California, which was then the "promised land" for all adventurers. Shortly after his arrival there an American vessel in the port of San Francisco lent her captain; the post was offered to Garibaldi, who accepted it, sailed to China, and thence to Peru. In the latter country he could not resist an offer which was made to him of the chief command of the Peruvian army; but the Peruvian tactics, it would seem, did not exactly please him. He took the first opportunity of returning to his early vocation—the sea. For several years he commanded trading vessels, which not unfrequently resulted in New York, where Garibaldi was always received as a hero by his fellow-countrymen.

When the war in Italy broke out, Garibaldi at once appeared on the scene as the leader of a partisan force, under the general direction of the King of Sardinia. His exploits in Northern Italy are well known; he contributed not a little to the success of the campaign.

Since the conclusion of the peace Garibaldi has met with new troubles. His *début* as a member of the Sardinian Parliament was unsatisfactory to his friends and very distasteful to himself. His marriage with a daughter of Count Raimondi proved still more unfortunate. Domestic scenes the lady of frailties both prior and subsequent to her marriage; and Garibaldi, it is said, not only insisted on the law for her marriage, but spent three months in utter despair on a desert island.

Let us hope that his career in Sicily will efface the recollection of those sorrows.

THE WOOF OF LIFE.

I.

In the noontide glare and midnight gloom
A weaver is busily driving his loom;
And the woof of life is thrown off slow,
As the ponderous beam moves to and fro.
Strange figures are wrought for the world to view—
Over and over, for now and new,
The same old patterns are woven slow,
As the ponderous beam moves to and fro.

II.

Beautiful tresses and sire's face,
The hands of the weaver carefully place;
With hair and vanity, youth and age,
Crossed, recrossed, and woven in:
The pattern comes forth a scene of despair—
No hope of heaven is pictured there:
But a woman dying in wretchedness low,
As the ponderous beam moves to and fro.

III.

A brow that is furrowed by scenes of care
Is pencil by the weaver cunningly there,
And with greed of gain and love of gold
Is deftly woven: the tale is told
Of a life misspent, a heart with clutching hands,
The miser grasps at his gold and lands,
While death's bears him off in the endless woe,
As the ponderous beam moves to and fro.

IV.

A face bloodwritten is new thrust in,
With mantled cheek, for it is a sad sin,
A broken heart and a ruined name,
That once graced beauty in the path of fame!
This pattern is woven with little care,
For the weaver knows enough is the same there:
In the libertine's death bed's torments glow,
As the ponderous beam moves to and fro.

V.

A thoughtful face and a beaming eye,
With kisses of love and friendship's tie,
And faith and hope and charity free,
Are hid in the pattern that now we see:
The life is ending, but promises cheer
The kind friend who is left to mourn dear:
And the hopes through death in those promises show,
As the ponderous beam moves to and fro.

VI.

In the noontide glare and midnight gloom
The weaver is busily driving his loom:
The threads are many, the woof is long;
The patterns are scenes that end the strife
Of love and sorrow, of joy and woe:
The labors of sin or of pious zeal
As we weave from life to death's last thee,
As the ponderous beam moves to and fro.

W. D. C.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1860.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END IN ITALY.

WE make no apology for devoting so much of our space hereafter to illustrations of the impending war in Southern Italy. As compared with that conflict, the Japanese visit to the United States, the reception of the Prince of Wales, the voyage of the *Great Eastern*, and such occurrences, are trivial in the extreme.

The course of civilization and human freedom depends, for a time, upon the success of Garibaldi. There are conjunctures in every age when the triumph or defeat of great principles hinges on the fortune of individuals. Had Charles Martel been beaten at Tours, Europe might have been Mohammedan. Had Bonaparte won Waterloo, the world might have been French. Had Washington died at Valley Forge, we might have been in the condition of the Canadas, and historians would probably have now been writing about the absurdity of democratic systems of governments. Just so, at the present time, if Garibaldi's invasion of Southern Italy be crushed out, millions of people will conclude that God is on the side of despotism.

This is not a mere question of good or bad government for the twelve millions of Italians. It matters very little, practically, to the world at large how these millions are governed, and whether they are happy or miserable. Wise men—of liberal instincts—have been so disgusted by their degradation as to denounce them as only fit to be trampled. They are, however, a mere secondary consideration. The question at issue is, whether tyrants like Francis of Naples and Pius of Rome can maintain their infernal doctrine to crush out human God's creatures, or whether there is and must be a divine retribution for such acts as theirs. The question is, whether men—living in Italy, or in Germany, or in France, or in Russia, or anywhere—have a right to their rational freedom or not. This is the point to be decided. If Garibaldi and his movement be crushed out, statesmen, and preachers, and journalists will argue that it was unwise, and contrary to divine intention; if they be successful, the same authorities will assume that it was providential, and monarchs will tremble on their thrones. Democracy, in the abstract, hangs in the balance.

We believe, for our part, that we are witnessing the beginning of the end. Garibaldi may be killed; but if he can hold out a few weeks longer, we believe that he will have kindled a flame which all the powers of Rome and Naples will be insufficient to quench. We look hopefully forward to see that glorious country—Southern Italy—one of the parks and curses which have so long defiled it, and fulfilling the destiny for which it was created, by becoming one of the noblest, happiest, and richest portions of the world.

IRISH ETHICS.

THE Dublin newspapers contain a proclamation warning Irishmen against enlisting in the service of the Pope. This became necessary in consequence of the enrollment of Irishmen—at the rate of forty or sixty weekly—in a brigade which a Papal agent is now raising in the Emerald Isle. Similar demonstrations of sympathy with the cause of Pius the Ninth have been witnessed in this country; here, however, they have assumed a practical shape in donations of money—not men.

It is by no means to be assume that the Irishmen who are willing to fight for the Pope or to hire others to fight for him, are ignorant of the nature of the impending contest. Irishmen are generally accurate of information; but they can hardly be so abominably ignorant as not to know that the Papal cause is the cause of oppression, superstition, and despotism, and that the cause of the Roman people is the cause of liberty, truth, democracy, and toleration. No child mistakes the issue—and discouraging as the progress of Irish Rich has been thus far in education, they can not be in error on the point.

It follows that the thousand odd Irishmen who abandoned work at Trieste to enroll themselves among the defenders of the Pope, and the hundreds who volunteered in Ireland, and the thousands who will take money here, are deliberately taking the side of brutal despotism and blind oppression against rational liberty and progressive light.

The fact will enlighten the world on the nature of the next contest in Ireland. Hitherto, many Americans have been in the habit of considering the Irish Catholic people, and of wishing them success in their struggles against the dominant English. But if the Irish idea of good government be the hideous tyranny enthralled at Rome civilization can be no gainer by their independence.

MEXICO AGAIN.

SOME of the papers are talking about "the beginning of the end" in Mexico, on the strength of the breach between Zuloaga and Miramon. Let us take care not to be hasty in coming to conclusions.

The readers of this journal do not require to be reminded that the pending conflict in Mexico is the old fight between Church and people which has been fought out in England, France, Sweden, Spain, and Germany, and which—under modern conditions—is being fought out in Italy—a fight inevitable in every country in which superstition on the one side, and ecclesiastical greed on the other, have built up a State Church and fattened it at the expense of the land. The Roman Catholic Church in Mexico owns the bulk of the productive lands in that country, and consequently aspires to rule it. It can afford to keep armies on foot and to hire generals to lead them. On the other hand, the people are conscious of the mischief which the Church has done them, and seek to get rid of it. Hence the Conflict. The Church calls itself Conservative, and hires first one, then another—first Zuloaga, then Miramon—to crush out its enemies. Its strength is in its money. The people call their party Liberals, and seek—with some incidental errors—to establish a Government on a popular basis, independently of ecclesiastical control. They are led by various chiefs—men of capacity being more plentiful on the other side than here.

Now no careful student of history needs to be warned how this conflict must end. Wherever the people have been roused against bloated hierarchies they have prevailed, and the creatures of superstition have gone to the wall. It is about to be so in Italy; it will be so in Mexico. The Pope and the Archbishop of Guadalaxara will both need a refuge in some neutral country before our generation dies out. But we must not allow ourselves to think that one battle will settle the affair, at least in Mexico. Such immense wealth as the Mexican Church possesses, and such immense power as it wields over the superstitious minds of the Mexican peasantry, are not to be conquered in a day. The Mexican Church will die hard.

Foreign interference has already delayed the American consummation. A pig-headed Briton—Mr. Otway, whose sole thought was to embarrass the United States—succeeded for years in leading the support of England to the Church party. Although Lord Malmesbury, the Foreign Minister—did the same thing for other purposes. Our own representatives in Mexico have gravely injured the popular cause by indiscreet manifestations of sympathy, which have enabled the priest party in accusing their adversaries of undue familiarity with foreigners. Altogether, thus far, foreign interference in Mexico has been pernicious.

What we and the rest of the civilized world have to do is very simple—it is simply to remain quiet and to look on. Compromises and armed interventions will only aggravate, can not cure the disease. The fight must be fought on till it is fought out. The Mexican Church must be stripped of its ill-gotten gain, and that by the Mexican people without foreign aid. If we and other foreigners let Mexico alone, this will come to pass before very long; and then Mexico will enjoy a stable and a safe Government, a respectable foreign commerce, and a large and prosperous home industry. But we must not try to hasten events.

THE LOUNGER.

THACKERAY UPON THE FIGHT.

In the new number of the *Cornhill Magazine*, not yet published, Thackeray treats of the late fight, as in the ninth chapter of Mr. "The unsentimental Traveler," published in the *Weekly* of last week, Dickens has a sly little word about the combatants. Thackeray talks of it like a genuine Briton, as they all do, in fact, over the sea, except the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel, and as if there were much sense of the Bull and the John in their view of the matter.

"I am not going to expatiate on the battle, have read in the correspondent's letter of a Northern newspaper, that in the midst of the company assembled the Prince's humble servant was present, and in a very polite society, too, of lords, clergymen, men of letters, and members of both Houses of Parliament. For, I must have been asleep in the station in my sleep, paid three guineas in a profound fit of mental abstraction, and returned to bed unconscious. I certainly was not present at the time when history relates that the fight was over. I do not know whose colors I wore—the Benicius's, or those of the Irish champion—I remember where the fight took place, which, indeed, no somnambulist is bound to recollect. Ought Mr. Sayers to be honored for being brave, or punished for being naughty? By the shade of Brutus the elder, I don't know.

"In George III.'s time there was a turbulent navy lieutenant (Handsome Smith he was called—his picture is at Greenwich now, in brown velvet, and gold and sword-knot, his cocked hat under his waist-coat exceedingly handsome; but his face by no means the beauty)—there was, I say, a turbulent young lieutenant, who was found on the quarter-deck of the French ambassador for obliging a French ship of war to lower her topsails to a British ship at Spithead. But, by the King's orders, Tom was next day made Captain Smith. Well, if I were absolute king, I would send Tom Sayers to the mill for a month, and make him Sir Thomas on coming out of Clerkenwell. You are a naughty boy, Tom! but then, you know, we ought to be good or bad together, though ever so naughty. We are moralists, and reprimand you; and you are hereby reprimanded accordingly. But in the mean time should ever have need of a few score thousand champions, who laugh at danger; who cope with giants; who, beaten to the ground, jump up and begin the rally, and fall, and rise again, and strike, and die rather than yield—in case the country should need such boys, and you should know them, be pleased to send lists of the misguided persons to the principal police stations, where means may some day be found to enroll them in companies, and give their deplorable energies a right direction. Suppose, Tom, you and your friends are glad against an immense invader—suppose you are bent on holding the ground, and dying there, if need be rather than yield—is life, freedom, home, you are fighting for, and there is a death-dealing sword or rifle in your hand, with which you are going to maintain those tremendous enemy with all your championship on your native shore? Then, Sir Thomas, resist him to the death, and it is all right: all Islam, and Europe even likes you. Drive him into the sea, and there destroy, smash, and drown him; and let us sing, *Laudamus*. In these national cases, and in these only, the individual puts on the lion of morals. Loving your neighbor is very well, but suppose your neighbor will not be justified in humbly trying to pitch him into the water? If it were the King of Belgium himself we must do so. I mean that fighting, of course, is wrong; but that there are occasions when, etc.—I suppose I may that one-handed fight of Sayers is most spirit-stirring little story with every love and respect says to her, 'Do, madam, keep your t

and gentle remarks for another day. Have the great kindness to stand a *levée* aside, and just let us see you or two more rounds between the men. That little man with the one hand powerless on his breast facing yonder giant for hours, and telling him, too, every now and then! It is the little *Jass* and the *Constitution* over again.

"I think it a most fortunate event for the brave Heenan, who has acted and written since the battle with a true warrior's courtesy, and with a great deal of good logic, too, that the battle was a drawn one. The advantage was all on Mr. Sayers's side. Say a young lad of sixteen insults me in the street, and I run and thrash him, and do it. Well, I have thrashed a young lad. You great, big tyrant, couldn't you hit your own size? But say the lad thrashes me in the latter case! I walk away discomfited; but in the latter, I am positively put to shame. Now, when the ropes were cut from that death-grip, and Sir Thomas released by the peacemakers, the Ko-rope-an laws—the gentleman of Benicia was confessedly blind of one eye, and possibly otherwise was blind of both. Could Mr. Sayers have held out for three minutes, for ten minutes more? He says he could. So we say we could have held out, and did, and had beaten off the enemy at Waterloo, even if the Prussians hadn't come up. The numbers differ pretty much according to the nature of the opinants. I say the Duke and Tom could have held out, that they meant to hold out, that they did hold out, and that there has been ratifying enough. That crowd which came in and stopped the fight ought to be considered like one of those divine clouds which the gods send in Homer:

"'Apello shrouds
The godlike Trojan in a vail of clouds.'

It is the best way of getting the godlike Trojan out of the scrape, don't you see. The *nodus* is cut; Tom is out of the scrape; the Benicia Boy ad a lib the worse, nay, better than if he had beaten the little man. He has not the humiliation of conquest. He is grounded, still to be loved more hereafter by the gentle sex. Suppose he had overcome the godlike Trojan? Suppose he had tied Tom's corpse to his rain-bow and driven to Paradise, smoking the pipe of triumph? Faugh! the great hulking conqueror! Why did you not hold your hand from yonder beer? Your body, I say, was wearied by that opportune appearance of the British gods, protectors of native valor, who interfered and 'withdrew' their champion."

TOM BROWN.

MR. HUGHES, the author of "School-days at Rugby," and the editor of *Macmillan's Magazine*, is writing a serial continuation of his first novel. It is called "Tom Brown at Oxford," and appears here in monthly parts from Tickner & Co. The novel is strictly of the Prize-Ring school. Its details of English Public life are vivid and interesting, and as an illustrative treatise upon muscular Christianity it is extremely amusing. It is the apotheosis of muscle. The action of the story for the six months now ended, and of the first three hundred pages of the book, is the training for a boat-race in which Tom's boat, that of St. Ambrose, wins. The hero, thus far, is not Tom, but Hardly—a poor, proud, pious servitor of the most formidable brogue, a tremendous boxer, a tremendous rower, a tremendous scholar, and a tremendous Christian. In its details of boating and training the book is curiously accurate, but interesting; and the scenes are all sharply cut. But the delicate didactic effort is so apparent—the "good boy" is so unquestionably the book hero—that what probably would profoundly appal the author, is "spoony." The effort to show that a good scholar and a good man is not necessarily a milksop is timely and commendable, but it is overdone in Tom Brown at Oxford, as it is in several of the recent popular novels.

The book, so far, is thoroughly English; and it is curious to see how like and very unlike we are to our cousins. The life described is no more like that of an American college town than that of a Paris student; and yet we are almost at home in it all the time. It is entirely realistic, and might be the diary of an Oxford man. The only literature of which three hundred pages, we have any glimpse is Miss Winter, who is just now introduced, and Patty, a pretty bar-maid, with whom Tom fancies himself in love, but as we say plays no other part in the story. Indeed, there is no plot at all. It is a description of University life at Oxford, in a series of character tiaces. It all lies in full daylight. There are no shades, no mysteries, no doubtful suspense, no romance of any kind, in the usual sense of the word. Neither has it the faintest touch of imagination. Thackeray is said to be destitute of imagination; but let the reader compare the University life of Pendennis with that of Tom Brown, and remark the singular difference of impression. The foolishness of folly is just as apparent in Pendennis, and the value of pluck: but it is not preached at you any more than it is in Tom; and, without speaking ill, a kind of poetic aura hangs around the whole narration, as if college and its life were felt by the reader as Pendennis himself felt it. It is not told to him by a head-master.

Mr. Hughes's story is the work of a clever man, and it is good, hearty reading. It has a very obvious and very wholesome purpose; and if young men at the English Universities do not hereafter prefer the path of honor, and industry, and gymnastics to that of self-indulgence and sin, it will be fault of the historian of Tom Brown.

NEW BOOK.

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enthusiasm which marks every thing he does. For Mr. Milnes not only speaks, but he writes, eloquently; and, moreover, his eloquent writing is delightful reading. His feeling for wild nature and adventure is so fresh and genuine and warm, that in his brain the stories of the old Spanish conquerors and explorers upon our southern shores acquires a new romance and interest. The search for the fountain of youth, the desperate march across the continent to the shores of the great river, and the wide sea of life all are poetically and irresistibly appeal to the quick fancy of the fervid preacher; and the blind man showers color and richness upon his pages.

The substance of this work was thrown into the form of lectures before the Lowell Institute in Boston, a few years ago. The interest and attention they then excited will be more than renewed by the collected printed form. Himself a descendant of the Western and Southern spirit, although born upon the Atlantic border, profoundly loyal to the life, literature, and institutions of his native land among whom he has long lived, the author speaks and writes with a generous ardor which will to us who know him seem the more heartily prized in the regions which it describes, while it is to all others an admirable illustration of their special genius.

WITH WILL BE THE HANSON PARK tower

completed with perhaps suggest to some wise man what a capital thing a convenient and cheap vehicle she would be, which to the visitors of Hanson Park those noble pleasure-grounds. It may be interesting intelligence to somebody that there is a fortune to be made by the man who will introduce cabs in New York. He has only to provide clean and easy vehicles of this kind, put and keep the charges at rigorously low rates, and he will have, as a course, and lower if he dare, and the demand for them would be delightful and surprising to the brave man who plunges in boldly.

There are, perhaps, more than two objections to the public hacks. They are very dirty and inconvenient, and the drivers are the most brazen in settling with the coacher. But if you and your friend could take an open Hansom cab on Broadway, drive up to the door of Brandreth, and out to the Park, bowl along its smooth hard roads, seeing every thing and every body as you go, and return in an open wagon, and back again to any point you chose, and all for a little money, attended with the blissful consciousness that you were going to be insulted and cheated, what greater evidence of a triumphant civilization could you demand?

A Hansom cab is a very light, strong square-topped gig with a seat for the driver behind. It is a gondola on wheels. The lines pass over your head as you sit. You see only the horse's head, his wide, wide world before you, and you direct Cabby through a little door in the gig top. It is just the thing for the Park, if it can be kept at just the price for the thing.

THE NEW NIAGARA.

MR. CURNCH's picture, followed by that of Mr. Cignous, seemed so fully to have done the work of representing the great cataract that, unless Mr. Thorpe's had been there, one might have have known how inexhaustible the subject is. That Mr. Thorpe's name, also, has been hitherto ranked with the other painters of Niagara only makes the pleasure in his work also a surprise. He has selected, for his view, an imaginary point immediately in front of the Falls, from which level every part can be seen, and yet distant enough for the harmonious combination of the whole. The great objects all are there, and, of course, the old familiar ones; but he has so happily chosen and grouped that the majesty and grandeur of the spectacle have a genuine freshness and charm. Mr. Thorpe's picture is distinguished by simplicity and breadth. It is not a panorama, and owes its fullest impression which the traveler derives from studying the falls from many points and at leisure moments. It is the picture which he will bring away in our minds, even if we have not seen it with our eyes; for, strictly speaking, nobody has ever seen precisely the scene which it gives us.

As a work for engraving it is especially admirable. It is much too technically excellent to be considered in the light of a mechanical labor, henceforth we shall have a right to require and expect from Mr. Thorpe beautiful pictures.

DOG LAW.

SOMEBODY was recently bitten by a dog belonging to Mr. Nibb and brought a suit for damages. For some reason or other the jury felt that a man should not be able to recover against another who indulges himself in keeping wild beasts in a difficult question to be answered. It seems to be only fair that people should keep animals of all kinds at their own risk and not at that of others. Dogs are universally liable to bite, and are notoriously intended to serve as a kind of private police. In the country, for instance, dogs are kept as sentinels and protectors. The intention is that they shall seize offenders by the legs—and a placid old gentleman who should thus be apprehended between the rogue and the respectable citizen. But when this discrimination fails, who is to suffer? It cannot yet well be told but the law presumes over bites—that he is perfectly harmless—that he is as playful as a kitten—that he has a singular knack of telling who is who, etc., etc., but when all these things, which every body says of every dog, are said and done with, and then the dog lays hold and puts his teeth into your child's cheek or your own arm or leg, are you to pay all the consequent surgical expenses, and run the risk of lock-jaw and hydrophobia, with no other comfort than that you are a—— fool to lie afraid of a dog?

A Man has a right to set spring-guns and traps upon the highway because such acts abound. I'm not a thief, and I have a right to walk the roads without having my legs surreptitiously cut off. Neither has a man a right to keep savage dogs, which rush out and bark and bite at the innocent wayfarer under the pretense that he is only protecting his property. The innocent wayfarer doesn't endanger his property. A man who keeps a bulldog is a pest to society. His neighbor, if he be a man of common sense, will keep a gun and use it at sight.

The case of the Veteran and Mr. Nibb merely serves as a text. In that particular instance the dog was, as he ought to have been, chained in a remote part of the building, which it was forbidden to enter. It was also in evidence that he was old and useless and could not bite a rat. But that was not such evidence; for why, under such circumstances, was he chained at all? And if he could not bite a rat, how did he succeed in biting a man so that he must have recourse to a hospital or surgical treatment?

The Court charged the jury that every one might keep a dog, and that the lawful avocations, ought not to suffer. A man may have a garden, and in it one particular shed which it is forbidden to enter. Mr. Nibb has a right to keep a royal Bengal tiger, old and loose or chained, and half-starved. But unless the fact of the forbidden entrance be made unavoidably evident, it really seems as if the heirs of the unwary stranger, who ventured within the shed in search of the proprietor, ought to be justified in an action for damages.

THE JEWEL CONSISTENCY.

I WAS listening the other day to an exciting harangue by a Methodist preacher, in praise of a man who died more than a hundred years ago. He was commended for his heroism and devotion, and his piety was extolled as perfect. All his prospects in life to a great principle. Especially he was extolled for his willingness to be misunderstood and reviled by his contemporaries as a fool and a fanatic. And certainly it does require some real courage to endure contempt nobly, and to seek no plaudits while every body considers you a fool.

The point was well put, and the story of the man's life well told. But I was not a little struck by stinging sarcasms upon those who could not or would not perceive and acknowledge the genuine heroism of the man. The preacher made an eloquent appeal to all who heard him not to be prejudiced by any traditional slander, but to look at the hero's character in greatness of soul, and never fail to honor it accordingly.

As I walked slowly home, reflecting upon what I had heard, it occurred to me to find myself discovering that the orator himself was one of the most striking examples of the very stupid spirit of the Pharisee which he had so powerfully denounced and so pointedly denounced. For while he was thus busily commending the deed of a hundred years ago, he was busily engaged in denouncing his present neighbors, and to the eternal confusion of his own consistency, he was himself at heart one of those very enemies—unconsciously, perhaps, but none the less unquestionably.

The man whom he had read a public letter from the same speaker, in which he condemned as wicked and treasonable the course of one of his contemporaries, was the identical course of the hero he praised so warmly within the following twenty-four hours. He held him up to contempt and ridicule with that bitterness of a demagogue, a fool, and a fanatic. Society was no more safe with such a man than a powder magazine with a lighter near it. He was an impracticable enthusiast—a lunatic, but not harmless—a citizen whom all loyal people must condemn.

The man who was thus the clearer and the more ludicrous it seemed; for the orator himself represented in our own day precisely the persons whom he denounced in the past; and I knew that had he lived a hundred years before he would have written letters and have made speeches to show that the man in his contemporaneous history, whom he now invited us to remember with the profoundest gratitude.

I suppose the moral is, that people who believe in the *stuff* that makes saints and martyrs, are very careful how they believe in the *stuff* that makes the *statu quo* a thousand or a hundred years ago; because such praise, even while it is uttered, becomes criticism of themselves. And it is a great pity that an orator should speak so vividly of other times and men as to throw upon himself by the contrast the profoundest contempt and scorn which always wait upon cowards.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

TUPPER'S SONNET CCCI.

TO MY FIVE NEW SISTERS.

Sore little beauties! constantly ye lie
Snuggling and snoozling by your purring sire,
Mother Grimalkin. But somedays approve
A shorter word, and boldly I defy
Those who would call you Tuppers (by patent rule).
O kittens, you're not thinking, I'll be bound,
How these verses of you in the papers have appeared
But that my little boy came home from school,
And begged your lives, though Cook remonstrance made,
Declaring we were overrun with cats.
That licked her cream-dish and her butter-pats!
But childhood's pleadings won me, and I said—
"O Cook, we'll keep the innocents alive;
They're five, consider, and you're fingers five."

"THE INVITAL."—A lady friend of ours, who, having small house to spare, is in the habit of taking boarders, has found that, since the fashion of wide petticoats came in, her spare room will hardly hold all the mashings that they used to do. In order, therefore, to make space to accommodate more guests, she has lately hit upon the notable expedient of putting a court postcript to her formal invitations, requesting moderation in circumference of dress. The postcript consists merely of the letters "I. C. L.," which being interpreted, mean simply: "Please Come Lightly."

ADDITIONAL ANECDOTES OF QUASHY QUANDO.

In his latter years the habit of drinking to excess became fixed upon Uncle Quashy, and was a source of great annoyance to those who wished him well. Upon an occasion he was found lying beside the road in a neighboring town by the minister of the parish, who, admonishing him for his horse, helpful the old fellow to his feet again, and then addressed him in a good deal of sanctimonious reproof and exhortation. "The delinquent listened with respectful attention, and when the divine was congratulating himself on his success, when, at a pause in the discourse, Quashy suddenly inquired,

"Yes, Massa Kendall, dat all berry true, berry good wholesome advice, but I wants to know if you'll help me up to Squire Dodge's house?"

Under the act of manumission Quashy became a freeman, and was acquainted with the fact by his master, who was very fond of using it to urge his workmen to consideration of Quashy's resigning the dictatorship of the domestic circle, which he had gradually usurped much to the annoyance of his co-servitors.

The newly-born dignity sometimes proved agreeable to the old man's mind, and he soon renewed himself and his efforts to the hair of Pompey Ely, in a part of the town called New Guinea, and here the biographer feels compelled to pause for a moment to explain the singular subtriget of Quashy's bendited.

Pompey had also originally been held to service by one of the rich men of the town of——, but had either hired his time or received it as a gift when years before he became legally free, and building himself a hut on the lake shore, had commenced life on his own account, and selling, finding a ready market for his fancy captives in the neighboring town. Coming in one day to this market upon his arm containing the latter commodity, Pompey was accosted by a frequent customer with the query:

"Good-morning, Pomp; got some eels to-day?"

"No, massa, too-late, too-soon, too."

"Well, leave a bunch at my kitchen door, and ask the cook to give you a shilling."

"Two shillin', massa; dat dem seize to-day."

"Two shillings! Why, what do you mean by that? You never asked but one before."

"Yes, massa," bowed Quashy, blandly, "but one—bubber ask but one sabee; nebber would now, my fer lastly hird tell you dat."

"Tell you to charge two shillings for eels, Pompey?"

"Yes, massa," and as the man 'nonsuited' with a half-sob, side de road, 'jus' as I start from home dis mornin', an' tell-me-sell-my-eels-shillin'—two-eels-shillin'. Pompey Ely, sell-no-eely-more-shillin'—two-eels-shillin'." So you see, massa Thomas, Quashy sell dem eels for shillin' 'cause he two shillin' one way."

Quashy came to live with Pompey Ely, and the two old men kept house together in great harmony for several years, until ten years ago and upwards, Quashy as heavily on Quashy Quando that he was no longer able to support himself. Coming in one day from the labor of the little *métayer*, and he became a pensioner upon the bounty of his former master. This was minister kept on unwilling, and matters went on very comfortably for both parties, until about a year ago, Quashy received at the great house that Quashy wished very much to see son of his old friend, the owner of the dark Tower Estate, the youngest daughter of the house and Uncle Quashy's prime favorite, was about to be wed to some lord or other.

A pleasant walk brought her to the hut, when her low voice, however, was audible from within.

"Walk in, Miss Fanny, my dear. Berry glad you come, honey; I 'spect you come to see Quash. Now you come more, for ole Quash near his end, I 'fraive, for sartain."

"Oh no, uncle, don't say that."

"Yes, Miss Fanny, I know, 'cause it de trut', an' trut' mus' be 'spoken at all time. But I wanted to see you, honey, to get Quash's an' all massa's folks a warnin', some as I got warnin' las' night."

"Warning of what, Uncle Quashy?"

"Dunno, chile, 'cept de word 'comin' 'as an eel'; but all night de shadow keep a hangin' over de room at de par winder, 'O PIDRE, PIDRO, PIDRO! O PIDRO, PIDRO, PIDRO!' an' I 'spect it mean Quash, 'cause he name his name my words, chile, an' take de warnin' in time, jis as I'm gwine to tell you."

And it is to be hoped that the warning, as he chose to consider it, helped his soul as much as it did his earthly and earthly joys, and turn to the belief, which in his simple, childlike way he had so strongly evinced, he immortal joys beyond the grave, for that very night the old Quashy sounded a deep sleep at last.

A CURIOUS COINCIDENCE.—Some time ago a good wife, residing in the neighborhood of Perth, went to her usual supply of butcher's meat, according to the usual several of her old acquaintances. In the course of her perambulations she met with a friend from the country. Recurring home with a saddened heart, she encountered her husband returning from his cottage garden, when she also communicated at great length all her transactions in the day, concluding with the question: "But, man, you winna guess what's befaun me?"—Deed, I canna guess," said the husband, rejoicing in an hour of relief. "Aweel," rejoined his helpmate, "I has lost a mate; but I canna be sorry for we rather ought to be mair than thankfu' that we had one to lose!"

The *Religious Intelligencer* says: "The question has been asked, how many of the papers in which women have been converted during the present season. Some have replied that it is a matter of no consequence whatever. The number of females compared to males who are converted by the use of prayer is vastly greater than the usual proportion. If hoops keep persons away from the mourners' bench, we advise the ladies to wear a hoop of seals laved is likely to be less; hence we infer that hoops keep about six of the kingdom."

Two Yankees were strolling in the woods without any arms in their possession, and observing a bear ascending a tree, one of the young men clapped his hands, and one of them ran forward and caught the bear's paws one after the other, and immediately called out to his comrade: "Jonathan, I say, go home and bring me something as quick as you can, for I have got a bear fast." "Well, I'll stay, or I'm a fix."

"Come, no—if we fast as he could, but was an exceedingly long time in returning. During the interval the bear made several desperate attempts to get the mind of him who held it. At length Jonathan came back.

"Hello, what the devil are you doing here?"

Jonathan replied, "Well, I'll tell you: when I got home he couldn't come so ready, and I guessed he'd be as well to wait for it."

"Here now, Jonathan," said his comrade, "come you and hold it, and I will kill the critter in a jiffy."

Jonathan took the bear's paws, and held the animal until the other should kill it.

"Well, have you hold of him?"

"I guess I have."

"Very well, hold him fast; I'm off for dinner."

Several years ago Thomas Williams was running for Congress in Illinois; and as he was fully persuaded that in many instances the word "gray mare is better horse," he omitted no opportunity of "plowing with the heifers" for the benefit of constituents to win votes.

It was a close canvass, and our eager candidate did not leave even domiciliary visits in his peregrinations through his district.

Arriving one day at a farm-house in Henry County, he found a family in which several women were busily engaged in the domestic manufacture of flaxen cloths. His expressions of pleasure at the sight were unbounded. "It was very sweet in [or how manufactures—had been raised in that school." "for many is the day," said he, "that I have listened to my sweet lips the face which my mother and sisters afterward made into clothes for my family."

Moving fast!

MAP OF THE KINGDOM OF THE TWO SICILIES.

WE publish on this page Colton's map of the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, which is about to be the scene of a new Italian war. The reader will remark, at the western extremity of Sicily, the town of Marsala, where Garibaldi landed, and which the Neapolitan frigates proceeded to bombard in consequence.

The kingdom of the Two Sicilies comprises all the southern portion of the Italian peninsula, from the southern boundary of the States of the Church, and likewise the splendid Island of Sicily. The latter contains about 10,000 square miles, the peninsula about 31,000; so that, together, the area of the kingdom is about as large as that of the State of Louisiana. The population may be roughly stated at 9,000,000, of which Sicily contains over two—probably not more than a quarter of the population of the same region eighteen hundred years ago. This kingdom, and these nine millions of people, are ruled by Francesco Secondo, a Bourbon, son of that king who was known throughout the civilized world by the nickname of Bomba, in consequence of his fondness for bombarding his own cities. The occurrence at Marsala shows that, in this respect, the son treads dutifully in the steps of the father. No part of the globe has been more favored by Nature than the kingdom of the Two Sicilies. Blessed with a splendid climate, a large area of very fertile land, a sea-coast even more extensive, in proportion to the interior, than that of the United States, a healthy air, and an admirably-central position, Sicily and Southern Italy were evidently intended to be the garden and the granary of the Mediterranean. But Nature was not satisfied with supplying this happy region with the ordinary products of fertile countries. Besides wheat, maize, cotton, rice, oil, wine, tobacco, olives, fruits, which it can produce as abundantly as any other part of the world, the kingdom of the Two Sicilies contains sulphur, silk, and manna, in quantities sufficient—if the production were wisely encouraged—to afford a handsome public revenue, and to enrich a large population. It enjoys every variety of climate; snowy summits on the Abruzzi look down upon delicious temperate regions in the mountain valleys and tropical plains in Southern Sicily.

There was a time when these advantages were appreciated by their possessors and turned to good account. Before Rome, Tarentum flourished and rivaled the great cities of Asia in splendor. Authentic European history dates from the great struggle between Rome and Carthage for the possession of Sicily. From the close of that war down to the dark ages, Sicily was what God intended it to be—the garden of the Mediterranean. When fierce north winds delayed the arrival of Sicilian ships at Rome rich men were forced to put up with plain food and the poor starved. Nor was Southern Italy less prosperous. On the hills where the long struggles between Rome and Samnium, Rome and Umbria, and lastly Rome and Hannibal had been fought out, countless flocks of sheep and goats were fattened for the markets of the Imperial city; the shore was studded with flourishing towns and lovely Roman villas. Wealth, plenty, happiness, and luxury—such is the picture of Southern Italy which we find in the historians of the palmy days of Rome.

What a change now! In the peninsular portion of the kingdom there is but one town of any size—Naples; in Sicily two—Messina and Palermo—both monuments of the past rather than actors in the movement of the present day. Of the 9,000,000 inhabitants about 40,000 are priests and monks, and probably 1,500,000 dependent, directly and indirectly, on the Church for support. The Church owns nearly one-third of all the land in Sicily. The foreign trade of the country has fallen away to mere nominal proportions, and would have been extinguished altogether but for the indignant remonstrances of foreign nations. For years the best men in the kingdom have been either driven into foreign countries or kept in dungeons at... The Government, sustained by A... and Austrian influence, appe... itself exclusively to the e... the Jesuits, and the c... The reports of the

MAP OF THE KINGDOM OF THE TWO SICILIES.

Calabria after the late earthquake are fearfully suggestive. In most instances the only relief obtained by the sufferers came from foreigners. The English and Germans raised a large fund for the purpose, but refused to allow any portion of it to be disbursed by native officials. The almoner of the English fund—a man of great energy and courage, went through the devastated region in person with the money. In one place he was attacked by robbers; the man who tried to garrote him, while confederates clutched at his bag of ducats, was the village curate. This was in broad daylight. We published a portion of his report in the *Weekly* about a year ago.

Both in Sicily and in the Peninsula the priests display the same blind greed which characterizes their brethren in Mexico; and the government invariably supports them. Quite recently the people of a small town built a theatre; the Jesuits, jealous that money should be spent for any public building that was not a church, laid claim to the ground, obtained a judgment from Naples in their favor, seized the theatre, and, with a few changes, turned it into a church. A man of some wealth died in 1858, leaving a handsome property to the widow—in spite of the earnest endeavors of the priest who shrove him, and who urged the claims of the Church. The priests, not a whit baffled, contested the will, and the minor tribunals unhesitatingly gave judgment in their favor. The case was carried to Naples. The lady retained one of the most eminent counsel.

"Madam," said the lawyer, "how much money can you afford to spend to win your case?"

A large sum was mentioned and counted out in ducats; with this the lawyer called upon the minister of justice, and, after briefly explaining the case, laid the bag on the table and left, observing, "There are my client's strongest arguments." A few days afterward judgment was rendered in favor of the lady; but the Church was compensated by a grant of some property which was taken from a suspected Liberal.

This is the kingdom, and these the institutions which Garibaldi has gone to war to overthrow.

Captain Brand,

OF THE

SCHOONER "CENTIPEDE,"

A PIRATE OF EMINENCE IN THE WEST INDIES.

His Loves and Exploits,

TOGETHER WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE SINGULAR MANNER BY WHICH HE DEPARTED THIS LIFE.

By LIEUT. H. A. WISE, U.S.N.

(HARRY GRINGO),

AUTHOR OF "LOG GRINGO" AND "TALES FOR THE MARINES."

ILLUSTRATED BY

C. PARSONS AND A. LUMLEY.

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CHAPTER XIX.

FANDANGO ON ONE LEG.

HALF a mile, perhaps, inland from the sheds where the sailors lived, and beneath the steep face of the ridge-like crag which split the island in two parts, stood a low chapel, built of loose stones nicely fitted together and roofed with tiles. A rough iron cross was fastened over the doorless entrance, and at the other end was a rough stone holastrade, with a rude painting of the Virgin over the altar, on which stood four or five tall brass candle-sticks and a lighted taper.

SHRIVING A SINNER.

Within the chapel kneeled a dozen or more of the *Centipede's* crew, the coarse and sodden faces and uncombed locks, from their night's debauch, in striking contrast to the place and the apparent devoutness of manner in which they crossed themselves while the rites of the Church were going on. Before the altar stood Padre Ricardo, with his breviary on the chancel beneath the taper, bending his knees and chanting forth from his deep lungs the services of the mass. In a few minutes the unholy hands and lips which performed the solemn ceremony ceased word and gesture; and with a sonorous benediction at the elevation of the Host, and a shake of a bell, the sailors arose from their knees and again staggered back to the sheds, to slumber through the day. When all had gone the Padre clasped his missal, tucked it into his bosom, and making the sign of the cross with a genuflexion before the Virgin, the sacrilegious wretch turned on his heel and left the chapel.

Pursuing the winding path which led to his own habitation for a certain distance, he then turned to the left, and carefully picking his way through the sharp cactus and Spanish bayonets along the face of the crag, he stopped at a yawning fissure which gaped open in the rock. Here, too, the same wiry vegetation had crept; and it was with great difficulty, and many an "Ave!" and "Santa Maria!" that the Padre succeeded in passing into the dark, ragged mouth of the cavern.

"By the ashes of San Lorenzo!" he muttered, "there are serpents and venomous insects in this pit of purgatory. Holy Jesus, wouldn't what has pierced my leg? Why should my son drag me through this hole? Ah, blessed Saint Barnabas! a slimy reptile has crossed my instep!"

Feeling with his outspread paws in his fright, as he gradually made his way into the dripping chasm, getting narrower and lower as he proceeded, he at last, after stumbling prayerfully along for about a hundred and fifty yards, came to a loose pile of stones. Here opened another low, narrow fissure on the left; and, in some doubt, he was about to enter, but the noise he made by stepping on a stone was answered by the hissing warning of a serpent, and the scared Padre fell back at his full length in a pool of stagnant, slimy water.

"*O Madre di Dios!* I am stung by a cobra! Holy Virgin! my new cossack ruined too! Ave Maria! light me out of this abode of the devil!"

Slowly recovering, however, from his fright, he once more regained his feet, and, after a few steps, which he was obliged to accomplish by scraping his crown against the jagged rocks above, his outstretched hands touched an iron-bound door.

"*Gracias á Dios!* Thanks be to all the saints! I am here at last; but alas! curses on me! I shall be obliged to return by the same path, unless my son allows me to escape by the casa."

Cautiously searching with his fingers as he muttered these words, he touched a bolt, and, grasping it with both hands, he drew it partly out, like the knob of a bell. Then placing his ear to the door, he presently heard a rattling, creaking noise, as if a beam of timber with pulley and chain was being raised from behind the entrance. When the sound ceased the door yielded to the Padre's sturdy shoulder, and there was just room to admit his portly body. Here the passage was wider, the rock evidently chiseled away by the hands of man, and on one side was an artificial chamber, blasted out of the solid rock, with a narrow door with heavy iron bolts on the outside. At this opening the Padre paused and listened. No sound caught his ear at first; but as he clutched the bolt and

THE END OF ENGLISH GIBBS.

it grated back in its bands, he was saluted by such a volley of frightful curses as to make him start back and cross his ample breast. It was the voice of Master Gibbs, lying there on a low iron settle in the noisome dungeon, with not a ray of light to cheer him, and only a jug of water and some weevily biscuit to save him from starvation. All through the day and during the long, long hours of the awful night, in pain and suffering from his lopped-off limb, had he lain on his hard bed with clenched hands, blaspheming and impotently raging in his agony and despair. No prayer, however, dawned in his ruthless heart, or was breathed from his brutal lips; but curses upon curses came thick and fast, till his tongue refused to give them utterance, and he fell back in utter exhaustion. As the noise, however, of the bolt struck his ear, he clutched the stone water-jug from the floor, and hurled it, with a yell of execrations, toward the door, where the fragments fell with a clattering crash on the stone pavement.

Grinding his teeth in his frightful passion, he howled: "Let me but once put these hands on your blood-stained carcass, and if the mother that bore ye will know her spawn again my name's not Bill Gibbs! Ha! you miserable swab, with your soft words and white hands! when I get out of this hole I'll blow you and your infernal hounds to ——! Give me fair play, and, even on one of my legs, I'll cut the cowardly heart out of you, Captain Brand! Come in, will ye, ye son of the devil? and I'll bite the tongue out of your mouth by the roots!"

Here the hoarse and panting wretch again ceased his roarings, and the Padre timidly opened the door.

"Hi! who's that?—Babette?"

"No, my son; it is your good Padre Ricardo, come to console you."

What the maimed villain replied to the Priest, and what means the holy Father took to allay the passion and assuage the sorrows of the man lying helpless in the dungeon, or whether successful in his mission, is not important to state in detail. An hour later, however, the Priest seemed relieved in body and spirit as he retired from the loathsome hole, and shocking the sea he closed the door, cautiously felt his way along the dark and narrow passage. Presently, as he turned an angle, a ray of light from the loopholes of the great stone vault beneath the Pirate's dwelling lighted his pathway; and a moment after, with a hearty sigh of satisfaction, he seized a door above his head and gave it a jerk. A bell sounded above, and then a large square hinged trap-hatch fell down, and swung gently to and fro from the beams above. At the same time the Padre put his arms about a square wooden stanchion which supported the floor of the saloon, and then painfully sticking his toes in some deep-cut notches at the sides, he slowly began to mount upward. When, however, his oily shaved crown appeared nearly at the level of the floor a vigorous grasp was laid on his shoulders, and he was pulled up like a flapping lobster and rolled into the apartment. It was Captain Brand who kindly assisted the holy Father, and it was the Captain's hollow laugh which saluted him in his torn and soiled raiment, as, with difficulty, he regained his perpendicular.

"Laugh not, *hijo mio*, at my sorrowful plight," said the bruised Ricardo, with some asperity; "I have met with dangers of venomous serpents, and been stabbed cruelly by those villainous cactus."

"But I raised the beam, my Padre, the moment you made the signal."

"You did, my son; but what I suffered in the cavern was as nothing to what I endured when I entered the dungeon of the English Gibbs. *Jesus Maria*, what an infidel he is!"

"You did not find his spirit subdued, then, by bread and water?"

"Far from it, my friend. He rages like a wild beast. He consigns your body and soul to everlasting torments! But what is more impious still," went on the Padre, as he crossed himself, "he swore at your holy Father, and hoped I would roast in hell!"

"But he confessed, Ricardo, and you gave him absolution?"

"If calling me thief and assassin, and hurling his stone water-jug at my head be confession and forgiveness of sins, the ceremony has been performed. Ah! my son, he needs no more mercy in this world!"

"Of course not, my Padre; and we will give him a short shrift and a long rope. Babette," continued Captain Brand, "Ah, my Baba! you have not forgotten to feed our jolly Gibbs these below? No? I thought not. Well, then, it is Sunday, you know; give him a pure pint of rum for his morning's draught. And Baba, my beauty! slip a pair of steel ruffles over his wrists, and then pass a cloth over those bloodshot eyes of his, and lug him here beneath this hatch. Be quick, my Baba, as I wish my breakfast presently!"

All this was said in a cool, and rather an affectionate tone, as Captain Brand sipped a spoonful or two of chocolate from a cup of Dresden china. Then turning to the Padre, he said,

"You would perhaps like a cordial, my Father, to take the chill off your stomach? Yes? You will find some capital curaçoa in that stand of bottles there."

The Padre, forgetful of the dignity of his calling, shuffled with indecent haste to the spot indicated, and without going through the form of filling one of the diminutive thimble-shaped glasses in the stand, he boldly unscrewed the flask to his lips and sucked away until it was nearly empty. Then seating himself on the settee he lapped on his illuminated missal and pored over its contents. Captain Brand occupied himself with opening the loop of the silk rope which fell from the ceiling and securing the end firmly on the stout cleat at the wall.

So passed the time until a noise beneath the room of a voice in anger, and a body banged and dragged along, once more attracted the attention of those in the saloon.

"Ho! Is that you, Master Gibbs?" exclaimed Captain Brand, in a cheerful voice. "You have risen early; but stop that profane language, my friend, or you will never see daylight again!"

The maimed ruffian only muttered, "Your friend, eh? blindfolded and manacled!" And then, apparently abashed by the cool, commanding tone of his superior, he held his peace.

"Well, you are quiet, my lad. Now we'll see if we can't boist you up here in the saloon."

"Thank ye, Sir!" said Gibbs, aloud; and then he muttered to himself, "Let me jest get one grip of ye and I'll show ye how quiet I'll be!"

"Do you think we shall need assistance, my son?" whispered the Padre into the ear of his patron.

"Diavolo! no! I never wanted help in these little affairs, except in the case of that violent Yankee whaler, who gave us much trouble, you know, and we were obliged to call Pedillo," replied the Captain, in the same low tone. Then, raising his voice, he said,

"Hark ye, Master Gibbs! Babette will lift you off the stones, and the Padre and I will rouse you up to the room here. You don't weigh so much as you did since you had your leg hacked off with a hand-saw—ho! and I dare say you are as light now as a dried cod-fish! Up with him, Baba! There—steady! all right —here you are!"

Saying this, Captain Brand, with the assistance of the stout negress and the Padre, raised the once burly ruffian, with a vigorous hoist that made him groan, to the floor of the saloon, where they laid him out at full length on his back.

"Wait a moment, my hearty, till the hatch is raised, and then we will raise you. Unpleasant position, no doubt," continued Captain Brand, as the trap came up and was secured by a spring; "but then, you know, you *would* have that pin of yours cut off, and somehow you have been so careless as to dispose of the nice leg you had the other day, made out of the spruce fore topmast of the *Centipede*—a very tough bit of a spar it was."

Here Master Gibbs grated his teeth and grinned hideously.

The Captain smiled like a demon, and approaching the prostrate cripple, said, cheerfully—ay, in a frank and hearty tone—

"Now, my Padre, place a comfortable chair for Master Gibbs, and we will help him to a seat."

The considerate Ricardo stood a large, roomy Manilla chair on the fatal trap, and then aided his chief in lifting their victim to the position assigned him. As they performed this operation the Captain, with the gentleness of a tiger before he strikes his prey, and with a wink to the Padre, lightly passed the noose of the silk rope over the ruffian's hairy throat, where it lay like a snake with its slack coil squirming at the back of the chair.

"Now, Master Gibbs, I am about to remove this bandage from your beautiful eyes," said Captain Brand, in his cold, chilling, deliberate manner, "and if you so much as move when daylight shines before you, I'll blow your brains out."

Here the Pirate leisurely cocked a pistol close to his subordinate's ear, removed the bandage, and laid the weapon on the table within reach.

"No noise either, Master Gibbs!" continued Captain Brand, as he stirred up the remains of his chocolate and gulped it down; "for it is Sunday morning, and we must respect the feelings of our Padre. You were unkind to him, he tells me, just now, and even said some disrespectful things of me. What have *I* done to vex you?"

The manacled wretch tried to raise his horny hands to his face when the cloth was removed from his eyes, and rub those organs, while he glared suspiciously around; but the Captain pointed with his white finger in a threatening way to the cocked pistol, and Master Gibbs let his hands fall again.

"Well, Captain Brand, I s'pose now you're going to treat me as a faithful man who has sarved under you ought to be treated, and I'm willin' to forgive what has passed."

There was no look of forgiveness, however, in those brutal blood-shot eyes, nor much signs of repentance in those grinding teeth and compressed lips.

"Why, no, my Gibbs, *I* am *not* going to treat you as a faithful man, but I tell you what I will do"—here the Captain moved his chair nearer till his straw slipper touched the spring of the trap—"I will drink a glass of grog with you in forgetfulness of the past and forgiveness for the future."

"Thank ye, Captain Brand; I do feel dry. That stuff Babette gave me a while ago didn't touch the right spot, and I'll be glad to jine you."

"Ah, bueno, my old friend! you *shall* drink something that *will* touch the right spot! What shall it be? you have only to name it."

"I'll take a toss of that old brandy you gave me the other day, if it's the same to you, Sir!"

"Oh, Master Gibbs, it's all the same to me! Delighted I am to oblige you! Padre mio! a glass of old cogniac for our friend—a tumblerful: a wine-glass will do for me."

The Padre poured out the brandy as he was desired, handed the lesser glass to the Captain, and the tumbler he placed in the locked hands of the victim. Slowly and painfully the subdued ruffian raised the glass to his mouth, careful not to spill a drop; then before draining it, he cleared his throat, while at the same time the Captain rose to his feet, his right foot resting a little on the heel, and held the wine-glass before him.

"Now then, Master Gibbs, for a toss that will touch the right spot."

"Ay, ay, Captain!" said Gibbs; "and here's forgiveness for the future."

Scarcely had the words been uttered, and the liquor begun to gurgle down the hairy throat of the manacled wretch, than the Pirate before him pressed his foot with a quick nervous action on the spring.

Like a flash the trap fell, carrying chair and man with it. The hinges of the hatch creaked, the wicker-work chair fell with a bound on the stone floor below, the heavy beam overhead gave a jarring quiver as the strong silk rope brought up with a shuddering surge on the cleat where it was belayed at the wall; and with a gasping, choking cry of pain mingled with the ring of the shattered tumbler on the pavement, the ruffian of a hundred crimes fell full five feet and hung struggling in the death agony. With almost superhuman force he raised his clenched hands and struck his forehead till the manacles were twisted like wire by the effort, spinning around too by the lopsided weight of his body, while the beam above yielded slightly to the strain, and the deadly cord, no longer squirming but taut as a bar of iron, held the wretch in its knotted embrace, clasped tight around the neck. In a minute or two the hands ceased beating the inflamed face and head, and fell with a clank before the body; the leg gave a few convulsive twitches, a last and violent spasm shook the frame, and there Master Gibbs hung, a warm dead lump of clay.

While this murderous business was going on, and the poor crippled wretch was struggling in the jaws of death, the Padre was chanting with his profane tongue from his open Breviary the *Salve Domine*, and his patron coolly took down a telescope and swept it over the blue water to seaward. When, however, after a quarter of an hour had elapsed, the body of their victim gave no more signs of life, the Captain laid down the telescope as the Padre closed his missal, and remarked quietly, while glancing critically at the suspended body,

"He did not go off so easy as I had anticipated; his bull neck is not broken, though the knot was perfectly well placed. However, he is stone dead, and we will lower him down. You, my Padre, will bury him!"

Saying this, Captain Brand rounded up the chair, detached the silk rope, hung the loop in its accustomed place, and then waited the reappearance of his confederate. Not many minutes elapsed before the Padre, having performed the last rites, again ascended the stanchion and was assisted above the floor by his chief. Then both together got hold of a ring-bolt in the trap, drew it up and secured the spring, placing square bits of mahogany over the countersunk apertures so as to prevent accidental falls or hangings of themselves.

LAMBDA HERCULIS.*

It was evening: two figures stood motionless upon a cliff beetling high and rugged over a silent ocean. Around them the hills were clad in snows which the pale glare of the sunlight had no power to dissolve. The air was of a benumbing coldness, and often would a sharp blast come sweeping over the land, and scatter the fine snow-flakes like sands of the desert, as it went howling and shrieking down the valleys and over the waste.

From the summit of the cliff a vast wilderness was seen, stretching away in every direction except seaward. No vegetation broke the blank whiteness of the view; only in a few rare spots were clusters of blasted firs, bleached almost to the color of the snow, which tossed their rattling arms and shook with hoarse laughter in the hurrying gale. The earth was hoary with age.

The sun, although two hours had barely passed since noon, was already low down in the west; a few moments more and he would pass below the horizon. The two watched his descent with troubled and mournful looks. "Briefer and briefer grow the days, O Orlan!" said the one; "and briefer as they shorten grows our pilgrimage. Oh that we had perished when the great cities were shaken asunder by the earthquake! Then had we been spared the doom of calculating, moment by moment, the hour of an inevitable destruction."

"Peace!" answered he who was called Orlan; "murmur not rashly that the Maker of earth has yet preserved us, the last of its inhabitants. It is a solemn, it is a glorious lot to have outlived all other children of Adam, and now to stand face to face with the purity of the nature of God. Godlike we are; nor less than godlike our destiny—to return to the elements amidst the chaos of a ruined world. Alas! frail is the body of man; his spirit can not wrestle with the infinite: it is too much that he should bear to look upon the terrible vengeance of the Almighty. But lo! the sun sinks beneath the sea; the sun that has shone for so many ages upon our fathers, ere his next rising shall we, perchance, have passed beyond his light forever?"

As he ceased to speak the dimmed orb set, and his cold beams struggled and wavered and vanished from the still, gray waters. At the moment a hurricane swept the earth; borne upon the pinions of the gale, the Spirit of the Storm brushed with his skirts the heaths, and stirred the feathery snow into dense, impenetrable clouds, which filled the air and gathered volume as they hurtled over the land. Darkness prevailed: and through that darkness the awe-struck mortals seemed to hear the wild shrieks and laughter of demons, urging on the globe through space with speed inconceivable. Trembling, they fell upon their knees, and, with faces bowed to earth, awaited the issue.

Soon the fury of the blast was spent; the winds lulled, the snows subsided. Orlan and his companion arose and were about to render thanks for their safety when, terror of terrors! from the very spot where lingered the traces of the sun so lately set arose *another sun*, in size immeasurably greater than the former, and in lustre unlike aught ever seen by man before. The orb, not dazzling like the sun of earth, but soft and beautiful as a summer moon yet brilliant as an archangel's halo, soared majestically upward. And as it soared its path across the heavens was oblique. "Great God! what portent can it be? Knowest thou, O Orlan?" "Lo, it was foretold," gloomily answered the other; "wise men have said it long ago: but the children of the world believed them not. Know thou, then, this is that star toward which we are ever tending, ay, and have been since the orbits of the universe were drawn by the finger of God. Into this star, *then* so small and distant, *now* so near and appalling, shall suns and worlds, the myriad nebulæ of heaven, and all created things, sooner or later be absorbed. Who can withstand the great Will of the Omnipotent?" And the other answered him not, because of the sinking of his soul: so the two were mute.

And the earth journeyed on ever through space. Hour succeeded to hour, and year to year; and yet time was not. There was no day, for there was no night; only the soft phosphoric brightness of the star in which the globe was ever bathed. And the two lived together on the earth, and their dwelling was amidst the snows. And fishes, and the wild sea-birds which came to them from beyond the great ocean, served them as food. Patiently they awaited the disposal of the supreme Will; until the companion of Orlan sickened and laid him down in the wilderness and perished; for his spirit was overburdened with awe. And Orlan made him a grave in the everlasting snow and covered him from sight; and Orlan remained alone upon all the face of the wide earth. Very lonely was Orlan then, and he prayed that the end might be soon. Yet while he prayed he awaited patiently the appointed season.

And evermore the earth journeyed through space, and drew nearer and nearer to the brighter sun; for her own sun had long been lost. At last there came a time when the great sun ceased to traverse the sky in his wonted course; no longer he rose and set, but motionless stood above the verge of the horizon; while, as the earth passed on, from the beings of the air around came low sobs and wailing, like the murmurings of the Æolian harp.

And the angels breathed upon the face of the earth, and slowly, silently, the snows dissolved. First from the complaining branchlets of the trees, then from the sharp gray cliffs of ocean, then from the sloping uplands, then from the valleys beneath faded the ermine mantle, and with it the biting coldness of the long, long winter yielded to the mildness of spring. After a weary time there came, indeed, the warmth of spring, but without spring's flowers, without spring's budding leaves. Under those frosty coverings, year after year, the recreative power of the earth had slept, never to reawaken. Orlan arose and gazed upon the new landscape; and before him, and far, far away on either hand, all was barren; barren as the untraveled ocean that dashed its black waves gloomily behind. From the ground he turned his gaze upon the sky. No longer *above* the verge of the horizon stood the strange orb now; its lower limb dipped deep beneath the blue earth-line, its crest soared proudly, menacingly upward, as though it would scale the very zenith. There were markings upon its bright disc, and dusky shapes of unimagined beings wavered to and fro and held mysterious converse in its awful depths.

And again the angels breathed upon the earth, and spring heightened into the heat of summer. And of this heat there was increase, but no abatement. Over the dark, brown fields, over the barren rocks, over the tireless waters, brooded the spirit of heat. And his power—as it was foreordained of old—overcame all nature. For the moving clouds sailed the blue sky no longer; and the sea-birds came rarely and wearily from across the water, and then ceased; even the untiring ocean yielded and grew still, and its billows warred no more against the cliffs. In despair Orlan also laid himself down upon the parching earth to perish. He prayed no longer, hoped no longer. But from out the throng of murmuring spirits a sweet voice cried, "Mortal! thou art immortal; fear not: before all despair not. Endure unto the end; lo, the end is not distant; lo, even now the hour has come!" A blast as from a furnace swept the land; from its bosom rose a lurid haze darting far and wide into the air; the earth glowed like white-hot iron, the sea like molten brass; one instant the huge star glared before them a cataract of flame; the next, it had ingulfed them all; land, ocean, sky, one reeking fiery globe, melted into atoms in its fierce embrace.

And angels and demons cried aloud in wild weird chorus as the Star of Destruction sped away—away, and vanished into space.

* The sketch is founded on the well-known fact that our sun, with its planets and their satellites, is traveling at the rate of 150,000,000 miles a year toward the star known to astronomers as λ Herculis.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, May 28, in the Senate, Senator Dixon offered a resolution that the Sergeant-at-Arms be directed to remove Thaddeus Hyatt from jail, and permit him to pass without restraint within the city of Washington. Objection being taken, it was laid over under the rule. The Post-office Deficiency Bill was then taken up and discussed, Senator Hammond, of South Carolina, earnestly opposing a reduction of postage. Speeches were made by Senators Grimes and others. Without taking the question the Senate adjourned.——In the House a long and earnest debate occurred on the Pacific Railroad Bill, during which Mr. Phelps's amendment to strike out the route through Salt Lake was rejected. Mr. Stevens, delegate from Washington Territory, advocated the formation of three roads, Northern, Central, and Southern. No action was had thereon. An amendment, offered by Mr. Reagan, to the effect that the grantees, within three months of the passage of the act, shall determine the amount of capital necessary to complete the road, was agreed to.

On Tuesday, May 29, in the Senate, the Homestead Bill, as amended by the House, was taken up and the amendments were not concurred with. The Pacific Telegraph Bill and the Post-office Deficiency Bill were successively and briefly considered, when Senators Slidell, Benjamin, and Toombs made explanations on the subject. Without action, the Senate adjourned.——The Pacific Railroad Bill engaged the attention of the House. Various objections having been made, the Bill, by a vote of 100 to 87, was recommitted. In Committee of the Whole, Mr. Washburne delivered a speech embodying an account of the life, public services, and private character of Abram Lincoln, the Illinois candidate of the Republican party for the Presidency.

On Wednesday, May 30, in the Senate, Senator Slidell reported back the bill for the acquisition of Cuba, and gave notice that he should call it up at the next session. Senator Latham offered an amendment to the Overland Mail bill. The House bill for admitting Kansas being taken up, Senator Collamer, of Vermont, spoke at length in favor of the admission of that Territory. On motion of Senator Lane, the bill was postponed till Monday. The Oregon war debt was taken up, and an amendment by Senator Hunter, authorizing a loan to pay the amount, was lost.——In the House, Mr. Haskin, of New York, called up the special order, providing that hereafter no person shall be elected Printer, either to the Senate or the House, who is not a practical printer of skill and ability; that he shall give bonds as security for $25,000; and that the present prices shall be reduced 40 per cent. Considerable debate ensued. The minority report, signed by Messrs. Hindman and Clopton, was read, declaring that the office of Printer to the House was vacant. Mr. Clopton, of Alabama, was opposed to a public printing-office. He defended the President. No question was taken on the subject when the House adjourned.

On Thursday, May 31, in the Senate, Senator Slidell, of Louisiana, from the Printing Investigation Committee, made a majority report, stating that the payments made were without the knowledge of the Government. A minority report was presented by Senator King, of New York, condemning in the strongest terms the practices and operations of public printing. The subject was postponed till to-day. The Senate, in executive session, then rejected the Mexican Treaty.——The House Committee on the Judiciary, to whom the Senate bill relative to the recaptured Africans was referred, reported the bill back, but obtained no action. The Printing bill was taken up and discussed at much length. Mr. Pryor, of Virginia, denounced the President for criminal connivance. Mr. Burnett, of Kentucky, replied. The bill, which establishes a Department of Public Printing, at reduced rates, was finally passed—120 to 56. In Committee of the Whole, Mr. Adams, of Massachusetts, made a speech upon Slavery; after which the Post-office Appropriation bill was taken up and briefly discussed without action.

On Friday, June 1, in the Senate, a resolution instructing the Naval Committee to inquire into the disposition made of the land purchased for a Naval Dépôt at Brunswick, Georgia, was adopted. The bill amending the act relative to private land claims in California was taken up and passed. The Post-office Deficiency Bill being under discussion, Senator Collamer moved an amendment, leaving the Postmaster-General discretion to judge of the propriety of restoring suspended routes; rejected. The amendment of the Finance Committee striking out the clause which restores suspended routes was agreed to, and the bill was passed. After an Executive session the Senate adjourned. ——In the House, the bill adjudging penalties to Marshals and their deputies for permitting prisoners to escape was passed. Mr. Winslow, from the Covode Investigating Committee, upon a question of privilege, made a statement in regard to certain witnesses, which the majority of the Committee refused to have called. He was answered by Mr. Covode. Mr. Train, of Massachusetts, rising to speak on the subject, was interrupted by Mr. Houston, of Alabama, who persisted in speaking, notwithstanding a universal call to order; whereupon Mr. Train remarked that he should "consider himself guilty of gross impropriety, both as a member and as a gentleman, were he to continue speaking when he had no right to the floor." Mr. Houston inquired whether the remark was intended to apply to him. Mr. Train replied that it did; and then Mr. Houston pronounced him a "disgraceful liar and scoundrel." A scene of great violence ensued, in the midst of which Mr. Sherman demanded that Mr. Houston should be censured for this language. After a sharp contest, in which the Republicans sustained the demand of Mr. Sherman, Mr. Houston made an apology, and the scene and session ended.

DEATH OF JUDGE DANIEL.

Hon. Judge Daniel, of the United States Supreme Court, died on 30th ult. at Richmond, Virginia, after a long illness.

Judge Peter V. Daniel was born in Stafford County, Virginia, in 1785. His ancestors had long resided in that State, and were noted, at the time of the Revolution, for the zeal with which they advocated resistance to the British Government. After receiving the rudiments of his education from a private tutor, he entered Princeton College, where he graduated in 1805. He chose the law as a profession, and studied at Richmond under Edmund Randolph, to whose daughter he was subsequently married. In 1808 he was admitted to the bar, and in the following year was elected a delegate to the Virginia Legislature from Stafford County. He was re-elected to that office in 1810. Two years afterward he was elected a member of the Privy Council, and was successively re-elected until the adoption of the new Constitution in 1830. During a considerable portion of this time he was Lieutenant-Governor of the State, and President of the Council *ex officio*. On the adoption of the amended Constitution in 1830, when the number of members of the Council had been reduced from eight to three, he was again elected; but in 1835, when the Whigs obtained a majority in the Legislature, he was dismissed from office, together with his Democratic *confrères*. But the Whigs retained their ascendency only for a short period, and the next session, when the Democrats were victorious, he was restored. Chief-Justice Taney having been transferred, in 1834, from the office of Attorney-General to the Treasury Department, Judge Daniel was pressed by President Jackson to accept the vacant post, but he declined. In 1836 Philip P. Barbour was transferred from the bench of the United States District Court to the Supreme bench, and President Jackson appointed Judge Daniel to the vacancy. Judge Barbour dying in 1840, President Van Buren made Judge Daniel his successor. He has held the office from that period to the present time. He was strongly Democratic in politics, and fully approved of the Dred Scott decision of his friend Chief-Justice Taney.

A NEW ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

A new Arctic Expedition sailed from New London, Connecticut, on Tuesday, 29th ult., on board of the bark *George Henry*. The expedition is not very numerous, for it consists only of Mr. B. F. Hall, of Cincinnati, and his Esquimaux guide, Cud-la-ja-ah. Mr. Hall, who lately resided in Cincinnati, designs to leave the vessel in which he sailed at Sussex Island, taking with him a large boat, which has been constructed expressly for him, and with which he designs to make explorations in the region lying between Cape Willoughby and the entrance to Fury and Hecla Strait. A crew of five Esquimaux, which he will select at Sussex Island, will assist him in his researches. Mr. Hall hopes to obtain further traces of the party which went with Sir John Franklin. Mr. Cornelius Grinnell, of this City, Mayor Harris, of New London, and some of the prominent citizens of that place, went down the harbor with Mr. Hall, and returned on the tug which towed the vessel to sea.

THE METHODIST CONFERENCE.

The proceedings of the Methodist Episcopal General Conference last week, at Buffalo, were interesting. On Thursday, 31st, Bishop Baker presided. The Slavery report having been taken up, Mr. Slicer, of Baltimore, and Dr. Holdich spoke against the majority report. Mr. Sewall, of Baltimore, made a most impressive speech. He was followed by Messrs. Coombe and Hill in favor of the report. A resolution was adopted that the vote should be had on the third resolution in the majority report after certain other members had spoken, without further debate. After recess at noon, Messrs. Hunter and Kingsley addressed the Conference for the minority. Mr. Durbin's substitute was taken from the table and rejected. An amendment directing the Bishops to submit the new Chapter proposed to the Annual Conferences and the Presiding Elders, to the Quarterly Conferences, was lost. The new Chapter was at length adopted by a vote of 154 to 57.

SENTENCE ON THE PIRATE HICKS.

The case of Albert W. Hicks, charged with the crime of robbery on board of the sloop *E. A. Johnson*, was finally disposed of on 1st inst. in the United States Circuit Court. Judge Smalley sentenced the prisoner to be hung on the 13th of July next upon Ellis's or Bedlow's Island, whichever may be selected by the United States Marshal for that purpose. Hicks received his sentence with that stolidity which has characterized his conduct throughout the trial. Later in the day Hicks had an interview with Mr. Sayles, one of his counsel, in the Tombs, when he became quite communicative touching his former life, and, in some impromptu verses, hinted at a bloody crime in which he was previously engaged.

A JAPANESE OPINION OF THE PRESIDENT'S DINNER.

A correspondent of the *Herald* writes:

"Namura Gohatsero, whom I have in former letters associated with a pair of bright eyes and a blue poncho-jacket, together with his five brethren, left the hotel at nine o'clock in the morning, to see how Washington looked when shut up by day, and as they strolled along they came to a spot where they halted. Namura uttered words equivalent to 'Here lives our friend;' and his mere presence attracting a group of spectators, including the waiters of the house, he asked one of them, 'Is Mister —— at home?' He was answered in the affirmative, and almost as quickly I was at his side. He did not greet me with 'Hi-o,' which is the Japanese for 'Good-morning,' but said in English, 'Good-morning—how do you do?' Following his example, I also replied in the same language, and the words, 'Quite well, thank you—how are you?' 'Very well,' answered Namura, which being quite satisfactory so far as he was concerned, I addressed myself to his companions, and exchanged with

a shake of the hands, after which I invited them to walk up stairs, and led the way accordingly.

"I at first took them into the drawing-room; but the rush of ladies and others that followed almost alarmed my visitors, and Namura asked, 'Do all these people live in this house?' He evidently deemed them very intrusive.

"'Well, Namura,' I said, after he and his party had taken seats on the sofas and various chairs, 'how did you like the President's dinner on Friday?'

"'Very much,' said he, 'but not standing. I had to stand for two hours.'

"'What did the ambassadors eat: turtle soup?'

"'Yes, soup.'

"'Fish?' I continued, suggestively.

"'Yes; fish about that size,' and he described the length and thickness with his hands.

"'Chicken salad?'

"'Yes, chicken salad—very good.'

"'Roast chickens and pigeon?'

"'Yes; roast chickens and pigeon—both very good.'

"'Ale?'

"'Oh yes, very good ale, Champagne, and sherry.'

"'Strawberries?' I queried. When these were first offered to them at Fortress Monroe, they tasted, but neglected them, saying that the fruit was too sour.

"'Oh yes, strawberries very good, and ice-cream.'

"'Mustard, of course?'

"'Yes, mustard.'

"'And cheese?'

"'Yes, cheese very good, and butter very good too.'

"'What would you like to drink now? I asked.

"'Some ale,' answered Namura, and ale was accordingly produced and drank in the drawing-room, notwithstanding the unorthodox nature of the proceeding in such a place."

MARRIAGE OF MADAME BODISCO.

A correspondent of the *Herald* writes:

"I have just returned from a spectacle of great interest, which has attracted the memories and associations of an old Jacobite of Washington more than any thing else that has occurred here for a long time. To-day at noon, in St. John's church, Lafayette Square, the Countess Bodisco, widow of the late distinguished and popular Minister from Russia, was married to Captain Douglas Gordon Sconce, of Scotland. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. Norwood, of Georgetown, to whose contregation the lady belongs, her family belonged. The bride was given away by President Buchanan. There was a quiet simplicity about the whole matter which imparted the character rather of a religious than a festive occasion.

"As the guests entered, they were approached, both by members of the diplomatic corps and their families arrived in their carriages, one by one, and mingled with the throng, without regard to place or precedence. A party from the executive mansion, including Miss Mackintosh, of Philadelphia, Miss Buchanan, and Mr. James Buchanan, Jun., were came a little after, the appearance of the President at the door indicated that the bride was to be 'the observed of all observers.' As soon as he met at his side, immediately the President entered with the Countess Bodisco leaning on his arm, while the whole congregation rose. They passed down the aisle to their places on the left of the chancel, where they were joined by Captain Sconce, a shook hands cordially with the President, and the ceremony was performed, as seen by the officiating clergyman. There were neither bridesmaids nor groomsmen, and the whole affair had an air of unusual simplicity."

HER FIRST MARRIAGE.

He adds: "I remember the Countess when she was a school-girl in Georgetown—the sweet and lovely Harriet Williams, the favorite Queen of every May-day. Her father, a native merchant of that town, became a remarkable burgh, gave her every advantage of education; but she was at a tender age, and unaffected as she was, a matter of an hundred citizens could be. Her personal loveliness was always her rich dot, which, with her eccentric humour shone on her bright eyes. Her form was a model for a sculptor, so delicate and rounded—and—dream of beauty seldom realized on earth. The Count Bodisco was a widower, and mingled in the gayeties and was at once conquered. He was old, but in excellent preservation, and was made young—he got every one whenever he appeared before, not only company, but his most distinguished guests—he made a display in the most agreeable society, and was highly acceptable, not only in the drawing-room as fashionable, but in our bred circles. His good-nature and intelligence commanded all, and his eminent meed of all political parties. One of his earliest and kindest friends was Henry Clay, for whose talents and popularity he had an unbounded admiration. Indeed, he loved that great statesman and orator to a degree rather uncommon among foreigners. But there was really a strong tincture of romantic sensibility about the excellent old Count. He was fond of all the pleasures and pure and innocent enjoyments. The attentions of Countess to him was extraordinary, and could only have been conciliated by that genuine benevolence and kindness of heart which beamed from her countenance and gushed out in his cordial voice. He wooed and won the affections of the fair Georgetown girl that had ever been seen in metropolitan circles. His old diplomatic companions and friends—some good-natured and sneered—the beau monde wondered; but he had his own taste, and he made the sweet, young, blooming Harriet his wife.

ANOTHER DUEL.

The Savannah *Republican* of Friday says: "We learn that a duel was fought yesterday, at Screven's Ferry, between Messrs. R. W. Moore, formerly of this Town Navy, and Mr. Charles A. L. Lamar, of this city. Lamar shot Moore in a vital part, and left him in the Government in the trial of J. Egbert Farnham, for piracy, and in a letter stated that the difficulty arose from some strictures of Mr. Lamar on his testimony, given in a few days ago. The challenge was accompanied, and the parties met on the ground, with their respective friends, at eleven o'clock on Thursday. Shots were exchanged with pistols without effect, when John Gowen, Esq., second of Mr. Lamar, approached Hamilton Cooper, Esq., the second of Commodore Moore, and stated that, in behalf of his principal, he felt it his duty now to say that the offense was given under excitement and misapprehension, and that Mr. Lamar regretted exceedingly the language that had given rise to the meeting. The retraction was deemed an satisfactory; whereupon the parties exchanged friendly salutations, and returned to the city."

SHOCKING ACCIDENT.

Henrietta Fuller, daughter of Willis Fuller, of South Reading, Massachusetts, employed in the cotton mills at the factory, aged about eighteen years, went to a watercask to obtain water for drinking. This cask was very near an upright shaft and coupling-box, which was revolving at the rate of over one hundred revolutions per minute, and with which the dress of the unfortunate girl became entangled. With every revolution the girl was struck upon the strong iron frame-work which supported the machinery, crushing her forehead, and forcing the eyes from their sockets, while her body and limbs were shockingly mangled and broken. The cask and the ceiling were covered with the marks of the catastrophe, and the body was so firmly bound to the shaft that the steel skirts were cut with chisels before she could be liberated.

PERSONAL.

The Auburn *Advertiser* says a Committee of leading officers of that place called on Mr. Seward, on Saturday morning last, and requested him to consent to deliver an address on the Fourth of July. Mr. Seward received the request very kindly, and said he must decline the [illegible] year. He added however, that of July, 1861, he would then be address to his fellow-citizens on his fellow-citizens on that date he had [illegible] ing

[illegible]

pora of the South and the Belgian ports. We learn that his plans have been entered into very heartily by the people of Dublin, and that a line is about to be established between Dublin and Brussels. M. Bloudeel is an experienced diplomatist, in the service of the sagacious Leopold. He has been a great traveler in his time.

Mr. Everett has at last definitely accepted the honor of the Baltimore nomination, and will run as the candidate for the Vice-Presidency of the United States next year.

Bleeding's ropes are stretched across the gorge at Niagara, between the International Hotel and the Museum House. The incursions are also finished, giving access to admission for 50,000 persons.

The Rev. Mr. Corbett, late the pastor of the Green Street M. E. Church, in this city, died at Jersey City on Saturday last. A number of his friends chartered a steamboat and accompanied his remains to New York.

It appears that the unsophisticated strangers from Japan have learned from experience that the best way for the institutions of whose existence we affectionately advise them, is the Tammany one. Mr. Heco, who is the only especial pet of Washington ladies, has been invigilated into a translation which is to appear in New York, and having the fear of the Mikado before his eyes, sold him a pinchbeck watch for eight dollars, which he says he might be expected by a single numeral. It seems a little singular that of all the Washington pet guests, Mr. Tommy should have allowed himself to be victimized.

Jenny Lind Goldschmidt and her husband left for London for Sweden in the early part of June. They will make a visit to the latter place of their nuptials in England.

The Right Reverend the Provisional Bishop (Potter) of this diocese is about to take a trip to Europe for the benefit of his health, which has been somewhat impaired by his arduous duties during the winter. He will be absent until about before the session of the Protestant Episcopal Convention in the fall. Episcopal acts will be performed in this diocese during the summer by Bishops Eastburn, of New Hampshire, Whittingham, of Maryland, and De Lancey, of Western New York.

Died, on the 28th of April, at Chattahoochee, Florida, Jesse Hargrave, aged 107 years and 6 months. Mrs. Eliza P. Ross, wife of Dr. John D. Ross, of New York. Mrs. Ross was highly esteemed and respected by her friends, her chief attention was the benevolence of her nature. She will be long remembered and lamented by the poor of New York, to members of whom she had been a personal and constant benefactress. Mrs. Ross was interested in the public as well as private charities of the city, and was a lady of great intelligence and refined Christian feeling. She established and maintained, for two years, a workhouse for destitute females, in 1837-8, and in 1852 and 1853 she opened a house of refuge for widowed mothers and others, where they could find shelter and the temporary comforts of a home. In the succeeding autumn, by means of the contributions of her friends, a house of rest was necessary for the temporary home, she established, under this direction, a Protestant Orphan Asylum, in New York Juvenile Asylum, to which she contributed over a thousand dollars, besides annual donations. She became the condition of the parents of such children as were committed to the institution. Mrs. Ross was a native of Ireland. She suffered from the effects of acute rheumatism, contracted in the service of the poor, which was down with pain, she fell asleep, calmly resting on a Saviour's love.

Mrs. Cornelius Roosevelt, of this city, married a gallant Major, of the 3d Regiment of Cavalry, at Fort Monroe, on Saturday last. Mrs. Lyons assesses her dowry at $25,000. It is said that Mr. Prosser is worth about $100,000, and able to pay the claim if a just one be found. It is worth the money. Mr. Prosser recently married.

Mr. J. R. Chase, principal of the Pemberton Mill, publishes a statement in the Boston papers, showing that the mill paid in 1859 $1,000 more in the former operatives in that establishment remains unpaid.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

PAY FOR THE LORDS.

In the House of Lords, on the 14th, the Marquis of Normanby moved the production of all the correspondence with Sardinia relative to the cession of Savoy and Nice to Garibaldi's expedition.

Earl Granville promised to produce the dispatches.

In the House of Commons Mr. Gladstone withdrew the motion for a select committee on the Paper Duty. He put that Sir Rowland Hill's health was such as to require an immediate change of air.

Mr. Cardwell stated that the attention of the Government had been called to the fact that the Royal Navy Estimate in Ireland for the use of the Pope, and to enlist Irishmen for the Papal army, was considered by many highly irregular, and steps would be taken to check them.

In the House of Commons, on the 15th, Lord John Russell stated that Lord Cowley had received no information from the Austrian Government that Austria would claim further territorial compensation if Sardinian territory was extended by the annexation of Central Italy.

He also announced that Government had received information from St. Petersburg that the sale of effects left in Turkey similar to what appeared under the head of "Russia and Turkey" (Vol. iii., p. 1,) was not to lead to the concentration of a Russian army on the Pruth.

THE PRIZE-FIGHT AGAIN IN PARLIAMENT.

On the 15th Mr. Bowyer asked a question for correspondence between the Home Secretary and the South Australian Government with regard to the return of Heenan to the late fight for the championship. He avowed his determination to bring the matter before the House.

Lord Palmerston protested against the exaggerated observations of Mr. Bowyer with regard to the fight, and who witnessed the fight. Such matters were certainly matters of taste. He had received information from Australia to the effect that the fight was conducted with the greatest propriety, and that the conduct of the Australian spectators was highly creditable of the British race.

The question was then dating which several members protested against the police being called upon to keep the peace at fights between gentlemen. Others encouraged those who violated it, the subject dropped.

SETTLEMENT OF THE DISPUTE.

Bell's Life of the 20th of April states that a meeting took place between Sayers and Heenan, at that office, relative to the disease in the latter's eyesight, which it is quite between them, and as to the possession of the championship belt. The arrangements agreed upon are briefly these—exact counterparts of the one so much covet—should be made, and the original belt handed over to the stakeholder unconditionally. Each of the candidates is to head the list with a subscription of £100, and the belt is to be retained in the possession of the proprietor of *Bell's Life*, to be forthcoming at the shortest notice for the honor of wearing it.

Sayers has engaged to retire from the Ring.

DEATH OF LADY BYRON.

Lady Byron is dead. She was born May 17, 1792, and was married to the poet Byron January 2, 1815. Before her engagement Lord Byron, in a letter, thus describes her: "Yesterday a very pretty girl called, a Miss Milbanke, which I answered. What an odd situation and friendship is ours! William and Lady Jersey, who are so much and produced by circumstances which generally led to separation on one side, and sometimes on both, are in a very superior woman, and very little epoint, which is strong, and her knowledge of Latin—a devilish thing that is to be in her own right—an only child and a mamma, who has always had her own way. She is a poetess, a mathematician, and yet without very kind, generous, and gentle, with very little pretension. Any other head would be turned with half her acquisitions and a tenth of her advantages." She was the only daughter of Sir Ralph Milbanke Noel, and succeeded, November 13, 1856, to the barony of Wentworth. Lady Byron's will is said to might be expected of a marriage without love, was unhappy. She had one for the issue of the Earl of Lovelace. Lady Byron was of a liberal disposition, and long her philanthropic gifts was $250 for the Kossuth Emigration Society. Her daughter Ada, who died before her, inherited remarkable mental qualities—among others, a taste for mathematics, and was the favorite friend of Mrs. Somerville, the astronomer.

FRANCE.

SYMPATHY FOR GARIBALDI.

The *Opinione Nationale* heads the subscription for Garibaldi with 100 francs to which its editors add and printers add 50 francs 20 cents. A M. Rouille Bernard sends 1000 francs. The Duke de Persigny, governor of the Zouaves, contributes 109 francs, with the following characteristic note:

"PARIS, Sunday, May 13, 1860.

"Since the Emboury St. Germain, Rue de Bac, the banner of Lamoricière, it is only just and logical that the Zouaves Pontificaux should reinstate a name like Garibaldi. Will you, then, interest me through your journal, that I, who have had the honor to command, may be allowed to go out to Garibaldi would be favorably received by the Imperial Government? In other words, may I serve under Garibaldi, with the permission of the Emperor? Receive, monsieur, the assurance of my (with authorization) under Lamoricière? Your answer will be addressed to me at Nice, where I am going to start with me.

"DE PERSIGNY.

"P. S.—A recent commissioned officer of the First Regiment of Zouaves, commanded by Lamoricière.

Les Mornes."

GARIBALDI AND THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.

A Paris letter, describing the *Fête de l'Assomption*, says:

"In the course of the afternoon the carriage of the Prince Imperial passed through the Champs Elysées, by the Avenue de l'Impératrice, down that of the Champs Elysées. The young prince, his mother and the Grand Duke Michael state of the atmosphere had induced tens of thousands of Parisians to assemble in the course of the day. The spectacle was enlivened by such a glittering accessory as a mounted escort of the Imperial guards and other accompanying sheen, a regular communication was caused throughout the whole length of the line of march. The cry of *Vive l'Empereur!* was the cry far and near, and a general rush was made towards the carriage. The cortège, preceded by the gyrons in their usual livery, obviated at the Arc de Triomphe, and the Champs Elysées was filled by the customary four horses, with postilions, the cavalry escort, and the crowd interposing themselves between the carriage and the spectators. The little boy, who is now the hope of the Napoleon race, stood up and leaned over the door of the vehicle, and seemed to watch with a look of curiosity the crowd and the surrounding scene, over whom he might one day be called to hold sway. The Empress looked pale and fatigued, but the minds of the people, and suddenly, by a species of acclamation, the cry of *Vive l'Empereur!* was heard from all throughout that dense throng, in which the names of Garibaldi and *Vive la Liberation!* were also distinguished. '*Vive Garibaldi la Liberation!—Vive le Prince Impérial!*' were the cries which were heard, and was between the two personages I do not exactly see, but I give the simple fact. Garibaldi, with his staff, was standing on the pavement, and the Emperor, the Empress and Empress, with the Prince Imperial, were seen on the same carriage. They were seated in a very low carriage, and as it passed slowly down the Champs Elysées the cheering and shouting of the crowd were almost in juxtaposition. Again the cry of *Vive l'Empereur!* was heard, and this time it was combined with vivas for the head of the state. The Emperor and Empress bowed to the people right and left, when the shouts of the multitude united in the same association of Garibaldi and Napoleon."

A DRAMATIC TALE.

A suit has been commenced in the French Courts, the incidents connected with which will be the basis of the dramatists in a whirl, and give work to their pens. The story runs thus:

"Nearly thirty years ago a widow lady, of a noble and distinguished family, was residing in the south of France, placed her child with a governess's wife, who was to act as its foster-mother. Shortly after the lady to the young heir was quarreling before the door, and the gardener's wife, who was also in the garden, saw the nurse throw the wheels of a carriage, and immediately suspected that the nurse had committed some crime with the child or woman. In her flurry she snatched up the heir, but slipping, let him fall into the water, thus making his right arm lame and collar-bone. In her terror she rushed to her husband, who, with the aid of a neighbor, carried the child to a murder the bed-clothes, and, taking his garments, he placed the child in a cradle, and, having buried all the dead, left with the lady's coming. Contrary to the usual penal practice, the wife was not punished with death, but her husband was struck at the change in her darling, to the lady, brown, instead of bright chestnut, and placed in the place of her own plump baby, that, vexed and exasperated, she determined to have nothing to do with it at once, and made the postillion drive away. The gardener and his wife at once determined to bring up the child as their own, and in a few days left the district, and made an explanation. They were afterward joined by a sister of the wife, who, marrying that the lady was gone, and had taken away with her the child, left the country. Shortly after this, while the ignorant cottagers, influenced by terror, never dreamed of the value of the supposed changeling's wife, as her death-bed, recently made a full confession. In the course time, the real heir of the family died and left as the member or one of the noblest families of France, has been living in the south of France, and has been awarded a difficult position; while the real heir has spent his youth in religion and is now a soldier in Algeria. The latter now brings suit to recover his property and title."

Dervieux, the celebrated famous lawyer in France, has been engaged for the defense.

WHAT BECOMES OF CIGAR ENDS.

A young girl was arrested in Paris for selling what was supposed to be smuggled tobacco, but she positively declared that it was not. She proved, and it was proved that she was connected with a regular gang, carrying on a large and lucrative business in cigar ends. They had been observant discovered that the parents of the girl lived at Lyons. The police proceeded to that city, and, not content, which he found to be an isolated house, which they entered, and found the old man and his wife busy at their disagreeable occupation. Having knocked and rung several times at the door, and receiving no answer, they concluded, very necessary, in a loud voice, ordered the door to be forced. This order produced the desired effect, for the door was opened by a man. On entering the place, a strong smell of tobacco was perceived, and lying about were a quantity of wrappers with labels of different kinds, such as Maryland, Levant, Virginia, etc. In an adjoining room was a woman lying in bed, apparently very ill, and the Commissary of police, who was provided with the search warrant, through the other parts of the premises, where all kinds of apparatus for the manufacture of cigars were found, and also a quantity of powdered wood, chippings of logwood leather, and other substances, intended to be used in making a composition sold as snuff, were found. On again entering the room where the woman lay, the Commissary, who had begun to entertain suspicion that her illness was feigned, and that she had thrown herself on the bed to conceal something under her, ordered her to get up. This she at last did, and beneath the mattress he discovered a neck filled with cuts of unmanufactured cigars, probably picked up in the streets or cafés, and which were destined for the manufacture of new ones. The man and his wife were arrested.

RUSSIA.

ANOTHER MENSCHIKOFF MISSION TO TURKEY.

The attitude of Russia toward Turkey is attracting much attention, and regarded as decidedly menacing.

The St. Petersburg correspondent of the Paris Imperial Invigis Ministers, excepting the Turkish, were recently assembled in council at Constantinople, and declared that the position of the Christians in Turkey had become unbearable. The Russian envoy on this occasion having strong representations to the Porte in their favor, and refuse to obtain any concessions from it.

The London *Times* says that Russia is meditating a Menschikoff Mission, and that Count Ignatieff, while labouring to advance the interests of Christians, can not be unaware that he is playing to advance the views of the Crimean Statesman.

ITALY

VICTORY OF THE INVADERS.

At latest dates we hear that Garibaldi's forces have driven the enemy from every point. The capture of Piacenza by Garibaldi was simply between the Neapolitan troops and a rebel force, the number of Italian volunteers from Malta, who were marching to join those hosted at Marsala. The Neapolitan leaders were that Garibaldi had obtained a decided victory at Monreale—a town of about 20,000 inhabitants, situated on the heights, which commands the latter place. It is also reported that the Garibaldian army was in possession of a number of guns. Garibaldi's troops were daily being reinforced by volunteers from all parts of Italy.

DEATH OF THEODORE PARKER.

The following, an extract from a private letter to Professor Cornelius Conway, of Cincinnati, dated May 11, we copy from papers:

"I have sad news to communicate. Our dear suffering friend, Theodore Parker, died yesterday evening. Yet I must never see him more in the flesh. He died free of vigor. I saw him about three hours before he died, by the gallery, which he was then able to go conveniently to himself. He left written directions for his funeral, limiting to five persons only, including his wife, be sent, she thinks, from the peculiar tenderness of his manner yesterday, that he was going to die. He left drawing for some days, and talked dreamingly of two Theodore Parkers—one, he said, was dead, the other living. He cherished his work; perhaps a true thought only mystically expressed. Among the last words expressed were these: 'Of course you know I am not afraid to die, though I wished to live to finish some things I had begun to do.' I had great powers committed to me, and I have but done little.'

"Since writing this, I have seen him lying, oh, so peacefully! I shall not attempt to describe the look in death of terror. The bottle color remains on his cheek, and it is best to remember him as he was when he passed away. He ceased to breathe without the least struggle."

A FAITHLESS CONSUL.

The Boston *Transcript* has advices from Italy, received by the steamer *Arabia*, report that Mr. Henry H. Hamilton, late Consul at Messina, Sicily, has been guilty of an act of perfidy, which will forever brand him with infamy. He was appointed Consul to that city by the Navy, was instrumental in betraying Father Ottavia Lanza, one of the noblest and most patriotic citizens of Italy into the hands of the agents of the vilest and most tyrannical despotism on earth. Father Lanza was arrested on the 14th of April, Palermo was stacked with the report of the arrest of Father Lanza. He was immediately thrown into a merchant vessel, bearing the 'stripes and stars,' and sent the set out for Naples, and there put in jail. Mr. Hamilton, the American Consul! The diplomatic corps at Palermo have written to the Neapolitan representation with this traitor against humanity—his side and shutter to the disgrace of the American second Brutus, protests his official position. If one quarter part of the statements reported in this Journal be true, Garibaldi is at once dismissed from the service of a free republic, and suffer the official as well as the social disgrace awarded to renegades."

CANADA.

RAILROAD CAR FOR THE PRINCE OF WALES.

The editor of the Hamilton Canada West *Spectator* has inspected the railroad car intended for the use of the Prince of Wales during his visit on the Great Western Railway. He says: "In its size and outside appearance the car will not differ much from the ordinary passenger coach in its painting, a part of which will be the Prince of Wales's arms, and the letters 'Great Western.' The principal feature of the inside is the spacious saloon, 36 feet long by 8 wide. The ceiling is of white satin wood, and the room are richly ornamented with pedestal, cornice, chandelier, and ventilators. The chairs and sofas are surmounted by a silk upholstery panel and hung with drapery; there are also two sofas and four chairs in placed the Prince of Wales's consort and feathers, covered in wood. The floor is covered with a fluted silk panel, in shape like an extended fan, while in place of carpets two fine buffalo robes are spread over each side of the door-way. The furniture will be constructed of the best of satin wood, and the whole car will be one of the style of Louis XIV. and XV. Next to the saloon, on either side of the car, are two compartments for small-room, which will be fitted up with every regard to convenience and elegance. At the other end of the car is the gas-chamber, 14 feet long. This room will be placed the servants' cabin, but by no means debarred to elegance and taste."

MEXICO.

PROGRESS OF THE REVOLUTION.

The steamship *Panchuca*, from Vera Cruz the 16th ult., arrived in New Orleans on the 24th, with dates from the city of Mexico to the 7th, with a considerable force, some 6000 or 7000 men, was ordered against the rebels. He still continued to advance, and on the 5th all marched out to meet him, and a battle was fought between the contending armies. The Secretary of War in the engagement, and the Liberals are said to have a more numerous force than the Reds. The latter, however, possess superior discipline.

The President Zuloaga, Zuloaga turned, a few days previously, from the command of the army, to the city of Guadalajara, whereupon that personage had him arrested and imprisoned, and on the 5th issued a decree that forced him to accompany the army, obliging him, in some convenient state, to march in his court-dress. General La Vega has not been executed, as had been previously stated, but was a prisoner at San Luis Potosi, in the hands of the Liberals, suffering from a severe wound. Another forced loan had been decreed by Miramon two days before leaving the capital. Vincente de Gobrino, the French Minister, left the City of Mexico on the 5th, and was at Jalapa at the latest accounts, waiting for means to reach the coast. He is said to have taken quite a fortune *Arriba* his residence in the country. The *Herald* of Cross of Vera Cruz has been stopped for want of paper.

NAPLES AND MESSINA.

We publish herewith views of the cities of Messina and Naples, from recent pictures. They are of peculiar interest at the present time, and will be still more valuable as the war which has commenced in Southern Italy progresses.

NAPLES.

The city of Naples needs no description. In a former number of this journal we said of it:

Fancy a city of some 450,000 inhabitants, of whom 18,000 are priests, 40,000 idlers, 4000 lawyers, and nearly 30,000 prisoners of state, locked up in some of the five hundred and thirty royal prisons! Fancy this city in a state of chronic siege, with the guns of its forts constantly pointed, not upon its enemies, but upon its people! Fancy a government consisting of a priest-ridden king, cruel, treacherous, and false; maintaining his power by the aid of Swiss and German guards, most of whom are kidnapped, contrary to law, in the southern German States and Switzerland; so miserable an administrator that no department of the government makes the least pretense to efficiency but the police, which has its spies every where, and is said to be as perfect as Fouché's; so blind to facts that he believes he is a blessing to his people, and calmly expects that God will scatter his enemies! Finally, fancy a people systematically trained in idleness, servility, and ignorance; denied the privileges of wholesome education and the use of books; forced to kneel at the feet of the Jesuits, and taught from their childhood that rebellion against their authority involves not only eternal damnation but present punishment; educated in contempt for the laws and indifference to every virtue that can exalt the race! Such is Naples.

Let us look at it in detail. The traveler who walks through Toledo or Chiaja for the first time, on a sunny day in the cooler months, is amazed at the evidences of life and happiness which he sees. Fifty thousand people, they say, throng Toledo (the Broadway of Naples) daily. Every trade under the sun is carried on in the open street. There are shoemakers and tailors at their benches; scribes inditing love-letters to amorous swains; begging monks proving clearly that all who do not give them a carline will be served up hot in another world; mendicants pluming poultry or cleaning vegetables; quack doctors forcing their panaceas down the throats of peasants from the Abruzzi; cooks roasting and frying at great fires on the sidewalk; mothers combing their children's hair, or turning them up and whipping them; old women on crutches selling lottery tickets, and old men reciting Ariosto with much fervor; water-sellers bawling iced water; pious minstrels playing doleful bagpipes under the shrine of the Virgin; Sicilian girls dancing the tarantella with uncommon vigor; friars roaring that they only want a gran more to have a new church built; boys fighting for watermelons; exchange tables loaded with copper; lemonade-stalls surmounted by triumphal arches, bedizened with gold paper and wreaths of flowers; macaroni-sellers lading huge masses of the smoking delicacy into red cabins, and beseeching the crowd not to let it cool; more monks, tinkling little bells, and knocking Punch and the conjuror over as they hurry past with a dead man; ladies in Parisian dresses, peasant girls in scarlet rags; lazaroni in every corner, lying, crouching, squatting, running, sleeping, laughing, fighting, picking pockets; and an array of carriages, carroccli, omnibuses, cavaliers, tearing and dashing along at a furious rate, as though collisions were impossible and bones could not be broken.

MESSINA.

Messina, as every one knows, is one of the two large towns in Sicily. It is situated on the northeast coast, opposite to Calabria, from which it is separated by the channel of the Faro, here about four miles wide. The town of Messina is built partly on the slope of a steep hill, and partly along the sea-shore at the foot of it. The port is formed by a strip of sandy beach projecting into the sea at the south side of the city, and sweeping round in the form of a semicircle. On this narrow track of land are the citadel, the lazaretto, the light-house, and the Castle of Salvatore at the entrance of the harbor, which faces the north. The larger part of the town rises in the form of a crescent, on the west side of the harbor, which is more than two miles in circumference, and is one of the best in the Mediterranean. The view over the channel, the opposite coast of Calabria, with its towns and villages, and the lofty Apennines behind them, and, on the other side, the low promontory of Faro, with its tower, advancing into the sea as if to meet the Italian coast, form a splendid landscape, which is one of the finest even in that classic sea, whose shores are so remarkable for the variety of beautiful scenery it presents.

THE INSURRECTIONS.

The signal for Garibaldi's interference was insurrections throughout Sicily. The following summary of news gives a fair picture of the state of affairs:

The Messinese, like the rest of the Sicilians, had borne their wretched treatment till they could bear it no longer, and on the 4th ultimo the inhabitants of the city rose, but were overpowered and driven into the country. A great number of soldiers, guns d'armes, and citizens were killed and wounded, but the numbers have not been correctly ascertained. A report having got abroad that the king in Palermo, which had taken place some days previously, had been quelled, the idea of a successful revolution was for the time abandoned, and the citizens gradually returned to their homes. On the night of the 10th and 11th ultimo attacks were made on the city by the troops, and many persons were killed in their houses. There was both musketry and cannon fire, and the soldiers appear to have fired right and left, without any apparent object; indeed, the troops were to be dreaded even by peaceable citizens. The British and French Consuls, in the first place, made remonstrances against the bombardment, but the Commandant informed them that they were at liberty to take refuge in the arsenal, that he had no discretion to spare the town if any necessity arose, and, in fact, a proclamation was published to that effect. On the ensuing day taking place the Consuls protested in very strong terms. To show with what caprice the soldiers acted, it may be stated that a Swiss citizen was wounded as he was coming out of a monastery, where he had been paying a visit, and on being taken to the guard-house was shut up for three days. An officer was said to have been shot by one of his own men; in fact, the reign of terror had been established by the very pitch of.

The last intelligence from Messina says there was scarcely a person to be met with in the streets. There were, however, numbers of soldiers parading the town in all directions. Bills were posted on the houses and shops to the effect, "This is French property," "This is English property," etc., and many persons had sought refuge with the various Consuls, as being the safest place of abode. There can be no doubt that numerous unarmed and quiet people have been shot by the troops, and the conduct of the authorities has been rather to provoke a revolution than to quell one.

The insurrection at Palermo broke out on the 4th ult. It was announced to the people by a loud report of musketry. The police, well aware that in the church and in the stores of Catania (a convent at the east end of the capital) men, ammunition, and arms had been assembled, made an onset against the place, which they had previously encompassed all round. Cannon were reared in that part of the marine plain which looks in a straight line toward the main door of the church. The doors were thrown down on the first discharge, and a storming party of sixty men and policemen advanced. They were received by volleys of musketry; but the defenders inside were but forty. A few of them fell dead; several others were wounded; some made their escape over the roof; others sought a refuge in the sepulchral vaults; thirteen were taken, and these, laden with chains, were led to prison, followed by thirty of the monks, who were dragged along with the prisoners. Arms, ammunition, and a wooden cannon with iron hoops were found in the church and store-rooms. The soldiers then carried harvest and fire throughout the building; nothing was spared. A silver crucifix was broken to pieces by three Christian soldiers, who shared the fragments among them. They took the golden "pisside" from the tabernacle, strewing its contents—the consecrated wafers or hosts—on the ground. Some fighting was still going on at Parrazzi, and musket-shots were heard all along that line as far as the St. Antonino Gate. The fire ceased in a few hours, and the cry, "Viva il Re!" announced the complete victory of the troops. The soldiers had driven before them a few of the insurgents at Parrazzi, and had then fired at random all along that line as far as the abovementioned gate, either through fear or with a view to strike terror among the unoffending population. The Lady Abbess of the Dasta del Monte, out of the Macqueda Gate, and a chaplain in his gown and surplice, were dragged in chains to prison, because, unaware of any guilt in the matter, they had suffered the bells of the church to announce the faithful to the usual service.

THE CITY OF MI

On the 5th ult. the soldiers again attacked Parrazzi, where not a living soul was left; they battered with cannon the villas of Farese and Mastegna, which had been previously sacked; these tenements burned for three days. They slew on this occasion a woman who was flying before them with an infant in arms—they slew mother and child. They killed seven women in their houses, firing at them long after they had secured their easy victory.

The next day fifty of the insurgents isolated three tricolor flags on a mound two miles west of Palermo, at a place called Baida. A battalion of Chasseurs attacked them; the fire lasted about four hours without much harm on either side; for the troops, notwithstanding their numerical superiority, kept at cannon-shot distance from the insurgents. These latter removed their business and retired, in good order, to the neighboring height of Monte Cuccio. The soldiers wreaked their wrath upon the luckless monastery and hospital of Baida, which they changed with having sheltered the insurgents in the night and supplied them with drink. Two of the monks were killed; and the patients in the hospital were thrown on the ground with the beds overturned upon them. The victorious troops encamped at Boera di Falco.

The report that had reached the Messinese on the 8th, to the effect that the southe come, was a false one: for the 12th, when the steamp and twenty-five of them ist The massacres, too, s Royal troops have seen g unheard of. Whole towns stroyed and the popula villas and the magnificent all in ashes. Military ex day, and no one knows wh ers are shot in batches of time.

GARIBALDI'S

We mentioned the le expedition in our last; now coming to hand. T day and proclamation w

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ORDER OF THE DAY.—O The mission of the corps based upon the most cou ject of regenerating our c

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O, OU DOLAZI VAN " PIEMONTE."—
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have served and will serve their country with the devotion and discipline of the best troops in the world without hoping for any other reward than that of an unspotted conscience. They are attracted to the service by no offers of rank, honors, or rewards. When the danger is over they will retire to their simple private life; but now that the hour of combat has come, Italy beholds them in the front rank, joyous and determined, ready to shed their blood. The war cry of the Chasseurs des Alpes is the same now as it was on the banks of the Ticino: "*Italia et Vittorio Emanuanele !*" and this cry raised by us will strike terror into all the enemies of Italy.

THE LANDING AT MARSALA.

The *Times* has the following:

Our Malta correspondent, under date of the 12th of May, announces the arrival on that morning of her Majesty's steamer *Intrepid* from Marsala, with intelligence of the landing thereat on the 11th of a band of 2000 Italians, under Garibaldi, who immediately pushed on to Calata Fimi and Alcamo, where the insurgents are concentrated, and will, it is hoped, hold their ground. These Italians had no sooner landed than three Neapolitan steamers of war, and another private vessel chartered by Government, proceeded, without any previous notice or warning whatsoever, to bombard the unarmed and defenceless town of Marsala, and when the *Intrepid* left to communicate the fact to the British Admiral at Malta, shot and shell were falling over the fugitive or wine factories of Messrs. Woodhouse, Ingham, and other British subjects, to protect whom another English steamer of war supposed to be the *Scylla* had just arrived. On the 8th of May the Neapolitan gun-boat *Stelo* arrived at Malta in forty hours from Palermo, reported to have been dispatched to overtake and arrest some political fugitives, and to ascertain whether there be any truth in the reported filling out at Malta of a new expedition at Malta against Sicily. After communication with her consul she put to sea on the same night. The result, adds our correspondent, of this visit will scarcely be worth the fuel consumed. Only two individuals, and them of no note, have recently left Malta with a view of joining the insurgents; while the only fugitive who has reached these shores is an old lady, who landed clandestinely on the coast on the night of the 7th of May, from whom the Neapolitan Government can scarcely have had much cause of alarm. Accounts from Palermo to the 6th, and from Messina to the 8th of May, report the insurgents as concentrating near Marsala."

A private letter from Marsala says:

While on shore to-day, about 2.30 or 3 in the afternoon, we entered a *caffé*. In a few minutes several fellows entered—some in red, others in plain clothes, all armed with muskets and bayonets. Every one around seemed favorable to them. We at once asked what was the matter, and were told that it was a case of "Viva Italia," and Garibaldi had landed. We immediately took a walk round the town, and found the soldiers (patriots) had possession. We wanted to go out toward the country, but the officer in command—a fine-looking fellow—told us we could not pass without an order from General Garibaldi. We therefore returned to the mole for the purpose of getting on board, and met more soldiers coming in. At the mole gate we were again stopped, and there detained until a pass from the General was procured for us. On the mole we met fresh troops, who had disembarked with arms, ammunition, etc. We were informed that some two thousand had been thrown into the town, and that more would soon follow—the only thing they wished for being that they might meet the Neapolitans. They all appeared fine athletic fellows—just the sort to make short work of a dish of macaroni. They landed from two steamers close under the noses of the Neapolitans, who, with two steamers and a sailing frigate, had been constantly watching the coast. The smallest of those vessels could easily have prevented the landing, but she was too cautious to attempt it. After the soldiers, however, were safe on shore the Neapolitans closed in and fired on the town, or rather at a few stragglers on the mole—a mere waste of powder, for many of the shots fell short, and those that did reach *terra firma* merely plowed up the earth that the enemy had passed over. There is no doubt whatever but that one at least of Garibaldi's vessels, particularly the rearmost, could have been cut off; but no, they were afraid to try it on. After these had been abandoned by the Italians they were taken possession of at 6.30 p.m. by the Neapolitans, who, however, displayed much heroism, evidently deeming "discretion the better part of valor." At this moment, as we are in the act of leaving for Malta, a steamer and frigate are opening on the town, but the fire receives no return. Whether they have artillery or not, we are unable to state. We can only remark that we saw none. The people in the town received Garibaldi and his followers with open arms, appearing as if they had been long expecting them. At the time of the General's arrival there were no Neapolitan troops in the town. Owing to the hollowness of the water their large ships could not approach.

STATE OF PALERMO AND NAPLES.

The Naples correspondent of the *Daily News* writes on the 8th instant:

A person who is often in Palermo tells me that on Friday, at four o'clock, the shops were opened, and the cannon removed from the street; but on Saturday, at four o'clock, they had been replaced, as a row or two had taken place the night before outside the gates. The cavalry, he heard, had suffered much, and indeed beyond Palermo the state of things was awful. An order to open the shops was posted on the walls, and every thing was compulsory. When the insurrection broke out in Trapani the prisoners were liberated from Favignana, and joined the patriots. The Bagni of Favignana is as notorious as the Bastile of Paris. Of the interior little that was precise was known; but the insurrection was far from having been put down. Dispatches just arrived from Messina announce that all was tranquil, and that the state of siege was taken off as the 24 instant. A most sanguinary proclamation, which owes its origin to Filangieri, had been published in both places. Arms were to be given up directly, and lists of the names of persons in arms, or supposed to be so, were to be affixed to all public places for fifteen days. If the persons whose names were therein entered did not appear and have their names struck out they would be liable to be tried by court-martial and shot. If a chief were to be brought in by any one, his captor would have 100 ducats reward; if a common man, the captor would have 50 ducats.

Letters from Naples to the 12th inst. state that on the previous Thursday a demonstration took place at Palermo. An immense crowd assembled, shouting "Viva l'Italia!" "Viva Emmanuele !" "Viva Napoleone!" Women of the highest rank excited the men and insulted the soldiers, who fired several shots. The garrison had been ordered to remain in their barracks. Fresh reinforcements are about to be dispatched. A proclamation had been published signed by the Governor of Sicily, Prince Castelcicala, stating that in view of the grave and sanguinary misdeeds and of the plundering which had taken place at Cemina, Petralia, Sottina, Caccamo, Vicari, and Portecilla, the carrying or detention of arms by any band is prohibited.

Another letter of the 11th from Palermo is from a gentleman who writes thus:

On Sunday last there were two or three demonstrations in the churches. The steamer which was to have left yesterday (16th) was detained by the Government. She was sent off the night before last to cruise in search of Garibaldi, who has not yet been found. We have been worse off than ever during the last two days—constant demonstrations, and yesterday and the evening before the people, on being fired on, got feul of the *abiezi* with knives, and wounded and killed several. Some of the people also were wounded, and we are approaching by degrees to a Sicilian Vespers. The people were never more united, and are beginning to get desperate. The squadri (likewise had a row with the troops near Balestrate, to the eastward of Palermo. We have this from a good source, as also that the 10th Regiment of the Line at the Mole showed symptoms of disaffection. The general said, "*Abasso il Colonello,*" etc. So that by degrees you will see things are beginning to take the same complexion as by Lord John Russell. The reports about Garibaldi have thrown the Government into confusion, and the evening before last all the steamers were ordered into requisition, and sent off in every direction. The *Elettrico* came back yesterday afternoon. The Neapolitan troops are no longer in the Cassaro and the Toledo, but in the Marinella and the offskirts. Everything is getting agitated here, and orders have been sent to Avellino to the 34 regiment (the foreign regiment—Austrian) to hold itself ready for departure. A report prevails that a telegram from the Neapolitan Consul at Tunis had been received, announcing that the expedition of Garibaldi, consisting of 800 men, was there.

WHERE GARIBALDI LANDED.

Marsala, where Garibaldi has landed, is a port of Sicily, situated about twenty-four miles from Palermo. It belongs to the province of Trapani, which extends, as well as the province of Palermo and that of Messina, from the western coast of the island. Marsala carries on a large business in the wine which bears its name. It also deals in corn, flax, fruit, cotton, and salt. The population is about twenty thousand. It possesses a number of foreign commercial houses, the most important of which are English. It was a flourishing place under the Romans, and its prosperity was maintained until the close of the 15th century. In 1520 the port was filled up, by order of Charles V., to prevent the fleet of Soliman II. from getting possession of it. It has never completely recovered from that disaster, and vessels of large tonnage can not enter. The attack on Marsala indicates the plan conceived by Garibaldi. He carries the struggle on the north coast of the island, where all the strong places are situated, and approaches those positions which, if seized on by him, will give decisive results. On the other hand, the Neapolitan army appears to be prepared for an energetic defense. It had received information of the attack, and a good road had been formed to unite the towns on the coast, so that the concentration of troops might be readily and promptly effected.

As we go to press, a rumor is current that a battle has taken place between the invaders and the royal troops at a place about eight miles from Palermo. This, however, lacks confirmation. As soon as Garibaldi's force is ready, he will undoubtedly march on Palermo; but hardly enough time had elapsed, when the *Africa* sailed, for news to have arrived of his having done so. Our readers will find some further intelligence on the subject in the news pages, to which we refer.

E DISTANCE.

UNFORGOTTEN WORDS.

"HAVE you examined that bill, James?"
"Yes, Sir."
"Any thing wrong?"
"I find two errors."
"Ah! let me see."

The lad handed his employer a long bill that had been placed on his desk for examination. ten dol-

"Here is an error in the calculation of ten dollars, which they have made against themselves; and another error of ten dollars in the footing."

"Also against themselves?"

"Yes, Sir."

The merchant smiled in a way that struck the lad as peculiar.

"Twenty dollars against themselves!" he remarked, in a kind of pleasant surprise. "Trusty clerks they must be, then."

"Shall I correct the figures?" asked the lad.

"No; let them remain as mistakes. We don't examine bills for other people's benefit," replied the merchant. "It will be time enough for us to credit these errors when they find them out. All so much gain, as it now stands."

The boy's delicate moral sense was shocked at so unexpected a remark. He was the son of a poor widow, who had given him good instruction and taught him that to be just was the duty of all men. Mr. Carman, the merchant in whose employment he had been for only a few months, was an old friend of his father's, and a person in whom his mother reposed the highest confidence. In fact, James had always looked upon him as a kind of model man; and when Mr. Carman agreed to take him into his store, he felt that great good fortune was in the way.

He then corrected their own mistakes." The words made a strong impression on the mind of James Lewis. When first spoken by Mr. Carman, and with the meaning then involved, he felt, as we have said, hurt; but as he turned them over and over again in his thoughts, and connected their importance in a person who stood so high in his mother's estimation, he began to think that perhaps the thing was fair enough in business. Mr. Carman was the best man to do wrong.

In a few days after James examined the bill a clerk from the house by which it had been rendered called at the establishment. The lad, who was present, waited with considerable interest to see whether Mr. Carman would speak of the error. But he made no remark on that subject. A check for the amount of the bill as rendered was filled up, and a receipt taken.

"Is that right?" James asked himself this question. His moral sense said No; but the fact that Mr. Carman had so acted bewildered his mind.

"It can't be wrong in business"—so he thought with himself—"but it don't look honest. I wouldn't have believed it of him!"

Mr. Carman left the boy with him that was upon the boy's heart, and naturally tended to make him judge whatever he might do in the most favorable manner.

"I wish he had corrected that error," he said to himself a great many times when thinking, in a pleased way, of Mr. Carman and his own good fortune in having been received into his employment. "It don't look right; but maybe it's the way it is business."

One day he went to bank and drew the money for a check. In counting it over he found that the teller had paid him fifty dollars too much. So he went back to the counter and told him of the mistake. The teller thanked him, and he returned to the store with the pleasant consciousness in his mind of having done right.

"The teller overpaid me by fifty dollars," he said to Mr. Carman, as he handed him the money.

"Indeed!" replied the latter, a light breaking over his countenance. And he hastily counted the bank-bills.

The light faded as the last bill left his fingers.

"There's no mistake, James." A tone of disappointment was in his voice.

"Oh! I gave back the fifty dollars. Wasn't that right?"

"You simpleton!" exclaimed Mr. Carman. "Don't you know that bank mistakes are never corrected? If the teller had paid you fifty dollars short he would not have made it right."

The words fell like the knocks of James under this reproof. It is often the case that more shame is felt for a blunder than a crime. In this instance the sense of mortification at having done what Mr. Carman was pleased to call a silly thing; and he made up his mind that if they should ever pay him a thousand dollars at the bank he would bring the amount to his employer, and let him do as he pleased with the money.

"Let people look after their own mistakes," said Mr. Carman.

James Lewis pondered these things in his heart. The impression they made was too strong ever to be forgotten. "It may be right," he said to himself, but he did not feel altogether satisfied.

A month or two after the occurrence of that bank mistake, as James counted over his weekly wages, just received from Mr. Carman, he discovered that he had been paid half a dollar too much. The first impulse of his mind was to return the amount to his employer; and it was on his lip to say, "You have given me too much, Sir," when the unforgotten words, "Let people look after their own mistakes," flashed upon his thoughts, and made him hesitate. To hold a parley with evil is, in most cases, to be overcome.

"I must look out for myself," said James, as he put the money into his pocket. "If it is true in one case, it is true in another. Mr. Carman don't correct mistakes that people make in his favor; and he can't complain when the rule works against himself."

But the boy was very far from being in a comfortable state. He felt that to keep that half dollar would be a dishonest act. Still he could not make up his mind to return it; at least not then. He would retain it for the present, and think the matter over more carefully. He could, if the case did not prove clear on further reflection, make all right with himself and Mr. Carman.

To hold a parley with evil is, as we have just said, in most cases to be overcome; and it was unhappily so in the present case. James did not return the half dollar, but spent it for his own gratification. After he had done this it came suddenly into his thought that Mr. Carman might only be trying him, and he was filled with anxiety and alarm. How bitterly did he regret having spent the half dollar! For two or three days it was as much as he could to keep from starting when Mr. Carman spoke to him; or to look steadily into his face when receiving from him any direction. It was his first sad experience in wrong-doing. But as no lack of confidence was exhibited James felt reassured in a few days.

Not long afterward Mr. Carman repeated the same mistake. This time James kept the half dollar, or with less hesitation.

"Let him correct his own mistakes," said he, resolutely; "that's the doctrine he acts on with other people, and he complained if he got a bad piece in the coin he puts in circulation. I just wanted half a dollar."

From this time the fine moral sense of James Lewis was blunted. He had taken an evil counselor into his heart, who not only darkened his moral perceptions of right, but planted a spirit of covetousness—latent in almost every mind—and caused him to desire the possession of things beyond his ability to pay for.

James had good business qualities, and so pleased Mr. Carman by his intelligence, industry, and tact with customers, that he advanced him rapidly, and gave him before he was eighteen years of age the most responsible position in his store. But James had fatally fixed somewhere in his mind a power than how to do business well. He had learned to be dishonest—after the world. He had never forgotten the first lesson he received in that science; and he had acted upon it not only in two instances, but in many. He was now always to be the injury of Mr. Carman. He had long since given up waiting for mistakes to be made in his favor, but adopted the habit of making small calculated transactions of a large business in which he was trusted implicitly; for, strangely enough, he had never forgotten the words, "Let people look after their own mistakes." The man that his failure to be just to the letter in dealing might prove a snare to this young man.

James grew rapidly in the confidence of all always on the alert; always bright; always prompt to meet any approaches toward a discovery of his wrong-doing from his employer, who held him at the highest regard.

Then it went on until James Lewis was in his twenty-first year, and had become one of the partners in the firm. He was a partner that spoke of the young man as not keeping the most respectable company, and as spending more money for a clerk on a moderate salary. Before this time James had removed his mother into a pleasant house, for which he paid a rent of four hundred dollars. His salary was eight hundred dollars; but he received his mother by telling her that he received fifteen hundred. She was confident that she needed no more supplied, and she was beginning to feel that after a long and cheerful struggle with the world her happier days had come.

James was at his desk when the letter just referred to was handed to him by the porter. His mind was always on the alert, and suspicious of every movement that may involve betrayal or exposure. His face had deadened in its expression as he received the letter, and observed him change countenance suddenly. He read it over twice, and James saw that the contents, in some way, had produced a strong disturbance. While he was yet observing him, Mr. Carman glanced toward his desk, and their eyes met; it was but a momentary glance, but the look James received made his heart stop beating.

There was something about the movements of Mr. Carman for the rest of this day that troubled the young man. It was plain to him that suspicion had been aroused by that letter. Oh, how bitterly now did he feel the penalty of dishonesty and punishment, the evil of which he had been guilty! The fear of exposure, disgrace and ruin him, and how the head of his mother, it might be, even to the grave.

"I can not well this evening," said Mrs. Lewis, as she looked at her son's changed face across the tea-table, and noticed that he did not eat.

"My head aches," he replied, as he turned partly away from his mother's direct gaze.

"Perhaps the air will do you good better."

"I'll lie down on the sofa in the parlor for a short time," said the young man, rising from the table. "A little rest may give relief." And he went from the dining-room.

Mrs. Lewis followed him into the parlor in a little while, and offered, even by force, to send what she was lying placed her hand upon his head. Ah, it would take more than the loving pressure of a mother's hand to relieve the mental fever of a soul suffering. The touch of that pure hand increased the pain to agony.

"Do you feel better?" asked Mrs. Lewis, after she had remained for some time with her head on her forehead.

"Not much," he replied; and rising as he spoke, he added, "I think a walk in the open air will do me good."

"Don't go out, James," said Mrs. Lewis, a troubled feeling coming into her heart.

"I'll only walk a few squares." And James went from the parlor, and, taking up his hat, passed into the street without another word.

"There's something more than headache the matter with him,"was the thought of Mrs. Lewis, and the slight feeling of trouble she had experienced began deepening into a strange concern that involved a dread of coming evil.

For half an hour James walked without any purpose in his mind beyond escape from the presence of his mother. Every phase of Mr. Carman's manner toward him after the receipt of that letter was reviewed and dwelt on, in order if possible to determine whether suspicion of wrong-dealing was entertained. At last his aimless walk brought him into the neighborhood of Mr. Carman's store, and in passing he was surprised at seeing a light within.

"What can this mean?" he asked himself, a new fear creeping, with its shuddering impulses, into his heart.

He went near and listened by the door and window, but could hear no sound within.

"There's something wrong," he said. "What can it be? If this thing is discovered, what will be the end of it? Ruin! ruin! My poor mother!"

The wretched young man passed on, and walked the streets for two hours, when he returned home. His mother met him at the entrance, and inquired, with unconcealed anxiety, if he were better. He said Yes, but with a manner that only increased the trouble which she was trying unsuccessfully to hide from her own.

In the morning the strongly-uttered fear of James, as he met his mother at the breakfast table, struck alarm into her heart. He was silent, and evaded all her questions. While they still sat at the table the door-bell rang loudly. The maid attended James, and he turned his ear to listen in a nervous way in which did not escape the observation of his mother.

"Who is it?" asked Mrs. Lewis, as the servant came into the room.

"A gentleman wishes to see Mr. James," replied the girl.

James arose instantly, and went out into the hall, shutting the dining-room door as he did so. Mrs. Lewis sat, in almost breathless expectation, awaiting the return of her son. She heard him coming back in a few moments; but he did not enter the dining-room. Then he returned along the hall to the front door. Then she heard it shut. All was now silent. Starting up, she ran out into the passage, but James was not there. He had gone away with his visitor, he had called, and without a word!

Ah, that was a sad going-out! Mr. Carman had spent half the night in examining the accounts of James, and discovered frauds to the amount of seven thousand dollars. Bitterly indignant, he had sent an officer to arrest him early in the morning; and it was with this officer that the unhappy young man met from the home of his mother, never again to return.

"The young villain shall lie in the tell he has made for himself," exclaimed Mr. Carman, in his bitter indignation. And he did not hold back in any thing, but made the exposure of the young man's dishonesty as full as the trial he showed an eager desire to have him convicted, and presented such an array of evidence that the jury could not give any other than a verdict of Guilty."

The poor mother was in court, and audible, in the silence that followed, came her convulsed sobs upon the air. The presiding judge then addressed the culprit, and asked if he had any thing to say why sentence of the law should not be pronounced against him. James arose, and turned upon the pale, agitated young man, who arose with an effort, and leaned against the railing by which he stood, as if needing the support.

"Will it please your honors," he said, "to direct Mr. Carman, my prosecutor, to come a little nearer, so that I can look at him and your honors at the same time?"

Mr. Carman was directed to come forward to where the boy stood. There was a breathless silence in the court-room as the prosecutor obeyed the order, and moved forward so as to be in the eyes of all. James looked at him steadily for a few moments, and then turned to the judges.

"What I have to say, your honors, is this"—he spoke calmly and distinctly—"and it may, in a degree, extenuate, though it can not excuse, my crime. I went into that man's store an innocent boy; and if he had been an honest man I would not have stood before you to-day as a criminal."

Mr. Carman started from the young man, and appealed to the court for protection against allegations of such an outrageous character; but he was contemptuously ordered to be still.

"Only a few weeks after I was put on his employment I examined a bill by his direction, and discovered an error of twenty dollars.

The face of Mr. Carman reddened instantly.

"You remember it, I see," remarked James; "and I shall have cause to remember it while I live. The temptation to the error of Mr. Carman, and I asked if I should correct the figures, and he answered, 'No; let them correct their own mistakes. We don't examine bills for other people's benefit.' It was my first lesson in dishonesty, and I never forgot the words. I saw the bill settled, and Mr. Carman take the money. I knew that it was wrong. I felt shocked at first; it seemed such a wrong thing. But soon after, he called me a simpleton for handing back the teller of a bank fifty dollars overpaid on a check; and then—"

"May I ask the protection of the Court?" said Mr. Carman, appealing to the judges.

"Is it true what the lad says?" asked the presiding judge.

Mr. Carman hesitated, and looked confused. All eyes were on his face; and judges, jury, lawyers, and the prisoner waited for what he was guilty of leading the unhappy young man astray.

"Not long afterward," resumed young Lewis, "I received my wages. I found that Mr. Carman had paid me fifty cents too much. I was about giving it back to him when I remembered his remark about letting people correct their own mistakes, and said to myself, 'Let him correct his own errors,' and dishonestly kept the money. Again the same thing happened, and again I kept the money that did not, of right, belong to me. This was how James Lewis fell, and how I, Mr. Carman has shown an eagerness to convict and have me punished, as the court has seen. If he had shown my mercy I might have kept silent. But now I interpose the truth, and may it incline you to show some consideration for the unhappiest being that is alive to-day."

The young man covered his face with his hands, and sat down overpowered by his feelings. His mother, who was near him, sobbed out aloud, and bending over, laid her hands on his head, saying,

"My poor boy! My poor boy!"

There were few eyes in the court-room undimmed. In the silence that followed Mr. Carman spoke out:

"Is my character to be thus blasted on the word of a criminal, your honors? Is this right? Is this just? Is this the protection a citizen finds in the court-room?"

"Your solemn oath that this charge is untrue," said the judge, "will place you all right. It was the unhappy boy's only opportunity, and the Court felt bound, in humanity, to hear what he wished to say."

James Lewis stood up again instantly, and turned his white face and dark piercing eyes upon Mr. Carman:

"Let him take that oath if he dare!" he exclaimed.

The counsel for the prosecution now interfered, and called the attention of the court to an oath illegal, and unheard of before in a court-room. But the judge commanded order, and then said to Mr. Carman:

"The Court offers you the only way of reparation in its power. Your oath will scatter the allegation of the criminal to the winds. Will you swear?"

Mr. Carman turned with a distressed look toward his counsel, while James kept his eyes fixed upon him. There was a brief conference, and the lawyer said,

"The proceeding is irregular, and I have advised my client to make no response. At the same time the protest against all this as an outrage upon the rights of a citizen."

The judges bowed, and Mr. Carman withdrew.

After a brief consultation with his associates, the presiding judge said, addressing the criminal,

"In consideration of your youth, and the temptation to which, in tender years, you were subjected by subjected, the Court gives you its lightest sentence, one year's imprisonment. At the same time, in pronouncing this sentence, let me solemnly warn you against any further steps in the way you have taken. Crime can have no valid excuse. It is evil in the sight of God and man, and leads only to suffering. When you come forth again, after your brief incarceration, may it be with the resolution to be rather than commit a crime!"

And the curtain fell on that sad scene in the boy's life. When it lifted again, and he came forth from prison, a year afterward, he was dead. From the day her pale face faded from his vision as he passed from the court-room he never looked upon her again.

Ten years afterward a man sat reading a newspaper in a first-class inn, town. He had a calm, serious face, and looked like one who had known suffering and trial.

"Brought justice at last!" he said to himself, as the blood came into his face. "Convicted on the charge of fraudulent insolvency, and sent to the State Prison for two years for the man who gave me in tender years the first lesson in wrongdoing! Too well, alas! did I remember his words. But, thank God, other words have been since remembered. 'When you come forth again,' said the judge, 'may it be with the resolution to die rather than commit a crime!' and I have kept that injunction in my heart when there seemed no way of escape except through crime; and, God helping me, I will keep it to the end."

TENANTS AT NUMBER TWENTY-SEVEN.

IT was summer twenty-seven of a quiet London street, the number at which it is meant to specify here. It had stood empty for a considerable time, and such of the neighbors as were of a speculative turn of mind had begun to wonder among themselves how much longer it would remain without a tenant; when one chill, misty autumn morning, shortly after dawn, a cab drove up to the empty house, from which slighted a tall, gaunt, middle-aged person, of rather severe aspect, attired in a foraging cap and a long gray military cape; whose face was half concealed by a thick tangled beard and mustache, and who, as he did so, was coming wintry with age. Beneath the shaggy gloom of his eyebrows burned a strange, restless, fitful fire, and when he spoke his voice had a resonant, and the whole of his worn and rugged face became visible, the deep tracks and furrows left by care and suffering began to be distinctly prominent into view. He held in one hand a small, leather-bound box, on the top of which was a tiny brass plate, with "Captain Lisard" engraved upon it.

Having satisfied himself that no one was a witness of his arrival, Captain Lisard turned round, and assisted a tall, slender young lady to alight, evidently his daughter, from the inner chaise, and in spite of the difference in sex and age, existed between them; who was followed out of the cab by a tall, rich-colored female of service—dressed, even in faded black bombazine. Captain Lisard, accompanied by his daughter, ascended the steps, unlocked the door, and entered the house. The female in black, whom the Captain addressed by the name of Parish, having paid the driver, at once followed her master; and the door was immediately closed, double locked, and bolted.

They passed on from one room to another, slowly, and without speaking; for there is something solemn in a large and empty house, especially if seen in the dull haze of morning or evening. It was chill and damp outside; but within it seemed as though they held pri-

moist atmosphere of a grave-yard, nipping the very marrow of those who entered, waking prolonged and hollow echoes of their footsteps, and making the loudness of ordinary conversation seem a profanation of the dim solitude.

"Surely a large house, papa?" whispered the young lady, when they had passed out of the rooms.

"Would not a smaller one have satisfied our wants? Our furniture will not fill half of these large rooms."

"Not too large for the heiress to the Pinchlock estates," said the Captain, with an extensive sweep of the arm and motion of his gray mustache. "Besides, Carry, I never could bear to live in those pottering little boxes where cramping people contrive somehow or other to exist. Spacious and lofty rooms are one of the necessities of life to a gentleman," added he, again, you know," he added, mysteriously, laying his hand on her arm, "they will never think of looking for me here. That's the grand point—to throw them off the track till I've had time to complete my case and set them at defiance. For they will shriek from nothing—no, I—nothing, nothing! Not even my life will be safe from them if they discover my retreat!"

His sallow cheeks flushed as he spoke, and a wild wilo-o'-the-wisp fire burned in his eyes. He turned and left the room, and tramped heavily over the sounding stairs, still carrying the leather-bound box, till he reached a small room at the very top of the house. Opening a little closet which was built in the wall, he placed the box within it, and having locked the door, proceeded to survey the rest of the rooms up stairs.

The furniture arrived in the course of the morning. Captain Luard was restless and uneasy, till it was all properly placed, and the men who brought it had departed. Seated on a large box, he then proceeded to give his instructions to his little household.

"You are both of you aware," he began, very gravely, "for what reason I have taken this house. It will contain no tenant from the street the appearance of being empty and to let. The shutters of the lower floor windows will remain closed; and the upper rooms will remain, as they are now, empty. You, Parish, will take up your quarters in the basement story; you, Carry, in the room to the back immediately over it; while one of the small rooms up stairs will serve me for a study. Once every week, Parish, after dark, you will be allowed to go out for the purpose of buying the needful supply of provisions, at which times I will let you out and let myself, and will teach you how to knock so that I may recognize you. Oh! if we can only succeed in remaining concealed for a short time, all will go well. Time is all I want. A few short weeks—perhaps even a few short days—and every thing will be clear, and I shall triumph. The other day, in the other city, (they don't like almost forget) I had the whole case clearly mapped out in my head; but some one interrupted me, and it all slipped from me in a moment. But it must be found again; for it lies there—there, in my little box—waiting for me. To-morrow I shall begin."

The Captain kept his room for the remainder of the day, according to his custom down stairs in the Parish out, and again to admit her when she returned with provisions. He retired to bed at an early hour, after seeing that all the doors and windows were carefully secured. Carry sat up for a short time after, keeping Parish company, for she did not care to be left alone after dark in that gloomy room up stairs. At length she, too, retired, and Parish was left alone. That exemplary female continued for some time her occupation of darning the Captain's socks, till catching yawrid nodding over her work, she took off her spectacles and put it away.

"A grewsome, ghostly house this," she muttered, gently rubbing her elbows, and stamping her feet; "for me to be our little family, and I don't feel half comfortable in it. Why couldn't the Captain take a cottage in the country? But that was always the way with him—big ideas and ways, and little money to keep them up with. And now his poor wife was left to keep-gathering women and worse every day. As for his chance of getting the Pinchlock estates, I wouldn't give tuppence for all the papers he has in his box. A grewsome, lonely place, indeed! I declare I'm almost afraid to go up stairs to bed."

Before going up stairs she thought she would take another glance round the area, and see that the door of the coal-hole was properly secured; so, unfastening the door with as little noise as possible, she stepped out into the darkness, leaving the candle burning on the table inside. But hardly had she crossed the threshold when a hollow voice whispered suddenly:

"Jane Parish!"

It was all she could do to keep from screaming as she stepped back into the house and bolted the door. A momentary glance had revealed to her a dark figure standing with folded arms, looking down at her over the area railings. Her heart was still quaking with the fright, when she was again startled by hearing herself called a second time.

"Who are you?" asked Parish through the keyhole, grasping the poker in one hand. "You are not known here. We are strangers, and know nobody. If you stay here another minute I'll call the police."

"Cruel fair one!" replied the voice outside. "Know that I am desperately in love with you. Oh, relieve my suspense, and say that you will be mine!"

Parish's brow grew dark, and her eyes flashed as she listened to these audacious words.

"——— Sir, or it will be worse for you! You she exclaimed, in great

cruel words," re-
me desperate
my pa-

"Who are you, Sir?—who are you? What's your name?" screamed the irate Parish.

"My name's Penggion. I am a young man, and have a little money in the bank."

"You scamp!" said Parish, shaking the poker as though he could see her through the door. "Be gone this instant, or I will call my master, and I warn you he'll shoot you like a dog!"

A low, peculiar laugh was the only reply, but Parish recognized it in an instant, and flung the door open the moment she heard it.

"Mr. Harry Welford, Sir, how came he" she cried. "I think you might have found some other way of letting us know of your return, without frightening an old woman like me."

"Parish, old girl, don't be angry with me," exclaimed a tall, sunburned young man, springing nimbly over the railings, and jumping down and grasping the housekeeper's hand.

"It was all for your good, Parish—but you never did things like any body else."

"Nonsense, old friend. I meant no harm, I assure you. And, see, you seem to be highly gratified, for when you went write home to your friends you may say with truth that you have had an advantageous offer of marriage, but you didn't choose to accept it. And now tell me how the Captain and Carry both are. I have heard no news of them for years."

"Before I answer your question," said Parish, "tell me how you found us out. The Captain thinks we are secure from all the world."

"Oh, that's a very simple matter," replied Welford. "On landing from the vessel I found a note from Captain Luard, which was left by a boy, informing me of his change of residence. I set off as soon as I could, found the street and the house, and seeing no light in it, and the shutters were afraid of disturbing you, and was just about to retire when you opened the door."

"And you have been away three years?" said Parish, interrogatively.

"Four-and-twenty nine days. But tell me how Carry and the Captain are."

Parish shook her head sadly; and, while she set about preparing some refreshment for him in his a full budget of news concerning the family; how poor they were; how the Captain's property had involved him in a Chancery suit, which was a contesting a hopeless suit, till but a mere trifle of it remained; of the Captain's present infatuation; and of the plan he proposed before them. They sat up talking far into the night; after which Parish prepared a shakedown for Harry before the kitchen fire, and then made him comfortable.

Welford's presence there was a glad surprise next morning both to Carry and her father, for he was dear to both. Carry was the only Captain Luard's oldest friend; and when that friend died, poor man, the Captain took him home, educated him, and, when he was old enough, in accordance with Harry's own wish, obtained for him a situation as supercargo on board a trader from abroad. Carry and he had grown up together like brother and sister; and when the time came for them to separate, after their return from the engagement, they separated without fear, confident that neither of them would forget the other. It seemed not improbable to the Captain that they two should marry as soon as the proper time should come; and though the Captain had never said a word to either of them on the subject, he could hardly have been blind to the facts; and the two people most concerned in the matter never had a doubt as to the result.

Carry and Welford went out after breakfast for a walk, and a very interesting one, doubtless, it proved, they found it. Parish was informed, and having so much to tell one another, Harry's love, hitherto unspoken, now found winged words; and he determined to take an early opportunity of speaking to the Captain on the subject of his marriage.

Captain Luard invited Welford up into his study after dinner.

"Only a poor place this to receive you in, Harry, my boy," he said; "but the next time you come, I hope we shall have a better: in fact, there is no doubt of it. Your arrival may even consider the whole matter as settled. Of course it will make a great change in Carry's prospects, as she will then be heiress to the Pinchlock estates; and I think I am not going too far in saying that she will then be one of the most eligible young ladies in England; in fact, between ourselves, I intend her to marry into the aristocracy. But remember, Harry, my boy, where the trouble lies, there it yours also. I hope then to have influence to get you some snug little thing under Government, far better than the miserable affair you are at now. Oh, never fear that I shall forget your interests!"

Here was an end to all Harry's brilliant visions for the Captain spoke with such seeming authority —with so much pretension and earnestness—that the young man could hardly doubt but such vast expectations had no foundation in fact. Anyway, it would not do for him to stay there any longer, thinking away the best of Carry Luard's daughter. Let the cost and pain be what they might, he must go at once. He was constrained and silent for the remainder of the day; and though Carry perceived the change in his demeanor, she was at a loss to account for it. He parted from her that night with a tenderness which he tried in vain to conceal; but next morning, when they all parted to sleep in Liverpool, and that several weeks would probably elapse before his return. Carry felt hurt and grieved that he should go away so suddenly, without a parting word to her, but was too proud to show how deeply her feelings were wounded. Parish was out of temper all that day, and kept muttering under her breath something about the lad being a fool, and not knowing when he was well off.

Until December passed away, and the last month of the year was come, when one evening Captain Luard startled his daughter and Parish by bursting into the room where they were sitting—a wild flame of excitement burning in his eyes.

"I've seen him!" he exclaimed, in a hoarse whisper. "I have found him out at last—and never I might be! Something bade me go into his front room and look out of the window; and I saw him standing under the lamp-post, looking up at the house. There is no more peace for us here."

"What man is it, papa?"

"The man with the green studs."

"But you are mistaken, papa. How could you distinguish his studs from the place where you were standing?"

"Mistaken! A man is never mistaken in the person of his bitterest enemy. What nonsense you talk! I tell you that I saw him—nay, he is probably there still. Come, let us go and look; but be careful that his sharp eyes do not find you out. Allons!"

They followed him up stairs, trembling a little, and hardly knowing what to think. He led them into one of the front rooms, which was faintly lighted up by a lamp on the opposite side of the street.

"Behold him!" he whispered, seizing Carry by the shoulders. "See, he is leaning with folded arms against the lamp-post. His green studs shine in the dark like serpents' eyes."

There was no one there.

Next morning Captain Luard was so ill as to be unable to rise. Parish, who was called in meanwhile shook his head when Parish took him on one side to ask his opinion, and said, "Wait a while; I can not pronounce at present."

Day after day passed without much visible change in the Captain's condition. He remained in bed most of the time, with a feeble wreck of a man—heedless, for the most part, of what was passing around; buried in his own sad reflections, and yet keeping anxiously the dark issue which he was tending. Still the old idea never left him—that some mysterious foe was endeavoring to hunt him down, and he was in a constant state of much anxiety to him that he could no longer look after the proper security of the house, and see that no strangers had free access, or allowed to set foot across the threshold.

One night, Parish, who had been sitting up, and anger had he seen Parish enter the house, as she did one evening, accompanied by a gentleman with a green shade over his eyes, and a heavy cane; who followed her down the steps into the basement story, stepping lightly in the echo of the housekeeper's own treacherous tread.

Parish struck a light, and then turned round and confronted her companion with a stern, searching gaze, as though asking her by what right she had intruded there.

She was a woman who, years before, had probably been handsome, but upon whom a heavy shadow of the beauty of former times still clung to her. But whatever of sweet bloom and cultivation there had been, it was now shorn was now choked up, overgrown, and all but lost to view, beneath the coarse growth of after-years—years of despair, and hopeless misery, and discomfort in her better self.

"Thus, then, we meet again," said Parish, in a low, stern, concentrated voice.

"Thus again," replied the woman, "after seventeen weary years."

"It should have been seventeen more before we met. Why have you sought me?"

"Not to upbraid you, but to make any claim on the forgiveness which you, perhaps, think yourself entitled to dispense. I come to see *him*."

"Madam, what have I to do with you, or you to him? Nothing—less than nothing—less than if he had never seen you!"

"You forget, so you preach, as ignorance ever preaches till suffering brings knowledge. Nothing to me! O Heaven! can I ever forget that he once called me his wife; that on his lips kissed me; that his arms sheltered me; that his child called me mother; that he lived but to make me happy! Nothing to me!"

"You forget," said the stern, unmoved housekeeper, "that when you left his house of your own accord—left him to misery—he lost both his wife and his friend—that wife and that friend became, in point of fact, dead to him forever; as dead as if you had died on the day you left your home; that he were mourning for them as if such had been the case; and that for him there are no such persons as Emily Luard and Richard Marbeet in existence."

"I forget nothing. I know every thing you would say—all the reproaches you would heap upon me, and how your wrath has been gathering strength during the years. What then? I know things that you can never know; that if he has suffered, I have suffered too—oh! how bitterly! that if I were to forgive his injuries, I wrecked my own also. I make no claim on that score, either on your compassion or on his. What would it avail me if he were to forgive me the great wrong I did him? If he were to pardon me a thousand times, I could never pardon myself; and there lies the sting. But let him—I will not—I come neither to talk about myself, nor to exchange idle words with you. The man whom I once called my husband lies ill, perhaps dying, up stairs; and him once more I am determined to see."

"You can not—he would not receive you."

"I do not want him to receive me. All I want is, to see him again, even though he be asleep."

"Parish answered, with decision.

"Wait here," she said, "while I go up stairs and see how he is."

The woman bowed her head, and Parish took the candle and went up stairs. In a minute or two she returned.

"Come," she said; and the woman flitted up stairs, behind her, noiseless as a shadow.

"He is asleep," whispered Parish, when they reached the door of Captain Luard's room. "Remember that you look only, and do not speak. I would not for the world that he should awake and find you here."

"Fear not," replied the stranger. "Let me but see him, and I shall go on my way content."

Parish opened the door gently, and holding the candle aloft with one hand, shaded it with the other, so that the light should not fall too strongly on the sleeper's face. By the dim candle-light enough, one arm thrown over the coverlet, and the other called beneath his head, his thin and care-worn face looking, even in sleep, sad ghastly still from its setting of beard and mustache.

"What a change!" said a change" muttered the woman. "Lost to me forever!" It was all that she could say.

Enough, Parish, in a low, stern voice, turning to leave the room. But before she was aware, the woman had glided from her side, and, stooping over the sick man, had imprinted a light kiss on his lips. Light as it was, it was sufficient to break his feverish slumber; and he called out, loudly,

"Parish, is that you? You should not have disturbed me. Give me something to drink."

Parish was too angry at what she had just seen to venture a reply, and gave her master a drink without speaking. At that moment Caroline, who had come out to purchase some delicacy for her father, entered the house. The woman had disappeared from the room, and Parish was in an agony of fear lest Caroline should encounter her on the stairs. No such meeting, however, took place; for Carry entered the room as quietly as usual, and went to her father's side.

The Captain again disposed himself for sleep; and Caroline, kneeling at her post, Parish hastened down to see what had become of her strange guest.

She found her kneeling on the rug before the kitchen fire, her head pressed tightly upon the chest, rocking herself to and fro. She neither spoke nor wept, but as Parish looked down on her, there was what is hard, dry, rigid, and at with such ineffaceable lines into her face, that the words of reproach with which the housekeeper had come to upbraid died away on her lips in silence. At length the woman roused herself like one trying to shake off an overwhelming dream; and stood up before the housekeeper terrible in her agony.

"I crouched into a dark corner," she began, in a slow, measured voice, very different from her former vehemence, "and saw my child my daughter, passed me, and knew not that I was there. Her dress brushed across my face, and I kissed it as it passed. I saw her grief moments after, and knew of her presence was about me; and this is all of her I have had in my lives. Sod, is it not? And yet she is my own people may not be my child, but she is my own Carry, my own daughter. She used to call me 'mamma,' and put my head on my breast; and now I may neither touch her, nor kiss her, not even speak to her. Sad again, is it not? Is you, I know, have told her about its being dead, but is that any comfort to me? Don't be alarmed. I am not going to intrude myself before her and him. I have had my happiness of both for a time; Parish, that there is one thing you can do for me —one little kindness you can do to a poor wretched woman—carry to your mistress, my beggar before you. Procure me a lock of my darling's hair. Will you?"

"I will; you may trust me."

"Then let me go; my business here is done. I will not trouble you to-morrow evening in the street; and after that you shall see me no more. I dare not come here again. If I did, I should drown myself afterwards; and I am not fit to die."

Parish opened the door.

"Dear ones, farewell!" murmured the unhappy woman; and departed, and was lost to view.

Captain Luard lingered on for some time after this, apparently neither better nor worse than before; but one morning, when Parish entered his room, she found that a dread visitor had been there in the night, and that in silence and darkness her master had departed with him.

When the first burst of grief was over, and the necessity of immediate action made itself felt, Parish addressed Harry Welford, who was not long in answering the summons; and all the onerous duties which must be performed at such a time lie devolved upon him. In the course of a few days need not be dwelt over in here. It was finally arranged that Caroline, accompanied by Parish, should go and reside with a maiden aunt in Derbyshire. From the wreck of the Captain's property was saved sufficient to enable them both to live in modest independence.

Whatever fleeting clouds had at one time interposed between Caroline and Welford did not vanished forever. They could not speak of love at such a season, but they understood each other thoroughly.

On the afternoon of the last day of the year, they set off, arm in arm, to pay a last visit to the churchyard where all that remained of Captain Luard now lay; for Carry was to leave London on the following morning. The sky was overcast when they set out, and the weather bitterly cold. A few premonitory flakes of snow fell at intervals, forerunners of what the night would bring. They passed slowly into the field of the dead, took their last look in silence, and then turned to depart.

A short distance from the path stood a woman, faded and miserable-looking, whose eyes were fixed earnestly on them as they drew near. Instinctively Welford slipped a coin out of his pocket and offered it to the woman; but she drew back with a slight wave of the hand. Welford colored up.

"TIME IS ALL I WANT."

"I ask your pardon for the mistake," said he.

The woman did not reply, but drew her shawl more closely round her; and Caroline, looking back at the turn of the walk, saw her still standing there, with her eyes fixed earnestly on them. She did not stir till they were out of sight, and then she approached the grave they had just left, but with a more importunate grief than theirs—a grief that heeded neither darkness nor storm.

Meanwhile Caroline and Welford passed slowly on through the lighted streets of the great city; sorrowful, indeed, and mourning for their loss; but in their hearts young love sat brooding with folded wings, and all the future lay golden before them.

THE ENCAMPMENT AT ORANGEBURG, SOUTH CAROLINA.

WE present our readers with a view of the encampment of the Washington Light Infantry, of Charleston, South Carolina. The point chosen was in the village of Orangeburg, about eighty miles from the city. This village is known as one of the most beautiful in the State. The residences are spacious, and the lots vary in size from four to twelve acres. The shade trees form a striking feature, and add much to the attractions of the place. In one of the most beautiful of these grounds the Infantry made their camp. As will be seen by a glance at the picture, the immense shade trees and luxuriant shrubbery cause the tents to appear quite small; the opening through the centre of the encampment is the main avenue —thirty feet wide—which leads to the family mansion. At the entrance of it stands the "guard tent," and near the house the "marques" for the officers. On either side are the tents, arranged in the order of a battalion encampment, in all twenty-four—twelve on the right, and twelve on the left of the main street. The tents are arranged in rows of six each, which face each other on streets of convenient width.

The company carried with them the "Eutaw flag," the only standard of the Revolution which is known to exist in the State, and which was given to the corps by the widow of Col. William Washington.

The Washington Light Infantry was organized in 1807, during the excitement growing out of the "*Leopard* and *Chesapeake* affair," and is known as "the banner corps of South Carolina." It is at present commanded by Captain Charles H. Simonton, a prominent lawyer of the city.

ENCAMPMENT OF THE WASHINGTON LIGHT INFANTRY, OF CHARLESTON, S. C., AT ORANGEBURG.

IN THE GRAVE-YARD.

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "AFTER DARK," ETC., ETC.

(Printed from advance proof-sheets purchased from the author exclusively for "Harper's Weekly.")

WALTER HARTRIGHT'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

IV.

No circumstance of the slightest importance happened on my way to the offices of Messrs. Gilmore and Kyrle, in Chancery Lane.

While my card was being taken in to Mr. Kyrle, a consideration occurred to me which I deeply regretted not having thought of before. The information derived from Marian's diary made it a matter of certainty that Count Fosco had opened her first letter from Blackwater Park to Mr. Kyrle, and had, by means of his wife, intercepted the second. He was, therefore, well aware of the address of the office, and he would naturally infer that if Marian wanted advice and assistance after Laura's escape from the Asylum she would apply once more to the experience of Mr. Kyrle. In this case, the office in Chancery Lane was the very first place which he and Sir Percival would cause to be watched; and if the same persons were chosen for the purpose who had been employed to follow me before my departure from England, the fact of my return would, in all probability, be ascertained on that very day. I had thought, generally, of the chances of my being recognized in the streets; but the special risk connected with the office had never occurred to me until the present moment. It was too late now to repair this unfortunate error in judgment—too late to wish that I had made arrangements for meeting the lawyer in some place privately appointed beforehand. I could only resolve to be cautious on leaving Chancery Lane, and not to go straight home again under any circumstances whatever.

After waiting a few minutes, I was shown into Mr. Kyrle's private room. He was a pale, thin, quiet, self-possessed man, with a very attentive eye, a very low voice, and a very undemonstrative manner; not (as I judged) ready with his sympathy where strangers were concerned, and not at all easy to disturb in his professional composure. A better man for my purpose could hardly have been found. If he committed himself to a decision at all, and if the decision was favorable, the strength of our case was as good as proved from that moment.

"Before I enter on the business which brings me here," I said, "I ought to warn you, Mr. Kyrle, that the shortest statement I can make of it may occupy some little time."

"My time is at Miss Halcombe's disposal," he replied. "Where any interests of hers are concerned, I represent my partner personally as well as professionally. It was his request that I should do so when he ceased to take an active part in business."

"May I inquire whether Mr. Gilmore is in England?"

"He is not: he is living with his relatives in Germany. His health has improved, but the period of his return is still uncertain."

While we were exchanging these few preliminary words he had been searching among the papers before him, and he now produced from them a sealed letter. I thought he was about to hand the letter to me; but, apparently changing his mind, he placed it by itself on the table, settled himself in his chair and silently waited to hear what I had to say.

Without wasting a moment in prefatory words of any sort I entered on my narrative, and put him in full possession of the events which have already been related in these pages.

Lawyer as he was to the very marrow of his bones, I startled him out of his professional composure. Expressions of incredulity and surprise which he could not repress interrupted me several times before I had done. I per-

severed, however, to the end, and as soon as I reached it, boldly asked the one important question.

"What is your opinion, Mr. Kyrle?"

He was too cautious to commit himself to an answer without taking time to recover his self-possession first.

"Before I give my opinion," he said, "I must beg permission to clear the ground by a few questions."

He put the questions—sharp, suspicious, unbelieving questions, which clearly showed me, as they proceeded, that he thought I was the victim of a delusion; and that he might even have doubted, but for my introduction to him by Miss Halcombe, whether I was not attempting the perpetration of a cunningly-designed fraud.

"Do you believe that I have spoken the truth, Mr. Kyrle?" I asked, when he had done examining me.

"So far as your own convictions are concerned I am certain you have spoken the truth," he replied. "I have the highest esteem for Miss Halcombe, and I have therefore every reason to respect a gentleman whose medication she trusts in a matter of this kind. I will even go further, if you like, and admit, for course's sake and for argument's sake, that the identity of Lady Glyde, as a living person, is a proved fact to Miss Halcombe and yourself. But you come to me for a legal opinion. As a lawyer, and as a lawyer only, it is my duty to tell you, Mr. Hartright, that you have not the shadow of a case."

"You put it strongly, Mr. Kyrle."

"I will try to put it plainly as well. The evidence of Lady Glyde's death is, on the face of it, clear and satisfactory. There is her aunt's testimony to prove that she came to Count Fosco's house, that she fell ill, and that she died. There is the testimony of the medical certificate to prove the death, and to show that it took place under natural circumstances. There is the fact of the funeral at Limmeridge, and there is the assertion of the inscription on the tomb. That is the case you want to overthrow. What evidence have you to support the declaration on your side that the person who died and was buried was not Lady Glyde? Let us run through the main points of your statement and see what they are worth. Miss Halcombe goes to a certain private asylum, and there sees a certain female patient. Is it known that a woman named Anne Catherick, and bearing an extraordinary personal resemblance to Lady Glyde, escaped from the Asylum; it is known that the person received there last July was received as Anne Catherick by the book; it is known that the gentleman who brought her back warned Mr. Fairlie that it was part of her insanity to be bent on personating his dead niece; and it is known that she did repeatedly declare herself, in the Asylum (where no one believed her), to be Lady Glyde. These are all facts. What have you to set against them? Miss Halcombe's recognition of the woman, which recognition after-events invalidate or contradict. Does Miss Halcombe assert her supposed sister's identity to the owner of the Asylum, and take legal means for procuring her? No: she secretly bribes a nurse to let her escape. When the patient has been released in this doubtful manner, and is taken to Mr. Fairlie, does he recognize her? is he staggered for one instant in his belief of his niece's death? No. Do the servants recognize her? No. Is she kept in the neighborhood to assert her own identity, and to stand the test of further proceedings? No: she is privately taken to London. In the mean time, you have recognized her also—but you are not a relative; you are not even an old friend of the family. The servants contradict you; and Mr. Fairlie contradicts Miss Halcombe; and the supposed Lady contradicts herself. She declares she [illegible]t in London at a certain house. [illegible]hows that she has never [illegible]d your own admission [illegible]prevents you from [illegible]t to investigate [illegible]over minor points of evidence, on both sides, to save time; and I ask you, if this case were to go now into a court of law—as I believe it will—bound to take facts as they reasonably appear—where are your proofs?"

I was obliged to wait and collect myself before I could answer him. It was the first time the story of Laura and the story of Anne had been presented to me from a stranger's point of view—the first time the terrible obstacles that lay across our path had been made to show themselves in their true character.

"There can be no doubt," I said, "that the facts, as you have stated them, appear to tell against us; but—"

"But you think those facts can be explained away," interposed Mr. Kyrle. "Let me tell you the result of my experience on that point. When an English jury has to choose between a plain fact, on the surface, and a long explanation *under* the surface, it always takes the fact in preference to the explanation. For example, Lady Glyde (I call her by the name you represent by that name for argument's sake) declares she has slept at a certain house, and it is proved that she has not slept at that house. You explain this circumstance by entering into the state of her mind, and deducing from it a mental physical conclusion. I don't say the conclusion is wrong—I only say that the jury will take the fact of her contradicting herself in reference to any reason for the contradiction that you can offer."

"But is it not possible," I urged, "by dint of patience and exertion, to discover additional evidence? Miss Halcombe and I have a few hundred pounds—"

He looked at me with a half-suppressed pity, and shook his head.

"Consider the subject, Mr. Hartright, from your own point of view," he said. "If you are right about Sir Percival and Count Fosco (which I am not to admit, mind), every imaginable difficulty would be thrown in the way of your getting fresh evidence. Without nothing about expenses, because my partner and myself would advance whatever was necessary where Miss Halcombe's interests were concerned. It is the difficulties and the delays that would be too much for us. Every obstacle of litigation would be put in our way; every inch of the case would be systematically contested—and by the time we had spent our thousands, instead of our hundreds, the case would break down in all probability, be against us. Questions of identity, where instances of personal resemblance are concerned, are themselves the most difficult of questions to settle—the hardest, even when they are free from the complications which beset the case we are now discussing. I can see no prospect of throwing any light whatever on this extraordinary affair. Even if the person buried in Limmeridge churchyard be not Lady Glyde, she was, in life, on your own showing, so like her, that we should gain nothing if we applied to the testamentary authority to have the body exhumed. In short, there is no case, Mr. Hartright—really no case at all."

I was determined to believe that there *was* a case, and, in that determination, shifted my ground and tried him on another point.

"Are there not other proofs that we might produce besides the proof of identity?" I asked.

"Not any," he replied. "The simplest and surest of all proofs, the proof by comparison of dates, is, as I understand, altogether out of the question. You could show a discrepancy between the date of the doctor's certificate and the date of Lady Glyde's journey to London, but you could not show a totally different aspect; and I should be the first to say, 'Let us go on.'"

"That date may yet be recovered, Mr. Kyrle."

"On the day when it *is* recovered, Mr. Hartright, you will have a case. If you have any other proofs in the moment, of getting at it—tell me, and we shall see if I can advise you."

I considered. My housekeeper could not help us; Laura could not help us; Marian could not help us. In all probability the only persons in existence who knew the date were Sir Percival and the Count.

"I can think of no means of ascertaining the date at present," I said, "because I can think of no persons who are sure to know it but Count Fosco and Sir Percival Glyde."

Mr. Kyrle's calmly-scientific face relaxed, for the first time, into a smile.

"With your opinion of the character of those two gentlemen," he said, "you don't expect help in that quarter, I presume? If they have combined to gain large sums of money by a conspiracy, they are not likely to confess it at any rate."

"They may be forced to confess it, Mr. Kyrle."

"By whom?"

"By me."

We both rose. He looked me attentively in the face, with more appearance of interest than he had shown yet. I could see that I had perplexed him a little.

"You are very determined," he said. "You have, no doubt, a personal motive for proceeding, into which it is not my business to inquire. If a case can be produced in the future, I can only say my best assistance is at your service. At the same time I must warn you, as the money question always enters into the law question, that I see little hope, even if you ultimately established the fact of Lady Glyde's being alive, of recovering her fortune. The foreigner would probably leave the country before proceedings were commenced; and Sir Percival's embarrassments are numerous enough and pressing enough to transfer almost any sum of money he may possess from himself to his creditors. You are, of course, aware—"

I stopped him at that point.

"Let me beg that we may not discuss Lady Glyde's affairs," I said. "I have never known a say thing about them in former times, and I know nothing of them now—except that her fortune is lost. You are right in assuming that I have personal motives for stirring in this matter. I wish those motives to be always as disinterested as they are at the present moment—"

He tried to interpose and explain. I was a little hasty, I suppose, by feeling that he had doubted me; and I went on bluntly without waiting to hear him.

"There shall be no money-motive," I said, "no idea of personal advantage in the service I mean to render to Lady Glyde. She has been cast out as a stranger from the house in which she was born — a lie which records her death has been written on her mother's tomb—and there are two men, and two men only, living who are responsible for it. That house shall open again to receive her in the presence of every soul who followed the false hearse to the grave; that lie shall be publicly erased from the tombstone by the authority of the head of the family; and those two men shall answer for their crime to me, though the justice that sits in tribunals is powerless to pursue them. I have given my life to that purpose; and alone as I stand, if God spares me, I will accomplish it."

He drew back from his table and said nothing. His face showed plainly that he thought my delusion had got the better of my reason, and that he considered it totally useless to give me any more advice.

We each kept our opinion, Mr. Kyrle, I said, "and I will wait till the events of the future decide between us. In the mean time I am much obliged to you for the attention you have paid to my statement. You have shown me that the legal remedy lies, in every sense of the word, beyond our means. We can not produce the law-proof; and we are not rich enough to pay the law expenses. It is something gained to know that."

I bowed and walked to the door. He called me back and gave me the letter which I had given him after I sat at table by itself at the beginning of our interview.

"This came by post a few days ago," he said. "Perhaps you will not mind delivering it? Pray tell Miss Halcombe at the same time that I sincerely regret being thus far unable to help her—sincerely regret, which will not be more welcome, I am afraid, to her than to you."

I looked at the letter while he was speaking. It was addressed to "Miss Halcombe. Care of Messrs. Gilmore & Kyrle, Chancery Lane." The handwriting was quite unknown to me.

On leaving Mr. Kyrle, I asked one last question.

"Do you happen to know," I said, "if Sir Percival Glyde is still in Paris?"

"He has returned to London," replied Mr. Kyrle. "I saw his name used so from his solicitor, whom I met yesterday."

After that answer I went out.

In leaving Laura to the first precaution to be observed was to abstain from attracting attention by stopping to look about me. I walked toward one of the large squares which are situated on the north of Holborn—then suddenly stopped and turned round at a place where a long stretch of pavement lay on my left hand.

There were two men at the corner of the square who had stopped also, and who were walking slowly together. After a moment's reflection I turned back so as to pass them. One moved as I came near and turned the corner which divides the square into the street. The other remained stationary. I looked at him as I passed him, instantly recognized one of the men who had watched me before I left England.

If I had been free to follow my own instincts I should probably have begun speaking to the man, and have ended by knocking him down. But I was bound to consider consequences. If I once gave myself publicly in the wrong, I put the weapons in other hands than Sir Percival's hands. There was no choice but to oppose cunning by cunning. I turned into the next down which the second man had disappeared, and passed him waiting in a door-way. He was a stranger to me; and as I was glad to make sure of his personal appearance in case of future annoyance. Having done this I again walked toward Hyde Park. I reached the New Road. There I turned aside to the west (having the men behind me all the time), and waited at a point where I knew myself to be at some distance from a cab-stand, until a fast two-wheel cab, empty, should happen to pass me. One passed in a few minutes. I jumped in and told the man to drive rapidly toward Hyde Park. There was no second fast cab for the spies behind me. I saw them dart across to the other side of the road to follow me by running until a cab or a cab-stand came in their way. But I had the start of them, and when I stopped the driver and got out they were nowhere in sight. I crossed Hyde Park and made sure on the open ground that I was free. When I at last turned my steps homeward it was not till many hours later—not till after dark.

I found Marian waiting for me alone in the little sitting-room. She had persuaded Laura to go to rest after first promising to show me her drawing the moment I came in. The poor little dim faint sketch—so trifling in itself, so touching in its associations—was propped up carefully on the table with two books, and was placed where the faint light of the one candle we allowed ourselves might fall on it to the best advantage. I sat down to look at the drawing, and to tell Marian in whispers what had happened. The partition which divided us from the next room was so thin that we could almost hear Laura's breathing, and we might have disturbed her if we had spoken aloud.

Marian preserved her composure while I described my interview with Mr. Kyrle. But her face became troubled when I spoke next of the man who had followed me from the lawyer's office, and when I told her of the discovery of Sir Percival's return.

"Bad news, Walter," she said; "the worst news you could bring. Have you nothing more to tell me?"

"I have something to give you," I replied, handing her the note which Mr. Kyrle had confided to my care.

She looked at the address and recognized the handwriting instantly.

"You know your correspondent?" I said.

"Too well," she answered. "My correspondent is Count Fosco."

With that reply she opened the note. Her face flushed deeply while she read it—her eyes brightened with anger, as she handed it to me to read in my turn.

The note contained these lines:

"Impelled by honorable admiration—honorable to myself, honorable to you—I write, magnificent Marian, in the interests of your tranquillity, to say two consoling words:

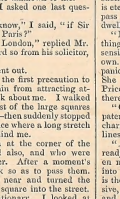
"Fear nothing!

"Exercise your fine natural sense and remain in retirement. Dear and adorable woman! I invite no dangerous publicity. Resignation is sublime—adopt it. The modest repose of home is eternally fresh—enjoy it. The storms of life pass harmless over the valley of Seclusion—dwell, dear lady, in the valley.

"Do this; and I authorize you to fear nothing. No new calamity shall increase your sensibilities—sensibilities precious to me as my own. You shall not be molested; the fair companion of your retreat shall not be pursued. She has found a new asylum in your heart. Priceless asylum!—I envy her, and leave her there.

"One last word of effectionate warning, of paternal caution, and I tear myself from the charm of addressing you; I close these fervent lines.

"Advance no farther than you have gone already; compromise no serious interests; threaten nobody. Do not, I implore you, force me into action—Me, the Man of Action—when it is the cherished object of my ambition to be passive, to receive the vast reach of my energies and my combinations for your sake. If you have rash friends, moderate their deplorable ardor. If Mr. Hartright returns to England hold no communication with him. I walk on a



"HE LOOKED ME ATTENTIVELY IN THE FACE, WITH MORE APPEARANCE OF INTEREST THAN HE HAD SHOWN YET."

path of my own; and Percival follows at my heels. On the day when Mr. Kartright crosses that path he is a lost man."

The only signature to these lines was the initial letter F, surrounded by a circle of intricate flourishes. I threw the letter on the table with all the contempt that I felt for it.

"He is trying to frighten you—a sure sign that he is frightened himself," I said.

She was too genuine a woman to treat the letter as I treated it. The insolent familiarity of the language was too much for her self-control. As she looked at me across the table her hands clenched themselves in her lap, and the sly quiet fire came flaming out again, brighter, in her cheeks and her eyes.

"Walter!" she said, "if ever those two men are in your power, and if you are obliged to spare one of them—don't let it be the Count."

"I will keep his letter, Marian, to help my memory when the time comes."

She looked at me attentively as I put the letter away in my pocket-book.

"What is the time comes?" she repeated. "Can you speak of the future as if you were certain of it?—certain after what you have heard in Mr. Kyrle's office, after what has happened to you to-day?"

I don't count the time from to-day, Marian. I shall have done to-day is to ask another man to act for me. I count from to-morrow—"

"Why from to-morrow?"

"Because to-morrow I mean to act for myself."

"How?"

"I shall go to Blackwater by the first train, and return, I hope, at night."

"To Blackwater!"

"Yes. I have had time to think since I left Mr. Kyrle. His opinion on one point confirms my own. The most persist to be the last to bring down the date of Laura's journey. The one weak point in the conspiracy, and probably the one chance of proving that she is a living woman, centre in the discovery of that date."

"You mean," said Marian, "the discovery that Laura was not leave Blackwater *before* the date of her death on the doctor's certificate?"

"Certainly."

"What makes you think it might have been *after*? Laura can tell us nothing of the time she was in London."

"But the owner of the Asylum told you that she was received there on the thirtieth of June. I doubt Count Fosco's ability to keep her in London, and to keep her insensible to all that was passing around her, more than one night. In that case she must have started on the twenty-ninth, and must have come to London one day after the date of her own death on the doctor's certificate. If we can prove that date we prove our case against Sir Percival and the Count."

"Yes, yes—I see! But how is the proof to be obtained?"

"Mrs. Michelson's narrative has suggested to me two ways of trying to obtain it. One of them is, to mention the doctor, Mr. Dawson—who must know when he resumed his attendance at Blackwater Park after Laura left the house. The other is, to make inquiries at the inn to which Sir Percival drove away by himself at night. We know that his departure followed Laura's, after the lapse of a few hours; and we may get at the date in that way. The attempt is at least worth making—and to-morrow I am determined it shall be made."

"Why not to-day?" I asked. "I look at the worst now, Walter; but I will look at the best if disappointment come to try us—suppose no one can help you at Blackwater?"

"There are two men who can help me in London—Sir Percival and the Count. Innocent people may well forget the date—but *they* are guilty, and *they* know it. If I fail every where else, I mean to force a confession out of one or both of them on my own terms."

All the woman flushed up in Marian's face as I spoke.

"Begin with the Count!" she whispered, eagerly. "For my sake begin with the Count."

"Why again, for Laura's sake, where there is the best chance of success," I replied.

The color faded from her face again, and she shook her head sadly.

"Yes," she said, "you are right—it was mean and miserable of me to say that. I try to be patient, Walter, and succeed better now than I did in happier times. But I have a little of my old temper left—and it will get the better of me when I think of the Count."

"His turn will come," I said. "But, remember, there is no weak place in his life that we know of yet." I waited a little to let her recover her self-possession, and then spoke the decisive words to Marian! There is a weak place we both know of in Sir Percival's life—"

"You mean the Secret?"

"Yes, the Secret. It is our only sure hold on him. I can force him from his position of security, I can drag him and his villainy into the face of day by no other means. Whatever the Count may have done, Sir Percival has committed no conspiracy against Laura from another motive besides the motive of gain. You heard him tell the Count that he believed his wife knew enough to ruin him? You heard him say that he was a lost man if the secret of Anne Catherick was known?"

"Yes! yes! I did."

"Well, Marian, when our other resources have failed us I mean to know that secret. My old superstition clings to me even yet. I say again the Woman in White is a living influence in our three lives. The End is appointed; the End is drawing us on—and Anne Catherick, dead in her grave, points the way to it still!"

WHAT-IS A SALAMANDER?

WHAT does the world expect a Salamander to be like? What did the writer anticipate when he hurried off to inspect this creature? Did he imagine that he should find an enormous furnace roaring and blazing in a cage of red-hot bars, and that, standing aloof from this, and peering into the hottest and most central portion of the flame, he would there behold an enormous Red Monster distantly resembling the griffin of heraldry lifting its spined and bat-like wings, and flapping them in burning joy over the heat? If he did not expect to see a characterize the communications of the writer, he must own that there was some such thing in his thoughts. The vile intricate are to blame for this. They have described a creature "that is bred from heat, that lives in the flames, and feeds upon fire as its proper nourishment."

Let us turn from them to the Salamander of the nineteenth century, and of the *Zoological Gardens*. A tank in a dark corner is substituted for the cage with the red-hot bars, while the furnace is represented by an obscured which, however satisfactory in itself, is something of a surprise when you have expected a fire—in a word, the tank is full of water!

It is full also of eels: of little eels and trumpery minnows, or small gudgeons, which are swimming about, apparently in discomfort, for they keep very near the surface, and some of them are turning up their little white stomachs in the agonies of death. This was all that you could see, except that in the darkest corner of the tank, and under a ledge, there appeared to be a sort of eft, or lizard, of enormous size, brown, blotted, and hideous; in other words, the Gigantic Salamander, the Stobdilis maxima of Japan.

"This animal," the descriptive notice goes on to say, "is the largest specimen of the true amphibians known to exist. . . . It is the most living analogue of the fossil salamander of the tertiary freshwater formation of Oeningen, described by Scheuchzer as a fossil man (Homo diluvii testis), and since called Andreas Scheuchzeri."

Against the earlier and more scientific portion of this description, your mind has nothing to say. He has no objection to make to the announcement that this noisome animal is of "the tertiary freshwater formation of Oeningen," because he has not the remotest idea what that is. To all this sort of thing he is ready to agree; but against the notion of the "fossil man," as a term under any circumstances applicable to this huge and bloated eft, he desires to take instant and indignant exception.

The fossil man of our Museum is a creature about two feet in its extreme length from the end of its most appalling snout to the extremity of its hideous tail. It is covered, in short, in an exaggerated eft; a pestiferous and appalling lizard; a soft and dwarfish crocodile. What is it not that is unclean and fearful? From top to end it is covered, and on its huge and flattened head especially, with blotchy manginess of a diseased and revolting character. And this is your notion, Andrew, of a fossil man, is it? Oh, Andrew, Andrew!

But the Salamander is the culminating point of all delusions, and of none more obviously than that which the Zoological Society seems to have entertained with regard to its species. In their hospitality toward the stranger, this body has filled his tank with little fishes, even to overflowing, yet we read in the Salamander's account of this trite which lived eight months without taking any nourishment whatever. "Indeed," the writer adds, "as many of the kind are known to live all day, during the winter, the loss of their appetite for so long a time is the less surprising."

There never was a case shot made than attributing any fiery properties to the Salamander. It appears to be one of the dumpest and—if the expression is allowable—phlegmatic animals extant. "Salamanders," says Buffon, "are fond of *cold, damp places*, thick shades, tufted woods, or high mountains, and the banks of streams that run through meadows. . . . It is commonly only when rain is about to fall that it comes forth from its retreat anyhow, as if by a kind of necessity to bathe itself, and to imbibe *an element to which it is analogous*." The modern, Buffon excepted, have followed the ridiculous tales of the ancients, and as it is difficult to stop when once the bounds of probability are passed, some have gone so far as to think that the most violent fire could be extinguished by the land Salamander. Quacks sold this small lizard, affirming that if thrown into the greatest conflagration it would check its progress." The unhappy beast, too, has been in this respect the subject of many a fiery experiment. Because when it was thrown into the fire, it was sure to burst and to eject its natural fluid in doing so, the Philosophical Transactions—into which these cruelties were first sent, by-the-by, after this specimen, have philosophical transactions than business ones—tell us that this is the natural help by the animal to extinguish the flames.

So much for the Salamander, the largest and ugliest lizard that ever was seen; and in that capacity, and as a zoological curiosity, well worth going to see.

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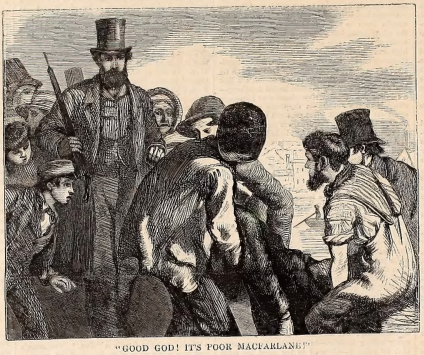
IN one of the summer months of the year 185-, application was made to a great London Insurance Company to insure the life of Mr. Andrew Macfarlane, of Raw Material Street, Manchester, for a very heavy sum. Mr. Macfarlane was not a young man, being described by himself as between forty and fifty, and the sum was of such an unusual amount that the Company thought it necessary to use more than ordinary caution; they therefore stipulated upon seeing the gentleman personally, and having him examined by two of their own medical men in their own office in London, in addition to the usual preliminary investigation. Mr. Macfarlane accordingly appeared one morning, looking a most robust and healthy middle-aged gentleman, with a fine, broad, ruddy, close-shaven face, and iron-gray hair; the examination was pronounced satisfactory in the extreme. Mr. Macfarlane was a more than usually healthy person, and the policy was granted without delay.

One morning in November, of the same year, London was shrouded in one of its densest fogs. That combination of smoke and vapor to be met with in its full perfection in no other part of the globe pervaded street and river. Fog had reigned supreme over the metropolis the whole of the previous day, and had become so thick at night that foot-passengers had great difficulty in finding their way along the streets; the crossing of a wide street or square looked like diving into some dark and unexplored expanse, all landmarks were swept away, the lamps were scarce visible one from another; experienced Londoners found themselves turning the wrong corners, and the cabs and other vehicles had no chance of reaching their destination save by adhering to the curbstone.



"GOOD GOD! IT'S POOR MACFARLANE!"

That November morning the newspapers bore witness to the dangers of the previous day in many a lengthy catalogue of accidents. As morning broke the fog seemed likely to rule another day, but as the sun gained strength he brought with him a fresh breeze, and the fog lifting, like a vast curtain, once more disclosed to the persecuted Londoners the features of their lost city.

Light was pretty well established, when a party of river-men were seen carrying the body of a drowned man up the steps of London Bridge. On coming to the top with their ghastly burden, a gentleman in a dark beard and mustaches, who had been watching their movements over the parapet, came up, and looking steadily at the dead man's face, exclaimed,

"Good God! it's poor Macfarlane!"

The men stopped; a crowd was present in an instant, as if by magic; and in scarcely less time the tall and unperturbed hat of a policeman was to be observed, calm and stationary above the swaying multitude.

"Do you identify this body, Sir?"

"I do."

"Your name and address, if you please, Sir?"

"I will go with you to the station, if you please."

"The body will go to the dead-house, Sir; perhaps you would have no objection to go there with me, first, and witness my removal of the valuables on the person of the deceased."

The gentleman accordingly accompanied the party, saw the contents of the pocket removed, and the body examined casually. There were no marks of violence upon it, and there was little doubt that it represented one of the victims of the fog, an opinion pretty freely expressed by the by-standers.

The pockets produced little or nothing leading

THE HAMBURG SWANS IN THE CENTRAL PARK.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

to identification; a watch, with a chain attached to it, a locket containing hair, and ornamented with a blue cross, a purse with money all in sovereigns, a pocket-handkerchief marked in cipher, and a bunch of keys told little.

The next proceeding was to the station-house; the sergeant on duty heard the facts, took possession of the property, put certain questions, and down the gentleman's name and address—"Mr. Woodley, of Liverpool, now at the Covent Garden Hotel"—and informed him that he would be required at the inquest.

"I shall consider it my duty to attend; but, in the mean time, I must communicate this intelligence to my poor friend's wife; they came to town only the day before yesterday."

"Her attendance will be necessary, Sir."

"Very well; but first I must see how she bears this cruel shock."

At the quest, after the evidence of the finding of the body, Mr. Woodley stepped forward and deposed that he was well acquainted with the deceased, Mr. Macfarlane, of Manchester, that he and his wife had come to London on a visit only a few days previously; that he had seen the deceased—was so dreadfully affected by the shock her nervous system had sustained by this sad event that she was dangerously ill, and totally incapable of giving evidence, of which fact he handed in a doctor's certificate; he held in his hand, he said, the marriage-certificate of the deceased, which he would produce if the jury desired to see it; that he had managed to procure from the distressed lady a list of the articles on Macfarlane's person when he left home yesterday on business, since which time he had not been heard of until witness brought the sad intelligence of his untimely fate.

The divisional surgeon deposed that there were no marks of violence upon the body.

The coroner, in summing up, merely observed to the jury that it was evident this unfortunate person had been precipitated in the Thames; he saw no reason to suppose that he had met his death by any foul play, nor was the supposition of suicide warranted; the unfortunate man had, it appeared, gone out yesterday in the full enjoyment of his usual health, strength, and intellect; they were all aware that of the sad condition of the river Thames by lady, and there appeared to him no necessity for adjourning the inquest for her presence, nothing therefore remained for them but to give a verdict according to the facts.

"Found drowned" was accordingly recorded.

The coroner observed that the body ought to be buried immediately, and ordered it to be given up to Woodley. He then made out a formal order for the registrar the necessary information as to the cause of death and the finding of the jury.

In due time the insurance company received application, on the part of Helen Macfarlane, for payment of the sum insured; a regular assignment of the policy from her late husband was produced, and her claim was further supported by a copy of the entry of the register-general. The company felt some little hesitation at first, and postponement for further information. They desired to see Woodley, but on its being shown that that gentleman had quitted England, after the first examination they felt that they could not dispute the evidence, and paid the money.

CHAPTER II.

IN that wilderness which lies west of Brompton, at the time we speak of there existed a Lilliputian cottage, wherein dwelt George Richardson, clerk, managing and confidential clerk, now junior partner in a merchant's house in the city. One evening in November, 185-, home came George by the bus, and startled his little wife by announcing that he must start on a secret mission to Leghorn the next day, events of importance occurring at which the business had occurred there requiring the presence of one of the partners, and the lot had fallen on him as the junior in respect of age as well as of position in the firm. A steamer was to leave the river the next evening.

"Therefore," said George, "get my things ready, and I will take them with me to the office to-morrow morning, for I shall not have time to return here."

"Shall I not see you again after you leave home to-morrow morning?" asked Bessie Richardson, anxiously.

"No, darling! you must wish me good-by then."

Bessie's face put on a disappointed look.

"Why, you silly girl, the parting must come sooner or later, and why not in the morning as well as the evening?" said he, smoothing her hair caressingly.

Bessie did not see the force of this reasoning. To a woman a good-by is no good-by at all unless it occurs at the very last moment.

However, it could not be helped, it seemed; so the little woman bustled about and got his things to rights, and stood in the little dining-room with the tears welling up into her eyes. The next morning, when the cab drove up to the door, there was a thick fog, and Bessie felt alarmed, as women do at a parting, with a vague, undefined dread of some calamity.

"How soon shall I hear from you, George?"

"In a month, I hope; but it may be six weeks, or even more, so don't be uneasy. I will write, you may be sure, the first opportunity, and I may be back myself before my letter."

"I wish you were not going in this fog."

"Foolish girl!" kissing her. "The steamer won't start in a fog; don't alarm yourself about that. Besides, it's only the morning frost; when the sun gets up it will be bright and clear."

But when, as the day advanced, the fog, instead of clearing, increased in density, and she perceived, that her journey to the City was impracticable, then the reality of the parting first came full upon her. It was their first separation, and the suddenness of the thing, and the sense of the utter uncertainty of the post, and finally the breaking up of her little plan for a final and overwhelming goodby overcame her, and she broke into her room, and was no more seen for several hours.

By afternoon the fog was so thick in the City and on the river that the departure from which the steamer would not start. "However," thought he, "I will have my matters taken down, set the captain, and sleep on board, if necessary, so to ready directly he is able to get under way."

George found it difficult to find his way through the narrow lanes to the river; by-and-by he found the wharf gates, but all beyond was a blank, save where some wherry, with its dingy sail, struggled high and distant, told him of lamps enveloped in the misty cloud. Confident, however, in his knowledge of the place, he felt his way cautiously by the bearings, on he went, till, in a moment, his foot trod only on the empty air, and he fell headlong—a splash—and the dark waters closed over him.—A struggle to the surface—a desperate attempt to strike out in his thick great-coat and water-logged boots, and George Richardson was carried away by the remorseless tide only to be yielded up a corpse.

A month passed away. Bessie was daily expecting the promised letter. The first mail-packets passed the door, or only knocked to bring any others but the looked-for envelope. George would surely be at home himself, and allay her anxiety by his presence in a day or two. Did he not say he might return sooner than he could reach her?

Six weeks, and no letter. Bessie became really anxious; away she went to the senior partner: he was somewhat surprised, but had a line or two adding to her anxiety, he assured her there was yet no cause for alarm. They had expected to hear before this; the steamer, however, had it was quite possible his voyage might have been longer than they calculated. His letter might have miscarried, or he might have been detained by delay: in short, the good old man almost reassured the poor little wife, and she went home more tranquil in her mind than she had been for many days.

Two months had now elapsed, and it could no longer be concealed that there was grave cause for apprehension: Bessie was in a state of fresh excitement on every trifling occasion—to wit, when George travelled by railway—pictured to her mind the most awful accidents, or if he was out of her sight for dinner, felt a calm certainty that something had happened, or if he was late at any hour that nothing could be wrong, in proportion as real causes for alarm increased, inasmuch that as they became absent certainties in her mind what imagination had, so did they diminish to this unreasoning little woman. In fact, she dared not admit the idea into her mind; she resolutely struggled to fantastically clinging to that lightest bubble of hope in her sea of doubt, and resolved that darling George would be restored to her arms some day, and it would not be in Nature or in Providence that one she loved so well should never look upon her face again. So her heart reasoned.

At length, however, arrived the steamer itself without Richardson. It was then ascertained that no one answering his description had sailed in her. His trunk, purposely left undirected in order to maintain the secrecy of his journey, was found on board. The merchants to whom he was now fully convinced that some fatal accident had happened to him. They wrote to his brother, and begged him to break the matter to his sister-in-law, and on their part to leave no stone unturned to clear up the mystery that hung upon her husband's disappearance.

We purposely pass over the horror, the incredulity, and the struggles of hope and despair incident to poor Bessie's mind when the facts broke with full force upon her. The feelings of the bereaved wife must be sacred.

Meanwhile the partners set every engine at work to discover the truth. Detective officers came to and fro, examined and cross-examined with unsuccessful activity, following up the scent like hounds. The facts by degrees unfolded themselves, and it became evident that Richardson must have been drowned that night of the fog on his way to the ship.

But what became of the body? More restlessness of detectives, and further circumstances were elicited of the habits of the deceased. A drowned man had certainly been found the very morning after his disappearance. The body was traced to the inquest, the records of the proceedings looked up, and all doubt removed that the remains there represented as those of Macfarlane were in reality none other than those of poor Richardson. There was no possibility of direct identification at this distance of time, but a record of the articles found on the body (which had been taken off by the coroner) had been preserved at the police-office, and were identified by the wretched wife as the contents of her husband's pockets on the fatal day. But who and where was Woodley? What interest could he have in falsely swearing to the body? Was it a conspiracy or a mistake? More tracing of evidence; and now was found a memorandum in the registry that the insurance company had asked for information concerning the deceased, and received a copy of the entry. This was a fresh clew: a light broke in upon the mystery which had hitherto surrounded the inquiry. The insurance company was communicated with, and, after having investigated the facts, came to the irresistible conclusion that their client Macfarlane had undoubtedly given evidence of his own decease, and was, in the society of Mrs. Mac—who had completely recovered from her indisposition—carving a good slice of the company's capital in some foreign country.

THE SWANS IN THE CENTRAL PARK.

ON May 26th arrived in this city, by the steamer *Bavaria*, twelve beautiful swans, presented by the city of Hamburg to the city of New York, for the adornment of the water in the Central Park. A more appropriate gift could not have been thought of than a flock of these beautiful birds, the noblest and most dignified of all the water birds, and the most admired of all living adornments for artificial water. On another page will be found a letter from one of the gentlemen who arrived strangers from a sketch by Carpendale, an artist of superior merit in animal drawing.

By an unfortunate accident one of the twelve swans died on the afternoon of Tuesday the 5th. It is supposed that they had swallowed some poison which had been scattered about the rocks in the lake to kill the rats which infest the place. The matter is now undergoing investigation.

The swans have attracted so much attention that it is to be hoped the remaining ones will survive. In the event, the interest their arrival has created is such that the public will consider our Park lake incomplete without these graceful tenants.

The swan is described by naturalists as "a large handsome water-fowl of the order *Anseres*, family *Anatidæ*, and sub-family *Anserinæ*, and is distinguished by the great length of its neck, its graceful movement on the water, and its close, thick, soft plumage, of nearly all the species of which snowy whiteness of the plumage, except when young." Australia has, however, furnished us with a species of black swan.

In England the swan has long been a royal bird; and in former times no one was allowed to keep a "game of swans" who possessed a freehold of the clear yearly value of five marks." When the pin privilege was granted the holder obtained also a "swan mark," which is a private mark cut upon the bills of the young birds to designate their ownership. In the Thames and its swans in those days, before factories blackened its waters, and made it death to fish and fowl. "What a great river is it," says Elsewell, an old author, "for the Lord Mayor to have the conservancy of the noble River Thames! How stately he is attended when he goes to take a view of the river, *or a swan-hopping!*"

It is as well to know that we must not say a "flock" of swans, but a "herd." The male is called a "Cob," and the female a "Pen." The swan's nest is a great mass of rushes, reeds, flags, etc., pitched on the edge of the water's edge. The "Pen" lays six or seven eggs before she sits. In six weeks the young birds are hatched out; and during this time the cob is assiduously attendant his mate, and, dignified as he is, sometimes condescends even to take the mother's place in the nest. The food of swans consists of aquatic plants and roots, water-insects, and occasionally small fishes.

The Rev. Mr. Morris relates an incident showing that the swan has a remarkable something of that mysterious foreknowledge of the seasons which hunters and naturalists ascribe to squirrels, wolves, and, in fact, most wild animals. A female swan was observed by her owner to be very busy collecting weeds, grass, etc., to raise her nest to an unusual height, and a labored task it was to her neighborhood with half a load of such stuff, with which she mount indignantly, and hauled her nest at least 2½ feet above its usual level. That very night there fell such a tremendous fall of rain which flooded all the neighborhood and did great harm. Men had made no preparation; but the bird had. God had given her an instinctive foresight. Her eggs were safe and dry—but only just above the water.

Queen Victoria has a fine swannery at Windsor Castle, and is said to take great delight in the noble birds. It is to be hoped that luck will attend the five survivors of our city's recently acquired "game," and that they will multiply and increase abundantly.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1860.

POLITICAL GAG.

THE Democratic nomination will be made at Baltimore on the 18th instant, and the Presidential campaign of 1860 will then be fairly opened. Two of the parties were already engaged in the contest, and the third will not be far behind. It is our province to survey the field with an impartial eye, and we venture to offer a bit of advice to the combatants which, in the heat of the battle, they will probably entirely forget, but which is nevertheless well worthy attention.

When the young lawyer began his argument with the creation of the world, the Judge interrupted him to say, "Sir, the Court may be presumed to know something." Bear in mind, therefore, gentlemen, that the people—the tribunal to which you all appeal—may be supposed to know something of their own affairs. The great questions are grave and momentous, doubtless, but they are so mainly because the people understand them as well as the orators. They will not believe, for instance, that any slight shock will shiver the Union, because they know that it is always better to bear the ills we have than to fly to those we know nothing about. It is only when ills are perceived to be beyond redress that there is any hope of the success of an appeal to violence. And so long as the dominant race in any country are generally prosperous—so long as their own interests and rights are not felt by them to be invaded—so long they will maintain the *status quo*. The success of the enthusiastic success (of Garibaldi in Sicily is the conviction of the great mass of the people that he comes to deliver them from an intolerable condition. On the other hand, the cause of the judicious Grady and the Cotton effort in England is the equally strong conviction of the mass of Englishmen that their troubles are remediable by some process less doubtful in its operation than open revolution.

There never was a people who better understood what may be called "political gag" than the American. They go to great mass meetings during the pleasant summer months of a campaign, as they go to theatres and other places of amusement during the winter, to be entertained. The man who can tell the funniest stories in the funniest way is the favorite orator. Banners, torches, music, rallying cries, symbols of every kind increase the good-humored excitement. But the thinking, which really determines the voting, is not done in a mass meeting. It is done by which persuades is not a volley of rich jokes or fine rhetoric. The President is really elected not during the technical campaign, but during the administration of his predecessor. If that administration seem to the people favorable to their interests, his policy is confirmed by the election of a successor who will pursue the same course. If the majority disapprove of that policy, it is changed by their will, despite the best jokes and the most extravagant rhetoric.

Let the orators but remember that; let them bear in mind that the people understand their own interests, and they may spare their throats, their domestic circles, and their wit. And confine themselves to a reasonable statement of their case on whatever side it may be. Then they may plead sincerely to themselves that they have really helped the cause in which they believe, by appealing not to the passions or prejudices but to the common sense of the people.

THE METHODIST CONFERENCE.

THE General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, North, held at Buffalo, closed its five weeks' session on the 4th. The daily newspapers contain full reports of the proceedings of this body. We regret that we can not regard them as profitable reading. Party spirit ran so high, the canvass for offices was so eager, and the managing and leading men as dexterous as in any political convention. Nor were the proceedings throughout characterized by the decorous befitting of a religious synod convocation. In one case, at least, the Bishop was obliged to administer a sharp rebuke to the members for their disorderly conduct. Two subjects of prominent interest came before the Conference—the "Slavery" question and that of "Lay Representation." An attempt was made to abolitionize the Church, by striking the "General Rule" so as to make it prohibit the "*holding*" as well as the "buying and selling of men, women, or children, with an intention to enslave them." This effort, after failing to receive the votes of two-thirds of the delegates, was lost. The "Progressive party" then directed their efforts to an alteration of the "Chapter on Slavery," which is not held, in Methodist economy, to define the terms of communion. This chapter is therefore regarded as fixing the holding of slaves by individuals in the members of the Church, and requires slaveholding members to grant certain privileges to their slaves. In place of this was substituted the following answer to the question, "What shall be done for the extirpation of slavery?"

"We declare that we are as much as ever convinced of the great evil of slavery. We believe that buying, selling, or holding of human beings, to be used as chattels, is inconsistent with the Golden Rule, and with that Rule in our Discipline which requires all who desire to continue in the Church to 'do no harm, and to avoid evil of every kind.' We therefore affectionately admonish all our preachers and people to keep themselves pure from this great sin, and to use every endeavor by all lawful and Christian means."

This "answer" was practically modified by a resolution declaring that it is merely "advisory," and not statutory; so that there has been as yet no binding rule adopted prohibiting members of the Church from holding slaves.

The subject of "Lay Delegation" was in effect put off till the next Conference, by the adoption of a resolution requiring preachers in charge to submit it, in the first place, to the vote of the male members of the Church over twenty-one years of age; when, with this vote before them, the bishops are to submit the questions to the Annual Conferences of 1862; and these Conferences will inform the Con-
ference of 1864 of the
we understand
majority
vote

of the clergy, approve of it, then the General Conference of 1864 will consider whether the lay members of the Church shall be represented in its highest judicial body; or whether it shall be, as heretofore, a close corporation, electing its own members, and not amenable to the great body of the Church.

THE LOUNGER.

GARIBALDI.

SINCE the last issue of the *Weekly* we hear of Garibaldi's arrival in Palermo; and the fall of Messina will hardly be long delayed. This famous Italian chieftain is the most romantic and conspicuous actors of the time. Every thing he does is universally known. The bitterest misfortunes and disappointments of his life are not concealed. He stakes upon the stage of affairs in the full view of the world, and shares, with Victor Emanuel, the enthusiasm of admiration which is lavished upon the Deliverers of Italy. While any part of his country is oppressed, however, the duty of the patriot is not done; and the hunter of the Alps is helping the Sicilians strike for the liberty of which the island has so long been ruthlessly despoiled.

When despots die it is a pity that their race does not die with them. For the taint of despotism in the blood is like insanity, and you can never know where it will betray itself. Old Bomba died a mass of corruption, and the fact of youth pleaded for his succession. But the son is a Bourbon, and the child of his father: and already his reign is as black as his parent's. To resist tyrants is to serve God; and every one nation in this century is bound to endure the crimes of the Naples kings. Whoever has read Gladstone's statement of ten years ago—whoever by personal experience knows any thing, however slight, of the hopeless desolation of despotism which blights Southern Italy—of the tortures and despair of men each one of whom was worth the whole race of Bourbons, will pray that the blow which Garibaldi directs may be there and deadly, and that the Bourbon boy of Naples may reach even a more sudden end of his power than is exerted by his Austrian cousin.

What can the people do? Are not the Neapolitans the most worthless of all nations? Will Garibaldi, and silver them to an anarchy worse than the Bourbon despotism?

These are the questions which will be naturally asked by people who "sit at home at ease."

Well, then, if the people are so wretched, so spiritless, so degraded, what, more than any thing else, has made it so? The Bourbons. What has ruined that loveliest of lands? The Bourbons. What has made Naples a synonym of tyranny? The Bourbons. What is worse than any conscievable anarchy? The Bourbons. For anarchy is a fermentation, and distinctive nature should more than that its present condition should continue. And if anarchy offer equal chances for another despotism—which can not, in the nature of things, be so bad—it also gives the chance of a radical reformation of the government.

Garibaldi is indeed no other renown than that he destroyed the Bourbons. It is even a grander title than that of Liberator of Italy; for it is a liberation of Europe and the world. The history of that House, could it be told in all its dreadful detail, would be probably the blackest story of any family in history—such that they were all personally wicked men, but the system of which they were sometimes the active, sometimes the passive supporters, is the most corroding possible.

Of course the King of Sardinia can not officially commend the invasion, or one of his subjects, of the state of another king. But of course his best applauds, beating with that of the world. And of course his judgment approves, in common with that of Christendom. If our revolutionary war were righteous—which was a protest against a form of government—how religious is this rising of Sicily against the very consuming substance of oppression! And will Tittlebat Titmouse say, as he did in '48, that Europeans are not ready for a change of government? Well, Tittlebat, how soon will the Bourbon make them so? If you take the disease of a nation as argument against resistance to the cause of the disease, your argument is as conclusive as it is absurd. So the old story by the dram's breath used to poison the neighborhood—and therefore the neighborhood ought not to try to slay the dragon. Or, to put it in another way—a man has been crushed to the ground until his legs are withered and he can not walk; therefore he must not try to lift the mass that weighs him down. That is Bourbon logic, Tittlebat, not the common sense of human hearts.

THE "FAIR PLAY" JEWEL.

This celebrated gem has been lately lost in England, and all the light of the Koh-i-noor, another famous diamond, has not been able to reveal it. But the loss is periodical in quarters where its presence is most loudly and incessantly vaunted. The one great argument which is particularly urged for the whole sporting system is, that, at any rate, it promotes fair play. But the truth is, that there is just as little fair play in every department of the sporting world as there is of "honor" among the people who make the loudest claims to it, and who do not hesitate to get drunk, to swindle, to lie, and to defame men and women, yet who flame with a white heat of fury at what they call the [illegible] such a person is no gentleman. [illegible]orting world" ought, in [illegible]rich. It is [illegible] races, gaming-[illegible] if he does [illegible] papers and people are directly encouraging such resorts, under cover of favoring manly development, it is worth while to remind the ingenuous youth that the way to an honorable manliness can no more be shown by the prize-fighter, though he could throw an ox, than it can be by a lobby, a swindler, or a drunkard. All these things and personages are closely related. The old paternal objection to billiards, which to many a reader of these lines will recall in the case of his own father, was not that billiards was a demoralizing amusement, but that, in those days, billiards was the low company and consequent dangerous temptations went with billiards.

How much has the Derby day helped English honor? It is great fun; it is great excitement. As Lord Palmerston is said to have said, and might have said truly, it is the day on which all sorts of England that Parliament shall adjourn over Derby day. But because it is so rooted in the habits of a certain portion of English society, why try to squeeze any moral out of it? People want excitement, and they get it at the race. But there is a demoralized mass of desperate gambling there than there is any where in St. James's Street. The field of the race is a hundred times more so; and than ever Crockford's was. It is a great national holiday, if you choose; and if you and I were in London deserted by all our friends I would pay money a day to go down and see the fun. But I do hope we should have too much sense to expect to find fair play there. We might safely believe the little joker to be under the thimble, where we saw it just now.

As Americans, of course, we go down to bet upon Umpire. We confidently believe him to be the equine Heenan. There are a million of pounds bet—there will be a hundred times more—and people present—there is "no end," as Young England says, of pretty, rosy girls, in white muslin and blue ribbons—we have heard that Lady Palmerston, of Derby, of Rothschild; above all, of Ten Brooeck—all hi! there is hurry, a cloud, a shout, and the Derincin of horses is nowhere. Something is said about *steeds*; but we honestly "pass." Ha! ha! and, just as Tittlebat, and Brown, and Smith, and Jones, and Robinson are about to reduce our hamper to the same condition, if we happen to have more sympathy than we have gold, Mr. Jesse Ten Brooek! we mutter, in tones of sympathy muffled with sandwich. Why? "poor Ten Brooek?" He has won sixty thousand pounds and another eleven. He came here to make money, not to flatten the American eagle, and he has won it. You and I went in for the patriotic sentiment. We must keep them—we have them still—but Mr. Ten Brooek has his golden guineas. It is all right, apparently. Who blames him? Why if much money is bet upon a horse, he is sure to win; if against him, to lose. It is curious. Did you happen to find that celebrated jewel, Fair Play, at Epsom?

OUT OF TOWN

THE lovely June days admonish the denizen of streets that there are such things as green lanes, and trees, and rural ramble. Summer has fully come; and though we have wished to spend ever meadows and woods and thickets the steps of splendor by which it advances. The change, so long awaited, and so suddenly effected, from winter and early spring—its first cousin of the tender sex—to the heavy luxuriance of summer, is one of the most inspiring and delightful in the year; and which the citizen necessarily loses. For it must be watched day by day. The swelling of buds, the first vivid green of the leaves, the first flowers, the first flowering shrubs—the gradual greening of the grass—the early notes of birds—the soft south wind—the humming of bees—the rising of all the delicate details of renewing life, different every morning and evening—these are the things to observe, if you would know the full charm of June.

Next to these is the ripefulness of the season, as you may see it now. The wheat fields are waving in March, the ringing shrillness of the canary in the sun, have told you what was happening beyond the world of brick and stone; but to imagine or think of the summer tour. Where shall we go, Mary? What shall I do with my fortnight?

Why, enough to employ one's mind where it is so attractive. Yet one thing might be wisely remembered from year to year; and that is, to avoid railway crowds and dust. The intolerable heat, dust, and discomfort should take the place of the inviting heading. Unparalleled speed, safety, and luxury—these are the characteristics of the great roads. Go by water, wherever you can. Go on horseback—in your own conveyance, if you have it. Go by foot, if you will, only go at all if you are tolerably comfortable at home, except for a day here and there, and every year you choose, you will be frightened by the talk about watering-places. There is a great deal of cant in much talk. The precious health of the sick, the delight of every kind, who can not fail to amuse a shrewd observer—with music, flowers, fine equipages, and the well-dressed flutter of a gay crowd, are all pleasures life—where you can have your books, if you want, and amusements of every kind, and a varied wardrobe—hair dye and its accessories are much superior to a hot room in a lonely farm-house, where you have no comfort, no society, no amusement. You don't want to stay there many times a day? Very well; then don't do it, and you will find that you are doing like almost all your countrymen. Nothing easier. Nothing more charming-place, as they are every where else. But the clothes you wear at home are quite good enough to wear at Saratoga or Newport.

If solitude be your object—or brook-fishing or shooting, or life in the woods—turn your back upon people, and may fortune favor you! But remember, while you are hugging yourself in the woods for your such a sensible fellow as to prefer a tent to a hotel, Tom in the hotel is laughing at you for not being with him. "It isn't the fashion to wear tails now," quoth the Fox; "all sensible fellows now shun elbows." "Not at all," rejoinded Reynard; "all sensible fellows cut tails and please themselves."

A WORD WITH "MINDERUS."

"I HAVE seen some very absurd questions answered in your columns. Is not my query as deserving as the least of those?"

Undoubtedly: but they were asked first. If you will refer to the paper, any body gets answered, and yet how many questions are asked of the Lounger, you would not suffer yourself to be annoyed. Every inquiry that has been sent to him he has answered, and the reply has been or will be printed. He has incessantly informed his correspondents that nothing could be more uncertain than the time when they would get a reply, and if they are hurried they should ask elsewhere, although the Lounger is directly willing and glad to gratify them as soon as possible. Nobody can have any kind of claim upon the notice of any paper except to the instant correction of some personal misrepresentation. "Minderus" may depend upon it that this paper is managed in the way which is supposed to be most conducive to its prosperity and objects; and while his impatience is natural, the Lounger says so much to remind him of another view of the case.

THE TWO VILLAGES.

A FRIEND sends the following beautiful poem and asks the name of the author:

Over the river on the hill
Lieth a village white and still:
All around the fruitful valleys
Shiver and whisper in the breeze;
Over it sailing shadows pass
Of soaring hawk and screaming crow,
And mountain grasses, low and sweet,
Grow in the shade of every street.

Over the river under the hill
Another village lieth still:
There I see in the dusky night
Twinkling stars of household light,
Fires that gleam and fade on smithy's door;
Mists that curl on the river shore:
And in the roads no grasses grow
For the wheels that hasten to and fro.

In that village on the hill
Never is sound of smithy or mill:
The hammer and anvil and wbig grass and flowers,
Never a clock to tell the hours;
The marble dawn and the lovely night
You can not enter in hall or hut:
All the villagers lie asleep:
Never a grain for the reaper's reap
Never in dreams to moan or sigh—
Silent, and still, and dumb are they!

In that village under the hill,
When the night is starry and still,
Many a watcher is at prayer
Looks to the other village there,
And weeping and sighing, longs to go
Up to that home of peace below.
Longs to sleep in the forest still,
Whither the weary rest and child,
And beneath, praying, this answer fall,
"Patience! that village shall hold ye all!"

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

WORDY OF OUR NOSE.—An elderly maiden lady, who aloud to worship the strange signs which denote the Coming of an invention of the Evil One, and quotes, in proof—Punch *ob cetera*—Isaiah xxxiii. 23.

"YOU DON'T, DON'T YOU?"—"Mister, I say, I don't suppose you don't know of nobody what don't want to work nobody to do nothing, don't you? The answer was, "Yes, I don't."

A physician, who lived in London, visited a lady who resided in Chelsea. After continuing his visits for some time the lady expressed an apprehension that it might be inconvenient for him to come so far on her account. "Oh! by no means!" replied the doctor; "I have another patient in Chelsea, and I always set out hoping to kill two birds with one stone."

An Irish student was once asked what was meant by continuous work. "Why, it means work works," says Paddy, "as a man writes after he is dead."

When Jemima went to school she was asked why the noun and the verb were called "beings." she replied, "it is so very singular that they don't get married."

We always admire the answer of the man, who, when asked how old he was, replied, "Just forty years; but if you count by the fun I've seen, I am at least eighty."

You can easily keep yourself throughout the winter from freezing by getting somebody to let your wine to your neighbors.

AN APPROPRIATE BUILDING.—In the advertisement of a lecture, it is said, "It embraces about sixty rooms."

A lady's home-dress ought to last a long while: she never wears it out.

The orator who deals largely in quotations speaks volumes.

There is a lady in New York so ignorant of all domestic work that she can not even knit her brows.

Boys should be very careful how they steer their likeness, if they would arrive without shipwreck at the Isle of Man.

"I believe, miss, that you think I am as old as Old Time in the Primer?"—Yes, Sir, older: you haven't even a forelock."

If you undertake to flatter don't overdo the thing. If you offer too much incense to a sensible man he will be incensed.

Somebody says that the best way to keep food upon a desolate island, is to build it there.

On a frosty day, what two fish ought we to tie together? —*Skates and soles.*

Justice is certainly an odd fish: she has only a single pair of scales.

It is exceedingly bad husbandry to harrow up the feelings of your wife.

The poor birds are not a very bold race, and yet a great many of them fly about.

THE SCHOOL OF ADVERSITY.—A ragged school.

THE LITTLE FRENCH IMPERIAL.—The *prestige* of military honor exercises its sway even over childhood. They say that the little Prince Imperial, having fallen down while running about the garden of the Tuileries, began to cry. "What, *monsieur*pere, are you crying?" said his tutor. "Yes; but don't tell my regiment," replied the baby-colonel.

LANDLADY *affectionately*. "Mr. Smith, do you not perceive that the first steamboat created much surprise among the fish when it was first launched?" Mr. Smith (*sleepily*). "I can't say, madam, whether it did or not."

"OH, DEAR!" thought from the way you eyed the fish before you left the room you might spend a fortune on their cookery."

Sarms (the vaticinus villain). "Very likely, marm—but there's my opinion, marm, that this fish left its native element before steamers were invented."

A youthful member of a rifle corps in a Scottish town, on duty at the door of the evening's ball, joyfully told his governor that he had just got his sister a partner for the night. "Indeed!" replied the governor, "and what's he?" "Why, he's a thinkin' gin the French come yo'll hae mair need o' your legs."

A clerk having put some candles in a cellar one day the storekeeper told him that he thought he was taking a place for them, and that they would be in his wanting. "Likely enough," replied the clerk; "for that is the case, we had better put our father there also, and begin it with master in his candle."

A few nights since a young couple were married in Rochester. The bride was a very beautiful girl, and had a husband worthy of so beautiful a sister, who was also unmarried. After the two had been made one, the reverend uniter of hearts and hands, kneeling down and praying fervently, entreated the richest blessings and mercies of Providence on the bride and groom, as well as upon the "surviving sister."

A doting mother of a waggish boy having bottled a lot of cherry brandy, asked him, "Put up by Mrs. Doo." Johnny having discovered the cream on the contents of the cherry bottle, and cream on the bottom of the label, "Put down by Johnny Doo."

A young lady, playing at cards, put down the ace of hearts, observing, "Now, why may I not play hearts?" the gentleman with whom she was playing, trumped it, rejoining, "You see it is my time for a game of other."

Why are the rifle volunteers like Nolans?—Because the last thing he did was to die for his country, and that is the last thing they intend to do.

A hungry man dose right well to eat the egg, for he might starve before it got to be a pullet.

"William, I am described with Miss Million"—"With her personal charms?"—"Yes, *purse and all charms.*"

A Scotchman visiting a church-yard with a friend, pointing to a tombstone, quiet read, said, "This is the spot where I intend being laid, if I'm spared."

The following is said to be one of the longest pauses on record:

An old gentleman, riding over Putney Bridge, turned round to his servant and said,

"Do you like eggs, John?"

"Yes, Sir."

Here the conversation ended. The same gentleman, riding over the same bridge the day beforehand, again turned round, and said,

"How?"

"Poached, Sir," was the answer.

A well-known city officer in Auld Reekie was celebrated for his caustic remarks and wit. He married his maid in Edinburgh, he hired a hearse and carried her to the family burying place in the Highlands. On returning, it is said, with the hearse full of smuggled whisky, and being stopped at the barrier by a fiscal, he said, "Yes, man, there's one hame done. I only took awa the body and brought hame the speerits."

Clerks have lately been playing fast and loose to such an enormous extent with their employers' money that it is extremely difficult to know who can be trusted. We shall hear of the clerk of the weather having embezzled something next. And, indeed, he has taken, probably, for having been in the habit of skimming the milky way, and appropriating the cream to his own use; for how else can he will be convicted of transferring some of the Lyrical tears from the Muses' fountain, and attributing all to any fine person, in order to be "a blaze of a swell," or Literary Star of Masculine Type? We were Saturn, we certainly should count our rings every night, to see that none of them were missing.

Why is the first chicken of a brood like the formant of a ship?—Because it's a little for'ard of the main-hatch.

A story goes that a party of riflemen, having gone somewhat tired of a chapel not a hundred miles from Liverpool, clad in their new uniforms, the officiating minister, who wore the full wig of a wag, took occasion to quote a verse from one of the hymns:

"How proud we are, how fond to show
Our clothes, and call them Lord, not we,
When the poor sheep and silk-worm wore
What we have robbed them for!"

"Fine complexion Mrs. H. has got," said Brown to his friend Stebbins, the artist.

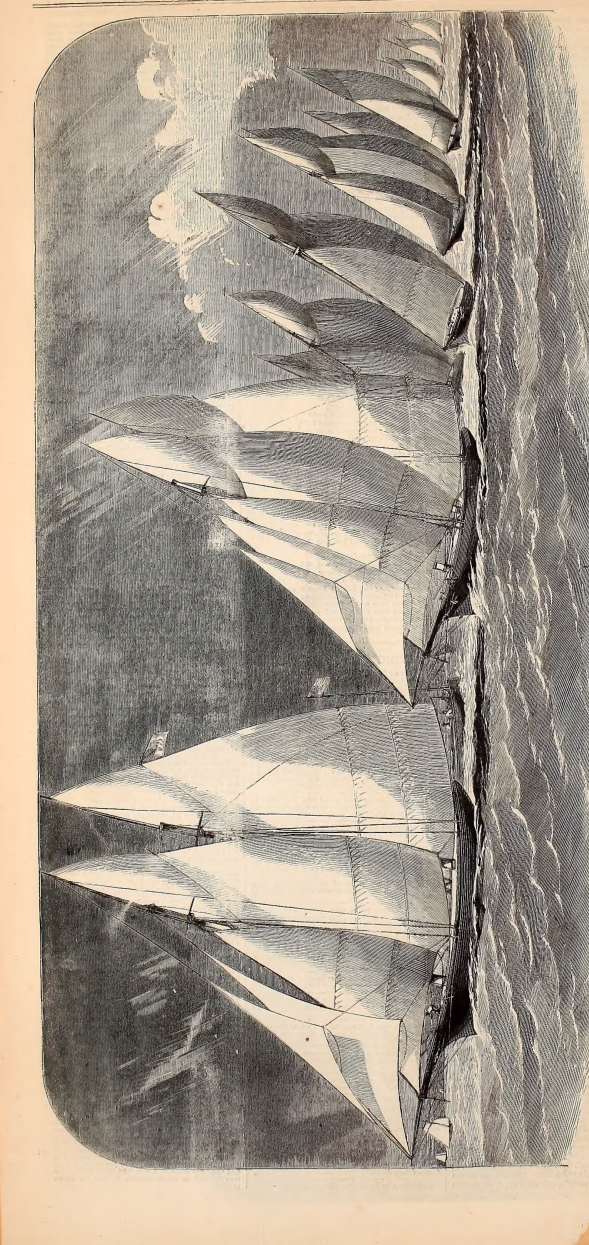
"I know it," replied Stebbins, "she and I buy our colors at the same shop."

A *fellow stole* Lord Chatham's gouty shoes; his servant, not finding them, began to search for them. "Never mind," said his lordship, "all the harm I wish the rogue is, that the shoes may fit him."

A CLERGYMAN TAKEN IN.—A rather amusing scene occurred to a reverend gentleman who is a popular preacher. He had been to have his portrait taken at a photographer's, and put on his surplice in an ante-room. While seated in the operating-room, however, he was not a little disconcerted on seeing a Circassian beauty to fall enamored of him. The reverend gentleman commenced expressing the pleadings of a broken-hearted girl on being dragged from him, and was consequently in a happy human frailty. The rev. gentleman, as soon as he had recovered from the surprise, took a seat in the bridal carriage proceeding, and ventured to suggest that the veil fell too much across the face. "Will you please show me what you mean?" The rev. gentleman was kind enough to do so. The dash of electricity was already employed: for, to his horror it may be related, if he rose this moment, the popular preacher had been taken in dramatic attitude, with a Circassian slave appearing to him to release her from her thraldom. The rev. gentleman studie jobe, and will, doubtless, never go further.

An old woman received a letter from the post-office. Not knowing how to read, and being anxious to know the contents, supposing it to be from one of her absent sons, she called on a person who lived in the neighbor to her. He accordingly bogrd, and read—"Charleston, June 23, 1860. Dear mother," Then making a full stop to find out what followed on the writing was rather bad, the old lady exclaimed, "Oh! 'tis my poor boy, he's drowned, to-rend."

Some persons in conversation are forever telling you that "you know." At a party, one evening, a question arose between certain individuals as to whether a somewhat dashy person present had said "Yes" or "No" to an interrogatory. One of the particular friends, who was appealed to, said: "*He* knows, you know, that he *don't* know, you know, that you know, that he said 'No,' you know." A man who don't know better than he knows" to much, deserves to have his *knows* breaked.



THE REGATTA OF THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB.

THE Annual Regatta of the New York Yacht Club took place on the regularly-appointed day, Thursday, June 7. We here give a spirited engraving of the scene. The time our artist has chosen for his sketch is the passing of the Owl's Head stake-boat.

The day opened gloomily for those whose hearts were in the sport. A dull rain and nearly a dead calm gave little promise of an exciting race, or indeed of a race of any kind. But about ten o'clock the rain cleared away, and a breeze sprung up, and the day proved to be one of the finest known in the annals of the Club.

The following yachts entered for the sport:

SLOOPS—THIRD CLASS—CONTAINING YACHTS MEASURING 800 SQUARE FEET AND UNDER THAT AREA.

Allowance of Time—One and seven-tenths Seconds per Square Foot.

Name.	Entered by	Tonnage.	Length on Water-line.	Area.	Allowance.
			Ft. In.	Sq. Ft.	H. M. S.
1. Narragansett	H. Bedlow	30 2/3	70	740 6	0 20
2. Bay	L. M. Rutherford	30 3/3	70	706 0	4 04
3. Glenpatty	C. Macalester, Jr.	25	68	641 6	2 13
4. Alpha	R. R. Morris, Jr.	23 5/3	68	563	—

SLOOPS—SECOND CLASS—MEASURING OVER 800 SQUARE FEET AND UNDER 1200 FEET.

Allowance of Time—One and thirty-five hundredths Seconds per Square Foot.

1. Rowena	M. W. Bacon	42 2/3	79	985	2 09
2. Maneuvring	C. T. Cromwell	42 6/3	82	946 6	1 35
3. Mallory	J. T. Baths	44 2/3	83	953 6	1
4. Fanny	E. H. White	35 2/3	83	839 6	—

SLOOPS—FIRST CLASS—MEASURING OVER 1200 SQUARE FEET.

Allowance of Time—One Second per Square Foot.

1. Rebecca	J. G. Bennett, Jr.	77 6/3	89	1206 5	—

SCHOONERS—SECOND CLASS—MEASURING OVER 1500 SQUARE FEET AND UNDER THAT AREA.

Allowance of Time—One and thirty-five hundredths Seconds per Square Foot.

1. Restless	G. W. Thatcher	95 6/3	96	1478 6	14 10
2. Haze	W. B. Duncan	87 6/3	93	1393 6	14
3. Stella	L. W. Pappan	83 2/3	93	1362 6	13 39
4. Dawn	H. L. Insolt, etc	81 8/3	93	811 9	1 09
5. Bonita	S. W. Dawson	38 2/3	93	769	—

SCHOONERS—FIRST CLASS—MEASURING OVER 1500 SQUARE FEET.

Allowance of Time—One Second per Square Foot.

1. Zinga	W. H. Thomas	115 4/3	59	1857 6	03
2. Favorita	A. C. Kingsland	128 1/3	35	1950	—

The scene at Robbin's Reef was quite exciting. The appearance of the *Glenpatty* leading the squadron called forth rounds of cheers, and as she rounded flags were dipped, guns fired, steam-whistles blown, and great excitement prevailed. The other boats were complimented in turn, especially the *Favorita*, which, by a timely luff, avoided a tack, and perhaps going about, which might have lost her the race. The progress of the fleet from this point to the Southwest Spit was quite slow, with a light breeze from the S.S.W.

THE START.

SLOOPS OF THE THIRD CLASS.

YACHTS.	Time of Starting. H. M.	Robbin's Reef Stake-Boat. H. M. S.	Buoy of S.W. Spit. H. M. S.
Narragansett	10 35	12 54 05	2 41 00
Bay	10 35	1 00 00	—
Glenpatty	10 35	12 29 00	2 31 00
Alpha	10 35	12 49 30	—

SLOOP OF THE SECOND CLASS.

Rowena	10 42	12 55 00	2 39 30
Maneuvring	10 42	12 45 00	2 30 00
Mallory	10 42	12 47 30	2 35 30
Fanny	10 42		—

SLOOP OF THE FIRST CLASS.

Rebecca	10 50	12 85 00	2 26 00

SCHOONERS OF THE SECOND CLASS.

Restless	10 50	12 51 30	2 38 30
Haze	10 50	12 51 45	2 35 00
Stella	10 50		—
Dawn	10 50	1 00 33	2 41 15
Bonita	10 50	1 05 00	—

SCHOONERS OF THE FIRST CLASS.

Zinga	10 55		2 42 00
Favorita	10 55	12 57 00	2 32 38

The homestretch was by far the most interesting part of the whole race, and one of the finest contests took place known in the annals of the Club. The wind was blowing what sailors would call a ten-knot breeze. Hand over hand the larger yachts had overhauled their smaller competitors, and were now the cynosure of every eye. The *Haze*, *Favorita*, *Rebecca*, and *Restless* were ahead, plowing along like mastodons, while the balance of the fleet, scattered about here and there, were following after like hounds after a deer.

From this time until the arrival at the stake-boat the excitement continued undiminished, and especially so during the last mile when the *Haze*, *Favorita*, *Zinga*, and *Rebecca* lay in a line, almost buried in foam, engaged in one of the closest and most animating races that has ever taken place in our harbor. Cheer after cheer went up as each yacht would careen almost to her combings, shoot ahead under the impetus of the flaw, and then right up again to pursue her way along. This scene continued until the arrival of the yachts at the home-boat, which they rounded in the following order:

THE RETURN.

YACHTS.	Elysian Fields Stake Boat. H. M. S.
Haze	4 36 31
Favorita	4 37 12
Zinga	4 40 10
Rebecca	4 45 54
Restless	4 46 28
Maneuvring	4 47 10
Mallory	4 56 04
Rowena	5 04 10
Dawn	5 13 24
Glenpatty	5 19 37
Narragansett	5 20 12
Bay	
Alpha	
Fanny	
Bonita	
Stella	

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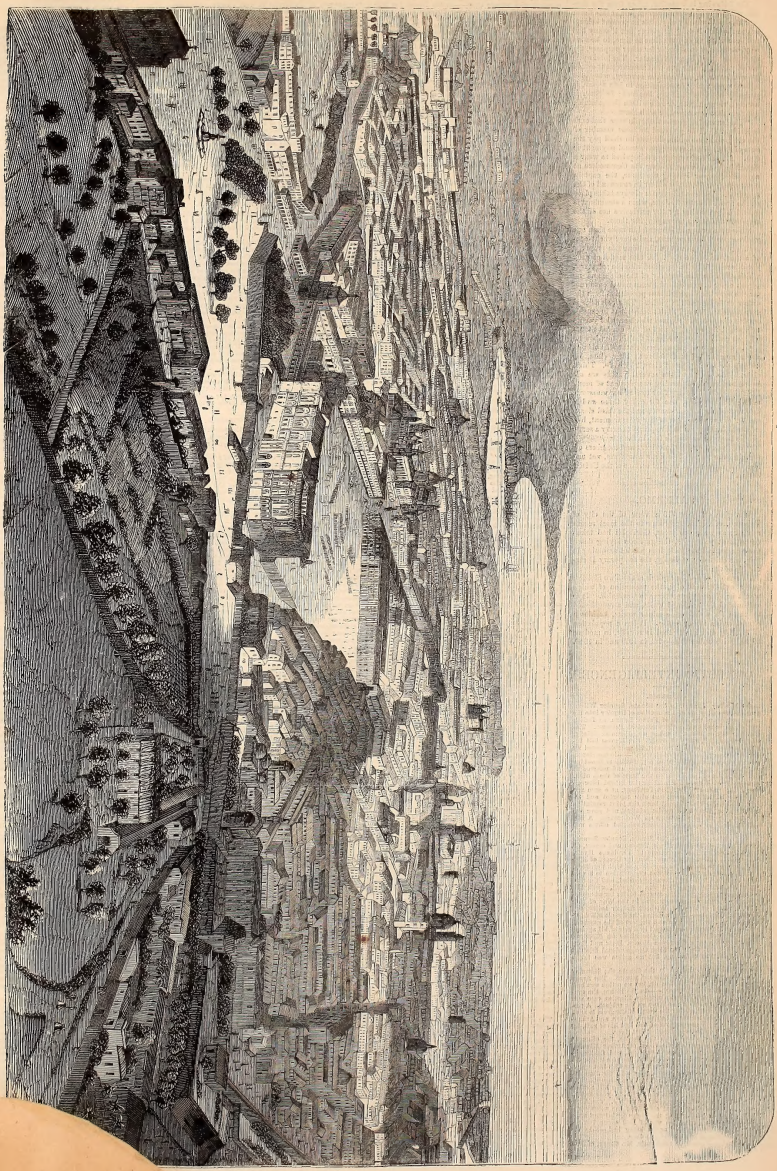

VIEW OF THE CITY OF PALERMO, SICILY.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

classes, taking prizes of $150 each. No less than thirty yachts competed.

The following information, taken from the *Herald*, will prove of general interest just at this time:

"The total number of yachts at present belonging to the club is only forty-six; but if many had not been disposed of from time to time, to be used as pilot boats or coasters, or for other purposes, the aggregate would be much greater. The total number of yachts of over five tons measurement owned by gentlemen throughout the country, who have not the opportunity or disposition to join a club, is probably not less than five hundred; for there is hardly a river, harbor, or lake within the habitable quarters that is not prolific with them.

"The terms of admission to the club are, that each individual shall be proposed by some member of the club, and that on his election he shall pay the sum of $20. Each subsequent annual payment is $10. All yachts in service are required to wear a signal flag; and when joining the Commodore at an anchorage, or leaving the same, the captain must report to the senior officer in command of the squadron. The annual regatta always takes place on the first Thursday in June, when a steamboat is provided by the club for the exclusive use of the members and ladies accompanying them.

"No member can be interested in more than one yacht entered for a regatta, and every yacht contending for a prize must be the bona fide property of a member of the club. A true model of each yacht is required to be deposited with the secretary, which shall be the property of the club, and no person other than a United States naval constructor can copy the same without permission from the owner or builder of the yacht. This privilege is granted to the United States authorities in consideration of an act of Congress which entitles yachts to proceed from port to port of the United States without entering or clearing at the Custom-house.

"In a regatta the allowance of time to the classes above enumerated is as follows: First class, 1¾ seconds per foot. Second class, 2¼ do. do. Third class, 2¾ do. do.; and the several yachts are allowed to carry the following complement of men. First class, one for every four tons of her measurement; second class, one for every three and a half tons of her measurement; and the third class, one for every three tons of her measurement, besides which every yacht is required to carry a serviceable boat ten or twelve feet in length.

"When on a cruise the officers and members of the club are required to wear a uniform, not unlike that worn in the regular service of the United States."

PALERMO.

We give on page 373 a view of the city of Palermo, of which, according to the most recent advices, as we go to press, Garibaldi had taken triumphant possession, the garrison laying down their arms, and the victorious patriot assuming in this, the chief city of Sicily, the temporary Dictatorship of the Island.

Palermo is one of the capitals of the Two Sicilies, and a well-fortified city, the possession of which would be of great importance to Garibaldi. It is surrounded by bastioned walls, and strengthened by three forts and some minor works, besides a citadel and a strong castle. It has a population of 200,000; and has figured in revolts, in modern times, twice before this—viz., in 1820 and in 1848.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, June 4, in the Senate, Senator Wilson procured the adoption of a resolution of inquiry into the circumstances of the arrest of Father Lanza, an Italian patriot, on board an American vessel at Palermo. The Houmas Claim Bill was taken up, discussed briefly, slightly amended, and postponed. The Kansas bill being the order of the day, Senator Sumner delivered an oration on the "Barbarism of Slavery."——In the House, a bill appropriating $150,000 for a post-office in Brooklyn was favorably reported from the Senate, and referred to the Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union. A bill authorizing a daily mail service inland between San Francisco and Washington Territory, at a sum not exceeding $100,000 a year, was also reported and referred. Mr. Haskin reported back the joint resolution reducing the price of the public printing, and gave notice that he should call it up on Wednesday. A bill making various minor consulates salaried offices was passed.

On Tuesday, June 5, in the Senate, Senator Sumner presented a petition from Lewis Tappan and others, of this City, asking for the release of Thaddeus Hyatt. The Kansas bill was taken up. Senator Green, of Missouri, moved to change the boundary of that Territory, and then submit the Lecompton Constitution to a vote of the people. The subject was postponed, and the consideration of the Army bill was resumed, when the amendment reimbursing the several States for advances made to the General Government in the War of 1812 was discussed at length. Without further action, the Senate adjourned.——In the House, the Senate bill making provision for the return and support of the captured Africans was taken up and passed by a vote of 121 against 56. The resolution from the Committee on Elections relative to the contest between Messrs. Blair and Barrett, for the seat from the First Congressional District of Missouri, was called up, but no action was taken thereon.

On Wednesday, June 6, in the Senate, the Houmas Land bill was read a third time and passed. The Army Appropriation bill was taken up, but no action was had thereon before adjournment.——In the House, the consideration of the Missouri Contested Election case was resumed, but no action was taken on the subject. A resolution was passed, giving the assent of Congress to such acts as the Legislatures of Louisiana, Texas, and Arkansas may pass for the removal of the Red River raft, by levying tolls on boats navigating that river.

On Thursday, June 7, in the Senate, the effort to pass the bill approving the claim of Arthur Edwards over the Executive veto was renewed, and finally defeated. Senator Bright, of Indiana, moved a resolution that the Senate adjourn at noon on the 18th inst. Senator Bigler moved to substitute June 27 for June 18. The resolution was adopted without amendment—29 to 27. Senator Wade desired to take up the bill for the admission of Kansas. By a close vote, 27 yeas and 32 nays, the Senate refused to consider the bill. The Army bill was then discussed and amended; the amendment with regard to reimbursing the States for interest upon advances made during the war of 1812 occupying the rest of the day, without action being had.——In the House nothing of importance was done.

On Friday, June 8, in the Senate, Mr. Green, of Missouri, reported adversely to the admission of the Territory of Utah. The bill to carry into effect the Asiatic treaties was passed. The remainder of the session was occupied with private bills.——In the House, the Missouri contested election case was disposed of, by a vote of [illegible] against 92 against the claim of Mr. Barrett. Mr. Blair was sworn in, and took his seat. Mr. Hickman called up his resolution from the Judiciary Committee, reporting against the claim of the President, in his special message of March 28, to be exempted from any inquiry. After some debate the resolution was adopted, on vote—yeas 87, nays 40.

HON. JOHN BELL ACCEPTS.

In his letter of acceptance, Mr. Bell says: "The Convention, in discarding the use of platforms, exact no pledges from those whom they deem worthy of the highest trusts under the Government; wisely considering that the surest guaranty of a man's future usefulness and fidelity to the great interests of the country, in any official station to which he may be chosen, is to be found in his past history connected with the public service. The pledge implied in my acceptance of the nomination of the National Union Convention is, that should I be elected, I will not depart from the spirit and tenor of my past course; and the obligation to keep this pledge derives a double force from the consideration that none is required from me."

MR. EVERETT ACCEPTS.

The Hon. Edward Everett has written a letter accepting the nomination of the "Union" party for the Vice-Presidency. He says:

* * * * * * *

"In yielding, at length, to the earnest solicitations which have been addressed to me from the most respectable sources in almost every part of the Union, I make a painful sacrifice of inclination to what I am led to believe a public duty. It has been urged upon me, and I can not deny that such is my own feeling, that we have fallen upon times which call upon all good citizens, at whatever cost of personal convenience, to contribute their share, however humble, to the public service.

"In adopting as its platform the Constitution, without note or comment, the Convention, as it seems to me, pursued a wise and patriotic course. No other course was thought of in the earlier days of the Republic.

"The candidate for the Presidency presented by the Union Convention is every way worthy of confidence and support. I speak from personal knowledge and long association with him in the public service.

"Deeply regretting that the Convention has not put it in my power to pay an equally cordial and emphatic tribute to some worthy candidate for the Vice-Presidency, but feeling it a duty to give the desired proof of sympathy with their patriotic efforts to restore the happy days of brotherly concord between the different sections of our beloved country,

"I remain, dear Sir, sincerely yours,

"Edward Everett."

SINGULAR SUICIDE.

A singular suicide was committed near Lawrenceburg, Indiana, last week, by a Mr. Joseph Grimsley, the cause of which appears to have been depression produced by the report of a dying brother, who stated on his revival from a trance, believed to be death for a time by all who were about him, that he had been to heaven and seen there all his family who were dead, and learned that all would go there except Joseph. This announcement, coming from a dying, almost a dead, brother, seems to have disordered the poor fellow's mind. He acted strangely for several days afterward, and finally disappeared on Monday week before last. He was not found till the Saturday following, when two men in search of game accidentally discovered him swinging by the neck to a pole which crossed a deep ravine. The sick brother died the same day the body was found.

TOUGH TIMES AT WASHOE.

The silver should be abundant in the newly-discovered Washoe mines to make mining pay there. They sell fresh beef at 25 cents per pound; pork, 35 cents; sugar, 60 cents; candles, 75 cents; coffee, 50 cents; sirup, $2 per gallon: flour, $50 per 100 pounds; bacon, 45 cents per pound. Board is $20 per week, and poor at that price; hay is $60 per ton, and scarce.

A miner, who no doubt poetizes from experience, gets off the following:

On the hills of dreary Washoe—
Washoe, rich in gold and silver;
Where it lays in chunks as big as
Lumps of chalk, and often bigger—
On the hills and in the valleys,
On the flats and in the canons,
'Mong the sand-hills and in the sage brush,
In their tents and in their shanties,
Are the men that couldn't wait till
Spring had come and snows departed.
Round their fires they sit and shiver,
Shiver, shiver, shake and shiver;
With their toes stuck in the ashes,
With their eyes all smoked and watery,
With their noses swollen and angry,
With their cheeks well cured as bacon;
To the blaze their palms extending,
With the ashes falling round them,
Falling, falling on their hair and
On their whiskers like to snow-flakes.
Thicker, faster falling, falling,
Till their heads are powdered over,
Till their whiskers well are whitened.
They're out of bread, also of patience,
Hope has fled, ditto their bacon;
Sugar gone—an "Injun" with it—
Smith is hungry, so is Muggins,
Bowels yearning, yearning, yearning
For the flesh-pots left behind them,
For the slap jacks, for the bean soup,
For the coffee, tea, and bacon,
Left behind in California.

Another fellow, no doubt less fortunate than the poet, says: If you can imagine a flood in hell, succeeded by a snow-storm, you will have some idea of the character of the country.

FASTEST TIME RECORDED.

The grand trotting match between Flora Temple and George M. Patchen for $1000, best three in five, came off on the 6th inst. at the Union Course, and resulted in favor of Flora Temple, who is still entitled to be called the "Queen of the Turf"—having not only beaten her opponent, but even herself, and made the quickest time on record. In the long succession of triumphs achieved by this mare last season, which was the season of her glory, the fastest time made by her was 2.22¼, excepting one heat at Kalamazoo, Michigan, where, upon a short track, she is claimed to have made 2.19¾. The following is the time made:

	¼ mile	½ mile	¾ mile	1 mile
	M. S.	M. S.	M. S.	M. S.
First heat..........	—.35	1.11	1.45	2.21
Second heat.........	—.36½	1.11½	—.—	2.24
Third heat..........	—.36	1.10	—.—	2.21½

TRAGEDY AT VICKSBURG.

The Vicksburg *Sun* gives an account of a terrible affray which happened in that city on Friday, May 25th:

"A few years ago Mr. Lafayette Lee was married to a young lady of this county, Miss Hicks, and remained for some time at the residence of his wife's father. In a short time Lee gave unmistakable evidence of being dissatisfied, and treated his young wife unkindly. A temporary separation took place, during which time Mrs. Lee remained at her father's house until a reconciliation was effected. Lee, a few months ago, went to Hazlehurst for the purpose of teaching school. He was unsuccessful, and finally returned to this county, and solicited the assistance of Mr. Flowers (who was a relative). Mr. Flowers generously tendered the hospitalities of his house to Lee and his wife, who accepted them. Mr. F. frequently saw enough to convince himself that Lee treated his wife unkindly, and remonstrated with him, and urged him to make some exertions to support his family, proffering to assist him in any laudable effort.

"On Thursday last Mrs. Lee expressed her anxiety to see her mother, and a wish to visit her home if she could obtain conveyance. Mr. Flowers informed her that his carriage was at her service for that purpose whenever she wished it. Lee remarked that she should not go, and threatened to kill her if she did so. Having been repeatedly threatened by him in a like manner, she did not appear alarmed. On Friday the subject was again alluded to, and Lee persisted in his threats. Shortly after, while Mr. and Mrs. Flowers and Mr. and Mrs. Lee were together in the drawing-room, the report of a pistol was heard, and Mrs. Lee started convulsively, exclaiming that she was shot. Mr. F. immediately caught her on his left arm and supported her sinking form. Lee now advanced and fired again at his wife and once at Mr. Flowers. Mrs. Lee by this time had sank nearly to the floor, supported by the left arm of Mr. Flowers, who drew a revolver from his pocket, and partially turning, fired five times (over his shoulder) at Lee. Each ball took effect in the face of Lee. One near the right temple—one near the middle of the forehead—one near the left temple—one in the jaw, and the other just above the mouth. Lee fell, and died immediately.

"The wound inflicted upon Mrs. Lee was of a most dangerous character. The ball entered just above the right breast, ranging down to the waist, and coming out near to the spine. At last accounts she was in a most critical condition.

"The conduct of Mr. Flowers in this melancholy affair meets with the fullest commendation from the community."

THE CENSUS AMONG THE FACTORIES.

Mr. Jos. C. G. Kennedy has written a letter describing the tables which he has arranged for the use of the census-takers. The questions which will be asked of manufacturers are set forth as follows:

The schedule which, in conformity of law, has been prepared as a record of the operations of productive industry for the entire country for the year ending on the 1st day of June, 1860, embraces fourteen columns, with headings so arranged as to include the details of every variety of manufacture. The first column is designed to include the name of the corporation, company, or individual producing articles to the value of $500 per annum. In the second column is to be recorded the name of the business, manufacture, or product. The third column embraces the amount of "capital invested in real and personal estate in the business." The various raw materials used in each manufacture, by quantity, kind, and value, are represented in columns four, five, and six. The seventh column describes the kind of motive power, machinery, structure, or resource. If the motive power be steam, the quantity of power used is to be inserted; in furnaces the number of fires; and for fabrics the number of looms, spindles, and card machines. In columns eight and nine are recorded the number of male and female hands employed, while their monthly wages respectively are set down in columns ten and eleven; while in columns twelve, thirteen, and fourteen, are entered the quantities, kinds, and values of all kinds of manufactured articles.

HICKS, THE PIRATE, CONFESSES.

Albert W. Hicks, *alias* Johnson, the murderer of the captain and crew of the sloop *E. A. Johnson*, has made a full confession of his guilt to his keepers at the City Prison.

The admissions were made in course of a conversation with a gentleman who has been unremitting in his attentions to the prisoner since his incarceration.

His querist first remarked:

"Hicks, I have formed a theory of the manner in which Captain Burr and the Watts boys were murdered, and I believe it was done between the hours of 12 o'clock at night and 3 in the morning."

"No," replied Hicks; "they killed them between 9 and 10 o'clock at night."

"What do you mean by *they?*" rejoined his questioner. "There were but four men on board the sloop, and you were one of the four. I am surprised at your attempt to deceive me, Hicks, and shall have nothing further to do with you if you treat me in that way."

"But there were five on board," said Hicks, with a cunning smile. "The devil was the fifth personage; he possessed me and urged me on to do it. You see, I was at the helm, and one of the Wattses was forward on the look-out, while Captain Burr and the other lad were asleep below. I had entertained the idea of murdering them for some time, and the devil kept telling me now was the chance. I walked forward quietly, and before the young man was aware of my intentions I dealt him a tremendous blow on the head. He fell down, but I had to repeat the blow several times before I could kill him. Meantime the noise and scuffling woke up the man who was sleeping in the hold, and just as he got on deck I struck him. He wasn't so hard to dispatch as the first one."

Q. "What sort of an instrument did you use? Was it a marlin-spike or hand-spike?"

This question Hicks could not be induced to answer, merely replying that it was a heavy instrument. His manner and subsequent remarks conveyed the impression to the mind of his questioner that an axe was the weapon he had used.

CAPTAIN BURR.

Hicks resumed, "After I had finished the boys, I went to the cabin and found Captain Burr just coming upon deck. He asked what the matter was, and I struck at him. He's a mighty powerful man, and he attempted to grapple me, and it was a long time before I could overpower him. I brought him at last," he added, triumphantly.

"Oh! the resistance of the Captain accounts for the marks of the terrific struggle in the cabin; the wood-work was hacked as if with an axe, and there was a great quantity of blood about."

To this remark Hicks assented, and the gentleman went on,

"But there were bloody finger-marks on the gunwale, and you must have thrown one of them overboard before he was dead, and while he was clinging to the side, chopped his fingers off."

"No, Sir; they had all been dead more than an hour when I pitched them over," said Hicks. He then said; "They tell me one of the bodies has been found; is it true?"

"I believe so," was the reply.

"Well, I don't; you see, when all this happened *we were fifty miles from Sandy Hook*, and I took care their graves should be deep—very deep."

He was then asked what his feelings could have been, alone as he was on the vessel, with nothing to be seen but the stars above him and the wide waters around him, while his shipmates, murdered by his hand, lay mutilated and bleeding on the deck?

"Oh!" said he, "it makes me shudder now, but then I did not mind it. I told you the devil urged me on; he sustained me then, but now he has deserted me."

OTHER MURDERS.

Some further conversation ensued, and Hicks stated that he participated in the mutiny and murders on board the ship *Saladin*, in 1844. He pretended, at the time, to know something also of the murder of the Captain and crew of the schooner *Eudora Imogen*, near City Island, some years ago, and the scuttling of the vessel, for which the negro Wilson was executed at White Plains.

HICKS'S RHYMES.

The following verses dictated by Hicks were written down by the reporter:

I shipped on board the *Saladin*,
As you may understand,
Bound to South America,
Captain Kenzie in command.

We arrived in that country
Without undue delay,
When Fielding came on board:
Ah! cursed be that day!

He first persuaded us
To do that horrid crime;
We could then have prevented it,
If we'd begun in time.

I stained my hands in human blood,
Which I do not deny:
I shed the blood of innocence,
For which I have to die.

THE "SALADIN" MYSTERY.

The vessel of this name, here spoken of, was stranded, in the month of June, 1844, laden with guano, and having on board a quantity of gold in bars, on the Southern coast of Nova Scotia, near the Gut of Canso. After some days, the small number of the crew (seven), and other circumstances, excited suspicions of foul play in reference to the wreck, and all the hands being arrested by the authorities were brought to Halifax, where they were subsequently tried before a special commission, when four of the men were convicted of one of the most atrocious deeds of murder and piracy ever recorded in the annals of crime. That Hicks was one of the guilty crew of this ill-fated ship seems more than probable, from his statement to the Reporter; but whether one of the respited convicts, or one of the men who became witnesses for the Crown, he alone can explain. It will be seen by the narrative that the monster Fielding, who incited the mutiny, was, with his innocent son, himself destroyed by the guilty men whom he had seduced into the commission of the earlier murders.

THE STORY OF THE "SALADIN."

When the *Saladin* was about leaving Valparaiso, Captain Fielding, whose vessel had been confiscated for a breach of the revenue laws of the country, applied to Captain M'Kenzie for a passage to England for himself and his son; and they were taken on board as cabin passengers. Shortly after getting to sea Fielding occasionally spoke to the men unfavorably of Captain M'Kenzie, told them of the valuable cargo there was on board, and questioned them as to their courage and resolution, if they were called upon to act in desperate circumstances. All this disclosure with them was separately, he never speaking to more than one of them at a time.

He finally told them—still speaking in the same cautious manner to only one at a time—that the crew were about to destroy the officers and take the ship out of their hands; that the one whom he so addressed had better join them, or his own life would be in danger. In this diabolical manner he succeeded in seducing them, one after another, into a mutiny, before they were aware of the true state of the case; and in an incredibly short time after he first mentioned his fiendish plans he succeeded in obtaining the engagement to take part with him of a sufficient number to carry them into effect. The whole of this was effected in fourteen days, and those who were in the plot, being the prisoners, with the exception of Carr and Galloway, were of the one watch, and consequently, all being on deck together, they had no difficulty in putting their plans into execution.

THE PLOT OF THE MUTINEERS.

The night of the 13th of April was first proposed for the tragedy, but one of the mutineers not being in his place on deck, and perhaps the whole of them not being sufficient in that hardihood which alone prepares the heart of man for such dreadful deeds, the thing was delayed. Previous to the next night Fielding had got opportunity to further infuse his devilish spirit into them, excited their fears, inflamed their cupidity, and got them fully prepared for the deed of blood.

The mate's watch, including all the mutineers, was then on deck; and Fielding pretending that he was irritated by an argument which he had with Captain M'Kenzie, remained on deck in conversation with the unsuspecting mate, who repeatedly asked him why he did not go down into the cabin to his rest. This he evaded, and still remained on deck. Finally, it now being near 12 o'clock at night, the mate went to the man at the helm and told him to steer as well as he could, and, as he was unwell, he would lie down a spell on the hen-coop. Here there was a favorable opportunity for them, and their victims in their full power—the Captain asleep and in fancied security in cabin, that half of the crew who were not in the plot reposing below in their hammocks, and the only object that was in their way had now laid himself down, and sank into a slumber among them.

This opportunity they but too well improved. The work of death was commenced by Johnson taking an axe, and, in darkness and silence, approaching the sleeping man, buried the edge of it in his head. Sensation was immediately suspended, and, without the least noise, they threw the lifeless body into the sea.

THE WORK OF DEATH.

Their plan was next to kill the Captain, and Jones and Anderson were sent down into the cabin for that purpose; but the sleeping man's dog was keeping watch for his safety, while his brother man was plotting his death. This dumb animal made them too fearful to proceed, and they returned on deck. Their plan was then temporarily altered; they proceeded aft, and called up the carpenter, and as soon as his head was above the companion he received a blow with a hammer which stunned him; one of the conspirators then placed his hands over his mouth, and two others threw him overboard. The contact with the sea probably restored animation, and he called out "Murder!" This became the accidental cause of calling Captain M'Kenzie on deck. On the drowning man crying "Murder," Fielding, then near the entrance to the cabin, called out with a loud voice, "A man overboard!" when Captain M'Kenzie, with the benevolent desire of saving some of his crew, rushed up on the deck; and no sooner had he got there than he was attacked with an axe by Anderson. The blow, however, did not take effect, and the assaulted man grappled with the murderer, who, it would appear, retreated, for he was some distance from the cabin stairs when he was seized by, I think it was Hazelton, and Johnson who was commanded from the helm by Fielding to assist, running to the scene of action, took hold of one of the Captain's hands. In this situation, with three of the murderers holding him, Fielding gave him repeated blows on the back part of the head with an axe; the whole intention then appearing evident, he cried out, "Oh, Captain Fielding!" As soon as the fatal blow suspended animation, the body was cast into the sea.

After a short consultation they again assembled aft, and by way of amusing the watch below, they lowered the jib; the noise which this made, together with the calls of Fielding and others, soon brought the poor wretches on deck; and with perfect security to themselves, in the darkness of midnight, and with weapons of destruction in their hands, they silently dispatched them, one after another, as they came on deck; and in the short space of an hour after the work of destruction had begun, six unsuspecting mortals were thus hurried into eternity, and their bodies buried under the waves of the ocean.

They then had the vessel, with all the costly freight, entirely at their command, and Fielding proposed that they should run her to the coast of North America, and land at some secluded spot in or about the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and secure their booty on shore; after which they would go to the States and return with some small vessel to bring it away. This well-laid scheme was, however, rendered abortive by his own cupidity and reckless inhumanity.

THE MURDERER MURDERED.

Carr and Galloway, the cook and steward, who were not in the plot, and whose duties did not call them on deck, were then the only ones that remained, and it became a matter of inquiry what should be done with them. Fielding proposed that they should be slain also. This was objected to, and some of them said there should be no more blood spilled. When they were called up in the morning and informed what had been done, Galloway, we understood, had said that h[illegible] sorry he had not been killed with his mess[illegible] was crying all the next day. Th[illegible] together by Fielding [illegible] them on the [illegible] other like a [illegible] ever [illegible]

said he would get rid of Carr and Galloway when they got near the land, by giving them a dose of poison, and alleged that they must have the crew still further reduced. This Johnson did not approve of, and mentioned it to his comrades, which occasioned them all to feel suspicious of Fielding. These suspicions were increased by their accidentally discovering that he had secreted two horse-pistols, some ammunition, and a large carving-knife. This they immediately taxed him with, but he denied knowing any thing about them, and in a controversy that ensued he said that he would throw himself overboard, and was leaving the cabin professedly with that intent. They, however, took hold of him to stop him, and having got hold of him they kept him; and on some one of them saying he ought to be secured, they momentarily came to the determination to do it, and tied him hand and foot, and, melancholy to say, the young boy, who had taken no part in the transaction, was tied also. In this state they were confined to the cabin floor all night.

The next morning the son, it would appear, was liberated, for he was afterward found on the forward part of the deck. As for the monster Fielding himself, he had his feet untied, and was brought on deck, and made to hear the consultation respecting what was to be done with him, the result of which consultation was that they should throw him overboard, and this was accordingly done; and Carr and Galloway were made to assist in doing it. The poor little boy was forward at the time, and, notwithstanding his piteous prayers for mercy and his screams of affright, he was thrown over also.

We have had to omit many incidents in these hurried details, but we believe the foregoing will be found a faithful and accurate outline.

THE LAST LETTER OF CAPTAIN BURR TO HIS WIFE.

As every thing connected with this mysterious and bloody affair must prove to be of public interest, we republish an extract from the last letter of Captain Burr, in which he speaks of William Johnson as a helmsman, written to his wife, from Coney Island, previous to the departure of the *E. A. Johnson* on her ill-fated voyage:

"This man William Johnson, who lives in New York, is a smart fellow. He went at the mast and scraped it while we were at Keyport, without telling, while I was ashore. He is a good hand; can turn his hand to almost any thing. He is a ship-carpenter, he says, and has got quite a set of tools. He understands all about a boat, only is not a very good helmsman to steer the sloop nice when beating to windward; he understands steering well enough other ways. It requires a man that has been very much used to sailing a boat by the wind to steer fast. We often get in company with vessels that are smart, when it requires a nice helmsman; then it requires my skill more. Smith is a good helmsman close by the wind. I don't think Oliver is quite so good. I will write the first chance after we get in Virginia. Should we have a chance we are going to Plonkatonk to see if we can get a load there. That is about five miles short of the Rappahannock River. Selah knows where it is. I have nothing more at present. Would like to see you very much.

"Your affectionate husband ever,

"GEORGE H. BURR."

THE JAPANESE TAKE LEAVE.

Our Japanese visitors have at length taken leave of President Buchanan, and are on their way North. At the last ceremonial audience the first Embassador read, quite in a whisper, the following words of farewell. They were translated by Mamoura in Dutch to Mr. Portman, and repeated by Mr. Portman to the President:

"The exchange of the ratification of the treaty having taken place, and the time of our departure having arrived, we have come to take leave of your Excellency, and to wish you continued health and prosperity. We may be allowed to-day to tender your Excellency our heartfelt thanks for your friendly feelings on our behalf, and for the very kind treatment we have met with in Washington. It has been a source of gratification to us to visit several Government institutions, where we have seen many things in which we have felt much interest. Of all this, and of our voyage home in the *Niagara*, a full account will be submitted by us, on our return, to the Tycoon, who will be greatly pleased by it, and who will always endeavor to strengthen and to increase the friendly relations so happily established between the two countries."

The President answered thus:

"The arrival of these distinguished Commissioners from the Tycoon has been a very propitious and agreeable event in my administration. It is a historical event, which I trust will unite the two nations together in bonds of friendship throughout all time. The conduct of the Commissioners has met my entire approbation, and the Tycoon could not have selected out of all his dominions any representatives who could have more conciliated the good-will of the Government of the United States. I have caused the Secretary of State to prepare a letter of re-credence—a letter from under my own hand—to the Tycoon, stating my opinion of the manner in which they have performed their business; and a copy of that letter will be placed in their hands before their departure.

"I wish you a very agreeable time during the remainder of your residence in the United States, and a safe and happy return to your own country, under the flag of the American Union.

"I desire, for myself, to present to each of the Commissioners a gold medal, struck at the Mint, in commemoration of their arrival and services in this country.

"There have been several presents prepared for his Imperial Majesty the Tycoon, which will be sent to your lodgings in the course of the day."

THE GOLD MEDALS.

The gold medals spoken of were then delivered to the Embassadors. They were inclosed in red morocco boxes, which all bore the same inscription—"Presented by the President of the United States to the Embassadors from Japan." The medals are about three inches in diameter, and half an inch thick. Upon one side is the profile head of Mr. Buchanan in high relief; upon the other the following words are engraved:

IN
COMMEMORATION
OF THE
FIRST EMBASSY FROM
JAPAN
TO THE
UNITED STATES,
1860.

Mr. Cass then delivered to Narousa Gensiro a set of Audubon's works, inclosed in a mahogany box, and directed "To his Majesty the Tycoon of Japan," remarking that similar volumes had been sent by this Government to the Queen of England, and by her received with gratification.

He mentioned that other presents, of books and mechanical works, including a steam-engine, some intended for the Tycoon and some for the Commissioners themselves, were in course of preparation, and would soon be ready to put in their keeping. Last of all, he produced twenty silver and fifty bronze medals, cast in the same mould as those given by the President to the three Princes, which he explained were intended for the officers and servants of the Embassy, to be distributed as the superiors should decide.

FIRE-WORKS EXPLOSION.

The pyrotechnic establishment of the Messrs. Hadfield, situated in East Williamsburgh, Newtown, Queens County, L. I., was blown up on June 8th. Two men, Mr. Charles Hadfield, one of the proprietors, and an em- [illegible] Jacob Creig, were instantly killed. Mr. H[illegible] [illegible] the proprietors, and a man [illegible]ly wounded; and about [illegible] The establish- [illegible]ngs, seven of [illegible]by the ex- [illegible]'s esti- [illegible]old was filling a "star rocket" he accidentally set fire to the composition. The roof of the building was blown fifty feet into the air. Sixty kegs of powder in an adjoining building fortunately did not explode.

MAIL STEAMER IN COLLISION.

The Cunard mail steamer *Canada*, which left Boston for Liverpool on the 16th of May, arrived at Queenstown on the 27th of that month. When crossing the Banks of Newfoundland, during a dense fog, she came in collision with the brig *Rover's Bride*, of London, from Cadiz, bound to St. John's, Newfoundland, with a cargo of salt. The brig was sunk, but the officers and crew were all saved by boats from the *Canada*, and arrived in that vessel at Queenstown.

PERSONAL.

The Paris Academy of Sciences has elected a successor to Alexander von Humboldt. Ten candidates had been put up for the election, among whom were Liebig, Wöhler, Struve, Agassiz, Murchison, Airy, in the first rank; but the choice fell on Ehrenburg, the companion of Humboldt in his Siberian expedition.

Professor Jan Geefs, one of the most eminent Belgian sculptors, has just died in the full prime of life.

Lisbon has erected a monument in honor of Camoens.

Professor Pierce, of Harvard College, has gone to England to spend the summer months.

A London letter-writer says that Mr. Ten Broeck won £60,000 on the great Derby race, in which his horse Umpire was beaten. Umpire had been the first favorite in the betting, but in the race he came out the seventh.

Judge Peter V. Daniel of the United States Supreme Court, who died in Richmond on Thursday morning, was born at "Crow's Nest," in Stafford County, Virginia, on the 24th of April, 1784. During his life he occupied many positions of importance and prominence. When he had just reached his 21st year, he was chosen to represent his native county in the Virginia Legislature, and after serving two terms was elected a member of the Executive Council of the State, a post which he held for upward of twenty years. After leaving the Council he was appointed by General Jackson District Judge of the Federal Court, and was subsequently appointed by President Van Buren to the Bench of the United States Supreme Court. He occupied this position at the time of his death.

The *Critic* states that two of the frescoes in the Poet's Room, Westminster Palace—namely, Mr. Herbert's "Lear disinheriting Cordelia," and Mr. Watts's "Red Cross Knight overcoming the Dragon"—are already in a lamentable state of decay.

Osman Pacha, the first Chamberlain of the Sultan who was dismissed a short time ago, has been arrested on a charge of having embezzled 28,000,000 piastres.

The gold medals of the Royal Geographical Society will be awarded to Lady Franklin and Sir F. L. M'Clintock.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

PARLIAMENT.

IN the House of Commons on the 24th, on the motion of Lord Palmerston, a Committee of ten was appointed to inspect the journals of the House of Lords for any proceedings upon the rejection of the bill repealing the paper duty. The Committee subsequently reported, *pro forma*, that they found the Lords had rejected the bill in question, and Lord Palmerston then gave notice that he would move for the appointment of a Committee to search for precedents.

Lord John Russell stated in reply to an inquiry by Mr. Kinglake, that Government had throughout supported the demand of the Swiss Government for a Conference of the Great Powers, and would continue to do so until Switzerland withdrew the demand.

Mr. Laing moved for a vote of credit on account of the civil service estimates, which, after some strong opposition, was agreed to. The Opposition members pressed upon Government the necessity of proceeding in a regular way with the estimates, and it is supposed that their intention is to stave off the further consideration of the Reform bill until the estimates are passed, and thereby kill the measure for this session. The *Times* says that the above proceedings have virtually decided the abandonment of the Reform bill, although some time may elapse before the measure is finally given up.

On the 25th, in the House of Commons, the conduct of the Neapolitan Government was debated, and Lord Palmerston denounced it in the strongest terms as entirely a government of the police.

THE DERBY DAY.

The event of the week in England was the great race. Contrary to general expectation, the American horse was badly beaten. The defeat of Umpire was a great discouragement to the American party, who had calculated with much confidence upon being enabled to carry the champion's belt and the blue ribbon of the turf to America. Prior to the race the owner of Nutbourne lodged an objection against Umpire on the ground that the horse was not of the age described. Mr. Merry was warmly congratulated on the success of his horse, and it is said that he wins, on bets alone, upward of £70,000.

The value of the stakes, deducting the money to be paid to the second horse, the judge, and toward expenses is £6050.

Umpire was seventh in the race. Thormanby was twice nearly knocked on his head, and Wallace had a narrow escape of falling the instant the flag was dropped.

The *Times* report says: "We shall only record here the universal disappointment this much-vaunted American 'crack' created in the minds of all except a few of his most infatuated partisans by his coarse, 'overdone' appearance, and fretful manner, which presented a sufficiently startling contrast to the blooming looks of The Wizard, Tom Bowline, The Drone, Nutbourne, Thormanby, Horror, Cape Flyaway, Mainstone, and Restes from among his English opponents, to satisfy the most prejudiced admirers of the American system of training that their theory will not bear comparison with that of the old school, so far as the preparation of a Derby horse is concerned, successful though Mr. Ten Broeck's stable has proved in less important engagements. The market is invariably the true chronometer of public feeling; and although nothing could exceed Undine's magnificent action as he cantered down the course, the opposition in the Ring was so strong that instead of leaving off first favorite, as many predicted, he went back to 6 and 7 to 1, and would, undoubtedly, have retrograded still further if the start had been longer delayed. As it was, Thormanby, who was in such tremendous force at last that he advanced to within a point of the Wizard (who was likewise as firm as his warmest supporters could wish), gave the American the go by, and Nutbourne also trod closely on his heels. A good start was effected, and when coming round Tattenham corner, Nutbourne broke down badly, which immediately caused attention to be directed to the American, who came with a rush to the front, and showed his bright orange colors in so prominent a position that "Umpire wins" was the universal cry; but it was faint in comparison with the tremendous roar of "Umpire's beat," which rose ere the echoes of the former had scarcely subsided, as Snowden was seen to be "hard" upon his horse a quarter of a mile from home; and from this point he was beaten, and only obtained the unenviable position of seventh.

THE CHAMPIONS AT THE DERBY.

"Not the least attractive feature of the stand and racecourse were the two champions, Sayers and Heenan! They were both dressed after the most approved mode of Derby costume. Heenan could not suppress his rising national sympathies, and consequently backed Umpire to win him £1100. He was, however, heartily disgusted with the upshot, nor did he fail to give full expression to his feelings of disappointment. We need not say that they have been the 'observed of all observers;' and it is a question whether they or the competitors for the blue ribbon of the Turf obtained the greater share of attention. We hear that, feeling their own inexperience in business, they have placed their affairs in the hands of Messrs. Howes & Cushing of the American Circus, under whose charge they intend making the grand tour of the United Kingdom with their new belts; and we have not the slightest doubt that, if their cards are well played, they will reap a rich harvest. The ceremony of presenting the new belts is to take place on Wednesday evening next, at Cremorne Gardens, London, which have been engaged for the occasion. There will, on this evening, be no sparring; and indeed the only manner in which the pugilistic world will be alluded to in the entertainment will be on the occasion of the presentation of the belts and the stakes. The remainder of the exhibition will be of a popular and entertaining kind. After they have completed their tour, we understand, they will go together to the United States, where, notwithstanding the unfortunate termination of the battle, we are sure both will be received with open arms."

THE "GREAT EASTERN" ADVERTISED.

The mammoth ship appeals to the British traveling public in a poster, only sixteen inches long, and of the following modest tenor:

STEAM COMMUNICATION
FROM SOUTHAMPTON TO NEW YORK.
The Steamship
"GREAT EASTERN,"
18,915 tons register,
J. VINE HALL, COMMANDER,
Will be dispatched to
NEW YORK
ON SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1860.

As this steamship will be dispatched on the day appointed, and will only take a limited number of first-class passengers, an early application is desirable.

RATE OF PASSAGE.—£25 each adult. Children under twelve years of age, half price. Servants accompanying passengers, £15. Return tickets will be issued at the rate of £40.

LUGGAGE.—Each passenger will be allowed to take twenty cubic feet of luggage free, and any further quantity will be charged at the rate of 2*s.* 6*d.* per foot. Passengers' baggage should be sent to the ship on or before June 8, and any not required on the voyage must be marked "below."

FREIGHT.—A limited amount of fine goods will be taken on freight at £3 per ton measurement of 40 cubic feet, or weight at 20 cwt. to the ton, ship's option, payable here or in New York, according to arrangement; in the latter case, payment must be made at $4 80 cents per pound sterling. Parcels 5s. each and upward, according to size and value. Dogs £3 each.

RAREY AND THE PUGILISTS.

Mr. Rarey is again in London, after an absence of several months, and it was only necessary for the public to know that he was to exhibit the extraordinary powers he possesses over vicious horses for the place of entertainment to be crowded on Monday evening with persons in all classes of society, including those "observed of all observers," Heenan and Tom Sayers, who sat together in a private box in the most friendly manner, and seemed to be as much delighted and astonished at the achievements of Mr. Rarey as the rest of the crowded audience. Mr. Rarey tames horses with a humanity which has called forth the admiration and recognition of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, who, only last Wednesday, presented him with a most valuable gold medal. Last evening this quality, combined with coolness, courage, patience, and determination, was evinced in a marked manner by Mr. Rarey, in the mode in which he acquired victory over two of the most vicious animals we have ever seen. He tested his skill successfully within the space of an hour on a bay mare, which had been sold to the present owner, Mr. Case, of a cavalry regiment, in consequence of being incurable, and who was so dangerous to approach in any way that she could not be ridden, would strike with her fore-feet like a pugilist, and kick as well with her hind-feet. So savage was she that no horseman had been able to ascertain her age by looking at her teeth; yet Mr. Rarey not only opened her mouth, but put his hand into it several times, and told his audience that, in his opinion, she was eight years old. Great cheers followed this triumph of his skill, but it was to be still further demonstrated on a thorough-bred, high-spirited Arabian stallion, extremely vicious, perfectly uncontrollable, biting at every one that approached him, not therefore to be managed by any groom, and that would not suffer himself to be bridled except blindfolded. He was brought from Wellington, in Shropshire, and on his arrival at the railway station knocked down his groom by kicking him on the head; and on being taken into the ring at the Alhambra nearly broke the arm of the man who led him in by striking him with his fore-feet. Mr. Rarey, notwithstanding, succeeded after a desperate struggle, which lasted for about an hour, in rendering him as tractable as a lamb. This feat, which was witnessed throughout by the whole audience, who sat in silence with the utmost surprise, was greeted at its close with rounds of applause, and Mr. Rarey was called for twice to receive an ovation of cheers. The lecture was continued yesterday, the subjects being a bay hack, a bay cart mare, and an immense cart horse, "Captain," nineteen hands high, perhaps the largest horse in England. There was some curiosity to see this last animal, which was certainly a ferocious giant and a rather difficult subject, judging from the following description sent up with the animal. The owner says:

"I have sent up the gigantic cart-horse Captain. He is nineteen hands high, and weighs 25 cwt. (probably the largest horse in England); has drawn six tons weight from the Borough across London Bridge. He has bitten no less than eight persons, some of whom it was necessary to remove to the hospital. One man is selected to attend him, and is always armed with a stout bludgeon as a protection. Pray mind, no stranger is allowed to go near him in the stable, as he will take a man up in his teeth and shake him as a dog would a rat."

THE CHAMPIONS AGREE.

On Friday a meeting took place between Sayers and Heenan at the office of the referee, to discuss the means of terminating the dispute between them as to the possession of the champion's belt. Several propositions were considered and rejected, but it was ultimately agreed that two new belts, exact counterparts of the one so much coveted, should be made, the money for the purpose to be raised by public subscription. Each of the candidates is to head the list for that to be held by his opponent. The old belt will remain in the possession of the referee to be fought for by whoever may aspire to the honor of wearing it. Sayers has engaged to retire from the prize-ring. The combatants warmly shook hands; and Heenan taking the gallant Tom under his arm, both left the office, accompanied by their friends, and proceeded across the Strand to a public-house, where the pleasant termination of the dispute was the excuse for discussing a bottle or two of wine, and every body shook hands with every body. Some hundreds of persons assembled, and on Sayers and Heenan appearing at the door they were both received with vehement cheering. As they crossed the Strand arm in arm they were followed by the vast crowd amidst renewed cheers. While they were partaking of refreshments the police had their work to do in keeping the thoroughfare open. They left in cabs. We understand that Sayers has refused the offer of £80 per week, made by Mr. W. Cooke, of Astley's Amphitheatre, and also that Sayers and Heenan will either take the Alhambra Palace themselves, or that Mr. E. T. Smith will make arrangements to engage them for a certain period.

A MYSTERY CLEARED.

The mysterious bark *Charles B. Truitt*, which had been lying at Queenstown for several months, with a cargo of rifles from America, had left Queenstown for Liverpool. She was freighted by the Garibaldi Committee in New York, but having arrived after the war was over she remained at Queenstown awaiting orders from the States. It was considered likely that Garibaldi's new movement had led to her departure.

OCEANIC TELEGRAPHING.

Mr. Saward, Secretary of the Atlantic Telegraph Company, writes a letter to the newspapers contradicting certain statements relative to the condition of that undertaking as put forth by the promoters of the Danish route, and pointing out the disadvantages under which the latter enterprise must labor. Mr. Saward asserts that there is no intention to abandon the undertaking with which he is connected, and looks hopefully on the efforts now pending to restore the existing cable to working order.

THE ICELAND AND GREENLAND TELEGRAPH.

The following is a comparative statement of the two lines

It has been asserted that the Atlantic cable is 3000 miles long. This is very inaccurate. Its total length, including slack, does not exceed 2050 miles.

BY THE ATLANTIC COMPANY'S ROUTE.

	Miles.
Land line, all constructed and working, London to Valentia, not exceeding	600
Sea line, including slack cable	2050
Total	2650

BY THE DANISH ROUTE.

London to Inverness	658
Inverness, across the Sutherlandshire mountains, to Cape Wrath	120
Cape Wrath to Faroe	300
Faroe to Iceland	300
Across Iceland	150
Iceland to South Greenland	650
Across Greenland	100
Greenland to Labrador	600
Over the unexplored country of Labrador, by the nearest route, to join the American system, at the least	600
Total	3478
Add 15 per cent. of slack to the sea portions of the line	295
Total	3773

To work this line of nearly 4000 miles at any remunerative speed, would require relays at each broken point—in all not less than fourteen sets of relays to be worked in synchronous connection, each with each. These sections, owing in a great degree to their circuitous course and their constant change of position in reference to the magnetism of the earth—the first links being south to north, then east to west, and, lastly, north to south—would more than in any other quarter of the earth, and in a greater ratio than any direct line, be subject to the adverse influences of earth currents, magnetic storms, aurora borealis, the chance of accidents, and other disturbing causes, more incident to long and frequently broken circuits, and any one of which would destroy for days the synchronous working of the relay system, and reduce the operation at best to one of slow and tedious repetition from station to station. The statement, therefore, that the minimum, or even the average speed, through a circuit of such a character, would be any thing like twenty words a minute is, to say the least, a very bold assertion.

ITALY.

GARIBALDI'S PROGRESS.

The information relative to the progress of Garibaldi continues meagre and very conflicting, but there does not seem to be much doubt of his continued success.

A telegram from Palermo of the 23d May, at 10 P.M., announces that Garibaldi's troops were in position near Palermo, and an attack was momentarily expected. Twenty thousand Neapolitans occupied the heights which commanded the town for two miles around.

The official Turin *Gazette* contains a dispatch dated the 24th May, relative to the encounter of Garibaldi at San Martino with Bavarians in the Neapolitan service. Garibaldi had approached nearer to Palermo, the heights around which were occupied by insurgents. An attack was imminent.

A supplement to the Genoa *Movimento* of the 23d May alleges that Garibaldi had entered Palermo with 9000 infantry and a squadron of cavalry. The Neapolitans laid down their arms. The most extraordinary enthusiasm prevailed at Palermo.

The Paris *Patrie* doubts the above intelligence. The *Daily News* Paris correspondent, however, is assured of its correctness, and says that Garibaldi has determined to make himself undisputed master of Sicily before making any attempt on the main land. He will afterward form a strong naval force, and descend upon Calabria.

The same authority professes to have special instructions for believing that Garibaldi had really entered Palermo, and that he had issued a stirring proclamation, dated from that city, declaring that he had assumed the provisional dictatorship of Sicily.

The Insurrectional Committee in Sicily had, it is said, sent a note to the foreign Consuls, announcing that the nation would be consulted, and that the Sicilian Parliament would be convoked.

WHO ARE GARIBALDI'S OFFICERS?

The *Siècle* publishes a letter from M. Ricciardi, containing some interesting details of the seven officers who, under Garibaldi, command the *Cacciatori della Alpi*:

"La Masa is known through the brilliant part he took in the insurrection witnessed by the city of Palermo on the 12th of January, 1848, and also through his having taken part in the war of independence as a chief over some Sicilian volunteers. He contributed also to the defense of Messina against the Royal troops, in the month of September, 1848. During his exile he published a few political and historical works, one of which was an account of the events of which Sicily was the theatre in 1846 and 1849.

"Carini, who is also a Sicilian, got up a regiment of cavalry at Palermo during the revolutionary period of 1848 and 1849, and when the revolution broke down he tried to serve in exile not only the cause of Sicily, but also that of Italy, by his *French and Italian Review*, which appeared at Paris until the commencement of 1859.

"Stocco, a native of Calabria, is well known and very popular in that part of the Neapolitan kingdom. In 1848 he was one of my trustiest and bravest lieutenants in the insurrection of the Calabrias, and he especially gave proof of his bravery and skill on the 27th of June, during that combat at long odds between Angitola and Maida, that lasted nearly twelve hours, and in which from four to five hundred Calabrians were seen fighting advantageously against nearly all the troops commanded by General Nunzianta, which troops would have been utterly defeated had the other Calabrian chiefs come up to the aid of Stocco.

"Carioli is the brother of one of those glorious volunteers who were killed last year in the war against Austria. As soon as he heard of Garibaldi's plans he came here in haste from Pavia, and it was his own mother who, still in mourning for her eldest son, presented him to the General, and, as if she had done nothing yet, presented to him the sum of 50,000 francs! I can tell you that traits of this kind are by no means rare with us, especially of late; and truly such a case does not furnish the least plain proof of the complete moral change that has been effected in Italy, and of the happy destiny that awaits it.

"Nino Bixio, a native of Genoa, is much liked here, and most popular in Italy. Wounded at Rome in 1849, by the side of his compatriot and friend, Godefroy Mamely, he formed part in 1859 of the legion commanded by Garibaldi, one of whose most brilliant lieutenants he was. Used to the sea like Garibaldi, having served as a ship captain on a long voyage, he has just rendered eminent services to the expedition, in which he commands the Lombards.

"Orsini contributed greatly to the insurrection at Palermo in the January of 1848, and was one of the principal defenders of Massina in the September of the same year. In 1849 he defended the rest of Scicily against the Royal troops commanded by Filangieri. Compelled to flee, he took service in Turkey, with the rank of a colonel of artillery; but at the first cry from Sicily he did not fail to come, and will no doubt render great services to the cause of his country by his special knowledge.

"Anfossi is a distinguished officer of the old Sardinian army, and has also expiated by a long exile his love for liberty."

GE 378.]

GENERAL VIEW OF THE CENTRAL PARK.

On pages 376 and 377 we present to our readers a fine view of the Park, which is now, and will be more and more, the chief pride and best comfort of all New York. It is already the resort of thousands of citizens, and a place which no stranger visiting the city will henceforth fail to see. Every day new improvements are being made—new provisions for the comfort and pleasure of visitors. Of course the Park itself is the best thing in this part of the island, but Mr. Olmsted, the superintendent, or architect-in-chief, whose singular ability and fitness for his position are made daily more apparent, has recently made some suggestions in which we are all interested. Last year, during a rapid foreign tour for the restoration of his health, he saw with a wise eye the famous Continental parks, and he observed that in all of them proper provision was made for eating and drinking.

It is clear enough that the Central Park is to be "the country," and the only "country" which many of our citizens will see during the summer. Mothers will go there with their families to pass the day, and already, before Mr. Olmsted went away last summer, the portion next to the habit of coming to the Park bringing with them baskets of provisions. He proposes the erection of a suitable eating, or public-club-house, or cafe, or restaurant, or whatever name may be most suitable, in which there shall be rooms of every kind and size for convenient lunching, dining, smoking, dressing, bathing—rooms for the sale of newspapers, magazines, and other garden literature, surrounding which shall be a space of turf covered with tables under trees for the purposes of a cafe in the pleasant weather. Some other capital idea hints he suggests the keeping of a few cows, as in St. James's Park in London, to furnish fresh milk.

Then for the use of small boats and a boatman; some to ply from point to point like omnibuses, others to be upon call, with established rates of fare. And for the children, vehicles neat, strong, and convenient, to be drawn by one horse and to carry two or four persons; the boats and carriages to be owned by the Park, and subject to the immediate supervision of its officers.

These suggestions are full of good sense, for they tend to make the Park available in every way for every body. They are entirely consonant with the spirit of the enterprise, and will, beyond doubt, be effectively adopted.

As the spectator stands upon a chiselled crag at the extreme southern entry more at will and wisely, stream and lawn, of the great Central Park—The Ramble—he is reminded of the charming story in the "Arabian Nights," where the wandering Prince, entranced by the loveliness of the lake with the enchanted fishes, reflectively inquires "if such magnificence can exist in the close vicinity of the great city and the inhabitants thereof remain in ignorance of its delights and splendor?"

What should exist in the Eastern genii could chisel fine foreground rock into rugged grandeur, and compel the drooping softness of its breathing foliage?

See how that flinty mountain, horrent with massive crags and festooned with climbing forests, flings its reflected image into the misty mirror at its base, wrinkled by the rush of the foaming cataract! And how the rustling lake seals round that enamelled wilderness and that tangled forest of mighty dwarfishness! What bustling cliffs and tumbling torrents lie beyond! Beneath that silver fountain the fascinating but lost spirit of the waters, Undine, might discover herself to her Christian husband, the good knight Huldbrand!

What awful solitudes and mystic fastnesses are mimicked there! Rip Van Winkle might doze away a lifetime in those dreary wilds, or goodness knows might revel in their grim recesses. There they are gathered on the emerald sward beyond—the flowery sprite of this magic region—circling in the gusts of that fairy music which floats through the enchanted atmosphere, the very Sibyl of its necromancy. Trembling strain echoes from the forest, fringing the golden waters beyond, and wimples by that lofty tower, standing like the spectral guide of the Hartz mountains on the utmost peaks around it; the whispering melody glides along the uncertain dewy distances which have the "mighty Hudson," until it expires in the purple remoteness of the heights of Harlem and the pearly-painted towers of hills beyond. It is a truly lovely scene, wondrous in its delicate detail and splendid spread of glade and leafy woodland—a sylvan miracle, teaming with powers of romantic levitation and dripping fountains of clearest crystal—a worthy jewel in the crown of the Queen of the Atlantic.

A STORY OF NIAGARA.

"FROM that rock a man was precipitated by his brother. He went over the falls, Sir."

It sounded terrible, with the thunder of the cataract in our ears. "I never heard the story," I said.

"Very few have, but it's true for all that; and I know the particulars perhaps better than any man living. I heard them from the murderer himself."

I started.

"He was a lunatic in — Asylum, in New York, of which I am known. I am head physician. I'll tell you all about it over a hot brandy-toddy at the International when you have had enough of this drenching. Shall we go?"

I agreed; and twenty minutes afterward, in the room which we jointly occupied, beside a cheery wood fire, rendered doubly acceptable by the hour and the dampness of the season, the stormy night shut out, the voice of the cataract forming an appropriate accompaniment to the narrative, the stimulant alluded to by the Doctor, and the sedative of cigars at hand, he imparted to me the particulars forming the ground-work of the following story:

There were resident in the city of New York two brothers, of wealthy family and Puritan ancestry, whom I shall designate by their biblical names of Mark and Silas, the first the elder-born. They had left their native State of Connecticut, where they had been brought up in strictness and comparative seclusion, when nearly arrived at manhood, to assume positions in the rich mercantile house of their maternal uncle, with the expectation of ultimately succeeding him in the control of it, for he was a bachelor and childless, and seemed his brother's two lads fond of his own. Probably nothing less would have induced their parents to part with them. They were, as said, wealthy, and of old New England stock; and their creed, one of the severest ever adopted by mortals, made them averse to exposing their sons to the assumed temptations which lie outside the bounds of parental restraint. This reason had kept the young men from business until Mark was twenty, Silas two years younger.

Two brothers possessing a general resemblance in physique and in minor points of character, yet so radically different in its essential components, could scarcely be imagined. Both fair-haired and gray-eyed, possessing a spice of that regularity of feature commonly observable in American faces, the elder was, in disposition as in appearance, the impersonation of sedate coolness, affectionate good-nature; the younger, of shy, serious, almost feminine delicacy and sensitiveness. That constitutional timidity which the severest rule by the peculiar training to which they had been subjected.

It was severely repressive and rigorously Puritan. Descended from that ancestry which is the granite of New England character—a race which absolutely lives in the saving of its endeavors, its routine of daily life, even to the minutest particular, as though every act of their existence depended to rely, child-like, on the divine beneficence implied in the title, "Our Father which art in heaven," that, in the words of their pastor, they were accustomed to rate the task "of reconciling the most tremendous facts of sin and evil, present and eternal, with those conceptions of infinite love and mercy implanted in their own strong natures enabled them so vividly to realize;" thus descended, the father of Mark and Silas was evidently the man selected by God to mould his sons in the fashion of his own sombre individuality. And maternal affection effected little with modification of their parent's rule. The mother did not see through her husband's eyes, she shared his belief, and would have considered any interference with it as a dereliction of her Christian duties, perhaps sinful.

Mark, the elder, suffered least. His was a simple, honest nature, whose lack of depth, and healthy tendencies toward the sunny side of existence were the best of protection against the gloom around him. They only affected him temporarily: they surrounded him, but never struck inward. He received the faith with the rest, and even prohibitive aspect, as something presumably necessary, but inherently antagonistic to human happiness. Without reasoning upon it, he had accepted himself as little about them as possible. He eagerly embraced whatever pleasures lay in his way; was manner-bound and conventional to a fair border, and would have domineered over him but that Silas's sensitiveness made the act brutal, while his affectionate nature rendered it impossible.

Naturally studious and thoughtful, Silas preferred poring over a book to out-of-door pleasures, for such social intercourse as his father's position afforded. Not that he disdained the latter, for he was impressionable and appreciative; but an unconquerable bashfulness, belonging to a highly nervous organization, made him shy and self-distrustful in company. He was, consequently, considered peculiarly ignored by Mark, had virtually possessed the younger man's healthy intellectual existence. Mark temporarily assumed the office of protection to a mind forever brooding on things eternal.

His taste for reading found no more wholesome aliment than the religious and theological divines of the last generation—a literature justly characterized as "altogether unique" and terrible. Devouring these in the solitude of his own mental food, accepting their testimony, at first, without question, Silas's existence from his boyish days had been overshadowed by the awful fact—that of eternal perdition. Too timid to arrogate to himself that miraculous change of heart without experiencing which no human being can enter under the just sentence of a wrathful God, he suffered horribly, suffered to a degree of intensity eye cannot behold in a description. At time his inevitable reaction came, producing at first repulsion and revolt, then scepticism of the Deity himself, the evil spirit in the parable, he journeyed through dry places without finding rest: presently embarking on the wreckers of the Dead Sea of unbelief with no better pilots than Paine and Voltaire, he read their works in secret and fancied himself an infidel. From the extreme of religious concentration to negation is neither an uncommon nor an unnatural transition: Silas made it with fear and trembling; the history of his mind, as given only after a long struggle, the miserable particulars of which may be imagined. Perhaps it never entirely relinquished its hold upon him.

Both the brothers hailed their emancipation from the restraints of home with satisfaction, the greater because they entered upon a life connected the very converse of it. Though a nominal professor of the faith, Mark was by nature the most genial of rich old bachelors. He went to the theatre, read novels, and gave dinner parties, declining on all occasions to surround himself with young and mirthful faces. His secret sympathy for his nephews had made him stipulate for their change of residence as the price of his testamentary favor, while his judgment indicated the necessity of qualifying them for their future career. The removal was only accomplished after lengthy negotiation, and, as aforesaid, when Mark and Silas had nearly attained manhood.

In their uncle's house they enjoyed an amount of personal freedom and consideration at once novel and delightful, and naturally made themselves amends for old repression after their separate fashions. Mark, always his uncle's favorite, became a general one; his good looks, good-nature, and healthy appetite for pleasure secured him a welcome every where. Silas, too shy to mix in society, yet commanded and appreciated intellectual gratification. Three years of town residence converted the elder brother into a dashing, free-handed, and universally popular New Yorker; the younger into a student of fastidious, serious, and sensitive gentleman. They loved each other fraternally, Mark displaying his affection with a spice of big-brotherly authority, but respecting his mental pre-eminence; Silas with an admiration of his elder's executive ability, which was unbounded and even enjoyed such harmless manifestations of it.

Such were the brothers' mutual relations when their uncle's death opened up new instances, one the innocent cause of the crime foreshadowed in the introduction to this narrative.

An old schoolmate and friend of their uncle came to New York with his only daughter, returning from two years of European travel. He was the owner of a flourishing cotton-plantation, and, arriving in the month of June, willingly postponed his departure for the South until the summer's heat should have abated, accepting in the mean time the hearty old bachelor's hospitality, and residing with him on a tour to the watering-places. This project was, doubtless, the occasion of considerably agreeable to the old gentleman; she had been a child-pet of his, and time had only developed her beauty and attractiveness.

She was a tall, black-haired girl, with great dark eyes, deep-toned, as to intellect and feelings were in genial flow, sparkled with a brown splendor at once dazzling and beautiful, but could look grave and kind under circumstances. Just eighteen, possessing one of the sweetest of contralto voices, highly educated, a little self-conscious and imperious, but no more so than her wealth, beauty and accomplishments seemed to warrant, foreign travel and intercourse with European society had refined away what too demonstrative a disposition which is not uncommon in Southern belles, replacing it with the perfect ease of high breeding. Both the brothers fell in love with her.

That she should look with favor upon a young, gallant, handsome suitor like Mark, prospectively rich, and versed in society, was no wonder. He had the surface qualities which attract women and more. She never suspected the passion of the younger brother.

His shyness had always kept him in the background. He had never even attempted a strong secret attraction toward it. He was now brought into daily communion with a girl of rare beauty, refinement, and intellect, whose high-souled womanliness approached his ideal conception of the sex, whose character bore the test of his speculative and analytical mind. He loved her at once passionately and hopelessly.

He never told her of it; he never intended to do so. From the first he had mistrusted himself, and would have augured only miserable and ridiculous failure as the certain result of any attempt presumably so unsuited to his style of character. Yet—a curious but natural anomaly—his passion revealed to him the depth and superiority of his own nature—a depth and superiority hitherto altogether undreamt of. Nothing idea of competing for her favor—with no distinct apprehension of Mark's success—he read a variety of the deepest speculations—his affection, from its concentrament, was emotional by design and intuition. These passions preyed on his heart, no one suspecting. The fire raged the fiercer for repression. If he hoped to extinguish it, a chance word, a look of hers made it blaze afresh. He thought of her ceaselessly; his beauty haunted him: unable to tear himself away from the influence of her presence, he continued recklessly drinking in the sweet poison which had already tainted his life. It is in the nature of such morbid passions to feed on themselves progressively, and to deceive their entertainers. Had Silas spoken no tragedy might have occurred.

The brothers, with their uncle made the rounds of the watering-places with their guests. They went to Newport, to Nahant, to Saratoga, and finally to Niagara. Never a confirmed to the fair Louisianian delighted his uncle; he described nothing better than the marriage of his two favorite, his right hand and his left declared himself blessed! Though a dashing, self-confident fellow, love had taught him humility, and he shrank from all but the little village bordering the great cataract he had found no eligible opportunity. She was a recognized belle, an heiress, and, as such, sought by hosts of admirers. At Niagara the desired occasion presented itself. Evil chance made the youngest brother a guest at the hotel.

Walking one August day, at sunset, in the woods of Goat Island, Silas beheld, in the path before him, two figures approaching earnestly. Stung by suspicion and jealousy to the perpetration of a meanness for which he loathed himself even while acting upon it, he slunk among the trees watching and following them. They went to the arbor which overlooks the foot-bridge leading to the Terrapin Tower and the cataract. This arbor is not latticed, but constructed of boards, hence the wretched listener, as he paused behind it, remained unobserved by those within. Indeed they thought little of him, of the world, or of any thing but each other's happiness. Mark had proposed, had been accepted.

How he spent the next three hours will never be known. He raved in after-years of the rush and roar of the rapids, of the moonlight on the water, the thunder of the cataract, and always of her and his brother, frequently misquoting the crime which then was uncommitted. It wanted an hour of midnight when he found himself at the foot of the Terrapin Tower, leaning on the handrail of the bridge, looking down at the Horse-shoe Fall. The night was very beautiful, and a pale lunar rainbow, like the ghost of a solar one, flickered and quivered and waned, now distinct, now indefinable, over the vortex below.

Presently he heard and recognized approaching footsteps, but did not turn his head until a hand was laid upon his shoulder and Mark stood beside him.

He had come to seek him. Flushed with happiness, possessed by a delicious unrest which made sleep impossible, on his fair companion's entering for the night he had inquired for his brother, and finding him at the hotel, returned to Goat Island. The place was a favorite haunt of Silas's nocturnally—it suited his disposition.

Mark was excitant, talkative; he admired the scene, rallied his brother on his liking for solitude, laughed, and clapped him on the shoulder. A sense of triumph, of exultation, had possessed his first glow of passionate devotion, and, like all men of sanguine temperament, he yearned for a friend to whom he could confide his secret. Silas knew this and what was coming, but dreaded the disclosure with a fear indescribable in its intensity—a fear, perhaps, the prophetic of the final result. As if to avoid it by a change of position, he strolled toward the platform of the tower, and reluctantly dropped from it to the rocks below. Mark followed him.

Very soon he came. With all his high-strung enthusiasm of an ardent nature, fired by success, Mark spoke of his happiness and of the future of love and prosperity before him, praising the goodness and loveliness of his chosen wife. His words were tender enough; but in place of the delicious humility characterizing the highest order of adoration of man for woman—for which makes it akin to religion in its infinitesimal estimate of the value of self, and consequently of the desired object—there was the mere transport of passion. Silas, listening with a sickened heart, contrasted it with that with which he loved her. He felt, with a pang of unutterable misery, how immeasurably higher he had rated her—how much lower his own pretensions.

He must have attempted at congratulating his brother, the manner of which might have excited surprise had the latter's high spirits admitted of any thing but the appropriation of his own felicity. Then Mark began to speak of *her* regard and respect for Silas, adding, jestingly, that she had professed to regret that, were his brother not the inevitable old bachelor, he should have been invited to congratulate him in the character of wife, and thus losing a wife in a sister-in-law.

The words were spoken idly, out of sheer lightness of heart, but fired Silas's brain and made him stagger as with vertigo. Might *that* have been? could *he* have won her? was he a wretched fool who had let the prize from him by his own act of avowing himself? It was all over now, and here was Mark erect and triumphant. He had leaped on a green bank at the verge of the cataract and was defying the cataract, declaring that he had dear cause to love life now—that he had never lived in sooth.

Then a dreadful temptation came into Silas's heart. Had he resisted it for one moment—had he paused to reflect, to repel the idea? Recall that urged him on, he might have conquered. But he did not. He set his teeth and a face in which passion, culminating into insanity, burned, had blanched to an awful whiteness, he rushed forward and, grasping his brother's shoulder, dashed at it. He was done in a second. Mark had no time to cry out before he found himself struggling in the horrible swift, smooth water and the current setting toward the edge of the cataract, but a few yards distance.

As he must over, his desperate grasp detained him momentarily on the very verge of the Fall, and the moonlight struck full on his countenance. Silas, still in the frenzy of his passion, gazed upon it. That look haunted him till his death-hour. So much of youth, and hope and strong life precipitated into sudden and fearful death—surprise, and agony, and a dreadful blending of shocked affection, summoning up all the fraternity of their past lives, and already spanning with it the future's contingencies—these and a thousand unutterable things were in that look. But for an instant; in another only the shudder of his own breast, answering like the voice of avenging God in the ear of the fratricide.

He was never suspected. No eyes but his had witnessed the deed, no heart distrusted him. The search for Mark's disappearance, the inquiry, the inquiry and search, the discovery and recognition of his body after many days' immersion, the general conclusion that he had stumbled into the rapids and been carried over the Fall by accident—all this the murderer endured and seemed to share, with much real grief, remorse, and compassion only those whose souls have received the black baptism of similar guilt can conceive. His misery was so great as to excite general remark and sympathy. She, who supposed it the counterpart of her own affliction—whose horror at the presumed cause of Mark's death could not be told—attempted to comfort him. When her drowned lover's body was committed to the earth Silas lay on a sick bed, ill of a fever, and raving.

They sent for his mother, from Connecticut, to nurse him—to watch over the expected daughter-in-law. Had delirium overtaken their patient he might have revealed his dreadful secret; but it never occurred, and if his words wandered to the subject of his brother's death, it was attributed to grief and mental prostration. When the summer ended, in accordance with the advice of his physician and the desire of his relatives, he accompanied *her* and her father to Louisiana. Change of scene, a few idle words, which had [illegible] crime, which he [illegible] vived, and he [illegible]

Living in [illegible] family [illegible] a resi[illegible]

succeeded the keen anguish attendant on the wreck of her hopes, and she inclined, at first pityingly and then tenderly, to the brother who seemed to mourn less so, whose affection for her appeared to grow up out of his grave. For he loved her still with a guilty, morbid passion, craving possession of that which had tempted him.

His uncle's decease by apoplexy, while it increased the sympathy of his Louisiana friends, made him a wealthy man. Her father favored his suit, and by early summer she returned to New York his wife once more. If she accepted him from a tender regard rather than any warmer feeling, she gave him all the affection she had to bestow, and in time came to love him dearly. Grave in aspect, exquisitely kind and considerate to all about her, her natures ennobled and purified by trial, her sorrow gradually transformed into a new duties and responsibilities opened upon her. She was all unconscious of the terrible tragedy in progress at her side.

Men thought her husband of singularly sombre, unhappy disposition that, apparently possessed of all that is desirable in life, his countenance and behavior should indicate so little appreciation of it. He was prosperous in business, honored and respected by his fellows, blessed with a fair and good woman to wife and obedient children, he had seemingly nothing to cloud his happiness but the recollection of a calamitous accident which the lapse of years might be supposed to have eradicated; yet no one could deny that in his face and over all him. It was never cheerful, even when turned to those he loved most. For a tremendous retribution was gathering slowly around him like a great and ever-increasing darkness—a darkness in which the light of reason waned and sank, and finally went out in utter despair and chaos. The terrible details, imperfectly derived from his subsequent ravings, can here be only faintly indicated.

It began in a slight change in his crime. The mental excitement and reaction of feeling succeeding the murder had produced sickness, and for every one remorse, affording him no rest or remission. He thought of the dead, in all its particulars of time and circumstance, with unspeakable misery impossible to be shaken off or lightened. If the body of his drowned brother had been continually before him, the sense of company for his daily walks, interposing its ghastly presence at his board, laying its drenched face on his pillow, and staring at him from every dark corner and nook of the night with that piteous, appealing look he remembered so well, he could not have been more constantly haunted. And this was to be varied only by the irrevocableness of the past. *It seemed of all things horrible that there should be no possibility of undoing the deed.*

Neither the cares of business nor the affection of his wife and children sufficed to afford him more than temporary relief. At times he distrusted their notice, and made wretched attempts at the appearance of gayety, which only deepened his unsuspected and habitual gloom. During the first years of their union she attributed it to grief at his brother's death, and exerted her earnest sympathy and kindness to win his confession of his sin, but effecting any mitigation of his misery, her health and spirits suffered. She began to fear for his sanity.

If he had been of coarser organization he might have rushed into dissipation; but his nature revolted from gross indulgences, and it was rendered additionally morbid and sensitive by guilt. Then, too, he loved her always. That was why he hid his secret. The fear of losing her—though her possession never gave him a tranquil moment—affected him in every relation of life, was the thought of the shameful death to which the confession of his crime might have exposed him. This withheld him also from the alternative of suicide—this, and a conviction that death would separate them forever; for his religious training had succumbed beneath the tremendous assaults of conscience, and he had returned to his *first fear*. He believed himself damned.

How dreadfully that idea took possession of him, to the exclusion of what little hope had lurked latent within him, his own imagination may conceive but not depict. Hour after hour, day after day, and night after night he pondered on it, always standing on the same spot—the verge of his inevitable destiny. His remorse, he thought, was not repentance: that involved confession and the acceptation of punishment, which he could not bring himself to undergo. So there remained for him, in the words of Scripture, nothing but "a fearful looking forward to judgment." His brother would confront him at the Great Day: she would know all then, and be caught up into heaven; and he would go away into torment. No hope, no forgiveness through all eternity!

This idea generated and culminated. He stood by the bedside of his dying father with no other thought than that he should suddenly consign the fratricide to deserved perdition who would be aware of his crime. He heard of his mother's death without a tear. In his home, on the mart, at church, he was a mere shadow and dread. He was tempted to proclaim his guilt aloud in crowded places, even to a shrinking avoidance of his kind, even of his wife and children. One of the latter resembled his murdered uncle in countenance and manner. His father was afraid of the boy; he would watch him secretly, slinking away when noticed. He almost dreaded that the child's face or words would indicate some preternatural knowledge of the deed.

Presently he began to mistake the fancies of his guilt-oppressed brain for realities. He would sit staring at the door as if he expected *something* to enter; would suppose he heard his brother's voice calling to him. But he, at this time, impelled by [illegible] imagination, make a journey in the [illegible] some of his crimes? His [illegible] needs, and he was [illegible] on a supposed [illegible]s tragedy [illegible]

One night in mid-summer, when the rain beat heavily on the roof and the thunder rolled and crashed overhead, he overwhelming apprehension of the impending end of the world he told her all. The next he was a hopeless lunatic in ——— Asylum. There he survived ten years, outliving her, at once the cause and victim of a crime of which his children are to this hour ignorant.

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "AFTER DARK," ETC. ETC.

(Printed from advance proof-sheets purchased from the author exclusively for "Harper's Weekly.")

WALTER HARTRIGHT'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

V.

THE story of my first inquiries in Hampshire is soon told.

My early departure from London enabled me to reach Mr. Dawson's house in the forenoon. Our interview, so far as the object of my visit was concerned, led to no satisfactory result. Mr. Dawson's head was plowed when he had resumed his attendance on Miss Halcombe at Blackwater Park; but it was not possible to undertake back from the wife with any exactness, without such help from Mrs. Michelson as I knew she was unable to afford. She could not say from memory (who, in similar cases, ever can?) how many days had elapsed between the arrival of the Doctor's communication to Limmeridge and the previous departure of Lady Glyde. She was almost certain of having mentioned the circumstance of the departure to Miss Halcombe on the day after it happened—but then she was no more able to fix the date of the day on which this discovery took place than to fix the date of the day before, when Lady Glyde had left for London. Neither could she calculate, with any nearer approach to exactness, the time that had passed from the departure of her mistress to the period when the undated letter from Madame Fosco arrived. Lastly, as if to complete the series of difficulties, the Doctor himself, having been ill at the time, had omitted to make his usual entry of his visit in the day-book: and when the gardener from Blackwater Park had called on him to deliver Mrs. Michelson's message.

Hopeless of obtaining assistance from Mr. Dawson, I resolved to trust to myself alone to establish the date of Sir Percival's arrival at Knowlesbury. It seemed like a fatality! When I reached Knowlesbury, I found that every one of the hotel at the station had gradually absorbed the business; and the old inn (which we knew to be the inn at which Sir Percival had slept) had not been closed about two months since. The proprietor had left the town with all his goods and chattels, and no one knew where he had gone. I positively ascertain from any one. The four people of whom I inquired gave me four different accounts of his movements. It was not easy to get Knowlesbury.

There was still some hours to spare before the last train left for London; and I drove back again in a fly from the Knowlesbury station to Blackwater Park, with the intention of again questioning the gardener and the person who kept the lodge. If they, too, proved unable to assist me, my resources for the present were at an end, and I might return to town.

I dismissed the fly a mile distant from the park, and, proceeding on foot, encountered the driver, proceeded by myself to the house. As I turned into the lane from the high road I saw a man with a carpet-bag on his shoulder walking slowly, on the way to the lodge. He was a little man, dressed in shabby black, and wearing a remarkably large hat. I took no further on now (it was possible to judge) for a lawyer's clerk, and stopped at once to widen the distance between us. He had evidently come to the house on out of sight without looking back. When I entered through the gates myself, I felt a little more intelligent, and I managed to lead her into speaking of the manner of Sir Percival's departure, and of the time when it took place. She remembered her master calling her out of bed, and remembered his telling her afterwards of swearing; but the date at which the occurrence happened was, as she honestly acknowledged, quite beyond her.

On leaving the lodge I saw the gardener at work not far off. When I first addressed him he looked at me rather distrustfully; but on my using Mrs. Michelson's name, with a civil reference to himself, he entered into conversation readily enough. There is no need to describe what passed between us: it ended, as all my other attempts to discover the date had ended. The gardener knew that his master had driven away, at night, "some time in July, the last fortnight or the last ten days in the month"—and knew no more.

While we were speaking together I saw the man in black, with the large hat, come out from the house and stand at some little distance observing us.

Certain suspicions of his errand at Blackwater Park had already crossed my mind. They were now strengthened by the gardener's inability (or unwillingness) to tell me who the man was; and I determined to clear up the way before me, if possible, by speaking to him. The plainest question I could put, as a stranger, would be to inquire if the person in question were to be shown to visitors. I walked up to the man at once, and accosted him in those words.

His look and manner unmistakably betrayed that he knew who I was, and that he wanted to irritate me into quarreling with him. His reply was insolent enough to have answered the purpose, if I had been less determined to control myself. As it was, I met him with the most resolute politeness; apologized for my unintentional intrusion (which he called a "trespass"), and left the grounds. It was exactly as I suspected. The recognition of me, when Left Mr. Kyrle's office, had been evidently communicated to Sir Percival Glyde, and the man in black had been sent to the Park, in anticipation of my making inquiries at the house or in the neighborhood. If I had given him the least chance of lodging any sort of legal complaint against me, the interference of the local magistrate would no doubt have put a speedy end to account as a clog on my proceedings, and a means of separating me from Marian and Laura for some days at least.

I was pursued and watched on my way from Blackwater Park to the station, exactly as I had been watched in London the day before. But I could not help that—could not care, and I have never found out since, whether I was really followed on this occasion or not. The man in black might have had his own reasons for giving me at his disposal of which I was not aware; but I certainly saw nothing of him, in his own person, either on the way to the station or afterward on my arrival at the London terminus in the evening. I reached Gower Street on foot, taking the precaution, before I approached our own door, of walking round by the loneliest street in the neighborhood, first reconnoitering and looking back more than once over the open square behind me. I had first learned to use this stratagem against suspected rivals in the wilds of Central America—and now I was practicing it again with the same purpose and with even greater caution, in the streets of civilized London!

Nothing had happened to alarm Marian during my absence. She asked eagerly what success I had had in Hampshire. When I told her, she could not conceal her surprise at the indifference with which I spoke of the failure of my investigations at first.

The truth was that the ill success of my inquiries had in no sense daunted me. I had passed three days out of the seven of duty, and I had expected nothing from them. In the state of my mind at that time it was almost a relief to me to know that the task I had now narrowed to a trial of strength between myself and Sir Percival Glyde. The further I advanced the more I weighed itself all along with my other and better motives; and I confess it was a satisfaction to me to feel that the personal one was the only one left—of serving Laura's cause was to fasten my hold firmly on the villain who had married her. And I declare honestly, that I was not quite enough to keep my motives above the reach of this mixture of revenge. But I can honestly say that no base or selfish feeling of the change in her from her former self made the one interest of my love as warm in its tenderness and compassion, which her father or her brother might have felt, and which I felt, God knows, in my inmost heart. All hopes looked to further on now than to the day of her recovery. There, till she was strong again and happy again—there, till she could look at me as she had once looked, and speak to me as she had once spoken—the future of my happiest thoughts and my dearest wishes ended.

These words are written under no prompting of idle self-contemplation. Passages in this narrative are necessary which will set the minds of others in judgment on my conduct. It is right that the best and the worst of me should be fairly balanced before that time.

On the morning after my return from Hampshire I took Marian up stairs into my working-room, and there laid before her the plan that I had matured in the watches of the night, and the available point in the life of Sir Percival Glyde.

The way to the Secret lay through the mystery, hitherto impenetrable to all of us, of the Woman in White. The approach to that, in its turn, might be gained by obtaining the assistance of Anne Catherick's mother; and the only ascertainable means of prevailing on Mrs. Catherick to do so was to speak in the matter dependent on the chances of my discovering local particulars and family particulars, first of all, from Mrs. Clements. I had thought the subject over carefully, and I felt certain that the new inquiries could only begin, to any purpose, by my placing myself in communication with the faithful friend and protectress of Anne Catherick.

The first difficulty, then, was to find Mrs. Clements.

I was indebted to Marian's quick perception for meeting this necessity at once by the best and simplest means. She proposed to write to the farm near Limmeridge (Todd's Corner), to inquire whether Mrs. Clements had communicated with Mrs. Todd during the past few months. How Mrs. Clements had been separated from Anne it was impossible for us to say; but that separation once effected, it would certainly occur to Mrs. Clements to inquire after the missing woman in the neighborhood of all others to which she was known to be most attached—the neighborhood of Limmeridge. I saw directly that Marian's proposal offered us a means of success, and she wrote to Mrs. Todd accordingly by that day's post.

While we were waiting for the reply I made myself master of all the information Marian could afford on the subject of Sir Percival's family, and of his early life. She could only speak on these topics from hearsay, but she was reasonably certain of the truth of what little she had to tell.

Sir Percival was an only child. His father, Sir Felix Glyde, had suffered, from his birth, under a painful and incurable deformity, and had shunned all society from his earliest years. His sole happiness was in the enjoyment of money; and he had married a lady with tastes similar to his own, who was said to be a most accomplished musician. He inherited the deformity of his father while still a young man. Neither he nor his wife, after taking possession, made advances of any sort toward the society of the neighborhood, and no one endeavored to compel them into abandoning their reserve, with the one disastrous exception of the rector of the parish.

The rector was the worst of all innocent misfortunes—a clever, over-zealous man. He had heard that Sir Felix had left Cambridge with the character of being little better than a revolutionist in politics and an infidel in religion; and he arrived conscientiously at the conclusion that it was his bounden duty to summon the lord of the manor to the nearest sound view entertained in the parish church. Sir Felix fiercely resented the clergyman's well-meant but ill-directed interference, by keeping him so grossly and publicly that the families in the neighborhood sent letters of indignant remonstrance to the Park; and the rector remarks on the Baronet's property expressed their opinion as strongly as they dared. The baronet, who had no country tastes of any kind, and no attachment or to estate or to any one living on it, declared that society at Blackwater should never have a second chance of annoying him, and left the parish from that moment. After a short residence in London he and his wife departed for the Continent, and never returned to England again. They lived part of the time in France and part in Germany—principally in the latter country, in the strict retirement which the morbid sense of his own personal deformity had made a necessity to Sir Felix himself. Their only child had been born abroad, and had been educated there by private tutors. His mother was the first of his parents whom he lost. His father died about a few years after her, either in 1829 or 1830. Sir Percival had been in England, as a young man, once or twice before that time, but his acquaintance with the late Mr. Fairlie did not begin till after the time of his father's death. They were nearly of the same age, although Sir Percival was seldom, or never, at Limmeridge House in those days. Mr. Frederick Fairlie might have met him once or twice in Mr. Philip Fairlie's company, but he could have known little of him at that or any other time. Sir Percival's only intimate friend in the Fairlie family had been Laura's father.

These were all the particulars that I could gain from Marian. They suggested nothing which was useful to my present purpose; but I noted them down carefully, in the event of their proving to be of importance as any future period.

Mrs. Todd's reply (addressed, by our own wish, to a post-office at some distance from us) had arrived at its destination when I went to Limmeridge. By some chances, which were all against us hitherto, turned, from this moment, in our favor. Mrs. Todd's letter contained the first item of information of which I was in search.

Mrs. Clements, it appeared, had (as we had conjectured) written to Todd's Corner, asking pardon, in the first place, for the abrupt manner in which she had left Limmeridge, and thanks for the farm-house (on the morning after I had met the Woman in White in Limmeridge churchyard); and then informing Mrs. Todd of Anne's disappearance, and entreating that she would cause inquiries to be made in the neighborhood, on the chance that the fugitive might have strayed back to Limmeridge. In making this request Mrs. Clements had been careful to add to it the address at which she might always be heard of, and that address Todd now transmitted to Marian. It was in London, and within half an hour's walk of our own lodging.

In the words of the proverb, I was resolved to let the grass grow under my feet. The next morning I set forth to seek an interview with Mrs. Clements. This was my first step forward in the investigation. The issue of the desperate attempt to which I now stood committed begins here.

VI.

The address communicated by Mrs. Todd took me to a lodging-house situated in a respectable street near the Gray's Inn Road.

When I knocked the door was opened by Mrs. Clements herself. She did not appear to remember me, and asked what my business was. I recalled to her our meeting in Limmeridge church-yard, at the close of my interview there with the Woman in White, taking special care to remind her that I was the person who assisted

Anne Catherick (as Anne had herself declared) to escape the pursuit from the Asylum. This was my only claim to the confidence of Mrs. Clements. She remembered the circumstance the moment I spoke of it, and asked me into the parlor in the greatest anxiety to know if I had brought her any news of Anne.

It was impossible for me to tell her the whole truth without at the same time entering into particulars on the subject of the conspiracy, which it would have been dangerous to confide to a stranger. I could only abstain most carefully from raising any false hopes, and then explain that the object of my visit was to discover the persons who were really responsible for Anne's disappearance. I even added, so as to exonerate myself from any after-reproach of my own conscience, that I entertained not the least hope of being able to trace her; that I believed we should never see her alive again; and that my main interest in the affair was to bring to punishment two men whom I suspected to be concerned in luring her away, and as whose hands I and some dear friends of mine had suffered a grievous wrong. With this explanation I left it to Mrs. Clements to say whether any interest in the matter (whatever difference there might be in the motives which actuated us) was not the same; and whether she felt any reluctance to forward my object by giving me such information on the subject of my inquiries as she happened to possess.

The poor woman was at first too much confused and agitated to understand thoroughly what I said to her. She could only reply that I was welcome to any thing she could tell me in return for the kindness I had shown to Anne. But as she was not very quick and ready, at the best of times, in talking to strangers, she would beg me to put her in the right way, and to say where I wished her to begin. Knowing by experience that the plainest narrative attainable from persons who are not accustomed to arrange their ideas is the narrative which goes far enough back at the beginning to avoid all misstatements of retrospection in its course, I asked Mrs. Clements to tell me first what had happened after she had left Limmeridge; and so, by watchful questioning, carried her on from point to point till we reached the period of Anne's disappearance.

The substance of the information which I thus obtained was as follows:

On leaving the farm at Todd's Corner Mrs. Clements and Anne had traveled that day as far as Derby, and had remained there a week on Anne's account. They had then gone on to London, and had lived in the lodging occupied by Mrs. Clements at that time for a month or more, when circumstances connected with this house and the landlord had obliged them to change their quarters. Anne's terror of being discovered in London or its neighborhood, whenever they ventured to walk out, had gradually communicated itself to Mrs. Clements, and she had determined on removing to one of the most out-of-the-way places in England, to the town of Clerimont, in Lincolnshire, where her deceased husband had passed all his early life. His relatives were respectable people settled in the town; they had always treated Mrs. Clements with great kindness; and she thought it impossible to do better than go there and take the advice of her husband's friends. Anne would not hear of returning to her mother at Welmingham, because she had been removed to the Asylum from that place, and because Sir Percival would be certain to go back there and find her again. There was serious weight in this objection, and Mrs. Clements felt that it was best to leave it removed.

At Grimsby the first serious symptoms of illness had shown themselves in Anne. They appeared soon after the news of Lady Glyde's marriage had been made public in the newspapers, and had reached her through that medium.

The medical man who was sent for to attend the sick woman discovered at once that she was suffering from a serious affection of the heart. The illness lasted long, left her very weak, and returned at intervals, though with mitigated severity, again and again. They remained at Grimsby in consequence all through the first half of the year; and before they might properly able have staid much longer but for the sudden resolution which Anne took at this time to venture back to Hampshire for the purpose of obtaining a private interview with Lady Glyde.

Mrs. Clements did all in her power to oppose the execution of this desperate and unreasonable project. No explanation of her motives was offered by Anne, except that she believed the day of her death was not far off, and that she had something on her mind which must be communicated to Lady Glyde, at any risk, in secret. Her resolution to accomplish this purpose was so firmly settled that she declared her intention of going to Hampshire by herself if Mrs. Clements felt any unwillingness to go with her. The doctor, on being consulted, was of opinion that serious opposition to her wishes would, in all probability, produce another and perhaps a fatal fit of illness; and Mrs. Clements, under this alarming prediction of results, and once more, with sad forebodings of trouble and danger to come, allowed Anne Catherick to have her own way.

On the journey from London to Hampshire Mrs. Clements discovered that one of their fellow-passengers was well acquainted with the neighborhood of Blackwater, and could give her all the information she needed on the subject of localities. In this way she found out that the only place they could go to which was not dangerously near to Blackwater Park was a large village called Sandon. The distance here from Blackwater Park was between three and four miles; and when Anne came back again Anne had walked on each occasion when she had appeared in the neighborhood of the lake.

For the few days during which they were at Sandon without being discovered they had lived a little away from the village, in the cottage of a decent widow woman who had a bedroom to let, and whose discreet silence Mrs. Clements had done her best to secure for the first week at least. She had also tried hard to induce Anne to be content with writing to Lady Glyde in the first instance. But the receipt of the warning contained in the anonymous letter sent to Limmeridge had made Anne resolute to speak this time, and nothing could shake her resolution to go on her errand alone.

Mrs. Clements nevertheless followed her privately on each occasion when she went to the lake, without, however, venturing near enough to the boat-house to be discovered in the first place there. When Anne returned for the last time from the dangerous neighborhood, the fatigue of walking, day after day, distances which were far too great for her strength, added to the exhausting effect of the agitation from which she had suffered during the whole time which Mrs. Clements had dreaded all along. The old pain over the heart and the other symptoms of the disease had returned upon her, and Anne was confined to her bed in the cottage.

In this emergency the first necessity, as Mrs. Clements knew by experience, was to endeavor to quiet Anne's anxiety of mind; and for this purpose the good woman declared she was ready to the like to try if she could find Lady Glyde (who would be sure, as Anne said, to be her daily walk to the boat-house), and prevail on her to come back privately to the cottage

COUNT FOSCO AND MRS. CLEMENTS.

here boat-house. On reaching the outskirts of the plantation Mrs. Clements encountered not Lady Glyde, but a tall, stout, elderly gentleman with a book in his hand—in other words, Count Fosco.

The Count, after looking at her very attentively for a moment, asked if she expected to see any one in that place; and added, before she could reply, that he was waiting there with a message from Lady Glyde, but that he was not quite certain whether the person then before him answered the description of the person with whom he was desired to communicate. Upon this Mrs. Clements at once confided her errand to him, and entreated that he would help to allay Anne's anxiety by trusting his message to her. The Count most readily and kindly complied with her request. The message, he said, was a most important one. Lady Glyde entreated Anne and her good friend to return immediately to London, as she felt certain that Sir Percival would discover them if they remained any longer in the neighborhood of Blackwater. She was herself going to London in a short time, and if Mrs. Clements and Anne would go there first, and would let her know what their address was, they should hear from her and see her as a fortnight or less. The Count added that he had already attempted to give a friendly warning to Anne herself, but that she had been too much startled by seeing him at all to understand what he said to her. He was a stranger to let him approach and speak to her.

To this Mrs. Clements replied in the greatest alarm and distress, that she asked nothing better than to take Anne safely to London; but that she had not the least hope of removing her from the dangerous neighborhood, as she lay ill in her bed at that moment. The Count inquired if Mrs. Clements had sent for medical advice; and hearing that she had hitherto hesitated to do so, from the fear of making their position publicly known in the village, informed her that he was himself a medical man, and that he would go back with her, if she pleased, and see what could be done for Anne. Mrs. Clements (feeling a natural confidence in the Count, as a person trusted with a secret message from Lady Glyde) gratefully accepted the offer, and they went back together to the cottage.

Anne was awake when they got there. The Count started at the sight of her (evidently from astonishment at her resemblance to Lady Glyde). Mrs. Clements supposed that he was only shocked to see how ill she was. He would not allow her to be awakened; he was contented with putting questions to Mrs. Clements about her symptoms, with looking at her, and with lightly touching her pulse. Sandon was a large village, and one of the widow's old druggists shop in it; and thither the Count went to write his prescription for the medicine which he made up. He brought it back himself, and told Mrs. Clement that the medicine was a powerful stimulant, and that it would certainly give Anne strength to get up and bear the fatigue of a journey to London of only a few hours. The remedy was to be administered at stated times on that day and on the day after. On the third day she would be well enough to travel; and he would himself escort Mrs. Clements at the Blackwater station, and to see them off by the mid-day train. If they did not appear he would understand that Anne was worse, and would proceed at once to the cottage.

As events turned out, however, no such emergency as this arose. The medicine had an extraordinary effect on Anne, and the good results of it were helped by the assurance Mrs. Clements was able to give her that she would soon see Lady Glyde in London. At the appointed day and time (when they had not heard from the Count by a week in Hampshire altogether) they arrived at the station. The Count was waiting there for them, and was followed by an elderly lady, who appeared to be going to travel by the train to London also. He most kindly assisted them, and put them into the carriage himself, begging Mrs. Clements not to forget to send her address to Lady Glyde. The elderly lady got in at the same compartment, and they did not notice what became of her on reaching the London terminus. Mrs. Clements secured comfortable lodgings in a quiet neighborhood, and then wrote, as she had engaged to do, to inform Lady Glyde of the address.

A little more than a fortnight passed, and no answer came.

At the end of that time a lady (the same elderly lady whom they had seen at the station) called at the house, and said that she came from Lady Glyde, who was then at a hotel in London, and who wished to see Mrs. Clements for the purpose of arranging a private interview with Anne. Mrs. Clements expressed her willingness (Anne being present at the time, and entering into the plan) to forward the object in view, especially as she was not required to be away from the house for more than half an hour at the most. She and the elderly lady (clearly Madame Fosco) then left in the cab. The lady stopped the cab, after it had driven some distance, at a shop, before they got to the hotel, and begged Mrs. Clements to wait for her for a few minutes, while she made a purchase that had been forgotten. She never appeared again.

After waiting some time Mrs. Clements became alarmed, and ordered the coachman to drive back to her lodgings. When she got there, after an absence of rather more than half an hour, Anne was gone.

The only information to be obtained from the people of the house was derived from the servant who waited on the lodgers. She had opened the door to a boy from the street, who had left a letter for "the young woman who lived on the second floor" (the part of the house which Mrs. Clements occupied). The servant had delivered the letter, had then gone down stairs, and five minutes afterward had observed Anne open the front door and go out dressed in her bonnet and shawl. She had probably taken the letter with her, for it was not to be found, and it was therefore impossible to tell what inducement had been offered to make her leave the house. It must have been a strong one, for she would never stir out alone in London of her own accord. If Mrs. Clements had not known this by experience, nothing would have induced her to go away in the cab, even for so short a time as half an hour only.

As soon as she could collect her thoughts the first idea that naturally occurred to Mrs. Clements was to go and make inquiries at the Asylum, to which she dreaded that Anne had been taken back.

She went there the next day—having been informed of the locality in which the house was situated by Anne herself. The answer she received (her application having, in all probability, been made a day or two before the false Anne Catherick had really been consigned to safe keeping in the Asylum) was, that no such person had been brought back there. She had then written to Mrs. Catherick, at Welmingham, to know if she had seen or heard any thing of her daughter, and had received an answer in the negative. After that reply had reached he she was at the end of her resources, and per fectly ignorant where else to inquire, or what else to do. From that time to this she had remained in total ignorance of the cause of Anne's disappearance, and of the end of Anne's story.

A SHARK! A SHARK!

It is rather better than fifteen years since I left Liverpool in the good ship *Wellington*. She was a poor tub of a thing, could neither "run" nor "beat," and she stunk of molasses enough to knock you down, and swarmed with cockroaches into the bargain. She was, in short, "a sugar ship" bound to Jamaica.

We had six passengers on board: two young men of the name of Perkins, going out as bookkeepers; Mrs. Bedford and a daughter just grown up; a young man of the name of Andrews, and myself.

Mrs. Bedford was the wife of a merchant in Kingston; Arthur Andrews was an ensign in the —th, at that time in Jamaica; and I was coming out here as book-keeper at Smiling Valley, where I have been ever since.

Ellen Bedford was a beautiful girl—tall, graceful, and lady-like. It is scarcely necessary to say that we four young men were all charmed with her the first day she made her appearance on deck, which was not till after the pilot had subsided. In this she was quite right, I think; no amount of personal charms could stand their ground against the ravages of sea-sickness.

We were all ready to jump down each other's throats a dozen times a day, as to who should sit by her at dinner, at breakfast, at supper; who should accompany her in her walk on deck; who should fetch her work, her book, et cetera, et cetera. We could not all be continually with her, as we each wanted to be; and as for any one having his right, or rather, what he considered his right, it wasn't thought of: we were all far too selfish for that.

So things went on for nearly a month—Mrs. Bedford always smiling, and civil to all of us. She was so much obliged for the use we made of her dear daughter," she said; especially civil and polite she was to me, and to the two Perkins: to Arthur Andrews she scarcely spoke, so little indeed that I quite felt for him sometimes; for he was as attentive to Ellen as we were, and deserved, I thought, quite as much praise from the old lady. He, however, did not seem to feel the neglect in the least. Ha! ha! what a blind fool I was, to be sure!

We had made a capital passage, considering the old tub we were in, so far; but now the wind failed us altogether, and for six days we never had steerage way on the ship. Round and round on her head she slowly swung, according to the currents, but never a foot did she forge ahead for six days. Have you ever been becalmed for a week in 68° W. long., and between 18° and 20° N. lat.?—in short, off the Island of St. Domingo or Hayti? If you have, then you possibly remember how the sun r all awnings at defiance; how it beat through ev thing, and turned up every thing; how the pi stuck to your feet as you walked the deck, in s of "wet swabs" and buckets of water; how y were forced below when the sun was vertic grilling heat be too great for human n withstand, and when you took

As soon as glory, mine versal to

"JUMP IN!" I SHOUTED, "JUMP!—A SHARK IS COMING AT YOU!"

long day, "of darkness" was as refreshing to the eyes as ever was draught of water to a thirsty soul.

It was on just such a night as I have faintly and most imperfectly attempted to describe that we were all assembled upon the deck of the *Wellington*. Mrs. Bedford was knitting: she could knit as well by moonlight as by candle-light, or, for the matter of that, without any light at all, I believe. Her usual smile of content was on her "take it easy" countenance. That term suits to exactly the expression of her placid face that I can not but use it. Ellen was talking and laughing with Robert and James Perkins. Arthur Andrews was leaning over the side, "whistling for a wind;" and I was looking at Ellen under the pleasing delusion that no one saw me. Presently I arose and strolled toward the spot where Andrews was standing, still whistling, apparently with an unoccupied mind and a heart at ease. Arthur Andrews was dark, tall, and handsome; he was also clever and agreeable. To none of these advantages could either of the Perkinses or myself lay the slightest claim. I was not the hard-grained chap in these days that I am now; sun and sorrow have burned and seamed my face since then; but I was never a beauty or a wit; and as to the two Perkinses, they were both of them thick-set, uncouth fellows, and as stupid as owls—worse, for they were always giggling, which owls are not. It was, therefore, not surprising that at first starting Arthur should have distanced us all hollow. Ellen evidently and unmistakably liked him best; how could she help it? He had it all his own way: we three blockheads still fluttering about her like moths round a candle. It's an old, threadbare simile, I know, but there is no better one invented that I ever heard of.

"What are you looking at, Arthur?" I said.

"Sharks," he replied; "don't you see them?"

I saw there was something moving in the water close to the side of the vessel, but I could not see what it was: I said so.

"Look more attentively and you will see their fins and tails—there! there! can't you see them now?"

His exclamations brought the others to his side, all except Ellen—where was she? Ha! I caught sight of the skirt of her white dress as she disappeared below. My heart beat loud and fast; now was my time, when they were all watching the sharks.

I hurried down the companion-ladder; I turned my head as I descended, hoping that I had managed to slip away unperceived. Ellen had gone to her cabin, no doubt; I must wait. Presently I heard her cabin door open, and footsteps approaching; it was too dark to distinguish features, but the figure was enough. She came quite close to me; she was going on deck again.

"Ellen," I whispered.

"Who's there? Is that you, Arthur?" she said, softly.

Oh, fool that I was, not even then to have my eyes opened.

I was preparing to follow her, when a hand was laid on my shoulder. I started violently.

"Who is that?" I cried.

"Gordon," said a voice in my ear which at once I knew was Arthur's, "I have seen your attention to Ellen, and it is only frank to tell you that she is engaged to me. For reasons unnecessary to explain to you, we thought it advisable to keep our ...t present."

...ny feelings on this ...ll, and all my ...o Arthur ...any thing. But his generous spirit had attached me to him, and I felt that he had acted kindly as well as frankly in telling me how matters stood. I needed not to explain to him that if I had given him any uneasiness it was unconsciously on my part. The warm grasp of his hand knit me the more to him in true friendship.

I had no heart to go on deck again that night, so I turned in.

Early in the morning Arthur came, and, in his usual frank way, without taking any notice of what had passed the previous night, asked if I would come and have a bathe, as he had got leave to go out in the Captain's gig. Too glad to show that no ill-feeling toward him remained, I said, "All right; I will follow you on deck directly." When I reached the deck, towel in hand, I found Arthur trying to persuade the mate of the watch to let him have the Captain's gig. It seems that though the Captain had told Arthur he might take his gig, he had not spoken to the mate on the subject.

"Captain Parks has given strict orders to the men not to bathe on any account whatever; and right enough too, for the sea is alive with sharks," I heard the mate say.

"Well, well, we won't bathe, then," replied Arthur, impatiently; "but as we are up we might as well have a pull; perhaps we might 'turn a turtle.' Oh! here is Gordon. Banks says we shall be devoured by sharks if we bathe, so we had best give that up, but it's a splendid morning for a pull —what do you say?"

"I should like a pull, of all things."

"I leave you both behind you, then," said Banks, who was a 'cute Yorkshireman; "you can turn a turtle without towels, I expect."

Arthur laughed, shucked his towel on to the capstan, and looking over the side and saying, "The oars are in the gig, I see; come along, Gordon," he lowered himself into the boat. I placed my towel alongside of his and followed him; but I could not joke and be merry as he could: I was sad at heart, and I suppose showed it by my countenance; for Banks observed, as he cast off the painter, "I don't think Mr. Gordon seems as fond of turtle-turning as you are, Mr. Andrews; he looks as solemn as a judge passing sentence of death." I don't suppose that remark improved my appearance. I did not speak; neither did Arthur, who was busily employed shipping the tiller, and perhaps did not hear it. "Will you steer, or shall I?" he said, without looking up. "You," I replied; "I never steer straight."

He showed off from the ship; I drew a pair of sculls out from the bottom of the boat and pulled over the calm, placid surface of the sleeping sea.

We talk of "stillness" on land; but no one can realize the true meaning of the word who has not experienced the stillness of the sea. It was too early for any one to be stirring on board the *Wellington:* the watch was slumbering on the deck; the mate alone showed signs of vitality, though not very demonstrative signs; for he was standing motionless by the capstan with out towels in his hand. Not a ripple broke the superfect stillness: the dash of my sculls turning in the row-locks and dipping in the water, alone broke the silence which reigned above, beneath, around us. By this time the eastern heard was ruddy with the approach of day—ruddy, ay, bloody was the more appropriate term: the whole eastern horizon glowed with a deep, red, sanguine hue, such as I had never seen before. And now the sun rises above the sea-line, blinding me with a flood of golden light.

When we were close to the ship, returning from an hour's pull, in stepping over the "thwart" I stumbled against a loose "stretcher;" tried to recover my balance, stumbled still worse, caught my foot in the coils of the "painter," and was pitched head-foremost into the sea, clutching the gun'ale as I went over, and pretty nearly upsetting the boat. When I rose to the surface, and again caught hold of the gun'ale, I saw Arthur in the same predicament as myself, on the other side of the gig.

"A pretty mess you have made of it," he said, as he wiped the salt-water out of his eyes with the back of his hand. "Come, climb back again while I steady her; as soon as you are in, do the like for me, and I'll follow you."

I soon managed to get back into the boat, Arthur hanging on the other side to keep her on an even keel: that accomplished, I sat upon the starboard gun'ale. "Now, then! in with you," I said; "remember there are sharks in these seas."

The words were scarcely out of my mouth when I saw the fin of a shark above the water, not ten yards from the boat. It was not stationary, but darting with terrible swiftness straight at Arthur.

"Jump in!" I shouted, "jump!—a shark is coming at you!"

He raised himself instantly as high out of the water as he could; his body was already on a level with the gun'ale—another moment and he would be safe—but that moment was denied him. I saw his danger, but I could not help him. Had I quitted my place to pull him in, he would have fallen back into the sea, and I must have followed him. On came the shark like a flash of lightning. I saw his white belly, as he turned to seize his victim. I saw his open jaws. I saw his cruel gleaming teeth as he raised his terrible head out of the water. A cry of agony, a look of despair, and Arthur is torn from his hold; I start forward just in time to save myself from falling in on the other side. Never, never shall I forget that last despairing look as he was drawn down beneath the surface, grasping frantically at the air, struggling hard for life, but struggling in vain.

And now a scene was enacted, if possible still more dreadful than that of his death. The sea was suddenly alive with sharks; the water boiled and foamed as they darted hither and thither, fighting for their *food*. At the side of the ship stood Ellen, pale and motionless, while her beloved Arthur was being torn to pieces and devoured before her eyes. True, she could not see the actual tragedy which was going on beneath the waves; but she had beheld him torn from the boat, and the rushing of the voracious animals to and fro in the smooth water told its own hideous tale. Pale, motionless, and speechless she stood, till the horrible repast was over, and the sea ceased to be agitated by the fierce cannibals of the deep; then, without a word, or even a groan, she fell as though she were shot. We had all been so horrified and awe-struck by the dreadful scene we were witnessing, that no one had the presence of mind to remove her from the harrowing sight: she saw it all.

She died raving mad before sunset that day.

SHAH NOSHIRWAN, KING OF PERSIA.

IN Persia, in olden time, lived a great king.
Whose name was Shah Noshirwan:
'Twas his custom, whenever he heard a good thing.
To say, "Zeh!" and his treasurer then would fling
A purse to the fortunate man.

This king, when out hunting on one fine day,
Saw an aged man planting trees:
He rode up, and said, "Wish your hair as gray,
Don't you think you are throwing your time away?
You'll never eat food from these!"

"For threescore years I have eaten sweet food
From trees that I did not sow;
And would it not be base ingratitude
If I took no thought of posterity's good,
And paid not the debt I owe?"

"Zeh, zeh!" said the king; and the treasurer straight
To the old man a purse doth throw.
"See, see! for good works it is never too late;
God hath given me fruit without needing to wait,
Before all my trees are sown."

"Zeh, zeh!" once again: ere the word was said,
Another purse flew on its way.
"Till God pierced the crown on your Majesty's head,
Was such a strange thing ever heard of, or read,
As to reap two crops in one day?"

"Zeh, zeh!" yet again, and a third full purse
To the old man's hand falls nigh;
But the king in his heart's frank drives his spurs,
Nor waits for more answer in prose or in verse—
Let the wit of that old man, so prompt, so terse,
Should drain his full treasury dry.

Captain Brand,

OF THE

SCHOONER "CENTIPEDE,"

A PIRATE OF EMINENCE IN THE WEST INDIES:

His Raven and Exploits,

TOGETHER WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE PECULIAR MANNER BY WHICH HE REPAYED THIS LIFE.

By LIEUT. H. A. WISE, U.S.N.

(HARRY GRINGO),

AUTHOR OF "LOS GRINGOS" AND "TALES FOR THE MARINES."

ILLUSTRATED BY

C. PARSONS AND A. LUMLEY.

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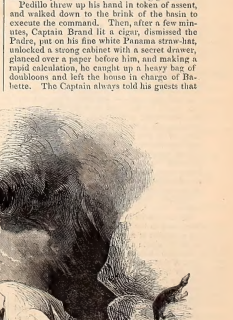
CHAPTER XX.

BUSINESS.

THE business which Captain Brand alluded to when he was about to partake of breakfast with his friend the Padre, was, in the first instance, to arrange some matters in the way of payment of debts to his compadre, Don Ignacio Sanchez, Commander of the Colonial Guarda Costa felucca *Ponchita*.

Accordingly, when he rose from table, and after a whispered dialogue and reports as to the state of affairs in and around the Den and Island from the men at the signal-stations, he summoned Pedillo. When that worthy appeared below the veranda—for he it remembered that Captain Brand never permitted the inferior officials of his hand to pollute his apartments, without perhaps, as in the case of his deceased subordinate, Master Gibbs, it was on urgent business—Captain Brand ordered his gig manned.

Pedillo threw up his hand in token of assent, and walked down to the brink of the basin to execute the command. Then, after a few minutes, Captain Brand lit a cigar, dismissed the Padre, put on his fine white Panama straw-hat, unlocked a strong cabinet with a secret drawer, glanced over a paper before him, and making a rapid calculation, fine white Panama straw-hat, unlocked a strong cabinet with a secret drawer, glanced over a paper before him, and making a rapid calculation, fine white Panama straw-hat, unlocked a strong cabinet with a secret drawer, glanced over a paper before him, and making a rapid calculation, fine white Panama straw-hat, unlocked a strong cabinet with a secret drawer, glanced over a paper before him, and making a rapid calculation, a heavy bag of doubloons and left the house in charge of Babette. The Captain always told his guests that



"HE CREPT FORWARD ON HANDS AND KNEES, THE BLAZING TORCH LIGHTING UP THE DAMP AND DRIPPING ROCKS."

his fellows had such love and respect for him that he rarely locked up his property, and never placed a guard at his door. The truth was, that his fellow-scoundrels, miscreants, and villains as they were—stood in such fear and dread of their leader that they were glad to keep out of his way. Moreover, he never boasted or made any display before them, living, on shipboard as on shore, by himself, but always ready and terrible when the moment came for striking or seizing his crew, too, with the most rigid impartiality, adhering strictly to his promises and compacts with them, and never overlooking an offense.

So Captain Brand left his dwelling in charge of his dumb housekeeper, Babette, and tripping down the rope ladder from the piazza, in a clean suit of brown linen and straw slippers, his headless face shaded by his broad-rimmed hat from the sun, and the bag of gold on his arm, he jauntily walked toward the cove.

"Ah! good-morning, my Doctor! Glad to meet you! How are the sick? Doing well, I hope?"

"Quite well, Sir; but I was about to call upon you in relation to the conversation we had last evening, and—"

"Pardon me, Monsieur le Docteur, but I have been very busy this morning, and am now going to see Don Ignacio on matters of importance—here the elegant Pirate took the cigar from his thin lips and held it daintily between his thumb and forefinger in the air—"but not now, Monsieur, I am very sorry to miss your visit. But," he added, with one of his usual smiles, "I shall be at leisure this afternoon, and will be cool of the evening we can take a stroll. What say you?"

The Doctor nodded.

"Apropos, Doctour, suppose we have a little game of cards afterward at your quarters? I never permit gaming in mine, you know. The Padre will not object; and I am confident our companion, the Teufel, will be delight—"

"As you please, Captain," replied the medico, with a cold, indifferent air and averted face. "I will join you in the promenade, and I shall be ready to receive you in the evening."

"*Hasta luego, amigo!*" said Captain Brand, as he again stuck his cigar between his teeth, waved his hand in adieu, and walked to his boat.

"You don't love me, Doctor," thought the Pirate; "I don't fear you, Captain," thought the Doctor.

It was a touch of high art the way this notorious pirate pitched the bag of gold toward his coxswain, crying, "Catch that, Pedillo!" and then the sharp, pellish manner in which he watched about the beach and held up his trousers, so that he might not even get his slippers damp. Had that silver bag been solid lead he could not have cared if his feet had been soaked in it. And then, too, the little exclamation of joy when he finally entered into the stern-sheets and sat down beneath the awning, while he stretched his smooth brown-linen legs out on the cushions.

Oh, it was clearly a touch of high piratical art.

"The old *Centipede* is looking a little rusty after her late cruise, Pedillo!" throwing his head back to evoke a curl of smoke, and which his cold eyes like a rattle of icy hail at the coxswain. "But I am glad Pedro took your place—puff, puff—that knife-stab prevented you, of course"—puff—" and we shall have her all tight and trig again in a day or two."

"Si, Señor," said Pedillo, respectfully; "and how goes Señor Gibbs, Capitano?"

The Captain rolled his eyes again at the coxswain, and replied, carelessly, "Why, Pedillo, our friend Gibbs came to see me when the *Centipede* had arrived, but almost before"—puff—"he had given me an account of his unfortunate cruise he fell down in a fit. The fact is, however"—puff, puff—"that, what with hard drinking and inflammation which set in on the stump of his lost leg, he has been in a very bad way"—puff—"quite in a dangerous condition indeed, requiring all my old Babette's care and attention"—puff—"but this morning the good Padre went to see him, and he told me a while ago that he left him without fever, and altogether tranquil."

Pedillo's wry mustaches twirled of themselves.

Meanwhile the boat skimmed lightly over the basin, and as the Captain ceased speaking she ran alongside of the felucca. Don Ignacio, with his bright sword-eye in full battle-array, and with a cigarrito between his wrinkled lips, was on the deck of that vessel to receive his visitor; and as he saw the coxswain follow his supposed via a weighty bag under his arm, his glimmering orb became brighter, if possible—as if it was piercing through the thick canvas of the bag, and counting, once by ounce, the contents—and putting out his forefinger, it was grasped cordially by the white hand of Captain Brand.

"*Como se va?* How goes it with my compadre? Stomach and head all clear after our long dinner of yesterday?"

The compadre said that his head was particularly clear that morning, and as for his stomach he had not yet inquired; but if the Capitano had any doubts as to the former proposition, he had better step below and decide for himself! In accordance with this ambiguous invitation the visitor and commander disappeared down a small scuttle in the after part of the fiscara, where was a low, stifling hole of a cabin, dank with stale tobacco smoke, and smelling swiftly of rats and roaches. There was a little round table in the middle, and on one side was a single berth, with some dirty bedding, which had not been cleaned, apparently, since the vessel was built. Light was shed from a skylight above.

Captain Brand gave a sniff of disgust as he entered this floating sanctum of Don Ignacio; but without remark seated himself on a canvas stool, and waved a perfumed cambric kerchief before his nose.

Commander Sanchez, catching the inspiration, merely observed that it was a little close certainly, and not so specious as the superb cabin of the schooner, and that sometimes, when lying in a calm off the lee side of Cuba it was hot enough to melt the tail off a brass monkey; but yet it was his duty, and he did not particularly mind it. Hereupon Captain Brand requested Don Ignacio to produce his papers, and they were presently laid upon the table. For a few minutes the Pirate was employed in running his cold eyes over the accounts—making pencil-notes on the margins, and comparing them with a memorandum he took from his pocket; but at last he threw himself back and exclaimed,

"Caramba, my dear friend, Don Ignacio, at the Havana, is correct to a real—three hundred and twelve doubloons and eight hard dollars. Ours, however, is correct to a maravedi—one double commissions charged here and there; all losses on sales charged to me, and all profits credited to you."

Don Ignacio spread out the palms of both his hands toward his companion, as if to exercise such unjust charges from his brain.

"*O si, si, compadre!* it is as I state, and you know it is true; but, nevertheless, a few dozens of ounces more or less of gold is of no importance, say, to make short work, I am ready to pay. But," said Captain Brand, laying a hand on the heavy bag of money beside him, "I am not quite ready to cancel my debts in hard cash here on the spot, yet, as I am bound on a long cruise—a thirteen only knows where—I would prefer to keep the gold and pay you in something else."

Don Ignacio threw back his head and shut his eye like a parrot on the Captain, waiting to hear further.

"What have I on hand besides gold? Well there are a few bales of Mexican cochineal and some cases of French silks, which you can have at a fair market value; besides, I to all that collection of silver table-service, which you can take by weight; and, besides, lots of rare furniture, which you may have for a song upon—all together much more than enough to pay Monezo and you both. What say you, compadre? it is a bargain or shall I speak myself with me, and run the chance of disposing of it on the Spanish Main?"

It was a long time before the greedy old Spaniard could make up his mind whether to receive his pay in cash or merchandize; surveyed, or take more bulky matter, with the hope of making double the money by the operation. Finally, however, his avaricious nature got the ascendence, and he accepted the last proposition, with the understanding that the articles should be transferred to shore with all convenient dispatch.

"Ah!" said Captain Brand, with another sniff of disgust, as he spat on the dirty floor of the cabin, "I am glad to get rid of you for I wouldn't remain another hour in this filthy hole for all the money—you have cheated me out of you old rascal."

He said the last portion of this sentence to himself, as he emerged from the cuddy.

"But listen, mine friend," continued, as they both reached the deck. "You will give me duplicate receipts on the part of Señor Moreno, so that I can present them to him on the next port I visit. And, by-the-way, suppose you come on shore this afternoon for a stroll, and in the evening we will have a little game at monte —eh?"

"Cierto! certainly!" returned the commander of the felucca; when Captain Brand, with his bag of gold intact under his arm, got into his boat, and was pulled to the shore.

CHAPTER XXI.

TREASURE.

It was long past noon when the Pirate returned to his island home, and the day was hot, for the sea-breeze had not made, and the tropical sun was pouring down its burning rays until the sand was roasting as in a furnace; the very rocks throwing off a tremulous heat into the next air, and the lagoon almost boiling under the fiery influence. The sailors, with aching heads and parched mouths, were reclining in their grass hammocks beneath the sheds; and save the watchful vigilance of the men at the lookouts and batteries, all was quiet and wrapped in repose. Captain Brand, however, was as cool as a cucumber; and regardless of the heat, and indifferent about siesta, he drew the contains of the saloon, and took some active exercise. First, however, he desired his faithful Babette to get out some refreshments, and open the contents of his splendid wardrobe. This operation was performed under the critical eye of Captain Brand himself, who, in his peculiarly lent his aid by stowing away, here and there, his cascades, trinkets, and ornaments—those which had been presented to him by the unfortunate people who had the ill luck to make his acquaintance in the course of his late midnight forays on shore. Then the Captain opened and rummaged cabinets, bureaux, and bookcases—making liberal presents to his trusty housekeeper; and turning from that occupation, he had all of his table furniture spread before him, when he made careful examination of the value of the silver, and china, and glass. This concluded, Captain Brand ordered Babette to furnish him a slight repast; and while he came out he bore heavy burdens in his muscular arms, all of which he laid conveniently near the trap in the floor. Then letting the hatch swing softly down, he lowered the heavy articles by the silk rope, as he had Master Gibbs, though not so suddenly; going down himself as nimbly as a rat after them. In the vault beneath, Captain Brand struck a light and set fire to a torch, which blazed out lurid-ly, and illumined the dark excavation and passages like day. Going slowly on, with his burden in his arms, by the path by which he visited the Padre, he came to the outer door, which opened into the fosse in the crag; and after depositing his load there he was raised, and he passed out. Once outside, he felt his way cautiously, stepping over the stagnant pools for a breath, and guarding his head from the jagged rocks above; and then, lighting his way over the stones and along the trunks of the snake and lizard. Where the narrow fissure seemed to end by a wall of natural rock, the Pirate rolled aside a large stone and put his face, and scrambling away the sand, a large copper lock was displayed, in which, after pushing aside the cover, he inserted a key and turned a spring, and it opened. Then, exerting all the force of his powerful muscles, a section of the unhewn rock yielded to the effort, and rose like a vertical door slung by a massive hinge at the top. Placing the large stone at the entrance so as to prevent the slab falling to its place, the Captain stood the torch within the opening, and went back for his burden; then he entered and squeezed himself with it into a small excavated, uneven chamber, where he sat down.

"Now," he communed the Pirate with himself, "but a safe place to lay up a penny for a rainy day! Let me see. These two bags of doubloons are mine, and the one my Gibbs brought me, with those three there of guineas, and those sacks of dollars, will make about ten thousand pounds. That will make me a handsome egg when I retire from the profession and return to Europe, where I will have forgotten all my boyish follies by that time."

Captain Brand alluded to forging his father's name, and other little peccadilloes of a similar nature.

"And I may be elected to Parliament—who knows? It is the ambition of a risk, perhaps, to leave all this pretty coin here; but then it's a greater risk to carry it in the schooner"—he argued further with himself—"and then, again, there does not decay pure metal. But," thought Captain Brand, "suppose somebody should discover this hiding-place of mine? It is not very probable, for no soul besides myself knows of it, and even the very man who made the door did not know what it was intended; besides, he died and was buried long ago."

Captain Brand had forgotten, in this connection, that the man who cut out the stone chamber and door, and fashioned the hinge and lock, took too much sugar in his coffee morning and the job was finished, and died in horrible convulsions before night. Oh yes, that incident had entirely escaped the memory!

Captain Brand having now thoroughly reasoned the matter out, gave each of the bags lying on the floor a kick to get a responsive echo from the coin; and then creeping out of the treasure chamber, he withdrew the torch, removed the stone and the heavy slab fell again into its place. Then clasping the lock, covering it over with sand, and rolling back the stone, he seized the torch quickly returned to the vault beneath his saloon. There, putting out the torch by rubbing it against the stone pavement with the sole of his foot, he was straight, streaming through the loopholes around, he passed to one side and began removing the ocean of rugs, mats, and cushions, that, near to the strongly-barred portcullis door, which opened toward the sea, covered a trap-opening. In a hard work, but Captain Brand seemed to enjoy it; and even after he had arranged the packages between the bars of the portcullis he engaged in a task he began again. Going to the farther corner of the vault, he stopped before a strong mahogany chest, and opening his pockets, he filled it unlocked and threw it wide open. It was no black as night inside, floored and lined with wood, and filled with a choking atmosphere of charcoal and sulphur. Pulling out the walls were some fifty or a hundred small barrels with copper hoops and covered in the sea-locks in the word "Powder." Unmindful of the odor and the rather combustible nature of his cargo, Captain Brand proceeded to unseal his work, and rolled a large number of the little barrels toward the open chest, the merchandise already there, saying to himself the while,

"I think that will about fill the *Centipede's* magazine, and I cannot make a proper disposition of the remainder."

Hereupon Captain Brand, actively bent upon the judicious disposal of his treasures, rolled out a dozen or two more of the little barrels. Strange to say, among the very few articles that lines were not scattered about him, but casually left of Señor Moreno, was this highly useful material of powder; and he therefore set much store by it. And it was with a sigh that the Pirate stood the little barrels on their ends in a line across the great vault of the building, beneath kitchen, bedrooms, and saloon, and especially beside the square upright stanchions on which the interior of the building rested. Not contented with this, he took a copper hammer and knocked in all the heads of the little barrels, and then, with a scoop of the same metal, he dipped out large quantities of the black material and poured thick trains of it from barrel to barrel, sometimes capsizing one, but always particularly cautious not to drop a grain of it beneath his grass slippers and the pavement. Then he took a piece of match-rope, and sticking one end deep into a barrel, he just poked the other end out of a loophole, to be in readiness whenever Captain Brand should deem proper to touch the lighted end with fire.

"There," said Captain Brand, "that piece of rope will burn about thirty or forty minutes, and then stand clear from under!"

Ascending the hatchway again with the agility of a cat, he clambered up and secured the trap, and in ten minutes afterward he was busily attired in a nice pair of India pajammers, a grass cloth jacket and vest, and a panama hat, with cigar-case, nick-nacks in his pockets—and seated at table, where his busy housekeeper had placed a broiled chicken and a bottle of old Bordeaux before him.

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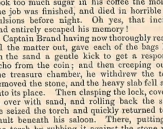

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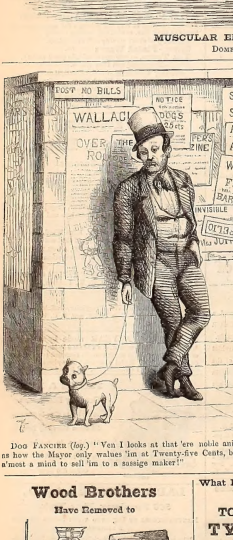

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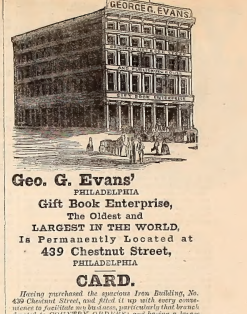

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. IV.—No. 182.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1860. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

INSURRECTION IN SICILY.

OUR readers are referred to Nos. 180 and 181 for a very accurate and valuable MAP OF THE KINGDOM OF THE TWO SICILIES, for fine views of MESSINA, NAPLES, and PALERMO, a splendid PORTRAIT of GARIBALDI, etc.

THE "DERBY DAY."

ON page 388 our readers will find a spirited sketch of the great race on Epsom Downs, whose annual recurrence gives all London a holiday.

Epsom, the town in whose vicinity the race takes place, lies fifteen miles southwest of London, and was once noted as a watering-place. From the waters of the springs found here were first manufactured the celebrated "Epsom salts," dear to costive humanity. The springs are no longer a fashionable centre, and the neighborhood is now noted only for its race-course.

The races take place during the week preceding Whitsuntide, and the "Derby" stakes are run for always on Wednesday. In this one race centres the main interest. The others draw but minor crowds; but to see "the Derby" nearly half a million of Londoners rush out in every kind of conveyance and in all imaginable styles. The grand stand on the race-course, erected some thirty years ago, holds nearly eight thousand persons.

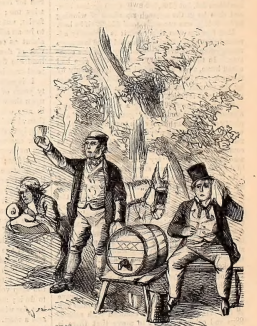
The race for the Derby stakes was first instituted at Epsom, in the year 1780, and was won by Sir Charles Bunbury's Diomed. This horse was subsequently imported into the United States, and from him have descended some of the best horses that ever trod the turf. Sir Archy, Timoleon, Boston, Lexington, and Lecomte all trace their blood back to Diomed; and now, after a lapse of eighty years, we see his lineal descendant, Umpire, contending for the same stake which he (Diomed) won in the first year of its establishment. But the value of the stake is immensely increased since that time; for in 1780 there were but thirty-six subscribers and nine starters for the race, while in 1860 there were 225 subscribers and thirty starters. The conditions of the race remain unchanged, with the exception of the weights carried; these were originally 112 pounds for colts, and 109 for fillies. The subscription to the stake is $250 each, half forfeit; for three-year old colts, 119 pounds, and fillies, 114 pounds; the owner of the second horse to receive 100 sovereigns out of the stakes; the winner to pay 100 sovereigns toward the police and regulations of the course, and 50 sovereigns to the judge; distance, one mile and a half.

The stake is worth £6300; but from that sum must be deducted the winner's own stake, 100 sovereigns for second horse, 100 sovereigns for police expenses, and £10 for the judge: thus reducing its clear value to £6050.

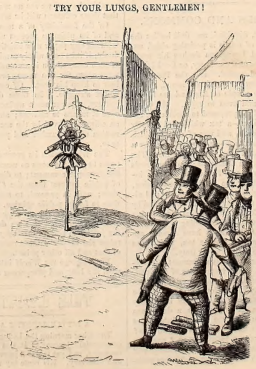
The pace this year was pretty good throughout, and three seconds quicker than last year. Thormanby, the winner, is a chestnut horse, of doubtful parentage, being by Melbourne, or Wiuthound, out of Alice Hawthorn, and the property of Mr. James Merry, a Scottish gentleman of immense fortune. He has been a stanch patron of the turf for upward of twenty years, but this is the first time he ever succeeded in his great object of winning the "Blue Ribbon of the Turf." He won the Great St. Leger in 1858 with Sunbeam, and has also carried off many other important races with his large stable of racers. Last year Thormanby started fourteen times, and won nine races, beating good horses. Exceedingly popular on the turf, it is no wonder that Mr. Merry's success was hailed with immense cheering by the assembled thousands who witnessed the race. He has steadily and pluckily supported his horse in the betting throughout the winter, and his winnings must consequently be enormous. His liberality to his trainers and jockeys is a matter of notoriety; and he

THE THREE-CARD TRICK.

TRY YOUR LUNGS, GENTLEMEN!



ROAD-SIDE REFRESHMENTS.



AUNT SALLY.

CRINOLINE ON STILTS.

has been known to make a present of 1000 guineas to one of the latter when he won the Doncaster St. Leger.

The Derby this year had a peculiar interest for Americans, in consequence of Mr. Ten Broeck having an American-bred horse, Umpire, engaged in it. Umpire is a chestnut colt by Lecomte out of Alice Carneal by imported Sarpedon, out of Rowena by Sumpter, and was bred on the farm of A. Keene Richards, Esq., Georgetown, Kentucky. He was purchased by Mr. Ten Broeck as a yearling, and sent over to England last spring to be trained in his stable at Newmarket. His first appearance on the turf was at the Newmarket Craven meeting for a £50 plate, in which race he was not placed. He next ran in a match for 100 sovereigns with Sir Joseph Hawley's Twang, in which he was beaten by a head. At the Goodwood meeting in July he won the nursery stakes, one mile, beating a field of twenty-one horses, by seven lengths. He continued his victorious career by winning the Cleveland stakes and Zetland biennial stakes, at Stockton-on-Tees, beating good fields. These performances, joined to his racing-like form, caused him to become the first favorite for the Derby. Indeed, such was his mature appearance, that, after winning at Goodwood, the owner of the second horse objected to his receiving the stakes, on the ground of his being a three-year-old. This objection was referred to the Jockey Club, the tribunal of all racing disputes, and Mr. Ten Broeck produced such convincing evidence of its falsity, that the decision was in favor of Umpire being the age represented. By the trainers at Newmarket he was pronounced a "Derby horse all over," and some idea may be formed of the high estimate entertained of his racing abilities, from the fact that he was backed to win the Derby for upward of a million of dollars. The Americans bet freely and heavily on him, and a good deal of money was sent from New York to invest on him for this race. Mr. Ten Broeck, it is said, backed him before Goodwood at the odds of one hundred to one, for the sum of $5000, thus standing to win half a million of dollars on him, in case of his success. But the golden rule of racing men is, always "to win and not lose," and this object is obtained by the process termed "hedging." Thus when Umpire became a favorite, and was freely backed by the public at five to one, Mr. Ten Broeck could, and doubtless did, bet $100,000 to $20,000 against him, and thus be in the agreeable position of winning $400,000 if he was successful, and $15,000 if he lost.

Had Umpire won this race, it is generally admitted that the betting-ring would have lost more money than was ever done on any previous occasion. In the winner, Thormanby, they also had a bad horse, as he was backed heavily, not only by the owner—who won upward of $350,000—but also by the general public, with whom he has always been a great favorite.

The race, however, is only a part of the day's amusements. Every body "goes in for fun," and plenty of sharps and flats come together in various ways. A few of the wayside sports are shown on the preceding page. The "Three-Card Trick" is common to our own race-courses. The gentleman who implores you to "try your lungs" may be seen in duplicate not a dozen steps from our New York City Hall, and in curious proximity to the Hall of St. Tammany, where anxious candidates have so often "tried their lungs." "Lager" takes the place of "Treble X" with us; and so far as our experience goes, the market price of "shocks" (of the electric kind) is higher here than in the mother country. "Crinoline on Stilts" has not yet been imported, and we do not believe this part of the show would succeed with Americans, even though the inevitable banjoist were appended. But why will not some one set up an American "Aunt Sally?" It seems, from our cut, a most innocent amusement; and its popularity in England—where staid parliament men, noble dukes and earls, grave judges, and stout elderly gentlemen take their shy at the black cutty-pipe, in common with schoolboys and cabmen—seems to prove that there is really pleasure and excitement in it.

"Aunt Sally" is the effigy of a black wench, set up on a stick, with a pipe in her mouth. The players pay a certain sum for the privilege of shying a given number of wooden billets at this pipe. If they miss they are laughed at. For every hit they are rewarded with a little wooden doll, which it seems to be the fashion to carry temporarily stuck in the hat ribbon, and to offer to your friends on the way home at night.

What degree of proficiency is needed to strike the pipe from Aunt Sally's mouth is not mentioned. But as even a noble and short-sighted young duke could, by perseverance, fill his hat-ribbon with the wooden dolls, beginners may take courage.

THE JUNE MONTH.

The waning of the sweet May moon
June's laughing face discloses,
Her apron filled with butter-cups,
Her bosom red with roses.

The blossom and the bursting bud
Are woven in her tresses,
And every breeze that fans her cheek
Comes laden with caresses.

The birdies leave the open plains
And seek the hazel covers—
Some months were made for married life,
But June was meant for lovers!

Perhaps you've seen a little maid
With lips like rare-ripe cherries—
We're going down the meadow-path
This afternoon for berries.

I'll tell you more about the walk
Before the summer closes;
So fill a cup to laughing June,
And wreathe its brim with roses!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, June 23, 1860.

RAILROAD HOMICIDES.

TWO little children walking upon the railroad track near Newark, New Jersey, the other day, were run over by the train, and one of them at least was instantly killed. The train was stopped, inquiry was made by the passengers, and they acquitted the engineer of all blame. It appeared that the children suddenly emerged upon the road, and were struck before the train could be stopped, although the brakes were instantly applied, and so strongly that there was a perceptible shock in the cars. Who was to blame? There are accidents which, however melancholy, are unavoidable. Was this one of them?

We grant that the engineer was not to blame. If a tree had suddenly fallen across the track, under the same circumstances, it is clear that the train must have rushed on. The children appeared as unexpectedly as a falling tree, and he could not help himself—or them. Were the children in fault? It can not be pretended, for they were mere children. No; this accident was among those which should be made impossible, by legally compelling all railroad companies carefully to fence in their tracks. There is nothing clearer than that heavy damages ought to be awarded in such a case, except that they will not be. A man who has dug a deep pit in front of his house, upon a crowded thoroughfare, and leaves it at night without a lantern, is unquestionably guilty of homicide if another man falls in and is killed; and a railroad company, whose track is so little guarded that children can climb up and suddenly appear upon the embankment, directly before an express train, is guilty of negligence equally criminal. Railroad companies in this country run for luck. Perhaps they do in other countries too; but our business is with our own faults, not those of other people. It has come to be an affair of calculation; and as it is found about as easy, and rather cheaper, to run the risk of damages, the companies all over the land are flagrantly careless of fencing and of road-crossings.

It is rather a melancholy result of some ninety years of national existence that human life, upon the whole, offers more in this country than in any other, and yet that it is cheaper here than elsewhere. And no legislation which looks simply to the preservation of life can be untimely or excessive. Nuisances are abated by law; the overcrowding of emigrant ships is legally forbidden; and a bill introduced into our last Legislature to control the erection and occupation of tenement-houses was a measure demanded by decency and humanity, although, unfortunately, it failed to become a law. It is certainly proper to watch jealously any interference of the law with private property; but the due security of the original rights of the citizen, among which life is the first, is the paramount duty of the State. It is doubtless expensive to fence all railroad tracks throughout, but a company which can not afford to do it can not afford to have a track; and as no company will take the step voluntarily, they should be compelled to do it; and wherever the line of fence is broken, for whatever purpose, there should be a gate and a man. It is the demand of humanity and common sense, and experience daily confirms its necessity.

THE LORDS AND COMMONS.

Of all decent, dignified, and dull bodies the English House of Lords is probably chief, except when Lord Brougham flashes his broad sense in the eyes of the country, or Lord Derby turns a polished period. But the House of Lords is just now making itself heard, and so audibly that the people of England are beginning to listen, and even to reply. Mr. Gladstone, in his budget, proposed to abolish the excise duty on paper—a tax which fell heavily upon a certain class, and was of course injurious to cheap literature—and to replace it by a penny in the pound upon the income tax. The measure passed the Commons; but the Lords threaten to disagree. The Commons are indignant, because, by the English Constitution, they are the originators of all supplies; and although a bill of taxation must be sanctioned by the Lords, the Commons hold that the sanction is a matter of course. The feeling is increased by the fact that the Lords have already approved the increased income tax, which was only a substitute for the paper duty.

The consequence of this movement is indignation meetings in the large cities of England, at which, of course, the whole position, character, and necessity of the House of Lords will be vehemently discussed. A body of hereditary legislators is, in its very nature, a dangerous body; and when they are brought into direct collision with the immediate representatives of the great mass of the people, upon a question which involves every man's pocket, they will be criticised with all the rigor of modern political philosophy. As might be supposed Mr. Bright leads the charge. He has already put himself upon the record in the question of Lords against Commons. He regards the Peers as a body sometimes ornamental, sometimes not, but always expensive and useless. The Upper House should certainly take care that it does not force the people of England to consider whether Mr. Bright's opinion may not be correct.

OUR VISITORS AND OURSELVES.

There are undoubtedly gentlemen and ladies in America, but what a pity that the Japanese will never know it! They have seen some, probably, during their visit here, but they could not know them in the multitude. They know the gentleman who smashed his hat over their eyes in Baltimore; the lady who filled up the window in Philadelphia; the shouting, staring, insulting mob which has dogged them every where. Perhaps the Baltimore gentleman was drunk. But what right have we to allow drunken men to insult strangers and guests? Suppose Mr. Dallas in England, or Mr. Faulkener in France, or Mr. Appleton, who is going to Russia, to be treated in those countries as we have treated the Japanese. We might not go to war about it, but we should certainly say that they were not yet sufficiently civilized to have embassadors sent to them.

The drollest part of the whole thing is that we speak of the Japanese as if they were barbarians and savages. But we have yet to read of the moment during these proceedings in which the Japanese gentlemen have not been quite as dignified, intelligent, and well-bred as any gentlemen in any country or time. The barbarism and savage behavior have been entirely upon our part; and it is a fair question whether the princes will not return with a profound regret that Japan has so far foregone her ancient traditions as to open her ports to the desolating influx of Western civilization.

The poor men have been carted about our noisome streets in the blazing mid-summer sun. They have seen the Battery, the Park, Trinity Church, the St. Nicholas Hotel, Grace Church, Union Place, the Statue of Washington, the Cooper Institute, and the Bowery. They have been blinded and deafened by a pageant utterly destitute of any thing which appeals to the imagination—and which is to a true pageant what the beating of a tom-tom is to music. It is to be hoped they will leave town before Mr. Heenan arrives. It would be a pity to have two great ovations conflicting with each other.

"THE WORLD."

The new daily morning newspaper of which so much has been said, and whose issue was awaited with general curiosity, has at last appeared. It is a quarto sheet, rather larger than the similar journals, and in typographical complexion closely resembling the *Tribune*.

Of course those who are familiar with the workings of the newspaper world, and some who are not, know what a large outlay of capital, and what incessant effort, tact, ability, and experience are necessary in the conduct of a daily metropolitan sheet of the claims and scope of the *World*. They also know that the profits of such a paper are not derived from the sale of the copies, but from the advertisements. It is pleasant, therefore, to observe that the new enterprise starts with well-filled advertising columns; and if it shall pursue the policy of reasonable charges, we see no reason to apprehend that those columns will be soon stripped.

Of the feasibility of a new morning paper, and of its ultimate success without materially injuring any paper now existing, we have little doubt, if it be only wisely conducted. The field of such competition is an omnibus—there is always room for one more, provided he knows how to keep his seat. Of course it is an animated struggle. In these days, and in this country, a paper must understand what audience it means to address; and the sagacity of an editor is proved by the accuracy of his estimation of the number and power of that audience.

The *World* takes its ground fairly. It proposes to give the news as news, not as material for grotesque comment; to discuss all questions of public interest from the Christian point of view; and, in general, to seek rather to lead than to follow public opinion. Its price is very small. One cent for a copy of such a paper seems incredible. But we do the proprietors the justice to believe that they have not undertaken the matter without careful consideration of that and all other points.

We welcome the *World* into the ranks, and wish it a long and prosperous career.

THE LOUNGER.

A LITTLE JOURNEY AT HOME.

The other morning the Lounger made an "uncommercial" journey. It was not in unknown countries, and yet it was a journey of exploration and discovery. His route lay through the Bowery and the Third Avenue to Thirteenth Street, where he left the car in which, with a friend bent upon the same purpose, he had accomplished so much of the distance; and turning into Thirteenth Street East they coasted along the area railings until they reached Number 137. The house looks like a thousand other houses in New York, just as San Salvador looked like a hundred other islands that Columbus had seen. A comely maid was sweeping the hot sidewalk in front, a strawberry woman was calling out with a shrill voice that she had the fruit to sell, and a dust wagon jogged by jerking out petulant little rings from a string of bells that hung behind the driver's seat. No. 137 East Thirteenth Street is a pleasant, handsome house in a pleasant, handsome part of the street, and we rang the bell cheerfully, chatting of many things, but carefully saying very little of what we had come to see.

No, it was not a dentist's; it was not a celebrated surgeon's; it was not a fashionable "meedjums;" it was not a convenient clergyman's, who was about to unite the Lounger and his friend (whose sex, it will be observed, has not yet been mentioned) in the holy bonds of matrimony. No, it was what in many guesses you would scarcely guess. Did you know that about one in every six hundred children is born imbecile? We had come to see a school for idiot children. You think it not a very pleasant business for the fresh June morning? But if the noblest metaphor of the divine coming be that it makes the wilderness blossom like the rose, what will you say of that advent of divine light which irradiates the hitherto blank desert of a human soul with knowledge? We all have a very great and very natural admiration of the heroic men who explore what seem inaccessible mountain heights, who pierce the polar mystery, and push trails across waste plains. Whoever attempts an apparently impossible victory over the impediments of outward nature is canonized in our wonder and respect. What shall we say, then, of him who believes that he can throw a ray of light across the dense darkness of intellectual and moral night? Whatever we ought to say we don't say much. In all matters of moral and intellectual and physical progress we have complacently made up our minds that virtue is its own reward. Edward Jenner was certainly one of the greatest of human benefactors. The saving of life since his discovery of vaccination has been immense. But when it was proposed to give him twenty thousand pounds by Parliament there was a tremendous outcry, and with difficulty ten thousand were voted. Suppose he had been Major-General Edward Jenner, K.C.B., and had murdered a few hundred natives in India: he would have returned to England in a whirlwind of glory—would have knelt before the King and risen Baron Jenner of Jenner, or the most noble the Marquis of the Ganges, with estates and revenues without end.

Perhaps we think of these things as we stand upon the door-step of No. 137, and are presently admitted. The interior of the house is light and airy; and after waiting for a moment in a little reception-room, Mr. Richards, the Principal, enters, and then we all go up to the school-room.

For twelve years Mr. Richards has been devoted to this purpose. Like Doctor Howe in Massachusetts, and men in Europe, whose names are illustrious among a very few as practical philanthropists, Mr. Richards early followed the leading of his special capacity, and for four or five years was assistant Professor of the Idiotic Asylum of Massachusetts, for three years Principal of the Philadelphia Training School for idiotic and feeble-minded children, and for about three years past has conducted a private school of the same kind in Harlem, New York. Now Harlem is a very pleasant spot, and reasoning by the Railway Guide, it is not very far off. But practically Harlem is six thousand miles from New York. Who has not been through Harlem? But who ever saw any body stop there? When Mr. Richards went to Harlem, therefore, he withdrew from the world. He has lately returned, and now conducts his school, which is private, at the number in the street already mentioned.

At present he has but eight pupils; the oldest is a girl about fourteen, the youngest a boy about five. They sat in a spacious room full of light, with a large bow window looking out over gardens to St. George's Church. It is, probably, the cheerfulest school-room in the city. As we entered they all looked at us from their seats at little desks, and we looked curiously at them. It was a sad sight—sunny as the room was. The children were perfectly neat in their clothes and persons, they made no noise—two or three had a restless motion of the head; but you felt precisely as Mr. Richards said, that here were human beings "arrested in their development." One boy, little George, about eight years old, sat perfectly motionless in his small chair, his attenuated hands crossed in his lap, a kind of set half smile upon his face, and his eyes, generally fixed, had a dazzled look as if covered by a film. They were half gentle but wild, like the eyes of an animal—a gazelle, for instance, without the bright clearness. His difficulty is tendency to insanity. He has not spoken for a long time; but he seemed so refined and affectionate that my friend was sure he could make him speak after a short intercourse.

Charley, from Mississippi, is the latest comer and the most active of all. When he came he was quite ungovernable—tearing off his clothes, screaming, and, like most of them, personally filthy. He is about thirteen years old, and there is a winning, humorous twinkle in his eye which seems to be the gleam of the usual human intelligence through the cloud in which it is inscrutably enveloped. [illegible]
picked out letters from the cards [illegible]
spelling man, and dog, and [illegible]
basket of colored wo[illegible]
the cups and put [illegible]
separated a [illegible]
ors. B[illegible]
bow o[illegible]
be[illegible]

pealed to our sympathy for his loss, patting the place where it belonged and vaguely trying to say how. They are almost all and always dumb, making the sound which is produced by holding the tongues passive in the mouth. In every manner, therefore, Mr. Richards seeks to cultivate the muscles of the mouth and throat by direct vocal gymnastics, "barring" with the tongue and lips, thrusting the tongue out and moving it about, and by inoculation. Most of these unfortunates are fed upon milk and food that requires the mere motion to be swallowed. It is a habit, of course, which only increases the difficulty.

One of the brightest boys in the little school is Johnny, and also one of the most hopeless. He has a partial paralysis, and chores, or St. Vitus's dance. He is about thirteen years. His mouth, which in lungs is incessantly and spasmodically moving, and his chin is constantly twitching so that he wears a thick bib which is frequently changed. But his dark eyes are full of intelligence; and, if I may use such a word, he seemed to have more intellectual interest and coherency than any of the children. He spelled the words of one syllable nimbly, upon the board with the sliding block letters, although his poor little arms and hands twisted and struggled sadly. When he had done his task he looked for approval, and laughed as if he enjoyed his success. He could make no articulate sound; but he pointed to the shirt collar of Mr. Richards, as if meaning something, and when Mr. R. asked him if his mamma would make him some collars when he stopped drooling, he pointed to his own neck, and laughed with delight at the joke.

Addy, the oldest girl, took me about the room and showed me the pictures of animals in which she chiefly delights. Then she read lines of one-syllabled words, "the cow is in the barn," which she pronounced slowly and with great effort. Mr. Richards told her to spell the line at the board. She went as far as "the cow," and could go no further. She studied all the time she was doing it, but not idiotically, and occasionally, with an air of expression, said something that had a vague and shadowy resemblance to familiar words.

Half of these poor children are physically disested, and I do not forget the thin, pale, sad faces and withered little hands of one girl, about eleven years old, who is weakened by a daily epileptic attack, and moves slowly about, bent like a woman of ninety. But during the three hours that we remained with them they were as quiet as eight children as you can any where see. Charley, indeed, was continually doing something—looking into Johnny's mouth, getting up and urging a more active sympathy in the bow business—evidently wanting to do something all the time. But it was all gentle, and the children seemed to be no malice. There were no efforts at attack or defense, except once when Charley came too far within Johnny's lines, upon which Johnny resisted. But a firm, loud word from Mr. Richards cleared the difficulty in a moment. Both children stopped, and Johnny looked at Charley beyond the bib of the bow. And when I remembered that these innocents, so cheerful, so childishly merry and naturally quiet, were little hells, shouted, screamed, raged, were a hundred-fold worse than little beasts but a few years since, I could scarcely see the use of it help feeling the justice of what Mr. Richards said, that he did not dare to set any limit to their possible improvement. The difficulty with them seems to be but a cataract over the mind. They are intellectually blind. But as patience and tenderness and skill can teach the blind to read the sense of eye, and if it can not restore full sight, can yet give a glimmering sense of light, so the same treatment, infinitely more delicate and tender, infinitely faithful and skilful, may lift the shadow from these souls, so that, at the very least, they may catch some wavering sense of the divine love and beauty. And in all the exquisite detail of creation, where even the tips of bees' wings and feet have their kindly office to perform in fructifying the whole process, is there any thing more beautiful than that some are shut in blind and anxious to gather the lambs which seemed mere senseless stocks and stones, and were utterly outcast and disregarded, into the warm and loving Father's fold?

It is a journey which we shall make again, and report to the reader.

A STATESMAN.

K. asks what constitutes a statesman? Can we better define him than as a man who comprehends the great principles of national progress, and understands the methods by which the results of those principles may be wisely accomplished? The word, of course, may have a very arbitrary meaning when it is to. Talleyrand and Metternich may be called great statesmen; but if we do so, there are two classes of governors, each of which is superior to these men, for whom we have no word left—such, for instance, as Napoleon Bonaparte and Edmund Burke. Bonaparte had the perception and the executive power, and did something more than hold on, which was the peculiar work of Talleyrand and Metternich; and Burke had profound political instincts, but little practical administrative power.

To speak frankly, there is no entirely satisfactory statesman in history. The profoundest statesmanship must have all its policy upon human fraternity, not upon what is called patriotism, or exclusive devotion to a part of the world and its popula-

> A true statesmanship regards other states
> ly as good neighborhood contemplates neigh-
> ...ound to the ...eral not to the indi-
> ..., for instance,
> ...sense of his
> ... spruce,
> ...low

it suited the rest of the world. Thus, as a rule, from the North, or the manufacturing section, they have strongly favored protection; from the South, or the producing section, they have urged free trade. That is to say, statesmanship is generally understood to mean the sharpest look-out for Number One. Do you say, "Of course; so it has always been, and so it always will be." Exactly; and therefore I say no historical statesman is altogether satisfactory. But you see at once, if we ask each other, "What is statesmanship?" Number One? Did Benedict Arnold do it when he made his bargain, or Nathan Hale, when he regretted he had but one life to give to his country; or Arnold von Winkelried, when he drew the sheaf of deadly spears into his own breast? Why, then, we find that a man lives for his neighbor alone, the more broad he gets the better; but if not, then he must discover what else it is that he lives by. Do you say that William Pitt was a great statesman because he preserved to England the trial of her system of constitutional government, which was attacked by despotism from without? I say, so far he was. But he could be truly great only as he was disinterested, and he was not always so far and as far as he could, without risking the whole. Did he do that? If he did, he was a great statesman.

A DIFFERENCE.

APROPOS of Earl Derby's late speech upon American affairs, in which his lordship stated that we were about falling into anarchy, "an Englishman, who has lived a few years in America," sends the Lounger the following sensible and admirable remarks:

"An English statesman regards the English government as above or superior to the English people; existing as a fruit or result of the efforts of the whole country. And the English conservatives, as a body, have the same idea. Between them they put it and polish it and hold it up for admiration.

"It is admirable. We all know that there are no imperfections in it.

"An American citizen regards government as a necessary evil; entirely inferior to himself, and his servant; to be kept in control, and to be tolerated because it is necessary, and by to that point only.

"The American government does not require any fine-drawn statesmanship or political finesse; and here it differs entirely from all European powers. The country has no wrangling alliances. It is not surrounded and crowded by other powers all envious of its growth. It has a continent to expand over. And when it has expanded as far as it has, and what is doing its work, is man's strength and energy, called out by his own selfish will and not by the power of government."

DICKENS'S LAST.

The reader of the *Weekly* may have observed a series of papers by Dickens, published in these columns in advance from the *All the Year Round*, called "The Uncommercial Traveler." They are perfect specimens of Dickens's style, as showing full—upon the little events of the author's daily experience; including such subjects as a visit to the scene of a railway accident, an imaginary tour through Europe, as he seats himself for a moment in a traveling carriage; a visit to a poorhouse for old men, and a visit to a Liverpool work-house, where the returned soldiers from the Crimea were treated; to some of the old parish churches of London; to the pretty sketches made upon the habits of animals and birds in the poorer quarters of London, etc., etc. The sketches are not long; but they are full of the humanity of Dickens, the accuracy of observation, the quick sympathy, the broad human humor, and the humanity which belong to Dickens. The writer has the sharpest satire upon red tape and the Circumlocution Office; upon the vanity of wealth in a lady's sour because Dickens found something to laugh at; and condemn even in our sacred selves, let us remember that he has the power to publicly severe upon nothing as upon what he considers the sins and absurdities of England. In his day there has been no man so powerful to expel prevailing error as former than he. For the first grand step in a reform is to show the real character of the thing you wish to alter. The popularity pleads against itself and crime convicts itself.

To a man like Dickens, London, of course, offers an endless variety of curious research. His mind and body are constantly on the alert. He goes to see and judge for himself. He is not content to read and peers into every venerable retreat, every dusty and cobwebbed building, or institution, or system, and tells us intriguing tale of what he finds. There is a peculiar charm in these journeys of an unconmercial traveler which every reader will be glad to share.

THE ABBOTT MUSEUM.

THE famous Egyptian collection of the late Dr. Abbott has at length been secured to this city. The subscription was taken in hand by many of the wealthiest citizens, and the thirty thousand dollars has been raised under the auspices of the Historical Society. This museum was collected by Dr. Abbott during his residence of many years in Cairo. He went thither originally in the service of Mehemet Ali, and after retiring from his position under that Pasha remained in the country, in which the American visitor, at any time during the dozen years before his death, will not fail to recall his frank, genial friendliness and simplicity. Dr. Abbott adopted the Oriental costume, preferred Eastern life, and married in Egypt. He was always there to hear of any new discoveries or interesting researches; he had friends among all the dragomans and agents, and was constantly accumulating certain treasure, among the most curious of the ring of Cheops, found in the great Ghizeh.

The Abbott collection is a positive addition to the real wealth of New York. The sum of thirty thousand dollars has not lately been more wisely expended.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HELICON has so overflowed into the Lounger's Letter-box that he wishes to say (if the melodious waiter will allow) that he shall hereafter make no mention of the verses which are sent to him and declined. "What do you mean by such good enough to be shared by the public he will print when he can. The Lounger kindly thanks the many unknown friends who have chosen him as their godfather before the public; and he regrets that he is obliged to decline to say even those few words which it is always agreeable to an author to hear, although they may be words of refusal.

LOVE'S TENDENCY.

THESE little verses recall the strain of Charles Lamb's "To Hester," without in the least imitating them:

> She is not rich, she is not learned,
> She is not known for beauty;
> This, and this only is discerned—
> She loves me truly.
>
> She is her mother's staff and joy,
> Her image too—a matron
> Youthful and fair, though grown—
> And I her patron,
>
> Sending her little gifts, of book
> And flower and fruit, and she
> Repays the courtesy by a look
> Which seems less lonely.
>
> Thus favors, of her life a part,
> Become to me a precious treasure:
> Already feels the mother's heart
> And the love-pleasure.
>
> Above its rock aspires the vine,
> Its youthful tendrils greeting
> Yon neighboring vine whose branches fine
> Await its meeting.
>
> And from its bold rose storm nor stroke
> The vine can wrench or sever;
> It dies in love, and falls the oak,
> Twined round forever.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

NO MATTER NOW!—A party of belated gentlemen, about a certain hour, began to think of home and their wives' displeasure, and urged departure. "Never mind," said one of the party, "displeasure now will make no difference; my wife is as mad now as she can be."

"John, I saw your cousin Isaac a few weeks ago, and he had just received a bill, which cost a most horrible gash in his sum."—"Ah, poor fellow, what did he fall on?"—"Why, I forget exactly; but it rather strikes me he fell on Tuesday morning."

"Why, Jimmy," said one professional beggar to another, "you're going to have a holiday, I see."—"Yes, I'm a thing taken its character from the way in which we view it. Thus, when Dr. Spooner dined with a friend who had three brothers-in-law, and they got into a row at the table, vesting in throwing the soup in each other's faces, the father turned to the doctor with the simple remark, 'Boys will be lively, Sir.'"

A schoolmaster was one day questioning a class, and asked how many senses there were. "Seven, Sir," said a little fellow, with great confidence, drawing himself up in his trousers pockets. "Seven!" said his master. "Well, taste is one; feeling, two; smelling, three; two ears, five; and two eyes make seven."

Buttons are sometimes made to do duty for which they were not originally intended when the contribution box is passed round in a country place-of-worship. Such was the custom as follows: "My Christian friends, a collection will be made for the benefit of the heathen in the Sandwich Islands. And here I wish to warn those of you who put in buttons instead of the proper coin that after the service down the crypt, which, while it has an effect in deceiving the poor heathen, is of no use of those articles for coin, nevertheless renders them totally useless for business."

WHAT ALLED HIM?

A late number of the *Albion* has a good anecdote of a man who rarely failed to get to bed late and sober, and did so but on the one occasion which follows. Upon his being charged by a friend that he never went to bed sober, he indignantly denied the charge, and gave the following as the particular night in point:

"Pretty much as usual I got into bed, my wife said,

"'Why, husband, what is the matter with you? You act strangely.'

"'There's nothing the matter with me,' said I; 'something ails you.'

"'Why, husband,' she said, she; 'you don't act natural at all. Shan't I get up and get something for you?'

"'No,' said I, 'don't get up, my dear,' and arose by the bedside to look at me, shading the light with her hand, 'for I know there was something strange about you,' said she; 'you are sober!'

"Now this I took as a high compliment to my self-control, and said, 'Well, my wife will swear to it, so don't you slander me any more by saying that I haven't been to bed sober in six months, 'cause I have.'"

At the March term of the Montgomery (Alabama) Court, Solomon, a negro, charged with horse-stealing, was tried upon a charge of an assault and battery. He was a slave, and his counsel, a white attorney, was much alive to the importance of procuring patrons and customers. The jury, after a short retirement, returned into court a verdict of "Not Guilty." Keesey looked around as if somebody were expected to say something, but he added to the jury, bowed to them with a grateful air, and remarked, "I congratulate you, the jury, I am much obliged to you for your very liberal patronage."

One day an Irishman was limping down the High Street of Edinburgh, from the Court of Sessions, he overheard a remark by one of the passers-by, which inquired, "That is Mr. Cox,—the lame lawyer." Upon which he turned round quickly, with his face all on a broad grin, and said, "No, madam, I am a lame man, but not a lame lawyer."

A NEW STEWE.—Buckham officiated at Perseverance at the Teacher's Convention, and convinced the audience by pointing an anecdote. He said that at the first district school he ever taught he announced one day that on the following Monday he would commence a parsing class. A bright-eyed little girl, one of the pupils, ran home and told her mother that her master, whom a waiting society was in session, and, with uplifted hands, cried: "Oh, mother, the master is going to have a sparking class!" The sewing society was delighted to hear it.

REPLY TO A "CHALLENGE."—Shortly after the battle of Princeton, a wiry Scotch farmer amused himself by writing a humorous hand upon it, which as stung one of the officers, who had behaved very badly on this occasion, that he sent the poor a challenge to meet him at Hamby, for mortal combat. The second found the farmer busy with his pitchfork, to whom he delivered the challenge of the redoubtable hero. The good-humored farmer, turning toward him, with his agricultural implement in his hand, coolly said, "Going back to Mester Smith, and tell him I hae nae time to come to H——— to give him satisfaction; but that if he likes to come here, I'll just do as he did—I'll run away!"

Some time since, while in the supply of a well-established newspaper, Hamilton, I esteemed, a humble student. Mr. F., the senior partner of the firm, was a great humorist. He was fond of the practical joke. Hamilton—his keen perception, etc. But I have all the old gentleman's failings of a good and pliant disposition. This none could deny, for the reason that none had ever seen a example of it. Consequently, he had unlimited and unsecured letters himself. But it one day happened that Mr. F. received a message from a writing gentleman that required an immediate answer, and being so busy he could not answer it in person, he wrote a message in a few lines and dispatched them. Soon the messenger returned with the following: Mr. F.: a note. Expects to be an answer to his own, Mr. F. opened it; but with all his humorous turn he could not enjoy these words, and handing it to one of his partners, he remarked, with a contemptuous air:

"Pretty writing that! What the deuce does he suppose can read it?" If I could not write decently I would not write at all."

"Beg pardon, Sir," said the messenger, "but that is the reason Mr. A. sent it back; *he could not read it himself.*"

Rest it! How the deuce does he expect I can read it, then?"

"But, Sir, that is *your own writing*."

"Eh! what! Mr. Wright!" said Mr. F.'s face changed color as he grasped the missive from his partner's hands, and, without bringing it to his spectacled, "Why, bless me, so it is; and *just as plain as day!*"

Mrs. Dr. Lydia Sayer Hasbrouck advertises in her last *Sun*:

WANTED.

An intended bride who is eligible to begin housekeeping in the same style in which her parents began.

"I very frequently see young ladies, who dare to be seen wielding a dusting brush or darning needle, thinking it a disgrace which should happen to make an early morning call.

"I am indeed sorry that ladies of 'good families,' who dare to wear their last winter's bonnet to church on this Sunday.

Fourteen young ladies, "who are anybody," who dare to be seen in the street wearing shoes with soles thick enough to keep their feet warm.

Fifty young ladies of sufficient age" to go in company," who dare confess that they have ever made a loaf of bread or a pudding.

It is said that Hobbs, the famous locksmith, has succeeded in picking one of Banqua's gory locks; he did it with a hair-pin, and succeeded so well, he has gone to work on a wollock.

"What a fine head your boy has!" said an admiring friend. "I wish I had the fellow's head, Tom." "Help of the old block—ain't you, my boy?" "Yes, father," mutter said yesterday that I was a young blockhead."

One ought to have dates at one's finger ends, seeing they grow on the palm.

A gentleman who spoke of having been struck by a lady's beauty was advised to kiss the rod.

The rhymer who wrote the line, "Dear to me is the gutter that bore you," probably had in his mind the recollection of his bill at some sensible hotel.

Verbs, John, that's twice you've come home and forgotten to bring me. Ah, mother, it was so gooey that it slipped my mind."

As much as bailie was allowed to whistle to keep his courage up, and the whistling of the bullets deem I have that tendency.

Grocer, to a servers coughing-fit," remarked a sexton to an undertaker, when they were taking a glass together, "that's a good coughing serve a living. Let him down the wrong way," replied the undertaker. "Ah, ah! that's just like you," said the sexton, "you always lay the coffin on the lose."

"Is your horse gentle, Mr. Dobster?" "Perfectly gentle, Sir, you may ride him with as little fear as a feather." A playful habit of extending his hinder hoofs now and then." "Is your horse addicted to his hinder heels you don't mean, kicking, I hope?" "Some people call it kicking, Mr. Jones, but it is a slight reaction of the muscles; a disease rather than a vice."

"Jim, how does the thermometer stand to-day?" "Goes stands on the mantle-piece, right agin the plastering."

The following appears in the *Sibyl* from one of the sisters:

> How long shall women be suppressed
> By man's unfeeling hand?
> Who will arise—her wrongs redress,
> Grant her, at least,
> Men, turn the scales, step in our place,
> Wear our long robes and letters,
> Stay in the house and sew or knit,
> Be dears at the fireside.
>
> From week to week—from year to year
> Pursue there rounds of duty,
> With what we get as acquiesce,
> And see if it will suit you.
> And if you find a pauper's down,
> And should a dollar save,
> Just look at the other side of that
> By stronger hands and brave.

Why is a fool like a needle?—He has an eye but no head.

Once in a minute, twice in a moment, once in a man's life?—The letter M.

What threat is the best for a singer to reach high notes with?—A top-note.

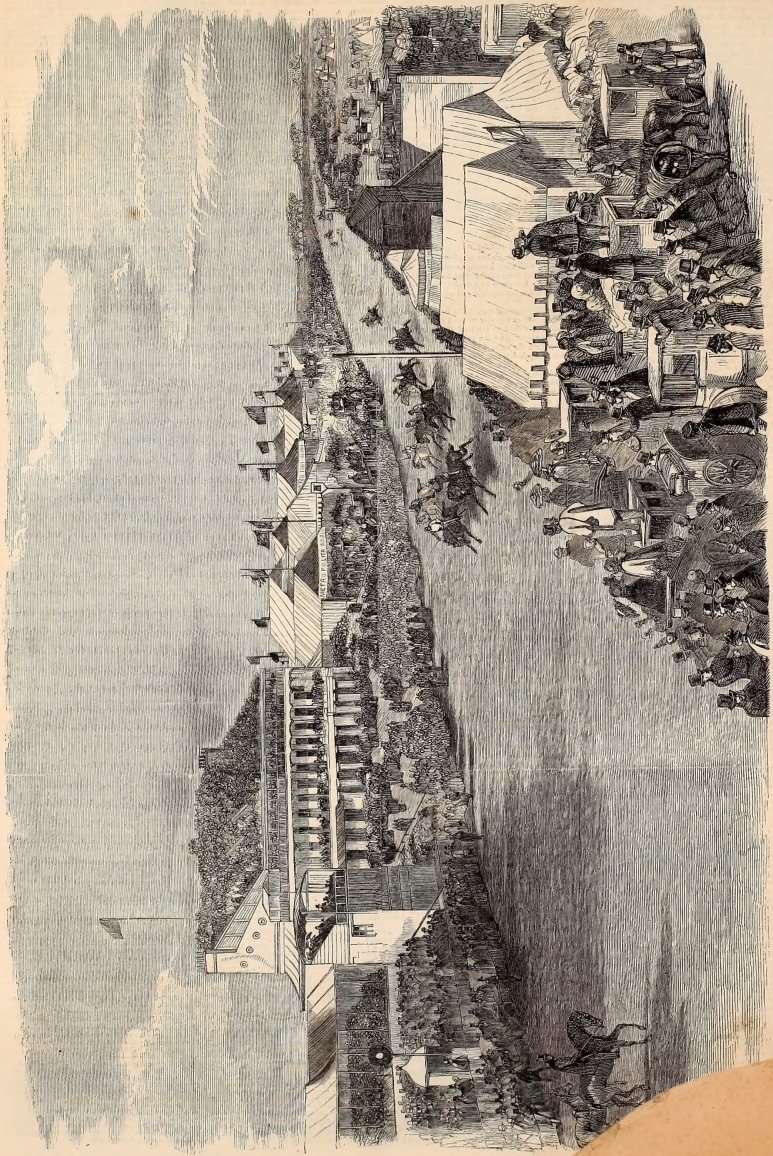
Why is a man who carries a watch invariably behind in his appointments?—Because he is always behind his time.

If a young lady has a pain in her side, can she relieve it by wearing a sash?

EPITAPH ON A BARBER.

What answer'st now folks never spoiled his repose;
'Twas the same thing to him whether stocks fell or rose;
For blest at the minister he cared what it grew,
His crops never failed, for they grew on the chin.

A FAIR CONCEIVER.—Sitting by her Edwin, at breakfast, the other morning, Angelina read the following in the *Illustrated News*: "It is stated that a plan is on foot for the establishment of paper-mills in the metropolis of breweries—Burton-on-Trent. 'Spent-hops' are to be worked up and supplied to the market in the form of paper. Samples of the manufacture are now on view." "Ah, Edwin," said Angelina, who in her excitement was regardless of her grammar, "Edwin, dear, you must buy me some of this hop-paper. You know, dear, that you've promised to let me have a dance next month, and *hop*-paper will no nicely do to write the notes on!"



EPSOM RACE-COURSE.—THE COMING IN.—[SEE PAGE 395.]

"TOMMY," THE FAVORITE OF THE LADIES.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.]

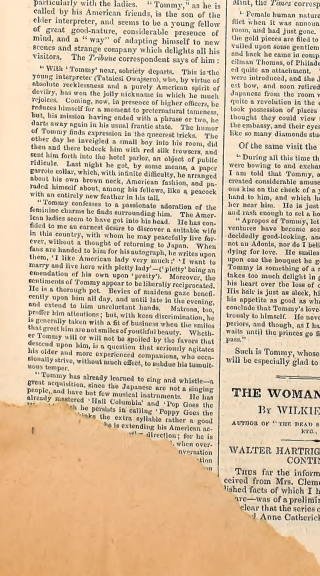
"TOMMY."

We give herewith an excellent likeness of "Tatsieu Owasjero," the youngest of the interpreters connected with the Japanese Embassy, who has become so general a favorite in Washington, and particularly with the ladies. "Tommy," as he is called by his American friends, is the son of the chief interpreter, and seems to be a young fellow of great good-nature, considerable presence of mind, and a "way" of adapting himself to new scenes and strange company which delights all his visitors. The *Tribune* correspondent says of him:

"With 'Tommy' near, sobriety departs. This is the young interpreter (Tatsieu Owasjero), who, by virtue of absolute recklessness and a purely American spirit of devilry, has won the jolly nickname in which he most rejoices. Coming, now, in presence of higher officers, he reduces himself for a moment to preternatural tameness, but, his mission having ended with a phrase or two, he darts away again in his usual frantic state. The humor of Tommy finds expression in the queerest tricks. The other day he inveigled a small boy into his room, did then and there bedeck him with red silk trowsers and sent him forth into the hotel parlor, an object of public ridicule. Last night he got, by some means, a paper gamrote collar, which, with infinite difficulty, he arranged about his own brown neck, American fashion, and paraded himself about, among his fellows, like a peacock with an entirely new feather in his tail.

"Tommy confesses to a passionate adoration of the feminine charms he finds surrounding him. The American ladies seem to have got into his head. He has manifested to me an earnest desire to discover a suitable wife in this country, with whom he may peacefully live forever, without a thought of returning to Japan. When fame was handed to him for his autograph, he writes upon them, 'I like American lady very much;' 'I want to marry and live here with pretty lady'—(plenty' being an emendation of his own upon 'gresty'). Moreover, the sentiments of Tommy appear to be liberally reciprocated. He is a thorough pet. Belles of maidens gaze bored, eyeth upon him all day, and until late in the evening, and extend to him unreluctant hands. Mahreen, too, prefer him attention; but, with keen discrimination, he is generally taken with a fit of tenderness when the smiles that greet him are not smiles of youthful beauty. Whether Tommy will or will not be spoiled by the fervors that descend upon him, is a question that mutually agitates his older and more experienced companions, who occasionally strive, without much effect, to subdue his tameness sooner.

"Tommy has already learned to sing and whistle—a great acquisition, since the Japanese are not a singing people, and have but few musical instruments. He has already mastered 'Hail Columbia' and 'Pop Goes the ...ds he persists in calling 'Poppy Goes the ...akes the extra syllable rather a good ...he is extending his American ac... direction; for he is ... when over... ...nversation ...tion ...



ferous instincts. He kept calling all his companions to look at the pretty steamer, and when she was about going away, asked: 'Is it permitted here to kiss a little girl as young as that?' adding that in Japan it was considered exactly the correct thing to do.

During their recent visit to the Philadelphia Mint, the *Times* correspondent says:

"Female human nature suffered an irrepressible conflict when it was announced that Tommy was in the room, and had just gone. The girls of the room where the gold pieces are fixed to exactly the proper weight prevailed upon some gentlemen to have Tommy come back, and back he came in company with his namesake, Commodore Thomas, of Philadelphia, for whom he has formed quite an attachment. The two or three favored girls were introduced, and the Japanese boy made his rarest bow, and soon retired. The disappearance of the Japanese from the room was, however, the occasion of quite a revolution in the demeanor of the girls. They took possession of places at the windows whom they thought they could view unobserved the *personnel* of the embassy, and their eyes glistened through the chinks like so many diamonds studding the window-frames."

Of the same visit the *Herald* writer says:

"During all this time the Japanese of the lower order were busying to and exchanging smiles with the crowd. I am told that Tommy, at one point of the journey, created considerable amusement by imprinting a vigorous kiss on the cheek of a young lady who held a child dressed to him, and which he took hold of, and so drew her near him. He is just the boy to play the gallant, and rich enough to set a house on fire.

"Apropos of Tommy, let me say, I think his love adventures have become somewhat magnified. Though decidedly good-looking, and a pet of the ladies, he is not an Adonis, nor do I believe he is sighing, crying, or dying for love. He smiles sweetly on all, and bestows upon one the bouquet he gets from another. In short, Tommy is something of a male coquette, and, I think, takes too much delight in general admiration to break his heart over the loss of one assortment of crinoline. His belle is just as sleek, his trowsers as unruffled, and his appetite as good as when he landed. Therefore I conclude that Tommy's love-scrapes will not result disastrously to himself. He never forgets his duty to his employers, and though, as I have said, the son of a Prince, waits until the princes go first, and bows lowly as they pass."

Such is Tommy, whose portrait our lady readers will be especially glad to see.

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "AFTER DARK," ETC., ETC.

WALTER HARTRIGHT'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

THUS far the information which I had received from Mrs. Clements—though it established facts of which I had not previously been sure—was of a preliminary character only. It was clear that the series of deceptions which had led Anne Catherick to London and separated her from Mrs. Clements had been accomplished solely by Count Fosco and the Countess; and the question whether any part of the conduct of husband or wife had been of a kind to place either of them within reach of the law might be well worthy of future consideration. But the purpose I had now in view led me in another direction than this. The immediate object of my visit to Mrs. Clements was to make some approach at least to the discovery of Sir Percival's secret; and she had said nothing, as yet, which advanced me one my way to that important end. I felt the necessity of trying to awaken her recollections of other times, persons, and events, than those on which her memory had hitherto been employed; and when I next spoke, I spoke with that object indirectly in view.

"I wish I could be of any help to you in this sad calamity," I said. "All I can do is to feel heartily for your distress. If Anne had been your own child, Mrs. Clements, you could have shown her no truer kindness—you could have made no readier sacrifices for her sake."

"There's no great merit in that, Sir," said Mrs. Clements, simply. "The poor thing was as good as my own child to me. I nursed her from a baby, Sir, bringing her up by hand; and a hard job it was to rear her. It wouldn't get to my heart so to lose her if I hadn't made her first short-clothes, and taught her to walk. I always said she was sent to console me for never having chick or child of my own. And now she's lost, and still them keep coming back to my mind; and, even at my age, I can't help crying about her—I can't, indeed, Sir!"

I waited a little to give Mrs. Clements time to compose herself. Was the light that I had been looking for so long now glimmering on me—far off, as yet—in the good woman's recollections of Anne's early life?

"Did you know Mrs. Catherick before Anne was born?" I asked.

"Not very long, Sir—not above four months. We saw a great deal of each other in that time, but we were never very friendly together."

Her voice was steadier as she made that reply. Painful as many of her recollections might be, I observed that it was, unconsciously, a relief to her mind to revert to the dimly seen troubles of the past, after dwelling so long on the vivid sorrows of the present.

"Were you and Mrs. Catherick neighbors?" I inquired, leading the memory on as encouragingly as I could.

"Yes, Sir—neighbors at Old Welmingham."

"*Old* Welmingham? There are two places of that name, then, in Hampshire?"

"Well, Sir, there used to be in those days—better than three-and-twenty years ago. They built a new town about two miles off, convenient to the river; and that's Welmingham, which was never much more than a village, got in time to be deserted. The new town is the place they call Welmingham now; but the old parish church is the parish church still. It stands by itself, with the houses pulled down, or gone to ruin, all round it. I've lived to see sad changes. It was a pleasant, pretty place in my time."

"Did you live there before your marriage, Mrs. Clements?"

"No, Sir—I'm a Norfolk woman. It wasn't the place my husband belonged to either. He was from Grimsby, as I told you; and he served his apprenticeship there. But having friends down about, and hearing of an opening, he got into business at Southampton. It was in a small way, but he made enough for a plain man to retire on, and settled at Old Welmingham. I went there with him when he married me. We were neither of us young; but we lived very happy together—happier than our neighbor, Mr. Catherick, lived along with his wife when they came to Old Welmingham, a year or two afterward."

"Was your husband acquainted with them before that?"

"With Catherick, Sir—not with his wife. She was a stranger to both of us. Some gentleman had made interest for Catherick, and he got the situation of clerk at Welmingham Church, which was the only one of the coming to settle in our neighborhood.—He brought his newly-married wife along with him; and we heard, in course of time, she had been lady's-maid in a great family that lived at Varneck Hall, near Southampton. Catherick had found it a hard matter to get her to marry him, in consequence of her holding herself unconnonly high. He had asked and asked, and given the thing up at last, seeing she was so contrary about it. When he *had* given it up she turned contrary, just the other way, and came to him of her own accord, without rhyme or reason, seemingly. My poor husband always said that was the time to have given her a lesson. But Catherick was too fond of her to do any thing of the sort; he never checked her, either before they were married or after. He was a quick man in his feelings, letting them carry him a deal too far—now in one way, and now in another—and he would have spoiled a better wife than Mrs. Catherick, if a better had married him. I don't like to speak ill of any one, Sir; but she was a bad woman, with a terrible will of her own; fond of foolish admiration and fine clothes, and not caring to show so much as decent outward respect to Catherick, kindly as he always treated her. My husband said he thought things would turn out badly, when they first came to live near us; and his words proved true. Before they had been quite four months in our neighborhood there was a dreadful scandal and a miserable break-up in their household. Both of them were in fault—I am afraid both of them were equally in fault."

"You mean both husband and wife?"

"Oh no, Sir! I don't mean Catherick—he was only to be pitied. I meant his wife and the person—"

"And the person who caused the scandal?"

"Yes, Sir. A gentleman born and brought up, who ought to have set a better example. You know him, Sir—and my poor, dear Anne knew him only too well."

"Sir Percival Glyde?"

"Yes. Sir Percival Glyde."

My heart beat fast—I thought I had my hand on the clew. How little I knew then of the windings of the labyrinth which were still to mislead me!

"Did Sir Percival live in your neighborhood at that time?" I asked.

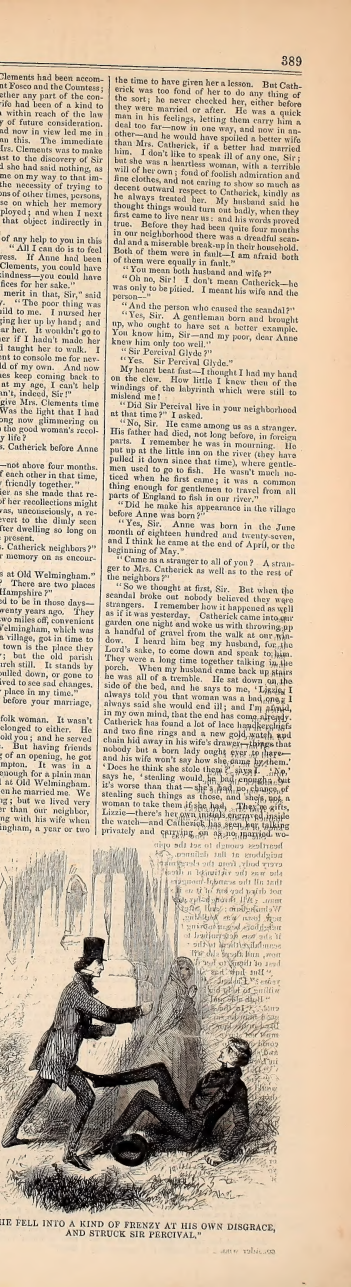
"No, Sir. He came among us as a stranger. His father had died, not long before, in foreign parts. I remember he was in mourning. He put up at the little inn on the river (they have pulled it down since that time), where gentlemen used to go to fish. He wasn't much noticed when he first came; it was a common thing enough for gentlemen to travel from all parts of England to fish in our river."

"Did he make his appearance in the village before Anne was born?"

"Yes, Sir. Anne was born in the June month of eighteen hundred and twenty-seven, and I think he came at the end of April, or the beginning of May."

"Came as a stranger to all of you? A stranger to Mrs. Catherick as well as to the rest of the neighbors?"

"So we thought at first, Sir. But when the scandal broke out nobody believed they were strangers. I remember how it happened as well as if it was yesterday. Catherick came into our garden one night and woke us with throwing up a handful of gravel from the walk at our window. I heard him beg my husband, for the Lord's sake, to come down and speak to him. They were a long time together talking in the porch. When my husband came back up stairs he was all of a tremble. He sat down on the side of the bed, and he says to me, 'Louisa, I always did say that woman was a bad one; and I always said she would end ill; and I'm afraid, in my own mind, that the end has come already.' Catherick has found a lot of lace handkerchiefs and two fine rings and a new gold watch and chain hid away in his wife's drawer—things that nobody but a born lady ought ever to have—and his wife won't say how she came by them. 'Does he think she stole them?' says I. 'She,' says he, 'stealing would be all enough, but it's worse than that—she's got, to choose, of stealing such things as those, and she's got a woman to take them if she had. They're Mrs. Lizzie—there's her own initials engraved inside the watch—and Catherick has seen her talking privately and carrying on secretly with Sir Percival.'



"HE FELL INTO A KIND OF FRENZY AT HIS OWN DISGRACE, AND STRUCK SIR PERCIVAL."

man should with that gentleman in mourning —Sir Percival Glyde. Don't you say any thing about it—they quieted Catherick for to-night. I've told him to keep his tongue to himself and his eyes and his ears open, and to wait a day or two, till he can be sure of his position." "I believe you are both of you wrong,' says I. 'It's not in nature, comfortable and respectable as she is here, that Mrs. Catherick should take up with a chance stranger like Sir Percival Glyde." "Ay, but is he a stranger to her?" says my husband. 'You forget how Catherick's wife came to marry him. She went to him of her own accord, after saying No, over and over again, when he asked her. There have been wicked women before her time, Lizzie, who have used men who loved them as a means of saving their characters; and I'm sorely afraid this Mrs. Catherick is as wicked as the worst of them. We shall see,' says my husband, 'we shall soon see.' And only two days afterward we did see."

Mrs. Clements waited for a moment before she went on. Even in that moment I began to doubt whether the view that I thought I had found was really leading me to the central mystery of the labyrinth after all. Was this common, too common, story of a man's tenderness and a woman's frailty the key to a secret which had been the life-long terror of Sir Percival Glyde?

"Well, Sir, Catherick took my husband's advice, and waited." Mrs. Clements continued. "And, as I told you, he hadn't long to wait. On the second day he found his wife and Sir Percival whispering together, quite familiar, close under the vestry of the church. I suppose they thought the neighborhood of the vestry was the last place in the world where any body would think of looking after them, but, however that may be, there they were. Sir Percival, being seemingly surprised and confounded, defended himself in what was always, that poor Catherick (whose quick temper I have told you of already) fell into a kind of frenzy at his own disgrace and struck Sir Percival. He was no match (and I am sorry to say it) for the man who had wronged him, and he was thrown in the most summary manner before the neighbors, who had come to the place on hearing the disturbance, could run to the part them. And it happened toward evening; and before nightfall, when my husband went to Catherick's house, he was positively known where. No. 'My living soul in the village ever saw him again. He knew too well by that time what his wife's vile reason had been for marrying him; and left her his misery and disgrace—especially after what had happened to him with Sir Percival—too keenly. The chairwoman of the parish put an advertisement in the paper, begging him to come back, and saying that he should not lose his situation or his friends. But Catherick had too much pride and spirit, as some people said—too much feeling, as I think, Sir, even to listen to offers approaching to a live down the memory of his disgrace. My husband heard from him when he had left England, and heard a second time when he was settled and doing well in America. He is alive there now, as far as I know, but none of us in the old country—his wicked wife above all—are ever likely to set eyes on him again."

"What became of Sir Percival?" I inquired.

"Did he stay in the neighborhood?"

"Not he, Sir. The place was too hot to hold him. He was heard at high words with Mrs. Catherick the same night when the storm broke out, and the next morning he took himself off."

"And Mrs. Catherick? Surely she never remained in the village among the people who knew of her disgrace?"

"She did, Sir. She was hard enough and heartless enough to set the opinions of all her neighbors at the proper defiance. She declared, positively, from the clergyman downward, that she was the victim of a dreadful mistake, and that all the scandal-mongers in the district would not drive her out of it as if she was a guilty woman. All through my time she lived at Old Welmingham, and after my time, when the new town was building, and the respectable neighbors began moving to it, she moved too, as if she was determined to live among them in the scandalize them to the very last. There she is now, and there she will stop, in defiance of the best of them, to her dying day."

"But how has she lived through all these years?" I asked. "Was her husband able and willing to help her?"

"Both able and willing, Sir," said Mrs. Clements. "In the second letter he wrote to a good man he said she had borne his name, and lived in his home, and, wicked as she was, she must not starve like a beggar in the street. He could afford to make her some small allowance, and she might draw for it quarterly at a place in London."

"Did she accept the allowance?"

"Not a farthing of it, Sir. She said she would never be beholden to Catherick for bit or drop if she lived to be a hundred. And she has kept her word ever since. When my poor dear husband died, and left all to me, Catherick's letter was put in my possession with the other things, and I told her to let me know if she was ever in want. 'I'll let all England know I'm in want,' she said, 'before I tell Catherick, or any friend of Catherick's. Take that for your answer, and give it to *him* for an answer if he ever writes again."

"Do you suppose that she had money of her own?"

"Very little, if any, Sir. It was said, and said truly, I am afraid, that her means of living came privately from Sir Percival Glyde."

After that last reply I waited a little to reconsider what I had heard. If I unreservedly accepted the story so far, it was now plain that no approach, direct or indirect, to the Secret had yet been revealed to me, and that the pursuit of my object had ended again in leaving me free to face with the most palpable and the most disheartening failure.

But there was one point in the narrative which made me doubt the propriety of accepting it unreservedly, and which suggested the idea of something hidden below the surface. I could not account to myself for the circumstance of the clerk's guilty wife voluntarily living out all her after-existence on the scene of her disgrace. The woman's own proposal of a settlement that she had taken this strange course as a practical assertion of her innocence did not satisfy me. It seemed to my mind more natural and more probable to assume that she was not so completely in the secret in this matter as she had herself asserted. In that case who was the likeliest person to possess the power of compelling her to remain at Welmingham? The person unquestionably from whom she derived the means of living. She had refused assistance from her husband, she had no adequate resources of her own, she was a friendless, distraced woman: from what source should she derive help but from the source at which report pointed—Sir Percival Glyde?

Reasoning on these assumptions, and always bearing in mind the one certain fact to guide me, that Mrs. Catherick was in possession of the Secret, I easily understood that it was Sir Percival's interest to keep her at Welmingham, because her character in that place was certain to isolate her from all communication with her former neighbors, and to allow her no opportunities of talking incautiously in moments of free intercourse with inquisitive people. But was that what was the mystery to be concealed? Not Sir Percival's infamous connection with Mrs. Catherick's disgrace—that was known, and was the very people who knew of it. Not the suspicion that he was Anne's father—for Welmingham was the place in which that suspicion was inevitably exist. If I accepted the guilty appearances described to me as unreservedly as Mrs. Clements had accepted them, I arrived at the same superficial conclusion which Mr. Catherick and all his neighbors had drawn, where was the deception in all this? And herein of a dangerous secret between Sir Percival and Mrs. Catherick which had been kept hidden from all time to the present. And yet in those stolen meetings, in those familiar whisperings between the clerk's wife and Sir Percival, was the vestige of the clew to discovery existed beyond a doubt.

Was it possible that appearances in this case had pointed one way, while the truth lay, all the while unsuspected, in another direction? Could Mrs. Catherick's accusation of Sir Percival as the victim of a dreadful mistake, by any possibility be true? Or, assuming it to be false, could the revelation which accused Sir Percival with her guilt have been founded in some inconceivable error? Had Sir Percival by any chance asserted the innocence of Mrs. Catherick for the sake of diverting from himself some other suspicion that might be right? Here, if I could find it, here was the approach to the Secret—the hidden deep under the surface of the apparently unpromising story which I had just heard.

My next questions were now directed to the one object of ascertaining whether Mrs. Catherick had or had not arrived truly at the conviction of his wife's infidelity. The answers I received from Mrs. Clements left me no doubt whatever on that point. Mrs. Catherick had, on the clearest evidence, compromised her reputation while a single woman by a private person unknown, and had married to save her character. It had been positively ascertained, by calculations of time and place, that Anne was born particularly, that the daughter who bore her husband's name was not her husband's child.

The next object of my inquiry was to ascertain whether that Sir Percival must have been the father of Anne, was clear in all its greater difficulties. I was in no position to try the probabilities on one side or on the other, in this interview, by any better test than the test of personal remembrance.

"I suppose you often saw Sir Percival when he was in your village?" I said.

"Yes, Sir, very often," replied Mrs. Clements.

"Did you ever observe that Anne was like him?"

"She was not at all like him. Sir."

"Was she like her mother, then?"

"Not like her mother either, Sir. Mrs. Catherick was dark and full in the face."

Not like her mother, and not like her (supposed) father. I knew that the test by personal resemblance was false. But as no publicly confirmed fact, on the other hand, it was not to be altogether rejected on that account. Was it possible to strengthen the evidence by even comparing any conclusive facts in relation to the lives of Mrs. Catherick and Sir Percival before they either of them appeared at Old Welmingham? When I asked my next questions I put them with this view.

"Was Sir Percival first appeared in your neighborhood," I said, "did you hear where he had come from last?"

"No, Sir. Some said from Blackwater Park, and some said from Scotland, but nobody knew."

"Was Mrs. Catherick living in service at Varneck Hall immediately before her marriage?"

"Yes, Sir."

"And did she been long in her place?"

"Three or four years, Sir; I am not quite certain which."

"Did you ever hear the name of the gentleman to whom Varneck Hall belonged at that time?"

"Yes, Sir. His name was Major Donthorne."

"Did Mr. Catherick, or did any one else you knew, ever hear that Sir Percival was a friend of Major Donthorne's, or ever see Sir Percival in the neighborhood of Varneck Hall?"

"Catherick never did, Sir, that I can remember—nor any one else, either, that I know of."

I noted down Major Donthorne's name and address, on the chance that he might still be alive, and that he might be useful at some future time to apply to him. Meanwhile, the impression on my mind was now decidedly adverse to the opinion that Sir Percival was Anne's father, and decidedly favorable to the conclusion that the secret of his stolen interviews with Mrs. Catherick was entirely unconnected with the disgrace which the woman had inflicted on her husband's good name. I could think of no further inquiries which I might make to strengthen this impression—I could only encourage Mrs. Clements to speak next of Anne's early days, and await for any new suggestion which might in this way offer itself to me.

"I have not heard yet," I said, "how the poor child, born in all this sin and misery, came to be trusted, Mrs. Clements, to your care."

"There was nobody else, Sir, to take the little helpless creature in hand," replied Mrs. Clements. "The wicked mother seemed to hate her—and Mrs. Catherick in fault!—from the day it was born. My heart was heavy for the child, and I made the offer to bring it up in tenderly as if it was my own."

"Did Anne remain entirely under your care from that time?"

"Not quite entirely, Sir. Mrs. Catherick had her whims and fancies about it, at times; and used now and then to lay claim to the child, as if she wanted to make up for forgiving it up. But these fits of hers never lasted for long. Poor little Anne was always returned to me, and was always glad to get back—though she led but a gloomy life in my house, having no playmates, like the children, to brighten her up. One longest separation was when her mother took her to Limmeridge. Just at that time I fancied Anne had died; and I felt it was as well, in that miserable affliction, that Anne should not be in the house. She was between ten and eleven years old then, and was beginning to sool, and not so cheerful as other children, but as pretty a little girl to look at as you would wish to see. I was fond of her, and her mother brought her back; and then I made the offer to take her with me to London—the truth being, Sir, that I always felt as if I had my heart to stay at Old Welmingham after my husband's death, if the place was so changed and so dismal to me."

"And did Mrs. Catherick consent to your proposal?"

"No, Sir. She came back from the north harder and bitterer than ever. Folks did say that she had been obliged to ask Sir Percival's leave to go, to begin with, and that she only went to nurse her dying sister at Limmeridge because the poor woman was reported to have left money behind her. Be that as it may, she hardly left enough to bury her. These things may have soured Mrs. Catherick, likely enough; but however that may be, she wouldn't hear of my taking the child away. She seemed to like distressing us both by parting us. All I could do was to give in to her opposition, and to tell her privately, if she was ever in trouble, to come to me. But years passed before she was free to come. I knew her temper, poor soul, till the night she escaped from the mad-house."

"You know, Mrs. Clements, why Sir Percival Glyde placed her there?"

"I only know what Anne herself told me, Sir. The poor thing used to stumble and wander about, it seldom, when her mother had got some secret of Sir Percival's to keep, and had let it out to her in a passion after Sir Percival's return. When Sir Percival found she knew it he shut her up. But she never could say what it was, when I asked her, for she could tell me not that her mother might be the ruin and destruction of Sir Percival if she chose. Mrs. Catherick may have thought as much as that, and no more. I'm next to certain I should have heard the whole truth from Anne if she had really known it, for she pretended to do, and as she very likely fancied she did, poor soul!"

This idea had more than once occurred to my own mind, and I openly told Marian that I doubted whether Laura was really on the point of making any important discovery. Mrs. Clements and Anne Catherick were disturbed by Count Fosco at the boat-house. It was perfectly in character with the general direction that they should assume an absolute knowledge of the Secret on no better grounds than vague suspicion, derived from words which the mother had incautiously let drop in her presence. Sir Percival's guilty distrust would, in that case, infallibly cause him to take the false idea that Anne knew all from her mother, just as it had afterward fixed in his mind the equally false supposition that the mother knew all from Anne.

The time was passing; the morning was wearing away. It was desirable, if I could longer, that I should hear any thing more from Mrs. Clements that would be at all useful to my purpose. I therefore mentioned those local and family particulars, in relation to Mrs. Catherick, of which I had been in search; and I had received a satisfactory answer to every one of them, which might immensely assist in directing the course of my future proceedings. I rose to take my leave, and to thank Mrs. Clements for the friendly readiness she had shown in affording me information.

"I am afraid you must have thought me very inquisitive," I said. "I have troubled you with more questions than many people would have cared to answer."

"You are heartily welcome, Sir, to any thing I can tell you," answered Mrs. Clements. She stopped, and looked at me wistfully. "But I do wish," said the poor woman, "you could have told me a little more about Anne, Sir. I thought I saw something in your face, when you came in, which looked as if you could. You can't think how hard it is not even to know whether she is living or dead. I could bear it better if I was only certain. You said you never expected we should see her alive again. Do you know, Sir—do you know for truth—that it has pleased God to take her?"

I was not proof against this appeal; it would have been unspeakably mean and cruel of me if I had resisted it.

"I am afraid there is no doubt of the truth," I answered gently. "I know of nothing in my own mind, that her troubles in this world are over."

The poor woman dropped into her chair, and hid her face from me. "Oh, Sir," she said, "how did you know it? Who can have told you?"

"No one has told me, Mrs. Clements. But I have reasons for feeling sure of it—reasons which I promise you shall know as soon as I can safely explain them. I am certain she was not neglected in her last moments—I am certain the heart-complaint, from which she suffered so sadly, was the true cause of her death. You shall feel as sure of it as I do, when you shall know, before long, that she is buried in a quiet country church-yard; in a pretty, peaceful place, which you might have chosen with her yourself."

"Dead!" said Mrs. Clements; "dead so young—and I am left to hear it! I made her first short frocks. I taught her to walk. The first time she ever said Mother she said it to me; and now I am left and Anne is taken! Did you say, Sir," said the poor woman, removing her handkerchief, and looking at me pitifully up at me for the first time—"did you say that she had been nicely buried? Was it the sort of funeral she would have had if she had really been my own child?"

I assured her that it was. She seemed to take unspeakable comfort in my answer to this end a comfort in it, which no other and higher considerations could afford. "I would have broken my heart," she said, simply, "if Anne had not been nicely buried; but how do you know it, Sir? who told you?" I once more entreated her to wait until I could speak to her more unreservedly. "You are sure to see me again," I said; "for I have a favor to ask, when you next see me, which concerns nobody but Mary or two."

"Don't keep it waiting, Sir, on my account," said Mrs. Clements. "Never mind my crying, if I can be of use. If you have any thing on your mind to say to me, Sir, please to say it now."

"I only wished to ask you one last question," I replied. "I only wanted to know Mrs. Catherick's address at Welmingham."

My request so startled Mrs. Clements that for the moment even the sense of Anne's death seemed to be driven from her mind. Her tears suddenly ceased to flow, and she sat looking at me in the most astonished manner.

"For the Lord's sake, Sir!" she said, "what do you want with Mrs. Catherick?"

"I want this, Mrs. Clements," I replied: "I want to know the secret of those private meetings of hers with Sir Percival Glyde. There is something more, in what you have told me of that woman's past conduct and of that man's past relations with her, than you or any of your neighbors ever suspected. There is a Secret we none of us know of between those two, and I must go to Mrs. Catherick with the resolution to find it out."

"Think twice about it, Sir!" said Mrs. Clements, rising in her earnest alarm and laying her hand on my arm. "She's an awful woman—you don't know her as I do. Think twice about it, Sir!"

"I am sure your warning is kindly meant, Mrs. Clements. But I am determined to see the woman, whatever comes of it."

Mrs. Clements looked me anxiously in the face.

"I see your mind is made up, Sir," she said. "I will give you the address."

She wrote it down in my pocket-book, and then took the good woman by the hand to say farewell.

"You shall hear from me soon," I said; "you shall know all that I have promised to tell you."

Mrs. Clements sighed and shook her head doubtfully.

"An old woman's advice is sometimes worth taking, Sir," she said. "Think twice before you go to Welmingham."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, June 11, in the Senate, on motion of Senator Clark, the report of the Printing Investigating Committee was taken up. The alleged abuses growing out of the public printing were discussed. Resolutions recommending a change in the mode of executing the public printing were adopted. The Civil Appropriation Bill was taken up and discussed.——In the House, the Post-Office Appropriation Bill was taken up, and several amendments were agreed to; one authorizing the Postmaster-General to cause the mails to be transported between the United States and any foreign port, or between port of the United States and another.

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On Tuesday, June 12, in the Senate, an amendment to the Civil Appropriation Bill, appropriating $400,000 for arms to be distributed among the militia of the several States of the Union, was adopted.——In the House, the Senate's amendment to the Post-office Deficiency Bill was agreed to. This restores nearly all the service discontinued or curtailed since March, 1859. The Navy Appropriation Bill was taken up; the ten-minutes were conversed in, occupying one hour and not more than $5000 shall be expended at any navy-yard on the hull and spars of any vessel of war now afloat, or $2000 on her rig and rigging, nor more than $8000 on general repairs, without a previous examination and report of a survey, approved of Board. After some debate the bill passed.

On Wednesday, June 13, in the Senate, Senator Sumner presented a petition from Dr. Cleever and others, for the release of Dominique Hyatt. After discussion, the case it was referred to the Select Committee.——In the House, the resolution reported back from the Committee on Expenditures in the Navy Department, declaring that the Secretary of the Navy has, with the approval of the President, abused his discretionary power, and that the President and Secretary were therefore deserving of the reprobation of the House, were taken up and adopted. Mr. Horrit, of Virginia, strongly opposed them. The President, he said, was independent of Congress, and Congress independent of the President. He was replied to by Mr. Sherman, of Ohio, and after further debate the several resolutions of censure were adopted by the previous question.

On Thursday, June 14, in the Senate, the amendment of the House increasing the appropriation for the maintenance and defence in Africa of the squadron under the Ashley-Webster Act from $200,000 to $500,000 was rejected. The consideration of the Civil Appropriation Bill was resumed. The amendments for paying the claims of the Choctaw Nation to the sum of $2,000,000 being rejected, the Civil Service Appropriation bill was passed without amendment.——In the House, the amendments of the Whole House resolution to reduce the price of public printing forty per cent. was passed. The further consideration of the proposed grant for the Select Pacific Railroad Committee was postponed until next session. Mr. Colfax, from the Conference Committee on the House Homestead bill, reported that they could not agree to the Senate amendments of the Senate Homestead bill, and the House resolved to adhere to its disagreement without a division. Mr. Pettit announced the working of the Reciprocity Treaty with Great Britain, and the effect of placing the products of Canadages to the British North American Colonies without any restrictions advantageous to our citizens. The Senate's amendments to the Army bill were resumed, without action other than the Chairman's report, in order of study for Cadets at the Military Academy to four years, which was then concurred.

On Friday, June 15, in the Senate, majority and minority reports of the Senate Ferry Investigation Committee were presented. The committee recommended the discharge of Theodore Hyatt, the sentinel-guard at the ferry, and a resolution in accordance with the suggestion was adopted.——The Light-house Appropriation bill was passed. A remonstrance from New York relative to the Fifth Avenue Hotel was read. The Tariff bill was taken up and disbursed by Senators Hunter, Bigler, Cameron, and Brewster, and was opposed by a vote of 27 to 17 as to how it disposes of the subject for the present session. The Army Appropriation bill was then taken up, and some of the amendments agreed to. The Overland Telegraph bill, already passed in the House, was considered in the Senate.——In the House, the——the third——Conference Committee on the Senate Homestead bill was appointed. The bill authorizing the issue of land warrants in cases where the originals have been lost or destroyed was passed.

RICHMOND CONVENTION.

The Convention met on Monday, June 11, and after the adoption of the resolution, "that the delegates to the Convention having been appointed on the basis of the majority platform of the Charleston Convention, further action in time in relation to a platform is unnecessary," adjourned, to meet at Baltimore on the 21st inst., two days after the meeting of the Baltimore Convention.

MOVEMENTS OF THE JAPANESE.

The Embassy left Washington for New York on the morning of June 8. In Baltimore they were welcomed by a great demonstration, terminated with a display of fire-engines, fire-works, a review of the military, and the view, from a balcony, of about 60,000 persons gathered to see them. "Tommy" was, as usual, the sponsor of all kinds of ups. He climbed a carriage next to the rear of the one containing the "treaty-box," which so completely filled the vehicle that there was no room for him to sit beside it, or he wished to do at the station. He was already a general favorite, and every time a passing glances and gracious bows to such indies as particularly attracted his attention; and as all the ladies were on the look-out for Tommy, they were not slow in singling him out from the crowd. There was much straining of height eyes to get a look at him, when, from mouth to mouth, there circulated the words, "Tommy's coming." "Oh, is that him?" exclaimed a chorus of ladies' voices, and bouquets fell in showers, not excepting those that were thrown and handed to him.

They left Baltimore for Philadelphia on the 9th. At Wilmington a rude crowd received the party. "Hillo, old horse!" they shouted to the guide in the imperial interior; who sat next to an open window. I was seated next to him; so he said to me, saying, "what does that mean?" The next moment he had a bouquet thrust to him through the window. It had a card attached to it bearing a name in Japanese characters. "That fellow's not a bad sort, after all," said the guide, as the negro who presented it, "Well, please to give it to him." At Chester, he departed, leaving Tommy in full possession of the flowers. They had likely been sent by some officer of the navy who had recently returned from Japan. At this time the yawling bell was being rung by Tommy who had taken his place on the locomotive a few minutes previously, when the train was stopped in order to allow the ambassadors time to partake of some of their plates on the tender. They were vastmeans enough to supply them with food, finding the spot by no luxurious they at once stepped down again, leaving Tommy the sole occupant of their late seats, and to continue his journey while chatting with the engineer and fireman.

They arrived at Philadelphia at half past 8 P. M. of the 9th, and were welcomed by an immense crowd with very large procession.

In Baltimore and here quite freely treated, with one exception: two swords were taken from a bedroom while their owners were dining at the fire-engine house. Philadelphia they seem to have been disgusted with the rudeness of the crowd. The Herald reporter writes:

"The most disgusting and brutal language was expressed by some of the crowd while the procession was passing over the route. This was especially the case in the lower part of the city, where the 'genteel and respectable' must do congregate. For instance, at one point a Royal Commissioner was pointed out to the crowd. 'Look you man with the spectacles, is that your monkey you have got with you?' And this was followed by the laughter of the 'homes' of the crowd. It is to be particularly regretted that many of these remarks were plainly understood by a portion of the Embassy. This morning some of the cars came to Capitain Pompei and Portier, and said they feared from their conduct yesterday that they would be considered them very ridiculous, and intimated that they should not be so severe in their criticisms.

"The Japanese considered the dress and manners of the ladies to be exceedingly curious and not calculated to add to their beauty. They made many remarks which could not be understood by many of the crowd, but which, while it was some——the Mint, delighted——to pull one of their

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undoubtedly decapitated had it not been for the by-standers.

At the Pennsylvania Hospital one of the Japanese doctors witnessed the operations of amputation of the thigh at the hip-joint, and of the forearm, performed by Professor Pancoast, the patients being under the influence of ether.

They were very anxious to procure watches. Some four or five Yankee clocks were in their cars, which they wind up as often as possible.

On Saturday, June 16, Embassy left Philadelphia for New York. They arrived in New York by special train, and were met at Jersey City by a delegation from the Metropolitan Hotel by an immense procession, civil and military, and the largest gathering of people ever seen in New York.

THE WAY OF JAPANESE COINS.

The visit of the Ambassadors to the United States Mint in Philadelphia was next to the signing of the Treaty, their most important step in this country. The coins of Japan were assayed.—some in their presence; and we subjoin the following account of the assay, which will be of interest to merchants and others.

The coins are of gold, silver, brass, copper, and iron.

The principal gold coin is the *cobang*, of which we have three sizes, sent to the Philadelphia Mint which have been made within the past sixty years. This coin is of a dull orange, very thick, soft, and rather brittle; it is largely alloyed with silver, but the silver being taken out of the coin by a solvent, the coin loses its form entirely, and it has been a good deal worn. This accounts for the very pale gold which is found sometimes on the surface of which we have scratched of part of the surface, to show the fine color.

No. 1 in a cobang, supposed to be about sixty years old, is worth $17 50 cents, and is of the purest gold and silver; or, as we express by thousandths, it is 637 thousandths fine of gold, 363 thousandths fine of silver = $5 15. It is of oval form, quite thick, 2½ inches long, and 1½ broad.

No. 2 cobang, colored within a few years past, weighs 74 grains. It has been coated with a thin surface of silver, very nearly; the exact fineness in thousandths is 599. The value is therefore $12 39 cents. The size is very little smaller than No. 1.

No. 3 had a cobang, of the present date, brought by the Embassy for assay. They are exactly alike, except the small matter of fineness. The exact fineness in about 581 thousandths, which is precisely three-cents less than No. 2, and $12 36 cents is the value fixed. The value, including the sheet, is $3 37; without the silver $2 91. This is a small coin, about No. 3, but similarly shaped.

No. 4 and 5, two small rectangular coins, with a gold surface, which (by specific gravity) are about one-third gold, and two-thirds silver. The exact fineness as stated in the series are not known to us. They are too-trivia of much, in the estimation of the Japanese, to be worth.

No. 7 rectangular coin, is half the weight of the cobang 36. The exact fineness is unknown, but little more than one-fourth gold; the remainder appears to be silver. This piece is worth about 6 cents. It is very thin, long and half an inch broad.

No. 8, also rectangular, is called the gold itzebu; is one-fourth the weight of cobang, No. 2, and of the same fineness, very nearly. The value is $3 09 cents.

No. 9 and 10 are the new gold itzebu, brought by the Embassy for assay, and are one-fourth of the cobang No. 2 in weight, and are 599 fine. The value is $3 09, Nos. 8 and 9.

All the silver coins are rectangular, and rather thick.

No. 11, an old half-itzebu, silver, is one of several pieces which were given to the officers of the United Exploring Expedition, about the year 1849, by some Japanese sailors who had been cast away on the Japan ocean, and were picked up and taken care of. Afterwards, they were sent to the United States, and we have seen kept ever since. It was our first specimen of Japanese money. It is 1 inches long and 11 inches broad. It is 9 inches fine, silver, it is worth a little over 11 cents. Same size as No. 12.

No. 12 is a silver itzebu, colored some years since, and worth 50 cents. (Some specimens are fully 57.) Same size as No. 11.

No. 13 weighs 181 grains, and appears also to be nearly fine. It is worth 30 cents. Same size as Nos. 11 and 12.

No. 14, a new silver itzebu, brought by the Embassy for assay. It weighs the same as the old itzebu, 181 grains, and is of the same fineness, and is the same size standard (640). Valued at 33.38 cents. Same size as No. 13.

No. 15, a large, thick piece of brass, oval, and cast with a square hole in the middle, and with about 1 cent. "One hundred pesany." It is 2 inches long and 1¼ broad.

No. 16, a copper coin, circular, with a hole in the centre, size of a cent.

No. 17, an iron coin, circular, with rough edges, and with a hole in the centre. Size of a cent.

THE "GREAT EASTERN."

No care has been spared to make the *Great Eastern*'s entrance to New York harbor a success. Samuel Murphy, Captain of pilot boat Washington No. 4, and an experienced pilot, boarded the steamer Friday, and will remain in her to take her in. She will pass through Gedney's channel, which has 40 feet of water on the bar. She will remain off the Battery, at anchor, a day or two, then proceed to Pier No. 1, North river, where she will make her reception, between Hammond and Troy streets, North river, and Beach, which is now being cleared of the building lumber, lime, brick and other materials, is the largest pier in New York, and will be used for the reception of the steamer, between the streets above mentioned, and crossing Bank street. Immediately in the rear of the pier will be the space allotted for the *Great Eastern* in three blocks in length, a space of about 700 feet.

TORNADOES.

Destructive whirlwinds and storms seem to be prevalent about the country. On the 5th a tornado passed and occurred in Lykins County, Kansas, on the 5th instant, doing much damage to property. Many houses, stores, and fences were lost. A remarkable storm visited Jefferson City, Missouri, on the 6th instant. The thunder and lightning was the most severe ever known in that region. Many of the citizens were much frightened or completely stunned by the shocks of thunder. Subsequently, a tornado passed over a portion of the country was considerable. "On June 8th," says the Leavenworth Times, "a storm of wind and rain was visited by one of the most awful tornadoes, for its duration and destructiveness, that has ever been known. It seems to have commenced from the southwest, but struck the river about three miles above Leavenworth, and quarter it blew with even increased violence. Providence, in the midst of the storm, has been kind to us, and the greatest fury was exhausted in about twenty minutes. Several houses have been unroofed, and fences, &c.

THE ROPE-WALKING MANIACS.

On the 8th Samuel Hodgkinson attempted to cross the chasm at Niagara Falls. At five o'clock Blondin stepped upon the rope on the Canada side, and, with a balancing attitude, somersaulted in Indian style. He wore a cap of black velvet, trimmed with fur, a crimson velvet vest, tights a light tunic of Indian bead-work. His neck and arms were bare.

The rope is 1300 feet long; its deflection is 60 feet, and at the lowest point is 250 feet above the foaming "hell of waters" which dashes madly down the awful gorge of Niagara. Blondin was briskly down the Manilla rope, pole in hand, for a few hundred feet, when he stopped short, threw out one foot and stood, poised above the chasm, on the other, presenting from the opposite shore the diminutive of a large-sized gnat. A little further on he sat down, resting his pole across his knee; and here in the most unconcerned manner he drew out a pipe and filled and lighted it. In the middle of the rope he again stopped, and this time he stood on his head, presenting from sight, his pole meanwhile lying across his feet. Up he slid again, and, with a prolonged leap, and also a few hundred yards of the Canadian bank he landed, struck an attitude, and stood for a few minutes statuesque and motionless. He landed on the Canadian side in seven and a half minutes from the time of his start, rather pale and dejected, but not a whit the worse for the journey. He complained of the sun, which had shone directly in his face.

On his way back to the American side the scrobat ballet, struck an attitude, and was photographed by an "instantaneous" artist. Then the performer dropped his head to feet wronged because Blondin had not fallen into the trap.

DE LAVE CHALLENGES BLONDIN.

De Lave, the rope-walker, has published and sent a challenge to Blondin, offering to match him for a trial of skill in rope-walking for the championship. He proposes to cross the chasm from Suspension Bridge to Clifton, also is decided to be the most expert on an "ascending rope, with ladders, waltzes, jiggs, somersets, &c., forfeits, any distance or any height. He will agree to cross the chasm on the Canada side, from the American side, and will ask both to be selected by the four already appointed by Blondin, Messrs. Wallace, Hamilton, Thompson and Bidwell, to come to Pulaton and walk over the valley of the rocks and Genesee River, from the ledge of the cliff to the top of Garret Mountain, or elsewhere proposed.

HAVE WE A PROPHET AMONG US?

The Pittsburgh Gazette says: "We announced, a few days ago, that the Great Tycoon of Utah, Brigham Young, had left Salt Lake City, and was temporarily in this city. Unmindful of popularity with the unbelievers, and observing the fact that his public receipts would be otherwise than 'saucy,' he has been domiciled somewhere. A tall, slender gentleman strolled into the billiard-room at the Point Breeze Trotting Park on Thursday, and, observing a friendly game with one of the subscribers. He did not refuse the customary invitation of the host to 'take a hand.' He was introduced, by Christian manner. The subscriber will thank us for naming the gentleman as the tender gentleman as Brigham Young. And many successions citizens have spent the time in his company. Subsequently he was introduced as Mr. Smith, or Mr. Jones, as occasion may require, but is, nevertheless, Brigham of King Brigham. We shall shortly reveal some of the adventures of the distinguished stranger, who was in the habit of wandering look about them, and remember that 'we have a Brigham among us.'"

ORIGIN OF THE CATTLE DISEASE.

It is alleged that the pleuro-pneumonia is a disease of the Dutch cattle. Professor Simonds, of the report of the New Jersey Agricultural Society, just out, says so.

ASSASSINATION IN CINCINNATI.

Professor Gamble, of the Medical Eclectic Institute Cincinnati, while entering two ladies home from the Odd Opera House, was assaulted by a man in the corner of Main and Hunt streets, and stabbed in the breast, causing instant death. The murderer have not been arrested.

MYSTERIOUS RENDEZVOUS FOR SLAVERS.

The *Saxon* (New Providence) *Guardian*, of 30th ult., says: "Captain Wylie, of the steamer *Isabella Fyfe*," arrived here on Monday last from Cay Sal Bank, and reports that on Saturday, the 23d inst., he came to anchor on the north side of Anguilla Cay, and saw a brigantine having sailed from there early in the morning, and he saw no more of her till Monday evening. Captain Evans left the north side of Anguilla Cay at 6 o'clock on account of a heavy surge; and in going around the south side between the cay, passed a large brigantine under the cay, on the southeast under sail. As soon as she discovered the schooner steering for her, she hove to a little, and then bore away with all sail set. The crew of the *John W.* going ashore found there in a thatched house with a road leading up to it. The house was about seven feet high and ten feet square. It had a window in it with a loaded gun on it, and a globe lamp hanging up. They brought away No. 1, which was found concealed in the schooner, heard a loud noise on the west side of the cay, supposed to have come from a great many persons. They then went back to the house, emptied the water-casks, and brought all they could away. The two-casks of demijohns, some iron hoops, a few bullets, and the roof of the house, about a half of powder. They saw never the house about a dozen tame fowls. A large hole was also found in the cay, which was dug into, etc. The house is situated in a valley between two hills."

SENATOR YULEE.

Senator Yulee of Florida, in a card recently published, makes public his intention to retire from the service of the State at the close of the present Senatorial term.

Major General Jesup, for many years in active and prominent service in the United States army, died in Washington city, on Thursday, June 14, in the seventieth year of his age.

Admiral Dupont is about to be doing very well out West. "Artemus Ward" thinks that the young eagle in "the insignia" will soon be ready to take his bath. He writes: "I other primy money may as well throw up the sponge at once. I'm in the Fifth Ward, Tenth Story, Back Room, Air Gutters grate, but I think such able-bodied men need look down on the world from dressing lizards up in black cloth & white kid gloves & shoutin in a forin tung. Bleeve me, Sir, I shall not be surprised to see the eagle lead armies on to Battle instid of shovtin in a forin tung."

It is said that the Emperor Napoleon is about to publish a "Life of Julius Cæsar," which has been written by a work of great research, and on which he has been engaged for several years. The character of the Roman Dictator is said to be the object of the highest eulogy on the part of the French Emperor.

One of the persons engaged in taking the census of Iowa reported that he found a white family of considerable-ethnicity; and when he wishes to write the words "per cent," he writes "per scent."

"Tommy," the representative of "Young Japan," has won with his pleasing ways a prize in the annual money in Philadelphia last Sunday. The magnets was likely to add still more to the "treaty-box" before it left.

A bill to vest in the Supreme Court of the State of Virginia, a widely talked of as a candidate for the vacancy on the Supreme Court of United States Supreme Court caused by the death of Justice Daniel.

Professor Agassiz has published a lecture on the geology of the inauguration of the new Aquarial and Zoological Institution in Central Park, Boston, about the 1st of July.

A Mississippi planter has paid $7000 for a house in Cleveland for the exclusive use of his daughter, an octoroon, sixteen years of age. She goes to Cleveland to receive a thorough education, the daughter of a clergyman in that city having been engaged as her instructor. The young lady, although born a slave, is now free. It is said that she is remarkably beautiful, owning that a $5000 per annum.

In a tavern in Norfolk, last Sunday, a loaded pistol in the pocket of a boy went off, penetrating the leg of a boy of 14 years, shattering the bone of the knee.

Hon. Howell Cobb and Mr. J. B. Dunbar, of Georgia, are soon to sail for Europe. They go on business connected with the proposed Fair of the Cotton Planters' Association, to be held in Macon, Georgia, next December.

The Prince of Wales will be accompanied to New York not only by a Secretary of State as representing the Crown, but by her Majesty's first great officer of the household, and one who has been a Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.——It is a curious extent, representing the Queen herself, and adding an additional importance and dignity to the visit of the Prince.

Peterson, the Arctic voyager who accompanied Dr. Kane, and who left Boston in the Arctic steamer Release, whose services are handsomely alluded to by Dr. Hayes in his "Open Polar Sea Journey," is now in the Pennsylvania coal regions. He is said to be a half-breed Esquimaux, and is reported to have been cordially received by the King of Denmark since his return, and has also been presented, on various occasions, with geographical and other societies.

It is said that Arnold, the rope-walker, has been engaged on the turf has been expelled from a London club for stealing cards. He is engaged by Barnum at the receipt of £20,000 a year.

Hon. A. H. Stephens, of Georgia, is exceedingly unwell from attacks of vertigo with which he has recently been visited, and is unable at present to attend to business of any kind.

On Thursday last, Sidney Webster, Esq., of Boston, was married to a daughter of the Hon. Hamilton Fish of this city. The ceremony was celebrated at the residence of the bride's father, in the presence of distinguished personages.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

HEENAN AND SAYERS.

Two fee-simile of the Champion's Belt were presented to Sayers and Heenan, at the Alhambra London, on the evening of the 30th. The entertainment consisted of singing and dancing and dances; between the parts the belts were brought in, and the ceremony of presentation was performed. The belt was of the value of £100, richly chased, stripped all their coats, buckled on their belts, and walked around the ring arm in arm. The performances, as it was called, to be repeated twice a day during the week.

The London *Times* says it objects that Heenan is only fought two battles in his life—who was defeated in America. We are inclined to suppose he is the champion of a belt bearing the inappropriate inscription of the championship of England.

A FOOLHARDY BET.

A young man, who works in the coal-mines of Gill, near Chatford, lately made a bet at a public-house that he was to walk the length of the railway and let a train pass over him. Accordingly, on the day fixed for the purpose, placing himself lengthwise in the middle of the line between the sleepers, he lay down with his head close to one of his bet, but at the expense of a severe burn on the back of his head. He was then taken up and carried to his home, added to which he will be brought before the Correctional Police for his impropriety.

FRANCE.

THE PRINCE IMPERIAL KISSES A SURGET.

After a week of Paris in holiday attire, quiet occurred, which produced a very pleasing impression on the minds of the people. The Emperor and Prince Imperial remained some time on the course after the Emperor's departure; and when the Prince had dismounted from his pony and was walking along, the people approached to take a nearer view of the imperial party. The young Prince was the object of espécial notice, which increased enthusiastic and loud. On Thursday, July 5, while a nice little boy about his own age, accompanied by his father and mother, came near to where the Prince stopped short, and then, as if moved by an irresistible impulse, the boy kissed the hand of the young Napoleon. All who witnessed this little scene were greatly touched with the feelings of affectionate regard for the Prince, and expressed their delight by loud acclamation.

ITALY.

GARIBALDI'S PROGRESS.

The reports of Garibaldi's successes are confirmed. He attacked Palermo on the morning of the 27th. Fighting on the morning of the 27th, and penetrated to the centre of the city. On the 28th, after a continuation of six hours' duration, and during an active bombardment by the sea and land. The royal troops retired to the palace and the other public buildings. Hostilities were resumed, and the royal troops were taken by surrender, and in the evening burned down. Less is killed and wounded were considerable. In Regalbuto, Garibaldi met a great reception. to American citizens at Palermo. There was great agitation in Naples and Admiral Mundy called. The Ministers tendered their resignation on the 29th. A Liberal Cabinet was expected to be formed. Garibaldi was already carrying out important administration reforms at all points of the country. A dispatch, dated Palermo, dated June 1, says that an armistice had been agreed upon between Garibaldi and the Neapolitan General. Before termination on Sunday, the 3d inst. The populace at Naples were greatly excited at the news of the armistice. "Down to Emanuel!" and "Sicily!" were raised on the streets.

THE ARMISTICE.

While events of the most stirring character are occurring Europe, the Roman Court is curiously engaged, and in obedience to public sentiment is preparing to recently figured abuses, but in a rather superficial manner. This, which is similar to the amnesty which has been granted on the 20th inst., and the promotion of a fourth rail of the Roman Court. The Pope has written to France to-decree—this reciprocal of a holy hole being a French monument of Napoleon I. and Marie Louise. Marie Louise was born in 1776, of whom little is known save that she begged to be allowed to go to grave, was actually so late as 1853 the subject of enthusiastic letters and reports from the Roman Court. Affairs.

Count de Vengeance writes from Versailles, August 14, 1793, relative to the Duke of Orleans, who was put to a fanatical imprisonment in religious, and was at last executed in the Revolutionary Tribunal in 1793, and then Clement XIV. thought favorably of the Duke, and he was released though afterwards executed. Louis Philippe being so many sanctified by the Church. Louis Philippe is now in the Roman Court, and the Duke of Orleans is to be the subject of the highest eulogy on the part of the French Emperor.

THE TYCOON ATTACKED.

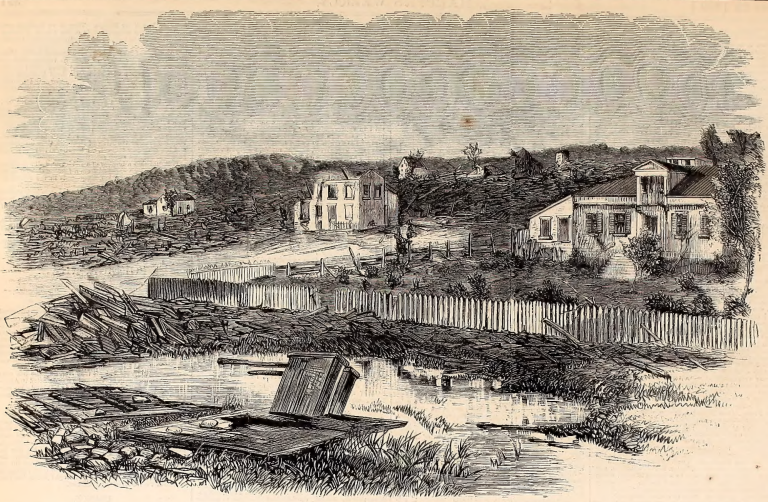
A private letter, dated Sickahama, April 3, and received in London, says:

"About a week ago Prince Gokaiso, when on his way from his palace residing to the palace of the King, with his usual guard of sixteen, was attacked by a party of fourteen. One of the guard and four of the assailants were killed, and several on each side wounded, including the Prince himself. Fortunately for him, the guard fought bravely during the attack on the Prince. One of the assailants was severely wounded, and, with his comrades, to prevent his detection, cut off his head and made his escape through one of the gates of the castle land. The Tycoon ordered the officers in charge of the gate to commit *hara-kiri*, which they did. It is thought by many that a revolution is impending, which, if successful, will result in the speedy expulsion or death of all foreigners. The Government has taken extraordinary precautions to protect itself and this place from assault. Guard-houses have been established along the road to Yedda, and also at the Tycoon's palace."

The following notice is posted in the San Francisco Custom-house:

"KANAWAKA, *April* 8.

"Prince Gokiso is not yet dead, and there is every hope for his recovery."



THE GREAT TORNADO.—RUINS OF ALBANY CITY, ILLINOIS.

THE GREAT TORNADO.

We present some sketches of the ruins of Albany City, Illinois, and Camanche, Iowa, the two places which suffered most severely from the tornado which swept over Western Illinois and Eastern Iowa on the evening of Sunday, June 3. Our engravings are from photographs taken for us on the ground by Messrs. William Field, of Fulton City, and G. H. Joslyn, of Camanche.

The Fulton *Courier* for June 8 contains an excellent report of the dreadful scene, in which two towns and an immense amount of property were in a few minutes utterly destroyed. To it we are indebted for the following facts:

The tornado commenced about five miles beyond Cedar Rapids, and moved in almost a direct easterly course. It was of the nature of a whirlwind, or, as some say, of two whirlwinds moving in the same direction, and near each other. In shape they resembled a funnel. The larger villages between Cedar Rapids and the Mississippi escaped a visit of this fearful destroyer; but much damage was done to property before reaching Camanche, and from *fifty to sixty* lives were lost.

CAMANCHE.

The storm reached Camanche at 7 30 P.M. It came with a hollow, rumbling noise heralding its approach, which sounded like a heavy train of cars passing over a bridge. Moving with the velocity of lightning, it struck the devoted town, and the fearful work of havoc commenced. The scene that followed, as given by eye-witnesses, can neither be imagined nor described. Amidst the roar of the tempest, the rustling of the wind, the reverberating peals of thunder, the vivid flashes of lightning, the pelting of the rain, the crash of falling buildings, the agonizing shrieks of terror-stricken women and children, the bewildered attempts to escape, and the moans of the dying, but little opportunity was left to observe the general appearance of the blow.

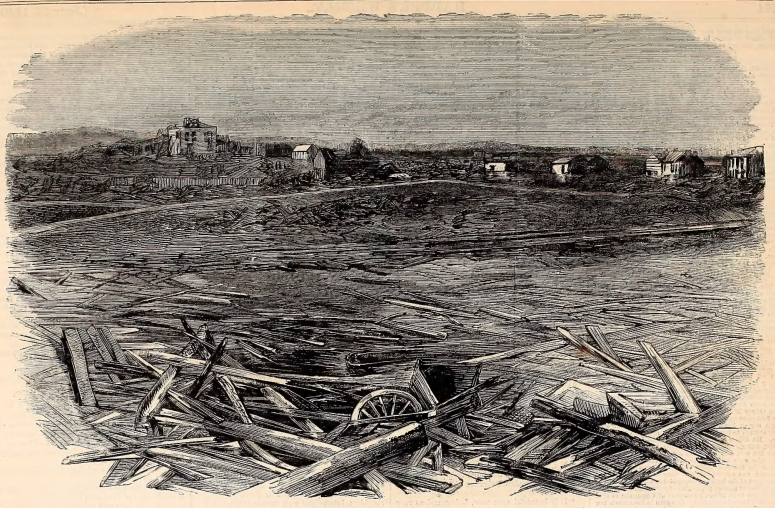
Parents caught their children in their arms and rushed frantic for any place that seemed to promise safety. Many found refuge in cellars, which to others proved graves. So sudden was the shock that many in the upper parts of buildings were left no time to flee to other parts.

To go outside was as hazardous as to remain within. The turbulent air was filled with fragments of lumber, furniture, and trees, flying in every direction with the force of cannon-balls.

DURATION OF THE TORNADO.

Amidst such intense excitement, attended with such fatal consequences, moments seem years. But from statements that beyond doubt are correct, the storm did not rage less than two and a half nor more than five minutes. It would seem impossible, on looking at the de-

THE GREAT TORNADO.—RUINS OF CAMANCHE, IOWA.



THE GREAT TORNADO.—RUINS OF CAMANCHE (IOWA) FROM THE NORTHWEST.

vastation, to suppose it the work of an short a time. Darkness immediately closed over the scene, and left a pall over the town only equaled by the darker gloom that draped the hearts of the survivors of the disaster.

THE SCENE, NEXT MORNING, AT ALBANY.

Heavy warehouses were lifted entire and removed some considerable distance, strong brick and stone buildings entirely demolished, while the lighter frame dwelling-houses were in most cases entirely swept away. We could not estimate the whole number of buildings injured, but could learn of not over three houses in the whole town that were not more or less damaged—most of them destroyed. The ground was strewed with fragments of boards. The hotel kept by Captain Barnes was not moved from its foundation, but part of the roof and inside partitions were carried away. The brick (Presbyterian) Church was leveled to the ground, and the Congregational much injured. The brick and stone houses seemed to afford but little more protection than the frame, and when they fell gave, of course, less chance of escape. But one piece of business (Mr. Pease's) was left in a condition to use. The buildings, household furniture, provisions, and every thing in fact, in most instances, were swept beyond the reach of recovery. The ferry-boat was lifted from the water and laid upon the shore. Cattle, horses, and hogs were killed or driven away by the irresistible element. The loss of life, however, was far less than could have been expected. But five persons were killed, and perhaps fifty or sixty injured.

AT CAMANCHE.

The town was almost completely destroyed. A very few buildings were, as if by miracle, left standing, but even these were more or less injured. The ground was covered with splinters, boards, furniture, etc., completely shivered to pieces. Nothing perfect or whole was to be seen, but every thing looked as though it had been riven by lightning. The larger trees were blown down; while on the smaller ones that would yield to the wind, were to be seen tattered pieces of clothing, carpets, pillows, and even mattresses nearly torn to shreds. The river below was covered with marks of the storm, and much property was lost by being swept into the water. The general appearance of the ground was much like the traces left by a torrent where flood-wood is left lying in its path. Where buildings once stood is now a mass of unsightly ruins. It is with difficulty that the lines of former streets can be traced. Frame-houses were swept away or turned into every conceivable variety of positions. Dead animals were left floating in the river or lying among the ruins. The feathers on the poultry were even stripped from their bodies. Every thing was so completely scattered and destroyed that it was useless to attempt to recover any thing, and the citizens could only sit down in despair. Until 12 M. of Monday the work of exhuming the bodies from the fallen ruins was still progressing. In one room that we visited the bodies of children and females were lying (ten or twelve in number) clothed in their white winding-sheets. It was a

THE GREAT TORNADO.—THE TWENTY-TWO COFFINS FOR THE DEAD, AT CAMANCHE.

sight that we pray may never again be ours to witness. The little children, in particular, had but few facial injuries, and lay as if sleeping.

THE DEAD AND MISSING.

To all, thirty-eight persons were reported missing at Camanche, and thirty-two bodies had been found.

Absent-nightly were reported as wounded, some of whom have since died.

Information has been received that furnishes us with reliable accounts of 339 deaths caused by the tornado along the line of the Iowa and Nebraska road, including Camanche. On the Illinois side of the river the loss of life has not been quite so great, but we think we are safe in putting the total number of killed at 175. The wounded are by far more numerous, while the loss of property can not be definitely estimated. We hear of 150 cattle in one yard in Iowa that were all killed. Farm-houses, fences, crops, railroad cars, and all property that fell in the path of the tornado, was laid in fragments. There were hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of property destroyed, much of which will never be replaced.

EXTENT OF THE STORM.

The tornado commenced in Linn County, Iowa, and stopped, as near as we can learn, in the vicinity of Elgin, in this State, thus traversing a distance of 180 miles. It varied in width from a half mile to two miles. It, of course, would carry objects sometimes as regards its direction, moving as it did with the motion of a whirlwind. We can now learn that it has been lifted from its foundation, and carried two hundred feet in a course directly contrary to the regular course of the tornado.

INCIDENTS.

The escapes in all the places where the storm poured were often truly miraculous. In Albany, Mr. Stevenson had repaired to the church for the purpose of ringing the bell for worship, but hearing the appearance of a terrible approaching, concluded not to ring it. Had the congregation been called together it would have been certain death to all, as the walls of the church, being built of brick, fell in a mass inside. We have a story that had been carried several rods with three persons in it, and set down without damage to the occupants, a distance a little daughter of Mr. Swett was lying on a bed, and was blown with it several rods into a grove, from which it came unharmed calling for its mother. An infant son of Mr. Wm. Bowen, Riley was found asleep, and it is thought that her own weight upon it was the cause of its safety. A family took refuge in a large chest which, fortunately, proved strong enough to protect them from a mass of rubbish that covered them. Mrs. Oliver M'Mahan fell to a place where the floor of the first story had been previously partly destroyed, receiving a leg or heel. The joists fell over her, but were hung around to cover the bend, and thus protected her life. Mr. Elliot had at one time been safely secure in his cellar, but going up for something, he stepped out from the cold was killed instantly. We saw two children who were killed in the arms of their mother, and Mr. Camanche the first story of a hardware store, with its contents, was carried into the river and sunk, while the upper part of the building dropped down square upon the foundation so nearly as to place there by carpenters. A child was blown from fifteen miles west of Camanche to that place and found uninjured. One man in Iowa was carried up 200 feet. A family on a farm took refuge in a "potato hole," where they remained secure, while the rest of their left was completely demolished. Pieces of boards were picked up clinging to the trees in Camanche, in the north and south directions. A wagon was lifted into the air, broken to pieces, and the tire of one of the wheels cut out of all shape. Nine freight cars standing on the track at Camanche were some distance from where they were standing. The tornado raised immediately over the house of Mr. Minto, in Garden Plain, and descended to strike the next house beyond. We noticed that those living in frame-houses met with less loss than the inmates of brick or stone houses.

A gentleman in the west informs us that a small boy was blown across Cedar River and his mangled body left in the front of his father's door.

In one family all that was left were three little girls, the eldest not over four and two children having been instantly killed. We saw where a fence found had been forced down on the side of a house, under which two hundreds of shingles had forced themselves clear through the clap-boards of a house.

Another eye-witness says:

A chimney weighing about two tons was broken off at its junction with the roof, lifted into the air, and thrown down into the front yard, burying itself in the ground a depth of two feet without breaking or cracking a single brick. A light pine shingle was driven from the outside through the clapboards, lath, and plaster, and projected two inches from the inside wall of a dwelling-house. No other known fact could have accomplished this. A common trowel, such as is used by masons, was driven through a pine log in the side of a house, projecting six or two inches. In one spot was found a large pile of bookcovers, every one of which was gone, and which must be a thousand sheets. Leaves were stripped of their tissue, leaving the fibers clean and bare as if a botanist had nearly picked it off. Tree trunks were twisted several times round, and were then broken off. The Mitchell House, a three-story brick structure, fronting south, was lifted up from its foundation and turned completely round, so that the front door faced the south. It then collapsed, and fell in an outwardly as it was upon the north, and, strange to relate, out of seventeen persons in the house only two were killed. One house was lifted and was lifted from its foundation and whirled into the river, crushing as it fell and drowning three persons, all Germans.

A plane was taken out of a house in the centre of the town and carried some distance to the river bank without breaking it.

The effects upon some of the houses near Camanche, which were in the outer edge of the tornado, were curious. Upon some roofs the shingles were stripped off in parallel rows, a barn door upon one end would be resembling the figure 8. Some roofs were entirely unshingled, and in some cases every clap-board was taken off. The sides of some houses were literally perforated with boards, shingles, timbers, and sharp stakes. In some parts of Camanche, where houses stood thickly clustered together, there is not a vestige of one left. Another tract of about forty acres is covered with splinters of about two feet in length. The lower stories of some houses were blown lout entirely, leaving the upper story upon the ground. The town is entirely ruined, and we can not see how it can ever be rebuilt. There are whole blocks of this that are cleared entirely, with nothing but the cellars to indicate that a house ever stood there.

The whole atmosphere around the place is sickening, and a stench is pervading the whole path of the storm that is almost impossible to endure.

THE NEW PYGMALION.

IT was one of those warm and balmy days that scatter the snowy rags of winter with mischievous parentheses. The dreamy sunshine slanted, like a golden mist, through the southwest window of Philip Amber's studio, and gilded bronze and marble with mellow lustre. A half dozen or so of torpid flies, partially resuscitated by the unusual warmth, crooned a monotonous roundelay on the sunny panes; and the old-fashioned time-piece that stood, grim and stately, in the corner, ticked solely, like the voice of an accusing spirit, through the little apartment, where the patient sculptor worked steadily at a plaster model, whose dainty proportions were just beginning to rise from out the almost shapeless mass before him.

That little studio, with its high, oak-grained walls, and wide, deep-seated windows, was a miniature museum of the beautiful. Grand, old paintings, copies and originals of the ancient masters, invited the appreciative eye to feast upon their mellow beauty. A large engraving of Raphael's Sistine Madonna, hallowed with its divine features a shadowy niche, that only yesterday had been taper to complete its resemblance to those old-world shrines and oratories where the devout pay their adoration to the Virgin. Statuettes of the Venus di Medici and the Apollo Belvedere glanced at each other from opposite brackets, while a beautiful cast of Dannecker's Ariadne adorned the mantle.

This last work was Philip's especial favorite. To his kindling glance it was deeply suggestive; and he once remarked that humanity is borne away on the tide of its evil passions, as Ariadne is borne by the ferocious tiger, while her fair beauty, the body, and passions the soul.

The afternoon deepened toward the twilight. An ashen cloud swept the western sky, like a drop-curtain, leaving but a narrow strip of fiery orange crowning the mountain-tops, which scarcely visible from the studio windows. Long shadows glanced the corners of the room with dusky impertinence; and the sculptor, laying aside his work, withdrew a short distance to view the result of his long day's toil.

A smile of satisfaction hovered about his mobile lips, and touched their saddened expression with a quiet grace; when the door softly opened, and there entered a young girl, whose pale, earnest face bore a faint resemblance to Raphael's Madonna di San Sisto.

"It is you, Miriam?" asked the sculptor.

"Yes, father," the young girl answered in clear, soft tones, "it is me; and are you not ready to leave your work? It is already late, and you have we here?" she asked, with an air of surprise, and she raised the curtain which hung before the more distinctly the plaster mould on which her father had been engaged.

"Beautiful, father, beautiful!" she exclaimed; "and this is Evangeline?"

Her blue eyes glowed with unusual warmth as she spoke, and her appreciative enthusiasm lent new emphasis to her voice.

"Yes, it is my Evangeline," the sculptor answered, pleasantly; "and you like it, Miriam?" "I wait till it's completed, then see what you think of it."

"It is beautiful even now, father, and so very like some one I have seen; but come, tea is waiting."

And the two left the studio arm in arm for the adjoining room, which seemed the very abode of domestic happiness, every thing bore such a tasteful, home-like air. A bright coal fire glared in the grate, the curtains shut out from sight the crowded streets of the city, and the table, spread on the tea-table, screened by a salmon-tinted shade, diffused a mellow, subdued radiance throughout the little apartment.

When tea was nearly finished a servant entered and handed the sculptor a letter, which the postman had just left at the door.

"Whom is it from?" asked Miriam, laying her hand on her father's shoulder as he folded the letter carefully up after reading it, and fell into a brown study.

"What did you say?" he asked, abstractedly. "There is a letter for you?"

"No; not for me, but for yourself."

Miriam took the letter from its envelope, and drawing nearer the lamp, she perused its contents, which ran thus:

"BOSTON, January 14, 18—.

"DEAR PHILIP,—After so long a silence I hesitate to write you concerning something which has caused me no slight anxiety; and I trust the long and well-tried friendship which has existed between us will be sufficient excuse for troubling you in the matter.

"My only child, as you already know, has long desired to become a sculptor; he feels that his talent lies in that direction, and I have not the heart to oppose him in all such eccentric ideas, and to divert his mind from this strange desire. But all in vain, as this letter proves; and now, in his extremity, he looks to you, my friend, whether or not you can take him under your guidance for a few months. God knows I am no advocate for pupil; and hoping you will find it convenient to accede to his and my request, I am,

"Truly, your friend,

"PAUL FELDING."

"What shall you do, father?" asked Miriam, handing back the letter, and regarding the sculptor's expressive countenance.

"I will see," he calmly answered. "And yet I can not well refuse," he added, musingly.

"Oh, take him, father," said Miriam, smiling. "You have often complained of being lonely, and now you need a Ferdinand to complete the comparison. Say 'Yes,' dear Prospero!" And the young girl laughed at her own fancy, while her half-awakened the sleeping canaries on their perches.

"Yes it so, then," replied the sculptor; "but guard well your heart, my little one, or

"'I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And deeper than did ever plummet sound,
I'll drown my book.'

"Spare your admonitions, father. You have no 'rough magic to abjure,'" answered Miriam. "I shall always remain with you, and never hold any one dearer."

The sculptor smiled doubtingly; and drawing his daughter fondly toward him, whispered, gayly,

"Perhaps so. Don't be too sure, my darling."

Miriam blushed a dainty crimson, and darting away from his embrace opened the Alexandre organ that stood near by, and commenced playing an accompaniment to that plaintive old Scotch air, "Annie Laurie," which she sung in a soft, soprano voice.

There are some songs which become to the heart as a sort of bosom friend and confidant, to whom we intrust our dearest thoughts and emotions. So it was with this mournful tune, sad as the evening winds that bend the heather on the Highland moors, and which found a deep response in the young girl's soul, prematurely saddened by suffering and affliction.

While Miriam sang the sculptor's mind was lapped in a tender melancholy, a twilight of joy and sorrow, as he recalled the happy past, plucking here and there from its faded pastures a few withered flowers that scented the present with the merest ghost of an odor. He was dwelling, in memory, on the sweet face of his wife, who had "gone before," and whose fair lineaments he was striving to reproduce in his statue of Evangeline.

But he soon aroused himself from his unusual reverie, and commenced a reply to his friend Felding, offering to receive Raphael as a pupil.

Miriam looked forward to young Felding's arrival with eager joy. She had always led a sober, secluded life, seldom seeing persons of her own age and station; so the coming of this fellow-pupil raised to the quiet "Bermoothes" of the sculptor's home, formed a pleasant break in her life's dull monotony. Therefore it was nothing strange that between the two there should spring up a warm, devoted friendship. Young, enthusiastic, and gifted with artistic sympathies, each could understand for the other; and their acquaintance progressed from day to day till it finally deepened into intimacy.

Some one has quaintly remarked that "Friendship waits upon lovers, and love upon wings." But with Miriam and Raphael Cupid soon gained himself pinions, and burst full-fledged upon their dazzled vision. Their hearts commended its new sentiments from the other, and each half-assured, half-fearful, a strange timidity grew up between them, and the old friendship was no longer a bond of union.

Meanwhile the sculptor had completed his model of Evangeline—a thing of wondrous skill and beauty. He might have called it the statue of a lady, rather than a mere book and abstraction was the air that breathed from every feature. In realizing his ideal the sculptor had chosen the moment, so beautifully described in the poem of Evangeline, having journeyed to the Jesuit Mission, where she is informed by the priest that Gabriel "is dead, and sleeps in the churchyard."

"Let me remain with thee, for my soul is sad and afflicted."

He represented her standing with bowed head and clasped hands, her rosary hanging from her waist, and her long wavy hair flowing over her shoulders, forming the lower of the picture.

Adjoining Philip's studio was a large gallery, of which he was the superintendent, where artists were wont to display their productions, and there he placed his Evangeline, having invited a few artist-friends, with their wives and daughters, to view it, and pronounce their opinion on the successful completion.

"Can we not have some tableaux from the young folk?" asked Philip, of Miriam and Raphael; "there is nearly a week to practise."

"Oh, yes," answered Miriam, pleased with the idea; leave them to me, and I will get them up. Will you help me, Raphael?" And so the tableaux were immediately decided upon and arranged. Miriam chose the part of Evangeline. "I will rival your statue, father" she said, gayly; "am I not pretemptuous?"

"Rather," replied Philip; "but Heaven preserve you from a similar fate, *un bien-aimé?*"

The appointed night at last arrived; and Raphael, longing to make known his love to the sculptor's daughter, and uncertain of what response awaited him, still dreadfully restless and impatient to view the wondrous statue, unconscious of its return to the studio, Miriam had preceded him there a few moments, and in the somber twilight she practiced her attitude for Evangeline.

Raphael entered silently, and paused himself in a dark alcove. Miriam had just arranged her position, and stood in graceful beauty, her auburn hair cascade lightly upon the moonlight that streamed in at the dome—pripling negligently over her whitrobed shoulders, and her hands clasped, as if in prayer for relief from God.

"A glorious statue!" thought Raphael. "The counterpart of Miriam's mother, and of Miriam herself," he added aloud. "Ah, if she only returned my affection!"

And he arose to approach the statue.

But in her profound reverie, and left the new Pygmalion confused and astounded. Gradually the hands dropped upon his bewildered mind, and he departed in search of Miriam; but the arrival of guests detained him.

A disheartening thought now occurred. When Love enters the soul he seldom fails to discover, with his keen, searching gaze, a legion of fears and distrusts lurking there, like so many ghosts, to frighten him away.

"If Miriam loves me, why did she not confess her feelings, instead of fleeing so hastily, when I revealed her mine in such an open, though unintentional manner?"

Raphael could give himself no satisfactory answer; and turning round, he saw the pseudo-statue conversing with a well-known artist. Miriam's face was as pale as Carrara marble; agitation was visible in every feature and movement; and when Raphael left the statue arrived she crossed herself from representing Evangeline, on piece of indisposition. She avoided Raphael all the evening; and when their guests departed she withdrew to her chamber, giddy, confused, and racked with emotion.

The next morning she excused herself from breakfast. Her father went to her room, and found her ill with a low, nervous fever. Toward evening her mind grew delirious; her thoughts wandered; and she murmured in a confused manner of Evangeline, and Raphael, who watched beside her, stung with unutterable fears, had implering God to restore her to health. Oh ye who have watched long days and longer nights by the bedside of one you loved with passionate affection, whose life trembled in the balance and threatened to expire, starting at each movement of the fever-

sleeper, tracing the dusky shadows gathering about the eyes, feeling the fluttering pulse, and listening, ever and anon, to murmured words of delirium—ye alone can tell how lengthy seemed that week to him, and how deep was his anxiety, who loved the sculptor's daughter with all the affection that Gabriel cherished for Evangeline!

But Miriam at last grew better. It was a warm mid-April evening; the sun had just sunk behind the hills, and the curtains of the sick-chamber were opened wide to let in the lingering light. She had slept nearly all the afternoon, and now she stirred uneasily, her eyes opened, and she whispered, "Raphael!"

He was beside her in a moment; but nothing more was said, save what was uttered by their eyes' mute eloquence.

The doctor soon entered, and bidding her be quiet, he left her to repose. Then, while Raphael continued his faithful watch beside her, but now more calm and happy. That single word, "Raphael," opened to his soul visions of peace and blessedness.

The next morning Miriam sat up in bed, propped by bolster and pillows. A young girl is beautiful in the full glow of health, doubly so when careful pleasures and dainty triumphs of her age; but she is never more beautiful than when convalescent. Sympathy, love's next-door neighbor, then joins herself to admiration, and a young man's heart is prone easily to withstand such allied forces that raise gentle mutiny and assault him in his own domain.

"What book are you reading?" Miriam asked Raphael, as she inhaled the fragrance of a bouquet of wood-violets and anemones.

He closed the volume with a confused air, and answered, hesitatingly,

"Longfellow's 'Evangeline.'"

Miriam's pale cheeks flushed a delicate scarlet, and, in a faltering voice, she said,

"Read me the last canto, Raphael."

The young man commenced reading in a low, tremulous tone; but when he reached the touching passage descriptive of Evangeline's recognition of Gabriel in the crowd, his voice could read no further; but throwing the book aside, he grasped the invalid's unresisting hands, and raising them to his lips he stammered, brokenly,

"Oh, Miriam! let me be thy Gabriel, and thou be my Evangeline!"

Miriam closed her eyes dreamily, as if listening to music she had long been thirsting to hear.

"Nay, our love will terminate in no such fate," whispered the invalid, softly. "But I will be thy Miranda, and thou my Ferdinand!"

"Ah, yes," said Raphael, gratefully. "But here comes Prospero. Let us ask his consent."

"Which I grant," said the sculptor, seeing the happy looks of the young lover, and guessing the state of things. "In the words of my worthy prototype: 'Sit then and talk with her—she is thine own.' But, sir, *ne'er*, you promised never to hold any dearer than me."

Miriam saw sunk in too blissful a reverie to reply; while Raphael was busy replying to her fair-tures, which he reproduced a few months afterward in a statue of "Miranda confessing her love to Ferdinand" that gained him great applause.

ANCELLA

BY A. BARRY.

WHEN the sun comes through the windows,
And through the open door,
With a gray and golden carpet
Striping the kitchen floor,

He can not choose but kiss her,
As quiet and pale she stands
Wringing the coarse white garments
With her little reddened hands.

He follow'd her when she splashes
Her hands in the foamy tub,
Half encircles her waist so slender
As she leans o'er the board to rub.

When round her pale, wide forehead
His fingers have toying been
I wonder if he hath listened
To the thoughts that sing within.

I know that her lips have murmured
Of Enid and Elaine,
Or some passionate words in German,
Matched with a mournful strain.

This pale-faced maid in the kitchen
Hath dreams as sweet and rare
As ever in poet's story
Had lady or princess fair.

And the sun, who in his journeys
All the maidens of earth may see,
Knows well there is not a princess
More pure and good than she.

Heroic as fair Godiva,
And gentle as sweet F——
She bends to h——
In a l——

THE BROKEN MERCHANT.

"You remember the fall of ——57?"

"It would be singular if I did not."

Two merchants were in conversation. One, the first speaker, was a man past fifty, with a face that showed marks of care and anxious thought—not present care and thought, but only the signs of what had been. You saw at a glance that life's hard experience in the business world had not deadened the best of human sympathy in his heart. The other was a younger man, with a firm, confident mouth, and an eye that showed energy and purpose. There was nothing of the selfish hardness that we often see in countenances of his type.

"Have you not missed old familiar faces since then?" said the elder of the two men.

"Many," was answered. "Many. Yet no one seems to think of the wounded or maimed in life's battle."

"No; not of what they may yet be suffering."

"How quickly a man who is thrust by misfortune outside of our business circle is forgotten!"

"Yes. Or if remembered, it is with an unforgiving spirit for the loss that was suffered when he fell. You have not forgotten T. L—— & Co.?"

"No; of course not. Poor man! He struggled hard to keep up when that fearful storm raged; but it was too fierce and strong for him. Oh, yes, I remember L——."

"I saw him a few days ago."

"Ah! Is he in the city?"

"Yes, actively, in our vicinity."

"There was scarcely a day, for years before the 'panic,' that I did not meet him. Our houses had many transactions together. But since that time he has not once crossed my path. He vanished from among us like one who dies. I have not thought of him for more than a year. And he is still in or near the city?"

"Yes."

"What is he doing?"

"Much, I think. You remember what a fine presence he had. What a steady eye, and uplifted countenance?"

"Very well. He was one of the pleasantest men to do business with I ever knew. Prompt, gentlemanly, clear-headed, and highly honorable."

"You would hardly know him now."

"Indeed!"

"The change is painful. If any who lost by his failure remember him with unkindness, they need only to see him to dismiss the feeling."

"I thought," said the younger of the two men, "that L—— had naturally a great deal of reactive power—that if he went down in any disaster, he would struggle up again."

"Such was my opinion. But it seems that we were mistaken. He was proud and sensitive; and felt himself, in a certain sense, disgraced by his failure. Some merchants fall half a dozen times in their lives, scramble up on their feet again, look boldly or bravely into men's faces, and move onward as confidently as if nothing had happened. There are others of finer or weaker stuff, who are too cowardly, or too sensitive on the score of obligation, to face their old associates. But L—— is one of these. Poor man! I feel sad when I think about him."

"When and where did you see him? I am interested in his case."

"I am glad to hear you use the word interest. It was in order to awaken in your mind a feeling of interest for Mr. L—— that I spoke of him. As a class we are to blame for the sympathy with men who, after suffering misfortune in business, shrink away from among us into almost helpless obscurity. Business honor is a sacred thing in the minds of all right thinking men. A true merchant is sensitive on this point in a high degree. Touch him here, and you touch him vitally. He may never recover from the wound. He goes out from among us, but comes not back. We neglect, perhaps forget him; he is stung to the quick. He feels disgraced. All his mind falls into morbid action. Alas! how many hundreds of such, whose faces we have not seen for years, are hiding from common observation in our city, suffering poverty as well as pain! We forget our business associates too soon. We let them pass from our memories and our sympathies as if they were only automatons.

"But I was speaking of Mr. L——. You have the old, pleasant picture of him in your mind. Look at it for a moment. Now I give you the reverse. I was over in Williamsburg a few days ago; and having occasion to make an inquiry, stepped into a little office where orders were taken for coal. It was not in size over six by eight feet. In one corner was an [illegible] gum-looking pine desk, at which a man sitting. His dress was in keeping with the place, and not exactly in keeping either; for I noticed [illegible] though worn, soiled, and mended in places [illegible] here, it was not of common material. [illegible] answered in a polite, kind way; [illegible] ered, and stirred my feel[illegible] My glance into his face [illegible] ression of that lin[illegible] said I to my[illegible] 'Who can he be?' And I tried hard to identify the voice and features. But no familiar personality came up in my mind. After transacting the business which took me to Williamsburg, I made my way to the ferry, and was stepping on board the boat to return to New York when my perplexity of mind in regard to the individuality of the man I had seen for only a moment became so intensive that, I stood still, and said to myself:

"'I must know who he is.'

"Turning, I walked slowly along the street, questioning in my mind as to whether I should go back to the coal-office, or ask, in the neighborhood of its location, for the merchant's name. I concluded to see the man himself, and so called once more at the office. I found him still sitting at the high desk, which took up nearly half the space inclosed by the office walls.

"'Did you find the place?' he asked, as I looked in at the door. There was a kind, gentlemanly manner about him, but not much life in his tones. I was more struck than at first with the familiar expression of his countenance. The voice I had certainly known before.

"I thanked him for the direction he had given me, and replied that I had found the place I was seeking. Then I said:

"'Haven't I met you before, Sir? I ought to know your face.'

"I was struck with his changed expression. The inquiry was plainly not readily agreeable.

"'Pardon me,' I said, quickly, 'if my question is in any way obtrusive.' He had dropped his face a little, and turned it partly away.

"'No, Sir, it is not,' was answered, still with his face slightly averted. There was a subdued tone in his voice, which was not sad-ness, yet no one could hear it stirred in me a feeling of sympathy. 'You have met me before.'

"'Where?' I looked at him closely, but failed to make out his identity.

"'In New York.' Still I was at fault.

"'May I ask your name?'

"He raised his eyes, and looked at me steadily for a few moments—steadily, and I thought curiously.

"'And you have really forgotten me!' A faint sigh came to my ears. 'But no wonder,' he added, in a lower voice, 'I am not as I was when we met almost daily. Misfortune breaks a man down, and changes him rapidly. My name is L——.'

"'Not of the old firm of T. L—— & Co.?'

"'The same.' My look of surprise did not seem to stir the dead level of his feelings.

"I took his hand and held it firmly, while I looked into his waist countenance with all the kind interest I felt.

"'It can't be possible,' I said. 'T. L——!'

"'It is possible and actual,' he replied.

"'You knew me?'

"'Certainly, the moment you came in.'

"'Why didn't you call me by name?' I asked.

"'You might not have cared to know me; and I have no desire to intrude myself upon old business acquaintances.'

"'This is not the place for you,' said I, glancing around the little office. 'My time was firm.

"'I have learned to be thankful for even a place like this,' he replied.

"'How can you be touched me! For my thought went back to that neatly carpeted counting-room in which you and I have so often sat with him; to the large warehouse that held the costly goods that were his own; to the elegant home in which he had surrounded his family with luxury. Thankful even for that narrow apartment, with its high desk, that to close walls as if it were a coffin! And surely the man had buried his hopes there. What a change for two short years!'

"'Is this business your own?' I asked.

"'Oh no!' The answer was quick, as if the very question surprised him.

"'You are paid for attending the office and taking orders?'

"'Yes.'

"'Do not think me intrusive, but I would like to ask as to the salary you get.'

"His brows closed a little. 'Three hundred dollars,' he replied, after some hesitation.

"'Only three hundred!' I did not attempt to conceal my surprise.

"He smiled faintly, repeating, in answer, what he had said before—that he learned to be thankful for even a place like this.'

"'But,' said I, 'you are competent to fill a better and higher place. This won't do. A man with your business capabilities must not be lost from his sight sphere.'

"'I don't know that I have any business capabilities,' he answered, in a despondent way.

"'Others know it if you do not,' said I, confidently. 'But why have you kept yourself so entirely aloof from your old friends?'

"'Friends? I have no friends.'

"'Old business friends, I mean.'

"'There are no friendships in business,' he replied, contracting his brows.

"'Business is business, and friendship friendship,' I returned. 'Because a man is engaged in business, it isn't conclusive against him that he has no heart.'

"'He may have heart for his own kith and kin, but the men with whom he does business come to be regarded as the tools and machinery by which he makes money. If they break, and can't be mended again, they are cast aside as useless, and no longer thought of or cared for.'

"He spoke with considerable bitterness. I felt the truth of what he said.

"'There are many exceptions to this,' was my answer, 'as you might have proved long ago had you not so wholly withdrawn yourself from old associations.'

"He shook his head doubtfully.

"'What of your family?' I ventured to ask. I remembered his wife and daughters. The former, a bright, intelligent, rather fashionable woman; the latter, two handsome, well-educated girls, who for years had made their way into society a year before their father's failure.

"I half regretted the question, it moved him so strongly. His face, which had shown no very marked feeling, now fairly rippled with emotion.

"'I am not asking from idle curiosity,' said I. 'My interest is sincere. You have not sought me out, but I have discovered you. Will you not speak to me of your present condition as it is?' I remember Mrs. L——, and I remember your daughters. Are they still living?'

"I was sincere, and he could not help feeling it.

"'Yes, thank God!' he replied, in a subdued way. 'They are living, and have been every thing to me.'

"'They are in Williamsburg?'

"'Yes. We live here. The girls are teaching.'

"'A school?' I asked.

"'No; Agnes teaches music, and Clara French and drawing.'

"'New York is a better place for them,' said I.

"'It might be; but we can not afford to live there.'

"He did not answer very freely. Misfortune and suffering had not, it was plain, crushed all the pride out of him. Our interview was embarrassed, at least on his side.

"'I will call on Mrs. L——,' said I, on parting with him. 'There's something better for you than this.' I spoke cheerfully and confidently.

"He thanked me for the interest I had manifested, and went so far as to say that if I could help him into a better position I would lay him under a deep obligation.

The young merchant to whom this relation was made sat silent for some time after his communicative friend left him.

"You have given me the heartache," he said, at length. "I remember Clara and Agnes very well. They were lovely, attractive girls; the reigning belles for a season. But little over two years have gone by, and now they are humble teachers toiling in obscurity for bread. I have daughters, too, and have thought that it may be so with them sends through me a throb of pain. And yet my position in business is not as good as the one that was held by Mr. L——. Will it be my turn next?"

"It is well," said the oldest of the two men, "to bring these matters home to ourselves. It will help us to sympathy for others. Among business men there is too little sympathy for the unfortunate. They go down amidst the stormy waters, and no man thinks of grappling to save them."

"We must save L——," responded the other, resolutely.

"We must. Only three hundred dollars for such a man! Just think of it! Now I will tell you what we can do, if we go rightly to work. I have thought it out; but much will depend on you, as you are younger and more active than I am."

"Tell me what to do and the thing shall be done."

"There is to be an election for President of the A—— Insurance Company on next Monday. L—— is a director, and the salary is twenty-five hundred dollars. I own a few shares of stock, and so do you; and what is better, you are a Director."

"The very place for him!" And the younger of the two merchants struck his hands together. "But how is it to be managed? Colonel is talked about for the place."

"He isn't fit for it. L—— must get the election; and I think you and I can bring the right influence to bear to that end, at least."

"We will!" was the resolute answer.

Where there is a will there is usually the way. A week from the time our kind-hearted merchant met Mr. L—— in his humble position of clerk in a coal-office he saw him again in the same place, and handed him, without a word of comment, a letter announcing his election as President of the A—— Insurance Company. Mr. L—— read it twice before making any response. Then there was a change in his countenance that showed how deep into the merchant's face.

"This is your good work," he said, quietly.

"I have taken part in it," replied the merchant.

L—— grasped his hand, held it tightly for a few moments, and then, as tears fell over his cheeks, said, in a broken voice,

"God bless you!"

The merchant had his reward at that moment in full measure, shaken down and running over.

Captain Brand,

OF THE

SCHOONER "CENTIPEDE."

A PIRATE OF EMINENCE IN THE WEST INDIES;

His Loves and Exploits,

TOGETHER WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE SINGULAR MANNER BY WHICH HE RECEIVED THIS TITLE.

By LIEUT. H. A. WISE, U.S.N.

(HARRY GRINGO),

AUTHOR OF "LOS GRINGOS" AND "TALES FOR THE MARINES."

ILLUSTRATED BY

C. PARSONS AND A. LUMLEY.

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CHAPTER XXII.

PLEASURE.

"Babette," said Captain Brand, as he tapped a spoon against his coffee-cup and puffed his cigar—while the stout dumb negress was removing the remains of the light dinner—"Babette, old girl, you know that we are going to leave here in a few days, and I should like to know whether you care to go with us or remain here on the island."

The negress made a guttural grunt of assent, and nodded her head till the ends of her Madras turban fluttered.

"Ho! you do, eh? Well, my Babe! I shall be sorry to leave you, for you will be very lonely here, and it may be a long, very long time before I come up this way."

Babette jerked her chin up this time and did not grunt.

"It's all the same, eh? old lady! Well; I shall leave enough to eat to last you a lifetime; but you will have to change your quarters, my Babe, and live in the Padre's shed, for I—I don't think this house will be inhabitable long after I am gone."

The negress gave another grunt and nod of assent.

"Yes. Well, old lady, the matter is decided, then; but in case you should have any visitors here after we have gone, you won't take any trouble to describe to them what you have seen here? No! That shake of your head convinces me—not if they roast you alive?"

The hideous sign of understanding that the woman expressed in her dumb way would have convinced any body without the trouble of uttering a word.

"Bueno," said Captain Brand, "that will do for to-day."

Rising as he spoke, he stepped to a cabinet, slipped a large handful of doubloons in his trowsers-pocket, put on his hat, and walked out.

The sea-breeze swept over the island with its full strength, making the lofty cocoa-nuts bow their lofty heads, the plantain-trees shake their broad flat leaves and clash the stems together. The mangroves bent, too, before the wind, and the small eddied loop in tiny whirls amidst the great expanse of cactus, while the vessels swung with taut chains to their anchors. Even Captain Brand's hat nearly was blown off his dry light hair as he joined his compadre Don Ignacio at the landing; and the sandy dust blinded—though only for a moment—that ancient individual's optic, and put out his cigarrito as they struggled against the intelligent breeze. But they walked on in the direction of the sheds, and as they passed through the court-yard where the men were lounging about in yawning groups or sitting under the piazza, playing cards—getting up and touching their hats as their chief passed—Don Pedillo accosted him thus:

"Capitano, the people are thirsty, and desire a small barrel of wine."

"Not a drop, Señor Pedillo—not so much as would wet the bill of a mosquito! To-morrow at daylight let all hands be called, for we have work to do, and we must be quick to do it."

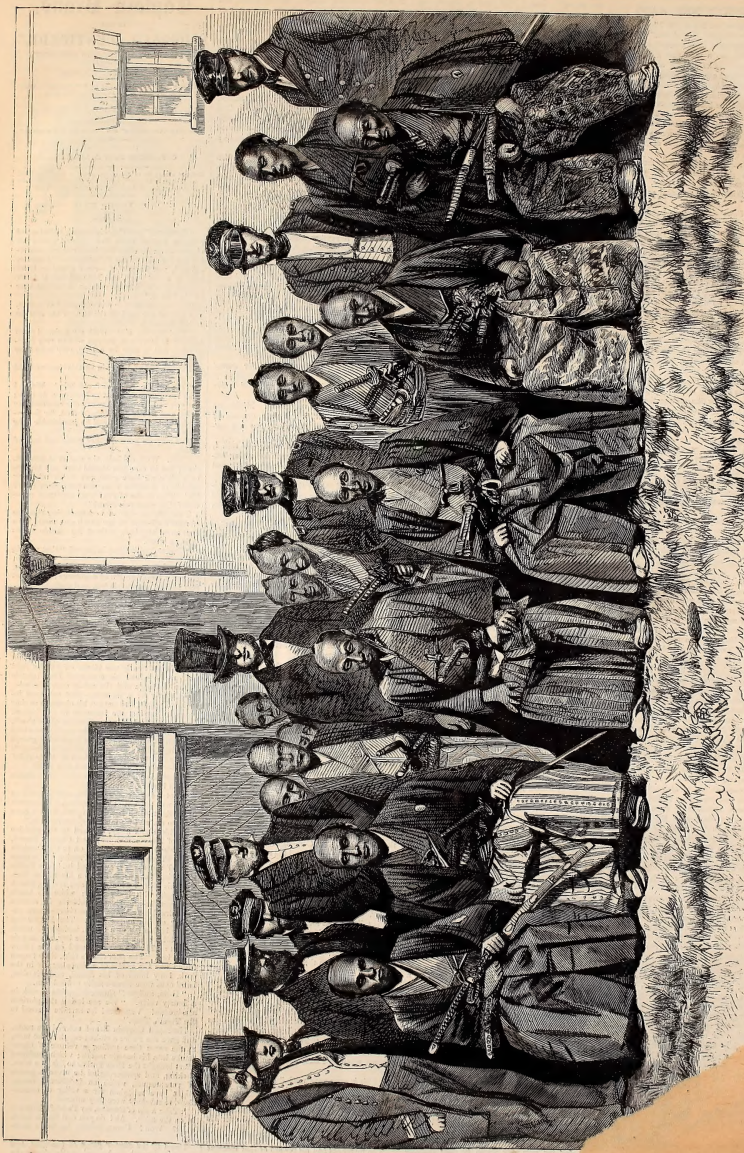
Pedillo slunk away, abashed by the positive tone of his commander; and Captain Brand, with his cutlass, passed on to the humble abode of the Padre and Doctor. Pausing at the open door of the shed, they looked in. The Padre was lying flat on his back on his narrow bed, with his mouth wide open, and snoring like a bee-hive with lusty stops; while his beads and crucifix—misplaced emblems in contact with drunkenness and debauchery—were reposing on the cheek of the Doctor, who was sitting beside his own couch, whispering words of childish comfort to the little boy, whose pale cheeks and large dark eyes rested on the pillow of the bed. The poor child's thin, limp fingers rested like the petals of a drooping lily in the dusky, bony hand of his friend, and his dim, hazel eyes were turned sadly toward him.

"Hola, amigos!" shouted Captain Brand, in a hearty voice. "We are losing the glorious sea-breeze! Vamonos! let us take a stroll to the Tiger's Trap."

Hereupon Captain Brand entered the room, and gave the Padre a violent tweak of the nose, at the same time puffing a volume of cigar-smoke into his bestly mouth; which combined effort brought the Holy Father to life in a trice, choking, and sputtering, as he arose, a group of paternosters, which an indifferent hearer might have mistaken for a volley of execrations, so savagely were they uttered.

"Take a sip of Geneva, my Padre? There it is, on the table. Ah! do you call half a bottle a sip? Well! Come, Doctor, let us be moving."

Down by the narrow gorge of the inlet, and over the smooth rocks and shelly shore, the



THE JAPANESE EMBASSY AND THEIR ATTENDANTS.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.]

"AND I, TOO, KEEP MY OATHS; AND WITHOUT WAITING TWENTY YEARS, I STRIKE NOW!"

party took their way — Don Ignacio leading, with the amiable Priest, on whom he glared with his malevolent eye, as if—he not being a person from whom money or its equivalent could be squeezed—the greedy old Spaniard would like to trundle him with a glance. In the rear came Captain Brand and the Doctor; the former as gay as a bird—of the vulture species—and his companion grave, severe, and preoccupied. Stopping as they reached the Tiger Trap battery, where, after Captain Brand had made a close inspection of the guns, and held sharp confabs with the men who rose to receive him, he moved away a few steps, and resting his body against the lee side of a projecting rock, he removed the cigar from his frozen lips, and said,

"The arguments you have urged, Monsieur, and the views you entertain, have a certain amount of reason in them. It is true you were deceived in coming here, but yet you swore to remain, and not betray us, when you did come. Well—I don't interrupt me; I divine what you are going to say—you did not know what our real character was. Perhaps not. Nevertheless, I can not consent to your going away with that old rascal, Don Ignacio, there; that is, if he would take you, which I think he would not, as your presence on board might compromise him with the Cuban authorities; and," went on Captain Brand, as he crossed his legs, and held his fine Panama hat on his head as a ruffle of the sea-breeze shot around the rock, "with respect to your remaining here on the island, you will only have that dumb old beast of a Babette for company, and it is highly probable that the English or American cruisers will be down upon you before a change of the moon; and they might—a—hang you, perhaps, for a pirate. Ho! ho!"

"If Don Ignacio declines to take me, Captain Brand, of course I can not go in the felucca; but be sure what will, I am resolved not to sail in the *Centipede*."

The Pirate regarded the Doctor for a moment with a cold, freezing look, not wanting, however, in a partial glimmer of respect and admiration, as he thus resolutely stated his determination; and then, putting his finger lightly on the Doctor's arm, as he saw Don Ignacio and the Padre draw near, he said, impressively, in a low tone,

"Monsieur le Docteur, do not make hasty resolutions. *I* command here, and my will is law. I will turn the matter over, however, in my mind, and give you a final decision before we part to-night. Now let us return. The sun is down, and the rocks are slippery.

"Well, caballeros, let us have a little social amusement," said Captain Brand, as he sat down at the table in the Padre's and Doctor's quarters, around up his splendid ounce—the present from the Captain-General of Cuba. "But bear in mind that we must break up at midnight, for our comrade here has a multitude of articles to get on board his felucca to-night, and I must be astir at daylight."

Did Captain Brand think, while he turned the key of that gold repeater, of the bloodstained wretch he had put to death in the morning, who was lying stark and stiff in his narrow, damp resting-place; or of the poor little sufferer, who had been torn from his heartless mother, sleeping near him? Oh no!—

Captain Brand was thinking of

[illegible]t a small store of dollars,

[illegible]nd other stray bits of

[illegible]ble of doubloons

[illegible]or remission of

[illegible]one time and

[illegible]such do-

nations falling in pretty rapidly after a successful cruise, but dwindling away to most contemptible gifts long before his luck took to sea again.

Captain Brand was very liberal to his crew, dividing a great deal of money with them; but since he rarely visited any foreign ports, they had little chance of squandering it; and in the end it served merely as a gaining currency to play with, and eventually coming back to him as contributions for stores, ammunition, rigging, and so forth. The Captain, therefore, was a large gainer by the operation, as most of the articles in eating and drinking, and the vessel's outfit, were—as we know—generally presented to him; so that he was enabled to stow away the cash for future gratification.

Don Ignacio Sanches was likewise a money-ed man, and came provided with a long pouch of solid gold, which he made into little piles before him of the exact size of those of the Captain. The Doctor, however, declined to play, and sat an indifferent spectator of the game.

"Let us begin, Seniores!" exclaimed the Don, as he rapidly shuffled the cards, and his keen, black spark of fire lit up with animation at the rich prospect before him. "We are losing precious time. I'll be Banquero! Is it agreed?"

So they began. The cards were dealt, and the betting went on. The Padre forgot Breviary and beads in his excitement, and as his little pointings were swept away, he forgot, too, the sacred ejaculations he was wont to lard his discourse with, and he became positively profane. The Captain won largely in the beginning, and jeered his comrade with great zest and enjoyment; but that one-eyed old Spanish rascal was not in the least disturbed, and bided his time. At first the conversation was light and jovial, Captain Brand insisting upon the Doctor describing minutely how he had hacked the bad Gibbo's leg off with a hand-saw, laughing hugely thereat, and wiping the icy tears from his cold blue eyes with his delicate cambric handkerchief. Then the fascinating game began to fluctuate, and the luck set back with a steady run into the piles of the banker. Captain Brand liked as little to lose his money as any other gambler in cards or dice, and he was somewhat chafed in spirit; but what especially irritated him was losing it to that wrinkle-faced, one-eyed, greedy old scoundrel, with no possible hope of ever getting a dollar of it again. As for the Padre, he was dead broke, and since his friends would not lend him a real, and the banker did not play upon credit, he sat moodily by, and gloated over the winnings of the Tuerto, and cursed his own luck and that of his companions likewise.

"Ho!" growled Captain Brand, "*maldito á la sota!* I have lost my last stake!"

Even while he spoke the poor little boy murmured, in a sobbing voice, "Mama, chère mama!" and turned uneasily in his little nest upon his fitful slumber.

"That crying brat again!" said the now angry Pirate, as he hurled the Padre's half empty gin jug in the direction of the couch, which crashed against the wall, and fell in a shower of glass splinters over the little sleeper.

The child gave one terrified shriek, and starting from the bed in his little night dress, now soiled and torn, he ran and threw himself on his knees before the Doctor. Another bottle was raised aloft by the long muscular arm of the Pirate; but before you could wink, that arm was arrested, and the missile twisted from his grasp.

"For shame, you coward! Don't harm the boy. He will die soon enough in this awful den without having his brains dashed out."

"Ho, Monsieur le Docteur!" muttered the villain, looking as if he would like to taste the heart's-blood of the resolute man who stood before him, "do you presume to call names and oppose my will?"

"Nonsense, Doctor; you seem to take rather a strong interest in the brat—possibly an injudicious one; but since he is in my prize, you know by law, come, what will you give for him? Ah, happy thought, we will play for him! There, deal away, compadre. Sota and cavallo! I take the sota again, and you ten doubloons against the boy on the cavallo."

The Doctor said not a word, but nodded assent, and seemed absorbed in the game.

"Presto! Turn the cards, you old sinner. Quick! For dios! horse has kicked me, and the knave loses! Monsieur, the brat is yours."

Then, starting up, Captain Brand hastily pulled out his watch, and said, "Hola, caballeros, the time is up! I must say good-night."

Don Ignacio's brown fish-fingers, like a dentist's steel nippers, laid down the cards and carefully picked up his winnings, even to the smallest bit of the precious metal, and dropped it piece by piece into his long pouch, following them each with his glittering eye, and smiling with his wrinkled old lips as the dull chink of the coin fell upon his ear. When he had performed this operation he tied up the mouth of the bag as if he was choking somebody to death; and then, twitching something which was partly hidden in his sleeve, he arose in readiness to go out.

As, however, Captain Brand turned to follow his compadre, he looked carelessly toward the Doctor, and said—

"By-the-way, Monsieur, I have made up my mind with respect to our conversation to-day, and you *shall* remain on the Island. No thanks. Adieu. Now, Don Ignacio, if your mea and boats are at the cove we will make sharp work with your business. Vamanos!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

WORK.

When the Pirate stood in his saloon on the morning subsequent to the pleasurable events of the Sunday previous, he, as well as his saloon, presented altogether a different aspect. The apartment had been stripped of all its rare and costly furniture, cabinets, candelabras, plate, china, and glass; and nothing of value was left save the camphor trunks on the floor, the cane-bottomed settee, a few chairs, and a table. All the beautiful things, ornamental as well as useful, had disappeared, even to the rich packages of merchandise in the great vault beneath. The late possessor, however, of all that wealthy wealth did not appear to be at all discomposed, or to cherish the faintest pang of regret at his loss. In truth he seemed to be relieved from an uncomfortable load of responsibility, and feeling assured, perhaps, that in rooming about the world he could select a still more valuable collection; only give him time, and he would exercise his critical taste with every pleasing variety. It was thus he consoled himself as he stood there in his now denuded room, attired in a pair of coarse canvas trowsers, a red flannel shirt, with a short sharp hanger on his hip and a double-barreled pistol in his belt—quite the costume in which he so singularly shocked Doña Lucia, whose lovely misfortunes once hung there on the wall in company with the other miserable victims of his lust.

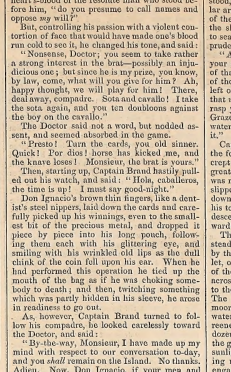
Captain Brand had just entered his dwelling, having been up and actively occupied ever since we last parted with him. Now he had come for a cup of tea and dry toast; and, while Babette was bringing that simple breakfast, the Pirate stood, tall, erect, and powerful, with one muscular arm resting high above his head on the side of the door-way, and the other lying lightly on the shark's-skin hilt of his cutlass, looking out to seaward—a very model, as he was, of a cool, prudent, desperate pirate.

"Ah! there you go, you crafty old miser, in your guarda costa! Take care, my compadre, of that reef. If that felucca's keel touches one of those coral ledges there won't be a tooth-pick left of her in ten minutes. San Antonio! but that was a close shave! How the sharks would rasp your bones, for there's no flesh on them! Grazed clear, eh? Bueno! now you're in blue water, you old wretch, and make the most of it."

Captain Brand waved his hand in adieu to the felucca, which, with the wind off shore, had crept through the coral gate-way, and, with her great lateen sail and green glancing bottom, was rising and falling on the long swell as she slipped away to the eastward. He then gulped down his tea, made one or two savage bites at his toast, and again walked out to the veranda, descended the ladder, and took his course toward the basin.

There, too, the scene had changed; and instead of the tranquil, shelly shore, only agitated by the musical rippling from the pure little inlet, or the faint cry of a sea-gull, or the chirps of the lizards in the crevices of the rocks there across the basin, three sounds had given place to the nimble feet and voices of busy sailors. The *Centipede*, also, had been towed from her moorings to a jetty which projected into the water from the shore, and there she lay, careened down, her keel half out of water, with a dozen of her crew scrubbing her lean sides till the green-coated copper came flashing out in the sunlight like burnished gold. With her slanting masts lashed to the jetty, carpenters were engaged reducing the length of the foremast and trimming out a spar for a new bowsprit. The long gun with its carriage lay near, and artisans were at work as a temporary forge, hammering out bolts and straps to replace those which were weakened by long service. On the shore, too, were a score or more of the pirate crew—Spaniards, Negroes, Lascars, Indians, and who not—ferocious-looking scoundrels, busy as bees, splicing and knotting ropes, stretching new rigging, cutting running gear from the coils of hemp or Manilla-grass rope, or making spun yarn and chafing-mats; while beneath the low mat sheds hard by, sail-makers were stitching away with their shining needles, making a set of square sails for the changed rig of the *Centipede*, or repairing old sails. But this was not all; for in a shed beyond was the armorer, with a few hands, grinding pikes and cutlasses and cleaning small-arms; while further still was the gunner and his mate, filling powder-cases for the long gun and swivels, and making up musket and pistol ball-cartridges.

In the midst of all these busy doings moved Captain Brand; hither and thither, from vessel to forge, from sail-to rigging; giving clear, sharp directions in various languages—commendation here, reproof there—inspecting with his own cold eyes every thing; judging of all; quick, active, ready; never at a loss for an expedient, and urging on the work like a thoroughbred seaman, as he was, who knew his own duty and how to make others do theirs. So went on the refitting of the *Centipede* all through the burning hot tropical day; and while the half-exhausted crew took a respite in the scorching noon for dinner, still their leader toiled on. Or, if he took a rest, it was in closely scrutinizing the progress made by his men, or in puffing a cigar like to a small high-pressure engine, or in chambering up the steep face of the crag to the signal station, where he would peer away in all



"A DULL, HEAVY, BOOMING ROAR THAT SHOOK THE CRAG TO ITS BASE, ANNOUNCED THE RUIN OF THE PIRATE'S DEN."

directions around the island—never missing the glance of a pelican's pinion or the leap of a fish out of water. Then he would return to the cove, and begin anew the work. It was no longer the elegant Captain Brand, in knee-breeches, point-lace sleeves, and velvet, doubly seated at his luxurious table groaning under splendid plate, fine wines, and brilliant wax lights, and dispensing a profuse hospitality; but Captain Brand, the Pirate, in tarry rig, amidst sailors, sails, and cordage, munching a bit of hard biscuit or raw ear o cabo of salt junk out of a mess kid; but ever ready, never weary, and always up to the professional mark.

At the first gray hush of dawn on the following day Captain Brand was astir again, and before the sun went down behind the waves the schooner *Centipede* had been transformed into a brigantine, her foremast reduced, new standing rigging fitted for it, with a new bowsprit and head-booms, her rail raised four or five feet by shifting bulwarks, and a temporary house built on deck over the long pen. She was also pierced afresh, with a white streak; and, with false head-boards on her bows to hide her snake-like snout of a entrance, no one, unless in the secret, could have known that the clumsy box of a merchantman lying there was once the low, swift, piratical schooner which had made so notorious a name in the West Indies. Still the work was driven on with scarcely any intermission—"a hours' repose for the crew at night, and an hour for dinner in the day; but as for Captain Brand, he never slept at all—a doze for an hour or two, perhaps, on his settee in the saloon, and a cup of tea in the morning, with cigar-smoking, satisfied all legal requirements. The next day by noon the water and stores were got on board the brigantine, her magazine stowed, the crew of the new transferred from the sheds, the Captain's camphor trunks on board, and cabin in order, the sails bent, anchors on the bow, swinging to a hawser made fast to the rocks, the vessel was ready to put to sea at any moment.

"Pedillo," said Captain Brand, as his vigilant gaze took in all around him and then rested on the *Centipede*—"Pedillo, you may use the vessel down to the mouth of the Tiger's Trap so soon as you've stowed some fagots ready for lighting a bale-fire. When you get to the Trap tell the gunner, Gomez, to take a gang of hands and give that battery a good coat of coal tar, plug the vents for the guns, and lower carriages and all in the sand beside the magazine. Tell him to destroy the powder, and pitch overboard all he can't carry on board: and tell him to hand about it, for we shall sail with the last of the sea-breeze toward sunset.

"And Pedillo!—here the Pirate's voice dropped to a whisper—"come back after the vessel is secured, and bring that Maltese fellow without a nose with you. It will be as well, perhaps, for you to provide yourself with a few fathoms of rawhide strips, as we may have occasion to use 'em, you know?"

Señor Pedillo's black wiry beard fairly bristled as he grinned knowingly at his superior's words, and, getting into a bit of a canoe at the jetty, he paddled off to the brigantine to execute his orders.

Meanwhile Captain Brand slowly bent his steps toward the house under the crag, and entered his spacious saloon for the last time. On the bare table, too, was his last dinner, served on a few odd dishes and cracked plates.

"Bateese, old girl!" said he, as he sat down to this repast, "you have a bottle of old Madeira, and a flask of hock left. No?"

The negress shook her head violently, made the sign of the cross, and by other telegraphic motions gave her master to understand that Padre Ricardo had dropped in, drained both bottles, and then had reeled off on board the brigantine.

"The drunken, selfish beast!" muttered Captain Brand; "it will be the last taste of wine he will swallow for a long time."

The Pirate was quite correct in his schemes for the Padre's reform; for the next copious draught the lazy Padre imbibed was the briny salt-water from the Caribbean sea.

"Well, my Bobs, a drop of water then! Thank you, old lady. Here's to your health while I am gone. There—you need not blubber so over my hand—good-by!" And so passed away from Captain Brand's sight the only creature in the wide world who loved him.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CAUGHT IN A TRAP.

CAPTAIN BRAND did not linger long over his frugal dinner, and when he had finished, as if he had not had enough exercise for the last three days, he began to walk with long nervous strides across the saloon.

"He called me coward, did he? and dared to lay his hand on me! By my right arm, my Creole Doctor, I'll teach you not to call hard names again, and I'll paralyze your hands for all time to come."

The Pirate's jaws grated like a rusty bolt as he hissed out these murderous threats; but as his eye caught the squirming green silk rope, as he swung round on his heel in his walk, he paused and muttered,

"That bit of stuff may be of use. I'll take it by way of precaution."

Hereupon he rapidly unrove the cord and coiled it away in the bosom of his shirt. Then, looking at his watch, he said, "Ho! the time approaches, and here comes Pedillo."

Lighting a cigar, he left his dwelling for the last time; and, after pausing to hear a report from Pedillo that his orders had been executed and the vessel all ready for sea, and whispering a few precise directions in return, Captain Brand mounted up the steep face of the crag again and accosted the signal-man at the station.

"Any thing in sight?"

"Nothing to the eastward, Capitano; but it has been a little hazy here away to the southward since meridian, and I can hardly see through it."

"Bueno, my man! give me the glass. You can go on board the brigantine. I'll take a last look myself."

While the signal-man scrambled down the crag Captain Brand rested the spy-glass on the trunk of the single cocoa-nut tree, whose slender-like fingers of fan-shaped leaves still bore like a gibbeted pirate in chains; and then he searched long and steadily along the hazy horizon. As he looked, however, his eye withdrew his eye from the tube, something—a mere dim speck—arrested his attention. Quickly dropping the glass, and re-applying it to both eyes and carefully adjusting the joints, he raised it again, as a backwoodsman does his rifle with an Indian for a mark. For five minutes the Pirate stood as motionless as the crag beneath him, intently peering through the tube at the speck in the distance. At last he let the glass fall at his side, and pulling out his watch with a jerk, he muttered to himself,

"It is a large and lofty ship; but should she be a cruiser after me, she will find the bird flown and the nest empty. Ho, my brigantine!"

Springing down the precipitous declivity as he spoke, he passed a moment at a loophole of the vault below, and, having lighted and puffed his cigar into a bright coal, he carefully twitched the match-rope which led to the train, opened the loose mouth of the powder-bag, and fled. Waiting an instant till he saw the nitre sparkle as it ignited, he moved away with long, swinging strides to the shore, and then, glancing through the now deserted huts the crew had occupied, where quantities of fagots and dried wood and barrels of pitch were standing, he continued on till he came to the quarters of the Doctor. The Pirate, however, paused at the door on the thatched plaza, looking quietly at the brigantine, whose sails were loosed, and the vessel lashed to the jetty, and, with her head just abreast the Tiger's Trap.

"Ah! Monsieur le Docteur, I have merely called to bid you a last adieu before I go on board; and as I have a few moments left, and a few words to say, suppose you walk with me toward the chapel. Allons! you look suspicious sall off there," waving his glass in the direction, "and I wish to have a good look at her."

"Doctor," continued Captain Brand as they reached the little esplanade facing the graves and chapel, "you will have no one left here on our island save our dumb Babette, and the chances are rather remote for your getting away, without, perhaps, the aid of the Trade-Wind, you should happen to drop in here, which I do not think probable. I rely, however, upon your keeping your counsel as to my visit, and not even betraying the secrets you are acquainted with."

The Pirate said this in an off-hand, friendly way, as he threw the glass leveled toward it that he saw in the offing.

"Captain Brand," replied the Doctor, "I was deceived in coming to you well aware that I shall religiously keep my oath for the twenty years, as I swore to do. After that, if we both live so long, my word and arm shall speak and strike."

The Pirate stepped back a little as he shut up the joints of the spy-glass with a crash; and, with a scowl of hate and vengeance combined, he said, in a deep voice, while his eyes gleamed like a ray of sunlight on an iceberg:

"And I, too, keep my oaths; and without uttering twenty words more now!"

Even while the treacherous villain spoke, two swarthy, sinewy scoundrels crept stealthily from within the chapel, with the soft, slimy movements of serpents, as their leader uttered the last word they sprang at the back of the Doctor and wound their coils round him, twining strong strands of rawhide rope about his arms, legs, and body. Bound as in a frame of elastic steel from which there was no escape, their victim was thrown, face downward, upon the sand.

"Be quick, Pedillo! the time is flying. Gomez, bring the corpse trestle from the chapel."

In a moment a wooden frame with legs, and stretched across with a bed of light wire, which had been used to carry the mortal remains of the priests and the poor persons, too, bodies of them—to their last resting-places, was brought out from the little church. Then the bound victim was laid on it, face upward; again the hide thongs were passed in numerous plaits until the body was lashed firmly to the trestle.

"Place it on the edge of that rock there, with his head toward the cocoa-nut tree. Take this silk rope, Gomez, and clap it well up to the trunk. There, that will do. I myself will perform the last act of politeness."

Saying this, the Pirate adjusted the noose of the cord, and slipping it over the Doctor's head, he placed the knot carefully under his left ear. The victim gave no groan or sigh, and his dark luminous eyes were fixed on the blue sky above him in heaven.

"Monsieur le Docteur," said Captain Brand, as he hurriedly looked at his watch and raised his hat, "I have but one word of caution to give you in your struggle, you will have your neck broken before you are stung to death! Talk as much as you like; but as Babette is a long way off and hard of hearing, I doubt if she comes to your assistance. Adieu!"

The retreating figures went leaping toward the inlet, and, as they rushed through the sheds, they applied a torch to the combustible material deposited there, and then sprang on toward the Tiger's Trap. A few minutes afterward the Doctor turned his eyes in that direction, and saw the sails of the brigantine sheeted home and run up like magic; and taking the last breath of the sea-breeze on her quarter, the stern-fast was cast off, and she slipped easily out of the gorge-like channel. Still as those dark, stern eyes watched the receding hull of the *Centipede*, a sudden jar shook the island, a heavy column of white smoke rose from below the crag like a water-spout, and, spreading out like a palm-tree, came down in a deluge of timber, stones, and fire, and the whole of the frame leaped out from the gloom, and an awful peal, in a dull, heavy, booming roar that shook the crag to its base, announced the explosion of the Pirate's Den. At the same time the veil fires gleamed in fitful flashes from the sheds, and rapidly making headway, all of a sudden the whole fell in wild conflagration, all the whole nest was wrapped in flames. The shock of the explosion and the fires killed the bird, and a lurid pall of smoke and cinders hung like a gloomy canopy over the island.

"THE AMERICAN INSTITUTION."

Under this title a late number of the New York *Christian Advocate and Journal* discusses the subject of Sewing Machines—setting forth the peculiar merits of the Grover and Baker, in contradistinction with the lock-stitch machines generally in use. A Grover & Baker has been in use in the family of one of our firm, rendering perfect satisfaction, developing the merits claimed for it by the *Advocate*, as follows:

1. It makes the only seam deemed by a sewing machine in which each stitch is independently locked, and without dependence upon the other stitches for strength.

2. It is the only seam that will admit of the thread being cut at every fourth stitch without injury to the security of the seam.

3. It is unnecessary to fasten the ends of seams made by this machine. This is done by the machine itself, without the use of the hand needle.

4. The Grover & Baker stitch is the only one formed from one continuous thread without winding from the spool into a shuttle from time to time for the under thread.

5. A seam thus formed is more elastic than any other sold by a sewing machine, and is consequently very valuable in all goods that are to be washed and stretched under the iron.

6. The machine is adapted to all varieties of fabrics, sewing each equally well, and requiring no adjustment for any kind of sewing other than the adaptation of needles and thread.

7. It is much easily kept in order than any other machine, and need not be taken apart to be oiled.

8. The machine sews common spool cotton, silk, and linen thread with equal facility.

9. The machine is so simple that an intelligent child of ten years of age may learn to operate and keep it in order.

10. By reason of its simplicity of construction and ease of management, it is best adapted to all the wants of the family.

Another very important merit this machine has is that the fabric, while being sewed, is passed across the machine from front to rear directly from the operator, obviating the liability or necessity of curving the spine, as is done when using a "lock-stitch" machine. The inventor seems to have carefully considered the health, comfort, and well being of the sex to whom he appeals for patronage, and we think has realized all that his utmost hopes could have prompted.

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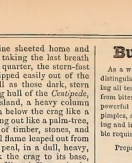

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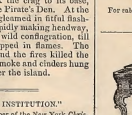

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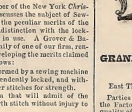

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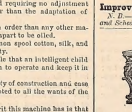

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Of all remedies for *Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Influenza, Croup, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Phthisic, Quinsy, Tickling, Irritation,* or *Inflammation of the Throat, Chest, or Lungs, Incipient Consumption, &c.*, there is no one which, for safety and efficacy, or which affords such rapid and permanent relief, as the well-known and long-established

Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry.

The only genuine is prepared by SETH W. FOWLE & CO., BOSTON, and is sold everywhere.

Now Ready.

A BEAUTIFUL NUMBER.

HARPER'S

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

For July, 1860.

FINKLE & LYON

Sewing Machines.

Warranted to give better satisfaction than any Sewing Machines in market, or money refunded.

Office 505 Broadway.

"HARD TIMES NO MORE."

ANY Lady or Gentleman in the United States, possessing from $5 to $7, can enter into an easy and respectable business, by which from $8 to $10 per day can be realized. For particulars, address (with stamp),

W. B. ACTON & CO.,
North 6th Street, Philadelphia.

$1,200 A YEAR made by any one with A. J. TOLLAN'S Patent $10 Outfit of Stencil Tools, with stock enough included to retail for over $100. Silver Medal awarded. Samples free. Address A. J. TOLLAN, No. 212 Broadway, N. Y.

ASTHMA, For the INSTANT RELIEF and PERMANENT CURE use of this distressing complaint, use

PENDT'S
BRONCHIAL CIGARETTES.

Made by C. B. SEYMOUR & CO., 197 NASSAU ST., N. Y. Price, $1 per box; sent free by post.

CHILTON ON THE CROTON,

OR, WATER AND WINE.

The Diaphragm Filter, manufactured by McKENZIE & O'HARA, in the form of porous Filter to which I alluded in my recent report of the Croton Board. I consider this the only instrument which constitutes the filtering medium to all water-supply articles for the purpose. The instruction is quite durable, and only requires to be reversed occasionally to insure its action.

JAMES E. CHILTON, M.D., Chemist.

Visit the Manufactory, CLINTON HOTEL, and observe the Drying Establishments, Stable Yards, and other causes of impurity of the vast HARPER for March, on the inhabitants of the Croton and other River Water," and you will not drink water unfiltered. Sold only by and you will not drink water unfiltered. Sold only by
reased by McKENZIE & O'HARA, 325 Fourth Street, New York.

The Singer Sewing Machines.

Cheaper for manufacturing purposes than any others *at any price.*—A new machine, NOISELESS, RAPID, and which can do every kind of work.

Price (with iron stand and drawer) **$110.**

Also a new FAMILY MACHINE, at $50, equal to the best heretofore sold at $75. Call at 458 Broadway, N. Y., and examine and be satisfied.

RICHARDSON'S NEW METHOD

FOR THE PIANO-FORTE, GENERALLY ADOPTED IN THE BEST SYSTEM EXTANT, IS SOLD BY ALL MUSIC DEALERS AND PRINCIPAL BOOKSELLERS. Price $1. Published by OLIVER DITSON & CO., 277 Washington Street, Boston.

VALUABLE to all who USE the PEN or PENCIL — SHAVER'S PATENT ERASER AND BURNISHER, PENCIL SHARPENER, &c., all neatly combined in one small tasteful form.

For sale by all Stationers. Send for Circular.
A. G. SHAVER,
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PURE WATER.

United States Carbon Filter Company.

CARBON FILTERS of all sizes and descriptions, adapted to the Hydrant in Dwelling-Houses, Factories, &c. Also, a variety of Portable Self-Acting Filters, for Sportsmen, Travellers, Druggists, &c., &c.

154 Broadway, N. Y.

The Greatest Medical Discovery of THE AGE.

Dr. Kennedy, of Roxbury, Mass., has discovered a common pasture weed that cures every kind of HUMOR from the worst SCROFULA down to a common pimple.

By strict attention to the direction in the pamphlet around each bottle, and a judicious application of the Salt Rheum Ointment, Healing Ointment, and Scrofula Ointment, CHRONIC and CORRUPT ULCERS are cured in a few weeks.

For sale by every Druggist in the United States.

STEINWAY & SONS'

PATENT OVERSTRUNG GRANDS,
SQUARES AND SQUARE PIANOS

Are now considered the best Pianos manufactur'd. Each Instrument warranted for five years.
Warerooms, Nos. 82 and 84 Walker Street, near Broadway, N. Y.

The Readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY

Can have forwarded to them, with dispatch, any Article this City affords, by sending their Orders, addressed to WM. S. WYSE, Office HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NOW IS THE TIME TO USE SANDS' SARSAPARILLA. It will Purify the Blood, prevent unsightly Blotches, Pimples, etc., from breaking out upon the Skin, and prepare the system for warm weather.

An Importer's Stock of Mantillas

WILL BE SOLD AT RETAIL,

FOR THE NEXT 30 DAYS,

AT

BULPIN, GREGSON & ELLIOTT,

FORMERLY

GEORGE BULPIN,

AT

No. 361 BROADWAY,

Two doors below Taylor's,

AT PRICES NEVER BEFORE HEARD OF.

Bulpin, Gregson & Elliott

RESPECTFULLY ANNOUNCE

To the Ladies of New York

that, having been favored with instructions from the consignees of several of the most extensive importers of

Pusher and French Lace Mantillas, Burnous, Points, &c.,

to offer for sale the balance of their season's consignments—preferring this course to a continuance at the present terrible slaughter in the auction rooms—they will open their

Spacious and Well-known Warerooms,

WHICH ARE NOW

EXCLUSIVELY DEVOTED TO WHOLESALE,

For Thirty Days only,

To the Retail Public,

when an opportunity will be offered for purchasing really elegant and costly

Pusher and French Lace Burnous, Points and Mantillas, Silk and Cloth Dress and Mantelets D'Etè, &c., &c.,

at prices merely nominal, compared with intrinsic value.

A perusal of the following invoices is respectfully requested, many of the articles being the products of the looms of

MESSRS. DOIGNIN, FILS & ISAACS,

the most celebrated manufacturers in France:

1,197 French Lace Single Flounced Mantillas, at.....$3
853 French Lace, deeper in size, Mantillas, at.....4
350 French Lace, deeper flounced Mantillas, at.....5
1,089 French Lace, still deeper flounced, Mantillas, at 6
753 French Lace handsome two-flounced Mantillas, at.....7
640 French Lace, still handsomer, Mantillas, at.....8
510 Black Lace Burnous, at.....10
635 Extra Lace Burnous, at.....12
320 Black Lace Points, at.....8
415 Black Lace Points, at.....4
207 Black Lace Points, at.....5
183 Black Lace Points, at.....6
900 Real Pusher Points, at.....13
268 Extra rich Double Sultanas, at.....14

In addition to the above, and with a view to an increased attraction to this sale, will be included a superb assortment of

NEW SUMMER CLOTH GARMENTS,
RICH BLACK SILK MANTILLAS,
and a full line of elegant
SUMMER TRAVELLING SUITS,

all at similarly attractive prices.

BULPIN, GREGSON & ELLIOTT,

(Formerly Geo. Bulpin,)

No. 361 Broadway.

THE TOILET.

Ladies! Ladies!

Now is the Time to use

"TREFELIO"

If you Desire a Beautiful Complexion.

Always have it at Hand.

Particularly, if travelling, a few drops poured in the water for *Bathing* or *Washing* is delicious—refreshing and exhilarating, giving the Skin *Freshness, Smoothness, Elasticity, Softness, Brilliancy,* and *Purity*—*Cooling* and *Invigorating*—renders the flesh firm, and of an exquisite richness of *Beauty*; removes all *Eruptions. Immensely* popular among the Ladies.

Sold everywhere at 50 cents a bottle.

TREFELION & Co., General Agents, 43 Broadway.

Sample bottles sent on receipt of fifty cents in postage stamps.

The Washboard Entirely Dispensed with.

The Cataract Washing Machine.

Simple, economical, durable, and can not get out of order. No washing fluids or soap required—nothing but soap and water.

From 20 to 75 per cent. saved in clothing, time, and labor.

PRICES.—No. 1, $12; No. 2, $14; No. 3, $16.

Machines can be seen in operation at No. 494 Broadway, east side, above Broome Street.

Ladies and gentlemen are invited to call and examine it, or what is better, send your dirty clothes and test it.

SULLIVAN & RYATT, 54 Beekman Street, N. Y.

Electric Weather Indicator.

Every house should have one of these neat and curious instruments, which indicate the weather from 12 to 24 hours in advance. Sent free by mail, on receipt of 50 cents, by addressing the manufacturers, LEE & CO., Box 59 P. O. NEWARK, N. Jersey. Liberal discounts to Agents.

JONES. "Danger? Oh, no! unless she takes a notion to Bolt Ahead, as she does once in a while." [*Nervous Friend is Reassured.*]

GENTLEMAN (*who has seen an Advertisement offering unusual attractions in the matter of Summer Board*). "What's the matter, my friend? You look as if there might be *Fever and Ague* about here."

POOR SHIVERING WRETCH. "F-f-f-f-fever 'n-n-n-ager! I-I-or ideas yer, n-n-n-no! They have it p-p-purty b-b-b-bad t'other s-s-side o' the hill there; but th'ain't n-n-n-none 'bout h-e-e-e-re!!"

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Beadle's Dime Novels, No. 1.

THE BEST STORY OF THE DAY.

BY THE STAR OF AMERICAN AUTHORS.

Malaeska;

THE

Indian Wife of the White Hunter.

By Mrs. ANN S. STEPHENS.

198 Pages 12mo, Complete, only Ten Cents!!!

IRWIN P. BEADLE & Co., Publishers,
141 William Street, New York.

FOR SALE AT ALL NEWS DEPOTS.

LADIES' UNDERGARMENTS READY MADE Exclusively, store, Broadway, 1 door above 26th Street. Full and reliable assortment on hand.

Spalding's Prepared Glue!
A Stitch in Time saves Nine.
ECONOMY! Dispatch! Save the Pieces!
Useful in every house for mending Furniture, Toys, Crockery, Glassware, &c.
Wholesale Depot, No 48 Cedar Street, New York.
Address HENRY C. SPALDING & CO., Box No. 3,400, New York.
Put up for Dealers in cases containing four, eight, and twelve dozen—a beautiful Lithograph three-Card accompanying each package.

ECONOMY OF SEWING MACHINES.—THE WHEELER & WILSON SEWING MACHINE COMPANY has prepared tables showing by actual experiment of four different workers, the time required to stitch each part of a garment by hand, and with their Sewing Machines. The superiority of the work done by the machine, and the healthfulness of the employment, are advantages quite as great as the saving of time. Subjoined is a summary of several of the tables:

	BY MACHINE		BY HAND	
	Hours.	Min.	Hours.	Min.
Gentlemen's Shirts	1	16	10	30
Frock Coats	2	33	16	15
Satin Vests	1	14	7	19
Linen Vests	0	48	5	14
Cloth Pants	0	51	5	10
Summer Pants	0	33	2	20
Silk Dress	1	13	10	23
Merino Dress	0	4	3	37
Calico Dress	0	07	0	57
Chemise	0	1	10	21
Morcen Skirt	0	25	7	33
Muslin Skirt	0	09	2	1
Drawers	0	08	3	1
Night Dress	1	1	10	2
Silk Apron	0	18	4	16
Plain Apron	0	9	1	16

Seams of considerable length are ordinarily sewed at the rate of a yard a minute.

The Lock Stitch made by this Machine is the only stitch that can not be raveled, and that presents the same appearance on each side of the seam. It is made with threads, one upon each side of the fabric, and interlocked in the center of it.

Office, No. 505 Broadway, New York.
Send for a Circular.

English Carpeting.

Tremendous Stock of Medallion, Velvet, Brussels, Three-ply, In Carpets, Rugs, Oil Cloths, etc., at reduced prices. Useful Matting, Church, Office,
HIRAM ANDERSON, No. 99 Bowery.

SENT BY EXPRESS EVERYWHERE.

WARD'S PERFECT FITTING SHIRTS.

Retailed at Wholesale Prices.

Made to Measure at $18 per doz. or Six for $10.

MADE OF NEW-YORK MILLS MUSLIN,

With fine Linen Bosoms, and warranted as good a Shirt as sold in the retail stores at $2,50 each.

ALSO, THE VERY BEST SHIRTS THAT CAN BE MADE AT $2 EACH.

P. S.—Those who think I cannot make a good Shirt for $18 per dozen are mistaken. Here's the cost of one dozen $18 fine shirts.

30 yards of New-York Mills muslin at 14½c. per yd.. $4 35
3 yards of linen, do. do. per yard,..... 3 60
Making and cutting..... 6 00
Laundry, $1; buttons and cotton, 50c..... 1 50
Profits..... 3 65
Total..... $18 00

Self Measurement for Shirts.

Printed directions sent from everywhere, and so easy to understand, that any one can take their own measure for shirts. I warrant a good fit. The cash to be paid to the Express Company on receipt of goods.

The Express charges on one dozen Shirts from New-York to New Orleans is about $1.

WARD, from London,

387 Broadway, up stairs,

Between White & Walker Streets, NEW-YORK.

Please copy my address as other houses in the are selling inferior made shirts at my prices.

2,000,000 REPUBLICANS WANTED—TO BUY THE GREAT CAMPAIGN CHART FOR 1860. AND TO VOTE FOR

LINCOLN AND HAMLIN.

This Chart has large LIFE-LIKE PORTRAITS of LINCOLN and HAMLIN, in a Vignette of Rails, engraved expressly for it; a Map of the United States; Portraits of all the Presidents; Facts, Figures, &c.

It is carefully colored; on fine bat paper; size 28×38 inches. LIBERAL TERMS TO AGENTS. Sent, postpaid, for 50 cents.

H. H. LLOYD & Co., Publishers
No. 28 HOWARD STREET, N. Y.

Metropolitan Hotel Recipes.

"For a valuable consideration, we have furnished to J. R. STAFFORD, Practical Chemist, ONE HUNDRED OF OUR CHOICEST RECIPES, the same being in constant use in our Hotel.

"SIMEON LELAND & CO.,
"Metropolitan Hotel, Broadway, New York."

THE ABOVE RECIPES ARE

FOR PREPARING AND COOKING VARIOUS KINDS OF

Soups and Broths,
Meats, Fish, and Poultry,
Hashes, Stews, Fricasees, Entrees, Salads, Sauces, and Pickles,

In the latest French, English, and American styles.

FOR MAKING SEVERAL KINDS OF

Pies, Pastry, Custards, Creams, Jellies, Ices, Biscuits, Muffins, Cakes, &c.

FOR PREPARING AND SERVING

Native and Foreign Fruits,

And other matters of importance to all Housekeepers.

The above valuable Recipes have been added to J. R. STAFFORD'S FAMILY RECEIPT BOOK, Which now contains 336 of the most rare and valuable Recipes and Receipts ever published. The following Practical Receipts may be found in the Book.

A Cheap Drug that forms a New Washing Compound. It can be bought at any druggist, or at any country store, it will save half the cost of soap, and more than half the labor of washing.

How to Prevent Flannels from ever shrinking or changing their color.

What Dyspeptics should drink, and why.

How to make Whitewash as durable as the generality of paint.

How any one can make Rose Water without expense, and with but little trouble, and much better than is usually kept at the druggists. For a perfume, or for flavoring pastry, custards, creams, &c., it is unequaled.

In what direction of the Compass a bed should be placed that the occupant may avoid sleeplessness or any form of nervousness. The wonderful effect of the continuous electric current upon the nervous condition can be at once demonstrated to the satisfaction of any invalid or doubter who will try it.

The kind of Bed that all Rheumatic persons should sleep on.

The Hair.—What to do to remove dandruff, to prevent the hair from falling, and to cause it to grow in its natural color.

How to preserve any kind of Fence Posts or stills from decay. This is a cheap and excellent receipt.

How to make a very cheap and reliable Barometer that will indicate every change of weather, and will last ever out.

Rot in Potatoes.—The new method for which the Royal Society of England awarded the prize. It is said to be an effectual preventive for all varieties and in all soils.

How to keep all kinds of Silks and Velvets without creasing or cracking, and how to make old silk look like new.

How to restore Damaged Velvet, and how to take grease out of Silks and stuffs.

The new French method of Making Bread, by which 196 pounds of wasteful making of 200 pounds of superior bread, that will keep moist and sweet longer than bread made by any of the usual modes.

Corn Bread, made after the famous St. Charles recipe, and also the Virginia method.

A quick way of Churning Butter in any kind of a churn.

Hard Times Pudding.—A special favorite with all juveniles, quick made, cheap and healthy.

How to keep Eggs fresh for six months without trouble, and without the use of any lime or gum.

The Celebrated Virginia Method of Curing Hams. This receipt was contributed by a lady member of one of the most highly respected families in Virginia.

The book is printed in large type on extra quality of book paper. It is sent free by mail for 12 cents or for four letter stamps. *Agents of either sex wanted in every County.* Address

J. R. STAFFORD, Practical Chemist,
442 Broadway, New York.

ANY ONE can make $100 per month with Stencil Tools. The cheapest and best in the market. Send for my Circular before purchasing elsewhere.
JOHN MILLIKEN, Lawrence, Mass.

Lake Mahopac.

Thompson's Hotel, the coolest situation on this beautiful lake, with pure mountain air, fine scenery, drives, sailing, and fishing, is now open for the season.

DR. S. P. TOWNSEND'S SARSAPARILLA

IS THE ORIGINAL

"GREAT AMERICAN REMEDY"

And unfailing Cure for Scrofulous Affections, Bilious Eruptions of the Skin, Salt Rheum, Scurvy, Summer Complaints, Female Complaints, Effects of Mercury, Fever Sores

Impur

Be very c
JAMES H
Wool

HARPER'S
A JOURNAL OF CIVIL...

VOL. IV.—No. 183.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1860.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

INSURRECTION IN SICILY.

OUR readers are referred to Nos. 180 and 181 for a very accurate and valuable MAP OF THE KINGDOM OF THE TWO SICILIES, for fine views of MESSINA, NAPLES, and PALERMO, a splendid PORTRAIT OF GARIBALDI, etc.

THE LAKE AT YSSBROOKE.

My parents were kept by the times in India: I was put to school at Harrow. At sixteen I spent my holidays at Ysbrooke. Yssbrooke belonged to my mother's brother; at least he occupied it, and his executors at his death disposed of it. There was a story about a trust, but that is neither here nor there. My vacations were, in most cases, passed there. It was a dull, old, profitless sort of place, with gables of any age, that never seemed to grow older; large unthinned woods, and farm-yards that never appeared either to thrive or to fall into decay; cattle grazing with a hopeless aspect on cold-looking pasture land, and thin crops of grain, which would have driven a farmer of these go-ahead times to suicide or the bottle. The whole establishment seemed but an abortive display of prosperity, which left its cold shade upon every person and thing brought within its compass; not that we were any of us habitually miserable, that I remember. The society at Yssbrooke was undoubtedly of a grave kind, but I do not think that it was distasteful to me on that account. I carried with me such school-boy elasticity as was consistent with my temperament. It was not much, perhaps, for I was ordinarily a dreamy and may have been more in my element in my uncle's domain than would most of my school-fellows; but, on the whole, I was happy there. For was it not home to me, and at home who is not happy? My uncle had a daughter. She was some six years my senior; which circumstance, combined with a certain native superiority which made me feel myself immeasurably her inferior, probably checked my development of an attachment that I have since thought was waiting to break out on my side. Tall, lithesome, with earnest hazel eyes, and soft silken brown hair, she could not have been more fascinating had she been an angel of beauty.

DISCOVERY OF THE BODY.

One could never look in her face without seeming to read the depth and fervor of her simple heart. A winning though retiring candor pervaded her whole person. Quiet and subdued in manner, she was perfectly open and frank in all she said and did. She inspired confidence with the first glance of her eye, and alas, as I have reason to know, she yielded it but too readily and fearlessly when it was sought by others. Well, I was not myself in love with her. In her eyes I was but as a boy. "Cecil, remember," she would say to me, "that you are baby, you goose;" and I never had the hardihood to dispute that truth, nor could I make up my mind to be offended at its enunciation. For she was so taking,—the tones of her voice were so soft and true, and her hair—well I may be excused for referring to it again, for have I not a small piece of it before me now?

But there was another reason for my not presuming upon hopes, against which my youth was itself a sufficient impediment.

Edith Gerson, as years drew on, yielded her

"THE VERY IMAGE OF PAT."

...ge of ...
...ne my
...nd not at
... mistress or
...or him often.
...d in anger, and
...im in a passion of
...ght before my arrival.
... had left the country.
...e news with apparent sat-
...aid nothing to his child of
Edith, on the contrary, heard
...r terror far more striking than one
...ould have expressed, and for days
one but her nurse. Grim and reserved as
...the Lord of Yasbrooke himself, he probably
thought that confidence could only come after my arrive-
...ress, and for the days that succeeded she preserved
...a hopeless apathy, varied at times by fits of ...
...lessness, and a vague dread of approaching inevi-
...itable horror. One afternoon she disappeared.
...Two entire days had elapsed since she left the
house in her ordinary walking-apparel, without
any reliable trace of her being forthcoming. She
took no clothes or change of linen from her drawers,
and her last act was the destruction of every letter
or writing she had received from her lover, as well
as of every trace which could lead him back to
memory. She was gone and so was he, and up to
the present moment they were, in fact, as if ne-
ver of them had ever been.

And what said my uncle to all this? I was mad
to know what his hopes of her recovery were, and
how he bore the disaster. Well, I suppose I was
enlightened that evening. He returned to Yas-
brooke with the idea impressed upon his mind that
his child was hiding from him, and was bent on a
distant market-town on the high road to Liverpool.
The country people had given him a clew, or a fan-
ciful view furnished by a post-chaise and a dark
night. That the clew stopped there only proved
she was in hiding. The departure at Liverpool for
the country he regarded only as a feint. Her long
depression during a fortnight a feint also; and her
systematic destruction of her papers as the last
last moment as proof of a scheme having a definite
living purpose as its end. Nobody tried to undu-
stand him, for nobody had any sympathetic solu-
tion to offer, and as long as there was a grain of
hope it would be cruel to suggest the reverse. But
the rector of our parish, I found, had come to a
thought differently: he felt that either Edith was
busy or by or further off than human aid could reach.
Having some intimation of her previous acts, he
dared to suggest, on the night of my arrival, that
the woods, the farm cottages, and even the outly-
ing thickets should be searched. "Search!" cried
he, not out, "should she have left home without clothing or money, if she meant to go a journey? Why, my dear friend of Mr. Elliot," he continued, "you should she go at all? Of what good would the
disturbance of a journey be to her, when, by simply marrying her at once clandestinely, he could take her with him? You say he refused your condi-
tions?—[by eloping with her, he accepts them, unless—what you will not believe." No—the Colonel will not believe any thing like that: he was satisfied it was a mysterious disappearance; and perhaps the rector thought he had some better rea-
sons for the supposition than he cared to mention, and did not press him further.

The next day had gone and no tidings, and the next, and my uncle seemed at last to be giving in. The whole neighborhood had been roused, and every friend and acquaintance that Edith had ever possessed had been applied to—magisterial aid had been sought—but nothing could bring him the
trace of the missing girl. The fifth day from her loss was a Sunday. Early in the forenoon the friends of Colonel Gerson anxiously dropped in during-room for intelligence. I was there, terri-
bly sick at heart, for I had been but three days my arrival, and having contributed my exertions my for intelligence over the country, I was exhausted both in body and mind. From my degree it was mentioned that the Colonel was ill, and the body of persons present diminished, from motives of delicacy, to some half dozen. I waited, however, mechanically, I think, for I had nowhere else to go, and I felt an irresistible attraction in remain-
ing in the company of those gentlemen who were riveted on the same subject as my own. I con-
versed, however, with none. With my head leaned wearily on my hand, I sat with my eyes fixed, my eyes resting on a large bowl, or rather glass trough of water, containing gold-fish, which stood on a centre table, and by a window. I was before the days of "Aquaria," and the one before me would in these times have been thought insignificant. It was a curiosity, however, in the days of which I write, and the one before me would
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The engagement between ... and my cousin hung on for, I should say, about two years. One or two entire days had elapsed since she left the house in her ordinary walking-apparel, without any reliable trace of her being forthcoming. She took no clothes or change of linen from her drawers, and her last act was the destruction of every letter or writing she had received from her lover, as well as of every trace which could lead him back to memory. She was gone and so was he, and up to the present moment they were, in fact, as if nei-
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The next day had gone and no tidings, and the next, and my uncle seemed at last to be giving in. The whole neighborhood had been roused, and every friend and acquaintance that Edith had ever possessed had been applied to—magisterial aid had been sought—but nothing could bring him the
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The engagement between ... and my cousin hung on for, I should say, about two years. One or two entire days had elapsed since she left the house in her ordinary walking-apparel, without any reliable trace of her being forthcoming. She took no clothes or change of linen from her drawers, and her last act was the destruction of every letter or writing she had received from her lover, as well as of every trace which could lead him back to memory. She was gone and so was he, and up to the present moment they were, in fact, as if nei-
ther of them had ever been.

And what said my uncle to all this? I was mad to know what his hopes of her recovery were, and how he bore the disaster. Well, I suppose I was enlightened that evening. He returned to Yas-
brooke with the idea impressed upon his mind that his child was hiding from him, and was bent on a distant market-town on the high road to Liverpool. The country people had given him a clew, or a fan-
ciful view furnished by a post-chaise and a dark night. That the clew stopped there only proved she was in hiding. The departure at Liverpool for the country he regarded only as a feint. Her long depression during a fortnight a feint also; and her systematic destruction of her papers as the last last moment as proof of a scheme having a definite living purpose as its end. Nobody tried to undu-
stand him, for nobody had any sympathetic solu-
tion to offer, and as long as there was a grain of hope it would be cruel to suggest the reverse. But the rector of our parish, I found, had come to a thought differently: he felt that either Edith was busy or by or further off than human aid could reach. Having some intimation of her previous acts, he dared to suggest, on the night of my arrival, that the woods, the farm cottages, and even the outly-
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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1860.

THE PROSPECT IN THE FUTURE.

THE prosperity of the United States—as of every other country—depends exclusively upon the proportion maintained between production and consumption. In the language of Alexander (which applies as justly to nations as to individuals), where the income is twenty shillings and the expenditure twenty shillings and sixpence, the result is misery; but let the income be twenty shillings and the expenditure nineteen and sixpence, and the result will be happiness. It is not uncommon to mistake financial crises for commercial disasters. This is an error. Merchants and bankers are mere middle-men, whose profits depend upon occasional circumstances, and who may grow rich or become bankrupt without affecting the country in which they live: their prosperity or their insolvency has no more effect upon the nation than the wealth or poverty of a lawyer has upon the fortunes of his clients. Nations prosper when they produce largely, and consume a little less than they produce; they decline when their production falls off and their consumption of foreign goods exceeds their means of paying for them.

The financial crisis of 1857 never could have proved generally disastrous had the Western crops of cereals and the Southern crop of cotton in 1857 proved what they generally bountiful. It was the rust and the fly and the drought of 1857 and 1858 which rendered the financial complications of 1857 so severe.

We are now entering upon a new era. Nearly three years have elapsed since the great bubble—first inflated by the California gold discoveries—burst, with a report which re-echoed throughout the commercial world. Since then the United States have gone through a period of almost unexampled suffering. By a curious coincidence, simultaneously with our domestic troubles, immigration fell off, good harvests in Europe deprived our farmers of a market for their grain, and political disturbances inces-
pased capitalists to advertures money in new adventures, or to purchase cotton at the price which it ought to have commanded. Produce-
tive regions were smitten as cruelly as financial centres, and the result was universal poverty.

In the year 1859 the harvests in the months of June and July, it was believed by persons not over-san-
guine that the worst was over, and that the tide had turned. "The crops looked well throughout the country; it was fairly presumed that our income would exceed our expenditure. That hope was not realized. In the South, the cot-
ton crop fulfilled the most sanguine expecta-
tions—a yield of 4,600,000 bales satisfied every one. But the West was disappointed. That fatal night of the 10th June, 1859, destroyed millions upon millions of bushels of corn and wheat in Illinois, Ohio, Wisconsin, Michigan, Indiana, and Minnesota. To complicate the misfortune, excessive importations of foreign goods stripped the mercantile community of their profits, and disabled them from attending that aid to the rural districts which was fairly expected.

Another year has now elapsed. We are de-
lighted to say that the promise of the future is more brilliant and more certain than it was a year since. The final result is still in the hands of Providence; an early frost may still largely diminish the product of cotton; and the rust and the fly may play havoc with the wheat. But present appearances fairly bolster sanguine hopes. Throughout the Territory of Kansas and the State of Missouri the crops must be very poor; in Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, and most of the Southern States, they will be below an average; but in the great food-yield-
ing States—New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Northern Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, Michigan, and Minnesota—the yield of both corn and wheat will be very largely in excess of the average. Oregon and California will also fail to describe the luxuriant appearance of the Western wheat. Hundreds and thousands of square miles are covered with the handsomest grain that a farmer could wish to see. Another fortnight or three weeks and every wheat-grower of the West will be in easy circumstances again. The corn crop usually promises well, but a late spring and genial weather enabled the farmers to plant a larger area than usual, and to plant it well. If the autumn frost be no earlier than the average our crop of the Northwest will be largely in excess of the average. It is plain, too, as well from the drought which has pre-
vailed in Europe and several European States as from the unfavorable crop-reports from Eu-
rope, that there will be a fine market for all the food that can be given in the West.

It is yet too early to speak confidently of the cotton crop. Its amount mainly depends on the date of the first full frost. Still, assuming that we have an average autumn, the reports from the cotton plantations justify the hope that we may have, this year, a crop of not less than five million bales. Much more than that than the av-
erage has been planted, and the weather has, thus far, been favorable. Nor is it unnatural to presume that the cotton-planters will enjoy this fall and winter the spring that they last ever had. Never did cotton-spinners do so well as they have done since last September. The Manchester mills have ordered largely. Our own mills have been unceasingly active, yet have failed to supply the home demand and the in-
quiry for export to South America and Asia. In France the manufacturers have been equally fortunate. All over the world, in fact, the man-
ufacturer of cotton goods has been so very profit-
able that there must be an increased demand for the raw material this fall.

Simultaneously with this increase of produc-
tion, we note with pleasure a decrease in the general consumption of foreign goods, and a re-
vival of immigration. The imports are largely below, the immigration largely in excess, of that of last year. We have less to pay for, and more hands to work with, than we had a year ago. Add to this that our banks are in a very sound condition, that no speculative schemes are absorbing capital, and that the mercantile community are trading on a safe basis and on their own means, and it can not be denied that the prospect for the future is one upon which every man may fairly congratulate his neighbor.

THE PROGRESS OF BUSINESS IN ITALY.

THE work goes bravely on! At the time we write we know that at least half of Palermo is in Garibaldi's hands, and that the imbecile tenant of the Royal Palace is solicitous for help from his brother sovereigns. It is agreeable to know that, with the exception of Austria—which does not count—just now the Powers of Europe have unanimously declined to lend their aid to the maintenance of Neapolitan oppression in Sicily. Napoleon adroitly makes the point that a foreign Power can not mediate between a monarch and his subjects, but only between two hostile Powers; if, therefore, the King of Naples wants to submit his quarrel to arbitra-
tion he must begin by recognizing the independence of Sicily. England positively refuses to move in the mat-
ter, simply reserving the right of mediating at the proper time in the interest of humanity. Similar answers, we are assured, were forward-
ed from Berlin and St. Petersburg. Young Bomba is left to his own resources, and may feel pretty certain that nobody sympathizes with him in his day of trouble.

Thus, the world moves, after all. Time was, within the lifetime of men not very old, when Bomba's cry of distress would have roused bristling bayonets in every capital in Europe,

and Frenchmen, Germans, Spaniards, and Russians would have flown to Sicily, to crush out the insolent assailants of the divine right of kings. Austria put down the Italians over and over again. France sent an army to crush out liberty in Spain. Russia lent soldiers to help the German princes trample their people. Throughout Europe, thirty and forty years ago, sovereigns were banded together in a Holy Alliance, based upon the principle that the safety of all monarchs required the protection of each one of them against revolution. England was not a member of the Alliance; but in the great league which overthrew Napoleon, and of which the Alliance was the natural sequel, England took the leading part, and in good society in England every one sympathized with the allied sovereigns. Nearly forty years have passed since the last of the meetings of the Holy Alliance: what a change in public feeling!

Let no man suppose, however, that the work is over in Italy. The Bourbons and the Jesuits and the soldiery are fighting for bare life. They know perfectly well that if they are beaten that will be the end of them. They are desperate. They have money, arms, a well-disciplined army, and the advantage of position; while Garibaldi has but a slender force, the peasantry are not armed, the revolution has no money, and nothing can hardly be granted to rebels. In the end, it stands to reason that the cause of right must prevail; but the final triumph may not be reached as soon as many people expect. We may look for a long summer's work. Napoleon, it seems, has again yielded to the entreaties of the Pope, who, after coarsely abusing the Emperor in a public rescript, has now begged the favor of his protection a little longer. So Rome is safe for a few more weeks or months, and the Pope has something more to trust to rely upon than the valor of Lamoricière and the constancy of his Irish recruits. Here, again, the struggle promises to be a long and wearisome one. Institutions like the Papacy can not be overthrown in a day, however hard the Pope and his ministers may try to provoke destruction.

But God is over all, and the end must come at last. We who watch and hope shall yet see a free, united, liberal Italy.

THE LOUNGER.

ON A CERTAIN LATE NOVEL.

THAT any person, man or woman, who has the talent to write a good book, should write it, is natural and pleasant. That any clever person trying to help himself along in the world, and believing that he can do it by writing a story, should write it, is still natural and pleasant. A good storyteller is a benefactor. We can spare many people before him. How shall we estimate Defoe, Cervantes, Le Sage? But if this good talent be better than the story, ought the critic to say that the story is good because the author is pursuing a laudable object, as the author no doubt thinks? Shall I think that the critic may hold his tongue? So he will, doubtless, if any harm is to follow from opening his mouth. But critics don't make fame. Even the newspapers can not confer genius. They may excite a curiosity, and sell many editions of a book; but if the book is not good, they can not bribe a crowd to witness the author's failure. You may be induced to buy a book because you see it highly praised, but when you have discovered that the book does not commend itself, no applause will persuade you to the purchase of that author's next production.

I remember that a MS. was once sent to me. I told the author candidly that it had better not be sent; that if I liked it, the public might not; and if I disliked it, the author was sure to dislike me. But nothing would prevent it. Town knows that any such consideration, etc. I read the MS. —it was a novel—and did not like it. I said so to the author. He might rushed down and separated us for many months. One day I received a small package, which I opened, and discovered a fresh, new novel. Of course it was the novel I had not liked; and under the cover a note: "M—— presents compliments and a copy of ——." Mr. L. will observe that the eminent publishers, —— & Co., take a different view from his own of the merits and chances of success of the inclosed."

There was no possible but Phœnician.

"Mr. L. presents his compliments and thanks for the book, and is delighted that the eminent publishers differ with him about it. But he can only remind M—— that Phœnician remained of the same opinion although the Greeks did win the battle."

The difference was that the novel did not. There was an immense advertising, and what is called puffing. The author was a person of "singular power," of "rare genius," and the novel "stands out among fiction" "fresh," etc., etc. This was five years ago. There has never been another work by the same author. Probably not a copy of that has been sold in four years; and it is doubtful if a single reader recalls either the name or the story.

Often and often since that day new novels have been published. They have marched by the public eye in full-dress parade. The drums and trumpets sounded, the banners waved; but the sound grew gradually fainter, until it was heard no more. A good look at a military show, company thundering by with a clash of hired music. It is a thrush or a bobolink singing its own song, and every day repeating its charm, like the sun and the rose. Do children get tired of Robinson Crusoe? Does the "Arabian Nights" sell by puffing? Young author, the papers may say what they think. They may be right. It may be that you are poor, and be pitiful; they may not wish to alienate the publisher's advertising; they may have a general policy of praise; or, on the other hand, they may really like your book. But do not be elated; wait a little, until the next novel is published, and then read what they say of that. You will find that genius has been lavishly bestowed upon your generation, and that you are one of a mighty company of "rare poverts" and "very remarkable talents."

JOHN AND MATRIMONY.

THE spirit of our laws asserts absolute religious freedom. Every man has a right to reject and establish it. But if a man say that his religious views constrain him to pick pockets, he can not plead absolute religious freedom as a reason why he should not be sent up. There are several other rights besides those of free religion lashed. You may believe what you choose, or what you can not help, but if you believe it right to cut your neighbor's throat, you will be hanged, nevertheless, because he has the same right to keep his throat whole that you have to your beliefs; and when rights conflict, society, or organized common sense, steps in and regulates the difficulty.

Clergymen are both religious and civil officers. When they marry you they perform a duty exactly the union by a religious blessing, and they legalize it by authority of the State. In the grant of that authority, the State may, of course, impose such reasonable conditions as it chooses for the purpose of accomplishing the end it has in view. In the view of society marriage is a legal contract, and hence his Honor, Mayor Wood, who is not a religious officer, and Aldermen of the Peace, and various magistrates, are empowered to perform the ceremony.

Now the people of the State of New York, in view of the great interests of property which depend upon legitimate birth, desire as far as possible to discourage illegitimate unions. And for that purpose have ordained that every officer who marries a couple shall keep a register of the names and surnames of the parties, their residence, age, and condition, whether single or widowed, as near as can be ascertained. Nothing could be more simple and reasonable. Any person who is about to enter on such a law to which any good citizen could possibly object. But there is an objector, and a most extraordinary objector, in this matter.

The Archbishop of the Romish Church has written a letter in which he says that if the State paid for the clergyman for marrying people he could understand that he would be responsible to its laws. But then the Archbishop knows that his sole authority to perform a legal marriage anywhere in that State is derived from the law of the State, and that the same power imposes the duty of the registry. Does he intend to say that the citizens are not responsible to the laws except when they are paid for it? Does he mean that the clergyman pleads that a clergyman is often called upon "to remedy privately the evils which the corruption of morals may have introduced, and that any requirement of private conscience is concerned on the part of the delinquents"? It is a dark saying. But the only reasonable answer to it is this, that the people who have been long living together illicitly as husband and wife sometimes repent, and wish to be legally married. Very well. If in some cases sufficient reason why a clergyman should be subjected to state in his registry the fact that they were married by him, and therefore legal? Is there any reason why concealment should be wished at because it has been long practised? Why, if it be right to conceal it, can a clergyman justify his revelation of it by the mere fact that the State pays him for the information?

The letter of the Archbishop which has excited so much remark is a triumph of obscurity. Learned divines and lawyers are employed in the effort to cloud their ideas, and the meaning of the Archbishop is certainly obscure. He professes that he does not refer the question to Rome, but he is not ready to violate his conscience—meaning, of course, that he is not willing to make the registry. But then he has just stated that if the agent were paid by the State he would be responsible to the laws. His logic says, therefore—though, of course, the prelate himself would be horrified at the low compelling a man to violate his conscience nay to discard the law of God—that the State should think it would be better to marry people quietly, according to law, than to attempt a justification of conflicting by a plea that the State had offered no bribe for obedience.

THE SPANISH MAIN.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE has written one of the cleverest of the English novelists, has written a little book of travel among the West India Islands and along part of the Spanish Main, which is one of the most readable, agreeable, instructive volumes that you are likely to put your hand upon until the summer.

Mr. Trollope (son of our old friend who made such fun of us some years ago, and with whom we were so savagely angry) has traveled in the English Post-office, and crossed the ocean upon some public business. But he did the public work apparently only as his health uniform—his temperament, as Professor Fowler would probably say, bilious-lymphatic—he calm, perceptive—intelligent—prompt—impartial—able to see fun and to make it—a man upon whom a good bottle, a good cigar, and a good dinner would produce a happy effect.

During a cruise of several weeks he drops in upon all the West India Islands, and falls in love with them. Nothing is so charming as love, and the most appreciative and retentive eyes. He tells you the incidents of travel with a fresh spirit, and

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Anthony Trollope's "West Indies and the Main."

ACT FIFTH, SCENE THE LAST.

JOHN BULL can never laugh at us again for absurd extravagance. The solemn editorials of the *Saturday Review* and other leading English papers upon the lustful fight of Heenan and Sayers were droll enough; but the grave description in the *Times* of "the interesting ceremony which no suspiciously closes this novel Anglo-American 'difficulty'" is beyond Rabelaisian. We have had some signal successes in the achievement of absurdity. When, for instance, the obsequies of a bully killed in a barroom fight in a cock-pit were celebrated as those of Washington might have been, decent Americans felt their fingers tingle, and the newspapers justly stated the public sentiment. But there was this explanation of that display, that Poole was identified as the representative of a party, and that signification of his funeral was really political.

But the P. R. represents nothing. To confound that rare excellence, heroism, with the ability to endure a flogging is simply laughable; and when it is dismissed that the one muscular preparation prevents any real suffering from the "punishment" it becomes contemptible. The courage that held Thermopylæ and watched at Valley Forge was not of the muscular kind. The point of pluck is in the mind, not in the knuckles; and many a man, because he is such a coward that he can not resist the foolishness of "the code," passes for a brave fellow because he stands up before a pistol. How it is possible that such an insult you if you do not permit him? If you want brave men, don't go to race-courses, prize-rings, cock-fights, and barrooms; but look out for all their lives walk in a cloud of popular delusion, because they love truth and are loyal to principle. Mr. Benjamin Caunt, because he has the fists and can stand a pummeling, is no brave brave, for those reasons, than Hopo'-my-thumb's ogre. He may be a hero, but his fists and power of endurance don't prove it.

John Bull thinks otherwise. The description of which we spoke is exquisite. The amiable fighters are introduced at the two bruvest men who had honored the world since the days of Wellington and Napoleon." And John then announces that the account of the bruising "is a history which will be read by future generations with admiration," and that his reason is "world-wide." Dealer or Jonathan then takes up the wondrous tale, and addresses Mr. Sayers upon "the termination of your career in the prize-ring public life," and "the fitting finish of a great career." The bruising at Farnborough, especially. Probably the part when Mr. Heenan was engaged in strangling Mr. Sayers was "divinely revived; and it was not only courteous but knightly." After this it seems rather tame that Jonathan should say that he is "pleased Mr. Sayers that he is receiving "a sound expression of the admiration of two nations such as a man in your humbling way has had the great fortune to receive before." Is a gentleman who, by overmatching one the rule of another, has revived chivalry, and by planting his murders upon an opposing people proved himself not only courteous but knightly, to be talked to of "humble standing?" Do people of humble standing fifty finish great careers, and terminate long and honorable public lives?

With such a flourish of eloquence the actors in the late great comedy bow themselves off the scene. Will John Bull be content so with his estimate of the not gain to decency, honesty, and heroism of the whole business?

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

MODERATION IN CRINOLINE.

A lady who styles herself *Artiste en Corsets, Fournisseur de la Cour Impériale*, yesterday advertises a "Jupon Medium." The thing called "Jupon" is a new fashion, and the only saving exception to the rule which declares that there is a medium in every thing. Hitherto there has been no medium in the dimensions of that article of female apparel, which have indeed attained all known proportions; however, a man may hope to be enabled to sit or dine with comfort and a strong part of his time. Many little clothes, which were generally spread out on each side so as to be in front of the table, and to give a grotesque appearance to figures, are uncomfortably worn in attempting to sit down to dinner, and, consequently, as gentlemen will frature, thanks to the "Jupon Medium," will ever, perhaps, be enabled to dine with their wives, instead of the fourcon of one of his fair neighbors instead of his table-napkin. If the "Jupon" should be a specimen of the golden mean, success to it. May it be patronized by the aristocracy, and, by a less fashionable spirit-gauge, it will be what you may call an example of the happy medium!

OLD PEET AND OLD FOGIES.—The cause of greyness in the hair, in many instances, may be traced to a too copious indulgence in pate-wine. When we consider the composition of the nutritious and delicately solid viand in question, we may easily understand how the practice of imbibing it is calculated to give one who is not old the appearance of an elder-ly gentleman.

SPEAK AND SHOULDER-ARMS.—"What is an equestrian statue?" inquired a visitor, of a meeting that a functionary of that nature had been promoted to the cutenancy of a new regiment. "A equerry, my dear," replied the parent, "is a horse-footman."

We have heard of an economical man, who always takes his dinner in front of a mirror. He does this to double the dishes.

left-ten...

A cockney at a tea-party, overhearing one lady say to another, "I have something for your private ear," immediately exclaimed, "I protest against that, for there is no hair underneath it."

An editor says that he hoped to be able to present a marriage and a death as original matter for his columns; but a busy time broke up the wedding, and the doctor got sick, so the patient recovered.

A LAWYER said to a medical friend: "My family, surely, is the more ancient; for the killing of Abel by Cain was the first criminal case."

"Sure enough," replied the doctor; "but before that happened a rib was taken out of Adam's side; and that operation was the first surgical operation."

A SCREECHING FIEND.—Dr. Mosher, of Giessen, relates the case of a girl, who, suffering from an affection of the ear, accompanied by an attack of typhoid fever, was suddenly seized with a screaming, which lasted for eighty hours. Beckoning her answers per writing-tablet, he makes out that the girl must have screeched 48,000 times.

Once at the breakfast-table at the Tedworth, Mr. Assheton Smith was intent on the newspaper, when suddenly he uttered an expression of horror, and his countenance exhibited the most poignant emotion. The ladies present, supposing that some great European calamity had occurred, hastily asked him what was the matter, and were told by the old gentleman, looking over his spectacles, "By Jove, a fox has been hunted to death in a barn!" The enthusiastic votary of the chase, the man to be hunted to death in a week all through the season, the high-priest who had immolated innumerable foxes, had could allow his life to expire on one knife with which he had cut off no less than 1500 tails, was bowed down with sorrow when he heard of foxpend being destroyed without the usual ceremonies.

HOW TO AVOID DROWNING.—Always keep your head above water.

"NO NOSE ON THAT HEAD."—Why is a busy barber like a telegraphic wire?—Because he runs *from* poll *to* poll.

THE TRUE PROMOTER OF DIGESTION.—Laughing after dinner is a better "stomachic" to promote digestion than cheese, Champagne, or gills.

"Master," said an old Scotch servant, "whether is't better to have a saucy woman gives you a glass of whisky, to tak a drop or drink aff at ance?" This puzzled the humorous Scotch phrase, judiciously replied to their poser that the mastery consisted in taking it by the whisk, the man exclaimed, with a sigh of relief, "Then, Gude be thankit, I 'se no mastery!"

A PROVERB OF SOME SOLDING-US.—It is better that a woman should scold than sit in silence. Better for us to endure the greatest ills than fly to others that we know not of. We do not object to the noise of scolding. We never did. Scolding seems to be a poor sun to make of a woman, but it has something more than its advantages. We do not like the noise of a boiler blowing off steam; but if it saves the boiler from bursting, we should be content to endure it.

THE TAILOR THAT MADE THE REMARK.—The DUKE of Wellington was remarkable for the coolness with which he gave his directions. Even in the heat of an engagement he has been known to give vent to a tremendous observation, especially when it seemed to raise the spirits of his men. Thus, when the fire was most scorching Badajoz, his Grace rode up while the balls were falling around, and observing an artillery-man particularly active, inquired the man's name. He was answered, "Taylor." "A very good name, true," remarked Wellington. "Cheer up, my men; our *Taylor* will soon make a pair of *breeches* for the enemy." At this sally the men forgot the danger of their situation, a burst of laughter broke from them, and the next charge carried the fortress.

What aches on a railroad train are most likely to be head-*ache*. The Railroad Aches.

A practical joker ought to be the best of auctioneers—judging by his success in selling his friends.

The boy who was caught looking into the future has been arrested on a charge of peering into what was coming.

A sentimental chap intends to petition Parliament for a grant to purchase the diamonds of admiration; so that henceforth the "coarse of true love may run smooth."

"And so you have married a Mr. Penny?" said a gentleman to a lady who had accepted a widower.

"No; Mr. Twice."

"Ah, you have done better than I thought."

"Sare," said a Frenchman, wishing to display his knowledge of the English language, "did it rain to-day?"

"Yes, Sare," was the equally humbatic reply; "yes, Sare, it was."

A six-year elder, going into the village without leave, was stunned after by one of the masters, who inquired how he dare to do so.

"I am going to buy a ha'porth of nails, Sir."

"What for?"

"For a ha'penny, Sir," was the reply.

"Wonderful things are done nowadays," said Mr. Thomas Green to his wife, after seeing Black's boy a new lip from his cheek.

"I don't like to play farthin," said Jenkins, "and have all the silver I have a binding me: it makes me common property."

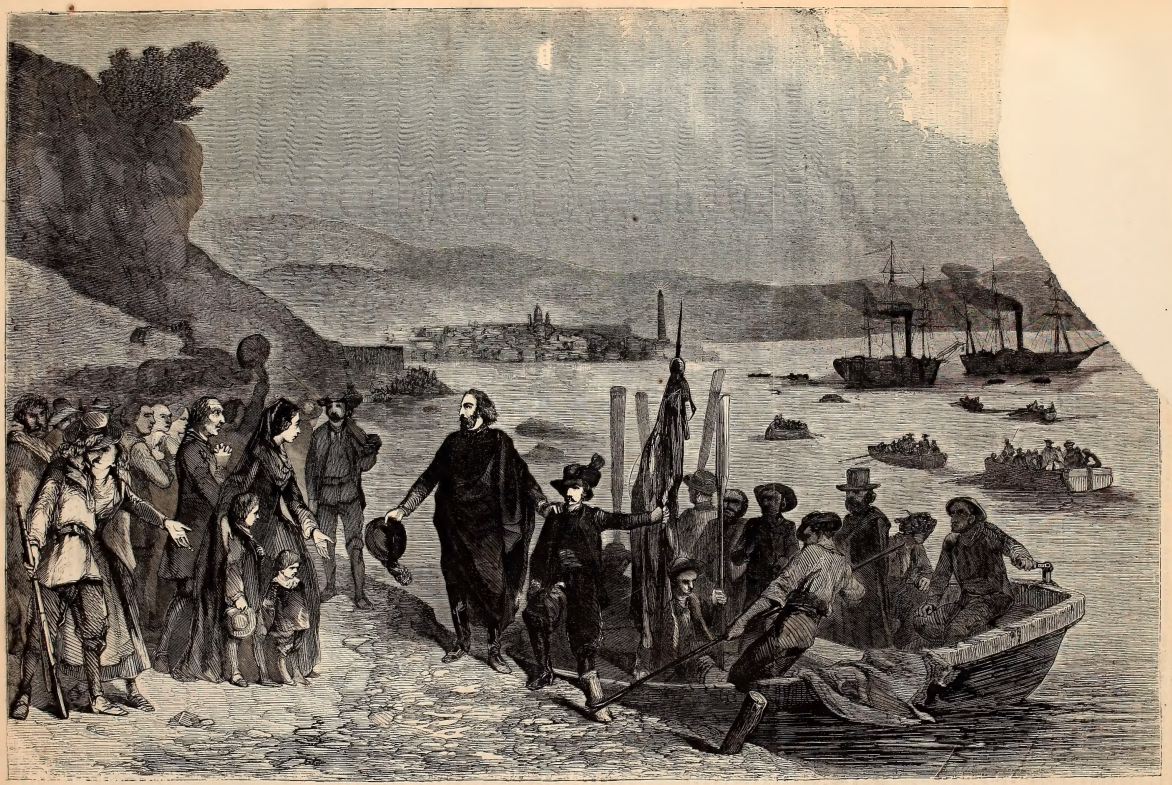
Nothing is common which is dear," meekly responded Charles; "and dear are all private property according to law."

A sailor, a giant of known bravery, who was in a boat at the siege of Copenhagen, kept down his head while a ball was flying over his head.

"For shame! hold up your head!" thundered the officer in the stern.

"I will, Sir, when there's room for it," was the laughing response.

The cost of a house is the gift of nature. That of an ass is often the work of a builder.



DEPARTURE OF GARIBALDI AND HIS FOLLOWERS FROM GENOA ON THE NIGHT OF MAY 5, 1860.

DEPARTURE OF GARIBALDI FROM GENOA.

THE engraving on the previous page depicts the departure of the Italian chief Garibaldi from Genoa for Sicily on the 5th May last. Orders had been given to the captains of his force to meet on the night of 5-6th May, at the Villa Spinola. Their consultations were necessarily brief; time was precious. Before day broke the embarkation was effected, and the *Piemont* and *Lirio* were under full steam with their gallant crews.

General Garibaldi was the last man to embark. Our picture represents him consenting to the earnest request of the wife of one of his officers that she might be allowed to embark as a hospital nurse. This lady's name is Crespi.

The results of the expedition are well known.

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "AFTER DARK," ETC., ETC.

[Printed from advance proof-sheets purchased from the author exclusively for "Harper's Weekly."]

WALTER HARTRIGHT'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

VII.

WHEN I reached home again, after my interview with Mrs. Clements, I was struck by the appearance of a change in Laura.

The unvarying gentleness and patience which long misfortune had tried so cruelly, and had never conquered yet, seemed now to have suddenly failed her. Insensible to all Marian's attempts to soothe and amuse her, she sat, with her neglected drawing pushed away on the table; her eyes resolutely cast down, her fingers twining and untwining themselves restlessly in her lap. Marian rose when I came in, with a silent distress in her face; waited for a moment to see if Laura would look up at my approach; whispered to me, "Try if you can rouse her;" and left the room.

I sat down in the vacant chair; gently unclasped the poor, worn, restless fingers; and took both her hands in mine.

"What are you thinking of, Laura? Tell me, my darling—try and tell me what it is.

She struggled with herself, and raised her eyes to mine. "I can't feel happy," she said; "I can't help thinking—" She stopped, hurt forward a little, and laid her head on my shoulder, with a terrible mute helplessness that struck me to the heart.

"Try to tell me," I repeated, gently; "try to tell me why you are not happy."

"I am so useless—I am such a burden on both of you," she answered, with a weary, hopeless sigh. "You work and get money, Walter; and Marian helps you. Why is there nothing I can do? You will end in liking Marian better than you like me—you will, because I am so helpless! Oh don't, don't, don't treat me like a child!"

I raised her head, and smoothed away the tangled hair that fell over her face, and kissed her—my poor, faded flower! my lost, afflicted sister! You shall help us, Laura," I said; "you shall begin, my darling, to-day!"

She looked at me with a feverish eagerness, with a breathless interest, that made me tremble for the new life of hope which I had called into being by those few words.

"Work, and set her drawing materials in order, and placed them near her again.

"You know that I work and get money by drawing," I said. "Now you have taken such pains, now you are so much improved, you shall begin to work and get money too. Try to finish this little sketch as nicely and prettily as you can. When it is done I will take it away with me; and the same person will buy it who buys all that I do. You shall keep your own earnings in your own purse; and Marian shall go to you to help her as often as she comes to see. Think how useful you are going to make yourself to both of us, and you will soon be as happy, Laura, as the day is long."

Her face grew eager, and brightened into a smile. In the moment while it lasted, in the moment when she again took up the pencils that had been laid aside, she almost looked like the Laura of past days. I had not misinterpreted the first signs of a new growth and strength in her mind, unconsciously expressing themselves in the notice she had taken of the occupations which filled her sister's life and mine, and in the inference that she had truly drawn from them for herself. Marian (when I told her what had passed) saw, as I saw, that she was longing to assume her own little position of importance, to raise herself in her own estimation and in ours; and from that day we tenderly helped the new ambition which gave promise of the hopeful, happier future that might now not be far off. Her drawings, as she finished them, or tried to finish them, were placed in my hands; Marian took them from me and hid them carefully; and I set aside a little weekly tribute from my earnings, to be offered to her as the price paid by strangers for the poor, faint, valueless sketches of which I was the only purchaser. It was hard sometimes to maintain our innocent deception, when she proudly brought out her purse to contribute her share toward the expenses, and wondered, with serious interest, whether I or she had earned the most that week. I have all those hidden drawings in my possession still; they are my treasures beyond price—the dear remembrances that I love to keep alive—the friends, in past adversity, that my heart will never part from, my tenderness never forget.

Am I trifling here with the necessities of my task? am I looking forward to the happier time which my narrative has not yet reached? Yes. Back again—back to the days of doubt and dread, when the spirit within me struggled hard for its life, in the icy stillness of perpetual suspense. I have paused and rested for a while on the course which is leading me to the End. Is it time wasted if the friends who read these pages have paused and rested too?

I took the first opportunity I could find of speaking to Marian in private, and of communicating to her the result of the previous visit which I had made that morning. She seemed to share the opinion on the subject of my proposed journey to Welmingham, which Mrs. Clements had already expressed to me.

"Surely, Walter," she said, "you hardly know enough yet to give you any hope of claiming Mrs. Catherick's confidence? Is it wise to proceed to these extremities before you have really exhausted all safer and simpler means of attaining your object? When you told me that Sir Percival and the Count were the only two people in existence who knew the exact date of Laura's journey, you forgot and I forgot that there was a third person who must surely know it—I mean Mrs. Rubelle. Would it not be far easier, and far less dangerous, to insist on a confession from her than to force it from Sir Percival?"

"It might be easier," I replied; "but we are not aware of all that exists between Mrs. Rubelle's connivance and interest in the conspiracy; and we are therefore not certain that the date has been impressed on the memory of Sir Percival's accomplice in the same manner as it has been assuredly impressed on the minds of Sir Percival and the Count. It is too late now to waste the time and the chances which may be all-important to the discovery of the one assailable point in Sir Percival's life. Are you thinking a little too severely, Marian, of the risk I may run in returning to Hampshire? Are you beginning to doubt whether Sir Percival Glyde may not, in the end, be more than a match for me?"

"He will not be more than your match," she replied, decidedly, "because he will not be helped in resisting you by the impenetrable wickedness of the Count."

"What has led you to that conclusion?" I asked, in some surprise.

"My own knowledge of Sir Percival's obstinacy and impatience of the Count's control," she answered. "I believe he will insist on meeting you single-handed—as he insisted, at first, on acting for himself at Blackwater Park. The time for suspecting the Count's interference will be the time when you have Sir Percival at your mercy. His own interests will then be directly threatened—and he will act, Walter, to terrible purpose in his own defence."

"We may deprive him of his weapons beforehand," I said. "Some of the particulars I have heard from Mrs. Clements may yet be turned to account against him; and other means of strengthening the case may be at our disposal. There are passages in Mrs. Michelson's narrative which show that the Count found it necessary to place himself in communication with Mr. Fairlie; and there may be circumstances which compromise him in that proceeding. While I am away, Marian, write to Mr. Fairlie, and say that you want an answer describing exactly what passed between the Count and himself, and informing you also of any particulars that may have come to his knowledge at the same time in connection with his niece. Tell him, in case he hesitates to comply, that the statement you request will, sooner or later, be insisted on if he shows any reluctance to furnish you with it of his own accord."

"The letter shall be written, Walter. But are you really determined to go to Welmingham?"

"Absolutely determined. I will devote the next two days to earning what we want for the week to come; and on the third day I go to Hampshire."

long. I found Laura busily occupied in the same drawing exactly as I had left her. She was going to London, of course, by the time the Cedile Laura's drawing for her drawing was finished and occupied and happy. Then to the stress

"Remember what I say," she whispered, as we left the passage; "remember all I have said on your safe return. If stranger than to you on this journey; if you and Sir Percival meet—"

"What makes you think we shall meet?" I asked.

"I don't know—I have fears and fancies that I can't account for. Laugh at them, Walter, if you like—but for God's sake keep your temper! if you come in contact with that man!"

"Never fear, Marian! I answer for my self-control."

With these words we parted.

I walked briskly to the station. There was a glow of hope in me; there was a growing conviction in my mind that my journey this time would not be taken in vain. It was a fine, clear, cold morning; my nerves were firmly strung, and I felt all the strength of my resolution stirring in me vigorously from head to foot.

As I crossed the railway platform, and looked right and left among the people congregated on it, to search for any faces among them that I knew, the doubt occurred to me whether it might not have been to my advantage if I had adopted a disguise before setting out for Hampshire. But there was something so repellent to me in the idea—something so meanly like the common herd of spies and informers in the mere act of adopting a disguise—that I dismissed the question from consideration almost as soon as it had risen in my mind. Even as a mere matter of expediency the proceeding was doubtful in the extreme. If I tried the experiment at home, the landlord of the house would sooner or later discover me, and would have his suspicions aroused immediately. If I tried it away from home, the same persons might see me, by the commonest accident, with the disguise and without it; and I should in that way be inviting the notice and distrust which it was my most pressing interest to avoid. In my own character I had acted thus far rightly; in my own character I was resolved to continue to the end.

The train left me at Welmingham early in the afternoon.

Is there any wilderness of sand in the deserts of Arabia, is there any prospect of desolation among the most barren of Polar seas which can rival the repelling effect on the eye, and the depressing influence on the mind, of an English country town, in the first stage of its existence, and in the transition-state of its prosperity? I asked myself that question as I passed through the chaos of desolation, the neat ugliness, the prim torpor of the streets of Welmingham. And the handsomer when shared after me from their loveliness by the trees that drooped helpless in their arid exile of unfinished crescents and squares; the dead shrubberies that waited in vain for the vivifying human element to animate them with the breath of life; every creature that I met, every object that I passed, seemed to answer with one accord: The deserts of Arabia are innocent of our civilized desolation; the ruins of Palestine are incapable of our modern gloom!

I inquired my way to the quarter of the town in which Mrs. Catherick lived; and on reaching it found myself in a number of small houses one storey high. There was a bare little plot of grass in the middle protected by a cheap wire fence. An elderly nursemaid and two children were standing in a corner of the inclosure looking at a lean goat tethered to the grass. Two foot passengers were talking together on one side of the pavement before the houses, and an idle little boy was leading an idle little dog along by a string on the other. I heard the dull tinkling of a piano at a distance, accompanied by the intermittent knocking of a hammer near at hand. These were all the sights and sounds of life that encountered me when I entered the square.

I walked at once to the door of No. 13—the number of Mrs. Catherick's house—and knocked, without waiting to consider beforehand how I might best present

HARTWRIGHT AND LAURA.

...ng
... of it. However, it jus... ...ose, in going into mourning. There is not much alteration necessary in my dress, as you see. When I have changed my mittens I shall be all in black."

She searched in the pocket of her gown; drew out a pair of black-lace mittens; put them on with the stoniest and steadiest composure; and then quietly crossed her hands in her lap.

"I wish you good-morning," she said.

The cool contempt of her manner irritated me into directly avowing that the purpose of my visit had not been answered yet.

"I *have* another motive in coming here," I said.

"Ah! I thought so," remarked Mrs. Catherick.

"Your daughter's death—"

"What did she die of?"

"Of disease of the heart."

"Yes? Go on."

"Your daughter's death has been made the pretext for inflicting serious injury on a person who is very dear to me. Two men have been concerned, to my certain knowledge, in doing that wrong. One of them is Sir Percival Glyde."

"Indeed?"

I looked attentively to see if she flinched at the sudden mention of that name. Not a muscle of her stirred—the hard, defiant, implacable stare in her eyes never wavered for an instant.

"You may wonder," I went on, "how the event of your daughter's death can have been made the means of inflicting injury on another person."

"No," said Mrs. Catherick; "I don't wonder at all. This appears to be your affair. You are interested in my affairs. I am not interested in yours."

"You may ask, then," I persisted, "why I mention the matter in your presence."

"Yes: I *do* ask that."

"I mention it because I am determined to bring Sir Percival Glyde to account for the wickedness he has committed."

"What have I to do with your determination?"

"You shall hear. There are certain events in Sir Percival's past life which it is necessary to my purpose to be fully acquainted with. *You* know them—and for that reason I come to *you*."

"What events do you mean?"

"Events which occurred at Old Welmingham, when your husband was parish-clerk at that place, and before the time when your daughter was born."

I had reached the woman at last through the barrier of impenetrable reserve that she had tried to set up between us. I saw her temper smoldering in her eyes as plainly as I saw her hands grow restless, then unclasp themselves and begin mechanically smoothing her dress over her knees.

"What do you know of these events?" she asked.

"All that Mrs. Clements could tell me," I answered.

There was a momentary flush on her firm, square face, a momentary stillness in her restless hands, which seemed to betoken a coming outburst of anger that might throw her off her guard. But no; she mastered the rising irritation, leaned back in her chair, crossed her arms on her broad bosom, and, with a smile of grim sarcasm on her thick lips, looked at me as steadily as ever.

"Ah! I begin to understand it all now," she said, her tamed and disciplined anger only expressing itself in the elaborate mockery of her tone and manner. "You have got a grudge of your own against Sir Percival Glyde, and I must help you to wreak it. I must tell you this, that, and the other about Sir Percival and myself, must I? Yes, indeed? You have been prying into my private affairs. You think you have found a lost woman to deal with, who lives here on sufferance, and who will do any thing you ask, for fear you may injure her in the opinions of the townspeople. I see through you and your precious speculation—I do! and it amuses me. Ha! ha!"

She stopped for a moment: her arms tightened over her bosom, and she laughed to herself—a slow, quiet, chuckling laugh.

"You don't know how I have lived in this place, and what I have done in this place, Mr. What's-your-name," she went on. "I'll tell you, before I ring the bell and have you shown out. I came here a wronged woman. I came here robbed of my character and determined to claim it back. I've been years and years about it, and I *have* claimed it back. I have matched the respectable people fairly and openly on their own ground. If they say any thing against me now, they must say it in secret: they can't say it, they daren't say it, openly. I stand high enough in this town to be out of your reach. *The clergyman bows to me.* Aha! you didn't bargain for that when you came here. Go to the church and inquire about me—you will find ... of
... due.
...on lying
... inhabitants
... and perform
..., our morals!
...ning. Go to the
...gyman's Wednesday
...stification by Faith are
...oscription: I'm down on
...r's wife only put a shilling
... our last charity sermon—I put
... Mr. Churchwarden Soward held
...ad bowed to me. Ten years ago he
...grum, the chemist, I ought to be whipped
... of the town at the cart's tail. Is your mother alive? Has she got a better Bible on her table than I have got on mine? Does she stand better with her tradespeople than I do with mine? Has she always lived within her income? I have always lived within mine.—Ah! there *is* the clergyman coming along the square. Look, Mr. What's-your-name — look, if you please!"

She started up with the activity of a young woman, went to the window, waited till the clergyman passed, and bowed to him solemnly. The clergyman ceremoniously raised his hat, and walked on. Mrs. Catherick returned to her chair, and looked at me with a grimmer sarcasm than ever.

"There!" she said. "What do you think of that for a woman with a lost character? How does your speculation look now?"

The singular manner in which she had chosen to assert herself, the extraordinary practical vindication of her position in the town which she had just offered, had so perplexed me that I listened to her in silent surprise. I was not the less resolved, however, to make another effort to throw her off her guard. If the woman's fierce temper once got beyond her control, and once flamed out on me, she might yet say the words which would put the clew in my hands.

"How does your speculation look now?" she repeated.

"Exactly as it looked when I first came in," I answered. "I don't doubt the position you have gained in the town, and I don't wish to assail it, even if I could. I came here because Sir Percival Glyde is, to my certain knowledge, your enemy as well as mine. If I have a grudge against him, you have a grudge against him too. You may deny it, if you like; you may distrust me as much as you please; you may be as angry as you will—but, of all the women in England, you, if you have any sense of injury, are the woman who ought to help me to crush that man."

"Crush him for yourself," she said; "then come back here, and see what I say to you."

She spoke those words as she had not spoken yet—quickly, fiercely, vindictively. I had stirred in its lair the serpent-hatred of years—but only for a moment. Like a lurking reptile it leaped up at me, as she eagerly bent forward toward the place in which I was sitting. Like a lurking reptile it dropped out of sight again, as she instantly resumed her former position in the chair.

"You won't trust me?" I said.

"No."

"You are afraid?"

"Do I look as if I was?"

"You are afraid of Sir Percival Glyde."

"Am I?"

Her color was rising, and her hands were at work again, smoothing her gown. I pressed the point farther and farther home—I went on, without allowing her a moment of delay.

"Sir Percival has a high position in the world," I said; "it would be no wonder if you were afraid of him. Sir Percival is a powerful man—a baronet—the possessor of a fine estate—the descendant of a great family—"

She amazed me beyond expression by suddenly bursting out laughing.

"Yes," she repeated, in tones of the bitterest, steadiest contempt. "A baronet—the possessor of a fine estate—the descendant of a great family. Yes, indeed! A great family—especially by the mother's side."

There was no time to reflect on the words that had just escaped her; there was only time to feel that they were well worth thinking over the moment I left the house.

"I am not here to dispute with you about family questions," I said. "I know nothing of Sir Percival's mother—"

"And you know as little of Sir Percival himself," she interposed, sharply.

"I advise you not to be too sure of that," I rejoined. "I know some things about him—and I suspect many more."

"What do you suspect?"

"I'll tell you what I *don't* suspect. I *don't* suspect him of being Anne's father."

She started to her feet, and came close up to me with a look of fury.

"How dare you talk to me about Anne's father! How dare you say who was her father, or who wasn't!" she broke out, her face quivering, her voice trembling with passion.

"The secret between you and Sir Percival is not *that* secret," I persisted. "The mystery which darkens Sir Percival's life was not born with your daughter's birth, and has not died with your daughter's death."

She drew back a step. "Go!" she said, and pointed sternly to the door.

"There was no thought of the child in your heart or in his." I went on, determined to press her back to her last defenses. "There was no bond of guilty love between you and him when you held those stolen meetings—when your husband found you whispering together under the vestry of the church."

Her pointing hand instantly dropped to her side, and the deep flush of anger faded from her face while I spoke. I saw the change pass over her; I saw that hard, firm, fearless, self-possessed woman quail under a terror which her utmost resolution was not strong enough to resist, when I said those five last words—"the vestry of the church."

For a minute or more we stood looking at each other in silence. I spoke first.

"Do you still refuse to trust me?" I asked.

She could not call the color that had left it back to her face; but she had steadied her voice, she had recovered the defiant self-possession of her manner, when she answered me.

"I do refuse," she said.

"Do you still tell me to go?"

"Yes. Go—and never come back."

I walked to the door, waited a moment before I opened it, and turned round to look at her again.

"I may have news to bring you of Sir Percival which you don't expect," I said; "and, in that case, I shall come back."

"There is no news of Sir Percival that I don't expect, except—"

She stopped; her pale face darkened; and she stole back, with a quiet, stealthy, cat-like step, to her chair.

"Except the news of his death," she said, sitting down again, with the mockery of a smile just hovering on her cruel lips, and the furtive light of hatred lurking deep in her steady eyes.

As I opened the door of the room to go out she looked round at me quickly. The cruel smile slowly widened her lips—she eyed me with a strange, stealthy interest from head to foot—an unutterable expectation showed itself wickedly all over her face. Was she speculating, in the secrecy of her own heart, on my youth and strength, on the force of my sense of injury and the limits of my self-control; and was she considering the lengths to which they might carry me if Sir Percival and I ever chanced to meet? The bare doubt that it might be so drove me from her presence, and silenced even the common forms of farewell on my lips. Without a word more, on my side or on hers, I left the room.

As I opened the outer door I saw the same clergyman who had already passed the house once, about to pass it again on his way back through the square. I waited on the door-step to let him go by, and looked round, as I did so, at the parlor window.

Mrs. Catherick had heard his footsteps approaching in the silence of that lonely place, and she was on her feet at the window again, waiting for him. Not all the strength of all the terrible passions I had roused in that woman's heart could loosen her desperate hold on the one fragment of social consideration which years of resolute effort had just dragged within her grasp. There she was again, not a minute after I had left her, placed purposely in a position which made it a matter of common courtesy on the part of the clergyman to bow to her for a second time. He raised his hat once more. I saw the hard, ghastly face behind the window soften and light up with gratified pride; I saw the head with the grim black cap bend ceremoniously in return. The clergyman had bowed to her—and in my presence—twice in one day!

The new direction which my inquiries must now take was plainly presented to my mind as I left the house. Mrs. Catherick had helped me a step forward in spite of herself. The next stage to be reached in the investigation was, beyond all doubt, the vestry of Old Welmingham Church.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, June 18, in the Senate, Senator Wilson's amendment to the Navy Appropriation Bill, proposing to provide three steamers for the suppression of the African slave-trade, was debated by Senators Collamer, Mason, Wilson, Mallory, and others. After further debate a vote was taken on the amendment, and it was lost by a vote of 18 to 25. The Navy Appropriation Bill was passed. ——In the House the business done was not of much importance. The Civil Appropriation Bill was amended by the appropriation of $350,000 for the extension of the Treasury Building, $300,000 for the prosecution of the Capitol extension, with £205,000 for labor and materials, and $47,600 for the purchase of marble columns for the Capitol.

On Tuesday, June 19, in the Senate, the Appropriation Bill was taken up, the House report agreed to, and the bill passed. The Overland Mail Bill was then considered. Senator Polk was in favor of the Butterfield contract. Senator Hale thought the contractors would be willing to take $600,000 and give up the contract, which would be a saving of $3,400,000 for the remainder of the time the contract had to run.——In the House, Mr. Davis, of Maryland, made a report from the Committee of Conference, on the disagreeing amendments to the Army Bill, to the effect that they had agreed to the appropriations of $735,000 for fortifications. The Senate's amendment, appropriating $300,000 for coal and navy dépôts on the Isthmus of Chiriqui, was concurred in.

On Wednesday, June 20, in the Senate, a Committee of Conference was ordered on the Navy Appropriation Bill. A motion to reconsider the vote postponing the Tariff Bill to next session caused considerable debate, but was at length agreed to. A Committee of Conference was appointed on the Post-office Deficiency Bill.——In the House, the Senate amendments to the Civil Appropriation Bill were agreed to except that one of the Senate appropriating $300,000 for the New Orleans Custom-house. The bill for the final adjustment of private land claims in Florida, Louisiana, Arkansas, and Missouri was passed. A partial report from the Committee of Conference on the disagreeing amendments of the Legislative, Executive, and Judicial Appropriation Bills, reducing the subjects of controversy to seven, including the famous $21,000,000 loan amendment, was first rejected, but, on motion for reconsideration, concurred in.

On Thursday, June 21, in the Senate, the House bill to establish a mail six times a week overland from Sacramento to Portland, Oregon, was agreed to. Twenty thousand copies of the Harper's Ferry Report were ordered to be printed. The report from the Conference Committee on the Navy Appropriation Bill, in relation to the disagreeing votes, was agreed to, and the bill passed. The Committee of Conference on the Civil Appropriation Bill agreed to restore Captain Meigs to the superintendency of the Washington Aqueduct. A message was received from the House announcing the death of Mr. Schwartz, Representative from Pennsylvania. Senator Cameron offered the customary resolutions of condolence and sympathy, and was followed by Senators Seward and Sumner. The Senate then adjourned.——The House concurred in the Senate's amendment providing for the punishment of United States Marshals and their deputies who permit the escape of prisoners in their custody, the punishment being a fine of $2000 or imprisonment not exceeding two years. Various other amendments from the Senate were concurred in, when the death of Mr. Schwartz was announced, and the usual resolutions adopted. A Committee was appointed to accompany the remains to the place of interment.

On Friday, June 23, in the Senate, a resolution, providing that the Secretary of the Interior shall contract for the erection or purchase of a Government Printing Bureau, was reported, and caused some debate. The bill authorizing a loan of $20,000,000 was received from the House, and passed. The Legislative Appropriation bill was also passed. The Post Route Bill was then taken up, and an amendment offered, allowing the Postmaster-General to provide for the overland transportation of the Californian mails. This gave rise to considerable debate. The bill provides for three overland routes: a Northern weekly route, at a cost of $200,000; a tri-weekly middle route, *viâ* Salt Lake, at a cost of $600,000, or daily at $800,000; and a tri-weekly from New Orleans, *viâ* San Antonio, to connect with the Butterfield route at El Paso, for £200,000. In the evening session, after several hours' debate, it was informally laid aside, and the Post-office Deficiency bill taken up.——In the House, the unfinished business was transferred to the next session. The Committee of Conference on the Post-office Deficiency Bill, being unable to agree, were discharged from further service, and the House insisted on its amendment restoring the inland service discontinued in 1859. The Loan and Treasury Bill was passed, as were also a number of private bills. An important bill was reported from the Committee on Foreign Affairs, providing for the carrying out of treaty stipulations with China, Japan, Siam, Turkey, Tripoli, Tunis, Morocco, and Muscat, by conferring judicial functions on our Consuls there.

On Saturday, June 23, in the Senate, the President sent in a Message, vetoing the Homestead bill. After considerable debate on the President's objections, a vote was taken on the question of the passage of the bill notwithstanding the veto, and it failed for want of a two-thirds vote. The Post-office Deficiency bill was then considered, the principal point of debate being the proposition to restore the mail service discontinued by the Postmaster-General last year. This the Senate refused to do, and will ask for a Conference Committee. The amendment abolishing the franking privilege was also rejected—23 against 17. The Senate passed the House resolution reducing the price of the public printing forty per cent.——The House requested the President to furnish, at the next session, all the information possible as to the disposition made by the British Government of the Africans rescued by the British cruisers from slave vessels, and of the officers and crews of those vessels. A Message was received from the President recommending the alteration of the present law, so that the Postmaster-General may provide for the transportation of the Pacific mails on reasonable terms. The Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means proposed to introduce a bill to answer the desired purpose, but the proposition was defeated. Mr. Barr, of New York, occupied the time of the House in Committee of the Whole, in answer to a speech made some time ago, by Mr. Nelson, of Tennessee.

THE BALTIMORE CONVENTION.

The adjourned Democratic Convention met at Baltimore on Monday, 18th June, and was called to order by Mr. Caleb Cushing, of Massachusetts. The first question that came up related to the admission of delegates. A resolution was offered by Mr. Church, of New York, that all delegates admitted should be bound in honor to support the nominees of the Convention. The previous question was moved but was not seconded—the New York delegation voting against it—56 to 14. A resolution offered by Mr. Clark, of Missouri, to the effect that the citizens of the several States of the Union have an equal right to settle and remain in the Territories, and hold unmolested there their slaves "and other property," caused much debate, and was not acted upon.

Tuesday and most of Wednesday were consumed by the hearing of evidence before the Committee on Credentials, the point at issue being whether certain Douglas delegations from the Southern States should be admitted or no. On Wednesday two reports were made from the Committee, a majority report recommending the admission of the Douglas delegates from Louisiana and Alabama, and parts of the delegations from other States; and a minority report against the admission of the Douglas delegations. Wednesday and Thursday were devoted to a discussion of these reports. Much angry feeling was evinced, and several personal brawls took place.

On Friday the Convention completed its labors upon the reports of its Committee on Credentials. The majority report was adopted, and the Douglas delegates admitted in place of the Seceders from the Southern States, except in the case of Georgia, where both delegations were admitted with power to cast jointly the vote of the State. A withdrawal of nearly all the Southern delegations, followed by those of California and Oregon, immediately ensued. There was a great deal of confusion and excitement throughout the proceedings.

On Saturday the secession movement was perfected on the commencement of balloting in the regular Convention, General Cushing, the Chairman, with a portion of the Massachusetts Delegation, joining in the stampede. The balloting then proceeded, and resulted, on the first trial, in 173½ votes being cast for Mr. Douglas, the whole number being 212½. A resolution was then introduced declaring Mr. Douglas duly nominated by a two-third vote; the desire for another having been expressed from the Southern section of the Convention, it was accordingly ordered, and resulted in 181½ votes being cast for Mr. Douglas, the rest being scattering. Mr. Douglas was then declared nominated, and the Convention took a recess. On reassembling, Senator Fitzpatrick, of Alabama, was unanimously nominated as the candidate for Vice-President.

THE SECESSION CONVENTION.

The seceders met at noon, and organized by the choice of Mr. Russell, of Virginia, as temporary Chairman. A recess was taken until 5 o'clock, when the permanent organization was perfected by the choice of Caleb Cushing as President. After considerable preliminary talk, the first ballot for a candidate for President was taken and resulted, 81 for Mr. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, and 24 for Mr. Dickinson, of New York. Those voting for Dickinson then withdrew their candidate, and Mr. Breckinridge was declared nominated. General Jo Lane was nominated for the Vice-Presidency by acclamation. The proceedings of the Convention were characterized by considerable enthusiasm.

ANOTHER INDIAN WAR.

By the California Overland Mail, with news to the 1st inst., we hear of serious difficulties with the Indians in Western Utah, which had resulted in the discontinuance of the Pony Express. A serious war with them was anticipated. They are in large numbers, well armed and equipped.

ACCIDENT ON THE HUDSON RIVER.

A sad accident occurred on the Hudson River Railroad, on Wednesday afternoon, near Peekskill. Three men, in a state of intoxication, were walking on the track, when two of them grew quarrelsome and commenced to fight. During the contest the 11 A.M. Express train came along. The third man, seeing his comrades' danger, rushed in to separate them, when the cars passed over the three, killing two instantaneously, and so injuring the third that he died very shortly after. One of the party, an Englishman, had recently received a letter from his mother, and had gone out to buy paper and envelopes to reply to her, when he met the others, and treated them at several drinking places. And that was the cause of the catastrophe. Another accident is also reported on the same railroad. The body of a man was found lying on the track near Tarrytown. His neck was broken. The supposition is that he had jumped off a train.

MOVE.

On Saturday m.
left Philadelphia with
excursion other than
at them. They arrived at a
duly received by the special con
Commons Council, on board the a
a delightful sail up the beautiful bay,
were escorted up Broadway, Grand Stre,
Union Square, and down Broadway to the Metro
by the entire fire department from New York State
Jersey, numbering several thousand men. The proc
ended after an hour in passing a given point,
with applause by all along the route were crow
with spectators, yet the excellent police arrangements of
Superintendent Kennedy secured a speedy and uninter-
rupted pass for the procession—a satisfaction from eve-
ity and insult that must have pleased the princes al-
ar state entrance in their rides. In the evening, the
Metropolitan Hotel, where the Embassy is located in
magnificent quarters, was illuminated in every window,
and decorated with a thousand Japanese and American
flags. The grocers were also arrayed in Dodworth's
Band. The entire arrangements were conducted in a
manner that is said to have given satisfaction to the Em-
bassy and Naval Commission who have been in charge.

On Monday, 18th, the Embassy, in company with the
Naval Commission and the Common Council, visited the
Mayor and Governor at the City Hall, and were formally
welcomed. The Seventh Regiment, National Guards,
turned out a volunteer escort of about 600 men to guard
the visitors on the route. Addresses of welcome were
made by Mayor Wood and Governor Morgan, and re-
plied to by the Princes, who, after viewing the Govern-
or's Room, were escorted back to the Metropolitan. The
Embassy was called upon in the morning by the Consul
and Vice-Consul of the Netherlands, by Judge Edmonds
and J. E. Zimmerman.

On Tuesday the Embassy did not participate in any
public ceremonies, in consequence of the rain.

On Wednesday the Embassy received, with great cour-
tesity, a committee of twenty-four gentlemen from the
Chamber of Commerce, and listened to an appropriate
address from Potshall Pritt on behalf of the delegation.
They replied that they hoped for more extended com-
mercial intercourse between Japan and the United States,
and continuing invited the committee to assist, and join
in conversation inform the Embassy more fully of the
desires and designs of American merchants. Various
parties of the Japanese visited the matinee at the Acad-
emy of Music, the mass-fraged Niagara at the Bow-
ery, and the Broadway stores.

On Thursday the Embassy visited the Central Park,
and witnessed the planting of a Japanese tree. They
also visited Washington Heights the residence of Mr.
J. G. Bennett. About thirty-five of the subordinates of
them constitute their shopping excursion.

On Friday, 23d, the Embassy kept quiet. The Japanese
officers and an interpreter had an interesting interview
with the delegation from the Ethnological Institute
where they were on shopping excursion, visited the
Assay-office, Trinity Church, Custom-house, Exchange,
Barnum's museum, and also passed a portion of the day

TERRIBLE ACCIDENT AT SEA.

A dispatch from Cape Island, New Jersey, reported that
the United States steamer Walker was run into at three
o'clock on Thursday morning, off Absecom, by the
steamer schooner. The steamer sank in half an hour.
Two are lost, and forty of the crew are saved. All the
boats, but about twenty of the crew are missing.

The United States steamer Scourges, Lieutenant Com-
mander R. G. Forbes, Captain Hudson, who happened
to be near the scene of the disaster, and who took on
board them at Cape May. Twenty of the crew are re-
ported as missing; but there is a hope that a portion of
these were rescued by another vessel which was seen
near the scene. The rescued persons lost all they had
on board, and were in great destitution.

PERSONAL.

The Court of Parishes of New Jersey have refused the
application for a commutation of the death sentence of
Rev. James Hudnit, convicted of the murder of his wife
by poison.

Prince de Joinville visited the Brooklyn Navy-yard on
Monday. The visit was a strictly private one, his coach-
man being his only attendant. After looking around a
moderate length of time on the outside, he proceeded to
visit the different departments, with the exception of
the various work-shops and other places of interest, and
expressed himself highly pleased with the arrangements
of the yard. He was received by the Marine guard, Lieuten-
ant Reynolds, was called out and gave him a salute.

It is reported that Hon. I. Q. A. Lasser, one of the
leaders of the secession movement in the South, and
Commercial representative in Congress from Mississippi
will retire from Congress to accept the Professorship of
Public Law in the University of his State.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE "GREAT EASTERN."

It is announced that the steamship *Great Eastern* would sail from Southampton for New York on Saturday, the 31st. The ship started with a trial trip on the 8th, running twelve hours out to sea, and twelve hours back. Her speed was regarded as satisfactory, although the rate of speed attained did not at any time exceed thirteen and three-fourth knots, with the screw-engines twelve and a half knots. The very foul state of the vessel's bottom, and the fact that her trim was not being fully favorable for speed, accounted in a measure for the diminution from the rate obtained last year. There was some difficulty, however, in getting the full amount of steam, and the revolutions of the paddles and screw never exceeded ten and a half and thirty-nine respectively, which is considerably below the numbers obtained on the previous trials. The ship answered her helm with marvelous ease and facility: as stated in the last letter by the New York pilot, expressed the utmost astonishment, and declared the vessel could go anywhere, and turn in any waterway. Sundry minor improvements suggested by the trial trip, were completed on the 19th, after which the ship was ready for her crew to put accustomed to their several stations. It is confidently expected that the ship will reach New York within ten days, where it is intended to moor her close to the city.

ITALY.

THE CAPTURE OF PALERMO.

The correspondent of the London Times has written a graphic account of Garibaldi's capture of Palermo, from which we make several extracts. He begins as follows:

"PALERMO, May 28, 1860.

"It is 7 P.M., and I am writing to you with the bombshells flying about my head through the roof. The first landing of Garibaldi produced the first fit of terror at Naples, but restful Bourbonism rest in the hearts concentrated in the Bay of Palermo, the order to bombard his fortified Palermitans, and rejoice in the news, unless, if they should dare to rise against his paternal authority. The Palermitans have been treated somewhat ready in this universal manner by the illustrious father of the present Sovereign, who, as you remember, figures in history as King Bomba, for having given these sovereigns of his sons to every large town of his kingdom. Whenever his sons in a town which is bombarded will tell you that it is very unpleasant, especially if you have not got the means of answering in a foreign manner, and you have had it all this morning. Yesterday an official bulletin of the Government announced to the Palermitans that Garibaldi's force had been annihilated by the fire of Generals Colonna, followed by the capture and rout of the King; that the bonds which had joined him together were going loose gradually and rapidly, and that in a short time all would be over. This morning,

II.

results,
thus dazed,

"Having
ers and Garibaldi
He told them that
of war, but he thought
as upon the registration list.
ing and gallant Hollo
to be done—either to try and g
by a coup de main, or else to wi
silent resignation in the interior, and for
"Well, then, say for the coup de main," said Wu,
once settle the fate of the island. He told the
held in their remarks, and not deliberately long. Bo
were utterly astonished at the boldness of this plan, and
could only remark about the want of ammunition for
their men. They were told, for the hundredth time,
that it was not long shots which imposed on the well-
armed Neapolitans, but a determined rush in advance;
that they ought not to waste their ammunition and dis-
off their guns for sport, and were promised whatever
could be spared. This objection being waived, all ex-
pressed, more or less loudly, their approbation of the
plan, and were dismissed with the injunction to animate
their people and keep up their courage."

THE NIGHT ATTACK.

The attack was made by night, and some of the raw
levies got into confusion and gave the alarm. The name
of the town disappears the story of the town
"Instead, therefore, of surprising the rest of the
brigade, the surprise was received by a volley which
fire, not only in front, but from the houses in their
flanks. At the first sound of the unwelcome noise of the
Picciotti were across the garden walls, but met with a
shower of fire from behind them, leaving their leader and
or forty men of the *mezzi-corde* all isolated in the large
garden and street which parallels the bridge. The First Bat-
talion of the Cacciatori was sent up, and as it did not
carry the position fast enough, the second was sent, and
it soon after. While these were driving back the Neapol-
itans, some parties got round to the left, and attacked Bo-
vard. It was not so easy, in the beginning especially,
to turn the mound of cannon was heard in front, although
its effects were severely visible. However, the *Picciotti*,
who had crossed the bridge and entered the orchards, ex-
ed on after the first unpleasant sensation has passed
away, especially when they find that is not all there
that kill or wound—not even the cannon shots, which
pass so tremendously close to the ear, but which in ef-
fection the morning; for although the Neapolitan fire
is an unerring instinct to the best fire arms, I saw not a
little damage done by so much shooting. Every one
knows that Garibaldi's men are not the regular troops of
Picciotti, driving them out of the shuttered places by all
the various work-shops and other places of interest, and
expressed himself highly pleased with the arrangements
of the yard. He was received by the Marine guard, Lieuten-
ant Reynolds, was called out and gave him a salute.

It is reported that Hon. I. Q. A. Lasser, one of the
leaders of the secession movement in the South, and
Commercial representative in Congress from Mississippi
will retire from Congress to accept the Professorship of
Public Law in the University of his State.

whatever
and proceeded
"His presence be
Royalists, but made them
they had gained a moment's
son ascendency which he exercises even
him, he succeeded in a short time in making
entêté fight, and even in animating the population which
had remained in the houses.

"In spite of the urgent entreaties of his followers not to expose himself he remained in the open street without any shelter, harangning and encouraging the men; the
bullets came through the wood and from the houses and
behind the barricade. One of the *Picciotti* was killed
and fell close to him, and several were wounded. Still
falling, held him up for a moment; and Colonel Tuk-
ory, who was close to him, begged of him to take to
but all the general could charged him by the most sa-
cred shelter. But no effect. He addressed Colonel
Tukory, who was a native of Genoa and Corsica
sicilia, which prostrated seven or eight men. The bu-
gle sounded the charge, the men rushed with
charge, and the Neapolitans ran. The sound of this
bugle seems to set fascinating on the nerves of the Neapo-
politan troops; they know they have to do with Gari-
baldi's men, and as Colnia Fini they ran even before the
charge took place."

A SUSPENSION OF ARMS.

The Neapolitan journals of Sunday were made for a
suspension of hostilities. The *Times* writer says:

"Just at this moment a flag of truce has come from
the Royal Palace with the following letter directed to
General Garibaldi:

"*The Commander-in-Chief of the Armies and Naval
Stations beyond the Faro, Palermo, May 30, 1860.*

"GENERAL,—As the British Admiral let me know
that he would receive with pleasure on board of his ves-
sel the two persons to open a conference with you,
of which I e would be the mediator, if you allowed him
to pass through the lines, I have the honor to ask
whether you accept, and if so to name to me the two
persons who are to confer with him. It was for the
advantages that the proposal was made to me by the
Commander of the Royal Palace to the Sanita, where
they would embark.

"Accept, for your answer, I have the honor to be,

"LANZA.

"To his Excellency General Garibaldi."

"To this letter the answer was, that General Garibaldi
should have no objection to meet the two Generals on
board the Admiral's vessel; that he would send round
vessels for the two Generals at two P.M. Negotiations
were to begin at noon, and that at 1 P.M. they should meet
on board the Admiral's ship. The Neapolitan Lieuten-
ant-General of the national forces, sent the letter to Lan-
za, and to the Admiral by Mr. Winnet, the Engineer-
tenant."

TREACHERY OF THE NEAPOLITANS.

"12.50 P.M.—If a man is found to have taken, in con-
fusion, his neighbor's cloak, it may pass for a mistake;
but if that same man is found on the very next occasion
in the same action, to have his own "*Ecco Garibaldi*," and
collar the individual. When the Neapolitans asked for
the armistice, and General Garibaldi sent, accordingly,
the order to all the line to cease firing, they not only
continued shelling, but tried to take advantage of the
cessation of the fire to gain a better position. To-day
they sent off four boats containing a considerable
advantage. In order to cross firing at noon and begin
the armistice, Colonel Orsini was wounded. The Gari-
baldians still stuck to their instructions, and did not re-
turn the fire. The Neapolitans came to the conclusion
that they must fire or else abandon their position. The
fire was kept up for a quarter of an hour. It appears
that the armistice was broken, when two Neapolitan
officers came in as parlementaires. They excused the
affair as a misunderstanding, and that the column had
not received the order to cease firing. They were
sent in front to stop the fire and arrest the advance
of the column. They came into the shooting range,
the citadel went on also; and surely the citadel could
not be supposed to be without news of the armistice.
Just at twelve o'clock the news came that the column of
the citadel was approaching the town. Garibaldi im-
mediately, as he did yesterday, collected his reserves,
and marched on them. A corps of Cacciatori, under
Wilmot, R.N., who had come on shore to bring the Ad-
miral's orders on board, formed the advance. Garibal-
di is the midst of the advancing column of Neapolitans
and the corps of Cacciatori. A shot fired at the same
time from the Castello burst close to him, the Neapol-
itans had not received the order to cease firing, the
danger that he at last reached Garibaldi. It was five
minutes to one. The Admiral sent to suggest his Ad-
miral's consent to an interview on board; and a fire
was opened from the Admiral's vessel to warn the men
it was all a mistake; that the column had not received
the order."

THE ARMISTICE.

The Neapolitan journals of next agree upon terms
with Garibaldi. An armistice was, however, settled.
The Turin Constitutionnel publishes the following official
announcement:

"The negotiations which have reached us from Sicily give
the state of affairs thus: The armistice, which expired
on the 31st, has been renewed. The Neapolitan
Powers appear to have come to an agreement, on the one
hand, to demand that hostilities should not be renewed;
and, on the other hand, to lay down the principle of the
non-intervention of Europe between the King of Naples
and Sicily. We may add, that the interests of our coun-
trymen have rendered it necessary to send additional
French ships to the Sicilian waters.

THE LATEST FROM SICILY.

The capitulation was signed at Palermo on the 6th
June. A Turin dispatch says of the terms of capitula-
tion: "The Neapolitan troops will evacuate Sicily with
arms and baggage. They are to encamp until their em-
barkation, and are to receive provisions during that time.
The Neapolitan fleet will remain in the harbor of Palermo
until the departure of the troops. The Neapolitan
fortresses in Sicily will be delivered up to Garibaldi."

A constitution, framed similar to
pected shortly.

Garibaldi had addressed a letter to Signor Bertini, au-
thorizing him to make advances or negotiate a loan for
Sicily, or to contract any debt, and adds that he has at
Sicily immense means to satisfy all claims.

A Neapolitan Envoy was on his way to Paris and
London.

Count Aquila, uncle of the King of Naples, was strong-
ly urging the adoption of an Italian policy and a liberal
constitution for the government of Naples.

HOW GARIBALDI LOOKS.

An American, who has visited Garibaldi in Sicily, thus
describes the General:

"Wearing a brown felt hat, pulled forward over his
eyes, a red flannel shirt, rusted by the action of sea and
of blue pantaloons, into the pockets of which both hands
were thrust, and with no sword, Garibaldi looked more
like any Yankee farmer coming in from the field than the
leader of a mysterious. Understanding we were to see
him as we wanted him, and, in good English, as
served us that we were welcome. He was just going to
dine, and with the remark that our forefathers had taken
as poorly furnished. An invitation to sit with him at
we sat down to a dinner which carried one's thoughts
back to the days of our own Revolution. The General was
seated at the foot of the tree on a small box. Saddle
and bridle were placed around for a seat on a
dozen or more, sitting and standing, with the aid of clasp
knives and fingers, made a lively attack on a huge bulk
of cooked meat, onions, and potatoes, placed on the ground,
around the liberal supplied of country wine. Garibaldi
in our the cups then at the most costly feast. It was a
thing to remember for a lifetime. Garibaldi is, in
black hair, of course, the most interesting of the whole
party. His complexion is dark, and his face is full of
expression, and his eyes are bright and keen, looking
to New York—of General Garibaldi's particular
Colonel Colt, who was a personal friend and had
presented him with his pistols, and who was anxious
for his men, which, through some blunder, had been left
behind. The General spoke from Genoa, and of it in
very much. In personal appearance Garibaldi is about
five feet six inches in height, strongly but not heavily
built, but with muscles and a hand like iron; fair com-
plexion, considerably tanned by sun and exposure, but
originally red, but now partly gray; a high, straight fore-
head, brown hair, with partial baldness, and dark eyes,
set far back, gray blue, when uncovered, an air of quiet
thought on his face that fell to repose as we talked
fixed feeling of respect and admiration, though his whole
bearing towards each was a stranger feel perfectly at his
ease. There is something remarkable about h's profile
which I have never seen before, the forehead and nose
appear to be in the same straight line, without the usual
indentation between them. There is an air of command-
ing modesty about him in every thing. In conversation
a quiet smile is almost continually on his face; he speaks
slowly, several times turning aside to give orders or re-
ceive information. In speaking of the coming fight he
made no brags—said that he labored under great disad-
vantages from want of arms and discipline. Though he
had plenty of men—all except the 1000 Piedmontese who
accompanied him were hasty and untrained, and would re-
quire a long time to become properly disciplined."

STATE OF THE PRISONS IN PALERMO.

A correspondent writes to a London paper, that he was in
Palermo in 1848, when a room was broken open in a jail
and the unexpected prisoners found there in, with others,
now a night that, for unexampled horrors, no tongue or pen
could describe. For a long period of unmerited and tortured
persons, some hanging nailed up to walls, where they
were crucified alive, others tied to benches, and all states
and stages of mutilation and decay. The room had been
left in this state, with the doors and windows walled and
bricked up, but was discovered by some soft plaster or
lime that had fallen, where upwards of 1000 men were
furniture stood. The tyrant and his myrmidons had re-
tired from the capital, and the prisoners were released by an
unknown mystery forever. Deeds of darkness rarely es-
caps the light.

TURKEY

THE TURCO-RUSSIAN IMBROGLIO.

The following dispatch is published in the Hamburg:

"The first act of the political drama, the exposition
of which is the mission of Ignatieff to Constantinople, at the
meeting called by our Minister of Foreign Affairs, is over,
and the curtain has fallen, to be raised in a few days once
again for the second. There has been a change of Min-
isters, and Fuad Effendi, who was the friend of the
obstinate old Turk, who rejected all foreign interference,
has been sent off to meet the Allied Ambassadors at
Paris after the fashion of Mehemmed the Extermin-
ator, and Ali Pasha, who is a moderate statesman, has
only signified his readiness to institute an inquiry into
the affairs of Syria. Circumstances, the state of Europe,
ria, etc., and the condition of the population under their
sway, have forced the Ambassadors arrived to make
make a tour through the provinces for that purpose, in
order to form an opinion of the state of affairs there
on the spot. Our Ambassador at Constantinople, Prince
Alexander Gortschakoff, has been entrusted with the
proposition on condition that the Russian Consuls ac-
company them on the progress of the inquiry
and to report on its results. This may be considered as
the first preliminary step to the Congress, which
will prepare for further operations. The Grand Vizier
and Ministers have declared that the Treaties of Paris
ties are without any foundation; that they are to full
enjoyment of the privileges conferred upon them by the
decree; and that the undeniable agitation pervading
among them is entirely owing to the revolutionary spirit
of the age or the machinations of foreign emissaries.
The Russian Consuls will report in a contrary sense;
they will show, as they easily can, that the decree has
been a dead letter, and that the Porte are no better off
than they were before its promulgation. The second act
will then open, and the Ambassadors will meet in
of our Government, supported by France, and it will de-
pend on circumstances necessary to replace moral reasons by
material pressure."

BALL GIVEN BY THE CITY OF NEW YORK TO THE JAPA

SE EMBASSY AT THE METROPOLITAN HOTEL, JUNE 25, 1860.

…ow,
your little
… Wet does
… and clicking
? Why don't you
…r, and clear your town out
the company expressing the
and laughing aloud, they all go

…)

…ent eye upon a piece of Kentish road,
…ell on either side by a weed, and having on
…e hand, between the road and the trees, a
skirting patch of grass. With Flowers in
abundance on this spot, and it lies high and airy,
with the distant river shining steadily away to
the ocean, like a man's life. To gain the mile-
stone here, which the moss, primroses, violets, blue-
bells, and wild roses would soon render illegible
but for peering travelers pushing them aside with
their sticks, you must come up a steep hill, come
what you can away. So, all the tramps with carts
or caravans—the Gipsy tramp, the Show-tramp,
the Cheap Jack—find it impossible to resist the
temptations of the place, and all turn into the
loose when they come to it, and boil the pot.

Within a moderate distance of this encamping ground,
though not so near it as that the song trolled from
tap or bench at door, can invade its woodland se-
lence, is a little hostelry which no man possessed
of a penny was ever known to pass in warm weath-
er. Before it entrance are certain pleasant trimmed
limes like hive-s a cool well, with no musical
bucket-bundle that its full upon the bucket-rim
will make a horse prick up its ears and neigh upon
the thirsty traveler for a mile off. This is a house
of great resort for hay-making tramps and harvest
tramps, insomuch that as they sit within, drinking
their mugs of beer, their reliquidated scythes and
reaping-hooks claire out of the open windows, as if
it was a well-established manner with a fraternity
of Ancient Britons. Later in the season the whole
country-side, for miles and miles, will swarm with
hopping tramps. They come in families—men, wo-
men, and children—every family provided with a
bundle of bedding, an iron pot, a number of babies,
and too often with some poor sick creature quite
unfit for the rough life for whom they suppose the
smell of the fresh hop to be a sovereign remedy.
Many of these hopping-ars are Irish, and many come
from London. They crowd all the roads, and camp
under all the hedges and on all the scraps of common
land, and live among and upon the hops until they
are all picked, and the hop-gardens, so beautiful
through the summer time, are as if they had been laid
waste by an invading army.

THE SISTERS—AND MAX GREY.

A LITTLE past midnight. Just then a candle lighted the walls and appointments of the coziest little bedroom you ever saw. Alice and Lina had been to the theatre, and had come back in the night's revel, each both flushed and pale with the lingerings of the delightful excitement the company had all gone, leaving the drawing-room blank with that desolateness which follows so close on the heels of a social event. A few scattered chairs had been mechanically replaced, and the sisters had tripped up the staircase with an elasticity more of excitement than fatigue.

Half an hour after Alice was sitting in her own little rocking-chair, close by the warm grate, with her sloping shapely feet on the fender, golden hair streaming carelessly upon her neck; and Lina standing behind her, slowly smoothing it out with her rich fingers and comb.

The lily cheek of the fair-haired girl rested upon fingers of coral deeds-brown, and between the light eyebrows drooped over half-sleeping, but sweetly passive and clear-blue eyes; and the loose-fitting dressing-gown reflected the outline of a delicate young figure.

The sister who stood behind the chair, performing in turn the pleasant, sisterly office, afforded a contrast. Her hair was dark, her eyes black. There was a roundness and fullness of arm and figure, and a brilliant glow of cheek and brilliancy of tint, that told of more definite maturity—of quaintenance and a kind of strength. Even here, in the sacred quiet of the sisters' chamber—the pleasant little chamber, with its crimson sleeping cot, and its two fairy-like white and snowy bed—with its few but choice engravings on the walls, its vases of fresh flowers, its bit of rich carpet for the feet, its pairs of slippers by the corner—her dark eye had a glow, and in her cheek was a flush of restlessness, and life, and earnestness.

These were very differing flowers to be blossoming from the same stem.

Though a little chatty—as sisters will be over a revel like that—both were unusually quiet and pre-occupied. Lina was standing behind Alice's office of the toilet, or gazing demurely into the grate, or sitting side by side, with Alice's head on Lina's shoulder, with her fingers at intervals busy.

Curiously enough, both were busy with the same topic of thought. Each shrank from giving words to her musings; and each was unconscious of the other's reflections. The subject of the sisters' reverie was nothing more than Max Grey, a schoolboy friend of Lina, who had gone to India when only a lad, and returned a man of position and power, and had been lionized by the London world. The first encounter since the return; yet it was one of a brief series. The lion's pale face had been changed for the ruddy dark of manhood, though many traces of its early intellectuality and even contour yet remained.

Though it must be confessed that Lina had well-nigh forgotten the somewhat intense school-girl vow of many years ago, it is not to be wondered at that something of old association was kindled and renewed in the presence of the half stranger. Lina was a true girl still felt herself possessed of a wee bit of life in the new-old friend; albeit the boy of

THE
Uncommercial Traveler.
NO. X.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

THE chance use of the word "Tramp" in my last suggested to me that numerous fraternity so vividly before my mind's eye that I had no sooner laid down my pen than a compulsion was upon me to take it up again, and make notes of the Tramps whom I perceived on all the summer roads in all directions.

Whenever a tramp sits down to rest by the way-side he sits with his legs in a dry ditch; and when, ever he goes to sleep (which is very often indeed), he goes to sleep on his back. Touching the high road, glaring white in the bright sunshine, lies, on the dusty hill-side under the bramble-bush that fences the coppice from the highway, his stump of the order savage, fast asleep. He lies on the broad of his back, with his face turned up to the sky, and one of his ragged arms loosely thrown across his face. His bundle (what can be the contents of that mysterious bundle, to make it worth his while to carry it about?) is thrown down beside him, and the waking woman with him sits with her legs in the ditch and her back to the bank, and wears her bonnet rakishly perched on the front of her head, to shade her face from the sun in walking, and she ties her skirts round her in conventionally tight tramp fashion with a sort of apron. You can seldom catch sight of her peering this way without seeing her, in a despondently defiant manner, doing something to her hair or her bonnet, and glancing at the sleeper between her fingers. She does not often go to sleep herself in the daytime, but will sit for any length of time beside the man. And his dishevelled propensities would not seem to be referable to the fatigue of carrying the bundle, for she carries it much oftener and further than he. When they are afoot, you will usually find him slouching on ahead, in a gruff temper, while she jogs heavily behind with the bundle. He is given to personally correcting her, too, which phase of his character develops itself often-est on lonely unfrequented by-roads—and she appears to become strongly attached to him for

…ere is a dog in the vicinity, and
…ntest his unsolely-injured propitiation to the
dog chained up in your yard: remarking, as he
looks at the yard, "Ah! you are a fojed
breed o' dog, too, and you ain't keep for nothink!
I'd take it very koind o' your master if he'd 'ip a
traveler and his wife, as envies no gentleman his
good fortun', a bit o' your broken victles.
He'd never know the want of it, nor more would
you. Don't bark like that, at your betters as
never done you no 'arm: the poor is down-trod-
den by sich as you, you may depend on it!"
He generally heaves a prodigious sigh in moving
away, and always looks up the lane and down the
lane, and up the road and down the road, before
going on.

Both of these orders of tramp are of a very robust kind; let the hard-working laborer see the cottage-door they prowl and beg have the agon never so badly, these tramps are sure to be in good health.

There is another kind of tramp whom you encounter this bright summer day—yes, on a road with the sea-breeze making its dust lively, and sails of ships in the blue distance beyond the slopes of Down. As you walk enjoyingly on you descry in the perspective, at the bottom of a steep hill, up which your way lies, a figure that appears to be sitting astride on a gate, whistling in a cheerful and disengaged manner. As you approach nearer to it, you observe the figure to slide down from the gate, to desist from whistling, to smooth its hat in the bottom of the hill and coming close to the figure, you accost it as the figure of a shabby young man. "He is moving painfully forward in the direction in which you are going, and his mind is so preoccupied with his misfortunes that he is not aware of your approach until you are close upon him at the hill-foot. When he is aware of you, you discover him to be a remarkably well-behaved young man, and a remarkably well-spoken young man. You know him to be well-behaved by his respectful manner of touching his hat; you know him to be well-spoken by his smooth manner of expressing himself. He says, in a flowing confidential vein, partly without punctuation, "I ask your pardon Sir but if you would excuse the liberty of being so addressed upon the public I beg to one who is almost reduced to rags though it as not always been so and by no fault of his own but through ill ehh in his family and many unmerited sufferings it would be a great obligation Sir to know the time." You give the well-spoken young man the time. The well-spoken young man, keeping well up with you, resumes: "I am aware Sir that it is a liberty to intrude a further question on a gentleman walking for his entertainment but might I make so bold as ask the favor of the way to Dover Sir and about the distance?" You inform the well-spoken young man that the way to Dover is straight on, and the distance some eighteen miles. The well-spoken young man becomes greatly agitated. "In the condition to which I am reduced," says he, "I could not ope to reach Dover before dusk even if my shoes were in a state to use me there or my feet were in a state to old out over the flinty road and were not on the bare ground of which my gentleman has the means to satisfy himself by looking Sir may I take the liberty of speaking to you?" As the well-spoken young man keeps up with you while you say you may, you find you have taken the liberty of speaking to you, he goes on, with the money: "I am a shipwrecked mariner and formerly for I was brought up by the best of mothers and begging is not my trade I should not know Sir how to follow it as a trade if my life depended thereunto) wishes for the best of mothers long taught other wise and in the best of ones though now reduced to take the present liberty on the Lord Sir my business was the law-stationering and I was favorably known to the Solicitor-General the Attorney-General the majority of the Judges and Bill ob the legal profession but through ill ehh in my family and the treachery of a friend on which I formerly security and he no other than my own wife's brother the brother of my own wife I was cast forth with my tender partner and three young children not to beg for I will sooner die of deprivation but to make my way to the sea-port town of Dover where I have a relative I in respect not only that will assist me but that would treat me with untold gold Sir in upper times and here this calamity fell upon me I more for my amusement when a little thought that I should ever need it excepting for my air this"—here the well-spoken young man puts his hand into his breast—"this coub! Sir I implore you in the

…ow, spoken to a
…the frost on his short
…s his "pov," attended by Mrs.
…ll's observations of the Jury
…ninent, and wears a curious and, you
…ell say, an almost unnecessary demonstration
of girdle of white linen wound about his waist—a
girdle, sowny as Mrs. Anderson's apron. This
cleanliness was the expiring effort of the respectable couple, and nothing then remained to Mr. Anderson but to get chalked upon his spade in snow-white easy-look characters, ursours! and to sit down here. Yes; one thing more remained to Mr. Anderson—his character; Monarchs could not deprive him of his beneficial character. Accordingly, as you come up with this spectacle of virtue in distress, Mrs. Anderson rises, and with a decent curtsey, presents for your consideration a certificate from a Doctor of Divinity, the reverend the Vicar of Upper Deddington, who informs his Christian friends and all whom it may concern that the bearers, John Anderson and lawful wife, are persons to whom you can not be too liberal. This benevolent pastor committed no work of his hands to fit the good couple out; for with half an eye you can recognize his autograph on the spade.

Another class of tramp is a man, the most valuable part of whose stock-in-trade is a highly polished countenance. He goes up like a country-man, and you will often come upon the pour fellow while he is endeavoring to decipher the inscription on a milestone, quite a fruitful subject, or, for he can not read. He asks your pardon, he truly does (he is very shy of speech, this tramp, and looks, in a bewildered way, all round at the prospect while he talks to you), but all of us should do as we would be done by, and he'll make it kind if you'll put a power man in the right road for Upton his eldest son as his broke his leg lad in the mowning, and is at his home Orejid it is worn down by Squire Pouncerly's own hand as wold not tell a lie for no man. He then produces from under his dark frock (being always very low and perplexed) a neat but worn old leathern purse, from which he takes a scrap of paper. On this scrap of paper, written by Squire Pouncerly of The Grove, "Please to direct to the Bearer, a poor but very deserving man, to the County Hospital, near Brighton"—a matter of some difficulty at the moment, seeing that the request comes suddenly upon you in the middle of Hertfordshire. The more you endeavor to indicate where Brighton is—when you have with the greatest difficulty remembered—the less the deluded father can be made to comprehend, and the more obviously he stares at the prospect; wherefore, being reduced to extremities, you recommend the faithful parent to begin by going to Saint Albans, and present him with half a crown. It does him good, no doubt, to see you, but he never comes, since you find him trying drunk that same evening in the wheelwright's sawpit, under the bank where the felled trees are opposite the sign of the Three Jolly Hedgers.

But the most vicious by far of all the idle tramps is the tramp who pretends to have been a gentleman. "Educated," he writes from the village herb-shop in pale ink of a ferruginous complexion—"educated at Trinity Hall Cam—ourred in the lap of affluence—once in my small way the patron of the Muses," etc., etc., etc.—sorely a sympathetic mind will not withhold a tribute to help on to the next town, where he thinks of giving a Lecture to the *frugis consumere nati*, on things in general? This shameful creature, habitually almost bedrag-tag-rooses in his ragged clothes, now so far from being black, that they look as if they never were of a certain black, is more selish and insolent than even the savage tramp. He would sponge on the poorest boy for a farthing, and repay him nothing but sport; it he would interpose (if he could get any thing by it) between the baby and the mother's breast. So much does the tramp-country he keeps in the maudlin assumption of being higher, this pitiless rascal blights the summer road so he meanders on from town to town, where (to say nothing of my thinking) even the wild convolvulus and rose and sweetbriar, environing the hedge-row, get pared time to recover from the taint of him in the air.

The young fellow who trudges slang, barefoot, five or six miles from last quets slung over their shoulders, their shabby bundles under their arms, their sticks newly cut from some roadside wood, are not eminently prepossessing, but are much less objectionable. There is a tramp-fellowship among them. They pick one another up at roving stations, and go on in company. They sleep a-top of a fust swing—though they generally limp too—and share their knuckle-end of pie. The young man has much ado to keep up with the rest. They generally talk about horses, and any other means of locomotion than walking; or, one of the company relates some recent experiences of the road—which are always disputes and difficulties. As for example: "So as I'm a standing at the pump in the market, blest if there don't come up a Deadie, and he sez, 'Mustn't stand here,' he sez. 'Why not?' I sez. 'So bigger'n you have been in this town,' he sez. 'Who's a beggar?' I sez. 'You are,' he says. 'Why are we so beg?' I did you?' I sez. 'Cos you're a tramp,' he sez. 'I'd rather be that than

fifteen hu-
the accounti-
sions are half in-
turies.

Lina loved him—yes, and it is equally certain th-
thing, made her hopeful and-

"Alice," said Lina, bending her, who looked as beautiful to-ni-
all the evening that any body could wis-
and I doubt whether they could, you little s-

And Lina pinched the white neck playfully, lea-
ing the print of the thumb and finger in a deeper whiteness, to be more than overcome by a crimsoning after.

Alice looked up quietly, and fixing her clear blue eyes on her sister, rejoined, "I Oh, Lina, I wish I were brilliant and beautiful and attractive like you. Instead of that, I am only a little noiseless thing, to be put, for a corner and looked at from a distance."

Lina whipped the pretty little arm with a rose-bud by way of reply; and the rosebud being big, a little blush spot followed the infliction.

"At a distance! Pshaw, my little lily-bud, who did you dance with to-night?"

"Dance with? Mr. Norton, for one."

"Yes, the handsomest man in the room. But who else?"

"Mr. Jenks, Dr. Andrews, and Mr. Butler."

"Yes, each of them the very first in his line, and yet my little Alice is not attractive!" And Lina smiled very archly, and patted her under the chin.

"But who else, sis; you've not mentioned the greatest oil best yet."

"Who do you mean?"

"Max Grey."

"Oh yes! But he danced with me for your sake, I suppose, Lina;" and Alice laughed a little.

Lina laid her flushed cheek upon the white shoulder, let the long tress fall over her form, and was quiet. Alice had not quite meant what she said, and so, feeling almost guilty, she was quiet. Then her thoughts hastened about a certain something in his tone and manner, and she went through it all again, wonder if he only thought of her as a to-be sister. These thoughts made her sad in spite of all her strength, and she seemed to herself very wicked.

After the candle was extinguished the young girl slipped a white rosebud between the leaves of the Bible and retained it, thinking all the while of a deep dark eye, and a heavy though musical voice.

When the fair sisters, with clasped fingers, fell into dreaminess, each had a love and a hope in her heart.

Max Grey came to the home of the sisters often. The three formed a curious picture. Max, full of life and energy, quite capable of prudent success in a dignified self-control, but evidently playing under the crust of his manner, and bursting out now and then; Alice, still, gentle, though really self-sustant in her quiet, unthinking way; Lina, buoyant, sparkling, assured, dashing, with a rich blood-tint in her face, and black, passionate eyes.

Max had a great deal to say to Lina, with only now and then a word, and it seemed sometimes but a glance or a smile for Alice. And yet Alice never felt herself slighted or alone. There was a "something," and her little heart fluttered about that something. And this in spite of a deep sense of selfishness which made her feel that never, in all her life, was she so wicked before. Oh, the blind self-examinations! The child came out from these deep in-turnings satisfied that in her inmost soul was never the shadow of a wish to steal a love that belonged to Lina; and yet, when Max was with them and she felt that "something," her little heart would flutter at the thought would spring into it that possibly Max Grey hadn't loved at all—before. He had never said to Lina that he loved her, she was sure.

These thoughts were very troublesome. They were very pleasant, very wicked. Alice prayed, in whispers, with her hand on her restless little heart, for strength to conquer this wild beating. And then she sat down to her thoughts as carefully, was very strict with her eyes even—wouldn't look at Max. Indeed, the little creature held herself very tight; and when she thought of Max and Lina—so like in temperament, her earnest life-full nature so matching her deep consciousness and deep power—it seemed so fit and natural that two so similar should be together that Alice felt herself very strange, and was sure that Lina would not be the noble Max. She was quite willing—she knew she was—indeed, she was very, very strong, and wouldn't be weak here more.

By-and-by Max called, and Lina was out. From the moment of his entrance Alice felt the pressure of a weight. She looked out the window—the day was so heavy. She touched the piano-keys; but the sound was slow and dull. She tried to laugh at a witticism, but it ended in only a smile. Max came across the room and sat beside her. She longed to fly—to do any thing; but the will was like the grown heavier and heavier, and she couldn't move.

Max Grey—the great and strong Max Grey—bent, trembling over the little delicate flower, and whispered in her ear. Alice wept as though her heart would break; but Max went away with a kiss on his lips.

That night Alice was crying herself to sleep when Lina came into her place by the bed. Lina begged to know what it was, coaxed, pleaded, promised any thing, every thing, if she would only tell.

"Max Grey loves me."

"And you love him."

The little sister only flung her arms about the neck of the stronger, and sobbed in perfect abandonment of grief.

The blood left the cheek of the older sister—left the neck, the fingers, and lips, while the veins rosebud in unnatural fullness, like through the thin white skin.

Strong natures conquer or die. Lina conquered.

THE.

At the extremity o-
great distance from Tours,
from Paris to Bordeaux, there-
an inn, a pretty way-side inn, with-
and a swinging sign bearing the effigy of a
Roi, otherwise Henry IV.

It was during a December evening, in the year 1818, when the wind was sighing and surging without, and the rain plashing down with uncommon persistency, that the worthy landlord of *Le Grand Roi*, the honest but somewhat imperious M. Eluard, Aîné, was entertaining one of his neighbors, who had taken shelter from the inclemency of the weather at his comfortable hearth, were ordinary degree, and both her face and figure were perfect, but it was a beauty and a perfection which were unearthly in character, and altogether incompatible with the scenes and persons with which she was associated. She was not the daughter of M. Eluard. Nature could not so far have belied herself. She was the only child of one who had been a merchant of great wealth and high standing, but who, having ruined himself by injudicious speculations, and not being gifted with sufficient moral courage to face his reverses, had terminated his own existence, leaving his penniless widow and helpless orphan to battle with a world by which he, the strong man, had been worsted. The former died; the latter was a servant in the inn.

* * * * * *

Still the wind roared in the wide chimney, and the rain plashed against the windows, as unremittingly as though the storm had only just commenced, and had, as yet, had no time to exhaust itself.

Suddenly two distinct blows were heard on the house-door, given apparently with the hands of a trembling lady, and the host and his guest, pipes in their mouths and listened; Marie started like a person suddenly awakened from a heavy sleep.

The door opened; a fine-looking young man threw off his large wrapping-cloak, dripping with mud and rain, made one bound toward the blazing fire, and seated himself upon the bench opposite to Marie, saying, in a clear, joyous voice, "This is charming, this is delicious, mine host! Had you expected me, I could not have wished a pleasanter welcome. And now I must ask you to hasten my supper, for I want to be off—I must be away to-morrow at daybreak; I should like to go to bed as early as I can."

During this little speech the eyes of Marie and the stranger met more than once; and while he examined him with undisguised admiration and astonishment, she, on her side, was for the first time aroused into something like interest in what was passing around her. She noted the exact shade to the tint of a hedge-rose, and the curved and flexile lips quivered with a nervous movement; while her head drooped upon her bosom, as though under a new and vague emotion, to which she could have given no name. A ray of light had mysteriously penetrated the darkness and desolation of her spirit; for the first time since her mother's death she felt as though there were no longer orphan.

The supper was served, and in less than twenty minutes had disappeared; and then M. Eluard drew more around the fire, observing that the night would light a candle, and conduct Monsieur to his chamber.

The poor girl passively obeyed, and led the way to a large and cheerful room on the first story.

"You are not the daughter of the landlord?" said Adolphe de Roval, as she placed the light upon a table.

"I am not, Monsieur," replied Marie; and a vivid blush overspread her cheeks.

"I thought so. Those white and delicate hands, and that crimson brow, are evidence to the contrary at this moment. Have you many travelers in the house to-night?"

"You are the only one."

"I am glad of it, for your sake. What is your name, Mademoiselle?"

"Marie, Monsieur."

"The sweetest of all names! It becomes you well."

"Does Monsieur require any thing more?" asked the girl, timidly.

I be-
weather wo-
under their own ro-

"Pardon me, Monsieu-
room next to your own is already occu-
young man he arrived little more than an hour ago; but there is no fear that he will disturb you, for he appears to be a perfect gentleman, and is moreover so tired, and so anxious to get on, that he leaves us at daybreak to-morrow."

The brow of the stranger darkened, and he made no reply.

"Be careful," he said a few minutes afterward, "to call me in the morning at seven o'clock, for I must be at Tours by mid-day. Ah! by-the-by, I shall require a saddle-horse—let one be ready for me, as my time is precious."

"My neighbor, Marie-Joseph Carnac," responded the landlord, "has the best roadster in the district; he can be here by half-past six."

"Good!" said the guest; "then I will follow the example of your other inmate, and betake myself to rest."

"Marie, a light!" cried Eluard; and the young girl once more ascended the stairs to marshal the new-comer to his room.

Adolphe was, as we have stated, already in bed, with the candle still burning upon his table. He had as yet been unable to retire; his brain was too busy. His newly-acquired rank; the anticipated meeting with his parents and his sisters; and, mingled with these proud and happy thoughts, the mystery attached to Marie, had made him wakeful; so that when he heard the heavy tread of a man's foot traversing the passage, and passing the door of his room, he was conscious of every sound. Suddenly a thought struck him; and, springing to the floor, he took a key from his waistcoat pocket, opened his trunk, and seizing his uniform sword, which lay upon the top, placed it under his pillow.

Midnight struck from the old clock in the kitchen, and all was profoundly silent in the house, but still Adolphe remained sleepless; when suddenly he was startled by a sound which appeared to him like that of a key slowly turned in the lock. He listened attentively; but as it was not repeated he concluded that he had been the sport of his own over-excited nerves, and drawing the bed-clothes closer about him, he determined to profit by the few hours which were left, and to endeavor to obtain some rest. He had scarcely begun to sleep, however, when he was a second time disturbed, and on this occasion he was at once convinced that he had made no mistake. Some one was endeavoring to enter his room. The candle had burned out; but grasping his sword, he noiselessly groped his way to the door, and stood motionless beside it. At least five minutes afterward the noise ceased, and he began to hope that the would-be intruder had abandoned all hope of invading his privacy, whatever might have been his motive for seeking to do so. He had carefully locked the door of his room, and had little fear that the fastening could be forced; but accidentally casting his eyes on the floor, he saw by the light of the moon which gleamed full upon the window of his room, and which, rendered more vivid by its contrast from the subsided storm, was pouring out its chastened radiance from a new cloudless sky, that a hand had been introduced between the boards of his chamber and the bottom of the door, and was seeking to lift it from its hinges. This was too much: and steadily raising his sword above his head, he struck downward with all his force upon the hand that was trifling with his door. A smothered groan fell upon his ear, and then a half-articulated curse. There was next heard a sound of stealthy steps retreating along the passage, and ere long all was still—but two bleeding fingers remained lying upon the floor!

Adolphe rushed to the fire-place; a few warm fragments of wood enabled him to light a second candle which he placed in a chimney-piece, and he then proceeded to examine the hideous trophy of his victory. For a moment he shrank from touching the fatal "finding" of his unsuccessful, but he rapidly overcame the weakness, and picking up the severed fingers, he carefully folded them in a handkerchief, and folded them up in his handkerchief.

"On the honor of a *non-lieutenant*," he murmured to himself, with a hysterical laugh, "I am really, for a robber, the fingers are passably slender and the nails tolerably clean. Well, I suppose that all is over for the night; so, as I am shivering with cold, I had better go to my bed again."

Adolphe was young and fearless; and in a quarter of an hour he was sound asleep.

Day was breaking when the landlord awoke our hero, who started from his comfortable repose, after a cup of excellent coffee, prepared by the delicate hands of Marie. As he did so he instinctively cast a glance at those of M. Eluard, and had no sooner ascertained that they were intact than he began to relate to him his nocturnal adventure,

him with indignant e-

"Only think, mamma; he is an officer already! Is not charming? What will papa say?"

"But where is my father?" asked the young man; "his welcome is still wanting."

"You know he is often from home," said Madame de Roval; "and we are as little as ever at his confidence. He left us three days ago; but we expect him home to-day."

"And is he still as low-spirited and as silent as when I saw him last?" inquired Adolphe.

"Unfortunately, yes," replied the gentle matron. "I fear that he has involved himself in speculations beyond our means; and that the idea of having compromised the future welfare of his children presses heavily upon him. But your unlooked-for return, Adolphe, and your happy tidings, will, I trust, restore him to cheerfulness."

As soon as the family circle had become somewhat more composed, and that each person was at length permitted to speak at a time, Adolphe was overwhelmed with questions, every member of the party being desirous to learn all that he had done since their last parting.

"It is, at all events, a blessing," said his mother, as she fondly passed her hand over his hair, "that you have performed your journey without any accident, my son, however monotonous you may have found it."

"Nay, my dearest mère," smiled Adolphe, "it was not altogether so monotonous as you may imagine; for I at least met with one adventure strange enough to bear telling."

"An adventure, and a strange one!" exclaimed his sisters, simultaneously. "Oh, Adolphe, let us hear it."

He complied with their request; and no creek around him grew paler than his own as he recilled the extraordinary event of the previous night.

"And, by-the-by," he added, when he had brought his narrative to a close, "I must not forget to tell you that I carried away with me the undeniable proofs of my victory. Here they are." And as he spoke he drew a handkerchief from his pocket, in which something was evidently folded.

At that very instant the door of the room opened, and a man entered, large in stature, but pale and weak, and in his clothes saturated with rain. He could scarcely stagger to a chair before he sank down like one whose vital powers were utterly exhausted; and in a moment the whole family were crowded about him.

"My father! my dear father!", exclaimed Adolphe. "Weary as you evidently are, how thankful I am that you have returned! I have news for you that will, I know, be welcome."

As he spoke the young man extended his hand, but the action met with no response; and as he glanced toward it, to which was so strangely withheld he remarked that it was enveloped in a bloodstained linen.

"What!" he asked, anxiously, "are you suffering from more than fatigue? Have you been wounded?"

"Yes," was the faint reply. "As I was coming through the forest, four leagues from this, I was attacked by robbers. I had heard that they were in the neighborhood; but I believed it to be an idle rumor. I endeavored to defend myself, and in the fray one of the ruffians was cut off two of my fingers. I am faint from loss of blood. Give me some wine, and I shall soon be better."

Madame de Roval hurried to the sideboard, and with a trembling hand and swimming eyes brought the desired refreshment, while the two elder girls wound their arms about their father's neck, and wept piteously. Adolphe stood motionless, like one in a frightful dream. But little Rosalie, the pet and plaything of the family, too young to comprehend the sorrow on which she looked, and full of curiosity to see what her soldier-brother had really brought home, untied herself in unfolding the handkerchief which had fallen from his hand on the entrance of his father, and she had no sooner succeeded than, clapping her delicate hands in childish delight, she called out, almost breathlessly,

"Maman! maman! Adolphe has got the two fingers he cut off at the inn. Give them to poor papa, and then he will be quite well again."

In another hour M. de Roval was in the hands of justice. The landlord of *Le Grand Roi* had been so active in his exertions to redeem the honor of his house that the *gens d'armes* had tracked the culprit by the traces of his blood; and in the extremity of their anguish his family had forgotten to urge upon him a second flight.

On the 20th of December the assize court of

THE MYSTERIOUS FINGERS.

...turn ... *reprouver*, on which his wretched father was seated between two *gens d'armes*; and the President, touched by the painfulness of his position, gave him permission to withdraw.

Jean Antoine Ebrard was the next witness called. He had been dead three weeks.

As the third name rang through the hall a young girl, dressed in deep mourning, and wearing a long black veil which concealed her face, was led to the witness-chair. As she took the oath she trembled violently; but when desired to say if she recognized the prisoner, she answered, firmly, "No."

Poor Marie! She had perjured herself to save the father of the youth to whom, in one short hour, she had given away her heart. Adolphe had been, as we have already said, the solitary ray of brightness which had pierced through the darkness of her lot; and in seeking to save him one bitter pang she had periled her own soul.

The circumstantial evidence against M. de Rosval was overwhelming, but still failed to establish the identity of the culprit. The evidence of the Juvidord or his step-daughter must have condemned him; but the one was dead, and the other had positively sworn that she had never seen him before.

After the counsel for the prosecution (*procureur de roi*) had addressed the court, the counsel for the prisoner made an able speech, in which he strenuously endeavored to prove an *alibi*. He stated that it was impossible to prove that the prisoner at the bar had slept at the auberge of *Le Grand Roi* on the night of the mysterious event which had led to the present trial, since the only witness now alive, who must have seen him had such been the case, had solemnly assured the court that she did not recognize him. "No, gentlemen of the jury," he concluded, "the accused has been a victim, not an assassin. That he has been mutilated by violence is certain; but he has explained, in the clearest manner, the cause of this unfortunate coincidence; and the sword of the son is unstained by the father's blood."

"To prove which fact," exclaimed a hollow and almost inarticulate voice from amidst the crowd in the body of the court, "there are the fingers which I cut off under the door of my room." And as Adolphe ceased speaking an officer of the court laid them upon the desk of the President.

Having silently examined them, an expression of astonishment was visible upon the countenance of the learned judge, who handed them to the *procureur*, by whom they were in turn transferred to the jury-box. It was at once perceived that the severed fingers thus produced in evidence had belonged to the left hand, while M. de Rosval was mutilated in the right!

Three days subsequently Adolphe had ceased to live. Mortification had supervened upon the frightful wound which he had inflicted upon himself, in order to save the life of his father, and to preserve the honor of his family.

The young soldier's career was over; his dream of fame had gone down with him to the grave. He met Marie once more; they had been self-sacrificed in a common cause. Each appreciated the devotion of the other—each felt that thenceforward they had done with the world, and the world with them. Adolphe de Rosval lies in the cemetery of his native town; and Marie Delfour, after performing a penance of many years as a Sister of Charity, has found a grave in one of the West Indian Islands.

THE PALACE AT PALERMO.

Our readers will be glad to see the accompanying picture of the royal palace at Palermo, which figures so prominently in the stirring news from Europe. This palace, which is one of the great attractions of Palermo, was first built near a thousand years ago, by the Saracens, and was afterward considerably altered by the Normans. Its architecture bears many marks of both styles. The apartments are handsome; the roofs are arched, the floors marble, and the furniture classic and suitable. On a pillar in front of the palace stands the "last rani" of Syracuse. Once there were four of them, which used to stand at the four corners of the town, with gaping mouths: the wind rushing through their hollow bodies sounded sonorously, and enabled the mariners of those days to say whence it blew. The palace is seldom occupied by any of the royal family of Naples. It is the residence of the Lieutenant-Governor, whose functions consist in receiving the citizens; while *sbirri* and military despots carry on the business of government.

By this time, doubtless, the palace is in the hands of Garibaldi, and the Bourbon stamp is effaced from its front. It is high time. This palace was the spot where the famous massacre known as the Sicilian Vespers was planned and commenced. God grant that the victorious revolutionists may not have stained their triumph by deeds of retribution which may recall that terrible event!

THE ROYAL PALACE AT PALERMO.

Captain Brand,

OF THE

SCHOONER "CENTIPEDE,"

A PIRATE OF EMINENCE IN THE WEST INDIES.

His Loves and Exploits,

TOGETHER WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE SINGULAR MANNER BY WHICH HE DEPARTED THIS LIFE.

By LIEUT. H. A. WISE, U.S.N.

(HARRY GRINGO),

AUTHOR OF "LOS GRINGOS" AND "TALES FOR THE MARINES."

ILLUSTRATED BY

C. PARSONS AND A. LUMLEY.

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CHAPTER XXV.

THE MOUSE THAT GNAWED THE NET.

As the powder vomited forth its dreadful thunder, and as the stones and timbers from the blasted den were hurled high in air and were scattered by the explosive whirlwind far and near, some of the splinters and fragments came down in dropping hail upon the red-tiled sheds and the Doctor's dwelling. At the first shock the lonely child started up in his little bed, and while the earth rocked and the stones came pelting and crashing on the roof, he screamed, "Maman! maman!" No loving echo came back to those innocent lips, and naught was heard save the crackling of the flame beyond, licking its tongue along the dry timber and roaring joyously as it was fed. "Maman! chère maman!"

Yet no answer, and still the savage flames came careering wildly on till the very stones of the court-yard cracked like slates, while the burning flakes and cinders landed the air, and the ...stonds into the ...crying, ...and the little ...h one open door- ...ook' ag with the de- ...him, he staggered fee- ...ack. Yet again a flurry of ...ed up the forked and vivid ...nased the child before it.

I mother! in your poignant grief for ... of your poor drowned boy you ... the agony of seeing him, even in imag- ...ation, struggling faintly before that tempest ... and smoke, calling plaintively for her on whose tender bosom his head had rested, while his naked feet were cut and bruised by the sharp coral shingle beneath them. Then onward and onward the boy wandered, and fortunately his footsteps struck the path into a purer atmosphere which led toward the chapel. Here he looked timidly around at the lurid glare behind him, and then entered the church and sank down exhausted, his feverish, smarting eyes closing in slumber on the hard pavement beneath the image of the Virgin Mary.

Then came the close and sultry night—no murmur of a land wind to drive the smoky canopy away—the black cinders falling in burning rain on basin, thicket, and lagoon, till even the very lizards and scorpions hid themselves deep within the holes and crevices of the rocks. Midnight came. The dim and silent stars were obscured by a veil of heavy clouds, and with a low muttering sound of thunder the vapory masses unclosed their portals and the rain fell in torrents. The flames, now nearly quenched with their work, leaped out occasionally from the fallen ruins, but were quenched by the tropical deluge and smouldered away amidst the charred and saturated timbers. Then the thunder ceased, the lizards and scorpions came from their retreats, the teal fluttered over the lagoon, and the noise of the waves bursting over the reef came again to the ear. Still there was no breath of air—the atmosphere was thick and damp, and out from the mangrove thickets and wide expanse of cactus swarms of insects, mosquitoes and sand-flies in myriads went buzzing and singing in the sultry, murky night.

So dragged on the weary hours until day broke again, and the sea-birds floated off seaward for their morning's meal, and the flying-fish skipped with their silvery wings from wave to wave, as the dolphins glittered in gold and purple after them below the blue water. No bright and blazing sun came over the hills of Cuba to light up this picture, but all was blight and gloom, with murky masses of dead, still clouds hanging low down over the island.

The little suffering boy lying there on the coral pavement, with his head resting on the thin delicate arm, with pale sweet face turned half upward toward the Virgin, gave a feeble cry and opened his eyes. He rose to a sitting posture, with his little hands resting on his lap and little ragged shirt. Then, with his dim hazed eyes fixed upon the painting, while the tears coursed slowly down his pallid cheeks, he put forth his hands in a childish movement of supplication and murmured again his tearful prayer, "Maman! maman!"

Presently rising, he turned his feeble footsteps toward the door-way, and as his eye caught the stone bowl of holy water standing on its coral pedestal near the portal, he bent down his feverish head and slaked his parched lips. Revived by this, he timidly looked out from the chapel, and shuddering as he beheld the gloomy wilderness around, he once more screamed in a thin piercing cry, "Maman! oh, ma chère maman!"

That was the last sad wail for help for many and many a long year that those infant lips

"AH, HENRI, SEE IF YOU CAN NOT SLIP THAT PRETTY SILK ROPE OVER MY HEAD."

were destined to utter; and when he again called upon that dear name his manly arms would clasp a joyful mother to his swelling heart.

"Henri!" came back like an echo in a clear shout to the shriek of the boy. "Henri! Henri!" was reiterated again and again, each time in a voice that seemed to split asunder the canopy of clouds above.

The boy started and listened; "Henri! Henri! this way to your good friend the Doctor! Quick, my little boy!"

Now with the step of a fawn the child ran out upon the sharp sandy esplanade, and following the voice as he tripped lightly through the narrow pathway of the needle-pointed cactus, in a moment he stopped, with a look of horror, beside the trestle on which the bound and nearly naked man was stretched.

Ay, it was a sight to make a strong and stalwart man turn pale with sickness and horror, much less a baby boy of three or four years old. Ay, there lay the man, all through the dreadful night, with swarms on swarms and myriads upon myriads of stinging insects biting, and sipping, and sucking his life-blood with distracting agony away. Ah, think of the hellish torture often practiced by those bloody pirates upon their victims in the West Indies! The bound man's eyes were closed, the lips and cheeks were puffed and swollen out of all human proportions, and the inflamed body was one gloving, red, and angry surface. No needle could have been stuck where the venomous stings of a thousand mad-flies or mosquitoes had not already sucked blood. Ay, well might the child start back with horror!

"It is your friend the Doctor, Henri," he said in French, still in a strong but kindly voice. "I can not see you, but get me a knife! No, my child, never mind, you can not find one; don't leave me!"

Here the child timidly put his little hands out and brushed away the poisonous insects, and then touched the Doctor's face.

"Ah, Henri, see if you can not slip that pretty silk rope over my head; yes, that is the way —*doucement*—easily, my child! Well, now, my Henri, you are weak and sick, my poor little boy; but listen to me! yes, I feel your little hands on my eyes. Well, bite upon that cord that goes across my throat. Bite till it snaps asunder! I can nearly choking, little one, but don't cry."

True! the strips of rawhide, which had partially slackened in the rain that had washed the body of the victim, now began to tauten again in the sultry heat of the morning, and lay half hidden in the swollen throat, stomach, and limbs of the tortured sufferer.

Henri's sharp little teeth fastened upon the strand, biting and gnawing, until finally it was severed, and the Doctor gave a great sigh of relief.

"Blessings on you, my poor boy!" he murmured, painfully. "Now bite away on the strands which bind the arm. There! Don't! don't hurry! Rest a little, my child! Ah, it is well!"

Again those sharp little teeth of a mouse had gnawed through the net which bound the lion-hearted man; the ends of the rawhide drew back and twisted into spiral curls, and the right arm, though numb and four times its original size, was free.

"Thanks be to God for all His mercies!"—exclaimed the Doctor, as with difficulty he raised his released arm to his face and pushed back the swollen lids from his closed eyes!—"and to you, my little friend, for saving this wretched life!"

Waiting a few moments to recover his strength, the Doctor made a mighty effort, and some of the coils whose strands had been cut by those little teeth yielded and gradually unrove, so as to leave the upper part of his body free. Then while the child was once more cutting the lashings of his feet he himself unfastened the knots of his left arm, and by a vigorous effort he tore the net from off him and sat upright. Clasping his numbed and swollen hands together, he turned his face and almost sightless eyes to Heaven.

"May this awful trial serve as a partial forgiveness of my sins and make me a better man!"

He paused and laid his heavy arms around the child, while warm and grateful tears trickled down his cheeks. Slowly, and like a drunken man, his feet sought the sand, and then, weak, trembling, and faint, he staggered along the path—the boy tripping lightly before him—till he fell exhausted on the floor of the chapel.

"Water, my Henri! water!"

The child scooped it out from the stone bowl with his tiny hands and sprinkled it on his friend's face.

"There, that will suffice, my brave boy! Lay your cheek to mine!"

What a sight it was! That dark, swollen, powerful frame lying on the coral pavement, and the innocent child, like a dew-drop on the leaf of a red tropical flower, nestling close beside him.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE HURRICANE.

PAST a September noon. The great canopy of dark, murky clouds fell lower and lower, until they nearly touched the earth, wrapping as in a blanket the single cocoa-nut tree on the strand, and shutting out the light and air of heaven as they settled over the noxious lagoon, the mangrove thickets, and pure inlet. The seabirds cease screaming in free seaward, fluttering their wide-spread wings in the sultry atmosphere and alighting on the smooth rocks, where they furled their pinions and put their heads together. The flying-fish no longer skimmed over the waves, and the dolphin and shark sank deep down in the blue water, or lay still and quiet beside the coral groves. The rolling, swelling ocean of the tropic, with its glassy, greasy surface unruffled by the faintest air, rolled heavily on until it struck the coral ledge, when, with a dull, heavy roar, it broke over in creamy foam and came sluggishly in to the sandy beach. There the tiny waves lashed the shelly strand, and all was still again. No sun, no air; and even the birds and serpents and insects gasped for breath. The fish below the sea, the animated nature above, and the very leaves and vines of the forests and thickets knew what was brewing in the great vacuum around.

Slowly and painfully the man in the chapel regained his feet, and, with the child by the hand, moved on to the farthest corner by the rude altar, where he sank down again, and, clasping the boy to his heart, waited in breathless awe. As if the powder and flames had not done their destructive work, the wrath of Heaven was to be poured out over the devoted den of the pirates.

Then came a ballooning roar as a current of wind swept over the sea, cutting a pathway in the blue water and scooping it up in an impalpable spray, hurrying on to the low bench of the island, and tearing the sand and shells up in heaps—and then a lull. Now, as if all the demons of winds had let loose their cavernous lungs from the four quarters of the earth, and, like the shocks of artillery, volley upon volley, came the hurricane. The sea became one boiling, seething, hissing surface of foam, pressed as flat as marble by the weight of the tempest, which laid the black rocks bare on the ledge, and drove the water into both mouths of the quake, flat to the... mightier, and ... masses of never-ending ... down like dark midnight, as if hea... had come together. All through the gloomy day and through the night this elemental war, with its legions of careering demons, continued to lash the sea and smite the land; and then, as if satiated with vengeance, the clouds belched forth in red lightning, vomiting out peal upon peal of awful thunder as a parting salute, and then moderating down to a hard gale from another quarter, broke away. The blue sky appeared, and the glorious sun once more came up in his majesty over the distant hills of Cuba.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE VIRGIN MARY.

WITH the boy clasped to his heart the Doctor sat beside the altar of the chapel during all the direful strife without; shielding his little charge from the clouds of fine sand and rubbish that every few minutes came swirling within the sacred temple; dashing the Padre's candlesticks into battered lumps of brass on the pavement, and tearing to atoms the votive offerings hung around the walls by the pirates. But as if in mercy to the trustful souls lying there, the Virgin Mary still looked down in sweet pity upon them, and the little chapel stood unharmed.

When at last, however, the hurricane's back had been broken, and Æolus had reined back his maddened chargers and curbed their flying wings, and when all the demons of the winds had gone moaningly back to their caverns in the clouds, the Doctor arose, and with the boy beside him, knelt devoutly before the altar while he uttered a fervent prayer of thanksgiving.

"Come, my Henri! now we may go out and see if we can find something to eat and drink! You are weak and hungry, my poor little boy! But you shall not suffer much longer!"

That strong man, with the heart of a gentle woman, had no thought of how ill, and famished, and thirsty he himself was from the terrible torture he had endured! No, he only thought of the child who had saved him.

In front of the chapel the sand and bushes were piled up in ridge heaps, the coral wall around the cemetery had been thrown down, while the flat head-stones over the pirates' graves had disappeared entirely. Not so, however, with the white slabs near by where those poor ments, one a... ter in which he slaked his ... with his own, and afterward poured water over their bodies. Then, from a still smouldering beam which puffed out at intervals a thin curl of smoke from beneath one of the sheds, he lit a fire in the court-yard; and then from the wreck of the store-room he succeeded in rescuing some hard biscuit and a ham. This last he tore in shreds, and placing them on sticks before the fire, they were thus enabled to make a hearty meal, first providing for the wants of the child, however, soaking the biscuit for him, as if it were his first duty on earth. Again raising the boy in his arms, he passed from the ruined sheds and bent his steps toward Captain Brand's former dwelling. The road was heaped with shells and sand, strewed with shoals of dead fish and wounded or dying birds, while the wreck of a boat, mingled with the timbers and planks of the jetty to the basin, were lying pell-mell on the beach of the little cove. Casting his eyes around in search of the once spacious dwelling, with its vaults, verandas, and saloon, he could hardly at first trace a vestige of the structure. The powder, more destructive even than the hurricane, had tossed walls and building into a confused heap of rubbish; then came the wind and sand on top of the rocks which had tumbled down by the concussion of the first explosion, and then the water, packing all together as if no habitation had ever existed there. The Doctor walked slowly around until he came to the angle where the kitchen once was, and there, three-fourths hidden beneath a mass of blackened stones and charred timber, peered forth the white skeleton of a human being. The flesh had been seared and burned from the face and skull by the instantaneous flash of the powder, and there lay the remains of Babette, whitely bleached, as if she had been thrown a lifeless corpse on the seabeach. A few yards below this frightful spectacle lay a number of shattered boxes and trunks, now a confused bundle of clothes, and a sandy saturated collection of kitchen utensils and crockery. Yes, the poor dumb woman, the creature and witness of many a cruel scene, ignorant or uncertain of the warning given her by the master she loved, had fallen another tribute to his long list of victims.

BUILDING THE BOAT.

the early morning the man and the boy arose and took their way to the cove. The little fellow was clean and tidy now, dressed in a little loose calico frock and a queer contrivance of an old bonnet fashioned out of Babette's gear, and on his feet were a pair of little canvas slippers stitched for him by his protector. After a bath in the basin of the inlet the five were kindled and the simple breakfast prepared. Then, while the strong man hewed and sawed and hammered beneath a temporary awning which covered the open work-shop, the boy would pick up shells along the cove, or, with a little rod and line, seated on a flat rock near by, jerk out fish from the basin to serve for dinner. Sometimes he would wander about in search of nuts and spices for the boat, or gather sticks for the fire—but never out of hail, and never beyond the watchful eyes of his friend. Yes! those watchful, kind eyes followed his slightest movements; and while the hammer was going in vigorous blows on the planks, or the axe chopping away a timber, his pleasant voice sang Creole songs to the child or encouraged his innocent prattle. A bonded musket which, with some ammunition, he had dug out from the wreck of his old quarters, stood leaning against an upright post under the shade, and was to the man or beast that might have dared to approach the boy! In the burning heat of the tropical day the labor ceased, and the child either lay in his bunk on the soft sands beneath the awning, kicking up his little legs, watching the small gulls as they skimmed across the basin, or, with his brown, curly head resting on the Doctor's knees, slept sweetly. Happy and contented he was, too, with the return of health and strength; and if his budding memory looked back to her he had lost and the recollection of his faithful Bonne, it was only for a moment, and, like a childish dream, it passed away.

Every evening at sunset, when the work was done for the day, the Doctor, with Henri in his arms and the musket on his shoulder, would climb the crag and peer all around the island; but never a sail did he see from the hour the *Centipede* spread her canvas, while he lay helplessly bound on the trestle with the green moss around his neck. As the twilight faded the sole human occupants of the island returned to the chapel, and when they had said a simple prayer, kneeling before the Virgin, they laid themselves down on their canvas bed to repose till the dawn. Many a silent hour in the watch of the tedious night did the Doctor lie awake, while the cool, sweet breath of the child fanned his cheek as he lay nestling beside him, pondering and wondering on the fate of his charge. He knew absolutely nothing about his history, save that he had been pitched overboard from the brig the pirates were robbing; but what was the name or nation of the vessel, where from, or whither bound, he was in utter ignorance. He had questioned the tender, Gibbs, on that occasion after the chase by the corvette, after he had lopped off the brute's leg; but what with suffering and drink the ruffian had either forgotten the brig's name or feigned to, and all he could impart was the belief that she was an English craft. Even from the boy, the Doctor could elicit nothing of importance, though day by day he tried every means of lending the child's mind back to the past; but al...s with the same result.

"*Ou, ou chire manan! Ban Bonne?*" and "*Ma petite cousine Zoradie?*" These were the only words the little fellow had to link his fate with the future; and even the latter became fainter and fainter on his mind and tongue as the time passed on. With this delicate web around the destiny of the child, and that he spoke French, and had evidently been tenderly nurtured, the Doctor was forced to be content.

Well, so the days and nights went by, and so the work went on, and the little ark began to assume a wholesome look, and to be capable of plowing the distant main. Then, when she was planked up, with a gunwale on, and half-decked over forward, she was called and the seams payed with pitch. When all ready for launching one who had passed a lifetime on the ocean, from the China seas to the broad Atlantic, under the suns of the tropics as well as in the dim gloom of high latitudes—the Doctor studied the clouds and watched their course, noting the flight of the birds in the air and the track of fish in the sea. At last the trade-breezes began to blow regularly and steadily; the land winds, too, in the gray of the morning, fluttered timidly away out to sea, and the round pearly moon shone bright and mellow over rock and water.

"To-morrow, my brave boy, we shall sail away from the island. Ah! you clap your hands, eh? Yes, we shall go to find mama?" This was said as man and child stood for the last time on the lofty crag, while the former ranged his dark eyes scrutinizingly around the horizon. Nothing in sight!

Once more to their chapel of refuge, where, for the first time in all their association, putting the child to sleep by himself, the Doctor sat down on the trestle by the entrance, and, lighted by the brilliant moon, he caught up the tangled meshes of the lisle net which had bound him, and sedulously applied himself to a task before him.

Any one who has seen the effect produced by a violent gale upon the tattered shreds of a shivered main-topsail, bound up into the smart tortoise knots that it is possible to conceive of, and so hard and solid that you might saw the canvas bulls, like bacon, in slices, may form some idea of the task the Doctor had imposed upon himself to loosen the hide strands tied together by the furious fingers of the hurricane. Patiently and quietly, with no sign of temper, he applied himself to the work, and with nothing but a sharp-pointed spike to aid his hands, he began to unravel, bit by bit, the laced knots and bunches of rawhide—without ever cutting a strand—until, as the moon sank glimmering down, the tangled mass lay in clear coils beside him—though in several pieces, where it had been severed by the recoil of that little mouse purring behind the altar—and the task was done. Then raising the trestle he bore it within the altar, and with the now unraveled coil of hide, and the softer silk rope for a pillow, he again stretched himself upon what once had been his bed of torture.

For what possible object all this labor had been undertaken, or for what future purpose—vague they must have been—no one but the perseverying man who did it can tell; and there he lay—his sound comings from his oppressed lips—till the day dawned. Then he arose, and, kneeling over the sleeping child, he again solemnly repeated the oath he had before taken in his hut:

"Sleeping or waking, on land or sea, I devote the remainder of my wretched life to returning this lost child to his mother. So help me God!"

The little boy stirred, as if the angels and the sweet Virgin were whispering their protecting power over him, and, with a smile dawning upon his rosy, dimpled cheeks, he raised the lids from his bright hazel eyes, and put his fat round arms around the Doctor's neck. If few great drops fell upon that upturned innocent little face from the dark full eyes bending over him, they were not tears of sorrow! And, as if with the dew of hope and trustfulness falling from the soul of a repentant sinner relying upon an all-wise Providence.

"Come, my Henri, say your little prayer of the morning, and we will go!" The man had taught the child that little prayer which he himself had learned at his mother's knee.

Up again to the crag and down on the shelly margin of the shore; and a long look the man gave at the pain of shed and den as he gently placed the child on a stand-log in the stern sheets of the ark. Then he cast off the rope which held the vessel to the bared strand, hoisted the sail, and, as she bobbled along the inlet with the first sigh of the land-wind, he stood at the helm with his bare head lighted up by the beams of the rising sun, and his lips moved in prayer.

Now, wosiclessly, through the Tiger's Trap sailed the little pinnace till she bowed her

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NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE
FOR JULY, 1860.

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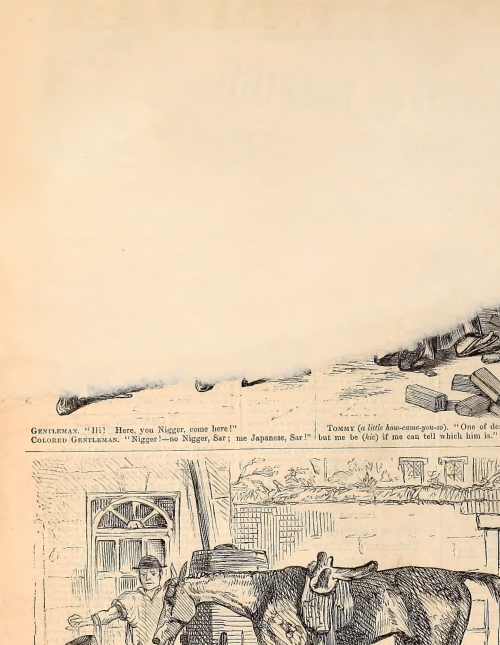

GENTLEMAN. "Hi! Here, you Nigger, come here!"
COLORED GENTLEMAN. "Nigger!—no Nigger, Sar; me Japanese, Sar!"

TOMMY (*a little how-came-you-so*). "One of dem (*dat*) is my Hat me know; but me be (*dic*) if me can tell which him is."

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the wishes and advantage of the advertisers, it seeks,
by a plain and candid style of publication, to gain the
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promote private ends at the expense of the public good.

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measures, forgetting that God accomplishes the most
mighty ends by simple means, most of which He has
placed at the disposal of inquiring men." "It is because
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philanthropic advantages far into the shade."

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Nightsweats—Despair—Hysterics—Anxiety—
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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. IV.—No. 184.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1860. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THE SICILIAN INSURRECTION.

WE continue in this number our series of illustrations of the INSURRECTION IN SICILY. Besides the graphic picture below, the reader will find on page 420 two fine engravings of GARIBALDI'S CAMP and the ENTRY INTO PALERMO. Our last number contained splendid engravings of the DEPARTURE OF GARIBALDI'S FORCE FROM GENOA, and of the ROYAL PALACE AT PALERMO. In NOS. 180 and 181 will be found fine views of PALERMO, MESSINA, and NAPLES, a splendid PORTRAIT OF GARIBALDI, and a very accurate and valuable MAP OF THE KINGDOM OF THE TWO SICILIES, etc.

AWAY WITH YOU, BABY, AWAY TO THE GARDEN.

MUSA.

AWAY with you, baby, away to the garden,
And leave ugly Latin to Algernon, do:
He *must* learn the lesson, although it's a hard one,
But, darling, there's plenty of time before you.

Oh, if you but knew, dear, you'd run like the kitten,
And scamper away from a future that waits:—
If you knew the dry nonsense the big folks have written
On purpose to pester the little folks' pates.

We want all poor Algernon's deepest attention,
You see his sad case by the way that he frowns;
He's fighting a thing that they call a declension—
A sort of a regiment of soldiers called nouns.

He'll beat them, you know, for he's brave and he's willing;
And going to work at them, hammer and tongs,
And mamma knows who'll give him a splendid new shilling
As soon as he's perfect to—here, see,—"*By Songs.*"

So don't interrupt him, my darling, with chatter,
He stops in his lesson to look up and laugh:
His fragile conception of datives you scatter,
And cut his poor ablative plural in half.

What, blue eyes wide open at hearing such tidings,
At being accused in such very long words,
And looking as wistful as if they were chidings?
No, darling, run off to the flowers and the birds.

Eh? you want a lesson? Well! count all those roses,
For each you leave out you must pay me a kiss:
And Al shall be free, too, the moment he knows his
Musæ, musarum, mu—what, Al?—*musis.*

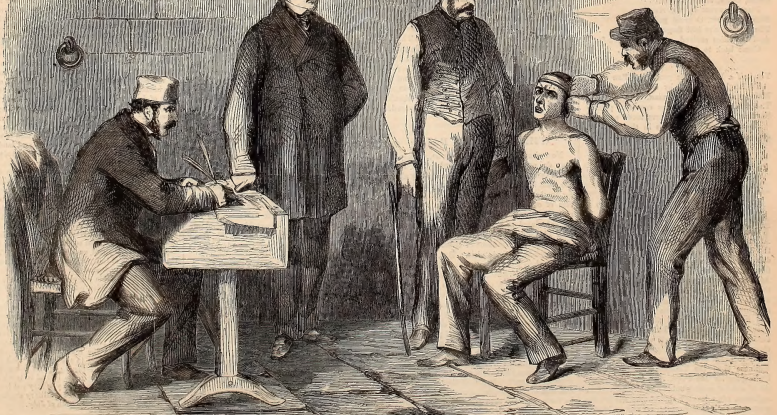
So off with you, baby, and O! be contented
That you've got no lesson to cloud that white brow,
Some day you'll wish Latin had not been invented:
Perhaps, in her heart, mamma wishes so now.

TORTURE IN SICILY.

THE papers are full of accounts of the fiendish cruelties practiced by the Neapolitan jailers upon political prisoners: we now engrave a scene of torture which will make the blood of many a reader run cold. The engraving represents the application of the tourniquet to a prisoner who is suspected of sympathy with Garibaldi. The tourniquet is a cord passed round the head, and tightened by means of a stick inserted in it till the skin cracks and the eyes start from their sockets. In the instances depicted in our engraving the torture is inflicted in the presence of the head of the police, Maniscalco, who stands at the table watching its effects and hoping to extort a confession from the writhing victim, who, previous to the application of the tourniquet, had been lashtanded on the soles of the feet.

M. Charles de la Varenne has lately published a detailed account of the tortures practiced on prisoners in Sicily. Many of the cases he describes are too horrible for publication.

"Every commissary, every jailer," says M. de la Varenne,



THE TORTURE OF THE TOURNIQUET, AS PRACTICED IN THE PRISONS IN SICILY, A.D. 1860.

"has his own method of applying torture. It is revolting to come to details, but they are unhappily exact, and confirmed by official authority. The famous Pontillo owes his reputation to the species of torture which he applies in his own commissariat, making the victim sit down in a railed arm-chair set with razor-blades, under which is placed a pan of burning coals. The inspector, Louis Maniscalco, the namesake of the General De Pestor, applies to the accused little iron hands provided with a closing-screw. This is called, in the language of the police, 'the agitation of conviction.' The jailer, Bruno, belonging to the police commissariat of the odious Carrega (there is a prison in each commissariat), tortures by stripping the victim of his clothes and binding his head between his legs. Others employ the torture of the tourniquet, drawing a cord with a stick round the left thigh round the head of the accused till the skin cracks and the eyes start from their sockets. Some have recourse to starvation, to blows, to the deprivation of light and breathable air. But the satellite of the Director-General who outstrips all others is the notorious Captain Chonnici, born a peasant in the village of Belmonte, a rubber by profession, and now an officer of police and a chief inquisitor."

There can be very little question of the ultimate fate of a régime which sustains itself by such atrocities as these.

A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

I.

WHAT was he doing, the great god Pan,
Down in the reeds by the river?
Spreading ruin and scattering ban,
Splashing and paddling with hoofs of a goat,
And breaking the golden lilies afloat
With the dragon-fly on the river?

II.

He tore out a reed, the great god Pan,
From the deep cool bed of the river.
The limpid water turbidly ran,
And the broken lilies a-dying lay,
And the dragon-fly had fled away,
Ere he brought it out of the river.

III.

High on the shore sate the great god Pan,
While turbidly flowed the river,
And hacked and hewed as a great god can,
With his hard bleak steel at the patient reed,
Till there was not a sign of a leaf indeed
To prove it fresh from the river.

IV.

He cut it short, did the great god Pan,
(How tall it stood in the river!)
Then drew the pith, like the heart of a man,
Steadily from the outside ring,
Then notched the poor dry empty thing
In holes as he sate by the river.

V.

"This is the way," laughed the great god Pan,
(Laughed while he sate by the river!)
"The only way since gods began
To make sweet music they could succeed."
Then, dropping his mouth to a hole in the reed,
He blew in power by the river.

VI.

Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pan,
Piercing sweet by the river!
Blinding sweet, O great god Pan!
The sun on the hill forgot to die,
And the lilies revived, and the dragon-fly
Came back to dream on the river.

VII.

Yet half a beast is the great god Pan
To laugh, as he sits by the river,
Making a poet out of a man.
The true gods sigh for the cost and pain—
For the reed that grows nevermore again
As a reed with the reeds in the river.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1860.

THE IRISH AT HOME AND ABROAD.

IT seems that the Pope has not, after all, got such a bargain in his Irish recruits. By the latest advices from Rome Lamoricière is debating whether the sympathy of his Irish friends does not cost more than it is worth. At Ancona and some other places, it appears, the Irish levies not only quarrelled so fiercely among themselves as almost to demoralize the garrison, but insisted upon quarters, rations, and subsidies far beyond the capacity of the poor Papal treasury. Indeed, from all the accounts which reach us, it would seem that these new champions of Papal despotism are likely to prove even a greater nuisance to his Holiness than the Transteverini themselves. Unhappily for the Pope, they can not be got rid of without some trouble and expense. One regiment, after leaving their home against the protest of their Government, no sooner landed in the Papal States than they quarreled with the authorities, and forthwith appealed to the British Consul for protection!

If it were possible to regard these volunteers as isolated individuals their conduct would hardly justify comment. Every country contains a certain number of reckless ne'er-do-weels, who are ready to seek excitement in warfare as soldiers of fortune, caring nothing about the justice of the cause for which they fight. But the course of the Irish press, and the attitude of Irish leaders abroad and at home forbid the assumption that the Pope's Irish mercenaries belong to this class. Irish prelates bless the recruits as they march to battle under the banner of the law; Irish journals praise the enterprise, and invoke blessings on its issue. Irish gentlemen subscribe money, and proclaim their sympathy with the Pope's cause and with his new defenders. Even here, in New York, Archbishop Hughes accepts a standard of divine service to utter a violent appeal on behalf of the Pope's temporal sovereignty, and to denounce, with characteristic bitterness, the Revolutionists of Italy as the enemies of civil freedom for themselves and their children. Surely it is not unjust, in view of these indications, to assume that the Irish race must be largely responsible for the conduct of the Pope's Irish mercenaries.

To a philosophic mind these considerations are unimportant. We know very well that all the Irish in the world can not prevent the accomplishment of God's purposes in Italy. For the sons of Saint Patrick were there in numerous as they are, and ten times as valuable alike as they are proving, they could not long uphold the rotten, loathsome, hideous despotism which now burdens Central Italy as a tyrannous. The night must prevail in spite of man's wrongheadedness and priests' appeals to ignorance and superstition.

But the Irish demonstrations in favor of Papal tyranny should not be thrown away upon us. We, too, have our Irish with the Pope, not only in this city, but in the country at large. The Irish race in the United States is very powerful, far more so than its mere numbers would justify. It swarms most of the large cities, not only on the sea-board, but in the interior also. Our native population, and the bulk of our German, English, and Scotch settlers generally become producers and tillers of the earth; the Irish cling to the cities, and while generally remaining in a position of pecuniary dependence, domicile themselves, with the aid of universal suffrage and loose electoral laws, by usurping political predominance. Irishmen fill a larger proportion of the municipal offices: they direct our police; our mayors, aldermen, and councilmen: they are inspectors of election, commissioners of streets, contractors, wherever power and emolument are found. To a vice and fraud, you will generally find that the evil-doers are Teerness or Peddies or Mickeys. In this city, the metropolis of the United States, their influence is great enough to have honest school-teachers dismissed for the crime of reading the Bible to their scholars.

It is this Irish predominance, which is steadily on the increase, which renders the Irish sympathy with the Pope so instructive. For, as things will at present, the ruling classes in this country will soon be mainly Irish, and the power of Archbishop Hughes (who already declares himself above the Law) in the United States may presently be little less than that of the Pope in Central Italy. It is well that we should see betimes what sort of men these coming rulers of ours are likely to prove. This is a very uncertain world, and full of dramatic surprises: who shall say that the peculiarities of the Papal government which now distress of the old Irish government in Ireland may not be reproduced in this country? Things stranger far have been seen in past times. We should not let such a contingency find us unprepared.

THE JAPANESE BALL.

Now that the Japanese are gone, perhaps it may do no harm to talk a little about the truth about their reception here, and especially about the great ball on the 23d. We have all blushed for the brutishly which characterized the reception of our guests at Philadelphia and Baltimore; nothing, certainly, could have been better calculated to give intelligent foreigners a poor idea of our civilization. The utterly lowly conduct of the populace of these two cities on the occasion of their visit. But, after all, in New York we behaved much better than we deserved.

It was understood, long before, that New York was to give a grand ball in honor of the Japanese. A very large sum of money was appropriated for the purpose. Arrangements were made for an entertainment worthy of the city: no expense was spared to combine scenic effect with grandeur, elegance, and generous hospitality. The ball is over, and what is the public verdict? Decent people are all agreed that it was a monstrous failure.

There was a prodigious crowd there; but who were the guests? From all that we can learn the bulk of the persons present had no right to be there, and the men and women who should have represented New York on such an occasion were not there—many because they were not invited, others because they were afraid to trust their pocket-books in the society of the Aldermen, Councilmen, and their friends. The business of inviting guests was left to a joint Committee of Aldermen and Councilmen. They invited their friends, in the first place, and we need not describe the class of society to which friends of New York Aldermen and Councilmen belong; these supplied with tickets, the others were sold, and the money pocketed by some one. One man, a brother of an Alderman, sold tickets openly at a leading hotel; he insists that the business was extensively prosecuted by others. Tickets were freely offered by Jews in Wall Street at $20 and upward. One man—of course a city official—is said to have raised nearly half the sale of tickets. Having sold this much, need we add that gamblers, and other persons fully as objectionable, found their way to the ball? And that of the 3,000 spectable men who were invited, many shrank from availing themselves of the invitation to appear in such company?

The following is said to the press in the shape of the following letter:

"SIR,—In order to prevent unauthorized parties to represent the Press, the Committee of the Common Council have agreed upon issuing a note to each editor of their respective papers, to send a reporter with this note to be admitted to the grand reception of the Japanese Embassy. Hith inst., the same to be countersigned by the editor." &c. &c.

It is rather a pity some one had not "prevented" the Committee "to write" this letter, for it does not altogether conduce to a singular impression with regard to the working of our common-school system. "Each editor of *their* respective papers" is vague, to say the least; and that *having a note to send a reporter*" is perfectly bewildering. The last clause of this Delphic missive is still more puzzling. Was it the Embassy or not the reporter who was to be "countersigned by the editor?" We have heard of soldiers giving the counter-sign; bank-notes, too, have been countersigned by State officials. But who ever heard of countersigning an embassy or a reporter? If common report be true, the counter-signs which are most frequently countersigned by editors are the signs which hang over counters in liquor stores. Could any allusion to these have been intended?

Altogether, the Japanese ball places us pretty fairly on a par with our Philadelphia and Baltimore neighbors.

Henceforth, for pity's sake, let us have no more entertainments at the cost of the city. Let the Rodes entertain people, if they want, at their own expense. But it is time a stop were put to public entertainments at the city's cost which are managed by vulgarians and rogues, for the benefit of gamblers, Aldermen, and Common Councilmen, and to the sorrow and shame of all decent people.

OUR COLLEGES.

We are in the season of College Commencements. Fond mothers and proud fathers are marking the days with a white stone, for their sons are graduating. The boys themselves are realizing a triumph greater than they have ever known in their young experience. Now, for the first time, they are wearing manly laurels, and hearing words of praise from college authentic evidence of scholarship and learning.

How many of the graduates of 1860 have learned any thing that will be of use to them hereafter?

Men are such creatures of routine that he would confess himself a green-horn who would venture at the last moment with what our collegiate institutions cling to old traditions and mouldy examples. Our boys go on, year after year, through the same Freshman and Sophomore beating their brains to compose classics, muddling their poor intellects over metaphysics and prosody—all because boys did the same thing at Oxford and Cambridge in the days of George the Third, and before that. And, after all, perhaps, nothing is more natural. Even in business transactions routine is preferred to theory and reason; much more so in the matter of education, which is generally consigned to dusty old professors, carefully secluded from the light of civilization and the tenth of prognress. Of the heroes of the day some are college graduates; it is respectable to graduate at college. But what is graduation? Why, can it be pretended that a college education is not the right thing?

Of course it is. Every boy to be a lawyer, or a doctor, or an editor, or a merchant, or a broker, or an engineer, it will not avail him much to be able to write classics, to be familiar with the Descartes theory of the mind, to have read Æschylus in the original. It would be of use to him to be familiar with geography and the modern languages, but he can find excellent teachers who would be agreeable, and could not be hurtful for him, to be versed in the great writers of his own tongue. But as there is not time in the college course for a boy to learn all these things —prosody and German, Descartes and chemistry, Æschylus and the laws of trade—the collegiate law requires that the preference shall be given to those branches of study which young men in England one hundred years ago were taught to consider the elements of polite education.

If you say to Cotton Fork—and every honest college graduate will say so—that the farrago of monastic learning and classic trash which is pumped into boys' heads at college is absolutely worse than useless; that it is of no more benefit to them in real life than the Analecta Majora, and that it occupies a place in their minds which should be filled with sensible knowledge, that worthy citizen and farmer will be shocked, and will consider you a monster, a socialist, and an infidel. For he remembers what while he was at college he was always obliged to be content with a common-school education, his contemporaries of gentler birth, went to college, and domineered over him on the strength of it; whereupon he resolved that his sons should go to college, and domineer over their humble acquaintances in like manner. And so our colleges flourish, and turn out, year after year, some as pretty ignoramuses as even Oxford or Cambridge.

The cleverest man in England has defended the University of Cambridge on the ground that boys are taught to row a good oar there. 'Tis a merit which is shared by Yale and Harvard: give them the benefit of it. But, after all, is life nothing but a boat-race? and should the plastic years of youth be devoted to nothing but athletic nonsense and the art of pulling crickets? When will our teachers of youth take a lesson from Germany and Switzerland, and teach their scholars that which may serve them in after-life, and that only? We will vindicate outraged common sense by discarding metaphysics and prosody from our colleges? Where is the Professor with nerve enough to denounce Greek?

THE ORATION.

EIGHTY-FOUR years have passed. It has come again. It has created no hope, and it creating more. It is the only permanent national philosophy. It is written in the Declaration of Independence.

Our great day never dawned more prosperously. The world never so brightly shone with hope as now. The field never so richly waved with harvest as to-day.

If it were possible to sea with the eye the total celebration of this anniversary, as the heart of the Japanese reception was seen; if every where we could see the bright eyes beaming, the happy hearts beating, the glad faces smiling; if we could hear the multitudinous peal of bells sweetly jangling over all the continent, the deep bay of cannon between, as of national watch dogs, the loud bursts of music, the louder shouting, and beneath the external joy a sense of delight and festive relief, we could mark the heart-throbs of hope and faith, how our pride would swell! how our resolution would strengthen! how we should feel the task of American to be the title of the highest human purpose! How we should all, following our reverend fathers, pledge our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honors to the cause in which they led the world!

At the end of the month of June, 1776, the headquarters of General Washington were in the city of New York. The colonial expedition against Canada had failed. The Indians were arming upon the border. The British army from New England, under Lord Howe, with reinforcements from beyond the sea, was daily expected. The city and neighborhood swarmed with Tories, who had formed a plot to seize Washington, and the whole serviceable force of American at his disposal was about eight thousand men, scarcely more than paraded the other day to receive the Japanese, with this difference, that the troops of Washington were all trained, provided, and officered, while the term of enlistment was constantly expiring. But the leader was serene and courageous, the cause was just and the heart of the army; and on the afternoon of the 29th of June, 1776, news was brought to him that forty sail were seen from Staten Island standing up from sea. Joining the ships of Governor Tryon in the harbor, and reinforced by the foreign troops, duplex, a fleet of one hundred and thirty men of war and transports anchored off the shore and landed their troops, which encamped in the sunset along the green slopes of the island.

On the 2d of July Washington called upon the troops to prepare for a momentous conflict, which was to decide their liberties and fortunes; and on the same day the Congress of the Colonies was assembling what John Adams called the greatest question ever debated in America, and as great as ever was or ever will be debated among men." It resulted in a unanimous declaration that the united colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States, and on the 4th it adopted by the Declaration of Independence, drafted by Thomas Jefferson, was adopted.

That is the simple story. But to ripen and round the single golden grain of harvest how all the forces of the elements have combined! If any American would know the lesson of the day, let him read the history of the war. It is so easy for malice to misinterpret, and meanness to misrepresent, the motives of men. Half of the politicians succeed by presuming upon popular ignorance of history. Then, the history of every country and of this war—either in the compact work of Hildreth or the more copious pages of Bancroft. But resolve, at any rate, to do it, and to teach it to your children; and although you may not have sent up a single rocket, or fired a solitary cracker, you will not have lost the Fourth of July.

THE PARK INQUISITION.

IT is a pity that so great a public work as the Central Park should be hampered at every step by the most petty impediments. The Legislature no

pointed a Commission to investigate charges against the management. How much the Commission will cost has yet to appear. But the proceedings thus far have developed only the fact that one of the original Commissioners of the Park attempted to make some bargain, by which he should succeed to the Superintendency upon resigning his post; that he did resign, after, as he supposed, the plan was perfect; that he publicly stated that his only reason for retiring was, that, as every thing was going so smoothly, he thought he could be released from his labors; that when the bargain (as he understood it) was not fulfilled, he was exceedingly angry, and now prefers various charges of extravagance, incompetency, and dishonesty—none of which can fairly be said to be sustained.

This is the net result of the investigation to the present hour. Nothing and nobody have been exposed by it, except the gentleman who prefers the charges, and his motives for doing so. When he has openly stated, during the inquiry, that he wrote a letter containing sentiments which he did not hold—a letter "for the eye of the public, and to hide the real motive of the resignation," why should he suppose that the public will believe him to be any more truthful or earnest now? It is a sorry business. The complainant should have leave to withdraw, and the Commission should dissolve upon the instant. The Central Park will be indeed expensive, in a real sense, if the State is to pay for the charges of individual jealousy and feeling.

That so great and costly a work as the Park should be carefully watched is true. But when a commission of gentlemen, who are unpaid for the service, and who are fit for it, is appointed; when the Architect-in-chief has established his genius and competency beyond debate; and when the visible results are such as may be seen already, certainly no damaging inquisition should be lightly made; and when personal feeling is clearly seen to have prompted it, the matter should end there.

Suppose the work is arrested, or is intrusted to other hands than those which have so wisely conducted it hitherto. Undoubtedly it may be completed cheaply—and wretchedly. But who supposes that the objections to its cost imply any real desire of economy? Solid, enduring, magnificent work in masonry, architecture, and landscape-gardening you can not have cheaply. The best things command the best prices. The question is, whether we will have the Park one of the best things; whether it shall be worthy New York and America; or whether it shall share the apparently inevitable taint of every thing municipal among us, of being poorly done and profusely paid for?

A city which pays twenty thousand dollars for wine at a ball to a foreign embassy will not feel parsimonious about a Park; and if it say it does, will the people believe it?

ROGER WILLIAMS.

WHILE the land rings with the pæan of the Fourth of July it is right to remember the earlier men who helped lay the foundation upon which the goodly structure stands. Among these probably the least understood is Roger Williams, the founder of Rhode Island. He asserted in the Puritan colony of Massachusetts Bay the doctrine that the civil power had no rightful cognizance of religious faith, and Massachusetts tumbled him out, neck and heels, for daring to say it. Old Cotton Mather said he had "a wind-mill in his head;" and the old New England Hubbard declared that he had "a fly-blown imagination!" But neither Mather nor Hubbard can be final authority upon Roger Williams. The Plymouth settlers in the cabin of the *Mayflower* had founded a true commonwealth, and remained for some years an actual democracy, or direct government by the people. But Roger Williams made the first great statement of one of our cardinal Revolutionary principles in saying "Kings and magistrates must be considered invested with no more power than the people betrust them with." He was any thing but a visionary. No statesman has ever more precisely defined the limits of civil and religious liberty than he. Yet he claimed toleration of opinion rather than absolute freedom of thought, and was almost as furious with George Fox as with the Boston Council.

The grave of Williams was lately opened in Providence, and the roots of an apple-tree were found to have struck directly through his dust. His grave is upon the brow of the hill that overhangs the city upon the east. A committee of some sixteen well-known Rhode Islanders has been appointed at a late meeting to procure the erection of a monument to this most illustrious man. Could they do better than engrave upon it the words of Williams in his letter to the town of Providence, in which, under the figure of a ship's company, he sets forth so admirably the true doctrine of men in states?

BLONDIN.

M. BLONDIN, a nimble Frenchman, is walking in sacks, and blindfolded, and rolling wheel-barrows amidst fire-works, and standing on his head, and hanging by his feet, all upon a tight-rope suspended over the chasm below Niagara Falls. There is a very general public conviction that there must be a point when a man can not walk, either upon land or on a tight-rope—as, for instance, when he has both feet tied around his neck. But M. Blondin has not yet reached the point. He is only approaching it. Possibly he will yet cross holding himself in his right hand.

It is the conviction that when he reaches that point he will inevitably tumble into the gulf below and be drowned, which holds many people in the condition of the gentleman who solemnly and persistently traveled from town to town with the menagerie in which the heroic Smith put his head into the lion's mouth. Some day he will snap it off, reasoned the gentleman. It is inevitable, said he; and he packed his trunk, and finally saw it snapped off. So it is only a question of time with many, how soon they will read in the morning paper a telegram from Niagara: "Blondin fell from the rope this afternoon into the river. His body has not yet been recovered."

M. Blondin's philosophy is probably this: "I can walk any rope any where with a perfectly steady head. Walking across the Niagara chasm is illustrious walking. It pays. In the course of the summer I can cross twenty times. I can make at least two hundred dollars every time. Monsieur l'Yankee, can I make money more easily in any other way? I'd rather be a hero, and make my year's money in a few hours, than drudge all the year obscure."

So he airily takes the risk and the walk, and puts up his little pile. It is a pursuit involving danger, but it is perhaps as reputable as a great many safe pursuits on land and for the same purpose. There is no swindle; nothing unfair. Every thing is upon the line. If he falls, his obituary will be: "Poor devil! of course." But if he should make a million of dollars by it, I have no doubt his fortune would have as honest a foundation as a good many others.

HUMMING.

IT is amusing to observe the respect paid to a moral sense which is supposed to be somewhere in the community, although those who appeal to it are not much in the habit of believing in its existence in individuals. It is this respect which leads newspapers which first make a scandal, presently protest against it in the name of a virtuously indignant public. The moral health of the public being the particular care of the newspapers—the newspapers never seeking to pander to an immoral tendency or a depraved taste in the public mind—it is proper that they should hurry to the rescue of the public from imputations which they have cast upon it.

Who, for instance, would ever think of holding the women of America responsible for the absurdities of an occasional sentimental boarding-school Miss? Who would ever imagine that the sending of notes to Mr. Tommy, of the Japanese persuasion, by some enthusiastic, or even designing ladies, implicated any body but those ladies? Who would fancy, for a moment, that the delight of the same Mr. Tommy in the performance of a pretty actress here or there involved public decency? Certainly not the public itself. Public morality doesn't take cold upon such a slight exposure as that.

But while the public morality is thus very well, I thank you, for all little Mr. Tommy's frowns or fancies, the public common sense, which seems to have been left out of the account, knows several things. It knows, for instance, that many reporters and editors believe that the "public" secretly delights in pruriency, and gloats over luscious details. It knows that such reporters and editors use every opportunity and means of gratifying that supposed taste short of offending that Abstract and Severe Public Moral Sense which receives an ample verbal koo-too from all sides. It knows perfectly well that the papers which follow the lead of that taste as skillfully as they can, as the true journalistic method of success, are the loudest and swiftest in their denunciations of the offenses which they print in one column and "pitch into" in another—the offense being not the news, but the method in which the reporter presents the news. That Public Common Sense, also, often sees that the indignation of the alert advocate of virtue is not so much profound sympathy with outraged decency as a sly whack in a purely private battle. If a newspaper has proved itself to be a moral power, the appeal to public morality is effective. But otherwise, it is a good deal like the politician, whose price is well known, alluding to his honesty. Public Common Sense is painfully aware that there is a thing known as *Humbug*.

In a certain year of this present century it befell that the sunny month of June overtook the Lounger in Rome. The festival of the Corpus Christi was celebrated in the famous square of St. Peter's, and he beheld with all the world. The spectacle was splendid: its theatre was fitting: the blue June sky above: the colonnade: the pile of the Vatican and the massive front of St. Peter's around; and midway upon the sides of the square the sparkling fountains playing in the sun. The procession came with chanting priests in gorgeous robes, with banners, music, and clouds of incense; and at last, with flabella borne beside, and robed with magnificence, bareheaded beneath the canopy, and kneeling in sight of the world and for the world, the Pope of Rome passed by. The people fell upon their knees; religious enthusiasm brought the tears to their eyes. "Amico," whispered a friend, "what a lesson of humility for the world, the father of the faithful, the Pontifex Maximus, prostrate upon his knees!" Then the train swept by, the singing priests, the perfume, the Pope upon his knees.

—Only he was not upon his knees. The festival occurs in hot weather. Whew! would you have a Pope actually kneel? So they made a comfortable frame, and by a skillful arrangement of something resembling draped Pontifical legs, the Pope could *sit* at ease and seem to be kneeling.

AT COURT.

"Pussy cat, pussy cat, where have you been?
I've been to London to see the Queen;
Pussy cat, pussy cat, what saw you there?
I saw a little mouse under the chair."

THE London *Telegraph* has been trying to ascertain who has the right to be presented to the Queen, or upon what the right rests, as it can hardly rank with one of the self-evident rights of which the Declaration of Independence speaks, but which are not formally acknowledged over the sea. It says:

"In common with hundreds of other English institutions, presentations at Court have hitherto been governed by a mysterious and unwritten law. Palace etiquette is something like *præmunire*, or the license of the bar, or the privileges of the Peers. Nobody knows what it is or what it isn't, how far its powers and attributes extend, or where its limits are actually fixed. There are certain old families whose descendants claim the queerest of privileges in their dealings with royalty. The representatives of one ancient race assert the liberty of entering the royal presence with their hats on. Another patrician family have a right to the first dish from the Queen's table; another to the goblet from which the monarch drinks at a State banquet; and we have heard, although we do not place entire credence in the legend, that the present holder of an old baronetcy, who had fallen, somehow, under the cold shade of the palaceocracy, once threatened to put in action the privilege conferred on his ancestor by Henry V. for his bravery during a war with France—that of coming to Court without any pantaloons on, the founder of the family having, through haste, done valiant service to the crown without those necessary garments at the battle of Agincourt. There is a popular notion also among the subalterns of the army and navy, that every officer in her Majesty's service has a right to go to Court; but it would be productive, we are afraid, of no slight inconvenience if every ensign in a marching regiment, and every lieutenant in a man-of-war, who would get leave from his corps or his ship, were to present himself every levee day at St. James's Palace."

Theoretically "trades-people" are not to be admitted to the august presence. But if a tailor becomes Lord Mayor?—or a shoemaker, deputy lieutenant of a county?—or a baker carries up an address? It is profoundly perplexing, because all these have the right to be presented. Lord Melbourne, it appears, was condemned because he introduced Robert Owen; and no reader of the late news has forgotten that a Scottish lady was immolated by name as having been presented through "inadvertence." This, again, is profoundly perplexing. Because the "inadvertence" was understood to mean that the lady was an "improper character." But is Lord Cardigan, whose entree is unquestioned, a "proper" character? Or is it only female impropriety which can taint the atmosphere of the Drawing-room?

But the climax of perplexity, in the mind of the *Telegraph*, is who shall be introduced from the United States? But there is a very short road to the solution of this difficulty, however it may be with the others.

It is an established comity that all who are admitted to "the presence" at home may properly be introduced at all friendly courts, provided he will conform to the local etiquette. He must not insist upon going in his drawers, or in a black coat, if the local etiquette prescribes something else. If that etiquette is thought to be cumbrous, let him properly apply to have it waved; and if his respectful request is respectfully declined, and he does not care to appear in the costume, or is ordered by his government not to do so, then let him stay away. We have no court; but by this rule every body who can go to a President's levee may claim, upon due local conformity, to be presented to the Queen. To say that he may be a "tradesman" is no objection; for there is no question of receiving the envoy, and he is very likely to have been a tradesman. Benjamin Franklin was a printer, and made a very tolerable embassador to the most exclusive and sumptuous court in Europe.

If the introduction depend upon rank, then all or no Americans must be admitted. If it depend upon taste, it may be permitted to inquire whether there are no guests at the Drawing-room who are fond of gaming, racing, the prize ring, etc.? If it depend upon character, are Lord Cardigan and Company so conspicuously virtuous?

The truth is, that the theory of "a court" did not provide for the case of a republic like ours. And it is foolish to speak of "the error fallen into by Mr. Dallas" in presenting any of his countrymen who were not criminally accused, who were sober, and who conformed to the local etiquette.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE FUTURE OF THE FASHIONS.

THERE was a time when girls wore hoops of steel,
And with gray powder used to drug their hair;
Bedaubed their cheeks with rouge: white-lead, or meal,
Adding, to simulate complexions fair:
Whereof by contrast to enhance the grace,
Specks of court-plaster decked the female face.

That fashion passed away, and then were worn
Dresses whose skirts came scarce below the knee,
With waists girt round the shoulder-blades, and Scorn
Now pointed at the prior finery,
When here and there some antiquated dame
Still wore it, to afford her juniors game.

Short waists departed: Taste a while prevailed;
Till ugly Folly's reign returned once more,
And ladies then again went draggle-tailed;
And now they wear hoops also, as before.
Paint, powder, patches, nasty and absurd,
They'd wear as well, if France but spoke the word.

Young bucks and beauties, ye who now deride
The reasonable dress of other days;
When Time your forms shall have puffed out or dried,
Then on your present portraits youth will gaze,
And say what dowdies, frights, and guys you were,
With their more specious figures to compare.

Think, if you live till you are lean or fat,
Your features blurred, your eyes bedimmed with age,
Your limbs have stiffened; feet grown broad and flat:
You may see other garments all the rage,
Preposterous as even that attire
Which you in full-length mirrors now admire.

CLERK OF THE WEATHER OFFICE.—Notice is hereby given that, in consequence of the Zodiac being taken up for repairs, there will be no Summer or Autumn this year. All contracts made on the understanding that the Seasons would go on as usual, hirings of country-houses, arrangements for tours, promises to marry and the like, are null and void. The Winter quarter begins on the 1st of July, and terminates some time next year. (Signed) PHŒBUS APOLLO.

JACK THE GIANT-KILLER REDIVIVUS.—To think of finding the old nursery wardrobe in full wear in Sicily! The Neapolitan Police-torturers in that island have for some time, it seems, been using the "cap of darkness." Garibaldi has now come down upon them with the "sword of sharpness;" and the *sbirri* of Bombalino have found the "shoes of swiftness" to run away with.

A man having bought a sheep's head, had been to a friend for a direction to dress it. As he was returning, repeating the method, and holding the purchase under his arm, a dog snatched it and ran away. "Now, my dear boy," said the man, "what a fool you make of yourself! What use will it be to you, as you don't know how it is to be dressed?"

LEAP YEAR.

Come, let us nerve our bashful hearts,
And quell each timid doubt,
And raise our drooping hopes, and smooth
Our wrinkled features out;
And write thereon in letters plain,
That those may read who run—
"Proposals thankfully received
Till eighteen sixty-one."

A quaint old gentleman, in speaking of the different allotments of men, by which some become useful citizens and others worthless vagrants, by way of illustration remarked, "So one slab of marble becomes a useful door-step, while another becomes a lying tombstone."

A cockney sportsman gave a high figure for a well-bred pointer, but the poor cockney did not know what pointing was. So when the creature made a point, lifting a leg as usual, and standing motionless, our cockney friend declared he had the cramp, and took him up in his arms and carried him home.

When Sir Humphrey Davy was in Sicily, he was studying geology, and the rap and clatter of his hammer among the rocks astonished the Catanian peasants, who accounted him mad. They told their priest of the danger from the maniac, but Davy had seen the priest before them; his reverence quietly intimated to the peasants that it was a foreign gentleman from a far-off land, who was practicing a penance! Davy was then regarded by the Catanians as a saint.

After Pope had written some bitter verses on Lady M. W. Montagu, he told a friend of his that he should soon have ample revenge upon her, for that he had set her down in black and white, and should soon publish what he had written. "Be so good as to tell the little gentleman," was the reply, "that I am not at all afraid of him; for if he sets me down in black and white, as he calls it, most assuredly I will have him set down in black and blue."

The late Mr. Murrell, whose death recently figured in the Dublin papers, had been absent from England more than a quarter of a century. In the early part of his life, when studying for the bar in London, he became acquainted with an actress of exceeding beauty, named Dely, and finding he could not procure her as a mistress, resolved to venture upon her as a wife. They married, but as their dispositions were not exactly similar, they were not superlatively happy. One morning on returning from rehearsal at the Royal Circus, where she was then performing, she addressed her astonished husband thus: "Murrell, I believe you are heartily tired of me, as I am heartily tired of you; so, that if you will settle five hundred a year upon me, I will put you in a way of dissolving our marriage." The proposal was made by the lady only three months after their marriage. The husband eagerly embraced the offer, and gave her his bond for performing his part of the contract; on which she produced a certificate of her previous marriage to a performer at one of the minor theatres, who lived in Lambeth. This point being ascertained, Mr. Murrell refused to pay the annuity, and she found there was a flaw in the drawing up which would put it out of her power to compel him. She therefore told him that unless he entered into a new and legal agreement she would take a step which would still render her marriage with him perfectly valid. He laughed at her, but she performed her promise by bringing a certificate and producing a register, by which it appeared that the performer, previous to his marriage with her, was married to a vocalist, who was then alive. This disconcerted the gentleman, who, however, managed to get quit of her importunities by giving her £3000 in hard cash, on condition of her going to America, where she once more entered the connubial state, and obtained great notoriety as a fine actress.

"I am an unlucky man, gentlemen," exclaimed a poor fellow of our acquaintance; "if I were to take your advice and seize Time by his forelock, I do believe it would just come right out and leave him as bald as a barber's block."

A gentleman well known in a celebrated sporting circle, more for good-humor than straight riding, arrived at home, a short time since, in a plight which would lead to the conclusion that he had something better than "a good thing."

"What sport?" asked a friend.

"Ca-a-pital!" replied our friend, emphatically. "Never had a better run in the whole course of my life! Was thrown into the first ditch, and it took me three hours to catch my horse!"

LORD MANSFIELD AND HIS COACHMAN.

The following is an anecdote of the late Lord Mansfield, which his lordship himself told from the bench:

He had turned off his coachman for certain acts of peculation not uncommon in his class of persons. The fellow begged his lordship to give him a character.

"What kind of a character can I give you?" says his lordship.

"Oh, my lord, any character your lordship pleases to give me I shall most thankfully receive."

His lordship accordingly sat down and wrote as follows:

"*The bearer, John ——, has served me three years in the capacity of a coachman. He is an able driver, and a very sober man. I discharged him because he cheated me.* (Signed) MANSFIELD."

John thanked his lordship, and went off. A few mornings afterward, when his lordship was going through his lobby, to step into his coach for Westminster Hall, a man, in a very handsome livery, made him a low bow. To his surprise he recognized his late coachman.

"Why, John," says his lordship, "you seem to have got an excellent place. How could you manage this with the character I gave you?"

"Oh! my lord," said John, "it was an exceeding good character, and I come to return you thanks for it. My new master, on reading it, said he observed your lordship recommended me as an able driver and a sober man. 'These,' says he, 'are just the qualities I want in a coachman. I observe his lordship adds he discharged you because you cheated him. Hark you, sirrah,' says he, 'I'm a Yorkshireman, and I'll defy you to cheat *me*.'"

The Scandinavians had a god, Kvasir, who was suffocated by the multitude of ideas sticking in his throat, because he could not find any one who could question him fast enough to get them out of him.

A country doctor being disturbed one night by a burglar, and having no ball or shot for his pistol, noiselessly loaded the weapon with dry, hard pills, and gave the intruder a "prescription" which he thinks will go far toward curing the rascal of a very bad ailment.

A writer in the London *Examiner* lately saw a "blind man" looking with much apparent interest at the prints in Colnaghi's window.

"Why, my friend," said we, "it seems you are not blind!"

"No, thank God, your honor," replied the man, "I have my blessed sight as well as another."

"Then why do you go about led by a dog with a string?" asked we.

"Why? because I hedicate dogs for blind men."

A steamboat passenger, missing his handkerchief, asked an Irishman if he had seen it, and insinuated a charge of theft. But afterward finding his pocket companion in his hat, he began to apologize. "Oh! don't be after making any apology; it was a mere mistake, and on both sides, too. You took me for a thief, and I took you for a gintleman."

A disappointed candidate for office was speaking of men who would sell their votes, when Mrs. Partington observed, with a sigh, "Ah, they are as base as Æsop of old, who sold his birth-right for a mess of potash."

GARIBALDI IN SICILY.

We publish herewith two more illustrations of the events in Sicily. One of them represents the encampment of Garibaldi previous to the attack upon Palermo. It does not resemble the well-provided and regular camps of the French and Austrian armies in Italy, or those of the contending powers in the Crimea; there is a want of order, a want of tents, a want of every thing but ardor and patriotism. It reminds one of Garibaldi's speech to his followers. "If you are ready to march thirty miles a day regularly without stopping, except to fire at the enemy—to sleep any where, often without a meal—to start again before your night's rest is half over, march thirty fresh miles, and to fight bravely without stopping to rest—then follow me, and we shall be victorious."

The other picture will convey some idea of the scenes in the streets of Palermo before and at the entry of Garibaldi. Correspondents tell us that the streets were full of boys and young men, who, crazy with delight at the prospect of liberty, ran about the streets shouting *Viva Garibaldi! Viva Vittore Emanuele! Viva Italia!* without the least regard to the feelings of the Neapolitan troops, or the least concern for their own safety. Hundreds and thousands of these poor creatures were slaughtered in the bombardment; but the day of reckoning is now not very far distant.

The correspondent of the London *Times* thus describes the excitement prevailing at Palermo:

"Any one in search of violent emotions can not do better than set off at once for Palermo. However *blasé* he may be, or however milk-and-water his blood, I p ouise it will be stirred up. He will be carried away by the tide of popular feeling, or else the impetuosity and variation of this torrent will produce in him a sensation such as he rarely felt.

"The popular proverb has it that no day resembles its predecessor; here almost every hour changes the state of affairs, and with the state of affairs the feelings of 200,000 people change from one extreme to another almost without the slightest transition. One moment all is triumph and hope, and the next all is terror and dejection. One instant the town resounds with cheers, the next you see numbers prostrated before the shrines of Madonnas and saints which are to be found in almost every corner. Now and then, between the two fits, there is a short lull—a kind of exhaustion—which is soon followed by another attack of hope or fear.

* * * *

"In the afternoon Garibaldi made a tour of inspection round the town. I was there, but find it really impossible to give you even a faint idea of the manner in which he was received every where. It was one of those triumphs which seem to be almost too much for a man. The most wonderful thing I ever saw in this way was the reception of Napoleon and Victor Emanuel at Milan, just about a year ago; and I am almost inclined to think that the one yesterday was more extraordinary. The entry of the Sovereigns was something more formal, which prevented the full expression of popular enthusiasm. They were on horseback, and surrounded by their guards; while the popular idol, Garibaldi, in his red flannel shirt, with a loose colored handkerchief round his neck, and his worn wide-awake, was walking on foot among those cheering, laughing, crying, mad thousands: and all his few followers could do was to prevent him from being bodily carried off the ground. The people threw themselves forward to kiss his hands, or, at least, to touch the hem of his garment, as if it contained the panacea for all their past and perhaps coming sufferings. Children were brought up, and mothers asked on their knees for his blessing; and all this while the object of this idolatry was as calm and smiling as when in the deadliest fire, taking up the children and kissing them, trying to quiet the crowd, stopping at every moment to hear a long complaint of houses burned and property sacked by the retreating soldiers, giving good advice, comforting, and promising that all damages should be paid for."

Of the horrors of the bombardment the same writer says:

"One might write volumes of horrors on the Vandalism already committed, for every one of the hundred ruins has its sad story of brutality and inhumanity.

* * * * *

"All about the neighborhood of the Albergeria the air is charged with the exhalations of the corpses imperfectly covered by the ruins, and with that greasy smell occasioned by the burning of an animal body. If you can stand the exhalation, try and go inside the ruins, for it is only there that you will see what the thing means. You will not have to search long before you stumble over the charred remains of a human body—a leg sticking out here, an arm there, a black face staring at you a little farther on."

THE BOYS OF PALERMO WELCOMING GARIBALDI.

GARIBALDI'S CAMP NEAR PALERMO, IN SICILY.

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "AFTER DARK," ETC. ETC.

[Printed from advance proof-sheets purchased from the author exclusively for "Harper's Weekly."]

WALTER HARTRIGHT'S NARRATIVE. CONTINUED.

VIII.

BEFORE I had reached the turning which led out of the square, my attention was suddenly by the sound of a closing door in the row of houses behind me. I looked round and saw an undersized man in black on the door-step of the house, which, as well as I could judge, stood next to Mrs. Catherick's place of abode, on the side nearest to me. The man advanced rapidly toward the turning at which I had stopped. I recognized him as the lawyer's clerk who had preceded me in my visit to Blackwater Park, and who had tried to pick a quarrel with me when I asked him if I could see the house.

I waited where I was to ascertain whether his object was to come to close quarters and speak on this occasion. To my surprise, he passed on rapidly without saying a word, without even looking up in my face as he went by. This was such a complete inversion of the course of proceeding which I had every reason to expect on his part, that my curiosity, or rather my suspicion, was aroused, and I determined, on my side, to keep him cautiously in view, and to discover what the business might be on which he was now employed. Without caring whether he saw me or not, I walked after him. He never once looked back, and he led me straight through the square to the railway station.

The train was on the point of starting, and two or three passengers who were late were clustering round the small opening through which the tickets were issued. I joined them, and distinctly heard the lawyer's clerk demand a ticket for the Blackwater station. I satisfied myself that he had actually left by the train before I came away.

There was only one interpretation that I could place on what I had just seen and heard. I had unquestionably observed the man leaving a house which closely adjoined Mrs. Catherick's residence. He had been probably placed there, by Sir Percival's directions, as a lodger, in anticipation of my inquiries leading me, sooner or later, to communicate with Mrs. Catherick. He had, doubtless, seen me go in and come out; and he had hurried away by the first train to make his report at Blackwater Park—to which place Sir Percival would naturally betake himself (knowing what he evidently knew of my movements), in order to be ready on the spot if I returned to Hampshire. I saw this clearly; and I felt for the first time that the apprehensions which Marian had expressed to me respecting might be realized. Before many days were over there seemed every likelihood now that Sir Percival and I might meet.

Whatever result events might be destined to produce, I resolved to pursue my own course straight to the end in view, without stopping or turning aside for Sir Percival or for any one. The great responsibility which weighed on me heavily in London—the responsibility of so guiding my slightest actions as to prevent them from leading accidentally to the discovery of Laura's place of refuge—was removed, now that I was in Hampshire. I could go and come as I pleased at Welmingham; and if I should fail in observing any necessary precautions, the immediate results, at least, would affect no one but myself.

When I left the station the winter evening was beginning to close in. There was little hope of continuing my inquiries after dark to any useful purpose in a neighborhood that was strange to me. Accordingly, I made my way to the nearest hotel and ordered my dinner and my bed. This done, I wrote to Marian, to tell her that I was safe and well, and that I had fair prospects of success. I had directed her, on leaving home, to address the first letter she wrote to me (the letter I expected to receive the next morning) to "The Post-office, Welmingham," and I now begged her to send her second day's letter to the same address. I could easily receive it by writing to the postmaster if I happened to be away from the town when it arrived.

The coffee-room of the hotel, as it grew late in the evening, became a perfect solitude. I was left to reflect on what I had accomplished that afternoon as uninterruptedly as if the house had been my own. Before retiring to rest I had attentively thought over my extraordinary interview with Mrs. Catherick, from beginning to end; and had verified, at my leisure, the conclusions which I had hastily drawn in the earlier part of the day.

The variety of Old Welmingham church was the startling point from which my mind slowly reached its way back through all that I had heard Mrs. Catherick say, and through all that I had seen Mrs. Catherick do. At the time when the neighborhood of the town was first referred to in my presence by Mrs. Clements, I had thought it the strangest and most unaccountable of all places for Sir Percival to select for a clandestine meeting with the clerk's wife. Influenced by this impression, and by no other, I had mentioned "the vestry of the church," before Mrs. Catherick, on pure speculation—it represented one of the minor peculiarities of the story, which occurred to me while I was speaking. I was prepared for her answering me confusedly or angrily, but the blank terror that seized her when I said the words took me completely by surprise. I had long before associated Sir Percival's Secret with the concealment of a serious crime, which the Catherick knew of—but I had gone no farther than this. Now, the woman's panoramic of terror connected the crime, either directly or indirectly, with the vestry, and convinced me that she had been more than the mere witness of it—she was also the accomplice, beyond a doubt.

What had been the nature of the crime? Surely there was a connection between it and a well as a dangerous side—or Mrs. Catherick would not have repeated my own words, referring to Sir Percival's rank and station in such marked disdain as she had certainly displayed. It was a contemptible crime, then, and a dangerous crime, and the vestry was the spot in which it was associated with the vestry of the church.

The next question to be disposed of led me a step farther from this point.

Mrs. Catherick's undisguised contempt for Sir Percival's position and title was like murder as well. She had referred, with the bitterest sarcasm, to the great family he had descended from —"especially the eldest son." What did that this mean? There appeared to be only two explanations of it. Either his mother's birth had been base, or his own reputation was damaged by some hidden flaw with which Mrs. Catherick and Sir Percival were both privately acquainted. I was inclined, at first, to favor the supposition to the test by looking at the register of her marriage, and so ascertaining her maiden name and her station in society previous to further inquiries. On the other hand, if the second one proved to be the true one, what had been the flaw in her reputation? However, being the account which Marian had given me of Sir Percival's character, and of the part the suspiciously unsocial, secluded life they had both led, I now asked myself whether it might not be possible that the flaw might have been committed at all. Here again the register might, by offering written evidence of the marriage, prove true, at any rate, that there had been no concealment in truth. But where was the register to be found? At this point I took up the conclusions which I had previously established on the same mental process which had discovered the locality of the concealed crime now lodged the register also in the vestry of Old Welmingham church.

These were the results of my interview with Mrs. Catherick—these were the various considerations, all steadily converging to one point, which decided the course of my proceedings on the next day.

The morning was cloudy and lowering, but no rain fell. I left my bag at the hotel, to wait there till I called for it; and after inquiring, in the best way, set forth on foot for Old Welmingham church.

It was a wide, quiet scene more than two miles, the ground rising slowly all the way. On the highest point stood the church—an ancient, weather-beaten building, with heavy buttresses at its sides, and a clumsy square tower in front. The vestry, at the back, was built out from the church, and seemed to be part of the same age.—Round the building, at intervals, appeared the remains of the village which Mrs. Clements had described to me as her husband's place of abode in former years, and which the principal inhabitants had long since deserted for the new town. Some of the empty houses had been dismantled to their outer walls; some had been left to decay with time; and some were still inhabited by persons evidently of the poorest class. It was a dreary scene; and yet, in the worst aspect of the ruin, not so dreary as the modern town that I had just left. From there who was the brown, breezy sweep of surrounding fields for the eye to repose on; here the trees, leafless as they were, still varied the monotony of the prospect, and helped the mind to look forward to summer time and shade.

As I moved away from the back of the church and passed some of the dismantled cottages in search of a person of whom I could make my first clerk, I saw two men saunter out after me, from behind a wall. The tallest of the two—a stout muscular man, in the dress of a gamekeeper—was a stranger to me. The other was one of the men who had followed me in London on the day when I left Mr. Kyrle's office. I had taken particular notice of him at the time, and I felt sure that I was not mistaken in identifying the fellow on this occasion. Neither he nor his companion attempted to speak to me, and both kept themselves at a respectful distance; but the motive of their presence in the neighborhood of the church was plainly apparent. It was exactly as I had supposed—Sir Percival was already prepared for me. My visit to Mrs. Catherick had been reported to him the evening before, and those two men at my heels had been placed on the look-out near the church in anticipation of my appearance at Old Welmingham. If I had wanted any further proof that my investigations had taken the right direction at last, the plan now adopted for watching me would have supplied it.

I walked on, away from the church, till I reached some of the deserted houses, with a patch of kitchen garden attached to it, on which a laborer was at work. He directed me to the clerk's abode—a cottage at some little distance off, standing by itself on the outskirts of the forsaken village. The clerk was in-doors, and was just putting on his great-coat. He was a cheerful, familiar, loudly-talkative old man, with a very poor opinion of (as I soon discovered) of the place in which he lived, and a happy sense of superiority to his neighbors in virtue of the great personal distinction of having once been in London.

"It's well you came so early, Sir," said the old man, after I had mentioned the object of my visit. "I should have been away in ten minutes more. Parish business, Sir, and a good, oh long time before I'm all done, for a man at my age. But, bless you, I'm strong on my legs still! As long as a man don't give at his legs, there's a deal of work left in him. Don't you think so yourself, Sir?"

He took his leave whim while he was talking from a hook behind the fire-place, and locked his cottage door behind us.

"Nobody at home to keep house for me," said the clerk, with a cheerful sense of perfect freedom from all family encumbrances. "My wife's in the churn-yard there; and my children are all married. A wretched place this, isn't it, Sir? But the parish is a large one—every man has enough to do through the business as I do. It's learning does it; and I've had my share, and a little more. I can talk the Queen's English, Sir, as well as the Queen's—and that's more than most of the people about here can do. You're from London, I suppose, Sir? I've been in London myself, in a fine-and-twenty years ago. What's the news there now, if you please?"

Chattering on in this way he led me back to the vestry. I was about to see if the two spies were still in sight. They were not visible by me when, on having discovered my application to the clerk they had probably concerted themselves where they could watch my next proceedings with the greatest freedom.

The vestry door was of stout old oak, studded with nails; and the clerk put his heavy key in the lock with the air of a man who knew that he had a difficulty to encounter, and who was not quite certain of creditably conquering it.

"I'm afraid you'll find you this way, Sir," he said, "because the door from the vestry to the church is bolted on the vestry side. We might have got in through the church otherwise. This is a perverse lock, if ever there was one yet. It's big enough for a prison door; it's been hampered over and over again; and it ought to be changed for a new one. I've mentioned that to the churchwardens at times over at least: he's always saying 'I'll see about it'—and he never does see. Ah, it's a sort of lost corner, this place. Not like London—is it, Sir? Bless you, we are all asleep here! *We* don't march with the times."

After some twisting and turning of the key the heavy lock yielded, and he opened the door.

The vestry was larger than I should have supposed it to be, judging from the outside only. It was a dim, mouldy, melancholy old room, with a rafftered ceiling.—Round two sides of it, the sides nearest to the interior of the church, ran heavy wooden presses, worm-eaten and gaping with age. Hooked to the inner corner of one of these presses hung several surplices, all bulging out from their lower ends in an irreverent-looking bundle of limp folds, and wanting nothing but a pair of boots to suggest the idea of a cluster of neglected parsons who had committed suicide by companionably hanging themselves all together. Below the surplices, on the floor, stood three packing-cases, with the lids half off, and on, part of their contents profusely bursting out of their cracks and crevices in every direction. Behind them, in a corner, was a litter of dusty papers; some large and rolled up like architects' plans; some loosely strung together on files, like bills or letters. The room had once been lighted by a small side window; but this had been bricked up, and a lantern skylight was now substituted for it. The atmosphere of the place was heavy and mouldy; being rendered additionally oppressive by the closing of the door which led into the church. This door was composed of solid oak, and was bolted at top and bottom on the vestry side.

"We might be tidier, mightn't we, Sir?" said the cheerful clerk. "But when you're in a lost corner of a place like this, what are you to do? Why, look here now—just look at these packing-cases. There they've been for a year or more ready to go to London—there they are, littering up the place, and there they'll stop as long as the nails hold them together. I'll tell you what, Sir, as I said before, this is not London—we are all asleep here. Bless you, we don't march with the times!"

"What is there in the packing-cases?" I asked.

"Bits of old wood carvings from the pulpit, and panels from the chancel, and timber from the organ-loft," said the clerk. "Portraits of the twelve apostles in wood—and not a whole nose among 'em. All broken, and worm-eaten, and crumbling to dust at the edges—as brittle as crockery, Sir, and as old as the church, if not older."

"And why were they going to London? To be repaired?"

"That's it, Sir. To be repaired; and where they were past repair, to be copied in sound wood. That, bless you, the money pid for—and there they are, wasting for new subscriptions, and nobody to subscribe. It was all done a year ago, Sir. Six gentlemen dined together about it at the hotel in the new town. They made speeches, and passed resolutions, and put their names down, and printed off thousands of prospectuses. Beautiful prospectuses, Sir, all flourished over with Gothic devices in red, ink, saying it was a disgrace not to restore the church and repair the famous carvings, and so on. There are the prospectuses that couldn't be distributed, and the architect's plans and estimates, and the whole correspondence which set every body at loggerheads and ended in a dispute, all down together in that corner behind the packing-cases. The money dribbled in a little at first—but what can you expect out of London? There was just enough, you know, to pack the broken carvings, and get the estimates, and pay the printer's bill, and after that there wasn't a halfpenny left. There the things are, as I said before. We have nowhere else to put them—nobody in the new town cares about accommodating us—we're in a lost corner—and this is an untidy vestry—and who's to help it?—that's what I want to know."

My anxiety to examine the register did not dispose me to offer much encouragement to the old man's talkativeness. I agreed with him that nobody could help the untidiness of the vestry—and then suggested that we should proceed to our business without more delay.

"Ay, ay, the marriage register, to be sure," said the clerk, taking a little bunch of keys from his pocket. "How far do you want to look back, Sir?"

Marian had informed me of Sir Percival's age at the time when we had spoken together of his marriage engagement with Laura. She had then described him as being forty-five years old. Calculating back from this, and making due allowance for the time that had passed since I had gained my information, I found that he must have been born in eighteen hundred and four, and that I should safely start on my search through the register from that date.

I want to begin with the year eighteen hundred and four." I said.

"Which way after that, Sir?" asked the clerk. "Forward to our time, or backward away from us?"

"Backward from eighteen hundred and four."

He opened the door of one of the presses—the press from the side of which the surplices were hanging—and produced a large volume bound in greasy brown leather. I was struck by the insecurity of the place in which the register was kept. The door of the press was warped and cracked with age, and the lock was of the smallest and simplest kind. I could have forced it easily with the walking-stick I carried in my hand.

"I have considered a sufficiently secure place for the register?" I inquired. "Surely a book of such importance as this ought to be protected by a better lock, and kept carefully in a fireproof safe?"

"Well, now, that's curious!" said the clerk, shutting up the book again just after he had opened it, and smacking his hand cheerfully on the cover. "Those were the very words my old master was always saying, years and years ago, when I was a lad. 'Why isn't the register' (meaning this register here) 'put away by handsome in a safe and in an iron safe?' If I've heard him say that once, I've heard him say it a hundred times. He was the strictest gentleman, days, Sir, who had the appointment of vestry clerk to this church. A fine hearty old gentleman, and in some particulars quite learned. As long as he lived he kept a copy of this book in his office at Knowlesbury, and had it posted up regularly, from time to time, to correspond with the fresh entries here. You would hardly think it, but he had his own appointed days, once or twice in every quarter, for going down to this church on his old white pony to check the copy, by the register, with his own eyes and hands. How do I know? Why, he used to say, 'how do I know that the register in this vestry is kept in just the same way as the copy in my own there. Which year did you say, Sir? Eighteen hundred and what?"

"Eighteen hundred and four," I replied; mentally resolving to give the old man no more opportunities of talking until my examination of the register was over.

The clerk put on his spectacles and turned over the leaves of the register, carefully writing his finger on a thumb at every fifth entry. "There it is, Sir," he said, with another cheerful smack on the open volume. "There's the year you want."

As I was ignorant of the month in which Sir Percival was born, I began my inspection with the early part of the year. The register-book was of the old-fashioned kind; the entries being all set down on blank pages, in columns, and the divisions which separated them being indicated by ink lines drawn across the page at the close of each entry.

I reached the beginning of the year eighteen hundred and four without encountering the marriage; and then traveled back through December, eighteen hundred and three; through November and October; through——No! not through September also. Under the fifteenth of that month in the year I found the marriage!

I looked carefully at the entry. It was of the hottest on a page, and was, therefore, uncommon, compressed into a smaller space than that occupied by the surrounding entries. The marriage immediately before it was impressed on my attention by the circumstance of the bridegroom's surname being the same as my own. The entry immediately following it (on the top of the next page) was noticeable, in another way, from the large space it occupied on the record, in this case, registering the marriages of two brothers at the same time. The register of the marriage of Sir Felix Clyde was in no respect remarkable, except for the narrowness of the space into which it was compressed at the bottom of the page. The information about his wife was the usual information given in such cases. She was described as "Cecilia Jane, sister, of J. K. Wyvern, Esq., Knowlesbury; only daughter of the late Patrick Elster, Esq., formerly of Bath."

I noted down these particulars in my pocket-book, feeling, as I did so, both doubtful and disheartened about my next proceeding. The Secret, which I had believed, until this moment, to be within my grasp, seemed now further from my reach than ever. What suggestions of a mystery unexplained had arisen out of my visit to the vestry? I saw no suggestions any where. What progress had I made toward discovering the suspected stain on the reputation of Sir Percival's mother? The one fact I had unearthed hindered rather than facilitated research. Fresh doubts, fresh difficulties, fresh delays, began to open before me in interminable prospect. What was I to do next? The one immediate resource left to me appeared to be this: I might institute inquiries about Miss Eleanor Fairlie, and bury," on the chance of advancing toward the main object of my investigation, by first discovering the secret of Mrs. Catherick's contempt for Sir Percival's mother.

"Have you found what you wanted, Sir?" said the clerk, as I closed the register-book.

"Yes," I replied; "but I have some inquiries still to make. I suppose the clergyman who officiates here in the year eighteen hundred and three is no longer alive?"

"No, no, Sir; he was dead three or four years before I came here—and that was as long ago as the year twenty-seven. I got this place, Sir," persisted my talkative old friend, "through the clerk that was before me, Sir. They say he was driven out of house and home by his wife—and she's living still, down in the new town at Knowlesbury, and pockets the fees. They're all Liberals in that town, Sir, and I've been a Tory myself; all I know is, I got the place. Mr. Wansborough got it for me—the son of my old master that I was telling you about. He's a Tory, and a gentleman as ever lived; rides to the hounds, keeps his pointers, and all that. He's a many-clerk here now, as his father was before him."

"Did you not mention just now that the former master died at Knowlesbury?" I asked, calling to mind the long story about the precious gentleman of the old school with which my talkative friend had favored me before he opened the register-book.

"Yes, to be sure, Sir," replied the clerk. "Old Mr. Wansborough, the father of Mr. Wansborough and young Mr. Wansborough lives there too."

"You said just now he was vestry-clerk, like his father before him. I am not quite sure that I know what a vestry-clerk is."

"Don't you indeed, Sir?—and you come from London, too! Why, a vestry-clerk, you know, has a vestry-clerk and a parish-clerk. The parish-clerk is a man like me (except that I've got a deal more learning than most of them, though I don't boast of it). The vestry-clerk is a sort of an appointment that the lawyers get; and if there's any business to be done with the vestry, why there they are to do it. It's just the same in London. Every parish church there has got its vestry-clerk—though you may take my word for it, he's sure to be a lawyer."

"Then young Mr. Wansborough is a lawyer, I suppose?"

"Of course he is, Sir! A lawyer in High Street, Knowlesbury—the old office that his father had before him. The number of times I've swept those offices out, and seen the old gentleman come trotting up to the door on his white pony, looking right and left all down the street, and nodding to every body! Bless you, he was a popular character!—he'd have done in London!"

"How far is Knowlesbury from here, pray?"

"A long stretch, Sir," said the clerk, with that exaggerated idea of distances and that self-importance of information in getting from place to place which is peculiar to all countrypeople. "Nigh on four miles, Sir, by road."

I let this roll away in the forenoon. There was plenty of time for a walk to Knowlesbury and back again to Welmingham, where there was a person probably in the town who was fitter to assist my inquiries about the character and relations of Sir Percival's mother than the parish-clerk, than the local solicitor. Resolving to go at once to Knowlesbury on foot, I led the way out of the vestry.

"Thank you kindly, Sir," said the clerk, as I slipped my fifth present into his hand. "Are you really going to walk all the way to Knowlesbury and back? Well! you're strong on your legs, too—and what a blessing that is, isn't it? Here's the road, Sir, all the way; and I hope you was going your way—it's pleasant to meet with gentlemen from London in a lost corner like this! Good day, Sir, and thank you. Wish you good-morning, Sir! and thank you kindly, once more."

We parted. As I left the church the clerk looked back, and there were the two men again, on the road below, with a third in their company—that third person being a tall woman in black whom I had traced to the railway the evening before.

The three stood taking together for a little while—then separated. The man in black went away by himself toward Welmingham; the other two remained together, evidently waiting to follow me as soon as I walked on.

I proceeded on my way, without letting the slightest sign of my discovery be visible to me. They caused me no conscious irritation of feeling at that moment; on the contrary, they rather revived my spirits. There was the surprise of discovering the evidence of the marriage I had forgotten the inference I had drawn at first proceeding from it, and the misgivings of the vestry. Their reappearance reminded me that Sir Percival had anticipated my visit to Welmingham church, and the next result of my interview with Mrs. Catherick—otherwise he would never have ordered his spies thus to watch for me. Smoothly and fairly as appearances looked in the vestry, there was something wrong beneath them—something that required to be register-book, for aught I knew, that I had not discovered yet.

"I shall come back," I thought to myself, as I turned for a farewell look at the tower of the old church. "I shall trouble the cheerful clerk a second time, and examine the perverse book, and to open the vestry door."

THE RACER "NICHOLAS."

WE publish on page 428, from a drawing by Mr. T. C. Carpendale, a portrait of the famous race-horse "Nicholas," who won the 4-mile race on Friday. Nicholas has been so long before the public, and has won so many races, that he is well known to all lovers of sport. He is a bay horse, aged, and though, in the language of the turf, he classes as "aged," will probably win many a race yet. Having been beaten by Thormanby, a week previous, in the 2d-mile dash, the odds were rather against him before the 4-mile race began: but he vindicated his ancient fame. The following account of the race we take from the daily press:

FOUR-mile post stake.

John Hunter entered ch. h. Nicholas.....2 1 1
T. Morris entered gr. h. Throgneck.....1 2 2
Time, 8.18—7.54—8.07.

FIRST HEAT.—Throgneck was the favorite at $100 to $75, odds which were eagerly taken by the admirers of the once great four-miler, Nicholas, for they remembered his glorious victories in previous years over the track. Nicholas had the inside, and allowed Throgneck to take the lead. The latter made the running all the way round, and passed the stand on the first mile in 2.05. The second mile was done in the same time, and the third in 2.03. The horses still in the same position. In going along the far side the last time round they improved to a slapping pace, and got to the favorite's girths. In coming up the straight run in, Throgneck shook Nicholas off, and the latter answering severely to the spur, the former won by half a dozen lengths. Time, 8.05.

SECOND HEAT.—The odds were offered against Nicholas, and some offers of $100 to $10 on the gray horse were made to no eagerly. Throgneck again took the lead, and on the first mile led by a length; time, 1.59. The second mile was done in 1.58, the gray still leading. On the third round Nicholas was, but could not quite reach him, and on passing the stand on the first mile had to be satisfied with second place. In this position they ran to the Mansion House, when Nicholas made his effort, and passed his opponent, leaving the last lead at every stride, and won the heat by six lengths, in 7.54.

THIRD HEAT.—The last heat caused another change in the betting market, and Nicholas was backed to win at $100 to $75. It was admitted that he had not his fellow, and walked off rather lame; but this did not alarm the confidence of his friends. They got off well from the standing heat, the gray going on with the lead, and taking the inside on passing the quarter pole. The first mile was done in 2.00, the second in 2.0. On the third mile Nicholas laid at Throgneck's quarters to the Mansion House, when he collared and passed him, leading two clear lengths on the third mile when passing the judges' stand. In the course of the gray's career he has never evidently extinguished, as Nicholas went on with the lead, and won the heat and race by twenty lengths, in 8.05.

Nicholas is by "Glencoe," out of "Nanny Rhodes," by "Waggoner, and is at the present moment perhaps the best four-mile horse in the country.

MR. THORPE'S "NIAGARA."

ON Wednesday evening, June 20, Col. Thorpe's picture of "Niagara" was exhibited, and we give an engraving on page 428[1] was fitted up in the lower dining-hall of the Metropolitan Hotel, the Japanese Embassy having kindly granted a desire to witness it. Our readers should perhaps be informed that, with the invitation to view the picture, Mr. Warren Leland sent a circular of the books descriptive of the Falls, and illustrated by numerous engravings. To Tommy especially was intrusted the distribution of these circulars.

The painting was lit up at eight o'clock, and after it was announced that it was ready for exhibition the Hindoo Club orders commenced dropping in. First came eight or ten of the subordinates, who examined the picture a while, made their comments on it, and then departed, to be succeeded by other groups. Finally, Mr. Warren Leland came in with the Japanese Governor, the imperial interpreter, and two or three superior officers. The imperial interpreter, Nimoura Gohojiro, who was distinguished among the Japanese quietly bald, was imperial interpreter taking his place at the right side, and in the rear of the first Prince. Nimoura Gohojiro then proceeded to describe the picture in detail, and was listened to with the most quiet interest. The first Prince desired to call attention to the artist, and desired from him a description of the details. The Prince inquired about the height of the Falls, and the depth of the Lake Michigan. The quantity of water that came over them, *if the water ran all the year round*, the height of the Falls, and the depth of the water below the Falls. This latter query was several times repeated. He then asked if the ship they were to go home in was named after the Falls. Finally, the Prince desired to know if the picture was for sale? Upon being informed it was not, he asked if a copy could be made (which was answered in the negative). He then expressed a desire for a copy exactly like the one before him, which he said he intended to take, "as a great curiosity," to Japan. After some further conversation between the officials regarding the picture the three Princes made a more critical examination through their opera-glasses, pointed out particular parts, and, smiling their satisfaction, left the room. The rest of the Japanese attendants quietly retiring out of the way. We understand that the copy of the picture will be completed in a few days, and will be sent forwarded to Japan, care of our Consul-General, Townsend Harris.

THE "GREAT EASTERN" AND HER CAPTAIN.

WE publish on pages 424 and 425 a splendid engraving of the steamship *Great Eastern* entering the Bay of New York, on the afternoon of June 28. The great ship itself has been so fully illustrated in the pages of the *Weekly* that we need do no more at present than refer the public to our back numbers for pictures.

We may repeat here, briefly, that the *Great Eastern* is the largest ship in the world, being 25,000 tons burden, and 680 feet long. She is a side-wheel steamer, with two oscillating engines of 1000 nominal horse-power, and a screw of 1600 indicated horse-power, and four 60-inch cylinders; and a ship with six masts, spreading 6240 square yards of canvas. She is built wholly of iron. Ten thousand tons of iron, 2,000,000 plates and 300,000 rivets, were employed in the construction of her hull. Her masts (with the exception of the mizzen, which is a mast) are 60 feet high, and their rigging of iron wire. She can carry 10,000 soldiers, or 6000 passengers. Her crew is 400 men.

Her new commander is Captain John Vine Hall, whose portrait we publish on page 429.

Most of Captain Hall's life has been spent in the service of the East India and China Steam Service Steamship Company; he commanded successively their ships the *Cruzus* and the *Golden Fleece*. His conduct in the latter vessel, when she was a ship of 2700 tons, which, upon arrival at Sydney, was found to be frightfully leaky, many of the plates having started, gained him the appointment to Steamship of the late Mr. Brunel. There was no deck into which he could put his ship, and with great perseverance he succeeded in forming a basin, by driving two rows of piles around the vessel, filling up the space between them, then pumping out the water, and by this means he was enabled to repair and bring home the ship with a most valuable cargo. When the Crimea, and the troops and stores for the Crimea, was destroyed by fire off Genoa, his conduct received the highest approbation from the Government, and at the head of the Guards, with troops for India, he made the quickest voyage on record between England and Calcutta.

Of late years Captain Vine Hall has been superintendent of the Company's affairs at the Southampton and afterward at London. He is a man of great learning and science: a Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society; and the first officer in the merchant service to take a theodolite observations in the steam examination under the "Mercantile Marine Act." Captain Hall is a brother of the Rev. Newman Hall, one of the Congregational of London, whose church on Blackfriar's Road, formerly belonging to the late Rev. Rowland Hill, is crowded to suffocation every Sunday.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

ON Monday, June 25, in the Senate, Senator Sumner presented a memorial of citizens of Massachusetts, praying for the repeal of the Fugitive Slave Law, the abolition of Slavery in the District of Columbia, and the prohibition of the inter-State Slave-trade. At his request it was laid on the table. Mr. Pugh introduced a bill to lay and levy an additional duty on the exports of tobacco, and to provide for the collection thereof. It was read and referred. The House bill to amend the Consular act was reported from the Committee on Commerce, but laid over. Various other measures were proposed, but they were laid over. A message was received from the House, and stated the Senate that they receded from their amendments to the Post-office appropriation bill, and asked a conference. The customary committee was appointed to act in conference with those of the House. Mr. Bigler moved that Congress was ready to adjourn; and after a vote of thanks to Mr. Mason, President pro tem. of the previous session, the Senate was declared adjourned.—In the House, another message was received from the President against the proceedings of the Cowde Investigating Committee. The message was referred, and after a few executive communications, and its consideration was postponed until the next session. The House refused to concur in the Senate's amendments to the Post-route Bill, and it was referred to a Committee of Conference. Numerous business, and the usual preliminary ceremonies, the House adjourned sine die.

EXTRA SESSION OF THE SENATE.

At noon on 26th the Senate met in extraordinary session in compliance with a proclamation of the President. A large number of appointments were sent in, and were confirmed. Mr. Green, Senator elect from Missouri, Vermonts were ratified.

On 27th the treaty with Spain was rejected, and the Mexican treaty was postponed till December next. Mr. W. T. Russell was confirmed as Minister to Austria, and Mr. York, and Colonel Wright as Superintendent of the Indian Affairs.

On 28th Lieutenant-Colonel Joseph E. Johnston was confirmed as Quartermaster-General of the Army, and Mr. Churchill as Minister to Guatemala. The Senate then adjourned sine die.

HOW THE SPANISH TREATY WAS REJECTED.

A motion was made in the executive session of the Senate on Thursday, to have the treaty made by the United States and Spain, for the settlement of claims, the claim to pay for the Cuba ransom, &c., laid upon the table. Upon it, it is understood, was made by Mr. Sumner, but disposed of by the Senate in the question of adjourning, by four voted in the affirmative and eighteen in the negative—Messrs. Bigler and Pugh.

SENATOR FITZPATRICK DECLINES.

A special dispatch to the Philadelphia *Press*, dated Montgomery, June 25, says: "Senator Fitzpatrick has written on to-day by a Committee, which officially informed him of his nomination. Mr. Fitzpatrick has had his letter of acceptance would be prepared in a day or two. It is known, however, from Senator Fitzpatrick's reply to a question whether he would accept or not, he replied that he acted until to-morrow morning. The Committee said they wanted an immediate answer, as they had to report to the Convention at once. Fitzpatrick replied that, if he must answer now, he would be forced to decline. He will accept at once declining."

The Southern delegates to the Baltimore National Convention met at Charleston, and organized a permanent body, which has been called the Southern Democratic Convention. It has recommended the name of Governor Herschel V. Johnson, of Georgia, for the National Convention, for the next term, and which was empowered by the Convention to fill any vacancies. This recommendation was adopted by a number of delegates, who, at a meeting this evening, unanimously nominated Governor Johnson, in place of Senator Fitzpatrick.

THE PRESIDENT FOR BRECKINRIDGE AND LANE.

The National Democratic Committee, favoring the nomination of Breckinridge and Lane, held a meeting at the residence of Secretary Cobb, paid a visit to the President on the 27th. Colonel Wright, one of the Committee, in behalf of the Committee, expressed that they had called before parting to tender their respects to the President, and to express their gratitude, and of regard for his character and public services. The President made a brief and appropriate reply, thanking them for the honor of the visit, and declaring the entire approval of the principles which had been proclaimed and the nominations which has been made by the National Democratic Convention. He wished them God speed, and entire success in the efforts they were then called upon to make on returning to their respective homes. The whole interview was of a most cordial character. The President and Cabinet freely interchanging courtesies with the members of the committee, each of whom separately subsequently shook with the President's hearty concurrence in their action.

THE RECKENRIDGE AND LANE COMMITTEE.

The Breckenridge and Lane National Democratic Committee is composed of the following members:

John J. Stevens, of Oregon; George W. Hughes, of Maryland; John W. Stephenson, of Kentucky; Wm. Winn, Jas. G. Barrett, Walter Lenox, and Gen. W. Biggs, of Washington, D.C.; Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi; Thomas F. Bayard, of Pennsylvania; J. R. Thompson, of New Jersey; Augustus Schell, of New York; A. B. Meek, of Alabama; J. D. Leigh, of Indiana; Thomas Johnson, of Arkansas.

THE ARRIVAL OF THE "GREAT EASTERN."

The *Great Eastern* arrived at this port on 28th, reaching the light-ship at 7.30 A.M. There she anchored; at 9 P.M., slip-keeper, she crossed the bar, and proceeded up the city, arriving at her dock at 6 P.M. The event created the greatest excitement throughout the day, and business was generally neglected, and thousands of people thronged the wharves and roofs to obtain a glance at the vessel.

THE VOYAGE.

She left the Needles at ten A.M. on the 17th. With the exception of a very severe storm she experienced last night, she passed the entire passage, ranging from 254 to 315 miles per twenty-four hours. The engines were not stopped until she was off George's Shoal, for soundings. She came in a most splendid, direct to the lightship, where she was boarded by the ship news collector and Mr. John Scott Russell, the great Englishman, who is a business partner of Admiral Murphy, who went out to Southampton for the trip. He drew twenty-seven feet of water, but was trimmed to an even-keel before crossing the bar. The following is the number of miles made per day:

Date	Miles
June 17, ...	129
18, ...	276
19, ...	276
20, ...	282
21, ...	280
22, ...	315
23, ...	254
24, ...	289
25, ...	315
26, ...	313
27, ...	317

The highest speed obtained was fourteen and a half knots. The ship's bottom is very foul, and an allowance of at least two knots an hour should be made on account. The distance from Southampton is 3190 miles, but to avoid the ice she went 3340 miles.

CROSSING THE BAR.

A person is now on board these describes the delicate operation of crossing the bar:

"The order is finally given by Mr. Murphy, under whose command she is, and who has now stepped, to 'Go on.' The engineer waves his hand, the officer below repeats the order to the next forward, and the steam is put on at that great wheels commence their revolutions. The stupendous fabric moves slowly; a mighty power vibrates in her, and moving slowly on its way, unconscious, is it were, a triumphant sense of power and the city. Whistles and cries of danger is opened. The pilot is on board. Speed is increased to eight miles an hour. Mr. Murphy himself sits silently gives his orders. A simple elevation or depression of the hand indicates to the helmsman the course they are to pursue, and the ship under this skillful guidance steers with the ease and almost the readiness of a well boat, proceeds on her way.

THE HALL AT THE BAY.

"Passing Fort Lafayette, a salute was fired, which was promptly acknowledged to from the fort and from the *Great Eastern*, and from this time onward, until her arrival in North River, it was one continual salute from the distinguished stranger. Cannon boomed, steam whistles shrieked, solid answered solid, heavy, deep cannon in powerful welcome, people hurralled, handkerchiefs waved, and flag-staff yachts dashed along in her wake or shadow under a cloud of canvas, as if bowing in acknowledgment of her superior being to every other craft, and demonstrations of a kindly nature came from every quarter. All the way up the city, as far as the docks were in New York and all its suburbs were thronged with people. The docks were all black with the crowds, and the wharves, shipping, and every other foothold commanding a view of the scene, presented the same animated appearance.

"As we neared the city the interest, if possible, increased. Hundreds of little craft shot out into the stream and fell in with the escort of the *Great Eastern*, coming from her fore-top—an elevation almost equal to that of the tallest ordinary mast—the several flags of Mary soverelgn. Below was the beautiful outline of the largest steamer in the world, gliding so majestically and serenely through the water that her motion was hardly perceptible, while behind, as far the eye could see, was a fleet commencing with a few fast steamers at the stern—spread out the second in the shape of an immense fan—the rear of which was quivering with beautiful life.

"When about off the Battery the citizens of Trinity Church were heard across the water, playing 'Rule Britannia.' Many others were free from all the usual forms, but not excepting, of course, the Canadians at Jersey City, which, as the procession advanced, did extra honors.

MOORED AT LAST.

"Before landing the *Great Eastern* proceeded up the North River as far as Forty-fifth Street; but the current was hardly perceptible. Here, after some difficulty, she was turned round, and with down stream for the first time contrary to general expectation, she was at once moored.

"The moment that this was done there arose the highest credit upon Mr. Murphy, the pilot; and the reader can imagine the darting of the understanding as being informed that the immense ship was carried alongside by him, to the most astonishment of every one individual on board, including the officers, with as much ease, apparently, as he would handle his own yacht, and governed alone by her own impetus, and without the aid of a single tug-boat from a starting point, where the turn was made to touch the dock in a gentle way, clipping off only a trifling comparatively, so she appeared, and when all hawsers were got out, the passengers' luggage was inspected and landed, which by the way will be done by a company deputed for their respective destinations, and the *Great Eastern* entirely settled herself for a two months' rest."

HER PASSENGERS.

Forty-three passengers were all that could be found in the year 1859 for the "venture" on the first and only most splendid ship on the ocean. Here are their names:

General Wilkins; Lieutenant-Colonel Hamilton; Major F. Balfour; Captain Drummond; Captain Cormorge, R.N.; Captain Hewlett, R.N.; Captain Gamble, R.N.; Captain Morris, R.N.; Captain H. Corryton, R.N.; Mr. and Mrs. D. Gwynn; Dr. J. S. Cockerell; Mr. S. Cockerell; Mr. George Wilkes; Mr. N. A. Woods; Mr. F. B. M'Kenzie; Mr. and Mrs. Archbishop; Miss M. A. Herbert; Mr. Alfred W. Barber; Mr. C. F. Field; Mr. R. Morson; Mr. George Hawkins; Mr. J. Simpson; Mr. F. B. Hamilton; Mr. T. C. Bostley; Mr. W. S. Taylor; Mr. G. D. Brooks; Mr. Thomas Brassey; Mr. H. Brassey; Hon. Percy Herbert; Mason; Mr. H. M. Wells; Mr. W. Cave; Mr. M. Jourdan; Mr. J. Barnwell; Professor P. Bennett; Mr. D. Kennedy; Mr. G. E. M. Taylor; Mr. Zerah Colburn; Mr. S. Russell; Mr. John B. Heaton; Mr. Hall; Mr. Murphy; Mr. Thomas Reid.

THE PUBLIC EXHIBITION.

The *Great Eastern* is undergoing the necessary renovation, painting, deck-covering, spar-scraping, brass-scouring, and whatever else is preparatory to the reception of visitors. On Tuesday, the 3d day of July, she was thrown open to the public; one dollar is the price of admission for adults—children under twelve years fifty cents. Thousands of citizens have visited the neighborhood daily to view the outside of the monster ship.

DOUBLE MURDER IN NEW YORK.

On Saturday night, just before twelve o'clock, two persons were assassinated in the Eighteenth Ward, under circumstances which render the case a most singular one that has transpired since the murder of Dr. Harvey Burdell. They were unknown to each other, and both were gentlemen of some prominence in the business community; one, Mr. John Wilkes, having been engaged for some years in conducting the Continental Saloon, and the other, Mr. John W. Mathews, being a railroad contractor by profession. The perpetrator of the double murder eluded arrest, and, in fact, is not certainly known, although the proceedings at the inquest which was held on Sunday upon the bodies of the murdered men tend strongly to implicate the two sons-in-law of Mr. Wilkes, named Charles and Edward Jolliet, for whom warrants of arrest have been issued. The double tragedy of Mr. Wilkes with the mother of the respected parties, has led an acrimonious feeling to the existing difficulties between himself on one side, and his wife and her sons on the other, and Mr. Wilkes has instituted a suit for divorce, in which he was plaintiff. Since the commencement of the proceedings in the Special Term in the Supreme Court, Mr. Wilkes's life, it is said, had been threatened repeatedly by his wife and her sons, and until at last he was afraid to venture in the streets without a companion. He resided with his wife and family in the Eighteenth street, near Third Avenue, accompanied by his cousin, he was shot dead, as related, and Mathews had the wound but a few hours. It was in attempting to overtake the flying assassin that Mr. Wilkes, in the prime of his life, the fugitive having turned upon him, and fired with an iron as also Mathews, the murderer scarcely knelved afterward.

THE JAPANESE.

The Japanese Princes, with their interpreter, censor, and attendants, visited the Astor Library on Thursday, and were received by Superintendent Cogswell, assisted by Chairman, Mr. Griggs, welcomed them in an appropriate address. They spoke in their native tongue, and there were—some in their own language—with which the library is stored. On leaving they were presented with three superbly-bound volumes, containing the catalogues of the library, as far as it is printed. They expressed themselves highly delighted with their visit. The Embassy also received the freedom of the Institution of the Ethnological Society, and several visits from various public bodies and distinguished citizens, and on Saturday they embarked on board the *Niagara*, and sailed for Japan.

CONFESSION OF HARDEN.

Governor Olden, of New Jersey, has received the execution of Jacob S. Harden for one week and a day, beginning to Friday the 6th inst.

It is stated that Harden is even now writing his confession, and that he has already completed a large portion of it to the jailer and one or two others.

The astonishment of Harden at his wife recommenced on her return to Beaufort, and it was given to her while sitting on his knee, every indication of recognition of apparently loving wife. He kindly invited her to partake of the food on his plate, but she declined. She unsuspectingly ate it, remarking that it appeared to have something gritty on it. Dr. Peyton said it was "nothing."

There are statements said to have been made by the prisoner involving his criminality with others who shared his affections.

His purchasing the arsenic at Easton, and his using that widely-known fact to throw suspicion upon his children's own words. What is most astonishing is the statement that the perpetrator of the horrible deed of which he does not seem to have had the slightest compunctions. He did think enough of his own thinking that he was doing any thing very dreadful.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

LORD PALMERSTON ON THE BOMBARDMENT OF PALERMO.

LORD PALMERSTON'S letter, which is as follows in the House of Commons: "We understand that the government of Naples has refused to receive the British fleet which, we may be expected to arrive here in a few days, for the purpose of making friendly visits to this city by governor of France and England. No doubt that, in our communications with the Neapolitan government, with these feelings which her Majesty's Government, in common with every body of Englishmen, entertain with regard to the barbarities which have been practiced in Naples (Hear, hear.) In the meantime, we have thought not ago and its vivification that these things should have ceased. Considering, however, the state of Naples, we must say that any such representation, in the way of friendly remonstrance, as the British government could make, would have any very beneficial effect in the future conduct of the government of Naples. I can not venture to lead the House to entertain any very sanguine expectations of that kind. (Hear, hear.) At the same time, I am afraid, that that which happened after the sacking in a manner of every house in the city of Palermo, and it is more likely, I am afraid, that the naval and military power who exhibited such barbarities in Palermo may receive, instead of reprimand or punishment, promotion and reward. (Hear, hear, and laughter.) (Hear, hear.) With regard to the last question, we know that the Neapolitan government has given the strictest orders to its foreign allies to guarantee the integrity of the Two Sicilies, and to discountenance any attempt which might be made to interfere in the affairs of Naples. (Cheers.) We have reason to believe that the French government has given a similar answer to that of Austria. (Cheers.) I need not say what the feelings of her Majesty's government are upon the subject, but, upon a matter of that kind. (Cries of 'Hear, hear.') I am afraid that the communications between those of Rome and Naples that when, by the crucities and the misconduct of the government of Naples, the provinces have been driven to desperation and have revolted, that they appeal to all Europe for sympathy and support, to remove the authors of those revolutions. Those governments forget that the Neapolitan people are not the original authors of the revolt—(cheers)—and of all those revolutionary proceedings which, if they had been carried or granted, to accomplish it in first and necessary step would be that of dethroning the King." (Loud and long cheers.)

REAR-ADMIRAL MUNDY'S REPORT.

The following papers, relating to the affairs of Sicily, have been presented to Parliament:

REAR-ADMIRAL MUNDY TO THE SECRETARY OF THE ADMIRALTY.

"Her Majesty's ship Hannibal, Palermo, June 2, 1860.

"From various sources I derive the following account of the extraordinary events which have taken place in consequence of the city. The scene is reported as most horrible, the whole district of the Quattro Canti, Piazza Bologni, Porta de son hundred wide, is in ashes, families have been burned alive with the houses, and the streets are strewn with the royal troops have been frightful. In other parts, contrary to expectation, the insurgents have been overpowered by the shells, 1100 of whom were thrown into the city from the citadel and ships, and the Strada Toledo and the bastions, and the streets are strewn with the dead. The Neapolitan troops have been driven to the Marina, and they repose Crown will interpose to prevent further bloodshed. The Neapolitan troops, I understand, both during the hostilities and since their suspension, have been noble and generous foes. The Garibaldians have been ordered to evacuate Trapani and Termini, and it is reported they are to receive the garrisons of those places.

SALE OF LORD BYRON'S HOME.

On Wednesday, 13th ultimo, the Ancient Abbey and domain of Newstead, in the County of Nottingham, indissolubly associated in the public mind with the early life of Lord Byron, whose patrimony they constituted, were put up for sale. The largest offer was £100,000; the property, however, was bought in at the reserved bidding of £160,000.

BADEN.

THE ROYAL CONFERENCE.

The Royal Conference at Baden has attracted considerable attention. The Emperor Napoleon left Compiègne there on the 14th inst., and the Emperor Napoleon on the following day.

The *Nord* refers to the interview between the Emperor Napoleon and the Prince Regent of Prussia: "The interview . . . . . between the Emperor Napoleon and the Regent of Prussia, which our correspondent at Berlin first announced, and an announcement which has been since confirmed by our correspondent at Paris, will certainly take place this week. It is even probable that other German sovereigns will meet at the same time at Baden-Baden, and will then form a congress of Princes, of which the first and most important result will be a general reconciliation, and the adoption of a line of future sterile agitations which have recently troubled Germany. It is a correspondent of the *Indépendance* says, the initiative in this reunion was taken by the Emperor of Austria. His object was to endeavor to restore to harmony and to Europe a pacific and a very important servant. The Emperor of Austria is not remembering a recent cause, and without any definite object, but one which threatened to lead to serious collision between two great neighboring and friendly nations."

The Conference opened on the 15th, and its results are said to be eminently satisfactory. Both the French and the English papers declare that the peace of Europe is now consolidated and insured.

ITALY.

THE LATEST FROM SICILY.

At latest dates Garibaldi was actively engaged in organizing his reserve forces, and it was expected that he would not make any new movement before next week.

A late despatch from Palermo, dated 11th inst., says that the inhabitants of the Royal troops are determined that the town is still barricaded.

The extradition convention question had seized two ships conveying volunteers and arms to Sicily still each confirmation.

Garibaldi being triumphant, Count Cavour now requests the Liberals to remain quiet, and not to disturb Sicily, the pulse followed in reference to Tuscany, Parma, Modena, and the Romagna. This request has only been confidentially made to the Progressists.

It is this diplomatic intrigue which has caused the France will not in any way interfere in the affairs of Sicily. It is the opinion of Napoleon that the principle of non-intervention in Italy, as contained in the celebrated note of Count Walewski, is definitely accepted by the French Government.

The capture of Capua, with 600 prisoners, by the Neapolitan frigate *Partenope*, is likely to cause the Government to adopt a severe line of action. Garibaldian Minister has demanded their restitution and the release of the officers and had proposed to exchange. In this demand the Sardinian Minister is supported by the English Minister, and it is said the required steamer is stated to have displayed American colors.

THE PROPOSALS OF ROMBA.

Prince Piombino has addressed a letter to Count Walewski, received by courier an autograph letter from his Sovereign, on the subject of Italian unity:

To call to his Council men enjoying public confidence.

To reconstitute a government for guaranteeing the faithful and conscientious execution of the laws, as well as the suppression of abuses.

To re-establish the national guard.

His Majesty hopes that, in consideration of these guarantees, Europe will not any longer refuse to interfere in his favor against the revolution.

THE ARMISTICE.

The following is the text of the recent proclamation issued by Garibaldi:

"Brethren, the enemy has proposed to us an armistice, which, in a generous war, such as that in which we fight, I thought it my duty not to refuse. . . . . At the dying of the dead, the care of the wounded—in a word, every thing that is the duty of a civilized people, has always honored the valor of the Italian soldier. Morover, the Italian soldier has set an example of valor, although they are acting with cruel hostility, and are at present struggling with a desperate energy, but I will not be long before the light of the national flag will shine upon the whole of Sicily. I am happy to say that the terms of the stipulated convention may be strictly maintained in every respect. Here, we publish the following:

ARTICLES OF CONVENTION BETWEEN THE GENERALISSIMO OF THE ARMY OF ITALY, AND THE FERDINANDEAN ARMY.

"1. The suspension of hostilities will be prolonged during three days, to commence from Saturday, May 26, to the termination of which his Excellency the Generalissimo will make known his intentions, which will be established by mutual agreement the hour for the resumption of hostilities.

2. The Royal Bank shall be placed in the care of the representative Consuls of the Court of Sicily, under their discharge; the detachment now in possession to proceed to Castellamare, and there to embark.

3. The embarkation of the wounded and of families will continue, under the superintendence of the Consuls above whatever.

4. The transport of provisions shall be free to both parties at all hours of the day, the suitable dispositions shall be taken to that effect without delay.

5. It will be agreed to exchange the prisoners Monte Rotondo, Milazzo, Francavilla, Colonna, and Spinazzola for others, Captain Grossi.

Palermo, May 30, 1860. Secretary of State.

For the Provisional Government of Sicily,
FERDINANDO PIETRI. *Generals-in-Chief.*

GARIBALDI'S FIRST DECREE.

The official Journal of the Provisional Government of Sicily publishes the following decree:

STALE AND VICTOR ENACTED.

Joseph Garibaldi, Commander-in-Chief of the national forces in Sicily, in virtue of the powers conferred on him, decrees:

Art. 1. A Committee of Defence is instituted, which will have authority to direct, in the name of Italy, all the construction of regular barricades throughout the city, and for the defence of the bastions. The commander of the brave men that have come from other Italian provinces to help us.

Art. 2. The barricades constructed will be formed at the distance of two hundred paces from each other, and in their construction the paving-stones will be used, the gutter, thanks, and the earth of the road to be placed under the direction of intelligent persons accustomed to such labors.

The articles required for the movable barricades will be procured at once by requisition, and the proprietors shall receive an indemnity for the loss of their carts, sacks, etc.

Art. 3. The committee will keep as large a supply as possible of sacks, which it will have filled with earth without delay.

Art. 4. The barricades are to be defended by the most courageous persons, who will be stationed in the streets where they are raised.

Art. 5. The doors and windows of the houses must be left open day and night, for affording shelter to the persons whom they are destined, and for other purposes maintaining the defence.

Art. 6. The committee will also organize a central *corps de garde*, which, if possible, will establish itself near the residence of the Dictator, and a secondary *corps de garde*, which, by means of small patrols, will keep up communication with the central corps, and whose duty it will be to send a party every *half hour* to inquire into the state of the defence, and report the condition of every house in order to give the necessary assistance to the persons who may be in need of it.

Art. 7. The committee will also organize a central depôt of ground arms, in order to be able, if required, to furnish reinforcements to the points most threatened.

Art. 8. It will be the duty of the committee to watch, and especially of the so-called "revolutionary powder," if

REWARDS TO THE BRAVE.

ITALY AND VICTOR ENACTED.

Joseph Garibaldi, Commander-in-Chief of the National Forces in Sicily, in virtue of the powers conferred on him, decrees:

Art. 1. Out of the funds of the communal estates to be divided, in conformity with the law, among the citizens of the commune, every one, without drawing lots, shall have a allotment who shall have fought for the country. In case of the soldier's death, this privilege shall pass to his heir.

Art. 2. This allotment shall be equal to that which shall be sent apart by drawing lots for every head of family. Nevertheless, if the lands of a commune are greater than the population wants, the soldiers or their heirs shall obtain a share twice as great as the other persons shall.

Art. 3. If the communes have no land of their own, they shall be indemnified by the Treasury, according to the terms of the law.

Art. 4. The Secretary of State is charged with the execution of the present decree.

GARIBALDI, *Dictator.*
FRANCESCO CRISPI, *Secretary of State.*
Palermo, June 3, 1860.

HORRORS OF THE NEAPOLITAN PRISONERS.

An Englishman writes to a London Journal: "On the morning of the 29th of February, 1860, during the forenoon, and the only Englishman present, when the cell was made known to me by the Governor. The facts were these:

"About forty of the *shirri* had been captured by the revolutionists, treated by them with kindness, and placed in security until the time should be ripe to release. Careful precaution to prevent their being murdered by the indignant mob, who had seen their bodies into the palace, and cost the books and furniture from the windows. A portion of the number were placed in the Vicaria, prison, to be inaccessible. Windows and loop-holes there were in it, but no opening to admit an entire view of the premises, hence.

Presently, on removing one of the huge book-cases, some fresh-plastered wall appeared concealed behind it. A passage was made, and the bodies found to be strewn were almost overpowered by the steaming effluvia which issued from the place. Some were discovered sitting with each other, where, upon clearing the loop-holes, a service of sense of horror was before us—some of the best testimony to be believed. There lay human bodies, and the bodies of the *shirri* were found in all stages of death and decay; hordes of rotting rags, mingled with bones, and the whole filled up with the foul and noisome stench; some being riveted to the walls above, whence some of them had fallen in the act of death, and become mingled in their fron grasp the arms or ankles of their fellow-victims. Skeletons and bodies, or even joint-ends, others which were quite so, and placed six stone skeleton, which was a soldier, black and pulpy, were hidden beneath others more decomposed. Here was the body of a soldier, another horror still, two human bodies, intermingled with the rocking, blood-stained bones of the *shirri*, and before we were permitted to the contents of the chest of others which had been so suspended, and still retained the appearance of human bodies from the effects of which the interior portions had dropped, and lay in heaps beneath.

"Shreds of clothing and horror arose from the infernal crowd, a portion of which were found in the pieces of cloth which were found. Some were accused, brought them to the prison, and the bodies were found in the interior, which, on being examined, were found among the bones and bodies, examining minutely the contents of the pockets, and the bodies of which have been their fellows, brothers, or kindred, who had long been dead, and whose bodies they knew.

"One of the *shirri*, whose life I tried in vain to save, was recognized by his wife, who was immediately after, but were not credited while alive, but nailed there to augment the torments of the living prisoners."

OPINIONS OF THE FOREIGN PRESS.

It is amusing to compare the various epithets applied to Garibaldi by the foreign journals. We take the following as specimens:

Gazetta di Napoli.—"The monster in human shape, Garibaldi by name, the chief of the band of attack, at the head of a band of murderers, the dominions of his majesty the King of the Two Sicilies. Against all this measures are taken by the government of the Two Sicilies, which will punish the criminal and the latest undertaking."

Gazetta di Roma.—"The Antichrist—for it is impossible to give a person possessed of the devil any other appellation—has landed at Marsala with a band of thieves, and effected a landing with the assistance of the goddess and of Protestant England."

Munich Volksblatt.—"The bandit Garibaldi is about to enslave the most liberal people of Italy, the most murderer in the happy and peaceful island of Sicily; but the curses vengeance of God will fall upon the guilty."

Vienna Gazette.—"The professional rebel hopes to continue his former calling in Sicily; but he will be pursued everywhere by the curses of mankind, and finally frustrated, by the courage and loyalty of the brave troops of the King of the Two Sicilies."

Leipziger Zeitung.—"The pirate Garibaldi is, of course, sailing for Sicily, with the flag of Piedmont."

Leipziger Zeitung.—"The adventurer Garibaldi will soon find out that he has undertaken a task to an unlucky end."

Basel Zeitung.—"The parvenu Garibaldi, not content with having kindled the flames of revolution in his own country, is now about to visit the same evil upon the in his hitherto happy kingdom of Naples."

Hamburg Nachrichten.—"Garibaldi is steadily advancing in his bold and dangerous career."

Gazetta di Augsburg.—"The heroic son of Italy, whose name no true Italian can pronounce without the most profound admiration and enthusiasm, is now engaged in the most important campaign of his glorious life."

Florence Gazette.—"The redeemer of Italy is about to attack the enemies of his country, and every Italian heart beats with hope for the success of his sublime undertaking."

Giornale di Milano.—"The genius of Italy has at last found a leader in the person of the hero destined to rescue his country from the last remnant of tyranny."

Turin Gazette.—"The Italian people have appealed in human shape on earth, in the person of Garibaldi, to sustain the holy cause of Italy, and Victor Emanuel offers to the cowlgn punishment they deserve."

Gazette di Genoa.—"The expedition of the renowned citizen of the King's troops in Sicily has signed a capitulation with the Neapolitan General Lanza at Palermo."

THE IRISH IN THE PAPAL ARMY.

The *Wanderer*, of Vienna, publishes a letter from Ancona, dated the 6th ultimo, which says:

"The Irish regiment has had a fight among themselves, and wounded some of the officers. Those interfered to separate them. One delegate has hitherto treated the Irish like prisoners of war, but yesterday one, in consequence, was ordered. Every soldier insists on having his own room, to which he is entitled by law; but, after all, the Papal Government will be under the necessity of requesting the Irish to go once again."

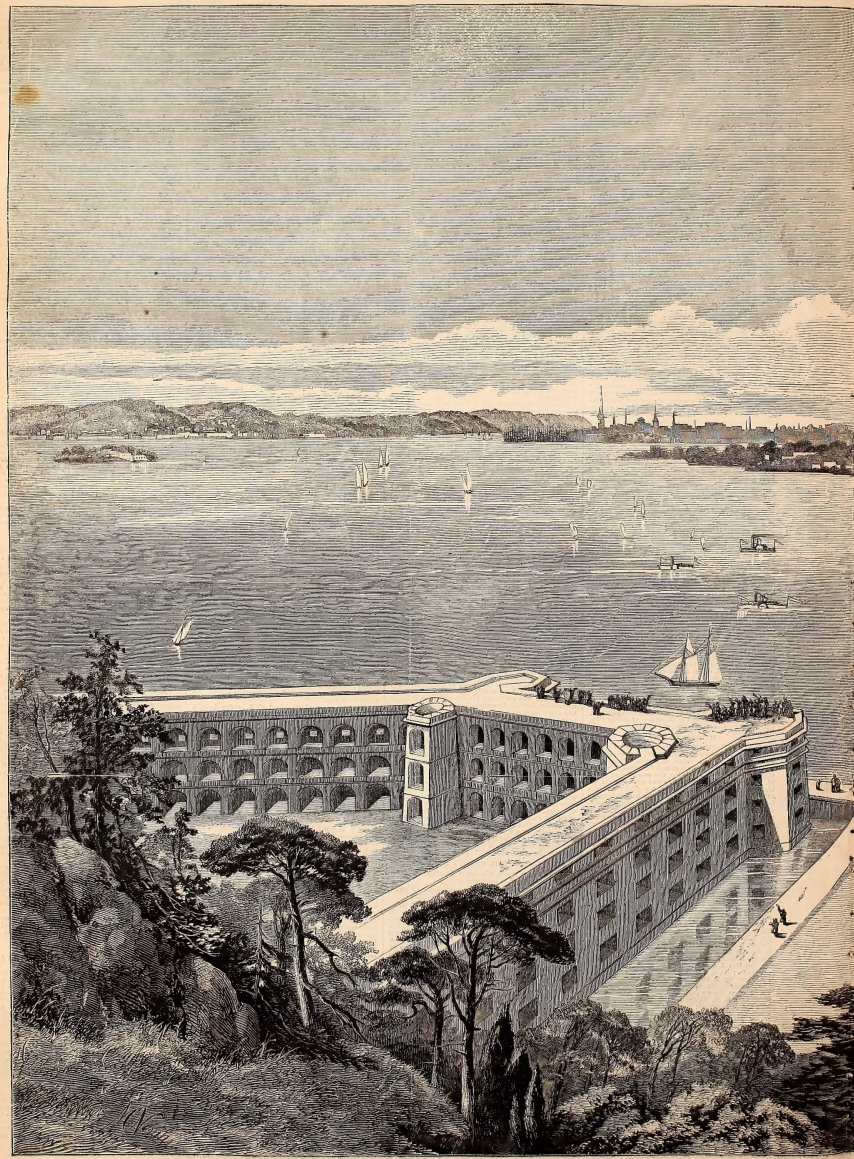
TURKEY.

THE SULTAN SNUBBED AGAIN.

Sir Henry Bulwer has firmly pointed out to the Porte the necessity of suppressing abuses, and said, that upon such repression would depend the support of England. The Sultan has previously received these representations, and has sent his portrait to the ambassador.

ANOTHER RELIGIOUS WAR.

The civil war in Turkey, up to last accounts, still continued. Thirty-six villages of Mount Lebanon are stated to have been destroyed, and 3000 persons, have been the victims. The Turkish authorities have not interfered, and the soldiers of the Porte have joined with those Christians had joined the Druses and participated in the massacre.



THE "GREAT EASTERN" STEAMSHIP COMING UP THE NARROWS INTO THE HAR

BOR OF NEW YORK, JUNE 28, 1860.—[Drawn from the Telegraph Station on Staten Island.]

VANITAS VANITATUM.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.

How spake of old the Royal Seer?
(His text is one I love to treat on)
This life of ours, he said, is sheer
Mataiotes Mataiotaon.

Oh, Student of the gilded Book,
Declare, while musing on its pages,
If truer words were ever spoke
By ancient or by modern sages?

The various authors' names but note,*
French, Spanish, English, Russian, Germans;
And in the volume polyglot
Sure you may read a hundred sermons!

What histories of life are here,
Mose wild than all romancers' stories;
What weird transformations queer,
What homilies on human glories!

What theme for sorrow or for scorn!
What chronicle of Fortune's doings—
Of Fate disastrous nobly borne,
Of crimes, changes, rises, ruins!

Of thrones upset, and sceptres broke,
How strange a record here is written!
Of honors, dealt as if in joke;
Of brave desert unkindly smitten!

How low men were, and how they rise!
How high they were, and how they tumble!
Oh, Vanity of vanities!
Oh, laughable, pathetic jumble!

Here, between honest Janin's joke
And his Turk Excellency's firman,
I write my opinion the book:
I write my name—and end my sermon.

Oh, Vanity of vanities!
How vain the decrees of Fate are;
How very weak the very wise,
How very small the very great are!

What mean these stale moralities,
Sir Preacher, from your desk you mumble?
Why rail against the great and wise,
And tire us with your ceaseless grumble?

Pray choose us out another text,
Oh, man morose and narrow-minded!
Come, turn the pages—I read the next,
And then the next, and still I find it.

Read here how Wealth aside was thrust,
And Folly sat in place exalted;
How Heroes found in the dust,
While lackeys in the saddle vaulted.

Though thrice a thousand years are past
Since David's son, the sad and splendid,
The weary King Ecclesiast,
Upon his awful tablets penned it—

Methinks the text is never stale,
And life is every day renewing
Fresh comments on the old, old tale
Of Folly, Fortune, Glory, Ruin.

Hark to the Preacher, preaching still!
He lifts his voice and cries his sermon,
Here at St. Peter's of Cornhill,
As under on the Mount of Harmon:

For you and me to heart to take
(Oh, dear beloved brother-readers)
To-day, as when the good King spake
Beneath the solemn Syrian cedars.

* Between a page by Jules Janin, and a poem by the Turkish Embassador, in Madame de R——'s album, combining the autographs of kings, princes, statesmen, soldiers, musicians, diplomatists, statesmen, artists, and men of letters of all nations.

INDEPENDENCE DAY.

[From a new Work by A. STUART HARRISON, now in the Press of the Harpers.]

"YOU all know I went to America without much money to spend. Well, I managed somehow to get to Buffalo—worked my passage as sailor. Well, I was desperately hard up, was in debt for a fortnight's board when Independence Day arrived. I had got nothing on earth to do, and had done nothing for a week previously, so I sauntered about, and looked at the people hurrying to and fro, till about ten o'clock, when the militia companies began to assemble and march. The officers mounted, and among them the chaplain, Dr. Thompson. Well, that amused me for a quarter of an hour, and then I went to the lecture hall and took my place among the audience to hear the oration of the day. I heard it, and felt that, next to being an Englishman, I should like to be an American. That was over, and not a soul in the place knew me to me: I grew sick of solitude in a crowd, and wandered out into the outskirts of the town.

"I grew sick of that, and went to the boardinghouse to dinner—every morsel of which half choked me, for I hadn't the slightest idea where the money was to come from to pay for it. I went to my bedroom; tried to read, couldn't for the noise, guns firing, people shouting, etc. Went to some drawing-room; found that I was not wanted; persons who are a fortnight's board in arrear, and wear shabby, worn clothes, are not the ways wanted in society. Then out into the noisy streets again, then away into the country again—no rest! All around me brimful of joy. I a stranger in a strange land! Not a creature, out of the tens of thousands in the streets, had a word for me. I never felt before or since such a miserable feeling of loneliness.

"Well, the day went on, and then came the fireworks for the evening. Of course I went. There was a tolerably large crowd, some sitting on the grass, some standing; and strange their joyous faces, lighted by the last rays of the setting sun, looked to me. At last the ghost-like shapes of the fire-work lighters were visible, in a dim blue light, and the crowd gathered a little nearer. I had previously noticed two girls, one about twelve, the other about four, in front of me; but the whole of the performance was quite hidden from them: so I said to the little one, 'Here, sis, sit on my shoulder. Sit here, sis.' So I took the little one on my shoulder, and the other by the hand, and contrived to get them a better place.

"Well, the fire-works went off, as all fire-works do, and I noticed the little hand pressed more firmly to my neck, as after blaze after blaze of rockets rose into the air, till the last batch were off; and then, when I put the little thing down, I felt all the old feeling of solitude come back. The half-extinguished remains of fire-works, looking like gigantic spiders' webs stretched over a gallows, are not cheerful objects at any time; now, they were dismal in the extreme. I wanted something to drive that horrible feeling away. The crowd had almost gone, and I held the little child by the hand till then; but now she must go: so I stooped down in the dark to kiss her before she left, when, just at that moment, a breath of wind blew into flame a fragment of the last fire-works, and—yes, I saw that the little face lifted up to mine, and felt the two little arms round my neck, and the sweet little lips against mine. I've seen things, and felt some things that exercise an influence on me now; but I never, in my life, felt any thing like that. It was the first kiss I'd had since I left my mother and sisters, nearly a year before, and a whole crowd of the tenderest memories came back to me. I was no longer alone; there were those who cared for me, loved me; never did the nectar which brought back youth to old age produce more effect —a greater change.

"I rose that morning indifferent whether I lived or died. I thought how nice it would be to lie dead during the day, but the night found me a man, with hopes and aspirations that cling about me still—hope will till say Hope day.

"I wonder," said Jones, after a short pause, "whether that little girl recollects the shabby, haggard, care-worn man, who held her on his shoulder, and kissed her on Independence Day, four or five years ago."

THE GIRL WHO TROD UPON BREAD.

YOU have doubtless heard of the girl who trod upon bread not to soil her pretty shoes, and what evil this brought upon her. The tale is both written and printed.

She was a poor child, but proud and vain. She had a bad disposition, people said. When she was little more than an infant it was a pleasure to her to catch flies, to pull off their wings, and maim them entirely. She used to contrive somewhat cliefly to take lady-birds and beetles, stick them all upon a pin, then put a large leaf or a piece of paper close to their feet, that they might hold fast upon it, and turned and twisted in their endeavors to get off the pin.

"Now the lady-birds shall read," said little Inger. "See how they turn the paper!"

As she grew older she became worse instead of better; and she was very beautiful, and that was her misfortune. She would have been punished otherwise, and in the long-run she was.

"You will bring evil on your own head," said her mother. "As a little child you used often to tear my gowns: I fear that when you are older you will break my heart."

And she did so sure enough.

At length she went into the country to wait on people of distinction. They were as kind to her as if she had been one of their own family; and she was so well dressed that she looked very pretty, and became extremely arrogant.

When she had been a year in service her employers said to her:

"You should go and visit your relations, little Inger."

She went, resolved to let them see how fine she had become. When, however, she reached the village and saw the boys hurrying to and fro, till about ten o'clock, when the militia companies began to assemble and march. The officers mounted, and among them the chaplain, Dr. Thompson. Well, that amused me for a quarter of an hour, and then I went to the lecture hall and took my place among the audience to hear the oration of the day. I heard it, and felt that, next to being an Englishman, I should like to be an American. That was over, and not a soul in the place knew me to me: I grew sick of solitude in a crowd, and wandered out into the outskirts of the town.

"I grew sick of that, and went to the boarding-house to dinner—every morsel of which half choked me, for I hadn't the slightest idea where the money was to come from to pay for it. I went to my bedroom; tried to read, couldn't for the noise, guns firing, people shouting, etc. Went to some drawing-room; found that I was not wanted; persons who are a fortnight's board in arrear, and wear shabby, worn clothes, are not the ways wanted in society. Then out into the noisy streets again, then away into the country again—no rest! All around me brimful of joy. I a stranger in a strange land! Not a creature, out of the tens of thousands in the streets, had a word for me. I never felt before or since such a miserable feeling of loneliness.

"Well, the day went on, and then came the fire-

Old Woman of the Dogs than that, when the meadows and the ground begin to reek in summer, it is the old woman below who is brewing. Into her brewery it was that Inger sank, and no one could hold out very long there. A cesspool is a charming apartment compared with the old Dog woman's brewery. Every vessel is redolent of horrible smells, which would make any human being faint, and they are packed closely together and over each other; but even if there were a small space anywhere for the body to one might creep through, it would be impossible, on account of all the slimy toads and snakes that are always crawling and forcing themselves through. Into this place little Inger sank. All this nauseous mess was so icecold that she shivered in every limb. Yet she became mistier and mistier, and the cold crack fast to her, and it drew her as an amber bead draws a slender thread.

The Old Woman of the Dogs was at home.

She beheld Inger, put on her spectacles and looked at her.

"That is a girl with talents," said she. "I shall ask for her as a *souvenir* of my visit here. She may do very well as a statue to ornament my great-grandchildren's ante-chamber." And she took her.

It was thus little Inger went to the infernal regions. People do not generally go straight through the air to them: they can go by a roundabout path when they please, as Inger did.

It was an ante-chamber in an infinity. One became giddy there as looking forward, and giddy as looking backward. There were stood a crowd of anxious, pining beings, who were waiting and hoping for the time when the gates of grace should be opened. But that time long to arrive. Hideous, large, waddling spiders wove thousands of webs over which the souls of the blessed were like grins or fost-screws, and held them as fast as chains of iron, and were a cause of disquiet to every soul as a painful remembrance.

"This comes of wishing to have clean shoes," said she to herself. "See how they stare at me!"

Yes, they did stare at her; their evil passions glared from their eyes, and spoke, without sound, from the corner of their mouths: they were frightful.

"It must be a pleasure to them to see me," thought little Inger. "I have a pretty face, and am well dressed." And she dried her eyes. She had not lost her conceit. She had not then perceived how her fine clothes had been soiled in the brew-house of the Old Woman of the Dogs. Her dress was covered with dabs of nasty matter; a snake had wound itself among her hair, and it dangled over her face; and from every fold in her garment peeped out a toad, that puffed like an asthmatic hog-doctor. It was very disagreeable. "But all the rest down here look horrid too," was the reflection with which she consoled herself.

But the worst of all was the dreadful hunger she felt. Could she not stoop down and break off a piece of the bread on which all these were standing? No; her back was stiffened; her hands and her arms were stiffened; her whole body was like a statue of stone. Nothing but the eyes could move, and these she could turn entirely round, and that was an ugly sight. And flies came and crept over her eyes backwards and forwards. She rolled her eyes; but the intruders did not fly away, for they could not—their wings had been pulled off. That was another torture added to the hunger—the gnawing hunger that was so terrible to bear!

"If this goes on I can not hold out much longer," she said.

But she had to hold out, and her sufferings became greater.

Then a warm tear fell upon her head. It trickled over her face and her neck, all the way down to the bread. Another tear fell; then many followed. Who was weeping over little Inger? Had she not a mother up yonder on the earth? The tears of anguish which a mother sheds over her erring child always reach it; but they do not comfort the child—they burn, they increase the sufferings. And all these torments Inger had yet not to be able to snatch one mouthful of the bread she was treading under foot! She became as thin, as slender, as a rush. Another trial was that she heard distinctly all that was said of her above on the earth, and it was nothing but blame and evil. Though she thought only, and was in speechless affliction, she still said,

"Pride goes before a fall. That was your great fault, Inger. Oh, how miserable you have made your mother!"

Her mother, an' all who were acquainted with her, were well aware of the sin she had committed in treading upon bread. They knew that she had sunk into the Old Woman of the Dog's brewery, and told that, for he had seen it himself from the brow of the hill.

"What affliction you have brought on your mother, Inger!" exclaimed her mother. "Ah, well! I expected no better from you."

"Would that I had never been born!" thought Inger; "that would have been much better for me. My mother's whimpering can do no good now."

She heard how the family, the people of distinction who had been so kind to her, spoke. "I am a wicked child," they said; "they valued not the gifts of our Lord, but trod them under her feet. He will be difficult for her to get the gates of grace open to admit her."

"They ought to have brought me up better," thought Inger. "They should have taken the whims out of me, if I had any."

She heard that there was a common ballad made about her, "the bad girl who trod upon bread, to keep her shoes nicely clean," and this tolled was sung from one end of the country to the other.

"That she should have to suffer so much for such as that—to be punished so severely for such a trifle!" thought Inger. "All those others are punished justly, for no doubt there was a great deal to punish; but ah, how I suffer!"

And her heart became still harder than the substance into which she had been turned.

"No one can be better in such society. I will not grow better here. See how they glare at me!"

And her heart became still harder, and she felt a hatred toward all mankind.

"They have a nice story to tell up there now. Oh, how I suffer!"

She listened, and heard them telling her history as a warning to children, and the little ones called her "ugly!" "ugly!" "ugly!" and that was right, so they said, "so very wicked, that she deserved to suffer."

The children always spoke harshly of her. One day, however, that hunger and misery were gnawing her most dreadfully, and she heard her name mentioned, and the whole story told connected with —a little girl—she observed that the child burst into tears in her distress for the proud, finely-dressed Inger.

"But will she never come up again?" asked the child.

The answer was—

"She will never come up again."

"But if she will beg pardon, and promise never to be naughty again?"

"But she will *not* beg pardon," they said.

"Oh, how I wish she would do it!" sighed the little girl, in great distress. "I will give my doll, and my doll's house too, if she may come up! It is so shocking for poor little Inger to be down there!"

These words touched Inger's heart; they seemed almost to make her good. It was the first time any one had said "poor Inger," and had not dwelt upon her faults. An innocent child cried and prayed for her. She was so much affected by this that she felt ashamed to weep like a child for another, and this was an additional pain.

Years passed by in the realm above; but down where she was there was no change, except that she heard more and more rarely sounds from above, and that she herself was more and more isolated. At last one day she heard a sigh, and "Inger, Inger, how miserable you have made me! I foretold that you would!" These were her mother's last words on her death-bed.

And again she heard herself named by her former employers, and then all else was still.

"Perhaps I may meet you once more, Inger. None know whither they are to go."

But Inger knew full well that the excellent mistress would never come to the place where she was.

Time passed on, and on, slowly and wretchedly. Then once more Inger heard her name mentioned, and she beheld, as it were, directly above her, two clear stars shining. Those were two mild eyes that were closing upon earth. So many years had elapsed since a little girl had cried in childish sorrow over "poor Inger!" that child had become an old woman, whom our Lord was about to call to himself. At that hour, when the thoughts and the actions of a whole life stand clearly before the parting foul, she remembered how, as a little child, she had wept bitterly on hearing the history of Inger. That same Inger, who belongs, stood so prominently before the old woman's mind in the hour of death that she cried, with intense emotion,

"Lord, my God! have not I often, like Inger, trod under foot Thy blessed gifts, and placed my shoe on them? Have I not often been guilty of pride and vanity in my secret heart? But Thou, in Thy mercy, didst not let me sink; Thou didst hold me up. Oh, forsake me not in the last hour!"

And the aged woman's eyes closed, and her spirit's eyes opened to what had been formerly invisible; and as Inger had been present in her thoughts during her whole life, so beyond and how deep she had been dragged downward. At that slight the gentle being burst into tears; and in the kingdom of heaven she stood like a child, and wept for the fate of the unfortunate Inger. Her tears and her prayers sounded like an echo down in the hollow form that confined the miserable, miserable soul. That soul was overwhelmed by the unexpected love from those realms afar. One of God's angels wept for her! Was she not worthy safed to her? The tortured spirit gathered, as it were, into one thought, all the actions of its life —all that it had done—and it shuddered at the violence of its remorse—remorse such as Inger had never felt. She thought that for her there could be no help. She thought that for her the gates of mercy would never open, and as in deep contrition and self-abasement she thought of all that the heights mens penetrated into the dismal abyss—a ray more vivid and glorious than the sunbeams which thaw the snow figures that the children make in their gardens. And this ray, more quickly than the snow-flake that falls upon a child's warm mouth can be melted away, changed to nothing, it seemed afraid and shy of every thing around it; it felt ashamed of itself, and appeared unwilling to avoid all living creatures, it sought, in haste, concealment in a dark recess in a crumbling wall. Here it sat, and it seemed into the farthest corner, trembling all over. It could not sing, for it had no voice. For a long time it sat quietly there before it ventured to look out and behold all the beauty around. Yes, it was beauty! The air was so fresh, yet so soft; the moon shone so clearly; the trees and the bushes smelled so sweetly; and in and was so comfortable where she sat—her feather garb so clean and neat! How the birds sang—and how and glee! The grateful thoughts that awoke in the bird's breast she would willingly have poured forth in song, but the power was denied to her. Yes, gladly would she have sung as do the cuckoo and the nightingale in spring. Our gracious Lord, who hears the mute worm's hymn of praise, understood the thanksgiving that lifted itself up in the tones of thought, as the psalm floated in David's mind before it resolved itself into words and melody.

As weeks passed on these unexpressed feelings

of gratitude increased. They would surely find a voice some day, with the first stroke of the wing, to perform some good act. Might not this happen?

Now came the holy Christmas festival. The peasants raised a pole close by the old wall, and bound an unthrashed bundle of oats on it, that the birds of the air might also enjoy the Christmas, and have plenty to eat at that time which was held in commemoration of the redemption brought to mankind.

And the sun rose brightly that Christmas morning, and shone upon the oat-sheaf, and upon all the chirping birds that flew around the pole; and from the wall issued a faint twittering. The swelling thoughts had at last found vent, and the low sound was a hymn of joy, as the bird flew forth from its hiding-place.

The winter was an unusually severe one. The waters were frozen thickly over; the birds and the wild animals in the woods had great difficulty in obtaining food. The little bird, that had so recently left its dark solitude, flew about the country roads, and when it found by chance a little corn dropped in the ruts, it would eat only a single grain itself, while it called all the starving sparrows to partake of it. It would also fly to the villages and towns, and look well about; and where kind hands had strewed crumbs of bread outside the windows for the birds, it would eat only one morsel itself, and give all the rest to the others.

At the end of the winter the bird had found and given away so many crumbs of bread, that the number put together would have weighed as much as the loaf upon which little Inger had trodden in order to save her fine shoes from being soiled; and when she had found and given away the very last crumb, the gray wings of the bird became white, and expanded wonderfully.

"It is flying over the sea!" exclaimed the children who saw the white bird. Now it seemed to dip into the ocean, now it arose into the clear sunshine; it glittered in the air; it disappeared high, high above; and the children said that it had flown up to the sun.

AN EXPERIENCE.

My father moved to Minnesota in the spring of '56. I was then a gay and somewhat scrawny girl of thirteen years. I remember, when he helped me to climb up the wheel into the great wagon where mother, the baby, and Dave had already been ensconced, father said, with that tone into which the voice slides so easily when we are breaking away from homes,

"You'll be a woman, Nora, before you see old Illinois again."

It was a strange subject of contemplation for such a time, when the heart was full of the old memories that cluster around the humblest home; when the eyes of all of us were swimming in tears; and the first miles of our long journey were being wended. But still I could not help reflecting on those words of my father, "You'll be a woman, Nora."

What great change was this, upon the threshold of which I was now standing; so much an era in the life of us that father—my brown, hard-working father—used it, half-unconsciously, as the measurement of time, the date of an epoch?

I think we are apt to seek a new, though kindred, channel of thought when the last good-by has been said, and the rumbling of wheels reminds us that the partings are really over at last. The soul has been so long busy with this ever-approaching climax of tears and grief, that when once the die is cast it turns willingly from under the special pressure to some untried, contemplative phase.

And so as the wagon wound along the road—while father was watching the retreating home-scenes, and mother was drying her eyes with very doubtful success—I sat and wondered what was before me. What would this wild, ungainly, restless, homely girl be as a woman? What untried, undreamed-of path would open before me by-and-by? Should I love to clamber fences then? Should I love to sit and watch the lightning and listen to the thunder? Should I love lambs, and chickens, and little pigs? And would it be the height of my ambition then, as now, to jump the rope a greater number of times than any body else could, and play the leaf-and-comb harpsichord better than even Jim Lane, the boy music king? I can scarcely tell where my thread of thought, unwinding, would have led me, had not the stout voice of John, my elder brother, who was pedestrianizing behind the family coach, burst out with—

"Father, you've left the saw, and the axe, and them two scythes!"

Father drew in the reins, looked thoughtful a moment, stood up on the tongue, and gazed back down the road, glanced at mother, and then said, with a sigh,

"Well, I'm sorry; they's worth five dollars—an' money'll be scarce in the new country; but I —*I can't go back.*"

So we jogged along.

Our turn-out was of the popular pattern, for which, fortunately, no patent has been taken. A broad, roomy wagon on stout wheels, covered with white cloth stretched upon arched poles, and forming a canopy suggestive of the "milky way," filled with boxes of clothing, barrels of provisions, and divers cooking utensils, the whole drawn by a pair of stout though somewhat scraggy farm-horses.

I will not attempt to give the panorama of our long, slow journey over so many hundred miles in such vicissitudes of weather, cooking our well-eaten meals in the open air, and sleeping within the half-shelter under storm as well as starlight. When night came father would drive out one side of the road, unhitch the horses, and then prepare for the cooking of supper. Mother was just as good a housewife there as in our snug kitchen at home. Every thing was as clean as it could be; the biscuits were white and feathery; and the tea-kettle swinging from the cross stick on the crotches, sang the identical old song that it sung in "Illinoi." Father always gave thanks over these out-door meals; and I used to notice, or fancy I noticed, more softness in his rugged tones than ever before.

One night—we had been out many weeks, had entered Minnesota, and were some forty miles west of the Falls of St. Anthony, in the broad belt of timber which reaches across that section of the country: John and Dave were out shooting pigeons, tea and biscuits were being served and eaten with the usual relish—suddenly a man on horseback pulled up before us with the words:

"For God's sake come and help us, if you know any thing about doctoring! He's bleeding to death, Carl is. Quick! Come quick!"

Father was slowly gathering himself together with the gravity which comes of years and hard work, when I, strung to nervous quickness by the man's manner and story, ran to one of the horses, scrambled to his back, and galloped away to the scene of the disaster. I found a young man bleeding to death, as the messenger had said—a cut across the arm severing the brachial artery. Thanks to my reading, I knew what to do. Putting my finger in the gash from which the blood was spouting, I pressed the lips of the artery together, and the flow of blood ceased. Further than this I knew little or nothing. Another of the party had gone in the direction of a man living a few miles back, who had the reputation of being a physician. I had stopped the flow of blood. So far I was safe. More I would not attempt. So I sat on the ground beside him, and held my finger on the artery—holding his life there with my fore-finger.

Not less than two hours elapsed before the doctor came, and all that time I sat with my finger on the crevice through which his life blood had oozed away. He was very weak and pale.

Sometimes he would lie with his eyes quite closed and the breathing scarcely perceptible. Again he would turn his face toward me, and, fastening his eyes, seem to study me; much as an invalid will study the paper on the walls. He was very patient in waiting, and appeared very grateful for my timely coming and care.

Though brown and rough with exposure, yet his arm was smoothly fashioned, and his hands were rather small for a man of executive life. I wondered while I sat there what kind of a life I had saved—if it were indeed saved. Was this man beside whom I was kneeling—these muscles, lips, eyes—a living power for good and virtue and truth, or was I checking the outflow of a sort of self-life of which the ashes would be scarcely less valuable than the perfect structure before me? I wondered:

> Who was his father?
> Who was his mother?
> Had he a sister?
> Had he a brother?
> Or was there a dearer one
> Still, and a nearer one
> Yet, than all other.

What made the man look at me so? Was it because I looked so odd and ugly and wild? I didn't care; I had saved his life, any way. Surely he need have little concern for the looks of the girl who was holding his heart-beat under her finger, be she never so ugly.

At length the doctor arrived. I was released, and the wound was dressed.

Life had so nearly ebbed that it was quite necessary to have gentle care for a few days; and as there were no women in the depths of that forest within many miles, mother would have us remain and rest, that she might care for the stranger. Father was not unwilling, for he said:

"'Tain't no use to overdrive and worry ourselves; and then, agin, it's no loss to eny body to help a young fellow like him to live."

We staid four days. I remember nothing remarkable about it, except that the stranger became lively and interesting as he grew stronger, and that mother and father both liked him. They seemed to regard him as a superior in some way. I liked him too. But then I was only a child; and mother had always taught me to be unobtrusive and quiet in the presence of strangers. I used to wait on him a great deal though, and often read to him, and answered his questions concerning the books which had fallen in my way. I thought him rather inquisitive sometimes. But then he seemed to know so much; it gave him a sort of right to be free with simple people like us, and especially with an uncouth child like myself. I used to wonder what made him look at me so much—not rudely, but with a studying expression; full of good breeding, but earnest. Intuitively I knew that he was reading me. Me! I hoped he liked it.

When we left him, father gave minute descriptions of the locality which he designed to select as our future home. It was to be on such a "quarter-section," in such a "township," and on such a "range."

"I shall find you all again," he said, as we rolled away.

Some disappointment concerning the land upon which father had intended to settle, together with rather glowing accounts of a more northern section of the country, produced an important change in his plans and in the final location of our home.

If there were time to give them, the rough vicissitudes of three years of pioneer life would be suggestive of some descriptions in which the writer, if not the reader, would take an interest. There was hard work for father—borne stoutly and cheerily, however. Those great forest trees came crashing down one by one, spreading more and more of the sky above us, and, with their smoulderings in heaps, filling the air with a perfume which soon came to have a touch of home in it.

Mother made the log-cabin a very comfortable place indeed—a tidy, lovable, attractive home, for us of simple tastes and habits. Mother and I had full superintendence of the garden; and not unfrequently browned our faces in keeping it free from weeds. For myself, I was given more liberty than I should have taken, perhaps; but I loved so well to roam under the trees, in search of flowers and curiosities, that I fear I sometimes forgot the house and garden work at home.

I lived rather an unrestrained, rather a wild life, in keeping with my rollicking tendencies.

While the three years were going by I used to wonder sometimes when I should be a woman—a woman in that sense of the word which implies a consciousness of a different style of nature and existence. Father would often speak of me as a young woman now; the dresses of three years ago were quite outgrown; the little broken mirror—all we could boast—told a story of more symmetrical features and a deeper life in my face; travelers, who often came that way, treated me with a consideration never evinced toward a child; rustic young men were shy of me; and yet it seemed to me that I was the same untamable girl I had ever been.

Laughingly, I said to father one day,

"I guess I shall see 'Illinoi' before I'm a woman after all, unless I get sobered suddenly."

He only looked up with an expression of honest pride in his good, fatherly face. We are not the least alike, yet I love my father dearly.

Mother said to me one day, as we sat sewing in the breeze by the open door-way,

"I've got something to tell you, child."

I saw, by the slightest possible catching of the breath and constraint of tone, that the subject was embarrassing.

I dropped my work upon my lap, folded my hands, and looked up. Mother broke the ice with one of those sudden blows which her quick hand knew how to deal.

"Mr. Brock wants to marry you."

"Me!" and darting out the door-way I ran down the path, and then walked hurriedly into the forest. I wandered about, breaking twigs from the bushes, hunting for bear-tracks and flowers, till I was calm as well as tired. And yet every thought took form in the ejaculation, "Me!" In two hours I returned. Mother was sitting in the same spot. I took my seat and my work, and for a little time we worked away quietly.

"He is a likely young man."

I said nothing.

"Your father says his clearing is one of the best within ten miles, and is sure to give him a good, comfortable living, besides making him well off by-and-by, when the country gets settled."

"But he's so much older than I; and then I'm only a girl, and am so happy here at home, mother."

"You won't want to live at home always, child. You will be happier to have a home of your own; and Mr. Brock is safe and good and substantial."

"But I don't love him."

"You will, child."

We sat still a long while, and when we put aside our work to prepare for tea, mother said only,

"Think it over, my daughter."

I thought it over. He was good, and I liked him. If I didn't love him, it was equally true that I loved nobody else, and was not likely to. Mother wished it, and perhaps I had better. Oh, if I could only love, so as to be free from this misgiving! The next Sabbath morning I said:

"I guess I had better, mother."

She came and put her arms about me, and when I dropped my face on her breast, kissed my forehead very tenderly.

A month or two after this, while out in the forest—rambling, reading, and thinking—Ponto, my guardian, suddenly burst away from me with most vociferous barkings, and before I could control him was beyond reach of my voice. I saw one of a company of travelers level a gun at him. Another knocked the muzzle up at just the right instant, and the spent shot fell rattling through the leaves about me.

I thanked the preserver of my dog; and when they asked me for a night's resting-place, pointed to our little log-house.

While they were at the table, I sat in the fire-light with a vague sense of unrest on my spirits. The frame of mind was new to me, indescribably vague and yet positive. It seemed as though a new life were struggling with the old life—as though the chrysalis of childhood were being broken. I think it was; for when I rose to remove the dishes from the table, a pair of calm, clear eyes went with me round the room, were visible whichever way I turned, burned into my being until my face flushed and my temples throbbed.

The face was very different. The bearing firm and commanding rather than weak and listless.

I would give no sign of recognition—not I.

When the others retired he lingered to talk with father, he said. Then he electrified father and mother as well as Dave and John by making himself known. Gave us all a hearty grasp of the hand. I never trembled so before; and I didn't look up at all. Though I dared not look at mother, yet I saw her dear motherly eyes fixed on me with sweet concern. I do not wonder. I look back to that evening now as a translation—as one would look upon a lightning transfer from the snows to the tropics.

That was four months ago. Carl says that his watching me, when I cared for him in his weakness, was because he read in my girl-face and girl-talk a promise of what he thinks he has in fulfillment now.

He says, Carl *can not* be right on this point—that he saw in me a native power and sensibility which would fit me for the position to which he could bring me. I try—for him.

He says he searched for us far and wide, and was never at rest till he found us.

Carl says I am beautiful now; I wish it were *really true*, for his sake.

I am Carl's wife; and he loves me.

Captain Brand,

OF THE

SCHOONER "CENTIPEDE,"

A PIRATE OF EMINENCE IN THE WEST INDIES;

His Loves and Exploits,

TOGETHER WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE SINGULAR MANNER BY WHICH HE DEPARTED THIS LIFE.

By LIEUT. H. A. WISE, U.S.N.

(HARRY GRINGO),

AUTHOR OF "LOS GRINGOS" AND "TALES FOR THE MARINES."

PART II.

CHAPTER XXIX.

LAYING UP THE STRANDS.

It was in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-two, and in the broad and commodious harbor of Kingston, a great mercantile haven, crowded with shipping from all parts of the commercial globe; land-locked by reef and ridge, with the rocks and heights crowned by frowning batteries of heavy cannon; while beyond was spread the lower and upper town, in masses of low two-story buildings, with piazzas, bright green jalousies, stately palm, tamarind, and cocoa-nut trees waving above them. At the mouth of the harbor strait, where stands Fort Augusta, lay a magnificent double-banked American frigate, with a broad blue swallow-tailed pennant at her main, standing out stiff, like a dog-vane, from the lofty mast, as the ship rode to the strong sea-breeze.

The stays and rigging came down from trucks, cross-trees, and tops, in straight black lines, from the great length of lower masts and enormously square yards fore and aft, and from side to side, till they met the long majestic hull and taper head booms; while below were two rows of ports with the guns run out and the brass tompions gleaming in their muzzles. The awnings were spread in one flat extended sheet of white cotton canvas from bowsprit to taffrail, and from the wide-spread lower booms at the fore-chains boats were riding by their painters. Within a cable's length of the frigate's black quarter lay a low rakish schooner, like a minnow alongside a whale, with a thin little coach-whip streaming from her main-mast head, a long brass gun amidships, and looking as trig and tidy as a French maid beside her portly mistress.

The bell struck in twin notes eight on board the frigate, echoed back from the pigmy near in a faint double succession of tinkles; the whistles rescunded from deck to deck in ear-splitting notes, surging and chirruping all together, and then suddenly ceasing with a rattling beat of a drum and a short bellow of "Grog, ho!"

Between the guns of the main deck, and about the spar-deck battery forward of the main-mast, sat five hundred lusty sailors on the white decks around their mess cloths, bolting hot pea-soup after their grog, and chatting and laughing in a devil-may-care sort of a strain, as if the grub was good and the timbers sound, as they were, of the stanch frigate beneath them.

On the flush quarter-deck of the frigate, by the raised signal lockers abaft, stood a bronzed old quarter-master, a spy-glass resting on his arm, through which every minute he peered around the harbor, giving an eye, too, occasionally to the half-hour glass, whose sands dribbled steadily into the lower bulb on the locker beside him.

What cared he?—no wife or child to cheer him! No cares save but to see that the ensign did not roll foul of the halyards, that the broad pennant blew out straight, that the half-hour glass did not need turning, and that no boat approached the frigate without his reporting it to the officer of the watch. Naught else save, perhaps, whether the other old quarter-master, down below there on the gun-deck, had wiped from his lips the moisture of the mid-day grog, and would be up in time to take the relief while the pea-soup was warm. Nothing else!

The lieutenant of the watch briskly paced the solid deck, scrubbed white as milk with lime juice and molasses, the even seams between the planks glistening like the strands of a girl's raven tresses as his profane and rapid feet pressed upon them. What thought he in his careless walk, with the gleaming bunch of bullion on his right shoulder, sword by his side, white trowsers, and gilt eagle buttons on his navy-blue coat?

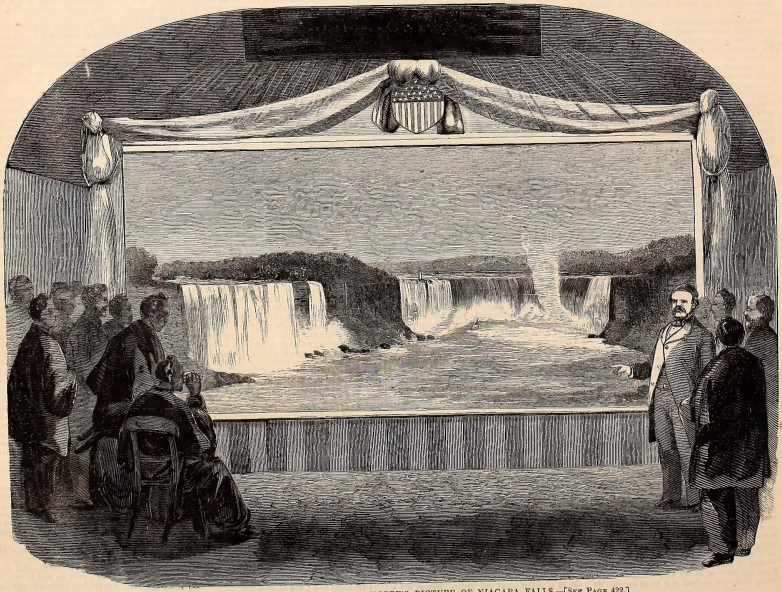
He was thinking how his pittance of pay would support, in a scrimpy way, his poor mother and sister, who looked up to him as their only hope and refuge. And he thought, too, as he tramped that noble deck, made glorious by many a battle and victory in which he had borne an humble part, that his rich and powerful country would eventually reward him with increased pay and promotion. Was the single dollar which lay all alone in his trowsers pocket, and the light mist which arose off there beyond the Apostle's Battery, opposite Port Royal Harbor, an evidence of one or a sign of the last aspiration? We hope not; but we shall see.

Three or four midshipmen, too, pranced over that frigate's white quarter-deck, on the port side, in their blue jackets and duck trowsers. Little gay madcaps they were, scarcely well into their teens, with little glittering toasting-forks of dirks dangling at their sides and ready for any lark or mischief.

"Two bells, Sir," said the quarter-master to the officer of the watch.

"Very good! Young gentlemen, tell the boatswain to turn the hands to, and have the barge manned. Let the first lieutenant and the

THE RACER "NICHOLAS," WINNER OF THE FOUR-MILE RACE.—DRAWN BY T. C. CARPENDALE.—[SEE PAGE 422.]



THE JAPANESE EMBASSADORS VIEWING THORPE'S PICTURE OF NIAGARA FALLS.—[SEE PAGE 422.]

CAPTAIN JOHN VINE HALL, THE COMMANDER OF THE "GREAT EASTERN."
[FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.—SEE PAGE 422.]

marine officer know that the Commodore is going to leave the ship. There, no lurking on the quarter-deck, Mr. Mouse!"

This last command was addressed to a tiny youngster who was hardly big enough to go without pantalets, much less to wear a jacket and order half a hundred huge sailors about who were old enough to be his great-grandfathers. But yet that small lad did it, and could steer a boat, too, or fly about like a ribbon in a high wind up there in the mizzen-top, while the men on the yard were taking the last reef in the topsail.

"Go down to the cabin, Sir, and let the Commodore and his friend know the boat is ready!"

Down the ladder shipped Mr. Mouse, and while he was gone the guard, in their white summer uniform and cross-belts, stood at ease resting on their muskets on the quarter-deck, eight side-boys and the boatswain at the starboard gangway, with the first lieutenant and the officer of the watch standing near.

Presently there came up from the after-cabin hatchway a fine, handsome man in the very prime of life, in cocked hat, full-dress coat, a pair of gleaming epaulets, sword by his hip, and his nether limbs cased in white knee breeches, silk stockings, and pumps. The one who followed him was apparently a much older man, with grizzled locks, a dark stern face, and without epaulets. The first raised his hat as he stepped on the quarter-deck—not a thread of silver was seen in his dark hair—and then both bowed to the officers, who saluted them as they moved toward the gangway. The boatswain piped, the marines presented arms, the drum gave three quick rolls, and the Commodore went over the gangway preceded by his companion.

CHAPTER XXX.

OLD FRIENDS.

The barge left the side of the frigate, a broad blue pennant with white stars on a staff at her bow, with fourteen handsome picked sailors to man her, all in clean white frocks and trowsers, with straw-hats and flowing black ribbons around them, on which was stamped in gold letters *Mosquyhata*.

The double bank of white ash oars flashed in the rippling waves of the harbor as the barge was urged over the water, the current scething and hissing under her bows, and bubbling from her wake as she flew on toward the town. In a mahogany box at the stern sat a burly whiskered coxswain, who, as he swayed to the stroke of the oars while his hand grasped the brass tiller as he steered amidst the shipping. The Commodore had settled himself down under the boat's awning on the snow-white covered cushions in the stern sheets, and, with one foot resting on the elegant ash grating beneath, he began to talk to the grave gentleman who sat opposite to him.

"It is many a long year since I last visited this superb harbor, but I remember it as if it were yesterday. You never were here before, I think? No? Well, if any of the old set I once knew, when I was first lieutenant of the old *Scourge*, are yet alive, we shall have a pleasant time!

"One fine fellow," went on the Commodore, "I know is; his name is Piron. I had a note from him as soon as the frigate anchored yesterday, and I shall ask him to dine sociably with me on board this evening. I hope you will join us."

The grave gentleman said that he had business which would detain him on shore all night.

The barge swept up to the mole, the oars were thrown up at a wave of the coxswain's hand, and came into the boat on either side like shutting up a pair of fans, while the boat-hooks checked her way, and she remained stationary at the steps of the landing. The awning was canted, the Commodore and his friend got out and mounted the stairway, while the boat's crew stood up with their hats off. On the mole were four or five people in light West India rig of brown and white and broad Guayaquil sombreros.

"Cleveland!" exclaimed a tall handsome man, as he seized the Commodore by both hands, "how glad we are to see you! Here is Tom Stewart, and Paddy Burns, and little Don Stingo, attorneys, factors, and sugar boilers; all of us delighted to welcome you back once more to Jamaica!"

Crowding about the Commodore, shaking hands and slapping one another on the back, standing off a step or two to see the effect of time on each other's appearance, laughing heartily with many a happy allusion to days gone by, those old friends and former companions, unmindful of the hot sun, stood there with their faces lighted up and talking all together.

"And you are a Commodore, eh! Cleveland, with a broad pennant and a squadron? Ah! we have kept the run of you, though. Read all about that action you were in in the *Experier* and *Provident*, and that bloody battle in the *Essex* at Valparaiso with Porter. And here you are again, safe and sound and hearty!"

"And you too, Piron! The same as ever! Not tired of cane-planting yet? But how is Madame?"

"Lovely a girl as ever, Cleveland, but never entirely got over that sad loss of the little boy, you know. However, she will be overjoyed to see you. She's been talking of you ever since we saw your appointment to the station fifteen months ago. Apropos, we have her widowed sister with us, whose husband was killed at Waterloo, and our little niece who came from France. All out there at the old place of Escondido, where you must come and pass a week with us. Nay, man, no excuse! The thing is arranged, and it would be the death of Stingo, Tom Stewart, and Paddy Burns if you disappoint us."

"Well, Piron, I am your man, but not for a day or two, until I have made some official calls here on the authorities. Meanwhile, gentlemen, you all dine with me this evening on board the frigate; every mother's son of you! Coxswain, go on board and tell my steward to have dinner for six. Stay you in the schooner as you go off, and say to Mr. Davenant that I shall expect him to join us. Now, my friends, that matter is arranged, and we will all go off in the barge at sunset."

"Dry talking, isn't it, Stingo?" said Piron; "so Commodore, come, and we'll have a sip of sangaree and a deviled biscuit to keep our mouths in order. But, hallo! where is your friend, Cleveland? that tall man in black? Parson or chaplain, eh?"

"No," replied the officer, "an old friend of mine, my brother-in-law, who takes a cruise with me occasionally; but he never goes in society, and has taken himself off, as he always does, when we get in port. He is a glorious fellow though, and I hope to present him to you yet! Never mind him now."

Arm in arm went the blue coat and bullion, locked in white grass sleeves, along the busy quays, crowded with mule-carts and drays for stores or shipping. Spanish Dons, dapper Frenchmen, burly John Bulls, standing at warehouse and posadas, all with cigars in their teeth, which they puffed so lazily that the smoke scarcely found its way beyond the brims of their wide sombreros. Negroes, too, with scanty leg gear, and still scantier gingham shirts, having bales or boxes or baskets of fruit on their heads, never any thing in their hands, chattering and laughing one with another, as they danced and jostled along the busy mart. Then through the hot, sandy ruts of streets, pausing now and then to shake hands with some old acquaintance beneath the overhanging piazzas; sedan-chairs moving about with a negro in a glazed hat and red cockade at either end of the poles, in a long easy trot, as they bore their burdens of Spanish matron or English damsel, or maybe a portly old Judge or gouty Admiral, on a shopping or business excursion to the port. So on to the upper town, where the dwellings stand in detachments by themselves—single or in pairs, with spacious balconies and bright green Venetian blinds, all screened by gardens and vines; with noble tamarind-trees and cocoa-nuts swaying their lofty trunks and rattling their branches and leaves over the negro huts and offices below. Here the party stopped, and entering a house, were ushered into a cool, lofty room where there were a lot of mahogany desks and a single old clerk, who resembled a last year's dried lemon with some few drops of acid juice for blood, perched up on a hard stem of a high stool, with four or five quill pens, like so many thorns, sticking out above his yellow leafy ears.

"All by myself here, Cleveland, as I told you. All my people are living out there at Escondido. Very little business doing just now, and Paddy Burns and Tom Stewart haven't had a suit or a fight for the last six months. Inkstands dry, and my old clerk, Clinker, there, has forgotten how to write English.

"However," went on Piron, as the party threw themselves back on the wicker arm-chairs and enjoyed the breeze which fluttered merrily through the blinds, "the cellar isn't quite dry yet; and I say, Clinker, suppose you tell Nimble Jack, or Ring Finger Bill, to spread a little luncheon here, with a bottle or two of Bordeaux, or something of that sort?" The dried, fruity old gentleman dropped off his branch at the desk like a withered nut, and then, with a husky kind of shriek, hereon himself off.

"Queer old stick that!" said the Commodore, as he unbuckled his sword and laid it on the table.

"Ah! he grew here, and will blow away one of these days. My father used to tell me that he looked just the same when he first arrived as he does now. But he is a dear, faithful old stump; and you must remember hearing, Cleveland, of that frightful earthquake here in seventeen hundred and eighty-three, which killed so many people? Well, it was Clinker's mother who saved my sweet wife—that is now—and her sister; though no was nearly squeezed—dryer, if any thing, than he is now—in doing it. He lay, you know, Stingo, supporting the whole second story of the house for seven hours, pressed as flat as a tamarind-leaf while they were getting those twin babies out of their cradle. Yes, God bless him! But what is more, he threw himself precisely where he did, as he saw the walls giving way, so that not a hair of those children should be injured when the beams came down. My father has told me since, that when they got a lever under the timber and wedged old Clinker out, he gave a kind of crackle; but in my opinion he has not drawn a breath from that day to this. And, generally, he is a very taciturn old coot, and rarely opens his rind; but latterly he talks a good deal about the earthquake; says he's sure there'll be another awful one before an interval of forty years has passed, and wants us to go away. No objection, however, to coming back when the thing is over, and then waiting forty years for another. Don't laugh, you Paddy Burns, for if ever the *Trombler* gives you one little shake, you'll jump higher than you did when that ugly Frenchman ran you through your waistcoat-pocket, and you thought it was your midriff. Now, Tom Stewart and Don Stingo, what are you grinning about? Your teeth will chatter so that the next quake that you won't, either of you, be able to deliver a charge to the jury over a false invoice, or such another drop of old Anigua rum."

"But really, Piron," broke in the Commodore upon this voluble harangue, "do you give heed to these backings of that old clerk?"

"Why, yes, Cleveland," replied Piron, with rather a grave manner, "I do; and, moreover, my sweet wife Rosalie out yonder, who has never got over her grief for the loss of our boy, regards every word old Clinker says as so much prophecy; and the upshot of the business is, I have made up my mind to leave the island."

"For where, my friend?—back to France?"

"No. Since the war and the peace, with Bonaparte at St. Helena, France is no place for an Englishman, even with a French father, and I am going to try America."

"Truly, Piron, I am charmed to hear it. But what part of America?"

"Why, I've bought a fine sugar estate at a bargain in Louisiana, and there we shall pass the remainder of our days."

"He! he!" sniggled Tom Stewart, while Don Stingo and Paddy Burns cackled incredulously; but at the same moment Ring Finger Bill and Nimble Jack, two jet-black persons, in loose striped gingham shirts and bare feet, with an attempt at a grave expression of well-lighted coffee coolers, the whites of their eyes turned up with becoming decorum, and preceded by the old stump of a clerk, who seemed to exhale in the sea-breeze as he again hung himself, stern on, to his stool of a trunk, entered the cool counting-house, bearing trays, fruits, and bottles, which they methodically arranged on the large table.

"Massa! him want small, red, plump snapper, make mizzible brile?" said Nimble Jack.

"Sposee Massa Ossifa him pick shell of land crab, wid cripy pepper for salad?"

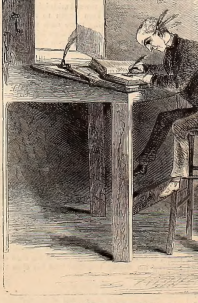
"No, no! Put those cool water monkeys on the table and begone! Come, Clinker, take a bite with us!"

Leaving this pleasant party to sip their claret and water, and nibble their mid-day food, while they rambled back to the past or schemed into the future, we will return to the frigate.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE COMMANDER OF THE "ROSALIE."

"THE *Rosalie's* gig coming alongside, Sir," reported the quarter-master to the officer of the watch.



"QUEER OLD STICK THAT!" SAID THE COMMODORE.

"Very well. A boatswain's mate and two side-lights, Mr. Bat, have the barge manned and send her on shore for the Commodore. Mr. Martin, tell the boatswain to call all hands furl awnings."

While these orders were being executed, the whistles ringing through the ship, the sailors lining the white hammocks, stowed in a double line, fore and aft, around the nettings of the frigate, in readiness to cast off the stops and lacings and let fall the awnings, the officer on deck stood near the gangway. At the same time three striped jackets appeared alongside, lightly touching the snowy main-ropes, a young fellow of about one-and-twenty, dressed in undress frock-coat, one spangle, smooth white trousers, and shoes. Catching up his sword in his left hand as he reached the upper grating of the ladder, he took off his blue, gold-banded cap, and half bounded, with a springy step, on to the frigate's deck.

Observe him well, young ladies, as he stands there; for of all the scarlet or blue jackets, on whose arm you have leaned and looked up at with your soft violet, blue, or dark eyes, and never saw a young fellow that you would sooner give those eyes, or those warm hearts too, than bring under your bodices, or who would drive you wilder to possess him, than that gallant young sailor-officer of the *Mosquito*'s deck.

Ay, observe him well, that tall, graceful youth, with a waist you might span with one of your short plump arms; those slim patrician hands that might wear your own little satin slippers; then that swelling chest and those elegantly-turned shoulders — which will take both arms, each one of these days, to entwine and clasp around them! Ah, but the round throat and chin, the smiling mouth, and hiding a double row of pearl teeth, with the merest moonshine of a mustache darkening the short upper lip, and then those large, fearless blue eyes, sparkling with health and fun, shaded by a mass of chestnut curls and clusters about his clear, open forehead. *Ay*, there he stands, "a king and a kingdom" for the girl who wins him!

"Well, Harry, give us your fist, my boy! How do you get on aboard your prize? Not so roomy as the old frigate, eh? And a little more work than you were playing lord-and-master-ant, eh? Well, glad to see you, but can't stop to talk. So jump down below there in the gunroom, change your pea jud through a dinner, and yours won't be ready for an hour yet. Come, bear a hand, or I'll let these awnings fall on your new gold jacket!"

The new-comer tripped as lightly down the ladder to the gun-deck as Mr. Mousse, and making another dive down to the berth-deck, exchanging a rapid volley of pleasantry with the midshipmen in the steerage, he opened the wardroom door and entered. There, in a large open space transversely dividing the stern of the ship, with rows of lattice-domed state-rooms on either side, lighted by open sky-lights from above, with a barrel of a wind-sail coming down between the sashes, and every thing, from beam to bulkheads, painted a glistening white, and the deck so clean that you might have rubbed your handkerchief on it without leaving a stain on the sambrie, around a large extension mahogany table stretching from side to side, the cloth removed, decanters and wine-glasses here and there, and water monkeys in flannel jackets hanging like criminals from a gallows from the beams under the gun-room mess of the frigate.

"By all that's handsome, here's Darcenteil! Why, Harry, we are delighted to see you!" exclaimed half a dozen voices; "come, sit down here and take a glass of wine with us!"

As the handsome young fellow entered the ward-room all faces lighted up as they saw him. The old sailing-master, who seldom indulged in more than a scowl since he lost his right ear by the stroke of a cutlass in capturing the tender to the *Flamingo*, seventy-four, off the Hills of Navesink; the rigid old major of marines, who pipe-clayed his very knuckles and wore a stiff sheet-cording for his stock to expose every dip-cipline in the guard; the dear, kind old surgeon, who swallowed calomel pills by the pint, out of pure principle, and who lopped off a leg and had felt yellow-fever pulses all through the still watches of the night, with as much ease as your look of encouragement; and the staid old chaplain, who had often assisted the surgeon and helped to fill bandages, cautiously into own cotton hose for the purpose when those governments stores gave out in battle, and who never smiled, even when committing a murder to the briny deep; the purser, too, prim and businesslike, looking, as if he were a complicated key with an immense lock of his own strong chest, calculating perpetually the amount of dollars deposited to charge, the total of pay to be deducted therefrom, and never making a mistake save when he overcharged the dead men for chewing tobacco; and the gay, young, carrying Lieutenants, who never did any thing else but laugh, unmindful of navigation, pipe-clay, pills, purses, or pursers, though standing momentarily in awe of the sharpish, exacting executive officer at the head of the table, all welcomed, each in his private way, the bright, generous, young blade who dawned upon them. And not only the mess were cheered by his presence, but also a troop of clean-trousered sable attendants, whose wide jaws stretched wider, while the whites of their eyes seemed painfully like splashes of whitewash on the outside of the galley coppers, as they nudged one another and saw-yaw'd quietly away aft there in the region of the pantry.

"Here, my salt-water pet, come and sit down by me where all those old fellows can see you," Stewart, a wing officer for Mr. Darcenteil. "What you won't take a sip of Tinta, and you can only stop a minute because you are to dine with your uncle the Commodore, eh? Well, I'll drink your uncle's health even if you don't!" said the first lieutenant, as he familiarly laid his hand on the young fellow's shoulder and drained his glass.

"Why, Harry, what the deuce did you come down here for?" squeaked out the purser, as he unscrewed his lips into a pleasant smile. "You've put an end to that interesting account the master was giving us of how he lay inside Sandy Hook for six months with a glass to his—"

"Mouth"—loud in the applause.

"It was Sam Jones the fisherman,
Who was bound to Sandy Hook:
But, alas! he missed the Annex,
A solemn oath he took—
That he would catch a load of clams!"

"Silence there, you roarer!" said the surgeon, as he popped a filbert into the wide mouth of the rubicund first lieutenant, while he cut his song short off. "Yes, Harry, that's what you have done in coming here for a minute. But stay a week with us and the master will tell it you again. We've heard it once or twice before."

The old grizzled sea veteran scratched the remains of his ear, and growled jocosely while nodding to young Darcenteil.

"Ah, my dear boy! and I'll tell you how the surgeon and nip-cheese there were entertained in a one-eyed Spaniard at Sandy Hook.

"Let's hear it!" roared every body, except the medico and purser. "Out with it, master!"

"Well, mess-mates, when we were in the old *Scourge*, a long time ago, one day we anchored in St. Jago de Cuba."

Here the surgeon and purser smiled horribly, and implored the grizzled old navigator not to go on; every body had heard that old story; he had told it with the monkey and rope until it require pills; or else there might be found a mistake in his pay account, and he would like, perhaps, to draw for the imaginary balance he due him, and to drink his grog and scratch the remains of his wide old ear, or pay attention to the load of clams waiting for him at Sandy Hook! But, for mercy's sake, don't repeat that silly, long, old yarn!

"Well, mess-mates, in less than an hour after we had anchored in St. Jago they went on shore to the governor's mansion to dine with the Spanish villain, with one eye, who invited them to make him a visit, and pass the evening on a fine estate he owned in the country, at the foot-hills. Hills, some distance—about four leagues, I believe—from the town. He was a most respectable person to look at, very rich, and remarried a Cuban guarda costa to boot. The Capitano Don Ignacio Sanchez—wasn't that his name, Doctor? Oh! you forget—he—all right! they started with a guide, on hired mules; but when they pulled up at their destination they found the bird had flown there, though they were handsomely entertained by the Señora—a comely, fat, and sprightly Indian lady, whose husband was also cursed her Don for sending people to see her, and the visitors too for coming. However, as her guests had not been invited, they behaved handfully on a supper of the smutiest jerked beef and garlic they had ever smelled. You told me so, Purser."

Both Pills and Purser had forgotten all about it, and thought it would be better to talk of something else; that there was plenty of good wine to drink, in place of drying his lips on such dusty old rubbish.

"Well, mess-mates, after the supper the old lady demanded a little game of monté, and she insisted, too, on making herself banker, though she had no money on the table to back her bets in case she lost—which she had no intention of doing. So she won every ounce, dollar, real, and centavo they had in their pockets! The Doctor and Purser told me they saw her cheat boldly; but what she not only begged off every, but she won their mules into the bargain!"

Here those individuals confessed roundly—standing on the defensive—that the old Señora had a false pack of cards always ready in her ample bosom, and had cheated them in the barest manner conceivable; but as they had no appeal, and were inclined, out of gallantry for the sex, to behave like gentlemen, nobly and like good soldiers.

"Well, mess-mates, toward midnight that hospitable old Señora—"

Here the surgeon began to abuse our friends for not bringing more cash with them when they visited ladies—and then fairly kicked them out of the house! The mules were left, so when I lent you the money to pay the boatmen, after being obliged to tramp all the way back to the ship, nearly missing their billets in the old *Scourge*."

"Go on, master! Tell us all about it; don't stop!"

"Well, mess-mates, I was on deck while beating out of the channel, and just abreast the Star Castle I heard with a long gentleman in the stern, stripped to a girt line, and howling at rather than hailing the ship. Bear in mind, Doctor, the men refused to take either of your boats, and gave them your coats and trowsers before shoving off. And now you remember, Hardy, how they yelled at us, and we thought they were desirters from that English gun-boat in St. Jago? And here the captain produced the pair of them, when they got on board for going out of signal distance? This is the first time I ever told this yarn," continued the old navigator, tugging away at the lobe of his lost ear.

The young lieutenants shouted, and the old major of marines, forgetful of his iron-stuffed stock, laughed till he nearly sawed his chin off, rubbing his chalky knuckles into his eyes the while.

"But first upon the Almanac
A solemn oath he took—
That he would catch a load of clams—"

"The barge is coming off, Mr. Hardy, with the pennant flying, Sir!" reported a reefer, in the midst of the conversation, to the first lieutenant, as he shoved his bright face through the ward-room door.

"Very good, Mr. Beaver; but hark ye, Sir! the next time you go ashore in the market-boat look sharp that the men don't suck the monkey. Three of them came off drunk this morning. And inform Mr. Est and Mr. Beaver that if I see their heels on the stern sheets of the cutter's cushions again I'll take a better look at them from the top-gallant cross-trees. You understand, Sir? Steward, a glass of wine for Mr. Beaver!" Saying this, the executive officer, with Harry Darcenteil, arose and went on deck to receive the Commodore.

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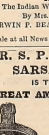

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. IV.—NO. 185.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1860. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

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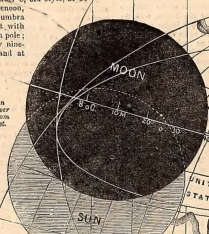
ECLIPSE OF THE SUN ON THE EIGHTEENTH JULY.

On 18th July inst. an eclipse of the sun will take place, which will be more or less visible throughout the United States and Canada. We publish below a diagram of the eclipse. The reader must bear in mind that it represents the degree of observation at New York; hence at all places north of this parallel the eclipse will be greater, while at all places south of New York it will be less than is represented in the diagram.

It is hardly necessary to observe that an eclipse of the sun is caused by the passage of the moon between the earth and the sun. The motions of the heavenly bodies being governed by fixed mathematical laws, each eclipse can be predicted with certainty. The first appearance of the eclipse of 18th inst. since the creation of the world (according to sacred chronology) was in the year A.D. 958, December 8, old style, at 10 o'clock 34 minutes *forenoon*, when the moon's penumbra just came in contact with the earth at the south pole; it has appeared every nineteenth year since, and at each return the moon's shadow passed across the earth from west to east a little further to the north at each return, until the year 1644, March 8, old style, when the centre of the moon's shadow passed a little to the north of the earth's centre (the moon being 14 minutes 46 seconds from her descending node, which was its 88th periodical return). It has continued to appear every nineteenth year since 1644, until this eclipse, which is its sixty-first periodical return. Its next appearance will be in 1878, July 29, at 3 o'clock 23 minutes in the morning, invisible in the United States. It will also appear again in 1896, August 9. It will continue to appear every nineteenth year until the year 2274, April 25, when the moon's shadow will just touch the earth at the north pole, which will be its seventy-sixth periodical and last appearance, until the expiration of 12,492 years, when it will come on again at the south pole, and go through a similar course. The velocity of the moon's shadow across the earth during the eclipse will be about 1850 miles an hour, or four times the velocity of a *cannon-ball*.



The moon passing over the sun from west to east.

DIAGRAM OF THE ECLIPSE OF THE SUN ON JULY 18, 1860.

THE PATH OF THE ECLIPSE.

The penumbra, or partial shadow of the moon, will first come in contact with the earth at the rising of the sun in the northern part of Texas, between the Indian Territory and New Mexico; it will then take a northeasterly and then a southeasterly course over the earth. The umbra, or total dark shadow of the moon, will first come in contact with the earth in the Pacific Ocean, one hundred miles west of the coast of Oregon, directly west of Oregon city, and a little to the southwest of the mouth of the Columbia River. It will then pass in a northeasterly direction over British America to Hudson's Bay, near Fort York, at the mouth of Nelson's River, crossing Hudson's Bay and Labrador to Cape Chidley, which will be the most favorable position on the Continent for observing the total eclipse. It will then enter the Atlantic Ocean, passing due east until nearly south of Cape Farewell, the southern cape of Greenland, where the sun will be totally eclipsed at noon of that place; it will then take a curved line toward the southeast, passing over the north of Spain, the Mediterranean Sea, Algiers, Tripoli, Fezzan, the southwestern corner of Egypt, into Nubia, where it will leave the earth near the Red Sea, a little before the setting of the sun at that place. The path of the umbra, in which the sun will be totally eclipsed, will be only about seventy miles in width; whereas the penumbra, in which the sun will appear more or less eclipsed, will extend from the Gulf of Mexico to 20 degrees upon the opposite side of the north pole, a distance of over six thousand miles. The umbra, in its passage over the earth, makes a curved line; this is caused by the spherical form of the earth. If the earth were a flat surface, the path of the umbra would then be a straight line from northwest to southeast, making an angle with the equator of 12 degrees. At all places south of the line of total eclipse the sun's northern limb will be eclipsed; but in Europe, England, Ireland, Greenland, Iceland, and the northern part of British America, the southern limb will be eclipsed.

HOW TO USE THE DIAGRAM.

The dark circular shade on the hemisphere represents the moon passing between the earth and sun; the shaded disk represents the sun partially eclipsed by the moon. To view this eclipse, as it will appear in the heavens, July 18, at 8 o'clock 10 minutes in the morning (New York time), face the east, take hold of the top of the diagram with your left hand, and the bottom with your right, with the back of the diagram toward the eye —incline the top of the diagram toward the north at an angle of about 45°, so that the north pole of the hemisphere will point as near as possible to the *North Star*; with the diagram in this position look through the back toward the sun at the time of the eclipse, and you will then have a true representation of the eclipse, and the exact position of the earth, moon, and sun at the time of the greatest obscuration, and the appearance it will present viewed through a smoked

glass—as the moon is continually passing to the east, it will first come in contact with the upper limb of the sun, passing down over the sun's disk toward the horizon in the direction of the line of the moon's orbit.

HOUR AT WHICH THE ECLIPSE WILL BE VISIBLE.

The following table will show the hour at which the eclipse will be visible at the various cities on this continent:

NAME OF PLACE	Eclipse begins	Middle of Eclipse	Eclipse ends.
Quebec, Canada East	6 26	8 09	9 52
Montreal, Canada East	6 37	8 17	9 57
Toronto, Canada West	6 47	7 43	8 48
Halifax, Nova Scotia	7 00	9 47	10 33
St. John, New Brunswick	6 46	8 57	10 9
Eastport, Maine	7 01	8 23	9 47
Bangor, Maine	7 02	8 26	9 50
Augusta, Maine	7 06	8 32	9 56
Portland, Maine	7 05	8 35	10 5
Concord, New Hampshire	7 07	8 21	9 35
Montpelier, Vermont	7 12	8 26	9 39
Boston, Massachusetts	7 22	8 36	9 49
Lowell, Massachusetts	7 20	8 30	9 41
Springfield, Massachusetts	7 29	8 31	9 33
Nantucket, Massachusetts	7 29	8 41	9 53
Providence, Rhode Island	7 18	8 30	9 42
Hartford, Connecticut	7 16	8 21	9 26
New Haven, Connecticut	7 16	8 10	9 10
New York, New York	7 11	8 04	8 58
Albany, New York	6 57	7 54	8 55
Rochester, New York	6 52	7 48	8 44
Buffalo, New York	7 7	8 6	9 5
Trenton, New Jersey	6 47	7 56	9 7
Des Moines, Iowa	5 56	6 54	7 51
Dubuque, Iowa	5 56	6 49	7 41
St. Paul, Minnesota	6 1	7 0	7 58
Madison, Wisconsin	6 18	7 11	8 4
Milwaukie, Wisconsin	6 23	7 18	8 27
Detroit, Michigan	6 40	7 36	8 31
Ann Arbor, Michigan	6 38	7 31	8 24
Chicago, Illinois	6 23	7 7	7 51
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania	6 50	7 55	8 59
Harrisburg, Pennsylvania	6 56	7 55	8 54
Pittsburg, Pennsylvania	6 46	7 37	8 28
Wilmington, Delaware	7 0	8 3	9 0
Baltimore, Maryland	6 56	7 58	9 0
Washington, Dist. of Col.	6 56	7 53	8 57
Charleston, Virginia	6 43	7 39	8 35
Richmond, Virginia	6 54	7 59	8 45
Norfolk, Virginia	7 0	8 10	9 20
Raleigh, North Carolina	6 59	7 51	8 33
Wilmington, N. Carolina	7 3	8 03	8 43
Columbia, South Carolina	6 40	7 29	8 17
Charleston, S. Carolina	6 47	7 33	8 19
Savannah, Georgia	6 41	7 27	8 13
Augusta, Georgia	6 40	7 25	8 10
Milledgeville, Florida	6 39	7 17	7 56
Tallahassee, Florida	6 29	7 4	7 40
Tuscaloosa, Alabama	6 8	6 57	7 44
Mobile, Alabama	6 13	6 53	7 33
Montgomery, Alabama	6 15	7 5	7 48
Jackson, Mississippi	5 49	6 40	7 23
New Orleans, Louisiana	6 00	6 51	7 38
Galveston, Texas	5 51	6 46	7 39
San Antonio, Texas	5 31	6 6	6 59
Little Rock, Arkansas	5 58	6 49	7 33
St. Louis, Missouri	5 58	6 51	7 45
Jefferson City, Missouri	5 49	6 45	7 37
Lawrence, Kansas Ter.	5 33	6 19	7 12
Cincinnati, Ohio	6 28	7 23	8 18
Columbus, Ohio	6 28	7 23	8 23
Indianapolis, Indiana	6 17	7 11	8 5
Springfield, Illinois	5 59	6 56	7 52
Galena, Illinois	5 47	6 43	7 29
Louisville, Kentucky	6 17	7 13	8 6
Frankfort, Kentucky	6 17	7 12	8 5
Shelbyville, Kentucky	6 18	7 13	8 8
Nashville, Tennessee	6 8	7 0	7 52
Knoxville, Tennessee	6 25	7 17	8 9

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1860.

THE PEACE OF EUROPE SECURED AGAIN.

ACCORDING to the German and French papers, the peace of Europe is once more secured. The interview between Napoleon and a number of German princes at Baden on 16th June settled the matter. Henceforth, armies may be disbanded, ships of war dismantled, and swords exchanged for pruning-hooks; for the *Moniteur* and the *Prussian Gazette* both aver that war is impossible, and fraternal amity a fixed fact.

If all this be true—if, by dining with the Prince of Prussia, taking tea with the Grand-Duchess of Baden, and spending a thousand francs in the carved wood-work for which the Baden mechanics are so justly famed, the Emperor Napoleon can prescribe Europe from the horrors of war, it is amazing that the expedient has not been tried before, and Napoleon's responsibility for having neglected it is enormous and appalling. He must be as great a wretch as that Satan in the Arabic tale who, having the power to stay the pestilence by raising his little finger, refused to raise it from pure laziness and indolence.

It may, however, be fairly doubted whether the German and French politicians are not expecting too much from the Baden meeting. Civil speeches between rival sovereigns are pleasant things to hear on 'Change and to read of in history; but have they ever averted wars? No potentate was so fond of royal conferences as Napoleon the First; but the most loving conversations between him and his brother sovereigns always led him to stay his arrival. Nor will it now be different. If a cause of war arises between France and Germany, all the tender interviews between them will float down the wind with other idle words.

The problem of the peace of Europe involves questions which no royal Conferences can determine. It is the fashion in England and in Germany to regard Napoleon as the natural distributer of the world's peace, and to assume that wars will last so long as he is on the throne of France. The same opinion prevailed with regard to his uncle, and, sure enough, there was no peace while he reigned; though whether he or his handed foes were the real promoters of the strife is still an open question. By-and-by, when the history of the Napoleonic era comes to be written philosophically, it will probably be discovered that the wars of the first, as the wars of the second Napoleon, were undertaken more from necessity than from choice: that uncle and nephew were mere Providential instruments in the great rebellion of democracy against established thrones and divine-right dispotisms. So long as the great cause of Europe can be maintained, it is the interest of Napoleon to maintain it; but when war becomes inevitable, it is vital to him to take a part in it. If the people of Europe were one and all satisfied with their governments; if no ridiculous wrongs were being perpetrated; if no Inquisitions; if secret consistory societies were obsolete, and the art of raising barricades lost, we may rest assured that Napoleon would prevent national prejudices from breeding wars, and would counsel his dynasty, strengthen his throne, enrich his people, develop his country, and ennoble his fame. But as the people of Europe are not satisfied with their governments; as atrocious despotisms still flourish, and revolutionary clubs still smoulder, it is necessary to believe that Napoleon will not break out sooner or later, and it would be fatal to Napoleon to remain a passive spectator of the broil.

It is quite probable that Napoleon may have touched upon this point in his conference with the German Princes, as he did in his communications with the Austrian Court before Solferino. If he did, and if these Princes have sense enough to act upon his advice, the final conflict may be postponed indefinitely. The constitutional experience of the hereditary sovereigns are rarely willing to relinquish peaceably that which they are educated to consider their own by divine right. It is highly improbable that these German Kings and Princes and Grand-Dukes will be self-sacrificing enough to avert the peril which threatens them. They will not consider revolution their natural enemy, which they are bound to crush out; and in parts of Germany revolution means freedom of speech and the right of general gatherings of individuals—any thing, in fact, which the Prince don't like.

When the hour comes for an uprising in Germany similar to that which we are now witnessing in Italy, the Baden Conference will no more save the German Princes than Napoleon's loving meeting with the Emperor Nicholas saved at the time of the Crimean war saved Austria in Northern Italy.

THE JUDGMENT IN THE NEW HAVEN RAILROAD CASE.

SEVEN years ago this summer Robert Schuyler absconded from New York, leaving behind him a record of 18,000 shares of New York and New Haven Railroad stock, for which he had obtained the money from innocent parties. He was Transfer Agent of the Company, and could *create* stock by merely affixing his name to the foot of a certificate. Shortly after the fraud became known the Company, which, of course, would have been vastly depreciated by the recognition of nearly $2,000,000 of additional stock) adopted some system of classification, by which it could say they could not recognize as valid from the spurious stock, and refused to recognize the latter in any way. The holders of the genuine stock, of course, maintained that it was stock they held, and who had no means of distinguishing it from the old stock, took the matter into Court, and last week Judge Ingraham rendered a decision, declaring the Company liable in damages for the overissue.

If this decision should be confirmed by the Courts of Appeal, it will be important, and valuable to all American securities. Whatever may be said about the hardship of making the widows and orphans who have invested through the New York and New Haven Company responsible for the frauds of Schuyler, there is no safety for the public outside of the doctrine that the acts of a properly-constituted agent bind his principal. Once establish the doctrine that the acts of a properly-constituted agent may be repudiated by the principal, and all faith in stocks and confidence will be at an end, and trade and enterprise will die out. On the other hand, establish the doctrine that constituted agents do principals and irrevocably bound by the acts of their properly-constituted agents, and confidence will be general and trade and enterprise thrive.

There is something applicable to the case in capitalist in the word repudiation. There are so many ways of cheating a creditor that, if even the dishonest debtor is not punished, every man will give him a chance. In Mississippi, the State pleaded that she had never received the money for the bonds it issued; Pennsylvania pleaded that their farm mortgages were illegal, the railroads having no power to take mortgages; in Pennsylvania and elsewhere, towns and counties pleaded that they had no legal right to borrow the money they had raised and spent; in Indiana, the plea was more poverty. But whatever the plea was, the result was the same—the creditor lost his money, at least for a time. Tenacious, persevering men, in such cases, sue their debtor, and patiently await the result. But how long? Seven years have elapsed since Schuyler's flight, and we are only at the first stage in the lawsuit! With such a prospect, what sensible man would think of lending any more money to such localities? And how are the people who live there to have their railroads and their other great public works built without public credit?

There are parts of this country where, it seems, nothing but a double-run and-run agitation will satisfy the people that honesty is the best policy.

THE LOUNGER.

VICTOR HUGO UPON SICILY.

In Disraeli's novel of "Henrietta Temple," when Ferdinand Armine meets Henrietta in the conservatory, the conversation falls upon Sicily, and gaily they talk. Armine falls into such expressive complimenting that Miss Temple is obliged to tell him that the strain of his conversation is excessively Sicilian.

We may all say the same of Victor Hugo's late speech at Jersey. It flows like Etna. It shows that he has Sicilian vineyards. It is sweet and stimulating like the wine of Marsala. It is a lyric of liberty; and it is the more difficult to imagine the effect of such an oration upon such a subject, by such a speaker, upon such an audience. No Fourth of July speech ever delivered could have equal surprise set it in fervor. It is even doubtful whether the presentation of the doctrine of liberty to an American audience would be as startling as the reports of the European patriots inflame the republicans. In fact, this speech of Victor Hugo's, and the tone and quality of the feeling with which we here, know most profoundly the differences of "peoples"—a word of which Victor Hugo is very fond, and which seems to be gradually supplanting the word nations.

The fundamental doctrine of this speech at Guernsey is the same as that of the Declaration of Independence—as the struggle of the Sicilians for independence, or the late Revolution, with the exception that it was incited by a leader not a native of the island, but of the same national blood. It is in Italian hands. It is an Italian revolt. If our Revolution was justified, how doubly, how infinitely so is this Sicilian insurrection! Victor Hugo stands the indictment against the Neapolitan tyrant.

"No words: here are the facts. Pay attention. Sicily—that is to say, slavery—bleeding history. The kingdom of Naples—that kingdom which now occupies our thoughts—has but a single instrument, the police. The police has but its undying commission. Two *sbirri*, Ajossa and Maniscalco, reign under the name of Ministers. Near Naples Maniscalco cudgels Sicily. But the cudgel is merely a Turkish weapon. This Government has, in addition, a Sicilian weapon, the Neapolitan torture. Yes, torture. Listen. A *sbirro*, Bruno, binds the accused with the head between the legs until he confesses. Another *sbirro*, Pontillo, fixes him upon an iron grating, beneath which he lights a fire. This is called the burning chair. Another *sbirro*, Luigi Romeo, is chairman of the chief, has invented an instrument into which the arms or the leg of the victim is introduced; a screw is turned, and the limb is crushed. This is called the 'Angelic Instrument.' Another suspends a man by the hands and feet between two walls, and then jumps on the wall and dislocates his body. There are also thumb-screws for crushing the fingers; a tourniquet for squeezing the head—an iron ring to be screwed, which almost forces the eyes out of its head. Sometimes a victim escapes. A man, named Cardinale, escaped one day, was one of them. His wife, his sons, and his daughters were seized and placed upon the burning chair. The Cape Zafferano touches an African coast. There are three *sbirri* living sacks. Each sack contains a man; it is plunged into the water, and kept there till the man no longer struggles. He is then taken out, and he is commanded to confess. If he refuses he is plunged in again. Giovanni Vienna, of Messina, expired in this manner. At Monreale an old man and his daughter were suspected of patriotism. The father died beneath the rack; the daughter, Angela Romano, was stripped naked and flogged to death!"

These are the things that drive men and nations mad, and that justify the terrible penalties they exact. Are there people who think the Sicilians are visionary enthusiasts? Let them remember that, making allowance for the imperfections of all government, Bomba's does pretty well—that the Sicilians are not in misery? Are there Americans who have made a leg at Bomba's court, and who relish this dreary twaddle in Mr. Jay's mail to the Earl of Clarendon? Let them turn, and heard them? Hear, then, what the wise Alexander Hamilton said, eighty-six years ago, and learn that patriots and bosoms, thoughtful men, always and every where, are of one mind on questions of humanity. The nations of Europe, England, France, Spain, and all other despotic kingdoms in the world, have an inherent right, whenever they please, to shake off the yoke of servitude (though sanctioned by the immemorial usage of their ancestors), and to model their governments upon the principles of civil liberty.

THE DOLLAR ADMISSION.

It is a very high price, certainly; but any one who saw the *Great Eastern* coming up the harbor will not grudge it, if for no other reason than that his imagination will not deceived him. That grove of masts in the mists of the lower bay, was that the ship? Those peaks so towering above that they seemed unlike other masts in kind as well as degree? She looked vast and phantom-like in the hazy air. Did the *Santa Maria* of Columbus appall those other natives with the same silent majesty? Where was Mr. Whitman as we stood staring at the *Great Eastern*? Was he "inviting his soul" in that multitude of faces that paved the Battery in air?

There was something sublime in the necessary silence of the reception of the *Great Eastern*. Ten thousand people crying hurrah on the Battery, what was the use? Any distance and the feast of Nothing less than vast knowledges could make an adequate sound. The city bells would have been too weak a music. To be sure Trinity chimes pealed "God save the King"—faint as a strain of memory to those Englishmen. But when the tugs and steamers of every kind were playing about the great ship rang bells and whistled and shrieked, and the stately mass moved by with a few swift taps upon the bell, as in a midnight watch it was, then the spectator felt the thrill which marked the moment for an epoch in his experience.

Mr. Barnum, an experienced showman, thinks that curiosity will be lulled unless the price of admission is soon lowered; and he is of opinion that "no spring shall e'er visit the mouldering urn" of a dead curiosity. But the high price is understood to be the wish of the English management of the ship, which thought that more money could be made with less trouble in that way. And we have supposed the price was to be changed to a cheaper one, of course, by-and-by. The truth is, that there are a great many people who really wish to see the ship, and to see her comfortably. Such persons would willingly pay a dollar and enjoy the greater space. To stream about the ship with thousands of others would be doubtless exciting, but not very pleasant. In this country we wish for comfort as much as any people, and we don't very well know what comfort is. And there can be no more serious objection to charging a high admission, or different rates of admission upon different days, than in charging different prices for passage in the same ship. If there be one thing that our system has demonstrated, it is that it is purely democratic to get the highest price you can.

ABOUT GENIUS.

If a man have great physical strength, does it make no difference whether he use it to help other men to learn how to live? If he be supremely and straight from the shoulder as to crush another man's skull, as a trip-hammer smashes an eggshell, are we to make no other distinction than that of delight in the tremendous power? Is it all the same whether steam drives the splendid ship safe across the waters, or explodes and kills the ship and all its passengers are lost? Is the making of a thumb-screw or a "boot," however exquisitely wrought and cunningly chased in May 'n, as the less criminal because it is Benvenuto Cellini who makes it?

Why is the same judgment not true of genius, of any kind of intellectual power? However symmetrically it may body forth a noble idea, or work in art or literature—however taste may enjoy and admiration contemplate, yet if its influence be baneful or demoralizing, what is the genius but power utterly misapplied—a power without which the world would be really richer? If a man die who has had great intellect, great sportsmanship, and great pecuniary rewards, and he has been only glittering, accomplished, eloquent, and learned, and has neglected no moral life, has purified no young man's ideal, has confused and tortured the simple law of right until the sunbeam become only a luminous and dazzling style of fine genius? Is his genius an excuse? Does it not make his failure as a man all the more glaring? If this is the result of genius, a dreadful personal renown, and not a warm place in the heart of youth and age and a purifying touch upon their lives, who would say pray that the race might be spared any more men of genius?

FEDERAL ART.

THE end of a session of Congress is like the sinking of a great ship, which sends down with it crews, small boats, people, spars, chips, and all kinds of light floating material. The late adjournment was not effected without many such pieces drifting, drowning the treasures lost in the final disappearance to be counted the Art Commission. The taste which makes this Commission a kind of monster cafe or restaurant in the style of its decoration, and which tilts General Jackson's bronze horse upon his hind legs—makes the dog, and Bancroft, Everett, Brown, and Lambden are sent about their business, and, as we learn, without compensation at their own and cruel fulfillment of every duty implied in the Commission.

Their report was admirable. It showed what ought to be done, and what they said commended itself to the good sense of every body who understands and enjoys art. In Washington it is a great nuisance and a great deal of money for purposes of art. The results, hitherto, are dreary. The Capitol exhibits nothing so bad, was it not possible to do something at least tolerably good? That was the inevitable question of every gentleman in whose mind the taste for what is excellent in art was even slightly developed.

Congress has dismissed the Commission unpaid; and paid and stucco will continue to be purchased at extravagant rates, and daubed all over the public buildings. Why should the Commission paint? Why should we require of a Congress, changing every year and composed of a multitude gathered from all over the land, that it should have esthetic taste? A bronze horse that stands balanced on his hind legs—does it not add a touch of wonder to the thrill of delight? How many private gentlemen who have the desire of collecting a gallery of pictures have also the taste to guide them correctly in the choice? How many such galleries are not full of wretched works?

Do you say that, at any rate, such gentlemen have the great sense to rely upon the judgment of

friends who do know, and that the Art Commission was to stand for those friends to the Government? Yes—but how seldom it is, after all, that you find a sailor who is not sure that he can ride a horse perfectly; or a clown who is not confident that he would make a consummate statesman.

The difficulty is not that the Government pays us enormously for atrocious "works of art," but that it does not quietly renounce having any. Should we, the people, not save money?

Perhaps—but what would become of the jobbers?

VICTORIA UPON VIRTUE.

THE Queen has issued a special proclamation exhorting all and sundry English subjects to refrain from swinging—not least in an open and scandalous manner. There is something in the solemn document not unlike the throned Canute bidding the sea to retire. Or the idea of "vice and virtue" is less sure than those of the ocean, and the restraints which are efficacious are not of the official and ceremonious kind.

Queen Victoria, whose oldest son we shall soon have among us, is a woman above reproach. She is also the chief personage in the English system of government, and in that capacity has a great many things to do which must be personally profoundly distasteful. For instance, it could hardly be supposed pleasant for her to salute Louis Napoleon upon the grand staircase at Windsor Castle. Her Queen has been somewhat celebrated for her deference to propriety. It was not very long after her accession that Lady Flora Hastings was exiled from the royal presence under circumstances which apparently involved her character, and the hapless, innocent lady soon after died. That Queen was dead it appeared that she had been ill—nothing worse. But "twas pity that a queen's lady of honor should have been made to retire.

Now the Queen, having issued this exhortation, having commanded "all our judges, mayors, sheriffs, justices of the peace, and all other our officers and ministers, both ecclesiastical and civil, and all other our subjects whom it may concern, to be very vigilant and strict in the discovery and effectual prosecution and punishment of all persons who shall be guilty of disorder, profaneness, or unorderly practices," the question is, whether such gentlemen as the geyer noblemen, well known to common fame, are still to be admitted to the royal presence?

And there is another question for whose solution we may look within a very few months. When the young Bomba is hurled out of Naples by the hatred of his people and the execrations of humanity—and it is only to be pleaded that he is not personally responsible for the iniquities of which we gave some illustrations last week, for he must know them, and that he could stop them—when he comes to London, will he be received at Court? And if he be, will the fashionable papers have words to profoundly excited by the presentation of certain Americans to trouble? And if he be, will the "Proclamation for the encouragement of piety and virtue" hang upon the wall of the reception room?

CHURCH'S NEW PICTURE.

MR. CHURCH has just completed another picture of about the size of the "Niagara," representing "Twilight in the Wilderness of Mexico." In this composition is very simple and impressive. A lake, one of a series, such as are common in Maine, stretches back between wooded hilly ridges to the primeval forest—hemlock, oak, and larch—to another lake, beyond which rise the lofty purple mountains of Mexico, and seems to walk like them. The evening sky—of low-hanging, thick-drifting vapors, ribbed with gorgeous light from the sun, which has set behind, but upon the west and the shores, leaving a calm brightness along the horizon—is full of solemn splendor. Indeed the sentiment of the scene is perfect. It is a work of absolute solitude, with the stern aspect of the northern climate with no forms of cruelty or ferocity, but a few birds winging away, dropping hurried homeward notes, if you could hear as well as see; and an alligator, with open a two-ton jaw of fun. It is a scene entirely unhistoric, with no other interest than that of a wilderness, without human association of any kind, and without that picturesque charm which belongs to the Tropics and the Equator. But the almost oppressive gloom of gathering evening in such a scene is rendered with profound skill in the picture, while all the details are elaborated with rare fidelity.

This latest work of Mr. Church has been exhibited at a room in Gospell's building. Every artist ought to be grateful to this man who is doing very important picture he paints. His capital, like an author's, is his reputation; but it the picture passes from his easel into the private gallery or room of the purchaser, nobody but the personal friends of the owner is the wiser. Moreover, works of this character should be seen alone, and not in the paralysing and perplexing contrast with a multitude of others. Some of the artists have undoubtedly felt that any new picture of their number was a rebuke his works separately convicted himself of conceit. But, on the contrary, he merely proves his common-sense. For if the picture be good, the separate exhibition reveals its value most adequately; and if it be bad, the unlucky painter pays the penalty of inviting the public to see what is not worth seeing. He properly takes the risk and the result. And the New York artists, by this perfect respect to attention and criticism of the separate exhibition, have really served the cause dear to them, and have helped to place their individual reputations upon an intelligible basis.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—WIDGEON. "Like Orient pearls at random strung." Is from a translation of a Persian song of Hafiz, by Sir William Jones.

—H. A. The poem, "The Death," would not be understood. *Next!*

—X. The poem entled "Last Words of Joggling Jerry" was written by George Meredith.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

ANECDOTE OF SCHWARTZ.—Sinerant relates the following anecdote of Christopher Schwartz, a famous German painter, which, if true, redounds more to his ingenuity than credit. Having been engaged to paint the ceiling of the Town Hall at Munich by the day, his love of dissipation induced him to neglect his work, so that the magistrates and overseers of the work were frequently obliged to hunt him out at his haunts. At last, one no longer drunk in quiet he studied an image of himself, with the upper part hanging over the ledge where he was accustomed to work, and sent one of his boys to the magistrates, to make inquiry for him in the tavern for that, and to desire it to say at once that the painter of this description he should find in a very distressed, or whole fortune he forfeited. The boy executed the order of the plot. The officers came round to a day to look after him, and were greatly surprised at finding that he was accustomed to wear, suspected nothing wrong, and went their way as they supposed, to search out some of the most industrious and conscientious painter in the world.

A lady was told, the other day, by a traveling gentleman that everybody who had a small mouth was provided with a husband by Government. "My dear," she said to said the lady, making her mouth as little as she could. "the gentleman added, "that I had a large mouth, and she was provided with two husbands. "My gracious!" exclaimed the lady, as her mouth was as large as it could open to its full extent. The gentleman became alarmed, made his escape, and has not been heard of since.

"Why do you always beat me down in my prices?" —"Because you always ask more than you intend to get, and a vulgar fraction should be reduced to its lowest terms."

Sydney Smith.—Sydney Smith, in one of his sermons, remarks, in his many spicy "table"—"Country life is very good—I like it—for cattle; but as for me, I must have society."

A witty man can make a jest; a wise man can take one.

Why are authors who treat about physiognomy like soldiers?—Because they write about face.

Would a botanist classify the *Ghost* in "Hamlet" as a species of Deadly Nightshade?

Michelet, the French author, asserts that "every folly of woman is born of the stupidity of man."

"Do you see any thing ridiculous in this wig?" asked Brieften. "Nothing but the head," was the reply.

A modern tourist calls the Niagara River "the pride of rivers." We should say it was the greatest cataract.

A man once asked a company of little boys what they were good for? One little fellow promptly answered: "We are good to make men of."

The Bishop of Rio thanked the Bishop of Lisieux for having consecrated him. "It is for me," said the latter, "to thank you." "It was the ugliest Bishop in France until you were elected."

AN INDIAN'S CHOICE.—The Indian sage Ahyra, a great authority in matrimonial matters, being asked by some fellow for the choice of a wife. The girl, he tells us, must not be a child of the same family, nor a friend, nor any fellow-countrywoman, not vicious, nor unhealthy, nor of low origin—above all, not a girl with a mother-in-law who speaks with propriety. She must not inherit a family malady, nor possess a name of evil omen, must neither speak thick nor thin, nor crook like a raven; must not keep her eyes shut, but have large open eyes; must not have dimples in her cheeks, nor gooze skin, nor red hair, nor be too tall, nor too short, nor too like fleet. She must neither be short nor tall, nor fat nor thin, but middling. She must also have fine shoulders, and her eyebrows wide apart. Finally, and most important of all, her gait must resemble that of a young elephant!

The late Judge Peete was a noted wag. A young lawyer one term had a case before him, which he had read brown himself on the verge of imagination into the several propositions of the law of the case. Having heard the Judge struck his rule on the desk two or three times, and reminded the counsel that the court could not, all day, my dear Sir; don't go my higher, for you are already up of the Justices of the Supreme Court."

Moliere was asked the reason why, in certain countries, the king may assume the crown at fourteen years of age, and, in others, not before eighteen? "It is," said Moliere, "because it is more difficult to rule a wife than a kingdom."

The poorest are not unfrequently the happiest. A Sultan, who, as a cure for low spirits, was directed by his physician to dine off the shirt of a happy man, had a diligent search made for the object of his prescription, but in vain. At length, after many fruitless inquiries, he found a beggar who declared he was quite happy. "Then," said the Sultan, "you shall have my shirt." The beggar replied, with tears in his eyes, "Alas! I have no shirt!"

A gentleman, a day or two since, was sitting in a barber's shop, undergoing some tonsorial operation, when the patient in the next chair to him, who was addressed as Brown, our place is on fire."—"Well, let it burn, it's insured."—"But, Brown, the fire is coming in this direction, and I thought I'd just drop in and tell you about it; I don't know how you are for the old proverb, Brown."—"Well, wait a minute or two, till my other whisker's lathered, and I'll be with you."

A celebrated Parisian dandy was ordered by his physicians to follow a course of sea-bathing at Dieppe. Arrived at that fashionable resort, he plunged into the machine and stemmed, and went boldly into the water. He remained there for a few minutes, and returned, shivering and blowing. "Francis," said he, "the sea smells decidedly ill to-day." "Monsieur is right, the *Cafe de Paloque* into the water, or I shall be suffocated!"

When are a sweet apple and a sour apple alike?—When they are pared.

How should love come to the door?—Certainly with a ring, but not without a rap.

Why are jokes like nuts?—Because the drier they are the better they relish.

What trees are those which, when fire is applied to them, are exactly what they were before?—Ashes.

The young lady with "speaking eyes" has become physician in consequence of having "lost her patients."

Take away my first letter, take away my second letter, take away all my letters, and I am still the same.—The plural noun.

A man once asked a company of little boys what they were good for? One little fellow promptly answered, "We are good to make men of."

THE PANTOMIME OF LIFE.

BY RICHARD HARRIS.

With steps firm and light, a heart full of care,
Man trudges along, for the scene is a fair;
Life! 'tis a fair, and the world is the show,
And the shortness of manhood forbids him to play.

The shortness of manhood, its long enough yet,
When he's grown to a man, to be called to his pay;
The buying and selling, an innocent strife,
Will keep the scene in the market of Life.

All the fairies are there, though perhaps here and there
Love prays in her beauty fall blown on the fair;
The maid has changed dresses, and now plays the *wife*,
And if she plays *fast*, cheers the market of Life!

But how often, alas! the pantomime's *love* is a cloth,
And the fairy of youth to a *tormenting witch*!
Yet we follow perhaps too hasty the wand and Life's queen,
Till the pantomime's destroyeth the scene.

The vision of childhood and youth's a gone past,
But a mirror reflects all these scenes to the last;
Where the fairies, the clowns, the bustle and strife,
Little actors are entering the market of life.

But be careful, ye actors on Life's busy stage,
Weigh your *parts* well, and study your *lines* as you go;
Learn to prize the *sweet fairy* you're suffered to wed,
And the winds, and leave you a witch in her stead.

Disgrace not the scene, nor the actions to play,
To the best of your skill, for Life giveth away,
The fairy you've wed, and the scene you're in,
You bless or you curse for the rest of her life!

THE SALONS OF PARIS.

UNDER the present empire the Parisian salons are one of the chief centres of opposition. Of all the institutions which the genius of the coup d'etat has created, there have least wavered in the antipathy to the "*Nerons de Couche*," as Louis Napoleon has been prevalently called. All the leaders in Paris, from the Hôtel Pozzo to the Hôtel Ducastel, are inhabited by masters and mistresses whose business it is, if they open their doors at all, to open them only to people who repudiate and declaim against the present state of government. And if you believe that honesty is better than fraud, and freedom preferable to oppression, you are obliged to the salons of Paris for a sight of a France that these centres of opposition still exist. They, at all events, keep alive a certain abstract sentiment in the midst of it.

For instance, just take the following as a slight example of the "manners of the day." We are at a magnificent hotel—splendid apartment, upon whose plain white (very soberly gilded) panelings hang a few pictures by masters of the old French school (most probably copies), a few busts in sculpture every where, and some comfort (except that the doors stunt badly). Quiet is the presiding deity—the quiet of money. Night is subdued and quiet; the dresses of the ladies and the manners of the men are subdued and quiet—all quiet except the voices of the talkers; these are harsh in the male, shrill in the female, occupants of the saloon. Twenty or thirty visitors drop in; and there is a viscomte, or a marquis, or simply Gaston de Tbis, or Roger de That, from either the Jockey or the Bal de l'Opera. Nice young men are they of what has just happened to one of their own friends, and they tell the following story:

Mr. de Grand-Cheval, a very fine horse, for which he does not particularly care, sells him one fine day to the administration of the Imperial stables. He sells him for a price he bought him for two hundred guineas. A fortnight after the sale his chib-mates greet him laughingly, and say he has known how to "make a good thing of" himself out of his nag." He looks surprised, and the interest in the transaction of which he was paid for by the Emperor four hundred pounds.

"Oh! only doubled, old fellow; which was no bad trick!" says one of the young men to the other. M. de N——, *sold* the horse for two hundred guineas, but his Majesty paid four hundred; and he committed his grave into the pockets of a very high-placed, star-and-cross-bespangled personage. To M. de N——'s very natural indignation his Majesty's equerry replied, with a shrug:

"Well, I have an excellent stud-master—perhaps you have too. Mine cheats me—perhaps yours does too. But what remedy is there?"

Now in the salon we are in this whole proceeding is spoken of indignantly; and is it not well that it should be so? In Imperialist circles, alas! if allowed to be spoken of, it would not be condemned, because where would be found those who could venture to "throw the first stone?" As it not, therefore, well—whatever may be their other little absurdities—that there should be some few social circles where honesty and honor seem to be still called by their names?—where family traditions have for several generations taught that fraud was ungentlemanlike, and where even the very portraits on the walls would blush if they saw the degeneracy even of their race resorting to practices to which the law—in which it is ignorance of them—uses hard terms?

Here, then, the salon is useful as a corrective.

We will now step into another of these drawing-rooms; but this one shall be situated in another quarter, and shall be somewhat less aristocratical. It shall be less quiet too. Here there is gilding in profusion, and great magnificence, and a large assortment of men and women are gathered together, among whom you may note all the celebrities of Louis Philippe's day; and they talk loudly of all that is going on. At last somebody says: "But is it true that Madame M—— has been taken back to her husband by her father-in-law?" and at this question there is a slight lull in the conversation. People look round, and scent a mystery; and a few years ago, in a low tone, "Of course it is true;" and some one adds: "I was at O——" (naming a provincial town) "when it happened, and I know all about it." Then the speaker steps forth, and comes near to the master of the house, and they whisper together, and the story is told.

The son of a great Imperialist dignitary marries a large fortune, represented by a young lady. They go honey-mooning to Vienna. While the bridegroom is nursed (by his own father) to a high financial post, the bridegroom's numerous creditors, however, who, now he is married and rich, will be paid. He charges a friend of his to settle all these unpleasant affairs; but this friend is not settled, and no money is forthcoming. So at last the young husband flies to his young wife, and says: "I am ruined—50,000 francs to-morrow, and the young wife says: "I won't;" besides which she adds, "I can't; for papa tied up my money, you know, upon my marriage, by the marriage deed." Then the young lord and master flies into a rage, and ends by horsewhipping his fair spouse, who runs away to her mamma, and tells her case in the town of ——. Scandal, therefore, is terrible in two provincial cities, and soon in Paris, and "every body" who is "any body" knows the whole story in a week, and this creates fierce anger in high quarters.

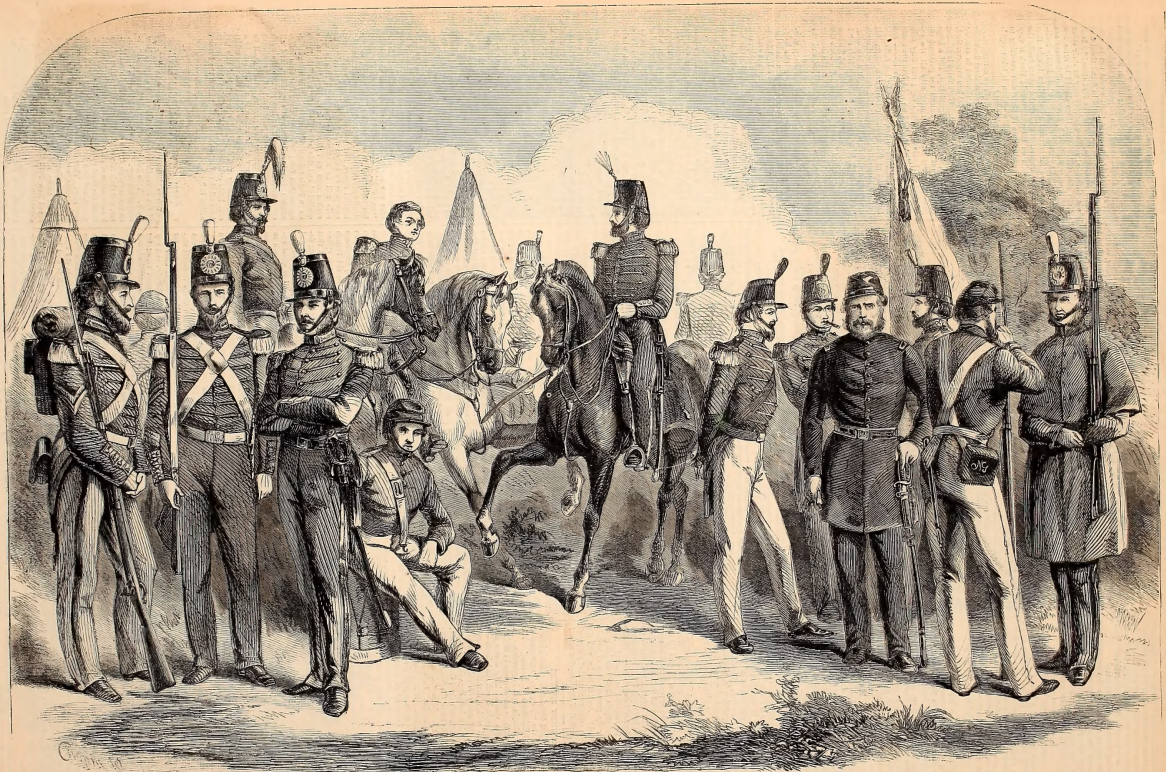
Well, then, here are our salon-full of people occupied about this anecdote, when a lady, addressing an elderly man of dignified and solemn countenance, but whose whole attitude is one of the bitterest contempt that can be incarnate in a human form, says: "Why, M. Villemain! (and she names our ex-Minister of State), "you must know all about this." The man thus addressed nods his head. "I do, madame." "Is it true, I do beseech you," "and so do many others, but I request you will not quote me."

And now why does a man so illustrious as Villemain—a man who was one of his sovereign's ministers, and who tried to reform the Jesuit schools with pride—why does he hang back, and about a mere piece of drawing-room scandal "request" not to be quoted on any authority for what he avows he "well knows?" Why? Why, because two nights before a lesser man, an obscurer citizen, had been sent to the very order of the Ministry of the Interior, and transported from his home to the prison of Mazas, where it was thought advisable he should reflect on the folly of talking too freely. Here was his crime: he had "talked." This citizen was but a "friend" who had been charged to "settle" M. M——'s affairs with his creditors, and his testimony to the truth of the whole, imprudently given, had brought down upon him the ministerial rigors, and probably several months will now pass by before this helpless victim of despotic rule will be restored to freedom. And he is why such a man as Villemain is desirous "not to be quoted;" and this is the kind of "talk" that goes on in Paris salons. In some there is more indignation than fear; in others, more fear than indignation: but in all there is opposition, and all attendant, in greater or less degree, to the work of "correcting" the despotic form of government under which France now groans. Who shall be prepared to say that such action is as useless or as useless one? Shall we, who live in the very midst of publicity and daylight, assert that in this one only little evidence of public opinion that escapes from all the silent obscurity that hems the French nation in?

THE SEVENTH REGIMENT.

WE publish on the following page the uniforms of the Seventh Regiment, the crack corps of New York. This fine body of men are famous throughout the country. Their visit to Richmond, Virginia, on the occasion of the obsequies of President Monroe, and their trip to Washington at the time of the inauguration of the statue of Washington, rendered them the most conspicuous of all our militia regiments, and won for them the applause of all military men. They deserved still higher praise some years since, when, on the occasion of the Astor Place riot, they were called out to preserve the public peace, and, by their coolness and nerve, saved New York from dangers of the most terrible character.

The Seventh, commanded by Colonel Marshal Lefferts, have gone to Staten Island to encamp on the grounds of the Richmond Club. They will remain in camp ten days.

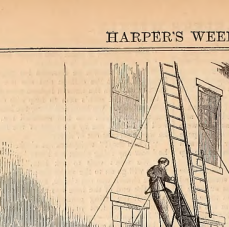


UNIFORMS OF THE SEVENTH REGIMENT NEW YORK STATE MILITIA.—[SEE PRECEDING PAGE.]

THE LONDON FIRE-ESCAPE.

THE recent terrible accidents in tenement houses have directed public attention to the want of fire-escapes in this city; and we now engrave a fire-escape just imported from London. The machine is thus described:

"When not in use it has very much the appearance of a hook and ladder apparatus, two pair of supporting hooks and ladder apparatus, two pair of supporting wheels and horizontal ladders being the prominent re-movable features. Only one pair of wheels is attached to these used in London, the body of the escape assuming a perpendicular position when drawn through the streets. The presence of telegraph wires in this city has compelled the adding of the extra wheels, so as to put it in a horizontal position when not in use. The length of the present apparatus, as it stands on the ground, is thirty-five feet. It can, however, on the table-extension principle, and is capable of being elongated seventy-four feet, or less, as occasion requires. On the end of the ladder designed to go uppermost are small pulleys to aid in adjusting it in place. Underneath the ladder is a canvas bag, with a wire guard covering, to prevent it from taking fire. Through this bag invalids, decrepit persons, nervous women and children, can be let down with safety to the pavement from the upper stories of any dwelling, while others can walk down the ladder. Its entire weight is 750 pounds, and cost about $100."



THE LONDON FIRE-ESCAPE, JUST IMPORTED TO NEW YORK.

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "AFTER DARK," ETC., ETC.

(Printed from advance proof-sheets purchased from the author exclusively for "Harper's Weekly.")

WALTER HARTRIGHT'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

IX.

ONCE out of sight of the church I pressed forward briskly on my way to Knowlesbury.

The road was for the most part straight and level. Whenever I looked back over it I saw the two figures steadily following me. For the greater part of the way they kept at a safe distance behind. But once or twice they quickened their pace, as if with the purpose of overtaking me—then stopped—consulted together—and fell back again to their former position. They had some special object evidently in view, and they seemed to be hesitating or differing about the best means of accomplishing it. I could not guess exactly what their design might be; but I felt serious doubts of reaching Knowlesbury without some mischance happening to me on the way. Those doubts were realized.

I had just entered on a lonely part of the road, with a sharp turn at some distance ahead, and had just concluded (calculating by time) that I must now be getting near to the town, when I suddenly heard the steps of the men close behind me.

Before I could look round one of them (the man by whom I had been followed in London) passed rapidly on my left side, and hustled me with his shoulder. I had been unprepared for the manner in which he and his companion had dogged my steps all the way from Old Welmingham than I was myself aware of, and I unfortunately pushed the fellow away smartly with my open hand. He instantly shouted for help. His companion—the tall man in Sawkeeper's clothes—sprang to my right side, and the next moment the two scoundrels held me pinioned between them in the middle of the road.

The conviction that a trap had been laid for me, and the vexation of knowing that I had fallen into it, fortunately restrained me from making my position still worse by an unavailing struggle with two men—one of whom would in all probability have been more than a match for me single-handed. I repressed the first natural movement by which I had attempted to shake them off, and looked about to see if there was any person near to whom I could appeal.

A laborer at work in an adjoining field who must have witnessed all that had passed. I called to him to follow us to the town. He shook his head with stolid obstinacy, and bent his head away in the direction of a cottage which stood back from the high road. At the same time the man who held me between them declared their intention of charging me with an assault. I was cool enough and wise enough now to make no opposition. "Drop your hold of my arms," I said, "and I will go with you to the town." The man in the gamekeeper's dress roughly refused. But the shorter man—who sharp enough to look to consequences, and not to let his companion commit himself by unnecessary violence. He made a sign to the other, and I walked on between them with my arms free.

We reached the turning in the road, and there, close before us, were the suburbs of Knowlesbury. One of the local policemen was walking along the path by the roadside. The men at once appealed to him. He replied that the magistrate was then sitting at the town-hall, and recommended that we should appear before him immediately.

We went on to the town-hall. The clerk made out a formal summons, and the charge was preferred against me with the customary exaggeration and the customary perversion of the truth on such occasions. The magistrate (an ill-tempered man, with a sour enjoyment in the exercise of his own power) inquired if any one on or near the road had witnessed the assault; and, greatly to my surprise, the complainant admitted the presence of the laborer in the field. I was enlightened, however, as to the object of the admission by the magistrate's next words. He remanded me at once for the production of the witness, expressing at the same time his willingness to take bail for my reappearance if I could produce one responsible surety to offer it. If I had been known in the town he would have liberated me on my own recognizances; but, as I was a total stranger, it was necessary that I should find responsible bail.

The whole object of the stratagem was now disclosed to me. It had been so managed as to make a remand necessary in a town where I was a perfect stranger, and where I could not hope to get my liberty on bail. The remand merely extended over three days until the next sitting of the magistrate. But in that time, while I was in confinement, Sir Percival might use any means he pleased to secure my future proceedings—perhaps to screen himself from detection altogether—without the slightest fear of any hindrance on my part. At the end of the three days the charge would, no doubt, be withdrawn, and the attendance of the witness would be perfectly useless.

My indignation, I may almost say my despair, at this mischievous check to all further progress—at the trifling in itself, and yet so disheartening and so serious in its probable results—quite unfitted me at first to reflect on the best means of extricating myself from the dilemma in which I now stood. I had the folly to call for writing materials, and to think of privately communicating my real position to the magistrate. The hopelessness and the impudence of this proceeding failed to strike me before I had actually written the opening lines of the letter. I was not till I had pushed the paper away—not till, I am ashamed to say, I had almost allowed the vexation of my helpless position to conquer me—that a course of action suddenly occurred to my mind, which Sir Percival had probably not anticipated, and which might set me free again in a few hours. I determined to communicate the situation in which I was placed to Mr. Dawson, of Oak Lodge.

I had visited this gentleman's house, it may be remembered, at the time of my first inquiries in the Blackwater Park neighborhood; and I had presented to him a letter of introduction from Miss Halcombe, in which she recommended me to his friendly attention in the strongest terms. I now wrote, referring to this letter, and to what I had previously told Mr. Dawson of the delicate and dangerous nature of my inquiries. I had not revealed to him the truth about Laura, having merely described my errand as being of the utmost importance to private family interests with which Miss Halcombe was concerned. Using the same caution still, I now accounted for my presence at Knowlesbury in the same manner—and I put it to the doctor to say whether the trust reposed in me by a lady whom he well knew, and the hospitality I had myself received in his house, justified me or not in asking him to come to my assistance in a place where I was quite friendless.

I obtained permission to hire a messenger to drive away at once with my letter in a conveyance which might be used to bring the doctor back immediately. Oak Lodge was on the Knowlesbury side of Blackwater. The man declared he could drive there in forty minutes, and could bring Mr. Dawson back in forty more. I directed him to follow the doctor wherever he might happen to be, if he was not at home—and then sat down to wait for the result with all the patience and all the hope that I could summon to help me.

It was not quite half past one when the messenger departed. Before half past three he returned and brought the doctor with him. Mr. Dawson's kindness, and the delicacy with which he treated his prompt assistance quite as a matter of course, almost overpowered me. The bail required was offered and accepted immediately. Before four o'clock, on that afternoon, I was shaking hands warmly with the good old doctor—a free man again—in the streets of Knowlesbury.

Mr. Dawson hospitably invited me to go back with him to Oak Lodge and take my quarters there for the night. I could only reply that my time was not my own; I could only ask him to let me pay my visit in a few days, when I might repeat my thanks, and offer to him all the explanations which I felt to be only his due, but which I was not then in a position to make.

We parted with friendly assurances on both sides; and I turned my steps at once to Mr. Wansborough's office in the High Street.

Time was now of the last importance. The news of my being free on bail would reach Sir Percival to an absolute certainty before night. If the next few hours did not put me in a position to justify his worst fears, and to hold him helpless at my mercy, I might lose every inch of the ground I had gained never to recover it again. The unscrupulous nature of the man, the local influence he possessed, the desperate peril of exposure with which my blindfold inquiries threatened him—all warned me to press on to positive discovery without the useless waste of a single minute. I had fixed time to think while I was waiting for Mr. Dawson's arrival; and I had well employed it. Certain portions of the conversation of the talkative old clerk, which had wearied me at the time, now recurred to my memory with a new significance; and a suspicion crossed my mind darkly, which had not occurred to me while I was in the vestry. On my way to Knowlesbury I had only proposed to apply to Mr. Wansborough for information on the subject of Sir Percival's mother. My object now was to examine the duplicate register of Old Welmingham Church.

Mr. Wansborough was in his office when I inquired for him.

He was a jovial, red-faced, easy-looking man—more like a country squire than a lawyer—and he seemed to be both surprised and amused by my application. He had heard of his father's copy of the register; but had not even seen it himself. It had never been inquired for before—and it was no doubt in the strong-room among other old papers that had not been disturbed since his father's death. It was a pity (Mr. Wansborough said) that the old gentleman was not alive to hear his precious copy asked for at last. He would have ridden his favorite bobby hunter than ever now. How had I come to hear of the copy? was it through any body in the town?

I parried the question as well as I could. It was impossible at this stage of the investigation to be too cautious; and it was just as well not to let Mr. Wansborough know prematurely that I had already examined the original register. I described myself, therefore, as pursuing a family inquiry, to the object of which every possible saving of time was of great importance. I was anxious to send certain particulars to London by that day's post; and one look at the duplicate register (paying, of course, the necessary fees) might supply what I required, and save me a further journey to Old Welmingham. I added, that in the event of my subsequently requiring a copy of the original register I should make application to Mr. Wansborough's office to furnish me with the document.

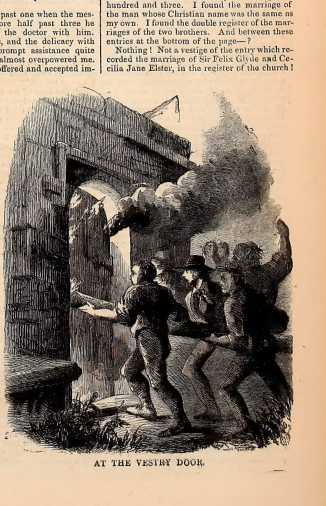
After this explanation no objection was made to producing the copy. A clerk was sent to the strong-room; and after some delay returned with the volume. It was of exactly the same size as the volume in the vestry; the only difference being that the cover was more smartly bound. I took it with me to an unoccupied desk. My hands were trembling—my head was burning now—I felt the necessity of concealing my agitation as well as I could from the persons about me in the room before I ventured on opening the book.

On the blank page at the beginning, to which I first turned, were traced some lines in faded ink. They contained these words:

"Copy of the Marriage Register of Welmingham Parish Church. Executed under my orders; and afterward compared, entry by entry, with the original by myself. (Signed) Robert Wansborough, Vestry-clerk." Below this note there was a line added in another handwriting, as follows: "Extending from the first of January, 1800, to the thirtieth of June, 1815."

I turned to the month of September, eighteen hundred and three. I found the marriage of the man whose Christian name was the same as my own. I found the double register of the marriages of the two brothers. And between these entries at the bottom of the page—?

Nothing! Not a vestige of the entry which recorded the marriage of Sir Felix Glyde and Cecilia Jane Elster, in the register of the church!



AT THE VESTRY DOOR.

My heart gave a great bound, and throbbed as if it would stifle me. I looked again—I was afraid to believe the evidence of my own eyes. No! not a doubt. The marriage was not there. The entries on the copy occupied exactly the same places on the page as the entries in the original. The last entry on one page recorded the marriage of the man with my Christian name. Below it there was a blank space—a space evidently left because it was too narrow to contain the name of the marriage of the two brothers, which in the copy, as in the original, occupied the top of the next page. That space told the whole story! There it must have remained, in the church register, from eighteen hundred and three (when the marriages had been solemnized and the copy had been made) to eighteen hundred and twenty-seven, when Sir Percival appeared at Old Welmingham. Here, at Knowlesbury, was the chance of committing the forgery, shown to me in the copy—and there, at Old Welmingham, was the forgery committed, in the register of the church!

My head turned giddy; I held by the desk to keep myself from falling. Of all the circumstances which had struck me, in relation to that desperate man, not one had been near the truth. The idea that he was not Sir Percival's friend, but that he had no more claim to the baronetcy and to Blackwater Park than the poorest laborer who worked on the estate, had never once occurred to my mind. At one time I had thought he might be Anne Catherick's father; at another time, I had thought he might have been, himself, Mrs. Catherick's husband—of the offence of which he was really guilty had been, from first to last, beyond the widest range of my imagination. And by what means by which the fraud had been effected, the magnificent daring of the conception that represented, the horror of the consequences involved in its discovery, overwhelmed me. Who could wonder at the home-remembrance of the wretch's life; at his desperate alternations between abject duplicity and reckless violence; at the undisguised gaiety with which he had made his imprison Anne Catherick in the Asylum, and had given him over to the vile conspiracy against her, when he bore suspicion of not one and the other knew his terrible secret? The disclosure of that secret might, in past years, have ruined him—might now destroy him for life. The disclosure of that secret, even if the sufferers by his deception spared him the penalties of the law, would deprive him of the last blow of the name, the rank, the estate, the whole social existence which he had usurped. He knew the Secret, and it was mine! A word from me, and house, lands, honorers, were gone from him forever—and from me, my self-interest driven out into the world a nameless, penniless, friendless outcast! The man's whole future hung on my breath—and he knew it by this time as certainly as I did!

That last thought steadied me. Interests far more precious than my own desperately call for caution which must now guide my slightest action. There was no possible treachery which Sir Percival might not attempt against me, in the danger and desperation of his position he would be staggered by no risks, he would recoil at no crime—he would literally hesitate at nothing to save himself.

I considered for a minute. My first necessity was to secure positive evidence, in writing, of the discovery that I had just made, and, in the event of my personal misadventure happening to me, to place that evidence beyond Sir Percival's reach. The copy of the register was sure to be safe in Mr. Vanborough's strong-box. But the position of the original, in the vestry, was, as I had seen with my own eyes, my thing but secure.

In this emergency I resolved to return to the church, to apply again to the clerk, and to take his assistance extract from the register which I slept that night. I was not then aware that a legally-certified copy was necessary, and that no document merely drawn out by myself could claim the proper importance, as a proof. I was not aware of it, and my determination to keep my present proceedings a secret prevented me from asking my questions which might have procured the necessary information. My only anxiety was the anxiety to get back to Old Welmingham. I made the best excuses I could for the discomposure in my face and manner, which Mr. Wansborough had already noticed; laid the necessary fee on his table; arranged that I should write to him in a day or two to the office, with my hand in a whirl, and my blood throbbing through my veins at fever heat.

It was pitch dark. The idea occurred to me that I might be followed again, and attracted no attention.

My walking-stick was a light one, of little or no use for purposes of defence. I stopped, before leaving Knowlesbury, and bought a stout country cudgel, short, and heavy at the head. With this homely weapon, if any one man tried to stop me, I was a match for him. If more than one attacked me, I could trust to my heels. In my school-days I had been a noted runner—and I had not wasted for practice since—as the later time of my experience in Central America.

I started from the town at a brisk pace, and kept the middle of the road. A small cross rain was falling; and it was impossible, for the first half of the way, to make sure whether I was followed or not. But at the last half of my journey, when I supposed myself to be about two miles from the church, I saw a man run by me in the rain, and then heard the gate of a field by the roadside shut, so sharply. I kept straight on, with my cudgel ready in my hand, my ears on the alert, and my eyes straining to see through the mist and the darkness. Before I had advanced a hundred yards more, I saw a resting in the hedge on my right hand, and three men sprang out into the road.

I drew aside on the instant to the foot-path. The two foremost men were on me—I struck out before they could check themselves. The third was as quick as lightning. He stepped—half turned—and struck at me with his stick. The blow was aimed at hazard, and was not a severe one. It fell on my left shoulder. I returned it heavily on his head. He staggered back, and jostled his two companions, just as they were both rushing at me. This circumstance gave me a moment's time to defend them, and took to the middle of the road again, at the top of my speed.

The two unhurt men pursued me. They were both good runners, the road was smooth and level, and for the first five minutes or more I was conscious that I did not gain on them. It was perilous work to run for long in the darkness—I was certain to fall, or to dash my head against the hedges on either side; and any chance obstacle in the road would have thrown me down as a certainty. Soon I felt the ground changing: it descended from the level, at a turn, and then rose again beyond. Down hill the men rather gained on me; but, up hill, I began to distance them. The rapid, regular thump of their feet grew fainter on my ear, and I calculated by the sound that I was far enough in advance to take to the fields, with a good chance of their passing me in the darkness. Diverging to the left-hand, I made for the first gate that I could guess at, rather than see, in the hedge. It proved to be a closed gate. I vaulted over, and finding myself in a field, kept across it steadily, with my back to the road. I heard the men pass at the gate, still running—then, in a minute more, heard one of them—after him another—come back. It was no matter what they did now! I was out of the road, out of their hearing. I kept straight across the field, and, when I had reached the further extremity of it, waited for the sound of pursuit to come near me.

It was impossible to venture back to the road; but I was determined, nevertheless, to get to Old Welmingham that night.

Neither moon nor stars appeared to guide me. I only knew that I had kept the wind and rain at my back, and that I knew nothing—and if I now kept them at my back still, I might at least be certain of not advancing altogether in the wrong direction. Accordingly, as soon as I crossed the country—meeting with no worse obstacles than hedges, ditches, and thickets, which every now and then obliged me to change my course for a little while—until I found myself on a broad road, which I resolved to keep away steadily before me. I descended to the bottom of the hollow, squeezed my way through a hedge, and got into the road. Then, having turned to the right on leaving the road, I now turned to the left on the chance of returning to the line from which I had originally started, following the muddy windings of the lane for ten minutes or more, I saw a cottage with a light in one of the windows. The door of it was open to the lane, and I went in at once to inquire my way.

Before I could knock at the door it was suddenly opened, and a man came running out with a lighted lantern in his hand. He stopped and held it up to the light of me. We both started as we saw each other. My wanderings had led me round to Knowlesbury, by the village, and had brought me out at the lower end of it. I was back at Old Welmingham; and the man with the lantern was my first friendly acquaintance of the morning, the parish clerk.

His manner appeared to have altered strangely in the interval since we had parted at the church. He looked suspicious and confused; his ruddy cheeks were deeply flushed; and his first words, when he spoke, were almost unintelligible to me.

"Where are the keys?" he said. "Have you taken them?"

"What keys?" I asked. "I have only this moment come from Knowlesbury. What keys do you mean?"

"The keys of the vestry. Lord save us and help us! what shall I do? The keys are gone! The keys are gone!" cried the old man, shaking the lantern at me in his agitation; "and the book is gone!"

I flew? When? Who can have taken them?"

"I don't know," said the clerk, staring about him wildly in the darkness. "I've only just got back. I've been at the 'Three Jolly Boatmen' this morning—I locked the door and shut the window down—it's open now, the window's open. Look! somebody has got in there and taken the keys."

He turned to the casement-window to show me that it was open. The door of the lantern came loose from its fastening as he swayed it to and fro, and the wind blew the candle out instantly.

"Get another light," I said, "and let us both go to the vestry together. Quick! quick!"

I hurried him into the cottage. The fear struck that I had every reason to expect, the treachery that might deprive me of every advantage I had gained, was at that moment perhaps in process of accomplishment. My impatience to reach the church was now almost as great as my certain inactive in the cottage while the clerk lit the lantern again. I walked out, down the garden path, after him.

Before I had advanced ten paces a man approached me from the direction leading to the church. He spoke respectfully as we met. I could not see his face; but judging by his voice only, he was a perfect stranger to me.

"I beg your pardon, Sir Percival—" he began.

I stopped him before he could say more.

"The darkness misleads you," I said. "I am not Sir Percival."

He went back directly.

"I thought it was my master," he muttered, in a confused, doubtful way.

"You expected to meet your master here?"

"I was told to wait in the lane."

With that answer he entered his steps. I looked back at the cottage and saw the clerk coming out with the lantern lighted once more. I took the old man's arm to help him on the rest of the way, and we hurried on together more quickly. We hastened along the lane and passed the person who had accosted me. As well as I could see by the light of the lantern he was a servant out of livery.

"Who's that?" inquired the clerk. "Does he know any thing about the keys?"

"We won't wait to ask him," I replied. "We will get to the church first."

The church was not visible, even by daytime, until the end of the lane was reached. As we mounted the rising ground which led to the building from that point, one of the village children—a boy—came to meet us, attracted by the light we carried, and recognized the clerk.

"I say, measter," said the boy, pulling officiously at the clerk's coat, "there be summun up yander in the church. I heerd un look the door on hisself—I heerd un strike a loight wi' a match."

The clerk trembled and leaned against me heavily.

"Come! come!" I said, encouragingly. "We are not too late. We will catch the man, whoever he is. Keep the lantern and follow me as fast as you can."

I mounted the hill myself. The dark mass of the church was now the first object I discerned dimly against the sky. As I turned aside to get round to the vestry I heard heavy footsteps behind me. They came from the second to the church after us.

"I don't mean any harm," he said, when I turned round on him; "I'm only looking for the master." He stopped, in which he spoke betrayed unmistakable fear. I took no notice of him, and went on.

The instant I turned the corner and came in view of the vestry I saw the lantern-skylight on the roof lighted up from within. A stone fell out with dazzling brightness against the murky, starless sky.

I hurried through the church-yard to the door.

As I came to it there arose a strange smell stealing out on the damp night air. I heard a snapping noise inside—I saw the light above grow brighter and brighter—a pane of the glass cracked—fell in—and the heat and smoke met us.

The vestry was on fire!

I paused for a moment—before I could draw breath after that discovery. I was horror-struck by a heavy thump against the door from the inside. I heard it shaken and worked violently in the lock—I heard a man's voice, behind the door, raised to a dreadful shrieking, screaming for help.

The servant, who had followed me, staggered back shuddering, and dropped on his knees. "Oh, my God in heaven!" he cried, "it's Sir Percival!"

As the words passed his lips the clerk joined us, and at the same moment there was another loud, a last, grating turn of the key in the lock.

"The Lord have mercy on his soul!" said the old man. "He's suffocated and dead. He has hampered the lock."

I rushed to the door. The one absorbing purpose that filled all my thoughts, that had controlled all my actions, for weeks and weeks past, vanished in an instant from my mind. All remembrance of the foul conspiracy the man's crimes had inflicted; of the love, the innocence, the happiness he had pitilessly laid waste; of the oath I had sworn in my own heart to summon him to the terrible reckoning that he deserved—all fled from my memory like a dream. I remembered nothing but the horror of his situation. I felt nothing but the natural human impulse to save him from a frightful death.

"Try the other door!" I shouted. "Try the door into the church! The lock's hampered. You're a dead man if you waste another moment on it!"

There had been no renewed cry for help when the key was turned for the last time. There was no sound now of any kind to give token that he was still alive. I heard nothing but the quickening crackle of the flames and the sharp rap of the fire against the skylight glass.

I looked round at my two companions. The servant had risen to his feet: he had taken the lantern and was standing by, vacantly at the door. Terror seemed to have struck him with downright idiocy—he waited at my heels, he followed me as I moved like a dog. The clerk sat crouched up on one of the tombstones, shivering and moaning to himself. The one moment in which I looked at them was enough to show me that they were both helpless.

Hardly knowing what I did, acting desperately on the first impulse that occurred to me, I seized the servant and pushed him against the vestry wall. "Hold up," said I, "and hold by the stones. I am going to climb over you to the roof—I am going to break the skylight and give him some air!" The man trembled from head to foot, but he held firm. I got on his back with my cudgel in my hand, seized the gutter-ledge with my hands, and was instantly on the roof. In the frantic hurry and agitation of the moment I never struck me that I might let out the flame instead of letting in the air. I struck at the skylight, and battered in the cracked, loosened glass at a blow. The fire leaped out like a wild beast from its lair. If the wind had not chanced, in the position I occupied, to set it away from me, my exertions might have ended then and there. I crouched on the roof as the smoke poured out, and then I looked down.

The flames and flashes of the light showed me the servant's face staring up vacantly under the wall; the clerk risen to his feet on the tombstone, wringing his hands in despair; and the dreary prospect of the village, haggard men and terrified women, clustered beyond in the church-yard—all appearing and disappearing, in the red of the dreadful glare, in the black of the choking smoke. And the man beneath my feet!—the man, suffocating, burning, dying so near us all, so utterly beyond our reach!

The thought half maddened me. I lowered myself from the roof by my hands and dropped to the ground.

"The key of the church!" I shouted to the clerk. "We must try it from the outside—I will save him if we can burst open the inner door."

"No, no, no!" cried the old man. "No hope! the church key and the vestry key are on the same ring—both inside there! Oh, Sir, let's past saving—he's dead and asleep by this time!"

"They'll see the fire from the town," said a voice from among the men behind me. "There's a engine in the town. They'll save the church."

I called to that man—he had his wits about him—I called to him to come and speak to me. It would be a quarter of an hour at least before the town engine could reach us. The horror of remaining inactive all that time was more than I could face. In defiance of my own reason, I persuaded myself that the doomed and lost wretch in the vestry might still be in a condition on the floor, might not be dead yet. If we broke open the door might we save him? I knew the strength of the heavy locks—I knew the thickness of the nailed oak—I knew the hopelessness of assailing the one and the other by ordinary means. But surely there were tools still left in the dismantled cottages near the church? What if we got one and used it as a battering-ram against the door?

The thought leaped through me like the fire leaping out of the shattered skylight. I appealed to the man who had spoken first of the fire-engine in the town. "Have you got your tools handy?" I said. "Yes, they are. And a hatchet, and a saw, and a bit of rope?" Yes! yes! yes! I ran down among the villagers with the lantern in my hand. "Follow me—follow me to every man who helps me!" They started into life at the words. That ravenous second hunger of all passions—the hunger for revenge—roused them into tumult and activity in a moment. "Two of you for more lanterns if you have them—two of you for the hatchets and the tools! The rest after me to find the beam!" They cheered—with shrill screeching voices they cheered. The women and the children fled back on either side. We rushed in a body down the church-yard path to the first empty cottage. As a man was I believe the last the clerk—the poor old clerk standing on the flat tombstone alone and wailing over the church. The servant was still at my heels, his white, helpless, panic-stricken face was close over my shoulder as we plunged into the cottage. There were rafters from the torn-down floor above lying loose on the ground, but they were too light. At least ten across our bodies, but not out of reach of our arms and our pickaxes —a beam fast at each end in the ruined wall, with cattle-stalls fencing off ripped away, and a great gap in the roof above open to the sky. We attacked the beam at both ends at once. God! how it bulked now how the whole fabric of the wall resisted us! We struck, and tugged, and tore. The beam gave at one end—it came down in a heap of brickwork and dust. There was a scream from the women all huddled in the doorway—a cry of horror and despair from the men—two of them down, but not hurt. Another tug all together, and the beam was loosened in both ends. We raised it, and gave the word to clear the door-way. Now for the work! now for the rush at the door! There is the fire streaming into the church—how brightened even to light us! Steady along the church-yard path —steady with the beam for a rush at the door. Now, then, all together! Off—and the cheering again, irrepressible. We have shaken it already; the hinges must give if the lock won't. Another run with the beam—off—back—then —and off. It's loose! The stealthy fire darts at us through the crevices all round it. Another and a last run! The door falls in with a crash. A great hush of awe, a stillness of breathless attention succeeds the furious hubbub of us. We look for the body. The scorching heat on our faces drives us back: we see nothing—only below, all through the room, we see nothing but a sheet of living fire.

"Where is he?" whispered the servant, starting vacantly at the flames.

"He's dust and ashes," said the clerk. "And the book as our dust and ashes—and do, Sirs, the church will be dust and ashes soon!"

Those were the only two who spoke. When they were silent again nothing stirred in the stillness but the bubble and the crackle of the flames.

Awful.

A harsh rattling sound in the distance—then the boiler burst—the horses' hoofs—full upon—then the low roar, the all-predominant tumult of hundreds of human voices clamoring and shouting round us. The engine at last!

The people about me all turned from the fire and ran eagerly to the brow of the hill. The old clerk tried to go with the rest; but his strength was exhausted. I saw him holding by one of the tombstones. "Save the church!" he cried out, faintly, as if the firemen could hear him already. "Save the church!"

The only man who never moved was the servant. There he stood, his eyes still fastened on the flames, in a changeless, vacant stare. I looked at him, I shook him by the arm—he was past rousing. He only whispered once more, "Where is he?"

In ten minutes the engine was in position; the well at the back of the church was feeding it, and the hose was carried to the door-way of the vestry. If help had been wanted from me I could not have afforded it now. My energy of will was gone—my strength was exhausted—the turmoil of my thoughts was fearfully and suddenly stilled, now I knew that he was dead. I stood useless and helpless—looking, looking, looking into the burning room.

I saw the fire slowly conquered. The brightness of the glare faded—the steam rose in white clouds, and the smouldering heaps of embers showed red and black through it on the floor. There was a pause—then an advance altogether of the firemen and the police, which blocked up the door-way—then a consultation in low voices—and then two men were detached from the rest, and sent out of the church-yard through the crowd. The crowd drew back on either side, in dead silence, to let them pass.

After a while a great shudder ran through the people, and the living lane widened slowly. The men came back along it, with a door from one of the empty houses. They carried it to the vestry, and went in. The police closed again round the door-way; and men stole out from among the crowd by twos and threes, and stood behind them, to be the first to see. Others waited near, to be the first to hear. Women were among these last—women with children in their arms.

The tidings from the vestry began to flow out among the crowd—they dropped slowly from mouth to mouth, till they reached the place where I was standing. I heard the questions and answers repeated again and again, in low, eager tones, all round me. "Have they found him?" "Yes."—"Where?" "Against the door: on his face."—"Which door?" "The door that goes into the church. His head was against it. He was down on his face."—"Is his face burned?" "No." "Yes, it is." "No: scorched, not burned. He lay on his face, I tell you."—"Who was he? A lord, they say." "No, not a lord. *Sir* Something; Sir means Knight." "And Baronight, too." "No." "Yes, it does."—"What did he want in there?" "No good, you may depend on it."—Did he do it on purpose?" "Burn himself on purpose!" —"I don't mean himself; I mean the vestry." —"Is he dreadful to look at?" "Dreadful!" —"Not about the face, though?" "No, no; not so much about the face."—"Don't any body know him?" "There's a man says he does."— "Who?" "A servant, they say. But he's struck stupid-like, and the police don't believe him."—"Don't any body else know who it is?" "Hush—!"

The loud, clear voice of a man in authority silenced the low hum of talking all round me in an instant.

"Where is the gentleman who tried to save him?" said the voice.

"Here, Sir—here he is!" Dozens of eager faces pressed about me—dozens of eager arms parted the crowd. The man in authority came up to me with a lantern in his hand.

"This way, Sir, if you please," he said, quietly.

I was unable to speak to him; I was unable to resist him, when he took my arm. I tried to say that I had never seen the dead man in his lifetime—that there was no hope of identifying him by means of a stranger like me. But the words failed on my lips. I was faint and silent and helpless.

"Do you know him, Sir?"

I was standing inside a circle of men. Three of them, opposite to me, were holding lanterns low down to the ground. Their eyes, and the eyes of all the rest, were fixed silently and expectantly on my face. I knew what was at my feet—I knew why they were holding the lanterns so low to the ground.

"Can you identify him, Sir?"

My eyes dropped slowly. At first I saw nothing under them but a coarse canvas cloth. The dripping of the rain on it was audible in the dreadful silence. I looked up, along the cloth, and there, at the end, stark and grim and black, in the yellow light—there was his dead face.

So, for the first and last time, I saw him. So the Visitation of God ruled it that he and I should meet.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE FOURTH.

The eighty-fourth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence was duly, honorably, and, but for a very severe rain-storm which occurred in the afternoon, auspiciously observed in this city and its suburbs. Of military marchings and countermarchings there were the usual number. The streets were crowded; the people were bent on pleasure; and only one or two disturbances, and those of a comparatively trivial nature, took place. The *Great Eastern* was one of the features of attraction; but, owing to the high price of admission, not many persons went on board, although several thousands during the day surveyed her huge bulk from the piers fronting her dock. The annual services at Tammany, consisting of the reading of the "Declaration," followed by an oration, took place as usual. There were fire-works as usual in the Park, the various squares, and at other places about the city. Of accidents from carelessness in the use of gunpowder there were a large number reported, but not more than usually have occurred on previous occasions. The sufferers mainly are boys, and in many instances amputation of the fingers and portions of the hand became necessary. A party of riotous characters broke into a drinking saloon kept by William J. Gillespie, at the corner of Fourteenth Street and Tenth Avenue; and in defending himself from a threatened assault, Gillespie fired upon the crowd, and shot a youth named Edward M'Keever, who was wounded somewhat seriously. Several fires happened from the explosion of pyrotechnics, but none were serious in result.

RECEPTION OF THE NEW FRENCH MINISTER.

The new French Minister, M. Mercier, was on Thursday presented to the President by acting Secretary of State, Mr. Trescott.

The Minister, in offering his credentials, took occasion to express his satisfaction in being accredited to this Government, and closed his brief address by announcing the sincere sympathy of his august master, the Emperor, for the Government and people of this country.

The President, in reply, stated the pleasure it afforded him in receiving the new envoy; and in the course of his remarks made felicitous use of the fact that the French Minister should present his credentials on the anniversary of American independence, which could not fail to remind him (the President) of the deep obligations the people of this country owed to France in their struggle for emancipation, and which no American could recall without the liveliest sentiments of gratitude.

The interview terminated with mutual assurances of the most complimentary character.

THE TREATY WITH CHINA.

S. W. Williams, Secretary of Legation to China, has arrived at Washington, direct from the Emperor, bearing the ratified treaty with this Government, and an autograph letter from his Highness to the President of the United States, and presented both of these documents to the Department of State last week. He brings no political news of importance. The aspect of affairs was not altogether encouraging. Considerable depression prevailed in commercial and other circles, growing out of the troubles with England and France.

EXECUTION OF HARDEN.

Jacob S. Harden, for the murder of his wife by poison, was executed at Belvidere, New Jersey, on 6th inst. Great crowds were in attendance, and men, women, and children vied with each other in the vain attempt to catch a glimpse of the sickening spectacle. The prisoner conducted himself with great coolness, manifesting but little feeling, and no emotion of any account. His partings with his father, his spiritual advisers, his attendants, and others, evinced a total absence of human feeling, and a disregard of even conventional decency. He died easily. His remains were given to his parents, who consigned them to their final resting place, on his father's farm at Blairstown, New Jersey, on Sunday last.

ARREST OF A SLAVER.

The United States steam revenue cutter *Harriet Lane*, Captain Faunce, seized on Tuesday afternoon, outside of Sandy Hook, the bark *Kate*, Captain Otto, on suspicion of being about to engage in the slave-trade. The *Kate* was cleared at the Custom-house by "Captain Watts," bound to Cape Palmas, West Coast of Africa, and sailed on Tuesday. She was brought back to the city and anchored off the Battery. Her crew are composed principally of Portuguese and Spaniards, from whom no information could be gained. Her cargo is such as slavers generally carry. At the time she was seized Captain Faunce observed some curious movements of a steam-tug, then some distance off, and ran for her, when she proved to be the *Magnolia*, having on board a number of men of whom no reliable account was given. Captain F., having no doubt but that they were to be put on board the *Kate*, as appearances indicated, immediately seized the tug and brought her to the city, and detained her passengers for examination.

THE MURDERS IN THE EIGHTEENTH WARD.

The mystery attendant on the double murder in the eighteenth ward, of Messrs. Walton and Mathews, continues to increase in interest. On Monday night, after his brother Edwin had been arrested, Charles Jefferd, by the advice of a friend, proceeded to the house of Justice Osborn for the purpose of giving himself into the hands of the law for examination, but that magistrate told him to go away, and call at the police court in the Tombs on the following morning. Accordingly, on Tuesday, at the opening of the court, Jefferd appeared, and was committed to prison to await the result of the coroner's inquest. He asserts his entire innocence, and denies all knowledge whatever of the murders, protesting that he can prove an *alibi*. The coroner is taking evidence in the case, but nothing has yet been discovered which tends to fasten suspicion upon any one.

RACE AT PHILADELPHIA.

A dispatch from Philadelphia, July 5, says: "Flora Temple won the match with G. M. Patchen, on the Suffolk Park track, on the Fourth, in three straight heats. Time, 2.22¼, 2.21¼, 2.37¼; track very heavy in the last heat. The betting was one hundred to ninety on Patchen. Over four thousand persons were present."

PERSONAL.

Charles Goodyear, the inventor of the art of vulcanizing India-rubber, died in this city, at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, on the 1st inst., after an illness of four weeks. Mr. Goodyear was born in New Haven, December 29, 1800. The disease which terminated his life had its origin in the severe and long-continued privations and anxieties which he suffered. Some of the most important uses and applications of vulcanized India-rubber were perfected by Mr. Goodyear only very recently. He has thus been taken away in the midst of his useful labors.

Some Germans, taking breakfast in their house at Philadelphia, had their attention attracted by a noise in the entry. Going thither, they found their mother hanging by the neck to the rail of the staircase, committing suicide. Instead of cutting her down at once, and thus surely saving her life, all the three set off after a policeman. When they returned with one, of course the old lady was dead.

At Oxford University, England, on the 20th ult., the honorary degree of D.C.L. was to be conferred on Mr. J. Lothrop Motley, the historian. Among those to be similarly honored were his Excellency Count de Platen, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from his Majesty of Sweden and Norway; the Right Honorable Lord Brougham and Vaux; Count P. E. de Stizelecki, C.B., F.R.S.; Sir Richard Bethell, M.P., her Majesty's Attorney-General.

The Senators whose terms expire in 1861, and whose places are to be filled by the next Legislatures of their States, are Fitzpatrick of Alabama, Johnson of Arkansas, Gwin of California, Foster of Connecticut, Yulee of Florida, Iverson of Georgia, Trumbull of Illinois, Fitch of Indiana, Harlan of Iowa, Crittenden of Kentucky, Slidell of Louisiana, Pearce of Maryland, Green of Missouri, Clark of New Hampshire, Seward of New York, Clingman of North Carolina, Pugh of Ohio, Lane of Oregon, Bigler of Pennsylvania, Hammond of South Carolina, Collamer of Vermont, and Durkee of Wisconsin—fourteen Democrats, seven Republicans, and one American.

A man—a Captain, in fact—was arrested, the other day, in North Stonington, for assaulting his wife. "He was tried before a full bench,' rather grandiloquently says the local paper, and was fined three dollars and the costs! On the same day another citizen of this "enterprising town," as the editor just quoted styles the village, assaulted a fellow-creature not his wife. He, pleading guilty, was fined four dollars and the costs. So wives are at a discount in North Stonington.

At the execution of Nathaniel Harten for the murder of Miss Morris, at Moundsville, Virginia, on Thursday last, the father of the murdered girl was present, so much intoxicated, and so eager for the scene, that it was with difficulty he was restrained by his neighbors.

A patriotic insane man, named Charles Berry, hanged himself in Dakotah County, Minnesota, last week, by tying an American flag about his neck.

Among those who have engaged rooms at Newport are Stephen A. Douglas, General Jo. Lane, Colonel Orr of South Carolina, Erastus Corning of Albany, Ex-Mayor Havemeyer of New York, Mayor Deming of Hartford, and others.

Mr. John Phillips, of Sturbridge, Massachusetts, was one hundred years old on the 29th ult. He is still in good health, and held a festival in memory of his birth. He was in the Revolution, and has been a member of the Baptist Church for eighty-eight years.

A dispatch from Utica announces the arrest of Frederick Hoffman, the missing Secretary of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company. He was arrested at Trenton Falls, Oneida County. There is a charge against him of forging two checks of $1500 each, besides his complicity in the over-issue of the stock of the Company by which he was employed.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

PARLIAMENT.

The proceedings in Parliament have been generally unimportant.

In the House of Lords Earl Granville, in reply to the Marquis of Normanby, intimated that Government had received no information confirming the report in recent dispatches that any portion of the Sicilian territory had been occupied by British forces.

In the House of Commons, after considerable debate, leave had been given to bring in a bill providing for the amalgamation of the local and the European troops into one imperial army.

Lord John Russell, in reply to an inquiry as to whether the Neapolitan frigate had captured her two prizes by hoisting the British flag, said he was unable to speak as to the truth of this report; but if it was true it was a most unwarrantable act, and notice would be taken of it.

Sir Robert Peel denounced the conduct of the French Government in regard to the annexation of Savoy, and attacked the English Ministry for its humiliating policy.

Lord John Russell defended himself, and stated the terms of the note just received from France relative to the neutralized districts of Savoy. France proposes that the neutrality of those districts be secured, either through the instrumentality of an European Congress or the exchange of notes, France assuming all the obligations of Sardinia; or, lastly, that the matter be arranged between France and Switzerland. Lord John Russell complained of the conduct of France in the whole transaction, and said it could not be regarded as satisfactory by England.

THE VOLUNTEER MANIA.

On the day that the *Persia* left Liverpool a grand review of volunteer riflemen, in the presence of the Queen, took place in Hyde Park. From 20,000 to 30,000 volunteers were under arms. Business was suspended for the day on the Stock Exchange, and in many branches of trade a general holiday was observed. It was announced that the Queen would further encourage the rifle movement by personally inaugurating the great prize meeting which was to commence on the 2d of July. The competition was to commence by her Majesty firing a rifle from a fixed mechanical rest.

FRANCE.

DEATH OF JEROME BONAPARTE.

The death of Prince Jerome Bonaparte is announced by the last arrival from Europe. He was the youngest brother of Napoleon, and was born at Ajaccio, December 15, 1784. He was made King of Westphalia on the 18th of August, 1807, by Napoleon; and upon the downfall of his brother he was left to wander through Switzerland, settling finally at Vienna, as Prince de Montfort—a title conferred upon him by his father-in-law, he having married a daughter of the King of Wurtemberg after his divorce from Miss Patterson. In 1852 he was called back to France by Louis Napoleon, and was made a Marshal of the Empire and President of the Senate. His children by Miss Patterson have vainly attempted to obtain recognition as princes by the Emperor.

A NEW KIND OF WAR STEAMER.

Great preparations are being made at Toulon for an experiment to be made with the steel-plated frigate *Gloire*. This vessel is to be impelled by all the power of steam to strike against a ship of the line, and endeavor to cut her in two with her bronze prow.

The steam engines of the *Gloire* are enveloped with mattresses to protect them from being too much shaken by the force of the shock. The experiment is to be tried against the ship-of-the-line *Montebello*, which is now old. Should it succeed, several large steamships will be built on the plan of the *Gloire*.

DEATH OF A CENTENARIAN.

A gentleman named De la Berge, who has just died at Paris at the advanced age of ninety-seven, was one of the last links which connect these modern days with the ancient régime. When a child, seven years of age, he was, on the 30th of May, 1770, taken by his tutor to see the fire-works in the Champs-Elysées on the occasion of the marriage of the Dauphin (afterward Louis XVI.) and Marie Antoinette. It is known that, a sudden panic having seized the crowd, a scene of fearful confusion ensued, and that thirty persons were killed. One of them was young De la Berge's tutor, who perished in trying to save the child when knocked down. The boy was picked up by a workman, who placed him on his shoulders and carried him from the crowd. The De la Berge family recompensed the man, and he, having commenced business on his own account, in the end made a large fortune. They, moreover, made a rule of giving every year a certain sum, in the name of the child, to the poor of the parish; and, when M. De la Berge grew to man's estate, he made the donation himself, and continued it religiously every 30th May until his death.

BADEN.

THE ROYAL CONFERENCE

The Baden-Baden correspondent of the *Independance Belge* writes as follows:

"Baden-Baden, *June* 17, 1860.

"Among the motives which seem to have induced the Emperor of the French to seek for an interview with the Prince Regent of Prussia, his desire is quoted to prove, despite the policy, more or less revolutionary, which France is accused of favoring, or at least tolerating in Italy, that Napoleon III. had not deviated from the European concert to take advantage of it. This assertion, which is believed in German political circles, I leave to your own appreciation.

"During the meeting the most strict etiquette has been observed. Early yesterday morning the Emperor paid his visit to the Prince Regent. The Emperor was on foot. The visit he made in the afternoon yesterday was for the Princess of Prussia.

THE ETIQUETTE OBSERVED.

"It is said that a short discussion took place between Saxony and Bavaria as to who should have precedence. It was finally adjudged to the Prince Regent, who took precedence of the kings. Yesterday, at dinner, the Prince Regent, who naturally could not take his wife down, asked the King of Bavaria to give his arm to the Princess of Prussia; the Emperor Napoleon took the Grand Duchess of Baden. Then followed the Prince Regent and the King of Saxony, the King of Würtemberg and the King of Hanover, the Grand Duke of Wiemar, the Dukes of Nassau and Coburg, the Prince of Hohenzollern and the Grand Duke of Baden, and, lastly, Prince William of Baden.

"At the dinner-table the Grand Duchess of Baden sat between the Emperor Napoleon and the Prince Regent; opposite to her the Princess of Prussia, between the kings of Bavaria and Saxony. The other kings and princes sat according to seniority.

"At the tea-party last evening different members of the Baden diplomacy were present, including the French envoy at Carlsruhe, Viscount de Serre and his wife, and other distinguished foreigners.

"This morning, at half past seven o'clock, the King of Saxony attended mass. The Emperor attended mass at eleven. The Emperor, accompanied by a numerous suite, and escorted by gens d'armes, went to church on foot. The Emperor having expressed annoyance at being greeted with cries of 'Vive l'Empereur,' he was allowed to pass, the crowd keeping respectful silence. The Protestant sovereigns attended divine service in the Lutheran chapel.

'The Grand Duke of Darmstadt arrived at Baden on Friday, and alighted at the Hôtel d'Europe, which brings the number of sovereigns assembled here up to eleven. The Grand Duke of Darmstadt, who lunched at the old castle immediately after his arrival, is the only sovereign who appeared to-day in uniform, wearing his helmet. The uniform suits his colossal figure much better than plain clothes.

"Between three and four to-day (Sunday) a Conference was held at the Hôtel d'Angleterre, in the King of Bavaria's rooms, at which were present the four kings, the Grand Duke of Darmstadt, and the Duke of Nassau; that is to say, the sovereigns of the states who were represented at the famous Wurzburg Conference in November last.

"When the Emperor paid his visit to the three kings' lodgings at the Hôtel d'Angleterre, the King of Hanover was out. At four P.M. he drove up to the hotel in a phaeton and pair, and, without announcing himself, was conducted by a waiter to the King of Hanover's apartments. As the Emperor entered, the King, leaning on his valet's arm, came out of his sleeping apartment. (The King of Hanover is blind.) The latter, not recognizing the Emperor, asked how any person could be admitted without being announced. The waiter then announced 'The Emperor of the French,' and retired.

"The Emperor had brought with him the Grand Cordon of the Legion of Honor, which the King wore at five o'clock at dinner.

"On leaving the King of Hanover the Emperor proceeded on foot to call upon the Duke of Nassau, lodged in a house belonging to the Hôtel d'Angleterre.

"One word respecting the King of Hanover. He arrived suddenly at Berlin, on the 13th, in strict *incognito*, and asked the Prince Regent if he would allow him to attend the Conference at Baden. The Prince Regent replied that he had neither power to allow nor decline—the Conference was a free one. The King of Hanover at once notified his intention of attending, and the Prince Regent then thought it right to communicate the fact to the King of Saxony.

SWITZERLAND.

THE LAST SWISS NOTION.

A telegraphic dispatch from Berne says: "In view of an approaching Conference on the annexation of Savoy, the Federal Council has confidently proposed to the great Powers a new combination, to be substituted for the stipulations of article ninety-two of the final act of Vienna. The proposition of the Council commences by stating that, after the annexation of Savoy to France, the neutralization of Faucigny and Chablais would be of no practical use whatever for the maintenance of the neutrality of Switzerland. In order to obtain this object, Switzerland claims such a portion of territory as might be traversed in a two hours' march, and which, surrounding the lake of Geneva, would form a bulwark between Switzerland and France. The Swiss diplomatic agents abroad are charged to recommend a similar combination for adoption by the great Powers, and more especially by England, who has already taken the initiative in a similar proposal; but which demands a far more considerable territorial cession."

ITALY.

CONDITION OF AFFAIRS IN SICILY.

At latest dates quiet prevailed in Sicily. Garibaldi had organized an expedition against Messina, the stronghold of the Royalists. It was expected that the expedition would march on the 28th ult. The Neapolitan Council have, it is reported, resolved to grant very liberal concessions to the people. These include a general amnesty, a constitution, a free press, and also an alliance with Piedmont; but the King would not assent to these joint propositions. It is said that the Neapolitan Government had determined to surrender the two captured American vessels; but our Minister insisted upon reparation for the insult offered to the American flag.

The Russian and Spanish embassadors have threatened to withdraw from Turin unless the Sardinian Government puts a stop to the filibuster expeditions against Sicily. Rumor asserts that Napoleon will not suffer the annexation of Sicily and Piedmont.

GARIBALDI REFUSES A STATUE.

The municipality of Partinico, a town near Palermo, voted unanimously a vote of thanks to Garibaldi, with a monument to bear the inscription, "Garibaldi, Liberator of Sicily." The monument, to consist of a marble statue, is to be placed in the Piazza del Carmine, which is to be hereafter known as the Piazza Garibaldi. To the communication from the municipality announcing to him the act of the Common Council, Garibaldi sent the following characteristic response:

"Dictator's Office, Palermo, *June* 4, 1860.

"I have read the deliberations of the Civic Council communicated to me in your letter of the 2d inst., and have learned therefrom that the Municipality of Partinico desires to honor me with a monument. While I am grateful for so much courtesy, I believe it right to remind the Council that I have come into Sicily to make war. Every expenditure that is not directed to that object is distasteful to me. Cease, then, to think of a statue, and expend the money in the purchase of arms and munitions. Assist thus in the support of Italian unity, for which I am fighting, and you will have laid your stone on the first among all monuments.

"Giuseppe Garibaldi, *Dictator*."

THE INSURRECTION IN CATANIA.

The following account of the insurrection in Catania is dated June 6:

"On the morning of the 31st of May, to the cry of 'Italy and Victor Emanuel!' a small body of armed men attacked the Royal troops in the city, nearly 2000 strong, consisting of infantry, horse, and artillery. For nearly eight hours they continued the combat, taking two guns from the Royalists; but wanting ammunition, and reinforcements of more than 2000 men approaching to support the Royalists, the insurgents were obliged to slacken their fire, and withdrew with a slight loss in killed and wounded, the loss on the part of the Royalists exceeding 300 killed and wounded. When the attack was over the troops set fire to various buildings, whether they had been fired from or not. Many houses were pillaged; the troops shot down every one they met in the street indiscriminately—whether rich, or poor, or sick; whether man or woman—robbing them afterward. The library of the University has suffered considerably, many valuable books being destroyed. Many houses and shops were pillaged, and what could not be carried off was destroyed. The city having been placed in a state of siege, a military commission was appointed, and a disarmament ordered; when, to the astonishment of every one, on the night of the 3d the troops withdrew, escorted by a steamer, carrying off, assisted by hired ships, all the portable articles and ammunition."

MEXICO.

DEFEAT OF THE CHURCH FORCES.

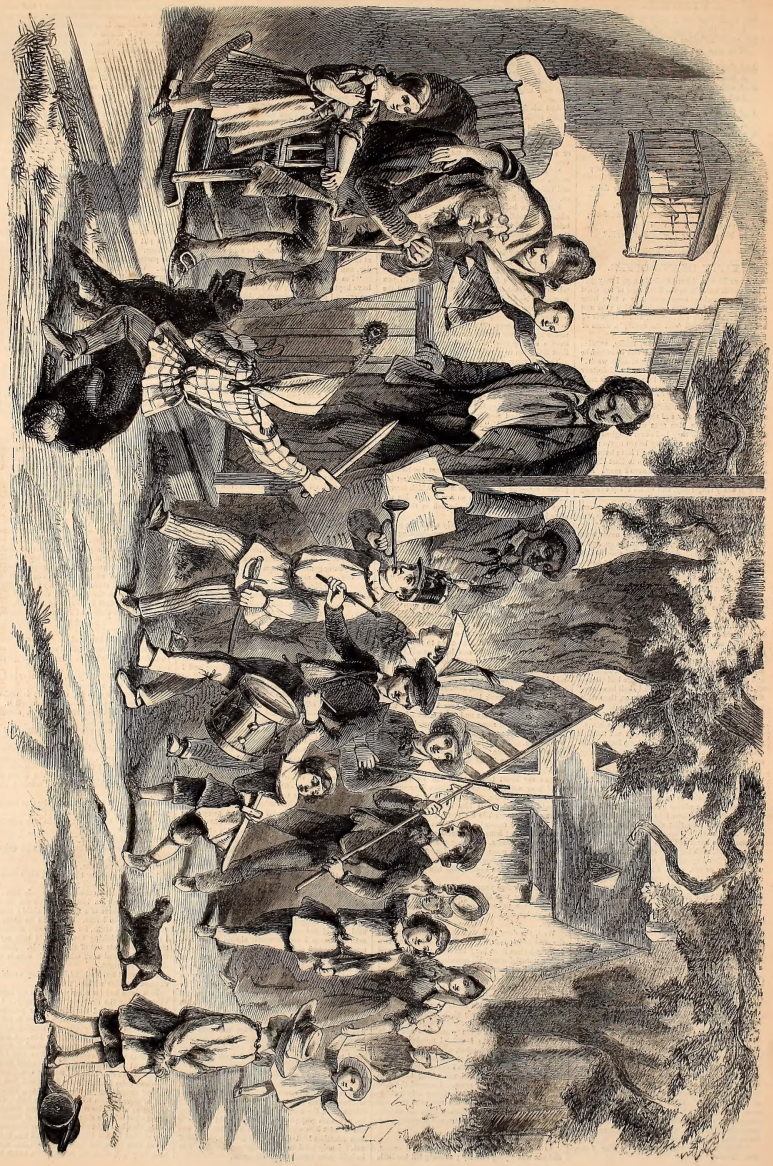
Private letters from Monterey to the 22d, and Metamoras to the 26th ult., state that the Church forces had been defeated by the Liberals near Salamanca, and that Miramon himself was taken prisoner. A division of Miramon's troops had also been defeated by General Ortega. Civil war was raging throughout Northern Mexico, where the partisans of Comonfort were making efforts for his return.

JAPAN.

THE LATE INSURRECTION.

Recent correspondence from Japan gives a definite idea of the condition of affairs there, and will serve to allay somewhat the fears which have been excited by the reports which have previously reached us. The difficulties have been undoubtedly instigated by the Prince of Mito, who aspires to the throne, and who about a year ago was banished from Jeddo to his own Principality, for having been engaged in a similar attempt against the reigning Prince. The assassination of the two Dutch sea-captains was shrouded in mystery until the attack was made on the Prince Regent, when the motive which prompted that deed was made more apparent. The intention probably was to involve the Government in a difficulty with the foreigners, during which Mito could make an attempt to obtain possession of the throne. Circumstances, however, seem to indicate that the American residents were to be exempted from massacre by his emissaries. The Prince Regent, although not killed immediately, is known to have died from the effects of his wounds; and another person has been installed, who was understood to be friendly to foreigners. No further apprehensions were felt, as this last act of Prince Mito would undoubtedly, it was thought, result in his death.

THE FOURTH OF JULY—EIGHTY YEARS AGO.



THE FOURTH OF JULY—NOWADAYS.

WITHERED

On, there was one I used to know,
A tiny babe, whose witching smiles
Set sweet affection all a-glow;
Who won me with her simple wiles.

And there was one I used to know,
A little maid with sunny hair;
And with a brow as white as snow,
And with a heart as light as air.

And there was one I used to know,
A damsel, full of life and grace;
Who walk'd the great world to and fro
With angel-light upon her face.

And there was one I used to know,
Who lived to bless the old and poor;
And once I saw with bitter woe
That Death was standing at her door.

There is a tomb that now I know,
'Tis dark with flow'rets fair and frail;
And to that tomb in vain I go,
In hope to peer "behind the vail."

KITTY DEAN'S OFFER.

"AUNT LIZZIE, Aunt Lizzie, he says I may go!" These words burst in at the front door of my quiet house one morning, accompanied by a trim little figure, a pretty face with laughing blue eyes and cheeks flushed with excitement, and a shower of brown curls escaped from the comb," a dress of pink and white lawn, etc.

"I didn't mean to shock you, really, auntie, but it's no use to look sour, and I was afraid he would never let me; and just think, next week!" And this exceedingly intelligible and satisfactory speech closed with a vigorous hug, which was nearly all I understood of the matter.

"Now stop, Kitty Dean!" I said. "Look me in the face for a whole minute without speaking, and then tell me soberly and slowly all about it."

In ten minutes the blue eyes were looking into mine as gravely as if they had never laughed; but before the minute was up Kitty began again:

"Why, that's it, Aunt Lizzie: I have been begging father for a week to let me go to East Hampton with Mrs. Wood, and now he says I may. And we are going to stay a month, and I shall bathe in the surf every single day, and spend every evening on the beach in the moonlight."

"But East Hampton is not a remarkable place, is it, Kitty? Mrs. Wood told me it was very stupid, but a good place to fatten babies."

"Now stop, Aunt Lizzie. I never went to the sea-side in my life, and I want to go, and it won't be stupid—no!" And the spoiled child looked pettingly into my face. Then laughing again, she said, "And I'll tell you a secret: I have set my heart upon one thing. Now won't you laugh if I tell you what it is?"

"Perhaps not," I said, musingly, my mind reverting to the sewing Kitty's advent had interrupted.

"Well, I must tell you, at all events. I am going to have a lover."

"What *are* you talking about, child?" I said, impatiently.

"I am going to have an offer I am, auntie. Helen Packer had one at the sea-side last summer, and she says almost all the girls there had them—all the pretty ones. And I think I shall have one. Kitty gave a sly glance at the mirror, then withdrawing her eyes quickly, said,

"But you must not tell father, and I'll give you an account of the whole affair when I come home."

I will spare the reader what I did not think it my duty to spare Kitty, viz.: a long lecture on coquistion, or homily on the sins of flirting, vanity and levity.

The morning of Kitty's departure for East Hampton at length arrived, and I went to the depôt with her to see her safely off and whisper a few more words of sage advice to be thought of in the cars. She needed all the advice I could give her, for she had so absorbed the notion into her silly little head the idea of that offer that she would talk of little else. And the child's amusement at my horror of the idea was such as to dwell upon it all the time.

Mrs. Wood, with her three children, was keeping watch over her luggage and wondering if the cars would never stop, when Kitty and I appeared in appearance. "I'm afraid you will be disappointed, Miss Kitty," she said, as she saw the happy face of my blissful niece; "for East Hampton is very quiet place."

"Disappointed! Oh, I don't expect any thing remarkable, Mrs. Wood."

And Kitty tried to look as if she had been to the sea-side every year of her existence instead of considered it somewhat of a bore to go through the annual performance. Then, having concealed her rapturous delight as long as was needful, she went to them again by snatching Mrs. Wood's youngest from the arms of its nurse, and transforming herself into a baby-jumper, for its amusement and edification. As she danced lightly along the platform, tossing the baby aloft, and laughing her low, musical laugh at the consternation mingled of bewilderment and delight on its tiny features, her graceful figure, thrown back, and with brown hair blown back from her bright face, I thought my Kitty very pleasant to look upon; and as I was thinking so the cars came crashing by, and from their windows I saw many a pleasant look cast at my little niece, and among the faces turned toward her was one I recognized at once as that of a dear friend. He saw me, and, leaving his seat, was soon grasping my hand and speaking warm words of greeting. Kitty danced by us, scarcely deigning a glance at the grave, quiet man; and he said, looking after her,

"What a pretty little creature! Who is she, Mrs. H——?"

"My niece, Kitty Dean," I said, with a little pardonable pride, adding, "The child is very happy to-day, for she is going, for the first time in her life, to the sea-side. Mrs. Wood (you remember Mrs. Wood?) is to take her under her wing to East Hampton, down on Long Island."

"To East Hampton! Why I, too, am on my way to that quaint little village. It is so long since I indulged in a vacation and the sea-side that I feel almost like joining your pretty niece in that very original dance of hers. I do long so for the sea."

And his face lighted up with almost the same boyish smile peculiar to it years before, when he was not the pale, sad man of the present.

"Let me introduce you to Kitty," I said.

"Stay one instant, Mrs. H——. Is she a child or a young lady? Excuse me, but she looks so very childlike just now; and yet—"

"Oh, you must treat her as a young lady, John, or she will never smile on you. She is eighteen, and fully conscious of her weight of years. Kitty, this is my friend, Mr. Burnley."

Kitty drew herself up, and honored Mr. Murray with an exceedingly stately bow—the stateliness being assisted to much extent by her dance with the baby, which she knew he must have witnessed.

"Mr. Murray is going to East Hampton, Kitty; and as he has been there before, he can tell you whether it is 'all your fancy painted' is."

"Oh, how very good of him!" and will you tell me all about the surf, and the beach, and the moonlight, Mr. Murray? Mrs. Wood does not seem to care for any thing about them, except that the bathing cures Johnny's whooping-cough."

"Yes, Miss Dean, all my knowledge and experience are at your service; and if you will let me have a seat by your side in the cars, I will point out Hampton in glowing colors to your mind's eye."

The bell rang, and all hurried to their seats in the cars. Kitty finding time, however, to whisper, as she kissed me, "Now, don't forget to look after her;" thinking thus to destroy my peace of mind for the next hour.

And I was thinking too busily of her sent-mate; and as I walked slowly homeward, I said, again and again, to myself, "Is he happy? Will he ever be happy?"

John Murray had always been a favorite of mine. His mother and I were cousins, and I had interested myself in her boy, at first for her sake, then for his own. From his earliest boyhood he was true and honorable, and his face and his expression—the high sense of honor which seemed natural to him, and which so few have. He was very handsome, and I loved—boylish in this, even after he was a man in years.

He used to talk to me so freely of all his plans, his ambitions, his joys, his disappointments, that in my face with his clear gray eyes, through which I could look right down into his true heart. And it was the loss of that heart's companionship he grieved me so now, since his disappointment.

For John Murray was a "disappointed man," as the world has it. He had loved, and, alas! he had received, bitterly-wronged man.

He had loved, as such true earnest men alone can love, a young Southern beauty, a belle and a belle. Others thought her weak and vain, but he loved her with a life-long, unceasing love. He shall never forget the day he came to me with his face glowing radiantly, and his eyes all full of tears, and told me that she had promised to be betrothed to be his; and how his voice trembled as he said in low, reverent tones:

"To think God has given Mrs. H—— *I* am not good enough to thank Him, but I will be now."

Ah, how happy he was, poor boy! He went away with his lady-love to the north, and they did travel through the summer. A few weeks passed, and I heard a vague rumor that his engagement was broken. Then I saw him, and found that he did not come home. In two months I read in a newspaper the notice of the lady's marriage to a wealthy foreigner.

How my heart bled for my boy then! but I could hear nothing of him. I was for four months before he came home, and he was then so changed. I could no longer call him a boy. He looked years older than I, and his face had a look about him bitter and cynical as such troubles often do, he had lost that honest frankness which was once his peculiar charm. His heart was sore and reserved, though more kindly and gentle than ever before, even to women—unlike those men who condemn the whole sex because one has proved faithless.

It was now five years since this happened, and John Murray was a middle-aged man. He was an advanced age, yet every one looked upon him as an old bachelor, and few dreamed that he would ever marry.

Well, the days of Kitty's absence went by, and at the time of her return drew near. I had had two or three letters from her; but they were short and rather unsatisfactory, all agreeing upon one point, and that Jack Hampton was coming. I knew the little damsel sadly, and was very glad when, one afternoon, a note was brought me from her, saying, "Dear Auntie, I've come home, and as my Father is going out this evening, and I shall be alone. Please come over right after tea, for I want to see you dreadfully."

Of course I went, for I wanted to see Kitty "dreadfully" too. As I walked up the pleasant road, I met with several friends, who, as I passed aside, I looked up toward the house, thinking she would come to meet me, but I saw nothing of her. Going into the house, and not seeing her down stairs, I went up to her room. I opened the door softly, and came upon Kitty sitting idly looking out of the window. She did not hear the door open, and, as her face was turned from me, did not see me till I came close to her, and drawing back her head said, laughingly:

"Well, Kitty, where's the offer?"

In a minute she had hidden me in my bosom, and she was crying bitterly; sobbing till her little form shook convulsively, and I was fairly frightened. "Kitty, pet, what is it?" I asked, anxiously. "Look up, dear one and speak."

Then she lifted her head and looked into my face. Instead of the bright, plump, rosy face she had worn a month before, she was pale, heavy-eyed, and thin. Sitting down I drew her into my lap and said, while the tears trembled in my own eyes,

"Why, Kitty, you have been ill! Why did you not let me know? I would have gone and nursed you if you had only sent for me. But you never mind now, dear. I have you safe, and you will soon be well and strong. So don't cry." And I smiled faintly at the child.

"Do I look so very thin, auntie? Father thinks so, too, and has gone to see Mrs. Wood about me, just now. I have not been ill."

"Not been sick! Why, what then is the matter? Not been sick!"

"No, auntie, I have not been sick an hour. Wish I were sick; I wish I were dead!" And with another passionate burst of tears, Kitty laid her head down on my bosom. I soothed and quieted her, stroking her hair, kissing her forehead, and singing scraps of lullaby music, just as I had comforted her when her doll had twelve very bad fevers, and she, a little sobbing child, lay in my arms as now.

Presently she grew calmer, the sobs ceased, and at last she lifted the little wet face from my shoulder, and said,

"I'm sorry to frighten you so, auntie; but I have kept it in so long, and I knew you would let me cry; and you always do, Aunt Lizzie, dear."

This she said so mournfully, and with such a piteous look on her pale face, that I broke through my resolution not to question her as to her trouble, and said, quickly:

"What is it, Kitty? That has happened?"

Drawing a long, quivering sigh, she said,

"I think I had better tell you all about it, auntie, though I could not tell any one else in the world; and you promised to say yes to me, and I have quite finished the story, or I shall break down, and I want you to know it all."

Then, with her head on my again, hiding her eyes on my shoulder, and began:

"You know, Aunt Lizzie, the silly speeches I made before I went away about having an offer. Well, though I knew it was silly, I could not help hoping that I should be able to tell the girls about when I came back. I thought it would be so nice to be knelt to on the beach in the moonlight, and have some one say that he could not live if I was cruel, and that; and then I had made up what I thought the prettiest speech in reply, telling him kindly and sweetly, but I could not love him; would always think of him as a friend, and closing by asking if I had ever led him to think I would answer him in a different way. I thought of this so much, that, when I reached East Hampton, I looked eagerly around the table when I sat down to tea at the hotel, to see if Jack was there, and was very much disappointed when he was not one—not a single one. So at last I began to think of—of Mr. Murray."

"John Murray, child! Why—"

"Auntie, please wait. I can't bear it now. I did not think of Mr. Murray till he began to be with me a good deal, to walk with me, and get out into the surf with me, and sit with me. But he was so pleasant and agreeable, and there wasn't any one else, and I liked him; so it was very easy to think of him, and I liked him better than I did. So I never declined any of his attentions; and I used to talk and sing and walk with him till at last we were inseparable all the time. I was so sure so pleasant to have him like me so much, prefer me to all the other ladies, that I really forgot all about Jack Hampton at last, and did not care to see him or to make it. But at last it came. Oh, Aunt Lizzie, I had never dreamed it would be like *that*. We had been for a walk, and the moon had been before he went we made up a party to drive down to the beach and see the moon rise. There was quite a large party—Mr. and Mrs. J's, Parsons, and the other houses. When we reached the beach we separated and went off in different parties—some sat on the branches under 'the bower,' some outside on the sand, while others walked off up the beach. Mr. Murray and I wandered away from the rest, and soon found ourselves quite out of sight of all the others. Then he spread his shawl on the sand, and we sat down to wait for the moon. I knew what he was going to say; I felt it was coming; and I was a little frightened, but still somewhat vain and very much foolish, foolish child that I was! It seems so long ago, as if I had grown old since then. He began in such a low, solemn voice, and told me exactly what he loved years ago; how she tried with and deceived him; how through all the long years since then he had never breathed her name or thought of her till to me. Then he said he did not believe with those who think a man who once loved could ever love again. He had given all his love to a mere dream—a boy's vision—and it had all come back into his heart, ever since I had been a young girl, a worthier object. And then he told me how he loved me. Oh, Aunt Lizzie, such words as he used! He did love me, for in the short time since we had been together, this love had come up in his heart, growing every day and hour as he saw my simple, girlish nature developing. Love is a terrible, guileless!' when I had been so artful and wicked.

"Then he stopped a minute, and, bending forward to look into my face, he took both my hands in his and said,

"'Will you be my wife?'

"There was my offer. Oh, how I wished in that minute that I had never met him—that I had never gone to East Hampton! I was trembling and frightened; the story of that other love had made me cry with pity; and now, how could I be the one to hurt him again, to make him think all women heartless? I did not say a word. I could not. I only drew my hands away from his. But he held them tightly and said again,

"'Will you be my wife?'

"Then I tried to remember what I had meant to say, and I stammered out something about feeling sorry I could not love him, and hoping he had never thought I meant to encourage his attentions, and—oh! I don't know what I said; it was all trifling nonsense. Shall I ever forget his grieved look when I had done? He looked into my eyes a minute, and then said, in a low, sad voice,

"'Kitty Dean, if you do not love me, if you will not be my wife, say so at once. I am no boy, to waste my love played with. In mercy say it quickly, if at all.'

"Then I said, as firmly as I could,

"'I do not love you, Mr. Murray. I can not be your wife.'

"He turned away then, covered his face in his hands, and sat so a long time, still and silent. I thought my heart would break, to see that strong, noble man, whom I am not worthy to think of, so bent down with what I had made him do. I could not bear it. I crept to him and knelt before him. I clasped my hands and said,

"'Oh, Mr. Murray, I am so sorry!'

"He uncovered his face, put his arms around me, and drew me close to his breast; and as he there, one little minute, whispered 'Good-by, my child!' then put me away and rose up. That was our parting. We walked together to join the rest of the party; but all the time I felt miles away from him. We had parted, and I shall never be near him again. He is more cold to me than just as he put me out of his arms. That is the story. Now you know all, Aunt Lizzie—now you may say all the harsh, bitter things you think of—nothing can be too bad for me."

And the child fell to crying again.

"I can not scold you to-night, Kitty," I said. "You are miserable enough as it is; and you must not cry another hour, or we shall have you really sick."

So I smoothed the poor little thing and put her to bed, like the child she is, and then sought my brother-in-law, anxiously waiting to hear my opinion of his pet. I quieted his fears, assuring him that Kitty was quite seriously ill, only suffering from the effects of the sea air, to which she was not accustomed.

Then I went home, thinking very hard.

Notwithstanding Kitty's grief, my heart turned away from her now to John Murray—my poor John. I was then as one in the world for whom I could wish to play her school-girl's pranks with but my boy I had always loved with a mother's love, and now my niece in my heart. To be sure she was wretched at first it now; but it was mere childish wretchedness, which would soon wear away, while John would suffer on.

But days passed by, and Kitty only looked sadder and paler, and showed no more interest in any one or any thing. But every day she would steal quietly into my room as I sat at work, sit down on a stool at my feet, and lay her head in my lap, scarcely ever speaking unless in reply to some question of mine. And so she would sit by the hour. I could see that such an expression of patient sorrow on the little face, which had always been so bright, that I grew sadly troubled. I had not thought it would be so hard on a child, and now she was really pining away from pity for John Murray.

"You must not be so sad, Kitty," I said one day, as she sat in her usual place at my feet. "It makes me ever father feel so badly. Try to be brighter and happier."

"Happier! Aunt Lizzie, I can never be happy again," said the child, mournfully.

"You must try to be, dear. It is useless to mourn so for the past. You can not recall it. You can not restore the sorrow you have caused by sorrowing so yourself."

"If I could only die for him!" she cried, passionately.

A new light dawned upon me. Perhaps the girl loved John Murray. If so, I felt sure she was not to know it. But I thought it was best she should make the discovery; otherwise she might possibly reject John again, if he ever vowed a second time.

"Kitty," said I, "what was the true reason for your refusal of Mr. Murray's offer?"

"Reason! Why, I was not in love with him."

"Not *then*?"

"Never, Aunt Lizzie!"

"Yet you would die for him?" I said, quietly. She started up.

"What do you mean, aunt?"

"That you care for him, Kitty, more than you have owned to yourself yet."

A sudden flush crimsoned her pale face; she stood before me an instant, her bosom heaving, her eyes like those of a frightened child; then she crushed from the room. She must be alone with this new-found truth, for truth I knew it was now. I sat alone, thinking how I should have set two troublesome pets out of their trouble. Now that they really loved each other, I felt sure it would all come out right.

But I must have a hand in it; they would never come together without me.

Now John had for some years been my legal adviser, having the charge of my property. I now determined to send for him, under pretense of wishing him to examine some papers in my possession, and thus to contrive a meeting between him and Kitty. I did not tell him. I did not tell Kitty what I had done. Indeed, I scarcely saw her at all for several days. Now that I knew her secret she avoided me, and absorbed through her paleness every time she met my eye.

When John Murray came he seemed just what he had seemed for years—quiet, grave, reserved; but no more so than when I saw him last. He attended to my business with the same thoughtful care he had always shown. I spoke of Kitty carelessly, that he might not think by my avoiding the subject that I knew his secret; asked him if he cared East Hampton, and said my niece had not been very well since her return. To which he re-

plied, absently, that he saw Miss Dean frequently in East Hanover, and that she seemed in good health while there. His manner, while saying this, was not at all lover-like; but then I did not expect it to be. John Murray was no boy, to blush and stammer when in love.

The day that his sister, John went out to walk, I was sitting in my little sewing-room at my work when Kitty came in. She was pale, and quiet as usual, and, after kissing me, "Good-morning," she sat down silently at the open window. Suddenly I was startled by her exclaiming,

"Aunt Lucy!"

I turned, and seeing our crimsoned face, her half-frightened, half-reproachful look, I knew she had seen Aunt Murray coming. She also started toward the door, but I laid my hand on her arm.

"You shall not hide, Kitty," I said, decidedly. "You shall not trifle with him again. Stay!"

She stood, timid, irresolute, and on entered the room. In his face there can be strength, and a faint color tinged his cheek, but he moved courteously, and held out his hand to her that was for my benefit, who was supposed to be ignorant of the affair). Kitty took his offered hand without looking at him. But now the shadows had left her face, and it was very white. As John glanced at her he exclaimed, involuntarily,

"You have been ill, Miss Dean!

She looked up at him, not his anxious gaze, and, covering her face with her hands, burst into tears. Poor child, she had become a perfect Niobe of late. John Murray looked annoyed. His pride would not let him submit to be slighted by the woman who had refused his hand. His face flushed, and holding his head high, looking as proud and handsome, he said,

"I am sorry my presence distresses you, Miss Dean. Let me assure you, in these tears are shed from compassion for me, I do not require them. I need no one's pity!" and he moved from the room.

Here was a situation! What should I do? I was in despair. Every thing seemed desperate as opened the door, I whispered hastily unseen by Kitty, "John, come here—she loves you."

He hesitated, looked irresolute at me, then glanced at Kitty, whose face was still covered with the little hands which had thrown a veil between him and the woman she had once loved. His expression softened, and I rushed from the room, leaving them to be happy or miserable together. was I now of a happy termination to my manœuvring that I went coolly off to market, and staid away an hour. When I came home Kitty's little straw-hat still hung in the hall, and from my sewing room I heard low murmurs issue, which convinced me that they were there as yet there. Before opening the door I thoughtfully made a great deal of unnecessary noise with the handle till the time singing in the parlor had become silence.

But when I did open it! There was John—the grave, sad old bachelor—sitting on the sofa with his arm encircling the waist of my sweet, pretty Dean, who, as I entered, looked up with a beaming, blushing face, and looking at that audacious arm, said, apologetically,

"He won't take it away."

I wrung his hand, and cried I, as, like a silly old woman, I put my arms about both of them, and fell to crying and laughing.

"Kitty has given me a 2, Mrs. R——, to make up for that first one which was so unlike what she expected," said John, laughing

"Oh! that piece of folly I only please. Mr.—tell—John!" murmured Kitty

And "John," delighted with the sound of his name from those lips, repeated solemnly and fervently after her; and as he had no Bible to kiss, to prove the sincerity of his vow, he had to substitute for the volume what happened to be nearest. So he did!

THE LOTS UPON THE RAFT.

SOME years ago I happened to be wind-bound in the port of L——. A furious westerly gale had set in at the full of the moon, and raged like the violence which can be appreciated only by those "who go down to the sea in ships," and "behold the wonders of the deep."

The hurricane whistled wildly through the rigging; great sheets of spray, beaten into foam-froth under the rough breaks-crest of each surge whose shelter we lay, were whirled aloft through the spars, showering down on the deck that narrowed above, like clouds of snow-drift driving through the pines on a dark mountain side.

"Sail ho!" cried Murtagh Moriarty. A sail, Murtagh jewel!" exclaimed two or three fishermen to our weather-beaten pilot.

We peered through the seaward, and in the intervals of the drift and mist, just under the lofty cliffs, and almost within the broad belt of snowy breakers that lashed the shore, I saw a gallant ship under close-reefed topsails and courses, staggering under the pressure of the latter as if carried on with a terrific impetus, and in a direction in order to extricate her from the fearful position she was in—the lee-shore of the thick haze of rain and surge had betrayed her.

"God be merciful! Hud by the living—"

Whatever the rest of the words would have said died upon his lips; a mighty wall of waters came rolling down upon the hapless bark just as she was about to double the point of the headland corner. At the moment she wavered to her course, as though her helmsman was paralyzed at the appalling peril. It was, however, for a moment only. Again she bore over to the hurricane squall, until all her broad decks were visible. Then was a great sheet of blinding surge boiling out from under her lee bow, which showed the tremendous velocity with which her desperate crew were forcing her through the broken water; gallantly, coolly, and with stern resolve she was held on that fearful course, amid gathering by her people, and her strength for the last struggle to escape destruction. Already was the towering mass upon her; another moment, and she would be rolled upon the rocks—that seething caldron, a mass of riven planks and timbers—the chaos of despair, of death! We held our breaths in torturing anticipation of what was to follow. Already the cry of the strong swimmers in their agony seemed resounding in our ears; no mortal hand could help, no human aid could reach them. Suddenly her helm was put down: as she came up in the wind the thunder of her shivering canvas sounded like the knell of doom; she lifted buoyantly to the giant sea, rose upon its advancing crest, as if with the last desperate effort of exhausted strength, burst through the curling ridge of white foam, and, falling off on the other tack, disappeared from our fevered gaze in a column of spray, smoke and rain-mist.

"Bravely done! Bravely and well done!" shouted old Murtagh Moriarty, in encouragement.

"Ay—ay—by my soul, the child that sails her is no chicken!" cried a known every shtick in her timber too, or he'd never thry such a thrick as that, I'm well wid her. If a rope yarn failed him, his spirit is in the mast to glory now. The Lord be praised for his marcy in sparin' them! Ids down on their knees they ought to be this blessed minute!"

"Their are sitting on their tails, Murtagh!"

"Throe for you, Billy Duncan, alanna, ay, indeed, that th'er not; here she comes now, squared away before the wind, and scudding as mild as a widowed wid the say drift, that I can't make out what she is at all!"

"Whisht, Murtagh! Spake aisy, can't you? I'll know what she is now. Don't ye see who's comin' along the pier?"

All eyes were directed upon the rapidly approaching vessel in the direction indicated by the speaker. A tall and stately looking female was striding along the rugged causeway, heedless of the fierce furious tempest or the pitiless pellings of rain and spray. She was clothed in mourning of the deepest dye, but barely sufficed to cover her poor weak frame, much less to protect her from the inclemency of the elements. In her features the traces of deep and severe woe-worn features could be traced the vestiges of early and wondrous beauty—the wreck of one of earth's fairest forms. Her eyes were unnaturally and strangely contrasted with the expression of her bright dark eyes, from which a baleful, almost insidious, fire was darting. Her hair, black as jet, escaped with feverish energy, as if in earnest, ceaseless supplication: her gaze wandered not: it was fixed upon the approaching bark. Through and through pointed rocks, and across yawning chasms, she took a long and rapid circuit. Ever and anon her lips moved, as if in prayer, yet she herself appeared not seemed to be aware of the presence of a human being. She gained at length the highest rocky platform she knelt at its margin, lonely, sad, and weird-looking, swaying her body backward and forward, her arms folded on her breast. Her voice now rose in incoherent murmurings, and anon died away; but the same interested vengeful light beamed ever in her eyes.

"Letty Blair, God help her!" exclaimed old Murtagh. "If I was Black Will Gardiner, I'd answer my name to the devil himself, sooner than face such a welkim as this either every day!"

"Ye'ge!"

"For Heaven's sake, Murtagh! what is the meaning of all this? Surely the poor creature must be mad to attempt such an arch exposure. Let us remove her to shelter and warmth."

"Hist, yer honour, hist! it's poor Letty Blair. She's glad to see Black Will Gardiner, the skipper of the *Gipsy Bride*."

Meanwhile the vessel which had caused all this excitement, with her crew, anxiously eager spirit now appeared as she rounded the pier end in such close proximity that a man might have stepped on to the deck from the rocks. Having several returns to her port after a voyage, there are those at hand to give the tempest-tossed mariners a cheery welcome, and to help them moor their vessel in safe berth. Such were the old cry of recognition, her rigging and startled-looking crew were grouped forward in sullen silence: a tall, dark-featured man conned the wanderers of the deep; no triumphant cheer echoed from the gallant bark, for that she had been fought and won. No: a deep and ominous gloom appeared to hang over the ship and her crew. At last the anchor was dropped, and the arrangements of the captain of the *Gipsy Bride* arrested my attention. He was a man in the prime of life, of colossal stature, and of a most herculean frame. His withal of a stern, gloomy, and forbidding aspect; and if ever the face of man gave index of the mind, his might be read without effort. The dark, stern features were convulsed in a manner fearful to behold: hatred, rage, fear, despair, all the evil passions which can convulse the human heart, appeared ed in turn: the veins upon his forehead stood out like knotted cord-yarns; his powerful grasp clutched at every thing within his reach. The struggle for contest to grapple with a deadly foe. The struggle for mastery over the tempest within. The shout, the quick walk along the quarter-deck ceased as the moment he caught sight of that kneeling woman. He stood glaring upon her unconscious form in the spring upon his prey. A howl of torture—the pent-up cry of racking mental agony—burst from his lips. It increased into a hurricane shriek. His hand shook like a man's with ague, as, pointing to the form which bent over him from the rocky platform, like that of an accusing spirit, in the hurt of fearful impressions, he thundered forth:

"Eternal fiend! will no one strike that old hag from my sight!"

It was a solemn sight, accompanied by fearful sounds! The ship and her crew were gliding into the safe and sheltered haven, escaped as by a marvel of Providence from a horrible death, and instead of voices uprised in glad thanksgiving for mercy vouchsafed, to hear that awful shout of ribald blasphemy rising high above the roaring of the sea, and the howling of the storm, and the wild weird-looking, kneeling woman, wrapped in her grave-yard garments of woe, muttering forth incoherent ejaculations, in which invocations of Heaven's wrath were strangely mingled with supplications for mercy! The visitation that descended on the body and the soul was prayed for in the same breath as the exemption of the innocent from the doom of the guilty! By the sight or by the day, in the calm or in the storm, by the land or by the sea, sleeping or waking, in health or in sickness, that the fiend which doth not, and the fiend which is never quenched," might prey upon the spirit, blast the hope, wither the strong frame, and dry up the life's blood of the wretch who dare to excast of God and of man!

"I'm thinkin' he's mad the pilot, "yer honour is afger to hear the story of poor Letty Lorimer's and, as I sunested, the old man commenced:

"It's now some twenty years since auld Clement Lorimer was a big man, an' a strhong ship-owner in this same port of L——. He owned ships that went to a great many places beyant the say, an' his word was as good as another man's bond. Well Clement had a daughter, the poor wake crayther that's kneelin' there, an' a fine girl I weary me! I myself that remembers poor Letty Lorimer, the purtiest Colleen Dhas that ever tossed a spindlethwo from a grandmother on a May mornin', an' no coorse all the gay young chaps about there parts used to be sneakin' their caubeens at her; but Letty id have none of them, she was grand-like in her gladyies, an' was given to readin' about great men that wint away the say, an' mad great fortins. Well, there were two appointers sint to auld Clement—the sons of marchints he used to have dalins with—one was a young gentleman, Clement, none wv yer hard-lined, skin-the-cat sort of chap, but a great, big-hearted, jovial chap; ech! shure, they said he was descinded from the great King Robert the Bruce; anyhow, no matther who was at the reckining of him, he was a rank fine, handsome, thrick-the-world sort of a man about him o'ther fellow, they said, was a side-wind from Spain; but he'd an illegant name an' vinteen years, an' was a great favourite. Auld-look-in' sentimenmorous and self-given like—nobody fancied him; but tumpy Letty Lorimer was in every body's mouth. William Gardiner was auld Lorimer's favorite at all events; whether his people had more money nor Donald Clement, I don't exactly; but people said that Letty was to be married to him when he was out on his time. That's always two vetoes to a bargain, although Letty wasn't much consulted at first, bedad she was daytermined she'd have her own way; so the very day Donald Blair was out on his time, off she set to see them sets off and gets married hird an' fast, an' maybe there wasn't the devil's own rockaun about it; however, Clement, sinsible man, he sez to the lad he gain his daughter got, an' had them home, an' daycently married, an' a powerful jollification ther' was ev'ery body got dhrunk, of course, for Donald was such a favorite that nobody envied him but one, and that one was Will Gardiner; nast or near the weddin' he never kem; he was black and sulky as a chained bear. I'm told 'twas dhreadful to hear the oaths he wore about the revenge he'd take on Donald Blair.

"Clement Lorimer, to make up wid him like, gave him the command of the *Carlo Zeno*, which is an' to show that there was no ill-will betwixt nor between them, he sent Donald Blair out as chief mate: she was a fine ship, as ever yer honor clapped eyes on—oh, a real beauty!—called the *Carlo Zeno*: that was a awful voyige for Donald, poor, light-hearted Donald Blair—he never kem back; he was logged as washed overboard in a squall off the Great Piton Rocks, near he island of Saint Lucia. I suppose you remember the story, but Will Gardiner challenged 'em all, an' as the say was down each square, an' the crew spoke up, why there the thing was.

"Not wid poor Letty, though—the poor crayther!—she never heard a word from that day to an' the poor auld mother too, wid all Donald's wild ways, was fond ur him, for who wouldn't be poor lad was an orphan, and open-hearted as the light uv day, only fond uv his joke an' his divartshun—small blame to him!—ids a sorry sowl that goes through the world without rubbing a few bright spots in id.

"In the course of time the widow Blair became a mother; and when the child came to life again the fate that child in that boy, only he had the mother's beauty an' all her winnin' ways to the back of all poor Donald's dash an' dayrey; he grew fast, an' auld Clement began to regard him as the apple uv his eye, scarcely to bear him out uv his sight for a minit; bud the dark shadow uv ev hard, thing began to go cross wid the poor auld mother—first one ship was lost without insurance, then another, at last, the only one he had left was the *Carlo Zeno*.

"Well, the time kem when something must be done wid yoong Donald, so he longer his grandfather to look to, so bedad he heritage uv his poor drowned father was bestowed upon him—and he was sint to command the ill Will Gardiner—oh! but that was a sorry partin', for Clement Lorimer had parted wid his last ship to him, an' in sending his darlin' grandson away he felt sensed like a last hope that he'd bring back the fortune that was gone. Many, many was the requests he made uv Donald that he'd remember the poor say, an' to let him what he had done for Will Gardiner to make him an honest and a Christian man. That same night Black Will, as we always called him, had a long talk with Mrs. Blair, an' he asked her a few questions uv her own: was the sin an' shame uv his life—he asked her to be his wife, an' to forget all she had ever loved as only a woman can love.—Letty; but he was answered that was dead an' gone, uv the man with whom he'd broken the same bread and drunk the same cup, as a ne'er-do-weel that deserved to be forgotten, little knowin'—the blackhearted villain—the woman he had to dale with. Oh, my jewel! it was Letty that up an' gev him her mind; and he left her that night wid the scowl upon his brow and the cure upon his lips.

"More nor a year passed away, and still no news uv the *Carlo Zeno*. The poor mother was well-nigh distracted, and as for auld Clement he was fairly bemide himself. At last, one fine day, who should come back, as if the finger uv Fate was on him, but Black Will himself, and nobody else, wid the exception uv Art Sullivan, a very auld man, who was carpenter of the ship. She had foundered at say—the crew escaped on a raft; but, after days uv awful sufferin', the only two that were picked off that fatal raft was himself and Art Sullivan.

"The measure of poor Clement Lorimer's bitterness was now full. He had seen ships, and money, and fortune pass away from him; and now the only being that bound him to existence—that his poor old wearied heart clung to—the fair, golden-haired, laughin' boy, when pressure like the sunshine to him, and whose life was wrapped up in his own, was gone, too, and all the world was black and dreary to him. He knew by the look uv rest that brown no brakin' 'til the last day comes round the sea, and broken-hearted, desolate soul was not long findin' it. We laid him in the last restin'-place, an' all that remained of the once great ship-owner was a mouldering corse and a plain little head-stone; and poor Letty was left in solitary widowhood to mourn the days that war past—too poor to be lastin', and too fewin' to be true.

"The little that was left her she spent in charity and prayerin' herself for the home where these only loved best had gone before her.

"Well, yer honer, one night Letty was tould that a dyin' man wanted to make his peace wid the world, and that he should see her.

"'Do you know me?' says he to her, when she wint into the wretched cabin where he was lyin' on the straw.

"'You're Art Sullivan!' says she, 'a faithful servant uv my poor father's.'

"'Ay, God help me, Miss Letty!' says he; 'I was once honest, an' had a clear conscience, bud for that black villain Will Gardiner.' says he.

"'What about him? What of him?' says she. 'Oh! Art Sullivan, asthore machree! if you know any thing of him, for the love lost joy, as sure now about to appear before your Judge, tell me!'

"'Listen, my poor Colleen!' says he. 'Listen —'twas the last words he said for you. 'Twas dayprived on the raft young Donald was safe and sound, and so were all the crew; but we had days and nights uv awful suffering, hunger and thirst and the killin' heat by day soon sent most of them mad, and they jumped into the say, where the sharks made short work of them, and the rest died uv sheer starvation. At last none were left but Will Gardiner, myself, and young Donald Blair. Will, but he was a brave, fine boy! He kept our spirits up by day by day, and bid us cheer up, although the poor fellow himself never peeped from the raft. That terrible man had a little store of rum and biscuit, for I kept my eye on him night an' day; and when he thought I had discovered it, he gave me a taste now and then, but never a morsel or a sup would he give the brave child that was dyin' before his face for want uv food, and I swore to the little Donald swallow some; but no, he had the spirit of a lion. "'No!" he used to whisper, and in his little voice it would fail, "'no, Art, Will Gardiner would not give to the poor men that's gone shall never taste my lips!" It was a just rebuke to myself, a big man, to hear that from the lips uv a child; but I was wake and feeble, and the great black thirst was burning through me, and was severally selishness—so what could I do? When a man is driven to death by inches he craves for life more than ever—more than manliness, more than a wife in him; but that bud was a hero, if ever there was one born. At last the day came that all was gone, another one never followed; 'twas then Will Gardiner stooped over me and whispered a horrid temptation; for, says he, "If we can only prolong life a couple uv days more, we'll be saved." Was he still some of the homeward-bounders!" My blood curdled at his words; but as the day wore on, and no sign or a sail, he spoke to me again. But I swore at him, and he swore at and cursed me, and called me a devil that I'd feel to meet about mercy to a worthless brat. I wondher now he did not throw me overboard, but the coward was afraid of his consequences when alone. At last he spoke out bold, and said the time was come we should draw lots for life; one must die to keep the others alive. I said no, no—that was not God forgive him and me! *the lots were drawn falsely*, and poor little Donald—oh! God shield that sight from my memory! he was laid down on the burnin' scorching raft that poor small child, I could not be able; I tried to rise and help and save him; but no, I was fender than the rest, and at last the day was struck. Ay, God forgive him, that man-devil! he murdered poor little Donald—he drank of his blood and he ate of his flesh, and he lived to repent it not, too, and bound me by fearful oaths never to reveal what I do now; but I could not be able. Oh! mercy, mercy, Miss Letty! I am good—I am—' The wild cry alone answered; the spirit of the old man had fled, and with it the secuse of poor Letty Blair."

"And is it possible, Murtagh," I exclaimed, "that such a crime has ever been done on the sea?"

"God bless yer honer!" said the old man, "what could we do? Letty told me the story herself in a fit uv delirious clamour the day after the first shock passed away, but then she got worse than ever. Our only witness was dead, and who would take a man's life on the word of a poor crazed woman? But his day will come, yer honer—mark my word for it! But for me him, sure an' fixed! He tried sollin' from other ports, but he always comes back to this. But tell me, yer honer! Letty, poor crayther, is in a dyin' way, agers, "do you believe in the appearance of spirits from the other world?"

"Why do you ask the question?"

"Because poor Letty often wandthers by the say-side, and says that she is talking to little Donald; and thin she kneels down beside old Clement's grave, and whispers to him to be of good heer—that little Donald is comin' to him, and that she is comin' too, but that she must wait for Will Gardiner; and, sure enough, when we see her do'at this, we know he is not far off; and let it be by

day or by night that he comes back, there she kneels upon that platform of rock—the first that he sees when he comes, and the last when he goes away. God forgive her poor wanderin', broken sperit, it's not Christian-like, but shure she knows no better—she asks for her poor lost son—once the pride of the heart that shall never bloom again—the light of the eyes that shall never sparkle more but in madness. Terrible will be the fate of the man that wrongs the widowed and the fatherless!"

The old pilot ceased, and I shall do the same, good reader. I tell you the tale as it was told to me; and, for aught I know, the poor maniac mother may still frequent the little pier of L——, and Black Will Gardiner may still be prosperous; but, as sure as the old pilot said it, his day will come.

I need hardly say that the names I have introduced are not the real ones.

Captain Brand,

OF THE

SCHOONER "CENTIPEDE,"

A PIRATE OF EMINENCE IN THE WEST INDIES;

His Loves and Exploits,

TOGETHER WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE SINGULAR MANNER BY WHICH HE DEPARTED THIS LIFE.

By LIEUT. H. A. WISE, U.S.N.

(HARRY GRINGO),

AUTHOR OF "LOS GRINGOS" AND "TALES FOR THE MARINES."

ILLUSTRATED BY

C. PARSONS AND A. LUMLEY.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A SPLICE PARTED.

The drum rolled, the marines presented arms, the boatswain piped, the side boys and officers took off their caps; and as the colors dropped with the last ray of sunset from the peak, and the broad blue day pennant came fluttering down from the lofty main truck, Commodore Cleveland and his friends stood on the splendid deck of the flag-ship *Mocongahela*.

It must have been with conscious pride that that brave and loyal commander gazed around him on the noble frigate and her gallant crew. The white decks, the tiers of cannon polished like varnished leather, with the breechings and tackles laid fair and even over and around them; the bright belaying pins, holding their nevercoiling coils of running gear—the burnished brass capstan—the great boom board to the boats amidships with a gleaming star of cutlasses, reflecting a glitter on the ring of long pikes stuck around the mainmast near; all enclosed by the high and solid bulwarks; while towering above, like mighty leafless columns of forest pines, stood the lofty masts running up almost out of sight to the trucks in the fading light; supported by stays and shrouds, singly and in pairs, and braided mazes—black and straight and taut—never a thread loose on rigging or ratlin—and spreading out as they came down in a heavy hempen net, till they disappeared over the rail and were clenched and spliced, or seized and clamped to the bolts and dead-eyes of the chain-plates outside.

THE LOTS UPON THE RAFT.

"Gentlemen, let me make you acquainted with the first lieutenant, Mr. Hardy, and permit me also to present my nephew, Mr. Darcantel, captain—if you please, my friends—of the one-gun schooner *Rosalie*, formerly the slaver *Perdita*, cut out of a river on the Gold Coast by the young gentleman who stands before you."

"Rosalie! why that's the name of my niece," exclaimed Piron, "and she is prettier and whiter than your trim little craft, Sir. But you must come with the Commodore to Escondido and judge for yourself. But, bless my soul! you resemble our Rosalie, even if your schooner don't. Why, look at him, Paddy Burns!"

Don Stingo, and Tom Stewart, and the Paddy did look at him, and all shook hands with him, laughing the while at Piron, and asking when old Clinker looked for another earthquake.

"Come, Piron, come, gentlemen, don't let us keep the soup waiting! By-the-way, Mr. Hardy, will you do me the favor to take a glass of wine with us after gun-fire? Thank you. Suppose you bring little Mouse with you—I like children; and perhaps you will excuse the younker from keeping his watch to-night? A little extra sleep in his hammock won't hurt him, you know."

And so Commodore Cleveland raised his hat —followed by the eyes of respect and devotion from officer and sailor—as he passed down the ladder and entered his spacious cabin.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE BLUE PENNANT IN THE CABIN.

"Now, gentlemen, let me get off this heavy coat and epaulets. There! all right, Domino! put the sword in its case, and give me a white jacket. Choose your own places, my friends. Piron, sit here on my right; Henri, take the foot of the table."

These last words were said in French; whereupon Piron started and whispered to the Commodore, "By George, Cleveland! is that youth's name Henry, and does he speak French?"

"Hush, Piron! he may hear you! His mother was French, and he speaks the language like a native. She died when he was a baby, and he doesn't like to allude to it. Come, steward, we are all ready! Serve the gumbo!"

"So, my friends," exclaimed the Commodore, "you wish to hear what became of me after I last parted with you?"

"By all means, Cleveland! we are all dying to hear, and—" Here Piron's appeal was interrupted by the heavy report of a low gun, which gave a slight, though almost imperceptible jar to the frigate.

"Smithereens! Stingo! what noise is that?" exclaimed Burns.

"Only the nine o'clock gun, Sir," replied Darcantel.

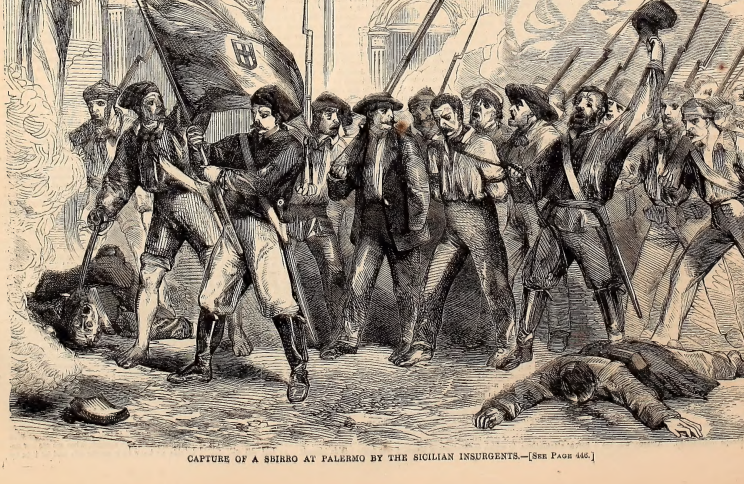
"Hech, mon!" said Stewart; "ye needna upset ma glass of auld Madeira in yer mickle fright! for I've seen the time when ye ha' laughed at the music in the report of a peestol and the ping of a bullet! But your nervous seestem seems to be unstrung ever since the sma' French dancing Count untied the string o' your waistcoat with his rapier."

"You don't think, Paddy, the Commodore here is going to bang a forty-two pound shot into our stomachs after all the good prog he's filled them with?" added Stingo, *sotto voce*, while the rotund Milesian threw his head back and twinkled carelessly defiance at them all.

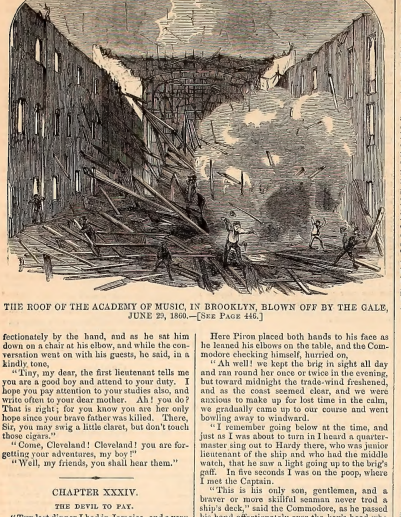
Just then the orderly swung the port cabin door open, and standing up as rigid as a pump-bolt, with a finger to the visor of his stovepipe hat, in cross-belts and bayonet, he announced "Lieutenant Hardy and Midshipman Mouse!"

"Ah, Hardy, glad to see you!" rising as he spoke; "squeeze in there between Stewart and Burns or Darcantel! Here, gentlemen, let me exhibit to you Mr. Tiny Mouse! Don't move, Piron, I'll make a place for him near me."

Saying this, the Commodore took the lad af-



CAPTURE OF A SBIRRO AT PALERMO BY THE SICILIAN INSURGENTS.—[SEE PAGE 446.]



THE ROOF OF THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, IN BROOKLYN, BLOWN OFF BY THE GALE, JUNE 29, 1860.—[SEE PAGE 446.]

fectionately by the hand, and as he sat him down on a chair at his elbow, and while the conversation went on with his guests, he said, in a kindly tone,

"Tray, my dear, the first lieutenant tells me you are a good boy and attend to your duty. I hope you pay attention to your studies also, and write often to your dear mother. Ah! you do? That is right; for you know you are her only hope since your brave father was killed. There, Sir, you may swig a little claret, but don't touch those cigars."

"Come, Cleveland! Cleveland! you are forgetting your adventures, my boy!"

"Well, my friends, you shall hear them."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE DEVIL TO PAY.

"The last dinner I had in Jamaica, and a very jolly one it was, as you all know, out at Escondido, where we kept it up so late that I only got on board the *Scourge* at daylight, in time to get her under way with the land wind. Well, we were bound to windward, and for a week afterward we rolled about in a calm off Morant Bay, maybe twenty leagues off the island, and one morning we discovered a sail. She was a large merchant brig, heading any way and bobbing about, as we were, in the calm. Toward noon, however, a light air sprung up and we got within hail, and I went on board to say a word or two to the skipper, for we had news before leaving Kingston that that infamous pirate Brand, in his long-legged schooner *Centipede*, had been seen off Guadaloupe; and, in fact, we had actually chased him off Matanzas three months before; and so I was elected to give the brig a warning, particularly as she had reported a suspicious craft in sight that same morning at sunrise. When I got on board of her I saw—"

AT THE COMMODORE'S TABLE.

Here Piron placed both hands to his face as he leaned his elbows on the table, and the Commodore checking himself, hurried on,

"Ah well! we kept the brig in sight all day and ran round her once or twice in the evening, but toward midnight the trade-wind freshened, and as the coast seemed clear, and we were anxious to make up for lost time in the calm, we gradually came up to our course and went bowling away to windward.

"I remember going below at the time, and just as I was about to turn in I heard a quartermaster sing out to Hardy there, who was junior lieutenant of the ship and who had the middle watch, that he saw a light going up to the brig's gaff. In five seconds I was on the poop, where I met the Captain.

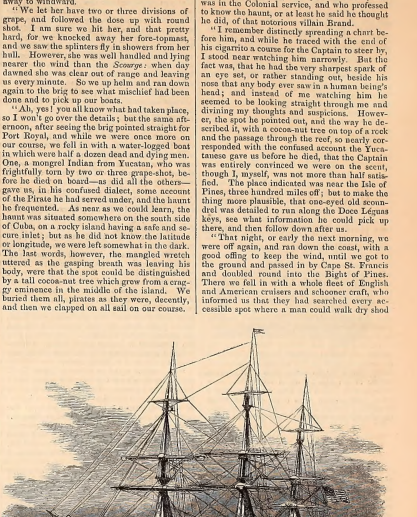
"This is his only son, gentlemen, and a braver or more skilful seaman never trod a ship's deck," said the Commodore, as he passed his hand affectionately over the boy's head who was sitting beside him.

But he forgot, perhaps, to say that he, Cleveland, had stood by the father when he was struck dead by a cannon-shot, and that afterward he had the boy appointed a reefer, and out of his own means helped the widow to eke out her pittance of a pension. Yes, Cleveland forgot all that as he smoothed the youngster's soft hair, while, with the men around him, he drained his glass in silence to the memory of his departed friend and chief. Then resuming, he went on,

"In less than no time after the light was seen—for you must know, gentlemen, that it was an understood signal between us—the *Scourge* was flying off with a stiff breeze abaft the beam, the crew at quarters, and the boats ready to be lowered from the davits. Then we ranged up alongside the brig, and even before, we felt certain that our misgivings would prove true, and so they did; and merely slamming a shot over her and dropping a couple of armed boats into the water, we huffed round her bows, and there we saw that cursed schooner-venomous snake as she was—just hoisting her sails and creeping away to windward.

"We let her have two or three divisions of grape, and followed the dose up with round shot. I am sure we hit her, and that pretty hard, for we knocked away her fore-topmast, and we saw the splinters fly in showers from her hull. However, she was well handled and lying nearer the wind than the *Scourge*: when day dawned she was clear out of range and leaving us every minute. So we up helm and ran down again to the brig to see what mischief had been done and to pick up our boats.

"Ah, yes! you all know what had taken place, so I won't go over the details; but the same afternoon, after seeing the brig pointed straight for Port Royal, and while we were once more on our course, we fell in with a water-logged boat in which were half a dozen dead and dying men. One, a mongrel Indian from Yucatan, who was frightfully torn by two or three grape-shot, before he died on board—as did all the others—gave us, in his confused dialect, some account of the Pirate he had served under, and the haunt he frequented. As near as we could learn, the haunt was situated somewhere on the south side of Cuba, on a rocky island having a safe and secure inlet; but as he did not know the latitude or longitude, we were left somewhat in the dark. The last words, however, the mangled wretch uttered as the gasping breath was leaving his body, were that the spot could be distinguished by a tall cocoa-nut tree which grew from a craggy eminence in the middle of the island. We buried them all, pirates as they were, decently, and then we clapped on all sail on our course.



THE UNITED STATES FRIGATE "MONONGAHELA."

"Steward, another bottle of the old Southside that Mr. March sent from Madeira! Here, Domino, take Mr. Mouse up gently and lay him down on my cot in the after cabin. Dear little fellow! he is sound asleep, and mind you draw the curtains around him lest he take cold from the draft of the stern windows!"

Rather a striking contrast this to the way Captain Brand the Pirate treated the little Henri in the den there in the Dore Léguas.

"Well, gentlemen, for some weeks after these occurences we sailed about the islands, touching here and there, until at last we arrived at the Havana, took in stores and water, and then continued the cruise. The orders were to beat up the south side of Cuba, where we expected to fall in with the musquito fleet and some English vessels, especially detailed to destroy two or three nests of pirates who had for some years swarmed in those seas and infested that coast. In the course of time we beat all around the south side of Cuba, and at last dropped anchor in St. Jago, where we learned from the English Consular Agent that five or six fellows, who had been wrecked on the coast, were identified as having been part of a piratical crew who had plundered a British vessel with a free passport bound to Havana, and had been sent there in irons for trial.

"The truth was, that the Spanish Colonial authorities had so long connived, winked at, or been indifferent to what was going on during the wars of the Continent that they allowed these piratical hordes to exist and thrive at their very doors. The matter had already been brought to the notice of the Administrador of the port, and all other ports as far along the coast as Cienfuegos, and in such a threatening manner too, that the Governor at St. Jago, fearful of having his town blown down, exerted himself in the arrest of the rascals I have alluded to, and likewise in procuring information by dispatching Guarda Costas along the south side of the Island.

"Accordingly, the very morning we anchored I went ashore with the Captain of the Custom-house, where we met the Deputy Administrador and a little withered, one-eyed old rascal, who was in the Colonial service, and who professed to know the haunt, or at least he said he thought he did, of that notorious villain Brand.

"I remember distinctly spreading a chart before him, and while he traced with the end of his cigarrito a course for the Captain to steer by, I stood near watching him narrowly. But the fact was, that he had but one very sharpest spark of an eye set, or rather standing out, beside his nose that any body ever saw in a human being's head; and instead of me watching him he seemed to be looking straight through me and divining my thoughts and suspicions. However, the spot he pointed out, and the way he described it, with a cocoa-nut tree on top of a rock and the passage through the reef, so nearly corresponded with the confused account the Yucatanese gave us before he died, that the Captain was entirely convinced we were on the scent, though I, myself, was not more than half satisfied. The place indicated was near the Isle of Pines, three hundred miles off; but to make the thing more plausible, that one-eyed old scoundrel was detailed to run along the Doce Léguas keys, see what information he could pick up there, and then follow down after us.

"That night, or early the next morning, we were off again, and ran down the coast, with a good offing to keep the wind, until we got to the ground and passed in by Cape St. Francis and doubled round into the Bight of Pines. There we fell in with a whole fleet of English and American cruisers and schooner craft, who informed us that they had searched every accessible spot where a man could walk dry shod upon, from Guayabos to the Isle of Mangles: that they had destroyed several old and deserted piratical nests, and hung two or three ostensible fishermen by way of wholesome warning to their allies the pirates: but that was all; and from what they had learned, there did not seem to have been an established retreat in that maze of keys and reefs for four or five years.

"So you see we had our cruise for nothing, and then the Captain agreed with me that we had both been most egregiously deceived by the Spanish commander of the Guarda Costa. Well, we hauled our wind once more, standing well on to sea, and after a tedious beat of some days, we again edged in toward the coast, somewhere near the Boca Grande of the Twelve Leagues keys on the westernmost side. It was in the morning when we made the land, and steering close in, we got a good shot off the shore and kept the glasses going from the topmost crosstrees down, all through the day. For my part, as Hardy may perhaps remember, I scarcely took the glass from my eye for eight hours, and from the mizzen-top I feel quite sure that there were not many objects, from the size of a blade of grass to a mangrove bush, that I did not examine, from the coral reefs up to the rocky heights, let alone the cocoa-nut tree that we were in search of.

"Toward afternoon, however, the weather came up hazy, the wind began to fall off, and the barometer began to exhibit very queer spasms indeed; rising with a sort of jerk at first, and then dropping down the tenth of an inch at a clip, with the atmosphere becoming close and sultry, and the men gasping about the decks as if we were about to choke at the next breath. It was during the hurricane months, and the indications certainly should have led us as far as our legs could carry us to open water, instead of being caught cockered perhaps with half a thousand reefs around us on what might prove a lee-shore; but nevertheless the Captain decided to hold on till sunset and then make an

offing. The breeze still held in the upper sails, and so we slipped on in smooth water till about five o'clock, when I heard a fellow sing out from the main royal yard.

"Oh deck there! I can see a tall cocoanut tree on an island here on the port bow!"

"Before the words were well out of his mouth I too caught the object, and I knew at the first glance that it was the spot we were looking for. At the same time a dun haze lighted up in the west, so we saw the ridge of rocks and every thing as the haunt of that pirate Brand had been described to us. So, my friends, we were all alive once more on board the *Scowrge*, and the Captain resolved to dash in upon the scoundrel's nest before he could have time to hear of us.

"The engine was rigged and water spurted over the sails from the trucks down, to make the canvas fire-proof. We said, and in half an hour we were within two leagues of the island, and just as the sun fell below the horizon we caught sight of the masthead of a large vessel standing up over some bluff rocks near the bold shore. Not five minutes later the hull of the craft came slowly out from the gap, under all sail, and we discovered her to be a long and rather lumbering-looking brigantine, painted black, and bearing no resemblance to the schooner we had twice chased before. Simultaneously, however, with her coming out into full view, she was rounded in her head yards and got a pull of the main sheet with the breeze abeam and heading to the southward, we beheld a great volume of white smoke spout up over the rock near the cocoa-nut tree, with a vivid sheet of flame at the base, and before the vast column turned, like the crown of a palm-tree, in its descent, we were greeted by a dull, heavy report, the concussion of which fairly made the *Scowrge* tremble. Then, as the white smoke partially broke away, an avalanche of rocks and timbers seemed to enter ed far and near, and nothing visible but a vail of dust and masses of heavy smoke. Nearly at the same moment of this explosion upwards of a heavy, black smoke arose from another spot nearer to the gap, lit up in the fading, hazy twilight with forked red fires, and after a great conflagration burst forth, swirling flakes of burning cinders all over the island, and casting a lurid glare upon the water around us."

CHAPTER XXXV.

AND THE PITCH HOT.

SAID the Commodore, with a knowing shake of his head, "Ah, gentlemen, if the fellow, who ever he was, that was creeping and crawling nimbly in that lazy-looking brigantine, with English colors at the peak, had written down in detail what he had been doing on that accursed rock of an island, and sent the information off to us in a letter, we could not have read it with more relish than we did the account of what we found on the island. Then, as we were rounding in her head yards and got a pull of the main sheet with the breeze abeam and heading to the southward, we beheld a great volume of white smoke spout up over the rock near the cocoa-nut tree, with a vivid sheet of flame at the base, and before the vast column turned, like the crown of a palm-tree, in its descent, we were greeted by a dull, heavy report, the concussion of which fairly made the *Scowrge* tremble. Then, as the white smoke partially broke away, an avalanche of rocks and timbers seemed to enter ed far and near, and nothing visible but a vail of dust and masses of heavy smoke. Nearly at the same moment of this explosion upwards of a heavy, black smoke arose from another spot nearer to the gap, lit up in the fading, hazy twilight with forked red fires, and after a great conflagration burst forth, swirling flakes of burning cinders all over the island, and casting a lurid glare upon the water around us."

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Piron sat with his eyes fixed upon the speaker, taking in every word as it fell from his lips, his teeth set close together and the hand clenched which supported his head on the table. Finally, Burns and Tom Stewart, too, looked eagerly that way, as did Harry Darcastel; while Hardy sipped his wine and puffed his cigar leisurely, as if he knew the tale by heart.

"It had fallen nearly calm. A light air perhaps like royals, though nothing even below. But as we hauled down our colors at sunset, which had been hoisted to let the fellow know who we were, down came his also! Then there we both lay looking at each other. He knew by instinctive experience that we were the American corvette *Scowrge*, mounting eighteen twenty-four pounder carronades and two long eighteens in the bow ports; for the brigantine had ones or twice determined their exact calibres, and that we were the fastest cruiser, with the wind a point or two free, that had been seen in the West Indies for twenty years.

"Yes, he knew all about us, but he was still a little in doubt whether we knew all about him. He lay—unfortunately, perhaps, for him—a little beyond the range of our long guns, or else he might have been spared a good deal of time and uneasiness, and we a long chase and considerable risk. All in the night came the very first breeze that we had kindled in his den on shore reversed his escape; for while the calm lasted the bright flames began to mix with the fire of hell! There they lay all that night without moving a muscle or a mile until day dawned; and such a day as it dawned!

"Meanwhile the barometer had fallen an inch and a half, until the master began to believe the bulb leaked and the mercury was dropping into the case. Then through the murky gloom of twilight, with the sea one flat greasy surface with never the splash of a fish to disturb it, while the lowest whisper of the topmen aloft could be distinctly heard on deck—as if we were hung in the vacuum of an exhausted receiver where a feather would drop like a bullet—suddenly there came a sound from the eastward like the keys. Suppose, Burns, you saw a forty-two pound shot coming toward you, and without you dodged quick your head would be flying off with it in the same direction?"

"Whist, man!" said Stewart, with a groan; "dinna be calling up sic reecetera of the brain, Cleveland. Fordly there ne'er thinka of ony mortal thing when a passel bullet comes."

"Well, my friends, we ran precisely a similar risk, though the cloudy embrasures over the island and had not quite enough thunder to reach us. However, the brigantine knew what would follow as well as we did—better, perhaps—and before you could swallow that glass of wine, she was stripped as bare as a bone; and down came her yards, too, but keeping the sticks up and spreading a patch of a storm stay-sail between you might, apparently, have put in your pocket. Her decks and rigging were crowded with men while she was doing all this, but the moment it was done, and well done too, they ran into their holes below like so many rats, and we could only see a man or two left on deck near the helm.

"All hands had been called on board the *Scowrge* at four o'clock, and with the exception of securing the battery and lashing my vessel to make a skeleton of the ship the moment we saw the brigantine begin; for she was a very big, and we had no time to lose. Then we got a spike through the touch-hole of every gun, and with the courses and fore-sail, and in my pinnace, the yawl, and the cutter, we pulled in a body, to sweep the harbor clear of every thing that could swim, and so with the courses; prevenier breaces clapped on, rolling tackles hooked, and the spare purchases set up by the bulk-heads. Meanwhile, the divisions on deck had got hawsers over the launch amidships, the chains unbent, and the powder and shot for the carronades, and the quarter boats triced well inboard and secured with the falls. Then, when the whole light stuff from aloft was got below, the hammocks piped down, and the carpenters slopped the ship's decks and hatches with wood coals and the tarpaulins to batten them down. I never beheld a smarter piece of work done afloat—not even, Harry, in the Admiralty.

"As I turned round an instant a hoarse, howling bellow struck my ear from the island, and I just caught a glimpse of the brigantine's mast fore flying round and round in the air like an inverted umbrella with a broken stick; while at the same time the men from shore had reached the deck, and jumping to the battery, the guns were run in and loaded, the port-lids closings and extra lashings passed, and life-lines rove fore and aft. After that, gentlemen, there was no further need of a trumpet.

"You all know pretty well what sort of a thing a hurricane is, and the one I speak of must, I should have given you a touch of its quality here in Jamaica."

"Ay, by the holy Moses! we remember it well, back to it before the wind, with Burns and Piron there; for it didn't lave a stick of sugar-cane standing from Montego Bay to Cape Antonio!"

"Yes," said Stewart, "and to show ye what a spit of a thing it was, I had to cut to caught up an eighteen-foot Honduras plank and laid it crosswise, like an axe, full seven inches into an old Guinea-man trunk standing in our garden, and then twisted off the ends like a heather broom! Heeh, noo! ye may see it there now any day!"

Piron was thinking of the hard time they were driving before that hurricane, with no thought of the damage done to his own plantations.

"Well, my friends, I shall not waste any description of it; and you need only fancy a ship blown every where and every how except out of water—now with the lower yard arms cutting deep into the sea like rakes, the lee hammock nettings under water, the stern boat torn away into splinters, the main-topsail parked, but by a bolt, from the yard until there was not a thread left, and the jib and anchor twisted bodily out of its lashings and swept overboard!

"Then a lull, while the sea got up and the ship drifted stern on the other side to us; and then staggering back and making a stern-board till the water was plunged up in a deluge over the poop. Recovering herself again and almost quivering on her beam ends, the guns groaning and creaking as the terrible strain came upon the breechings, with the shot from the racks bounding about the decks, dinting holes in the solid oak waterways big enough to wash your fore in, and then hopping out of the smashed hail-ports to leeward. The spar-deck up to your arm-pits in water, and every man at his station on to the life-lines or standing rigging like grim death, while all the time the roaring, thundering yell of the hurricane was like the sea-serpents we were, by hard on voice, to cope with the winds when they were let loose in all their might and fury.

"Nor need I relate to you the scene presented below: mess-chests, bags, tables, crockery, flying from deck and beam to stanchion, and striking about in the most dangerous way, pell-mell, while the worst of the tempest lasted. But, gentlemen, the *Scowrge* had a frame of live-oak, to say nothing of two or three acres of tough yellow-pine deck in her, a good deal of fibred hemp to hold the masts up; and, moreover, she was well manned, and, though I say it myself, she had a skilful captain and experienced head officers, in whose sagacity the crew could rely, to manage that old *Scowrge*."

"That she had!" exclaimed Hardy; "and the most skillful and the coolest of them all was the first lieutenant!" The *Monongahela's* executive officer pronounced off his chair as if he was prepared to fight any man breathing who did not subscribe to that opinion.

"Well, my friends, that awful hurricane continued for about twenty hours, from late one morning till the beginning of the next. As for the day, there was none; for the sun and black clouds made one long night of it. Fortunately, too, we had been driven off shore, and when the murky gloom broke away and we were able to look around, our first anxiety was to see what had become of the brigantine.

"Yes, and I truly believe, in all that turmoil of the elements, while we were on the brink of foundering and going down to old Davy's locker, that there was not an officer or man, from the Captain to the cook, who was not thinking of that Pirate and hoping that he might go down first. I myself, however, felt a sort of confidence, as I was full indemnified for the poop to the mizen rigging, that the brigantine might be caught and whirled about—so long as she was above water —by the same blows of the hurricane that beat upon the *Scowrge*; and when the tornado broke and some one sang out, 'Sail ho!' I knew by instinct it must be the *Centipede*."

CAPTURE OF A SHIRRO AT PALERMO.

EVERY one has heard of the shirri—the spies of Italy—who are hired by the governments to betray their political enemies, and who are the chief instruments in the horrible tortures and cruelties of the Bombas and the Popes. For centuries the *shirro* has been an Italian institution, and for just as long have the people hated him with a hatred and less blood-thirsty than his own feelings. Our engraving will show how the people of Palermo are dealing with the loathsome creature of this class who have the mischance to fall into their hands. Their ex pe. ll the Neapolitan soldiers may be spared but that the *shirri* must die. The artist who drew the picture which we publish herewith, saw the poor wretch whose capture it depicted dragged from his hiding-place, hustled through the streets, and hung with as little ceremony as if he had been a dog.

UNROOFING OF THE BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

We publish on page 445 a picture of the unroofing of the Academy of Music in Brooklyn by a sudden gust of wind on 29th June last. The accident took place at 5.30 P.M., when about fifty men were at work on the building. Of these about twenty were injured by the accident, two or three, it is feared, mortally.

The portion of the roof which fell was all that covering the main part of the building, immediately over the auditorium—132 feet long by 92 feet wide, and nearly 80 feet from the ground. The main cross-pieces, made of timbers 8 by 12 inches, bolted and bar rafters and girders, about 4 by 6 inches, were up, and workmen were engaged in putting up the walls at the time of the accident. The rafters, with girder or base piece attached, at the westerly end of the building, toward Clinton and Lafayette streets, commenced the work, and so on in turn the whole fell "like a row of bricks," as described by a man who witnessed the accident. The timbers, resting only upon the girders, of which there were eight, caused them to break and fall.

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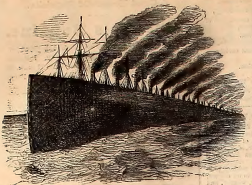
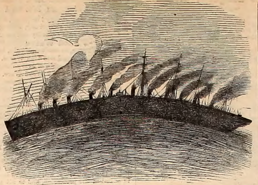
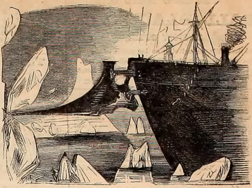


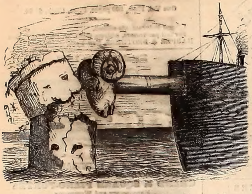
Ultimately the Ships will be of such length that their Bows will arrive at Port before their Sterns are in Sight.



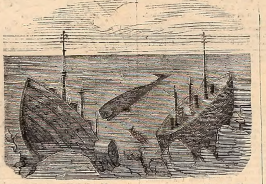
By-and-by the Keels of such Vessels will have to be Curved to accommodate them to the form of the Earth.



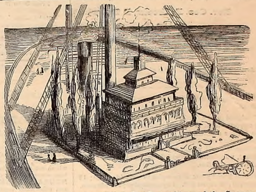
Such a Ship would *force* a Northwest Passage.



What a powerful Engine of War it might be made!



As some part of such Ships would, wherever sunk, be above the surface of the Ocean, the old ones would be used to carry the Transatlantic Telegraph Wires.



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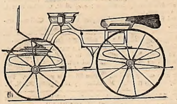

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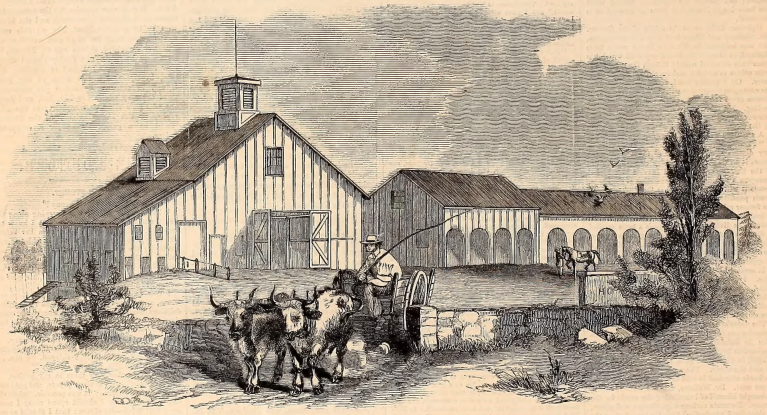

MR. CHENERY'S STABLES AT BELMONT, MASSACHUSETTS, WHERE THE CATTLE DISEASE—PLEURO-PNEUMONIA—FIRST APPEARED.

FROM A SKETCH BY T. MARSDEN, ESQ.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

PART OF MR. CHENERY'S HERD.

FROM A SKETCH BY T. MARSDEN, ESQ.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

THE CATTLE DISEASE.

We publish on the preceding page an engraving of the stables of Mr. Chenery, of Massachusetts, the gentleman among whose stock the pleuro-pneumonia—the new cattle disease—first broke out; also an engraving of some of Mr. Chenery's cattle both from sketches furnished by Mr. Theodore Marsden, of Boston.

It seems that the first deaths from pleuro-pneumonia occurred among some Dutch cattle of Mr. Chenery's, at Belmont, Massachusetts, in June, 1859. The disease spread, and Mr. Chenery lost half his herd, one animal dying after another, until the 4th of July last, when the last death took place on his estate. Meanwhile the disease spread to North Brookfield, and one or two other places, and proved destructive in some half-dozen herds. A panic ensued: the Cattle Commissioners and Board of Agriculture took the matter up, and a wholesale massacre of cattle was the result under contemplation. Legislative interference was loudly called for, and all New England was in a state of frantic alarm. During the past few weeks this feverish state of mind has given way to a calmer disposition. It proves, on inquiry, that not more than half a dozen herds have been attacked; and though the mortality among them has been large, it has not been as general as is supposed.

Opinions differ as to the origin of the disease. Mr. Chenery, and others hold that it is contagious, and was imported in Mr. C.'s Dutch cattle from Holland, in May, 1859; that every herd which has since been attacked caught it from Belmont stock, or from others to which it had been communicated by them. On the other hand, some authorities deny the contagious nature altogether, and assert that the disease arose from bad ventilation and unsuitable feeding. Mr. Chenery now held this opinion; but now reverts to that of contagion, as better sustained by the facts.

A scientific writer thus describes the disease:

"Pleuro-pneumonia is defined as an inflammatory disease of the pleura and the lungs. The pleura is a thin membrane which covers the inside of the thorax, or chest, and invests the lungs. Pneumonia signifies the inflammation of the lungs. Hence it will be observed that the difference between pneumonia and pleuro-pneumonia is, that the former relates to the lungs alone, and the latter to both the lungs and the pleura. Pleuro-pneumonous is divided ep-i-zoo-tic—is a term applied to diseases that are prevalent among animals, corresponding to epidemic among men. Secondly, a pestilential or infectious disease—a term that may be applied to epidemic or other contagious diseases."

It seems that the disease is well known in Europe. It is said to have been introduced into England, twenty years ago, from Holland, by some Irish cattle. It is not much dreaded there. In Holland it formerly prevailed very generally, and was extensively destructive.

The dates of its appearance in various European countries are thus given by Dr. Willems, of Hasselt: In Holland in 1839, in Hollstein in 1842, in England in 1840, in Sweden in 1847, in Denmark in 1848, in Ireland in 1850, and since then in Russia and Germany. The average mortality among the herds attacked is said to have been from 30 to 50 per cent. Dr. Willems, who is a scientific man, bethought himself of inoculating the cattle for the disease. He made various experiments, and states, as their final conclusion, that by inoculating the animal with the virus at the extremity of the tail it can, in 29 cases out of 100, be saved. Of 100 animals so inoculated but one was attacked; while out of 20 animals not inoculated, and subject to the same influences, 17 took it and died. Of 530 cattle he inoculated, under Government inquiries, he died from the inoculation, and 478 were injured, but only 6 took the disease, and all recovered.

As may be imagined, the progress of the disease is a subject of much anxiety to our farmers. The Philadelphia Agricultural Society sent a deputation of medical men to Massachusetts to see what they could make of it: they do not seem to have shed much light on the subject. The Massachusetts cattle-breeders are equally at fault. In New York it is reported that several cattle have lately died very suddenly in the Central Park, and at Yorkville. The City Inspectors are holding an inquiry on the subject, and will shortly report.

Mr. Chenery has written an interesting letter on the subject, which we subjoin:

"DEAR SIR,—In compliance with your request, I take pleasure in furnishing you with a succinct account of the last importation of cattle from Holland, and, also, of the disease that recently prevailed to my ruin in the Highland Farm in Belmont, as is now generally supposed, in consequence of that importation.

"It may be remembered that I had previously made two importations of cattle from Holland, and the extraordinary quality of the milk and wonderful results from them, in comparison either with our native or any of the foreign breeds then common imported, induced me to make my stock of Dutch cattle by frequent additions, rather than wait the natural increase from those already imported.

"Accordingly, in December, 1858, I transmitted an order to my correspondents in Schiedam, Holland, requesting them to employ a competent person expressly to proceed to the north of Holland and make selection of the best animals that could be obtained, without regard to the cost thereof. Following my instructions, forty cows were procured from Purmerend and the Beemster mid-way between Amsterdam and Rotterdam, on the Zuyder Zee, by *J. C. Bumphreys*, which several were sailed from that port early in April, and arrived here on the 23d of May, 1859.

"Upon examination the cows were found to be in extremely bad condition—very much bruised and emaciated—some from the long mate of the voyage, and not having been on low feed during the twenty days preceding her arrival; another one was totally unable to rise, and these two animals were accordingly carried to the farm in waggons; the remainder were driven out.

"Having in my possession for the first-named cow to recover, she was, on the 31st of May, slaughtered; and on the 2d of following the second was killed, and at that time, in common with every one knowing the fact in the deal, I was fully persuaded that the bad condition of these animals was caused by neglect on the voyage, that I shielded the vessel, and went through a course of $150 worth of law in my endeavors to obtain indemnity for the loss; but the law is uncertain, and the bark went on her way. My mind, however, remains unchanged with regard to the treatment the animals received on the voyage.

"The third cow of this importation seemed to be doing well until about the 20th of June, when she became sick, and died in ten days after. Dr. Fourth Levi Bennett, has, down to this time, shown no indications of sickness, so as to authorize me in a thriving condition.

"Early in the month of August following, symptoms of disease were observable in the Dutch cow, Lady Louise (imported in 1858). She died on the 29th of the same month. Another cow died under similar symptoms, then a ck in rapid succession, and then it was that the idea was first advanced that the disease was identified with that known in Europe as 'Epizootic Pleuro-pneumonia,' which for the three years preceding had been taken by prevent the spread of the supposed distemper, strict orders having been given that no animals should be allowed to visit the farm, nor any one from the farm to go upon the premises. A temporary building was erected in a position at a considerable distance from the farm-barn, to which the animals not infected were removed, and disinfecting agents were used about the premises.

"The following extract from my letter book in answer to an application for stock during the prevalence of the disease, will serve to show my views with regard to it at that time: 'I am, at present, obliged to decline any application for stock, owing to an epidemic disease in my herd. The disease is that known as "Pleuro-pneumonia;" I have already lost seven cows and two, and have ten more very sick. I am using every precaution to prevent the disease from spreading, and you will of course see the propriety of my not wishing to allow animals to leave the farm until the infection has ceased.'

"It is manifest that the only means to prevent the spread of the distemper have so far proved eminently successful, and, as I have already stated, that I have had some thirty animals—nearly half of my whole herd—that have not been a single case of the disease elsewhere in the neighborhood as yet.

"As there seems to be an impression abroad that the disease is an exotic one contracted from the Dutch cattle stock, I would remark that such is not the fact: that on the contrary, they have, comparatively, been more exempt from it than any other breed. It is not, however, confined to any particular breed, or to any age or sex, as the fact proves, the mature cow, the bull, and the young calf have been alike prostrated by it; and of the animals that have come under my observation, the Ayrshire, the Ayrshire, one Guernsey, two Jerseys, five Devons, two Short-horns, and the Natives and their grades, all have been or were grade Dutch.

"There has been no new case of sickness in my herd since the death of the mammoth cow, Lady Washington, which occurred on the 8th of January; and I am therefore inclined to believe that, so far as my premises are concerned, the disease has run its course.

"From the foregoing premises it will be perceived that some mantle ago, when the disease was raging, I believed that it was contagious, and subsequently became more recently the conviction has forced itself upon me that it was of an entirely local character; that the lungs of the cattle had become diseased from the carbonic acid gas, generated in the cow-house in consequence of insufficient ventilation. The only remedy I can suggest in regard to the spread of the disease in North Brookfield and vicinity—as having no knowledge to the contrary—is that sent from my farm in June last—together with the information that I have just received in a letter from Holland that the subject, still in the hands of the people, is to study the disease by post-mortem examinations and otherwise, with the view to complete the information on the formation upon the subject. My own private opinion, based upon costly experience, is, that whenever an animal becomes really sick with the disease, there is no cure, treatment is to slaughter and bury forthwith. In Holland the grades are very much in the ascendant, as explained in the letter referred to above, and which has been given to the public—the treatment appears to be extremely gratifying results, for where the peasants formerly lost from 50 to 60 per cent. of their cattle, they now lose only one per cent.

"In concluding this long letter, I beg to say that if it shall prove that the disease is not to be spread by the breeds of neat cattle, I have been the means of introducing this disease into the country. I am sure no one can possibly regret it more sincerely than myself. At the same time I find some consolation in believing that I have been actuated by motives which say that like its present limits—the benefits conferred by the introduction of the Dutch cattle will much more than outweigh the losses incurred by the introduction of the disease.

"Yours truly,
"WINTHROP W. CHENERY."

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1860.

THE VISIT OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

THE Prince of Wales left England, we presume, last Thursday, and is now nearing the shores of Nova Scotia. Our next number will probably contain accounts of his landing upon this continent, and in succeeding numbers he and his progress through the British Provinces will be described by a competent hand. In August he will probably cross the border, and make a hasty tour through the United States, visiting Washington, the President at Washington; and, unless Providence should interpose to prevent the calamity, will be compelled, *nolens volens*, to grind the political and social axe of "His Excellency" Fernando Wood at New York.

The correspondence between the Queen and the Prince is published in the London papers. It is curious. Why should a lady and a gentleman omit the usual formulas of polite society in addressing each other, because they both happen to be sovereigns? Why should the President address the Queen "To her Majesty Queen Victoria," without "Madam," or "Dear Madam," or any similar phrase? Or he wrote to a private lady would he begin his letter—

"MRS. JOHN SMITH.—Your son is on his travels," etc.?

And why should the Queen call Mr. Buchanan "My good friend?" We say "My good friend" to Pat when we want to know what he will charge for carrying our trunk; and to Hans, when we intend to purchase that he will cease charging us on our cabbages. In France a wife calls her husband "My good friend," and brother salutes brother. So other people use the phrase; but with us it is almost equivalent to "My good fellow," and implies, in the person using it, superiority of station to the person to whom it is used.

The fact is, we suppose, both the President and the Queen were puzzled what phraseology to use in addressing each other. According to court usage, sovereigns are brethren. When Louis of France wrote to Charles of Spain or George of England, he began his letter with "My dear Brother," and the reply was similarly fraternal. Mr. Buchanan apparently did not fancy calling Queen Victoria "My dear Sister," and of course his polite regard, he also may, to some extent, monarchical prejudice prevented her correcting the error.

However, that is one trifles. Both letters since kindly feeling and the proper respect which the sovereigns of Great Britain and the United States entertain for each other is shown. Both, we are sure, fairly reflect the sentiments of the people from whose chiefs they emanate. The Prince will be heartily welcomed here by all respectable people, not only because we all wish him, when sovereign of England, to have a pleasant recollection of this country, but because he is the son of an excellent mother, and himself a youth against whom even the most reckless scandal-mongers have never breathed the faintest whisper. For a young man in his rank this is high praise.

ITALIAN ASSASSINS.

YOUNG AMERICA was accustomed to regard Italian hired assassins as creatures of the half-forgotten past, when the news that Bomba, Junior, had engaged a battalion of them to rid him of Garibaldi, startled the agreeable delusion. The race thrives, it seems, and on royal pay. Some are poisoners, and deal in aromatic smell, others in "delicious confectionery, and doubly drugged liquors; others—and these are the more numerous—trust to the old-fashioned knife, point held downward, and the pistol with the percussion. They are proficients of acute perceptions, and quick in action; ready to earn their wage fairly, be it for king or subject. In judging their existence Young America proved that he was not posted.

A French gentleman, who lived much in Italy half a century ago—Paul Louis Courier—knew them quite intimately, and described their manners and customs with the gusto of a naturalist. An Italian assassin—says he, somewhat—with a certain gusto, and courtesy, strikes with courtly suavity, whether the victim is to be sent to heaven or hell? 'Tis a matter of private consequence to the party slaughtered; for fifty sendi he will dispatch the Signor to the realms above, but it will cost fifty hundred, or he hard coin, or its equivalent, to the other place. If the customer should chances to inquire how the *sbirro* can thus dispose of the future destiny as well as the present life of his victim, he can be readily informed:

"If the Signor has no malice against his enemy," says the business-like *sbirro*, "and only wishes to get rid of him after the way, I will go him in some lonely spot, bid him say a hasty prayer, and slay him while he is commending his soul to God. But if the Signor has a spite to vent it stands to reason that he goes straight to heaven. But if the Signor desires his enemy's soul to be ruined, I will watch for him till I find him in mortal sin, and slay him while in the act; then, of course, his soul is beyond redemption. But the lowest rate for this is one hundred sendi."

It need hardly be doubted, though we have no information on the point, but the corps of *sbirri* whom the King of Naples has set on the track of the Liberator of Italy have been instructed to earn the weightier fee. Garibaldi in the torments of hell is a spectacle which, we are assured, the Neapolitan Jesuits are fond of picturing to the mind of their amiable sovereign.

After all, how pitiable are baffled cruelty, and spite, and tyranny! As the *sbirri* sail from Naples for Sicily gentlemen attached to the Neapolitan Court are selling their furniture for whatever it will command; and real silver spoons, worth four to five dollars apiece, are privately disposed of at a dollar. Even the Jesuits are having lay clothes made, and packing up their treasures. Every body feels that the end is approaching, and wants to turn what he has into money. The only persons who, as soldiers, or the like, or the assassins; every thing is high-mettled—believes in Garibaldi. Any thing more humiliating than the altered tone of the official *Gazette* of Naples toward the sometime "bandit and robber, Garibaldi," now "his Excellency, General Commanding," etc.—the disgrace of the four generals who could not make head against the insurrection—the frantic appeal of the King to the Western Powers for protection, backed by a promise to repeal his father's concordat—is not to be found in ancient or modern history.

Young men may discover a fine moral in the distinction which now impends over the Bourbon family at Naples. The modern history of Continental Europe—as written in the stereotyped fashion of the old-fashioned annalists—is little less than a biographical history of the Bourbon race. Time was, not long since, when the three finest countries of Continental Europe were France, Spain, and Southern Italy—were ruled despotically by Bourbons. It was the aim—it was almost the boast—of the great chiefs of the House that Europe was controlled by their family. Through what floods of blood, what mazes of deceit, and what scenes of unbridled popular suffering, the House waded to attain that pre-eminence will always afford history relates. It only now remains for the coming historian to depict, with the truth and the bitterness born of wrong, how all this was to a certain extent monarchical prejudice recovered her correcting the error.

However, that is one trifles. Both letters since kindly feeling and the proper respect which the sovereigns of Great Britain and the United States entertain for each other is shown. Both, we are sure, fairly reflect the sentiments of the people from whose chiefs they emanate. The Prince will be heartily welcomed here by all respectable people, not only because we all wish him, when sovereign of England, to have a pleasant recollection of this country, but because he is the son of an excellent mother, and himself a youth against whom even the most reckless scandal-mongers have never breathed the faintest whisper. For a young man in his rank this is high praise.

THE LOUNGER.

IN THE STREET.

"PLEASE, Sir, give me a penny!"

What was I to do? I was hurrying along the street, and as I looked at the woman I saw her perfectly, although I had never seen her before. The dirty, dark dress; the dirty bonnet; the round the neck; the dirty hood upon the head; the universal dirtiness, and vague unclean odor; the dirty face, and wistful, whining look, were every where—many, yet one.—"Please, Sir, give me a penny!"

I was extremely comfortable. The day was warm, and I was coolly clad. I had risen from a delicious breakfast—it was in strawberry and cream time—and the air and all I had seen and to be met possible contrivances for happiness. Trala-la. I hummed a tune. I felt airy like Mercury. I walked rapidly, from mere exuberance of spirits. I tilted along on tip-toe. I skipped. I ran. I was—"Please, Sir, give me a penny!"

There were plenty of them in my pocket. I had just bought two or three papers, and paid two cents apiece for them. It was possible, before the day was over, that I should spend several more for a cool drink—for cigars; that I should cheerfully pay three cents for the value for a ride in a waist-coat. The thought flashed across my mind: Woman, if you were only a very fat boy, or a very thin man, we should not be asked for money! I see you. If you were only five inches high, instead of six feet, would rain dollars in your lap. But I had only copper pieces about me. Stick a penny in Heaven's name, continued my petulant mind, why don't you ask me for an egg from Hyde Park to Paul's? Why don't you paste your husband's hair on your chin, and be a celebrated bearded woman? Why don't you be a What is it, and coin money?

The hand was long and dirty, and tremblingly extended, as it was held out for the unconscious-ness that nothing would be put into it. Is that what lovers kiss and poets swear by? Has that ground stiletto-like hair upon their fingers, and smoothed the lost brow of a husband? Is that wrinkled, grimy, shapeless—"Please, Sir, give me a penny!"

Woman, take care! You are a vagrant. You are a nuisance. You are liable to be one of those pongers upon the highway? Do you see that policeman in a glazed cap, and blue coat, and bright shining buttons? He is looking suspiciously—that my duty as a citizen, my profound regard for the house, dignity, and peace of the commonwealth, compels me to call upon the officer and servant of the law, and hand you over to the sad, serene justice which sits in the City Hall that you may be instantly established as gas and lamp-lighter. Yes, woman, this is no place for sentimentality. Get you hence, old, and wrinkled. You are breaking the law. Vagrant, avaunt! Officer!

"Please, Sir, give me a penny!"

Give you a penny? Why, woman, do you operate asperse my moral character? Do I not know—do not all three, my fellow-citizens, who are hurrying about their business—know perfectly well that you will slink away to the next corner and buy gin? That you will get drunk, and lie in the gutter, where you seem to have slept last night? Do you wish to ensnare me into a participation in your horrid orgies, and buy poisoned whisky to make you a little more brutish than you are now? Why don't you go and work? Why don't you earn money honestly? Why the deuce shouldn't you give me a penny?

I had kept my grand battery in reserve. You are probably an impostor, woman. As I said it I looked at the gown and the hood and the hands touched. Yes, you are undoubtedly an impostor; and where should we be if indiscriminate charity-giving were tolerated? No, no, madame, inci-

criminate street giving is the death of true charity. You are aware that there are several associations for the relief of the poor, I suppose? You have heard of the ticket-system? Exactly: where is your ticket, please? I'll trouble you for your properly authenticated credentials of poverty. (I assume her fee, hands, figures.) You can not expect me to wrong the honest poor (I looked immovable) by reckless and spasmodic lolly (severely) *without proof*. I repeat: of course you do not expect me to wrong them. ..Not at all, not at all. Therefore, you will call at my office any day between three and four I will give you a ticket which will entitle you to have your case looked into at once in the proper person and at the time. Between three and four. Hem!—" Please, Sir, give me a penny!"

I do not think she understood me. Her face was very gaunt and sallow. I wondered in what cellar she lived. A thought of the long, long days that dragged her through life, starving and unloving; of the slow death she died all the time; of the utter absence of hope, decency, comfort, cheerfulness in her existence. I thought how sternly she should be refused a penny lest she might get drunk upon it at the corner, and how easily we all go out to dine, and how familiarly we nod with people who only get high at black walnut tables.

Look here, I said to myself, if you mean to go with this woman and ascertain all about her, and help her, and show her how to help herself, good, and may God go with you! But if you don't mean to give her any thing, don't blarney. If you are going by, don't let her starve because she might get drunk. Pass on to her scarce because she tells lies. Don't let her starve because she won't go to you to know why you have not done so. How do you know that she can? How do you know that she is a liar and a drunkard? Did you ever see her drunk? Did you ever hear of her lying before? Do you know any thing about her except that she is entirely wretched and forlorn? You think that a mean way of doing a thing at night.

"Please, Sir, give me a penny!"

Yes, woman, yes; and all the more shame to me that I give no penny, and not a moment's time, not an effort, not a kind word or look, not a thought really to help you. Here, poor thing, you, Sir."

I hurried along and met old Solomon Gunnybags at the head of Wall Street. "It's awful hot," said he. "Come round to Delmonico's and have something to drink." As we sat smoking very choice Havanas and sipping admirably mixed juleps, Mr. Gunnybags wrote me out "Twenty Practice would look after these infernal street beggars a little. If people would only agree not to give em any thing to eat, they'd soon go on, for they'd starve fast enough. For my part, I never give a cent in the street, Sir; not a cent; upon principle, Sir, principle. Have another julep? Here, *garçong*!"

CONFERRING THE DEGREES.

THE best ripens Bachelors of Arts, and, in fact, candidates of every kind, as the crop is very plentiful: so abundant that it is ceasing to be valuable in the estimation of many. But why so? The whole system of degrees, as originally established, is obsolete; but it has a new and intelligible modern significance. It is very useful as a register and mark.

When, for instance, the clustering graduates, in rustling gowns, surround the venerable President, expand like a fan, and Mr. Bailey in the style of sentencing pirates to death, and receiving from him the solemn parchment is stalled with ribbon like, have henceforth the right to add to their names A.B., it does not mean only that they have achieved the alphabet, but that, after four consecutive years, they have smoked, played billiards, rowed, boxed, driven horses, gamed, drunk, and studied Latin, Greek, and mathematics. A.B. stands for a degree of those performances, and for some others not enumerated.

When the mystic A.M. is conferred, it means merely that the recipient is a friend of some member of the government of the college, who likes to offer a pretty but public compliment. Or, when it is "conferred in course," it means that the recipient graduated three years before, and pays a house claim. Every body is in danger of catching the LL.D.

When Major-General Andrew Jackson went to Cambridge College, in Massachusetts, they made him a little more than an LL.D. He received the spectator of Erasmus going into Italy and receiving the Doctorate at Turin. Only, of course, in the latter case, the bestowal of the degree meant that Erasmus was a learned man; and in the former, that General Jackson was President of the United States. But when you understand it, it is all right, for words and letters are intended to convey ideas. If you understand the words and letters clearly enough, and take care that the American people shall do the same.

And Edward Everett very far behind in the modern improvements and the luxuries of the summer season. He has just made Captain M'Clintock Doctor of Civil Law. He is one of the gallantest of English seamen, there is no doubt; and it was quite as sensible to make him a D.C.L. because he found the remains of Captain Franklin's expedition as it would be to make Lord Brougham an F.R.S. because he is a learned scholar.

To our own, our native colleges, a little heartpushed for candidates, the League would humbly suggest the eminent Mr. Herman, as properly entitled to the honorary degree of LL.D.—or will it be more in rule to wait until he shall have been made President?

IDIOTS AND CRETINS.

IN the Weekly of 23d June the Lounger described "a little *Journey* to the north" of a day school for idiots of Mr. Richards. A gentleman who has been long familiar with Mr. Richards and with the subject kindly sends to the Editor, and to the Lounger a letter, too long for insertion here, but full of interest.

He states that St. Vincent de Paul established the first asylum for foundlings, two centuries ago, in France; and in almost one hundred and fifty years since the Abbé de l'Epée founded the first school for the deaf and dumb at Versailles. In 1812 Dr. Guggenbuhl organized the first school for idiotic children at Abendberg, in Switzerland. In 1848 the Lounger's correspondent and Mr. Richards went together to Paris. He continues: "As he could not speak French, I went with him to Bicêtre, and introduced him to M. Valée, the principal of the institution, and to many of the asylotic lloys. We saw them in the work-room, where some did carpenter's work, others mats, shoes, and others were engaged in any labor or trade for which they evinced most disposition. We also witnessed their gymnastic exercises, visited the school-room, where they were taught to read, write, cipher, and draw. All of these exercises and studies were performed with an almost military precision. M. Valée told us that he had sent some of his pupils to houses in Paris, where they were greatly astonished at their dexterity. Seeing the enthusiasm of the young American, M. Valée consented to have Mr. Richards lount with him at Bicêtre, so as to enable him to be present at all the exercises, and become familiar with all the details of each. Now our young gentleman's post was in estasy! He staid there until he had acquired a knowledge of the management of such an institution, and returned to America. He has since established similar schools in Massachusetts and Pennsylvania; he has been the means of having them founded in Ohio and in Canada; and the day is not far off when every State in this Union will have a school for idiots."

He asks, and justly, Why should not New York, among her numerous charities, count a school for idiot children? He has "seen our idiotic children in Randall's Island apparently doing very busy and fourteen girls; they have, thus far, been kept together without any systematic instruction. There these thirty-six unfortunates are growing up but retrograde in the scale of humanity." What a libel on this goodly Island!

The Lounger does not forget his promise of another journey to Mr. Richards's school, and a further account of it.

THE HEROICS OF HANGING.

BEFORE this is read Hicks the pirate will have been hung probably; and Smith will be dead, and the event are already regarded as a festival; and there can be very little doubt that much more harm than good will ensue from the sensational way in which, in common like Hicks, to almost all murderers like him, where the crime is a malicious, and not a sudden, passionate act. The execution, with its peculiar horror, is a thousand-fold more agreeable than a hulking confinement in Auburn. Moreover, the result of prevention of crime, which is looked for in the horror of a hanging, is defeated in much as occurs rarely that the fact that a man takes place upon an island, is seen from the water, and of course at such a distance, for the most part, that the horror of a man's death is lost. It is not that a man at a great distance fall from a balloon. All experience shows, also, that a man about to be hung is invested with a dramatic interest in the minds of those who are to be especially affected by his death, so that the object is again defeated.

The certainty of adequate punishment, with no clamour of the heroic, is what should be sought by the criminal law. Let a man commit a capital crime, he knows that the instinctive repugnance to hanging felt by many persons, and arising from many causes, is a great obstacle with its press to appeal to executive clemency, under which many a kind-hearted man must give way, is another. At present, the uncertainty of hanging is the rule, not a month, and a spurious sympathy will console him.

If it were not a part of the penalty of a murder that the murderer should be hung in public—if he knew that when he was convicted his communication with the world by the shipe of newspapers ended, something, at least, of the sickly romance of great crime, which is undoubtedly alluring to a certain class of minds, would disappear. Hanging must be hanging, let it be solitary and dreadful, not a public pastime; and if by every possible means all account of it except the official report could be prevented, public morality as well as decency would be the gainer. That the culprit were to take white and others to take black, whether it be mahogany, or black walnut, or rosewood; that his name was engraved upon a silver plate, and that he took leave of his friends in a white sheet. These are facts of no value to any thing but a prurient and morbid curiosity, which is the real cause of the heroics of criminal hanging.

NORTHWARD HO!

THE expedition of Dr. Hayes has sailed from Boston, and in August the readers of Harper's, over four thousand dollars, which were subscribed for it in New York, were not paid because the Doctor did not sail from that port. There is something so supremely ludicrous in such a statement that one hopes, for the sake of genteel comedy, that it may be so. Meanwhile, let us not believe it. It is too good to be true.

If it were so, behold, the story illustrates the motive of a great deal of public subscription. When you read the long list of names appended to some enterprise, which is quite sure to reflect renown upon all who are more or less concerned, is there not a secret feeling that without the prospect of the reputation the subscription would be small? No fame, no pay. Dear Doctor, we will reverently pay a hundred dollars for your great and generous and heroic and so forth project, provided that your expedition does not turn out a bore, and that our names shall be identified with the whole affair. As for your project, it is true whether there is or is not an open polar sea. Gammon, Ancient of Doctors, pure gammon. We want New York to be the point of departure. We want to visit this charming city to have the credit of your entire prize. We want, best of medical men, to eat and drink and love here.

I do not believe the story! But if it were true, it would serve also to show the gentle jealousy which governs between the two great cities. Is it for the honor of New York or Massachusetts—that Wall Street or State Street—that this expedition goes to explore the recesses of the North Pole? Is it not first for science, then for America, and then for the world? From what port did M'Clintock sail? Who cares? From what port sailed Mungo Park? Who cares? The glory is Europe's, and all its cities share it. And if, as all honest hearts will pray, the Doctor safely and triumphantly returns after his three years' cruise, the pride will be that of the whole land, not Boston's or the country's. And due notice will be taken of it on the Fourth of July, 1864.

POPULAR PRICES.

"DEAR MR. LOUNGER.—Am I to suppose, from what you say about the Academy of Music and the Italian Opera, that you approve of charging enormous sums for entrance to public exhibitions?

"Yours truly, CONSTITUENT."

Certainly not, unless you wish to. It is a simple question of economy. Grant one more be realized by an exhibition at a dollar than at twenty-five cents? For the object of the exhibition, you will understand, is not to gratify a laudable curiosity, etc., it is to try what can be done to make up the enormous loss already sustained in the construction of the ship. Now, it seems to us, it is undoubtedly true that a low price of admission to popular exhibitions is more profitable than a high one; but in this particular case, we perfectly fail to perceive that there were enough persons who wished to see and study the great ship without the inconvenience of a crowd, who would pay a dollar for the privilege. If this were an erroneous opinion, nothing was easier than to change the price.

As for the talk about "exclusiveness," and so forth, it is merely absurd. Probably it is demonstrable to all the world that the Opera can fix your wares; and as the Company wanted only dollars, they were not likely to be very fastidious in the choice of the people who should pay them. If they had supposed more money could be made by putting the price at five dollars, they would wisely have charged that sum.

There is another view, of course. Upon the supposition that the object of the exhibition was to give pleasure to the largest number of people, it was foolish to charge a dollar for admission. But that is an entirely different point; and it is a principle as applicable to every kind of business. If the object of the tailor be to clothe the largest number of men at the cheapest rate, he does very foolishly in charging a hundred per cent profit. But if he wish to realize a fortune for himself in the shortest possible time, he is probably the very wise fellow in doing it. You may view the matter, therefore, gentle Gentlelinger, either as a matter of principle or policy, but you must take care not to confound the two. As traders, people try to help themselves—as philanthropists, they try to help other people.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE Roman Catholic priests of Ireland boast themselves to be Fishers of Men. Not content, however, with catching fish, they now catch Fenians.

QUESTION AND ANSWER.

What do you think of Louis Napoleon's last move? Decidedly a Baden (a bad 'un).

A NEAT QUOTATION.—When the Sicilian population refused to fire on Garibaldi's men for the use of Queen Victoria in enstarting the garrison of Palermo, Garibaldi commentated them in the following Horatian lines from Horace:

Natis in usum Lætitiæ scyphis
Pugnare, Thracum est.

That is, "Cups made to barbarous to attack the ships sent for the use of Letitia."

In addressing a jury upon one occasion, the celebrated Lord Jeffrey found a witness somewhat free with the character of a military officer who was present. Upon hearing his counsel's remarks continuously repeat, as to the soldier," the son of Mars, hoisting with indignation, interrupted him, "Don't call me soldier, Sir; I'm an officer." Lord Jeffrey immediately went on: "Well, gentleman, officer, who is no soldier, was the sole cause of all the mischief that had occurred."

The health of an agricultural laborer in one of the rural districts of England, after having consumed, as alleged, he called in a medical man, who at once put him down as dying. He was told of the fact, and he replied he liked so far improved as to warrant his taking something more substantial. Accordingly he accordingly prepared for the man's sprree to furnish her husband with a little beef-tea, and a little wine. The wife did as she was bidden, but no sooner had the doctor departed than she tasted of the beef-tea herself. "Is a neighbor," she said, "if you think they've ordered for our John to eat now? Indeed, Betty, I'll not." And she drank the wine herself the neighbor. In a passion the former exclaimed, "Why, you've drunk it all!" "Indeed! How is I to know, my John eat an' hay and straw, and such like stuff? Besides, he be dead!" "Dead!" cried the parish of parochial relief and his wife, not entertaining the high-art notions of the liberality of the rate-payers, reported that there had been some suggestion on their part, particularly as the medical gentleman was the parish surgeon.

The *Homewood Booklette* says, that near St. Sevier there lives an old soldier with a false leg, a false arm, a false eye, and a false conscience. He has one of each, and covered with a substance imitating flesh, and a silver watch-guard over his false heart. He was present at Napoleon, and these are his trophies. He has a splendid specimen of composite architecture.

SCENE—A RESTAURANT.

CORPULENT WAITER. "Am, Sir? Yessir! Don't take any thing with your 'am, do you, Sir?"

GENTLEMAN. "Yes, I do; I take the letter H!"

A funeral had been appointed to take place at half past two o'clock, and the clergyman appointed received, in the absence of the foreman, a request from the funeral party to the effect that they hoped he would make the funeral service as short as he could possibly, as they wished to go to the circus in the afternoon.

Two newly-made justices of the peace met a Rev. Mr. Tyson, as he was riding home, and one of them said to the other, "Ah! said one of them, "you are not like your Master, for he was content to ride on an ass." "An ass!" exclaimed the minister; "there's no such a beast to be found in the Bible." "Ah! but you will find his colt," said his brother, "mentioned." Mr. Thom, "they now make them all justices of the peace."

A THRILLING SCENE.—A noise was heard on deck, the dog-watch sprang from his enhouse, seized the sig-nights, and leaping up from the recesses of his berth, made his stand upon the hen-coop, eatch hold of the sky-e creper, which he split to the very bottom, and then bounded off the hatch-er anchor, which was caught by the cat harpings, who commenced to gnaw at it with his teeth. He then sprang through the stays, cutting the topsail ties, grabbed the main-sail, and, with the assistance of a devil's eye of the block's head, caught the ship round the waist with one hand, and with the companion with the other, till the next watch, and the captain applied the leacher of the forecastle to the inflamed eye of the unmannered sailor.

"The man who "dropped a remark" had better advertise for it.

Why is every teacher of music necessarily a good character?—Because he is a sound instructor.

Why is a horse the most miserable of animals?—Because his thoughts are always on the track.

An old bachelor says that during the year the ladies jump at every offer of marriage—hence the term.

Elderly unmarried ladies are considered by some persons the last remnants of all kind of knitting-stands.

"We don't like promising young men," said an Oxford trader the other day: "we'd much rather they'd pay."

Give us what you think the finest specimen of gold in the world, and we will wager its value that it can be *beaten*.

Dr. Johnson left it on record, that as he was passing by a fishmonger's shop one morning in April, he heard him cause it because it would not lie still!

One of the latest interpretations of the character of Board of Health officers is gunnery; for he says, "How absolute the force is! we must speak by the card."

A little boy, returning from the Sunday-school, said to his father, "Ma, ain't there a *knee-debum* for little boys? This cat-echism is too hard for me."

"SIR," said Patrick, rubbing his head with delight at the present of a present from his employer, "I always manes to do me duty."

"I believe you," replied his employer; "and therefore I shall make you a present of a pair of new shoes every quarter-day."

"Thank yer honor," replied Pat; "and may all your friends and acquaintances trate you as liberally!"

A lady of fashion, upon being told one of her stay-laced friends had been married two years prior to her lady's maid at the aristocratic church near Hanover Square, was heard to exclaim, "Why, I declare, that's very fast! Her English, her placidity, and all the other proprieties of life, are not observed more latterly." "Yes, Ma'am," said she, to turn St. George's in this way into a fast-married affair."

A good story is told of Lord Bath. He owed a tradesman £300, and, having never pay him a penny, he contrived to persuade him till he did, and one morning following he met the tradesman in the street, and told him he wanted to speak with him. Lord Bath came down, and said, "Look, Sir, had do you want me for?" "Why, money!" said the man, as loud as ever he could hear!" before all the servants. He had a dun for every day in the morning, and then would not see him. The next Sunday he was walking home to church, and met his tradesman's seat: he leaned over and said, "My money! give me my money!" The man sermon was service, and the text, "Cursed are they which heap up riches." The next general was, "Lord!" and pointed to my Lord Bath. In short, he persisted so much, and drew the eyes of all the congregation, that Lord Bath went out and paid it directly.

"Come here, my little man," said a gentleman to a youngster of five years, while sitting in a parlor where a large company was assembled. "Do you know me?" "Yith, Thir." "Who am I, then?" Let me hear." "Yes Ith the man that kithed mamma when papa was in Tauflok."

A HOMELIKE CONFUSION.—The Lord Chancellor has introduced a bill for the amendment of the Law of the Issues of Law and Equity. What a mixture! It seems like a combination of civil matter with pleasant food.

We pity the family that sit down to a broil three times a day.

If a lady marries a man against your advice, take ours, and don't visit her. She will be miserable enough as it is.

We fear that some great men now lie in Westminster Abbey, who, in their lives, lied in Westminster Hall.

LEGISLATION FOR LITTLE FOLKS.—The House of Commons is occupied nightly with the Declaring Averages Work Act, designed to prevent the overworking of helpless children. The Lords are occupied nightly with Sleeping Sickness. Dozing Works, it is to be hoped, will cease to be Talking Works.

The question is often discussed whether the savages enjoy life. We suppose they do, as they always seem anxious to take it when they get a chance.

A sleepy churchwarden, who sometimes engages in popular games, hearing the minister use the words, "Another old time mental exil," started up, rubbed his eyes, and exclaimed, "Stop, stop! It's my deal."

A gentleman having a horse that ran away and broke his neck, was asked by a neighbor if he would be inclined to purchase it for his wife to ride upon. "No," said the owner, "I should not like to run any risk."

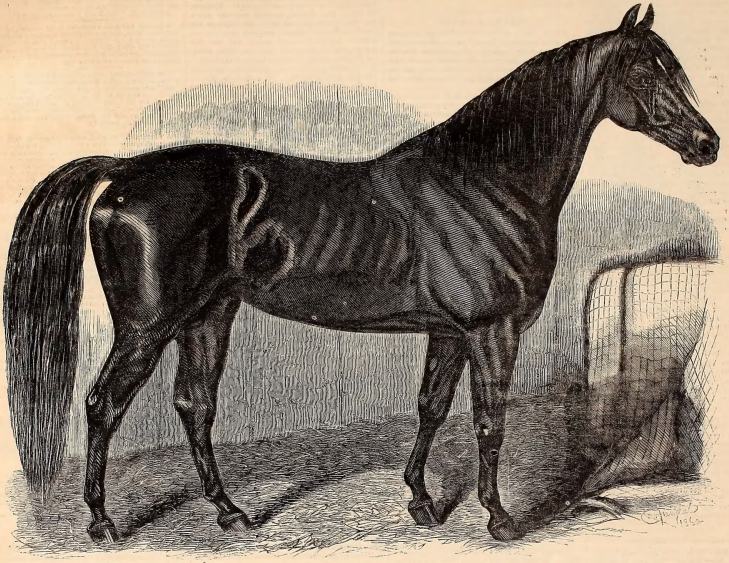
A country paper, in an obituary notice, speaks of the deceased as being "a much esteemed young man and deceased would the day of his death, if he had lived. Young man had not died sooner, to save his reputation.

A schoolboy says, in trying to walk by a lamp-post last night, made a decided hit.

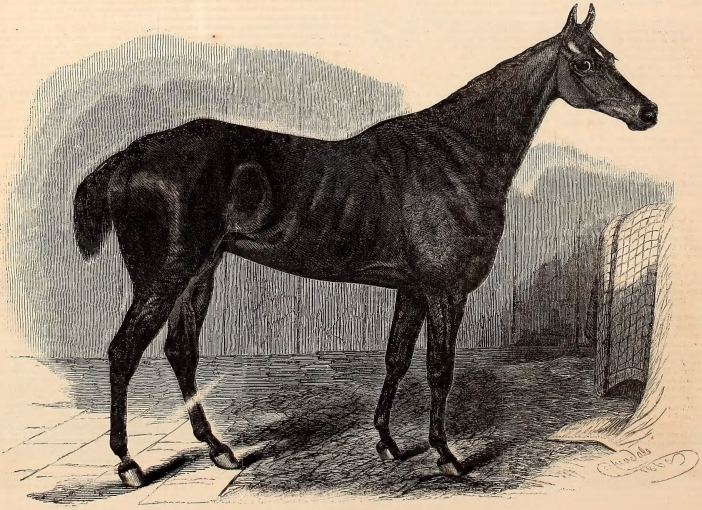
Malthy was one of the most absent of men. While in Baltic together Rogers cited at a party, where a lady he met him did not know him at first, but after leaving her house he suddenly remembered who he was. Malthy was not at this dinner, and Rogers telling him of this lady said, "Why, Malthy, your name was not Rogers." "And was it?" inquired Malthy.

The prettiest trimming for a woman's bonnet is a good-humored face.

OUR AMERICAN TROTTING HORSES.



THE FAMOUS TROTTING HORSE "GEORGE M. PATCHEN."
DRAWN BY T. C. CARPENDALE, ESQ.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]



THE FAMOUS TROTTING MARE "FLORA TEMPLE."
DRAWN BY T. C. CARPENDALE, ESQ.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

PATCHEN.

THE deceptive form and qualities of Patchen (of whom we publish a portrait opposite) have been the theme of discussion among thousands of his admirers. His tremendous speed and undoubted bottom have placed him in an enviable position, whereon, we presume, it will be no easy matter to dislodge him. His defeat of the "Queen of the Turf," on the Union Course, Long Island, June, 1860, was as clear as it was unexpected. If we study his formation, we shall find him to be a horse possessing very rare qualities, and uniting the several points of the thorough-bred with those of the cart-horse in an extraordinary degree. While the head, neck, and body are evidently those of the well-bred, or even thorough-bred racehorse, the legs, as far as the hocks, possess the muscular dimensions of the ordinary dray-horse, which exhibit, especially in the fore-arm, a symmetry and power truly astounding. The circumference of arm of Patchen is four times that of the leg below the knee; hence the tremendous action and speed. This same peculiarity exists in the celebrated "Toronto Chief"—a horse, at first sight, appearing heavy, and even clumsy, but upon close examination of his frame it will be found that the greatest similarity exists between the form of Patchen and Toronto Chief. Both appear large; but, however at first sight, but this heavy appearance, in both cases, is the consequence of a more than ordinary development of muscular power.

Patchen possesses much kindness of disposition, a sound and hardy constitution, and a frame of more than perfect beauty.

He was sired by Cassius M. Clay, by Henry Clay, by Andrew Jackson, dam by Bashaw, etc., etc.; proving him the descendant of a race of horses of the turf.

His color is a rich, glossy bay; with legs, mane, and tail black.

The back is straight; loins strong; quarters very large and muscular; tail well put on, and falling to the ground; head and neck of faultless symmetry; legs strong, and feet good.

Our illustration, drawn from the life, will serve to show how deceptive is the form of this wonderful horse; and how perfect are his parts; and what a study do they present to the horseman!

FLORA TEMPLE.

THE portrait of this little trotter on the opposite page will be hailed with delight by our readers. Our space is too limited to admit of a lengthy description of her matchless performances. We will, therefore, notice her chief characteristics of form, and refer our readers to the portrait from life.

Flora Temple is a light bay, with black mane, tail, and legs. Her outline is peculiarly striking; particularly that of the head, neck, and ear, which bear a close resemblance to the female of the American deer in delicacy of formation and symmetry of action. The legs are remarkable for their great sinew and solidity, though clean and finely set. The neck is long, nostrils very expansive, which is much elevated, shoulder large and muscular, loin and quarters compact and very wide-facing. But that which distinguishes Flora more particularly is the prominence of her eye, which is large, fiery, and projecting; and this has given rise to the popular belief that she can see what is behind as well as before—a very great advantage to her in a race.

But though her points as a first-class trotter are perfection in themselves, she does not convey the idea of a well-bred horse; neither does she evince any striking indications of great strength, speed, or endurance; being, as they used to say at the Derby, "a ram 'un to look at, but a good 'un to go."

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "AFTER DARK," ETC. ETC.

(Printed from advance proof-sheets purchased from the author exclusively for "Harper's Weekly.")

WALTER HARTRIGHT'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

THE Inquest was hurried for certain local reasons which weighed with the coroner and the town authorities. It was held on the afternoon of the next day. I was, necessarily, one among the witnesses summoned to assist the objects of the inquiry.

My first proceeding in the morning was to go to the post-office and inquire for the letter which I expected from Marian. No change of circumstances, however extraordinary, could relieve the one great anxiety which weighed on my mind while I was away from London. The morning's letter, which was the only assurance I could receive that no misfortune had happened in my absence, was still the absorbing interest with which my day began.

To my relief, the letter from Marian was at the office waiting for me. Nothing had happened—they were both as safe and well as when I had left them. Laura sent her love, and begged that I would let her know of my return a day beforehand. There was added, by explanation of this message, that she had saved "nearly a sovereign" out of her own private purse, and that she had claimed the privilege of ordering the dinner and giving the dinner which was to celebrate the day of my return. I read these little domestic references in the first bright morning, with the tertible recollection of what had happened the evening before vivid in my memory. The absence of any reference in my sudden knowledge of the truth was the first consideration which the letter suggested to me. I wrote at once to Marian to tell her what I have told in these pages, presenting the details as prudently and tenderly as I could, taking warning her not to let any such thing as a newspaper fall in Laura's way while I was absent. In the case of any other woman, these precautions and less reliable, I might have hesitated before I ventured on unreservedly disclosing the whole truth. But I owed it to Marian to be faithful to my past experience of her, and to trust her as I trusted myself.

My letter was necessarily a long one. It occupied me until the time came for proceeding to the Inquest.

The objects of the legal inquiry were necessarily beset by peculiar complications and difficulties. Besides the inconclusive evidence of a nurse in which the deceased had met his death, there were serious questions to be settled relative to the cause of the fire, to the disappearance of the keys, and to the presence of a stranger in the vestry at the time when the flames broke out. But the identification of the dead person had not yet been accomplished. The helpless condition of the servant had made the police distrustful of his assertion concerning the matter. They had sent to Knowlesbury overnight to secure the attendance of witnesses who were well acquainted with the personal appearance of Sir Percival Glyde, and they had communicated, the first thing in the morning, with Blackwater Park. These precautions enabled the coroner and jury to settle the question of identity, and to confirm the correctness of the servant's assertion; the evidence offered by competent witnesses, and by the discovery of certain facts subsequently ascertained, rendering an examination of the dead man's watch. The crest and the name of Sir Percival Glyde, and those to which they were engraved inside it.

The next inquiries related to the fire.

The servant and I, and the boy who had heard the light struck in the vestry, were the first witnesses called. The boy gave his evidence clearly enough; but the servant's mind had not yet recovered, and he could inflict on it—he was plainly incapable of assisting the objects of the inquiry, and he was dismissed from the court.

To my own relief, my examination was not a long one. All I could be known the deceased; I had never seen him; I was not aware of his presence at Old Welmingham; and I had not been in the vestry from the building of the body. All I could prove was that I had stopped at the clerk's cottage to ask, by way; that I had heard from him of the loss of the keys; that I had accompanied him to the church to render what help I could; that I had seen the fire; that I had heard some person, unknown, inside the vestry, trying vainly to unlock the door; and that I had done what I could, from motives of humanity, to save the man. Other witnesses, who had been acquainted with the deceased, were asked if they could explain the mystery of his presumed abstraction of the keys, and his presence in the burning room. But the coroner seemed to take it for granted, naturally enough, that I, as a total stranger in the neighborhood, and a total stranger to Sir Percival Glyde, could not be in a position to offer any evidence on these two points.

The course I took was myself bound to take, when my formal examination had closed, seemed clear to me. I did not feel called on to volunteer my private opinion of my own private convictions; in the first place, because my doing so could serve no practical purpose, now that all proof in support of my surmises of mine was burned with the burned register; in the second place, because I could not have intelligibly stated my opinion—my unsupported opinion—without disclosing the whole story of the conspiracy, and positioning, beyond a doubt, the same unsatisfactory effect on the minds of the coroner and the jury which I had already produced on the mind of Mr. Kyrle.

In these pages, however, and after the time that has now elapsed, no such cautions and reserves as those I have described need fetter the free expression of my opinion. I will state briefly, before my pen occupies itself with other events, how my own convictions led me to account for the abstraction of the keys, for the outbreak of the fire, and for the death of the man.

The news of my being unexpectedly free on bail drove Sir Percival, as I believe, to his last resources. He contemplated attack if the real was one of those resources; and the suppression of all practical proof of his crime, by destroying the page of the register on which the forgery had been committed, was the other, and the surest of the two. If I could produce no evidence from the original book, to contradict the certified copy at Knowlesbury, I could produce no evidence whatever, and could confront him with no fatal exposure. All that was necessary to the attainment of his end was, that he should get into the vestry unobserved, that he should tear out the page in the register, and that he should leave the vestry again as privately as he had entered it.

On this supposition it is easy to understand why he waited until nightfall before he made the attempt, and how he took advantage of the clerk's absence to possess himself of the keys. Necessity would oblige him to strike a light to find his way to the vestry-register; and common caution would suggest his locking the door on the inside in case of intrusion on the part of any inquisitive villager, or any other person, if it happened to be in the neighborhood at the time.

I can not believe that it was any part of his intention to make the destruction of the register appear to be the result of accident, when he came to setting the vestry on fire. The bare chance that prompt assistance might arrive, and that the books might be saved, would probably be saved, would have been enough, on a moment's consideration, to dismiss any idea of this sort from his mind. The inflammable nature of the combustible objects in the vestry—the straw, the papers, the packing-cases, the dry wood, the old worm-eaten shelves and presses—suggested, by my estimation, point to the fire as the result of a wicked contrivance to mislead the jury.

His first impulse, under these circumstances, was doubtless to try to extinguish the flames—and failing in that, to escape (which he could do as he was of the state of the lock) had been to attempts to escape by the door which had given him entrance. But I had called to him when the flames must have extended across the door leading into the church, on either side of which the presses extended, and close to which the other combustible objects were placed. In all probability the smoke and flame (confined as they were on that side) had been too much for him when he tried to escape by the inner door. He must have dropped in his death-swoon—he must have sunk in the place where he was found—just as I got on the roof to break the skylight-window. Even if he had been able afterward to get into the church, and to burst open the door from that side, the delay must have been fatal. The fire must have been past arrest long past saving, by that time. We should only have given the flames free ingress into the church: the church, which was never preserved, but which, in that event, would have shared the fate of the vestry. There is no doubt in my mind—there can be no doubt in the mind of any one—that he was a dead man before ever got to the empty cottage and worked with might and main to put down the beam.

This is the nearest approach that any theory of mine can make toward explaining the fire result which was visible matter of fact. As I have described them, so events passed to us outside. As I have related it, so his body was found.

The Inquest was adjourned over one day; no explanation that the eye of the law could recognise having been discovered, thus far, to account for the mysterious circumstances of the case.

It was arranged that more witnesses should be summoned, and that the London solicitor of the deceased should be invited to attend. A medical man was also charged with the duty of reporting on the mental condition of the servant, which appeared at present to debar him from giving any evidence of the least importance. He could only declare, in a dazed way, that he had been ordered, on the night of the fire, to wait in the lane, and that he knew nothing else, except that the deceased was coming to Blackwater. My own impression was, that he had been first used (without any guilty knowledge on his own part) to ascertain the fact of the clerk's absence from home on the previous day; and that he had been afterward ordered to wait near the church (but out of sight of the vestry) to assist his master, in the event of my escaping the attack on the road, and of a collision occurring between Sir Percival and myself. It is necessary to add, that the man's own testimony was never obtained to confirm this view. The medical reports first declared that what little mental faculty he possessed was seriously shaken; nothing satisfactory was extracted from him at the adjourned Inquest; and, for aught I know to the contrary, he may never have recovered to this day.

I returned to the hotel at Welmingham, so jaded in body and mind, so weakened and depressed by all that I had gone through, as to be quite unfit to endure the local gossip about the Inquest, and to answer the trivial questions that the talkers addressed to me in the coffee-room. I withdrew from my scanty dinner to my cheap garret-chamber, to secure myself a little quiet, and to think, undisturbed, of Laura and Marian.

If I had been a richer man, I would have gone back to London, and would have comforted myself with a sight of the two dear faces again that night. But I was bound to appear if called on at the adjourned Inquest, and doubly bound as an answer at bail before the magistrate at Knowlesbury. Our slender resources had suffered already; and the doubtful future—more doubtful than ever now—must be husbanded decreasing our means unnecessarily, by allowing myself an indulgence, even at the small cost of a double railway journey, in the carriages of the second class.

The next day—the day immediately following the Inquest—was left at my own disposal. I began the morning by again applying at the post-office for my regular epistle from Marian. It was waiting for me, as before, and it was written throughout in good spirits. I read the letter thankfully; and then set forth, with my mind at ease for the day, to walk to Old Welmingham, and to view the scene of the fire by the morning light.

Truly has the great poet said, "There is nothing serious in mortality." Through all the years of our unintelligible world the awful and the terrible walk hand in hand together. The irony of circumstances holds no mortal catastrophe in respect. When I reached the church the trampled condition of the burial-ground was the only serious trace left of the fire and the death. A rough boarding of boards had been knocked up before the vestry door-way. Rude intentions were scrawled on it already; and the village children were fighting and shouting for the possession of the best peep-hole to see through. On the spot where I had heard the cry for help from the burning room, on the spot where the panic-stricken servant had dropped on his knees, a fussy-flock of poultry was now scrambling for the first choice of worms after the rain—and on the ground at my feet, where the door and its dreadful burden had been laid, a workman's dinner was waiting for him, tied up in a yellow basin, and left faithful on its charge was yelping at me for coming near the food. The old clerk, looking idly at the slow commencement of the repairs, had only one interest that he could talk about now—the interest of escaping all blame, for his own part, on account of the accident that had happened. One of the village women whose white, wild face I remembered, the picture of terror, when she pulled down the beam, was giggling with another woman, the picture of inanity, over an old washing-tub. Nothing serious in mortality! Solomon in all his glory was Solomon with the elements of the contemptible lurking in every fold of his robes and in every corner of his palace.

As I left the place my thoughts turned, not for the first time, to the complaint overthrow that all present hope of establishing Laura's identity had now suffered through Sir Percival's death. If he had lived—well! If he had, we knew that total change of circumstances really have altered

"THE SMOKE AND FLAME, CONFINED AS THEY WERE TO THE ROOM, HAD BEEN TOO MUCH FOR HIM."

the result? Could I have made my discovery a marketable commodity, even for Laura's sake, after I had found out that robbery of the rights of others was the essence of Sir Percival's crime? Could I have offered the price of *my* silence for *his* confession of the conspiracy, when the effect of that silence must have been to keep the right heir from the estates, and the right owner from the name? Impossible! If Sir Percival had lived, the discovery, from which (in my ignorance of the true nature of the Secret) I had hoped so much, could not have been mine to suppress or to make public, as I thought best, for the vindication of Laura's rights. In common honesty and common honor I must have gone at once to the stranger whose birth-right had been usurped—I must have renounced the victory at the moment when it was mine, by placing my discovery unreservedly in that stranger's hands—and I must have faced afresh all the difficulties which stood between me and the one purpose of my life, exactly as I was resolved, in my heart of hearts, to face them now!

I returned to Welmingham with my mind composed, feeling more sure of myself and my resolution than I had felt yet.

On my way to the hotel I passed the end of the square in which Mrs. Catherick lived. Should I go back to the house and make another attempt to see her? No. That news of Sir Percival's death, which was the last news she ever expected to hear, must have reached her hours since. All the proceedings at the Inquest had been reported in the local paper that morning: there was nothing I could tell her which she did not know already. My interest in making her speak had slackened. I remembered the furtive hatred in her face when she said, "There is no news of Sir Percival that I don't expect—except the news of his death." I remembered the stealthy interest in her eyes when they settled on me at parting, after she had spoken those words. Some instinct, deep in my heart, which I felt to be a true one, made the prospect of again entering her presence repulsive to me—I turned away from the square, and went straight back to the hotel.

Some hours later, while I was resting in the coffee-room, a letter was placed in my hands by the waiter. It was addressed to me, by name; and I found, on inquiry, that it had been left at the bar by a woman, just as it was near dusk, and just before the gas was lighted. She had said nothing; and she had gone away again before there was time to speak to her, or even to notice who she was.

I opened the letter. It was neither dated nor signed; and the handwriting was palpably disguised. Before I had read the first sentence, however, I knew who my correspondent was. Mrs. Catherick.

The letter ran as follows—I copy it exactly, word for word:

"Sir,—You have not come back, as you said you would. No matter; I know the news, and I write to tell you so. Did you see any thing particular in my face when you left me? I was wondering, in my own mind, whether the day of his downfall had come at last, and whether you were the chosen instrument for working it. You were—and you *have* worked it. You were weak enough, as I have heard, to try and save his life. If you had succeeded, I should have looked upon you as my enemy. Now you have failed, I hold you as my friend. Your inquiries frightened him into the vestry by night; your inquiries, without your privity and against your will, have served the hatred and wreaked the vengeance of three-and-twenty years. Thank you, Sir, in spite of yourself.

"I owe something to the man who has done this. How can I pay my debt? If I was a young woman still, I might say, 'Come! put your arm round my waist, and kiss me, if you like. I should have been fond enough of you even to go that length; and you would have accepted my invitation—you would, Sir, twenty years ago! But I am an old woman now. Well! I can satisfy your curiosity, and pay my debt in that way. You *had* a great curiosity to know certain private affairs of mine when you came to see me—private affairs, which all your sharpness could not look into without my help—private affairs, which you have not discovered even now. You *shall* discover them; your curiosity shall be satisfied. I will take any trouble to please you, my estimable young friend!

"You were a little boy, I suppose, in the year twenty-seven? I was a handsome young woman at that time, living at Old Welmingham. I had a contemptible fool for a husband. I had also the honor of being acquainted (never mind how) with a certain gentleman (never mind whom). I shall not call him by his name. Why should I? It was not his own. He never had a name: you know that, by this time, as well as I do.

"It will be more to the purpose to tell you how he worked himself into my good graces. I was born with the tastes of a lady, and he gratified them. In other words, he admired me, and he made me presents. No woman can resist admiration and presents—especially presents, provided they happen to be just the things she wants. He was sharp enough to know that—most men are. Naturally, he wanted something in return—all men do. And what do you think was the something? The merest trifle. Nothing but the key of the vestry, and the key of the press inside it, when my husband's back was turned. Of course he lied when I asked him why he wished me to get him the keys in that private way. He might have saved himself the trouble—I didn't believe him. But I liked my presents, and I wanted more. So I got him the keys without my husband's knowledge; and I watched him without his own knowledge. Once, twice, four times I watched him—and the fourth time I found him out.

"I was never overscrupulous where other people's affairs were concerned; and I was not overscrupulous about his adding one to the marriages in the register on his own account. Of course I knew it was wrong, but it did no harm to *me*—which was one good reason for not making a fuss about it. And I had not got a gold watch and chain—which was another, still better. And he had promised me one from London only the day before—which was a third, best of all. If I had known what the law considered the crime to be, and how the law punished it, I should have taken proper care of myself, and have exposed him then and there. But I knew nothing—and I longed for the gold watch. All the conditions I insisted on were that he should take me into his confidence, and tell me every thing. I was as curious about his affairs then as you are about mine now. He granted my conditions—why, you will see presently.

"This, put in short, is what I heard from him. He did not willingly tell me all that I tell you here. I drew some of it from him by persuasion, and some of it by questions. I was determined to have all the truth—and I believe I got it.

"He knew no more than any one else of what the state of things really was between his father and mother till after his mother's death. Then his father confessed it, and promised to do what he could for his son. He died having done nothing—not having even made a will. The son (who can blame him?) wisely provided for himself. He came to England at once, and took possession of the property. There was no one to suspect him, and no one to say him nay. His father and mother had always lived as man and wife—none of the few people who were acquainted with them ever supposed them to be any thing else. The right person to claim the property (if the truth had been known) was a distant relation, who had no idea of ever getting it, and who was away at sea when his father died. He had no difficulty, so far—he took possession, as a matter of course. But he could not borrow money on the property as a matter of course. There were two things wanted of him before he could do this. One was a certificate of his birth, and the other was a certificate of his parents' marriage. The certificate of his birth was easily got—he was born abroad, and the certificate was there in due form. The other matter was a difficulty—and that difficulty brought him to Old Welmingham.

"But for one consideration he might have gone to Knowlesbury instead. His mother had been living there just before she met with his father—living under her maiden name; the truth being that she was really a married woman, married in Ireland, where her husband had ill-used her, and had afterward gone off with another woman. I give you this fact on good authority: Sir Felix mentioned it to his son as the reason why he had not married. You may wonder why the son, knowing that his parents had met each other at Knowlesbury, did not play his first tricks with the register of that church, where it might have been fairly presumed his father and mother were married. The reason was that the clergyman who did duty at Knowlesbury church in the year eighteen hundred and three (when, according to his birth-certificate, his father and mother *ought* to have been married) was alive still when he took possession of the property in the New Year of eighteen hundred and twenty-seven. This awkward circumstance forced him to extend his inquiries to our neighborhood. There no such danger existed: the former clergyman at our church having been dead for some years.

"Old Welmingham suited his purpose as well as Knowlesbury. His father had removed his mother from Knowlesbury, and had lived with her at a cottage on the river, a little distance from our village. People who had known his solitary ways in former times did not wonder at his solitary ways now. If he had been any thing but a hideous, crooked creature to look at, his retired life with the lady might have raised some suspicions; but as things were, his hiding his ugliness and his deformity in the strictest privacy surprised nobody. He lived in our neighborhood till he came in possession of the Park. After three or four and twenty years had passed who was to say (the clergyman being dead) that his marriage had not been as private as the rest of his life, and that it had not taken place at Old Welmingham Church?

"So, as I told you, the son found our neighborhood the surest place he could choose to set things right secretly in his own interests. It may surprise you to hear that what he really did to the marriage-register was done on the spur of the moment—done on second thoughts.

"His first notion was only to tear the leaf out (in the right year and month), to destroy it privately, to go back to London, and to tell the lawyers to get him the necessary certificate of his father's marriage, innocently referring them of course to the date on the leaf that was gone. Nobody could say his father and mother had *not* been married after that, and whether, under the circumstances, they would stretch a point or not, about lending him the money (he thought they would), he had his answer ready, at all events, if a question was ever raised about his right to the name and the estate.

"But when he came to look privately at the register for himself, he found at the bottom of one of the pages for the year eighteen hundred and three a blank space left, seemingly through there being no room to make a long entry there, which was made instead at the top of the next page. The sight of this chance altered all his plans. It was an opportunity he had never hoped for or thought of; and he took it, you know how. The blank space, to have exactly tallied with his birth-certificate, ought to have occurred in the February part of the register. It occurred in the April part instead. However, in this case, if suspicious questions were asked, the answer was not hard to find. He had only to describe himself as a seven months' child.

"I was fool enough, when he told me his story, to feel some interest and some pity for him; which was just what he calculated on, as you will see. I thought him hardly used. It was not his fault that his father and mother were not married; and it was not his father's and mother's fault either. A more scrupulous woman than I was—a woman who had not set her heart on a gold watch and chain—would have found some excuses for him. At all events, I held my tongue, and helped to screen what he was about. He was some time getting the ink the right color (mixing it over and over again in pots and bottles of mine), and some time afterward in practicing the handwriting. But he succeeded in the end, and made an honest woman of his mother after she was dead in her grave! So far I don't deny that he behaved honorably enough to myself. He gave me my watch and chain, and spared no expense in buying them; both were of superior workmanship and very expensive. I have got them still: the watch goes beautifully.

"You said the other day that Mrs. Clements had told you every thing she knew. In that case there is no need for me to write about the trumpery scandal by which I was the sufferer—the innocent sufferer, I positively assert. You must know as well as I do what the notion was which my husband took into his head, when he found me and my fine-gentleman acquaintance meeting each other privately, and talking secrets together. But what you don't know is, how it ended between that same gentleman and myself. You shall read, and see how he behaved to me.

"The first words I said to him, when I saw the turn things had taken, were: 'Do me justice—clear my character of a stain on it which you know I don't deserve. I don't want you to make a clean breast of it to my husband—only tell him, on your word of honor as a gentleman, that he is wrong, and that I am not to blame in the way he thinks I am. Do me that justice at least, after all I have done for you.' He flatly refused, in so many words. He told me plainly that it was his interest to let my husband and all my neighbors believe the falsehood; because as long as they did so they were quite certain never to suspect the truth. I had a spirit of my own, and I told him they should know the truth from my lips. His reply was short, and to the point. If I spoke, I was a lost woman as certainly as he was a lost man.

"Yes! it had come to that. He had deceived me about the risk I ran in helping him. He had practiced on my ignorance; he had tempted me with his gifts; he had interested me with his story; and the result of it was that he had made me his accomplice. He owned this coolly; and he ended by telling me, for the first time, what the frightful punishment really was for his offense, and for any one who helped him to commit it. In those days the Law was not so tender-hearted as I hear it is now. Murderers were not the only people liable to be hanged; and women convicts were not treated like ladies in undeserved distress. I confess he frightened me—the mean impostor! the cowardly blackguard! Do you understand now how I hated him? Do you understand why I am taking all this trouble—thankfully taking it—to gratify the curiosity of the meritorious young gentleman who hunted him down?

"Well, to go on. He was hardly fool enough to drive me to downright desperation. I was not the sort of woman whom it was quite safe to hunt into a corner: he knew that, and wisely quieted me with proposals for the future. I deserved some reward (he was kind enough to say) for the service I had done him, and some compensation (he was so obliging as to add) for what I had suffered. He was quite willing—generous scoundrel!—to make me a handsome yearly allowance, payable quarterly, on two conditions. First, I was to hold my tongue—in my own interests as well as in his. Secondly, I was not to stir away from Welmingham without first letting him know, and waiting till I had obtained his permission. In my own neighborhood no virtuous female friends would tempt me into dangerous gossiping at the tea-table—in my own neighborhood he would always know where to find me. A hard condition, that second one, but I accepted it. What else was I to do? I was left helpless, with the prospect of a coming encumbrance in the shape of a child. What else was I to do? Cast myself on the mercy of my runaway idiot of a husband, who had raised the scandal against me? I would have died first. Besides, the allowance *was* a handsome one. I had a better income, a better house over my head, better carpets on my floors, than half the women who turned up the whites of their eyes at the sight of me. The dress of Virtue in our parts was cotton print. I had silk.

"So I accepted the conditions he offered me and made the best of them, and fought my battle with my respectable neighbors on their own ground, and won it in course of time—as you saw yourself. How I kept his Secret (and mine) through all the years that have passed from that time to this; and whether my late daughter, Anne, ever really crept into my confidence, and got the keeping of the Secret too, are questions, I dare say, to which you are curious to find an answer. Well! my gratitude refuses you nothing. I will turn to a fresh page and give you the answer presently.

LITERARY.

The Institutes of International Law, by D. Gardner, Esq., is an excellent work, of great labor, diligence, and care, conservative in tone, sustained by authorities which the learned author has compiled with excellent judgment. Such works as this should be not only on the shelves of our lawyers' libraries, but in the hands of every merchant and every citizen of the country. Mr. Gardner is a sound reasoner, and by this work has shown himself to be a good lawyer.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN THE PRESIDENT AND THE QUEEN.

The following is the correspondence between the President and Queen Victoria relative to the visit of the Prince of Wales:

"*To Her Majesty, Queen Victoria:*

"I have learned from the public journals that the Prince of Wales is about to visit your Majesty's North American dominions. Should it be the intention of his Royal Highness to extend his visit to the United States, I need not say how happy I should be to give him a cordial welcome to Washington.

"You may be well assured that every where in this country he will be greeted by the American people in such manner as can not fail to prove gratifying to your Majesty. In this they will manifest their deep sense of your domestic virtues, as well as their convictions of your merits as a wise, patriotic, and constitutional sovereign.

"Your Majesty's most obedient servant,

"James Buchanan.

"Washington, *June 4, 1860.*"

"Buckingham Palace, *June 22, 1860.*

"My Good Friend: I have been much gratified at the feelings which prompted you to write to me, inviting the Prince of Wales to come to Washington. He intends to return from Canada through the United States, and it will give him great pleasure to have an opportunity of testifying to you in person that these feelings are fully reciprocated by him. He will thus be able, at the same time, to mark the respect which he entertains for the Chief Magistrate of a great and powerful State and kindred nation.

"The Prince of Wales will drop all royal state on leaving my dominions, and travel under the name of Lord Renfrew, as he has done when traveling on the continent of Europe.

"The Prince Consort wishes to be kindly remembered to you. I remain ever, your good friend,

"Victoria R."

LORD JOHN RUSSELL ON THE SAME POINT.

The following letter has been published: "The undersigned, her Majesty's principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, has the honor to acknowledge a communication addressed to him by Mr. Dallas, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States, containing a resolution expressive of the wish of the municipality of New York, and of its important and wealthy community, to receive a visit from his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, on the occasion of his Royal Highness's presence in the colonial possessions of her Majesty. The undersigned, having laid these documents before her Majesty and the Prince of Wales, is commanded by them to express to Mr. Dallas the high sense which they entertain of the importance of strengthening, by every means, the relations of friendship and regard which bind this country to the United States of America. When, therefore, the public duties, for the performance of which the Prince undertakes the voyage across the Atlantic to her Majesty's North American colonies, shall be concluded, both the consideration above referred to, and the natural desire on the part of the Prince to visit some of the institutions and some of the most prominent objects of interest in the United States, will prompt his Royal Highness, on his return from the Upper Province of Canada, to direct his route through a portion of that great country; and that route will include a visit to the important city of New York. The time allowed for this journey will, however, under all circumstances, be necessarily very limited, and it will be consequently out of the power of his Royal Highness to make a prolonged stay.

"His Royal Highness will, on leaving the British soil, lay aside all royal state, and exchange his title, as he has done on former journeys to foreign countries, for that of Lord Renfrew. While thus dispensing with any ceremony which might be inconvenient to the communities which he hopes to visit, he trusts to be enabled, as a private gentleman, to employ the small amount of time at his disposal in the study of the most interesting objects in the United States and of the ordinary life of the American people.

"The undersigned is directed to request that Mr. Dallas will communicate to his Excellency Fernando Wood the expression of the satisfaction felt by the Prince of Wales upon receiving the resolution of the municipality of New York, and of his hope that toward the latter end of September he may be enabled to pay a visit to the city they represent, and to the mercantile community who have given to him so welcome a testimony of their friendly regard.

"The undersigned requests Mr. Dallas to accept the assurance of his highest consideration.

"G. M. Dallas, Esq. J. Russell.

"Foreign Office, *June 21, 1860.*"

THE RUSSO-AMERICAN TELEGRAPH.

P. M'D. Collins, United States Consul to the Amoor, came passenger in the *Fulton*, and arrived at Washington last week with dispatches from St. Petersburg for our Government. Mr. Collins's recent mission to St. Petersburg was to procure the sanction and co-operation of the Imperial Government in the construction of telegraphic communication between Russia and the United States, *via* Asiatic Russia, crossing to America by or near Behring Straits, to or by the Alintian Islands. The Russian Government has already authorized upon this line the construction of seven thousand miles of telegraph, from Kazenthe, the eastern termination of telegraphic communication in European Russia, to their military and naval establishments at the mouth of the Amoor River. The Government could not agree to construct a line of telegraph beyond the point named at present, but have authorized Mr. Collins to survey a route from the mouth of the Amoor, over the Russian possessions in Asia and America, a distance of about thirty-five hundred miles, on the proposed route to San Francisco, the whole distance being about five thousand miles.

Count Moravieff, Governor-General of Eastern Siberia, had left St. Petersburg a few days before Mr. Collins, and will visit the Amoor country during the summer, the Russian Government having acquiesced in his project for the commercial development of that country.

BELL AND EVERETT IN NEW YORK.

The Bell and Everett Constitutional Union Convention met at Utica on Thursday, 12th inst., and after the usual preliminaries organized with General Amos H. Prescott, of Herkimer, as President, and a long list of Vice-Presidents and Secretaries. The reports of the Delegates to the Baltimore Convention were then received, Ex-Governor Hunt and James Brooks, Esq., making lengthy addresses on the occasion. The Convention then, after the appointment of a State Committee of four from each district to form a Bell and Everett Electoral Ticket, adjourned *sine die.*

A NEW HOME FOR THE MORMONS.

A new programme for the Mormons is indicated. It is now proposed that they shall emigrate to one of the East India islands, and reliable information is said to have been received that they will do so. The enterprise

is to be carried out under the supervision of Captain Walter M. Gibson, who will be remembered as having been imprisoned for some years by the Dutch authorities of one of the islands in question, and who has recently identified himself with the Mormon cause—it being at his suggestion that Brigham Young proposed to the Government to take the Mormons to Oceanica, if an arrangement could be made by which they could be paid by Government for their improvements in Utah.

MORE AFRICANS LANDED.

A telegraphic dispatch from New Orleans announces the arrival and landing of a cargo of 124 Africans at Mobile on Monday. They were immediately taken up the Alabama River on board a steamboat, and no doubt by this time are judiciously distributed among the planters. They were landed from the schooner *Clotilde*.

EXECUTION OF HICKS.

Albert W. Hicks, the murderer of Captain Burr and crew of the oyster sloop *E. A. Johnson*, suffered the extreme penalty of the law on Friday 13th, on Bedloe's Island. The culprit made no remarks at the gallows, but quietly and firmly resigned himself to his fate. He was attended in his last moments by Father Duranquet, to whom it is supposed he made a more full confession of his guilt than that heretofore published.

The execution was public, and was witnessed by fully 10,000 persons, who surrounded the island in steamboats, sailing-vessels, and small boats. The sloop *E. A. Johnson*, on board of which the murders were committed, was also in attendance, with her burgee floating gayly in the breeze. She was anchored a few hundred feet from shore, and was crowded with spectators. Every thing passed off in an orderly manner, considering the character of the assemblage and the excitement attending the event.

FROM THE GALLOWS TO A PALACE.

Our readers will all remember the Chicago barber, Henri Jumpertz, who was tried for having murdered his mistress, Sophia Werner, packed her body in a barrel and sent it to New York; but in spite of a strong chain of circumstantial evidence, he obtained an acquittal on a technicality. After escaping from the hands of the law, this interesting individual opened a barber's shop in Chicago, but, singular to relate, met with very little patronage, and was obliged to seek some other locality. Intelligence has lately been received at the Prussian Consulate in this City, that this Jumpertz, with his brother Franz, has fallen heir to a large estate in Germany, and efforts are now being made to ascertain his whereabouts.

PERILS OF AN AERONAUT.

We read in the Milwaukie *News*: "The steamship *Milwaukie*, of the Detroit and Milwaukie Railway, which arrived from Grand Haven at ten o'clock last night, had on board Professor Steiner, with his balloon. The flight of the Professor was perilous in the extreme. After leaving this city, he floated out finely through the air in a course a little south of east, until he had been up about forty-five minutes, when he encountered a violent thunder-storm. The cloud was observed from this city, and it was at this time that the spectators lost sight of him. The rain saturated the balloon, making it so heavy that it rapidly descended. The aeronaut threw out all the ballast, and, indeed, every thing he had on board, even to some of his clothing, but all was of no avail, and the balloon came down into Lake Michigan, *nine miles from the eastern shore!* As a *dernier resort*, he cut away his anchor and again arose, and came down the second time at 7¼ o'clock, in the Kalamazoo River, eight or nine miles south of Grand Haven. Here he was obliged to cut away his balloon in order to save himself, and, after much exertion and a hair-breadth escape from drowning, he succeeded in gaining the shore minus nearly all his clothing. The greatest altitude attained by the Professor was 12,000 feet, which height was reached when about the centre of the lake. He finally recovered his balloon and the car, but experienced much difficulty in obtaining a conveyance to Grand Haven. He arrived last night, arrayed in a farmer's coat, his feet encased in a pair of India-rubbers, and looking as though he had endured an untold amount of suffering and danger."

ANOTHER HORRIBLE MURDER.

One day last week the wife of Mr. Schumaker and her infant boy became the victims of a man, formerly in the employ of the family, named Francis Hoffman. The parties are all Germans, and the fearful deed was committed in Schumaker's house, near the corner of Seventy-first Street and Eleventh Avenue. It would seem from the evidence that Hoffman had lately been discharged from service by Mr. Schumaker, but that he had learned, previously, the place where about $200, with some other property of value, was kept in the house, and that he watched his opportunity, before daylight, when Schumaker, who is a market-gardener, had gone to the markets with his produce, to break in and commit the act of plunder. Whether Mrs. Schumaker attempted to deter him is of course uncertain, but it is certain that he seized a hammer, and inflicted such fearful wounds upon her head and that of her child that the latter was instantly killed, and though the former survived during the day, in a perfectly unconscious state, no hopes from the first were entertained for her recovery. Her skull was so shattered that she has since died. The assassin was arrested in Fifty-second Street, at noon, with $130 of the money and the other property, all of which was fully identified by Mr. Schumaker and his workmen, in his possession. The coroner's inquest was held in the afternoon, when testimony was taken which completely fixed the guilt upon Hoffman, who was committed to the City Prison; but the officers experienced much difficulty in conveying him thither, owing to the excitement of the crowd who had assembled in the neighborhood of the Twenty-second Precinct Station-house, and threatened to lynch him.

A PROLIFIC VINE.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

"Santa Barbara, California, *June* 9, 1860.

"In your issue of April 5, under head of 'Domestic Intelligence,' there is a notice of rather a large story told by an exchange, of a woman and a large grape vine in this county, Santa Barbara. The only part of the story that is correct is the number of bunches of grapes the vine yields annually.

"Permit me to give you a correct account of this extraordinary vine, as it is, I believe, the largest one in California, and but few as large in Europe.

"It is thirty years old, three feet in circumference, and one foot in diameter for about five feet from the ground. It then gives off branches and covers an area of twenty-five yards square. It is trailed seven feet from the ground, on horizontal supports about ten feet apart. Last season I requested the owner, who is an old Mexican woman, to keep an account of the number of bunches removed from the vine. She filled a large pickle bottle, holding about three quarts, nearly full of beans; for every bunch pulled off she dropped a bean in the bottle, then sold what remained on the vine for twenty-five dollars—two wagons full, drawn by two horses each. This quantity from one vine may appear to your numerous readers almost fabulous, but it is nevertheless true.

"If you think the above worth publishing you are at liberty to do so.

"One of your subscribers,
"J. L. Ord, M.D."

PERSONAL.

On the occasion of the recent commencement of William and Mary College, Virginia, which is said to have been the most brilliant known for many years, the Board of Visitors elected John Tyler, so long regent, as chancellor. Mr. Tyler is the first chancellor elected since Washington. The Faculty of Law was also restored, Charles Morris being appointed professor.

Mr. Breckinridge is said to be the youngest candidate ever nominated for the Presidency. He is but thirty-eight years of age—only three years beyond the age at which a man becomes eligible to that office.

The Baltimore *American* chronicles the decease of a colored man named Thomas Thomas, who seems to have been famous during his long and useful life for his gastronomic performances. Six large loaves of bread with more than a quart of coffee or tea, generally constituted his supper or breakfast. He made very brief work with a goose or a turkey, and has been known to eat a moderate-sized ham at a meal. This latter fact very clearly indicates that Thomas Thomas was indeed a lineal descendant of Ham. An immense quantity of cucumbers, which he was imprudent enough to devour, disencumbered him of this mortal coil in the eighty-eighth year of his age.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

PARLIAMENT.

The recent proceedings of Parliament have been unimportant. Notice has been given of a resolution in the Commons which will bring to a direct issue the question of privilege raised by the House of Lords in rejecting the bill abolishing the paper duty.

The report of the Committee on this subject is published. It merely, as already reported, quotes the precedents, and makes no recommendations.

THE GREAT REVIEW OF VOLUNTEERS.

A leading article of a London paper says: "The review of the volunteers in Hyde Park on the 23d was a most splendid and impressive display. The force assembled in Hyde Park was estimated at about 20,000, and may be fairly said to have represented all classes of the population. The Queen, accompanied by the Prince Consort, Prince of Wales, the King of the Belgians, the Duke of Cambridge, and several foreign princes, and attended by a brilliant suite, entered the Park about four o'clock. The inspection was at once proceeded with, and was of the simplest character. The Queen passed along the whole of the line, after which the volunteers marched past her Majesty. There was no opportunity of showing what they were capable of in the way of field operations; but it is agreed on all hands that what they were called upon to do they did thoroughly well. Their fine martial bearing and wonderful steadiness and precision in marching elicited from experienced officers of the regular army expressions of wonder and surprise. The Duke of Cambridge stated to the commanding officers of the various brigades and battalions that he had never in his life seen movements carried out by a large body of men with greater precision. The volunteers were enthusiastically cheered along the route to the Park. The review passed off without any serious accident; and notwithstanding the well-known *dictum* of the Duke of Wellington, the 20,000 volunteers were got safely and expeditiously out of Hyde Park."

FRANCE.

THE SWISS BOUNDARY.

A dispatch from Paris, on June 29, says:

The treaty to arrange the boundaries between France and Sardinia has been signed here.

The French government has communicated to the Powers that it is willing to accept one of the three following modes for settling its differences with Switzerland:

1. To negotiate direct with the federal government.
2. To admit to this negotiation the Powers who signed the Final act of Vienna.
3. To assemble in conference.

If a conference shall be determined on it will very probably take place at Paris.

It is quite certain that France will make no cession whatever of territory.

A ROMANTIC TALE.

A trial is coming on at Paris shortly which will give publicity to a sad affair. An English lady, the widow of an officer who died in India some few years ago, leaving a large fortune, had become attached to and married to a person much beneath her station—a sous-officier of gendarmery. Nothing, however, has occurred during the four years that the union has lasted to make her regret the step she has taken, although the gendarme did turn out to be the brother of her *femme-de-chambre*, and she did meet him first of all (by accident of course) dressed in plain clothes at the *Bal Mabille*, whither she had gone one evening escorted by the *suivante*, who had told her that the greatest ladies in Paris were seen in that seductive place, and that no harm could possibly be thought of any lady going there in company with her maid. The lady's daughter (by her first marriage) had grown—since the establishment of her mamma with the ex-gendarme—from a fine child of twelve into a lovely girl of sixteen. The honest gendarme had behaved with exemplary kindness to his daughter-in-law; it seems that the *ménage* was progressing as well as could be expected, when, in March last, came a tremendous shock to its tranquillity, in the shape of an offer of marriage for the young lady from a traveling commission agent, who had supplied the wine for the family, and who had been admitted on familiar terms in consequence of the cultivation of his manners, which seemed far above his station. The demand was, of course, treated with contempt—the young lady bearing one of the best names in England, and entitled to a large fortune—and the dismissed lover, bidden to remember the great distance between himself and the bright particular star he had dared to woo, was dismissed, on the part of the gendarme in particular, with every demonstration of contempt. The next day, however, the young lady was missing, and a letter from Langres announced that she had chosen to act for herself, and had eloped with the commission agent; the marriage had, therefore, become a necessary conclusion, and the young couple were consequently united.

The commission agent, whose manners are above his station, turns out to be an escaped convict, who has just been restored to his place in the *bagne* at Toulon, whence he had broken away just before Christmas, having been recognized at Bordeaux, in the cathedral, whither he had accompanied his young wife, to show her the splendors of the *Fete-Dieu*. The mother insists upon a divorce, and the trial will come on, so it is thought, early this month (July).

ITALY.

THE CONCESSIONS OF BOMBA.

It is confirmed that the King of Naples has granted a Constitution to his subjects. Under a preliminary act, dated the 25th of June, constitutional and representative institutions, on national and Italian principles, are granted to the Kingdom of Naples; a general amnesty is offered to all political offenders; an agreement is to be made with the King of Sardinia for the adoption of the tricolored flag; and analogous institutions are to be given to Sicily, with a Royal Prince as Viceroy. These concessions, adopted at the instigation of the French Emperor, it was every where believed came too late. The following are the members of the new Neapolitan Ministry, formed by Signor Spinelli; Commander Spinelli, President of the Council; Commander de Martino, Foreign Affairs; Signor del Re, Interior; Signor Manna, Finance; Prince Torella, Ecclesiastical Affairs; Signor Morelli, Public Works; Marshal Lestucci, War; Admiral Garofalo, Marine.

A dispatch from Naples states that the convocation of the electoral colleges will be published for the 7th July. The decree containing the list of the members of the Senate will be promulgated about the same time. The Senators, it is said, will be chosen from among the higher ranks of the magistracy, the administration, the academies, the navy, and the army.

WHAT HE WANTS TO DO AT PALERMO.

A letter from Messina, in the *Opinione Nationale* says:

"To give you an idea of what the Neapolitan Government reserved for us, I send you the copy of an electric dispatch, addressed to the Governor of this place by Colonel Severino, private secretary of Francis II. Fortunately for us, although I can not state the reason, it was not carried into execution. It ran thus: 'As soon as you learn at Messina the capture of Palermo, close the city with sufficient forces, and prevent any one whatever from either going out or entering. Collect all the troops in the citadel, and if there is any movement, bombard Messina until not one stone remains on another. Terrify the population by discharges of musketry, and fire grape at the insurgents. The fleet will pass from Palermo to Messina.' I guarantee to you the authenticity of this dispatch. The Governor, being questioned by one of the foreign consuls as to what he intended to do, admitted the existence of the orders above mentioned, but added that if he should have occasion to carry them out he would first give notice to the inoffensive portion of the population and the consuls."

REINFORCEMENTS FOR GARIBALDI.

Garibaldi continued his preparations for a new movement.

The Turin correspondent of the London *News* writes: "A third expedition of 4000 men is being prepared. The *Washington*, the *Franklin*, and the *Oregon*, which conveyed Medici to Palermo, returned to Cagliari on the 20th, and after staying there a day, left for the Ligurian coast. Many who had given up military service have gone to Sicily on hearing that there was a great want there of officers of all grades."

Garibaldi is said to have sent one of his agents to London, in order to negotiate there a loan of thirty millions of francs, the revenues of Sicily being offered as a guarantee.

SPREAD OF THE REVOLUTION.

At latest dates the agitation at Naples had increased. A most inflammatory proclamation had been issued by the Central Revolutionary Committee, calling on the people to rise.

The Commissariats of the twelve districts of Naples were simultaneously attacked and pillaged on the 28th, the archives burned, and the agents murdered.

Naples was proclaimed in a state of siege, and street assemblages prohibited.

ATTACK ON THE FRENCH EMBASSADOR.

The French Embassador had been seriously maltreated on the streets of Naples, it was supposed by members of the anti-reform party. He was beaten senseless.

A later dispatch says: "It is stated in the French papers that Baron Brenier, recently assaulted in the streets of Naples, was not dangerously hurt. The King of Naples has instructed the Marquis d'Antonini to express to the French Government his most sincere regret on account of the cowardly insult offered to Baron Brenier, and to promise severe retribution upon the guilty parties, who, however, were not yet discovered, having succeeded in escaping immediately after committing the assault."

THE AMERICAN SHIPS.

The Government had yielded to the energetic demands of the American and Sardinian ministers, and ordered the release of the two captured vessels, their crews and passengers.

The American sloop of war *Iroquois* went to Naples specially to assist the American Minister in his representations.

THE ASSASSINS AT FAULT.

A letter from Geneva, in the *Siècle*, says: "Garibaldi does not appear destined to perish by the poniard, as was feared by some of his friends. We learn from Messina that the famous Bosco, who accepted the mission to assassinate him for 25,000 francs, has not had the courage to commit the crime, but has, on the contrary, had an audience of the General, to whom he made important revelations."

PRACTICAL DEMOCRACY.

Garibaldi has issued the following decree:

"Considering that a free people should abolish every custom which calls to mind the old state of slavery:

"*Art.* 1. The title of 'Excellency' is abolished without respect of persons.

"*Art.* 2. Doing homage by kissing hands is prohibited."

This decree, if acted upon, is in itself a social revolution. In Sicily the lower orders call almost every well-dressed man "His Excellency," and kissing the hand is a common compliment paid by a tenant to his landlord.

IS SICILY TO BE ANNEXED?

It is stated that the Municipality of Palermo had sent an address to the Dictator, requesting the immediate annexation of Sicily to the Italian kingdom. The Dictator replied that such annexation was his wish, that he was a great admirer of King Victor Emanuel, and that he believed the annexation would be accomplished by him and with him; but that at present the annexation of Sicily alone would not be advisable: besides, in the event of immediate annexation, he would then be under the necessity of retiring.

THE POPE'S IRISH LEVIES.

A letter from Rome, received June 28, says a battalion of Irish has been organized. It is called the Battalion of Saint Patrick.

The Vienna letter in the *Times*, says a great number of Irishmen continue to pass through Vienna on their way to Trieste and Ancona. The writer says many of them wish to return to their homes, but they are obliged to go on to Italy, as they have no money with which to pay their expenses back to England.

SYRIA.

MASSACRE AT BEYROUT.

Letters from Beyrout give terrible accounts of the bloody disturbances in Syria, already briefly alluded to. The scene of these outrages was Sidon, a place about ten hours' journey by land, and three by sea, from Beyrout. A letter from this last-named place, dated June 7, says:

"On the evening of Saturday, the 2d inst., letters from Sidon reached Mr. Moore, the English consul-general, saying that a number of Christians, who had fled to that town for refuge, from the southern parts of Mount Lebanon, had been killed in cold blood by the Moslems and Druse population of the place. Coming as it did from an authentic source, and the arrival of a Russian frigate making Beyrout comparatively safe from any *émeute*, our consul-general at once dispatched her Majesty's steamer *Firefly*, Captain Mansel (a small vessel here on surveying duty), down the coast. On his arrival at Sidon, the captain found the tale but too true. No less than two hundred poor creatures—men, women, and children, including several Maronite monks, nuns, and priests—who on the burning and sacking of their own villages on Lebanon had fled to Sidon for refuge, were set upon by the Moslem population of the suburbs, assisted by the few Druses who live there, and brutally butchered in cold blood, at the very gates of, and in, the town itself. The Turkish soldiers on guard were seen by credible witnesses—the gentlemen of the American Mission at Sidon—to bayonet the unfortunate Christians coming into the town for shelter. Captain Mansel found the Christians of the place in a perfect panic, and the Moslems of the town ready at any moment to break out again. The number lying dead in the streets was calculated at not less than two hundred, but the official report of the English vice-consul at Sidon numbers them at three hundred, besides nearly twice that number wounded. Captain Mansel went at once to the Turkish governor, who declared his sorrow for what had taken place, but his total inability to prevent it. Captain Mansel then took such precautions as on inquiry he deemed necessary to secure the safety of the Christian population of Sidon, and then returned to Beyrout. In the mean time, three large and very wealthy Greek Catholic monasteries on Mount Lebanon, just above Sidon, have been burned to the ground, and the monks obliged to fly. Some are hiding in caves and huts on the mountains, and only this day a party has started to rescue them, having just heard of their whereabouts. To-day letters from Sidon state that the excitement of the Moslem population commenced again upon the *Firefly* leaving, and that the fanatics of that creed were yesterday parading the town, vowing vengeance on all dogs of Christians. I should tell you that the cause of this excitement in the first instance, and that which led to the subsequent massacre of the fugitive Christians from Lebanon, was the sight of these very fugitives. By all accounts, the horrors of the massacre were not exceeded even at Jeddah, two years ago."

PERU.

TROUBLE WITH THE UNITED STATES.

There is news from Peru. Our relations with that republic are approaching a crisis. At latest dates the U. States sloop of war *Wyoming* had arrived at Callao, with dispatches to our Minister, instructing him to peremptorily demand a settlement of the claims growing out of the seizure of the ships *Lizzie Thompson* and *Georgiana*, and provisions for a joint commission for the settlement of all outstanding claims of our citizens. Some delay had, however, occurred in consequence of the resignation of the Peruvian Minister of Foreign Affairs, and it was not improbable that our Government would be compelled to resort to force before the demands would be complied with. In case of non-compliance with the demands of our Government, the American Minister was instructed to close the legation.

JAPAN.

ATTEMPTED REVOLUTION.

The papers contain accounts of the attempted assassination of Prince Go-tai-ro, Regent of Japan, who, it appears, while on his way to the palace of the Tycoon on the 24th of March, was beset by an armed band of seventeen men, determined on his destruction. The Regent received several wounds, but was finally rescued from his perilous situation. Several of the assailants had been arrested, some had disemboweled themselves, and there was little probability of the escape of the remainder.

Whether this attack was the commencement of a civil war for the succession, or owed its origin to other causes, is left to conjecture. The Japanese Government, however, ascribe it to the discontent of disbanded soldiers and ruffians.

THE REVIEW OF THE SEVENTH REGIMENT.

The camp of the celebrated National Guard Regiment on Staten Island has, during the past week or ten days, attracted a large share of the attention of that portion of our "best society" which has not taken its annual flight to the watering-places; and the evening parades have been attended by thousands of visitors from the city and the various suburban villages and towns. As every thing which appertains to this widely-celebrated corps will prove of interest to our readers, we give the personal experience of one of our corps of artists in a visit to "Camp Scott" one evening last week, by which those who are unfamiliar with such matters may be able to form an idea of the scenes and incidents attending a life in camp.

The location of the camp was on the lower end of Staten Island, about three-fourths of a mile from the New Dorp station of the railroad from Vanderbilt's landing across to Ettingville, and is the race-ground of the celebrated "Richmond Club." The access was by boat and cars to New Dorp, where every variety of vehicle, from the most aristocratic turn-out, with its liveried driver and outriders, to the two-wheeled cart, with old counterpanes and quilts doing duty for cushions, and drawn by a raw-boned animal yclept, for want of a better name, "a horse," were in waiting to take visitors to the ground.

The object of the regiment in going into camp, it need hardly be said, is for the purpose of instruction and improvement in field manœuvres and camp duty, and as one day's routine is a fair exemplar of all, we let our correspondent and artist use his own language:

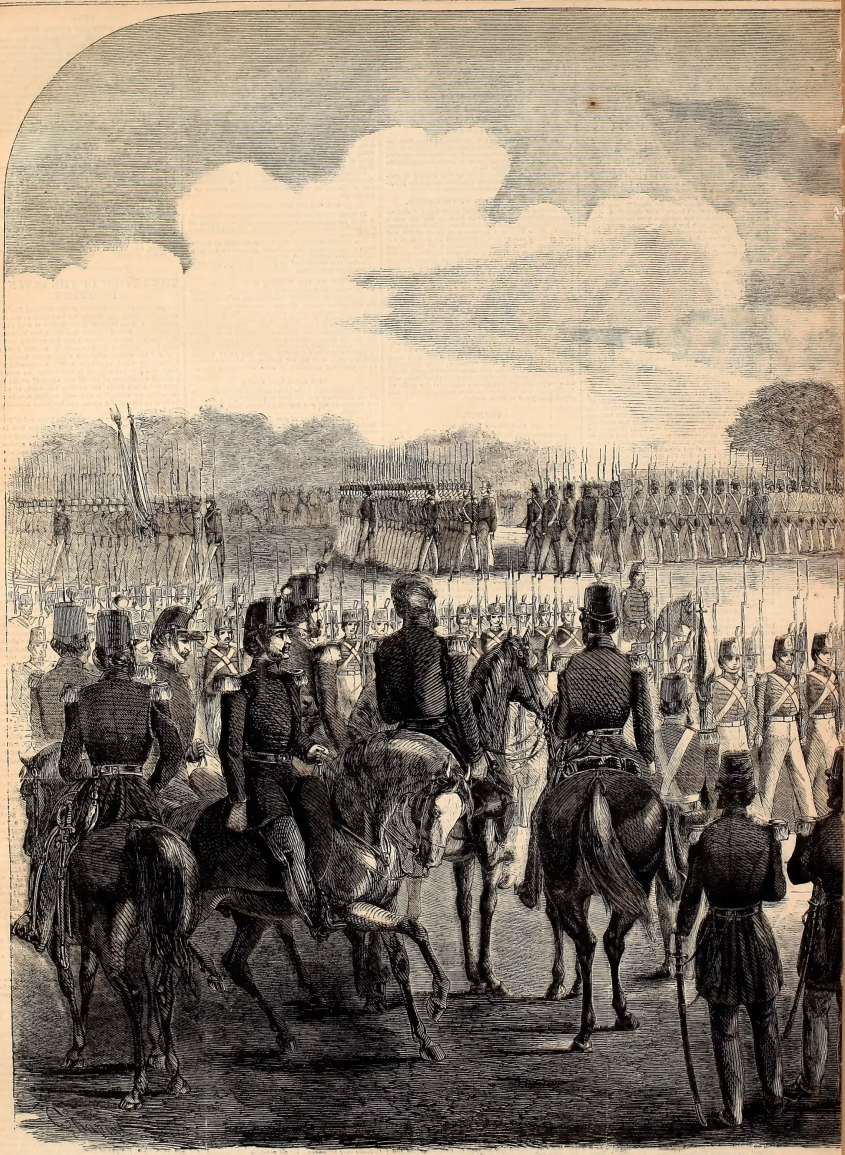
After a very pleasant sail down the bay, and an uninteresting ride in the cars, I reached New Dorp, and taking a conveyance over an exceedingly dusty road, arrived at camp in time to witness the evening parade. The camp was laid out in accordance with strict military rules, and presented a very pleasing appearance. The Colonel's marquee—a large double tent—was in the centre, and on either side were the marquees of the rest of the field and staff. In front of this row were tents of the non-commissioned staff and officers of police attending the regiment, while still farther in advance the officers, captains, and lieutenants of the various companies were located in a single row of tents. Extending at right angles to these last were two rows of company tents, sixteen in number, on either side of streets which were named after their respective captains. Far in advance of all, and immediately at the entrance, was the guard-tent, where the guards and sentries made their head-quarters. In the rear of the Colonel's quarters were the tents of the band, the troop, the sutlers, barber, etc., etc., together with the large mess-tent, in which the regimental meals were served. At the foot of the main street, running from the Colonel's quarters to the parade-ground, stood the flag-staff, flanked by two six-pounders. To the right of the camp as we entered, but at the left more properly speaking, viewing it from the Colonel's marquee, was the ocean beach, affording a fine opportunity for bathing, and delicious breezes to cool the otherwise sultry atmosphere of these summer days.

The usually great feature of the day is the evening parade and guard-mounting. Arriving at 5.30 P.M., I found the troops assembling in the various streets in front of their tents, being formed by their respective orderlies. The band, consisting of over thirty men, were on the parade-ground, preparatory to formation of the regiment. In the course of a few minutes the "assembly" was sounded, the various companies marched out, and the regiment was formed by the Adjutant, and delivered up into command of the Colonel, who proceeded to exercise it in the manual of arms and field manœuvres, in the presence of a crowd of spectators, who surrounded the ground, and by their presence lent additional animation to the scene, and urged the regiment to do its prettiest. The parade and drill occupied something more than an hour; and what with the brilliant uniforms, the arms glistening in the light of the setting sun, the beautiful music from the band, the prancing and neighing of steeds, the crowds of people, and the invigorating sea-breeze, was worthy of the encomiums and plaudits lavished upon it by the spectators.

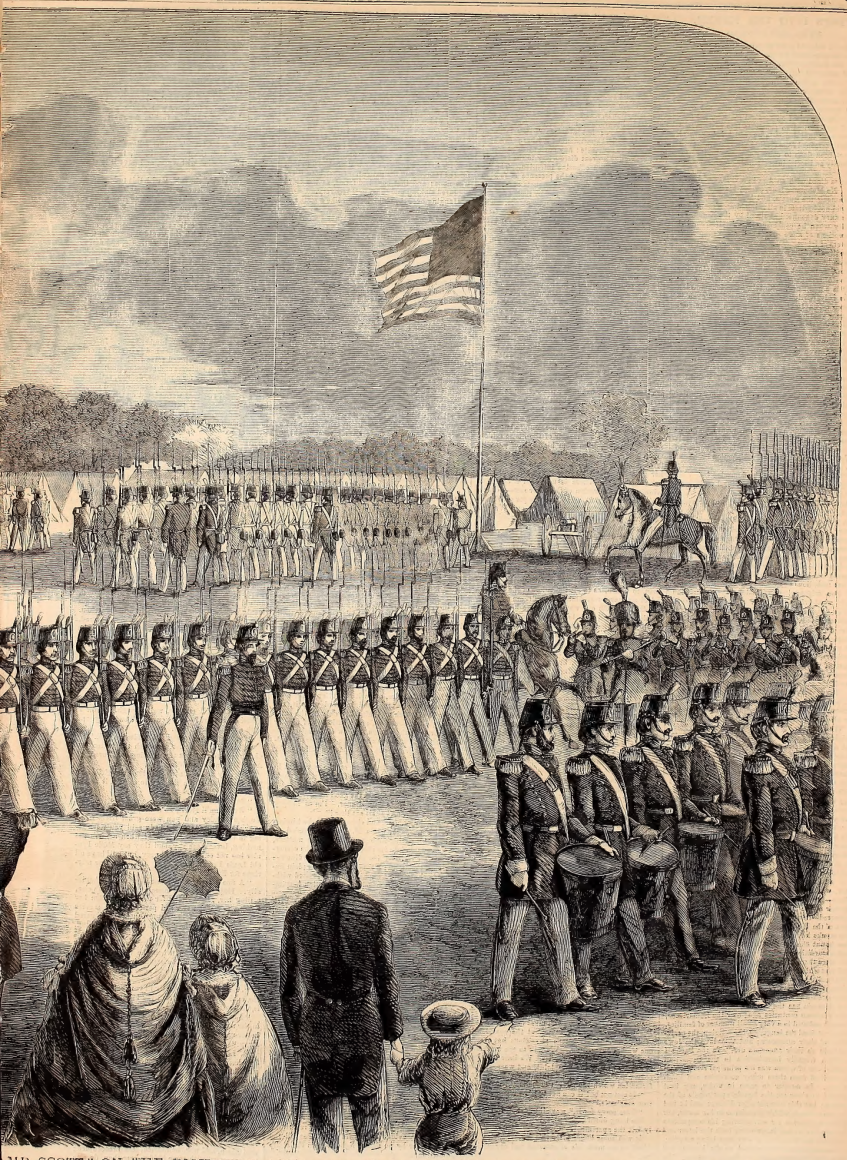
Evening parade being dismissed, the men retired to their tents to reclothe themselves in fatigue, or in overcoats and gray pants, as they were detailed for guard or were "off duty." "Guard-mounting" followed. This is the parade of the men detailed for night sentry duty, who relieve those that have served in that capacity during the day; and the assembly, as well as the transmission of the care of the camp from the old to the new guard, is a formula which attracted the attention and criticism of military men rather than of the generality of spectators; and as description would hardly explain it to the latter class, I pass it over. At sunset the engineer corps assembled at the flag-staff and fired the evening gun, at the same time that the ensign was lowered, and saluted by the band as it came down. Supper followed. The band played "Peas upon the Trencher;" whereupon the regiment assembled, and marched to the large mess-tent in rear of the camp, where the several companies ranged themselves on either side of tables radiating from a common centre, and, after all were seated, proceeded to attack, in a soldierly manner, the viands placed before them, consisting of good bread and butter, cold meats, etc., etc., washed down by tea and coffee.

Supper being over the men proceeded to amuse themselves as best they might, and there being no "duty" to perform except sentry duty, they usually get up some amusement in which all who do not stroll off from camp can join. The feature of the evening under consideration was a parade of the "National Light Guard."

Neutral Tint.



REVIEW OF THE SEVENTH REGIMENT N. Y. STATE MILITIA BY BRIGADIER GENERAL HALL, AT



AMP SCOTT," ON THE RICHMOND CLUB GROUNDS, STATEN ISLAND, ON JULY 11, 1860—See Page 455.]

PEEPS INTO THE HAREM.

BY SIR JOHN BOWRING.

I HAVE enjoyed some privileges, as a traveler, under the auspices of a doctorial degree, and though I am not dignified with an M.D. title, the Ulema, or all practical and useful purposes, did just as well in the Levant. In fact, having an official position during our wars, I was known among the Arabs as El Hakim El Kebir, the great doctor —the doctor par excellence—and was not only frequently consulted on medical matters, but permitted and invited to penetrate into some of the mysteries of that domestic life which is in general carefully screened from foreign observation. Allah has not been done to convey accurate notions of the family and social interest among Mohammedan races.

I once dined with an Aga in a village of Palestine, Kefr Kenna, except his wife and children, were among the guests, and he, like many of his race, did not hesitate in allowing himself more than one lawful wife—sometimes as a study by the Koran, especially when he could screen himself from the observations of more severe and more censorious followers of Islam.

The dinner of the Aga over, conversation became more and more lively, and the colloquies ran from tongue to tongue, unbridled, upon the most lovable portion of creation. Under ordinary circumstances it is a great affront to talk to a Mohammedan of the lady who is one of his household, or even to suppose or imply the existence of a female sex. You may converse upon politics and upon geography as to the well-being or well-doing of a family, but it would be illbred and impertinent to show any interest about the health of a mother, wife, or daughter, even though you may have heard rumors of sickness, or even of impending death.

But wine, which will more than the Aga in [rarely], thaws the frozen reserve, and opens the locked lips of conversation to the most forbidden topics, and we began to talk of the fair beauties of his harem, and to describe to us some of the many beautiful children we looked up to him as their lord and master. We could not but express great interest in communications so eloquent; and complimented him on the possession of so many pearls of great price. At last his enthusiasm mounted to its full height, and his proud satisfaction broke out into an epithet expressive of happiness

"Would you like to see the damsels?"

"Above all things," was the natural reply.

"Come along, then—come!"

And he himself led the way to an upper apartment.

It was a large room, surrounded by a cushioned divan, and female shawls and robes of silk were scattered about in heaps and rolls on the floor. There were many mirrors on the walls, and lamps hung from the ceiling, and the moment we entered the door, I could hear by the footsteps of the Aga, clamors and shrieks broke forth from voices more or less melodious or discordant:

"You Giaour! you infidel!" you Christian dogs! what brings you here? Begone! begone!"

The Aga laughed about at the reception we experienced; but the Christian dogs were not a little perplexed and confounded; it was easy to perceive, though every one of the women crept her veil more closely over her face and around her shoulders, that the insolent and loudest were the eldest of the ladies; so abhorrent are they of whose accents were humorous and fascinating, I said,

"Sa'seet a voice must belong to a pretty face."

Upon which the damsel suddenly uncovered her countenance, looked penetratingly upon me with her black and brilliant eyes, and exclaimed:

"You Giaour! you infidel!" laughed aloud and drew the veil over her blushing cheeks. Again and again we were assuring sincerely was performed by other ladies, with a readiness or a backwardness which might be measured by the presence or absence of the Aga's harem; there were several who remained veiled through the whole of our visit with the most decorous and sedate obstinacy. The Aga said they were the old and ugly ones of the harem. Woman is every where woman, proudof—and will she boast—her attractions.

"Now, then, let us withdraw," said the Aga. We bowed to the fair community, and retired, for the visit lasted for a few minutes, amidst what the voices not altogether so boisterous or so impetuous as at our advance, but still they cried, "Infidels infidels!"

I was not quite so fortunate on another occasion, when I was the guest of the Pacha of Nablous—the Shechem of the Old Testament—the Sychar of the New. To me Samaria has always appeared more than Galilee—the most interesting part of the Holy Land, for the lies and legends which the monks have has introduced themselves, or they has found an inexhaustible mine of superstitions and absurdities; and the whole region represents, for more than dozen Judies, the unchanged characteristics of Biblical history. Fables and traditional less traditions crowd themselves into every part of Jerusalem, and even the sites of the most memorable events are subjects of doubtful discussion; but Samaria has the charm of being now what it was nineteen centuries ago; and the Samaritans, though reduced to a very small number of families, have retained the language, the religion, the prejudices of their ancestors; and they love the Jews as little as their ancestors did. To the Jews I owed a friendly introduction to the Samaritan Sheiks, one of whom in his principal residence and I received from them many courtesies and kindnesses. In answer to some inquiries, my host offered to show me the female apartments of the palace; but this was not after dinner; and he had not accommodated his conscience to his tastes, nor found arguments for surrendering his temperance to temptation, nor in wresting both the letter and spirit of the Koran to a very free interpretation. A messenger was dispatched to the harem, and soon after I accompanied the Pacha up stairs. We heard much bustle and confusion; and as the doors were opened we saw women scampering away in all directions along the balconies, and toward the inner apartments, in obvious haste and oppehension. They were all veiled, and the mode in which their garments hung about them showed that they had been unprepared for so sudden an exodus. We found the rooms in "most admired disorder," and every thing looked as if the late occupants had been rendered very much taken from fire and sword, earthquake, or other convulsion. There were on the carpets and the divan Cashmere shawls, gay and rich silk dresses, and decorated slippers, and musical instruments, and broken nosegays; but absolute silence reigned. Beyond these hasty glances I could not be induced nor sought to penetrate: any such attempt would have been alike a great discourtesy to the rules of the country, and an offense to virtuous. The ladies were not unaware of the presence of foreign visitors, and had probably been occupied in arranging flowers and sweetmeats, prepared by their own fair fingers, were brought to us for acceptance. The most distinguished were the youngest and handsomest the ladies of the harem is, however, a fairly-woven kerchief, or napkin, on which the receiver's name, or a verse of poetry, or a sentence of the Koran, is wrought in Arabic letters of gold.

There is a little hidden coquetry in all women's nature which, second in a few days, will break out in the presence of admiring man, and ordinarily the coquetry will be in the proportion of the attractiveness of the possessor. So women are liable to the charms of her own beauty, and she will seldom fail to exhibit them to the best advantage. It is not an unusual thing among Mussulmans of wealth, when they invite strangers, to give musical or theatrical entertainments after their meals, which the women of the harem honor with their presence; but they are concealed behind gratings and lattices, and it is very difficult to distinguish their faces, even when their voices are heard; but I have remarked that the greatest feet occasionally put aside the curtain to be seen, and she might always be certain that the loudest ittle-tattle was from the youngest and fairest of the group: the name of the fairest always improves an exhibition from his birds of paradise when fairly and safely caged. If the chances are few which a fair young girl of Europe has to show off her graces, she has the ready ingenuity to avail herself of them. There is no doubt a charm in waving the adjustment of the veil, under which, in the Levant, sometimes tempts a lady betyond the limits of maiden modesty and Western decorum. It is the breaking of the string of the unstretched bow.

I had a waiting-place on the principal road from Damascus to Jerusalem a is very ancient city, and was known by the name of Khan Shebeen. It has still many remains of the splendor of the great antiquity of the place. The government is administered by a native Syrian, an old man, to whom, at the time of my visit, I was a stranger. I had a general recommendatory firman signed by the Sultan. On our way thither we heard much of the extraordinary courtesy of the Sheik's young wife, who had the fame of being the most lovely woman that had ever been spoken of in those regions, and her husband was quite disinterested as Oriental husbands frequently are—the object of jealousy and jealousy, in the same degree the most affectionate admiration, on the part of her husband. Concealed and secluded, though she lived in the midst of the bustling village, the occupiers of her fair countenance shone by the reflection of its fame like a remote star in the heavens, and the old Sheik was an object of envy to the middle-aged youths less privileged than he in their domestic treasures. It was sunset when we reached the Sheik's palace, but he came out to meet us in the most urbane and perfect courtesy, and the usual phrases that his house was honored by our presence.

We observed evidence of much disquietude on the good Sheikh's visage, and it was obvious he was wrestling with some secret mental anxiety, which that he desired to get rid of a burden which pressed heavily on his mind. "Sir Doctor," he said, "I have no sorrow in the harem, that the child of his old age was sick, and, as he feared, at the point of death."

"Doctor, will you heal my child?" was his inquiry.

Now the infant boy had been born to the beautiful bride, and I was very much disposed to be preconceived in my thoughts, that I might possibly, through the desire of the father to save the sufferings of the child, get a peep behind the curtain. The school fame of whose loveliness was still sounding in my ears, and, let me own it, much sharpened my curiosity.

"Well, then," I answered, "take me to the harem, and I will see what I can do for you."

"Impossible!" said the Sheik; "impossible!"

"But if the child die, and you should be visited by the thought that the Hakim could and would have saved it?"

"Impossible!" he repeated. "It can not be."

"If the child is not relieved, he will die."

"Alas! but you can not be permitted to enter the harem. Shall the infant be brought out?"

"By no means—the child can not be removed. Besides, men know nothing about the complaints of children. We Western physicians have only one rule of treatment. We take the case to another that is invariably our practice. We hear from her the symptoms and the progress of the disease, and only after getting all possible information—information which the mother alone is able to give."

"It can not be! it can not be!" he repeated with new emphasis.

"I am sorry for it," was all my reply.

He hung down his head, saluted me, and quickly left the apartment.

It was some hours after this interlude that the Sheik made his appearance and appeared to avoid me.

"It was your disagreeable duty to tell me what must be, must. He could not run the risk of losing his child. Would I do him the favor to follow him?"

I bowed, of course, with great complacency, inwardly rejoicing on the success of my admirable diplomacy, but giving no outward sign of self-gratulation or delight.

He preceded me with a slow and seemingly beatified step, which he unlocked, he opened the doors of several apartments, through which we advanced to the sanctum sanctorum of the women. Upon a luxurious couch lay a very pale, emaciated infant, which seemed two or three months old. It was encumbered with garments; it had the Moslem head-dress—a turban—on its head, and its body was covered with amulets, charms, and verses from the Koran, to whose marvelous influence, aided by prayers to the Prophet, they had ventured to look for the recovery of the patient. Other hope there was none: and as the child was fading, as the child appeared sinking and to be past recovery.

Hanging over the child, looking like a statue of grief, a veiled woman was seated.

To her I addressed myself, but not a word did she reply. She seemed abandoned to sorrow and absorbed in contemplation of the little sufferer on the Persian rug. A sigh escaped her, and my sympathy was strongly excited. I pursued my inquiries as to the condition of the infant. What was its age? How long had it been ill? What had been done for its recovery? Who had been consulted? What were its precise symptoms? Did it get any sleep? and so forth: but only indistinct replies were given by the attendants of the people.

"You must speak more plainly. If your language were English, I should have difficulty in understanding you, even though that vast part of it comprehend your Syriac-Arabic very imperfectly. You must remove your veil, and you may then be heard by the child's mother who is sitting in the recess for your boy." She shook her head: it seemed as if I made no impression. I insisted more strongly. I said I was an English doctor, only accustomed to the practice of English mothers. She talked the more unveiled faces; that only did as all we wished to know; they gave every particular of their children's indisposition; and we were able from these to come clearly what ought to be done. Moved by my increasing urgency, she raised her hands, threw off her veil, stared me in the face—as only be of a woman, were not wrinkled. "I am the old wife," were the only words she uttered.

"Sal wife!" I exclaimed to the Sheik; and I could not check an outburst of laughter as we left the harem together. "Old, however, give some nutriment to the child, and learned other and that he had got well.

I have availed myself of such opportunities as I have had to learn from intelligent Orientals themselves their views as to the comparative influences of polygamy and monogamy upon domestic happiness; and the result has been most favorable to that policy consecrated by Christian laws and Christian sentiment. The one man and one wife union are exclusively bound together by the marriage tie, and the children only of such marriages are admitted to be the legitimate descendants of their parents.

VILLAGE ROSES AND THORNS.

THE village of Auvay-le-Clocher was situated on the side of a hill, looking in sunshine. At the entrance of the village—the ragged village with the soilless of trottoirs, and with a gutter in the middle, stood the church, and inclosed with it, the cemetery, which was inhabited only by the curé, his single maid-servant, and a little boy of nine or ten years old, the orphan nephew of the latter.

The curé, like all the other curés poor, reading in his breviary one of the portions allotted for daily perusal.

Clattering about in sabots, on the pavement in front of the house, was little Claude, the nephew of Jeanne, the curé's servant.

"I say, little one," said the good man, "tell thy aunt to make haste with dinner. I'm as hungry as a wolf—as hungry as the deuce!"

The child laughed, and clumped into the kitchen with his message, while M. Leroy proceeded up stairs to his room, to expedite some preparations. He drew the table into its place, and out of the corresponding cupboard extracted his bottle of vin ordinaire: wrenched that stuff: a knife, a cruet, a napkin, a plate, and a napkin to match, rolled within its ivory ring, on which an inscription hospitably wished that it might be "welcome."

While occupied in these arrangements, a back door, leading to the other rooms, above and below, opened, and there appeared in succession, a fork, the cloth.

"Par exemple, M. le Curé!" was her exclamation, when she saw how her master was employed; and taking the things from his hands, she began to perform her own duties in a good-humored manner, man of about four or five and twenty, but, like nearly all French peasants, appeared some years beyond. Her features were regular, with the exception of a somewhat coarse mouth; her dark eyes were fine, and surmounted by well-marked brows, and her complexion was of a rich, warm brown, with a good deal of color. Altogether, a handsome specimen of her class, but with a taciturn gravity and seriousness of demeanor somewhat unusual.

The curé sat down in his arm-chair, with a look of complete satisfaction at his wife and family in the room. It was evident his reading occupied little of his attention; for, whenever he could direct it unobserved to the servant he did so, and finally, when she left the room, he flung down the volume, murmuring, with an expression of profound concern,

"The poor girl! the unhappy!" and remained absorbed in evidently painful reflections till the sound of her approaching light step on the stairs aroused him.

But it must have been no common grief that could materially affect the curé's appetite, and when Jeanne had produced, in one course, the whole of the dinner, consisting of the usual soup and bouilli, a salad, a dish of potatoes cooked in butter, and a dish of the light-red pine-apple strawberries, of which whole fields are grown wherever the vicinity of a town of any size affords a market for them, M. Leroy fell-to with hearty good-will and made very short work of the repast. Then he sat down in the arm-chair, and quietly composed himself to his post-prandial nap, while the tones bolted outside the window to call him, and a little child on the grove below, sang thanks to him for the ruddy cherries to which he and his young family were the main audience.

Jeanne's and Claude's dinner followed that of the master, and the meal concluded, the former filled a little basket with eggs, and gave it to the boy.

"Go, my child," she said, "with this to Madame Morel; say Monsieur le Curé sends them with many compliments. Then go on to the Croix-Blanche, and ask, from Monsieur le Curé, if Madame Ledoux and her daughter are, and, coming back, you may call at Uncle Jacques's, and say to Florette that she would come down the first day this week she can get out. Go, and don't break the eggs, and bring back the basket. Mind."

Jeanne watched the door till the boy had passed through and latched the garden gate. Then she returned to the kitchen, took a large key from a nail above the door, a long bricle the opening chimney, and once more locking out and all round, she re-entered and proceeded through four contiguous passages to the room that formed the last of a straggling series, unlocked the door, and entered.

It was a small, gloomy lumber-room. In one corner the long-collected dust had been swept from the floor, where it was spread some fresh straw, and on it, rolled up, a mattress and some bedding. After listening intently for a minute, Jeanne, satisfied that no sleeper was disturbed down a house-top chair and a ragged rug that were placed on the top of a box in the corner near the door, and, having done so, within it drew a bundle tied up in an old colored handkerchief. Opening this carefully, several articles of baby's clothing, some more advanced in progress, all of the commonest description, but carefully made and clean, were disclosed, and Jeanne, taking working materials from the same bundle, began stitching away at an unfinished frock with feverish rapidity, still pausing now and then, with that look of intense anxiety, to listen.

For more than an hour she worked uninterited; then, as if feeling to remain longer away from her usual employments, she, putting her work under a half-finished cap, which might be worked at in any leisure moments, rolled up the bundle, placed it in the box, and again covered the latter with the rug and chair, as before. Then carefully locking the door behind her, she returned to the kitchen.

She did so just in time; for, while she was putting together the brands that, during her absence, had burned themselves to the middle, and, falling outward, become scattered and nearly extinguished, an old crone, bulbfagged, half-peasant, and consequently bareheaded, stretch, tottered into the kitchen. Standing just within the threshold, her knotted, claw-like hands crossed on the top of her staff, she spoke Jeanne in a harsh, low jour, and looked, contemplating the girl, with a grin intolerable to be seen.

"Sit down, Mère Gausset," Jeanne said, crossing herself in secret, as she turned to place a chair for the unwelcome guest, "it is a long way from your weather's come at last; that ought to agree with your rheumatism."

"Eh, eh, well enough, well enough. How is Monsieur le Curé?—and yourself?" suddenly, and with a scrutinizing look.

"Monsieur well; and I, I'm always well."

"So much the better, so much the better, my girl; ready to dance at the wedding on Thursday? Eh, it'll be a fine wedding."

So deadly a whiteness overspread the girl's face as she turned from the log to conceal it as she replied,

"So I hear."

"Well, you'll see it, no doubt, that'll be better. Eugène Landry and you were great friends last year, I remember; every body said you were going to be married. But, alas! he's off with a girl nothing, lover's are shy, and they say Mélie Prunier has not only a good dowery, but will have all old Louis Prunier's savings. Oh, it's a fine marriage for Eugène."

"A fine marriage," Jeanne repeated mechanically. Happily for us that moment the curé's voice, calling her, released her for the instant from her torture, and when she had performed the service required by the old hag, Jeanne summoned the lingered about up stairs till the old woman, tired of waiting, took her departure.

At night, Jeanne went solitary and sad to her bed: in the morning, when she went about her work, she felt as if she slept sleeping. The last she had gone through that night none but God and her own poor heart could tell.

"Jeanne, how ill you look; ill you look, my girl" the curé said, as he entered the kitchen. "What is the matter?"

"I am not very well," she replied. "I was ill in the night, and had bad dreams; but I am much better now, monsieur; it's nothing—it will all pass away."

M. Leroy paused, hesitated, sighed; he would fain have restored the poor confidence he had reassured him as to the suspicions that, never occurring to himself, had lately been suggested by village gossip. But Jeanne went to and fro, bestirring herself in a way to make any such opportunity difficult, and, with a slow step and anxious mind, the curé went out to tend his roses.

Through the next three and four days the subject still haunted him, but by degrees less painfully and at longer intervals. Jeanne seemed getting well again, and was, he fancied, less preoccupied; less oppressed with some hidden care than, despite

all her efforts to conceal the fact, she had lately been. He had had some knowledge of Eugine Landry's former attachment to her, and he now began to think that it was Eugène's faithlessness alone that had so weighed upon her mind.

On the sixth day from the wedding Jeanne came to him with a troubled face. Her mother was alarmingly ill; she had had a letter from a neighbor, entreating that, if the curé could spare her, she would love no time in coming to her. M. Lecroy scanned the face before him—a face whose every wrinkle he knew, and whose set mouth and desperately beseeching eyes told all that hung on his reply. "I could not keep her in that agony of suspense; he could not, by the hint, even, of a perhaps unmerited suspicion, further torture her; so he consented.

It was: distance of nearly five leagues to Montrouge, the village where Jeanne's mother resided, and there being only chance communications between it and Auray-le-Clocher, she had no means of getting there except on foot. She was yet far from strong, and the weather was hot; but, on the mission on which she was going, solitude was wholly indispensable, and this she could only secure by walking.

She had arranged with her cousin Pierrette to take her place in the curé's household during her absence; and now all things were prepared for her departure, which was to take place before even the early June dawn. All that she might get beyond the risk of recognition while Auray and its neighborhood was yet buried in sleep.

Strange, indeed, that she was crossed with gleams of stormy sunshine, had been the experience of those last days of which she became. Happily her child was a healthy and a quiet one, and passed most of the hours of its first days in sleep. Still what agonies of vigilance and unceasing exertion would be heard, lest the frequency of her visits to its infirmplace should be noticed, lest Claude should, at any time, trace her movements! Yet, with all this, the passionate love she had for the infant—the ecstasies of maternal pride and tenderness that not all the sorrow and all the sufferings of her situation could smother—gave her moments she would have counted at almost any price; and though the child's removal would put an end to this perpetual state of anxious terror, she yet dreaded the separation almost as much as she desired the relief.

She had not confided her secret to any one; though she would have feared lately to admit the truth to her cousin Pierrette, who suspected it, but who, after a few leading questions, had, in pity, forborne to press further, and who did not come to take her place till some hours after her departure.

Before daylight, Jeanne, with her precious burden sleeping in her arms, and a basket containing the child's simple provisions for the journey, stole out of the presbytere, and through the garden wicket, into the sleeping village, whose lonely air had to traverse before gaining the road to Montrouge.

The moon had set, and though some stars still twinkled, the night was quite dark. Breathing, listening, seeking to penetrate the obscurity, she paused an instant before the church to assure herself she was unobserved, and then fairly started on her way. At first all was dead silence; then she fancied she heard—fancied she saw—something, that had been crouching by the white wall of the garden, near the gate, stir and rise slowly. Like a deer that suddenly scents its pursuers, she turned and fled, finding her way through the dark street and over the rough, sharp stones rather by instinct than sight, guessing that till the rapidity of her course had so exhausted her breath that she was forced to pause to regain it.

By this time she was well out in the open country, and the dim line of the white road just discernible before her eyes, accustomed to the darkness, she paused to rest against the gate of a long her way. Then she began to feel a little reassured, and to try to reason away her fears—since it might have been fancy altogether, the effect of an over-tired brain; or, as the impression had been so strong that it could not be entirely overcome by any attempts to refuse the evidence of her senses, she persuaded herself that what she could not deny she had seen was but simply a dog, gaunt, a wild animal, that her footsteps had disturbed. So probable, indeed, did this solution appear, that—her reason having come to her aid—she began to count it—she was fain to reassure herself with such explanation, and turning her thoughts as well as steps from more than a passing score to consider the dreadest scene of confession to her mother, who was utterly ignorant of the events that were so suddenly to be brought before her, and whose privileged illness had been, of course, merely a pretext to make them known.

By the time that the June morning was in its waking flush Jeanne had got so far on her way, without interruption or encountering any one, that she now began to feel there was comparatively little risk of detection. Still, she said to herself, she must not pause, and not think of resting a moment of the so precious morning hours. But ere she had got much further on her way, she began to feel that she was in a condition to travel either very far; and she reflected that it would be better to husband her strength before fatigue overcame it, than to put it all forth at once, and perhaps undo herself for the completion of her journey.

There was, she knew, not much further on, a little wood, and she now resolved that there should end her first stage. She could find shelter, rest, and concealment among the trees, without going far from the road; and this repose, with some food, would, she hoped, quite restore her to continue her journey by two or three easy stages, if she found she could not make the rest of it in one. So she walked on bravely, keeping a look-out for the little wood.

Suddenly a turn of the road brought her on a party of men, women, and children, half gipsies, half strollers, seated in a green spot by the highway, round their fire. One or two were at work there at her as she passed, but took no further notice; and she continued her way till some hundred yards further on she perceived, sitting at the foot of a tree, a woman whose general appearance seemed to mark her as one of the party she had just left behind, but whose attitude of grief—for body crouched together, her head bowed down on her hands—might sufficiently account for her thus isolating herself from them.

Hearing a footstep she looked up, and showed a dark face, still young, but marked with an expression of despair, and, as Jeanne fancied, at the same time so sullen, that Jeanne's quiet sense of compassion for her was for a time in touch of fear, and she instinctively shrank from the long, fixed gaze with which the woman followed her. After she had passed she began to think that perceiving she was still the object of the same uncomfortable scrutiny, a thousand vague anxieties assailed her.

She tried to recall the face, to remember where and how she could ever have seen it before; but her memory could furnish her with no clew but any previous association with it; and fancying that the woman must have been deserted by some miscreant lover, like herself, she dismissed the subject from her mind. Shortly after, coming within sight of the wood where she purposed to rest, she saw the approaching relief turned her thoughts into another channel.

Turning from the road, she soon found a spot at seemed perfectly suited to her purpose: a couch of thick moss, hidden from the highway, not so near to the wayside as to be open to a bank, overshadowed by a great gnarled and hollow oak, and further coiled and freshened by the flow of a little brook. Here she laid down her head on her hot and dusty face and hands, and having eaten some of the food she had brought with her, and nursed her child, she drank deeply of the water. With the murmur of the brook and the faint, regular respiration of her infant in her arms, all grew dim light, with here and there a little spot of blue heaven, or a white sailing cloud passing before her upturned face, and then all grew dark, and outward things became confounded, and she fell into the first really profound and dreamless sleep she had known for many weeks.

Then there came, stealing along with cat-like footfall and suspended breath, parting, with strong but cautious hand, the thick branches, stepping by moments to look and listen, then creeping on again, the woman with the terrible face; for more terrible now from the fact that, instead of a merely purpose stamped in every line of it. A few more long, lithe, stealthy steps brought her beside the mother and child.

Noiselessly she stooped over them, pausing and poise, but studying the best means to execute it. She child lay clasped in the fold of the mother's arm, and any sudden and violent disturbing her was at once the woman's desire and difficulty. Plucking a stem of feather-grass, she, with its fringed tip, touched the child's face with a hand, ready to drop and crouch behind her, so that, should the sleeper be so far disturbed as to open her eyes, she might not see her at once. But, as the latter guessed, her sleep was too profound for this, and she repeated the action, then put out the arm on the ground beside her, leaving the infant exposed.

In a second it was in the dark woman's grasp, and she was up and away, one arm clasping it close to her breast, the other pressing her face on its mouth and still its cries, if it should attempt to utter any; but it only started and murmured in its sleep, and was quiet again.

The woman sped on, without pausing an instant, till she came to a spot in the wood removed a considerable distance from the highway, but, up still only on the border, her course having been nearly parallel to the road, though not to be seen from it. Here she paused, and kneeling by a little spot where the ground had been newly disturbed, heaped together some withered and dead leaves almost concealed the part, she bent, and kissing the sod, murmured,

"Adieu, my darling! Je bon Dieu has given me one to replace thee!" Then, rising, she once more sped onward, and was soon out of sight.

It was past noon when Jeanne awoke, with a terrible dream of the dark woman.

She knew, the instant she found her child gone, what had become of it; but she felt no surprise, nor greater comfort. Wild and desperate, all thought but that of recovering the baby left her the cursed one: he might recognize her, she might know her vengeance could proclaiming it in the streets of Auray, but the dreadful fact that she had lost, willingly would she have paid such a price for its restoration. But what to do now? how to trace the woman? Her flight, and the sudden confusion of her senses no definite plan at first presented itself; but when, by a violent and determined effort, she collected her wits, the only chance for her was to retrace her steps to where the strollers had been assembled, and endeavor from them to gain information.

Turning backward, then, she rapidly traversed the ground she had so wearily trodden some hours before. A wayfarer, coming from the east, passed to look after the distracted woman, and a little boy tending sheep on the wayside crossed himself with mingled fear and pity.

She came at last to the spot she sought; but it was vacant. The scarcely-extinguished coal on the burned turf, scraps of rags, and dirty paper, and straw littered the ground, the grass still lay crushed and trampled by the dusty feet. But the wanderers were gone, and Jeanne recollected with a feeling of agony that a little further on three roads branched off in different directions, and that unless she could fall on some accidental trace of their course, the chances were two to one against her taking the right one. She traced the way back to where the roads separated. The probabilities seemed altogether in favor of their keeping the main road, which led to Auray. In her despair she had just decided on retracing her steps even thither, when the figure of a man in the distance, coming from that direction, raised a gleam of hope. Hastily joining him, she asked him if he had met the party she described. The man stared at her, took off his hat, deliberately wiped his face with the dirty colored handkerchief it contained, restored the handkerchief to the hat, and the hat to the head, and then replied in the negative.

"Where had he come from? From far? From beyond Auray-le-Clocher?"

He nodded.

"Then he must have seen them if they had passed."

"Probably."

"But there were so many of them, and they looked so different to ordinary travelers; and they had a van, with a white horse! He could not be mistaken if he had seen it at all!"

The man shrugged his shoulders. "Savoir! he had rested by the way, he might have slept, they might have passed him while he was asleep."

Jeanne could get nothing more out of him, but after muddering as was his stability, she was disposed to gather from his replies that the chances were against the travelers having taken that route. She was now at the choice guide her course, and therefore, with an instinctive shrinking from the glare of the sun, chose the more shady.

On, and on she went, till her feet were blistered and her knees trembled, and her head throbbed. On and on till sunset. On and on till nightfall. No trace, no hope. Then she lay down there under a bank by the wayside, and felt so utterly broken that she longed for death. All that she was to young to die—that she death to make so easy a prey, and sheer exhaustion plunged her into a sleep that lasted till the chill of the coming dawn aroused her. Then she crept on with dull, dumb pain, and by the time she had reached the outskirts of Montrouge she had no thought beyond that of continuing her journey.

Thus for two days and two nights more she wandered, and wandered in vain. Then, with what little strength she had was still left her, she decided to return to Auray, and rather with the instinct that directs a dog on his homeward way than by any mental process, she traced her road back to the presbytere by the evening of the fourth day.

In vain Pierrette questioned her; in vain Claude crept to her side and timidly looked up in her haggard face. She had no answer to give, but shook her head mutely, and sat in her chair, or stared blankly into the fire. The curé had gone for a game of chess with Mairie, and Pierrette would only get her to go passively to bed—all attempts to induce her to touch food were vain—and at last the latter, tired of the well-intentioned cares of her cousin, Jeanne turned her face to the wall and pretended to sleep.

Some weeks elapsed, and Jeanne had fallen into her usual course of duties; but quite mechanically, and as one to whom nothing in life could give a moment of interest or enjoyment. Her state of mind was a sort of dull, lifeless fatalism, that accepted all things as parts of a crushing, relentless destiny, which she was in neither comprehend nor resist, and which she could only bow under so long as her strength lasted, but which she felt that she should be roused from this condition, and in a startling manner.

She was arrested on a charge of infanticide.

At the trial the chain of evidence was painfully conclusive. Her attachment to Eugène Landry had been publicly known, her confession had, for many weeks back, been more than suspected in the village.

The widow Gausset was the principal witness against her. This woman happened to be about the house more than once at night during the evening work; she had heard Jeanne sobbing in the darkness and in the silence, the cries of a new-born infant proceeding from the room. She suspected again, by another of the same strange chance that be in the street, near the presbytere, not long after midnight on the day but one after the confession, she had been surprised and startled by hearing some one come out of the curé's garden; she had watched to see who it might be, and, though the night was dark, she had been able to distinguish a woman, carrying something in her arms, who fled on seeing her. The widow Gausset, much surprised at this circumstance, had gone the next day to the presbytere to relate what she had witnessed, assuming it to be a theft. She had found Jeanne gone, to see her dying mother, as she was told. She had not believed the story, but she had thought the affair was no business of hers; she did not wish to compromise the girl, so she had said no more about the matter to any one.

But since then she had reflected a good deal on the matter, and several circumstances (the last and most important of which had caused her to feel the necessity of revealing all she herself knew on the subject) had, strangely enough, been brought before her. She, the widow Gausset, had gained a living by going about to the neighboring farms and villages, assisting on the charity of all good souls, or by effecting sales on cattle that were sick, or affected by the evil eye, or other charms—she had visited Jeanne's mother, and, on speaking to her of the illness of her daughter's child, had been amazed to learn that the old woman had never been ill, and was ignorant of her daughter's having this, her suspicions had been so much excited that she—always as a matter of duty—had made every inquiry in the neighborhood and on the road between Montrouge and Auray, and had learned that several persons had seen a young woman whose description precisely answered Jeanne's appearance. For instance, a wayfaring man, who had found a pile of work at Montrouge, which had kept him there for some time, and a little goat-herd, especially, had seen her come out of a wood by the road-side, by which she must have passed that they had fancied her mad. These persons being called, their evidence wholly corroborated the Mère Gausset's testimony. Lastly, came the circumstance which, as the public prosecutor declared, made her feel it was imperative on her to bring to light all she had learned respecting the affair.

Returning from Montrouge, she was accompanied by a dog that she had cured of the distemper, and that she was taking back to his owner at Auray. Arrived at the wood described by the last witnesses, the dog had run in among the trees, and being unable to call him back, or to follow, lest she should lose him, she had followed to a certain spot, where she found him tearing up the ground with his paws. Fearing, as it was quite in character with him, she had, in some curiosity, further excited by the fact that the ground had evidently been lately disturbed, waited to ascertain what he was about. In the object of his search, and shortly, to her horror and amazement, she saw revealed the body of an infant.

Here the mayor of Auray deposed to the old woman's having been well known to have no account of his having, accompanied by her and the other witnesses, gone to the spot and found the body (she had covered it up hastily herself), and, by using a handkerchief round the dog's neck, had dragged him away from it by force); and of his having confided to her examination he had undertaken, whose testimony followed.

The doctor, who declared that, in consequence of the state of decomposition in which the body was found, it was impossible to say exactly how old the infant might have been, was probably a week or more, and possibly a fortnight. There were no marks of external violence on it, but, as far as he could judge, from its size and appearance, it had been born alive. He suspect that it might have been smothered. He had seen one or two cases of infants that had been buried alive, but the inquiry—one which was presented appearances to which those in the case in question seemed to bear a strong analogy.

Pierrette, who had, left all of Jeanne's mother, were called in to bear evidence, and what they had to say could in no degree invalidate the testimony of the previous witnesses.

So Jeanne Decisions was declared guilty of childmurder, with the plea, usual in France, where the life of the culprit is at stake (except in cases of the most exaggerated atrocity), of extenuating circumstances. She was sentenced to the travaux forcés for life.

Jeanne was carried from the court in a state of insensibility. Next morning, when, at last, the jailer entered her cell, he found her crouched in a heap in the rereuter corner. He spoke to her, but when, obtaining no answer, he laid his hand on her shoulder, she sprang at him, demanding her child; and such was the violence of her fury that it required men to hold her down and bind her. From this state, which lasted, with little intermission, for some weeks, she gradually fell into a state of dull, apathetic imbecility, and, in that condition, as she was generally harmless, though occasionally, and at long intervals, subject to fits of passion, her mother was permitted to take her to her own home, where she remained till the period of the old woman's death, when she entered upon the duties of seventeen years later. Then Claude, who, thanks to his own steadiness and intelligence, and to the kind recommendation of the curé, had risen from a gardener at the neighboring Château du Pierre, took on himself the charge of the almost-crazed woman.

Sixteen years had slipped away, bringing their changes to Auray-le-Clocher.

The curé, grown an aged, was still a hale and hearty man, and went about his duties with little diminished activity. His eye and his hand at billiards were as steady as they used to be, but on the other hand, his skill in the cultivation of his roses had so much increased, that one of them gained the prize for the horticultural show of the chief town of the department, and became known all over France as the beauty of Auray. The Mère Gausset, whose reputation of witchcraft, with the dread and dislike that belonged to it, had become of more pronounced character, remained a hale, grown paralytic and half-crazed, and not even the strongest-minded of the inhabitants of the village could push the door of her dingy hog-wash dwelling in some sunny corner, a hideous spectacle, mumbling and mowing, or at intervals bursting into impotent fury at any one who should attempt affront, without shuddering and crossing themselves.

Great preparations were made, as usual, for the fête of Auray, which, as the day of Saint Anne, the patroness of the village, was newly decorated, and adorned with fresh flowers, among which those gorgeous specimens of the curé's best roses, and various specimens of young Claude's skill in horticulture. Even the processions, with all its attendant pomp of music (so called), banners, and priestly vestments, rich with silk, gold, and embroidery; and then the fair, when booths were collected enough had gingerbread to sicken the youth of both sexes of Auray for the next ten days. Besides these were numerous booths for cakes and dolls, toys, baskets, brooms, mats, watering-pots, farm, garden, and household implements of all descriptions, and for sedans, lazy, pale yellow, smooth-coated fruits, closely related to pumpkins, in particular from the rinds. Then there were swings and merry-go-rounds, with wooden horses, and boards for a game distantly related to bagatelle, and there was shooting at a plaster figure with the arbalete or cross-bow, and there were a few shows of an humble character.

But the great attraction was reserved for the evening, when, in an interval of the dancing, some wonderful performances, chiefly of a dramatic character, though the acrobatic, pyrotechnic, and pro-

"ONLY LOOK AT GAFFER GREY
CREEPING SLOWLY ON HIS WAY."

"'TWAS I IT YESTERDAY I FOUND
A SCORE OF LETTERS, CLOSELY BOUND."

tilligitatory elements of entertainment were not wanting, were to take place, executed by a strolling company.

The public, on the payment of one sou for those who were content to stand, of three for such as desired the luxury of seats, were admitted into a temporary inclosure formed of mats, canvas, and old tarpaulins stretched on posts planted in the sward, and the entertainment commenced by a short, wiry individual, with a swarthy face, keen black eyes, and fabulous head of frizzly black hair, performing a frenzied dance, blindfold, in a space of about two square yards, where were laid six eggs, without breaking one of them. This feat completed, amidst the applause of the spectators, the gentleman, tearing the bandage from his eyes, made a sweeping bow to the company, and retreated with a short backward run behind the canvas screen, which formed the green-room.

In a few seconds issued from the same retreat a dark, hard-featured woman, looking considerably past forty, though she had probably hardly reached that age, accompanied by a slight girl of from fifteen to seventeen, who, though thin and worn - looking, had some beauty in a pair of large soft blue eyes, and a profusion of rich waved brown hair.

Having sung one or two songs, to the woman's accompaniment on a cracked guitar, the girl, taking from her hand a tambourine, began to dance to the same music, and the spectators were in the height of their enjoyment, when there came a movement from behind, attended with a cry that sent a shudder through the assembly, and Jeanne, clearing the way before her, as the course of some furious animal divides the densest crowd, plunged forward, and seizing the left hand of the dancer, turned upward the under side of the wrist. There, traversed by blue veins, and agitated by the throbbing of the pulse, was a rose-colored mark, in size and shape not unlike a rose-leaf.

"My child!" the poor soul shrieked, and clasped the dancer in an embrace in which seemed to be concentrated all the love so long cheated of its object; but the girl shrank from her in terror, and it was to the dark woman that she appealed with cries of "Mother!" for protection. Then came a struggle, a whirl, a heavy fall, the crash and smell and smoke of extinguished lights, a confusion from which the girl with difficulty extricated herself, and when the terrified bystanders at last succeeded in separating the women, the gipsy's lifeless head dropped forward —she was dead.

Jeanne lingered two days between life and death, between reason and insanity. At the last she recovered sufficiently to establish beyond doubt the identity of the little dancer with her stolen child. Assisted in her last moments by the curé, and attended by Claude and Rose, her daughter, she passed out of her troubled life quietly and in peace.

Claude took Rose to his own home, and married her as soon as it was possible to get through the brief preliminaries necessary. They lived, and died, and were buried peacefully at Auray, where, as has been said, many of their descendants are still settled, and where this chain of circumstances is still preserved.

ONCE UPON A TIME.

BY ELIZA COOK.

ONLY look at Gaffer Grey
Creeping slowly on his way,
With a staff to help him stand,
Leant on with a shaking hand;
With a step that fears to meet
The pebbles of the village street;
With a cheek that faileth in,
And a very peaked chin;
With a forehead made of wrinkles
Carved in crosses, cranks, and crinkles,
And a voice so thin and mumbling
That his glee might pass for grumbling.
See his eyes so blear and dim,
And his beard so gray and grim;
See his legs, ill lean and lank,
Dwindled down to skin and shank.
Poor old Gaffer Grey is labeled
With the words that tune my rhyme:
Read him over—you'll discover
Naught but "Once upon a time."
I wander'd to a spot of earth,
Where Fame had crowned the ruin-crags,
Where ravens in their shrieking mirth
Flapp'd their black wings like conquerors' flags
Waving above a battle-field;
Where bat and lizard had allied,
With mole and owlet by their side,

THE PUTNAM PHALANX AT THE TOMB OF GENERAL PUTNAM, BROOKLYN, CONNECTICUT, JUNE 13, 1860.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY READ & ROBINSON.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

And forced the bulwark foe to yield.
Some phantasy beguiled my sight
With vision of a gorgeous story—
Of jewel'd roof, of halls of light,
Of purple woof, of walls of might,
Of pillar'd temples, thrones of state,
Of pomp and pageant, grand and great,
Of people's shouts, of feasting kings,
And all the myriad dazzling things
That haunt the place of fabled glory.

—I started, for a frighten'd thrush
Flew from a tuft of sedgy rush,
Then, gaining down, I steep'd inside
To let the toad crawl back and hide;
A squirrel leaped up the birch
That sway'd within the oriel arch,
And then my tread disturb'd the rest
Of a wild rabbit in its nest,
I trampled through the dank thick grass,

To catch the bindweed's trailing flowers,
That tied themselves in tangled mass
Across the cracking turret towers.
The topmost battlement was lying
Covered with the buttress pile;
And dolefully the wind was sighing
Through festive court and priestly aisle.
Time's scythe of green was flung about
The mammoth skeleton of strength;
And scatter'd layers of crumbly stones
Told of its giant breadth and length.
I stood upon a scatter'd heap
Of fragments of the watch-tower Keep;
I wander'd on, and stroll'd across
The banquet-hall, laid down with moss;
I climbed some steps now shut out from day,
Till dust and nettles choked my way;
I saw a mushroom springing up
Where vassal feet had led the dance;
I saw the foxglove's swinging cup
Where knights had hung their banner'd lance;
And as I gazed I saw a hand—

A wither'd hand—stretch forth and write
A short text fraught with holy thought,
Easy to read by dullest sight.
'Twas plain and terse, but sacred page
Given straight more simple and sublime,
It soften'd youth, it solaced age,
It mock'd the hero and the sage

In these words—"Once upon a time."

'Twas but yesterday I found
A score of letters, closely bound:
Some were torn in treasured pieces,
Some were worn in careful creases,
Ink had faded, seals had crumbled,
And my heart felt sad and humbled;
For I knew the thoughts, the hopes,
The earnest wish, the brilliant tropes
These letters hasten'd to reveal
Were symbol'd by the ink and seal.
I opened one—my pulse grew quicker,
My eyelid fell, my breath came thicker;
I traced its lines, clear, firm, and clear,
Telling how deeply, fondly dear,
The loving vow for whose love I asks
That letter came, with *such* a cake.
It gave report of Pincher's health,
It told of Muff's increase of wealth
In five young rabbits, all milk-white,
That Gyp and Dobbin were "all right,"
That Mid-summer would quickly come,
And then for holidays and home.
I gave a gasp, half sob, half sigh,
While Memory's flood-wave filled my eye,
And folded from my misty gaze
My mother and my school-girl days.

I knelt upon mother hand,
Bold, free, and dashing in its form;
And then I saw the loadsore strand,
And heard the passion of the storm
That tore the right arm from its hold,
And flung it nerveless, still and cold,
Upon the rocks, no more to send
Its tidings full of life and joy.
And there this childhood's playmate-friend
With letters from the sailor boy.
Another and another scroll
I opened—one by one I read:
I gazed as they who may unroll
A shroud to look upon the dead.
Love, with its ardent vows, was there,
Friendship, that promised to be true,
Words that breathed summer light and air
Till'd my heart's world with gold and blue.
Where was the lover? Where the friend?
The bond that was to know no end?
Where was the promise and the vow?

Alas, a yawning gulf of gloom,
Rifted wide by the dark gray tomb,
Had open'd wide 'twixt *them* and *now*.
A mufflèd sound of breathing round,
A mingled tone of merry chime
And funeral knells, but all the bells
Gave chorus of the home which tells
Sad tales of "Once upon a time."

Come, I will write my epitaph
In letters shadowy and dim,
And though the young strong man may laugh,
'Twill shortly serve as well for him.
Just heap the clay where frost and sun
May help the ivy leaf to climb,
And all I've said, and all I've done,
And all I've lost, and all I've won,
Like strange hieroglyphics that I leave run
Shall find full record on the stone
In these few words of solemn tone—
"Once upon a time."

THE PUTNAM PHALANX AT THE GRAVE OF PUTNAM.

We engrave on the opposite page one of the most interesting ceremonies that ever took place in New England—the gathering of the Putnam Phalanx at the grave of Putnam on 19th ult.

Two years ago, in the City of Hartford, Connecticut, the Putnam Phalanx was organized—a corps consisting of two companies, numbering together some two hundred and fifty, and composed, for the most part, of the intellectually, physically, and pecuniarily "solid men" of that city and its neighborhood. Judged by their stalwart forms, they might be considered the lineal descendants of "Old Put." They have done much, during the two years which have elapsed since their organization, to revive the remembrance of the hero whose name they bear. Some six years ago the Connecticut Legislature appropriated the sum of three thousand dollars for the purpose of erecting a monument to his memory, on condition that a like sum should be raised by subscription. One thousand dollars have already been contributed, principally by the descendants of the General; and it was with the design of directing public attention to this matter that the Phalanx made a pilgrimage to his tomb on the 19th ult., the anniversary of the Battle of Bunker Hill, in which he was so prominent an actor.

The tomb, a rough structure of granite, surmounted by a horizontal slab of marble, upon which is inscribed the epitaph written by Dr. Dwight,* is in the grave-yard, a short distance south of the village of Brooklyn, Connecticut. At that town (then a part of Pomfret) the General passed the greater part of his life, occupied with the quiet pursuit of peaceful industry. In his earlier days, by an occasional episode like that of his famous encounter with the wolf—by which he is, perhaps, better known to many than by his more important exploits in after years. In the French war he found the Indians more formidable foes than the wolf. They, having captured him during a sanguinary engagement, bound him to a tree, and were preparing to burn him, when he was rescued by the gallantry and humanity of a French officer. At Bunker Hill, and the siege of Boston, he typified the master-spirit in the former terrible conflict; and afterward, when during the siege of the city, the ammunition of the besiegers failed, chafing with impatient energy at

THE STERN CHASE.

Captain Brand,

OF THE

SCHOONER "CENTIPEDE,"

A PIRATE OF EMINENCE IN THE WEST INDIES:

His Antics and Exploits,

TOGETHER WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE SINGULAR MANNER BY WHICH HE DISPATCHED THIS LIFE.

By LIEUT. H. A. WISE, U.S.N.

(HARRY GRINGO),

AUTHOR OF "LOS GRINGOS" AND "TALES FOR THE MARINES."

ILLUSTRATED BY

C. PARSONS AND A. LUMLEY.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE CHASE.

"It was all hands again, gentlemen. The hurricane had settled down into a moderate gale from northeast, though it was some time before the awfully confused sea got to roll regularly. Then we judged ourselves—for reckoning and observation had been out of the question—to be a long way south of Jamaica, and even to the southward of the great Pedro Bank. We did not wait this time for the Pirate to lead us in getting ready for a race, but we got on a brand-new suit of topsails and courses out of the sail-room, and so soon as the men could go aloft with safety, they were ordered not to unbend the few tattered rags still clinging to the yards, but to cut away at once. Up went the topsails and courses, and they were soon brought to the yards and set close-reefed, with a storm-jib to steady the ship forward. Presently we gave her the whole foresail and mainsail, and I think that even then, for some hours, but once-half the corvette's upper works could have been visible as she plunged through the angry heaving seas.

"It left us dry enough, however, to pay some heed to the brigantine ahead of us. She was about four miles off, a little on our weather-bow, and as the rain rode we saw—splendid as boat that she was—like a gull on the back of a mighty roller, her canvas and her bulwarks—mere boards and canvas, probably—had been shaved away, the house between her masts gone too, and, no doubt, her guns or whatever else had been lying hid under it. And now she was once more the schooner *Centipede*, long and sharp and without any hull to speak of, so that we could see her deck from the stem to her taffrail at every lurch she made. The only difference in her appearance was that her foremast with cross-trees and a topmast for square sails. Almost as soon as our topsail sheets were hauled home her own yards went up and she had us pooped, while with the bonnet off her foresail, the whole jib and a close-reefed mainsail, we both went flying to the southward with the gale at a point abaft the beam.

"So we went on, the sea getting more regular every hour, so that we could send up the topgallant masts, get the yards across, shake a reef or two out, and put the *Scourge* in order. The schooner needed no encouragement from us, but crenched on more sail until her long mainmast reeled and bent over as she came to, on the breaking ridge of a wave, like a whip-stalk. By noon the clouds had gone and left us a clear sky with the gale going down into a full top-gallant breeze, sending the corvette along good eleven knots. We got an observation for latitude, and five hours later we determined the longitude and our position to be a few leagues to leeward of the Serranas Keys, with the last bird of any consequence before us heading for the Mosquito coast.

"If we had caught a cataract of water as it rolled in our bows in the morning, the schooner was taking her bath in the afternoon, for occasionally, for five minutes at a time, there was nothing seen of her deck and only the masts and broad white canvas above, like jury-sticks out of a raft. But when she did slide up with her low, long hull shooting clean out of water till nearly half her keel, with the copper sheathing flashing in the sun, was visible, she looked like a dolphin making a spring after a shoal of flying-fish. And then on her narrow deck we could see a few fellows lashed about the foremast and a couple more abaft steering her like a thread through a needle.

"We began to gain upon her now, and whenever she kept more away before the wind the gap between us closed more rapidly; for the ship could evidently outcarry the schooner, and had the breeze freshened and the sea kept up we could have run her down; and there we went—the schooner leading us about a mile—at a rate which would have made both vessels leap clear over the first ledge they struck, and perhaps have thrown somersaults of us into the bargain. I asked the Captain, who had never left my side on the poop, if we should keep on.

"'Yes, Sir,' he replied, 'so long as we have a gun and a plank to float by.'

"And, by Saint Paul! we kept on. And there was not a soul on board the *Scourge*, from the steamer-boy up, who did not agree with the Captain. How those villains on board the Pirate relished this decision we could only surmise; but at all risks he held his course with a nerve that might have made the devil himself shudder.

"By this time the sun was well down and a brilliant moon was riding high in the heavens; but as bright as it was, the fellow who commanded that schooner was required as well as we on an albatross and a hand as steady as an iron bar to guide his craft in the direction he was going—so late for either of us for the making of anything off.

"He must, too, have had a thorough knowledge of the reefs and keys, and trusted, perhaps, if he got clear himself that the corvette, drawing eighteen feet water and ignorant of the channel, might touch something which would throw the game in his hands. Our men had the ropes stretched along the decks and the battery clear for action, so as to be ready to wear, or tack, or fire, as our pilot ahead might require.

"The reefs were to leeward of the string of low keys, which made the water comparatively smooth, though the wind still swept strongly over us and sung through the rigging, and it was here that *Centipede* entered, going like wild pigeons the pair of us. The outer reef had a fair, high, curling sea, and so had those of the next inner one presented but one narrow gate-way, scarcely wide enough for a ship to scrape through, with the white surf on one uninterrupted line of black, pointed rocks and roaring white breakers, which toppled over and boiled and eddied like a thousand whirlpools into the smoother water inshore.

"As the *Centipede's* stern gave its sharp pitching jerk when she entered this boiling gorge, we saw, in the moonlight, her head yards laid square and her whole set of sails flowing in the sheets as she fell off with wide swings and the wind on her quarter, and flew down inside the reef.

"Five minutes after we too entered this maelstrom chasm, and, though the helm was hove hard up, and the after-sails shivered, yet before the *Scourge*'s bows, going at the rate she was, could turn the sharp angle of that water-gate, her port bike grated against a coral ledge and grooved and bounded the planks and copper away like so much sea-weed! But yet that slight grace never stopped us a hair's weight, and with additional sail, we rushed after our pilot, mile after mile, through reef, ledge, beach-ers, inlets, and keys, now bowed sharp up, and again going free, until at last the fellow, having run us a dozen or fifty ten miles, came out, and emerged into the open water, close jammed on the wind, steering nearly due east.

"'Thank God,' exclaimed the Commodore, "I am tired of talking; suppose you take up the thread of the yarn. Domine, another bottle of Tinta!"

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE WRECK OF THE "CENTIPEDE."

THE Commodore's grog was handed at this lieutenant, moved away the full glasses of wine which he had never raised to his lips since the Commodore began, and, resting his head upon cheek on his other hand, listened.

"It's very interesting indeed." "Tear an'ages, how I *love* it!" quoth the Scotchman and his Milesian crony in a breath.

Having put his arm over the shoulder of Harry Darcenant, as if it was a pleasant Corinthian column to lean upon, and breaking off the ashes of his cigar on the arm of a sofa-chair which he had specially devoted to that purpose, he forthwith began:

"I am quite confident, gentlemen, that I can not describe what afterward took place so well as Commodore Cleveland; but, at all events, I'll do my best. Nor do I remember very distinctly the events of the night after we got out of the Magdalen Keys; for I was pretty well logged not myself, and, as it was, we had the watch below turned in to take the first wink of sleep we could catch for forty hours.

"The next morning, however, when I took the deck, I found the corvette under royals and flying-jib, with a fresh trade-wind blowing from about east-northeast, and a smooth sea; though close-hauled as we were, and going ten knots, the spray was flying well up the weather side of the foresail. The *Centipede* was about a mile and a half ahead, jammed on the wind, and trying all she knew how to eat the wind out of her, as the Commodore there said at the time, he had thrown that trick away when he cut off eight or ten feet of his foremast and made a bugantine of the craft, so that he could not brace his head-yards sharper or lie nearer the wind than we did.

"I remember, also, that two or three of the officers and I, with a hundred of the seamen, were very anxious to pitch shot at the chase from the long eighteen in the weather bridle port; but the Captain came on deck and we were forced to cable's length or two in yawing off to fire, and it would be better to save the powder until we could show a broadside into him. But all the while that *Centipede* was handled and steered in such a thorough seamanlike manner, and proved herself such a beautiful sea-boat, that I doubt if there was a man on board the *Scourge* who would not have given a year's pay to have had her whole, and only expended a spare topmast-studding-sail halliards for the necks of her crew.

"From the top-gallant forecastle we could see every thing that took place on the schooner's deck: sometimes a lot of fellows forward receiving some hard, angry objects about the flying sprit, or putting on a seizing to a traveler on the jib-stay; with a chop or two aloft stitching a chafing-mat on the lee backstay; and then aft a man shinning up the main shrouds with a tin pot hung around his neck, greasing the rim of the main-gaff, and twisting a wrinkle out of the gaff-topsail, so that it would lie as flat as this sticking-plaster on the back.

"But always, from the very first moment we descried her—before the hurricane and afterward—the whole crew fellows aluft in the gaff rail. One a large fat man, in a long dark dress, who appeared at times to be leaning over the rail as if he were sick; and the other was a tall, full-bull fellow, who sat there with a quadrant in his hands and smoking cigars, measuring the distance between the two vessels as if the whole government surveyor and especially appointed to make a hydrographical chart of the Caribbean Sea. Occasionally, too, we could see him approach the binnacle, spread a chart on the deck at his feet, examine it closely with a pair of dividers in his hands, and then he would return to his seat on the taffrail, cigar in his mouth and quadrant by his eye as before.

"Nor were we idle on board the *Scourge*; for when the breeze lulled we slacked up the sheets, rigging and rove down all away weight and bumper from the tops, sent the watch below to the berth-deck with a round shot apiece in their hammocks, moved a couple of carronades about the spar-deck till we got the ship in the best sailing trim, and then we went skipping and springing through the water with the elasticity of an Indian-rubber ball.

"At noon the sailing-master reported the position of the ship to be two hundred and eighty miles from the nearest land, which was the Dutch Coast. So all that day and all that night, with a moon to make a lover weep to see, we were bowling after our wanton consort in leges before long of taking the sting out of her. No kite ever pranced its quarry with a keener eye than we did the *Centipede*; and I could see the wolf with the flesh streaming from his jaws and blood-red, thirsty eyes, than did the *Scourge* those that followed Pirate. The moon that made our eyes sparkle and our teeth sharper in expectation; for we knew we would have our prey sooner or later, and it was only a late and a pleasure deferred.

"The next morning and all the day there was no change to speak of in our respective positions. The *Centipede* went skimming on over the water with every thread of canvas she could spread, reeling over on her side at times when the breeze freshened, while the spray flashed up joyously and sparkled in the sun, leaving a long white curving wake behind her; which, before it had been entirely lost in the regular waves of the sea, the corvette's sharp bows would plunge into, and again make it flash high up to her fore-yard, and then go scething and hissing and kissing her black sides with a polished around her rudder and was lost again in the wake astern.

"And all the time that man sat with a cigar in his mouth on the Pirate's taffrail; while Commodore Cleveland there stood with a spyglass to his eye on the poop of the *Scourge*.

"You may imagine, gentlemen," continued Hardy, as he again knocked the ashes off his cigar, "that going to sea attended with some few discomforts, such as battening down the hatches in a sirocco in the Mediterranean off Tyndi; a simoon in the China seas; a bitter northwest gale off Barnegat, with the rigging and sails frozen as hard as an iron-bar; or a typhoon can each forty winks of sleep once in a while,—whether in a hammock or on an oak mercantile sofa,—but I never knew a man or fellow—he may manage to weather through it. But from the moment we first saw that Pirate till we saw the last of her, I never knew a lieutenant of the *Scourge* nor the commander of the *Centipede* once closed their eyes, unless—I won't say anticipate.

Piron reached over his hand and shook that of his friend Cleveland heartily.

"Very well, now! very well!". "He's the man to do it!" said Stewart and Burns to Stinson, nodding behind his chair approvingly.

"Gentlemen," resumed Hardy, as he shook the ashes level in his wine-glass, as if he wished to preserve them for a future cigar after his cheroot smoking, "I will not detain you much longer. Both vessels were making great speed, and long before sunset we could see the land of Cuba, right out for the land. At last it was reported, trending all around both bows, low and with a trembling haze over it, which was the tropical sun-up, and a multitude of rocky keys dead ahead. We were steering directly for the Gulf Stream, and I remember that little knew to any navigators save, perhaps, the Buccaneers of the Gulf of Columbia, and perhaps Pirates, the dangers of running us just such another dance as our pilot had a night or two before. However, we were agreed that the Pirate would not run in unless she knew her way, moreover, we got the starboard anchor off the bow and bent the cables to it, and had the spring-buoy ready, that if we had to be all ready to moor ship in case our pilot required us to do so. And likewise the cutters were hoisted out from the spar-deck davits, and boats which had once before paid a complimentary visit to some of the friends—supposing he would like to entertain us in person.

"The sun went down again in a fiery blaze, and with its last rays we could see from the main truck of the Pirate a swallow-tailed black flag, with a white skull and cross-bones in the field, fall down, and then it was hoisted out straight and clear, and then twisted itself around the thin mast never more to be released by hands or halliards! The last glimpse those pirates ever caught of the murderous symbol they had so often fought and sailed under; and it was the last we saw of it, for night and eyes ever looked upon who were sailing there in that half league of water, which, however, was widening bright and beaming, as clear as a bell, overhead, and that was all the light we cared for. The Pirate, I think, would have preferred no moon at all, with a cloudy sky and a bit of a rain squall, to pursue the intricate navigation through the Keys, if Heaven arranged the atmospheric scenery otherwise.

"'By the deep eight!' sung out the leadsman in the port chains, and the Pirate was hauled to the opposite side. 'Another cast, lads, quick!' 'And a half four!' 'Six fathoms, Sir!'

"'Ye've had your eyes on the sand, Cleveland,' said the Captain; but even as he spoke the man in the starboard chains sang out, 'Seven fathoms, Sir!' and while each instant we expected the ship to bring up all standing and the masts to go by the board, the leadsman's voice sung out, joyfully, 'No bottom with the line, Sir!'

"Well, we were safely through that bed of coral, doing, no doubt, some trifling damage to the tender shoots and branches as we flew through it, and were now in the open water, heaving and moaning on the sandy shores over the Keys, out into deep water again.

"For one hour more we beyond stood out a bluff rock, looking in the moonlight like a dozing lion with his nose stretched before him, ready to bound upon any who should approach his lair in the dense jungle of pines and tangled thickets which could be dimly like a bristling mane on ridge of his head.

"The *Centipede* was now but a short half mile ahead of us, with the deck alive with men, and manifestly ready for some desperate deviltment. On her after rail, too, stood a tall figure, in a red cap and blue jacket, with a cutlass in his right hand, and Tom Tropp's hundr'd an' sixty," rejoined the statistical host.

Dr. Mordaunt expressed the opinion that some things were better than weight.

"What?"

"Why, science and stimulus."

"Science is a good thing, I'll bow; but as for stimulus, the less of *that* you drink the better. Science is a man *think* he can whip all creation; but he can't do half so much as he can without it. Stimulus is a 'simulous' sham."

"I mean the stimulus of determination—the stimulus a man's brain puts into his muscles."

Mr. Carruthers shook his head dubiously. "Don't know any thin' about that; but you'd better look out for them boys. They's deep'rate fellers." Afterward Mr. C., happening to look up, noticed a certain something in Blagden's eye and about his mouth that made him think he might have underrated the prowess of the young master. The fact is, Blagden had forgotten his breakfast for the instant and was going through the fight in imagination.

The third week went by without any decided rupture. One thing was becoming clear, however. The milder methods were failing in their effect upon a certain portion of the school. While the majority were catching the spirit of self-respect, were living made better and self-governing, a few were left upon which these influences were quite powerless. They must be met with other measures.

It was now the fortieth week. In the middle of the forenoon, when the top of the bell had topped off the first movement of the first class in practical arithmetic, Bill Stokes sat doggedly in his seat, looking up under his eyebrows with a pair of eyes containing a large quantity of devil.

"Take your place in the order, William."

"I won't."

The master saw that this was the point of conflict between himself and two or three rather desperate and powerful characters. The master boys began to wink and nudge each other. The girls turned pale. The smaller scholars began to cry.

A wave of his hand seated the class which had risen to advance.

"Come forward, William."

The stout fellow came into the floor.

"Did you intend to disobey me?"

"Yes."

"Will you not be governed by the rules of the school?"

"Not by a darned sight." The other boys laughed at this specimen of brilliant insolence.

"There is the door, Sir."

"No, you don't. I'm goin' to pound you into a jelly fust;" and Bill Stokes turned up his sleeves about his brawny wrists.

The young master remembered where he was; and so turning to the big boys of the school he added, "I play for love first?"

"Fair play," said the chorus.

Thereupon Bill Stokes drew himself back and wheeled a heavy blow, which, being dodged by the master, only cut the air. The next moment he was flat on the floor. The contest was not very unequal,however; for the lazy boy was strong enough.

It is slightly difficult to carry one's self with perfect self-possession through a contest of this nature: for a boy's fighting up to the face is a powerful quickener of the will, adding not a little to the species of "stimulus" to which Blagden had referred in the morning. He may have studied the war too far. Perhaps he pursued his advantage, after having successfully conquered his rival's body, and, rising from his prostrate antagonist, he lifted the girl to her feet, and became calm again.

This contest settled the question of supremacy. The young master thought it best, however, to follow it up with the gentleness and sternness of rules. Hence, the next morning, he quietly announced that a new system was then established, and that the monarchy of a single violation would be a fer-ling upon the hand.

Two hours passed in great quietude.

"Buzz-z-z" from a corner of the room.

The master looked up. All was still.

"Who whispered?"

No answer.

The master became stern.

The whole class that whispered then will come forward and be punished."

Sweeping his eye across that portion of the school-room, he could not positively detect the culprit. A pale, half-sickly face looked paler than usual, but it could not be here. The master deliberated anxious, but it might be fear for a friend. One little girl began to cry; and one—the peacemaker of the previous day—sat and looked into his eyes with a very strange expression, but it *couldn't* be Nim; and the master felt a shaking at the heart at the possibility that upon him.

The poor sickly child laid her face upon the desk and wept.

The pupil who broke the rule will come forward and be punished," he repeated.

He was not sure that his own words now; for Miss, looking like any thing but a culprit—pale, but with a sort of radiance in her sweet face, rose to her seat, and walked down the floor.

Poor Mr. Blagden! When Bill Stokes stalked out into the floor on the previous day the master had half-relied upon the prospective battle. But here was Mira, the light and life of that village school — Mira! — unclasping the pale girl's arms from her little round waist, and coming easily down the aisle, the little pink-spotted lawn rising under her dimpled chin with the least perceptible heave, and her eyes fixed on the master with a look which went to his soul. Mira!

Mr. Blagden drew a deep breath, felt the blood forsaking his face, and rushing and eddying about his heart. He looked around the school-room. Every eye was upon her.

Mira held out her hand, and the drapery sleeve of the pink lawn fell away from an arm such as artists watch for. It was a little hand, white, light, velvety. The master held the tips of the paper fingers, and lifted the forkle. While he poised the instrument in the breathless hush the little hand touched once with the least possible nervousness. His eye forsook the hand and followed along the wrist, down the arm to the elbow. He now glanced at the little round waist, and then into the eye. It was a strange language for those eyes of his. The female name down from its cynic without touching the hand.

"GOME FORWARD AND BE WHIPPED!"

OLNEY, September 9, 1858.

"*James Corruthers, Esq.:*

"DEAR SIR,—I will take the situation you offer me on the terms you name. As you know, it will be a new experience in a public school; but I will do what I can.

Yours, &c.,

FRANK BLAGDEN."

THE letter would have gone to the long home of business-epistles many a month ago but for a circumstance which occurred in the course of the fourth week. An event having no bearing upon the letter, as such, but upon the engagement of which it was the cincture.

The school proved to be a turbulent one. The district formed part of a rough country—in Western Pennsylvania, where the Dutch population were being perpetuated in genuine Dutch vigor and grit and stolidity.

At first Mr. Blagden tried the milder methods. Carrying himself with composure and dignity, he overlooked every little trick it was possible to ignore, substituting remonstrance for correction, and trusting to his own equanimity, and the latter sense of duty in pupils, to bring about a gradual change in the temper of the school.

At the end of the second week he became conscious of rather a brief supply of patience. The fact is, the fullest reservoir will run dry at length, under nevercessing drainage.

"I think I shall have to take some of the big boys down a notch or two before long."

This was said at the breakfast table.

"You don't look much like doin' it," said the head of the family.

"Why not?"

"I should say you didn't weigh more'n a hundred and forty pounds. Stokes is hundred an' forty, and Tom Tropp's hundr'd an' sixty," rejoined the statistical host.

Dr. Mordaunt expressed the opinion that some things were better than weight.

"What?"

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"Take your seat, Mira."

The master stepped to his desk, and tapped the bell. The books were put in their places. Another tap, and the pupils defiled from the room. The pale girl lingered by the desk, and while they were marching out, murmured through her sobs:

"It was me who whispered."

"You?"

"Yes, ma; and Mira didn't whisper a bit."

Blaglen sat at his desk when the school-room was empty and still, and wrote Mr. Carruthers another letter.

"DEAR SIR.—I resign my situation to-day.

"Yours truly, FRANK BLAGLEN."

And then he wrote another:

"Mira, my good and noble pupil, I am going away. I shall not trust any more any where. I shall cease to be one you by-and-by, if you will not forget your teacher while he is gone.

"FRANK BLAGLEN."

Mira did not forget him while he was gone, as he knew very well, when he came back, the moment he saw her face and felt the flutter of her little hand.

When he asked Mira to give him that little hand she was still a long, long time, but at last looked up with an arch smile and tears, and said:

"Won't you forgive it?"

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and

Nurses

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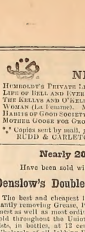

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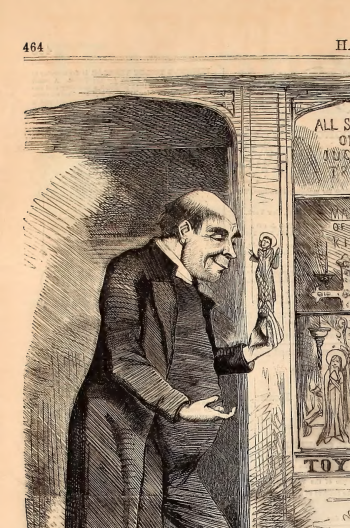

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VOL. IV.—No. 187.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1860. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

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THE death of Prince Jerome Bonaparte, President of the French Senate, severs the last link between the first and the second French Empires; and we have, accordingly, placed his portrait on record in our columns.

At the time of his death he stood alone among "the veterans;" no one then living had seen, enjoyed, and suffered as much as he.

He was born the year after the peace with England, 1784, nearly seventy-six years ago; his native place was that of his brother, Ajaccio, in Corsica. When the family removed to France he was a baby; we hear of him first at a girls' school directed by Madame Campan; next at a military academy; then, when he was fifteen, as a midshipman on board a French man-of-war. His brother had commenced his autocratic career; under his auspices, had young Jerome possessed a fair share of ability, the world would have heard of him before he had attained his majority. Like the Prince of Wales, who commanded a British regiment at the age of sixteen, young Jerome was placed in command of a fine corvette at eighteen, and was bidden by his brother to "die or serve his country." Unhappily for his biographer, the young man had no inclination to do either the one or the other. He sailed to St. Domingo with the ill-fated General Leclerc, and then sailed back again, none the more famous for the voyage. He likewise sailed to the United States, and saved his ship from capture and himself from a long imprisonment by a judicious run into New York Bay. Sailoring, he said, was not his forte—and, so far as the event proved, he certainly was right.

He was more successful in the drawing-room. At Baltimore, just fifty-seven years ago, he met Miss Elizabeth Patterson, a lady who was universally conceded to be the belle of her day. She was beautiful, she was rich, she was highly accomplished, high-minded, and of distinguished family. The young Captain, like many others, fell in love with her: she was equally charmed by her admirer; and without waiting for the consent of any one save the bride's family, the young couple were married by the Bishop of Baltimore, a Carroll. We need not stop here to notice the rashness of the proceeding on the lady's part. Jerome was twenty years and nine days old—a minor, to all intents and purposes. He was, as all who knew him must have detected, a young man of feeble will, and not brilliant intellect. He belonged to a family second to none in the world. The lady, though beautiful and accomplished and good and rich and adorable in every way, was, after all, only a Patterson; and she married him without waiting for a line of consent from his mother or his all-powerful brother, the despot of France. These circumstances must be well weighed when we come to judge Napoleon's subsequent proceedings.

When the news of the marriage reached France, the Emperor simply pooh-poohed the affair. Young men will be young men, he said, in substance; that rascal Jerome is sowing his wild oats in America. As for marriage, the idea is a good joke. I intend, said he to his friends, to marry Jerome, some of these days, into a good old royal family. As for "the Patterson," we must pension her.

Needless to remark that these oracular intimations found their way across the ocean, and greatly disturbed the honey-moon of the child-couple. Jerome himself had been bred in wholesome terror of his willful brother; his young wife was frightened, and loving, and uneasy about the future. Why should Jerome, said she, go away to France? Why not stay here with us, and be happy—away from courts and wars and angry brothers?

Well would it have been for her—perhaps well for him too—had he done so. But the magnetic influence of the Imperial court could not be resisted by so weak a mortal as Jerome. In the midst of a long and delightful nuptial tour the order of recall reached him, and he obeyed. 'Twas the last of "Miss Patterson's" happiness.

Chased by British cruisers, ruled by anxiety about the future, the young couple made land at Lisbon in the spring of 1805. If Jerome had been a man of pluck he would have taken his pretty young wife with him to plead at his brother's feet for her rights as a wife. He was a coward; and he left her at Lisbon, under a plea of ill-health, and ported to Paris alone.

He had been of more consequence there since his marriage than he had ever been before. The Emperor had been heard to swear that "the Patterson" should never be one of his family. When Jerome arrived, hot and anxious, Napoleon laughed at him bitterly, notified him that his marriage had been annulled on the petition of his mother, and bade him make a decent disposal of "Miss Patterson." If Jerome had had any energy in him he would have resisted. As it was, he only whined feebly; cried, too, 'tis said, a good deal, when his fair wife, far gone in pregnancy, was absolutely refused permission to set her foot on shore at Amsterdam—the port to which she sailed from Lisbon. She went to England, poor girl, and there gave birth to her son; but the boy's father was lost to her forever.

The Emperor knew enough of men to judge his brother rightly. A few energetic measures were sure to end his boyish love. In March, 1805, express orders were given that no registrar in France should register "a pretended marriage" of Jerome Bonaparte with "a foreigner." In May following, this letter was written by Napoleon to the Pope:

"I have frequently spoken to your Holiness of a young brother, nineteen years of age, whom I sent in a frigate to America, and who, after a sojourn of a month, although a minor, married a Protestant, the daughter of a merchant of the United States. He has just returned. He is fully conscious of his fault. I have sent back to America Miss Patterson, who calls herself his wife. By our laws the marriage is null. A Spanish priest so far forgot his duties as to pronounce the benediction. I desire from your Holiness a bull annulling the marriage. I could easily have this marriage broken in Paris, since the Gallican Church pronounces such marriages null. *But it appears better to me to have it done in Rome, on account of the example to sovereign Families marrying Protestants. It is important for Princes that there should not be a Protestant young woman in our royal room.* It is dangerous that a minor and distinguished youth should be exposed to such seduction against the civil laws and all sorts of propriety."

The Pope, however, did not take the bait. He was about as weak as Jerome himself, but he saw an opportunity of thwarting his great oppressor, and he seized it. He declined to annul the marriage. It is not likely that the Emperor was greatly chagrined by the event, though it did not probably improve his opinion of the Pope. He quietly annulled the marriage by civil decree, and offered Jerome a fine embassy to Algiers in exchange for his wife. The many-pointed creature accepted the offer, and his beautiful Elizabeth became Miss Patterson once more, returning home to this country with her son.

THE LATE JEROME BONAPARTE, HUSBAND OF "MISS PATTERSON," OF BALTIMORE.

Historians have been fond of alluding to this transaction as an evidence of the selfishness and bad faith of the Emperor Napoleon. But there is another side to the question. It is using a mild term to say that the lady's friends acted unjustifiably in the matter. It was clearly their duty, in view of Jerome's age and rank and character, to have obtained Napoleon's consent before the celebration of the marriage. No careful father would allow his daughter to marry a foreigner and a minor without some evidence of the willingness of his parents. If any New York merchant suffered his daughter to marry the minor son of an English duke, without ascertaining how the duke felt on the subject, the public would not be surprised to hear that the boy's father had taken steps to have the marriage annulled. Unfortunately for Jerome's wife, there is evidence to show that her friends did not overlook the possible and probable contingency of the nullification of the marriage, but actually traded upon it. The marriage contract was drawn by Mr. Dallas, one of the ablest lawyers of his time, who was afterward Secretary of the Treasury, and father of our present minister to England. It contains the following clauses:

"*Article* 1. In case of any difficulty being raised relative to the validity of the said marriage, either in the State of Maryland or the French Republic, the said Jerome Bonaparte engages, at the request of the said Elizabeth Patterson and the said William Patterson, or either of them, to cause to be used every necessary exertion and diligence, and to confer on the said union all the character of a valid and perfect marriage according to the respective laws of the State of Maryland and of the French Republic.

"*Article* 4. That if the marriage should be annulled either on the demand of the said Jerome Bonaparte or that of any member of his family, the said Elizabeth Patterson shall have a right, in any case, to one-third of the real, personal, and mixed property of her future husband."

Both of these clauses, we are sorry to say, look to pecuniary results. The latter specially looks as if the former could only have given rise to an action against Jerome for money damages for non-fulfillment of contract. It is pleasant to see that the lady has never availed herself of the privilege.

No one could be more gracious than Napoleon when people got into a holy and unholy row. He made Jerome captain of a line-of-battle ship, put him in the way of capturing a few British frigates and thought, in the usual luck, he was obliged to run his ship ashore to prevent her being taken by the first English man-of-war she met. He rewarded his failure as though it had been a success. Jerome lost his wife; but he was made an Admiral, a Prince, and a General of Division in the army. Thus laden with incongruous honors and titles, the weak-headed youth was easily persuaded to assent to the nullification of his marriage, and to wed a German Princess, Frederica Catarina of Wurtemberg. The particular bribe he got for this condescension was the crown of Wurtemberg, which he assumed at the age of twenty-two, three weeks after his second marriage.

Jerome's public career was so uneventful that it may be dismissed in a very few words, and the reader's attention recalled to the more important details of his private life. As king, he was a *bon vegan*—a good fellow; played leap-frog in his court-room; laughed at his religion, and for years he welcomed the Jews to his capital. In 1812, he led a division of the Grand Army, and behaved so badly at Borodino that he was degraded from his brother. Next year, he ran away from his capital, and a few days afterward, he ran out of Germany altogether. A year after, he ran out of Paris. By-and-by, Napoleon escaped from Elba, and Jerome loomed up again, very respectable, but shamefully feeble, in the House of Peers; a few days more, and he was running away again—this time from Waterloo. Finally, he craved a testimonial of his father-in-law, whom he had previously dispossessed of his throne; the old man consented, provided Jerome would have no one near him who spoke French. The Germans, you see, had already acquired that touching affection for their *Fatherländische Sprache* which is one of their most amiable characteristics to-day.

For a time Jerome existed in this condition of dependence; but the Wurtembergers came to be too hot for him at last, and he run away once more—this time to Austria, where he lived some thirty years in peace. In 1848, the old man was permitted to France by his nephew, then President of the French Republic, and Louis Napoleon kissed him. He paraded him on all occasions and in all vestibules before the Parisians as "the last surviving brother of the Emperor;" he made him a Field-Marshal; he made him President of the Senate; he gave him "dotations" to enormous amounts; he presented him with the Palais Royal as a residence; he appointed him heir to the throne, failing direct issue. The old man bore all meekly, and did as he was bid; it must have been pleasant for him to exercise that he was, at last, of some use in this world.

Satisfied with Jerome, in the life of his mum, new arguments against female sagacity; for feeble and cowardly and inept as he was, he was beloved truly and honestly by two of the strongest women of his day. His first wife, "Miss Patterson," still lives at Baltimore, universally beloved and respected. Over half a century has elapsed since she parted forever from her husband: all three years she has lived alone, a graceful and noble lady, devoted to her son, her grandchildren, and her neighbors, and maintaining so high a social standard that, in Baltimore, it is she and not Jerome who is said to have made a *mésalliance*. Whatever may be said of the friends who suffered her, in tender giddiness, to contract an imprudent marriage, even the foulest scandal-monger has hushed his voice when the name of "Miss Elizabeth Patterson" has been mentioned.

Nor was Frederica of Wirtemberg an ordinary woman. Like her sister-in-law, Hortense, she was married to two natives of another race, to a man whom she hardly knew, and whose poor affections had already been given to another. Like her sister-in-law, she found herself bound by law to a husband who loved her husband, followed him in his exiles; accompanied him to the camp, guided him in his hour of trouble, and stood by him honorably and faithfully when her own kith and kin had no insult too keen or too brutal to insert upon him.

How few good and strong men have the good fortune to marry one woman as excellent as either of the two wives of this poor simpleton!

The race of Jerome Bonaparte survives in the persons of Captain Patterson, a West Pointer, now in the Revenue Service, and "Miss Bo-Bo Patterson:" Prince Napoleon, who succeeds his father as President of the French Senate, and the Princess Mathilde, late Duchess of Frederica of Wurtemberg.

Captain Patterson inherits his grandmother's vigor of character, and is a fine soldier. He has calmly endeavored to have the decree annulling his grandfather's marriage, and Miss Patterson cancelled. The present Emperor declines to reverse his uncle's decision.

Of "Jerome Napoleon" and Mathilde it is difficult to speak seriously. They are the common butts of the Parisian wits. Rumor accuses the former of being a coward and a fool; the latter enjoys a very dusky reputation. An industrious Jew-collector has gathered in a dozen or less than six hundred jokes against Prince Napoleon, all of which have been current in Parisian salons; and his sister has been equally victimized. For the last few many years up to 1858—Mathilde. In Jerome's last illness he was attended by Doctor Rayer.

The story runs as follows: "One day the Prince Napoleon is said to have rushed into the Princess's room to see his father; he was stopped in the ante-chamber by Dr. Rayer, who desired him to wait a little, as the patient was confused and wandering, and that it might be an indiscretion to see him in his present state of delirium. The Prince insisted; he was sure his father would recognize him, and therefore there could be no harm in admitting him. The Prince was obliged, when his father, turning his eyes to the door, exclaimed: 'Je suis, mon Jerome!' Then, turning to the doctor, recognized Mathilde. The same story is turned in another sense to suit the Princess Mathilde. The Princess insisted upon seeing her father when in this condition, and the doctor remonstrated as he did with the Prince Napoleon, that it was useless, as her father was incapable of recognizing her. The Princess, however, was admitted, and the doctor added that the only remark she let fall was that stood by his bed-side. 'Oh, oui,' he answered, 'c'est Mathilde la seule femme!' 'There,' said Rayer, 'I told you he was deranged.' So numerous are these jokes that the Bureau of the Ministry of the Royalty threatens to leave town till the excitement is over."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1860.

DECAY OF MUNICIPAL INDEPENDENCE.

We have noticed from time to time various measures which have been made by the Legislature at Albany to encroach upon the municipal rights of this city. Insignificant as each of these measures may appear separately, history proves that nothing is more fatal to liberty than the practice of which they are examples. France, we all know, has been enslaved simply through the destruction of her municipal franchises.

A fresh danger now menaces our municipality: this time it is not the Legislature at Albany but from the Mayor's office at New York.

Fernando Wood, elected Mayor of New York through the agency of the Police Force and the Republican party, has discovered that the power of "removal for cause" which the charter confers upon him, enables him to dictate at will to the Police Board, and to those not like or whom he can not control. All that he requires to exercise this power is the consent of a majority of the Police Board thereto: the courts ruling that the Mayor and Aldermen are the sole judges of what constitutes "cause for removal." He has thus removed the City Chamberlain and the Recorder of the Police Board: he would have removed the City Inspector had not that functionary at the last moment consented to do anything, and has thus gained the patronage of his office. So far as matters have gone, perhaps, little harm has been done. There are no Police Boards in this city to whose that the new Chamberlain and the other new officials will be less efficient than the old ones. But it needs very little foresight to perceive that the new removals of the present Police Board removals for cause gives the death-blow to our municipal liberties. For instance:

By law the Governor has the right of removing the Mayor of New York "for cause." This State is Republican; this city is Democratic. By and by we may, we probably shall have some violent rural politician in the Governor's chair. The Senate will be Republican. It may, it probably will occur to the Republican Governor and the Republican Senate that the enormous patronage and spoils of the city of New York would be a good thing for their party. They will remove at will the whole Democratic Mayor: "Mr. Mayor, be so kind as to appoint none but sound Republicans to office in your city." If the Democratic Mayor hesitates or declines, presto, he is removed "for cause," whereof, under the new reading of the law, the Governor and the Senate are judges without appeal; and thus the city passes under Albany domination. The result would be the same, of course, if the Mayor yielded to the Governor's demands. In any event, the new doctrine demolishes utterly and thoroughly municipal independence, and lays the corner-stone of a centralized despotism.

Mayor Wood's friends should stay his hand in time, or they may be the first victims of the guillotine he has invented.

WATERING-PLACES.

The city is being deserted. Houses with closed blinds and dusty doorsteps meet the eye in every turn in the upper wards. Less all the world and his wife have gone to Saratoga, and Trenton Falls, and Niagara. Moralists have discovered and citizens have declimed against the discomfort and the high charges of fashionable hotels; but the public is not much affected by the diatribes, and goes to its old haunts just as usual. A few prudent fathers, with more wit than cash, are sending their families to farm-houses in rural villages, where indeed need not dress, and little boys and girls may make dirt-pies without disgrace; where milk, and eggs, and bracing air abound, and fashionable society, and flirting, and Champagne are rare. But the mass of mankind is at the time-honored resorts.

Saratoga is as full of guests as ever. "Congress Hall" opens its hospitable doors to its old friends; the "Union" has been enlarged and renovated, and will doubtless be the place this season for visitors to Saratoga Springs. For those who wish to combine romantic scenery with rural leisure the Trenton Falls House, and the Intermontane at Niagara, invite patronage; at both cool breezes blow, and the ever-rushing roar of waters soothes the mind to serenity. Denizens of the interior will probably seek a summer residence on the sea-shore; for them the Mansion House at Long Branch has been contrived. Situate on the lip of the broad Atlantic, with nothing between it and Africa but a few infinitesimal sea-craft, this caravansarai is the best place we know of to give an idea of the vast, the unbounded, and gently heaving like a maiden's breast, or rolling fierce waves with impetuous onslaught upon the sandy beach. Finally, invalids will find gutta percha air, and the attendance at its various medical retreats—among which we may mention the Round Hill Water Cure at Northampton, Massachusetts—will deserving attention.

It will thus be seen that all tastes can be readily gratified by a judicious outlay of cash. Of course every body can not go to Corinth.

ARE OUR CADETS STARVED AT WEST POINT?

Of all our educational institutions the one of which our people are proudest is the West Point Academy, and justly prepared to concede the inferiority of most of our schools to those of Europe. Our colleges can not compare, we know, with Oxford, and Paris, and Gottingen; our great universities produce few first-class scholars; but it is an article of faith with our people to believe that nothing can surpass the West Point Academy. Nor does that faith rest on a doubtful basis. The course of study at West Point is agreeable to the soundest philosophical principles of the newest habits of the age. Boys are there taught the best things which they can learn; they are fitted to excel, not only in a military, but in any civil career, and while they are at West Point, filled with whole some knowledge, their bodies are strengthened and hardened by judicious exercises, and their tempers are brought under control by excessive bit discipline. So far as the mental, moral, and physical systems in vogue at West Point are concerned, there is absolutely no room for criticism, and very substantial ground for congratulation.

Of late, however, rumors have been gaining ground which is to the duty of the public and the Government to notice. It is reported, on authority worthy of *prima-facie* attention, that the food of the cadets is not what it ought to be. It is said that the beef, which forms the staple article of their dinners, consists of the poorest cuts; that the potatoes would be unsaleable in a market; that the fish is frequently, if not generally, stale and unwholesome; that the butter is rancid; and that the diet generally is not so generous and so nutritious as growing lads need, especially when they are working hard with body and mind. We commend this matter to the early attention.

No father would suffer his son to remain at a school where the food was reported to be unwholesome. Growing boys need the very best food. It is much worse evil of the first order if any private school as it is currently reported of the West Point diet, it would be decreed in a fortnight. The Government ought to be less careful of its children than individual fathers are of theirs?

It must be remembered that the hundred and odd cadets at West Point are the flower of our American youth, and the best hope of the country. West Pointers are the best educated men we have in civil life; it is on them that the country relies for guidance in the hour of danger. "If any young men should be cured for, it is they. And if it should prove that they are deprived of proper food in order to enrich contractors, what shame would devolve upon the Government and its officers, who stand in the light of parents to these boys!

The subject certainly deserves investigation. It is due to Colonel Delafield and the Board of Inspectors that the current rumors should be silenced, if they are false; it is due to the cadets and to the country that they should be verified, and the abuses corrected, if they are true.

OUR CIVILIZATION.

MARSHAL RYNDERS, standing upon the shore of Bedloe's Island, and gazing proudly upon the hundreds of boats and thousands of eager spectators who had come to see Hickey the pirate hanged; wiping from his forehead the perspiration which had accumulated during the pleasure-excursion with which he gracefully prefaced the drama of the day; elbowing his way between the prize-fighters and the Common Councilmen to take his last stare of the man he was about to hang—Marshal Rynders, we say, under these circumstances, with a touching delicacy worthy of the man and the office, turned to the spectators, and observed: "Gentlemen, the prisoner declines to address his fellow-citizens." And so Hicks died, the poor wretch, cursing with his last exclamation the eager cry from the boats, "Down in front there!" "Let's have a fair look at him!"

This Marshal Rynders, it should be stated for the benefit of country readers, is the chief executive officer of the United States in New York.

"THE METHODIST"

Is a new religious weekly in the interest of the Methodist Episcopal Church. It bears the names of REV. DR. CROOKS and M'CLINTOCK as proprietors and editors. Besides these a number of distinguished names are engaged as regular and occasional contributors. Under such auspices, it will doubtless be among the very best of religious weekly newspapers. It is gotten up by the enterprising liberality of a number of lay Methodists in and around New York, who think that the time has come when the religious press of the Church will do better under less ecclesiastical control. Doubtless the laity, and especially the vast conservative lay force of the Church, will see that their interests, as it deserves, a splendid success. It is published by MR. LEMUEL BANGS, 7 Beekman Street, New York, at $2 per annum.

THE LOUNGER.

THE SHIP.

He would not be a faithful Lounger who did not go to the foot of Hammond Street and see the *Great Eastern*. Japanese curiosities which may once again—even a Tycoon is not impossible—Henrica Boys grow on every soil—Princes of Wales are not likely to fall, and Fortunes. Rides from a penny common kind of Princes; but another ship of ships —another *Great Eastern*—will hardly ever float. She is disproportioned to the average size of customers, and to the depth of ocean avenues.

For the present she does not disappoint. Notwithstanding the vast excitement of expectation—notwithstanding the endless descriptions and the beautiful pictures, in which everybody could look like cock-boats by her side, and *Iernias* and *Adrianas* barely escape invisibility, the *Great Eastern* is a very big thing. Indeed the closer you look the more surprising is her size.

If you take a car in the shadow of St. Paul's after you have made an extensive inspection of Barnum's opposite, you will find it instantly filled, and after a moment, you will roll smoothly along, turning after a little while to the right; and then you are at Hammond Street. The journey is not very long, and is probably the best way to get over the car ride. Other cities smell offensively; but they have some kind of redeeming associations. Here there are none. You are in the dismally-built of every thing but a bad smell—at least in the region which you traverse to reach the *Great Eastern*.

There she lies, her great black bow beyond the high brick block-ho. Down the descending street you go toward the river, and there she is herself. Here it is high holiday. Here the incomparable soup for every purpose under the sun is sold. The superior lemonade at the price of which will be afforded if it is proved not to be superior—here the agile lad is found among thimble-rigs—here the celebrated Welsh giant, whose portrait reveals a gentleman nineteen feet high, of a benign and melancholy aspect—here the fat lady, the two-headed calf, the grizzly bears, the fresh oysters, cakes, hand organs, pop-corn, and "Black your boots, Sir!—all your other adventures that the simple visitor is perplexed. Might he not while away the summer upon this spot?

Still he is on one's push on. They walk along the huge bulk of the ship. They see that she lays her keel for her length along the space of three blocks. They think of Lucifer and "many a road," and then they have reached the ticket office; they pay her last is the *Great Eastern*, upon which there lines of a port-hole has on. But it is so vast that you can not fancy it a port-hole until you remember that it is the *Great Eastern*, upon which every thing becomes possible again, however large.

Passing through you emerge upon the third deck, and look around. You are in a section of the ship. At the sides there is what seems to you a rather thin shell of iron. You stand upon a rough deck, and there is another over you; but the space seems too spacious to be upon shipboard, and that impression follows you throughout. There is nothing more to see in that place; for it is only the between decks of an iron ship, with nothing there. Ascending broad, rough steps in company with other people, who are arriving all the time, you reach the second deck, where you have the same impression and emotions as upon the third; and passing on and up more steps, and you stand upon the great flush deck of the ship, reaching from the point of the bow to the wheels at the stern. This is covered by a rather low, hanging awning, and seems to you like a vast hall or pavilion. I confess my first feeling was, that nothing could persuade me to go to sea in such a ship, for it seemed like embarking in the largest Lowell cotton factory. What or who could guide such a tremendous mass? Why should it not flounder, "rudis, indigestaque moles" (see the Latin Grammar) in the furious arms of the sea?

Upon this immense deck, dwindling down the perspective toward the bow, there were probably a thousand persons moving about. "There are forty feeding like one." They did not seem so numerous as the ordinary company of a summer steamer to England; and I thought of the other four thousand swarming all through the other parts of the ship. I walked forward to the bows; and as I sauntered slowly along, passing other promenaders as in Broadway, I could understand Eliot Warburton's joke about the passengers upon the Mediterranean steamer gravely taking their *Constitutional* and hurrying off toward the bows, as if they feared not to arrive in time. The *Great Eastern* is only three or four times larger than the largest ships, but she seems twenty times larger—as if she differed in kind as well as in degree.

I stepped up on the wheel-house, whence you overlook every thing, and then descended to the deck between the paddle-boxes, and leaning over a railing, looked down into an abyss of machinery. It is all brightly polished—massive, simple, strong: it was the brain of the machine, and I honored it. Then down into the ladies' or chief saloon or cabin—which is not like a cabin at all, but like a noble apartment in a palace. I think there is many a serene hereditary German Grand-Duke of Schlossbangingwhanging who would be glad of so fine a room in his serene hereditary *residenz* as this saloon of the great ship. It is finished in Moresque, with mirrors, and lounges, and sofas. Upon these last sat our cousins from the country; some closely engaged in the sweetest maternal duty—some gravely turning over the leaves of a book of illustrated advertisements—some making a needful toilet before the mirrors—some reclined in the corners, and giving the saucy world that passed by stare for stare. The saloon is so high, so light, so spacious, that you have no suggestion of the ship; and the airy grace of the place is increased by a railing which runs round the sides, and over which you look down upon the lower deck, which is thus lighted more perfectly.

The state-rooms are entered across a little bridge which extends over this open space, and they are in nests of about six rooms. Some rooms have two berths, some four, and some open into each other for parties of six. The berths are the old-fashioned bunks, which are good for holding the patient in; and I should think there was about the usual allowance of space to each patient—the gain over the old ships being in the height and light of the room. The rooms of four berths are very large and pleasant; and they are all furnished very simply. But the patient can easily spare the crimson and yellow satin damask bed-curtains when he is assured that each little cluster of rooms has its own bathing convenience, et cetera.

The chief saloon is the only really handsome or finished part of the ship. The main cabins are spacious, and light, and plain; but there is a bareness about them which is not comfortable. They need a little more taste in their arrangement before the proud landsman could be readily tempted to become a helpless patient upon the sea for a fortnight. In fact, while the English plainness is every where apparent, the equally celebrated British comfort is not so easily found upon this great ship. She is very shabby, although clean; and produces, in the housekeeping department, the impression of a second-rate hotel. The patient might almost expect to find feather-beds in the bunks! But he would not. And he might take heart again in the steward's room. There I saw a whole regiment of Champagne lying down upon the ice in perfect order, as the British Guards knelt in line upon the turf at Waterloo. As the long row of spectators stood gazing at the fine sight—for the necks, sheathed in tin paper, had a kind of polished helmet look—how ardently we wished the very rosy general in a white apron had given the stern word to his regiment, "Up, and at them!" "Oh yes!" said an enthusiast at my side, to whom I suggested this possibility; "there'd be no sham fight then, however cham the pagne might be!" And I looked to see if some one of the bottles had not had a private shot at him.

But we merely heard "Refreshments below, Sir," and turned sadly away to return to the upper air. Here were the same crowd trooping about the deck, wide-eyed and happy, staring at each other, and occasionally looking at the ship. I made the circuit once more, and having gratified my curiosity—for all the statistics and instruction are to be found in the *Great Eastern* Extra of *Harper's Weekly*—I descended the steps which conducted the visitors out. Here, upon the third deck, I found "the refreshments." A café is improvised. You may have ice-creams, and pay fifteen pence for them. You may have lemonade at a shilling. You may have rolls at five or eight pence, I forget which. I only remember that John the waiter said thirty-two cents for four small dinner-rolls or biscuit; but when I lifted my eyes to him, speechless, he said, "I mean I'll inquire;" and I think he let me off for twenty cents. Then I went out of the side of the ship, and if dinner-rolls had not cost so much I might have treated myself to the melancholy Giant or the Bearded Woman.

The great ship is as great as you have heard. But I fear you will wonder with me whether the known sea-ports of the world are not rather too small a parlor for the elephant the stockholders have drawn.

GOING TO CAMP.

GOING to the Seventh Regiment camp was like going to the Derby. From the point where the Clove Road joins the highway from Vanderbilt's landing to Richmond, a string of carriages advanced like the Homeric heroes in an obscuring cloud. Dust was never known before. Skirting the lovely New Dorp plains, along one of the most charming roads to be found any where, you look across the unfenced meadows, covered with groves and groups and single trees, to the sparkling sea with the ships coming and going. In fact, there is many a point upon Staten Island from which you may see the scenery of the Isle of Wight which Tennyson has put into "Maud." Galloping along the "Ocean Terrace," or descending to the plain, you shall see, plainly as the poet saw, "the liquid azure bloom of a crescent of sea." For you too the sails shall sparkle between the tree-tops; and all upon the way to the camp, if you choose to take the prettiest road.

But as you come upon the edge of the New Dorp plain you come into dust. And when you have paid toll, and passed the Patten House, and then turn sharp to your left, by the Cedar Grove Lane, then you come into dust such as the road at Newport between the beaches never knew, nor even the driver to Bateman's. The afternoon before the camp broke up there was a wild whirl of carriages spinning down the lane. The road crosses the track of the new Staten Island railroad, upon which the new locomotives have been shrieking with delight every half hour since the regiment came. The trains dart across the plain, and you see them as you skirt the edge with baggage-cars full and cattle cars crowded; and at one time, upon one day, nearly a thousand passengers could not be carried, such was the throng at the station.

But this afternoon cars and carriages met at the crossing. Such a jam was never known upon the peaceful isle. The cars went on and the carriages pressed forward. There were coaches, barouches, buggies, light wagons, covered wagons, carryalls, gigs, rockaways, omnibuses, hay wagons, market wagons, oyster carts, donkey carts—every kind of carriage except the coupé, wedged in and squeezing, and every body chirruping and clucking and shaking whips and reins, and shouting, laughing, joking, staring: some very solemn and dignified, which was very funny, and all racing on together in high good-humor, and in dust so dense that the horses went in and out of it like a fog. The train had disgorged its crowd, and they were hurrying, too, among the wheels and the horses, and the loud invitations of wagon drivers, jumping and running, helter-skelter, to see the fun. They climbed over the fences upon the roadside, and had worn a smooth path just inside the fences; and they smoked and laughed and swore, and disappeared in the dust as they rushed on.

Toward the camp ground the crush and confusion of carriages was hopeless. Every driver tried to help matters by swearing at every other. They shook their whips and their heads and tongues—burr! whirr! You might as well swear at "Big Tom" when you are in the belfry where he is ringing. Every few moments the mass moves forward a little. There is a general hurrah! Wild horses' heads snort and peer, but no horse can do any thing. The pressure is as taming as Mr. Rarey. Somebody tries to turn and wishes he hadn't, there is such a sharp outcry and objurgation. Another shout and forward all a little. Then every body stops as the bang of a cannon close at hand splits the air. Another, and another! Something is happening. For Heaven's sake, let's get on! And nobody budges an inch. A few desperate leap down and try walking. There is not room enough, and amidst great laughter they clamber into the most convenient carriage. At length we have moved so far that a sudden turn brings us in at the club entrance, guarded by the police, and we drive smoothly along under the trees separated by a fence from the camp.

The little canvas city is built upon the level grassy plain, encircled by the broad, smooth road of the Richmond County Club, upon which the members drive their fast horses, and breathe the sea air, for it is almost upon the very shore. There are ten thousand people this afternoon, and when the bugle sounds the call for something or other there is a great rush forward, which the sentries try in vain to repel. The companies march out from the glittering white streets and fall into line. The sentries tell the crowd, which holds its own, that a troop of horse is just about moving rapidly along the line. The crowd is incredulous and sits down in front upon the grass. By-and-by one horseman gallops along the edge of their toes and waves them back; but as there is only a handful of sentries, and it would need at least a hundred to keep the line, they give it up, and the good-humored crowd keeps about where it was.

Then a body of indistinguishable but, doubtless, greatly distinguished people, in black coats, march into the centre of the square. His Excellency the Mayor is there; Major-General Sandford is there; General Hall is there; Aldermen Boole and Bagley are probably there. Hence the loud guns!

But now the band falls into place; the line wheels into ranks; rub-a-dub: tra-la-la—look at the big fellow in the huge muff wielding that prodigious staff. Every movement, every position means something. It is a sort of phonography upon the great scale, only there is no sound. The drum-major holds it horizontally, and the band does things. He holds it askew, and they do other things. They turn, they file, they wheel—who wouldn't, with such a tremendous fellow flourishing such a piece of timber within arm's-length of you! And meanwhile the comely white trowsers of the troops are making music to the eye as they move like one. They glitter in the sun. They beat time, with even tread upon the sward, to the inspiring music. The bayonets flash, rub-a-dub; tra-la-la. March, march, Ettrick and Teviotdale. Halt!

The music stops and they do evolutions. They run in and out. They do the exercise. Clap, clap! ring, ring! Three hundred muskets sound like one large one. The men move like an intelligent machine. They do it easily, but symmetrically. It is more like a French drill than a Prussian. But they are men, citizens—not subjects. That is the moral of the matter. It is all voluntary. Fancy a Sicilian insurrection of men like these! They would march from Girgenti to Capua in a week. And what these are, others are. For instance, there is the Eighth Regiment, which will receive them to-morrow. And the Chicago Zouaves. And the Providence Light Infantry. And the Boston something. Rub-a-dub; tra-la-la. The ten thousand people cheer and clap as they look on and think of these things. A confused small boy, intently sucking a lump of candy, asks if our friend of the big stick in the huge muff is Garibaldi. No, my son! but look.

Another extravagant flourish of the drum-major, and the band bursts into music once more. The citizen soldiers file away. They march, they wheel, they disappear down the snowy-sided streets. Farewell, brave men! Farewell, brave youths! In your true hearts, in your strong arms, our land and liberty are safe.

IN THE CARS.

MY DEAR LOUNGER,—When you travel by rail beware of Springfield, Massachusetts. Not the city, which is one of the prettiest in the land. Not the people, who need no praise; but beware of the passengers who there step into the cars. The Hog family are very apt to join the train at Springfield. It is a central Station, you know; a ganglion of roads, and seats are always scarce. I knew this, but I still ventured to step out for a mouthful of air, leaving a coat, a book, and an umbrella in my seat. I walked about and had my mouthful, and then returned.

A man of the strictly American species—that is, with shaven cheeks and chin covered with hair—was just lifting my coat and looking about for a peg to hang it upon. A young woman holding a very young child in her arms stood by him. I hastened forward and said,

"Have you any particular occasion for my coat?"

"No," said the man, with the surliest look and tone in the world. "No, but I'm going to have this seat."

Mr. Lounger, I confess I was frightfully angry. I was so very much excited that I did not dare to suffer myself to speak. Besides, I saw at the side of the Hog, the weary-looking young woman with the hot baby; the air was very close; the cars were very full and dusty; I foresaw a very serious scene if I spoke at all, so I reached forward and took my unbrella, and, by the grace of God, held my tongue. I send this to you, hoping that the fellow may see it. If he does, he may understand that his selfish conduct, so outrageous that all the neighbors in the car were amazed, escaped its immediate and just punishment only because of his wife and child, and an extreme reluctance to a scene. Yours truly, Z.

It is clear that nothing will correct the indecency of travelers in respect to the right of seats in cars except the outspoken public opinion of the passengers around.

NOVELTY IN ART.

"MR. LOUNGER.—Do you not think we might have something new in the way of subjects for painting? We are afflicted with so many sunsets and sunrises, portraits of ladies, landscapes, etc., etc., that one grows weary of exhibitions, and longs for a change. Now if one of our artists would only give us a 'picture-story,' illustrating some subject or tale in several pictures, how interesting it might be made! There are 'songs without words'—why not '*tales* without words?' Or suppose he republished in this form some well-known book by a well-known author. 'David Copperfield' has subjects enough in itself for a series. Such humor, such pathos exquisitely blended, as one finds in this pet child of its author, would stand forth well in the colors of a painter-artist, even as they do in the pen-and-ink sketches of this master-hand. In fact, any novel at all well known to the reading mass would be received with enthusiasm by them, I think. As a people *we* are but just learning our first lessons in art and taste. We paint pictures or stories on the blocks with which we teach children their letters! Get *our* teachers to take more pains to *interest* us, and our taste will be the more easily cultivated. Twine the fruit with the blossoms that we may discover *results* in the study of *details*.

"Hoping that you will consider this matter worthy remark in your columns, I am glad to sign myself

"A pleased reader of the *Weekly*,

"ERNEST."

Ernest will not forget that Darley has done this very thing in his illustrations of "Margaret," and that he is understood to be engaged in the same way upon Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter." Ehninger also has drawn a "Rip Van Winkle" series, and one of "The Bridge of Sighs." In Germany Retzsch has done the same with many works. His best are the "Bell" of Schiller, and Goethe's "Faust." These are all outline drawings, indeed; but in the "Voyage of Life" and "Course of Empire" Cole told an allegory in color. The most that can be reasonably expected of a painter in this way is that he shall illustrate some striking scene in color, as the late Mr. Leslie did in his "Widow Wadman and Uncle Toby," and in most of his pictures.

As for the general question of novelty, it is as useless to demand it in art as it is in literature. The subject will always be fresh if the genius be adequate, and Shakespeare's material was the same as Shadwell's. When Titian paints portraits, portraits are not tiresome; and when Claude paints sunsets, one would look at sunsets forever.

THE CEREMONY OF MAJESTY.

JOHN BULL hates humbug—at least he says so. He is choked with red tape—but he hates humbug. His greatest authors are satirists of his society, and label his Government for the laughter of the world as a Circumlocution Office and a successful system of how-not-to-do-it—but he hates humbug. He leaves all that to his good neighbors and allies across the Channel—to the melodramatic Frenchmen, who are always consulting effects, and burning blue-lights, and hanging up artificial flowers. John Bull hates humbug, and therefore, when there is a review of volunteers for rifle practice, a rifle is poised, sighted, and fixed fast in a frame; and then a string is tied to the trigger, and Her Majesty pulls it. The charge explodes, and—wonder of wonders!—the bullet strikes the bull's-eye in the target, and John Bull throws up his hat and heels, and shouts pæans to the marvelous skill of the little Queen—he hates humbug so thoroughly.

If he hadn't been such a simple, straight-forward fellow, it would have been arranged that the Queen should step out, take a rifle, raise it to her shoulder, aim, and fire it. It would have hit nothing, of course. So much the better. Nobody supposes Victoria has practiced rifle-shooting. Nobody wishes she should. But the performance would have been real, and the enthusiasm would have been the same. When Queen Elizabeth reviewed the troops at Tilbury, do you suppose she pulled strings tied to triggers? That was before the days when John talked so complacently about hating humbug. Even the Gallic neighbors have been compelled to laugh over this sudden enthusiasm of Bull for his volunteers. France has had the domestic military system so long and so strong in her National Guard, that she can not understand why John shouts so loud over his twenty thousand volunteers. France has not yet perceived how entirely he hates humbug.

Nothing of recent occurrence has more strongly shown how "your majesty's self is but a ceremony" than the pulling the string at the review.

HOOD'S OWN.

EVERY thing he did was entirely his own. But how original he was in many ways the "Life of Thomas Hood," by his son and daughter, which is just coming from Ticknor & Fields, will show. Here is a "taste." It is all Hood—ood—odd—good:

"Our (German) servant knows a few words of English too. Her name is *Gradle*, the short for Margaret. Jane wanted a fowl to boil for me. Now she has a theory that the more she makes her English un-English, the more it must be like German. Jane begins by showing Gradle a word in the dictionary.

"GRADLE. 'Ja! yees—hühn—henne—ja! yees.'

"JANE (*a little through her nose*). 'Hmn—hum—hem—yes—yaw, ken you geet a fowl—fool—foal, to beil—bile—bole for dinner?'

"GRADLE. 'Hot wasser?'

"JANE. 'Yaw, in pit—pat—pot—hmn—hum—eh!'

"GRADLE (*a little off the scent again*). 'Ja, nein—wasser, pot—hot—nein.'

"JANE. 'Yes—no—good to eeat—chicken—cheeken—checking—choking—bird—bard—beard—lays eggs—eegs—hune, heine—hin—make cheekin broth—soup—poultry—peltry—paltry!'

"GRADLE (*quite at fault*). 'Pfeltrighchtch!—nein.'

"JANE (*in despair*). 'What shall I do? and Hood won't help me, he only laughs. This comes of leaving England!' (*She casts her eyes across the street at the Governor's poultry-yard, and a bright thought strikes her.*) 'Here, Gradle—come here—comb hair—hmn—hum—look there—dare—you see things walking—hmn, hum, wacking about—things with feathers—fathers—feethers.'

"GRADLE (*hitting it off again*). 'Feethers—faders—ah hah! fedders—ja, ja, yees, sie bringen—fedders, ja, ja!'

"*Jane* echoes 'Fedders—yes—yaw, yaw!'

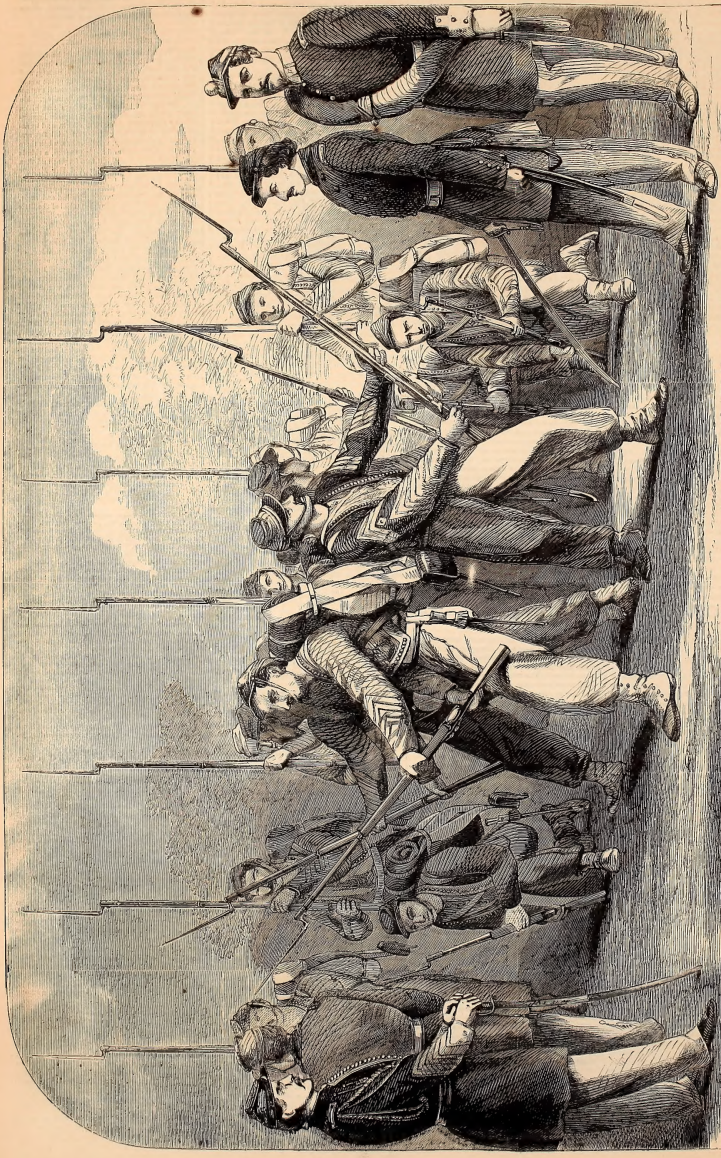
"Exit Gradle, and, after three-quarters of an hour, returns triumphantly with two bundles of stationer's quills!"

AMERICAN SCULPTURE.

THE principle that what a person has the power to do he has the right to do, if it be not morally wrong, has just been illustrated by the judicious action of a committee of gentlemen in St. Louis, who having raised the sum of ten thousand dollars for a statue to Thomas H. Benton, have commissioned Miss Harriet Hosmer to execute the work. She is at present in this country, kept here by the serious illness of her father, and the homage to her talent of so important a commission is certainly not less deserved than it will be grateful.

Whether the making of marble statues be "the sphere" of woman, is a question which can be answered only by the statue itself. That the splendid singing of a song may be in her sphere has been often enough demonstrated by her doing it; and surely Rosa Bonheur has effectually answered the question in regard to the painting of animals. The works of Miss Hosmer, greatly as they are prized by connoisseurs, are not very generally known. But her ability is unquestioned, and the statue of Benton will doubtless establish her position among our artists.

To those who ask why should she go abroad? why should not an American sculptor make the statue of an American statesman of American marble upon American soil? the answer is ready, that it can be better made in Italy. The object is to have a noble work of art, and, therefore, you must consult all the conditions most favorable for its production. They are found in Italy, in Italian workmen, in Italian material, in Italian conveniences, and in the Italian atmosphere of art. Is Crawford's Jefferson any less excellent because it was modeled in Rome and cast in Munich? The nationality of art lies not in its substance, but its soul; not in the material, but in the mind that fashions it.



THE CHICAGO ZOUAVES EXECUTING THEIR DRILL IN NEW YORK, JULY, 1860.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GURNEY.]

THE CHICAGO ZOUAVES.

THE event of the week has been the arrival of the Chicago Zouaves—otherwise called United States Cadets—a fine military company hailing from Chicago, Illinois, and commanded by Colonel E. E. Ellsworth. They number 150 muskets; only 40 rank and file, however, came here. They have been reviewed here several times before enormous crowds, and all are agreed that no company in the First Division is as perfect in drill as they. The peculiarity of their Zouave tactics has attracted attention. They are bound by the rules of their organization not to drink spirituous liquors, and not to enter improper houses or barrooms on any pretext. They live very plainly, and generally sleep on bare floors with a blanket round them. The full-dress uniform of the Zouaves consists of a dark blue coat, with buff trimmings, and pantaloons and caps of blue, with similar trimmings to those on the coat. The Hill Zouave uniform worn on the occasion of their reception consists of loose scarlet trowsers, with a gold cord over a blue stripe, high gaiters and leggings; blue vest, with orange braid, and a peculiar pattern of moire antique facing; a jacket of blue, with red and orange trimmings, and bell buttons; and a jaunty little red cap, with black band and orange trimmings. In addition to the above, they also have fatigue uniforms and a chasseur uniform, consisting of red pants and blue coats, beautifully fringed and trimmed. Most of their manœuvres are derived from Hardee's tactics; but their drill, their evolutions, their dash and dare are peculiarly their own, and have aroused the enthusiasm of all our military men.

On the opposite page the reader will find a fine picture of the Zouaves. We subjoin a poem written for this paper:

THE ZOUAVES.

To bugle note and beat of drum
They come—the gallant Zouaves come!
With plume of blue and glints of red;
With airy, light, elastic tread;
With dashing, wild, insouciant air;
With figures wiry, lithe, and supple;
With pale rapiers with fiery grace;
With cloudless eye and boyish face,
And agile play of feet and hands,
Swift as a Bedouin of the sands.
They come—the gay Zouaves!

Lo! as they file along the green
I seem to see the Algerine!
The marble piles of building fade,
And the vast desert without shade
Save where the Oasis uplifts
Its green plumes mid the sandy drifts—
Stretches before my dazzled sight,
While rising o'er a distant height,
On lean, swift steeds, with slender spears,
The sallow Arab troop appears
To chase the French Zouaves!

They slope along the gold-red sand;
Their keen eyes sweep the sky and land;
The lean steeds snuff the desert wind;
The watchful vulture soars behind,
But neither answers upon the plain;
The keen eyes search the sands in vain.
Before, behind, and left and right,
A sandy ripple meets the sight.
Nor even these black-eyed devils know
That nigh yon sand-hill, lying low,
Are crouched the brave Zouaves!

Four puffs of smoke that seem to float
From out the earth—a crackling note—
Four saddles emptied in the troop—
Then wild and shrill the Arab whoop,
And sparpling uplifts the stirrupd foot,
And dashing of the coursers fleet,
And then—four puffs of smoke once more,
Four saddles emptied as before.
In vain the Hill they invoke,
With pertinacious puffs of smoke
Reply the brave Zouaves!

Out of the earth, like Genii, rise
The red Zouaves with flashing eyes,
And on the sallow Arab troop
Like hawks upon a bird they swoop.
With bayonet keen, with murderous gun,
With cuckoo, clattered, erratic run,
With sudden fall upon the sand,
With quick deploy, with gun in hand:
Thus like a meteor of the skies,
Vivid with red and blue, arise
The dauntless French Zouaves!

Over the tawny sands they fly,
Now seem they far, now seem they nigh.
They fire and fall, they fall and fire,
They scud on limbs of sinewy wire,
In each manœuvre seeming wild,
Each soldier's docile as a child;
And even the fleetest Arab finds
A foe that's fleeter than the winds.
Thus outmanœuvred and outaged,
He turns and hides his haughty head
Before the French Zouaves!

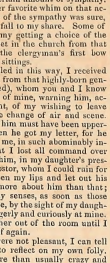
Your Zouave corps, O haughty France!
We looked on as a wild romance,
And many a one was heard to scoff
At Algiers and at Malakoff;
Nor did we Yankees credit quite
Their evolutions in the fight.
But now we're very sure what they
Have done can here be done to-day,
When thus before our sight deploys
The gallant corps from Illinois—
American Zouaves!

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "AFTER DARK," ETC. ETC.

[Printed from advance proof-sheets purchased from the author exclusively for "Harper's Weekly."]



WALTER HARTRIGHT'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

MRS. CATHICK'S STORY CONCLUDED.

"I MUST begin this fresh page, Mr. Hartright, by expressing my surprise at the interest which you appear to have felt in my late daughter—for it is quite unaccountable to me. If that interest makes you anxious for any particulars of her early life, I must refer you to Mrs. Clements, who knows more of the subject than I do. Pray understand that I do not profess to have been at all overfond of my late daughter. She was a worry and an encumbrance to me from first to last, with the additional disadvantage of being always weak in the head.

"There is no need to trouble you with many personal particulars relating to those past times. It will be enough to say that I observed the terms of the bargain on my side, and that I enjoyed my own comfortable income, in return, paid quarterly. Now and then I got away, and changed the scene for a short time; always making leave of my lord and master first, and generally getting it. He was not, as I have already told you, fool enough to drive me too hard; and he could reasonably rely on my looking my tongue, for my own sake, if not for his. One of my longest trips away from home was the trip I took to Limmeridge, to nurse a half-sister there, who was dying. She was reported to have saved money; and I thought it as well (in case any accident happened to stop my allowance) to look after my own interests in that direction. As things turned out, however, my pains were all thrown away; and I got nothing, because nothing was to be had.

"I had taken Anne to the north with me; having my whims and fancies occasionally about my child, and getting, at such times, jealous of Mrs. Clements's influence over her. I never liked Mrs. Clements. She was a poor, empty-headed, spiritless woman—what you call a born drudge—and I was, now and then, not averse to plaguing her by taking Anne away. Not knowing what else to do with my girl while I was nursing in Cumberland, I put her to school at Limmeridge. The lady of the manor, Mrs. Fairlie (a remarkably plain-looking woman, who had entrapped one of the handsomest men in England into marrying her), amused me wonderfully by taking a violent fancy to my girl. The consequence was, she learned nothing at school, and was petted and spoiled at Limmeridge House. Among other whimsical fancies which they taught her there, they put some nonsense into her head about always wearing white. Hating white and liking colors myself, I determined to take the nonsense out of her head as soon as we got home again.

"Strange to say, my daughter resolutely resisted me. When she *had* got a notion once fixed in her mind she was just like other half-witted people, as obstinate as a mule in keeping it. We quarreled finely; and Mrs. Clements, not liking to see it, I suppose, offered to take Anne away to live in London with her. I should have said Yes, if Mrs. Clements had not sided with my daughter about her dressing herself in white. But being determined she should not dress herself in white, and disliking Mrs. Clements more than ever for taking part against me, I said No, and meant No, and stuck to No. The consequence was, my daughter remained with me; and the consequence of that, in its turn, was the first serious quarrel that happened about the Secret.

"The circumstance took place long after the time I have just been writing of. I had been settled for years in the new town; and was steadily living down my bad character, and slowly gaining ground among the respectable inhabitants. I helped it forward greatly toward this object to have my daughter with me. Her harmlessness, and her fancy for dressing in white, excited a certain amount of sympathy. I left off opposing her favorite whim on that account, because some of the sympathy was sure, in course of time, to fall to my share. Some of it did fall. I date my getting a choice of the two best sittings to let in the church from that time; and I date the clergyman's bow from my getting the sittings.

"Well, being settled in this way, I received a letter one morning from that highly-born gentleman (now deceased), whom you and I know of, in answer to one of mine, warning him, according to agreement, of my wishing to leave the town, for a little change of air and scene. The ruffian only said that matters had been suspicious, I suppose, when he got my letter, for he wrote back, refusing me, in such abominably insolent language, that I lost all command over myself, and abused him, in my daughter's presence, as 'a low impostor, whom I could ruin for life, if I chose, by opening my lips and not his secret.' I said no more about him than that; being brought to my senses, as soon as those words had escaped me, by the sight of my daughter's face looking eagerly and curiously at mine. I instantly ordered her out of the room until I had composed myself again.

"My sensations were not pleasant, I can tell you, when I found, in effect on my own folly. Anne had been more than usually crazy and queer that year; and when I thought of the chance there might be of her repeating my words in the town, and mentioning *his* name in connection with them, if inquisitive people got hold of her, I was finely terrified at the possible consequences. My worst fears for myself, my worst dread of what he might do, led me no further than this. I was quite unprepared for what really did happen, only the next day.

"On that day, and without my warning to me to expect him, he came to the house.

"His first words, and the tone in which he spoke them, surly as it was, showed me plainly enough that he had repented already of his insolent answer to my application, and that he had come (if he could but temper) to try and set matters right again before it was too late. Seeing my daughter in the room with me, I had been afraid to let her out of my sight after what had happened the day before, he ordered her away. They left me of them like each other; and he vented the ill-temper on *her* which he was afraid to show to us.

"'Leave me alone,' said he, looking at her over his shoulder. She looked back over *her* shoulder, and waited as if she didn't care to go. 'Do you hear?' he roared out, when she reached the door. 'Speak to me civilly,' says she, getting red in the face. 'Turn the idiot out,' says he, looking my way. She had always the crazy notions of her own about her dignity; and that word, 'idiot,' upset her in a moment. Before I could interfere she stepped up to him in a fine passion. 'Beg my pardon, directly,' says she, 'or I'll make it the worse for you.' He knew your Secret? I can prin you for life, if I choose to open my lips.' My own words!—repeated exactly from what I had said the day before—repeated in his presence as if they had come from herself. He sat speechless, as white as the paper I am writing on, while I pushed her out of the room. When he recovered himself—

"'No! I am too respectable a woman to mention what he said when he recovered himself. My pen is the pen of a member of the rector's congregation, and a subscriber to the 'Wednesday Lectures on Justification by Faith'—how can you expect me to employ it in writing bad language? I shall write for myself, the raging, swearing frenzy of the lowest ruffian in England; and let us get on together in this way, or else be to the way in which it all ended.

"It ended, as you probably guess by this time, in his insisting on securing his own safety by shutting her up. I tried to set things right. I told him that she had merely repeated, like a parrot, the words she had heard me say, and that she knew no particulars whatever, because I had mentioned none. I explained that she had affected, out of crazy spite against him, to know what she really did not know; that she only wanted to threaten him and exasperate him for speaking to her as he had just spoken, and that my unlucky words gave her just the chance of doing mischief of which she was in search. I referred him to other queer ways of hers, and to his own experience of the vagaries of half-witted people—it was all to no purpose—he would not believe me on my oath. He was absolutely certain I had betrayed the whole Secret. In short, he would hear of nothing but shutting her up.

"Under these circumstances I did my duty as a mother. 'No jumper-Asylum,' I said; 'I won't have her put in a jumper Asylum. A Private Establishment, if you please. I have my feelings, as a mother, and my character to preserve in the town; and I will submit to nothing but a Private Establishment, of the sort which my genteel neighbors would choose for afflicted relatives of their own.' Those were my words. In gratifying to me to reflect that I did my duty. Though never overfond of my late daughter, I had a proper pride about her. No jumper stain—thanks to my firmness and resolution—ever rested on my child.

"Having carried my point (which I did the more easily in consequence of the facilities offered by private Asylums), I could not refuse to admit that there were certain advantages gained by shutting her up. In the first place, she was taken excellent care of—being treated (as I took care to mention in the town) on the footing of a Lady. In the second place, she was kept away from Welmingham, where she might have given people suspecting and inquiring by repeating my own incautious words.

"The only drawback of putting her under restraint was a very slight one. We merely turned her empty boast about knowing the Secret into a fixed delusion. Having first spoken in sheer crazy spitefulness against the man who had offended her, she was cunning enough to see that she had seriously frightened him, and sharp enough afterward to discover that *he* was concerned in shutting her up. The consequence was she flamed out into a perfect frenzy of passion against him, going to the Asylum; and the first words she said to the nurses, after they had secured her, were, that she was put in confinement for knowing his secret, and that she meant to open her lips and ruin him when the right time came.

"She may have said the same thing to you when you thoughtlessly assisted her escape. She certainly said it (as I heard last summer) to the unfortunate woman who married our sweet-tempered, nameless gentleman, lately deceased. If either you, or that unlucky lady, had questioned my daughter closely, and had insisted on her explaining what she really knew, you would have found her lose all her self-importance suddenly, and get vacant and restless and confused; you would have discovered that I am writing nothing here but the plain truth. She knew that there was a Secret—she knew who was concerned with it—she knew who would suffer by its being known—and beyond that, whatever airs of importance she may have given herself, whatever crazy boasting she may have indulged in with strangers, she never to her dying day knew more.

"Have I satisfied your curiosity? I have taken pains enough to satisfy it, at any rate. There is really nothing else I have to tell you about myself or my daughter. My worst responsibilities, so far as she was concerned, were all over when she was secured in the Asylum. I had a form of letter relating to the circumstances under which she was placed, ready for me to write, in answer to one Miss Halcombe, who was curious in the matter, and who must have heard plenty of lies about me from a certain tongue well accustomed to the telling of the same. And I did what I could afterward to trace my runaway daughter, and prevent her from doing mischief, by making inquiries myself in the neighborhood where she was falsely reported to have been seen. But these are trifles, of little or no interest to you after what you have heard already.

"So far, I have written in the friendliest possible spirit. But I can not close this letter without adding a word here of serious remonstrance and reproof, addressed to yourself. In the

"BEG MY PARDON, DIRECTLY."

course of your personal interview with me, you audaciously referred to my late daughter's patronage on the father's side, as if that privilege was a matter of doubt. This was highly improper, and very ungentlemanlike on your part! If we see each other again, remember, if you please, that I will allow no liberties to be taken with my reputation, and that the moral atmosphere of Washington is by no means the expression of my friend the rector's) must not be tainted by loose conversation of any kind. If you allow yourself to doubt that my daughter was Anne's father, you personally insult me in the grossest manner. If you have any doubt, you will continue to find, on unhallowed occasion by on this subject, I recommend you, in your own interests, to shun it as if it were an adder. On this side of the grave, Mr. Hartright, whatever may happen on the other, *that* curiosity will never be gratified.

"Perhaps, after what I have just said, you will see the necessity of writing me an apology. Do so; and I will willingly receive it. Let me, afterward, if your wishes point to a second interview with me, go a step farther, and receive you. My engagements only enable me to invite you to tea—not that they are at all altered for the worse by what has happened. I have always liked, as I think I told you, well within my income; and I have saved enough, in the last twenty years, to make no quite contemptible for the rest of my life. It is not my intention to leave Wellingham. There are one or two little advantages which I have still to secure in the town. The clergyman bows to me, as you saw. He is married; and his wife is not quite so civil. I propose to join the Dorcas Society, and I mean to make the clergyman's wife bow to me next.

"If you favor me with your company, pray understand that the conversation must be entirely on general subjects. Any attempted reference to the latter will be quite useless—I am determined not to acknowledge having written it. The evidences have been destroyed. I do not affect the information I here communicate, in consideration of the special indulgence which you have received at my hands. One hour for tea is half past five, and my buttered toast waits for nobody."

XI.

My first impulse, after reading this extraordinary letter, was to destroy it. The hardened, shameless depravity of the whole composition, from beginning to end—the atrocious audacity of mind which persistently associated me with a calamity for which I was in no sense answerable, and with a death which I had risked my own life in trying to avert—so disgusted me, that I was on the point of tearing the letter, when a consideration suggested itself, which warned me to wait a little before I destroyed it.

This consideration was entirely unconnected with Sir Percival. The information communicated by me, so far as it concerned him, was little more than confirm the conclusions at which I had already arrived. He had committed high crime, as I had supposed, and I have committed it; and the absence of all reference, on his father's part, to the dreadful register at Knowlesbury, strengthened my previous conviction that the existence of the book, and the value of detection which it offered, must have been necessarily unknown to Sir Percival. My interest in the question of the forgery was now at an end; and my only object in keeping the letter was to make it of some future service in clearing up the last mystery that still continued to baffle me—the parentage of Anne Catherick, on the father's side. There were one or two sentences dropped in her mother's memorandum, which it might be useful to refer to again, when matters of more immediate importance allowed us leisure to look for the missing evidence. I did not despair of still finding that evidence; and I had lost none of my sanguine confidence, for I had not a doubt of my interest in tracing the father of the poor creature who now lay at rest in Mrs. Fairlie's grave.

Accordingly, I sealed up the letter and put it away carefully in my pocket-book, to be referred to at a future time to the same cause.

The next day was my last in Hampshire. When I had appeared again before the magistrate at Knowlesbury, and when I had attended at the adjourned inquest, I should be free to return to London by the afternoon or the evening train.

My first errand in the morning was, as usual, to the post-office. The letter from Marian was there; but I thought, when it was handed to me, that it felt unusually light. I unfolded and opened the envelope. There was nothing inside but a small strip of paper folded in two. The few blank, inevitably-worthless lines which were traced on it contained these words:

"Come back as soon as you can. I have been obliged to move. Come to Gower's Walk, Pulham (number five). I will be on the look-out for you. Don't be alarmed about me; we are both safe and well. But come back.—MARIAN."

The news which those lines contained—news which I instantly associated with some attempted treachery on the part of Count Fosco—fairly overwhelmed me. I stood breathless, with the paper crumpled up in my hand. What had happened? What subtle wickedness had the Count practised during my absence? Assuming that my letter to Marian must have miscarried, and that I should get back to them—some new disaster might have happened already of which I was ignorant. And have, miles away from them, here I must remain—held doubly bound, at the disposal of the law!

I hardly know to what forgetfulness of my obligations anxiety and alarm might not have tempted me, but for the quieting influence of my faith in Marian. Nothing ever moved me, when I began to recover myself a little, but the remembrance of her energy, fidelity, and admirable vigilance in my interests. My absolute reliance on her was the one earthly consideration which helped me to restrain myself, and gave me courage to wait. The inquest was the first of the impediments in the way of my freedom of action. I attended it at the appointed hour; the legal formalities were gone through once in the room, but, as it turned out, not calling on me to produce my evidence. The business delay was a hard trial, although I did my best to quiet my impatience by following, the course of the proceedings which I was not called.

The London solicitor of the deceased (Mr. Merriman) was among the persons present. But he was quite unable to throw any light on the inquiry. He could only say that he was inexpressibly shocked and astonished, and that he could depend on the character of the servants and circumstances of the case. At intervals during the adjourned investigation, he suggested questions which the jury put to the witness. But all to no results. After a patient inquiry, which lasted nearly three hours, and which exhausted every available source of information, the jury announced the customary verdict in cases of sudden death by accident. The coroner drew up the formal decision a statement that there had been no evidence to show how the keys had been abstracted, but that the jury considered that what the purpose was for which the deceased had entered the vestry. This act closed the proceedings. The body was delivered to the clergyman was left to provide for the necessities of the interment; and the witnesses were free to retire.

Resolved not to lose a minute in getting to Knowlesbury, I paid my bill at the hotel, and hired a fly to take me to the station. The gentleman who heard me give the order, and who saw that I was going alone, was the person who lived in the neighborhood of Knowlesbury, and asked if I would have any objection to his getting home by part of the road with me. I accepted his proposal as a matter of course.

Our conversation during the drive was naturally occupied by the one subject of interest of local interest. My new acquaintance had some knowledge of the late Sir Percival's solicitor; and he had the means of obtaining almost any over the county that his solicitor could only obtain as a matter of necessity and professional duty. He had died without leaving a will, and he had no personal property to bequeath, even if he had made away with the whole fortune which he had derived from his wife having been swallowed up by his creditors. The estate to the next heir (succeeding her left no issue) was a son of sir Felix Glyde's first cousin —an officer in command of an East Indiaman. He would step into unexpectedly handsome and unencumbered; but the property would recover with time, and, if the captain" was careful, he might still handle a good rent, before he died.

Absorbed as I was in the one idea of getting to London, this information (which events proved to be perfectly correct) had an interest of its own to interest my attention. It certainly justified me in keeping secret my discovery of Sir Percival's fraud. The heir whose rights he had usurped was the last person to profit by the estate. The income from it, for the last three-and-twenty years, which should properly have been his, and which the law had since squandered to the last farthing, was gone beyond recall. If I spoke, my speaking would confer no advantage on one. If I kept the secret, my silence concealed the character of the man who had cheated the dead and ruined the living. For her sake, I wished to conceal it—for her sake, still, I tell this story under feigned names.

I parted with my chance companion at Knowlesbury, and went at once to the townhall. As I had anticipated, no one was present to prevent me from searching the coroner's formalities were observed, and I was discharged. On leaving the court, a letter from Mr. Dawson was put into my hand. It informed me that he was absent on professional duty, and it reiterated the offer I had already received from him of any assistance which I might require at his hands. I wrote back, warmly acknowledging my obligations for his kindness, and apologizing for not expressing my thanks personally, in consequence of my immediate recall, on pressing business, to town.

Half an hour later I was speeding back to London by the express train.

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

It is generally known, we believe, that the ladies have taken up the much vexed question of the completion of the Washington Monument, and have organized a "Ladies' Washington National Monument Society," for the purpose of collecting the funds required for the purpose. The President of the Society is Mrs. Finlay M. King, of Port Byron, New York; the Secretary, Mrs. Anna W. Cosby, of Washington. At a Convention held at Chicago last September the work was fairly set on foot, and the ladies referred to look hopefully forward to the future. The following extract from an address by Mrs. King, which, together with the Constitution, was adopted at Chicago, will explain the aims and method of the Society:

"The expense of the obelisk was originally estimated at $250,000, and the population was over-taxed to accomplish and yet the base, and one hundred and seventy feet of the obelisk, have been erected at an expense of but $230,000. Hence the sum of $21,000 to be raised, in order to complete the Monument. It is not at all certain that these estimates are correct; yet, for the want of estimates upon which entire reliance may be placed, we think, for the present, make them the base of our calculations; and I think, with entire confidence in the ability, and generosity of the American people, the sole portion of American society which is responsible for the Washington National Monument Society,' we may hand over to the contractors the sum of $21,000 of this sum, trusting upon ourselves the labor of raising the balance, $200,000.

"The plan for the organization of the Society, which I submit herewith, is in the form of a Constitution for the Ladies' Washington National Monument Society. It will be perceived, on examination, that I constitute the wife of the Master of every Masonic lodge in the United States a Vice-President; and where no lodge exists, it authorizes the appointment of an agent by the County Treasurer, which latter office is appointed by the Vice-President of the State, District, or Territory in which she may reside. The only exception to the principle of local appointments to office is that of the National Treasurer, and this exception is made only because it is deemed by me to be a business necessity to offer to exercise the legal authority vested in him by the charter of the Washington National Monument Society, granted by Congress.

"I have not deemed it necessary to require any further security of the officers of the Society for the faithful discharge of their duties than that afforded in the general good character of the women of America, which all will be vigilant to observe.

"The approach and obliquity of the whole nation, which would follow the completion of the work, must prevent any attempt at dishonesty on the part of the ladies.

"The address of the Chicago Press will have only fidelity to live up to the Constitution in order that the whole system shall be carried into operation, the requisite amount for the work and the Monument completed.

"I commend the project submitted herewith to the favorable consideration of the patriotic assembled at Chicago, and respectfully suggest such revision and amendment of the plan as their wisdom may dictate (for I do not claim it to be perfect); and I ask that the Society may be organized at once, in order that we may proceed to the work this undertaken.

"It is also respectfully suggested that the officers of the society should not feel themselves restricted, in the collection of funds, to the single mode pointed out by the Constitution, but that they have their Sewing Circles, Fairs, and other contributions-boxes in countenances at the ailing of courts, at the polls of popular elections, and upon all other days when opportunity may present itself. Let the people be appealed to as a matter of course.

"Let the ladies of the Union, then, take hold of this work in earnest, and the whole of the public subject of local interest. My new acquaintance had some knowledge of the late Sir Percival's solicitor; and he had the means of obtaining almost any over the county that his solicitor could only obtain as a matter of necessity and professional duty. He had died without leaving a will, and he had no personal property to bequeath, even if he had made away with the whole fortune which he had derived from his wife having been swallowed up by his creditors. The estate to the next heir (succeeding her left no issue) was a son of sir Felix Glyde's first cousin —an officer in command of an East Indiaman. He would step into unexpectedly handsome and unencumbered; but the property would recover with time, and, if the captain" was careful, he might still handle a good rent, before he died.

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"Let the ladies of the Union, then, take hold of this work in earnest, and the whole of the public

We trust the fair patriots will be as successful as they deserve.

THE POLICEMAN'S MISTAKE.

SIR.—" *Lost Item of Summer.*"

'Twas the last hour of daylight—
The twilight had come—
When a weary policeman
Was walking at home.
But he still lingered kindly
On Broadway's wide pave,
For his aid to the ladies
He cheerfully gave.

'Twas the last hour of daylight—
Night's shadows were nigh—
When close at his elbow
He heard a soft sigh.
At his side stood a lady,
Young, graceful, and small,
In the tip-top of fashion—
Hoops, flounces, and all.

Only one thing displeased him
(Just like all the men!)—
A thick veil the lady's bonnet
Was fastened just then.
That her fair face was hidden,
Provoking it was!
But he whirled and cried, "Dear madam,
Are you wishing to cross?"

And she bowed, but was silent,
As round her he threw
His brave arm to protect her,
And on they went through
Policeman grew pale!
Then out spoke the lady
And—oh! oh! consternation!
"Daw, now! lem me go!
Golly! nassa perlease, you
Stop a-hoggin' me so!"

'Twas a capital tableau,
Rich, racy, and rare!
How he stood, blank—confounded—
His eyes all a-stare,
Thus to find he'd been hugging
A *darkey*—oh yes!
How he started and *put*, then,
I leave you to guess.

D. VERNON.

NEW UTRECHT, LONG ISLAND.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN INTERVENTION IN MEXICO.

The *Herald* says: "Recent advices received by the State Department from Europe convey the intelligence that England and France have determined to intervene in Mexico, and enforce the belligerent parties there to establish an armistice for twelve months, or else a convention of popular delegates to arrange the questions at issue between the Church and the State. We, however, think Mr. Buchanan or no Mexico, will go out in a short time from England with full instructions on the subject."

"Strong representations have been made to our Government by the English and French Cabinets, in relation to a note in the Anglo-French policy for the arrangement of Mexican affairs, which seems to be antagonistic to these entangling complications with other governments, and that it proved fatal in the case of the treaty others and such doubtful ones, that Mr. Buchanan will probably refer the matter to the next Congress. It has passed in our relations with that republic. The result of the Presidential election by Congress and Senate are very doubtful, and may lead to complications and difficulties which will require more than thousand miles distant from the scene of action."

A SPEECH BY SENATOR DOUGLAS.

Senator Douglas addressed the people of Boston last week; among other things he said:

"The liberties of this country can now put in peril by sectional parties, appealing to sectional passion, sectional prejudice, and sectional agitation, which are the bane and harmony of the whole country. [Voices—'That's so.'] On the one hand, you find a great Northern sectional party appealing to the North against the South. [Voices—'That's so.' Another voice—'Down.'] On the other hand, you find a sectional party Southward, appealing to the South against the North. [Voices—'That's so.'] The Republican party demand possession of the Federal Government, on the ground that they have now acquired the prohibition of slavery where the people want it. [Voices—'That's so.' 'That's right.' 'Down.' 'That's right.'] The Southern sectional party demand possession of the Federal Government on the ground that the power of the government may be wielded for the defense of slavery where the people want it. [Voices—'That's so.' 'That's right.'] Whenever you see your representatives why they did not support the Crittenden resolutions, and support the expenses of the Government without borrowing twenty millions of dollars a year. They did not pay bad and time. [Laughter.] The whole time was occupied in the discussion of slavery, and there was no time to raise money to pay your honest debts. ['Good,' 'Good,' and 'Down.'] Whenever you asked your representatives why it was that the Pacific Railroad had not been made, you were told that slavery was in the way, whenever the slavery question absorbed the entire session of Congress. Whenever you ask your representatives why it is that the army pass has not been reformed and carried on with vigor and economy, you find that they are kept back by the old war for want of time. [Laughter.] When you ask why it is that you have to contribute such vast sums for Pacific, and no steam lines, you are told that the slavery question occupied the whole session. My friends, you have lost for want of time. [Renewed laughter.] Thus you find all the great measures which affect the commercial interests, the shipping interests, the manufacturing interests, and the agricultural interests, have been kept for want of time. [Laughter and applause, and cries of 'Good.'] Gentlemen, there never will be time to perform the duties for which the Government was made except by the restoration of harmony between the Federal Government and popular sovereignty in the States and Territories, as not practiced by the Democratic party. It was affirmed in the Compromise Measures of 1850; it was affirmed in the Kansas platform of 1856; and well as in that of the Democratic; it was affirmed by all national men in these days, and should be affirmed by all national, conservative, Union-loving men in the present day. [Loud applause.] My friends, there is nothing to you my profound acknowledgments for the kindness which has accorded to me here to-night, and the respectful attention with which this vast assemblage has listened to my observations. I thank you for it. [Cries of 'Go on!'] and again removing to you my thanks, I beg to take my leave, bidding you a kind farewell." [Loud and continued cheering.]

THE BRECKINRIDGE MEETING.

A large meeting took place on 16th in this city, in the Cooper Institute, by that portion of the National Democracy that favors the election of Breckinridge and Lane. The in-door assemblage was presided over by Mr. John H. Brower, and the meeting was addressed by him, by the Hon. Daniel S. Dickinson, Captain Mackintosh, and Mr. A. R. Wood. An out-door meeting was presided over by Mr. C. E. Stewart, and was addressed by Mr. Paul R. Brown, Mr. Levi Smith, John Van Buren, Isaac Lawrence, and Mr. Lowry. Letters were received from President Buchanan, Governor Stevens, of Washington Territory, Mr. Charles O'Conor, and other distinguished Democrats.

THE BRECKINRIDGE AND LANE CAMPAIGN.

The following is the address of the Executive Committee:

"The Constitution and the equality of the States, which are the symbols of everlasting Union."

For Secretary,
JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE,
Of Kentucky.

For Vice-President,
JOSEPH LANE,
Of Oregon.

NEW YORK, *July 18, 1860.*

DEAR SIR.—It has become necessary to organize the Democratic party in this State, upon the platform adopted by the Baltimore National Democratic Convention held at the Maryland Institute, Baltimore, on the 23d day of June last; and for that purpose a State convention should be held at the earliest practicable moment.

Please forward to me, as soon as you can procure, in each Assembly district in your county, known friends to Breckinridge and Lane, as delegates, with the names in a call for a State Convention to nominate an electoral ticket, and candidates for State officers for the coming election. Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

FERDINANDO WOOD,
Member of the National Democratic Committee for the State of New York.

PROSPECTS OF THE MORMONS.

The Overland says": "A pleasant chat with Captain Walter M. Gibson, just returned from a winter's sojourn with the Latter-day Saints at Salt Lake, has supplied us with some additional items of interest respecting that singular people and their fortunes.

"The oft-uttered story of the Mormons wishing or consenting to sell out their landed possessions in Utah, is a baseless fabrication. They like that country better and better; they are vanquishing the difficulties and impediments incidental to pioneer adventure, and are fast surrounding themselves (at least the magnates etc) with the comforts of civilized life. Of cattle and grain they have good store; sheep are multiplying; flouring and woolen factories are beginning to turn out fabrics; exploring precision clay has been discovered among them, and emigrants from the English potteries will soon be contributing it into stylish and serviceable wares."

* * * * * * *

"Some new valleys have been recently opened to settlement—mainly north and east of the Salt Lake—that are greatly liked. They of course lie higher than the Lake Valley, and have a sharper climate; but they have also more wood, more water, better grass, and other allurements. They are rapidly filling with settlers.

* * * * * * *

"The rumor of a purposed sale (or tender of sale) of their present possessions to the Federal Government had probably just this foundation: There are many converts to the faith of the Saints now living in India, China, Australia, and the other countries washed by the Pacific and Indian Oceans. These it is not convenient to gather to the Land of Promise, yet they expect and desire that a place of refuge shall be found or made for them. This will probably be located on New Guinea or some other Isle of the South Seas. We presume Captain Gibson—whose long residence and adventures in the Indian Ocean are well known—has been conferring with the Apostles with reference to such location; but this may or may not be. We believe he expects to return to the Mormon Zion next fall."

THE "GREAT EASTERN."

On Monday afternoon, July 30, the *Great Eastern* will go to Cape May, with one hundred of Dodsworth's musicians, and a few thousand ten-dollar passengers; land them at the Cape in two large Philadelphia steamboats, take a new crowd of Philadelphians on board, steam down to Hatteras and back, exchange passengers once more, and return to New York on Wednesday. After that date she will be anchored in the stream, and no more visitors will be received on board till she sails for England on the 16th of August. On Wednesday, 18th, attracted by the Zouaves and the fine weather, nearly 9000 people paid their half-dollars to inspect her internal arrangements. On her way home she will touch at Halifax, to land passengers who may desire to take a trip in her to see the ceremonies attendant upon the reception of the heir to the British throne.

THE WALTON MURDER.

Charles Jefferd, the son of Mrs. Walton, has been charged by the Coroner's verdict with the murder of Mr. Walton. When the verdict was brought in the following colloquy took place:

THE CORONER (*to the prisoner*). "You are at liberty to answer or not the questions I put to you. What is your name?"

The prisoner, in a calm and measured tone, free from the least agitation or excitement, responded: "Charles M. Jefferd."

THE CORONER. "How old are you?"

THE ACCUSED. "I am twenty-one years of age."

THE CORONER. "Where were you born?"

THE PRISONER. "City of Washington, District of Columbia."

Q. "Where do you live?"

A. "In the city of New York."

Q. "What is your occupation?"

A. "Clerk."

Q. "Have you any thing to say, and if so, what, in relation to the charges preferred against you?"

JEFFERD. "I am entirely innocent of this charge, and I am advised by my counsel to retain my witnesses for the unbiased consideration of the Grand Jury of this county. Therefore, at this time, and before this jurisdiction, I have nothing further to say."

[The prisoner then affixed his name to the statement just made.]

THE CORONER (*to the younger Jefferd*). "Edwin, you are cleared by the Jury. The officers will take charge of the prisoner, Charles Jefferd, and take him to the Tombs."

He was removed in custody.

FREDERIC HOFFMAN COMMITTED.

The examination of Frederic Hoffman, the alleged defaulting Secretary of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, held before Justice Connolly, at the Jefferson Market Police Court, was concluded on Thursday. The prisoner was committed to await trial on four distinct and separate charges—two for illegal issue of stock and two for forgery. The amount of bail was fixed at $22,000, to reduce which an application will be made to the Supreme Court.

ANOTHER STEAMBOAT DISASTER.

The *Pennsylvania*, of the Philadelphia and Richmond line, caught fire by spontaneous combustion, as is supposed, on Thursday night, in the James River, near Jamestown, and was entirely destroyed, involving the loss of the lives of three children. The flames spread very rapidly, and the survivors had barely time to save themselves on rafts, the fire preventing access to the boats. The children were lost from the upsetting of one of the rafts, it being found impossible in the darkness to rescue them. A storm also prevailed at the time, which rendered the scene still more horrible. The survivors were finally taken from the rafts by another steamer, which providentially came to the scene of the disaster before it was too late.

A MURDERER LYNCHED.

The Burlington (Iowa) *Hawkeye* of the 7th gives the following account of the last scenes in the life of Kephart, the murderer of Mrs. Willis and her two children:

"At an early hour of July 5, the people began to assemble upon the ground where, according to report, Kephart would be hung. The place chosen was on the left bank of Cedar Creek, upon the road leading north from Batavia to Abingdon, about a hundred yards or more from the bridge that spans the creek. The writer arrived upon the ground about 10 A.M., and already a hundred or more people were waiting, and the scaffold was in a state of erection, while two men were busy digging the grave. By noon two thousand people at least had gathered to witness the execution, which was a novelty, perhaps, to the majority; and on the right bank of the creek, fronting the scaffold, and the place where the bodies of the murdered woman and children had been found, the women, who numbered three or four hundred, were seated, and as it seemed, were as merry as though they had been invited to a bridal scene.

"At 12 o'clock a messenger arrived with the intelligence that the mob had broken into the jail at Fairfield, and taken the prisoner from the power of the law, despite the eloquent speeches that had been spoken in behalf of legal justice, and were fast approaching. At 2 P.M. a distinguished citizen of Agency stepped upon the scaffold, and made a short, nervous harangue to the multitude, in which he approved the proceedings throughout; and in which he remarked that he professed to be a God-fearing man and law-abiding citizen, but when devils came from hell we should send them back. At 3 o'clock, Kephart—the murderer, the victim—climbed the ladder and stood upon the engine of death. Time had been given him to make a confession, and as it had not expired, he was allowed to sit down, to pass as easily as possible the few remaining moments of his life. At 3½ o'clock, he was forced upon the trap-door, a white handkerchief having been tied around his head to hide his face from the gaze of the eager spectators. By calls from numerous voices, the handkerchief was removed for a few moments, to allow the multitude to look upon his countenance, and to allow him a last look at the bright sunlight. The handkerchief was replaced, and unconfessed, without a word, the rope was cut, and he hung suspended between heaven and earth."

MORE AFRICANS AT NEW ORLEANS.

We read in the New Orleans *Delta* of 12th: "A few days ago, within about twenty-four hours of the successful landing of a gang of negroes, in Mobile Bay, twenty-three remarkably fine fellows, field hands, were placed on board of the Mobile steamer for this city, and having safely arrived, are to be sold on Friday, at the St. Charles Hotel, by Julian Neville. There is much discussion and inquiry as to the character of these negroes, whether they are of the recent, or whether they are a portion of the one hundred and ninety for whom graves were dug at Key West, but who, unreasonably enough, preferred rather the comfortable quarters of our river plantations to such narrow accommodations as Uncle Sam proposed to furnish them. One of the lot, a boy of seventeen, weighs one hundred and seventy, and is over six feet high. It is supposed he is of the Bozale tribe, and that his father was a renowned warrior of that warlike race.

"The landing of a cargo of Africans right under the nose of Judge Campbell, the most ferocious of all the foes of the traffic, is certainly a very audacious act. The time, too, selected for the landing adds to the gravity of the offense. The Judge's recent ponderous charge to the Grand Jury, and eloquent exhibition of the horrors of the middle passage, had just been delivered, and orders had just been given to the United States Marshal to pursue all offenders under the statute. Judge Jones's decision, that it was no violation of the Act of Congress to buy negroes which had been imported, has been set aside. And yet, in face of all this peril and responsibility, some daring adventurer succeeds in landing a gang of good hands in time for the picking season, which will be a valuable addition to our utterly inadequate force of agricultural laborers. 'Can such things be?'"

SAD END OF A CHILD.

The Newark *Mercury*, of 16th inst., publishes the following: "Several notices have recently been published concerning a child named Thomas Henry Finley, aged 4½ years, who disappeared on July 5, having followed from home the band of the Turners, who held a picnic that day. His dead body was found on Saturday near the Kossuth Woods on 'the Neck,' by Mr. William Stevens, who was gunning. The barking of his dog in a marsh having attracted his attention, he went to the spot and found the body almost imbedded in mud. The child had evidently followed the procession to the vicinity, and having started to return to his home on the hill, over the meadows, had become fastened in the mire, and perished from exposure and hunger. During the night of the 5th his cries were heard, but nothing unusual was suspected, and no search was undertaken. The eyes and nose of the unfortunate lad had been eaten away, probably by musk-rats, and the body was otherwise mutilated. One thumb was in his mouth, showing that in the agony of starvation the lad had attempted to relieve himself. He had perhaps lingered in this horrible condition for two or three days, under a broiling sun by day, and exposed to cold at night, and finally perishing. The case is one of the most affecting that has occurred for a long time. Coroner Craven announced the sad intelligence to the bereaved parents, and the scene that followed was very touching."

PERSONAL.

Lieutenant Thomas T. Houston, of the United States Navy, died on board the steamer *Iroquois*, in the Bay of Naples, on the 26th ult. Lieutenant Houston had been ill of the remittent fever for more than three weeks. During the attack upon Palermo by Garibaldi it was found impossible to remove him to the hospital on shore; and afterward, when the kind General gave up an apartment in the hospital to a number of our sick, it was found that Lieutenant Houston could not bear the removal. He was a son of John H. Houston, Esq., of Washington City.

One of the recent *on dits* of London is that Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer has become reconciled to his wife, and that they are about to live together again.

The sorrowful widow of Hicks waited, in company with a priest, many weary hours, on Friday evening, at the Cemetery of the Holy Cross, at Flatbush, for the arrival of the body of her husband, at which she desired to take a last look before it was interred. It did not arrive; and she learned, when too late, that it had been conveyed to Calvary Cemetery, in Queen's County, and there interred by mistake.

The Montreal *Herald* announces the death in that city of the Hon. John Molson, whose name was from the first connected with steam navigation upon the St. Lawrence.

A correspondent of the *Freeman's Journal* at Sing Sing says that "the female department is one of the most interesting portions of the prison. The walls of their little cells are adorned with evidences of their taste. Passing into the work-room, we found them engaged in sewing. The celebrated Mrs. Robinson, better known as the vailed murderess, was busily plying away with her needle; as we entered, she averted her head, as is her custom when visitors enter. She is a matronly and refined-looking woman; but the changeful turning of her dark eye betokened the condition of the mind within."

A correspondent of the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, writing from Havana, says of a recent banquet:

"I noticed among the guests (but only for a moment) 'Mr. Post,' late known as Isaac V. Fowler, of New York, who appeared to be in good health and spirits, and who devotes most of his time to the study of Spanish pronunciation."

The Rev. Dr. Chapin preached on Sunday evening for the last time here till next September, as his church will be closed until that time. During the vacation he will, as usual, pass a few weeks in New England, and has promised to preach in the School Street, Warren Street, and Hollis Street churches, in Boston, and in the Universalist Church in Roxbury.

A young lady named Miss Hudson, of this city, one of the guests at the Columbia Springs Hotel, Columbia County, on Tuesday last, during a heavy shower of rain, stepped to the window of her room to empty a wash-bowl, and while in the act of so doing was suddenly seized with a fainting turn. She dropped the bowl instantly, and at the same time losing her balance, fell after it on to the veranda, some thirteen feet below. The only serious injuries she received were in consequence of striking upon the fragments of the bowl, which cut her face and one hand quite badly. She is now rapidly recovering from the effects of the accident.

An interesting feature in the approaching Commencement at Yale College will be the meeting of the surviving members of the Class of 1822. They have come together regularly at intervals of ten years, beginning with the year 1830; and out of the number of seventy-six at their separation there are still living forty-six members. Among the names familiar to the public may be mentioned the Rev. Edward Beecher, the Hon. John A. Rockwell, of Connecticut, the late John M. Holley, of the House of Representatives, Judge William Rockwell, of the Supreme Court of New York, the Rev. Walter Colton, Chaplain in the Navy, the Hon. Osmyn Baker, Member of Congress from Massachusetts, the Rev. William Crosswell, and the Rev. Dr. Todd.

Hon. Jefferson Davis and family are at the Astor House. The Senator, we believe, usually spends a portion of his summers in the Northern States.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, who has recently returned from a European tour, is at Andover.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

PARLIAMENT.

THE proceedings of the British Parliament reported by the last steamer, are interesting. In both Houses the revolution in Southern Italy had been discussed, and the speakers evinced the warmest sympathy for the Garibaldi movement. The resolutions of Lord Palmerston, on the Privilege question, had been carried *seriatim* in the House of Commons. Lord John Russell, in answer to a question, had stated that General Harney had been recalled by the United States Government for not carrying out the arrangements of General Scott for the solution of the San Juan dispute.

A RUNAWAY MATCH.

The Cork *Examiner* has the following: "A circumstance occurred on last Sunday at Queenstown which, on account of the appearance of mystery and romance surrounding it, has afforded much food for gossip to the residents of Queenstown. A few days before a young lady of extraordinary personal attractions arrived at the Queen's Hotel, and remained there until Sunday, under the name of Mrs. Carr. On Sunday, a handsome, fashionably-dressed gentleman called at the hotel and inquired for Mrs. Carr; and the lady, who had her luggage ready packed, paid her bill, and both proceeded on board the steamship *Persia*, for New York. There being nothing unusual in the circumstance, the departure of the pair excited no attention; but in about two hours after the sailing of the *Persia* the proprietor of the hotel received a telegram from Dublin, offering a reward of £100 for the detention of the lady. It was then, however, too late."

The Tipperary *Examiner*, however, in the following extract, seems to throw some light on the strange departure of the Carrs: "On Monday last, a young gentleman residing near Clonmel was suddenly missed by his family, whose exertions to discover his whereabouts proved fruitless. During the search it turned up that the cook of the house was also absent, and no account could be had of her. It was ascertained, next morning, that both cook and master had eloped, the latter taking with him all his valuables, and that they had arrived in Cork *en route* to America. The cook, who had resided with the family for several years, is reported to lean more strongly to the Turkish than to the Irish ideal of feminine beauty. The gentleman is good-looking and accomplished, and will be entitled to considerable property on arriving at age."

FRANCE.

THE PARIS CONFERENCE.

At latest dates the acquiescence of all the Powers in the proposed conference was considered certain, and it will be held in Paris during the month of October. The Powers will be represented by their embassadors."

FUNERAL OF PRINCE JEROME.

We read in the Paris correspondence of the London *News*: "The funeral of Prince Jerome, like all splendid spectacles, attracted a great crowd. The day was fine, but somewhat sultry. The line of the procession ultimately decided upon—the Rue Rivoli, Place de la Concorde, and the Pont des Invalides—enabled the greatest number of people possible to have a good view of the gorgeous pageant. The Tuileries gardens, which it was for a time feared would be closed, were kept open as usual, and the terraces which command the Place de la Concorde and line the railing of the Rue Rivoli, were closely packed from an early hour. The Place de la Concorde itself was not so full as I have often seen it on an illumination night; but still the troops and National Guards were hemmed in on either side by very dense masses, occupying, perhaps, half the vast arena. The shops were not generally closed, and although nothing could be more respectful than the attitude of the crowd as the coffin passed, there was nothing at all like that universally pervading sentiment of a really national mourning such as has been witnessed on former occasions—at the funeral of the Duke of Orleans, for instance. The troops lined the whole route from the gates of the Palais Royal to those of the Invalides. The clergy of St. Roch, assisted by the Emperor's chaplains, took charge of the corpse, and marched before and by the side of it, carrying lighted wax tapers. The funeral car was the very one used for the interment of the lamented Duke of Orleans, but it had been redecorated, and was resplendent with silver ornaments. The pall-bearers were, M. Fould, Minister of State; Admiral Hamelin, Minister of Marine; Marshal Vaillant, and M. Troplong, the President of the Senate. Prince Napoleon was the chief mourner, and it was much remarked that he appeared profoundly afflicted. He followed the coffin bareheaded, wearing a black cloak over his general's uniform. The marshals commanding districts had been summoned to Paris to take part in the ceremony, and marched behind Prince Napoleon. Marshals Niel and Canrobert and the Duke of Malakoff were recognized by the crowd with much interest. A number of mourning and other carriages followed. The procession was so long that it took upward of two hours to defile. Cardinal Morlot, Archbishop of Paris, performed the funeral service; and after an oration by the Bishop of Troyes, which will doubtless be published in the *Moniteur* to-morrow, the body was lowered into the vault of the chapel of St. Jerome, which the deceased Prince some time since selected for his resting-place. Nothing could exceed the splendor of the mourning decorations of the chapel.

"The crowd on the Place des Invalides broke through the lines of the police, and I hear that an old man was killed, and a woman taken with premature labor in consequence of fright."

A NEW INVENTION.

Among the novelties which the scientific world has lately heard of is the invention of an Italian—a Florentine monk, it is said—who has devoted many years to the study of electricity and telegraphic matters. He has some extraordinary inventions, which he is submitting to the Emperor of the French. It is stated that among them is a discovery of the means of transmitting *fac-similes* of handwriting and manuscripts from station to station, so that a telegraphic dispatch may become a legal document. He can also transmit a likeness by this agency, to be reproduced at the other end of the wire.

ITALY.

THE LATEST FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

Telegrams from Sicily say that General Garibaldi was marching on Messina. The General was about to receive large supplies, both of men and stores; about 2000 men were to sail for Sicily from Genoa, where great numbers of volunteers are assembled; and a French house is said to have taken a contract for some thousands of revolvers, rifles, and muskets for Garibaldi's service.

The Royalist forces for the defense of Messina were computed at 20,000 men.

Naples, at latest dates, was tranquil, and the proclamation of martial law had been rescinded. The Neapolitan Assembly, it is stated, is convoked for the 10th of September. The Constitution of 1848 has been proclaimed anew, and its restoration has been accompanied by the re-establishment of the Press laws enacted in 1848 and 1849. These concessions of the King have created no confidence in the minds of the people.

It is asserted in various quarters—and the language of the *Opinione* of Turin would seem to justify the assertion—that France is urgently pressing the Sardinian Cabinet to listen to the overtures of the King of Naples and consent to the conclusion of an alliance between Naples and Piedmont. The Government of the latter kingdom does not conceal its aversion to the proposition.

The Sicilian Embassador to France had reached Turin.

GARIBALDI WANTS MORE GUNS.

The following letter from General Garibaldi to the Chairman of the Central Italian Committee, in London, has been published:

"COMADO GENERALE DELLO ESERCITO NATIONALE,
PALERMO, *June* 24, 1860.

"SIR,—One of our friends suggests to me that, in laying before your Committee the urgent need that we have of a flotilla, it would be possible to obtain a couple of steamers armed with Armstrong guns.

"We have already so many proofs of the sympathy and of the generosity of the English toward us that I have ventured to make this proposal to you.

"Will you convey to your worthy coadjutor the expression of my most lively gratitude, and that of all Italy? From your devoted,
"G. GARIBALDI."

GARIBALDI'S POLICY.

We read in the Paris *Débats*: "Garibaldi has decidedly convoked the electors for the 18th inst., to vote on the question of annexation to Piedmont. Universal suffrage is to decide the question. No Parliament will be convoked, as was at first believed and stated, by persons little acquainted with present usages. Garibaldi is in a hurry. As for his designs, universal suffrage, which judges promptly, deciding by yes or no, and wastes no time in hearing the endless harangues of rival speakers, is undoubtedly far better than a Parliament in which all parties might openly propose and advocate their own solutions, and in which it would be necessary to spend weeks and months in listening to the expression of hopes and regrets. While a decisive act is being prepared in Sicily, the Turin Chamber of Deputies openly manifests its repugnance to any alliance with Naples. In the sitting of the 29th ult., it heard with unmistakable favor two of its members, natives of Southern Italy, M. Mancini and M. Poerio, declare that their experience allows them to place but little faith in the concessions of Naples, and who certainly have better reasons than others for denouncing that Government in no measured terms. 'What!' exclaimed M. Mancini, 'King Francis II. now implores Piedmont to form an alliance, and not a month ago M. Carafa accused Count Cavour of being in league with a pirate and filibuster!' M. Mancini adjured the Sardinian Cabinet to declare that it would repulse the overtures of the Neapolitan Cabinet; and to do so in terms as outspoken as diplomatic usages permit."

THE REAL ROMAN GOVERNMENT.

A foreign paper says: "There is at Rome a government within the ostensible government. Although great mystery envelops the proceedings of this hidden government, we are enabled, by advices received from a reliable source, to give the names of the principal members of what must be termed the 'Superior Committee.'

"First in the list is a nobleman who is completely under the domination both of his mother—a La Rochefoucauld and a legitimist affiliated and most devoted to the Jesuits—and of his wife, a Belgian lady, of the same character as the mother. The wife is now in Paris. The following is the list:

"The Duke Salviati; the Marquis Patrizi; the Count Lubinski; the Marquis Pio Capranica; the Marquis Serlupi.

"The palace Pamfili, in the Piazza Navona, serves as rendezvous for these Conciliabules.

"Around this committee are grouped Monsignori de Merode, Bedini, Borromeo, and Berardi; this last being the spokesman for Cardinals Wiseman, Villecourt, and De Reisac. The principal organization has been formed in imitation of Mazzini. Committees are appointed in each zone; their duties are to obtain information of the inhabitants, who are divided into three classes—the liberals, the suspected, and the clerical. This is done according to advices obtained from the curés, and from the established as well as secret police.

"As the turn of affairs is becoming more and more grave, a President has been appointed for this hidden government at Rome, in the person of Monsignor Laschiavo, a Calabrian, warmly recommended by the King of Naples. A Vice-President has also been appointed—Monsignor Sibilia. The Secretary is Pasqualoni, an adjunct of the police.

"This committee seeks, through the action of the nuncios, the bishops, the legitimists, and the clergy in France, to excite animosity and opposition against the government."

REFORMS AT ROME.

According to last advices, the reforms which the Papal Government had decided upon granting were to be promulgated shortly in a *motu proprio*. Among other concessions, the Pope grants to the Consulta of State a deliberative vote on all financial questions, in which, until now, it had only a consultative vote; but these reforms are to be granted on condition of the integrity of the patrimony of St. Peter being guaranteed.

The Papal Government had released the political prisoners in the Romagna.

THE IRISHMEN GOING HOME AGAIN.

The Vienna correspondent of the London *Times* says, that on the 29th ult. thirty-nine Irishmen returned from Trieste to Vienna. In the evening they all assembled in front of the British Embassy. The men, some of whom were almost in rags, were to be sent at once to the frontiers as paupers, under the escort of police, the British Government not being inclined to pay their expenses home, as they acted contrary to law when they entered the service of a foreign potentate.

GERMANY.

AN AMERICAN KILLS A MAN IN A DUEL.

A letter from Berlin, in the Paris *Constitutionnel*, has the following: "The general subject of conversation here is a duel which took place on the 20th, between the young Count Henckel de Donnersmark and the brother of a lady to whom he had been engaged. The Count received a ball in the body, and now lies dangerously ill at Aix-la-Chapelle. The cause of the meeting is said to be a marriage broken off between the lady, whom the Count had known in Paris, and who had even accompanied him into Silesia. A short time before the day fixed for the union the Count received a letter containing disclosures which induced him to give up the connection. The parents of the lady sent for her brother from America. This latter is said to have treated a medical man who was on the ground with great brutality, because he uttered an exclamation of grief and pity when he saw the Count fall. When the latter was struck, his pistol, falling from his hand, went off, and was nearly wounding one of his seconds."

A QUEER MARRIAGE.

The matrimonial union of Prince Peter of Arenberg with the Countess Dowager Caroline of Stahremberg, *née* Countess Kaunitz, was recently celebrated with great pomp at the Cathedral St. Stephen's, Vienna, in the presence of the whole of the *beau monde* of the Austrian metropolis. The story of this marriage is not uninteresting. Prince Peter is no less than seventy years old, and his new consort, the celebrated Count Kaunitz's daughter, is sixty-one. In early youth both loved each other tenderly, and would have married but for the opposing wish of their respective parents. Prince Peter of Arenberg had to lead a daughter of Prince Charles de Talleyrand to the altar, and the young Countess of Kaunitz was united to a graf of Stahremberg. Years flowed on; both the former lovers came to have children of their own; both, probably, had cares of their own; and thus their lives rolled on as most human lives do. But, singularly enough, both the husband of Caroline of Kaunitz and the wife of Peter of Arenberg died at the same time, and accident throwing the two old friends once more together, they courageously resolved to carry out their original intention and get married. Hence the ceremony in the temple of St. Peter, at Vienna.

SYRIA.

THE RELIGIOUS WAR.

Advices from Beyrout to the 21st ult. state that the Druses, reinforced by hordes of plundering Kurds and Bedouins, had attacked the town of Zahll, the last refuge of the Christians. The town was entirely burned down, and 1000 Christians were murdered.

Dheir el Kamar, in consequence of the inhabitants having been unarmed, was plundered and deserted.

Other acts of incendiarism, pillage, and murder had been perpetrated by the "anti" Lebanons. It was said that the children at the school Malahala had been killed, notwithstanding they were under the protection of the French flag, and that the French Consul had sent to withdraw the children from the Catholic colleges.

The Turkish military reinforcements had not arrived at Beyrout.

Fresh details of the outrages upon Christians in Syria having come to hand France has notified the Turkish Government of her intention jointly with other powers to stop the massacres.

INDIA.

THE FATE OF EMILY WHEELER.

The fate of Miss Emily Wheeler, daughter of General Wheeler, commander at Cawnpore before the massacre, seems to have been definitely ascertained. Some months ago it was roundly asserted that she was still living with the sowar who was said to have carried her off, and that she wished to hide her sorrows and her shame alike in oblivion. A native spy, who has been tracing her fate for several months, has learned that she was carried off from Cawnpore by Nizam Ali Khan, Rathan, a sowar of Rampore. A fellow-trooper thus describes him: "Age 22 or 23 years, a fair complexion, height about 5 feet 7 inches, long nose, dark eyes, wears a beard and small mustache." The statement is, that this fellow was accompanied (from Cawnpore) by his wife and sister; but that, on some quarrel taking place among them all one night, his wife became estranged from him, and that thereupon he went and killed the young lady (Miss Wheeler) in the jungle, and cast her body into a dry well. Such, I heard, was the account they gave of him, and that they had also declared that he perished soon after in the battle at Bootwal in a very miserable manner.

THE SPIRITS ABROAD—THE SPIRIT OF DISUNION.

THE SPIRITS ABROAD—THE SPIRIT OF UNION.

THE
Uncommercial Traveller.
NO. XI.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

SOME years ago a temporary inability to sleep, referable to a distressing impression, caused me to walk about the streets all night, for a series of several nights. The disorder might have taken a long time to conquer if it had been faintly experimented on in bed; but it was soon defeated by the brisk treatment of setting up directly after lying down, and going out, and coming home tired at sunrise.

In the course of those nights I finished my education in a fair amateur experience of houselessness. My principal object being to get through the night, the pursuit of a lodging for me into my varying conditions with people who have no other object every night in the year.

The night was March, and the weather damp, cloudy, and cold. The sun not rising before half past five, the night perspective looked sufficiently long as the hall past twelve: which was about my time for confronting it.

The restlessness of a great city, and the way in which it tumbles and tosses before it can get to sleep, formed one of the first entertainments offered to the contemplation of an houseless pedestrian. It lasted about two hours. We lost a great deal of companionship when the late public-houses turned their backs on me, and when the closing thrust the last brawling drunkards into the street; but stray vehicles and stray people going home were left us, after that. If we were not, we had a policeman's rattle sprung and a fray turned up; for, in general, surprisingly little of this diversion was provided for people in the Haymarket, which is the worst kept part of London, and about Leicester Square, though, and along a certain part of the line of the Old Kent Road, the peace was seldom violently broken. But it was always the case that London, as if in detestation of individual existence belonging to it, had expiring fits and starts of restlessness. After all seemed quiet, if one cab rattled by half a dozen would surely follow; and Londonlessness even observed that intoxicated people appeared to be magnetically attracted toward each other, so that, when we were not in a state of broken object staggering against the shutters of a shop, that another drunken object would probably stag. ger up against us. Minutes were out, in fraternization or fight with it. When we made a divergence from the sparse public-houses of mutilation, thinarmed, puff-faced, leaden-lipped gin-drinker—she encountered a rarer specimen of a more decent appearance, but one that sported a curiously dress-ed-in soiled mourning. As the street experience in the night, so the street experience in the day. A common bird, in some unexpectedly quiet little property, come unexpectedly into a deal of liquor.

At length these flickering sparks would die away, were the last vertebræ worn out of the living life trailed from some late pieman or hot-potato man—and London would sink to rest. As to the yawning, the hunkers round would be for any sign of company, any lighted place, any movement, any human suggestive of any one awake anywhere, even so much as awake, for the houseless ex looked out for lights in windows.

Walking the streets under the pattering rain Houselessness would walk and walk and walk, seeing nothing but the interminable tangle of streets, now as a corner, here and there, two policemen in conversation, or the sergeant or inspector looking after his men. Now and then in the night—but rarely—Houselessness would become aware of a fellow head peering out of a door-way a few yards before him, and, coming up with the head, would find a man standing half dressed to keep within the door-way's shadow, and evidently intent upon particular service of his society. Under a kind of fascination, and in a ghostly reliance suitable to the time, Houselessness and his gentleman would see one another through a half a foot, and so, without exchange of speech, part mutually suspicious. Drip, drip, drip, from lodging and cooping, from pipes and water-spouts, and by-and-by the houseless shadow would fall upon the stones that pave the way to Waterloo Bridge; for, it is to the houseless mind to have a halfpenny-worth of excuse for saying "Good-night" to the toll-keeper, and catching a glimpse of his fire. The toll-bars and a good proportion of a good wooden seek-shawl, were comfortable things to see in connection with the toll-keeper, and his brisk wakefulness was excellent company when he rattled the change of halfpence down upon that metal table-top. Like a man who had fallen in sight, with all its sorrowful thoughts, and didn't care for the coming of dawn. There was next of encouragement in the threshold of the bridge. The bridge was dreary. The chopped-up murdered man had not been lowered with a rope over the parapet with enough weight upon it, to sink him, and slept then quietly enough, most likely, and undisturbed by any human of whom he was famous. But the river had an awful look, the buildings on the banks were muffled in black shrouds, and the reflected lights seemed to quiver like fear in the water, as if the spectres of suicides were holding them to show where they went down. The wild moon and clouds were as much out of the civil conscience in a tumbled bed, and the very shadow of the immensity of London seemed to lie oppressively on the river.

Between the bridge and the two great theatres there was but the distance of a few hundred paces, so the theatres came next. Grim and black without, at night, those great dry Wells, and lonesome by imagine, with the rows of faces faded out, the lights extinguished, and the seats all empty. One would think that nothing in them knew itself at such a time but Yorick's skull. In one of my night walks, as the church-steeples were shaking the March wind and rain with the strokes of Four, I passed the outer boundary of one of these great deserts, and entered it. With a dim lantern in my hand I groped my well-known way to the stage, and looked over the orchestra—and this was like a great grave dug for a time of pestilence—into the void beyond. A dismal cavern of an immense aspect, with the chandelier gone and like every thing else, and nothing visible through mist and fog and space but tiers of winding-sheets. In the centre of the pavement of the Strand there, I had seen the pensivity of Naples dancing among the rings, reckless of its natural enemy who should descend to overwhelm them, was now in possession of a strong serpent of engine hose, watchfully lying in wait for fires. And the Genius of Fire fly atit if showed its forked tongue. A ghost of a watchman, carrying a faint corpse-candle, roamed the distant upper-galleries of the Italian opera. Retiring within the proscenium, and holding my light above my head toward the rolled-up curtain (green no more, like the sea, by night), my sight lost itself in a gloomy vault, showing faint indications in it of a shipwreck of canvas and timber. Methought I felt much as a diver might at the bottom of the sea.

In those small hours when there was no movement in the streets, it afforded matter for reflection to take Newgate in the way, and, touching its rough stone, to think of the prisoners in the cells, and then to glance in at the lodge over the spiked wicket, and see the fire and light of the watching warders on the other side. It was an unspeakable time either to linger by that wicked little Debtor's door—shutting tighter than any other door one ever saw—which has so often let me out, or to journey. In the days of the uttering of forged promissory notes by people tempted up from the country, how many hundreds of times have I seen on both sexes—many quite innocent—having out of a garden and inconsiderate way, with the money in their pockets for the first time, and the first fatal knife making away with the fire. Next I went to Billingsgate, in some hope of market-people, but made my way slowly, crossed London-bridge, and got down by the water-side on the Surrey shore among the buildings of the Borough, where I found a few people going on at the brewery; and the reek, and the smell of grains, and the rattling of the plump dray horses at their mangers, and the knocking-up of their refreshed by having mingled with this good society, I made a new start with a new heart, set into the old Kent Road, and plodded on for the next object, and resolving, when I should come to the wall, to think of poor Horace Kinch, and the Dog at his son.

A very curious disease, the Dry Rot in men, and difficult to detect in the beginning of it. Whether Horace Kinch inside the wall of the old King's Bench prison, and it had carried him out with his feet forward. He was a year older than I, and in the prime of life, well to do, as clever as he needed to be, and popular among many friends. He was suitably married, and had children, and was fond of children. But, like some fair-looking houses, or fair-looking ships, he took the Dry Rot. The first strong external revelation of which in his case was a tendency to lurk and lounge; to be at street-corners without intelligible reason; to be going home presently when my way lay past his private door rather than at any; to do nothing tangible, but to have an intention of performing some idle piece of work quite dutiful to-morrow or the day after. When this manifestation of the disease is observed, the observer will generally find that the sufferer's impression once formed or received, that the patient was living a little too hard. He will scarcely have had time to turn it over in his mind, when he will see the terrible suspicion "Dry Rot," when he will notice a change for the worse in the patient's appearance: a certain shadowy slackness and looseness, which is not poverty, nor dirt, nor intoxication, nor ill-health, but simply Dry Rot. To this succeeds a small act of dishonesty, or a small piece of waste, to that, a lonesness respecting money: to that, a stronger smell as of strong waters at all times; to that, a trembling of the hands, somelonesy, misery, and trembling of the whole body; to that, the end is seen. Dry Rot advances at a compound usury quite incalculable. A plank is found infected with it, and the whole neighborhood is infected. It had been with the unhappy Horace Kinch, lately buried by a small subscription. Those who knew him best and thought him one of the last men to be comfortably established, with such hope before him as good yet, is feared, with a slight touch of Dry Rot. "Time he," they would say to each other as he comfortably established, with such hope before him as good yet, is feared, with a slight touch of Dry Rot." Time he! the same time for all of us, and comfortably established, with such hope before him as good yet, is feared, with a slight touch of Dry Rot." Time he! the same time for all of us, and wonderful to see how common story. I chose not to watch her by Bethlehem Hospital, and to examine it lay on my road round to Westminster; partly because I had a curiosity to see how the place looked at its best perused within sight of its walls and dome. And the fancy was this: Are not the sane and the insane equal as night and day? Are not the sane days? Are not all of us outside this hospital, who dream, more or less in the condition of those inside it, every night of our lives? Are not our dreams, for the most part, unbridled, as they daily are, that we associate preposterously with kings and queens, emperors and empresses, and notabilities of all sorts? Do we not nightly jumble events, and personages, and times, and places, as these do daily? Are we not sometimes troubled by our own sleeping incensistencies, and do we not vexedly try to account for them or unreason them, just as these do sometimes in respect of their waking delusions? Said an afflicted man to me, when I was last in a hospital like this, "Sir, I can frequently fly." I was half ashamed to reflect that so could I—by night. Said a woman to me on the same occasion, "Queen Victoria frequently came to me with me, and her Majesty and I dine off peaches and macaroni in our night-gowns, and his Royal Highness the Prince Consort does us the honor to make a third on horseback in a Field-Marshal's uniform." Could I refrain from reddening with consciousness when I remembered the amazing royal parties I myself had given (at night), the uncountable visits I had paid on state and on private occasions, the manner of conducting myself on those distinguished occasions? I remember that the great master who knew every thing, knew best of all the depth of each of his flock. He did not call Dreams the insanity of each day's sanity.

AN OLD MAN'S MEMORIES.

IT seemed to me to-day, as I sat listening in Magdalene Chapel to the grand old organ, and the boys' voices, that voices singing some years ago had been heard there for three hundred years, and watching the soft evening light as it came mellowing in through the painted windows, just falling on the picture over the altar, and bringing out clear the quaint carving of the oak stalls, that only I had changed through the long, long years since I first sat there a feeble child, weeping from very fullness of heart—it all seemed to me so beautiful. I fear well I remember that day (so long ago now) when I first went to the chapel. The last notes of the organ had died away, the young men and all round me had risen to escape from the enforced quiet, but I still sat in a corner of the dark Anti-Chapel, quietly crying; I could hardly have told why, except that I was a little child, and could not stand my thoughts and express my feelings as I heard my self and my words. I could not speak much about my home, but I was not happy there; my own mother had been long dead—my father had married another, and he was no companion for both cared for her hand-some boy more than they could do for me. They were never unkind, only indifferent, leaving me to wander as I liked; but I knew all their love was for Hugh, a bright, winning child, as unlike me as they could well; and I was thought dull, and was always told to be very quiet and very bitter sometimes.

It was suddenly startled by a light hand being placed on my shoulder, and a gentle voice asking "what ailed me?" I raised my eyes and saw a tall, gray-haired gentleman looking down on me kindly, I could not feel frightened. He led me out of the chapel, and made me sit by him in the cloisters outside, and said "I'll look all about you;" and I did open all my childish heart to him, for there was an earnest simplicity and gentle kindness about him that made me feel that he was a stranger. He listened very patiently, asking me questions as I went on. When I told him how I loved the music, he seemed to see it all with me, for he smiled and told me it was he who played the organ and taught the boys to sing, and asked me if I could sing. I said "Yes," for I could, but it seemed as unreal a dream that I should ever do so as that I should fly, joyful dreams my childhood had. I was so fond of music; and soon, through his influence, I was one of the boys in his choir, and happy as a bird.

My father failed in his business soon after this, and left Oxford, with my mother and little sunshiny face. A cousin of my father's, living at Saint Martin's office of adopting me as his own son—an offer generously made when he saw how it would unburden a man of his large family—and I went to singing. So I lived on at the old gray house a long, long time, and grew to be a tall, awkward lad, and more daily. We were quite companions, notwithstanding the difference in our age. I was too little to join in the games of my schoolfellows, and much preferred wandering about with him in the lovely college gardens, hearing all the many traditions of the place talking, learning to know him the old books he loved and I learned to love too, and helping him to pet and play with his dear dog Jessie, a pretty, little child, who seemed to loved better than any thing on earth, for her young mother had died when she was born, some four years before.

She was always fond of me, awkward boy though I was; and I ever grateful for the kindness I was so ready to show. It was not a hard bondage, for she was gentle and tender-hearted as her Master, and full of life and fun sometimes. Dear little Jessie! how she used to flit along the cloisters to meet me when I came from school, her bright, curly head, and her little white frock and innocent face, and her blue eyes sparkling with pleasure because "Stephen had come back to play with me and not study any more." What delightful rules we had together by the river-side! Then, when she was tired, I would sit on the roots of one of the old willow-trees, and tell her stories, which it impossible not to look at the little fairy figure, half-hidden in the tall bulrush-ups and grass, or not to listen to the silvery voice, now laughing, now claiming some wonderful discovery of hidden flowers or bright-winged insects. Then, when it grew light, she would be half-frightened under the arches of the long avenue of the elm-trees, though we both knew that we should find the rooks awake with their thick talking; but when the wind sighed through the branches mournfully her little hand would cling more closely to mine, and she ceased her innocent prattle for a time. Those were very happy days, and year after year went by all too quickly for me. I received a good education at the chorister's school; I liked my studies, and they said I learned easily and remembered well. Master Fleming (as he bid us boys call him) had no ambition for himself, but often said he would like to see me a scholar of the college before he died; and I felt I must not any longer be dependent on his charity. So I toiled hard, and was successful. I was elected scholar of be——; and at the end of my undergraduate's course, having obtained (to me) unexpected honors, I remained on at the old college as tutor and Lecturer.

Jessie had grown up to womanhood now, though as child-like in her simplicity and trusting innocence as when I first knew her. She was very lovely, and her freshness and delicacy made her even more so. I used to fancy, as she hung about her father cheerfully in his age and, after passing infirmities, that she was like the delicate flowers and graceful ivy-wreaths that grew in the crevices of windows of the college; he always seemed younger when she was by him. I always loved her; and I knew that I had the protecting love of an elder brother changed to the deep, passionate love of the man for one infinitely better and purer than himself, that is as changed. I never betrayed this by look or word; it was only in my most sanguine day-dreams that I hoped to win her as to love in return. How could she, so young, so far, dream of linking her fate to such as I was? It was blest enough for me to remain be with her daily—to know that she needed and trusted in me. I would not for worlds disturb her innocent confidence in "Master Stephen," as she still called me, but I inwardly vowed that the one object of my life should be to guard her from sorrow, and, if possible, to keep her as pure and peaceful as she was then; in my presumption and blindness forgetting that others might pluck my cherished flower from me.

My father had never returned to England. He had prospered greatly, and was a rich man now. His letters were always full of praise of my little brother Hugh; his beauty, his wit, his popularity were a never-ending theme. I often longed to see the boy, whom I remembered a bold, mischievous, yet winning little fellow, and now my wishes were at last gratified. He came to me a youth of nineteen, before finally settling in the colony, and meant to spend some time in Oxford, picking up what information he could from the college tutors. This news caused great excitement in our quiet household. Martin Fleming insisted upon his becoming an inmate of his house; and Jessie, in time of his coming drew near, Jessie was quite in a flutter of shy expectation. Her life had been so very quiet with her father and myself as the only companions, the arrival of an unknown guest was a great event to her. Dear lovely child! how we sat watching for him that bright summer evening; in her simple white dress and blue ribbons, as she core-always did, I had grudgingly to own, because they matched the color of her eyes) placed in her sunny hair! How timidly she shrank behind her father when Hugh at last came! I did not first to greet and bring him in, and how prettily she forgot her shyness and came forward to welcome him as a friend of friend because he was my brother! I could hardly believe he was my brother, he was so unlike me in every way. He was tall and dark, with a fine face, which was favored by the sun and long voyage, would have been almost stern in its regularity but for the bright smile of delight, laughing eyes and ready smile; his manners were frank and winning. Altogether there was a pleasant mixture about him of the gentleman and the man who has seen something of the world. We were all soon like old friends together, and in a few days Jessie was as fond of him as myself, and she was her own gay, simple self again. I could hardly believe I was only a few years older than Hugh. I never knew how little life and gayety there was about me till I compared myself with him. I was very proud of him, yet almost envious sometimes; so active, bounding, and full of life and energy, his very idle mirth, and dislike to dry books, had a certain absent charm, and he knew what to say here to those to please, I did not wonder they remained undiscovered.

During the ensuing winter and early spring I saw very little of them. I was young and inexperienced in my worldly affairs, and was dazzled by most of both myself. I could fill them, as I thought, worthily. It was very difficult to leave the pleasant little room where I sat with Jessie reading a muddy glow on the carved oak book-cases and cherished books; Martin Fleming in his easy-chair, Jessie on a stool at her father's feet, Hugh has hand playing with her curls, while her little fingers bound themselves over some bit of work, or held a frog dish to tease poor Hugh; whose tall figure looked taller in the fire-light as he leaned against the mantle-piece, amused with Jessie's naive appreciation of his pictures he told with such spirit, seeming quite content to pass his evenings in their quiet society, undisturbed by temptations in the shape of his young companions. I used to hear their merry singing voices as I sat poring over my college papers in my little study, and envy, or, harder to resist, Jessie's fresh young voice singing the grand old music her father loved, or some simple ballad to please Hugh; then Martin would move to the instrument and play fragments of Handel, Beethoven, or Mozart, linking altogether in an unbroken chain of harmony, as he alone could do; and though I could not see them, I knew how Jessie and Hugh would be standing on each side of the fire-light, subdued, not saddened, by the thrilling chords and plaintive melodies, and the music was still a friend to me, as it had been long ago and is still; and now it spoke of budding hopes and happy dreams, till the bell in the old tower, tolling the rapidly passing hours, recalled me to my books and prosaic life again.

Spring was returning again, the tall elms were budding, the meadows daily growing greener, the ivy on the gray buildings putting forth fresh sprouts. Master Fleming had been absent all the winter, and it grieved me that he did not im-

prove with the spring. He had given up his post of organist: it was sometimes too much for him to mount the steep stairs to the organ-loft. It may have been fancy, but he never seemed to me the same afterward; and now his strength gradually declined Jessie was not unwise, she never checked him by a word, and often talked cheerfully of what he would do when he was quite well again. He never contradicted her; but he knew that he was failing, and would only smile to me in his simple, trustful way of death and heaven. I think his heart had been there ever since the young wife he loved so well died. It was from her lips he called of Jessie that he seemed unwilling to leave her world. He remembered himself only for not having thought of providing for her: he never had saved; what he did not absolutely require he threw away; and now my little one will be left a helpless orphan with none but you to care for her?" and as he said this bitter tears ran down the old man's cheek. I could not bear this: I told him all I felt, and hoped, and feared—how my love for Jessie had strengthened with my strength and grown with my growth, and now it seemed a part of my nature. He was moved. I believe he loved me more than any other human being but Jessie: and when I told him I saw how relieved he was, I was glad to have spoken so openly. He promised me faithfully not to reveal a word of this to Jessie; he had never ceased to regard her as a little child, and thought it far better at present to keep her such than to wake to a while: but he felt so sure all would be as I wished it—so perfectly sanguine of my success—I could not but be influenced by his words, and hoped more and feared less than I had hitherto done.

March and April glided away, the first of May had come. On that day the choristers of the college always assemble on the top of the chapel tower at daybreak, and certain anthems have been the custom for hundreds and hundreds of years, so I was told, for as far many years to come, for the effect is very touching and beautiful. Jessie and I had never missed going since the time we were children together—and I was so proud to sing with the other boys. Master Flemming used to carry Jessie (then a tiny little thing) up the long, dark, winding stair which she was so glad to emerge on to the high tower, and while we sang she would stand by his side with that look of rapt happy devotion which we see in children's faces. Dear as she was to me then, and fair as I had thought her she was still dearer now, and still more fair. Her pretty head stood forward a little over the snow book; her blue eyes were cast down, their long lashes resting on her soft cheek, and a beefitable smile was on her slightly parted lips. I did not wonder at Hugh's undisguised look of admiration, as he stood near us. She was evidently in some happy dreamland of her own, which harmonized with the soft yet joyful music.

It was a lovely morning, warmer and brighter than May days often are. I lingered after the singing was ended to feast my eyes on the view. The sunrise was behind clear on the numerous spires and towers of the city, showing their exquisite proportions and tracery; the gardens, with their glowing masses of bright flowers, and the sombre grey of the colleges and halls, and the river flowed at their feet, calm and rapid by turns, ever winding, through the low meadows gay with the buttercup and other early flowers; beyond lay green fields and woods, and on the hills in the far distance. I thought I had never seen it look so beautiful before, it has never looked so beautiful since to me. A shadow fell on my life that day which has never quite passed away.

I had gone behind one of the buttresses to see better some point of view, when I was startled by hearing voices near me, for I thought I had been left alone there. I listened, idly at first, but soon with eager attention and interest. It was Hugh who spoke, and he was telling of fervent love, utter devotion, and deep-felt and eloquent sympathy in misery. It was Jessie's voice that answered him. I could not hear the broken words at first; but soon, by her tone, I understood that she returned his love. Why did I not die at that moment? Words are faint to express what I felt—grief, shame, anger, woe! I felt I could not move, I could not speak, I could not listen; I could only feel that the hope of my life was gone, my Jessie lost to me forever. I had been so utterly blind and presumptuous; a good dreaming fool—and yet, he could not love her as I loved her. And then came burning indignation against Hugh, why was he there to thwart and triumph over me? what had I done that I was cast off? I deemed as other men were? was a mere idle boy indeed more worthy of her than I who had worked and waited so many years? They had grown up from childhood—by what accursed, and the rain and wind were beating against the tower but I still stood there bending over my wretched misery till the bell began to ring for morning prayers. Even then habit prevailed, and I went down mechanically through the cloisters, and took my place in the chapel. I felt as though I were in a hateful dream, but knew that from that moment there would be no waking, that my heart was full of dark, evil thoughts; but soon the organ began a low, plaintive voluntary. I tried to harden myself against its influence, but it softened me even against my will, seeming to my excited fancy as if an angel pleaded with me; and as the voluntary continued, my eyes were filled, my throat loosened, my heart was melted, and I could pray—pray for help, for strength, for comfort—pray as we should pray when our hearts' idols are breaking, what we have clung to escaping our grasp, and we find our utter inability to stand alone. At last tears relieved me, and I rose up strengthened if not comforted. It was her happiness I had always desired, should I repine because hers was not mine too? I could bear all if Hugh proved worthy, and I would not doubt him. He loved her so well could make him so, could purify him from his faults; but for me! O God how could I bear the long blank life from which it seemed to me then all the sunshine had fled forever?

I went to my usual duties that morning, doing all mechanically, seeing through every thing the fair, downcast face; hearing the broken voice murmur to another words I had madly dreamed were loving tones to myself. I went home at night so sad and weary: it was hard to bear Hugh's radiant gladness, and almost a relief that he looked pale and fearful, and was not accompanied to notice any change in me might be in his company. I went to my room, and remained there all the evening; he was worse than usual, and had kept his room for some days. I saw she had not told him any thing, for he had been absorbed by his different subjects, and he never could keep any thing from me. Dear, guileless Martin Flemming! he never could have dreamed that his scheme could; in innocence, and faith, and charity, his heart was like a little child's.

I could not sleep that first miserable night; wretched dreams and waking thoughts haunted me. I rose early, and went to the little garden Jessie tended so carefully. It was a lovely morning, the sun shone, the birds sang; the flowers I so fondly delighted in were out in their gayest colors—every thing was in such contrast to myself. I was sitting listlessly on the rude stone bench I had put there to hear Jessie's light, her light footsteps startled me, and Jessie seated herself on the grass at my feet: she put her hand in mine, as she always used to do when a child, she was too shy to look up in my face with the old wistful glance, as she said, "Stephen, dear, I want you to help me, and tell me what to do." I think I knew what she would ask me; I had seen in her anxious gaze at her father and then at Hugh, the night before, her difficulty, and her great love to them both. For a moment I felt as if I could not answer her lightly, and I was much troubled so in mine, her half-hidden face was so agitated, so thought only of soothing and helping her, at the cost of my own heart's blood. How I told her God heard the anguished prayer I offered up for help and courage, or I never could have done it, "Only be sure, Jessie," I said to me; that she and Hugh loved one another, but that she could not bear to leave her old father even to go with him; and then I left it to her to tell him herself. Was I right in doing this? Should she not have had thought of it?—the fast-falling tears and silent pressure of my hand told me I was right, and I never afterward could not blame herself for loving Hugh as she did: it was so sin." Here Jessie raised her eyes to mine with a look of confidence through her tears, and said, "Did I not wonder Hugh could care for such a childish little thing as I am?" I was very much moved, and I am sure she thought I never understood such things; and now I would make every thing straight and easy, as I always had done. Jessie's young guileless heart would have grieved had you known the pain your innocent words gave me! We talked long together. She told me how much her father would consent to his bringing out an English wife, but that he never would be induced to let him stay in England, indeed he was anxious to go as soon it possible. My heart sank as I thought of Jessie in a strange land, and after strange, but she also had no misgivings for herself. Hugh was every thing to her; but how could she leave her father? I thought of Hugh's mother, of his occupation, but I had not the heart to tell her how far I thought Master Flemming was sinking. I knew that grieving for Jessie would be the sharpest pang days if he knew how things stood; so I advised Jessie not to speak, or let Hugh speak to him, till my father answered the letter I had just written, asking for his consent to their marriage. Letters were answered but slowly in those days; "and in the Thatcher," Jessie added, with a look of sweetness "he may be so much better there will be no fear of agitating him." And she, childish, fair, and innocent as ever, and sprinkled her cheeks with water from the quaint old fountain, that Hugh might not find her "puffed pale and sorrowful," and then went like a butterfly among her flowers, to gather a nosegay for her father's room. She told me before I left her that "I had much to thank me for, and I was to tell Hugh when I talked to her;" and it lightened my heavy heart to find that I could still do so, and that I was not to be left alone in my misery with Hugh, whom I met coming in at the garden-gate, and with him joy. I sometimes think he must have partly guessed the truth, for he was so confessed, and nuttered something about my great kindness; and he always avoided talking since with which was silent and reserved if we were. He had never liked me, and I could not wonder at it. I had none of the graces which please women, and felt a natural enough that he was often ashamed of his shy, awkward, look-worn of a brother.

I had written to my father, and was writing a book, interesting only to scholars, more to forget my thoughts from myself, and to please Martin Flemming, than from any love, interest, or hope in my work. He had somewhat revived lately, and could some times sit for hours in the sunny little garden with his favorite bear, Jessie, and the dog, Hugh and choristers. He hardly seemed to care for any thing except to hold me one of the voices had sounded like his dear sainted young wife's. "How I have pined to hear that sweet voice again! and it is one of my blessed thoughts that I shall soon hear it in heaven, never to have it taken from me. I am glad the Bible says so much about music; it seems to make it right to love it so dearly and feel it a holy thing. She made me promise before she left me that I would soon write him word, and pray for her, but always love it for her sake—she knew it it would comfort me."

The organ began again, and he sat up to listen even more eagerly than before, when quite suddenly he fell back fainting. I was much alarmed, but his pulse was partially revived, and I urged to be taken into the house. He was much better when Jessie and Hugh came in, but we all saw that a change had come over him, and felt what it meant. He was quite conscious, but did not speak, except a few soothing words to Jessie, who sat to his bed, pressing her hand to his withered lips. He soon slumbered, poor child, to the unconscious of the hour, for he was dying. That day and the following evening he wandered a little, and when the chapel bell rung begged to be allowed to go and pray to God: but a few words were recalled him to himself, and he smiled joyfully, saying "he would hear music no more till he heard the heavenly choir, and that he should be singing among the angels." He then lay quite still, and we thought he slept, for the bright smile was still on his face; but it was not sleep, he woke no more to earth or this world—his guileless spirit passed away to the heaven that Jessie's love filled.

I will not dwell on the mournful days that followed; it was Jessie's first real sorrow, and her grief was terrible for a time. God forgive me that even then it made mine so much more untenable that it was Hugh who comforted her, Hugh who first won a smile by talking of brighter days to come; of a love stronger, deeper than that of a father's; and her thick dreams less pale, and her much flowed more calmly as she listened.

Now, at that time, I envied my dear master's quiet rest in the grave! He needed me no more; there was one who loved him as I never could, one who had not rarely prayed my love was gone, and now all the seemed darker than ever.

The days went on, Jessie's step was regaining its lightness, and her voice its gay tone. It vexed me to see how little she felt, how little conscious of her grief, and hardly concealed that he was sad and she, woman-like, would meekly conceal all from me, for fear I should pity or be pained. I was not sure that I could receive his wife lovingly. As the time drew near I needed all my powers of sympathy and consolation to soothe her mingled hopes and fears: and I would not fail her when she needed me most. I knew she could tell what she was in my heart to part with her—my little, tender, gentle Jessie—to part with her to prosperity, to love, to happiness more than I could bear. It was well the last days were hurried: had that wretched time lasted longer I should have broken down completely, but as it went through it all I endure, unflinching, even that most miserable day of all, when she took Hugh's wife, and was left to be lone her arrow from me forever. How she wept when we parted, and sobbed out that no one could ever be so dear to her as I was! I felt that then, and that she would never, never forget me. And though he spoke to be gently, I saw a dark shade on Hugh's face at her words, and I was glad that like face turned toward me, her loving eyes uplifted to mine, but even before she passed the door she tried to smile on Hugh's face, and that I could not think she repented going any where, leaving any thing, with him."

I never saw her more again, and never may in this world; but her every look and tone still dwells in my memory, and I have to effaced from it, till I see her again in heaven.

I had a long illness after this; the exertions I had undergone overcame my weak frame somewhat. I hoped and prayed that I might die; but God in His mercy spared me, to learn resignation and submission to His will, and in the long days and nights of pain and weary loneliness that followed, I trust I learned to submit my will to His, and know and trust Him as my friend.

I recovered, though slowly. I had to leave the familiar house, where all my happiest days were spent, to be nursed by Jessie: my book was never still with me, and after a time I found interest in them and in my duties, and even in the every life could become like a dream, and my sorrow less acute.

A due time a letter came from Jessie. What a strange thrill the writing gave me! and I thought of the time when I taught her little hand to trace that letter, how proudly I laugh when her writing would fall on the paper and blot out the strange, mis-shapen characters. It was a very happy letter, full of Hugh's goodness, kindness, and most popular he was, and how proud she felt to be his wife, and how unworthy!" and there were affectionate inquiries and promises never to forget my brotherly love and counsels, all written in her pretty, childish, loving way. I was hopeful for a time after that letter had those that followed for some months: but after that it seemed to me there was a tone of sadness in them, something more and more. "She was not so strong as she had been, and Hugh was often away, and when he was at home he was much alone, because she was not able to be as gay as he was, and he would grow dull staying in alone with only her"—then she would try to cheer herself, I heard nothing more when a letter did come in the dear hand, it was so unsteady and different from the usual clear writing that I was much surprised by it. She had been very ill, and Hugh would not let her write letters, because he said it tired her; he did not know how she liked to write to me, and think and talk of the dear old home, or he would not have prevented her; she did no long to see it again, and thought she might yet get strong again if Hugh could spare time and money to bring her back there for a little while. I wrote word and he said she was getting quite well again, but she did not think so herself." Then she went on to say "she feared she had not prized her old, peaceful, happy home, and the tenderness and care she had ever met there, as she ought to have done, and prayed me to say to her when writing myself, she understood better now how precious and rare such constant loving care was." Poor Jessie, her letters words showed but too plainly that the sorrows and trials which I would gladly have given my life to save her from had come upon her—perhaps to be borne by her alone, for Hugh was not the husband whose misery every neglect or unkindness would be to gentle, daughter heart, I almost hoped it might be so. But oh! as I sat by my window lonely, and pondered over what was and what might have been, it seemed hard that my cherished flower had been taken from me to drop and wither in a foreign land. What would I give to be near her, to help and comfort and cheer her? But God knew best as our ways, and He was preparing joy and love for her such as I could not give; for it was the perfect love and perfect rest we may only find in heaven. I watched and waited wearily through that long, cold winter for tidings from it——but my heart misgave me when the wished-for letter came, for it was from Hugh. I knew what he had to tell before I read, for at Candlemas Jessie had been at two of golden hair dropped at my feet. What fond memories turned round that sunny curl—the little head nestled trustingly to mine on her hair streaming in the wind—the fair girl resting her head on her father's knee, his hand fondly parting the thronging curls—the child's sweet rapture, her hair having disordered over her black dress—the proud young wife, smilingly bidding her busy husband relieve her of the load in her arms—the long locks under her bonnet, because it made her look less like a child!—all her winning looks and ways that had won my heart, Jessie, my own cherished darling, was this to be the end of all? Bitter tears dropped on the precious lock of hair, and for a time I could find no comfort.

I or Hugh! if his affection for her had ever grown less, his friends had certainly not. His letter was written in great grief, and bitter self-reproach that he had never seen how ill she was, and had so often left her lonely. In short the new pain once through all her sufferings, and gentleness to all. She spoke of me nearly at the last, and bade Hugh write me a lock of her hair, dear dear love. She seemed quite happy and peaceful from the time they told her that she must die, only anxious to comfort Hugh, and delighted at his tender cares for her, though they come too late to save. She said he felt so much for her sufferings that he has proved himself of the treasure that had been given to his keeping, and that he felt I never could forgive him.

When my sorrow had grown more calm, I wrote to him such words of comfort and brotherly sympathy as I thought would soothe him. He was in the sea (which was long of coming) was constrained and short—the repentant mood had evidently left him, and I saw in his misfortune only the less calculator, harder man. I did not often hear of him after this; he married again, and has grown-up sons and daughters, and is estranged to me.

Since that mournful winter my life has glided by calmly and uneventfully, and it has not been unhappy. All the sadness has faded from the old memories, and they have made many a solitary hour seem not lonely. I have not been unoccupied poor and weak; but I have been enabled to be of use to those poorer than myself, freely giving the instruction that would not sell for gold, and for the gratitude (if not the affection) of many has cheered my path. I am old and failing now, and very humbly hope that soon with my failure from still rest under the stones of the cloister where in life I so often lingered—and my spirit join those I loved so deeply and lost so long ago, in that bright world where parting and sorrow are unknown.

THE CITY OF MESSINA.

We engrave on the following page the city of Messina, which is now the centre of interest in Italy. "In a town of about 85,000 inhabitants, situated on the south side of a deep harbor I have, or used to have, a fine trade, and an active fishery. The view from the hills is very fine. It was from the point of view drawn in our picture that Garibaldi looked down on the plain, and wrote the famous bulletin:

"Kennst du das Land wo die Citronen blühen."

A late traveler thus writes of Messina:

"Messina is a lovely town, founded by Orion of the Bell, and once called Zancle, from the sickle which fell from the hand of Saturn when he was flying from Jupiter. Its streets are of very desirable size, so bright they make one the sleepier as the waters reflect them. The grounds floors: behind, the stern heights of the Annunziata, or Eagle Mount, try to soften the glare. The Annunziata stands a wondrous view, though Etna is for the present veiled by enormous clouds.

"Within, Messina, for a Sicilian town, is clean and handsome; cholera having given the inhabitants a wholesome dread of their former filthy state. The Strada Ferdinanda runs spaciously through the town, and is lined on either hand by the theatre and other public buildings; walking is a new mobile statue of the present Bourbon, stamped upon the ground wherever a facsimile had been wrecked by the Messinese in the last revolution. Every thing looks fresh and new, and bent to get rid of the original. Fortunately, the lava pavement was dry, as it was originally covered with short granite blocks, generally placed in folded triangles, and numberless trifles, which we have christened *arrabattole*, ready to be bought for Christmas presents. The other streets were built much in the same style on a smaller scale, quite new in appearance, and hardly one of the houses more than two stories high. In case of being shaken down at any moment. The Victoria, a good hotel, with fireplaces and table d'hôte, kept by Germans of which there are an immense number of continental travelers in the Messina, where the palaces of the rich merchants stand, overlooking the sea."

THE CITY OF MESSINA, SICILY.—[SEE PRECEDING PAGE.]

THE BAIT FOR SHARKS.

THE NEGRO'S REVENGE.

[ANTONIO, *surnamed El Matador, a sea-captain, and in reality a pirate from the Spanish Main, having excited the admiration of a company of actors and actresses, in Sicily, by a sudden passionate outburst, is requested by them to narrate a story, in order to elicit from him a specimen of his natural aptitude for the stage.*]

Antonio. The shark had followed us for a week. Night and day, day and night, his lack-lin glistened in our wake—fifty fathom astern, it was always there. We had none sick on board; but we had been too busy cruising in the tropics not to know that at least one of us would lose the number of his mess ere the creature parted company with the ship.

The weather belong very sultry, the sailors became irritable, until if a man but chanced to look at another it gave offense, as if each thought his neighbor wished him to clut the monster's ravenous maw, and so settle the doom which threatened all alike. At length, on the seventh day, the third mate, a scowling Portingallo, quarreled with the black cook, Zanga, who, he swore, pot cockroaches purposely in the dishes that underwent the sable preparation of his most greasy hands. Now this Zanga was a tall Ashantee, who had been a king in his native land—a laughing, merry-hearted fellow, but proud as the Prince of Darkness after his own fashion. I did not hear all that was said between them; but the negro turned the laugh against the Portingallo, who was jeered at for his unsavory complaint. That evening Zanga's son, a boy about twelve years old, a child in arms when his father was taken captive, was seen on the forecastle playing, as was his wont, with the captain's favorite blood-hound, which it was his sole charge to feed. It had fallen a dead calm, and the shark had come some twenty fathoms nearer, and its huge sides gleamed ghastly with phosphoric light. We had some thought of shooting at it with a falconet; but the captain was in a surly mood, and would brook no waste of powder to gratify our desire. The next day the boy was missing, and when we looked astern for the shark it was no longer there (*pauses*).

An Actress. Nay, continue, I pray you. Had the poor child fallen overboard?

Antonio. I kiss your fingers, Señorita. During the morning the dog became furious, and twice flew at the Portingallo's throat; so that we were forced to chain the animal to the capston, being alarmed at his sudden frenzy. Had the Portingallo dared to leave the captain's wrath, he would have slain the hound with a boarding-pike as he lay there securely fastened, by turns growling and whining, his head couched motionless between his paws, his tail over and anon beating the deck with quick, impatient knocks, and the fiery glitter of his deep-red, bloodshot eyes following every movement of him whom he had so strangely assailed. During the evening there was a hot and noisy altercation forward as to whether or not the dog had captured the boy overboard in anger or boisterous sport. Some, among whom the Portingallo was most vehement, swore, with oaths and curses, that it was so. Two or three declared that the dog had been shut up all in the solitudes of the hour before they last saw the missing lad busy with his fishing-lines close to the open port-hole of a culverin. As for Zanga, he spoke to none, answered none, and none cared to question his grief. Have any of you ever chanced to see a negro's face turn ashen pale—all the villainous ink of his complexion precipitated from the dry parchment of his skin by the deep inward chemistry of an agonizing breast? That night, about eight bells, being toward the end of the Portingallo's watch on deck, a cry from the still surface of the sea, and in the lee way off, which seemed to vibrate through the ship's timbers, roused us from sleep. We tumbled up from our hammocks and looked anxiously around. Scarce a stone's throw distant, on the starboard side, in the very track of the moonlight, we saw the jolly-boat adrift, and in it the gigantic figure of the negro stooping over something which lay prostrate at his feet. It was the Portingallo, locked to the waist, gagged, and bound hand and foot. As we gazed the negro detached a second rope to one of those by which the Portingallo was already fastened. In the thrilling light of the moonbeams every detail above distinct and clear, as in the picture of a mariptorium lighted by a thousand tapers at high mass. The Portingallo *himself* shuddered as we saw the negro make this rope well fast to the

Portingallo lay writhing in the boat before him. We saw his white teeth glisten again as he grinned in his revenge, and the metallic shine of agony on the Portingallo's face, and the sweat pouring down it, and the wrinkled anguish of his brow, and the bristling of his hair in the extremity of his terror; and then, last of all, we heard the gentle plash, as of the water as the boat swung with the slight movement, and the fretting of the rope, and each touch of their naked limbs, and the gurgle in the victim's throat, and the breathing of the avenger and the doomed. Your stage-lamps, ladies, do not cast so fair and true a light as that beautiful tropic moonshine on the face. Then the negro carefully lifted his victim over the boat's side, payed out his rope, and paddled a little distance off. His purpose flashed simultaneously upon us. He was fishing with a human live-bait for sharks.

An Actor. Saints of mercy! And did none of you interfere?

Antonio. An Imperial lady at a ball-fight could not be more entranced than we were. A moment, a dark shadow rose from the water near the boat, and then another, and another, until a dozen sharks, small and large, slowly gathered their render-like tails, were poised in full sight beneath. When the Portingallo saw them he leaped half out of the water with a convulsive effort that nearly bent him double, as ye may have seen a fish on dry land jerk itself spasmodically toward ocean. The largest shark quickly turned and undersath; but Zanga twitched his line, and then a second and a third swayed to seize that living bait. Then the gag got loose, and the doomed man yelled to Heaven and to the ship for aid, and shrieked a brief and piteous prayer to be overbalanced, fell into the sea, and how but for the shark he would himself have raved him. But Zanga yelled with triumph, and they both yelled together, until you could scarcely distinguish between their cries, and untwist the sacred harmony of revenge from the howling discord of despair. Oh! revenge, I tell you, is the gift of the gods—the only joy that the grudging immortals freely share! So the Portingallo, as he fought for life, and the white man in his agony, until the ship's crew suddenly found their voices, and rushed to the culverins to them both; and the dog, who had got loose, bayed in fierce answer to all; and the sharks made a bubbling and commotion, that you would have thought hell itself had risen from the deep. But Zanga pulled his line no longer; and, like hounds in at the death, the sharks closed upon their prey, and the boat rocked to and fo, and the black danced, screeching and howling; and by the time we had lowered the gig and long-boat —both of which we found staved full of holes, as a woman's reputation when handled by a score of her own sex—we saw nothing save a few shivered planks, and a dark-red stain on the placid water, to tell us of the scene that had been there. Within an hour a breeze sprung up, within two it had freshened to a gale, within three we were scudding under bare poles. During four days the hurricane raged; on the fifth the ship struck, and foundered, and I alone escaped to tell the story of the Negro's Revenge. Be like to me, pale, ladies; there is nothing for the complexion, believe me, like sea-air.

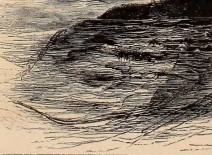
ANECDOTES OF THE LATE SIR M. A. SHEE.

THE life of the late Sir Martin A. Shee, President of the Royal Academy, has just been written by his son. It contains little of interest.

Sir Martin's father was under medical treatment, in consequence of what appeared to be an ordinary inflammation of the eyes; his sight, however, had not been visibly impaired. On a certain day he had read the newspaper, had attended to his usual occupations, and was well enough to receive some intimate friends at dinner. While he sat at the head of his table, engaged in cheerful conversation with his guests, all around him became suddenly dark; the external world had vanished from his eyes instantaneously, and forever! His friends, however, knew him abruptly start up from his chair, and leave the room with uncertain steps, remained for some minutes in perplexity as to the cause of his departure. At length, alarmed by the delay, one of the company ventured up stairs to inquire after him, and, on entering the drawing-room, discovered his unfortunate host on his knees, audibly engaged in fervent prayer, and expressing his Christian resignation to the Divine will, under the infliction of so severe a chastisement for the sins of his past life.

Among famous persons whose acquaintance Mr. Shee made in the height of his fame, he became intimate with a certain Mr. A——, ostensibly a wine-merchant, but in reality a money-lender to the Prince Regent, and keeper of a gambling-house, whose magnificent hospitality was only a blind for the more effective pursuit of his victims.

As a curious illustration of what the King's highway was like, even in the suburbs of the metropolis, in 1795, we may mention, too, his acquaintance with Mr. (afterward Sir William) Addington, chief magistrate of police in London. "One morning, while Mr. Addington was rethrone[illegible] in the 'great chair,' and Mr. Shee was busy with his pencil, the servant entered and informed the sitter that a person, whose name he mentioned, was in the outer room, and wished to see Mr. Addington immediately, on important business. The magistrate, evidently somewhat excited by the announcement, asked leave of Mr. Shee to have the visitor ushered into the painting-room; observing that it was one of his officers, who came to him by appointment, and who had a communication to make to him, which need not interrupt the sitting. The request being of course granted, the functionary in question was at once admitted, and, anticipating the magistrate's eager inquiry, exclaimed in a tone of great exultation, and rubbing his hands: 'I have done it, Sir!—that him—stole him dead!—at four o'clock this morning!'—an announcement which was received by his chief with an exclamation of delight, and every appearance of the most lively satisfaction. After this little outburst of official hilarity, Mr. Addington, turning to Mr. Shee, who had witnessed the scene with some amazement, informed him that the individual who had been so summarily disposed of by the triumphant police constable was a certain notorious highwayman, whose depredations the magistrate had set his heart on effectually stopping, and whom he had recently taken measures to secure, dead or alive. It appeared that the unfortunate knight of the road had been, for several months past, infesting the localities of Wimbledon Common and Hounslow Heath, and levying abundant contributions upon sundry of his Majesty's lieges, who were adventurous enough to indulge in the dangerous practice of traveling post after nightfall. For a long time the police authorities had been on his track; but he had succeeded in eluding their vigilance. At length it was resolved to resort to stratagem for the purpose of securing him; and with the sanction of his chief, the intelligent official had, on the previous night—accompanied by another Bow Street officer of approved skill and nerve like himself, armed to the teeth—driven out in a post-chaise and four to the scene of the highwayman's most frequent exploits. After traversing in all directions the district which seemed most likely to attract his watchful attention, they were at length so fortunate as to fall in with him, while proceeding at a rapid pace across Wimbledon Common. Deceived by the style of the equipage, which he no doubt supposed to be conveying some traveler of import-



THE PRIEST AND HIS LAST SHIPMATES.

ance, supplied with a well-filled purse, he boldly rode up to the carriage, as it approached, and called to the postilions to stop. As previously instructed, they promptly obeyed the peremptory order; and the robber presenting himself, pistol in hand, at the carriage window, encountered the muzzle of another pistol, pointed at his breast, and the next instant fell dead from his horse."

The celebrated Dean Kirwan, alive, although, to use the characteristic language of the Irish newspaper which chronicled the event, he had "renounced the errors of the Church of Rome to embrace those of the Church of England," was a friend of Mr. Shee's, himself a Catholic. This reverend gentleman, while in the zenith of his fame as a Protestant preacher, was one day walking in Dublin, "when an old apple-woman, with a basket on her head, who was advancing toward him in the opposite direction, suddenly stopped right in front of him, and staring at him full in the face, while she stood with arms akimbo before him, so as to obstruct his direct progress, exclaimed, with a strong brogue, and in a tone of much compassion,

"'Och, thin, it's a great pity!'

"'What is a pity, my good woman?' asked the Dean, rather amused at the exclamation.

"'Sure it's a mighty great pity, jew'l!' reiterated the mysterious *fruitiere*.

"'What do you mean?' again inquired Dr. Kirwan. 'What is a pity, I say?'

"The woman looked at him steadfastly for a few seconds, and then slowly replied:

"'That you'll be d——d, and you *know you'll be d——d!*' and so saying she stepped aside and passed on."

Captain Brand,

OF THE

SCHOONER "CENTIPEDE,"

A PIRATE OF EMINENCE IN THE WEST INDIES.

His Loves and Exploits.

TOGETHER WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE SINGULAR MANNER BY WHICH HE DEPARTED THIS LIFE.

By LIEUT. H. A. WISE, U.S.N.

(HARRY GRINGO),

AUTHOR OF "LOS GRINGOS" AND "TALES FOR THE MARINES."

ILLUSTRATED BY

C. PARSONS AND A. LUMLEY

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

VULTURES AND SHARKS.

WHEN Hardy had concluded his part of the tale he took the stump of his cigar into the wine-glass of ashes, as if he had no further use for either, moistened his throat with a bumper of *toria*, and almost unconsciously passed his left arm around Harry Darcentel's neck.

Scingo drank two bumpers, as if he had a particularly parched throat; but Paddy Burns and Tom Stewart, strange to relate! never wet their lips, and passed their hands in a careless way across their eyes, as if there were moisture enough there—as, indeed, there was; feeling, as they did, in the fonts of their own generous natures for their dear friend who sat opposite.

Piron's head rested, face downward, on his outspread hands, and a few drops trickled through his close-pressed fingers, but they were not wine. And as he raised his face and looked around the board, where glowing, sympathizing eyes met his, he said, in a low, subdued voice,

"I trust I may thank Heaven for avenging the murder of our child!"

Even as he uttered these words his gaze rested on the face of Durenard; and striking the table with a blow that made the glasses jingle, he started back, as he had stone on the frigate's quarter-deck, and exclaimed,

"Great God! can it be possible that that boy was saved from the clutches of the drowned Pirate?"

Not so fast, good Monsieur Piron! Not so fast.

"You shall hear more if you are not tired, gentlemen," resumed the Commodore, "though I have very little to add to what I have already related of the *Coriqeole*. Steward, let the servants turn in; and brew us, yourself, a light jorum of Antigua punch! Now, then," said Commodore Cleveland, "I'm your man."

"After we had sealed the guns on both sides of the *Scourge*, as Hardy has told you, the Captain thought it an unnecessary trouble to lower the boats to pick up the chips floating about the mouth of the channel; and besides, it would have been a bit dangerous, since the sea was coming in savagely, boiling about the ship, with a very uncertain depth of water around and under us; and, moreover, we had our hands full the best part of the night in repairing our running-gear, bending a new sail or two that had flapped to pieces when every thing was let go by the run in coming to anchor. Well, before morning we were in cruising trim once more, and ready to cut and run in case it was expedient to lose our ground-tackle, and get out of what we afterward learned was the Garote Gorge. But by sunrise the wind fell away into a flat calm, and with the exception of the long, triple row of sullen heaving in occasionally from seaward, we had no sign and spirit of our foe.

"After breakfast the quarter-boats were lowered, and Hardy took one and I got in the other, and we paddled in toward the head of the channel, between the Lion rock and the ledge on the opposite side.

"There was still a good many fragments of the wreck, which had escaped the reacting current and gone out to sea, floating about on the water; some of the timbers, too, of the hull were jammed in the black gums of the ledge, shrouded in sea-weed and kelp, as if all had grown there together. Further on, where was the foremast and topmast swimming nearly in mid channel, appeared as it were on a raft of the shrouds—twisted, perhaps, around a sharp rock below. The topsail was still fast to the yards, hoisted with reefed bonnets, and the sail was utter transversely to the masts, just as it fell under the raking fire of our first broadside, jerking over the main topmast with it.

"A myriad of sea-birds, from Mother Carey's chickens to gulls and cormorants, and even vultures and eagles from the shore, were flying over on the wreck as thick as bees—screaming, croaking, and snapping at each other with their hard beaks and claws; while thousands more were hurrying in from seaward, and either swooped down over the ledge or tried to find a place on the floating spars.

"The gorge, too, was alive with barracoutas and sharks, leaping out of water, some of the small, triangular fins cutting just above the surface, and sometimes even grazing the blades of the cutter's oars. I pulled slowly around the wreck of the foremast, and hooked on to the reef-ringle of the fore-topsail. The birds did not move at our approach; and when I had obeyed vulture snapped on the polished bill of the boat-hook, and left the marks of his beak in the smooth iron. Down in the clear green depths, too, the water was alive with ravenous fish; and we could see, as through glass, each of them with their heads fastened on to some dark object, rolling it, and biting it, and pulling every way; now low and then, but never on the clean-picked bone shining white in the limpid water as the mass was jerked out of our sight.

"The human, however, attracted our attention, and one of them sung out, as he pointed with his finger, 'I say, Mr. Cleveland, here's the captain at his post lying in the belly of the topsail!'

"I walked forward, while the men fired a few pistols to scare away the birds, and looked in. There, about a foot below the water, lay one drowned man and half the body of another, who had evidently been cut in twain, by a twenty-four-pound shot, at the stomach, leaving only a few revolting shreds of entrails dangling beneath the carcass. The other corpse was a large, burly, fat man, wrapped in a thick overcoat, with a knotted rope to confine it about midriff, and around his thick bare neck was a string of dark beads, holding a golden cross and crucifix, pendent in the water. The eyes of the one with half a body had been picked out by the gulls, but he still possessed a fine head of hair, sticking through a lace-lip under a fringe of wiry mustache, which gave me a tolerably correct idea of his temper even without seeing the eyes. The thick and shivered stump of the main-topmast, too, with the piratical flag still twisted around it, by some odd chance, as though we approached an eagle seized it in his beak, and tearing it, had tattered shreds of the cloth and the remains of the parted halliards streaming below his talons.

"The large lump rolling slowly over beside him had the crown of the head shaved, and the mouth and eyes were wide staring open, as if it was chanting forth a miserichord, for his own blasted soul. As I stood gazing at these revolting objects, and while the men were firing pistols and slashing the oars and boat-hooks around to drive away the greedy birds, a huge pelican, unmindful of power or us, but only looking swoop into the sea, and as he rose with it spread his broad pinions—nearly as broad as the sail itself—he held in his beak a small child from the Padre's neck, and as he slowly flapped his great wings and sailed away, with the beads dropping pit-a-pat-pat on the glassy surface of the water, a cloud of cormorants, gulls, and vultures took after him to steal his plunder.

"At the same time the sharks—many of them resting their cold, sharp noses on the very leech of the topsail—waiting like hungry dogs for a bone, with a thousand more diving and darting in the water beneath, at last cut through the canvas belly of the sail, and before you could think the floating corpse was within their separated jaws. In another moment the bodies rose again to the surface outside the sail and wreck; then another dash from the plunderers and a greedy dive and peck from the birds; and then a few bubbles and shreds of black threads, and that was the last of those wretches until the sea shall give up its dead.

"As for Hardy, he pulled higher up the gorge, and examined the rocks and peaks on both sides, but saw nothing living or dead, and we both returned to the ship."

Had Dick Hardy landed at the flat rock where the eddy swept in under the Lion's paws, he might have seen the footprint of a man, with a straw slipper in it, and following the track a few yards further, he would have passed his wounded comrade, Jean Bonhomme, in a mangrove thicket; and found too in his belt, snugly stowed away, a lot of gleaming jewels, with a sapphire gem of great value on the little finger of his bloody hand. But never mind, Hardy! You will hear more of that man one of these days, and you will have to thank him, though he will, perhaps; and, meanwhile, let him wander on in quest of fresh villainies over Spanish South America.

"Well, gentlemen," resumed Commodore Cleveland, "after I had made sure whether the mangled carcass we saw in the sail was the captain of that notorious *Coriqeole*, yet I felt confident of it from the first glance, for it was scarcely possible for him or a man of his crew to have escaped our fire and the water and rocks combined, in the channel, when the land-wind made, we tripped anchor and sailed away from the Coast of Darien."

"Come, Cleveland," said Piron, in a low, tremulous voice, rising as he spoke, "we must not push Cleveland too far to-night, for it is getting late, you know, and they keep early hours on board men-of-war."

"No hurry, Piron! I'll talk to you all night, if you have the patience to listen to me. No! Then I'll have the best manned." He touched a bell-rope that hung over his head, and the cabin door opened. "Orderly, my compliments to the officer of the watch, and desire him to call away the barge."

While some of the gentlemen in the forward cabin left the table, and stood about in groups chatting till the men were ready, Piron put his arm around the Commodore's belt, and they moved aft into the stanchioned stern-room. Little Mouse was lying sound asleep on the elegant cot, with all his clothes on, but with a smile on his face, which showed that he had not yet removed mother he would one of those days make proud of him.

"Cleveland, my old friend, tell me more of that young Durenard!"

"Hist! Piron; don't wake little Tiny! There's another thing to be done than to be an adopted nephew and the son of the gentleman who occupies that state-room opposite. But when we go out to Jamaica I'll tell you about his father, who has led a very adventurous life."

"Well, good-night! You will have young Durenard with you, and this little rogue to see here in the cot. My wife and her sister will be delighted to see you. Good-night!"

As the *Monongahela's* bell struck eight for midnight the Commodore's guests got in the barge and pulled toward the shore.

At the same time a light gig with handsome Harry Durenard went alongside the *Roadie*, and Commodore Cleveland received into his favorite cot opposite, leaving small Mr. Mouse to sleep his dream out till morning; while, as the barge ran up to the landing-place, a rocket rose, and a gold ounce was slipped into the old coxswain's locust paw, what did they all think about? Good night!

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE BOYS OF THE IRISH BRIGADE.

"There has been a wonderful quantity of fine talent developed recently at Hastings, in which multitudes were freely used, and the Irish Brigade were conspicuous for their valor."—*Leicester and Cheltenham Gazette from Rumor.*

Oh! Larry, my ould boy, an' a pipe in my cheek,
Help Father, I'm come to rendezvous too!
But tell us why you're a-wearing such a sour-piece a day,
And divil a more—bowlin' glegry!
Then Connor and Dennis, and Sorin and Davenport,
Tisn't the Irish brogue, eh?
But the differ we'll be, if such doctrine you practice
To be one of the Irish Brigade.

Oh! the boys of the Irish Brigade, eh!

As for faction, fair, potthers—the divil a one!
I'd as lave be a Turk or Circassian,
As want my betre at divil, wid no fightin' nor fun,
Till blue-mondels for want o' diversion.
Oh my cock-tails wid Donald! They a crack at my head?
Why, Red Agent! let yourself! Who's afeard,
Or, Yes I'll do it," was the orig reply; "but it will be
Out in the Irish Brigade.

Oh! the boys of the Irish Brigade, eh!

A SERVANT ON SPIRITUALISM.—It is fortunate that rapping spirits, which seem very tricky beings, do not seem to be able to move street-knockers. Otherwise we should continually be going to answer a rap at the door, and coming back, saying, "Please 'm only a ghost."

THE PRACTICAL HOUSEWIFE.—"Sir," said, speaking of his wife, the landlord of a lofty house so tall was extremely proud of the domestic affairs—"Sir, she would have made a dumpling of the apple which revealed the law of gravitation to Newton."

A coxcomb, talking of the transmigration of souls, said: "In the time of Moses I have no doubt I was a Polish rabbi."

"Very likely," replied a lady. "Time has robbed you of nothing of your impudence."

"Mr. Smith, you said you suspected the prisoner was a rogue the moment you saw him. Why did you suspect him?"

"Becos 'e 'ired my rooms without bestin' down the price."

"Is this a rule without many exceptions?"

"Well, I can't remember any exceptions, yer worship; 'cause soon are baloneys stingy, and never satisfied himself that a man has a thousand acres of any thing for less pressure."

Sir Harry Mencrief, who was present at the marriage of Lord Meadowbank, told, as illustrative of Lord Eldon's love of money, a story told about seven in the evening, and that at a later hour the bridegroom disappeared, when, being sought for, was found absorbed in the composition of a "Form of Duties and Responsibilities."

Lord M——, with no very large portion of either wit or wisdom, was remarkable for his sarcasms, or rather cynicisms. When once in a large company, and quarrelling with his wife, he called her a "pestilent prattling pratick."

"When I happen to say a foolish thing," said Burke, "I put on a tragical face."

"I envy your happiness, my lord, then," said Charles Townshend, "for you certainly give the merriest life of any man in Europe."

"Good news, Behlool," said the Grand Vizier to a wit of Bassora, "your father-in-law, against whom you urged all the ages in his dominions."

"Long live the Padre, my father!" replied Behlool, "to obey my commands."

Whatever is done skillfully appears to be done with ease, and that, when ease matured in habit, vanishes from observation.

The wicked are always a stupid set to axe talent and ingenuity employed in their service.

Fast through a crowd of boys busy with their fire-crackers, and you will see how much more fond each lad is of his own particular cracker than of those of his companions. The same thing may be observed among politicians speaking of private talents.

Only what the mind drinks in with eagerness becomes thoroughly its own.

What is true sets the external and interior phenomena of our globe in harmony, but not so is it with error—for the extreme coldness upon the surface may exist in connection with heat in the interior.

The extreme pleasure we take in talking of ourselves should make us fear that we give very little to those who listen to us.

It is with charity as with money—the more we stand in need of it the less we have to give away.

Discontent will live and be vigorous on such slender fare that it is difficult to decide what it is to death, when it has once been brought into existence.

The Pekin *Packet* says: "Coming home, a few months ago, we saw a Chinese boy with a pig-tail, at the wharf-side of the street. By a skilled manœuvre we passed between them.

A gentleman, having to pass through a river which he supposed deep, told his servant to go before him. But he, to show his dexterity, replied, 'I will never be guilty of such ill manners. Pray, Sir, do you cross first, and I will follow.'

Tom, during his last tour to Niagara, in company with Sneak, saw an Indian beating a small piece of timber, and the following dialogue took place:

"Pray, Sir," said Sneak, "to what tribe do you belong?"

"The Chip-a-way tribe," replied the Indian, without looking up from the business of the moment.

A young lady has discovered the reason why married men, from the age of thirty years and upward, are more or less bald. They have to keep their hair flowing at their wives' long milliners' bills! Yet, it is certain, if we have all our hair cut off, we shall be guilty of causing a little anxiety" to her always scratches his head; and the happy pair are at once "at home."

At Volunteer Rifle captain, desiring to cross a field with his company, came to an opening in the fence large enough to admit only one person at a time to pass ahead. Unfortunately he could not remember the word of command necessary to convey information of the difficult task of filing through; but his ingenuity did not desert him, and he shouted out, "Single out, and then said—" Gentlemen, you are dismissed for one minute, and when you fall in, let the other side of them."

An Irishman entering the fair at Ballinagone, saw the well-dressed form of a large round head hanging out of the narrow slit of a dark cupboard. "Arrah! what's up wot his shillelah—down went the man. Forth rushed from the cupboard a little man, ready to avenge the onslaught. Judge of their astonishment when they found the mountain and the mole-hill were brothers-in-law! "Nicholas," said they, "and did ye not know it was himself Patheen ye'd be after knocking on the head? Arrah! be back to see for that tumor; but sure if my own father bore a brown, and a black eye, nothing to take out o'wonder, I could not have helped myself."

A popular preacher, who, like Orator Henley of old, has not only had the full introduction of a joke in his sermons, does not confine his fun merely to the pulpit. At a meeting of the Committee of a Bible Society for building of a new chapel, the list of contributors being read over, there appeared somewhere the names of "Jones, Knight, and King," the latter down for five shillings. "Dear me!" exclaimed the preacher, "I never knew before that a commoner—a duke, a knight, and a *King* too!—and the King but seemingly a humble individual—that a humble individual! Directly after a "Mr. Fig" was called out as having given a guinea. "Ah!" said the preacher, pointedly, "a guinea pig."

A story, which went the round of Oxford "high tables" a few years since, relates how a poor woman, having lost her husband, requested the Dean to preach his funeral sermon. He declined, but promised his consent, adding that the charge was two guineas. "Oh, your reverence," said the widow, "sure a poor widow woman, and can not have so much money!"—"Well," said the parson, "it is necessary to my usual rate to take less, but I can't afford to bring an old parishioner to trouble, and it will only make one guinea."—"Oh, Sir, but the good man has left a great deal to nothing, and there will be no funeral to pay for, and what not, and sure, Sir, you'll be having it to burial for a pound, if you'll only be after saying it."—"Yes, I'll do it," was the orig reply; "but it will be the last time I shall bury a Dean."

A gentleman was once walking in the streets, when a person overtook him and asked him the time of day. The gentleman stopped and, at sadly disappointed person exclaimed:

"Why, you've got a watch!"

"Yes, I have," replied the gentleman, "but it will never be guilty of such ill manners. Pray, Sir, do you cross first, and I will follow."

DAY AND NIGHT.—A widow lady named Day, having married a gentleman named Knight, a wag perpetrated the following parody at their expense:

"I've lost a Day, the widow sadly cries;
So took a Knight to comfort her bedside."

There are some men so morally that it is easy the fear of thwarting them our pockets that prevent us from turning our backs upon them.

Thomas Hood once admonished a gossiping Christian to beware how their piety should grow, after all, to be nothing better than Mag-piety.

Jeremy Taylor says that "a good wife should be a sweet bird, a chaste dove, a fruitful vine, a useful hive, and should make him as in her something better than himself."

A lawyer engaged in a cause tormented a witness so much with questions that the poor fellow at last cried for mercy, and said, "Sir, I tell the truth." thought you'd pump him dry!"

A country father having been charged with getting drunk the night before, and with his son's having declared that he was not drunk, but only incorrect meant to be, for it always made him feel so bad to be sober next morning.

"Will you have custard?" asked a polished gentleman of Aunt Deborah, at a dinner table. "Dear me, no!" she replied, with a shudder. "I'm fond of eats in their place, but I should as soon think of eating dog-soup."

A doctor and a solitary other were lately married of the same lady. A friend called on the latter and congratulated him on his success in the favor. She replied, that it was difficult for her to determine, as they were sure killing ones."

Smith had quite a small nose, and was short-eyed, while Jones had a very large nose. Meeting one day, Jones, offering him with a casual expression of the latter, remarked,

"Lucky for you, Smith, that you're cross-eyed; for if you won't, you never could see your nose."

"Lucky for you, Jones," instantly retorted Smith, "that you're not cross-eyed; for if you were, you never could see any thing but your nose."

The wealthy Marquis de Alegre, who died some time ago, was so parsimonious that, seeing his servant one day with a small chicken-bone, he reproved him for his extravagance.

"What is the old bat you gave me; I had it cooked for a friend."

"Fool!" said the Marquis, "but I did not know it could be restored. Here is the frame you paid—I will take the bone to the jeweller to have the removed hester to his own head.

Two London writers recently answering upon the subject of voting, when one of them inquired,

"Well, Jack, how are you to do when he don't know any thing about a matter?"

"Why," said the other, "I have got my cases about that; when any thing comes up, I look out for the case, and then I am safe. Suppose a duke I believe to be honest, or else I vote against it. I find it to be a general liking, I read over it to vote against every thing."

A good story is told of a man who went out one day to visit a former borrower, who had since fortunately grown from poverty to independence, and found him in the garden. Passing along a walk fanned on either side by the leaves of goodly looking corn, he said, by way of remark until he come to a potato patch, when he exclaimed,

"My friend, you'll have a fine crop of potatoes there!"

"Yes," was the reply, "I hope they will be so." When gentlemen and ladies pass through my garden they look at the flowers; but when a log comes in, all he can see is potatoes!"

A Paris correspondent relates the following: "I heard an amusing anecdote the other day of the power of French incompetency to master any foreign language. A young married lady, resided in Germania or a Dutchman was making purchases in the Champs d'Antin. At length she desired that the articles purchased might be sent or her address.

"And your name, ma'am?

"Beasley, Sir, I am not acquainted with my name; I have been married but a few days." "Then," said the Dutchman—Tenth 2—Tenth—o. If you will call on Sevant, who is at the door, I think he knows."

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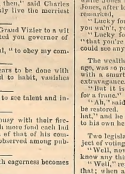

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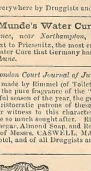

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NO. CXIII. CONTENTS. [AUGUST.

TO RED RIVER AND BEYOND. (*First Paper.*) With Illustrations. — The Trail. — Cascade near St. Paul. — Hudson's Bay Company. — Red River Guide. — The Traveler's Home. — Ferry over Rum River. — One of our Pastors. — Our Naturalist. — The First Watch-camp. — Sunset of a Slough. — Claim-Shanty. — Claim-Stake. — Taking the Back Settler's Crossing. — Only a lay out. — Poplar Lake. — First View of the Red River. — Fort Abercrombie. — Monuments. Fort Ripley. — The Arcson Antelope. — The Scouts. — Dakotah City.

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FASHION FOR AUGUST.

Illustrations.—Dressing-Gown.—Boy's Costume. —Breakfast-Cap.

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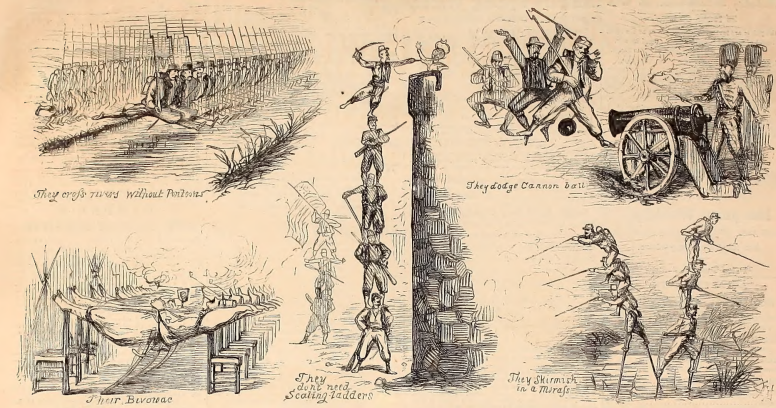

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. IV.—No. 188.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1860. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THE METEOR.

WE engrave herewith three fine pictures of the METEOR which was witnessed in this section of country on Friday, 20th, from sketches by Mr. J. A. ADAMS at Saratoga Springs, by Mr. AVERY at Brooklyn, and Mr. M'NEVIN on Long Island.

The phenomenon is stated on all sides to have been one of the most wonderful of the kind ever witnessed. It was seen at Washington, District of Columbia, and in Virginia; at Buffalo, on Lake Erie, and at Detroit, Michigan; in the mountains of Pennsylvania; throughout New England; and at sea, 200 miles east of the Bay of New York.

By this time several volumes have been written and printed in the newspapers on the subject. Astronomers professional and astronomers *dilettanti* have all had their say; and now that we have heard it, what do we know about the meteor?

First, as to its shape. We have before us the reports of some forty observers, who declare that they saw it from various points, ranging from the Great Lakes to Norfolk, and from Pennsylvania to Boston. Most of them describe it as "two large balls of fire." But observers at Buffalo, Syracuse, Boston, Philadelphia, New York, Newburgh, and Long Island say that there was but "one ball."

An observer at Washington and others say that there were two balls connected; another at Norfolk describes it as "two dumb-bells tied together;" and another at Poughkeepsie says that it was in the shape of a "bar." A sharp amateur at Brooklyn says that it was composed of five balls; or, as an observer in Orange County puts it, "five distinct *nuclei*," while another at New Haven is not disposed to admit that there were more than three, but allows that each had a distinct tail. At Philadelphia a leading authority saw "several distinct bodies."

Had it a tail? Several observers state that the meteor had a tail. Some, however, distinctly state that it had no tail, and was thus distinguishable from a comet. At Tarrytown a careful observer noticed a train of sparks following it, but separated from it; and most of the reports from this city confirm this view, though several do not. Those who deny the tail and say nothing about sparks, declare that it was followed by a train of smaller balls; which are variously stated at 2, 3, 5, and "several." At Newburgh, Poughkeepsie, Albany, in Connecticut, and in Pennsylvania, observers declare that the meteor threw off pieces, which were luminous—some say with a loud report, others say noiselessly.

As to the size of the meteor proper, and the length of the train, tail, or series of satellites, opinions are vastly divided. Many observers thought it was the moon, as it was about that size; a sapient watchman in Albany remarked naively that the moon was traveling more quickly than usual that night. Others report that it was the size of the planet Venus; at Newburgh it was found to measure three feet in diameter; several observers say that it was "as big as a man's head;" while two declare that it was "the size of a man's fist;" and in Westchester that it was only three inches in diameter. The length of the tail was reported at Boston to be ten feet lineal measure; on Long Island the tail measured 200 feet; at Albany, it extended "several degrees in length."

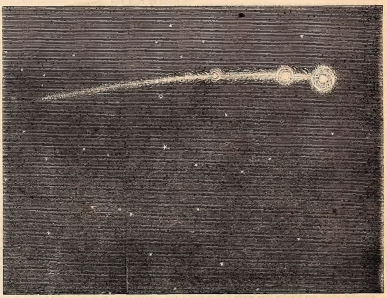
The color is as uncertain as the rest. On Staten Island it appeared red; red is also the color which met the eye of observers at New York, Buffalo, Hartford, and generally on the Hudson. But at Washington, District of Columbia, it was white; at Syracuse, New York, it was blue; in Jersey it was green; in Philadelphia, greenish; in Orange County, New York, bluish-white; on the Sound, silver and orange mixed.

It will thus be seen that, so far as the cause of astronomical science is concerned, but little advantage can be expected from the popular observations of the meteor. This will not surprise scientific students. The power of accurate observation of physical phenomena is an art only acquired by study and practice. Despite the proverb, very few men can afford to trust their own eyes. To say nothing of color blindness, which is more common than is supposed, there are but few persons in the world whose eye sight is so quick, and whose memory of perceptions so sure as to enable them to report accurately, even after a brief lapse of time, an image which has been impressed upon and then suddenly withdrawn from the retina. We do not suppose that any one of the forty observers whose reports are before us desired to mislead the public; yet, as the body seen by them all was the same (for all agree as to time and the direction taken by the meteor), it is evident that not much more than half a dozen of them saw and remembered it correctly. We are fortunate in being able to lay before the public the report of some whose profession it is to observe such phenomena, and to record them for future study. The astronomer Mitchell writes to the *Herald:*

"ALBANY, July 21, 1860.

"The brilliant meteor seen by your correspondent at Brooklyn was seen at this place by several persons. One

THE METEOR OF JULY 20, AS SEEN BY J. A. ADAMS, ESQ., AT SARATOGA SPRINGS.



THE METEOR AS SEEN BY S. P. AVERY, ESQ., AT BROOKLYN.

THE METEOR AS SEEN BY J. M'NEVIN, ESQ., NEAR BEDFORD, LONG ISLAND.

member of my family saw it rise from behind a bank of low clouds, near but just above the tree tops. He thought it the fire of a balloon at first, but soon this light grew more intense, and when nearly one-sixth was above, burst, and presented a most splendid display. Two principal fragments, each followed by a train of lights, and not more than two degrees apart, pursued an easterly course, while at the distance of about eight or ten degrees several smaller fragments, less brilliant than the first two, followed in a straight line, with a faint train of lights. I was sitting in the middle of my dwelling, which faces the east. My attention was attracted by flashes, like faint lightning, which were visible two or three times. I rose, walked to the north end of the portico, to look northward for the cause of these flashes. Something, northward for the cause of these flashes. Something, I thought, in the clouds, and then saw that quite deep shadows were cast by objects near me in the yard, falling toward the north. I at once perceived the cause to be light of the meteor, as above described. I first saw it just under the northern constellation, or about 37 degrees above the horizon, and pursuing a line nearly horizontal it passed under the planet Jupiter (which it greatly exceeded in brilliancy), and continuing its course toward the east, it finally disappeared, while yet some eight or ten degrees above the horizon.

"As persons in Brooklyn, looking north, saw this object rise in the west and proceed in an easterly direction, and as in Albany it was seen to the south, we can conclude that the object really passed between Albany and New York, and we shall doubtless find accounts from those who saw it directly overhead, or passing from the west through the zenith to the east.

"I had time to note the hour and minutes, and found that the meteor passed at 45 h. 20 m. Sidereal time.

"I saw during the evening several small meteors, and the number was unusually large; very great, as we noticed to pass the field of the comet-seeker in the course of some twenty minutes.

"In case we can locate the meteor to have passed, as it probably did, about sixty miles south of Albany, its elevation would have been about twenty-seven or eight, and in case it was set on fire by entering the earth's atmosphere, at such an elevation it would have passed through about 870 miles of atmosphere, and, as I estimate, with a velocity of about 30 miles in one second of time. Probably any person have seen it in the zenith, the locality where it was thus seen will enable my one to compute roughly the elevation above the earth."

Mr. Lucien A. Kendall, late of the United States schooner *Fenimore Cooper*, on board of which vessel he was charged with the duty of making and recording meteorological observations, thus writes concerning the meteor, from Reading, Pennsylvania:

"9 45 P.M., July 20, 1860.—Wind west, and very light. No clouds to be seen, but misty to the northwest.

"Every direction where were seen nothing to rise from an angle of about thirty-five degrees, about west northwest, and extending about ten degrees. We witnessed a rapid course in an east and southerly direction.

"The first two were of a brilliant and pale olive, leaving a wake or train similar to that of a rocket. The other two, a little distance astern, were of a purplish color, and without a train.

"The whole thing lasted one and a half minutes, and formed a beautiful appearance, creating in the minds of some of our good people here the impression that all hands were about to be 'piped up' in a very short time."

Mr. J. A. Adams, whose sketch appears on the preceding page, writes:

"The *double comet or meteor*, as it appeared at Saratoga Springs on the 20th inst., moved apparently about as fast as a locomotive, and seemed to be only about a quarter of a mile distant. It traveled from west to east, and was seen looking directly south. I suppose there were only a little way above the tops of the trees. There were two balls, and the nucleus or one-half appeared to be large as a full moon, and as bright or brighter than that orb. The outlines of it were remarkably distinct and clear. Sparks appeared to shoot off in the rear of the balls, and follow in a train of considerable length; but I think it was not so, they were the sparkles of it following after, and not masses. I saw no change of color, or any explosion."

Mr. M'Nevin, who supplied us with another of the sketches given on the preceding page, writes:

"From my point of observation (Greene Street, near Bedford, Brooklyn, New York) a broad, brush, sword-like space opens gently toward Pacific Avenue—between which and Atlantic Avenue a line of houses will flourish. The avenues run from west to east, and this appeared between the ends of the sailing lines, at the proportioned altitude you perceive in the drawing.

"The meteor sailed slowly and horizontally, or against the wind, which was blowing then pretty freshly from the east. This circumstance dissipated my first idea, that it was an effect of Ex-rocks. But no sailing night could ever imitate the wonder of the heavens. The light was indescribably soft and pearly-diffused around, filled each moving globe; and they actually seemed intelligent —like spirits. And the reflected light upon the waters now was like that wonderful description of the Fairy Heroes of Hugo, in the scene of Bonny Kimony, in the 'Queen's Wake.' A startling, dazzling splendor which you breathless as it passed by; and a painful sigh followed its departure, for we beheld that not as a mere palpable intelligence pursuing its eternal messenger mission through the vast unknown spaces.

"It was so long in passing—so stately, silently, and slowly—that one had time to command thoughts and keep not to the gross, I followed it with my eye, and, instead of vanishing in a noiseless flash, it actually assumed the proportions of being foreshortened, and passed all the trailing globes into one reddish ball of distant flame, once by its amazing distance from us, and by the entrance into a cloud; and I believe that it passed in this manner all over the land. And this deepened the feeling accounts for the appearance, at first, of only one globe, and its seeming separation into many."

Much has been written about meteors, but very little indeed is known on the subject. The popular theory, at present, among astronomers is that they are substances of immaterial bodies, whose origin is unknown, and which revolve in space in obedience to the laws of gravity. Their number is supposed to be infinite. The law of their origin is undiscovered; we only know or believe that some 400 or 700 of them approach every year so near the earth as to enter the province of its attraction, which fall, and are called "meteoric stones." Their size most of course be various; Olbers thought a mile in diameter a fair average. From the meteoric stones which have fallen from them, their substance is supposed to be chiefly iron, nickel, and silicia. It is conjectured that their rapid passage through the atmosphere, when they approach the earth, ignites their substance and gives them the fiery appearance which is often observed. According to these theories, the meteor of 20th July is supposed by some astronomers to have been rather over a mile in diameter, and to have passed within twenty-five or thirty miles of the earth. To lay observers it did not appear to be over 500 feet from the ground.

It is rather disheartening to think that, after all our study, and all our observations, we have so little of such common phenomena as meteors; but when we reflect that, only a couple of hundred years ago, the appearance of the comet of July 20th would have been followed by general alarm, and that people throughout the country would have regarded it as the forerunner of pestilence, war, or famine, it will be perceived that the world has moved after all.

Summer Resorts.

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CONGRESS HALL, SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y.
INTERNATIONAL HOTEL, NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.
ROUND HILL WATER CURE, Northampton, Mass.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1860.

THE CROPS OF 1860.

THE farmers are harvesting their wheat as far north as the southern counties of Wisconsin. From Southern Illinois to Southern Wisconsin, and throughout Iowa, Indiana, Ohio, and New York, the crop is the largest ever harvested. Little or no mischief has been done by the fly in this and the adjoining States; and in the West, for the first time for many years, there has been no rust. In Missouri, Kansas, Illinois, we are informed on good authority that lands which have yielded, of late years, seven or eight bushels to the acre, have this year given eighteen or twenty; and nearly as large an increase is reported in the yield of wheat lands in New York and Ohio. Altogether, we presume that the amount of wheat harvested this fall in the North and Northwest will be very considerably more than was ever garnered in any previous year. In Missouri, Kansas, Kentucky, Tennessee, and the Southern States, the want of rain has operated unfavorably on the wheat crop, and the harvest will be short. Happily, the country does not rely on these States for its wheat.

With regard to corn. Corn is a crop which does not require much rain to mature. What it requires is an open, fair season for planting in the spring, and a late frost for ripening in the fall. The former requisite has been vouchsafed: hence, since the first planted in the Northwest had the farmers so fine a spring as in 1860. Hence the area of land planted was largely in excess of the previous year. The crop is now fully one month in advance of that of last year. In Illinois and Iowa farmers count upon fifty bushels to the acre, and say that they will have nearly twice as much to sell and send to market; in other words, they will be able to supply all the Southern States with corn, will have enough to make it cheap at home, and will have, besides, a handsome surplus for export.

Cotton has looked uncommonly well till lately. The land planted would, under favorable circumstances, have justified the planters in expecting a crop of five million bales. Unfortunately, the drought has done much to check damage on the high lands, and a corresponding reduction must be made from the estimate. What extent of damage has been done to cotton by the dry weather nothing but the actual receipts at the ports can prove. The planters can afford to lose ten per cent. of their crop without falling much below the average crop of 1859. Should the full frost be early, the picking season will be abridged, and a further reduction from the estimate will be the result. We should it be late, as late as it was last year, the cotton crop of 1860 will yield more money to the Southern planter than even the crop of 1859.

Altogether, the prospect for the country of the United States, both North and South, is going to astonish the world this year. There are those who explain this by the studies of ours we will not realize the profit they should, because the foreign demand is not as active as it was four and five years ago. Those who argue thus forget the first principle of political economy, which is, that the development of commerce and industry are in exact ratio to the cheapness of food. Cheapness of food means commerce thrives, industry expands, prosperity becomes general; where food is dear, trade languishes, manufactures decline, and poverty and want suffers. An advance in breadstuffs in Europe implies a crop failure there, and involves an advance in the cost of food here, and also an increase of want and a diminution of commercial and industrial activity among the nations which are our commercial partners, and whose well-being is indissolubly linked with ours. A decline in breadstuffs secures cheap food not only to our own people, but to foreigners, and is the natural precursor of increased commercial energy and enlarged industrial enterprises.

Let no man dare to hope for higher prices for food. What the country wants is cheap food, and plenty of it. Should the bank God, we shall have this full and next spring.

THE OUTBREAK IN SYRIA.

We devote a good deal of space this week to illustrations of the recent anti-Christian outburst in Syria, which has cost the lives of several thousand men, women, and children professing the Christian faith, and laid waste the fairest valleys of Lebanon. The agressors are that peculiar race called Druses, whose faith is a mystery, whose origin is doubtful, whose morals of late years have been in fact as bad as is certain about them is that they are lawless, faithless, and blood-thirsty. The victims have been Maronites, members of a Christian guardian to that region—members of the Greek Church, Catholics, and Protestants. The only sect assailed has been the Christians; but all branches of the Christian Church have suffered alike and, for the time, the various anti-Christian sects seem to have forgotten their mutual hatreds to fall their common prejudice against Christianity.

It is impossible to read the accounts of the affair without recalling to mind the premonitory symptoms of the outbreak of 1857 in India. There, as in Syria, the Brahmins and the Mussulmans forgot their mutual strife to engage in a crusade against the Christians; there, as in Lebanon, no distinction was made among the Christian sects, but all were assailed alike. From what has been written on the subject of the Indian outbreak it would seem that the prevailing idea of the mutineers, before the outbreak, was that they were going to be proselyted by force. In Syria, too adverse opinions are said to prevail, and that the great European nations are indifferent to the fate of the Christians of the East; the other, that those nations have long had their eye on the country. The former notion rests on the basis of the Crimean war, in which, according to Asiatic notions, England and France saved Turkey, a Moslem power, to beat Russia, a Christian power, and thus took the side of Islamism against Christianity. The latter rests on the *Hatti-Humayoun*, or edict of toleration, which was extorted from the Sultan shortly after the Peace of Paris. It is well known that the edict is very unpopular among the Turks. A clear-headed missionary wrote some time since that they regard it as the beginning of the downfall of the Mussulman faith, and predicted that they would not submit to it peaceably. Furthermore, it is rather curious that, according to the most authentic accounts, the first idea of the massacre originated in Syria and not Arabia. It was from thence, we are assured, that those messengers started who traveled throughout Hindostan in the early months of 1857, calling upon their Mohammedans to rise and slay the infidel.

We are inclined to think that the Druse massacres will be found to have a common origin with the Indian mutiny. The worn-out religions of the Asiatic races are yielding on every side to the advancing march of civilization and Christianity; these violent outbursts of bloody rage are the natural precursors of the end.

In the mean time it may be hoped that France and England—which are mainly responsible for the defenseless position of the Christians in Syria—will now set to work with energy and vigor to protect those who are left. A few more weeks of inaction, and Beyrout and Damascus will share the fate of Zeyleh and Rayshiya, and there will hardly be a handful of Christians alive in Syria.

THE AGONIES OF THE JAPANESE COMMITTEE.

IT is reported that Aldergnan Boole is going to perform the "Happy Dispatch." The cause of the catastrophe is an application lately made by Mr. Gunnybags for an injunction to restrain the Controller from paying $105,000 for the entertainments given to the Japanese, in which so many rowdies and shoulder-hitters are said to have participated. We presume that Mr. Chatfield is an impertinent person, and that the memory of Boole should be kept fresh in our civic records.

Why should not the shoulder-hitters be fitted at the public expense? They bear the weight of our municipal government. They elect Aldermen, Councilmen, and Congressmen. While Gunnybags and Cotton Pork, Esq., are lounging in their drawing-rooms, or footing up accounts in their offices, the shoulder-hitters are busy with the affairs of the city. You find them at primary meetings, at ward committees, at ratification meetings, and, other twice or thrice than once, at the polls. If any man have the public interest at heart it is they. Who, then, has a better right to the public moneys?

But one thousand and five thousand dollars!

'Tis a large sum, doubtless; but then think of the number of shoulder-hitters who rely upon the city for support! Why, the whole sum will hardly pay for a coat and a week's drinks for each of them.

This Chatfield says that the Aldermen not only sold tickets for the Japanese Ball, but bargained for a commission of thirty-three per cent. on their expenses here. It is time we began left to stop this Chatfield's mouth! It is to be endured that such scandals as these shall go abroad in an official form? Why should not the Committee sell the ball tickets? They covered them, and every body knows that they wanted money. It is all very fine for Gunnybags and Cotton Pork to growl now, but where was their growl when Boole and his fellow-committeemen wanted votes on the day of election? Was Gunnybags at the polls that day? Did Cotton Pork register his vote like a man? Nowhere were both "too busy." Gunnybags never votes: he considers that sort of thing beneath the dignity of a bank director, and a man whose paper sells at six per cent. Let them eat the leek.

We hope, for our part, that the Committee will compel the Controller to pay the bill, and that the shoulder-hitters will get the reward of their labors. We are sorry for Boole; but we can promise him a handsome funeral, and some tax-payers, at all events, will drop a tear on his tomb.

WEST POINT SATURNALIA.

We have heard of no inquiry into the rumors mentioned in our last number with regard to the diet of the West Point cadets. We reiterate our statement that it is currently reported that the food supplied to the West Point cadets —the flower of our youth—is not nutritious, and often not wholesome; that the business of supplying to them is one of those contracts which require incessant supervision. Is any one going to look into the matter? Or are the authorities so busily engaged in politics that they have no time to inquire into a matter involving nothing more important than the health and life of two hundred of the finest young men in the country? Has Colonel Delafield nothing to say?

THE STEAM PLOW.

On a recent tour through the Western prairies we were rather surprised to find that the steam plow was comparatively unknown. The farmers had heard of such an implement; but they believed it was a mere ingenious toy, and broke their hands as of old with the horse plow.

There must be some mistake somewhere in this matter. Several dozen steam plows are, we believe, patented here and abroad. It intends to review in full the mechanical genius of the West, steam ought to be a much better servant for the farmer than horses. Either the plows which are now patented are more than incapable of doing real work, or the Western farmers are neglecting an invention which they would save money by using. Where is the flaw? In the farmers or in the plow? We leave this agricultural authority will take up the subject and let the public know the facts of the case.

THE LOUNGER.

THE SEASON.

THE pleasant part of the year is pleasantest every where. Even the city is never so really agreeable as it is in summer. Of course I do not mean the actual dog-days and July and August, but the end-quarters—the city as residence—the city as a point of departure for the sea-side and the hills—and also the city as a place to stay in on summer evenings, when the people sit at their doors, and there is a murmur in the streets—a scuffling of young women, and a hum and talk—a flowery fragrance in a distant street—the cry of the ice-cream merchant—and a little way down town and a little way up the sunset lingers—and Jersey City, the Winter Garden—and the bright shops and loitering people.

The great point of the city in summer is comfort. You have your spacious room with the draught blowing from the front to the back of the house—you have the well-known sofas and lounges and nuzzeas—every thing is in its place, and that is a great deal of it. You have, as it were in comfortable drawers: they are not jammed and folded into a trunk or bag; and the events of your stirs in your life all that have any value. Every thing is still and at ease. There are no calls. The bell rarely rings. The parlors are dim and cool, and smell of distant gardens from the door of the straw matting. The candelabras—the chandeliers—the pictures frames, are all softly silvered by cool-colored light. And the whole air has the sated, languid, actually smoking in the sacred fragrance of the cigar. And there is that exquisite flavor of stolen fruit, you look around at the pretty masquerade, and the events of "society," the ball, the dinner party, the "first night," all float away into a dreamy distance, and you can smile at the good but deluded people who have carried all these things with them out of town, and are busily repeating a New York January in a Newport August. As you lie, lost in your own cloud, Edith over the way has her side staid at home this summer, seats herself at the piano. The windows are all open. The moon shines full and clear, and the shadows of the trees checker the sidewalk. Across the street the rich chords of some of Liszt's translations of Schubert's songs float into your parlor. They are the songs of the summer night. They have all its fullness, its pathos, its mystery, its power. Do you understand German? She is playing "*Du bist mein bester Ich!*" How charming a summer evening is in the city! How invisible they are over the way not to go out of town!

In New York, indeed, we have no proper "season" in the summer as they have in London—but no charmingly described in a late number of *Once a Week* by the gay humorist who signs himself Gamma. In London the season of "society" is at wide summer. Then Parliament is met, and Gladstone makes speeches—then the opera usually doubleheaded, opens its street mouth and sings—then fashion gives its prettiest *fêtes* by daylight upon English lawns ("Sir Walter Vivian, all a summer's day") and Hyde Park Row is crowded with fair horsewomen and brave men—then the great concerts call to you, and at Chiswick and Kensington and Harman's Park the flower festivals unveil their gorgeous faces—then the pictures, including Mr. Holman Hunt's last, for which forty thousand dollars has been paid, take the field and the town —then that wonderful, delightful London "life" rises to its highest sparkling point, and the man who stands upon it no city in the world is half so intoxicating and agreeable. "Oh no!" exclaimed a famous Englishman to the Lounger, as they sat dining at the Century one perfect May-day at the end of the month—"oh no! it is the end of May, and I am not in London!"

No; we are out of season when London is deepest in it. And in our climate, which has something of the ferocity of the Tropics, it is precisely that it should be so. The city is given over to comfort and coolness. The streets swarm by day, indeed, and you might laugh to hear that every body was out of town. But at night all so many dispersed by water and roll that the harpy fly, who stay at home have a sense of relief which is itself a refreshment. You others, you poor fellows who are upon active duty at Saratoga and Newport—you have the sympathy of those who stand at ease. We are in undress here—and hope your dress-coats it comfortably. We lounge about in slippers, and hope you find the snug boots pleasant. Yes, Tom smokes reclined at length in the cool airy parlor, and he Edith playing upon the piano in the street, and hopes that Dick and Harry are satisfied as they prance and the lively Aurora down the shining crest of the "Ocean."

Doubtless they are. Certainly they ought to be. Let those have that who. But we confess to agreeing that *all* pleasant places are pleasanter in the summer.

SHORT SKIRTS.

WALKING up Broadway the other morning I met a very pretty modest-looking young woman who wore a "Bloomer." She was accompanied by a young man who carried an umbrella, which he held over her head. As they passed every body turned and laughed. The young clerks in the stores and offices winked at each other and smiled good-humorously. The whole street was attentive and amused; but the pretty young woman passed along—it was in the very shadow of Trinity—not without blushing, but undoubtedly with the profound conviction that she was in good Sod service, and that, if she were martyred by the light look and laughter that followed her, she was at least martyred in a noble cause.

Nobody knows, who has not tried it, how hard it is to do what that young woman was doing; to make yourself conspicuous by some unaccustomed air of appearance or conduct that the whole street stops to stare and smile. But what has a young woman gained who wears a short skirt and long trousers in a day and country where every body wears long dresses? Is there any thing really heroic in heroically protesting against a fashion which can not seriously involve principle or health? Granting that the flesh hoops have—is not the whole crinoline style of the street heavier? Granting that there may be a little more comfort of body in short skirts, does not the whole mental discomfort of such a public attention entirely outweigh it? There is something which may justly be called ludicrous in exposing there feet? Is there not a point when a protest becomes disproportioned. A man may gravely think that, as a matter of grace, the old Roman toga or the Greek tunic is preferable to our body-coats, and he may hold that grace is a visible index of civilization and of Christianity if he should, for that reason, go to Wall Street to draw his July dividends, clad in a toga and wearing sandals of classic fas hion—the effect and refinement which he had in view would be entirely lost in the extreme ludicrousness of so unusual an effect. The abstract argument would not avail a moment against the hearty laugh of common habit.

In non-essentials, uniformity is the golden rule of wisdom and charity. A man who considers the cut of a coat or pantaloons a matter as sin and shame he deems a false faith may be a very good and honest man, but he is certainly not a very sensible man. A man who would stand all day in the pillory rather than wear a blue felt hat, when he wanted to wear a brown felt, may be a very obstinate, but he is not a very wise man. His conduct indicates a want of common sense which would weaken his whole moral character and vitiate his influence.

Of course the case would be changed the moment the color of a hat or the shape of a coat became symbolic. If in Naples the friends of the little Bomba were blue felt hats, and those of Garibaldi brown felt, and the distinction were recognized and understood, then the color of a hat is no more a non-essential—it is of the first importance; and the Garibaldian who should wear a blue hat would be guilty of falsehood and treason to liberty. He would be precisely as guilty as if he advocated the cause of Bombetta, and gave it his moral support. By encouraging the Government he incites it to shoot his comrades, and he is so far guilty of their death by wearing a blue felt hat.

But, oh pretty young woman in the short skirt and the long trousers! walking, as you do, in prison, under the umbrella, there is nothing of all this in your case. Do you not observe the immense disproportion between what you are doing and what you wish to do? Do you think hoops ugly? Yes, but remember that fashion or habit is as potent as any other law, and you must withstand it by fun and ridicule or by serious argument. It is not enough for you to wear skirts without hoops, because that does not make hoops seem ugly, but it makes you seem supremely ludicrous. Observe, dear young lady, that long or short skirts, hoops or no hoops, are equally fashions, and a person who deliberately outrages a fashion does not hurt that but harms himself.

SICILIAN MATINS.

GARIBALDI has a hard task. To rouse an oppressed people to recover their liberty, and to lead in the way, is not so hard for a man with a heroic nature. But to teach a passionate people, who have been degraded by that long oppression, to govern themselves, or to maintain a patient waiting, without exasperating jealousies, is a work for the choicest and wisest of men.

Our own revolution was permanently successful because, by a happy combination of conditions, the government into which was thrown off had not been, upon the whole, an oppression. It was the effort to make it so that precipitated the movement against it. It was by no fault of Jefferson that Washington himself could have extricated us safely from the hands of Britain and set us upon our own feet, if we had not had the habit of self-standing on them, and kicked only when Britain tried to lift us off.

Moreover, to complicate the difficulty for Garibaldi, the great Powers are jealous. France wants Naples to be content with the Constitution of 1812. Austria has announced that the first Italian war marches again to the Mincio she will not march alone. Prussia nods assent to this threat. The Government is zealously watched that what she does must be done secretly. To help him, Garibaldi has notified the people of Sicily, the sympathy of Sardinia, and Lord John Russell, who recently said in Parliament that England would not interfere from the principle that the Italians had a right to choose their own government without interference. This, of course, is the true principle; and Louis Napoleon would be glad to see it when he gives him Savoy and Nice. But when it may give Sardinia Naples, he is not fond of it.

Yet why should Naples not give Sardinia, if it wishes, as much as Savoy to France? The Emperor is stringent upon the point of natural boundaries. Can that be any reason for the natural boundary of Italy? Russia complains of a new and inconvenient state, and threatens the exercise of power. But the Viennese doctrine of the balance of power can not be maintained in a new age. The Italians have a language, a history, a people, with the same language and traditions; and if they choose to bury sectional differences and unite the parts in a monarchy, there is no right reason for any other nation to interfere.

Garibaldi's action agrees with Kossuth's principle. They are both democrats, but both friends of nationality as the basis of states. Their idea of the natural boundaries is truer than Louis Napoleon's, for it is not arbitrary. There is no reason why the world more distinctly defined than the Italian. The effort of Garibaldi to unite with the world hungry with each eager attention and kindling hope, is only an act in the great drama of the revolution of liberty which is to be the closing scene, ing in Italy for many years; but with every successive effort it reaches further forward. Each successive effort is also more "free" and each step before the breach; but his body is the helping stepping-stone of the one who follows, and at length the breach will be forced.

THE GEORGES.

THE reader of the August *Harper* will find the first of Thackeray's lectures on the Georges, which he first delivered in New York in the autumn of 1855, and which is now publishing in the magazine. It is the most delightful of the course upon the English Humorists, in which he touched up the fading portraits of writers who were to be more permanent than their subjects. He was kindly and fresh a color, there was great curiosity to hear the new lectures. The delivery of the first was followed by some slight feeling of disappointment. But when the necessary scope of the subject was remembered, there was greater pleasure, because there was no call for disappointment.

The Georges were not heroes, nor were they saints, as Macaulay has made them. Thackeray's personal tread of some of the most eminent men who adorned the Georgian era, and in his second the subject was treated with the same ease as the full title he now gives to them explains, "Sketches of manners, morals, court, and town life." As such they are to be read and studied. For you do not care to read about the Georgian morals and manners, very well. But it is marvelous good reading for all that. The style is so easy, and the tension as detestable food because you have no stomach for it. The lives of saints are by no means the most useful reading, nor is Gordon's Search of a Wife to be classed in that category. In pictures of the times the lectures upon the Georges are delightful; and the clear, house-thrusts of satiric humor are most racy, as in the supposed case of the fashionable lie-detector which was invented of George. A few touches, a few facts picked out of that extraordinary pile of rubbish and riches, that memoir of Horace Walpole, suffice to build up a dozen lumps judiciously disposed in a dark room; they light it up, and every thing becomes visible.

Lectures like these are invaluable in destroying any foolish prestige that may chance to surround royalty. As a rule, kings are undoubtedly worse than other men. But they have great excuses. I remember once hearing Thackeray, in one of these lectures in New York, it was said that he would not dare to read them in England; that it was an unworthy task for a man to speak ill of kings to Yankees of English kings, and some Canadian papers were especially furious. Now, not only did he return to England and deliver them at home with a success which no lecturer has ever rivaled, except Albert Smith; but long before he came to this country he had put upon record his estimates of the Four Georges; and I will quote three of them here, omitting the Third George, which is too long. They appeared in *Punch*, as follows:

"THE GEORGES. As the statues of these beloved monarchs are to be put up in the Parliament palace, we have been favored by a young lady (connected with the court) with copies of the inscription which are to be engraven under the images of those stars of Brunswick:

GEORGE THE FIRST, STAR OF BRUNSWICK.

He preferred Hanover to England;
He preferred his mistress to his wife;
To a beautiful and innocent Wife:
He hated Arts and despised Literature;
He liked train-oil in his salads,
And gave an enlightened patronage to bad oysters:
And Architecture as well as a Minister,
Consistent in his Preference for every kind of Corruption.

GEORGE II.

In most things I did as my father had done:
I was false to my wife, and I hated my son.

My spending was small and my avarice much;
My Kingdom was English, my heart was High-Dutch.

At Dettingen fight I was known not to blench:
I snivelled and fled from the field, and I funked a French.

I neither had morals, nor manners, nor wit;
I wasn't much missed when I died in a fit.

Here set up my statue, and make it complete—
With Pitt on my right hand, and Fox on my left.

Thackeray was kinder to the Third George in his inscription, as he is in his lecture. Here is

GEORGIUS ULTIMUS.

He left an example for age and for youth
That were better avoided and shunned:
He never acted well by Man or Woman,
And was as false to his Friends as he was to his Wife.
He deserted his Friends and his Principles.
His was as Ignorant that he could scarcely Spell;
But he had Wit enough to Keep Sporting out Creats,
And an indomitable Taste for Cockney.
He built the Brighton Pavilion and Buckingham;
And for these qualities and Proofs of Genius
The Prince Regent
Christened him the "First Gentleman in Europe."
Friends, respect the King whose Status is here,
And the proper way to respect him is to be admired.

A man who had talked paving stones was not very likely to be afraid of talking pebbles. When he came to write the history of our history as impartially as Thackeray writes these of the Georges we may call him to account. Who will dare to tell the whole truth of the First Franklin in the style of the lecture upon the First George?

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A "DANIEL"—A "cute Yankee lawyer, pleading for a burglar against whom the case was clear, contended that it was impossible that the prisoner had introduced more of his person than the upper part into the house in question, namely, the head, for he said to enter a house was only one half of his body is in and the other half out?"

Not bad. "I shall have the whole matter to the jury. They must judge of the law and the facts as proved," said the Judge to the counsel for the prisoner. "I am on one half of the body from the waist up, and "not guilty" as to the other half." The jury pronounced the guilty half to be two years' imprisonment, leaving it to the prisoner's counsel to have the "not guilty" half tried for itself. Each one of the two halves was sentenced to one year.

DOES IT?—In his "Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character," tells us of an old lady who liked a party of squabbles, for the reason that it nervously over-excited and invite the ladies required to make up the game, and her directions were as follows: "Noo, Mrs. Tamson, ye're to play Lady Curragy's, and soak my compliments, and ask the Lady Curragy if she remembers how kind she was to Mrs. Carmiggs, to tea this evening; and if they canna come, ye're to tak' the Lady Curragy's and the jolleens to the company; and if they canna come, you may gang to Miss Jean's below, and ask her if she'll play Lady C.," also canna come, ging to Lucky Speat's, and *but her come*."

A little girl, showing her little cousin, about four years old, a fish, asked her if she can see up there? "Yes, more than this world." "No, it ain't," said he. "Yes, it is." "No, you don't it crep tha tail off!"

I once heard Lord Brougham, who was a fast man, ask dear old Mr. Justice Mellor, of convivial memory, "Have you ever been in the habit of saying, 'A sober as a judge.' It was a good hit, and we all laughed heartily at it. "Well, then," said Mr. Justice Mellor, "as soon as I hear of those old saws are. They are characteristic. at least; and I shall say to my wife, 'I'm a Judge, as loudness' is nobleman. Thus we say, 'As sober as a Judge,' and as drunk as a Lord."

A dentist at work in his vocation always looks down in the mouth.

A harangue in Parliament or Congress in favor of decency and order is a rare occurrence.

We are told that in making a fashionable lady's dress the needle of the seamstress must travel a thousand feet.

The ladies need not take it for granted that he who is always trying to be cheerfully to them across the street is always a "right lower."

A wag, being asked the name of the inventor of buttons, replied that it was probably Cadmus, as he first brought letters into Greece.

A man at Wick, the other day, purchased a large shark, and on cutting it open found in the stomach a box of "patent Congreve matches, warranted to ignite in any climate."

A teller being reproached by a silly fellow as only a ninth part of a man, retorted by saying, "Still, I am the best ninth you ever saw, for no part of a man is worth a farthing."

When Mr. Harris, of Salisbury, made his first speech in the House of Commons, Charles Townshend asked, with an affected surprise, who he was? He had never seen him before.

"Ah! you must at least have heard of him," was the reply. "That's the celebrated Mr. Harris, of Salisbury, who has written a very ingenious book on grammar, and another on virtue."

"What, then, brings him here?" said Mr. Townshend. "I am sure he will neither find the one nor the other in the House of Commons."

* Thackeray has changed this opinion, as he shows in his first lecture.

NOW HELL KNOW!—Hayman, a famous artist one hundred years ago, was a wit. One of his associates was always complaining of ill-health and low spirits, without being able to assign any particular malady as the cause. One evening at Hayman's club it was mentioned that this malade imaginaire had been married the day before. "I bet!—and he hanged to him!" said Hayman. "Now he'll know what ails him."

"Why do you always walk with a stick?" said a gentleman the other day to a friend, on meeting him in the street. "I keep off dogs and infirm, I am not well regarding those who make use of walking-sticks as idlers, or persons having nothing to do."

"Now I think quite the reverse," replied his friend; for I always take them as indications of the most active and industrious character, who, you see, always like to have something to do."

A friend of ours says that he has been without money so long that his head aches, "ready to split," when he tries to remember what a five-dollar-bill looks like. The notion that "we live in a world of change" is a great fallacy.

We find self-made men very often, but self-unmade ones a good deal oftener.

We like a spirit of compromise; but no man should compromise his friend to his enemy.

What comes next to an oyster?—The shell. (A hard case that?)

How dear a row become a lofded estate?—By turning bad into a lofd.

Why does a dog wag his tail when he is pleased?—Because he has got a tail to wag.

"ENVY, take the 'arrows hoff the 'ores, put the 'alter before 'is tail, and then it's a dog," said the Cockney.

The press must populate with pointers.—A press of business.

"Where are you going?" asked a little boy of another, who had stopped and fallen down on the icy pavement. "Going to get up," was the blunt reply.

If we exhaust our income in schemes of ambition, we shall perhaps disappointment; if in law, vexation; if in luxury, disease.

If a man attacked my opinions in print would I reply? Not I. Do you think I have understood what my friend, the Professor, long ago called the hydrostatic paradox of controversy? Do you think I would waste my time? Well, I'll tell you. You know that if you had a boot-tree, one side of which was false, and a pair of pantaloons, the false leg enough to hold the seam, water would stand in the same height in the one as in the other. Truth is opposition facts and wise men in the same way, and the fools know it.

Dr. Buckland rode a favorite old black mare, who was frequently caparisoned all over with heavy bags of fossil and prehistoric remains. The old mare once journeyed her duty, and seemed to take an interest in her master's researches; for she would remain quiet whatever was to hold her, while he was examining sections and strata, and then patiently wait to be loaded. She was becoming but weighty specimens. Ultimately she became so accustomed to the load that she would stop of her own accord at a stone quarry, and nothing would persuade her to proceed. If any one had got off and entered the quarry, or a stranger to her, pretended to examine the quarry, the one sure method by which he was to expedite from the falling stones as he was climbing up the side of one of those quarries. He was told of the danger by one of the by-students. "Never mind," said he: "the stones will spare me."

Wedlock has been compared to bird-cages; the birds without peck to get in, and those within sometimes peck to get out.

"I do not wish to insult you, gentlemen, but I must say that the dinner you have given me has been a good deal of hard lying under this roof to-day."

"YES, SIR; and it has pretty much all been done under the roof of your own mouth."

At a railway station an old lady said to a very pompous-looking gentleman, who was talking about steam communication, "Sir, what is steam?"

"Steam, ma'am, is—in—steam is—ah—ah—steam is steam!"

"I knew that stop couldn't tell you," said the old lady, walking forward by. "Steam is a bucket of water in a tremendous perspiration!"

HARD LAWS.—A lecturer on the capabilities of Anthracite coal, in order to have a full idea of its value bids and ranges of marble, some of it so pure as that of which the statue of Venus was made.

"There has been a slight mistake committed here," said the human surgeon, "of no great moment, though, as the sun observed to Mr. Hogarth, when he ran off with the chimney-sweep's cake."

A sailor once went to a watchmaker, and presenting a small trinket, requested the watchmaker to tell him how much the repair of it would come to. The watchmaker, after examination, said,

"It will be more expense repairing that its original cost."

"I don't mind that," said the tar, "so you give me a receipt to double the original cost, for I have a vexatious of the watch."

"What might you have given for it?" said the watchmaker.

"Why," replied the tar, "I gave a fellow a blow on the head for it; and if you repair it, I will give you two."

Typographical errors come in odd sometimes. The editor of a paper describing a demonstration of amicable demonstrations at a political gathering, when the type got adrift on us. "The air was rent with the sounds of three thousand people!"

A young Scotch girl inquired of a gentleman, in broad Scotch, the time. Looking at Tremont Row, he began to relate him, and asked her how long she had arrived from Scotland. "Only a few months, your honor," was the arrival at their destination, she very coolly inquired, "Nae, Sir, but as you did see her on your left hand, you could have seen her."

"My child, take these eggs to the shop, and if you can't get sixpence a dozen bring them back." Jemmy returned with the eggs, and quietly saying, "Mother, let me alone for a trade; they all tried to get 'em for a shilling, but I screwed 'em up sixpence."

A traveling tinker lately put up at a country inn where a number of gentlemen were assembled to dine. He was at the same time, and attentively listening to their discourse, when he suddenly turned and asked the company if they supposed he had been offered for his dog, Ponto? They all said, "No." "Then you are wrong," said the tinker, and pointed to know. One guessed five shillings, another a ten shilling piece, another a pound, till they had named their patience, when one of them seriously asked how much he had been offered. "Not a half-penny," he replied.

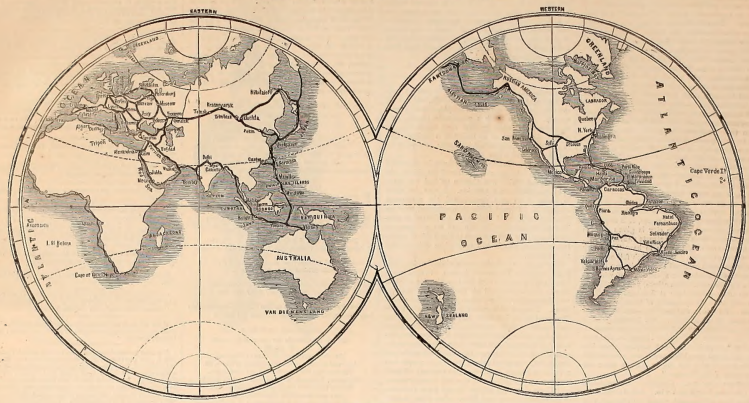
SCENE.—A chess tailor's shop.

A customer holding up a coat. "Here's a sweet, pretty thing, sir. I can assure you it's very much worn, Sir."

"Certainly it is much worn," said the tailor, "or as a thing very much worn. I want something that's quite new."

As a man drinks he generally grows reckless. In his case, the more drams the fewer scruples.

A TELEGRAPH LINE ROUND THE WORLD.



THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH ROUND THE WORLD.

WHILE the Atlantic Telegraph Company are working slowly to ascertain why their line won't work, other proprietors are developing new schemes for telegraphic communication between the Old World and the New. Col. Tal. P. Shaffner, an engineer of experience, who has spent several years in Russia and Denmark, obtained, in 1854, a concession from the Danish Government of the right to lay a submarine wire between the Danish islands on the north of Europe and the adjacent continents. He has lately formed a company to carry his scheme into execution; and we publish herewith a map which shows the line on which his wire will be laid.

He connects with the telegraphic system of Europe in the north of Scotland. Thence he proposes to lay a submarine wire to Thorshaven, in the Faroe Islands—a distance of 225 miles, with a maximum depth of water of 1000 fathoms; from the Faroe Islands the wire will be laid to Reijkiavik, Iceland—a distance of 300 miles, with a maximum depth of water of 1000 fathoms; from Iceland the wire again traverses the ocean to Greenland—a distance of 600 miles, with a maximum depth of 1540 fathoms; it travels across Greenland in the usual way on poles, and from the western shore crosses to Hamilton's Inlet, on the coast of Labrador—a distance of 600 miles, with a maximum depth of 2090 fathoms; from Labrador the line would connect with the Canadian system of wires.

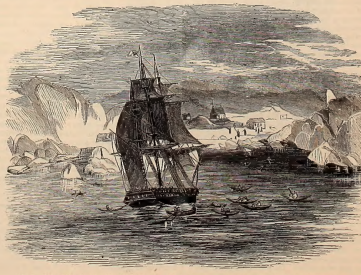
COL. SHAFFNER'S TRANSATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

The chief advantage of Mr. Shaffner's project is that the longest circuit operated continuously would be 600 miles. It will be remembered that, three years ago, grave doubts were entertained by scientific men whether the magnets used by the Atlantic Telegraph Company could send a spark through the whole length of the wire—say 2000 miles. Before the wire was laid experiments were stated to have been made which proved that the spark could be sent swiftly and surely through more than 2000 miles of wire. But since the actual laying of the cable its performance has revived the old doubts. It is certain that the currents were from the very first quite feeble, and soon became imperceptible altogether. Mr. Shaffner's scheme obviates this difficulty. The longest stretch on his line would be 600 miles—a distance which opposes no serious obstacle to the transmission of the electric spark. The chief obstacle in his way is the prevalence of icebergs on the shores where he will land his wire. Many fear that the bergs, in grounding, would infallibly injure the wire. Mr. Shaffner states that he does not apprehend any danger from this source. He intends to run his wire into inlets where no icebergs penetrate.

The British Government have granted a steam vessel to the promoters of this enterprise for the purpose of re-examining the soundings. Another vessel, owned by Mr. Schaffner, has also been dispatched on the same errand; and we may shortly expect to hear of the result of the expedition.

Meanwhile an enterprising German has gone still further than Cyrus W. Field or Shaffner, and proposes to girdle the earth with a net-work of telegraphic wires. He suggests that wires for this purpose may connect

COL. SHAFFNER'S TELEGRAPH EXPEDITION COMPANY CAMPING IN LABRADOR.



COL. SHAFFNER'S EXPEDITION ARRIVING AT KAKSIMIUT, GREENLAND.

Europe, by way of Siberia and Behring's Straits, with North America; and that a line from the African coast to St. Paul and Fernando Fo, and thence to Pernambuco, would connect Europe and South America. A vast line would connect Tunis with the Cape of Good Hope. Sicily would connect with Tunis. South America would be connected with the United States by way of a ramification of lines running through and connecting in one circuit the principal West India islands. From the Siberian and West American line branches would reach China and the isles of Japan. The lines already established by the British throughout Hindostan need only a trifling subterranean extension to reach Aden, Suez, and Europe. On the other hand, they would be led by way of Mirzapoor through the Malayan Archipelago, and by a continuation of links, of growing commercial importance, to a point which would make an easy connection with Australia.

He calculates that all overland lines should have five wires. His estimate sums up the construction at $7,344 English geographical miles of land telegraph, and 19,972 miles of sea lines. The total cost of construction is estimated at $23,490,000; to which must be added the expense of constructing stations, general observatories, and two steamers necessary for repairs, etc., which make the total outlay equal to $28,000,000. The yearly expenses of management, interest account, repairs, etc., are estimated at $7,500,000. At this rate, and with the capacities of the various lines, it is estimated that 20 words can be forwarded in any direction, or to any part of the world, to the distance of 3000 miles, for the charge of $7 50. He considers it quite possible, counting in the delays of relays, to get a message from London to Rio Janeiro, from Paris to the Cape of Good Hope, from New York to Yeddo or Canton, or from Constantinople to Calcutta, and a reply back, in twelve hours.

TOO LATE.

BY C. H. WEBB.

Too late thy honeyed words—
Too late thy tears:
A life is told by grief,
And not by years.

And I have lived the woe,
In one brief day,
Of twice three score and ten—
My heart is gray!

You can not thrill its pulse
With hope nor fear:
The Day is well-nigh done;
And all is near.

Thou, in thy selfish thought,
Wouldst have me live,
When Life were worse than naught,
But—I forgive.

Go! bathe no more the brow
Thy lip once pressed;
For I am weary now,
And fain would rest!

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE TOMB OF PUTNAM.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

In your publication of yesterday, *July* 30, 1860.

DEAR SIR,—In your account of the visit of the Putnam Phalanx to the grave of Putnam you give a version of the epitaph on the tomb which differs greatly from the original. Mr. Staart, in his address, repeated the inscription as it appears in Barber's Historical Collection of Connecticut, and the newspapers published the same. The Hartford *Courant* afterward printed a version, correct as to the wording, but not as to the lettering. How Barber accounts for his rendering of the epitaph I do not know, but here is a literal copy, *verbatim, syllabation, et punctuation.*

Yours respectfully,

W. H. COLEMAN.

Sacred be this Monument
To the memory
Of
ISRAEL PUTNAM ESQUIRE,
Sienior* Major General in the Armies
Of
The United States of America;
Who
Was born at Salem,
In the Province of Massachusetts,
On the seventh day of January,
A.D. 1718:
And died
On the twenty ninth day of May,
A.D. 1790:
Passenger,
If thou art a Soldier,
Drop a Tear over the dust of a Hero
Who,
Ever attentive
To the lives and happiness of his Men,
Dared to lead,
Where any Dared to follow:
If a Patriot,
Remember, the distinguished and gallant services
Rendered thy Country.
By the Patriot who sleeps beneath this Marble:
If thou art Honest, generous, and worthy,
Slender a cheerful tribute of respect
To a Man,
Whose generosity was singular,
Whose honesty was proverbial;
Who
Raised himself to universal esteem,
And offices of Eminent distinction,
By personal worth
And a
Useful Life.

* The first letter of the word Sienior is a C altered to an S.

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "AFTER DARK," ETC., ETC.

[Printed from advance proof-sheets purchased from the author exclusively for "Harper's Weekly."]

WALTER HARTRIGHT'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

XII.

It was between nine and ten o'clock before I reached Fulham, and found my way to Gower's Walk.

Both Laura and Marian came to the door to let me in. I think we had hardly known how close the tie was which bound us three together until the evening came which united us again. We met as if we had been parted for months, instead of for a few days only. Marian's face was sadly worn and anxious. I saw who had known all the danger, and borne all the trouble in my absence, the moment I looked at her. Laura's brighter looks and better spirits told me how carefully she had been spared all knowledge of the dreadful death at Welmingham, and of the true reason for our change of abode.

The first removal seemed to have cheered and interested her. She only spoke of it as a happy thought of Marian's to surprise me, on my return, with a change from the close, noisy street, to the pleasant neighborhood of trees and fields and the river. She was full of projects for the future—of the drawings she was to finish; of the purchasers I had found in the country, who were to buy them; of the shillings and sixpences she had saved till her purse was so heavy that she proudly asked me to weigh it in my own hand. She thought me the better which had been wrought in her during the few days of my absence was a surprise to me for which I was unprepared; and the sight of the unspeakable happiness of seeing it I was indebted to Marian's courage and to Marian's love.

When Laura had left us together, we could speak to one another without restraint, I tried to give some expression to the gratitude and the admiration which filled my heart. But the generous creature would not wait to hear me. That sublime self-forgetfulness of women, which yields so much and asks so little, turned all her thoughts from herself to me, and made her first interest the interest of knowing what I had left on receiving her note that morning, and what difficulties I might have encountered in hastening my return to London.

"I had only a moment left before post-time," she said, "or I should have written less abruptly. You look worn and weary, Walter; I am afraid my letter must have seriously alarmed you?"

"Only at first," I replied. "My mind was quieted, Marian, by my trust in you. Was I right in attributing this sudden change of plans to some threatened annoyance on the part of Count Fosco?"

"Perfectly right," she said. "I saw him yesterday; and, worse than that, Walter, I spoke to him."

"Spoke to him! Did he know where we lived? Did he come to the house?"

"He did. To the house, but not up stairs. Laura never saw him; Laura suspects nothing. I will tell you how it happened: the danger, I believe and hope, is over now. Yesterday, I was in the sitting-room at our old lodgings. Laura was drawing at the table, and I was walking about and setting things in order. I passed the window, and, as I passed it, looked out into the street. There, on the opposite side of the way, I saw the Count, with a man talking to him—"

"Did he notice you at the window?"

"No—at least I thought not. I was too violently startled to be quite sure."

"Who was the other man? A stranger?"

"Not a stranger, Walter. As soon as I could draw my breath again I recognized him. He was the owner of the Lunatic Asylum."

"Was the Count pointing out the house to him?"

"No; they were talking together as if they had accidentally met in the street. I remained at the window looking at them from behind the curtain. If I had turned round, and if Laura had seen my face at that moment— Thank God, she was absorbed over her drawing! They soon parted. The man from the Asylum went one way, and the Count the other. I began to hope they were in the street by chance, till I saw the Count come back, stop opposite to us again, take out his card-case and pencil, write something, and then cross the road to the shop below us. I ran past Laura before she could see me, and said I had forgotten something up stairs. As soon as I was out of the room I went down as the first landing and waited. I was determined to stop him if he tried to come up stairs. He made no such attempt. The girl from the shop came through the door into the passage, with his card in her hand—a large gilt card, with his name, and a coronet above it, and Hampshire underneath in pencil: 'Dear lady' (yes! the villain could address me in that way still)—'dear lady, one word, I implore you, on a matter entirely to us both.' If one can think at all in serious difficulties one thinks quickly. I felt directly that it might be a fatal mistake to leave myself and to leave you in the dark where such a man as the Count was concerned. And I felt the doubt of what he might do in your absence would be ten times more trying to me if I declined to see him than if I consented. I told the gentleman to wait in the shop,' I said. 'I will be with him in a moment.' I ran up stairs for my bonnet, being determined not to let Laura see me in-doors. I have his deep ringing voice, and I was afraid Laura might hear it, even in the shop. In less than a minute I was down again in the passage, and had opened the door into the street. He came round to meet me from the shop. There he was, in deep mourning, with his smooth bow and his deadly smile, and some idle boys and women near him staring at his great size, his fine black clothes, and his large cane with the gold knob to it. All the horrible time at Blackwater came back to me the moment I set eyes on him. All the old loathing crept and crawled through me, when he took off his hat with a flourish, and spoke to me as if we had parted on the friendliest terms hardly a day since."

"You remember what he said?"

"I can't repeat it, Walter. You shall know directly what he said about you, but I can't repeat what he said to me. It was worse than the polite insolence of his letter. My hands tingled to strike him, as if I had been a man! I was obliged to check my temper by tearing his card to pieces under my shawl. Without saying a word on my side I walked away from the house (for I felt that nothing else in the world would prevent me from striking him), and he followed, protesting softly all the way. In the first by-street I turned, and asked him what he wanted with me. He waved two things. First, if I had no objection, to express his sentiments. I declined to hear them. Secondly, to repeat the warning in his letter. I asked what occasion there was for repeating it. He bowed and smiled and said that would explain. The explanation exactly confirmed the fears I expressed before you left us. I told you, if you remember, that Sir Percival would be too headstrong to take his friend's advice where you were concerned, and that there was no danger to be dreaded from the Count till Sir Percival's marriage was threatened, and he was roused into acting for himself?"

"I recollect, Marian."

"Well; so it has really turned out. The Count called to remonstrate; but it was refused. Sir Percival would only take counsel of his own violence, his own obstinacy, and his own hatred of you. Count Fosco left him have his way; first privately ascertaining, in case of his own interests being threatened next, where we lived. You were followed, Walter, on returning here, after leaving the country to Hampshire, by the lawyer's men for some distance from the railway, and by the Count himself to the door of the house. After he contrived to escape being seen by you he did not tell me; but he found us out on that occasion, and in that way. Having made the discovery, he took no advantage of it till the news reached him of Sir Percival's death; and then, as I told you, he acted for himself, because he believed you would next proceed against the dead man's partner in the conspiracy. He at once made his arrangements to meet the owner of the Asylum in London, and to take him to the place where his runaway patient was hidden; believing that the results, whichever way they ended, would be to involve you in interminable legal disputes and difficulties, and to tie your hands for the purposes of defense, so far as he was concerned. That was his purpose on his own confession to me. The only consideration which made him hesitate at the last moment—"

"Yes?"

"It is hard to acknowledge it, Walter, and yet I must! *I* was the only consideration. No words can say how degraded I feel in my own estimation when I think of it; but the one weak point in that man's iron character is the miserable admiration he feels for me. I have tried, for the sake of my own self-respect, to disbelieve it as long as I could; but his looks, his actions, forces on me the shameful conviction of the truth. The eyes of that monster of wickedness melt, indeed while he was speaking to me—they did, Walter! He declared that, at the moment of pointing out the house to the doctor, he thought of my misery, if I was separated from Laura—of my responsibility, if I was called on to answer for effecting her escape; and he asked the worst that you could do to him, the second time, for my sake. All he asked was that I would remember the sacrifice, and restrain your rashness, in my own interests—interests which he might never be able to consult again. I made no such bargain with him; I would have died first. But believe him or not—whether it is true or false that he sent the doctor away with an excuse one thing is certain, I saw the man leave him without so much as a glance at our window or at the near side of the way."

"I believe it, Marian. The best men are not consistent beings; why should the worst men be consistent in evil? At the same time, I suspect him of merely attempting to frighten you, by threatening what he can not really do. I doubt his power of annoying us, by means of the owner of the Asylum, now that Sir Percival is dead, and Mrs. Catherick is free from all control. But let me hear more. What did the Count say of me?"

She spoke last of you. His eyes brightened and hardened, and his manner changed to what I remember it in past times—to that mixture of pitiless resolution and mountebank mockery which makes it so impossible to fathom him. 'Warn Mr. Hartright?' he said, in his loftiest manner. 'He has a man of brains to deal with, a man who snaps his big fingers at the laws and conventions of society, when he measures himself with me. If my lamented friend had taken my advice the business of the Inquest would have been with the body of Mr. Hartright. But my lamented friend was obstinate. See! I mourn his loss—inwardly in my soul, outwardly by my hat. This trivial error expresses sensibilities which I summon Mr. Hartright to respect. They may be transformed to immeasurable enmities if he ventures to disturb them! Let him be content with what he has got—with what Laura unconsciously, for your sake, to him and to you. Say to him (with my compliments), if he stirs me, he has Fosco to deal with. In the English of the Spanish Dungeon, I inform him—Fosco sticks at nothing! Dear lady, good morning.' His cold gray eyes settled on my face; he took off his hat solemnly, bowed, bareheaded, and left me."

"Without returning? without saying more last words?"

"He turned at the corner of the street, and waved his hand, and then struck it theatrically on his breast. I lost sight of him after that. He disappeared in the opposite direction to our house, and I ran back to Laura. Before I was in-doors again I had made up my mind that we must go. The house (especially in your absence) was a place of danger instead of a place of safety, now that the Count had discovered it. If I could have felt certain of your return, I should have risked waiting till you came back. But I was certain of nothing, and I acted at once on my own impulse. You had spoken, before leav-

"WHEN HE TOOK OFF HIS HAT WITH A FLOURISH," ETC.

ing us, of moving into a quieter neighborhood and purer air, for the sake of Laura's health. I had only to remind her of that, and to suggest surprising you and saving you trouble by managing the move in your absence, to make her quite as anxious for the change as I was. She helped me to pack up your things, and she has arranged them all for you in your new workingroom here."

"What made you think of coming to this place?"

"My ignorance of other localities in the neighborhood of London. I felt the necessity of getting as far away as possible from our old lodgings; and I knew something of Fulham, because I had once been at school there. I dispatched a messenger with a note, on the chance that the old house might still be in existence. It was in existence: the daughters of my old mistress were living in it on for hire, and they engaged this place from the instructions I had sent. It was just post-time when the messenger returned to me with the address of the house. We moved after dark; we came here quite unobserved. Have I done right, Walter? Have I justified your trust in me?"

I answered her warmly and gratefully, as I really felt. But the anxious look still remained on her face while I was speaking, and the first question she asked, when I had done, related to Count Fosco. I saw that she was thinking of him, more than changed mind. The sudden break of anger against him, no new appeal to me to hasten the day of reckoning, escaped her. Her conviction that the man's baleful admiration of herself was really sincere seemed to have increased the dread-cold fear inspired by his unfathomable cunning, her inborn dread of the wicked agency and vigilance of all his faculties. How could her low, her unassuming estimating, her eyes searched into mine with an eager fear, when she asked me what I thought of his movements, if I meant to do next, after hearing it:

"No many weeks have passed, Marian," I answered, "since my interview with Mr. Kyrle. When he and I parted, the last words I said to him about Laura were these: 'Her marriage shall cease to receive her, in the presence of every soul who followed the false funeral to the grave; and in that records her death shall be publicly erased from the tomb-stone by the authority of the head of the family: and the two men who have wronged her shall see that their crime to me, though the justice that sits in tribunals is powerless to pursue them.' One of those men is the vilest moral wretch . . . The other remains—and my resolution remains."

Her eyes lit up; her color rose. She said nothing; but all her sympathies were gathering to mine in her face.

"I don't disguise from myself or from you," I went on, "that the prospect before us is more than doubtful. The risks we have run already are, it may be, measure ourself against the man as the Count before I am well prepared for him. I have learned patience, I can wait my time. Let him believe that his marriage has produced its effect; let him know nothing of us, and hear nothing of us; let us give him full time to feel security: his own knowledge tells, unless I seriously mistake him, will hasten that result. This is one reason for waiting; but there is another, more important still. My position, Marian, toward you and toward Laura, ought to be a stronger one than it is now, before I try our last chance."

She leaned near to me, with a look of surprise.

"How can it be stronger?" she asked.

"I will tell you," I replied, "when the time comes. It has not come yet: it may never come at all. I may be silent about it to Laura forever—I must be silent now, even to you, till I see for myself what I may hastily and honestly speak. Let us leave that subject. There is another which has more pressing claims on our attention. You have kept Laura, mercifully kept her, in ignorance of her husband's death—"

"Oh, Walter, surely it must be long yet before we tell her of it?"

"No, Marian. Better that you should reveal it to her now than that accident, which no one can guard against, should reveal it to her at some future time. Spare her all you can; gently break it to her very tenderly—but tell her that he is dead."

"I to have a reason, Walter, for wishing her to know of her husband's death besides the reason you have just mentioned?"

"I have."

"A reason connected with that subject which must not be mentioned between us yet?—which may never be mentioned to Laura at all?"

She dwelt on the last words meaningly. When I answered her, in the affirmative, I dwelt on them too.

Her face grew pale. For a while she looked at me with a sad, hesitating interest. Her accustomed tenderness trembled in her dark eyes and softened her firm lips as she glanced aside at the empty chair in which the companion of all our joys and sorrows had been sitting.

"I think I understand," she said. "I think I owe it to her and to you, Walter, to tell her of her husband's death."

She sighed, and held my hand fast for a moment—then dropped it abruptly, and left the room. On the next day Laura knew that his death had released her, and that the error and the calamity of her life lay buried in his tomb.

His name was mentioned among us no more. Thenceforward we shrank from the slightest approach to the subject of his death, and in the same scrupulous manner Marian and I avoided all further reference to the subject of our secret, which, by her consent and mine, was not to be mentioned between us yet. It was not the less present to our minds—we neither had alive in them by the restraint which we had imposed on ourselves. We both watched Laura more anxiously than ever—both waiting and hoping, sometimes waiting and fearing, till the time came.

My decision, we returned to our accustomed way of life: it was the best, the only means in our power of helping Laura to look over again from this past sorrow and suffering which the inevitable disclosure had recalled to her mind. We all wanted the quiet and regularity which we had now found. I resumed the daily work which had been suspended during my absence at Hampden; and my companions were more than the smaller and less convenient rooms which we had left, and the claim thus implied on my increased exertions was strengthened by the doubtfulness of our future prospects. Emergencies might yet happen which would exhaust our little fund at the banker's, and the work of my hands might be, ultimately, all we had to look to for support. More permanent and more lucrative employment than had yet been offered to me was a necessity of our position—a necessity for which I now diligently set myself to provide.

It must not be supposed that the interval of rest and seclusion of which I have spoken was entirely suspended, on my part, all pursuit of the one absorbing purpose with which my thoughts and feelings had become so closely engaged. That purpose was, for months and months yet, never to relax its claims on me. The slow opening of the door by the slow process of precaution to take, an obligation of gratitude to perform, and a doubtful question to ask.

The necessity of precaution related, necessarily, to the Count. It was of the last importance to ascertain, if possible, whether he actually committed him to remaining in England—or, in other words, to remaining within my reach. Continued absence on his part was the only safe means. His address in St. John's Wood being known to me, I inquired in the neighborhood; and learned that he had left it early in July, and the disposal of the furnished house in which he lived, I asked if Number five Forest Road was likely to be let for the autumn season. The reply was in the negative. I was informed that the foreign gentleman there resiling in the house would be glad to make a composition for another six months, and would remain in possession until the end of June in the following year. We were then at the beginning of December only. I left the agent with my name and retired from all present fear of the Count's escaping me.

The obligation I had to perform took me once more into the neighborhood of Hampden, and I promised to return, and to confide to her those particulars relating to the death and burial of Anne Catherick which I had, for the present, withheld at our first interview. Changed as circumstances now were, there was no hinderance to my trusting the perfect secrecy of the object of the story of the conspiracy as it was necessary to tell. I had every reason that sympathy and friendship could suggest for confidence in the speedy performance of my promise, and I did unhesitatingly and cordially perform it. There is no need to burden these pages with my statement of what passed at the interview. It will be enough to say briefly that the result of interview itself necessarily brought to my mind the one doubtful question still remaining to be solved—the question of Anne Catherick's parentage on the father's side.

A multitude of small considerations in connection with this question—considerations, in themselves, but strikingly important when massed together—had latterly led my mind to a conclusion which I could not, for the present, transmit Marian's permission to write to Major Donthorne, of Varneck Hall, in Cumberland. The Major had lived in service for some years previous to her marriage), to ask him certain questions. I made the inquiries in Hampden myself, and described them as relating to matters of personal interest in her family, which might explain and excuse my application. I could not, for the life of me, let her know my certain knowledge that Major Donthorne was still alive: I dispatched it on the chance that he might be found in a mood more willing to reply.

After the lapse of two days proof came, in the shape of a letter, that the Major was living, and that he was ready to help us.

The aim in my own mind I wrote to him, and the nature of my inquiries, will be easily inferred from his reply. His letter answered my questions by communicating these important facts:

In the first place, "the late Sir Percival Glyde, of Blackwater Park," had been a guest at Varneck Hall. The deceased gentleman was a total stranger to Major Donthorne and to all his family.

In the second place, "the late Mr. Philip Fairlie, of Limmeridge House," had been, in his younger days, the intimate friend and companion of Major Donthorne. Having refreshed his memory by looking back to the letters and other papers, the Major was in a position to say positively that Mr. Philip Fairlie was staying at Varneck Hall in the month of August, eighteen hundred and twenty-six, and that he remained there, for the shooting, during the month of September and part of October following. He then left, to the best of the Major's belief, for Scotland, and did not return to Varneck Hall for after a lapse of time, which appeared in the character of a newly-married man.

Taken by itself this statement was, perhaps, of little positive value; but taken in connection with certain facts, every one of which either Marian or I knew to be true, it suggested one plain conclusion that was, to our minds, irresistible.

Knowing now that Mr. Philip Fairlie had been at Varneck Hall in the autumn of eighteen hundred and twenty-six, and that Mrs. Catherick had been living there in service at the same time, we knew also—first, that Anne had been born in June, eighteen hundred and twenty-seven; and, secondly, that she had presented an extraordinary personal resemblance to Laura; and, thirdly, that Laura herself was strikingly like her father. Mr. Philip Fairlie had been one of the notoriously handsome men of his time. His disposition, entirely unlike his brother Frederick, he was the spoiled darling of society, especially of the women—an easy, light-hearted, pleasure-loving man, more generous to a fault; constitutionally lax in his principles, and notoriously thoughtless of moral obligations where female influence was concerned. Such were the facts we knew; such was the character of the man. Surely the plain inference that follows needs no pointing out?

Read by the new light which had now broken upon me, even Mrs. Catherick's letter, in despite of herself, rendered its mite of assistance toward strengthening the conclusion at which I had arrived. Her assertion that Mr. Fairlie (in writing to me) as "plain-looking," and as having "entrapped the handsomest man in England into marriage with his sister," was grossly and gratuitously male, and both were false. Jealous dislike (which, in such a woman as Mrs. Catherick, would almost inevitably be petty enough to shun not express itself at all) appeared to me to be the only assignable cause for the peculiar insolence of her letter. Mrs. Fairlie's personal circumstances which did not necessitate any reference at all.

The mention here of Mrs. Fairlie's name naturally suggests one other question. Did she ever suspect me? Did the little girl, brought to her at Limmeridge might be?

Marian's testimony was positive on this point. Mrs. Fairlie, she said, had her husband's book read to me in former days—the letter describing Anne's resemblance to Laura, and acknowledged my interest in discovering the little stranger—had been written, beyond all question, in a perfect innocence of heart. It even seemed doubtful, on reconsideration, whether Mrs. Fairlie himself had been nearer than his wife to any suspicion of the truth. The disgraceful circumstances connected with Mrs. Catherick had married, the purpose of concealment which the secret of Anne's birth had to answer, might well keep her silent for caution's sake—perhaps for her own pride's sake also—even assuming that she had not left home in my absence, of communicating with the father of her unborn child.

As this surmise floated through my mind there rose on my memory the remembrance of the Scripture denunciation which we have all thought of, at one time or another, in our lives: "The sins of the fathers shall be visited on the children." But for the fatal resemblance between the two, the whole progress of the conspiracy, of which Anne had been the innocent instrument, might, in the innocent eyes, could never have been planned. With what unerring and terrible directness the long chain of circumstances had risen from the thoughtless wrong committed by the father to the heartless injury inflicted on the child!

These thoughts were for me, and others with them, which drew my mind away to the little Cumberland church-yard where Anne Catherick's poor lay buried. I thought of the place more than once when I had met her by Mrs. Fairlie's grave, and met her for the last time. I thought of her poor helpless home, of the tomb-stone above it, and her weary, yearning words, murmured to the dead creature at her perpetual rest: "Not there, not there! Oh, if I could die, and be hidden and at rest with you!" Little more than a year had passed since she found the rest she longed for—friendless, baby, how awfully, it had been fulfilled! The words she had spoken to Laura by the shores of the lake, the very words, had now come true. "Oh, if I could only be buried with your mother! If I could only wake at her side when the angel appears, and the dead arise, and hear her up their dead at the resurrection!" Through what mortal crime and horror, through what darkest windings of this world, they were dead now, the lost creature had wandered in God's leading to the lost home that, living, she never hoped to reach! There (I said in my own heart)—there, if ever I have the power to will it all that is mortal of her shall remain, and share the grave-bed with the loved friend of her childhood, with the dear remembrance of her love. *That* shall be her sacred—*last* companionship always undisturbed!

So the ghostly figure which has haunted these pages as it haunted my life, goes down into the impenetrable Gloom. Like a Shadow she first came to me, in the loneliness of the night. Like a Shadow she passes away, in the loneliness of the dead!

* * * *

Forward, now! Forward on the way that winds through other scenes, and leads to brighter times.

THE END OF THE SECOND FAUT.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

MR. BUCHANAN'S POSITION.

MR. BUCHANAN has made a speech at Frankfort, Kentucky, on the 4th, from which we quote as follows: "I leave it to others to say whether I have been true to the interests of my nomination. Perhaps, also, I may be allowed to say that the claim that I stand before the country as a sectional candidate can not be true, whether reference be had to the number of the States which cooperated in the nomination or to the character of the principles which animated them. When you find the democratic organization aided by large conservative elements of other parties in all the Southern States, and in those two States upon the borders of the Union which are so far removed from the borders of the Atlantic and Mississippi valleys that their judgment as to what is sound ought to be conclusive, and when you find that a majority of the whole democratic organization of the United States, and a supposed majority of New Jersey, have declared in favor of my election, I think I may appeal to you to all the other States co-operating, how much soever they may differ from each other, to sustain themselves. A majority of the States of the Union secured, and at war with the principles of the Union, it would be treason to my fellow-citizens, as to the charge that the Convention by which I was nominated was composed of men who had assembled together to form a party, have abused in order to subvert it, to say that I stand before you in this character. I am no American citizen who might take a second step. I am an American citizen who has taken his first step. I have devoted to the Constitution and the Union—who feels that he has no other standpoint than perhaps to defend the Constitution better, but to defend and in mine, if I had refused to accept the nomination. Gentlemen, this is my privilege, the last time that I shall have an opportunity of addressing you as fellow-citizens and friends. The history of this canvass. While, therefore, I shall enter into no argument upon the particular topics of the day, you will not pardon me for making two or three observations which it seems to me, should commend themselves to all parties every where. Fellow-citizens, we live under a form of government on earth. We are truly unique in the world where the experiment is demonstrated that the foundations may be established upon a great principle and a large area of territory and be consistent with public order. It has been demonstrated for the first time in the history of the world. How are we to preserve these institutions? Only by preserving intact that double form of government, State and Federal, that has been handed down to us by our fathers. My answer is, that we can only do it by clinging with unswerving fidelity to the principles of the Federal Constitution they bequeathed to us. I hold that fidelity to the Constitution of the United States, in its letter and in all its obligations, is the condition of the American Union, and of all its properties. That Union was formed by compact, and terminated by the wisest generation of men that ever lived in the world, by all of times. It was formed by a sacred instrument. It answered them at an early day. It has conferred on our progress. It is good enough for our posterity to keep it pure."

FRENCH INTERVENTION IN MEXICO.

It is clear that the question of a European armed intervention by France in Mexican affairs is now settled. M. Dubois de Saligny, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs to Mexico, is expected to arrive in Washington about the 1st of September. He is charged with instructions from the Government prior to proceeding to his destination. It is further understood that the object of the French envoy has been to interfere in Mexican affairs has been already communicated to the French Government, and that the cooperation of our Government has been solicited; but such co-operation was promptly refused, and declined by our national policy. England will join France in the intervention, and the occupation of the Mexican capital will be the basis of any settlement that may be made.

POLITICAL DISTURBANCES IN VIRGINIA.

The town of Wheeling, Virginia, has been the scene of considerable excitement for some days, in consequence of an attempt by a negro fugitive slave to escape. A slave, a liberty-pole erected by the Black Republicans, from which floats the Black Republican flag, and the Democratic Presidential nominees. The Republicans of Ocoquan determined to prevent the removal of the obnoxious flag-staff or die in the effort, and accordingly dispatched messengers to neighboring towns for aid and assistance. They also notified Governor Letcher of the state of affairs, and requested him that the flag-staff must be protected. The Governor ordered General Hatten to call out his command to aid the Sheriff in the discharge of his duty. The Democratic Convention, which was called to meet at Ocoquan on the 17th, and was attended by a large number of delegates from all parts of the State. Under-wood was a delegate to the Chicago Convention, and, unlike some others who left that Convention in a body of Virginia, who contemplate emancipating her slaves, which could only fall in common with the indignation of his political opponents.

DEATH OF JOSEPH GALES.

Joseph Gales, the veteran editor of the *National Intelligencer*, died at Washington on 31st, of paralysis. He was born in England in 1786, where he was established for seven years the Sheffield *Register*. The elder Gales, during the prosecution for libel permitted against the Philadelphia with his family in 1794, where he purchased and established the *Independent Gazetteer*. Subsequently, Having sold this to Samuel Harrison Smith, he removed to Raleigh, North Carolina, in 1798, and established the publication of the Raleigh *Register*, which he continued successfully for thirty-four years. Early years of patriotism in 1841, Samuel Harrison Smith started the *National Intelligencer*, and in 1824, and subsequently he was deposed, entered into office as assistant in 1833. In 1809 Joseph Gales married Miss Winnifred Marshall, and died in 1812 by Colonel Seaton, his brother-in-law, in its management. Gales purchased the first of the paper, and changed, and the publication of the *Intelligencer* has never been absent from its office. In 1834 he succeeded, and sole advocate of the Madison war policy, according to Judge Story, and was a member of the select circle and was a friend of John Quincy Adams. At the outbreak of the British troops, entered the capital city of Washington, the office of Gales, being the only one in the city retained, Capitol, the President's house, or the departments, but on the intercession of neighbours and the fact that the establishment demolished, causing a short cessation in the regular publication of the paper. Mr. Gales was remarkable for dignity, courtesy, and ability; as a citizen, by his kind and benevolent disposition, and as a journalist by his zeal in behalf of every elevating and judicious improvement, and as an unflinching champion of freedom and liberality. His political principles are part of the history of the country. They were those of the old Whig Republican and Whig parties, conservative and patriotic. His intellect was of a high order, and he was deeply cultivated, and may be classed with those of Clay, Webster, Fisher Ames, and a few others, who were among his friends.

We published Mr. Gales's portrait in No. 55 of *Harper's Weekly*.

ESCAPE OF CONVICTS.

Upward of fifty convicts escaped from the penitentiary at Cape Girardeau City, Missouri, on July 14, by breaking open the prison gate. In the walls deputy-warden Hubbin was slightly injured. Three convicts were killed, and seven seriously wounded. All the prisoners were recaptured excepting seven.

ANOTHER DEFAULTER.

Another defalcation is reported from Washington. Major Gardner, paymaster in the marines of the Navy Corps, we learn, had his name stricken from the roll of the service by order of the President. He is supposed to be a sum rising of $20,000. He was suspended some three months since, and time given him to return the money, but without effect.

POLITICS IN NEW JERSEY.

According to previous announcement, no less than three Conventions for the nomination of Presidential electors for the State of New Jersey assembled at Trenton on Tuesday. Union Democrats, Douglas Democrats, and Bell and Everett. The Union Democratic Convention nominated two electoral tickets, with three Bell and Everett nominees, two Douglas, and two Breckinridge, and a series of resolutions expressing their views. The Union Democratic vote of the State for any candidate opposed to Lincoln and Hamlin who can be chosen by the electoral

Colleges. The Douglas Convention and the Bell and Everett Convention both nominated straight electoral tickets; but it is understood that both of these parties will be brought into the arrangement by their leaders, as both have made provision for filling vacancies on their tickets.

HOFFMAN SAILED.

The case of Frederic Hoffman, the alleged defaulting clerk of the Pacific Mail steamship Company, came up in the Supreme Court, Brooklyn, on Friday, when Mr. Leonard Kip made an effort to ring the bell of the defendant's counsel, Mr. Brady, who was not expected before the Court and entered into recognizances for his appearance. Mr. Brady, however, was not to be found, and one of the proprietors of the Fulton Ferry Hotel, Mr. Hoffman said, had gone to Europe with the defendant, and left bonds in the sum of $5,000 for the charges of defendant.

SUIT AGAINST THE NEW YORK CENTRAL.

We understand that Mr. Myers, Attorney-General of our State, has commenced an action against the Central Railroad for the recovery of the tolls amounting to about $9,000,000 received by them since the 1st of 1851, which, it is to have been unconstitutionally passed, in which case he is confident he will express opinions of some of the ablest lawyers of our State. The case will be brought to trial, it is believed, in September. Nobody believes that the thing will come of the suit; it is a mere political trick.

THE SOUTHERN CLIMATE AS COMPARED WITH THE NORTHERN.

The Montgomery (Alabama) *Mail* of the 10th says:

"We learn that the thermometer marked 105° in several spots between Montgomery and Selma. One gentleman, who has kept a diary of the weather for thirty odd years, says that the ground is the hottest moment since 1838. We have not known the mercury to range as high as 97 for several days in Montgomery, and then only to believe, in 1858. Similar accounts are given by newspapers published in the cities of the Northern States. From the seaboard to the Mississippi the thermometer ranged from 95° to 105° for several days last week. The Vicksburg *Prompter* says that the heat is almost unprecedented. In several cities the heat has been accompanied with unusual mortality—deaths from sun-stroke having been frequent. In Memphis the highest point the mercury has attained is shaded locations, unaffected by the rays of the sun, was 98°, and at 3 P.M., three to four and three or four degrees higher in the afternoon where the sun strikes the glass. The heat has been, for the most part, oppressive, and, indeed, quite intense. The country is suffering, and may be called dry for the season."

TWO LADIES IN A TIGHT PLACE.

A short time since (says a correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press*) two ladies, one from New York on a visit at the residence of the Superintendent of the Great Fermat Limestone Quarry's Estate, in the Lehigh valley, fell coal region, and determined upon exploring one of the mines. Accordingly they set out, and at some distance in, it was discovered that the earth had caved in, hindering their egress, and rendering their position quite. Upon examination it was found that it would take three days to effect a passage out, and as a level connected with their position, one of the three men (miners who were with them, was dispatched off on a hand, through the darkness, possibly, they might make their escape. He went to make an examination, and soon returned to the ladies, reporting that it was in very bad condition, and that it would require more than three days to clear it. They then, by accepted the task and in two hours more succeeded in reaching the light of day. When at their residence, and after a full consideration of their peril, they very naturally, and at the same time, sank into a swoon.

A SUSPECTED HUSBAND-POISONER.

A correspondent in Cloversville, Delaware County, New York, writes that a young, wealthy man of that place, having recently suddenly died, his body was exhumed and subjected to a post-mortem, a coroner's jury summoned. No traces of poison were discovered, and the jury decided that the disease to have been of a purely natural cause. The remains were accordingly reinterred; but the physicians who were not satisfied with the other clouins were called upon to analyze parts of the body. They declared that the presence of arsenic was clear, though in small quantities. Consequently another jury had been summoned, and the widow of the deceased has been committed to jail to await the result. She is but seventeen years old, and is said to be in appearance guileless.

A SUCCESSFUL HOPEMENT.

The other day, a young man, having fallen in love with a damsel residing in Royal Oak, Michigan, and finding some difficulty in obtaining the favorable consciousness of the father, eloped with her, making his way to Sandusky, Ohio, where they got on a steamboat for a future home. Just as the boat was about to start the father arrived on the scene in a hurry, and proposed to liberate the daughter of his daughter with a caning. Blinded by the rage, he made a desperate attempt to get on board the boat, but missing his footing, fell overboard, thus presenting the unique spectacle of a married elopement. It is understood that the father was induced to give away his child with a good grace, by reminding him of what he was paid his return passage-money by the son-in-law.

FATAL MISTAKE.

Mr. Andrew Horton, Chicopee, had been on a spree for about four weeks, and came home on Thursday night with a rear load of liquor, which his wife destroyed after he had gone to bed. In the morning, as usual, he was very sick, and his wife made him a cup of tea, which she had thrown it out. He did not believe her, and continued to do so until his daughter, who had started to go to work in the factory, heard him calling for it, thought a little liquor would settle his stomach, so she ably did, and hearing him begging so hard, she thought she would get him some. She looked in vacancy cup, and at last, in the exact behind the door, she found a small bottle, which she took out and smelled its contents. Found it contained liquor, poured out about a gill, carried it to her father, who drank off, as the last was ringing, to go to work. It proved, however, to be bedbug poison, a strong solution of corrosive sublimation, soon her father died within three hours.

THE DEATH OF A CENTENARIAN.

Mr. Felton is the twentieth President of the University at Cambridge, and the second native of Newbury who has filled that high office. Mr. Webber, the fourteenth President, was born in Newbury in 1759. The late Simon Greenleaf, LL.D., the celebrated Professor of Law, was also of Newburyport. President Felton has two associates to be colleagues in the University, Newbury's Professor Parsons, LL.D., Dane Professor of Law, and the Rev. Alvan Lamson, D.D., Professor of Intellectual Philosophy and Christian Literature.

Mr. Ampère, a member of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries, held at Copenhagen in May, the King of Würtemberg, who is a distinguished Sanscrit and Celtic scholar, with several distinguished men of Europe and Southern America, were enrolled as honorary Fellows of the Society.

The Hon. George A. Grow, of Pennsylvania, has been elected a Congressman from Saratoga, for some days past, seeing to compound him, for his fatigues and enjoyments of the late session, and in preparation for the fatigues of the coming campaign, which is to be commenced in earnest about the 20th of August. The gentleman solicited by many friends to give one public talk to his constituents, which he expected to do on Saturday or Monday evening.

Among the articles brought up from the wreck of the *Hungarian* by the submarine operators, was a card of a young lady, one of the passengers, found on the fatal night of the wreck, on the back of which was written in pencil, in a firm hand, "Little dies to-night."

The Montgomery (Alabama) *Advertiser* learns, on good authority" that the author of "Rutledge" is Miss Rachel Lyons, a belle and resident of Columbia, South Carolina. Miss Lyons is one of the most accomplished young ladies in the Southern country, is the Creole—and a belle of great and rare beauty. She is the friend of Miss "Beulah" Evans, to whom rumor existed as the author of "Rutledge," and we take it that ere long Miss Lyons will have achieved high rank in the literary world, should she continue to use her facile pen.

The rumor in regard to the Hon. John Cochrane's marriage applies to a daughter of Shelby Parker, Esq., of Washington, but is only a rumor—current in all circles for the past two months. "They say" the marriage will take place next November.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

PARLIAMENT.

In the British Parliament the Ministers were questioned as to the intentions of the Government relative to Garibaldi's line. Mr. Gladstone said the Government did not intend to sanction the invasion or to any responsibility, and whatever course might be taken would be submitted to Parliament.

Sir Robert Peel called on the Government not to assent to the annexation of Savoy to Piedmont. Lord John Russell replied that the Government could not depart from the great principle that the people had the right to choose their own government without interference. Lord John Russell explained the position of the proposed European Conference relative to Savoy. England had changed the proposition to suit the views of Austria besitates. The Government had no knowledge of the reports as to other governments.

It was stated in Parliament that the British forces in China number 17,000 men.

Lord John Russell intimated that an agreement had been made between England and France relative to the Newfoundland fisheries.

BANKRUPTCY OF THE SON OF A PEER.

Lord Viscount Lascelles, the son of the Earl of Harewood, recently made his appearance in the Court of Bankruptcy, Basinghall street, London, to be examined at £1,661 6s. 11d.; his creditors including tailors, coach-builders, jewelers, a livery stable-keeper, and a college tutor. The insolvent said he was twenty-four years of age, was dependent on the bounty of his father but only allowed him £12 a year. He had, however, received £1,000 on coming of age. The Judge condemned the conduct of the insolvent, drawing his attention to the enormous debts he had incurred, not to say vices. The insolvent had been contented on credit to the amount of £1,000 in a single year; him as he would with other persons; and under the present law he could not be sent to jail, but would be poisoned for six calendar months from the date of the vesting order.

FRANCE.

ANOTHER WIFE OF PRINCE JEROME'S.

It is reported in Paris that the death of Prince Jerome will occasion the disclosure of a romance in which a large better portion of his past life to be brought to light; that the Countess Matilde, Princess Demidoff, the wife of an English society of Provence, means to bring her claims before the Emperor Napoleon. The Paris correspondent of the London *Times* professes to know that the fact of the marriage has to appear in the Court of Chancery, the existence of its having been constructed without the consent of the Emperor, and that the Emperor refused. This is according to the precedent established by the elder Napoleon.

THE FOURTH IN PARIS.

The Paris correspondent of the New York *Herald* relates some curious and a trifle unfavorable to a fashionable gathering the *Prix Champêtre* in honor of the fourth of July. He says:

"The invitations were issued in perfect, white and blue, being so predominating as almost to be a uniform. Whatever was not white and blue was left to the tasty handsome morning dress of richly-embroidered muslin. The ladies themselves were in the most fanciful costume, but generous department to all who were present. The ball was originally announced for 2 P.M., but the anxious solicitude the toilets of the younger ladies, among the most prominent of whom were the Misses Mason, Miss Slidell and the steel panoply which supported that violet cloak and robe was unanswerable. Nothing but the best and dearest are such triumphant attributes that they bid defiance to any white of the Rubicon. Miss Slidell, with only the the latest portion of creation be more content with nature's own darling, the rose, than the fair Louisiana, who be forever distorted into positive monstrosity? One could think that some hands of the Graces had been at work in some gigantic extinguisher as the large silks of bend to, by an extravagant use of the crinoline, assumed the broken oblique line from the point of the shoulder to the edge of the skirt. Miss Slidell, with her violet cloak and green one of the fashionable hats on the head, and the low bow for the head, and the bell, and the contrast between three and four o'clock. It was a little worn for such events. Miss Mason, however, was equally with the silver on the score of temperature. Foreigners seemed struck with the extraordinary beauty of the American ladies whose hands were so eagerly sought after. There they stood, in the broad glare of day, in the broad gay, setting their affair with such patient cavalier as, will, and in short, be offered and accepted on the spot, before others were in heaven. Their chaeks never blanched, nor did their voice fail them. The consciousness of beauty in their occupied nor refused the various solicitations till their gentle-men had time to recover from the first fatigue of admiration, for many doubtless thought that to say aside their self-possession, and to show that they were not to be had done its proper exercise, was unnecessarily to degrade themselves in the eyes of their lovers. The fete is well known, the maternal supremacy is never relaxed, and even when the daughter is married she remains the mother's side. There is more liberty in England, but apparently much less love in France.

ANOTHER BONAPARTE IN TROUBLE.

Another scandal threatens the Imperial family of France, according to the Paris correspondent of the *Times*. on de Chanvires, desiring an amicable separation from his wife, for whom he has a dislike, "which, indeed, he has been able to effect this; therefore the aid of the law is to be called in to separate by judicial authority the two partners in life's joys and sorrows, who reciprocally accuse each other of unfaithfulness. The husband's part appears to be the party most open to reproach; but in such affairs all is not clear.

ROSSINI TO WRITE ANOTHER OPERA.

A French paper says that a party of friends were recently assembled at the house of Rossini, and that they were talking of the approaching production of "Semiramide" at the Théâtre Italien. Rossini, who was in a melancholy, began to rally the musician. "Bravo did Rossini say to one of his friends, "I will write for the Honour of music, sleep continually. You have no right to deny the world something of value to it, and I promise you still have in your hand and heart." "It is a good age for you to compose, replied Rossini, "you are old," "every body has a right to reproach me with my twenty-five years of age, said Rossini. "Well, I will," "Because you are so indolent as myself. I no longer have the courage to write. Ah, if I were only young as either." "I could if I pleased." "I defy you." "If you defy me, I will compose." "If you do not succeed, I will write an opera in return." "I take you at your word," said Rossini, "I will write you a new opera. To-morrow you shall have your caricature." The next day the book was really finished, and Rossini devoted it laughingly to his friends. The manuscript is represented in the middle of a drab of Marzocco, which overflows on all sides. He is sleeping with folded arms, and pressing to his heart a voluminous manuscript. The numbers are evidently occupied by harmonious dreams, and the face of the musician is seen through a veil of gauze. A noble, at once benevolent and satirical, is playing on the harp. It is a charming picture, and the execution of the figures are so cleverly portrayed that it is more like a miniature than a work of genius. It is a recreation to be seen whether Donizetti will get Rossini's opera.

ITALY.

STATE OF AFFAIRS AT THE SEAT OF WAR.

The Paris *Patrie* asserts that the siege of Messina is decided on, Garibaldi having declined to assist the Neapolitans unless they gave similar proofs of confidence to the Sicilians by an unconditional insurrection.

At latest dates Garibaldi's Ministry had resigned.

A dispatch from England says the Marquis of Normanby, Queen Victoria's late envoy to Florence, has been appointed Minister to Garibaldi in Sicily.

Several measures have been asserted thereto. Sir England hostilities.

ADVANCE OF GARIBALDI ON MESSINA.

Advices from Messina to the 8th state that Colonel Medici was at the village of Barcellona awaiting volunteers. He had crossed over the height of Meri, Milazzo and Mellazzo. The attack on Melazzo was fixed for the 19th. Garibaldi's headquarters were at Messina on the night of the 7th. The Neapolitan army was demoralized. The Neapolitan officers had left for Naples, and letters from Piedmont states that the French Consul there had received a letter to which he was a true gentleman.

DISTURBANCES AT NAPLES.

A telegram, dated Naples, July 14, says: "Patriotic demonstrations are of daily occurrence.

"The moderate party is full of apprehensions concerning the situation, and the effect of the former policy, in the 12th, in the Strada de Toledo.

"A proclamation of Garibaldi against the Bourbon dynasty has been distributed. He says: 'I am a royalist, but prefer Victor Emanuel to the Pope and to Austria.'

"There has been a conflict between the troops and the people in consequence of popular manifestations in favor of Garibaldi. Several persons were killed at Naples. Several persons were killed.

The Minister has been dismissed, and a new Cabinet formed.

NEAPOLITAN CRUELTY.

A letter from Palermo contains some scarcely credible stories of Neapolitan cruelty. "As at Catania, the Neapolitans exhibited, during the struggle, inconceivable traits of ferocity. Not only did they fire on the flag of truce, but they fired on the wounded. The sanitary ambulance attached to the interior of houses that were kept closed. Among these were the Hospital of the Incurables; and the number is more than 600. The details are horrible. It is an unknown fact that, when communicated to each of his colleagues, and a copy of which I have before my eyes, the day was appointed for the massacre, he left himself to book after one of his countrymen, a wine merchant, whom he had known and been massacred, and whom, individually, they had taken aid to torture at their ease, we could not help thinking that the Neapolitans are that to them behold the still smoking ruins of the building. The scenery was indeed terrible. The soldiers had set fire to and set up all the neighboring inhabitants that had fallen into their hands in the refectory of the convent, and had then burned them alive."

THE IRISH AT ROME.

The London *Times* has a letter from Rome, which states that a serious disturbance had taken place among the Irish Zouaves. The occasion of a discussion as to who were the best Catholics. When an armed force was sent to prevent a duel, and the Irish fell on the soldiers out of the windows. One Irishman has been sentenced to death by drowning for the part he played in the affair, the sentence to be executed.

The Advices from Rome state that the Pontifical troops stationed at Pesaro were ready for departure. Five hundred and fifty Papal troops had arrived at Ancona, and consisted of soldiers at Sinigaglia, which were reposed by the Piedmontese.

ENUITE AT ROME.

A letter from Rome, in the *Patrie*, says: "An unusual event took place here on the 14th inst. During the drawing of a lottery, or tombola, which had been got up here, two men began to quarrel, and soon drew their knives, and a desperate fight took place. The crowd soon became excited, and a general disturbance might become more general, took to flight in all directions. The gendarmes were soon dispersed, when a body of eighty gens d'armes, who had been assembled at Frascone, in readiness for the fête of the 15th, made their appearance, thought that a riot had commenced with the revolutionists, and charged upon the pursuit of the fugitives, sabred all they came up with. According to a report sent to Rome by the officer in command, more than a score of all ranks and ages were wounded, some of them severely."

SYRIA.

THE ANTI-CHRISTIAN WAR.

At our last advices the French Government had announced in Parliament that they had ordered a squadron to be ready to sail for the coast of Syria, and that no one regret against Christians, and that France had done likewise.

The insurrection in Syria continues. Fund Pasha had gone there on a mission of conciliation to the Druse people, and in view of that fact England and France have agreed on certain measures of intervention. If Turkey approved, proves inescapable, these two Governments have agreed on identical instructions to their Ambassadors at Russian sucres. At the destruction of the villages the Druse chiefs had issued orders to prevent unarmed men to be shed blood.

There was great alarm at Beyrout, and the Franks and Christians had taken refuge on board the foreign men-of-war.

RUMORED OUTBREAK AT DAMASCUS.

The British Government is said to have received intelligence of a massacre of 5,000 Christians at Damascus. Five hundred were killed, among whom was the Dutch Consul. The Christians had fled to the citadel.

Fund Pasha has left for Syria with full powers. He has with him 12,000 infantry 16,000 men, the commander of whom is Hafiz Pasha.

CURIOUS LETTER FROM ABD-EL-KADER.

The following letter from Abd-el-Kader to the *Disrpia Europa* (Castle of Paris) has interest at the present crisis:

"Glory to God alone! I have received the letter that you have written to the *Disrpia* on the subject of the Mussulmans of Syria. I see with joy that you given good advice, and you would be heard if you had spoken to the living. But it is to the dead that you have addressed it. You have based your remarks on two points. You might have remained silent on both. The first, that Mussulmans are a prejudice, and that the Christians are a people. You might have spared me the pain of reading such monstrous assertions. Is it then so high that little ones should look for advice? Alas! we are far enough from doing so.

"The present state of the Mussulman and Christian Empires, even if they do not take place, will be more predicted by Mohammed in his time, and that is what gives the Mussulmans the right to say that he announced the annihilation of the Christians, and there are no more Christians; he has said that there would be no more Christians. Mussulmans themselves in power till the end of time; and that the Christians would be abandoned by God by reason of their injustice and love of the world's goods; that they would be given up to the wrath and hatred of the Christians have become the majority of the human race.

"And that event can not fail to arrive, because, as Mohammed, the authorized interpreter of Mohammed, has said, they have, above all, four qualities which insure them future preponderance—their love of supremacy in defeat, envy in retaliation, and charity to the poor, the weak, and the unfortunate. It is by the union of these four join to these gifts one still greater, viz.: skill in withdrawing themselves from all sorts of danger, that the ruin and oppression of their king.

"I say, then, that we look for the annihilation of Islamism. We are from God, and to him we return.

"At this moment dreadful disorder prevails among the Maronites and the Druses. The evil has deep roots every where. Butchery and murder are going on in all parts. God grant that things may have a better ending.

"Greeting to God, the Mighty, from his poor servant,

"DAMASCUS, June 27, 1860." "ABD EL-KADER.

THE BRITISH PROVINCES.

ARRIVAL OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

The Prince of Wales and suite arrived at Halifax on the 24th inst. The Prince was received with a salute of twenty-one guns from the Citadel, and the harbor was crowded with vessels of all kinds, which were decorated with flags. All business was suspended, and the entire population assembled on the wharf. The Prince, after the usual ceremonies, the presentation of an address of welcome, and a military, civic, and Indian procession, left the wharf, and was greeted with enthusiastic demonstrations of delight.

A SPEECH FROM THE PRINCE.

On 26th address were presented to the Prince, to which he returned the following answer:

"I sincerely thank you for the addresses presented to me, and for the cordial welcome you have given me on my landing on the shores of this, the earliest colonial possession of the British crown. I value such a welcome the more regardless of your zealous loyalty if I acknowledge the more indebtedness to you. It will afford me the highest satisfaction to report to the Queen the devotion to her crown and person unmistakably evinced by the reception of her son, eloquently expressed in the addresses from various bodies in this town and Hochet Grace. I am charged by the Queen to convey to you the assurance of her continued care as she has ever felt in the welfare and protection of her dominions. I shall carry back a lively recollection of your loyalty and attachment of your sentiments myself personally; but, above all, these hearty demonstrations of your loyalty, which prove your continued attachment to the great and free country of which we all glory to be subjects."

THE STATE BALL.

The *Herald* correspondent telegraphs: "A grand ball was given on 25th at the Colonial House. A gorgeous and brilliant assemblage of the elite of the province, with many colonial flags, banners, and ribbons. Some thousand persons were also here and there present. The bands of her Majesty's ship *Hero* and of the various regiments here on duty were in attendance, and the success of the demonstration. The whole city was again brilliantly illuminated. A dais was erected in the ball saloon for His Royal Highness. This was occupied with the Prince and suite of the Right Hon. Lord Mayo, Lieutenant of arms, and the ancient motto 'Ich Dien'—I serve. The Prince, in the course of persons of the province. The Prince arrived at about ten o'clock, and was greeted with the National anthem, and immediately opened the dancing 'God save the Queen.' The Prince was dressed in the uniform of a British colonel, and was accompanied by the East of St. Germain, who was dressed in the uniform of a British officer. The ball room was set in his full uniform. The Prince danced six times during the evening, and was attended with the greatest zeal. The past two o'clock this morning. The dancing, on the part of the Prince, was with the ladies of the suite. The Prince very ably and good-naturally corrected some of the mistakes in the dances, and every one of the ladies got out the different figures of the dance. He is himself a most accomplished dancer, and went through the dances in the way he whirled through waltzes, polkas, and quadrilles. He also danced in some of the specially charged, and he took a new partner whenever he stood up to dance.

"The people every where are greatly delighted. The Prince's affable and kindly disposition and good humor has gained him the affection of many true and worthy hearts. The Prince's visit to the city of Halifax, however, did not mingle in the festivities of the dance. The ball was closed at o'clock this morning, and a half hours leaving the Prince and suite expressed themselves greatly pleased at the cordial and affectionate reception accorded them."

APPEARANCE OF THE PRINCE.

He adds:

"The Prince pleases the populace immensely by his handsome appearance and his affable demeanor. Although

"The Prince stands about five feet six inches in height, he appears taller from his slender figure. His figure, his handsome eyes, small mouth, large nose, reminding one of his mother dear, his fine appearance, and generally resembling his mother at about the age of twenty-one. He has a fine, manly bearing hands and feet, is very graceful in his movements, unostentatious, and affable. He talks a little through the rather a loud and somewhat harsh tone of voice. His ordinary conversation is in a quiet and low tone of voice. As I said before, the citizens are charmed and delighted with his fine appearance. At the luncheon given to-day to the Prince, dressed in plain clothing, rode through the city in an open carriage, and was received with the heartiest cheers. He is a very good rider."

On 26th the Prince and his suite left St. Johns for Halifax, Nova Scotia. They were heard of on Friday last, and were then well. They were to leave Halifax themselves in a fog.

THE CONSTRAINTS IN LUCK—MORE TITLES.

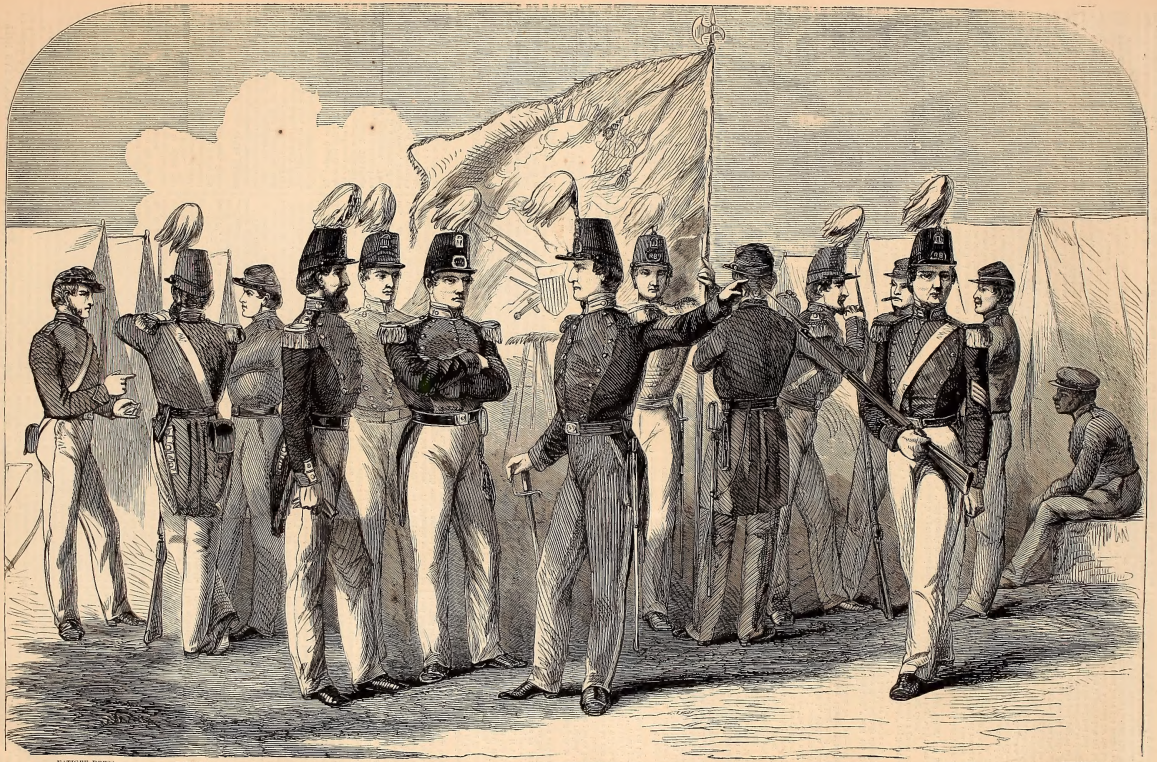
The London *Court Journal* says that it is understood there will be a liberal contribution of honors among the Queen's subjects in the colonies after the Prince of Wales's visit. As no Royal Highness is to represent the Queen in the Dominion of Canada, it is considered probable that another incompatible that no should have the same power of conferring honors as the Governor-General of that land, especially under the surveillance of a Secretary of State and a Great Officer of the Household.

MEXICO.

MIRAMON'S LAST THROW.

From late files of Mexican papers we hear of the impediments, some unexpected, which have met Vega and companions by the Constitutional Government, immediately after the evacuation of Guadalajara by Generals Degollado and Miramon. This latter individual is most probably now in the Guadalajara, where it is likely that last act will soon be played, with every chance against the Church champion.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES IN THE UNIFORM OF A COLONEL IN THE BRITISH ARMY.—[SEE PRECEDING PAGE.]



OUR VISITORS, THE REPUBLICAN BLUES OF SAVANNAH, GEORGIA.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

THE SAVANNAH BLUES.

We publish on the preceding page a fine picture of the Savannah Republican Blues, a volunteer military company from Savannah, Georgia, which has been enjoying the hospitalities of the city during the past week. The blues are one of the oldest military companies of Savannah, having been organized in 1808—fifty-two years ago. Since then it has had but four captains: Archibald Clarke, deceased; Judge Richard Wylly Habersham, deceased; and the present captain, Augustus Schley, who has been in his post twenty-three years. Among the gentlemen on the excursion is one who has been in the company forty-seven years. The Blues are also seen service, having been engaged in the war of 1812, and, later, in the war with Florida.

The uniform of the Blues is a dark-blue coat, with light-blue facings, trimmed in white, and light-blue pantaloons with white stripe. The whole is surmounted with the old-fashioned military hat and feather. They are not accompanied by a band, as none exist in Savannah, but in lieu thereof are provided with a couple of snare drums and fife.

Most of the officers and many of the privates wear what are called among military men service chevrons, which are bars of lace or worsted on the left arm of the coat, each bar indicating five years' service. The captain and first lieutenant each wear six of these, indicating thirty years, and one of the privates seven, eight, indeed forty years' service. Others wear five, four, or less—all indicating the length of time they have continued to be members of the corps.

On Wednesday, 25th, the Blues departed for home in the steamship *Florida*. Prior to this they had been entertained to a collation by the City Guard, their hosts, when speeches were made and appropriate sentiments expressed. The troops then marched down Broadway, and attracted the attention of a large crowd of spectators. They embarked at five o'clock, and in a quarter of an hour after the steamer got under weigh, amidst cheers, firing of cannon, the strains of Dodsworth's band, and other demonstrations of enthusiastic farewell. We have seldom been visited by a military company which has attracted more attention or won higher respect among our people.

WILLIE MAYHEW.

CHAPTER I.

One, two, three, four, five, six! As the last stroke of the church clock over the bright, green meadow where Willie Mayhew was at play, be dropped the bat from his hand with boyish relief, knew he had till the 11 day by his side, and resumed the cap and jacket he had laid away while heated by his merry game.

"I say, Will, you're a good one! Won't you play any more?" said his companion, in a mingled tone of reproach and entreaty.

"I can't, Jem; Dame does not like me to play at all; but once a week he lets me play until six. Then I must go home." A sigh! Will, the merry, glowing with exercise, and his brown curls tossing idly in the evening breeze.

"But suppose you hadn't heard it strike six? You couldn't have gone in time then, could you?" said his tempter, with that shrewd expression of face to which childhood should be a stranger.

"No, if I hadn't heard it. But I did hear it; so I must go," rejoined Will.

"How will your father know you heard it? Can't you say you did not notice the time, and for once have your play out?" argued his wily comrade.

"That would be false. *I did* hear it; and I can not tell a lie," cried Will, a glow of honest anger at the mere thought mounting to his broad forehead.

"Oh, of course not. We boys never tell lies—we love truth so well; that is, we are so afraid of a licking. I'll bet you my knife—and it's a treater—yer afraid to tell. Ha! ha! afraid to tell, if you didn't think your father would thrash you when he found you out. Go home, sweet Willie Mayhew, the girl-boy, and tell your mother I'm sorry you're."

Simon, if you talk that way I'll not be the girl one that gets licked. I am no coward, and I am not afraid of a whipping. I don't care half as much about that as I do about my mother grieving mother, and she never struck me in her life; but her sad face, when I do wrong, hurts me more than blows can. But I'll stay with you, Simon, and stay and play till night, and when I go home I'll tell the truth, and say I wouldn't come, although I heard the bell, because you begged me; and then you will believe I am not a poor coward that is afraid of a whipping!"

As he spoke his dilated eyes and contracted brow told of the spirit that dwelt in that fair and delicate temple—a spirit prone to good or evil, and too easily swayed by the idle words of another. False shame has many an untold story of destruction to answer for. The childish taunt of a playmate, the sneers of a boon companion, have won many a young man from the house disobedience made hateful, and the unnatural orgies of a game, to end his weary life in the cell of a prison or on the scaffold of a murderer. "And after death comes the judgment." Ah! that frail spirit's trial! How often is it the sure forerunner of a career headlong down the steep abyss of crime! Pause, little pilgrim on life's pathway—pause while there is yet time. Stumble, even fall, on stony track—much will be forgiven to the young—but never willfully turn aside from what conscience whispers to be the right road; for each step takes you leagues away from honor, truth, and virtue, and when, worn out and weary, you strive to retrace your steps, the footprints have been effaced, your neglected guide has left you forever, and, shudder-ing and hopeless, you sink into the gulf that yawns to receive you! Willie Mayhew, where was the gentle angel that watches over childhood when, with feigned alacrity, you seized your discarded ball, and made the meadows ring with simulated laughter as it sped swiftly through the air, leaving your discomfited comrade, sat in hand, wondering at the strength of his late companion? Had some angel laid your shoulder arm? Again and again the ball flew swiftly across the meadow, and through the air, never with the desired effect to her—for cheerily did their laughter and boyish jests mingle with the sweet murmurs of a summer evening. Some one has well sung in olden time, "Love and long remembered are those sounds, made more precious by their contrast to the harsh din of the crowded streets. The song of the birds, of the insects—a deeper hymn of praise to Him who gave their brief day of sunshine; the lowing of the cattle, driving herds of cattle, and the returning laborer; and the echoing strokes of the axe, blend into a mingled harmony of sweet sounds—gentle melody which, once heard and loved, can never be forgotten.

"Hark!" said Will, "what is that strange sound?" And as he spoke a swell of harmonious music greeted the ears of the astonished children, and rocket after rocket blazed through the grey mantle of the twilight.

"The circus! the circus!" shouted Simon; "O, come here!"

Away they flew over the green fields, until they reached the village street on which the tent was erected. Here a crowd had assembled, who watched the rockets and listened to the band, who made pulses and manners merrily out, awakening the unaccustomed echoes of the little New England town. Among the rest Will separated from his companion, entranced as he did not know he could be at what, to his childish imagination, seemed celestial harmony. A painter would have wielded no feebler soul than he could have found words to describe one of the ropes that surrounded the tent, his mind intent upon the music, and his fair young face expressing the depth of ecstasy at his strange delaying. At length the music ceased; the "show" was about to begin; and Will, with a heavy sigh, turning away, paid his ticket-seller, attracted by his uncommon beauty, called the child, and, inclosing the child in the crowd, was lost to sight.

A flash came to Will's check; he paused, and was about to decline the proffered kindness, when the band struck up a march, and with childish fascination so new, so delightful, he passed into the tent.

Oh how gorgeous, to his childish vision, was the scene before him! Lovely ladies on steeds of white, cream, and parti-colored—pranced up and down the arena, while the ring of their hoofs was nicely mounted. Their white plumes waved in the air, the trappings of their horses glistened with jewels and gold, and Will thought never upon earth contained any thing so beautiful. He remembered what he had read of Queen Mab, Titania, and Oberon, and he imagined the scene must have resembled this that was spread before his astonished eyes. Each time the fairy cavalcade passed the notes of the music wrapped his senses in a sort of intellectual intoxication; and it was not until the band paused to play, and the horsemen having and retreating crowd aroused him from his trance, that Will, dazzled, confused, bewildered with delight, passed out from the tent, and returned homeward to the well-known street of the village. Since night had come a storm had arisen. The rain descended in thick sheets, and after flash of lightning shed its lurid flame upon his homeward way. Like one in a dream he passed through the fast-increasing tempest of the storm, until a sudden thought affrighted him as he approached his father's door. What would his father say? Could stern duty, the fear of punishment, of rigid restitude, and hated sinners as he hated sin. A shudder passed through his frame, and an awful dread fell as ice to his heart. He rather wished to ring in his ears, "The son of Deacon Mayhew at the circus, among profligates and castaways!" He remembered to have heard his father denounce, the inspiring music, the bright lamps, the fairy vision of his excited imagination, all in one sweeping clause that aroused in his father thought an accursed place struck his affrighted soul. His disobedience in overstaying his appointed time, and had to the fearful sin he felt he had committed in his father's eyes by going to the circus. And then his mother would plead in vain for him. Her love at such a time he had willfully overstaid—what would to her anguish when she knew that her boy was all unworthy of that love? The old elm before the door tree and the unprofitable servant seemed to be his doom as, drenched, pale, and trembling, he raised the latch and stood before his father's face.

CHAPTER II.

Deacon Mayhew was no common man. His piety was of the most rigid order, and the church where he was born, in such entire rectitude that when, about fourteen years before, her dying father had placed the hand of his daughter Ruth Gold in that of Deacon Mayhew, on the very day after her betrothed lover sailed on a three years' cruise, even those who pitied her sad fate envied him the unmerited union, could not deny that "the Deacon had been a lucky man to have married the girl who could make her a good home." A good home! Words how often profaned; a home where fear was always and love was not, until the feeble wail of an infant voice broke the spell, and the girl-mother spent the wealth of her young love upon the babe so delicate, so beautiful, that came like a mockery from the frozen earth into that chilled and desolate heart, a harbinger of joy, and hope, and gladness to come. But the child grew, and with it grew that tiny infant face, he hated the child he felt was worshiped by the mother who had never loved him. A man and a child in a sickly life for sixty years with the germ of every vice hidden in his breast. Deacon Mayhew had never swerved from the right, and his heart was hardened and strong with self-reliance. He would have been a better man had he loved more. The charity that "bears with all things and is kind," knew him not; the gentle humility remembrances of past error gives us, was not in him. It was his pride to say that he had had ever seen him stumble; he paid every man his due; worked late and early; fulfilled to the letter his duties as a husband, father, and he married so late in life it was in a spirit of self-assertion, as he said all the neighbors thought, to save the anguish of his friend from a marriage with the sailor lover to whom her heart was given, and from whose wild power so illimitable had her dying father received by this union eternally to separate her.

"How good of the Deacon," said all men, "to take a foolish young girl, that her father might die in peace!" "And how well he treats her!" echoed the women. The pale wife looked little paler when, a year after their marriage, news came that his ship was lost, and the lover, her father's harsh command had forced her to forsake, would trouble her no more. Let us hope the Deacon never knew how stern and cold his heart was when he prayed that very night, "May hope proclaimed to eternal truth be swiftly and suddenly cut off in their sins, nor be suffered to corrupt the wavering sinners who may yet be saved from the wrath to come!" As when the cruel words went like a keen knife to the heart of the woman who knelt beside him; poor heart that had loved, and suffered, withered, yet like a stern Nemesis he pronounced, as he believed, Heaven's doom upon the man she had loved without one pitying thought for the wife. Let us pause the infant face bore a strange and marked likeness to the drowned man did Deacon Mayhew but recognize it. But he did not know it, or he hated him. As he grew up his clothes were of the best, yet always a size too small that Will might emulate and imitate other boys—that shame and sorrow to a boyish mind. His food was of the best, but unappetizing because, but if he had a natural appetite, that article was forbidden; if he expressed an aversion, that article was chosen. He was sent to school from infancy, and was to him if a mere childish fault he merited, as he but seldom did, the reproof of his teachers. Punishment so severe as to endanger life was rarely awaited him, and then when his extreme youth rendered the trivial fault excusable. And for all these things the wise world praised him more and more, and said—"a wise child, a world—" What a good man is Deacon Mayhew! *He* does not dress his boy in gay clothes, although *he* can afford it; *he* does not pamper his stomach with delicacies; *he* does not indulge his son as a mamma!; he is indeed a father!" And thus the harsh cruelty was called a virtue that was in truth a blending of selfishness and envy, hatred, and deceit, black and monstrous in its hidden strength. Nor was this unsuspected by its victims. He had named the child a grace as the babe came down upon his blood-stained shoulders, and knew the punishment was more a pleasure than a penance to his cruel father. The boy grew older the boy's pride taught him to affect indifference; and he would bear the most unsparing chastisement with such firmness, with such pride, powerless to help, would stand beside him wringing her hands in unavailing grief, feeling every stripe, and praying for the day she knew was a stranger to her husband's heart.

CHAPTER III.

When the last chime of the bell had sounded Mrs. Mayhew opened the sitting door, and looked eagerly for her boy's return. A stranger passing by would have paused to admire the trim garden, the neat white palings, and its rustic porch gay with roses and honey-suckle, and the cozy simplicity of its interior arrangements, as the wind lifted the white curtains that shaded the windows. The house was indeed the model of a rural home; and the sweet pale face and mourning dress of Mrs. Mayhew seemed in unison to a scene that shadowed forth a world of homely beauty. Yet, had the stranger known the history of the woman who reigned in that humble cottage—could he have gazed into that woman's heart and read the dark history of every thought, would every fair theme he might well have changed his admiring glance for an averted one, and his envy of the happy inmates for a feeling of deep sympathy. As twilight deepened into nightfall the mother's anxiety grew momentarily, and, putting her apron over her head, she hastened to the door to fear nothing intelligence of her absent one. A kindly neighbor, of whom she inquired, told her he had seen Will playing on the green, and draining down his last glass of milk, and placing the rosy girl he was nursing at the door, he told the pale mother that he would go and seek him.

"For I know the Deacon is a pretty hard man," said the neighbor, "and doesn't love a boy much patience with boys. Now, I haven't forgot I was a boy once myself, so if he is playing ball in the moonlight, or has gone to see at the circus, I'll bring him home and beg off his whipping this time, any way."

Off went the peacemaker on his friendly mission; and Mrs. Mayhew, afraid to be absent from home when she expected her husband's return, watched from the open street, straining her eyes to discover, in the shades of evening, some trace of the wanderer.

CHAPTER IV.

The clock had long been spread, and the comfortable meal prepared, no footsteps sounded on the gravel-walk that led up to the door. The woolen clock ticked lonely, and seemed, to the excited nerves of Mrs. Mayhew, to utter words of terror. She tried to drown the sound by attending to some noisy household duties; but shrill and distinct above the clatter of tea things or hum of her spinning-wheel rose the voice of that unsparing monitor, that marked the lapse of time since Will's hour of play had expired. Every evening at nine the Deacon read prayers, and the orderly household retired for the night; it lacked but little of that hour when his wife heard his step without the door. Firm and unfaltering was that step as were his resolves—the voice of the clock was silenced by the thick pulsation of her throbbing heart. She started from her seat; then, following her resolve to call if the tremors absence, and her forgiveness, or at least mitigation of his punishment, she sank back in her chair, caught her bonnet, and with eager haste and trembling limbs to be buried as, raising the latch, her husband entered the door.

"You need not have waited for me—I have had my supper," was his salutation as he sat down in his large arm-chair.

Then a dark cloud swept over his brow. "I am a fool, and am not hungry," said his wife, rising hastily, glad to escape observation by busying herself about the table and the cupboard, while her agitation increased every moment. She saw that in her husband's face that made her tremble. She knew that his eyes were fixed upon her—that he read her inmost thoughts; yet, when he turned suddenly and asked, "Has William gone to bed?" she answered, "Yes," while the crimson flush of shame mounted to her forehead. The falsehood was useless as it was natural. Spirits are ever the fathers of liars. Under gentle sway 'tis easy to confess a fault, more like to grieve than to offend; but the mantle of unconsciousness—and the scourge create the very vices they affect to punish. The false moneychange had scarcely passed her white lips ere she felt the trembling woman knew that its untruth must be patent; but, as she turned to explain, a look of lightning met her eye. The stern old man had risen with a bound, ghastly glare, and a deafening peal of thunder drowned her faltering explanation.

"Listen!" said the stern old man, rising. "That is God's sentence upon liars!" and as he stood, the vivid light flashed in varying hues from heaven, and his long white hair streaming to his shoulders, he looked indeed like an inspired prophet, with power to pronounce the doom of the Most High. What wonder that the faint and shrinking mother cowered before her husband's glance, and sank back terrified into her chair. At this moment Graham, the pleasant-faced farmer, who had gone in search of Willie, entered the room.

"Good evening, Deacon. Mrs. Mayhew was right uneasy about Will, so I've been to look where the little fellow had got to, and where do you suppose I found him? Why, in the circus, just fairly carried away. I tried to call him; but there was such a crowd there was no getting near him, and as he wouldn't have heard me, bless you, if I'd had a voice like the thunder, he was so wrapped up. The show goes on pretty late to-night, and as he'll never have a chance to go again; so let him off this time, Deacon, just to favor me and his mother."

One glance did the stern husband give to the appealing face of his wife, and then replied, "Mark me, Graham, for the trouble you've been at, but I can't change the rule of my household to please a whim of a boy, even though he adore. That boy has a hardened spirit, and will be an outcast and a prodigal if the evil one is not driven out of him." "Come, Graham, I'll see you to stay and have prayer with us; it is just on the stroke of nine?"

"No, thank you, Deacon; it's just beginning to rain, and I'll get a ducking if I don't hurry home. Good-night; don't blame, Mrs. Mayhew; the Deacon won't be more than he thinks must be done: he knows he was a boy once himself," so saying, with a pitying glance at the poor wife, he left the cottage, thinking that heaven had in war not of his neighbor's household.

As he closed the door the large Bible was opened and the evening lesson read, and then a fervent petition offered that those predestined to eternal wrath might be swept from the earth. What a contrast did that fearful supplication offer to the sublime prayer that followed—a prayer common to all creeds brought to the mercy seat by Him whose tenets were breathe love and forgiveness! The rain that falls alike upon the just and unjust poured in torrents as the Deacon rose from his knees, closed the large Bible, while a light step passed the window, a trembling hand untied the door, and the poor mother, half-dead by terror, fell, rather than saw, that it was her boy—her Willie who entered the room.

"So you have come back," said the Deacon, with a stolid composure that scarcely disguised his inward agony. "What have you to say?"

"That I am sorry, father."

"Because you dread the lash," replied the stern old man, rising and taking down the cane from the shelf of an adjoining closet.

"No, father," replied the boy, with a firm voice; "sorry, because I have done wrong, and grieved my mother."

"You should have thought of that before."

"I did think of it; but every one knows how you whip me, and the boys taunted me and said I was afraid as I said at play long ago, and then we heard the music and followed it. We did not think of going to the circus, but a man let me in, and I forgot every thing until it was over—was all so beautiful. Beat me if you please, father; but believe me, for I have told you the truth."

The boy's manner no reply, but motioned the boy to take off his jacket and shirt, while he rolled up his sleeves and prepared for the punishment.

"Forgive him! he has told the truth: forgive him this once, as you have just prayed to be forgiven!" gasped the wretched mother, as she grasped the arm that brandished the uplifted lash.

"It can not be. He is given into my hands to be saved from becoming a child for the burning. Unloose your hold and leave the room; or, no—stay—he will suffer in seeing the affliction his sins have caused." With the lash upon his back after stroke upon the naked and bleeding back of the high-spirited boy, who never winced or murmured

while the lash descended upon his shoulders, until, faint and deathly sick, he could endure no longer, and, with a groan of anguish, he sunk senseless to the floor.

CHAPTER V.

DEACON MAYHEW was asleep. The candle, which his wife studied with her hand, showed her the stern features at rest, while his regular breathing showed his nature to be deep and strong. Swiftly and noiselessly she stole from the apartment, and creeping to her boy's bedside, leaned over him and kissed him.

"Is that you, mother? Oh, I have been so sick!"

"My darling! my darling! I thought you would die!" said the wretched woman. "But it shall never be again, Willie—never! never!"

"I am asleep now, mother. Let me go, mother. How could I be tempted to commit a fault that would bring you such misery? Forgive me, mother! oh, forgive me!" she cried, repentant tears welling up fast into the eyes his recent punishment had never moistened.

"It is I who need forgiveness, Willie—I alone. It is my sins my husband scourges in my child. Listen, darling! You shall hear your mother's story, and then my selfish love shall keep you here no longer. Do not despise me while you listen; for if my sin was great my punishment has been hard to bear. My father was poor—so poor that sometimes we wanted bread—when my mother was taken ill, and Malachi Mayhew came to pay with her. I worked hard, and strove to keep her from suffering; but she often needed things we had no money to give her. He bought them to her. On the day she died promised that he would always be a friend to me. He had never been kind but a few years when a neighbor's son, who had been my play-fellow, came back from sea. I was sixteen now, and he too was no longer a boy, but had become a mate of his ship. He loved me, Willie, and asked my father if I might be his wife. His ready hand had always helped my father, and we doubted the liking of his consent, and were so happy, when he told us he had promised I should marry Deacon Mayhew. I think I could not have been induced to urge him to spare his child; but he had been taught to think that I was sinful, and for his marriage alone I could be saved. He rejected our tears and prayers, and swore a dreadful oath that I should be the Deacon's wife. The day was to wait one day. There seemed no hope for us. I wept—I prayed—I implored my father to pity my despair. He refused me—declared my lover dead—said he was not live, and that if I disobeyed him he would curse me with his dying breath. Then, in my agony of love and grief, I believed it right to disobey—to yield—to think that my duty to my lover was paramount; that as he was the husband of my heart, and before Heaven the rightful claimant of my hand, it was no sin I committed when next I saw my father's cold face, and told him—oh, hour of horror!—that I could never be the wife of Deacon Mayhew; that I had placed a dishonorable bar between us; that there was no longer, but was the mistress and affianced wife of George Sanders—of your father!"

"My father!" said the boy, starting up in the bed.

"Hush! and the wretched woman quailed in terror lest that word had caused the slumbers of the adjoining room; but the silence remained unbroken, and the trembling voice continued: "He was gone when I looked at the dead face. I was left less in their hands. I told the Deacon all. My father painted the disgrace that we must suffer. They told me George was a sailor never returned—I must be an outcast. They showed me letters proving him a villain who had seduced others. I was mad, bewildered, and, like a drowning wretch, caught at any thing to save me from the shame that seemed inevitable. He said—that story will man—he would forgive my fault. Willie, he does not know the world! When I knew that you, the proof of my shame, were to be born, I had begged that he would let me go and leave him forever; but no—he said the child should be as his, and no one should know the truth; and when I saw his eyes first rested on your face, he saw whose features that face bore, and hated you; and from that hour till now you have been one scene of agony. He could not forge a helpless tale, but he could punish me with all that must attach to it, and while I still, trembling, hoping, prayed your father would return and claim me—forgive my sad belief of his cruelty—he could bear me because of far distant country, news came that his vessel was lost, and he who alone could save me, he was drowned. Ah, Willie, then did the debt we owe rise in you. Judge now I have felt each pang, inflicted for what I knew were trivial faults. But I will not complain. I will not grieve. I will not, my darling, my darling child." And with convulsive sobs she clasped the boy to her heart.

"You shall go with me, mother. I can work for you. We may not fare so well as we do now, but we will be much happier."

"No, darling, I have been selfish long enough. You can steal away, and no one will find you; but were I to go, would be followed, caught, and you would feel again that horrid lash. No, no, no. You must go alone. I will wait here for you, Willie, to pray for, to think of you always, always, darling, until they lay me in the churchyard." And mingling their sobs of anguish, the poor mother and her child, clasped in each other's arms, wept bitterly, while the calm breathing of the Deacon sounded audibly in the adjoining room.

"Now, Willie, try to sleep. I will go and get such things as you most require."

"Don't leave me, mother; I can not bear to have you from my side."

"I will not leave you, darling; it will be but a short separation." And with the thoughtful care a woman seems to retain even in the deepest extremity of grief, she selected the clothes and food most easily conveyed in a small bundle, returning ever and anon to kiss his brow, to press his hand, or whisper some low word of fond endearment, while the tears streamed down her pale cheeks, and blinded her swollen eyes as she passed noiselessly from room to room. At length her preparations were completed—the bathing and dressing the wounds inflicted by the lash, she raised the poor child from his bed, and, with his stiff and trembling limbs in the task of dressing. When all was done she drew a little purse from her pocket—the fruits of her own industry—for the Deacon never, and begging Willie again and again to be good and careful of himself, to write to her when he should be so without being discovered, and never to come back until he could do so safely—all, all the anxious charges love could prompt.

"Don't think of me, my poor wretched, Willie. I shall try to be so contented and happy when I know you are safe. Think of me in your prayers; they can not help but love you, my pretty, darling boy."

The child, with earnest protestations, promised all—how good and obedient he would be—how he would work and strive for her sake—how she, too, must strive to be well and happy for him. With tearful eyes he looked around the little room her love had endeared to him; long did he remember each object in every recess; and then, unbolting the door, unclosed the door—the sky was inky dark, and not one star was to be seen. The clock struck loudly, as on the midnight air, and as it struck three the mother clasped her boy for a farewell embrace. Her heart grew cold and dead within her; she felt that it was now or never that she could bear. To close the door, perhaps forever, on her child—to hear the last faint cry that stairway his loved feet might never pass again—to look upon the little bed where he had lain, the little child seat with those dear hands had been by the side of him who had caused all. No, no—he must not go; they must be together. But then the scene of last night— His must go—he must go!

"Bless you, darling! Be good. God will be your father—I am your friend. Do not follow me to thirty, darling; I can not breathe. Go, Willie, go! God's blessing go with you, and all my mother's love!"

"I will come back, mother, a man. I am thirteen now, and soon I shall be a man, and can help you. I will be good—indeed, indeed I will. God bless you, mother!"

She could not speak. With one fond embrace he goes out into the dusky night. She hears the sound of the loved footsteps grow fainter and less faintly; and when they have quite ceased she fastens the door, ascends the stair, and falls senseless across the blood-stained bed of her lost darling.

CHAPTER VI.

OUT into the darkness, he passed along the well-known streets, unheeding the cries of anguish or objects, his way was easily found. Silence reigned unbroken; and the thought of the past night—of his punishment—of his mother's love—seemed to have seemed like a horrid dream, had not his weakness and suffering from the effects of his fearful chastisement been too plainly felt for him to doubt that he was really an outcast wanderer, with no plan for the future, save to escape the tyranny that held so fearful a dominion. The young to fully comprehend his mother's story, he was well content to bear the stigma of his birth rather than the pain he had endured from the hand of father. He was free! That sweet thought gave the other much of its bitterness. He was free—free as they; and when daylight broke, and he saw how short a distance Lay between him and pursuit, he felt how hopeless was the struggle, and how vain the weary and sick at heart was the boy as he sat down by the road-side, with no kind mother's care to minister to his wants, and wept—he desolate only know how bitterly.

A cheery voice close beside him caused him to raise his eyes, to see his fellow of the circus driving a close wagon, filled with bundles.

"What's the matter, my lad?"

"I am sick and faint, and can not go to the next town, as I was desired to do by my master."

"She must be a hard mother to send a sick boy on such a journey. Why, it is fifteen miles at least! Jump in here; I'll give you a lift on your way."

So saying, he helped the boy into his wagon, and driving his own horses, and those of the ostrich age, he was soon fast asleep; and it was not until his kind driver arrived at the village, put up his horses, and ordered him food, that he shook Will kindly by the shoulder.

"Oh, please, sir, don't use me hurt me!"

"Why, is your shoulder sore?"

"Yes, Sir," said Will, with a blush of shame, and his interrogator comprehending the meaning with horror, as, turning back the boy's shirt-band, he saw his blood-stained and disfigured back.

"Did your father do that? Then I need not ask—no man ever whipped his own child like that."

"It was an old man who has always taken care of me: it was not my father—he never cared a sight."

"Poor boy! So I got you into that scrape, did I? Well, I'll be more sure to get you out of it. You still here in the wagon, so no one may see you. I'll bring you some breakfast, and as soon as the horses are fed I'll drive right on to Boston with you. You give three shows there next week, and then we sail for Panama. You shall go with us if you like, and be a circus boy."

Grateful for the kindness of his rough protector, fearful that he might be overtaken, yet dreading not his acceptance of the proposal, and glad to be forever from his mother, the poor child sobbed out his thanks, and, covering up his head, sank again to sleep. Sweet slumber of youth, you visit us no longer when that golden time is past; but how tranquil and blessed art thou! The lacerated back, the aching limbs, the sad heart filled with fond thoughts of the absent mother, all were forgotten in the gentle sleep that stole with peaceful spell over all his senses and weary frame.

CHAPTER VII.

IT was a signal for rejoicing among the redskinned natives of the country on which the loud horses of the "Great Mammoth Circus" of Lee and Marshall came winding down the circuitous road that leads to the town of Placerville. Their advent had been duly placarded on numerous bills of red and blue, so monstrous in their proportions that it seemed impossible that a lucher any one wall in this town of shanties could contain them. Be it remembered, when we speak of shanties, that we speak of them in the most just but its lipsticks title of Hangtown. The hills had a due effect, and curiously enough, managed to witness the wonderful feats thereon depicted. This curiosity was nothing dulled when beautiful horses, ponies of fabulous stature, and a car full of musicians paraded the street, and gave abundant promise how grand a show might be expected. Children were almost an unknown thing at that time in California: but the men were almost childish in their desire for something to break the monotony of life in that new region; and when the circus canvas was pitched, and the band stationed without commenced to play, hundreds of representatives, of all ages and nations of our American population, thronged around the door eager for admission, but beguiling the tedious interval of time by tossing up heads or tails who should pay for tickets, or enjoying an impromptu game of poker, played on the head of a barrel by the crown of a hat. The fatiguing journey over, the troops hastily busied themselves with preparations for the performance that lay before them; and those who, an hour hence, roared at the jests of the clown, or shouted in tumultuous admiration at the daring of the athletes, little knew how wearily the men who uttered the jests, or performed the wonderful "feats of agility and strength" for which fifty dollars and plaudits were required, had crept along the dry and dusty road as they entered the town. Journey after journey—performance after performance—made their nomadic life a hard one. Arriving in a town at sunset, they had to work night, and by two the next morning the tent was struck, the gaudy trappings exchanged for sober harness, and away they went to the next, perhaps twenty miles distant—where they must perform again at 12 M., and then repeat the toil of the night before. Was it any wonder that the strongest felt the burden of such a life as being almost intolerable, or that the young and weak sunk beneath its weight? Yet those who beheld the performance would never have dreamed that the smiling, graceful figures before them were suffering from fatigue; and the white teeth that flashed their greetest can be ridder, whose feats seemed always to surpass those of his predecessor, was the first to fall sick, in his own peculiar way, announced "Master Willie," and a beautiful boy, whose long, fair curls touched below his shoulders, giving a feminine delicacy to his features, sprang lightly into his saddle, and paced slowly around the arena, his white horse circumscribing it and pawing the earth, seemingly impatient to begin. The boy was dressed as a sailor, and when the ring-master announced "The Shipwreck Boy and Lost Cruise," the clown's response that he never wanted to see the last of such good-looking crews met with a hearty reception from the audience. And now he began the act. Obedient to the crack of the whip, the white horse circumscribed around the arena, while the young horseman, with the very eloquence of grace, told the story of a young sailor's life. Now rocked by, delighted with the novelty of all around him; anon it was the home-sick child, yearning for the mother he might never see again. And when the clown seemed to rise, you could imagine him mounting the shrouds, and swaying on the tall mast, backward and forward, over the fearful waters. Then the tempest struck the ship with redoubled fury—she was lost—and the form of the brave boy seemed battling with the billows. Borne out and overwhelmed, he addressed a last prayer for pardon, and lay upon his back in floating corpse.

So truly was the scene depicted—so engaging was the air of the little ride—that many of the young children present, in their excitement at the sight, and a storm of applause, and a tumultuous recall, summoned the hero of the night back to his scene of glory. Scarce a moment elapsed when he returned, but no longer as the sailor boy. A suit of flesh-colored silk developed the fine proportions of his form, a tight skirt, confined around the waist by a blue scarf, completed his attire; and again the voice of the master announced him as "The Equestrian Child," and now his performance most wonderful in its graphic power, portrayed the life of a boy who had no restraint to check him. Now he seemed to swim through the blue waters; now to gain a prize, secrete it in his girdle; now taunt the monarch of the deep; again his strength seemed to give way. He struggled to return—it was too late—and, tossing his arms wildly, he fell across the back of his horse. So naturally was this done that no one dreamed it to be a real exhibition of suffering until, as to a solemn strain of music, he was led through the arena, a bloody foam was seen issuing from the mouth of the boy. In unistant the audience sprang to their feet, and a murmur of voices proffering help, or demanding what was the matter, filled the place of the music. Nor was their tranquillity restored when it was announced that the boy had had a fit, to which, they added, he was subject. Many left the tent, and the remainder of the performance was hurriedly given; and the dispersing crowd bestowed to their homes saddened and depressed, they scarce knew why.

Poor Willie Mayhew—for the youthful rider was no other than the little ball-player of the New England village—had been placed upon a shutter and carried over to the "Saint Charles," where he lay on a netter in the bar-room, one of his companies holding his head, another bathing his brow—on which the deathdamp had settled, and mother fanning his hands; while even the rudest of the motley throng around him subdued their harsh, loud tones of their voices, and stepped softly, lest there should disturb the dust means of the dying child.

"Make way for the doctor!" cried a dozen voices, and the tall form of the only medical practitioner the place could boast might be seen towering at eve the crowd who surrounded the boy. Of his skill in the healing art fame highly, and a long term of service in the Mexican war had taught him how to compel the prompt obedience of his patients, a chief ingredient in the cure for that wild state of society where intemperance was the chief cause of disease. "Room!" at his was ever disregarded; and when he demanded "a room where this boy can be quiet," the landlord unclosed the adjoining parlor, and in a moment four stout fellows had borne the little fellow within, and, in accordance with the doctor's instructions, had left him alone with his patient.

Drawing a small phial from his pocket, the physician introduced it between the clenched lips of the child, and in a few moments the ball-opened eyes closed, the jaws relaxed their stiffness, and the rigid limbs grew pliant, while a long sigh told of returning consciousness.

"Well, my little man, are you better?"

"Most better, thank you, Sir."

The doctor took the feeble fluttering pulse, went to the bar-room door, gave some instructions, and returned.

"You have worked too hard—traveled too much."

"Yes, Sir."

"Are you very tired?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Well, my poor boy, you are going to have a long, long, quiet rest now." The child did not quite catch the meaning of the words, but smiled faintly, and thought he was very good, as he was side too long he would not be able to make any money.

"Bah! money already! How old are you?"

"Fourteen next June, Sir."

"Where is your home?"

"In New England, Sir."

"That's best—too far off by half for a job like this. Have you any parents living?"

"A mother, Sir," and tears filled the large blue eyes. "I was for her I wanted to make money."

"Ah, well, you can't do that now, and it is a pity you had no one to advise you to take care of yourself. My poor boy, you are very ill."

"I know I am as bad before, Sir. I don't mind it. You can tell our people I will be ready to start with them when they are fixed for starting."

"Yes, my child; you will be ready, I hope, for an easier journey. Think of your mother. You would like written to your mother. You can not live, my boy, more than an hour."

"My mother! my poor, poor mother!" gasped the boy; and seizing the doctor's arm, he said, "an nothing be done so that I might live to reach home?"

The doctor shook his head.

"See, I have diamonds here sewn in my clothes. I have hundred and forty cent to the dollar to take them home to her. Will you send them to her?"

"I will, my poor child, safely and surely." And with both hands he wrote down name and address, and transferred them, with the valuables, to his side-pocket. "What shall I tell your mother?"

"That I was not afraid to die, Sir; that I trust my sins will be forgiven, for I forgave him all—she will know, Sir, what I mean. Tell her I never forgot her last words—that I have tried hard to be good." The boy's head fell upon his pillow, and the ticket-seller, pale and haggard, his eyes filled with tears, uttered hastily and knelt by the side of the dying child.

"Don't mind me, Simpson. You have been very kind to me always. I have told the doctor what to do with the money"—and here the weak voice trembled. "Perhaps you may go to our village, Simpson, sometime. And you, my lad, her, please, I was a good boy, and tried to do what would make her able to come and live with me. You won't tell her I was the only sorry to die for her sake, and that I had no hard thoughts about the past."

A locket was the only answer.

"Don't be unhappy about me; it is better so. Tell her, please, I did not grow much; she will know me again when we meet in heaven."

With a smile upon his lips, and the feeble hand pointing upward to the soul of the wondering circle, they returned to Him who gave it.

Letter and package were duly sent, and a narrow grave dug under one of the pine-trees that grow by the Sierra Nevada, where the little form was laid to rest. The doctor read the service, and there were few present who did not shed tears over the lonely grave by the hill-side. With no temple inscription—the last words of the dying child—"Tell mother I did not grow much; she will know me when we meet again."

On a Sunday afternoon, while Deacon Mayhew is exhorting, many a rough-handed, red-shirted miner forsakes the festivities of the fare bank, the cock-pit, or the bar-room, and sits silently by that little grave, while the wind moans sadly through the pines and hemlocks, and, with his face buried in his hands, recalls the image of the dead boy, and wishes that his own life may hereafter be so blameless, that he will not so incur his fearful curse.

"In the land of the hereafter."

THE MASSACRE OF CHRISTIANS IN SYRIA.

We have given from time to time, of late, in the news department, accounts of the recent massacres of the Christians of the Lebanon. We now publish on this page pictures of the three principal cities which figure in these accounts—to wit: Tyre, Sidon, and Beyrout.

Lebanon, which forms part of Syria, and is under the Turkish dominion, contains about 400,000 inhabitants, gathered into something like 600 towns and villages. Of these the largest are Zayleh, with a population of 11,000; Dheir-el-Kamar, with 7000; Hasbeiya, with 6000; and Rasheiya, with 2500—all four of which have been scenes of frightful massacres within a few weeks. The inhabitants of Lebanon are Druses, Maronite Christians, Jews, Greeks, Moslems, Arabs, etc., etc.—a heterogeneous assemblage of opposite races, professing hostile creeds, and, as a general rule, all hating their neighbors bitterly, and only restrained from making war upon each other by the strong arm of Government. Ten and twenty years ago the Arabs and Druses used not unfrequently to molest the Maronites and Greek Christians; but the laws of that day were so strict that the evil-doers seldom escaped punishment. The very individual to whose treachery the present outbreak is ascribed—Said Bey—on one occasion made prisoners of all the Arabs in a whole district, because one of them had robbed the house of a Maronite priest. The Crimean war altered all this. The object of Russia in making war upon Turkey was to compel the Sultan to adhere to treaty stipulations with regard to the protection of the Christians in Syria, in Asia Minor; France and England, by exposing the delusion, and wresting the Russians, defeated that object, and left matters, so far as the Christians are concerned, in a worse condition than they were before. True, the Sultan has issued a *Hatti-Humayoun*, or proclamation, commanding all his officers to protect Christians against molestation; but the Beys and Pashas pay very little attention to the document, and practically it is understood throughout Asiatic Turkey that the Christians were beaten in the war, and that the other creeds are at liberty to maltreat them. The outbreak at Jeddah, some months since, and the recent massacres in Lebanon, may be regarded as the natural consequences of the victories of the allied army in the Crimea.

The Druses, who have been the authors of the recent massacres, are a race of robbers, of Arab origin, who inhabit Southern Lebanon: they are said to number 100,000 souls. For some months they have been on bad terms with the Christians; in the end of May last they took the field openly, and attacked the principal Christian villages. One of the first places assailed was Dheir-el-Kamar, a place (as above mentioned) of 7000 inhabitants, most of whom are Christians, and containing a convent of Maronite nuns. This place could not be defended, and when the Druses attacked it, the inhabitants surrendered on condition that their lives should be spared and no outrage committed. The Druses were no sooner in the place than they commenced their fiendish work; the women (including the nuns) were violated, the men murdered, and the town laid desolate. A few survivors fled toward Lebanon, were butchered on the way by a band of Moslems and Druses. Similar scenes took place at Hasbeiya, Rasheiya, and elsewhere.

Of the massacre at Hasbeiya, a correspondent of the London *News* says:

"The village was attacked by an overwhelming body of Druses on Saturday, June 9. The Christians armed to repel them, and for two days held their own, on the third driving back their enemy. Hitherto the commander of the Turkish troops had stood aloof, although—as was the case at Sidon, at Dheir-el-Kamar, and at Rasheiya—he had troops enough at his command to repel and defeat the Druses, had he so wished. When he saw that the Christians were gaining the day he called them back, and in the name of the Sultan ordered them to retire within the seraglio (a large building covering nearly an acre of ground, and containing the residence of the commander as well as the barracks), and to give up their arms, as he, the local representative of the Government, would conduct them all safe to Damascus, where they would be better than in the Hasbeiya, while the civil war lasted. The Christians obeyed him, returned, gave up their arms, which were immediately packed up and sent toward Damascus, but with so slenderly small an escort that the Druses took possession of half the muskets and the mules that carried them within an hour of their leaving the place. The Christians asked again to be sent with their families, as promised, to Damascus. For nearly a week they were put off with some pretext or other, until, on the sixth day after their being disarmed (during which time the

BEYROUT.

Turkish soldiers had prevented any of them from leaving the precincts of the seraglio), two Druse sheiks of great influence arrived, and had a conference of several hours with the Turkish commander of the troops. No sooner was this conference ended than the Christians observed that the harem (wives, women, and children), as well as the property of the commander, was removed from the seraglio, and that the Turkish soldiers also removed their baggage outside. Suspecting treachery, many of the Christians tried to escape from the place, but were prevented by the bayonets of the troops, while their women and children were ordered and compelled to remove to the large upper chambers of the buildings, the men being forced to remain below. By this time it was known that many hundreds of armed Druses were close to the town. The troops had hardly made the aforesaid arrangements when the Druses were admitted into the seraglio, and rushed like hungry tigers upon the unarmed mob in the court-yard. No mass was spared. In ten minutes the very stones were inch-deep in human blood. No butchery ever known in history equaled this in ferocity and cowardice. Half an hour upward of a thousand strong men were hacked to death. Some few tried again to escape, but were driven back by the bayonets of the Turkish soldiers (regular troops, not Bashi Bazouks), and the Druses had their revel of blood undisturbed—mothers, wives, daughters, and young children witnessing from above the massacre of their relatives. I could enter into more details, but sicken at the task. Would to Heaven that it were a fable or a dream. In the slaughter some few hid in out-of-the-way chambers; others escaped notice from being heaped over by the dead, and then, by God's mercy, managed in the night to escape, wandered down to the coast, where one Ali Bey, a Metuali chief, protected them, and so to Tyre.

TYRE.

At Deir-el-Makhallis the Druses attacked the celebrated Greek monastery which has made the place dear to all travelers; tricked the monks into a surrender, murdered most of them, destroyed their inestimable library, which contained priceless manuscripts, stole their plate, and in a few hours gutted the richest religious establishment in Syria. Those who have read Dr. Thomson's description of this monastery (in "The Land and the Book") can realize the extent of the mischief done.

On 1st June Sidon was attacked. Fugitive Christians from Southern Lebanon were dying thither for refuge; the Druses, joined by some equally savage Moslems, attacked them near and in the city, and butchered most of them in sight of the Turkish garrison, which (obeying upon the lesson taught by the Crimean war) carefully abstained from interference. But for the appearance of a French and a British vessel of war in the harbor, it is probable that no Christians would have been left to tell the tale. Tyre, it is said, was saved by an Englishman, who sailed his yacht into the harbor, landed his guns, and made preparations for fighting; this peaceful act did not suit the Druses, and Tyre escaped.

Last of all we hear of the fall of Zayleh, which was besieged by the Druses early in June. The besieging army consisted of Druses, Arabs, and Moslems—all robbers, greedy for booty, bloodshed, and sensual license. The little town resisted several days, fighting a battle each day, and defending their homes bravely; but on the 9th they won the place. Every one was given up to the sword, and from the reports it appears that neither age nor sex were spared. The only wonder is that which the brutal conquerors made their way back to Dheir-el-Kamen. Some noble deeds were done by the garrison. A correspondent of the Boston *Traveller* writes:

"The defense of Zayleh, the most warlike town in Lebanon, was conducted with much spirit. As an illustration of the manner in which the desperate furious hope of the Christians behaved in this last battle, in which about seven thousand Druses and Arabs were engaged in the siege, we will refer to one case only at present.

"The Druses had gained the suburbs of the town, and had succeeded in setting fire to about a score of houses, when the Christians rallied and drove them out upon the plain. The Druses were led by a most ferocious and bloodthirsty chief, Kasge el Amad. In the Christian army was a lad of fourteen years of age, who determined to die in defense of his home. He rushed into the ranks of the enemy, and, shooting the chief, fell, pierced by spears and bullets.

"The chief was killed, and the little hero shared his grave."

What renders these outrages more pitiable is that the towns and villages had desolate were prosperous and happy; their Christian inhabitants produced wine, oil, silk, and corn in abundance; they were the nucleus of a thriving community. All is now destroyed; the work of a generation has been swept away. Hasbeiya, which is mentioned above, contained a Protestant community of two hundred souls—only two of whom survive. They had been energetic and prosperous enough to build them a church.

Beyrout is the present refuge of the Christian fugitives. The town is full of starving men, women, and children from Southern Lebanon. Trade is suspended; there is no demand for labor, and the fugitives are mostly supported by the foreign consuls. One writer says it is like a deserted city. Vessels-of-war of each non-dl war, signaling each other, and making preparations for active service as if in a state of war. Some residents think that the city is soon to be attacked, and assert that the Druse army numbers twenty thousand men. Others look to Damascus as probably the next point which will be attacked.

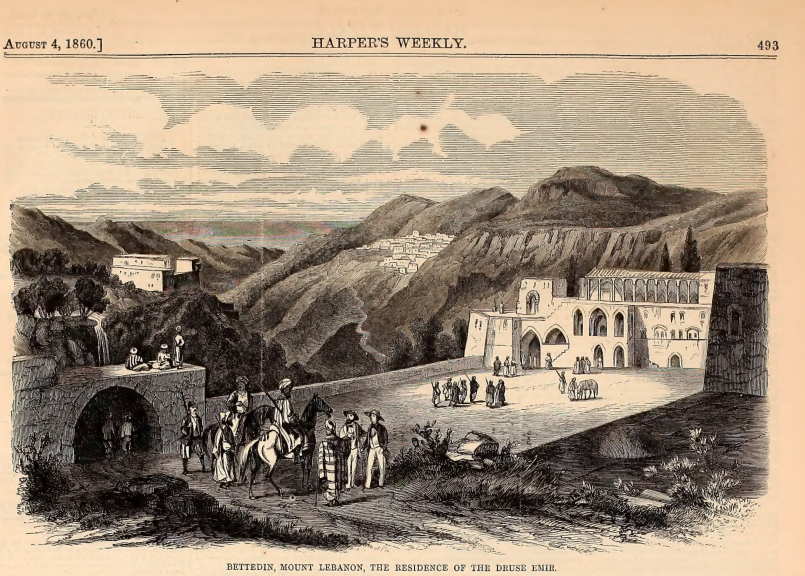
We hear that England and France are about to interfere actively on behalf of the Christians of Lebanon. It is to be hoped that they may do so soon. 'Twould have been perhaps better, however, to have thought a little more of them, and a little less of the "balance of power," five and six years ago.

At latest dates we hear that Fuad Pasha had been sent as a special envoy to Syria, to stop the massacres, and that, in view of this step, France and England had agreed to abstain from interference. This news will hardly be regarded as satisfactory by those who sympathize with the Christians of Syria. The Druses have now ascertained their superiority to the Christians, and their power to massacre them when they choose. With this knowledge it is not likely that they will refrain quite for any length of time. The bitterest hatred animates all the rival sects, and Turkey has not the power to keep them in control.

We mentioned above that the Maronites, like the Greek Catholics and the members of the Greek Church, are Christians, though professing many doctrines unknown to Christianity as we understand

SIDON.

the Druses were reinforced by a number of fugitive Africans and Moslems eager to avenge the late defeat. Every one was given up to the sword, and from the reports it appears that neither age nor sex were spared. The only wonder is that which the brutal conquerors made their way back to Dheir-el-Kamen. Some noble deeds were done by the garrison. A correspondent of the Boston *Traveller* writes:



BETTEDIN, MOUNT LEBANON, THE RESIDENCE OF THE DRUSE EMIR.

it: the Druses profess a form of religion known only to themselves, and apparently involving heathenish rites and doctrines.

Captain Brand,

OF THE

SCHOONER "CENTIPEDE,"

A PIRATE OF EMINENCE IN THE WEST INDIES;

His Loves and Exploits,

TOGETHER WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE SINGULAR MANNER BY WHICH HE SEPARATED THEM LIFE.

By LIEUT. H. A. WISE, U.S.N.

(HARRY GRINGO),

AUTHOR OF "LOS GRINGOS" AND "TALES FOR THE MARINES."

ILLUSTRATED BY

C. PARSONS AND A. LUMLEY.

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CHAPTER XXXIX.

ESCONDIDO.

THERE were pleasant sounds—the low, sweet tones of women's voices—inside the villa of Escondido. Two lovely matrons were sitting within that lofty saloon, hand clasped in hand, and gazing with glowing pride upon a lovely girl, who waved lithe as a lily on its stem before them.

It is about seventeen years since we last saw this charming trio. And now look at them, old bachelors, and tell me if, while old Time has been scraping the hair off your own selfish heads, and pinching the noses, too, of the ancient maids beside you, the scything old wretch has not spared these lovely matrons? Look at their rounded forms, those soft dimpled cheeks, and those bands of brown tresses, kissing the pear-shaped ears before they are looped up in one magnificent knot of satin at the back of the head. Look at them, you miserable old procrastinators, and then kneel down before the ancient damsels you have sneered at, even if they have the pelican gout and a crow's-foot at the corners of their eyes! They are better than you are, any day; so bear a hand, send for the parson—and now stand back.

But come here, my young gallants, and take a peep at that Bordelaise damoiselle standing before those fair matrons. Strange to say, she is nearly a blonde, with large blue eyes, so very blue that—fringed with lashes that cast a shade over the cheek—they seem almost black. Then, too, that low, pure forehead, with great plaits of hair going round and round her elegant head, like a golden turban, and thin hoops of rings quivering in the pearl-tipped ears. Tall and waving in figure, as maidens are; with slim, arched feet, dimpled at the ankle; and round, dimpled, tapering fingers, too; with a wrist so plump and soft that no manacles of bracelets could press it without slipping off the ivory hand. Dressed she was in a light muslin, coyly covering in loose folds around her budding bosom to the slender waist, where, clasped by a simple buckle of mother-of-pearl, it fell flowing in gauzy, floating waves to her feet. Look at her, my gallants, for she is Rosalie!

"They are coming to-day, my aunt; and Uncle Jules says that our dear old Captain Blunt has just arrived at Kingston, and is coming with them."

"What else, my daughter?"

The girl held a letter before her face, maybe to hide a little blush which suffused her cheeks.

"Why, maman, he writes that the springcart, with Banou, was to start overnight with the 'traps'—that means trunks, I suppose—and that—"

"What, Rosalie?"

"That there is a handsome young officer, the nephew of Commodore Cleveland—merci, maman! some of Uncle Jules's nonsense!"

No such great nonsense, after all, mademoiselle, when your Uncle Piron tells you to keep that fluttering little heart safe within your bodice, for there are thieves in blue jackets in the island of Jamaica. Strange, too, as she spoke—with her animated face, large blue eyes, and graceful, wavy figure—how much she resembled both those lovely women, with their darker coloring, who sat smiling sweetly upon her.

"Oh! here comes Uncle Banou. Well, my good Banou, what news of your master?" said Madame Piron, as she put out her hand to the black, who raised it respectfully to his lips.

"He will be here with his friends at sunset, eh! And Mademoiselle Rosalie must place the gentlemen's things in their rooms, and see that the billiard-house has some cots made ready in it."

"Nothing more?"

"No, Madame."

Through the brilliant vegetation, along the uneven road, came the sound of horses' feet, with hearty shouts and laughter; and presently appeared a cavalcade, mounted on mules and horses, all making the forest ring with merriment.

Ahead came Tom Stewart, on a small, surefooted pony; and beside him Mr. Tiny Moose, reefer, on a high mule, with a scrubbing-brush mane, looking like a fly pennant at the masthead of the frigate—kicking his little heels into the old mule, as if that mule mindeel it even so much as to shake his long ears! Then, straggling in the centre, were Daunsel, Stingo, and Paddy Burns; and behind them came a tall, muscular man, on a mettled barb, which he controlled by a touch of his little finger. And at his side, on the most diminutive of the donkey breed, with feet touching the ground, clung stout Jacob Blunt, the sailor, in a more dreadful trepidation than he had ever known on board his old teak-built brig, lying there in the roads of Kingston; while the rear was brought up by Piron and Commodore Cleveland.

"Now, you little mad-cap, look sharp when we turn the curve of the mountain, and you'll catch a peep at Escondido; and don't you pinch that old mule again on her rump, or she'll pitch you up into that silk cotton-tree."

"If it pleases Providence to restore me safely to my dear old *Martha Blunt*, I'll take my davy never to sit astride of any darn brute on four legs again!" This mild vow came from the lips of Jacob Blunt, and he honestly meant every word he said.

"Give us another jolly song, Stingo! it will keep your throat clear for the claret. A Creole one, my lad, it will make the cattle move faster."

"For the sake of my old timbers, Sir, and as you vally my wife's blessing, don't sing! There, you infernal beast, you've yawed sharp up into this ere bush, and put my starboard glim out forever! I say, Don Spanisher, don't sing—I'm going fast enough!" shouted the poor skipper, as he passed his paws around the little brute's neck, with his hat over his eyes.

"Colonel"—said Burns, as he reined up, and gave the perverse little donkey a cut with his whip, which elicited another hoarse roar from the old sailor as the animal half doubled himself up, and then ambled away like a yawl in a short sea, until he came up to the people ahead, when he stood stock-still and brayed maliciously—"have you another cigar, Colonel? Thankee! Fine scenery this about here—never visited Jamaica before? Ye have been off the island, eh? It's a nate little spot Piron has there—that it is; and the whole of us will be mighty sorry to lose him. Is he going to lave? Yes, he is; and what is worse, he is going to take his swate wife and her sister. Is the sister handsome? Begorra! handsome! Why, man, she's a beauty! And didn't I crack the elbow-joint of that ugly, abusive divil, Peter Growler, for saying he had seen a gray hair in her head, when I knew it was only a loose thread from her lace cap—and me in love with her all the time. Bad luck to him! He's never fired a pistol since."

Here Paddy Burns's small eyes twinkled as he slowly raised the stock of his riding-whip at a shoulder lance-wood tree about twelve yards off, and gave the lash a sharp crack.

The person on the spirited barb almost unconsciously put his right hand in his pocket.

Take care, Paddy Burns; the Colonel has a cool hand and a colder eye, and has made a study of pistols—cannon and swivels too, perhaps. Knows the cutlass exercise as well, and has had considerable experience in rifles, knives, and ropes. Has murdered women—lots of them. Wouldn't stick at killing a child with a junk bottle. And as for men—phaw!

"SHE LAY A BRIDAL CORPSE IN HER HUSBAND'S ARMS."

Keep a bright look-out, Paddy. Why, he'd drown your mother if you had a sister to love. For didn't he drag his own old father and mother down to a dishonored grave? and do you think—you brave, honest little Irishman—that he would sleep a wink the less sound for putting you to death? Bah! man. Shoot all the game you spring, but don't waste powder on a tiger or a shark. You would like to take a mutual shot with him though? Of course you would—who doubts it? Bless them, gentlemen fight gentlemen; and this Colonel at your elbow is a scoundrel, miscreant, villain, assassin, and—Pirate! So you can't take a crack at him, Paddy Burns.

CHAPTER XL.

PAUL DARCANTEL.

"Well, Piron, as I have told you, after the peace was made in 1815 I had command of a brig, and took a cruise on the coast of Africa. After that I was appointed to a thirty-six gun frigate—the old *Bizarre*—and went, for three years, to the East Indies, and round home by the Pacific. When we were paid off I made a tour in Europe with that boy's father, Doctor Darcantel, and—"

"But you promised to tell me, Cleveland, something about him."

"Nothing easier; and if we have half an hour before we get to Escondido I will give you all I know. It is general way, of his history. Pah! Well, then, Darcantel is descended from one of the oldest and best Creole families in our State of Louisiana, and the plantations of my friend and his father were contiguous to each other on the Mississippi, twenty leagues to the coast of New Orleans. We had the same tutor when we were children, and we grew up from infancy to boyhood together. He was passionate and irascible, even as a child; but as he was the heir to a large estate, and his father dead, his weak mother humored and allowed me not only him, I, myself, one of a numerous family, was put in the navy, and I went away on cruise after cruise and did not get home again to the Mississippi plantation for full seven years. I was a man then, had seen some active service, and I held a commission as a lieutenant in the navy.

"In the mean while, Paul Darcantel, who had taken at the time I left a strong fancy for my sister and myself, had been sent to France to begin his studies. How he applied himself we do not know; but with a large fortune at his call he spent a great deal of money; and we heard that, with great talents and wonderful skill in his profession, he was not unfitted for close application, and plunged madly into the vortex of dissipation around him. I heard, too—or at least my brothers told me—that his extravagance was not caused by impaired his fortune, and that his deals had been so numerous and desperate as to make his name odious even in Paris. On one occasion, at a ball, he had cut a bullying master's head clean off with a sabre-stroke for insulting a woman down; and in another duel, where he had detected a French count cheating him at cards, he shot him dead for a bet. What could be more visible reputation, and at the urgent solicitations of his agent, after years of absence he returned to his ancestral home. We met as boy and man as Paul and Henry—and though still the same restive, hot-headed spirit as he had ever been, he yet showed himself patiently to me as a friend, and I could, in a manner, control him. He paid very little attention to his property, however, and when he had got to the city to consult with his factor or trustee, he got in some wild frolic, duel, and scrape, and came back worn out with fatigue and dissipation. He was a fine, sternlooking youth in those days, with great muscular power, which, even with the exuberance at spare it by gaming and drinking, seemed not to be lessened.

"After one of these visits to New Orleans, where his long-forbearing agents had at last awakened him to a bitter sense of his delinquencies, and been mortgages and securities were laid with all their shocking truth before him, he returned and came to me, and told me his vices and faults he was truthful and generous. He told me all, and how he would try to do better and make the declining years of his two indulgent mother.

"I always had great faith in the companion almost of my childhood, and I loved him, I believe, better than my own brothers. Well, he spread all his affairs before me, and in my little den of an outhouse on the plantation we went to work fantacially over the papers. We were two days and nights at the business, and when it was all showed him that he would still, with a little prudent economy, have a fair income, and eventually, perhaps, seldom his former extravagance, he burst out in a wild yell of delight and hugged me in his arms. When he had put away the papers, I said—

"'Paul, you know I am engaged to be married, and I have not seen my sweet-heart for two whole days; she has a sister, too, prettier than my Celine, whom you have never seen since we were boys together. Come, will you go with me? we can pull ourselves across the river.'

"He hesitated; and it would have been, perhaps, better had he refused to accompany me, for dreadful misery came of it."

The Commodore gave a deep sigh, and touched his glass with his spoon.

"I don't know, though, Piron: there is a fate marked out for us all, and we should not exclaim against the decrees of Providence. Paul went with me across the river. There, on the bank, was a little bower of an old French-built stone house, where dwelt the last of a line of French nobility who dated back to the days of Charlemagne. It was an impoverished family, consisting of a reckless brother and two sisters, who, with a few acres of sugar-cane and some old faithful servants, managed to make both ends meet, and to support the establishment in a certain air of elegance and comfort to which they had been accustomed. They were of a proud and haughty race; the brother a dashing, full and imperious gentleman, smarting and brooding over the reverses of his family, and rarely visiting his neighbors. His sisters—and they were twins—were trustful, happy girls, and Josephine had been my childish love.

"Here Cleveland paused to saddle-bow, and if the quiet old horse he bestrode believed the large drops which fell upon his sleek neck came from the clouds or the drooping foliage of the forest, that animal was never more deceived in his quadruped life. We have that fact, for it stands upon the angelic record.

"Well, my dear Piron, as we entered the little enclosure where Eloise sported at the piano playing the sweet airs she had sung to me when a little bit of a girl, and her beautiful sister bending over a table near shelled a pea, while the candles under the glass shades lighted up their dark passionate and brooding complexion, Paul approached her. It was not love at first sight, because they had played together when children, but it was such a love as only begins and dies with man or woman. The brother came in soon afterward, but there was no more exchanged between him and Paul, and they met in a manner which seemed to revive the early dislike they had entertained one toward the other in boyhood.

"So the time passed, and in the course of a few months Josephine and I were married, and our home was made on my own plantation. Still, night by night, in storm or frolic, Paul pulled himself in a skiff across that mighty river, and we could see the lights shining to a late hour in the little bower. He had changed a great deal, for he lived with the brother in spite of his fiery and impetuous nature. Pauline loved, too, though still she feared him. The brother, however, bitterly opposed the match, and stormy scenes arose. Josephine and I did all we could to put matters on a happy footing; but Jacques, the brother, grew more imperious as his sister refused to cast off her lover, till at last his feeling against him broke out into open scornful insult, and though Paul still visited the sisters' seclusion, yet we feared that the impetuous spirit of the two men would, at any moment, burst out into open violence.

"Darcantel, however, controlled himself, resided in the country, and, after a reconciliation with Jacques, applied himself to the duties of his plantation, and always promised me that he would visit me when the crop was in and when the brother to give his consent to the marriage. Meanwhile, Paul's mother died. A year passed. Little grew me a baby boy, and I was proud of me, and then I went again to sea. Nearly three years later I returned, and the very night before I reached the plantation the fatal duel between the brothers occurred. I might, perhaps, have prevented it had I been there; but I was not, and it took place.

"It seems that two days previously Jacques wrote to Paul—I saw the letter—and it was a maundering production, in which he not only expitulated his vices and follies, but he taxed him with being a ruined gambler, who had brought his mother to the grave by his folly and ended by swearing, in the most solemn manner, that if he dared again to speak to his sister or darken their doors he would shoot him like a dog!

"That evening, as usual, the skiff pursued its way across the river, and late at night when it returned there was a fluttering white dress in the stern. Paul, Pauline, and the boy all left the bank then a boat shoved out from the other side, manned by four negroes, and came swiftly over in pursuit. Paul, young and impetuous, heard from an old married couple of servants who had passed their lives with the family. It appears that Paul, who had been at the wine, and barely reached the hall of the great house, and was giving orders to close the doors when the negroes rushed in, and Jacques struck at him and a pistol in the other. Paul ripped him up with his sword, and received a shot, as his blood was up, and, unarmed as he was, it would do him a mischief. Pauline, too, influenced him by a sense love to escape, and seizing him still advance, as she partially shielded Paul, she told him that the man she loved was her husband.

"Blinded with haughty rage, this last admission rendered him ungovernable, and he lunged at her with his foot in his stirrup. She parried his rapid passes, though receiving some sharp wounds in the arms and shoulder, and still supporting his drooping, terrified child on his left arm till, by a quick spring, he got within Jacques' guard, and, striking him on the head with the weapon from his grasp. This was enough to make the brother totally insane by passion when bathed revenge, and he leveled his pistol and fired. There was a faint cry with the report, and a groan from Jacques as the sword went through his body—he heard the fall—he struck hard against his shs as he fell, a dead man, on the marble pavement. But the bullet from his pistol had glanced from the face forehead of his sister, and she lay a bridal corpse in her husband's arms.

"I spare you all the afflicting details, Piron, and will only add that Paul left the plantation that night, that I never got home till I found an envelope post-marked New Orleans, inclosing a paper, which constituted me his sole executor, and leaving our little boy his heir. I had been a short leave of a month, and duty called me again away. It was on the anniversary of the day the tragedy occurred, after nearly three years of my absence years in the *Scourge*, that I again returned, and knew there was no one awaiting me in my own dwelling. My poor Josephine had never recovered from the shock; she drooped away like a lily, her little boy by her side, and both died during my absence."

What makes the strong man's eyelids quiver and voice tremble? Those eyes that have looked calmly on death and carnage in every shape, with his deep, calm voice cheering on the men to battle at his side? Ah!

"It was midnight, and I walked out to the little grave-yard where my fathers had been buried, and sending my steps to a cluster of magnolias on a little mound by itself, I—I—kneeled down beside the sod where reposed all I had loved on earth. I do not know how long I remained there, but presently I heard a groan near by, and a tall man rose up from where he had been prostrate, face downward, on the ground, and I beheld Paul Darcantel! I could hardly recognize him at first, for he seemed fifty years older than when we had last parted.

"'Cleveland,' he said, in a hollow, choking voice, 'forgive me! I am a changed, and, I trust, a better man. I have been about to this holy spot by the same errand which brought you hither, and though I did not expect to meet you, yet I am glad of it now. Speak, and say you forgive me, and you will shed a ray of hope and salvation into the heart of one who will suffer unto the end! Speak!'

"Old memories crowded around me, and I saw before me the child in the cradle, and with our arms round each other's necks as we played together. I forgot, for the moment, the sisters lying there—the murder, and lady-boy. The magnolias bowed their white flowers in the light of the waning moon, and we fell again into each other's arms.

"After a time, he said, 'My only friend, I have brought with me as little helpless boy; he is named Henry, after you, and will take the place of the lost little one lying here. Wherever I die survives all respect that estate. Come with me and look at him!'

"He led me to the other mound, and there, beside the grave of his mother, I did many a saintly sleeping, wrapped in a sailor's jacket, with his curls escaping from a straw-hat, and the head resting on the mound of earth over his sister.

"'Be good to him'—Paul went on—'for the sake of those we have lost ourselves!' His mother's name was Celine.

"He stooped down as he said this, and raising the boy in his arms he kissed him passionately, and then put him gently in mine. I felt him kneel sometimes at this grave, my friend, and pray for me.

"In another moment Paul Darcantel had gone. The little fellow partly woke, and put his arms affectionately around my neck, and murmured, 'Maman, maman!' That dashing, brave young fellow ahead there was once that boy.

"Well, I returned to the house where my good mother and sisters went wild over him, and there he passed a happy boyhood. Years went by, and I left the service; the girls and delight of us all; and as he evinced the greatest fondness for the sea, on his accounts I gave him of my life at sea, I had him appointed a reefer in the navy. Since that he his seen a great deal of service; gained promotion, and is now, I hear, on shipboard as well as on shore, liked and respected by all who know him.

"In the mean time his father went away—nobody knew whither—for years and years. He wrote to me, however, and to his son, from all parts of the world. And when I made the tour in Europe I spoke about, Darcantel was my companion. But while there he passed a retired life, never mingling freely, but existed every hospital in every sea-port from the Mediterranean to Archangel. He returned—for he is not only a surgeon, as I have reason to know, of wonderful skill, but a thorough-bred seaman too; and when he has not been on board of his ship there is no one whose opinion of the weather, or other nautical matters, do I place greater reliance on—he could tell Paul, on the dozen times when his advice to me has saved serious danger. And during all these years Darcantel's estates, under the careful management of my eldest brother, have been redeemed from their load of debt, and now he enjoys a noble fortune; or rather, he spends nothing on himself, but devotes it to widows and orphans, and sick or worn-out sailors.

"In the mean time I have to have gone by since he brought his child to me he has made several visits, of a month or two's duration, to the plantation, but on which he has gone on leave from duty. Then it was a pleasant sight to see them both together, and the touching air and affection he showed the youth to his father. Henry, from a child, often went and prayed beside the grave under the magnolias; and to this day he believes that his own mother lies buried there. Perhaps it is as well that he should cherish this early error, for I may tell you in confidence, Piron, that we believe there at home that he is the illegitimate offspring of some enpressions of a sailor's life, and that his mother never learned it positively from his father's lips. He is not a person to be questioned by any one, not even by me—and as he seems anxious to throw a thick veil over the past, we never venture to draw it aside.

"When, in 1856, I was appointed to my present command, Darcantel desired to sail with me, and see the West India islands, which he had not visited since an age. I was only too happy to have him, especially as Harry there—from Harry like a father—was named to the little schooner he had cut out in Africa on his last cruise, and ordered to join my squadron. Her skipper we got into port his father gave quietly on shore; passes his time, I think, among the sailors of the foreign shipping, spending money for charitable deserving, and again coming back in his calm, stern way. He has also, however, a tenderness, they say, which might accept your kind invitation to come up here, though not for some days. By George!" said the Commodore, "that must be Escondido?"

Piron sighed, as if a pleasant dream had vanished.

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To protect the public from such impositions, we have all our Corks branded thus [illegible]

Any not having those words and letters on the Corks, are Counterfeit; and the Purchaser should prosecute the Seller for swindling.

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Lists of dealers who procure Congress Water for their sales direct from our house, are kept at our office for distribution to those who desire to purchase genuine Congress Water in their own neighborhood. C. & W.

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SUPERIOR TO CONGRESS SPRING WATER.

The Empire water is put up at the Empire Spring at 50 cents a pint and quart bottles, with the corks all branded thus [illegible]

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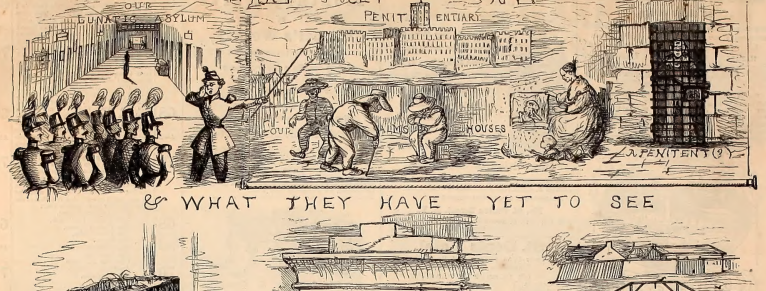

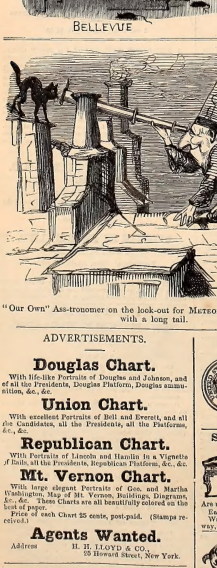

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Made to Measure at $15 per doz. or Six for $9.

MADE OF NEW-YORK MILLS MUSLIN,

With fine Linen Bosoms, and warranted as good a Shirt as sold in the retail stores at $1.50 each.

ALSO, THE VERY BEST SHIRTS THAT CAN BE MADE AT $2 EACH.

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10 yards of New York Mills muslin at 14¼c. per yd.. $1 85
7 yards of fine Linen, at 50c. per yard..... 3 50
Making and cutting..... 6 00
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Total..... $15 00

Self Measurement for Shirts.

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The Express charges on one dozen Shirts from New-York to New Orleans is about $1.

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Between White & Walker Streets, NEW-YORK.

Please copy my address as other houses in the city are selling inferior made shirts at my prices.

Wood Brothers

Have Removed to

No. 396 Broadway.

In directing notice to their removal,

Wood Brothers

beg to call attention to their large variety of Open Carriages of new designs, made expressly for CENTRAL PARK and "Watering-place" driving, with great regard to

Elegance, Comfort, Lightness, and Strength.

This stock is superior to any ever before presented to the public, and well worthy the inspection of those who desire an article beautiful in design and finish, unexceptionable in taste and reliable in construction.

Drawings and specifications will be furnished to persons at a distance, on application by letter.

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ECONOMY! Dispatch! Save the Pieces!

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VOL. IV.—No. 189.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1860. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

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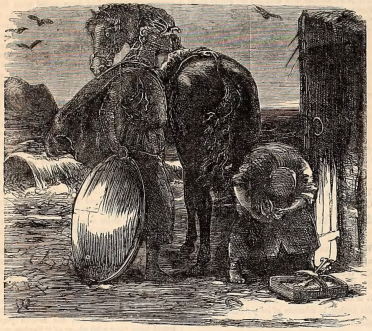


"MASTER OLAF TAKETH THE SHOE IN HAND."

MASTER OLAF.

MASTER OLAF, the smith of Heligoland,
At midnight layeth his hammer by;
Along the sea-shore the tempest howls,
When a knock at the door comes heavily.

"Come out, come out, and shoe me my horse!
I must yet far, and the day is at hand!"
Master Olaf opens the door, and sees
A stately Ritter before him stand.

Black is his mail shirt, helm, and shield,
A broad-sword hangeth upon his thigh,
His black horse tosses his mane so wild,
And paws the ground impatiently.

"Whence so late! Whither so fast?"
"I yesterday lighted in Nordernie;
My steed is swift, the night is clear,
Ere sunrise I must in Norway be."

"Hadstest thou wings, that might I believe."
"My horse with the wind right well hath raced,
Yet already a star pales here and there,
So the iron bring hither, and make thou haste."

Master Olaf taketh the shoe in hand,
It is too small, but it spread and spread:
And as it grew to the edge of the hoof,
There seized the master fear and dread.

The Ritter mounts, and his broadsword clangs:
"Master Olaf, I bid thee now good-night!
Know, thou hast the horse of Odin shod;
I hasten across to the bloody fight."

The black horse shoots forward o'er land and sea,
Round Odin's head a splendor shone;
Twelve eagles are straining in flight behind,
Swiftly they fly—he rides foremost on.

"FATHER, INTO THY HANDS!"

AT NIGHT.

"DYING? You do but jest!
You smile in the dark, I know!
Surely I should know best
How the quick pulses go.
Lay your hand on my cheek:
Feel, though you *see* not, the red.
Why, in another week
I shall have left my bed!

"It was being so long alone—
So sick of the world's vain strife,
Uncared for, and unknown,
That sapp'd the springs of life!
You have given a world of love:
Is not *our* God above?
He *will* not summon me *now*.

"The summer is coming fast;
I can scent the rich perfume
Of the lilac by the door,
And the delicate apple-bloom.

Where shall our year be spent?
I long for the hills of Spain—
We will go to Rome, for Lent,
Then back to our home again.

"O, what is this sudden pang?
Is it growing darker, Will?
Heavily goes my heart—
It is almost standing still!
Raise me—I can not breathe—
Pray for me, love," she said.
"Father, into *Thy* hands!"
And my young wife was dead!

CONTRASTS.

GUESTS, at a nobleman's board,
Drink to the bridal morrow;
While, at the breast of the lord
Rankles a barb of sorrow.

Hark to the pitiful wail!
"That woman, my lord, without;

PEARL WEARERS AND PEARL WINNERS.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

"THEY ARE TAKING HER OFF TO THE JAIL."

They are taking her off to the jail."
"Merely a beggar, no doubt."

"What a singular sighing sound!"
Says one of the great, as the table
"John, have you looked to the hound?
Make him a bed in the stable."

Over those steps, again,
Entered a bride in the morn,
Follow'd by powder'd men,
Stiff, and stately, and shorn.

Out of a prison den
Issued a wretch that morn,
Follow'd by brutal men,
Eager to see and scorn.

"Quick! or we'll miss the marriage,
Yonder, in Hanover Square.
They are off in a splendid carriage:
Faith, they're a splendid pair!"

A birth in a chamber great;
A birth in a hospital ward:
One in sorrow; one in state;
Both the sons of a bird.

Doctors around her bed;
Nurses and friends beside.
Lightly and softly tread—
This is a titled bride.

Cover *that* face in a shroud:
Mention her name no more;
Though it was silent and proud,
She was plebeian and poor.

The charity brat she bore,
Yes! let him grow up in the crowd,
Cringe at the nobleman's door.
Cover her face with the shroud:
Mention her name no more!

Send the young heir to college,
To swim with the wealthy tide;
Probing the depths of knowledge,
Skimming the shoals of pride.

It may be his natural brother
Will hold his horse for a crust;
And neither can tell the other
Their kinship in common dust.

PEARL WINNERS.

PEARLS *are costly.* Yet they are merely the calcareous production of the class Mollusca. Diamonds, as a certain pun has elsewhere been noted, have been shown to be merely charcoal; the pearl is little else but concentric layers of membrane and carbonate of lime. All the class Mollusca are instances of that beneficent law of nature, that the hard parts accommodate themselves to the soft. The common oyster, snail, the mussel, cockle, oyster, garden helix, strombus, and nautilus, elegant or rough, are mollusks, each illustrates this grand law. The body of a soft consistence is inclosed in an elastic skin. From this skin calcareous matter is continually exuded. This protects the animal, and forms the shell. Where the waves are rough, and rocks superabundant, then the shell is rough, hard, angry; it is weather and wave, where only smooth water and halcyon days are to be looked for, Nature, who never works in vain, provides that paper sides and an apert beak, such as the little nautilus navigates and tacks and steers in.

Besides forming the rough outside, the calcareous exuvium, the mucus of the oyster and other mollusks, forms that beautiful substance, so smooth and polished, and dyed with rainbow tints, and a glorious opalescence, which, be it as common as luxury to-day, will still charm the eye. This is the lining of the shell, the mother-of-pearl, nacre. "The inside of the shell," said old Dampier, that old sailor with a poetic mind, "is more glorious even than the pearl itself."

It is glorious, it has the light of the morning, and the tint of the evening sky; the colors of the purest enchastened, softened, retained, and made perpetual in it: this is mother-of-pearl.

To retain what always soft and cozy, to lie warm, packed as one might at Malvern in wet sheets, secure in the oyster's plaited shell. This singular exuvium, this mucus, not only creates pleasure but alleviates pain. Some irritating substance, some animal worry and annoyance, it may be a dead embryo, or a grain of sand insinuates itself, and, lo! the creature covers it with this substance to ease off its unkind teeth, and smears it into a pearl.

That is the way they are made, these wonderful beauties!

"If," said Sir Everard Home, "if I can prove that this, the richest jewel in a monarch's crown, which can not be imitated by any art of man" (he is rather wrong there: it can be imitated, and wonderfully imitated too), "either by beauty of form or brilliancy of lustre, is the abortive egg of an oyster enveloped in its own mucus, who will not be struck with surprise and astonishment?" Wonder and astonishment are words which scarcely exist now. Science has shown so many wonders that we are hardly astonished at any thing; but Sir Everard's assertion admits of proof. A pearl cut in two exhibits the concentric layers like an onion, as may be seen through a strong glass; and in the centre is a round hole, very minute it may be, but wherein the ovum has been deposited.

Sometimes the ovum, or sand, or indeed substance has attached itself to the shell, and has then been covered with mucus, forming a pearl which can not be separated from the shell. There are several specimens of such pearls in the British Museum.

The great beauty in pearls is their opalescence, and a lustre which, however clever men say, they have never yet given to artificial pearls. Sir Everard Home supposes that this lustre arises from the highly polished coat of the centre cell, the pearl itself being diaphanous. Sir David Brewster accounts for it by the pearl and mother-of-pearl having a grooved substance on its surface resembling the minute corrugations often seen on substances covered with oil, paint, or varnish. Philosophers are sometimes not very explanatory. Sir David means to say that beneath the immediate polish of the pearl there are certain wavelets and ripples from which the light is reflected. "In the direction of the grooves," again to quote Sir David, "is in every case at right angles to the line joining the two colored images; hence, in irregularly formed mother-of-pearl, where the grooves are often circular, and have every possible direction, the colored images appear irregularly scattered round the ordinary image."

In the regular pearl these are crowded, from its spherical form, into a small space; hence its marvelous appearance of white unformed light; and hence its beauty and value.

To prove the translucency of the pearl, we have only to hold a split pearl to a candle, where, by interposing only a substance of light, we shall have the color transmitted through the pearl. Curious as is the formation of the pearl, we have yet a cognate substance to it. What we call *bezoar*, and the Hindoos *fabdy*, is a concretion of a deepish olive green color found in the stomach of sheep, dogs, cows, or other animals; the hog bezoar, the bovine bezoar, and the camel bezoar; this last the Hindoos turn into a yellow paint, and the harder substances the Hindoo jewelers polish and thread, and use as jewels, so that from the stomach of the lower animals, and from the secretions of a shellfish, the still grasping, prying, worrying, proud, vain-glorious, busy man gets his an ornament for her whom he most loves; for him whom he most honors.

The question of obtaining pearls and of slaying divers; of feeding sharks with human limbs; of the eyeballs starting and the tympanum of the ear bursting; of the pains, perils, and privations of the pearl-divers, must be touched incidentally in any true account of this precious gem.

Vanity demands the aid of cruelty, and for her gratification human sacrifices are still made.

At the Persian Gulf, at Ceylon, and in the Red Sea, the early sources of the Greek and Roman, we yet find our supply. Pearls are also found in the Indian Ocean along the Coromandel coast and elsewhere; but the two great fishing quarters are in Bahrein Island, in the Persian Gulf, and in the Bay of Condulchy, in the Gulf of Manaar off the Island of Ceylon. Here our pearl oyster dredgers bring up their natives.

The fishery at Ceylon is a monopoly of the British Government; but, like many Government monopolies, it is said to cost a great deal more than it produces. In 1804, Government farmed it for £120,000 per annum; in 1828 it only yielded £28,000. It is a desert and barren spot; no one can fall in love with it, though it is the scene of a picture-quye; yet, in its season, it attracts more to its shores than one of our best watering-places. Divers, merchants, agents, shroffs, boats, jewelers, and talkers; fish-sellers, butchers, boat-calkers, and Hindoo Robinsons and Walkers are all found there. The season lasts for six weeks, or two months at most, from February to April; and while they are making money these people are under anger, like the fishers themselves, victims of cruelty as they are, are also victims to their own superstition and avarice. Hindoo or Parsee blesses the water to drive away the sharks; a diver may be frightened or ill, and the Mahdays are as numerous as the actual workdays around only to thirty in the season.

The boats assembled sail at ten at night, a signal gun being fired at the Pearl Bank, which, reefs the banks before daybreak, and at sunrise the divers begin to take their "headers." They continue at this work till noon, when they return home, by their return. The cargoes are taken out before the night nets in, and the divers are refreshed.

Each boat carries ten divers—ten rowers and ten divers—besides a chief, or pilot. The divers take five at a time alternately, while the others time to recruit. To go down quickly they use a large stone of red granite, which they catch hold of with their feet. Each diver has a net work bag in his right hand, closes his nostrils with his left, or with a piece of bent horn, and descends to the bottom. They remain under water as quickly as he can, picking up with toes and fingers, and putting the oysters into his net-work bag. When this is full, or he can hold his breath, the rope and is drawn up, leaving the stone to be pulled up after him. When the oysters are very plentiful the diver goes down and up quickly and dips at a dip.

After this violent exertion blood flows from nose, ears, eyes. The divers can not exceed generally one minute's immersion. One and a half and even two minutes are sometimes the extraordinary efforts. Those who can endure four and five minutes are spoken of. One also we are told of, an apocryphal diver, we should think, who remained in 1797 from Arjanga, staid under water six minutes.

The divers live not to a great age. Heart diseases, aurleits, sores, blood-shot eyes, staggering limbs, and limit locks—these are part of their wages. Sometimes the diver, in bringing the stone back, suddenly, as if struck by a shot.

At Bahrein, the annual amount produced by the pearl fishery may be reckoned at from £300,000 to £200,000; and to this purchases made by the merchants of Aboushire, and we have £500,000 to include the whole pearl trade of the Gulf, since through their agents at Bahrein, merchants from Constantinople, Bombay, Calcutta, Paris, St. Petersburg, Holland, New York, Calcutta, Paris, St. Petersburg, Holland, Moscowa, or London make their purchases.

The true shape of the pearl should be a perfect sphere. In India and elsewhere those of the largest size find the readiest sale, and realize immense prices. The very finest pearls are sent to Europe, and of these the very finest of the fine are sent to London and Paris. Those the great people of the land procure their choice specimens. The late Emperor of Russia used to purchase for his wife, of whom he was exceedingly fond, the very finest pearl he could procure; a virgin pearl and a perfect sphere was what he sought, for he would add no other gem, and loved none by others. After five-and-twenty years' search he presented to the Empress such a necklace as had never before been seen.

Immense prices have been given and are still given for pearls. Julius Cæsar, in love with the mother of Marcus Brutus, is said to have donated her with a pearl worth £48,417 10s., which we can believe or not according to our nature. Marc Antony, as all the world has read, drank, dissolved in vinegar, a pearl which cost £80,729 of our money. Cleopatra (coyly enough, we suppose, and a gourmand) swallowed one worth £8072 18s. One of the modern pearls was bought by Tavernier at Catifa, and sold by him to the Shah of Persia for £110,000; another was obtained by Philip II. of Spain, of the Columbian coast, which weighed 250 carats, and was valued at $150,000.

Summer Resorts.

TRENTON FALLS HOTEL, Trenton Falls, N. Y.
CONGRESS HALL, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.
EVERETT HOUSE, Union Square, New York.
FOUND HILL WATER CURE, Northampton, Mass.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1860.

A NEW SERIAL.

WE commence in this number a new Serial Tale by CHARLES LEVER, author of "Charles O'Malley," "Harry Lorrequer," etc., entitled

A Ride for a Day: Recollections of a Life.

We have reason to believe that it will be an usually brilliant and interesting. It succeeds the WOMAN IN WHITE, by *Wilkie Collins*, in Mr. CHARLES DICKENS'S British periodical; and it is here republished, by an arrangement with the author, in advance of its publication in England.

THE "GREAT EASTERN."

IN a few days the *Great Eastern* will take her first departure for Great Britain. To say that she has been a success here would not be true. She has certainly attracted a great deal of attention—more than any other ship that ever anchored in the bay of New York. She has been visited by several hundred thousand people, who have paid their money to see her. Her enormous size, her wonderful structure, her engines, her boilers, her huge rudder, her marvelous internal arrangements, have each and all elicited the admiration, not only of the crowd, but of those best fitted to be judges of such matters. At the same time it would not be correct to say that she has been a success, or that we part from her with much regret.

For the fact is that, from first to last, the great ship has been mismanaged—most wastefully mismanaged by those who had her in charge. From the hour she crossed the bar at Sandy Hook, and received on board the visitors who went to meet her at Mr. Grinnell's invitation, to the present moment, the aim of her managers seems to have been to endeavor to disgust our people with the ship, her owners, directors, and general agents. And, wherever they have done in other respects, in that purpose they have succeeded admirably.

Of the visitors who went to sea on the bosom of her in the lower bay, on the 28th June last, we do not care to say any thing; a time may come, perhaps, when something may be said on the subject, but that something must be said by the American consignees. At the time, not a word of complaint was uttered, even by those who had paid for the privilege, and every body wanted the big ship to have a fair chance, and to achieve the object for which she came hereunder, to make money by exhibiting herself. But a week had not elapsed before the kindly feeling of her friends was again damped. Judicious suggestions, from experienced persons, addressed to the exhibition, were met by cool replies that the directors knew their business, and did not need American advice. When the exhibition was opened, and the system followed being, in every particular distinctively English, it was, and deserved to be, a failure. There were silly fences arranged about it, and there were disgraceful features. No lady could go on board without a notice of modesty, which appeared to have been ingeniously contrived, and which was heartily relished by men in the employ of the ship. This shameful inconvenience has never been thoroughly corrected, though attention has been called to it more than once, and the proper remedy suggested. The ship was as dirty as vessels are in the Thames, and many a ladyvisitor paid for her visit with the loss of her dress. Placards of almost an insulting character to the visitors hung in various places; the demeanor of the officers and crew was that of potentates suffering outcasts to approach their foot-stool, while they were in reality mere menials of British speculators who were the glad recipients of American dollars. To all friendly remonstrances the Englishmen's answer was the same: "We managed matters so in England, and do you expect us to come here to be taught?" It was mere waste of breath to try to convince them that American ladies did not take either to eat their dresses or to be forced into indelicate positions before the eyes of a parcel of grinning sayers, and that when American gentlemen paid their money to see a show they considered themselves entitled to ordinary civility on the part of the showmen.

After a time, the obvious failure of the exhibition compelled the managers to adopt a suggestion which had been urged upon them from the first by their American friends; the price of admission was reduced, and, in consequence, the show began to draw. In the course of a few days more tickets were sold in a day than had been sold in England in a week. Still the show was rendered as inconvenient as possible. Visitors were passed one by one through a turnstile which it required some dexterity to turn; it seems that the Englishmen had no one whom they could trust to take the tickets without a mechanical check. The inconvenience of this arrangement, when ten and fifteen thousand persons were crowding on board in the course of a few hours, can be conceived. Children were dragged half piece-meal half hour the throng was arrested and delayed several minutes by an angry discussion about ages between the Briton who kept the stile and the parent of some well-grown child. On board, the officers continued to illustrate the well-known politeness of John Bull; as our artist says, Adam and Eve were fools to them. Still, the directors made money; which was what they wanted.

Last of all came the Cape May expedition. This was widely advertised, and the price—$10 —loudly proclaimed. It was not till the day of sailing that it became generally known that the $10 did not include food or bedding, or the use of a wash-room, or any thing but a mere steerage passage. If an American ship had perpetrated such an act, the British papers would have rung with abuse of "Yankee swindling." When the ship sailed, matters were far worse. Not only were the passengers not provided with food at the expense of the ship, but they couldn't obtain any by paying for it. There was nothing to eat, and hardly any water to drink, and for twenty-five hours not a glass of water, without ice, were freely paid by gentlemen who had had the misfortune to take ladies with them. Not only were berths not provided by the directors, but money couldn't hire them. Most of the passengers slept on the decks, on the cabin floors, in hen-coops, any where. It rained in the night, and men, women, and women—were drenched as they lay helpless. The managers could not be found; the stewards and paid to their own drunk; the engineers more canny and independent, and openly declared that they would wait on no one till they had been paid in advance. In one word, no sooner had these Englishmen got into a enticing position, than a herd of our unhappy countrymen into their clutches on board their ship, than, from the highest to the lowest, they all set to work plundering and outraging them like very Arabs or Druses.

It is almost inclined to wonder that some of these fellows have not been treated to a coat of tar and feathers.

So the story ends for the present. It is time. It is time, we think, that the *Great Eastern*—or, at all events, her directors, officers, and crew—went back to their own country. Then we shouldn't see people; but we should see them, and paid our money, and we need say no more about it. In England, perhaps, they are the right men in the right place; but in a land where the *Great Eastern*, we should try to put at least one or two people on board who had the manners of gentlemen and the civility of Christians. The *Great Eastern*, we should suppose, Germans, Italians, Spaniards, Russians, and Orientals say—as they all do—that they hate Englishmen because Englishmen are rude, coarse, boorish, mean, and pig-headed, we Americans are apt, for comisship's sake, to stand up for poor old John, and put in a word for him. But we don't think it likely that any of the Americans who have experienced the tender mercies of the *Great Eastern* will have much to say in John's behalf hereafter.

WHAT DO THE ENGLISH MEAN?

WE read with some surprise that, at a meeting of the International Statistical Society, held in London on 10th July, in the presence of the delegates from all the nations of the world, Lord Brougham rose to object to the mode of proceeding by calling Mr. Dallas's attention to the fact that a negro was present as a member

of the body.- Mr. Dallas of course took no notice of so gross a piece of rudeness; but the audience cheered and laughed heartily; and when, a few moments afterward, the negro whose name, it appears, is Delaney—rose and assured the audience that he, too, was a man and a brother, the applause and sneering laughter at the absurdity of the American Minister was almost overwhelming.

The same spirit is developed simultaneously in both Houses of Parliament. Sir Samuel Canard, the principal owner and manager of the Cunard line of steamers, lately justified the action of his Boston agent in refusing to allow a colored woman to share the table with his first-class passengers. For this Lord Brougham called Sir Samuel to account, and inquired in the House of Lords whether the courtesy enjoyed by the British Government over the Cunard line was not extensive enough to enable them to prevent such occurrences in future. A member of the Government replied, evidently with regret, that the Administration could not control the private passenger business of the line. Probably when the mail contract is renewed, a clause will be inserted to cover the "rights" of colored persons to first-class passages in the steamers.

To esp the whole, somebody in the House of Commons wants a resolution introduced requesting the Queen to hold no further diplomatic intercourse with slaveholding powers, and to admit no slaveholder to her receptions.

If it be the design of Great Britain to provoke a war with this country on a colored issue, these measures are well calculated to bring about the result. If it be the intention of Great Britain to remain on terms of friendship with the United States, we can, in all sincerity, assure the English that acts of this kind are quite certain to render the fulfillment of that intention a matter of great difficulty.

There are points concerning slavery and the negro race about which we Americans differ among ourselves, but there are others on which we are agreed. We are all agreed that it does not suit our tastes to sit at table with colored persons; or to live with them in every or equal terms. This sentiment is even more marked at Niagara, Nahant, and Newport than it is at Charleston, Savannah, or New Orleans; and if any line of steamers were established to contravene it, it will simply do so at the expense of its American business. We are likewise all agreed that it does not become us to tolerate foreign interference or foreign dictation in our domestic concerns. British intermeddling, in any way or shape, with our domestic slavery quarrel can do no good on either side, least of all to the side which it purports to aid; but it can and it must create a bitter spirit of hostility toward Great Britain, the memories which should have been long ago buried.

There is another point on which all men on this side the water will agree; and that is, that it was not only in bad taste, but positively outrageous, for Lord Brougham, at a public meeting, to insult our Minister by his reference to the negro Delaney, knowing as he did the responsibilities Mr. Dallas bore, and the susceptibilities it was his duty to guard. The applause and sneers which followed the insult will, we fear, convey to the minds of all classes an idea of British feeling toward this country which may stand in the way of the next concession that is asked of us on the ground of "common brotherhood."

More regrettable than the insult and its reception unfortunate, as, at the very moment the news of them reached us, the Prince of Wales was setting foot on American soil to be the guest of the President.

THE LOUNGER.

AN OLD AND A NEW FRIEND.

Two very celebrated English personages have arrived upon the Western Continent. They always travel in company, and are inseparable; although the feeling on one side is merely passive, But it is entirely compensated by the luxurious and detailed activity of the other. Of course it is understood that these illustrious people are Jenkins and His Friend of Wales. The Prince Albert Edward, future King of England, appears to be in fine health and spirits, and Jenkins was never so eloquent and vivacious. He has still the excitement in informing an expectant continent that his friend the Royal Highness is the most amiable of men—smiling with the sweetness of innocent girlhood, yet leaping into the saddle with the alacrity of the practised equestrian. Also he says that evening in plain clothes, leaving the potential crown, sceptre, and ball behind—probably in the care of the loyal Canada, is shower comes as a welcome heir of Britain gets wet; but with a heroism worthy the future lord of the throne of Alfred, he rides on as calmly in a damp saddle as if it were as dry as Jenkins's mind, and as warm as his pen. Other young men run races and climb greased poles for his amusement, and the Prince of Wales generously laughs heartily from his superior heights of being; while the good Jenkins is overwhelmed by the affable condescension of the royal youth. Jenkins regards the advent of Albert Edward in America as the British islanders look upon the Jumbus and his crew. They were gods come down.

His Highness perpetually receives addresses, and replies to them. The circumstances are not propitious to spontaneity, for the draft of the address to be presented is handed in before it is delivered by the orator, and a response is prepared, which the future Defender of the Faith reads aloud when the proper time arrives. At trips among the communists, the watchful Jenkins perceives that he collars and then recovers. Since the Prince has been here he has dined and danced. Each dinner and ball is an ovation. Jenkins assures us, in rapturous language, that the ball-supper rooms are magnificent, and the lighting very brilliant. The royal dancing is beyond description. Jenkins, who remembers the ball at Almack's, like his revered grand-uncle, George the Fourth, when blessed memory Mr. W. M. Thackeray (oh is not related to the man who will write books as in *Harper's Monthly Magazine*, is unique and unsurpassed. He is a capital waltzer (see Jenkins, *passim*), a very entertaining partner in the *lancers*, *per contra*, *frequently* (so Jenkins), and fills up the interval with cheerful conversation and reminiscence of the company (Jenkins, I. c., cip. xxxi.). Jenkins hears the fair murmur ecstatic admiration of the prince's polka, and the delightful unobtrusiveness of a mind overfull, he whispers that his Highness's finest feature is his nose, which is becomingly prominent, and worthy a Bourbon. Perhaps Jenkins, a Puseyite nose, or on the way to Rome.

Jenkins went down to meet the Prince as he came up the bay. Jenkins is always going down. Prostration is his favorite attitude. Jenkins cheered the prince as he came up the bay from company, and the polite youth lifted his cap in response. Then his Highness was received, and the worthy Jenkins read one of his addresses—his pallet, let us rather say, with much color and little freshness. The Prince listened with great admiration (*sic* Jenkins). Yes, Jenkins, when did a Prince otherwise in the eyes of his faithful J. J.? He has a multitude of addresses to receive, typlps of Saratoga, attend! he has a complexion *—equal to that of a peach*. Thou best Jenkins! and looks very well. His hair is dark, curls down, and cut so as to show the lobes of his ears. But is it shingled, Jenkins? Is it parted at the right or left? Is it worn in the present style of its prince in perplexity? And reflect, Jenkins, that you have not told us whether he has a ring upon his finger—nor how many—nor what fingers. Nor the number of his gloves, good Marquis Jenkins; nor the quantity of linen he carries with him, the laundress, nor what Princes pay a dozen for the doing up of royal shirts: nor whether he lisps: nor—O Jenkins! you have done only shows us what you have yet to do.

When the three young English gentlemen, Lord Lyndrith, Digby, Ashley, and Sneyd were here, a year or two since, Jenkins used to look into their hats and try to peep into their bedrooms: except Mr. Ashley—for he gently complained that, when Jenkins discovered that he was not a Lord, but only Mr. Ashley, Jenkins regarded him with sudden disdain as an impostor. The world was anxious to learn if the dressing-gown of Lord Cavendish was trimmed or wrought with silk—or silk embroidered with velvet; but the dressing-gown of Mister Ashley! why, Jenkins had a dressing-gown in which—

—It is possible, therefore, that it was not quite accurate to say that two illustrious personages had just arrived upon the continent if they had never been here before. The young Prince, whom as an English gentleman and the royal representative of our country in civilization, every American is glad to honor, comes, indeed, for the first time. May his journey be happy and interesting, and his life long and useful! But Jenkins and Jenkins! what, old mole, work'st thou i' the earth so fast? Jenkins in chicken-hearted! Jenkins was with Cunate on the beach. He told Alexander that his neck was all right (not wry-). He assured Charles First that Hampden was an ass. And he murmurs to Albert Edward the blissful truth that his complexion is equal to that of a peach.

Did Jenkins come at all? Is he not indigenous? Is not a rich pulpy toad, for a great many of us, a special toy? a fat turtle social? Is not Jenkins Jenkins and the Prince reach New York, and then let us see.

THE FATED SHIP.

At length we all know what ship it was that was built in the eclipse and rigged with curses and dark. The mysterious and slender source to be to persuade us all to believe in fate, and luck, and stars of fortune. And surely hers is a gloomy one, and a dark luck, and a fatal fortune. Every thing she has done, or that has been done to her or with her, has been a huge mistake, except the execution. And that was the first grave error point. She had reduced the price of admission, and thousands were gladly paying half a dollar to rumble through the masts of her at Staten Island, feeling respecting her was clearly improving, and the prospect of an excursion was received with favor. It was a doubtful experiment, but it was successful since it seemed wiser to stay quiet at the foot of a thousand dollars and a day. But still it was enterprising. It was yielding to a natural desire to see her in motion as well as in grim repose expecting her prey.

And now of all failures and shocking mistakes and disastrous mismanagements the excursion seems to have been chief. It was of the last importance that nobody should blunder, and every body appears to have blundered. It was most desirable, upon every possible account, that the public favor should be attracted to the fine, comfortable, easy, safe ship. Suppose that the two thousand passengers had consented to sign a circular (they always do upon the least possible excuse) that there never was such a cure for seasickness, for instance, as going to sea in the *Great Eastern*. Suppose they had unanimously agreed that her management was of a paternal character which made a voyage in her actually pathetic. Suppose that of all affable and gentlemanly barkeepers the steward of the *Great Eastern* had been pronounced *facile princeps*. Suppose that we had heard how beds so soft—and sheets so cool—and such silence so absolute—and such night watches—and such general comfort, care, and encouragement had never been heard of as had been found upon the iron steamer—what a prospect would then it would have thenceforth been! How the shy Tinsens of public esteem would have embraced that lovely Bottom!

It ought to have been made absolute high treason to the state for any servant to have taken any bribe, or to have attempted to sell any thing to eat, or drink, or lie upon, for any price higher than that of the plainest silk, which should have been posted all over the ship, and every article so lightly charged that nobody should ever cry enough. That would have been the strictest certainty that every passenger had a good bed and an abundance of water and of all ordinary conveniences.

All this could not have been done without extraordinary expense, and some expense. But it was essential. If it were not done, the excursion was a foregone failure and a curse to the ship. It was mad-house, and not a ship-load. The ship went out of its way—there was no regulation or accommodation for baggage—no understanding about state-rooms—gentlemen and gentlemen were forced to camp out upon mattresses upon the dirty damp decks, and were rained upon before morning; only the wretched and precure water for washing—no drinking-water from ten cents to two shillings a glass was the charge; the water was wasted by exhibitions in fender chains broke, "the knocking of the cat-block" broke, a cigar set a mattress on fire in the middle of the night, the band wouldn't play for dancing without extra payment; it was a night of horrors, and the officers disclaimed all responsibility.

The passengers held a mass indignation meeting and resolved that the excursion was a swindle. Of course no one could have foreseen all these errors. It will appear that it was Nobody's fault—that Nobody is to blame—that that arch scoundrel Nobody took possession of the ship and managed the whole excursion, and Nobody will suffer, when he is caught. This fatal excursion has blighted the fair ship's good sailing record for the *Great Eastern* in the public mind. Before, she might be regarded with melancholy pity, with tender sympathy, after, she had acquired contempt and indignation.

Yet that is a melancholy pity, with tender sympa-

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

PUNCH'S ODE ON THE DEPARTURE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Adieu then, ye gales,
And ye Royal sails
That waft the Prince of Wales
In a vessel of the line,
Away to Canada
Across the ocean brine;
As the son of his Mamma,
His weather shall be fine.

What transports the Canadians will evince
When they behold our youthful Prince!
Not one alone, but nine fairs,
Each colony with England shares
The Princely youth to be a heir.
Like the bulls will ring, the cannons roar!
And they will no doubt call a Prince before,
Or, won't they fogle him and caress him!
They've plenty of chickweed for him,
His Royal Highness—shall have him—
Their descendants for ages may bore.

They'll agile, no doubt, a greater fuss
Than Wales first Earl of Dundee was as an ass,
As home of our reindeer pasts,
Where country Gentlemen rear sons,
For the first time, Her Majesty—
(May she be long spared long to reign!)
When by her Parliament set free,
She travels by a shopping train,
Britannia's trump the Queen of Hearts.
Not since the days of Pocahontas waits
The Prince in the United States!
What trade will the Yankees work
A sight of him in hopes to get!

What multitudes demand
To shake the heir to be hard!
Hosts of reporters will his footsteps dog
And Baron Renfrew his goes (laugh.
Take down his every word,
Describe his dress and his nose,
And eyes, and hair, and clothes,
With a microscopic accuracy dwell.

Ye free and easy citizens, be not rude,
Disturb not our young Prince's rest;
Upon his accession he'll not be disturbed.
Wait till he's dead.
Then his Royal Highness will not be blest
To whom the son of England's Queen shall say
"Get out of the way!"

And, oh—to touch a tender theme—
How will the fair around him throng,
And vy, figuratively, for their shyness,
To salute his Royal Highness,
The future husband of a Royal Queen!
The force of loveliness is strong.
A Monarch's quality to the Indian thinks,
And certain things in Heaven are written;
And is there any cause to hinder
The Prince of Wales from being smitten?
Transcendent destinies link the two even monarchs frantic,
A German Princess must be marry'
And who more fit than Alexandra?
One of Columbia's fascinating daughters
An American lady to Albert?

Truth many a sec might trove to own,
Hopes that to her she herself only be thing,
To the ultimate exaltation of a young
American lady to the British throne.

When is a greedy school-boy like a sorrowful man?—When he's sick at heart (sick o' tarts).

Why are the eyes of a pleased cat like an infant-school? Because the kitty-cats (kitty-cats).

Under what officer would an author strike to marshal his pages?—The general reader.

HIGHFALUTIN.—The following is taken from the last number of the *Methodist Quarterly Review*: "The antislavery revolution gathers new power from every momentary obstacle, and rushes like a planet in its orbital path to the resistless consummation of its divine destiny."

Why is a cherry-seller like a necromancer?—Because he is a dealer in the Black Arts (Berries).

Mildness of the present season explained—The air has been *Intrepid*.

CURES.—*Foolz-meted*: to become husband and wife on nothing a year.

CAN TOADS LIVE WITHOUT AIR?—This problem is now occupying the scientific. A party of officials, "highly placed at the Tuileries," recently got rail last week from Boulogne to Paris, smoked, and kept the windows shut the whole journey. Whereon it is clear that, whether toads can or can not live without air, those who eat them do.

A low-art critic, who has recently visited Ross Bonheur's cattle pictures, describes them as being very beautiful pictures.

CONSTITUTIONS!

ALL A-BLOWING—ALL A-GROWING!

Our eggs in weather lore knowing,
Look blank at the dearth of the crops,
And declare this wet summer is going
To ruin our wheat, hay, and hops.
Nor alone on our tight little island
Has Providence begun to shine,
In all climes, North or South, low or high land,
This year he seems out of line.

But while anxious Europe is dreading
Short harvests, high prices, and dearth,
There's not a crop, at least, that's not growing
Just where you'd least look for its birth.
That's the time when weeds love to thrive,
Tyrants try to plant out revolution,
And to fetter black Democracy—Rich-
By state-gardeners called "Constitution."

Of all soils, it must be admitted,
That the soil of infallible Rome
Seems about the most strangely ill-fitted
For such plants to flourish at home.
Yet new Pio Nono this summer,
Has a dwarf Constitution,
In hopes Rome will grow better-humored
If its shade warms the heathen Romans.

There's the Austrian Reichsrath preparing
The ground for this seedling to grow;
And young Bombalino's encouraging
The cause in Naples, also.
Rome, Naples, and Austria, before
Saw this plant tried by the sun's light,
Remembering the fruit that it bore,
Can we wonder they mutter "Too late?"

What hope that the plant will grow fair,
When the roots that should nourish its seed
Are struck in a barren manure,
Whose toole fail his hand at its need?
From no poisoned and fruitless root
What but poison and foster can grow?
Such a seedling will never come to fruit,
Though too likely it sows to a blow.

SCENE—AN ARISTOCRATIC DINING-ROOM.
TIME—NOTHING LIKE HAVING A GOOD REASON.

OLD JOSEX. "Swiggles!! What induced you to put such wine on the table?"

BUTLER. "Well, you see, Sir, *as somebody* must drink it, and there ain't none of us in the Hall as can touch it!"

A SLIGHT DRAWBACK.

Enchanting girl! by earlier fun
In playful dreams around me dances;
They smile so bright, so free from sun,
Thy dimpled cheek, they jet-black hair,
Thy heart outmasses.

But oh! those eyes, those lovely eyes,
With joy and innocence still gleaming!
The winged light around them flies
Than do the glances from those eyes,
Of mischief beaming.

I'd woo thee, maiden, were it not
That every one thinks me bewilderin';
I'd woo thee, maiden, were it not
For this one thing—*you are not for me,*
And six small children!

It is no uncommon thing for hot words to produce a coolness.

With baser metals the workmanship is every thing; but when it is a question of gold, we do not much care whether or it is the first fit, the suggest, or the design, so, too, the grandest poetical ideas are independent of their vehicle.

A generous mind identifies itself with all around it; a selfish one identifies all things with itself. The generous man sees his happiness in promoting that of others; the selfish man reduces all things to his own interest.

He is a fool who seeks that which he can not find; he is a fool who seeks that which, if found, will do him more harm than good; he is a fool who, having many ways to his journey's end, takes the worst.

You may find it very difficult to get away from bad company, but you needn't on that account *throw* yourself away.

A clergyman having preached several times in a small town, in which he had not once been invited to dinner, said, in strengthening his last discourse, against the slander produced by the prevalent vices of the age, "I have preached against every vice but inviting people to dinner, and the no opportunity of observing to what extent it was carried on in this town."

Whoever shall marry some of our match-hunting young women, and place them in domestic establishments, will

——"give to airy nothings
A local habitation and a name."

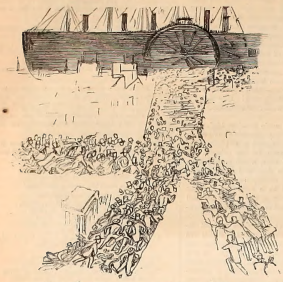
A paper lately gave an account of a duel, and announced the result of the meeting in these words: "The one party was wounded severely in the arm, and the other fired in the air." Query—who wounded the artillerist?

Jones had been out to a Champagne party, and returned home at a late hour. He had hardly got into bed when he was awakened by his wife. "Jones, Jones, some!" hiccoughed Jones. "I say, Mrs. Jones, this clock is out of order. It has struck one four times."

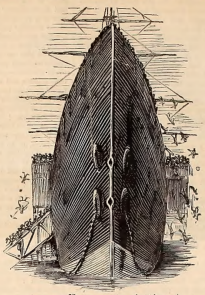
"Papa," said a little boy to his father the other day, "can one sailors very, very small man?"—"No, my dear!" answered his father. "Pray what leads you to suppose that they are so small?"—"Because," replied the young dear, smartly, "I read the other day of a sailor going to sleep in his watch."

WATER ON THE BRAIN.—Little Willie's mother told him to check his head under the water, the other day, when she was bathing him. "Oh, I'm afraid!" said he. "Why, my child, what are you afraid of?"—"Oh, I'm afraid I'll drown!" replied the little fellow, with a look of terror.

REMINISCENCES OF A VISIT TO THE "GREAT EASTERN," BY OUR ARTIST, JULY 28, 1860.



The rush during its visit Week at N. York

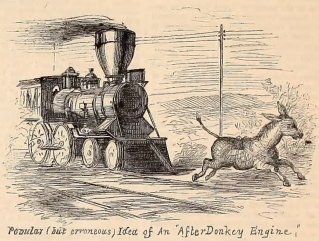


An overflow visit might have been

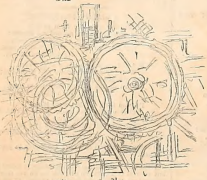
Buy a Guide! Sir

You make sure of having the right One

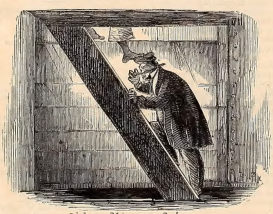
And then go ahead (?)



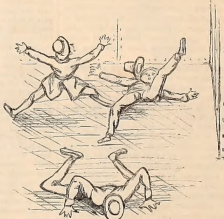
Popular (but erroneous) Idea of An "After Donkey Engine."



The real thing
(from a Photograph taken while in motion.)



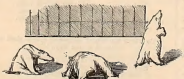
Sich a getting up stairs



Some persons object that shell under-decks are a bit too slippery.

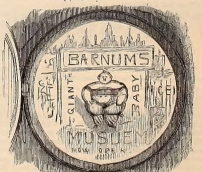
A proper regulation

The Urbanity of its Officers has been frequently mentioned. but



having seen Old Adam's Beare pre viously we were disappointed

One way of doing the Big Ship

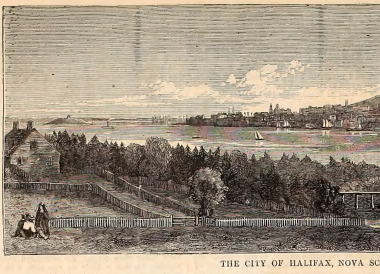


View of N. York from the Great Eastern

Part of Big Ship in a shower.

The Upper Deck after a shower of rain

The Way out.



THE CITY OF HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA.

THE PRINCE OF WALES' VISIT TO AMERICA.

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT.]

HALIFAX—where the Prince of Wales landed on 20th ult.—the capital of the British-American province of Nova Scotia, and the principal naval and military station of the British in their North American possessions, is a mean-looking country town of some 20,000 inhabitants. Nature has done every thing for Halifax and enterprise nothing. Situate on the slope of a hill, on the west side of a harbor perhaps without exception the finest and most capacious in the world, its few wharves are but piles of sword-grown lumber, and the amount of shipping in its land-locked bay scarcely ever equals the tonnage of a fif-h-rate counting haven. The city itself has an old and decrepit look, as if a blight had fallen upon its energies somewhere about the close of the last American war. Altogether it seems a dreary place to dwell in.

Halifax harbor, or, as it is called, Chebucto Bay, is entered from the south, and, from Sambro Light, extends northward about fifteen miles, terminating in a basin of area and depth enough to float the whole British fleet of a thousand war-ships. A bold, wooded island of some extent, called M'Nab's Island (private property), lies directly in the chops of the harbor, and divides it into two entrances—one suited for small craft only, the other with water in the channel for ships of the largest size. Directly within M'Nab's Island stands George's, or St. George's Island, as islet surmounted by a redoubt, and otherwise weightily armed. Indeed, the whole harbor, at every point threatening the channel, bristles with batteries. Overlooking the town is the citadel, a fortress of strength, commanding the harbor and country for miles, and so placed that the guns of hostile ships would have little avail against its walls. To the north of the city is the dock-yard, the station of the ships of war. At present the fleet lying there is under the command of Admiral Sir Alexander Milne, whose flag-ship is the *Nile*. Near by the station is anchored the *Pyramus*, an old frigate taken in some former war, and now used as a receiving-ship. Close by the dock-yard are the powder-magazines, one of which blew up, a few years since, in a mysterious manner, and overlooking the water are a noble range of buildings, which the visitor will learn with surprise are merely barracks for 1000 men. Visitors who wish to learn how the British soldier is treated should endeavor, by permission of the military authorities, to inspect these quarters. Northward from this spot the harbor, under the name of Bedford Basin, extends some eight or nine miles inland, forming the fine sheet of water already described. On the shores of the basin the Duke of Kent, grandfather of the present Prince of Wales, had his residence while in command of the troops in North America. Nothing now remains of "the Prince's lodge" but a few scattered stones. Up this basin, in 1746, sailed many ships, the storm-shattered remains of a French fleet, under the proud Duke of Anville, sent to reconquer Nova Scotia. Broken-hearted at the failure of his enterprise, the Duke died by poison; the Vice-Admiral, his old Roman, ran himself through with a sword; and the survivors, sinking some of their ships, came ashore into the woods at a spot still called the "French landing." Her 3500 men, with a large number of Indian auxiliaries, perished of pestilence and famine. The writer of this devoted a day to exploring the site, but found no relic of the disaster of which the spot was the scene. The locality is a little under three miles from Halifax, on the highway, near the "Three-Mile House."

There are many other historic spots near the city, most of them associated with events of the French wars, and not a few relating to incidents of Indian hostility. At Dartmouth, a small village on the opposite side of the harbor—which ought to be what Brooklyn is to New York, if Halifax were to New York—a band of Indians from the Basin of Minas fell on the infant settlement, and left not a fire burning on its hearths. For five-and-twenty years the place was deserted; and it was not till 1784 that a band of Nantucketers resettled it. The village is now attached to Halifax by two ferry steamers, which run during the day at five cents per passenger, and not at all at night.

The public buildings of Halifax are few and shabby. The Province Building is an exception. It is of brown freestone, and presents a respectable frontage of 140 feet on Granville and Hollis streets—two of the leading thoroughfares of the city. It contains the public offices and legislative chambers. At present the proportions of the edifice are disfigured by two wooden shanties, stuck on by way of wings, and intended to accommodate the guests of the incendiar dull. Fronting on the Grand Parade (a small plot of ground with nothing grand about it) stands Dalhousie College, a squat, heavy institution, of no particular use excepting that in one corner is located the Post-office. Temperance Hall, a neat structure of wood, wherein most of the concerts and shows are held; the Merchants' Exchange, a suit of rented offices; the City Market, and the Mason Hall, apparently well adapted to their respective uses; the Lunatic Asylum, overlooking the water on the Dartmouth side, and the Provincial Penitentiary and the French Prison, a military post, on the fine stretch of sea known as the Northwest Arm, are about the only other public edifices worth notice. A handsome new court-house is nearly completed. Government House, the residence of the Earl of Mulgrave, is a substantial stone house, of no pretension to beauty, badly placed, and having a cheerful view into a graveyard, where has been recently erected a handsome monument to the memory of Welsford and Parker, two Nova Scotian officers who fought and fell with distinction in the Crimea. Besides the buildings named, Halifax contains several handsome churches.

[The details of the Prince's reception will be found in our news columns.]

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "AFTER DARK," ETC. ETC.

[Printed from advance proof-sheets purchased from the author exclusively for "Harper's Weekly."]

PART III.

WALTER HARTRIGHT'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

I.

FOUR months passed. April came—the month of spring, the month of change.

The course of Time had flowed through the interval since the winter, peacefully and happily in our new home. I had learned my long lesson to good account; had largely increased my sources of employment; and had placed our means of subsistence on surer grounds. Fresh from the suspense and the anxiety which had tried her so sorely, and hung over her so long, Marian's spirits rallied, and her natural energy of character began to assert itself again with something, if not all, of the freedom and the vigor of former times.

More pliable under change than her sister, Laura showed more plainly the progress made by the healing influences of her new life. The worn and wasted look which had prematurely aged her face was fast leaving it, and the expression which had been the first of its charms in past days was the first of its beauties that now returned. My closest observation of her detected but one serious result of the conspiracy which had once threatened her reason and her life. Her memory of events, from the period of her leaving Blackwater Park to the period of our meeting in the burial-ground of Limmeridge Church, was lost beyond all hope of recovery. At the slightest reference to that time, she changed and trembled still; her words became confused; her memory wandered and lost itself as helplessly as ever. Here, and here only, the traces of the past lay deep—too deep to be effaced.

In all else she was now so far on the way to recovery that, on her bad nights and bad days, she sometimes looked and spoke like the Laura of old times. The happy change wrought its natural result in me for both. From their long slumber, on her side and on mine, those inexpressible memories of our past life in Cumberland now awoke, which were one and all alike, the memories of our love.

Gradually and insensibly, our daily relations toward each other became constrained. The fond words which I had spoken to her so naturally in the days of her sorrow and her suffering, faltered strangely on my lips. In the time when my bread of losing her was most present to my mind, I had always known that when she left me at night and when she met me in the morning. The kiss seemed now to have dropped between us—to be lost out of our lives. Our hands parted and trembled again when they met. We hardly ever looked long at one another out of Marian's presence. The talk often flagged between us when we were alone. When I touched her by accident, I felt my heart beating fast, as it used to beat at Limmeridge House—I saw the lovely answering flush glowing again in her cheeks, as if we were back among the Cumberland hills, in the early characters of master and pupil once more. She had long intervals of silence and thoughtfulness, and denied she had been thinking when Marian asked her the question. I surprised myself one day neglecting my work to dream over the little water-color portrait of her which I had taken in the summer-house where we first met—just as I used to neglect Mr. Fairlie's drawings to dream over the same likeness when it was newly finished, in the by-gone time. Changed as all the circumstances now were, our position toward each other in the golden days of our first companionship seemed to be revived with the revival of our love. It was as if Time had drifted us back, on the wreck of our early hopes, to the old familiar shore!

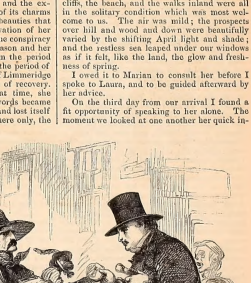
To any other woman I could have spoken the decisive words which I still hesitated to speak to *her*. The utter helplessness of her position; her friendless dependence on all the forbearing gentleness that I could show her; my fear of touching too soon some secret sensitiveness in her, which my instinct as a man might not have been fine enough to discover—these considerations, and others like them, kept me self-distrustfully silent. And yet I knew that the restraint on both sides must be ended; that the relations in which we stood toward one another must be altered, in some settled manner, for the future; and that it rested with me, in the first instance, to recognize the necessity for a change.

The more I thought of our position, the harder the attempt to alter it appeared while the domestic conditions on which we three had been living together since the winter remained undisturbed. I can not account for the capricious state of mind in which this feeling originated—but the idea nevertheless possessed me that some previous change of place and circumstances, some sudden break in the quiet monotony of our lives, so managed as to vary the home aspect under which we had been accustomed to see each other, might prepare the way for me to speak, and might make it easier and less embarrassing for Laura and Marian to hear.

With this purpose in view, I said one morning that I thought we had all earned a little holiday and a change of scene. After some consideration, it was decided that we should go for a fortnight to the sea-side. On the next day we left Fulham for a quiet town on the south coast. At that early season of the year we were the only visitors in the place. The cliffs, the beach, and the walks inland were all in the solitary condition which we most welcome to us. The air was mild; the prospects over hill and wood and down were beautifully varied by the shifting April light and shade; and the restless sea leaped under our windows as if it felt, like the land, the glow and freshness of spring.

I owed it to Marian to consult her before I spoke to Laura, and to be guided afterward by her advice.

On the third day from our arrival I found a fit opportunity of speaking to her alone. The moment we looked at one another her quick in-



"MY POOR LITTLE MAN!" HE SAID, ETC.

stinct detected the thought in my mind before I could give it expression. With her customary energy and directness she spoke at once, and spoke first.

"You are thinking of that subject which was mentioned between us on the evening of your return from Hampshire," she said. "I have been expecting you to allude to it for some time past. There must be a change in our little household, Walter; we can not go on much longer as we are now. I see it as plainly as you do—as plainly as Laura sees it, though she says nothing. How strangely the old times in Cumberland seem to have come back! You and I are together again, and the one subject of interest between us is Laura once more. I could almost fancy that this room is the summer-house at Limmeridge, and that those waves beyond us are bursting on our sea-shore."

"I was guided by your advice in those past days," I said; "and now, Marian, with reliance ten-fold greater, I will be guided by it again."

She answered by pressing my hand. I saw that the generous, impulsive nature of the woman was deeply touched by my reference to the past. We sat together near the window; and, while I spoke and she listened, we looked at the glory of the sunlight shining on the majesty of the sea.

"Whatever comes of this confidence between us," I said, "whether it ends happily or sorrowfully for me, Laura's interests will still be the interests of my life. When we have this place, on whatever terms we leave it, my determination to wrest from Count Fosco the confession which I failed to obtain from his accomplices goes back with me to London as certainly as I go back myself. Neither your love nor your pity must stand between me and that duty. I will plan and work by day; we only know, by his own words and actions, that he is capable of striking at me, through Laura, without a moment's hesitation, or a moment's remorse. In our present position, I have no choice but to wait which society sanctions, which its law allows, to strengthen me in resisting *him*, and in protecting *her*. This places me at a serious disadvantage. If I am to defeat our cause with the Count, strong in the conscientiousness of Laura's safety, I must fight it for my Wife. Do you agree to that, Marian, on her?"

"To every word of it," she answered.

"I will not plead out of my own heart," I went on; "I will not appeal to the love which has survived all changes and all shocks—I will rest my only vindication of myself for thinking of her and speaking of her as my wife, on what I have just said. If the chance of forcing a confession from the Count is, as I believe it to be, the last chance left of publicly establishing the fact of Laura's existence, the least selfish reason that I can advance for our marriage is recognized by us both. But I may be wrong in my conviction, other means of achieving our purpose may be in my power, which are less uncertain and less dangerous. I have searched anxiously, in my own mind, for those means—and I have not found them. Have you?"

"No. I have thought about it too, and thought in vain."

"In all likelihood," I continued, "the same questions have occurred to you, in considering this difficulty, which have occurred to me. Ought we to return with her to Limmeridge, now that she is like herself again, and trust to the recognition of her by the people of the village or by the children at the school? Ought we to appeal to the practical test of her hand-writing? Either we did so. Suppose the recognition of her shrunken, and the identity of the handwriting established. Would success in both those cases be more than supply an excellent foundation for a trial in a court of law? Would the recognition of the handwriting prove her identity to Mr. Fairlie, and take her back to Limmeridge House, against the evidence of her aunt, against the evidence of the medical certificate, against the fact of the funeral and the fact of the inscription on the tomb? No! We could only hope to succeed in throwing a serious doubt on the assertion of her death—a doubt which nothing short of a legal inquiry can settle. I will assume that we possess (for we have certainly not got) money enough to carry this inquiry on through all its stages. Is it probable that Mr. Fairlie's prejudices might be reasoned away; that the false testimony of the Count and his wife could be set aside by the false testimony might be confuted; that the recognition could not possibly be ascribed to a mistake between Laura and Anne Catherick, or the handwriting be declared by our enemies to be a clever fraud—all these are assumptions which, more or less, set plain, established evidence aside. Let us pass—and let us ask ourselves what would be the first consequence of the first questions put to Laura touching on the subject of her identity. We know only too well what the consequence would be—she would relapse into the terror recovered her memory of what happened to her in London. Examine her privately, or examine her publicly, she is utterly incapable of assisting the assertion of her own case; you don't see this, Marian, as plainly as I see it, we will go to Limmeridge and try the experiment to-morrow."

"I *do* see it, Walter. Even if we had the means of paying for the law expenses, even if we succeeded in the end, the delays would be unendurable; the perpetual suspense, after what we have suffered already, would be heartbreaking. You are right about the hopelessness of going to Limmeridge. I wish I could feel sure that you are right also in determining to try that last chance with the Count. *Is* it a chance at all?"

"Decoy, Marian. Yes. To tie the assertion of recovering the lost date of Laura's journey to London. Without returning to the reasons I gave you some time since, I am still as firmly persuaded as ever that there is a discrepancy between the date of that journey and the date on the certificate of death. There lies the weak point of the whole conspiracy—it crumbles to pieces if we extract it. In that way, and in that way only, attacking it are in possession of the Count. If I succeed in wresting them from him, the object of your life and mine is fulfilled. If I fail, the wrong that Laura has suffered will, in this world, never be redressed."

"Do you fear failure yourself, Walter?"

"I dare not anticipate success; and, for that very reason, Marian, I speak openly and plainly, as I have spoken now. In my heart and my conscience I can say it—Laura's hopes for the future are not dearer to me than her present misfortune is gone; I know that the last chance of restoring her to her place in the world lies at the mercy of our worst enemy, of a man who is now absolutely unassailable, and who may remain unassailable to the end. With every worldly advantage gone from her: with all prospect of recovering her rank and station more than doubtful; with no clearer future before her than the future which her husband can provide—the poor drawing-master may hurriedly open his lover's eyes. In the days of my prosperity, Marian, I was only the teacher who guided her hand—I ask for it, in her adversity, as the hand of my wife!"

Marian's eyes met mine affectionately—I could say no more. My heart was full, my lips were trembling. In spite of myself, I was in danger of spending on her pity. I got up to leave the room. She rose at the same moment, laid her hand gently on my shoulder, and stopped me.

"Walter!" she said, "I once parted you both for your good and for mine. Wait here, my Brother!—wait, my dearest, best friend, till Laura comes, and tells you what I love done now!"

For the first time since the farewell morning at Limmeridge she touched my forehead with her lips. A tear dropped on my face as she kissed me. She turned quickly, pointed to the chair from which I had risen, and left me.

I sat down alone at the window, to wait through the crisis of my life. My mind, in that breathless interval, was like a blank sheet. I was conscious of nothing but a painful intensity of all familiar perceptions. The sun grew higher and brighter; the white sea-birds, in search other far beyond me, seemed to be flitting before my face; the mellow murmur of the waves on the beach was like thunder in my ears.

The door opened, and Laura came in alone. So she had entered the breakfast-room at first, when I was absent with Marian, and we parted. Slowly and falteringly, in sorrow and in hesitation, she had once approached me. Now she came to me in the haste of happiness in her feet, with the light of happiness radiant in her face. Her own arms, those dear arms, that trembled themselves round me; of their own accord, the sweet lips came to meet mine. "My darling!" she whispered, "my darling! may I love each other now?" Her head nestled with a tender contentedness on my bosom. "Oh," she said, innocently, "I am so happy at last!"

Ten days later we were married. Shortly.

The course of this narrative, steadily flowing on, bears me away from the morning-time of our married life, and carries me forward to the End.

In a fortnight more we three were back in London, and the shadow was stealing over us of the strength of Fate.

Marian and I were careful to keep Laura in ignorance of the cause that had hurried us back to the metropolis. She was told that Mr. Fairlie was now the sole proprietor of Limmeridge. It was now the beginning of May, and his term of occupation at the house in Forest Road was expired in April. If he renewed it (and I had reasons, shortly to be mentioned, for anticipating that he would), I was to undertake all his leasing that he would, by the course of events, be unwilling to renew. But if by any chance he anticipated my expectations and left the country before I had arrived, I was in arming myself to meet him as I best might.

In the first fullness of my new happiness there had been moments when I was half-tempted, faltered—moments when I was tempted to be safely content, now that the dearest aspiration of my life had accomplished itself, to accept Laura's love. For the first time, I thought faint-heartedly of the greatness of the risk; of the adverse chances, even at the best, of the full recognition of our new lives, and the full proof of my which I might place the happiness within the reach of my hands. Yes! let me own it honestly. For a brief time I wandered, in the sweet guiding of the fire, far from the object which had long been true under stormier discipline and in darker days. Innocently, Laura had tempted me aside from the hard and thorny pathway which I had destined to lead me back again. At times, dreams of the terrible past still disconnectedly recalled to her, in the night-time, the secret of Anne and of which her waking memory had lost all trace. One night (barely two weeks after our marriage), when I was nursing her at my side, she woke from some slowly through her closed eyelids, I heard the faint murmuring words escape her lips, and saw that her face was turned again on the fatal journey from Blackwater Park. That unconscious appeal, the first since her recovery from the unconscious her of sleep, ran through me like fire. The next day was the day we came back to London—and my weaker resolution returned to me with ten-fold strength.

The first necessity was to know something of the man. How far, day by day, was the life of the man as impenetrable mystery to me.

I began with such scanty sources of information as my own experience gave. The important narrative written by Mr. Frederick Fairlie (which Marian had obtained from Madame Fosco at the moment I had given to her in winter) proved to be of no service to the special object which I had now in view. As far as I could judge it, I reconsidered the disclosure revealed to me by Mrs. Clements, of the series of deceptions which had been practised on Mr. Philip Hartright, and which had there devoted her to the interests of the conspiracy. Here, again, the Count had not overlooked the slightest thing. There, also, he was, to all practical purpose, out of my reach.

I next returned to Marian's journal at Blackwater Park. In the first days of our stay there, I had again a passage which referred to her past criticisms on the character of Count Fosco, particularly which she had discovered relating to him.

The passage to which I allude occurs in that part of her journal which describes Laura's visit to her and his personal appearance. She describes him as "not having crossed the frontiers of his native country for years past"—as "anxious to know if any Italian gentlemen were settled in the nearest town to Blackwater Park"—as "receiving letters with all sorts of odd stamps on them, and one with a large, official-looking seal on it." She is inclined to consider these circumstances (with native ingenuity) may be reconciled for by assuming that he is a political exile. But she is, on the other hand, unable to reconcile this idea with his reception of the letter from abroad, bearing "the large, official-looking seal"—letters from the Continent addressed to political exiles being usually the last to court attention from foreign post-offices in that way.

The considerations thus presented to me in the diary, joined to certain surmises of my own that grew out of them, suggested a conclusion which I considered I had not arrived at before. I now said to myself—what Laura had once said to Marian at Blackwater Park; what Madame Fosco herself had said, listening at the door—the Count is a Spy!

Laura had applied the word to him at hazard, a natural anger at his proceedings toward her secret. I applied it to him, with the deliberate conviction that his conduct in this was the action of a Spy. On this assumption, the reason for his extraordinary stay in England, so long after the object for which the conspiracy had been joined, became, to my mind, quite intelligible.

The year of which I am now writing was the year of the International Exhibition of Works of Hyde Park. Foreigners, in unusually large numbers, had arrived already and were still arriving in England. Men were among us, by thousands, whom the ceaseless distrustfulness of their governments had followed privately, by means of appointed agents, to our shores. My surmises did not for a moment class a man of the Count's intellectual social position with the ordinary rank and file of foreign spies. I suspected him of holding a position of authority, of having intrusted to his government which he secretly served, with the organization and management of agents specially employed in this country. I was right in my surmises; and I shortly knew it. Rubelle, who had been so opportunely found to act as nurse at Blackwater Park, to help Mrs. Rubelle, was one of the number.

Assuming this his idea of mine had a foundation in truth, my position with the Count would prove to be more assailable than I had hitherto, ventured to hope. To whom could I apply to watch the movements of the man's history, and of the man himself, than I knew now?

In this emergency, it naturally occurred to my mind what I could do myself, and to whom I could rely, might be the fittest person to help me. The first man whom I thought of, under these circumstances, was also the only Italian with whom I was intimately acquainted —my quaint little friend, Professor Pesca.

The Professor has been so long absent from these pages, that I may run some risk of having forgotten altogether. It is the necessary law of such a story as mine, that the persons concerned in it only appear when the course of events leads them up—they come and go, not by favor of my personal partiality, but by right of their direct connection with the circumstances to be detailed. For this reason, not Pesca only, but my mother and sister as well, have been left far in the background of my story. My visits to the little tea-and cottage; my mother's lamentable belief in the denial of Laura's identity which the conspiracy had accomplished; my vain efforts to overcome the prejudice, on her part and on my sister's, to which Laura's altered appearance led me, they both continued to adhere; the painful necessity which that prejudice imposed on me of concealing my marriage from them till they had learned to do justice to my wife—all these little domestic occurrences have been left unrecorded, because they were not essential to the main interest of the story. It is nothing that they added to my anxieties and embittered my disappointment when the march of events made me inexorably passed them by.

For the same reason, I have said nothing more of the consolation that I found in Pesca's brotherly affection for me when I saw him again after the mysterious cessation of my residence at Limmeridge House. I have not recorded the fidelity with which my warm-hearted little friend followed me to the door of the establishment where I sailed for Central America, or the noisy transport of joy with which he received me when we next met in the Strand. If I had felt justified in accepting the offers of service which he made to me on my return, he would have appeared again long ere this. But I had felt I knew that my honor and his courage were to be implicitly relied on, I was not so sure that his discretion was to be trusted; and, for that reason only, I followed the course of all my inquiries alone. It will now be necessary to understand that Pesca was not separated from all connection with me and my interests, although he has hitherto been separated from all communication with the progress of this narrative. He was as true and as ready a friend of mine still as ever he had been in his life.

Before I summoned Pesca to my assistance, I was necessarily anxious for myself what sort of man I had to deal with. Up to this time I had never once set eyes on Count Fosco.

Three days after my return with Laura and Marian to London, I set forth alone for Forest Road, St. John's Wood, between ten and eleven o'clock in the morning. It was a fine day—I had some hours to spare—and I thought it likely, if I waited about the house, that the Count might be tempted out. I had no great reason to fear the chances of his recognizing me in the neighborhood of his residence when I had been seen by him was the occasion on which he had followed me home at night.

No one appeared at the windows in the front of the house. I walked down a turning which ran past the side of it, and looked over the low garden wall. One of the back windows on the lower floor was thrown up, and a net was stretched across it horizontally. I saw nothing but I heard in the room, first, a shrill whistling and singing of birds—then the deep ringing voice which Marian's description had made familiar to me. "Come out on my little finger, my pret-pret-prettiest" cried the voice. "Come out, and look up at the stars! One, two, three—and up! Three, two, one—and down! One, two, three—twit-twit-twit-tweet!" The Count was exercising his canaries, as he used to exercise them in Marian's time at Blackwater Park.

I waited a little while, and the singing and the whistling ceased. "Come, kiss me, my pretties!" said the deep voice. There was a responsive twittering and chirping—a low, oily laugh—silence of a minute or two—and then I heard the opening of the house door. I turned and retraced my steps.

The magnificent melody of the Prayer in Rossini's "Moses," sung in a sonorous bass voice, rose grandly through the sunburnt air. Silence of the 4th. The garden gate opened and closed. The Count had come out.

He crossed the road, and walked toward the western boundary of the Regent's Park. I kept on my own side of the way, a little behind him, and walked in the shadiest place.

Marian had prepared me for his high stature, his monstrous corpulence, and his ostentatious consuming gentlemanliness—but not for the youthful freshness and cheerfulness and vitality of the man. He carried his sixty years as if they had been fewer than forty. He sauntered along wearing his hat a little on one side, with a light jaunty manner in using his big stick in humming to himself; looking up from time to time at the houses and gardens on either side of him with simple, childish gaiety. If a stranger had been told that the whole neighborhood belonged to him, that stranger would not have been surprised to hear it. The world looked back: he paid no apparent attention to me, no apparent attention to any one who passed him or his on the road. Once or twice, every now and then, when he smiled and smirked, with an easy, patronizing look-down, at the nurse-maids and the children whom he met. In this way he led me on till we reached a colony of shops outside the eastern terraces of the Park.

Here he stopped at a pastry-cook's, went in (probably to give an order), and came out again immediately with a tart in his hand. As I began was grinding an organ before the shop, and a miserable little shriveled monkey was sitting on the instrument. The Count stopped at the piece for himself out of the tart, and gravely handed the rest to the monkey. "My poor little man!" he said, with grotesque tenderness, "you look hungry. In the sacred name of humanity, I offer you a penny!" He put the penny, or pitiously put in his claim to a penny from the benevolent stranger. The Count shrugged his shoulders contemptuously, and walked on.

We reached the streets and the better class of shops between the New Road and Oxford Street. The Count stopped again, and entered a small optician's shop, with an inscription in the window announcing that repairs were neatly executed there. He came out directly, with an opera-glass in his hand; walked a few paces on, and stopped to look at a list of the Opera Season's performances at a music's shop. He read the bill attentively, considered a moment, and then hailed an empty cab as it passed him.

"Opera-box office," he said to the man, and was driven away.

I crossed the road, and looked at the bill in my turn. The performance announced was "Lucrezia Borgia," and it was to take place that evening. The opera-glass in the Count's hand, his careful reading of the bill, and his direction to the cabman, all suggested that he proposed attending one of the theatres. I had the means of getting an admission for myself and a friend to the pit, by applying to one of the scene painters attached to the theatre, with whom I had been well acquainted in past times. There was a chance, at least, that the Count might be easily visible among the audiences to me, and to my one with me; and, in this case, I had the means already of ascertaining whether Pesca knew his countryman or not that very night.

This consideration at once decided the disposal of my evening. I procured the tickets, leaving a note at the Professor's lodgings on the way. At a quarter to eight I called to take him with me to the theatre. Very little friend was in a state of the highest excitement, with a festive flower in his button-hole, and the largest opera-glass I ever saw hugged up under his arm.

"Are you ready?" I asked.

"Right-all-right," said Pesca.

We started for the theatre.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE LATEST FROM VIVA.

DEPARTS of news from Utah to the 6th inst. are given by correspondents. The United States troops are in camp, Governor Cumming is still in the same place—Governor Cumming, Brigham Young, and Colonel Johnston remaining in statu quo. Nothing new has taken place in the proceedings. The prospect for the grand coup d'état, through the key crop is believed to be highly flattering. Most of last year, the crop was cut off by the grasshoppers. The work on the Temple, which was partly destroyed by fire, and of the expected edition to the Book of Mormon, and the army, has been recommenced—a fact which would seem to indicate that the Mormons have not yet decided to leave their "improvements" in Utah for a new home, either in Oregonia or the Land Islands.

THE SUN SPOTTED AGAIN.

MR. G. P. BOND writes as follows to the Boston *Advertiser*, under date of Harvard College Observatory, July 31: "The evidence collected from a longer number of observations does not materially change the path of the great sunspot, as communicated by me to the *Advertiser* of the 26th. It indicates, however, that, instead of following a spot of great size, and, therefore, like most bodies of its class, before reaching it, it may have passed beyond it into the outer atmosphere, and retains its original character as a wanderer in the planetary spaces. The observations by the sun-keeper agree tolerably well in describing its disappearance as a gradual fading away, at a considerable altitude above the horizon, sufficient to

carry its path, when prolonged, quite clear of contact with the earth. If the velocity, relative to the earth's surface, of 20 miles a second be admitted, it follows that the greater part of the apparent motion of the meteor was due to our motion in the solar system, and that the major axis of the orbit of this little asteroid, and the period of describing its complete circuit about the sun, must have been less than those of the earth. A telescopic view of the meteor was enjoyed by Mr. C. A. Damon, of Boston, who had the singular good fortune to catch sight of it in full course, with a telescope of five inches aperture."

PERSONAL.

Among the recent arrivals from Havana is that of Señor Don Antonio Mantilla, the Civil Governor of that city, and formerly Civil Governor of the Province of Cadiz. His appointment to the first-named position was the only instance for many years where a civilian had been selected for the place, and the nomination by the Captain-General, and confirmation by the Home Government, is supposed to show a determination to have civil offices filled by civilians. Señor Mantilla comes to the United States for the benefit of his health, and also to make himself familiar with our principal institutions. He is accompanied by the Brigadier-General of the Spanish Navy and the Major-General of the Army.

A note to the Boston *Transcript* informs the world of the whereabouts and present occupation of Miss Fredrika Bremer. She left Jerusalem in May, 1859, after a full survey of the most interesting parts of Palestine, having lived in convents, and seen much denied to less distinguished travelers. She undertook the most adventurous excursions on horseback into the interior, with a single Arab as her guide and servant, not fearing the wild Bedouins of the desert. She has examined the Holy Land from Mount Libanus to the Dead Sea; visited the memorable places; passed to Constantinople, Smyrna, and the great places in the East; and then reached Athens to rest and write. She has arranged and copied her notes on Switzerland. Her travels in the East and Greece will make two other works. She will spend this summer among the Greek Islands, and return to rest one more winter at Athens. She promises to give to the world a treatise on Prayer, which is already completed.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

LORD BROUGHAM'S APOLOGY.

AT the adjourned meeting of the International Congress on the 18th ult., Lord Brougham apologized to Mr. Dallas for the insult offered on the previous day in the following language:

"I exceedingly regret that the observations I made on the first day have been interpreted into something disrespectful to the United States. No one who has known me will accuse me of such an intention. I respect our brethren of the United States, even when I differ from them. When I called attention, in the presence of our friend, Mr. Dallas, to the, in my opinion, important statistical fact that a most respectable colored gentleman, from Canada, was a member of the Congress, I only called his attention to it just as I would the attention of our excellent friend the representative of the Brazils, who is here to-day; and, God knows, I do not entertain the slightest disrespect for the Brazils. I ought also to have called the attention of the Count de Ripalde (the Spanish representative) to the same subject; they have colonies, and they have persons of various colors in their possessions. I call his attention to it hereby." (Applause.)

THE NEGRO QUESTION IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

In the House of Lords, Lord Brougham, having reminded the noble lord who had just sat down (Earl Granville) that he had, about a fortnight or three weeks ago, taken occasion to complain of the course pursued by Sir S. Cunard—who was in the receipt of a subsidy from the Government for the conveyance of the mails across the Atlantic—in refusing to accommodate persons of color with first-class passages in his vessels, observed that he had mentioned the case of a gentlewoman of African descent, to whom such accommodation had been refused, and who had been told she must make the voyage from America to this country in another part of the vessel as a second-class passenger. At the time when he made that statement it was supposed that it could hardly be correct, but it had since been confirmed; nay, more, he found that the lady in question had been obliged to return as a second-class passenger to America. He wished to know from the noble lord the nature of the contract with Sir S. Cunard—whether it was confined to the carriage of the mails, or included mails and passengers.

Earl Granville thought the noble lord, feeling a strong interest in the case, had been perfectly justified in calling the attention of the House to the matter. At the same time, the question being one of contract between the parties, it was impossible for the Government to interfere.

Lord Brougham said an action arising out of a case of the same sort was brought some years ago, and damages would certainly have been awarded against the defendant as a common carrier if the matter had not been compromised.

FRANCE.

IMPERIAL SCANDAL.

The *Herald* correspondent writes: "A good deal of Imperial scandal is just now on the *tapis*. It is said that the Emperor made it a point that he should be present at the opening of his uncle Jerome's papers, and that Prince Napoleon's reply was they had already been removed for safe custody to England. It is boldly asserted that among them are letters from Louis, ex-King of Holland, solemnly asserting that the marriage of Hortense and himself was never consummated, and that consequently every child of hers was illegitimate. Nay, more, that he was from the first conversant with the intrigue that had subsisted between Napoleon I. and his wife, and that as for Louis Napoleon, he was as much the son of the Dutch Admiral as Count Morney was that of Count Flahaut. If all this be true, it is possible that Prince Napoleon may think to hold these letters *in terrorem* over the head of the Emperor: not that I should think the man who with his own right arm and his own strong head has risen to his present lofty height would bate one jot of his pretensions from any bugbear of this kind."

A BRITISH PARALLEL.

He adds: "But queer things happen in all families, even when they are so well regulated as George the Third's. There was—in fact, I believe he is still living—a man called by his intimates Tommy Garth. It was whispered that he was the son of one of George the Third's daughters by General Garth. One day, however, the General believed himself to be *in extremis*, and, calling to his bedside his putative son, he desired him, after his death, to inspect a certain cabinet, of which he gave him the key, as in it he would find a packet of letters of great importance to him. The General got well, but Tommy Garth's curiosity was so excited that he managed to get hold of the papers, notwithstanding. They were in the handwriting of George the Third, thanking General Garth for saving the honor of his family, and of the Duke of York, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Cumberland, and the Princess Sophia, respecting his birth. The Duke of York's letter to the Prince of Wales was to say—in very familiar language—that Sophy was with child by Ernest, and that there was the devil to pay; and there were letters from the Princess Sophia and the Duke of Cumberland (Ernest) admitting the gentle impeachment. Garth, who was troubled with little delicacy, took post and hastened to Frogmore, where the Princess Sophia was, telling the lady in waiting that he wanted to see his 'mother.' Of course he was denied this filial request. But the following day Sir Herbert Taylor paid him a visit, and having heard his statement, and, in fact, seen the documents, demanded the price of them. 'Ten thousand a year and a peerage,' was the reply. He returned a day or two after, and offered £5000 a year and a place about the Court. All things were ready for signatures, when, at the eleventh hour, it was discovered that Garth had had an attested copy of the documents taken, which, of course, entirely neutralized the value of the originals. The negotiation, therefore, fell to the ground. But Tommy Garth to this day is supported, I am told, by the Court. He is always in prison; but when things come to the worst, and he is about to take the benefit of the insolvent Act, an angel comes to him unawares, pays his liabilities, and avoids all exposure.

"Some years ago he ran away with the beautiful wife of Sir Jacob Astley, and daughter of Sir Henry Dashwood. She forsook a handsome husband and £40,000 a year to share penury and imprisonment with little fat Garth. She died about a year after having borne him a daughter."

ITALY.

STATE OF AFFAIRS AT NAPLES.

Telegraphic dispatches state that the Neapolitan Government had ordered the removal of the Royal Guard from Naples. The other troops were to be confined to the fortresses, and their posts intrusted to the National Guard.

The punishment of the bastinado had been abolished, and the Prefect of Police had issued an ordinance doing away with the secret dungeons in all the prisons.

The Neapolitan Envoys at Turin had had several interviews with Count Cavour, and M. de la Greca, the Envoy from Naples to Paris, had been received by M. Thouvenel.

Advices from Naples say that as soon as the reactionary movement of the 15th occurred, the Ministers went in a body to the King and insisted upon resigning unless the authors of the riot were brought to a court-martial. The King at once went to all the barracks, harangued the troops, and made all the officers and soldiers take an oath to be faithful to the Constitution. The Ministers thereupon withdrew their resignations, and the members of the Corps Diplomatique called upon the King and congratulated him.

THE LATEST FROM SICILY.

There is little or no news from Sicily. The Malta *Times* of the 12th of July publishes the following intelligence from Sicily:

"MESSINA, *July* 10, 1860.

"Very little of importance has taken place here during the week. On Tuesday last two Neapolitan frigates passed through the straits on their way to Trieste. They had on board the Queen-Mother and all her family, besides about thirty of the Court attached to the Bourbons.

"A large number of Italians are arriving at Palermo. The *Intrepid*, which came in on Saturday, the 7th inst., brought the news that four steamers were continually running between Genoa and Palermo, crammed with men. Young Garibaldi has arrived in Girgenti with several officers, to establish order in that place, and a regiment of Italians was on its way there.

"Melazzo, a place near Barcelona, is to be attacked during this week. There were about a thousand men there, but the officers are deserting fast. Yesterday evening the commandant of this place dispatched the French transport *Bresli*, with the 1st King's Regiment of the Line, as a reinforcement. Colonel Medici, shortly after his arrival at Barcelona, went to Melazzo to reconnoitre, and said that two hours' work would be enough to take the castle there. I suppose in a day or two we shall have the Royal defenders of that place returning here in dribblets without shoes or arms. Several Royalists have received orders to quit Messina. Telegraphic communication between Messina and Catania is interrupted."

Another letter from Messina of the same date says that Garibaldi was within twenty miles of Messina, and confirms the statement made above that Melazzo was to be at once attacked. Garibaldi on the 4th of July completed his 53d year, and the day was observed as a holiday in Sicily. The desertions of the Royal troops continued, and a proclamation of General Medici, calling upon the garrison of Messina to make common cause with the patriots, was circulated throughout the town.

AN ALLOCUTION FROM THE POPE.

The Pope had pronounced an allocution, energetically protesting against the Piedmontese Government, on account of the arrests and condemnation of the Bishops of Pisa, Imola, Faenza, and Piacenza, approving the conduct of these bishops, and designating the annexation of the Duchies and the Legations to Piedmont as a usurpation.

A PAPAL PRISONER.

The London *Times* correspondent writes: As soon as the constitution was framed and the amnesty had opened the prison doors, it was noised abroad that a man who had been shut up in secret was still confined in the prison of San Francisco. He was taken thence by some young men who had also been confined there, and was benevolently received in his own house by the advocate Pasquale Abenare, who has clothed and fed him ever since. The poor victim of oppression has created great interest here, and among others Mr. Elliot and the Marchese Villamarina have been to visit him. I have done the same, and the following harrowing story I have received from his own lips, in the presence of Abenare, of a Neapolitan friend, and of a foreign Consul:

"I landed in Genoa, from Boston, somewhere in 1853, and, wishing to see the south of Italy, traveled till I came near Viterbo, when I was cautioned not to go to Rome; but I still persevered in my intention of doing so, when I was arrested as not having a passport, and carried to the Eternal City, where I was placed in the Carcere Nuovo.

TORTURED AT ROME.

"Not satisfied with the report which I gave of myself, I was tortured for three months as follows: My hands and arms were bound together, and then, by ropes tied round the upper part of the arms, they were drawn back till my breast protruded, and my bones sounded 'Crick, crick!' There was another species of torment practiced upon me, which was this: At night, while sleeping, the door was secretly opened, and buckets of water were thrown over my body. How I survived it I can not tell. The keepers were astonished, and said they had never had such an instance. 'But you will never get out alive,' said the Carporale Rosaloi. I replied that I never expected so to do, and prayed for the Angel of Death to come. The worst torture of all, however, was the prison itself, a room into which a few rays of light struggled from above, and the stench of which—for it had been used by the jailers as a privy—was as bad as death. For three months I suffered thus; and then, without any reason assigned, was taken from it and placed, always alone, in a room called the 'Salone dei Preti,' a large, airy room, and was well fed and well treated for twenty-one months more. I was the prisoner of the Cardinal Secretary Antonelli.

TORTURED AT NAPLES.

"About the middle of 1855, again without any reason being given, I was sent off to Naples; was placed first in the Vicaria, and afterward in San Francisco, in a small, close room, where I have been detained four and a half years. I was questioned on several occasions, and at last refused to answer, saying that my persecutors already knew what I had to say; that I was unjustly and illegally confined, and nothing should compel me to utter another word. On another occasion I was called before Bianchini, the Director of Police, who interrogated me. I appealed against my sufferings, and all the reply I received was '*Va bene! va bene!*' from a Christian man to one suffering as I was! I have been asked to send a *supplica* for my liberation, but my invariable answer was, 'I will die first; never will I ask any thing of this Government.' When first I arrived here I had a little money, which for a short time procured me better food than the prison fare, and then by degrees I sold my clothes. At last I sold, at times, my black bread to have a little salt to sprinkle over my beans, and sometimes to procure some incense to relieve the horrid stench of my prison. As for water for purposes of cleanliness it was never supplied me, and all that I could do was to dip one of my own rags in a jug of drinking water and wash some portions of my body. During the day I could repose, but at night I was covered with black beetles, fleas, and lice, and every conceivable species of vermin. I expected death, and desired and prayed for it as a relief, but it never came.

HIS CLOTHING AND APPEARANCE.

"My clothes were at last so reduced that I was all but naked, and so I have passed four summers and winters pacing up and down my narrow chamber. I will show you my prison dress," said he, and going out, returned in a few minutes. It might have stood as a model for Lazarus risen from the tomb. The lower part of his body was covered with a thin pair of brown drawers, nothing more; on his feet were a pair of shoes with the soles and upper leather all in holes. He had no shirt, but over the upper part of his body was thrown a rag, something like a coarse kitchen towel, one corner of which he had placed on his head, and as the long elfin locks which had not been cut for many years hung down far below his shoulders, he appeared more like a brute beast than a Christian man. "See this rag," said he, "how I have botched it! This was my dress, and so clad I paced up and down my solitary den." "When I heard of his state," said the benevolent Arenare, whose name should be known and honored, "I sent him some clothes, otherwise he could not have left his prison; and when he entered my house I thought I had never witnessed such a sight. He was supported by two persons, for he could scarcely walk, and stared about, exclaiming, 'Where am I?' He was evidently lost. He has somewhat recovered in appearance, but his eyes are still half-closed, as though unaccustomed to the light, and the indications of suffering are unmistakable. 'You were astonished by what you have seen,' said a friend who was with me, "and yet in the Vicaria I have seen hundreds of such sights.'"

A SECRET TREATY BETWEEN PIEDMONT AND FRANCE.

The *Times* Special Correspondent at Palermo writes that the existence of a secret treaty between France and Piedmont has been discovered by Garibaldi. By the terms of this treaty Piedmont will be allowed to annex the two Sicilies; but she must not touch Umbria and the Marches unless the populations first revolt, in which case these also may be annexed. As to Venice, Piedmont may win her from Austria if she can, but she must not count on aid from France. In return for all this, Piedmont is to relinquish to France the islands of Sardinia and Elba, and make other territorial grants. This treaty is alleged to be already signed, as truly as was that of Plombières, which surrendered Savoy and Nice to France.

SYRIA.

THE LATEST FROM THE LEBANON.

We have news from Syria down to the 11th ult. No further incident of importance had taken place, but the state of things continued to be very grave, and not less than 32,000 fugitives from the interior had arrived at Beyrout and Leyda. A dispatch from Beyrout, *via* Marseilles, says that the Christians of Damascus no longer quit their houses. The French Consul displays the greatest energy, being supported by Abd-el-Kader, with 1200 Algerians. M. Portalis, a French cotton-twist manufacturer in the Lebanon, has saved the Christian inhabitants of the neighboring villages, having granted a refuge to 1800 persons, and driven back the enemy. The Pasha affects to negotiate for peace, but the Maronite tribes are claiming indemnity.

Great anxiety was felt at Beyrout respecting the fate of the Christians who had taken refuge in the south of Kesrouan, to the number of 45,000, and who were surrounded by the Druses and Mutualis in much greater numbers.

French consular reports received from Syria state that the massacres which had taken place are the result of a conspiracy of the Mussulman populace. The report having been spread among the Druses that European diplomacy was about to drive away the Turks from Europe, the Druses determined on exterminating the Christians in Syria. The French Consul at the port will be unable to repress a rising which had been organized in its own favor. Under these circumstances the Emperor of the French has declared that, although inviting the Powers who had signed the treaties of the 30th of March, 1856, to give their concurrence for an efficient protection of the Christians in Syria, France, on her own account, will never fail in her mission of humanity, and is resolved upon immediately sending an armed expedition to Syria.

THE FRENCH EXPEDITION TO SYRIA.

The Paris correspondent of the *Times* says: "I hear that Abd-el-Kader has, from a feeling of gratitude toward the Emperor of the French, offered his services for the suppression of the atrocities in the Lebanon. If the French Government will place at his disposal 3000 good troops, he engages to pacify the Mountain in very little time. He would prefer having the Algerian tirailleurs; but this is not to be thought of. With all Abd-el-Kader's scrupulous regard for his word, it would, perhaps, be better not to place too great a temptation in his way.

"Something is said of the issue of 200,000,000 of Treasury Bonds for the expedition to Syria, which I again hear is to be on a large scale.

"General Trochu is the Envoy Extraordinary dispatched by the Emperor of the French to Syria. He has left Paris, and is to embark on board the new steamship-of-the-line *Fontenoy*, at Toulon. The appointment of General Trochu as Envoy to Syria shows that his mission is more military than civil; and it is said that the General will be followed by a division of troops, to be drawn from the army of Lyons. Six steam gun-boats have been dispatched from Toulon to the coast of Syria, at the request of Commodore de la Ronciere le Nourry, who commands the French fleet in the Levant."

AN INSTANCE OF DRUSE CRUELTY.

A correspondent of the London *News* writes: "To give you some idea of what these Druses are, I will enumerate a few instances of their frightful barbarity, all of which I have heard from the unfortunate sufferers themselves, now refugees from Lebanon: One poor woman—I knew both her husband and herself well at Deir-el-Kamar, where they were wealthy people—told me that when the Druses attacked the town the second time (I should mention that it had surrendered, and all the inhabitants had given up their arms some twenty-four days previously to the Druses, and had been promised protection by their sheiks), her husband was hacked to pieces before her eyes by the large knives of the Druses, who then declared that they must kill all male children in the house. The mother tried to hide her two sons—one 15, the other 9 years old. The Druses, however, found them out, and as she begged and prayed for their lives, and endeavored to cover them in a corner with her person, the Druses hacked at the lads over her shoulder, and gashed them until they both dropped down apparently lifeless. The Druses then made off, and the woman, thinking her two sons dead, remained in a sort of stupor for two hours—so far as she can calculate. At last she was roused by hearing the eldest lad call her in a faint voice, trying to assure her that he was not yet dead. On this she felt the body of the youngest boy, and found his heart beating. She got some water, and after giving it to both her children—so far as she could get them to drink it—started into the town to see whether she could procure assistance to get her and her boys away. She got as far as the seraglio, or government-house, but there she found that some 500 Christians, who had taken refuge, were being cut to pieces by the Druses, who had been invited to enter the precincts of the building by the Turkish soldiers of the garrison, these latter helping in the butchery, and being so far worse than the Druses that they abused in the most infamous manner all the women. Seeing no help could be obtained here, the poor woman turned to fly, when she came across an old Druse who had formerly been a farm-servant of her husband's. After a great deal of entreaty on her part the man consented to protect her and her children down to the sea-coast, about four hours' journey, on condition of receiving an order on her brother, a wealthy man in Beyrout, for ten thousand piastres. To this she agreed, and they returned together to her house. She had not been absent more than an hour, but she found her two children cut into pieces, joint by joint, 'limb and trunk severed,' to use her words, 'as butchers cut up sheep'—heads, legs, arms, and bodies being hacked up into a shapeless mass of bloody flesh and reeking bones. Some other poor women then joined her, and together they made their way to a mulberry plantation outside the town, where they passed the night. At daybreak they were discovered by a party of Druses, who, after stripping them to find whether they had any money on their persons, and taking away what little they possessed, told them they might go where they liked. Four of the poor creatures had babies, all under a year old. Of these infants two were girls and two boys; the former they did not touch, but the latter, they said, might grow up to be men and bear arms against the Druses; they therefore took the poor little creatures, and before their mothers' eyes tore them up the middle and limb by limb—'exactly,' to use the poor woman's own expression, 'as you tear up a fowl that is to be cooked with pillau.' Remember, all this was done, not in the heat of fighting, but deliberately, in cold blood. And I have heard of eleven other exactly similar cases of child-destruction by the Druses, in nine of which I implicitly believe, having every reason to do so."

THE BRITISH PROVINCES.

PROGRESS OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.—HIS ARRIVAL AT HALIFAX.

At ten o'clock, on 30th July, the Prince of Wales's squadron anchored opposite the dock-yard at Halifax. The Prince left the *Hero* in one of the boats, and at a few minutes before noon landed at the dock-yard, amidst the thunder of salutes from the six British war steamers in port. He was accompanied by the Duke of Newcastle and Major-General Bruce.

He was received at the landing steps by Lord Mulgrave, who was introduced by the Duke of Newcastle, and with whom he shook hands with self-possessed ease and cordiality, at the same time uttering a few words of gratification, while a pleasant smile lighted up his happy-looking countenance.

The *Herald* correspondent telegraphs: "I stood near and had a full view of him. He is very prepossessing in appearance, elicited general admiration. In height he is five feet seven, and slightly built. He has a small, but well-formed and full-mouthed face, and his eyes, which have a very merry twinkle, are large and hazel-colored. He has a complexion equal to that of a peach, and looks very healthy. His hair is dark brown, and cut so as to show the lobes of his ears. He wore a black cocked hat with a tuft of white plumes, a red coat with a blue sash across the breast, and a white leather belt round the waist, black trowsers with a thin red stripe down each leg, patent-leather boots, white kid gloves, and a regimental sword."

A SPEECH TO THE MAYOR.

"The Prince listened calmly and attentively to an address from the city of Halifax, and at the end read his reply from a large sheet of draft paper, which was handed to him by General Bruce. His utterance was clear and unfaltering as his mother's, and the expression of face meanwhile just as bland and composed.

"'GENTLEMEN,—I have been led to expect that the loyalty and attachment to the British Crown which exists among the inhabitants of Halifax would insure to me a kind reception in your city, but the scene which I have witnessed this morning proves that my expectations are more than realized. For your welcome to myself, I feel, I assure you, sincere gratitude, but it is still more satisfactory to me as a son and as an Englishman, to witness your affectionate attachment to the Queen of the laws and institutions of our common country. Your allusion to my illustrious grandfather is also most grateful to my feelings, and I rejoice to find that his memory is cherished among you. In your noble harbor the navies of Great Britain can ride in safety, while you prosecute that commercial activity which, under their protection, would seem destined to make Halifax one of the most important cities of the Western World, and to raise her inhabitants to a high prosperity. That such may be the fate reserved for it by Providence is my very earnest hope. I request you to convey to the citizens of whom you are the representatives my cordial thanks for the greeting they have given me.'

ANOTHER TO THE COUNCIL.

"Mr. Young, the Premier of the Council, then advanced and read to him a long address of welcome, after which the document was handed to him, and by him transferred to the Duke, who handed him a sheet of paper, from which he read as follows. He made a slight mistake in doing so, and colored, but soon regained his self-possession:

"'I am deeply touched with the warmth and cordiality with which I have been welcomed to this colony, and thank you most heartily for your address. It will be my duty, and it certainly will be no less a pleasure to me, to inform Her Majesty of the proof which you have given me of your feelings of loyalty and devotion to her throne, and of your gratitude when those blessings, which it is her happiness to reflect, have during her reign been bestowed upon you and so many others of her subjects in all parts of the world. Most heartily do I sympathize in the pride with which you regard the laurels won by sons of Nova Scotia, and the affection with which you honor the memory of those who have fallen in the service of my country and yours. The monument you refer to will kindle the flame of patriotism in the breasts of those volunteers whom I have passed to-day, and who, in this and the colony which I have lately quitted, are emulating the zeal and gallant spirit which have been exhibited throughout the mother country. One hundred years have now elapsed since the international struggles which retarded the prosperity of this country were brought to a close. May peace and harmony among yourselves complete the good work which then commenced, and increase the happiness and contentment of a loyal and united people.'

"In the afternoon the Prince rode out in plain costume, and received a drenching before he returned, but he sat his horse as coolly in the rain as at starting.

"At half past seven he dined at the Government House with Lord Mulgrave and a party of forty-six ladies and gentlemen."

AT THE BALL.

On Tuesday he reviewed the troops and inspected the citadel. In the evening he went to the grand ball given in his honor. The *Herald* correspondent telegraphs: "The Prince arrived at the ball, accompanied by all the members of his suite and Lord Mulgrave, at a few minutes before ten. He appeared in his uniform, and looked remarkably well and good-humored. He gave a reception to all present in the ball-room, and they passed him in single file. He danced afterward with Miss Young, niece of the Premier, and the daughter of Mr. Pilsbury, United States Consul. He is a capital waltzer, and a very entertaining partner.

"The ball is a great success, and Albert Edward is in his glory. He evidently likes being lionized, and is fond of gayety and excitement. It is amusing to observe the eyes of the ladies in the room and gallery watching his every movement and gesture, and casting envious glances at his fortunate partners. I heard more than one whisper, 'What a beautiful dancer!' as he glided in the waltz. He rests his partner frequently, and fills up the interval with cheerful conversation and remarks upon the company. His finest feature is his nose, which is becomingly prominent, and nearly a Roman.

"At the Newfoundland ball he danced eleven of the thirteen dances, but at Halifax he was the hero of seven quadrilles, four waltzes, four gallops, and three polkas."

In firing the salute at Halifax an artilleryman was blown to pieces.

FARTHER PROGRESS.

The Prince left Halifax at seven o'clock on August 2, by cars, for Windsor, accompanied by the Governor, Admiral Milne, General Williams, a brilliant staff, the members of the Government, and both branches of the Legislature. He received a handsome reception. Triumphal arches had been erected, and salutes were fired by the volunteers, artillery, and rifles from Halifax. After a collation he proceeded by land to Huntsport, with an escort of over 200 carriages. He received addresses at Windsor and Huntsport, and embarked at 11.40 in the British gun-boat *Styx*, which, after firing a salute, sailed for St. John.

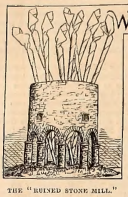
On 2d of August he left, at 7 A.M., by special train, for St. John, N. B., where he arrived on the 3d, and was received by the Governor of the Province and other dignitaries, and the people.

STRAY LEAVES FROM THE SKETCH-BOOK OF A LADY AT NEWPORT.

A SEASON AT NEWPORT.

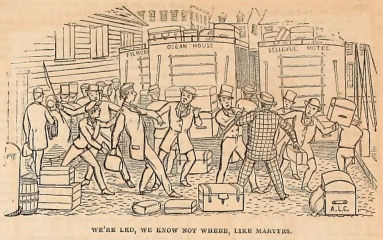
CANTO THE FIRST.

Being, as to proper in descriptive poetry, slightly topographical in its commencement.



THE "RUINED STONE MILL."

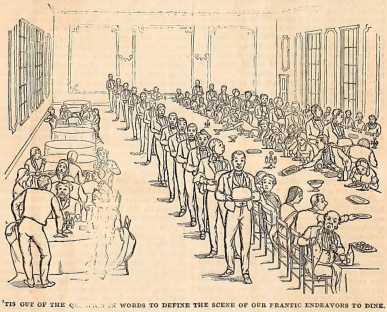
HERE the rude surges bash the rough rocks on the shore,
And the surf on the beach rumbles in with a roar,
But too tender to crush
The soft sand in its rush,
Ripples back again, quietly whispering "Hush!"
Where the Gulf stream attempers the sea-breeze's chill:
Where there's scarcely a tree, and there isn't a hill;
And the only attraction's a ruined stone mill,
Whose origin's wrapped in obscurity still
(Though scholars, to suit their particular likings,
Attribute it either to Settlers or Vikings),
Stands Newport, the watering-place mad in vogue—a
Finale to Sharon, Nahant, Saratoga:
Society's types may be found there in plenty:
Maidens of forty and matrons of twenty;
Wall Streeters, worn out with stock operations;
Traveling lions from all foreign nations;
"Attachés" and "chefs" of all sorts of legations:
Heiresses, happy in vast "expectations,"
Young men, whose dancing
Is really entrancing
(As is natural, when we reflect that more pains
Have been spent on their feet, by a deal, than their brains);
Amateurs of both sexes, who make ineffectual
Efforts to be—or to seem—intellectual;



WE'RE LED, WE KNOW NOT WHERE, LIKE MARTYRS.

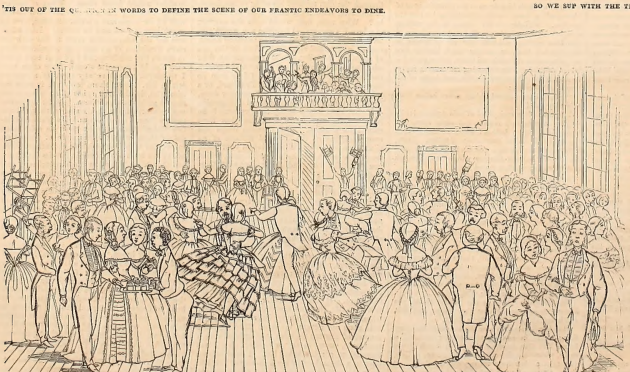
LEAPING MASCULINITY SURPASSES THE AGILE FLEETNESS OF THE STARTLED DEER.

THERE LINGER, 'MID THE BREAKERS' ROAR, OF FASCINATING NAIADS SOME HALF SCORE.



'TIS OUT OF THE [illegible] WORDS TO DEFINE THE SCENE OF OUR FRANTIC ENDEAVORS TO DINE.

SO WE SUP WITH THE TIGER.



WE'RE-SPUN BOUND IN THE WALTZ 'TILL WE'RE ALMOST DEAD.

Fast fortune-hunters, manœuvring mothers,
Horse jockeys, gamblers, musicians — and others.

Imagine, reader, if you please,
That, in the early morning's breeze,
We've just arrived, ill at ease,
After a night on board that horrid
Unsound Sound steamer: sitting "form'd"
(After we had resolved the question
Whether night air or bags we'd best shun),
With smoking we've impaired digestion.

The wharf's a scene of life and motion:
"Believe it!" "Atlantic!" "Fillmore!"
"Ocean!"
Assail our ears from every side,
Till, quite unable to decide
Where we shall take up summer quarters,
We're led, we know not where, like martyrs.

The landlord meets us at the door,
Dress-coated "assure," buttoned "or;"
And while his sons our luggage fall on, he
Shows us our bedrooms in the "Colony."

CANTO THE SECOND.

Giving a faint and inadequate idea of the delights of a day at Newport; also showing how we spend the nights.

Bright mid-day steals upon our morning dreams
Ere we awake to life. Then, with a deal
Of grumbling at the sun's intrusive beams,
We dress for breakfast—fashiony meal!
And then, our drooping spirits just to rally,
Take a matutinal (light) "cocktail."

A quiet weed upon the front piazza
Kills half an hour; at one, Friend Stephen has a
Stage to convey us to the bathing beach,
With easy motion, for a shilling each.
The white flag's falling as we reach the shore,
Yet still there linger, 'mid the breakers' roar,
Of fascinating naiads some half score,

Who look, dreaded of their usual crinoline,
"Lengths without breadth," as Euclid doth define a line.

E'en when our blood-red flag begins to rise,
The one inevitable female, faced toward Spain,
From its appeal averts her heedless eyes,
And holds despotic mastery of the main
(As to nude manhood not at all particular),
Till it's a wonder that the brine don't pickle her.
At length she, too, departs—the coast is clear,
And leaping masculinity surpasses
The agile footsteps of the startled deer:
To gain the "*Cafe des Etrangers Reunis*"
(The genuine, I know, may cause dismay,
But then a shyster we wanting, and, to fill it, I
Quoted verbatim; therefore I transfer
To Father Homer all responsibility).

* * * * *

'Tis out of the question in words to define
The scene of our frantic endeavors to dine,
Where the stomach receives but small aid in its need,
And eat—drink for food, though the waiters are *feed;*
But although with my pen I'm unable to slander it,
Perhaps with the aid of my pencil I may do it.
The loud rattle up in the echoing halls,
But its music on ears unbending fails,
For the ladies are bottling on bonnets and shawls
To prepare for the afternoon's drive

At the

It's a horrible custom, but follow we must,
And swallow our gentlemanly dust,
Bow and forth, in funereal state—
A vehicular train-still—from five to eight.
So we follow each other to the train, or we heave anew
All the coltishness and risks of the "Avenue"
Dangerous enough, but now ten times more so
Since it's been watered and made as "a Corse"),
Such the situation of herds that henceforer only can
stamp 'em

"Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum";

* * * * *

The grease has been scraped from the dining-room floor,
And the tide of fashion begins to pour
Through the doorway of hall to the dining-room door:
There are dresses of velvet and silk and "illusion,"
"Ruches" and ribbons in lavish profusion,
Some gold and scarlet on much "tulle" and "tarlatan"
Trimmings of whose names I don't know a quarter,
But which, with the names of the wearers, you'll find
(If you feel so inclined)
Furnished in full in the *Herald* reporter.
So, merely premising that all "took their omelets,"
The author, once more, I shall merge in the artist.
We've upon terms to be waits' kin (I'm not sure that
In a German Coalition which TORSAWYER led
(With three brass-nor' fifers and "all out of his head").
'Tis past two o'clock, but it's never too late
To find *easy* ingress through "the little green gate":
So we rap with the "Tiger"—perhaps after that
Get a delicate "scratch" from the animal "patty"
And go home—I'll explain somewhere about four,
To get through the next day—and the next—as before.

OUR NEWPORT CORRESPONDENCE.

NEWPORT, *July* 19, 1860.

"COME into the garden, Maude," I whisper, cunningly, at the window—one of those many long windows that open out upon the piazza at the——. I dare not tell you what house. "Come into the garden, Maude, for the black-hat night hath flown." And Maude, with her

"Bronze brown hair,"

steps over the sill, and, linking my hand into the mediæval-cloth of her sleeve—for Maude is taller than I by a tantalizing inch or two—we go walking up and down the piazza, in the cool of the day. We are a few people, for it is nearer 8 o'clock later than usual, so we have plenty of room for our crinoline to float in; plenty of room, and safe ear-distance, to tell our secrets to each other. This is why I dare not give you the name of our hotel—lest you discover us, or some other enchanter may pitch his ears, and, peering his finger at the revelator, say, "Oh, I know your Maude and Madge: I've seen their girl faces under those little dark jockey-hats, and heard them chattering like magpies as they paced the piazza, arm-in-arm; yet I never thought they discussed any thing literary. I have caught now and then a sentimental quotation, something about a "black hat" and a "white hat;" but I put it down, as the effervescing of summer romance out of their girls' hearts, and thought no more of it. But now I understand."

That's the way men tell secrets, you know. Don't paint your finger at me, dear Mr. Editor, and remember that people sometimes think themselves of much more consequence than they are. I know what I am about. That's my way to get grandmother puts me down into the valley of humiliation once in a while. But you and I know what a wonderful globe is—what figures we make, how you and I even, who live in a cloud house

—"

—" of the morning's gray,
Fused with silver edges"—

—you and I, who never gossip and tell naughty stories about our neighbors, catch these little fleating, feathery *ne dits*, which come under the heading of *Scandal*, and amuse ourselves therewith over our rolls and coffee. Just the merest feathers, to—the chicest of two girls, perhaps, on the —— piazza, when we remember to have seen them before they put themselves in print. Am I sufficiently mother Goose?

While the girls chat a passer remarks,

"There is nothing new under the sun."

I catch the phrase, and look at the speaker's face —a weary face and a weary tone, young and blasé. I think of Browning's "Saul:"

"How good is man's life the mere living! how fit to employ
All the heart and the soul and the senses forever in joy."

Nothing new under the sun! Why, man, there is Bartlett's new house on the South Tuscu Road, and the fresh fresco on the dead wall behind your bray!

"Bah! how absurd! Is that fectious?"

Not exactly. I was thinking of the old Newport when Rochambeau made it his head-quarters, and when the French fleet came over—thinking that a difference time makes, and how the pretty Polly Lawton would have opened her lovely eyes at Bardda's house and the fresh fresco—the pretty Polly, whose name is gallantly scratched with one of these old window-panes by one of these very French officers, perhaps—the Duc de Lauzun or the young Chevalier Dumas.

"Nothing new under the sun!" Go back into the past, then, and compare your present time with me, and let us sit upon the great rocks there —the "hanging rocks," where, years and years ago, a pirate crew was hanged. Sitting there, in sight of the restless, ever-changing sea, in that "everlasting wash of air," can you not imagine yourself back into the days of Rochambeau, Lauzun, and Chastellux, and Rochambeau?

En passant, there is a pretty story or two about this same Polly, with whom Lauzun and the rest of these officers were so enchanted—this beautiful Quaker belle, which tradition has preserved, and which I must tell you here lest I forget it. Like most belles, it seems that the lovely Lawton was by no means inclined to receive her admirers in a decided answer; so there they would hang upon her silken line, and flounder in her dazzling net, till they either broke or her cruel eye was exhausted, which latter alternative was much more likely, for few understood the power of a smile more than the Lady Lawton. Indeed, it was a many days' work to fish to the cruel hook. In other and less figurative words, a young man fell in love with the arch lady's beauty, who was quite a heartbreaker, as I for a reasonable time he allowed himself to hang in the nilder of sweet encouragement, and then, by one of those strategems, succeeded in obtaining what no other suitor had—a decided answer. He invited her to ride with him, and as he led her by distance from the town, laid his heart and worldly possessions at her feet. Aware of her arch foible, he was not surprised at the half-contemptuous manner with which she swirled and turned aside from the question. But, as I have said, he was a determined wooer; and after pressing the matter, receiving no answer, he presented her this alternative—in playful, yet positive terms—that unless she gave him a decided answer—that is, let it "yes" or "no"—either she must drive back to town sole occupant of the chaise, or walk the whole distance of the way home, for together they could not return while uncertainty lay between them. To this most novel of ultimatums Polly answered not, and Lawton in vain pouted and protested; she could delay no longer in decision, for in the firm, though smiling face beside her she saw that he was serious as her own. In vain did she appeal to his gallantry, and reproach him in sarcastic tones for forcing a person in terms of any kind. Her remarks availed all he waited. She yielded at length, and gave him, not the "yes" which he craved a much, but, as I am told, "No." He received it, however, as bravely as the rest, and forthwith drove back with her, serenely conversant and agreeable, as if nothing had occurred.

Maude lifts her pretty head at this disdainfully, and says,

"I would have *walked* back under such circumstances!"

And I think she would, upon my word. So my gallant Hilary of the Onetegonth, and my rash young L. L. of the Hon. Dartmouth Downe's legating, take warning, and don't try to storm the princess in a corner, for she will end by putting you in one.

This is story No. 1; now comes story No. 2 of and concerning the said Polly.

One day, after his inquiry, it was just such a day as this: bright, balmy, and serene—a July day, with a soft wind sweeping over the sea. One day, then, one day like to this, she was sitting upon the grass-nailed, hair-covered sofa, in the prim parlor, entertaining one of these numerous suitors. As natural with the fair ones when they are engaged in such delightful enemy, as this suitor dings his heart at her feet. Will she take it? She will play with it, I ought to suppose, as the cat with a mouse; and if this kind perhaps she tells him, for he retires, in considerable heat, an answer which history does not give—answer, or no answer, it is supposed—which called forth the following remarkable reply, in slow tones and haughty disdain, and looks of sufferance indifference:

"Sir, I have refused thirty offers before from as very rich!"

The matchless *song finale* of this answer is deserving a perpetual record, and casts about the beautiful Polly a halo of light that will not be handed down amidst generations of belles. There, I have told my stories; and see! the tide is coming in—my sultana queen of the L. waves—and through rambling round here.

Mount the box, thou giaur-faced Jehu, and let us away to town! So—all well with others up South Toure Road—past Bardu's house. Slow-ly! Let us look at the fresco of Lawton's French-reeled and many-windowed. What splendid gate-ways, crowned and pillowed with NOVA SCOTIA sandstone! The contrast is good. Both grounds are beautiful—the porter's lodge at the gate, and the whole house, is rich and elegant; but I fancy more, after all, that stately structure of unhewn stone, gleaming in pale grandeur through a line of shrubbery, where it stands looking up and down in a wilderness of lawn—Residence of William Wetmore, Esq.

But Bardda's house is the newest thing, you know. It cost, or will cost, they tell us, $200,000, and is certainly worth talking about.

One hardly realizes how the sea encircles every thing, until, in passing through, for instance, a house like this, fronting the broad South Toure drive, whereon, multitudes of carriages are rolling, you take a view from its opposite windows, and there, almost at your feet, flows the eternal sea, as those eleven vicinity are to you when you entered the gate-way and came up the fine blue gravel-paths.

MAUDE.

THE ROMANCE OF A LIFE.

By CHARLES LEVER,

AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," "HARRY LORREQUER," ETC., ETC.

It has been said that any man, no matter how small and insignificant the post he may have filled in life, who will faithfully record the events in which he has been an actor, even though incapable of himself deriving profit from the lessons he has learned, may still be of use to others —sometimes as a guide, sometimes a warning. I hope this is true. I like to think it so, for I like to think that even I—A. S. P.—if I can not point a tale, may at least point a moral.

Certain families are remarkable for the way in which peculiar gifts have been transmitted for ages. Some have been great in arms, some in letters, some in statecraft, displaying in successive generations the same high qualities which have won their first renown. In an individual instance, I may lay claim to belong to this category. My ancestors have been prodigious readers for a period of one hundred and forty odd years back. Joseph Potts, "drug and condiment man," lived, in the reign of Queen Anne, at LOWE LIFFEY Street, No. 87; and to be remembered passingly, has the name of Mr. Addison among his friends; that gentleman having, as it would now appear, a peculiar fondness for "Potts's Linctures," whatever that may have been, for the secret died out with the accomplished Joseph. There was Michael Joseph Potts, "licensed for chemicals," in Mary's Abbey, about thirty years after, who was come on to Fred Potts, his son, and then, Launcelot Peter Potts, "Pharmaceutical Chemist to the Excellency and the Irish Court," the father of him who now bespeaks your indulgence.

My father's first misfortune in life was the ambition to rise above the class his family had adorned for ages. He had, as he averred, a mind above trade, a destiny higher than a black rap. He had heard of a tailor's apprentice becoming a great general. He had himself seen a wig-maker come to the woolsack; and he kept continually repeating, "Mine is the only walk in life that leads to no high rewards. What matters it how many virtues be adorned with the refined organizations of rank, or the 'dura illa rascrum'—the still live and die unknown? Genius every class and condition are men selected for honors save mine, and though it should rain decorations, the falling world would never fall to the lot of a compounding chemist."

"What do you intend to make of Algernon Aldyne, Mr. Potts?" would say one of his neighbors, allading to me.

"Heaven knows!" would be the sorrowful reply.

"Bring him up to your own business probably? A first-rate connection to start with in life."

"My own business, Sir? I'd rather see him a chimney-sweep."

"But, after all, Mr. Potts, being, so to say, at the head of your profession—"

"It is not a profession, Sir. It is not even a trade. High science and skill have long since left our insulted and outraged ranks; we are mere compounders for the sale of patent quackeries—the Widow Somebody's pills, and such another one's embrocation. The very bottles I give over the counter are sealed and labeled none genuine except signed by me, Peter Holloway. What respect has the world any longer for the old symbols of ruby, and blue, and marine blue, which, at nightfall, once were the magical emblems of mysterious practices, and through the dim mists of lowering atmospheres, or throwing their lurid glare upon the passers-by? What can be the attraction to the crowd to adorn his surgery—I suppose you would prefer I should call it 'shop'—with skeleton fishes, snakes, or a human skeleton? Why, in this age of chemical infidelity, would surmount his door with the ancient symbols of our art—the golden mortar and pestle? No, Sir, I'd as soon go forth to apply leeches in a herald's tabard, or a suit of Milan mail. And what have they done, pray? To what end has a roused imagination—" what have they done by their reforms? In invading the mystery of medicine they have destroyed its prestige. The precious drops you once regarded as the distilled essence of an elixir vita, are now efficacy lay in quantity. We are now so much strychnine, or creosote, which you take with fear, and think over with foreboding."

I suppose it can only be ascribed to that perversity which seems a great element in human nature, that every one of the direct counsels of my father's dislike to his profession was my fondness for it. I used to take every opportunity of reading into the chemistry, watching and noting all the curious proceedings that went on there, learning the names and properties of the various ingredients, the gases, the minerals, the metals, the essences, and although, as may be imagined, science was then in its infancy, many, many of her loftiest flights, they were to me the most marvelous and high-soaring efforts of human intelligence. In fact, what I was getting was that period of life, the first opening of adolescence, when fiction and adventure have the strongest hold upon our nature, my mind filled with the marvels of Eastern romance, and imbued with a sentiment, strong as any conviction, that I was from such a peril, how profit by such a stroke of fortune, by what arts resist the machinations of this adversary, how conciliate the kind favor of that. In the wonderful tales that I read frequent mention was made of alchemy and its marvels—now, the search was for some secret of endless wealth; now, it was for undying youth or undecaying beauty; while in other stories, I read of men who, by years of patient research, had learned how to read the thoughts, trace the motives, and ultimately sway the hearts of their fellow-men. Still this became to them a study fed for the exercise of their every will and caprice, throwing happiness and misery about them as the humor inclined. The secrets of all the laboratory fitted itself exactly to this phase of my mind.

The wonders it displayed, the endless combinations and transformations it effected, were just as marvelous as any that imaginative fiction could picture; and even those were actually surpassed to the strange mysterious influence of the human itself upon this system, particularly when I found myself there alone. At the times my head was filled up, many of them the wild stories of Grimm, Hoffmann, and Tieck—and what was more common than to hear how some eager student of the black art, deep in the mystery of forbidden knowledge, had, by some distant combination, by some mere accidental admixture of this ingredient with that, suddenly arrived at the great secret—the terrible mystery which for centuries and centuries had evaded human search. Here I love to have I watched the fluid as it boiled and bubbled in the retort, till I thought the air globules, as they came to the surface, observed a certain rhythm and cadence. Were these words? Were they symbols of some hidden virtue in the liquid? Were there intelligences to whom these would give the key, and reveal a wondrous history? And then, again, with what an intense eagerness have I gazed on the lurid smoke that came from some fiery crucible, now fancying that the vapor was about to assume form and substance, and now, imagining that I discerned lastly, the living and breathing cabalistic word of mine to give it life and being? How heavily did the hours pass when I had not ranked alchemy among the absurdities of human invention? Why rather had not its facts been presented me as the mysterious agents by which in some future age a great intelligence arising might classify and arrange them, showing, at last, what were the laws which now appear only evasive. Alchemists were certainly men of pure lives, self-denying, and humble. They made their art so completely their worldly advancement or success — they sought no favor from princes, nor any popularity from the people; and, retired from every path to the high honors of the world, followed their one pursuit, unnoticed and unchecked. How cruel, therefore, to drag them forth from their lonely cells, and expose them to the gaping crowd as devil worshipers! How inhuman to denounce men whose only crimes were lives of solitude and study! The last words of Peter von Vordt, burned for a wizard, at Hanlem, in 1306, were, "Had they left this poor head a little longer on my shoulders, it would have done more for human happiness than all this bonfire!"

How rash and presumptuous is it, besides, to set down any fixed limits to man's knowledge! It is not every age as more favored than its predecessors, and are not the commonest acts of our present civilization perfect mysteries compared with the usages of our ancestors? But why do I linger on this theme, which I only introduced to illustrate the bent of my boyish mind? As I grew older, books of chivalry and romance took possession of my mind, and my passion grew for lives of adventure, in which the days of existence none seemed to me so enviable as that of those men, who, regarding life as a vast arena, boldly entered a set forth, not observing nor caring whither, but trusting to their own manly spirit for extrication out of difficulties and battles which beset them. What a narrow thing, after all, was our modern civilization, with its little routines and conventionalisms, with its gradations of rank and its orders! How hopeless for the adventurous spirit to war with the mere inertia of an age which had settled men in ranks like soldiers, and told that each could only rise by successive steps! How often have I wondered that there was more of adventure left in life. Were there incidents in store for him who, in the true spirit of an adventurer, pushed on in search of them. As for the newer worlds of Australia and America, they did not possess for me the charm of Asia. No geographic tion linked them with the past; no echo came out of them of that heroic time of feudalism, as peopled with its stirring chivalrous deeds. The life of the bush or the prairie had its incidents, but they were vulgar and commonplace; and scenes, the associations of which were not of them were more vulgar still. Hunting down Pawnees or buffaloes was as mean and ignoble a travesty of feudal chivalry as the gold digging at Bendigo of the learned labors of the alchemist. The perils were unexciting, the surroundings repulsive and commonplace. No; I felt that Europe, in some remote regions—and the East, in certain ages visited them—must be the scenes best suited to my hopes. With considerable labor I could spell my way through a German romance, and I can, in the stories of Froupe, and even of Goethe, that there still survived in the mind of Germany many of the features which gave the colorings to feudal poetry. The Rhine, at least, a dreamy indifference to the present, a careless abandonment to what the hour might bring forth, so long as the dreamer was left to follow out his fancies in all their mysticism, that lifted men out of the vulgarities of this work-o'-day world; and I longed to see a society where learning consented to live upon the humblest pittance, and beauty dwelt unflattered in obscurity.

I was now entering upon manhood, and my father—having with that ambition so natural to

an Irish parent who aspires highly for his only son, destined not for the Bar—made me a student of Trinity College, Dublin.

What a shock to all the romance of my life were the scenes into which I now was thrown! With hundreds of companions to choose from, I found not one congenial to me. The reading men, too deeply bent upon winning honors, would not waste a thought upon what could not advance their chances of success. The idle, only eager to get through their course undetected in their ignorance, passed lives of wild excess or stupid extravagance. If they had any ambition, it was perhaps for a prize-fighter, the winner in a boat-race, or a bullet-graze.

What was I to do among such associates? What I did do—avoid them, shun them, live in utter estrangement from all their haunts, their ways, and themselves. If the proud man who has achieved success in life encounters immense difficulties when, separating himself from his fellows, he acknowledges no companionship, nor admits any to his confidence, it may be imagined what must be the situation of one who adopts this isolation without any claim to superiority whatever. As can easily be supposed, I was the butt of my fellow-students, the subject of many sarcasms and practical jokes. The whole of my University career was a martyrdom. I had no peace, was played on by pedestrians, caricatured by draughtsmen, till the name of Potts became proverbial for all that was eccentric, ridiculous, and absurd.

Curnin has said "one can't draw an indifferent against a native;" in the same spirit I shall discover "one can not fight his whole division." For a while I believe I experienced a sort of heroism in my inferiority; I felt the spirit of a Coriolanus in my heart, and muttered, "I banish you!" when I thought my neighbor could not hear me, and I fell into a settled melancholy. The horrible truth was gradually forcing its way slowly, but surely, through the mists of my mind, that there might be something in all this sarcasm, and I can remember to this hour the day—yes, and the very place—when the first questions flashed across me: Is my hair as limp, my nose as long, my back as arched, my eyes as green as they are described there? Do I drawl so fearfully in my speech? Do I drag my heavy feet along on the pavement? Good Heavens! have they possibly a grain of fact to sustain all this fiction against me?

And if a comfortable thought—am I the stuff to go forth and seek adventures? Oh the infinite bitterness of this reflection! I remember it in all its vividness. I was now, after years of such experience as have befallen few men, I can recall the pain it cost me. While I was yet in the paroxysm of that sorrow, which assured me that I was not made for doughty deeds, nor to captivate some fair princess, I chanced to fall upon a little German volume entitled "Die Wanderlungen und Abenteuer, von Heinrich Stobbe. Always ambitious of adventure, and a student too! for so Herr Stobbe announces himself, in a short introduction to the reader. I am not quite sure that the account of his life, It is in Voss's Leipzig Catalogue, and not unworthy of perusal by those who are sufficiently imbued with the romance to accept the example full moods of a mystical mind, with all its visionary glimpses of light and shade, its doubts, fears, hopes, and fancies, in lieu of real incidents and actual events. Of adventures, properly speaking, he had none. The people he met, the scenes in which he bore his part, were as commonplace as need be. The whole narrative never rose above that broad-alcohol life—Butterbrod-Leben—which Germany accepts as romance; but meanwhile the reflex of whatever passed around him in the unromantic own mind was amusing; so ingeniously did he contrive to interweave the imaginary with the actual, throw over the most ordinary passages of life a sort of hazy indistinctness—meet atmosphere for mystical creation.

If I did not thoroughly sympathize with him in his brain-wrought wanderings, I never ceased to take pleasure in his description of scenery, and the beautiful effects he experienced in journeying through a world so beautiful and so varied. There was one passage I remember found favor which took my fancy much, representing him as he stood leaning on his horse's mane, gazing rapturously on the Elbe, from one of the heights off the Saxon Switzerland. How peaceful he looked, with his long hair waving gracefully on his neck, and his large, soft eyes surveying the scene beneath him, his clasped hands, as they lay on the horse's mane, imparted a sort of repose, too, that seemed to say, "I could linger here ever so long." Nor was the horse itself without a share in the picture: a tall, raw-boned, long-tailed, patient-looking beast, well befitting an enthusiast, who doubtless took but little heed of what he went or whither. His lazy eye denoted lethargy, his broad feet and short legs vouched for his sure-footedness.

Why should not Herr Stobbe's example? Surely there was nothing too exalted or extravagant in his plan of life. It was simply to see the world as it was, with the aid of such combinations as a fertile fancy could contribute; not to distort events, but to arrange them, just as the landscape painter, in the license of his art removes that massive rock more to the foreground, and throws that stone into a little further to the left of his canvas. There was, indeed, nothing to prevent my trying the experiment. Ireland was not less rich in picturesque scenery than Germany, and if she boasted no such mighty stream as the Elbe, the banks of the Blackwater and the Nore were still full of woodland beauty; and then, there was lake scenery unrivaled throughout Europe.

I turned to Stobbe's narrative for details of his outfit. His horse he bought at Nordheim for two hundred and forty guilden—about ten pounds; his saddle and knapsack cost him a little more than forty shillings: with his map, guide-book, compass, and some little extras, all were comprised within twenty pounds sterling—surely not too costly an equipage for one who was adventuring on a sea wide as the world itself.

As my trial was a mere experiment, to be essayed on the most limited scale, I resolved that my first step should be to purchase a hunter by the day, so that if any change of mind or purpose supervened I should not find myself in any embarrassment.

A fond uncle had just left me a legacy of a hundred pounds, at his own request, which, besides was the season of the long vacation; thus did every thing combine to favor the easy execution of a plan, which, if deferred, threatened to be put into practice.

"Something quiet and easy to ride, Sir, you said?" queried Mr. Dycer after me, as I crossed his great establishment for the sale and hire of horses. "Show the gentleman four hundred and twelve."

"Oh, Heaven forbid!" exclaimed I, in my ignorance; "such a number would only confuse me."

"You mistake me, Sir," blandly interposed the dealer; "I mean the horse that stands at that number. Lead him out, Tim. He's gentle as a lamb, Sir, and, if you find he suits you, can be led or ridden by a lady. Not a speck nor note," added he, hastily, and seeing that I was about to commit another misconception.

"He is a bay, I suppose?" asked I, eagerly.

"The longest tail and the fullest mane I ever saw. But here he comes." And with the word there advanced toward us, at a sort of easy amble, a short, rough, cream-colored pony, with white mane and tail. Knowing nothing of horse-flesh, I was fain to content myself with such observations as could be made upon my new wife; and so I closely examined his head, which was largely developed in the frontal region, with moral qualities fairly balanced. He had memory large, and individuality strong, nor was wit, if it exist in the race, deficient. Over the orbital region the hair was curly enough to contain my closed fist, and when I surreptitiously put them to the test, he said, "Tis his teeth will tell you the rayson of that," a remark which I suspect was a sarcasm upon my general ignorance.

I liked the creature's eye greatly. It was soft, mild, and contemplative; and although not unmistakable fire lurked in it, there was a subdued lustre that promised well for temper and disposition.

"Ten shillings a day—make it three half crowns by the week, Sir. You'll never hit upon the like of him again," said the dealer, hurriedly, as he passed me to the stable, on the circuit again if they see him. Wish you saw him with his fore-legs on a table, ringing the bell for his breakfast."

"I'll take him, Mr. Dycer, by the week, though, probably, a day or two will be all I shall need."

"Four hundred and twelve for Mr. Potts," screamed he out. "Shoes removed, and to be ready in the morning."

MY DAUGHTER MINNIE.

A FEW years ago—well, it is not less than forty—my little home-flock was led, in the matter of years, by daughter Minnie—a pretty name, I always thought. She was then a child, and being the first-born, was half maternal in her management of the later comers, even down to little Gregory, the latest and latest of all.

The picture of Minnie is just as fresh in my memory as though the forty years which have immured and overgrown her had never been. Instead. But it is a father's eye that looks over those years at Minnie, and the beauty must be half hers—a sort of mutual illusion. Those we love are transparent, you know—we who love them look through, into the love for father's spirit to the recare, and, in the strength of that unconscious, looked into her father's angry face at length with perfect composure.

I must not repeat the words that followed: they shall never be written; and would to God they had never been said!

Minnie had given him her heart, and would give him her hand. How could she help it? Even her father's anger could not prevent her fulfilling her word; for was not Jenny Brun worthy, and was not her father's anger unreasonable and unjust? All this she felt in the still deep calmness of a perfect heroine, while I stood there almost as much in love as in anger.

"Wife, it's all up with Minnie," said I, striding into the sitting-room and breaking in upon a most comfortable domestic picture only relieved by the solemn ticking of the clock and the busy click of knitting needles.

"Lord! what's the matter?" and the ball of yarn rolled across the floor, while a flower-pot on the window fell spilling and crashing on the bricks outside, "Have you found flower-pot—tell me, pink—you look as pale as a sheet."

"Minnie has promised to marry that scape-grace in spite of us: she says she will to me, in the face of my absolute commands." Thereupon I walked the floor, wife staring at me the while. "I'll never forgive her—never."

"Husband, stop and think. He—"

"I won't stop and think. I say I'll never forgive her; and I won't. Call her in."

Wife left the room in search of Minnie. She was gone a long while: from which circumstance I have always had the suspicion that she spent the time in soothings and comfortings scarcely to be or said—a sketching my view of the case. At length they returned: both tearful. We sat down together, a constrained group; Minnie very tearful, but very sweet and beautiful. The interview was short, and these were the closing words:

"Father, I have always been a dutiful child—you will do me that justice. But I love this man. You grant that his character is unimpeachable, but you forbid our marriage because you have a prejudice against him. I love and honor you, father. You can not doubt this; but in this case I must follow the dictates of my own heart."

"So so if you will; but remember, your father will never forgive you."

Thus ended the interview, wife sobbing distressfully, Minnie weeping quietly, and I sitting glum and angry.

Minnie kept her word, and became the wife of Jeremy Brun.

I did not forbid them the house, as most angry fathers are said to do, but I told Minnie that she had lost my love and care. Then I was so foolish as to see Jeremy Brun, and in a very silly speech climbed over that stile he was taking my daughter from her father without his consent, he need expect no gifts or favors now or henceforth. She would not be allowed to share in the family inheritance, nor should I render the least assistance if they "should come to want." I shall never forget the queer look the young man gave me—a glance in which pride seemed almost vainly struggling with a cluster of mirth-loving fun.

"Very well, Sir; we will try not to 'come to want.' That was all he said; but the cool self-possession of his manner made me feel more foolish than I had undertaken to drive a nail and had pounded my fingers.

He had always been demonstrative toward my children—the elder as well as the younger. Minnie had never had a right to her father's love, nor did she ever meet me in the morning or part from me at night without a kiss. This was denied her now. Even at the table she was not invited to it. Once or twice she clung tearfully to me in my sternness, and reaching up to clasp my neck with her white arms, sobbed out, "Oh, father, kiss me. No. I promised her never a kiss while I lived.

Women are strange creatures. There was wife, who had always been spiritful with me as a lapdog, absolutely giving all control and out to our rescued daughter. I verily believe that long before the wedding-day came she was as thoroughly interested in the whole affair as though Minnie had been about to make the best business man in town. Little was it for me to tighten my purse-strings, and direct that the child should have no marriage outfit of value. Pillow-cases, embroidered, and the thousand and one et ceteras in which mothers take such pride and pleasure. In spite of me, had surreptitiously, Minnie was well provided. Yes, I am sure. I remember that the shopman's bills for some ten months after seemed unusually full, both in number of items and footing up of same; and I shrewdly suspect that wife had arranged with the tradesmen to have the articles scattered along through the months. She was always a good financier.

The ceremony was performed in church. I was present, lest my absence might give too great notoriety to the family jar. Useless. The whole town knowing it must have been acquainted with the state of affairs, the bride's beauty and the bridegroom's popularity set many eyes on me with the sparkle of criticism in them.

"He needn't look so savage-like," muttered a gruff old yeoman behind me; "there ain't a likelier young fellow in all the barony than young Jeremy Brun; an' though Minnie be purty as a pink, it's a good match, I say—a real even bargain—so."

Long, long months went by after the marriage—tedious, lonely months to me. I knew I was being roused by this self-imposed restraint on the affections of my nature. Minnie came to her old home sometimes. Once or twice I called Jeremy for the return of the old love, the old home-like. No. My daughter was happy in her husband, happy in her new home. But I saw very plainly that the bless of the old home was lost to her.

Nearly two years went back into the past, shadowed in their memory, when a little child-boy was laid in its cradle. A little, struggling new-life—precious, but feeble. Here was a new influence to be stamped, a boat-stem another gust and another wave. But I braced myself, and the old love began to flow. Minnie's chamber, stood over the pale child with the little one on her arm, and heard the faint voice add to housewifely counseling look, "Do kiss me, father!" I shook my head and went out.

One day a strange change came over the young mother, alarming the experienced eye, leading to the physician that ominous air of grave mystery which strikes into the soul of the loving. Low-toned colloquies and guilty distress. The symptoms became more and more alarming—she was sinking. I was called to her bedside, to the end of my first dying child. As I bent over the white face, almost translucent with weakness, illumined by eyes all unclouded by illness, my Minnie gave me the old-time glance of love, and, throwing up her hands, as if to clasp my neck, said, faintly, but oh! so earnestly,

"Kiss me, father!"

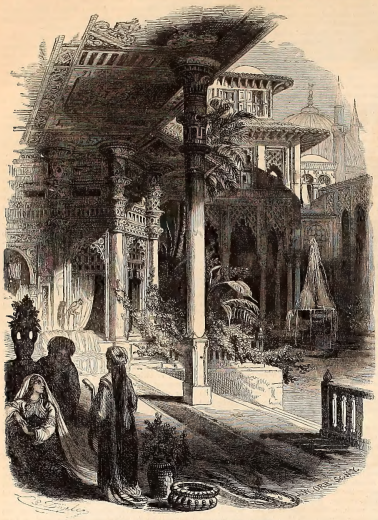
I bent down to my daughter, my first-born, and we wept long together—the strong father and the faintly breathing child.

What do you think my Minnie did? Why she got well again, and in two months was as musical as a lark, and as gay, looking after the little Minnie like a pretty mother as she was.

However, the ice was fairly broken, and I was my old fatherly self ever after. Minnie even ventured, after a time, to make merry at my expense over the fact that not only was Jenny Brun the best of husbands, but one of the well-known of American writers.

I think I was a very great fool.

DAMASCUS AND THE HOLY WAR.



COURT OF A HOUSE IN DAMASCUS.

STREET SCENE IN DAMASCUS.

We engrave herewith three pictures of the city of Damascus, and a portrait of Fuad Pacha, the new Turkish Commissioner to Syria.

Damascus is probably one of the oldest cities in the world. It is mentioned in the 14th chapter of Genesis, and figures prominently in the history of the ancient world. Not only is its vicinity so fertile that it has claimed to have been the "Garden of Paradise," but for many centuries its manufactures were the most costly known in commerce. European ladies of rank boasted of owning Damascene silks, and to this day we talk proverbially about "a Damascus blade." All this glory has long since departed. Damascus is still a city of some 80,000 inhabitants, 12,000 of whom are Christians; it still exports some wheat, tobacco, and hemp, and consumes British manufactures; but its rank among the world's cities is very secondary. Built at a time when the art of building cities was in its infancy, the city, externally, is not very inviting; the streets are narrow and dirty; the river—the ancient Pharpar—is as muddy as the Tiber; and many of the old houses appear to have been constructed more for defense than for ornament. It is only when you enter the courtyards and witness the truly Oriental magnificence of the interior decorations that you realize how rich a city this once was, how much money there is here still, and how few opportunities there are for using money in mercantile enterprise.

This is the city where the latest massacre in Syria occurred. The reader will find details in our news columns.

In our last number we stated that the Government of the Sultan had, in view of the massacres in Syria, dispatched to that region a special en-

DAMASCUS, WITH THE RIVER BARRADA (THE ANCIENT PHARPAR).

FUAD PACHA, THE NEW TURKISH COMMISSIONER TO SYRIA, CHARGED WITH THE DUTY OF PROTECTING THE CHRISTIANS.

voy, Fuad Pacha, at the head of ten or twelve thousand men. Physiognomists may form their own opinions from his portrait as to his probable capacity for the arduous task before him.

Fuad Pacha is of a noble Turkish family, and received a modern education—differing in that particular from most Turks of high station. He devoted himself in early life to the public service, and rose successively from post to post, until at the time of the Crimean war he became Minister of Foreign Affairs, and the most influential member of the Turkish Cabinet. He subsequently represented Turkey at the Congress of Paris. He is well esteemed by European diplomatists, and is believed to be a man who rises superior to the prejudices of his race. We shall see what success he will have in the Lebanon.

For our own part, we freely confess that we expect no redress for the past or security for the future from any Turkish source.

Captain Brand,

OF THE

SCHOONER "CENTIPEDE,"

A PIRATE OF EMINENCE IN THE WEST INDIES:

His Loves and Exploits,

TOGETHER WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE SINGULAR MANNER BY WHICH HE DEPARTED THIS LIFE.

By LIEUT. H. A. WISE, U.S.N.

(HARRY GRINGO),

AUTHOR OF "LOS GRINGOS" AND "TALES FOR THE MARINES."

ILLUSTRATED BY

C. PARSONS AND A. LUMLEY.

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CHAPTER XLI.

INSTINCT AND WONDER.

As the cavalcade trotted round the carve of the peak, and then walked the cattle down the steep zigzag road of the beautiful valley, the Commodore said, "But, Piron, tell me who that large man is with the black hair and blue eyes?"

"Why, Cleveland, all I know of him is, that he landed at Kingston in a vessel from the Isthmus of Panama, and is going to Cuba on his way to England. He came to me, bearing that I was the consignee of old Blunt's timber brig, bound to New Orleans, and so home, to know if he could be dropped at St. Jago, where he has some property or debts to collect; and since the old skipper has no objection, he has taken passage in the brig when she goes with me and my family. I have since met him—he calls himself Colonel Lawton—at dinners of our set, and he seems to be an Englishman or Scotchman. Tom Stewart thinks the latter from his accent, and for his liking for snuff; but Paddy Burns differs, and believes he don't like snuff, but only takes it to show his splendid box. Any way, he speaks all languages, Spanish, French, Italian, and English, and can talk slang in them all like a native. He has served, too, from his own account, with Bolivar there on the Spanish Main; and he was with Cochrane in that desperate affair of cutting out the *Esmeralda* in Callao Bay. A very amusing, entertaining vagabond he is, and I asked him to join us to make the acquaintance of my people on our last frolic to the valley; but somehow, I am rather sorry that I gave him a passage with us in the brig, for I don't altogether like his looks."

"Neither do I, Piron! his hair is too black for his light blue eyes. However, we must make the most of him."

Over the shaky bridge of the torrent, where Jacob Blunt prayed earnestly for Martha Blunt, and swore at his donkey as if he had never rocked on water before; Mr. Mouse, with a lost tiny kick on the saddle-flaps of his lofty mule, tumbled off; Colonel Lawton swinging himself from the saddle of his barb as if he had been part of him; Tom Stewart, Paddy Burns, and Don Stingo, sliding off any way; Harry Darcantel trying to descend in fine style, and failing miserably; Piron and the Commodore doing the thing leisurely; Jacob Blunt pulled off boldly; while the laughing blacks took the beasts and led them away.

There were three pairs of eyes that watched all this grace and clumsiness from the windows of the saloon. Two pair of dark ones smiled, and the pair of blue opened until they seemed like azure globes, and then they closed until the fringe of chestnut lashes nearly hid them from sight.

"Colonel Lawton, do me the favor to follow my old friend Banou—you, too, Captain Jacob and Lieutenant Darcantel and Mr. Mouse; Paddy Burns and Stingo, here, will show you your quarters in the old billiard-room. Come, Commodore, the rest of us will find quarters in the casa."

An hour later the saloon and sala were all alight, and the sashes of the jalousies closed, for it was cool at times up there at Escondido. There, too, stood the party of gentlemen, Mr. Mouse being a prominent figure in the background. Then came a rustling of robes, and as the great folding doors swung open the three ladies lit up the saloon in a halo of loveliness with brighter rays than were shed from the wax lights in the chandelier. Two fair hands were placed in those of Cleveland, and the look which accompanied went back to the happy morning on the old brig's deck, away off there to sea.

"Oh, monsieur! I can not say how glad I am to see you once more! Let me present you to my sister, Madame Nathalie Delonde, and our daughter. Ah, my dear Captain Blunt! both your children before you again, and you have come to take us away."

"Colonel Lawton, *ma chère*," said Piron.

"And mesdames," said the Commodore, "let me also present my nephew, Lieutenant Darcantel, and Mr. Mouse."

What caused that woman to start, as the girl took the tiny reefer by the hand, and impulsively clasp those white hands together, while her heart beat in yearning throbs, and her bosom rose and fell like billows by the shore? Why did she then raise one hand to her fair neck, and, as if in a dream, feel for the golden links of the chain, with the other hand pressed to her panting heart for the locket which once reposed there? How was it that, bewildered by a mother's instinct, she gazed at the youth before her, and then turned her eyes hopelessly around in search of her husband in the crowd?

"Yes, madame. This is my nephew, Henry Darcantel."

"Ah, Henri! Excuse me, Monsieur. I am charmed to see you!"

Why, now, did the touch of his hand make her heart beat faster, and send a thrill of joy through her frame? Only be a little calm, madame, for a while longer, and don't be sad and ponder all

BANOU AND CAPTAIN BRAND.

night, like your good Jules Piron does habitually. Wait, Jules will tell you all *he* knows when you are alone to-night.

The doors of the sala were thrown open. The broad pennant leading with Madame Rosalie; the military chieftain marching beside Madame Nathalie, much to the animosity of Paddy Burns. Then Mr. Mouse convoying Mademoiselle, to the infinite disgust of the commander of the *Rosalie*, one gun schooner, formerly the *Perdita*. But what made that old negro in spotless white, standing at the door, jerk his head back and open his great eyes till there was no black left in them? And why did he blunder about the table afterward, and pour wine over the Colonel's richly laced coat, while staring like an ogre at the young blue jacket opposite. That old Banou, perhaps, did not like to see his young mistress too much attended to by every gay scamp who came near her. Oh, no; of course not. But then, if that brawny negro in white had only known over whose arm and mutilated hand he was pouring light wine in his abstraction, he would have crammed that heavy cut decanter in powdered glass splinters down the chieftain's throat. There would have been claret of a different color spilled then, quantities of it. You needn't feel in your pockets, Colonel, or look round the sala to see if perchance there is a green silk rope squirming from the ceiling. We don't keep any of those pretty things out at Escondido. So go on with your dinner, you cold-eyed scoundrel, and tell all the lies you can to that lovely woman at your elbow; how you wanted to save Bolivar's life, and it was saved without you. Don't forget either to tell her how that patriot had you drummed out of his army, suspecting you of having assassinated the officer near you in the confusion of battle, and robbing him of his watch to replace the one presented to you by the Captain General. Paddy Burns is watching you, Colonel Lawton, and that whole-souled little Irishman is not the man to be trifled with. Now remove the covers. But take care, Banou, you nearly twitched off the military gentleman's hair. Tom Stewart saw it, and he noticed, too, a broad red seam, like the track of a musket bullet—honorable wound no doubt—under your black glossy wig.

Mr. Mouse had fallen desperately in love with the perfumed damsel beside him, and he knew she was up to her rose-tipped ears in love with him, oh! fifty fathoms deep; but his mother liked girls, and he would leave her half-pay! Still he didn't forget his adoration for the roast duck; and he slyly swigged some Madeira too, with a wary eye on the broad pennant through the flowers of the épergne. Talked, too, did that reefer—ay, chattered—and said that the quiet young officer on her left was very well liked in the steerage, and commanded a pretty little craft named the *Rosalie*. She knew that before, did she? Well, his father was a cold, stern man, but he was kind and generous, and had been very good to his poor mother, God bless him!

Commodore Cleveland talked in a low tone, all through the dinner, to the lady who did not eat at the head of the table, but who occasionally rested her white hand, with a trustful reliance, on the great tanned-leather paw of Jacob Blunt, that honest mariner not wishing to talk to any body, man or woman. That ancient mariner was mentally damning donkeys; speculating how he should get back to the *Martha Blunt* brig, in Kingston harbor; and praying for Martha Blunt, wife, riding at single anchor near Plymouth beach. Piron took wine with every body, said a word or two to all around the table, and talked to Tom Stewart about certain business matters connected with the plantation when he had gone.

Then came the last course, and the dessert of delicious fruits, which quite stopped Mr. Mouse's mouth, and even his palpitating heart ceased beating; while Mademoiselle Rosalie nibbled some lady-finger biscuit, and bent her graceful head to listen to the music of the earnest lips beside her.

We told you, Miss, how it would be; and, in spite of the warning, there you are—the color coming and going over your girlish cheeks, and never saying a word! What a couple that would make! thought Madame Nathalie. And what a resemblance in expression there is between them—he with his dark hair and eyes, and she fair and blue. Be careful, my sweet Rosalie! And so thought her sister and her sister's husband; Stingo too, old Banou, and every one save tiny Mouse, who had no rivals but Rat, Beaver, and Martin, and he could take the wind out of their sails any day.

The party of ladies rose from the table, and leaving the men—all except the captain of the *Rosalie* and Mr. Mouse, who would have remained had he not seen a shake of the broad pennant's finger—went into the saloon. Then there was a brilliant prelude on the piano, a touch of a guitar by stronger fingers, an air from an opera, a song or two, much conversation—while reefer Mouse slept on the sofa—and coffee. Then it was late, every one was fatigued, *bon soirs* were said, and the party—coffee and all—separated.

CHAPTER XLII.

TRUTH AND TERROR.

In a great square room, standing, as usual, on cocoa-nut stilts, which had once been used for a billiard-room, were half a dozen iron-framed cots ranged along the walls, and where some of the Escondido's guests were to bivouac. Every thing, however, was tidy and comfortable; snow-white bed-clothes and gauze mosquito nets, lots of napkins and ewers, and things for bathing behind a screen of dimity curtains; and not forgetting a large table—vice the billiard-table—in the centre, on which stood plenty of sugar and limes, cinnamon and nutmeg, bottles and flasks, red and white, and—very little water in jugs.

The occupants of this bivouac had turned in, and the lights had been doused. Conversation, however, was kept up, especially by the thin little voice of Mr. Mouse, who, having enjoyed a nap in the early evening, and having been danced and tumbled about on the trip to the lodge by Harry Darcantel, who was in tip-top condition, the reefer was as wide awake as a black-fish. Don Stingo chanted a few convivial airs and snored; so did Jacob Blunt, with a spluttering groan intermixed; and Paddy Burns fell off into a doze, saying blasphemous words addressed to the world at large, with a mutter against the military, hoping he might look at a Bolivian patriot edgewise with a friend and companion of his, Mr. Joe Manton, at his side; he would put an end to any more lies about charges of cavalry and cutting out frigates in Callao Bay. That Paddy Burns would, though he didn't wear a wig and a large sapphire on the only finger he had left on his left hand, and with a diamond snuff-box, too! Presented to you by a connection of your family, was it? Take a pinch out of it? Confound him, no! Begorra, the snuff is not Lundy Foot's, and the box is brass, Sir, brass!

"I say, Mouse, keep quiet, will you, and let me go to sleep!" Harry Darcantel did not think of going to sleep—that was a fib he told the reefer—he wanted merely to shut his eyes and dream of—you know who—a tall, graceful girl with blue eyes and light hair, who looked at him once or twice such looks that there was no sleep for him for ever so long. What did she say? Why, she never opened her pouting lips to show those even pearly teeth! She only looked out of those soft blue eyes. That was all!

"Mr. Darcantel, I think of getting married."

"The devil you do! And who to, pray?"

"Why," said Mr. Mouse, as he rolled over and kicked the sheet off his slate-pencil built legs, "I haven't made up my mind; but do you know that that pretty girl up there at the big house has taken quite a fancy to me, and when you were presented to her mother she gave me *such* a squeeze of the hand! Oh my!"

Here Mr. Mouse's narrative was cut short by a pillow hitting him plumb on the mouth, clean through his mosquito net.

"Very charming young lady, Mr. Mouse," said a quiet voice, in a cool tone, on the other side of him; "she did seem to take a violent fancy to you."

Mr. Mouse rolled over, and then sitting up in his cot, replied, "Yes, Sir! and that was her mother sitting by you when the big nigger in white capsized the wine over your sleeve and nearly pulled your a—hair off."

Look out, Mr. Mouse! if that man there beside you once gives a twitch at your curls he'll pull something more than hair—perhaps a bloody little scalp with it!

"Oh!" was the sound that came back.

"Yes, Sir, and the other beautiful lady next the Commodore is her sister. She had a son just Mademoiselle's age, who was murdered by pirates off Jamaica ever so many years ago, and Commodore Cleveland chased them in a ship he was first lieutenant of—my father commanded the ship—she was the old *Scourge*."

"Hold your tongue!" came from the cot where the spare pillow was thrown from.

"Ho!" said the military chieftain; but if the room had not been so dark, the way his eyes opened and emitted an icy glare of surprise would have made Tiny Mouse shiver with cold.

"Oh, dear, yes, Colonel, I heard the Commodore tell all about it the other night on board the frigate. He thought I was asleep, but I kept awake through the best part of it."

"The best part of it?"

"Why, Sir, how an old one-eyed Spaniard deceived my father and sent him on a fool's errand from St. Jago down to the Isle of Pines, and afterward how the *Scourge* chased the piratical schooner in a hurricane for ever so long, clear away to the coast of Darien, where they blew her out of water and killed every scoundrel on board!"

Not every one, Mr. Mouse. There is the very greatest of those scoundrels grinding his teeth and glaring your way at your elbow.

"What was the name of that cape, Darcantel, where the schooner was destroyed? No, I won't be quiet! the Colonel wants to hear all about it. There's a good fellow, tell me!"

"Garrote Cape."

The listener slowly raised the mutilated hand and put the finger with the sapphire ring to his throat, evidently not liking the name of that cape, for it caused a choking sensation to utter it—"Ho! Cape Garrote!"

"Yes, Sir! and Darcantel's father here once chartered a vessel and went all the way down there to explore the place, and was gone fifteen months! Wasn't he, Darky?" said the boy familiarly.

"Mouse, I tell you what it is: if you don't shut up that little fly-trap of yours I'll make Rat lick you when you go on board!"

"Rat lick me?" said Tiny, as he jumped straight up in the cot; "I gave him and Martin a black eye apiece only on our last boat-duty day for saying your father, the Doctor, had killed his brother-in-law in a duel!"

"Hush, my dear little fellow! you did a very foolish thing. There, say no more on that subject; it gives me pain, my Tiny. So talk on as much as you like."

"My dear friend," exclaimed the lad, in a broken voice, as he plunged through his net and put his arms around Darcantel, "I wouldn't grieve you for the world; but do you suppose, little as I am, that I wouldn't fight for the Doctor, who is so kind to me, and has done so much for my poor dear sweet mother?"

Here there was a sob as he wound his arms closer round his friend's neck and cried like a child, as he was.

"Well, never mind, Tiny; go to sleep now! I am not angry. There, turn in!"

"I won't speak another word to-night, Harry, for any soul breathing; little fool that I am!"

"I beg your pardon, Monsieur," said the Colonel, in French, with a slight quiver on his tongue, "but did your father really go all the way down to Darien out of mere curiosity?"

"Yes, Sir, he did go there to see if by any chance one of the pirates had escaped; and he traveled, too, a good deal about among the Indians making inquiries."

"Ho! and did he pick up any information there?"

"Why, Sir, I am not positive, but I believe that he got a hint that a European had wandered over that country who had been wounded in the head and hand and was almost naked; but the natives could give him but very meagre accounts. He continued on, however, down the Isthmus, on the Pacific side, by sea, as far as Chili, when he went into the interior to Peru, crossed the Andes, and followed down the Orinoco to Para, when he sailed again for England."

"Oh! no other motive than curiosity?"

"Perhaps he had; for he once told me he had some old scores to settle with the man who commanded the pirate, and if he was alive he felt quite sure he would, one of those days, put him to death. My father, Sir, is a very determined person, and never forgets an oath."

"Truly, Monsieur, you interest me. But what sort of a man in appearance is your father—a doctor, I think you said?"

"He is a tall gentleman of about fifty, Sir, though he looks much older; for he has suffered deeply in early life when my mother—a—died; but I shall have the pleasure of introducing him to you, Colonel. He is now on board our frigate at Kingston, and told me he would be up here to-morrow or the next day."

"Ah! thank you extremely, Monsieur Darcantel. I shall have—a—much curiosity to see him."

No more words that night! But much thinking and moving of thin lips, and eyes staring in the dark, wide open. There was low grating of teeth too! And a man lay in that large room on a narrow cot, surrounded by a gauze net—and so far as mental torture went it was not unlike a trestle net we once saw without gauze, where a gaunt frame was stretched, with myriads of sand-flies, mosquitoes, and stinging insects sucking his heart's-blood. Sometimes the icy eyelids closed, as if they were a film of ice forming over the blue, icy orbs within; and again the cold fabric cracked, and they were wide open once more. They could read too—those frozen orbs—and like heavy flakes of snow falling on blood-stained decks, till it covered with a weight of lead the stark, stiff corpse beneath, they yet tried to pierce into the frozen region beyond. And the heart beat with a cold and measured tramp, like a moose crunching through the sharp, treacherous crust of snow; and then stood stock-still! Had a letter, traced with the fingers of an icicle, been congealed a hundred feet deep in the heart of a toppling iceberg on the coast of Labrador, those eyes could have read it as clear as day!

"You infamous pirate, Captain Brand!" it began—"the son of the man who destroyed the *Centipede* and her crew, and the boy whom your brutal mate tore from the mother you saw at dinner to-day, are near you! That calm, stern, determined Doctor too, whom you laced down on the trestle for poisonous insects to kill, has been on your track for the past seventeen years, and will soon hold you in his iron gripe! There will be no mercy then!"

The eyes closed, the heart stopped beating, and the thin lips and tongue, as dry as cartridge-paper, now took up the strain, while the mutilated hand clutched convulsively, as if there were fifty fingers fingering knives and pistols.

"Shall I assassinate my old Doctor, and run the risk of being arrested and hung? No! He thinks me dead, and I will go back to the Island, redeem my treasure, and pass the remainder of my life tranquilly in the Highlands of Scotland!"

Don't be too sanguine, Colonel Lawton, for though your ten thousand pounds in gold is still in the vault, yet there is Don Ignacio Sanchez, whose estates have been confiscated, and who has just got out of ten years' imprisonment in the Moro of Havana, glad to save his neck from the iron collar, and without the little jewel-hilted blade up his sleeve, is now turning about to see how he may redeem his lost fortunes. Don't be an hour too late, I pray you, Captain Brand, for that sharp eye of Don Ignacio has already, perhaps, looked at the shiny cleft in the crag, and thinks he knows what lies hidden there! Oh, si! nothing but mouldy beans and paper cigars to live upon for ten years, and fond of more substantial food, even though it were yellow greenish gold, mildewed by damp, but yet solid and refreshing. *Cierto*—certainly! *Quien sabe*—who knows?

But be careful, Don Ignacio! Don't take your old wife with you on that projected expedition; for you have treated that old woman—who resembles a rotten banana—badly! You have won back in monté all she ever won by cheating, besides the half ounces you used to give her for the Church—cheated her by drawing two cards at a time when you saw the numerals with that spark of an eye, and when you knew that she would win if you drew fairly! Yes, you have, you old sinner, for more than two score of years! And she hates you now—though you don't think it—worse than you did Captain Brand! Have an eye to that old banana!

So passed that short night—long enough, however, for somebody—and before the fresh land-wind had woke up to creep down the valley there was a mettled barb, with open nostrils, galloping up the broken road as if he had the devil on his back!—as perhaps he had, or Colonel Lawton, or Captain Brand; possibly all three, but it makes very little odds to us.

CHAPTER XLIII.

PEACE AND LOVE.

It was a delightful breakfast with a merry party at Escondido, as all sat under the wide, cool piazza in the shade, with the sun throwing his slanting rays through the vines and clusters of purple grapes, and through the orange-trees, where the yellow fruit was fast losing its fragrant dew. All the men once more in summer rig, and the ladies in flowing muslin and tidy caps.

"My dear," said Piron to his wife, "we have lost one of our guests, Colonel Lawton; he went away at daylight this morning, and left a message to me and compliments to you all, that business of importance, which he had forgotten, demanded his immediate return to Kingston."

There was no sorrow expressed by the lady or her fair sister, and even the men treated it with indifference, except Mr. Burns, who remarked, as he snapped a tooth-pick in twain, that, for his part, he was glad the fellow had gone; he didn't like his looks at all, at all; though he did make himself so fascinating to the beautiful widow who sat next him.

As the party rose from the breakfast-table to get ready for a stroll down to the mill and around the plantation, one fair woman's hand was placed with a confiding, friendly clasp in that of Monsieur Burns; and then, as a graceful girl reached up to pull down her great flat straw-hat from the post, Paddy Burns kissed her on the forehead, and she returned it, too, as if she knew how to perform that ceremony even before people. Mr. Reefer Mouse had some thoughts of getting jealous and calling Mr. Burns out, at ten paces, ship's pistols, and all that sort of thing; but the round, red-faced gentleman kissed him too, declaring the while, as he held him aloft, that he was first-rate kissing—that he was! nearly as good as Mademoiselle, which quite disarmed Tiny's wrath, and then he hooked on to the damsel's delicate flipper, and tripped away with her down the valley.

Harry Darcantel exchanged a nod—not of defiance—with Paddy Burns, as much as to hint that those were not dangerous kisses—oh! not at all—and passing his hand over his brown mustache, he followed after the couple before him. Yes, Harry, Tiny's legs will get tired soon, and he will be hungry, and come back to old Banou for luncheon; while you will be putting aside the coffee-bushes, and imploring Mademoiselle to keep her straw-hat about her lovely face, and not to get tanned by the sun. And when she turns her humid eyes toward you, you begin to believe the sky is never so blue as those eyes!

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3d DAY.—AMELIA's face is so dreadfully disfigured that she ties a handkerchief round it.

4th DAY.—The Doctor says that AMELIA must wrap up and keep quite free from cold.

5th DAY.—AMELIA looks in the glass and can not recognize herself.

6th DAY.—AMELIA hopes to goodness that dear FREDERICK will not see her.

7th DAY.—AMELIA's mouth being hermetically sealed, she is obliged to be fed through a quill.—N. B. After this the subject becomes too horrible for representation.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. IV.—No. 190.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1860. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

OUR CENTRAL PARK.

We publish herewith a couple of sketches of the New York Central Park, from our artist's sketch-book, representing the handsome iron bridge which spans the narrow part of the Skating Pond, and the seats which, by a pleasing fiction, are understood to be "exclusively for ladies." These sketches will be followed from time to time by others of equal fidelity and merit.

AN EXECUTION AT HAVANA.

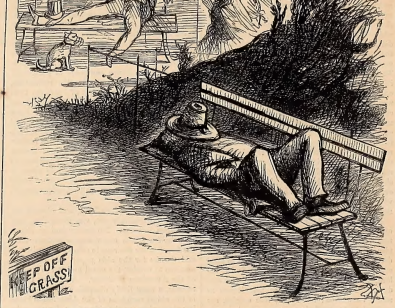
ON a clear, sultry, starlight night in April, the secretary of the Captain-General of Cuba, returning homeward from an evening visit, was set upon by four assassins and stabbed to the heart. They had no other object than robbery, were immediately apprehended, and, six weeks afterward, condemned to die by the *garrote*. I determined to witness the execution.

It was appointed to take place on the Paséo, outside the walls of the city, near the Monterrati Gate, close to the spot where the murder had been committed. This Paséo (Parade) is a wide drive, planted with trees, and running from the Punta (on which stands the Tacon prison, at the mouth of the harbor, opposite to the Moro) for about half a mile, almost parallel with the town. At the place where the scaffold was erected a large, open space intervenes. I went overnight to see the preparations.

These consisted of a stout platform, pitched on the highest elevation obtainable, at about five feet from the ground, and surmounted on three sides by an iron railing, a flight of steps on the fourth side affording access to it. The platform might have been twelve feet square. Within it were four strong chairs, three painted red, and one—to which the instrument of punishment was affixed—black. That I shall describe presently.

Anticipating the presence of a large crowd, I and my two companions started at six, an hour before the appointed time, taking with us our "boy" attendant, Tomás—as great a thief as ever wore black (or white) cuticle—for the benefit of the moral example. When we reached the ground, finding the concourse not so great as we had expected, we beguiled the time with coffee and cigars, the so-called beverage consisting of a few drops in a cupful of milk—barely sufficient to discolor it—after the Cuban fashion. (This coffee is grown on the island, and is inferior to Mocha.) Then, smoking, we strolled toward the Tacon prison, expectant of the criminals. Our speech presently caused us to be accosted by an Englishwoman, who knew no Spanish, and revealed herself as a newly-arrived governess in the family of a wealthy Cuban, and something of an amateur in executions, for she told us she had witnessed two in London. So the most gallant of our party took her in charge, procuring her a seat in a *volante*, and an excellent view of the business in hand; thereby separating himself from us, for we saw no more of him till all was over, when we learned that his companion had gone home in the carriage, which I regretted, as I had intended offering my escort to a bull and a cock fight, being desirous of doing the honors of Havana to my inquisitive and strong-minded compatriot.

The day was very hot, even at that early hour; the crowd dense, picturesque, and offensively odoriferous. Dressed in the ordinary Cuban attire—cotton shirts, dirty-white trowsers, and sometimes straw sombreros—the swarthy, black-haired spectators, and those of still darker complexion, gradually increased until, by seven o'clock, upward of forty thousand persons must have assembled. Among them were two or three hundred horsemen—farmers or market people, who, having disposed of their oranges and bananas, awaited the execution. I observed as many as three or four on the back of one horse. In the public volantes sat a few ladies, clad in pink or white, with black veils, but no bonnets or other protection from the sun, chatting, fanning themselves, and handling opera-glasses. The trees, the city walls, the roofs of adjacent houses were thronged with beholders, mostly boys and negroes. The motley concourse and its surroundings, the city seen just before the pe-



OUR CENTRAL PARK—SEATS "EXCLUSIVELY FOR LADIES."

OUR CENTRAL PARK—THE IRON BRIDGE OVER THE SKATING POND.

ried of intense sullenness of a June day in Cuba, formed a sufficiently striking and memorable spectacle.

Only a quarter of a mile intervened between the prison and scaffold, to which the condemned men were brought singly, on foot. The first made his appearance precisely at seven, preceded by two priests, the former bearing a long pole swathed in black cloth, and surmounted by a plain silver cross. The second carried a crass. Six soldiers, on which was turned towards the prisoner, who, handcuffed and supported by a spiritual father on either side, marched immediately behind, two others following. These bore aloft, on poles, a sort of square glass lantern, containing, I was informed, bits of consecrated candle. All were shaven-headed, dressed loosely in black, and looking as unconcerned as though proceeding to breakfast.

A company of soldiers, clad in blue and white striped cotton tunics, in shape such as the English Guards wear, only shorter, with cartridge box, cross belts, etc., complete and fixed bayonets, brought up the rear.

These soldiers formed a square around the scaffold; a body of cavalry, about a hundred in number, galloping to the Captain-General's guard-house, which had arrived an hour previous, stationing themselves, with drawn swords, behind them. (More recently came a brass band.) All was done for the purpose of silencing the criminals' voices, in case they should say any thing against the always suspicious Cuban Government.) Every time a prisoner appeared on the platform, mounting the steps resolutely, without assistance, as did all his successors.

He was the one who had struck the murderous blow,—rather good-looking, dark mulatto, with beard and moustache, wearing a loose white shirt over his clothes, and a white linen cap, with a black cross in front. The executioner, a negro, a negro, in a short blue jacket, ornamented on the back with white bars, intended to represent those of a prison uniform (himself a criminal, who had accepted his vocation to escape a sentence of ten years' penal servitude in Africa), conducted the doomed man to the fatal chair, laid him back, and placed it in the iron collar.

The apparatus is very simple. A screw attached to the chair passes through the back of the chair, ending in a cross-bar of perhaps three feet long. This being made to describe about half a circle tightens the screw and collar, and compresses the neck to its extremest tensity, at once insuring strangulation and dislocating the vertebræ.

With the cap concealing his face, and the priest holding up the cross in front of him, the criminal sat but a moment, when the next the executioner had performed his office, and the man was a corpse. There ensued no struggle and no sound, but the indescribable, hurried, half-repressed noise one proceeding from the crowd. The head had fallen forward. After making a few motions with his hands toward the body, the priest ascended the platform to meet the second criminal, already half-way to the place of execution, while the negro removed the corpse to one of the chairs, passing a rope round it to keep it erect. With the head declining, you might have supposed it still in the possession of life.

Successively, and in a similar manner, the others underwent their punishment. Two of these were of Spanish negro blood; one, the last but one, the leader of the gang, was a fine-looking Cuban, a native of Cardenas, and a notorious villain. He would not allow the cap drawn over his face, and addressed a few words to the crowd, but I did not catch their purport—probably to request the prayers of the spectators. When the executioner turned and his head fell slightly forward—this is invariably the case—his bronzed cheeks became a little paler, and a single drop of blood appeared at the end of his nose; no other change was perceptible.

About fifteen minutes intervened between each execution, and by twenty minutes past eight all had transpired. By which time it was inoffensively hot, and a crowd next to unendurable.

They left the bodies sitting in the chairs, and exposed to the full glare of the Cuban sun, and the gaze of promenaders idlers, until four in the afternoon, when they were conveyed away in coarse coffins for immediate burial, and the scaffold was removed.

This execution was exceptional, perhaps in consequence of the circumstances attendant on the crime. Ordinarily capital punishment is administered on the Punta, in front of the prison. It occurs less commonly in Havana than in other parts of the island, where the Chinese population approone to the use of the knife on any and every occasion.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1860.

THE POPE ON THE SICILIAN QUESTION.

IT is an error to suppose, as some bigoted Protestants do, that the Pope is a mere ecclesiastic, whose knowledge of the world or fellow-feeling for the human struggles which are going on around him. Quite the contrary. Pius is, and necessarily must be, more a *temporal* sovereign; is thoroughly posted on the affairs of the day, and forms intelligent opinions on the political questions which arise in his neighborhood. Witness the following letter which he wrote a few months since on the insurrection in Sicily:

"*To our venerable brother, Joseph M. Peparelo, Bishop of Sinope, Apostolic Administrator of the Church of Messina, greeting and benediction:*

"We have received your two most respectful letters of the 21st of January and 20th of February ult., in which you were pleased to advert and confirm, in your name and in that of the other bishops of this province, your devotion and reverence toward us and the Holy See.

"While you were suffering for our consolation and affliction, we were watching with great anxiety and fear the bold efforts of those who, being supported by European powers, trampling on every divine and human right, designed, with surpassing impudence, to effect a revolution in those parts of Italy which had remained quiet.

"Deeply wat ered and afflicted by such a wicked intent; and we, venerable brother, in the midst of our sorrows, have seen from a most pernicious band of conspirators, on board of a Sardinian ship, has landed on the island. Indeed, to the lamentable astonishment of the whole hierarchy of those highly-favored with upper knowledge, Satan, disguising himself as an angel of light, and under colorable pretext of the welfare and happiness of those to whom he put from which they relied, insinuated himself into Sicily, that they want to assure the union of Italy. They testify all the while with their lips to their devotion to royal majesty, excite the people to revolution, take possession of all places and fortified, and, in a word, do all that they can to destroy and subject to the kingdom of Sardinia.

"The foundation of this new empire is to be founded are already destroyed if every body may be allowed to hold same relation to take possession of the rights belongs to others, and thus extend their own kingdom. But let those who will not hear the voice and the Church hear not fail to us. Therefore console yourself, venerable brother, and on your part trust in our Lord, who will not keep the just long amidst such storms. Persevere in imitating Him who is the author and finisher of [illegible]. Let us turn ourselves with confidence to the patronage of the Almighty Mother of God, the Virgin Mary, and to that of the immaculate Virgin Mary, who has destroyed all the enemies of error and heresies.

"Means while we embrace you and the other bishops of this province with the effusion of our heart. We give to you and them and to your clergy and people the apostolic benediction, as a pledge of His divine protection.

"PIUS NONUS.

"ROME, 3d, June, 1860, the 14th year of our Pontificate."

We need not bespeak attention for the above precept. It will command the utmost admiration and respect, not alone on account of the exalted source from whence it springs, but from the practical wisdom and statesmanlike wisdom which it evinces. Well may his Holiness predict that posterity will deem "the audacity" of the "professed revolutionists" of the "foreign harpies" who march under Garibaldi "incredible." To have invaded, with less than 2000 men, an island containing 2,000,000 of inhabitants, with vast fortified places, and protected by a large number of ships of war; to have succeeded in conquering one half the island in a fortnight, taking the capital, establishing a good government, and placing matters on such a footing in three weeks that the conquest of the remaining half of the island will be a mere question of time; this is, assuredly, an exploit that may stagger the belief of posterity. The Pope shows his admirable foresight in predicting the event, and we trust that no Protestant Christian will hereafter intimate that his Holiness lacks that attribute of greatness.

Nor are we without dwelling for a moment on the profound wisdom of the subsequent sentence in which we are told that "the principles on which the edifice of Italian unity is already destroyed if every body may be allowed to send arms and pirates to take possession of what belongs to others, and thus extend their own kingdom." This phrase is pregnant with suspicions as might be wished; but Popes, like oracles, are entitled to be studied; and who can help admiring the clearness with which Pius illumines the misty vail of words? What, indeed, will become of society if every body "sends arms and pirates" against his neighbor? And what, too, is what a demand will be, in such a case, for pirates? What a premium the genuine Corsican Brand will command! An irreverent German friend has suggested that the arms and pirates should chance to be sent to Genoa, or to some other places, as for instance, New York, Paris, or London, the inhabitants of which are confected, the latter hanged, and society would not be disturbed at all; but we must beware of listening to such avowed scoffers as these. It certainly has occurred, thus far, in the history of the world, that "arms and pirates" sent against foreign countries have never succeeded except where they invaded a people so abominably governed that any change was welcomed by the people; in Sicily, in particular, it is difficult to conceive any power so "pirate" more atrocious than the officers of the royal government, or any "arms" so villainous as the instruments of torture constructed by the late King Ferdinand at Palermo. It is true that a couple of centuries back "arms and pirates" were "sent" from Europe to America, with a grant of the soil, to certain of the Protestant sires of Pius the Ninth, and that the pirates did succeed for a time in butchering quiet Hogueneaus and Indians and stealing their lands; but by their triumph was short, and they were speedily hanged, as we all know. These, however, are trifles, and should not be dwelt on.

The invocation which closes the same paragraph of the epistle it is not becoming to discuss. Scoffers may say that the new Catholic doctrine which it has referred to is that of the Immaculate Conception in which the Pope is placed; and that if the discovery of the Immaculate Conception has no riper fruits than the Syllabus, it has already bestowed on the Church of Rome, it might as well have been left undiscovered. But this is mere cavil.

Certainly, events thus far have hardly justified the confident lopes expressed by the Holy Father. Sicily has passed out of the hands of the King of Naples, and the very Archbishop to whom the above letter was addressed is only waiting for an opportunity to follow the example of his brethren at Palermo, and declare for Garibaldi. Still "the island" is not "terrified," nor is "ruin threatened," save only by the Pope's faithful servants, the bombardiers of Bomba junior. But the end is not yet; and who knows what a Papal benediction and a Papal curse may not bring forth?

No one, we repeat, can fail to perceive how wise and truly Christian are the sentiments of the Papal letter; what a fund of practical common sense and knowledge of the world it reveals; and how fitting it is that the Pope to be the best possible temporal ruler for the most important and most troubled state in Italy.

ANOTHER AMERICAN VICTORY.

WHEN the Rev. Sydney Smith, some twenty-five years ago, asked how many geniuses "Who reads an American book?" he little thought that, in the year 1860, the great festival at a meeting of the most eminent British and Continental *savans* would be a paper read by a professor in an American University. At the recent meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, at Oxford, papers were read by the most eminent of England's men of science; but, says an English paper, the great attraction of the session was a paper read by J. W. Draper, M.D., LL.D., Professor of Chemistry and Physiology, and President of the Medical Department of the University of New York, and author of a work on Human Physiology, which is the standard authority on this subject in Europe as well as America.

Professor Draper attended the meeting of the Association at the special invitation of the Committee, whose guest he was. When his turn came to read, the various sections, which meet daily in different halls of the city, adjourned to listen. The spacious hall of the University reading-room was "literally crowded to suffocation by an audience composed of persons of the highest literary and scientific reputation, of both sexes." The subject of Professor Draper's paper was, "The Intellectual Development of Europe considered with reference to View that the Progression of Organisms is determined by Law." His object was to prove that the advancement of civilization in Europe was not fortuitous, but was governed by a physical law—a subject which the learned professor will shortly develop more fully in a work now in press by Messrs. Harper, and which will be the result of years of assiduous study and scientific investigation.

His lecture lasted an hour, and, though the day was oppressively hot, was listened to with breathless interest. No sooner had he closed than half a dozen eager *savans* struggled for the honor of moving a vote of thanks. According to the reports, a most lively discussion ensued—some of the ablest members of the Association ranging themselves on the side of Dr. Draper, who found himself the hero of the hour. His success no doubt, the lion of the day and of the session. His paper was the talk of every literary and scientific circle in town, he was himself overwhelmed with invitations—to the honor of science be it said—from opponents as well as friends of his views.

At a subsequent meeting he read an account of a large reflecting telescope for astronomical photography, now being erected at his country house, near Hastings, on the Hudson, by one of his sons. This is the first instrument of the kind erected in America, and the second in the world—the largest being that at Kew, in England. Though its cost will be above ten thousand dollars, the means are furnished entirely by the young gentleman (Dr. Henry Draper) under whose direction also the intricate apparatus is being prepared and put up.

WILL THE PRINCE OF WALES MARRY AN AMERICAN?

A GOOD many jokes are current about the possibility of the Prince of Wales falling in love with an American belle, and the possible consequences of such a catastrophe. Every body looks at the subject in a quizzical light; no one ever seems to have dreamed that it may be necessary for the Prince to marry and lay an American sharing the throne of England. Yet stranger things have happened.

If, for instance, the Prince must marry. By law he is forbidden to marry a subject; nor can he wed any woman who is not a Protestant. It is thus impossible that he can find a wife in England, France, Spain, Italy, Southern Germany, or Russia. His choice is restricted to Northern Germany and the United States. Prussia has already married Princess Royal to German prince, they had to go elsewhere. George the First married Sophia of Zell; George the Second married Caroline of Anspach; Frederick, Prince of Wales, who died before his father, married Augusta of Saxe-Gotha; George the Third married Charlotte of Mecklenburg; George the Fourth, Caroline of Brunswick; Queen Victoria, Albert of Saxe-Gotha. It may be said that all these marriages were from the members of the English family had no choice. At the time Frederick Prince of Wales married, this was a colony; when George the Fourth married, in 1795, the United States were little better than a colony in the eye of Englishmen; Queen Victoria, at the age of eighteen, could hardly have been expected to deviate from precedent, and marry an American. Of all the heirs-apparent of the House of Brunswick the Prince of Wales is the first who is not forced by law to marry into one of the German families.

Now there are very substantial reasons why he should not do so. Without exception, these German marriages have proved unpopular in England. Caroline of Anspach was a shrew; Augusta of Saxe-Gotha was a fool, if not something worse; Caroline of Brunswick scandalized Europe by her divorce suits and her loose behavior; Prince Albert is, without exception, the most unpopular man in England. The English say, with great truth, that they have to grant to all these foreigners large annual salaries, and that the only reward they get for them is the sacrifice of British to German interests. All of these German wives or husbands have lived on the British people, and improved their friends in Deutschland on what they screwed out of Parliament. More than this, in time of trouble they have been and are, used the arms and money of England to serve the interests of their broken-down families in Germany. Prince Albert, as every one knows, played a thoroughly double-faced game, in the interest of the German oligarchs, during the Crimean war.

These facts are not likely to render the British nation partial to another German marriage. The English have married their Princess Royal to a German prince, they had to go elsewhere only for taking her, just as they had to pay Albert for marrying their Queen; but when it comes to marrying the Prince of Wales, they may look for something better than a Dutchwoman. If they do, they can not look elsewhere than here.

It can not be questioned but, in view of statesmanlike policy, an American marriage would be a wise step on the part of the Prince. This country ought to be made the best friend of Great Britain. We are the only people in the world who have established and maintain institutions based on the same foundation as those of England. Between England and the European Powers there never can be any lasting friendship; this is the only country by whose firm alliance Great Britain could set store, if she could secure it. She has never find a friend so valuable or so stanch as the United States, if only she can secure our friendship. And there is no way so good to judge of the character of our people—to secure that friendship as by having her Prince marry an American.

This, too, is a Democratic age, and the marriage of the Prince of Wales with an untitled girl would be a famous hit with the British people. It would have a spice of romance about it which would render the young man a hero at once. We may add that the Prince can find among our American girls more than one that would adorn a throne, and would make him a good wife.

THE LOUNGER.

THE PICTURE.

I SHALL not try to be exhaustive, not only because it is not necessary to praise Page in order to persuade people to look at his pictures, but because I am afraid I am not successful. The gay painter and I differ. He believes profoundly in advertising, and it is a very common and popular faith. But while I do a great wae, it is not the secret of fame nor of fortune.

"The Flight into Egypt" is a small picture. In the right of a rough heading the donkey, and Mary sitting upon it, holding the child, over whom she bows her head. The donkey is standing upon a few shrubs and trees. The path descends abruptly to the desert, which lies a glaring red waste across the canvas. Above the pyramids by the Nile appear, and three shreds of white cloud in the blank desert of red sky that overspreads the desert of red sand. The mother's face is kept in her lube. The donkey catches the last bit of herbage; while Joseph, who has already begun to descend, gravely surveys the long, desolate region which he is to be traversing. They are literally going down into Egypt; and in no other picture of the subject that I recall to the mind that they are going into intolerable and danger so impressively treated. Usually they sit with a palm-tree by the wayside, and the country is substantiated to the holy character of the travelers. But here the journey is the central point of the picture. Joseph has his back to the infant, and is evidently thinking only of the rough way before him. The dim foliage in the corner shows that there is somewhere a sunny fresh pleasant scene and verdure. It is vague, as if it were already a memory.

This is, so far, very beautiful. But what are we to make of the drawing of the infant, and the want of keeping of the mother, and the donkey, which looks as if cut out of a fine nectarine? You may do what you choose with them, as likewise with the fact that the Madonna could not raise her head erect without hitting the frame above it. But when you have been looking at the picture for a quarter of an hour, or longer, then turn your eye to some other work near by, and consider if there be not an exquisitely transparent purity and delicacy of color in what you have been studying—something luminous and lurid, as of the light of

the hot desert, and cloudless, hot, Syrian sky. Is the picture bald, or only simple? Is it one of those works of Page of which it is perpetually said, "Page is a great painter, doubtless, but this picture doesn't prove it?" What picture does prove it? Did the Venus? Do his portraits? Even a Lounger can see that the same hand which painted the Venus painted "The Flight into Egypt."

—I wanted to say something of Brown's large picture of New York, from Hoboken, and of the dewy freshness of a small Cattle-piece, by Troyon, which are in other lounging places; but I wait until another week.

OF CLAMS.

Richard says that he has read with great interest the remarks of Mr. Douglas upon clams, but that the distinguished orator omits to mention what a clam-bake is, while he highly commends the institution. Richard further says that he supposes a clam-bake means a feast of baked clams. But the baking of clams upon the shore for thousands of people can not be done in ordinary pans or ovens, or, indeed, culinary vessels of any kind, he thinks: and Richard, as usual, is right.

Narraganset clams are very famous, and they are justly famous. No great political canvass is ever carried on in the State of Rhode Island without their assistance. They contribute material aid to the cause. Nor are their benefactions confined to political occasions. Military companies "go on clam-bakes." Sunday-schools have annual clam-bakes (or used to). Private parties are incessantly going on clam-bakes. The rocks in the bay—the points upon the shore—the islands—the groves—are all consecrated to the eating of clams.

Clams are of two kinds. There is the long clam and the round. The round clam is called quahog—a word which the natives of the Narraganset shore call kohog. The quahog is of the texture of sole-leather, and as nutritious as rhinoceros hide. Yet in every kohog there is a sweet bit of marrow—succulent, tender, and delicious—only it is not worth the trouble of discovering. The long clam has a dark neck, and a marrowy, saline, exquisite morsel as large as the end of a small little finger. It is this clam which is peculiarly sacred to the solemn ceremony of the "Bake."

For this purpose large stones are piled together upon the beach, forming a kind of rough pit or oven. In this a large fire is built, and fed until the stones are thoroughly heated. Then a light layer of moist sea-weed is spread, the clams in the shell are "dumped in," goodly ears of green Indian corn are added, the whole is piled deep in the moist sea-weed, and the delicious clams are cooked in the salt steam generated of the weed and the hot stones. The corn, likewise, is delightfully baked and browned. Under a rough shed near by, or in a shady grove upon the shore, a table of honest boards stands ready, with huge platters of crackers (biscuits) and bottles of pepper-sauce. There are sometimes tumblers, also, and bottles not of pepper-sauce. The hot clams are brought from the stones and heaped upon the table. The shells are opened by the heat, and a slight effort parts them entirely and reveals the clam, which is seized by the thumb and forefinger—as the ogre lifted Hop-o'-my-thumb—and the choice bit is caught and consumed, while the shell and the residuary clam are thrown into a large basket or under the table.

It is manual exercise altogether; and I have not forgotten the amusing helplessness of some New York belles at a clam-bake upon the island, near Newport, who tried to manage the clam with knife and silver fork. Most of them relinquished the effort and the clam, and returned to the hotels—renowned haunts of refinement—with an impression that clam-bakes were vulgar. But a few persevered and triumphed.

Usually the clam-bake includes a chowder, and a more delightful picnic is not possible than a genuine clam-bake upon some lovely point of Narraganset Bay, "in summer when the days are long"—when the salt air of the ocean breathes up the bay, and the party is a party of friends. There was once a chowder club in Providence. It had its President and proper officers, and one of the traditional jokes of the shore is the toast of a wag who was a member of the club, and who, after a successful "bake and chowder," having expatiated upon the great fitness of their President, concluded by saying, "And now, gentlemen, I give you the health of our great chowder Head."

The joke was doubtless recalled and recounted at the late great feast of clams.

THE MERRY PAINTER.

A painter said to me the other day that we had no professional enthusiasts of art; no body of men whose business it is to applaud every thing that is done by certain artists, and to depreciate all the works of other men. We were sitting before the new picture by Page, at Snedecor's, "The Flight into Egypt," and the painter was talking with merry sarcasm of the public.

"There is the Parisian Rousseau," he said; "he has a great name, but he is no better than many other artists of the same kind in Paris. However, the *feuilletonistes* took him up, and said 'How beautiful!' and now it is *de rigueur* to admire whatever Rousseau does. One year I was at the Exposition," he continued, "and Rousseau's 'Morning' had the place of honor. 'Twas a pretty picture, and there were many pretty pictures in the room. A group of intelligent people approached. The gentlemen were decorated, the ladies had the I-don't-know-what of fine society: evidently they were cultivated, high-bred persons. They looked at the pictures without a catalogue, 'How charming!' 'how agreeable!' 'how rich!' 'how warm!' they exclaimed in delight. 'But how horrible this is!' 'how flat!' 'how dull!' they said, as they glanced at the Rousseau, and passed on. Presently they began to study the catalogue. '*Mais*,' said one, 'Rousseau's "Morning" is here: where is it?' They looked eagerly for the number, and found the picture which they had just passed by. 'Ah! how exquisite! how soft! how pearly! Don't you positively feel the dew? What a master! What a genius!'"

The jolly painter laughed as he told the anecdote with twinkling eyes.

"No: we yet want the professional enthusiasts," he continued; "the men who insist that the accident to the canvas is the best part of the picture. Delacroix sent a work to the Exhibition. Upon the way thither one of the feet was nearly rubbed out by chafing. 'Hi! hi!' cried the anti-Delacroixians, when the picture was hung. 'What's the matter with that foot?'

"'Matter!' retorted the unswerving disciples of Delacroix—'matter! stupids? Why, that is the subtle splendor and excellence of the work.' They defended it stoutly, for they supposed it was done by Delacroix, and what Delacroix did must be right. Presently the master explained that it was an accident. 'Hi! hi!' shouted the foe. '*Ciel!*' retorted the friends of the artist, 'we knew it all the time; but when we said it was all right, you could not show how it was wrong. And you call yourselves critics, connoisseurs, and pretend to sit in judgment upon Delacroix!'"

The merry painter laughed once more.

"Some clever fellow takes a fancy to an artist—say Diaz. Nobody has ever heard of Diaz. The clever fellow writes in his *feuilleton*, 'Such color! such tenderness!' He keeps writing, and another clever fellow echoes, 'So tender! so rich!' The dealers are aroused. They rush to seize chance by the forelock, and secure their share of the works of this man, who is going to be the fashion. They take every thing. A dab of his brush sells for five hundred francs. He is the mode, the rage. Presently some other clever fellow begins to praise a new man—'So grand! so terrible!' The echoes awaken and reply. There is another rush—another mode—another rage."

I made a low bow to the gay painter.

"Why do you bow?"

"Because you compliment my craft."

He shrugged his shoulders, and said,

"But 'tis true. Try it! Insist every week that Gobb is a great painter, and your friend Gunnybags will look through his fist at his pictures, and say, at last, 'I believe that Lounger is right. It is as he says. I see it now.'"

"Who made Raphael's success?"

"'Twas the same thing. 'Twas favor, only in another way. Uncle Bramante invited him to Rome, and persuaded the Pope to give him the Vatican commissions."

The smiling painter was resolute.

"Do you think," I asked, "any Lounger could make people think this 'Flight into Egypt' a great picture?"

"Certainly," he answered, serious for the first time.

"Ah, you inveterate joker! Good-morning!"

RAILROAD RHYMES.

BY AN ARTIST IN WOOD.

There sat beside me on the Boston train
  A piece of nature's choicest journey-work;
  Ebony-black her hair; her eyes pitch-dark;
Bright cherry lips; rosewood her pure cheeks' stain;
Not satin wood, inlaid with curious vein,
  Rivals the whiteness of her outside bark;
  While well-turned limbs, beyond the carver's mark,
Bespeak good "stuff," high polish, and straight grain.
She spoke of "Maplewood School," and what a deal
  They "saw" that board there—solid or veneers;
She spoke of Stockbridge, Lenox, Curtisville,
  Where, foot by foot, she measured girlhood's years.
Oh, could I join-'er (lip to lip fast glued),
I'd lap the *sweetest of all* the lasses of Maplewood!

Graver.

LIVING BY FITS.

In *Once a Week*, a publication with which *Harper's Weekly* has an understanding for early sheets, there are some exclusively London articles which must be delightful reading for the Londoner, and have sometimes entertaining passages for all the world. The author is the extremely clever writer who signs himself Gamma, and in a recent paper upon odd people and odd sights in London he gives some details of men who live by fits. Fits is their profession. They follow fits. Fits are their wits. It is their way of appealing for charity; or, to speak more exactly, it is the way they work for pay. Filling his mouth with some saponaceous compound to produce foam upon demand, the professor of fits awaits some throng in a proper place, and seeing no policeman near, down he goes upon the pavement, head banging, eyes rolling, mouth foaming, a truly ghastly spectacle, while the compassionate crowd console, and exclaim, and pity, and as he gradually revives, give him their prayers and stray silver.

On one occasion, however, a policeman happened by, who knew "the professor," and ordered him to desist instantly from his fits and pass on. But an intelligent spectator suggested that the professor should be allowed to complete his performance, and the policeman assented. The more he twisted, the more the crowd, also, was convulsed with laughter. The more he foamed at the mouth, the louder and more lustily they applauded, until he gradually recovered his senses "and slunk away in a very sheepish manner indeed, with a wild reproach to the by-standers upon their ignorance of the treatment which ought to be adopted in cases so distressing as his own."

But there was one of these gentry, who combined plain common-sense with great skill in fits. Gamma says that this excellent adept "wore a placard round his neck which became visible as soon as his waistcoat came open, which it did invariably. The placard said, '*I am liable to these fits: don't bleed me: give me some brandy and water!*'"

It is clear that New York, accomplished in civilization as she is, yet lacks some of its rarest results.

TO HER IN THE COUNTRY.

  I know where it came from—
  This tuft of pine hair,
Shut into the volume quaint and rare
  Of old-world sayings.
She paused in her reading and shut the book,
When the wind in the tops of the pine-trees shook,
And by the mark for her place she took
  I've learned her strayings.

  They stand there together,
  And stand there alone,
A hundred dark pine-trees making their moan
  To the great dark mountain;
And standing beneath them with wistful eyes,
She sees, through the branches that pierce the skies,
A cloud that before the strong wind flies,
  And great tears well from their fountain.

* * * * *

  Perhaps when side by side we stand,
  My rougher sense may catch the tone
Which is all too harsh for her ear alone
  The harmony thus completing.
Perhaps—ah! would that it might be so!
The saddening wind will cease to blow,
When through one channel our lives shall flow—
  Long parted—forever meeting.

E. G. C.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

The New Bailie of Peebles.—A burgess of this gravely-pleasant town sallied forth into the Green, having that same day been made a magistrate. He stumbled against a cow, and the milker shouted to him, "Man! haud aff ma coo!" "Wumman!" said he, looking sternly at her, "I'm no a *man*; I'm a *bailie!*"

"My son," said an affectionate mother to her son, who resided at a distance, and expected, in a short time, to be married, "you are getting thin."—"Yes, mother," he replied, "I am; when I come next I think you may see my rib."

M. de Balzac was lying awake in bed, when he saw a man enter his room cautiously, and attempt to pick the lock of his writing-desk. The rogue was not a little disconcerted at hearing a loud laugh from the occupant of the apartment, whom he supposed asleep. "Why do you laugh?" asked the thief. "I am laughing, my good fellow," said M. de Balzac, "to think what pains you are taking, and what risk you run, in hope of finding money by night in a desk where the lawful owner can never find any by day." The thief "evacuated Flanders" at once.

People say that they *shell* pease, when they *un*-shell them; that they *husk* corn, when they *un*-husk it; that they *dust* the furniture, when they *un*-dust it, or take the dust from it; that they *skin* a calf, when they *un*-skin it; and that they *scale* fishes, when they *un*-scale them. I have heard many men say they were going to *weed* their gardens, when I thought their gardens were weedy enough already.

'Art Exposition.—A cockney telling 'is love to the lady 'e adores.

The Right thing in the Wrong Place.—A love-letter written on a mourning sheet.

Questions under Discussion.—Did the man who plowed the sea, and afterward planted his foot on his native soil, ever harvest the crops? Secondly: Did the man who prosecuted his journey into Wales recover his expenses?

The Oswego *Times* tells a good story of a fashionable lady of that village, whose parents are not possessed of wealth in proportion to her pretensions, who excused herself to a visitor for doing housework thus: "Mother and I do our own housework, because it is so exceedingly romantic."

A young lady, who is of course poetical, and who has just crossed the Atlantic, describes the engines of the steamer as "two of the politest monsters that ever issued from Pandemonium; a happy family dancing the Lancers with grace and ease, and without boisterous noise or pretense."

An American traveler in Italy, stopping at Genoa, very naturally visited the house where Columbus was born. In writing home, he regretted that he did not see that illustrious personage, as he wished to thank him for discovering the fine country of which he had the honor to be a citizen.

An Indian being at an Englishman's table at Surat, expressed his surprise, by loud exclamations, on seeing a large quantity of froth ooze out of a bottle of porter as soon as the cork was drawn. Being asked what surprised him, he replied, "I don't wonder at all the froth that comes out of the bottle; but how did you ever contrive to squeeze it all in?"

A new way of collecting a bad debt was most effectively tried a few weeks ago in the Rue de la Seine, in Paris, before the lodgings of a somewhat dissipated student. A man was observed walking up and down before the house, having upon his back a large placard, with the words, "Monsieur C—— owes me for thirty bottles of *vin rouge*; I am waiting until he pays for them." He did not wait very long.

A facetious Scotchman some time ago took a trip over to France, and astonished the natives there in no small degree. In the hotel where he put up, in Boulogne, the servants were all newly imported cockneys; and Mr. M——, who is a sterling wag, mystified them not a little by his broad Scotch. Getting up one morning rather earlier than usual, he called a waiting-maid, and accosted her with, "Fetch me ma shoon, lassie."—"Ah, Sir," said she, "I don't understand French!"

Mr. Gurney (Mrs. Fry's father) was a strict preserver of his game. Upon one occasion, when walking in his park, he heard a shot fired in a neighboring wood; he hurried to the spot, and his naturally placid temper was considerably ruffled on seeing a young officer with a pheasant at his feet, deliberately reloading his gun. As the young man, however, replied to his rather warm expression by a polite apology, Mr. Gurney's warmth was somewhat allayed; but he could not refrain from asking the intruder what *he* would do if he caught a man trespassing on his premises. "I would ask him in to luncheon," was the reply. The serenity of this impudence was not to be resisted.

A certain professor was noted for having a certain set of illustrations, from which he could not well deviate without running the risk of a blunder. In illustrating the powerful effects of prussic acid, he was wont to inform the class that a drop placed on a dog's tongue was sufficient to kill him. On one occasion, when lecturing his class, he said, "Mr. Smith," addressing a young man whose chance of passing was very slender, "what can you say of prussic acid? Is it powerful, or otherwise?"—"It is rather powerful," said the student, dubiously.—"*Rather* powerful!" said the professor, indignantly. "Put a drop on your tongue, and it would kill a dog!" The shout of laughter which followed, and Smith's confusion, revealed to the professor that his illustration had served a double purpose.

What is the difference between a running stream of water and a dog torn in two?—The one is a *current*, and the other a *rent cur*.

A person of the masculine gender putting on female apparel, for the fun of the thing, of course only plays fair.

A man lately received twenty lashes, well laid on, at the whipping-post in an English town. The culprit, instead of bellowing when the constable applied the lash, laughed immoderately, which made the angry officer lay on with harder force. On giving him the twentieth blow the enraged officer could stand it no longer.

"Well, here, mister," said the offended officer, "I've done my duty, and I can lick ye no more, but I'd just like to know what it is that's so funny?"

"Funny!" roared the other, "why it's excellent. You've got the wrong Smith. I ain't the man that was to be whipped; it's the other one. You'll have it all to do over again. Ha! ha!"

"Are you an Odd Fellow?"
"No, Sir; I have been married more than a week."
"I mean, do you belong to the order of Odd Fellows?"
"No; I belong to the order of married men."
"Mercy, how dull! Are you a Mason?"
"No; I'm a carpenter."
"Worse and worse! Are you a Son of Temperance?"
"No; I'm a son of Mr. John Gosling."

"Vat's de matter, vat's de matter?" exclaimed an old Dutchman in Ratcliffe, as he tucked up his apron and ran out of his shop to know the meaning of a crowd in the street. "Vat's de matter?"

"There's a man killed," replied a by-stander.

"Oh, ish dat all?" said our friend, evidently disappointed—"ish dat all? Shoost a man kilt! Humph, I thought it was a fight."

Little Alice, dressed and prepared for a walk, was skipping up and down the passage, waiting for her mother to get ready to go out. Her little cousin said he was going out too.

"No," answered Alice, "you can't go—you are not dressed well enough."

Her uncle laughingly remarked, "that the pride stuck out quite early."

"No," answered Alice, "it isn't my pride, it's my new silk frock that sticks out so."

There is an anecdote extant of the late Lady Byron which is worth repeating. Being one day in company with Lord Palmerston, she asked his lordship how he had managed to survive the many administrations of which he had been part and parcel. "Lady Byron," replied the premier, "you must know that from my birth I have *hobbled* through life."

It is, perhaps, seldom that a young woman, departing for Australia, takes even so thoughtful a view of her future lot as one we once heard of, who, after her trunk was packed and all ready, remembered how, at school, she had seen that the globe was round, with the southern hemisphere on the opposite side to the northern, and reflected that in her new home her position would be inverted—a condition so inconsistent with the decorum in which she had been trained that no persuasion would induce her to submit to it.

"Oh that my father was seized with a remittent fever!" sighed a young spendthrift at college.

To escape trouble from noisy children—send them to your neighbors "visiting."

"Guard," asked a railroad passenger, "are you running on time to-day?"—"No, Sir; we are running for cash."

"A bad wife," says an old author, "is confusion, weakness, discomfiture, and despair." Bad enough, is it not, good woman?

The natural genius of Mrs. Partington was recently well illustrated when she put a tub in the garden to catch soft water when it was raining hard.

When beggars cease to importune you, it is time to begin to think about purchasing new apparel. Some respect is due to the opinion of others.

"Tom, what's monomany?"—"Why, you see, Dick, when a poor woman steals it is called larceny; but when it's a rich 'un the jury says it's monomany, and can't help it—that's it."

"The clouds begin to break," said Harriet, during yesterday's rain. She was impatient for an opportunity to go shopping.—"Just so," was the answer, as the speaker glanced from the window; "they leak bad enough, to be sure."

"Landlord," said a commercial traveler, "you do me too much honor—you let me sleep among the big bugs last night."—"Oh, don't be too modest, my dear Sir," said the landlord; "I doubt not they have your own blood in their veins."

An invincible wit and punster asked the captain of a craft, loaded with boards, how he managed to get dinner on the passage.

"Why," replied the skipper, "we always cook aboard."

"Cook a *board*, do you!" rejoined the wag; "then I see you have been well supplied with provisions this trip, at all events."

We may live without poetry, music, and art;
We may live without conscience, and live without heart;
We may live without friends; we may live without
  books;
But civilized man can not live without cooks.
He may live without books—what is knowledge but
  grieving?
He may live without hope—what is hope but deceiving?
He may live without love—what is passion but pining?
But where is the man that can live without dining?

OUR HORSE CONGRESS.

We publish on the following page a number of horses' heads, which will give some idea of the various popular breeds of horses now in use in the world. At the head of the group is the diminutive Shetland pony, the smallest of all horses; and at the bottom of the page will be seen the gigantic Clydesdale.

The beautiful Arabian forms the centre; while the thorough-bred and the hunter, being the nearest of kin, are placed in the same line. The farmer's brood mare—perhaps the most useful of all—we have classed with the work horses at the bottom of the engraving. The Highland shooting pony, immortal in the works of Landseer, being an animal of great hardihood and utility, occupies a prominent position; and the Canadian will be recognized by the curly nature of his mane—so unmistakably indicative of this peculiar and popular breed.

The hunter is, or rather was, one remove from the thorough-bred — possessing more bone and muscle for carrying weight across a hilly country.

To these few races we trace all the horses to be found on the face of the globe. Nothing can exceed the beautiful outline of the head of the Arabian, so superior even to that of the thorough-bred racer. The Clydesdale breed are of great value in all parts of Europe; though they are considered somewhat too large for this country—the cross between the Canadian and the ordinary draught horse answering all purposes for draught and labor.

HIGHLAND PONY.
HUNTER OR TROTTER.
FARMER'S BROOD MARE.
SHETLAND.
ARAB.
CLYDESDALE.
CANADIAN.
THOROUGH-BRED.

A HORSE CONGRESS—DELEGATES FROM THE FOUR QUARTERS OF THE GLOBE.—[SEE PRECEDING PAGE.]

DHEIR-EL-KAMAR, IN SYRIA, THE SCENE OF THE RECENT MASSACRES OF CHRISTIANS.

THE TOWN OF DHEIR-EL-KAMAR, IN SYRIA.

WE publish above a picture of the town of Dheir-el-Kamar, in Syria, which was, a few weeks since, the scene of a frightful massacre of Christians by the Druses. Dheir-el-Kamar was a place of 7000 inhabitants, most of whom were Christians, and containing a convent of Maronite nuns. The place could not be defended, and when the Druses attacked it the inhabitants surrendered, on condition that their lives should be spared and no outrage committed. The Druses were no sooner in the place than they commenced their fiendish work; the women (including the nuns) were violated, the men murdered, and the town laid desolate. A few survivors, who fled toward Lebanon, were butchered on the way by a band of Moslems and Druses.

It was at Dheir-el-Kamar that the fiendish outrages took place which are related in our last number in the news columns. The whole city has been laid desolate.

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "AFTER DARK," ETC., ETC.

[Printed from advance proof-sheets purchased from the author exclusively for "Harper's Weekly."]

WALTER HARTRIGHT'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

III.

THE last notes of the introduction to the Opera were being played, and the seats in the pit were all filled, when Pesca and I reached the theatre.

There was plenty of room, however, in the passage that ran round the pit, which was precisely the position best calculated to answer the purpose for which I was attending the performance. I went first to the barrier separating us from the stalls, and looked for the Count in that part of the theatre. He was not there. Returning along the passage, on the left-hand side from the stage, and looking about me attentively, I discovered him in the pit. He occupied an excellent place, some twelve or fourteen seats from the end of a bench, within three rows of the stalls. I placed myself exactly on a line with him, Pesca standing by my side. The Professor was not yet aware of the purpose for which I had brought him to the theatre, and he was rather surprised that we did not move nearer to the stage.

The curtain rose, and the Opera began.

Throughout the whole of the first act we remained in our position, the Count, absorbed by the orchestra and the stage, never casting so much as a chance glance at us. Not a note of Donizetti's delicious music was lost on him. There he sat, high above his neighbors, smiling, and nodding his great head enjoyingly, from time to time. When the people near him applauded the close of an air (as an English audience in such circumstances always will applaud), without the least consideration for the orchestral movement which immediately followed it, he looked round at them with an expression of compassionate remonstrance, and held up one hand with a gesture of polite entreaty. At the more refined passages of the singing, at the more delicate phrases of the music, which passed unapplauded by others, his fat hands adorned with perfectly-fitting black kid gloves, softly patted each other, in token of the cultivated appreciation of a musical man. At such times his only murmur of approval, "Bravo! Bra-a-a-a!" hummed through the silence like the purring of a great cat. His immediate neighbors on either side—hearty, ruddy-faced people from the country, basking amazedly in the sunshine of fashionable London—seeing and hearing him, began to follow his lead. Many a burst of applause from the pit, that night, started from the soft, comfortable patting of the black-gloved hands. The man's voracious vanity devoured this implied tribute to his local and critical supremacy with an appearance of the highest relish. Smiles rippled continuously over his fat face. He looked about him at the pauses in the music, serenely satisfied with himself and his fellow-creatures. "Yes! yes! these barbarous English people are learning something from ME. Here, there, and every where, I—Fosco—am an Influence that is felt, a Man who sits supreme!" If ever face spoke, his face spoke then; and that was its language.

The curtain fell on the first act, and the audience rose to look about them. This was the time I had waited for—the time to try if Pesca knew him.

He rose with the rest, and surveyed the occupants of the boxes grandly with his opera-glass. At first his back was toward us; but he turned round in time to our side of the theatre, and looked at the boxes above us, using his glass for a few minutes—then removing it, but still continuing to look up. This was the moment I chose, when his full face was in view, for directing Pesca's attention to him.

"Do you know that man?" I asked.

"Which man, my friend?"

"The tall, fat man standing there, with his face toward us."

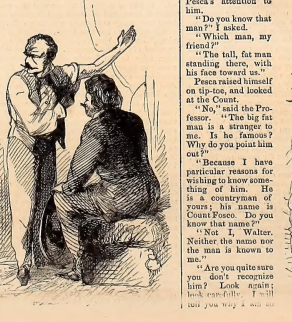
Pesca raised himself on tip-toe, and looked at the Count.

"No," said the Professor. "The big fat man is a stranger to me. Is he famous? Why do you point him out?"

"Because I have particular reasons for wishing to know something of him. He is a countryman of yours; his name is Count Fosco. Do you know that name?"

"Not I, Walter. Neither the name nor the man is known to me."

"Are you quite sure you don't recognize him? Look again, look especially at the [illegible] you may [illegible]



"No," he said; "I have never set my two eyes on that big fat man before in all my life."

As he spoke, the Count looked downward and backward behind us on the pit tier.

The eyes of the two Italians met.

The instant before I had been perfectly satisfied, from his own reiterated assertion, that Pesca did not know the Count. The instant afterward I was equally certain that the Count knew Pesca!

Knew him, and—more surprising still—*feared* him as well! There was no mistaking the change that passed over the villain's face. The leaden hue that altered his yellow complexion for a moment, the sudden rigidity of all his features, the furtive scrutiny of his cold gray eyes, the momentary stillness of him from head to foot, told their own tale. A mortal dread had mastered him, body and soul; and his own recognition of Pesca was the cause of it.

The slim man, with the scar on his cheek, was still close by us. He had apparently drawn his inference from the effect produced on the Count by the sight of Pesca, as I had drawn mine. He was a mild, gentlemanlike person, looking like a foreigner; and his interest in our proceedings was not expressed in any thing approaching to vulgar impertinence.

For my own part, I was so startled by the change in the Count's face, so astounded at the entirely unexpected turn which events had taken, that I knew neither what to say or do next. Pesca roused me by stepping back to his former place at my side, and speaking thus:

"How the fat man stares!" he exclaimed. "Is it at me? Am I dressed queerly? How can he know me, when I don't know him?"

I kept my eye still on the Count. I saw him move for the first time when Pesca moved. He was not to lose sight of the little man, in the lower position in which he now stood. I was curious to see what would happen if Pesca's attention, under these circumstances, was withdrawn from him; and I accordingly asked the Professor if he recognized any of his pupils that evening, among the ladies in the boxes. Pesca immediately raised his large opera-glass to his eyes, and moved it slowly all round the upper part of the theatre, searching for his pupils with the most ambitious scrutiny.

The moment he showed himself to be thus engaged, the Count turned round, slipped past the persons who occupied seats on the opposite side of him from where we stood, and disappeared in the middle passage down the centre of the pit. I saw Pesca by the side of me, at his inexpressible astonishment, hurried him round with me to the back of the pit, to intercept the Count before he could get to the door. Somewhat to my surprise, the slim man hesitated our before us, avoiding a stoppage caused by some persons on our side of the pit leaving their places, by which Pesca and myself were delayed. When we reached the lobby the Count had disappeared, and the foreigner with the scar was gone too.

"Come home," I said; "come home, Pesca, to your lodgings. I must speak to you in private—I must speak directly."

"My-dear-friend-you!" cried the Professor, in a state of the extremest bewilderment. "What on earth is the matter?"

I walked on rapidly without answering. The circumstances under which the Count had left the theatre suggested to me that his extraordinary anxiety to escape Pesca might carry him to farther extremities still. He might escape me, too, by leaving London. I could not risk the future, if I allowed him so much as a day's freedom to act as he pleased. And I doubted that foreign stranger who had set the scar of an ugly wound I suspected of intentionally following him out.

With this double distrust in my mind, I was not long in making Pesca understand all that I wanted. As soon as we two were alone in his room, I increased his confusion and amazement a hundred-fold by telling him what my position was, as plainly and unreservedly as I have acknowledged it here.

"My friend, what can I do?" cried the Professor, piteously appealing to me with both hands. "Advise me—help me—direct me! Only help you, Walter, when I don't know the man?"

"*He* knows you—he is afraid of you—he has left the theatre to escape you. Pesca! you must be a reason for this. Look back into your own life, before you came to England. You left Italy, as you have told me yourself, for political reasons. You have never mentioned those reasons to me, and I wished you to keep them now. I only ask you to consult your own recollections, and to say if they suggest so past cause for the secret which the first sight of you produced in that man."

To my unutterable surprise, these words, harmless as they appeared to me, produced the most astounding effect on Pesca which the sight of Pesca had produced on the Count. The rosy face of just the right colour whitened in an instant, and he drew back from me slowly, trembling from head to foot.

"Walter!" he said. "You don't know what you ask."

He spoke in a whisper—he looked at me as if I had suddenly revealed to him some hidden danger to both of us. In less than one minute of time he was the altered from the stout, frequent little man of all my past experience, that if I had met him in the street, changed as I saw him now, I should most certainly not have known him again.

"Forgive me, if I have unintentionally pained and shocked you," I replied. "Remember the cruel wrong my wife has suffered at Count Fosco's hands. Remember that the wrong can never be redressed, unless the means are in my power of forcing him to do her justice. I spoke in her interest, Pesca. I ask you again to forgive me; I can say no more."

I rose to go. He stopped me before I reached the door.

"Wait," he said. "You have shaken me from head to foot. You don't know how I left my country, and why I left my country. I can compose myself—let me think, if I can."

I returned to my chair. He walked up and down the room, talking to himself incoherently in his own language. After several turns backward and forward, he suddenly came up to me, and laid his hand with a strange tenderness and solemnity on my breast.

"On your heart and soul, Walter," he said, "is there no other way to get to that man but the chance way through me?"

"There is no other way," I answered.

He left me, and opened the door of the room and looked out cautiously into the passage; closed it once more, and came back to me.

"You owe your rights over me, Walter," he said, "on the day when you saved my life. It was years from that event, when you pleased to take it. Take it now. Yes! I mean what I say. My sacred words, as true as the good God is above us, will put me in your hands again."

The trembling earnestness with which he uttered this extraordinary warning carried with it to my mind the conviction that it spoke the truth.

"Mind this!" he went on, shaking his hands at me in the vehemence of his agitation. "I hold no thread, in my own mind, between that man Fosco and the past days which I call back to me, for your sake. If you find the thread, keep it to yourself—tell me nothing; on my honour, I beg and implore you, Walter, let me be innocent, let me be blind to all the future, as I am now!"

He said a few words more, hesitatingly and disconnectedly—then stopped again.

I saw that the effort of expressing himself in English, on an occasion when to speak to me was him the use of the quaint turns and phrases of his ordinary vocabulary, was painfully increasing the difficulty he had from the first in speaking to me at all. Having learned to read and understand English (but never accustomed to speak it), in the earlier days of our intimate companionship, I now suggested to him that he should express in writing what he had to say in English in putting any question which might be necessary to my enlightenment. He accepted the proposal, in his own quick, impulsive language—spoken with a vehement agitation which betrayed itself in the perpetual working of his features, and in the violent and lavish expenditure of his foreign gesticulations, but never in the raising of his voice—I now heard the words which arrested me on the point of leaving him, as I left for this story to record.*

"I have no longer any motive for leaving Italy," he began, "except that it was for political reasons. If I had been driven to this country by the common necessities of society, I should not have kept those reasons a secret from you or from any one. I have concealed them because my Government formerly has denounced the sentence of my exile. You have heard, Walter, of the political societies that are hidden in every country in Europe, and more in Europe? To one of those Societies I belonged in Italy—and belong still, in England. When I came to this country, I brought the influence of my chief. I was overzealous, in my youngest time; I was the child of compromising myself and others. For those reasons I was ordered to emigrate to England, and to wait. I emigrated—I have waited—I wait still. Nothing is now I may be called away: ten years hence I may be called away. It is all one to me—I am here, I stay myself by my duty, and I will not violate no oath (you shall hear why, presently) in making my confidence complete by telling you the name of the Society to which I belong. All I do is to put my life in your hands. If what I say to you now is ever known by others to have passed my lips, I am a dead man. I am here I am a dead man."

He shrugged his shoulders in my ear. I keep the secret which he thus communicated. The Society to which he belonged will be sufficiently individualized if I say that it numbers at pages if I call it "The Brotherhood," on the few occasions when any reference to the subject shall be needed in my narrative.

"The object of the Brotherhood," Pesca went on, "is, briefly, the object of other political societies. It is to free the world from oppression, by tyranny, and the assertion of the rights of the people. That is the whole of the mystery—and a true one. So long as a man's life is useful, or even harmless only, he has the right to enjoy it. But if his life interferes with the right enjoyment of his fellow-men, from that moment he forfeits the right, and it is not only no crime, but a positive merit, to deprive him of it. This is the only way in what frightful circumstances of oppression and suffering this Society took its rise. It is true for you as you have proved it, and true for conquered your freedom so long ago, that you have conveniently forgotten what blood you shed, and what extremities you proceeded to in the conquering—it is not for you to say how far the worst of all oppressions—the oppression that carry the maddened men of an enslaved nation. The iron that has entered into our souls has gone too deep for you to pluck it out. Let us agree alone! Laugh at him, distrust him, open your eyes in wonder at that secret self which nourishes in him, sometimes under the everyday respectability and tranquillity of a man like me; sometimes under the grinding poverty, the fierce squalor, of men less lucky, less pliable,

* It is only right to mention here that I repeat Pesca's statement to me, with the careful suppression and alteration which the subject of it has rendered necessary in my own sense of duty to my friend demand. My first and last communication to the Society to which he belongs is the only one which is necessary in this portion of the narrative.

less patient than I am—but judge us not! In the time of your first Charles you might have done as justice; the long misery of your own freedom has made you incapable of doing us justice now."

All the deepest feelings of his nature seemed to force themselves to the surface in those words—all his hatred of the ages poured out, for the first time in our lives; but still, his voice never rose—still, his dread of the terrible revelation he was making to me never left him.

"So far," he resumed, "you think the Society like other Societies. Its object (in your English opinion) is anarchy and revolution. It takes the life of a bad King or a bad Minister, as if the one and the other were dangerous wild beasts, to be shot at the first opportunity. I grant you this. But the laws of the Brotherhood are the laws of the most perfect social union on the face of the earth. The members are not known to one another. There is a President in Italy, there is a President in England, to whom these his Secretary. The Presidents and the Secretaries know the members; but the members, among themselves, are all strangers until their chiefs see fit, in the political necessity of the time, or in the private necessity of the Society, to make them known to each other. With such a safeguard as this, there is no oath among us on admittance. We are identified with the Brotherhood by a secret mark, which we all bear, which lasts for life. We are bound to give up all account our ordinary business, and to report ourselves to the President or the Secretary four times a year, in the event of our services being required. We are forbidden to betray the Brotherhood, or if we injure it by serving other interests, that we die by the principles of the Society—die by the hand of a stranger who may be sent from the other end of the world to strike the blow, or by the hand of our own brother, who may have been a member unknown to us through all the years of our intimacy. Sometimes the death is delayed; sometimes it follows close on the breach of duty. It is our first business to know how to punish—our second, to know how to escape, when the word is spoken. Some of us may seem our lives through, and may not be wanted. Some of us may be called to the work, or to the preparation for the work, the very day of our admission. I myself—the little, easy, cheerful man you know—I, in my own person, could hardly lift up his handkerchief to strike down the fly that buzzes about his face—I, in my younger days, by provocation so dreadful that I will not tell you of it, entered the Brotherhood by an impulse, as I might have killed with a sword in a duel. I must remain in it now—it has got me, whatever I may think of it in my better circumstances and my cooler mood, to my dying day. While I was still in Italy, I was chosen Secretary; and all the members whose names were brought to me, to write with my President, were brought face to face also with me."

He began to understand him; I saw the end toward which his extraordinary disclosure was now tending. He waited at moment, watching me earnestly—evidently that he had anything guessed what was passing in my mind, before he resumed.

"You have drawn your own conclusion already," he said. "I see it in your face. Tell me nothing; keep me out of the secret of your thoughts. Let me make my one last sacrifice of myself, for your sake—and then have done with this subject, and return to it again, never!"

He signed to me not to answer him—rose, removed his coat, and rolled up the shirt-sleeve on his left arm.

"I promised you that this confidence should be complete," he whispered, speaking close at my ear, and with his head looking watchful at the door. "Whatever comes of it, you shall not reproach me with having hidden any thing from you which it was necessary for your interests to know. I have said that the Brotherhood identifies its members by a secret mark for life. See the place, and the mark on it, for yourself."

He raised his bare arm, and showed me, high on the upper part of it, close to the inner side, a brand deeply burned in the flesh, and stained of a bright blood-red color. I abstain from describing it more particularly than the broad report-ed. It will be sufficient to say that it was circular in form, and so small that it would have been completely covered by a shilling piece.

"A man who has this mark, branded in this place, is a member of the Brotherhood. A man who has been false to the Brotherhood is discovered, sooner or later, by the chiefs who know him—Presidents or Secretaries, as the case may be. And a man discovered by the chiefs is dead. *My Second Self never dies.* Remember that—what you have seen and heard; draw what conclusions you like; act as you please. But, in the name of God, remember you discover, however you do, tell me nothing! Let me remain free from a responsibility which it horrifies me to think of even! I know, in my conscience, this is not my responsibility now. For the last time, I say I swear it—I swear it solemnly, on my oath as a Christian, if that man you pointed out at the Opera knows me, he is so altered, or so disguised, that I do not know him. I am ignorant of his proceedings or his purposes in England—I never saw him, I never heard his name, to my knowledge, before to-night. I say no more. Leave me a little, Walter: I am overpowered by what has happened: I am shaken by what I have said. Let me try to be like myself again, when we meet next."

He forgot me, for the time, and, turning away from me, hid his face in his hands. I gently opened the door, so as not to disturb him, and left him to recover himself in low tones, which he might hear or not, as he pleased.

"I will keep the memory of to-night in my heart of hearts," I said. "You shall never repent the trust you have reposed in me. May I come to you to-morrow? May I come as early as nine o'clock?"

"Yes, Walter," he replied, looking up at me kindly, and speaking in English once more, as if his one anxiety now was to get back to our former relations toward each other. "Come to my little bit of breakfast, before I go my way among my pupils that I teach."

"Good-night, Pesca."

"Good-night, my friend."

IV.

My first conviction, as soon as I found myself outside the house, was that the opportunities was left me but to act at once on the information I had obtained, and to make sure of the Count that night, or to risk the loss of my only deputed till the morning, of Laura's last chance. I looked at my watch: it was ten o'clock.

Not the shadow of a doubt crossed my mind of the purpose for which the Count had left the theatre. His escape from us that evening was, beyond all question, the preliminary only to his escape from London. The mark of the Brotherhood was in my sense—I in my certain of it as if he had shown me the brand; and the betrayal of the Brotherhood was on his conscience—I had seen it in his recognition of Pesca.

It was easy to understand why that recognition had not been mutual. A man of the Count's strength of mind would never risk the terrible consequences of turning spy without looking to his personal security quite as carefully as he looked to his golden reward. The shaven face, which I had pointed out at the Opera, might even have been altered by a hundred tricks. Jane's his dark-brown hair might be a wig. The accident of time might have helped him as well; his immunity from vigilance might have come with his later years. There was every reason why Pesca should not have known him again—every reason, also, why he should have known Pesca, whose singular personal appearance made a hundred men remember him to one who would.

I have said that I felt certain of the purpose in the Count's mind when he escaped us at the theatre. Indeed I doubt, myself, if what I say with my own eyes, that he believed himself, in spite of the obvious in his appearance, to have been recognized by Pesca, and by no other person, in danger of his life? If I could get speech of him that night—if I could show him that I, too, knew of the fatal peril in which he stood—what result would follow? Plainly this. One of us must be master of the situation—one of us must force the life at the mercy of the other.

I owed it to myself to consider the chances against me, before I confronted them. I owed it to my wife to do all that lay in my power to lessen the risk.

The circumstance upon me wanted no reckoning up: they were all merged in one. If the Count discovered, by my own avowal, that the direct way to his safety lay through my life, he was probably the last man in existence who would shrink from throwing me off my guard and taking that way. He knew he had me alone within his reach. The only means of defence against him on which I could at all rely to lessen the risk, presented themselves to me, after a little careful thinking, clearly enough. Before I made any personal acknowledgment of my knowledge in his presence, I must place the discovery itself where it would be ready for instant use against him, and safe from any attempt to destroy it on his part. If I laid the mine under his feet before I approached him, and if I left instructions with a friend to apply the fire it on the expiration of a certain time, unless directions to the contrary were previously received under my own hand or from my own lips, I felt that, even if the Count's security was absolutely dependent upon mine, and I might hold the vantage-ground over him secretly, we were on his own terms.

This idea occurred to me when I was close to my own lodgings which we had taken on returning from the sea-side. I went in, without disturbing any one, by the help of my key. A light was in the hall; and I found my wife at it to my work-room, to make my preparations, and absolutely to commit myself to an interview with the Count, before either Laura or Marian could have the slightest suspicion of what I intended to do.

A letter addressed to Pesca represented the surest measure of precaution which it was now possible for me to take. It was as follows:

"The man whom I pointed out to you at the Opera is a member of the Brotherhood, and has been false to the trust. You both know the love you once bore me, use the power intrusted to you, without mercy and without delay, against that man. I have reached a clue to his life, and the forfeit of my failure has been paid with my life."

I signed and dated these lines, inclosed them in an envelope, and sealed it up. On the outside I wrote the direction: "Keep these inclosures unopened until nine o'clock to-morrow morning. If you do not hear from me, or see me, before that hour, break the seal then the clock strikes, and read the contents." I added my initials; and protected the whole by inclosing it in a second sealed envelope, addressed to Pesca at his lodgings.

Nothing remained to be done after this but to find the means of sending my letter to its destination immediately. I should then have accomplished all that lay in my power. If any thing happened to me in the Count's house, I had now provided for his answering it with his life. I had taken means of preventing his escape under any circumstances whatever were at Pes-

ca's disposal, if he chose to exert them, I did not for an instant doubt. The extraordinary anxiety which he had expressed to remain unenlightened as to the Count's identity—or, in other words, to be left uncertain enough about facts to justify him to his own conscience in remaining passive—betrayed plainly that the means of exercising the terrible justice of the Brotherhood were ready to his hand, although as a natural human man, he had shrunk from plainly saying as much in my presence. The deadly certainty with which the mysterious organization of secrecy societies can hunt down a traitor to the cause, hide himself where he may, had been long ago exemplified, even to my superficial experience, to allow of any doubt. Considering the subject only as a reader of newspapers, I remembered in my memory that in London and in Paris, of foreigners found stabbed in the streets, whose assassins could never be traced—of bodies and parts of bodies thrown into the Thames and the Seine, by hands that could never be discovered—of deaths by secret violence which could only be accounted for in one way. I have disguised nothing relative to myself in these pages; and I do not disguise here, that I believed I had written Count Fosco's death-warrant, if the fatal emergency happened which authorized Pesca to open my enclosure.

I left my room to go down to the ground-floor of the house and speak to the servant about finding me a messenger. He happened to be ascending the stairs at the time, and we met on the landing. His son, a quick lad, was the messenger he proposed to me, on hearing what I wanted. Before he had the boy up-stairs, I gave him his directions. He was to take the letter in a cab, to put it into Professor Pesca's own hands, and to bring me back a written acknowledgment from that gentleman—returning in the cab, and keeping it at the door for my use. It was then nearly half-past two. I calculated that the boy might be back in twenty minutes, and that I might drive to St. John's Wood, on his return, in twenty minutes more.

When the lad had departed on his errand, I returned to my own room for a little while, to put certain papers in order, so that they might be easily found in case of the worst. The key of the old-fashioned bureau in which those papers were kept I sealed up, and left it on my table, with Marian's name written on the outside of the little packet in which I had inclosed it—next to the sitting-room, in which I expected to find Laura and Marian awaiting my return from the Opera. I then stood trembling for a short time when I laid it on the lock of the door.

No one was in the room but Marian. As she was reading a book she looked at her watch in surprise when I came in.

"How early you are back!" she said. "You must have gone before the Opera was over."

"Yes," I replied; "neither Pesca nor I wanted for the end. Where is Laura?"

She had one of her bad headaches this evening, and advised her to go to bed when we had done tea."

I left the room again, on the pretext of wishing to speak with Laura also. Marian's too quick eyes were beginning to look inquiringly at my face—Marian's quick instinct was beginning to suspect that I had something of weighty on my mind.

When I entered the bedchamber, and softly approached the bedside by the dim flicker of the night-lamp, my wife was asleep.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

RECENT STATE ELECTIONS.

The Democratic State ticket held in North Carolina on 2d inst., and in Kentucky, Missouri, Arkansas, and Texas on 6th, 7th, and 8th inst., will be retained in every respect. From Arkansas and Texas we have no returns worth mentioning. It is probable, however, that in the former State, where the contest lay between Douglas and Breckinridge Democrats, the latter have the majority. Gen. Smith Coffee is the Democratic candidate for Governor. Eight Congressmen have been elected; but the Republican candidate, Poole, has polled a much larger vote than any Democrat. In Kentucky, in 1859, the vote for Democrat had a majority of 16,257 over M'Kee (Opposition); now it is reported that Ellis has a majority of 6,000. Complete returns from thirty counties show a Democratic gain of 7,000. In Kentucky a Judge of the Court of Appeals was elected. The successful candidate was General Joseph Lane, the candidate of the Breckinridge party, who beat the Breckinridge candidate by several thousand majority. The defeat of the Douglas party by the Breckinridge is due to the personal popularity of General Lane; but it shows that the Breckinridge is in opposition on the part of Kentucky to commit herself to the views of the extreme Southern leaders. Lane is for neither our intrigue as to secession. Four candidates for Governor were in the field, and several candidates for Congress and State officers. It seems probable, as the Presidential votes will be given, that Douglas will receive over 10,000 Democratic opponents, and that Bell (Opposition) has elected his candidate to Congress, for the last term, from the 1st Congressional district.

STATE CONVENTIONS.

The Breckinridge democracy of New York State met at Syracuse on 8th, and on 9th nominated the following ticket for State officers: *For Lieutenant-Governor*—H. R. Weed, of Jefferson. *For Canal Commissioner*—John Van Alstyne, of Onondaga; *For State Prison Inspector*—Robert Denniston, of Ulster. The substance of Resolutions on the Douglas Democrats was disconcordanced, and the Richmond platform adopted.

The Fusion Democratic Convention met at Cincinnati, and Presidential electors were appointed, with instructions to cast their vote of the State for candidate having the highest number of votes. The Hon. Thomas Ewing appeared to be the leading man in the Convention.

The New Jersey Republicans met at Trenton on 8th, appointed Presidential electors, affirmed the Chicago platform, and passed various resolutions of no public importance.

THE FILIBUSTER WALKER AGAIN.

The New Orleans *Delta* confirms the statement that General Walker left the island of Roatan on 30th ult., but denies that the cover of Central America was his immediate destination. When he found that he could get no possession of the British authorities, he very prudently determined to avoid becoming involved in any distinct with the Government of Honduras or of England, and so set sail for another island in the vicinity, whence, the *Delta* intimates, we have heard the last of him, except as he may be heard from by the Bay Islanders, or by the San Juan River. By this time, in all probability, he is in Nicaragua.

MORE METEORS.

Three distinct meteors have been seen above our horizon almost within as many weeks—and that is unusual in the age, when course was tracked over a distance of more than a thousand miles by the electric wire, and then subsequently in many of the Southern States; and the Boston *Journal* says that another has been seen to-night in this vicinity, making a small air, on Monday night.

THE SCIENTIFIC ASSOCIATION.

The newspaper reports of the publication of their opus last week to the publication of reports of the proceedings of the American Scientific Association, which body has been holding its fourteenth annual meeting at the metropolis of the Union. Now, this Association, as for the consideration of this body of various embryo schools of philosophy, such as ethnology, geology, physiology, natural history, and the recent meteoric phenomena. The proceedings of the Association were concluded on Wednesday, 8th inst. The next annual meeting will be held in Montreal, Canada, in April next.

MRS. DOUGLAS AT NEWPORT.

The Boston *Journal*'s correspondent, Burleigh, writes as follows of Mr. Douglas's last report. Mrs. Douglas was dressed in the Di Vernon style—a jaunty school dress hat, draped like an inverted cup, with a short white ball hanging on the edge, gave her a youthful and school-girl appearance—with a dark riding habit, half skirt and half sack, a cross between a riding habit and a loose morning gown, and a pair of boots that would do for a young Miss who had thrown her brides aside for August, and had taken a run with the hounds in the mountains of Newport, rather than the less-excellent of the lady of the White House. Mrs. Douglas has been here at Newport she entertained her friends with the incidents of her journey over the Western prairies, and they were no comical enough. How at Council Bluffs she was not even found grace enough to get a bed, and must go and herself all about. How some ancient young men insisted on having a ball in her honor, and how she had to sit out mortuary lady by mistake, and made her such a complimentary address. How at Omaha, the city of Douglas-carried Rhode Island she must save cloaks, and how hard she found it to get them. How the Mormons have an delectable—and other matters. How she would not go to the opera because she had heard Alboni, and took on the crew that her husband was addressing, and then at the same time, with a woman's tact, would not intended for her own ears—all related with infinite relish and glowing good-humor, with almost childish grace."

A SUPPOSED MURDER.

Much excitement was caused last week by rumors of a supposed murder in Jersey City. On the night of 7th, on the morning of its two fishermen found, near the Hackensack River, a man lying on the road in a pool of blood, hair, and brains, while close by was a pool of blood, whence it was inferred that the man had been killed. Some of which was also covered with blood, giving rise to the supposition that the body had been dragged, cut to pieces and sunk in the ocean. Other indications that a murder had been committed were found in the shape of a dress spots that they heard the noise of a scuffle and the report of a pistol on the night.

A thorough examination was made by the authorities, and the effect was that the body was found to be that of the stewards of one of the boats, who procures wood and coal at points on the river. It is said that, in obtaining them together, smeared the mixture over a child in a boat—and so created a belief that an atrocious murder had been committed.

ABDUCTION OF A BOY.

The other day occurred the trial, on the decision of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts restoring Charles T. Hice, the minor child of Mr. Hice, of Hingham, to his mother, Elizabeth N. Thorndike, of Boston, to his father. The boy was taken away from his mother by his father, and sent to Nahant, kept by Mr. Estil. Two open carriages drove up to the residence of Mrs. Thorndike (Mr. Hice), and lines were alighted and entered. One of them seized the trucker boy, and carried him to another carriage, and drove off. The third rallied stole the boy, and thrusting him into one of the carriages, drove off with him. Mrs. Thorndike then took refuge in the teacher and followed. The first took upon a circuitous route to Nahant, where the boy handed delivered was offered for him. A man was sent to the Hingham jail for the part he took in the affair. Others have been sent in every direction to apprehend them. It is supposed they will flee with the boy to the Hice's country, probably by way of Canada.

THE PRESIDENT ON HIS WAY TO THE "GREAT HASTRICK."

President Buchanan, accompanied by Miss Lane, Secretary Toucey, and a large party of friends and officials, visited the *Great Eastern* in Annapolis Roads on Wednesday. The ship left for Newfoundland, on her return to New York, on Friday evening.

PERSONAL.

Monsieur De Lesseps arrived before the public again. He is about throwing a tongues bridge across the Niagara River, near the Falls, and has commenced the work. He is not in honor of the Prince of Wales.

Mr. Thackeray, the novelist, is in the family, were among the passengers by the *Thomas Powell* on Tuesday last. He is distinguished by a white hat, and is going to the Isle of Point, where they are spending a few days.

Friends of Governor Wise will be glad to hear of his health as such that it is extremely doubtful whether he again ventures out into the open air during the season. The venerable statesman is sojourning at Detroit.

Mr. Lincoln's counsel in the case before Judge Davis for non-attendance as juryman. The Governor had the usual excuse to offer—that he had business of importance to do.

We regret to learn that Dr. Carnochan is suffering very severely from suppurative inflammation of the right eye, and that serious apprehensions are entertained for the perpetual effusion of a late portion of the sight. We hope that the Doctor will take care of his head, which to this distinguished gentleman is of more value than to any other person, perhaps, to himself and the community.

We are gratifying to the friends of Rev. William S. Morrison, and lady, to learn that letters have been received announcing their safe arrival, on May 17, at their way to the Mission field in China. It will be remembered that Mr. and Mrs. Morrison sailed from in February last, in the ship *N. B. Palmer*. The agreeable society and courteous attentions of Captain Low and his amiable lady, had rendered the voyage thus far an exceedingly pleasant one to the missionary party.

Achmi-Beg Tatarabey, of Beyrout, has presented to the Sultan a very valuable horse fine Arabian stallion and two mares, whose arrived at Bostan is looked for daily.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

SICILY IN PARLIAMENT.

In the House of Commons, on the 7th, 9th, 10th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22d, 23d, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 32d, 33d, 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th, 38th, 39th, 40th, 41st, 42d, 43d, 44th, 45th, 46th, 47th, 48th, 49th, 50th, 51st, 52d, 53d, 54th, 55th, 56th, 57th, 58th, 59th, 60th, 61st, 62d, 63d, 64th, 65th, 66th, 67th, 68th, 69th, 70th, 71st, 72d, 73d, 74th, 75th, 76th, 77th, 78th, 79th, 80th, 81st, 82d, 83d, 84th, 85th, 86th, 87th, 88th, 89th, 90th, 91st, 92d, 93d, 94th, 95th, 96th, 97th, 98th, 99th, 100th, 101st, 102d, 103d, 104th, 105th, 106th, 107th, 108th, 109th, 110th, 111th, 112th, 113th, 114th, 115th, 116th, 117th, 118th, 119th, 120th, 121st, 122d, 123d, 124th, 125th, 126th, 127th, 128th, 129th, 130th, 131st, 132d, 133d, 134th, 135th, 136th, 137th, 138th, 139th, 140th, 141st, 142d, 143d, 144th, 145th, 146th, 147th, 148th, 149th, 150th, 151st, 152d, 153d, 154th, 155th, 156th, 157th, 158th, 159th, 160th, 161st, 162d, 163d, 164th, 165th, 166th, 167th, 168th, 169th, 170th, 171st, 172d, 173d, 174th, 175th, 176th, 177th, 178th, 179th, 180th, 181st, 182d, 183d, 184th, 185th, 186th, 187th, 188th, 189th, 190th, 191st, 192d, 193d, 194th, 195th, 196th, 197th, 198th, 199th, 200th, 201st, 202d, 203d, 204th, 205th, 206th, 207th, 208th, 209th, 210th, 211th, 212th, 213th, 214th, 215th, 216th, 217th, 218th, 219th, 220th, 221st, 222d, 223d, 224th, 225th, 226th, 227th, 228th, 229th, 230th, 231st, 232d, 233d, 234th, 235th, 236th, 237th, 238th, 239th, 240th, 241st, 242d, 243d, 244th, 245th, 246th, 247th, 248th, 249th, 250th, 251st, 252d, 253d, 254th, 255th, 256th, 257th, 258th, 259th, 260th, 261st, 262d, 263d, 264th, 265th, 266th, 267th, 268th, 269th, 270th, 271st, 272d, 273d, 274th, 275th, 276th, 277th, 278th, 279th, 280th, 281st, 282d, 283d, 284th, 285th, 286th, 287th, 288th, 289th, 290th, 291st, 292d, 293d, 294th, 295th, 296th, 297th, 298th, 299th, 300th, 301st, 302d, 303d, 304th, 305th, 306th, 307th, 308th, 309th, 310th, 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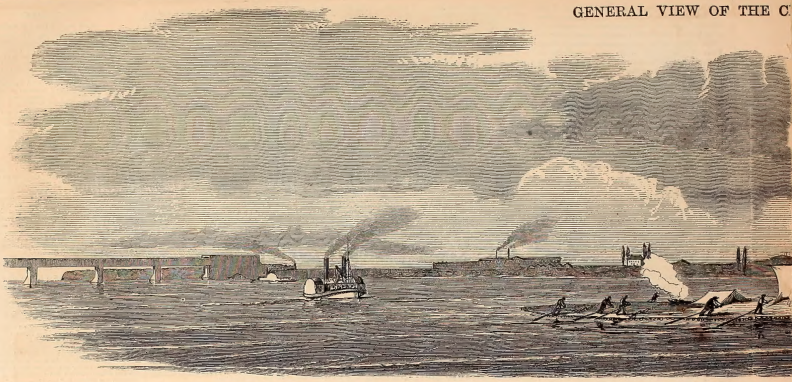

THE CITY OF MONTREAL, CANADA.

We publish herewith a general view of the city of Montreal, Canada, where the Prince of Wales will be received in a few days. Montreal, though not the capital of the Province, is its greatest and richest city: the grand reception of the royal visitor will take place there.

Montreal is over two hundred years old. When the French first ascended the St. Lawrence, they found a ruined Indian settlement called Hochelaga, on the island of Montreal; but they did not think much of the site, and devoted their chief attention to building up a town at Quebec. It was not till 1641 that Monsieur de Montmagny, the successor of Champlain, aided by the Jesuits, staked out an inclosure and erected a French fort on the site of the present city of Montreal.

The idea of the first settlers of Montreal was religious, not commercial. A society of thirty-five pious Catholics, among whom certain Jesuits held the predominance, obtained a concession of the island from the King of France, and proposed to convert it into an asylum for the Indians and the poor. Every one was to be received there on a footing of equality, and enabled to earn his living by his labor; the only condition required of new-comers was that they should be Roman Catholics. After sixteen years' trial of the experiment, the Society abandoned it in despair — very few Indians or Europeans having accepted their terms and settled. The island was ceded to the Seminary of Montreal, then as now the most powerful corporation in that section of country. The Seminary held the island for thirty-five years; then, failing, as their predecessors had done, they re-ceded it to the King of France, reserving, however, in their possession the choicest sites and richest valleys.

During the next half century Montreal was the scene of many Indian outrages and hard-fought fights. In those days the Five Nations were powerful, and could bring imposing armies into the field. It was as much as the French could do to keep a footing on the island, and to repel the savages who every few years swooped down upon it with sword and torch. In 1721, the Chevalier de Callières built "a poor palisade with bastions, and a little redoubt on a small eminence." In 1740 it was surrounded by a wall, which long ago disappeared. — Fifteen to twenty years later we hear of it as a straggling town, stretching for a mile along the river bank; mostly owned by religious bodies—the Seminary, the Fathers of St. Sulpice the Knights

...Y OF MONTREAL, CANADA.

Hospitallers, and various convents of nuns; carrying on a brisk trade in furs and other indigenous produce with the Indians in June and July; and boasting two good platform bat eries by way of defense. A wag who traveled at the time says that Montreal deserves to be remembered as the place where the worst rum in the world is sold. In every respect, except so far as the Indian trade was concerned, Montreal took rank below Quebec.

In the war which terminated in the conquest of Canada by the British, Montreal took a secondary part. Quebec, Niagara, and Ticonderoga had fallen into the hands of the English before Montreal was attacked; M. de Montcalm was dead; the Franco-Canadian army was demoralized; the invaders were flushed with victory, and strong in numbers; so that altogether, when the British General landed his army on the island, there was no decent pretext for resistance, and the city passed out of the hands of the French without a struggle in 1760.

Just fifteen years afterward — during which it may be presumed that Montreal had not greatly prospered, as we learn that its fortifications were in decay, and its population not over two or three thousand— Ethan Allen made a wild attempt to seize the place, was captured, and sent in irons to England. Montgomery was more successful. After reducing St. Johns, he entered Montreal in November, 1775, and took prisoners General Prescott and the garrison. That winter Montreal was held by the American forces, and, after the unsuccessful attack upon Quebec, was governed by the famous Arnold. Want of support compelled this General to evacuate the place in June, 1776; since which time it has always remained in the possession of the British.

During the last war an imposing expedition against Montreal was fitted out on the upper lakes, and actually began to sail down the river. But it was unfortunate in every respect; the officers quarreled with each other; the chief was unfit for the command; the army was ill-equipped; the season was late; so, after a skirmish by the way, the expedition returned, having effected nothing.

As a commercial city Montreal has won a high position. It is beyond all question the first city in British North America. The people seem to have an energy which reminds one of the United States. — Happily situate, at the head of ocean navigation, and at the mouth of the Ottawa and Upper St. Lawrence, it has naturally become a general dépôt for Canadian produce. The Grank Trunk Railway will doubtless increase its importance, and assist

A RIDE FOR A DAY.

THE ROMANCE OF A LIFE.

By CHARLES LEVER.

AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," "HARRY LORREQUER," ETC., ETC.

I.

I HAD heard and read frequently of the exhilarating sensations of horse exercise. My fit low-standard was full of stories of the hunting-field and the race-course. Wherever, indeed, a horse figured in a narrative there was an almost certainty of meeting some incident to stir the blood and warm up enthusiasm; and even the passing glimpses one caught of sporting prints in shop-windows were all suggestive of the pleasure imparted by a noble and chivalrous pastime.

I never closed my eyes all night, revolving such thoughts in my head. I had so worked up my enthusiasm that I felt like one who is about to cross the frontier of some new land where people, language, ways, and habits are all unknown to him. "By this hour to-morrow night," thought I, "I shall be in the land of strangers, who have never seen so much as heard of me before. There, will invade no traditions of the scoffs and gibes I have so long endured; none will have received the disparaging estimate of my abilities, which my class-fellows love to propagate; I shall simply be the traveler who arrived at nightfall and took on a re-creation pulfrey—a stranger, sad-looking, but gentle withal, of courteous address, blandly demanding lodging for the night. 'Look to my fellow hostler,' shall I say, as I enter the honey-suckle-covered porch of the 'Golden Blondel,' I will call him—Blondel is accustomed to kindly usage." With what quiet dignity, the repose of a consciousness, do I follow the lively waiter as he shows me to my room! It is humble, but neat and orderly. I am contented. I tell him no. I am rated above the luxury; quick as a gilded and glittering existence. I am in search of repose and solitude. I order my tea, and if I ask the name of the village, I only care to show by my inattention that I have not heard the answer, nor do I care for it.

Now I shall be left alone, for one they are canvassing me in the bar, and what they think of me in the stable. I am, doubtless, a sort of a youth heart-broken by infidelity in love; or moyn hap, a dreadful criminal. I almost think I liked this last. At all events, the interest was a pleasure; not to say that there is to men who are not constitutionally courageous an intense pleasure in being able to excite terror in others.

I sit at my tea with the window open, the moonlight beams across the floor, and I have extinguished the candles, the better to drink in its mild radiance. I know that all this puzzles the girl, who has just forced on the kettle, and I am delighted at being such mystery to every one.

What a mystery must my volume of Uhland have been to them, for I see they have been turning over the pages while I was absent in the stable. Perhaps they are interested to know who and what I am, whence I have come, and whither I am going; and now comes in the landlord on a tiptoe walk, as he can't endure it any longer, and is resolved to find out where, at least, I am bound for. Cunning dog, he tells me that if I am going to the Seven Churches a short road lies through Sir Somebody's demesne, and that I should do well to send my card with compliments, and the permission will be promptly accorded me. I resist haughtily, and reply that I only desire a name on those of my own acquaintance, and that I never so much as heard of his baronet before. Is he not overcome with shame? Does he not shrink under the half severity of my rebuke? And now, once more alone, I revel in the immeasurable freedom of a whole world before me. And what a book is this same world! Not like the novels and romances which deceive it, and whose contraptions you can guess ere you have finished the first chapter—w'ill knowing how Frederick was misled at his birth, and how miserably were the last hours of that wretch Conrad. No; the world's tales were full of surprises and unexpected turns, and so far from leading back to the main road, went boldly away from it forever. To track out these meanderings, see where they led to, and how they lost themselves, would give an interest to existence far higher than any ordinary round offers. I am startled suddenly from my reverie. I hear a horse's feet on the silent street. I look out—day is just breaking—and perceive Blondel at the door; my hour of adventure has struck, and noiselessly descending the stairs, I issue forth.

"He is a trifle tender on the fore feet, your honor," said Tim, as I mounted, "but when you get him off the stones on a nice piece of soft road, he'll go like a four-year old."

"But he is young, Tim, isn't he?" asked I, as I touched him with my half-crown.

"Well, not to tell your honor a lie, he is not," said Tim, with the energy of a man whose veracity had cost him something little less than a spasm.

"How old would you call him, then?" asked I, in that affected ease that seemed to say, "Not that it matters to me if he were Methuselah."

"I couldn't come to his age exactly, your honor," replied he, "but I remember seeing him, fifteen years ago, dancing a hornpipe, more by token for his own beauty; it was at Cooke's Circus in Abbey Street, and there wasn't a hair's difference between him now and then, except, perhaps, that he is not as white in the face, where you just see the mark a little darker now, that's all."

"But that is a star, plain enough," said I, half vexed.

"Well, it is, and it is not," muttered Tim, doggedly, for he was not quite satisfied with my rights to disagree with him.

"He's gentle, at all events?" said I, more confidently.

"He's a lamb, that's what he is!" replied he. "If you were to see him in the field with the cows run over his back, when he's wounded in Timour the Tartar, you wouldn't believe he was a livin' baste."

"Poor fellow!" said I, caressing him. He turned his mild eye upon me, and we were friends from that hour.

What a glorious morning it was, as I gained the outskirts of the city, and entered one of those shady alleys that lead to the first slopes of the mountains! The birds were just opening their morning hymn, and the fresh, still odor of the night dew was yet in a thousand delicious perfumes. The road on either side of me was one succession of gardens, villas, and ornamental cottages, whose grounds were laid out in the perfection of landscape gardening. There were but few people abroad as yet, for it was early hour, and in the smokeless chimneys and cloud-shutters I could read that all slept—kept in that luxurious repose which is morning, and seems to revel in the sense of her unqualified loveliness. "Ah, Pets," said I to myself, "thou hast chosen the wisest part; then will see the world after this own guise, and not as others see it." Here a reader can stop a while to look at a picture-gallery the slightest chan.e of place, a move to the left or right, a chance approach or retreat, and you have not served a long confusion of color and gloss a rich and beautiful picture? So it is in the actual world, and just as much depends on the point from which objects are viewed. Do not be discouraged, then, by the dark aspect of events. It may be that by the slightest change in side or in bias, some unlooked-for sunlight shall slant down and light up all the scene. Thus musing, I gained a little grassy slope, where the road took sudden, and gently touching Blondel with my heel he broke out into a delightful canter, and as I kept skimming the motion, it seemed a perfect ecstasy to sit there floating at will through the thin air, with the panorama of wood, water, and mountain around me.

Emerging at length from the thickly wooded road, I found myself on the Three Rock Mountain, and in my slackened speed had full time to gaze upon the bay beneath me, broken with many a picturesque promontory, and dotted by the broad bluff of Howth, and the more distant Lambay. No, it is not finer than Naples, I did not say it was; but I will say it is very well, and I thought it could not be surpassed. Indeed I went further, and in my enthusiasm defied Naples in this fashion:

Though no volcano's lurid light
Over thy blue sea steals along,
Nor fiery heights the sun-set smite
With radiance of his simple song—

Though neat cottages, a laborer's daughters
With tinkling lute thy echoes wake,
Mingling their voices with the waters,
As 'neath the prow the ripples break;

Although no cliffs with myrtle crown'd,
Rich-cest to thy sea-side come,
Nor olives, bending to the ground,
Relieve the laurel's darker green;

Yet—yet—

Ah, there was the difficulty—I had begun with the plaintiff, and I really hadn't a word to say for the defendant—not a line that could set the Pigeon House and the Baillie Light, Dalkey Island and Killiney! What a dolt! But, to be sure, I had my remedy in the law of my wind, and the air of the mountain was brisk enough almost to be sharp; and so, writing comparisons across, I set forward in high spirits.

As I rode into Enniskerry to breakfast I had the satisfaction of overhearing several very flattering comments upon Blondel, which rather consoled me for some less laudatory remarks upon my own inexperience. "I'll be bound he was possibly be a more ignorant swesman than to say a man rides like a tailor? Why, of all trades, who so constantly astride—excepting only a tailor? and yet he is the especial mark of this impertinence.

I strolled briskly on after breakfast, and soon found myself in the deep shady woods that lead to the Dargle. Delicious grove made for lovers, arbors sacred to pienics, how I enjoyed spots to dally with Amaryllis or a lobster salad, and to drink out of cocoa-nut cups of champagne. In good truth, I hurried through the picturesque demesne, associated as it was with a thousand little recollections of city junketings, and rode on for the Glen of the Downs. Blondel and I had now established a most admirable understanding with each other. It was a sort of reciprocity treaty, by which I bound myself never to control him, he to have concession not to unseat me. He gave the initiative to the system by setting off at his pleasant little rocking canter whenever he chanced upon a bit of favorable ground, and invariably pulled up when the road was stony or uneven; thus showing me that he was a horse with what Lord Brougham would call "a wise discretion." In like manner would he halt to pluck any stray wisp of wild grass that grew along the hedge sides, and occasionally shake his thirst at convenient streamlets. If I dismounted to walk at his side he moved along unheld, his head almost touching my elbow, and his plaintive blue eye mildly beaming on me with an expression that almost spoke—nay, it did speak. I'm sure I felt it, as though I could swear to it, whispering, "Yes, Potts, two more friendless creatures than ourselves are not to be found. The world wants not either of us; not that we abuse it, despise it, or treat it ungenerously—rather the reverse, we endure favorably, and, if need would, occasion serving, befriend it; but we are not, so to say, at its." There must be few and there, a man or a horse that would understand or appreciate us, but they stand alone—they are not belonging to classes. They are, like ourselves, exceptional." If his expression said this much, there was much unspoken melancholy in his sad glance ance—that which seemed to say, "What a deal of sorrow could I reveal if I might—what injuries, what wrong, what cruel misconception of my nature and disposition, what mistaken notions of my character and intentions! What pretentious stupidity, too, have I seen preferred before me—nay, I'll not say before, but even cost a or more silky forelock—" "Ah, Blondel, take courage; men are just as ungenerous, just as erring!" I'll not add that I have had my triumphs too," would be seen to say, as, cocking his ears, and arching his neck a more proud toss of the head, his tail would describe an arch like a waterfall; "no salmon-colored silk stockings danced attendance on my track; I was ever ridden in the Haute Ecole by Monsieur L'Etrier himself, the stately gentleman in jack-boots and snow-white cravat, who twice five minutes no persuasive braves could ever prolong. And though at times I would take off his hat whereever his is seen to worship, I used it as though it were my own, bowing gracefully over it, nothing rude in the gesture, for I felt all the dignity of the horse in my heart. And now it is all past and over; no more chalked saddles; no more cocked hats; never again am I to be told that Peri of Paradise hanging with disheveled hair over the back of that stern monster in the leopard skin, and shall my car be slandered with that welcome 'Here we are!' as those emblems of drollery come bounding over each other into the ring? I thought—nay, I was certain at times—that I could read in his thoughtful face the painful sorrows of one who had outlived popularity, and who had survived to see himself supplanted and dethroned; some docile Hanoverian, some frisky bark, perhaps, having carried away the suffrages of that ever fickle public.

I am willing to confess it was on this reading of my horse and his character that I attached myself so strongly to him. There are no two destinies which seem to do so well together as that of him who is beaten down by sheer distrust of himself, and that of the man who has been seized upon as the last resource of a party. Even though the one is going out of office, and the other is going out of it, if they meet on the threshold they stop to form a friendship. Though Blondel was not a man, he supplied to my friendlessness the place of one.

The inn was near its setting as I rode down the little hill into the village of Ashford, a picturesque little spot in the midst of mountains, and with a bright, clear stream bounding through it as fearlessly as though in all the liberty of open country. I tried to make my entrance what stage people call effective. I threw myself, albeit a little jaded, into an attitude of easy indifference, crossed my hat a little to one side, and suffered the sprig of laburnum with which I had adorned it to droop in graceful guise over my shoulder. The villagers stared, some saluted me, and, taken perhaps by the cool acquiescence of my manner as I received the courtesy, were well disposed to believe me of some note. Even these small tributes, administered to the world's vanity, I duly elevated and cheered me; and I felt that I was not—taking sunset, village, the mountains, the tumbling rivulet, and my own figure into account—I was not, I say, very unlike the sort of "get up" with which many a thrilling story in those volumes I had read so much so, that it was not without an effort I could refrain from addressing one of the loiterers in the street with, "Last from the mutiny, which is the best hostel here?"

Even, however, without this inquiry I rode into the little stable-yard of the Lamb, and dismounted. I gave up my horse, and walked into the inn. I was now how others felt—I—I greatly doubt if they will have the honesty to tell—but for myself I am free to confess that I never entered a room for the first without a most uncomfortable conflict within—a struggle made up of two very antagonistic impulses—the wish to attract something important, and a lively terror lest the pretense should turn out to be costly. This moved and swayed by opposing motives, I sought a compromise by assuming that I was incog., for the present a nobody, and to be treated without any special distinction, and to whom the acme of respect would be a seeming indifference.

"What sort of village called?" said I, carelessly, to the waiter, as he laid the cloth for dinner.

"Ashford, your honor. 'Tis down in all the books."

"Very like," said I, in the same careless tone. "Is it noted for any thing; or is there any thing remarkable in the neighborhood?"

"Indeed there is, Sir, and plenty. There's Glenmalure and the Devil's Glen; and there's Mr. Snow Malone's place, that every body goes to see; and there's the fishing of Doyle's River —trout, eight, nine, maybe twelve, pounds' weight; and there's Mr. Reeves's cottage—a fairies cottage belike—at Kinmacwood, but to be sure, they must be an order for that."

"Oh, I never give myself such trouble," said I indolently. "Who have you got in the house at present?"

"There's young Lord Keldrum, Sir, and two more with him, for the fishing; and the next room to you here, there's Father Dyke, from Inistioge, and he's going, by the same token, to ride with him the end to-day."

"Don't mention to his lordship that I am here," said I, hastily. "I desire to be quite unknown down here."

The waiter pondered the most implicit obedience to my commands, without ever vouchsafing any misgivings as to the possibility of his disclosing what he did not know.

To his question as to my dinner I carelessly said, as though I were in a West-End club, "Never mind soup—a little fish—a cutlet and something. Or order it yourself—I am indifferent."

The waiter had scarcely left the room when I was startled by the sound of voices, so close to me as to seem at my side. They came from a little wooden balcony to the adjoining room, which, by the unanimous bow-window, I recognized to be the state apartment of the inn, and which the possession of Lord Keldrum and his party. They were talking away in that gay, rattling, discursive fashion very young men do among each other, and discussed fishing-flies, size of fish, and tackle, with occasional divergence into remarks on the neighborhood—the gentleman's scenery—and the landlady's beauty.

"By-the-way, Kel," cried one, "it was in your visit to the bar that you met your priest, wasn't it?"

"Yes; I offered him a cigar, and we began to chat together, and so I asked him to dine with us here."

"And he refused?"

"Yes; I am not sure since changed his mind, and sent me a message to say he'll be with us at eight."

"I should like to see your father's face, Kel, when he heard of your entertaining the Reverend Father Dyke at dinner."

"Well, I suppose he would say it was carrying conciliation a little too far; but as the adage says, 'A la guerre—'"

At this moment another burst in among them, calling out, "You'd never guess who's just arrived here, in strict incog., and having bribed like a waiter, to silence. Burgoyne!"

"Not Jack Burgoyne?"

"Jack himself. I had the portrait so correctly drawn by the waiter that there's no mistaking him. He has the long hair, green complexion, sheepish look, all perfect; he came on a hack—a little cream-colored pad he got at Dycer's—and finished the ride unknown."

"What can he be up to now? Some sly dodge, without doubt."

"I think not, if," said his lordship. "Courteney has got two three-year olds down here at his uncle's, one of them under heavy engagements for the spring meeting. Master Jack has taken a run down to have a look at them."

"By Jove, Kel, you're right! He's always wide awake; and that stupid, leaden-eyed look he has has done him good service in the world."

"I say, old Oxley, shall we dash in and unearth him, and let him know that we know nothing of his being here at all?"

"What does Hammond say?" asked the other.

"I'd say leave him to himself," replied a deep voice. "You can't go and see him without asking him to dinner; and he'll think into an after, do what we will."

"Not exactly if we don't play," said Oxley.

"Wouldn't he, though? Why, he'd screw a bet out of a bishop."

"I'd do it, Kel, as Tomkinson did," said his lordship; "he had him down at his lodge in Scotland, and bet him fifty pounds that he couldn't ride a mule without a saddle. Jack booked the bet and won it, and Tomkinson thanked the company."

"What a devil of a villain my counterpart must be!" said I, and I stared in the glass to see if I could discover the sheepishness that Jack's portrait was to possess, as curious closely, "thought I," and try if I can detect that marvelous simplicity that accounts—" Nothing of the kind; I was pale, to be sure, and my hair a light brown, but so was Shelley's; indeed, there was a wild, poetic character in my face that I was startled at, and I could recognize many things in our natures that seemed to correspond. It was the poetic development in my nature that shrunk from all the petty cares of everyday life which vulgar people set down as simplicity; and thus,

"The soaring thoughts that ennobled the stars
Caused ignominies to them."

As I uttered the consolatory lines, I felt two hands firmly pressed over my eyes, while a friendly voice cried out, "I defy you, old fellow! run fairly to earth!" "Ask him if he knows you," whispered another, but in a voice I could catch.

"Who am I, Jack?" cried the first speaker. "Situated as I now am, I am utterly unable to pronounce; but of one thing I am assured—I am perfectly certain I am not called Jack."

The slow and measured intonation of my voice seemed to electrify them, for my captor relinquished his hold and fell back, while the two others, after a few seconds of blank surprise, burst into a roar of laughter, a sentiment which the other could not resist from, while he struggled to master some words of apology.

"Perhaps I can explain your mistake, gentlemen," said I, blandly; "I am supposed to be extremely like the Prince of Salms Hokinstrahlen—"

"No, no!" burst in Lord Keldrum, whose voice I recognized, "we never saw the prince. It was by the blunder of the waiter that we fell into this embarrassment; we fancied you were—"

"Mr. Burgoyne," chimed I in.

"Exactly, Jack Burgoyne; but you're not a bit like him."

"Strange, then; but I'm constantly mistaken for him, and when in London, I'm actually persecuted by people calling out, 'When did you come up, Jack?' 'Where do you hang out?' 'How have you been?' 'Dine with me to-day—to-morrow—Saturday?' and so on; and although, as I have remarked, these are only so many embarrassments for me, they all show how popular must be my prototype." I had purposely made this speech of mine a little long, for I saw by the disconcerted looks of the party that they did not see how to wind up "the situation," and, like all awkward men, I grow garrulous where I ought to have been silent. While I thus rambled on Lord Keldrum had exchanged a word or two, scrawled more, with one of his friends, and as I finished he turned toward me, and with an air of much courtesy said,

"We owe you every apology for this intrusion, and hope you will pardon it; there is, however, but one way in which we can certainly feel assured that we have your forgiveness, that is, by your joining us at dinner. I see that your own is in preparation, so pray let me countermand it, and say that you are our guest."

"Lord Keldrum," said one of the party, presenting the card, "my name is Edmonstone, and this is Captain Oxley, Colstream Guards."

I saw that this move required an exchange of ratifications, and so I bowed and said, "Algernon Sydney Potts."

"There are Staffordshire Potteses?"

"No relation," said I, stiffly, for it was Hammond made the remark, and there was about him a certain sneering manner that I could not abide.

"Well, Mr. Potts, it is agreed," said Lord Keldrum, with his peculiar urbanity, "we will see you at eight. I need not say there's no dressing. You'll find us in this fishing costume you see now."

I trust my reader, who has dined out any day he pleased and in any society he has liked these years past, will see how as if I do not enter into any detailed account of my reasons for accepting this invitation. Enough if I freely own that to me, A. S. Potts, such an unexpected honor was about the same surprise as if I had been announced governor of a colony or bishop in a new settlement.

"At eight sharp, Mr. Potts."

"The next table down the passage."

"And just as you are, remember!" were the three parting admonitions; and they left me.

MRS. HADDOCK'S HAIR-PINS.

CHAPTER I.

THE night-mail lumbering through the heavy snow one bitterly December night, some forty years ago, bore a shivering freight of liberhoused passengers on their comfortless journey across the barren moors of Derbyshire, and among them Mrs. Gurdlestone's maid, Hester Burgess, in the rumble. Hester Burgess had a dreary and forlorn prospect before her when she set out to travel two hundred miles to seek a home with strangers.

In these days waiters were really waiters, and no mistake about them. The coldest, most biting of December winds kept company with the comminated itself down the travelers' necks, got under their cloaks, sought out the weakest points in their overalls, and nipped, and attacked them savagely, while a heavy snow fell upon their backs and soaked them through. Perhaps the greatest sufferer was these discomforts was the young woman Hester, who, although kindly wrapped up in the guard's extra coat, shivered with cold, and was very miserable; and as it was that at a baiting-place some thirty miles off her destination the coachman descended from his box and opened the coach-door beggar permission of a neatly tucked-up bundle of wrappers therein reclining to admit the poor frozen maid. A responsive grunt being taken for acquiescence, Hester was admitted accordingly, and fell asleep in the corner.

She awoke with a start just before daybreak, to find that the bundle of wrappers had taken the form of a woman—a very ugly one—was close to her, with a pair of cold gray eyes fixed searchingly upon her.

Oh, let me alone!" cried.

"What makes you call out in your sleep?" the other traveler asked, sharply. "What makes you cry out '*Murder!*' in your sleep?"

"I didn't know I did, Sir."

"You did, and woke me. Don't do so again."

The ugly face retreating, the gray eyes closing, the wrappers readjusted, all became quiet, as before; but Hester, sleeping, she scarce knew why, kept a watch upon her companion, and, hardly breathing or moving a limb, sat bolt upright throughout the rest of the night.

CHAPTER II.

"HERE 's the Pollards!" said the guard, opening the door about an hour after daybreak. "And here 's the carriage, Sir!"

Much to Hester's surprise, her traveling companion took his place in the hooded carriage at the corner of the road. The driver back her sat beside him on the box, and as they drove along informed her that the gentleman inside was Mr. Silas Gurdlestone—Mr. Ralph, the Master's brother; that Mr. Ralph, who lay dangerously ill, had sent for him, wishing to make an end to a sort of coolness which had existed between them ever since he, Mr. Ralph, was married to his good lady, on whom, *they did say*, Mr. Silas was himself, before her marriage, a little sweet. Rogers (he was the driver) recollected when the master was about to be married—a time when there was a power of surmise and conjecture as to how Mr. Silas would like it; how, on the bridal morning, directly after leaving the church, he had disappeared, and how their next heard from him in some foreign country, where he said he intended to pass the remainder of his life. "Mr. Silas, Sir," says Silas, Rogers said, wagging his noddle solemnly, "very, very strange."

The bridal place upon earth must surely have been the Pollards. It was a bare, ugly, red-brick building, having, on the one hand a newly erected garden, on the other, a large stagnant ditch, upon the banks of which, and inclining over the water, grew in fantastic confusion many-trunked pollards, from which the house derived its name. This dwelling had long been the property of Mrs. Gurdlestone's family; but since her father's death had until lately remained untenanted. It was with the intention of renovating it and making it his country residence that Mr. Ralph had now come down with his wife and her sister, but he falling ill immediately upon his arrival the repairs had improvements had been left to the workmen's eyes. You may be sure the town-servants were all in a state of bustle and excitement. Why, such a sight to see and be frightened at, in such luminous peril of falling off the top part of that gentleman's hair-dressing, as Mr. Silas's periwig! As for Hester, her recent grief, the breaking up of a happy home, her present friendless condition—all swept up her mind, and, with a sense of melancholy of the place, combined to render her life a very sad and weary one. But there was soon other cause for sadness.

Somehow Mr. Ralph grew worse and worse in spite of doctors and drugs, and Hester, as his wife watched by his bedside; Mr. Silas, too, was unremitting in his care for and attention to his brother, and, indeed, in administering to the wellcises to him. One night there was a slight change for the better, and Mr. Silas had persuaded Mrs. Gurdlestone to go and get a little rest, repose while he took her place in the sick room. She, poor thing, fagged and jaded by long watching, with a little persuasion, consented; and when all the household retired to their respective chambers, except the watcher. Thus, for a while, the time passed silently, and then there was a long, dry, stillness of the sleeping house a loud continuous knocking at Mrs. Gurdlestone's door, and Hester, pale and anxious, answered to the summons, and found Mr. Silas, trembling and violently excited, who sent in a hurried message:

"He's gone!—dead—of a sudden! I thought I heard his breath stop, and drew the curtain."

The dismal words wounded on the ear.

It was too true: he was indeed dead—his hands twisted in the bed-clothes, his eyes wide open, a strange look of dread and horror in them, and *quite cold!*

Then the sleepers, awakened by the unwonted bustle, pressing screams, came crowding, half dressed, to the spot, their white faces looking horrible in the flaring candlelight. The nearest doctor was summoned, and all sorts of remedies suggested—but in vain. Hester, while attending her fainting mistress, refused to pick up something lying by the dead man's bed.

"What is it?" Mr. Silas said, quietly, taking the object from her fingers.

It was but a straightened hair-pin. He pinched her slightly in pulling it away, and must have scratched himself with it, for there was a mark of blood upon her hand.

CHAPTER III.

A GREATER gloom than ever fell upon the house after the master's death. The servants one by one gave warning, and left; and so Hester at last was the only one of the London establishment.

It was dull indeed! The stagnant pool and neglected garden were at any time but dreary objects for contemplation. The awkward, ill-educated country servants afforded but indifferent companionship for Hester, who had been brought up with no idea of getting on in the world by any but such society, and so grew to be very sad and silent and drop-down.

Mrs. Gurdlestone's sister (Miss Ethel) had permanently taken up her abode at the Pollards, and Mr. Silas still continued to visit on the matters of business referring to the late Mr. Ralph, although he had on several occasions fixed a day for his departure. As well as Hester could learn from scraps of conversation up stairs, Miss Ethel disliked him very much, and wished her sister to give him a hint that his presence there was not needed. Whatever may have been Mrs. Gurdlestone's wishes upon the subject, she was too considerate of the feelings of others, or too much wrapped up in her great grief, to be otherwise than passive, and Silas went and came as he pleased.

One night, about a month after the master's death, Hester Burgess sat alone by the fast-dying fire in the servants' room, for the cook had gone to watch until her mistress summoned her to attend her toilet on retiring to rest; and this night she was so much later than usual that all the other servants had been in bed full half an hour. The great clock upon the stairs ticked loudly, and the wind moaned and rustled among the evergreens outside the window like the stealthy whispering of thieves; all else was still as the grave. And as Hester was sitting anxiously watching and expressing sense of loneliness came over her; and with a start she remembered to get up and go to her mistress's room. Mrs. Gurdlestone and Miss Ethel were in the former's bedroom, which was divided from the staircase by a long, dark ante-chamber. The door leading into Mrs. Gurdlestone's room, and that upon the stairs, were both ajar, and Hester entering noiselessly at one would have knocked at the other, had she not perceived a dark figure, with its back toward her, standing between her and the light. She stopped involuntarily, held her breath, and listened.

Miss Ethel spoke: "But, Mary, how can you be so weak—so blind as to—"

"What would you have me do?" the other lady said, complainingly. "I'm sure I do not keep him here. I wish he'd go if he offends you. But then he has been so kind and so attentive; and he is my dear husband's brother!"

"I tell you, Mary, I hate him! And mark my words, if he is not some day more nearly related to you than he is now."

"Ethel!"

"He will, Mary, though I pray God I may not live to see it!"

There was a rustling sound, as though one of the ladies had risen. A figure passed Hester quickly in the dark; and before she had time to speak or move the bedroom door opened wide, and Miss Ethel came out with a light.

"What are you doing here?" she inquired, sharply.

"I came to see if I was wanted," the servant stammered out with a trembling look Miss Ethel swept out of the room.

Mrs. Gurdlestone had always been in delicate health, and since her husband's death had almost entirely kept her own room, where Miss Ethel was in constant attendance upon her. Mr. Silas, however, frequently came in to consult her upon business matters, or to chat away an hour. Now it was Miss Ethel who chose to be ill; she was so until the day after that on which Hester had heard the rejected conversation that she was obliged to keep her bed, and the doctor was summoned. Mrs. Gurdlestone was called in to see her. Mr. Silas said that it was a trifling cold she had taken.

She had been ill almost three days when the door for calling in one evening, it came on to rain heavily, and the wind to blow. Throughout the night the rain poured down in torrents, and continued so long that Mr. Adams (that was the doctor's name) considered it a favorable persuasion, to accept the shelter of the Pollards' for the night, for he lived some miles off, and must cross a wild and open country to get to his own dwelling. It was a most fortunate that he did remain. During the evening Miss Ethel was much worse, and twice he went up and saw her. It was determined that the gentlemen should sit up all night, and that Hester should watch with the invalid and administer her medicine.

Hester took her place in an arm-chair by the fire with a book, which she read before her, so that she could tell the time at which the medicine should be administered. When the cook brought up her supper at ten o'clock Hester left the gentlemen were smoking and driving in the dining-room.

"I don't think the doctor fancies there's much danger," cook said, "for he's so merry like, and has been singing a song."

"I hope, whispered Hester, "he will not drink too much."

"Lor' bless you, child! Here, take your supper, and here's a glass of wine Mr. Silas has sent you to give you strength. Do you mind sitting up alone?"

"Not much. Good-night."

"Good-night."

When Hester had finished her supper she mixed another dose for the sick lady, and resumed her book.

She must have been asleep for hours. The candle had burned low in the socket; a streak of daylight was stealing in between the heavy window-curtains, and the fire was out. She woke up with a start, cold and frightened. The room was very still, *very still*. She listened for the sleeper's breathing, and heard only *her own* heart throbbing and a faint buzzing in her ears. To stare forward, to draw the window-curtain, and to turn toward the bed, was the work of a moment. It required no such effort to see the white face and wide-open eyes could only be those of the dead.

CHAPTER IV.

THE girl's screams awoke the doctor and Mr. Silas, who came hurrying up stairs and rushed into the room. Long afterward Hester recollected how unnerved Mr. Adams stood by the bed—how his hands shook, and how unintelligibly he spoke—how calm and collected Mr. Silas was throughout the scene. Long afterward she recollected, too, among all the dreadful details belonging to the death and funeral, that she picked up in the ashes of the fire a small hair-pin, which had been thrown into the fire, but not consumed. The circumstance was in itself so trivial that, had it not in some sort connected this death with that of the former one, she would not have given it a second thought. As it was, her thoughts dwelt upon it, she scarce knew why.

For many weeks after the funeral the whole house was plunged in gloom and darkness. The servants were again changed, excepting Hester, who would have gone also, but not her mistress implored her to remain. The sick lady seemed to droop more and more. She never left her room; she never read nor worked; she hardly ever spoke, except sometimes with Mr. Silas about legal business, of which there appeared to Hester's mean comprehension to be a most complicated account for her mistress, for whom she had from the first entertained a great regard; and, indeed, ever-suffering, gentle, uncomplaining, who could help but love her?

The sick lady wasted away slowly. The spring ripened into summer, and still she grew no better; the summer began to wane, the days to shorten, the dead leaves fell and drifted with a ghostly music, as the sick lady and her attendant sat silently in the twilight as those calm autumn evenings do *word the end.*

Winter was coming round again, and grew more worse. About November she took to her bed. Hester was in constant attendance upon her; indeed, she almost forbade at her absence. For hours she would sit holding the faithful girl's hand in hers, and sometimes she would form plans of what they would do next year, when she was better. It was determined that, as soon as she was well enough to go out, she should go to London, and change of air would no doubt lead to her perfect recovery.

Still she sank, slowly but surely. Then Hester began to fancy that there was a change in the expression of her face: a sort of dread and fear seemed settling upon it. Now, one evening, when Hester was leaving the room to go to bed (she slept in an adjoining apartment), her mistress called her back.

"Hester," she said, "you have been a very good girl, very kind and patient with me, and you shall not be forgotten when I die."

"Dear mistress, do not speak so."

"Yes, Hester, I am sure I shall go before long. But you will not be left all my time is over? With you I feel safe."

"And safe, ma'am?"

"Hush, Hester!" the sick lady said, half raising herself in the bed, and drawing the girl closer to her. "I am afraid of—Mr. Silas."

Hester felt instinctively whom she meant. The mistress read her own terror in the servant's face; and as they sat silently clasped in each other's arms, all of a sudden they both became conscious of another's presence in the room. A dusky form flitted across the light; a hand held up a handkerchief, between the drawn curtains at the bottom of the bed; then a human head, hollow-cheeked and red-balls, peered in upon the affrighted women, with a wolfish glare half-hidden in its widespread eyes.

"How is the patient?" asked Mr. Silas, with a smile.

CHAPTER V.

THE same eyes watched her *as*, crossing the threshold of her own room, Hester locked back at Silas's receding figure on the stairs. Hester sat out the night, restlessly tossing in an uneasy wakefulness or troubled slumber, the same head and hand were ever present to her mental vision. How could she lie there? A hundred times she fancied that there was some one handling the lock of the door. Then she was sure that she heard a noise in her mistress's room. Should she go to her? No. All was again quiet; and again she closed her eyes. So she passed the weary hours of daylight, when fatigue and anxiety overcame her, and she slept. But not for long. Her mistress's voice was first calling loudly, but clearly, distinct, and close to her—

"Hester!"

She awoke at the sound, and sat up to listen. All was still: it must have been a dream. Again she lay down, and again a whisper filled the room—

"Hester!"

She took the curtain of the bed on one side. No, there was no one but herself present. Without another thought she rushed into her mistress's room and threw herself upon the bed, clasped the cold face in her hands, clasped the cold form to her breast, sobbing and moaning distractedly—and so Mr. Silas found whom she had lost. There was the old frightened look upon the dead lady's face—the look which the sudden face had worn—the same which Hester remembered on the face of Mr. Ralph; and there was upon the bosom of the dead woman the same mark, like the prick of a pin, just over the heart.

The house was soon alarmed, and the servants came crowding in, as they had done before on a similar occasion; but Hester—terrified, stupefied, and giddy with the horrible thoughts which possessed her—drew away from them all, and, in a mood any further questions, sought refuge in the garden. She walked to the edge of the stagnant pool, at the back of the house, and sat down in a little ruined arbor, to think what she should do. She had not lost sight of her whom she was trying right before her on the path, *as ther straightened hair-pin!*

She stooped to raise it, trembling as she did so. As she was picking it in her fingers, a dark form pasted between her and the sun, casting a cold shadow upon her, and, looking up, she read in Silas's white face the certainty that he knew her thought. Then, with a shriek—

CHAPTER VI.

DAYS, and weeks, and months passed by, and Hester's wits still wandered. Her good Aunt Sobby brought her back up to town, change of scene and friends restored her to her former health.

After having married, and survived her husband, Mrs. Haddock became the inmate of this gloomy old house, where now she sits telling us the story.

And Mr. Silas. What of him? He is the owner of the Pollards now, and of a large house in town, and has many servants. He is a rich man, and has very strange stories of wild orgies, gambling, drunkenness, and debauchery in which, they say, he spent some twenty years. But that is over; and for these ten years past he has lain bed-ridden. Without friend or relation, with no one to care for him or attend to him, save his hired nurses—dragging on a wretched existence from day to day—with nothing to live for, yet afraid to die; paralyzed, helpless, unutterably lonely and miserable, old Silas Gurdlestone awaits the dread summons calling him to that bourne from whence no man returns to take account of his deeds. God be merciful to him!

ON THE WATER.

ON THE ROAD.

GARRETT J. LEYDECKER, CADET AT WEST POINT.

CHARLES F. SCHULTZ, NAVAL SCHOLAR AT ANNAPOLIS.

TWO PRIZE SCHOLARS FROM OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

THE appointment to a cadetship at West Point and a naval scholarship at Annapolis being within the gift of the Hon. Daniel E. Sickles, that gentleman, with a spirit worthy of all commendation, announced through the City Superintendent of Public Schools, that he would bestow the appointments upon the two scholars in the public schools of his Congressional District who should prove themselves, in a public examination, most worthy. The examination—a severe and protracted one—resulted in the recommendation of Master Garrett J. Leydecker for the cadetship, and Master Charles F. Schultz for the naval scholarship, and they have since been appointed. We publish their portraits herewith. It is high praise of Master Schultz to say that, during his pupilage of three and a half years in the public schools, he never received a demerit mark for misconduct.

Master Garrett J. Leydecker is the son of worthy though not wealthy parents, his father being employed as clerk in a mercantile establishment. Young Leydecker entered the Primary Department of Ward School No. 38 at the early age of six years. He there proved to be a studious and a bright boy, and passed rapidly through all the intermediate classes, from the lowest in the Primary to the highest in the Grammar Department, and was pronounced fit for admission to the Free Academy at the examination of candidates in July, 1857. At that examination he could not be presented, inasmuch as he had not yet attained the age required by law (14 years), and accordingly, with characteristic energy, applied himself to the task of keeping pace in his studies with his associates who were admitted at that time. Although prosecuting the studies under disadvantages, when his position is compared with those who were daily receiving instruction at the Free Academy, at the following examination of classes in February, 1858, having then reached the prescribed age, he was placed in the class with his associates in No. 35, and maintained his position, as at the next regular promotion, July, 1858, he was advanced to the Freshman Class. The test through which he has just passed proves that since that time he has continued his active prosecution of study, and that he is calculated to be a credit to West Point.

Master Charles F. Shultz, who last week received his appointment to the Naval School at Annapolis, was born at Stettin, in Prussia, in 1846, and came to this country in 1857. Two weeks after his arrival he was placed in Ward School No. 29. He then did not understand a word of the English language, excepting a few short sentences. In a note to us he says: "Here I studied geography, spelling and defining, and arithmetic. At first I was rather embarrassed, but after a little while I got along very well. Before I was promoted into the next class, which was done in next January, I could almost speak English as well as I can now. I was promoted every examination after this, until I reached the first class, in 1859, having skipped the second. Mr. Annan, the principal, then took me in the class preparing for admission into the Free Academy. I was examined for admission to that institution on the 10th and 11th of July, this year, and admitted. I then heard that pupils from the First, Third, and Eighth Wards would be examined for admission to the Military Academy at West Point and the Naval Academy at Annapolis. I told my father about it, and he told me to try for Annapolis. I was accordingly examined and accepted. Father is a shoemaker by trade."

The example set by Mr. Sickles is one that is worthy of imitation by Congressmen from every section of the country. If the scholarships and cadetships were always made rewards of merit, our boys would have a fresh stimulus to exertion.

Captain Brand,

OF THE

SCHOONER "CENTIPEDE"

A PIRATE OF EMINENCE IN THE WEST INDIES.

His Loves and Exploits,

TOGETHER WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE SINGULAR MANNER BY WHICH HE DEPARTED THIS LIFE.

By LIEUT. H. A. WISE, U.S.N.

AUTHOR OF "LOS GRINGOS" AND "WAVE FOR THE MARINES."

ILLUSTRATED BY C. PARSONS AND A. LUMLEY.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER XLIV.

SNUFF OUT OF A DIAMOND BOX.

ANOTHER week rolled on. They were all sitting over their dessert at their last dinner at Escondido, for they were all going to leave old Clinker in the morning.

"Clinker," said Piron, "you told me yesterday that you had a note from Colonel Lawton, saying he would not take passage in the brig with us to New Orleans, as his business obliged him to leave before we could sail?"

Clinker choked out something like "Yes," as if it were the last sound a boly could sigh with three or four hundred tons on his back.

"I'm doosed glad to hear it, Piron; for your military friend didn't entice my fancy at all, and I don't believe any more of his patriot service than I do in Clinker's earthquake. That Colonel is a baste; and if my words prove true, I'll have a thousand pounds to old Clinker there."

Paddy Burns's words did prove true; and old Clinker was with him when he gave a quake the earth had nothing to do with, it being entirely of an apoplectic nature; but he got the thousand pounds nevertheless.

"For once in your life, Burns, I agree with ye; and if that military mon went to shout grouse with me in the Highlands I'd tramp behind him, and keep both barrels of me gun cocked. The devil take his black wig and his green eyes!—and he passing himself off for a Scot too! Tut, mon!"

"By-the-way, Clinker," said Piron, during a pause in the conversation, "if the Colonel is not going with us I must take him back his magnificent snuff-box he forgot when he left us so suddenly the other morning. Here it is, with the letters of his name on it in brilliants. I thought it too valuable to send by one of the blacks, and I kept it to carry myself."

How singular it was that the Colonel should have forgotten his royal treasure! Keep your wits about you, Captain Brand, or one of these days you'll be forgetting your pistols.

"Given to him by a connection of his family, was it, Paddy? Well, mon, let's take a peench for the honor of Sackved Street," and then puts it along to Meester Darcandu."

The Doctor was sitting in his calm, grave way, listening to the disjointed words—like dried nuts dropping on the ground—from the shriveled lips of Clinker; but as he abstractedly put his fingers in the box, and turned his eyes languidly as he pushed down the lid, he gave a bound from his chair—with the box clutched in his left hand—with a jar of the room and table that even made Clinker believe the forty year earthquake had come back again.

Standing there with his tall, majestic figure, like a statue of bronze, his right arm poised with clenched hand aloft in a threatening attitude; his dark, grizzled locks bristling above his head; the black eyes flaming with an inhuman light, as if prepared to crush, with the power of a god, the pigmies around him, he said, in a deep, low voice, which made the glasses ring and shudder,

"Who owns this bauble?"

"It belongs to a Colonel Lawton, who has been staying here!" exclaimed Piron, quickly and hurriedly.

"What sort of man?" came again from those terrible lungs, without relaxing a muscle of his frame.

"A square-built, tallish fellow, of about forty, with greenish blue eyes, a black wig, and a glorious sapphire ring on the only finger of his left hand!" roared Burns and Stewart together.

Again came the jar of the earthquake to make the building, table, glasses, and all shake, as Paul Darcentat strode with his heels of adamant out of the sala, and to the veranda; then a bound, which was heard in the room; and after five minutes' stupid silence Banou appeared.

The broken gentleman had torn rather than led his master's barb from the stable, and scarcely waiting for a saddle, had thrown himself like an Indian across his back. There!—his master might hear the clattering of the hoofs up the stony.

"The mon's daft—clean daft, mon!" "Be me sowl, it's the only pair of eyes I iver wouldn't like to look at over me saw-handled friend, Joe Manion!" "He's taken the box with him," crackled Clinker.

But that was the last that Paddy Burns or Stewart or Clinker ever saw of man or box. Piron rose and listened to the sound of the receding hoofs from the veranda; and when he resumed his place his lips were sealed for the night. *He* saw, however, and the rest of them heard a good deal about the man and the box in time to come.

Did that blooded horse, as he dashed round the curve of the peak, with his thin nostrils blazing red in the dark night, know who his rider was, and on what errand he was bound? It was not snuff that distended those wide nostrils as he plunged down the broken road, through the close, deep forest, over rocks and water-courses, without missing a step with his sure, ringing hoofs; and mounting the sharp gorge beyond with the leap of a stag, his mane and tail streaming in the calm, thick night; the eyes lanterns of burning light, flashing out before his precipitous tread in jets of fire, as his feet struck the flinty stones, with a regular, enduring throb from his heaving chest, as an encouraging hand patted his shoulder and urged him onward.

Down the mountain again, with never a shy or a snort—the horse knowing the rider, and the man the noble beast; the lizards wheeling merrily, and the parrakeets on the tree-tops waking up to chatter with satisfaction. Then into the beaten track along by the sea-shore, the horse increasing his stride at every minute, the spume flying in flakes from his flaming nostrils, and the man bending to his hot neck, smoothing away the white foam; until, with a panting snigger, horse and rider stood still in the town of Kingston.

"Here, my boys, rub this your master's horse down well, and walk him about the court-yard for an hour. There! Take him between you!"

One last pat of the steed's arched neck, a graceful neigh as the dark face pressed against his broad head, and Paul Darcantat strode away in the gray light of the morning.

"Guorra mighty! Nimble Jack, look at dis! Bress my modder in hebben, it am one gold ounce apiece, sure as dis gemmen's name Ring Finger Bill! De Lord be good to dat old massa! Him must hab plenty ob shiner to hove him away on poor dam niggers!"

Even while the tall man strode on toward the port, and as the happy blacks were chattering over their supper, and walking the gallant steed up and down the paved court-yard, a dull, heavy-sailing Spanish brigantine was slowly sagging past Gallows Point and the Apostles' Battery, when, creeping on by the frowning forts of Port Royal, she held her course to sea.

Very different sort of a craft from the comfortfeir brigantine with clean, lean lines slipping out from the Tiger's Trap one sultry evening before a hurricane, which went careering, with a sea hound after her, down to the Garrote Gorge. Different kind of a crew too, and Captain Brand must have remarked the contrast, with his keen, critical, nautical eye—that is, if he chanced to sail in both brigantines, as there is much reason for believing he did—with great disgust, on board the dirty, dumpy old ballahoo now just clear of Drunkenman's Key, and heading along shore for Hicbiire Point, bound for St. Jago de Cuba.

CHAPTER XLV.

LILIES AND SEA-WEED.

BY day and night, under sun or moon, and in breeze or calm—by the resounding surge—on the rippling water—in saloon and grove, picnicking and boating—under vine or awning—all around in the whirling waltz, the measured contradanza —amidst the tinkle of guitar or trill of piano, the rattle and crash of the full band on board the frigate—gently rocking on the narrow deck of the *Rosalie*, or down in the brig of teak—there was ever a white arm linked in the arm of blue—now timidly, then with a confiding pressure—now a furtive look of blue eyes into dark—then a fixed, steady gaze from the brown to the

"HIS RIGHT ARM POISED WITH CLENCHED HAND ALOFT," ETC.

light—here a palpitating pause, and then the blue arms waxed around the waving stem—two white arms clasping, with a passionate caress, the neck of the weed—and, yes! the Lily floating on the white cheek of the pond had been caught by the strong weed, and with the receding tide was going out to sea! Ay, the sailor had won the maiden!

But while the Lily rocked hither and thither on the pond, with its blond leaves and petals of blue, and its pliant stem in danger at every ebb-tide, who was there to watch it from the bank? That they did, thinking of the time when they were lilies of the pond themselves, with no fears of danger near! But at last it came, and, like blooming flowers, they swung to and fro in the rain, drooping water or tow from their petals and leaves—more in dewy sorrow than in fear—and waiting for sunshine. Bending their beautiful heads of sweet perfume, while, one moment, peeping out with their dark violet eyes and listening, as the wind shook them, with a trembling of apprehension, and clinging hopefully to the straight support on which they reclined.

By day and night, in burning sun with not a drop to drink, and in the sultry night with no morsel of food to eat—through the searing sand in the streets and lanes, down by the grays—to every vessel in the crowded harbor—in every hotel and lodging-house in Kingston—up and down Spanish Town—away off to Port Royal—occasionally going on board the frigate for gold, then on shore again—in tribal wassail and drunken dance, gaudy as ever especially, and here drinking houses, maroon and negro huts and wretched haunts of vice—scattering gold like confetti, rum, and vice—he and to it—in large yellow drops too—and still strolling on, questioning, gleaming with new revenging plots, and with resume then or body, without drink or meat—went Paul Dacrastel.

Oh, Paul Dacrastel, morally villain saw you from the very moment you took that pinch of snuff out of his blue enamelled box! Ay! even before, when you first met your uncle with the broken road, while a goodly barb was curbed back in the gloomy forest till you had passed, with his white face in his waistcoat pocket. And in all your ceaseless wanderings, by day and night, that now timid, terror-stricken villain has been following you. Dodging behind corners—under the well-worn cloths of monte banks—in the lairs of pugilistic—gambling dens—nests of infamy! Every where and in all places steering clear of you!

Oh, Paul Dacrastel, deceived man you are!

And while you are doing all this just turn your eyes out to the calm spot off Montego Bay, where that lady of the brigantine is beckoning you. The dirty, surly captains kicking and beating the hands from taffrail to bowsprit—particularly one great sad fellow, without a hat—and in a few dry thin hairs to shield his skull from the scorching sun; cursing him, as he is puffs a cigarette or a dollar in his belt, or an extra pair of trowsers in the forecastle, with bare feet, and still, cold eyes, now turning on green—eating nothing but beef and drinking patriot water—never sleeping for vermin—kicked and cuffed about the decks!

But yet he smiled with a devilish satisfaction, Paul, for he had escaped you, and was bound to St. Jago de Cuba! From there he would charter—alas, penniless—a small boat, and run over to the Dooe Legnas Keys, where there was ten thousand pounds in mildewed gold! Paul Dacrastel had discovered it—which was not probable—and he—the scoundrel—would gather it up in bags, and sink away to some other part of the world!

You must be very quick, Captain Braud, for the leaky brigantine does not sail so fast as the *Coulpevle*, and your ancient company, Mr. Anacio, is just out of prison. His old, fat, banana wife is very sorry for it, but that's none of your business.

And you, Doctor Paul! Don't you pity that dying, dirty wretch, with his manifold sores, and soul-decaying gore out of those greenish, frozen eyes, where a ray of mercy never entered, but whose ice lids lately crack as your shadow stamps across them?

No! not a ray of pity or mercy for the infamous villain; not even a twitch of the left eyelid of his bloody, mutilated white hand! No! not the faintest hope of pity! He shall die in such torments as even a pirate never devised in his hell!

But you are worn out, Dacrastel; your prey has escaped you. The people think you're dead, as you are, by proxy; and though your stride is the same, and your frame still as nervous as a galvanized corpse, yet flesh and blood can't stand it. Go on board the *Mosonguhela* and talk to that true friend whose counsels you have ever listened to and never were rebelling in your heart or take that noble, gallant youth in your arms and console him—for he needs consolation—and think of the mouse who gnawed the net years and years ago.

Well, you will, Paul Dacrastel; but before you do, you will step into that little jeweler's shop and buy a trifle for old Clinker there, out at Escondido. You want a ring, the finest gem that can be found on the island of Jamaica. There it is—its equal not to be bought in the whole West Indies—and worth fifty dollars at least.

"I gave a military man an ounce for the setting alone, but the sapphire-looking stone may be glass. He was going to sail the next morning to a Spanish brigantine for St. Jago de Cuba, and wanted the money to pay his bill at the lodging-house adjoining. The Señor might take it for any price he chose to put upon it."

What sort of an old drinker is precious stones and trinkets turn pale than his old topaz face as he yelled frantically for his older Creole wife? The Señor had entered the ring as he left his elbows through the glass cases which contained the time-honored jewellery, and dashed a yellow shower of heavy gold ounces over the floor of the little shop, smashing the glass door of that too in his exit! And when the little toddling fat woman appeared in the most indecent dress possible to conceive of, with scarcely time to light her paper cigar, she exclaimed,

"*Es Jesucita Sandoval! Que, diavonia con ere!* A crazy man—a demon with gold!" And forthwith she picked up the pieces and locked at them reminiscently in the palm of her hand. "*Son forma, Canpeche!* All right, old Deary; we'll have such a pedrida to-day! Baked duck with garbanzos! So shut the door! There are the ounces you gave the officer men for the ring, and I'll guard the rest."

That old woman did, too, and that very night she was—in the most skilful way—from her back door—in the midst of a violent quarrel, the last ounce, and locked all up in her own little brass-nailed trunk for a rainy season for them both, together with her jewels and red bandana.

Paul Dacrastel whirled and spun round the corners and along the sandy streets till he reached the landing, moving like a whirlwind and clearing every thing from his track. There he sprang into the first boat he saw, seized the sculls, and spite the shrieks and remonstrances of the old nigger whose property it was, and who jumped overboard with a howl of dismay, he rowed himself by long and powerful strokes to a neighboring boat where, with the assistance of another ancient crony, he was both let down upon the valley of shrieks which alarmed the harbor, while the boat went shooting like a javelin toward the *Mosonguhela*.

However, those old stump-tailed African bathmen found a gold ounce in their boat after it had been set adrift by the American frigate. What a jolly snapping of teeth over a tough old grouse stuffed with onions that night, with two respectable married ladies and some bottle of rum beside them! You can almost sniff the fragrance of onions, even at this distance—smell, ha, and shall, mayhap, wag, one night, in lands where stuffed goose and comely colored ladies are desired.

CHAPTER XLVI.

PARTING.

THERE had been a small party on board the *Mosonguhela* the night before to bid the Commodore good-by—all old friends of both parties, Sir Fipps, Burns, Stewart, Savage, and Captain Blunt. Clinker was not there, for he never went where it was damp, and if he got musty it must be from within as well as without. The *Martha Blunt*, under the careful management of young Binks, the mate, with Banou and all the baggage on board, was lying down by the Key, and Captain's boats down the harbor, with her yards manheaded all ready to sheet home the sails when the sea-pies shot ashore, and the long, graceful mate and the passengers to come on board.

The lights were twinkling from lattice and revelain in the town, and here and there the lanterns of the French and English Admirals were shining from the tops of their flagships, while the glare of the gleams from the beacon on the Pallissades Point flickered and dazzled over the gemmed masts anchored in the harbor. A strong wind was still spread on the after deck of the *Mosonguhela*; and there, while the officer of the watch paced the forward part of the deck with the midshipmen to leeward, the sentries on the high platform outside and on the forecastle, the party of ladies and gentlemen could sit silently and watch the lanterns.

Softly, like the cool breath of a slumbering child, came a faint air from the land. The bell of the frigate, clanging in its hoarse throat, struck the midnight. The sentries on the two posts cried, "All's well!" The old brig was letting full her topsails; and the sound of the men in the rattlings rose clearly on the air.

"Cleveland!" said Piron, quietly, "while the ladies and our friends are getting into the barge, come down with me to your cabin. I wish to have a parting word with you."

So they go down.

"Now, my dear friend, you have seen as well as I how wildly those young people are in love with each other. So has my wife. I am sure Clevelan'd, her son, and pretty Rosalie seems more in love with him than our niece. I have not had the heart to put a thorn in the path of their happiness, and God grant it may all come right. But, Cleveland, you know that we come from an old and noble stock. Ever since the Conquest has never crossed our escutcheon, and I can not yet make up my mind to an immediate engagement. Do you not consider that you—Sir Clevelan'd hear me out. I do not, however, carry my prejudices to any absurd extent, nor have I objection to the marriage of my son—but only to her mother and my wife; but I wish you to explain the way and feel, in your own kind manner, to your friend's son. Say to him what a trial it has been to us—how we all love him—he pretend his handsome face deserves—"

"and after he has learned all, if he still persists in urging his suit when the cruise is over, he shall have our consent—only now there are many work changes in them both; and meanwhile I shall not mention the matter to our little Rosalie, as we have for the present—"

"Spoken like a true father and a noble gentleman, my dear Piron! I have thought as you and your excellent wife do on this matter; but, like you, I have not had the courage to give even a hint of warning to Henry. I shall, however, break the matter gently to him, and send my coxswain for his father also, whom I have not seen for a week, and who, they tell me, has been raging about Kingston ever since he ran away from you at Escondido. His son loves him devotedly; and a word from him will do more than I could say in a lifetime."

"The ladies are in the barge, Commodore," squeaked Midshipman Mouse, as he popped his tiny head into the cabin.

"Very well, Sir. And tell Lieutenant Dacrastel that I wish to see him 'se-nerve morning, before church service. Come, Piron!"

On the lower grating of the accommodation ladder stood the Commodore with his first lieutenant as the barge shoved off.

"I am heartily obliged to you, Commodore Cleveland," said Piron, "for your kind wishes to me; and if Mr. Hardy will permit, I'll give the boats' crews a glass of grog for their exertion in rowing the ladies."

Certainly! Jacob knew what was proper under the circumstances, and liked a moderate toss himself after a hard night's work as well as the lusty sailors in the boats, and the youngsters. Rat and Martin, who steered them.

So the barge shoved off, with no other words spoken, though there were white handkerchiefs waved with various fans, and red bandanas, less somewhat moist; while following in the barge's wake went a light whale-boat gig, pulled by four old tars, who would make her leap, when they had a mind, half out of water; for it was in those brawny arms to do it. But now they merely dipped the long oar-blades in the water, and could not keep up with the barge.

They knew each other pretty well-nigh—that their gallant, considerate young Captain there in the stern-sheets, with his white jacket in the moon, who was always thinking about the barge, and something more yielding than white-laced rope in his fippers; and that the sweet little curls under the cap of that wife with her head throwing off the sparkling spray as she lay under his bows, was in no hurry to go to sea—not caring much, either, whether she was homed, so long as she found good holding ground when she got to anchor—in her lovers' eyes, and cargo ready for another voyage—not she!

Finally, old Jacob Blunt, Master, again in his elements with the barge, with Mr. Blanche Binks cutting the anchor forward; all sail made, sheets home, and every thing ship-shape, with a fresh wind, and the *Martha Blunt* gaily gliding astern, went steering out to sea, bound to New Orleans, by way of the Windward Passage.

As the last boat left the brig's side she cast off; and with the waves breaking over her, those four old sons of Daddy Neptune bared their tattooed arms—illustrative of ships, anchors, and maidens—and bent their bodies with a will toward the harbor!

"Take keer, Sir, if it's the same to you, or we'll be on that ledge off the 'Yostle's Battery.' It looks jist a leetle too near for me!" in the Yarrin's Passage as I was wunne nearly 'racked on, in the *Sweeter*, sixteen-gun brig."

"No fear, my boy! Steady, starboard!"

"Beg your parding, Mr. Darcantel, but that 'ere vessel you is heading for is that old chimney of a Spanish steamer, our craft is all here, under the quarter of the *Mosonguhela*."

"Ah yes, Charley; I see the *Rosalie*."

What made them all look over the larboard round one to the other, as their sixteen-feet oars rattled with a clash on the brass rullocks—and shut one eye tight, as if they were squinting themselves? Probably they were thinking of a prayer-book in the cabin somewhere, who lived somewhere in a sea-port town long years ago. But yet they loved that young slip of sea-weed, whose head was hidden on the bottom of the blue jacket, his epaulet lopsided on his shoulder, his sword belt downward, and his brown eyes tracing the lines of the vessel where pretty feet had once rested, while he jerked the tiller ropes from side to side, and his gig went wild by reef and point toward the *Rosalie*.

When the gig's oars at last, in spite of her bumpings against the larboard quarter of the lieutenant, trailed alongside the schooner, and while her crew were cracking a few biscuit and jokes on deck, and Charley hung up the latter end's masts, her Captain hurried down to his small cabin, and changed his fig for service on board the frigate.

CHAPTER XLVII.

DEVOTION.

SUNDAY morning at Kingston harbor. The deep-toned bells from cathedral and church were swelled off from the town; the troops at Park Camp hurried on their shoes and rubbed good; matrons and maidens, with bare heads, fans, and mantillas, going along demurely; portly judges, heroes, and planters trudging beside palanquins of their Saxon spouses; negroes in white; Creoles in brown, cigarritos put out for a time; white-robed priests and rubicund sons of organs and chants or prayers and sermons from kits and pulpits, left the people busy in worshiping God according to their several beliefs.

On the calm harbor, too, and in Port Royal, lay the men-of-war, the church pennants taking the place of the ensigns at the peaks, the bells tolling, and the ships—every one clean, and orderly—ere attending Divine service.

On board the *Mosonguhela* the great spar-deck was scrubbed and washed—that old chap officer with his spy-glassing old quarter-master, and the sentries on gangway and forecastle. The marines, in white, were furnished down in concentric coils, the guns without a speck of dust on their shining coats, the captain polished like an old brass candlestick, and every thing slow and aloft in a faultless condition.

As Harry Darcantel came rather languidly over the gangway, and went down to the maindeck, where the five hundred sailors in snowy-white mustering clothes were assembled, Commodore Cleveland beckoned to him with his finger as he stood talking at the cabin-door to his first lieutenant.

Hardly, I do not feel well this morning;

make my excuses to the chaplain, and go on with the service. Come in, Harry. Orderly, allow no one, not even the servants, to enter the cabin—except Doctor Darcantel, in case he should come on board."

The stiff soldier laid his white-gloved finger on the visor of his hat. Then the chaplain, standing on his flag-draped pulpit at the main-mast, with those five hundred quiet, attentive sailors seated on capstan-bars and match-tubs between his silent company and an open space, his mild, persuasive voice, as he read the sublime service from the good lessons before him. Then, after a short but impressive sermon, adapted to the comprehension of the honest tars around him, with a kindly word, and a few words of benediction to the old veterans who, before the bell, opened the Holy Book and delivered the parting benediction.

As he began the service, in spite of the warning of the sentry at the gangway, came boys on to the frigate's solid side, and as she went down with the rolling, bobbing back from the recoil of the concussion a tall, powerful man leaped out of her, and by a mighty spring caught the man-rope of the roof gangway, and swung himself through the open port of the gun-deck. Drawing his lofty head with reverential awe as the last solemn words of the benediction were uttered by the chaplain, he joined, in a deep, guttural voice, the word "Amen," and strode on and entered the cabin.

The curtains were closely drawn of the aftercabin, even to admit not the slightest of the young sea-breeze which was fluttering in from Port Royal, and there stood that noble officer, with his strong arm thrown around his gallant youth—the picture of abject woe—talking in his kind, feeling accents, trying to console him, though the tears of the night in his eyes and sagging lips, by all the love and affection he bore him through so many years, to be a man, and trust to his good conscience and his right arm to cleave his way through the clouds and gloom in which surrounded him.

"There, Henry, you are calmer now. Sit down here in my state-room, and while you think of that first girl you ever knew, a thoughtful, depraved mother, Madame Rosalie, who loves you for the resemblance she thinks you bear to her little boy, who was murdered by pirates just seventeen years ago off this very island."

"What do you say, Cleveland?" said a voice behind him, with much deep, suppressed energy that the Commodore fairly started. "What did you say about a lost child and a Madame Rosalie?"

Paul Dacrastel stood there in the softened crimson light of the cabin; his sinewy hand upraised, his gaunt breast heaving, with unshorn beard and tangled, grizzly locks, the iron jaw half open, and his dark, terrible eyes gleaming with unearthly fire.

"Speak, Harry Cleveland! For the wife you love, speak the truth!"

"My dear, dearest friend; do be calm! Why have you been so long away from me? I wanted you sadly, but you did not know that the poor boy has had *his* first lesson in this world's grief, and I have had mine in the past few years, cruelty! That the grave he has so often stood over, under the magnolia, does not contain his brother; another child!"

"Merciful God!" said Paul Darcantel, sinking down on his knees, with his hands clasped together, while the first tears for more than twenty years streamed from his agonized eyes. "There is a Providence in it all! That boy is but my son! I, a wretched lost child, Christ's grasp, and that woman must be his mother!"

Lower and lower the lofty head bent, till it touched the floor, the long hands clasped tight together—and those eyes! Ah, those parched eyes! So dry and dry!

"Paul, Paul! What is this I hear? For the love of Heaven and those angels who are waiting for you, explain!"

"My father—my more than father, I am not illegitimate, then! No such shame may cause your boy to blush for his mother?"

While strong and loving arms raised the exhausted man from the deck, and while he becomes once more the same distressed Paul Darcantel, and with hand grasped in hand is rapidly recounting unknown years of his existence, let us leave the cabin.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE TELEGRAPH.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—[Extract from Harper's Weekly, *August 7, 1860.*

An article in your *Weekly* for August 4th on the subject of Atlantic Telegraphs attracts me to address you particularly as regards the *old* company), that, with your permission, I will give you the exact speed of the electric current through the whole length of the first Atlantic Cable, taken on the spot by the writer.

It will be remembered Queenstown, Ireland, was the rendezvous of the fleet previous to departure for Valentia Bay. It was at the former place, on the 1st of August, 1857, that a message was made between the wire on board the *Niagara* and *Agamemnon*, distant from each other a distance of a hundred miles. Experiment proved that it required *three-fourths* of a second for the "spark" to pass through. This was on the very eve of departure (the fleet started August 2d). Previous to this the time was never less than from 1¼ to 1 second for the transmission of a spark.

It will be seen by this that, up to the last moment, the passage of the electricity did not justify the belief that a "remunerative speed" had been obtained, and in all probability could not be until a more perfect system of electrical and mechanical arrangements was perfected.

Respectfully, TELEGRAPHER.

THE GAME OF LIFE.

BY ELIZA COOK.

With eager hand Hope deftly weaves
The manches that our pride would don,
While busy-finger'd Care unreaves
The garments as we put them on.—
We rear our palaces of *joy*,
And tread them with exulting shout,
Till, crumbling round, its plainly found
Some corner-stones have been left out.
And thus we play the game of Life,
Shaded and sunbeam ever blending;
'Mid flowers of Peace and tares of Strife
Gaily beginning—sadly ending.

The maiden greets her swain to-day,
The gay lip murmurs, and she feels him;
Now she believes whate'er he'll say,
A month has gone,—alas! she doubts him;
The lover hangs upon a charm,
With glowing trust and earnest seeing;
Next year he rouses from his trance,
And scoffs at the one he late was wooing.
And thus we play the game of Life,
Our dreams dispell'd, our plans defeated,
And when we're lost with pain and cost,
Still stand, as ready to be cheated.

The cooing infant's rosy mouth
Aptly receives the sweeten'd potion;
When wars are calm, and winds are south,
None see the death-rocks in the ocean.
The rich man toils to "gather up,"
Meaning to bask in Fortune's clover,
And while he pours into his cup,
Perceives not it is running over.
And thus we play the game of Life,
Now simply snared, now wisely brooding,
Now foiled by sunlex, now spreading wiles,
Living deluded and deluding.

The Poet prattles to the stars,
Philosophers dissect the thunder,
But both are doom'd by cynical lurs,
And stand outside to watch and wonder.
We moralize on battle-plains,
Where blood has poured, and fame was won,
We turn and see the baby's glee
Over his mimic sword and gun.
And thus we play the game of Life,
Twixt holy Thought, and fearful Deed.
Some only stay to work and pray,
And some but live for Crime and Greed.

Our feet of clay trip up each other,
Our wings of ether seek the sky:
We breathe—we are—child follows mother,
Yet none can tell us "How?" or "Why?"
Our hearts, like clocks, keep ticking fast,
We climb and laugh, we fall and weep,
Till, tired of guessing, at the last
We solve the riddle in a sleep,
And thus we play the game of Life,
In motley garbs of Grief and Pleasure,
Till we are dust in that green vest
For which the sexton takes our measure.

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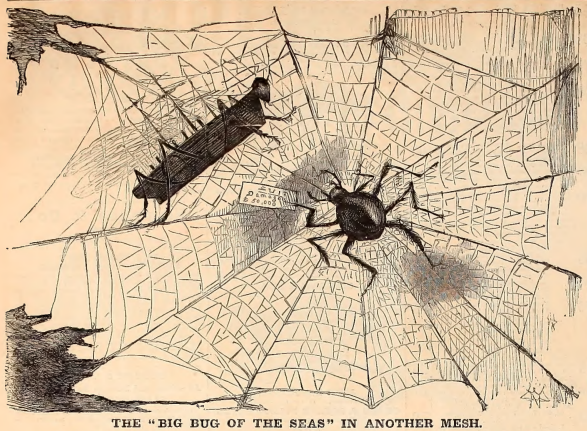

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For September, 1860.

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ALSO, THE VERY BEST SHIRTS THAT CAN BE MADE AT $2 EACH.

P. S.—Those who think I cannot make a good Shirt for $18 per dozen are mistaken. Here's the cost of one dozen $18 fine shirts:

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Profit.....6 15
Total.....$18 00

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Between White & Walker Streets, NEW-YORK.

Please copy my address as other houses in the city are selling inferior made shirts at my prices.

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BELLS | The SUBSCRIBERS manufacture and keep
BELLS, | constantly for sale a large assortment of BELLS
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BELLS, | motives, Steamboats, Farms, Court-houses,
BELLS, | Fire Alarms, &c., &c. These Bells, weighing
BELLS, | 100 pounds and upwards, are mounted with
BELLS, | our PATENT ROTATING YOKE (the best
BELLS, | *and a few* is one), have a Tolling Hammer attached to the frames of all weighing more than 400 pounds, and are warranted in every particular for one year. *The best* material is used in their construction (copper and tin) making a sweet, clear bell. *For old* metal, should they become cracked or by ringing, or melted in an accidental fire (the latter of which frequently occurs) more than twenty times as much as those made of iron would be, if sold under similar circumstances. This, of itself, is a very important consideration.

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A pamphlet mailed free on application. Depot, 21 Broadway, N. Y.
Liberal Terms awarded to Agents.

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IN ORDER TO MEET THE REQUIREMENTS OF gentlemen who prefer a thinner watch than those usually made by us, we have lately issued a new style of watch on the three-quarter plate model, especially designed for this purpose.

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In all respects of fine and durable material, of external and internal finish, of accurate compensation and adjustment, of mathematically just proportions, and, of *practical results*, our new three-quarter plate watch challenges comparison with any in the world.

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Each Instrument warranted for five years.

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Price (with iron stand and drawers) **$110.**

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. IV.—No. 191.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1860. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

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HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH JUST TAKEN BY WATKINS, OF LONDON.]

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

We publish on the preceding page a portrait of the Prince of Wales from a photograph taken by Watkins of Parliament Street, London, just before the Prince sailed from England. As the Prince is just now the hero of the day, our readers will probably be well pleased to compare this portrait with the one we published in our number of August 4, which was pronounced by the correspondents in company with the Prince to be an uncommonly good likeness.

THE SUCTION POST.

When a lounger, on a very hot day, sits down under an awning, and goes to work upon his cobweb-cylinder, he feels with satisfaction how immediately and how smoothly the liquor glides up the straw upon the application of his lips to it. But the odds are that he never associated with this movement the Post-office or the London Parcels Delivery Company in any manner whatever. Yet the power at work in that straw is destined to revolutionize the machinery of those very important metropolitan establishments.

For some years the International Telegraph Company have employed this new power to expedite their own business. Thus their office at Lothbury has been for some time put in communication with the Stock Exchange and their station at Cornhill, Mincing Lane, and written messages are sucked through tubes, thus avoiding the necessity of repeating each message. We illustrate the apparatus doing its ordinary work, only the other day, in the large telegraphic apartment of the Company in Broadway Street, Moorgate Street. Five metal tubes, of from two to three inches in diameter, are seen trained against the wall, and coming to an end at the termination possible to that of the attendant who ministers to them. In connection with their bottoms other smaller pipes are soldered on at right angles; these lead down to an air-pump below, worked by a small steam-engine. Above another air-pump and reservoir, of course, at the other end of the pipe, and thus suction is established to and fro through its whole length. We are now looking at the station which we hear a whistle; this is to give notice that a dispatch is about to be put into the tube at Mincing Lane, two-and-a-half miles distant. It will be necessary, therefore, to exhaust the air between the end we are watching and that point. A brass trap-door at the end of the apparatus opens instantly, but a cock is turned, the air-pump below begins to suck, and in a few seconds you hear the blast against the end of the tube—the little door is opened, and a cylinder of gutta-percha, incased in flannel, about the size of a tobacco-box, is thrown in, but loosely, is immediately ejected upon the counter; the cylinder is opened at one end, and there we find the dispatch.

Now it is quite clear that it is only necessary to enlarge the tubes and to employ more powerful engines and steam-power, in order to convey not only letters and dispatches, book parcels, etc., in the same manner. And this a new company are forming with about to do. They purpose in their prospectus to unite all the district post-offices in the metropolis with the central office in Saint Martin's-le-Grand.

At the present moment the contract rate at which the mail-carts go in eight miles per hour. The Pneumatic Company can convey messages at the rate of thirty miles an hour, and this speed can be doubled if necessary. The same system will be ultimately adopted for bringing the mail-bags to and from the railway stations. A pipe between the Charing Cross post-office and Saint Martin's-le-Grand is about to be laid; so that the public service will very speedily test its capabilities, if further testing, indeed, be needed.

The company are also about to lay down a pipe between the Stock and the Exchange, for the conveyance of samples of merchandise, thus practically bringing the Isle of Dogs into Cornhill; and for all we know the invention may further be extended to relieve the gorged streets of the metropolis of some of its heavy traffic.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1860.

THE RECOVERY FROM THE CRISIS.

COMMERCIAL movements are always slow; it takes years to collect materials for a financial crisis, and years to set in order the scaffolding for a new edifice of prosperity. The crisis of 1857 was inevitable from the outbreak of the Crimean war; it is now likely that the real work of restoration has only just begun.

It has begun, however, and for that let us give God thanks. On whichever side we look we see the signs of reviving animation, increasing enterprise, increased production, restored vitality, re-established confidence. The number of vessels employed in the first of the great factories is considerably greater than has ever been known heretofore; the consumption of cotton has increased, it is expected, this year, be thirty-three per cent. in excess of that of any previous year. The yield of wheat in the West is over twenty-five per cent. more than the harvest of 1856, the largest harvest on record; corn is expected to show a still larger increase. Cotton may not do, this year, as well as last, in consequence of the short summer drought; but the crop will certainly be in excess of that of any previous year except 1859. The railroad interest is mending rapidly; the average receipts show an increase of from forty to sixty per cent. over last year. More ships and steamers are being built than usual; it is evident that new struggles are going to be made with England for the supremacy of the seas. The mines—iron, coal, lead, and gold—are yielding more metal than they have done for years.

Thus we see once more on the advancing wave of prosperity. How long the tide may flow before the ebb comes depends on the common sense and discretion of the people at large. If people generally become elated at the prospect of prosperity, and begin to spend as much as or more than they earn, if the increase of wealth leads to an excessive expansion of credit, and every one begins to run in debt with a view of paying off not only our own insist on squandering upon dress and household luxuries the sums which they spent in 1856 and the early part of 1857, it is evident that our race will be swift, and that a fresh financial crisis will speedily overtake us. Nothing but caution, prudence, economy, and habits of saving among individuals can render the present condition permanent. The choice rests with the people: they must decide.

THE PRINCE OF WALES IN CANADA.

Our humorous poets have thus far forgotten to seize the humors of the Prince's tour through the British Provinces. The Prince himself, by virtue of the colonists; the funny servility of some learned bodies; the desperate partisanship of some petty politicians; the agonies of the Princess best some fair subject should presume to walk arm in arm with him in the dance; the incorrigible laws which guard the Prince against being spoken to on a subject; the inevitable proffer of his left hand, the right being only used for kissing not for shaking hands; the lavish expenditure of money in honor of the Prince, all will probably gaze with more interest on Canada's natural beauties than on her triumphal arches—all these, and a thousand more, are serious pen, and we hardly understand how they have been neglected so long.

We trust, when the Man arises who shall treat this theme, that he will have the good sense to treat it with genial kindly humor, and not with any thing like ill-nature or venom. In all the processions of the Prince thus far, droll as some of the events have been, there has been nothing ridiculous, and certainly nothing deserving reprobation. On the whole, the Prince has conducted himself with rare discretion and judgment. His replies to addresses have not by any means been stereotyped, and have all been sensible and judicious. He has made no mistakes; hurt no one's feelings; damped no one's enthusiasm. Perhaps there never was a royal personage which left so little room for serious criticism. If the Prince, when he comes to reign over Great Britain, is as well advised as he has been on this tour, the British will be a fortunate people.

The most trying ordeal for his Royal Highness is to come, however. His reception here will not be half so enthusiastic. Our City Fathers and Mothers have met and resolved to entertain him grandly in the Academy of Music. The matter is then taken up by the Board of the Common Council, which is a great blessing; but there is a wide margin for blunders even under this safeguard. The blunders will not arise from the *incognito* under which the Prince will travel. What excuse is there for fixing Baron Renfrew? How far are the barriers of etiquette to be drawn? What will the Prince say to his New York entertainers? We trust that all these matters may be carefully thought of in advance, and that nothing may occur to mar a reception which should be perfect in its way. The spirit exists here to do the Prince honor worthily; let us hope that the execution may be felicitous.

A KING FOR CANADA.

Some of our contemporaries, moralising on the progress of the Prince of Wales through the British Provinces, predict that he will shortly be inaugurated as Viceroy of the United British North America. Those who hold this opinion do not understand the temper of the colonists. They are intensely loyal—to wards, and as against foreign nations, such as the United States. But as between themselves and Great Britain they are, and ought to be, imbued with a very strong local patriotism and a decided jealousy of British interference. For nearly twenty years, indeed ever since self-government was inaugurated in Canada, each successive English governor has been more unpopular than the last. The best English governor they ever had was Lord Elgin, and him they heartily stoned to death. The reason is very simple.

The Canadians are at heart thoroughly freemen and Democrats. They want to govern themselves. They have the intelligence and capacity to do so, and they know it. As it is, their governors possess very little real power—no more than the Queen in England; they merely draw their $30,000 a year for obeying the orders of the elective Parliament; and yet they are perpetually reviled by the local papers. Any contemptible wretch could upset Elgin by an attempt to convert Canada into a Viceroyalty like Ireland would result in a rebellion, far more serious in its character than that of 1837–8.

That the British Provinces will shortly be united or confederated, there is every reason to believe. Rumors of this effect have that the executive chief of the whole will not be appointed by England, but elected by the British North American people. No Prince will ever rule over Canada.

THE LOUNGER.

AN EXPLANATION.

Of course the friends of Mr. Page the painter must have been amazed to read in the Lounger of last week that Page is a "gay painter" and "believes profoundly in advertising."

The Lounger hastens to explain that the article called "The Painter" should have followed the one called "The Merry Painter," and that it is to the latter that the "gay," etc., refer. No man could more utterly disbelieve what is known as "advertising" than William Page.

THE CITY DINING THE PRINCE.

A MEETING of New York citizens has appointed a committee to take charge of an ovation to the Prince of Wales. That includes the most eminent men of letters, clergymen, lawyers, and merchants of every kind in the city. It is strictly a representation of the "solid men" of society; and the experiment will now be fairly tried whether it is possible to have a public reception of a distinguished guest which is worthy of the fame of the city.

Of course there must be a dinner. There must be a public eating of that kind. And it is therefore a good thing that there is so spacious and splendid a hall in Academy for the occasion. Brilliantly illuminated and thronged with ladies, making hanging gardens of the boxes above the parquet, it will be as pretty a spectacle as we are likely to see there.

But why should the ladies be confined to the boxes? Why should no such gentleman who buys a ticket to the table be allowed to buy one for a lady also? Then when the table tickets were all sold, the ladies would be content to go up stairs and look on. The fine effect of the spectacle will be greatly heightened by the mingling of the bright toilets of the ladies with the somber regulation black broadcloth of the gentlemen. Moreover, it is intended to have the elegant wives of partners of a private party. It is not a public spree of the Rookh kind, and it may fairly be presumed that there will be no appearance of irregularity upon the part of the guests at the banquet. It is not a partisan or political assembly. It is meant to be a mere festival of welcome to a guest who is also a friend.

There is no reason to suppose that they will not be, except that it is rather the habit for public dinners to be composed of men only. This has been the rule, of course, because men did not wish the invitation of their society to the other sex. But this is the very occasion upon which they do want it. The Prince of Wales will visit the future King of England shall always remember that he dined with hundreds of Americans, as quietly and elegantly as he had been dining with the Court at Windsor Castle. Oh, Jenkins, do you think the thing possible?

And oh, Jenkins, couldn't you say a word to the orators? Let us have it thick, but not too thick. Let it be distinctly stated that we are one family: that we have a common language, common interests, and common religion; that Shakespeare and Milton belong to us both; and that playing our bonds we are to bless the world:—let that all be set forth at length and with velvet eloquence. Then let us stop talking, clear away the tables, and fall to dancing. The Prince is fond of it. You told us that he danced eleven times one evening, and that, too, after dinner. And "the rests his partners frequently." That is another great point.

It is suggested that it is not the custom in England to admit ladies to public dinners, and it would strike the Prince as "odd." So it might, but we thought New York was in America.

A GREAT EVENT.

As I passed up the East River on an afternoon of last week I saw upon the shore opposite Blackwell's Island a crowd of men and women clustering upon the rocks that overhang the water, and sitting and sauntering among the trees. The bits of green grass from the river had a peculiar air of lawns. The trees were stately and full-leaved. There were graceful inequalities of surface, and the people scattered every where had a peaceful air of tranquil happiness. There were buildings also, and benches, and a platform. Altogether it was a very pretty pastoral sight. There was something in it to remind a spectator of Claude's pictures.

And if a man had looked in under the silken canopy which stretched over the old Roman Colosseum like a firmament—if he had seen the myriads of people sitting there, rising upward and backward into remote tiers of glittering life—and had remembered that this was the flower of the most civilized of nations, how sadly he would have been puzzled if he had been told that this festive scene was simply a gladiatorial shambles, and that these pretty people were all gathered to see men murder each other! "The doomed salute thee, Cesar!" is the way we see it in Gerome's picture, and among it, compelled the bestiality of Rome, and understand why. But what it had conquered, and said, and its prosperity had culminated, it perished miserably, as it deserved.

There was something of the same melancholy contrast between the festal aspect of the groups in the grounds by the river and the occasion of their assembly. To be sure prize-fighting is another kind of gladiatorial show, and the occasion in question was only a sham prize-fight, or hardly so much as a mock—if we were to honor a prize-fighter. Let us suppose that the affable and gentlemanly pugilist had slain his fellow with the last round, and of Farnborough, would he have been seriously different from a gladiator who had plunged his short sword through the body of his adversary? Undoubtedly he would have been. How? Because the old gladiator was compelled by his victors to fight with his fellow-prisoner, while the affable and gentlemanly fighter of Farnborough would, in the case supposed, have slain his antagonist without compulsion, utterly unprovoked, and without any offense upon the part of his victim. There is just that difference between these scenes and the modern gladiator, and it is infinitely in favor of the former.

And suppose, again, that Sayers had been killed in the ring—why, in that case, instead of thirty thousand people at the national ovation to the Farnborough hero there would have been three hundred thousand. The national honor would then have been completely vindicated. The whole world would have seen that we were the bravest, most honest, most manly nation that was ever known. And the Druses would have said, "If Christ is the Christian civilization they make such a row-de-dow about, let us strike again!"

THE LAST TRIUMPH OF "PRACTICAL MEN."

THE *Great Eastern* has left us. The ship of which for two or three years we have all been dreaming, and looking at pictures, and wondering, and laughing, and doubting, and betting—she has gone now, and in the range of chances we shall probably never see her again. Her builders seem to have made the same mistake that the unhappy Haydon made in painting, and the Roman Room subjects in moulding. The mistake was in supposing that force, or grandeur, or use necessarily kept in dirt. A picture is not necessarily a work of high art because it is a certain subject painted upon an enormous canvas. The statue of an emperor was not heroic and impressive merely because it was four times as large as life. And the *Great Eastern* is neither the fastest, nor safest, nor most economical of ships because she is the biggest. She may be called the great British folly; but, like many things so called, she has a great deal that is excellent and memorable to look back upon.

But how about our friends the "practical men?" They built her—they subscribed for her—they believed in her—they bragged upon her. If a poet goes up in a balloon of any kind, the practical men look on, and shrug their shoulders, and say "poor devil!" If a subscription is proposed for Garibaldi or Kossuth, the practical men squint wisely, and ask if publishing is dead—if you want to see fancy running riot—study the practical men, and watch their performances, and the poets, and Kossuth, and Garibaldi will seem to you the only people of ordinary common sense in the world.

Practical men blew the South Sea bubble. Practical men made King Hudson. Practical men built the *Great Eastern*. Practical men subscribed to our intercontinental railroads. Practical men elected. Practical men allow the city taxes to crawl up to the dizzy height. Practical men think that the true way to answer great public questions is to hold your tongue. Practical men think, when the delegate begins, that it isn't going to be much of a shower. And then practical men go home and forbid the marriage of daughter Mary with young Matthew Melody, because he does not know the value of money—because he is not a practical man.

In Scott's "Antiquary," Sir Arthur Wardour is a practical man. How he laughs at that wise visionary Oldbuck! Yes—and how easily Dousterswivel, with his incantations and divining-rods, leads Sir Arthur by the nose!

It will do us harm to preach this little sermon from that tremendous text of the *Great Eastern*. We Loungers and other useless people have plenty of time to study the actions of practical men, and to perceive why it is that they esteem us so lightly. It is because they are busy with *Great Eastern* and their great works. They triumphantly ask, "While lounging through life is all very well, what dividend does lounging provide? Tell us that, for we are practical men." And the *Great Eastern* —and the Atlantic Cable—what is their dividend? Do you think Brunel revived is dead? Don't you individually know that Sir Arthur is living?

And so a prosperous voyage to the great ship!

AN IMPERIAL LETTER.

THE real power and character of Louis Napoleon are shown in nothing he has ever done more fully than in his late letter to M. Persigny, the French Ambassador in England. It is a letter unique in history. It shows that the Emperor of France feels no secure on his throne, and so essentially strong that he can treat upon the elaborate forms and ceremonious delays of diplomacy, and say directly, as one man to another, precisely what he thinks and means.

That he may be telling an untruth is possible. That is always possible when a man speaks. But the simplicity, clearness, and frankness with which he states his points are beyond praise, as they are beyond precedent in such correspondence.

The traditional fear of England is that France will descend upon her coasts and actually occupy London. It is a disease of terror which periodically shows itself. The Nestor of the English press was last year and shook his warning finger. The nation took fright. It is true in the first place that only an army drill in the field—only an excuse for assembling and marshaling the army, can be made suddenly valid England. It began to form volunteer companies. The drum rattled, the fife shrieked, throughout the kingdom. Latterly we have had only the scenes of the reviews in London—of the horse pulling by the Queen of the string that fired a rifle—and finally the speech of Lord Derby openly asking for extraordinary means to put the nation in a state of defence.

Directly upon that speech comes the letter of Louis Napoleon. It sounds like the voice of a man in a hubbub of children. "Let us understand one another in good time, like honest men as we are, and not like thieves who desire to cheat each other." It is clear that Louis Napoleon, dealing in the solemn formality of English diplomacy, is like to get the answer that Mr. Cleman got at the Circumlocution Office: "Look here! upon my soul, you mustn't come into the place saying you want to know, you know." The Emperor of France deliberately says want to know, you know, and England is aghast.

Upon the whole, and whatever doubt of his honesty may be suggested in this letter, Louis Napoleon has certainly shown his entire superiority to the system of British statesmanship. While the English gentlemen and lounger and listen for the French cannon in the Channel—while it is as firm a faith among the people of England that a Bonaparte is waiting to eat them up as it used to be that King Arthur was not dead—the ruler of France smiles and tells what he means to do; and trying to convince them that a man who, at this day, finds himself Emperor of France, has other work on hand than "humbling England," sends out his Uncle Napoleon dead at St. Helena. Some things may be considered settled: among them, for instance, that we are two or four; that England can never permanently occupy France, and nice verse; and that the present condition of affairs forbids any treaty between those two nations upon such a point as revenge for Waterloo. It may be said with the utmost truth that Louis Napoleon has always stated precisely what he meant, so far as England was concerned—that the event has always justified his words, and that the last thing sant English terror of a French invasion is due to their own skepticism of their professed amity. England takes the word of France, and sleeps tranquilly; France takes the hand of England, and holds it honestly.

"In Heaven's name," says Napoleon, "let the eminent men who are placed at the head of the English Government" set aside petty jealousies and unjust suspicions." It need not lay them aside because Louis Napoleon promises fairly, but because his deeds have hitherto justified his words.

HAS A MAN A RIGHT TO HIS OWN?

MY DEAR LOUNGER,—I have a profound respect for the rights of man, but I am perplexed to know and depend upon you to relieve me. The point is this: Is it part of the rights of other men to trample upon me? You have I, as the proprietor of a pretty country place, to endure all day? After working hard at my business for many years, I accumulated money enough to purchase a small, but, as I think, very pleasant place, within less than two hundred miles of New York. It is true that I live all the year in the country, I thought "it would be a good thing," as Mr. Sparrowgrass says, to have a house tolerably near some summer resort or small watering-place, that the monotony might be relieved, and I found just the place.

Indeed, Mr. Lounger—and pardon my pause to say it—is it not remarkable that, if any body advertises for a very particular object, of any kind whatsoever—from a necklace with a sapphire at the handle to a country seat upon the water, with an old farm, a mossy grove, and all city conveniences—there is always somebody sure to respond that, by the rarest luck in the world, he happens to have in a very large way in question, which, for private reasons, he was just ready to part with for half its value? It is remarkable, isn't it?

Well, I bought my place (as above), and it was pleasant and convenient. But when the summer came, and the visitors came with it to the watering-place, they seemed to imagine that they had bought a right to the whole neighborhood with their eighteen dollars a week. That sum really entitled them to a well-shaken bed cell, with a small sideboard, one table (unsteady upon its legs), one wooden chair, one ditto wash-stand, and one square looking-glass, with a free use of the horsehair rocking-chair and rattling piano in the public parlor. And if they chose to add to this their share of the dust on the highway, it was all right, and nobody complained.

But the joke is—I mean the misery is—that these people seem to have left all idea of private property behind them. They respect my gate and my neighbor's no more than the dirt that blows over them. They walk about my grounds as freely, pick my flowers, and eat my fruit as generously as if they were the trees and all, but belonged to my bed tenants. Every soon put up boards painted with large, ugly letters—"No Admission," "Private Grounds," "Not open to the Public," etc., but without the least result. Then I locked my gate—and it was broken down! And palings were pulled off to let women through, more easily! My place was overrun. My peace was gone. My wife was indignant. My daughters in the midst of their youth and beauty got a round from the bushes. So I bought a bull-dog. Unhappily he was as dangerous to the family as to any stranger. So when he arrived I took lodgings near by, at a high rate, for my wife and the children, and gave the brute free range of the grounds. Result—I sold my property at a low hand—and behold, the bull-dog dead—poisoned, I have reason to believe, with strychnine in a chop.

Then I rented a cottage for the season. I put up fresh notices, and I posted myself with a huge club in the garden walks. Presently, on a bright morning, came a lovely party of ladies and following: Can a lovely party of ladies and following. They are three ladies and one gentleman. As they approach I say to myself, What did you bring, ladies make some smothered joke upon my appearance. I take the gentleman aside, and say to him, imperiously, "Sir, do you know that these are private grounds? You will please to move off immediately."

Mr. Lounger, what do you think the man does? He pulls out his card, hands it to me, says that I have insulted him, and challenges me!

I write merely for information. I only want to know whether the wretched people who own country-places near summer resorts have any right to their property at all; and whether a vulgar cockney hires his three-legged pine table in his hot white cell, he also buys the entire region round.

YOURS, BENONI STOCKING.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

AN ancient monster hints that possibly long trains were worn to hide huge feet—a sneer which is indulged in by a timid insulting creature, a fiend in petti'coats, who tells us:

"E knuwe a mayden tuyce to see:
Fayre was she thenne;
Mex vuke is long—as hir feete may be:
Blynde-ave! Blynde-ave!
All ye that have suche wyttoes be,
Truste not to more than ye can see!"

THE PAPAL BRIGADIER'S RETURN.

The Irish Boy is come back from Rome,]
In a seedy suit you'll deed him:
He brings large hopes but little riches home,
And his coat slit up behind him.
"Lord of lords!" the Irish Boy says he says,
"Though priests may howl, he says:
Some take from out the papal purse,
Some greenhorns, duped, not crazy."

The Boy was done, but the Papal chair
Could not keep his wits from wool under;
The swag he expected he didn't gain:
So he found he'd made a blunder.
And said, "No Pope shall humbug me;
My wits are always wakened."
I'll never fight, grain, against the Free,
For Liberty and for Reform!

With reference to George IV.'s known dislike to Peel, and contempt for his plebeian origin, and supposed want of "polish," Sydney Smith said of Peel, at a dinner:

"Peel, when in the ministry, and on a visit at the Pavilion [Brighton], was sent for to the King in the middle of the night to attend his Majesty in what was then dinner dress. He found the King in full dress, expecting him; and the King supposed to be his last moments. Peel was highly flattered by the King's address: 'Peel, Peel, what he could scarcely utter, said,

"'Oh, my dear John, God bless you! I shall never see you again.' And as Peel was leaving the room, he added, 'Peel, I have made that dressing-gown, my dear Peel!' It sets very badly indeed. God bless you, my dear John! Never employ that tailor again.'"

At a dinner-party at Lord Lyndhurst's, at which Sydney Smith was present, the conversation turned on the question, in India, as to the best punishments, an instance of which was recent. When the subject was pretty well exhausted, Sydney Smith, with a look of horror, asserting that no wife who truly loved her husband could ever be tortured him.

"But, if Lord Lyndhurst were to die, you would be very sorry, would you not, Mrs. Sydney Smith?"

"Lady Lyndhurst," he replied, "would, no doubt, be a disconsolate wife, consider her duty to burn herself, but it would be our duty to put her out; and when the end of the lord Chancellor's life arrived, we should not be but cut like an ordinary widow." And then he went on: "Let's see, I suppose all the judges and then of the lawyers."

"And where, Mr. Smith, are the clergy?"

"All gone to congratulate the new Chancellor."

Throw a piece of meat among boars and a pure of pot among dogs, and what will behave most outrageously—the men or the beasts?

"What is meant by the definition of the needle?" ask. A dunnish of a boarding-school.

"When it runs up into the quick of the nail," was the reply.

Lady Yarmouth asked Garrick one day why Love was always represented as a child. He replied, "Because Love never reaches the age of wisdom and experience."

Mr. Herrin "was never more astonished in the whole course of his life," but when his friend Jones asked him to take a chair, he said he would "wait till one came round."

What part of a ship is like a farmer?—The tiller.

"Is your city a healthy one, Sir?"
"Oh yes; medicines are cheap there."

STEDY THE FACE.—A story is told of the great French actress, which finely illustrates his knowledge of human nature. He was traveling in Germany, in entire ignorance of its language and currency. Having obtained some small change for some of his French coins, he used to pay couchmen and others in the following manner: Taking a handful of the unanimal specimens from his pocket, he would hand them, one by one, into the coachbox's hands, keeping his eye fixed all the time on the receiver's face. As soon as he perceived the least twinkle of a smile he took back the last coin deposited in the hand, and substituted for it one of smaller value. He afterward found that in pursuing this method he had not overpaid his coachman.

The following trifling anecdote is given as an illustration of Charles Lamb's playfulness:

He was dining one day at Mr. Gillman's. Returning to town in the stage-coach, which was filled with Mr. Gillman's guests, he fell asleep for a minute or two at Kentish Town. A woman asked the coachman, 'Are you full inside?' Lamb, who overheard, put his head through the window, and said, 'I am quite full inside; that last piece of pudding at Mr. Gillman's did the business for me.'

The tongue discovers the state of the mind no less than the pulse. Before you feel the latter, before the philosopher or the physician can judge, the patient must open his mouth.

"TICKETS, SIR!"—A good story is related of a conductor on a railroad, who was a strict church-going man, and was always found punctually in his church on the Sabbath. One Saturday evening his train was in very late, and he did not get home at a time to retire to bed which, however, did not prevent his attending Divine service as usual. During the sermon he unfortunately fell into a troubled sleep, soothed by the monotonous voice of the minister, and in his dreams he thought his seat, throat his hat under his arm, and giving his neighbor his ticket, he exclaimed, "Ticket, Sir!" The astonished neighbor also sprang to his feet, which thoroughly aroused the conductor, and he left the church in a hurry, feeling all eyes turned toward him, instantly comprehended his position, and "Ticket, Sir!" amidst a suppressed titter from the whole congregation.

"John, you seem to gain flesh every day; the grocery business must agree with you." "What did you say, Sam?"

"Well, Simon, I really don't know; but it strikes me it was a pound of butter."

A Frenchman, intending to compliment a young lady by calling her a gentle lamb, said, "She is one mutton as is small."

A late well-known member of the Scottish bar, when a boy, was remarkable for a dandy, and smiled neat and sharp in his temper. He was going to pay a visit in the country, and was making a great fuss about his preparing and putting up of his habiliments. His old aunt was annoyed at last by his bustle, and stopped him by the answer had contemptuous question.

"Where's the use, Jamie, of dressing, that ye mak sic a grand wark about your claes?"

The young coxcomb was stopped, and pettishly replied: "I am going to the devil."

"Deed, Bubbly Jock," was the quiet answer, "ye needna be sae nice; he'll just tak ye as ye are."

HINT TO TRAVELERS.—"Do you see this stick, Sir?" said a very quiet gentleman to Sydney Smith. "This stick has been all round the world, Sir."

"Indeed," said Sydney Smith, "and Sydney; "and yet it is only a stick?"

"The story is remarkable, but pertinent.

A young ensign of a regiment, residing in lodgings the sitting-room of which was very small, was visited by one of his brother officers, who, on taking his leave, said, "Well, Charles, and how much longer do you mean to stop in this wretched hole?" To which he stiffly replied, "Until I become a kernel."

A young man becoming engaged recently, was desirous of presenting his betrothed with a ring appropriately inscribed, but being at a loss what to have engraved on it, called upon a friend for advice. "Well," said the old man, "put on. 'When this you see remember me.'" The young lover was delighted with the idea, and on receiving a beautiful ring, with this inscription: "When this you see remember me," he was astonished.

ON A LADY WITH BRIGHT EYES AND A LOUD VOICE.

Miss Sarah is made of fearful stuff,
Her eyes are bright, her voice is loud;
But then her voice—as loud and rough—
Is not so bright as her eyes are.
You hear her lightning well enough,
But where's the thunder?

A wag, named Tracy, was one evening accosted by a lady named Grimes, thus:

"Tracy, I say dear Mr. Tracy,
That after T you are so racy?"

To which he replied:

"Because, my dear, at various times,
If we leave out G we thus have rimes."

JET-BEDRAGGLED PROFESSIONAL.—"Ain't they put out their lights?" said a fop.

"Be BUFFO. "Not a bit on it; all the winders is blazin' away as if they was a-goin' to have to pay for 'em all!"

JET BUFFO. "Wot a shame to keep a feller out of his bed in this way! Why can't they go to bed like Christians?" (Exit, yawning.)

A man who has a heart of iron can at least boast of always having metal in his chest.

The heat of us sometimes fall into traps and scrapes when least expected. The students at Cornell are not exempt from this danger, and it was most humorously exemplified at the "Junior Exhibition" a few nights ago, by the most distinguished and illustrious personage sometimes employed in human affairs—the man who rocks the cradle. The amiable lady in question had just completed a speech on the "Influence of Woman," and her fervent opinion, when Colonel P—— entered. "See, Colonel," said she, "what a comfort it is to have you here ready for me to read!" The Hon. Colonel, having read it, said, "Now, Miss ——, you have done well enough; it is so, you ever read my thing so vile?" "Never, upon my word." "Then you must have a natural genius for it, to wrote it myself." "Your M——?" said the Colonel, in confusion. "Yes, my mother-in-law." "No, no, Colonel, first thoughts are commonly the best. I agree with you, and I shall therefore continue to write for myself."

A verdant Irish girl just arrived was sent to an intelligence office by the Commissioner of Emigration to find a place at service. She entered a restaurant, where "a stout lady" was wanted, and while waiting for her turn to be interrogated, she espied a dish of light blue cigar lighting a Victorian match on the side of it, and, supposing it to be a dish of fish, was sorely half frightened to see the match blaze up, and the cigar smoke issue from its breath. "Why, what is the matter with you?" said the proprietor, seeing her rush in with such confusion. "Och, sure, Sir, but ye's aint me to the said Nick him self in human form." "What does he want? has he dared to insult a help from my office?" inquired the man. "Yes, Sir," replied the girl, "he's in the shop, Sir." "What did he do? Tell me, and I'll fix him for it," said he, quite enraged. "Why, Sir, while I was talking to him about the wages, he lighted up the bottom of his fist, and put it between his lips to finger, Sir, and gave one strake, and the fire flew out of his fist, and burned the whole of his hand right off to it, right afore my own face! He's the said Nick, sure, Sir!"

A MESSAGE TO COOK.—"Mary, this *hoister* sauce is quite cold. Misses has sent me down with it, and says you must 'eat it directly, and bring it up again."

"Doctor," said an old lady, the other day, to her family physician, "can you tell me how it is that some folks is born dumb?"

"Why—here's—why, certainly, madam," replied the doctor; "it's owing to the fact that they came into the world without speech."

"La, me!" remarked the old lady. "Now just see what it is to have a physic education; I've been one of my man mess'n a hundred times that se same thing!"

Next to "twenty-four grains," there is nothing like a tame mouse to make a penny valk.

A man winds up his clock to make it run, and his business to make it stop.

One of the most dangerous of all levelers is the man with a gun in his hand.

When does a man execute three times?—When he can't help it.

THE CITY OF QUEBEC.

By the time this paper is in the hands of our readers the Prince of Wales will have arrived at Quebec, and we accordingly publish, on the following pages, a fine picture of that time-honored old city, taken from the famous Prescott Gate, in the assault upon which, in the first war, the gallant Montgomery fell.

Of all the cities of this continent Quebec has perhaps the noblest historical associations. Founded over two years before the first house was built by a white man on the island of Manhattan, it was, until the days of the Canadian Rebellion and insurrection, for many many years, the northernmost settlement of white men on the continent—the outpost of civilization; and during the long summer of its early peace ensettlements, it had its share of Indian strife, it suffered less, perhaps from this cause than any other place of equal importance. This was due, in part, to its commanding position, partly to the elaborate works of defense erected by Champlain, and more than all to the humanity and kindness of the French monks and nuns who were the first teachers there, and who made the Indians friends perforce.

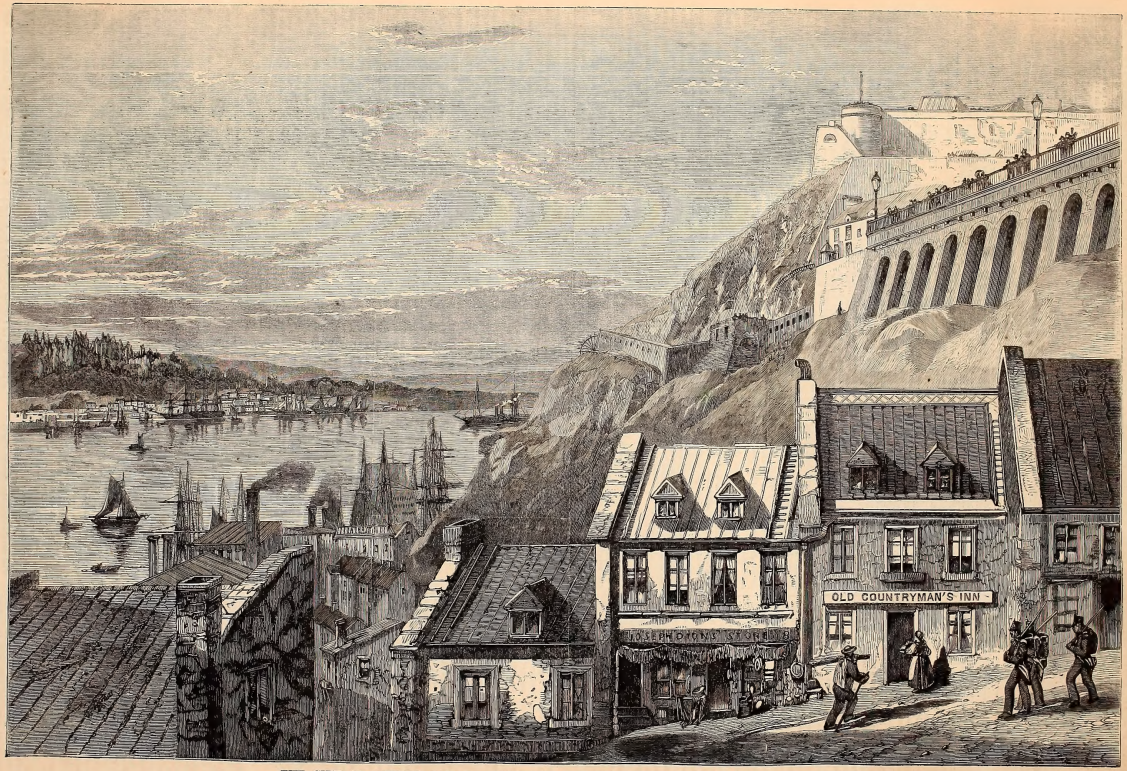
Quebec is the only place on this continent where the old French system of government by intendants and creatures of the Royal Council at Paris was thoroughly established. Its archives contain ample testimony to the truth of the picture drawn by De Tocqueville in his "Old Régime and Revolution;" even now the relics of that old régime can perhaps be better studied here than abroad at Quebec than in any part of France. There were intendants and their subordinates, and servants bound to service, tithes and property held in *seigneuries*, mutation fines and banal mills; dashing sprigs of Parisian nobility, sent out to Canada to expiate some scrape at Versailles, and ship-loads of women sent from Bicetre by the despotic edict of the King's mother, to enable almost the intestinal himself; and under all a peasantry mostly recruited from Normandy and Brittany, quiet, orderly, amiable, knowing little, and seeking not to know more, content to be a great man's serfs, to grind their corn at his mill, to hold their land under him, and to pay him homage and duty whenever they were required so to do. Our picture will enable some to realize this old time; while others have left their mark on every street and on almost every institution in Quebec.

We have not space to detail the history of the old town. All remember how Quebec was assailed, unsuccessfully, by Sir William Phipps in 1690, and how, after a glorious battle, it was taken by General Wolfe in 1759. The walls, which are shown in our picture, were erected at that time, though they have since been much strengthened and improved.

On New-Year's morning 1776, up the steep hill shown in our engraving, James Montgomery marched over snow and ice to storm the gate from the top of which our picture was taken. The terrifling obstacles had been overcome; but just as hope began to dawn in the breasts of the assailants, a discharge of grape from one of the British guns killed their leader, and defeated the attack. It was at last at a desperate but successful moment as Quebec was, with its fortifications, it would have been successfully defended against a much larger force than that could have been gathered from Montgomery's handful of heroes, or Arnold's exhausted and broken-down army. This was the last attack ever made upon Quebec.

The Province of Canada from its British army made but little change in Quebec. Lord Dorchester preserved its ancient laws, priests and nuns kept their enormous property; the feudal lords their seigniories; their tenants their ancient rights and customs, and their laws." The only change was that a British soldier sat in the "palace" instead of a French intendant. In 1791 the Province was established—a poormockery of the country: still it did say thing but legislate for the country; still it lasted over thirty years, until the people grew weary of bureaucratic tyranny and insisted upon a measure of representation. This they obtained in 1841; but the struggle cost Quebec its position as the capital. The Provincial Government during the next few years or so, had to hold its meetings as Ulysses after the siege of Troy, and about as many hardships to endure. It went to Montreal, and was burned down by the mob that was starved; to Toronto, then back to Quebec, then again to Toronto, then again to Quebec, where it now is the latter city, under an arrangement similar to that which prevails in Connecticut, and which obliges the Governor and public officers to oscillate every four years between Quebec and Toronto. It is eventually to go to Ottawa City—late Bytown.

Quebec is now a city of 50,000 souls, a most interesting old city—perhaps the most picturesque,



THE CITY OF QUEBEC, CANADA, FROM THE TOP OF PRESCOTT GATE.—[SEE PRECEDING PAGE.]

"SHE SAT ALONE, ON THE COLD GRAY STONE."

VIOLET.

SHE stood where I had used to wait
For her, beneath the gaunt old yew,
And near a column of the gate
That open'd on the avenue.

She stood, amid such tearful gloom;
But close behind her, out of reach,
Lay many a mound of orchard bloom,
And trellis'd blossoms of the peach.

Those peaches blooming to the south,
Those orchard blossoms, seem'd to me
Like kisses of her rosy mouth,
Revived on trellis and on tree:

Kisses, that die not when the thrill
Of joy that answer'd them is mute;
But such as turn to use, and fill
The summer of our days with fruit.

And she, impressing half the sole
Of one small foot against the ground,
Stood resting on the yew-tree bole,
A-tiptoe to each sylvan sound:

She, whom I thought so still and shy,
Express'd in every subtle move
Of lifted hand and open eye
The large expectancy of love;

Until, with all her dewy hair
Dissolved into a golden flame
Of sunshine on the sunless air,
She came to meet me as I came.

But in her face no sunlight shone;
No sunlight, but the sad unrest
Of shade, that sinks from zone to zone
When twilight glimmers in the west.

What grief had touch'd her on the nerve?
For grief alone it is, that stirs
The full ineffable reserve
Of quiet spirits such as hers:

'Twas this—that we had met to part;
That I was going, and that she
Had nothing left but her true heart,
Made strong by memories of me.

What wonder then she quite forgot
Her old repression and control,
And loosened at once and stinted not
The tender tumult of her soul?

What wonder, that she droop'd and lay
In silence, and at length in tears,
On that which should have been the stay
And comfort of her matron years?

But from her bosom, as she leant,
She took a nested violet,
And gave it me—"because 'twas meant
For those who never can forget."

This is the flower: 'tis dry, or wet
With something I may call my own.
Why did I rouse this old regret?
It irks me, now, to be alone:

Triumphs, indeed! Why, after all,
My life has but a leaden hue:
My heart grows like the heart of Saul,
For hatred, and for madness too.

Why sits that smirking minstrel there?
I hate him, and the songs he sings;
They only bring the foul despair
Of inaccessible sweet things:

Why lives he still? Because the ruth
Of those pure days may never die:
He lives, because his name is Youth;
Because his harp is—Memory.

THE BETRAYED.

SHE sat alone, on a cold gray stone,
Where the river made a desolate moan.

The sycamore-trees stood white and bare,
Like sheeted ghosts in the dusky air.

A black cloud floated along the sky,
And a night-bird utter'd a dismal cry.

Sadly she thought of the innocent time,
Wildly she wept for her shame and crime.

Darker and deeper the shadows grow:
He promised to meet her an hour ago.

She sat alone, on the cold gray stone,
And the river flow'd with a sadder moan.

She heard the hum of the distant town,
The patter of dead leaves falling down.

She heard the toad in the long dank grass,
But never *his* tread—alas, alas!

The morning came with its golden light,
To the sycamore-trees so bare and white.

The mists that slept on the river's brim
Went up like the wings of the cherubim.

The water-lilies so cold and fair
Were tangled with tresses of bright brown hair.

The osiers bent with a quiet grace
Over a form with a still, white face.

The river flow'd with a desolate moan,
And dead leaves fell on the cold gray stone.

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "AFTER DARK," ETC., ETC.

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WALTER HARTRIGHT'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

We had not been married quite a month yet. If my heart was heavy, if my resolution for a moment faltered again, when I looked at her face turned faithfully to my pillow in her sleep, when I saw her hand resting open on the coverlet, as if it was waiting unconsciously for mine, surely there was some excuse for me? I only allowed myself a few minutes to kneel down at the bedside, and to look close at her—so close that her breath, as it came and went, fluttered on my face. I only touched her hand and her cheek with my lips at parting. She stirred in her sleep, and murmured my name, but without waking. I lingered for an instant at the door to look at her again. "God bless and keep you, my darling!" I whispered, and left her.

Marian was at the stair-head waiting for me. She had a folded slip of paper in her hand.

"The landlord's son has brought this for you," she said. "He has got a cab at the door; he says you ordered him to keep it at your disposal."

"Quite right, Marian. I want the cab; I am going out again."

I descended the stairs as I spoke, and looked into the sitting-room to read the slip of paper by the light on the table. It contained these two sentences, in Pesce's handwriting:

"Your letter is received. If I don't see you before the time you mention, I will break the seal when the clock strikes."

I placed the paper in my pocket-book and made for the door. Marian met me on the threshold, and pushed me back into the room, where the candle-light fell full on my face. She held me by both hands, and her eyes fastened searchingly on mine.

"I see!" she said, in a low, eager whisper. "You are trying the last chance to-night."

"Yes, the last chance and the best," I whispered back.

"Not alone! Oh, Walter, for God's sake, not alone! Let me go with you. Don't refuse me because I'm only a woman. I must go! I will go! I'll wait outside in the cab!"

It was my turn now to hold *her*. She tried to break away from me, and get down first to the door.

"If you want to help me," I said, "stop here, and sleep in my wife's room to-night. Only let me go away with my mind easy about Laura, and I answer for every thing else. Come, Marian, give me a kiss, and show that you have the courage to wait till I come back."

I dared not allow her time to say a word more. She tried to hold me again. I unclasped her hands, and was out of the room in a moment. The boy below heard me on the stairs, and opened the hall door. I jumped into the cab before the driver could get off the box. "Forest Road, St. John's Wood," I called to him through the front window. "Double fare, if you get there in a quarter of an hour." "I'll do it, Sir." I looked at my watch. Eleven o'clock—not a minute to lose.

The rapid motion of the cab; the sense that every instant new was bringing me nearer to the Count; the conviction that I was embarked at last, without let or hinderance, on my hazardous enterprise, heated me into such a fever of excitement, that I shouted to the man to go faster and faster. As we left the streets, and crossed St. John's Wood Road, my impatience so completely overpowered me, that I stood up in the cab and stretched my head out of the window to see the end of the journey before we reached it. Just as a church clock in the distance struck the quarter past, we turned into the Forest Road. I stopped the driver a little away from the Count's house—paid, and dismissed him—and walked on to the door.

As I approached the garden gate, I saw another person advancing toward it also, from the direction opposite to mine. We met under the gas-lamp in the road, and looked at each other. I instantly recognized the light-haired foreigner, with the scar on his cheek; and I thought he recognized me. He said nothing; and, instead of stopping at the house, as I did, he slowly walked on. Was he in the Forest Road by accident? or had he followed the Count home from the Opera?

I did not pursue those questions. After waiting a little, till the foreigner had slowly passed out of sight, I rang the gate bell. It was then twenty minutes past eleven—late enough to make it quite easy for the Count to get rid of me by the excuse that he was in bed.

The only way of providing against this contingency was to send in my name, without asking any preliminary questions, and to let him know, at the same time, that I had a serious motive for wishing to see him at that late hour. Accordingly, while I was waiting, I took out my card, and wrote under my name, "On important business." The maid-servant answered the door while I was writing the last word in pencil, and asked me distrustfully what I "pleased to want."

"Be so good as to take that to your master," I replied, giving her the card.

I saw, by the girl's hesitation of manner, that, if I had asked for the Count in the first instance, she would only have followed her instructions by telling me he was not at home. She was staggered by the confidence with which I gave her the card. After staring at me in great perturbation, she went back into the house with my message, closing the door, and leaving me to wait in the garden.

In a minute or so she reappeared. "Her master's compliments, and would I be so obliging as to say what my business was?" "Take my compliments back," I replied; "and say that the business can not be mentioned to any one but your master." She left me again, again returned, and this time asked me to walk in.

There was no lamp in the hall; but by the dim light of the kitchen candle which the girl had brought up-stairs with her, I saw an elderly lady steal noiselessly out of a back room on the ground-floor. She cast one viperish look at me as I entered the hall, but said nothing, and went slowly up stairs without returning my bow. My familiarity with Mariam's journal sufficiently assured me that the elderly lady was Madame Fosco.

The servant led me to the room which the Countess had just left. I entered it, and found myself face to face with the Count.

He was still in his evening dress, except his coat, which he had thrown across a chair. His shirt-sleeves were turned up at the wrists, but no higher. A carpet-bag was on one side of him, and a box on the other. Books, papers, and articles of wearing apparel were scattered about the room. On a table, at one side of the door, stood the cage, so well known to me by description, which contained his white mice. The canaries and the cockatoo were probably in some other room. He was seated before the box, packing it, when I went in, and rose with

"I AM THINKING," SAID HE, "WHETHER I SHALL ADD TO THE DISORDER IN THIS ROOM BY SCATTERING YOUR BRAINS ABOUT THE FIRE-PLACE."

some papers in his hand to receive me. His face still bore the plain traces of the shock that had overwhelmed him at the Opera. His fat cheeks hung loose; his cold grey eyes were furtively vigilant; his voice, look, and manner were all sharply suspicious alike, as he advanced a step to meet me, and requested, with distant civility, that I would take a chair.

"You come here on business, Sir?" he said.

"I am at a loss to know what that business can possibly be."

The unconcealed curiosity with which he looked hard in my face while he spoke convinced me that I had passed unnoticed by him at the Opera. He had seen Fosca first; and from that moment, till he left the theatre, he had evidently seen nothing else. My name would necessarily suggest to him that I had not come into the house with other views than the purpose toward himself; but he appeared to be utterly ignorant, thus far, of the real nature of my errand to him.

"I am fortunate in finding you here to-night," I said. "You seem to be on the point of taking a journey?"

"Is your business connected with my journey?"

"In some degree."

"In what degree? Do you know where I am going to?"

"No. I only know why you are leaving London."

He slipped by me with the quickness of thought, locked the door of the room, and put the key in his pocket.

"You are wrong, Mr. Hartright, are excellently well acquainted with one another by reputation," he said. "Did it by any chance occur to you, when you came to this house, that I was not the sort of man you could trifle with?"

"It did occur to me," I replied. "And I have not come to trifle with you. I am here on a matter of life and death; and if that door which you have locked was open at this moment, nothing you could say or do would induce me to pass through it."

I walked further into the room, and stood opposite to him, on the rug before the fire-place. He drew a chair in front of the door, sat down on it, with his left arm resting on the table. The cage with the white mice was close to him; and their little creatures were running out of their sleeping-place, as his heavy arm shook the table, and peered at him through the gaps in the smartened wires.

"On a matter of life and death?" he repeated to himself. "Those words are more serious, perhaps, than you think. What do you mean?"

"What I say."

The perspiration broke out thickly on his broad forehead. His left hand stole over the edge of the table. There was a drawer in it, with a lock; and the key was in the left hand finger and thumb closed over the key, but did not turn it.

"So you know why I am leaving London?" he went on. "Tell me the reason, if you please." He turned the key, and unlocked the drawer as he spoke.

"I can do better than that," I replied; "I can *show* you the reason, if you like."

"How can you show it?"

"You have got your coat off," I said. "Roll up the shirt sleeve on your left arm, and you will see it there."

The same livid, leaden change passed over his face which I had seen pass over it at the theatre. The deadly glitter in his eyes shone steady and straight into mine. He said nothing: his left hand slowly opened the table drawer, and softly slipped into it. The harsh grating noise of something heavy that he was moving, among the tin, sounded for a moment, then ceased. The silence that followed was so intense that the faint ticking nibble of the white mice at their wire was distinctly audible where I stood.

My life hung by a thread; and I knew it. At that final moment I thought with *his* mind—I felt with *his* fingers; I was as certain, as if I had seen it, of what he kept hidden from me in the drawer.

"Wait a little," I said. "You have got the door locked; you see I don't move—you see my hands are empty. Wait a little. I have something more to say."

"Is it not said enough?" he replied, with a sudden composure, so unnatural and so ghastly that it struck me anew as no outward violence that could have tried them. "I want one moment for my own thoughts, if you please. Do you guess what I am thinking about?"

"Perhaps I do."

"I am thinking," he said, "whether I shall add to the disorder in this room by scattering your brains about the fire-place."

If I had moved at that moment, I saw in his face that he would have done it.

"I advise you to read two lines of writing which I have in my pocket," I replied, "before you finally decide that question."

The proposal appeared to excite his curiosity. He nodded his head. I took Fosca's acknowledgment of the receipt of my letter out of my pocket-book, handed it to him at arm's-length, and resumed, to my former position in front of the fire-place.

He read the lines aloud: "Your letter is received. If I don't hear from you before the time you mention, I will break the seal when the clock strikes."

Another man in his position would have needed some explanation of these words—the Count felt no such necessity. One reading of the note showed him the precaution that I had taken, as plainly as if he had been present at the time when I adopted it. The expression of his face changed on the instant, and his hand came out of the drawer empty.

"I don't lock up my drawer, Mr. Hartright," he said; "and I shall not say that I am not vexed to see your brains about the fire-place yet. But I am a just man, even to my enemy, and I will acknowledge beforehand that they are cleverer brains than I thought them. Come to the point, Sir! You want something of me?"

"I do; and I mean to have it."

"On conditions?"

"On no conditions."

His hand dropped into the drawer again.

"Bah! we are traveling in a circle," he said; "and time flies—and the chances may change again. Your time is deplorably imprudent, Sir; moderate it on the spot! The risk of shooting you on the place where you stand is less to me than the risk of letting you out of this house, except on conditions that I dictate and approve. You have not got Professor Fosca's friend to deal with now; you are face to face with Fosca! If the lives of twenty Hartrights were the stepping-stones to my safety, over all those stones I would go, sustained by my sublime indifference, self-balanced by my philosophical calm. Respect me, if you love your own life! I summon you to answer three questions before you open your lips again. Hear them, and they are necessary to this interview. Answer them—they are necessary to me." He held up one finger of his right hand. "First question!" he said. "You come here possessed of information which may be true or may be false. Where did you get it?"

"I decline to tell you."

"No matter: I shall find out. If that information is true—mind, I say, with the whole force of my resolution, *if*—you are making your market of it by coming to me? Is it for love or by treachery of some other man. I note that circumstance, for future use, in my memory. Speak frogen nothing. Second question! He held up another finger. "Second question! Those times you invited me to read are without signature. Who wrote them?"

"A man whom *I* have every reason to depend on, and whom *you* have every reason to fear."

My answer reached him to some purpose. His hand hovered irresolutely over the drawer.

"How long do you give me," he asked, putting his third question in a quieter tone, "before the clock strikes and the seal is broken?"

"Time enough for you to come to my terms," I replied.

"Give me a plainer answer, Mr. Hartright. What hour is the clock to strike?"

"Nine to-morrow morning."

"Nine to-morrow morning! Yes, yes—your crap is laid for me before I can get my passport regulated and leave London. It is not exciting, it is ingenious! We will see about this presently. I can keep you hostage here, and bargain with you for your release later. Nine to-morrow! In the mean time be so good next as to mention your terms."

"You shall hear them. They are simple, and soon stated. You know whose interests I represent in coming here?"

He smiled with the most supreme composure, and carelessly waved his right hand.

"I consent to hazard a guess," he said, jeeringly. "A lady's interests, I suppose?"

"My wife's interests."

He looked at me with the first honest expression that had crossed his face in my presence—an expression of blank amazement. I could see that I said in his opinion, the words of a fortune of ten thousand pounds was your motive for it."

He said nothing. His hand hovered over-clouded suddenly by a lowering anxiety.

"Keep your gain," I said. (His face lightened again immediately, and like a mirror gave me in wider and wider astonishment.) "I am not here to disgrace myself by bargaining in the manner which you suppose—give me hands, and which has been the price of a vile crime—"

Gently, Mr. Hartright. Your moral claptrap we have an excellent name for in England—keep them for yourself and your own countrymen, if you please. I am a foreigner, accustomed to a legacy left to my excellent wife by the late Mr. Fairlie. Place the affair on those grounds, and I will discuss it, if you please, but not on any sentiments, however, the subject is deplorably sordid. I prefer to pass it over. I invite you to resume the discussion of your terms. What do you demand?"

In the first place, I demand a full confession of the conspiracy in which you have acted to my prejudice, by yourself."

He raised his finger again. "One!" he said, checking me off with the steady attention of a practical man.

"In the second place, I demand a plain proof, which does not depend on your personal reservation, of the date at which my wife left Blackwater Park, and reached London."

"So! so! you can lay your finger, I see, on the weak place," he remarked, composedly. "Two!"

"At present, no more."

"Good! You have mentioned your terms; now listen to mine." The responsibility to myself of admitting what you are pleased to call the conspiracy, is less, perhaps, upon the whole, than the responsibility of laying you dead on that hearth-rug. Let us say that I meet your proposal—on my own conditions. The statement you demand of me shall be written, and the plain proof shall be produced. You call a letter from my late lamented friend, informing me of the sad hour of his wife's arrival in London, written, signed, and dated by himself, a proof, I suppose? I can give you this. I can also send you to the man of whom I hired the carriage to fetch my visitor from the railway, on the day when she arrived. His order-book may help you to your date, even if his coachman who drove *me* proves to be of no use. These things I can do, and will do, on conditions. I recite them. First condition! Madame Fosca and I leave this house when and how we please, without interference of any kind on your part. Second condition! You wait here, in company with me, to see my agent, who is coming at nine o'clock in the morning to regulate my affairs. You give my agent a written order to the man who has got your sealed letter to receive the contents of it. You put here till my agent places that letter unopened in my hands. You will then allow me one clear half hour to leave the house; after which you resume your own freedom of action, and go where you please. Third condition! You promise the satisfaction of a gentleman for your impression into my private affairs, and for the language you have allowed yourself to use to me at this conference. The time and place, abroad, to be fixed in a letter from my hand when I am safe on the Continent, and that letter to contain a strip of paper measuring accurately the length of my sword. Those are my terms. Will you please to begin?—Yes or No?"

The extraordinary mixture of prompt decision, far-sighted cunning, and mountebank bravado in this speech staggered me for a moment, and only for a moment. Before I could reconsider was, whether I was justified or not in possessing myself of the means of establishing Laura's identity at the cost of allowing the scoundrel who had robbed her of it to escape me with impunity. I knew that the motive of preserving the secret of the birth of my wife's birth-place from which she had been driven out as an impostor, and of publicly erasing the lie that still pollutted her mother's tombstone, was far purer, in its freedom from all taint of evil passion, than any motive to which the man had mingled itself with my purpose from the first. And yet I can not honestly say that my own personal considerations were enough to decide the struggle in me by themselves. They were helped by my remembrance of Sir Percival's death. How could I tell at the last moment, if the working of the retribution *there* been snatched from my feeble hands? What right had I to decide, in my own puerile ignorance of the future, that this man, too, must escape with impunity, because he escaped me? I thought of these things—perhaps with the superstition I have been in many; perhaps with a sense working of my own responsibility. It was then, when I had fastened my hold on him at last, to loosen it again of my own accord; but I forced myself to make the sacrifice. In three words, I determined to be guided by the one higher motive of which I was certain, the motive of serving the cause of Laura and the cause of Truth.

"I accept your conditions," I said. "With one reservation on my part."

"What reservation is that to be?" he asked.

"It refers to the sealed letter," I answered. "I require you to destroy it, unopened, in my presence, as soon as you receive it from my hands."

My object in making this stipulation was simply to prevent him from carrying away written evidence of the nature of my communications with Fosca. The *fact* of my communication he would necessarily discover, when I gave the address to him on the next morning. But he could make no use of it on his own unsupported testimony, even if he really ventured to try the experiment, which I considered in no the slightest apprehension on Fosca's account.

I great surprise, however, he replied, after considering the question gravely for a minute or two. "It is not worth dispute; the letter shall be destroyed unopened into my hands."

He rose, as he spoke, from the chair in which he had been sitting opposite to me up to this time. His left hand appeared to be still in his mind from the whole pressure on it of the interview between us, thus far. "Our" he cried, suddenly raising his voice, "our business was but while it lasted. Take a seat, Mr. Hartright, and let us, like gallant gentlemen, exchange polite attentions in the mean time. Permit me to take the liberty of presenting you to my wife."

He unlocked and opened the door. "Eleanor!" he called out, in his deep voice. The lady of the vigorous discussion of the Opera-house, Mr. Hartright," said the Count, introducing us with easy dignity. "My angel," he went on, addressing her in the tone of a man who could sing up allow you time to make me some nice *strong* coffee? I have writing business to transact with Mr. Hartright, and I require the full possession of my intelligence to do justice to me!"

Madame Fosca bowed her head twice—once sternly to me, once submissively to her husband—and glided out of the room.

The Count walked to a writing-table near the window, opened his desk, and took from it several pieces of paper and a bundle of quill pens. He scattered the pens about the table, so that they might lie ready in all directions to be taken up when wanted, and then cut the paper into a heap of narrow slips, of the form used by professional writers for the pens. "I shall make this a remarkable document," he said, looking at me over his shoulder. "Habits of literary composition are perfectly familiar to me. One of the rarest of all the intellectual accomplishments that man can possess is the grand faculty of arranging his ideas. Immense privilege! I possess it! Do you?"

He marched backward and forward in the room until the coffee appeared, humming to himself, and marking the places at which objects occurred in the arrangement of his ideas, by striking his forehead, from time to time, with the palm of his hand. The enormous audacity with which he seized on the situation in which I had placed him, and made it the pedestal on which his vanity mounted for the over-reached purpose of self-display, mastered my astonishment by main force. Sincerely as I loathed the man, the prodigious strength of his character, even in its most trivial aspects, impressed me in spite of myself.

The coffee was brought in by Madame Fosca. He kissed her hand in grateful acknowledgment, and escorted her to the door. She courtesied out a cup of coffee for himself, and took it to the writing-table.

"May I pour your some coffee, Mr. Hartright?" he said, before he sat down.

I declined.

"What! you think I shall poison you?" he said, gayly. "The English intellect is sound, as far as it goes," he continued, seating himself at the table; "but it has one great defect—it is always cautious in the wrong place."

He dipped his pen in the ink, rubbed the first slip of paper before him, with a thump of his hand on the desk, cleared his throat, and began. He wrote with great rapidity and facility, in so large and bold a hand, and with such wide spaces between the lines, that he reached the bottom of the slip in twenty lines, and was minutes certainly from the time when he started at the top. Each slip as he finished it was paged, and tossed over his shoulder, out of his way, on the floor. When his first pen was worn out, *that* went over his shoulder also; and he proceeded to the second from the supply scattered about the table. Slip after slip, by dozens, by fifties, by hundreds, flew over his shoulder, before an entire side of me had he had snowed himself up in paper all round his chair. Hour after hour passed—and there I sat, watching; and there he sat, writing. Never stopped, except to sip his coffee; and when that was exhausted, to ring for more. Never looked round to time. One o'clock struck, two, three, four—and still the slips flew about all round him; still the unstopping pen scraped its way rapidly from top to bottom of the page; still the white chaos of paper rose higher and higher all round his chair. At four o'clock I heard the sudden clatter of the pen, indicative of the flourish with which he signed his name. "Bravo!" he cried—bringing the last slip with the contents of a young man, and looking me straight in the face with a smile of superb triumph.

"Don, Mr. Hartright" he announced, with a self-renovating thump of his fist on his broad chest. "Done with my own profound satisfaction—to *your* profound astonishment, no doubt, you read what I have written. The subject is exhausted: the letter—Fosca—is not. Our next care to the arrangement of my slips, to the revision of my slips, to the reading of my slips—addressed, emphatically, to your private ear. Four o'clock has just struck. Good! Arrangement, revision, reading, from four to five. Short snooze of restoration for myself, from five to six. Final preparations, from six to seven. Affair of agent and sealed letter, from seven to eight. At eight, Sir, before the door and the prey-carriage!"

He sat down cross-legged on the floor among his papers; strung them together with a bodkin and a piece of string; revised them; wrote all the titles and honors by which he was personally distinguished on the back of the first page; and then read the manuscript to me, with loud theatrical emphasis and profuse theatrical gesticulation. The moments have an extraordinary value in the estimation of a man who has been for one long of forming his own opinion of the document. It will be sufficient to mention here that I answered the purpose.

His next proceeding was to write me the address of the house in Paris to which I should direct the fly to go to the railway, and to hand me Sir Percival's letter. I read this last with breathless interest. It only contained a few lines; but it distinctly announced the arrival of "Lady Glyde" in London, by the mid-day train from Blackwater, *on the 25th of July, 1850*. The date which I had supposed, one day after the date of her (assumed) death on the doctor's certificate.

"Are you satisfied?" said the skimmer.

"I am."

"A quarter past five," he said, looking at his watch. "Time for my restorative snooze. I personally resemble Napoleon the Great (as you may have seen in pictures), Mr. Hartright; I resemble that immortal man in my power of commanding sleep at will. Excuse me one moment. I will summon Madame Fosca, to keep you from feeling dull."

Knowing as well as he did that he was summoning Madame Fosca to prevent me from leaving the house while he was asleep, I made no reply, and occupied myself in trying on the papers which he had placed in my possession.

The lady came in, cool, pale, and venomous as ever. "Eleanor, my angel," he said to her, "I said the Count. He placed a chair for her, kissed her hand for the second time, withdrew to a sofa, and in three minutes was as peacefully and happily asleep as the most virtuous man in existence.

Fosca took a book from the table, sat down, and looked at me with the steady, vindictive malice of a woman who never forgot and never forgave.

"I have been listening to your conversation with *my husband*," she said. "If I had been in *his* place, *I* would have laid you dead on the hearth-rug."

With those words she opened her book and never looked at me or spoke to me from that time till the time when her husband woke.

He opened his eyes and rose from the sofa, accurately to an hour from the time when he had gone to sleep.

"I feel infinitely refreshed," he remarked. "Eleanor, my good wife, are you all ready up stairs? That is well. My little packing here can be completed in ten minutes—my traveling-dress assumed in ten minutes more. What remains before the agent comes?" He looked about the room, and noticed the cage with his white mice in it. "Ah!" he cried, piteously; "a last laceration of my sympathies still remains. My innocent pets! my little cherished children! what am I to do with them? For the present, we are settled nowhere; for the present, we travel incessantly—the less baggage we carry, the better for ourselves. My cockatoo, my canaries, and my little mice—who will cherish them when their good Papa is gone?"

He walked about the room, deep in thought. He had not been at all troubled about writing his confession, but he was visibly perplexed and distressed about the far more important question of the disposal of his pets. After long consideration, he suddenly sat down again at the writing-table.

"An idea!" he exclaimed. "I will offer my canaries and my cockatoo to this vast Metropolis—my agent shall present them, in my name, to the Zoological Gardens of London. The Document that describes them shall be drawn out on the spot."

He began to write, repeating the words as they flowed from his pen.

"Number One. Cockatoo of transcendant plumage: attraction, of himself, to all visitors of taste. Number Two. Canaries of unrivaled vivacity and intelligence: worthy of the garden of Eden, worthy also of the garden in the Regent's Park. Homage to British Zoology. Offered by Fosco."

The pen spluttered again, and the flourish was attached to his signature.

"Count! you have not included the mice," said Madame Fosco.

He left the table, took her hand, and placed it on his heart.

"All human resolution, Eleanor," he said, solemnly, "has its limits. MY limits are inscribed on that Document. I can not part with my white mice. Bear with me, my angel, and remove them to their traveling-cage up stairs."

"Admirable tenderness!" said Madame Fosco, admiring her husband, with a last viperish look in my direction. She took up the cage carefully, and left the room.

The Count looked at his watch. In spite of his resolute assumption of composure, he was getting anxious for the agent's arrival. The candles had long since been extinguished, and the sunlight of the new morning poured into the room. It was not till five minutes past seven that the gate bell rang and the agent made his appearance. He was a foreigner, with a dark beard.

"Mr. Hartright, Monsieur Rubelle," said the Count, introducing us. He took the agent (a foreign spy, in every line of his face, if ever there was one yet) into a corner of the room, whispered some directions to him, and then left us together. Monsieur Rubelle, as soon as we were alone, suggested, with great politeness, that I should favor him with his instructions. I wrote two lines to Pesca, authorizing him to deliver my sealed letter "to the Bearer;" directed the note; and handed it to Monsieur Rubelle.

The agent waited with me till his employer returned, equipped in traveling costume. The Count examined the address on my letter before he dismissed the agent. "I thought so!" he said, turning on me with a dark look, and altering again in his manner from that moment.

He completed his packing; and then sat consulting a traveling map, making entries in his pocket-book, and looking, every now and then, impatiently at his watch. Not another word, addressed to myself, passed his lips. The near approach of the hour for his departure, and the proof he had seen of the communication established between Pesca and myself, had plainly recalled his whole attention to the measures that were necessary for securing his escape.

A little before eight o'clock, Monsieur Rubelle came back with my unopened letter in his hand. The Count looked carefully at the superscription and the seal, lit a candle, and burned the letter. "I perform my promise," he said; "but this matter, Mr. Hartright, shall not end here."

The agent had kept at the door the cab in which he had returned. He and the maid-servant now busied themselves in removing the luggage. Madame Fosco came down stairs thickly vailed, with the traveling cage of the white mice in her hand. She neither spoke to me nor looked toward me. Her husband escorted her to the cab. "Follow me as far as the passage," he whispered in my ear; "I may want to speak to you at the last moment."

I went out to the door, the agent standing below me in the front garden. The Count came back alone, and drew me a few steps inside the passage.

"Remember the Third condition!" he whispered. "You shall hear from me, Mr. Hartright; I may claim from you the satisfaction of a gentleman sooner than you think for." He caught my hand before I was aware of him, and wrung it hard—then turned to the door, stopped, and came back to me again.

"One word more," he said, confidentially. "When I last saw Miss Halcombe, she looked thin and ill. I am anxious about that admirable woman. Take care of her, Sir! With my hand on my heart, I solemnly implore you—take care of Miss Halcombe!"

Those were the last words he said to me before he squeezed his huge body into the cab and drove off.

The agent and I waited at the door a few moments, looking after him. While we were standing together, a second cab appeared from a turning a little way down the road. It followed the direction previously taken by the Count's cab, and as it passed the house and the open garden gate a person inside looked at us out of the window. The stranger at the Opera again! the light-haired foreigner with the scar on his left cheek!

"You wait here with me, Sir, for half an hour more?" said Monsieur Rubelle.

"I do."

We returned to the sitting-room. I was in no humor to speak to the agent, or to allow him to speak to me. I took out the papers which the Count had placed in my hands, and read the terrible story of the conspiracy told by the man who had planned and perpetrated it.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE DOUGLAS CONVENTION.

THE Douglas Democratic State Convention met at Syracuse on August 15, organized, appointed a committee to treat with the Bell-Everett managers, who were in attendance, and made the following nominations: *Governor*, William Kelly, of Dutchess; *Lieutenant-Governor*, William F. Allen, of Oswego; *Canal Commissioner*, William W. Wright, of Ontario; *State Prison Inspector*, William C. Rhodes, of Chemung. On the following day (16th) an electoral ticket was framed which was acceptable to the Bell-Everett party, and the Convention adjourned. Tammany Hall and Mozart Hall both sent delegates; the Convention admitted both and gave Mozart an elector. It is understood, though the speeches and resolutions were strongly Douglas, that a door is left open for a fusion, on the Presidential electoral ticket, with the Breckinridge party, if suitable terms can be made.

DEMOCRATIC CONVENTIONS IN VIRGINIA.

The Virginia Douglas Convention at Staunton formed an electoral ticket on 17th. No fusion with the Breckinridge men took place. The Breckinridge Convention is still in session at Charlotteville. A resolution giving the electors liberty to consult their own judgment in the choice of President, under certain contingencies, was passed by that body.

EXCITEMENT IN TEXAS.

The excitement in Texas in relation to the supposed abolition conspiracies in that State is on the increase. One individual had been hung for giving strychnine to the slaves to poison the wells; three others, accused of abolitionism and exciting negroes to insurrection, had met the same fate.

DEPARTURE OF THE "GREAT EASTERN."

The *Great Eastern* steamship left this port on 16th on her homeward voyage, taking one hundred first-class passengers with her. She will touch at Halifax, her final port being Milford Haven, in Wales. There was no public interest felt in her departure, and very few persons indeed assembled at any point on the river or harbor to see her off. Captain Hall, from indisposition, was unable to take the command, which consequently devolved upon first officer Machin. An attachment had been issued and served against the ship, but the agents, Messrs. Grinnell & Minturn, had entered into the necessary bonds and no delay to her sailing had resulted. She left with the turn of the tide at four o'clock.

RELIEF FOR THE CHRISTIANS OF SYRIA.

Meetings for the purpose of sympathizing with the Christians of Syria in their present deplorable condition, and of devising the best means for their relief, were held last week. A Committee was appointed to collect subscriptions. When $500 shall have been collected, it will be remitted at once.

THE PRINCE OF WALES' RECEPTION.

The merchants have met and appointed a large Committee, consisting of the most respectable persons in the city, to entertain the Prince. It is understood that they will offer him a dinner in the Academy of Music. Mayor Wood has sent his Secretary to Quebec with some sort of an invitation to the Prince.

BLONDIN HURT.

Blondin performed a feat at Chilicothe, Ohio, a few days since, which exhibited the wonderful command that he has over his nerves better than any of his performances at Niagara. While trundling his wheel-barrow over a rope stretched seventy-five feet above the ground, one of the pieces of fire-works with which he was illuminating his path exploded prematurely, and set his clothes on fire. Of course under such circumstances he could do nothing coolly, but he very calmly seated himself upon his rope, tore off the portion of his garments which was in flames, and then resumed his promenade. His arm and shoulder were severely scorched.

CAPTURE OF A SUPPOSED SLAVER.

The brig *Thomas Achorn* arrived at this port on 14th from the coast of Africa, in charge of Master Nathaniel Green, she having been captured on the 27th of June by the United States steamer *Mystic* on the supposition that she was a slaver. The American Lloyd's *Marine Register* says the *Thomas Achorn* belongs to Messrs. Yates, Porterfield, & Co., of this city. She was cleared in this city on the 27th of March last, by J. M. Parker, for Rio Janeiro, under command of Captain Parker.

A SURVIVOR OF THE "ARCTIC."

The New Orleans papers of recent dates contain the particulars of an unexpected return to life. It appears that Mr. Fleury, a merchant of that city, was on board the steamer *Arctic*, and was supposed to be lost, no trace of him appearing. His wife, young and attractive, mourned for him, then married the chief clerk of the late husband. Together the pair lived happily for several years, and to their family three children were added. On the 4th of the present month the wife received from New York a letter written by her former husband. He had been picked up from a piece of the wreck with five other survivors, and, being taken on board a whaler, had gone on a long voyage with her. This ship was subsequently sunk, and fifteen of those aboard saved themselves upon the island from which they were taken by another whaler, which was just commencing her cruise, and which only returned to New York a week or two ago.

AN ELEPHANT IN THE OHIO.

"Lalla Rookh" is a female elephant belonging to a circus lately exhibiting at Cincinnati. The following account of her passage across the Ohio is from the Cincinnati *Commercial:*

"At 9 o'clock Madame 'Lalla Rookh' was discovered by the anxious crowd walking leisurely down to the landing upon the Kentucky side, flapping her huge ears, the motion of which was distinctly visible upon this side of the river. Every thing being in readiness, 'Lalla Rookh' plunged into the 'flowing waters,' but was almost immediately lost to sight. The cooling effects of the fluid were so agreeable that her ladyship seemed disposed to neglect the task assigned her; and, regardless of the expectations of the assembled multitude, rolled and splashed around at her ease. The exertions of her keeper, who piloted her in a skiff, soon brought her to a sense of her duty, and she struck out manfully into the stream. At times nothing but the end of her trunk would be visible, then the top of her head, and again she would dive entirely out of sight, remaining under water until those on shore began to think she was drowned, when of a sudden she would come to the surface with a surge that would throw her huge bulk half-w out of the water. Thus she proceeded until opposite the Covington ferry landing, when an amusing incident occurred. The fleet of skiffs which accompanied her upon her trip became so numerous as to seriously incommode her ladyship, when, becoming indignant, she turned about and gave them chase. The result was some rowing which would have put even the famous Harvard Boat Club to the blush. One of the skiffs she pursued to the bank. The consequence was that, allowing due calculation for the force of the current, so as to make a landing at the required point, it became necessary to take her ashore and let her try a fresh start. The second time she started a short distance below the mouth of the Licking, and proceeded diagonally across the river, diving and rising with a 'blow' at times, and landing safely at the foot of Race Street, thus giving the whole line of spectators a full view of her performances."

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE SYRIAN CONVENTION.

THE affairs of Syria have been debated in both Houses: Ministers explained that a protocol had been drawn up at Paris, by the Embassadors of the Great Powers, in which it was determined that, on the requisition of the Porte, a force of 12,000 troops should be sent to Syria, half of which would be furnished by France. It was provided that their stay should not exceed six months. Another protocol was also signed calling upon the Porte to carry out its engagements, with respect to the Christians, which it had entered into in 1856; but it was provided that no right of intervention should be granted on future occasions.

TRIUMPH OF THE MINISTRY ON THE FRENCH BUGBEAR QUESTION.

In the House of Commons on the 2d inst., the Government proposition in regard to fortification was considered. The pending question was that a vote of two million pounds be granted for the works in question. Mr. Lindsay moved as an amendment, that the defense of the country chiefly rested on the navy, and that it was inexpedient to spend a large sum on land fortifications. A general debate ensued, in the course of which Mr. Bright made a long and characteristic speech in denunciation of the proposed scheme and of the increasing burdens upon the people for warlike purposes. Lord Palmerston earnestly appealed to the House to sanction the Government plan for the interests of peace and the security of the country. The amendment was rejected by a vote of 39 to 268, and the vote was agreed to.

FRANCE.

THE SYRIAN EXPEDITION.

The greatest activity prevails at Toulon, whence the Syrian expedition is to start. The French enthusiasm on the subject is quite decided. No notice has been taken in the French papers of the Emperor's letter to Lord Palmerston, the funds did not advance, though consols did.

THE EMPRESS AT EAUX BONNES.

The *Court Journal* says that the Empress Eugénie, now at Eaux Bonnes, does not wear one of those ugly little pigeon-house hats, so much the fashion just now, but a *chapeau à l'Imperatrice*, with a broad brim slightly turned down at the edge. The only homage to the new fashion is the inner wreath, composed of black lace and flowers, which lies thick and full upon the forehead. The effect is quite novel, the more so as her Majesty no longer wears her hair either in flat bandeaux or Felix rouleaux, but with the under hair much curled, and standing out from the temples. They say that the Empress is in despair at beholding the quick pace at which her hair is darkening—as it certainly is most rapidly—that every sort of stratagem is resorted to in order to preserve its light shade, but that as yet nothing has been found of any avail. The *Eaus des Blonds* with which the walls of Paris are placarded, was invented on purpose for her Majesty's use. A dress in *piqué*, of the Pompadour shape—for it is much too cold in the exalted regions of Eaux Bonnes to wear any kind of thin stuff—forms the morning costume of her Majesty. One was of a rose-colored ground, with a small black rose-bud *semé*, very simple, very fresh, and very becoming. It is trimmed with black velvet, and the petticoat ornamented with large black velvet bows down the front. The Empress coughs slightly, and, in climbing to the Fountain, is obliged to rest now and then upon the benches on the walk.

THE PRINCE IMPERIAL PLAYING MONARCH.

The *Herald* correspondent says: "The little Prince Imperial is already beginning to assist his father in performing some of the onerous duties of royalty. Some few days ago the Emperor, having met with some of the youths of the College of Versailles in the Park of St. Cloud, entered into conversation with them. On their return, great was the regret of those at home that they should have missed the occasion. The Emperor, divining this, sent the little Prince the next day to visit the school, when the pupils sang '*Domine Salvum*,' and greeted him with the liveliest acclamations. The little fellow was delighted with every thing, and, on taking leave of the Director, exclaimed, '*Point de punissements aujourd'hui, M. le Directeur, et un congé, s'il vous plait.*' Of course to hear was to obey—the punishments were abandoned, and the holiday granted."

ITALY.

THE PROGRESS OF GARIBALDI.

In our last we announced that Garibaldi had entered Messina. We have now the details of the military convention signed between him and General Clary. The Neapolitans—4000 in number—were to retain the citadel, and not to fire upon the town unless attacked: they will obviously retire before many days. Garibaldi was received with the greatest enthusiasm. On arriving, he took no notice of the popular excitement, but immediately gathered twenty or thirty of the most experienced pilots and proceeded to examine the channel to the main land. Since then we learn that 1500 of his men have crossed into Calabria, and that Garibaldi himself was shortly expected at Naples. Five thousand more volunteers had sailed in steamers from Genoa to Sicily. At Naples the city is reported to be "tranquil;" but two regiments have mutinied to the cry of "*Viva Garibaldi!*" Six military executions were ordered by Garibaldi after the battle of Melazzo; the culprits were assassins. The King of Naples had sent a military column into Calabria. There had been a disturbance at Arpina, in the Roman States, where the people shouted for Garibaldi. It had been successfully suppressed by General Lamoricière.

A PROCLAMATION BY GARIBALDI.

In one of his proclamations Garibaldi thus addresses himself to the ladies of Palermo: "In confidence I present myself to you, noble ladies of Palermo, to confess an act of weakness. I, an old soldier of two worlds, I shed tears and am distressed in mind. I weep not at the sight of the misery and misfortunes to which this unhappy city has been condemned; not with indignation at the sight of the butchery and of the bodies mutilated by the bombardment; but at the sight of victims and orphans exposed to die of hunger. At the Orphan Asylum 80 per cent. of the inmates perish for want of nourishment—and yet a very little would suffice to feed these beings created in the image of God. But here I stop—I leave the rest to be understood by your generous hearts, already palpitating with pity at the sight of these misfortunes."

SYRIA.

CESSATION OF THE MASSACRES.

At latest dates from Syria the massacres had ceased, and some of the most violent Druses and Arabs had retired into the mountains. Still the Christians were in hiding, fearing a renewal of the attack. At Damascus it was feared that the town would be fired before Fuad Pacha arrived. Rumor implicates most of the local pachas and beys in the massacres. The best friend the Christians have had has been Abd-el-Kader, late of Algeria, who protected several thousand, and ordered out his private guards to fight the Druses. For his noble conduct the Emperor Napoleon has sent him the legion of honor. At later dates the Christians of Syria were eagerly looking out for the arrival of the French troops, who were embarking with great rapidity at Toulon.

THE OUT EAK AT DAMASCUS.

A letter from Beyrou dated 15th July, says: "Matters got worse and wor. the one party bec ming daily more frightened, the other hourly more insolent, until at last, on Sunday the 8th inst., when the Christians came out of their various churches, a mob of Moslem lads were busy in the streets making crosses in chalk on the ground, and then stamping and spitting on the sacred emblem. But so utterly downhearted were the Christians that they did not even complain to the authorities of this wanton insult. On the contrary, all they did was to confine themselves still more strictly within their houses for the rest of the day. What must, then, have been their astonishment on the Monday morning to see these same lads, who had made and spat upon the crosses on the previous day, sweeping the streets of the Christian quarter in chains by order of the Turkish head of police. They at once supposed that this order must have been given for the very purpose of exciting a riot, and they were not mistaken. At two P.M. some three hundred of the lowest Moslems of Damascus rushed, armed, into the Christian quarter, crying out, 'Slay the dogs of Christians!' and immediately the work of plunder, burning, and murder commenced. Achmet Pacha, Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief of the place—a field-marshal in the Sultan's army—was at once informed of what had taken place. But although he had at his disposal some eight hundred regular troops and several field-pieces, not a man nor a gun did he move. He never showed himself in the streets, nor took any steps whatever to stop the massacre, declaring—the old story of Hasbeyia, Rasheyia, Dheir-el-Kamar and Sidon—that he had not troops enough to do any good."

THE MASSACRE.

It adds: "The Russian Consulate was almost the first house attacked, and all those Christians who did not take refuge with the famous Algerine chief, Abd-el-Kader (who has behaved most nobly throughout the business), were murdered at once. But, although the affair might have been topped with the greatest ease before dark on the Monday, after that hour the mob increased in numbers every minute. Late in the evening about three hundred soldiers were sent to put a stop to the outrage, but very shortly joined in the plundering, such as did not do so actually used their arms to massacre the Christians. The whole Christian quarter—which includes some of the finest palaces to be found in the empire—was soon one mass of flames; and—for this there is the positive authority of a European eye-witness, who was hiding in the neighborhood all that fearful night—as the Christians tried to escape from the flames they were thrust back on the burning piles by the bayonets of the Turkish regular troops. However, when we recollect that one of the military chiefs who commanded in Damascus was Osman Beg, the miscreant who but three weeks previously had delivered up at Hasbeyia upward of fifteen hundred Christians to be massacred by the Druses, all wonder at the conduct of the military ceases at once.

"When our last advices from Damascus left that place the whole Christian quarter had been utterly destroyed. Four thousand Christians had taken refuge in the house of Abd-el-Kader, who defended them against all comers. Three thousand had taken refuge in the castle under the Pacha, and several hundred in the English consulate, which as yet—being situated in the Moslem quarter of the town—had been respected. Upward of two thousand Christians, it was calculated, had been murdered, all in cold blood, and the estimated loss of property, money, valuables, etc., was £1,200,000 sterling."

THE BRITISH PROVINCES.

PROGRESS OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

On Saturday at 1 P.M. the Prince and suite embarked for Gaspe, after having attended a grand ball at Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, where he danced with twelve ladies, including the Governor's wife. On Sunday evening the squadron reached Gaspe Bay, where the Prince was met by the Governor of Canada and the members of the Ministry. The day was spent in sailing about the bay; the *Hero* contriving to get aground once or twice. A correspondent writes to the *Herald* "I passed the *Hero* in the *Lady Head*, and saw the Prince standing chatting on the quarter-deck, dressed in his old black round-topped hat, a blue coat, and tweed trowsers. We gave him three cheers, and he uncovered his head and bowed in his usual frank manner. The Prince, during the two hours aground, was on deck, interesting himself in the work of getting his ship off, which it was at first feared would not be done till the next tide." On Wednesday morning the squadron arrived off the Saguenay, where the *Hero* got ashore again. At noon, same day, the Prince embarked on board the *Victoria* steamer for Ha-ha Bay. Tents had been erected for him at St. Marguerite, and every thing arranged for a day's fishing. He fished for some hours, then re-embarked, and the whole squadron steamed for Quebec, where preparations were made to give him a grand reception on Saturday afternoon.

THE PRINCE'S FUTURE TOUR.

The *Times* says: "The programme of the prince's movements in Canada has been prepared. It extends over a period of one month, from the 17th inst. to the 17th proximo, and leaves him at Niagara. His subsequent movements have not yet been determined upon, but it is probable that he will go thence to Cincinnati and Pittsburgh, taking the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad to Baltimore, and on to Washington. From Washington he will probably come northward again, stopping a day or two in Philadelphia, and making his last visit to New York, when he will embark again for England—the fleet meantime having been sent round here to meet him."

HOW TO DRESS AT THE PRINCE'S LEVEES

The Canadians are now exercised upon the matter of full dress. The Montreal *Witness* says: "Persons waiting upon the Prince of Wales, at the levées to be held throughout the Province, must be in full dress—namely, either a military or ecclesiastical uniform, or a suit of black, the coat being a dress-coat, that is, not long all round, but with tails only behind. Why this should be considered full dress more than the frock-coat, which is both fuller and more suitable every way, and which is worn in military uniforms, we can not imagine; but the decisions of custom and fashion make no pretensions to common sense. We think, however, it is somewhat ill-judged to require a rigorous adherence to Old World etiquette in this free and easy country. There may be many a loyal, worthy citizen who has long discarded the swallow-tail for the more sensible surtout, and who will not be able to pay his respects to the Prince without going to the expense of £6 10s. at least, for a dress-coat. This is a small matter, as Counselor Pepys said of the tear in his plum-colored robe, but it may trouble many. We have nothing to say about the regulations respecting ball costumes, as we think that the whole of that part of the programme would be more honored in the breach than the observance."

HONDURAS.

MOVEMENTS OF WALKER.

Letters from Honduras state that General Walker's men appear to be arriving at Ruatan or its vicinity in vessels engaged in the fruit trade. Walker is reported to have gone to Swan Island. Part of the cargo of the schooner *Clifton*, supposed to be connected with the expedition, had been seized by the British authorities at Belize, to whom the vessel was afterward surrendered by her captain. Walker was reported to be preparing for a descent on Costa Rica or Nicaragua.

THE VISIT OF THE PRINC

THE VICTORIA TUBULAR BRIDGE

We publish herewith an engraving of the Victoria Tubular Bridge at Montreal, Canada, which the Prince of Wales has come to America to inaugurate. It is, as most of our readers may be aware, one of the noblest works of engineering in the world, and in its way perfectly unique.

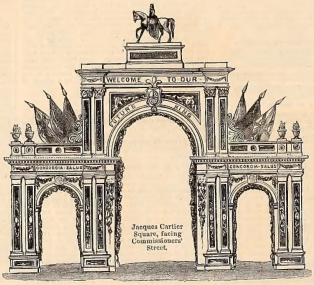
We give, likewise, in illustration of the Prince's visit to Montreal, seven of the grand arches raised by the city in honor of its visitor, and the building erected for the grand ball that is to be given in his honor.

The Victoria Bridge was first planned over seven years ago, in July, 1853. The Grand Trunk Railway of Canada had then been pretty fully mapped out, and it being the design of the engineers of that work to run their road on the north side of the St. Lawrence above, and on the south side below, Montreal, a bridge at that point became an engineering as well as a commercial necessity. There were enormous difficulties in the way. The distance from shore to shore was very great: the river at that point is a rapid; in winter ice forms in large masses, which in spring travel downward with a force which, up to that time, no structure contrived by the hand of man had ever been able to withstand. With these obstacles in view, a consultation was held in July, 1853, between Mr. Ross, the engineer of the Grand Trunk Railway, and the late Mr. Robert Stephenson, and the Victoria Tubular Bridge, on the plan of the Britannia Bridge across the Menai Straits, was forthwith planned.

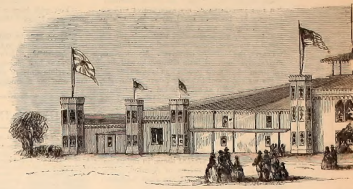
It took nine months to collect material for the work; three steamers and forty barges were kept constantly busy, and an army of workmen was imported from England. On 24th May, 1854, the coffer-dam for pier No. 1 was floated to its place, and throughout that summer the work was vigorously prosecuted. On Friday, December 1, the winter's inclemency came suddenly upon the country, and stopped all out-of-door operations; and on the 6th the ice had so increased in the river that all communication was cut off, and steamboats had ceased to run. The result of this rapid change in the state of the weather was that the dams of pier No. 1, which it had been intended to tow into dock, got fixed in the ice, and the contractors were obliged to abandon them to their fate. On the 6th of January, 1855, the usual "January thaw," as it is termed, occurred, and the water in the river rose fifteen feet, and dislodged and broke up the ice, which continued for some hours to come down with the current in large quantities. At mid-day it assumed so formidable a character in the vicinity of the bridge works that the dams and other temporary erections could no longer resist its force. Suddenly the whole gave way, and in less time than we take to write it there were not two sticks left together. The piers, thus suddenly stripped of their coverings, were now to be seen in their proper proportions to all appearance untouched and unimpaired, which the result of closer examination proved to be the case.

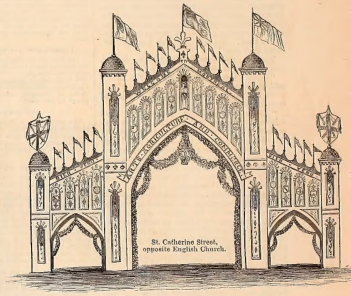
All the work had to be begun again; but, nothing daunted, as soon as navigation opened in 1855 the engineers renewed their labors, and that year some more pier dams were successfully laid. Winter began on 30th October, and the works were

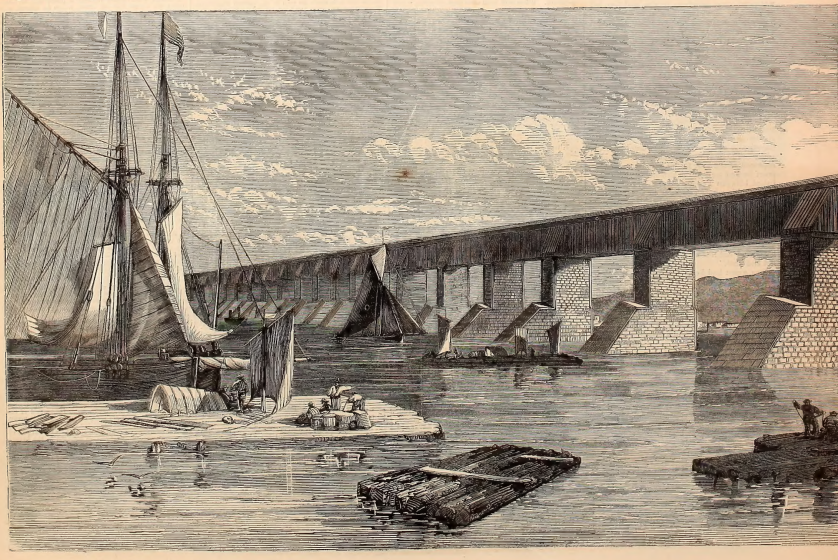
Dalhousie Square.



Jacques Cartier Square, facing Commissioners' Street.

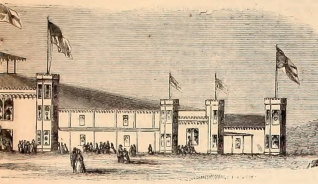

TEMPORARY BUILDING ERECTED FOR THE


St. Catherine Street, opposite English Church.

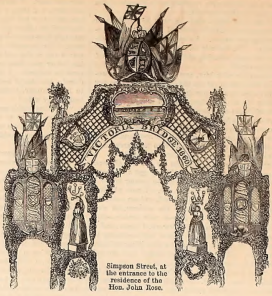


E OF WALES TO CANADA.

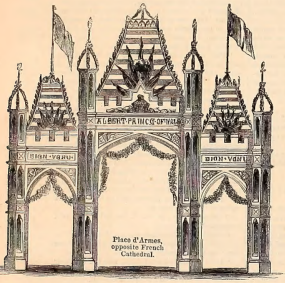
AND THE ARCHES AT MONTREAL.



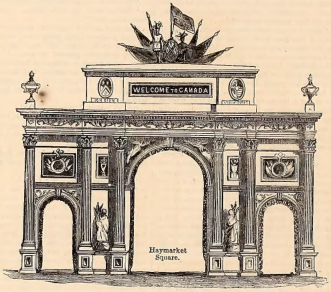
SAND BALL TO BE GIVEN TO THE PRINCE.



Simpson Street, at the entrance to the residence of the Hon. John Rose.



Place d'Armes, opposite French Cathedral.

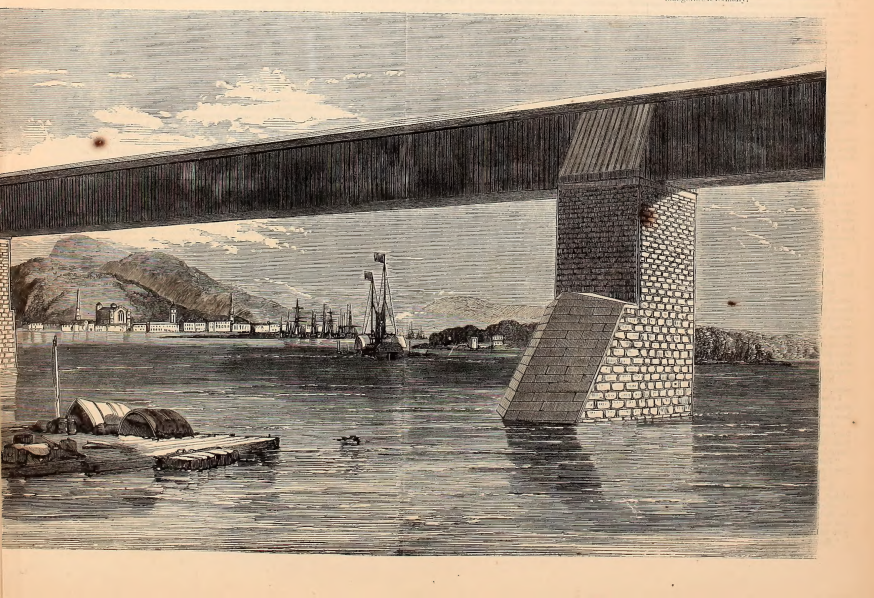


Haymarket Square.

then suspended till the following June. During the season of 1856 a good deal of work was done; at the close of navigation nine piers and the two abutments were complete. In 1857 five more piers were built, and the iron work was commenced. In the spring of 1858 the bridge was put to a severe test. The breaking up of the ice on the 1st of April was the most extraordinary in its effects that scientific men have ever witnessed in the colony. On the 30th of March the river was clear of ice to a certain extent above the bridge; but as yet no movement took place below; but on the following day, at 1 P.M., the river was rising fast, and on the 1st of April the general movement in the ice was observable, which continued for one hour, then suddenly stopped, the water still rising and continuing to do so till next day, and, as unexpectedly as before, a grand movement took place. The water was noticed to rise four feet in two minutes—the fields of ice accompanying this movement extending to an area of more than five hundred square miles, and so quick and overwhelming in its appearance that great numbers of the townspeople, who had congregated upon the quays in anticipation of what was to happen, had as suddenly to wheel about and run for their lives, by gaining as quickly as possible the nearest heights in the adjoining streets. This movement lasted about twenty minutes, and destroyed several portions of the substantial quay walls along the river, where it pressed the hardest, into atoms. The ice, in its progress between the piers of the bridge, was broken up by the force of the blow as soon as it came in contact with the cut-water. Occasional cakes of ice were strong enough to rise up and rear upon and against the pointed ness of the pier, until by the force of the water it was speedily made to roll over into the stream, and in a moment was out of sight. It was not until the 5th of April that the river was clear of ice, and as smooth as a mill-pond—the water having fallen seven feet. In a few days it fell to its ordinary level, and steamboats and other craft were once more able to resume their occupations on the river.

The engineers were now able also to examine with minuteness the extent and effects of the winter upon the works of the bridge. They found the preparatory measures proceeded with upon the ice in the winter for facilitating the construction of the remaining dams were all more or less disturbed, some carried away altogether, others so completely injured as to render them useless. Happily the permanent works were found to have sustained no damage whatever, excepting one stone dislatched from No. 9 pier, which was left unfinished the previous year at the height of 18 feet above water level.

This was, happily, the last disaster which the engineers were fated to encounter. Throughout 1858 and 1859 the work progressed rapidly and successfully, until, in the full of the latter year, the bridge was completed, and the railway trains of the Grand Trunk Railroad passed through it successfully. It is, as it stands, one of the greatest engineering works in the world, and well deserves that the Prince of Wales should cross the ocean to inaugurate it formally.



We can not do better than sum up this brief account with a few statistics. The first stone of pier No. 1 was laid on 20th July, 1854; the first passenger train passed through the bridge on 17th December, 1859. The following are the dimensions of the bridge (the total cost being $6,300,000): Total length of bridge, 9184 feet linear. Number of spans, 25; 24 of 242 feet; one of 330 feet. Height from surface of water to underside of centre tube, 60 feet. Height from bed of river to top of centre tube, 101 feet. Greatest depth of water, 22 feet. Greatest rapidity of current, 7 miles an hour. Cubic feet of masonry, 3,000,000. Cubic feet of timber, in temporary work, 2,500,000. Cubic yards of clay used in puddling dams, 146,000. Tons of iron in tubular 8250. Number of rivets, 2,500,000.

THE OLD PLAYER'S STORY.

I once embraced the offer of an intelligent master of a stock-farm, to visit the establishment under his charge. He received me at the door, and led me through the various rooms. The occupants were nearly all old men, a few—very few—were younger and sickly-looking, all dressed alike in the gray suit, and looking all alike, in a sullen and hopeless expression that is very saddening to one on human faces. Of course I asked questions by the score, and was answered. Few of them liked to discuss the cause of their ending their days in that place. Some few said it was misfortune; many declared it self-fellows—that their children had died; some did not know exactly what it was had brought them there. They had very little bread where they were, they said, and the water smiled.

"You've enough to eat, Brown?"

"Yes. I don't starve, but somehow never feel full, after living for so much on it, I don't pleasant sort of feeling that; still I can't help it, I am here, and shall be till I come."

The last was said half regretful, half expectant in its tone.

"He is a fair sample of your birds, I suppose," said I.

"Yes, about the average, perhaps a little better than the general run. I've rather a curious specimen of the pauper here somewhere. I like the old fellow, his is a sad case. Where's Gowling?"

"He is in the garden, Sir," said one. "Ye can just see him out of the window here, Sir, sitting under the lime-tree, there, Sir," and a finger a *la-de*, just a *little* dirty, was stretched out to indicate the place of Gowling.

I of course looked, and saw a man I should have judged to be about sixty-five sitting under the tree. He was a good head, and seemed busy reading through the wrinkles on his face, or it might have been the vacant smile I had seen on other faces, though I could hardly tell what it was at that distance.

On my going up to him, the old man rose, and took off his hat with a grace and ease of manner, and withal a certain dignity, that made me instantly raise my hat.

"I would you like to sit down, Sir?" said he; and he looked at me.

"Thank you," I stammered, and sat down. I had not recovered from my astonishment—the pauper, with his cap that never could have cost six-pence, exhibiting what is the manners and ease of a gentleman. I was astonished, and sat silent.

"You've been through the house?"

"Oh, yes—I went through this afternoon."

"Curious places. Curious people in it."

"Yes; but they are all much alike in the main features, though diverse—but manners, expression of face. Most of them are from the same class, 'the laboring poor,' as one of our poets has emphatically called them. You find them very congenial companions?"

"Not very. They are kind, or mean to be; and would be respectful, if there were not adverse influences to the existence of such a feeling. The chaplain's another against me."

"You smoke, Mr. Gowling?"

"I do, when I can," and the old man laughed—a laugh that was once utter and glorious.

I offered him my cigar-case. He made his selection, and struck a light with the fusee. I lit my own, and we sat there enjoying the first few whiffs, when I presently noticed my companion's cigar had no light—it had gone out. I looked in the fusee-box—it was empty.

"Oh, never mind. I'll keep it till another time."

I handed him a light.

"No, Sir—it's no use to me. My lungs are not what they used to be, and I can't light it unless you draw at the same time. I can light it then."

I drew my breath till the end of my cigar was almost a flame, and then the old man, with his feeble breath, kindled his own. I noticed him more as our faces were close together. His brow, rather high and rounded, was crossed in every direction by wrinkles; the eyes were dark, the eyebrows almost gone; while the cheeks more resembled parchment than aught else. The chin was shaven, and a few locks of thin gray hair just showed under the cap.

"Well," said he, after some few puffs at his cigar, "what do you think of me?"

I was blushing again. I really thought he had been too much occupied with his cigar to observe how much I noticed him.

I scarcely know. It is so unusual to find one having your education in such a place as this that I am sure I hardly know what to think of your being here."

"You talk of my education. What do you suppose I am?"

"I was going to say an actor, but that—"

"You're right; I am an actor. I am," he sighed, "much so."

"You really interest me very much. I should be glad, very glad—should take it as a favor, if you would tell me the—be—indeed, the story of your life. I am very much interested."

"My dear Sir—"

Now I did feel that it was not usual for men in the dress of paupers to address the friends of the master as "My dear Sir."

"My dear Sir, I shall be very happy if I can amuse you for a little while—I fear it's no use beginning before tea. I expect the bell to ring directly. Ah, there it is. Will you come in and see the carnivora fed, as they used to say when I was young?"

I went in with him, arm in arm—how the paupers did stare at seeing me walking thus—arm in arm!—and then I saw them sitting down at a long table—the little wedge of bread and the smaller one of cheese were distributed, and disposed of with a flavor over a longer time. I noticed my companion had a cup of tea brought him, which was a favor accorded to but few: half the cup and it was over, and we came out again into the garden and sat down once more. He seemed revived.

"I like tea. Tea was the one not allowed many stimulants here, and I only get this every day by the order of the doctor. A young fellow I used to know many years ago. I was playing Othello at the time in Bradford, and an accident having happened to one of the shifters, he was called in. He set his leg—it was broken—and helped him with money afterward, I know, and I owe a thing to him. He was just beginning to practice then, and thought it a fine thing to know an actor. He orders me tea now;" and the old man was silent.

"Try another cigar, Mr. Gowling, and you'll do better;" and he did. It really was a pleasure to see him slowly and weakly draw the cigar-smoke, and then as slowly and weakly let it curl out of his scarcely moved mouth—it was so quiet and yet so expressive.

He smoked on in silence for some time, and I let him without interruption.

"Did you ever," he said, at last, very. Well, to begin. I was born in this town of Burnton something less than sixty years ago. My father was a small tradesman, and was one of the best-abused he could afford :ill I was a little over thirteen. He was rather proud of me, poor old father, I used to recite my public days, and he would read, and repeat Latin and Greek orations, of which the meaning was one of the mysteries reserved for what I must have been to my hearers I don't know. My father took me away from school to the shop. He was a tailor, and I was put to learn it. Joy with a grain of life in him would choose to be a tailor as a matter of taste. As for me, it worried me to death to sit long at a time, and I hated stitch, and I used to beguile the time by reciting and reading to the few men my father employed, and they did it as a treat for me, and for the amusement it afforded them. At the age of fifteen I took part in some private theatricals in the town, and found the bustle and excitement much more pleasant than the dull shop-work. This went on till I was nearly of age, when there came to the town I went to the manager and asked him to take me. He laughed, for I was fit for nothing. Of course I was the last actor in the town to look for a man-at-arms, too young for a first, second, or even third lover, and too old for any accidental boy parts. I was disheartened, but I had not learn to leave the then detested shop. My father was rather of a serious turn. He heard of my going to the manager, and locked me in the house next ten, and fed me on bread and water. This was rather too much for me, I thought, and said when the bread and water came one morning there was no one to eat it. I was pleased to find myself with a pair of keys about my person wrapped up in a handkerchief, about 't face the world, and try to wring the hard-held honors from stern fortune's hands. That's how I began, Sir. I need scarcely tell you that sitting here I often regretted that fine May morning's work that took me from home.

"I went to one town after another, and at each applied to the manager of the theatre, and tried hard to get in as any thing. I was not; my voice was not yet set or certain. Why, young boy," said one to me, "you are all alive as a girl, and if you were to make love in a play I'm sure you'd be talking to me in, the people would insist that I had made a girl of you, and hissed you off. I take you, but you are no use to me at all. Two years hence you can come again—then I may talk to you."

I felt it was true, but still wanted to be in a theatre; so I entered a traveling circus company as a good lion, and kept at it for eight months, and then the manager joined another in the regular acting line. I was in my element. They made a lover, and wanted him to rule; their first lover could no more sit a horse than a sack could; so I was fitted out, and said and she should die with laughing if he came on; so I offered. I did well, and thought I was on the road to fortune; I was not. The first actor of the great actors were only the same men as I was, with better chances. That is more than forty years ago though. I am old now."

"After this success I became first gentleman in that company, and remained so for some years. The manager took the hint from me, I had no chance. I changed my name—first, as Gowling did not look well in a bill; and next, because I did not want to hurt my poor old father's feelings more than I could help—I took the name of Alphonsus Montague. It looked well on the bills, I used to think at one time. Somebody, I forget who, says, 'What's in a name?' I know there is a good deal in a name when you are in a family shell, and the public being judge, Alphonsus Montague was better than James Gowling, for it drew better houses.

"In the company there was a girl who took second lady. I don't say I fell in love with her; I don't think men of our class do fall in love. The constant exercising the imitative powers in delineating that passion weakens, I think, the power of feeling it as other men feel it. I liked her; she was good, industrious, rising in the profession, and I married her. There was a better woman I never lived, and she had her reward: I don't suppose that there ever was a woman more respected in any company. I never had even a row about her behavior, and then, a year after being married to her, she came and told me, just as I came off as Macduff in 'Macbeth.' I went to the manager and told him that the man must leave the place at once. The manager said it was impossible; he was a son of the noble owner of half the town; his father was then in the house; there things must be endured. I said they should not be endured by me, that he would not protect the ladies in his company, I should take the liberty of protecting my wife."

"And how did it end?"

"Why, I went to the little beast, titled as he was, and kicked him out at the stage-door. I did, and, though you would not think it to look at me now."

"And the manager?"

"Came and thanked me. Said he was much obliged to me; he had had more annoyance from the complaints of the girls about that fellow than from any other source. He raised mine and my wife's salary that same week."

"And you?" I said, while he was speaking, a number of children who came out of the house, and were dispersing in various groups to play. They were all dressed in the gray, true pauper gray, and ran and jumped as if they were not dependent on a paternal state for their support. One child, a little fair-haired girl, passed once or twice before us, and then stood still, looking at me a little way off. I looked at her, and she pulled up her dress, and looked at me, and blushed, and remained till he had done speaking.

"Whose is that pretty child, there?" said I.

"That—that's my little Alice. Here, Alice! come here, dear."

The child needed no second bidding, but ran to the old pauper; and, being lifted with no little effort on to his knee, hid her face against his breast, and would not look at me. Of course, I found some object of attraction in the garden that enabled me to let her see my face without my appearing to look at her. It was soon satisfied, apparently, for the glances became more bold and determined.

"Who is that, Papa Gowling?"

"A friend of mine; he won't hurt you."

She looked round at me. I had any intention of doing her mischief, and being satisfied, sat upright on the old man's knee.

"Papa Gowling, you see he's not going to hurt my little Alice. Won't you shake hands with Jiz?" She did.

"This your grandchild?" said I.

"Yes,—the only one left," and the voice fell as he stooped and kissed her uplifted face.

"You were saying, when the manager raised your salary after the little fracas about your wife?"

"Ah! yes, he did, and we went on very well for some time. I continued to find I was not a star. Once or twice I went up to London and heard some of the best comedians in England; but could not equal them. I don't know a more painful sensation, Sir, than that attendant on the discovery of the limit of one's powers. Every man who is truly conscious that the eminence that man has attained to whom you are listening is beyond you. Young men—very often—think that what that man has done man can do. It does not last. Most men at thirty-five know what they are to be, and feel that they will be in the rank of the race all."

"Well, some few years after I was married this comedian died, and I was left to fill—not ever be a star—a great actor. It was not in me. I was simply a respectable one. I could take any part, and did so, and well. I was said a leading act; but there I was stopped. I could go no further. I never could raise the enthusiasm of my audience. Sometimes they did not disapprove; but when I played a leading part the boxes did not fill, and the pit were not full. I could not help it, you know. I can simply say I never was or without knowing every word of the part. I was always correct, and never seemed and think parts did well. Stars liked me. They used to stand down for the benefits occasionally, and used to say 'Let me have Gowling to support me, he's a safe man, never too forward,—no clap-trap with him—he's not showy, but he's safe.' Now, you see, praise is a good thing, and I kept a-going at it for eighteen months, and then the manager joined another in the regular acting line. I was in my element. They made a lover, and wanted him to rule; their first lover could no more sit a horse than a sack could; so I was fitted out, and said and she should die with laughing if he came on; so I offered. I did well, and thought I was on the road to fortune; I was not. The first actor of the great actors were only the same men as I was, with better chances. That is more than forty years ago though. I am old now."

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children, you see, in the Christmas pantomimes. I often wonder whether the house thinks of those kind of things."

"And the other children?"

"The boy left our company when he was about eighteen, and joined another as second gentleman. He was as good an actor as his father, and no better. He thought he was a genius, poor boy, as they all do, and married a girl who had a little money. He had no experience to teach him; so he thought he was ill-used, and left us."

"And she became of him?"

"At first we used to hear from him now and then—then there was a long silence, and his mother went herself dreadfully about him. At length it had been playing a country gentleman in a screaming farce in the halls called it, for in a small company you are a king, a waterman, a fool—all in one evening; so my wife had gone down, and when I arrived came to the door to let me in.

"'Don't be frightened, dear, here's Alfred come back!'

"I went up, and there he was; but, my God, what a wreck! His eyes blood-shot, his hands trembling, and a bad red spot on his cheeks.

"'Well, father, how are you?'

"I did not answer; I sat down and cried. He tried hard to keep it up, but he could not; he came and knelt down in front of me, covered his face with his hands, and cried like a child. His mother, poor soul, clung round his neck, and kissed him, and cried till I was beside myself. He told his story. He had made a mistake. He thought himself a great actor. Managers did not; the public backed the managers, and were right too. He had married the disappointed daughter of an wife as his father had had to console him, and he took to the actor's curse—drink. He sank lower and lower every month, till he could get nothing, and just crawled home to die.

"Our regret, I said just come off, when I was told some one wanted me at the stage-door. I went, and found the girl of the house where we lodged. She wanted me to come home directly, as I was wanted at once. Mr. Alfred was very ill. Our manager had his benefit that night, and we had got up the first-rate farce, 'Jeremy and Hawthorn.' I was dressed as the Ghost. I forgot all about dress then, and rushed home: it was too late. 'Alfred was very ill.' He lay, as I said in his mother's arms; she was dressed as the Queen, and was weeping hot, silent tears that fell on my dead boy's face, now by one. His head was sunk down on her knees by the bed-side, as I entered, and I thought the house was standing looking on. I shall never forget it—never.

"I was roused by a touch on the shoulder. A message from the theatre.

"'Manager says he should be glad if you could come back.'

"I came back, Jennings, do you think I can?'

"'Not to do any thing, Sir; but you might see him; perhaps it would be better.'

"I left them, and went back, saw the manager and told him; and though it was his benefit night, he said he would not act himself.

"'God bless you, Gowling, I am sorry for you, very sorry; if I can do any thing for you, let me know.'

"I went to the dressing-room, and as I left the place heard the applause that attended the appearance of our chief dance, and his announcement of his intention to read the parts. Managers are not all alike, and he was a good friend to me, was Charles Jennings.

"We buried the poor boy, and then went on as before. His mother never recovered the blow, and gradually sunk, and about six months after his death could no longer take her parts; so Alice and I had to do our best. I thought that a young fellow had been rather attentive to her, and was not surprised when he took me aside one night and told me he wished to marry her as her his wife. He was just such another as myself had been myself when his age. I thought it better for the happiness of the wife of a young actor than remain single behind the scenes, for she was a good girl was Alice. Well, they married, and remained in the company. I was getting old you see, then, and it was some comfort to see her with some one to take care of her. Soon after she married her mother died, and I laid in the grave, beside her son, one of the best women that ever lived. I was alone now; and old, for the wear and tear of an active life, and the late hours, tell on the strongest constitution. I was getting rheumatic, and the change from the light, and glare, and noise of the theatre to the silence and quiet of my own poor room. Just then, too, the company was broken up; and at the age I was then it was a serious thing for me. We all three tried to keep together, but it was no use. Those who wanted an old man did not want a second lady, be a third gentleman, and so we were divided.

"I went on from one to another, very poorly paid, and was at last without a shilling. Alice was married, and I found myself in the workhouse.

"I heard from Alice every week, and saved her letters for the last days, for the day was long and dull to me. I could not make new friends. The young people I met, and I was forgotten, and 'loved not pity;' so I was a lonely old man.

"Alice's husband died. I don't remember now how it was, for he was ill when he died, and he was just after this little one was born. I quite longed to see her, but she could not come, and I could not go, so we only wrote to each other. I have all her letters now, poor girl. She came to see me once afterward, and was looking ill and fagged; and soon after that visit our company was broken up again.

"I tried hard for an engagement, traveled from place to place, spent all the little I had saved, and then was laid up at a place some fifty or sixty miles from here. They took me from this to the Union when the money was gone; and after a

deal of waiting and grumbling they brought me here. I thought when I was a boy, I would get the nests out of this tree that I should end my days here an old worn-out pauper. You know where it says? There's a Providence that shapes our ends, rough-hew them as we may.' I've often said that on the stage. I *felt* it now." And the old man mused in silence.

"And your daughter?"

"Alice? She died in this house not two years ago, poor child."

"Here, do you mean?"

"Yes, there in that room." And he pointed to a window in the back part of the house. "That one, where the sun shines on it through the trees."

"Of what ailed her?" She was young.

"The same disease that carried off her brothers, consumption. She knew I was here, and spent her last money to send for me; and the doctor, good fellow that he is, would have her in here. She lingered on for about a fortnight up there, and then died screaming at sunset holding my hand, and the child lying on her breast. Poor girl! she looked so beautiful in her coffin. Ah! I've outlived them all but this little one." And the old man looked fondly on the child, and stroked her head with his hand shrivaled hand. "It's a pity to end to see them all gone—all—wife, sons, and Alice all gone. Poor Alice!" And the old pauper's eyes were full of the slow-coming tears of age.

I had a cough, and felt husky in the throat, and the wind blew the dust in my eyes.

"You and I seem to agree well, Mr. Gowling," said the voice of the master close by.

"Yes, Sir, to say I have to listen in old man's talk. It's very kind of him—very kind."

"I've been expressing my wonder to Mr. Gowling to find him here."

"Want of proper economy, Sir; nothing more. People of his profession are very reckless and improvident—very."

"You're right and you're wrong at once," said the old man. "I, who am saving myself, I, the thrifty, the whole tendency of the profession is against it. We don't earn much—I mean such as myself. Of course, a good crowd—a careful saving man—are not those which make a good actor. It is not to be ask that a man should go on the stage, have to affect the liberal notions of a spendthrift, and off the stage be a niggard.

"Still, Mr. Gowling, you admit it is possible to save."

"Oh, yes! *possible*, but difficult, inasmuch as the qualities that make the actor are not, nor are they usually found associated with, those of the rigid economist; and it is only the rigid economist among such men as we that can save a bit. Look, too, at the liabilities to disease, the uncertainties of the means of living we have, and you will see that we, as a class on the whole, as hardly worked for the amount of pay we receive as any class of men."

THE
Uncommercial Traveler
IN LONDON CHAMBERS.
BY CHARLES DICKENS.

At one period of my uncommercial career my friend Parkle lived in a set of chambers in Gray's Inn Square. The room in which he familiarly told a "stop set," and all the eatables and drinkables introduced into them acquired a flavor of Cockle.

Two of the windows of those chambers looked down into the garden; and we have sat up there together, many a summer evening, saying how pleasant it was, and talking of many things. To my intimacy with that top set I am indebted for three of my most vivid impressions of the loneliness of life in chambers. They shall follow here, in order, first, second, and third.

First. My friend Parkle, on a time, hurt one of his legs, and it became seriously inflamed. Not knowing of his indisposition, I was on my way to see him one day, some summer evening, when I was much surprised by meeting a lively leech in Holborn. Surprised him, seemingly on his way to the West End of London. As the leech was alone, and was, of course, unable to explain his business, I could but have inclined to be so (which he had not the appearance of being), I passed him and went on. Turning the corner of Gray's Inn Lane, I was beyond expression amazed by meeting another leech—also entirely alone, and also proceeding in a westerly direction, though with less decision of purpose. Pondering on this extraordinary circumstance, and endeavoring to remember whether I had ever read, in the Histories of Insurrections, or any work on Natural History, of a migration of leeches, I ascended to the top set, past the dreary series of closed outer doors of offices and an empty set or two, which intervened between that lofty region and the world, and, entering my friend's room, I found him stretched upon his back, like Prometheus Bound, with a perfectly demented ticket-porter in attendance on him instead of the Vulture, which helpless individual, who was feeble and frightened, had (my friend explained to me, in great choler) been endeavoring for some hours to apply leeches to his leg, and as yet had only got on two out of twenty. To this unfortunate's distraction between a damp cloth on which he had placed the leeches to freshen them, and the wrathful adjurations of my friend to "Stick 'em on, Sir!" I referred the phenomenon I had encountered; the rather as two more specimens were at that moment going out at the door, while a general insurrection of the rest was in progress on the table. After a few unmitigated efforts prevailed; and when the leeches came off, and had recovered their spirits, we carefully tied them up in a decanter. But I never heard more of them than that they were all gone next morning, and that the Out-door young man in the Black, Buff, and Bottle, Leather-and-Bone, had been bitten and bloodshy some creatures not identified. They never "took" on Mr. Bright, the bankrupt's leech. I have since preserved fresh the belief that she unconsciously carried several about her, until they gradually found openings in life.

Second. On the same staircase with my friend Parkle, and on the same floor, there lived a man of law, who pursued his business elsewhere, and used those chambers as his place of residence. He there devoted himself to the study of the law (as those knew him; but after that—for English—short pause of consideration, they began to speak). Parkle cherished words of scorn for his private character only, and knew nothing of his manners, ways, or appearance. He was a man a good deal about town, but always alone. We used to remark to one another that, although we often encountered him in theatres, concert-rooms, and other public places, he was always alone. Yet he was not a gloomy man, and was of a decidedly conversational turn; insomuch that I once encountered him at evening lounge, with a cigar in his mouth, half in, half out, of Parkle's rooms, and discuss the topics of the day for half an hour. I have to relate on occasions that he had four faults to find with life; firstly, that a man was always winding up his watch; secondly, that Lincoln's Inn was small; thirdly, that it therefore wanted variety; fourthly, that there was no water laid on. That water was so much dust in his own faded chambers, certainly, that they reminded me of a sepulchre, furnished in grave-clothes and cobwebs. At a certain time, which had newly been brought to light, after having lain buried a few thousand years. One day, but sometimes only at long intervals, his principal man, being then five years married, would look in upon Parkle, in his usual laughing way, with an cigar in his mouth as usual, and say, "I am going out of town." As he never went out of town, Parkle, with the privilege of a friend, would cry, "Ay, Ay," at last. For what is a man to do? London is so small! If you go west, you come to yourself. If you go east, you come to yourself. If you go south, there's Brixton or Norwood. If you go north, you can't get rid of Barnet. Then the monotony of the dead flat, broken by nothing but of all the roads, roads—and the dust, dust, dust!" When he had said this he wished Parkle a good-evening, and came back again, and sat with his watch in his hand, "Oh, I really can not go on winding up this watch over and over again. I wish you would take care of it." So Parkle laughed, and consented; and he went out of town. The remainder of the first day of his visit to Parkle's box became choked, and no more letters could be got into it, and they began to be left at the lodge, and to accumulate there. At last Parkle and I decided on a conference with the steward to use his master's key and look into the chambers, and give them the air. Opening the door, I felt that it was found that he had hanged himself to his bedstead, and had left this written memorandum: "I should prefer to be cut down by my landlord and friend (if he will allow me to call him so), Mr. Parkle." This was the only time I ever, in my theory of chambers, had to go into lodgings immediately.

Third. While Parkle lived in Gray's Inn, and I myself was uncommercially preparing for the Bar—which is done, as every body knows, by having a friend who goes out of town, and leaving to an old woman in a chronic state of Saint Anthony's fire and dropsy, and, so decorated, boiling a tea kettle in a hollow way of four, sometimes five, who mistrusts the other three—I say, while these things were, there was a certain lofty gentleman who lived in a garret in the Temple, and was a great judge and lover of port-wine. Every day he dined at his chop-house, and took a bottle of port-wine, and every night came home to the Temple and went to bed in his lonely chambers. This had gone on for many consecutive years, when one night he had a fit on coming home, and fell and cut his head deep, but partly recovered, and groped about in search of his bed. When he was afterward discovered, dead, it was clearly established by the marks of his hands about the room that he must have done so. Now this chanced on the night of Christmas-Eve, and over him lived a merry party of his own friends and young friends, and who gave them a little party that night, in the course of which they played at Blindman's Buff. Result, that they were late, for greater sport, by the light of the fire only; and once, when they were all quietly nestling and playing about the fire, some one was merrily to pick out the prettiest sister (for which I am far from blaming him), somebody said, Hark! The Judge's footsteps surely! It was the Chairman's Buff by himself to-night! They listened, and they heard sounds of some one pulling about and shuffling furniture; and they all laughed at the conceit, and went on with their play again, presently, more merry than before. Then those two so different games of life and death were played out together, blindfold, in the two sets of chambers.

These are the occurrences which, coming to my knowledge, imbued me long ago with a strong sense of the loneliness of chambers. There was a fantastic illustration to much the same purpose implicitly believed by a strange sort of man, now dead, whom I knew when I had not quite arrived at legal years of discretion, though I was already in the uncommercial line.

This was a man who, though not more than thirty, had seen the world in divers irreconcilable capacities, had been an officer in a South American regiment among other odd things—but had not achieved much in any way of life, and was constitutionally in debt and hiding. He occupied chambers in the dreariest nature in Lyons Inn; his name, however, was not upon the door or door-post, but in lieu of it stood the name of a lady who had died in the chambers, and had given him the furniture. The story arose out of the furniture, and was to this effect: Let the former holder of the chambers, whose name was still upon the door and door-post, be Mr. Testator.

Mr. Testator lived in a set of chambers in Lyons Inn, where he had but very scanty furniture for his bedroom, and none for his sitting-room. He had lived among cobwebs in this condition, and had found it very bare and cold. One night past midnight, when he sat writing, and had still writing to do that must be done before he went to bed, he found himself out of coals. He had coals down stairs, but could never learn to ask for any; however, the cellar-key was on his mantelshelf, and if he went down and opened the cellar for himself, he could replenish the coals in his own cellar to be his. As to his laundress, she lived among the coal-wagons and Thames watermen—for there were Thames watermen at that time—on some unknown rat-hole by the river, down lanes and alleys on the other side of the Strand. As to any other person in the house, as a matter of fact, Lyons Inn was dreaming, drunk, maudlin, moody, betting, brooding over bill-discounting or removing, asleep or awake, according its own whim. Mr. Testator took his coal-scuttle in one hand, his candle and key in another, and descended to the mysterious cellars of Lyons Inn, where the late vehicles in the streets became thunderous, and all the water-pipes in the neighborhood seemed to have Macbeth's Amen sticking in their throats, and to be trying to get it out. After groping here and there among the cellars for the key, Mr. Testator at length came to a door with a rusty padlock which his key fitted. Getting the door open with much trouble, and locking it, he found no coals, but a confused pile of furniture. Alarmed by this intrusion on another man's property, the owner again, found his own cellar, filled his scuttle, and returned up stairs.

But the furniture in the cellars ran on castors across and across Mr. Testator's mind incessantly, when, in the chill hour of five in the morning, he went to bed. He accordingly wanted a table to write at, and a table expressly made to be written at had been the piece of furniture in the foremost of the lot. So, on the laundress coming from her borrow in the morning to make his kettle boil, he artfully led up to the subject of cellars and furniture; but met with a bliss had evidently no connection in her mind. When she left him, and he sat at his breakfast, thinking about the furniture, he recalled the rusty state of the padlock, and inferred that the furniture must have been stored in the cellars ever since—was perhaps Jacobean—two—dear dead, perhaps? After thinking it over a few days, in the course of which he could pump no thing out of the laundress about the furniture, he became desperate, and resolved to borrow that table. He did so that night. He had not had the table long when he found he must borrow an easy-chair; he had not had that long when he made up his mind to borrow a book-case; then a couch; then a carpet and rug. By which time he felt he was furniture stepped in so far," as that it could be no worse to borrow of the fellow-creature who occupied it all, and locked up the cellar for good. He had always locked it after every visit. He had carried up every piece of coals in the dead of the night, and, at best, had felt like a Resurrection Man. Every article was blue and furry when brought into his chambers, and had had, in a murderous and wicked sort of way, to polish it up while London slept.

Mr. Testator lived in his furnished chambers two or three years, or more, and gradually lulled himself into the belief that the furniture was his. This was his convenient state of mind when, late one night, a step came up the stairs, and a hand passed over the door-post for the knocker, and then one deep and solemn rap was rapped that might have been a spring in Mr. Testator's easy-chair to start him out of it: so promptly was it attended with that effect.

With a candle in his hand, Mr. Testator went to the door, and opened it to a very pale and very tall man; a man who stooped; a man with very high shoulders, a very narrow chest, and a very long neck. This extraordinary man was wrapped in a long threadbare black coat, fastened up the breast with one button, and had under his arm he squeezed an umbrella without a handle, as if he was playing bagpipes. He said, "I say your name, Sir, is Mr. Testator, I will not," and stopped, his eye resting on some object within the chambers.

"Can I tell you what?" asked Mr. Testator, noting this stoppage with quick alarm.

"I ask your pardon," said the stranger, "but—this is not the first time I am going to make—do I see in there any small article of property belonging to you?"

Mr. Testator was beginning to stammer that he was not aware—when the visitor slipped past him into the chambers. There, in a golden vase that froze Mr. Testator to the marrow, he examined, first, the writing-table, and said, "Mine;" then the easy-chair, and said, "Mine;" then the book-case, and said, "Mine;" then turned up a corner of the carpet, and said, "Mine;" in a word, inspected all the furniture from the cellars in turn in succession, and said, "Mine!" Toward the end of this investigation, Mr. Testator perceived that he was sodden with liquor, and that the liquor was gin. He was not unsteady with gin, either in his speech or carriage; but he was stiff with gin in both respects.

Mr. Testator was in a dreadful state, for (according to his making out of the story) the possible consequences of what he had done in reckoniess and hardhood flashed upon him in their fullness for the first time. When they had stood gazing at one another for a little while, he tremulously began:

"Sir, I am conscious that this has fallen explanation, confusion, and restitution are your due. They shall be yours. Allow me to entreat that without temper, without even natural irritation on your part, we may have a little—"

"Drop of something to drink," interposed the stranger. "I am agreeable to it."

Mr. Testator had intended to say, "a little quiet conversation," but with great relief of mind adopted this amendment. He produced a decanter of gin, and was bustling about for hot water and sugar, when he found that his visitor had already drunk half the decanter's contents. With hot water and sugar the visitor drank the remainder before he had been an hour in the chambers by the names of the church of Saint Mary in the Strand, and during the process he frequently repeated to himself, "Mine!"

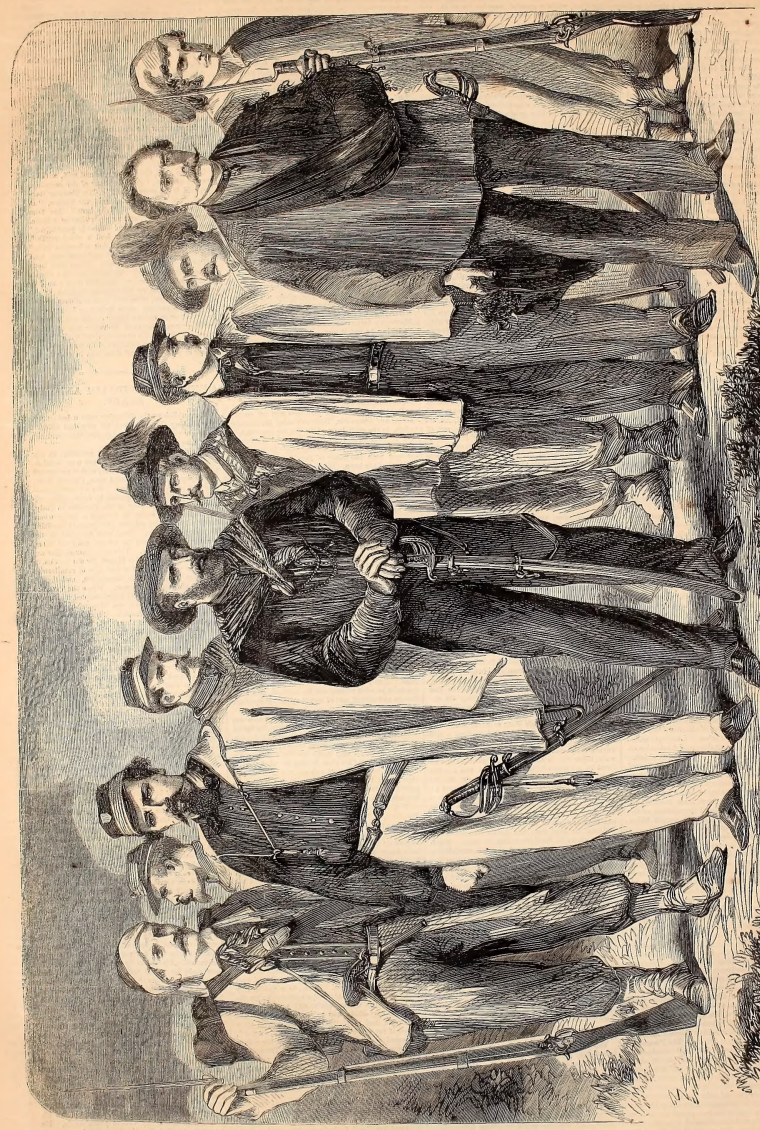
The gin gone, the visitor rose and said, with increased stiffness, "At what hour of the morning, Sir, will it be convenient?" Mr. Testator hesitated, "At ten?" "Sir," said the visitor, "at ten to the moment I shall be here." He then contemplated Mr. Testator awhile—but at leisure, and said, "God bless you! How is your wife?" Mr. Testator (who never had a wife) replied, "Deeply anxious, poor soul, but otherwise well." The visitor thereupon turned and went way, and left Lewis in possession of his chairs. That hour he was never heard of. Whether he was a ghost, or a spectral illusion, or a drunken man who had an insistent fancy, or a man with a mania for owner of the furniture, who had that business there; whether he got safe home, or had no home to get to, whether he died of liquor on the way, or lived in liquor ever afterward, he never was heard of more. This was the story received with the furniture, held to be as substantially to the succeeding person in an upper set of chambers in grim Lyons Inn.

GENERAL GARIBALDI AND HIS STAFF.

WE publish on the following page a fine group, representing Garibaldi and his principal officers. They are the heroes of the day, and their portraits should be placed on record.

Of the Chief himself it is not necessary to say any thing. In our number for June 9 we published a fine portrait of the General, with a pretty full biography. His right-hand man, Colonel Türr, merits a brief sketch. He is a quite young man—only thirty-five—a Hungarian by birth, and a soldier by trade. Serving on one occasion in Italy, he was taken prisoner. In a prison-ship where he found two Croat soldiers outrageously insulting two beautiful girls. Fired with indignation, the young officer knocked the brutal fellows down, and rescued the girls. This and other similar experiences filled him with disgust for the service in which he was then at the first age of twenty-one in Hungary he joined the insurgents, and fought bravely throughout the war. When the Crimean campaign began, Colonel Türr received a commission from England, and was dispatched into the Principalities to buy horses. He was soon seized by the Austrians, and thrust into a dungeon from whose roof the water dripped incessantly. The English consul, on hearing of his capture, instantly demanded his release, which, after some delay, was granted by the Austrians; but nearly four months' imprisonment in his damp prison had given a shock to his constitution from which he has never recovered. He continued to serve in the British army till the close of the war; then, thirsting for more opportunities of distinction, he went over to Circassia, joined Schamyl, and fought for the Russians until his overworked constitution gave way entirely, and he was prostrated, in a strange country, without money and without friends. He was supposed to be dead, when the news of the outbreak of the Italian war reached the mountains of Circassia. Roused by the warcry, he rose from his bed, started by the nearest road, reached Milan in six days, and joined Garibaldi. He fought campaign after campaign by the side of Garibaldi. At length, in one of the Alpine skirmishes, he was shot in the arm and left for dead. Carried by a humane Italian lady, he was nursed tenderly for many months, and was almost recovered when the news reached him that Garibaldi had sailed for Sicily. His subsequent career is fresh in the memory of all readers. He is always mentioned in the light of the hottest encounters it seems to be an ever-recurring struggle between Garibaldi and Türr which shall expose himself the most to shot and shell. Türr has already been wounded once in the leg, but continues to perform his duties as General of Division as though nothing had happened. General Türr has been the hero of a romantic adventure. While in England, a young lady of fortune fell, and long fortune fell in love with him, and it was intimated to him that her parents would not oppose the match. He is instantly told that, had she been poor, he would willingly have sought her hand; but so many "foreign adventurers" had married their fortunes by marrying rich wives in England that he, for one, intended to pursue a different course.

Of most of the other officers depicted in our engraving there is very little to be said. General Bixio, like Garibaldi, was a sailor by trade. Twelve years ago, when Italy appeared to be awakening, he left his ship, joined Garibaldi at Rome, and fought out the war by his side. Last year, when hostilities were renewed, Bixio was one of the first to join the "Alpine Chasseurs;" and now he naturally occupies a prominent place in the Liberator's staff. General Carini is a patriot of old standing. When Sicily last rose, in 1848, he was one of the principal leaders of the people, and exploited his devotion to liberty by twelve years' exile. He joined Garibaldi before the departure from Genoa, and has since served faithfully in his army.



THE LIBERATORS OF SICILY—GARIBALDI AND HIS STAFF.—[SEE PAGE 539.]

"COME AND SEE ME ONE OF THESE DAYS, POTTS."

A DAY'S RIDE:

A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

By CHARLES LEVER.

AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," "HARRY LORREQUER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER III.

WHO has not experienced the charm of the first time in his life, when totally removed from all the accidents of his station, the circumstance of his fortune, and his other belongings, he has taken his place among perfect strangers, and been estimated by the claims of his own individuality? Is it not this which gives the utmost ecstasy of our first tour — our first journey? There are none to say, "Who is this Potts that gives himself these airs?" "What pretension has he to say this, or order that?" "What would old Potter say if he saw his son to-day?" with all the other, "What has this world come to?" and "What are we to see next?" I say, it is with a glorious sense of independence that one sees himself emancipated from all these restrains, and recognises his freedom to be that which nature has made him.

As I sat on Lord Keldrum's left — Father Dyke was on his right — was I in any real quality other than I ever am? Was my nature different, my voice, my manner, my social tone, as I received all the bland attentions of my courteous host? And yet, in my heart of hearts, I felt that if it were known to that polite company I was the son of Peter Potts, bothecary, all my conversational courage would have failed me. I would not have dared to assert fifty things I now declared, nor vouched for a hundred that I as assuredly guaranteed. If I had had to carry about me traditions of the shop in Mary's Abbey, the laboratory, and the rest of it, how could I have had the nerve to discuss any of the topics on which I now pronounced so authoritatively? And yet, these were all accidents of my existence — no more me than was the color of *his* whiskers mine who vaccinated me for *cow-pock*. The man I really was himself through all; he was neither compounded of senna and salts, nor amalgamated with sarsparilla and the acids; but by the cruel laws of a harsh conventionality it was decreed otherwise, and the trade of the father descends to the son in every estimate of all he does, and says, and thinks. The converse of the proposition I was now to feel in the success I obtained in this company. I was, as the Germans would say, "Der Herr Potts an sich, nicht nach seinen Begebenheiten" — the man Potts, not the creature of his belongings.

The man thus freed from his "antecedents," and owning no "relatives," feels like one to whom a great, a most unlimited credit has been opened, in matter of opinion. Not reduced to fashion his sentiments by some supposed standard becoming his station, he roams at will over the broad prairie of life, enough if he can show cause why he says this or thinks that, without having to defend himself for his parentage, and the place he was born in. Little wonder if, with such a sum to my credit, I drew largely on it; little wonder if I were dogmatical and demonstrative; little wonder if, when my reason grew wearied with facts, I reposed on my imagination in fiction.

Be it remembered, however, that I only became what I have set down here after an excellent dinner, a considerable quantity of Champagne, and no small share of a claret, strongbodied enough to please the priest. I didn't like that priest. From the moment we sat down at table I conceived for him a sort of distrust. He was painfully polite and civil; he had a soft, slippery, Clare accent; but there was a malicious twinkle in his eye that showed he was by nature satirical. Perhaps because we were more reading men than the others that it was we soon found ourselves pitted against each other in argument, and this not upon one, but upon every possible topic that turned up. Hammond I found also stood by the priest. Oxley was my backer, and his knowledge of Shakspire. Dyke was a shrewd, sarcastic dog in his way, but he had no chance with me. How much soever I treated his Church — he pushed me to it — what an exposé did I make of the Pope and his Government, with all their enormities and cruelties! How ruthlessly I showed them up as the sworn enemies of all freedom and enlightenment! But the priest never got angry — he was too cunning for that, and he even laughed at some of my anecdotes, as if they related many. "Don't be so hard on him, Potts," whispered my host, "he's a good fellow on the whole, you know." This speech put me into a flutter of delight. It was not alone that he called me Potts, but there was also an acceptance of me as one of his own set. We were, in fact, henceforth "nous autres." Enchanting recognition, never to be forgotten!

"But what would you do with us?" said Dyke, mildly remonstrating against some severe censures we of the landed interest might be yet driven to resort to.

"I don't know — that is to say, I have not made up my mind whether it would be better to make a clearance of you altogether, or to bribe you."

"Bribe us by all means, then!" said he, with a most serious earnestness.

"Ah! but could we rely on you?" asked I.

"That would greatly depend upon the price."

"I'll not haggle about terms, nor I'm sure would Keldrum," said Oxley, turning to him.

"You are only just to me in that," said he, smiling.

"That's all fine talking for you fellows who had the luck to be first on the list, but what are poor devils like Oxley and myself to do?" said Hammond. "Taxation comes down to second sons nowadays."

"And the *Times* says all right," added Oxley.

"And I say all wrong; and I say more," broke I in: "I say that of all the tyrannies of Europe, I know of none like that newspaper tyranny. The whose station, I would ask, nowadays can exempt him from its impertinent criticisms? Can Keldrum say — can I say — that we know or next day we shall not be arraigned for this, that, or t'other? I choose, for instance, to manage my estate — the property that has been in my family for centuries, the acres that have descended to us by grants as old as Magna Charta. I desire, for reasons that seem sufficient to myself, to convert arable into grass land. I say to one of my tenant farmers — Mr. Somebody — no matter, I shall not mention names, but I say to him —"

"I know the man," broke in the priest; "you mean Hedgeworth Davis, of Mount Davis."

"No, Sir, I do not," said I, angrily, for I resented this attempt to me to pry into my affairs.

"Hedgeworth! Hedgeworth! It sin't that fellow that was in the Rifles, the 2d Battalion, is it?" said Oxley.

"I repeat," said I, "that I will mention no names."

"My mother had some relatives Hedgeworths; they were from Herefordshire. How odd, Potts, if we should turn out to be connections! You said that these people were related to you."

"I hope," said I, angrily, "that I am not bound to give the birth, parentage, and education of every man whose name I may mention in conversation. At all events, I would protest that I have not prepared myself for such a demand upon my memory."

"Of course not, Potts. It would be a test no man could submit to," said his lordship.

"That Hedgeworth was in the Rifles exceeded all the fellows I ever met in drawing the long bow. There was no county he had not been in, no army he had not served with; he was related to every celebrated man in Europe; and, after all, it turned out that his parent was an attorney at Market Harborough, and sub-agent to one of our fellows who had some property there." This was said by Hammond, who directed the speech entirely to me.

"Confound the Hedgeworths all together," broke in Oxley. "They have carried us miles away from what we were talking of."

This was a sentiment that met my heartiest concurrence, and I nodded a friendly recognition to the speaker, and drank off my glass to his health.

"Who can give us a song? I'll back his reverence here to be a vocalist," cried Hammond. And, sure enough, Dyke sang one of the melodies with great feeling and taste. Oxley followed with something in less perfect taste, and we all grew very jolly, and then there came a brilliant bone and some deviled kidneys, and a warm stew which Hammond himself concocted — a most insidious liquor, which, with a strong flavor of lemons, was, at the same time, little else than rum and sugar.

There is an adage that says "in vino veritas," which I shrewdly suspect to be a great fallacy; at least, as regards my own case, I know it to be totally inapplicable. I am, in my sober senses — and I am proud to say that the exceptions from such are of the rarest — one of the most veracious of mortals; indeed, in my frank sincerity, I have often given offence to those who like a courteous hypocrisy better than an ungraceful truth. Whenever, by any chance, it has been my ill-fortune to transgress these limits, there is no bound to my imagination. There is nothing too extravagant or too vainglorious for me to say of myself. All the strange incidents of romance that I have read, all the travelers' stories, newspaper accidents, adventures by sea and land, wonderful coincidences, unexpected turns of fortune, I adapt to myself, and coolly relate them as personal experiences. Listening have afterward told me that I possess an amount of consistence, a verisimilitude in these narratives perfectly marvelous, and only to be accounted for by supposing that I myself must, for the time being, be the dupe of my own imagination. Indeed, I am sure such must be the true explanation of this curious fact. How in any other mode explain the rash words, absurd and impossible engagements I have contracted in such moments, backing myself to leap twenty-three feet on the level sward; to dive in six fathoms water and find up Heaven knows what of shells and marine curiosities from the bottom; to ride the most unmanageable of horses, and, single-handed and unarmed, to fight the fiercest bull-dog in England? Then, as to intellectual feats, what have I not engaged to perform? Sums of mental arithmetic, whole newspapers committed to memory after one reading; verse compositions, on any theme, in ten languages; and, once, a written contract to compose a whole opera, with all the scenes, within twenty-four hours. To a nature thus strangely constituted wine was a perfect magic wand, transforming a poor, weak, distrustful, modest man into a hero; and yet, even with such temptations, my excesses were extremely rare and unfrequent. Are there many, I would ask, that could resist the pleasure to such a dreamland, with only the penalty of a headache the next morning? Sense one would perhaps suggest that these were enjoyments to pay forfeit on. Well, so there were; but I was not anticipate. And now to my tale.

To Hammond's brave ale succeeded one by Oxley, made after an American receipt, and certainly both fragrant and insinuating; and then came a concession made by the priest, which he called "Father Hoey's pride." It was made in a bowl, and drunk out of lemonrinds, ingeniously slit into the wine-glasses. I remember no other particulars about it, though I can cull to mind much of the conversation that preceded it. How I gave a long historical account of my family, that we came originally from Corsica, the name Potts being a corruption of Pozzo, and that we were of the same stock as the celebrated diplomatist Pozzo di Borgo. Our acclaimed estates in the island were of fabulous value, but in asserting my right to them I should accept thirteen mortal duels, the arrears of a hundred and odd years unscored off, in anticipation of which I had at one time taken lessons from Angelo in fencing, which led to the celebrated challenge they might have read in *Galignani*, where I offered to meet any swordsman in Europe for ten thousand Napoleons, giving choice of the weapon to my adversary. With a tear to the memory of the poor fellow colonel that I killed at Sedan, I turned the conversation. Being in France, I incidentally mentioned some anecdotes of military life, and how I had invented the rifle certificate Minié, and, in a moment of good nature, given that excellent fellow my secret. "I will say," said I, "that he has shown more gratitude than some others nearer home, but will talk of rifled cannon another time." In a vein of episode about beaching, I mentioned the Emperor of Russia, poor dear Nicholas, and told how we had once exchanged horses, mine being known asorrowboned, and a weight-carrier; his a light Circassian mare, of purest breed, "the dam of that creature you may see below in the stable now," said I, carelessly. "Come and see me one of these days, Potts," said he, in parting; "come and pass a week with me at Constantinople." This was the first intimation he had ever given of his project against Turkey; and when I told it to the Duke of Wellington, his remark was a muttered 'Strange fellow, Potts — knows every thing!' though he made no reply to me at the time."

It was somewhere about this period that the priest began with what struck me as an attempt to outdo me as a story-teller, an effort I should have treated with the most contemptuous indifference but for the amount of attention bestowed on him by the others. Nor was this all, but actually I perceived that a kind of rivalry was attempted to be established, so that we were pitted directly against each other. Among the other self-delusions of such moments is the profound conviction I entertained that I was master of all genres of skill and address, superior to Major A. at whist, and able to give Stonehenge a pawn and the move at chess. "The priest was just as vain-glorious. "He'd like to see the man who'd play him a game of 'spoiled five'" — whatever that was — "or drafts; ay, or though it was not his pride, a bit of backgammon."

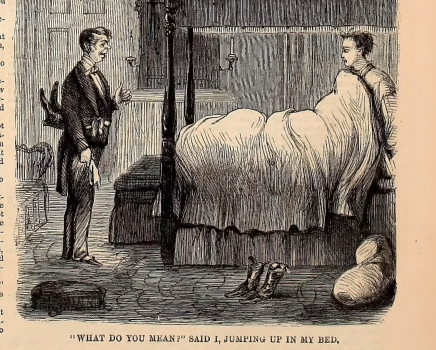
"Done, for fifty pounds; double on the game!" cried I.

"Fifty fiddle-sticks!" cried he; "where would you or I find as many shillings?"

"What do you mean, Sir?" said I, angrily. "Am I to suppose that you doubt my competence to risk such a contemptible sum, or is it to your own inability alone you would refer?"

A very acrimonious dispute followed, of which I have no clear recollection. I only remember how Hammond was out-and-out for the priest, and Oxley too tipsy to take my part with any efficiency. At last — how arranged I can't say — peace was restored, and the next thing I can recall was listening to Father Dyke giving a long, and of course a most fabulous, history of a ring that he wore on his second finger. It was given by the Pretender, he said, to his uncle, the celebrated Carmelite Monk, Father-in-O'Kelly, who for years had followed the young prince's fortunes. It was an onyx, with the letters C. E. S. engraved on it. Keldrum took an immense fancy to it; he protested that every thing that attached to that unhappy family possessed in his eyes an uncommon interest. "If you have a fancy to take up Potts's wager," said he, laughingly, "I'll give you fifty pounds for your signet ring."

The priest demurred — Hammond interposed — then there was more discussion, now warm, now jocose. Oxley tried to suggest something



"WHAT DO YOU MEAN?" SAID I, JUMPING UP IN MY BED.

which we all laughed at. Keldrum placed the backgammon board meanwhile, but I can give no clear account of what ensued, though I remember that the terms of our wager were committed to writing by Hammond, and signed by Father D. and myself, and in the condition there figured a certain ring, guaranteed to have belonged to, and have been worn by, his Royal Highness Charles Edward, and a cream-colored horse, equally guaranteed as the produce of a Caucasian mare presented by the late Emperor Nicholas to the present owner. The document was witnessed by all three, Oxley's name written in two letters, and a flourish.

After that I played, and lost.

CHAPTER IV.

I CAN recall to this very hour the sensations of incipient and misery with which I awoke the morning after this debauch. Rocking pain it was, with a sort of tremulous beating all through the brain, as though a small engine had been set to work there, and that piston, and boiler, and connecting rod, were all banging, flaring, and thundering amidst my fevered senses. I was besides much puzzled to know where I was, and how I had come there. Controversial divinity, genealogy, horse-racing, the peerage, and "double sixes" were dancing a wild cotillion through my brain; and although a water-carriage had once cautiously ebrnded his head into the room, to see if I were asleep, and as guardedly withdrew it again, I never had energy to open eye to him, but lay passive and still, waiting till my mind might clear, and the cloud-fog that obscured my faculties might be wafted away.

At last—it was toward evening—the man possibly becoming alarmed at my protracted lethargy, came somewhat briskly through the room, and with that amount of noise that showed he meant no incuse no—disturbed chairs and fire-irons indiscriminately.

"Is it late or early?" asked I, faintly.

"It was early, Sir, and a beautiful morning," said he, drawing nigh, with the air of one disposed for colloquy.

I didn't exactly like to ask where I was, and tried to ascertain the fact by a little circumlocution. "I suppose," said I, yawning. "for all that is to be done in a place like this where no one might just as well stay abed, eh?"

"To be sure, a gentleman's place," said he, with that peculiar disposition to agree with you so characteristic in an Irish waiter.

"No accident," sighed I.

"No, indeed, Sir."

"No theatre?"

"Devil a one, Sir."

"No sport?"

"Yesterday was the last of the season, Sir," and signs on, his herbidap and the other gentlemen was off immediately after breakfast."

"You mean Lord—Lord—" I said, insisting on clearing slowly now, but I could not yet see clearly.

"Lord Keldrum, Sir; a real gentleman every inch of him."

"Oh, yes! to be sure—a very clerd friend of mine," muttered I. "And so his lordship is he?"

"Yes, Sir; and the last word he said was about your honor."

"About me—what was it?"

"Well, indeed, Sir," replied the waiter, with a hesitating and confused manner, "I didn't rightly understand it; but as well as I could catch the words, it was something about hoping your honor had more of that wonderful breed of horses the Emperor of Roosia gave you."

"Oh, yes! I understand," said I, stopping him abruptly. "By-the-way, how is Blondel—that is, my horse—this morning?"

"Well, he looked fresh and hearty when he went off this morning at daybreak."

"What do you mean?" cried I, jumping up in my bed. "Went off? where to?"

"—With Father Dyke on his back; and a neater hand he couldn't wish over him. 'Tim,' says he to the hostler, as he mounted, 'there's a five-shilling piece for you, for I'm sure, for I won this baste last night, and you must drink my health with me like luck till I'm back.'"

I heard no more, but sinking back into the bed, I covered my face with my hands, overcome with shame and misery. The whole mists that had blurred my faculties had now been swept clean away, and the whole history of the previous evening was revealed before me. My stupid folly, my absurd boastfulness, my egregious story-telling—how to call it worse—were all there; and, shall I acknowledge it? what pained me not less poignantly was the fact that I ventured to stake the horse I dearly loved, and actually lost him at the play-table.

As soon as I rallied from this state of self-accusation, I set to work to think what I should manage to repossess myself of my beast, my loss of which might be converted into a felony. To follow me and recover and ransom Blondel was my first care. Father Dyke would most probably not exact an unreasonable price; he, of course, never believed one word of my supernatural narative about Schamyl and the Caucasus, and he'd take me gently upon Father Dyke the Dublin Potts tipsy. It is true my purse was a very slender one, but Blondel, to any one unacquainted with his pedigree, could not be a costly animal; fifteen pounds—twenty, certainly—ought to buy what the priest would call "every hair on his tail."

It was now too late in the evening to proceed to execute the measures I had resolved on, and so I determined to lie still and ponder over them. Dismissing the waiter, with an order to bring me a cup of tea about eight o'clock, I resumed my cogitations. They were not pleasant ones: Potts a by-word for the most outrageous and incoherent balderdash and untruth—Potts in the *Hen and Cry*—Potts in the dock—Potts in the *Times*—Potts pilloried and parodied in *Punch*—portrait of Potts, price one penny!—these were only a few of the forms in which the descendant of the famous Corsican family of Pozzo di Borgo now presented himself to my imagination.

The courts and chairmanships of old Trinity ringing with laughter, the coarse exaggerations of tasteless scoffers, the jokes and sneers of stupidity, malice, and all uncharitableness, rang in my ears as if I heard them. All possible and impossible versions of the incident passed in review before me: my father, driven distracted by impertinent inquiries, cutting me off with a shilling, and then dying of vexation and chagrin—rewards offered for my apprehension —descriptions, not in any way flatteries, of my personal appearance—paragraphs in local papers hinting that the notorious Potts was supposed to have been seen in our neighborhood yesterday, with sly suggestions of looking after stable doors, etc. I could bear it no longer, I jumped up, and rang the bell violently.

"You know this Father Dyke, waiter? In what part of the country does he live?"

"He's parish priest of Inistiogue," said he, "the snuggest place in the county."

"How far from this may it be?"

"It's a matter of three-and-twenty miles; and by the same token, he said he'd not draw bridle till he got home to-night, for there was a fair at Graigue to-morrow, and if he wasn't pleased with the baste he'd sell him there."

I groaned deeply, for here was a new complication, entirely unlooked for. "I can't possibly mean," gasped I out, "that a respectable clergyman would expose for sale a horse lent to him casually by a friend." The thought struck me that this protest of mine should be thus early recorded.

The waiter scratched his head, and looked confused. Whether another version of the event possessed him, or that the question staggered his convictions, I am unable to say, but he made no reply. "It is true," continued I, in the same strain, "that I met his reverence last night for the first time. My friend Lord Keldrum made us acquainted; but seeing him received at my table as a friend, I actually felt, and said to myself, 'The man Keldrum admits to his table is the equal of any one.' Could any thing be more unlike a gentleman?"

"No, indeed, Sir; nothing," said the waiter, obsequiously.

"Well, then," resumed I, "some day or other it may chance that you will be called on to remember and recall this conversation between us; if so, it will be important that you should have a clear and distinct memory of the fact, that when I awoke in the morning, and asked for my horse, the answer you made me was—What was the answer you made me?"

"The answer I gave you, Sir, said the fellow, sturdily, and with an effrontery I can never forget—"the answer I made was, that the man that won him took him away."

"You're an insolent scoundrel," cried I, boiling over with passion. "You have not the pardon for this outrage on your knees, I'll include you in the indictment for conspiracy."

So far from appearing to be penitential, as I proposed, the fellow grinned from ear to ear, and left the room. It was a long time before I could recover my temper and my composure. That this rascal's evidence would be fatal to me, if the question ever came to trial, was as clear as noonday; and less clear was it that he knew this himself. "I must go back at once to Town," thought I, "and surrender myself to the law. If a compromise be practicable, why I'll perish at the stake." I forgot there was no stake, but there was wood enough, and to spare, picking and wheel-treading, and oyster-shell pounding, and other small plays of this nature, infinitely more degrading and revolting than all the cruelties of our barbarous ancestors.

Now, in no record of lives of adventure had I ever met account of a case like mine. The Silvio Pellicos of Pentonville are yet unwritten martyrs. Prison discipline would vulgarize the greatest epic that ever was written. "Any thing rather than this," said I, aloud. "Proscribed, outlawed, hunted down, but never, gray coated and hob-nailed. Death a Potts be sentenced to the 'crank,' or black-holed as refractory!—Bring me my bill!" cried I, in a voice of indignant anger. "I will go forth into the world of darkness and tempest—I will meet the storm and the lightning—I will bid the conflict of the elements thou man's—than man's—" I wasn't exactly sure what, but there was no need of the word, for a gust of wind had the fastened my umbrella in my face as I issued forth, and left me breathless, as the door closed behind me.

Captain Brand,

OF THE

SCHOONER "CENTIPEDE,"

A PIRATE OF EMINENCE IN THE WEST INDIES;

His Rover Exploits,

TOGETHER WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE SINGULAR MANNER BY WHICH HE DISPATCHED TOM BIBB.

By LIEUT. H. A. WISE, U.S.N.

(HARRY GRINGO,

AUTHOR OF "LOST CHANGOS" AND "TALES FOR THE MARINES.")

CHAPTER XLVIII.

ALL ALIVE AGAIN.

BEFORE the hands were turned to from dinner, the cabin-bell rang so violently that the orderly's brass scale-plate fixtures on his leather hat fairly rang too as he opened the sacred door.

"Tell the first lieutenant I want him."

The dismayed soldier forgot to lay his white worsted finger on his visor as he slammed to the door and marched out on the gun-deck.

"Mr. Hunt, my manner do I insist a Jack at the fore and fire a gun for a pilot! Get the frigate under way, Sir, and be quick about it!"

"Ay, ay, Sir!"

As Hardy rapidly passed his old cronies, who were cramping along the deck as he mounted the after ladder, he said, with a wave:

"By the Lord! I haven't seen the Commodore in such a hurry since he blew that Pirate out of water at Darien."

In a minute the *Monongahela*'s bell struck two, and the boatswain and his mates, piping as if their hairy throats would split, roared out, "All hands!" and a moment later, "All hands unmoor ship!"

"What the blazes does that mean?" said a cook of a mess to the old quarter-master, who had just come down from his watch.

"Mean? why, you lazy blind duff'r biler, it means that I've lost my blessed dinner!"

"Hello!" says Rat to Beaver, "what's that? Unmoor ship on my liberty day! I swear I'm foreign!"

No you won't, reefers, but you'll trip aloft as fast as your little legs will carry you—Mouse in company—cats in the main, and dogs in irons in and squeak there as much as you like; but jump about and look sharp that nothing goes wrong, or Mr. Hardy will be down upon you like a mad tack.

Bang, from the bow port, and the union-jack at the fore!

"God bless my soul, fellows, this is the most infernal ingratitude I ever heard of!" cried the ward-room; "all of us engaged to dine and dance in Kingston this evening, and—"

"It's all up, Sir, up anchor, gentlemen!" "—and away they all went.

Down went the mess-kids, and down came the awnings, and the sentry left his station to drive in went the bars to both capstans, the nippers clapped on, and the muddy cables coming in at the bows of the ship, and above the running gear was rove, the Sunday bunts to the sails cast off, and the two hundred hammocks dancing about on the decks, spars, and rigging of that American double-banked frigate as if they could always work her single-handed by the combined efforts of their good Commodore there, who was looking at them from the quarter-deck.

"Mamma," said Rose, the shining ebony pilot, in his snowy suit, as he took off his fine white Panama hat, "dis is de ole pilot, So, Peter Cracknell, dat Massa Hardy ask to tek work dere outside. Suppose you tink ob beating dis big frigate troo de channel? Unpossible, wid dis breeze!"

"Peter Crabpref," said the old sailing-master, to whom these observations were addressed, "you just mind your own business, and let those gentlemen there in the epaulets; for if you do, you'll never see Mrs. Cracknell more. You had better have your wits about you, too, and plenty of water under the keel, for the Commodore is fond of water!"

"Sartainly, massa ossifa! I is old Peter, and never yet touch a nail of man-of-war coppers to do reef."

On board the pigmy black schooner near, half a dozen old salt veterans were squinting at the big ship, and making most delicious speculation as to what all the row meant. Old Harry Hawkins, especially, who was the cook, and also the gunner and boatswain of the little vessel, observed that, "In the event of our bein' wanted, ye see, Harry, as how, as well to-morrow's flood tackle stretched along for heavin' in, and get the prop from under the main-boom."

Even as he spoke, a few bits of square duning went up in balls to the mizzen of the frigate, and, blowing out clear, said, as plain as flags could speak, "We're under weigh standin' by."

At the same moment the *Rosalie*'s gig came bounding like a bobbin over the water with the tall gentlemanly figure of the young commander in the stern-sheets. There was a great, nervous, hasty look about him, all this, but with pressure as affectionate as the soft dimpled fingers he himself had held the night before. Gig not steered at all, and now, but going straight as a bullet to the schooner.

The stirring sounds of the fifes as the sailors danced round with the bars in the capstans, with a beating step to keep time to the lively music, were still heard on board the frigate, and these came from the schooner.

"The anchor's under foot, Sir! The anchor's at the bow, Sir!"

"Then, my captain! Aloft, sail-loosers! Trice up! Lay out! Loose away!" Almost at the last command, the schooner was under way of, "All ready with the fore! the main! the mizzen!" "Let fall—sheet home! hoist away the topsails!"

Again were heard the quick notes of the fifes on both decks, and in less than five minutes more the schooner was under way, and the *Monongahela* under a cloud of canvas, began to move.

But where was the *Rosalie*, late *Centipede*, all this time? Why, she was standing under never a tack through the narrow strait, lying over under the big ship's lee, as dimly like a witch on a black broomstick, as she shoots out to sea.

And who is that tall man on that narrow deck clapping on to sheet and tackle, though there was no need of assistance, or skill, or seamanship to be displayed on board that craft, except by way of love of the thing? And why does he, during a pause when there was nothing more that could possibly be done for nearly two weeks, or rather during a great huge old seaman by both hands till he almost jarred the schooner to her keel? Ben Brown the helmsman, whom you have heard of on board the *Martha Bland*, who, by some accidental word he dropped near to the tall gentleman, caused that hand-grasping collision.

It was not another five minutes before the other thirty-nine old sea-dogs knew all about every thing, and where they were bound, and so on. They did not care a brass button for the thousand silver dollars they were to have from the tall gentleman, not they! They wanted merely to lay their eyes along that Long Tom amidships, and to have a cutlass flashing about their shoulders—be blowed! Pistols be—

But where was the *Martha Bland*? Oh, that old tub brig was bouncing along past Morant Point, with a good slant from the southeast, pretty much where she was some seventeen years before, with a few passengers aft in the deck cabin, reading their Bibles and praying for those who go down to the sea in ships, on that Sabbath-day.

One looking with her sad eyes out of the stern windows, and another doing the same, and both hunting for the same boy who had been dashed out of one of those windows; and though both of them knew the other's thoughts, yet they did not dream they were thinking of the same person at the time.

And where was the Spanish brigantine, with the exacting Capitano—who was a slaver in dull times—and his pleasant mate, who would think no more of sinking a knife to the hilt in the back of kicking that skulking, icy-eyed sailor on board —detesting as he did the entire Saxon race ever since Cain slew his brother—and throwing him on rotten jerked beef. There were no prayers, only curses, on board that brigantine, as she dropped anchor in St. Jago, now that the sun was setting.

And where was our ancient one-eyed mariner, formerly of the *Centipede*, now of the schooner Costa felucca, the *Panchita*, named after his fat banana of a spoon? Oh, the Don—simply Ignacio now—had a quiet cofabb with the deputy Administrador, all about some treasure which he knew was concealed, and where—for he knew it was in his bright eyes—for he had a torch in a cleft of a crag—and he would go shares with that official if he would give him a fair assistance.

"*O, cierto!*" Why not? and there was an old launch, with a torn latten sail, which Cofabb had purchased, and was getting ready; and, in this fine weather, he might sail back to Port Royal.

Oh yes! But, to keep all secret, he would merely take old Pancha, his wife, for crew. And so he had a few bundles of cheap cigars and some dried fish and water—the only property they possessed save his eye and a pack of cards, which the inhabitants rescued from the rock when they sailed the night before the blessed Sunday. *He* never came back, though. No blame attributable to him, for what was a poor old man with an old burning spark of suspicious fire as ever; but then old Pancha held the cards, and this time she won. Very singular it was, *certes*. If Ignacio had not gone back again for another bag—which was not there—the ends of a knave being the next card— Ah! we won't anticipate.

But we are all alive yet, except those murdered wretches whose white coral bones still stand up there in the cactus, and poor Binks, and those slashing blades of the poisonous, many-legged *Cantipede*, who never more eaten the sharks. All alive, the rest of us; and wide awake!

CHAPTER XLIX.

THE ROPE LAID UP.

WELL, the positions of all hands—be they chief, second, third mate, boatswain, or chief-boatswain of ring on that mutilated flipper, with two underpockets in his shirt, and something in them, a pair of likely old cutlasses ready—and no hanger by his side—where there had been so much hanging in the good old times—and a pistol-barrel in a conger-eel, and swam on shore at St. Jago de Cuba. Without a real of wages—for he was to fly by pelting—and for the reason that he had declined to work, the Capitano in command assisted his agile subordinate to kick him all the way.

Had, however, the mate presented that cold eel his knife for a moment before he jumped overboard and pinned to the bottom, Bill Bumbold would have found a redder sheath than the crimson sash which usually hung there. Nothing, however, for the mate, he was not of a generous disposition—save with kicks and ropes'-ends—nor else he might have regretted his philanthropy.

So soon as the icy-like man had congealed, as it were, in the sun until he was dried, and the frozen again, he slunk away to the ditch of the old fort, where he thawed till nightfall, and then crawled to the town; hunted about the pulperias, smacking and cracking his parched lips for a measure of sugarcanes, only for contaros for the purpose of getting at that fine, generous, pale, amber-colored old port sent to him by the good old fellowship of Oporto! But not having the copper cantraves—though his own coppers stood so much in need of moisture—he continued to thirst.

Presently, coming to the wide streets and to the outskirts of the town, he spied a large mule, ready equipped for the road, tied outside to the door of a house, waiting for his owner to mount him. The icy green-eyed individual, disgusted for the time with blue salt-water, and being, as we know, a capital cavalry man—in dashing charges among the Patriots, and capricking also up the Blue Mountains to Escondido—thought he would take another gallop on the dry ground, and so he got on board and rode away. So far quietly cast off the mule's painter, and flung his canvas legs over the beast, as if he belonged to him. And so he did; for he told the man at

whose place he passed an hour or two that night, and who thought he knew the master to whom the mule had once belonged, that it had been presented to him by an old friend, whose name was had the mule's—escaped him.

All this time the one-eyed man, with his banana woman, Pamela, were creeping along the water part of the land—with the Peak of Tarquina in sight—toward Cape Cruz, bound round that peninsula, and so on to the Bocca Leguas Keys; while the man on the mule navigated by the Sierras del Cobre of St. Jago, steering by bridle for Manzanilla, and then to take water again for the same secret destination.

The cargo that both expected to take to there was about ten thousand pounds sterling, in millodewed coin of various realms and denominations; but it was there, and would pass current any where.

So they sailed and navigated. It was tedious work, though. And it took a week for the old launch with the torn sail to get into the Tiger's Trap—fine weather, and no sea—and there make fast to the rocks. All the same evening home the mule with his passenger planted his fore feet, like a pair of hedges over his bows, in the fishing village near Manzilla, and foundered bodily, going down with his freight slip-dash in the mud. The passenger, however, escaped, and sculled along by the shore, where he fell in with a poor fisherman who was about to shove off in his train, wholesome bark, for professional recreation on the Esperanza bank.

Glad was old Miguel Tortuga to have a strong man to scull for the privilege of joining in with a sip of aguardiente and catching a red snapper or two. So they jumped on board and spread the sail.

Had old Miguel, however, seen the sharklike eyes of his assistant in the sunlight, or guessed what a snapper was about to catch *him*, he would not have gone fishing that night; and it would have saved him much tribulation at present, and the next morning, when he was picked off a small rock by a fisher acquaintance of his from Manzanilla.

But we have nothing to do with old Miguel; and need only say, to console him, that his staunch boat went safely through the blue gateway of the roaring ledge of white breakers, and late Sunday night lay calmly in the inlet abreast Captain Brand's former dwelling.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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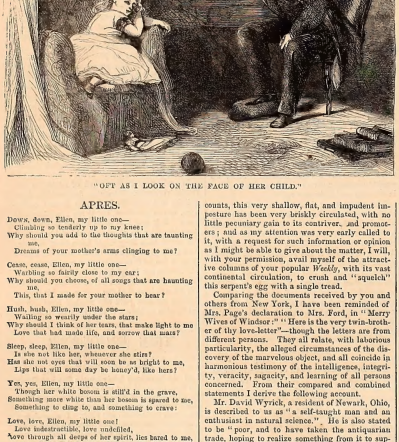


"OFT AS I LOOK ON THE FACE OF HER CHILD."

APRES.

Down, down, Ellen, my little one—
Climbing so tenderly up my knee;
Why should you add to the thoughts that are haunting me
Dreams of your mother's arms clinging to me?

Cease, cease, Ellen, my little one—
Warbling so fairly close to my ear;
Why should you chorus, of all songs that are haunting me,
This, that I made for your mother to hear?

Hush, hush, Ellen, my little one—
Walking so wearily under the stars;
Why should I think of her tears, that make light to me
Love that had made life, and sorrow that mars?

Sleep, sleep, Ellen, my little one—
In she not like her, wherever she stirs?
Has she not eyes that will soon be as bright to me,
Lips that will some day be honey'd, like hers?

Yes, yes, Ellen, my little one—
Though her white bosom is stiff'd in the grave,
Something more white than her bosom is spared to me,
Something to sing to, and something to crave:

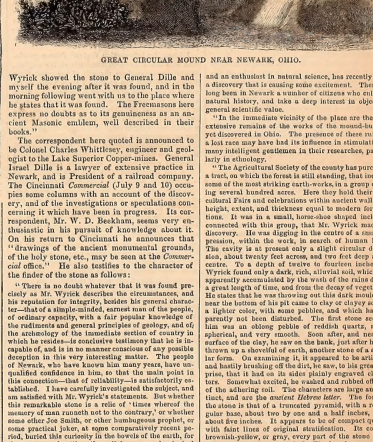
Love, love, Ellen, my little one!
Love indestructible, love undefiled,
Save through all deeps of her spirit, lies bared to me,
Oft as I look on the face of her child.

THE OHIO "HOLY STONE."

MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS,—Since our interview at your publishing-house last week, at which you showed me sundry letters and drawings concerning a queer-looking stone with a Hebrew inscription, said to have been dug from the ground at or near the village of Newark, Ross County, Ohio, I have found that several others here have been favored with such communications. I do not know how many have received like drawings and descriptions; but, according to all accounts, this very shallow, flat, and impudent imposture has been very briskly circulated, with no little pecuniary gain to its contriver, and promoters; and as my attention was very early called to it, with a request for such information or opinion as I might be able to give about the matter, I will, with your permission, avail myself of the attractive columns of your popular *Weekly*, with its vast continental circulation, to crush and "squelch" this serpent's egg with a single tread.

Comparing the documents received by you and others from New York, I have been reminded of Mrs. Page's declaration to Mrs. Ford, in "Merry Wives of Windsor:" "Here is the very twin-brother of thy love-letter"—though the letters are from different persons. They all relate, with laborious particularity, the alleged circumstances of the discovery of the marvelous object, and all coincide in harmonious testimony of the intelligence, integrity, veracity, sagacity, and learning of all persons concerned. From their compared and combined statements I derive the following account.

Mr. David Wyrick, a resident of Newark, Ohio, is described to us as "a self-taught man and an enthusiast in natural science." He is also stated to be "poor, and to have taken the antiquarian trade, hoping to realize something from it to support himself and his family." And it is also stated that "Mr. Wyrick can get abundant testimonials of his character for truth and veracity, and that what he says in relation to the discovery is worthy of all credit." Again, a correspondent of the Newark *Ohio Farmer* says: "All the citizens whom I have heard speak of Mr. Wyrick say that the idea is not to be entertained of his making an attempt to deceive the community in this matter. He is an old resident, and has been surveyor of the county. I have seen no one who discredits his statements, as appearances at the place are such as to throw no suspicion upon them. Mr. Wyrick showed the stone to General Dile and myself the evening after it was found, and in the morning following went with us to the place where he states that it was found. The Freemasons here express no doubts as to its genuineness as an ancient Masonic emblem, well described in their books."



GREAT CIRCULAR MOUND NEAR NEWARK, OHIO.

The correspondent here quoted is announced to be Colonel Charles Whittlesey, engineer and geologist to the Lake Superior Copper-mines. General Israel Dille is a lawyer of extensive practice in Newark, and is President of a railroad company. The Cincinnati *Commercial* (July 9 and 10) occupies some columns with an account of the discovery, and of the investigations or speculations concerning it which have been in progress. Its correspondent, Mr. W. D. Beckham, seems very enthusiastic in his pursuit of knowledge about it. On his return to Cincinnati he announces that "drawings of the ancient monumental grounds, of the holy stone, etc., may be seen at the *Commercial* office." He also testifies to the character of the finder of the stone as follows:

"There is no doubt whatever that it was found precisely as Mr. Wyrick describes the circumstances, and his reputation for integrity, besides his general character—that of a simple-minded, earnest man of the people, of ordinary capacity, with a fair popular knowledge of the rudiments and general principles of geology, and of the archæology of the immediate section of country in which he resides—is conclusive testimony that he is incapable of, and is in no manner conscious of any possible deception in this very interesting matter. The people of Newark, who have known him many years, have unqualified confidence in him, so that the main point in this connection—that of reliability—is satisfactorily established. I have carefully investigated the subject, and am satisfied with Mr. Wyrick's statements. But whether this remarkable stone is a relic of 'times whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary,' or whether some sober Joe Smith, or other humbugeous prophet, or some practical joker, at some comparatively recent period, buried this curiosity in the bowels of the earth, for the purpose of setting the religious or archæological world 'by the ears,' is a mystery which time only can dissipate."

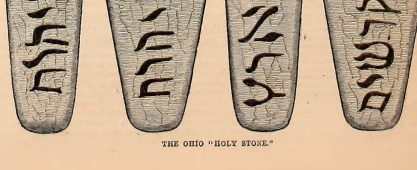
The discovery is thus described by Colonel Whittlesey:

"Mr. David Wyrick, of this place, a self-taught man, and an enthusiast in natural science, has recently made a discovery that is causing some excitement. There has long been in Newark a number of citizens who cultivate natural history, and take a deep interest in objects of general scientific value.

"In the immediate vicinity of the place are the most extensive remains of the works of the mound-builders yet discovered in Ohio. The presence of these ruins of a lost race may have had its influence in stimulating so many intelligent gentlemen in their researches, particularly in ethnology.

"The Agricultural Society of the county has purchased a tract, on which the forest is still standing, that incloses some of the most striking earth-works, in a group covering several hundred acres. Here they hold their Agricultural Fairs and celebrations within ancient walls, of a height, extent, and thickness equal to modern fortifications. It was in a small, horse-shoe shaped inclosure, connected with this group, that Mr. Wyrick made his discovery. He was digging in the centre of a small depression, within the work, in search of human bones. The cavity is at present only a slight circular depression, about twenty feet across, and two feet deep at the centre. To a depth of twelve to fourteen inches Mr. Wyrick found only a dark, rich, alluvial soil, which had apparently accumulated by the wash of the rains during a great length of time, and from the decay of vegetation. He states that he was throwing out this dark mould, and near the bottom of his pit came to clay or clayey soil, of a lighter color, with some pebbles, and which had apparently not been disturbed. The first stone seen by him was an oblong pebble of reddish quartz, nearly spherical, and very smooth. Soon after, and near the surface of the clay, he saw on the bank, just after he had thrown up a shovelful of earth, another stone of a singular form. On examining it, it appeared to be artificial, and hastily brushing off the dirt, he saw, to his great surprise, that it had on its sides plainly engraved characters. Somewhat excited, he washed and rubbed off most of the adhering soil. The characters are large and distinct, and are the *ancient Hebrew letter*. The form of the stone is that of a truncated pyramid, with a rectangular base, about two by one and a half inches, rising about five inches. It appears to be of compact quartz, with faint lines of original stratification. Its color is brownish-yellow, or gray, every part of the stone being smoothly ground and polished. The four faces approach each other toward the top, which forms a square of about an inch across, the corners of which are rounded off. On the base is a projection, or knob, with a neck for the purpose of engendering it. The inscription occupies each of the four faces. Mr. M'Carty, of this place, who is a Hebrew scholar, has translated three of the sentences as

GRADED WAY, PIKE COUNTY MOUNDS.



THE OHIO "HOLY STONE."

follows: 'Holy of Holies,' 'The Word of the Law,' and 'The Word of the Lord;' the remaining one is not yet definitely understood. Mr. Cunningham's is a Free-mason, and well informed upon the history of the order, and upon antiquities in general, says the stone was one used by Masons of a certain grade in the East, soon after the building of the first temple by Solomon, and before the assertion of the second. It has in their system a well-known meaning; its principal use in ancient times being for deposit beneath the foundations of the building. Masons might ascertain. This symbol was not necessarily furnished with inscriptions; but the Mason could not use it right in all positions upon it, as this one has.

"It would be placed in the northeastern part of the foundation; and if it stood on its point, would indicate that something more was deposited beneath. If it lay on its broader side, or small end, would only indicate the direction where other deposits would be found. These, if found, would of course be contemporaries of the building.

"No person was present with Mr. Wyrick but his son, thirteen or fourteen years of age, who saw his father pick up the stone from the earth he had just thrown out. The little earth still adhering to it in the depressions of the letters corresponds to that of the bottom of the pit, and it is evidently ancient, as well as all the marks on the stone."

The material of the relic is stated to be *soapstone* or "*lemaccone*." It is not found among the rocks or minerals of that region; but Mr. Whittlesey is familiar with it in the geology of the Lake Superior country. It also occurs in Vermont and New Hampshire. It may also be found in the shop of every cabinet-maker, carpenter, and cooper, and of every mechanic who prefers edges dressed to working in wood.

It is gratifying to learn that the purpose for which Mr. Wyrick took the "took the trade" of digging after antiquities has been so far accomplished that he is selling the copies of the stone, with the inscription, at one dollar a piece, as fast as he can produce them, and "that several gentlemen of Cincinnati have subscribed for Abraham "to edify" Mr. Wyrick that they will contribute something in the way of compensation for his trouble, if he will exhibit his knowledge in that city. Curiosity upon it is great; and it is very probable that Mr. Wyrick would realize enough there to pay him for his adventure." Meanwhile, they "are also taking measures to obtain casts"—which will no doubt be sold at a reasonable profit, to the great advancement of this new branch of domestic industry and truly ingenious invention.

I have spread all the evidence in this case before you and your readers, that you may take all the facts precisely in the form in which they were submitted to me, more than a month ago. I remark at the point where we stand now was I when these statements were read to me. I had read the inscription: I had, long before, seen one of the similar copies which you publish in connection with this. These letters are MODERN Hebrew—that is, ANCIENT Hebrew characters. They have, until lately, been copied from a *printed* Hebrew Bible. It happen to be the oldest printed Hebrew book, a Chaldaic Bible in the world, and the oldest printed Hebrew Lexicon, which I leave subject to your order whether you or your learned readers may wish to satisfy themselves by actual inspection that the truth is as I state it. And I will undertake to learn, by one or my ordinarily intelligent child of eight years and upward, to read any new inscription of that kind, after three hours' teaching, not merely of a sign, but in the dark, by touch upon his fingers over depressions thus made in a stone.

Now, if there can be found (and there has actually been found within five or six years past) an inscription in the ancient Hebrew or Phœnician character, seventy-five hundred years old, that could not be found in America, or in the whole world, a person who can read or interpret it satisfactorily to himself or not body else without mouths, or two hags *years*, of hard study. On this point I refer you to Professor Gibbs, Salisbury, and Whitney, of New Haven, and to any other master of the American Oriental Society, as likewise to any of their correspondents in Europe or Asia, who have received the last number of the lately-published epitaph of that Phœnician monarch who reigned when Alexander Great besieged and captured ancient Tyre. Of the authenticity and genuineness of that inscription no scholar doubts, though more than twenty-four hundred years rolled unheeded away since those characters were cut on that stone.

The Hebrews in their two or three generations of Babylonish captivity had lost the *spoken* "tongue of Canaan;" and all excepting a few scribes and interpreters (such as Ezra), lost also the knowledge of the letters in the law of God was written. When they returned, under the permission and patronage of Cyrus and other Persian kings, they spoke only Chaldee (or Eastern Aramean), and could neither write nor read any other than Chaldaic letters. Hence the peculiar characters and more unlike those now commonly called Hebrew, and universally employed both in manuscript and printed books in Europe, and in German, as Russian letters are to those employed in printing *Harper's Weekly*.

A learned friend some time since read me the following from a Cincinnati paper, which I beg you to copy, if you can find room for it:

"The accomplished scholar, Ethnographical Tourist, Mr. J. J. Benjamin, who has devoted his life to efforts to trace the 'Lost Tribes' of Israel, called upon me to make inquiries concerning the Holy Keptown, and through an interpreter informed me that the translation of the inscription was correct and accurate, and promised to furnish the correct renderings. *Tenth Jehanah*, he thought—his meaning rendered '*God's Knowledge*' than—as quoted yesterday—'The Law of God.' Mr. B. is perhaps the best Hebrew scholar now in this country, being more familiar with that language, he says, than with his mother tongue. His most important communication was that the letters of the inscriptions are identical with those of the time of Ezra—contemporary with the second Temple—but the inscriptions themselves have no connection with the 'Lost Tribes'—a supposition not seriously entertained by any one. He said, moreover, that he is a Mason, and he thinks it likely the Keptown stone was connected to the order. I have written some valuable hints upon this subject for publication. Mr. B.'s home is in the Turkish Province of Moldavia, and he is in this country for the purpose of procuring researches among the Indians for evidences of the 'Lost Tribes.'"

So Mr. Benjamin, the Moldavian Jew, is "the best Hebrew scholar now in this country" in his own opinion, and in that of people who don't know Hebrew from Japanese!

According to that great rule for the interpretation and application of evidence laid down by Greenleaf in his argument in defense of Mills, we may be endeavoring to direct suspicion as to the author of the hoax, first inquire—who is the man that has been persuaded by benefited by it? But, in consideration of the strong testimonials of Mr. Wyrick's veracity and general honesty which have been presented to us by gentlemen of high position in his vicinity, we are bound to believe that in this matter he has been and is a victim, and not a "victimizer."

Look at these drawings of the Holy Keystone! The four sides are not of equal width: two are broad, and two are narrow. Do not these the proportions of every hone-stone, whether imported from Ireland, Scotland, Vermont, New Hampshire, Arkansas, or Lake Superior?

The fellow who manufactured this profitable commodity apparently took a new hone, and worked at it with a jack-knife or a file, for his own amusement until he brought it into the shape of an oldfashioned square axe-head, such as are largely imported from Rotterdam, containing Holland gin. The original proportions of the stone prevented him from mistaking it for a perfect edge-tool in his model. When his work was done, somebody probably suggested to him that it would be a good joke to carry it to somebody or other on the line of Wyrick's diggings, after putting a Hebrew inscription on it. Once "established" it would soon furnish ed the form of the letters for that purpose. Or, for that matter, every educated clergyman's library contains a Hebrew Bible (and Mr. Wyrick may suppose), and of course might have been innocently loaned by its owner for such a use. These phrases, Tree Law of God," and "The Word or THE LORD, etc., occur in more than a hundred passages in the Old Testament, in every English Bible-reader knows. How long a time would one of your readers take to find these words in a Hebrew Bible, and, with a pen on a stone, first in pencil, and then in graving?

I know, by information derived from a gentleman who has excavated among the most mighty, marvelous, mysterious mounds of the great Ohio Valley, and who has exhumed more valuable remains of the works of a long-lost people, or any other archæologist, living or dead, that no stone, whether novaculite or any thing else (even granite), can be buried in that soil for one century, or a century without becoming covered by a calcareous incrustation, or acquiring a fibruginous or other stain from the earth which encloses it. And yet this Newark Holy Stone comes up from its entombment of some thousand years' duration, as the last two or three as clean and bright and slick as a new whistle! It is impossible to deceive a practiced eye by any such transparent device as this. Every clumsy contrivance presents. It was first described and depicted to us as having its angles perfect and its surfaces quite smooth. But the latter defect as very smooth, and the letters so very distinct, after all, as was first represented. It is also represented to be some days that the inscription may soon become illegible at this rate of deterioration.

It is to be regretted that it has been ascertained that the name of their order has been introduced in connection with this arrant nonsense. I am not authorized to speak for the Masonic order, nor any fabulous or competent to appear as its vindicator. But if any man professing to be a Royal Arch Mason will tell me that the inscription on the Dutch gin-bottle (a little flattened) is a keystone, I shall tell him that if he understands Masonry, in any sense of that word, entitled to "Entered Prentice" *he did not.*

Some zealous seekers after the missing tribes of Israel, with a "zeal not according to knowledge," and whose reading of Scripture must have been of the most cursory and superficial kind, have taken up this matter, and talk of "*the nine and a half lost tribes.*" The Bible tells us that there were thirteen tribes, of whom two (Levi and Joseph) "seceded from the union," under the lead of Jeroboam, leaving three (Judah, Benjamin, and Levi) adherent to the kings of the house of David. Levi, by the two sons of Jacob, one (Joseph) was the ancestor of the two distinct and independent tribes of Ephraim and Manasseh. One half of the last named received its portion of territory with Reuben and Gad, on the east side of Jordan; while the other half settled on the other side of the river, between Asher, Issachar, and Ephraim. There were two half-tribes of Joseph, and two half-tribes make one whole in this part of the country, as they probably did in Canaan in the days of Moses and Joshua. [See Book of Numbers, XXXII., and Joshua, XIII., 7-18.] D. FRANCIS BACON.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1860.

WILLIAM WALKER AGAIN.

IT is the manifest destiny of William Walker to go a filibustering in Central America, and it is likewise his manifest destiny to cause to grief in the pursuit of his filibustering enterprise. His latest exploit has been to land at the head of two or three hundred adventurers near Truxillo, in Honduras, which State he probably proposes to conquer. Meanwhile both British and American vessels of war have arrived on the coast, and if the Spanish-Americans don't demolish him before they arrive on the scene of action he will again be seized and carried off a prisoner, as he was when he last landed in Nicaragua.

Mr. William Walker is a living illustration of the adage about "seizing the tide at the flood." Time was, not many years ago, when this country and the whole civilized world would have gladly hailed him as the ruler of Nicaragua. He failed to appreciate his situation, got drunk with power, luck, ball, and that fortune time has never recurred. Since Walker's capitulation men's minds have undergone a change in regard to filibusterism. It is not, by any means, the popular diversion it was when crowded meetings in New York, headed by men of character and position, passed complimentary resolutions to the "Dictator" of Central America. It is, in fact, at a heavy discount—so heavy that even a British ship should seize Walker and carry him off in irons it would be impossible to arouse any indignation here.

People are beginning to doubts whether the degeneration of the Central American countries is to be achieved by lawless invasions by armed desperadoes, whose aim is plunder, whose instrument is the rifle, and whose principles are those of highwaymen. Had Mr. Walker remained power in Nicaragua and devoted his energies to opening that country to civilization instead of seeking to conquer, as he did, mankind would have overlooked the informalities of his rise to applaud the practical benefits of his sovereignty. But, in view of the miserable issue of his Nicaraguan enterprise, he can expect no further indulgence. He has no right to expect that the British fleet will turn over more crimes, or to revive hopes which he has so bitterly disappointed. He has exhausted all that was favorable in his manifest destiny: that which is now most manifest for him is shameful defeat and perhaps a halter.

THE WEATHER.

THUS has been the hottest summer, they say, since 1854. In parts of the South the thermometer has ranged from 100° to 105° Fahrenheit for days together; and here in New York we have had a considerable more than a fair proportion of "dog days."

Scientific men say that the average temperature of every place is always the same on the same isothermal line. It may perhaps be safe, therefore, to look for an unusually cool summer next year. At all events, as the last two or three winters have been unusually mild, we ought to expect a severe visit from the Ice King in January and February next.

The temperature is important so far as the crops are concerned; and it is noteworthy that while in 1858 and 1859, which were mild years both in summer and winter, we had the largest cotton and the poorest food crops ever grown in the country since it was peopled to its present extent, in 1860 we are having the largest grain crop ever harvested, and probably a short cotton crop than last year. Yet cotton is said to be capable of standing any quantity of heat, while wheat and corn are liable to suffer severely from drought. Here is a nut for the clerk of the weather to crack.

JENKINS.

THE newspapers are full of satirical articles about Jenkins. The poor fellow, it seems, is on the track of the Prince of Wales, and describes his face, his figure, his dress, his style, his tones, his habits, his bedroom, his washbowl, his trunks, his tooth-brush, and his linen with characteristic pains and fidelity. For this editor after editor denounces him as a snob who disgraces this free and independent nation. We beg to offer another and general verdict.

We like Jenkins. He is a useful creature, and monstrously amusing. We will wager the *Lower Canada* agaisnt a jelly-bout that the half of the reading community like him too. We will make the same wager that his articles are read by ten people when political leaders are read by one of the seven wise Sicily by five. Judged by the standard of popular taste, Jenkins is the greatest writer of the day.

But, we are told, Jenkins's style is a very unsafe guide; Jenkins ponders to a morbid curiosity which is impertinent and snobbish. We are not so sure of this. The desire to know how persons live in a widely different sphere from ours live and move and have their being, is, after all, very natural; it is akin to the curiosity which stimulates courageous men to undertake perilous travels, and which prompts thousands to read their accounts of what they have seen. We are ashamed of being in interested in Hue's lively descriptions of private l. fe in China; nobody calls Barth, or Livingstone, or Holtzo, or Anderson, or Ledyard, or Kohl, or Bruce a snob or a Jenkins; it is only when the personage described is a lord or a prince that the writer's office is deemed degrading, and the public taste for his writings termed morbid and impertinent.

Yet Jenkins is doing great good in his way. He is preserving invaluable materials for history. It is on the Jenkins of the *Herald* that the future historian will rely when he wants to delineate the early character of King Edward the Seventh of England. But for Avaux—that model Jenkins—Burnet, another of the family, and others of the same kin, Macaulay never could have written his history. Much less could we understand the old French monarchy if such Jenkinses as the Duke of St. Simon, Madame de Sévigné, and others, had never lived and gossiped. Jenkins, again, is a mighty censor. Monarchs would be at the theater of his pen. When the Prince of Wales wanted to fire off Pasmague corks at the bald spot in the Duke of Newcastle's head, he civilly asked Jenkins to stand aside. How much more pleasant would the request have been had his Royal Highness intended to do any thing mean, or wrong, or degrading! Jenkins is, in truth, the censor of the day. Grant plenty of Jenkinses and monarchs will be careful of their conduct. One Jenkins, while attending a free pass at Naples, would have brought Bomba to contrition long ago.

Let us hope, then, that we shall hear less abuse of the newspaper creature; or, at all events, let those who abuse Jenkins be careful enough not to read his letters. That will be punishment enough.

WHAT ARE THE BRITISH RESIDENTS TO DO WITH THEIR PRINCE?

THIS problem is exercising the minds of the parties interested to a severe extent. At first it was proposed by some of the more ardent subjects of Queen Victoria to stop the Royal Highness on his arrival here, and keep him bottled up for the exclusive delectation of unadulterated "British Residents." This would relieve some sarasms from the press, and was abandoned. Two new plans are now suggested—one by the British Consul, who proposes to give a select ball to His Royal Highness when New York merchants having determined to give him a dinner; another by Mr. Edwards, the Consul's late attaché, who proposes that a drinking fountain shall be erected by the British residents, and the corner-stone laid by the Prince.

Both plans have encountered immediate opposition. The Consul's project is somewhat unpopular with the British residents by reason of the Prince's arrival here, no one can object to their fitting him at their own expense; nor can the most captious person take exception to a Prince of Wales drinking fountain erected in Broadway at the cost of our English fellowtownsmen.

We will venture one word of advice to the British residents. What they have to do must be done quietly, not obtrusively. The Prince comes here, not to see them, but to see American citizens. He has not asked them to be informed of their intention to monopolize him, his answer was tarter than they might have liked to hear. And if they attempt the same scheme in a new shape when he does arrive, they may be reminded, in sharper language than is pleasant, that England has room for all her sons at home. We do not hear that the Princess on his travels through Europe, paid any marked attention to the British residents of the cities he visited.

THE LOUNGER.

NO. 9 BROADWAY.

IF you have been lately by the Bowling-Green on your down-town walk one of the houses upon the western side of Broadway, looking upon that pretty patch of green, has been taken down. The demolition was sudden and swift. It seemed, to a jealous mind, as if somebody were in a great hurry to have it down and out of his mind at a season when the world is nominally out of town.

Do you remember the house? It was known in the Alderman's Books, No. 9 Broadway—a low-browed, rough, gray, plaster building, with large windows, and a general aspect of sturdy quaintness pleasant to behold. It laid in snug and lovely among the pavious palaces that sprang up around it. It was old and low, and yet it somehow contrived to stand itself to the general appearance of the neighborhood—to keep in fashion without altogether taking off its queue and knee breeches.

But they are down all now, prostrate utterly and it and they shall not be seen again. Yet how much more has been knocked down in front of houses than most people think! How often have you remembered that the building lately known as the Astor Gardens was only the outer structure upon that site since the foundation of the city? Miss Mary Booth tells the story in her charming, genuine "History of the City of New York." It seems that rather more than two centuries ago—about 1642—a certain Dirck Straetmaker was the village green. There the little Knickerbockers played tag, kindled bonfires, and danced on holidays and about the May-pole. There, perhaps, the burgher warriors of New Amsterdam were paraded, and, full of comfortable sauer-kraut and the thick fumes of tobacco, shook their stately little fists at the world. New, in 1643, sundry grants of lots of land upon Heere Straat were made to different people; and Martin Krigier was the first grantee of a lot containing about eighty-six rods, opposite the Bowling-Green. Martin Krigier, however, did not build until the year 1659. He seems to have been a notable man—a servant of the West India Company, a trader between the city and Fresh (Kingston), upon the North River, and an efficient officer in

follows: 'Holy of Holies,' 'The Word of the Law,' and 'The Word of the Lord;' the remaining one is not yet definitely ascertained. Mr. Cunningham, with Mr. Deasson, and well informed upon the history of the order, and upon antiquities in general, says the stone was one used by Masons of a certain grade in the East, soon after the building of the first temple by Solomon, and before the erection of the second. It has in their system a well-known meaning; it principled use in ancient times being for deposit beneath whatever structure the Master Mason might superintend. This symbol was not necessarily furnished with a sepulchre; but the Master could not use it might put sentences upon it, as this one has.

"It would be laid in the northeastern part of the foundation; and if it stood on its point, would indicate that something more was deposited beneath. If it stood on its broad face, the point, or small end, would indicate the direction where other deposits would be found. There, it is found, such deposits have generally been so far building.

"No person was present with Mr. Wyrick but his son, thirteen or fourteen years of age, who saw his father pick up the stone, and when he had split thirteen pieces off a little earth still remaining in the depressions of the letters corresponds to that of the bottom of the pit, and it is evidently ancient, as well as all the letters on the stone."

The material of the relic is stated to be *noraculite* or "lime-stone." It is not found among the rocks or minerals of that region; but Mr. Whittlesey is familiar with the geology of the Lake Erie region of country. It also occurs in Vermont and New Hampshire. It may also be found in the shop of every cabinet-maker, carpenter, and mason, and of every mechanic who employs edge-tools for working in wood.

It is gratifying to learn that the purpose for which Mr. Wyrick "took the trade" of digging after antiquities has been so far accomplished that he is relieving himself of the stone, with the letters, at one dollar a piece, as fast as he can produce them, and "without a single gentleman of character who has authenticated" Mr. Beakman "to notify Mr. Wyrick that they will contribute something in the way of contributing for his trouble, if he will exhibit his keystone in that city. Curiosity to see it is great; and it is very probable that Mr. Wyrick would realize enough from the sale to repay all his adventure." In Newark, they "are also taking measures to obtain casts"—which will no doubt be sold at a reasonable profit, to the great encouragement of this new branch of domestic industry and truly ingenious invention.

I have read all the evidence in this case before you and your readers, that you may take all the facts pertaining to the relic in which they were submitted to me, more than a month ago. Precisely at the point where we stand now was I when these statements were handed to me. I had read the inscriptions "at sight," having before me the facsimile copies which you publish in connection with this. They are in the SQUARE HEBREW—that is, ANCIENT CHALDAIC characters. They have, manifestly, been copied from a *printed* Hebrew Bible. I happen to have the oldest printed Hebrew and Chaldaic Bible in the world, and the oldest printed Hebrew lexicon, which I have subject to your order whenever any of your learned readers may wish to satisfy themselves by actual inspection that this is not a mere joke. And I have also taken to teach you, or any ordinarily intelligent child of eight years and upward, to read any new inscription of Chaldaic, after three hours' teaching, not merely "at sight," but in the dark, by passing his fingers over depressions thus made in a stone.

Now, if you can be found (and there is no actually been found within five or six years past) an inscription in the ancient Hebrew or Phœnician characters, above five hundred years old, which will not be found in America, or in the whole world, a person who can read or interpret it satisfactorily to himself or any body else without months, or perhaps years, of hard study. On this point I refer you to Professors Gibbs, Salisbury, and Whitney, of New Haven, and to any other member of the American Oriental Society, as likewise to any of their correspondents in Europe or Asia, who have received their transcript of the lately discovered epitaph of that Phœnician monarch who reigned when Alexander the Great besieged and conquered Tyre. Of the authenticity and genuineness of that inscription no scholar doubts, though more than twenty-five years have rolled unheeded away and since those characters were cut on that stone.

The Hebrew in their two or three generations of Babylonish captivity lost the *spoken* "language of Canaan;" and all, excepting a few scribes and interpreters, forgot (or, less) also the knowledge of the letters in which the law of God was written. When they returned, under the permission and patronage of Cyrus and other Persian kings, to speak only Chaldee (or Eastern Aramaic), and could neither write nor read any other than Chaldaic letters. The ancient Hebrew characters were more unlike those now commonly called Hebrew, and universally employed both in manuscripts and printed books than Greek, or German, or Russian letters are to those employed in printing *Harper's Weekly*.

A learned friend some time since read me the following from a Cincinnati paper, which I beg you to copy in the first odd room for it:

> "The somewhat celebrated Ethnographical Tourist, Mr. J. W. Benjamin, who has devoted his life to efforts to trace the Lost Tribes of Israel, claims to have made inquiries concerning the Holy Keystone, and through an interpreter informed me that the translations of the inscriptions were not accurate, and promised to furnish the correct renderings. *Tovarh Jehovah*, he thought was correctly rendered 'God's Holy Association—as quoted yesterday—'The Law of God.' Mr. B. is perhaps the most famous scholar now in the country, being more familiar with that language, he says, than with his mother tongue. His most important communication was that the letters of the inscriptions are identical with those of the time of EZRA—contemporary with the second Temple—but the inscriptions themselves have no connection with the 'Lost Tribes'—as supposition not seriously entertained by any one. He said, moreover, that he is a Mason, and he thinks it likely the Keystone was originally placed in the order. He promised some valuable hints upon this subject for publication. Mr. B.'s home is in the Turkish Province of Mardavis, and he is in this country for the purpose of presenting researches among the Indians for evidences of the 'Lost Tribes.'"

Mr. Benjamin, the Moldavian Jew, is "the best Hebrew scholar now in this country" in his own opinion, and in that of people who don't know Hebrew from Japanese!

According to that great rule for the interpretation and application of evidence laid down by Cicero in his argument in defence of Milo, we should be endeavoring to direct suspicion as to the author of the hoax, first inquire—who is the man that has the greatest interest in it? That is one consideration of the strong testimonials of Mr. Wyrick's character, which have been, or will have been presented to us by gentlemen of high position in his vicinity, we are bound to believe that in this matter he has been and is a victim, and not a "victimizer."

Look at these drawings of the Holy Keystone. The four sides are all alike, and each one is set forth broad, and two are narrow. Are not these the proportions of every hone-stone, whether imported from Arkansas, or brought from Vermont, New Hampshire, Arkansas, or Lake Superior?

The letters are unquestionably fabricated with counterfeit monetary skill, and with a knowledge of the form of the letters for that purpose. Or, for that matter, every educated person knows that there contains a Hebrew Bible (even in Ohio, we may suppose), and of course might have been innocently leaned to the "Word of the Law," and the phrases, THE LAW OF THE LORD, THE WORD OF THE LORD, etc., occur in more than a hundred passages in the Old Testament, and in the Chaldaic Bible-reader knows. How long a time would one of your readers take to find these words in a Hebrew Bible, and, with a pencil, underscore, first in pencil, and then in graving?

I know, by information derived from a gentleman who has excavated hundreds of the mighty, marvelous, mysterious mounds of the great Ohio Valley, and who has personally explored the remains of the works of their builders than any other archæologist, living or dead, that no stone, whether or nevaculite or lime-stone, has been found that can be buried in that soil for so much as half a century without becoming covered by a calcareous incrustation, or coating, which cannot be removed but with the earth which indoves it. And yet this Newark Holy Stone comes up from its entombment of some thousand years, or hundreds of years, with as fine a clean and bright and slick as a new whistle! It is impossible to believe that it has been in any such transparent device as this flimsy, clumsy contrivance presents. It was first described and depicted in a way that left the impression that its angles are not so very exact, and the surface so very smooth, and the letters so very distinct, after all, as was first reported. Now, the angles are said to be some danger that the inscription may soon become illegible at this rate of deterioration.

It is to be regretted by all true Freemasons that the name of their order has been introduced in connection with this arrant humbug. Masonry is authorized to speak for that institution, nor am I ambitious or competent to appear as its vindicator. But if any one should ask me, I should say that Mason will tell me that the miniature effigy of a Dutch gin-bottle (a little flattened) is a keystone, I shall tell him that it is a Masonic keystone, in any sense of that word, certainly Sir Christopher Wren did not.

Some zealous seekers after the missing tribes of Israel, with a "zeal not according to knowledge," and whose reading of Scripture must have been of late much scarcer and weaker than it was before they took up this matter, and talk of "the *nave and a half bar-rider*," "the Holy Ark," etc., etc., while the other thirteen tribes, of whom ten whole tribes "seceded from the union," under the lead of Jeroboam, leaving three (Judah and Benjamin, with the Levites) under the kings of the house of David. Of the twelve sons of Jacob, one (Joseph) was the ancestor of the two distinct and independent entire tribes of Ephraim and Manasseh. One half of the last named received its portion of territory with Reuben and Gad by the people's vote, while the other half settled on the other side of the river, between Asher, Issachar, and Ephraim. There were two half-tribes of Manasseh; and two halves make one whole in this part of the country, as they probably did in the days of the Judges and Jehoshaphat. [See Book of Numbers, xxxii., and Joshua, xvii. 7-18.] D. FRANCIS BACON.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1860.

WILLIAM WALKER AGAIN.

IT is the manifest destiny of William Walker to go a filibustering in Central America, and it is likewise his manifest destiny to come to grief in the pursuit of his filibustering enterprise. His latest exploit has been to land at the head of two or three hundred adventurers near Truxillo, in Honduras, which State he probably proposes to conquer. Meanwhile both British and American vessels of war are in chase of him; and if the Spanish-Americans don't demolish him before they arrive on the scene of action he will again be seized and carried off a prisoner, as he was when he last landed in Nicaragua.

Mr. William Walker is a living illustration of the adage about "seizing the tide at the flood." He was, not many years ago, when that country and the whole civilized world would have gladly hailed him as the ruler of Nicaragua. He had, by his own admission, become drunk with good luck, fell, and that fortunate time has never recurred. Since Walker's captivity and release he has undergone a change in regard to filibustering. It is not, by any means, the popular diversion it was when crowds of meetings in New York, headed by men of character and substance, voted contributions and resolutions to the "Dictator" of Central America. It is, in fact, at a heavy discount—so heavy that if a man with ship shod after William Walker and carry him off in irons it would be impossible to arouse any indignation here.

People are beginning to doubt whether the regeneration of the Central American countries is to be achieved by lawless invasions by armed desperadoes, whose aim is plunder, whose instrument is the rifle, and whose principles are those of highwaymen. Had Mr. Walker remained power in Nicaragua and devoted his energies to developing that country to civilization instead of closing it to commerce, as he did, mankind would have overlooked the informality of his entry into office and the practical benefits of his sovereignty. But, in view of the miserable issue of his Nicaraguan enterprise, he can expect no further indulgence. He has no right to respect the world to forgive him any more crimes, or to revive hopes which he has so bitterly disappointed. He has exhausted all that was favorable in his manifest destiny; and that which is now most manifest for him is shameful defeat and perhaps a halter.

THE WEATHER.

THIS has been the hottest summer, they say, since 1854. In parts of the South the thermometer has ranged from 100° to 105° Fahrenheit for days together, and here in New York we have had considerable more than a fair proportion of "dog days."

Scientific men say that the average temperature of every ten years is always the same on the same isothermal line. It may perhaps be safe, therefore, to look for an unusually cool summer in 1870. But, at any rate, as the last two or three winters have been unusually mild, we ought to expect a severe visit from the Ice King in January next.

The temperature is important so far as the crops are concerned; and it is noteworthy that while in 1854 the crops of corn were unfit years both in summer and winter, we had the largest cotton and the poorest food crops ever grown in the country since it was peopled to its present extent, in 1860 we are having the largest grain crop ever harvested, and probably a smaller cotton crop than last year. Yet cotton is said to be capable of producing any quantity of fiber while wheat and corn are liable to suffer severely from drought. Here is a nut for the clerk of the weather to crack.

JENKINS.

THE newspapers are full of satirical articles about Jenkins. The poor fellow, it seems, is on the track of the Prince of Wales, and describes his face, his figure, his dress, his air, his tones, his habits, his bedroom, his washbowl, his towels, his toothbrush, and his linen with characteristic pains and fidelity. For this editor after editor denounces him as a snob who disgraces the free and independent nation. We beg to dissent from the general verdict.

We like Jenkins. He is a useful creature, and monstrously amusing. We will wager the *Times' Correspondent* has not found that he bulks for the reading community like him too. We will make the same wager that his articles are read by ten people where political leaders are read by one and the news from Sicily by five. Judged by the standard of popular taste, Jenkins is the greatest writer of the day.

But, we shall be told, popular taste is a very unsafe guide; Jenkins panders to a morbid curiosity which is impertinent and snobbish. We are not sure that it is. The desire to know how persons bred in a widely different sphere from ours live and move and have their being, is in itself not unnatural; it is rather the curiosity which stimulates courageous men to undertake perilous travels, and which prompts thousands to read their accounts of what they have seen. Nobody is ashamed of being interested in Hue's lively descriptions of private life in China; nobody calls Barth, or Livingstone, or Holton, or Anderson, or Ledyard, or Kohl, or Bruce a snob or a Jenkins; it is only when the personage described is a lord or a prince that the writer's office is deemed degrading, and the public taste for his writings termed morbid and impertinent.

Yet Jenkins is doing great good in his way. He is accumulating invaluable materials for history. It is on the Jenkins of the *Herald* that the future historian will rely when he wants to delineate the early character of King Edward the Seventh of England. But for Evans—that modest Jenkins—Barret, mother of the family, and others of the same kin, Macaulay never could have written his history. Much less could we understand the old Prince Regent's monarchy if such Jenkinses as the Duke of St. Simon, Madame de Sevigné, and others, had never lived and worked. Jenkins, again, is a mighty censor. Monarchs tremble at the thought of his pen. When the Prince of Wales wanted to free Champagne cooks at the bald spot in the Duke of Newcastle's head he civilly asked Jenkins to stand aside. How much more earnest would the request have been had his Royal Highness known that it is the only thing man, woman, or dog, reading! Jenkins is, in truth, the censor of the day. Grant plenty of Jenkinses and monarchs will walk in the light of their conduct. One Jenkins, wielding a free pen at Naples, would have brought Bomba to contrition long ago.

Let us hope, then, that we shall hear less abuse of the Jenkins species hereafter; or, at all events, let those who abuse Jenkins be consistent enough not to read his letters. That will be punishment enough.

WHAT ARE THE BRITISH RESIDENTS TO DO WITH THEIR PRINCE?

THIS problem is exercising the minds of the parties interested to a severe extent. At first it was proposed by the British residents and other subjects of Queen Victoria to seize His Royal Highness on his arrival here, and keep him locked up for the exclusive gratification of unsubdued "Britishers." This scheme elicited some sarcasms from the press, and was abandoned. Then a new plan was suggested—one by the British Consul, who proposes to give a select ball to His Royal Highness, the New York merchants having determined to give him a dinner; another by Mr. Edward Knight, Consul's law adviser, who proposes that a drinking fountain shall be erected by the British residents, and the temperance men led by Gough.

Both plans commend themselves to public approval. While it would have been obviously unseemly for the British residents to appropriate the Prince on his arrival here, no one can object to their fitting him at their own expense; nor can the most captious person take exception to a Prince of Wales drinking from the purest stream in Broadway at the cost of our English fellowtownsmen.

We will venture one word of advice to the British residents. What they do should be done quietly, not obtrusively. The Prince comes here, not to see them, but to see American citizens. It is true that when he was robbed of their intention to monopolize him, his answer was tarter than they might have liked to hear. And if they attempt the same game in a new shape when he does arrive, they may be reminded, in sharper language than is pleasant, that England has room for all her sons at home. We do not hear that the Prince, on his travels through Europe, paid any marked attention to the British residents of the cities he visited.

THE LOUNGER.

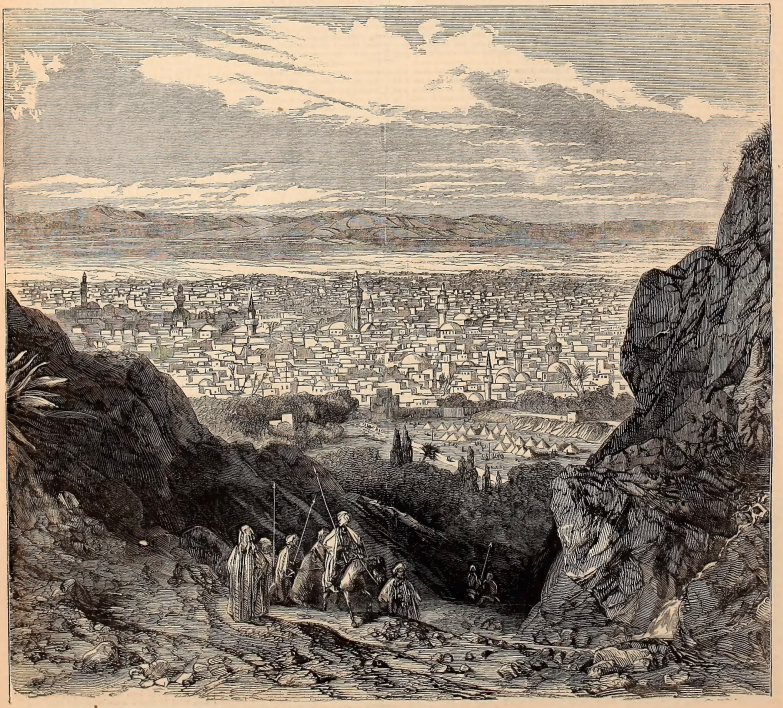
NO. 9 BROADWAY.

IF you have been lately to the Bowling-Green you have observed that one of the old houses upon the western side of Broadway, looking upon that pretty patch of grass, has been taken down. The demolition was sudden and swift. It seemed, to a jealous mind, as if somebody were in a great hurry to have it down and out of sight and mind at a season when the world is nominally out of town.

Do you remember the house? It was known as No. 9 Broadway Gardens. No. 9 Broadway is a lowbrowed, rough, gray, plaster building, with large windows, and a general aspect of comfortable and pleasant to behold. It held its own so bravely among the pavious palaces that sprang up around it. It was old and low, and yet it somehow contrived to adapt itself to the general appearance of the neighborhood—to keep in fashion without ultra-fashion, and to fit its quiet self into the pomp.

But they are taken off now, stripped utterly, and it and they shall not be seen again. Yet how many times it has been knocked down in the old house than most people think! How often have you remembered that the building from which the Chinese Gardens was only the *second* structure upon that site since the foundation of the city? Dear Mary Booth tells the story in her charming, gossiping "History of the City of New York." It seems that rather more than two centuries ago—about 1650-43—the Bowling-Green was the village green. There the little Knickerbockers played tag, kindled bonfires, and danced on holidays and Sundays. There, too, the doughty warriors of New Amsterdam were paraded, and, full of comfortable Dutch courage drank the health of tobacco, shook their stubby little fists at the world. Now, in 1643, sundry grants of lots of land upon Heere Street were made to different people; and Martin Krigier was the first grantee of a lot containing about eighty-six rods, opposite the Bowling-Green. Martin Krigier, however, did not build until the year 1659. He seems to have been a notable man—a servant of the West India Company, a trader with the city and Fort Orange (Albany), upon the North River, and an efficient officer in

MASSACRE OF MARONITE CHRISTIANS BY THE DRUSES IN THE COURT-YARD OF A HOUSE IN DHEIR-EL-KAMAR, SYRIA.—[SEE PRECEDING PAGE.]



THE CITY OF DAMASCUS, SYRIA.—[SEE PRECEDING PAGE.]

"AS I WALKED ONWARD AGAINST THE SWOOPING WIND AND THE PHASHING RAIN," ETC.

A DAY'S RIDE:

LIFE'S ROMANCE.

By CHARLES LEVER.

AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," "HARRY LORREQUER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER V.

As I walked onward against the swooping wind and the phashing rain I felt a sort of heroic ardor in the notion of breasting the adverse waves of life so boldly. It is not every fellow could do this: throw his wallet on his shoulder, seize his stick, and set out in storm and blackness. No, Potts, my man; for downright inflexibility of purpose, for bold and resolute action, you need yield to none! It was, indeed, an awful night; the thunder rolled and crashed with scarce an interval of cessation; forked lightning tore across the sky in every direction; while the wind swept through the deep glen, smashing branches and uplifting large trees like mere shrubs. I was soon completely drenched, and my soaked clothes hung around with the weight of lead; my spirits, however, sustained me, and I toiled along, occasionally in a sort of wild bravado, giving a cheer as the thunder rolled close above my head, and trying to sing, as though my heart were as gay and my spirits as light as in an hour of happiest abandonment.

Jean Paul has somewhere the theory that our good Genius is attached to us from our birth by a film fine as gossamer, and which few of us escape rupturing in the first years of youth, thus throwing ourselves at once without chart or pilot upon the broad ocean of life. He, however, more happily constituted, felt that the guidance of his guardian spirit, recognizes the benefits of its care, and the admonitions of its wisdom, &c is destined to great things. Such men discover new worlds beyond the seas, carry conquest over millions, found dynasties, and build up empires; they whom the world regard as demigods having simply the wisdom of being led by Fortune, and not severing the slender thread that unites them to their destiny. Was I, Potts, in this glorious category? Had the lesson of the great moralist been such a warning to me that I had preserved the filmy link unbroken? I really began to think so; a certain impulse, a whispering voice within, that said, "Go on!" On, ever onward! seemed to be the accents of that Fate, which had great things in store for me, and would eventually make me illustrious.

No illusions of your own, Potts, no phantasmagoria of your own poor heated fancy, must wile you away from the great and noble part destined for you. No weakness, no faint-heartedness, no shrinking from toil, nor even peril. Work hard to know thoroughly for what Fate intends you; read your credentials well, and then go to your post unflinchingly. Revolving this theory of mine, I walked ever on, and more did it seem to me the real embodiment of that superstition which extends to every land and every family of men. We are Lords of Fate, submitting to our Good Genius, we suffer ourselves to be led along unresistingly; we are Unlucky when, breaking our frail bonds, we encounter life unguided and unaided.

What a docile, obedient, and believing pupil did I pledge myself to be! Fate should see that she had no refractory nor rebellious spirit in me, no self-indulgent voluptuary, seeking only the sunny side of existence, but a nature ready to confront the rugged conflict of life, and to meet its hardships, if such were my allotted path.

I applied the circumstances in which I then found myself to my theory, and met no difficulty in the adaptation. Blondel was to perform a great part in my future. Blondel was a symbol selected by fate to indicate a certain direction. Blondel was a lamp by which I could find my way in the dark paths of the world. With Blondel, my Good Genius would walk beside me, or occasionally get up on the crupper, but never leave me or desert me. In the high excitement of my mind I felt no sense of bodily fatigue, but walked on, drenched to the skin, alternately shivering with cold or burning with all the intensity of fever. In this state was it that I entered the little inn of Ovocs, soon after daybreak, and stood dripping in the bar, a sad spectacle of exhaustion and excitement. My first question was, "Has Blondel been here?" and before they could reply, I went on with all the rapidity of delirium to assure them that deception of me would be fruitless; that Fate and I understood each other thoroughly, traveled together on the best of terms, never disagreed about any thing, but, by a mutual system of give and take, hit it off like brothers. I talked for an hour in this strain, and then my poor faculties, long struggling and sore pushed, gave way completely, and I fell into brain fever.

I chanced upon kind and good-hearted folk, who nursed me with care, and watched me with interest; but my illness was a severe one, and it was only in the sixth week that I could be about again, a poor, weak, emaciated creature, with failing limbs and shattered nerves. There is an indescribable sense of weariness in the mind after fever, just as if the brain had been enormously overtaxed and exerted, and that in the pursuit of all the wild and fleeting fancies of delirium it had traveled over the whole realm of space. To the depressing influence of this sensation is added the difficulty of disentangling the capricious creations of the fever from the actual facts of life; and in this maze of confusion my first days of convalescence were passed. Blondel was my great puzzle. Was he a reality, or a mere creature of imagination? Had I really ridden him as a horse, or only as an idea? Was he a quadruped with mane and tail, or an allegory invented to typify destiny? I can not say what hours of painful perplexity this inquiry cost me, and what intense research into myself. Strange enough, too, though I came out of the investigation convinced of his equine existence, I arrived at the conclusion that he was a "horse and something more." Not that I am able to explain myself more fully on that head, though, if I were writing this portion of my memoirs in German, I suspect I could convey enough of my meaning to give a bad headache to any one indulgent enough to follow me.

I set out once more upon my pilgrimage on a fine day of June, my steps directed to the village of Instiogue, where Father Dyke resided. I was too weak for much exertion, and it was only after five days of the road I reached at nightfall the little glen in which the village stood. The moon was breaking the vein of market-places with long lines of yellow light between the rows of tall chimneys, and tipping with silvery sheen the bright eddies of the beautiful river that rolled beside it. Over the granite cliffs that margined the stream laurel and arbutus and wild holly clustered in wild luxuriance, backed higher up again by tall pine-trees, whose lofty summits caught the moonlight. All was still and silent, except the rush of the rapid river, as I sat down upon a stone bench to enjoy the scene and luxuriate in its tranquil repose. I had not believed Ireland contained such a spot, for there was all the trim neatness and orderly propriety of an English village, with that luxuriance of verdure and wild beauty so eminently Irish. How was it that I had never heard of it before? Were others aware of it, or was the discover strictly my own? Or can it possibly be that all this picturesque loveliness is but the effect of a mellow moon? While I thus questioned myself I heard the sound of a quick footstep rapidly approaching, and soon afterward the pleasant tone of a rich voice humming an opera air. I arose, and saw a tall, athletic-looking figure, with rod and fishing-basket, approaching me.

"May I ask you, Sir," said I, addressing him, "if this village contains an inn?"

"There is, or rather there was, a sort of inn here," said he, turning his cigar as he spoke to the light, "but the place is so little visited that I fancy the landlord found it would not answer, and so it is closed at this moment.

"But do visitors—tourists—never pass this way?"

"Yes; and a few salmon-fishers—like myself—come occasionally in the season; but then we dispose ourselves in little lodgings here and there, some of us with the farmers, one or two of us with the priest."

"Father Dyke, broke I in?"

"Yes; you know him, perhaps?"

"I have heard of him, and met him, indeed," added I, after a pause. "Where may his house be?"

"The prettiest spot in the whole glen. If you'd like to see it in this picturesque moonlight come along with me."

I accepted the invitation at once, and we walked on together. The easy, half-careless tone of the stranger, the hose, lounging stride of his walk, and a certain something in his mellow voice seemed to indicate one of those natures which, so to say, take the world with easy temperaments that reveal themselves almost immediately. He talked away about fishing as he went, and appeared to take a deep interest in the sport, not heeding much the ignorance I betrayed on the subject, nor my ignoble confession that I had never adventured upon any thing higher than a worm and a quill.

"I'm sure," said he, laughingly, "Tom Dyke never encouraged you in such sporting tackle, glorious By-fisher as he is."

"You forget, perhaps," replied I, "that I scarcely have any acquaintance with him. We met once only, at a dinner party."

"He's a pleasant fellow," resumed he; "devilish wide awake, one must say—up to most things on this same world of ours."

"That much my own brief experience of him can confirm," said I, dryly, for the remark rather jarred upon my feelings.

"Yes," said he, as though following out his own train of thought. "Old Tom is not a bird to be snared in coarse lines. The man must be an early riser that catches him napping."

I am not quite how all this irritated me. It sounded like so much direct sarcasm upon my weakness and want of acuteness.

"There's the cottage," that's his cottage," said he, taking my arm, while he pointed upward to a little jutting promontory of rock over the river, crowned by a little thatched cottage almost embowered in roses and honeysuckles. So completely did it occupy the unique limits of the spot that the windows projected actually over the stream, and the creeping plants that twined through the little balconies hung in tangled masses above the water. "Search where you will, through the Scottish and Cumberland scenery, I don't believe you match that," said my companion, "not to say that you can hook a four-pound fish from that little balcony on any summer evening while you smoke your cigar."

"It is a lovely spot, indeed," said I, inhaling with ecstasy the delicious perfume which, in the calm night air, seemed to linger in the atmosphere.

"He tells me," continued my companion, "and I take the word for it—for I see no fleece—that there are seventy varieties of the rose on and around that cottage. I can answer for it, that you can't open a window without a great mass of flowers coming in showers over you. I told him, frankly, that if I were his tenant for longer than the fishing-season I'd clear half of them away."

"You live there, then?" asked I, timidly.

"Yes; I rent the cottage, all but two rooms, which he wished to keep for himself, but which in now worse than any room may be let, for this month and the next, if a tenant offer. Would you like them?" asked he, abruptly.

"Of all things in the world is—I think so—I should like to see them!" muttered I, half startled by the suddenness of the question.

"Nothing easier," said he, opening a little wicket as he spoke, and beginning to ascend a flight of steps roughly cut in the solid rock. "This is a path of my designing," continued he, "the reason why approach is at the other side; but this saves fully half a mile of road, though it be a little steep."

As I followed him up the ascent I proceed to myself a variety of questions, such as, where and how I was to procure accommodation for the night, and in what manner I was to obtain something to eat, of which I stood much in need? and I had gained a little flower-garden at the rear of the cottage before I could resolve any of these difficult points.

"Here we are!" said he, drawing a long breath. "You can't see much of the view at this hour; but to-morrow, when you stand on this spot, and look down that reach of the river, with Mont Alto in the back-ground, you'll tell me if you know any thing finer!"

"Is that Edward?" cried a soft voice; and at the same instant a young girl came hastily out of the cottage, and throwing her arms around my companion, exclaimed, "How you have alarmed me! What could possibly have kept you out so late?"

A broad-shouldered fish, a fellow weighing twelve pounds at the very least, and more, after nigh three hours playing, got among the rocks and smashed my tackle."

"And you lost him?"

"That did I, and some twenty yards of gut, and the top-joint of my best rod, and my temper besides. But I'm forgetting: Mary, here is a gentleman who will, I hope, not refuse to join us at supper.—My sister."

By the manner of presentation it was clear that he expected to hear my name, and so I interposed, "Mr. Potts.—Algernon Sydney Potts."

The young lady courtesied slightly, muttered something like a repetition of the invitation, and led the way into the cottage.

My astonishment was great at the "interior" now before me, for though all the arrangements bespoke habits of comfort and even luxury, there was a studious observance of cottage style in every thing, the book-shelves, the tables, the very piano-forte, being all made of white unvarnished wood; and I now perceived that the young lady herself, with a charming coquetry, had assumed something of the costume of the Oberland, and wore her bodice loose in front and covered with silver embroidery both tasteful and becoming.

"My name is Crofton," said my host, as he disengaged himself of his basket and tackle; "we are almost as much strangers here as yourself. I came here for the fishing, and mean to take myself off when it's over."

"I hope, Edward," broke in the girl, who was now, with the assistance of a servant woman, preparing the table for supper, "I hope you'll stay till we see the autumn tints on those trees."

"My sister is just as great an enthusiast about sketching as I am for salmon-fishing," said he, laughingly; "and for my own part, I like scenery and landscape very well, but think them marvelously heightened by something like sport. Are you an angler?"

"No," said I; "I know nothing of the gentle craft."

"Fond of shooting, perhaps? Some men think the two sports incompatible."

"I am an inexpert with the gun as the rod," said I, diffidently.

I perceived that the sister gave a sly look under her long eyelashes toward me, but what its meaning I could not well discover. Was it depreciation of a man who avowed himself unacquainted with the sports of the field, or was it a quiet recognition of claims more worthy of regard? At all events, I perceived that she had very soft, gentle-looking gray eyes, a very fair skin, and a profusion of beautiful brown hair. I had not thought her pretty at first. I now saw that she was extremely pretty, and her figure, though slightly given to fullness, the perfection of grace.

Hungry, almost famished as I was, with a fast of twelve hours, I felt no impatience so long as she moved about in preparation for the meal. After she disposed the little table equipage, the careful solicitude with which she arranged the fruit and the flowers—not always satisfied with her first dispositions, but changing them for something different—all interested me vastly, and when at last we were summoned to table, I actually felt sorry and disappointed.

"IN THIS STATE WAS IT THAT I ENTERED THE LITTLE INN OF OVOCA."

Was it really so delicious, was the cookery so exquisite? I own frankly that I am not a trust-worthy witness; but if my oath could be taken, I am willing to swear that I believe there never were such salmon-steaks, such a pigeon-pie, and such a damson-tart served to mortals as these. My enthusiasm, I suspect, must have betrayed itself in some outward manifestation, for I remember Crofton laughingly having remarked,

"You will turn my sister's head, Mr. Potts, by such flatteries; all of the more, since her cookery is self-taught."

"Don't believe him, Mr. Potts; I have studied all the great masters of the art, and you shall have an omelet to-morrow for breakfast Bullier himself would not despise."

I blushed at the offer of a hospitality so gently and delicately urged, and had really no words to acknowledge it, nor was my confusion unfavorably judged by my hosts. Crofton marked it quickly, and said,

"Yes, Mr. Potts, and I'll teach you to hook a trout afterward. Meanwhile, let us have a glass of Sauterne together; we drink it out of green glasses to cheat ourselves into the fancy that it's Rhenish."

"An Rhein, um Rhein, da wachsen unsere Reben," said I, quoting the students' song.

"Oh, have you been in Germany?" cried she, eagerly.

"Alas! no," said I. "I have never travelled." And then she looked disappointed, and said this. Indeed, I already wished it unsaid, but her brother broke in with,

"We are peculiar vagabonds, Mr. Potts. My sister and myself have had a restless paroxysm for the last three years of life, and what with seeking change for the summer and cold climates for winter, we are scarcely ever off the road."

"Like the gentleman, I suppose, who ate oysters for appetite, but carried his system so far as to darken room for it," said I, hoping that nobody laughed, and I was overwhelmed with confusion, which I was fain to bury in my strawberries and cream.

"Let us have a little music, Mary," said Crofton. "Do you play, or sing, Mr. Potts?"

"Neither. I do nothing," cried I, in true despair. "As Sydney Smith says, 'I know something about the Romans,' but, for any gift or grace which adorns a modern society, my time has more pleasantly, I am an utter bankrupt."

The young girl had, while I was speaking, taken her place at the piano-forte, and was half listlessly suffering her hands to fall in cords over the instrument.

"Come out upon this terrace here," cried Crofton to me, "and we'll have our cigar! What a fine summer lazy effect that cloud sky is to lounge out here in the cool night air, and enjoy one's weed while listening to Spohr or Beethoven!"

It was really delightful. The bright stars were all reflected in the calm river down below, and a thousand fireflies floated softly by us as we sat there.

Are there not in every man's experience short periods in which he seemed to have lived longer than during whole years of life? They tell us there are certain conditions of the atmosphere, inappreciable as to the qualities, which seem to ripen wines, imparting to young fresh vintages all the mellow richness of age. All the depth of flavor, all the velvety softness of time. May there not possibly be influences which similarly affect our natures? May there not be seasons in which changes as great as these are wrought within us? I firmly believe it, and so firmly that such a period that I am about to set on the balcony over the Nore, listening to Mary Crofton as she sang, but just as often look to every sound, and deep in a heaven of blended enjoyments, of which no one ingredient was in the slightest degree. Starry sky, glowing river, murmuring night winds, perfumed air, flouting music, all mingling, as do the odors of an incense, and all in incense filling the brain with a delicious intoxication.

How after hour must have passed with me in this half-conscious ecstacy, for Crofton at last said,

"There, where you see that pinkish tint through the gray, that's the sign of breaking day, and the signal for bedtime. Shall I show you your room?"

"How I wish this could last for ever!" cried I, rapturously; and then, half ashamed of my warmth, I stammered out a good-night, and retired.

HOW IT FEELS TO BE HANGED.

You will remember that I have long been a student of mesmerism, and no mean adept in the practice. You recollect the success with which I induced coma, even in the cases of the most obstinate unbelievers, and you must have been struck with several extraordinary cases of clairvoyance which I succeeded in producing. Above all, you must have remarked the mastery I obtained over the will of one or two of the more susceptible of our friends, and how I seemed, as it were, to infuse my mind into theirs; so that when I willed a spoke, precisely so I did, without any external indication by me of my wishes or feelings; but there was, if possible, a more extraordinary faculty which I occasionally possessed. I had, at certain seasons of the year, and generally in spring, maintained intact my own consciousness, and my mind went on precisely as if it had not been in mesmeric rapport with another. I became on these occasions two beings in one.

I was a member of the last Vigilance Committee in San Francisco. There was no man who incurred set sentence of death, regarding whose fate none of us felt any pity, for of his guilt there was no doubt. He had murdered an old man and his daughter for the sake of some gold-dust they had gathered. With respect to this villain, we of the Vigilance Committee showed even more than ordinary promptitude. He was condemned the very day he committed the crime, and his execution was fixed for the day after.

An immense crowd had gathered to see the execution, some of them not indisposed to attempt a rescue. But the Vigilance Committee and their adherents, determined and armed, kept a clear space round the scaffold. At last, he was led the criminal, a clergyman of uncertain persuasion and dubious character, who had turned up in the diggings, a man of fine and commanding person the last ceremony, and who alleged some degree of professional experience acquired in England, and, lastly, three of the Vigilance Committee, of whom I was one.

I had previously attempted to make some impression on the murderer's conscience, but it was fenced in by such a net-work of sophistry, and overlaid by such a cutting of assurance, of reliance that I had altogether failed. As a last attempt, I took his hand and spoke to him with that earnestness becoming the last appeal we to have on earth. Involuntarily my power of mesmerism came into play. I felt I had obtained an influence over him. Leaning forward, Columbus, the man was morbidly susceptible; and to my horror I found, before I could realize what I had done, that it was in full mesmeric sleep with him. His mind, which at first I felt I absolutely controlled, had passed into mine, and that ever-mysterious dual existence of which I spoke at the beginning of this letter was fully induced. Now it is one of the characteristics of this state of clairvoyance that neither the operator nor the subject can for some time emancipate himself from its influence. Any other plan than within the power of the mesmerizer, though not of the mesmerized. But in this, the most perfect rapport, the power of the operator is almost absolute, and is not to complete. The influence or possession wears off in time, but notwithstanding the most strenuous and even painful exertions of my will, I have never been able thoroughly to disconnect my consciousness from that of the other party in a shorter space of time than a week.

Here, then, I was unexpectedly, and as it were, wilfully, a participator in the mind of a man for a few instants to be hanged. I shuddered at the thought, and would willingly have escaped, but I was in the clutches of the mesmeric will. I could not look any premature efforts would only tighten its folds. I therefore submitted to my fate, which was simply this, that as long as the murderer lived after all, it would not be so very terrible; and I tried to get up a feeling of scientific curiosity to buoy me up to bearing it. "Here," said I, "is an opportunity no man ever had before, and which no man probably ever has opportunity to use. I want to use to unravel the mystery of death, to ascertain precisely and accurately the pain or dissolution, and to realize the sensations of the disembodied spirit. I recedes the final loss of consciousness, if indeed (and I trembled at the thought) there be any loss of consciousness. I am about to be called upon to keep my spectator self in the most rigorous state of attention, and I sat down on a bench close at hand, and, producing my memorandum or pocket-book and pencil, ready to note down accurately the murderer's sensations, experienced by him.

Then I immediately made my foreign self a feeling of social apathy. "It is my fate," thought the murderer, "and I am powerless." I put no negratify these fools by any sign of fear. I hate them all. But my account with the world will soon be closed. A few hours, and I shall be annihilated." Thus muttering to himself, I felt the murderer's hands clasp behind his back by the handcuffs. An intense thirst was that of the human race and disgust at himself shot through his mind.

He was reached the scaffold. I felt the rope adjusted round his neck. A moment of hesitation that terrified me. "I am to die! I am to die! Anything on earth," said he, as he still clutched the handkerchief. "Well, why prolong the suspense Then it goes!"

The hangman pushed the murderer off the plank which served as a scaffold; no covering was over his face.

A sensation of overwhelming waters, billow after billow rolling over my head and striking me on the chest. Seeing me look at them my brain attempts to surge up against it; the noise as of unceasing thunder; shrieks of tortured demons, and the blackness of darkness.

FIRST MINUTE.—Suddenly I am conscious; I feel that my brain is working, and that I possess the power to release my hands to loosen it. Oh, if I could but get free my hands, I might yet be saved! I strike with my feet; I swing myself back. On, heaven and earth, could my feet but reach the scaffold I might yet be saved—there might be pity in that crowd for me. But the sensation he had been experiencing was still dazed into another to which it had no relation. Darkness emerged in the idea of Eternity, and that idea conjured up the Egyptian symbol of the serpent with its tail, and this set against a vague host of phantasms. The arguments he had been using suddenly became folds of serpents, joined themselves together, and grew, each problem, into a separate serpent, all of which turned hissing upon him, and wound themselves round his body. Tighter and tighter these folds, which multiplied to infinity, until at last the pressure seemed to force out his life, and he again became unconscious.

FIRST QUARTER OF THE FOURTH MINUTE.—The fiction looked with his eyes nearly protruding from their sockets on the crowd. There was no weariness with them, no movement of pity, which surely there would have been even for him, suffering such protracted agony. His his agony, then, really lasted so long as he thinks? Alas, he is the only one to think about it, and, oh misery! time is annihilated. Time is relative, and the acute mind of the murderer at once recognized that what we feel as time is merely the succession of our ideas, and that these are quickened, time loses its meaning. If, for instance, a certain number of ideas, which when in life, said to to himself (and the murderer reasoned as if he were dead), seemed to occupy a minute of time, were accelerated so as to occupy the thought of a fraction of a second, then a minute of human time may represent an hour, a week, a year.

But this theory led to no conclusion, his mind, for a time lost coherence; suddenly he and I saw a cottage by the side of a brook, and the murderer felt himself a young man sitting on the bank of the brook, sorrowful and crying he knew not why, but from some unutterable misery. And now there came out of the honey-suckled door a beautiful girl. She saw her as he recollected her, his first beloved, in a dress of the innocence. She came bright blue eye, and golden hair, and bounding figure. She came up to him. I felt her soft arm put tenderly round his neck, and she kissed the tears from his wretched face. "Dearest George," she whispered, "why are you crying? Look up your own little wife." In my murderer's heart, regenerated back to its youth, I felt a floating sensation of happiness and joy. When out from an old tree there descended a furious mastiff; with the hound he wrenched the child from his neck, and she shrieked. I heard her cry for help on her knees, I—that is, the murderer—tried in vain to save her; but, alas! alas! he was rooted to the spot, and the fair child was torn by the hound, and I felt, as its jaws tightened upon him, that I was choking.

SECOND MINUTE.—The murderer for a second or two was insensible; on recovering, he felt fierce pains shoot through his body. His eyes seemed to flame, and his mouth to be filled with severely bitten, protruded from his mouth. Again he realized his position, and again the dismal phantasmagoria of the past intervened; again the honeysuckled cottage, but now the flowers are away, and in my stead a young man of powerful make. A brook is arrested, and corrupted icy ridges rear themselves above its banks. But there comes thither, further up the bright stripe that the hoar-frost on the grass is not disturbed, a figure in the full bloom of womanhood, the same golden hair and blue eyes that he had left ten years before now and she carols with merry voice a melancholy dirge of love and suicide. And she puts her arm round his neck, and kisses it, but another her kisses burn, and the embrace of her arm gets tighter round his neck. "Not so tight, my beloved," he would say, "let me breathe." And as the pressure continues, he tries to loosen her arms; but, soft as they are, they are like bands of iron. More rigid as iron. His breathing becomes difficult; he looks up for pity in her face. It has changed. It is that of a fiend, and the bright and glorious May whose innocence he betrayed, but the Mary whom, ten years after his desertion, he had met with her child in London, had become a hopeless, revengeful; and the iron grasp of her arm tightened, and she looked with the hatred of a demon into his eyes, and exhibited through the phantasm vanished, and he saw looking up the unpitying faces of the crowd, and the hag's arms were changed into the rope.

FIRST HALF OF THE THIRD MINUTE.—Gradually again consciousness used. He was aware of his mother's death-bed. He heard anew her last and solemn exhortations, and he looked again at the room from the foot of her bed. Ah! now he knew that been that mother's love; now he could see, with spiritual intuition, the despair which tore his father's heart as he knelt by the bed, supporting them, and promised that, if they would but forgive him, he would give up his evil ways. And he thought of high his resolves, and how impossible, but was was choking in the agony of death, and the blessed words could not find an utterance. But he threw his arms round his father's neck, and tried in vain to weep. It was too late: one violent spasmodic effort, and he was gone, and the father and son were alone. And then memory conjured up the final quarrel with his father, which had driven him to despair. He felt over again that miserable night when first he was houseless. Slowly and painfully there passed before his mind's eye the events of a misspent existence of his life, reproduced in all their detail—and then utter unconsciousness.

SECOND HALF OF THE THIRD MINUTE.—The murderer thought he heard a voice saying to him, "I Selve me immediately the origin of pain. Tell me the history of man, its ransom, and its uses. Separate to me the free from the fatal. Tell me what is human and what divine justice." He thought over these problems, which he had formerly meditated on in vain; but his reasons always fell into circles, and he came coming back to the point from which he started, and the different problems mixed themselves up together. Against his will, the murderer felt that he had been creating no one subject glanced into another to which it had no relation. Each thought was incomplete in itself, but was merged in the idea of Eternity, and that idea conjured up the Egyptian symbol of the serpent with its tail, and this set against a host of phantasms. The arguments he had been using suddenly became folds of serpents, joined themselves together, and grew, each problem, into a separate serpent, all of which turned hissing upon him, and wound themselves round his body. Tighter and tighter these folds, which multiplied to infinity, until at last the pressure seemed to force out his life, and he again became unconscious.

FIRST QUARTER OF THE FOURTH MINUTE.—The murderer awoke with a start. For a moment—to him and to me an hour—he realized his real position and struggled; and then strong madness, and there appeared before him in solemn array all his victims: his mother, with no pity in her face; his father, as he was when-last they parted; Mary, not the child or the beautiful woman, but Mary the lost and the hopeless; the boys he had left child in London in an access of passion; the ruined merchant, accompanied by his beggared family; and many others; but conspicuously the old man and his daughter; and seated on the elevated platform was a judge—the classical Rhadamanthus. And, behold, one after the other gave testimony against him, and he had no defense; and as they one by one delivered their testimony, their sins were put to his account, and he was frequently tortured to supply broken links of evidence. At last, after that which had endured for centuries—it might be for years—there remained only the old man and his daughter, and Mary the boy, and Rhadamanthus, and Mary put her arm again round his neck, while severe and unpitying Rhadamanthus looked down upon them.

The murderer was dead.

One morning I awoke. My existence was changed. I came back to time. I found myself lying on a bed, and some friends were bathing my temples. I had fainted, they said, at the sight of the executing, and it had been some hours before they had succeeded in bringing me back to consciousness. Oh! had they known what was involved in that! But I could not speak of my experiences. For a long time I could speak coherently of nothing. I believe my companions were right in sending me down to the San Francisco, and that the control, to which for some time I was subjected, was necessary. But my mind was unequal to any task. Ever, when I attempted to think of any thing, the century of agony I had undergone came back to my memory.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE SLAVE-TRADE.

A CONSULTATION has been made to the British Government by Mr. Trescot, the ambassador from Carolina, on the subject of the Coolie and Slave trade, in answer to which Lord John Russell has declared that any suggestion that a system of raising should be established on the Cuban coast for the purpose of supplying Cuba or the five African and the seizure of slave vessels in Cuban ports, with a view to the imposition on them, can not give its consent, for the reason that it would be a departure from the principle which has been consistently in the offices of foreign nations. Another proposition that Great Britain and Spain Government should give its consent to the importation of Coolies as apprentices; but this is also declined by the British Government.

THE REPUBLICAN STATE CONVENTION.

The Republican State Convention assembled at Syracuse on the 29th, and organized temporarily by the choice of James C. Smith, of Ontario, to preside. The list of delegates was then called, and the matter of credentials settled satisfactorily, when the President appointed a committee on permanent organization, and a committee to report resolutions. While the committee were in session the Convention took a recess. On reassembling, the Committee reported as Chairman James M. Cook for permanent President, with the usual number of Vice-Presidents and Secretaries. The resolutions reported were then read and pointed, after which the Convention proceeded to the nomination of candidates for State officers, with the following result:

For Governor.....EDWIN D. MORGAN, of NEW YORK.
Lieutenant-Governor.....ROBB CAMPBELL, of MONROE.
Secretary of State.....S. H. JAMES, of CHEMUNG.
State Prison Inspector.....JAMES K. DAVIS, of JEFFERSON.

After the selection of the State officers had been effected, a set of resolutions and the State Committee was appointed.

A PROTEST FROM SOUTH CAROLINA AGAINST SECESSION.

A letter from Colonel B. F. Perry, of South Carolina, has been published in the Charleston *Courier*. It is a strong protest against the present agitation of secession in which many prominent Southern politicians are at present devoting time to indulge. Colonel Perry is a member of the South Carolina Legislature last year, and is a gentleman of ability and independence of character.

NEWS FROM THE JAPANESE.

The *Niagara* reached the Cape de Verde Islands on the 17th of August, having made the passage in seventeen days. The Japanese expressed themselves as much pleased with their visit to America. The Commissioners had ceased to be removed from the cabin assigned to them, and were treated with every respect. They had provided expressly for them here at great cost, preferring to live on board in the cool state of the ship. They expect to while away the time in eating seven or eight times a day, drinking tea, and smoking cigars. Some of the presents—which latter operation afforded them evident satisfaction. Tommy and Jack are a brief and unpleasing ex ever, and still addicted himself to the habit of writing love-letters to his sweethearts.

ANOTHER PRIZE-FIGHT.

A prize-fight took place on Tuesday in the neighborhood of Baltimore between two gentlemen named Lilly and Kerrigan. They fought twenty-five rounds, when Kerrigan having received a cut eye, was declared the victor. Neither party received much punishment.

A DARING CONSPIRACY FOILED.

The Richmond Virginian *Dispatch* says: "One of the most daring conspiracies by negroes to murder a family that we have ever heard of was detected in the Hanlon County, about fifteen miles from Danville, on Saturday last. On Saturday, the particulars of which we are indebted to Conductor Cheatham, of the Richmond and Danville road.

"Mr. Samuel Hairston, a wealthy farmer in Halifax, has a plantation on one of the plantations of which is under disciplination, and a man of great firmness. On the day mentioned, Mr. Hairston's overseer was sitting in the parlor, six stout negro fellows employed upon the farm called at the door, and after informing him that a quarrel of negroes in the woods near by was preparing for an unusual disturbance, they asked for the privilege of settling the affair themselves. Not suspecting that they had any plans of operations. Not suspecting that they had any plans of operation, but being unwilling to deprive the negroes of the rebels, if he should witness it, he granted the permission. The overseer then went to the Mr. Hairston, and then started off with the assassins, they not knowing that the overseer prepared for any emergency.

"The negroes led the way until getting out of hearing some distance, when they suddenly stopped near a new-ly-dug pit, when the spokesman exclaimed, 'There, you—see pointing to the hole, and to himself, 'I have just fifteen minutes of a——, in your grave!' Saw him in hand in hell.' Quick as made up from the Grim Cook Calib rushed, and he thought the overseer dead at his feet, and shot the fifth negro dead at his feet, and the sixth ran back to one in the address; seeing at the same time the overseer with his pistol in his hands, and the overseer having no other weapon, he concluded that the six negroes had determined to murder the overseer because of some [illegible]

served punishment one or more of them had received, and laid the above plan to get him off in the woods to effect their ends. His presence of mind in taking his pistol, and his coolness in the hour of danger, when no white person was nigh to aid him, doubtless saved him from a horrid death."

A SNUG FAMILY.

We find the following in the New York *Daily News:* "D. S. Dickinson of Binghamton, Broome County, is represented in the New York Custom-house by Ausburn Birdsall, his son-in-law, who draws from the General Government, with salary and seizures, some $20,000 per annum; a brother of Daniel S. is Deputy Naval Officer, a position worth between three and four thousand dollars a year; Ausburn Birdsall's brother has a good berth in the place of Entry Clerk, with two or three thousand a year. Ausburn Birdsall's brother-in-law is a United States Weigher, which is worth three or four thousand dollars a year, and on the first of August a person by the name of Murray, a recently acquired son-in-law of Daniel S., was provided with a profitable position in the New York Custom-house. Samuel G. Courtney, another son-in-law of Mr. D., it is rumored is to be provided for shortly, as a small consolation for his overwhelming defeat when running for the office of District Attorney of Albany County. Who says the Dickinson family is not well provided for?"

PERSONAL.

Mr. D. U. Martin, the gentleman who left Boston some two weeks ago in a little two-oared wherry, arrived safely in this city on Thursday about 5½ o'clock, having accomplished his extraordinary feat in about eighty hours of actual rowing, averaging over five miles per hour. He subsisted almost wholly on berries and other fruit, drinking no water; the last day's pull, from a place ten miles east of Sands Point, was accomplished after a late breakfast, a portion of one water-melon only serving for his refreshment. He took lodgings with Mr. Darling at No. 504 Sheriff Street.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE "POPE'S OWN" AT HOME.

The "Pope's Own" are in the greatest distress. A large party of the "Brigade" landed at Hull on the 31st ult., and their condition excited the greatest commiseration. They were shoeless and stockingless, and their garments hung about them in rags and tatters. Some maintain a dogged silence, and others freely expose the great deceit practiced upon them by the agents of His Holiness. General Lamoricière will find it hard work to make up that "second Brigade." The next Irishmen who enlist in any Italian service will most likely prefer that of Garibaldi. Perhaps the "Pope's Own" who have been already caught may be compelled to find shelter under the banners of the Liberator ere many weeks have elapsed.

FRANCE.

DEPARTURE OF THE SYRIAN SQUADRON.

A telegram dated Marseilles, Thursday, August 9, says: "General Beaufort has left for Syria with 1000 men. In an order of the day he reminds the soldiers that they are going to avenge offended humanity in a country where they will find souvenirs of Godefroy, the Crusaders, General Bonaparte, and the first Republic. He concluded by saying, 'The wishes of the whole of Europe accompany the expedition.' Three vessels have left Toulon with troops for Syria."

THE EMPEROR'S SPEECH TO THE TROOPS.

The Emperor, after reviewing the troops destined for Syria, addressed them as follows:

"Soldiers! You leave for Syria. France hails with joy an expedition, the sole aim of which is to cause the rights of justice and humanity to triumph. You do not go to make war against a foreign nation, but to assist the Sultan in bringing back to obedience his subjects, who are blinded by the fanaticism of the former century. In that district you have great reminiscences. 'Fulfill your duty; show yourselves worthy to be the children of those who once gloriously carried into that country the banner of Christ. You do not leave in great numbers, but your courage and prestige are a supply to the deficiency; because, whenever the French flag is seen to pass, the nations know that a great cause precedes it, and that great people follow it."

The Emperor has given 200,000 francs in aid of the fugitives from Syria.

ITALY.

GARIBALDI ABOUT TO DESCEND UPON CALABRIA.

There are no public advices of the whereabouts of Garibaldi. Our previous intelligence informed us that some of his troops had invested or besieged Fort Scylla. Since then no accounts have come either confirming or denying this statement. We learn, however, that private letters have been received stating that Garibaldi had actually landed on the main land, and was *en route* for Naples. His letter to Victor Emanuel, and the fact that he had been making extensive preparations for operations on the main land, indicates the truth of the assertions in these private advices. Naples, of course, will suppress all news of this sort, and it is only through diplomatic sources that such information can be obtained.

NAPLES IN A STATE OF SIEGE.

Naples has been declared in a state of siege. It is reported that Austria would take sides with the Neapolitan Government in the event of Garibaldi landing at Naples, and that the obligations of the treaty of Villafranca would be disregarded. Austria has also demanded from Piedmont an explanation of the letter of Garibaldi to Victor Emanuel. There are also rumors of an Austrian manifesto against the treaty of Villafranca making its appearance on the Emperor's birth-day. Garibaldi is said to have visited Naples in person, to confer with the revolutionary leaders.

LETTER FROM VICTOR EMANUEL TO GARIBALDI.

The following letter has been sent by Victor Emanuel to Garibaldi:

"Dear General,—You know that when you started for Sicily you did not have my approbation. To-day, considering the gravity of existing circumstances, I decide upon giving you a warning, being aware of the sincerity of your sentiments for me.

"In order to put an end to a war between Italians and Italians, I counsel you to renounce the idea of passing with your valorous troops to the Neapolitan main land, provided that the King of Naples consents to evacuate the whole of the island, and to leave the Sicilians free to deliberate upon and to settle their destinies.

"I would reserve to myself full liberty of action relative to Sicily in the event of the King of Naples being unable to accept this condition. General, follow my advice, and you will see that it is useful to Italy, whose power of augmenting her merits you would facilitate by showing to Europe that even as she knows how to conquer so does she know how to make a good use of her victory."

GARIBALDI'S REPLY.

Garibaldi does not seem to feel the pressure of this letter as very heavy, for he has very coolly replied to the King as follows:

"Sire,—Your Majesty knows the high esteem and the devotion which I feel toward your Majesty; but such is the present state of things in Italy that, at the present moment, I can not obey your Majesty's injunctions, much as I should like it. I am called for and urged on by the people of Naples. I have tried in vain, with what influence I had, to restrain them, feeling, as I do, that a more favorable moment would be desirable. But if I should now hesitate I should endanger the cause of Italy, and not fulfill my duty as an Italian. May your Majesty, therefore, permit me this time not to obey. As soon as I shall have done with the task imposed upon me by the wishes of the people who groan under the tyranny of the Neapolitan Bourbon, I shall lay down my sword at your Majesty's feet, and shall obey your Majesty for the remainder of my lifetime. Garibaldi."

The letter is dated Melazzo, the 27th of July.

INVASION OF THE PAPAL STATES.

A letter from Rome states that on the 1st inst. a body of 1500 Piedmontese volunteers landed at San Stefano, on the Papal territory. They intended to march on Corneto. General Guyon immediately sent orders to the commander of the battalion of Chasseurs stationed at Civita Vecchia to detach a part of his force for the protection of the threatened town. The French garrison of Rome (General Guyon having left on the 6th) is commanded temporarily by General Noue.

THE "POPE'S OWN" IN TROUBLE AGAIN.

A communication from Rome, of the 4th inst., says:

"St. Patrick's battalion has again been troublesome at Spoleto, and dark hints have been thrown out that the battalion will be broken up, and the soldiers dispersed through other foreign regiments in consequence. I should hardly think this can ever be the case without the consent of the soldiers themselves, as it is expressly specified in their printed engagements that they are no longer to be considered as obliged to serve if foreign soldiers or officers are introduced into the corps, or if it ever ceases to be an essentially Irish regiment. The row at Spoleto took place a few days ago, and appears to have commenced among the Irish themselves. Their commanding officer, Major O'Reilly, wished to quiet the affair himself, and would no doubt have succeeded in doing so, but Colonel Pimodan, a French officer, who commands the whole troops in garrison at Spoleto, insisted on sending a force of gens d'armes to establish order. A desperate conflict ensued, in which many hard blows were exchanged. The most serious injury inflicted appears to have been from the sabre of a gendarme, which cut down an unfortunate Paddy entirely. General de Lamoricière has, I understand, declined receiving Major O'Reilly's report on the affair, the official relation of which is to come from Colonel Pimodan."

A TOUCHING TALE.

The *Times* correspondent writes: "When Garibaldi arrived at Barcelona, he first directed his steps to the ambulance, to visit the wounded of Medici's two skirmishes, who numbered, perhaps, fifty persons. He stopped with surprise before the bed of a beardless boy, whom he recognized at once as Quinto. Garibaldi interrogated him as to how he got there, wounded, after having been sent off to Genoa. The boy, more embarrassed than the first time, made his confession. He had scampered across the fields, had gained the high road to Messina, and followed on till he caught up with the army of Medici. When Medici sent forward his reconnoitring party toward Melazzo, and became engaged with the enemy, Quinto watched his chance till one of the men fell; he then seized the fallen man's gun and accoutrements, and bounded forward into the thickest of the fight.

"'And that's the way, you little rascal,' said Garibaldi, smiling, 'that you have got yourself maimed. Where is your wound?' At this question Quinto lost countenance, but replied, 'In the back, General.' 'Oh! oh!' said Garibaldi, with a smile of pity. 'You see now, *coglione*, that war is no child's play. I hope the wound is not dangerous?' 'Oh no, only a spent ball.'

"Garibaldi walked away with a shrug of the shoulders. In the back? The poor boy understood the insinuation only too well, but could not find at the moment a word with which to justify himself. But when the General was gone he rolled on his bed of straw, shedding tears of rage and humiliation.

"The General had not seen the young volunteer for the last time. The incidents which accompanied the battle of Melazzo are known. At the most critical moment, when the Dictator was engaged in a hand-to-hand fight in his own defense, he saw suddenly reappear at his side the young volunteer he had left the evening before at the ambulance. 'What! that *gamin* again!' exclaimed Garibaldi. But at the same moment the poor boy made an effort to show his bleeding breast, and uttering a cry worthy of a hero of antiquity, 'This time, General, it is the good side!' he fell dead at Garibaldi's feet."

SYRIA.

THE LATEST FROM DAMASCUS.

The latest dates from Damascus report all quiet there, but murders were still committed in the surrounding country. Thirty thousand Christian women were sold at twenty-five piastres each, and were detained in harems.

The Imperial firman to the people of Syria, accompanied by the proclamation of Fuad Pacha, Minister for Foreign Affairs at Constantinople, mention of which has been made in our foreign advices, has been published. It is stated that the multitude who listened to its reading at Beyrout received it, contrary to the usual custom, in perfect silence.

It is stated now, in contradiction to previous reports, that the English intend to land fifteen hundred men in Syria; but whether this force is to act in concert with the French, or merely to protect British subjects, the telegram does not say.

PROMPT ACTION OF FUAD PACHA.

The prompt action of Fuad Pacha appears to be restoring confidence among the Christians of Syria. The Turkish Minister for Foreign Affairs transmits to the Turkish Embassador in London the following telegram from Fuad Pacha, dated Damascus, August 4:

"Yesterday I arrested 330 of those who took part in the massacres. To-day the number of arrests exceeds 400. By the day after to-morrow, at latest, the persons of rank who are gravely compromised will be under arrest. The guilty persons condemned by the Council Extraordinary, which I have already appointed, will be executed immediately. A great part of the property, furniture, and articles of value that had been hidden away has been seized. The respectable inhabitants have given us moral support by their calmness. The evil-doers are struck with terror. The greatest tranquillity has prevailed in the town during these arrests, which have been effected without striking a blow. The Imperial troops have given a fresh proof of zeal and patriotism."

THE REIGN OF TERROR.

A letter from Beyrout, dated 21st July, says: "I wrote on the 19th inst. Since then we have had news from Damascus down to yesterday morning. The reign of terror continues. A Christian has only to show his head in order to be cut down by the mob. During the five days' massacre about a thousand Christian families have found refuge in the Serai, or large government house. Of these nearly the whole of the women had been violated by the Turkish soldiers, under the very eye of the Pacha. The whole Christian quarter is burned down, hardly a house remaining, and fifteen thousand souls are now houseless. The Christian merchants had lost their all—money, bonds, books, and valuables; and many of those who a week ago could count their fortunes by tens of thousands sterling are now beggars.

"In Beyrout Fuad Pacha has done nothing as yet beyond putting three or four inferior military officers under arrest. It appears that he has the fullest powers, even of life and death. If he uses them to proper effect, and is prompt in striking those that are guilty, he will make a name for himself of European fame. But I fear greatly, not for the man, but for the great obstacles he will find thrown in his way.

"The Moslems will be furious if a hair of one of their co-religionists is touched; and unless ample punishment is inflicted on several pachas and other high officials in Syria, and this in the province where they have offended, the just anger of the Christian Powers will not be satisfied."

NO AMERICANS IN DAMASCUS.

A letter from a missionary says: "There were no American citizens in Damascus at the time of the massacre. Mr. Crawford and family are living in the village of Yebrood, some ten hours' distance from the city, and occupied a house jointly with a Moslem Sheik. This fact in itself will secure his protection. Singular as it may seem a Moslem will lose his own life sooner than allow the guest in his house to be molested. Thousands of Christians were saved in this way in Damascus—and it is currently reported that several Moslems lost their lives in defending the Christians who had taken refuge in their houses. Forty Moslem houses were burned during the insurrection, whether by accident or in revenge for private wrongs is not known.

HORRIBLE STORIES OF THE WOMEN.

"Horrible stories are afloat about the thousands of Christian women of Damascus. Our blood almost congeals at the thought of such a fate. I knew many of them; they were fair and beautiful, and many of them gentle and to some extent cultivated. Hundreds of these were doubtless buried beneath the ruins of their burning houses; but we are told that thousands were carried off into the interior by the Koords and Arabs of the desert, to be destroyed at their leisure. Horror of horrors! We learn that many of them have turned Moslems to save their lives. Several hundred of such renegades have been reported, and doubtless there are many more not yet heard from. A letter from the Greek refugees from Hasbeiya, who had taken refuge in Damascus from the Druses, coolly relates the fact of their change of religion."

MEXICO.

PROSPECT OF WAR BETWEEN SPAIN AND MEXICO.

The Spanish Naval Commander has peremptorily demanded from the Juarez Government the rendition of a bark which belonged to Marin's filibustering expedition, and which was captured and taken to Vera Cruz. Twenty-four hours were granted to consider the Spanish demands, and in the event of a refusal a bombardment was threatened. Though the Government of Juarez refused to deliver up the bark or to salute the Spanish flag, a bombardment was not attempted. The most effectual measures were taken to resist the threatened violence. It is intimated that this is the basis of an attempt at future interference on the part of Spain between the Government of Juarez and the Miramon faction.

CENTRAL AMERICA.

WALKER IN HONDURAS.

A telegram from New Orleans announces the arrival at that port of a vessel from Ruatan, which was off Truxillo during the capture of the place by the filibuster Walker. In the assault twelve Spaniards were killed and eighteen wounded, and three of Walker's party were slightly injured. The place was still in possession of Walker, who is said to have issued a proclamation declaring in favor of Cabanas. This would seem to indicate that his intention was to remain in Honduras, instead of proceeding across the country to Nicaragua.

THE BRITISH PROVINCES.

PROGRESS OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

The Prince arrived at Quebec on Saturday afternoon, and was received with the greatest enthusiasm, notwithstanding that the weather was unfavorable. A large concourse of people and soldiers escorted him to the residence of the Governor-General. In the evening the city was illuminated, in the rain. On Sunday the Prince attended divine service at the Cathedral, where he heard a sermon from Rev. Mr. Houseman; the audience was large, but orderly. At the close of the services he jumped into the Governor's carriage and drove off. On Monday it rained hard; but, notwithstanding the weather, the Prince and his party visited the Chaudiere Falls, and had a private picnic there. On subsequent days the Prince, having left the Governor's residence for the apartments prepared for him in the city, held a grand levée, at which all the dignitaries, ecclesiastical, civil, and military, were presented. The Speakers of the two Houses of Parliament were knighted. In the afternoon of the same day he drove to Montmorenci Falls, and in the evening he attended the grand ball given in his honor. He also visited the Ursuline Convent, and made peace with the Roman Catholic bishops, who had taken offense at some trivial slight in the previous proceedings. On Thursday the Prince and suite left Quebec for Three Rivers, escorted by a battalion of troops, and greeted by cheers from the people. He arrived at Three Rivers on Friday.

The Prince of Wales reached Montreal on Friday in the midst of a torrent of rain, which was so severe as to induce the postponement of the grand ceremonial of the landing and reception until next day, to the great disappointment of thousands who had assembled from the surrounding country. The usual salutes and other demonstrations of welcome greeted the arrival of the royal party. The preparations for the grand illumination and fire-works were on the most magnificent scale—the anxiety to excel Quebec in the splendor of the Prince's reception inducing an immense outlay.

HOW THE PRINCE LOOKS.

The correspondent of the *Times* writes of the Prince as he landed at Quebec:

"I like him. He seems to be about five feet four inches high, his eye is beautifully blue, mild, funny, clear, and jolly. His nose is well defined, not perfectly straight, but clean-cut and prominent. His mouth is full and rather sensual, and his chin retreats wonderfully. His countenance indicates a happy dispositioned, good-natured, humorous, fun-loving boy, who knows what he is about, and can't easily be fooled. His hair is soft and fine, though disposed to grow rather low down the neck and on the forehead, while his head is well-shaped, and would indicate firmness, benevolence, quickness of perception, and love of music. The very, very large hands and feet of the young gentleman are but reproductions of those of his Royal mother, to whom Dame Nature has been very generous in that regard. His form is small and very well-proportioned, and his bearing is dignified, manly, and modest.

"He was dressed in the full uniform of a Colonel in the Royal Army, wearing a cocked hat, red coat, with red and blue bands, black pants, patent leather boots, and spurs, and very ill-fitting, soiled white gloves."

HE IS CARRIED ON A MAN'S BACK.

The same writer says:

"When the Prince was fishing at the Saguenay River, he and Mr. Price became separated from the small party of five. The Prince wandered from Price and fished on his own hook from a small projection, which gradually became surrounded by water. He called for aid, but none came, until Price, who heard the cries, found him, entered the water, and wading knee-deep, carried the Prince Pussy back upon his shoulders to the shore."

HE GOES TO CHURCH, AND PEOPLE DON'T LISTEN TO THE SERMON.

The *Herald* correspondent writes: "The weather on Sunday was superb and the excitement great. The centre of attraction was the English Cathedral, where the Prince attended morning service. The church was crammed with people, who were admitted only by ticket. The adjacent streets were crowded.

"The Prince drove to church with the Governor-General, and was dressed in a suit of black, with a white vest. He also wore a black hat, which did not become him. He occupied a seat in the gallery, and was so much the object of attraction that the sermon of the Rev. Mr. Houseman was scarcely listened to. At the conclusion of the service he jumped into the carriage and drove rapidly off."

HE SHOOTS NEWCASTLE WITH CORKS.

The *Times* correspondent writes on Monday: "This morning the Prince was to go to Chaudiere Falls, but the rain fell in torrents, and the Duke of Newcastle thought it best for him not to go. The Prince looked from the window, and having concluded it would clear up, decided to go; so, dressing in an India-rubber suit, and a white stove-pipe hat, he started off, accompanied by the Duke of Newcastle, Lord Lyons, St. Jermain, Governor Head, General Williams, and Admiral Milne, with a few others.

"After reaching Cape Rouge they went in row-boats to St. Nicholas, where they took horses and rode rapidly through fields and over fences, till Governor Head cried out to hold up, and the Admiral grew red in the face from the exertion. They wandered around the Falls, the Prince laughing at the Admiral's artistic attempts to picture them. Lunch was served to the party in a little hut during a drenching shower, and the whole party, animated by the absolutely startling cutting up of the Prince, passed the hour in such a jolly way as made the old gentleman roar with laughter and shake with coughing. The Prince opened several bottles of Seltzer Water, holding them in such a manner that the corks fell upon Newcastle's pate, much to the amusement of all who saw him; they returned in a small steamer, wet to the skin, but full of good cheer and pleased."

HE GOES TO A BALL, AND DANCES TWENTY-TWO DANCES.

The *Herald* writer says: "The Prince opened the ball with Madame Langevin and Mrs. Justice Curran *vis-à-vis*. The Prince wore his usual uniform. Miss Irvine, daughter of Colonel Irvine, was the Prince's second partner for a polka. She was dressed in a magnificent white dress, with wreaths of flowers. The Prince was in great good humor, and talked with every body who wore a uniform—especially a little middy, who will be the Tommy of the suite when they reach New York. The little middy generally chooses the largest women for partners, and the contrast seems to give peculiar delight to the Prince. The Prince danced twenty-two out of twenty-four dances. He missed one being at supper, and the other because he had started for the supper-room."

LIKEWISE KNOCKS HIS PARTNER DOWN.

The *Times* writer says: "The Prince had a fall in the ball-room last night, but the fall has not been attended with any serious result. While dancing with Miss Anderson in the waltz his foot slipped and he fell heavily, causing her to fall upon him. He struck the funny bone in his knee, and brought his royal nose into immediate contact with the floor; but to-day he has been perfectly well, save a slight lameness in the joint, and feeling somewhat abashed. The Prince did not leave as soon as was intended, but remained until the last dance, engaging with a fresh partner in each dance."

Per contra, the *Herald* correspondent states that, having left for the supper-room, he came back, hearing a sweet waltz tune playing, and while dancing a waltz he slipped and fell heavily on the floor, dragging his partner, Madame Cartier, the wife of the Canadian Premier, over him. Neither of them were injured, and the Prince instantly jumped up, and raised the lady so quickly that but few in the room knew of the occurrence. He apologized to Madame C., and continued the dance.

HE INTRODUCES A MIDDY TO A BELLE.

At the ball last evening a young midshipman had a regular quizzing match with the Prince, which created much merriment. The Prince joked him about dancing with six-footers of women: and the middy replied by asking, "Why can't you introduce a fellow to one of your handsome partners?" The Prince laughed, and good-naturedly introduced middy to a lady with whom he was dancing. The Duke of Newcastle remarked, our little man is having a fine time.

HE GETS HIS HAIR CUT.

The *Herald* correspondent says: "To-day the Prince has his hair cut, and the barber, quite an enterprising man, with an eye to the main chance, proposes to sell the locks shorn from the head of this scion of royalty as souvenirs. He has already received a large number of orders, and will doubtless be able to dispose of the whole quantity.

HE GETS INTO A NUNNERY.

"One of the most interesting and remarkable incidents which has thus far attended the Prince's career, was his visit to the Ursuline Convent, which was open to a male visitor for the first time since the calling of the Duke of Kent—the rule being that none save women can enter the Convent, with the additional exception in favor of members of the royal family. The Prince stood upon the dais, supported by his suite, while the young ladies, numbering sixty, many of whom belong to the first families of the Province, formed a semicircle in front of him, and welcomed him in a long and French address of kindly greeting and respect, to which the Prince replied, thanking them for their kind interest in his visit to Quebec and their good wishes for him personally, referring to the beneficial results of their efforts in the cause of education, and expressing a hope for their future welfare. During the song there were allusions to the Prince, at each of which the young ladies gracefully courtesied, and the teachers murmured 'Long live the Prince.'"

WHERE HE SLEEPS.

The *Times* writer describes "the royal bedchamber in which his Royal Highness will sleep. The walnut bedstead has on it a bed stuffed with down, and two pillows filled with the same sleep-tempting material. Over the head thereof is a high and well-designed canopy of red damask, surmounted by rich gilt bands. The chairs and sofa are similar to those in the parlor, but the étagere is more of a practical character than the one in the other room."

THE LADIES PULL OFF HIS BUTTONS.

The *Times* correspondent says: "A party of ladies went on board the *Hero* this afternoon, examined the cabin occupied by the Prince, and stole every pin, every piece of wax, and all the nick-nacks that they could find there, as *souvenirs* of his Royal Highness. The Prince's private room was also invaded by a rush of the fair sex, who mounted his chapeau, played with his sword, and fooled with his accoutrements generally. One damsel was caught trying on his overcoat, from which every button had been cut by eager devotees of the youthful Guelph."

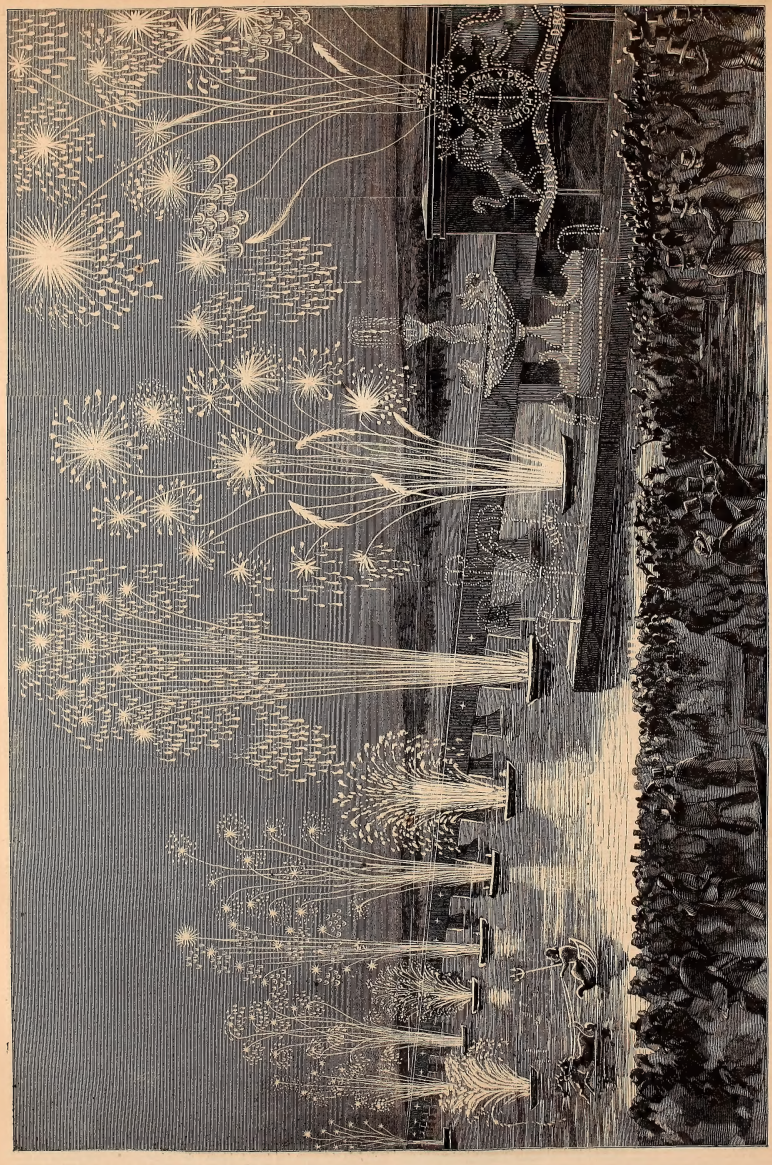
The ladies took paper and sealing-wax from the Prince's state-room in the *Hero*, and pens from his dressing-room at the ball, but the Prince never entered the dressing-room.

WHAT HE WILL DO IN NEW YORK.

He also says: "Mr. Thompson, Mayor Wood's private Secretary, had a second interview with the Duke of Newcastle this morning, at which were present Lord Lyons, Sir Edmund Head, and all the advisory committee of his Royal Highness. Mr. Thompson stated the object of his visit to be the tendering of certain propositions to the Prince on behalf of the Mayor of the City of New York, and in a speech of some fifteen minutes' duration expatiated on the importance, the influence, and the position of New York, and the great interest that is felt by all classes of its inhabitants for the Queen of England and her representative, the Prince. He pledged the Mayor to keep from the Prince all improper or annoying attentions, and to give him just such a welcome, accompanied by only such festivities as might be entirely agreeable.

"It was very evident that the Duke had decided to go, but it was also evident that he did not wish to seem to be asking for any favors. He said that the Prince would go to New York, and would be happy to be the guest of the City. That inasmuch as his Royal Highness was very fond of military displays, he hoped they might happen to be in the city during one of the grand reviews of which he had heard so much; and also that he should imagine a fireman's torch-light procession would be a very novel and beautiful sight for the Prince, as would also be a glimpse at our Public Schools; and that, though he did not request a ball, the Prince was very fond of dancing. The Duke expressed himself highly delighted with the attention and thoughtfulness of the Mayor, and desired special mention to be made of it to the Mayor. He said that it was not their intention to accept any of the invitations to private residences which had been sent them—that they preferred going to a hotel, and paying their own way as any other strangers would; but that if any exception was made any where, it would be in favor of the Mayor.

"Scores of New Yorkers have sent on here begging that the Prince would honor their domiciles with his august presence, but they may as well save their postage—he has advisers who will not allow him to elevate into temporary notoriety any of Gotham's numerous toadies."



(GRAND FINALE OF FIRE-WORKS IN HONOR OF THE PRINCE OF WALES AND THE SUCCESSFUL COMPLETION OF THE VICTORIA BRIDGE, MONTREAL, CANADA, EAST, BY G. A. LILLIENDAHL, ESQ., OF NEW YORK, AUGUST, 1860.

DURHAM AND DEVON COWS IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK.—DRAWN FROM LIFE BY T. C. CARTWRIGHT, ESQ.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

DEVON AND DURHAM COWS.

WE publish on the preceding page a picture of Devon and Durham cows, drawn by T. C. Carpendale. Our readers have an excellent opportunity of observing the peculiarities of form which distinguish the two celebrated breeds of cattle represented in the engraving.

The Devons, so justly famous for the richness of their milk as well as the beauty and elegance of the animals themselves, are distinguished from all other breeds by the small head and finely tapering muzzle, the delicate limb, neat bone, and straight back, but particularly by the unchanging "Devonshire red" of the coat, which never varies from the uniform dark-chestnut, unmingled by the slightest mark of white or other color.

To the Devons we are indebted for the celebrated "Devonshire cream" and the rich "junkets" for which that county is so noted. The remarkably fine specimen we have represented is the property of B. M. Wallock, Esq., of Westchester County, New York.

Of the Durhams our illustration presents an excellent type. They are the well known as *milkers*, and as valuable farm-stock in general, to need a lengthy description. They are distinguished by the large *ox-built* frame, straight back, and powerful limbs, the nose pointed and finely chiseled.

The general color of the coat of the one represented is white, with spots of a roan color about the neck, head, and sides, and a few patches of the same color on the legs. She is the property of C. C. Brovoort, Esq., of Bedford, Long Island, whose beautiful grounds she adorns. She is a cross of the Durham and Ayrshire breed, which is manifest in the *upward direction* of the horns.

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "AFTER DARK," ETC., ETC.

(Printed from advance proof-sheets purchased from the author exclusively for "Harper's Weekly.")

THE NARRATIVE OF ISIDOR OTTA-VIO BALDASSARE FOSCO, COUNT OF THE HOLY ROMAN EMPIRE, KNIGHT GRAND CROSS OF THE ORDER OF THE PALMIZIO CROWN, KNIGHT OF MERIT OF THE ROSICRUCIAN MASONS OF MESOPOTAMIA, ATTACHED, IN HONORARY CAPACITIES, TO SOCIETIES MEDICAL, SOCIETIES MUSICAL, SOCIETIES PHILOSOPHICAL, AND SOCIETIES GENERALLY BENEVOLENT, THROUGHOUT EUROPE, ETC., ETC.

In the summer of eighteen hundred and fifty I arrived in England, charged with a delicate political mission from abroad. Certain influential persons were semi-officially connected with me, whose exertions I was authorized to direct—Monsieur and Madame Rubelle being among the number. Some weeks of spare time were at my disposal before I entered on my functions by establishing myself in the suburbs of London. Curiosity may stop here, to ask for some explanation of those functions on my part. I refer curiosity sympathize with the question. I also regret that diplomatic reserve forbids me to comply with it.

I arranged to pass the preliminary period of repose, to which I have just referred, in the superb mansion of my late lamented friend, Sir Percival Glyde. *He* arrived from the Continent with *his* wife; *I* arrived from the Continent with mine. England is the land of domestic happiness—how appropriately we entered it under these domestic circumstances!

The bond of friendship which united Percival and myself was strengthened, on this occasion, by a touching similarity in the circumstances of our union on his side and on mine. We both wanted money. Immense necessity! Universal want! Is there a civilized human being who does not feel for us? How insensible must that man be! Or how rich!

I enter into no sordid particulars in discussing this part of the subject. My mind revolts from them. With a Roman austerity I show my empty purse and Percival shows his shrinking public gaze. Let us allow the deplorable fact to subsist itself, once for all, in that manner, and pass on.

We were received at the mansion by the magnificent creature who is inscribed in my heart as "Marian"—who is known in the colder atmosphere of Society as "Miss Halcombe."

Just fancy! with what insensate folly unsparingly I learned to adore that woman. At sixty per annum she adores me, got nothing over fifty shillings and the pennies. Such is the World! such Man; such Love. What are we (I ask) but puppets in a show-box? Oh, strengthen, Destiny, pull our strings gently! Dance us mercifully off our miserable little stage!

The preceding lines, richly perverted, express an entire system of philosophy. It is Mine. I resume.

The domestic position at the commencement of our residence at Blackwater Park has been drawn with amazing accuracy, with profound mental insight, by the hand of Marian herself. (Pass me the intoxicating familiarity of mentioning this sublime creature by her Christian name!) Accurate knowledge of the contents of her journal—to which I obtained access by clandestine means, unspeakably precious to me in the remembrance—warns my eager pen from topics which this essentially exhaustive woman has already made her own.

The interests—interests, breathless and immense!—with which I am here concerned, begin with the domestic calamity of Marian's illness.

The situation, at this period, was emphatically a serious one. Large sums of money, due at a certain time, were wanted by Percival (I say nothing of the sum-obscene equally necessary to myself); and the one source to look to for supplying them was the fortune of his wife, of which not one farthing was at his disposal until her death. Bad, so far; but—in the language of the all-pervading Shakspeare—worse remained behind. My lamented friend had private troubles of his own, into which the delicacy of my disinterested attachment to him forbade me from inquiring. Percival's affairs, I have nothing but that a woman, named Anne Catherick, was hidden in the neighborhood, and that she was in communication with Lady Glyde: and that the disclosure of a secret, which would be the certain ruin of Percival, might be the result. He had told me himself that he was a lost man, unless his wife was silenced, unless Anne Catherick was found. If he was a lost man, what would become of our pecuniary interests? Courageous as I am by nature, I absolutely trembled at the idea!

The whole force of my intelligence was now directed to the finding of Anne Catherick. Our money affairs, impatient of delay, admitted of delay; but the necessity of discovering the woman admitted of none. Time was precious. My description, as presenting an extraordinary personal resemblance to Lady Glyde. The statement of all the circumstances known privately to assist me in identifying the person of whom we were in search—when coupled with the additional information that Anne Catherick had escaped from a mad-house, started the first immense conception in my mind which subsequently led to such amazing results. That conception involved nothing less than the complete transformation of two separate identities. Lady Glyde and Anne Catherick were to change names, places, and destinies, the one with the other—for prodigious purposes contemplated by the change being the gain of thirty thousand pounds, and the eternal preservation of Percival's secret.

My instincts (which seldom err) suggested to me, on reviewing the circumstances, that our invisible Anne was probably drawing nearer to the boat-house at the Blackwater Lake. There I posted myself, previously mentioning to Mr. Michelson (the landlord) that my height he found when wanted, immersed in study, in that solitary place. It is my habit always to make use necessary mysteries, and never to set people suspecting me for want of a little reasonable candor on my part. Mrs. Rubelle I included in my from first to last. This lady-like person (widow of a Protestant Priest) overflown with faith Vaughel by sad experience, I had placed in my confidence in a woman of her mature years, I opened the ample reservoirs of my nature, and absorbed it till.

I was rewarded for posting myself sentinel at the lake, by the appearance—not of Anne Catherick herself, but of the person in search of her. This individual also overflowed with sim-ple faith, which I absorbed in the same in the case already mentioned. I leave her to describe the circumstances (if she has not done so already) under which she conducted the stranger to the object of her maternal care. When I first saw Anne Catherick she was asleep. I was electrified by the likeness between the unhappy woman and Lady Glyde. The details of the grand scheme, which had suggested themselves in outline only when I left London, occurred to me, in all their masterly combination, at the sight of the sleeping face. At the same time my brain was always accessible to tender influences, dissolved in tears at the spectacle of suffering before me. I instantly took steps to relieve that suffering. In other words, I provided the necessary stimulant for strengthening Anne Catherick to perform the journey to London.

At this point I enter a necessary protest, and correct a lamentable error.

The best years of my life have been passed in the ardent study of medical and chemical science. Chemistry, especially, has always had irresistible attractions for me, from the enormous, the sublime facility which it affords to the use of it confers. Chemists, I assert it emphatically, might sway, if they pleased, the destinies of humanity. Let me explain this before I go further.

Mind, they say, rules the world. But what rules the mind? It is rash to say the body (before me closely here) lies at the mercy of the most omnipotent of all mortal potentates—the Chemist. Let me, Fosco, the chemist, ask when Shakspeare has conceived Hamlet, and sits down to describe the conception—what do the grains of powder dropped into his daily food, I will reduce his mind, by the action of his body, till his pen puts out the most abject drivel that has ever degraded paper. Under similar circumstances, revive me the illustrious Newton. I guarantee him, when he puts down his fair fall, his shall *err* it, instead of discovering the principle of gravitation. Nero's dinner shall transform Seneca into a driveller instead of before his has done digesting it; and the morning draught of Alexander the Great shall make Alexander rush for his life, at the first sight of the enemy, the same afternoon. On my sacred word of honor, it is lucky for society that modern chemists are, by incomprehensible good fortune, the most harmless of mankind. The mass are good fellows, and I salute you my brothers. The few philosophers besotted with admiration for the sound of their own lecturing voices; visionaries who waste their lives on fantastic impossibilities; or quacks whose ambition soars no higher than our corns. Thus Society escapes; and the illimitable power of Chemistry remains the slave of the most superficial and the most insignificant ends.

Why this outburst? Why this withering colloquium?

Because my conduct has been misrepresented, because my motives have been misunderstood. It has been assumed that I used my vast chemical resources against Anne Catherick; and that I would have used them, if I could, against that magnificent Marian herself. Odious insinuations both! All my interests were concerned (as will be seen presently) in the preservation of Anne Catherick's life. All my anxieties were concentrated on Marian's rescue from the hands of the monster to whose lot she attended her, and who found my advice confirmed, from first to last, by the opinion of a physician. On two occasions only—both equally harmless to the individual on whom I practiced—did I summon to myself the assistance of my profound knowledge. On the first of the two, after following Marian to the Inn at Blackwater (studying, behind a row of wagons which hid me from her, the poetry of motion, as embodied in her walk), I availed myself of the services of my invaluable friend, to cope and to conquer the other of two letters which my adored enemy had intrusted to a discarded maid. In this case, the letters had been the property of the dress. Madame Fosco could only open them, read them, pretend to reseal them, and put back. I put them back again, by scientific assistance—which assistance I rendered in a half-ounce bottle. The second occasion, when the same means were employed, was the occasion (to which I shall soon refer) of Lady Glyde's arrival in London. Secrets, at any other time, was I indebted to my Art, as distinguished from myself. To all other emergencies and complications my resources—moral, physical, coupling, high-chemical, with circumstances, was invariably equal. I affirm this all-pervading intelligence of their capacity. At the expense of the Chemist, I vindicate the Man.

Respect for the outburst of generous indignation It has inexpressibly relieved me. *En route!* Let us proceed.

Having suggested to Mrs. Clement (or Clements, I am not sure which) that the best method of keeping Anne and Percival apart was to remove her to London; having found that my proposal was eagerly received; and having appointed a day to meet the travelers at the station, and to see them leave it, I was at liberty to return to the house and to overlook the difficulties which still remained to be met.

My first proceeding was to invite Marian into the garden, where I found her in close confidence with Mrs. Clements that she should communicate her London address, in Anne's interests, by Sunday next. This duty I undertook to perform myself, in my absence, might shake the simple confidence of Mrs. Clements, and she might not write at all. I, therefore, as I had capable of traveling to London by the train late that night, and of privately seeing her on arrival. I asked myself this question. The congruous part of me immediately answered, Madame Fosco.

After directing that my valet should go to London, I arranged that the journey should serve a double purpose. A nurse for the suffering Marian, capable of keeping the patient and to myself, was a necessity of my position. One of the most eminently confidential and capable women in existence—my wife. Fortune, as I have observed, I refer to that respectable matron, Madame Rubelle—to whom I addressed a letter, at her residence in London, by the hands of my valet.

On the appointed day Mrs. Clements and Anne Catherick met me at the railway. They reliably saw them off. I politely saw Madame Fosco off by the same train. The last thing at night, my valet returned to Blackwater, having followed her instructions with the most unimpeachable accuracy. She was accompanied by Madame Rubelle, who brought me the London address of Mrs. Clements. After-events proved this last precaution to have been not necessary. Mrs. Clements punctually informed Lady Glyde of her place of abode. With a way me future communication was established.

The same day I had a brief interview with the doctor, at which I protested, in the sacred interests of humanity, against the treatment of Marian's case. He was insolent, as all ignorant people are. I showed no resentment. I detected a rising talent in him till it was necessary to quarrel to some purpose.

My next proceeding was to leave Blackwater myself. I left for London residence to take, in anticipation of coming events. I had also a little business, of my domestic sort, to transact. I had wisely allowed to reach its destination; feeling, at the time, that it could do no harm, and might do some good, if I represented myself before Mr. Fairlie, to support Marian's own proposal, with certain modifications which, happily for the success of my plans, were rendered really inevitable by her illness. It was necessary that Lady Glyde should leave Blackwater alone, by her uncle's invitation, and that she should rest a night on the journey at her aunt's residence (Mrs. Vesey's house, in St. John's Wood), by her uncle's express advice. To achieve these results, and to secure a note of invitation which could be shown to Lady Glyde, were the objects of my visit to Mr. Fairlie. When I have mentioned that this gentleman was equally feeble in mind and body, and that I let loose the whole force of my character on him, I have said enough. I came, saw, and conquered Fairlie.

On my return to Blackwater Park (with the letter of invitation) I found that the doctor's imbecile treatment of Marian's case had led to the most alarming results. The fever had turned to Typhus. Lady Glyde, on the day of my return, tried to force herself into the room to nurse her sister. She was kept out by attacks of sympathy; she had committed the unpardonable outrage on my sensibilities of calling me a spy; she was a stumbling-block in the way and in Percival's—but, for all that, my magnanimity forbade me to put her in danger of infection with my own hands. At the second visit, I offered no hindrance to her putting herself in danger. She had succeeded in doing so, the intricate hour which I was slowly and patiently operating on might perhaps have been cut by circumstances. As it was, the doctor interfered, and she was kept out of the room.

I had myself previously recommended sending for advice to London. This course had been now taken. The physician, on his arrival, confirmed my view of the case. The crisis was serious. But we had hope of the turning point on the fifth day from the appearance of the Typhus. It was only once absent from Blackwater at this time—when I drove to the office by the morning train, to make the final arrangements in my power. When I had to see Marian sure myself, by private inquiry, that Mrs. Clements had not moved; and to settle one or two little preliminaries with the husband of Madame Rubelle. I returned at night. Five days afterward the physician pronounced on interesting Marian to be out of danger, and to be in need of nothing but careful nursing. This was the time I had waited for. Now that my great attendance was no longer indispensable, I played the first move in the game by asserting myself against Percival. He was under so many witnesses in my way whom it was necessary to remove. A lively altercation between us (in which Percival, grossly instructed by me, refused to interfere) served the purpose in view. I descended on the miserable man in an irresistible avalanche of indignation, and swept him from the house.

The servants were the next encumbrances to get rid of. I had received instructions (of whose moral courage required perpetual stimulants), and Mrs. Michelson was amazed, one day, by hearing from her master that the whole household was to be broken up. We cleared the house of all the servants but two, on the plea of saving for domestic purposes, and whose lumpish stupidity we could trust to make no embarrassing discoveries. When these last dismissals remained but to relieve ourselves of Mrs. Michelson—a result which was easily achieved by sending this unlucky dupe to the lodging-house for ministers at the sea-side.

The circumstances were now exactly what I wished them to be. Lady Glyde was confined to her room by nervous illness; and the lumpish household (I forgot to mention) had shut up there, at night, in attendance on her mistress. Marian, though fast recovering, still kept her bed, with Mrs. Rubelle for nurse. No other living creatures but my wife, myself, and Percival were in the house. With all the chances thus in our favor, I confronted the present emergency, and played the second move in the game.

The object of the second move was to induce Lady Glyde to leave Blackwater Park accompanied by her sister. Unless we could persuade her that Marian had gone on to London before her, there was no chance of removing her, of her own free-will, from the house. To produce this necessary conviction in her mind, I arranged that our interesting invalid in one of the uninhabited bedrooms at Blackwater. At the dead of night Marian Rubelle was dressed in Marian's own (Percival not being cool enough to be trusted), accomplished the concealment. The necessary preparations were made, the carriage was brought round to the door, by my directions the bed between made, in the morning, on a mattress in the frame-work of wood. We had only to lift the frame-work gently at the head and foot, and to transport our patient where we pleased, without disturbing herself or her bed. No chemical assistance was needed, or used, in this case. Our interesting Marian lay in bed for the purpose of convalescence. We placed the candles and opened the doors betrothed. I, in right of my great experience, walked at the head of the frame-work; my wife and Madame Rubelle took the foot. I leave it to the world's intellectual powers to decide (after this full description) Ass for the Arts! alas for this most pictorial of subjects! the modern Rembrandt is nowhere to be found.

The next morning my wife and I started for London, leaving Marian secluded in the uninhabited middle of the house, under care of Madame Rubelle, who kindly consented to imprison herself with her patient for two or three days. Before taking our departure I gave Percival Mr. Fairlie's letter of invitation to his niece (addressed to her at home on the journey to Cumberland, at her aunt's house), with directions to show it to Lady Glyde on hearing from me, and also obtained from him the address of the Asylum in which Anne Catherick had been confined, and a letter to the proprietor, announcing to that gentleman the return of his runaway patient to medical care.

I had arranged, at my last visit to the metropolis, to have our modest domestic establishment ready to receive us when we arrived in London by the early train. In consequence of this wise

precaution we were enabled, that same day, to play the third move in the game—the getting possession of Anne Catherick.

Dates are of importance here. I combine in myself the opposite characteristics of a Man of Sentiment and a Man of Business. I have all the dates at my fingers' ends.

On the 27th of July, 1850, I sent my wife, in a cab, to clear Mrs. Clements out of the way, in the first place. A supposed message from Lady Glyde in London was sufficient to obtain this result. Mrs. Clements was taken away in the cab, and was left in the cab, while my wife (on pretence of purchasing something at a shop) gave her the slip, and returned to receive her expected visitor at our house in St. John's Wood. It is hardly necessary to add that the visitor had been described to the servants as "Lady Glyde."

In the mean while I had followed in another cab, with a note for Anne Catherick, merely mentioning that Lady Glyde intended to keep Mrs. Clements to spend the day with her, and that she was to join them, under care of the good gentleman now in question, who had already saved her from discovery in Hampshire by Sir Percival. The "good gentleman" sent in the note by a man in livery, and paused for results at a door or two further on. At the moment when Anne appeared at the house door and closed it, this gentleman and the cab door open ready for her, absorbed her into the vehicle, and drove off.

(Pass me here one exclamation in parenthesis. How interesting this is!)

On the road to Forest Road my companion showed no fear. I can be paternal—no man more so—when I please; and I was intensely paternal on this occasion. What could I say to her confidence! I had compounded the medicine which had done her good; I had warned her of her danger from Sir Percival. Perhaps I trusted too implicitly to these titles; perhaps I underrated the keenness of the lower instincts in persons of weak intellect—it is certain that I neglected to prepare her sufficiently for a disappointment on entering my house. When I took her into the drawing-room—when she saw no one present but Madame Fosco, who was a stranger to her—she exhibited the most violent agitation: if she had scented danger in the air, as a dog scents the presence of some creature unseen, her alarm could not have displayed itself more suddenly and more causelessly. I interposed in vain. The fear from which she was suffering (it might be soothed) but the serious heart disease under which she labored was beyond the reach of all moral palliatives. In the unspeakable horror, she was seized with convulsions—a shock to the system, in her condition, which might have laid her dead at any moment at our feet.

The nearest doctor was sent for, and was told that Lady Glyde required his immediate services. To my infinite relief, he was a capable man. I represented my visitor to him as a person of weak intellect, and subject to disturbance, and I arranged that no nurse but my wife should watch in the sick-room. The unhappy woman was too ill, however, to cause any anxiety about what she might say. The one dread which now oppressed me was the dread that the false Lady Glyde might die before the true Lady Glyde arrived in London. I had written a note in the morning to Madame Rubelle, telling her to join me at her husband's house on the evening of the 29th; with another note to Percival, warning him to show his wife her uncle's letter of invitation, to assert that Marian had gone on before her, and to dispatch her to town by the mid-day train on the 29th. On reflection, I had felt the necessity, in Anne Catherick's state of health, of precipitating events, and of leaving Lady Glyde at my disposal earlier than I had originally contemplated. What fresh directions, in the further uncertainty of my position, could I now issue? I could do nothing but trust to chance and the doctor. My emotions expressed themselves in pathetic apostrophes—to which I was just self-possessed enough to couple, in the hearing of other people, with the name of "Lady Glyde." In all other respects, Fosco, on that memorable day, was Fosco shrouded in total eclipse.

She passed a bad night—she awoke worn out—but, later in the day, she revived amazingly. My classic events accord with her. I could receive no answers from Percival and Madame Rubelle till the morning of the next day, the 29th. In anticipation of their following my directions, which, accident apart, I knew they would do, I went to secure a fly to fetch Lady Glyde from my railway; directing it to be at my house on the 29th, at two o'clock. After seeing the order entered in the book, I went on to arrange matters with Monsieur Rubelle. I also procured the services of two gentlemen, who could help him with the necessary extinction of lunacy. One of them I knew personally; the other was known to Monsieur Rubelle. Both were men whose vigorous minds soared superior to narrow scruples—both were laboring under temporary embarrassments—both believed in me.

It was past five o'clock in the afternoon before I returned from the performance of these duties. When I got back Anne Catherick was dead. Dead on the 28th; and Lady Glyde was not to arrive in London till the 29th!

I was stunned. Meditate on that. Fosco stunned!

It was too late to retrace our steps. Before my return the doctor had officiously undertaken to save me all trouble by registering the death, on the date when it happened, with my own hand. My grand scheme, unassailable hitherto, had at last—now—no stay whatever on my part could alter the fatal event of the 28th. I turned mentally to the fatuous. Percival's interests and mine being still at stake, nothing was left but to play the game through to the end. I recalled my impenetrable calm—and played it.

On the morning of the 29th Percival's letter reached me, announcing his wife's arrival by the mid-day train. Madame Rubelle also wrote to say she would follow in the evening. I started in the fly, bowled to the false Lady Glyde dead in the house, to receive the true Lady Glyde, on her arrival by the railway, at three o'clock. Hidden under the seat of the carriage, I carried with me all the clothes Anne Catherick had worn on coming into my house—they were destined to assist the resurrection of the woman who was dead, in the person of the woman who was living. What a situation! I appeal to the rising romantic writers of England. I offer it, as totally new, to the worn-out dramatists of France.

Lady Glyde was at the station. There was great crowding and confusion, and more delay than I liked (in case any of her friends had happened to be at the station) in reclaiming her luggage. Her first questions, as we drove off, implored me to tell her where her sister, I invented news of the most pacifying kind; assuring her that she was about to see her sister at my house. My house! I appeal to society, I was in the neighborhood of Leicester Square, I was in the companionship of Monsieur Rubelle, who received us in the hall.

I took my visitor up stairs into a back room: the two mutual gentlemen I have spoken of were in waiting on the floor beneath, to see the patient, and to give me their certificates. After quieting Lady Glyde on the necessary questions about her sister, I introduced my friends, separately, to her presence. They performed the formal rites of the occasion briefly, intelligently, conscientiously. I entered the room again as soon as they had left it; and at once precipitated events by a reference, of the alarming kind, to "Miss Halcombe's" state of health.

Result followed as I had anticipated. Lady Glyde became frightened, and turned faint. For the second time, and the last, I called Science to my assistance. A dessert glass of water, and a medicated bottle of smelling-salts, relieved her of all further embarrassment and alarm. Additional applications, in the course of the evening, procured her the inestimable blessing of a good night's rest. Madame Rubelle arrived in time to preside at Lady Glyde's toilet. Her own clothes were taken away from her at night, and Madame Rubelle's were put on in the morning, with the strictest regard to propriety, by the matronly hands of the good Rubelle. Throughout the day I was occupied on our joint and initially-suspended consciousness, until the dexterous assistance of my medical friends enabled me to procure the necessary order under which than I had ventured to hope. That evening (the evening of the 30th) Madame Rubelle and I took over revived "Anne Catherick" to the Asylum. She was received with great surprise, but without suspicion—thanks to the order and certificates, to Percival's letter, to Rubelle's likeness, to the clothes, and to the patient's own confused mental condition at the time. I returned at once to assist Madame Fosco in the preparations for the burial of the false "Lady Glyde," having the clothes of the true "Lady Glyde" in my possession. They were afterward sent to Cumberland by the conveyance which was used for the funeral. I attended the latter with becoming dignity, attired in the deepest mourning.

My narrative of these remarkable events, written under equally remarkable circumstances, closes here. Some minor points on which I reserved, in communicating with Limmeridge House, are already known—so is the magnificent success of my enterprise—so the solid pecuniary results which followed it. I have to assert, with the whole force of my conviction, that the one weak point in my combinations would never have been found out if the one weak place in my heart had not been discovered first. Nothing but my fatal admiration for Marian restrained me from stepping in to my own rescue when she effected her sister's escape. On the risk that existed in the complete destruction of Lady Glyde's identity. If either Marian or Mr. Hartright anticipated the assertion hereby, they would publicly expose themselves to the imputation of sustaining a rank deception; they would be ensnared into admitting a conspiracy: and they would, therefore, be powerless to place my interests or Percival's secret in jeopardy. I committed one error in visiting Anne; to such a blindfold calculation of chances as this. I committed another when Percival had paid the penalty of his own obstinacy and baseness, by granting Lady Glyde a second reprieve from the lunatic house, and allowing her to contract a new bond of existence with me. In brief, Fosco, at this serious crisis, was untrue to himself. Deplorable as the confession must be, I found the cause in my Heart—behold, in the image of Marian Halcombe, the first and last weakness of Fosco's life!

At the ripe age of sixty, I make this unparalleled confession. Youths! I invoke your sympathy. Maidens! I claim your tears.

A word more—and the attention of the reader (concentrated breathlessly on myself) shall be released.

My own mental insight informs me that three inevitable questions will be asked here by persons of inquiring minds. They shall be stated; they shall be answered.

First question. What is the secret of Madame Fosco's unhesitating devotion of herself to the fulfillment of my hidden designs, and her disinheritance of my deepest plans? I might answer this by simply referring to my own character; and by asking in my turn—Where, in the history of the world, has a man of my order ever been found without a woman in the back-ground, self-immolated on the altar of his life? But I remember that I am writing in England; I remember that I was married in England—and I ask, if a woman's marriage-obligations, in this country, provide for her private opinion of her husband's principles? No! They charge her irrevocably to love, honor, and obey him. That is exactly what my wife has done. I stand here on a supreme moral elevation; and I defy mankind to show a better performance of conjugal duties. Silence, Calumny! Your sympathy, Wives of England, for Madame Fosco!

Second question. If Anne Catherick had not died when she did, what should I have done? I should, in that case, have awaited a worn-out Nature in finding permanent repose. I should have opened the doors of the Prison of Life, and have extended to the captive (incarnally afflicted in mind and body both) a happy release.

Third question. On a calm revision of all the circumstances—Is my conduct worthy of Count Fosco? Most emphatically, No! Have I not carefully avoided exposing myself to the odium of committing unnecessary crime? With my unrivaled resources in chemistry, I might have taken Lady Glyde's life. At immense personal sacrifice I followed the dictates of my own ingenuity—even in humanity, my own invention—and took her identity instead. Judge me by what I might have done. How comparatively innocent! how indirectly virtuous! appear in what I really did!

I summarized, on beginning it, that this narrative would be a remarkable account. It has entirely answered my expectations. Receive the assurance, that nothing was kept in reserve. I leave forever. They are worthy of the occasion, and worthy of

FOSCO.

OLD KING HAKE.

BORN of the Sea on a rocky coast
Was old King Hake,
Where sooner late or earlier frost
Brave virtue make!
He was a hero in the old
Blood-letting days
An iron hero of Norse mould,
With iron ways.

His feet were rough-shod for the day
Of treading down.
When sword met flesh the blood would start
With old King Hake;
Not sneak in dark coves of the heart,
Where evils lie snake.
And secret murder's bids he must
When sharp within his sheath asleep
Lay his good sword,
He held it royal work to keep
His kirtle deep.

A man of valor, bloody and wild,
In Viking need
And yet of fruitful feeling mild
As honey-mead.

Once in his youth, from farm to farm,
Collecting scat,
He gathered gifts and welcomes warm;
And one night sat,
With hearts all happy for his throne—
Wishing no higher—
Where peasant faces merrily shone
At cosy fire.

Their Braga-bowl was handed round
By one fair girl:
The Sea-King looked and thought, "I've found
My hidden pearl."
Her wavy hair was golden fair,
Her eyes were blue;
Her cyes clear blue as heaven, and there
Lay his new world.
He drank out of the mighty horn,
Strong, stinging stuff;
Then wiped his mouth unshorn
With hand as rough.
And kissed her; drew her to his side,
And swung mate.
Saying, "If you will make her a Bride,
I'll make her a Queen."
And round that strong arm, for fun,
For, in those days,
A waist could feel: 'twas lithe and warm,
And full of grace.
"How many brave deeds have you done?"
She asked low and wooer,
Counting the arm's gold rings: they won
One victory more.
The blood of joy leaped rich and red
Out of his face;
And to his smiling strength he wed
Her fearless grace.
'Twas thus King Hake struck royal root
In homely ground;
And hankered after goodlier fruit
His branches crowned.

But Hake could never bind at home
His spirit free;
It grew familiar with the foam
Of many a sea;
A rare good bluff whose way was rent
In many a war,
And wore no gem for ornament
But battle-scar.
In day of battle and hour of strife,
Cried Old King Hake:

"Kings live for honor, not long life."
Then would he break
Right through their circle of shields, to reach
Some chief of a race
That never yielded ground, but each
Died in his place.
There the old Norseman stood up tall
Above the rest;
Mainmast of mast, head of all,
They saw his crest
Toss, where the war-eyes reared, and rode
O'er mounds of dead,
And where the battle-dust was trod
Red as his tread.

For Odin, in the glad wide blue
Of heaven, would laugh
With smiles, and the ruddy dew
Of slaughter quaff.

Hake did not seek to softly die,
With child and wife;
He bore his hard death as high
As in his life.
Glittering in eye, and grim in lip,
His hale form rose
Ready for sailing his War-Ship,
That he, King Hake,
The many-sounded, gray, and old,
His day being done,
He, the Norse warrior, brave and bold,
Might die like one.
And chanting some old battle-song,
Thrilling and weird,
His soul vibrating, shook his long
Majestic beard.
He gilded his blue-eye, still red,
In his right hand;
With shield on arm, and helm on head,
Stood ready!) Lo!
And girded him with his good sword;
And so attired,
With like his arms all aboard,
The ship he fired,
And lay down with his heroes dead,
On deck to die;
Still singing, drooped his gray old head,
With face to sky.
There, as a sinking sunset dies
Down in the west,
The fire went out; the rude heart lies
At rest—at rest,
And sleeping in its ocean bed,
That burial-place
Most royal for the kingly dead
Of the old sea-race!
So the Norse noble of renown,
With his stern pride,
That flamed out of death pulled down,
And so he died.

SNAIL-EATING.

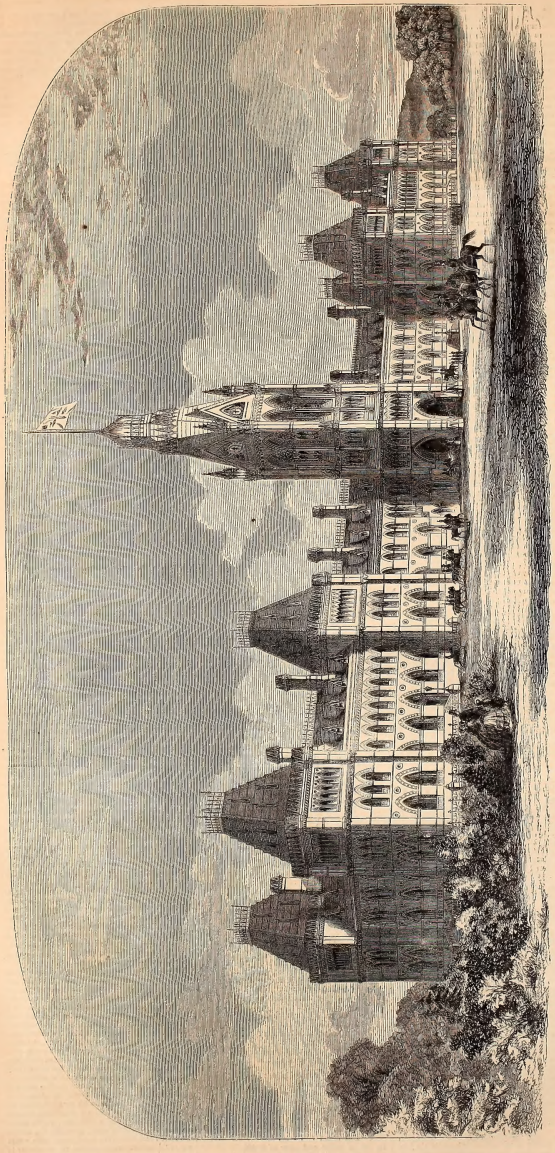
IF he was a bold man who first ate an oyster, we hold it to be equally incontrovertible that he was a bolder or more hungry man who ate the first snail. Nevertheless, the snail has been regarded as an article of food from the earliest ages. In Pliny's time snails had become a favorite dish with the Roman gourmands, and every corner of the empire was ransacked for the finest and fattest specimens. The practice of fattening snails for the table lasted for many centuries; and there were to be found many establishments for this purpose, known as *escargotieres*, in France, Belgium, Switzerland, and Austria, during the last century.

Like the fish, the snail never found many admirers in England as a comestible; but in France, especially in the warmer and more southern departments, it is a favorite article of food, and an important item of commerce. They are not only used for home consumption, but even sent abroad to America, the Antilles, and Senegal. Some idea of the estimation in which they are held may be formed from the price current, which varies according to size and quality; from a penny to twopence per hundred at Toulouse, but those which are sent to Paris, from Burgundy, Champagne, and Franche Comté, realize as much as sixpence per hundred. The latter, however, are of a very large and succulent description, known as *Helix Pomatia*, the vine-snail or Burgundy oyster. The entire animal is nearly three inches long, of a yellowish or pearl ash gray, and its skin covered with rough tubercles. Its shell is proportionately large, thick, and strong, of a lovely clear yellowish color, with irregular bands and markings.

At Marseille, the *H. Pisana*, or snail of Pisa, is in most request, being often to be met with at sums of five or six thousand francs every year. This is a pretty and delicately-shaped snail, with a yellow ish shell, marked with brown bands, and the interior of pearly rose. This would be a good snail to begin upon if we were commencing a career, as it has a much less formidable appearance than the large *Pomatia*, or Burgundy oyster.

If any of our country-readers recommend a dish of snails, it is generally with a diffident air, and an appeal to their medical rather than their gastronomical virtues; for instance, leaf-powder, which is made of these mollusks dried in an oven, shell and all, and then bruised in a mortar, is still recommended as a dose to be taken as an emulsion; and slater or sing gowder, which is similarly prepared, is recommended as warm drink, and consequently more suitable for consumptive patients.

Here, however, is a genuine receipt for snailbroth: "Wash them extremely well, and throw them into very hot water; take them out of the shell, and pass them through several waters, *scrubbing them well with the hand*; slice them, pound the shells, and put all into a sauce-pan, with as much water as will cover them; boil, skim, and let them simmer for several hours; add a little salt, sugar, and a very small quantity of mace, to correct the mawkish taste; and three nerve leaves—or as some would say, as Abernethy recommended the cucumber to be served, throw them out of the window.



PROPOSED NEW PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS AT OTTAWA, CANADA, OF WHICH THE PRINCE OF WALES LAYS THE CORNER-STONE.

VOICELESS VERSE.

BY C. H. WEBB.

The world is rife with nobler thought
Than trembles on the tongue;
The world is full of melody
Unwritten and unsung.
The music of a march is sweet,
But action is sublime,
And you may live a nobler verse
Than can be told in rhyme!

Sweep from my sight these voiceless books—
They vex my weary brain;
And I will sit at Nature's feet—
Her open page the plain—
And read a pleasant pastoral
In every blade that grows;
A lyric in the lily-leaf,
An epic in the rose.

Let lyres and lutes, with tinkling breath,
To love-sick girls belong;
The rhythm of a well-spent life
Is sweeter far than song.
I'm weary of the waste of words—
Our world were not so dead
If half our bards would cease to write
And live their poems instead!

THE CITY OF OTTAWA.

FROM Montreal the Prince of Wales goes to Ottawa City, which is to be the future capital of the Province of Canada—unless the British Provinces should be united, in which case Quebec would probably be the capital. At Ottawa he is to lay the corner-stone of the new Parliament Houses; we accordingly present our readers with a fine picture of them, from the architect's design. They will be, perhaps, the finest State Houses in North America. In No. 156 of this Journal we published a full description of them.

Ottawa itself is a pretty little town of perhaps four or five thousand inhabitants, admirably situated on the River Ottawa, and at the mouth of the Rideau Canal. Its first name was Bytown, in memory of Colonel By, the engineer who built the Rideau Canal. In 1855 the inhabitants had it changed, and reverted to the more poetic aboriginal appellation. Tradition states that the first settler of Ottawa was a Yankee named Wright, who built himself a log-cabin there sixty years ago. The place grew slowly. The adjacent country does not precisely teem with milk and honey, though a great deal of timber is taken out of the woods round about, and floated down the Ottawa to a market. Within the past ten years, and especially since the Queen designated Ottawa as the proper site of the Provincial Government, the town has thriven rapidly.

Captain Brand,

OF THE

SCHOONER "CENTIPEDE,"

A PIRATE OF EMINENCE IN THE WEST INDIES;

His Loves and Exploits,

TOGETHER WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE SINGULAR MANNER BY WHICH HE DEPARTED THIS LIFE.

By LIEUT. H. A. WISE, U.S.N.

(HARRY GRINGO),

AUTHOR OF "LOS GRINGOS" AND "TALES FOR THE MARINES."

CHAPTER XLIX.—(*Continued.*)

To go back again for a week, the *Monongahela*—double-banked leviathan as she was—came plunging out to sea from Kingston; every man and boy, from Jack Smith on her forecastle to Bill Pump in the spirit-room, and from Richard Hardy to Tiny Mouse, knowing from the first plunge the frigate made what they all sailed for.

With her proud head toward the east she went dashing on past the White Horse Rocks, and woe to the small angry waves which did not get out of her way, for she smashed them contemptuously in foamy masses from her majestic bows, sending them back in sparkling spray and bubbles to hiss their anger away to leeward in her wake. On she went, far off to sea where the trade-wind was strongest, disdaining gentle zephyrs near the land, with her great square yards swinging round at every watch while bending to windward; the tacks close down, yards as fine as they would lie, and the heavy sheets flat aft.

Every evening the surgeon, the purser, the chaplain, the major, and the old sailing master were in the cabin, going over the chase of a certain Pirate in a schooner *Centipede*, away down on the Darien Coast, with Cape Garrote there under their lee, and the vultures and the sharks grinding the bones and tearing the flesh of the half a man with the tusk gleaming out of his wiry mustache; and the Padre, with his eyes staring wide open, and the crucifix, borne away by the carnivorous birds of prey.

All of those dreadful particulars, together with matters that had gone before—of a lost boy, a heart-broken mother, and a murdered mate, Mr. Binks, on board the brig *Martha Blunt*—the party at Escondido, the snuff-box, and Paul Darcentel. All about him, too, from the tragedy on the plantation, his despair, and reckless life afterward, when he served in slavers, where he did something to allay the sufferings of the poor wretches; and afterward how he was trapanned to the Doce Leguas, went

THE OLD WATER-LOGGED LAUNCH.

a cruise with Mr. Bill Gibbs, whose leg he hacked off with a hand-saw, not knowing at the time about the locket; the little child he had saved; how that child had saved him from his torture on the trestle with his muscello teeth; how he had wandered the wide world over searching and searching for the mother of that boy.

And there the boy was—the manly, brave young fellow now—whom officers and sailors had always loved, flying away with the dark Doctor—no longer Darcantel, but Harry Piron —with his fond father and mother in the distance; and the sweet girl he adored with her blonde head resting in her mother's lap.

Ay, every soul in the ship knew all about it, and talked of it, and drank to the happiness of the young couple; all save Dick Hardy, who moved energetically about the frigate's decks, with his eyes every where, now and aloft, prompt, sharp, and quick, quite like Cleveland there beside him, when they were together in the old *Seneca* during the hurricane, and chased to her destruction the *Centipede*.

"Sail ho!" sung out the man on the fore-topsail yard.

"Where away?"

"Right ahead, Sir. A brig on the starboard tack!"

Ay, the old *Martha Blunt* bouncing along under all sail, especially at the short-coming seas, and striking them doggedly, as she beat up for the Windward Passage between Hayti and Cuba.

But there was an old sea-bruiser of a different build, who was then in the West Indies, and was after that sturdy old brig with teak ribs for a hearty set-to; and when she came up alongside, in the friendly sparring-match which ensued while both squared their main yards and lay for an hour side by side, there was considerable conversation; so much talk, in fact—boats going to and fro, mingled with roars, and shrieks, and clasping of hands on board the brig—never a sound on board the ship—that the blue pennant fluttered in such a way it was hard to tell whether it was Jacob, or Piron, or the sweet wife, or Mademoiselle, or her lovely mother, who threw their arms around that pennant's truck.

Then yard-arm and yard-arm, the frigate with her cavanas canopy of upper sails furled, and the brig in her best bib and tucker, they both filled away and moved side by side.

For a day or two they went on, talking and laughing to one another in those friendly shakes of the hand over blue water, until one day, the brig being to windward, she came upon an old, water-logged launch, with a broken mast and a torn sail hanging over her side.

It fell calm, and Jacob Blunt ordered young Binks to get into the yawl and tow the boat alongside, and to be smart about it; for the breeze might make so soon as the fog rose, and the Commodore was not the man to be kept waiting in a big frigate. Mr. Binks was smart about it, and presently he returned—though there was no hurry, for the calm lasted a long time—with his water-logged prize.

There was no human being in this prize; but when she came alongside, and a yard tackle was hooked on to her the main cut of her, Jacob Blunt and the people on board gave a pleasant yell of astonishment.

It was not the soiled pack of Spanish cards, or the few bundles of saturated paper cigars floating about, which caused this excitement. No, it was several canvas bags lying there in the stern-sheets, strapped with strands of a woman's red petticoat to the empty water-cask beneath the thwarts; and not one of those canvas bags, or what was in them, injured in the least by salt-water. Very carefully were those bags—and they were weighty—lifted on board the brig, over the rail where the pirates swarmed some long years ago, on to the quarter-deck; and then there was another joyous shout from Jacob Blunt, as when he had hailed the trade-wind in that long-past time.

"By all that's wonderful, here is my old bag of guineas, and some few Spanish milled dollars! Look at the mark, my darlings!"

Another weighty bag was set aside for Mrs. Timothy Binks, and the rest were devoted, with some large doubloon reservations for crew, to Martha Blunt and Jacob Blunt in their declining years.

Then, the weather being still calm and foggy, Jacob and his passengers went on board the double-banked frigate for Church service, where they all prayed with much hope and thanksgiving for what had passed and what was to come; and then they went into the Commodore's cabin, where they remained over so long a time.

Let us go back this same week again—a very long seven days it has been for every body, particularly so for the sixty-odd man, who was extremely anxious, as he kicked and lashed his mule, and kept looking round the south side of Jamaica, from Portland Point to Pedro Bluff and San Negril, throwing a ray of cold frost there day and night, expecting that tall Dorcet to come striding along in that deep water, heading due north.

And at last the dark figure hove in sight, in the schooner *Rosalie*—the sweet little craft skimming exultingly over the seas, kissing them occasionally with both her dainty, glistening cheeks, reeling joyously over on her side, with her tidy dimity laced and spread in one flat sheet of white; while the slender arms bent like whalebone to the freshening breeze, and she left the dancing bubbles sparkling and flashing for many in her wake, as she leaped away from their liquid embrace.

Two hundred miles to go, and the breeze fell from fresh to light, until at last, shrouded in a thick fog, one Sunday morning, when there was no air at all, only a flat calm, and a smooth as a glass mirror with the quicksilver clouded.

Then out sweeps, my lads! Ten of a side, and two of those bronzed old lads at each sweep! All except the two after ones, where Ben Brown and the tall Doctor handled one apiece.

Then, with sails down and bare arms, the light little *Rosalie* continued gliding rapidly over the mirrored surface—little ashamed of herself, perhaps, at being seen in such a scanty rig—while her commander guided her graceful course, and Harry Greenfield peered about forward to see that no harm should arrest her dainty footsteps.

Presently was heard the toll of a bell. The sweeps paused—the hide gromets resting on the tholl-pins, and the water raining from their broad blades.

"That must be a man-of-war off here on the quarter," exclaimed the young officer at the tiller, "ringing for church."

The old seamen at the sweeps unconsciously took off their hats, wiped the sweat from their brows, and listened.

"It can hardly be the *Monongohela*," said Ben, "though I'm pr'aps she took more of a breeze to wind'ard, off the island."

Still the schooner glided on noiselessly over the sea, until, a minute later, Harry Greenfield sung out,

"Port, Sir! or we'll be plumped on a vessel here ahead."

The helm was put down, and the *Rosalie* steered off to starboard within a hiccuit-tos of a large brig.

"By my grandmother's wig," said Ben, "that's the old *Martha Blunt*!"

"Henri," said Paul Darcenatel, in French, in his deep voice, "the last request I shall ever make is to keep on. There is not a moment to lose!"

"Give way, men!" shouted the officer, in decided tone, as the words came with a stifled gasp from his heaving breast, while the sigh that followed was drowned in the splash of the sweeps in the water as they again chafed in their grooves, and the foam flashed away from the blades in turn.

But there was another splash. A white object sprang with a bound over the brig's quarter, dipping below the surface of the calm sea, and when it came up two great flippers, with a large black head between them, struck out like the paws of an alligator, breasting the water with a speed that soon brought him within a few fathoms of the schooner's low counter. Then seizing hold of the stack of the main-sheet, which was thrown to him, he came up, hand over hand, as if he could tear the stern frame out of the schooner.

A vigorous grasp caught him by one paw, and, with the other laid on the taffrail, he leaped on deck as if his feet had pressed a spring board instead of the yielding water.

Again, as in the olden time, he held his little Henri aloft in his giant arms; but this time it was Banon who was dripping from a souse, and not his little master.

"Give way, my souls! Another thousand dollars if we get up to the Key before dark!" said the deep voice of the tall Doctor.

"Good Lord!" roared a voice from on board the brig, now shut up again all alone in the fog —"if that old nigger has not gone and jumped overboard my name's not Binks!"

All right, Mr. Binks; Banou is safe! Send a boat on board the *Monongohela*, and report that the schooner *Rosalie* has passed ahead," went back in a clear note.

It was some considerable time before Binks could believe that he had not been hailed by David Jones himself, for he had seen nothing—being at the time in the lower cabin reading his Bible, and writing his name, "Binnacle Binks, Master of brig *Martha Blunt*," on the fly-leaf; and he was only disturbed in this praiseworthy occupation by a heavy body plunging overboard, and by one of his drowsy crew, who had, with his comrades, been sleeping near, reporting that circumstance with his eyes half shut.

Then young Binks took a considerable more time to get a boat lowered, and send her, with the cabin-boy, to the large frigate close on his beam, whose bell had just struck seven.

The boat, too, with four sleepy hands to pull her, took considerable time to find the ship, and then the whistles were piping to dinner, and all the good people from the brig, with the flagofficers, had retired to the Commodore's cabin for luncheon.

When Jacob Blunt heard the news, regardless of sherry and cold tongue, he himself got in his boat, leaving his passengers in an excited frame of mind, but rather comfortable on the whole, and returned to the teak bosom of his *Martha*.

There he took young Binks firmly by the shoulder, and walked him aft to the rail where his father—long since dead and murdered—had been used to sit and sing sailor ditties.

Then he impressively told him that: "This 'ere sort of thing wouldn't do! Even if he was a readin' the Bible—which was all very good on occasion, such as clear weather out on the broad Atlantic; but in fog times, when schooners was creepin' about in amongst the Antilles, and particularly off Jamaky or the south side of Cuby, mates and men should be wide awake and lookin' every where. And harkee, Binnacle! When you commands this 'ere old brig, or maybe a bran-new *Martha Blunt*, and me and my old woman lying below quarter in narrow cabins, you must bear in mind these my words! Well, my boy! Don't rub that 'ere sleeve over your eyes no more, and it will be all right."

Young Binks promised "that from that 'ere minnit he would never set on no rails, or sip no grog, or even read his mother's old Bible when he wos on watch, but always be as keerful as if there wos no lady passengers or children on board, or bags of dollars in the lower cabin stateroom—that he would! And his blessed old second father might take his duty be, young Binks, would never be caught fool again!"

Meanwhile the girlish schooner tripped away far out of sight, and when the fog lifted and the breeze came to blow it to leeward she was once more tidily dressed in snowy white, and splashing the water from her black eyes, as the last rays of the setting sun showed her the Tiger's Trap in the distance.

"Henri, my boy, put your arms around me again, as you did when I lay in torture on the trestle on that island. Have no fears for me; we shall meet again. There! now listen to me. Here is a packet which I wish you to carry to Porto Rico with this letter. The old Judge is alive, I think, to whom this letter is addressed, and it may perhaps soothe his declining years. I wish to take your little gig, with Banou and Ben Brown—no more force—and if, as I believe, that villain has returned to his former haunt, I will fulfill my oath to its very letter. Meanwhile, so soon as we have shoved off, while the breeze still holds, run down to the frigate—she is not three leagues off—and you will be in your yearning parents' arms, and those of the girl you love, before they sleep. There! I know you will think of me. Farewell!"

CHAPTER L.

ON A BED OF THORNS.

"Ho, ho!" said Captain Brand, as he stretched out his straight legs, in their canvas casings, on the sand of the little cove, "safe and sound, and not a soul to share this nice supper of that good old man Miguel!

"Ho, ho!" continued he; "here at last! No Babette to cook for me, no *Centipede*, nothing but that staunch little boat presented me by that generous fisherman, who, I fear, is drowned by this time. Well, let us enjoy ourselves! Excellent red snapper this! Sausage, rather too much garlic perhaps; but the brown bread and the aguardiente unexceptionable. Bless away, my little fire, your sticks cost me much labor to dig out of my once comfortable house; but you are better than gunpowder any day.

"Just to think of the years that have passed! That great bank of sand there over the sheds, nearly as high as the crag, where my brave fellows once carried the young cocoa-nut palms springing up on the crag itself—not a vestige of my old habitation left, or the bright blades or pleasant guests to dine with me!" Here there was something of the old cold murderous scowl on the Captain's face as he twisted the point of his nose.

"Ah, yes! there may be my wary-eyed Sanchez left, though the last I heard of him was in the Capilla dungeon of the Moro. And that's—grating his teeth and glaring with his icy eyes at the fire as if those two blocks of ice could put it out—" cursed Doctor who pursues me!

"Well, well, neither of those old friends are here yet, and before another sun sets I shall bequeath the old den to them both! Ho, ho! with those solid bags of chinking metal I shall leave as much sand and rocks as they choose to walk over. What a sly devil I was to stow that treasure away for a rainy day! Every cold is living being! Poisoned the fellow, too, who made the lock! Capital joke, 'pon my soul!"

This was the very last of the very few jokes that Captain Brand ever enjoyed.

"And now I think of it, I wonder if my thirsty old mate's bones are yet lying there in the vault. What *was* his name? such a bad memory I have! oh, Gibbs—Bill Gibbs—with one leg! Ho, ho!"

Here Captain Brand drained another copious ejaculate out of a cracked earthen pot and slapped his fine leg with rapture.

"And those dear girls who married me! Lucia, too?"

The dirty wretch started as the wing of a seabird swooped down over the pure inlet; and he thought he saw a white forefinger beckoning him on to his doom.

"Pshaw!" said he, smoothing down his filthy tattered shirt with the finger of his mutilated left hand. "How nervous I am! But what a bonnie Pedillo made of that marriage! And my good Ricardo, too! What a feast the sharks must have had on his oily, well-fed carcass? Misericordia! Ho, ho! I believe I'll bid my friends good-night."

Captain Brand stretched himself out at full

"NOW CAPTAIN BRAND KNEW WHAT WAS COMING."

length on the shelly strand, his boat secured by a clove hitch round his right leg and riding calmly on the little inlet; his bald head, with the few dry gray hairs on his temples, resting on Miguel's scanit hat, and the thin scum of frosty eyelids drawn over his frozen eyes—cracking their covering at times—until at last the Pirate, aided by fiery aguardiente, slept.

A few late cormorants and sea-birds sailed over him in his fitful slumber, and uttered a cold cry as if their long time had come, and that he, too would shortly, as they sought their silent retreats on the wall of rocks opposite.

And Captain Brand dreamed too!—of the old laird, his father, in prison; his mother weeping over forged notes: the sleeping, unsuspecting people he had treacherously murdered: the pilgrims he had committed; the men he had slain in open conflict; those he had executed with his own private sword; the poor women of Panama in worse torments, when, indeed, even knife or pistol, poor or prayer, would have been a mercy: the agony and sufferings of those who survived them; with all the concomitant horrors which make the blood run cold to think of, and which made the Pirate's almost freeze in his veins—living years in minutes—did Captain Brand, as he lay there on the chill sand in his troubled nightmare of a sleep.

"*Ah, Dios! Dios!*" chattered the Señora Banana Pickle, at the other end of the inlet, while rolling over on the ledge of the rocks at the Tigre's Trap.

"What has become of my Ig—Ig—nacio—the one-eyed old villain who has persecuted me for forty years? Why did I cut the cord of the adrift bobber I got in myself? And here I am alone and desolate on this cursed island and my Ig—Ig—nacio gone with his spoil—or will he come back to me! *Ah, Dios! Dios!* what has become of the little man? He will kill me, *certe*, when he comes back and finds the boat gone with all the money, which nearly broke his thin back to bring here; but, *Dios! Dios!* I am dying of thirst, and not a shred of dried fish or perked beef has gone into my old mouth—"

Yes there has, Doña Pancha, for just then a piece of bacalao, salted rope—sailor, perhaps, for mastication—was placed across your crying mouth that you might bite upon, if you would only stop your old tongue.

For while you were screaming on the rocks, and yelling for your Ig—Ig—nacio, who was back for the last bag of gold that wasn't there, a light gig glided in like a black-fish, and a bigger black-fish dropped up and opened its great mouth, Pancha, with that bit of hide rope. But if you will keep quiet, Pancha, and not excercise Beauty on the Evil One, then the Pirate will give you a cup of liquid not known in the devil's dominions, and treat you also to some white bacon to nibble upon.

Ah! you will, eh? and tell all about that child of smoke, which you have seen? Then has been made by that cool-eyed Ig—Ig—nacio, away up there by the inlet? Now keep quiet again, old Doña Banana; and while your screaming mouth is gagged, don't cut this small gig away, or else she may navigate herself out to sea, as did your Ig's launch, and you be left desolate again.

The tropical night was still; the lizards wheedled, the bananas roared on the ocean beach, the ripples washed musically on the shelly shores, the alligators flapped about on the surface of the lagoon, the insects buzzed around the mangrove thickets; and as the gray dawn of morning appeared, and the rain began to fall, steamed a hot mist arose, through which the sea-birds flapped their wings and sailed away in search of their morning's meal. The alligator and the deep-sea fish, however, lay still and motionless low down by the base of the reefs, and watched with their cold, round eyes. The rain Brand, too, arose, and opening *his* greenbluish eyes, smoothing his moulting feathers, and splashing the fins in the wet water, took an observation.

This was the rainy day for which Captain Brand had laid by all that money to spend it in!

It was a Monday morning—Black Monday for Captain Brand—when, after divesting his leg of the clove hitch, he secured old Miguel's boat to a large stone, and then, according to his own ancient practice, he clambered with difficulty up to the verandale crag. Captain Brand had no rag either, and there was a good deal of rain falling, but yet he thought he saw a large ship, a brig, and a small schooner in the offing.

So Captain Brand scrambled down again in good deal disconcerted, knowing it would be hours and hours before those vessels would be in the island, even were they so inclined; but nevertheless he bestirred himself. Rectifying his inner man with the last half-pint of aguardiente for breakfast, which quite refreshed him, he went to work.

First, he took Miguel's copper coffee-pot, into which he emptied that disciple of the net's shark-oil jug, which Miguel himself used for a torch to attract the fish. Then, with a strip of old canvas—part of one leg to Captain Brand's drawers—to such straits was his wardrobe reduced—like a bale on the end of a stick, and a matchbox, he was all ready for Black Monday's work.

Captain Brand, however, made one important omission: he snugly stowed away his beautiful pistols in a locker of the boat to keep them dry, never having been wet but twice before in all his marine excursions—the first time at Cape Garrote, and the next when he jumped overboard from the brigantine at St. Jago. He set great store by these valuable implements, for they had done him good service in time of need. Miguel came into possession of them afterwards, and sold them almost for their weight in gold.

But, for the first time, Captain Brand forgot his personal friends and boson companions. It was a great oversight; and he was extremely sorry when it was too late to go back for them. However, with the copper oil-pot dangling from his little finger, where the sapphire once shone, and the torch-stick in the other hand, he marched boldly over the sandy ridges toward the crag.

But, Captain Brand, there had been three pairs of open eyes watching you through every mouthful of snapper you snapped, and every drop of fiery white rum you swallowed. Ay! and while you toasted your shins by the crisp bead, with the red glow of the embers of the fire lighting up your cold-blooded, wrinkled face—while, twisting your nose, you muttered He ! ho's! at murderous satisfaction—there was not a bird that swooped over you, or a lizard on the rocks with jet beads of eyes that watched you so sharply as did those attentive beholders from the crag.

And when you made your observations from the young cocoa-nut clumps, those watchers remained in concentrics of cold, grave, and there clambered through a hole in the roof of the decaying little chapel, while the other moved to the little concavity of cold, gray stone, and there scooped a place in the sand and cactus behind the one cut with the letter I.

Captain Brand meanwhile came on, picking his way through the dense cactus, which lacerated his legs, and sadly tore the remains of his loose canvas. The rain was coming in torrents, the thunder growled and crashed as the tropical storm burst over the island; and just as a vivid sheet of forked lightning seemed to divide the crag, and the awful peal that followed shook it to its base, Captain Brand stood under the window, in the cleft of the rock, and sat down to prepare for a more extended research.

His map knew him for twenty minutes; but when he again emerged the rain had ceased, the clouds were breaking away, and the gentle sea-breeze blowing while Captain Brand looked a thousand years older. He seemed to have borrowed all the million of wrinkles from his companion, in addition to his own, and his countenance, the thin lids of his frozen green—now quite solid—always had a parrot-like look about the nose, and left nothing but a stony look of horror.

What caused our brave Captain to reel and stagger as he came out of the cleft, and sink into the matted cactus, without his tattered hat, like a wolf flying from the hounds? Had he trodden on a snake, a scen ipa, a centipede, or what white finger waved him away? Yes, all three. But the interview with his one-eyed companion had shocked him more.

On he came, driving the hot, wet sand before him, toward the Padre Ricardo's chapel. There he paused for Agnes, but she was not there. A pasmodic effort that he could unclose his sheet-white lips, where his dead men had met upon them, and held his mouth together as if he had the lock-jaw, while he snorted through his nostrils.

"Ho!" he gasped, "the spying old traitor has sacked the cavern, and the gold must have been in that launch! I will go back to the wreck on the reef. Ho! the traitor has found the torture I promised him; but I would like to have killed him a little slower."

Here Captain Brand, having regained some few faculties and energy, moved on beyond the church, till he came to the coral head-stone, where he stood still.

It was his last step on deck or sand!

Shading his still horror-stricken eyes by both hands, he glared to seaward.

"Ho! ho! the rascal—my, my Yankee Commodore, with that old brig under convoy, and that pretty schooner! Reminds me of my old *Scirocco*. Ay! they have got my treasure, and I must begin the world anew. I am not old; hero is my strong right arm yet; and who can stop me?"

Captain Brand made these remarks in a loud tone, as if he wanted the whole world to hear him; and as if he was about to defy it, and come to a strong resolution to retrieve his misfortunes.

As he waved his strong right arm aloft, while, in imagination, blood rained from the blade of his cutlass over cheeks and eyes, he felt a sudden cold behind the back, of an unsuspecting skipper or mate, suddenly he paused, and the arm fell powerless at his side, and he looked down with loose like a pirate from a gibbet on a windy night.

He caught sight of the old broken cocos-nut trunk to which he had hitched the green silk bag, with its now worthless contents of gold and jewels, and he squirmed to prevent himself falling to the earth.

"Ho!" he choked out, his jaws rattling like dry bones, "I see it all now. The column was snapped just where the rope was hitched, and the treble mast went over in the terrible hurricane. Ho, ho! That's the way my man escaped, to dog me all over the world. Ho! I have no time to lose; I may be here at any moment."

This was the last connected speech of Captain Brand ever made in this world, or in the one to come, perhaps; for as the last word Paul Dacrunet rose in all his fiery-petted wrath before him. With folded arms he bent his dark, stern eyes upon the Pirate, wherein the revenge of twenty years was gleaming with a concentrated power.

"You palsied villain! the oath I took to you, and for which I have been accursed, expired yesterday! I took another myself, when we stood here last together; and I am come to fulfil that oath, and—strike!"

His terrible voice and words came back in an echo from the crag, and they seemed with their reverberations to pierce and shrivel the man before him into sleet. And the Pirate would have fallen had not the huge, black, iron-vice fingers grappled him about the body, pinioning his arms to his sides as if they had been bolted through and through; while at the same moment another pair of tough, sea-weed fingers wound a lashing round his straight legs, and they laid him gently down on the sandy esplanade.

"The trestle, Banou. And you, Ben, bring the bale over, while the faded old cord, and that black altar-cloth!"

The Pirate lay on his back, his eyes wide open, for he could not shut them since the lids had gone in frost—but the solid balls, light-green now in the light, rolled from side to side. He recognized the old apparatus too, though it was in different hands than those of Pedillo and his confederate; and he saw also that, though the black-green rope were rotten, yet his wonderful nautical masters taught him that it yet might have a taut strain; and that those coils of hide thongs were secured by any amount of tagging, and he saw as well that they had been recently plaited anew.

But what was to be done with that rotten, moth-eaten old cloth, which the men used to lay round on Saturday nights, in the decks, and on which the good Padre played *his* cards likewise in the chapel? It was not to keep the cold air away from him, or shield his half-naked body from the poisonous insects. Then what could it be for?

"Lift him up, men, and when you lash him down, leave only that little finger free!"

Ben Brown squatted himself on a stone beside the bier, and Banou, with sinews unbridled and laid on the sand, and sleeves rolled up, began his work as if he were the undertaking-mat to make for the dead-eyes of the frigate's lower rigging. And though in a hurry, still intended to make a neat job of it, with the help of a long, sharp-pointed marline-spike, too, which he wore habitually, like a talisman, round his neck, and which stood him in good stead in the intricate parts of his task.

Taking in at a glance the exact amount of work staid he required, he middled the cord, and passing each strand fair and square, his old Banou's arms worked backward and forward, under and over—sometimes pecking a little knot by accident in the Pirate's own thin hide as he passed the cord by, but the end of his marlinespike but always apologizing in his bluff, rough way, though without squirting tobacco-juice into his victim's face, as he had done in Pedillo's case.

"Beg parding, ye infarnal Pirate! but that stick will do ye no harm. It'll heal much sooner than the wounds one of ye's made in many a broider, little finger free, and there, Capting Brand, just let old Ben reward ye, good for evil, for auld-acquaintance sake!" And the old boatmate gave him with the pistol on the head, by placing this soft pillow of green silk rope under the back of the head. A little this side, so as he can look at your finger, while I pass this second piece of stuff over your ear. Don't ye look at me, ye infarnal scoundrel, or I'll let that ere copper spike slip into one of yer junk bottle brains!"

"Now," continued Ben, "I'll take a spell till the Doctor and the old nigger comes back."

Ay, the day had come, and the next over the dead-eyes of the shrouds!

During this neat and seaman-like operation Paul Dacrunet remained busy on the crag, and the flying wolf till he came to the cleft in the rock. There he picked up and lighted the torch that stalked on. Then he came to the bier once before the low cavern, and pushed his way in with the blazing torch before him. Then Paul Dacrunet had nerves, they would have shaken at what he saw; but having none to shake, he calmly fixed the torch in the sand.

There lay the head of the ancient Ignacio, caught, as he tried to creep out of the treasure chamber, by the edge of the stone door. He must have been sudden, for the stump of a paper cigar was still seated in his wrinkled lips, while the snake-like curls twined about his ears and his wavy eye still looked out with its usual suspicious intensity, and seemed to throw out a touch of fire on the features of the dead. Clinging from a coil in a slimy bed of sand before the head was a monstrous centipede, while the rusty locks stuck curved into the bread flat head, all like an ebony cane, straight, motionless, and elegant to the curved top—fascinated by that single living orb of the dead man.

The human intruder left this well-matched pair to their own venomous devices, and winding his way on to room came to the open door to the vaults. A powerful push banished in the door of the dungeon, and while the rusty bolts were still ringing on the stone pavement, Paul Dacrunet entered the treasure chamber.

He saw nothing at first save a few fragments of broken crockery and a rusty metal pot, not even a rat. But flaring the torch down upon the mouldy floor something sparkled in the light. This he snatched, and it was the long-lost locket and chain which had last rested around the baby's neck.

When the Doctor strode back to the esplanade of the chapel he found Benjamin Brown and Banou taking a friendly sip out of the jug.

"Well, Sir," said Ben, as he got on his pins and stropped on his cutlass, "there he is, Sir! and as neat a piece of cross-lashing as ever I did. He looks as if he crowed there, jist like a hawk'd till turtle-nibblin' in the ship's coppers, only he cant paddle about."

"I did it mournful, too, Sir, and tried to conserve with him in case he had any pessents to make to his friends."

"Why, Sir, and would you believe it? I offered to pour a drop of grog—seein' as it were down his tight mouth, but he never had the pertinces to thank me or ax me a question, but only looked wicked at me. Consarn him! if he had only winked, I wouldn't mind it!" said Ben, with much indignation; "but, however, I don't blieve he's any think to leave or any friends left!"

But Captain Brand, though speechless without being tongue-tied, and unable to wink, still thought. And what did that Doctor propose to do with him, as he was too far off to strike to death by insects, sand flies, musquitoes, and what not?

"Lift the trestle for the last time men, and stand it here over this thick bed of cactus, so as the little finger may touch the letter on this ere tombstone."

Now Captain Brand's doubts were relieved, and he knew what was coming. Ah, ha!

"There! that is right! Now collect stones and rocks, and wall this trestle up solid to the edge of the frame so that a hurricane can't loosen it."

Big Banou went to work now, and presently his job was done; coral rocks and large headstones of pirates, well packed down with sand, made the sides of the living tomb. Then the black pall was let down over the body, and they left the Pirate to his inevitable doom.

Soon the three executioners reached the Tigre's Trap.

"Banou! take this locket and chain—ah! you know it well—to your young master. Brown, the two thousand dollars will be paid to your and Greenlief's hands for distribution among the schooner's crew, one of you must go for it. Tell the Commodore that I shall take an old woman we have found here away with me in a chicken fisherman's boat to Kingston, and within the year I shall be at home! There! shove off my lads!"

As the gig skimmed through the Tiger's Trap Paul Dacranet, with the widow of Ignacio, sailed out by the Alligator's Mouth, and as they crossed that roaring ledge the sun rose in its unclouded glory in the West, and the young moon, with its golden crescent, looked tenderly down upon the island.

And the night passed, and the next and the next, with scorching days and burning heat; between them; while the mangrove, the palm, the cocoa-nut, and the cactus—ah! that luxuriant plant above all—bedecked up in and around bayonets two inches of a night in thorny needles as thick as pins in a paper; growing clean through the hide of ox or man like bees' wax, but hedged leaves met resistance, when turning flat side up they put forth a score for one of the cactus bayonets to make room from their own shoulder to heel one long, hopeless agony. The green sun flamed down, absorbed by the black pall of death! The moon glimmering in pale white rays of splendor through the moth-eaten cloths upon the face of the white tombstone! All the day and all the night!

Was it a dream, Captain Brand? No! A frightful reality, which left its white skin horn at every slow pulse of the heart they are aiming at? And don't you hear those dread croakings of gulls and scavengers, Brand? Ay, ay! who have left their prey on the reef to join the vultures in their feast on the shore? You may always catch the greatest enemies in the rasping jaws of the sharks, as they crowd into the inlet, and rest their cold noses on the shelly cove where you slept!

Flesh and blood, and pinions and beaks can endure in a time no longer! A cloud of carnivorous birds swoop down at last, snap the black pall in their talons and bills, and fly fighting and screaming away with it. Another cloud, richer than the rest, light upon the body, and while the needle points pierce the palpitating heart, and the keen flesh-tearers are still, clenched in fang and mortile, the eyes are picked out and the flesh in mere pieces—all, all! Nothing but the white bones is left but a hideous white skeleton with the long bony finger pointing to the letter I.

The lizards wheeled on the rocks, the alligators lashed the lagoon amidst the steaming mist of the mangrove roots; the sharks and birds returned to the reefs, the cocoa-nuts waved their tufted tops, the palms crackled in the shower and gale; and the pure inlet murmured musically on the shelly shore for ever and ever, years, over and around the deserted key, until the whitened bones mingled into dust and were borne away by the four winds of heaven.

CONCLUSION

THE hemp has been tarred and spread, the strands twisted and the rope laid up. The knots have been learned in between good sailors and bad—between pirates and men-of-warsmen—and here Harry Gringo hauls down his pennant until his readers may once again to the seas in a fine craft with a brave

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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ABD-EL-KADER AND THE DRUSES.

We publish herewith a portrait of the famous Algerian chieftain, Abd-el-Kader, who has made his name a household word by his noble protection of the Christians of Damascus. We also publish a graphic picture of a group of Druses.

Abd-el-Kader, who ten and fifteen years ago was well known as the gallant defender of Algeria against the French, was born in that region in the year 1807. His father was a chief—Hodji-Ould-Mahiddin: he traced his genealogy as far back as Mohammed himself. When the French first began a war of conquest in Algeria, in 1832, Abd-el-Kader took up arms against them; he was the last to lay them down, and it was only by the aid of the Emperor of Morocco that the French conquered him at last. Throughout the war he displayed the highest military and manly qualities. He was brave, indefatigable, skillful in the battle-field; wise in council; humane to his prisoners; chivalric to his enemy. A hundred times or oftener it was announced in the Paris papers that he was overcome, and finished; but the news was no sooner afloat than later intelligence announced his reappearance on some unprotected flank of the French army. It was in fighting him that all the great French Generals of our time—Bugeaud and Cavaignac, who are dead, Lamoricière, Changarnier, Pelissier, Canrobert, and others, learned the trade of war.

Many pleasant anecdotes are remembered of these never-ending Algerian campaigns. Once Abd-el-Kader wrote to King Louis Philippe, proposing an exchange of prisoners. The King made no reply. Abd-el-Kader wrote again, in these words:

"I offered to exchange my prisoners for thine. Thou hast not answered my letter. I return thy prisoners notwithstanding. I have done my duty: 'tis now for thee to do thine."

When, at last, in 1846, the gallant chief was overborne, hemmed in, and stripped of most of the force which had rendered him so terrible, he wrote to Lamoricière:

ABD-EL-KADER.

"I have struggled long enough. I might still escape to the desert, but I see that God does not approve my enterprise. If thou hast the will and the power to send me into the East, as thou didst once propose, I will surrender. Conduct me thither."

General Lamoricière agreed to these terms, and the chieftain gave himself up to the French. The Duke d'Aumale, Louis Philippe's son, who was Governor of Algeria, ratified the bargain, and Abd-el-Kader, like another Jugurtha, was conducted to France, *en route* for the East. Unhappily for the honor of the French nation, Louis Philippe had too little honesty to stand by the bargain. Instead of sending Abd-el-Kader to the East he kept him a prisoner at Toulon, and set guards to watch his movements. It was reserved for the present Emperor to set the noble chief free after five years' confinement. On the 2d December, 1852, the day the empire was proclaimed, the Emperor sent to Abd-el-Kader and told him that, in compliance with the broken promise of the Duke d'Aumale, a French ship of war was ready to convey him to the East. The chief went first to Brousse; thence he soon after removed to Damascus, where he has ever since resided.

His recent conduct has been above all praise; he well deserves the cross of the Legion of Honor which the Emperor has just sent him. We published, in our last number but one, the letter in which he described the massacre of Damascus.

Of the Druses we have written a good deal of late. We may add here a brief memorandum derived from the records of a careful traveler:

The Druses occupy the southern section of the Chain of Lebanon, their great strong-holds being round Jezzin and Muktarah, and in the valley of Baruk. They also abound in the villages of the eastern and western declivities of Hermon. Their numbers have been estimated at about 78,000. They are more a political than a religious body. At all events, their religion is of an accommodating nature, and they are ready in the widest sense to "become all things to all men" that their own ends might be served. Their tenets are veiled in

A GROUP OF DRUSES IN LEBANON.

much obscurity, and many of their rites and ceremonies are unintelligible. So far as their profession of faith is known, it consists of the following propositions: 1. The unity of God and his manifestation of himself to man in the persons of several individuals, the last of whom was Hakin. 2. Five superior spiritual ministers always existing. These have also appeared in the persons of men at various periods. The chief of them is Hamza and Christ. 3. The immortality of the soul. The souls of men never pass into animals. 4. The belief in a period when their religion shall be triumphant. 5. The seven months of Lhamb are abolished, and the following substituted: Veracity (to each other), mutual protection and aid, renunciation of all other religious profession, the unity of God, contentment with his works, submission to his will, separation from those in error, and from demons.

Their places of worship are usually in remote but conspicuous spots—most of them on the summits of hills. Any other privacy is the rule.

They are not so numerous as the Maronites, but they are far more warlike. When at peace they are industrious and hospitable, but in war they are noted for their daring ferocity.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1860.

HOW TO RECEIVE THE PRINCE.

IT is now settled that the Prince of Wales is to be in New York before the middle of October, and it is also settled that instead of a dinner he is to receive a public ball at the Academy of Music on the 12th of that month. The ball is to be given by the committee appointed at the citizens' meeting held a fortnight since; it consists of fifty or sixty of the richest, oldest, and most respectable men in the city, and there is no doubt they will do the thing handsomely. It has been remarked that there is not a mechanic, or a farmer, or an operative on the list of names. There was, of course, no intention to slight any class by selecting the committee exclusively from that section of our people which is sometimes termed "the aristocracy." The idea was to choose men who could not only give weight to the reception by their influence, but could afford to pay for an entertainment of the most expensive character; and as the number both of committee men and guests was necessarily limited, those were selected who could fulfill these conditions.

At the same time the ball will not be the only public testimonial of respect to the Prince. The firemen are to give a torch-light parade in the Mayor's expense; the military will be reviewed; the British residents will probably give a private reception, if the Prince will accept it. There is no reason why the "thew and sinew" of the people should not adopt some plan to testify their good-will toward the future sovereign of our most intimate ally. A grand popular demonstration in the Central Park or Jones's Woods, with a hundred thousand intelligent and well-behaved people assembled in his honor, would be a sight which could not fail to please the Prince, and would be an event not without political significance. Such a celebration would not be costly, and would have the great advantage of securing a holiday in the pleasantest season of the year to our overworked operatives. In future years the picture of a hundred thousand honest New York faces, lit up with a kindly welcome to this young stranger, could hardly be forgotten; and might, some day or other have its effect on the policy of England toward the United States.

BULLS AND BEARS.

PEOPLE who live far from Wall Street attach a mysterious and somet imes an awful signification to the terms "bulls" and "bears," which figure in the reports of the doings in that naughty place—the Stock Exchange. It is only the knowing ones who understand that both are gentlemen, often gentlemen of the bulls buyers of stocks in the hope that they will rise, and the bears sellers for future delivery, hoping that they will fall. Both of course "talk the market" to suit their operations. A bull sees every thing prosperous around him, and serene in the future; to a bear the future is pregnant with chaos and trouble, and ruin.

There are bulls and bears on Wall Street, who would perhaps be surprised to hear themselves thus designated. The world is, in fact, full of bulls and bears; we are all of us either one or the other. The hopeful man who puts his money into new enterprises—builds houses and ships, and railroads—founds lyceums, and establishes debating societies, is a bull; he who sees in the future railroads ruined, ships wrecked, houses untenanted, lyceums deserted, and dull debates at "the Athenæum," and who therefore will have nothing to do with them, is a bear. The one is a type of enterprise; the other of caution. Both are useful men in their way. Jones, who takes a sanguine view of every thing—who headed the subscription for the new church—who paid the schooling of that orphan, in the belief that "the little chap had something in him"—who took stock in the new bank—who *would* try the new steam-plow—who owns a share in the Atlantic Telegraph, and believes in the flying-machine Mr. Jones, of course, is a bull beyond conversion; yet what could we do without him? Smith, again, who doubts his living to see the Atlantic really moves—foresaw the failure of the Erie Railroad, and, by his advice, induced old Mrs. Timpkins to sell out and save her little property—doubted the success of the proposed canal, and defeated the scheme which every body now sees would have been *folly*—denounced the Bloomer costume as a intolerable invention —stood manfully by the Constitution when his fellow-citizens were crazy for new reforms—didn't believe in Walker, and now points over his ticklish position—never encouraged inventors, whom he regards as lunatics and impostors—expects the country yourself to end in a general smash. Louis Napoleon to be assassinated, the English to be driven out of India, Garibaldi to be defeated and hanged, and all the New York banks to fail next Monday morning —Smith is a very sad bear; but is he not useful in his day and generation? It is hard to say whether we could spare Smith more than Jones. Without the one we should make no progress at all; but without the other we should "go to smash" once a year.

There are other bulls and bears whose domain is moral. Old Grump is a moral bear. He is a saloon, sour-faced man with a scowl. He don't believe in virtue. He sees no purity, or disinterestedness, or charity, or truth. He sneers at the idea of virtuous women, who, he says, have merely been cursed by opportunity. "My motto is," says he, "that you must consider all men as rogues till you have tested them; and when you have found a man to be an honest man make up your mind that you are a fool, and that he has deceived you." He calls all donations of money for charitable purposes disguised advertisements. He thinks the great merchant, S.—— opened soup-kitchens for the poor in the famine times, Grump went about denouncing him as a man of ostentation. His opinion of our statesmen is that they are all rogues, and he never votes for fear, as he says, he helping one of them to a place under the public. He never trusts any man's word, regarding all as liars except a few fools who don't know enough to lie. Grump is a moral bear, and we don't envy his condition of mind.

Old Cheerface is a moral bull. He is a fat, cheerful, jovial soul. He believes what every body says, and is accordingly much victimized by sharpers; perhaps, however, he is no unhappier on discovering the fraud practiced on him than Grump was in detecting it beforhand. He believes that we have a great deal more now as they had in the olden time; yes, Sir, and as good men in every calling. He subscribes to no end of charities, and goes away with a laugh when his friends tell him he is throwing away his money. He never passes a beggar without giving him a penny. He is an impostor, but what if he isn't, Sir? He trusts his people and the tradesmen with whom he deals; it is really so easy to be deceived by those who know him never try. They feel that he believes them to be honest, and whether they are or no, they endeavor to justify the belief. He never doubted Archbishop Hughes, or Miss Nightingale's self-denial, or Webster's patriotism, or Carmichan's surgical skill, or O'Connor's knowledge of law, or Bayard Taylor's veracity. He don't think the world is coming to an end, and he don't say that things were all better managed when he was young. He buys all love him, and call him "an old trump."

Reader, gentle reader, are you bull or bear?

REGISTRATION OF MARRIAGES.

IT is understood that the priests of the Roman Catholic Church follow the example of the Archbishop, and refuse to communicate to the City Inspector of Marriages the list of baptisms and, we presume, also the baptisms and burials at which they officiate. They, like the prelate, justify their refusal by oher the law by stating that, in their case, a compliance with it in injunctions would involve a violation of a sacred trust reposed in them, and would disclose to the world secrets which they have received in confidence on the parties concerned. In other words, they say that they have frequently to marry people who are living in a state of concubinage and wife, and whom the world supposed to have been married long since; likewise to baptize children who are illegitimate.

The defense is a poor compliment to the morals of the Roman Catholic laity. We should not have supposed that concubinage was so common among the Roman Catholics that decency forbade the publication of a record of their marriages and deaths. This, however, is a matter which the Catholics must settle with their own people. The probability is, that the Archbishop objects to register the marriages he performs, not from a fear of offending decency or feeding scandal, but because the Roman Catholic Church does not recognize as valid marriages celebrated by Protestant clergymen. When a Catholic girl marries a Protestant in a Protestant Church, she is held by the Romish Church to be living in concubinage until she has been remarried by a Catholic priest. A publication of marriages, such as the law requires, would reveal this fact to him. But the Archbishop foresees, and wisely seeks to escape so unpleasant a discovery.

However all this may be, it is quite enough to observe that a marriage register is absolutely necessary to civilization. It is a part, and one of the most valuable parts, of that census which all civilized nations take at periodical intervals. It is the best known key to social progress and material prosperity; for, as every one knows, the wealth, intelligence and health invariably increases with general prosperity, and decline in hard times. Above all, it is the only true safeguard against endless litigation regarding inheritances; the only certain protection for legitimate heirs; the only reliable means of establishing legitimate descent and family relationships. And Archbishop Hughes's pen, shields, registers of marriages, or allow them to be kept by irresponsible priests, and our census will be defective in a most essential particular; we shall be unable to apply the best of all tests to the progress of our national prosperity; and no man will be able to prove incontestably his legitimacy or his legal right to his father's inheritance.

We do not think the public are prepared to go as far as this to oblige his Grace. On the contrary, we are of the opinion that the effect of his ill-timed opposition to a perfectly sensible law—a law, likewise, which has for years been thoroughly carried out, not only in Protestant England but in Catholic France—will simply be to secure the repeal of a very useful next session of the Legislature, substituting imprisonment for the fine which is now the penalty of non-compliance with the legal requirement. The people of the State of New York will submit to a good deal for peace' sake; but they are not quite prepared to let priests of any denomination defy the laws which they choose to obey, and the laws which they choose to break.

Perhaps by the time the Legislature meets the wealthy Catholics of New York will have paid up some more money toward the New Cathedral the Archbishop is building. In this event we entertain a hope that his Grace will be found less uncompromising in his resistance to the law, and less zealous for martyrdom. The appeal for money followed so very close on the appeal for persecution that one can not help thinking they were not wholly disconnected in the archiepiscopal mind.

THE LOUNGER.

II. R. H.

THE Prince is to come to New York, but he will not dine with us; he will only dance. Well, we have had princes before. The Prince de Joinville came in *la belle Poule*, and he danced with us, and made us happy. The Emperor Napoleon and princes Joseville, as he was familiarly called by Gunnybags and his cronies, was only the younger son of a citizen-king of the French. But this is the time that shall be. This is the dauphin of Great Britain.

In one of his recent letters, which, to parody Willis's title, might properly be called "letters from under the Table," the excellent Mr. Jenkins mentions that the Prince, whom he so loudly applauded but a short time before for resting his partners frequently, "may send them home" and the purposes of the dance, he turns his back and leaves them to find their parents or guardians as best they can. This action is not described in the descriptive style. To say that a gentleman and ladies for the purposes of the dance is neither to hoof nor so elegant a mode of expression as to say that a gentleman dances with them. If Mr. Jenkins will permit a kindly word of advice, he would do well to be a little more circumspect in what he describes the great toll at the Academy.

He is probably aware that the etiquette of court circles is somewhat different from that of the severe republican simplicity with which he is more familiar. When Queen Victoria, a royal prince, having surveyed the company, sends a page to signify to the lady whose appearance pleases him that the gentleman will dance with her. The royal wish dissolves all other engagements. It would be a sad breach of propriety should the lady hesitate or refuse. If, like monsieur, Mr. Jenkins is passing a few days in London, and the Queen, hearing of it, hastens to summon him to dine at Buckingham Palace, he should understand, as his friends the Marquis of Westminster and Earl Derby would probably inform him, that a royal invitation is a command; and that although he may have engaged to take a chop at "Joe's" with his friends Mr. John Thomas, he must excuse himself to Mr. Thomas, and dine with the Queen. Royalty is an exception to all rules. Nothing would seem more impolite and snobbish to a natural sense of propriety and good feeling than that a man should break his engagement to dine with a poor and obscure family to assume a rich and famous one had afterward invited him for the same day. But "good" is not the test of manners. The whole system of courts and etiquette is founded upon an artificial, and not a natural, superiority. There was probably never a more ignorant and unprincipled and selfish man in what is called "good society" than George the Fourth. Yet George the Fourth was known as the first gentleman in Europe.

Dear Mr. Jenkins, don't misunderstand. To speak in your own favorite style, "a prince as is a prince" will be also a gentleman; and every thing comprises to make us all believe the Prince of Wales to be in that category. We all reserve our kind regards for him, and for him at the Ball. Doubtless the Montreal affair was very well. But when the Gunnybagges take matters in hand, you are never sure, Mr. Jenkins, that it is a very different thing.

OF THE MILDER TYPES OF POVERTY.

HALF a million of dollars is at least a comfortable competency. With the income of that sum judiciously expended, the sharper trials of poverty may be avoided. Indeed the great majority of men would gladly compromise their chances of ten millions hereafter for half a million paid down. If they had invented any useful machinery—if they could secure the right to use it, and to sell it all over the world in any way, and to the utmost end, "I will give you half a million of dollars and cry quits," the proposition of men would have joyfully answered, "Quits."

But Mr. Howe of the sewing machines has no idea of cry quits. He pocketed a very useful invention. It greatly enhanced the value of the machines; it created new forms of labor, furnished more employment, etc., etc. The time drew near for the expiration of the privilege. "I want it renewed," says Mr. Howe of the sewing machines. "Hallo! haven't I paid you half a million dollars for your invention?" cries the world. "Yes; but that is not enough. It is not proportioned to the value of my improvements," says Mr. Howe of the sewing machines.

His reply is natural enough, and raises the whole question—when is an inventor adequately paid by society for his invention? If it be really a service to the inventor, by saving him many days of life, either directly or indirectly, then, of course, you can not make an exact statement, because there is no relation between life and money. We must look for an answer elsewhere.

Inventions are the talent of all men: men that compose it. To foster and develop that talent it rewards it with fame or honor, with money, or with both. But the reward is not given to the mind upon the individual, and therefore society properly holds that when the fruits of talent have been reasonably rewarded the tax which society has to yield. This is the philosophy of the limitation of patent and copyright laws. They assume, at bottom, the heyrisity of the individual inventor, and assume that he is willing that society at large shall enjoy the benefit of his talent after it has liberally paid him for every article he buys. So long as the maker of a machine must add to its cost the expense of every improvement, so long, of course, it is dearer to the purchaser. And therefore the government lessens the cost of manufacture, the tax of the patent is diminished. That tax is properly paid by society because his invention is considered useful: but how useful society itself must decide.

"I have you hundred dollars work," says the child to his mother. It is an amusing standard, because affection can not be so valued. "I love your invention five hundred thousand dollars worth," says society to Mr. Howe of the sewing machines. But on a valuation of millions, what will Mr. Howe of the sewing machines? Please to be content with riches. Please to remove this tax from the working class. If we had made only a million of dollars, or ten thousand, or fifty, or a hundred, you might declare that your profit was not proportioned to the time of the manufacturers. But you have two thousand dollars! Oh, Mr. Howe of the sewing machines!

PRIVATE *VS.* PUBLIC LIFE.

THE recent retirement to private life of one of the most prominent public men of the country, the Hon. Charles Sumner of Massachusetts, has created attention to the subject of the pecuniary value of public offices in this country.

The rate of living with us is constantly increasing, but the salary of public men remains fixed, and only slowly changes. It has frequently to be understood, that, for an eminent lawyer to accept a seat upon the bench, or for any adequately remunerated man to go to Congress, or to the State Legislature, implies a very serious reduction of his income. In other words, the State is a poor paymaster. Let it, by liberality, become a rich and pound-foolish?

The theory is, that public office must not be so pecuniarily profitable as to make it sought by venal men for the sake of its salary. The *fact* is, that if it be not pecuniarily profitable it will be avoided by competent incumbents, and will be held by men who will indirectly and dishonestly make a profit out of it.

For instance, in this State even a Lounger can not be deaf to the indignant protest against the increase of the Legislature's expenses. All the parties profess to want clean men in the next Assembly. All the papers call upon the people to attend the primary meetings. Let us believe them for a moment. Let us concede that we are all virtuously interested in the nominations to the Legislature. Now then—

"Mr. Chairman, I nominate Mr. Demosthenes Green as a representative from the fifty-eighth district."

The motion is seconded. Mr. D. Green is nominated by acclamation. What does he say? His says, "Gentlemen, my business gives me from four to ten thousand dollars a year. I respectfully decline." If I play truant I lose it. You ask me to spend more than a third of the year in Albany, for which you agree to pay me three hundred dollars. No, I thank you."

The Convention naturally asks him if he is not willing to do so much for his country? If patriotism does not inspire him to sacrifice, etc., etc.? Mr. Demosthenes Green answers No. And what is the result? That, with few exceptions, men are sent whom any great speculator feels no fear in approaching with a bribe.

Besides, why should a State expect to be served upon more favorable terms than individuals? As an employer, you know that you must pay the best wages for the best service. If you want a good book-keeper, or foreman, or artist of any kind, you must give a liberal salary. Why should you not expect that accomplished men would keep your books from motives of pure brotherly love, as well as that they should serve in the Legislature from patriotism? And to bring it to a point, if it be the interest of a railroad company to pay the highest salaries to its officers, is it not quite as much the interest of a State to do the same thing?

It is very clear that, as a rule, we shall never see the ablest and most practical men in public office, except in times of great public emergency, until the emolument bears some relation to the importance of the service. Nor ought we to expect to find them there in great crises, because, however willing and anxious they may be to serve, it will take a long time to master the corruption at elections, which inevitably creeps in where offices are despised, and are sought only by venal men for venal ends.

NOTE TO THE FOREGOING.

THERE will probably always be plenty of people willing to take office. It is not a question of quantity but of quality. When Mr. Buchanan was elected President, a gentleman who had worked for him went to Washington with his pockets full of letters to General Cass, the Secretary of State. He called at the Department and presented his letters to the Secretary. "They are entirely satisfactory, Sir," said that public functionary. "I see that you are an applicant for the consulship at Genoa."

"Yes, Sir," replied the applicant; "I thought I should probably have no difficulty in securing so unimportant a post."

"Perhaps, Sir," said the Secretary, "you would like to see the list of applicants for the Genoa consulship?"

The gentleman opened his eyes.

"List of applicants! I supposed that nobody else would have thougut it worth while to—"

"Here, Sir," interrupted the Secretary, "here is the list. The names are numbered. You observe there are already twenty-five hundred. I shall have great pleasure in entering your name in order."

The gentleman with the satisfactory letters was confounded.

"No, no, thank you, Sir," he replied, decisively. "I beg you not to enter my name. I will take my letters if you please, Sir, and wish you good-morning. *Good*-morning, Sir."

"THE WOMAN IN WHITE."

THIS remarkable novel, which has been published serially in the *Weekly* since last November, is now completed and published with copious illustrations. The same felicitous portrayal of character which was shown in Mr. McLenan's designs for the "Tale of Two Cities," is displayed in those for "The Woman in White," and reveal a very rare talent for pictorial characterization. The author indeed does not more sharply define his personages than the artist. The tale is told to the eye as well as to the mind, and Mr. McLenan may be honestly congratulated upon his creations. Count Fosco and Mr. Fairlie will live in the public mind as he has drawn them.

The story itself is one of absorbing interest and masterly skill. The profound interest of the reader is awakened at the opening, and is held more and more intently to the close. Perhaps the greatest triumph of the work is that, excepting at the commencement, there is no love in the book—that is to say, no love-making. The hero is Count Fosco, and he is as distinct a creation as Mr. McLenan makes him. But Count Fosco is a man of sixty.

Mr. Wilkie Collins's previous stories, good as they were, had not prepared the public for so remarkable a novel as "The Woman in White." In plot, in characterization, in treatment, it is altogether admirable.

RURAL.

WAS it not Mr. Downing who said that there were twenty thousand country places in England finer than the finest country-place in this country? At least some competent authority said something like that. Since the death of Mr. Downing, however, there have been such improvements in the direction which so profoundly interested him that all his statements of the actual condition of rural affairs and the interest and changes in country life must be regarded as purely historical. Nothing shows this more strikingly than the fact that, in editing Downing's "Landscape Garden" last year, Mr. Sargent added the substance of a little volume, which was necessary to bring the work up to the level of the public interest and information in rural science and life.

The suburbs of all our chief cities are now filled with beautiful places, upon which wealth and skill do their utmost. There are certain regions which have been long famous for rural elegance. Brookline, near Boston; the banks of the North River, and of the Delaware (the South River); the neighborhood of Philadelphia—these are covered with places so costly and fine that, if England have twenty thousand finer, England must have wonderfully improved of late years.

But there is always the old disadvantage of our places—at least, in the Northern part of the country—in which peculiar attention is paid to the æsthetics of rural cultivation; and that old thing is that they are new. They are made in comparatively late years. Money and skill can do much, but they can not hurry trees. They may plant, protect, and foster them in every way; but time only brings splendid oaks, elms, chestnuts, hickories. Time also brings a certain indescribable character to a country place, as it gives tone to a picture or mellowness to wine. It is not the perfectly lined and rolled avenue, nor the rare exotics, nor the new shrubs, nor the mossy lawn, alone which constitute the highest charm. In fact, part of the difficulty in the impression of our places is this absolute accuracy and nervous care. It makes them a little stiff. There is a touch of the parvenu in it all—a kind of Californian opulence, as of yesterday. The gold, as it were, is too new—too shiny. The gentleman's hat, and gloves, and clothes are too recently from the accomplished and gentlemanly hatter, haberdasher, and tailor—so to say. That kind of easy carelessness is wanting which comes from hereditary habit of possession. A little less angularity and jealous care, if you could get them—and it is certainly very hard to say how they are to be got, except as a tree gets a hundred years of growth—would be the very thing to make your place perfectly elegant. It is a matter of feeling. To illustrate by extremes, the *point-device* Beau Nash was not a gentleman, but the slouching Prince Charlie was.

It was lately my good fortune to walk in one of the finest places of this kind. The trees were very ancient and lofty, and grouped with natural grace. There were oaks, chestnuts, lindens, and hickories in abundance, and other trees in due order. There was an old-fashioned garden, with urns overflowing with aloes, stiff and straight parterres of flowers—for in such a place that quaint regularity is *de rigueur*. Beyond the garden, in which you would not have been surprised to meet the ladies of Louis Fourteenth's Versailles, the level lawn, cut with paths, dotted with a juniper or a cypress, stretched away under the expansive arms of chestnuts and oaks. New turns brought new reaches into view, edged with meandering thickets of rich shrubs, and leading on to the stained marble basins of fountains. We stopped and plucked ripe figs, and grapes, and apricots. The effect was every where delightful and satisfactory; but it was in none of the details—it was in that indescribable careless care of every thing, which never shows itself so well as where it deals with a place of a century of cultivation.

LONDON SATURDAY REVIEWING.

THERE is a weekly journal in London known as the *Saturday Review*. It is sometimes entertaining, and always coxcombical, and may be accurately described by the word "*smart*." It has an air of profound scholarship mingled with humor, like that of a double first-class man at a fashionable dinner. It is the same paper which thought that Mr. Heenan and Mr. Sayers were setting an example worthy of universal imitation, etc. Now that the quality of Saturday historical reviewing may be fully enjoyed, it is worth while to read its article upon Parke Godwin's recently published first volume of the History of France.

It welcomes "with pleasure his (Mr. Godwin's) spirited effort to produce a great work upon a great subject." It praises his plan as "comprehensive and exhaustive," and very justly says: "From the specimen before us we may expect that the information given will be exceedingly full, and, at the same time, sedulously condensed; that it will embrace particulars, not of the political history only, but of the society, literature, and ideas; and that the judgments pronounced will be manly, sensible, and temperate. The style will be vigorous and clear, though tinged with a little American inflation and roughness—the disquisitions will be learned, the narrative flowing, and the descriptions not deficient in picturesqueness and spirit."

That is simple and true enough, and, as the *Review* says, "these are great and comprehensive merits, and seem almost to preclude the suggestion of any qualification." But it had already called the work "an elaborate compilation," and then proceeds to qualify by charging plagiarism upon the author. Fortunately for Mr. Godwin the *Review* tries to establish its charge by quotations of parallel passages from Godwin and Merivale. Thus:

Merivale. "The ponderous sails soon brought the masts by the board, and they (the vessels) thus became unmanageable."

Godwin. "The vessels of the Veneti were rendered unmanageable."

Again:

Merivale. "* * * in time to hear the last crash of the sinking bridge," etc.

Godwin. "* * * just in time to hear the last plank of the bridge leading to it fall crackling into the stream," etc.

There is more of the same, gravely cited to establish a charge which is among the meanest that can be cast at a man of letters. In all the cases the statements compared are of matters of fact described in the original authorities. In precisely the same way every author who writes history may be accused of plagiarism from every other writer who has treated the same theme. Such "reviewing" utterly disgraces literature and criticism, and only serves to establish what it is meant to overthrow.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A PRINCE OF A YOUNG FELLOW.

"VERBENA VILLA, *Friday*.

"OH, MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I am *so* delighted. That dear, *darling* Prince of Wales! Isn't he a *duck?* Only hear now how delightfully his charming Royal Highness is getting on in Canada. This is what the New York *Herald* tells us of the Ball which was given at the Colonial House, in the parish of St. John's,* to him:

"'The Prince arrived at about ten o'clock, and was greeted with loud, enthusiastic, and prolonged cheers—the bands playing "*God save the Queen.*" The Prince was dressed in the full uniform of a British colonel. He was accompanied by the Earl of St. Germans, who was dressed in blue, with a badge, and the Duke of Newcastle, who wore his full uniform. The Prince danced six times during the evening, and remained with the company until half past two o'clock this morning. The dancing, on the whole, among the company, was not very good. The Prince very affably and good-naturedly corrected some of the blundering dancers, and every now and then called out the different figures of the dance. He is himself a very graceful and accomplished dancer, as he fully proved in the way he whirled through waltzes, polkas, and quadrilles. While he danced he was repeatedly cheered, and he very properly took a new partner whenever he stood up to dance. The people every where are greatly delighted. The unpretending and genial disposition of the young Prince has gained him the affection of many true and worthy hearts.'

"There! isn't that *delicious!* Only think now of our Prince of Wales having to turn *dancing-master!* Oh, how I should have *loved* to have been 'whirled through a waltz' with him! I'm sure His Highness wouldn't have found *me* a 'blundering dancer.' Poor fellow! I dare say that he was *sadly vexed* to find that the Canadians were so clumsy in a ball-room. Really, I've *no patience* with such ungainly creatures. My heart *bleeds* to think how terribly they trod upon his toes, and wobbled in their waltzing. Clearly something should be done to prevent such *stupid things* from troubling our Princes. Oh, if I'd been there! Wouldn't I have put their noses out of joint just! I should *so* like to show them how an *English* girl can dance, particularly when she gets a *Prince* to be her partner!

"I don't quite understand though what the paper means by saying that whenever the Prince danced he 'very properly took a new partner.' I confess I can't see what there is so '*very proper*' in this. I know myself I like to keep more to *one* partner than to have to dance about with nobody knows whom, so that one never has the chance of a bit of a *flirtation*, and still less of arriving at the *interesting moment* when one *may* hear something *serious*. I'm sure that my Mamma knows much better than a *newspaper* what is 'very proper' for one; and I know that when the other night I danced *six times* with young Lord Crœsus, Ma whispered me *en passant* to try and dance a *seventh*, and told me when I had done so, that it was '*very proper!*'

"But variety, you know, isn't *always* charming, is it? at any rate, in Canada it doesn't seem to be so. At least, although the paper says that the Prince has 'gained the affection of many true and worthy hearts,' I don't much think his Highness has *lost his own* at present. And I hope he'll bring it back with him as whole as it was, doubtless, when he took it out; though for that matter, perhaps, if it really *is* the law that he mustn't form a marriage with a nice good *English* girl, I don't know but I'd like him to bring home a born Yankee rather than be forced, for some ridiculous *State* reasons, to give his Royal hand to one of those *Small Germans*, who are doubtless looking out for it.

"I am, dear *Mr. Punch*, yours, and Oh! the Prince's, if he might but have me!

"With the fondest love and *reverence*,

"GEORGIANA GUSHINGTON."

* St. John's is not a parish, and is not in Canada. But never mind, Miss, Loyalty ranks higher than Geography.—*Punch.*

FAST YOUNG LADIES.

HERE's a stunning set of us,
Fast young ladies;
Here's a flashy set of us,
Fast young ladies;
Nowise shy or timorous,
Up to all that men discuss,
Never mind how scandalous,
Fast young ladies.

Wide-awakes our heads adorn,
Fast young ladies;
Feathers in our hats are worn,
Fast young ladies;
Skirts hitched up on spreading frame,
Petticoats as bright as flame,
Dandy high-heeled boots, proclaim
Fast young ladies.

Riding habits are the go,
Fast young ladies,
When we prance in Rotten Row,
Fast young ladies;
Where we're never at a loss
On the theme of "that 'ere 'oss,"
Which, as yet, we do not cross,
Fast young ladies.

There we scan, as bold as brass,
Fast young ladies,
Other parties as they pass,
Fast young ladies;
Parties whom our parents, slow,
Tell us we ought not to know;
Shouldn't we, indeed? Why so,
Fast young ladies?

On the Turf we show our face,
Fast young ladies;
Know the odds of every race,
Fast young ladies;
Talk, as sharp as any knife,
Betting slang—we read *Bell's Life:*
That's the ticket for a wife,
Fast young ladies!

We are not to be hooked in,
Fast young ladies;
I require a chap with tin,
Fast young ladies.
Love is humbug; cash the chief
Article in my belief:
All poor matches come to grief,
Fast young ladies.

Not to marry is my plan,
Fast young ladies,
Any but a wealthy man,
Fast young ladies.
Bother that romance and stuff!
She who likes it is a muff;
We are better up to snuff,
Fast young ladies.

Give me but my quiet weed,
Fast young ladies,
Bitter ale and ample feed,
Fast young ladies;
Pay my bills, porte-monnaie store,
Wardrobe stock—I ask no more.
Sentiment we vote a bore,
Fast young ladies.

"THE DENOMINATIONAL REASON WHY."—What is the Pope's warrant for demanding Peter's Pence?—His Holiness claims to have derived a power of attorney from St. Peter.

A GOOD JOKE FOR ITALY.—Garibaldi is getting on like a man with a wheel-barrow, carrying every thing before him.

MULTUM IN PARVO.—A book has just been published under the title of "Astronomy in a Nutshell." The whole system of Astronomy in a Nutshell? A nutshell may contain a nucleus, but can hardly be big enough to inclose even the smallest entire comet.

A canon of Westminster Abbey has a son, whom, like a wise parient, he has sent to Westminster School. Some time ago it became the turn of this particular Ecclesiastical Great Gun to preach a month's course of sermons, in succession to Dr. Christopher Wordsworth, much abhorred by the Westminster boys, and all other mortals, on account of the inordinate length and unequaled dryness of his discourses.

One day, in conversation with a clerical friend, prior to entering the Abbey, the good canon and indulgent father suddenly varied the dialogue in this manner:

"By-the-by, what do you think my young scamp has been telling me this morning?"

"Can't say. He's at the school, isn't he?"

"Yes; and he came to me and said that I mustn't preach for more than half an hour, as the other boys had promised him a tanning if I did. I dare say it wouldn't do him any harm; still, as I don't want him to get licked for my sins as well as his own, I think I may as well cut it short."

"Dear me!" exclaimed the canon's friend, "I only wish Wordsworth had a boy at Westminster."

IN THE PRESS.—A new medical work is about to be published, under the original title of "Brandy and Soda Water." It is intended as a companion volume to Dr. Wright's "Headaches: their Causes and their Cure."

EQUIPOISE FOREVER.—Spain wants to be admitted among the Great Powers, does she? And France and Austria are willing to receive her? Very good; no objection to six of Papist if that is to be balanced by half a dozen of Protestant. The Swedish Turnip is as big as the Spanish Onion.

An Irish waiter once complimented a salmon in the following manner: "Faith, it's not two hours since that salmon was walking round his real estate wid his hands in his pockets, never draming what a pretty invitashun he'd have to jine you gentlemen at dinner."

A man lately made application for insurance on a building situated in a village where there was no fire-engine. He was asked, "What are the facilities in your village for extinguishing fire?"—"Well, it rains sometimes," he replied, with great simplicity.

"Has that cookery-book any pictures?" said Miss C. to a bookseller.—"No, Miss, none," was the answer.—"Why," exclaimed the young lady, "what is the use of telling us how to make a good dinner, if they give us no *plates?*"

Archdeacon Fisher was not without a little vanity on the subject of his sermons, and once received a quiet hint from Constable on the subject. Having once preached an old sermon, which he was not aware that Constable had heard before, he asked him how he liked it. "Very much, indeed, Fisher," replied Constable; "I always did like that sermon."

There is a story told of a man who met his own double—or wraith, as they call it—on the stairs; and dreadfully frightened the poor fellow was at the double presentment of himself. "Well, and what did you do?" inquired one, not of a credulous turn of mind, to whom he narrated his ghastly experience of the supernatural world.—"Nothing."—"Nothing! why, if I had met myself on the stairs, I'd have knocked myself down."

An old man makes love at a disadvantage. It must be a very amorous sort of wink that can captivate through a pair of spectacles.

No man can be in two places at the same time; but many a hypocritical fellow has shown that he can be two things in one place.

A few days ago the proprietor of a large coal-mine found all his hands off at a political meeting. No doubt they thought "hands off is fair play."

Naval architects are discussing the question what shape is best for a vessel. Undoubtedly it should be ship-shape.

The thumb is a useful member; but because you have got one, you needn't try to get your neighbor's under it.

A man being commiserated with on account of his wife's running away, said, "Don't pity me till she comes back again."

Old Bachelor Sneer would like to know what kind of a broom the young woman in the last new novel used, when she swept back the raven ringlets from her classic brow.

GERMAN PLEASANTRY.—Some of the German journals now style the Emperor Napoleon "Anexander the Great."

EQUIVOCAL ADVERTISEMENT.—The following notice might have been seen some time ago stuck up in a corset-maker's shop window in Glasgow: "All sorts of ladies stays here."

A SETTLER.—A farmer, by chance a companion in a coach with Charles Lamb, kept boring him with questions about crops. At length he put a poser: "And pray, Sir, how are turnips t' year?" "Why that, Sir," stammered out Lamb, "will depend upon the boiled legs of mutton."

Never fancy a woman's esteem for your character equal to her admiration of your whiskers—if you happen to have a nice pair.

If you wish to cure a scolding wife, never fail to laugh at her with all your might until she ceases—then kiss her. Sure cure.

Why is it impossible for a watch that indicates the smaller division of time ever to be new?—Because it must always be a second-hand one.

He who marries a lady for her fine teeth will be likely to find himself bitten.

The young lady with "speaking eyes" has become quite hoarse in consequence of using them too much.

The winds are responsible for many an unlucky blow.

THE CITY OF TORONTO.

WE publish on the following page a fine picture of the city of Toronto, one of the two capital cities of Canada. It is from a drawing by W. Armstrong, Esq., civil engineer, based on photographs lately taken by Armstrong, Beere, and Hime, of Toronto. It shows the whole city from end to end.

Toronto, which was first called York, was founded by Governor Simcoe, of the British army, in 1794, and, unlike most Canadian cities, was laid out on the plan which prevails in this country—in the form of a parallelogram. It was for many years a place of small note. In the last war it was taken by General Pike, the fortifications destroyed, and a large quantity of stores seized. The blow was long felt. In 1817, four years afterward, the population of the place was only 1200, and in 1830 less than 3000. The progress of immigration and settlement, however, began after this to make a change in the fortunes of Toronto, and the rebellion of 1838 did it no harm. It was one of the places which, during the subsequent years of change, had the honor of being the capital of the province; and when the present system of alternating capitals was adopted, it shared the privilege of being the seat of government with Quebec. Within the last four years the city has grown amazingly; it is now only second to Montreal.

The intellectual and commercial movement of Toronto has latterly been very remarkable. Before the crisis of 1857 stores in the principal street rented at $1000 @ $1200 a year, and all kinds of real property rose to fabulous prices. There has been a decline since then, of course; but still prices are relatively higher than they are in any other Canadian town. Toronto boasts several Universities, which bear a high reputation; a large number of newspapers, which are the most influential in the province; and a circle of intelligent and well-informed men larger than can be found in any other Canadian city.

PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE CITY OF TORONTO, CANADA WEST.—[From a Drawing by William Armstrong, Esq., and Photographs by Armstrong, Beere, & Hime, of Toronto.]

MR. WILLIAM WALCUTT.

We publish herewith a portrait of Mr. William Walcutt, the sculptor of the Perry Monument, of which we publish an engraving on another page. Mr. Walcutt's modesty is such that we are only able to say of him that he was born at Columbus, Ohio, and that he studied in Europe. His work, however, which is one of the finest monuments in the country, speaks so eloquently for him that nothing further is needed.

MARKHAM'S REVENGE.

"Consequences are unpitying."—GEORGE ELIOT.

CHAPTER I.

"CLARA's sister in India!" muttered Markham. "What's Colonel Vincent's wife!" exclaimed his companion. "Isn't she handsome? Every body's mad about her. But what's the matter, Markham? You positively shiver in this fiery furnace. Ague, my boy?"

"No, it's constitutional."

"Would you like to be introduced?"

"After this dance. You find a partner; I'll sit down."

The scene was quite novel to Markham. An English ball with oriental accessories; active dancing beneath the fly of the punkas to the music of a regimental band of natives; native servants flitting about; two or three native gentlemen in rich costumes, with an affectation of European manners on the surface, and oriental depreciation of women in their sensual souls, casing in wonderment at the activity of the dancers. But the scene which was called up in Markham's mind by the sight of Mrs. Vincent was far away in England six years back. A summer moon shining through dark poplars, which shadowed a garden-wall; heavy jessamine and sickly in the sultry evening; then the lightest footsteps, but quite audible to his anxious ears—promises, and vows, and passionate utterance, sorrow in the present, but hope in the future, and then the interview sternly broke in upon with angry words.

"Now, Markham, come and be introduced."

"Thank you, some other time."

"But I've asked her, and she says she will be very happy to make your acquaintance."

Markham was forced to acquiesce.

There was a circle of admirers around the queen of the hall.

"Who's that native?" exclaimed Markham to his companion. "I'd fell a man to the ground who stared at a woman like that."

"Bless you, that's the Rajah of ——; he's the best fellow in the world—gives such jolly hunting parties; quite a marvel in the way of civilization; reads all sorts of poetry; knows Tom Moore by heart."

"But his cursed stare?"

"Pooh! it's the way these chaps have. Nobody's speaking to her now. Come along."

"Mr. Markham—Mrs. Vincent."

He stood before her perfectly self-possessed, but she was evidently taken by surprise; his name must have escaped her when the introduction was requested.

"This is unexpected—an old friend!" she exclaimed. Then in a whisper, "an old friend, Mr. Markham, notwithstanding the past—Colonel, an old friend from England!" and she introduced Markham to her husband.

"Mr. Markham!" said the Colonel. "I have much honor—the engineer of the —— line?"

"The same, Sir."

The Colonel dabbled in speculation; the Colonel was delighted to make Markham's acquaintance; his poor house was at Markham's service while he remained at the station. The Colonel drew Markham out of the circle to have some special conversation on railway topics; the circle closed again to listen to Mrs. Vincent's brilliant sallies and repartee, but she had become silent and pensive.

When she had heard of Markham last Markham had gone to Canada. Why in the countless chances of life should he and she meet at this time in India? Why should the error of her life have been thus brought vividly before her? Was this a mockery to repentance? Yet why repentance at this particular season?—repentance timing itself with the newest *salve* from England, and the whirl of the dancers. How the heaviness and depression of the mind darkens passing events! The vague rumors of that dreadful affair at Meerut—was that merely an isolated occurrence arising out of special circumstances? The Colonel said so—the Colonel and all the officers were fully confident in the devotion and loyalty of the regiment; she had believed them implicitly; but now her mind was filled with terrible doubt. What if these natives should prove utterly false? Why she and all around her were treading on smouldering fire. She must speak to the Colonel; where was he? She raised her eyes; the circle which had been round her gradually dispersed, all, save one, that Rajah of ——. She was perfectly accustomed to that repulsive mystery of expression which marks the oriental type; but when his eyes chanced to meet hers, there was something so terribly repulsive in the gaze that she trembled and turned pale—in another moment deep crimson mantled her countenance; she left her seat and hurried to the Colonel, who was still standing talking to Markham. Placing her arm in his, she whispered:

"Let us go home now."

"It's early yet, my love."

The Colonel was deep in the share market, and anxious for further conversation with Markham.

"But I don't feel quite well, pray come. Good-night, Mr. Markham, we shall meet again soon."

"Certainly," said the Colonel, "Mr. Markham has promised to dine with us to-morrow."

Markham bowed. . . . . .

"To-morrow!"

As it will be at the end of the world, so it was at many of those stations in India. The sun rose on the ordered strength of human system, and, behold! all that men trusted in and clung to shrunk in a moment from their grasp.

They did meet again very soon, Mrs. Vincent and Markham—a speedy transition from the amenities of society to grim strife for life and death—dragged from her own home; but he had rescued her, driven her—clinging desperately to him—through a hundred dangers.

Whither now? Bewildered by unknown roads, beneath a burning sun and fiery gusts of parching wind, the hard-held rein growing looser and looser in the hand. Still she kept urging him to hurry on—on, from a fear worse than death that possessed her soul. But the brave horse, wounded and worn out, fell at last.

This flight from the land of Death, so terribly real, yet growing more and more into the semblance of a frightful dream—the clogged effort to escape, and the sense of an irresistible doom creeping slowly onward.

There was a native hut near the road. It appeared tenantless. He half carried her—half dragged her to it. The place was quite bare, save some rough planking at one end, which formed a rude couch. It afforded shelter from the sun, not from the heat, still it gave them breathing-time.

Oh that fearful heat! Though she had lived three years in India, she never before felt its full force untempered by the appliances of man.

Neither spoke for a while. Profound silence reigned around them—silence more awful than the din and clamor from which they had fled. Inaction, more terrible than the sharp struggle that had saved them from death. Inaction, which allowed the mind to realize silence—as it were Heaven-husbed for a last confession and prayer.

The chances were terribly against escape. Markham saw that clearly, and yet even to surprise, he had never in his life known his mind more perfectly composed and capable of exact thought. He was constitutionally brave, and his mental powers were never fully developed until he stood face to face with difficulty. For different her condition. Her husband had just fallen in his brave attempt to appeal to the men, but in the terror of the present there was no room for that sorrow in her mind. Life or death? Life, was to fall alive into the rebels' hands; Death, was to die unforgiven by those she had wronged most.

"Markham, have you any ammunition left?"

"We must give up all hopes of resistance against numbers," he replied, quietly.

"But the ammunition?"

"Only one barrel loaded! If more than three attacks us I have determined to throw the pistol away. Perhaps I should act differently were I alone; but it would only exasperate them against you."

"One barrel loaded!" she murmured—then was silent. A terrible resolution was forming in her mind.

She looked steadfastly at him. "Is there any hope of escape, Markham?"

"Very little hope, if we are pursued."

"How calm you are, Markham—I'm—"

"Do you think my life has been so very happy, Pauline, that I should be quite unnerved by the approach of death?"

"Does that old affection for my sister linger yet? I fancied you were so ambitious."

"It formed the very base of my ambition. I have worked for riches, because there is a sense of power in me which urges me on, but I have worked careless of reward and honor."

"Can you forgive her, Markham?"

"I have forgiven her since I entered this hut."

"Oh! Markham, at this last hour, can you forgive me also?" She flung herself at his feet. "I induced her to marry that man."

"You had every right, as her sister, fairly to advise. The blame was hers in yielding."

"Markham, the blame was mine—I deceived her—laid me, but I must speak now. I was horribly tempted. Our family was very poor for the station we held. That rich man loved her, and if she married him it opened a path of affluence to us all. And you were poor and unknown then. My father was fearfully involved—but God forbid I should try to hide my guilt. I was cursed with the thirst for affluence and worldly position."

"But those letters I wrote her—they were placed in a secret spot known to us alone."

"Markham—I tracked her there—oh mercy!" An exulting yell outside showed that the pursuers had discovered the buggy and dead horse.

She fell back terror-stricken, but he drew her forward, holding her in the grasp of a vice.

"Quick with your confession!"

"I took the letters away one by one—we urged her to consent to the address of Mr. Manson—"

"Well?"

"But she refused steadfastly. At last she *did* find a letter there—"

"My letter?"

"No—a letter from you which said the engagement must cease."

He let her fall from his grasp. The calm of his soul was gone. "My God! to die now, and for Clara never to know the truth."

Terror at the approaching danger overcame all her other feelings. Fascinated, she crawled up to the window of the hovel, and gazed out. She saw, even at the distance, the expression on that countenance which had caused her such horror the night before. In a minute or two more their refuge would be discovered.

"I dare not ask your forgiveness, Markham, but grant me one prayer. Life to me is more frightful than death. When they come"—she pointed significantly to the revolver. "I never fired a pistol in my life; my own hand might fail me at the last."

He was silent.

"As you hope for salvation hereafter."

"I shall take vengeance with my own hand?"

"No, Markham; the act would be the token of your forgiveness. Swear!" she cried, in an agony of supplication, "and then I can pray in peace."

"I swear!" said Markham.

It was a terrible effort, but he conquered in the end; and he spoke the full truth and purpose of his heart when he uttered, in a low, firm tone, "Pauline, I forgive you."

She raised her head for a moment, and pressed his hand to her lips. "Then God will forgive me. I am absolved from my guilt. I can die in peace." She bent her head again in prayer.

Markham had become quite calm again. He carefully examined the loaded barrel; with a firm hand he raised the hammer and gently lowered it, so as to press the cap more securely on the nipple.

And they waited the end in peace.

WILLIAM WALCUTT THE SCULPTOR.—(PHOTOGRAPHED BY RUDER, OF CLEVELAND, OHIO.)

"NOW, MARKHAM, COME AND BE INTRODUCED."

"YOU HAVE FORGIVEN ME, MARKHAM!"

CHAPTER II.

"You have forgiven me, Markham?"

The coast of England was in sight. From the time they left that hovel, rescued by a body of irregular cavalry, through their slow and dangerous journey down to Calcutta—through all the dull monotony of the long sea voyage—he had never referred to her confession. It was this silence which oppressed her; it would have been so much more endurable to have talked upon the subject. She often tried to lead the conversation up to the point; but he invariably turned it off, and until the present moment she had not found courage to approach it directly.

Yet she knew full well what he felt.

In long watchings beside his bed, through that dangerous fever which he had at Calcutta, she had often heard him, in the intensity of the delirium, cry her sister's name, till the very sound of it like a sharp sword. One evening, as she stood before him, he had started up in his bed, and gazing wildly in her face, and clasping her hands with his burning grasp, he had uttered in incoherent words his joy that Clara had come back to him at last.

This was the violent upheaving of nature pouring forth the deep feelings of the heart like molten lava; but when returning strength succeeded the delirium, beneath which those feelings were hidden away.

She would sit for hours and watch him in his fitful sleep. She knew he must always hate her; yet she liked to feel that he rested in her care, even as a helpless child. The vital energy was wasted from his face; the strong arm she had clung to in that terrible fight was very weak and powerless, and the hands were nervelss which had freed her from the ruffian's grasp—and yet he looked so noble in his weakness.

What was this feeling at her heart?

Was it conscience prompting her to make full preparation for the past?

She felt that was not the true reply; and then she would start in terror from his bedside. The thought was so fearful. What if Love should be his own avenger?

The physician her needy pursets had taught her in her youth—that love was a fiction, marriage a result of worldly calculation—was growing into an utter falsehood. It had all seemed very true when she made the excellent match which had been so cleverly devised for her, and she had lived quite contentedly in the enjoyment of her wealth and worldly position.

Yet what have remained to her the sorrowful recollection of that brave husband, who died a noble death, which might deliver her from this fatal fascination, if she strove to love his memory as she had never dreamed of loving him when living.

Then she forgot his soldier's habit of sternness; forgot that his cold sympathy had never existed between them, and dwelt only on his kind indulgence, which had been bestowed upon her as upon a child, unguilty as to the utmost. Yet, after all, they twain were only parties to a contract—beauty for wealth. She had acted her part faithfully as a wife, but he had never been asked to accept a heart given. There was no deliverance for her in all this. Whatever duties were left unfulfilled, and love—first love, with all its intensity—first love to be met with shuddering and endured with sorrow. In her sister's name which he uttered with his unconscious lips as she smoothed his pillow with trembling hands, and drew aside the ruffled hair from his burning brow.

But she had saved his life! there was comfort in that. The doctors all said that her careful nursing had availed more than their skill; and though, they marveled at the way she had, as it were, instinctively felt the slightest changes in his condition. At last they said the sea voyage, at all hazard, was the only hope of saving him. It lightened her heart for the moment to be told she could control that money could procure in the fitting up of his cabin. He was carried on board on a couch, too weak to know of the arrangements that had been made.

There was a change for the better from the first day of his being at sea; yet his progress toward recovery was very slow. In the depth of her heart she was glad at this; for the more service she could render, the more the load on her soul was eased; it likewise prolonged her privilege to be near him, for felt, when he was fully recovered, that the past must be an everlasting bar between them. She felt convinced of this, yet she hoped against that conviction—sadly hoped.

He had not entirely recovered his strength: his cheeks were still thin and pale. She knew it was only the gradual action of the setting sun which flushed his face, as he sat near the bulwark, gazing on the last sunset of the voyage. She might justly claim her right of care a little longer: he had no friends near Liverpool. He must remain at her sister's house till his health was perfectly restored. She was too blind to see that she had no right to take him to her sister's house. It was the only means she could think of retaining him near her.

"The captain tells me we shall be at Liverpool early to-morrow," said she, addressing him timidly. These were the words, thought of so long before, escaped her at the moment; she could only add, abruptly,

"You have forgiven me, Markham?"

At her last words he turned from the sunset, and looked steadily in her face.

"I have forgiven you," he said, compassionately. "I fear your greatest effort will be to forgive yourself."

"I shall never be able to do that."

"I am bound in deep gratitude to you, Pauline, for your devoted care—"

"Not bound to me; you have saved my life!"

"Ay; that was but a chance—quick, thoughtless work. I should have acted in the same way had any one else been in your place."

"But your pardon, forgiveness—"

He did not appear to heed her words. "You must let me say, Pauline, that I am bound to you in gratitude, and I would do all I could to help you in this sorrow; but I know we can only forgive ourselves when God, in his mercy, allows us the opportunity of repairing the past."

"Markham, I am very rich; set me to any task of doing good."

"I shall only demand one act from you. You will sell your sister."

She was utterly cast down. She had feared he would demand this of her. She could bear for him to know her pity for Clara—to know all—why, the knowledge in his mind that another utterly despised her would inevitably lower her still further in his estimation.

"I ask an act of justice, Pauline."

She was silent.

"An act of justice! Let her know that I was true. It will be my only consolation."

In broken sentences she prayed him to spare her.

"I am resolved, Pauline—if you are silent I shall speak myself."

She knew the strength of his word.

Then a sense of utter desolation came upon her —she, who had been so careless of all affection, who had cared for world's prosperity—evil, that was attained, but she was miserable—there were only two beings on earth she loved—his love, could never be hers—and her sister's love would be lost in her forever.

"Oh, Markham! grant me a respite—let me be happy a little time with her before she hates me—a few days—a week?"

He left her for a week," replied Markham; and he turned his face from her toward the long beams of golden cloud which rested on the horizon, through which the sun was sinking into the sea.

"Only a week, Mr. Markham! Must you leave us so soon?"

"You are very good, Mrs. Manson, but the truth is, I ought to have gone directly up to town on my landing."

"Not to begin business yet! I'm certain your health is far from being established."

"The directors are very pressing to see me; indeed, I received an urgent letter this morning. I shall be at an evil report, my dear friend here if I have no right to delay a very obvious duty."

"You will come to us again?"

"Thank you, I can scarcely promise myself that pleasure, my engagements are so very uncertain. I believe, in a short time, when things are more systematized, I shall be able to return to my post in India."

"Your post in India! your health is not fit for that. Your friends ought never to allow you."

"Its my livelihood, you must recollect."

There was a pause of some minutes. For a few moments Mrs. Manson bent her head over the work-frame, and appeared to be busily engaged in her work.

"Mr. Markham, I know you will not misunderstand me, but when you talk of leaving us and not coming again, I feel I must ask you, as a friend, to say—I know I should never forgive myself if I were silent. There is one person who will be very sorry when you go. How much, how little to say—I know I should never forgive myself if I were silent. There is one person who will be very sorry when you go. How much, how little soever my conversation between us, I give you my word of honor that I have better than words can tell—my sister loves you!"

Markham shuddered.

Circumstances, said he, "have certainly thrown us together; but I have never observed—"

"Ah! you must trust to us women; in these matters we are the best judges. Why, the simple fact of her mentioning your name so seldom in conversation; but, besides this, I have seen how much her character has altered since she went away—a girl, before, who had many excellent qualities, she was rather too fond of admiration and show; for I will be frank with you. But that, I am sure, is all changed. She has learned to care for love; she's half-spoiled my boys in this short time. I fear her marriage was not very happy—Colonel Thornton was a fine young man, but far older—and there must exist a sympathetic feeling, if I may call it so, to render marriage perfectly happy."

Markham's eyes were fixed on the ground, and he heard her voice falter at the last sentence.

"Pardon me, but she loves her sister, you! I know, years ago, when she used to laugh and joke about Markham being in love, I was, but, Ah, Pauline, with that fixed purpose of yours, when you really love it will be a matter of intensest joy or sorrow—"

"Mrs. Manson," said Markham, interrupting her, "this announcement is totally unexpected. Without questioning whether you have rightly interpreted your sister's feelings, it is proper for me to tell you at once that this affection, supposing it to exist, can never be returned."

"The fault will be mine," said Mrs. Manson, powerfully.

"Why so?"

"For speaking so prematurely; but what could I do when I found you were about to leave?" She rose from her chair, greatly agitated.

"Edward Markham, I have a right to speak to you—you owe me some duty. I transfer all that to my sister. If you loved her, I could forgive the past. Maybe it was prudent in you to give up that engagement with Lady Arden previously, but on the night of that fourteenth of June we had known so much another to be true, and well generally; and yet in three short months, Edward, I'm no matter now. I returned you your letters, all but one."

"You returned me *all* my letters," said Markham, his iron resolution tried to the very verge.

"No, not that last letter; I could not return it then."

By the utmost effort governing her trembling hands, she unlocked her desk and drew out a little pocket.

I read that letter twice, only twice, and then I sealed it up with this black wax. I have never read it since—no need; every word is stamped in my heart. They must have dragged me to the altar but for that."

She forced the packet into his hand.

"There, Edward, I can forgive it all, forget all these words, if you make her happy. I live very happily now—very happily."

Only a few words, and she would know the truth from one that he had been faithful to his pledge; but he stilled the words which were rising to his lips, and clenched his teeth hard.

He stopped for a short moment as he was about to leave the room; she had in some degree recovered her self-possession.

"Mr. Markham, I shall never speak on this subject again; but I bid you think well before you throw away a loving heart."

He was silent—silent when fate falls to the common lot of mortals. He must have yielded had the decision been made on him unawares; but before he left Calcutta he had resolved to see her once more, and through the long voyage, and in many a restless night, he had weighed the chances of their meeting, and armed himself at all points for resistance.

* * * * * *

"Markham, have you told her?"

"No, Pauline."

She could not speak for the moment; she could only clasp his hand.

"She is never to be told!"

"This is hardly beyond thought! Oh, Markham, I promise you I will strive to the utmost to atone for the past; anything in easy if I possess her love. Let your generosity—I can never repay that."

"Wait a while, Pauline. Weigh my words; she is never to be told."

"Yes, yes, I do weigh them: they seal that forgiveness which was freely given me at the hour of death."

"Pauline, I must leave it on your honor that you will never tell her."

"On my honor!" She repeated the words hastily, but was somewhat perplexed at his meaning, and looking in his face, she saw that same expression, as it were, the very cool flushing the countenance, which he remembered so vividly when she knelt at his feet in the hovel. "Never tell her, Markham?"

"Never!"

"Not if I were at the point of death?"

"Not even at that time. You are bound evermore to secrecy."

She had passed through the agonizing fear of death; she recollected her troubled prayers; she recollected the sudden ray of hope in her breast till he had forgiven her—then only she had found peace in the thought.

"Oh, Markham, do not bind me to this! Nay, let me speak out now; let me suffer any pain now, so that she forgives me at the last."

She would have left the room; he drew her back.

"I am not free yet; it is not to me you are bound. I dare say you went with a feeling of triumph to that grand wedding when your sister threw away her love for gold. How much, how awful words of the marriage service made no impression upon you at the time, and must ill you have never thought of them since: *'Let no man put asunder what God in his hereafter forever hold his peace.'* You have often spoken then, but now those words bind you forever."

She listened to him with her head depressed, her hands convulsively clasped.

"When I found that your sister had been really true to me, my feeling toward her, which was that of utter contempt, turned back to old love, and resolved to see her once more. Believe in my good faith—only to see her, and part forever. I calculated upon your want of will. I thought I was very strong—let no man trust to his strength in such a case! I was not strong enough to leave you without the fire of temptation. Listen well to me, Pauline, and hear how strongly you have tempted me, that I may see that she was not happy; as to *his* love for her—"

Mr. Manson is very proud of her," interrupted Mrs. Vincent.

"Yes," he replied, bitterly, "and he is *very proud* of his fine horses. If he does not absolutely illtreat them, he is at least without sympathy or affection. I dare not tell you what I have felt; but I will say my resolution was so utterly weakened, that at one moment I was only the sight of how she clung to those children of hers—how all her happiness depended upon them—"

"I understand your meaning, Sir!" exclaimed Mrs. Vincent, proudly. "My sister would, under all circumstances, have realized her duty."

"It might indeed be as you say. Do you know this letter?"

Through the black seals, he placed the false letter in her hand. She gazed at it with a sort of fascination, and, in low tones, said, "I thought it was burned long before. You told me so, and I was not with the other letters she gave me to send back."

"You would have taken care of that," he replied, with a withering glance.

"Then did you receive it?"

"An hour ago. Your sister gave it to me, reproaching me for having broken my plighted faith."

"Am I to bring a curse on this house?" she cried in terror, falling at his feet. "God save us from the shame! Markham, I repent, I repent to your honor when I brought you here."

"You forget, Pauline, that I have already told you she does not know the cruel and shameful history of that letter. We will take it, as you say, at all costs she would have been faithful to her duty; but think of the terrible struggle—think of the long-suffering—if she ever does know the truth. Why should she suffer? She has done no wrong. We are bound to silence in mercy to her. Mark me well, Pauline: the evil and power rest on your hand, if you ever break that pledge of silence."

She made him no answer.

"You forgave me once," she murmured.

"God forbid I should retract those words! It is possible to forgive, but it is impossible to absolve you from the consequences of your guilt."

CHAPTER III.

Markham went back to India.

He had displayed great originality and skill in the construction of a certain railway-bridge across a rapid river, under circumstances of great difficulty. In addition to its engineering merits, the bridge appeared to form the link in the main line of railway communication which promised to be of the highest value in developing the resources of the country. All interests were deeply interested. There would be a grand ovation to the engineer on the opening of the bridge. The day appointed for the ceremony had arrived.

"Not ready to start, Markham. You'll be late," cried the assistant-engineer.

"I've written to say I can't be there."

"Bless me! it's one of the grandest days in your life."

"The fact is, I've just received a letter from England—"

"Not a less in your family, I hope?"

"No; but still containing very melancholy intelligence."

"Well, Markham, I think you ought to come, nevertheless; your services demand public recognition."

"You know me, old boy—I don't care two-pence for that sort of thing; and as for the bridge, I've got it up so well and so plain in my head as never to want it. Let them stick the barrel into your tureen. Off with you, or you'll get a wigging for being late."

Markham was alone all that day. It was from he had received his sister's letter to him. It was from a clergyman. The portion he read over oftenest ran thus:

"I was requested to see Mrs. Vincent at a time when no hope was entertained of her recovery. I can assure you I had to perform a very painful duty. She confessed to me that she had done a grievous wrong to a person still living, but that, under the peculiar circumstances in which she was placed, she could not repair the first great evil should arise. I strove with the best power that was granted me to afford her consolation. Ever since I became acquainted with Mrs. Vincent I had had occasion to admire the noble devotedness with which she performed among the poor of the parish, the heartsbounding greatly in works of piety and charity. I fear, however, that the disease had taken too much on it as a means of atoning for past transgressions. It was allotted in vain that I exerted myself for the immeasurable value of a 'saving faith' over the best human acts. 'What I have done lately,' she would say, 'I count as nothing; I have been a sinner from my youth up, and should die happy.' That idea of 'dying,' and the misery of dying unforgiven by the person she had wronged, were the thoughts that rendered her so miserable. Toward the end, when we were alone, she bade me to convey a letter to you, using these words: 'Tell him that I suffer now but not here ensured by him—it is the inevitable result of my sin. Tell him that I have been true to my pledge—that he has been terribly avenged.'"

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE POLITICAL CAMPAIGN.

A TELEGRAM from New Orleans states that Sam Houston has retired from the Presidential contest. Mr. Houston, in a letter, writes a letter to say he has no intention of retiring. Mr. Douglas is stumping Virginia, and is speaking eloquently to large audiences. Governor H. Stephens announces his intention of stumping his State for Douglas. Governor Letcher, of Virginia, has also come out for him in a letter. The Radical Abolitionists of Massachusetts have nominated Governor Smith for President, and Samuel M'Farland, of Pennsylvania, for Vice-President. Everybody pretty much knows William Goodell, of New York. The New York American says that the Democratic party rely on the Southern General Scraggs and one party organizing one seeking, and the Republican leaders look to Governor Seward, who, for whom they pleased; while another party, the more conservative, under the leadership of Bell and Everett, indorsed the compromise lately effected at Syracuse. The Hon. Joseph R. Hawley, Democratic candidate for Governor, and opposed Senator Benjamin Wood, William D. Kelley, and J. L. Laird as a committee to wait upon and negotiate a fusion with the other opponents of Lincoln. The Hon. Mr. Hawley accepted the nomination for Governor, and consuls a union of the democracy. The Massachusetts Democratic State Committee have nominated John A. Andrew for Governor, and J. G. Goodrich for Lieutenant-Governor. The Republican State Committee has elected Simeon Draper Chairman, James Terwilliger Secretary, and Thurlow Weed Treasurer.

THE PRINCE OF WALES' BALL AT WASHINGTON.

The correspondent of the *Tribune* says: "As the Prince of Wales, like any other youth, is fond of dancing, it is understood he has determined to ask a ball to honor him in the East Room of the White House. Accordingly that apartment is undergoing the whitewashing and other repairs of the Presidential mansion, for the accommodation of the fair sex, and the distinguished guests of the suite. Under the directions of the President and Miss Lane, the ball-room will be a splendid affair. I am not acquainted with the courtesies and proprieties pertaining to royalty, but presume the ground-work of the affair is to accept as to the persons who may be invited to the ball in honor of the Prince. There will be a difficulty, however, in what between the desire for reasonable exclusiveness and the wish to extend the hospitality of the occasion, there will be abundant excuses for anxious consideration. Much the largest portion of the population even of Washington is far from being confined to the first families."

A LADY APPOINTED FIRST POSTMISTRESS.

At the Quarter Sessions at Philadelphia, on Tuesday, August 28, Lucretia Pickering Montgomery applied for a writ of *mandamus* for the release of Lina Conquest, a colored woman, from custody of W. J. Gowgill, a warden of the prisons, and now a resident of that city. After a hearing, the case was dismissed, and the prisoner refused of the bonds and her voluntary return to slavery.

MARTIN THE WHERRY-MAN.

We read in the *Evening Bulletin*: "Mr. Martin, who rowed a wherry from Boston to New York, and eats no meat, departed on Thursday afternoon. He was to pull his wherry up the Hudson as far as Yonkers the same night, farewell and charmed with the light of the full moon. The light would enable him to see to advantage the scenery, which he would like to see, his love of the works of nature being only equaled by his fondness of berries. Leaving the city during the beautiful afternoon—over rolling in its care to imbibe a whirlwhery, now to be lost in contemplation of the beauties of a moonlight night, and then again his task to make headway with Joshua Ward, the champion sculler, of Newburgh, and with the aid of the Libertarian folk to whom he has letters of introduction at

other places by the way—this excellent boatman will at last stop at Albany. From Albany the wherry will be sent, out of its element, to Boston, the city of its master, which will receive her favorite son by the same expeditious route."

A YOUNG GIRL FASCINATED BY A SNAKE.

We read in the Rochester *Union* of August 28: "At 11½ o'clock yesterday forenoon the little daughter of B. D. Davis, of this city, whose familiarity with a snake has been frequently noticed, died at the residence of her parents, on Centre Street. The facts connected with her case we shall state, and leave the public to draw their own inference. A few weeks since, when Mr. Davis resided on Monroe Street, in the outskirts of the city, near a nursery where he was employed, this little daughter—less than two years old—was accustomed to go into the yard or field and play with a snake. How long these meetings had been held before the discovery by the mother is not known. At all events, the mother one day found the child with the snake in its arms, and the little girl was fondling it and calling it her baby. Subsequently the snake was seen in the yard, and would run to the child whenever she was permitted to go out. The child lost its appetite and pined away, and constantly talked and thought of this reptile. Her mother took her darling to the city to divert her mind from the hideous object, but in vain. Under the advice of a physician who was called, the snake was not destroyed, and continued his visits to the premises at will, retreating to the field when any one but the child appeared. At length Mr. Davis moved into the city and took a house on Centre Street, hoping that the change would be advantageous to his child; and for a time she improved in health and took her food. Two weeks ago last Friday the child was taken ill, and continued to sink until yesterday, when she died. She was subject to convulsions or spasms, which were very violent, and at no time could she take food and retain it in her stomach. Her mother informs our reporter that she was attended by Dr. Fleming, who treated the child on the electrical principle, and she says that he found it a difficult case to treat, and expressed the belief that the snake had taken the electricity from the system of the child. On the day following the Friday on which the child was taken so seriously ill a Mrs. Devins, who occupies the house on Monroe Street vacated by Mr. Davis, called at the house he now occupies, and stated that a German named Conrad Keuchenbach had killed the snake which had troubled the child, on the day previous—the Friday on which she was taken ill. The mother says that when the little girl heard the statement, she said, 'Mamma, is baby dead?' and soon became worse. There is not much doubt about the statement made, as far as the facts are concerned. The conclusions and inferences are quite another thing. The snake killed by Keuchenbach was about three feet long, and was doubtless the same seen by Mrs. Davis and her family repeatedly with her daughter. Its being killed at the time the child became ill may have been a coincidence—probably was. The child was two years and one month old when it died, and it was a very bright and interesting little girl. To what extent it was under the fascinating influence of the reptile we can not say. We only give such facts as we have been able to gather."

SARATOGA GAMBLERS.

A Saratoga correspondent of the Troy *Times* says that two Boston men are the largest winners of the gambling season at the favorite watering-place referred to. One of them is a man nearly sixty years of age, who formerly kept a hotel in Albany, and failing in the business, in a moment of desperation, at the age of forty, took up the profession of a gambler. Fortune seemed to attend him from the first, and he is now estimated to be worth $200,000—all of which he has gained at hazard. He has his servants in livery at the Springs, his fast horses, carriages, and to one unacquainted with his profession, he appears a wealthy man of the world, polished and refined in his manners, and a gentleman of abundant means, who has come to recruit his health by a morning draught at the Congress, or a drive upon the avenue. He is reckoned to be the smartest and most lucky gambler in the country. Few would imagine that he is other than what he seems; yet he is only a type of a large class of persons who annually assemble at Saratoga and pass for persons of the highest respectability.

PERSONAL.

The President met with a most enthusiastic reception at Cumberland, Maryland, on 28th ult., on his arrival from Bedford Springs. He addressed a large audience from the balcony of the Revere House, and his remarks were listened to with the greatest interest and satisfaction.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE CROP FAILURE.

THE *European Times* of the 18th inst. says: "The fears about the harvest are every day becoming worse. The accounts from Ireland are desponding, and the potato disease in many districts is deepening in virulence. The same cold damp weather which has so long prevailed on this side of the Channel appears to have been pretty general in the sister country. Strange to say, Scotland is the part of the United Kingdom where the prospect is most cheering. There they actually complain of a deficiency of moisture. A friend of ours, in coming from London a day or two back through the Trent Valley, found the whole country for forty or fifty miles under water. It appeared like one vast lake, and the tops of the cereal crops were alone visible. Such a state of things in the middle of August is almost unprecedented. Still it would appear, from the state of the corn-markets, that this is exceptional, for the account from the more southern and western districts are comparatively favorable. No doubt the corn-market is considerably influenced by the arrivals which are daily coming in, but that we shall have to import largely can scarcely admit of a doubt."

FRANCE.

THE FIRE AT THE PALACE.

A Paris letter says: "I can give you some details of the fire in the Emperor's quarters—an accident which, no doubt, rumor will exaggerate. The fire commenced in the pavilion, which on one side touches the residence of the Emperor, and on the other that of the Prince Imperial. The room in which the conflagration took place was occupied by the women in the service of the Prince, and was occasioned by a flue being too near some wood-work. At the first cries of alarm the Emperor hastened to the Prince's room and carried him to his own apartment, his Imperial Highness not being even awakened. The fire was happily extinguished in time to prevent it from reaching the adjacent constructions, which are in wood. The Emperor at once distributed recompenses to the men who exerted themselves in putting out the flames. Part of the wardrobe of the Prince was destroyed, and this morning he had only one pair of bottines left. The gouvernante and the female servants have lost the greater part of their clothing."

A LETTER FROM ABD-EL-KADER.

Some of the journals say that Abd-el-Kader has written a letter to the Emperor, thanking him for the high distinction just conferred on him; but stating that what he did in Syria was only the payment of the debt he owed his Majesty for having, eleven years ago, released him from confinement in France.

A LADY IN A MONASTERY.

A letter from Paris says: "A tourist, just arrived from the Grand Chartreuse, tells me that last Thursday week the monks were horribly scandalized by the fact of a lady having, contrary to all regulations, obtained admission to the monastery, and passed the night therein. The fair intruder, an inhabitant of Valence, dressed herself in men's clothes, and passed in with a party of gentlemen. In the morning she recorded the triumph of her curiosity by carving her name and address in the door of the cell in which she slept. The Duchess de Berry was the heroine of a similar adventure some years ago, but there has been no instance of the kind since."

GERMANY.

THE ROYAL INTERVIEW AT TOPLITZ.

Le Nord states that nothing was signed at the interview at Toplitz, but the engagements entered into were consigned, at the solicitation of the Emperor of Austria, to a protocol drawn up since the meeting. The Prince Regent and the Emperor of Austria undertake to hold firmly together on the Eastern question, on the ground of the treaty of Paris; to prevent, especially, every thing that affects the integrity of the Ottoman empire, and to confer on this subject with the Cabinet of London.

In the home question of Germany, Austria has made some important concessions, particularly in the military question. She engages, moreover, to make no opposition to the liberal reforms identified with the Prussian policy in the internal affairs of Germany.

With regard to Italian affairs, the Prince of Prussia recognizes that the possession of Venetia is of real importance to the Austrian empire; but he declines all engagements on this head as long as the Italian movement is restricted to the Italians themselves. If, on the other hand, a foreign Power takes part in it, the Prince Regent undertakes to lend Austria the support of the Prussian forces.

Lastly, the Prince Regent undertakes to employ all his good offices and personal influence with the Emperor Alexander to bring about a reconciliation between Russia and Austria.

CATHOLIC BIGOTRY.

The Minister of War in Austria had just ordered that Protestant soldiers shall only be interred in cemeteries in a part separated from the Catholic portion by a hedge or inclosure. Some of the Austrian journals complain of the measure as being exceedingly illiberal, and only called forth by the requirements of the Concordat.

ITALY.

THE LANDING IN CALABRIA.

At latest dates we hear that large bodies of revolutionists had landed in Calabria, where they had been joined by insurgents to the number of two thousand, with whom they had retired temporarily to the mountains. Two companies of Neapolitan dragoons were reported to have gone over to Garibaldi, whose forces on the main land must by this time amount to quite a formidable army. Meantime preparations for the defense of Naples continued, though there is little doubt that the city will be captured with comparatively little trouble, on account of general disaffection against the Government.

"TURIN, *Friday, August* 17, 1860.—The *Opinione* publishes a dispatch, dated Naples, August 16, stating that the news of Garibaldi's disembarkation in Calabria was unfounded. Up to the 11th instant only several inconsiderable disembarkations had taken place at different points."

"PARIS, *Friday, August* 17, 1860.—The *Patrie* of this evening contains the following dispatch, dated Naples, the 16th inst.: 'Tranquillity prevails in the city. Garibaldi is still reconnoitring off the Neapolitan Limoral. Tranquillity still prevails in Calabria and the Abruzzia.'"

THE NEW IMBROGLIO.

The *Herald* correspondent writes: "The Neapolitan Government, having failed to obtain the intervention of France or England, has concentrated forty thousand troops in Calabria, and put Naples on the defensive. An alliance offensive and defensive has been concluded between Rome and Naples, and the troops of General Lamoricière will co-operate with those of Francis II. This will, of course, enable Garibaldi to pursue his advantages, should he gain any, beyond the territory of Naples, and give cause for Piedmont to battle with him. M. de Cavour has formally announced that Sardinia would interfere in case Rome aided Naples. This forms, as it is, a nice imbroglio; but, to add to the alarm felt, is the fact that Austria will assume the offensive, according to all appearances, as soon as Naples is attacked. Her preparations in Venetia have become so gigantic that it is evident she can but intend at all risks to open anew an Italian campaign."

Per contra, a later dispatch states that Austria has never intimated any intention of interfering in Naples.

GARIBALDI'S POPULARITY AT NAPLES.

It would appear that Garibaldi's popularity in Naples is matter of full and open manifestation. A correspondent writes: "I can not describe the enthusiasm which the name of the Dictator awakens here in Naples. His portraits are at every street corner; hymns in his honor in every shop-window; busts, pocket-handkerchiefs, biographies, all declare the national sentiment, so much so that he eclipses Victor Emanuel as much as the Madonna does the Creator of all things. In the capital we have a garrison of 12,000 men. In the Calabrias, I am informed, there are from 30,000 to 40,000 men in arms; and from letters received yesterday from the camp of Garibaldi a fierce struggle is expected in the provinces, where there is an active reactionary party, though small in proportion to those who are praying for the arrival of the Dictator as the only mode of driving away the reigning family, and of establishing order and securing repose. Vessels are continually leaving with provisions and ammunition for the troops."

THE POPE'S TROOPS TO BE ALLOWED TO SACK TOWNS.

The *Opinione Nationale* publishes, authentically, a statement of three subalterns of the first foreign battalion of the Holy See, declaring that their superior officers have advised them not to desert, promising *that on the slightest rising of the population which might occur at Perugia they would allow them to sack the town.*

SYRIA.

THE LATEST FROM DAMASCUS.

Advices from Damascus to the 5th ult. state that Fuad Pacha had surrounded the Lebanon with troops, and threatened fire and sword if the Druse Sheiks did not surrender in two days. Twenty had already been taken, and nearly 800 other important arrests had been made. A thousand camel loads of plundered property had been recovered.

A BRIGHT EXCEPTION.

"In the whole war," writes Mr. Graham to Lord Dufferin, "there has been, perhaps, but one bright exception to the barbarity which has pervaded these wholesale murders. The sister of the great Druse chief, before the massacre began, advised the Christians not to go to the serai. She most probably knew what awaited them, and offered to shelter any who came into her house. Unfortunately the greater number distrusted her, but 400 creatures crowded into her house; and when the murderers, panting for more blood, demanded of her to give up the dogs of Christians, she said, 'Enter, if you dare, and take them.' Even in such a moment the Druses would not have dared to violate the sanctity of the harem of one of their great princes, and with muttered curses retired. The poor creatures she carefully escorted herself to Mohktarah, whence they were dispatched to Sidon, and brought off by our men-of-war and landed at Beyrout."

BEHAVIOR OF THE TURKISH OFFICERS.

An eye-witness writes: "At Damascus the riot began with a mob of less than 400 people, many of whom were boys and women. The Governor, Achmed Pacha (now on his way to the Bosphorus and 'Kief'), had 800 regular and 2000 irregular troops; 150 regulars were at first called out; they fired once, and the mob dispersed in every direction, leaving their plunder on the ground. The soldiers were then withdrawn into the castle, the mob took fresh courage, the Pacha did nothing, and the revolt went on. Even on the third day Abd-el-Kader went to the Pacha and offered to disperse the mob if he (Achmed Pacha) would give him 400 soldiers. What was the answer of the Pacha? Mark it well. 'I have no order to fire on the Moslems.'"

MEXICO.

INTERVENTION OF THE GREAT POWERS.

The New York *Times* says: "We have the best authority for stating that the Mexican question is on the point of being peremptorily settled by a decisive intervention of four of the Great Powers most deeply interested in the restoration of order throughout the dominions of our distracted neighbor. France, England, Spain, and Prussia have signed a convention for the pacification of Mexico, to which they invite the adhesion of the United States, but which they propose to carry into effect without that adhesion should the United States refuse it.

"The bases of toleration for all religious opinions, and of a modified establishment for the Roman Catholic Church, are understood to have been already accepted by the Constitutionalists under Juarez on the one part, and by the Clerical party under Miramon on the other. An armistice of twelve months' duration is to be declared between the respective leaders, and during this period those portions of Mexico occupied by each are to be held without dispute by the actual occupants, joint action being taken to secure the carrying on of the necessary business of the public administration and the maintenance of order. At a time to be hereafter fixed, the people of Mexico are to be called upon to elect between the principles represented by the two factions, and the respective leaders pledge themselves to resign all their authority and arms into the hands of the Government thus designated under the sanction of the intervening Powers."

AFRICA.

A NUT FOR THE ABOLITIONISTS.

The following extract is from the West African *Herald* of August 13:

"His Majesty Baddahung, King of Dahomey, is about to make the 'grand custom' in honor of the late King Gezo. Determined to surpass all former monarchs in the magnitude of the ceremonies to be performed on this occasion, Baddahung has made the most extensive preparations for the celebration of the 'grand custom.' 'A great pit' has been dug, which is to contain human blood enough to float a canoe. Two thousand persons will be sacrificed on this occasion. The expedition to Abbeokuta has been postponed, but the King has sent his army to make some excursions at the expense of weaker tribes, and has succeeded in capturing many unfortunate creatures. The young people among these prisoners will be sold into slavery, and the old persons will be killed at the 'grand custom.'"

THE BRITISH PROVINCES.

PROGRESS OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

On Saturday, August 25, the Prince of Wales inaugurated the Victoria Bridge at Montreal, of which we gave a picture in a recent number. He seemed much annoyed by the crowds which followed him as he inspected the works. He attended a banquet after the inauguration, and gave the toast of the "Governor-General and the Grand Trunk." There was an illumination in the evening, which the Prince saw *incognito*. On Sunday he went to church, and heard a sermon from Bishop Fulford. On Monday morning he witnessed the Indian games; after which he held a levée at the Court House, and received every body. About one hundred Americans were presented. After the levée he went to his residence and lunched; the New York Committee were his guests at the meal. The city was again illuminated in the evening, and a grand ball was given in his honor, in the building of which we lately published an engraving. It is said to have cost $46,000, and to have been the finest entertainment of the kind ever given in this country. On Tuesday the Prince went by railroad to the Long Sault, and returned to Montreal by boat, passing over the Rapids. In the evening he attended a grand musical festival, at which some 8000 persons were present. On Wednesday he reviewed 1500 volunteers; then crossed to St. Helen's Island in a canoe, learned to use a paddle, and lunched with Sir Fenwick Williams, at whose house he fell asleep at the table. He was serenaded in the evening by the band of the Boston Fusiliers. On Thursday he visited St. Hyacinth, Richmond, and Sherbrooke, receiving addresses and manifestations of welcome every where. In the evening he attended the people's ball at Montreal. On Friday morning he left for Ottawa.

On Saturday the Prince of Wales laid the corner-stone of the new Parliament Buildings to be erected at Ottawa. The weather was fine, and the crowd was very large and enthusiastic. He subsequently held a grand *levée*.

THE BALL AT MONTREAL.

The *Herald* correspondent writes:

"The ball in honor of the Prince on Monday evening was a grand affair, and has perhaps never been equaled in any point except the costliness of the ladies' dresses. The night was dark and rainy, and every carriage in the city was in requisition to convey fair ladies and full-dressed gentlemen to the ball-room, which is about two miles from the principal hotels.

"The ball came off in a splendid building, specially erected by private enterprise within eight weeks. It is circular, of three hundred feet diameter, and lighted by two thousand gas lamps, arranged in concentric circles round the orchestra in the centre, with galleries all round, under which were placed refreshment and dressing rooms.

"The gardens around the room were illuminated with colored lanterns, hung in the trees, and the large fountain splashed its waters musically upon the surface of the mimic lake, which had been constructed near the principal entrance.

"The arrangements for entering and leaving the building were all that could be desired, and the dressing-rooms were large, well fitted, and attended by the soldiers of the Royal Canadian Rifles, who performed their duties with military precision and decorum. Inside, the *coup d'œil* was magnificent. Seven thousand people in varicolored dresses moved to and fro beneath the richly-painted ceiling, while three immense circles of gas jets, completely surrounding the building, out-rivaled the blaze of a dozen suns. The kaleidoscope changing of colors, as the dancers swayed with the music; the fine effect of so large a space comprised in one view; the galleries framing the picture with rich hues of flags and dresses, made the scene look more like a dream of fairy land than any thing real.

"The ball surpassed that of the Japanese in New York, not only in its being given in one large room instead of in several smaller ones, but also in the fact that, although so large a number of persons were present, there was no crush or confusion, no Boole in shirt-sleeves yelling his directions, or darkeys towering immensely and blocking up the passage-ways they attempted to open; but all was perfect order, and every one had ample space to trip the light fantastic at pleasure."

THE ADDRESS OF THE NEW YORK COMMITTEE.

On 28th, Ex-Governor King, Chairman of the Committee, read the following address to the Prince: May it please your Royal Highness, on behalf of the citizens of New York, we have the honor to request your acceptance of a ball upon the occasion of your visit to our city, at such time as may suit your convenience. We hope that in view of the deep and universal admiration felt throughout our land for the public and private virtues of your royal mother, and of the high respect entertained for yourself as the heir to the throne of a great country—united to our own by so many ties of history, language, consanguinity, and communion of interests and principles—you will accept the invitation which we respectfully tender to you.

JOHN A. KING, *Chairman*,
HAMILTON FISH,
JOHN JACOB ASTOR, JUN.,
ROBERT B. MINTURN,
WILSON G. HUNT,
ROBERT LENOX KENNEDY,
M. B. FIELD, *Secretary*.

The address was beautifully engrossed upon parchment, and handed to the Prince, who, rising, made, in *extempore*, the following reply:

GENTLEMEN,—I thank you very much for your invitation to the ball, and accept it with great pleasure. For any details I must refer you to Lord Lyons and the Duke of Newcastle, who will be most happy to confer with you.

THE PRINCE SINGS NEGRO SONGS.

The *Herald* correspondent writes: "During their passage in the *Kingston* from Quebec, the Prince's party enjoyed themselves wonderfully. They sat up till twelve, singing French songs and negro melodies, such as 'Carry me back to Old Virginny!' In private the party is very affable; they address each other, 'Sir,' and not by titles.

HE SEES STARVATION IN THE FACE.

"On arriving at Montreal the Prince determined to stay on board all night. The indefatigable Sanderson, however, discovered that he had no provisions for dinner. Just as the boat touched the dock Sanderson landed, fought his way through the crowd and employed police forces to find Clerk's market; they had no keys, but got ladders and scaled two-story windows and found provisions, and dinner was prepared. The Prince laughed heartily at the prospect of starvation."

HE DANCES TWENTY-TWO DANCES, BUT DROPS HIS PARTNERS.

The Prince opened the ball at Montreal with the Hon. Mrs. Young. He danced in all but the last dance, each time taking a different partner.

Next day all the conversation of the city was about the ball, and much dissatisfaction was expressed at the Prince's treatment of his partners. Having used them for the purposes of the dance, he turns his back and leaves them to find their parents or guardians as best they can.

HE BLUSHES.

At the ball a large circle of eager lookers-on surrounded the Prince, who at first appeared annoyed at this perpetual observation, and blushed deeply, but afterward became all gayety and animation. He inspected the room, and was followed about *à la* Japanese.

HE DANCES WITH AN AMERICAN.

For the first time the Prince danced with the daughter of an American at the grand ball. The fortunate lady was the daughter of Consul-General Moor.

HE LETS THE MIDDY SQUEEZE HIS HAND.

The little English middy was very quiet until the latter part of the ball, but was as lively as usual at its close, and appeared with a gigantic damsel, who over-topped him by several feet. He caused much amusement by squeezing the Prince's hand, and pulling those of the ladies, irrespective of rank and title, during the dance. The ladies enlivened the scene by appearing in their jaunty scarlet opera-cloaks during the promenade.

HE HEARS A SERMON.

When he went to church, the house was crowded. No one could obtain admittance except by ticket. There was great excitement. It was truly a strange sight to see crowds around the church, with long trains of nuns on their way to the Catholic service. The metropolitan bishop, Fulford, preached the sermon, and alluded to the Prince in his prayer. His text was in the ninth chapter of First Corinthians, twenty-fifth verse: "And every man that strives for the mastery is temperate in all things; now they do it to obtain a corruptible crown, but we an incorruptible." Several other bishops were present, and took part in the services.

HE FALLS ASLEEP.

At the table at Sir F. Williams's it was suddenly discovered that the Prince, exhausted by the fatigues and excitements of the last few days, had fallen asleep. A great debate ensued as to who should awake him, but it was finally determined to let him sleep fifteen minutes. Before that time he awoke, and the incident furnished a topic for laughter during the excursion.

The Prince is so exhausted by fatigue that he not only slept at the table, but fell asleep on horseback during the volunteer review. One day's rest would be the best entertainment that could be afforded him.

HE REVERSES AN OLD COURT-MARTIAL.

At Sherbrooke, on 30th, the Prince restored to his position, in a very kindly manner, an old man named Felton, who had been signal midshipman under Nelson, and who fought at Copenhagen, and was turned out of his rank in 1809 by a prejudiced court-martial.

HOW HE DRESSES.

At the grand Concert he was dressed in black, with a blue vest, and wore gold buttons, diamond studs, and a white neckcloth.

At the Indian games he was dressed in a blue frock coat, light vest and pants, and wore a black beaver. His suite were also in plain clothes, St. Germain in black, and the Duke of Newcastle in light dress, with a white hat.

At church he was dressed in black frock coat and light pants and vest.

At the ball he was dressed as a Colonel in the British army.

HIS HABITS ARE SIMPLE.

The Prince's cabin on board the *Hero* is still a great curiosity. Little is to be seen, however, for such is the simplicity of the habits of the young Prince that a neat hammock and a small dressing-table constituted his entire furniture.

HE READS THE PAPERS REGULARLY.

The Attorney-General has orders from the Duke of Newcastle to procure three copies daily of each newspaper represented at Montreal, to transmit to the Queen. The Prince reads the New York papers regularly, and laughs at the remarks about him.

WHERE WILL HE STAY IN NEW YORK?

It was not settled where he will stay, but probably at one of the large hotels, like the St. Nicholas, as he prefers paying his own bills. He wants no special trains or displays, but desires to see American life as it is.

WHY HE PREFERS A BALL TO A DINNER.

The reasons why the proposed dinner was changed to a ball are that the Prince, being a young man, can not make a speech, and it is not etiquette for any one to speak for him. Of course dinner is nothing without a speech. Besides, more persons can be accommodated at a ball than dinner.

THAT UNLUCKY FALL.

When the Prince fell, as mentioned in our last, it was the lady who assisted him to rise, instead of his raising her. At the conclusion of the dance, which he continued as if nothing had happened, he remarked to his favorite little middy that he had had a "great spill." It was pique at this accident as much as any thing else, probably, which kept the Prince at the ball so late and made him dance so often, as if to show his subjects that it was not often such mishaps occurred. The accident was caused, more than any thing else, by the Prince's habit of flinging his limbs around as he waltzes, in the latest London style, which, like the latest style of London generally, is any thing but pleasant to behold. The heroine of the story was Miss Justine Sewell, of Quebec.

AN UNLUCKY MAYOR.

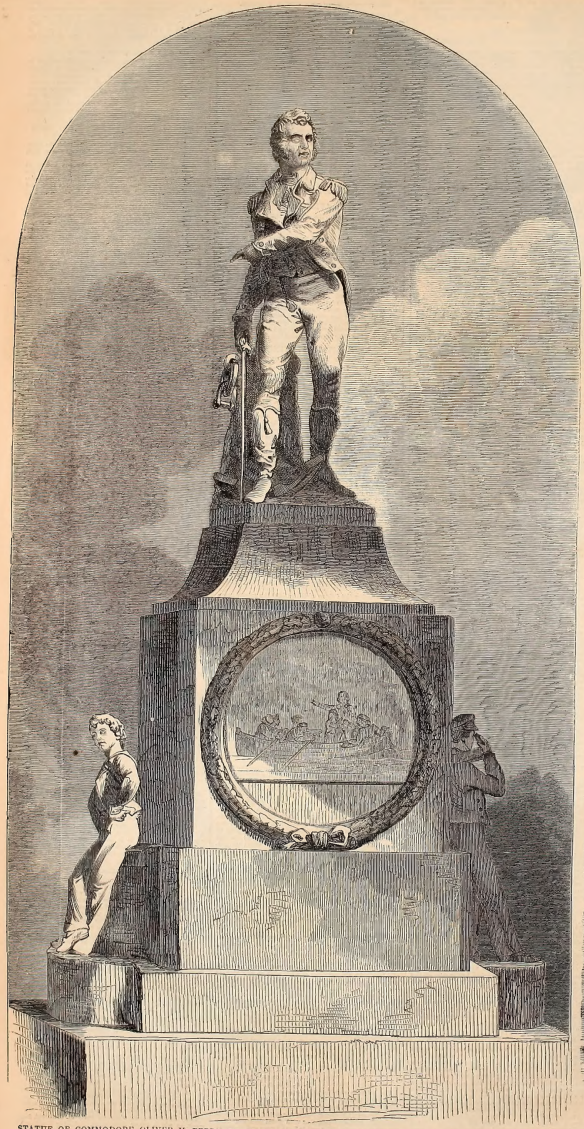
The Prince took his place upon a dais, with his suite in a semicircle around, and Mayor Rodier advanced in a robe of scarlet, trimmed with otter, and a long sword, which tripped him as he walked. He expects to be knighted, and every moment seemed ready to drop upon his knees and receive the tap of the royal sword. Finding no chance of this, he unfurled a parchment and read, in English and French, a long address.

ODDS AND ENDS.

During the reception Mr. Crawford, the British Consul, had his pocket-book stolen, but the thief returned the book and a draft for one hundred dollars. The rest of the money is expected by next mail.

Lady Franklin was present at the ball, the observed of all; and little Patti, with Miss Crawford, the daughter of the British Consul at Cuba, divided the honors with her, and were the belles of the evening. All of the army and navy officers appeared in full uniform.

Lady Franklin gave a dinner party at Montreal, last week, to which many Americans, including Strakosch and Patti, were invited.



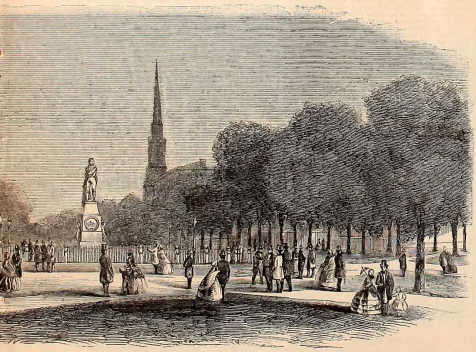
STATUE OF COMMODORE OLIVER H. PERRY, TO BE INAUGURATED AT CLEVELAND, OHIO, ON SEPTEMBER 10, 1860.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY RYDER, OF CLEVELAND, OHIO.]

FOUR SURVIVORS OF THE BATTLE OF LAKE

PUBLIC SQUARE AT CLEVELAND, OH

RIE.—[Photographed by Ryder, of Cleveland, Ohio.]

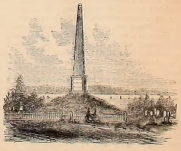
We have met the enemy and they are ours. Yours, with respect and esteem
O. H. Perry.



HIO, WITH THE PERRY STATUE.—[Photographed by Ryder, of Cleveland, Ohio.]

MEDAL PRESENTED TO PERRY BY CONGRESS.

PERRY'S RESIDENCE.



PERRY'S MONUMENT.

THE PERRY CELEBRATION AT CLEVELAND, OHIO.

WE devote a considerable portion of our space this week to the Perry Celebration at Cleveland, on 10th inst. We publish on the two preceding pages a portrait of Perry, a picture of his monument, another of the site where it will stand, several pictures commemorative of his career, and four portraits of survivors of the battle of Lake Erie.

PERRY.

OLIVER HAZARD PERRY was born at South Kingston, Rhode Island, on 23d August, 1785. His family had been American for six generations. His father, Captain Christopher R. Perry, was a distinguished sailor in the Revolutionary war, and experienced the horrors of the Jersey prison-ship. Thus inheriting a love for the sea, Oliver embarked as a midshipman on board the *General Greene*, a man-of-war commanded by Captain Talbot, April, 1799; was present at the attack on Jacmel; and subsequently, when the expedition against the Algerine pirates was dispatched, served at first as a midshipman on board the *John Adams*, and subsequently as a lieutenant under Captain Campbell, in the *Constellation*. His brother was then also actively employed. When, in 1805, he returned to Newport he was a capital sailor, and, according to the uniform testimony of his contemporaries, an agreeable, warm-hearted, and accomplished gentleman. Fond of ladies' society, of a full but luxuriant figure, he was nevertheless a strict disciplinarian, and worked his ship, they say, like an iron machine.

From 1805 till the declaration of the war of 1812 Perry was employed in building gun-boats and coast duty; it was a cruel mortification to him not to be on active service when hostilities really commenced. No one had felt more keenly than he the outrageous nature of the pretensions of the British. On one occasion, he was nearly bombing a British frigate, of four times the size of his craft, to resent one of the insults which were customary at the time. Still, no spark of envy at the better fortune of his comrades found room in his heart. When Master Commandant Jesse D. Elliott, Perry was promoted to a post-captaincy for the capture of the *Guerriere*, and all the officers in the service were furious at the affair, Perry remained calm. Perry hastened to the isthmus of this wounded officer, and congratulated him with a fervor which brought the blood to Elliott's cheek.

His reiterated appeals to be employed "where he could meet the enemies of his country" proved effectual in the end. In February, 1813, orders to proceed to Sackett's Harbor, and build a naval force that could command the waters of the southern coast of the lakes. It was in those days a serious journey to travel from Rhode Island to the lakes in winter, and the officers found themselves described as being practically further from New York than Canada was from England. Yet such energy was his, that by May three gunboats and two brigs were launched; and on the 23d of the same month Perry sailed one hundred miles in an open boat, through a heavy storm, to take the command of the naval force at the attack on Fort George, and in the latter arrangements another heroic valor contributed largely to the success of the day. He was "every where, under showers of musketry," encouraging his men.

Of the battle of Lake Erie we speak below. Shortly afterward Commodore Perry served as an aid to General Harrison in the pursuit of the British, and at the battle of the Thames "cheered and animated every breast." His return homeward was, of course, one continued ovation. Gold-encased addresses; balls were given in his honor; Congress presented him the medal struck on the previous year; all classes vied with each other in doing him honor. His satisfaction at this merited reward did not last long, however, speedily marred by the death of his infant son, who was born while he was on Lake Erie. His letters show that all his glory could not heal the wound in his heart.

The remainder of his life, though interesting, is not of historic importance. Appointed to the *Java*, he set sail from Newport before the war broke for sea, and in the Mediterranean he was likewise disappointed in his hope for a brush with Algerines. He had to encounter the usual troubles of successful officers. A dispute with Captain Hull, whom he relieved in the command of a squadron, caused him several years of annoyance; and a quarrel with Captain Heath of the marines, in which "passion overcame him," and he struck Captain Heath, led, after a long and acrimonious correspondence, to a duel, in which Perry received but wounded his antagonist severely. Let the letters of Perry and Heath on the subject be read by all fair-minded men, and they will see that Perry was the more generous of the two.

At the age of about his great desire to become a sailor, and his natural aversion to farming, induced him to leave his paternal home, and enter himself for the profession; which profession he successfully followed, gaining himself much reputation. At the age of 19 years, he found himself in command of a ship out of Boston.

At this period, on the 22d May, 1812, war about being declared with Great Britain, he was ordered to sailing-master in the navy by President Madison, and commissioned a gun-boat, and appointed to the lakes at Newport. On the Commodore being ordered to the lakes he commanded the *Revenge*, a vessel of 14 guns, and reported to Commodore Isaac Chauncey, then commanding on the lakes, at Sackett's Harbor, in 1813.

He was then ordered to join Commodore O. H. Perry on Lake Erie, who had been appointed to the command of the *Scorpion*, in which vessel, as will be perceived by reference to Mackenzie's Life of Perry, he took an active part in the battle of Lake Erie, on the 10th September, 1813, resulting in the victory so long sought by the order of the Commodore, and the last while in the pursuit of the enemy. Lieutenant Yarnall was added to capture and bring back to the squadron, at short notice, the *Niagara*, which vessel, after the victory, by direction he was presented by Congress with a sword.

Subsequently to the battle of Lake Erie, Lieutenant Yarnall is command of the *Queen Charlotte* and *Detroit*, the two prizes which were left in Put-in-Bay during the winter.

In the spring following he was appointed to the command of the *Tigris*, under Commodore Sinclair, and served under him during the summer, by whom he was left with Captain Tunnet to blockade the port of Mackinaw. In the performance of this duty he was taken by an overwhelming force of one hundred sailors and soldiers, and almost three hundred Indians, after a severe contest, and his command was taken prisoner. In this engagement he received a very severe wound in the thigh from a musket-shot, and was taken prisoner.

In 1815 he was appointed to the command of the *Surprise*, and ordered to proceed up the lake with Colonel Miller and Colonel Robertson, topographical engineers, who had been directed to examine the line between the United States and Canada, under the treaty of Ghent. Subsequent to this, he wound breaking out afresh, he had to submit to a very severe operation, which, however, did not effect the object in view, and he died in the most excruciating pain on the 23d of August, 1819, in the steamship *Fulton*, at New York, and was interred from the same vessel the next day.

In 1812 he had the command of the rendezvous in Buffalo, and was very successful in shipping seamen for the navy. After this, he was appointed, in August, 1813, by the Secretary of the Navy, to the command of the *Lawrence*, which vessel he had charge of about two and a half years. At the time the navy was disbanded, a few years since, he was in the reserve list, with full pay, and has remained so ever since.

DR. USHER PARSONS.

DR. USHER PARSONS was born in Alfred, York County, Maine, the youngest son of one of the pioneer settlers of that town. His early education was obtained at the neighboring schools and academy; and he finished his medical studies under the direction of Dr. John Warren, of Boston. He entered the navy as surgeon's mate, at the age of twenty-one, and was ordered to the frigate *Java* at Gibraltar in May, 1812, soon after the declaration of war in 1812. The officers and crew of that vessel volunteered for service on the lakes.

Dr. Parsons left Black Rock, where he was at first stationed, for Erie, with the vessels that had been armed and equipped, and joined that place about the 1st July, as soon as Perry's whole squadron were ready for service from there. On the 10th, Perry sickness prevailed on the fleet; the two senior medical officers were disabled, and the whole duty devolved upon Dr. Parsons.

In the battle which ensued, September 10, he was the medical officer of the vessel on an board the *Lawrence*, commanded by Perry, which bore the brunt of the fight. The scene of blood and death that received the wounded was at nearly the level of the water, and Dr. Parsons and his assistants were exposed to the fire of the battle, and two were killed after passing from his hands. The *Lawrence* was the vessel most injured by the commander on his professional services. Admiral Mackenzie, in his Life of Perry, writes:

"Of Dr. Usher Parsons, surgeon's mate, I can not say too much. In the absence of Surgeon Brownell, Dr. Parsons and Hornsby, the duties of operating, dressing, and attending upon the wounded, devolved upon him, and he performed entirely on him. I can only say, for that in the event of the battle, I should have considered myself a suicide myself peculiarly fortunate in having him with me on surgeon.

After the battle, the wounded from the other vessels were received on board the *Lawrence*, and sent to Erie, where the wounded were taken to a hospital. Dr. Parsons retaining charges of them. He was ordered to rank as and surgeon from the date of the battle, and received his commission as such the following April. He remained in charge of the hospital at Erie the following May, when he was ordered on board the *Lawrence*, which, with several other vessels, was then fitting out for the ocean service, but, to transport troops from Detroit destined to capture Fort Erie, Canada. This duty, it is done, lasted until the wicked Madison in August. The army was repulsed the heavy loss of the British, and Fort Erie, which was an important transporting troops of the Northwestern army from Detroit, was blown up by the British on the evacuation of the place, and the troops sent to Canada.

In November, 1814, Dr. Parsons, at the request of Commodore Perry, was ordered to the Naval Hospital, then by the new frigate *Java*, at Baltimore, as chief surgeon, and had under his charge, during the following April, and mited in January, 1816, for the Mediterranean. He returned in the *Java* to Boston, and in May, 1816, at the year's leave of absence he was ordered to the *Guerriere*, which sailed November 1 for Lisbon, and in July, 1818, he was ordered to the Mediterranean. He there obtained leave to travel in Europe, and in the autumn of 1818 passed the following winter in the hospitals and medical schools of Paris. He returned in the spring, and was stationed two years in Charlestown Navy Yard. During that time he received the degree of Doctor of Medicine from Dartmouth College.

After a year's leave he settled in general practice in Providence, and was appointed Professor in Brown University. He held this position for two years, except a winter spent in Philadelphia as Professor in the Jefferson Medical College, and another in Paris and London. He resigned his commission in the navy in 1825, having made in most favorable cruises of the Mediterranean squadron, daughter of Rev. Abel Holmes, D.D., of Cambridge, Massachusetts, by whom he has had five children.

Dr. Parsons is author of several medical works, a volume on diseases of the navy, published in London in 1823, one on the art of making anatomical preparations, 1824, a volume on Yellow Fever, 1826, Yellow Fever, 1837. He also wrote the Life of Sir William Pepperell, Sketches of the Life of Commodore Perry, and various historical and several historical and medical pamphlets. He received the honorary degree of M.D. from Harvard and Brown, and was for three years President of the Rhode Island Medical Society, and in 1852 was elected First Vice-President of the American Medical Association.

DR. NATHANIEL EASTMAN.

DR. NATHANIEL EASTMAN, of Jericho, Medina County, Ohio, though not exactly a survivor of the battle, had so much to do with the closing events of those days that he naturally ranks with the survivors. He has kindly furnished us the following reminiscences:

"I was born June 17, 1793, at Fort Ann, Washington County, New York. I was a physician, practicing, and educated in Fairfield County, Connecticut. I commenced the study of medicine with my father, Dr. Ezra Eastman, then living in Geneseo County. In 1810 and 1811 I pursued my studies at the University of Dr. Cuyenoul Hospital of Buffalo. In January, 1812, I was licensed to practice physic and surgery by the Medical Society of Geneseo County. In February I entered on the practice of my profession in the town of Waterford, Erie County, Pennsylvania. In the winter and spring of 1813 an epidemic prevailed among the troops there, and many of the men were attacked fell before it. The volunteer militia stationed at Erie, Pa., and Black Rock, Buffalo, New York, were threatening daily, and February 5 was to receive the fire of the British batteries at Fort Erie, on the opposite side of the Niagara River. Soon after the first fire was to suit from the port of Erie, by the solicitation of Commodore Perry, I was ordered as assistant surgeon to the Marine Hospital, where a number of sailors and marines were laid up with the change of the climate. A few days after the battle the brig *Lawrence*, then commanded by Captain Brownell, came into the harbor of Erie with the wounded of the fleet. I assisted to get the wounded off the brig, and to the Marine Hospital or hospital, then occupied for a hospital. Dr. Parsons was principal surgeon of the fleet. Dr. Davis, and myself assisted in dressing wounds and in attending on the sick and wounded. On the 23d of October Commodore Perry came down from the upper lakes in the *Ariel*, and, if I remember right, the next day after Dr. Parsons left the hospital and went with Perry to the East. On the 24th of October, 1813, I received a letter from Elliott, then commander of the fleet, to go to Put-in-Bay with a detachment of the sick and wounded sailors and marines. I left Erie, in the Scorpion, on the 25th, and arrived at Put-in-Bay on the 26th. The party marched across the island to the prisoners' barracks, on the Canada side, and by reason of the bay, where they had been left in a crippled condition. I was stationed on board the *Detroit*, and performed the duties of surgeon for both ships until the 15th of April, 1814, when I was relieved by Dr. Roberts, who came up from Erie with Captain Elliot in the *Ariel*. I returned to the fleet, and was stationed on board the brig *Niagara* as acting surgeon's mate, until the last of June, when I received my discharge, and left the service. I have practiced medicine at no place where I now reside thirty-six years.

"NATHANIEL EASTMAN."

JOHN CHAPMAN.

JOHN CHAPMAN, the subject of the following narrative, left England in the transport *Bostwick*, No. 404, and landed in Quebec. He left Quebec May 17, 1812, and came to Fort George, at the head of Lake Ontario. After a stay of five weeks he was sent to assist in the erection of Fort Erie; but before that was concluded he received orders to proceed to the point opposite to Black Rock, and help in the erection of three batteries. He spent the year at various points along the lines, participating in the battle of Queenstown, and was pressed to receive Hull at his surrender. In August following he was put on board the schooner *Lady Prevost*, 14 guns, at Long Point, and sailed for Put-in-Bay, where he arrived about three weeks before the battle of Lake Erie, September 10, 1813. He underwent all the hardships of the fleet, and was severely wounded by a musket ball in the groin. He says:

"Perry was desirous to make an attack upon Fort Sandusky, with 400 regular troops. We advanced upon the fort in two columns. Shortly upon it, I fired a bullet. I then ran up a pike with his arm in a sky-rocket, directly over my head and took off that of the man. This was the only shot fired upon the American side. The fort was abandoned about sunset, and it was between one and two hours afterward that I was left for dead, and then was I taken up upon it except seven prisoners. Seeing my late companions all gone, I crept under the platform, and lay among the dead until I reached the end of it, where I came into full view, the moon shining brightly at the time. There was a short distance crossed between me and the woods. I ran with all my might to reach the shelter; but immediately I heard several shots, and found myself wounded in the left side of the groin. I fell, feigning death, and lay still attention was drawn off, when I crept cautiously to the wood. I was now obliged to make a circuit around the fort in the edge of the timber, and I came near the place where we had left two gun-boats below the fort. I gained them without difficulty, and found several other soldiers being collected. we returned to the lake, and thence back to Fort Madison.

"Upon our arrival in the fort I was ordered on board Queen Charlotte as a marine. My post was as gunner, stationed at number 3. My pay as gunner was at No. 1, 24 pounder. We weighed anchor at 10 o'clock in the 10th of September. Our command was to Long Point, for provisions for the upper forts, but thought it likely we should fall in with the enemy in that effect. At daybreak of the 10th the mast at the mast-head descried sails and reported to Put-in-Bay. We were then upon them. They, discovering our approach, weighed anchor, and stood off with a strong breeze.

"Between 10 and 11 o'clock I fired the first gun upon the *Lawrence*. We had two shots I fired, which were thrown through the main-mast, and the other between wind and water. The enemy kept up a heavy fire upon the station, except when I was obliged to bring cartridges for the big gun, when the enemy were killed where duty was to serve them. I had my clothes, whiskers, and hair badly singed by the wadding of the enemy's guns, but myself not suffered no further injury, notwithstanding I had a good opportunity to try hard at his fighting.

"The *Lawrence* being disabled, Commodore Perry took advantage of the smoke, and left the vessel in a small British fleet to go from her to the *Niagara*. We did not see him left the vessel perfectly effected. As proper time the wind causing the smoke to lift, I saw the boat, and small at about a half a mile astern of the fleet. I then saw Commodore Perry strip off his coat and plug the hole in his side. Having reached the ship, he was ordered to bring the schooners into action. Captain Finnis, of the Queen Charlotte, was killed in the early part of the action, but his design was frustrated by the falling off of the vessels which was keeping up the fleet. The cutting away of the dowsbank of one of the mast left her at the mercy of the enemy. Captain Cooksdon, and she ran foul of the *Detroit* and became entangled with her. The fire of the American schooners in action in the mean time, raked them fore and aft, carry away the main and fore-top-mast of the enemy's ship the Queen Charlotte, besides crippling her otherwise. The *Detroit* and *Queen Charlotte* then came down on all the vessels except the *Little Belt* and *Lady Prevost*, which were sailed for the west. The wind small craft and carried one under a spread of sail. The *Little Belt* tried to escape, but was soon brought to and made to surrender.

"Our vessels were unmolested, and the prisoners among who were not wounded were put on board the *Niagara*, otherwise landed on Middle Sister and Kelley Island to Chilicothe. The conduct of Commodore Perry was unparalleled, and his conduct being strange to the wounded and prisoners, and made a deep impression in his favor upon all as long as he remained, quite unexpectedly, to return to my quarters, when I learned that word had come that some Indians had committed cruelties that been taken in arms against the British, and were ordered to execution on shallow. Upon this I remained in my quarters, and when that twice the number of English prisoners should be taken to the Indians, and with a shorter fate if they were put to death. I free one of the fatal number, and was at the point of execution, when the news, arresting the result of the effect.

"I was then sent back to Fort Stephenson, and from thence to Cleveland, where I arrived about the 1st of January. I remained there about three days, then came to Hudson, and have lived here ever since.

"JOHN CHAPMAN."

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "AFTER DARK," ETC. ETC.

WALTER HARTRIGHT'S NARRATIVE CONCLUDED.

I.

WHEN I closed the last leaf of the Count's manuscript, the hour of midnight had long engaged to remain at Forest Road had expired. Monsieur Rabelle looked at his watch and wound it up, then considered, and left the agent in possession of the empty house. I never saw him again; I never heard more of him or of his wife. Out of the dark ways of villainy and deceit they had crawled across our path—into the same by-ways they crawled back secretly, and hid from us.

In a quarter of an hour after leaving Forest Road I was at home again.

But few words sufficed to tell Laura and Marian how my desperate venture had ended, and what the next event in our lives was likely to be. I left all details to be described later in the day, and hastened back to St. John's Wood to see the wife of whom Count Fosco had ordered the fly, when he went to meet Laura at the station.

The address in my possession led me to some

"livery stables," about a quarter of a mile distant from Forest Road. The proprietor proved to be a civil and respectable man. When I explained that an important family matter obliged me to ask him to refer to his books, for the purpose of ascertaining a date with which the record of his business transactions might supply me, he offered no objection to granting my request. The book was produced, and showed, under the date of "July 29, 1850," the order was entered in these words:

"Brougham to Count Fosco, 5 Forest Road. Two o'clock. (John Owen.)"

I found, on inquiry, that the name of "John Owen," attached to the entry, referred to a man who had been employed to drive the fly. He was then at work in the stable-yard, and was sent for to see me, at my request.

"Do you remember driving a gentleman, in the month of July last, from No. 5 Forest Road to the Waterloo Bridge Station?" I asked.

"Well, Sir," said the man, "I can't exactly say I do."

"Perhaps you remember the gentleman himself? Can you call to mind driving a foreigner, last summer—a tall gentleman, and remarkably fat?"

The man's face brightened directly—"I remember him, Sir!" The fattest gentleman I ever I see—and the heaviest customer as ever I drove. Yes, yes—I call him to mind, Sir. *We did* go to the station, and it was from Forest Road. There was a parrot, or summut like it, screeching in the window. The gentleman was in a mortal hurry when the lady's luggage; and he give me a handsome present for locking sharp and getting back."

Getting the boxes! I recollected immediately that Laura's own account of herself, on her arrival at Limmeridge, described her luggage as being collected for her by some person whom Count Fosco brought with him to the station. This was the man.

"Did you see the lady?" I asked. "What did she look like? Was she young or old?"

"Well, Sir, what with the hurry and the crowd of people pushing about, I can't rightly say what the lady looked like. I can't call to mind thing to mind about her that I know of—excepting her name."

"You remember her name?"

"Yes, Sir. Her name was Lady Glyde."

"How do you come to remember that, when you have forgotten what she looked like?"

The man smiled, and shifted his feet in some little embarrassment.

"Why, if you put the truth, Sir," he said, "I hadn't been long married at that time; and my wife's name being one she changed it for, was the same as the lady's—meaning the name of Glyde, Sir. The lady mentioned it herself. 'I've just been over boces, ma am,' she says to me. 'Yes,' says she, 'my name is on my luggage—it is Lady Glyde.' 'Come!' I says to myself, 'Sir: it might be ugly on a year's work or a night's. But I can swear to the stout gentleman, and to the lady's name."

There was no need that he should remember the time; the date was positively established by his master's order-book. I felt at once that the means were at last in my power of striking down the whole conspiracy at a blow with the irresistible weapon of plain fact. Without the gentleman's hesitation I took the proprietor of the livery-stables aside, and told him what the real importance was of the evidence of the entry in his book and the evidence of his driver. An arrangement to compensate him for the probable loss of the man's services was easily made; and a copy of the entry in the book was taken by myself, and certified as true by the proprietor's signature. I left the livery-stables, having settled that John Owen was to hold himself at my disposal for the next three days, or for a longer period, if necessity required it.

I now had in my possession all the papers that I wanted. The district registrar's own copy of the certificate of death, and Sir Percival's dated letter to Mr. Fairlie, being sent in my pocket-book. With this written evidence about me, and with the cochman's answers fresh in my memory, I hastened home, to make the first time since the beginning of all my inquiries, in the direction of Mr. Kyrle's office. One of my objects in paying him this visit was, I was necessarily, to tell him what I had done. The other was to ask him of my resolution to take my wife to Limmeridge the next morning, and to have her publicly received and recognized in her uncle's house. I left it to Mr. Kyrle to decide, under these circumstances, and in Mr. Gilmore's absence, whether he was or was not bound to ask the family solicitor to be present on that occasion in the family interests.

I will say nothing of Mr. Kyrle's amusement, or of the surprise which he expressed at the reunion of my conduct, from the first stage of the investigation to the last. It is only necessary to mention that no one decided on accompanying us to Cumberland.

We started the next morning by the early train. Laura, Marian, Mr. Kyrle, and myself in one carriage; and John Owen, with a clerk from Mr. Kyrle's office, occupying places in another. On reaching the Limmeridge station we went first to the farm-house at Todd's Corner. It was my firm determination that Laura should not enter her uncle's house till she appeared there publicly recognized as his niece. I left Marian to settle the question of accommodation with Mrs. Todd, as soon as the good woman had recovered from the bewilderment of hearing what our errand was in Cumberland; and I arranged with her husband that John Owen was to be committed to the ready hospitality of the farm servants. These preliminaries completed, Mr. Kyrle and I set forth together for Limmeridge House.

I can not write at any length of our interview with Mr. Fairlie, for I can not recall it to mind without feelings of impatience and contempt, which make the scene, even in remembrance only, utterly repulsive to me. I prefer to record simply that I carried my point. Mr. Fairlie consented to treat us on the footing I desired. He passed without notice his polite insolence to the outset of the interview. We heard without a word surprise the protestations with which he tried next to persuade us that the disclosure of the conspiracy had overwhelmed him. He abruptly refused to hear anything that I had in a fretful child. "How was he to know that his niece was alive, when he was told that she was dead? He would welcome Miss Halcombe with pleasure, if we would only allow him time to recover. And we had looked as if he wanted hurrying into his grave? No. Then why hurry him?" He reiterated these remonstrances at every fresh opportunity, until I checked them once for all, by placing him firmly between two inevitable alternatives. I gave him the choice between doing his niece justice on my terms, or facing the consequences of a public assertion of her identity in a court of law. Mr. Kyrle, who had agreed for that purpose, told him plainly that he must decide the question then and there. Characteristically choosing the alternative which involved present ease, he release him from all personal anxiety, he announced, with a sudden burst of energy, that he was not strong enough to bear any more bullying, and that we might do as we pleased.

Mr. Kyrle then sat down to write out the heirs, and agreed upon a form of letter which was to be sent round to the tenants who had attended the false funeral, summoning them to Mr. Fairlie's name, to assemble in Limmeridge House on the next day but one. An order, referring to the same date, was written, authorizing the stationary in Carlisle to send a man to Limmeridge charged with the necessary preparations for inscription—Mr. Kyrle, who had arranged to sleep in the house, undertaking that Mr. Fairlie should have no trouble thrust upon him, and should sign them with his own hand.

I occupied the interval-day as the farm in writing a plain narrative of the events which are in adding to it a statement of the practical conclusion which facts offered to the assertion of Laura's claims. On the morning when Mr. Kyrle before I read it, the next day, to the assembled tenants. My object was to have ready in which the evidence should be presented at the close of the reading. After these matters were settled, Mr. Kyrle left Limmeridge after a conversation next to Laura's affairs. Knowing, and desiring to know, nothing of those affairs, and doubting whether I was competent as a man of business, of my conduct in relation to my wife's life-interest in the legacy left to Madame Fosco, I begged Mr. Kyrle to excuse me if I abstained from discussing the subject. It was connected, as I could tell him, with painful events and troubles of the past which we never referred to among ourselves, and which I was instinctively shrunk from discussing with others.

My last labor, as the evening approached, was to obtain Mr. Fairlie's signature to the narrative," by taking a copy of the false inscription on the grave before it was erased.

The day came—the day when Laura once more entered the familiar breakfast-room at Limmeridge House. The tenants assembled and rose from their seats as Marian and I led her in. They expressed, not by words, but by a confused murmur of interest, ran through them at the sight of her face. Mr. Fairlie was present (by my express desire) at the head of the table. On his side sat Mr. Gilmore, who had arrived from Carlisle by the early train, and who had been specially retained to act as my legal adviser. Behind him with a smelling-bottle ready in one hand, and a white handkerchief, stood Mrs. Vesey, in full mourning, in full silence.

I opened the proceedings by publicly appealing to Mr. Fairlie to say whether I appeared there with his authority and under his express protection. His answer was given in a few words to Mr. Kyrle and to his valet; was by them assisted to stand on his legs; and then expressed himself in short and feeble terms to the effect that Mr. Hartright. I am as great an invalid as ever, and he is so very obliging as to speak for me. The tenants will therefore have the goodness. Please hear him; and don't make a noise!" With those words, he slowly sank back again into the chair, and took refuge in his vinaigrette bottle.

My disclosure of the conspiracy followed—after I had offered my preliminary explanation, first of all, in the fewest and the plainest words. It was there proved to the tenants that I had to declare, first, that my wife, then sitting by me, was the daughter of the late Mr. Philip Fairlie; secondly, to read the narrative of Anne Catherick's mental which they had attended in Limmeridge church-yard was the funeral of another woman; thirdly, to give them a plain account of how I had all happened. Without further preface, I began to read the narrative, from the beginning, describing it in clear outline, and dwelling only upon the pecuniary motive for it, in order to avoid complicating my statement by unnecessary reference to Sir Percival's secret. This done, I reminded my audience of the date of "Lady Glyde's" death, recorded on the inscription in the church-yard (the 28th of July); and confirmed its correctness by producing the doctor's certificate. I then read them Sir Percival's letter announcing his wife's intended journey from Hampshire to London on the 25th, and dated from Blackwater on the 28th—the very day when the certificate asserted her decease in St. Edwin's Vicar. I next referred briefly to what I actually taken that journey, by the personal testimony of the driver of the fly; and I proved that she had performed it on the day appointed in her husband's letter, by the evidence of the order-book at the livery-stables. Marian, at my request, next added her own statement of the meeting between Laura and herself at the middle-house, and of her sister's escape. After which I closed the proceedings by informing the persons present of Sir Percival's death, and of my marriage.

Mr. Kyrle rose, when I resumed my seat, and declared, as the legal master of the family, that my case was proved by the plainest evidence he had ever heard in his life. As he spoke those words, I put my hand round Laura, and kissed her so that she was plainly visible to every one in the room. "Are you all of the same opinion?" I asked, without looking toward them a few steps and pointing to my wife.

The effect of that question was electrical. For down at the lower end of the room one of the oldest tenants on the estate started to his feet, and led the cry with him in an instant. I see the man now, with his honest brown face and his iron-gray hair, mounted on the window-seat, swinging his heavy sticks triumphantly over his head, and leading the cheers. "There she is, alive and hearty—God bless her! Gi' it tongue, lads! Gi' it tongue!" In a moment that answered him, reiterated again and again, was the sweetest music I ever heard. The laborers in the village, and the boys from the school assembled on the lawn, caught up the cheering and echoed it back as I led my wife down the room round Laura, and struggled which should be first to shake hands with her, and to implore her, with the honest words in their own rude phrases, to bear up bravely, and not to cry. She was so completely overwhelmed that I was obliged to take her from me, and carry her to the door. There I gave her into Marian's care—Marian, who had never failed us yet, whose courageous self-control did not fail us now. Left by myself at the door, I invited all the persons present (after thanking them in Laura's name and mine) to follow me to the church-yard, and see the false inscription struck off the tombstone with their own eyes.

They all left the house, and all joined the throng of villagers collected round the grave, where the workman from Carlisle was waiting for us. In a breathless silence the first sharp stroke of the steel sounded on the marble. Not a voice spoke, not a head moved till those two little words, "Laura, Lady Glyde," had vanished from sight. Then there was a great burst of relief among the crowd, as if they felt that the last fetters of the conspiracy had been struck off Laura herself, when the assembly slowly dispersed. It was late in the day before the whole inscription was erased. One line only was afterward engraved in its place: "Anne Catherick, July 28, 1850."

I returned to Limmeridge House early enough in the afternoon to write to Walter Hartright, and his clerk, and the driver of the fly, went back to London by the night-train. In their departure an insolent message was delivered to me from Mr. Fairlie—who had been carried home in his chair—to the effect that, considering the first outbreak of cheering answered my appeal to the tenantry. The message conveyed to me "Mr. Fairlie's compliments," and requested to know whether "we contemplated stopping in the house." I sent back word that that only object in which I was interested—the doors was accomplished; that I contemplated stopping in no man's house but my own; and that Mr. Fairlie need not entertain the slightest apprehension of ever seeing us, or hearing from us, again. Having sent this word to our friend's farm to rest that night; and the next morning —escorted to the station, with the heartiest enthusiasm and goodwill, by the whole village, and by all the farmers in the neighborhood—we returned to London.

As we rode of the Cumberland hills faded in the distance I thought of the first disheartening circumstances under which the long struggle that was now over had been gloriously ended. It was strange to look back and to see, now, that the prospect was as dark as ever, and the help of assistance had been the indirect means of our success, by forcing me to act for myself. If we had been left to the help of others, to what would have been the result? The gain (on Mr. Kyrle's own showing) would have been more than doubtful—judging by the event—on plain test of events as they had really happened —certain. The Law would never have moved a step for my wife and Mrs. Catherick. The Law would never have made Fosco the means of forcing a confession from the Count.

Two more events remain to be added to the chain before it reaches fairly from the outset of the story to the close.

While one sense of freedom from the long oppression of the past was still strange to us, I was sent for by the friend who had given me my first employment in the wood engraving to receive from him a fresh testimony of his regard for me in the shape of a request from certain of his employers to go to Paris, and to examine for them a French discovery in the art of wood engraving. I do not know what it was which they were anxious to ascertain. His own engagements had not allowed him leisure time to undertake the errand, and he had most kindly suggested that it should be transferred to me. I could have no hesitation in thankfully accepting the offer; for if I acquitted myself of my commission as I hoped I should, the result would be a permanent engagement on the illustrated newspaper to which I was now only occasionally attended.

I received my instructions, and packed up for the journey the next day. On leaving Laura I once more (under what changed circumstances!) in her sister's care, a serious consideration recurred to me, which had more than once crossed my wife's mind, as well as my own, already —I mean the consideration of Marian's future. Had we any right to let our selfish affection accept the sacrifice of all that generous life? Was it not our duty, our best expression of gratitude, to forget ourselves, and to think only of her? I tried to say these words when we were alone for a moment, before I went away. She took my hand, and silenced me with a look and a word.

"After all that we three have suffered together," she said, "there can be no parting between us till the last day of all. It is the condition of my happiness. Walter, are with Laura and you. With a little, till there are children's voices at your fireside. I will teach them to speak for me in their language; and the first lesson they shall learn from their aunt and mother shall be, 'We can't spare our aunt?'"

My journey to Paris was not undertaken alone. At the eleventh hour Pesca decided that he would accompany me. He had not recovered all his customary cheerfulness since the night at the Opera, and he determined to try what a week's holiday would do to raise his spirits.

I performed the errand intrusted to me, and drew out the necessary report, on the fourth day from our arrival in Paris. The fifth day I arranged to devote to sight-seeing and amusement in Pesca's company.

Our lodgings had been too full to accommodate us both on the same floor. My room was on the second story, and Pesca's was above me, on the third. At the morning of the fifth day I went up stairs to see if the Professor was ready to go out. Just before I reached the landing I saw his door open, and from that point, in a long, delicate, nervous hand (not my friend's hand certainly) held it ajar. At the same time I heard Pesca's voice speaking rapidly in his house, and in his own language: "I remember the name. But I don't know the name. I was not at the Opera, he was so changed that I could not recognize him. I will forward the report—I can do no more than that." "No more time?" answered a second voice. The door opened wide, and the light-haired man with the scar on his cheek—the man I had seen following Count Fosco's cab a week before—came out. He bowed as I drew aside to let him pass; his face was flushed and pale, and he left the top by the bolsters as he descended the stairs.

I pushed open the door and entered Pesca's room. He rose to crouched up, in the strangest manner, in a corner of the sofa. He seemed to think I had come to thrash him, when I approached him.

"Am I disturbing you?" I asked. "I did not know you had a friend with you till I saw him come out."

"No friend," said Pesca, eagerly. "I see him to-day for the first time and the last."

"I am afraid he his brought you bad news?"

"Horrible news, Walter! Let us go back to London; I don't want to stop here. I am sorry I ever came. The mysteriousness of my youth are very hard upon me," he said, turning his face to the wall; "very hard upon me in my later time. I try to forget them, and they will not forget me?"

"We can't return, I am afraid, before the afternoon," I replied. "Would you like to come out with me, and try to forget it?"

"No, my friend; I will wait here. But let us go back to-day—pray let us go back."

I left him with the assurance that he should leave Paris that afternoon. We had arranged, by correspondence, to meet at the Luxembourg at Notre-Dame, with Victor Hugo's noble romance for our guide. There was nothing in the French capital that I was more anxious to see, and I departed by myself for the church.

Approaching Notre-Dame by the river-side, I passed, on my way, the northern quay-side of Paris—the Morgue. A great crowd clamored and heaved round the door. There was evidently something to see which excited the strongest curiosity, and fed the popular appetite for horror.

I stretched across the walked on as I left it the conversation of two men and a woman on the outskirts of the crowd had not caught my ear. They had given me some out-lines of the sight in the Morgue; and the account they were giving of the dead body to their neighbors described it as the corpse of a man—a tall man—of gigantic size, with a strange mark on his left arm.

The moment I heard the words could not stopped, and took my place with the crowd going in. Some dim foreshadowing of the truth seemed to rise in my mind when I heard Pesca's voice through the open door, and when I saw the stranger's face as he passed me on the stairs of the house. But the truth itself was revealed to me—revealed in the chance words that had just reached my ears. Other vengeance than mine had fallen upon fatal man from the theatre to his own door; from his own door to his refuge in Paris. Other vengeance than mine had called him to the day of reckoning, and had exacted from him the penalty of his life. The moment when I had painted him over Pesca at the theatre, in the hearing of that stranger by our side, who was looking for him too, was the moment that he had died his doom. I reproached the struggle in my own heart when he and I stood face to face—the struggle before I could let him escape me—and shuddered as I recalled it.

Slowly, inch by inch, I pressed in with the crowd, moving nearer and nearer to the great glass screen that parts the dead from the living at the Morgue—nearer and nearer, till I was close behind the front row of spectators, and could look in.

There he lay, unowned, unknown—exposed to the flippant curiosity of a French mob—there was the dreadful end of that long life of de-

graded ability and heartless crime! Hushed in the sublime repose of death, the broad, firm, massive face and head fronted us so grandly that the chattering Frenchwomen about me lifted their hands in admiration, and cried, in shrill cheeres, "Ah, what a handsome man!" The wound that had killed him had been struck with a knife or dagger exactly over his heart. No other traces of violence appeared about the body, except on the left arm; and there, exactly in the place where I had seen the brand on Pesce's arm, were two deep cuts in the shape of the letter T, which entirely obliterated the mark of the Brotherhood. His clothes hung above him, showed that he had been himself conscious of his danger—they were clothes that had disguised him as a French artisan. For a few moments, but not for longer, I forced myself to see these things through the glass screen. I can write of them at no greater length, for I saw no more.

The few facts in connection with his death, which I subsequently ascertained (partly from Pesce and partly from other sources), may be stated here, before the subject is dismissed from these pages.

His body was taken out of the Seine, in the disguise which I have described; nothing being found on him which revealed his name, his rank, or his place of abode. The hand that struck him was never traced, and the circumstances under which he was killed were never discovered. I leave others to draw their own conclusions in reference to the secret of the assassination, as I have drawn mine. When I have intimated that the foreigner with the scar was a Member of the Brotherhood (admitted in Italy, after Pesce's departure from his native country), and when I have further added that the two cuts, in the form of a T, on the left arm of the dead man, signified the Italian word "Traditore," and showed that justice had been done by the Brotherhood on a Traitor, I have contributed all that I know toward elucidating the mystery of Count Fosco's death.

The body was identified the day after I had seen it by means of an anonymous letter addressed to his wife. He was buried by Madame Fosco, in the cemetery of Père la Chaise. Fresh funeral wreaths continue to this day to be hung on the ornamental bronze railings round the tomb by the Countess's own hand. She lives in the strictest retirement at Versailles. Not long since she published a Biography of her deceased husband. The work throws no light whatever on the name that was really his own, or on the secret history of his life; it is almost entirely devoted to the praise of his domestic virtues, the assertion of his rare abilities, and the enumeration of the honors conferred on him. The circumstances attending his death are very briefly noticed; and are summed up on the last page in this sentence: "His life was one long assertion of the rights of the aristocracy, and the sacred principles of Order—and he died a Martyr to his cause."

III.

The summer and autumn passed, after my return from Paris, and brought no changes with them which need be noticed here. We lived so simply and quietly that the income which I was now steadily earning sufficed for all our wants.

In the February of the new year our first child was born—a son. My mother and sister and Mrs. Vesey were our guests at the little christening party, and Mrs. Clements was present to assist my wife on the same occasion. Marian was our boy's godmother, and Pesce and Mr. Gilmore (the latter acting by proxy) were his godfathers. I may add here, that, when Mr. Gilmore returned to us, a year later, he assisted the design of these pages, at my request, by writing the Narrative which appears early in the story under his name, and which, though the first in order of precedence, was thus, in order of time, the last that I received.

The only event in our lives which now remains to be recorded occurred when our little Walter was six months old.

At that time I was sent to Ireland to make sketches for certain forthcoming illustrations in the newspaper to which I was attached. I was away for nearly a fortnight, corresponding regularly with my wife and Marian, except during the last three days of my absence, when my movements were too uncertain to enable me to receive letters. I performed the latter part of my journey back at night, and when I reached home in the morning, to my utter astonishment, there was no one to receive me. Laura and Marian and the child had left the house on the day before my return.

A note from my wife, which was given to me by the servant, only increased my surprise, by informing me that they had gone to Limmeridge House. Marian had prohibited any attempt at written explanations—I was entreated to follow them the moment I came back—complete enlightenment awaited me on my arrival in Cumberland—and I was forbidden to feel the slightest anxiety in the mean time. There the note ended.

It was still early enough to catch the morning train. I reached Limmeridge House the same afternoon.

My wife and Marian were both up stairs. They had established themselves (by way of completing my amazement) in the little room which had been once assigned to me for a studio when I was employed on Mr. Fairlie's drawings. On the very chair which I used to occupy when I was at work Marian was sitting now, with the child industriously sucking his coral upon her lap; while Laura was standing by the well-remembered drawing-table which I had so often used, with the little album that I had filled for her in past times open under her hand.

"What in the name of Heaven has brought you here?" I asked. "Does Mr. Fairlie know—?"

Marian suspended the question on my lips by telling me that Mr. Fairlie was dead. He had been struck by paralysis, and had never rallied after the shock. Mr. Kyrle had informed them of his death, and had advised them to proceed immediately to Limmeridge House.

Some dim perception of a great change dawned on my mind. Laura spoke before I had quite realized it. She stole close to me to enjoy the surprise which was still expressed in my face.

"My darling Walter," she said, "must we really account for our boldness in coming here? I am afraid, love, I can only explain it by breaking through our rule and referring to the past."

"There is not the least necessity for doing any thing of the kind," said Marian. "We can be just as explicit, and much more interesting, by referring to the future." She rose, and held up the child, kicking and crowing in her arms. "Do you know who this is, Walter?" she asked, with bright tears of happiness gathering in her eyes.

"Even my bewilderment has its limits," I replied. "I think I can still answer for knowing my own child."

"Child!" she exclaimed, with all her easy gayety of old times. "Do you talk in that familiar manner of one of the landed gentry of England? Are you aware, when I present this august baby to your notice, in whose presence you stand? Evidently not! Let me make two eminent personages known to one another: Mr. Walter Hartright—*the Heir of Limmeridge.*

So she spoke. In writing those last words I have written all. The pen falters in my hand; the long, happy labor of many months is over! Marian was the good angel of our lives—let Marian end our Story.

THE END.

THE RACE-HORSE "BOURBON."

BOURBON, the subject of the accompanying illustration, is a very promising three-year-old, and the winner of the two-mile race on Fashion Course, Long Island, June 22, 1860.

He is the property of T. Puryear, Esq., of Charleston, South Carolina, who has great confidence in his future career on the turf. Like Nickalas, he was sired by Obscot, out of Fleur-de-lis; and possesses all the requisite points of a racer in an eminent degree. His color is dark-brown, with black legs, mane, and tail; his form tall, strong, and *race-looking*. In the two-mile race on the Fashion Course his opponent, Irona, though well-ridden, had neither the stride nor the bottom of this magnificent colt, who won easily in 3 minutes 34½ seconds.

THE RACE-HORSE "BOURBON."—[DRAWN FROM LIFE BY T. C. CARPENDALE, ESQ.]

THE VIRGIN.

EVERY reader of medieval history has heard of the instrument of torture called the Virgin. An English curiosity-hunter, Mr. Pearsall, has lately discovered one of these ancient Virgins, and publishes an engraving of it, which we copy on page 573. Mr. Pearsall says of it:

"From the engraving, which represents the interior, it is evident that the front of the figure opened like folding-doors, the two halves of the front part being connected by hinges with the back part. On the inside of the right breast are thirteen quadrangular projections; on the left breast there are eight of these weapons, and two more project from the inside of the head. These look very much like the nails of a horse's shoe. These last were intended, it is supposed, to pierce the eyes of the victim, who, from this circumstance, is conjectured to have entered the machine backward, and in this position not known exactly how is what way the engine operated, the mechanism being so long detached, but there can be little doubt that it was similar in the same way as a similar figure called *Mater Dolorosa*—said to have been found in the Inquisition at Madrid—performed its ghastly offices. This latter instrument, in its ordinary appearance, was that of a female with her arms crossed on her bosom; but by mechanism the instant the arms were expanded, and then the inside of them was seen to be studded with small dirks. The person to be executed was placed opposite to her, breast to breast; then her arms, being clasped round his back by means of some powerful screwing implement, were made to grasp him tightly. While she held him thus a trap-door opened beneath his feet, and he was held suspended screaming and writhing gulf. In this situation he was importuned to confess his guilt until the increasing pressure of the machine had squeezed the life from his body, which was then released, and fell through the aperture into an oubliette."

THE AMERICAN PRISONER AT NAPLES.

SOME excitement was lately caused by the discovery, in the prison of San Francisco, at Naples, of a prisoner who at first could give no account of himself, and of whom no mention was made in the prison registers. It was currently reported that he was a second edition of the Man with the Iron Mask, who was imprisoned on account of his birth. Other accounts stated that he was an American. We give on page 573 a portrait of the poor fellow. He had been imprisoned four years at Rome and Naples: no charge had ever been brought against him: he had been starved, and his clothes had rotted off his back. When he was taken to the house of a benevolent Neapolitan he could hardly walk, was almost blind, and cried, in his bewilderment and confusion, "Where am I?"

His story was published in No. 189 of *Harper's Weekly*, dated July 28, page 503.

"I USED TO GO EACH MORNING TO THE POST IN THE VILLAGE," ETC.

A DAY'S RIDE:

A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

By CHARLES LEVER.

AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," "HARRY LORREQUER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

ONE life at the Rosary—for it was *our* life now of which I have to speak—was one of unbroken enjoyment. On fine days we fished—that is, Crofton did—and I loitered along some river's bank till I found a quiet spot to plant my rod and stretch myself on the grass, now reading, oftener dreaming, such glorious dreams as only come in the leafy shading of summer time to a mind enraptured with all around it. The lovely scenery and the perfect solitude of the spot ministered well to my fanciful mood, and left me free to weave the most glittering web of incident for my future. So utterly was all the past blotted from my memory that I recalled nothing of existence more remote than my first evening at the cottage. If for a passing instant a thought of by-gones would obtrude, I hastened to escape from it as from a gloomy reminiscence. I turned away, as would a dreamer who dreaded to awaken out of some delicious vision, and who would not face the dull aspect of reality. Three weeks thus glided by of such happiness as I can scarcely yet recall without emotion! The Croftons had come to treat me like a brother; they spoke of family events in all freedom before me; talked of the most confidential things in my presence; and discussed their future plans and their means as freely in my hearing as though I had been kith and kin with them. I learned that they were orphans, educated and brought up by a rich, eccentric uncle, who lived in a sort of costly reclusion in one of the Cumberland dales: Edward, who had served in the army, and been wounded in an Indian campaign, had given up the service in a fit of impatience at being passed over in promotion. His uncle resented the rash step by withdrawing the liberal allowances he had usually made him, and they quarreled. Mary Crofton, espousing her brother's side, quitted her guardian's roof to join his, and thus had they rambled about the world for two or three years, on means scanty enough, but still sufficient to provide for those who neither sought to enter society nor partake of its pleasures.

As I advanced in the intimacy I became depository of the secrets of each. Edward's was the sorrow he felt for having involved his sister in his own ruin, and been the means of separating her from one so well able and willing to befriend her. He was the more bitter thought that their narrow means should prejudice her brother's chances of recovery, for his chest had shown symptoms of dangerous disease, requiring all that climate and consummate care might do to counteract. Preyed on incessantly by this reflection—unable to banish it, equally unable to resist its force—she took the first and only step in life she had ventured without his knowledge, and written to her uncle a long letter of explanations and entreaty.

I saw the letter; I read it and approved it. It was all that sisterly love and affection could dictate, accompanied by a sense of dignity, that if her appeal should be unsuccessful, no further should be passed upon her brother, who was unaware of the step that had been taken. To express this sufficiently, she was driven to the acknowledgment that Edward would never have himself stooped to the appeal; and so careful was she of his honor in this respect, that she repeated—with what appeared to me unnecessary insistence—that the request was entirely hers, and not as hers, and hers only. In fact, this was the uppermost sentiment in the whole epistle. I ventured to say as much, and endeavored to induce her to moderate in some degree the amount of this protestation; but she resisted firmly and decidedly. Now I have recorded this circumstance here—less for itself than to mention how by its means a little controversy led to a great intimacy between us, producing us, while defending our separate views, to discuss each other's motives, and even characters, with the widest freedom. I called her enthusiast, and in return she styled me worldly and calculating; and, indeed, I think we were so, and fortified my opinions by prudential maxims and severe reflection. I should have been sorely indisposed to adopt in my own case. I believe she saw all this.

I am sure she read me aright, and perceived that I was arguing against my own convictions. At all events, day after day went over, and no answer came to the letter. I used to go each morning to the post in the village to inquire, but always returned with the same disheartening tidings, "Nothing today!"

One of these mornings it was that I was returning disconsolately from the village, Crofton, whom I believed at the time miles away on the mountains, overtook me; he came up from behind, and passing his arm within mine, walked on for some minutes without speaking. I saw plainly there was something on his mind which he found difficult to open, and I half dreaded lest he might have discovered his sister's secret, and have disapproved of my share in her procedure.

"Algy," said he, calling me by my Christian name, which he very rarely did, "I have something to say to you if I only knew how to approach it. Can I be quite certain that you'll take my frankness in good part?"

"You can," said I, with a great effort to seem calm and assured.

"You give me your word upon it?"

"I do," said I, trying to appear bold; "and my hand be witness of it."

"Well," resumed he, drawing a long breath, "here it is: I have remarked that for above a week back you have never waited for the post-boy's return to the cottage, but always have come down to the village yourself."

I nodded assent, but said nothing.

"I have remarked besides," said he, "that when old Ivat at the office there was no letter for you, you came away sad-looking and fretted, scarcely spoke for some time, and seemed altogether downcast and depressed."

"I don't deny it," said I, calmly.

"Well," continued he, "some old experiences of mine have taught me that this sort of anxiety has generally but one source with fellows of our age, and which simply means that the remittance we have counted upon as certain has been, from some cause or other, delayed. Isn't that the truth?"

"No," said I, joyfully, for I was greatly relieved by his words; "no, on my honor, nothing of the kind."

"I may not have hit the thing exactly," said he, hurriedly, "but I'll be sworn it is a money matter, and if a couple of hundred pounds be of the least service—"

"My dear, kind-hearted fellow," broke I in, "I can't endure this longer; it is no question of money; it is nothing that affects my means, though I half wish it were, to show you how cheerfully I could owe you my escape from a difficulty—not, indeed, that I need another tie to bind me to you—" But I could say no more, for my eyes were swimming over, and my lips trembling.

"There," cried he, "I have only to ask pardon for thus obtruding upon your confidence. You'll forgive me, I hope."

I was too full of emotion to do more than squeeze his hand affectionately, and thus we walked along, side by side, neither uttering a word. At last, and, as it were, with an effort, by a bold transition to carry our thoughts into another and very different channel, he said, "Here's a letter from old Dyke, our landlord. The worthy father has been enjoying himself in a tour of English watering-places, and has now started for a few weeks up the Rhine. His account of his holiday, as he calls it, is amusing; nor less so is the financial accident to which he owes the excursion. Take it and read it," added he, giving me the epistle. "If the style be the man, his reverence is not difficult to decipher."

I bestowed little attention on this speech, uttered, as I perceived, rather from the impulse of starting a new topic than any thing else, and taking the letter half mechanically, I thrust it in my pocket. One or two efforts we made at conversation were equally failures, and it was a relief to me when Crofton, suddenly remembering some night-lines he had laid in a mountain lake a few miles off, hastily shook my hand, and said, "Good-by till dinner-time."

When I reached the cottage, instead of entering I strolled into the garden, and sought out a little summer-house of sweet-brier and honey-suckle, on the edge of the river. Some strange, vague impression was on me that I needed time and place to commune with myself and be alone; that a large unsettled account lay between me and my conscience, which could not be longer deferred, but of what nature, how originating, and how tending, I know nothing whatever.

I resolved, however, to submit myself to a regular interrogatory, by a close and searching examination, to ascertain what I might about myself. In my favorite German authors I had frequently read that men's failures in life were chiefly owing to neglect of this habit of self-investigation; that though we calculate well the dangers and difficulties of an enterprise, we omit the more important estimate of what may be our own capacity to effect an object, what are our resources, wherein our deficiencies.

"Now for it," thought I, as I entered the little arbor—"now for it, Potts; kiss the book, and tell the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

As I said this I took off my hat and bowed respectfully around to the members of an imaginary court. "My name," said I, in a clear and respectful voice, "is Algernon Sydney Potts. If I be pushed to the avowal, I am sorry it is Potts! Algernon Sydney do a deal, but they can't do every thing—not to say that captains folk see a certain bathos in the collocation with

"THE RUSTLE OF A MUSLIN DRESS HASTILY BRUSHING THROUGH THE TREES," ETC.

THE AMERICAN PRISONER AT NAPLES.—[SEE PAGE 572.]

THE VIRGIN, AN INSTRUMENT OF TORTURE.—[SEE PAGE 572.]

my surname. Can a man hope to make such a name illustrious? Can he aspire to the notion of a time when people will allude to the great Potts, the celebrated Potts, the immortal Potts?' I grew very red, I felt my cheek on fire as I uttered this, and I suddenly bethought me of Mr. Fitt, and I said aloud, "And if Fitt, why not Potts?" That was a most healing recollection. I revelled in it for a long time. "How true is it," said I, "that the halo of greatness illumines all within its circle, and the man is merged in the grandeur of his achievements! The men who start in life with high-sounding designations have but to fulfill a foregone pledge to pay the bill that Fortune has indorsed. Not so was our case, Pitt. To us is it to lay every foundation-stone of our future greatness. How much more thinking in *your* surname to foretell you would be a Minister of State at one-and-thirty—there is no letter in *mine* to indicate that I should be. But what is it that I am to be? Is it Poet, Philosopher, Politician, Soldier, or Discoverer? Am I to be great in Art, or illustrious in Letters? Is there to be an ice tract of Behring's Straits called Potts's Point, or a planet styled Portman Sidus? And when centuries have rolled over, will historians have their difficulty about the first Potts, and what his opinions were on this subject or that?"

Then came a low soft sound of half-suppressed laughter, and then the rustle of a muslin dress hastily brushing through the trees. I rushed out from my retreat and hurried down the walk. No one to be seen—not a soul, not a sound, either, to be heard.

"No use hiding, Mary," I called out, "I saw you all the time; my mock confession was got up merely to amuse you. Come out boldly and laugh at me to your will." No answer to the refusal amazed me. It was like a disbelief in my assertion. "Come, come!" I cried, "you can't intend to think I was serious in all that vainglorious nonsense. Come, Mary,—

We enjoy the light, it together."

I shall be angry. I'll take it ill—very ill."

Still no reply. Could I, then, have been deceived? Was it a mere delusion? Had I but heard the low laugh, and the rustle of the dress, and the quick tread upon the gravel, too plainly for my mistake, and so I returned to the cottage in chagrin and ill-temper. As I passed the open windows of the little drawing-room I saw Mary seated at her work, with, as was her custom, an open book on a little table beside her. Absorbed as she was, she did not lift her head nor notice my approach till I entered the room.

"You have no letter for me?" cried she, in a voice of sorrowful meaning.

"None," said I, scrutinizing her closely, and sorely puzzled what to make of her self-command. "Have you been out in the garden this morning?" asked I, abruptly.

"No," said she, frankly.

"Not quitted the house at all?"

"No. Why do you ask?" cried she, in some surprise.

"I'll tell you," said I, sitting down at her side, and speaking in a low and confidential tone, "a strange thing has just happened to me. And with that I narrated the incident, glossing over, as best I might, the absurdity of my self-quizing, and the nature of the self-examination I was engaged in. Without waiting for me to finish, she broke in suddenly with a low laugh, and said,

"It must have been Rose."

"And what is Rose?" asked I, half sternly.

"A cousin of ours, a mere school-girl, who has just arrived. She came by the mail this morning when you were out. But here she is, coming up the walk. Just step behind that screen, and you shall have your revenge. I'll make her tell every thing."

I had barely time to conceal myself in my ambush when, with a merry laugh, a fresh, girlish voice called out, "I've seen him! I've seen him, Mary! I was sitting on the rock beside the river when he came into the summer-house, and, evidently fancying himself alone and unseen, proceeded to make his confession to himself."

"His confession! How do you mean? or of what?"

"Well, I don't exactly know whether that be the proper name for it, but it was a sort of self-examination, not very painful, certainly, inasmuch as it was rather flattering than otherwise."

"I really can not understand you, Rose."

"I'm not surprised," said she, laughing again. "It was some time before I could satisfy myself that he was not talking to somebody else, or reading out of a book, and when, peeping through the leaves, I perceived he was quite alone, I almost screamed out with laughing."

"But why, child? What was the absurdity that amused you?"

"Fancy the creature. I need not describe him, Molly. You know him well, with his great blazing lignum eyes, and his wild yellow hair. Imagine his walking madly to and fro, tossing his long arms about in uncouth gestures, while he asked himself seriously whether he wouldn't be Shakspeare, or Milton, or Michael Angelo, or Nelson. Fancy his gravely inquiring of himself what remarkable qualities predominated in his nature: was he more of a sculptor, or a politician, or had fate destined him to discover new worlds, or to conquer the old ones! If I hadn't been actually listening to the creature, and occasionally looking at him, too, I'd have doubted my senses. Oh dear! shall I ever forget the earnest gravity of his manner as he said something about the 'immortal Potts.'"

The utterance was too much for her, for she threw herself on a sofa, and laughed immoderately. As for me, unable to endure more, and fearful that Mary might finish by discovering me, I stole from the room and rushed out into the wood.

What is it that renders ridicule more insupportable than vituperation? Why is the virulence of passion itself more easy to endure than the sting of sarcastic satire? What weak spot in our nature does this peculiar passion assail? And again, why are all the noble aspirations of high-hearted enthusiasm, the grand self-reliance of daring minds, ever to be made the theme of such scoffings? Have the sconners never read of Wolfe, of Murat, or of Nelson? Has not a more familiar instance reached them of one who foretold to an unwilling senate the time when they would hang in expectancy on his words, and treasure them as wisdom? Cool, narrow-minded, and unjust world, with whom nothing succeeds except success!

The man who contracts a debt is never called cheat till his inability to discharge it has been proclaimed clearly and beyond a doubt; but he who enters into an engagement with his own heart to gain a certain prize, or reach a certain goal, is made a mockery and a scorn if he will waive own humble faculties represent such striving as impossible. From thoughts like these I went on to speculate whether I should ever be able, in the zenith of my great success, to forgive those captious and disparaging critics who had once endeavored to damp my ardor and bar my career. I own I found it exceedingly difficult to be generous, and in particular to that young minx of sixteen who had dared to make a jest of my pretensions.

I wandered along thus for hours. Many a grassy path of even sward led through the forest, and taking one of those which skirted the stream, I strolled along, unconscious alike of time and space. Out of the purely personal interests which occupied my mind I felt others, and I found myself one with a grim satisfaction of the severe lesson Mary must have ere this read from my pale and haggard face and flippancy, telling her, in stern accents, how behind that screen the man was standing she had dared to make the subject of her ridicule. Oh, how she blushes! what flush of crimson shame spreads over her face, her temples, and her neck! what tears overflow her eyes, and fall along her cheeks! I actually pity her suffering, and am pained at her grief.

"Sorry, dear Mary!" I cry out; "after all, she is but a child. Why blame her that she can not measure greatness, as philosophers measure mountains, by the shadow?"

Egotism, in every one of its moods and tenses, must have a strong fascination. At least, I walked on for many a mile while thus thinking, without the slightest sense of weariness, or any craving for food. The forenoon had worn away, the hot noon was passed, and the day was sobering down into the more solemn tints of evening, ere, while thus I had strayed, or lay in the tall grass, still deep in my musings.

In taking my handkerchief from my pocket I accidentally drew forth the priest's letter, and in a sort of half-indolent curiosity proceeded to read it. The writing was a remarkably neat one, what rugged one, the writing of a man to whom the manual part of correspondence is a heavy task, and one which generally evinces such labor as rarely as is possible. As for the composition, it had all the charm of ease, and was as unstudied as need be, the writer being evidently one who cared little for the graces of style, satisfied to discuss his subject in the familiar terms of his ordinary conversation.

Although I do not mean to impose more than an extract from it on my readers, I must reserve even that much for my next chapter.

FATE AND A HEART.

It was midnight when I listened,
And I heard two voices speak;
One was harsh, and stern, and cruel,
And the other soft and weak:
Yet I saw no visior mine,
And I heard no steps depart
Of this Tyrant and his Captive—
Fate it might be and a Heart.

Thus the stern voice spoke in triumph:
"I have shut you from the light
From the radiant world of nature
And the perfumed light of day.
You, who loved to steep your spirit
In the charm of beauty's delight,
See no glory of the day-time,
And no sweetness of the night."

But the soft voice answered calmly:
"Nay; for when the March winds bring
Just a whisper to my heart
I can dream the rest of spring;
And to-day I saw a swallow
Flitting past my prison bars,
And my cell has just one corner
Whence at night I see the stars."

But its bitter taunt repeating,
Cried the harsh voice: "Where are they—
All the friends of former hours
Who forget your name to-day?
All the links of love are shattered,
Which you thought so strong before,
And your life is doubly lonely
And alone, since loved no more."

But the low voice spake still lower:
"Nay! I know the golden chain
Of my love is purer, stronger,
For the cruel fire of pain:
They remember me no longer,
But I, grieving here alone,
Bind their souls to me forever,
By the love within my own."

But the one cried: "Once, remember,
You devoted soul and mind
To the welfare of your brethren,
To the service of your kind:
Now, while sorrow wrings you comfort,
You, who lie in helpless pain,
With an impotent compassion,
Fretting out your life in vain?"

"Nay;" and then the gentle answer
Rose more loud and full and clear:
"For the sake of all my brethren,
I thank God that I am here!
Poor had been my life's best efforts,
Now I waste no thought or breath;
For the prayer of those who suffer
Has the strength of love and death."

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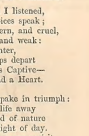

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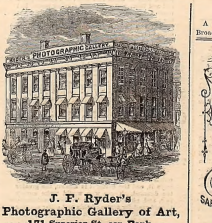

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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"AND I GUESS IT ISN'T EV'RY DAY YOU HAVE A CHANCE TO SEE, IN YOUR LITTLE ISLAND OVER THERE, A FINER BIRD THAN ME."

"THEY'RE AWFUL SAVAGE CRITTERS, 'N MAYBE JEST TO BE PERLITE, HE'LL CHUCK A NIGGER IN THE CAGE, AND LET YOU SEE 'M FIGHT."

The American Eagle to the Prince.

GOD bless your little Highness, I'm tremendous glad you've come;
And how's your sovereign mother and all the folks to hum?
'Twas a mighty putty notion that of openin' Windsor gates,
And sendin' you a visitin' to these United States.
'Tain't ev'ry day we run across a real genuine scion
Of that fine old honest friend of mine, the Royal British Lion;
And I guess it isn't ev'ry day *you* have a chance to see,
In your little island over there, a finer bird than me.

We're mighty independent folks, and I think it's like enough
You'll find the Yankee manners maybe just a trifle rough;
And perhaps your princely eyes may see some rather curious things,
(For we haven't had of late years much to do, you know, with kings),
And perhaps your princely hand may get a mite too hard a squeeze,
It's the way we're apt to worry gents that come across the seas;
But don't be backward, Albert, you'll agree before we part,
That the coarsest humspun jacket often holds the warmest heart.

I expect that you'll be apt to be most awfully amazed,
To hear the States ere bigger than the land where you was raised;
And maybe you wouldn't believe that a man would have to go
Two thousand miles from Maine to reach the Gulf of Mexico;
And that Missouri water runs down the Western plain,
Out of the land of sunset, more'n twice as fur again.
I know a Mister Boz, who's a regular London swell,
Wrote in a book about the yarns Amerikins love tu tell,
But your Royal Highness needn't depend upon that sort of teachin',
For every word I'm sayin' tu you is jest as true as preachin'.
We've lots of things to show you that a Britisher 'll admire,
From a Massachusetts dough-nut to a prairie afire;
And we'll take you out a gunnin', it mought be sumthin' new
To tell your ma as how you bagged a buffalo or two.
But the nicest show is Washington—that celebrated den
In Uncle Sam's menagerie, where he keeps his roarin' men.
They're awful savage critters, 'n maybe jest to be perlite,
He'll chuck a nigger in the cage, and let you see 'm fight.
I guess they ain't so much fer brains, but if it came to muscle,
They could knock your little Palmerston right slap through Johnny Russell;
I wish they'd gét a hóld on Brougham, fer really I must say,
'Twas a real scurvy trick he cum on Dallas t'other day;
And I guess, you will allow, 'twasn't quite the handsome thing
To make a friendly minister a butt fer sich a fling.
But don't let's talk about it, fer it's no use blamin' you,
Fer all the spiteful meannesses your stuck-up servants do;

"AND PERHAPS YOUR PRINCELY HAND MAY GET A MITE TOO HARD A SQUEEZE."

"BUT BE AMAZIN' CAREFUL, FER THERE'S LOTS OF CUSSIN' GIRLS."

But jest you tell his lordship, as a piece of good advice,
That this 'ere Eagle's not the bird to take an insult twice;
And that this 'ere Eagle's not the bird to stop with bolts and bars
When he sees a feller sneerin' at the Yankee stripes and stars.
Then make yerself to hum, sonny, and go upon the plan
Of getting all your money's worth and seein' all you can.
But be amazin' careful, fer there's lots of cunnin' girls,
With the softest eyes, the sweetest lips, and sunniest kind of curls,
That'll tangle a feller up so quick, it isn't a bit of use,
Even allowin' he wants to, of strugglin' to git loose.

And when you git to England, to her Majesty the Queen,
Give my very best regards to her, and tell her what you've seen,
And how glad we were to see you, and if she'll cum over tew,
Till make a speech to welcum her like this I've made to yew.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1860.

WHAT WE ARE DOING FOR THE WORLD.

WITH his usual sagacity the Emperor of the French has suspended the operation of the French tariff, so that American grain now enters France duty free. The French harvest has proved a failure; but the admission of American wheat and corn free of duty will prevent prices rising to the famine level, and will guarantee the empire against a general scarcity of food.

England not only took the same step, but made it a part of the permanent laws of the realm fourteen years ago. In the year 1846 the ports of England were thrown open to foreign grain at a mere nominal rate of duty; and, in consequence, though there have been several short harvests in England since then, there has never been a famine; and this year, especially, the wheat crop seems to have failed utterly without raising the price of food beyond what used to be called a fair average.

Upon this country the effect of the crop failure in Europe must be very marked. It happens that for three years our great food-producing States have had short crops. This year, for the first time since 1856, we have enough and to spare. No man can tell how many bushels of wheat and corn will be produced in the United States in 1860. We may raise 300,000,000 or 600,000,000 of wheat, and 700,000,000 or 900,000,000 of corn; but it is quite certain that we shall raise enough not only to feed our own people and leave a surplus for next year, but likewise enough to supply the deficiency in Europe, so that prices in England and France shall rise no higher than they would have done had the crop been an average. This is real usefulness.

The figures of the grain movement in this country this year are surprising. We are now shipping to foreign ports from this port alone less less than a million dollars' worth of gold every week, and this is exclusive of corn which has not yet begun to go forward. But the actual figures tell the tale in the clearest manner, and we give them accordingly:

"GRAIN MOVEMENT.

	1859.	1860.
Shipments of Wheat from New York since January 1,.....	$38,250	$5,519,442
Shipments of Flour from New York since January 1,.....	2,341,057	5,419,100
Shipments of Corn from New York since January 1,.....	146,07	1,181,164
Grain received at Chicago since January 1,..... bushels	9,000,000	20,000,000
Grain Shipped at Chicago since January 1,..... bushels	6,000,000	17,000,000

The details of the movement seem almost incredible. Farmers who had sown wheat in the Western States and expected a crop, under favorable circumstances, of 20,000 bushels, have harvested 60,000 and 40,000. The Illinois Central Railroad carried, between 1st January and 1st July, 1860, more than twice as much grain as it carried in the whole year 1859. In 1859 the owners of shipping on the lakes were almost ruined; in 1860 every craft on the lakes is fully employed, and the want of tonnage is so grievous that wheat and flour are being shipped westward, in September, by rail. It seems pretty certain that we shall ship but little more corn to foreign parts than we ever shipped before, and that we shall do so without paying the usual penalty—that is to say, without raising the price of bread upon ourselves.

The cotton year terminated last week. We are now able to state that the crop of 1859 yielded 4,670,000 bales—that is to say, 670,000 bales more than the crop of 1858—which was the largest crop ever gathered. If we assume the bales to have averaged 450 pounds each, the cotton culture yielded in 1859–60 839,725,000 more than the enormous crop of 1858, and fully $65,000,000 more than the previous average. In the fiscal year 1858–9 our revenue from our export of cotton was so large that, notwithstanding the heavy importations of foreign goods, the national balance-sheet for the year showed a balance in our favor equal to about $20,000,000. The fiscal year 1859–60 will necessarily show a much larger balance in favor of this country; and notwithstanding the stories of drought which are circulated, there is reason to believe that the cotton crop this year will be large, and that the exports of our grain shipments will bring the aggregate of the exports of 1860–'61 up to the previous year's average.

No one can contemplate these figures without a feeling of exultation. These United States, which foreign statesmen are so fond of decrying, are actually feeding and clothing the world. Our politicians are covering each other with dirt; infamous Japanese swindles succeed shameful jobs at Washington; threats of disunion hurtle in the air; blind critics, looking on the scene from a distance, calmly predict universal ruin and chaos; and meanwhile the country goes on, yielding its millions of pounds of flour and cotton and grain and gold, and other necessaries of life, become itself steadily richer year by year, and saves England from famine and France from revolution. This is surely no mean destiny for a country.

THE PRINCE'S TROUBLES IN UPPER CANADA.

AT Canada is in an uproar because the Prince of Wales, following the example of the British Government in Ireland, refuses to recognize the Orange Societies. The Roman Catholics are triumphant, the Protestants furious, and there is every prospect of a bloody riot in some Canadian city.

On the face of it the Prince—or the Duke of Newcastle, who manages him—has the law and the right on his side. The Orangemen are a large Society, resting on the simple basis of loyalty to Popery. The Irish Island and in Canada they have made themselves conspicuous by destructive, not constructive tendencies. Since the Battle of the Boyne Orangemen have done very little but mischief in this world. They are peculiarly a sectarian and partisan body. Had the Prince recognized them, he could not consistently have refused to receive the Liberals, Conservatives, and Clear Grits, each in their puny political character, and the Protestant Society for converting the Papists, and the Jesuit Society for converting the Protestants. Evidently the wisest course was to ignore all these party parties and sectarian bodies, and to recognize no distinctions save those known to the law.

At the same time, before we denounce the Orangemen of Upper Canada, we must take into consideration the circumstances which give vitality to their organization.

Canada is ruled by a priest—a man of great tact, shrewdness, and knowledge, who is the Secretary of the Roman Catholic Archbishop. He rules the Assembly by the votes of those of the Catholic members of Parliament, who would as soon think of insulting the Host as disobeying their spiritual chief. He succeeded in bringing in a compact body, and knowing and caring little about political questions which do not affect their faith, control the Canadian Legislature. This is notorious in Canada; one can readily fancy how the Protestants of Upper Canada chafe under such a domination, and how they yield at last in order to avoid to avoid themselves in Orange Societies. This, however, is not all, nor is it the worst.

When the Pope persuaded the King of France, two hundred years ago, at the time of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, to issue another Edict forbidding Huguenots to settle in Canada, they took the first of a long series of extremely sagacious measures which were designed to render the province the absolute dominion of the Papal Church. From that day to this they have never wavered in their purpose. Knowing well that power, sooner or later, always follows property, they saved, and they proceeded—as they had done in England, France, Spain, and Italy—to acquire land. They required a fifth of the produce of land in sorts of ways. Large estates were given to various religious bodies by the French Crown on the consideration that the priests and nuns would convert the Indians. Others were presented to the Church by rich men with bad consciences; enormous amounts of property were acquired by device. In no country in the world was the doctrine more firmly settled than in Canada that a rich man could not better secure admission to the Kingdom of Heaven than by leaving a farm, or at least a potato patch, to the Church. Meanwhile the various communities of monks, nuns, friars, and brothers being extremely frugal and often self-supporting, the revenues of these lands accumulated year by year, and were reinvested in land. By the law of Canada—the old feudal custom of Paris, which is in force to this day—real estate owned by the Church is in *mainmorte*; it is literally in the grasp of death; it can not be sold. Thus ever acquiring, and never selling or wasting, the Roman Catholic Church of Lower Canada has come, after 200 years of unremitting execution, to own, directly or indirectly, an enormous proportion of all the productive real estate in the Province. The visitor to Montreal and Quebec is amazed to find that the choicest parts of both cities are walled gardens; these are for the priests and nuns to take the air in; everything they will be leased—not sold—for building lots. He would be still more amazed if he could inspect the land registers, and see how block after block, house after house, street after street, and ward after ward, are owned by the Church, and how small a proportion of the improved real estate in these cities is free from some irredeemable mortgage or perpetual rent or due to nuns, or friars, or bishops. It is the same in the country districts. A large proportion of the finest seigniories have been acquired by religious bodies; and of those which are owned by individuals, very many, if not the bulk, pay certain dues to the Church. At the time Charles the Third expelled the Jesuits from Spain, it was stated by Count Aranda that they owned one-third of the whole productive real estate in the kingdom: the statement was held by the civilized world to justify the harsh measure of the King. It probably is as true in fact that the archbishop, bishops, priests, monks, nuns, presbyteries, seminaries, and the other Catholic bodies of Lower Canada hold, among them, considerably more than a third of all the productive property in that Province.

All this must be borne in mind when we see the the excessive irritation of the Orangemen. It must be very provoking indeed, to see the progress of their country retarded and civilization retarded by the power of a Church which not only rules but owns most of the Province. If Catholic Spain was justified in expelling the Jesuits, and Italian Catholics in trying to beheads on the shore of Sardinia and Corsica, because their power and their wealth were inconsistent with the well-being of the country, surely Protestant Upper Canada may find some excuse for keeping up symbols and usages which the overthrow of Papal dominion has rendered odious elsewhere.

The Roman Catholic Priests will discover, sooner or later, that the world does move. They have been stripped in Spain and in Sardinia. They made a virtue of necessity, and gave up their property in France. The titles to their land in Rome and Naples are not precisely what they used to be considered quite. They are uncommonly shaky in Mexico. Canada is not going to be an exception to the general rule, and this Province may prove an epoch in the history of the end.

THE PROGRESS OF FASHION.

MOST of our lady readers, we suppose, have smiled over the pictures of the first French Empire; of the high-bred dames of Napoleon's court in plain white muslin, head-dresses, and waists under their armpits, short clinging skirts, and elaborately-wrought stockings. Few of them, perhaps, are aware that they are seemingly plain dresses of this very costume before they are many years older.

Fashion moves in a circle: the past always returns after a certain lapse of time to its own dimension. The indications of a return of the fashions of 1850–'10 at the present time are too decided to admit of any doubt, and we have informed that the shrewdest tailors and milliners are already on the chase of old engravings of the period.

There is no disputing about tastes or fashions, says the proverb. Custom is, in nine cases out of ten, the guide of all of us: that which is fashionable is the universal rule, and is new and original we consider grotesque. When hoops first came in all the world decreed them ugly. Then crinoline became quite shocking; now we laugh at any one who doesn't wear them. So it will be with the "Empire" fashion. They look outrageous now, those high waists, and scant draperies, and monstrous hats and helmets, and shoulder-of-mutton sleeves—how long will it take to make us think them pretty? short of these monstrous? Let the fashion purveyors answer. In the time of Madame Recamier and Madame Tallien—in the days of the Republic—before a belle of 1800 would have seemed as preposterous as a South Sea Islander dressed in a string of beads: yet art and letters prove that at bottom taste was as pure then as now.

We therefore advise our lady friends to lay in no great store of hoops, and long skirts, and close-fitting jackets—for who will have them when we are all *à l'Empire*? The world moves, and we must move with it. Modern fashion has even established two bad divisions for her dainty toes—and on each toe she wore one or more rings—it was then *distingué* for a lady to shuffle off her slippers in society, and pass the carpet or the floor with her pretty little feet. Let our belles look to it, those who can not afford to follow Madame Tallien's example must relinquish all hopes of social distinction.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE CITY OF OTTAWA.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

MONTREAL, C. E., *August* 29, 1860.

IN your issue of the 18th September an article appears in relation to Ottawa which is likely to mislead a large number of those who know no better; and as your journal has an extended circulation, I tender the following correction:

When the last census was taken, Ottawa contained between 11,000 and 12,000, which was in 1855. It now contains over 15,000, without a doubt. I have the Mayor as authority for this last assertion. The lumber is not immediately surrounding the place, as you would lead your readers to surpose, but is floated every year for from 50 to 150 miles—this being the point where the money is mostly paid out and supplies bought in—but a good agricultural country immediately surrounds the city.

The Welsh family settled across the Ottawa River, at a place called Hull, where they still remain; but Ottawa commenced to build in 1837, when Colonel By commenced his work under Government, on the Rideau Canal. The place was selected by the Home Government, and approved by the Queen, with the express view of its *remaining* the permanent seat of Government for the *United Provinces*, including the Red River country as a colony; and the leading English statesmen say so. The present visit of his Royal Highness and Prince of Wales will essentially harden the consolidation, as the Duke of Newcastle remarks that his previous views are more than ever cemented in regard to their British American empire. W. H. M.

THE LOUNGER.

WHO SHALL DANCE WITH HIM?

TOM town is returning. Gross grows no longer in Broadway, and the pavement is washed away from the steps of the churches. The sound of carriage wheels is heard once more in the streets of the Avenue begins to bloom like the rose. Familiar faces lighten the lobby of the Academy, and Parquet and Parquette little heaving view of its surrounding the city.

The Wight family settled across the Ottawa River, at a place called Hull, where they still remain; but Ottawa commenced to build in 1837, when Colonel By commenced his work under Government, on the Rideau Canal. The place was selected by the Home Government, and approved by the Queen, with the express view of its *remaining* the permanent seat of Government for the *United Provinces*, including the Red River country as a colony; and the leading English statesmen say so. The present visit of his Royal Highness and Prince of Wales will essentially harden the consolidation, as the Duke of Newcastle remarks that his previous views are more than ever cemented in regard to their British American empire. W. H. M.

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TOM town is returning. Gross grows no longer in Broadway, and the pavement is washed away from the steps of the churches. The sound of carriage wheels is heard once more in the streets of the Avenue begins to bloom like the rose. Familiar faces lighten the lobby of the Academy, and Parquet and Parquette little heaving view of its hands as they leave their offices in the afternoon. The hotels at Saratoga are thinned. The breezes of the sea murmur of the Belles who by which a month ago were proudly pacing the Rhode Island beach. As a Manhattanese of Manhattanese, he is grieved in soul as he surveys them and reflects that the glory of the six-in-hand at Newport belongs this year to Boston. Well, Boston and with two pestilitions was good, but it was not glorious. How charming the society in which Boston will be the star!

The town is hastening home, for the Prince is coming. If he escape the Orangemen, the fair New Yorkese will devour him with kindness. Not those of palpable sugar only—but those that drop from the soft and fatal eye—sweeter than are hidden elusive in the graceful *tournure*, New York will do for the Prince the best it can do. He will see the fall in its best season, and it is to be hoped he will see the roses which the summer has planted there. When his Royal Highness dances, it will be with the prettiest dancers in the world. All the great and thrilling point—how shall we approach it?—who will be chosen as his first partner, "it must go to pass."

How is she to be selected? Shall it be by a majority vote of the whole town? Shall it be decided by the two-thirds rule prevail? If it were an official reception the matter would be simpler. It is the President of the United States who here and he had a daughter, we could see light breaking in. But with a theatre full of young and beautiful women, and a ball to be given upon this occasion, beautifully dressed, and all upon the same social plane—all "first families"—how is the choice to be made? Shall he choose by beauty? Shall it be the tallest? the shortest; the fat—that is to say, the more luxuriant of proportion, or the less? Shall it be the best dancer? But all are best. Shall it be the youngest? But none are old.

There is but one way for the Prince to offer itself as a simple solution of the difficulty. Yet it is a way not agreeable to diplomacy, because it involves none; yet pleasant to pride, because it does not consult it: quite beyond precedent, because natural. Let the Prince do as every other gentleman does—select his own partner. That will satisfy her—of course it will equally please all the others.

THE EIGHTH COMMANDMENT.

WHOEVER has read "Love me little, Love me long," or "Christie Johnstone," or "Peg Woffington," knows that Mr. Charles Reade is one of the most brilliant and sparkling of living writers. His style is the most piquant French style Englished. Unhappily for his own comfort and for the curiosity of the world, Mr. Charles Reade is always in hot water. The critics are always firing at him, and he is constantly blazing at the critics. He has now written a book explanatory of his controversy. It involves the question of copyright, but especially of dramatic copyright between France and En-

gland, and is certainly the most grotesque, violent, erudite, and "smart" book that has been of late published.

Mr. Reade's doctrine is, that "talent follows the market." That is to say, a country has precisely such a belles-lettres literature as it chooses to pay for. Jacksaxes, says Mr. Charles Reade, think that France is a more essentially dramatic nation than England. Nobody but a Newgate-thief-and-his-Jane-Eliza idiot would ever dream of such an absurdity. It all depends upon Paris. When Paris chooses, it makes dramatists she has a drama. When she trampies and spits on them she hasn't. At present, dramatic writing, Reade says, is only a lumbarous French province. That is the style of the book. In support of his general theory Mr. Reade summons a great deal of evidence from English and French literary history, and has made a most peculiarly interesting to the literary profession, and very entertaining to the general reader.

But what he says of some American matters is the immediate occasion of this review of the book. Having shown that we are superior to the English in inventive genius, as proved by the patent statistics, he says: "From the cradle to the grave American invention accompanies an English man. Singer clothes his body, and Hoe gives his mind the news of his epoch an hour or two quicker than he could have it otherwise. Meantime American electric wire recording, as it stands now, is a waste of time and its progress to the grave. The what? That is an antique invention, and worn out. Here is Mr. Conner, ready to record your hiv in a glass coffin: pumps out the air, seals him up hermetically, and puts him respectfully out of people's way for a visit. There for centuries he can be inspected through the glass case, and so can the books he has written—and so can a monthly post! Don't be insulted, Miss! We are not to be buried now, only shelved."

He believes in American literary genius, but thinks you must look for it in the newspapers. "Read the American papers. You revel in a world of new truths, new theories, and glorious romance! Let Mr. Jenkins take heart. "In Great Britain there are 580 newspapers; in America there are 4000; and so he has buried, *for the present*, many an immortal genius—buried, but to use not hidden. I can see their fitful gleams in reading those papers."

How beautiful is truth! What a perspicacious writer is Mr. Charles Reade! By Mr. Jenkins?

I am glad to quote some of his final words, because they tell a truth which is not often told. "There is a great deal of pain in print against the class 'publishers,' in their dealing with authors. My personal experience and my researches into history have not confirmed this view. I have found some slippery tricks, but quite as often on the author's side as the publisher; and as the whole I have found the human beings struggling so fairly and liberally with authors as the publishers. I have come to hold this latter opinion before the public. At present I confine myself to a single observation. The English and American publishers have, with relation to American and English authors, much as the English managers do with respect to French dramatists. But what American publisher offers? The Philadelphia publishers in the United States, and particularly Messrs. Appleton, Messrs. Harper, Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, publishers (where liberal sums—but what?—for early sheets, a mere start of a week or two in advance of the pirates. Messrs. Carey, Bentley, Sampson Low, and, I hope, others in England, are equally just and liberal to American authors."

IMPORTANT CORRESPONDENCE

SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS, CORNER OF CAPITOL, 1860.

DEAR MR. LOUNGER,—Augustus was reading to us, last evening, a newspaper letter from Newport, in which American parties were described, lasting from one or two in the afternoon until evening (an' very sensible too, I think; don't you, Sir?). The writer says that by means of such parties, "*and, above all, as giving the separated women a chance to meet*," &c. These are his very words, dear Mr. Lounger, you who know every thing, and are such a favorite with us girls in the country, won't you please answer the question we have asked? For he stopped and repeated the words slowly, and turned to me, and said, "What on earth does he mean?" I answered, "Augustus! Was that right, do you think, dearest Mr. Lounger? Did the writer mean to imply that the women who went to the evening parties in Newport were mostly squaws? Augustus says, if he did, that he intended with Count Joseph, in the last week's chapter of "The Woman in White," "Pass me here one exclamation in parenthesis. How interesting!"

Dear Mr. Lounger, is it squaws?

Yours till death,

MARGARET MARIGOLD.

The Lounger begs to present his compliments to Miss Margaret Marigold, and to thank her for her polite letter. He also begs to submit this reply to her exceedingly natural question. The evening parties at a certain place are to be praised because they give the unpainted woman a chance, does unfortunately that evening parties are the same place are frequented by polished women. And the language is profoundly apt to remark to Miss Marigold that a good many female fairs of the present epoch are popularly believed to be painted. A remarkable fact, which the Lounger tells its own tale—and immediately its object is defeated, for what avails the whitening of the sepulchre?

Miss Margaret Marigold must not be surprised if she should find herself wearing patches, in obedience to fashion, before she is ten years older. Patches are not a droller fashion than hoops, and paint is the most effective fashion of all—except the above. But paint is like perfume. As a person addicted to the use of the latter grows more and more hardened, so that instead of diffusing an aroma he drenches himself until a sweet stench exhales from his person, so one who paints her cheeks frequently loses the delicacy of her eye, and at length plasters her face with rouge. As it is better to be odorless than to smell of musk, so it is to be desirly pale than to show an unchanging cheek. Rouge may be only a fashion, like the outlaw of the hair and the cut of the dress—but it is sure to beget suspicion. Every man feels that a woman who is hypocritical in her cheek, which is visible, may be and dangerously double in the heart, which is invisible.

The Lounger hopes that Miss Margaret Marigold will not do Indian squaws the injustice of comparing them with the women of ball-rooms who paint. A squaw paints palpably, and means that it shall be known. The painted woman of the ball-room paints palpably, indeed, but means that it is not perceived. Sometimes she believes it is not. Poor painted woman!

LABORS OF LOVE.

When a clergyman fills the pulpit of a brother clergyman for nothing, it is called a labor of love. Labors-of-love, as a descriptive term applied to sermons, is not complimentary. When kind friends volunteer to do any kind of work for others, it is, perhaps, a good general rule to take note of the kindness and excuse the service. And yet the various professions are subject to these offers in different degrees. Mr. Evarts or Mr. O'Conor are probably not deluged with gratuitous friendly advice in the management of their cases. The Presidents of Banks and Insurance Companies are often free from the importunities of advertising the fate of offered notes and the rate of policies. Carpenters and masons and housenailers, also, have but few labors of love. The Lounger thinks that's quite another matter.

It is a fond fallacy prevalent among the subscribers to any periodical publication, that they individually understand what should be the management of that publication. They have not elected by reason of peculiar qualifications for the position. It is another fond fallacy that a stated contributor to such a periodical knows what the editor. The Lounger, for instance, constantly receives letters and suggestions which are meant for the editor, but which, falling into the Lounger's hands, fill his heart with sympathy for his well-abused and much-plagued friend.

"Heavens!" the Lounger says to himself, knowing the incessant labor of the editor, "if will this not be the last straw that breaks the camel's back!"

No: decidedly no. And why? Because of the immense recuperative power of the editor? Because of the quality of his mind? Because? No, again; but because nature has provided an exquisite process of mutual balance on the correspondence function. The editor has a pile aside in a drawer the letters of advice which he receives during a single week. Open the drawer on Saturday; turn those papers; open them, and the result is a neutralization.

This is Saturday, let us say. Now we open the drawer.

SIMPKINS. "Thank you for finishing up the series you've been giving. Give short stories: that's what people want."

ANTI-STROPHE. "I have begun Lever's novel, and it is capital; but we all miss Dickens's new one. Long continued stories continue the interest of the paper from week to week."

Again:

ACID. "Your illustration of Master Olof contains a mistake. It is not the Polish costume at all, and other must have got a wrong horse, for surely the clumsy cart-hose in your illustration can not have been meant for the sleek, swift, eight-legged Sleipner."

ALKALI. "How poetic that picture of Olaf is! It is so thin, so watery, so weak! Give us plenty of that kind, please."

Once more:

OUR AUNT. "Dear Sir,—I don't want to interfere, but you make a great mistake in printing those large two-page pictures. Nobody wants 'em."

ANOTHER MAN. "We are all waiting for another of those delightful descriptions of the Central Park. We feel when we get those that we have got our five cents' worth, full measure."

Then there are the signs of praise:

"Please reprint some article upon Queen Boadicea."

"Aerial navigation is a capital subject for a series of articles with illustrations."

"What has become of the Penn-pin column?"

"Please to print a monthly fashion plate."

"Did you think of that horse-criticism by yourself, or did you get your cue (cue?) from some sight-seeing English cockney?"

Of course no objection is made to these hints. Every contributor is grateful to advice his representative. The sole object of this reference is to apprise Scribe and Anti-Scribe, Acid and Alkali, One Man and Another Man, that their kind letters and suggestions are received, and that, having heard all the evidence, the Mr. Weekly will continue to be edited in the way which seems to be best for *all*.

"WOMAN'S SPHERE."

In the great debate upon Women's Rights, certain points have been definitively settled. It is considered that Mrs. Bloomer has proved that she can if they know how. The use of the tongue, however, except in private colloquy, is forbidden, unless indeed it be employed in singing or the drama. It is decided, since Jenny Lind, and Sontag, and Ellen Tree, and Charlotte Cushman, that a woman may properly sing or recite upon the stage of the Academy, on Monday evening, for instance; but it is equally settled that she is out of her sphere if she speaks upon the stump on Tuesday evening. The reason of this discrimination is clear to the smallest minds. On Monday she sings or recites the music and the poetry of men (generally). On Tuesday she assumes to speak her own thoughts. Thoughts? A woman's thoughts? I beg your pardon.

But she may read in private, and no one can quarrel, and "woman's sphere" doesn't suffer in the least. And that she may read and in private, a Library has been provided and rooms taken in the New York University building, all under the charge of Miss Powell; and eloquent men have made speeches, and generous publishers have given books, so that the five thousand already selected have cost only about a thousand dollars.

So we are informed by, who are skimming these lines, are secretly thinking, "Pooh! women had a great deal rather go to libraries where they are sure to meet the beaux in a social being, especially woman." Undoubtedly, and it only shows the extreme perversity of facts that they insist upon differing from your view. Man is undoubtedly the most gallant of animals. He has always made the laws for society, and how favorable they have always been to the sex, which he tosses with such delightful enthusiasm, we all know. Gallant man opens every avenue to women to make money, and sedulously secures to them all the wages they receive, and above all, carefully consults her when he is going to make his unvarying their welfare.

The perverse fact is, that women who really wish to read prefer to be by themselves, because they know that wherever they are there there is a free mingling of the sexes there is less reading than talk. Man is undoubtedly right to be alone, let them be so, and a kind Providence grant that "woman's sphere" may remain intact while they are so. It is surprising how few men have to be in it, preserving "woman's sphere." It must be a very frail affair after all. It is constantly in danger. But happily it does not materially affect in a woman's history. Nobody has hinted that it is in peril there. And therefore, when the pleasant room in the University overlooking the pretty Washington Square is opened for the use of women who wish to read, the Lounger sincerely hopes that nothing frightful will happen, and that "woman's sphere" will continue to be as lovely as gallant man has always declared it to be.

A WORD ON POLITENESS.

THAT a soft word turneth away wrath is no truer than that a willful solecism" have very few soft words for any body. A man who sells tickets at a railroad office, for instance, or who deals with crowds of people, and who are always at work, using the same questions, must be very much annoyed. It must, undoubtedly, be hard for him to keep his temper and be at all times civil, only men who can keep their tempers and be civil under extreme importunity have a right to accept such places.

The Lounger constantly receives notes of complaint, and his experience enables him to know that they are written under without reason. If, requires some courage to ask any of the employés of a railroad or steamboat company for a favor, "A Britisher" writes to the Lounger:

"During the past week I have traveled in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Maryland, and while I found some attendants very obliging, I found a majority of the persons employed upon the railroads stern in manner, and as to their politeness they are not at all to be taken asking charity . . . Really if our unobtrusive servants seemed to be more unexceptionally, royalty in Canada would not be so popular."

However, impoliteness is not confined to the officers of railroads, and steamboats to travelers, and even to the sex! For instance:

"I noticed in your columns a letter headed 'In the Cars,' and as that was my train, and your comments thereon, I am tempted to send you the following account of an actual occurrence. Eating-house, the other evening, in one of the Hudson River railway cars, your much fatigued lady babe and best of the day, every seat in the car filled, and the passengers both inside and on the platform; the bell rings, and the car stops; in stepped my rather crippled two females, one with a baby in her arms; up got the gentlemen next to me, and gave her his seat; at the same time I also rose to give my seat to the other one, when she turned to a man who, in a desperate, hard gallop in with her coal had not been observed by me), and actually placed him in the seat I had vacated for her. She stood a moment, when a gentleman on the opposite side of the car, my remaining one seated (who, I am satisfied, had not noticed her predecessor), rose from his seat, which she took, of course, accepted, but said nothing; consequently I had to ride standing. BALTIMORE."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE REASON WHY.

SAID Bill to Ben, "Pray lend to me five pounds; or, what is better,

Just make it ten, and I will be eternally your debtor."

"I know you well," said Ben to Bill, "and it's funny—

Just for that reason you can't have the money."

A gentleman one Sunday morning was led to watch a country girl, on her way to the village church, pass the church, by observing that she looked hither and thither, this way and that, from the road, as if she had lost a cow, a bauble or some other valuable. The bells were ringing for prayers, and the gentleman, who was himself on his way to kept the gift and the gentleman, who recognized in her the unmistakable signs of wandering fancy.

"What are you looking for, my girl?" asked the gentleman, as he came up with her, "and don't you hear the church bell? She answered gravely,

"Sir, I am looking to see if my master be gone to church." Her master had a wooden leg.

A competitive examination was lately held for the purpose of appointing fit persons to some of the Government offices in England. One of the candidates inadvertently spelled the word Venice with two n's—thus: Vennice. The examiner, a clever man, but not always a correct speller, remarked to him:

"Do you not know, Sir, that there is but one Ass in Venice?"

"Then eggs must be very scarce there," was the ready reply.

The candidate passed.

THE SUICIDE.

Timothens Jeems Augustus Brown
Took cold took his head.
And sneezed from morn till night, until
He wished that he was dead.

"If I take any sentibus life," said he,
And took his razor down;
He knew he changed his mind, and thought
'Twould easier be to drown.

He walked unto the water's edge,
Long sneezing as he went;
But staid to say his prayers, until
His cold was all spent.

And then he thought of other plans
To cut his throat of life;
And wondered which was painful was,
The halter or the knife.

At length, in sheer despair, he strolled
To where the cars rush,
And, sneezing his apologies,
Before her face he knew.

He told her he was tired of life,
And knew not what to do;
If she would not consent to be
His sneezy-loved-a-maid.

She *did* consent, though modestly,
And soon became his bride;
Yet still he sneezed when he will end
His life by *Sneez's side!*

A fellow lately contracted in writing with a woodman for a cord of wood at "11p the week." The man began to deliver it; but it was as full of limbs that the purchaser demurred, saying that it was not good. The woodman replied, "It was just what I agreed to deliver, 11p the week, and I believe this grew on that part of the tree."

A young lady being addressed by a gentleman much her senior, and being averse to the match, the only objection she had to a union with him was the probability of her being left a widow, and thus subject to the sorrows of widowhood. To which he made the apt and delectable reply—"Consider, my dear, that the chances are both a thousand-wife, for the number of his days shall be threescore and ten."

A man meeting an acquaintance, accosted him thus: "Ah, Mike, you're getting quite thick! you've been speaking to? Your old friend Patrick; and faith, he knows every thing that's going on. You're a rogue, you are thin, and I am thin, but he is thinner than both of us put together."

A lady, paying a visit to her daughter, who was a young widow, said to her that she must be wishing much to see

"Dear mamma, don't you see," replied the daughter, "it is never me the expense of advertising for a husband; for every one can see that I am for sale by private contract."

TWO ANSWERERS.—One made a long and learned reply to a question on the principles of the steam engine supply said, "What my brother has so learnedly described is the effect of the steam in the work. . . ."

Baron Stackhorse, who has imported a Cashmere goat, intending to raise his own cotton to make camel's-hair shawls with, when he knew it here is any difference between Southdown mutton and mutton down South.

"The weather has been 'all hot in America,' says a correspondent, "for we saw a woman in the morning with no other fuel than the sunshine. When we came away she was boiling the water out of the window to get her tea ready."—*English paper.*

The fellow who got intoxicated with delight has been found and is under treatment accordingly.

When business is overdone in a city she may well look out for *bruises*.

"You don't pass here," as the counter said to the bad shilling.

If you were obliged to swallow a man, whom would you prefer to swallow?—A little London porter.

A contemporary speaks of the "graceful figures of Mrs. Bunting." Business says that the figures at the bottom of childhood's shoes and clothing are likewise graceful.

The following is a speech by a successful competitor for the prize at a foot-race: "Gentlemen, I have won this cup by the use of my legs; I hope I may never lose the use of my legs by the use of this cup."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Wilson, to see this splendid field of potatoes so much destroyed," was the sympathizing inspector.

"Ah, well, it's a great pity," replied the farmer, "but there's an comfort—Jock Tamson's is not a bit better."

A DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT.—An action was brought in the House of Commons a few years ago, to recover the value of two casks of herrings, sworn to be stolen, and the Judge asked the witness if the casks delivered, the plaintiff said he had lost sight of the casks for a short time, and, as he was a fish salesman, he could not vouch for the settlement. He repeatedly asked defendant for the casks, and the latter at length said he'd be up to the devil," upon which, he said, "I thought it was high time to cease my inquiries." The remark was received with roars of laughter, in which the learned Judge joined.

A traveler, passing through Weston, near Bridgewater, seeing a sign over the door with this one word, "Agoograph," was called to the window to know what she sold, when she said she did not sell any thing, but that "Agoo was cured here."

An eccentric wealthy gentleman stuck up a board in a field upon his estate, upon which was painted the following: "I will give this field to any man who is contented." He soon had an applicant.

"Well, Sir, are you a contented man?"

"Yes, Sir, very."

"Then what do you want with my field?"

The applicant did not stop to reply.

Mr. Theophilus Pepys, of Poppville, in Popp County, forgetting himself on the occasion of the Popp County fair, "popped the question" to no under the poplar tree, when he entered into a bet per puppy, who, were elected for his consent, inducing under the influence of ginger pop, signed him out of the stocks to the tune of "Pop goes the weasel."

A story is told of Sully, the painter, a man distinguished for eccentricity, which is well at remember in art. At a party one evening Sully was speaking of a certain lady, who was a great favorite of his.

"Ah!" says Sully, "she has a mouth like an elephant."

"Oh! oh! Mr. Sully, how could you be so rude?"

"Rude, ladies, rude! Why! do you mean? I say she has got a mouth like an elephant because it's full of *pearls*."

Some years ago a man whose marriage had been published in a paper with his name wrongly spelled, called to have it corrected. He said he was one of the most unfortunate men in the world, as a newspaper but twice in the course of their lives—the one time they are married, and the other their death. As he could not see to having the same given correctly on the last occasion, he was very anxious it should be right on the first.

Hon. WILLIAM L. YANCEY.

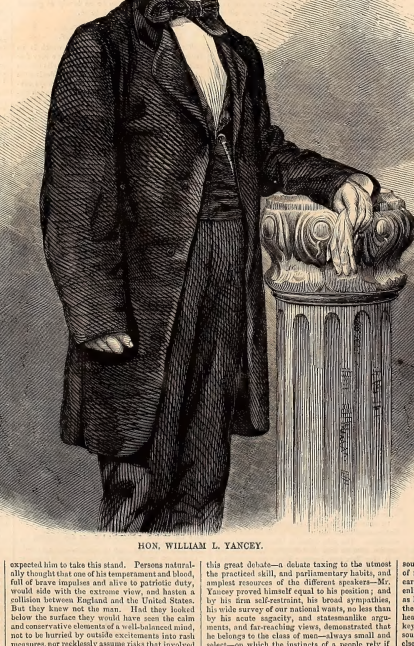
We publish below a portrait of Hon. William L. Yancey, and subjoin the following sketch, which has been prepared for us by one of Mr. Yancey's intimate friends:

William Lowndes Yancey was born at Ogeechee Shoals, Georgia, August 10, 1814. His grandfather, Colonel Bird, resided here. The home of the family was in Abbeville, South Carolina, where for many years his father, B. C. Yancey, Esq., practiced law, and maintained a reputation for legal ability which, in that profession, is never won without signal merits. A man of lofty patriotism and courage, the elder Yancey warmly advocated the war of 1812, sustaining his friend, the late distinguished Calhoun, in those measures which created a public sentiment against foreign encroachment, and organized the country into an attitude of reliance on its own arm for security and protection.

Born in an exciting period of our history, the son passed his opening years in the midst of scenes calculated to quicken fancy and arouse ambition. A genial, generous mind drawn much of its vitalizing force from surrounding objects, and hence the youthful fancy, eager to hear the conversations of statesmen, and yet more susceptible to the stories of national renown, received that bias which has largely determined the course of his outward life. One can easily imagine how these circumstances affected him. Heroes of the Revolution still survived, and the spirit of our heroic age survived in them. Then, too, the lists war had awakened an enthusiasm which was already shaping American thought toward a broader and grander progress. A sense of our vast resources had suddenly flashed upon us; men's hearts were strangely stirred; and our activity and enterprise, looking westwardly to the Valley of the Mississippi, or eastwardly over the ocean, could see on each side a great field for the triumphs of trade and commerce. Our country had been liberated from those restraints that had imprisoned its thought no less than its energy, and, buoyant with the fresh consciousness of life, sure of itself and sure of its future, it now stood on the threshold of those wonders which have marked for forty years its advancing career. Such influences were precisely those to stir the heart of young Yancey, and to quicken him to high thoughts and noble purposes. The germ of chivalry then began to expand, and from living statesmen and heroes he learned those principles of which he has since been the steady champion.

The elder Yancey died in 1817, leaving to the care of his widow two children—William L. and a younger brother, B. C. Yancey, a gentleman of distinguished abilities, late United States Minister to the Argentine Confederation, South America. The noble-hearted mother, full of womanly spirit, devoted herself to the nurture of her boys, and few mothers have ever shown such strength of will, truth of purpose, and untiring zeal in duty. The religious feelings of her children were early cultivated, and, taught by her ministry, she had to fear God and reverence goodness. But the time had now come for the elder son to extend his education, and for this purpose he was sent to the North. Here he had the advantages of a rigid scholastic training in union with those deeper and subtler influences that mould taste and sentiment. Here, too, we may especially note, he was under the judicious control of Dr. Griffin, whose mind and character left an ineffaceable imprint upon him.

Returning to the South, Mr. Yancey read law in the office of Judge Storrs, Esq., Sparta, Georgia, and subsequently continued his legal education under B. F. Perry, Esq., Greenville, South Carolina. His studies completed, he married a most estimable lady, Miss Sarah Caroline, third daughter of G. W. Earle, Esq., Greenville, South Carolina. In 1837 he removed to Cahaba, Alabama, and devoted a portion of his time to the editorship of the Cahaba *Democrat*. In 1840 he settled at Wetumpka, Alabama, and, in connection with his brother, edited the *Argus* newspaper. After serving in the Legislature of Alabama, he entered the Congress of the United States to fill the vacancy occasioned by the transfer of the Hon. Dixon H. Lewis from the House of Representatives to the Senate, and in 1845 was re-elected without opposition. Although a young man, Mr. Yancey's talents attracted the attention of our ablest men. His speeches on the Texas and Oregon questions elicited great commendation. Judge Rugby pronounced Mr. Yancey's speech on the annexation of Texas "the ablest effort he had ever heard on the floor of Congress;" and the Richmond *Enquirer*, then edited by the elder Ritchie, stated: "It is one of the ablest and most eloquent speeches we have seen upon this or upon any other subject." On the Oregon question he spoke with marked ability. But the most striking feature of this speech was its conservative spirit. Taking ground against the notice to Great Britain as a war measure, he lifted up a manly voice against the clamors of those who activated an appeal to arms. Few conventions, the political parliaments of the land, or directly in contact with his countrymen—he has not failed to show those traits of character which, while they give an air of distinctness to his individuality, yet vindicate his claims on your respect, and assure you of the chivalric spirit and trustworthiness of his manhood. Opposed to the nomination of General Cass for the Presidency by the Democratic Convention of 1848, he had the satisfaction in 1856 of seeing the principle for which he had contended in 1848 at Baltimore adopted in the Cincinnati Platform, and was thus able, in consistency with his Democratic status, to co-operate zealously with his party in Mr. Buchanan's election. In the memorable struggle this year in the Charleston Convention he represented the views of those who demand the recognition of the principle of Congressional protection for slave property in the Territories. The result of this struggle is well known. But we may remark that throughout



HON. WILLIAM L. YANCEY.

this great debate—a debate taxing to the utmost the practiced skill, and parliamentary habits, and amplest resources of the different speakers—Mr. Yancey proved himself equal to his position; and by his firm self-restraint, his broad sympathies, his wide survey of our national wants, no less than by his acute sagacity, and statesmanlike arguments, and far-reaching views, demonstrated that he belongs to the class of men—always small and select—on which the instincts of a people rely if grave issues are to be met and great dangers confronted.

The characteristics of Mr. Yancey's mind are very distinctly marked. No thoughtful man ever conversed with him an hour, or heard him deliver a speech, without having the anatomy of his brain laid bare for inspection. Few have such aptitude in showing you not only what they think but how they think. In that highest art of speech by which a man expresses his very nature—utters himself—while he gives you his thoughts and feelings, Mr. Yancey is singularly gifted. His mind is formed for contact. Nor is this so much the contact of one salient faculty, as the direct pressure of his whole intellect on an audience. Nothing intervenes between him and you; and, owing to this peculiar organization, he has far greater force than you would expect from measuring his attributes each in its own proper sphere. A mind of this cast must reason by analogy. If it refuse to disintegrate thoughts, it must set aside all processes of abstraction, and blend the logical and imaginative functions together. Such is Mr. Yancey's method of reasoning; and accordingly facts rather than principles classify themselves in his intellect, and determine his conclusions. Literal and correct in his comprehension of facts, his mind has yet great compass, and while it closely encircles a subject, it is certain to flash through it the light of electric genius. Anglo-Saxon in every leading trait, it is almost as idiomatic as Paley's, and quite as sharply outlined as Cobbett's. When it takes a position in argument, it is sure to bring out the resources couched in the statement, and to intensify them to the last degree of available force. Its prominent opinions are convictions clenched within its brain, and not easily dislodged. Belief is never abated in utterance, nor any parley held with prejudice and opposition. You would accordingly expect that Mr. Yancey has a dogmatic intellect; and such indeed is the fact, if you mean an intellect that holds its sentiments with military firmness, and utters them more to convince than to persuade. Every great orator has this spirit. Chatham and Mirabeau had it in excess, and Henry Clay had it tempered with suavity. Without it, no man can speak effectively. The monarch must be in him and address you from his throne. But if Mr. Yancey has this oratorical temper, he has not a dogmatic nature. So far from this, no man is more open to kindness, or more quickly touched by sympathy; indeed, no man is more easily led, if you know how to lead him.

If he approaches a subject for the purposes of study, one of the first feelings awakened in Mr. Yancey is the sense of truthfulness due that subject for its own sake. Apart from the responsibility which he feels for his opinions as means of influencing others, he has a deep, instinctive love of truth as something to be prized and enjoyed on its own account. A falsehood is his abhorrence, not only as a social but as a personal wrong; and, like Carlyle, he hates shams, and loves to hate them. There is a depth of realness in him, nor can any thing charm him long, whether in companionship or outward pursuits, that lacks this cardinal virtue. The realism of his mind is, in fact, the basis of his strength, and nothing is more alien to his tastes than transcendental ideas and shadowy metaphysics. If an angel came to him in moonshine, he would probably turn away from the message.

Earnestness and self-reliance are well-nigh heroic qualities of his nature. We say of his nature—for they were born with him, and are part and parcel of him and muscle. One sees them very manifest in his character, but sees, moreover, that the feeding source lies behind character in the hidden recesses of nature. Such is the warmth and scope of his earnestness, that he embodies himself in the cause enlisting his sympathies, and accepts its fortunes as his own. Nor does his heart wait to listen for the audible beatings of other hearts ere it lets you hear its music. Likely as not it will strike the key-note and lead off the tune, and do it well the sound, well and good; but if not, there are echoes elsewhere. In the virtue of self-reliance Mr. Yancey has no superior. It is his by nature that always vibrates within his soul; and there is no breeze or storm, blow whence it may, but makes melody there. A doubtful virtue in some, a dangerous virtue in many, a virtue to be watched and guarded in all, Mr. Yancey is so eternally loyal to his own convictions, so brave in defense of what he realizes as truth, and so thoroughly free from any morbid sensibility to personal consequences, that he can well afford to trust himself.

The constituents of Mr. Yancey's mind all appear in his oratory, and perhaps never show to better

expected him to take this stand. Persons naturally thought that one of his temperament and blood, full of brave impulses and alive to patriotic duty, would side with the extreme view, and hasten a collision between England and the United States. But they knew not the man. Had they looked below the surface they would have seen the calm and conservative elements of a well-balanced mind, not to be hurried by outside excitements into rash measures, nor recklessly assume risks that involved great interests.

In 1846 Mr. Yancey retired from Congress, and formed a copartnership for the practice of law with J. A. Elmore, Esq., Montgomery, Alabama. He has since resided in that city, devoting himself to the business of the legal profession, in which he has acquired high and enviable distinction. From time to time, as occasion demanded, he has come forth on the public arena to advocate or oppose measures as they bore, in his judgment, on the weal or woe of the country. And whenever he has thus appeared before the people—whether in

advantage than when roused to meet a great issue. Put him before an audience, spice the crowd with ungenial critics, dot it here and there with a lowering brow and a curling lip, and then give him a topic—say the Rights of the States—and he can be truly and powerfully eloquent. But we must discriminate. There is an eloquence that mainly looks to the treatment of an interesting theme, and delights in flowing words and fine figures, as if in exclusive deference to the theme itself, and apart from a consideration of practical results to other minds. Then, too, there is an eloquence which has your personal glorification for its object, and, like a coquette, sports with power to twitch your sensations. And again, we have the eloquence that uses thoughts, illustrations, images, pathos, vehemence, just for the purpose of reaching your heart and winning it captive, not to grace its triumphs, but to honor truth and reality. The last is Mr. Yancey's eloquence. It has the utilitarian element, for a work is to be done; while beyond this, not unmindful of the lighter graces of oratory, Mr. Yancey seeks to draw you to his stand-point, and share his convictions with you. Like the elder Pitt, he has that natural oratory which seems a part of his physical constitution—a voice that rings clear and free, and at times sounds as though searching for your ear—a countenance ordinarily rather severe, but quickly relaxed, and prompt to give you the pictorial aspect of the idea as fully as the lips give it emphasis—and a form that, without being tall and graceful, is yet well-framed and dignified, and with a certain Napoleonic air that suggests reserve and respectful fellowship. In some other qualities he reminds us of the descriptions of Fox. Though Mr. Yancey does not possess Fox's wonderful sensibility—ever flooded with emotion, never borne away on a spring-tide of violent feeling—and without the quick start, the instant suddenness, the flying transition, and the vehement gesture that characterized the great orator of England's Parliament, yet Mr. Yancey resembles him in earnestness of purpose, in his utter disregard of petty conventionalities, in his high disdain of every thing but real power, in his entire involuntariness in all the accessories of effect, and, above all, in his complete and absorbed interest in the subject under treatment. Opposition puts him at the top of his ability. Try to crush him, and his dimensions suddenly enlarge beyond your reckoning, and his whole being seems to receive a new accession of vital energy. But the fight is never protracted. A believer in Lord Nelson's tactics he lays the broadside of his gallant ship against yours, and the contest soon ends.

The political position of Mr. Yancey, at his time, is in the front rank of those who warmly advocate the election of Mr. Breckinridge to the Chief Magistracy of the United States. His active co-operation in behalf of this end is a sufficient proof of the fact that he is no disunionist; and while we admit that, in past days, incautious expressions have escaped his lips, and excessive frankness may have betrayed him farther than he would go in cooler moments, we feel perfectly assured that his whole heart, without reservation and without disguise, is thoroughly loyal to that sentiment of brotherhood which our fathers betrothed to us with their institutions, their wisdom, and their memory. One and all they live together in his spirit; one and all he cherishes and venerates them. If the feeling that the Constitution of this Government is the sublimest work of the human mind; that its framers were guided by wisdom higher than their own; that it is a sacred bond between us, to be held as inviolable as religious faith; if such devotion to the Constitution is not a test, but the test of nationality, then Mr. Yancey is a national man. All know him to be an intense Southerner; but he is a conservative and liberal Southerner, nurturing his strength to protect the rights of his section—but the Union—not to assail the rights of other sections, and holding firmly to the primal truth of American citizenship, that the Constitution is the supreme law to every statesman's thoughts as well as actions.

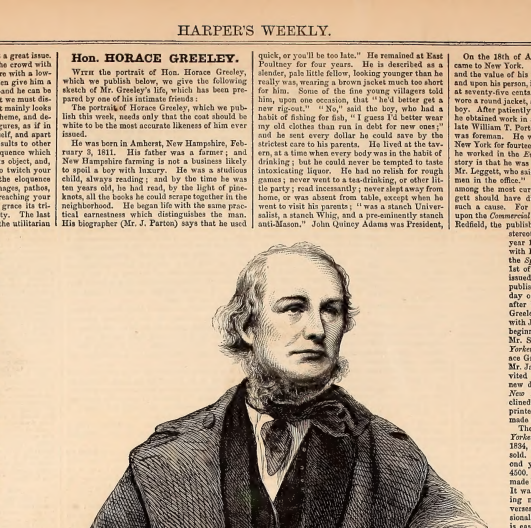
Honoring this distinguished man as we do for his intellectual greatness, for what he considers principle, for his oblivionness to self where rights and sentiments of a higher kind are involved, for that lofty and heroic spirit which would make him, if need be, a martyr to the Constitution of his country, we yet honor him still more for what rests deeper in his heart than these grand virtues, viz.: a sincere reverence for God, and a genuine recognition of Christianity as the divine foundation of all public character and private worth. A member of the Presbyterian Church, and a firm believer in the religion of Christ, he is one of those men who, amidst the duties and strife of patriotic service, gladly turn to the quiet of a Christian home, and there, in sterner fellowship than the outward world allows, strengthen their hearts for life's greatest tasks.

Hon. HORACE GREELEY.

WITH the portrait of Hon. Horace Greeley, which we publish below, we give the following sketch of Mr. Greeley's life, which has been prepared by one of his intimate friends:

The portrait of Horace Greeley, which we publish this week, needs only that the coat should be white to be the most accurate likeness of him ever issued.

He was born in Amherst, New Hampshire, February 3, 1811. His father was a farmer; and New Hampshire farming is not a business likely to spoil a boy with luxury. He was a studious child, always reading; and by the time he was ten years old, he had read, by the light of pineknots, all the books he could scrape together in the neighborhood. He began life with the same practical earnestness which distinguishes the man. His biographer (Mr. J. Parton) says that he used quick, or you'll be too late." He remained at East Poultney for four years. He is described as a slender, pale little fellow, looking younger than he really was, wearing a brown jacket much too short for him. Some of the fine young villagers told him, upon one occasion, that "he'd better get a new rig-out." "No," said the boy, who had a habit of fishing for fish, "I guess I'd better wear my old clothes than run in debt for new ones;" and he sent every dollar he could save by the strictest care to his parents. He lived at the tavern, at a time when every body was in the habit of drinking; but he could never be tempted to taste intoxicating liquor. He had no relish for rough games; never went to a tea-drinking, or other little party; read incessantly; never slept away from home, or was absent from table, except when he went to visit his parents. "I was a staunch Universalist, a staunch Whig, and a pre-eminently staunch anti-Mason." John Quincy Adams was President,



HON. HORACE GREELEY.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

sometimes to go fishing with the other boys, but while they fished for sport he fished for fish. It is the key of his career. Horace Greeley has always fished for fish.

In 1821 his father, who had been unfortunate, and failed, removed his family to Westhaven, in Vermont, where for five years Horace continued his hard work and hard study. He gradually grew impatient to learn the printing business, upon which he had long set his heart; and in the spring of 1826 began work as a printer in the office of a small newspaper in East Poultney, Vermont. His shy, gentle, awkward manner, and grotesque appearance, attracted and amused his employer, who supposed that it was impossible such a dull-looking boy could ever become a useful hand to him; but after a little conversation the "last" changed his opinion. At the close of the day one of the apprentices said to him, "You're not going to hire that tow-head, Mr. Bliss, are you?" "I am," was the reply; "and if you boys are expecting to get any fun out of him, you'd better get it and Greeley was already an ardent politician. He was a political cyclopedia, furnishing all the statistical information for the neighborhood; and, although a mere "white-haired, gawky boy," corrected sheriffs and members of Congress without hesitation; and was a "real giant" in the Debating Society.

In June, 1830, the Poultney printing-office was broken up, and one pleasant morning Horace Greeley put his stick through a little red bundle, said good-by to the Green Mountains, and, partly walking, partly dragged in a "line-boat" upon the Erie Canal, reached his father's house in the wilderness in Erie County, Pennsylvania. He tried to find employment in Jamestown, and Lodi, and Erie, and found more work than pay. But at Erie he remained for seven months to fill a vacancy. During that time he drew six dollars for his personal expenses; and when the workman whose place he filled returned, Horace put all his wages but fifteen dollars into a bank-note, which he took to his father, retaining the fifteen for his own use.

On the 18th of August, 1831, Horace Greeley came to New York. He had ten dollars in cash, and the value of his wardrobe, both in his bundle and upon his person, is computed by his biographer at seventy-five cents. He was twenty years old, wore a round jacket, and looked like an overgrown boy. After patiently trying for two or three days, he obtained work in a printing-office of which the late William T. Porter, of the *Spirit of the Times*, was foreman. He was a journeyman printer in New York for fourteen months. For a short time he worked in the *Evening Post* office, whence the story is that he was dismissed at the instance of Mr. Leggett, who said, "Let's have decent-looking men in the office." If it is true, it is certainly among the most curious facts that William Leggett should have dismissed Horace Greeley for such a cause. After a few days' work, printed upon the *Commercial Advertiser*; and afterward for Redfield, the publisher, who was at that time a stereotyper; but at the end of the year 1832 he formed a partnership with Francis Story, the foreman of the *Spirit of the Times*, and on the 1st of January, 1834, the new firm issued the first penny paper ever published, which died on the third day of the third week. Not long after Mr. Story himself died, and Greeley formed a new partnership with Jonas Winchester; and in the beginning of 1834, having added Mr. Sibbett to the firm, the *New Yorker* was established, with Horace Greeley as editor. Meanwhile Mr. James Gordon Bennett had invited Horace Greeley to unite in a new daily paper, to be called the *New York Herald*. Greeley declined, but recommended another printer, with whom Mr. Bennett made an arrangement.

The first number of the *New Yorker* appeared on the 25th March, 1834, and one hundred copies were sold. At the beginning of the second year it had a circulation of 4500. It was the paper which first made Mr. Greeley generally known. It was strictly a family paper, taking no side in politics. In the verses signed H. G., which occasionally appeared in its columns, it is easy to trace that tenderness of sensibility which early attracted him to Byron, Campbell, and Mrs. Hemans, which is apparent in his face and manner, and which made his almost the first voice to welcome Longfellow's "Hyperion," one of the strictest romances in our literature.

The *New Yorker* lived for seven years, but was never profitable. The editor was sorely pinched. "I was very poor," he said, afterward; "and for four years really bankrupt, though always paying my notes and keeping my word, but living as poorly as possible." At this time he was a "Grahamite," and a "temperance man," and a Whig in politics. He wrote leaders for the *Daily Whig*; and in the campaign of 1838 edited the *Jeffersonian*. In 1840 he established the *Log Cabin*, a Harrison campaign paper, and the most extraordinary journal of the kind ever issued. Forty-eight thousand copies of the first number were sold, and the issue rose rapidly to nearly ninety thousand. On the 3d of April, 1841, appeared the announcement of a new paper to be called the *New York Tribune*, to which subscriptions were respectfully solicited by Horace Greeley, 30 Ann Street. The first number was issued on the 10th of April, 1841—a paper one-third the size of the present, and sold for one cent. It began with six hundred subscribers. Five thousand copies of the first number were printed, which were, with difficulty, given away. The expenses of the first week were $025; the receipts, $02. The editor's cash capital was a thousand dollars, and that borrowed! But the effort of another journal to suppress it excited public attention and sympathy. Its seventh week began with an issue of eleven thousand; and in the second year with twenty thousand subscribers and a daily press of advertisements.

In 1848 Mr. Greeley was elected representative in Congress; and the day after he took the oaths and his seat he gave notice of his intention to bring in a bill for discontinuing sales of the public lands, and establish homesteads upon the same. Soon after appeared in the *Tribune* the famous Congressional Mileage exposure, which made a breeze in Congress. Mr. Greeley perpetually attacked the abuses of which he complained in indirect measures, which, from their insignificance, are usually overlooked.

During the ten years, in which there has been a constant call for lecturers, no man has been more widely sought than Mr. Greeley. He has few of the gifts of the orator, and yet he always holds his audience. His voice is thin and shrill, almost querulous in tone; his manner is sometimes grotesque; but the clear, incisive sense of what he says enlightens if it does not dazzle. Mr. Parton, his biographer, to whom we, in common with all who wish to know the facts of Mr. Greeley's life, are so much indebted, justly remarks his

freedom from the "self-demoralizing" habit of speaking for effect. He always has some point to say, and he says it so that every body can understand it, whether he agrees with it or not.

In 1851 Mr. Greeley went to Europe, and was one of the jurymen at the Great Exhibition in the Crystal Palace, and at the banquet of the Commissioners proposed, in a characteristic speech, the health of Joseph Paxton. He has since made another visit to Europe; and in the year 1859 he crossed the Isthmus of California. As an author, he is known by his "Hints toward Reforms," published in 1850; his "Glances at Europe," in 1851; his "History of the Struggle for Slavery Extension or Restriction," in 1856; his account of his California journey, and the life and progress of the great Plains; and a "Political Text-Book," just issued. Mr. Greeley has not lost his love for the soil and its cultivation. Like many men who were born in the absolute quiet of rural life, and have passed their manhood in cities, in the midst of the most exciting struggles, he has a yearning fondness for the repose which is doubly beautiful by distance, and which will always be a dream. He expresses this feeling in a strain of genuine tenderness, full of the truest eloquence, in an address before the Indiana State Agricultural Society, in 1853. But he still remains at his post, the chief editor of the *Tribune*.

Mr. Greeley's opinions upon all public questions are very decided and well known; but they are often greatly misrepresented. He never refrains from expressing them plainly; and no man in the country is more cordially hated or sincerely loved, although, in justice, it should be said that the enemies are mainly among those who do not personally know him. As an editor, he talks daily upon the most interesting subjects with hundreds of thousands of persons whom he never saw. Yet with many of them, especially in the rural districts of the West and the State of New York, a word from Greeley is truth and law. At public meetings, upon occasions, his presence and his name are greeted with a laughing, good-humored applause, in which, however, the sincerity of the feeling for the man is clearly evident. Indeed, there is probably no man in the country who has so direct and positive an influence upon public sentiment as Horace Greeley. His career is characteristically American. He is the most perfect Yankee that history has produced. His style, his methods, his philosophy, his character, and his success are of the New World and its civilization; and the secret of his influence is unquestionably the profound conviction of the "log-cabin" that he is an honest man.

ALICE FULTON.

ALICE FULTON was a governess to my sister, Carry Barton, a pretty, pouting, petulant young lady of eighteen. I, Phil Barton, was then a young fellow, not quite twenty, with plenty of money, an *art-student*, a very fair opinion of myself, and whose household in Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, was carried on in a style of splendor commensurate with the juniors of several earls, viscounts, tens, hundreds, thous—, and so on, which my father, a distinguished diplomatist, had bequeathed to her.

Alice Fulton was something marvelous to look upon. She was fair, she had luxuriant hair, a sweet sunny eyes, and a mouth wearing a smile upon it rarely seen among the daughters of men. Her manners were quiet; her tranquil depth at times used to puzzle "mamma;" and her voice was "soft, gentle, and low." She was the most lovely creature I had ever seen, and I had seen thousands every where, and of every class of beauty; and I loved her with such a strength and intensity of passion that I despair of ever being understand its fierce and fervid fanaticism. Of course it was a fool's love.

She sang like Malibran; she played like Arabella Goddard; she painted like a female pre-Raphaelite—and rather—say, worse than either. She was *not* a bore. My impulsive sister Carry loved her with a generous warmth; and when I happened to be half in the little *intrigante* I could perceive how deeply I was smitten, she promptly proposed an elopement—a clandestine marriage—a trip to Gretna; she would be so delightful; and effectually manage it for me, all by herself. I confess, however, I stood in considerable awe of my magnificent mamma.

The moment of the explosion came; the train was laid; and one morning I was down on my knees before her in the drawing-room, pouring out of the very fullness of a very foolish heart the odd, also, a very boyish—heart, the devouring passion I felt for her. I told Alice Fulton that I loved her; and she looked at me in almost as angry wits at the deadly pallor that overspread her face.

"Oh, Mr. Barton!" she said, "I had thought you too good—too generous—to insult me by such foolish words and conduct!"

My mother came into the room at the moment, and I was still on my knees. Like him, there was a horrible idea of the absurd was mingling with the positive pain of her cold words and look; but looks; and I knew not how I scrambled to my feet, as my lady closed the door, and *looked* unutterable amazement.

"Why, good GRACIOUS!" gasped my radiant mamma, sinking upon a chair, "what does this mean? Tell me directly."

"It means, Madam, that I must conclude my engagement with you without another hour's delay!" said Miss Fulton, in her low, steady voice.

"Indeed!" returned the lady, sarcastically, "But, guessing from what I see, perhaps it is as well, and that it will be very good taste on your part to do so."

Alice Fulton, with her white face, glided in a ghostly manner out of the room.

"The treacherous, designing minx!" exclaimed the lady, with bitter emphasis.

"Mamma, please don't; I can't—I won't hear it," I said, hotly. "She is all that's good and virtuous, by George! she is," I went on, and in effect somewhat toned down that impetuous lady by my protestations.

So Alice Fulton left that afternoon. My sister Carry went about the house fuming like a little *tempest*;" and I was frantic for nearly a week, till Carry found out that she was domiciled at the house of those dreadful Toppingtower girls, whither, on a certain day in spring, I, too, had an interview (fortunately the girls were out) with Alice.

You have guessed how it ended, have you not?

To think how those calm, beautiful eyes could lighten up and flash; those pale cheeks and parted lips could become all of a ruddy glow, and the next moment pale as my ashes; that the voice which was to me a music more sweet than angels' heaven, could become cold and stern even. Never was transformation so complete, ant to me so positively fearful! She was dead, she was behind to me; and my passion only became more fixed and utter. I was fascinated. The chains of the sorceress were adamant, while her face was that of a frozen grave.

A couple of days afterward I was ordered to the Crimea.

Through Carry's aid—she would have helped me to any thing—I obtained a private interview, and had possessed myself of a portrait of Alice—a marvelous likeness, and impressed with that calm and serenely placid expression which, more than any thing was her characteristic, and the highest expression of a type of loveliness so uncommon, and which I can conceive of as *ideative*, and not to be realized. She was very real, however, was Alice. I loved her—adored her! Those Alice-looking women—so calm—or was it that she was merely cold and incredulous? I saw her once more, and Carry was with us. I knew I was a very child as I repeated my passionate story.

This time she seemed touched.

"If what you say is true, Mr. Barton—well, I will for once call you 'Philip'—if what you say be true, Philip, I should feel grateful for the—for the preference you have shown me. I am poor and friendless, and dependent on the caprice of those who have the misfortune to possess a little wealth in their hands. But it can not be—indeed it can not—and you must know it, too. You may keep my portrait. It is almost as you have said, like you; and I bid you farewell, and pray that God may protect you in storm and battle, and keep you a good and blessed—bright star!"

How her words thrilled in the depths of my inmost soul! How her lips trembled, and her luminous eyes filled with tears! "Alice—Alice—my darling; she loved the wayward beauty, with her passionate temper and her generous impulses—and—and she shook hands with me, and—and I bent over them and cried—

* * * * *

I was at Sebastopol, sitting in one of the parallels on the approach to the Quarries, and reading, for the twentieth time, a letter from my sister, all unsecured, and kissing a portrait which I kept in a pocket I had stitched myself, and fixed just over the heart. Of course I was a fool for my pains. I didn't want to be shot—with this picture on that distinctive bosom. I was young, and very silly, but I hadn't lost pluck—not one of us had, I am proud to say; and oh, my Alice! my heart was warming toward you, as I read my sister's letter.

That letter was from her. I had entreated (through Carry) for a line. It came. It was vivacity—full of feeling, and—and I had hope then and ever.

I was just folding it up; had put the portrait away; when, *ping!* came something by, and I heard a gasp and a fall, and turning, saw one of my company in the ground, with a bullet-hole on the forehead, and the brave, rash heart was still forever.

"Blast them Quarries!" said a soldier, furiously gnashing his teeth; "that's where the cussed things come from."

That night we were to attempt to dislodge the Russians. The night *is* come. I have put sentiment aside; I am getting ready for the desperate work; and shall have several men in all our doors beginning the bloody game.

Six o'clock! and we have made a grand rush for our point, and succeeded through an infernal *mitraille* that is like an awful death sirocco, for such a choice of words I cannot shout so soon because I hope never to see again.

Three times had we to go at it, to cook and eat, for they (as Quarries) fought desperately; but, like a surging hurricane, we literally flung ourselves upon them, and out they bundled like rabbits from a burrow.

The French had the Mamelon; the Zouaves had the Malakoff; and we—we had the Quarries, and wasn't their "pepper" hot? that's all! Gordon's Battery was playing like an organ in a paroxysm of diapason; and we—we were the men in the Quarries. We had got them, and we had to make sire—no less than *sire*—tremendous bayonet and hand-to-hand fights, this night, to *keep* them. We succeeded; but, before that pass came, I was mercifully doubled up.

I was hit on the chest, but without any sense of sustaining a violent blow. A rifle-ball came on my breast-case, and, as I afterward found, made a one crack across the glass which covered it, as if it had been cut by a diamond, but driving the frame into my side, and bedding it within the fractures of two broken ribs. Down I went twenty feet, and I knew no more.

* * * * *

I am on board ship at Balaklava, in the "sick bay." My wound was a smasher, and I escaped by a miracle. Do you think, my reader, that this fair picture did not acquire a new virtue in my eyes? that it was a talisman, an amulet, a safeguard—I know not what?

Soon I was able to leave Constantinople, and I take a whim in my head, and, very much prostrated, I, with Jack Brady, am going through the Spitgen Pass. I have changed boat-skin and sabre-tache for the barnacle-cap and "Murray's Hand-Book." And Alice Fulton lives within my heart, as her portrait lies upon my breast; and Jack Brady, I find, has written home to my sister Carry to tell her he can't make me out. Wonders if I am still in love! Oh, Jack, my friend, my brother, more than ever!

We were going to a certain town celebrated for its treasures of art, and its opulent and cultivated society. A carriage of the heaviest Long Acre make was coming down-hill at a speed that startled us both—Jack and me. Jack is not well to-day, either. The drag-chain had given way, and a peril most imminent by each; those fine strong but unwieldy carriage contrivances know very little control in the matter. Instinct made me leap to the leader's head, and, with the aid of the coachman, I pulled the poor brute aside; his companion, unbridled, the whole thing toppled "athwart-ship" on the road, and as soon as I was hurt—getting your humble servant, who (of course) got his hand jammed and dislocated—which first or last I don't know. Of course, no one, but one was killed, and the other fearfully hurt.

I lay dreamily on one of those lovely, breezy, sun-bathed hills, on one of those white-walled dwellings which are to be found on the slopes of the cheerful town. Jack and Jack tended me, and nursed me like a mother, like a sister, like a brother—pooh! lackadaisical! I'm nothing of the kind.

I was dozing dreamily on some cushions Jack had caused to be placed for me; and, hearing an exclamation of pain and tenderness—a sound of unmanned me, "It is him!" I opened my eyes and saw a figure enveloped in a hood and cloak. I knew it at once—Alice!

It was the figure of Alice—my Alice! Oh, so beloved! so unchanged! the dove-like eyes, and her serene, yet sorrowful smile.

"Alice! Alice!" I cried, faintly, as I lifted up my weak right hand (one arm was broken, and bruised) toward her. "Alice! Alice! can it be you? Oh, bear me before I die—I am very ill, they say—bear me before you leave, I love you—I love you—"

"Oh, he loves me!" I heard her murmur; and this time—yes, *this* time—it was she that was on her knees by my side, kissing my hands and my face, and crying, and laughing.

"He saved our lives!"

"That's beautiful!" cried Jack, as he came on the scene—"a regular—bright star—appearing on the terrace—" that's beautiful! Be happy, both of you!" And he blessed us like a father.

Alice never left me day or night after. My mother, who loved me in her fond and foolish way, was dead, and I was my own sole lord and master. In a twelvemonth Alice was married, and I have been a happy—a grateful—I believe a better man than, alas, I was before. Jack, as the *Morning Post* used to say, bel my sister to the bayonet altar.

And here they come in: little Alice with big Alice and Jack Brady Barton, aged *three*; and I am very happy, as I clasp my wife, and, kissing her, say, "Alice, my love, my Alice!" and—and I have nothing more to say.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE POLITICAL CAMPAIGN.

The regular election for Presidential electors and members of Congress took place in Vermont on 5th September, and resulted in a Republican victory. Governor Fairbanks, the Republican candidate for Governor, is probably elected by 10,000 majority, with the full Republican Congressional ticket. The Douglas candidate was John G. Saxe, the humorous poet. The Breckinridge candidate was Mr. Mercye—Vice-President Breckinridge spoke on September 6 in Lexington, Kentucky, vindicating himself from the charge of being a disunionist, and assailing Senator Douglas. His speech was received with cheers. Douglas has been stumping Virginia and Maryland, and appears to be gaining strength. He will probably visit every county every day. On Friday he delivered a long speech at Petersburg, Virginia, to an immense audience. At most of the latter cities of the State.—Senator Seward delivered a set address to the people at Detroit, Michigan. On the gathering to hear him was estimated at 40,000 people. Mr. Seward's speech was mainly on the Territorial question. Mr. H. Stephens delivered a strong Douglas speech in Augusta, Georgia.

INSURRECTION AT SING SING.

An alarming insurrection among the convicts at Sing Sing on Thursday, which resulted in the death of one guard and the wounding of another. The cause of trouble in this movement was a desperate villain named Tom Hyde, who seems to have been the leader of the revolt which he has had a ball and chain attached to one of his legs. The guards appear to have been fully prepared for this impediment, and giving a signal which appears to have been previously agreed upon, one of them struck Hyde at the prison door. A desperate encounter ensued on the yard between the guards and convicts, a number of whom followed him on one side, and the prison keepers and the rest of the convicts on the other. The insurrection was speedily secured, after having mortally stabbed the captain of the shops and severely wounded one of the keepers.

SHARKS AT THE NEW YORK WHARVES.

A number of large sharks have recently been observed around Jones's wood dock, one of which was hooked on Thursday, and after considerable manipulation and much tugging was drawn up on the dock for examination. Length, 9 feet 4 inches; girth around the middle, 5 feet, tailing to nine. The fish manifested great fight and life in the habit of biting in that locality it may be added that, on opening the stomach of the shark, a boy's cap, a large one foot in diameter was easily thrust in. Soon afterward the shark was cut up and the cloth assembled fifteen feet in length.

A MODEL GARDEN AND GARDENER.

A Newport correspondent gives some goodly concerning a garden, a gardener, and a novelist: "One of the greatest curiosities I have seen for a long time is the orchard-house of the Hon. William B. Lawrence of this city. The system of culture is, I believe, rather newly discovered. The house is a lean-to, 300 feet long, built in the most substantial manner. The trees are planted in boxes of peculiar construction, and is divided by glass partitions into three parts, each. Here are one hundred and fifty trees in the house. Of these, 50 for the last two years have borne the entire year, and their fruits, such as pine-apples, apricots, cherries, &c., have appeared with a great abundance and variety of the fruit of more northern climes, such as strawberries, pears, peaches, grapes, etc. All these fruits are growing in pots; and what is most remarkable, the pots are simply filled with moss gathered from the woods. Some of the trees grow in *hanging baskets*, which, I believe, was original with Mr. Alfred Chamberlain, who has the care of the house. Mr. C. formerly had the care of the garden of Sir Lyston Bulwer, the novelist, who has since been sent out of London. His account is, that 'Bulwer was accustomed to rise about seven and hour or two with him in the garden, and then he would return to his study and write with all his might.' The pots and baskets are generally painted, and filled with moss, and, with the trees trained in every imaginable shape, some of them laden with the choicest fruit, present a picturesque and novel appearance."

THE POLITICAL MANAGERS AT WASHINGTON.

On occasion," of the Philadelphia *Press*, gives the following account of the proceedings of the National Committee at Washington: "Preston King, Chairman of the Executive Committee, in the absence of Mr. Morgan, at the house of brown, with his long coat reaching almost to his ankles, and looked more like a country parson than the manager of a political machine. He presided over the meeting under the special charge of Governor L. Stevens, of Washington Territory. The Bell and Everett party was represented by Alexander E. Botcler, Member of Congress from the Richmond district, Virginia—a gentleman of high character and deserved popularity."

TERRIBLE CATASTROPHE.

One of the most startling and appalling catastrophes yet marking the dangers of the deep occurred on Friday night. The steamer *Lady Elgin*, in the Lake Superior line, which left Chicago on Friday night at 11 o'clock, was run into by the propeller *Augusta*, when about twenty miles from shore, at 2½ o'clock on Saturday morning, and sunk in twenty minutes in fifteen fathoms of water, having on board between three hundred and fifty and four hundred passengers, over three hundred of whom were drowned. Among the passengers were the Union Guard of Milwaukee, a large part of the political and city corporations of that city—a terrible blow to a single town. The vessel struck on the starboard side, the paddle-gangway, on the larboard side. At the time, dancing was going on in the forward cabin. The collision of boats to save the passengers, and the guard-jacking generally appeared to expose the boats to the least of the average bad kind.

THE WINANS STEAMER AT SEA.

The Baltimore *Patriot* says: "On Saturday last, about noon, as we were quietly seated beneath an umbrella on the starboard side of a boat anchored near the mouth of the Patapsco, opposite to Lazaretto, lazily fingering a line that we had just thrown into the water, waiting and looking out for the capture of some foolish stray perch, our attention was aroused by a quick and sharp puffing, similar to the Mississippi high-pressure steamboats, and, turning to see what it was, we beheld—bright star!—the Winans steamboat, black, whale-looking monster, on a trial trip; but whether we could prepare to get out of the way or it would pass astern of us, and so we drew in our line, set down the pole, and watched her approach with some excitement. The boat was about two hundred feet long, and, as she passed up and down the river, we had a fine view of her whole length. It was evident, from the majesty of a huge mill-wheel, right about the centre of the hull, and so beautifully set in that it could scarcely lifted the water at all as the emerging side. There was every practicable ingenuity at work to avoid the friction of the propeller, evidently arising from the cranks causing the dead points. When the boat passed, the short round also slightly listed, but it was surprising to see in what a short space she could go round. As the wreck swung in her velocity was terrible, if one may so speak."

STRANGE FREAKS OF A MADMAN.

Quite a little excitement was created in New Orleans a few days ago by the following freaks of a lunatic. He managed to mount to the top of a two-story grocery, and began to amuse the astonished bystanders with an itinerary, breaking them with a hatchet, and then hurling them in the pavement below. He had demolished about part for some hours a great crowd collected in the vicinity, and it became a very interesting pulling policemen how they should remove the madman from his peril. Finally, one of the officers brought a ladder, placed it on the spot and directed a powerful stream upon him. So prepared one of this two men ascended the ladder, but the lost his foot-hold, slid down the roof and came to the ground in a dislocated condition. Before he had recovered from the effects of the jar he was in custody.

SOME SUPERSTITIONS.

The Boston papers narrate a strange incident. A young girl, of pleasing face and interesting appearance, about seventeen years of age, with a companion, went to the office of the well-known Dr. Dixi, and asked that a good lawyer might be engaged to defend her, saying that a well-authenticated charge of witchcraft. The names of several legal gentlemen were mentioned, and some attorney was finally employed—a gentleman who resides in another county, but has an office in Boston. The case excited much interest in the city where he has. This attracted the curiosity of the officer to whom she had invited to be employed. He initiated inquiries about her, and learned that the girl was an orphan, and that the lawyer before whom she was to be arraigned was, having charge of considerable property belonging to her in a certain way. She ran away to escape it, and came direct to Boston. She was taken before the police court, escorted to the Lunatic Asylum, and placed in the House of Correction for six months. Subsequently, upon learning something of her history, the lawyer got her out of sentence, and the case was continued in order that place may be adopted with a view to ensuring her from a life of vice.

PERSONAL.

The following letter is published in the Southern papers:

"SHERIFF'S OFFICE, LEXINGTON, KY., Aug. 16, 1860.

"*Messrs. Williams & Co., Jacksonville, Fla.*

"GENTLEMEN: I have been requested to answer your inquiries in relation to Hon. J. C. Breckinridge's ownership of slaves. I do so with pleasure, that, for many years, he has lived as property, either personal or real estate, in the Commonwealth of Kentucky, and that he has at the present time a family residing here and board at the Ashland House in this city. Respectfully,

"JAMES H. CROSS, *Sheriff.*"

An admirer of Hon. John Cavode, of Pennsylvania, has had a cane made from wood found upon the Hermitage, Andrew Jackson's late residence, presentation to that gentleman. The handle of the cane bears a silver plate, on which is engraved a dog keeping watch over treasure. Beneath is the word "Fidelity."

The Rev. A. Bewley, Methodist Superintendent and missionary in Texas, was hung by a mob a short time since, on the charge of being an Abolitionist. The New York *Christian Advocate* says he was a devoutly pious and inoffensive man.

The humors of Savannah find expression in odd methods, as appears from the following advertisement of a boot-maker, printed in the Republican: "I hereby notify the public that I have taken the habit of walking down from the outside of store 147 Broughton Street—who,

when caught in the act, wish to pass off as practical jokers—that I will henceforth prosecute such as common thieves."

Letters have been received from Mr. Yancey, stating that he will come North about the middle of this month, when he will put himself at the disposal of his political friends for service in stumping until the close of the Presidential contest.

In December, 1858, J. W. Tucker, a California jeweler, sent to the Emperor of Russia some fine specimens of gold-bearing quartz. Recently he received from the Emperor, as a token of thanks, a magnificent and massive gold ring, enriched with an oblong amethyst, surrounded by ten diamonds weighing a carat each. The gold of the ring is from the Ural Mountains. The amethyst is oblong, and of the purest color. It has been pronounced, by an expert, worth as much as any ruby of three times the size.

Martin, the Boston wherryman, arrived at Albany on the evening of the 5th in good health and spirits.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

PARLIAMENT.

THE British Parliament was prorogued on the 28th ult. The Queen's speech was read by the Lord Chancellor. She says that her relations with foreign powers are friendly and satisfactory. She trusts there is no danger of the interruption of the general peace of Europe. She believes that if the Italians are left to settle their own difficulties, the tranquillity of other States will remain undisturbed. She hopes that, in any negotiations which may take place on the Savoy question, the neutrality and independence of Switzerland will be maintained. She laments the atrocities committed upon the Christians in Syria, and cheerfully concurs with the other Powers of Europe in assisting the Sultan of Turkey to re-establish order. She regrets the failure of the negotiations with China, and says that her forces will support the demand for a full and faithful execution of the treaty of Tien-tsin. She thanks Parliament for the appropriations for the fortifications, and congratulates the country on the efficiency of the Rifle Volunteers. She concludes by expressing the heartfelt pleasure and satisfaction she has experienced at the warm and enthusiastic reception the Prince of Wales has met with in her North American provinces.

FOREIGN RELATIONS.

In the Commons, on the 26th, Lord Palmerston said the Government had no official information relative to the landing of Garibaldi in Calabria, but had received a dispatch confirming the fact. He also said that there was no truth in the statement that Austria had threatened to support Naples. She adhered to non-intervention till her own frontiers were threatened.

On the same day he acknowledged the services rendered the Christians in Syria by Abd-el-Kader, and said the British Consul had been instructed to tender to him the thanks of the British government.

THE MARONITES THE AGGRESSORS IN SYRIA.

In Parliament, the other day, Lord Palmerston said he did not deny that the Turkish authorities in Syria (not the government) had misconducted themselves. He believed that the Maronites were the first aggressors, because large supplies of arms had been furnished to them, and the attack began by the Maronites upon some mixed villages of Druses and Maronites to expel the former; and not long ago Lord Cowley, in a conversation with M. Thouvenel, suggested that the outrages had been commenced by the Maronites, and M. Thouvenel replied that he believed so too.

RETURN VOYAGE OF THE "GREAT EASTERN."

The *Great Eastern*, on her return voyage to Milford Haven from this port, *via* Halifax, made the passage in nine days four and a half hours—the shortest time ever made by any steamer, with all the advantages of skill and improvements in machinery and shipbuilding, and this, too, with her bottom covered with barnacles, and as foul as that of any ship that ever crossed the ocean. If she were in the hands of the right people, she could make money and become the most popular ship afloat.

A NEW BRITISH ENVOY.

Mr. Lindsay, member of Parliament, has been authorized to proceed to Washington, and lay before the American government the views of the British government relative to the navigation laws, belligerent rights, etc., and to enter into negotiations for the opening of the coasting trade, etc. Mr. Lindsay sails on the 8th of September.

FRANCE.

ANOTHER PEACE SPEECH FROM THE EMPEROR.

The Emperor has made a speech at Lyons in response to addresses by the authorities. He condemned the unjust distrust excited abroad, and declared that nothing should make him deviate from the path of moderation and justice. His sole desire was the general interest of France, and he urged them to give themselves up with confidence to works of peace. He was determined, with God's assistance, that France should not degenerate under his dynasty. The pacific nature of this speech caused an advance on the Bourse. Rentes, 68f. 25c.

SUSPENSION OF THE CORN-LAWS.

An Imperial decree has been issued opening the French ports for the admission, duty free, of all kinds of foreign grain and flour, irrespective of flag. Vessels laden with breadstuffs will be exempted from tonnage dues. This is regarded as an admission of the great deficiency in the French harvest. The weather continues very wet.

THE EMPEROR ON HIS TRAVELS.

At latest dates the Emperor Napoleon and Eugénie were at Chambery, and met with an enthusiastic reception there.

A HINT FOR HAM-EATERS.

The *Academie des Sciences* of Paris has just received a communication, which has literally caused the quills upon that fretful porcupine to stand on end with horror. A *savant* of Wurtzbourg, M. Wirchow by name, announces the fearful discovery he has just made of the existence of a dreadful microscopic animal, the *truchina sparatis*, in the flesh of hogs, no matter how prepared, whether you call it pork, ham, bacon, sausage, or polony. When an individual happens to eat of this animal in abundance, he is observed to grow pale and emaciated in a few days afterward; his strength deserts him, and he dies at the end of the sixth week. A post-mortem examination shows the muscles of the body to be filled with *truchina sparatis*, which proves that death must be occasioned by muscular consumption, owing to the attacks of this horrible little monster. Moses knew well what he was about when he forbade the use of swine's flesh to his countrymen.

GERMANY.

AUSTRIA WILL NOT INTERFERE IN ITALY.

According to the Cologne *Gazette*, an Austrian note is being prepared, in which the Foreign Minister declares that the designs of the Emperor are not aggressive, but that he will defend his Italian possessions to the uttermost.

ITALY.

THE INVASION OF CALABRIA.

The advices of Garibaldi's invasion of Calabria are fully confirmed. The town of Reggio was attacked by the invaders and capitulated on 21st, the garrison being allowed to withdraw with their muskets and personal baggage only. We also hear of the capture of Fort Delpizzo and Villa San Giovanni. Four thousand Calabrians are said to have joined Garibaldi.

Garibaldi had been proclaimed Dictator at Palenza. Large numbers of Calabrians were joining him. The latest dispatches report that the Royalists have again been defeated at Calabria. It was reported at Paris on the 29th that the King of Naples had quitted there on the previous evening on board the frigate *Strombolic*, and that the Piedmontese occupied the forts. This requires confirmation. Disturbances at Naples were imminent. Appeals to the people to revolt were being publicly distributed. The Neapolitan Minister of War and General Basco had left Naples for Calabria with six battalions as reinforcements. A revolutionary movement at Salero was imminent. The Pope, it was said, had expressed his readiness to agree to the Italian Confederation.

THE POPULAR ENTHUSIASM.

A letter from Sicily contains the following: "We read last week in a Sicilian journal an advertisement inserted by a father who claimed his son. It was couched in affecting terms. The father told his child that he knew he was in Sicily, that he did not wish to prevent his remaining there, but that he desired to see him, to embrace him, and to provide him with money, and to this end he made an appointment with him in a Palermo coffee-house. The boy was thirteen years of age. The Government can not prevent the departure of expeditions. It could not succeed in so doing. At Milan, last week, I saw seven thousand Lombards and Venetians enroll themselves. Many were refused upon various pretexts. They even went so far as to exact from them the sum of 20 francs, on pretense that they must pay for their equipment—a green blouse faced with red, which is the uniform of the Lombard legion. Those who had 20 francs gave them without the least hesitation; all emptied their purses into the hands of the recruiting officer, and if the sum required was not complete they entreated, even with tears, to be taken at a lower rate. I saw these volunteers set off. Half the population accompanied them to the gates of the city with cries and *vivats*."

A PROCLAMATION TO THE LADIES OF SICILY.

The Sicilian journals publish a proclamation addressed by Garibaldi to "the ladies of Sicily," of which the following is the concluding paragraph:

"Madame Cairola, of Pavia—a very rich, greatly beloved, and most charming lady—had four sons. One of them died at Varese, on the body of an Austrian whom he had killed. The eldest, Benedetto, is now lying ill in the capital, having been wounded at Calatafimi and Palermo. The third, Enrico, had his skull cleft in the same battle; and the fourth forms part of this army, by order of his incomparable mother. Women! call also your sons and your lovers. Being few, the struggle will be long, undecided, and full of danger for all. Being many, we shall conquer by our imposing aspect. There will be no fighting. The hope of twenty generations of Italians will soon be realized, and your beloved ones will return to you with faces bronzed on the field of battle, their brows encircled with the crown of victory, and blessed by those suffering and enslaved populations who have sent their sons to ransom your country.

"GARIBALDI."

GARIBALDI AS A SWORD-FISHERMAN.

A correspondent of the London *News*, writing from Messina, tells the following anecdote: "While I am writing I can see Garibaldi, who arrived here this morning, at four o'clock, walking up and down the deck of the *City of Aberdeen*, one of the Sicilian steamers lying in this harbor, following through his glass the movements of the enemy. There is an amusing story current here, which I give you, without, however, vouching for its correctness. You are, perhaps, aware that the great fishery of the *pesce-spada*, or sword-fish, affords occupation to the fishermen who live in the villages and hamlets scattered along about the coast from Messina to Faro Point, as well as on the opposite one of Calabrio. This fishery is performed in the most ingenious manner. A man ascends a long pole which rises in the centre of the boat, and when he sees the sword-fish passing through the current he makes the rowers row in that direction, and the man at the stern, who is armed with a long and sharp pike, if fortunate enough spikes the fish. Well, one day Garibaldi disappeared for two hours, and it is stated that, having disguised himself as a fisherman, he went so near to the opposite shore that from the pole he was able to reconnoitre all the fortified points of the Neapolitan coast. True or not, this story forms the subject of all conversations in the camp, and causes a great deal of merriment among the noble fellows encamped under a scorching sun on the sandy beach yonder."

ONE BRAVE NEAPOLITAN.

The *Herald* correspondent writes: "Some details belonging to this Messina Convention or capitulation are not without interest. An officer arriving in a steamer from the Neapolitan government, in order to place himself at the disposition of Colonel Bosco, the commandant, found, to his surprise, the town occupied by the Garibaldians. There was nothing for it but to go to General Garibaldi himself, and ask permission to pass on his way. Garibaldi at once accorded this, at the same time making the Neapolitan the medium of certain propositions to the besieged. He was accompanied by a Garibaldian officer and a trumpeter bearing a white flag. At a certain distance from the citadel the trumpet was sounded and the white flag was waved, and the eyes of the Garibaldian officer being bandaged, he was admitted into the private room of the commandant, when the bandage was removed. 'Speak,' said Bosco. 'Garibaldi permits you and your officers to embark, but not the troops—the citadel is mined, and in twenty-four hours I will blow it up.' 'No,' replied Bosco, 'I will not abandon soldiers who have fought so well. Let Garibaldi tell me the situation of his mine, and with a lighted cigar I will seat myself upon it, crying *Vive le Roi* with my last breath. All I ask is that the blood of my soldiers be spared.' The officer quitted the citadel only to return to it again with propositions more in unison with the gallant spirit of the commandant, which were again, however, in like manner refused. As the messenger was returning he saw in the offing a white sail, then another, then another, with finally a squadron of four frigates, among which one was seen—the *Fulminante*—bearing at her mast-head a flag of truce. She was conveying an envoy from the King of Naples, with propositions such as I have given in article 2 of the actual convention, which were, in fact, almost identical with those proposed by Garibaldi."

PETER'S PENCE.

Several chests, containing ingots of silver, have been received at Rome from Marseilles, being the produce of the "Peter's pence" collected in France. The amount exceeds 6,000,000 francs. This sum does not include various offerings in the shape of arms, etc., which are estimated at 4,000,000 francs.

THE PRINCIPALITIES.

THE MURDER OF PRINCE DANIELO.

The full name of the assassin of Prince Danielo is, it appears, Todor Kadich, and he is the brother-in-law of a Montenegrin priest, named Panissa. Some time ago, in consequence of dissensions with the Prince, the latter retired to Zara, and was there joined by Kadich. While at Zara this latter learned that the other's wife, who is his sister, had allowed herself to be seduced by an adherent of the Prince, and, having obtained a divorce, had remarried. Kadich then went to Constantinople, and there murdered the second husband of his sister. After that affair, Kadich went to Galatz, where he caught the small-pox, and became so dreadfully disfigured that no one could recognize him; he afterward proceeded to Cattaro, from which place he was expelled, and then took up his residence at Scutari. He afterward returned to Cattaro to commit this crime, and, as he was disguised as an Albanian, was able to approach the Prince without being suspected. The motive which prompted him to the crime appears to have been, first, the dissension between the Prince and Panissa, and next, the conduct of the Prince's adherent to the assassin's sister.

CHINA.

THE PREPARATIONS FOR WAR.

Lord Elgin and Baron Gros had gone to the Gulf of Pecheli. It was suspected they would attempt to renew futile negotiations, while every thing indicated the intention of the Chinese to fight. All quiet at Canton. The rebels continued to advance toward Shanghai.

THE BRITISH PROVINCES.

PROGRESS OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

On 1st September the Prince laid the corner-stone of the new Parliament buildings at Ottawa (of which we gave an illustration in a recent number), held a levée, then visited the slides of the Chaudiere, embarked on a raft and went down the slide. In the evening the city was illuminated, and there was a grand torchlight procession. On 2d he attended service at Christ's Church, which was crowded with spectators. After church he took a walk; but the crowd becoming troublesome, he drove out to Mr. M'Kay's mills. On 3d, after a visit to Aylmer, he took the cars and came through with some stoppages to Brockville, where he arrived at 8 P.M. and was well received. He slept that night on board his steamer, and on the morning of the 4th left for Kingston, where he arrived at 4 P.M. Here a difficulty awaited him. The Orangemen, who are in great force at Kingston, had resolved to parade at the Prince's reception. A meeting of Roman Catholics passed a resolution requesting the mayor to stop the parade, as offensive to their feelings, and sent a copy of the resolution to the Duke of Newcastle. The Duke replied that if there were any Orange demonstrations the Prince would not land. Thereupon the city council of Kingston met, and the Orangemen met outside, to discuss the propriety of abandoning the parade; but at last by a decided vote they resolved to maintain their original design. On this the steamer *Kingston* moved out of sight, anchored, and the Prince remained on board all night. The greatest excitement prevailed in the city, and lasted all night. At 9 A.M. on Wednesday, 5th, the city council met again, but again adjourned without agreeing to modify their programme. The mayor went on board the *Kingston* and communicated the decision to the Prince, who reiterated his determination not to land. At 5 P.M., accordingly, the *Kingston* started for Belleville, where the Orangemen announced their determination of repeating the scene. He arrived at Belleville at 10 P.M.

On Thursday, 6th, the Orangemen of Belleville resolved to follow the example of their Kingston brethren, and the Prince refused to land. The Governor-General informed the Mayor that the Prince admired their city, but would not break through his rule about the Orangemen. The *Kingston* accordingly left, and arrived at Coburg, where the Orangemen attempted no demonstration. He received addresses, went to a ball, and slept there. On Friday morning he left by rail for Peterborough and Toronto.

THE PRINCE LAYS A CORNER-STONE.

At Ottawa, on 1st, at the laying of the corner-stone of the Parliament buildings, the Prince took a silver trowel, carved with the Prince of Wales' feather and an appropriate inscription, and smoothed the mortar beneath the corner-stone, which is of Canadian marble. The stone was then lowered in its place, and the Prince tapped it three times with a Masonic mallet. The ordinary ceremonies of laying a corner-stone then took place.

Beneath the stone were placed coins of the realm. Rev. Dr. Adams, chaplain of Parliament, offered up a prayer.

The crowd maintained no order during the ceremony, shouting "Down in front!" "We want to see him!" "Give way!" etc.

The Prince, who had been standing in the sun all this time, declared the stone laid, and stepped back to the pavilion, where the contractors, architects, builders, and masons of the building were presented to him. He then inspected a model of the building, and walked around the grounds, followed by a crowd; but, leaving the royal carriage, he slipped out of the back way to hold a levée at twelve o'clock. The people gathered around the carriage and declared him mean to serve them so.

In the rush out of the pavilion after him the Queen's portrait was thrown down and much defaced.

HE PUTS A SOVEREIGN IN THE PLATE.

On Sunday, 2d, he went to Christ Church, which was crowded with people, though they hardly knew him in plain clothes, thinking, no doubt, that he lives and sleeps in uniform. Each of the suite put a sovereign on the plate. The old sexton nearly died for joy, and the trustees talk of erecting a new church from the proceeds. So much money was never seen in Ottawa before.

HOW HE TAKES HIS MEALS.

At Ottawa, on 1st, says the *Herald* correspondent, the Prince took dinner with a party of forty. Sanderson, the caterer, had great difficulty in getting provisions enough, and the Prince, being told that it would take half an hour to get dinner ready, said that an American could get it up in a quarter of an hour if he pleased. I believe the Prince always breakfasts with a small party of fourteen of the principal members of the suite.

HE BURSTS INTO TEARS.

When he found he couldn't land at Kingston, says the *Herald* correspondent, he took every opportunity to bow to his future subjects, who went out in excursion boats, and afforded them every opportunity to see him by sitting on deck all day, resting his head wearily upon his hand, occasionally rubbing his eyes with his handkerchief, and appearing greatly discomposed! When the school children, in a large boat, sang for him last evening, he repeatedly waved his handkerchief, and at last burst into tears. These evidences of the Prince's feelings are not lost on the people, who believe him to be constrained by the Duke and Governor-General in his refusal to land.

HE SHAKES HANDS WITH EVERY BODY.

At Peterborough the Prince was received by a procession, which escorted him to the Court-house, where the city and county addresses were presented to him. The Prince read replies. One man, running by the side of the Prince's carriage, held out his hand to his Royal Highness, who shook it heartily. Elated by his good fortune, the man told his companions, who rushed forward, claiming a similar honor; and for some minutes the Prince was busily engaged shaking hands; but he soon turned away, and the demonstration ceased.

WHAT HIS FURNITURE SELLS FOR.

The furniture used by the Prince of Wales and suite at St. John, New Brunswick, has been sold by auction. The Prince's bedstead brought £31 10s.; the Duke of Newcastle's bedstead, £13 5s.; reception chair, on which the Prince sat to receive company, 66s. 3d.; dressing-table, with glass and marble top, £16.

THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE WON'T ACKNOWLEDGE MASONS.

The *Herald* correspondent says: "A deputation of a Masonic Society of the State of New York were on to Ottawa to take part in the ceremonies of laying the corner-stone, but to the astonishment of all no Masons were present. It appears that the Duke of Newcastle and the Hon. John Rose refused the Masons the privilege of laying the stone, after the Prince, with their peculiar ceremonies. The consequence was that the Masons unanimously refused to have any thing to do with the affair."

OR ORANGEMEN EITHER.

The *Herald* correspondent says: "I have been shown the copies of the letters of the Duke of Newcastle and the Governor-General, which are in possession of the leader of the Orangemen. The Duke's letter is addressed to the Governor-General. He says:

"'I have been advised that in several towns the Orange Society intend erecting arches and decorating them with the insignia of their Order. I have also been informed that the Orangemen intend appearing in procession with their full regalia. It is very evident that any such display is likely to lead to religious feuds and breaches of the peace, and I can not consent that the Prince shall be mixed up with any such scenes, so foreign to the intention of his visit to Canada. I wish you would inform the parties concerned of my feeling in regard to this matter, and try to persuade them to alter their intention; and that there may be no mistake, I add, I shall advise the Prince to pass through no streets where such arches are erected, and if the demonstrations are persevered in, to avoid landing in such towns altogether.'

"A postscript adds:

"'I have also been informed, though not with so much certainty, that the Orangemen intend to parade at Kingston. Of course my remarks apply equally to that city.'"

THE DUKE WON'T BE BULLIED.

At Belleville the Grand Master of the Orangemen had an interview with the Duke of Newcastle, and told him that the Orangemen were truly loyal, and endeavored to persuade him to land. The Duke's only reply was that he could not be bullied, and the spirit thus evinced already begins to have its effects.

ATTITUDE OF THE ORANGEMEN.

The *Herald* correspondent writes: "During the morning of the 4th the Orangemen gathered in the streets to the number of three thousand, many coming from other places. They are a set of fierce-looking country fellows, some dressed with regalia, and some in red, blue, and white gowns, while others wear drawn swords, and carry banners with mottoes of loyal words, followed by the words 'No Surrender—we support the Protestant religion.'"

He adds: "No words can convey an idea of the feeling here. There are one hundred thousand Orangemen in this part of Canada, and the excitement catches like fire. Many of the Americans here side with the Orangemen. Fortunately for the peace of the community, the Roman Catholics are very few in number, and keep quiet, allowing the Duke of Newcastle to fight their battles for them. The ministers of the various Protestant churches held a council to decide upon their course, and unanimously refused to present any addresses except on shore. They were loudly cheered. Old men walked along the Orange ranks calling out, 'God bless you!'—'Stand firm!' The Grand Marshal, Robinson, rode like mad along a line of about three thousand rebels—for so they are now called—reading the following dispatch from the Grand Master, Cameron, at Toronto: 'Every thing depends on Kingston, Orangemen. Let your motto be "No surrender!" We will follow him wherever he goes! He can not enter Toronto except under the colors.' This was greeted by cries—'No surrender!' 'Let him go home!' 'Perhaps they will take him to the United States!' The American flag is more freely displayed than even last night, and people are shouting and yelling at every mention of Orange mottoes.

THEY ENVY THE UNITED STATES.

"Many comments were made during the serenade last night of not a particularly complimentary character. On the playing of 'Yankee Doodle,' and cheers for the President of the United States, some one called out, 'The Orangemen can walk in the States, anyhow, in spite of all the Princes in the world.'

CONSEQUENCES OF THE ROW.

"Alderman Campbell, of Kingston, said, at the Council meeting, if the Prince did not land there, there were only one or two places where he could land in Canada. Nothing would do them so much injury. Emigration would be stopped, and confidence in the loyalty of Canadians would be shaken.

"The people said that if he did not land there he would be burned in effigy, and could not land any where in Western Canada without being hissed, and that the sooner he goes home the better."

THE RECEPTION AT TORONTO.

A telegram to the *Herald* dated Toronto, September 7, says: "The Prince arrived at this flourishing American-like metropolis of Upper Canada at half-past six o'clock. Orangemen had been parading the streets in regalia all day, but when the Prince was signaled they passed beneath their arch, doffed their robes, and reappeared as private citizens. The only mark on the arch which could be construed into a party sign was the portrait of the Prince of Wales in the posture of King William when crossing the Boyne. This compromise had hardly been satisfactory to either party, since both claim the victory.

"The reception only needed the ships of war to equal in magnificence that at St. Johns, Newfoundland, or at Halifax. Fifteen thousand persons were present, and a thousand children sang the national anthem. The corporation presented their address, and the Prince, after reading his reply, reviewed the immense procession, which defiled before him in almost endless succession, and then took a carriage and followed it through the streets for miles."

MEXICO.

MIRAMON BEATEN AGAIN.

A battle between the forces under Miramon and Degollado was fought at Lagos on the 10th ult. The battle lasted five days, and resulted in the disastrous defeat of Miramon's force. Miramon was badly wounded, but managed to effect his escape with but a few of his cavalry. All his artillery and what remained of his army were made prisoners. General Pacheco was killed, and General Mejia was taken prisoner.

CENTRAL AMERICA.

WALKER IN A TIGHT PLACE.

At latest dates a force of seven hundred men had assembled outside the walls of Truxillo ready to attack Walker. An English man-of-war arrived at Truxillo on 19th. Heavy cannonading was heard at Ruatan on the morning of the 24th, in the direction of Truxillo, which lasted till noon. The man-of-war stated, on her arrival, that her object was to protect the citizens and property of Honduras, and restore the revenue of Truxillo to the rightful authorities. It is believed that the cannonading was from the combined attack of Guardiola and the man-of-war.

WHAT WALKER WANTS.

The following is Walker's proclamation to the people of Honduras:

"More than five years ago, I, with others, was invited to the Republic of Nicaragua, and was promised certain rights and privileges on the condition of certain services rendered the State. We performed the service required of us, but the existing authorities of Honduras joined a combination to drive us from Central America. In the course of events the people of the Bay Islands find themselves in nearly the same position the Americans held in Nicaragua in November, 1855. The same policy which led Guardiola to make war on us will induce him to drive the people of the islands from Honduras. A knowledge of this fact has led certain residents of the islands to call on the adopted citizens of Nicaragua to aid in the maintenance of their rights of person and property; but no sooner had a few adopted citizens of Nicaragua answered this call of the residents of the islands by repairing to Ruatan, than the acting authorities of Honduras, alarmed for their safety, put obstacles in the way of carrying out the treaty of the 28th November, 1859. Guardiola delays to receive the islands because of the presence of a few men he has injured; and thus, for party purposes, not only defeats the territorial interests of Honduras, but thwarts, for the moment, a cardinal object of Central American policy. The people of the Bay Islands can be ingrafted on your Republic only by wise concessions properly made. The existing authorities of Honduras have, by their past acts, given proof that they would not make the requisite concessions. The same policy which Guardiola pursued toward the naturalized Nicaraguans prevents him from pursuing the only course by which Honduras can expect to hold the islands. It becomes, therefore, a common object with the naturalized Nicaraguans, and with the people of the Bay Islands, to place in the Government of Honduras those who will yield the rights lawfully required in the two States. Thus the Nicaraguans will secure a return to their adopted country, and the Bay Islanders will obtain full guaranties from the sovereignty under which they are to be placed by the treaty of the 28th November, 1859. To obtain, however, the object at which we aim, we do not make war against the people of Honduras, but only against a Government which stands in the way of the interests not only of Honduras, but of all Central America. The people of Honduras may, therefore, rely on all the protection they may require for their rights, both of person and property.

WM. WALKER."

THE DRIVE IN THE CENTRAL PA

ERK, NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER, 1860.

THE DRIVE IN THE CENTRAL PARK.

We publish on the two preceding pages a fine picture of the drive in our Central Park, which will be one of the first sights shown to the Prince when he comes here. It will, even in its unfinished state, give him a good idea of what we are doing in the way of civic comforts, and of the wealth and luxury of our citizens.

Our Park, which is progressing very satisfactorily under the management of the Commissioners, will undoubtedly be, one of these days, one of the finest places of the kind in the world. We hear from time to time cavils at the course pursued by the Commissioners and engineers; but these can almost always be traced to disappointed applicants for place, or to personal spite and malignity. Public opinion on the subject is decidedly favorable to what has been done. Those who saw the Park before the engineers went to work on it are amazed at the beautiful sites which have been contrived with such unpromising materials; all fair persons believe that the enterprise is managed with honesty and good taste.

GOOD FOR NOTHING.

CHAPTER I.

"No, Ma'am, she will never be good for anything," said a rough, ungentle Dr. Aloe, fingering the knot in the halter that tied his old horse to the post in front of the widow Linn's cottage. And as he applied the comfortable pipe to the old chaise, added: "*Sorry*, Ma'am, to say so; but I am always candid." Then he shook the reins, nodded "Good-day," and took himself away.

Ah, not only himself, but with that vanishing old gig went hopes that had been long cherished by the whole mother—went dreams and fancies, baseless, perhaps, yet they had sustained her in many a dark hour; and more tangible than all these there went away, in the depths of the black bombazine vest-pocket, a gold piece that had been hoarded, and saved, and with it, after all, had only purchased this doleful verdict.

Like many well-meaning people, Dr. Aloe had fallen into a mistake quite common among those who consider candor the first of all virtues—that of speaking unwelcome truths in the most unwelcome form, or never softening or toning down a repression if it conveyed his meaning clearly. As may be gathered, for instance, from the old grave old; but the officious friend who salutes us with such an announcement is not one we always care to meet, nor does it do any possible good to address a despairing invalid with a remark on his pallid face and rayless eye. Dr. Aloe congratulated himself unreservedly in having cut off all hope from the pitiful mother whom he left a few moments since. "No nonsense about me," he muttered to himself as he drove away.

Quite true, Dr. Aloe: but suppose there has been a little nonsense—just enough, as people say, "I fear, Ma'am, that little Allie will never be well, but she may be a great deal better at times"—wouldn't have gone, Duty, have never come to her well, while the pang was softened to those poor hearts?

It was no wonder that Mrs. Lane felt sick at heart as she leaned over the little white gate, and the hot tears splashed down on the ball and chain that closed it. For she remembered, long ago, Allie had there swung to and fro, laughing with childish glee meanwhile. Then came the recollection of that dreadful time when her father, with unsteady hand and muddled brain, had tossed her up in play, and let her slip on the pavement below, from whence she was taken up insensible and almost lifeless with an injury to the spine. Then the long dreary convalescence; the pain of months and days of pain; the helplessness of limbs and weariness of spirit that followed—dark days, lightened only by one blessing, for out of that great sorrow came one joy.

By the child's bedside, with her hand clasped in his, that erring father turned to Heaven, and asking help where alone it could be found, he repented a solemn vow. For the child of his vows that completed his earthly course Joseph Lane was a new man; no fumes in his brain, no taint on his breath, no stammering on his tongue. His companions looked and wondered, but he heeded them not; and when he saw the face of wife and child light with joy at his return, he felt that his "old things had indeed passed away." When Allie would ask for his kiss and say, with cheek in her loving way, full many a time the strong man brushed away a tear, partly of bitter remorse for the selfish past, but he had revived a full portion of thankfulness that God had not taken her from him until he could prove himself a tender father. Was Allie good for nothing then?

And when at last he was called away to travel down the dark valley, whose children he had contributed and comforted him—whose voice sang the songs of those redeemed and ransomed by the blood of the Lamb, or read the promises so fadeless and true? Who was it, who, laying her cheek beside his, silenced his bitter self-reproaches with her childish wisdom as she read, "If a man sin in corruption, it is raised in incorruption; it is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory; it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power"—reading softly her own comment: "You know, father, I will not be weak or crushed then. I shall have a glorious body." Was Allie good for nothing then? And when the dark days of his death came, who supported her and mother through those times of trial but this brave, true spirit in its weak and ailing frame?

Such were the memories that came over her as Mrs. Lane stood crying, just when the harsh words of the Doctor had reached her ear; and after the first grief she grew indignant at his "candor," and repeated, latterly, "Good for nothing! what does he know what our Allie has been or will be to us?"

Mrs. Lane, ever unselfish in her grief, dried her eyes and turned to go in, for she feared that the Doctor's words had penetrated to the room where the child sat watching the sunset from the window. In truth Allie had heard them, and until night kept coming in her eyes that the sunshine made rainbows therein, and she could only see the outline of the western hills dimly when she brushed them away with her little blue-veined hand. Though she prayed most truly to be resigned to her lot in these years since accident to her, and this was one when relentless thoughts came quick and fast. Putting her face to her mother's bosom, "Oh, why was I born! never to be good for any thing! No lady to dear mother, when she is so tired and so poor—never to help her work, nor when he is lonely: oh, how will I live? I wish I were in heaven with father!" But even while she looked at the western sky there alone and calm and still the evening star, as peacefully bright as though no sorrows of earth were abiding, or no hearts sorry and sad. Its calmness soothed her, and by the time her mother came in she had fought and conquered her copious unbelieving fit, and with a meek, and, humble and subdued, she laid her hand on her mother's arm, saying, "Never mind, mother, I don't mind it," and the kiss that followed said daughter grew peaceful and trustful once more.

CHAPTER II.

THE widow Lane and her children lived in a small cottage painted white, and guarded by two splendid maples that were her special pride. Passers-by commented upon the fine foliage and beauty even, in summer time, and when Jack Frost had tinted them in his own dashing way they looked like great bunches of scarlet and yellow lilies. They were the most noticeable features in the long straight street of the village of Meriton. They were planted long ago when Joseph Lane took a bride to the little white house by the way-side, and commenced business as a carpenter and builder, and as ever a thrifty young lawyer need to do. He owned this spot with its garden, stretching back until it joined the meadows of Squire Denton, Anne Moore. The furniture was all their own; and at time rolled on a junior Joseph and our little friend Allie were added to the household—so say the setting of the maples that throve so well.

It would be an old story to tell how the glass of wine that at first but quieted nerves and tongue for some effort of forensic display, became at last the unquenchable habit; how clients were refused to act clogged with its poison; how friends now and then spoke a word of caution to hold him back in his mad career, but how he was found until the hour when the suffering child had lain him, with her weak hand, through God's grace, to the safe high ground of self-control. Then, for those happy years after that, even despite their sorrow, and Mrs. Lane recalled their peace and quietness long after he slumbered in the village church-yard, leaving her with two children and but meagre support. For a time the neighbors generously helped her by doing errands for her, but she could hardly re sign her hopes of giving him an education that would fit him for a profession, and secure to him the best school the village afforded. This exhausted her slender means, and the time had now come when she must ask some one to do something for something that would procure bread and butter, and clothing better than the plain but neat home-made garments that she could make for him.

This it was that made Allie and her mother so sad and still as they sat together in the twilight side by side them lay the Meriton *Eagle*, and a long advertisement set forth in glowing terms the prospectus of the "Meriton Academy for Young Gentlemen." Increase! facilities for students, with no increase in the terms; superior teachers in every department. Then were the advantages of the village, and with a weary sigh the widow had laid down the paper and resumed the work that required but few shillings to add to their stock, already so scanty for winter expenses. Allie's busy fingers were flying fast, for in these days she had grown quite handy to help in such light tasks. She looked weary and sad though, as she said, "Oh, mother, can't we do something to earn a little money—some way so Jessy won't have to stop going to school? Oh, if I were only strong!" And here her lip quivered.

Just then in came Squire Denton, and eyes bright; for he had been diverting himself between the intervals of his engineering with a frolic with a little chap about his own age.

"Oh, mother, they are going to have the greatest times at the 'Corner' next week. Jack Denton is going to be in my class too. Just think of it! Oh, won't it be fun? Jack told me about it in the paper; and when I'm going, I'm a great lawyer as father one of these days, and—" Why, mother, what's the matter, ain't you glad?" And the boy sprang to her, and pulled his little hands and her neck, he looked in her face, beseeking her to tell him what was wrong. But she, when, half heart-broken, she had made him understand their poverty and inability to meet the expense of such luxuries, her little heart did quail for a moment at this first encounter with trials.

He had studied so hard the last term to win a high place—had fitted for his going to college—was a weary disappointment for him to lose it now. He opened and shut his jack-knife twenty times from pure nervousness before he could speak; but it had the brave, good boy conquered his selfish wishes, and tried to make them believe he did not grieve so much.

"Never mind, mother, never mind; I'll study at home, and you and Allie shall help. Allie knows more than any body else—Jack Denton's big brother says so, and he is an older boy than I am."

And Arthur Lane put said Allie, looking up from her work for a moment.

"Yes, he did; and he says that you could teach any body just as well as the regular teachers."

Allie said no more, but her needle flew faster and faster on the shirt-sleeve, and the color came in her face as she pondered some new thought in her mind. Jessy buttoned up his threadbare coat, trying to whistle manfully (he broke down very soon), and said:

"Well, mother, I'll get the kindling-wood all ready for morning, and then I'll get the milk;" and he was gone out, taking as heavy a heart with him as ever boy carried under an old blue jacket. Then he left the house "not to let mother know how bad he felt."

While he was absent, and while Mrs. Lane was attending to some household work in the back kitchen, Allie sewed on until it grew too dark. She had just put up her work, and was thinking intently of her half-formed plan when a loud knock at the door startled her. She opened it directly, and was confronted to find that it was twice no other than Squire Denton—the richest man in the village, the owner of the biggest house, the finest horses, and, perhaps, somewhere within miles. A self-made man, he was fond of boasting that he had nothing to be ashamed of—"not his two fingers," and, by-the-way, the said two fingers were big enough to fight their own way up where. He boasted, too, that he had "got on in life" without any education at all." In spite of his loud, boastful tones he was a kind-hearted man, and a liberal patron of the schools, and Arthur Lane's chief and very scholarly and no one was more proud than the man "with no education" when Arthur Denton took off the first prize at the Academy examination.

"Good-evein', Miss Allie," said the robust Squire, grasping her little hand in his big fist—"good-evein'. Where's Miss Lane? I just call'd in a minit about a little school business."

As Allie ushered in her mother, he said, in his loud way, "Why, how you've grown! I declare you look most as well as if—" The Squire was about committing an unseeming adverbial to say, so he stopped short and pretended to cough—a cough that was quite enough—loaded up with "ahem" just as "Miss Lane" and Allie returned to the little parlor. He said, "How d'ye do?" (we have not yet told how he entered—and "hemmed" again. Mrs. Lane lighted the lamp on the shelf, and he seemed immensely relieved to perceive by its light that Meriton *Eagle* lying on the chair.

"Ah!" said he, taking it up, "this puts me in mind. Well, you trustees you've read this 'boat about. Well, we trustees thought we had it all fixed, and the teacher to be left by Doctor's departure has give out, and we don't rightly know what to do. There's a class of little fellers that are to have only three hours' school, and that's it's them that I'm left without a teacher. Now my Arthur put it into my head that your Allie could just as well take the place as not. She's been to school to Jessy, but she's always studyin', they say, and if she is strong enough to go I think it will do her no harm. What do you say, Jessy from here, you know?"

Mrs. Lane spoke not a word, but watched the girl's face, which in the sparkling eyes and low cheek would answer. Gratefully and earnestly she thanked the old trustee for his kindness. The amount paid would be a little more than Allie's tuition would cost. This notice was enough, and it was settled then and there that Allie Lane, in spite of her fifteen years, should be instructing teacher, should take the place offered. The Squire took his leave soon after, leaving grateful hearts beside the hearth-stone. There was much realization of her dream, and though angels don't come in blue coats and brass buttons to tell people that "Allie's good," and let little less, to come in this dark time with such hopes of usefulness to others. She felt fully equal to the new task in hand, and, in truth, had been longing for something to do, to feel that she was more than a floating leaf on life's current. Her health was fully restored to her services as she spoke much lessened since the rapid growth of the past two years. To say that she did not dread the first examination of her pupils, and wish to prenounce her far more strong-minded than she was, is but to tell an every-day fact for her purpose.

Wasn't that a bright tea-table in the white cottage behind the maples that night? With its every-day fare—the home-made bread, thin, cakes, and frizzled beef; with the luxuries somewhat rare in those days to Mrs. Lane—"good old Hyson" that she had brought from the tea-leaf-hoarding and the wood fire crackling; with the happy faces around it, Joey's merry laugh and bright smile—as he drank his tea "to the health of our new setter and the smartest teacher in the county;" Allie's pleasant remembrance of Joseph Lane, Esquire, Senator from said county," while the happy mother looked on with a glad smile. Ah, that was a happy time! It was a holiday meal, and they had holiday hearts to welcome it; so the hours sped on until the little clock ticked "nine," and remminded them that they must go home. Joseph it was the unwonted dintiness of the supper I can not tell, but something made them dream all night. Joey encountered several big giants in battle and about to attack Allie, and demolished them entirely with his sword-cane, and laid them out wrapped in Meriton *Eagles*, the prospectus uppermost. Allie was following a blue coat with brass buttons up and down hill, trying to catch up, but just as she came near it, resolved itself into ten huge fingers, which, dream-like, soon turned to ten little jingle children—and then Allie herself was small and woke and found herself with a slight headache, the result of the excitement of the previous day.

CHAPTER III.

THE time of Allie's installation came round before she could realize it all. Joey carried her books as well as his own as they marched off toward the Academy. Allie's heart beat fast as she entered the room. No. 3, where the restless atoms of barnacles, eyelept boys, were ranged in a row. They were undoubtedly a little afraid of her; but in truth she was much more afraid of them. She knew their whispered comments as she removed her shawl and bonnet, and shrank painfully as she saw them point to her stooping figure. True, she had nearly outgrown it; but the little elves, feeling that instinctive hatred to teachers common to their years, soon espied it, and made up their minds then and there to be unsparing in their remarks if she should prove "hateful" in any degree. Kindness and firmness overcame them at last; and, on the whole, when the first week was over, she felt that she had been happier in spirit and had better health than she ever before; and so two years rolled on, checkered with lights and shades as human lives are wont to be.

But all unconsciously to herself there had come a new interest in life since the day when Arthur Denton had first given her the shelter of his umbrella as she prepared to return home in school one shower afternoon. His path homeward was just by their door, and he used to find the gate inviting walk homeward, and many a lingering good-by in the shade of the maple-trees. Allie had been an invalid from young people hitherto had a friendship with and for a fresh strong spirit like Arthur's and all the charms of novelty. He had read so much, could tell her so many things she had been strange and wonderful in science or art, liked the same books that she loved, and mingled with it all a chivalrous devotion to her. Then were flowers, such as grew in his father's garden, found lying on the sill of the cottage window; then were books she liked left on the door-step; there were copies of the latest and sweetest poems found in the folds of her parasol; there were a thousand such trifles, that yet made up a sum of happiness greater than had ever dawned upon her before.

Arthur Denton was her senior only by years—"just nineteen years old" and the widow began to grow proud of the manly, handsome, kind lad girl, who had walked to and fro in such a pleasant dream, were boy and girl no longer. It troubled her greatly, and she could not banish the pleasant draught from the girl's lips by reminding her that her misfortune must set her apart from the gift of human love, except in a sister's and a brother's heart. She could not even help beguiling herself with the light in the handsome face, with its starry eyes and soft brown hair, would atone for the drooping figure in a loving heart; and yet she feared. Arthur was destined for a high place in the world, in a few short weeks he would leave for colleges, and she trembled as she thought of the blank that was coming in Allie's life.

CHAPTER IV.

"Good-by, Allie."

"Good-by, Arthur."

Such farewell words must be spoken in this world of changes. Alas that though we look forward to them with wistful eyes and beating, perchance they may seem but tomb-stones when we look back!

Arthur stood leaning over the gate, and watched the rumbling, rattling stage, that grew less noisy and less distinct in the increasing distance, until it turn in the road and it from sight. Then, for the first time, the little teacher realized what had passed away with that boy. She felt instinctively that the kind protection of his presence would be hers no longer—that the walks home from school would seem tedious and lonely, that no more the pleasant dainty fruit would be laid on her casement—that all those things were of the past. She dared not look at her own life's future interest lightened, she dared not indulge a maiden's dream of love. When such a thought came to her unbidden she walked to the little mirror hung in the window room, and brushing aside the rich brown curls that clustered around her forehead, looked steadily, and rebuked her image thus: "Allie Lane, see there; 'you will never be good for any thing,' never; 'don't dream, don't listen to any other thoughts than that he said so, and it is true.'" It was a stern discipline and bitter, but she was no coward. Her saddened life had made her a girl of seventeen, and probably she shut out the bright hope of Arthur's love; but as resolutely it sprang up again, fresh and full in the germ of that. She knew he liked her society better than any other, and she resolved never to misinterpret it.

And so these years had gone by forever—years so bright that they were never forgotten amidst the cares and sorrows of after days. Joey was advancing rapidly in his studies: and if the teacher in room No. 1 sometimes flagged and grew weary, the pupils had bright faces and grateful words, "that she was just the dearest little sister in the world" that "I'm sure we cannot be take care of her one of these days," to reassure her.

Spring time came at last, and but a short time before Arthur Denton came for the vacation visits Squire Denton presented himself one morning at her school-room door, holding by the hand little Dick, his youngest born, and the pet child in all Christendom. He was seven years old, round, fat, with a saucy turn-up nose and a pair of twinkling eyes mischief-laden. The schoolmistress him, and added,

"I'm 'fraid you'll find him a little spoiled. You see he's got no mother to look after him, and old Betts don't manage him very well. Mebbe you can do something with him, you seem to git along with every body." Gently, Nick. He is a good boy, and don't be easy to him Allie."

So saying the Squire left the youngest scion of the house in her charge, much to her distress, for his reputation would have justified any one in preferring "Old" to his confidence of Nick. He was born around a tub full of water, trying to drown a little chicken, which of course was fluttering and cackling for its life. To put the Maltese kitten in the pounding barrel, because, he said, "the dirty kitty

must go in the wash," and he made faces at the washer-woman's baby until it almost went into fits.

Such was the unenviable notability of Nick Denton. It was small wonder that his father thought it was time to do something desperate. He was one of those clear-headed business men, who can by no means comprehend a child's nature —to whom they are only queer, incomprehensible little things. He would whip Nick heartily sometimes, and laugh at him at others; old Betts the housekeeper threatened him with "nagurs" and goblins, and consoled him with jam and cake. It was just nothing that poor motherless Nick was not, like a wild vine with no kind hand to prop it up or keep it from the poisonous weeds. This was to be Alice's task, and a hard one it proved.

Little Nick seemed quite peaceable the first month, but the second Alice's troubles began. She had put down her arm in Willie Mine's cap at recess, and there was the tow head stuck fast in it. As schulars laughed, she and as the little fellow grew red in the face and twisted and turned in her efforts to get it off. A pair of scissors and a sacrifice of an inch of Willie's hair consoled this mishap; but it was only a prelude to others. At last he became so unruly that she was obliged to punish him. A night or the ruler was her extreme infliction; but as she called him up, he twisted it out of her hands and hid it triumphantly behind him, walking backward with it toward the door.

She fixed her soft gray eyes on him and said, quietly:

"Nick, give me that ruler; you must mind me, or I shall be obliged to expel you."

His eyes never waver, and as she took a step nearer him he threw the ruler at her, just grazing her temple, shouting:

"I won't mind anybody, and I don't care for you, old Miss Crooked; you ain't good for any thing and I hate you!" Alice said no more, and the little imp was gone, banging the door and whooping down the street.

There was a profound silence for a moment as the pale teacher sat cowering down behind her desk, her fragile hands over her eyes, her frame shaking with fear and pain, and a tear now and then trickled down on the copy-book before her, strangely enough blotting out the word "friend" from its pages. The little scholars, half-frightened and wholly sympathizing, whispered together, softly—and Lucy Crane carried a great big apple that he had been hoarding for recess time, and set it up, directly in front of her on the desk, while Robbie True brought her a cup of water to bathe her bruised temple. These were little attentions, but they were very grateful nevertheless; and she wiped her eyes and smiled pleasantly on her little scholars, and after a while the routine went on the same as ever.

Nick did not come back. The Squire called to say "that he h'dwest Nick might as well stay home a little longer"—and from the mildness in his manner, she feared that the little rascal had misrepresented her. But oh! what was this to the wound which he had inflicted by a child's careless hand? "Arthur said so!" The words rung in her ears day and night. She recalled the slogan, that "Children and fools always speak the truth," and believed it true. It was a great sorrow to come to her, and yet she reflected that it was better to be awakened early—far better than that the little dream should go on; and bravely and resolutely she set her way, and lived the life of duty and care. Every one said that the teacher was growing thinner and paler; but she only smiled, and said that she was very well. Her mother and Josey knew nothing of her last trial—she did not wish them to.

At last Arthur came back, taller, handsomer, and more friendly than ever; but Alice met him coolly, or avoided him entirely. He was at first puzzled, then piqued, and tried to find another friend to be what she had been, but what she would be no longer. She would not explain to him the shadow that had come over her lest it might imply a wish to hear him speak in her favor; she could not complain to the little brother; and, now than all, she dared not risk the renewal of the pleasant old intimacy. She tried to forget him with a fair, graceful wife beside him, but the image was always blurred with her tears. No, no, she could not, she dared not; and thus it came to pass that Arthur came and went, and she never saw him except at a distance—the estrangement was complete.

It was one dark day in the October vacation that Alice was startled from her afternoon reverie by the voice of Squire Denton, who had come to ask her services. Nick—poor, wicked, vexatious little Nick—very, very ill, and the father's voice trembled as he said:

"I thought nothin' you would come up a little while and read to him. He is so kind o' lonely, and he says you can read better than I can. I ain't much of a reader."

It did not take her long to put on bonnet and shawl, to tell her mother where she had gone, and was soon under the sorrow-stricken old man's roof. All his faults, he loved the little boy—to reach the big house and the bedside of the child. He was in truth very ill, burning with fever, and old Betts, in mistaken kindness, had covered him up with blankets and given him warm tea to drink. His mouth was crimson, with a line of white around it, his eyes glittered strangely, and the restless hands moved to and fro.

Allie quietly threw back the heavy covering, bathed his hands and head, prepared ice-water for his parched lips, and fanned him until his grew quite calm. Then he looked at her languidly, saying,

"Are you my mother? Other boys have mothers when they are sick. Where did my mother go —I looked for her—Betts said she was in the church-yard, but I couldn't find her. Did you ever see her there?"

Then his pitiful ramblings went on. He recognized no one. The doctor came and went, but the medicines refused to act—the fever rioted through his veins, and all, except the father, knew now that little Nick must die. It was almost too much for Allie's composure when the poor old man came to the bedside at twilight, and, in a choking voice, said,

"Nick don't know no prayers—mebbe you'll say one for him."

Before she could answer a faint, weak voice from the bedside spoke,

"Yes I do, Allie, she told me one." And slowly and imperfectly he repeated, "Now I lay me;" then sighed with the unwonted effort, and relapsed into a state of quietness again.

Five days had gone by since Allie had come to nurse the boy. Never once relieved her, but he clung to her strangely. In his lucid intervals he had made his peace with her, and would lie quiet while she prayed for him. Then he knew he loved holding her hand. She tried to lead him to think of the bright heaven where his mother was waiting for him; but he shrunk away sometimes wearily, saying,

"I spect I'm too wicked to stay there with her! If she could have staid down in the church-yard I could be there; but I don't b'leeve they will want me in heaven—I'm very bad you see. Betts says I am the worst boy ever was."

Then would come on feverish phantoms and muttered words. They were on the Sabbath night. He began to ask for Arthur and Jack—they were already on their way home, and were expected every moment. They came in the morning—his hours were growing few. They came when the sunset was almost over, and the dying British soul was trying to look upward where the teacher would fain lead him. He smiled feebly and returned their kiss; then he went on in his childish supplication, asking for pardon for "teasing old Betts; for hurting the dogs and cats;" and "please God forgive me for saying naughty words." Again he told her a lie 'bout Arthur's saying she was good for nothing, and crooked; and please let me come where Jesus will take care of me and Mary and Ben mother, and please let father—" They listened not to the words, but watched the sweet, childly agony, and little Nick could neither be sick nor troublesome any more.

Time flies on regardless of human joys and sorrows: the years come freighted with changes. Three years have passed away since the house under the maples there have come new faces. Josey Lane has a situation in a mercantile firm in the city, and lives together in keeping-room for him; for Allie is Allis Lane no longer. In the big house she reigns its honored mistress, with the brawny arm to shelter her and the truest heart to love her in all the land; while the Squire, grown very grave and still, has not a new face to look upon, and a new purpose in his life, blesses the hour when Arthur married the girl who was "Good for Nothing."

THE PRINCE OF WALES IN CANADA.

HAMILTON AND LONDON, CANADA WEST.

We publish on page 589 a view of King Street, Hamilton, and on page 589 a general view of the city of London, the two principal cities in Canada West after Toronto. The Prince's visit has familiarized our readers with the names of both places.

Hamilton, the second city in Upper Canada in wealth, population, and commerce, is beautifully situated on the shores of the splendid lake of water at the western extremity of Lake Ontario. Its present population is about 25,000, and as the city is rapidly increasing in size the prostration of the late commercial crisis its number is already increasing. The town is built on an inclined plain rising gently from the shore of the lake for about two miles, where it is terminated by a ridge of high land known as "the Mountain." From this elevation it affords a most magnificent panoramic view can be obtained of the surrounding country. Toronto, though, lying at right angles, wide and well built, the buildings presenting a clean and handsome appearance from the whiteness of the stone used in their construction, which is quarried in the neighborhood. The public buildings are extensive and handsome, and the wholesale warehouses unequaled in the province. The Annual Exhibition of the Provincial Agricultural Association is this year to be held at Hamilton, the inauguration of which will be graced by the presence of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. Our view represents the scene of King Street on the occasion of opening the fountains which have recently been erected, and add much to the appearance of the street. The fountains are supplied with water from Lake Ontario, by the waterworks which the city has lately constructed at a cost of over $800,000; the water being pumped by enormous engines from Lake Ontario to a reservoir four miles distant on the mountain, from whence it is distributed to the city three miles off.

Queen water-works far exceeding in size those of any other city in America.

London, Canada West, is a city beautifully situated almost equidistant between Hamilton and Erie, in the County of Middlesex. It was laid out by the Canadian Government in 1826 as a country town, and from the beauty of its site, and the richness of the country around, soon began to increase in population. In 1839 there was a population of about 600 souls in London, and in 1851 it had risen to 1000. It became a garrison town in 1837, owing to the then serious rebellion in Canada, and from that time until 1853 there was always one and frequently two regiments stationed in the town. At each regiment consisted of about 1000, officers and men, the presence of the military caused a large expenditure, and thus aided greatly in adding to the importance and prosperity of the town. At the outbreak of the Crimean war, in 1853, the military were altogether removed, and the handsome and commodious barracks have since been the tenantless. London was incorporated as a city in 1855, and the population that year must have been more than 12,000 souls, to which large number it had gone on steadily increasing during previous years. The city suffered severely from the bad crops of 1856–57–58, being almost entirely dependent on the agricultural community, and the great crisis of 1857 helped to aid to the general depression. In 1859, however, there was a fair crop, and the crop of the present year is unusually abundant. The city has accordingly fast been reviving, and there is now a general and increasing desire on the part of every one to pursue their business steadily and energetically.

The population is not so great as in 1855, being now about 11,000, but the continuing prosperity is already bringing in new-comers, and the city will soon go ahead once more. Within the last few years many handsome buildings have been erected, among which may be specially noticed the Bank of British North America, the Post-office, the Commercial Bank of Canada, and the City Hall, all of which are beautifully faced and ornamented with stone work. The Church of England, with its recently-erected cathedral in College, and the Old Church of Scotland, the Wesleyan Methodists, and Roman Catholics also possess elegant structures. The streets are wide and handsome, and in Dundas and Richmond streets the stores and buildings will vie with any in the Province. There is a large produce market in London, where considerable business is done every day, and on Wednesdays and Saturdays there is a large market square, covering some five acres of land, is crowded with teams, and in their respective seasons immense quantities of wood, hides, cattle, and grains, fine and coarse, change hands. Agreat many American boys buy in London, including steel, wheat, and wheat. In the markets building itself, which is a neat and commodious structure, there is always a tempting display of fish, game, fruit, and fowl. Apart from its situation and the rich and fertile country with which it is surrounded, may well be said, as is frequently said, to be seated in the midst of the garden of Canada.

WANTED—A DIAMOND RING.

I SAW it kicked by the careless Balmorals of a jaunty nurse; I saw a fat morsel of humanity make for it with a hey!—broken into divers hey-ey-eys by pudgy fingers; I saw it stooped and secured it, thereby causing the fat one to pull up short, stare at me with two black carraways stuck in a dreary expanse of dough, make a dumpy thumb in six orifice of the same expanse, and trot back again with that article of dress under discussion—a moment which is the peculiar attribute of the London infant population.

Having ascertained the nature of my prize, I proceeded to meditate on the proper course to be taken, which meditation resulted in the following advertisement:

FOUND this evening, Wednesday, in the Regent's Park, nearly opposite the New College, a valuable diamond ring. The owner may recover it by calling at No. 19, Witton Place, etc.

Before noon on the following day I was making my most sweeping bow to a somewhat-jocular old gentleman whose white hairs and benevolent smile added a double charm to the grace with which he stepped forward, and, waving ceremony, extended his hand, saying:

"You have taken a weight from my mind, my young friend, and I know how to thank you."

The insinuating delicacy of the adjective (I am not more than forty-five) was, perhaps, not without its effect. I accepted the offered pledge of amity in respectful silence.

"A young friend," continued the patriarch, "may possibly find it difficult to understand how the loss of a trinket can be a source of positive suffering to an old one, but I am willing to my lost ring—there are associations connected with it which—ahem! This is childish, you will excuse my emotion."

I bowed profoundly in the presence of this natural agitation.

"I have passed some hours of sleeplessness and distress, from which you have been the means of relieving me; and believing you to be honest, I only remains nothing now but to reimburse you for—"

Here the old gentleman drew forth his purse, and proceeded to unclasp it.

"Excuse me, Sir," I stammered, rather hurriedly, "but if I am to be a party, you can doubtless describe the armorial bearings?"

"Armorial bearings, Sir! It was a diamond ring."

"Certainly."

"A plain diamond ring!" repeated the old gentleman, sternly. "Do not attempt to play tricks with me, young man. I will point out to you directly—"

I beg your pardon," said I, drawing back from the outstretched hand, "but, as the ring in my possession is accurately engraved with a crest and motto, I conclude it can not be the one you are in search of."

The old gentleman eyed me for a moment keenly.

"I am afraid you are right," he sighed, in a tone of deep dejection; "I must seek further. Alas! what a melancholy termination to my hopeful journey."

Spoed the parting, welcome the coming guest," is a very good motto. I made no attempt to detain my venerable friend; but, as he turned toward the door, I was certain I saw beneath the silver hairs a look of dark and shining brown.

My next visitor was a lady extensively get up, of imposing height and carriage, rouged, scented, spectacled.

"We meet under singular circumstances," began this lady, with confascending haughtiness: "I am the principal of a college for young ladies—"

With a deferential acknowledgment of the honor done me, I begged to know what had procured it.

"In the hours of recreation we are accustomed to promenade in the Park—a delightful spot, a suggestive of the blushing country!—during our ramble of yesterday, a young lady under my charge was so unfortunate enough to lose her ring. You, Sir, are the fortunate finder."

"I certainly did, madam, pick up a ring; but—"

"Ah! how grateful shall we dear girls will be at beholding it again!" exclaimed the teacher of youth, raising her hands, ecstatically.

"May I trouble you to describe the ring?"

Describe it! A diamond ring, Sir—handsome and massive, but plain."

"And the crest?"

"The crest! Ah! but my young charge were with me. Stupid! to have forgotten. The crest of the Debonaires. It it a lion passant or? No; I am wrong. I remember that she should to me unwell to accompany me! But it is immaterial. I will take it for her inspection—she will be able to recognize it at once."

"Pardon me, madam; but I should scarcely be justified—"

"Sir!!"

"I feel it my duty," I said, firmly, "under the circumstances, to take every precaution against mistake. I am sure the young lady is not too scrupulously indisposed to give you the necessary description."

"Very well, Sir! Exceedingly well! It is I who have been mistaken. I fancied—yes; actually fancied—that I was speaking to a gentleman! You will find, Sir, to your cost, that the lady principal of a college is not to be insulted with impunity! I shall write you a good-morning."

Very harrowing this. I can scarcely recovered from the lady principal when there is a dash of wheels in the street, and a young fellow, flicking the reins to a groom in livery, sprangs up the steps to the front door.

"Oh, dash it!" he begins, breathing out a volume of stale tobacco; "I beg your pardon, and that, too! Mistaken—dash it! I mean you and then—told me I should find my ring here, so I ordered out the vessel and the cats, and spun along like nimrods for it!"

"I shall be very glad to restore the ring I was unfortunate enough to find when I can discover its owner."

"Discover! dash it! Didn't I tell you it's mine? I—I wish you wouldn't be so precious slow—I don't want the cats to get cold. I've just had 'em shampooed, you know, naphthaed and dashed."

"What sort of ring was yours?"

"What sort! Oh, come, as if you didn't know —that's good."

I intimated that I should be glad to find out if he knew.

"Not know my own ring, eh! I know it's worth a couple o' ponies. Come, let's hear the damage, and I'll settle up."

"You can describe the device?"

"Device, eh? What, the governor's? Bless me, I've worn it here for every hunt in the day, to do me out of my rightful allowance. Device! Oh, come, you don't expect me to do the heraldic dodge, dash it!"

"I can not give up the ring unless you describe it."

"Oh, dash it, don't chaff a fellow, now. I shouldn't care a rap about the thing, only it belonged to mother's last party, and the governor's cut up so deuced rough. I've got heaps of 'em. Come, I'll swop you any one of these for it, because of the governor."

I respectfully declined the proposal.

"Well, dash it," exclaimed the young fellow, as though struggling with a sudden idea, "make a couple of muffs we are! Why don't you turn the thing? I could tell in a minute if it's mine, dash it!"

I replied that I was sorry I could not oblige him, and added that I had better not obtain an exact description of the "thing" from his governor, I recommended him not to keep the cats any longer in the cold.

Mem. I am getting exceedingly tired of my treasure-trove. I retire to my room with a view of dressing for dinner. I am informed that a lady wishes to see me, and I am afraid my mental ejaculation was not complimentary to the lady in question.

A tall, graceful figure, draped in heavy mourning, rises as I enter the room. She opens the negotiation in some confusion. She is very, very fair. She has come to me in the hope of regaining a ring, exceedingly dear, the parting gift of a fond father to her brother and herself.

My eye rests on the crape about her dress, on her pale cheek and fair face, from the flush of confusion and timidity has faded. Deferentially I request her to describe it.

"A large diamond, handsome," she believed, "but valuable to her for far other reasons."

"But," I said, gently, "shared on the gold inside the ring there is—"

"A crest, I am aware of it," she answered, sadly, "but I know nothing of the motto, and have never given it more than a casual glance. My brother is dying, Sir," she said, lifting up her pale face to mine. "Only this morning he missed the ring from my finger uneasily; we are alone in the world: it is the only relic left of one so kind to us, how can I tell him it is lost?"

"I am sorry to pain you," I said, striving to be firm; "but it would be more satisfactory for all parties, and cause but little delay, if you could obtain the description from your brother."

Without a word and turned, the mournful resignation of her air and attitude touched me, and,

as she turned, I saw a tear roll silently down and fall upon the hand stretched out to the door-handle. I couldn't stand that.

"Stop!" I exclaimed, "one moment. I am sure—I feel certain—I may trust you. You will tell me—"

I take the ring from its security, I hold it out timidly for the blue eyes to examine.

I see yet the look of delight overspread her fine features—I see the expression of almost childish pleasure in her eyes as she looked up at me, as she clasped her hands, and cried out, "The ring, the ring! Oh, Alfred, my dear brother!"

Her hand was upon it; such a tremulous happy eagerness in her glance; such a caressing fondness in her way of fingering it. How pretty she was!

"My dear child" (I am forty-five) "it gives me sincere pleasure—" Then I stammer, then I spring after her. "At least, you will leave your address with me."

What a look shades her face now! Wounded integrity mingled with pity for me.

"Ah, Sir," she says, sadly, handing me the card on which she has been pencilling, "some day you will be sorry for this. You do not trust me."

Certainly, I am a brute. The accent of reproach in her voice haunts me; the sorrowful glance of her eye—how pretty she is! I sit down to my breakfast in the morning, half inclined to call at the address given, and apologize for my heathenish distrust. How delightful to see her in her own peculiar atmosphere, ministering to the sick brother who is all she has in the world, to look upon if one can not enjoy the beautiful tenderness of a gentle sister to an afflicted brother. But my letters wait, and I toy with them. This is a hoax I know. What does Fred want, I wonder? I tear it open: I read:

"DEAR JACK.—What a queer chance if you have stumbled upon my ring. I was obliged to run down to Romford late last evening, and never missed it till we slackened at Ilford. A pretty taking I've been in. If it's mine, the crest is inside: you know it—a mailed hand holding a lance, and the motto 'Armed at all points.' Verily, truth is stranger than fiction. Keep it for me.

"Yours,
"TOM VYVYAN."

Idiot! Gull! It is quite useless to call myself names. It is almost superfluous to add, that when I called at a certain address in Eaton Square to inquire for Miss Lucy Hamilton, the lady was not found. Probably, the "dear Alfred" had required speedy change of air; probably, brother and sister were even now embracing in rapturous gratitude over the precious relic of that one lost to them so lately. Was that dear one not lost, but transformed? Had the silver-haired patriarch of the first visit changed to the dashing buck of the third? And was the virtuous teacher of youth only the tender sister in masquerade? On my word, I believe so. I dare say they are enjoying the joke. Possibly it is a dodge often repeated. But what am I to say to Fred?

"THE RING, THE RING! OH, ALFRED, MY DEAR BROTHER!"

A DAY'S RIDE:

A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

By CHARLES LEVER.

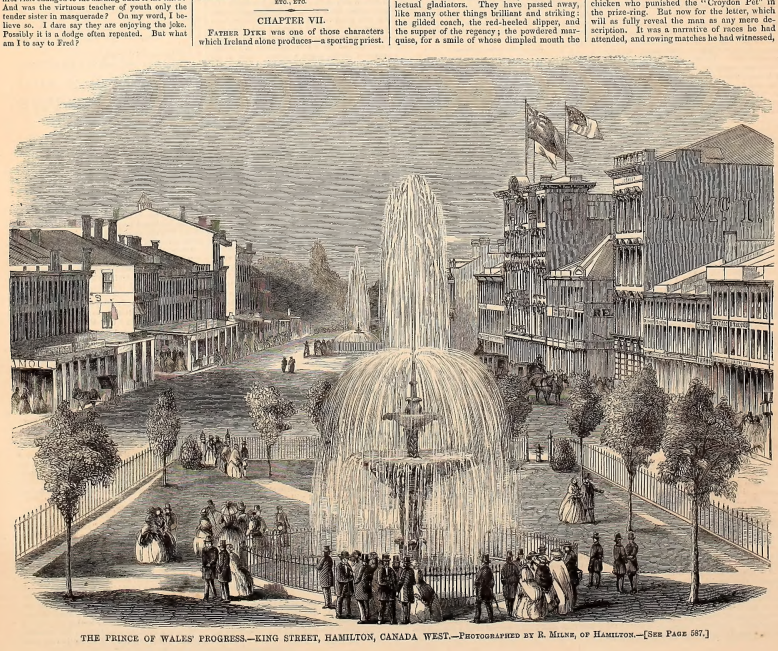
AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," "HARRY LORREQUER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

FATHER DYKE was one of those characters which Ireland alone produces—a sporting priest. In France, Spain, or Italy, the type is unknown. Time was when the able, elegant, witty, and well-bred, was a great element of polished life: when his brilliant conversation and his insidious address threw all the charm of culture over a society which was only rescued from coarseness by the marvelous dexterity of such intellectual gladiators. They have passed away, like many other things brilliant and striking—the gilded conch, the red-heeled slipper, and the supper of the regency; the powdered marquise, for a smile of whose dimpled mouth the deadly rapier has flashed in the moonlight; the perfumed beauty, for one of whose glances a poet would have racked his brain to render worthily in verse; the gilded salon where, in a sort of incense, all the homage of genius was offered up before the altar of loveliness—gone are they all!

An fond, the world is pretty much the same, although we drive to a club dinner in a one-horse brougham; and if we meet the cure of St. Roch, we find him to be rather a morose middle-aged man with a taste for truffles, and a talent for silence. It is not as the successor of the witty abbe that I adduce the sporting priest, but simply as a variety of the ecclesiastical character which, doubtless, a very few more years will have consigned to the realm of history. He, too, will be a by-gone! Father Tom, as he was popularly called, not ever needing any more definite designation, was tam Martæ quam Mercurio, as much poacher as priest, and made his sporting acquirements subservient to the demands of an admirable table. The thickest salmon, the most curdy trout, the fattest partridge, and the most tender woodcock, smoked on his board, and, rumor said, cooked with a delicacy that more pretentious houses could not rival. In the great world nothing is more common than to see some favored individual permitted to do things which, by common voice, are proclaimed impracticable or improper. With a sort of prescriptive right to outrage the ordinances of society, such people accept no law but their own inclination, and seem to declare that they are altogether exempt from the restraints that bind other men. In a small way and an humble sphere, Father Tom enjoyed this privilege, and there was not in his whole county to be found one man churlish or ungenerous enough to dispute it; and thus was he suffered to throw his line, snap his gun, or unleash his dog in precincts where many with higher claims had been refused permission.

But it was not alone that he enjoyed the invigorating pleasure of field-sports in practice, but he delighted in every thing which bore any relationship to them. There was not a column of *Bell's Life* in which he had not his sympathy—the pigeon-match, the pedestrian, the Yankee trotter, the champion for the silver sculls at Chelsea, the dog "Billy," were all subjects of interest to him. Never did the most inveterate blue-stocking more delight in the occasion of meeting a great celebrity of letters, than did he when chances threw him in the way of the jock who rode the winner at the Oaks, or the game chicken who punished the "Croydon Pet" in the prize-ring. But now for the lovers, which will as fully reveal the man as any mere description. It was a narrative of races he had attended, and rowing matches he had witnessed,



THE PRINCE OF WALES' PROGRESS.—KING STREET, HAMILTON, CANADA WEST.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY R. MILNE, OF HAMILTON.—[SEE PAGE 587.]

with little episodes of hawking, badger-drawing, and cock-fighting intermixed:

"'I came down here—Brighton—to swim for a wager of five-and-twenty sovereigns against a Major Blayse, of the Third Light Dragoon Guards; we made the match after mess at Aldershot, when neither of us was any thing to speak of too sober; but as we were backed strongly—his father the favorite—there was no way of drawing the bet. I beat him after a hard struggle; we were two hours and forty minutes in the water, and netted about sixty pounds besides. We dined with the depôt in the evening, and I won a ten-pound note on a question of whether there ought to be saffron in the American drink called 'greased lightning;' but this was not the only piece of luck that attended me, as you shall hear. As I was taking my morning canter on the downs, I perceived that a stranger—a pokey-like fellow, not quite a gentleman, but near it—seemed to keep me in view; now riding past, now behind me, and always bestowing his whole attention on my nag. Of course I showed the beast off to the best, and handled him skillfully. I thought to myself, he likes the pony; he'll be for making me an offer for him. I was right. I had just seated myself at breakfast when the stranger sent his card with a request to speak to me. He was a foreigner, but spoke very correct English, and his object was to learn if I would sell my horse. It is needless to say that I refused at once. The animal suited me, and I was one of those people who find it excessively difficult to be mounted to their satisfaction. I needed temper, training, action, gentleness, beauty, high courage, and perfect steadiness, and a number of such-like seeming incongruities. He looked a little impatient at all this; he seemed to say, 'I know all this kind of nonsense; I have heard shiploads of such gammon before. He frank and say what's the figure; how much do you want for him?' He looked this, I say; but he never uttered a word, and at last I asked him,

"'Are you a dealer?'

"'Well,' said he, with an arch smile, 'something in that line.'

"'I thought so,' said I. 'The pony is a rare good one.'

"He nodded assent.

"'He can jump a bar of his own height?'

"Another nod.

"'And he's as fresh on his legs—'

"'As if he were not twenty-six years old,' broke he in.

"'Twenty-six fiddle-sticks! Look at his mouth; he has an eight-year old mouth.'

"'I know it,' said he, dryly; 'and so he had fourteen years ago. Will you take fifty sovereigns for him?' added he, drawing out a handful of gold from his pocket.

"'No,' said I, firmly; 'nor sixty, nor seventy, nor eighty?'

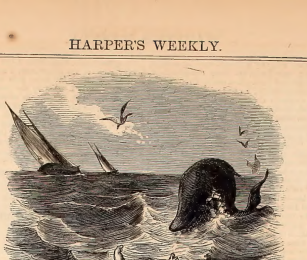
"'I am sorry to have intruded upon you,' said he, rising, 'and I beg you to excuse me. The simple fact is, that I am one who gains his living by horses, and it is only possible for me to exist by the generosity of those who deal with me.'

"This appeal was a home thrust, and I said, 'What can you afford to give?'

"'All I have here,' said he, producing a handful of gold, and spreading it on the table.

"We set to counting, and there were sixty-seven sovereigns in the mass. I swept off the money into the palm of my hand, and said, 'The beast is yours.'

"He drew a long breath, as if to relieve his heart of a load of care, and said, 'Men of my stamp, and who lead such lives as I do, are rarely superstitious.'



SWIMMING FOR A WAGER AGAINST A MAJOR BLAYSE.

"'Very true,' said I, with a nod of encouragement for him to go on.

"'Well,' said he, resuming, 'I never thought for a moment that any possibility could have made me so. If ever there was a man that laughed at lucky and unlucky days, despised omens, sneered at warnings, and scorned at predictions, I was he; and yet I have lived to be the most credulous and the most superstitious of men. It is now fourteen years and twenty-seven days—I remember the time to an hour—since I sold that pony to the Prince Ernest von Saxenhausen, and since that day I never had luck. So long as I owned him all went well with me. I ought to tell you that I am the chief of a company of equestrians, and one corps, known as "Klaus kunk ridens," was the most celebrated on the Continent. In three years I made three hundred thousand guilders, and if the devil had not induced me to sell "Schätzchen"—that was his name—I should be this day as rich as Herman Rothschild! From the hour he walked out of the circus our calamities began. I lost my wife by fever at Wiesbaden, the most perfect high-school horse-woman in Europe; my son, of twenty years of age, fell and dislocated his neck; the year after, at Vienna, my daughter Gretchen was blinded riding through a fiery hoop at Homburg; and four years later, all the company died of yellow fever at the Havana, leaving me utterly beggared and ruined. Now these, you would say, though great misfortunes, are all in the course of common events. But what will you say when, on the eve of each of them, "Schatzchen" appeared to me in a dream, performing some well-known feat or other, and bringing down, as he ever did, thunders of applause; and never did he so appear without a disaster coming after. I struggled hard before I suffered this notion to influence me. It was years before I even mentioned it to any one; and I used for a while to make a jest of it in the circus, saying, "Take care of yourselves to-night, for I saw 'Schatzchen.'" Of course they were not the stuff to be deterred by such warnings, but they became so at last. That they did, and were so terrified, so thoroughly terrified, that the day after one of my visions not a single member of the troop would venture on a hazardous feat of any kind; and if we performed at all, it was only some commonplace exercises, with few risks and no daring exploits whatever. Worn out with evil fortune, crushed and almost broken-hearted, I struggled on for years, secretly determining, if ever I should chance upon him, to buy back "Schätzchen" with my last penny in the world. Indeed, there were moments in which such was the intense excitement of my mind, I could have committed a dreadful crime to regain possession of him. We were on the eve of embarking for Ostend the other night, when I saw you riding on the strand, and I came ashore at once to track you out, for I knew him, though fully half a mile away. None of my comrades could guess what detained me, nor understand why I asked each of them in turn to lend me whatever money he could spare. It was in this way I made up the little purse you see. It was thus provided that I dared to present myself to-day before you.'

"As he gave me this narrative his manner grew more eager and excited as he went on, and I could not help feeling that his mind, from the long-continued pressure of one thought, had received a serious shock. It was exactly one of those cases which physicians describe as leaving the intellect unimpaired while the faculties are under the thralldom of a dominant and all-pervading impression. I saw this more palpably, when, having declined to accept more than his original offer of fifty pounds, I replaced the remainder in his hand, he evinced scarcely any gratitude for my liberality, so totally was he engrossed by the idea that the horse was now his own, and that Fortune would no longer have any pretext for using him so severely as before.

"'I don't know—I can not know,' said he, 'if Fortune mean to deal more kindly by me than heretofore, but I feel a sort of confidence in the future now; I have a kind of trustful courage as to what may come, that tells me no disaster will deter me, no mishap cast me down.'

"These were his words as he arose to take his leave. Of his meeting with the pony I am afraid to trust myself to speak. It was such an overflow of affection as one might witness from a long absence when on being once again restored to his own. I can not say that the beast knew him, nor would I go so far as to assert that he did not, for certainly some of his old instincts seemed gradually to revive within him on hearing certain words; and when ordered to take a graceful farewell of me, the pony planted a foreleg on each of his master's shoulders, and, taking off his hat with his teeth, bowed twice or thrice in the most deferential fashion to me. I wished them both every success in life, and we parted. As I took my evening's stroll on the pier I saw them embark for Ostend, the pony sheeted most carefully, and every imaginable precaution taken to insure him against cold. The man himself was poor clad and indifferently provided against the accidents of the voyage. As he appeared to feel that the disparity required a word of apology, for he said, in a whisper: 'I'll soon furnish me with a warm cloak; it'll not leave me long in difficulties!' I assure you, my dear Crofton, there was something contagious in the poor fellow's superstition, for, as he sailed away, the thought lay heavily on my heart, 'What if I, too, should have parted with my good luck in life?' How if I have bartered my fortune for a few pieces of money?' The longer I dwelt on this theme the more forcibly did it strike me. My original possession of the animal was accomplished in a way that aided the illusion. It was thus I won him on a hit of backgammon!'

As I read thus far, the paper dropped from my hands, my head reeled, and in a faint dreamy state, as if dragged by some strong narcotic, I sank, I know not how long, unconscious. The first thing which met my eyes on awakening, was the line, "I won him on a hit of backgammon!" The whole story was at once before me. It was of Blondel I was reading! Blondel was the beast whose influence had swayed one man's destiny. So long as he owned him, he world went well and happily with him; all prospered and succeeded. It was a charm like the old lamp of Aladdin. And this was the treasure I had lost. So far from imputing an ignorant superstition to the German, I conceived in every speculation, every theory of his invention. The man had evidently discovered one of those curious problems in what we rashly call the doctrine of chances. It was not the animal himself that secured good fortune, it was that, in his "circumstances," what Strauff calls "die unringende Begebenheiten" of his lot, this creature was sure to call forth efforts and develop resources in his possessor, of which, without his aid, he would have gone all through life unconscious.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE CITY OF LONDON, CANADA WEST.—[SEE PAGE 587.]

Thewvolgar notion that our lives are the sport of accident—the minute too early or too late—the calm that detained us—the snow-storm that blocked the road—the chance meeting with this or that man, which we lay such stress on—what are they in reality but trivial incidents without force or effect, save as they impel to action? They call out certain qualities in our nature by which our whole character become modified. Your horse balks at a fence and throws you over his head; the fall is not a very grave one, and you can scarcely hurt; you have fallen into a turnip-field, and the honest fellow who is hoeing away near comes kindly to your aid, and, in good Samaritan fashion, bathes your temples and restores you. When you leave him at last, you go forth with a kindlier notion of human nature; you recognize that tie "that makes the world akin," and you seem to think that had toil hardened not the heart, nor a life of drudge shuts out generous sympathies—the lesson is a life one. But suppose that in your fall you alight on a bed of choice tulips, your descent is made of a rich parterre of starry anemones, and that your first conscious struggles are met with words of anger and reproach, instead of sorrow for your suffering; you hear accusations on your horsemanship, and insults on your riding. No sympathy, no kindness, no generous anxiety for your safety, but all that can irritate and offend. More thought, in fact, for the prize-bed of a flower than for the ligaments of your knee. There, too, is the lesson—a life one—and its fruits will be bitter memories for many a year. The events of our existence are in reality nothing, save in our treatment of them. By Blondel did I recognize one of those suggestive characters which mould fate by moulding temperament. The duty-spirit of German saw this: I can see there *he* knew that in that animal was typified all that his life might become. Why should not I contest the point with him? Blondel was charged with another destiny as well as his.

I turned once more to the letter, but I could not bear to read it, so many were the impertinent allusions to myself, my manner, my appearance, and my conversation. Most were insulting were the speculations as to what class or condition I belonged to. "He puzzled us completely," wrote one, "for while unmistakably a gar in many things, there were certain indications of reading and education about him that refuted the notion of his being what Kildrum thought—an escaped counter-jumper! The Guardsman insisted he was a valet: my own impression was, the fellow had kept a first-class cleaning library, and gone mad with the three-volume novels. At all events, I gave him a gruel him a lesson which, whether profitable or not to *him*, has turned out tolerably well for *me*. If ever you choose to hear of fellow—his name is Podder or Fedder, I think—pray let me know, for my curiosity is still unslaked about him." He thence went off to a sort of running commentalogue of my sign and token, so positively insulting that I can not recall it; the whole winding up—"I'll bet a trifle that the fellow is a deputy of tone, with a lisp and a Dublin accent, and you can scarcely mistake him." Verd I say, benevolent reader, that fouler calumnies were never uttered, nor more unfounded slanders ever ventured?

It is not in this age of photography that a man need defend his appearance. By the aid of sun and collodion I may perhaps convince you that I am not so devoid of personal graces as this foulmouthed priest would persuade you. I am, possibly, in this pledge, exceeding the exact limit to which this publication may enable me to sustain. I may be contrasting an engagement which can not be, consistent with its principles, fulfilled. If so, I must be your artist; but I swear to you that I shall not flatter. Potts painted by himself, shall be a true portrait. Meanwhile, I have time to look out for my canvas, and you will be patient enough to wait till it be filled.

Again to this confounded letter:

"There is another reason," wrote he, "why I should like to chance upon this fellow." ("This fellow' meant me.) "I used to fancy myself somewhat in the imaginative department of conversation, by the vulgar called lying. Here, I own, with some shame, he was my match. A more fearless, determined, good-natured liar, I never met. Now, as one who deems himself no small proficient in the art, I would really like to meet him once more. We could compare with each other like the sagurs of old, and agree to be candid and free-spoken together, exchanging our ideas on this great topic, and frankly communicating any secret knowledge each might deem that he possessed. I do not, however, wish to pass an evening with him alone, to hear from his own lips the sort of early training and discipline his mind went through, who was his first instructors, what his original inducements. Of one thing I feel certain: a man thus constituted has only to put the curb upon his faculty to be most successful in life, his perils will all lie in the exuberance of his resources: let him simply bend himself to believe in some of the impositions he would force upon others. Let him give his delusions the force acquired by convictions, and there is no limit to what he may become. Be on the look-out, therefore, for him, as a great psychological phenomenon, then once more call on me."

"Your sincerely attached friend,

"THOMAS DARCY DUFF."

"P.S. I have just remembered his name. It was Potts: the villain said from the Pozzo di Borgo family. I'm sure with this hint you can't fail to run him to earth; and I entreat of you spare no pains to do it."

There followed here some more impertinent personalities as clews to my discovery, which my indignation will generously excuse me to let I do not stop to record; enough to say they were as unfounded as they were scurrilous.

Another and very different train of thought, however, soon banished these considerations. This letter had been given me by Crofton, who had already read it; he had perused all its insolent narrative about me before handing it to me, and, doubtless, in so doing, had no other intention than to convey, in the briefest and most emphatic way, to me that I was found out. It was simply saying, in the strongest possible space, "Thou art the man!" Oh, the ineffable shame and misery of that thought! Oh, the bitterness of feeling by my companion should now be viewed and pursued at once!

"Only think, Mary," I fancied I heard him say—only think who our friend should turn out to be—this same Potts: the fellow that vanquished Father Dyke in extempore lying, and outlied the priest! And here we have been lavishing kindness and attentions upon one who, after all, is little better than a pickpocket, who, under false colors and fictitious credentials; for who can now credit one syllable about his having written those verses he read for us, or proposed that tale of which he told us the opening? What a lesson in future about extending confidence to utter strangers! What caution and reserve should it not teach us! How guarded, all should be be not to suffer ourselves to be fascinated by the captivations of manner and the insinuating charms of address! If Potts had been plain, prepossessing, unpretending, ungifted and agreeable—if, instead of being a consummate man of the world, with the breeding of a courtier and the knowledge of a scholar, he had been a pedantic puppy with a lisp and a Dublin accent—" Oh, ignominy and disgrace! these were the very features of the priest in describing me, which came so aptly to my memory; and I grew furious with myself as I recalled them. I next became angry. Was this conduct of Crofton's delicate or considerate? Was it becoming in a friend that treated me as his friend thus abruptly to conclude our intimacy by an insult? Handing me such a letter was saying, "There's a pariah, can you say any one it resembles?" How much more generous had he said, "Here's one all about this wager of yours with Father Dyke—he'd like to hear *your* account of it, for old Tom is not a bit more veracious of late years"—the most merely-mouthed of commentators. Just give me *your* version of the incident, Potts, and I am satisfied it will be true to the letter." This is what he might, that's what he ought to have said. I can swear it is what I, Potts, would have done for *him*, or by any other considerate and respectful manners and pleasing qualities had won my esteem and confidential regard. I'd have said, "Potts, I have seen enough of life to know how unjust it is to measure men by one and the same standard. The noble, unconscious nature can not be ranked with the cold and calculating spirit. The imaginative man has the same necessity for the development of his creature faculty as the strongly muscular man of bodily exercise. He must blow off the steam of his invention or he bursts. You are certain to Von and Le Sage and Alexandre Dumas are a category. You are not the Clerks of a Census Commission, or Masters in Equity. You are the chartered libertines of fiction. Shake out your reefs and go free—free as the winds that waft you!"

To all these reflections came the last one. I must be up and doing, and that speedily. I will recover Blondel, if I devote my life to the task. I will regain him, let the cost be what it may. Blondel upon that occasion, I will ride up to the Rosary; the time shall be evening; a sun just sank behind the trees shall have left in the upper atmosphere a golden and rosy light, which shall tip his mane with a softened lustre, and shed over my eye-vision a rich Titian-like tint. "I come,' will I say, 'to vindicate the fair fame of one who once owned your affection. It is Potts, the man of mystery, the child of enthusiasm, who now presents himself before you. Poor, if you like to call him so, in sordid rank or skill, poor in possessions, but rich, boundlessly rich, in the stores of an ideal wealth. Blondel and I are the embodiment of two ideas. These fancies you have characterized as lies are but the plot bulloons by which great minds calculate the current in the upper air they are about to soar in.'"

And, last of all, there was a sophistry that possessed a great charm for my mind, in this wise: to enable a man humble as myself to reach that station in which a career of adventure should open before him, I thought must be won, some position gained. That I assume to be something that I am not, is simply to say that I trade upon credit. If my future transactions be all honorable and trust-worthy—if by a friend, only known to my own heart, I assume that eminence from which I can distribute benefits to hundreds—who is to stigmatize me as a fraudulent trader?

Is it not a well-known fact that many of those now acknowledged as the wealthiest of men, might, in some time of their early lives, have been declared insolvent had the real state of their affairs been known? The world, however, had given them confidence, and time did the rest. Let the same world be but as generous to myself, I say, and the success may say is confidently and boldly—the day will come when I can "show my books," and "point to my balance sheet." When Archimedes asked for a base on which to rest his lever, he merely uttered the great truth that some one fixed point is essential to the success of a motive power.

It is by our use or abuse of opportunity we are either good or bad men. The physician is not less conversant with noxious drugs than the poisoner; the difference lies in the fact that the one employs his skill to the destruction, the other, to work out evil and destruction. If I, therefore, but make some feigned station in life the ground-work from which I can become the benefactor of my fellow-men, I shall be good and blameless. My heart tells me how well and how fairly I mean by the world; I would succor the weak, console the afflicted, and lift up the oppressed; and if to carry out grand and glorious conceptions of this kind all that is needed is a certain self-delusion which may extend its influence to others, "God is," I say, "Potts; be all that your fancy suggests."

Dives, bonaparte, polecier, rex decisque regum—be rich, honored, and fair, a prince or a beggar—but, above all, never distrust your destiny or doubt your star."

TWO LOVE STORIES.

I.

LAURA LESLIE has a lover;
She is lovely, loving and fair;
The summer birds that sing above her
Scarcely are so blithe as she.

Happy days! when she awakens,
Flowers from him are by her bed;
Every lonely hour she reckons
Brings a gift in Harry's stead.

Every sunset, through the flowers,
Laura and her lover stray,
Careless of the idling hours
Heedless of the waning day.

Laura's parents watch, admiring
Love so tender, so complete;
While a little orphan hireling
Flies her needle at their feet.

What should now delay the marriage?
Every comfort they prepare;
House and gardens, horses, carriage,
Fall to Laura Leslie's share.

Soon, upon a summer morning,
Mary stands by Laura's side,
Little orphan hands adorning
Harry's young and happy bride.

II.

Orphan Mary has a lover;
Miles away from her is he;
The wintry clouds that hang above her
Scarcely are so sad as she.

Every morning when she wakens,
Prays she for her absent John;
On a knotted stick she reckons
Every lonely day that's gone.

Twice a year he leaves his labor,
Walks across the country wide,
And waits for Mary in an arbor,
By the Leslies' garden-side.

First, when she had seen him weary,
Worn and wasted by the heat,
Simple-hearted orphan Mary
Ask'd him in to take a seat.

Twenty little minutes, stolen
From her working, fled away;
Then she rose, with eyelids swollen:
Laura rang; she must not stay.

Mary gave one kiss at parting,
Turn'd, and lo, across the hall,
Angry looks at her were darting;
Angry eyes had seen it all.

Laura's parents watch'd regreting
Time so shamefully misspent:
What example she was setting
To the whole establishment!

Mary blushed and stood convicted;
Often had she heard it said
Followers were interdicted;
Wherefore had she disobey'd?

What though John was true and loving?
What though he was all to her?
In the sphere where she was moving
He was but "a follower."

Twice a year, now, orphan Mary
Waits till every servant sleeps;
Then, with footsteps slow and weary,
To the lonely arbor creeps.

There, or nowhere, she must meet him;
Ere the morning, he must go;
There, unseen, her kiss may greet him;
There, unchid, her tears may flow.

Thus, an angry witness dreading,
Mary thinks her love her shame:
Should it never end in wedding,
Who shall bear the bitter blame?

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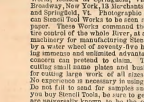

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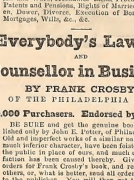

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For October, 1860.

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THE TWO SICK MEN.

POPE.—"They have sent you my Wrench Doctor, I see. His Course of Steel hasn't done my System much Good."

THE TWO SICK MEN.

In Europe two sick men do dwell,
Of whom none's little hope;
The SULTAN one: as far from well
The other is the POPE.
This wreck a triple crown, and that
A Royal forlorn weare;
Two wrak the head in either hat
To manage its affairs.

The first has been a sufferer sad
For many a weary day;
And leads of physic he has had
To keep grim Death at bay.
The second 'gan to limp and reel
Some dozen years ago,
When his French doctor threw in steel
Maintained his system so.

Eruptions, here and there, about
Each leper's surface rage;
And either is well nigh worn out
By frequent hemorrhage.

Yet their physician still declares
That both must more be bled,
And take more steel, by which he swears,
Exhibited with lead.

The POPE cries, "Heathen friend, I see
You've got my doctor too;
He hasn't done much good to me,
May he do more to you!"
"My Grocer," the groaning TURK replies,
"We're past physician's skill;
To cure us if your doctor tries
He'll all the sooner kill."

Gone are both systems to decay.
Effete old POPE and TURK!
No Constitution left have they
Whereon the Leech might work.
Could they but break up quietly,
And leave the world in peace,
Blest would the dissolution be,
And happy the release.

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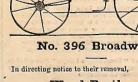

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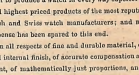

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. IV.—No. 195.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1860. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

"DARK GORDON IS STANDING BEFORE THE FAIR!"—[BY MILLAIS.]

DARK GORDON'S BRIDE.

YOUNG Helen has heard the fatal order,
Her English lover must banished be,
For Gordon, Chief on the Scottish border,
Comes hither to bend the wooer's knee.

She wildly vows to the heaven's above her
She'll wed young Nevill, whate'er betide;
But her father has banish'd her landless lover,
And the haughty chieftain claims his bride.

In after-days they have met: far better
That parted lovers should meet no more,
When one is bound by that golden fetter,
With the love still warm at each true heart's core.

So sadly he touch'd her lily finger,
Weeping she look'd on her ring of gold:
Ah, fatal thus by his side to linger!
Fatal to sigh for the days of old!

"I saw thee kneeling before the altar,
My haughty rival was by thy side,
But I could not hear thy dear voice falter
When vowing to be his *faithful* bride!"

"What, Nevill! canst thou be cruel-hearted?
A father's blessing I could not win,
Unless we two for aye were parted—
But, oh, I have wept for that deadly sin!

"Vowing to *honor*, I *scorned* and *hated*,
Dreaming on all I had loved and lost,
But, ah! more bitter, more darkly fated,
That ever again our paths have cross'd!"

She felt the clasp of his hand so tender,
One kiss he press'd on her cheek so fair—
Hark to that curse! May Heaven defend her!
Dark Gordon is standing before the pair!

Proudly he lifted his Scottish bonnet,
Oh, but his smile was dark to see:
"What ho! Sir Nevill, my life upon it,
Thou comest to win my bride from me!"

Now foot to foot, as the sun was sinking,
Both lover and husband frowning stood,
The fiery chieftain's blade is drinking
The brave young Nevill's knightly blood.

She tore the ring from her lily finger,
With, "Nevill, beloved, I come to thee!
In the Gordon's halls no more I linger
If this weak hand can set me free!"

She pluck'd the dirk from her bleeding lover,
She buried it deep in her breast so white—
With, "Nevill, beloved, our woes are over!—
To the Gordon's thrall a glad good-night!"

The chief look'd down on the hapless lovers—
Oh, but his frown was dark to see:
"I would give the best of my lands, proud Nevill,
To hold the heart thou hast lured from me!"

He knelt him down as her life was ebbing,
On the trampled heather he bent the knee:
"I would pluck the heart from my breast, false Ellen,
For one soft smile of love from thee!"

THE KING OF NAPLES.

We publish herewith a portrait of Francis the Second, who at the time we write is believed to be still King of Naples. We hasten to place his portrait on record, as it is evident that in a very short time his reign will have ended.

There is very little to be said about him. He is quite young; during his father's lifetime he was kept away from the court and political life, was watched by spies and nursed by Jesuits. The treatment seems to have pleased him. When he ascended the throne of Naples, about a year and a half ago, he gathered the Jesuits round him and still further augmented their privileges and power; he likewise increased his army of spies. Like his father, when Palermo revolted, he bombarded the city, causing incalculable misery and bloodshed; when his officers failed to bombard Messina, he dismissed them in disgrace. Like his father, when he saw that the game of brutal tyranny was over, he tried conciliation and meditated treachery; issued a constitution, and took oaths about as complete and as little calculated to be binding as those to which his father swore in March, 1848. Let us hope that his people will not trust him as they trusted the father; but that the work now begun will go on until the Bourbon dynasty in Naples is a thing of the past.

We subjoin a brief memorandum of the father's oath and its performance, in order that people may judge what might be expected of the son:

On the 10th of February, 1848, Ferdinand II., being in much the same kind of position as his son at the present moment, took a right Royal oath. Ferdinand II., being by the grace of God King of the Two Sicilies, of Jerusalem, and many other places, in the first place swore very heavily to defend the Catholic, Apostolic, Roman Religion—and, so far, no doubt he was sincere. He then went on with the swearing, as thus: "I promise and swear to observe, and cause to be inviolably observed, the constitution of this Monarchy, promulgated and irrevocably sanctioned by me on the 10th day of February, 1848, for the same kingdom. I promise and swear to observe, and cause to be observed, all the laws actually in force, and the others which shall be successively sanctioned within the limits of the said constitution of the kingdom. I promise and swear never to do, nor to attempt, any thing against the Constitution, and the laws which have been sanctioned, as well for the property as the persons of our most loving subjects. So may God help me, and preserve me in His holy keeping!" This is pretty hard swearing; the guarantee of the 10th of May were the commentators upon the Royal oath.

We are speaking of only twelve years ago. Those matters are fresh in the recollection of the Neapolitan people. Trust to the word of a Neapolitan king! Why, upon the 24th of May, when he had blown a good number of his subjects off the face of the earth, and further by poverty was quite soothed, Ferdinand II., of blessed memory, published another proclamation, in which he declared it to be his fixed resolution "to maintain the constitution of the 10th of May pure and unstained by any kind of excess, which, being the only one compatible with the real and present wants of this part of Italy, will be the Holy Ark upon which the destinies of our most beloved people and our crown must repose." After this preliminary falsehood, Ferdinand II., in an unctuous, paternal kind of fashion, tells his subjects to resume their usual occupations; "to trust with effusion of mind to our loyalty, our religion, and *our holy and spontaneous oath*; and live in the fullest assurance, etc., etc., etc." The good King wanted to catch his loving subjects, and he caught them. In 1851, when Mr. Gladstone visited Naples, there were still between 15,000 and 20,000 state prisoners in the Two Sicilies, although a good number had been worked off in the interval. Settembrini and the other leading prisoners of the time have left an account of what these prisons were; and how they were dragged through the streets by the hair of their heads, bound, spat upon, plundered for days together, and made to sit in chairs in the presence of soldiers, who told them they had orders to shoot them. Settembrini, after being sentenced to death, was confined in a room fifteen feet square with eight other persons—one of them a notorious assassin. Poerio, with fifteen others, was shut up in a small room, where they were chained two and two together.

It is well to remember these things at the present time, when there seems a probability that the Neapolitans may be able to rid themselves of a family, where the son is like the father—and this is what the father did.

FRANCESCO II., THE KING OF NAPLES.

ON BOARD THE STEAMER.

SEPTEMBER winds are soft and warm,
September nights are clear;
The weird moon flies in haste to greet
The autumn of the year.
Her beams are wrestling with the waves
On Michigan's broad lake—
They struggle, faint, and fall away
In many a silver flake.

Our steamer, gay with waving flags,
And banners rich and rare,
Swept proudly from Chicago's wharves,
While music rent the air.
Out to the lake, with mirth and song,
Went many score of souls;
Along the line of laughing waves
The jovial breeze rolls.

The moonlight fell in shimmering streams
Adown our steamer's deck,
And glanced on many a nodding plume,
And many a snow-white neck.
Quick feet were moving in the dance
To music's liveliest strain,
While whispering lovers breathed their tales
Of old love's ev'ngain.

'Twas long beyond the midnight hour,
And white sails flitted by;
While still the music, laugh, and song
Went ringing to the sky;
Till one white, ghost-like, hurrying craft
Swept on with wind and tide,
Crashed, reckless of our warning, through
The gallant steamer's side.

I've read in some old fairy tale
Of cities vast and lone,
Where every living, moving thing
Turned suddenly to stone.
And so, that instant with the crash,
All life seemed hushed in death,
And stony forms stood staring pale
With horror-chilled breath.

The heavy surging of the sea,
The rushing of the steam,
Was heard instead of green or prayer,
Of shriek or of scream.
And then, as though the silence waked
The stony-footed crowd,
Our decks were wild with pallid forms,
That wept and sobbed aloud.

O God! it was a fearful time—
Short time for thought or prayer—
When every score of deathly cries
Rang out upon the air.
North, east, south, west, they strained their eyes
Along the moonlit waves;
Then, hopeless, knelt in stolid fear
Above their waiting graves.

Then how they clung in shivering groups,
As pitched our steamer through
The deep trough of the silent sea,
So deep and dark and blue!
Then how they held their shrieking breaths
With every passing toll,
And each poor, shrinking, stricken wretch,
Feared him his utmost soul!

I would not for the wealth of worlds
See such a sight again,
Lest all the horror of that night
Should burn into my brain.
To stand, with neither hand nor call
Within my straining eye,
And see some twenty score in life
Preparing them to die.

So soon the minutes fled away
They seemed seemed to be,
Before our ship and living freight
Went down beneath the sea.
Down, down, fell forty fathom deep,
With quiet upon my tongue,
My hope a shred of splintered spar,
To which I madly clung.

The next I knew the moon shone down
Upon a shipless sea,
Where scores and scores of drowning men
Called hopelessly to me.
The wind blew fresh toward the shore,
And curled the silver wave;
The wind that wafted me to life
Lapped many a deep-sea grave.

I stood alone upon the beach,
As broke the morning's gray,
And watched with frozen heart the specks
That floated far away;
And while I prayed for those afar,
Beneath God's awful frown,
I prayed that I should never see
Another ship go down.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1860.

THE SLAUGHTER ON LAKE MICHIGAN.

ON the night of Friday, 7th instant, on Lake Michigan, off Winnetka, the steamer *Lady Elgin*, with about 350 human beings on board, was run into by the schooner *Augusta*, and sunk, with over 300 of her living freight. The news appalls by its suddenness and the enormous sacrifice of life. Among those who perished were some of the best men of Milwaukee and other Western cities, and a gentleman who had long appeared from the world of letters and art—Herbert Ingram, the proprietor and editor of the *London Illustrated News*.

When the first shock caused by so appalling a catastrophe has been overcome, and the mind seeks soberly to trace out the details of the accident, horror gives way to amazement and indignation.

At the time of the collision the *Lady Elgin* was steaming northward, against the wind, which was blowing very freshly. The *Augusta* was sailing south by east, under all sail except the gaff topsail. The night was stormy; it was raining, but it *was not very dark*. The steamer had all her lights set; the schooner had none. Just half an hour before the collision the second mate of the *Augusta*, whose watch it was, saw the steamer's lights, and watched them. Ten minutes afterward he called the captain, who went forward, examined the steamer's lights, but gave no order. Thus these two vessels rapidly rushed toward each other and to destruction, the crew of the schooner actually gazing for twenty minutes on the vessel which they were about to sink. The steamer's officers were of course unconscious of their danger; though the night was not very dark, it was dark enough to prevent the schooner, without lights, being seen from the deck of the steamer five minutes after the collision. Though the rule is that vessels going northward should pass vessels steering south on the larboard side, the captain of the *Augusta* seems to have been bent on passing to starboard of the *Lady Elgin*; and, with the full view of the steamer before him, it was not till within three to five minutes of the collision that he ordered his helm "hard up." Some of the witnesses think that the steamer, instead of obeying her order, put her helm "hard down." The first mate states that the *Augusta* steered so badly that she could not answer her helm with any short notice. At any rate, the fact is that she did not bring up, as she should have done, but came straight on to the steamer—larboard side—striking her at an angle which is variously stated at 45 to 90 degrees, and knocking a hole in her side which caused her to sink in a very few minutes.

There are, as we gather from the evidence taken before the coroner's inquest, it is hardly necessary to point more directly at the conclusion to which they tend. We have, however, that the Milwaukee jury will do their duty. It is certain that the steamer could not have saved herself; it is equally certain that the collision might have been avoided had the schooner altered her course five, ten, or fifteen minutes sooner, or obeyed the law and passed the steamer on the other side.

It is very important that these circumstances should be duly considered. When a shipwreck takes place we naturally devote our sympathies to the circumstances of life-boats, small boats, life-preservers, and the like, and neglect the great consideration of the original cause of the accident. Experience has never proved that, when a large vessel is lost, boats and life-preservers are seldom of much use. It takes so much time to get ready for the service, and in the excitement of the moment they are so often damaged or swamped, that they generally prove a very sorry reliance. As to life-preservers, the *Lady Elgin* had plenty of them, yet lost over 300 souls.

The true way to avoid accidents is to insist on better navigation on the part of men who have charge of sea, river, and lake craft. So long as men are allowed to command vessels who will run their lives, and who pay no regard to avoid running into a vessel which they see for half an hour before they strike her, the long list of slaughters by sea and flood can not be considered closed.

PHYSICAL TRAINING.

THE Homeric combat between Heenan and Sayers set all our youth a-dreaming about physical training. We pointed out, at the time, that pugilism was very far from being the best or a good exercise for the body, and that other gymnastic sports were far better calculated to develop the muscles, and promote health and strength. The subject appears hardly to have attracted general attention, and others have come to the same conclusion as ourselves. Dr. Winship, the strong New Englander, who carries a barrel of beef by way of light exercise, lifts half a ton in his hands, has entered the arena as a champion of the dumb-bells. For by mission a day, sports of active dumb-bell exercise, will, in his opinion, make any man strong, and in many cases will cure him of disease.

The subject is well worth study. For years men of thought and experience have united in declaring that physical education was the one thing needed for the American people. They all say that our people are naturally equal to any other on the face of the globe, but that, from neglect of muscular development, the race is deteriorating, especially in the large cities. No one who compares the young men of New York and Boston with those of forty of the same age can deny the truth of the statement.

The remedy is obvious. Dr. Winship says, use the dumb-bells for half an hour a day. Others recommend other physical exercises. Foot-ball, base-ball, cricket, rowing, foot-races, wrestling, all are calculated to produce the end desired. Young men are generally ready enough to devote time to these pursuits. But the difficulty is that neither schoolmasters nor employers give them much countenance. The typical schoolmaster regards athletic games as disorders—to be tolerated during play-hours under cover protest, but by no means to be encouraged. The merchant hears with horror of his clerk devoting time, during business hours, to any thing but the business of the office. All this must be altered if we want to render physical education general and popular.

Schools must encourage bodily as well as mental development. Employers must not grudge half an hour a day for the health of their employés. Fathers must see to it that their children become proficient in such bodily games as require strength and agility. When this is the case, we may almost hope the physical education of our people has begun. But not till then.

THE COMMISSARIAT AT WEST POINT.

WE are gratified to learn that the officer commanding at West Point has acted upon the hints thrown out in this journal a few weeks since, and instituted a thorough investigation of the mess arrangements of the cadets with a view to the reform of the abuses which we pointed out. A few days since our contemporary the *World* announced that the investigation was in progress; now a correspondent of the *Times* informs us that the abuses which we pointed out have been cured. We are very glad to hear it; though the evidence of the *Times* correspondent would have been more valuable had he shown more concern for the cadets, and less zeal for the reputation of the West Point managers. He has allowed himself to be deceived on some minor points. Let us hope, however, that in the main his statements with regard to the food of the cadets under the new régime are correct.

The officers in charge of the West Point Academy have a responsibility which can not be exaggerated. To them are committed the health and future hopes of the flower of the American youth. It is in their power to convert the pupils under their charge into lazy, vigorous, manly, able men—fit compeers for the best scholars of Oxford or Paris or Berlin or Vienna; or into sickly, feeble, distort them intellects, and destroy their hopes of repaying their country for what she has done for them. And though some may consider it almost culpable to take food which would otherwise go to the hogs and eggs, and butter, and hash, in preference to such sublime topics as military engineering, and conic sections, and the Spanish language, we can answer for it that the one is as important as the other, and that boys who are bodily fed will never become expert scholars. It is an easy to destroy a boy's future usefulness by feeding him badly as by teaching him badly. Let the West Point managers remember this, and let us hear no more about rancid butter, stale fish, and objectionable hash.

THE LOUNGER.

THE WEEK.

IT has been a week of unusual interest. The Prince of Wales has been making many a courtesy difficulty among the Orangemen in Canada, which is very fortunate when we remember that quarrels are so scarce and unfrequent among princes. It is pleasant to observe the British pluck of the Duke of Newcastle when the mob threatened him with the Queen's name. As they were walking along the city. The sergeant of police offered to protect them, but the Duke told him to go away, that he was not afraid of mobs. There was something of the hauteur of the old French marquis in the act, but country gentleman of Yorkshiman, it meant pluck. Mr. Jenkins, the court historiographer, describes the Toronto celebration as the occasion at which the assembled people of the kind the world has ever witnessed—or was it only this continent? Mr. Jenkins evinces a solidarity of during the statement, for he would seem to have used up the brightest pigments upon his pallet in a single sketch. But as hope is ever a hardy annual upon conscious fertility of superlatives, and believe—as the Lounger for one firmly does—that he will be entirely equal to our own great bull.

MR. HOWE has secured a renewal of his patent. As he confesses to the receipt of half a million of dollars already, it is fair to presume that he has been amply paid. But such an instance would not should be allowed him for his invention does not appear. A patent right is simply a premium upon invention granted by law. Society surrenders claims to be the judges of its value, with a due regard to the interests of all. It has not a perpetual and inherent real claim upon a favor; and when he has been profusely paid for his commodity, whatever it may be, he has no right to look injured because he is not overpaid. In this particular case the tax falls upon the most laborious class—that of women-sewers, and public sympathy is therefore the more interested. Of course nobody is surprised that a person in the receipt of a fortune, monthly, from the labors of others, is very perpetual in his claims. Of course every body would be surprised if a man worth a million were not anxious to be worth two millions. Certainly nothing *could* so surprise Christendom as a little practical Christianity, and an acknowledgment that we have not a right to all we can get.

THE loss of the *Lady Elgin* is one of those frightful disasters which have become periodical. "The Wreck of the Pacific" is being rapidly overtaken. When a few months elapse without some terrible accident the public mind becomes apprehensive, like a sensitive person in a time of sultry weather. He is looking for the thunder-burst, and feels it in the air. So the public mind involuntarily prophesies misfortune when accidents are rare. There is no satisfactory explanation of the collision upon Lake Michigan. It is questionable with the whole country is interested, and will be brought to trial by a suit of the owners of the *Lady Elgin* against the schooner *Augusta*. With ordinary care, and, except in unusual circumstances, a collision should be impossible. In ninety-nine cases out of the hundred it is, no doubt as on Lake, the consequence of carelessness. How many people in carriages on every year run over at railroad crossings by the trains; and how many of them are due to a dead halt and listen carefully for any sound of the cars? How often, on the other hand, do the train dashes across lonely country roads without a sound from the bell or whistle! Our legislation which looks to the preservation of life is fragmentary and inadequate. Government is bound to regard, first of all, and in every detail, the protection of the inalienable rights of every man—life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. It is not necessary that there should be a railroad between New York and Philadelphia, for instance, until every possible precaution is taken for safety. If it can not pay with these precautions, it should be prohibited from paying *without* them. Let us hope that the new President of the Illinois Central will distinguish himself by his policy of absolute safety to his workers, and then if there be any thing left for the stockholders, so much the better for them.

AMONG the victims of the *Lady Elgin* was Herbert Ingram, the proprietor of the *Illustrated London News*—the great pioneer of the illustrated press. *Harper's Weekly*, in common with the others, offers a natural homage to his memory, and that the literary summary and comments upon current life are valuable and interesting. The price of the paper is beyond that which we, in this country, choose to pay for such a periodical, and it is too exclusively for the English way, to be of interest to us. But the project of an illustrated paper, which will be and has been modified to the taste and demands of this country, will be found to be invariably associated with the name of Herbert Ingram.

THE singing birds are trooping back to their perch in Irving Place. The nightingale Patti has been regaled with the full-throated warbles of more than ever. But the audience of September is different from that of January. Wandering Cubans, and Southerners of Southern sympathies, are in force, and lingering in the Western Paradise of fashion and gayety, till the pretty house, and applaud the tender tones. Not the languishing, half-sad, intense reign of a *primo tenore!* If he be a handsome man, like Mario, and a Count, what can surpass his complacent superiority and kindly notice? How evidently he regards women as a candle contemplates moths! "Yes, pretty insects," he seems to say, "I can not help being bright and beautiful; I can not help singing your poor little wings; and you, O winged nothing! are welcome to hang singed. Fly on, flutterlings, and cheer yourselves in my light! But if you fall, blame not me." So the candle comments on the moth's theory of facial expression, of dramatic probabilities. "I am candle Number One: my business is to shine and singe. *Allons!* He is not a moth himself: he is always the candle; and, oh woe! when he burns down!

"GENERAM GEORGE" has burned down, and out. Familiar to all the old-fashioned playgoers; the fine gentleman of the old comedy; a player who preserved the traditions of the days of Garrick and Macklin, and departed upon the curtain has fallen, and Barrett is gone! Even those who never saw him upon the stage may remember it still, grave, portly, a little pale, and a little sad-ness pensiveness in his face, walking on Broadway. He was not a great actor, but he was a man of high breeding, who acted strictly to the conventional English school; but neither that school, nor any other theatrical style, has ever succeeded permanently among us: and it was that consciousness, perhaps, which gave him a little feeling of sadness, and fostered the gravity of his aspect. Why is it that there is something so peculiarly sad in the old age and decay of an actor? Time of the most lauding wishes of any in periodicals have been glimpses of the private life of public performers. The Old Playgoer has given us a fair memoir of the *Weekly*, was one of them. The point seems to lie in the contrast of the actual worthlessness and sorrow of a man or woman who is at the very moment to personate a person of airy gayety and utter content. Is there any thing more piteous than the harlequin in his clown's costume leaping with a light jest out of the arena to hold the head of his dying wife or child? Is there any thing more wretched than Grimaldi's death? Did it not arise from his identification with characters which are passing and unsubstantial, and of no use?

Coodles does not die—but was not Burton Coodles?

THE *Great Eastern* will be back again before the Presidential election. She made a very short, if not the shortest, passage home to Milford Haven, and leaves upon the 17th October. Her whole career having been a miracle of mismanagement, and a passage through the lesions of nature, and a change of directors—we shall yet see her emerge as a useful and paying enterprise. She is a failure and while she was in New York, and she seems to be manageable and swift. She may yet serve En-

glanced at a pinch in the sudden transport of large bodies of troops. If she is to be exhibited here again, however, it would be wise in the consignees to insist that she shall be placed entirely in the hands of native managers. John Bull has not the least comprehension of his cousin. When his Excellency Yankee Doodle dines with Lord Mayor Bull at Guildhall, he puts his hand on his heart and says, "What a land of wine is the common language!" and when Lord Bull, her Majesty's Ambassador at Washington, dines with the St. George's Society in New York, he solemnly and truly says that "Shakespeare be-le-te-le-longs to b-b-b-both the great na-na-na-tions." But a practical knowledge of each other does not belong to the nations.

That ridiculous rascal and gray-eyed man of destiny, Mr. William Walker, has been sent out of Truxillo, by Commodores, by the order of a British commander. Why he is not caught and punished is one of the political mysteries. He is the chartered libertine of the Gulf, and if some of the States which he so absurdly invades—yet not without great suffering to other people—should hang him out of hand, there is nobody who would think him ill-used. Mr. William Walker seems to be amusingly destitute of every quality essential to a leader. He has neither commanding nerve, nor power of attaching men to his fortunes, nor the least military skill, nor the slightest civil capacity. A man of ordinary talent would have represented Nicaragua. But he maintained a short hold there by the basest means, and was then kicked out; and yet Mr. William Walker has just as much claim to consideration and sympathy to-day as he had four or five years ago when large meetings were held in New York to send aid to him. Mr. William Walker in Truxillo is exactly the Mr. William Walker in Granada, in Nicaragua, for whom the present Secretary of State telegraphed his sympathy. Civil war ceased, if the man is not crazy, he is utterly criminal.

The monument to Commodore Perry, of which an illustration was published in the *Weekly* of September 8, has been inaugurated with as much attention and interest as is ever exerted or expressed in the mid-summer fury of a Presidential canvass. The historian Bancroft was the orator, and his discourse has a most impressive and brilliant close, which should create an era in the history of such occasions. It was very plainly meant for the ability of the Northwest boundary difference with Great Britain, and declares that "the men who honor the memory of the dead will always know how to cherish the domain of their country." To the point of the present political crisis the orator says: "Has any foreign power been so foolish as to listen to the calculation of the tales of impending disunion? . . . Our little domestic strifes are no more than momentary disturbances on the surface, easily settled among ourselves." The whole discourse is distinguished by that serious, ringing rhetoric which marks all Mr. Bancroft's public addresses, with that constant clearness of statement in which such orators are usually accustomed to indulge. The State of Rhode Island was peculiarly interested in the celebration, and honorably represented by the Governor of the State, the Mayor of the Episcopal Diocese, the Mayor of the city of Providence, the Secretary of State, Dr. Usher Parsons, one of the four survivors of the battle, an honored citizen of Providence, and the First Light Infantry Company, composed of representatives men of the same city, and a *corps* which might be called by a pert and pretty name for the novelty of its metaphors, the Seventh Regiment of the Empire. The State of Rhode Island is a very small State, but there are three names in her history of which her sons are proud: Roger Williams, William Ellery Channing, and Oliver Hazard Perry.

A PRACTICAL POET.

Garibaldi continues his triumphal career, and seems to excite no jealousy. Naples is in his power. The nobility are living upon all sides; and the King has parted up his fine yacht and vessels. A soldier of the National Guard, when the chase was given that the Liberator was at hand, escaped to a French ship. The officers of the Navy declare themselves are apparently only waiting to be quite sure that Garibaldi is the man of the future to offer him their service and service. The general, abhorrant, superstitious dynasty of the Bourbons in Naples has at last rotted out. One of the loveliest regions of the world—one of the finest ports, and sea-ports—graced with all charms of climate, soil, and position—it has been ruled by and supposed until it is even now doubtful whether the hand of the Liberator will be powerful enough to make it safe there.

The King of Sardinia can not much longer withhold his open sympathy from Naples. When a ruler finds a people of Naples so plainly outraged, his crimes as to get ready to run the moment an independent leader lands upon his shores, his governors left stranded by its own flight and panic. Here is a beautiful province of Italy without a regular government. It desires to attach itself to an Italian kingdom, which is regarded as the virtual head of the Italian nation. What Power can seriously interfere? Austria will not dare. France glared does not wish to. France is the ally of Sardinia. Prussia stays at home of late years. Russia will not interfere. There seems to be no reason to doubt that by any steamer we may hear of Garibaldi in Naples, and of the union of Northern and Southern Italy.

There remain, then, only the Pope and Venice. Garibaldi at the head of Italy, with Victor Emanuel, will free Venice. The recognition of nationalities is too strong at this day for Prussia to help Austria retain her. Prussia has no interest that Austria should occupy Venice. Her interest is that Austria should be strong so long as Austria is her natural ally against France. But Austria is strong enough to smite the pope, which must be covered with sulphuric ether and stopped tight to prevent evaporation, "allow it to stand for six days, renewing the ether every forty-eight hours. This substance permeates the pores and dissolves all the oil, but leaves a thin coating of a light-brown color. Next take equal parts of chloroform and water, in which the pipe must remain at least six hours. It is then to be taken out and dried in the sun, and then 'there's not best gift in man,' the ever-soothing nicotiana, will be itself again."

A. S. K. writes: "I have a pipe a pipe may be disordered at the pleasure of the smoker, thereby compelling reverence to him the opportunity of coloring it again.

—Let all poets judge what a ruthless Lounger it must be who, after such a kind, graceful, loving greeting as this, shuts his page to the poetry that follows. But SANE SENSE knows how often a visitor makes a graceful bow, and thence—!

"My dear Mr. Lounger, say, shall I intrude,
And will you pardon me if I am excessively rude,
If I with the door of your sanctum make free,
And softly, and gently, and soon creep in to see
* * * * * * *
"Adieu! I can trust thee, thou trust and bee,
And fairest of critics by poets possessed.
Thou kindest of friends to poetic unkindness. He is as romantic and picturesque a hero as any in Tasso. I know a gentleman who knew him well in Carinhall Academy, and who recalls the long summer nights passed upon deck in the Gulf, while Garibaldi repeated whole plays of Alfieri.

AFRICAN TRAVEL

It is going hard with the sources of the Nile. They can not hide themselves much longer. Every year the knowledge of them becomes smaller; and before the century is ended the question of ages will doubtless be answered, and the vague, old tradition which Herodotus received from the Egyptians will, turn out to be true.

Of late years Africa has been invaded by travellers upon every side. Dr. Livingstone's book is one of the great book successes of the time, both in its own intrinsic merit and the unusual interest of the subject. Dr. Barth's long work, with its profuse and curious illustrations, has appealed to the same interest, and terms with it in the public attention. Dr. Krapf's is much briefer, but deals with the same regions and people. Richardson, also, who, with Captain Burton, penetrated Eastern Africa from Zanzibar, has written an interesting story of his travels, which was published in Bentley's *Miscellany*; and now Burton's book, full of entertaining adventure and interesting discovery, is almost ready.

But among all the works of African travel none has more claims upon a wide popular success than the one just issued by Mr. Du Chaillu. Mr. Du Chaillu, the conqueror of the gorilla, whose unique collection was exhibited several months since, in New York, has written a very clever book. He went where white men have never before penetrated. He was a young man when he started upon the report of civilization: and his work will be a treasury of knowledge. His collections and sketches are so unusual that the interest will vivify the story, so that, quietly reclining upon summer sofas, we too shall be African explorers. The old charm of new lands and new men will be shed over the dusky continent, it not yet dissolved. The equator and the pole are the two points of deepest romantic interest to us. The one is the land of the clear light of common knowledge, a charm will run from travel and its story which no genius can restore.

NEW CLIMPSES OF IRVING.

In the Autobiographical Recollections of Leslie the painter, one of the most pleasant gossiping books of literature that has appeared in England, there are several letters and anecdotes of Washington Irving at the time when he was making love to Matilda Hoffman, and afterward. Leslie and Irving mounted the top of an Oxford stagecoach in London and bowled away into the lovely English country. It was a delightful journey, as they left, and the moon was full, and shone upon the reapers in the fields. It was eleven o'clock when they reached Oxford, and the inn was so near how the mind of Irving must have been peculiarly stimulated by the scene!

The next day was a wet Sunday at Oxford. All day the travellers moped in the inn. The following morning Irving was called to breakfast, and found something about *a stout gentleman* who had come with them from London on Saturday. Irving said it was a capital story, but Leslie, as soon as the coach stopped, and whoever it stopped, had come into Oxford with more vigorously. They stopped at Stratford and elsewhere, while Leslie sketched Irving netted himself upon a stile or a stone, applying to his pencil occasionally, and laughing to himself from time to time, and occasionally reading the manuscript to Leslie. They went to Canterbury, and visited the inn at Dover where they were caught by the weather.

In Irving's letters to Leslie, when they were brilliant effect of his own color. The impression of a wayward genius is produced you scarcely know how. Irving is the same as we have all known him—only younger, full of care for his future, and enjoyment of it, the few letters showing how charming his biography will be.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—A. S. Hunter writes from Cincinnati: "Steep a recipe for purifying a merchantman of the oil of tobacco. He says that you must get a quarter of a pound of soap—soft soap enough to stain the pipe, which must be covered with

"allow it to stand for six days, renewing the ether every forty-eight hours. This substance permeates the pores and dissolves all the oil, but leaves a thin coating of a light-brown color. Next take equal parts of chloroform and water, in which the pipe must remain at least six hours. It is then to be taken out and dried in the sun, and then 'there's not best gift in man,' the ever-soothing nicotiana, will be itself again."

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A FEW QUESTIONS FOR INTELLIGENT MUSICIANS.

May not a bar of very exultant music be called a crowbar?

In what bank are the eight notes you talk of reiding? I am oft called a "straight" on account of the hour of performing it?

Can you have a good turn in a natural way?

Is not the influence of flats rather depressing in hot weather?

Is there necessarily any thing green about a pastoral symphony?

Are agricultural youths partial to the hautboy?

Is the French horn interjected?

Could you open a musical entertainment without the key?

There may be seen at the present time, in Alfredon, a damsel from a tailor, who, in calling the attention of the public to the fact that his friends commanding a certain club, assures all who may favor him by becoming members of the club that his charges and a very moderate article."

"You are from the country, are you not, my?" said a dandy young bookseller to a homely-dressed Quaker, who had given him some trouble.

"Yea."

"Well, here's an 'Essay on the Rearing of Calves'!"

"That," said Ambrosio, as he turned to leave the shop, "Base had better produce it by mother."

The Marquis de Favieres, a great wit and a notorious lady paymaster, called on Samuel Bernard, the great financier, one morning, and said: "Sir, I am going to astonish you; I am the Marquis de Favieres; I do not owe a penny, and I come to borrow five hundred louis of you."

"Sir," replied Bernard, "I am going to astonish you yet more; I know you, and yet I am going to lend them to you."

Oftentimes the "fastest" young women are the most severely chaste by the galloping consumption.

"Johnny, how many seasons are there?"

"Six: spring, summer, autumn, winter, opera, and Thomson's Seasons."

The earth's inhabitants need not always grieve, but should be a little thing if the earth herself were to lose her gravity.

Young Dawkins married a lady for her money, but soon found that it was like Dives, and he could get only on account of what he calls her "unsatisfiable longings." The other day Mrs. Dawkins, building herself ill, sent for a doctor, and declared her belief that she was poisoned, and that her husband was the villain. "I differ with you," shouted Dawkins; it's all gammon—she has no pulse!" Prove it, doctor; open her upon the spot—I'm willing."

At a late ball in Paris every stout gentleman, proprietor of a bad cutaneal and a very exacting wife, danced, very inconsecutively at the close of a polka, that Madame Bonaparte was in the room, and he cried, "Never mind," she said to her partner; "ask me to dance in the next quadrille." He came, I will find a way to stop for it." Slipping out with the sets were forming, she found room for all, and was soon in the midst of a hand a bar, and threw it out of the window. Then rejoining, and assuming her corset to first fit the bar and call the carriage, she accepted partners for the next set dances, quite wee of two hours before the hat could be found.

Fish, at least, if no other animals, have cause to believe that it is a mistake to think of rising in life upon somebody else's hook.

There is a young lady so refined in her language that she never says the word "blackguard," but substitutes "African sentinel."

A notable lady of Edinburgh, I suppose) had long been much annoyed with the noise of a cock-crow which kept on to longer able to hear their mawkish tricks and misdemeanors, she resolved to her chastisement by means of getting an unsophisticated girl from the country, whom she would train to her mind, and who would fortunately enough in securing a young woman from a remote corner in the land, and accordingly commended for activity, honesty, and good-nature. How the process of training went on you may judge from the following extract. The girl having seen something very wonderful going on in the street, in the street of "unsophisticated" familiarity, called to her mistress:

"Eh, mistress, come here and see this."

"Woman! Do you presume to call me woman?"

"Ay! if ye are no a woman, what are ye? Are ye a speerit?"

"What's Jargony, Bill?"

"Why, it's a set of furrin lands that we know nothin' about by 'cute chaps that's never seen 'em."

Ah! gals a Government institution.

Fame is like an eel—taker hard to catch, and a good deal harder to hold.

Unquestionably if a man means well the more he means the better.

Put your money into a box if you like, but not a dice-box.

Light wine is but the ghost of wine—it has no body to it.

Some men admire women as she is; a good many more as she was.

A schoolmaster, who had an inveterate habit of talking to himself, was asked what motive he could have in doing so. He said he had to help him to the natural reasons. "In the first place, he liked to talk to a sensible man; in the next place, he liked to hear a sensible man talk."

At what time of day was Adam created?—A little before Eve.

Why is a man climbing up Mount Vesuvius like an Irishman who wishes to kiss his sweet-heart?—Because he wants to get to the mouth of the crater.

"Madam, you never confine yourself in the wrong."

"No, Sir; but if I had ever been in the wrong, I am sure I should have taken great pleasure in acknowledging it."

A glass of soda-water was offered to a country lad, who was suffering from a violent hiccough. "Do you think I am a salamander," said he, "to drink water behind?"

"How do you get that lovely perfume?" asked one young lady of another. "It's scent to me," replied the other.

"In that sage cheese of a reflective term?" asked Dr. Spooner of the provision dealer. "No, Sir; not a mite," was the reply.

"Don't you mean to marry, my dear Sir?"

"No, my dear widow, I'd rather lose all the ch'e I've got than take another."

An Irishman once observed that mile-stones were kind enough to mention your questions without giving you the trouble to ask them.

The women must think that we men are great rebbers; we are so fond of the while going about robbing them of their hearts.

COLUMBIA MAKING HER TOILET TO RECEIVE THE PRINCE.

ODE TO H. R. H.

On! Albert Edward, many-titled Guelph,
Lord Renfrew, otherwise the Prince of Wales,
Or whatsoever else you call yourself—
Your glorious advent each New Yorker hails;
All other things are laid upon the shelf,
For you nor loyalty nor homage fails—
Of Hanover's illustrious house young scion,
The old, established, genuine British lion!

We stanch republicans do "love a lord,"
And catch the modes of courtly salutation
As readily as any common word
For civil or for military station;
"Sir Robert" or "your Grace" do but accord
With "Captain," "Colonel" of our Yankee nation:
And we can say, without a touch of shyness,
Either "your Lordship" or "your Royal highness."

And so we shall not lack in proper phrase
Wherewith to recognize a prince so great;
For unto one so worthy of all praise
To bow has never been our happy fate—
Monarch at once of all that he surveys,
Expectancy and rote of the fair state—
Though many a royal "party" heretofore
Has glorified Columbia's blessed shore.

Poor Louis Philippe once taught Telemaque
To little *Jersey* scholars, *fille et fils;*
Napoleon Trois lived in "a two-pair-back"
In Gotham here, before Savoy and Nice
Had entered his imperial brain, alack!
But then they hadn't half a crown apiece;
And Joinville, pensive, melancholy, slow,
Went through the country just three months ago.

But one who has a title to a throne
Proudest of all—we say it without flattery—
So glad a day New York has never known
As that which lands him safely on the Battery:
Were he but heir *presumptive*, let us own,
To this inheritance, for such a matter, he
Would find a thousand beauteous creatures willing
To make him heir *apparent* for a shilling.

Oh sweet young Prince! indeed I mean no harm,
And plead for liberal speech the poet's charter;
As for the fair ones that around you swarm,
Why *Honi soit qui mal y pense*—the Garter
Is for your modesty a potent charm:
But they will give, just as they ask, no quarter;
And I would kindly warn you that you have a new
Peril on every square of the Fifth Avenue.

You are not quite so handsome as your pictures,
Nor as your late grand-uncle, George the Fourth,
On whom Tom Moore and Byron wrote some strictures:
But even photographs may flatter worth
And majesty; and artists thus have tricked yours
In all the Saxon beauty of the North;
But mark the caution this wise rule evinces—
Put not your trust in any prints of Princes.

Still you are young, good-looking—for the rest,
'Tis written that "thou shalt be King hereafter."
(A letter-writer says you're badly dressed,
And that your pantaloons provoke to laughter.)
Then let us in your welcome try our best,
Throw wide from basement to the topmost rafter
Our houses open, and our pockets too,
Which means our hearts, and more we could not do.

Eight gladly for your service might we spare
Twenty palatial mansions all complete,
Gas, water, speaking-tubes, a porte-cochère,
Billiards, and Gobelin carpets, and a suite
Of chambers frescoed with devices rare:
Guido's auroral steeds—they can't be beat,
Save by the pair that in the stable shine,
Which do their mile in just 2.59.

For reasons, some of which do not appear,
Would we thus minister to your delight:
'Twould give the house a princely souvenir
—And two great nations lovingly unite:
And then, you know, our family, next year,
Might come and see you on the Isle of Wight;
Besides, it would be perfectly ridiculous
To lodge you at the Everett or St. Nicholas.

Alas! the cruel Duke rejects our prayer,
And says the Prince of Wales his bills will pay
Like common people; so that now the Mayor
Will have your Royal Highness all the day—
A vile monopoly, we must declare;
And yet the Duke stands, as the lawyers say,
In loco parentis—for mamma, the Queen;
His word is final, and it's "all serene."

But then we'll give you just the finest ball
At the Academy—oh, such a lark!
Show you the firemen and "the Seventh"—all
The thousand objects we can boast of mark,
The "Aqueduct"—so spelled upon the wall.
Do praise the ride along the Central Park—
A public hobby, which much more we dote on
Than engines, soldiers, or the crystal Croton.

Another favor, if I might be bolder,
Of you, O Prince! I humbly would implore—
Don't hit a shoulder-hitter on the shoulder,
And bid him rise Sir Something from the floor;
Don't make a knight of b'hoy or bottle-holder,
Because he is an Alderman, galore!
And why? Indeed, we think the class just cited
Already quite sufficiently benighted.

And now, illustrious Prince, Hail and Farewell!
May all your aims be high, each strong endeavor
Of real majesty and merit tell;
May England prosper 'neath your rule, and never
One jot or tittle of her freedom sell:
You would not have me drink "the *Prince* forever!"
But I will pledge, what laureates well may sing,
Long flourish Albert Edward, Prince or King!

REV. W. WOOD STAMP.

THE portrait on the following page is that of the newly-elected President of the Wesleyan Methodist Society of England for 1860-'61, the Rev. William Wood Stamp. Mr. Stamp is a native of Bradford, Yorkshire, where his father was for some time a Wesleyan minister: he was born in 1801, and is consequently at the present time 59 years of age. He was educated at Woodhouse Grove School, of which institution his father was at the time principal, and on reaching manhood decided to become a minister. The first scene of his labors was a small room near Lincoln's Inn, London, where, as he humorously describes it, he used to preach to "six old women and a mangle:" but his abilities soon led to his preferment to stations of higher importance. It was soon discovered by the leaders of the British Methodists that Mr. Stamp possessed that rare gift among preachers, business ability and financial tact. The discovery made, Mr. Stamp was employed in various business negotiations where the property of the Church was concerned, and acquitted himself so ably in all of them that his fitness for the high post he now occupies was universally conceded. Mr. Stamp has written some small works; some of his sermons have been published. They are like himself—sound, practical, and logical.

COLUMBIA'S WELCOME.

PRINCE. "To greet the Goddess Liberty I come!"
COLUMBIA. "Welcome, sweet Prince—then make yourself *to him.*"

THE AMERICAN COLLEGE AT ABEIH.

WE publish below a picture of the American College at Abeih, near Dheir-el-Kamar, in the Lebanon; the view also shows the house of the humane Shiek who saved the American missionaries from the Druses. Our countrymen have been some years settled in Lebanon, and have done a great deal of good by educating the children of the Syrians at their College. Children from Dheir-el-Kamar, Beledine, Abeih, and the vicinity, for miles round, enjoyed the benefit of their instruction. So high was the esteem in which they were held, that, when the Druses attacked the place, the Sheik, at considerable personal risk, went to the American College, collected the missionaries together, and escorted them to the sea-shore, from whence they were able to reach Beyrout without difficulty. The scene is one which will possess historic interest.

WHALES ASHORE.

ON one occasion a large whale appeared off Weymouth, and was seen by several fishermen. The affair was talked over at night in the public-houses; and one of the company, who happened to have a new seine-net which he had never used, was much taunted about it, and he was dared to go and net *his* whale with his new net. At first he took it as a joke, but, under the influence of beer and the chaff of his comrades, he struck his hand on the table, and said: "Well,——me, if I don't go and shoot the net after him, catch or no catch!" Accordingly, a sentry was posted, and the next morning the whale was signaled as being in the offing. So the owner of the new seine put it into the boat, and, rowing quietly along, shot the net round the unsuspicious whale. At last, Master Whale put his nose into the net, and feeling something strange, charged against it, dragging men, boats, and all along with him. He then plunged and dived, and, ultimately taking the new seine-net, rolled about his body, right away with him, in spite of all the fishermen could do. They looked after the whale, who had gone off with the net, much as an angler looks into the water when a fine fish has escaped from his hook; but, however, the whale was gone, and the would-be captors rowed home disconsolate and whaleless.

Some three or four days afterward, as a coast-guard was going his rounds in the dead of the night, he saw a huge black mass come rolling in with the tide; it looked like a wreck, yet it was not a wreck, for a wreck has not a tail wherewith to flop the water as the object had. The coast-guardsman waited till the tide turned, and as it went down, he got near to this strange object, which had got hard and fast among the rocks. He then saw that it was a whale, and, what was exceeding strange, the whale had a net entangled round about him in the most complicated manner. "First come, first served," said the coast-guardsman to himself, as he pulled out his knife and cut two great slashes in the whale's fat sides, during which operation the *whale kicked and evinced signs of life.* The finder then shut up his knife, and posted off with the news. Of course, as there was a net round the whale, his identity was established directly, and the owner of the net claimed the carcass, because his net had caught him; the coast-guardsman claimed it, because he had found him. Meanwhile, when the dispute was still going on, the lord of the manor put in his claim, as it was found between high and low water-mark; gained it, and took possession of the whale: cut him up, and boiled all the oil out of him, getting forty barrels—worth a lot of money—and there the matter ended.

Some weeks afterward, as the coast-guard was sitting on his "donkey"—the term applied to the portable stool used by these men—a respectable-looking gentleman walked up to him, and said: "My man, don't you recollect the whale that you found hereabouts some time since?"

"Yes, Sir," said the man; "it was me as found him."

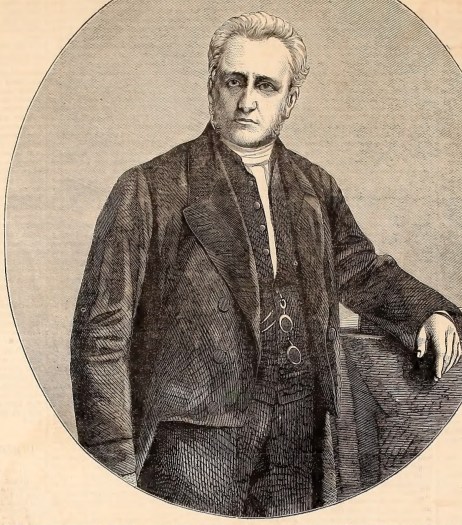
"Well, now, can't you recollect whether, when you cut him—as they tell me you did—he kicked and wiaced under the knife?"

"In course he did," was the answer; "he nearly knocked the knife out of my hand with his tail."

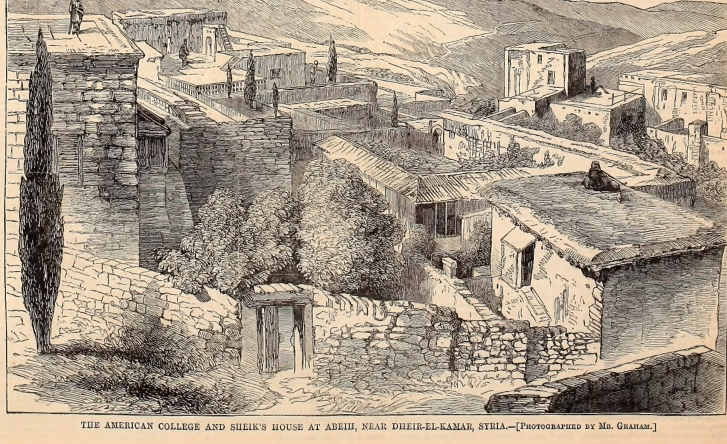
"Well, then," said the old gentleman, bristling up all of a sudden, "now I am a lawyer, and mind that you tell the same story to-morrow, Sir; for as sure as to-morrow comes you will have to swear that in court."

On the morrow the coast-guardsman swore that the whale was alive when first he saw him on shore, and that he knew it by the knife-test, as stated above. It was now the lord of the manor's turn to sing small, for he could not claim a thing if cast up *alive*. He had to refund the money he got for the oil, having taken all his trouble for nothing; so that, after all, the owner of the new seine caught his whale, got his new net back, and nearly a hundred pounds besides.

The captain of a French vessel once saw a whale



REV. WILLIAM WOOD STAMP, PRESIDENT OF THE WESLEYAN METHODIST SOCIETY, ENGLAND, FOR 1860-'61.



THE AMERICAN COLLEGE AND SHEIK'S HOUSE AT ABEIH, NEAR DHEIR-EL-KAMAR, SYRIA.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY MR. GRAHAM.]

floundering upon a sand-bank at the Nore. He passed by the boat to tell tightly round above his tail, and as the tide rote the whale floated, and he was towed in triumph, as the crew imagined, on his way to Calais harbor. Mistaken Frenchmen! They had not got far before the whale showed symptoms of returning life, by wriggling, twisting, and not following the ship in the orderly manner becoming a *dead* whale. At length, the dragging through the water, and the pulling at his tail, roused him up completely; he came quite to life, and threatened to damage the ship. The Frenchmen, finding they had caught a Tartar, cut the rope as it passed over the stern of the ship, and away went the whale one way, back again toward the mouth of the Thames, with a great, long, thick rope still tied to his tail and dragging behind him; the ship went the other way, toward Calais, having lost their prize.

The whale was seen occasionally for some days after that, with that rope on his tail. At last, he foolishly came into Whitstable Bay. The men in the oyster-boats saw him, and, by shouting and splashing, forced him up into shallow water, where the tide left him. They then wisely made sure of him by killing him outright. No pig-sticking knives were big enough or long enough to cut his throat, so they fixed styes on to poles, and pierced him till he died. Then came the operation of getting him to be done with him? and at last a deputation of fishermen went up to Messrs. —— & Co., in the city, the great dealers in whale-oil, whalebone, etc., etc., who gave the fishermen £80 for their capture, and sent down men, blubber-knives, iron pots, etc., to boil him up. A scientific gentleman went down to dissect the creature, and was getting on capitally, although he was once very nearly smothered in the deep into one of the openings of the heart. Nothing daunted by the smell or other disagreeable circumstances, he continued, and a section till he had made a valuable and interesting collection of preparations. One morning, when he was still working away, and the men looking on or "trying down" the oil, a very official-looking personage came up, and in a haughty manner said: "I claim this fish of you, directly! I want nothing more to the whole. I claim this *fish* (he was no naturalist, for a whale is a warm-blooded animal, and no fish) in the name of the *law of the land*, and nothing whatever must be touched or removed." He seized but just taken out the head of the whale, in which exhibits remarkable structures, and offering it to the bow-wower said: "Well, I suppose the lord of the manor doesn't want a whale to eye?" "You may keep *that*, Sir," was the answer. This disagreeable intruder then departed.

While the boiling went on, both statistical and commercial, were recovering their wonder, from another quarter of the compass lo! another Jack-in-office, who sent down into the assembled crowd, and with a wave of the stick proclaimed: "Touch nothing—move nothing—I claim all this in the name of the *Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports!*"

Vultures smell the stinking carcass from afar; so, too, the lawyers have the smell of the unfortunate whale had found its way so far as London, and even to the crown authorities, for yet another human being appeared on the wings of the wind, and, spreading his official papers over the putrid mass, pronounced: *"This is a royal fish, and I claim it in the name of the crown."* Here, then, was a pretty mess, both literal and physical; the three claimants set to work disputing with each other for possession, the fishermen quietly wiped their oily hands, packed up their traps, and adjourned to the public-house close by to cut their oily hands and talk over the matter. My friend, seeing nothing could be done, packed up his whale's eye, and went back to London in an oyster-boat, as he carried such an aroma about with him that they would not take him in the coach. The three volunteers then adjourned to their respective seats, and transferred the cause to the lawyers, who managed to spin out their disputes for a whole year. Long before the legal question had finished, however, a fourth claimant appeared in the person of the sea lion's wife, who came up with an unearthly yell, carried the whole property away, both blubber and bones.

WHAT CAN I DO?

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

HE was a poor cripple—lovely lingers twisted out of all useful shape, and lower limbs paralyzed so that he had to drag them after him wearily when he moved from the short distance of his small humble his sphere of locomotion—a poor, unhappy, murmuring, and, at times, ill-natured cripple, eating the bread which a mother's hard labor procured for him. For hours every fair day during spring, summer, and autumn, he might be seen in front of the little house where he lived, leaning upon the gate, or sitting on an old bench looking with a sober face at the jumping village children, and drearily regarding the passengers who moved with such strong limbs up and down the street. How often either very young the poor cripple's heart! How often, as the thoughtless village children taunted him cruelly with his misfortune, would he fling harsh maledictions after them. Many pitied the poor cripple, many looked upon him with feelings of disgust and repulsion; but few if any ever tried to do him good.

Not far from where the cripple lived was a man who had resided in the city for years, but was not likely to remain so to the end of his days. He was supported by the patient industry of a wife.

"If good works are the only passport to heaven," he said to a neighbor one day, "I fear my chances will be small."

"Well done, good and faithful servant, is the language of welcome," was replied; and the neighbor looked at the sick man in a way that made him feel a little uncomfortable.

"I am sick and bedridden—what can I do?" he spoke, fretfully.

"When little is given, little is required. But if there be only a willing mind, it is approved."

"I have no talent," said the invalid.

"Are you sure of that?"

"What can I do? Look at me! No health—no strength—no power to rise from this bed. A poor, helpless creature, looking to others for care for me, and for all, if I were in my grave."

"If that were so you would be in your grave. But God knows best. There is something for you to do, or you would be no longer permitted to live," said the neighbor.

The sick man shook his head.

"As I came along just now," continued the neighbor, "I met a poor cripple at the gate. Poor Hicks, the cripple, as he stood swinging on the gate before his mother's house, looking so unhappy that I pitied him in my heart. Now, I say to you as with yourself all through these long days, Tom," I asked. 'Nothing,' he replied, moodily. 'Don't you read sometimes?' I queried. 'Can't read,' was his sullen answer. 'Were you ever at school?' I went on. 'Once for a few days, but I'm no school?' 'Why don't your mother teach you?' 'Because she can't read herself,' replied Tom. 'It isn't too late to begin now,' said I, encouragingly; 'suppose I were to find some one willing to teach you, what would you say?' The poor lad's face brightened up for a moment with hope; but it fell, and he answered, 'I would say that nothing could please me better. I promised to find him a teacher, and, as I promised, I found my friend Croft, came into my mind. Now, here is something that you can do; a good work in which you can employ your time."

The sick man did not respond warmly to this proposition. He was not in the proper receptive state of good office—had so long felt himself the object toward which pity and service must tend—that he had nearly lost the power to do either. His disobedience had made him selfish.

"Give this poor cripple a lesson every day," went on the neighbor, rising to go home the subject, "and talk and read to him. Take him in charge as one of God's children, who needs your care, and lead up to a higher life than the one he is now living. It out this a good and a great work? It is my friend's request, and I promised for your hand, and in the doing of which there will be great reward. What can you do? Much! Think of that poor boy in the midst of the sultry years that lie still before him. What will become of him when his mother dies? The alms-house alone will open its doors for the blind boy. Can you then tell what resources may open before him if stimulated by thought. Take him, then, and teach the laws of a mind that now lies in darkness, that sunlight may come in. To you it will give a few hours of pleasant work each day, but to him it will be a life-long benefit. Will you do it?"

"Yes."

The sick man could not say "No," though in uttering that half-extorted assent he manifested no warm interest in the case of poor Tom Hicks.

On the next day the neighbor came to the sick man and received his first lesson; and every day, at an appointed hour, he was in Mr. Croft's room, eager for instruction. Slowly at first the child's lip mastered the alphabet, and as quickly learned to connect one small word with another in words of encouragement.

In Tom's face soon less frequently than before hanging on the gate or sitting idly on the bench before his mother's dwelling; and when you did see him there, an air of old, grave interest expression on his face. Soon the children, who had only looked at him, half in fear, from a distance, or come closer to him to mock, began to grow shy with his strange eyes out into the street, in order to worry him, began to have a different feeling for the cripple, and would sometimes run over, unbidden, to speak with him; for Tom no longer made queer faces or looked at them wickedly, as if he meant harm than if in his power, but smiled angrily if they said things to worry him. And now it often happened that a little boy or girl, as they passed the poor cripple and feared him at the same time, would offer him a flower, or an apple, or a handful of nuts in passing to school, and Tom, who talked with books; so that he had an abundance of mental food, and now began to repay his benefactor, the schoolmen, by reading to him for hours every day.

The mind of Tom had some of the qualities of a sponge in its receptiveness, and as it filled, it began to give out freely at every pressure. Whenever his mind came in contact with another mind, it acted either absorb or impart. So he was always talking or always listening when he had any body who would talk or listen.

There was something about him that strongly attracted the boys in the neighborhood, and he usually had three or four of them around him, and often a dozen, late in the afternoon, when the schools were out. As Tom had entered a new world—that of books—and was interested in all he found there, the subjects on which he talked with his friends who sought his company were always instructive. There was no nonsense about the cripple: suffering of body and mind had long ago made him serious; and all nonsense, or low, sensual talk, to which boys are sometimes addicted, found no encouragement in his presence. His influence over these boys was therefore of the best kind. The parents of some of the children, when they found their children going or often to the house of Tom Hicks, felt doubts as to the safety of such intimate intercourse with the cripple, toward whom they were prepossessed, as to be here in the village the reputation of being ill-tempered and depraved, and questioned them very closely in regard to the nature of their intercourse. The report of these boys took their parents by surprise; but, on investigation, it was found to be true, and Tom's character soon rose in the public estimation.

Then came, as a natural consequence, inquiry as to the cause of such a change in the unfortunate lad; and the neighbor of the sick man who had instructed Tom still in the Lord's agency in the matter. This interested the whole town in both the cripple and his bedridden instructor. The people were taken by surprise at such a noble instance of the great good which may sometimes be done where the means look discouragingly small. Mr. Croft was praised for his generous conduct, and not only praised, but helped by many who had, until now, felt indifferent toward his case or that of Tom Hicks, and left them to find out opportunities.

The cripple's eagerness to learn, and rapid progress under the most limited advantages, becoming generally known, a gentleman, whose son had been one of Tom's playmates, and who had grown to a better boy under his influence, offered to send him in his wagon every day to the school-house, which stood half a mile distant, and have him brought back in the afternoon.

It was the happiest day in Tom's life when he made his first journey to the school-house and took his place among his school-room.

Before leaving home on that morning he had made his way to the bed-side room of Mr. Croft.

"I owe it all to you," he said, as he brought the white, thin hand of his benefactor to his lips. It was damp with more than a kiss when he laid it back gently on the bed. "And our Father in Heaven will reward you."

"You have done a good work," said the neighbor who had urged Mr. Croft to improve his one talent, as he sat down by him on that evening about the poor cripple and his opening prospects; "and it will serve you in that day when the record of life is opened. Not because of the work itself, but for the true charity which prompted the work. It was begun, I know, in some self-denial, but that self-denial was the purest spirit; and because you put away love of ease and indifference, and forced yourself to do a duty, and seeing that it was right to help others, God will send a heavenly love of doing good into your soul, which always includes a great reward, and is the passport to eternal felicities.

"You said," continued the neighbor, "only a few months ago, that you had no talent and the man who felt that he was deprived of all the means of accomplishing good; and yet you have, with but little effort, made the barren soil out of the valley of ignorance, where it was groping in selfnature, and the rocky ground on an overhanging mountain path. The light of hope has fallen, through your aid, with sunny warmth upon the heart that was cold and inactive, and it has put forth a new growth with verdure and blossoming in the sweet promise of fruit. The infinite years to come alone can reveal the blessing that you have done to the soul of a bed-ridden man, who felt that in him was no capacity for good deeds."

The sick man lay at school being placed within the reach of Tom Hicks, he gave up every thought to its acquirement and knowledge. And was soon a serious difficulty. His bent, stiff fingers could not be made to hold either pen or pencil in the right position, or if they could, it was in a way as to make intelligible signs. But Tom was too much in earnest to give up on the first, or second, or third effort. He was, in the beginning of his trials, that he could hold a pencil more firmly than at first, and guide his hand in some obedience to his will. This was sufficient to encourage him to daily long-continued efforts, the result of which was a gradual yielding of the rigid muscles, which became more and more pliable that he could make quite passable figures, and write a fair hand. This did not satisfy him, however. He was not content to be a writer and a kept on trying and trying, until few boys in the school could write better.

"I have a letter from the news?" said a neighbor to Mr. Croft, the poor bed-ridden man. It was five years from the day he gave the poor cripple, Tom Hicks, his first lesson.

"What news?" the sick man asked, in a feeble voice, not even turning his head toward the speaker.

"Life is pretty uncertain with us," he long struggle with disease was nearly over.

"Tom Hicks has received the appointment of teacher to our public school."

"Are you in earnest?" There was a mingling of surprise and doubt in the low tones that crept out upon the air.

"Yes. It is true what I say. You know that after Mr. Wilson died the directors got Tom, who was a favorite with all the scholars, to keep the school together for a few weeks until a successor could be appointed. He managed so well, with such good order, and showed himself so capable as an instructor, that the directors, when they met and other shorts or proper. So he was always talking or always listening when he had any body who would talk or listen.

"I have a letter from the news?" he said, as he reached a newspaper feebly toward Tom, "and it has made my heart glad."

"I owe it all to you," replied the cripple, in a voice that trembled with feeling. "God will reward you."

And he caught the shadowy hand, touched it with his lips, and wet it with grateful tears, as once before. Even as he felt that thin, white hand the low moving pulses took a lower beat—lower and lower—until the long-suffering heart were still, and the freed spirit went up to its reward.

"My benefactor!" sobbed the cripple, as he stood by the dead form that presently was clothes, and looked upon it for the last time ere the coffin-lid closed over it. "What would I have been except for you!"

Are your opportunities for doing good few, and limited in range, to all appearances, reader? Have you only one talent, like the cripple, now, "What can I do?" Are you poor, weak, ignorant, obscure, or sick as he was, and shut out from contact with the busy outside world? No matter. If you have a willing heart, good work will come to your hands. In them no poor, unhappy, neglected one to whom you can speak words of encouragement, or lift out of the vale of ignorance? Think! Cast around you. Some way, by a single sentence, spoken in the right time and in the right spirit, awaken thoughts in some dull mind that may grow into plans of action at after-times, wielded for the world's good. While you may never be able to act directly on society to any great purpose, in consequence of your own physical disabilities, you may, by instruction and guidance, prepare some one to act for usefulness, which, but for your agency, might have wasted its powers in ignorance or crime. All around us are human souls that may be influenced for good. Nurse who ministers to you in sickness may be hurt or helped by you: the children who look into your face and smile at you, as you pass in the street, and remember what you say—will grow better or worse, according to the spirit of your life, as it flows into them. The neglected son of a neighbor may find in you the wise counselor who holds him back from evil. Indeed, you can not pass a single day, whether your sphere be large or small, your place exalted or lowly, without abundant opportunities for doing good. Only the willing heart is required. As for the harvest, that is nolding, ripe for the sickle, in every man's field. What of that time when the Lord of the Harvest comes, and you bind up your sheaves and lay them at his feet?

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE POLITICAL CAMPAIGN.

The Maine election came off on 10th September, and resulted in a decisive triumph. The returns have not come to hand, but enough is known to show that there has been a Republican gain in the popular vote, and that the Congressional delegation and Legislature are Republican. The Republican politicians in Massachusetts held their nominating Conventions on 12th, and made nominations for Governor, Mr. Clement J. Booth, of Springfield, is the Douglas nominee for Governor.—The Breckinridge Democrats of Cumberland district Maine the same day, instructing them to vote for Breckinridge as long as there is a chance of success. The Pro-Lecompton Douglas Democrats nominated a straight Douglas ticket on 13th. The Democratic State Convention met on 19th, adopted strong Douglas resolutions, and nominated a straight out Douglas ticket—Governor Downing was held at Jessie Wood, New York, on September 12, and appointed a State Ticket by Stephen A. Douglas, Fernando Wood, and others. It is said that 40,000 people were present.—An immense Douglas mass meeting was held at the Cooper Institute on 13th. Speeches were made by Lieut.-Governor Seymour, Fernando Wood, and others.—Mr. Seward continues to stump the West. During the week he has been at Kalamazoo, Detroit, Jackson, Michigan (Wisconsin), and elsewhere. He is every where enthusiastically received.—Senator Douglas has gone to the Springs, being worn out by his labors.

MR. SEWARD AGAIN ON SECESSION.

Senator Douglas, in his great speech at Jones Wood, New York, on 13th September, said: "I am prepared to act with all who are loyal to the Constitution and the Union, and opposed to the Abolition or Republican party, from whatever section they may live or country. I was asked, at Norfolk, Virginia, and other places, whether, in the event of the election of Mr. Lincoln should secede from this Union when Lincoln was elected, I said, in the name of the people of the State of Illinois I tell you, as I told them, that whoever is President is bound to execute the laws of the land, and to support the Union. I also tell you that it is the duty of every loyal citizen to stand by the Union may be his politics, to aid and assist in the execution of the laws of the Union, whether elected or not, which God in his mercy forbid of violence and tumult, or any attempt to break up the Union by the Constitution and the laws of its country, and I, as the humblest, and strongest, secession opponent, will sustain him in the exercise of every constitutional function."

WHERE DOES BRECKINRIDGE STAND?

He also said: "I do not charge all the Breckinridge men in the United States with being disunionists. I do not charge Mr. Breckinridge himself with being a disunionist. I do not express any opinion as to what there is not a disunionist in America who is not a Breckinridge man. He has not so declared himself as yet, and of them why, were they put their questions to me as to whether the election of Lincoln would be a good cause of disunion, they did not also propound them to their candidate? He was a candidate for the Presidency in Kentucky, and Mr. Breckinridge's special attention invited to the matter as right there before his lacerating speech. In that speech he answered the charge that he was in favor of disunion, by declaring that he favored the charge that he was in favor of self-government in the Territories, and to protect constitutional rights to the Constitution and to the Union. But I have not yet been able to find out what the universal Democratic party as to whether or not he would enforce the laws against those who should attempt to break up the government. It does not satisfy me for a man to say that he is in favor of the Constitution, the Union, and the laws, unless the same declaration. I have heard William L. Yancey speak in favor of the Union, and I have heard avowed the leaders of the disunion party make similar professions. They all admit that they are in favor of the Union, yet that there is a contingency in which they would dissolve it. Now, I desire to know of Major Breckinridge whether the contingency set forth by his electoral friend in Virginia, if he has congratulate to me, is the one in which he would dissolve the Union?

DOUGLAS ON WORCESTER.

"I am in favor of a cordial union of every Union man, every constitutional man, every man who desires the preservation of the Union and the Constitution and the enforcement of the laws in every and all contingencies. If Major Breckinridge is in favor of enforcing the laws against disunionists, secession, nullification and all other classes of men, in the event the election does not result

to suit him, then I am willing; but I tell you that I am utterly opposed to any union or any fusion with any man or any party who will not enforce the laws, maintain the Constitution, and preserve the Union in all contingencies. Now if my excitable friend"—(a person who had interrupted)—"wants to know whether his man Breckinridge is inside of the church, he must get an answer from that gentleman himself through the Norfolk questions. When he answers, and pledges himself to enforce the laws in the contingencies named in the Norfolk interrogatories to me, it will be time enough to talk about he and I fusing or coalescing. Believing that this Union is in danger, I will make any personal sacrifice to preserve it. If the withdrawal of my name would tend to defeat Mr. Lincoln, I would this moment withdraw it—more especially if such an act of mine would insure the election of a man pledged to the Constitution, the Union, and the enforcement of the laws."

MR. SEWARD ON THE CONSTITUTION.

In the course of his speech at Madison, Wisconsin, Mr. Seward said: "It has been by a simple rule of interpretation I have studied the Constitution of my country. That rule has been simply this: That by no word, no act, no combination into which I might enter, should any one human being of all the generations to which I belong, much less any class of human beings of any nation, race, or kindred, be oppressed and kept down in the least degree in their efforts to rise to a higher state of liberty and happiness. Amidst all the glosses of the times, amidst all the essays and discussions to which the Constitution of the United States has been subjected, this has been the simple, plain, broad light in which I have read every article and every section of that great instrument. Whenever it requires of me that this hand shall keep down the humblest of the human race, then I will lay down power, place, position, fame, every thing, rather than adopt such a construction or such a rule. If, therefore, in this land there are any who would rise, I say to them, in God's name, good speed! If there are in foreign lands people who would improve their condition by emigration, or if there be any here who would go abroad in search of happiness, in the improvement of their condition, or in their elevation toward a higher state of dignity and happiness, they have always had, and they always shall have, a cheering word and such efforts as I can consistently make in their behalf."

THE SHIPWRECK ON LAKE MICHIGAN.

A survivor, after describing how he and others, with the captain, got upon a raft, goes on to say that "on this extempore raft not less than three hundred persons were collected, the majority of whom clung to their places until near daylight. The raft was mostly under water from the weight of its living burden, and very few who clung to it but were above the waist in the turbulent sea. The captain was constantly on his feet encouraging the crowd, and seems to have been the only man who dared to stir from the recumbent position which was necessary to keep a secure hold on the precarious raft. He carried a child, which he found in the arms of an exhausted and submerged woman, to an elevated portion of the raft, and left it in charge of a woman, when it was soon lost. He constantly exhorted the crowd to keep silent, and not only to make no noise, but to refrain from moving, in order that the frail framework might last the longer. Bellman says that during the time which elapsed, while the raft kept together, there was scarcely a sound from man, woman, or child. They clung to their places in silent terror, and neither groans nor prayers were audible; no voice, save that of the captain, raised aloud in encouragement and good cheer, being heard amidst the roar of the wind and the ceaseless splash of the combing waves. Finally the constant action of the water broke up the raft, and large parties floated off on detached pieces, and gradually the multitude melted away by couples and solitary individuals, until but a tithe of the whole number remained. The swell tumbled the light rafts about like featherweights, and a weary struggle the hapless survivors had during the long drift of ten miles intervening to the shore. Bellman was ten hours on his raft, and says that he was capsized and thrown into the sea, with his two companions, every third minute. When they reached shore they were dashed about hopelessly in the surf, and, more fortunate than their companions, were lifted upon the beach by the breakers, and dragged ashore by strong hands which awaited them. It was here that, having surmounted the perils of that terrible voyage, the commander succumbed and gave way to the irresistible force which had worn out his strength and vigor. Perhaps he had rather died thus than to have lived in the exercise of more selfish motives than those which marked his character through the whole of this trying ordeal."

PERSONAL.

Sir George Simpson, Governor of Hudson Bay for many years, died at Lachine, Canada East, last week. He was for a long time connected with affairs at Hudson Bay and other places in the vicinity, and for his daring and energetic spirit received many rewards, even from the hand of royalty itself. He was born in the mountainous parish of Loch Broom, Ross-shire, Scotland, in or about the year 1796, and was consequently in the neighborhood of sixty-four years of age.

General Wheat, late of the liberal army in Mexico, sailed in the *Vanderbilt* on Saturday with the intention of joining Garibaldi at Naples. It is understood that General Wheat is backed financially in his undertaking by Mr. Samuel Brannon, a wealthy gentleman of California. The example of the General will be followed by Colonel Charles C. Hicks, who, it is reported, will leave in the next steamer.

The Hartford *Post* thus notices an operation recently performed in that city by one of the Drs. Lighthill, of 34 St. Mark's Place, New York:

"On Saturday last Dr. Lighthill operated on Mr. David Burbank, of No. 52 Woodbridge Street, for deafness. Mr. Burbank is seventy-four years of age; has resided in Hartford fifty years, the last ten of which he has been deaf. The operation was entirely successful, and now Mr. Burbank, who is widely known and respected, enjoys his hearing."

Mrs. Putnam, the colored American woman who wrote Sir Samuel Cunard a letter, some months since, complaining of maltreatment which she received on board the *Europa* steamship, has just returned to this country by the *Arabia*. On that vessel she was allowed to purchase a first-class ticket, and received the same privileges and attentions as the other passengers.

On Thursday General Pierce was thrown from his carriage while riding in Concord, New Hampshire, in consequence of his horse taking fright and turning suddenly. The ex-President suffered a little more severely than he did from a similar accident during his Mexican campaigns, but his bruises will not prove serious.

Miss Ida Craig, daughter of D. H. Craig, Esq., agent of the Associated Press, was married on Tuesday last to James B. Brown, Esq., of Peekskill, son of one of the wealthiest residents of that place. Rev. H. W. Beecher officiated, and his son and daughter were groomsman and bridemaid.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE FIRST STREET RAILWAY IN ENGLAND.

THE first street railway in England, upon the American principle, was formally inaugurated at Birkenhead on the 30th of August, and the general impression was highly favorable. Mr. George F. Train, the promoter of the enterprise, gave a grand banquet at Birkenhead in honor of the event, and delivered a characteristic go-ahead speech. Mr. Train's efforts to introduce the system in London, Dublin, Manchester, and elsewhere, were meeting with every success.

HOW GARIBALDI RECRUITS MEN.

The London papers contain the following advertisement:

"A select party of excursionists intend to visit South Italy. As the country is somewhat unsettled, the excursionists will be furnished with means of self-defense, and with a view of recognizing each other, will be attired in a picturesque and uniform costume. General Garibaldi has liberally granted the excursionists a free passage to Sicily and Italy, and they will be supplied with refreshments and attire suitable for the climate. Information to be obtained at Captain Edward Styles' offices, No. 8 Salisbury Street, London, W. C. All persons desirous of joining the excursion, or willing to aid the same with their subscriptions, are requested to communicate immediately with the Committee of the Garibaldi Fund, at No. 8 Salisbury Street, Strand, London."

In answer to the numerous applications for information which are made by letter, a copy of the following circular is sent to each applicant:

"NO. 8 SALISBURY STREET, LONDON, *August*, 1860.

"SIR,—In reply to your letter of the — inst., I beg to forward you the following particulars:

"1. The English excursionists will be provided with a free passage, costume, means of self-defense, and all necessary provisions during the voyage, and satisfactory personal provisions will commence from the day they land.

"2. You can leave the English excursionists at any moment; but should you do so before their return to England, no claim will exist to any of the advantages which may fall to others.

"3. A personal interview is imperative, when you can learn all further particulars.

"The excursionists expect to leave within — days from this date. Three days' notice will be given to those going. Yours, faithfully,

"EDWARD STYLES, Captain, Garibaldi's staff."

The most remarkable offer made to the committee in London is one by a gentleman residing in the neighborhood of Lytham. He says that, if made Colonel, he would equip 800 men, and land them at any point which Garibaldi might wish.

FRANCE.

IMPORTANT SPEECH FROM THE COUNT DE PERSIGNY.

The Count de Persigny, in his capacity of President, opened the sittings of the General Council of the Department of the Loire on the 28th ult., with a speech of which the following is a summary:

The Count commenced by observing that he was about to examine the existing probabilities of peace being maintained in Europe, and said:

"The Emperor's programme of Bordeaux has not been changed. Without pretending to abolish war, the Emperor has, however, repudiated the inheritance of mere fighting for the sake of vengeance for the defeats of the first empire. Before the inauguration of the present empire two extraordinary questions were pending, viz.: the question of the East, and that of Italy—neither of which could be resolved by means of diplomacy. Although the wars resulting from these questions could not be avoided they were carried out with promptitude, and the Emperor succeeded in realizing the object for which they were undertaken.

"The destruction of Sebastopol prevented Russia from taking possession of Constantinople, and the Eastern question was confided to the charge of United Europe.

"As regards the war in Italy, the Italian States were delivered from Austrian domination, and the principal object of the war was thus obtained. Although the Italians now jeopardize the independence which they acquired in consequence of the war, the principle of non-intervention, now a recognized rule of international policy, exercises a dominating influence over the further development of the question.

"These are the only questions which occupy the attention of Europe at the present moment.

BRITISH AND GERMAN ALARMS.

"The apprehensions entertained in Germany respecting the Rhine frontiers, and the fears of an invasion current in England, do not merit serious discussion.

"The Rhine is no longer a strategic frontier. France, being much stronger when Germany is divided, will never support the project of German unity for any compensation she might obtain.

"Concerning the relations between England and France, neither of these two powers desire to enter upon such a terrible struggle as a war between them would be. The English nation is peaceful. Their virtuous Queen and the eminent men in power desire to maintain a good understanding between the two nations. In view of so many great results obtained by France, and the lustre which they throw around the French nation, it is natural that uneasiness and distrust should have arisen in Europe. France, however, did not create the complications in Italy, neither did she counsel Austria to follow the fatal policy which led to the rising of the Italians, nor is she responsible for the treaties which Austria concluded with the Italian Princes. France used every possible effort to prevent the conflict. If the Emperor kept silence before the outbreak of the war in reference to his promises to repulse the attacks of Austria upon Italy, it was with the motive of leaving the Italians in ignorance of his powerful assistance, which, had they been aware of it, would have spread increased excitement among them.

"Thus the silence with which the Emperor has been reproached was disadvantageous to himself alone.

"The same can be said in reference to the cession of Savoy and Nice to France.

"The Italians, after the conclusion of the peace of Villafranca, having acted in violation of that treaty on the other side of the Alps, France could not renounce her Alpine frontiers, seeing that a great Italian kingdom had been constituted. France has never concealed her intentions, either from Sardinia or from England. She has deceived nobody.

THE PROGRAMME FOR THE FUTURE.

"The Emperor has certainly replaced France in her legitimate position, without shaking the confidence of Europe. Taken as a whole, his policy was pure and honest. If he has made war in Italy, it was only because the other Powers were not willing to engage their own responsibility. As soon as it was possible to arrive at a definite result he concluded the peace desired by the world.

"Since 1815 France has been forced to follow the *rôle* imposed upon her by the treaties of Vienna. Another spirit now reigns, and the political system of 1815 has been subverted by Europe herself. This system was the result of a violent transition, which, by two great convulsions, entirely disturbed the European equilibrium. Since then it has been the great interest of Europe that a general reconciliation should be effected between the different Powers, and that France should, by common consent, reassume the position which belonged to her in the councils of the Powers. She no longer threatens nor is threatened. Her work is achieved, and the mission of the new Empire is accomplished.

"The military *rôle* of France in Europe is at an end. It affords me great happiness to be conscientiously able to say that an era of peace and prosperity is now opening for Europe."

A NEW CAMP OF ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND MEN.

The *Constitutionnel* states that 100 000 men had been mobilized, and that a permanent camp was about to be established close to the Swiss and Germanic frontier.

SIGNOR FARINI'S MISSION.

A rumor had been current that Signor Farini, who went to compliment the Emperor on the occasion of his first visit to the transferred provinces, presented an autograph letter from the King of Sardinia, in which Victor Emanuel declared it was impossible for him any longer to resist the current of public feeling in Italy, and that he must lead it or be swept away by it. A Paris dispatch, however, asserts that this rumor was without foundation, and that Farini went merely to compliment the Emperor in the name of the King.

DEATH OF MRS. GENERAL HARNEY.

The *Herald* correspondent writes: "Mrs. Harney, wife of General Harney, of the United States Army, died at her residence, No. 28 Rue de Berry, Paris, on Monday last, 27th. The funeral service over her remains took place at the Church of St. Phillippe, Faubourg St. Honoré, with all the solemn and imposing ceremonials of the Roman Catholic Church, of which she was a member. Among those who did honor to her remains I observed her son, son-in-law, and nephew; Mr. Faulkner, the American Minister; Mr. Calhoun, a planter from Louisiana; Colonel Stewart, son of Commodore Stewart, and many others. The services of the church occupied more than an hour, and were very grand and impressive."

ITALY.

THE LATEST FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

At latest dates nothing of moment had occurred in Calabria, and the reported flight of the King from Naples had been contradicted.

The report of Garibaldi's visit to Monteleone is reiterated, and it is reported that he had written to the revolutionary committee that he would be in Naples on the 8th inst., to assume the dictatorship in the name of Victor Emanuel. It was reported that Sardinia was about to intervene in the affairs of Naples, and that General Lamarmora was to proceed thither with thirty thousand troops, with the avowed object of rescuing Naples from anarchy in the event of the downfall of the Bourbons. Sardinia was making extraordinary military preparations.

It was reported that the Count of Syracuse, uncle to the King of Naples, had written a letter to the King recommending him to avoid a useless effusion of blood, and to follow the example of the Duchess of Parma. It was reported that several of the Neapolitan Ministers had declared they would not fight against their countrymen, and if a general rising took place would give it no opposition. A Naples dispatch of the 30th August to the *Patrie* says: "Tranquillity prevails in the city. The expected military demonstration in favor of annexation to Piedmont has been adjourned. Garibaldi has left Calabria, but it is not known in what direction he has gone. Decisive events are expected to take place shortly. Baron Brenier has obtained the satisfaction which he demanded."

The Austrian Government, fearing an attack on Venetia, was most actively pushing on the works connecting the Venetian railways with those of Germany, which would enable Austria to transport a considerable force to Venetia in a few days.

TROUBLE AT ROME.

The Papal States continue disturbed. Ancona had been declared in a state of siege, and the Papal delegate had been recalled. The French army at Rome was to be increased by 3500 soldiers.

GARIBALDI'S WIFE.

The *Herald* correspondent writes: "The wife of Garibaldi, about whom so many strange reports have been circulated, is now at Marseilles, intending, it is said, to cross over to Civita Vecchia. She is a daughter of the Marquis Raymond, an Italian nobleman of immense wealth, and was married a short time ago to Garibaldi. Some reports state that before the marriage was consummated such damning evidence was placed in Garibaldi's hands that he immediately quitted her. Others say that, about three weeks after the marriage, the lady was caught intriguing with a courtier. There is evidently some strange mystery with which the world is not generally acquainted, and the lady's present intention of going over to Italy may not be so indicative of a reconciliation or refutation of calumny as is generally supposed. If the evil reports be true, what a glorious position has this silly woman abandoned! Who would not be the wife of such a hero, and sit—if only for one hour—on the throne of Naples?"

SYRIA.

PUNISHMENT OF THE ASSASSINS.

A dispatch, dated Damascus, August 20, says: "This morning 167 persons implicated in the late massacres, and on whom sentence of death had been passed, were executed. 57 of the condemned men were hanged in the most popular part of the city, and 110 of the local police were shot in the square.

"Their execution has struck terror into the inhabitants of the city, which remained tranquil. To-morrow those condemned to hard labor and detention will be sent under a strong escort to Beyrout, where they will be immediately embarked for Constantinople. Among the persons hung were brothers, sons, and parents of the first men of the country. No attention was paid to rank or dignity. To-morrow all the principal parties compromised will be arrested, tried, and punished.

"The trial of ex-Governor Ahemid Aghea and other officers is proceeding before a council of war. The sentences will be enforced immediately after they are pronounced. The guilty persons who escaped after the massacre will be tried as outlaws. They will undergo their penalties as soon as they are seized. The army of the Sultan acts with the most rigorous discipline and in perfect loyalty. The arm of justice is triumphant. Perfect tranquillity reigns on all the borders of Syria. Order is re-established at Saidi and its environs."

LANDING OF FRENCH TROOPS.

We read in the correspondence of the London *News*, from Beyrout, August 16: "The grand event of the day here is that all doubts are set at rest as to the intervention, by the arrival, this morning, of some 2000 French troops, more being to follow in a day or two. They have not yet disembarked, but I believe will do so this evening. The Christians are delighted; the Moslems sulky; the Osmanli, or fanatic party, in despair; and every European more rejoiced than another."

HONDURAS.

WALKER CHASED OUT OF TRUXILLO.

A dispatch dated New Orleans, September 10, says: "The brig *Kate* has arrived here with Truxillo dates of the 31st ult., and Ruatan dates of the 2d inst. She brings as passengers four of the men belonging to General Walker's expedition. General Walker evacuated Truxillo on the night of the 1st inst., and was pursued by the enemy. The last accounts stated that only one of Walker's men had been killed. No opinion could be formed as to the fate of his force.

"The steamer *Osceola* had arrived at Havana from Truxillo, and reported the following: The commander of the English man-of-war *Icarus* ordered General Walker to surrender the town. Walker obeyed, and retired lower down the coast with eighty men. According to last advices his force was reduced to twenty-five men by the continued attacks of his enemies. Walker had been severely wounded in the face. Seven of his wounded followers had been placed aboard the *Icarus* at Truxillo. Walker lost one of his colonels. When the *Osceola* was leaving, Alverez was entering the town with 300 men."

THE BRITISH PROVINCES.

PROGRESS OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

On Saturday, 8th, the Prince held a levée at Toronto, at which the Duke of Newcastle refused to permit the Mayor and Council to be presented, in consequence of the affair of the Orange arch. The Orange troubles were the cause of much excitement all day. In the evening, the Prince attended a ball at the Law Rooms in Osgood, and remained till midnight. On Sunday the Prince attended church, driving thither by a circuitous route in order to avoid the Orange arch in King Street. Crowds were assembled to see him pass; they stopped his carriage, and for some moments there was a prospect of a riot. In the afternoon the Duke of Newcastle went out with Sir Edmund Head to see the arch. They were recognized by the mob, hooted, and jostled. They returned home, however, without injury. On Monday, 10th, the Prince started by rail for Collingwood, passing under some Orange arches by the way. He returned to Toronto in the evening. On Tuesday, he received a large number of deputations, including the Mayor and Council of Toronto, who apologized for the affair of the arch—a deputation from Belleville, and the St. Patrick's Society of Kingston. He also inaugurated a new park and botanical gardens; laid the corner-stone of a statue of the Queen; and attended a ball at the Crystal Palace in the evening. On Wednesday, at 11 A.M., the Prince left for London, Canada West, received a number of addresses by the way, and was welcomed by an enormous crowd to London. On Thursday he took a trip to Sarina—a sail on Lake Huron—and returned in the afternoon to London, where he attended a ball. On Friday morning he left for Niagara, where he arrived same day, and was saluted by fire-works. Large crowds assembled to greet him. He stays at Mr. Zimmerman's, at Clifton.

THE PRINCE WEARS OUT HIS SUITE.

At the ball at Cobourg, for the first time in Canada, the Prince was dressed in plain clothes. In them he looks taller, more *distingué*, and more handsome, than in his Colonel's uniform. He danced with fifteen different ladies, all of them young, all of them pretty, and all of them good dancers. For a few moments spent at the supper-table the Prince rested from his labors, but not a dance did he miss, nor did he stop till 3½ o'clock in the morning. The Duke of Newcastle stroked his bushy beard, the Governor-General closed, opened, and shut again his pale and weary eyelids, and the players of the band began to flag in their attempts at grinding out in good time the enlivening and spirit-stirring strains.

HE CHARGES A CROWD.

When the Prince was driving to church, on 9th, at Toronto, the mob seized the horses and carriage when they were near the Orange arch, and endeavored by main force to drag the vehicle under the arch. The coachman resisted by every means in his power, the Duke of Newcastle encouraging him; and finally, by lashing the horses, and using his whip freely upon the mob, he succeeded in disengaging the carriage and reaching the church. It was this attempt that made the Prince leave by the rear door.

HE MEETS A FULL-BLOODED NEGRO.

At the reception at Osgood Hall, prominent among the barristers was a full-blooded African, named Sutherland, who graduated at King's College, and occupies a respectable position at the bar. He figured quite conspicuously.

ALSO QUITE A BEVY OF AMERICAN BELLES.

On the same occasion the Prince danced, as usual, every dance, and seemed in the very best of spirits. The large number of Americans who were there excited remark from the Prince. Miss Belle Pond, of Rochester, was the acknowledged beauty of the ball.

HE TAKES HIS PARTNERS TO SUPPER.

At the Crystal Palace Ball at Toronto the Prince seemed more animated than ever before at a ball. He danced all around the room, breaking through the circle of starers who surrounded him; promenaded, took his partner to supper in the same room with other people, and laughed and talked much; and, in short, seemed to be having a very good time. Much amusement was caused by a political quadrille, into which the Prince entered with laughing zest. Mr. Cartier, the ministerial leader, danced with an Upper Canadian lady, introduced to him by George Brown, the opposition leader, who danced *vis-à-vis* with a Lower Canadian dame.

SOMEBODY STEALS HIS HORSE'S TAIL.

A young lad was sent to the House of Correction at Toronto, on Wednesday, he having been caught in the Prince's stable with his hands full of hair from the tail of the horse which is ridden by his Royal Highness.

HE TALKS GERMAN.

There was a great crowd at Berlin, and also at Petersburg, a German settlement, where an address to the Prince was presented in German. Having no written reply ready, the Prince answered verbally in German, telling them that he was delighted to hear of their prosperity, and hoped it would continue. You can imagine the delight of the Hans and Katrines at hearing the Prince speak German so fluently.

HE KEEPS COOL.

As the Prince's party, at London, drove up to the station, two of the four horses became detached from the carriage, and for a few moments the Prince was in great danger, as the horses reared and plunged frantically, encouraged by the shouts of the crowd. The Prince coolly retained his seat, however, and the horses were finally subdued.

A MAN TAKES THE PRINCE'S HAT OFF.

As the Prince drove from the hotel at London to the dépôt a vast crowd surrounded him. Some shook hands, and one reached over the carriage and took off the Prince's hat, that the crowd might see him better. The Prince took no notice of this, but pleasantly bowed and smiled.

ANOTHER FLINGS HIS OWN IN HIS FACE.

As the Prince returned from the levée at the same place a drunken fellow flung his old hat in his face, and the Prince, leaning over the carriage, restored the hat, and nodded his acceptance of the apologies.

THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE FORGIVES TORONTO.

The following letter to the Mayor of Toronto has been published:

"GOVERNMENT HOUSE, TORONTO, *Sept.* 8, 1860.

"SIR,—I am sincerely anxious that all the painful events of the last few days should be at once and forever buried in oblivion, and nothing remembered but the heart-stirring scene which last night proclaimed to the world the unanimous and enthusiastic loyalty of the city of Toronto. It is a relief to my mind that I can, without any sacrifice of duty to the Prince of Wales, accept the apology which is offered by your letter, just received. I can only hope that from this moment all differences may as completely vanish from the minds of others as they will from that of,

"Sir, your very obedient servant, NEWCASTLE."

THE DUKE ISN'T AFRAID OF ANY BODY.

"On Sunday evening," says the *Times* correspondent, "the Duke of Newcastle, the Earl St. Germans, and Governor Head walked from the Palace down to the Orange arch. Just before reaching it they were detected, and the crowd moved toward them. They turned, and the crowd followed, hooting and groaning. A line of policemen followed, and kept back the crowd, till the Duke called the sergeant, and said to him, 'Go back; I don't need your protection. I never yet saw the crowd from which I could not protect myself.' When they reached the Palace-gate the crowd gave three groans for each of them, and three cheers for the Prince."

TWO BUFFALOS IN LIMBO.

The *Herald* correspondent writes: "A couple of men were arrested on the Prince's dais as pickpockets, and taken to the police station. They insisted that they were were leading Buffalo gentlemen, and were released next day, the Americans making demonstration in their favor. The offense which fixed suspicion upon these gentlemen was that they took from the supper-table at the ball one of its ornaments, a British lion done in a sponge cake. During the examination before the Justice one of the Americans ate up the lion, and the trial generally was amusing."

WHO WILL BE THE PRINCE'S FIRST PARTNER AT THE NEW YORK BALL?

The *Herald* says: "The very delicate question as to who should have the honor of dancing the first set with the Baron Renfrew has been under discussion with the sub-committee, whose duty it is to arrange that highly important point. Beauty and envy are unfortunately not inseparable. Jealousy will invade the tenderest bosom, and the loveliest brow will occasionally knit in anger. These considerations naturally occurred to the seven wise men upon whose shoulders was placed the onerous and not very pleasant burden of arranging this point. Great was the responsibility, and wonderful the astuteness shown in the conclusion to which they came." After great discussion it was at length "suggested, and unanimously approved, that the fittest lady for the honor of the Baron's hand in the first set was she who, by her position, occupies the first place in the republic of the United States, and presides with true royal and feminine grace over the White House at Washington; and, in accordance with their resolution, an embassador plenipotentiary has been dispatched to wait on Miss Lane in person."

THE IMAGINARY AN

SCRAPS FROM THE PO

THE ACTUAL PRINCE.
TFOLIO OF A COLLECTOR.)
The News reporters' Hard Fact.
"Confound that boy he's asleep again"
St. Swithin the raining
Saint of England attends the prince.
Modern Achievement- Receiving a Monster Address
The Political Fact
The Deuce to pay
12 months after Marriage
Modern Sport
Canadian break-down.
NCE
&
REAL

THE

Uncommercial Traveler.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

THERE are not many places that I find it more agreeable to revisit, when I am in an idle mood, than some places to which I have never been. For my acquaintance with those spots is of such long standing, and has ripened into an intimacy of so affectionate a nature, that I take a particular interest in assuring myself that they are unchanged.

I never was in Robinson Crusoe's Island, yet I frequently revisit there. The colony he established on it soon faded away, and it is uninhabited by any descendants of the grave and courteous Spaniards, or of Will Atkins and the other mutineers, and has relapsed into its original condition. Not a twig of its wicker houses remains; its goat-herds long run wild again; its screaming parrots would darken the sun with a cloud of many flaming colors if a gun were fired there; no fox is ever unearthed in the waters of the little creek which Friday swam across when pursued by his two brother cannibals with shortened stumps. After comparing notes with other travelers who have similarly revisited the Island and conscientiously inspected it, I have satisfied myself that it continues to realize Mr. Atkins's domesticity or theology, though his track on the memorable evening of his landing by set his right hand, when he was divorced about and round about until it was dark, and his hour was past, until his strength and spirits failed him, is yet plainly to be traced. So is the hill-top on which Robinson was struck dumb with joy when the ruminating Captain pointed to the ship, riding within half a mile of the shore, that was to bear him away, in the nine-and-twentieth year of his seclusion, to that lonely place. So is the sandy beach on which the memorable footstep was impressed, and where the savages hauled up their canoes when they came ashore for those dreadful public dinners, which led to a dawning scene than speech-making. So is the cave where the thirteen eyes of the old goat made such a goblin appearance in the dark. So is the sight of the hut where Robinson lived with the goat and the parrot and the cat, and where he endured those first agonies of solitude, which, strange to say, never involved any ghostly fancies, communications or very remarkable that perhaps he left out something in writing his record? Round hundreds of such objects, hidden in the leaves of folios, the fragrance of tea breaks everywhere; and over them the tropical sky, varying in the short rainy season, shines bright and cloudless.

Neither was I ever belated among wolves on the Icy Sea, or among the Great Spirit, nor did I ever, when night was closing in and the ground was covered with snow, draw up my little company among the sledges, and with served out a lesser work, and there fix a train of gunpowder so decisively that suddenly we had three or four score blazing wolves scorching the darkness around us. Nevertheless, I occasionally go back to that dismal region and perform the frigid journey, indeed, to smell the singeing and the frying of the wolves afire, and to see them setting one another slight at a time, and tumble, and to behold them rolling in the snow, vainly attempting to put themselves out, and to hear their howlings taken up by all the echoes as well as by all the unseen wolves within the woods, makes me tremble.

I was never in the robbers' cave, where Gil Blas lived; but I often go back there and find the trap-door just as heavy to raise as it used to be, while that wicked old disciple Black lies everlastingly cursing in bed. I was never in Don Quixote's study, where he read his books of chivalry until he rose and tucked imaginary giants, and never refreshed himself with great draughts of water; yet you couldn't move a book in it without my knowledge, with my consent. I was never (thank Heaven!) in company with the little old woman who hobbled out of the chest and told the merchant's sons how to go in search of the Talisman of Ormuzine; yet I make it my business to know that she is well and comfortable and is likely to be ever. I was never at the school where the boy Horatio Nelson got out of bed to steal the pears not because he was a boy, but because every other boy was afraid; yet I have several times been back to this Academy to see him let down out of window with a rope. So with Damascus, and Bagdad, and Brobdingnag (which has the curious fate of being usually mispelled when written), and Lilliput, and Laputa, and the Nile, and Abyssinia, and the Ganges, and the North Pole, and many hundreds of places that were never there, yet I am an affair of my life to keep them intact, and I am always going back to them.

But what was in Marlborough one day, revisiting the associations of my childhood, as recorded in previous pages of these notes, my experience in this wise was made quite incomfortable and odd on account by the quantity of places and people—utterly impossible places and people, but none the less abominably real—that I found I had to get introduced to by my nurse before I was six years old, and used to be forced to go back to at night without at all wanting to go. If we all knew our own minds (in a more enlarged sense than the popular acceptation of that phrase), I suppose we should find our nurses responsible for most of the dark corners we are forced to go back to against our wills.

The first diabolical character that intruded himself on my personal youth (as I called to mind that day at Dullborough) was a certain Captain Murderer. This wretch must have been an offshoot of the Blue Beard family, but I had no suspicion at the consanguinity in those times. His warning name would seem to have awakened no general prejudice against him, for he was admitted into the best society and possessed immense wealth. Captain Murderer's mission was matrimony, and the gratification of a cannibal appetite with tender brides. On his marriage morning he always caused lush sides of the way to churches to be plastered with curious flowers; and when his bride said, "Dear Captain Murderer, I never saw flowers like these before: what are they called?" he answered, "They are called Garnish for house-lamb," and laughed at his ferocious practical joke in a horrid manner. Shortly afterwards the bride and bridegroom made an end of feasting and revelry, and last dismissed the noble company, and departed with his wife on the day month after their marriage, it was his whimsical caution to produce a golden rolling-pin, and to kill her dead with it. Some say this special feature in the Captain's courtships, that he always asked if the young lady could make pie-crust, and if she couldn't he took no refusal when she was taught. Well, when the bride saw Captain Murderer produce the golden rolling-pin and silver pie-board she laughed very much, and turned up her lamb-like sleeves to make a pie. The Captain brought out a pie-crust already made for capacity, and the Captain brought out flour and butter and eggs and all things needful, except the inside of the pie, of which there was a single dish of pie itself the Captain brought out none. Then said the lovely bride, "Dear Captain Murderer, what pig is this to be? Is it a sucking pig, a meat pig?" Then said the lovely bride, "Dear Captain Murderer, I see no meat." The Captain honorably retorted, "Look in the glass." She looked in the glass, but still she saw no meat, and then the Captain roared with laughing, and, suddenly frowning and drawing his sword, lade her roll out the crust. So she rolled out the crust, dropping large tears upon it all the time, for she was very sad; and when she had lined the dish with crust and had cut the crust all ready to fit the top, the Captain called out, "I am the meat, I am the meat." And the bride looked up at the glass just in time to see the Captain cutting her head off; and he chopped her in pieces, and popped her pieces into the pie, and put her in the pie, and sent it to the baker's, and ate it all, and picked the bones.

Now the dark picture had been suspense much increased by the tiling of the Captain's teeth, and again by the house-lamb joke. Putting all things together when he was first told that Bluebeard was dead, she divined the truth, and determined to be revenged. So she filed three Captain Murderers' bones, and knocked at the knocker and pulled at the bell, and when the Captain came to the door, said: "Dear Captain Murderer, you killed me next, for I always loved you and was jealous of my sister. The Captain took it as a compliment, and made a polite answer, and married the bride quickly arranged. On the night before it the bride again climbed to his window, and again saw him with the teeth filed sharp. Then the Captain laughed such a terrible laugh at the chink in the shutter that the bride nearly fell backward, and said: "I hope nothing has disagreed with me!" At this she laughed again, a still more terrible laugh, and the Captain turned green and trembled, but she was nimbly gone and there was no one. Next day they went to church in the coach and were also married, and when they got home the month she rolled the pie-crust out, and Captain Murderer cut her head off, and chopped her in pieces, and popped her in the pie, and put the pie in the pie, and sent it to the baker's, and ate it all, and picked the bones.

But before she began to roll out the paste she had taken a deadly poison of a most awful character, distilled from toads and spiders and bats, and Captain Murderer had hardly picked her last bone when he began to swell, and to turn blue, and to be all over spots, and to scream out that he was on swelling and turning bluer and being more all over spots and screaming, until he reached from the parlor-ceiling and from the floor and from the, at one o'clock in the morning, he blew up with a loud explosion, and scattered his fragments like mile-stones horses in the stables broke their halters and were mad, and then they galloped over every body in Captain Murderer's town except the locksmith (a worthy blacksmith, who had filed his teeth) until the whole were dead, and then they galloped away.

Hundreds of times did I hear the story uttered of Captain Murderer in my early youth, and added hundreds of times was there a mental compulsion upon me in bed to peep in at his window, as the dark twin peeped, and to revisit his horrible house, and look at him in his blue and spotty and screaming stage, as he reached from floor to ceiling and from wall to wall. The young woman who brought me acquainted with Captain Murderer had a fiendish enjoyment of my terrors, and used to begin, I remember—as a sort of introductory overture—by clawing the air with both hands, and uttering a long, low, hollow groan. So acutely did I suffer from this ceremony in combination with this infernal Captain, that I sometimes used to plead I thought I was hardly strong enough and old enough to hear the story again just yet. But the never spared me one word of it, and indeed commanded the awful chalice to my lips as the only preservative known to science against "The Black Cat"—a weird and glaring-eyed supernatural Tom, who was reported to prowl about the world by night, sucking the breath of infancy, and who was endowed with a special thirst (as I was given to understand) for tender throats.

This female bard—may she have been repaid my debt of obligation to her in the matter of nightmare!—was principally unwrappers in my memory as the daughter of a shipwright. Her name was Mercy, though she had none on me. There was something in the very kindling flavor in the fuel-losing story. As it always recurs to me in a vague association with a pervading smell, I believe it to have been reserved for dull nights when I was low with medicine:

There was once a shipwright, and he wrought in a Government Yard, and his name was Chips. And his father's name before him was Chips, and his father's name before *him* was Chips, and there were all Chipses. And Chips the father had sold himself to the Devil for an iron pot and a bushel of tenpenny nails and half a ton of copper and a rat that could speak; and Chips the grandfather had sold himself to the Devil for an iron pot and a bushel of tenpenny nails and half a ton of copper and a rat that could speak; and Chips the great-grandfather had sold himself in the same direction on the same terms; and the bargain had run in the family for a long, long time. So one day when Chips was at work in the Dock Yard all alone, down in the dark hold of an old Seventy-four that was hauled up for repairs, the Devil presented himself, and said to Chips:

"A Lemon has pips,
And a Yard has ships,
And I'll have Chips!"

(I don't know why, but this fact of the Devil's expressing himself in rhyme was peculiarly trying to me.) Chips looked up when he heard the words, and there he saw the Devil with sooner eyes that squinted on the principle of scale, and that struck out sparks of blue fire continually. And when ever he wished his eyes showers of blue sparks came out, and then they made a clattering like flints and steels striking lights. And hanging over one of his arms by the handle was an iron pot, and under him was a bushel of tenpenny nails, and under his other arm was half a ton of copper, and on his shoulders was a rat that could speak. So the Devil said again:

"A Lemon has pips,
And a Yard has ships,
And I'll have Chips!"

(The invariable effect of this alarming tautology on the part of the Devil on the rat that could speak was to deprive me of my senses for some moments.) So Chips answered never a word, but went on with his work. "What say you then, Chips?" said the rat that could speak; "I am putting in new planks where you and your gang have eaten through the old Chips." "But will it cost much, rat?" said the rat that could speak; "and well let in the water, and we'll drown the crew, and we'll sail away from the Yard, being owners, in a shipwright, and not a Man-of-war's man, and, "You are welcome to it." But he couldn't keep his eyes off the half a ton of copper or the bushel of tenpenny nails; for nails and copper are a shipwright's sweet-hearts, and shipwrights will run after them, as they may can. So the Devil said, "I see what you are looking at, Chips. You've had nothing like it since the old bargain. You know the terms. Your father before you was well acquainted with them, and so were your grandfather and great-grandfather before him. Say the word, Chips, I'll like the copper, and I like the nails, and I don't mind the pot, but I don't like the rat." Says the Devil, finally, "And as at twelve o'clock I shall work out him—and *he's* a curiosity. I'm going," Chips, afraid of losing the half a ton of copper and the bushel of tenpenny nails, said, "Give us hold." So he got the copper and the nails and the pot and the rat that could speak, and the Devil vanished.

Chips said to the rat that could speak, and he would have sold the pot; but whenever he offered it for sale the rat that could speak bit him, and dropped it, and would have nothing to say to the bargain. So Chips resolved to kill the rat, and, being at work on the Dock one day, with a great kettle of hot pitch on one side of him and the iron pot with the rat in it on the other, the rat turned the scalding pitch over him and filled it full. Then he kept his eye upon it till it cooled and hardened, and then he let it stand for twenty days, and then he heated the pitch again, and melted the nails into the kettle, and then he sank the pot in water for twenty days more, and then he got the smelters to put it in the furnace for twenty days more, and then they gave it him out, red-hot, and looking like red-hot iron—yet there was nothing in it but the rat in it, just the same as ever! And the moment it caught his eye, it said, with a jeer:

"A Lemon has pips,
And a Yard has ships,
And I'll have Chips!"

(For this Refrain I had waited since its last appearance with inexpressible horror, which now diminished, for I felt more certain in his own mind that the rat would stick to him; the rat, answering his thought, said, "I will—like pitch!"

Now, as the Devil was not at all the pot when I had spoken, and made off, Chips began to hope that it wouldn't keep its word. But a terrible thing happened next day. For, when dinner-time came and the Dock-bell rang to strike work, he put his rule into the long pocket at the side of his trousers, and there he found a rat—not that rat, but another rat. And in his hat he found another, and in his pocket-handkerchief another; and in the sleeves of his coat, when he pulled it on to go to dinner, two more. And from that time he found himself so frightfully intimate with all the rats in the Yard that they climbed up his legs when he was at work, and sat on his tools while he used them. And they could all speak to one another, and he understood what they said. And they got into his lodging, and into his bed, and into his teapot, and into his beer, and into his boots. And he was going to be married to a corn-chandler's daughter, and when he gave her a work-bag he had himself made for her, a rat jumped out of it; and when he put his arm round her waist, a rat clung about her; and the marriage was broken off, though the bans were already twice put up—which the parish-clerk will remember, for, as he handed the book to the clergyman for the second time of asking, a large fat rat ran over the leaf. (By this time a spectacle of rats was always sitting down my back, and the whole of my small intestines was overrun with them. At intervals, ever since, I have been constantly afraid of my own pocket, lest my exploring hand should find a specimen or two of those vermin in it.)

You may believe that all this was very terrible to Chips; but even all this was not the worst. He knew besides what the rats were doing wherever they were. So sometimes he would cry aloud, when he was at his club at night, "Oh! keep the rats out of the convicts' burying-ground! Don't let them do that!" Or, "There's one of them at the cheese down stairs!" Or, "There's two of them smoking at the baby in the cradle!" And other things of that sort. At last he was voted mad, and lost his work in the Yard, and could get no more. But King George, who was mad then, so before very long he got pressed for a sailor. And so he was taken off in a boat one evening to his ship, lying at Spithead, ready to sail. And as the first thing he made out in her as he got near her was the figure-head of the old man-of-war, where he had seen the Devil. She was the *Actæon*, and they rowed right under the bowsprit, where the figure-head of the Actæon, with a sheepskin in his hand and a blue gown on, was looking out to sea; and sitting staring on his forehead was the rat who could speak, and his exact words were these: "Chips ahoy! Lo! boy! We've pretty nearly eat them too, and will drown the crew, and will eat them too!" (Here I always fainted accordingly fain, and would have asked for water, but that I was speechless.)

The ship was bound for the Indies; and if you don't know where that is, you ought to. The ship set sail that night, and she sailed, and sailed, and sailed. Chips's feelings were dreadful. Nothing ever equaled his terrors. No wonder. At last, one day, he got leave to speak to the Captain. The Admiral give leave. Chips went down on his knees in the Great State Cabin. "Your Honor, unless your Honor, without a moment's loss of time, makes sail for the nearest shore, this is a doomed ship!" Says the Captain, "Why, my young man, your words are a madman's words." "Your Honor, my life are nibbling away." "They?" "Your Honor, they are dreadful rats. And at bedtime, lowness where solid oak timber is, Rats nibbling a grave for every man on board! Oh! Captain, unless you take your flight, in your pretty children?" "Yes, my man, to be sure." "Then, for God's sake, make for the nearest shore, for at present moment every rat on board is busy on their work, and are all busy saying to one another that you shall never, never, never see them or your Lady and your children more." "My poor fellow, you are a mere for the doctor. Sentry, take care of this man!"

So he was tied and he was flustered, and he was thin and dark, and six whole days and nights he then he again asked leave to speak to the Admiral. The Admiral give leave. He went down on his knees in the Great State Cabin. "Admiral Avast, you must die! You took no warning; you must. Die! You would not stop a long in their calculations, and they make out that they'll be through at twelve to-night. So you must die!—with me and all the rest." And as at twelve o'clock there was a great leak reported in the ship, and a terrent of water rushed in, and nothing could stop it, and they all went down, and were drowned. And what do the rats—being water-rats—left of Chips at last floated to shore, and sitting on him was an immense congress of rats, planning what other ships were the corpse touched the beach and never came up. And there was a shipwrecked sea-sword on shore. And if you get thirteen bits of sea-weed, and dry them and burn them in the fire, they will go—off—like in these thirteen words as plain can be:

"A Lemon has pips,
And a Yard has ships,
And I've got Chips!"

The same female bard—descended, possibly, from those Scandinavian deities who seem to have existed for the express purpose of enfolding the brains of mankind when they began to investigate language—sometimes startled me when child greatly assisted in forcing me back to a number of hideous places that I would by all means have avoided. Of this nature was that class of the ghost stories had occurred to her own relations. Polite-ness toward a meritorious family, therefore, forbade my doubting them, and I was pressed into an air of authentication that impaired my digestive powers for life. There was a narrative concerning an unearthly animal foretelling death, which appeared in the open street to a parlor-maid who "went to fetch the beer" one supper: first taking the form of assuming the likeness of a black dog, and gradually rising on its hind-legs and swelling into the resemblance of a supernaturally large kangaroo; a hippopotamus' which apparition—not because I deemed it in the least improbable, but because I felt it to be really too large to bear—I feebly endeavored to explain away. But on Mercy's retorting with wounded dignity that the parlor-maid was her own sister-in-law, I perceived there was no hope, and resigned myself to this zoological phenomenon as one of my many pursuers. There was another narrative describing the apparition of a young woman who came out of a glass-case and haunted another young woman until the other

young woman questioned it and elicited that its bones (Lord! To think of its being so particular about its bones!) were buried under the glass-case, whereas she required them to be interred, with every Undertaking solemnity up to twenty-four pound ten, in another particular place. This narrative I considered I had a personal interest in disproving, because we had glass-cases at home, and how, otherwise, was I to be guaranteed from the intrusion of young women requiring me to bury them up to twenty-four pound ten, when I had only twopence a week? For my remembrances were cut-in-the ground from under my tender feet, by informing me that She was the other young woman; and I couldn't say "I don't believe you;" it was not possible.

Such are a few of the uncommercial journeys that I was forced to make, against my will, when I was very young and unreasoning. And really, as to the latter of them, it is not so very long ago—now I come to think of it—that I was asked to undertake them once again, with a steady countenance.

"WILT THOU KISS ME?"

When I ask'd her, "Wilt thou kiss me?"
Naught she said, but hung her cheek so,
As if she were thinking, thinking
Whether she might do't or no.
Then her fair, kind face upturning,
One sweet touch I there did win;
As if she were thinking, thinking
Such small grace as no sin.

She therein lost no compound,
Nor ashamed did she seem;
Truly chase may grant such favor,
And therein lose no esteem.

DEAL BEACH.

"NO, Amos, no—I'm not cruel; not hard-hearted. I would give you pearls for the world—yes who have been only good to me and mine; and for that very reason I would tell you the plain truth. I'm not ashamed 'you at all when you tell me of this fearful love: all your pleading only frightens me. Have we not been as brother and sister all our lives? Why should you feel so differently toward me now? Mother says you are another son to her since William went to the army. Why can't you be such a home to her as you were so much, and be the same dear, good brother to me you always have been? 'Tis not you are hard-hearted and cruel to say that I make you go away when I don't want you to go at all."

"I don't want to leave you, Alice, but I must go. I've thought of you with every hand's turn I have done here for so long that I couldn't bring the cane from my window-lot, or go down to the spring there for water, without being minded of you at every step. Even my boat has your name on her, and couldn't paint it out unless I could not go on here in the old way without the old hopes and thinking about you. It always seemed to me, Alice, just as though we were made and right for you to love me—just as though, when times come right again, we'd be married and—"

"There, don't talk so any more, Amos. I can't feel as you do, and I don't want to, either. would do any thing in the world to have my stay home and be reasonable, as you ought to, but I can't be sentimental. I'll spin for you and weave for you, but love you in the way I can not. I don't know how, and that's the end of it."

Much longer the young people talked together, but "the end of it" was as the maiden had said; and so Amos Conover went away to share the hardships and glory of those men who suffered through that frigid winter in Valley Forge, and not after summer on the scorching plains of Monmouth. At long intervals the families at Deal were told some word of him, and ever that he was foremost among the many brave. Who so daring as those unhappy men without hopes to make life dear? When Amos left Deal he bitterly thought he cared not if he never saw home again.

Two and a few years after young Conover left home when William Hendricksen—Alice's brother—returned on furlough, bringing the news that Amos had been promoted. He was to have a company as soon as he attained his majority, and he had earned his honors. The man was always offered when volunteers were called for services of difficulty and danger; and his bluegrass education in habits of endurance, his watchful and self-reliance, rendered him peculiarly capable of acting where instant ability and courage alone could snatch success from the very jaws of threatening defeat and ruin. With the natural instinct of youth clinging to life, he would sometimes shrink from an unusually hazardous undertaking; but at such moments a desperate memory of Alice would urge him on, and thinking, "Now she'll be sorry if I never come back," he would dash eagerly forward into the most reckless exploits. And when, returning from some perilous quest, he glided quietly in among his companions round the campfire, their earnest welcome and sincere praise only made him long for welcome and praise which could not be his. Even the commendations of the chief lost half their value because they could not be told at home. "Would she care to know they call me brave?" This question, always recurring, and always despairingly answered, stirred the heart of the young soldier continually, stimulating him to new deeds of heroism until "Cool Conover" became known to friends and foes as the impersonation of skill and daring.

During the memorable spring of 1778 the forces of Sir Henry Clinton entered New Jersey, whither they were immediately followed by Washington. The light troops of the Continental army, especially the "Jersey Blues," were very active in harassing the enemy, cutting off his foraging parties and the plundering bands of Knyphausen's Hessians. Often and often the minute-men of Monmouth would visit their homes, for the first time in years, only to defend them against the marauding attacks of these German troopers.

Our young Captain and his little command were not idle at this time of need. Hardly could an expedition leave the Hessian camp so secretly that these watchful eyes did not learn of it, and Hardly could the troopers move so quickly or quietly that a small but gallant band would not dash in upon the rear-guard, and cause considerable mischief, or at least avenge the attack and rescue the prisoners. Then did the young Conover appear on the most-troopers flying horse, burdened with hard knocks instead of hoary, that the whole Knyphausen brigade learned to dread the name of Cool Conover, or "Kovenhoven," as they called him.

During the night succeeding the battle of Monmouth Sir Henry Clinton made his last position on the battle-ground, and retreated toward the sea-board. Washington also withdrew northward, leaving the New-Jersey campaign, under General Dickenson, to watch the motions of the enemy. Divided into small watching parties they covered the whole line of his march, carrying out this harassing system of tactics then scorned to be regular, under the name of "bush-fighting," but since adopted into the best armies of the world.

That Captain Conover was a leader in this trying service may be inferred from the words, the Hessians were the objects of his special attention.

Knyphausen's dragoons formed a part of Clinton's rear-guard; their orders were strict, and were punished with a promptness and severity which exasperated them to the last degree. Many an old farmer hears them yet, in the dead hours of these struggles.

At noon, the second day of their march, the dragoons halted near Eatontown. On resuming the route a detachment of about sixty men displayed from the main body of the column full westward toward Long Branch. From his look-out, near at hand, Conover distinguished the buff facings of a Continental officer riding in their midst. Unwilling to spare a single man from service which needed more than all, he resolved to follow them alone. Depositing his rifle to the lieutenant, he set out, with a grim smile of determination, by a long, single-handed race. Now and then armed ruffians, nearly every one of whom had cause to hate him bitterly.

Familiar enough to the foot of the ground, he easily kept near the troops, sometimes gaining an advance by crossing corners and lying in wait for them to pass intervening roads. Thus, before the open country afforded him no shelter. The prisoner he recognized as Lieutenant-Colonel Reynolds, of New York, who had distinguished himself the day of battle. Amos rightly supposed they were hastening to conduct him on board the fleet, the flag of war *Vulture*, known to be in the offing as the advance-guard of Lord Howe's fleet.

As the troops reached the sea-board, where old home land-marks grew more and more frequent, and an occasional glimpse of the Atlantic stirred up old homesick memories, the spirit-mood of the hireling invaders became almost uncontrollable. He could serve restrain his impulse to fire on them, and then spring in a race for life at night and hell.

Instead of stopping, as he had expected, at Long Branch, they kept on toward Deal; and his thoughts, which had wandered over the whole prisoner, turned with breathless anxiety to his home and to Alice. Would the dragoons continue to hasten forward and warn his friends of the near danger; the road was entirely clear—running through the open fields, and he was strong with greatest difficulty he contrived to keep covered in the rear.

On arriving at Hendricksen's Lane the dragoons stopped, and, after consulting together a moment, turned [illegible]—apparently attracted by the sleek cattle in the "meadow-lot." With a shout and groan Amos watched them; and hardly had the last man disappeared from sight when he was leaping into the field, and, crouching along a dry ditch, followed at a trotted shot. As they turned into the door-yard of the house, he gained the shelter of a hay-stack, and, peering out, saw Alice come forth, startled by the tramp of horses. Leveler than ever she had grown in her mouth, where it volume out and pours across the beach into the sea, a broad, shallow stream. The procession, accordingly, passed down the beach, and the prisoner, where [illegible] forced to cross with precise military ceremony. First, the horsemen, then the foot were ordered over, and when they were in position on the other side, the prisoner and his twelve keepers entered the stream, then the whole party guarded within the captive was crossing—a very wise disposition, no doubt, but one just calculated to afford the daring Hendricksen a chance for revenge. Nor was he slow to perceive and improve it. When in the middle of the stream he contrived to stumble against the prisoner, on the off-side of his horse, and threw two of them without falling himself. During the confusion occasioned by their struggling and spattering in the water, with a mighty effort he burst his bonds and was off, for out in the boiling surf.

After the Dutch bewildered astonishment had subsided the first impulse was to fire on the bold swimmer. The troopers' pistols were soon fired, and then the captain concluded 'twas only a waste of powder. They would have the pleasure of seeing him soon enough, when he would walk ashore to be hung after all.

It certainly did seem impossible that any human being could exist in the surf that day. The wind had been blowing a gale from the southward and eastward, and the breakers rolled in over the line higher than a two-story house. But to Cool Conover the chances were not so utterly desperate as they seemed. Familiar with the spot from childhood, he understood well all its dangers and all human means of overcoming them. For the rest he trusted to Providence. Swimming with all his strength, he would dive under the wall of each wave as he met it, and gaining a little as it passed over him, would take a long breath and be ready for the next one. And so, more than half the time deep buried in the water, he strove manfully on, determined to drown rather than go back. Two or three times his brain whirled round, and the blackness of darkness came over him before his hard-tried limbs could force him through the ugly waters. Buffeted and dashed about, in spite of his best efforts, by the swirling seas, his soul spirit and flesh been strong and resolute that he would not be thus hung in a cow yard. But at last, weary and worn, in sad plight indeed, he did pull through. In still water outside the bar, however, he gathered all his energies together, he could float with only his nose and mouth out of water and rest in comparative comfort. His trials were not yet over, however. If he proposed to wait and land under cover of night he must have felt that his situation was hopeless. As the lengthened shadows slowly gathered into twilight he could see the dragoons extending their line up and down shore, evidently intending to land there on the sand. Now swimming in a little way as the first breaker buoys him up, he can see them gathering wood for their camp fires. The captain has a solid glass and is looking off, watching for the *Vulture* perhaps. Amos wishes she would stand in and pick him up; there might be a chance of exchange. Now there is a hurried movement down shore, and the single cabin he sees. What can it be?

Far away to the southward a little speck, at one moment dancing feather-like on the topmost crest of a wave, the next lost in the trough of the sea. A bit of drift wouldn't ride so light as that; surely it must be a boat? And with rapid strokes, hand over hand, Amos swimmer toward the nearest shore. But soon he is forced to stop breathless; and floating awaits the approach of the little object slowly driving nearer. It is indeed a boat, a tiny, crescent-shaped, canoe-like surf-skiff, lapstreaked, oak, narrow cedar boat, and weighing hardly more than a hundred pounds. Amos knows all this in a moment. That skiff was built by his hands, for his own little boat, tasting Alice's name, the name he couldn't paint out, nohow. And—God bless her!—Alice herself holds the oars.

With flying curls, and head over shoulder, she watches the tremendous seas as they come thundering in, throwing out instant determination to keep full bark. But, guided by her steady hand, the good skiff springs lightly up, high up the almost perpendicular width of water, lingers an instant on its foam-crowned crest, then with a dart, like the swoop of an osprey, shoots swiftly down the far side.

Amos waves his hand and tries to shout. His breath is almost gone, and his throat nearly filled with salt-water, comes only a gurgling moan. No matter, he has seen her and she knows it.

They have not yet lost too from the shore. The valiant Hessians are drawn up in battle array. The enemy is in sight; a defenseless girl; out on the heavy surf, alone in an open boat. Come, age, brave soldiers, fifty carbines strong. Steady in the ranks now. "Make ready! Take aim! Fire!"

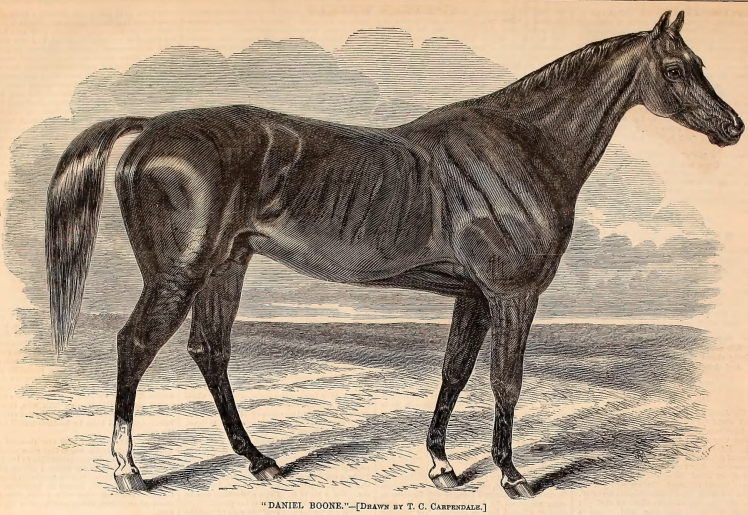
Two or three scattering shots answer the command. The marksmen as well have been fast at a swallow on the wing as at that soaring, diving little eggs-ball, tossing on the long seas. For humanity's sake let us believe that most of the troopers emptied their guns, and not, as they assert, that the ocean spray has dampened their powder.

Alice does not even know of the kind messages the Hessians are sending after her. Every nerve is sharply bent, every fibre on which strength, the noble girl sees only the coming waves—bears only their hollow roar as they dash upon the sand. The boat shoots out of an only swamp her feet, and leave her—brother to them. Once not once turn her head, but with steady, well-timed strokes, drives on near to him. Through almost exhausted, he swims into the surf to meet her. She sees him coming, and waits in the trough, as he knows from toward the next coming wave. He grasps the quarter-rail, and she leans far over the side to aid to lubmen [illegible] as he clambers in. But the wave lifts the light boat away from him, and his strength is all gone. For the first time he pulls with shaking hands. What can she do? If she but move toward him, the canoe will turn over, and both be lost. Her despair is complete when the next sea lets him rise and, then the other, and drop into the sea. The next moment, however, she prepares once more the steering, and, swiftly encouragingly. Clinging to the board, he directs her, in hoarse, choking whispers, to pull out with the bow. How gladly she bends to the work! The little boat does not lift quicker to a sea than her heart to his gasping words.

"It's a very long way, Amos dear," said her strength is renewed as her hand's touch his, cold and insensible though they are. The little boat lifts him into the seat, where he sinks down, limp and lifeless enough—near indeed to the alternative which he chose rather than hanging.

Oh for a girl, in these days, with the forethought which placed in that boat a heavy coat and the stores a half-starved man might need! Thanks to such considerateness, and to the kindest ministrations, Amos soon revived, and, with the oars pulling lustily, approaches, by light of the stars. That he was not much the worse for his long bath I infer from his unwilling back to Deal that night, surprising the Hessians with force enough to put them utterly to rout, rescuing Colonel Reynolds, and saving his home and *hers* from pillage.

I know not what change may have come to the hearts of Alice Hendricksen during that night as the sea; but certain it is the afterward became the wife of Amos. Whether the story was told to the writer saved by their son, Captain Ben Conover, the brave old wrecker of Deal.



"DANIEL BOONE."—[DRAWN BY T. C. CARPENDALE.]

THE GREAT RACE NEXT WEEK.

WE publish herewith portraits of Congaree, Planet, and Daniel Boone, the three horses which are to run for the great $20,000 sweepstakes on 25th, on the Fashion Course. Seldom has any race in this country attracted so much attention, and the amount of money invested in bets is said to be unusually large. The rivalry between Daniel Boone, the champion of the West, and Congaree, the champion of the South, appears to partake of the warmth of the Presidential contest.

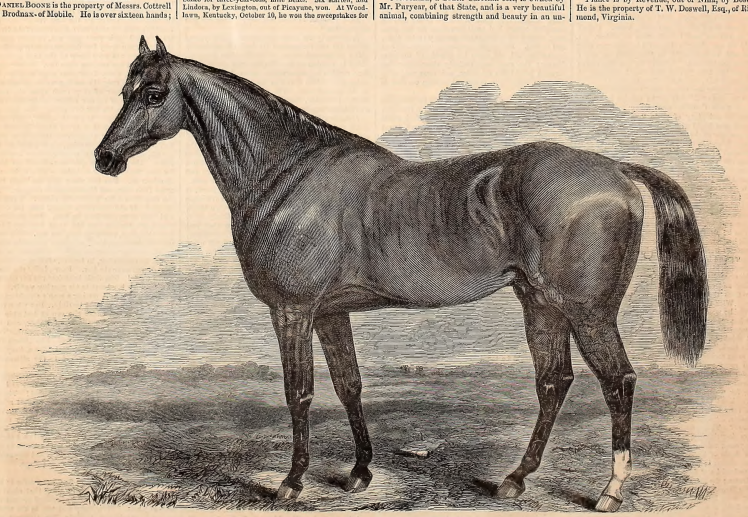
DANIEL BOONE is the property of Messrs. Cottrell and Brodnax of Mobile. He is over sixteen hands; strong and well furnished; his color, bay brown, with black legs and white fetlocks. *Wilkes's Spirit* publishes the following record of his pedigree and performance:

"Daniel Boone is by Lexington, out of Magnolia by Imp. Glencoe. He made his first appearance when a three-year-old at Lexington, Kentucky, May 23, 1859, and was beaten in the Association Stake for three-year-olds, mile heats. The chestnut colt by Albion, dam by Leviathan, won, and Boone was distanced in the third heat with two others. At the fall meeting at the same place, September 21, he was beaten in the Great Produce Stake for three-year-olds, mile heats. SIX started, and Lindora, by Lexington, out of Pizayune, won. At Woodlawn, Kentucky, October 10, he won the sweepstakes for three-year-olds, two-mile heats, beating the chestnut colt by Wagner, dam by Glencoe; Lindora, by Lexington; Endorser, by Wagner; and the bay filly by Lexington, dam by Imp. Maegrave. At Memphis, Tennessee, November 8, he won the Jockey Club Purse, two-mile heats, beating Hempland, Mary Wylie, and Birdcatcher. At Mobile, Alabama, March 15, 1860, won the Campbell Handicap, two-and-a-half-mile heats, beating Nicholas I. The latter carried 105 pounds, Boone 86 pounds. At the Metairie Spring Meeting, April 7, won the Crescent Post-stake, for all ages, two-mile heats, beating Planet, by Revenue, and Sigma, by Epitlon."

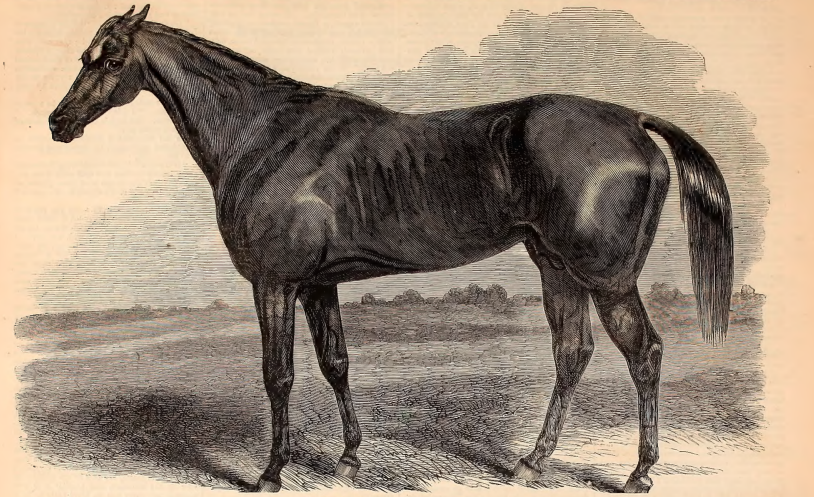
CONGAREE, a South Carolina colt, is owned by Mr. Puryear, of that State, and is a very beautiful animal, combining strength and beauty in an unusual degree. He is a bright bay. He is by Imp. Glencoe, out of Millwood, by Monarch, and has won a great number of races. He is four years old.

The celebrated chestnut stallion PLANET is a model of symmetry and perfection. His immense depth of leg and length of quarter indicate surprising stoutness, and his admirable condition looks like running. His reputation as a four-mile horse is too well established to need our comments.

Planet is by Revenue, out of Nina, by Boston. He is the property of T. W. Doswell, Esq., of Richmond, Virginia.



"CONGAREE."—[DRAWN BY T. C. CARPENDALE.]



"PLANET."—[DRAWN BY T. C. CARPENDALE.]

A DAY'S RIDE:

A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

By CHARLES LEVER.

AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," "HARRY LORREQUER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

So absorbed was I in the reflections of which my last chapter is the record that I utterly forgot how time was speeding, and perceived at last, to my great surprise, that I had strayed miles away from the Rosary, and that evening was already near. The spires and roofs of a town were distant about a mile off at a bend of the river, and for this I now made, determined on no account to turn back, for how could I ever again face those who had read the terrible narrative of the priest's letter, and before whom I could only present myself as a cheat and impostor?

"No," thought I, "my destiny points onward—and to Blondel; nothing shall turn me from the path." Less than an hour's walking brought me to the town, of which I had but time to learn the name—New Ross—as I left it in a small steamer for Waterford, a little vessel in correspondence with the mail packet for Melford, and which I learned would sail that evening at nine.

The same night saw me seated on the deck bound for England. On the deck, I say, for I had need to husband my resources, and travel with every imaginable economy, not only because my resources were small in themselves, but that having left all that I possessed of clothes and luggage at the Rosary, I should be obliged to acquire a complete outfit on reaching England.

It was a calm night with a starry sky and a tranquil sea, and when the cabin passengers had gone down to their berths the captain did not oppose my stealing "aft" to the quarter-deck, where I could separate myself from the somewhat riotous company of the harvest laborers that thronged the fore-part of the vessel. He saw, with that instinct a sailor is eminently gifted with, that I was not of that class by which I was surrounded, and with a ready courtesy he admitted me to the privilege of isolation.

"You are going to enlist, I'll be bound," said he, as he passed me in his short deck walk.

"Ain't I right?"

"No," said I; "I'm going to seek my fortune."

"Seek your fortune!" repeated he, with a slighting sort of laugh. "One used to read about fellows doing that in story books when a child, but it's rather strange to hear of it nowadays."

"And may I presume to ask why should it be more strange now than formerly? Is not the world pretty much what it used to be? Is not the drama of life the same stock piece our forefathers played ages ago? Are not the actors and the actresses made up of the precise materials their ancestors were? Can you tell me of a new sentiment, a new emotion, or even a new crime? Why, therefore, should there be a seeming incongruity in reviving any feature of the past?"

"Just because it won't do, my good fellow," said he, bluntly. "If the law catches a fellow lounging about the world in these times it takes him up for a vagabond."

"And what can be finer, grander, or freer than a vagabond?" cried I, with enthusiasm. "Who, I would ask you, sees life with such philosophy? Who views the jails, the snares, the petty conflicts of the world with such a reflective calm as his? Caring little for personal indulgence, not solicitous for self-gratification, he has both the spirit and the leisure for observation. Diogenes was the type of the vagabond, and see how successive ages have acknowledged his wisdom!"

"If I had lived in his day, I'd have set him picking oakum for all that!" replied he.

"And probably, too, would have sent the 'blind old bard to the crank,'" said I.

"I'm not quite sure of whom you are talking," said he; "but if he was a good ballad-singer, I'd not be hard on him."

"Μῆνιν ἄειδε, θεά, Πηληϊάδεω Ἀχιλῆος,"

spouted I out, in rapture.

"That ain't high Dutch?" asked he. "Is it?"

"No," said I, proudly. "It is ancient Greek—the godlike tongue of an immortal race."

"Immortal rascals!" broke he in. "I was in the fruit trade up in the Levant there, and such scoundrels as these Greek fellows I never met in my life."

"By what and whom made so?" exclaimed I, eagerly. "Can you point to a people in the world who have so long resisted the barbarizing influence of a base oppression? Was there ever a nation so imbued with high civilization as to be enabled for centuries of slavery to preserve the traditions of its greatness? Have we the record of any race but this, who could rise from the slough of degradation to the dignity of a people?"

"You've been a play-actor, I take it?" asked he, dryly.

"No, Sir, never!" replied I, with some indignation.

"Well, then, in the Methody line? You've done a stroke of preaching, I'll be sworn."

"You would be perjured in that case, Sir," rejoined I, as haughtily.

"At all events, an auctioneer," said he, fairly puzzled in his speculations.

"Equally mistaken there," said I, calmly; "bred in the midst of abundance, nurtured in affluence, and educated with all the solicitous care that a fond parent could bestow."

"Gammon!" said he, bluntly. "You are one of the swell mob in distress!"

"Is this like distress?" said I, drawing forth my purse, in which were seventy-five sovereigns, and handing it to him. "Count over that, and say how just and how generous are your suspicions."

He gravely took the purse from me, and, stooping down to the binnacle light, counted over the money, scrutinizing carefully the pieces as he went.

"And who is to say this isn't 'swag?'" said he, as he closed the purse.

"The easiest answer to that," said I, "is, would it be likely for a thief to show his booty, not merely to a stranger, but to a stranger who suspected him?"

"SCRUTINIZING THE PIECES CAREFULLY AS HE WENT."

"HE SADDLED AND BRIDLED A HORSE, AND RODE FOR THE SEA-COAST."

"Well, that is something, I confess," said he, slowly.

"It ought to be more—it ought to be every thing. If distrust were not a debasing sentiment, obstructing the impulses of generosity and even invading the precincts of justice, you would see far more reason to confide in than to disbelieve me."

"I've been done pretty often afore now," muttered he, half to himself.

"What a fallacy that is!" cried I, contemptuously. "Was not the pittance that some crafty impostor wrung from your compassion well repaid to you in the noble self-consciousness of your generosity? Did not your venison on that day taste better when you thought of his pork chop? Had not your Burgundy gained flavor by the memory of the glass of beer that was warming the half-chilled heart in *his* breast? Oh, the narrow mockery of fancying that we are not better by being deceived!"

"How long is it since you had your head shaved?" asked he, dryly.

"I have never been the inmate of an asylum for lunatics," said I, divining and answering the impertinent insinuation.

"Well, I own you are a rum 'un," said he, half musingly.

"I accept even this humble tribute to my originality," said I, with a sort of proud defiance. "I am well aware how *he* must be regarded who dares to assert his own individuality."

"I'd be very curious to know," said he, after a pause of several minutes, "how a fellow of your stamp sets to work about gaining his livelihood? What's his first step? How does he go about it?"

I gave no other answer than a smile of scornful meaning.

"I meant nothing offensive," resumed he; "but I really have a strong desire to be enlightened on this point."

"You are doubtless impressed with the notion," said I, boldly, "that men possessed of some distinct craft, or especial profession, are alone needed by the world of their fellows; that one must be doctor, or lawyer, or baker, or shoemaker to gain his living, as if life had no other wants than to be clothed, and fed, and physicked, and litigated. As if humanity had not its thousand emotional moods, its wayward impulses, its trials and temptations, all of them more needing guidance, support, direction, and counsel than the sickest patient needs a physician. It is on this world that I throw myself; I devote myself to guide infancy, to console age, to succor the orphan, and support the widow—morally, I mean."

"I begin to suspect you are a most artful vagabond," said he, half angrily.

"I have long since reconciled myself to the thought of an unjust appreciation," said I. "It is the consolation dull men accept when confronted with those of original genius. You can't help confessing that all your distrust of me has grown out of the superiority of my powers, and the humble figure you have presented in comparison with me."

"Do you rank modesty among these same powers?" asked he, slyly.

"Modesty I reject," said I, "as being a conventional form of hypocrisy."

"Come down below," said he, "and take a glass of brandy-and-water. It's growing chilly here, and we shall be the better of something to cheer us."

Seated in his comfortable little cabin, and with a goodly array of liquors before me to choose from, I really felt a self-confidence in the fact that, if I were not something out of the common, I could not then be there. "There must be in my nature," thought I, "that element which begets success, or I could not always find myself in situations so palpably beyond the accidents of my condition."

My host was courtesy itself; no sooner was I his guest than he adopted toward me a manner of perfect politeness. No more allusions to my precarious mode of life; never once a reference to my adventurous future. Indeed, with an almost artful exercise of good breeding he turned the conversation toward himself, and gave me a sketch of his own life.

It was not in any respects a remarkable one, though it had its share of those mishaps and misfortunes which every sailor must have confronted. He was wrecked in the Pacific, and robbed in the Havana; had his crew desert him at San Francisco, and was boarded by Riff pirates, and sold in Barbary just as every other blue-jacket was and will be to the end of time; and I listened to the story, only marveling what a dreary sameness pervades all these narratives. Why, for one trait of the truthful to prove his tale I could have invented fifty. There were no little touches of sentiment or feeling, no relieving sighs of human emotion in his story; I never felt, as I listened, any wish that he should be saved from shipwreck, baffle his persecutors, or escape his captors; and I thought to myself, "This fellow has certainly got no narrative gusto." Now for *my* turn: we had each of us partaken freely of the good liquor before us. The captain in his quality of talker, I in my capacity of listener, had filled and refilled several times. There was not any thing like inebriety, but there was that amount of exultation, a stage higher than mere excitement, which prompts men, at least men of temperaments like mine, not to suffer themselves to occupy rear rank positions, but at any cost to become foreground and prominent figures.

"You have heard of the M'Gillicuddys, I suppose?" asked I. He nodded, and I went on. "You see, then, at this moment before you the last of the race. I mean, of course, of the elder branch, for there are swarms of the others, well to do and prosperous also, and with fine estated properties.

"I'll not weary you with family history. I'll not refer to that remote time when my ancestors wore the crown and ruled the fair kingdom of Kerry. In the Annals of the Four Masters, and also in the Chronicles of Thealbogh O'Faudlemh, you'll find a detailed account of our house. I'll simply narrate for you the immediate incident which has made me what you see me—an outcast and a beggar.

"My father was the tried and trusted friend of that noble-hearted but mistaken man, Lord Edward Fitzgerald. The famous attempt of the year 'eight was concerted between them, and all the causes of its failure, secret as they are and forever must be, are known to him who now addresses you. I dare not trust myself to talk of these times or things lest I should by accident let drop what might prove strictly confidential. I will but recount one incident, and that a personal one, of the period. On the night of Lord Edward's capture, my father, who had invited a friend—deep himself in the conspiracy—to dine with him, met his guest on the steps of his hall-door. Mr. Hammond—this was his name—was pale and horror-struck, and could scarcely speak, as my father shook his hand. 'Do you know what has happened, Mac?' said he to my father. 'Lord Edward is taken, Major Sirr and his party have tracked him to his hiding-place; they have got hold of all our papers, and we are lost. By this time to-morrow every man of us will be within the walls of Newgate.'

"'Don't look so gloomily, Tom,' said my father, 'Lord Edward will escape them yet; he's not a bird to be snared so easily; and after all we shall find means to slip our cables too. Come in, and enjoy your sirloin and a good glass of port, and you'll view the world more pleasantly.' With a little encouragement of this sort he cheered him up, and the dinner passed off agreeably enough; but still my father could see that his friend was by no means at his ease, and at every time the door opened he would start with a degree of surprise that augured anxiety of some coming event. From these and other signs of uneasiness in his manner, my father drew his own conclusions, and with a quick intelligence of look communicated his suspicions to my mother, who was herself a keen and shrewd observer.

"'Do you think, Matty,' said he, as they sat over their wine, 'that I could find a bottle of the old green seal if I was to look for it in the cellar? It has been upward of forty years there, and I never touch it save on especial occasions; but an old friend like Hammond deserves such a treat.'

"My father fancied that Hammond grew paler as he thus alluded to their old friendship, and he gave my mother a rapid glance of his sharp eye, and, taking the cellar-key, he left the room. Immediately outside the door he hastened to the stable, saddled and bridled a horse, and stepping quietly out, he rode for the sea-coast, near the Skerries. It was sixteen miles from Dublin, but he did the distance within the hour. And well was it for him that he employed such speed! With a liberal offer of money, and the gold watch he wore, he secured a small fishing-smack to convey him over to France, for which he sailed immediately. I have said it was well that he employed such speed; for after waiting with suppressed impatience for my father's return from the cellar, Hammond expressed to my mother his fears lest my father might have been taken ill. She tried to quiet his apprehensions, but the very calm of her manner served only to increase them. 'I can bear this no longer,' cried he at last, rising in much excitement from his chair; 'I must see what has become of him!' At the same moment the door was suddenly flung open, and an officer of police in full uniform presented himself. 'He has got away, Sir,' said he, addressing Hammond, 'the stable-door is open, and one of the horses missing.'

"My mother, from whom I heard the story, had only time to mutter a 'Thank God!' when she fainted. On recovering her senses she found herself alone in the room. The traitor Hammond and the police had left her without even calling the servants to her aid."

"And your father—what became of him?" asked the skipper, eagerly.

"He arrived in Paris in sorry plight enough; but, fortunately, Clarke, whose influence with the Emperor was unbounded, was a distant connection of our family. By his intervention my father obtained an interview with his Majesty, who was greatly struck by the adventurous spirit and daring character of the man; not the less so because he had the courage to disabuse the Emperor of many notions and impressions he had conceived about the readiness of Ireland to accept French assistance.

"Though my father would much have preferred taking service in the army, the Emperor, who had strong prejudices against men becoming soldiers who had not served in every grade from the ranks upward, opposed this intention, and employed him in a civil capacity. In fact, to his management were intrusted some of the most delicate and difficult secret negotiations; and he gained a high name for acuteness and honorable dealing. In recognition of his services his name was inscribed in the Grand Livre for a considerable pension; but at the fall of the dynasty, this, with hundreds of others equally meritorious, was annulled; and my father, worn out with age and disappointment together, sank at last, and died at Dinant, where my mother was buried but a few years previous. Meanwhile he was tried and found guilty of high treason in Ireland, and all his lands and other property forfeited to the Crown. My present journey was simply a pilgrimage to see the old possessions that once belonged to our race. It was my father's last wish that I should visit the ancient home of our family, and stand upon the hills that once acknowledged us as their ruler. He never desired that I should remain a French subject; a lingering love for his own country mingled in his heart with a certain resentment toward France, who had certainly treated him with ingratitude; and almost his last words to me were, 'Distrust the Gaul.' When I told you, a while back, that I was nurtured in affluence, it was so to all appearance, for my father had spent every shilling of his capital on my education, and I was under the firm conviction that I was born to a very great fortune. You may judge the terrible revulsion of my feelings when I learned that I had to face the world almost, if not actually, a beggar.

"I could easily have attached myself as a hanger-on of some of my well-to-do relations. Indeed, I will say for them, they showed the kindest disposition to befriend me; but the position of a dependent would have destroyed every chance of happiness for me, and so I resolved that I would fearlessly throw myself upon the broad ocean of life, and trust that some sea-current or favoring wind would bear me at last into a harbor of safety."

"What can you do?" asked he, curtly.

"Every thing, and nothing. I have, so to say, the 'sentiment' of all things in my heart, but am not capable of executing one of them. With the most correct ear, I know not a note of music; and though I could not cook you a chop, I have the most exquisite appreciation of a well-dressed dinner."

"Well," said he, laughing, "I must confess I don't suspect those to be exactly the sort of gifts to benefit your fellow-man."

"And yet," said I, "it is exactly to individuals of this stamp that the world accords its prizes. The impresario that provides the opera could not sing nor dance. The general who directs the campaign might be sorely puzzled how to clean his musket or pipeclay his belt. The great minister who imposes a tax might be totally unequal to the duty of applying its provisions. Ask him to gauge a hogshead of spirits, for instance. *My* position is like *theirs*. I tell you, once more, the world wants men of wide conceptions and far-ranging ideas—men who look to great results and grand combinations."

"But, to be practical, how do you mean to breakfast to-morrow morning?"

"At a moderate cost, but comfortably: tea, rolls, two eggs, and a rump-steak with fried potatoes."

"What's your name?" said he, taking out his note-book. "I mustn't forget you when I hear of you next."

"For the present I call myself Potts—Mr. Potts, if you please."

"Write it here yourself," said he, handing me the pencil. And I wrote, in a bold, vigorous hand, "Algernon Sydney Potts," with the date.

"Preserve that autograph, captain," said I; "it is in no spirit of vanity I say it, but the day will come you'll refuse a ten-pound note for it."

"Well, I'd take a trifle less just now," said he, smiling.

He sat for some time gravely contemplating the writing, and at length, in a sort of half soliloquy, said, "Bob would like him—he would suit Bob." Then, lifting his head, he addressed me: "I have a brother in command of one of the P. and O. steamers—just the fellow for *you*. He has got ideas pretty much like your own about success in life, and won't be persuaded that he isn't the first seaman in the English navy, or that he hasn't a plan to send Cherbourg and its breakwater sky high at twenty-four hours' warning."

"An enthusiast—a visionary, I have no doubt," said I, contemptuously.

"Well, I think you might be more merciful in your judgment of a man of your own stamp," retorted he, laughing. "At all events, it would be as good as a play to see you together. If you should chance to be at Malta or Marseilles when the *Clarence* touches there, just ask for Captain Rogers; tell him you know me, that will be enough."

"Why not give me a line of introduction to him?" said I, with an easy indifference. "These things serve to clear away the awkwardness of a self-presentation."

"I don't care if I do," said he, taking a sheet of paper, and beginning "Dear Bob"—after which he paused and deliberated, muttering the words "Dear Bob" three or four times over below his breath.

"'Dear Bob,'" said I, aloud, in the tone of one dictating to an amanuensis, "'this brief note will be handed to you by a very valued friend of mine, Algernon Sydney Potts, a man so completely after your own heart that I feel a downright satisfaction in bringing you together.'"

"Well, that ain't so bad," said he, as he uttered the last words which fell from his pen—"'in bringing you together.'"

"Go on," said I, dictatorially, and continued: "'Thrown by a mere accident myself into his society, I was so struck by his attainments, the originality of his views, and the wide extent of his knowledge of life—' Have you *that* down?"

"No," said he, in some confusion, "I am only at 'entertainments.'"

"I said '*at*-tainments,' Sir," said I, rebukingly, and then repeating the passage word for word till he had written it—"'that I conceived for him a regard and an esteem rarely accorded to others than our oldest friends.' One word more: 'Potts, from certain circumstances which I can not here enter upon, may appear to you in some temporary inconvenience as regards money—'"

Here the captain stopped, and gave me a most significant look: it was at once an appreciation and an expression of drollery.

"Go on," said I, dryly. "'If so,'" resumed I, "'be guardedly cautious neither to notice his embarrassment nor allude to it; above all, take especial care that you make no offer to remove the inconvenience, for he is one of those whose sensibilities are so fine, and whose sentiments so fastidious, who could never recover in his own esteem the dignity compromised by such an incident.'"

"Very neatly turned," said he, as he re-read the passage. "I think that's quite enough."

"Ample. You have nothing more to do than sign your name to it."

He did this, with a verificatory flourish at foot, folded and sealed the letter, and handed it to me, saying,

"If it weren't for the handwriting Bob would never believe all that fine stuff came from *me*; but you'll tell him it was after three glasses of brandy-and-water that I dashed it off—that will explain every thing."

I promised faithfully to make the required explanation, and then proceeded to make some inquiries about this brother Bob, whose nature was in such a close affinity with my own. I could learn, however, but little beyond the muttered acknowledgment that Bob was a "queer 'un," and that there was never his equal for "falling upon good luck, and spending it after"—a description which, when applied to my own conscience, told such an amount of truth that was actually painful.

"There's no saying," said I, as I pocketed the letter. "If this epistle should ever reach your brother's hand, my course in life is too wayward and uncertain for me to say in what corner of the earth fate may find me; but if we *are* to meet, you shall hear of it. Rogers"—I said this in all the easy familiarity which brandy inspired—"I'll tell your brother of the warm and generous hospitality you extended to me, at a time that, to all seeming, I needed such attentions—at a time, I say, when none but myself could know how independently I stood as regarded means; and of one thing be assured, Rogers, he whose caprice it now is to call himself Potts, is your friend, your fast friend, for life."

He wrung my hand cordially—perhaps it was the easiest way for an honest sailor, as he was, to acknowledge the patronizing tone of my speech—but I could plainly see that he was sorely puzzled by the situation, and possibly very well pleased that there was no third party to be a spectator of it.

"Throw yourself there on that sofa," said he, "and take a sleep." And with that piece of counsel he left me, and went up on deck.

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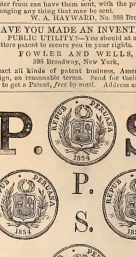

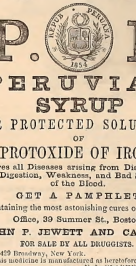

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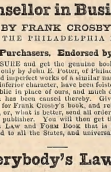

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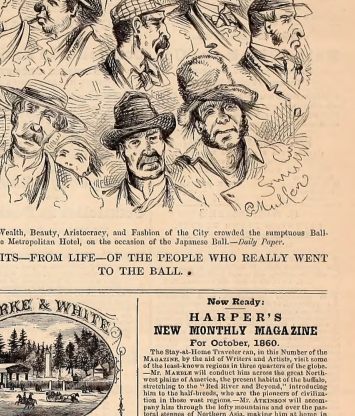

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which, for quality, strength, and purity of tone, delicacy of action, and general style of finish, are unsurpassed by any Pianos now offered to the public. This fact has been attested to by the leading artists of this country and of Europe.

It may be satisfactory to our patrons and friends among the public at large, to state that testimonials have been received from all the leading artists who have visited, or are now residing in the United States, a few of whose names we append:

GOTTSCHALK,	J. N. PYCHOWSKI,
LEOPOLD DE MEYER,	I. DESSOFF,
ALFRED JAELL,	M. STRAKOSCH,
MAURICE STRAKOSCH,	JULLIEN,
F. HOFFMAN,	ARTHUR NAPOLEON,
J. BENEDICT,	R. GOLDBECK,
S. THALBERG,	E. MEIER,
GUSTAV SATTER,	MME. LOUISE ADEL,
And many others.	

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Overstrung Grand Square and Upright Pianos.
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Patented November 1st, 1859.
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For October, 1860.

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Made to Measure at $18 per doz. or Six for $9.
MADE OF NEW-YORK MILLS MUSLIN,
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Profit	2 05
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Printed directions sent free everywhere, and so easy to understand, that any one can take their own measure for shirts. I warrant a good fit. The cash to be paid to the Express Company on receipt of goods.

The Express charges on one dozen Shirts from New-York to New Orleans is about $1.

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Between White & Walker Streets, NEW-YORK.

Please cut out this notice, or your acquaintance in the city are selling inferior made shirts at my prices.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. IV.—No. 196.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1860. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

AT HOBOKEN.

THE wind is low, the woods are green,
The white-sailed yachts before me pass,
Their keen keels cleave the sea serene
As diamond cuts through glass.

Before me lies the queen-like town,
Around her hangs a hazy cloak
Of sunny mist, and as a crown
A coronet of smoke.

I sit and watch the ferry-boat
Alternate come, alternate go;
And as she floats my queries float—
"Ah! will she come or no?"

At last I see upon the deck
A gleam of pink, a fluttering gown,
A laughing face, a snowy neck,
And eyes of hazel brown.

Along the Elysian fields we stroll
And watch the sunburned striplings play,
And then we seek a shadowy knoll—
I something have to say.

My heart is opened, and I tell
The love that She for years has known;
I try to put in words the spell
That she has round me thrown.

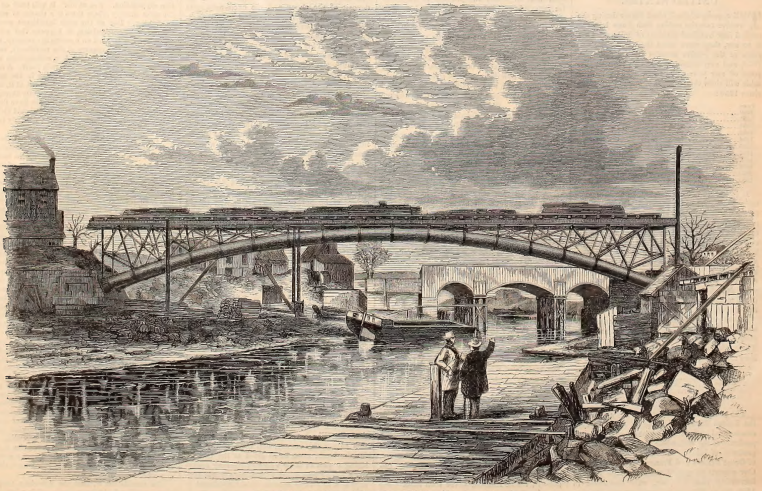
All silently she answers me,
My arm creeps slowly round her waist,
About her red lips like a bee
I hover, and I taste.

The woods are green, the wind is low,
The white-sailed yachts before us glide,
As hand in hand we homeward go,
I and my promised bride.

THE MEETING.

THE old coach-road through a common of furze
With knolls of pines, ran white:
Berries of autumn, with thistles, and burrs,
And spider-threads, droopt in the light.

The light in a thin blue vail peer'd sick;
The sheep grazed close and still;
The smoke of a farm by a yellow rick
Curl'd lazily under a hill.



THE WASHINGTON AQUEDUCT BRIDGE.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

No fly shook the round of the silver net;
No insect the swift bird chased;
Only two travelers moved and met
Across that hazy waste.

One was a girl with a babe that throve,
Her rain and her bliss;
One was a youth with a lawless love,
Who clasp it the more for this.

The girl for her babe made prayerful speech;
The youth for his love did pray;
Each at a wistful look on each,
And either went their way.

THE WASHINGTON AQUEDUCT BRIDGE.

We engrave on the preceding page the WASHINGTON AQUEDUCT BRIDGE over Rock Creek, at the western end of Pennsylvania Avenue, now near completed, under the direction of Captain MEIGS. The following description of the bridge is derived from official sources:

"This bridge is a cast-iron arch of twenty feet rise and two hundred feet clear span between the abutments. The arch consists of two ribs, each of which is composed of seventeen cast-iron pipes of forty-eight inches internal diameter, and twelve feet three inches in length. Upon these two arched ribs, which are firmly connected with each other by cast-iron tubular cross braces and heavy wrought-iron diagonal ties, is erected a frame-work of heavy rolled iron H beams, from the works of the Phoenix Iron Company of Philadelphia, supporting two continuous horizontal iron girders, of two hundred and four feet six inches in length. Upon these girders are seventy beams of timber, supporting the road-way of the bridge, which embraces two carriage-ways, two foot-ways, and two gas-pipe foot-passages.

"This bridge is particularly remarkable for the double duty which the arch performs. While it supports a road-way, forming a beautiful and much-needed communication, by which the traffic between the cities of Washington and Georgetown is carried on, the water of the Washington aqueduct is conveyed into the city of Washington through the pipes of which the arch is composed. To guard against all danger of freezing the pipes are lined with sheets of resinous gum three inches and a half thickness, leaving a clear water-way in each rib of three and a half feet in diameter.

"The abutments contain vaults, in which are the connecting pipes and stop-cocks for regulating the flow and discharge of water; and in the western abutment, on the Georgetown side, one of the water-mains so as regulate mains, and contains a water-pressure engine—the first, it is believed, erected in this country.

"This engine, driving its supply from the east-iron street mains of the Washington Aqueduct, pumps ten thousand gallons of water per hour into a reservoir on the heights of Georgetown, a mile distant, and two hundred and four feet above the machine. This reservoir supplies that portion of Georgetown which is above the level of the great store and distributing reservoirs of the Washington Aqueduct."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1860.

THE FOREIGN TRADE OF THE UNITED STATES.

THE exports of the United States during the twelve months ending 30th June last exceeded four hundred millions of dollars. That is to say, they were more than twice the exports of twelve months during June 30th, 1850, and very considerably more than the exports of any year since then. The following table will show the progress of our foreign trade since 1850:

Years.	Imports.	Exports.
1850.	$178,138,318	$151,556,720
1851.	216,224,522	217,538,011
1852.	212,740,442	192,642,256
1853.	267,978,647	239,452,250
1854.	304,495,391	278,941,864
1855.	261,468,220	275,156,846
1856.	314,639,446	326,964,705
1857.	360,899,141	362,960,632
1858.	281,413,150	324,644,464
1859.	338,768,150	356,787,402
1860.	360,777,200	400,122,000

It is hardly necessary to make any remarks upon the above statement. It demonstrates in an unanswerable manner, the steady progress of the United States, in spite of financial revulsions, political disturbances, and the rennin jealousies with which this country is honored by the nations of Europe. It shows, by the test of figures, that, whatever fallacies merchants or our politicians may commit, the course of the country at large is steadily onward and upward; and that, judged by the test of all tests—material progress—our "republican experiment" is really a success.

These figures of the United States naturally divide themselves into four great divisions — gold, food, cotton, and miscellaneous. Their relative proportions last year were as follows:

Gold	$85,946,531
Food	91,596,676
Cotton	191,549,216
Miscellaneous	58,587,419
Total exports	400,167,842

The great difference between the exports of the United States and those of other leading commercial nations is, that ours are chiefly the products of the soil, while theirs are chiefly the products of labor. Four-fifths of the exports of Great Britain and France are manufactures. Our exports of manufactures, though steadily increasing year by year, only amounted in 1859–'60 to $35,454,644—rather more than a twelfth of our whole export. We have so much and such fertile land that it pays our people better to grow cotton, corn, or pork, or to dig for gold, than it does to weave or to spin or to forge. In the one case, nature assists labor; in the other, labor is unassisted: the actual increase of wealth is, therefore, greater in the former than in the latter case by just so much as nature's help may be valued at. If we could estimate in figures or dollars the work which Providence does for us in developing the seed which we plant in the earth, that amount would exactly represent the excess of our annual increase in wealth over the increase of manufacturing nations. Therefore, if there are no more new land to till up, industry will probably become more profitable than agriculture; but many years must do that this period is yet far distant.

Of all our exports cotton is by far the most profitable. It contributed, alone, almost one-half of the total export of the year 1859–'60; and the weather this year has been so favorable for the plant as last year's was, we should probably have exported considerably over $200,000,000 of cotton in the year ending 30th June, 1861. As it is, our export will not probably fall short of that of 1859–'60. The one great encouraging fact in connection with this cotton business is that it can not but go on increasing. The demand for cotton grows in the exact ratio of the spread of civilization. The supply is limited to the Southern States, no other region in the world being capable of producing the article of commerce. This is the key to the steady and remarkable increase in the cotton crop during the present generation, of which the following table affords a brief view:

Years.	Bales.	Years.	Bales.
1800–'01	4,000,000	1830–'31	2,209,000
1805–'06	3,501,081	1835–'36	2,026,766
1810–'11	3,111,982	1840–'41	2,177,835
1815–'16	2,209,000	1845–'46	2,347,634
1820–'21	2,077,000	1850–'51	3,015,029
1825–'26	2,357,500	1855–'56	3,100,017
1826–'27	2,000,000	1856–'57	2,939,000
1827–'28	2,302,982	1857–'58	3,030,497
1828–'29	2,455,000	1858–'59	3,113,379

Unless political agitations should hinder, it is fair to presume that the spread of agriculture in the Cotton States will gradually swell the crop to figures as far exceeding that of 1859 as the latter are greater than those of 1850 and 1840; while the spread of civilization will maintain the demand for the article at least as fast as the staple can be supplied.

It is different with our other two great staples—gold and food. It seems beyond question that we have passed the maximum of gold product. During the ten years which have elapsed since the gold fields of California were first successfully worked, every promising placer has been pretty thoroughly explored, the surface diggings exhausted, and the best sites stripped of their treasure. In the present time the product of gold in California is steadily declining. The product of 1859 was less than that of 1858; that of 1860—to 1st September—is about $4,000,000 less than that of 1859 to the same date. It is not likely that the auriferous rocks, which are being worked with ever-increasing skill and energy, will ever cease to yield gold; but there is reason to believe that we shall never again witness yields of $65,000,000 or $70,000,000 a year. Possibly the new discoveries of silver and quicksilver may make up the falling off in the more popular metal; but we prefer not to assume that they will. We ought to be prepared to see the gold mines of California fall into the same rank as the gold mines of Russia, and so to order our business, and especially our banking business, that no great harm can flow from a steady curtailment of our specie resources.

There is, then, no reason to fear any decline in our supply of food. It will take centuries to bring into cultivation the lands in the West, which now only feed the hands of the farmer to produce, in average years, twenty bushels of wheat or fifty of corn to the acre. The natural increase of our people will, we suppose, cattle and hogs enough to supply the world with meat. Every year the production of food increases, and must increase for half a century to come at least, in a ratio greater than the consumption of food in this country is also increasing at a marvelous rate. The old theory of the political economists with regard to the amount of food consumed by each individual in a given period of time has been exploded by the experience of this country, for we eat, as a people, a great deal more than any other people in the world. Let any one try to verify the well-known formula about wheat, viz., that every person consumes four bushels of wheat per annum, and he will discover the fact. Nor need it be a puzzle. There never was a country, perhaps, or a period where there was so much solid comfort and plenty among what Europeans call "the lower classes" as in the United States; where was a country where these classes could afford to consume so much wholesome food. The ever-recurring picture in the poor households of Great Britain, France, and Germany—famine and privation, parents stinting themselves of necessary aliment, and children crying for food they can not get—is, thank Heaven, unknown here. We can all afford to eat, and we do eat, more and of better food than Europeans; hence, notwithstanding the steady increase in our production of food, our surplus, over and above our wants, does not increase very rapidly, and we rather think that, in an average of years, our exports of food will not, under ordinary circumstances, maintain the importance in our export trade which they have hitherto possessed.

Much, in the future commerce of the United States, must depend upon the course of affairs in the Pacific. We know what the Atlantic States can do, to whom they can sell their surplus, and from whom they can buy; but the Pacific States are an unsolved problem. Nearly all of the gold is hitherto calculated for agriculture than the slopes of this continent toward the Pacific; now State as she is, and peopled mainly by miners and merchants, California exports this year 1,000,000 bushels of wheat. Oregon and Washington are at least equally fertile. Opposite the whole region, divided by an ocean twice as wide as the Atlantic, but as safe to navigate as the Hudson River, live two great nations, comprising between them one half the human race, intelligent, civilized, rich, commercial, and ripe for an extended and gainful trade with their neighbors. Evidently, the future trade of the United States will be materially affected by the nature of the intercourse which may be created between China and Japan and the Pacific coast. There are those who believe that it will far eclipse the European trade in importance, and that the Pacific Railroad will be a means of profit from the moment it which will fall to the lot of the Eastern cities. However this may be, no estimate of our future commercial history is worth consideration which does not assume the importance for the changes that must follow the creation of a great trade across the Pacific Ocean.

THE CITY CHAMBERLAIN AND THE ARTISANS' BANK.

A FEW weeks since Mayor Wood removed the City Chamberlain, and appointed a new man in his place. The change practically removed the city deposits from the Shoe and Leather Bank—of which the deposed Chamberlain was President—to the Artisans' Bank, of which the new Chamberlain is President.

The condition of the Artisans' Bank has, consequently become the subject of public attention. The financial business of the city is large. The deposits are heavy, and occasionally the credit for large amounts. Having only a small capital—$600,000—the possession of the City Account placed the Artisans' Bank in a new light in relation to the other city banks. The Chamberlain, every day, gives a check for the whole capital of the Artisans' Bank. that check, duly certified, may be deposited, or used, in other banks. At the deposit may, in his turn, draw out of that bank the $600,000 and placed to his credit; and if it should happen that the Artisans' Bank should fail between the deposit of the check and the exchanges next morning, the bank which received the check on deposit and debited itself with it, as cash, would have no recourse upon the credit of the Artisans'. This being the condition of affairs, attention was directed, some days since, to the fact that the Artisans' Bank was "running debtor," several days in succession, at the Clearing House. There were also strange rumors about the solvency of the Artisans' Bank; and it was commonly reported that statements made by certain officers of that bank were not easily reconciled with the facts, and that the bank was by no means in a prosperous condition of weakness. On the strength of these facts and rumors, a Committee was appointed by the Clearing House Association to examine the state of the suspected bank. That Committee reported, on 18th, that the bank was good for all its debts, but that it would was required to the extent of 33 per cent. The Clearing House Association refused to receive the report, and directed the Committee to prosecute their examination more thoroughly, and to report, by 25th, whether or no the banks should, as a body, receive on deposit checks on the Artisans' Bank. In anticipation of this report, the Artisans' Bank on 19th voluntarily withdrew from the Clearing House, and became a private banking institution requiring an account in the American Exchange Bank.

As, however, the President of the Artisans' Bank continues the City Chamberlain, we may observe that the inconvenience of having the City Account in a bank whose credit is suspected is obvious. In these days of political corruption, it is of the highest importance that the city funds should be not only out of danger, but in so safe a place that no one should dream of risk. Again, the care of depository of the city funds is one of great delicacy and responsibility. At times, over a million of dollars of the city money is on deposit—without interest—to the credit of the Chamberlain in the bank where he keeps his account. The temptation to use this money, and to earn dividends for the bank, must be as great as the risk of losing a part of it by unsound banking operations. The least spark of prudence would suggest that the whole deposit should be placed in an institution where, in the event of accident, its recovery should be beyond question. Within the next week or ten days not less than three millions of dollars will be paid to the City Chamberlain for the city. Will it be quite safe, even under the new arrangement?

Rumor is, of course, busy on the subject of the means by which the Artisans' Bank obtained the City Account, and of the sacrifices it has since made to retain it. It is unfortunate for Mr. Fernando Wood, Mayor of New York, that his character does not screen him from imputations of which men less unpleasantly known could afford to laugh. For our part, we give Mr. Wood credit for sagacity enough to see that a respectful gift of twenty or thirty thousand dollars would involve a loss so much greater in the future that the game would not be worth the candle. Of many of the allegations, of course, no one expects any thing but rogues, corruption, cheating, and iniquity. But Mr. Wood is sufficiently shrewd enough to look for something better than what a man of his position could earn by honest trading in a twelvemonth; and we take for granted, therefore, that, whatever is done, he will not stand in the way of the public interest.

THE LOUNGER.

ABOUT COMPLEXION.

In the city of New York there will never be a word wanting in praise of commerce. At a Catholic Show or Agricultural Fair the orator always tells his heroes that they follow the oldest and most reverend of callings, and they applaud with heartiness, for they believe him, and they like to be well spoken of. The animal is not yet found who does not like to be tickled, if you can only find the proper place to tickle.

Now a city like New York is a permanent commercial Cattle-Show, and the fraternity engaged are always glad to hear and to believe that the richest and greatest and best of people themselves, but that they owe even the cause of the prosperity of the cardinal virtues among all people with whom they are brought into communication in any part of the globe. The Reverend Benjamin Gurney never fails to decorate his discourses with allusions to merchant-princes, and to dilate upon the Christ-inculcating influences of commerce. The Honorable Lemuel Lumpell, in his political speeches, informs the audience that commerce is the priest of human liberties and progress.

These worthy gentlemen doubtless believe what they say. Blarney and Lumpell are synonymous with honesty and fervent piety. Therefore, in the one case, are very apt to publish the sermon, and in the other to print the speech. The press, in the other, to have the orator made an M.C. It is perfectly intelligible. Those two excellent gentlemen have discovered the particular place in which that particular animal likes to be tickled; and they have produced the happiest results to all concerned by the humble accent of a whisper.

But the assumption is the old story of *post hoc propter hoc*. Trade originally seeks a private advantage. Trade penetrates into Africa. It may make money out of Japan. If money is not to be made there, Trade will not stop to introduce Christian civilization. Not at all. It will push on to the next country where there is a chance of money-making. But as the most intelligent people are the most enterprising, it happens that when commerce has secured an opening in a country, the civilization of the country of the natives is such as it is, follows. But that is a consequence not contemplated nor cared for by Trade itself. A cow which thinks there is better grazing in the next pasture may break down the wall to get at it, and a lovely lady may deliberately walk quietly after—and a lady who could not otherwise have done it; but it were a gamesome cow that should claim the honor of having introduced the fair lady to a walk in the fresh fields and pastures new.

The moral influence of trade or commerce is to be studied upon the same principle. For instance. Does it there elevate manners and purify the moral sentiments? Is it on the moral progress of any nation always proportionate to the development of its commercial spirit? On the contrary, the profitless of mankind seems in best to contain that which is that shall not debauch the conscience of nations. Napoleon's sneer at the nation of shop-keepers was legitimate. The shop-keeping class always keeps the present condition at all hazards. Change is synonymous with danger. Improvement is to that spirit just as a specious name for evil. Peoples was convinced that such a people would purchase peace at the cost of a great deal of money and of moral cowardice. Or who supposes that the simple, hardy virtues are so common in Holland to-day as when her sons and daughters were under water rather than suffer it to remain under a rule which was repugnant to them? Yet the Dutch have been of the most eminent traders in modern times. Is there a corresponding eminence in the moral tone of Dutch society? And Echo answers, *Is there?*

The Cattle-Show Committee justly vote a vote of thanks to the eloquent speaker who has celebrated the antiquity and dignity of their calling—the parish gratefully accords its influence to the Doctorate for the bland Blarney—and the pleased vendors of Trade clearly perceive the particular fitness of Lumpell to adorn a Congressional arm-chair; but History is over all; even beyond Blarney and Lumpell. It makes up the great final record, and it shows, not for the purpose of tickling, but of teaching, that the expansion and growth of moral character are not according to the extent of trade, and that it yet remains to be demonstrated that a commercial oligarchy would benefit the nation over which it ruled more than any other aristocracy.

The conviction is, that the American people have repudiated the aristocratic spirit wherever it shows itself.

THE RISING OF THE CURTAIN.

THE Ravels have retired to some retreat in France to pass the evening of their days upon the solid earth, and to dwell no more upon tight ropes and the ends of perpendicular poles. Yet a certain Lounger wonders as he writes whether the Ravels who have done this wise thing are Ravels, or whether the name is merely a traditional title for certain people who do certain things. Is Ravel a family name? Could so many of one kindred to make of both—mother and cork? Is Diogenes a Ravel, *ex officio*?

However, I did not mean to look at the Ravels, who are gone, but at Mr. Forrest, who is coming. He is playing again. Probably it is a farewell engagement, but that seems to be the only kind that great players now undertake; for Mr. Forrest is unquestionably a great player. Not in the abstract, perhaps; but there are certain kinds of character which he can apparently adequately portray. He is of the muscular dramatic school—the *brawny* school—the *beam preferred* school. Humor he probably has not. It would be pleasant to hear him; but he really feels the point of a joke. How do you think he would do for Charles Surface? Can you fancy him as Mercutio? Is the wit of Sheridan or Shakespeare a device of a better Spartacus or Jack Cade as they are historically known. But it would not be easy to imagine Edmund Kean as Spartacus or Gerlick as Jack Cade.

Within his range, therefore, to cut out of it—he may be called a great player. The ideal of Spartacus is simply a robust gladiator condemned to fight. It is a case of the sanguinary F. B. When he comes on nobody doubts that he beholds the gladiator as adequately as he could be presented upon the stage. It is not fair to suppose that the gladiatorial voice was something rough—that the gladiatorial *r*'s were rolled a good deal in getting them out, etc., etc. But the Hamlet, the slender, dreamy, delicate-thoughted Prince of Denmark, do you suppose he made eyes and gurgled his *r*'s? If Forrest is to play Shakespeare, it is in the usual sense of the word. That shadowy refinement which deeply lovers will recognize in Shakespeare's characters, as this autumn air, with a touch of sadness which we feel and can not see, makes the whole landscape poetical, can not be understood by appreciated by a kindred genius, or the words and the situations fail to reproduce the character. It is impossible to imagine Mr. Forrest's Othello to be Shakespeare's; but it is no shame to a man's talent that it can not equally illustrate every effort.

We are presently to see Miss Cushman upon the same stage. She is one of the two most famous actors; nor are they in many qualities altogether unlike. Of Miss Cushman's playing we shall have a word hereafter. How different her career has been from that of many who began more brilliantly! Miss Cushman commenced as a singer. Losing her voice (though it is still sweet and effective in picturesque ballad singing), she became a stock actress at the old Park. Her combined talent and energy seemed to have pushed her at last to her career, until she stands at the head of her profession in the estimation, by the bye, of Mr. Forrest. But where is Miss Heron?—she who certainly more excited "the town" than any actress since Fanny Kemble or Clara Fisher? Gone she was, upon a certain snowy Saturday night, challenged, in the eager admiration of cultivated men, a comparison with Rachel and Ristori! Where is she? of whom now was I what a blaze of sudden glory! Did you see her when she was here last? Do you know any one who has seen her? Have you ever known she had been here?

It is curious while we are still chatting of the theatre, that Edwin Booth, who is the full heir of his father's genius, and is so recognized in many places, is so quietly unknown to the outside public of New York. His Hamlet is of the kind that makes girls dream and despair. His Horace is called by thoughtful critics a revelation. And yet it not be worth while to give him a fair chance here, with a good company, and at a good time of year? He can but fail. Who for a single evening, in mid-summer. Shall we not see and hear that Hamlet and that Horace?

THE LAST OF WALKER.

THE man who has unscrupulously shot so many men in cold blood has recently himself been shot. Is there any romantic regret for his fate? But you can not make a hero of William Kidd. He suffered at Execution Dock, a condemned felon for offenses a hundred-fold less heinous than those of Walker. If some of the many who know the details of the career of this barbarous Corsair will publish them, you would be amazed at the terrible criminality of the man. When he first went to Nicaragua it had the pretense of an excuse—that his object was patent throughout. When he had utterly vanished and blasted the country he commenced its escaping with his neck, and universal contempt extinguished him. In his recent invasion of Honduras he was confidently run for buck; and buck has run dismally against him.

Every honest American must regret that this man was a countryman for he has shorn none of the qualities which command admiration, win respect, or inspire confidence. Every honest American must regret, also, that his own Government had not punished him. It may be very true that a great, prosperous, united, and civilized nation will gradually and surely extend its domination over neighbors who are weak, and forever warring among themselves. But it will not be extended by such men as William Walker, nor by such means as his. It was in the spirit of the time that Spain swelled her possessions, by the basis of the great and little pirates of the Gulf, who overran Central America three centuries and more ago. It is in the spirit of the time that our territorial expansion should be peaceful and benignant. A nation may have ambition as well as an individual. It may have an honor, also, which shall be something better than what generally passes by that name. What American will not hope that his country has them both? What American would not doubt it, when he reads between the Nicaraguan aid meetings in New York, and the fact that this Kidd the Less had a kind of social recognition?

The only reparation he could make to outraged humanity was dying quietly. Probably when we hear of his execution we shall hear that he did so. It is not difficult for those who have seen him to picture that small, insignificant form, the flat head of thin sandy hair, the light, heavy or blue eyes, the smooth face expressing no emotion nor ability, in cold stubborn waiting for the end. However quick, however misguided, however incompetent, however guilty of bloodshed and harm he may have been, he has been but personally indifferent in a very humane cause, then, while his individual fate might be thought not undeserved, all generous hearts would have wept for him with stirred pity.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

"In a man wants to make sure of the ruin of his soul, let him settle his into some prosperous country town, instead of keeping him under his own eye at home."

The Lounger, while he was lately lounging, heard the remark earnestly made by a man who had a son to educate. The same thing has been sometimes heard before. For who does not desire to believe in the virtues of the rural population? Who, while he looks up to the city, has not a secret suspicion that the country is Arcadia—that swains and nymphs dance upon the green—and that Queens of May, innocence, and simplicity crown the haunt villages, "country sides," and small towns?

Doubtless the Lounger clubs every week with many who live in all these places, and as they read these words they are asking themselves the question, whether boys are not safer in the country than in a town, this is to say, at school, not their own children. In the town, all kinds of resorts for all kinds of pernicious pleasure—the theatres, dram-shops, billiard-rooms, gambling-houses, amusements of all kinds, and places which are not advertised in papers, but which are known to the crowd of vagabonds, shiftless adventurers, and polite scoundrels; and still in addition, there is the vice, envious competition, and the love of appearance, in which so much misery is rooted. In the country there is a greater publicity of individual life, fewer temptations, more virtue, more health, more vigor, less excitement of contact, a consequently moderated tone, and simpler manners. And so on, and with all these, external conditions of health which are more normal and promising.

But, on the other hand, there are the dangers of the city is to be urged the incomparable advantage of parental superintendence. In the country the boy finds liquor, if he will, in the village, if he desires to; in the absence of the usual entertainments he is obliged to invent amusements, and they are not always of the best. The temptations of his life, in a community where every individual is conspicuous, are fewer, and the vice which he concealls adroitly what he is doing when he doubts its welcome reception by the observer.

The test mentions, you remember, as one of the alternatives, "keeping him under his own eye at home. That is the essential condition of the case. The first can be said of many a boy who goes to school in Kansas, if he is sending his son to an Eastern school, to send him to one in the rural counties of New York rather than to the city. But generally the schools are equally good. Unquestionably without the parental eye the chances are in favor of the country.

But, if you please, how many children are not sent off to school to be out of the way? Is the gentleman who gave us the text lives in the country, and he can have the parental eye freely fixed, but what eye is daily on the city boy? For the best occupations of most men in the city are so incessant that there often comes to be a kind of restraint in their intercourse with their own children. When a parent becomes a schoolmaster in the eye of his son, the son will do better, probably, at another school.

There is a great deal of good literature about the advantages of sending boys to school in the city of the world and he made men. Yes, it is a good thing to be lurdy and heroic, and a puny business it is to find to manufacture a hero; but a boy may be not the alternative. A city school will smuh your boy, at that is what you want, quite as well as the country one. Heroes are quite as apt to graduate at Grey Friars' as at Mr. Squeers's, at the Ward Schools of New York as at the Academy of Athens.

It is a matter to be as gravely discussed as it was earnestly proposed. In a thousand instances it is a deadening, and in a few a fatal, step for when in any just sense the parental eye can be put in full play and kept there, the question is already settled.

OUR NEXT NEIGHBOR.

WHO knows any thing of Mexico? It is a state of immense resources, lying by our side upon the continent; it has a distinctive history and population; it is perpetually in the general talk; few of us know any thing more about it than that Mr. Prescott wrote a book about it, that one of the conquest of Mexico from the Spanish point of view, and that we had a war with it, some dozen years or more since which increased our territory but not our knowledge.

Because there are constant troubles there, it does not follow that both sides are in the right and both in the wrong, and that there is consequently no choice between them. The most intelligent observers, who have long resided in the country and are familiar with its character and condition from personal experience, have a very decided opinion upon the subject, and are very confident that the country would also have one could the facts be understood.

Unhappily, while it remains an entirely foreign nation, it is not likely that the American people will have, or care to have, any more accurate knowledge of it. It is only as we have a positive interest in it that we shall be properly informed. But that moment may prove to be too late for our real advantage.

A serial publication, a few numbers of a little magazine called "The Mexican Papers," have been issued by Mr. Edward E. Dunbar, a gentleman thoroughly acquainted with the subject. He is not professionally a literary man, and his pamphlets are like vigorous, pointed conversation. His interest in the matter is purely commercial, partly patriotic. But his feeling is that the prayer of history of Mexico has never been written; that our accounts are all strained through Spanish sieves; that Mr. Prescott, following the Spanish Chronicles, has followed the Spanish story; and that the present condition of things is a legitimate result of Spanish assumptions in Mexico. The treaties that you may peruse, they are simply, in this view, the various aspects of the great struggle between the Church, or aristocratic principle, forced by Spain, and the popular, or Democratic principle, which is essential to the progressive development of the country.

It is a shabby habit not to know our neighbors—not to be able to tell whether Miramon is the aristocratic or revolutionary leader; whether we should wish well to Spain in any effort she may make, or not—in short, to know, when the papers give us the last news, what the last news means. If you care to correct this habit, Mr. Dunbar's pamphlets will help you in the pleasantest way. He says very hard things of the Catholicism, and religion to that class some whom we had supposed to deserve the same reputation. Probably you will not altogether agree with him in some of his general views; but he is an enthusiast, and therefore the most agreeable of companions.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

DWARFS AND GIANTS.

WHAT a blunder to talk of Napoleon the Great! How silly even to think of Napoleon as great! The Napoleon here meant is Napoleon the First. By "most glorious" Napoleon all Europe was cursed.

Napoleon the Sleyer, Napoleon the Thief,
His idol was glory, which brought him to grief;
Great soldier he was, but in his greatness I vow,
Must we honor old Nick for his fiery throne?

If the spirit that did, in the first, demon's work,
Is under our feet, and Napoleon is lost,
There's a question to which I would bid it reply,
Is the spirit of Napoleon dead as I is?

I'd ask it, now glory's true worth it has known,
Would it here Gambetta's renown or its own;
Or sweet joy of peace, whether it could make
Between fighting for Conquest and Liberty's sake?

The Hero who battles for Freedom and Right,
I say to the self-seeking Conqueror Night;
Of the first let the memory be sweet as the rose:
Of the other, a curse to the end of time.

In content with my neighbor and proud of my hunch,
But I'd be Garibaldi if I were not *Punch*.
Prosper, World, the movement that filled thee with groans;
Extol the subverter of tyrannous thrones!

THE WHOPS WOMAN.—Mr. O'Dion has addressed a letter full of flattering compliments and Mission non-sense to Mr. Mario Mario—the author of the silly pamphlet called "Whops Woman's Possibility," with which O'Dion must have undoubtedly his effusion. At all events it is not as if it had been meant, not for Mario Mario, but for Betty.

A LATIN ROOT.

WHY is an Irishman always ready?
Because many the subtle spirit of Murphy, speaking through a whisky Medium) it's "Sempre prasto."

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MIDDLE-TOM A TOBACCO-PAPER.

Q. WHY are those who habitually take his woolen figure of the small-talking Highlander in dress overcoat?

A. For fear there should be a Scotch wool before the morning.

THE GAME OF CHANCE AT THE DIVORCE COURT.—Double, or Quits.

Walker and Winston counties were visited by a severe storm on the 13th, which greatly injured the crops. While the lightning killed seven sheep and Miss Louisa Martin, and hurt two others of the family.—*Huntsville Advocate.*

GENERAL WASHINGTON'S MOTTO.—In 1817, in a debate in the House of Representatives on the bill relative to the siege of Virginia, in which something was said of military titles, Mr. Sterret [——-ret] replied and applied to Gen. Scudds of General Washington, which he had received from the Secretary of War, and which had formed the constitution of the United States. The subject of power to grant the title of nobility was referred to a committee, who on the topic. A member made a motion to strike out the words "or any person holding any office of profit or trust," so that no person could hold any office of profit or trust under the United States at any one time with more than *three* thousand dollars a year.

Father went to the barber's and had his whiskers taken off. Upon returning home, he found that he was in little daughter three years old), who, running up to him, said, "Eh, papa, you look like!"

Tom Cones, a newly-elected sheriff, was told by the jailer to open court. He went to the door and shouted, "All call court, all court!"

"Call Mr. H. Jones and R. Moore," said the judge.

"Yes, sir," said the sheriff. "Mr. H. Jones—Mr. H. Jones and A. R. Moore!" yelled Bob

"Not at all, Mr. Sheriff."

"One at a time—one at a time!"

"Not at all, Mr. Sheriff."

"Needn't come; we've fired it!" screamed the determined sheriff.

There was no court that day.

It is said of Sir William Longstaff, of Exeter County, that on one occasion he came into company with a facetious wag, who had in his hand a small but handsome cane, which Sir William requested him to give him as his own. "I would," replied the wag, "but I assure you, Sir, this cane is too short for a long staff Long-staff."

A LAWYER engaged in a case tormented a witness so much by cross-questions that he gave follow at last cried for water. "There," said the judge, "I thought you'd pump him dry."

LOTE TERESA.—The gossips tell a funny story, in which Miss Rosina Anderson and a favorite Parisian actress play the principal parts. Both of the Bayards were suitors for the fair lady's smiles, and both seemed to be equally esteemed by her. It would appear that in Russia, as well as in many other countries, a lock of hair is considered a signal pledge of the tender passions; but, if the truth must be told, few of our theatrical favorites are endowed with profuse chevelures, and if they were, the constant demand for ringlets would soon leave many of the fashionable girls in the possession of auburn ringlets, and wouldn't get the love of them for less than a dollar. One of these suitors, Lote de Monsoreau, both of whom loved the fair lady of the Bayards, gallantly begged for a tress of her natural Dudleies. Each one's love, as it were, was locked in certain locks. A lock of, and without touching a single creature really sensitive, my wonder is how the latter ever got a curl. Each one's love, as it were, was locked in certain locks. A lock of, and without touching a single creature really sensitive, my wonder is how the latter ever got a curl. Each one's love, as it were, was locked in certain locks. A lock of, and without touching a single creature really sensitive, my wonder is how the latter ever got a curl.

DARDANELLE FEUD.—What is the greatest virtue in a wife? Economy in her business. Why is a French franc of no value compared with an English shilling?—Because it is worth less.

The American cross-takers find great difficulty in ascertaining the ages of girls, a large majority of them being very retiring in the family Bible, and tend to be twice grin between ten and sixteen years of age.

An experienced old stager says, if you make love to a widow when she is over twenty-five years old, you are a fool; but if you make love to her when she is under twenty-five, you are a fool.

QUANDARIES.

Knocking at the wrong door, and hesitating whether you shall run away and say nothing about it, or go in and ask for the wrong person.

Crossing the road until you see a pig coming one way and a cab coming the other, and if you move on you are sure to be knocked by one, and if you stand still you may possibly be knocked by both.

Finding yourself in a damp bed on a cold night, and endeavoring without the slightest success to push your death, or get up and dress, and pass the night on the sofa, or borrow blankets.

Paying your addresses to a penniless fair one, under the impression that she is an heiress, and then discovering your error, having the option of marrying the young lady, or of being horsewhipped by the papa and brothers.

Dining at a friend's house, where you must either drink wine or offend your entertainer, and refusing till you become disagreeable.

Coming home late some cold night, one of which you must take it sudden, or just walk home a mile or two and inquire your way.

FACE OR BRASS.—The Secretary of War, Dundas, once Lord President of the Court of Sessions in Scotland having, during his term of office been created a Baronet, a gentleman wrote upon it the following impromptu:

"This house a lawyer once enjoyed,
A noble deen ever employed,
How naturally the iron age
Succeeds the age of gold!"

"DECOMPOSING" IS BECOMING A WIDOW.—Listen to these verses, written by a dying poet to his wife; she was a widow:

"My fair one, my fair one, alast it appears
That the doctor my speedy departure announces,
And you are a widow before I am dead of notes,
If your first mourning dress shall be plain, or with flounces."

For evile like these let your dark woman care,
"Tis for thee to mourn the sorrows of misery & evelil!
It makes them look dizzy. But you, who are fair,
Will soon be comforted, with flounces added, marriage."

A reverend gentleman who lives less than a thousand miles from "somewhere" has a daughter now in her fifth year. When she was but a few days ago, preparing for a sermon for the coming Sunday, he was interrupted by the child with the cry, "Papa, I'm tired of nothing." "Why so am anxious, inquiring look, said, "Papa, what was Methuselah's age when he died?" Upon being added, thinking he was also a Miss Anne Debtor, papa: but what was her other name?

A celebrated toper intending to go to a masked ball, consulted an acquaintance as to what character he should disguise himself in. "Go as a perfect gentleman," said your most intimate friends will not know you."

A gentleman remarked to his wife, on a recent party, but was refused by the person to whom it was sent, "Why, my dear, you have no idea!" meaning the bashfulness belonging to the one who was said to have sent it.

The most attentive man to business we ever knew was the waiter at a boarding-house. "Come to dinner, or return in half an hour." He was no relation to the lawyer who told his client to come back in a week, "or a year," and returned only after a pleasure trip of three weeks.

A goose that sees another drink will do the same, though he is not thirsty. The custom of drinking for company, when drinking is dispensable and undesirable, seems to be a case of the same kind, and to put a man, like a goose, upon drinking when he is not thirsty.

"What under the sun can be the cause of that bell ringing to-day?" said young Sam to his friend, as they passed a church on Sunday.

"If I was to express an opinion on the subject," returned the gentleman, "I should say it is the result of deliberate conviction that somebody is pulling the rope."

Matthews, the actor, being asked what he was going to do with his son, the young man's profession was to be that of an architect, "Why," answered the comedian, "he is going to dig out a living for his father first."

THE LANDING IN CALABRIA.

We publish on the next page a fine picture—from a sketch by M. Durand Brager—of the landing of a party of Garibaldians near Scylla, in Calabria, on the night of 9th-10th August last. It was a historical event, and may well be placed on record. Events have been moving so rapidly in Italy that, by the time this picture is laid before our readers, their attention may be claimed by later and more thrilling scenes. But the commencement of the end was the invasion of the main land, and we place it in our pages as a historical landmark.

The night of the 9th-10th of May of Napoleon published a fine picture in No. 190.

JOLLY ANGLERS.

FOUR of us went out fishing,
Mary, Fairy, I, and the man:
No use in grumble or wishing,
People may catch who can.

Mary was lucky that morning,
Lucky almost, I think, as the man,
And she laughed with her saucy scorning
As the fishes they filled her can.

The man was lucky in hooking:
Off the perch with his trimmers ran,
And he caught us a dish worth cooking,
As your Maidenhead fisherman can.

I caught nothing worth keeping,
Things about the length of a span;
When a gentleman's heart is leaping
He may strike a fish, if he can.

But Fairy, she made a capture,
On her darling own original plan,
And Fairy's eyes looked rapture
As her great soft violets can.

With a single line she made it,
Oh, such a line you'd have liked to scan!
One line, and the lady laid it
Where loving young ladies can.

In a gentleman's hand she placed it
Before our Maidenhead fishing began,
How his chances of fish were wasted,
Tell, lovers—who only can.

Overnight an enraptured dancer
Had handed a passionate note in a fan,
And the line was this gracious answer—
"*You may love me—if you can.*"

ELFIE MEADOWS.

A sunny day in leafy June, white clouds are floating high,
Leisurely through the blue expanse, and bees hum drowsily;
In shady nooks the cattle herd, and ruminating doze,
While onward, with a rippling song, the glancing river flows.

With fairy steps a maiden stroll'd along the rushy bank,
Her light foot hardly seem'd to crush the daisies where it sank;
The dragon-flies unheeding brush her soft curls as they pass;
The wary lizard boldly peeps from 'neath his tuft of grass.

Beneath her hat of plaited straw her eyes shine soft and blue,
Her tender, quivering mouth tells tales of feeling deep and true:
O Elfie Meadows!—scarce eighteen—how many a heart has brok
To kiss the flow'ret in your hand, the daisies 'neath your feet!

Yet scorn can dwell in those sweet eyes, cold words those lips can speak;
For many, though you're scarce eighteen, to gain your love would seek.
You wave them off with calm disdain. Have you no heart to give?
Or is it in yourself alone, and for yourself, you live?

Not so, sweet Elfie: next your heart a tiny pledge you wear—
Within a case of purest gold a lock of raven hair;
And over and anon you take, and to your lips you press,
This token of unfailing love to cheer your loneliness.

"And if," I ask, "long years should pass, and he should not return,
This tribute of a fleeting love you scornfully would spurn?"

"Never," she says, with flashing eyes: "time matters not to love:
And ours is true—it springs below, but rears its fruit above."

"Ah, Elfie, but you little know how absence can estrange—
How fondest hearts at last find out 'tis possible to change."

She stamp'd her little foot at me. "I tell you 'tis not so
With love that bears its flowers aloft, and has its roots below."

"Others have said the same," quoth I, "who loved as well as you,
Yet ten or twenty years have served to prove their love untrue."

Her small white hands she tightly clasp'd, and said, with feet a-glow,
"Their love no fruit could bear on high—it had no root below."

"And yours, my Elfie," murmured I, "how can you test its truth—
It may be that meterer years will scorn the love of youth?"

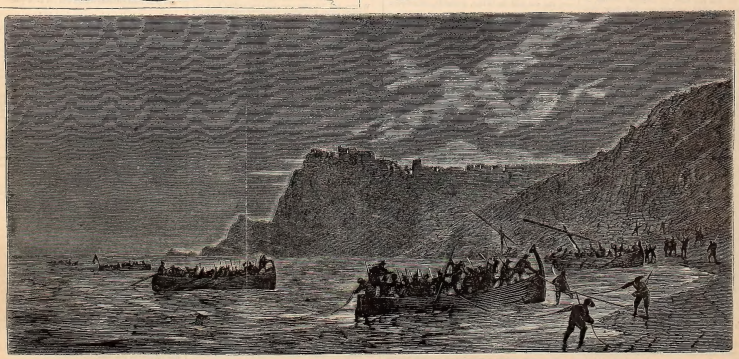
"Nay, try me not too hard," she said, "I only know I love,
And love that has such root below is perfected above."

We two sat on a mossy bank, her soft eyes look'd before
Into the river's crystal depths; fain would I test her more;

But one she little wist was near, had secretly o'erheard
Words that his inmost heart had touch'd, his deepest pulses stirr'd.

"And what," he ask'd, in quivering tone, "if some friend true and tried
Had told you that your faithless Guy had found another bride?"

Around his neck she wildly flung her arms with joyous glee:
"Ah, never, Guy, would I believe you could be false to me!"



LANDING OF A PARTY OF GARIBALDIANS IN CALABRIA ON THE NIGHT OF AUGUST 9-10, 1860.—[SEE PRECEDING PAGE.]

"I LOOKED STEADILY UPON THE FACE OF THE DEAD."

A NOCTURNY OF TERROR.

Once more is the drawer opened; once more are the papers in my hand. The ink of my firm youthful writing has grown pale, and the paper discolored; for I have not cared for such long year to open a roll so fraught with painful recollections.

My present narrative is founded upon these rough notes now before me: they were hastily and briefly written down at the time, and too truly chronicle events to which I was myself a witness.

To proceed. Date back thirty-five years. I was a medical student; my friends in the country had placed me in a neighboring city for the purposes of education. No authorized schools of surgery or anatomy at that date existed in those townas, and the earlier years of the student's life were passed in the acquisition of general preliminary information, and in attendance upon the local hospital or dispensary. Still, however, in the principal cities and towns anatomical study was privately carried on, the great importance of this particular branch of professional education having led, at an early period, to the establishment of rooms for dissection and the delivery of lectures on anatomy. In the town in which I resided one of the leading surgeons rented rooms over the cathedral cloisters for the purpose. These antique apartments, part of the monkish fabric of the cathedral, had been fitted up for lectures and dissections. The narrow casements overlooked an ancient turfing-ground full of the decaying memorials of mortality. The time-worn Gothic carvings, the silent quadrangle with its spreading yew-tree, the dark shadows in the cloistered arches beneath the rooms, gloom even in the summer daylight, gave a funereal character to the whole locality; and the nature of the studies carried on above becoming generally known, in spite of our precautions, the place was regarded with peculiar aversion by the common people.

In the present day the advance of education, and the wise provisions of an anatomical bill passed some years since to regulate medical studies and to supply them with subjects, have much lessened these extreme prejudices of the public at large, and have entirely remedied very great evils. The practice of disinterring bodies, and the sentence of the law, which formerly doomed the murderer to death and dissection, accounted for the strong feeling of horror and indignation with which human dissection was universally regarded. Partly because so alarmed that watchers with loaded firearms were frequently placed over the graves of recently deceased persons by their friends. Still the practice of disinterment went on, and a sufficient number of bodies was obtained, though with great difficulty, to supply the necessities of the schools. It seems now extraordinary that such a system should have ever existed, or that any young man of education could have been found to engage in the revolting work. But the danger and mystery of these night expeditions excited in youthful minds a daring spirit of silventure, and there were always plenty of volunteers ready to undertake them. It was not this spirit of enterprise, however, that alone actuated the student and urged him to a fatiguing and dangerous duty—hemp had in the close church-yard at midnight, with the certainty of the roughest treatment from the populace if discovered. Higher motives impelled him to the attainment of anatomical knowledge, and the consideration and esteem of teachers and comrades always accorded to the hard-working and the resolute.

It was, then, on a wild, stormy night in December, 1825, that a party of students agreed to meet at the dissecting rooms, and to start from thence at midnight on an expedition to a neighboring church-yard, three miles distant from the town. The party consistet of Balfour, young Fletcher, and myself. Qualified by my greater experience, I was the leader; Balfour was very young men, and Fletcher was to procure a gig for our conveyance.

I agreed to join Balfour at the rooms an hour before we started, in order to prepare a dissection which we had been unable to get ready before, and which it was necessary to complete for the morning lecture. Balfour was the son of a dissenting minister in the town, and had been carefully brought up. He was a hard-working, attentive student, but of a reserved and gloomy disposition. He seldom joined in the amusements of young men of his age, and consequently, though generally respected, he was not popular with his comrades. He was a heavy-built, strong fellow, with a resolved and not unpleasant countenance, though his smile was somewhat sinister. A man of hitherto proved courage, I always felt that I could rely upon him in emergency. It had been raining and blowing hard all the day: the evening closed gloomily in clouds, and showed no prospect of improvement. I arrived at the rooms the first, and, groping my way in the circular staircase, was glad to find that the fire I had made up when I left in the afternoon was burning brightly.

It was a wild night. The crazy leaden casements shook noisily in the eddying gusts of the wet gale that howled dismally round the towers of the cathedral tower. The skeletons, suspended by hooks from the ceiling, moved and creaked in the draughts. The shelves of preparations, and dissections, contained in cases ranged round the room, stood out in the waving gleams of the candle flared in the wind, glanced with grinning teeth from their glazed sepulchres. In the centre of the apartment, stretched upon a mahogany table with a sheet, lay a subject for dissection. It was the body of a quarry-man, recently killed by a fall from the rocks. The dim light of the candle reddened upon the solemn folds of the white drapery, and gave a statuesque character to the form.

As I sat in the gloom waiting the arrival of my comrade, a succession of strange thoughts and fancies passed through my mind. I speculated upon the probable aspect of the face concealed beneath the sheet—Was it not horribly distorted by the nature of the death—and therefore unnatural—rendering a wondrous living tissue of organization, in an instant, effete and worthless—a man yesterday, and to-day nowhere now of heaven and hell than all the philosophers upon earth.

The idea grew horribly vivid until I fancied that I saw the shrouding-sheet, that seemed to flow more slightly move. Though I felt that this was but the effect of an excited imagination, to reassure my mind I rose, walked to the body, removed the covering, and looked steadily upon the face of the dead. There was nothing in the rigid lines of the effigy. The characters of mortality were there engraven in lines not to be mistaken, and I gazed upon the fixed and peaceful features of what had been a vigorous, half-savage, toiling athlete, with a strange and deep interest.

It was now eleven the quarter bells chimed out from the cathedral, followed by the heavy toll of the hour, taken up in succession by more distant church's, whose drowsy tones came faintly to me upon the sweeping storm.

A step on the stairs: enter Balfour, more serious and dour in aspect than usual. Wrapped in a rough-coat and muffler, he did not speak until he had removed and shaken his drenched garments.

"Balfour, this is a capital night for us; we shall have no witness to our proceedings in this howling storm."

"Do you think so?" he replied. "For all that, there are busy fiends who love the darkness and the storm. Come, get to work, we have no time to lose; already eleven o'clock has struck, and I," turning to the unfinished task, "in the dissection for to-morrow's lecture is not yet even begun. Come, to work!"

So saying he uncovered the body, and proceeded to flex the arm across the chest, the more readily to dissect the upper and back part of the extremity, at the same time he secured it with a chain hook to the other side of the table. The limb was thus put forcibly upon the stretch, and the subject drawn over upon its side. Balfour, seeing himself opposite the arm, commenced the work. I was on the other side, engaged in reading aloud the anatomical description of the parts we were preparing, when, during a pause, the hook which had secured the arm in the dissection beforementioned slipped its hold, and the hand, suddenly freed from its bondage, swung with an increased momentum given by the turning body, and struck Balfour a violent blow upon the face. With a fearful shriek—the more startling from his habitual composure—Balfour sprung to his feet, like Richard in the tent-scene; with hair erect, blanched face, and large drops of perspiration gathering on his brow, he staggered back, shouting:

"O Good! the man's alive!"

I dashed at him, but recoiled myself, not at what had occurred—for I saw how it had happened—but at the object terror of my companion, appalling to the last degree. Clasped together we hustled each other into a corner of the room, giving, in our passing struggles, a sharp gyration to the suspended skeletons. I shook him violently, exclaiming:

"He is not alive; he is dead—dead!"

But Balfour, half death-struck himself, still gasped: "Alive!—alive!"

"No, no, no," I repeated; "he is dead!"

At length he drew a deep breath, and sunk down in the corner whimpering:

"I said it is impossible; that half-dissected body *can not be alive*."

"My good fellow," said I, "this is more childish delusion—what is the matter with you? are you well? Here, take some brandy."

He seized the flask and drank deeply; then, with a strong effort, he rose, walked to the fire, sat down with his back to the dissecting-table, and said nothing.

The whole scene was very ghastly. Balfour's firmness in the time of trial, heretofore, made his present object fear the more unnatural and shocking; no doubt, to a man of his serious mind and ordinary dubious disposition, with a temperament prone to superstition, the impression of an incident so sudden and appalling was the more powerful in effect.

We sat in silence.

"Balfour," I said, at last, "we must put off our expedition for this night; it is blowing and raining hard, and you are not in a fit state to encounter fatigue and exposure."

"Why do you talk thus?" he replied, looking up doubtfully; "do you think that I am afraid?"

"Not at all, my friend; but this circumstance that has so startled you may perhaps make you—How I hesitated, not caring to say what I thought, and stopped abruptly. "Wilder," said Balfour, angrily, seizing me by the arm, "have I ever quailed in this most horrible, but, to us, righteous task?—have I ever shrunk from my duty that you thus insinuate?"

"Never, Balfour; you have always stood by me like a man, and I would rather have you for my lieutenant than any other of the students, and that you know right well; but we will not go to-night for all that."

He started up, and with sudden energy exclaimed, "Wilder, even if I go alone, even should the dead arise to oppose me—Wilder, say not one word more;" and he struck his fist violently on the table, setting the skeleton and window-frames trembling and clattering in the pause of the storm, which was now subsiding.

At this moment we heard the sound of wheels, and the old clock tolled twelve.

"Here is the gig, and we not ready!" I exclaimed.

I was glad to see Balfour eagerly seize and put on his great-coat. He then chose a dark lantern. We then collected all the requisite tools—tooth-pick, shovel, elevator, etc.—and descended to the street, groping along in the dark.

"A wild night, lads!" said the cheerful voice of young Fletcher, a youth of seventeen, who, accustomed to drive, was chosen as our charioteer. "I have had the greatest work to get the trap; I should never have come round old Higgins if I had not been for Nancy. He declared that we were going to commit a dead robbery, and that nothing would induce him, for one of these days; and Nancy actually kissed me, because she had it in her mind that I should be surely nipped up by them awful spectres. At last, however, I got off, and here I am, all right and tight."

"Jack," said I, "can you see, and is the horse steady? It is awkward work driving in such a black night as this."

"Be easy, my dear friend; I could drive you to the devil, if required."

"Well," added Balfour, "I believe it is not unlikely that you may have to do so."

It was a good horse, and we rattled along at a great pace between long lines of lamps through lonely streets, deserted, save by drowsy watchmen calling the hour, who raised their dim lanterns to see what we were. Then came the straggling, half-lighted suburbs, and lastly the dark and open country, through which we drove more slowly, though still at a steady trot, to the quiet church-yard at Hilton. The wind had much subsided; low, rolling clouds, opening here and there, showed a few faint stars; but the road, where shadowed by trees, would have been almost undistinguishable save for the glimmering pools left by the heavy rain. We now quitted the gig, which Fletcher drove back to the shadow of some fir-trees, there to await our return. As I ascended with Balfour the path that led to the church-yard, we paused to look round, and assure ourselves that no one was following upon our steps.

I never approached the dark sanctuary of death with more of awe and reverence than at this moment, though about to mock and desecrate that sanctuary by rifling it of its poor contents.

The shadow of the darkest night, which you inwardly hope may shroud the ghoul-like proceedings, is never profound enough. The disinterred body gleams with its own ghastly lustre. A faint phosphorescent luminous seems to surround it, developing the characteristic outline of humanity, when it is so dark that you can not see your hand before you. I do not know how it was, but at this moment I did not feel my usual cool steadfastness. I was fidgety and anxious. Balfour's alarm in the room had filled me with uneasiness, and, though he seemed recovered, he was still nervous and depressed. However, we were no time for retrogression; and, creeping along the side of the low wall to the deeper shadow of the church, we leaped the inclosure.

The moment I was in the ground all uncertainty passed from my mind, to be immediately succeeded by a sense of duty, and a firm purpose to execute it. I at once advanced to the spot marked in a visit of investigation the day before by the size of the recent grave. After having made the needful preliminary examination, and satisfied ourselves that we were correct, I and Balfour take the commencement of the work, while I removed a sliort distance from the grave to watch, and warn my comrade should any thing occur to disturb us. It is far better to work than to watch on these occasions. The attention is absorbed in the exertion; and on that account I determined that Balfour should begin. As I stood in the drear yard I looked about me more narrowly, to ascertain my eye to the dim obscurity and the various dark mis-shapen objects around. One decaying monument appeared like a crouching monster watching us; and it was not till I had approached to examine the object more closely that I could gratify myself of its real nature. The evergreen trees and bushes that clustered in the opposite corner of the yard were darkly outlined against the dusky reddish light arising from the city, three miles off. As I stood listening on the watch, the ticking of the church-clock seemed to grow gradually louder in the intense silence. Presently I heard another sound, not unlike it—a soft tapping noise that I could not understand. It appeared, at times, to be very near me, and then to die away in the distance. The grating of the spade on the hard soil, which had been going on for some time, now ceased. I therefore returned to Balfour, to see what he was about, and to take my turn at the work, remembering to him the watch. As I approached he spoke softly from the grave, in a nervous and excited way.

"Hush! do you hear nothing? do you see nothing?"

So own attention had been drawn to the peculiar sounds before mentioned—soft intermitting sounds, like little footsteps patting on the ground. Balfour came standing up to me.

"It is horribly dark! What are these noises, so like heavy droppings of blood? Are they the echoes of the church clock, or are they the ticking clocks to the tower? I hate this infernal thing! What is it? Why did you bring me here to be thus tormented?" And he wiped the perspiration from his brow with his muddy hand.

"Pooh, pooh! it is nothing at all, Balfour," said I. "Get back to the work again. I will go to the other side of the yard and see about it."

I crossed the ground in the direction of the sounds, ankle-deep in the rank, wet grass that ever fattens on the rich loam of the church-yard, slipping over graves and low headstones, to the imminent danger of my shins. When I drew near I perceived the simple cause of our alarm: though the storm had ceased, large drops continued to fall from a spout at the top of the tower, and pattered on the flags below.

As I turned to go back I jostled a dark figure standing close to me. In my first impulse I seized

"BY HEAVEN! THERE IS SOMETHING IN THE CHURCH-YARD—THERE!"

it by the throat, but was roughly shaken off by the more powerful Balfour. "Why the devil," I angrily exclaimed, "do you thus dog me, Sir? How infernally you have startled me! Do get back to your work!" We returned sulkily and in silence. I took up the shovel and began to dig. Balfour presently touched me on the shoulder. "Wilder," he said, "you were very angry with me just now; I ought not to have followed you; forgive me; I am not quite myself to-night." "All right, Balfour. Go back to your watch; I quite understand." Balfour, however, did not seem disposed to quit my vicinity. I took no notice at first, but kept vigorously at the work; then in a pause I said, "My good fellow, you *must* return to your post; you can not hear any thing so near me, and it is quite necessary to keep a sharp look-out, though all may be perfectly quiet, and every thing promise success." While I yet spoke we were startled by a remarkable sound above our heads, apparently close to us. A low whistling in the air, very strange and even sweet, seemed to wander and play about us. "What—is—this—now?" gasped my companion. "What is it, I say!" and he seized me convulsively by the arm. I was myself astonished, and could in no way explain this new phenomenon. However, I said, hastily, "Birds—night birds, chirping round us—nothing more." "Wilder," said Balfour, slowly, in a hollow and altered voice, "God sees us, and vouchsafes us a warning. This may be a dreadful sin that we are engaged in. Come, let us go." I was much more alarmed at Balfour's evidently growing disturbance of mind than at the cause, and did what I could to reassure him. The sounds, as I seized the spade, suddenly ceased, and pushing him from me, in another moment I was hard at work. I had scarcely thrown out a dozen shovelfuls of earth before Balfour rushed wildly up and exclaimed, "By Heaven! there is something in the church-yard—there—close to the verge of the inclosure!"

Instantly I jumped out of the grave, and with straining eyes looked in the direction he indicated. I could see nothing.

Balfour was evidently pointing to some moving object, and following it with his finger; while he muttered words which, in the agitation of the moment, I did not understand. We stood close together, our eyes directed toward the opposite boundary wall. There the solemn bushes were waving slowly in the night air against the illumined sky, but no other moving thing could I perceive.

At the same time a new and extraordinary sense of undefinable solicitude and anxiety—a sense of something to be feared—crept through me; and as I now felt certain that with a man in Balfour's excited state, verging upon insanity, I could hope for no assistance, but must expect every embarrassment, I determined to give up all farther attempt, and to leave the church-yard at once. I was on the point of saying so, when my companion spoke again in broken, shivering whispers. "Wilder, look yonder; do you not see it now? I see it distinctly in ghastly outline against the sky. Mark how it glides along, slowly, very slowly—a terrible shadow streaked with light, where the shroud parts upon the breast. See, it stops, it beckons, it lures us to its haunt. Oh, Wilder, stay not a moment; instantly let us go—not *that* way—not *there*—*that* is the grave—*its* grave—tread softly, softly, and with haste." Then, in the delirious ecstasy of his terror, he suddenly shouted out, in a loud, clear voice, most appalling in the absorbing silence of the night, "Save me, O God, for I come into deep water. Let not the pit shut her mouth upon me. Save me! save me! I go to judgment." And he made a step forward, as if to advance upon the mystic horror.

Now was my own concern infinitely increased, when I fancied that I myself could perceive through the gloom what resembled a slowly passing shadow, illumined below, and dark above the wall. The undefined sensation I had before experienced swelled into a deadly sense of sickly fear, as I followed with straining eye-balls a dim something that was stealing along the verge of the inclosure, in the direction of the dark evergreens, erect and human-shaped. Had I not been infected by Balfour's abject terror (for terror is an infectious disease), it is possible that my natural audacity would have made me dash at the figure to solve the dreadful mystery; but as it was, I stood, for the moment, benumbed, terror-struck, and incapable of motion. As I gazed with dilated pupils, I saw the shadow wave what seemed an arm; but whether to beckon us onward, or to warn us to desist, I could not in the dim obscurity discern.

At this moment the air became filled with the same strange, sweet, whistling sounds we had before heard—above, below, around us, every where. My comrade fell heavily to earth in strong convulsions, and struggled violently in the loose mould, lashing it about in a fearful manner. I endeavored at first to hold him in these spasms, to prevent him from hurting himself, but in vain; so I let him wrestle it out, while I thrust my brandy-flask between his tightly-wedged teeth, and succeeded in getting some brandy into his mouth. I thought of running for Fletcher, but I feared to leave Balfour in his present state, lest, suddenly recovering, he should go raving mad to find himself alone, and apparently deserted; besides, what would become of the horse if Fletcher were to leave the gig? I do not know how it was—for I am sure my present situation was bad enough—but I felt in my anxiety for poor Balfour, and the constant attention I was compelled to give him, a relief from a worse and more prostrating feeling—that of a terror such as I had never understood before. I tried to be calm—determined not to turn my eyes in the direction of the late visitation, and to await, as steadily as I could, the restoration of my comrade to consciousness. The convulsions now nearly ceased, returning only at intervals and in a slight degree. Still he remained insensible. I had loosened his neckerchief and chafed his temples, sprinkling his face with spirit from my flask. After a brief period of intense anxiety, I found the pulse returning, and the breathing in a degree restored. I gently whispered to him that we were going away, and raising him upon his feet, I led him with faltering steps toward the point of our entrance. In this way, with difficulty, we gained the boundary wall, and I lifted him over, holding him with one hand, and scrambling up with the other. At this moment the clock struck three, and the sounds rose faintly from the churches of the distant city. As I paused after my exertion, leaning against the wall, and still supporting my companion, the cool night breeze that bore the welcome sound of the bells upon its wings, fanned my heated brow with an ineffable sense of refreshment. My shortened breath grew deeper in the pure current of vital air, and my shaken frame became braced again. My judgment, which had never entirely deserted me, was restored to its full integrity with returning bodily strength. I felt excited, but equal to any emergency. It was clear that Balfour's mind had not yet sufficiently recovered to enable him to comprehend his situation, nor did I, by any remark, attempt to lead him to a consciousness on this point. With the same slow advance we descended from the church-yard to the road. Here I left him and ran on to Fletcher. Jumping into the gig, I told him to drive instantly back to where I had left Balfour.

"What is the matter?" whispered Fletcher. "Have you seen the devil, or are you pursued?"

I made no answer, but seizing the reins from him as we approached the spot, I pulled up sharply, leaped from the gig, and found Balfour exactly where I had left him.

"Here, Fletcher, jump out and lend a hand to get him in."

Fletcher now whispered, "Oh, the immaculate Balfour drunk, I perceive."

"Be quiet; you know nothing about it. Keep hold of him and remain where you are until my return; I will be with you in ten minutes."

I hastened back to the church-yard, determined to ascertain, if possible, what it really was that had upset us so completely. As I climbed the wall I glanced in the direction of our recent terror, and leaping down, walked to the grave. Here I collected the tools that were scattered about, and seizing the elevator, which made a formidable weapon, I advanced, with a beating heart, to the other side of the grave-yard. As I looked doubtfully round, the various dark objects in the inclosure seemed perfectly stationary. At last I arrived at the extreme end of the yard, and leaned against the wall for a few moments, for I felt a sudden faintness, and the darkness which enveloped me seemed so profound that I lost all idea of the direction to return in.

In a few minutes my faintness passed off, but it required the utmost resolution to enable me to enter the funereal shadows of the evergreens. I did enter though, and walked round and between what I found were cypress-trees. No light burst from the gloom. All was bare and silent. I returned with much more trepidation than on my advance. I felt every moment as if about to be clasped from behind by a loathsome spectre. Exhausted, and wet with perspiration, I rejoined my comrades. Balfour remained in the same condition, and Fletcher exclaimed, "Thank God you are come! I have been dreadfully frightened with this living ghost. What is the matter with him, and what is it all about?"

I now hurriedly explained what had occurred, and told him to get home as fast as he could.

We drove rapidly back, entered once more the deserted streets, and reached the lecture-rooms in safety. I ran up the stairs to unlock the door, and, raking the embers of the nearly extinguished fire, lit a candle, and descended for Balfour. He seemed partially to comprehend that he was to leave the gig. Both assisting, we got him up stairs; and then Fletcher drove off to the stable. I now proceeded to examine more closely into Balfour's condition. He was deathly pale; his pupils, widely dilated, were insensible to the action of light; his extremities cold. I laid him on the floor, bathed his face and head with cold water, and poured more brandy down his throat, until by degrees his consciousness partially returned. I was right glad when Fletcher's springy step was heard upon the stairs. After nearly two hours of watchful care and continued endeavors Balfour was much recovered; still there was an unpleasant, unearthly stare about his face, with a slight squint. At times he talked incoherently, alluding to some deadly sin he fancied he had committed, for which there was no hope of forgiveness. Dawn at last stole through the gloom, and dimmed our wasted, flaring candle. When the daylight was fully established I sent Fletcher for a carriage, and putting Balfour into it, drove with him to his home. The family were not yet up, and directing the servant to get him to bed as quickly as possible, I hastened to Mr. Bromfield, our anatomical professor, and begged him to return with me as soon as possible. He attended to my request at once, and on the way I detailed to him the adventure. Mr. Bromfield listened attentively to my recital. He considered that Balfour's unusual terrors were due to his having been unwell before we started; that I had myself been infected by my comrade's fear, and that the whole thing was but the result of our disordered imaginations. I made no answer to these observations; and though I inwardly wished that the matter could be thus satisfactorily explained, I knew better. We now arrived at Balfour's house. When Mr. Bromfield had seen and examined the patient he expressed great alarm. He said: "There is much more in this than I at first thought. I consider him in immediate danger." He remained with poor Balfour to see that the remedial measures which he had ordered were promptly carried out, and to break the matter to his friends. For my part, I returned in a sad and subdued state of mind, and felt more than half inclined never again to attempt these adventures.

Fatigue and excitement had quite upset me, and truly glad I was to find myself once more in my own lodgings. I undressed and jumped into bed, but essayed in vain to sleep. Whenever I dozed off, the horrible scene with Balfour in the dissecting-room came before me, or I fancied myself in the church-yard starting at every noise. At last I could bear these half-waking horrors no longer; so I determined to get up and go to lecture, for it was just ten o'clock, the hour for its commencement.

Returning wearily to my lodgings I was startled by a placard, signed by the church-wardens of Hilton, which a man was in the act of posting up. It was as follows:

FELONY.

FIFTY GUINEAS REWARD!

WHEREAS, late last night, or early this morning, some villain or villains, unknown, entered the church-yard of Hilton, and feloniously stole the body and the grave-clothes of a person therein buried, and have thus incurred the penalty of transportation: Any person giving information that may lead to the discovery of the offender or offenders shall receive Twenty Guineas reward upon his or their apprehension, and a further reward of Thirty Guineas upon conviction.

I do not know that the horrible witness of the night affected me more strangely than this announcement. The body gone and the grave-clothes! I read and re-read the words until the very idea sickened me. The unearthly sounds we had heard all now bore a fearful interpretation.

I turned away from the contemplation of this infernal placard, repeating unconsciously, "the body and the grave-clothes—the body and the grave-clothes!" Suddenly I started at full speed to Balfour's. Judge of my alarm and distress when I found the street-door wide open and the household in great confusion. Mr. Bromfield and Fletcher, with several neighboring practitioners in the sick-room, drawn thither by strange reports of Balfour's extraordinary state. As I entered the apartment, Balfour, a dying man, rose upright in his bed, and with the same ghastly expression he wore in the dissecting-room, pointed at me with outstretched arms, and exclaimed, in a voice that haunted my dreams for months afterward:

"See, it comes again! The grave is opened! I am in the Valley of the Shadow of Death—it grows darker and darker—I—go—"

He gradually stiffened in this fearful attitude, and in a few minutes was a corpse. So ends my noctuary of terror.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE POLITICAL CAMPAIGN.

EFFORTS have been perseveringly made to reunite all the parties opposed to Lincoln in this State, but thus far without success. Mr. Dean Richmond, the head of the Democratic party, refused to recognize the Breckinridge organization in any way or shape. In Pennsylvania it is understood that a fusion of the anti-Republican elements has been effected. From California the accounts are favorable to Douglas. Senator Douglas continues to stump this State; he spoke last week at Clifton Springs, Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo, and also at Cleveland, Ohio. Senator Seward is in the West; he has spoken at St. Paul (Minnesota), Dubuque (Iowa), and other places. He has gone on to Kansas. Hon. Mr. Yancey is at Washington, District of Columbia, where he has delivered an oration on the issues of the canvass.

SENATOR SEWARD ON AMERICAN DESTINY.

The *Herald* correspondent telegraphs from St. Paul, September 18:

"Senator Seward made to-day the great speech of the campaign. It was fuller, more elaborate, and far abler than his Detroit speech.

"He looked to the acquisition of British America, Russian America, and Spanish America, and declared that the man was born who would live to see the American people coming to the harmonious understanding that this is a land of freedom and freemen, and that it is the land of the white man, and that whatever elements there are to disturb its present peace will before long pass away, without endangering this great Union.

"He felt that here we were not only before the shrine of freedom, but in the living universe of the Goddess of Freedom. The vital principle of the Government was the equality of every member of it. It is the recognition of this principle which had made the capital of Minnesota equal in nine years to the capital of any Slave State two hundred years old. Liberty, after all, was but the simple national practice of exact justice to all men. Slavery is to-day, said he, not only powerless, but without influence in the American republic. Talking of the threats of the South to dissolve the Union, he asked, Who is afraid? [A voice—'No one.'] Nobody is afraid—nobody can be bought.

"He prophesied that the time would come when New York would cease to be the Empire State, and Pennsylvania cease to be the Keystone State, as Virginia had already ceased to be the Old Dominion. The New Dominion, the Empire State, and the Keystone State would be hereafter in the Mississippi valley."

THE EQUINOCTIAL.

A great Equinoctial storm swept with great violence over the Gulf of Mexico on Saturday, 15th, and reached this city and vicinity on Thursday, though with its fury greatly abated. It was accompanied with very little wind, but the rain fell in torrents, accompanied by thunder and lightning. Its advent was preceded by a dense fog, which interfered considerably with navigation in the bay and on the rivers. At Newark the rain fell in such floods that cellars and basements were overflowed, causing damage to the extent of thousands of dollars. Fire-engines were brought into requisition to clear the flooded premises. Several places were also struck by lightning, but no lives were lost.

THE LATE COLONEL LUMSDEN.

The New Orleans *Picayune* of the 16th gives a personal sketch of Colonel Lumsden, who, with his family, was recently lost in Lake Michigan. From it the following paragraph is taken:

"Francis Asbury Lumsden was a native of North Carolina. At an early age he was apprenticed to the senior Joseph Gales, then editor of the *Raleigh Register*, in whose office he served his time. After spending nine years in the *National Intelligencer*, at Washington city, he came to New Orleans, about twenty-four years ago, and in 1836 was foreman in a journal called the *Standard*. In 1837, in conjunction with Mr. Kendall, he commenced the publication of the *Picayune*, with which he remained connected until the day of his death. To its columns he was a pleasant contributor under various noms de plume, besides his editorial initials, giving agreeable and racy sketches of life and manners in near and remote places; of his hunting and sporting excursions, and of other matters of interest to the public. Even up to the very day of his starting upon the fatal excursion on Lake Michigan, he communicated in this way with the *Picayune*. Colonel Lumsden possessed qualities of mind and heart that secured him friends wherever he was known. Warm and firm in his social attachments, generous even to a fault, possessing fine conversational powers, ever cheerful and abounding in good humor, and rich in sympathy for the unfortunate, he won the esteem and good-will of all with whom he came in contact. He was as sensitive as he was affable; as chivalric as he was generous; and as open and frank as he was impulsive. His high sense of personal honor forbade concealment and deceit, and made him as courteous to others as prompt to resent a discourtesy to himself."

MRS. GURNEY'S CONFESSION.

Various letters have been received from England bearing testimony that the pretended confession of Mrs. Gurney, published in the New York *Tribune* a few weeks since, is a forgery, and was unknown in England till conveyed thither in American journals. The first of these is from Lady Buxton, who, with ready intuition, remarks:

"A forgery it is. We suspect it is a money-making trick of the publishers."

A letter which now lies before me, post-marked Paris, August 31, in the handwriting of M. G., the unhappy subject of this base fabrication, and addressed to Edmund Gurney, fully denies its authorship, and says:

"I know nothing whatever of the letter to which you allude, and I hope you will let the world know it at once. It is scandalous in those who have done it."

This is enough to set the matter at rest.

SUMMER SKATING.

The *Home Journal* thus describes the summer skate, which has just been introduced in this locality:

"Among the novelties of the season—an invention destined to act an important part in the physical education of children—is a skate adapted for the house, and which can be used on a carpeted or uncarpeted floor. With a pair of these skates on her feet, a young lady can soon learn the art of skating to a degree that will enable her successfully to accomplish on the ice, and with steel skates, that which has heretofore been to her a much-coveted but almost despaired-of-obtaining enjoyment. All the benefits that are to be derived from that healthful exercise are now placed within the reach of even the most delicate; and floor-skating will henceforth be included among home amusements, to the delight of childhood and the gratification of age. The floor-skate is simply a frame of ornamental iron, nearly the shape and size of the wood part of the common skate, with, instead of the steel runner, four rollers or wheels of gutta-percha, measuring about three inches in circumference, each of which revolves on a separate axle: these rollers, of course, rest on the floor, and turn with the movements of the skater. The skate is strapped to the foot in a manner similar to the ice skate, with wide leather bands, superior in every respect to the common strap. The inhabitants of the South, whose facilities for skating have hitherto been limited, may now rival in this exercise, amidst orange groves and balmy breezes, their Northern brethren, surrounded by ice, and snow, and chilling winds. A waxed floor is, perhaps, the best adapted for this sport; a long hall covered with oil-cloth is, probably, the next; but if these are not accessible, a carpeted room of any kind will answer. Being elastic, the rollers do not wear the carpet, as they would if formed of wood or metal."

THE GREENLAND EXPEDITION.

The Greenland Expedition on board the schooner *Nautilus*, Captain Raulette, arrived at Thomaston, Maine, on the 11th inst. This expedition was sent out by Williams College in search of specimens for its Natural History Society. They proceeded nearly as far north as Disco Island, at which place the eclipse of the sun was total, but unfortunately the day on which the eclipse took place was a very stormy one. At Godthabb they met Captain M'Clintock, with a British war-steamer, who kindly offered his services in towing them out to sea. A portion of the party remained on the coast of Labrador for the purpose of collecting specimens, birds' eggs, nests, etc. The members of the Natural History Society accompanying the expedition have brought home a great number of curiosities, seal and bear skins, kyacks, spears, foxes, eagles, ducks, and many articles manufactured by the natives, such as shoes, spears, pouches, etc.

PERSONAL.

Some newspaper men, among them Mr. Erastus Brooks, of this city, and Mr. Woods, of the London *Times*, received a private lesson in rope-walking from Blondin, a few days ago, at Niagara Falls. They rewarded Blondin with a gold-headed cane, which was presented to him last Saturday.

Mr. Shaw, the rich old bachelor at St. Louis, against whom Effie Carstang brought that famous breach of promise case, is assessed $580,000 for real estate, and $43,500 for personal property. Effie is still living at St. Louis. She is not assessed for any property yet.

Don Juan Bello, Minister from Chili to the United States, died on Sunday night, 16th, at the Clarendon hotel in this city. He was about returning to Washington, and his death was quite unexpected.

By the recent decease of Mr. Waldegrave, an English millionaire, Senator J. M'Leod Murphy, of this city, becomes heir to a fortune of over half a million of dollars. Mr. Waldegrave, who was a descendant of one of the oldest families in England, died possessed of $8,000,000, which is to be equally divided among twelve of his nearest relatives, the Senator named being one of them.

Madame Elizabeth Ortes, the great-grandmother of the editor of the St. Louis *Bulletin*, is one hundred and five years of age, and has resided in that city one hundred and three years.

Mr. Paran Stevens, who keeps the Fifth Avenue Hotel, in this city, keeps also the Continental Hotel of Philadelphia, the Revere House and the Tremont House of Boston, the Battle House, Mobile, and the Point Clear House, Point Clear, Alabama; in all six first-class hotels, involving a capital and current expenses of several millions. Mr. Stevens is a native of Claremont, New Hampshire.

The Boston gentleman is thus mentioned in an article written at Halifax at the time of the Prince's reception: "Mayor Lincoln, of Boston, produced a strong impression in favor of American gentlemen by his courteous and dignified bearing; and we are told that the Duke of Newcastle, pointing at him, asked Consul Pillsbury if he was a fair specimen of Boston gentlemen, and if so, then, said the Duke, Boston must be a city of fine gentlemen, and Mayor Lincoln a credit to his city."

A Sunday or two since, at Grace Church, says *The Home Journal*, a young gentleman put his hat under the seat, and shortly afterward two prepossessing young ladies sat next him. At the conclusion of the service the ladies left the church first, and the gentleman stooped in search of his hat, and, to his surprise, found it gone. He called the sexton and applied to that worthy functionary for advice. Mr. Brown suggested that it might have been caught in the ladies' crinoline; and entangled in the crinoline sure enough it was. After bobbing against one of the young ladies' ankles for a distance of about twenty yards the hat dropped out, much to the astonishment and surprise of those following.

Mr. Charles H. Stanley, well known for many years as the best chess player in the United States, has returned to England and taken up his residence in Manchester.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

PALMERSTON'S VIEWS ON ITALY.

WHEN Edwin James, Member of Parliament, passed through Paris, he was received by Jules Faune and others. He stated he was going to see Garibaldi, and Lord Palmerston had authorized him to tell him that he (Palmerston) considered that Garibaldi would compromise all his success by an immediate attack upon Rome or Venetia.

LORD BYRON'S HEIR.

The London correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian* writes as follows respecting Lord Byron's heir:

"I happened in a recent letter to mention the curious fact that the son and heir of Lord Lovelace, now, by

Lady Byron's death, Baron Wentworth, and heir to the very large landed property bequeathed him by the poet's widow, is now living at Woolwich Arsenal, as a soldier, at a weekly wage. By virtue of the *Indigenous Law Debts*, in an almost textual translation of the whole letter which contained this paragraph, heightens the interest of this statement about the grandson of Lord Byron by adding: "His pay, I believe, is eighteen pence a week. I have seen him at work in the shop with as much pluck and industry as any of his mates. Between ourselves, there is at the bottom—not further at the top—of this eccentric proceeding a genealogical tree of the house of Byron, which, as the world ship is unwilling to abandon, even to live in the blighted and unhappy atmosphere of society."

"I need hardly say that this is pure invention on the part of my informant. Sympathy, the love of fame, and pretty girl of the lower orders' in the affair at all. The young nobleman is described as a youth of great spirit at an early age, was missing for several years, in spite of large rewards offered by his friends, and was at last found by his own brother himself apprentice to a cooper, and working with all the vigor of a cabin-boy aboard a merchantman. He was then in a London dock, and was sent home with a letter from his brother, and with a sudden change in the world of his hands as a bolt-maker at Woolwich Arsenal, where he is still, or was very recently, working. He often, while in this employment, walked up to Lord Byron's, in Piccadilly Row, and regularly every Sunday, his day of leisure, as a guest, but always was carried down to Woolwich by the coach in time to begin on Monday morning. I may add that, though I have not seen him at work in the Arsenal, a near friend of mine has seen him on the bridge from Woolwich to Plumstead, and, bedaubed with paint, and in a coarse jacket, long hair, and a wide-awake, with a short pipe stuck through his hand."

A BATCH OF MURDERS.

The *Herald* correspondent writes: "Very interesting murder cases are about to enliven our police annals. The 'road murder' of a young and interesting lad, only four or five years old, is still wrapped in mystery, and very extraordinary confessions made proving to be without foundation in fact. A beast of a woman, who was servant in a Liverpool boarding-house, was tried for murdering her mistress by poison,—but the jury, very well, leaving this her home and furniture,—and was acquitted; while the husband, a country, cringing, cowardly jury, believe has guilty without a particle of doubt. An old lady, a wealthy miserly person, was decoyed out of bed in her own house, in the east end of London. The old creature was found next morning with her throat cut, lived entirely alone, without a servant; and though she never could be induced to count her money, it was collected her own rents, and never employed an agent. She would not have it supposed, but invested all her spare money. Bags of gold and silver were found under her bed, and in a cupboard under the look-out room of her. She was such a recluse that her body was not found till four or five days after her death, but there was no sign in, and far gone in decomposition. No clew to the murderer."

THE AGAPEMONE STORMED.

The *Times* correspondent writes: "There has been a siege in England. The Agapemone has been stormed. A Mr. Price wished to recover his wife, who, it is probably still is, a deluded inmate of that establishment. Mr. Price was himself a victim himself, but as the lady bear he was disencumbered, while his wife still clings to the Spirit. Unfortunately the escapade was somewhat ill-minded his friends, and the lady without price was demanded. It was not to be given. Mr. Price went down in all his best hair, and formed her in as ardent in the garden of Eden as he had ever been. The lady, however, was then above cares to her rescue. The last time the garrison was reported to assault, and a body formed to pretend a picket, which led to a similar act on the part of an outside reinforcement. Matters looked serious, and a party took place, and the inhabitants of the 'Abode of Love' agreed to allow a reasonable time for the departure for the ladies to get ready to receive visitors. What changes of apparel were then made necessary is not observed, this deponent, not having penetrated the mysteries of that sacred temple of fun, can not say. But probably Mr. Price was not by a secret patent gate, and he was admitted to the flock on the appointed day. He was supposed to have migrated to a farm-house at some little distance. The husband and his friend were admitted, and agreed to give up the search for that night, and the road was cleared. But if it should be repeated, the Brother Prince should be decked in a horse-pond, few will commiserate the discomfort of the unclean outcasts which he may catch. Brother Prince is a Joe Smith on a small scale, and has made a little hell of his own on his four-in-hand, a fine breed of blood-hounds, and a select harem of rather pretty women. There is a great deal to be said about all this on both sides of the country; but I am afraid that the public will not be very much interested in a street-row. It is to be hoped that the Agapemone may not, like Brother Prince, not notice that which lately the Mormonites left Utah. Such a shut here would, for one night, I question whether the Agapemone would have been left standing where it is."

FRANCE.

ANOTHER SPEECH FROM PERSIGNY.

Upon the occasion of the laying of the corner-stone of the new church at Nemours, Count Persigny delivered the following speech:

"MONSIEUR LE CURE AND GENTLEMEN.—I thank you for the flattering words which you have addressed to me, and, above all, for the honor of being invited to lay the first stone of the church which the piety of the faithful of this town have so eagerly looking for. In ordering this house upon a political man who is only received in his ranks through his public acts is more remarkable. I must his fellow-citizens are pleased to regard him at this moment as the representative of the Government. I am persuaded that the Government is the natural protector of religion, and its ministers; and you know it (Applause.) The devotedness of the Emperor for the Church is a proof of it. I can afford to dwell upon this, because injustice which lately alarmed Catholicism and astonished the world. (Loud applause.) I will in no way a word to you on this subject. I need not remind you that it was the Emperor who restored the Church to Rome, and who to this hour keeps him there by the power of France.

THE ITALIAN WAR.

"I now come at once to the Italian war. At that period the States of the Church were partly occupied by France and partly by Austria, with a view to maintain the sovereignty of the Holy Father. The mission of the two armies in presence of the events which convulsed the north of Italy was to maintain a neutral attitude and to watch the course of events. Now, how was this fulfilled on the one side and on the other? It was tribunals Pontifical was called to her solemn and sacred duties that part of the territory of the Church which was committed to their charge, Austria, hoping to get possession of the forces which she had in the Legations, deemed that part of the neutral factor which she had undertaken to protect, and the consequence was that the Pope lost the Romagnas. (Sensation.) Again, did this abandonment of the pontifical territory was not prosperous for Austria. (Laughter.) Her ascendancy—for such was the boston at Solferino and forced to make peace. (Applause.) Now the loss of the Romagnas was a humiliation and a severe of things, by the state of the public mind, and by the attitude of Sardinia—a state that did not permit intervention in Italy was therefore prohibited whether by France or Austria, so that the Romagnas, having been abandoned by Austria, and the Pope not being able to reconquer that country, either with the aid of Austria, France, or any other Power, that province was evidently lost to the Holy See.

WHAT THE EMPEROR WANTS FOR THE POPE.

"It was then, and under these trying circumstances, that the Emperor, in his exalted wisdom and out of his devotedness, as enlightened as it is sincere, for the Holy Father—[Applause]—made that famous proposal against which so much unjust clamor has been raised. And what was that proposal? It was simply the salvation of the temporal power of the Pope. It was the simplest combination, the most just, and at the same time the most conformable to the end in view, namely, the independence and dignity of the Holy See. The Pope was to preserve. The Emperor saw that by the irresistible mistake of Austria the Romagnas were irrevocably lost. —For the Pope wished at least that, if this province was to be united to Piedmont, it should be with the sanction of Pope's name, in order that within the limits of possibility by the rights of the Holy See might be observed and respected. But this is not all. At the same time that the Emperor proposed to the Pope to cede to him the province for an immense advantage for the Pope, for in exchange for the Romagnas, which the Pope lost, the Emperor offered him a guarantee for the remainder of his States, and the Catholic Powers. [Prolonged applause.] Now, what could be more simple, more just, more heavy—may have been for a false conception of the situation and the public opinion misrepresented under the mask of religion; but there is no reason to suppose that it was the intention of the gentlemen, that in the eyes of all political men of any weight in Europe the Emperor's proposal was the most convincing proof of the Emperor's devotion to the Holy See. [Applause.] Such was the proposal which when they were rejected, and in all human probability, at this hour there would have been no war in Italy, and we been at peace, and the court of Rome freed from all danger. [Applause.]

"Gentlemen, I have had the honor of laying the first stone of this church of Notre-Dame des Victoires, the name of a victory is of such happy omen. I pray God to protect the Holy Father, to preserve him from the dangers which surround him, to the most implacable of which are not the armed attacks of his enemies—for the revolt of the heart is more to be dreaded than the blasphemer, continues to guard the august person of the Pontiff to the glory and happiness of the Holy See." [Prolonged applause and loud acclamations.]

HIS IDEA ABOUT VICTOR EMANUEL.

Napoleon is determined to make the Pope a friend of his silence desire to see Italy independent. When Victor Emanuel asked me what I thought of it, I told him that he strong enough to contend alone against Austria; but Austria could always command the assistance of Russia, would not allow her to abuse her victory.

A DAUGHTER OF ADD-EL-KADER TURNS NUN.

A letter in the *Courrier de Lyon* says: "Add-el-Kader has recently arrived at Paris for the purpose of receiving the last sigh of his daughter, who, like her father, visited at Brousse, to meet the young lady the Constantinople Government. She is in communication with Christian women, and was so struck with their superiority that she resolved to become one of them, and the hospitals during the Crimean war that she declared to Lady Stratford de Redcliffe, on her deathbed, of appreciating the sublime features of Christianity, consented to her wish, and she died in the arms pressing her novitiate."

A CLOWN IN A TIGHT PLACE.

A circus clown, of the name of Bragget, who has latterly been the principal attraction at Astley's, Paris, has come to look to long by the hands from a fragrant suspended to a. Bragget, who is a corpulent man, attempted to imitate the exhibition. Soon after the balloon had risen the spectators were horrified to see that the rope by which he and the trapeze hung burned through the mass fell from a height of 200 feet. Bragget fell on the roof of a house, over the Rhone, and Bruguet fell into the river, and as in the spot at which the accident occurred was deep he was not hurt, and swam to the bank.

ITALY.

GARIBALDI IN NAPLES.

A telegram dated Naples, Saturday, September 8, says: "Garibaldi made his entrance into Naples at noon this day with his staff. The Prince of Carignan, the Provisional Government has been formed. Naples is tranquil."

Another account says: "Garibaldi has entered Naples alone. Cavour and Garibaldi have dissolved. The National Committee illegally constituted, and has ordered the proclamation of the Provisional Government. Garibaldi has consigned the fleet and the arsenal of Naples to the charge of Admiral Persano, and proclaimed Victor Emanuel as King of Italy. The Dictator has conferred upon Persano the Minister of the Interior, and appointed Liborio Romano Director of Police; General Cosenz Minister of War; Pisacane Minister of Foreign Affairs. The organization of the forts is expected to take place to-morrow."

A telegram, dated Naples, Sunday, says: "Advices received from Naples to the evening of the 9th inst. state that the Garibaldian fleet has arrived at Naples. The Royal Neapolitan navy has Napoles the Sardinian Admiral had ordered to Naples, and the Neapolitan fleet, which he should attempt to proceed to Gaeta. Garibaldi had issued an order appointing Persano Dictator, with 40,000,000 lire in the bank. A Te Deum had been celebrated in the Cathedral of Naples. The Pope is reported shooting 'Hurrah for Victor Emanuel!' 'Hurrah for Garibaldi!' Crowds of people were in the streets, and fireworks and tricks. General Illuminations had taken place. On Friday evening Garibaldi, Victor Emanuel, and Count Trapani had followed the King to Gaeta, the King having left Naples for Gaeta on board the General Ulloa, as his Prime Minister, and had issued a proclamation, declaring that Gaeta is a great also took place in the public funds."

ARRIVAL OF THE KING.

A dispatch from Naples, on the evening of the 6th inst., announces that King Francis II. and the Queen of the Two Sicilies on board a Spanish vessel. Before leaving he released all the political prisoners.

The Ex-King of Naples was still at Gaeta at last accounts. The Queen mother had left for Rome, under flag of refuge. The Cabinets of Vienna, Munich, and Dresden have advised him to take refuge in Germany and not to Spain.

INSURRECTION IN THE PAPAL STATES.

A dispatch, dated Florence, Sept. 10, says: An insurrectionary movement has taken place in the province of Umbria. Rebel insurgents have attacked and defeated the Papal troops.

GARIBALDI'S CHAPLAIN.

The renowned Father Gavazzi, Garibaldi's soldiery-monk, displayed great courage at the battle of Milazzo. Unarmed, save with a cross, he was to be seen advancing the ranks, cheering and animating the volunteers by his words and example. Garibaldi said, "Where my God is on our side! Mark, I, his minister, am the foremost to engage the foe." Gavazzi, who has been a man of austerity, yet I remain unscathed! Charge, Italians, charge!" and the Italians did charge, and won the cross. Setting them this example, and repeating about passages like these, he was to be seen, during the same purpose, it must be owned, he is by indefatigable courage they carried the entire position of Milazzo.

SYRIA.

MORE TROUBLE WITH THE CHRISTIANS.

It was again asserted that Christians had been massacred at Damascus. The Turkish authorities at that place denied that taken place at Sidrouna, and a more serious one was reported to have occurred there.

SETTLEMENT OF THE JAFFA OUTRAGE.

An Eastern correspondent of the *Times* gives the following statement of the manner in which the "Jaffa outrages" has been settled. It will be remembered that in January last the French agricultural missionary named Deseo received a letter, written some distance from Jaffa, in a very dangerous and exposed place; his daughters were daily in the habit of going and conversing with the Arabs of the vicinity, and one night the house was attacked and broken open, the women were outraged, and in the melee the husband of the eldest daughter, a Prussian named Steinbeck, was killed, the property was stolen, and the family ruined. After many attempts to secure the real perpetrators of the outrage, the authorities succeeded in arresting parties designated put forward by the authorities to screen the guilty. The case was finally transferred to the Council of War, and the prisoners, after a short preliminary investigation, were sent to Acre, and there five thousand piasters for $500) indemnity was offered for their liberty. The indemnity and verdict Mr. Consul Johnson referred to Rechid Pasha at Constantinople, and Colonel Wilson, the Ambassador at the Porte, protested against such an inadequate punishment. The case was Mr. Steinbeck, who, might be the murderer of the Prussian, was being elapsed to show the Turkish authorities that they had not escaped responsibility of arresting and punishing the guilty. Now that the matter has been taken out of their hands, justice has finally been administered, and the murderer has been given up by command of the American authorities in Turkey. The last and final verdict was that of "Guilty."

First. The unarrested criminal, when taken (for the accomplishment of this act) to the place where he will be punished by the infliction of the extreme penalty of the law, shall be executed.

Second. The four prisoners now in irons at Acre are to be removed to the same place, where they will be imprisoned for life at hard labor, unless their crime shall be expiated by the execution of the criminal for which they will be executed.

Third. An indemnity of $2500 to the family of Mr. Dixon and the widow of Mr. Steinbeck.

HONDURAS.

THE END OF WALKER.

The Spanish war steamer *Don Juan d'Austria* arrived at Havana from Omoa on the 6th, and Truxillo on the 7th inst. She reports that the British war-steamer *Icarus*, with a transport and troops, under command of Alexander, proceeded to the latter place, and the troops were encamped. The boats of the *Icarus* proceeded up the river, and captured Walker, with seventy of his men, all of whom were taken to Truxillo and delivered to the authorities of Honduras. Walker was very much dejected, and many of them being sick were permitted to remain on the shore. The British force left Omoa after engaging again in an expedition against Costal America. Colonel Powell, of Kentucky, who was in charge of the Guatemala expedition arrived from Omoa shortly after the capture of the filibuster.

MEXICO.

PROGRESS OF THE REVOLUTION.

At latest advices the Constitutional Liberals were marching on the capital. Miramon was in the city of Mexico with 2500 men. The battle was expected to commence on the 8th. The correspondent of the *Progreso*, at the capital, says: "The Liberals have already laid siege to Puebla, and they were expected to reach the city on the 9th. Three thousand men, under the command of Miramon, General Ortega was expected to arrive soon from Guadalajara. The Liberals have recently levied upon Mexico, was expected to be soon present." The Bishop of Guadalajara is also with the army. Miramon has made General Degollado. It is reported that General Ortega had made good his escape.

BRAZIL.

THE HERESY-APPARENT SWORN IN.

On Sunday, July 29, her imperial Highness the Princess-heiress-apparent, Donna Isabella, took the oath of fidelity to the Constitution, in the Senate chamber, in the presence of the diplomatic body, deputies, the Senators, deputies, and high dignitaries of the empire. A eleven o'clock gun announced the arrival of the Emperor and the music of the military bands announced the arrival of her Highness. The procession of the door and conducted to a large arm-chair placed at the foot of the throne. The Princess was dressed in a white muslin dress knot and repeated it in a firm voice. It was then the turn of the Senators and the members of the deputies and the ceremony concluded. At one o'clock there was a reception at the palace, and in the evening a grand gala performance at the theatre.

PROCEEDINGS OF VARIOUS BODIES.

On Saturday, 15th, the Prince staid at Niagara Falls, new Blondin cross, and rode about, evidently enjoying himself with a party of gentlemen and ladies. Leaving Chippewa Church, Niagara, and had a fine view of the Falls, and was received by the "din" the Falls swing in his honor, and by the "roar" of Niagara, —giving over the suspension bridge to the United States. He was met by Mr. Ellis, of Buffalo, who had been invited to have been present at the levee at Buffalo. On Tuesday morning he left for Hamilton, C. W., where he was received by a procession of veterans of 1812, and laid the corner-stone of the Hamilton Asylum. In the afternoon he generally received by a crowd of some 20,000 people in Victoria Square, and received Addresses. In the evening he received addresses, inaugurated the Water-works and the gaslights of the city, and left for Toronto. On Thursday he visited the Provincial Exhibition, lunched with Sir Allan MacNab, and received addresses. At 5 P.M. he for Detroit. At Detroit he was enthusiastically received. On Friday morning he left by the Michigan Central for Chicago, where he arrived the same evening. We condense the following report from the special correspondence of the *Herald*:

THE PRINCE GOES UNDER THE RAILS.

"The Prince had a very dangerous passage under the Falls on Saturday evening, in spite of the remonstrance of his suite, who were extremely nervous about it. His name in the traveler's book as Albert Edward, Prince of Wales.

HE SEES BLONDIN.

The Buffalo Commercial says: "Some of the 17th has the full particulars of the performance of Blondin before the Prince. Blondin, it will be seen, was in earnest.

"All were now waiting and looking eagerly for the first sight of Blondin on the rope. He appeared, and was walking. We think that all who witnessed this feat will agree with us that it was one of the most daring ever done and during over attempted by mortal man. Many who have seen it before, and who were not in the secret from him during his passage, fearful lest, as they feared, the attempt was a failure, and the whole procession would be precipitated into the seething abyss.

"The effect of the passage, as we about two feet in height, the balloons have from prongs resembling a chicken's claw, and the apparatus being very much alive. At accident occurred when Blondin was a few yards from the platform. The rope was suddenly a thrill of horror in the breasts of all who witnessed it. As soon as it commenced to vibrate he sank in the centre, he was to make three leaps on his stilts. The first time he attempted it he sank down to his knees, but by the motion of the stilts caught against one of the guys, tipping him sideways, and he was thus kept in the centre of the chair, thinking he had fallen. But the daring, self-possessed performer soon recovered his balance, and was looked toward either shore as if nothing had happened. He commenced walking with his usual long step, but the swaying-pole—as before stated a very heavy one—was not used, and he was obliged to trust to the equipoise position of the leap, but it stood him in good stead.

"The last leap was made on the standing position on the rope with the stilts still attached, and was a splendid one, and was greeted with loud demonstrations of applause as the success of the attempt. During the whole of the time the Prince was on the platform he was to be on such word as fail; and, after two or three words of congratulation, he proceeded to the steps by step, the spectators gained confidence, and those who had expressed doubt and apprehension breathed free as he reproached the termination of his journey.

"*When safely on terra firma* a shout of exultation went up, followed by cheers and clapping of hands, and again was he greeted by the Prince, the Duke of Newcastle, and others of the party, the former expressing to Mr. Blondin in French his astonishment and delight at the unparalleled feat. The Prince, the Duke, and others, took the stilts in their hands and examined them, appearing to be astonished at their ponderous size.

THANKS GOD IT IS ALL OVER.

For the first time Blondin received an extra, the Prince also having put in a protest against this performance. It was a cool, calculating, and masterly feat, and did not please the Prince, who thought it fool-hardy.

When Blondin reached the shore the Prince and suite had a long conversation with him in French, complimenting him, and asking about the stilts, and the following words on the rope. As the Prince left he said, "Thank God, it's all over." Observing Farini's rope, further up the river, he asked what it was. "A path for Farini," was the reply. Farini, Dr. Lardner, and Hannibal stood, and nodded assent to this epigrammatic reply.

THE PRINCE VISITS BLONDIN'S HOUSE.

Blondin received a consignment of a telegraph letter from General Bruce, inclosing three hundred dollars, as a token of the esteem in which he was held generally.

HE IS REMINDED THAT PRIESTS ARE ABOVE KINGS.

At the Chippewa Church at Niagara, where the Prince attended, the Rev. Mr. Geikie, rector of the parish, made a chapter eleventh verse, as follows:

"And, behold, Jesus stood in the midst [and is ever so] all matters of the Lord; and [was] over the house of Ishmael, the ruler of the house of David, the king: but the ruler: also the Levites shall be officers before you. Deal courageously, and the Lord shall be with the good."

HIS RESPONSE TO THE VETERANS.

The Veterans' address at Queenstown contained no allusion to Blondin, but in the United States he was simply a welcome to the Prince, and an expression of their admiration for the Duke of Wellington, and of the their beloved Queen. The Prince's reply was admirably brief, and was as follows:

"GENTLEMEN,—I accept, with mixed feelings of pride and pain, the address which you have presented to me. pain. Pride in the gallant deeds of my countrymen, but pain at the circumstance that so many of them had to which you belong have passed away from the scenes of their triumphs. I have willingly consented to the request that I should commence, in this country, without offense to its neighbors, commemorate its heroes' deeds. I am glad to find that the Veterans' Fund is no passing boast or vicissitudes, but is likely to endure to a remote period. I am more honorable because we really acknowledge the services rendered to us by those who fought and bled before us. I trust that Canada will never want such volunteers as those who have come in the hour of need, and that volunteers be without such leaders; but as less and most fortunately I pray that we may never be called upon to may never be called upon to add other laurels to those you have already won in Canada. Accept from me, in the Queen's name, my thanks for your expressions of devoted loyalty."

AN AMERICAN CHANGES THE PRINCE'S SUITE.

An American, who attracted much remarkable notoriety by trotting his horse through the Prince's suite repeatedly, covering one of the party with mud, and riding down to small dinger; for the Prince rides with his horse's head loose, as it is technically termed, and his horse should have stumbled his royal Highness would unhesitatingly have been brought low, and probably broken his neck.

HE WANTS TO KNOW WHAT A HOP IS.

On Tuesday night the Prince came to the Clifton House, stripped off his coat, and rolled nine-pins for some time. Being informed that such a trip was going to Canada, he inquired what a hop was, and expressed his dissatisfaction that he had not been informed of the ball which took place. Afterward, as he was going off to smoke a pipe with the crew of the yacht, General Bruce captured him and conducted him to bed.

HE ENTERS AMERICAN WATERS AS BARON RENFREW.

When the boat, between Windsor and Detroit, reached the centre of the river, the Prince and party were called on, and said:—"Baron Renfrew, we welcome you to the United States. Consult your own pleasure, and let us know exactly what you may long remember it with pleasure and satisfaction."

The Baron was then conducted to the deck to see the Illuminations.

AND LANDS ON AMERICAN SOIL.

At last fifty thousand people were present, and when the boat came in sight of the city "the fun commenced." The cheering and enthusiasm were tremendous.

For some time the Prince was carried on account of the crowd, and the Baron stood looking somewhat frightened at the demonstration which appeared to exceed what is incidental to an American crowd.

CROWDS TO SEE AND GO TO THE DEPOT.

Next morning a magnificent open barouche, drawn by four magnificent bays, with horses' heads decked with flags, departure for Chicago. The whole party seated themselves in the barouche, and the procession moved slowly around, and blocked up the avenues so thickly as to make it next to impossible to move. A second after chez was given for the Baron, and the widest enthusiasm was prevailing.

The carriage was followed by immense crowds on foot, many hanging to the sides of the cars, and the whole sidewalks on the route were literally blocked with people, who interrupted the royal party at every halt with the rabble and cause of confusion were never witnessed here before.

HE HAS HARD WORK TO GET TO HIS HOTEL.

At the depot at Chicago an immense crowd was gathered; and as the Prince and party entered several unpleasant incidents were passed. Baron Renfrew passed along a line of people, and was followed by a crowd. The carriage with hat off, smiled repeated cheers. As he passed a man was struck in the face by a stone, and the policeman the crowd surged in like the sea. Baron Renfrew was carried to the door of the hotel, and was in danger being pretty well jostled by the crowd, and driven to the Richmond House, where he remained for the night. A few thousand persons stood staring at the windows, in almost perfect silence, and dispersed to rest via the Prince's shadow even.

HE CAN'T REST RUPAUL.

Colonel Marquette sent his invitation to the buffalo hunt directly to the Prince, and not to the party generally, from whom he received a reply courteously declining the invitation on account of work of importance requiring General Bruce and Lord Lyons called upon him on the part of the Prince, and the invitation was duly given.

The Colonel, by special invitation, lunched with the Prince, and Lord Lyons and General Bruce dined at his by no ephering could the trip be made possible if preparations were not made in advance. The Colonel decided reluctantly to give up the idea of hunting buffalo, and contented himself with smaller game.

WHAT HE WILL WEAR IN NEW YORK.

The Prince has just received several suits of clothes, to be worn during his visit to New York. Among these is a pair of pants for hunting, called "Knickerbockers," which are made very full from the knee and hang over the gaiters like Zouave trousers. The other suits were made after the pattern worn by the Prince himself, and will probably be the style for this season in New York as well. The pants are pegtops, with a lapped seam. The coat is a plain short sack, double-breasted, with two side-pockets and a breast-pocket, braid being laid on flat all round, also forming the cuff. These suits are made of the finest cloth, and are very elegant for Americans. The prize is, of course, prevalently.

WHERE HE WILL STOP IN THE UNITED STATES.

Buckingham, the Queen's courier, has started ahead to engage hotels for the Prince.

He will allow no overcharging, and the royal party will pay no more than plebeian prize. It is unique to by any Japanese bills upon Buckingham, for he is not a New York Alderman.

THE TEMPTER AND THE TRAITOR.—THE TREASON OF ARNOLD ON THE NIGHT OF SEPTEMBER 21, 1780.

THE TEMPTER AND THE PATRIOT—THE CAPTURE OF ANDRÉ, SEPTEMBER 23, 1780.

THE CAPTURE OF ANDRE.

As each September comes round the anniversary of the capture of Major André is duly celebrated, and each time the well-known story is told afresh. Its interest never flags.

It was in 1780, on September 15, that the British sloop of war *Vulture*, with Major André on board, sailed up the Hudson to the mouth of Croton River. The object of the voyage was to enable Major André to communicate with General Arnold, who was in command at West Point, and who had agreed to betray that important position to the English for a sum of money. A whole week André remained patiently on board his sloop. Washington was at West Point, and while he was there the treason was powerless. On Sunday, September Washington left; on 21st Arnold met André, by appointment, below the American lines, boarded him plying in the waters at West Point, and arranged a scheme by which a British attack on the place could not fail to be successful. All this was done during the night of 21st–22d. By the time matters were settled day had begun to break.

Our artist has selected the meeting between André and Arnold—" The Tempter and the Traitor" —as the subject of his first picture.

Washington Irving, in his "Life of Washington" (vol. iv., page 115), describes Major André being rowed by Sout ... midnight, to a sunny place on the ... side of the Hudson, below Stony Point. "Here they landed," he writes, "a little after midnight, at the foot of a woody mountain called the Long Clove—a solitary place, the haunt of the owl and the whip-poor-will, and well fitted for a treasonable conference. Arnold was in waiting, but standing aloof among thickets. He had come hither on horseback from Smith's house, about three or four miles distant, and had left two of Smith's servants, likewise mounted. The midnight negotiation between André and Arnold was carried on in darkness among the trees. Smith remained in the boat, and the servant drew off to a distance with the horses. It was near daybreak," etc., etc.

Whether these yet remained some points of importance to be determined, or whether André was afraid of allowing Arnold to go on board the *Vulture* so speedily after their conference, will always remain a matter of uncertainty. André, however, at Arnold began, with the first appearance of light, to press Arnold to enter the American lines. The Englishman was very loth to comply with the request. He was well aware that it taken within the lines, his act of war justified, and the condition of the American forces required, his execution as a spy. He urged Arnold to let him go. But the traitor would not consent; and after again urging his wishes, André, early on the morning of 23d, entered the lines, and was provided with a refuge for the day in the house of one John Andreas, one of Arnold's.

There he remained till nightfall. It had been agreed that after dark Smith was to convey him on board the *Vulture* in a boat. When the time came the boat refused. He was provided with a yard, and afraid of mischief. With great difficulty a horse was obtained, and André started off on horseback. He crossed the river at King's Ferry, passed the American guards, and taking leave of Smith at the entrance of the "Neutral Ground," was riding early on the morning of 23d, between Tarrytown. His feelings can well be imagined. He had succeeded in an enterprise of the highest importance to the British cause. He had in his stocking full plans of West Point, and Arnold's scheme for betraying the post to the British. He had, he knew, risked his neck; but the game had been worth the risk, and it was won. In a couple of hours he would be within the British lines.

As he rode along, his mind doubtless full of these thoughts, and his heart perhaps turning to the lovely Miss Seward girl away in England whose love had fired his ambition, three men sprang out of a hedge and seized his bridle. He was not, however, rather nearer the British than the American lines, in the Neutral Ground. This Neutral Ground was soon to become small patch. From either army, on the look-out for deserters, spies, or forage; and the fair presumption was that the men who had stopped him were a British patrol. André had no doubt of it when the men, in order to deceive him, stated or insinuated that they were of the "Lower" or British army. He at once answered himself a British officer, traveling on business of the highest importance.

"Then," said they, "you are our prisoner."

Perceiving his mistake, the young officer tried to purchase his way. The people on the Neutral Ground were notoriously corrupt. André offered the men his watch, his purse, all the valuables he had. They were so surprised. But the hope was taken off his horse, and his person searched. In his stocking were discovered plans and papers. Unless his captors, though they could not understand them, suspected to be of importance, and without Arnold's love of time with him and them to Colonel Jamieson, who commanded on the American lines.

It is the capture which forms the subject of our second picture—"The Tempter and the Patriot." Washington Irving says (vol. iv., page 121):

"Mr. Jamieson had not proceeded far, when, coming to a place where a small stream crossed the road and ran into a woody dell, a man sprang out from the trees, leveled a musket, and brought him to a stand, while two other men, similarly armed, showed themselves prepared to support their comrade. The man who first stepped out wore a refugee uniform. . . . . The ragged refugee coat, which had deceived André, and been the cause of his betraying himself, had been given to Paulding by one of his captors, in exchange for a good yeoman garment of which they stripped him."

Our artist adds:

"I have merely to remark that Irving, in his 'Sketch Book,' alludes to the stately white-wood tree under which his captors searched André, and found the terrible evidence of his rascality. His limbs were gnashed and fantastic, twisting down almost to the earth, and rising again into the air," etc.; and it was struck by lightning on the same day when news of Arnold's death reached Tarrytown. Fact!!!

The rest of the tale is full of dramatic effects, and resembles a chapter in a sensation story. Colonel Jamieson recognized the plans and detected Arnold's handwriting. His first impulse was that Arnold was a traitor; his second that he was not. He stayed both, for André was a prisoner, a talented one, but he sent André to Arnold.

Had André reached Arnold the sad page of his execution would not have been written. He would have escaped with his tempter; and though his daring project would have failed, he would none the less have received from his country the fit reward of his boldness and self-devotion. It was ordered otherwise. The fact of André's first lines, under escort, when he was recalled. Major Talmadge had persuaded Jamieson to retain the body of the prisoner. Then, from mine to mine, he and bade him return, André must have felt that his hour was come.

Major Talmadge could not prevail upon Colonel Jamieson not to communicate with Arnold. The Major saw through the latter's treachery; the Colonel, more trustful, and more deeply sensitive to discipline, felt it due to his superior to communicate to him the strange circumstances of André's arrest. He wrote to say that a man bearing the name of Anderson, and provided with a pass by General Arnold, had been so unexpectedly owned that he was a British officer, had been taken at Tarrytown, with plans of West Point, and other papers, concealed in his boots; that the prisoner was in custody; and that the papers had been sent to Washington.

The weight of his treachery had hung like lead round Arnold's neck from the hour he had parted from André. Now, when he received the note, he was pallen, nervous, and even more irritable than usual. When Washington's aids arrived at the Point with dispatches, he could scarcely control himself sufficiently to tender them the common services of hospitality. They were astonished at the agitation of his wife, doubtless a partner in his guilt, was even more anxious; she could not leave her room. From such terrible scenes as she doubtless may have seemed a relief. And it came. He was at breakfast with the aids when Colonel Jamieson's letter reached him. He rose from the table, he hastened to his wife's room, and shrieked to her that André was taken, and all was lost. The intruders were at the door. Then, as the first husband, better fitted for the crisis, ran down stairs, told the aids that he had some orders to give to the officers in one of the forts opposite, leaped on a horse which he had kept ready saddled, galloped to the riverside, and took refuge on board the sloop in the *Vulture*, which he had detained to be ready for such an emergency. Before the aid-de-camps had ceased to wonder at the suddenness of the departure and actions the traitor was safe under the British flag.

The moment André heard of his escape he wrote to Washington, avowing his name and stating his case. It was a clear one. No soldier of experience could justly or honorably condemn André for his part in deciding it. He had entered the American lines to obtain possession, by treason, of the key of West Point. In military law he who thus acts is a spy, and his doom is death. The only point which André could urge in his favor was collected into the American lines, unconsciously, by Arnold. This pretense, it is quite plain, will not stand the test of examination. André was a British soldier, and a man of shrewdness and experience. When he entered the American lines he must have perceived it instantly. They did he must have. Why did he not instantly return? Why did he remain all the day, or more, in the American lines? He must have known where he was, and what he risked by being there. He was certainly free to act; to fall in with circumstances, or not to admit that he was both weak and foolish, neither of which he was in any degree. The historian must answer with the unpleasant truth that he was guilty on his own showing. Had he been acquitted, no spy could ever have been hanged.

The last scene of André is very mournful. Major André's sentence was undoubtedly just, but none can withhold sympathy from the brave young soldier. He met an ignominious death, in the prime of a successful life, with the firmness of a Roman.

His captors, Williams, Paulding, and Van Wart, will always be remembered as types of faithful patriots. They were true, and to them André's bribes would have been a small fortune. To have taken them would have made the three richer than they were; but they were poor, and had labored for the cause of American Independence. Williams, Paulding, and Van Wart suffered, and we add a name in history as André's is infamous.

DRIFTING AWAY.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"My good Bertha joins me in the invitation," wrote an old friend, who lived the easy life of a well-to-do country gentleman some fifty miles away from the noisy city, amidst the work, and din, and cares of which I often grew weary. "Come, and come now, when the trees are greenest, the earth in richest attire, and the air like a summer zephyr," he added, "and we will ride, and sail—I have the fairest of pleasure-boats—and spend the days as merrily as if the world had never a care or sorrow. Come! I will take no refusal. You are wearing yourself out too fast in that toiling city."

The invitation came at the right moment. I was drooping over my work with slow hands and failing spirits.

"I will be at Fern Dale," I wrote, "in a week. Many thanks for your kind invitation."

And in a week I stood face to face with my old friend. It was twice twelve months since I had seen him. He had gained literally in flesh during the time; and his face, though smoother and larger, was fresher and younger in appearance than when I last saw him. The years had not dealt so kindly with Bertha, his sweet wife, I was grieved to see. Her face had grown thinner, though not less beautiful. It was not the beauty of old that caused your eyes to linger on her countenance, for the delicately rounded outline and warm tints had fled. Her pale, thin face, anxious thought and feeling there, and a depth and mystery in her eyes which I had never seen before. How slenderly in contrast was the round, radiant smile that lit up his whole face with the glow of sunbeams, and the fascinating light that played now and then so feebly, yet so full of angel sweetness, just around her mouth. She was sitting with a baby in her lap when I entered. Instead of laying it down, or calling an attendant, she received me with the nursling in her arms; and her eyes gazed, every now and then, from mine to the cherub face that lay against her bosom.

"Another baby," said I, as I touched the peachy cheek with my finger.

"And the dearest darling of them all," she answered, looking down upon it tenderly.

"She's perfectly bewitched by that baby," said my friend, as he laid his hand in a fond way upon her shoulder. "You would think, to see her, that she'd never seen a baby in her life before. But come into the library: I've got a hundred things to talk with you about."

And he drew me away ere I had been five minutes in the company of his wife. I saw that her eyes followed me, as if I carried their light of happiness away with me.

"I'm sorry to see that Bertha is not looking so well as when I was at Fern Dale last time," said I, as we sat down in the handsome library.

"Not looking well!" My friend seemed a little surprised at the remark. "You have forgotten. In my eyes she never looked better. She was always a delicate, fair creature, you know, rarely had much color."

"Perhaps my memory is at fault; but I have a vision of Bertha with rounder, ruddier cheeks than I see to-day."

"That must baby in her arms will suggest a reason for the change. It does not come from failing health."

My friend seemed so entirely at ease on the subject that I said no more; but I did not feel satisfied. We talked for an hour in the library, when dinner was announced, and we joined his wife at the table. She had on a white lawn dress, dotted over with small blue forget-me-nots, and a plain lace cap. A slight warmth was visible in her cheeks, and her eyes, as she lifted them to mine, were full of tender gentleness. She looked pale and beautiful as a consecrated vestal. I saw my friend's eyes rest proudly and lovingly upon her for a few moments, and he gave himself up to the agreeable work that lay before him.

I noticed that while my friend's wife did, with a pleased alacrity, the honors of the table, urging one dish after another upon her guest and her husband, she ate very little herself. The fact must have attracted the attention of my friend, for he would certainly have remonstrated. I could not help saying, as I saw her playing with, instead of eating, her dessert,

"Don't you eat any thing, Bertha?" I had known her many years, and was even before her marriage —and always addressed her with the old familiarity.

"Oh, she lives on air!" spoke up my friend, smiling. "So don't imitate her example while at Fern Dale. I am made of grosser stuff, and can't get on without substantial things. I should make up what are called creature comforts."

Bertha smiled faintly, and looked beautiful, but too ethereal in my eyes.

After dinner we drove out, leaving Bertha at home with the baby and domestic affairs. Not a word was said about her going with us. Our drive was over breezy hills, and amidst scenery of the most picturesque character. I felt new life in all my pulses as we went rushing through the exhilarating air. It was sundown when we returned, each of us in a light vapor as though a hearty meal had not been taken only a few hours before.

The warm, rosy twilight of Bertha's chamber, at dinner-time had faded; and as I looked at her across the tea-table, I noticed an expression of weariness about her eyes and a languid falling of the lips, that made me feel uncomfortable. She asked if I had enjoyed the ride, and listened with much appearance of deep interest to several sunny points in the fine scenery through which we had driven. I was a little surprised, however, to learn from a remark she made, that she had never looked upon it herself.

After my friend and I retired to the library, where we spent the evening alone, talking of old times; discussing the merit of new books; the lingering and ever current topics of the day. Bertha did not join us. Once I asked for her. I had pleasant recollections of hours spent in her company.

"Oh, she's buried with the children, or closeted with her cook," answered my friend, smiling in his easy-good-natured way. "Bertha has become a famous housewife."

"She has good a mind for brital affair this fashion," said I. "Bertha was born for something more than a simple housewife."

"I know that," replied my friend, with a slight closing of his brows. "But women will take their way. Her children and her household have completely absorbed her."

"Do you think this absorption of her life a good thing, a healthy one—for either mind or body?" I asked.

"Perhaps not. But there is a wonderful power of adaptation in nature, as you are aware. I guess it will all work out right. I often wish it were different; yet, as wishing does no good, I never permit myself to get worried over what can't be helped. I am something of a philosopher you know, and manage, under all circumstances, to keep a quiet mind. If Bertha likes her way best, why so be it; she's a good, loving, over-indulgent wife to me, and I won't force her out of the world she seems most pleased to dwell in—though our tastes do run parallel in so many things; and we might enjoy so much together."

My friend's feelings lay close to the surface, and I saw his eyes glisten as he turned them away from me. He was a special life-study to me—a man who loved his own ease and pleasures as well as he did could love any thing out of himself. She was, in his eyes, the purest among women. He was proud of her—very proud of her.

On the next morning I met Bertha at breakfast, and looked narrowly into her face. I saw more of the work of exhaustion than I had noticed on the day before. Her eyes were hazy in flat surfaces on her cheeks, forehead, and shrunken nostrils, instead of showing rounded undulations. Her lips were pale, and the blue veins of eye-lids, large, dark, and lustrous—close out upon you from a forehead as white as their shadowy color. She had no appetite, and only made a show of eating, as I could see; while her husband piled away the steak, mutton chops, and omelet in a liberal fashion, and kept himself so busy at this pleasant work as to permit his wife's asteniousness to escape observation.

"You don't look very well this morning," said I, feeling really concerned.

Bertha smiled faintly, as her husband turned a look of inquiry upon her face, and answered,

"My head aches a little;" and then added, "I hope my friend's appetite don't keep you away. I don't know what ailed him. He didn't sleep for an hour at a time all night. I had to get up and go into another room. He can't bear loss of rest."

"No," said he; "I must have my regular sleep. How there could be any sleep for one after night with their babies, up and down at all hours, is more than I can understand. It would kill me."

Bertha coughed slightly, cleared her throat, and coughed again two or three times. There was a sound in the cough that was unpleasant to my ears. I glanced toward my friend, to see how it affected him, but he had not appeared to notice it.

"And kills the mothers sometimes," I ventured to remark.

My friend looked at me for a moment or two, as if I had almost offended him slightly, and went on with his breakfast. I noticed the cough again, once or twice, during the meal.

After breakfast my friend and I retired alone to the library, leaving Bertha to her maternal and household cares. As sit on the sofa, and was having one side of my friend's estate, and in that "fairest of pleasure-boats" about which he had written me, when I saw a sudden agitation. After spending an hour or two in the library, talking and reading, we went down to the river, my friend carrying a lunch-basket which Bertha had placed in his hand.

"Why can't you go with us?" I asked, as I looked into her failing face.

She shook her head, and half turned it toward the door, from which she had stepped with the baby to greet her husband on the basket, thus indicating that duty must go before pleasure.

"It's a shame to invite her," said my friend, in what struck me as a light and careless manner. "She never goes any where. Leave her with her babies and her servants; she is happiest among them."

I stood nearest to Bertha when this was said, and could see that I have been mistaken in the sound that reached me—it was a faint sigh.

"There's something wrong here," said I to myself as we walked toward the river. "A life is wasting rapidly away, and no suspicion of the fact seems to have been awakened. My friend is either very selfish or very blind. How can he look into his own ruddy face, as it stands each day reflected to him in his shaving-glass, and then look into pale, shadowy, fleeting countenance, and not feel the truth?"

A week at Fern Dale confirmed all my first impressions as to the rapidly failing condition of Bertha. And yet my friend saw nothing of it. Such commonplaces, even, of the peril in which his wife stood. "How can he gaze into that pale, thin face," I would silently ask of myself once again, "and not take the warning that nature gives?" Was his own enjoyment of mere sensuous life so great that he could not understand a condition like Bertha's? He loved her, nay, almost idolized her; and when I would hint, occasionally, in a concerned way, my fears touching her health, he would regard me with a vague, bewildered countenance, as if I were treating him with the shadow of some far-off evil. It never seemed to occur to him that the evil was at his door.

One morning Bertha did not make her appearance, as usual, at the breakfast-table. On asking for her, my friend answered, that she had been up for most of the night with her baby, and was too much indisposed to rise.

"Nothing serious?" I remarked.

"Oh no!" he answered. "She often has such spells. We shall see her at dinner-time, as usual, only look a little paler, perhaps."

Only a little paler! That must be a deathlike pallor," I said to myself.

This morning I was to have a sail on the river. Soon after breakfast we went to the boathouse, and summoned the fair-haired boy who had already spent so many pleasant hours together.

As she glided gently out, like a bird floating on the buoyant water, through some mishap the light cord by which my friend held her slipped from his hand, and she passed from his reach in a moment, out into the current, and commenced drifting away. My friend became instantly excited, and showed great anxiety about the boat. His face flushed, his eyes dilated, all his movements were hurried and disturbed. He ran here and there in an incoherent manner, and appeared for some moments to lose all self-possession. At

lust, catching at a small coil of rope, he tied a stone to one end of it, and gave me the other end to hold: then throwing the stone with all his strength, it fell into the boat. Eagerly taking the rope from my hand, he drew on it until the slack was in. Now came the moment of suspense. The boat was moving steadily with the current; should the stone not obtain a firm anchorage inside, but release itself and be drawn over the gunwale, the little vessel would float beyond our present means of rescue. But the expedient proved successful. The stone held with sufficient tenacity to overcome the pressure of the current, and soon the boat's course became floating to our outstretched hands.

"Safe!" exclaimed my friend, as he grasped the side of the boat with eager fondness. "How careless I was!" he added, as he stepped over the side, and commenced pulling the tail.

"You could easily have recovered her again," said I, "even if she had drifted away a mile or so before a row-boat could be procured in which to go after her."

"Oh yes!" he replied; "but I didn't think of that. I was only conscious that my beauty was drifting away beyond my reach. Don't laugh at me; but I have a real affection for this boat."

Soon we were moving away over the rippling water under the pressure of a gentle breeze, my friend every now and then recurring to the little incident I have mentioned.

"You don't know," he said, as we floated into a sheltered cove where the wind no longer blew in soft cheek against our sunny sail, that hung loose-ly against the reed-like mast, "how that little peril of my boat disturbed me," again alluding to the circumstance.

I looked at him without answering.

"You are sad, Arthur," he remarked. "What thoughts are shadowing your mind?"

"Thoughts!" I replied. "Can you, Shill I let them come into speech?" I said, after a moment of silence.

"By all means, my friend. Don't hesitate."

He leaned forward, and looked at me anxiously.

"I was thinking," said I, "of a far more precious thing than a drifting from you—a separation, drifting, and getting more distant every day, and yet you have it not."

"I don't understand you." He looked bewildered.

"Bertha." I merely uttered the name.

He grew pale instantly.

"Bertha is drifting from you," said I, "and unless you stretch forth a hand to save her, right speedily, she will pass out of your reach."

He let the rudder, which he had been holding, slip from his hand, and leaned, with a frightened look, toward me.

"Why do you say this?" he asked, in a breathless manner.

"Because it so appears to my eyes. Bertha has called sadly often to you of late. All the while you has departed, and all the fine roundness of face and limb has wasted away. She eats nothing comparatively, yet is cased with about the same wear out a strong man. You, with your vigorous health, could not endure them."

"But what is it?" asked my friend, with pale alarm in his face. My few sentences had startled him from a pleasant life-dream. "She will bury herself, as you see. What can I do?" he repeated.

"You can stretch out your hand and save her before the current, that is now floating her away, bears her beyond your reach," said I, confidently; "and I take the privilege of a friend to say so at this time. Not once since I have been here has she shared our recreating drives or refreshing hours on the river. She does not sit with us at the balcony, bowing in with our pleasant talks, and making them more beautiful, as in days of old, and when we meet her at meal-times, looking so pale and spiritwelle, it is plain to be seen that mind and body are feeling from excessive weariness. Can this go on long, and her delicate organism not give way? Be assured not, for the strain is to great."

"But what is it?" asked my friend, with his face looking still more alarmed. "She is wedded to these household cares, and enslaved to her children."

"I have not seen," said I, "any attempt on your part to set her free in any way from them. Have been no remonstrance against her self-sacrificing course; no manifested concern; no urgent invitations to join in our rides and rambles. Speak plainly, for there is a life at stake—but a dull kind of acquiescence. Now, if you wish to keep her longer, it must be changed. You must, at any cost of effort, see that she no longer violates the plainest of health."

"You have awakened me from a dream," said my friend, as he grasped the rudder again, and headed the boat somewhat. "Drifting! yes! Drifting away!" he added, a few moments afterward. "Yes, it is even so. But I will catch at her receding garments and hold her back."

At dinner-time we met Bertha, looking worse than I had seen her since my arrival. I noticed that my friend's manner wandered every little while to her face, and that he did not eat with his usual appetite. After the dessert, and before we left the table, he leaned toward her and said, with a tenderness in his voice that no wife's heart could resist,

"I am sorry to see you looking so worn out, Bertha. Last night was a severe tax on you. Have you been sitting down this morning?"

"Part of the time," she answered, looking at her husband gratefully. It was plain to be seen that she was not used to such tender inquiries.

"This way of life won't do, Bertha," he went on. "It is destroying you. I see you drifting away from me." His voice failed a little. "And I must put forth a hand to draw you back. Nature will not bear the burdens you are laying upon her."

I saw light coming into her pale face, and love beaming out from her eyes, upon her husband. His interest and concern were genuine, and she felt it.

"We are going to take an easy ride this afternoon," he added, "and want you to go with us. Now don't say no!"

I saw objection in her face; and her lips moved as if she were about putting her objection in words. But her husband's "Now don't say no!" coming as it did on his warmly expressed request and concern, changed her purpose, and she said,

"If it will give you pleasure."

"Nothing in the world would give me more pleasure," replied my friend, with almost lover-like warmth.

Here was visible, already, a new life in the countenance of Bertha. A soft glow was faintly dyeing her cheeks, and a mellow light tempering the unnatural whiteness of her forehead.

"When do you wish me to be ready?" she asked, as I looked at the clock, as we still rode until six. That will be long enough for you."

It was the Bertha of other days who talked so pleasantly and looked so cheerful during that ride. At tea-time she was another being from what she appeared on the evening before, or, indeed, on any evening since my arrival at Fort Dale. The ride had quickened in her mind a new and healthier impulse. She was a lover of all things luxuriant in nature, and this had given her a pure enjoyment, which could not soon die out. During the evening, in the pleasant little management, drew her away from her nursery into the library, where we enjoyed her company for over an hour. Her children were forgotten, and out of her mind interested, to give her thoughts a new direction, to call back all the themes in art and literature that once filled and delighted the married life imagination? She felt the change in him, and was, I could see, half surprised, yet touched thereby.

On the next day she accompanied us in our morning drive, and in the afternoon we remained, after a little persuasion, to take a sail on the river. There was an unmistakable glow on her cheeks as she came back from the garden with a bouquet, and I noticed that she took a relish of tongue, and ate two biscuits at supper-time—an appropriation of food quite beyond her usual habit. In this last case, since my visit to Fern Dale.

"You have sought her garments ere she drifted quite away," said I to my friend as we sat together that evening in the library, where we had enjoyed her company for over an hour.

"Yes," he answered, with feeling; "and I will cling to them as a man clings to his life!" She did not guess that I saw the waters again threaten any fault of mine. Was ever a man so thoughtless and stupid as I have been?"

"Many," said I, "not just as thoughtless, just as blind as you were," said I; "and hundreds of overtasked wives—overlooked. It may be, as in Bertha's case—drifting steadily away from you mortal shores upon the sea of eternity; and in a few weeks, or months, or years, will be out of the reach of hands that will clutch after them in agony when it is too late!"

THE SILVER FLORIN.

SOME few years ago, when I was younger than I am now, I was travelling in Germany, and came to Zahn. He occupied a room on the same floor with myself; and from my first début upon the stage of Zahn had been my warm and constant friend. Our affection was immediate and unselfish. We had nothing to gain or lose from each other. When the Zahn theatre was closed we either sold our purses were in common. When the money market was easy, we lived upon fresh barbarisms; but, a beautiful bit of pork tenderloin, a Dutch herring, with bread and Switzer cheese ad libitum, was a supper for a king. Then, when Carnival came round, light, arm in arm we walked Broadway, and trusted to fortune for a change.

It is a few days after our first acquaintance, which began with the loan of a hammer, he had given me his whole history, with the exception of the one secret of his life—his love. He was a Swiss. He came in him with time; and one evening, confessed his begetting confidence. Between two cups of silver florin, carefully stowed in cotton, nestled in a little box, and hung about his neck, where it had also since the day of his birth, he had been baptized on the banks of the Main—that sweet flowing German river within the sound of whose waters they were born. He had come down to Amsterdam to seek his fortune as a lithographic artist, and Marguerite returned to her little cottage home to weep and pray.

Heinrich had no dream of achieving a rapid fame and fortune. He was content to labour faithfully, but he had a dream which he kept ever in sight, that some day, perhaps, he would be fortunate enough to be able to go back to the cottage home of Marguerite, when he had a home for them and a certainty of support. Two years had elapsed, but, as yet, he had not been able to return. He was still at the date of my meeting with him, was as far removed as the day on which he had landed at Pier No. 5, South River.

As a special and particular favor, I was sometimes indulged with free translations of his love-pages in Marguerite's letters. They must, as Heinrich said, have been models of epistolary style in the original, but I must confess their beauties were somewhat lost in the translation. It was in the silver florin I took the deepest interest—this marvellous piece of money, which Heinrich was being endowed with a magical charm, gained by being blessed with the prayers of St. Ulrich and dipped in its waters, the powers and location of this wonderful spring always remaining a myth in my mind, thereby, perhaps, heightening the respect I bore the charmed florin. For what do we respect so much as that we do not understand? It had the power to tell, by its dullness or brightness, sickness or joy to the absent one: coming woe or happiness. Many a time has Heinrich peeped at his magical piece and muttered, with a look, in his gravity, that Marguerite was not well to-day; and no gayety could rouse his drooping spirits till the florin had recovered its former lustre and gone with a clear ring. Occasionally he would tell me the florin was bright; and on that day any favorite project, either of business or pleasure, would be put in force with a confidence that could only be inspired by the omen. It was useless to laugh at this; it was too earnest.

One sunny day in June the florin shone brightly in its silvery beauty. I had only the night before rubbed it up myself, and bestowed a new bed of cotton upon it, while Heinrich was putting in a few fresh touches to the great picture of Columbus Discovering America (an original idea of my own).

For I felt, though I did not allow some property in the florin myself. Well, this June morning the florin shone very bright, and a long-contemplated trip to Lot was realized for that day in celebration of the event.

On the way down we had noticed a mother and child, a pretty boy of about five years. I had observed the mother, Heinrich the child. He was fortunate enough to make acquaintance with the child; I was not so fortunate with the mother. It was bribery and corruption on the part of Heinrich, aided by several pieces of cake and an apple, which he had pillaged from the dinner-table, and stowed in his pockets to suit an emergency.

The loud merry laughing and the company marching up the deck, Heinrich and myself at a respectable distance in the rear, when a shriek, a woman's shriek, resounded through the deck of the steamer, events and the rattle of the drums. We turned; the crowd was rushing down the deck. Not to be behindhand in curiosity, Heinrich a little in advance. I saw, as I ran, my beautiful lady standing upon the string-piece of the wheel, her hands raised in the air, and in all in a moment of despair. The child was in the water. Before the conception was fairly formed in my mind, I was on the string-piece beside the lady. One glance down and I saw Heinrich bobbing about in the water below. I knew then it was the child. It took the lady's arm and told her so, as I drew her away from the edge of the deck, where the crowd was pressing her back. I knew that she would be sure to send the child if not removed. She looked at me wildly, and, attributing my grave and serious looks and shaking as to change the tragedy, in the eyes of the crowd, almost into a comedy. At this moment a loud, joyful shout arose on the people from the string-piece, and I knew the child was saved. And so knew the mother, for she fainted in my arms as she shout rose.

In a few minutes we were in a neighboring house. The mother was consigned to the ladies, and Heinrich, myself, and the captain were engaged receiving the babe. Shall I ever forget that little angel coming back from the water, opened her pretty blue eyes, and staring upon the doctor said, "Don't cut off my hair, good people. I know that I am dead, and don't cut off my hair. Mamma likes my hair. My name is Lilly—they call me Lilly because I am so white. But don't cut off my hair."

Ah, Lilly! I am sure you are not dead, for not yet which one of us would not have given his own life to save yours, Lilly? An hour or two sufficed to get mother and child on board the steamer, in essence that a carriage could be called, and they conveyed home. The carriage stopped at a handsome house in a fashionable locality, and Heinrich carried Miss Lilly in, while my duty was the escort of the child's mother. Heinrich stood in the hall with a puzzled look as his wife threw herself into his arms in a fresh flood of tears. It was some minutes before explanation could take place. Miss of Livingston wrung Heinrich's hand and hugged him with half the force he did me I do not wonder that my Gretchen was not anxious to know me immediately. All our attempts, however, at holding any one credible to him, was to the gentleman who took us locally in charge. In half an hour Heinrich, as I am convinced entirely against his will, was thrust upon me by exit from the window of Livingston, who, throwing the whole of that evening, seemed to be laboring under the delusion that my appearance was the only circumstance wanting necessary to his happiness; while Madam suffered under the same delusion, only varied by cold turkey and boiled lobsters. I was a hero for that evening.

It is almost useless to say that a strong friendship grew up between the Livingstons, Heinrich, and myself. They soon became the confidants of our aspirations, and Heinrich's love, with a particular delicacy which always marks a man of the right stamp. When Livingston's offer of aid to Heinrich was declined, as I knew it would be, it came to me.

I am not now about to enter upon a statement of all my finesse; it is sufficient to say that, in three months and seven days after the first perception, Heinrich was induced to accept a most generous fund to fit up a lithographic office with material and presses, and a modest house with furniture, for all of which he gave his notes payable at different dates, extending over a period of five years. Nothing was now left to be but the sending for the object of his love, which was soon accomplished. We counted the days, and consulted the oracle—the silver florin. Nothing occurred to mar its brightness. It was clear, by its magical money, that the loved ones were on their way, and happy. Every night I handled the florin with religious faith, wiped it carefully and returned it to its bed, which I renewed as often as it became soiled. It was a treasure with Lilly and its mother. I suits I had become a rigid convert to the charm; its reward for which I was often indulged with its charge of an evening, as a child would be allowed to play with a toy it admires. The time drew near for the expected arrival—every thing was arranged. It was agreed that Heinrich and Marguerite were to be married at Livingston's house, after which they would repair to their own. In one week, at farthest, the steamer would bring the bride. Heinrich was nervous, strongly given to spirits and tremulous, while I to consultations with the clerk of the weather.

One bright cold morning in January, before I was out of my bed, Heinrich with his florin, minus coat, vest, and one boot, rushed into my room. He was ghastly pale, his lips closed, his teeth set. In his hand he held the florin, the lid of the box open. His appearance terrified me—I sprang from my bed. To my question as to what was the matter, he could only gasp, "The florin! The florin!" I looked in the box, the florin was there, but how transformed! Only the night before I had wiped and laid it on a new bed of cotton; now, it was not only dull but positively black—such as it was that had been exposed to the air. I shuddered as I looked upon its ominous deadness, and turned pale as Heinrich hoarsely pronounced one, "Dead!" He still said to me, "Dead!" I had no word of comfort for my friend. In my mind I could see the fine ship going down at sea with all her living freight. It was not in me to tell him hope. I did all I could do—I mingled my tears with his, and together we mourned over the announcement of the florin.

The original agreement that we concluded to reserve the disastrous news from the Livingstons until the steamer was past due. Time flew away without moderating our grief, when one bright sunny sunny day we were startled by the shouts of the newsboys as they ran up Broadway, "Arrival of the steamship Frieda. Extra Lyndl!" I could see the flush fly over the face of Heinrich, and then he became paler than before. It was but a few moments out of the dock, before the ship was just hauling in, the passengers grouped upon her deck. How he strained his gaze! I felt that he could not have been more than twenty. They were not there." How my heart fell! "They have died upon the passage." The florin was right. Before the gangway plank was cast Heinrich was upon the deck, I after him. "When did they die?" he said, seizing the captain by the arm. "Die! who die?" said that jolly mariner in response. Twas I who answered their names. "A Yon will find them below I fear," I said; they wasn't dead ten minutes ago." I could have hugged that splendid man; but I didn't. Instead of which I went to my room, found Heinrich below, and in one minute found myself kissing a second pretty girl, Gretchen's sister, and a nice motherly looking old lady about sixty; as though they were my own mother and bride-expectant. The old lady had been sent as a companion to the young bride just recovered, Marguerite had judged it best not to awaken her from her sleep. And this accounted for the non-appearance on deck.

The florin was a false prophet—Heinrich and I mutually agreed to say nothing about the deception. But in the midst of our laughter I looked out, and the charmed piece was exhibited in all its brightness. Heinrich's Marguerite looked grave, Heinrich puzzled, and Livingston vacant. It was black, even to darkening the cotton upon which it lay. Livingston took a portion of the cotton from the box and examined it, and then in a careless way held it to the light: it flashed and was gone. "The weather was out!" I was the first to say, and hence the black—

Who had a merry wedding, and I inderced his taste. Marguerite was a pretty girl, and a good girl; she has been a good wife, too, for these ten years, and gives them pretty children to their home. Heinrich is a prosperous man.

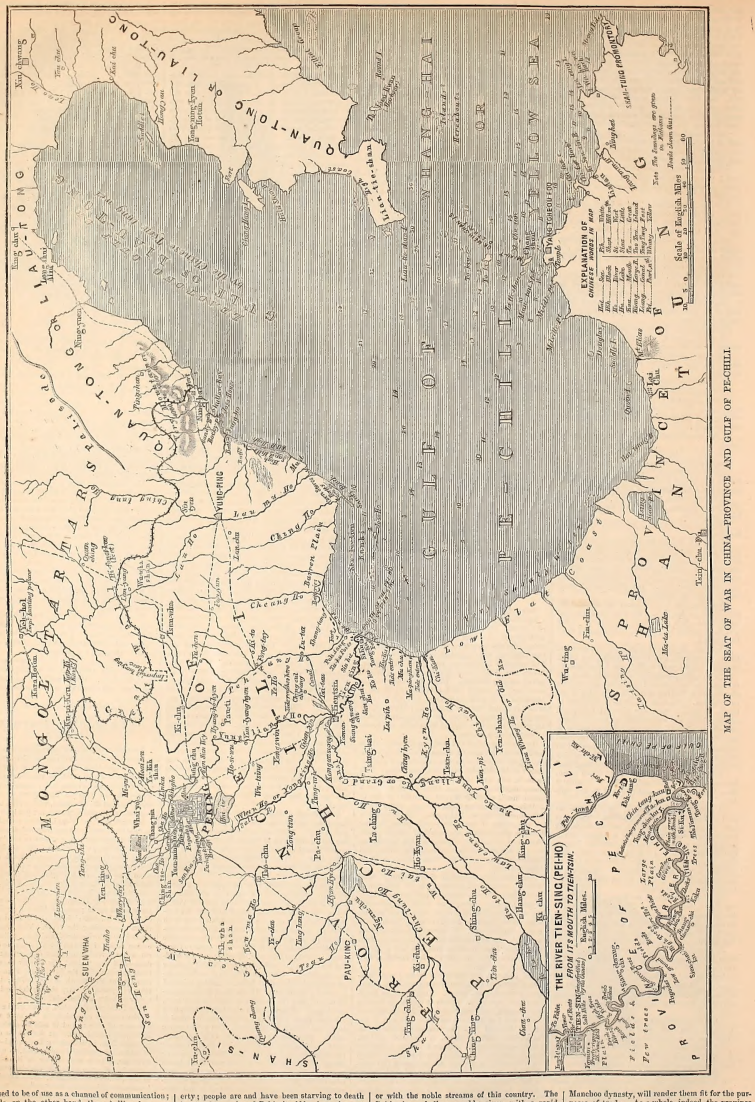
I hope only that I shall be as happy a one in my marriage with Lilly (she applies nothing strong in that, is there?). We are not to be married for two years yet, and then Lilly will be seventeen, and I thirty.

OUR MAP OF NORTHERN CHINA.

THE admirable map of Northeastern China which we publish herewith, will enable our readers to follow with precision the movements of the allied squadrons in China. At the latest dates received both English and French had commenced the attack—whether upon the Taku Forts, or upon another point of the sea-board, with a view to the occupation of Pekin, we are not yet informed.

The mouth of the Pei-ho is now historical ground. In 1854 the British and American plenipotentiaries visited it, and were received with every demonstration to ascend the river. In 1858 Lord Elgin and Baron Gros forced the entrance, and took the Taku Forts after a desperate conflict; unable to find a river to Tien-sin, which they entered forcibly; but were forced to retire for some time. Retiring, they returned home, as it afterward proved, with the assurance of the opening. In 1859 the new British Ambassador (Mr. Bruce) presented himself at the mouth of the Pei-ho, and claimed, under the treaty, the right of ascending the river. The demand was refused, an attack was ensued, and the assailants were beaten back. It was on this occasion, as our readers will all remember, that our gallant Admiral conceived that "blood was thicker than water." Once more, in 1860, the British and French squadrons are at the mouth of the Pei-ho; this time they will probably carry their point, and not stop either at Taku or Tien-tsin.

The Province of Pe-chi-li, which will be the scene of the coming campaign, is the most northerly province of China, and is said to contain about 20,000,000 inhabitants. It derives its chief importance from its containing the capital—Pekin—of which we published an account, in connection with Mr. Ward's visit thither, in No. 151 of this journal. Next to Pekin the most important place in the Province is Tien-tsin, which stands on the confluence of the Pei-ho River and the Grand Canal. Tien-tsin has been a city of great wealth, being the depôt of the grain trade, where the grain-bearing fleet from the south used to distribute their cargoes for the supply of the capital and other northern cities. But, latterly, the Grand Canal has fallen into such hopeless decay that it has



MAP OF THE SEAT OF WAR IN CHINA—PROVINCE AND GULF OF PE-CHILI.

ceased to be of use as a channel of communication; while, on the other hand, the rebellion has prevented many of the grain-growing provinces from sending their usual supplies of rice and wheat to the capital. Hence not only Tien-tsin, but the whole adjacent country is in a state of crying poverty; people are and have been starving to death by the thousand, and Pekin itself has been the seat of a famine.

The River Pei-ho or Tien-tsin—it is known by both names—and the other rivers of Pe-chili, must not be confounded with the great rivers of China, or with the noble streams of this country. The Pei-ho is a shallow, muddy river, with a rapid current, an uncertain course, and marshy banks; the same description will suffice for the other rivers of Pe-chili. Nothing but such enormous outlays as used to be made in the palmy days of the Manchoo dynasty, will render them fit for the purposes of trade. As a whole, indeed, the province is the most desolate in the kingdom.

A few days more will probably place us in possession of news which will impart a rare interest to the localities marked on our map.

"WHERE THE —— ARE YOU DRIVING TO, SIR?" CRIED I.

A DAY'S RIDE:

A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

By CHARLES LEVER.

AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," "HARRY LORREQUER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

NEXT mornings are terrible things, whether one awakes to the thought of some awful run of ill-luck at play, or with the racking headache of a new port or a very "fruity" Burgundy. These are dreadful, too, when they bring remorse—vague and indistinct, perhaps—of some serious affectations, passionate words exchanged, and expressions of defiance reciprocated; but, as a measure of self-reproach and humiliation, I know not any distress can compare with the sensation of awaking to the consciousness that our cups have so ministered to imagination that we have put on a mythical narrative of ourself and our belongings, and have built up a card-edifice of greatness that must tumble with the first touch of truth.

It was a sincere satisfaction to me that I was nothing of the skipper on that "next morning." He was to occupy with all the details of getting into port that I escaped his notice, and contrived to last unmarked. Little scraps of my last night's biography would obtrude themselves upon me, mixed up strangely with incidents of that day's journey; but, as I was actually puzzled at moments to remember whether *he* was not the descendant of the famous rebel friend of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and *I* a vat who was sold in the public square at Tunis.

These dissolving views of an evening before are very often the coinage: not to say, most valued resolve, whose conscience is not burglariously assailed by a riotous imagination, but to the poor weak Potts-like organisation—and such who never enjoy a real sensation, or taste a real pleasure, save on the hypothesis of a mock situation.

I sat at my breakfast in the Goat meditating these things. The grand problem to resolve was this: Is it better to live a life of dull incidents and commonplace events in one's own actual sphere, or creating, by force of imagination, an ideal status—to soar into a region of higher conceptions, and more pictorial situations? What could existence in the first case offer me? A wearisome beaten path, with nothing to interest, nothing to stimulate me. On the other side lay glorious regions of lovely scenery, peopled with figures the most graceful and attractive. I was at once the associate of the wise, the witty, and the agreeable, with wealth at my command, and great prizes within my reach. Illusions all! to be sure; but what are not illusions—if by that word you take mere account of permanence? what is it in this world that we love to believe real is not illusionary—the question of duration being the only difference? Is not beauty perishable? Is not wit soon exhausted? What becomes of the proudest physical strength after middle life is reached? What of eloquence when the voice fails or hoarseness is the utility of inflection?

All these considerations, however convincing to myself, were not equally satisfactory as regarded others, and so I sat down to write a letter to Crofton, explaining the reasons of my sudden departure, and inclosing him Father Dyke's epistle which I had carried away with me. I began and ran on with the most firm resolve to be truthful and accurate. I wrote down not only the date but the day, "Goat, Milford," followed, and then, "My dear Crofton,—I would ill become one who has partaken of your generous hospitality, and who, from an unknown stranger, was admitted to the privilege of your intimacy, to quit the roof beneath which the happiest hours of his life were passed without expressing the deep shame and sorrow such a step has cost him, while he bespeaks your indulgence to hear the reason." This was my first sentence, and it gave me uncommon trouble. I desired to be dignified, yet grateful, proud in my humility, grieved over an abrupt departure, but sustained by a manly confidence in the strength of my own motives. If I read it over once, I read it twenty times; now deeming it too diffuse, now fearing lest I had compressed my meaning too narrowly. Might it not be better to open with, "Sir,—Before you see me, dear Crofton, or, before condemning the unhappy creature whose abject cry for mercy may seem but to increase the presumption of his guilt, and in whose faltering accents may appear the signs of a stricken conscience, read over, dear friend, the entire of this letter, weigh well the difficulties and dangers of him who wrote it, and say, is he not rather a subject for pity than rebuke? Is not this more a case for a tearful forgiveness than for chastisement and reproach?"

Like most men who have little habit of composition, my difficulties increased with every new attempt, and I became bewildered and puzzled what to choose. It was vividly important that the first lines of my letter should secure the favorable opinion of the reader; by one unhappy word, one ill-selected expression, a whole case might be prejudiced. I imagined Crofton angrily throwing the epistle from him with an impatient "Stuff and nonsense! a practised humbugger" or, worse again, calling out "Listen to this, Mary! is not Master Potts a cute hand? Is not this brazening it out with a vengeance?" Such a thought was agony to me; the very essence of my misery was that I could secure the esteem and regard of others. I yearned after the good opinion of my fellow-men, and these was no amount of falsehood I would not incur to obtain it. No, come what would of it, the Crofton must not think ill of me. They must not only believe me guiltless of ingratitude, but some one whose gratitude was worth having. It will elevate them in their own esteem if they suppose that the pebble they picked up in the highway turned out to be a ruby. It will open their hearts to feelings of generosity when they will not say to each other, "Let us be more careful another time; let us be guarded against showing attention to mere strangers; remember how we were taken in by that fellow Potts; what a specious reader he was—how plausible, how insinuating!" but, rather, "We can afford to be confiding, our experiences have taught us trustfulness. Poor Potts is a lesson that may inspire a hopeful belief in others." How little benefit can any one in his own individual capacity confer upon the world; but what a large measure of good may be distributed by the way he influences others! Thus, for instance, by the kind, sustained delusion of mine, I inspire a fond of virtues which, in my merely truthful character, I could never pretend to originate. "Yes," thought I, "the Croftons shall continue to esteem me; Potts shall be a beacon to guide, not a sunken rock to wreck them."

Thus resolving, I sat down to inform them that, on my return from a stroll, I was met by a man bearing a telegram informing me of the dying condition of my father's only brother, my sole relative on earth, by whose death I was the impulse of my affection, and not thinking of preparation, I started on board of a steamer for Waterford, and hence my letter, I said, "I inclose you the priest's letter, which amused me much. With all his shrewdness, the worthy churchman never suspected how completely my friend Keldrum and myself had humbugged him, nor did he discover the mistake I made about his episode that followed it were the subjects of a wager between ourselves. His marvelous cunning was thus for once at fault, as I shall explain to you more fully when we meet, and prove to you that, upon this occasion at least, 'crime was not deceived but duped.'" I began to have a line from him to the Crown Hotel, Brighton, and concluded.

With this act, I felt I had done with the past, and now addressed myself to the future. I purchased a few cheap necessaries for the road, as few and as cheap as was well possible; I said to myself, fortune shall lift you from the very dust of the high road, Potts, not one advantageous adjunct shall aid your elevation!

The train by which I was to leave did not start till noon, and so while away time I took up a number of the *Times*, which the Goat appeared to receive at third or fourth hand. My eye fell upon that memorable second column, in which I read the following:—

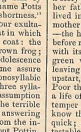
"Left his home in Dublin on the 8th ult., and not since been heard of, a young gentleman aged about twenty-two years, five feet nine and a quarter in height, slightly formed, and rather stooped in the shoulders, features pale and melancholy, eyes grayish, inclining to hazel, hair light brown, and worn long behind. He had on at his departure——"

I turned impatiently to the foot of the advertisement, and found that to any one giving such information as might lead to his discovery, was promised a liberal reward on application to Messrs. Potts and Co., Compounding Chemists and Apothecaries, Mary's Abbey. I actually grew sick with anger as I read this. To what end was it that I built up a glorious edifice of imaginative architecture, if by one miserable touch of coarse fact it could crumble into clay? To what purpose did I intrigue with Fortune to grant me a splendid destiny, if I was thus to be classed with runaway traders or strayed factors? I believe in my heart I could better have borne all the terrors of a charge of felony than the lowering, debasing, humiliating condition of being advertised for on a reward.

I had long since determined to be free as regarded the ties of country. I now resolved to be equally so with respect to those of family. I will be Potts no longer. I will call myself for the future—let me see—what shall it be that will not betray a presumed exercise of memory, and the troublesome task of unmarking my linen? I was forgetting in this that I was now, all my wearisome being left behind at the Rosary. Something with an initial I was requisite, and after much canvassing I fixed on Pottinger. If I am unhappy chance I should meet one who remembered me as Potts, I reserved the right of mildly correcting him by saying, "Pottinger, Pottinger! the name Potts was given me when at Eton for shortness." They will be that among the days of our exile tion in life few can compare with that in which we exchange a jacket for a tailed coat: the spring from the hobble to the full-grown frog; the emancipation from boyhood into adolescence is certainly very fascinating. Let me assure my reader that the bound from a monosyllabic name to a high-sounding epithet of three syllables is almost enchanting as this assumption of the toga virilis. I had often felt the terrible brevity of Potts; I had shrunk from answering the question, "Name, Sir?" from the indescribable shame of saying, Potts; but Pottinger could be uttered slowly and with dignity. One could even give the initial syllable, as if to say, "Mark well what I am saying; this is a name to be remembered." With that there must have been several and distinguished Pottingers, rich men—men of influence and acres! With these I should have no reason to blush.

"Do you go by the twelve-fifteen train, Sir?" asked the waiter, breaking in upon these meditations. "Only a quarter more to lose, Sir."

With a start, I saw it was already past twelve, so I paid my bill with all speed, and taking my knapsack I hurried forward to the train. There was considerable confusion as I arrived—a crush of cabs, watermen, and porters, blocked the way, and the screams of an arriving and departing train struggled against and confounded the clang of a great bell, the while myself, were bent on entering the station-house, was a young lady in deep mourning, whose fair complexions and delicate figure gave no prospect of resisting the shock and conflict before her. Seeing her so destitute of all protection, I approached her, and after a valorous effort and much buffeting, I fought her way for her to the ticket-window, but only in time to hear the fatal chant of a great bell, the bang of a glass door, and the cry of a policeman, "Too late, Sir!"



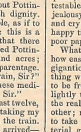
"Oh, what shall I do?" cried she, in an accent of intense agony, inadvertently addressing the world to myself. "What shall I do?"

"There's another train to start at three-forty," said I, confidingly, "and I think that waiting will be no inconvenience to me. It is a slow one, to be sure, stops every where, and only arrives in town at two o'clock in the morning."

I heard her sob; I distinctly heard her also behind her thick black veil, as I said this; and to offer whatamount of comfort I could, I added, "I, too, am disappointed, and obliged to await the next departure, and I shall be of the least service in any way——"

"Oh no, Sir! I am very grateful to you, but there is nothing—I mean—there is no help for me." And the voice dropped to a mere whisper.

"I sincerely trust,"



"WHEN WE CAME TO THE GATE ON THE ROAD HE TURNED ROUND FULL AND LOOKED AT THE HOUSE," ETC.

said I, in an accent of great deference and sympathy, "that the delay may not be the cause of grave inconvenience to you; and although a perfect stranger, if my assistance I can offer——"

"No, Sir; there is really nothing I could ask from your kindness. It was in turning back to bid good-by a second time to my mother." Here her agitation seemed to choke her, for she turned away and said no more.

"Shall I fetch a cab for you?" I asked. "Would you like to go back till the next train starts?"

"Oh, by no means, Sir! We live three miles from Milford; and besides, we were not at home. Here again she broke down, but added after a pause, "It is the first time I have been away from home."

With a little gentle force I succeeded in inducing her to enter the refreshment-room of the station, but she would take nothing; and after some attempts to engage her in conversation to while away the dreary time, I perceived that it would be some waste of politeness not to intrude upon her sorrow; and so I lighted my cigar, and proceeded to walk up and down the long terrace in front of the station. Three trunks, or rather two and a hat-box, kept my knapsack company on the other side of the tram-way, and on these I read, inscribed in a large hand, "Miss K. Herbert, per steamer *Ardent*, Ostend." I started. Was it in that direction my own wayward fortune tend? Was not Blondel in Belgium, and was it not in search of him that I was bent? "Oh, Fate!" I cried; "what subtle device of thine is this? What wily artifice art thou now engaged in? Is this a snare, or is it an aid?" Hast thou any secret purpose in this rencontre, for with thee there are no chances, no accidents in thy vicissitudes; all is prepared and fitted, like a piece of door-carpentry?" and then I fell into weaving a story for the young lady. She was an orphan: her father, the curate of the little parish she lived in, had just died, leaving herself and her mother in direst distress. She was leaving home all—the happy home of her childhood (I use it all before me—cottage, and garden, and little lawn, with its one cow and two sheep, and the small green wicket beside the road), and she was leaving all these to become a governess to an upstart, and overbearing, vulgar family at Ostend. Poor thing, how my heart bled for her! What trials of temper and of pride! The odious creature(I knew they are odious—will torture her to the quick; and Mrs. Trenchfort, or whatever her detestable name is, will lead her a life of cruel jealousy, and she'll have to bear every thing, and cry over it in secret, remembering the happy time in that honey-suckled porch, where poor papa used to read Wordsworth for them.

What a world of sorrow and pain! and how easily might it be made otherwise! What gigantic efforts are we forever making for something which we never live to enjoy! Striving to be free, greater, better governed, and more lightly taxed, and all the while forgetting that the real secret is to be on better terms with each other; more generous, more forgiving, less apt to take offense at our fellow-mortals. Our material goods there is far more than we need. The table would accommodate more than double the guests, could we only agree to sit down in orderly fashion; but here we have one occupying three chairs, while another crouches on the floor, and some very perfect emulating the fanciful tastes of some more lumbly born take a place near them. I wish they would listen to me on this theme. I wish, instead of all this social-science humbug and art-union balderdash, they would hearken to the voice of a plain man, saying, Are you not members of one family—the individuals of one household? Is it not clear to you, if you only mind the kindly affections you now reserve for the narrow circle wherein

you live to the wider area of mankind, that, while diffusing countless blessings to others, you will yourself become better, more charitable, more kind-hearted, wider in reach of thought, more catholic in philanthropy? I can imagine such a world, and feel it to be a Paradise—a world with no social distinctions, no inequalities of condition, and consequently no insolent pride of station, nor any degrading subserviency of demeanor, no rivalries, no jealousies—love and benevolence every where. In such a sphere the calm luminosity of mind by which great things are accomplished would in itself constitute a perfect heaven. No impatience of temper, no passing irritation—

"Where the —— are you driving to, Sir?" cried I, as a fellow with a brass-bound trunk in a hand-barrow came smash against my shin.

"Don't you see, Sir, that this train is just starting?" said he, hastening on; and I now perceived that such was the case, and that I had barely time to rush down to the pay-office and secure my ticket.

"What class, Sir?" cried the clerk.

"Which has she taken?" said I, forgetting all save the current of my own thoughts."

"First or second, Sir?" repeated he, impatiently.

"Either, or both," replied I, in confusion; and he flung me back some change and a blue card, closing at the little wicket with a bang that announced the end of all colloquy.

"Get in, Sir!"

"Which carriage?"

"Get in, Sir!"

"Second-class? Here you are!" called out an official, as he thrust me almost rudely into a vile mob of travellers.

The last bang out, and two snorts and a scream followed, then a heave and a jerk, and away we went. As soon as I had time to look around me, I saw that my companions were all persons of an humble order of the middle class —the small shop-keepers and traders probably of the locality we were leaving. Their easy recognition of each other, and the natural way their conversation took up local matters, was satisfied me of this fact, and reconciled me to fall back upon my own thoughts for occupation and amusement. This was with me but the usual prelude to a sleep, to which I was quietly composing myself soon after. The droppings of the conversation around me, however, prevented this; for the talk had taken a discussional tone, and the different modes of opinion were numerous. The question debated was whether a certain Sir Samuel somebody was a great rogue or only unfortunate. The reasons for either opinion were well put and defended, showing that the company, like most others of that class in life in England, was cultivated their faculties of judgment and investigation by the habit of attending trials or reading reports of them in newspapers.

After the discussion on his morality came the question, Was he sane or dead?

"Sir Samuel never shot himself, Sir," said a short plufty man with an asthma. "I've known him for years, and I can say he was not the man to do such an act."

"Well, Sir, the Ostrich and the United Brethren officers are both of your opinion," said another; "they'll not pay the policy on his life."

"The law only recognizes death on production of the body," sagely observed a man in shabby black with a stain neckcloth, and whom I afterward perceived was regarded as a legal authority.

"What's to be done, then, if a man be drowned at sea, or burned to a cinder in a limekiln?"

"Ay, or by what they call spontaneous combustion, that doesn't leave a shred of you?" cried three others in turn.

"The law provides for these emergencies with its usual wisdom, gentlemen. Where death may not be actually proven it can be often inferred."

"But who says that Sir Samuel is dead?" broke in the asthmatic man, evidently impatient at the didactic tone of the attorney. "All we know of the matter is a letter of his own signing, that says he is dead—unless me ears and I shall be no more. Now, is that sufficient evidence of death to induce a insurance company to pay down some eight or ten thousand pounds to his family?"

"I believe you might say thirty thousand, Sir," suggested a mild voice from the corner.

"Nothing of the kind," interposed another; "the whole heavy policies on his life are held by an old Cumberland baronet, Sir Elkanah Crofton, who established Whalley in the iron trade. I've heard it from my father fifty times, when a child, that Sam Whalley entered Milford in a fustian jacket, with all his traps in a handkerchief."

At the mention of Sir Elkanah Crofton my attention was quickly excited; this was the uncle of my friends at the Rosary, and I was at once anxious to hear more of him.

"Fustian jacket, or he had a good head on his shoulders," remarked one.

"And luck, Sir! luck, which is better than any head," sighed the mean man, sorrowfully.

"I deny that, deny it totally," broke in he of the asthma; "I say that Sam Whalley hadn't a man of first-rate order to help him, and that the success of what it was—the first foundery in Wales."

"And what is it now, and where is he?" asked the attorney, triumphantly.

"At rest, I hope!" murmured the sad man.

"Not a bit of it, Sir," said the wheezing voice, in a tone of confidence; "that's not the way for it, he's alive and hearty, somewhere or other, ay, and we'll hear of him one of these days: he'll be smelting metals in Africa, or cutting a canal through the Isthmus of Heaven knows what, or prime minister of one of those rajahs in India. He's a clever dog, and he knows it too. I saw what he thought of himself the day old Sir Elkanah came down to Furybridge."

"To be sure, you were there that morning," said the attorney; "tell us about that meeting."

"It's soon told," resumed the other. "When Sir Elkanah Crofton arrived at the house we were all in the garden. Sir Samuel had taken out them he was to dine with, which he said were the finest in Europe, except some at the Hague. Maybe it was that the old baronet was vexed at seeing what a favorite he was of, or that something else had crossed him, but as he entered the garden I saw he was sorely out of temper.

"'Any fire's in, Sir Elkanah?' said Whalley to him, coming up pleasantly. 'We scarcely expected you for a week at this hour. I'm sure my daughters,' said he, introducing them; but the other only removed his hat ceremoniously, without ever noticing them in the least.

"'I hope you had a pleasant journey, Sir Elkanah?' said Whalley, after a pause, while, with a short jerk of his head, he made sign to the ladies to leave them.

"'I trust I am not the means of breaking up a family party?' said the other, half sarcastically. 'Is Mrs. Whalley—'

"'Lately dead, Sir,' with your good permission Sir,' said Samuel, stiffly.

"'Of course—how stupid of me! I should have remembered your letter announcing the fact; indeed, the thought was full upon me as I came along, for I scarcely suppose that if higher angels than myself possessed the power they'd disfarm buildings and the outhouses in the state of ruin I see them.'

"'They are better by ten thousand pounds than the day on which I first saw them; and I say it in the presence of this honest woman and brave, my neighbor'—meaning me—'that both you and they were very cranky concerns when I took you in hand.'

"I thought the old baronet was going to have a fit at these words, and he caught hold of my arm as if he would have buckled me down to the lime, his face purple with passion.

"'You made you, Sir? you made you?' cried he in fury, his voice trembling with rage.

"'The same hand that made us all,' said the other, calmly. 'The same wise Providence that, for his own ends, creates droses as well as bees, and nobly ugly toad-bonnets as well as mes of brains and industry.'

"'You shall rue this insolence—ye shall cost you dearly,' he began, but I cut the old man short as he gripped me tighter. 'You are a witness, Sir, to the way I have been insulted. Come, declare your mortgage—I'll cut in every shilling I have advanced—I'll sell the house over your head—'

"'Ay! but the head without a roof over it will hold itself higher than your own, old man. If you'll take my advice, you'll do it. I've not given me an worth all your title-deeds twice told. If I walk out of this town as poor as the day I entered it, I'll be a richer man, with the fainty that I earn earn my bread—a process that would be very difficult for you when you could not lend out money on interest.'

"'Give me your arm, Sir, back to the town,' said the old baronet to me; 'I feel myself too ill to go all alone.'

"Get him to step into the house and take something,' whispered Whalley in my ear as he turned away and left us. But I was afrid to propose it; indeed, if I had, I believe the old man would have had a fit on the spot, for he trembled from head to foot, and drew long sighs as if recovering out of a swoon.

"'Here's an inn near this,' asked he, 'where I can stop? and have you a doctor here?'

"'You can stop at the Elkanah,' said I.

"'You know me, then?—you know who I am?' said he, hastily, as I called him by his name.

"'That I do, Sir, and I hold my place under you; my name is Stone.'

"'Stone!' repeated he, vacantly, as he moved away. When we came to the gate on the road he turned around for a last look at the house, and I perceived that Mr. Whalley was so much admired. 'Mark my words, my good man,' said he, shaking his head, and as sure as I live I'll not leave one stone on another of that dwelling there.'"

"He was a precious spare than he could perform," said the attorney.

"I don't know that," sighed the meek man; "there's many that money can't do in this life."

"And what has become of Whalley's widow if she be a widow?" asked one.

"She's in a poor way. She's up at the village preacher, and I'm told she has a lot of girls, she's trying to keep a children's school."

"Lady Whalley's school!" exclaimed one, in half-derision.

"Yes; but she has taken her maiden name again since this disaster, and calls herself Mrs. Hall of Hall."

"Has she more than one daughter, Sir?" I asked of the last speaker.

"Yes, there are two girls; the younger one, they tell me, is going, or gone, abroad, to take some attention or other—governess, I'm a guessress."

"No, Sir," said the plufty man. "Miss Kate has gone as companion to an old widow lady at Brussels—Mrs. Kents. I saw the letter that arranged the terms—a trifle less per annum than her mother gave to her maid."

"Poor girl!" sighed the sad man. "It's a dreary way to begin life."

I nodded assentingly to him, and with a smile of gratitude for his sympathy. Indeed the sentiment had linked me to him, and made me wish to be beside him. The conversation now grew discursive, on the score of all the difficulties that beset women reduced to make efforts for their own support; and though the speakers were men well able to understand and pronounce upon the knotty problem, the subject did not possess interest enough to turn my mind from the details I had just been hearing. The name of Miss Herbert on the trunk showed me now who was the young lady I had met, and I began to abuse myself bitterly for having separated from her, and thus forfeited the occasion of befriending her on her journey. We were to arrive together about eleven, and I resolved that I would do my utmost to discover her, if in the train; and I occupied myself now with arranging numerous pretexts for presenting to offer my services on her behalf. She will readily comprehend the disinterested character of my attentions. She will see that I come in no spirit of levity, but moved by a true sympathy and the respectful sentiment of one touched by her sorrows. I can fancy her coy diffidence giving way before the deferential homage of my manner; and in this I really believe I have some tact. I was not sorry to pursue this theme undisturbed by the presence of my fellow-travellers, who had now got out at a station, leaving me all alone to meditate and devise future conversations with Miss Herbert. I rehearsed to myself the words by which to address her—my bow, my gesture, my faint smile, a delicate shade of modernity with kindliness, my whole air a union of the deference of the stranger with something almost fraternal. Those preparations were now rudely rent asunder by the return of my fellow-travelers, who came hurrying back to their places at the banging summons of the guard.

"Every thing cold, as usual. It is a perfect disgrace that the public are treated on this line!" cried one.

"I never think of any thing but a biscuit and a glass of sherry, and they charged me elevenpence half-penny for that."

"The directors ought to look to this. I now three times myself that I came down here last Tuesday week."

"And though the time-table gives us fifteen minutes, it's a treat—for I laid my watch on the table—that we only got nine and a half."

"Well, I supped heartily off that spiced round."

"Supped, supped! Did you say you had supped here, Sir?" asked I, in anxiety.

"Yes, Sir; that last station was Trentham. They give us nothing more now till we reach town."

I lay back with a faint sigh, and from that moment took no note of time till the guard cried "London!"

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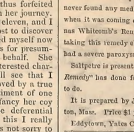

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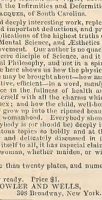

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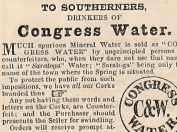

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SEED-WORDS.

'Twas nothing—a mere idle word,
From careless lips that fell,
Forgot, perhaps, as soon as said,
And purposeless as well.

But yet, as on the passing wind
Is borne the little seed,
Which blooms unheeded, as a flower,
Or as a noisome weed—

So often will a single word,
Unknown, its end fulfill,
And bear, in seed, the flower and fruit
Of actions good or ill.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1860.

THE CENSUS OF 1860.

THE census-takers are progressing with their work, and straggling returns are coming in. As a general rule, they prove that the progress of the country has been rather under than over-estimated, and that the population of the United States will be found to exceed the highest estimates which have been made.

That progress, however, has not been uniform. We have few or no returns from the South, but it is not expected that either the cities or the rural districts in the Southern States on the sea-board will show any thing more than the natural increase. Louisiana and Texas may prove an exception to the rule, as both have been aided by immigration; New Orleans will undoubtedly show a large increase, and so will Mobile, and one or two other cities, but it is not expected that the increase in Virginia, the Carolinas, and Georgia will be large.

It seems doubtful whether New England will show any increase at all. New England supplies so many farmers to the West, and retains so few foreign immigrants, that the natural increase of her population is more than counterbalanced, and the returns may show that she is actually less populous than she was in 1850. There will be exceptions to the rule, of course. Some towns where manufacturing has been actively developed will naturally figure to advantage in the census returns; and the inland cities will probably show a falling off, and so will the rural districts.

The great increase since 1850 has been in the West, and in the large cities of the Central seaboard States. We presume that New York and its suburbs, Philadelphia, and Baltimore will all show a large increase, as also will those other cities dependent on these, and situate further inland—as the towns on the Hudson. But when we want to find the most striking figures are to be added to our population, we must go to the Far West—to Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, Missouri, and Minnesota. Some of these States have doubled in the ten years—even those which had quite a respectable population in 1850. The increase appears to have been pretty equally distributed; town and country have grown alike. Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Louis have doubled in population; Illinois, it is said, will show 2,000,000 against 1,000,000 ten years ago. To the traveler it seems as though there were no farmers in the West, so vast is the extent of untilled land. The receipts of grain at Chicago—now the first primary receiving market in the world—tell a different tale, and the census confirms it.

The rate of growth of cities has not been uniform, as the following table shows:

Cities.	1850.	1855.	Increase.
St. Louis	77,860	101,460	23,600
Cincinnati	115,436	150,000	47,564
Milwaukee	20,061	40,949	24,594
Detroit	21,019	43,584	25,915
Cleveland	17,034	40,000	22,966
Zanesville, Ohio	11,929	9,219	1,781
Dayton, Ohio	10,977	20,000	9,023
Columbus, Ohio	18,554	30,133	11,579
Washington, D. C.	40,000	61,400	21,400
Providence, R. I.	41,543	49,954	8,411
Rochester, N. Y.	36,403	48,666	11,263
Trenton, N. J.	6,460	17,228	10,768

Immigration tends Westward, as far as railroads and other means of locomotion will permit. Nobody wants to stay at the East. Even Ohio is too near the ocean. Cleveland has gained handsomely since 1850, but the other cities of that State rather disappoint their friends. It is evident that New York and Chicago are becoming more and more the centers of the next ten years, grow to the disadvantage of intermediate cities. As in France there is but one Paris, and in England but one London, the tendency here is to one metropolis—New York—with numberless thriving primary depots, such as Cincinnati, Pittsburg, Cleveland, and the manufacturing towns of New England.

PROGRESS IN ITALY.

WHEN last we spoke of the war in Italy in these columns Garibaldi had just invaded Sicily, and to all but those who believed in his success in defiance of obstacles the future was still a problem. A few weeks have elapsed, and now nothing is problematical but the future of the Papacy and of the Eternal City.

The Kingdom of the Two Sicilies has ceased to exist. Let all men render thanks to an allwise Providence. It lasted long enough to teach the world the hopelessness of expecting any thing of the Bourbons, and long enough to cure the European democrats of their crazy notions about a socialist republic. Had Naples been purged of the Bourbons in 1848, it is probable that a republic would have been established which would have lasted just long enough to disgust every man of sense, and then would cure this for a military despotism. Ferdinand and Francis served their country better than they knew—they kept Garibaldi in reserve for him, and prevented its falling into stronger hands than theirs. Now they are gone, and in this again they have served their country. Under a new Government and a liberal system —monarchy or republic, it matters not—the Neapolitans, Calabrians, and Sicilians will, in course of time, become useful creatures, and will contribute their share toward the commerce, the wealth, the civilization, and the progress of the world. Once more, let God be thanked.

And now for the Pope. At our latest dates, Piedmontese troops had invaded the Papal States, and a battle between them and the horde of foreigners commanded by General Lamoriciere was impending. Of the result of the war, however the first battle may go, there can be no question. As to the Piedmontese, Europe stand remains passive; Austria, Prussia, and Russia protest, but in protesting, declare they will do nothing to prevent the intervention of Sardinia; Napoleon announces that he has tried every thing in his power to restrain his ally, Victor Emanuel, but finds that every moment he is nervous to argument and deaf to entreaty, abandons him to his own devices. Thus the case is clear, and within short of a miracle worthy of Loretto will save the Papal States from incorporation into the Kingdom of Italy. Before the first four weeks of the campaign in Italy that is not Italian, save only, perhaps, the Eternal City of Rome.

It is possible that the city of Rome may follow the example of the Campagna, and be absorbed in Victor Emanuel's dominions. It will be no easy task to prevent the Romans shoving the petits and the revers of the Piedmontese their brethren. Still we are inclined to think that Napoleon will not permit, and that Victor Emanuel will not seek, to extend his rule. No enlightened Protestant, even, would like to witness the utter overthrow of an institution which, with all its faults and all its errors, is sacred in the establishment of Christianity, and for fifteen centuries its centre and corner-stone. The chances are, that when all Italy, save only Rome, is united under the sceptre of Victor Emanuel, some scheme will be devised, similar to that which was proposed by the Emperor of the French, for the maintenance of the Pope in a sort of municipal dignity and seeming independence in Rome. The Independence will not amount to much, but perhaps it would be better than an exile.

THE WEALTH OF NEW YORK; AND HOW IT IS GOVERNED.

THE STATE ASSESSORS have just assessed the value of the real and personal property subject to taxation, within the State of New York, at nearly fifteen hundred millions of dollars. Probably over one-third of which lies within the county of New York—that is to say, in the city itself. The actual valuation of the city property is doubtless much less, but is considerably more than the value of many European principalities—as much as that of a respectable kingdom. If there were a census of inhabitants in the city, this valuation would allow $550 to each of them, which is considerably above the average of wealth to the head of men.

It is disheartening to think that, while the wealth of New York has thus grown at so prodigious a rate, the science of city government favorably with most of the capitals of Europe, which are a thousand years old, its government has gone backward, year after year, and corruption has fully kept pace with increasing progress. The tax levy has increased, within a few years, from five to ten millions; though the property valuation grows at a proportional rate, it is outstripped by the advance in the taxes.

The secret is to be found in the base neglect of duty by our respectable citizens. We fear it often said that the cause of the failure of universal suffrage in our large cities is the influx of foreign immigrants, the ignorant and improvidence of Irishmen, who are ever led by priests or demagogues, or bought and sold at the polls. But this is a mistake. There have never been fewer ignorant voters entered in New York to carry an election against our respectable classes, if the latter had only fulfilled the civic duty of voting. It is the neglect of this duty by respectable men which constitutes the strength of the Irish and their friends. It is because merchants, and lawyers, and doctors, and clergymen, and men of property generally shun the polls that the Irish vote rules the city, and the taxes increase at the rate of a million a year.

In such a city as this, the Aldermen and Councilmen should be men of the highest character. It should be the highest aim of an honorable citizen to fill a seat in the Common Council. That Council ought to be, in fact, the annual steppingstone to the halls of Congress. Instead of this, there is no position in which you are more likely to find pickpurses and rogues than in the city corporation; and to have been an Alderman or Councilman not only does not entitle an individual to public esteem and higher promotion, but almost disqualifies him from respectable society.

Thus it will ever be so long as our respectable classes neglect their duty and leave the control of elections to the rabble and to ignorant foreigners.

THE PRESIDENTIAL CONTEST IN NEW YORK.

AT length a substantial union of the parties opposed to the election of Lincoln has been consummated in this State, and we shall now be enabled to test the actual strength of the Republican party in New York. Hitherto the Republicans—though they have latterly secured the control of the State through the divisions of their opponents—have always failed to command a majority of the popular vote in New York. There is no reason why they should fare even worse in November than they fared in 1856; the ostracism of Seward has undoubtedly alienated from the Republican cause the personal adherents of the New York Senator. At the same time the Republicans are confident, and the fact of that which their opponents have combined will tell against the fusion party. It takes time to organize; and the anti-Republican forces are late.

It is probable that, as usual, the Pennsylvania State election will be the key note for the grand performance in November. If the Democrats carry Pennsylvania, they will probably carry New York also, or at all events New Jersey; and in either event, Mr. Lincoln's chances for the Presidency will be small. In the House, it is obvious that his prospects would be less flattering than those of any of his competitors, with the exception, perhaps, of Mr. Breckinridge.

THE LOUNGER.

A NOTE FROM MR. JENKINS.

MR. JENKINS begs to present his compliments to the Lounger, and to inform him, that, as he has observed that, in common with most of the other leading papers in the country, the *Weekly* has indulged in comments upon the reports of the details of His Royal Highness's visit communicated by Mr. Jenkins.

Mr. Jenkins asks himself why this is. In his double capacity of representative of the highest power in the moral world—the press—and of *chercheur* society of the metropolis, Mr. Jenkins superintends the observation of the daily conduct of His Royal Highness. He has thus naturally found to be urbane and attractive in demeanor. The colonies of careful description which Mr. Jenkins furnishes, of particular aspects of the leading edifices, and which the Lounger, with his characteristic modesty, declares, are published for a purpose and upon a principle.

The purpose is public amusement and instruction.

The principle is, the profit of the proprietors.

Mr. Jenkins, therefore, humbly submits that, as his last communication had called conspicuous light and length, either the public enjoy them, or the proprietors make a great mistake. But as the latter supposition is clearly untenable, it undeniably follows that the public enjoys his efforts.

Why then should the Lounger, in the question which Mr. Jenkins, with all due respect, permits himself to propound,

"*Is not the* Weekly *too* fine a point upon it, *who is Jenkins?* A hired professional individual (Mr. J. supersedes the expression), who describes the trowsers and waves the handkerchief comic of His Royal Highness—or the public which demands that the description shall be written for its own study and amusement?

Mr. Jenkins respectfully submits (with his compliments) that the question is clear to the meanest of the reader, which is the occasion, has no right to peer at the Jenkins in the writer, which is a mere consequence.

Mr. Jenkins presents his compliments and pauses for a reply.

EATING HUMBLE PIE.

HUMBLE PIE is the most unsavory but the most digestible of dishes. No other leaves such a pleasant taste in the mouth. It makes the next one a hundred-fold more palatable. There are people who can scarcely persuade themselves to try cod a very small piece, who, when they have once fairly eaten it, find it so light and toothsome that they eat it upon every occasion with the utmost satisfaction. A man who lives habitually upon humble pie is apt, indeed, to rather have low spirits of health, and it is to be recommended rather as an occasional lunch than as a constant food. All pastry is pernicious, the doctors assure us; but then Bacon tells us that occasional excess is beneficial; and there is no doubt he must have had humble pie in his mind—for his stomach—when he said so.

Why can't newspapers eat it like other people? Why must they wince and make wry faces and swear they won't touch it; and when they are compelled to, try so hard to make believe that they haven't eaten a bit of it? Why should a newspaper, which, by the necessity of the case, is compelled to let a whisperer gallery, suppose that of all talkers it is least likely to be mistaken? It is the peculiarity of a newspaper that its words have more weight and are more lightly spoken than almost any other. Yet when baking day comes, and the blessed steaming humble pie is served up smoking hot from the oven, and placed before the newspaper, it shrinks and shrinks and smiles and says, "No, thank you, I don't care about it;" or "No, thank you, I never eat pie;" or "Thank you, humble pie always disagrees with me, and the doctors think it affects my sinews and interferes with my circulation." It makes every possible effort to avoid the delicious dish, and when it can not escape, bolts the whole pie, and coolly declares that there was any, or that there was the slightest occasion for any.

Now this bolting your food does no good, but is a positive injury. Instead of making it an airy, digestible morsel, it boils within it, turns into indigestible color, and supply all the fibrin your system needs, boiling makes it a crude and dangerous mass—dangerous, that is, to your health. If a newspaper, for instance, grumbles over its pie and says that the world says, "I don't want to write a tour, dogmatic, unwilling visitor at my house;" and the world shuts its doors. "Why," it says again, "if the world says, I don't want to suppose that I thought it was never going to make mistakes? All I can ask of it or of any one is, that, if I make a blunder, commit any error of opinion, it will endeavor to atone for it by eating a small piece of humble pie to restore the tone of the system."

Prove these things, gentle reader. Watch the conduct of any newspaper compelled to eat humble pie, and say if it is not amusing and pitiful.

HUMAN LIFE, GOING! GOING!

It is now estimated that four hundred lives were lost upon the *Lady Elgin*; and the coroner's verdict is substantially, that the vessel and crew were competent. No, no; it wasn't the second mate, and it isn't the captain, it is the public which is to blame. Let the public see and it will not be a bad working incessantly until our Legislatures pass some much more stringent laws protecting human life than are now in force.

We sigh and groan rhetorically over those four hundred victims. We are loud in our asseverations that we ought to have secured a different disaster; that the captain and the company, and all others concerned, ought to have been hanged in advance. We say any thing that occurs to us to mark our indignation that no measures were taken to prevent so terrible a calamity. Here, in New York, we are quietly and confidently waiting to see Mr. F. Coppin, a pupil of Godard, saved in the *Lady Elgin*. It is decreed that it shall be so, it is said, by the public, that Coppin shall be saved. Why? Because he does a certain thing for the people out of their money, and that measures will always be taken to prevent the accession, yet the law should assume that he means to do it, and by forbidding it also save the swindled citizens from further loss.

We are anxious to speculate as to the precise moment when the law might interfere. In many cases it is very easy to see when a man's life will give his family fifty dollars. Suppose that some careless hero should advertise that he would leap from the top of Trinity spire into Broadway, if he could make up a purse of a hundred dollars for his wife and children, would the law not say to him, "If you do that, you will commit suicide and bring himself; but when we know that he is going to make the attempt, we will be there and stop him?" Is not this precisely the case in the case of Coppin?

You think that a law against suicide is rather absurd? You think that people must be left to defend their own lives against themselves at their own risk? You think that a fool, who goes up in a balloon and says he never leaves it, and sells a score of other fools from going after him? Then you are perfectly right in believing that the interest of the steam company is the safety of their passengers will secure that safety, and laws to preserve human life are folly.

HIS HOLINESS AT HOME.

WHILE we are drifting toward our great election in the midst of excitement of all kinds, but conscious that after the 6th of November we shall all fall quietly back into our various pursuits, England appears to be rapidly approaching that crisis of which is not so computable. But they are, all of them, only phenomena in the great process of modern civilization the development we call "modern times" is only the history. The authentic and permanent annals of the race begin with accounts of a few individuals. The mass of men are scarcely mentioned. From the individuals we proceed to classes, as in the Aegean; and from these we enter upon the great theatre of the movement of the masses of men every where to-day. Each class of men finds for themselves the opportunities which were monopolized first by the chief individuals, and then by the chief classes. And so History completes its cycle by individualizing every man, as it began by individualizing a few men.

The struggles of a century are only steps in this progress. If you take the beginning of the sixteenth century and Martin Luther as your points of departure, you may race regularly to the English Revolution of 1645—to the American Revolution of '76, and the French Revolution of '87 and '93. Then, by an easy step, you reach the Italy of our day: the Carbonari: Garibaldi.

The French Emperor belongs to the same move-

* Mr. Jenkins, in the present note, begs, with his compliments, to inform the writer that this is a French word, pronounced *reyshairshay*, and signifying upper crust.

ment. He is the crowned revolution. Louis Napoleon in France and Victor Emanuel in Italy are leaders in an irrepressible conflict with Francis of Austria and Alexander of Russia. There is a natural hostility between the darkness of Asia and the light of Europe; and Russia and Austria are still semi-barbarous powers.

The complication in Europe at this moment, therefore, is very curious. Russia and Austria embrace. "We ought never to have been parted," they sob in each other's arms. England, Prussia, and Austria agree to watch France. "It was all very well while she fought in Italy for an idea," growls England; "but when she fights for provinces [Savoy, etc.], bless my soul! that's an entirely different thing." At the same time, however, England says to Austria, who leans upon her arm, "Austria, dear! if Hungary rises and Russia interferes it will not be to the satisfaction of Europe."

Meanwhile France sits silent while Italy, with a murmur of joy at the incredible deliverance, hastens to the side of Garibaldi; so that the tidings of his advance clear the way, and the prestige of his genius frees his country by bloodless battle.

The Bourbon has left Naples: in the name of humanity, let us hope forever. What next? Why, the Pope comfortably housed in the Vatican, with the spacious garden to air himself in, and no perplexing cares of temporal state beyond the garden-wall. It is sunny and silent that Vatican garden. Pagan statues serve as the genii of fountains and grottoes. There are sombre cypresses and twinkling ilexes, and gravel-paths of meditation between. The Vatican palace is the most famous in the world. It is spacious, and splendid with treasures of art. St. Peter's is close at hand—in fact, a chapel of ease to the Vatican—where his Holiness can go to church and preach when he pleases.

This is manifestly better than to be bothered with such tuppenny mundane affairs as the temporal politics of the Roman Campagna and the City of Rome; although, if you can get the people to agree to try it, you might retain the city for the appanage of the Pope.

Now France wants him limited to the Vatican and its purlieus, and England will not object to that arrangement. Russia is schismatic, and holds to the Greek Church. Is Austria likely to try to hold the triple crown on to the slippery brows of his Holiness? Nor can it be said to derange the equilibrium of Europe. Properly speaking, the Papal States have never been a Power. They have been a convenient "Guy" for Austria; and, since 1849, for France. If the French troops were to be withdrawn to-morrow, the Pope would take French leave of Rome to-night. Nor ought any one to be surprised if any steamer should bring news of a letter from Louis Napoleon to the Holy Father, assuring him of his protection as Pope, and begging him not to oppose himself to the wishes of the people of his States, his faithful servants in the Lord, but not by any Divine appointment his loyal subjects in the State.

Probably Garibaldi's road to Rome lies through Venice.

SOME NEW BOOKS.

One of the pleasant points of a Lounger's life is, that good books are occasionally sent to him; most of which he reads, and all of which he would notice if he could, and if such a proceeding would not instantly turn his columns of miscellaneous conversation into an exclusively literary department. Besides, should he do so, there is no knowing but that the poet and philosopher who writes the "book notices" (whenever he can get a chance, but that is not very often) would take to Lounging. However, any true Lounger will sometimes happen in at the book stores, and turn over the books, and run his eye along the pages to catch the flavor, as it were.

And the pleasantest possible flavor he will find it to be if he chances upon the little, very little volume of "Lectures upon the Physical Forces," by Faraday. It is a little book of great value to little people. For at the Royal Institution of Great Britain, in which Faraday is Professor, he delivered, during the last Christmas holidays, a series of six simple lectures, in which the great principles of gravity, heat, magnetism, electricity, etc., are set forth in a really delightful manner. With the illustrative experiments for which Faraday is famous, and which are all mentioned in the book, the satisfaction of the young people must have been immense. The lectures were taken down phonographically, and in speaking it seems the learned Professor, like other Englishmen, uses phrases which are generally supposed to be exclusively American. On page 117 he says: "Suppose I take a pellet of cotton, and moisten it with a little ether, and put it into a glass tube......*I expect* I shall be able, etc." The frank colloquialism of these lectures is charming.

"Wheat and Tares" is a brief, brisk little story of English life to-day. It is sharp and racy, and, withal, a tragedy of a kind much more frequent than the mere novel reader supposes.

In the "Queens of Society" we have a series of brilliant sketches of such women as the Duchess of Marlborough, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Miss Landon, Madame de Sévigné, Madame de Staël, Recamier, and Maintenon, Mary Countess of Pembroke, upon whom Ben Jonson wrote the best of epitaphs:

"Underneath this sable hearse
Lies the subject of all verse;
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother.
Death! ere thou kill'st such another
Fair, and good, and learned as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee."

It is a kind of book always most entertaining from the detailed glimpses of manners and character.

And here is the first issue, being the eleventh volume, of the sumptuous American edition of Lord Bacon's works. It is a reprint of the London edition, and is not inferior to it. It is an honor to the public taste that demands, the enterprise that undertakes, and the skill that executes such a work as this. The editor-in-chief is James Spedding—the J. S. of Tennyson's poem. Every man who has at heart the honor and success of our publishing and printing crafts, and the improvement of literary taste by making the best books the most attractive, will sincerely wish a large sale of this noble work.

The second volume of Palfrey's "History of New England" has been recently published, and is as admirable as its predecessor. The opening chapter upon primitive manners and customs of New England is full of curious interest. The volume brings the history down to the year 1668.

SHAKESPEARIANA.

Two or three weeks since, the Lounger quoted from the London *Saturday Review* some very absurd attempts to convict Mr. Godwin, the historian, of plagiarism in his history. The same spirit of literary discourtesy which so frequently manifests itself in English notices of American performances is betrayed by James Orchard Halliwell, Esq., in his late "Dictionary of old English plays." In an appendix to that work he gives a list of "Editions of Shakespeare," and he names every edition but that of Richard Grant White, one of the most careful, comprehensive, and sensible of all. Mr. White's Shakespeare is a triumph of special scholarship, which the English Shakespearians, naturally, perhaps, but rather ungenerously, might find convenient not to name. But from many of them it has received the warmest recognition. That Mr. Halliwell omits it can not be the result of ignorance. Mr. White's commentary is the application of common sense to Shakespeare; and his estimate of the intrinsic value of the Collier folio is now verified by general acceptation. There is something so especially unjust in depriving a scholar of the fair reputation of his work, that the Lounger is glad to join the New Orleans *Christian Advocate* in exposing the omission in Mr. Halliwell's list.

THE LATE PRINCE OF WALES.

Of course this title does not indicate the punctual young potentate who meets all his appointments so promptly—but his grand-uncle, the late lamented monarch George the Fourth, Defender of the Faith. In the next number of *Harper's Magazine* Mr. Thackeray's paper upon that Prince will be published, and from the sheets of the next number of the *Cornhill* the Lounger snatches these reminiscences of him by the same hand:

"Elderly gentlemen were in their prime, old men in their middle age, when he reigned over us. His image remains on coins; on a picture or two hanging here and there in a Club or old-fashioned dining-room; on horseback, as at Trafalgar Square, for example, where I defy any monarch to look more uncomfortable. He turns up in sundry memoirs and histories which have been published of late days; in Mr. Massey's History; in the Buckingham and Grenville Correspondence; and gentlemen who have accused a certain writer of disloyalty are referred to those volumes to see whether the picture drawn of George is overcharged. Charon has paddled him off; he has mingled with the crowded republic of the dead. His effigy smiles from a canvas or two. Breechless he bestrides his steed in Trafalgar Square. I believe he still wears his robes at Madame Tussaud's (Madame herself having quitted Baker Street and life, and found him she modeled t'other side the Stygian stream). On the head of a five-shilling piece we still occasionally come upon him, with St. George, the dragon-slayer, on the other side of the coin. Ah me! did this George slay many dragons? Was he a brave, heroic champion, and rescuer of virgins? Well! well! have you and I overcome all the dragons that assail *us*? come alive and victorious out of all the caverns which we have entered in life, and succored, at risk of life and limb, all poor distressed persons in whose naked limbs the dragon Poverty is about to fasten his fangs, whom the dragon Crime is poisoning with his horrible breath, and about to crunch up and devour? O my royal liege! O my gracious prince and warrior! *You* a champion to fight that monster? Your feeble spear ever pierce that slimy paunch or plated back?

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"The old were middle-aged, the elderly were in their prime, then, thirty years since, when yon royal George was still fighting the dragon. As for you, my pretty lass, with your saucy hat and golden tresses tumbled in your net, and you, my spruce young gentleman in your mandarin's cap (the young folks at the country-place where I am staying are so attired), your parents were unknown to each other, and wore short frocks and short jackets, at the date of this five-shilling piece. Only today I met a dog-cart crammed with children—children with mustaches and mandarin caps—children with saucy hats and hair-nets—children in short frocks and knickerbockers (surely the prettiest boy's dress that has appeared these hundred years)—children from twenty years of age to six; and father, with mother by his side, driving in front—and on father's countenance I saw that very laugh which I remember perfectly in the time when this crown piece was coined—in *his* time, in King George's time, when we were school-boys seated on the same form. The smile was just as broad, as bright, as jolly, as I remember it in the past—unforgotten, though not seen or thought of, for how many decades of years, and quite and instantly familiar, though so long out of sight.

"Any contemporary of that coin who takes it up and reads the inscription round the laureled head, 'Georgius IV. Britanniarum Rex. Fid. Def. 1823,' if he will but look steadily enough at the round, and utter the proper incantation, I dare say may conjure back his life there. Look well, my elderly friend, and tell me what you see? First, I see a Sultan, with hair, beautiful hair, and a crown of laurels round his head, and his name is Georgius Rex Fid. Def., and so on. Now the Sultan has disappeared; and what is that I see? A boy—a boy in a jacket. He is at a desk; he has great books before him, Latin and Greek books and dictionaries. Yes, but behind the great books, which he pretends to read, is a little one, with pictures, which he is really reading. It is—yes, I can read now—it is the "Heart of Mid Lothian," by the author of "Waverley"—or, no, it is "Life in London; or, the Adventures of Corinthian Tom, Jeremiah Hawthorn, and their friend Bob Logic," by Pierce Egan; and it has pictures—oh! such funny pictures! As he reads, there comes behind the boy, a man, a dervish, in a black gown, like a woman, and a black square cap, and he has a book in each hand, and he seizes the boy who is reading the picture-book, and lays his head upon one of his books, and smacks it with the other. The boy makes faces, and so that picture disappears.

"In the reign of George IV., I give you my honor, all the dancers at the opera were as beautiful as Houris. Even in William IV.'s time, when I think of Duvernay prancing in as the Bayadère—I say it was a vision of loveliness such as mortal eyes can't see nowadays. How well I remember the tune to which she used to appear! Kaled used to say to the Sultan, 'My lord, a troop of those dancing and sing-ging gurls called Bayadères approaches,' and, to the clash of cymbals and the thumping of my heart, in she used to dance! There has never been any thing like it—never. There never will be—I laugh to scorn old people who tell me about your Noblet, your Montessu, your Vestris, your Parisot—pshaw, the senile twaddlers! And the impudence of the young men, with their music and their dancers of to-day! I tell you the women are dreary old creatures. I tell you one air in an opera is just like another, and they send all rational creatures to sleep. Ah, Ronzi de Begnis, thou lovely one! Ah, Caradori, thou smiling angel! Ah, Malibran! Nay, I will come to modern times, and acknowledge that Lablache was a very good singer thirty years ago (though Porto was the boy for me); and then we had Ambrogetti, and Curioni, and Donzelli, a rising young singer.

"But what is most certain and lamentable is the decay of stage beauty since the days of George IV. Think of Sontag! I remember her in *Otello* and the *Donna del Lago*, in '28. I remember being behind the scenes at the opera (where numbers of us young fellows of fashion used to go), and seeing Sontag let her hair fall down over her shoulders previous to her murder by Donzelli. Young fellows have never seen beauty like *that*, heard such a voice, seen such hair, such eyes. Don't tell *me!* A man who has been about town since the reign of George IV., ought he not to know better than you young lads who have seen nothing? The deterioration of women is lamentable; and the conceit of the young fellows more lamentable still, that they won't see this fact, but persist in thinking their time as good as ours.

"Bless me! when I was a lad the stage was covered with angels, who sang, acted, and danced. When I remember the Adelphi, and the actresses there: when I think of Miss Chester, and Miss Love, and Mrs. Serle at Sadler's Wells, and her forty glorious pupils—of the Opera and Noblet, and the exquisite young Taglioni, and Pauline Leroux, and a host more! One much-admired being of those days I confess I never cared for, and that was the chief *male* dancer—a very important personage then, with a bare neck, bare arms, a tunic, and a hat and feathers, who used to divide the applause with the ladies, and who has now sunk down a trap-door forever. And this frank admission ought to show that I am not your mere twaddling *laudator temporis acti*—your old fogy who can see no good except in his own time."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE SOLDIER OF THE HOLY SEE.

Put this and that together. This is one of Reuter's telegrams:

"Perugia, *August* 30.

"General Lamoriciere, in an order of the day, has directed his troops to plunder any town which, on the approach of the enemy, should rise in insurrection."

That which follows is a paragraph from the *Times:*

"A Loretto Vow.—General Lamoriciere went on the 15th of last month to the famous chapel of Our Lady of Loretto, and having, like other pilgrims, offered his devotio: at the shrine, solemnly engaged to present there, *ex voto*, the sword which he now brandishes on the Pope's behalf, as soon as he shall have delivered the Pontifical throne from all its enemies."

Lamoriciere's order of the day, appropriately dated at Perugia, would, if it stood alone, seem the proclamation of a miscreant. Taken, however, in connection with the gross and monstrous act of fetichism which he performed at Loretto, it enables charity to hope that he may possibly be a madman.

Homebug or Humebug.—The Spirit-rapping mania may be a moral disease indeed; but it has also a material aspect. May it not be considered as a species of impost*hume?*

"Sir, our party has a quick way of using up rascals," said a recent canvasser at Brighton to an elector who would not promise him his vote. "No doubt of it, Sir," was the reply; "a party that makes such habitual use of rascals must use many of them up; tools can't last always."

EXIT BOMBALINO.

The Earthquake growls beneath his feet,
Vesuvius banks her fires, o'erhead,
Bewildered *Sbirri* through the street
Slink with a tamed and timorous tread.
The priest holds up his trembling hands,
In vain, to sainted Januarius;
The Despot's hungry hireling bands
Begin to deem their pay precarious.
Armed Retribution pours its force
From Spartivent to Porto Fino;
Resistance melts before its course—
Et exit Bombalino!

No friend in this, his hour of need,
No hope or hold in his despair!
Each stay turns out a broken reed,
Each safeguard hath become a snare.
The rogues who were so swift to serve
Are even swifter to betray,
Each back that bent in supplest curve
On readiest hinges turns away.
What faith is bought by fear or gold,
'Tis time, at length, that even *he* know—
His soldiers false, his courtiers cold—
En exit Bombalino!

His dungeons have giv'n up their dead,
Or, worse, their living-dead restored.
Truth lifts, amazed, her muffled head,
Unchecked for once by stick or sword.
And from the light that beams about
Her sorely-scarred yet stately brow,
Shrink back, abashed, the loathsome rout
That battened in the dark till now.
Amidst such greeting and good-will,
As subjects unto King or Queen owe,
Who've ruled but by the powers of ill—
Sic exit Bombalino!

And Garibaldi's face is worn
Where this King's image ought to be;
And Garibaldi's name is borne
On wings of blessing o'er the sea.
At Garibaldi's summons spring
Men's ready hearts, and hands, and treasure,
Before him Italy doth fling
Her new-roused life in stintless measure.
But now alone against a host,
And now a host, as land and sea know,
Unboasting he caps Cæsar's boast—*
Et exit Bombalino!

So be it still, when powers of Ill
And powers of Good, for issue met,
Hand against hand, and brand to brand,
In Armageddon's fight are set!
May Evil show what rotten roots
Its hugest upas-growth confirm,
And Good make known what mighty shoots
Are latent in its smallest germ.
With jubilee and joyous din,
From Sicily to San Marino,
Lo! Garibaldi enters in,
Et exit Bombalino!

* *Veni, Vidi, Vici.*

SAVE ME FROM MY FRIENDS.

"It is the Emperor who has saved the Pope."—*Persigny's Speech at Roanne.*

Who raised up Italy (no matter why)—
The Austrian legions to defy?
Who *spoke a speech* (as under Milan's *duomo*
He rode with *Il Rè Galantuomo*)
That on the heart of Italy so wrought
(No matter what he *thought*).
It fused a rush of units to a nation—
Furnished cement to annexation—
Gave Garibaldi room and verge to grow—
An avalanche from flakes of snow—
And fixed the *point d'appui* to twist the rope
That soon or late must hang the Pope?

Let us not stay to ask the "how" or "why,"
This man, for once, looked high,
And spoke, as one with faith in a good cause,
Who champions Heaven's laws;
But own the hand that did what his has done,
Sure as light follows sun,
Sowed seeds of death in that old Papal power
Which France props at this hour.

Let Persigny employ his special pleading,
His priestly gulls misleading;
'Tis no less true the Church's eldest son
The deed of parricide has done;
That his sword undermined St. Peter's chair,
Which now his bayonets up-bear.
That Pio Nono's prayer, on bended knee,
Is, or at least *should* be—
"'Gainst foes leave *me alone* to gain my ends,
But save—oh save me from my *friends!*"

Rogers, the poet, used to tell the story of the "body of a malefactor, who was hanged in chains, disappearing in the night. Nearly a fortnight afterward it was again dangling in the air, and looked as if fresh from the hands of the executioner. The man on the first occasion was not quite dead. A farmer and his son passing by heard his groan, took him home, and nursed him. When he recovered they were awoke by a noise, and found their guest at his old trade—packing up every article of value in the house. They agreed that he would be better returned to the place from whence he came, and re-strangling him, they put him back into the iron case on the gibbet."

"Appearances" to Let.—A female usurer has been prosecuted for extortion in Paris, and of the revelations on the trial the following is a part: "Mademoiselle Levêque had a partner, in the shape of an old infantry officer of the name of St. Cirque, who used to act as an intermediate agent between certain of her 'clients' and herself. The kind of business will best appear from the following extract from a business letter to his fair *associée:* 'If you have a diamond ring worth 500 francs, I know a young man who wants one to go into society with. He would rent it for twenty francs a month. Another friend of mine wants a 500-dollar note, just to show off when he opens his card-case. He would rent it for twenty-five francs a month.'"

A phrenologist has been examining Queen Victoria's head; says that he finds the bump of adhesiveness quite sadly deficient, if it existed there at all. In justice, however, to this gentleman, we must state that the Queen's head under examination was a postage-stamp.

It being hinted to a barrister, who was wearying the court with a long and dull argument, that he ought to bring it to a close, he angrily replied, "I will speak as long as I please!"—"You have spoken longer than you *please* already," said his antagonist.

Murat one day complaining to Nausouty that the cavalry had not vigorously executed a charge, Nausouty replied, "The horses have no patriotism; the soldiers fight without bread, but the horses insist on oats."

A certain divine gave out a psalm to his choristers, who attempted to set it to a new tune; but having made a blunder, the clergyman, when he came to that part of the Litany, "Lord have mercy on us miserable sinners!" in his turn made another blunder, and read it as follows: "Lord have mercy on our miserable singers!"

Customer. "I wish to purchase some very good eggs, to be used in making sponge-cakes."

Shop-keeper. "Yes, I have some eggs that can't be beaten."

Customer. "Can't be beaten?"

Shop-keeper. "No, ma'am; I defy any one in the market to beat them."

Customer. "They won't answer my purpose at all, then. How can eggs be made into sponge-cakes without you can beat them?"

Lord Braxfield, a Scotch judge, once said to an eloquent culprit at the bar, "You're a vera clever chiel, mon; but I'm thinking ye wad be nane the waur o' a hangin'."

A toper, being on a visit to a neighboring squire, when a very small glass was set before him after dinner, pulled the servant by the skirts, and thus expostulated with him: "What is this glass for? Does your master wish to keep me here all night?"

Matoisi, a French physician, was so fond of administering medicine, that, seeing all the phials and pill-boxes of his patient completely emptied, and ranged in order on the mantle-piece, he said, "Ah, Sir, it gives me pleasure to attend you—you deserve to be ill."

Two workmen, passing a nicely-cushioned carriage, which was waiting for one of the great Manchester cotton lords at his counting-house door, one said to the other, "Bill, I'm darnt if I shouldn't loik to have a drive out in that 'ere fine coach."—"Then thee get in, Jack," was the reply, "and they'll very soon drive thee out."

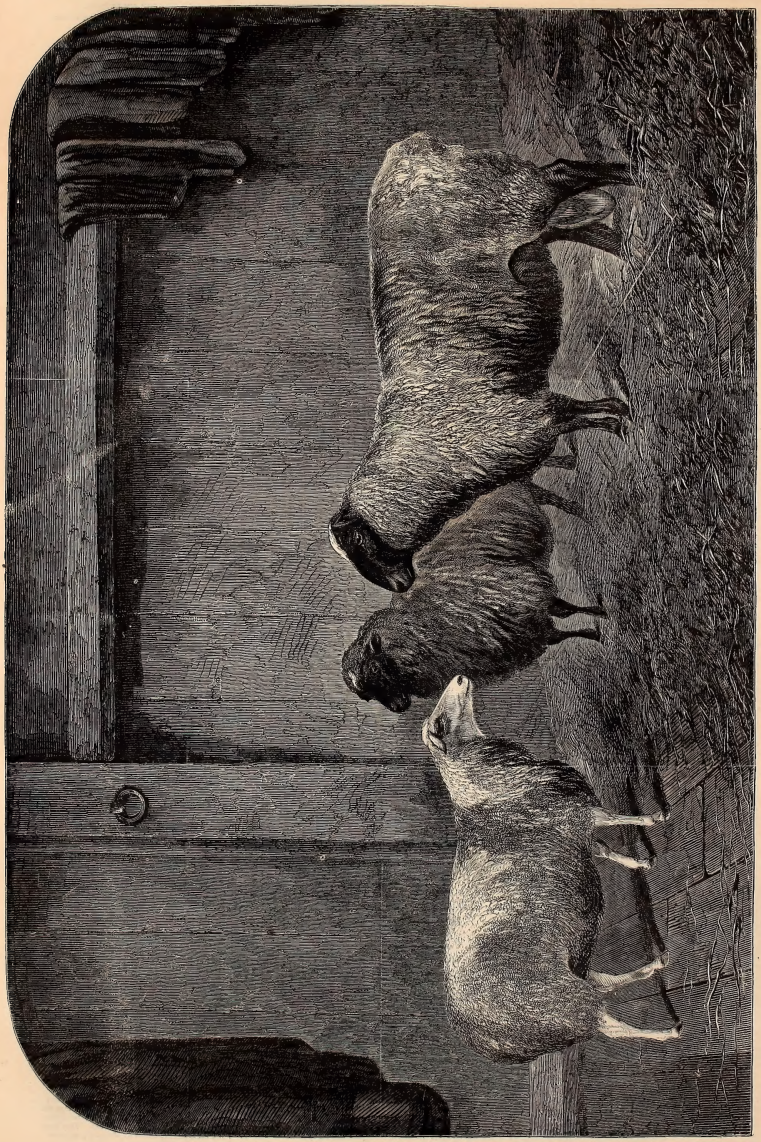
A country girl recently asked a town acquaintance to go with her to purchase some articles, and to act as spokeswoman. They entered a shop, and the girl asked, "Have you any hose?"

"I don't want hoes," said the country maiden; "I want stockings."

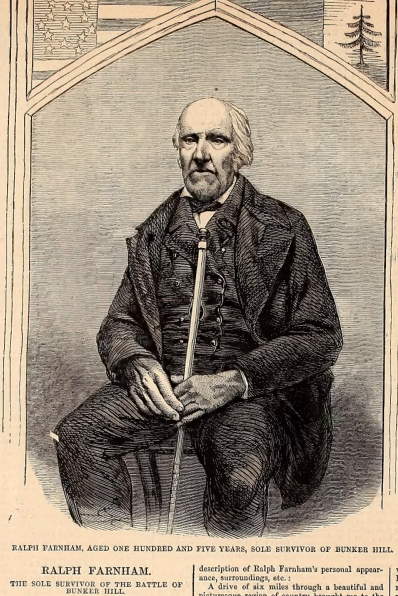
MR. MESSENGER'S SHEEP.

The sheep, of which we publish an engraving on the following page, are the property of Mr. Messenger. The Hampshire Down sheep are of the stock of Francis Budd, Esq., of Hatch Warren, Hampshire, England, and were imported by the present owner. They possess greater kindness of nature and are more easily fatted than the South Down sheep (on which they are an improvement). They are admirably adapted to extreme climates, in consequence of the hardiness of their nature. They have won several prizes in England; and have successfully competed in this country at the New York State Fair (*see* Trans. N. Y. State Ag. Soc., 1858); American Institute, 1859; and at all county fairs at which they have been exhibited. They are of larger growth than the South Down, and are probably the finest mutton sheep found in Europe. They are the property of Thomas Messenger, Esq., Clarence Hall, Great Neck, Long Island.

The Leicester sheep are also a mutton sheep. They are long-wooled, much lighter built than the Hampshire Down, and not so hardy; hence they do better in more moderate climates. They were imported, and are owned by the same gentleman.



SHEEP OWNED BY MR. MESSENGER.—[DRAWN FROM LIFE BY T. C. CARPENTER.]



RALPH FARNHAM, AGED ONE HUNDRED AND FIVE YEARS, SOLE SURVIVOR OF BUNKER HILL.

RALPH FARNHAM.

THE SOLE SURVIVOR OF THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

In the eloquent oration delivered by Hon. Edward Everett on the Fourth of July, this year, at Boston, there was a touching allusion to the few remaining relics of that band of worthies who served in our War of Independence. Mr. Everett, at the same time, expressed a doubt if there still existed a single American soldier who beheld that disastrous British victory upon Bunker Hill on the 17th of June, 1775. This remark of Mr. Everett has called forth the fact that in Acton, York County, Maine, near the borders of New Hampshire, resides Ralph Farnham, who is now in *his one hundred and fifth year*, and who enlisted in the American army in May, 1775, witnessed the battle of Bunker Hill, served a peaceful second campaign in Rhode Island, and concluded his military career by doing duty in the battle of Saratoga, where Burgoyne's fine army was overcome by the Americans under General Gates. We publish Mr. Farnham's portrait herewith, and give also a view of his residence. Rev. J. C. Fletcher was among the earliest to visit Ralph Farnham in his secluded home in Maine. We learn that, since the results of that visit were made known by Mr. Fletcher through the daily press, there has been a stream of pilgrims to Acton, where the hale, bright, and pious old man receives them cordially, and recounts the deeds of days long gone by.

Such, however, has been the curiosity to see the veteran, coupled with the desire on the part of some to give him more of the comforts of life in his declining days—for his pension is the pitiful sum of 66¾—that a letter of invitation has been addressed him by Governor Banks, of Massachusetts, Hon. Mayor Lincoln, of Boston, Hon. Edward Everett, Hon. Lemuel Shaw, late Chief-Justice, William Appleton, Esq., George S. Hillard, Esq., Rev. Drs. Adams, Gannett, Blagden, Stow, and Miner, Hon. Charles Sumner, Amos A. Lawrence, Drs. Bigelow and Shurtlef, Charles G. Green, Esq., Hon. Charles Hale, and many other of the first Bostonians, of every profession. They cordially invite him to visit Boston. The old soldier of the Revolution has written accepting the invitation for the 8th of October, when no doubt a demonstration on a grand scale will be given him. Let us, however, remind our Boston friends that Old Parr, of England, lived long beyond his hundredth year, and was a fine healthy man when a century and a half had rolled over his head, but was killed by the kindness of the Londoners on his visit to the British metropolis. His regular habits were broken up, his simple diet was disregarded, and the result was his death. We trust that nothing of this kind will take place in regard to Ralph Farnham, and express the wish that he may yet live many years to enjoy all the blessings which this life can give an old man whose hopes reach beyond the grave.

A friend who visited him gives us the following description of Ralph Farnham's personal appearance, surroundings, etc.:

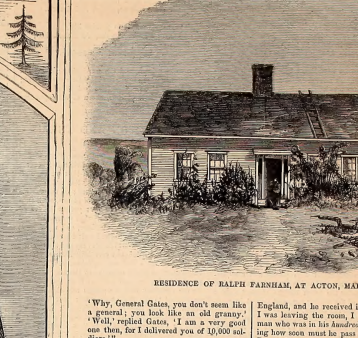
A drive of six miles through a beautiful and picturesque region of country brought me to the house of Mr. J. Farnham, which is situated upon a high hill commanding a most extended view of the distant White Mountains. I found Mr. Ralph Farnham seated in an arm-chair surrounded by newspapers, while not far away from him was the Bible, which he terms the "king of books." When introduced to him, he received me with affability, and was at no loss in answering the many and various questions with which I plied him. Indeed, his answers were exceedingly prompt, and the pleasure of his conversation was enhanced by a certain piquancy of expression, and a cheerfulness extraordinary in one of his age. It seemed no effort of memory to call up persons and places—their names and characteristics. There is also such a modesty in all his statements that you feel convinced of their truthfulness. Another agreeable feature, of a negative character, is, that he has none of that garrulousness which is too often the sad evidence of nature's decay.

He gave me many interesting anecdotes of the Revolution, together with descriptions of the Battle of Bunker Hill, his second campaign to Rhode Island (where he says he "went through college," for it rained so hard while they were engaged in drilling that their Colonel ordered them into University Hall, and thus he graduated), and he also gave me some new views of the Battle of Saratoga, which occurred in his second campaign.

I asked him if he saw General Putnam on the 17th of June, 1775. "Yes," he replied, "twenty times, if once; and he rode like lightning, his horse's tongue lolled out of the mouth. It was a hot day, and I suppose that a hundred horses were killed by aid-de-camps and other officers and messengers before and after the action."

This confirms what has so often been said of "Old Put's" riding on that memorable occasion. His recollections of Washington, Gates, and others, are very vivid. Benedict Arnold he deserves in no measured terms. He gave me the following anecdote in connection with his description of the Battle of Saratoga:

"After Burgoyne's surrender General Gates erected a large marquee, and gave a grand dinner to the British officers; and when they were cracking their jokes in high glee, Burgoyne said to General Gates, 'Why, General Gates, you don't seem like a general; you look like an old granny.' 'Well,' replied Gates, 'I am a very good one then, for I delivered you of 10,000 soldiers.'"



RESIDENCE OF RALPH FARNHAM, AT ACTON, MAINE.

At my request Mr. Farnham turned his head so as to give me a profile view, and while I was employed in making a careful sketch of the contour of his face, he was engaged in pleasant conversation about Newburyport and Boston. The former, he said, he had visited for the first time *eighty-five years ago*, and preserved a vivid recollection of the place. Boston he delighted to talk about, and wished that he could go there once more. His last visit to Boston was in 1853, and he informed me that he spent some time "with Luther Drew, who lived in Boylston Street, but he is now dead." I mention this to show that not only events of his younger days are readily recalled, but that those which have recently occurred are not pushed out of his memory. The celebrated "dark day" is very fresh in his recollection; but the length of his memory is somewhat amazing when he tells you about cutting his foot when he was four years old, and that "it is just a hundred years ago."

Ralph Farnham was born in Lebanon, Me., which is south of the town where he now lives. He has never been sick, is temperate, is an early riser, has a good appetite, and is at peace with man and God. For eighty years he has been an humble follower of the Saviour, and is now a member of the Free-Will Baptist Church of Acton. There is something truly beautiful in his trustful piety, in his bright hopes of heaven. Every day the Word of God is his encouragement, joy, and consolation; and twice each day he retires to his closet for private communion with his Maker. He does not think that the burdens of age exempt him from those happy duties which are more and more fitting him for the enjoyments of heaven.

He seems to have a keen relish for reading of what is going on at the present time. The past, and his hopeful future, do not absorb all his thoughts. When I went into the room there were plenty of newspapers near him. Before I left I presented him with a copy of that day's Boston *Journal*, the widest circulated paper in New England, and he received it with eagerness. As I was leaving the room, I cast a last look at the man who was in his *hundred and fifth* year, thinking how soon must he pass from time to eternity. But such thoughts vanished when I saw him looking earnestly for his spectacles, which I had displaced, and heard him ask for them, as he wished to *read to-day's newspaper!* This gave me an idea that he was good for this world some time longer. I will add that his sight is quite good; only the glasses which he has recently used have been laid aside, and he has taken up, as better suited to his eyes, the spectacles which twenty years ago had become unfit for his use. I would that I had been optician enough to tell exactly the lenses which he requires.

Every year since he attained the age of a century his neighbors have celebrated his birth-day. I have been fortunate in obtaining from Mr. Josiah Goddard, formerly of Worcester, Massachusetts, a photograph likeness of Mr. Farnham, which I forward. Mr. John Townsend, an enterprising manufacturer near Mr. Farnham's, informed me that it is their intention, if the old Sergeant lives to his hundred and sixth birth-day (July 7, 1861), to celebrate it with unwonted brilliancy, and they will invite Mr. Everett to be present on an occasion so interesting.

I have thus been particular in regard to this veteran who has outlived all his contemporaries. He was but twenty-four years younger than his beloved Commander-in-chief when that Chief assumed the command of the American Army at Cambridge; but he has survived Washington more than threescore years.

THE GREAT ELM OF NEW ENGLAND.

ONE warm, sunshiny August day, while on a tour in Western Massachusetts, I came in sight of this magnificent tree, which a Boston paper names "the largest in New England."

It is said to measure about 30 feet at its base, and is from 100 to 120 feet in height; yet its greatness consists not so much in its height as in the broad spread of its branches, which cover an area of ground in diameter twice the height of the tree.

Thousands can sit in its shade; and here, on this

THE OLD ELM OF NEW ENGLAND.

mid-summer day, I beheld a vast concourse of people.

After viewing the assembled multitude for a short time, I became curious to know what had called them together.

That they could not be celebrating the glorious Fourth, or Washington's Birthday, or the 12th of August, was very evident. But I was not doomed to remain long in doubt as to its cause.

An invitation, kindly extended to me by a bystander, to enter the inclosure was accepted with thanks; and on mingling with the crowd, I soon learned it was an annual social gathering.

Some years previous a society, called the "Elm-Tree Association," had been formed under the auspices of Dr. Orville Dewey; and judging from appearances, it was at the present time in a flourishing condition.

This monster tree—a pet of the Doctor's—stands in the town of Sheffield, Massachusetts, and but a short distance from his country residence, the home of his youth.

And a glorious thing has this Association proved. Annually it calls together the inhabitants of this and adjacent towns; while residents in other and distant States, and even wanderers on foreign shores, with that yearning fondness for home which all have experienced who have been long absent, have, since this society was formed, returned again to the scenes of their childhood, and met in the shade of the noble old elm the relatives and friends of their youth.

Speeches appropriate to the time and place—speeches short and spicy—were got off in goodly numbers; interspersed with poems and odes addressed to the tree, and so laudatory in their praise, that no wonder the green boughs blushed scarlet in the rays of the setting sun, and spoke not, modesty to the passing breeze.

After listening to these soul-stirring music, prepared for the occasion, and to which the children, gay as butterflies, kept time and tune on the greensward, the crowd partook of the delicacies of the season which the ladies had temptingly spread upon beautifully ornamented tables.

After listening to the gay and lasting repartee which were thrown back and forth by some of the distinguished guests, whom Massachusetts is proud to class among her sons, I accepted an invitation to enroll my name as a member of the Association; and then, regretting a short distance, took a sketch of this truly wonderful tree.

BY ETHEL LYNN.

Only a dream of the soft summer moonlight;
Naught but a sound in the tall locust-trees;
Merely a Katydid's life and confession—
One of the voices of her long reveries.

Out on the night wind floated the story:
Still with the burden it carried of old;
Close at my elbow fitted a fairy,
Interpreting well what Katydid told.

Bending the tube of the bright trumpet-flower
Down till it nestled close up to my ear,
"List!" said the voice of the kind little spirit,
"Thus, though a sister, her tale you shall hear:"

"I am old, I am cold,
And of life I am weary;
On the hill, whispering still,
Autumn winds are dreary.

"And I sigh, ere I die,
To tell what I have ever hid—
Who 'Katie' was—what the cause
Why I murmur 'Katie did.'

"Long ago, ere the snow
Fell on my sire and mountain;
Ere I crept aside and slept
'Neath the moss around the fountain,

"A rosy child looked up and smiled,
When I sang my vesper story;
While moonlight, still and white,
Lit her grandsire's locks so hoary.

"Oft he said, 'Curly head,
Don't you tire the tale she's telling?
Tales of you! What did you do,
Thus to set the crickets spelling?

"She would cry, 'Twas not I!'
And against this burden ever:
'Katie did—Katie did—
Ran away from school with Rover!'

"Then the maid, 'neath the shade
Of the beech met a lover—
Student Joe, speaking low,
Asked to win and wear forever.

"Thus I said, while her head
Bent to the blushes flitting,
'Katie did—Katie did—
Naughty Katie gave the mitten!'

"I remember, in September
Came a handsome hunter thither;
Cruel fate! simple Kate
Lost her heart when he went hither.

"On his name was a stain;
And her grandsire bid them sever;
Bid her bow her will, and vow
Ne'er to meet him more forever.

* * * * *

"By the gate lingers Kate,
Looking back at home deserted;
'Katie did—Katie did—
Left the old man broken-hearted!'

"Thus I sang, while she clung
To her bridegroom, faithless lover;
For I knew the tale was true,
Bonnie Kate was lost forever.

* * * * *

"Yet once more to the door
Came the maiden, worn and weary;
But no light save moon light
Lit the windows, closed and dreary.

"'Wandering still to yonder hill
Where a stone was Death's white token,
Katie cried—Katie died—
Katie's weary heart was broken."

There was a hush, and the wandering night wind
Scattered leaves from the trees in its gusty flower,
Midnight had passed—fairies had flitted,
Drooping their pinions, shorn of their power.

BINGHAMTON AND THEREABOUTS.

LEWIS HOUSE, BINGHAMTON, Sept., 1860.

TRAVELLING eastward by the Erie rail I became weary, and, like another pilgrim that we have all heard of, I turned aside to rest. But not into any dark place, as that pilgrim turned; on the contrary, into one of the pleasantest of places, with sunshine falling through the first yellow leaves of autumn on the forest glades. Let me recommend you to try the same resting-place, oh! my friend, ever at Binghamton, in the Lewis House, close by the railway station. It is very cool and low down to keep a hotel, but certainly Messrs. Moulder & Brown have that accomplishment. Think of being crammed in the summer by the odor of unexpeachable Mocha, and seduced from the hot way by the certainty that the unpeachable chicken will be broiled to the exact turn when your foot shall touch the last step of the stairway! Think of having received a welcome so hearty, dusty and weary, with an evening supper-table that might remind you of Very's, in the Palais Royal, if it were not that the cuisine is better here. In Monsieur Brown's cooking, instead of the je ne sais quoi mixtures of France! Let no tired traveller or city Boz fiend forget mine hosts of the Lewis House, and rush madly by on express trains, dreaming of such accommodations elsewhere, for elsewhere along the road I doubt you will not find them.

But these presents, oh! friend, are not designed to puff a hotel or even a landlord. I have commenced thus only that you may, by a little mapstudying, learn where I was when my friend Stevens caught, and carried me off to shoot a deer in the forests of Broome.

I was lying half-awake, dozing and dreaming of the soft lapse of the Susquehanna and the delicious odor of the Mocha—for it was early breakfast-time, and there were passengers about who were off on the railway train thus untimely. I was dreaming thus when I heard a heavy footfall along the passage, and the door burst open, up on my door absolutely threw me into the middle of the floor. Imagine the horror of a man thus rudely startled from dreamland and Mocha—such a cold morning twilight!

I will not say what emphatic words accompanied my "Who's there?" for, though never profane, I do sometimes use what might be called the expletive of deeds, for the grade of profane, when not wholly in my right mind.

"Is Peter — in here?"

"No such person here." Why should I acknowledge my identity to a man that might, as likely as not, be the sheriff after some man of my name. Let me advise, gentle, that the denial of your name to any one that wakes you before five in the morning.

"You be hanged, Peter! Open the door, or I'll break it down!" And the application of a foot to the panel emphasized the assurance.

"Where, in the name of all that is wonderful did you come from, Doctor?" I asked, opening the door to my old friend and fellow in Sallust's Country forests, Doctor Benjamin Steevens, of Stevens' ville.

"Heard you were here as we were driving by on our way for deer. Thought it best to turn you out and help me to kill a deer. Come, old fellow, how!—can't wait thirty seconds!" And as I was carried off.

The sun rose superbly! Looking back into the valley we saw Binghamton bathed in a white mist that was lake-like. The air was frosty, the road fine, and the cattle in splendid order. How we rattled up hill and down for the next ten miles, while the Doctor and I chatted! The road then turned off into a broad valley, and the Doctor, up here and there against stumps and rocks till the old wagon groaned in agony. Then we left the old Doctor's mules, and had reached the end of our journey.

It was far up among the hills. We were at a log-house, on the bank of a little stream which flowed from a broad swamp a mile above, and the swamp was a favorite feeding-place of deer. For two more years, known to very few of the people hereabouts, and to the people in Binghamton, I fancy, not known at all. The Doctor and I, and his friends had provisions and blankets, and the log-house, though empty, was clean. They had long ago had delayed them, in fact, an hour, so that the day was well advanced; but we determined to put the dogs out on the west hill, and try our luck at least for the afternoon.

My station was on the run at the foot of the hill, where the deer, in coming from the eastern hills to the swamp, and here I stood all the blessed afternoon, from three till five o'clock, never saw a deer.

Seeing nothing, still I? Do you know the splendor of the old forest? The grandeur of the dead monarchs overshadowed in their long graves of moss by their living posterity? Do you know the rich soft lights of the western-going sun steaming through the silent forest? The crimson of the early-changed maples; the sombre purple of the fourcrod oak? All these I saw, never dreamed of looking for. I found the old forest-cathedral, and the forest was to me as glorious as my own old home in the country would be if I could find it again; but, alas! I never can.

Hark!—the hounds are rising over the west hills! Now they go down the hollow, and their voices are lost—now loud again, as they cross the ridge; and now with a steady advance they come on.

But the deer was on the other run, and I sat down quietly and resigned to watch again the lights on the trees, which grew dimmer and sadder. I had almost fallen asleep listening to the far-off cry of the hounds, when I heard a sound in the leaves which I knew was a deer, a hundred yards below me, and looking up suddenly, caught sight of a deer moving easily up the bed of the stream. The sagacious animal, like me, had, wherever the dogs were, he had left no scent in the running brook by which they could follow, and he was cantering or sauntering up to his supper in the swamp before he should go up to his forest bed for the night.

He came within fifty yards of me before I moved, and then I shouted to him. The cry was involuntary. I could not shoot him down in his tracks in that way, and I gave him at least the ghost of a chance for his life. He threw up his head as he saw me, and paused one instant. That pause cost him his life, for the ball entered his breast, and he plunged forward down the brook.

The Doctor, meantime, had been on the other run, a mile away from me, and as the night was now fast closing in, he could not quick work of the spoils. A few cuts of the knife sufficed to loosen the hide around his neck, and I made as rapid an incision as possible in the side of his fore-quarters, gave him but four rits to the saddle, and shouldered the seventy pounds as if I were in my old-fashioned days of the West, and commenced down to the cabin that evening you may imagine, if you can, or how the fire blazed high in the old chimney, and the steaks broiled on the coals in the cabin, or how we lay side by side on the floor and talked over old times. I leave to your imagination. This much, at least, you may believe—that if you have no other temptation to Binghamton you may find good fellowship and good fellows; and if you have no doubt nine hours of the Lewis House can put you on the track of it, if I am not here to show you.

Truly yours, V. V.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

PROGRESS OF BARON RENFREW.

ON Saturday afternoon, 22d, the Prince of Wales, now Baron Renfrew, left Quebec for Montreal in a steamer for Dwight's Station, where he arrived at dark. He was met by Colonel Dwight and his staff, and escorted to the divine service at the Presbyterian church; in the procession were the Indian chiefs, Governor Head of Quebec, and the party spent the rest of the day in reading and listening to music and singing. On Monday morning, twelve chickens; on Tuesday quail; on Wednesday they left for St. Louis, where they arrived 11 P.M. On Thursday he attended the agricultural fair, was presented to the Indian chiefs, and left in the evening for the north. The excitement about him in St. Louis was very great. On Friday, 28th, he left St. Louis for Cincinnati, where he arrived, after a long detention, late in the evening.

THE BARON AND THE REPORTERS.

The *Herald* correspondent telegraphs: "At Dwight the party were out of the line of railroad travel, consequently the Baron, who enjoyed the sport highly, logging on a hundred-pound bear, and the next day a two-hundred hunter, says that Dwight Baron is an excellent sportsman, and handles a gun like a practiced hand."

HE SMOKES PIPES.

He adds: "The party drove roughly, and walk about two miles per day, which is the most denominated walk. People here do not annoy the Baron, and much gratification is expressed at his visiting the West."

HE SHAKES HANDS WITH IRISHMEN.

A couple of Irishmen called to see the Baron, who returned and shook hands with them. He is said freely with the people, who say they are perfectly naturalized Americans.

HE IS PREFERRED TO LINCOLN.

On Saturday night, at Dwight, the Baron went to a swing to look at the children, and was recognized. He was accompanied by Mr. Spencer, who pointed the party out to a lady present, and said, "Here is the only one—which was shared by the gentlemen in question. The lady, on the coat covered with a blanket by the time he reached the top, where, meeting with a boy he was in search of, he at once fell into rough and tumble adventure. When he came down stairs he saw the barouche waiting, and the Prince, recognizing who he was, said, 'Undressing Mr. Spencer,' 'Where's the Baron?' 'Well, I'll be d—d if Abraham Lincoln is not here!' and he exchanged loving beside you."

The Prince brought there was an attempt to "sell" him, and with a look of the most sublime contempt ejected, "Well, sir, I'll be d—d if I am sold, and that I can see, that if old Abe Lincoln was here, I'd say you'd go to the White House."—Albany Evening Journal of 24th.

HE MAKES PRESENTS TO HIS FRIENDS.

Before his departure from Dwight he expressed his intention that no one should leave the party empty-handed, and presented to his hosts with several beautiful gifts, among which was a splendid rifle, which he had used in the sport, exchanged presents with their entertainers.

THE ARRIVAL AT ST. LOUIS.

Lead cheers greeted the Baron when he landed at St. Louis, and the crowd were unable to restrain their joy on an event that he was obliged to close the windows of the vehicle in which he rode, and the cries were driven in upon the occupants to divide the people.

HE HEARS "GOD SAVE THE QUEEN."

At the Agricultural Fair, on the 26th, the crowd party passed twice around the arena and then alighted in the centre. After visiting the pavilion at the western end of the pagoda, where the band struck up "God Save the Queen," the Baron was followed by "Hail Columbia" and "Yankee Doodle."

HE WILL NOT RECOGNIZE THE BRITISH FLAG.

The British residents in the city held a meeting last night, and resolved to exhibit the British flag at the Committee appointed to confer with Lord Renfrew. Mr. Archibald stated the substance of the letter received from the Duke of Newcastle, in reply to the offer of an address to the Baron. Such demonstrations, he said, had been offered in other places in the United States, but respectfully declined; and, while Lord Renfrew was very grateful and obliged for the tender of their civilities, he intimated distinctly his wish to accept no demonstrations which would appear invidious, and which might give offence. The arrangements for the citizens' grand reception has been received through their Committee, were accordingly, discharged.

ANOTHER SLAVER CAPTURED.

A captured slave brig was brought into Norfolk, last week. When taken she had 649 negroes on board, who were landed at Monrovia. Another ship, taken about the same time, had 800 on board.

THE VERDICT IN THE CASE OF THE "LADY ELGIN."

The Coroner's Jury in the case of the *Lady Elgin* disaster have rendered their verdict. While they have found that the *Lady Elgin* was a sea-worthy vessel, they censure the owners for allowing a larger complement of passengers aboard her, on the recent occasion, than is permitted by law. They also find as causes of the disaster the defective arrangement of the lights, under the law for sailing vessels, and the want of a proper waste of the schooner to inform the captain when he first saw the steamer's lights. They also found that she was incompetent for his position; and censure the captain for not coming to her assistance. But, wherever the blame lies, two of the jury dissent from the verdict, declaring that they find the *Lady Elgin* was unmanageable, and insufficiently supplied with boats.

SHIPYARD IN THE AIR AND EQUESTRIAL.

Another disaster is reported, resulting from the late storm. The Chancelay the schooner *Neptune*, Doe, belonging to Gloucester, Maine, was lost on Malcolm's Ledge, between Long Island and the Wooden Ball. In attempting to land in a boat, the captain and eleven men were lost in the surf, and of two who remained on board one was washed off and drowned. The schooner was a total loss.

TERRIBLE EXPLOSION AT PITTSBURGH.

From Pittsburgh we learn of a terrible calamity which occurred on the night of last week. A boiler in the manufactory of Mr. W. W. Wallace exploded, killing ten or more men and wounding several others. The boiler was blown through four walls, killing several of the victims in its passage.

LOLA MONTEZ AT ASTORIA.

A correspondent of *The Constitution* writes from New York in Astoria:

"Lola Montez is stopping at Astoria, with a kind friend, and is said to be in a comfortable state of mind. She is not exactly an Icelandic, and yet what terms will express her state? She is not exactly a Magdalen. Physically she is an overlaid of a melancholy description. A Grande Dame, she has seen better days, and, in the companionship of the wretchedly diseased woman, Lola Montez, she is the wretchedly diseased woman. Lola has been a beauty, but she is not a beauty now, and she sat in a pretty garden—her hollow cheeks, sunken eyes, and dreadful complexion forced a remarkable contrast in the gay flowers. She was unable to utter an intelligible word, but she breathed high and excellent effects. Her mouth was frothing like that of one in partial convulsions, and she was constantly wiping it, as little boys do, by drawing it across the sleeve of her dress. In the days of her glory, strange, in appearance and behavior of a quiet kind, and is evidently lost to all further interest in the world around her, and its affairs. And so ends her eventful history!"

STORY OF A CIRCUS BOY.

The Cleveland *Plaindealer* says that several years ago, a young lad, the son of wealthy parents residing in Centre, New Hampshire, became acquainted with the glitter of a wandering circus and run away to join its company. He was fought for, and the two men who pursued for as one died. He became a skillful rider, and rose in his profession. Recently he was seen in a circus ring at Miniapoli, when his brother recognized him and induced him to separate from the being with a young. His relation was entered Dutchtown College, and was progressing rapidly in his studies, when he grew restless and left the village of Hanover, and he always his impulses once more, leaving no clue to trace his vagabond life. The other day, at Knoxville, Tennessee, he was thrown from his horse in the ring, and died in a few hours.

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The *Tribune* says: "A pretty bad week gist of seven, by the name of Wood, a widow in Sullivan County, recently advertised for a husband, 'just for the reasons of saying.' She declared, on finding a husband in a rodeer, in the person of a gambler named Moore, who had been married to her by the Rev. Mr. Hyde, that she had recently to return to the diggings, taking her all in eggspensil eating; and that the next thing known of her by her friends is the discovery, near Uttonova, Iowa, of her dead body, bearing unmistakable evidence of murder.

A WARNING TO FOLLOWERS OF GLONDIL.

A man named Richard Wiswell, residing in Quincy, Ulster county, met with a fatal accident a few days since, while trying to mainta Indian. He performed with a travelling company had arrived at Stockan, and part of the performance was an out-door tight-rope exhibition by Madame Carolita. A rope had been stretched from a tree to a pole, and the fair performer had safely and accomplished her part, when Wiswell proposed to go over the rope in a new style, and, ascending the pole, started to cross over by seizing the rope with both hands, and leaving his body to hang downward. He safely accomplished the feat to the opposite side, but could not get back in the same way, being completely exhausted, he let go his hold and fell with great force to the ground, a distance of about thirty feet. His right arm and several ribs were broken, besides other internal injuries. He was taken to the Gotypel and Brink, but his efforts could not save his life. He lingered three or four days and then expired. Wiswell was a married man, about forty years of age.

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We read in the Cincinnati Commercial of Sept. 24: "William H. Glass, manager of the City Council from Zane, left Wheeling last night for Steubenville, and badly wounded, at half past three o'clock yesterday afternoon, by Miss Lizzie Lingard. Glass was formerly connected with the Vine Street, near Second. It appears that for a long time an intimacy has existed between the parties, and that for the past three weeks Glass has refused to give the girl any money, whereupon she left for Zane. At the above-mentioned hour he was standing in his door, and that her approach was passed into the engine-house adjoining. She, however, lingered around until his return, and followed the retreat a short time, when she overtook him and pulled a pistol from under her shawl and fired at him, the ball passing through his body. He turned and ran, but she followed him, and fired another shot, which took effect in his back. He then turned and ran into the engine-house, when she fired a third shot, which passed through his arm, and lodged in the wall. He then succeeded in getting out of the back door, and she fired a fourth shot, which passed through his coat. He then succeeded in getting away from her, and she returned to the house, and, placing the pistol to her head, fired, the ball passing through her brain. She is still living, but cannot recover. Glass is also living, and will probably recover. The girl is about twenty-two years of age, and has been on the stage for some time. Glass is married, and has a family residing in Zane."

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glass and Germany, and succeeded, by personally presenting the subject to the manufacturers, in inducing them to make a trial shipment. Accordingly, the *Diana* leaves Antwerp this month for Savannah, Georgia, with a cargo of assorted goods of Belgian and German manufacture. These fabrics will be exhibited at a Fair to be held in December next at Macon. Then, then, this rich commercial movement may be regarded as a fixed fact. It remains to be seen whether Southern merchants will imitate it.

The names of the ladies with whom the Prince of Wales danced at the recent ball at Montreal, are Miss Molson, Miss Dunn, Miss Gerald, Miss Mills, Miss Miles, Miss M'Nab, Miss Widder, Miss Dick, Miss Hamilton, Miss Ogden, Miss Strickland, Miss Murray, Miss Ross, Miss Gugy, Miss Percy, Miss Forsyth, Miss Bethune, Miss Mc Gaddie, Miss Reynolds.

Lady Franklin, Miss Cracroft, new in London, passed via Toronto, Hamilton, Niagara Falls and Detroit to Chicago, whence to New York and Boston in five or six days.

Among the passengers who arrived at Boston in the *European* on Friday were Robert Dale Owen, late United States Minister at Naples, and Mr. Charles Cleveland, the well-known Scottish publisher and author. Mr. Cleveland has been long settled in Florida.

The British (Wisconsin) *Journal* tells of a singular accident which befell Miss Alice Foster, a young lady fifteen years of age, but late fifty. She was riding on horseback with her brother on an ox-cart, when her horse became frightened, and swerving suddenly to one side, smashed her and himself against a sharp point of a fence-rail, before the brother could get his reins and prevent the fall. Miss Foster was carried immediately to her father's home, but she died of hemorrhage soon after reaching there.

It will be remembered that some weeks ago a lady named White was robbed of many thousand dollars' worth, the value of the plunder being nearly $5,000. A suspicion got up against a man named Hamilton, who was arrested at a Boston hotel, gorgeously attired, and clearly afflicted with the gout. The police at once went to work for a description of a certain woman there, supposed to be Jane Bennett Hoff; the description came, and they found 60 spoilt cleverly to the female just spoken of as of Boston; but she had fled from Boston to Montreal, and to England.

La Lorette, the balloonist, has had another perilous adventure. He made an ascent from Albany, and travelled in the air with a male companion for two hours. They then attempted to land at East Lansboro', Massachusetts, but the wind was so strong that the aeronaut's apparatus was torn with such violence that it became unmanageable. The balloon, however, cleared the well, and dragged at a rapid rate of speed for one hundred and fifty leaves, until it finally collapsed, being torn nearly to tatters. La Lorette was thrown out, and was considered unconscious for half an hour, though he was immediately taken care of by some persons who witnessed the accident. He was terribly bruised, though fortunately none of his limbs were broken.

The Right Honorable J. W. Wilson, the Superintendent of the Financial Department of the Indian Government, died of cholera, at Calcutta, just before the departure of the last mail, and Sir Henry Ward, Governor of Madras, also died about the same time. "The loss to India, in the death of Mr. Wilson," is thought to be very irreparable. Mr. Wilson's life and career has been a singular one. At the age of twenty-one he was a banker's clerk, and then a merchant—a hatter—and he then turned his attention to journalism, became a successful newspaper proprietor, founded the *Economist* newspaper, and in a few years found himself a member of Parliament and Secretary-President of the Board of Trade. He was sent out to India to reconstruct the finances of that vast dependency, so long robbed and plundered and sucked to a famished skeleton by the corrupt rule of the East India Company. He seemed likely to succeed when he was removed by death, and not yet fifty years of age.

Several thousand Polish Jews have recently passed through Berlin on their way to the Holy Land from Berlin and Hamburg. The German papers say that nothing evokes such a display of Israel has not been witnessed since that out of Egypt.

FOREIGN NEWS.

FRANCE.

ANOTHER SPEECH FROM THE EMPEROR.

The following is a full translation of the Emperor's speech at Marseilles, as published in the *Moniteur*:

GENTLEMEN,—The banquet offered by the Chamber of Commerce is one of the happy opportunities which offer by thanking the city of Marseilles for the warm reception it has given to the Empress and to me. I see in these numerous demonstrations of attachment which we have received a sincere pronouncement of public opinion, which we deeply, but do not make me more grateful; for my only merit has been to follow with faith the national instincts, as well as to the patriotism and good sense of the French people. It is this intimate union between government and sovereign which constitutes our strength at home as well as abroad, and which has enabled us to overcome the most great difficulties, never to pause in our progressive march. I have come here for what is good and useful, not for all that is noble and useful, can not shake now, when circumstances have rendered favorable and which is the wish of all the world. If serious murmurs should reach me from any part of the country, be assured that I would hear them; but I am sure that our indifference like the waves of the ocean on our shores, will break against the rock of our strength. In reading the resources of our country the works of peace know no respite, and the prosperity of the nation is its reward. In the future of prosperity there are new wheels I contemplate for France, Marseilles naturally holds a foremost rank, from its great position and the genius of its industrials, as well as from its geographical position, which, as the military post of honor, appears to me to represent on its shores the genius of France—dashing on all sides wherever its own land, but feeling its sword at its side. Let her reign in peace once that wish, for the interest of France—and we of Europe will commerce; let her civilize barbarous nations by increased liberty; let her show those that are free how to use liberation. Let her induce the people of Europe to come and study on her quays the portent which rises in the east and sink in the depth of its waters the jealous faults of a past age. Everything, in Marseilles even, is grand and beautiful as it now beholds her—that is to say, in keeping with the interests of France—and we of the present and future wishes will be accomplished. I drink the health of the city of Marseilles."

ITALY.

FLIGHT OF THE KING OF NAPLES.

Foreign Intelligence, ex-King of Naples, left from his capital on 6th September. The London *Times* correspondent writes: "This has been the most momentous of the most momentous day in the recent history of the Two Sicilies, and it may fairly realize that name in the fullest sense. Every one was on the alert in the morning as to the report of the intended departure of his Majesty. By universal consent he was veiled politically dead many hours before he left. On driving through the city I saw workmen taking down the royal arms from the doors of shops frequented by the Neapolitan soldier, and hissing ensued. Crowds were hanging about the Palace, or looking over the walls of the gardens, watching the movements within the royal journey. In Santa Lucia the cannon, which have for so many years been pointed against the Neapolitan moat beloved subjects, were being removed, and I felt that my absence of security were now far greater than they had been in the morning."

HIS LAST ADDRESS.

After the King had sailed, the following proclamations were published:

"NAPLES, September 4, 1860.

"ROYAL PROCLAMATION:

"Among the calamities presented to kings, those of the days of misfortune are the grandest and the most sudden, and those destined I intend to fulfill with resignation, free from weakness, and with a serene and confident heart, as befits the descendants of so many monarchs.

"For such a purpose I seek more address my voice to the people of this metropolis, from whom I am now to depart with bitter grief.

"An unjust war, carried on in contravention to the law of nations, has invaded my States, notwithstanding the fact that I was at peace with European Powers.

"The changed order of government, and my adhesion to the great principles of Italian nationality, were not sufficient to ward off the war of aggression, which has for object of defending the integrity of the State entailed upon me. I protest against the violence done to the Kingdom of Naples. I now solemnly protest against this indemnification, which is unjustifiable before God and man, and which can not be sanctioned by any compact.

"The dispassionate corps of the army court has known, in the midst of the most terrible reverses, how to unite with what sentiments my heart has been filled for all my subjects, and with what discretion I have in view of resorting her from ruin and set, of saving her inheritance with all their prerogatives, their glorious remonuments, her public buildings, her collections of art, and all that can add to the greatness and the civilization and of her greatness, and which, being an inheritance of future generations, is superior to the passions of a day.

HIS UNSTEERABLE GRIEF.

"The time which I have passed among these peculiarities of mine. The war is now approaching the walls of the city, and with unsteerable grief I am about to separate myself with a portion of my army to betake myself whither the defense of my rights calls me. The remainder of my army is left in company with the honorable National Guard, which I hope to preserve from contact and calumny the capital, which I recommend as a sacred treasure to the zeal of the Municipality, which I hope may be used the civic feeling of the Mayor of Naples and of the commanders of the National Guard, and which I confide to the beloved country of mine the horrors of internal discord and the disasters of civil war. I have ordered my generals to the above-named the widest powers that they may require.

"As a descendant of a dynasty that has reigned over this continent for more than a century, I leave Naples, after having preserved it from the horrors of a long vice-royalty, from anarchy, and from revolution. I go, but I protest, nor could I, without bitter grief, address words of farewell to my subjects without having in my heart the most vivid remembrance of them.

"Wherever may be my destiny, be it prosperous or adverse, I shall always preserve for them a passionate and affectionate remembrance. I have always loved them, and I have never had a greater affection for their cities than I have at the present moment. Let me at excessive zeal for my people, I have always been a loyal king.

"Whether from the fortunes of the present war I return shortly among you, or whether I am to live alone in which it may please the justice of God to restore me to the throne of my forefathers, I shall always be the same splendid by the free institutions with which I have irrevocably surrounded the throne of Italy. Then, as now, my fortune is to behold again my people united, strong, and happy.

"FRANCIS."

THE FIRST ACT OF SELF-GOVERNMENT.

After the King had gone, the following address was placed by him at Garibaldi's disposal:

"CITIZENS,—The King is leaving. In the presence of a grand misfortune I am overwhelmed with grief, although your conduct can not be doubted. The former imprudence of your rulers, the present public misery; the wise determinations of your self-denial, prudence, civil courage, the care of your property, the defense of your rights, the destinies of Italy; no one will think of lacerating the country with fratricidal struggles. Naples and Sicily will calmly await the memorable day which will open a path to your country. Then you will be able to give vigorous and effectives without new convulsions or the shedding of the blood of your brothers. I feel the necessities to the city remain tranquil; let commerce pursue its course as usual. I hope that you will support the ordinary occupations of life; let all opinions unite in a sublime agreement to save the country."

CALM OF THE CITY.

The London *Times* correspondent writes: "Judging, however, from the demeanor of the Neapolitan populations, one would say, were not at all necessary; for the city is so quiet as it was during the most profound of the distresses nor in the horrid festivities of the Lenten Carnival have I before seen Naples. Not a man who knew which is the greatest marvel, the rapid and triumphant progress of Garibaldi, or the apathetic indifference of the people. A throne has fallen, a king has left his capital, and yet the people are as unconcerned as though the events are open, the guards stand at the palace gates, and the sentinels pace their accustomed beats."

FORMATION OF A PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT.

As soon as his Majesty left a Provisional Government was formed, consisting of Liborio Romano, Conforti, Scialoia, Cafiero, Agresti, and Richard. Cowns were appointed, and a Ministry of War and Marine, under Turr. This, of course, is subject to modification by Garibaldi. The following is the Cabinet as Romano, writing on 7th inst., left it, published the following address:

TO THE PEOPLE OF THE PROVISIONAL GARIBALDI.

LIBERATOR OF THE TWO SICILIES

"With the greatest joy I have accepted the office of provisional to salute you as the redeemer of Italy, and place in your hands the power which I have held in your name. During this interval of expectation I shall remain firm, for the interests of the country, and for the dignity which Your voice, already made known by me to the people, is the only power which I recognize as legitimate.

"I await your further orders, and am, with redoubled respect, "LIBORIO ROMANO.

"NAPLES, *September 7*."

ARRIVAL OF GARIBALDI.

The *Times* correspondent writes: "At last twelve o'clock strikes, and a bell sends, and from a distance a signal is made that the steamer with the dictator—that is Garibaldi!—rises from a thousand voices, and the train stops at the railroad-station. The train is there, and I hugged, and kissed with that most unsecretial violence which demonstrative people only know, by every male and elderly man, who by virtue of his white beard, was taken for Garibaldi, and whose cheeks were consequently to have sunk under the operation; but the great man had given timely notice of his arrival, and was not to be had at all directions to intercept him. We drove round by a side street to the front of the station, and found by a loyalty which to win might be sought for in that of many of the most devoted subjects of the King, that the crowd struck with his calm self-possession and the extreme quietness of his suite. Among the latter were Bertani, the French Minister, though I believe it had been placed at his disposal previously by the Count de Persigny, and several superior officers by three lines of carriages he went along the Strada, and through the Porta, surrounded by thousands, and followed by their greetings, by the Lazi Camicie, and several of the officers of the Neapolitan army, who had come over with a few hours before, and entered the palace of reception by the back stairs. The crowd waited patiently for a time, and looked up to the windows and shouted for the appearance of Garibaldi, but he remained in his private apartment, and at last the hero. What a cry of 'Viva' there arose from the vast mass below! When last that history was occupied by a distinguished personage it was by the Grand Duke of Tuscany, but in answer to an call, and then he left the room to repose and take his place of prince.

HIS SPEECH TO THE PEOPLE.

"It was impossible to make himself heard amidst the noise and confusion, and he appeared, therefore, on the iron railing and gazed intently on the crowd. A wave of the hand at last acted for silence, but in vain. 'Abbi, vieto, which is at only a very short distance from the Tuscan frontier of Piedmont.

HOW VICTOR EMANUEL JUSTIFIES THE ACT.

The *Official Gazette* of Turin publishes a Government memorandum, addressed by the King of Sardinia to his representative abroad, and dated the 12th of September. This memorandum explains the state of things in Italy since the peace of Villafranca. It adverts to the refusal of the Court of Rome to accede to the demand of Sardinia to effect reforms in the Papal States, and to the imperative reasons the step taken by Sardinia. The Sardinian Government had not allowed the Italian movement to dissipate itself in anarchy and disorder. The pronunciamento which had occurred in several parts of the Papal States was not the work of a party, but was the result of the universal sympathy which the Italian people felt for the King, and was the work of the whole nation. The Government of Victor Emanuel could not have remained deaf to the cries of the populations, and would have been guilty of treason had it not responded to the call of the people. The memorandum concludes by declaring that the Government of Victor Emanuel has not the slightest intention to attack the territory of the Holy See, but simply to prevent popular hatred from overthrowing the Papal power. It was not in search of power example the pardon of officers and Christian toleration which would have become the law of the Court society to Islamism. Being at peace with all the great Powers, and seven years of existence, I could not make a continuous cause of disturbance and discord disappear from the centre of Italy. I intend to respect the rights of the chief of the Church, to whom I am always ready to give, in concert with the Powers, the most ample and effective guarantees of independence and security which his blind enemies have in vain hoped from the concessions of the perverse sect which conspires against my authority and the peace of this nation."

SICILIAN.

"SICILIANS!—I am accused of ambition. Yet I have a load of confidence in the principles of moral order in Italy, and of preserving Europe from the continual dangers of revolutionary war.

THE ATTITUDE OF THE GREAT POWERS.

The Papal Government is about to address a memorandum to all the Powers, in which it will complain that the Sardinian invasion of the Roman territory. This memorandum will be followed by the withdrawal of foreign volunteers, of which Sardinia complains in her circular. Spain has withdrawn her Minister from Turin, and France; the latter Power having, after the Paris Congress of 1856, insisted on the withdrawal of the Papal nuncio.

Several Powers have protested against the entry of the Sardinians into the States of the Church, as an attack upon international law. The French Government presents in the strongest terms, but would take no other steps.

The Prussian Government has written from Turin. The *Paris Monitour* of the 14th says:

"It proves that the facts which have not been accomplished in Italy the Emperor has resolved to withdraw his ambassador from Turin, and that Austria will remain there to conduct the business of the Legation."

The withdrawal of the French Minister from Turin is generally regarded as merely a diplomatic precaution.

ROME TO BE HELD BY THE FRENCH.

General Goyon leaves Rome for Ancona on the 15th, to take command of the French troops. It was asserted that the French army at Rome will be increased to 16,000 men.

GERMANY.

THE BANK OF HOMBURG BROKEN.

The *Court Journal* says: "The gambling table of Homburg was broken to-day, and with it has fallen all the enthusiastic applause of its company: one of the successful croupiers, Blanc, of Geneva, has just left Homburg, carrying with him £30,000 of winnings."

SWITZERLAND.

ANOTHER ALPINE TRAVELLER LOST.

The New York *Times* says: "Mr. Walker, of Paris, has met with a similar fate in the Tyrol to that which recently befell Mr. Hudson in the Alps of Switzerland, near the Col du Geant. Mr. Walker, accompanied by Mr. Frederick, a friend of Colonel Crawley, and two crossing a glacier pass, when he fell into a chasm ninety feet deep. His body was not recovered for three days afterward. A post-mortem examination showed that his death must have been instantaneous.

SPAIN.

TERRIBLE SCENA AT A BULL-FIGHT.

The Spanish journals relate an alarming scene at a recent bull-fight at Madrid. After the bull-fight, which did not show much spirit, had been disposed of by the executioner's knife, the populace called for more. He was let loose, and displayed great vivacity. He tore into the arena, and, after a few plunges, made a rush at the barrier which separates the spectators from the arena. At one bound he cleared the barrier, and, after a pause of indecision, rushed into the crowd. Terror seized the assembly, and several soldiers on duty ran over the benches to the rear. In a few seconds and bayonets; some of the spectators, too, fled outside at it, and others threw themselves into the arena. At length the wounded got in front of the bull, and with a stick skilfully directed, drove him out of the ring. The journals do not say that any persons were killed or even injured in the subsequent confusion.

CHINA.

THE LANDING AT TAKU.

Letters from China state that the French forces would land to the number of 15,000 men at the mouth of the Taku forts. The whole British force, consisting of 11,000 men, will be composed of artillery and a large train, had reached the rendezvous at Ta-lien-whan. The commissioners had not arrived, but were expected soon on account of the French not being ready.

NEW ZEALAND.

A BRITISH FORCE DEFEATED.

The English attacking party at Maitland, New Zealand, consisted of 400 men. The natives lay down on the ground until the men were close upon them, when they sprang up, fired their double-barreled guns, and met the hand to charge of their adversaries with the tomahawk. Supported by a hand-to-hand fight, the forces of the English were so urged that their dead and a part of their artillery fell into the hands of the foe. It is also reported that the natives took one gun. Great sympathy is expressed against the conduct of the commander of the attacking party, for not calling to his aid an additional force, who were known to be within his reach.

HONDURAS.

WALKER SHOT.

The British war steamer *Gladiator* has arrived below New Orleans with the remnants of Walker's filibuster force. Walker was executed on the 12th ult. It is stated that he was shot while tied at him, and in the silence of the native spectators. His remains were subsequently buried by the English Consul, who refused to take any part in the ceremony. Colonel Rudler was sentenced to four years' imprisonment.

BROADWAY.—RESPECTFULLY DE

DICATED TO THE PRINCE OF WALES.

A FORCED RECRUIT AT SOLFERINO.

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

Is the ranks of the Austrian you found him;
He died with his face to you all:
Yet bury him here where around him
You honor your bravest that fall.

Venetian, fair-featured, and slender,
He lies shot to death in his youth,
With a smile on his lips, over-tender
For any mere soldier's dead mouth.

No stranger, and yet not a traitor!
Though alien the cloth on his breast,
Underneath it how seldom a greater
Young heart, has a shot sent to rest!

By your enemy tortured and goaded
To march with them, stand in their file,
His manhood (save!) never was goaded
He facing your guns with that smile.

As orphans yearn on to their mothers,
He yearned to your patriot bands—
"Let me die for your Italy, brothers,
If not in your ranks, by your hands!

"Aim straightly, fire steadily; spare me
A ball in the body, which may
Deliver my heart here and tear me
This badge of the Austrian away."

So thought he, so died he this morning.
What then? many others have died.
Ay—but envy for men to die scorning
The alien they fought side by side;

One tricolor floating above them;
Struck down mid triumphant acclaims
Of an Italy rescued to free them
And bless them with their own names.

But—without rareness or honor,
Mixed, ground in the enemy's regard,
With the tyrants who march in upon her—
Died faithful and passive: 'twas hard.

'Twas sublime. In a cruel restriction
Cut off from the uses of arms,
With most filial obedience, conviction,
His soul kissed the lips of her guns.

That moves you? nay, grudge not to show it
While digging a grave for him here.
The others who died, says your poet,
Have glory: let *this* have a tear.

VENUS OVER THE MONK'S TOWER.

I REMEMBER, one sunny evening very long ago, when I was a child, Nurse sitting with my little brother on her arm fast asleep, while I played at tale after tale from her with insatiable greediness; how, from her romantic heroes and heroines I rambled off to my own father and mother, marveling how my father, who was gray-headed, and, in my eyes, an old, old man, came to marry my mother, so young and merry and beautiful; but on this head Nurse was silent. I remember, too, another evening, when I ran to her with a treasure I had ferreted out of some rubbish in a lumber room—a dusty thing, all covered with cobwebs; but I held it forth in a transport of exultation, crying out that it was a picture of one of those great soldiers she used to tell me about. It was the portrait of a soldier, and as I took it from me gravely, and looked she saw my mother coming down the garden, hid it away in her bosom, nodding me back.

Shortly after that we had a birthday feast in a little half-ruined tower in the garden, which we called the "Monk's Tower." A glorious place it was, where we might go in wet weather; where we might make any amount of noise; where Nurse used to tell us all the tales I loved. And this evening there were hailstones to be drunk, speeches made, cake to be eaten; and on from sun at its height when a message came to Nurse that we were to go in, for 'a grand gentleman from the wars was come."

The little one, as my brother was called, cried out that he would not go; but Nurse gave us visions of scarlet clothing, of towering feathers, of reams of glories—none of which we were destined to see. The grand gentleman were a black coat, with one sleeve pinned to it, and terribly shocked I was, in my superior perception, when Totty crept up to him and took it, asking, gravely, "Where he kept his other arm."

He laughed, and when he laughed Totty stole back to my side, and put her hand in mine. He had a sun-burned face and thick brown mustaches, and my mother seemed glad to see him. She called him "Cousin Charles," and smiled and talked and looked so beautiful, that I was more attracted to her than to the stranger. My father had pushed back his plate, and was busy with his pencil; but just at this time he had a mania for discovering perpetual motion; he had invented and taken a patent for something which Nurse told us was very clever indeed, and only one thing was wanted to make it perfect, and that was—steel.

"Nelly," said Totty, when we were in the nursery, "I don't like him; do you? He's ugly."

But I was watching Nurse's face as I whispered, "Nurse, it is the portrait man."

She stooped and kissed us both, saying nothing. I don't think she liked him either.

The nursery was over my father's dressing-room, and looked out upon the Monk's Tower. I remember standing at the window that night, watching the long shadow of the tower upon the gravel, and filling it with ghostly inhabitants, till terror seized me, and I hurried into bed, covering myself close, and shivering.

But the grand gentleman did not go away. We were told to call him Cousin Charles; and after a while he used to follow us about into the garden, and try to make friends. Once he even came to the Monk's Tower, and began taking Totty on his knee, calling him Master Tot.

"My name is not Tot," said the boy, struggling; "and you are ugly, and I don't like you."

I saw the soldier's eyes twinkle fiercely, but he only laughed.

"I hate you!" said Totty, who had escaped, and was climbing on Nurse's knee; "if I had a gun I would shoot you! I shall tell mamma to send you away."

"Pretty pauls you have got here!" said Cousin Charles, sharply; but Nurse lent over Totty without answering, and he went away.

"Why don't you stay here, Nurse?"

It was my constant question. I was afraid of him; I could not bear to feel his step following me; I shuddered when he touched me. Nurse and he had been mamma's play-fellow when they were both children. I could not think how she bore with him.

A month had passed since the birthday feast, when I saw Cousin Charles one evening coming down toward us in the Monk's Tower. Nurse rose and went to meet him. They spoke together a moment, and I saw the soldier kiss her as she turned away. Oh, how I feared him!

When we went into my mother and he were laughing over some pictures, and my father peered as usual over a book. He laid it down, however, and said something about "steel" and "merry;" and after tea, when the piano was opened, he got up, contrary to his custom, and stood over it. No one took any notice of him, and he sat down upon the sofa, with Totty's head leaning on my lap, one thumb in his mouth and the other crawling about my neck, I watched him with silent and wondering terror, while he bit his lips and knitted his brows, and a white look of anger came over his face.

Suddenly he put Cousin Charles aside violently, and began turning over the leaves for my mother himself. The soldier's solitary arm was raised and hung over his white head for a moment. I cried out—but it fell to his side.

My father turned and said, savagely, "Children, go to bed! Why are you here?"

As we left the room I saw that my mother had risen, and was looking from one to the other in wonder, and perhaps terror. Cousin Charles, who seeming to recover himself, smiled, shook hands with her, wished my father good-night, and followed us.

I hid my face on Nurse's lap and cried. She asked no questions; probably she knew more than I did.

All the next morning we kept away out of sight. I learned my lessons, but mamma did not come as usual to hear them; and in the evening, as we lingered in the garden, the front door opened suddenly, and Cousin Charles came out. There were on his forehead, his eyes shone, and his lips were pressed down like they had been the night before.

"Nurse, where is your mistress?"

"Mammy is there," sung out Totty, pointing to the gate, "with the ugly soldier."

Anger was on the ugly soldier's face also, and something more. Whatever my mother had done or said to him, there was in her eye which I knew, child as I was, threatened vengeance deep and terrible.

"Mammy looks like a white ghost," said Totty, putting in his voice again.

Then over which, seeing the soldier, she was coming, with her hand stretched out, to my father, when something—his look I suppose—stopped her half-way. It sank back to her side, and for a moment she was lying on the gravel at his feet.

Putting Totty's hand in mine, Nurse hurried us into the house, and went back again. Wondering and sorrowful, I questioned her when she came up in the garret where she slept. "A glorious place it grew. Mamma was better; I must be satisfied, and ask no questions.

We saw Cousin Charles no more. We never heard so much as his name mentioned, except by Totty, whom Nurse soon silenced.

But what could that blight that had befallen him? What change had come over my father? Though preoccupied and busy over his books and papers, he had always been gentle and loving to us. My children; now, we dared no longer go near him. He would hardly speak to us. Totty, though, if he spoke at all, savage words of anger and disgust, as though he hated the very sight of us.

And my mother—sitting there so pale and quiet —what new look was that on her face, what blight had come over her? She watched my father closely—the only hardly spare moments from her children, even for Totty, who clamored and starved after the old petting and romping. Nurse would not let us put him away gently, and beg for peace. Instance seemed to tell her my father's wants; I have seen her offer him coffee and bread, which he would shrink and turn away as if her hand had been a serpent.

I did not understand it all: I only knew it was very wretched, and in some blundering way laid the blame upon Cousin Charles.

Every thing seemed to be changed. The house had itself put on a desolate look, the servants went about quietly; the garden was neglected, and on the Monk's Tower had lost a portion of its fascination. There was always some underthought which would not be driven away.

My mother grew paler and quieter; she could no longer bear with Totty's rough caresses or his noisy play. Once telling me to take him to the nursery, she put her hand on my head, and looked into my face earnestly, as if about to say something; but her lips began to tremble, and as she motioned me away I saw two tears roll quietly down her white cheeks. Oh! I could have cried with her then—I could have broken my heart for her.

I do not know how long this lasted, but I know when a change came. We were sitting with my mother after breakfast, Totty and I, as she lay, white and wan, on the sofa, hearing my lessons, when my father entered the room. How she started as the door opened, and then began trembling and shaking as like one in a fit. Surely a desperate spirit possessed my father that morning. Clenching in one hand something which looked like a letter, he flung himself on the sofa and stood before us.

"Children, begone; off with you, driveling little Sybarites! Nurse, I had begun to grow fond with you this moment, and don't show your faces here again!"

I could not stop to quiet the "little one," but ran off to find Nurse and tell her. She bade me go to the nursery and keep Totty good. I obeyed. All day long we kept there. Once or twice mamma came to us, looking anxious and troubled. Mamma had gone to bed, she told us, not very well; Totty must be good and make no noise.

So I told him long dreary tales, till at last his head dropped on my lap, and he slept there, breathless and happy. Then I felt, for the first time, tears were raining down my cheeks.

When supper-time came I could hardly arouse Totty to take any; and, to spare Nurse, I put him into bed myself, and then got into my own.

I had been thinking all this day of strange dreams about Cousin Charles, the Monk's Tower, and mamma. When I awoke there was a candle alight, my self-will, and I was sitting up in bed, looking over its long wick on the table, and Nurse was pacing up and down, with her hands clasped before her.

"He is a hard man, a hard man," I heard her mutter, quietly; I watched till she stooped down over Totty's bed to kiss him, and took up the light to go away. Then I called after her:

"Nurse, nurse, come here; I can not bear it!"

"Bear what, child?"

"Oh, I don't know—I don't know. I can not bear it—you must not go."

She looked at me gravely.

"Miss Nelly, you have been good enough till now: what is the matter?"

"It is so miserable."

"We have all got something to bear; yours doesn't seem very heavy quietly. I must go down stairs—God alone knows what to do; but you must not keep me here."

I suffered her to go; but as she reached the door a horrible dread of being left alone in the dark, to my own fancies and imaginings, seized me. In a moment I was out of bed, following the retreating light. I dared not speak, for fear of being rebuked and sent back. As quietly as possible I followed, until Nurse turned toward the door of my father's dressing-room. I would have rescued her now, from any of what might be going on to happen; but a look back into the dark passage made me shudder and press on.

As she opened the door, suddenly I squeezed myself into a corner of the passage, that I might not be discovered. Inside I saw my father, sitting with his arms spread out on the table, and his head upon them. Beside him lay the crumpled paper, which I had recently seen trying to smooth out. For a moment nurse hesitated, then advancing she looked over it. I know now, though I did not then, that it contained, in what seemed to be my mother's hand,

"To-night—when Venus shines over the Monk's Tower."

As the paper rustled my father looked up. I trembled for Nurse; but she was an old friend, and knew her privileges. Staring at her a moment he looked her coldly, steadily, and hiding the scroll behind a curtain he took her to the window opposite which I stood, a shivering ghost in a nightgown; he raised her hand, and pointed out to her a star was shining brightly over the Monk's Tower.

I felt that I understood it all now, and that I had in cause back to his seat and settled himself as before. But Nurse stood there gravely, with her hand on his shoulder.

"This is a forgery!"

He raised his head, but did not answer.

"I must go to her, sir, I will see for it—as you may, for you are cruel enough. My darling—my mistress I mean—never deceived you or any one. I've put her upon her knee, instead of comforting her silently, you would have known, as I know, that this is a villain's revenge for her pure duty to you."

He pointed to the letter, and waved her away imperiously.

"A forgery," she repeated, her voice growing a little louder. "I will swear it, so that you shall not dare to disbelieve me. By all my hopes of happiness—by all I hold sacred—by the cross on the back of my dear mistress' bed, I swear it. Come, and leave her speak for herself."

I must for no more. Flying along the passage, my whole heart seemed to rouse up from sleep, and suddenly, and in haste; when I heard her sob heavily, but saw no waters; when she wrapped something round us, and, without a cry, all rose and helpless with sleep, gave her hand to me, and bade me keep quiet and not question, but do as she bade me. Down into the chill night, all grave and silent, and unnatural—down into mamma's room. And I remember my father's pale face in the window, and her face on his bosom, white and deathlike; when Totty was put forward first to kiss her, and I followed. I remember my father's cry—"Good evening, my darling!"—as he watched her, and her low answer that came by snatches, telling how happy he had always made her; how good and kind he had been, making her life so bright always; but for this one mistake, which was her fault, and forgotten now, she had scarcely known trouble; and now she was happy again—so happy! A low cry from my father, and we should have fallen, but Nurse, as it seemed her, turned her eyes from the face she was watching so lovingly to his; and then she knelt in the presence of that mysterious messenger now drawing night unto us—we had no mother.

Cousin Charles is dead. Long years ago I saw his name honorably mentioned among those who fell, fighting gallantly for country or for glory. It is not for me to judge him. Perhaps there were times in his life when memory stung him bitterly; when he would have given the world, if he had had it to give, to recall those few months which bore such sorrowful fruits. Peace be to him!

SLAVES OF THE RING.

"PRAY tell me," we overheard a country squire style of man of about thirty say to a very excited friend of his, of about twenty years of age, whom he had stopped in the betting-ring, as the latter was rushing into the ring on Epsom—"pray tell me from which of those acute-looking gentlemen do you expect to win your money?"

Betting is the favorite form of gambling in modern England; with the help of railroads and telegraphs, it seems to have almost absorbed the other dragons that formerly consumed the fortunes of British youth.

To accommodate the widely-pervading taste, which prevails as fiercely in cotton-worshiping mansions and horse-worshiping Yorkshire as among the idlest and fastest society of London, the business interests of New England have created a class of professionals "who do for a living" what salesmen and gentlemen are supposed to do for pleasure. Parallel in position and calling to the horse-and jobbers of the Stock Exchange, they bet on commission for those who do not wish to appear; the desire to bet or to let capital lie at interest; or who are ready, at a price, to back or lay the odds against any horse for any race: and thus accommodate the one party, by willingly risking gambling, once or twice in the year take a ticket in the turf lottery by risking a few pounds on a favorite local horse.

Legs—that is Blacklegs—the betting brokers were formerly called; but now, respectable merchant and numerous, that title is voted ungenteel, and they are Turfmen or Commissioners. Among the mother-of-pearl shirks who live by setting their polished wits against the folly and ignorance of young gambling enthusiasts, great fortunes are realized, and many, chiefly, by losing and by winning horses. Hence familiar in their mouths are such phrases as a "dead lot," "a stopped-up race," and other sentences expressive of the advantage of betting against a horse that can by no possibility win (as for "stopped" it is a vestigial term of expressing the condition of an animal sure not to run, or, if running, "made safe not to win." In the case of a profession, a man, one Jim Dawson, was hanged for poisoning a batch of horses at Newmarket, in order to make sure the bets of his employers, some of whom were of considerable "turf" respectability; but the march of knowledge has abolished such rude methods, and it is found that a bucket of water and a little bay admistered by a bribed groom-boy at a favorite stable, is less painful, and equally effective in "stopping a fiver's gallop."

The great art of modern turf gambling is not to ascertain what horse will win, but what horse is sure, or can be made sure, to lose. A stolid countenance, a cautious and quiet manner, a command of calculation, hawk-like decision, iron nerves, and no scruples, are the chief elements of prosperity in this now thoroughly organized profession. To all these be added an appearance of candor, either under the disguise of blunt frankness or bland politeness, greater success is probable. Legs include men of all ranks: successful pimps and broken country squires. Even a convicted thief, if once possessed of the keen and penetrating insight requirements, may become in a very few years a great and honored capitalist. Undoubtedly the most successful are those who are unhampered by the impediment of respectable associations, recollections, or education. The keen-witted pupils of Cambridge has little chance against a calculating boy-groom. And it is among a mob of these hardened, cool, and unscrupulous-hearted gentlemen's-valet-like youth, fresh from the school and university, plunge, in the wild speculation of making a certain sum of horse-racing.

Wonderful are the mysteries of the veterans of the weeds-and-water. Dexterity of legerdemain, and the arithmetic which enables them to calculate the odds at a moment's notice a few points in their favor, are the things that the student must learn on the Continent for cold-blooded common sense, it is really extraordinary to note how every year from the universities—from the cathedral towns and the universities—from the citizen's mug villa and the country mansion—from the gentleman and the disinfecting minister's house—from the army and even from the navy—a crowd of young and tender aspirants for turf commissions come forth to be eaten these gentry. Of course, out of the great annual supply of recruits to the turf, some are endowed with special qualifications for "Legging," which is the playful term by which the turf-man, in his familiar moments, designates his inner hook, his "pigeon" pure and simple, or survive, being by nature's gifts, although young, incipient sharks—weaklings not yet come to their prime teeth, or use of slime, or suffocating power of tail. But the greater number of the juveniles who pit their voluble skins against the long-headed, deep-biting, cool, either perish in the conflict, or retire permanently wounded.

Some, rain means ten pounds; to others, a hundred; to others, a thousand; to others, ten thousand; of those who can afford to lose and pay, some few return to honest work, others sink to the lowest depths of unsuccessful roguery. A select few acquire strength as they go, after expending the income of a German prince in acquiring experience. The demigod of the passing generation of turf-men is said to have lost a hundred thousand pounds before he was able to turn the tables on his tutors, and, by betting, through commissions,

against his own horses, "sell the ring a real bargain."

It is of him the story is told that, having written instructions to one of his traveling financial agents staying in Cottenopolis, to bet for and against certain of his hotship's stud, which were in favor with the public, but not all intended to win, he was alarmed, after a time, at seeing great alteration in the price current of the betting market. He received no answer from his commissioner, and grew exceedingly; after instituting searching inquiries, ascertained that the letter partly misdirected, had never been delivered. But, by some extensive intuition, the sporting clerks of the post-office happened to have acted in accordance with my friend's instructions.

No doubt there are unblemished gentlemen who being rich, acute, and calm, play with the turf as they would at whist, for money, for nominal stakes, and run their horses for pleasure without troubling themselves with the toil of obtrusive combination. To these the turf is a gentle relaxation from more severe pursuits, and a means of killing a little idle time.

There is a story current of a distinguished nobleman who, many years ago, when he was poor and not so famous as he is now, deferred paying his "honest" trainer's bill so long and so ingeniously that the trainer was obliged to let his lordship's filly win a private race, and then wiped the account, leaving a balance for his employer. But only a diplomatist of the first rank is equal to such a feat.

Constant in his attendance at Newmarket is the Earl of Gollingsbaa. For nearly forty years he has never missed a race-meeting there. Evidently rubbing his head, as if his whole fortune depended on its contents, he studies the running of a succession of ugly unlucky colts and fillies, which are found sometimes in front within a few lengths of the winning-post, but never, very rarely first, and thus soliloquizes softly: "Gollingsbaa wins—Gollingsbaa wins!" a little louder, "Gollingsbaa wins!" in a shout. So he don't—so he don't—so he does, and he rose as he walks his back away in disgust, "Gollingsbaa is a fool!" This enthusiastic old gentleman has some forty or fifty thousand a year, and spends ten thousand of it every year in breeding, training, and running a most unfortunate stud, considering, apparently like Charles Fox, that, next to the pleasure of winning, losing is the greatest pleasure in life. On the same heath, which was solely dedicated to the serious business of racing, until the innovation of excursion trains brought down the frivolous, night by night, and long since, a young nobleman, little past his majority, and heir presumptive to his father's estates in the counties, moved almost to tears at the loss of a thousand pounds, risked on the private secret information of one of the fair friends who surround such deep-wooled sheep. A thousand pounds to this young gentleman represents something less than five pounds to the owner of five hundred a year.

We have ourselves seen the great Baron Bolsover, whose words can make emperors flinch, lost many thousands by his humiliating confidence when his favorite colt, Contango, ran all behind for that blue ribbon of the turf, the Chalk-Down stakes.

In a word, if you would see the proudest and the most wealthiest bowed down to a level with the meanest and the neediest, watch the aspect of the betting-ring before and after a great race. In the height of the excitement of winning a great race, a duke has been known to accept the congratulations and shake the hands of a burglarious cattlemeat dealer.

The solemn festivals—the "settling" days after great races—during which Methodist-chapel looking buildings between Tattersall's sale-yard and the cows' grass-plot, where bank-notes are carried by sheets, and watched about like waste-paper, bring to a crucial test the one virtue essential for standing on the first line—the grenadiers of the guard of turf morality—*prompt payment*. You may be a fraudulent bankrupt, a pickpocket, a forger, free by a flaw in the instrument; you may be guilty of the foulest crimes, or notorious for the basest propensities; but, so long as you pay, you will be admitted to the pale of the subscription-room and the betting-rings. You are sure of the family fur if not friendly companionship of your fellow-professionals, when you are probably last quarrelled honored with some playful nickname, descriptive of your peculiar rascality. Palmer, who never entered the betting-ring—turf, but acquired long before his detection, the sobriquet among his fraternity implying his propensity for "doing"—that was the mild word.

Extremes meet on the turf, and port too; the best and the worst are liable to fall; Beau becomes a squire; an earl's son becomes a felon. The old adage that hypocrisy is the homage vice pays to virtue is by no means worked out in the practical approach to forms and practices of respectability, by an imitation of the habits of more scrupulous men, in the closing day of the career of a successful turfman, who, secure in his hundred or two hundred thousand pounds, abandons the ways of the world, and sets himself down to found a family. He buys an estate, or two, or three; he builds a church; he subscribes splendidly to charities; he has the best shooting in the county, and the best people he can get to shoot over it; he is easy with his dozens of good family, and prepared with ready money to lend, on good security; he marries his daughters to decent families, provides the handsomest benefices. And thus with quiet manners our black-leg adventurer gets on, until people of the moneyworshiping sort begin to say that really Mr. Crossit is a very decent, respectable man. And yet there is scarcely one of these nobilitaries whose life would bear investigation, whose turning-point of success will not be found to rest on some "famous robbery."

It would be rather curious to see our noblemen, our gentlemen, our squires, our military heroes, the seed and the pith of gentility—every proud prop of their position and their pedigree, parsons, doctors, lawyers—hooking bets, handying jests, and exchanging compliments with an ex-pickpocket, who, after having been docked in divers horse pounds and cropped in many jails for petty larcenies, has abandoned a pursuit unworthy of his genius, now has his town-house and country-mansion, and a string of race-horses whose losings pay him quite as well as their winnings. A fashionable nor of the present day is a fine sight: the ex-pick pocket's health is proposed by Major Malaria Downright, the distinguished captain of the kings of five hundred, and, since he is a major, he is entitled to speak, and, being a major, he is entitled to pass robberies, prize-fighting publicans, ex-grooms, exsheetblacks, and ex-waiters, all prosperous, luxurious, dressing the best in the land, jewelers, and bootmakers, all paying, and therefore all jostling on terms of perfect equality, seeking some private information, some secret advantage, or trying and struggling in the hope of getting the best of each other. For the essential characteristic of the present men of the turf was a man of noble family, of ancient name, of high position, the haughtiest, the boldest member of the turf was a man of noble family.

Of literary and social accomplishments above the average, to whom, by ability as well as by position, high office was open. As to his means, who limits the means of a man of rank? It was known that he betted largely, borrowed largely, and paid punctually. At length the bubble burst; the great gentleman was, within memory of man, never permitted the slightest familiarity on the part of his low-born associates, disgraced. There was a great deal of dirtiness from Hebrews calling for some sixty thousand pounds; Christian till-discounters claimed a heavy bill with double-ends, and those who did not say a word, could have claimed twenty thousand pounds. Another peer, who had been, before he took to the turf, one of the most wealthiest of his class, found the result of joint racing speculations in a loss of a hundred thousand pounds; by degrees ruined and broken, he was confirmed by the verdict of a court of law. It then appeared that this great, haughty, historically-named peer had forged, on all his friends in every way, more or less in checks, for which at the last moment he outstripped each, by writing, by which, by which, he became of less than a thousand a year, he had for many years paid thirty thousand a year in interest at sixty per cent. He had lived under our fast turf education; but innumerable smaller instances occur: Manchester, Liverpool, Sheffield, supply their full quota to the roll. Every year, every year, instances of larceny, instances of forgery. As for forgery, it is so common a sequence of unsuccessful turf speculation, that the young gentleman who takes to the betting-ring as an easy and genteel mode of increasing his income, has the very great sure of shaking hands with a gentleman who has forged, or is about to forge. It is an old rule with the sharp practitioners, that all friends in every man of respectable connections a forged acceptance is a better security than a genuine bill.

THE HAMMERS.

Is our travels through the town—
Where the forges' flames are blown
By the humming fan that makes a drum,
Where the sledging falls on wedges
Like the rolling of the surges
To the shapes of all the labor-saving hum—

We have watched the falling hammer,
In its clinging, banging clamor,
As it rolled its music out, and rolled it in ring—
And the ringing, ringing, ringing,
Always sets our head to singing,
Something like these words to the hammer's drum,

Like the ringing of the bells,
When the wedding chiming swells
Through the merry-pealing steeple, to the gay
So the clang, and bang, and rattle
Of the hammers in the battle,
Fall, like music, on the dull and quiet air.

"In the battle?" Ay, the battle!
For it is no idle prattle
That we sing. Tis the battle against WANT
With all its sprites grim and gaunt,
And his suppers few and scant—
'Tis the battle of the CAN 'gainst the CAN'T.

AFTER AN OSTRICH.

IT lion-hunts, and in tiger-hunts, and in bear-hunts (now are not these the three long hounds I mean have heard; but of the ostrich-hunt the world, that is not used to running after ostriches, has heard very little. Little does, indeed, the world of lookers-down story about negroes who, being dressed in the skins of the birds, are mistaken by the flock for actual ostriches, and are suffered to come near enough to shoot any bird they may pick out with their arrows. But of the ostrich-hunt, which (now is only a fable), that the ostrich, when pursued, will hide his head in the sand and believe himself invisible. I know the ostrich has a stupid face; but he is, for all that, a sharp fellow, who knows his own interest as well as the rest of us. He is wary and long-sighted, one of the last creatures to put his own head in a hole. I have hunted him in his own deserts and can testify.

Every year, as summer sets in, horsemen arrive at the oasis of Derej from the mountains in the south, commencing their journey. They come after the ostrich, and stay only during the summer, as it is only when the heat is greatest that a horseman can have any chance of overtaking the swift-footed bird. In cold weather he will outstrip every pursuer, but beneath the rays of a noon sun in the African summer I suppose he finds his feather coat and trousers too warm to run well in.

An Arab friend of mine, with the short name of Sidi Mohammed ben Omar ben es-Sheikh Abderahman Burjeeb el-Baghani, who was bound for the hunting-ground, persuaded me to go with him and try my skill at running down an ostrich. My friend Sidi Burjeeb is a good scar, and holds my dignity, although his trip to Derej was made for the sake of gain. I, who went only for sport, was little better than a mere respectful wonder by my fellow-sportsmen.

We managed to reach Derej a day or two before the hunt. Then we might rest and prepare for our fatigues to come. The hunt began on a sultry morning at the rising of the Dog-star. Cold wind or simoom had been blowing for several days, and the thermometer had only fallen to ninety-eight degrees, or hotabout, just before starting. We were to have one of the hottest days of a Saharan summer. So much the better. The warmer cooled and thinned, still I felt, and so shall we. The dangers of this chase do not arise from the fierceness of the animal pursued, but from the fierceness of the sun that may strike down the huntsman. An Englishman is much more likely to come off unscathed from an encounter with a lion than fro return from an ostrich-hunt without getting sun-stroke or brain fever.

Our party consisted of ten horsemen and a few scouts who had been sent out at daybreak to explore the nest for footprints of ostriches and track them to their feeding-ground. We knew fairly mounted Iroon animals not so fat as to conceal the beautiful lines of their ribs. The bones of their haunches were large, and set apart out through the skin. These features, however, are common enough in Arab horses, and only show that animals are in light weights as we could be, having dispensed with four out of five thick pieces of felt which invariably form the Arab's side-cloth, and thrown off every superfluous article of clothing; only taking care to have our heads well wrapped up as protection against the fierceness of the sun.

We started about two hours after sunrise, and followed leisurely on the trace of our scouts. After proceeding four miles or six miles, we came upon a scout who said that five fine birds were a little way off grazing in a valley. Knowing that they would not stray far we dismounted to give ease for a few minutes to our horses and ourselves, and to allow our scouts to ride still further into the "kaila," or mid-day heat. A sultry feverish wind blew from the south, and the sun's glow was retained from the earth, reflected and under our feet with almost unlessened strength. What a dryingground was here for washes-women! Wet clothes, by ten minutes' exposure, to be taken in as fast as they were taken out.

The Arabs' saddles are made of very porous clay, absorbed long draughts of water, and hung little gourd bottles of water to their saddle-bows. We moistened ourselves well. From the top of a little hill, if you could call by that name a height of about ten yards above the bottom of the wady, we saw the scouts, and suspect they had some knowledge of us before we were visible. They had already started at full trot; and seemed to skim along the surface of the ground, flapping their small downy wings to help them onward, and, like horses in full trot, kicking up stones behind with them. We went after them at a canter: had we tried at once to catch them in a gallop, our horses would soon have been blown, and the birds would have got out of reach. Our plan was to follow them as closely as might be, without frightening them into their highest speed, and to keep them in view.

The birds soon parted from one another: two going together one way, and the others starting off each in a different direction. We followed a single ostrich. For the male, the feathers of the male being most valuable.

Noon passed, and the sun was rapidly declining. We had been pursuing our ostrich for more than four hours, but not in a straight line, since these creatures have a whim for running in large circles, so that we were within the birds' journey from our starting-point. I had no very great notion of heat, but my head began to feel as if fast it would have been skinned out salted. The excitement and emulation among us made me, however, forget every thing but the object of our chase. One by one the horses of the Arabs dropped behind, dead-beat. Sidi Hesters, two of the Arabs, and myself, being the best mounted, alone kept up the hunt. Our aim was to turn the ostrich, and so drive him back to our companions. The two Arabs picked their steeds with a full gallop, one to the right, the one to the left, and tried, by making a circuit, to get ahead of the bird, and to head him back on the ring outdone by the other Arabs, so he made a dash at the game on his own account. His horse had a little spirit left, and a few long bounds brought him alongside. The bird saw that he was outrun and outwitted. With a little stick, such as we all carried for this purpose, Sidi tapped his horse on the neck, turned him, and drove him back to me like a tame creature. Our two companions were coming up, crying out, "Sabah! sabah!" Allah yatik es-sahn!" which means, "Well done! well done! may God give you health!" An Arab equivalent for "Hurrah! hurrah! go it again, old boy!"

The ostrich was, of course, a Mussulman, and was convinced that it was in vain to strive against his fate. One by one we came up with our beaten companions; and we then surrounded our bird, caught him, and cut his throat, with the pious words, "Bism-Illah Akbbar" (in the name of the great God). It would have been simpler to tap him on the head and strangle him, for then there would have been no fear of damaging the feathers with the blood. But such a death is not in accordance with the Moslem creed concerning hole and unholy food; and of an animal so slaughtered the flesh could not have been eaten.

Ladies, I trust, are satisfied with the amount of trouble taken to get for them their court plumes. But it is a pity that each feather which emit them a guinea scarcely brings a shilling to the Arab sportsman.

When we had skinned our bird, and cut off the best joints, we rode leisurely back to Derej, which we reached in little after sunset, and there we looked up. Heartily glad was I, after a good supper of broiled leg of ostrich—which is a meat, not choice, but welcome to the hungry—to lie on the soft sand and take a nap that lasted until sunrise the following morning.

I passed the following day with my fellowsportsmen, and learned much about the habits of the ostrich tribe, and the various ways of taking it. Running it down in the manner just related is considered the best way, though the most tedious, for it involves the least chance of injuring the feathers. The commonest plan, however, is to lay snares of rope in places where the birds frequent. Another way is to dig a hole in the earth near a bush, or some slight cover, in a valley to which the ostriches come to graze. One of the hunters, armed with his long gun, hides in the hole, and his companions, having strewed brushwood over him, effaces their footmarks from the sand. The gun remains, with only the muzzle of the gun visible outside his hiding-place, until an ostrich passes: when, if the shot be near enough, he is an easy prey.

Ostriches pair about the beginning of March, and the female begins laying her eggs toward the end of April. She generally puts a score or two down in the sand, which is first carefully and scraped out of the sand. She arranges the eggs in a triangle, with the point in front of her when sitting upon them. She or their male therefore, do not get sufficiently warmed by her body, and from underneath eggs she breaks to provide food for the young birds during the hours they are after they have left their shells. The young birds, hatched in a few weeks, take their own to attain their full size; they appear to live much with their parents, and even make their nests near theirs. They are sometimes there still to steal the nests of a whole family together—grandfather and grandmother in the middle, and the younger generations scattered around. Does the grandsire in the middle receive from the young ostriches upon the outskirts of the nest the same reverence to which he may suppose himself entitled? In the first year of her breeding the female lays smaller eggs than afterwards, but the birds hatched from them grow to the usual size. Cock and hen sit on the eggs alternately—one sitting while the other goes for food; even by night. On Sunday, by law their eggs to be hatched by the sun.

The male is very attentive when he begins his courtship, and seems to be lady about whom we also goes. After marriage, however, his conduct undergoes a change. If, while sitting on the newly laid eggs, he immediately leaves the eggs, fetches his wife, and makes her take his place. He then watches at a little distance; and if, after a long delay, he satisfies himself that all is safe, he allows his mate to return to her meal, and resumes his place over the eggs. The Arabs, when they found a nest near any convenient bush, or other shelter, make a pit, as before described. The birds, on their approach, take flight. The men, having watched as fast as possible, leave one of their number with the gun in the pit, and disappear. When the birds come again to reconnoitre the ground, if they think matters satisfactory, the hen is seat to sit, and she resumes sitting for the rest of the hours. The sportsman does not shoot her, as his aim is to bring down the male. He waits, therefore, till he is relieved from the duties by the bird he wants. The best shot among the Arabs is always chosen for pit-guard. As he kills his bird, he receives a double share of the profits; when he misses the bird, he must pay a fine and less his office. After the male is killed, the female will immediately come to look for him, and to visit the eggs, when she also may be taken. But were the female bird shot first, the male would never trouble himself any more about the eggs, but would go from the spot, probably forever.

Ostriches are not particular in the selection of their food. They live generally on grass, seeds, and even insects; but they have been domesticated, a great particularity for half-pence, steel-pens, nails, keys, spoons, small-boxes, and so forth. Whether they are good digest these I do not know; but I have heard many tales of ostriches being found with such things half-digested in their stomachs. The ostrich is very quick in its great avidity, and must find it in some way to their advantage so to do. They are a very kind and timid animal, who seem used to the society of men, are very sociable, wandering about the neighborhood of their owner's house, and return visits wherever they find an open door. When annoyed, they are dangerous; for, besides biting, they will knock a man down with a fly or a wing or a stroke of the foot. They are generally sedate, silent birds, and, if not frightened, walk about slowly and gravely. Their cry is a short roar; but with this they seldom favor human ears, though when out of temper they will sometimes utter a low hissing noise. The upper part of the neck of the ostrich is bare; then comes very delicate black down, which, increasing in size toward the tail, cover the whole body. In the wings and tail are the beautiful white feathers so much admired upon the heads of ladies. The female has not such fine white feathers as the male, and even her black feathers want his raven hue. Indeed, the greater part are rather grayishbrown than black. The skin of the female (Rakfa'it is called by the Arabs) does not fetch nearly so high a price as that of the male (Dhaleem). One of the best skins, in its rugged plumage, will sometimes fetch from the Arabs three or eight pounds But this is an unusually high price.

ROBERT FLEURY'S GREAT PICTURE OF THE BURNING OF HERETICS BY THE ROMAN CATHOLICS AT AN AUTO DA FE.

AN AUTO DA FE.

We publish above an engraving of Mr. Robert Fleury's magnificent painting of an Auto da Fé, which has lately placed its author in the first rank of modern painters. Never has that terrible theme been more vividly wrought out. The contrast between the terror expressed in the countenance of the poor girl, who is evidently loth to part with her life, and the stern calm of the old Jew who is to suffer with her; the brutal ferocity of the priests and their assistants; the powerful drawing of the two victims who are already on the stake; the life and motion of the whole picture are calculated to arrest and rivet the attention, and to leave an image on the memory that will not readily be effaced.

Of the history of *Auto da Fe* all of our readers have heard something. The word signifies an act of Faith, and was first used by the Inquisition when the officers of that body compelled heretics to abjure their heresies and to perform an *act of Faith* in presence of tortures and the stake. As many of the Jews and Christians who were seized by the Inquisition remained steadfast in their belief even under menaces of the most cruel of deaths, the word came to signify the punishment which was inflicted by the Inquisition in consequence of the refusal to perform an *act of Faith*.

It is supposed that many thousands of persons fell victims to the Inquisition during its long and bloody reign in Spain. Every few weeks the stakes were surrounded by a gaping crowd, and some poor heretic was burned alive amidst the curses and shouts of the mob. It came to be a popular spectacle, and must have gone far toward brutalizing the public mind of the day. Perhaps the most curious fact in connection with the Inquisition is the recent discovery by a Protestant Englishman that the most famous and most bloodthirsty of the grand Inquisitors of Spain was, in reality, a man of gentle, humane temper, who was guilty of burning scores of human creatures solely because he was taught that it was his duty, and who suffered in heart for his victims as acutely as the warmest of their friends.

A DAY'S RIDE:

A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

By CHARLES LEVER.

AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," "HARRY LORREQUER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER X.

"YOUNG lady in deep mourning, Sir—crape shawl and bonnet, Sir," said the official, in answer to my question, aided by a shilling fee; "the same as asked where was the station for the Dover line."

"Yes, yes; that must be she."

"Got into a cab, Sir, and drove off straight for the Sou'-Eastern."

"She was quite alone?"

"Quite, Sir; but she seems used to traveling—got her traps together in no time, and was off in a jiffy."

"Stupid dog!" thought I; "with every advantage position and accident can confer, how little this fellow reads of character. In this poor, forlorn, heart-weary orphan, he only sees something like a commercial traveler."

"Any luggage, Sir? Is this yours?" said he, pointing to a wool-sack.

"No," said I, haughtily; "my servants have gone forward with my luggage. I have nothing but a knapsack." And with an air of dignity I flung it into a Hansom, and ordered the driver to set me down at the South-Eastern. Although using every exertion, the train had just started when I arrived, and a second time was

"ANY LUGGAGE, SIR? IS THIS YOURS?" SAID HE, POINTING TO A WOOL-SACK.

I obliged to wait some minutes at a station. Resolving to free myself from all the captivations of that tendency to day-dreaming—that fatal habit of suffering my fancy to direct my course, as though in pursuit of some settled purpose—I calmly asked myself whither I was going—and for what? Before I had begun the examination I deemed myself a most candid, truth-observing, frank witness, and now I discovered that I was canonical and "dodgy" as an Old Bailey lawyer. I was haughty and indignant at being so catechised. My conscience, on the shallow pretext of being greatly interested about me, was simply prying and inquisitive. Conscience is all very well when one desires to appeal to it, and refer some distinct motive or action to its appreciation; but it is scarcely fair, and certainly not dignified, for conscience to go about seeking for little accusations of this kind or that. What liberty of action is there, besides, to a man who carries a "detective" with him wherever he goes? And, lastly, conscience has the intolerable habit of obtruding its opinion upon details, and will not wait to judge by results. Now, when I have won the race, come in first, amidst the enthusiastic cheers of thousands, I don't care to be asked, however privately, whether I did not pinch some little bit of rather unfair jockeyship. I never could rightly get over my dislike to the friend who would take this liberty with me; and this is exactly the part conscience plays, and with an impudent air of superintendence, as though to say, "None of your shuffling with me, Potts! That will do all mighty well with the outer world, but I am not to be hoodwinked. You never devised a scheme in your life that I was not by at the cookery, and saw how you mixed the ingredients and stirred the pot! No, no, old fellow, all your little secret rogueries will avail you nothing here!"

Had this conscience been actually addressed to me by a living individual, I could not have heard them more plainly than now they fell upon my ear, uttered, besides, in a tone of cutting, sarcastic derision. "I will stand this no longer!" cried I, springing up from my seat, and flinging my cigar angrily away. "I'm certain no man ever accomplished any high and great destiny in life who suffered himself to be bullied in this wise; such irritating, pestering impertinence would destroy the temper of a saint, and break down the courage and damp the ardor of the boldest. Could great measures of statecraft be carried out—could battles be won—could new continents be discovered—if, at every strait and every emergency, one was to be interrupted by a low voice, whispering, 'Is this *all* right? Are there no flaws here? You live in a world of frailties, Potts. You are playing at a round game, where every one cheats a little, and where the rogueries are never remembered against him who wins. Bear that in your mind, and keep your cards "up."'"

When I was about to take my ticket, a distum of the great moralist struck my mind: "Desultory reading has slain its thousands and tens of thousands;" and if desultory reading, why not infinitely more so desultory acquaintance? Surely our readings do not impress us so powerfully as the actual intercourse of life. It must be so. It is in this daily conflict with our fellow-men that we are moulded and fashioned, and the danger is to commingle and confuse the impressions made upon our hearts—to cross the wiring on our natures so often that nothing remains legible! "I will guard against this peril," thought I. "I will concentrate my attentions and travel alone." I slipped a crown into one of the guards' hands and whispered, "Put no one in here if you can help it."

As I jogged along, all by myself, I could not help feeling that one of the highest privileges of wealth must be to be able always to buy solitude —to be in a position to say, "None shall invade me. The world must contrive to go round without a kick from *me*. I am a self-contained and self-suffering creature." If I were Rothschild I'd revel in this sentiment; it pleases one so immeasurably above that busy ant-hill where one sees the creatures hurrying, hastening, and fagging "till their hearts are broken." One feels himself a superior intelligence—a being above the wants and cares of the work-a-day world around him.

"Any room here?" cried a merry voice breaking in upon my musings, and at the same instant a young fellow, in a gray traveling suit and a wide-awake, flung a dressing-bag and a wrapper carelessly into the carriage, and so recklessly as to come tumbling over me. He never thought of apologizing, however, but continued his remarks to the guard, who was evidently endeavoring to induce him to take a place elsewhere. "No, no!" cried the young man; "I'm all right here, and the cove with the yellow hair won't object to my smoking."

I heard these words as I sat in the corner, and I need scarcely say how grossly the impertinence offended me. That the privacy I had paid for should be invaded was bad enough, but that my companion should begin acquaintance with an insult was worse again, and so I determined on no account, nor upon any pretext, would I hold intercourse with him, but maintain a perfect silence and reserve so long as our journey lasted.

There was an insufferable jauntiness and self-satisfaction in every movement of the new arrival, even to the reckless way he pitched into the carriage their small white canvas bags, neatly fully sealed and docketed, the address—which I read—being, "To H. M.'s Minister and Envoy at ——, in Italy, the Right Hon. Butler Auteché," etc. So, then, this was one of the Young Guard of Diplomacy, one of those sucklings of Talleyrands, which form the hope of the Foreign-Office and the terror of middle-class Englishmen abroad.

"Do you mind my smoking?" asked he, abruptly, as he scraped his lucifer-match against the roof of the carriage, showing the most complete indifference how little he cared for my reply.

"I never smoke, Sir, except in the carriages reserved for smokers," was my rebukeful answer.

"And I always do," said he, in a very easy tone.

Not condescending to notice this rude rejoinder, I drew forth my newspaper, and tried to occupy myself with its contents.

"Any thing new?" asked he, abruptly.

"Not that I am aware, Sir. I was about to consult the paper."

"What paper is it?"

"The *Times Leader*, Sir, at your service," said I, with a sort of sarcasm.

"Rascally prices—vile, low, radical, mill-owning organ. Pitch it away!"

"Certainly not, Sir. Being for me and my editorial brethren, I will keep it in the strongest manner as to how I deal with it."

"It's deucad low, that's what it is; and that's exactly the fault of all the daily papers. Their tone is vulgar; they reflect nothing of the opinion one hears in society. Don't you agree with me?"

I gave a sort of muttering dissent, and he broke in quickly,

"Perhaps not; it's just as likely you would not think them low; but take *my* word for it, you're right."

I shook my head negatively, without speaking.

"Well, now," cried he, "let us put the thing to the test. Read out one of those leaders. I don't care which, or on what subject. Read it aloud, and I pledge myself to show you at least one vulgarism, one flagrant outrage on good breeding, in every third sentence."

"I protest, Sir," said I, haughtily, "I shall do no such thing. I have come here neither to read aloud nor take up the defense of the public press."

"I say, look out!" cried he; "you'll smash something with that long stick of yours. Why, I don't mistake, it's Bohemian glass. No, no; all right," said he, examining the number, "it's only Yarmouth bloaters."

"I imagined these contained dispatches, Sir," said I, with a look of what he ought to have understood as withering scorn.

"You did, did you?" cried he, with a quick laugh. "Well, I'll bet you a sovereign I make a better guess about *your* pack than you've done about *mine*."

"Done, Sir; I take you," said I, quickly.

"Well, you're in cutlery, or hardware, or lace goods, or ribbons, or alpaca cloth, or drugs, ain't you?"

"I am not, Sir," was my stern reply.

"Not a bagman?"

"Not a bagman, Sir."

"Well, you're an usher in a commercial academy, or 'our own correspondent,' or a telegraph clerk?"

"I'm none of these, Sir. And I now beg to remind you, that instead of one guess, you have made about a dozen."

"Well, you've won, there's no denying it," said he, taking a sovereign from his waistcoat pocket, and handing it to me. "It's deucad odd how I should be mistaken. I'd have sworn you were a bagman!" But for the importance of these last words I should have declined to accept his lost bet; but I took it now as a sort of vindication of my wounded feelings. "Now it's all over and ended," said he, calmly, "what are you? I don't ask out of any impertinent curiosity, but that I hate being foiled in a thing of this kind. What are you?"

"I am, Sir," said I, "a Sir," said I, indignantly, for now I was outraged beyond endurance—"I'll tell you, Sir, what I am, and what I feel myself—one singularly unlucky in a travelling companion."

"Bet you a five-pound you're not," broke he in. "Give you six to five on it, in any thing you like."

"It would be a wager almost impossible to decide, Sir."

"Nothing of the kind. Let us leave it to the first pretty woman we see at the station, the guard of the train, the fellow in the pay-office, the stoker, if you like."

"I must own, Sir, that you express a very confident opinion of your case."

"Well, bet."

"No, Sir, certainly not."

"Well, then, shut up, and say no more about it. If a man won't back his opinion, the less he speaks the better."

I lay back in my place at this, determined that no provocation should induce me to exchange another word with him. Apparently he had not made a like resolve, for he went on:

"It's all bosh about appearances being deceptive, and so forth. They say 'not all gold that glitters;' my notion is, that with a fellow who really knows life no disguise that was ever invented will be successful: the way a man wears his hair!—here he looked at mine—"the sort of gloves he has, if there be any thing peculiar in his waistcoat, and, above all, his boots. I wish you knew the devil was ever more revolted in his hoof than a snob by his shoes." A most condemnatory glance at my extremities accompanied this speech.

"Must I endure this sort of persecution all the way to Dover?" was the question I asked of myself.

"Look out, you're on fire!" said he, with a dry laugh. And, sure enough, a spark from his cigarette had fallen on my trowsers, and burned a round hole in them.

"Really, Sir," cried I, in passionate warmth, "your conduct becomes intolerable."

"Well, if I knew you preferred being singed, I'd have said nothing about it. What's this station here? Where's your Bradshaw?"

"I have got no Bradshaw, Sir," said I, with dignity.

"No Bradshaw! A bagman without Bradshaw! Oh, I forgot, you ain't a bagman. Why are we stopping here? something smashed, I suspect, eh? Eh! what! isn't that the? Yes, it is! Open the door!—let me out, I say! Confound the lock!—let me out!" While he uttered these words, in an accent of the wildest impatience, I had time to see a lady, in deep mourning, pass on to a carriage in front, just as, with a preliminary snort, the train shook, then backed, and at last set out on its thundering course again. "Such a stunning fine girl!" said he, as he lighted a fresh cigar; "saw her just as we started, and thought I'd run her to earth in this carriage. Precious mistake I made, eh, wasn't it? All in black—deep black—and quite alone!"

I had to turn toward the window, not to let him perceive how his words agitated me, for I felt certain it was Miss Herbert he was describing, and I felt a sort of revulsion to think of the poor girl being subjected to the impertinence of this intolerable puppy.

"Too much style about her for a governess; and yet, somehow, she wasn't, so to say—you know what I mean—he wasn't altogether *that*; looked frightened, and people of real class never look frightened."

"The daughter of a clergyman, probably," said I, with a tone of such reproof as I hoped must check all levity.

"Or a flash maid! some of them, nowadays, are wonderful swells; they've got an art of dressing and making up that is really surprising."

"I have no experience of the order, Sir," said I, gravely.

"Well, so I should say. Your beat is in the haberdashery or hosiery line, eh?"

"As it not yet occurred to you, Sir," asked I, sternly, "that an acquaintanship brief as ours should exclude personalities, not to say—not to say—" I wanted to add "impertinences," but his gray eyes were turned full on me with an expression so peculiar, that I faltered, and could not get the word out.

"Well, go on—out with it: not to say what?" said he, calmly.

I turned my shoulder toward him, and nestled down into my place.

"There's a thing, now," said he, in a tone of the coolest reflection—"there's a thing, now, that I never could understand, and I have never met but one person to explain it. Our nation, a nation, is just as plucky as the French—no one disputes it; and yet, take a Frenchman of your train—an economic-voyageur, or any thing that way—and you'll just find him as prompt on the point of honor as the best noble in the land. He never utters an insolent speech without being ready to back it."

I felt as if I were choking, but I never uttered a word.

"I remember meeting one of these fellows—traveler for some house in the wine trade—at Avignon. It was at table d'hôte, and I said something slighting about Communism, and he replied, 'Monsieur, je suis Fourriste, and you insult me.' Thereupon he sent me his card by the waiter—Paul Delege, for the house of Gorgon, père et fils.' I tore it, and threw it away, saying, 'I never drink Bordeaux wines.' 'What do you say to a glass of Hermitage, then?' said he, and flung the contents of his own in my face. Wasn't that very ready? *I* call it as neat a thing as could be done."

"And you bore that outrage," said I, in triumphant delight; "you submitted to a flagrant insult like that at a public table?"

"I don't know what you call 'bearing it,' said he; 'that thing was done, and I had only to wipe my face with my napkin."

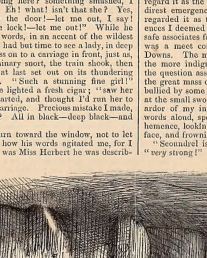
"No more than that?" said I, sneeringly.

"We went out afterward, if you mean that," said he, quietly, "and he ran me through here."

As he spoke, he proceeded, in leisurely fashion, to unbutton the wrist of his shirt, and baring his arm mid-way, showed me a pinkish cicatrix of considerable extent. "It went, the doctor said, within a hair's-breadth of the artery."

I made no comment upon this story. From the moment I heard it I felt as though I was traveling with the late Mr. Palmer, of Rugely. I was, as it were, in the company of one who for what he would have scrupled to dispose of any, at any moment and in any way that his fancy suggested. My code respecting the Duel was to regard it as the last, the very last, appeal in the direst emergency of dishonor. The men who regarded it as the settlement of slight differences I deemed assassins. They were no more safe associates for peaceful citizens than a wolf was a mate companion for a flock of South Downs. The more I ruminated on this theme the more indignant grew my resentment, and the question assumed the shape of asking, "Is the great mass of mankind to be hectored and bullied by some half-dozen scoundrels with skill at the small sword?" Little knew I that in the ardor of my indignation I had uttered these words aloud, spoken them with an earnest vehemence, looking my fellow-traveler full in the face, and frowning.

"Scoundrel is strong, eh?" said he, slowly; "very strong!"



"HE WAS FAST ASLEEP, AND SNORING LOUDLY."

"Who spoke of a scoundrel?" asked I, in terror, for his confounded calm, cold manner made my very blood run chilled.

"Scoundrel is exactly the sort of word," added he, deliberately, "that once uttered can only be expiated in one way. You do not give me the impression of a very bright individual, but certainly you can understand so much."

I bowed a dignified assent; my heart was in my mouth as I did it, and I could not, to save my life, have uttered a word. My predicament was highly perilous; and all incurred by what?—that passion for adventure that had led me forth out of a position of easy obscurity into a world of strife, conflict, and difficulty. Why had I not staid at home? What foolish infatuation had ever suggested me the Quixotism of these wanderings? Blondel had done it all. Were it not for Blondel I had never met Father Dyke, talked myself into a stupid wager, lost what was not my own; in fact, every disaster sprang out of the one before it, just as twig adheres to branch and branch to trunk. Shall I make a clean breast of it, and tell my companion my whole story? Shall I explain to him that at heart I am a creature of the kindliest impulses and most generous sympathies; that I overflow with good intentions toward my fellows; and that the problem I am engaged to solve is, how shall I dispense most happiness? Will he comprehend me? Has he a nature to appreciate an organization so fine and subtle as mine? Will he understand that the fairy who endows us with our gifts at birth is reckoned to be munificent when she withholds only one high quality, and with me that one was courage? I mean the coarse, vulgar, combative sort of courage that makes men prize-fighters and bargees; for as to the grander species of courage, I imagine it to be my distinguishing feature.

The question is, will he give me a patient hearing, for my theory requires nice handling, and some delicacy in the developing. He may cut me short in his bluff, abrupt way, and say, "Out with it, old fellow! you want to sneak out of this quarrel." What am I to reply? I shall rejoin: "Sir, let us first inquire if it be a quarrel. From the time of Atrides down to the Crimean war there has not been one instance of a conflict that did not originate in misconceptions, and has not been prolonged by delusions! Let us take the Peloponnesian war." A short grunt beside me here cut short my argumentation. He was fast, sound asleep, and snoring loudly. My thoughts at once suggested escape. Could I but get away I fancied I could find space in the world never again to see myself his neighbor.

The train was whirling along between deep chalk cuttings, and at a furious pace; to leap out was certain death. But was not the same fate reserved for me if I remained? At last I heard the crank — crank of the break! We were nearing a station; the earth walls at either side receded; the view opened; a spire of a church, trees, houses appeared; and our speed diminishing, we came bumping, throbbing, and snorting into a little trim, garden-like spot, that at the moment seemed to me a paradise.

I beckoned to the guard to let me out—to do it noiselessly, I slipped a shilling into his hand. I grasped my knapsack and my wrapper, and stole furtively away. Oh, the happiness of that moment, as the door closed without awakening him!

"Any where—any carriage—what class you please," muttered I. "There, yonder," broke I in, hastily, "where that lady in mourning has just got in."

"All full there, Sir," replied the man; "step in here." And away we went.

My compartment contained but one passenger; he wore a gold band round his oil-skin cap, and seemed the captain of a mail steamer, or Admiralty agent. He merely glanced at me as I came in, and went on reading his newspaper.

"Going north, I suppose?" said he, bluntly, after a pause of some time. "Going to Berlin?"

"No," said I, rather astonished at his giving me this destination. "I'm for Brussels."

"We shall have a rough night of it, outside. Glass is falling suddenly, and the wind has chopped round to the south'ard and east'ard!"

"I'm sorry for it," said I. "I'm but an indifferent sailor."

"Well, I'll tell you what to do: just turn into my cabin—you'll have it all to yourself; lie down flat on your back the moment you get aboard; tell the steward to give you a strong glass of brandy-and-water—the captain's brandy say, for it is rare old stuff, and a perfect cordial, and my name ain't Hidders if you don't sleep all the way across."

I really had no words for such unexpected generosity. How was I to believe my ears at such a kind proposal of a perfect stranger? Was it any thing in my appearance that could have marked me out as an object for these attentions? "I don't know how to thank you enough," said I, in confusion; "and when I think that we meet now for the first time—"

"What does that signify?" said he, in the same short way. "I've met pretty nigh all of you by this time. I've been a matter of eleven years on this station!"

"Met pretty nigh all of us!" What does that mean? Who and what are we? He can't mean the Pottses, for I'm the first who ever traveled even thus far! But I was not given leisure to follow up the inquiry, for he went on to say how, in all that time of eleven years, he had never seen threatenings of a worse night than that before us.

"Then why venture out?" asked I, timidly.

"They must have the bags over there—that's the reason," said he, curtly. "Besides, who's to say when he won't meet dirty weather at sea? One takes rough and smooth in this life, eh?"

The observation was not remarkable for originality, but I liked it. I like the reflective turn, no matter how beaten the path it may select for its exercise.

"It's a short trip—some five or six hours, at most," said he; "but it's wonderful what ugly weather one sees in it. It's always so in these narrow seas."

"Yes," said I, concurringly, "these petty channels, like the small events of our life, are often the sources of our greatest perils."

He gave a little short grunt; it might have been assent, and it might possibly have been a rough protest against further moralizing: at all events, he resumed his paper and read away without speaking. I had time to examine him well now, at my leisure, and there was nothing in his face that could give me any clew to the generous nature of his offer to me. No, he was a hard-featured, weather-beaten, rather stern sort of man, verging on fifty-seven or eight. He looked neither impulsive nor confiding, and there was in the shape of his mouth and the curve of the lines around it that peremptory and almost cruel decision that marks the sea-captain. "Well," thought I, "I must seek the explanation of the riddle elsewhere. The secret sympathy that moved him must have its root in *me*; and, after all, history has never told that the dolphins who were charmed by Orpheus were peculiar dolphins, with any special fondness for music, or an ear for melody; they were ordinary creatures of the deep—fish, so to say, taken 'ex-medio acervi' of dolphinity. The marvel of their captivation lay in the spell of the enchanter. It was the thrilling touch of his fingers, the tasteful elegance of his style, the voluptuous enthrallment of the sounds he awakened that worked the miracle. This man of the sea has, therefore, been struck by something in my air, bearing, or address; one of those mysterious sympathies which are the hidden motives that guide half our lives has drawn him to me, and he has said to himself, 'I like that man. I have met more pretentious people: I have seen persons who desire to dominate and impose more than he; but there is that about him that, somehow, appeals to the instincts of my nature, and I can say I feel myself his friend already.'"

As I worked at my little theory, with all the ingenuity I knew how to employ on such occasions, I perceived that he had put up his newspaper, and was gathering together, in old traveler fashion, the odds and ends of his baggage.

"Here we are," said he, as we glided into the station, "and in capital time, too. Don't trouble yourself about your traps. My steward will be here presently, and take all your things down to the packet along with my own. Our steam is up, so lose no time in getting aboard."

I had never less inclination to play the loiterer. The odious attaché was still in my neighborhood, and until I had got clear out of his reach I felt any thing but security. *He*, I remembered, was for Calais; so that, by taking the Ostend boat, I was at once separating myself from his detestable companionship. I not only, therefore, accepted the captain's offer to leave all my effects to the charge of his steward, but no sooner had the train stopped than I sprang out, hastened through the thronged station, and made at all my speed for the harbor.

Is it to increase the impediments to quitting one's country, and, by interposing difficulties, to give the exile additional occasion to think twice about expatriating himself, that the way from the railroad to the dock at Dover is made so circuitous and almost impossible to discover? Are these obstacles invented in the spirit of those official details which make bans on the church-door, and a delay of three weeks, precede a marriage? as though to say, Halt, impetuous youth, and bethink you whither you are going! Are these among the wise precautions of a truly paternal rule? If so, they must occasionally even transcend the original intention, for when I reached the pier the packet had already begun to move, and it was only by a vigorous leap that I gained the paddle-box and thus scrambled on board.

"Like every one of you," growled out my weather-beaten friend; "always within an ace of being left behind."

"Every one of us!" muttered I. "What can he have known of the Potts family, that he dares to describe us thus characteristically? And who ever presumed to call us loiterers or sluggards?"

"Step down below, as I told you," whispered he. "It's a dirty night, and we shall have bucketing weather outside." And with this friendly hint I at once complied, and stole down the ladder. "Show that gentleman into my state-room, steward," called he out from above. "Mix him something warm, and look after him."

"Ay, ay, Sir," was the brisk reply, as the bustling man of brandy and basins threw open a small door, and ushered me into a little den, with a mingled odor of tar, stilton, and wet mackintoshes. "All to yourself here, Sir," said he, and vanished.

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AFTER THE PRINCE CAME.

RECEPTION OF THE BLOATED ARISTHOCRAT BY THE IRISHIS OV THE SAXIN.—"Long life to yer Honor! Hoorоо for the Prince ov Wailes!—God bliss yer purty face!—How much yes look like yer Mother!—Glory to her!—An' like his Fadther!"

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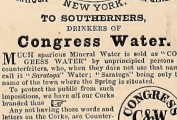

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. IV.—No. 198.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1860. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

NUTTING TIME.

THE nuts are ripe and the day is fine,
The purple hills in the sunlight shine,
And the brown nuts redden the trembling tops
Of each gnarled tree in the hazel copse.

The copse is filled with the happy noise
Of laughing girls and climbing boys,
And the beaten branches yield their fruit
That heavily drops at each old tree's root.

Under the brow of the copse-crowned hill,
Ethel and I sit silent and still,
And I hold in mine her small white hand,
The smallest and whitest in all the land.

Gather your fruit, ye lads above,
And fling the nuts at the girls you love:
The only fruit that to me was dear
I have gathered to-day in the white hand here.

THE ENTRY INTO NAPLES.

HE came! not with the pomp of state,
With bayonets flashing round him;
But in the broad glare of the day,
Where frantic thousands filled the way,
And hopeful, knelt to weep and pray,
We found him.

He came! not as a conqueror comes,
With rattling drum and clashing sabre,
But like an angel from the skies,
With form erect and flashing eyes,
He stood, clothed in the simple guise
Of labor.

He came! as Heaven's own chosen king,
His throne a trampled nation,
Claiming no power but such as came
From the great glory of his name—
No weak or meretricious fame,
No station.

Out rang the *vivas* fierce and long,
Made louder by each patriot's wrong,
And manly shout joined woman's song,
Where Marinella's half-crazed throng
Hailed freed Italia's son.
'Twas noon, high noon, along the way,
And sunlight danced upon the bay;
The shouting thousands swayed and swung,
A hundred bells the chorus rang;
And Naples, mad from fear and doubt,
Screamed forth the hero's welcome shout,
Screamed forth the hope so long deferred
With every long forbidden word:

"UNA—UNA—UNA—VIVA!
DEATH AND HELL TO THE DECEIVER!
VOGLIAMO, VIVA, VIVA!
GOD'S GREAT GRACE TO THE ACHIEVER!"

Calm and unmoved amid the whole,
With eyes that shadowed forth the soul,
The patriot hero stood.
Cry upon cry has rent the air,
But still the self-same words are there:
Viva Garibaldi!
Una—vogliamo, l'Italie—una!

Night falls, the deep-mouthed cannons boom
Their notes of freedom through the gloom,
And from a thousand hands and throats
The wildering music swells and floats.
Along the gay Toledo's pave
The joy-mad crowd their greeting's rave,
And banners flash upon the night,
And torches shed a mid-day light,
Unvailing every hideous sight.
The beggar jostles with the lord,
The master with the man,
The wearer breaks the tyrant's sword,
And kisses where he can.

Still high above the crash of all,
The song is loud and clear—
Above the cannon, bells, and shouts,
It breaks upon the ear:
Viva, viva Garibaldi!
Vogliamo, l'Italia!
Una—una—una—viva!
God's great grace to the achiever.

White-armed women, heaving breasted,
Fiery eyed, and voiced aloud,
Half of flowing robes divested,
Wander through the surging crowd,
Singing loud,
Viva, viva Garibaldi!

Far along the Marinella,
Through the night the cries still ring,
Echoed from Largo Castello,
To the palace of the King
Still they ring,
Viva, viva Garibaldi!
Saver of his native land;
Vogliamo, l'Italia,
Una—una—una—viva!

NAPLES, *Sept.* 8, 1860.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE TOMB OF WASHINGTON, OCTOBER, 1860.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

THE PRINCE AT THE TOMB OF WASHINGTON.

On the preceding page the reader will find a picture of one of the most striking scenes of the Prince's tour through this country—his visit to the Tomb of Washington at Mount Vernon. The *Herald* reporter, to whose reports we are so constantly indebted, thus describes the scene:

"The day was all that could be desired—the finest that the Indian summer could give. Having carefully inspected the house, the Prince stood reverently uncovered in the room in which Washington died, looked at the plate which he presented to Mr. Lewis, and examined the key of the Bastile presented to Washington by Lafayette. The party expressed their gratification at the old mansion and its contents, and left the apartments of the place, and then proceeded to the Tomb of Washington.

"The Italian band had already arrived, and, concealed by a neighboring thicket, began playing a dirge composed by Mozart. The scene was solemn and impressive. The party, with uncovered heads, ranged themselves in front of the tomb, the people yet on ground in the cemetery, and looked in through the iron-grated door at the sarcophagus which contains the remains of the Father of his country. Then retiring a few paces, the Prince, the President, and the royal party, grouped in front, silently contemplated the tomb of Washington.

"The occasion will become historical. A sad cloud suddenly and unlighted, the quiet, solemn strains of the beautiful dirge floated around, bringing unconscious tears to eyes unused to weep. Without regal state reverently contemplated the last abode of one who, though once pronounced a rebel and a traitor by the very statesmen of Britain, became above all kings—the Father of a Country second to none.

"Around were the representatives of that old colonel, which once struggled against every injustice of power, now doing homage to the great representative republican. Beside the President were those who, in the days of battle between England and this country, had taken a not unprominent part, while he himself had once been arrayed against the very country whose future ruler was now his honored guest. Without lessons all must have learned from this visit—what thoughts must have occurred to each—how forcibly must have felt that, short and brief as God reigns supreme, ordering events for his own wise purposes, and working miracles, not, as once, by his instantaneous fiat, but by the slower process of time.

"At the request of the Mount Vernon Association, the Prince planted, with but little formality, a young horse chestnut tree, to commemorate his visit to the place. The tree was planted upon a beautiful little mound, not far from the tomb.

"The ceremony being over, the party again stood for a few moments before the tomb, and then, turning away in thoughtful silence, slowly and silently retrace their way to the Mansion House, which during their absence had been transformed, by means of canvas and gay flags, into a beautiful dining saloon, with covers laid for the entire party.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1860.

THE CASE OF THE ARTISANS' BANK

THE contingency to which we referred in a late number as remotely possible has actually occurred—the Artisans' Bank has stopped payment. Fortunately for the city, the municipal moneys had been previously transferred to a stronger institution—the Park Bank. On Saturday afternoon, 29th September, the Chamberlain left his own safe safely effected that transfer. On Monday afternoon, 1st October, the Artisans' Bank decided to suspend payment. It was, as the boys say, "touch and go." Rumor, indeed, asserts that when the Chamberlain insisted on the transfer, the Artisans' Bank found it necessary to meet his choice, and that the Park Bank solved the difficulty by re-discounting the discounted paper of the Artisans' to a large amount. However this may be, it is certain, we believe, that the city money is at the present time out of danger, and that nothing has been lost by the failure of the Artisans' Bank.

Two reflections are naturally suggested by the Providential escape. The first is, that it is no fault of Mayor Wood's that the city has not lost a million or more by the Artisans' Bank. When he removed Mr. Stout and appointed Mr. Platt chamberlain of the city, he must have known the condition of the Artisans' Bank. There were many reasons why he should have known it. The banker of experience was in doubt on the subject. The capital of the Artisans' was too small for so heavy an account, and that, small as it was, was known to be impaired. Mr. Platt is a merchant and not a banker; no word has been uttered in our hearing against his integrity; but Mr. Platt was not versed in the matter, and any bank officer of some years' standing could have supplied Mayor Wood with other reasons, independent of those we have mentioned, for not transferring the city account to the Artisans' Bank. In the face of all this, the account was transferred; Mr. Platt was appointed by the Mayor and confirmed by the aldermen with a haste which in itself was suspicious. Is it matter of wonder that people should whisper to such strange tales of corrupt discounts and gross bribery?

Another point which presents itself in the new light in which these transactions place the city account. When the city deposits were in the Mechanics' Bank, and subsequently in the Shoe and Leather, the public believed that they were placed there solely for the sake of safety. Nor was that belief ill founded. When, some years ago, a Mayor of the city—we do not say that it was the same functionary who now fills that office—sent for the City Chamberlain, and suggested that he needed a small loan—less than $10,000—that officer calmly informed him that the Mechanics' Bank could accommodate him with the money, *on receipt of negotiable paper*. In those days the city account was not—like the Roman Empire—sold to the highest bidder. Times are changed now, if there be any basis for the rumors which are in every man's mouth. If common report is to be believed, the Artisans' Bank might have survived every thing but the insatiable greed of the corporation blood-suckers. And who knows what it has cost the Park Bank to keep the account? The Shoe and Leather Bank is said to have saved money by losing it.

These city deposits, unless some change be made, will come to be regarded as one of those fatal gifts which destroy their recipient. No bank can hold them without being open to a suspicion of favoritism and those corruptly, and of retaining them by practices which can not but be hurtful to the credit of any financial institution.

THE ITALIAN NUT CRACKED.

WHEN last we wrote on the question of Italy, we observed that the great difficulty was to know what to do with the Pope. Nobody cares about taking the responsibility of attacking him in the Vatican; and yet, so long as he stays there, it is evident that the Italian question will remain unsettled. Our latest intelligence encourages the hope that the question may be settled by the Pope running away.

Garibaldi has driven most of the Papal States, with the exception of Rome, Ancona, Civita Vecchia, and a small region round Rome, was in the possession of the Revolutionists. Ancona had been bombarded and was preparing to surrender; the advance of Garibaldi from the south, and Cialdini from the north, upon Rome, could not be stayed. What, then, could the Pope do under the circumstances? He has ten thousand, and is promised other ten thousand Frenchmen to guard him; but an army of forty thousand can not protect him if the Italian army attacks Rome. At least forty thousand would be required to keep the peace there, and the Vatican against the people of Rome itself. As to resisting an outside foe, the thing is out of the question. What could the Zouaves do to throw an overwhelming force into Rome. To this he can not do.

The probability is that the problem will be solved by the Pope running away and leaving the city of Rome open to Garibaldi. It would be a most happy solution of the difficulty.

Some rumors are afloat that there is a difference of opinion between Garibaldi and Cavour. It has long been known that the great Free Captain and the Wily Statesman did not absolutely each other. Garibaldi was a failure in the Sardinian Chambers; Cavour never appreciated the unprecedented merits of Garibaldi. But it is not likely that the dispute will be attended with any fatal consequences. The Italian movement is now fairly on foot, and neither Garibaldi nor Cavour is essential to its success. Both might disappear, and it would still go on. If the Pope can be disposed of, we shall hear very little of the wranglers of minor agents in the drama.

A HOPE FOR AFRICA.

OF all parts of the world Africa is the one which, for several centuries, has been the most discouraging to optimists, and the most saddening to lovers of humanity. Civilization first dawned—to the best of our knowledge—on the banks of the Nile. When England and France were howling wilderness the region which we call Algeria was the home of a thrifty, agricultural, commercial, and manufacturing race. Time was, we are told, when the whole of the torrid realms of the King of Dahomey were of mercantile importance, and Phœnician traders found it pay to forget every thing by the guidance of their sun-dials, round Cape Verde and even the Cape of Good Hope. But these are almost forgotten times. For centuries Africa has been a torment to travellers. Nothing but sickness, good has come out of it, and it has taken nothing in. To philanthropists and statesmen it has presented a problem which defies solution, and used it to prove theories of the relative power of the various races of mankind; while theologians and reformers have given up proving its unhappy condition as a proof of the efficacy of the curse of Ham.

Now, however, there seems to be a dawn of light in the darkness of the African horizon. For some years some of the bravest and best men in the civilized world have devoted their lives to the discovery of the African problem. The continent has been triangulated; our maps of the interior will very soon be complete. Livingstone has sailed up the Zambesi; Burton has forced his way through the Somal country nearly to the Mountains of the Moon; Barth has elaborately studied and depicted Lake Tsad and its vicinity; Du Chaillu has explored the equatorial region; the French are energetically prosecuting researches toward the sources of the Nile and the upper waters of the Senegambia; while English expeditions in the south and up the Niger are likely to leave nothing unexplored in those most interesting regions.

That Africa has a future no one who believes in God's providence and the eternal wisdom can for a moment maintain can question; and, in the age of material progress, there seems to be a possibility that that future may at least be dimly discerned. There is more life in African trade people generally are aware. They have a railroad at last, and, despite the hostile opposition of the English, the Suez Canal will soon be a reality. The Emperor of the French has just taken the first step toward the guidance of material development which he has formed for that part of his dominions. He has elsewhere shown his skill in the sinking of systems of artesian wells through the desert, and some of the most learned men in France are busily employing their skill and geography of the country with a view to improved systems of agriculture. In Senegal great progress has been made since the establishment of the Empire; St. Louis has now a trade of some four million francs per annum. In the south and southeast Great Britain is laboring with equal vigor. Another year will settle the cotton question finally; and, even should it be settled against the production of the staple in Africa, new regions may be found for export of Caffre corn. Africa will be opened to Christianity and civilization. Thus, on every side, there is at least an awakening from the sleep in which the continent of Africa has been plunged since the first spread of Christianity.

THE END OF WALKER.

WE record, in another column, the end of the filibuster Walker. No one regrets that he has received the merited penalty of his repeated infractions of law and sacrifices of life and property. He lived by the sword, and by the sword he has perished—as he deserved. One may pity him, as one may pity any wrong-doer who is justly chastised; but no one can say that, in his case, the punishment was undeserved or inappropriate, or that the world would have been a gainer had he escaped his doom. Mankind and civilization have no pity in his case.

At the same time public opinion will not justify the conduct of Commander Salmon, of the British navy, who betrayed Walker into the hands of the Hondurenos. We have not the details of the filibuster's capture. He surrendered to Commander Salmon, of her Britannic Majesty's Navy. He became a prisoner to the English, not to the Hondurenos. Commander Salmon claimed his sword, not as an agent of Honduras, but as a British officer; and on these terms he received it. Alvarez, and the other Honduras officials, Walker would doubtless have declined to surrender to him as a British officer that Walker gave himself up. And Commander Salmon no sooner had him in his power than he surrendered him to the Hondurans *without any trial*.

Commander Salmon had better resign the commission he holds, and seek employment in the service of the Pasha of Egypt, or some other business which requires no exercise of honor or conscience. He is evidently out of place in the British Navy. British naval officers are generally believed to be men of honor and spirit; Commander Salmon can not feel at home among them. By surrendering his commission, and devoting his energies to some disreputable pursuit—such as nature intended him for—he will probably forestall the action of the British Admiralty, which will doubtless remove him without delay.

He has had the glory of betraying to his death one of the most daring-headed but bravest men of the age. It is time now that he retire on his laurels. A meaner act than his can not be found in history.

THE LOUNGER.

THE NEW SENSATION.

THAT is to say, M. Berger, the French billiard-player. In the midst of the utmost public excitement in a Republican election, M. Berger has actually made himself conspicuous. He has received the homage of amateurs of the game, of its artists, and of publishers. He has also lodges his cocked repention with a peculiar eloquence possible only to the French genius. Not only does it impress the eye, but it affects the ear. It delights the critical billiard-player. His game, in fact, seems to have the same kind of effect that Rossini's music has.

A pleasant party assembled to verify the credentials of his fame, under the auspices of our own hero of the cue, Phelan. The party found M. Berger the most frank of Frenchmen, enjoying his own successes with the utmost good nature. Before beginning the exhibition of his skill, M. Berger made a speech. Does any body think that American are peculiarly speech-makers? Listen, then, to the champion of the green baize and the shining balls.

"Gentlemen, in seeing here the élite of a great nation, I experience a double pride.

"The man receives his part of it; the artist his.

"Let Ducks be rendered to your celebrated Professor Phelan, who, by his great talent, has habituated intelligence to honor the career of billiards.

"I thank you then sincerely, gentlemen, and pray you to accord me some minutes of attention, enough to comprehend my thought and to transmit it to your innumerable readers."

"I come to America as a *brother* in billiards, not as a champion.

"Explain, I pray you, my thought to your readers, and I shall be very happy.

"The American game is different from the French: each is difficult, as you will presently see. The American game is executed by Mr. Phelan with the greatest ease of extraordinary talent, and he surpasses all that I have hitherto seen of that game.

"It is not, then, astonishing that you should accord to Mr. Phelan so much sympathy, for he is as good a billiardist as he is a great artist. I declare, with happiness, that I have been received by Phelan as a gentleman and friend, and I am happy to announce it to all America.

"Mr. Phelan, with the strongest players in the United States, have offered me the aid of their talent at very exhibitions, the first of which will take place on Monday next, in a hall which I owe to the courtesy of Mr. Phelan."

"On Monday, if my ability corresponds with my ardent desire of pleasing you, I shall fervently execute the finest of billiards to inspire me with the most fantastic combinations, and to vouchsafe to me, for their execution, the most magical and the most confounding effects. Long live America!"

Compare that with the speeches of Mr. Benicia Boy and Mr. Champion Sayers—the bashful nod of the head, and the thick "All right, my boy, we've only professors of the fist! How M. Berger nurses his wrist! How he circlingly lets fly at his adjectives! Do you wonder that, under the spell of his speech, one of the gentlemen who watched the game that followed describes it as "Berger" it? Mr. Phelan plays from the mind: M. Berger plays from the heart. That is the game of judgement: this of inspiration. The one of intellect and the poetry. As Berger himself defines it—he sculptures, he ornamentals. . . . . Players in this country will certainly revive the latent romance of the billiard-room, and recruits will flock to the table under the influence of the genius inspired with something of his own gallant and poetic spirit."

Bless! play is marvelous. He makes balls run along the top of the cushion, then descend, and caroom. He caroms into a hat; upon another table; and, presently, into the next room. Whatever is wonderful and unexpected and impossible, he does. So unprecedented always—sometimes not until after several trials. Therein he seems to fall below Bloodin, who never fails at all, but executes his tours at once. M. Berger's ordinary game is understood to be worthy his extraordinary power; and in a country so devoted to the billiard his progress will be a triumphant as that of Bloodin along his rope, of the Prince through his colonies, and of Mr. Douglas to his mother. Long live the Billiard!

THE TIMES OF TOM AND JERRY.

LAST week having a sly glance in advance at the next number of the *Cornhill*, the Lounger helped his readers with a wonderful to some of Thackeray's gossip about the Times of George Fourth, and the England of thirty-five and forty years ago. Here is a little more about the novels of that time:

"For our amusements, besides the games in vogue, which were pretty much in old times as they are now (except cricket, which was unknown), we had recourse to the play of their bowling, and suppose Armstrong and Whitworth will meet at times, and bowl to the fields of each, there was novels —oh! I trouble you to find such novels in the present day! Peregrine Pickle, didn't we swop over it! Mr. Mysterious of Lisle, didn't I and Briggs minor drive pictures out of you, as I have said?

* * * * * * *

"Novels indeed, but still giving pleasure to us and our friends. 'I say, old boy, draw us Vivaldi tortured in the Inquisition,' we 'Drew us Don Quixote and the windmills you know,' another would say, to keep us both at love of drawing. 'Peregrine Pickle' we liked, our fathers reading it, too, and laughing at the plot and boys' it was equal fun; but I think I was rather bewildered by it, though Bartolo Random was our favorite hero of all. Don't remember having Sterne in the school library, no doubt because the rector had drawn over the passages full decked for young people. Ah! not against thy genius, oh, father of Uncle Toby and Trim, would I say a word in disrespect. But I am thankful for my own share in that we longer have the temptation to write so as to call illusion on vows, novels, and would almost as eager about the allusion to honest boys. Then, above all, we had Walter Scott, the kindly, the manly, the pure—the companion of what remedies delightful hours; the purveyor of how much happiness; the friend of whom we think as the greatest benefactor of our youth! How well I remember the type and the broadish paper of the old duodecimo 'Tales of My Landlord'! I am sorry for them, sakes they in their time have found their romancer—their charming Schehera-zade Bydlo—my! what a row when you are writing, and who is the favorite novelist in the fourth form now? Have you got any thing so good and kindly as dear Miss Edgeworth's 'Frank?' It used to belong to a fellow's sisters generally; but though he pretended to despise it, and said, 'Oh, stuff for girls!' he read it; and I think there were one or two grownups which would try my eyes now, were I to meet with the little book."

Of one of the most famous books-about-town of that day, "Tom and Jerry," Thackeray says:

"As for Thomas and Jeremiah (it is only my witty way of calling Tom and Jerry), I went to the British Museum the other day on purpose to get it; but somehow, if you

will press the question so closely, on reperusal, Tom and Jerry is not so brilliant as I had supposed it to be. The pictures are just as fine as ever; and I shook hands with Bobadil, Corinthian Tom, and Jerry himself, with infinite delight, after many years' absence. But the style of the writing, I grew, was not pleasing to me; I even thought it a little vulgar—well! well! other writers have been considered vulgar—and as a description of the sports and amusements of London in the ancient times, more curious than amusing.

But the pictures!—oh! the pictures are noble still! First, there is Jerry arriving from the country, in a great coat and leather gaiters, and being measured for a fashionable suit at Corinthian House, by Corinthian Tom's tailor. That scene is the cut of professional gentlemen. The punk! delicious excitement—the theatre! the debauch! the gentlemen! supper-house life—the watch! (well! I like then perhaps to Temple Bar, to knock down a Charley there! There is Jerry and Tom, with their hats cocked, little cocked hats, coming from the opera—very much as gentlemen in waiting on royalty are habited now, except that they are not, indeed, amidst a crowd of high-bred personages, with the Duke of Clarence himself looking at them dancing. Now, strange change, there is Queen Victoria parlor, where they don't seem to be a with him at home than in England before his! and there is Prince Albert Newgate, seeing the irons knocked off the malefactors' legs previous to execution. What hardened ferocity in the countenance of the despondent to yellow treachs! What composure in the nose of the gentleman in black velvet, whose legs have been forging, and who clasps his hands, and listens to the chaplain! Now we know every lineament in Tattersall's ring, and the whole assemblage what a funny fellow that actor was who performed Dicky Gossip in that scene at the play!); and we are at sea in a private party, at which Corinthian Tom is writing card to the ground floor, as pretty as most country houses in Kent, while Bob Logic, the Oxonian, is playing on the piano.

"Here, for instance, is a specimen of their talk and wells. "If you please, I'll engineer it myself, and then you may make the most of an evening at Vauxhall, more than at any other place in the metropolis. I'll be with you every day. Stay as long as you like, and depart when you think proper. Consider me your knight in shining armor," replied Jerry, 'that I do not care how soon the time arrives for me to start.' Logic propounded a 'bit of a strife' in order to get rid of an hour or two, which was immediately accepted by Tom and Jerry. As two or two in the afternoon, a stroll through Vauxhall, a look in at Tattersall's, a return through Pall Mall, and a street on the Corinthian path, fully occupied the time of our heroes until they sat down to dinner arrived, when a few glasses of Tom's rich wine soon put them in the best vein. Vauxhall was then the object in view, and the Trio started, bent upon enjoying the pleasures which this place so amply affords."

MR. GOUGH.

The effect produced by the famous Temperance orator upon his audiences is a curious study. The narration of the broad impression of the purely dramatic style of oratory. It is another tribute to the influence of the power of the drama. Mr. Gough is not a thinker—he is an actor. His pictures of the misery of intemperance, in its many stages, are drawn in vivid and thrilling that the spell over the audience is that of the most emotional actor. The effect is immediate and immense, but it is a mere temporary because it has no intellectual root.

When Sheridan had finished his speech in the Warren Hastings trial, and when Macaulay sat down in the last days of the last Legislative Assembly of Louis Philippe, after an attack upon the Government, it was moved that the House adjourn, that they might not legislate or judge under the effect of strong passion. But the real effects are akin to these. He sweeps all before him, except the passionless reason. That may coincide the judicial of his cause, but it does not before he begins. It is not affected by his funny or tragical anecdotes.

Somebody said, "Let of an eloquent speech be had heard the night before; "and I will tell you what he said." "Stop, stop!" exclaimed Fox, "if you can tell me what he said, it was not an eloquent speech." Measured by Fox's standard, Mr. Gough's eloquence is not great. But it is to be reported and read, the wonder of those who listened and yielded to its charm would be amusing.

For its immediate purpose of persuading his hearers to sign the pledge nothing can be more admirably suited than this extraordinary style of speech. The man who has long seen the curse of the dram-shop sees the final effect of his passion upon himself and his family depicted with such power before his eyes—forced home upon his imagination so that it haunts him and frightens him—he will not stay to reason or dally, but will rush and seize the pen, as if the signature of his name had secured him against temptation itself. A man who has this power over others, and exerts it for their welfare and the peace of society, is certainly a human benefactor. Before this tremendous temperation his comparative claims as an orator disappear, and only the man whom other generations will bless remains.

THE EDITORIAL BUND.

Any philosophic Lounger who reads the papers regularly must often feel disposed to remind them of an invariable rule, namely, that familiarity breeds contempt. If you print every thing you publish, capitals presently cease to be impressive. If you "double lead," and crowd with all kinds of exclamation points, every other kind of point is inevitably lost. When every possible event is a tremendous forerunner of tremendous consequences nobody believes in any thing tremendous. You have defeated your own purpose.

Moreover, it is well sometimes to remember that the people of this country are tolerably intelligent, and know a little of their own affairs. Being thus intelligent, when their neighbor, who survives by creating excitements and sensations, thrusts into his paper an article bristling with interjections and solemn warnings and lugubrious prophecies, the good people smile at the effort of their worthy neighbor, and congratulate him upon his enterprise in trade. But as to being frightened by his terrific performance—that is another thing. They see the innocent face of Soup the Juicer behind this fearful rearing and raging lion; and they know that the active little Soup is doing a sly bit of business strictly in the line of his trade.

When Soup informs us that the terrible running off the track of the Sniggville freights and accommodation train is but a sign in advance of the total ruin of the wheat crop, and prints it all in leaded lines and capitals, it would have an alarming appearance, and inspire terror for five minutes, except for the consoling fact that Soup has printed us to the same dish any time these ten years. We can't get up the appetite, with the best will in the world. Thank you, we had such a large piece yesterday that, really, you must excuse us. And Soup, after all, is not the only or the principal one you might suppose, for in the very same paper which contains the woeful prediction he proudly announces the important between ours and the wheat-fields of all the world.

Be moderate, therefore, in your pleasures, you elders of the land, for you are the vulgar, not the strip! There is going to be some great treat, yet.

THE AMERICAN NOVEL.

To the second edition of Mr. Lowell's "Pictures of Life and Character," there is one which represents good little boy just entering the dentist's dreadful door. At the top some impertinent critic has inscribed number one says to naughty street-boy number two,

"Oh! I wouldn't be 'im. Won't there be a scr-s-s-w-u-n-c-h in neither?"

That is the expression which naturally arises to the American mind when the American book about to be judged by John Bull, Doctor of Literary Law. He look deserves the profoundest of all compassionate souls. Won't there be a scr-s-w-u-n-c-h neither!

That process is held to be good for the mouth and for the general system. It is good, we are told in tender years, to go to the dentist. By dint of repeating we are partially assured that the teeth are kept in tolerable order. Doctor Bull has been lately taking an entire class of Americans in hand for treatment, and his polish-bed the results of his diagnosis. The class is no other than the American novel. Of this class a pair of novels lately published in New York. One of them enjoys very great popular favor at the present time, and has received the most unqualified praise from the papers. As the public knows what it likes and why, it will not be sorry to hear Doctor Bull's opinion of the last specimen of American novel, which includes all offenders of the same kind. Now hear the strong-minded:

"American writers are very susceptible to impression from the books they read, but they are not able to absorb and assimilate something more substantial. Their habit of fiction are in the transitional stage of wishing to imitate the works which have caused them pleasure—to reproduce, without digesting, the nourishment they derive from their own souls for inspiration; they are roused by the excitement of others, but their own powers are kept tranquilized into knowledge. When they have to describe a little of class, or to delineate a character, instead of the prefer to do so by a quotation or by an allusion to some passage in another author who has described it before. It is easy. They do not draw simply and truthfully upon their own consciousness of what is. The result of this is an unnatural, artificial manner, which is the more to be condemned in a society where they are not sure of the support of the general. The American novel is to have recently seen new remarkable for their undisciplined force of style, their profusion of richly-colored epithets which are in bad taste to say nothing else of their want of finish, correctness, ellipsis, elegance, of external accuracy, drama, and decorum. Their language is generally full of high flash of rhetoric, and though sometimes eloquent, is more frequently an unmeaning outgrowth of high-sounding words. There is an evident striving after an ideal, it is true; but that ideal is generally the stuff out of which dreams are made, rather than an effort to catch the 'sense of inward things' stirring in their own soul, and which we feel ourselves to be real light which every man, if he will only watch for it. Instead of the simple utterance of the heart speaking to another, there is a high-flown rhetorique of thoughts and ideas picked up out of books the authors have read and admired. Their style is also influenced the authors seem to be chiefly of the emotional kind. There is little trace of the intellectual power which is to depart from the labor of past years, when to learn was the object, without any further aim than to know. Lately, as I mentioned, are the characteristics of American fiction. It is an unripened fruit—but although there is little more than the rind, a part of it is that of the real—it is present, it may, and we expect will, grow into a better thing. The new works at the head of our critical columns are of a new mark.—Indulge' is something between a French novel and an Miss Sewell's stories—and in which there is a constant strain to be romantic, which the author seems to think consists in giving the hero some slighting reflection on women, and an spurning of every one not revered since some fatal night many years before the story commences. It is an egotistic story, remarkable only for the self-conceit and arrogance of the heroine, who narrates her own history throughout with a complacency which would be a writer and better than every body else in the book. She seems to be written for the sake of letting her commend and makes herself inevitable for so earthly motive, unless it were to torment the worthy man, the hero, to see if she could wear him out. Every body in this book is more or less having loved him all along."

Doctor Bull speaks sapprovingly of the "Household of Bouverie," but not without a great many hits and hints.

A KINGSTON GIRL TO THE YANKEE GIRLS.

A patriotic and indignant "Kingston girl" writes to the Lounger correcting some aspersions, as she thinks them, upon the Princes of Wales. She also says some sharp things about the Orangemen, which the Lounger hopes that body will not remember it worth while to read his correspondent:

"It is stated that his Royal Highness burn into tears (on account at the troubles at Kingston). Now that is not true, Mr. Lounger. He felt very and depressed that circumstances were as they were; but he did not shed a tear on the subject. The story was originated by those dreadful Orangemen, and was not worth repeating. I only take the trouble to contradict it because I do not wish the 'Yankee girls' to think our Prince is such a baby. But the Duke of Newcastle—oh! Mr. Lounger, let them look out for him; he is so handsome the Princes is sweet. Only think, when we went out in boats and tried to catch a glimpse of the Royal young lion, having never seen one in a state of freedom, we scarcely alone him to come out on the deck of the Kingston to answer the cheers of thousands who were not those obnoxious Orangemen, hoping you will see that his error is corrected, I remain,

"Yours sincerely, A KINGSTON GIRL."

THE RIGHTS OF RAILROAD OFFICERS.

Two or three weeks since the Lounger published a somewhat peevish note from a traveler who thought he had been unduly used by the officers of some railroad, and the Lounger added a little moralising. To-day he has a reply to the very point. It reminds him of the "traveling public" that they have duties as well as the officers of the railroads, and that the man outside the office should be as patient and polite as the man inside. Yes, and even more so, if you press the point, because the insider is supposed to be identified for his shortcomings; but the outsider may swell and swear and bully, and then shelter himself in his character of "Railroader" has a great deal of right upon his side.

QUINCY, ILLINOIS, Sept. 1860.

DEAR MR. LOUNGER,—In your column to-day you receive a dash at railroad ticket agents, and you intimate that such dashing is frequently submit to be bored and reduced by every body has no business in such a situation.

Signed L. GRIMES.

Yesterday a man, who looked as though he ought to have been a gentleman, presented to your humble servant a railroad ticket, and observed the following he replies three repeated and several times within the space of fifteen minutes.

Q. "What time does the next train leave for Chicago?"

A. "Half past five and ten minutes."

Q. "Isn't there any train sooner than that?"

A. "No, Sir."

Q. "What time does it get there?"

A. "At six o'clock in the morning."

Q. "What time is it now?" (N.B. Individual standing facing a large railroad clock.)

A. "Five minutes to."

Q. "How long before the train starts?"

A. "Two hours and a half."

Q. "What's the fare?"

A. "Eight dollars."

Q. "Can't you give me a ticket for less? I shall get no change."

A. "Eight dollars is the lowest rate."

He finally went away intimating he didn't believe a word I said.

My equanimity was unruffled this time, but I am not fully responsible for it. I was in a very comfortable way to say when similar or more provoking scene so astonished me that I forgot the rule which I am acquainted.

Now where is the son of Adam who will blame a ticket agent for "cutting up" when lower circumstances?

Mr. Lounger desires to know what would be your frame of mind under similar and oft-repeated inflictions.

The truth is that the duties of the traveling public are agreeable persons, but a portion of them are any thing but. Traveling is a wearing, irritating business, and so many persons are disposed to relieve the monotony by venting their ill-humor upon officials.

Railroaders are not more tempered than any other class of men, while they are subject to more provocations.

Please to redirect upon this side of the question a little, my friend. Very truly, your friend,

"RAILROADER."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

LADIES' HUNTING SONG.

BRIGHT MAIDELIE skips like a fawn,
Green from the lawn is torn;
Ps cheeks his fan to frequent yawn,
Ps eyes to scorn.

Calm round the handsome Colonel
To wish that sparkling eye.
He wins his way with easy swing
To win his ardent sigh.

With a high-bred, courtly mien
Albi sir glance, I win—he
Still spies Julia the Queen.

Those girls in tall and thin—he
Who likes this shy
Though loud I play.

"Good-by, sweet, good-by!"
With tuneful art I grace my song
To wake the sleeping dogs.

In fancied wreath of hazel crowned
I mark his bow so pale,
And there in the meadow reserved
For thereby hangs a tale.
Some white rose in his button-hole strong,
He'd for his country die;
Let martial airs be the song of my song
To win his ardent sigh.

With a high-bred, courtly mien
Albi sir glance, I win—he
Still spies Julia the Queen.

Poor me! why did my heart adore
A hero in gilded lace,
I'll be a silly no more,
But hide my burning face.
Girls! if you'll be my friends, my song
Some other measure try.
And learn your hearts to bring home from song
To win a Queen's sigh.

With a high-bred, courtly mien, etc.

SENSIBLE POPPET.—A blasphemous rogue of a Roman Catholic priest at Naples attempted to create a diversion in favor of Francis II. by the base method of getting up a miracle, consisting in the perspiration of an image meant for the Virgin. The trick was found out, and the thing exposed; as will, let us hope, the bursting of the Bomba fiction of the Pope's Zouaves, who have set the object of the priest at rest. But the statue, beyond that of true Bourbon and alarm among the Leonardi, it is a place where even the Virgin's prodigy would not have only be interpreted into a hint to the Bourbon that Naples was getting rid of the Pope, or else to consider where he expected to go to, lest his ultimate destination should be a place where even the Virgin's sweat, as the poet in "Macbeth" says, have to "sweat for it."

THE WORLD KNOWN NOTHING OF ITS GREATEST MEN.—The man who invented the cochineal cactus and the aniline is left in the fogs of obscurity—such is the base ingratitude of this world!—may be said to be almost as great a man as Harvey; it is true that the latter genius discovered the circulation of the blood, but how! in the invention of the former tended more than any thing else to promote the circulation of the Bottle?

EXTRAORDINARY FEAT IN NATURAL HISTORY.—In this country they are making a lion out of Wales!

THE BEST FEMALE EMPLOYMENT.—To mend the linen of forlorn Old Bachelors.

When a man gets a coke by eating too much he deserves to be laughed at for his pains.

The man who confines himself to the drink best for him is self-supposed.

On an Irish trial the counsel was desired to obtain an admission from a witness of the Crown that, having himself been one of the very worst members of the league, he had been induced to become a spy on the others. Having done this, he was asked if he never saw a hot to get a reply, he said, "Come now, Sir, did you not come direct from those men to Dublin on Monday last?"

"I did so," promptly answered the witness.

"Well, Sir, that is direct at all events. Now, Sir, will you tell me, in as brief a way as possible, what motive induced you to do so?"

"The bro-motive, to be sure."

A punster, passing by the shop of a certain Mr. Tatwell, observed that his name would be As-well without T.

It has been found by acclute that when a person has not one spa it is invariably the last one.

A man who had purchased a pair of new shoes, finding the rent to be a rather a rough one, decided on putting a piece of leather in the sole, and walking home barefoot. After a while he stubbed his great toe, taking the nail off, and he said to himself, "I'll be darned if I understand." What a tremendous kick that would have been for the shoe!

"My friend," said a hotel keeper to an over-voracious boarder, "you eat as much I shall charge you an extra half crown."

"Well," said the boarder, replied he, "I'll agree with you cognizance the very picture of pain. "For goodness' sake, don't do that!" he almost dead under eating their half crown's worth; and if you put on an extra half crown I shall certainly die outright."

Abernethy once said to a rich but dirty patient, who consulted him about an eruption, "Let your servant fill a tub-full of water, and your self and your linen in it, and I will take off your clothes, get into it, and rub yourself well for a long and a severe time, and you'll recover."

"This advice seems very much like telling me to wash myself," said the patient.

"Why, sir," said Abernethy, "it may be open to such a construction."

The Sunderland Rifle Corps marched to Rhyope the other evening, accompanied, as is usual upon on similar occasions, by numbers of young ladies. One of the gallant volunteers, addressing a fair friend, pointed to, putting his arm round the taper waist of one of the young ladies, and said instantly stood to order by Corporal Down—"Private Smith," he said, "Government ain't going to keep you with arms for that purpose." The young lady, being left to herself, marched away."

The Rev. F. Coyle, in a lecture on Memory, instanced stage-driving as a striking example of the habits and disciplines given them in remarkable. He once rode outside with the owner and driver of a stage, when the driver could not have had fewer than fifty parcels and messages to deliver on the way. But, as he said, he knew he had had forgotten to deliver one parcel, but he could not possibly remember what it was, as length the stage arrived at his own door, when the children came rushing out to meet their father.

"But where (asked the youngsters) did you leave mother?"

"May I be woolly dubbed (replied I haven't forgot Sal!"

"Why, what's the matter?"

A gentleman, having a musical sister, being asked what branch she excelled in, declared that the piano was her forte.

A pet says: "Oh, she was fitt, but sorrow came, and it turned to mad." What became of the rest of the harness he don't state.

Every plain girl has one consolation: though not a pretty young lady, she will, if she lives, be a pretty old one.

If a merchant manages to get his stock without paying for it, you may be sure he believes him when he advertises to sell under cost.

A man who had been married twice to ladies both named Catherine advised his friends against taking Anti-Kates.

Many asked Charles, "What animal dropped from the clouds?"

"The rain, dear," was the whispered reply.

A marquis said to a financier, "I would have you to know that I am a descendant of quality."

"And I," replied the financier, "am a man of quantity."

It is a curious fact in the grammar of politics that, when statesmen get into place, they often become otherwise of their antecedents, but seldom forgetful of their relatives.

A wise man said that there is but one perfect woman at a time upon earth, and that every other female that he has got her, but she really lucky fellow knows that he has.

It was said in the olden time that the body was more than raiment; but in these modern times it often a great deal more than the body in value, and full five times as much in circumference.

Wife's best function is to minister to wisdom.

It is a current belief that a wolf is never more dangerous than when he feels sheepish.

Why is any thing reconsidered accounted "profitless"? Because it is considered a waste of time.

"Were you ever abroad?"—"Not exactly, but my mother's maiden name was French."

Lovers have more occasion than any other class of persons to talk paternally about the Ma-ture.

It may be a question—Which has the most formidable horns—an ox, a buffalo, or a dilemma?

We print not underwhose physicians. Perhaps the habits of society would fall without them, but they are pillors.

It has been satisfactorily ascertained that desks enter into the composition of women, and come out for sun-dry motives.

An eminent tectotaler would only consent to sit for his portrait on condition that he should be taken in water colors.

A civic youth, intending to offer marriage to a young lady, wrote to ask her to unite with himself in the formation of a Nat Union.

A cabwch marriage is thus noticed by one of our contemporaries: "Married, last week, John Cob to Miss Kate Webb."

Some old bachelor probably wrote the following:

"Twixt women and wine
Man's lot is to smart;
The wise make his head ache,
And women his heart."

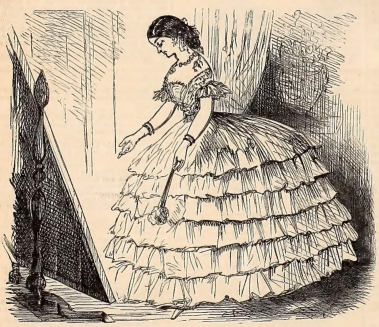
"What have you to remark, madam, about my singing."

"Nothing, Sir; it is not remarkable."

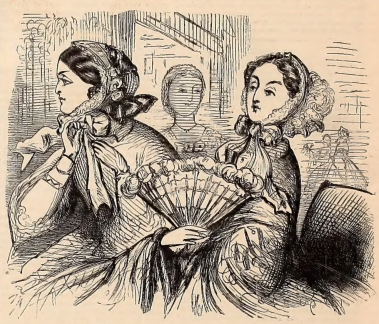
THE PRINCE AND THE LADIES.

EMILY reads: "The number of British Princes who have married commoners is very large indeed, and any virtuous and amiable girl may become the wife of a member of the Royal Family. The Duke of Clarence married Mrs. Jordan, George the Fourth married Mrs. Fitzherbert, James married Ann Hyde—" Now Mary, I ask you, why should not—?

CLARA has heard that the Prince is rather violent in his style of dancing, and throws his legs about *à l'anglaise*. She practices accordingly with her brother Tom, who learned the "*pas*," he says, at Paris.



SOPHY is not going to be taken by surprise by any future occurrences, and rehearses carefully before a glass—"Yes, dearest Albert Edward, if I only believed you were sincere—"



Our sweet friend ARABELLA thinks she's captivating, and that the Prince will be sure to notice her; but Mary feels confident that the $100 she has just laid out in that new bonnet has dashed Arabella's hopes forever. If the Prince is not struck by that bonnet, the sooner he goes home the better.

As the Prince passes, brother George will cry "Fire!" and I'll faint.

If it's graceful dignity he seeks, here must he bend his knee—eh, Chloe? Yes, 'um—yes, 'um; any where 'bout heyah.

THE LATE GENERAL WALKER.

WE publish herewith, as matter of history, the portrait of the famous filibuster Walker, who was executed in Honduras on 12th ult. His life has been eventful and romantic.

He was only thirty-six years old when he died. Born at Nashville, Tennessee, in 1824, he was bred a lawyer; his father, a Scotch banker, occupied a prominent position in society, and enjoyed the respect of the community in which he lived. The son was a scape-grace. He failed as a lawyer; tried medicine, and achieved no particular success in that profession; finally fell back on the press, and so, in 1851, at the dawn of civilization on the Pacific slope, he looms up as the editor of a paper at San Francisco.

It seems likely that the unsettled and turbulent temper of the people with whom he lived shaped the uncertain aspirations of William Walker. He had not been very long in California, and was dealing a good business, when he suddenly crossed the frontier, and, squatting on some unoccupied land in Northern Mexico, proclaimed "an independent Republic of Lower California." This farce did not last long. There was a stir among the Mexican authorities, and an appearance of vigilance among the United States troops; but the point of the struggle was that the "independent Republic" and her newly-constituted rulers had nothing to ent. Walker surrendered himself and his party to a representative of the United States, went through the form of a trial, and was promptly acquitted. At that day filibusterism was all the rage.

Not cast by experience, but rather encouraged by the sympathy his not very glorious exploits had won, Walker two years afterward undertook his second filibustering affray. The Democrats of Nicaragua offered him twenty thousand acres of land to lead on their side against the aristocratic party. A similar offer led Sir De Lacy Evans to fight against the Carlists in Spain, General Gayon to take a command in the Hungarian army of independence, Lord Cochrane to take a leading command in South America; Lafayette and Steuben fought for less in the United States, General Church was satisfied with less in Greece, Colonel Upton in Siam. General Walker made some further stipulations on behalf of his men, then chartered his vessel.

Five years ago last May that vessel, the *Vesta*, lay in the harbor of San Francisco, with General Walker and fifty-six men on board. She was under seizure. A deputy-sheriff's officer had possession. At midnight on Monday, the 4th May, Walker requested the sheriff's officer to step below to examine some documents in the cabin. The unsuspecting official complied. The door shut, he was informed that he was a prisoner.

"There, Sir," said Walker, in a slow, drawling voice, "are cigars and Champagne; and there are handcuffs and irons. Pray take your choice."

The deputy, a sensible man, took the former, and was in a very happy frame of mind when he was put on board the steam-tug to be taken back to the scene of his official duties. In the mouth of June General Walker arrived in Nicaragua. The Serviles were prepared in force to resist him; he fought a battle every three weeks. The capture of Granada was quickly followed by the massacre at Virgin Bay, and the necessary inauguration of General Walker's power in Nicaragua.

In the course of a short while a treaty of peace was signed between the contending forces; a native named Patricio Rivas was appointed President, and Walker General-in-chief of the army. This was the culminating moment of Walker's career. He held real power in the Government of Nicaragua, Rivas being simply his tool. He had a free transit route in full operation, which brought him hundreds of immigrants every month. Great Britain and the United States, sick of the unsuccessful endeavors of the Spanish Americans to establish stable governments, were both ready to recognize and support him. In this country especially every one was in his favor; he could have obtained money and men to any extent on a mere requisition. Finally, there is reason to believe that the best people in Nicaragua were fascinated by his brilliant success, and really believed that he was destined to be the regenerator of their country.

All this fair edifice of present power and future prospects Walker now proceeded deliberately to

"WHILE I SCREAMED MURDER IN EVERY LANGUAGE I COULD COMMAND."

THE LATE GENERAL WALKER, THE FILIBUSTER.

destroy. He shot Corral, his old foe, the head of the Serviles—a Central American gentleman of high standing—charging him with having plotted against the government they had combined together to establish. He revived, without cause, the transit grant to the Nicaragua Company, and seized steamers belonging to American citizens, thereby shutting himself and his new country out from the world, and closing the door to immigration. He made war upon Costa Rica, and managed matters so badly that his troops were beaten at the first encounter. He lost patience with Rivas, dismissed him, and usurped the Presidency. From that moment to the close of the Nicaragua campaign his history was one of defeat, disaster, disappointment, and distress. The Nicaraguans and Costa Ricans combined against him; drove him from place to place, and at last so beleaguered him that, had it not been for the presence of an American shop of war, which received him and his followers on board, he must have perished then and there. So ended the second filibustering expedition of Walker.

The third and fourth expeditions, both directed against Nicaragua, may be briefly disposed of. They were both ill-advised, and ill-planned; they both failed miserably; both would have terminated fatally for Walker and his followers but for the kindly interference of American and British vessels of war.

Walker's fifth and last filibustering raid was originally intended to be prosecuted against the famous Bay Islands which Great Britain is just ceding to Honduras. Several Anglo-Saxon residents of the islands had expressed unwillingness to be handed back to Honduras; Walker saw the opportunity of erecting a new independent empire. Unfortunately for him, Honduras forewarned his gauge, and requested Great Britain to delay the cession of the islands. Thus disappointed, Walker cruised about in the Bay of Honduras for some weeks, literally seeking what he might devour, and finally, to his ruin, fell upon Trujillo. Forced to evacuate this place by the British war vessel *Icarus*, he was chased to bay by the Hondurenos; and refusing to claim either British or American protection, he died the death of a soldier at the hands of the Honduran authorities. The details of his execution will be found in the news columns.

Walker was undoubtedly a mischievous man, better out of the world than in it. He never displayed any constructive ability; his energies were wholly destructive. He was brave, persevering, and energetic; but he had little or no foresight, no compunctions of honor or conscience, and not a spark of human pity in his breast. His works, from first to last, have been injurious rather than beneficial to the world.

A DAY'S RIDE:

A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

By CHARLES LEVER.

CHAPTER XI.

I TAKE it for granted that all special "charities" have had their origin in some specific suffering. At least I am aver that my first thought on landing at Natal was, Why has no great philanthropist thought of establishing such an institution as a Refuge for the Sea-sick? I declare this publicly, that if I ever become rich—a consummation which, looking to the general gentleness of my instincts, the wide benevolence of my nature, and the kindliness of my temperament, mankind might well rejoice at—if, I repent, I ever become rich, one of the first uses of my affluence will be to endow such an establishment. I will place it in some one of our popular ports, say Southampton.—Surrounded with all the charms of inland scenery, rich in every rustic association, the patient shall never be reminded of the scene of his late sufferings. A velvety turf to stroll on, with a leafy shade above his head, the mellow lowing of cattle in his ears, and the fragrant odors of meadow-sweet and hawthorn around, I would recall the sufferer from the dread memories of the slippery deck, the sea-washed stairs, or the sleepy state-room. For the rattle of cordage, and the hoarse trumpet of the skipper, I would substitute the song of the thrush or the blackbird; and, instead of the thrice odious steward and his basin, I would have trim maidens of nicest pleasing to serve him with syllabubs. I will not go on to say the hundred devices I would employ to cheat memory out of a gloomy record, for I treasure the hope that I may yet live to carry out my theory and have a copyright in my invention.

It was with sentiments deeply tinctured by the above that I tottered, rather than walked, toward the Hotel Royal. It was a bright moonlight night, and, as if in mockery of the weather outside, as still and calm as might be. Many a picturesque effect of light and shade met me as I went: quaint old gables flaring in a strong flood of moonlight showed outlines the strangest and oddest; twinkling lamps shone out of tall, dark-sided old houses, from which strains of music came plaintively enough in the night air; the sounds of a prolonged revel rose loudly out of that deep-pillared chateau-like building in the Place, and in the quiet alley adjoining I could catch the low song of a mother as she tried to sing her baby to sleep. It was all human in every touch and strain of it. And did I not drink it in with rapture? Was it not in a transport of gratitude that I thanked Fortune for once again restoring me to land? "O Earth, Earth!" says the Greek poet, "how art thou interwoven with that nature that first came from thee!" Thus musing, I reached the inn, where, although the hour was a late one, the household was all active and astir.

"Many passengers arrived, waiter?" said I, in the easy, careless voice of one who would not own to sea-sickness.

"Very few, Sir; the severe weather has deterred several from venturing across."

"Any ladies?"

"Only one, Sir; and, poor thing, she seems to have suffered fearfully. She had to be carried from the boat, and when she tried to walk up stairs she almost fainted. There might have been some agitation, however, in that, for she expected some one to have met her here; and when she heard that he had not arrived, she was completely overcome."

"Very sad, indeed," said I, examining the cards for supper.

"Oh yes, Sir; and being in deep mourning, too, and a stranger away for the first time from her country."

I started, and felt my heart bounding against my vest.

"What was it you said about deep mourning, and being young and beautiful?" asked I, eagerly.

"Only the mourning, Sir—it was only the mourning I mentioned; for she kept her veil close down, and would not suffer her face to be seen."

"Bashful as beautiful! modest as she is fair!" muttered I. "Do you happen to know whither she is going?"

"Yes, Sir; her luggage is marked 'Brussels.'"

"It is she! It is herself!" cried I, in rapture, as I turned away, lest the fellow should notice my emotion. "When does she leave this?"

"She seems doubtful, Sir; she told the landlady that she is going to reside at Brussels; but never having been abroad before, she is naturally timid about traveling even so far alone."

"Gentle creature, why should she be exposed to such hazards? Bring me some of this ricandeau with chicory, waiter, and a pint of Beaune; fried potatoes, too. Would that I could tell her to fear nothing!" thought I. "Would that I could just whisper, 'Potts is here; Potts watches over you; Potts will be that friend, that brother, that should have come to meet you! Sleep

"HAND RAN EVER ONWARD WITH THE WILDNESS OF ONE POSSESSED."

soundly, and with a head at ease. You are neither friendless nor forsaken?" "I feel I must be naturally a creature of benevolent instincts for I am never so truly happy as when engaged in a work of kindness. Let me but suggest to myself a labor of charity, some occasion to sorrow with the afflicted, to rally the weak-hearted and to succour the wretched, and I am infinitely more delighted than by all the blandishments of what is called "society." Men have their allotted parts in life, yet no certain fruits are meet for certain climates. Mine was the grand comforting line. Nature meant me for a consoler. I have none of those impulsive temperaments which make what are called jolly fellows. I have no taste for those pleasures which go by the name of conviviality. I can, it is true, be witty, anecdotic, and agreeable: I can spice conversation with epigram and illustrate arguments by apt example; but my forte is tenderness.

"In not this veal a little tough, waiter?" said I, in gentle remonstrance.

"Monsieur is right," said he, bowing; "but if a morsel of cold pheasant would be acceptable —mademoiselle, the lady in mourning, has just taken a wing of it—"

"Bring it directly. Oh, ecstasy of ecstasies! We are then, as it were, supping together—served from the same dish! May I have the honor?" said I, filling out a glass of wine and bowing respectfully, and with an air of deep devotion, across the table. The pheasant was exquisite, and I ate with an epicurean enjoyment. I called for another pint of Beaune, too. It was an occasion for some indulgence, and I could not deny myself. No sooner had the waiter left me than I burst into an expansive acknowledgment of my happiness. "Ever," said I, "you are richer in that temperament of yours than if you owned half California. That boundless wealth of kindly instinctive is a real prompting can exhaust. Go on, doing imaginary good forever. You are never the poorer for all the orphans you adopt, all the distressed you relieve. You rescue the mariner from shipwreck, while you mend your feet. You interpose at the head of a squadron without the peril of a scratch. All blessed be the gift which can do these things!"

You call these delusions; but is it a delusion to be a king, to deliver a people from slavery, to carry succour to a drowning crew? If I have done all of these, that is, I have gone through every changeful mood of hope and fear that constantly pursues these actions, sipping my glass of Beaune between whiles.

When I found myself in my bedroom I had no inclination for sleep, I was in a mood of enjoyment too elevated for mere repose. It was no delight of the eye no longer at sea, but rescued from the miseries of the rocking ship and the reeking cabin, that I would not lose the rapture by dozing. I was in the mood for great things, too, if I only knew what they were to be. So, as I thought I, suddenly, I will write to her. She shall know that she is not the friendless and forsaken creature that she deems herself; she shall hear that, though separated from home, friends, and country, there is one near to watch over and protect her; and that Potts deems himself to her second self. I opened my desk, and in all the impatience of my ardor began:

"Q. Madam'—Quere: Ought I to say 'dear?' We are not acquainted, and can I presume upon any sentiment that implies reciprocity? No. I must omit 'dear;' and then 'Madam' looks fearfully stern and rigid, particularly when addressed to a young and unmarried lady; she is certainly not 'Madam' yet, surely. I can't begin 'Miss.' What a language is ours! How cruelly hard to all the tender emotions is a dialect so matter-of-fact and formal! If I could only start with 'Gentilissima Signora' but I would get well. What an impression the words lend me! What 'way on me would they impart for what was to follow! And how cool mental tongue there is nothing for it but the third person: 'The undersigned has the honor,' etc., etc., etc. A chilling,—it is positively repulsive. Let me see, will this do?—

"'The gentleman who has fortunate enough to render you some trivial service at the Milford station two days ago, having accidentally learned that you were alone and unprotected in a spectator, in all humility offers himself to afford you every aid and counsel in his power. No stranger to the touching interests of your life, deeply sensible of the delicacy that should surround your steps, if you deign to accept his devoted services he will endeavor to prove himself, by every sentiment of respect, your most faithful, most humble, and most grateful servant.

"P.S.—His name is Potts.'

"Yes, it will do but the confounded post script. What a terrible bathos—His name is Potts? What if I say: 'One line of reply is requested, addressed to Algernon Sydney Potts, Esq., at this hotel?'

I made a great many copies of this document, always changing something as I went. I felt the importance of every word, and fastidiously pondered over each expression employed. The bright sun of morning broke in at last upon my labors and found me still at my desk, still composing. Alas! I lay down without sleeping.

"Is she gone, waiter?" said I, as he entered my room with hot water. "Is she gone?"

"Who, Sir?" asked he, in some astonishment.

"The lady in black, who came over in the last mail packet from Dover; the young lady in deep mourning, who arrived all alone."

"No, Sir. She has sent all round the hotels this morning to inquire after some one who was to have met her here, but apparently without success."

"Give me this; place it in her own hand, and as you are leaving the room say, in a gentle voice: 'Is there an answer, mademoiselle?' You understand?"

"Well, I believe I do," said he, significantly, as he slyly pocketed the half-Napoleon fee I had tendered for his acceptance.

Now the fellow had thrown into his countenance—a painfully astute and cunning face it was—one of those expressive looks which actually made me shudder. It seemed to say, "This is a conspiracy, and you are in it, Sir!"

"You are not for a moment to suppose," said I, hurriedly, "that there is any mystery in that letter which could compromise me, or wound the delicacy of the most susceptible."

"I am convinced, Monsieur has written it with most consummate skill," said he, with a supercilious grin, and left the room.

How I detest the humor of a foreign waiter! The fellows can not respond to the most ordinary question without an aftertaste of showing off their immense acuteness and knowledge of life. It is their eternal boast how they read people, and how they can anticipate precisely they can decipher all the various characters and temperaments that pass before them. Now this impertinent lacker, what is to say what his he not imputed to me? Utterly incapable as such a creature must necessarily be of the higher and nobler qualities of the nature of my order, he will doubtless have ascribed to me the most base and degenerate motives.

I was nervously pacing one word to the fellow. I might have said, "Take that note to Number fourteen, and bring me back his answer; or, better still, if I had never written at all, but merely sent in my card to ask if the lady would receive me, I might have an insolence of a few minutes. Yes, such would have been the discreet course; and then I might have trusted to my memory, my tact, and a certain something in my general bearing, to have brought the matter to a successful issue. While I thus meditated, the waiter re-entered the room, and cautiously closing the door, approached me with an ostentatious pretense of secrecy and mystery.

"I have given her the letter," said he, in a whisper.

"Speak up!" said I, severely; "what answer has the lady given?"

"I think you'll get the answer presently," said he, with a sort of grin that actually thrilled through me.

"You may leave the room," said I, with dignity, for I saw how the fellow was actually revelling in the opportunity of insolence.

"They were rending it over together for the third time when I came away," said he, with a most perfidious look.

"Whom do you mean? who are they that you speak of?"

"The gentleman that she was expecting. He came by the 9.40 train from Brussels. Just in time for dinner, Sir. They have ordered three words, a violent ringing of bells resounded along the corridor, and he rushed out without waiting for more.

I turned in haste to my note-book; various copies of my letter were there, and I was eager to recall the expressions I had employed in my addressing her. Good Heavens! what had I really written? In every style in that letter, and in absurdity; poetry too! verses to the "Fair Victim of a recent War," with a number of rhymes for the final word, such as "love," "dove," "mow," etc.—all evidences of composition under difficulty.

While I turned over these rough copies the door opened, and a large, red-faced, stern-looking man, with a suit of red-brown tweed, and a heavy gray shade on his head, entered; he closed the door leisurely after him, and I saw that he locked it. I saw that he also took the key in the lock. He advanced toward me with a deliberate step, and in a voice measured as his gait, said,

"I am Mr. Jopplyn, Sir—I am Mr. Christopher Jopplyn."

"I am charmed to hear it, Sir," said I, in some confusion; for, without the vaguest conception of wherefore, I suspected lowering weather ahead.

"May I offer you a chair, Mr. Jopplyn? Won't you sit down?" I was trying to have a lovely day, I fancy—a great change after yesterday."

"Your name, Sir," said he, in the same solemnity as before, "your name I apprehend to be Pottinger?"

"Pardon me, if you permit me; Pottinger, not Pottinger."

"It shall be as you say, Sir; I am indifferent what you call yourself." The assertion that sounded like a horse sigh, and proceeded: "I am not indifferent to the document that stands between us. Is that document your writing?" As he said this, he drew, rather theatrically, from his breast-pocket the letter I had just written, and extended it toward me. "I ask, Sir—and I mean you to understand that I will suffer no prevarication—is that document in your writing?"

I glanced all over as I took it, and for an instant I determined to disavow it; but in the same brief space I bethought me that my denial would be vain. I had, in fact, but a single, bold, and brazen it out; I fancied to laugh it off as a mere pleasantry, and failing in courage for each of these, I essayed, as a last resource, the argumentative and discussional line, and said,

"If you will favour me with an indulgent hearing for a few minutes, Mr. Jopplyn, I trust to explain, to your complete satisfaction, the circumstances of that epistle."

"Take five, Sir—five," said he, laying a ponderous silver watch on the table as he spoke, and pointing to the minute hand.

"Really, Sir," said I, stung by the peremptory and dictatorial tone he assumed, "I have yet to learn what intercourse between gentlemen is to be regulated by clock-work, not to say that I have to inquire by what right you ask me for this explanation."

"One minute gone," said he, solemnly.

"I don't care if there were fifty," said I, passionately. "I disclaim all pretension of a perfect stranger to obtrude himself upon me, and by the mere assumption of a pompous manner and an imposing air, to inquire into my private affairs."

"There are two!" said he, still with the same solemnity.

"Who is Mr. Jopplyn?" said I, in my excitement, "that he is to presume himself in my apartment like a commissary of police? Do you imagine, Sir, because I am young, that I am to be insulted with impunity—Lord what a gulp it cost me—'is to pass unpunished? Do you fear that a red hair and a heavy walking-cane are to strike terror into me? You may think, perhaps, that I am unarmed—"

"Three!" said he, with a bang of his stick on the floor that made me actually jump with the stick.

"Leave the room, Sir," said I. "It is my pleasure to be alone—the apartment is mine—I am the privileged here. A very little sense of delicacy, a very small amount of good-breeding, might show you that your presence is declined, to receive company, when he shows himself indisposed to the society of strangers—"

"One minute and a half," said he, in a low growl, while he proceeded to button up his coat to the neck, and make preparation for some opening event.

My heart was in my mouth, I gave a glance at the window, it was on the third story, and a leap out would have been fatal. What would I not have given for one of those weapons I had so proudly proclaimed myself possessed of! There was not even a poker in the room—I made a sparing at the bell-rope, and before he could interpose, pulled it out, though it brought down the cord, resounded through the whole house.

"Time is up, Porringer," said he, slowly, as he replaced the watch in his pocket and grasped his murderous-looking cane.

There was a huge table in the room, and I intrenched myself at once behind this, armed with a light cane-chair while I ceremoniously order in every language I could command. Failing to reach me across the table, my assailant tried to dodge round the side starts, now at this side, now at that. Though a large fleshy man he was not inactive, and it required all my quickness to baffle him. These manœuvres being unsuccessful, he very quickly placed a chair beside him, and mounting upon it, he now hurled my chair at him, he warded off the blow and rushed on; with one spring I bounded under the table, and mounting upon it, I descended from the table he turned it on edge—the effort required strength. I seized the uppermost and with every ounce of force I had in me, I threw it full at his head. It struck him in the forehead, and he came over with the weight of one of the chairs, and I could hope I may live to remember you for it.

"Are you cowed? Can you defend me?" cried I, in terror; "or shall I help in and swim for it?"

"I'll stand by you. Don't be afraid, man," said he, drawing my arm within his; "no one shall harm you. Were they robbers?"

"No, Christopher Joppl'n!" said I, gulping, for I was heartily ashamed of my terror, and determined to show "cross why" in the plural.

"Come in here, and have a glass of something," said he, turning into a little cabaret, with whose proprietor he seemed not unfamiliar. "You're all safe here," said he, as he closed the door of a little room. "Let's hear all about it, though I'll not tell the story already."

I had no difficulty in perceiving, from my companion's manner, that he believed some sudden shock had unsettled my faculties, and that my intellects were for the time deranged; nor was it very easy for me to assume sufficient calm to dissuade him of his error, and assert my own perfect coherency. "You have been ill, I'm sure, for you look mighty shaky," said he. "You have been at one of those ten-gardens and got into a row with some stout Fleming. I'll tell you what, you go through that sort of thing. Ain't I right?"

Never more mistaken in your life, captain. My current sins, if landed would not discredit a canon of St. Paul's. In fact, all my habits, my tastes, my pursuits are averse to every sort of junketing. I am essentially retiring, sensitive, and, if you will, over-fastidious in my choice of associates. The story is simply this: My reader will readily excuse my repeating what is already known to him. It is enough if I say that the captain, although anything rather than mirthful, held his head several times over his eyes, and once laughed out loudly and boisterously.

"You don't say it was Christy Joppl'n, do you?" said he, at last. "You don't tell me it was Joppl'n?"

"The fellow called himself Joppl'n, but I know nothing of him beyond that."

"Why, he's mad jealous about that wife of his—that little woman with the cork-screw curls and the aesthetic face—you came over with us. Oh! you did not see her on board, you went below at once, I remember; but there was she in her black ugly, and her old crape shawl—"

"In mourning?"

"Yes. Always in mourning. She never wears any thing else, though Christy dresses gay in colors, and not particular as to the tint either."

There came a cold perspiration over me as I heard these words, and perceived that my proffer of devotion had been addressed to a married woman, and the wife of the "most jealous man in Europe."

"And who is Joppl'n?" asked I, haughtily, and in all the cool confidence of my present security.

"He's a railway contractor—a sort of, you of fellow, with plenty of money, and a good hand on his shoulders; sensible enough in every point except his jealousy."

"The man must be an idiot," said I, indignantly, "to rush indiscriminately about the world with accusations of this kind. Who wants to supplant him? Who seeks to rob him of the affections of his wife?"

"That's all very well, and very specious," said he, gravely; "but if men will deliberately set about keeping a watch on a married lady, summoning their aunts for fine sentiments, and toiling to find proper expressions—" the captain, it does not require that a man should be as jealous as Christy Joppl'n to take it badly. I don't think I'm a rush or an hasty man, but I know what I'd do in such a circumstance."

"And, pray, what would you do?" said I, half interrupting him.

"I'd just say, 'Look here, young gent, is this baldcrinkly here yours?' and then I'd say exactly those words. Yes, eat them. I mean what I say. Eat up that letter, seal and all, or, by the oath, I'll have every bone in your body broke."

"It is exactly what I intend," cried a voice, hoarse with passion; and Joppl'n himself sprang into the room and dashed at me.

The skipper was a most powerful man, but required all his strength, and not very diagnetly exercised either, to hold my enraged adversary. "Will you be quiet, Christy?" cried he, holding him at the risk. "Will you just be quiet for one instant, or must I knock you down?"

"Do! do! by all means," muttered I, for I thought if he were once on the ground I could finish him off with a large pewter measure that stood on the table.

With a rough shake the skipper had at last succeeded in that resistance was useless, and ordered him to consent to a parley.

"Let him only tell you," said he, "what he had told me, and—"

"Don't strike, but hear me," cried I; and safe in my stockade behind the skipper, I recounted my whole case.

"And you believe all this?" asked Joppl'n of the skipper, when I had finished.

"Believe it! I should think I do! I have known him since he was a child that high, and I'll answer for his good conduct and behavior."

Heaven sees you for that bail bond, though Joppl'n did not, for he shook skip roughly and I only hope I may live to requite you for it.

Joppl'n was appeased but it was the suppressed wrath of a lion! how he raved that the vanquished nigger of a man. He had booked himself for something cruel, and he was miserable to be baked. Nor was it long before I came to own it—an emblem of perfect forgiveness. I have omitted to say that I was for a constitutionally timid man, of weak proportions, to forgive the bullying superiority of brute force. It is about this, perhaps, that human forgiveness can be submitted to: so that when Joppl'n, in a vulgar spirit of reconciliation, proposed that we should be friends and dine and sup all the day, I declined the invitation with a frigid politeness.

"I wish I could persuade you to change your plans," said he, "and let Mrs. J. and myself see you at six."

"I believe I can answer for him that it is impossible," broke in the skipper; while he added, in a lower whisper, "You'll have about any delay—they have to put on the steam at high pressure from one end of Europe to t'other."

What could be possibly mean by imputing such baseness to my movements, and who were "they" with whom he thus associated me? I would have given worlds to ask, but the pressure of Joppl'n's presence was such that I could simply assent with a sort of foolish laugh, and a muttered "Very true—quite correct."

"Indeed, I know you must to be here now I can scarcely imagine," continued the skipper. "The last of young coats that ever brought the kind a mile of knots, and a cold chicken with him into the train, rather than halt to eat his supper—but I'll not spoil you know best."

What confounded mystification was passing through his marine intellects I could not fathom. To what point the brotherhood of important travelers had he ascribed me? Why should I not "take more time to think?" All this was mystranlizing and very irritating, and finally ending a pressing engagement, I took leave of them both, and returned to the hotel.

I was in need of rest and a little composure. The incident of the morning had jarred my nerves and disconcerted me much. But a few hours ago, and life had seemed to me like a flowery meadow, through which, without path or track, one might ramble at will; now, it rather presented the aspect of a vulgar kitchen garden, fenced in, and divided, and partitioned off, with only a few very stony alleys to walk in. "This boasted civilization of ours," exclaimed I, "what

is it but snobbery! Our class distinctions—our artificial intercourses—our hypocritical professions—our deference for externals, are they not the flimsiest pretenses that ever were fashioned? Why has no man the courage to make short work of these and see the world as it really is? Why has not some one gone forth, the apostle of frankness and plain-speaking, the same to prince as to peasant? What I would like would be a ramble through the less visited parts of Europe—countries in which civilization slants in just as the rays of a setting sun steal into a forest at evening. I would buy me a horse. Oh, Blondel," thought I, suddenly, "am I not in search of you? Is it not in the hope to recover you that I am here, and, with you for my companion, am I not content to roam the world, taking each incident of the way with the calm of one who asks little of his fellow-men save a kind word as he passes, and a God-speed as he goes?" I knew perfectly that, with any other beast for my "mount," I could not view the scene of life with the same bland composure. A horse that started, that tripped, that shied, reared, kicked, crooned his neck, or even shook himself, as certain of these beasts do, would have kept me in a paroxysm of anxiety and uneasiness, the least adapted of all moods for thoughtfulness and reflection. Like an ill-assorted union, it would have given no time save for squabble and recrimination. But Blondel almost seemed to understand my mission, and lent himself to its accomplishment. There was none of the obtrusive selfishness of an ordinary horse in his ways. He neither asked you to remark the glossiness of his skin, nor the graceful curve of his neck; he did not prance nor curvet. Superior to the petty arts by which vulgar natures present themselves to notice, he felt that destiny had given him a duty, and he did it.

Thus thinking, I returned once more to the spirit which had first sent me forth to ramble, to wander through the world, spectator, not actor; to be with my fellow-men in sympathy, but not in action: to sorrow and rejoice as they did, but, if possible, to understand life as a drama, in which, so long as I was the mere audience, I could never be painfully afflicted or seriously injured by the catastrophe: a wonderful philosophy, but of which, up to the present, I could not boast any pre-eminent success.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

PROGRESS OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

The Prince of Wales, on Saturday 29th ult., attended a ball given in his honor at the Cincinnati Opera House, and enjoyed the entertainment. No supper having been provided by the careful Cincinnatians, he withdrew with his suite at 12.30 P.M. On Sunday, 30th, the Prince attended church at St. John's Church, and heard a sermon from Bishop M'Ilvaine. In the evening he dined with the Mayor and other citizens; a temporary indisposition prevented his attending church a second time. On Monday morning the party left for Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, stopping five and ten minutes at the stations by the way; they arrived at their destination at nine P.M., and were received by the Mayor, who read an address.

On Tuesday, 2d October, the Prince left Pittsburg for Harrisburg, dined at Altona, and arrived at his destination late in the evening. At Harrisburg he was received by Governor Packer, who delivered an address of welcome. He left that city early on the morning of Wednesday, 3d, arrived at Baltimore at half-past one, and, declining any reception, proceeded to Washington, where he arrived at 4 P.M. Here he was received by General Cass and two nephews of President Buchanan. He was at once conducted to the White House, where he was received by the President. At six he dined, the members of the Cabinet and one or two Senators with their wives being of the party. On Thursday, 4th, the Prince and suite visited the Capitol at Washington and the Patent Office. A reception was given at 1 P.M. in honor of the Prince, and an immense crowd was present. In the evening a diplomatic dinner took place at the White House. On Friday, 5th, the Prince visited Mount Vernon, in a steamer chartered for the purpose; in the evening he was a guest of Lord Lyons. On Saturday he went to Richmond, Virginia.

WHOM HE DANCED WITH.

At the grand ball at Cincinnati, the first dance was the "Jubilee" quadrille, the Prince having for his partner Mrs. Colonel Pike, wife of one of the Committee, the proprietor of the Opera House, and the originator of the ball. He danced the second quadrille with Miss Groesbeck, daughter of the Hon. John Groesbeck, ex-M.C., and one of the Committee; the third quadrille with Miss Taylor, of Newport, Kentucky—that State being largely represented; and the fourth dance, the "Lancers," with Miss H. M'Gregor, of Mount Auburn; also with Miss Hilton, the daughter of one of the State Judges.

HE WALKS HIS PARTNER.

At first his Royal Highness entered into the spirit of the affair rather slowly and formally, but by degrees became quite animated. The Prince took a partner for a waltz; but discovering that the lady could not waltz, he refused to take another partner, and waited for the next quadrille.

EVERY AMERICAN DESCENDS FROM A RED COAT.

At Harrisburg Governor Packer addressed the Prince as follows:

"Lord Renfrew,—It affords me infinite pleasure to welcome your lordship to the capital of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, one of the old thirteen colonies that originally acknowledged allegiance to the crown of Great Britain, and notwithstanding that allegiance has been severed, your lordship will perceive, by a glance at that long line of Colonial and State governors (pointing to the portraits which adorn the executive chambers), that we still have a very, a very great veneration and regard for our ancient rulers. That line of portraits is almost a perfect type of our American families. We can not follow our ancestry more than a few generations back without tracing the line to a British red coat."

HE RIDES ON A LOCOMOTIVE.

On his way to Washington, in descending the mountain the Prince and his friends rode upon the locomotive, so as to obtain a better view of the magnificent scenery of the eastern slope of the Alleghanies. They expressed themselves much gratified with their ride.

HE BOWS, BUT LADIES SHAKE HIS HAND.

At the reception at the White House the Prince dressed in his usual blue coat and gray pants, and, with ungloved hands, stood upon the right of the President, and Lord Lyons stood near the Prince. As each person passed, the President shook hands with his customary urbanity, and the Prince bowed his head as usual. Several ladies succeeded in shaking his hand, however.

HE PICKS UP AN APPETITE AT TEN-PINS.

By way of preparative for dinner the Prince played a game of ten-pins in the gymnasium of a school for girls, whither he went with Miss Lane and Mrs. Secretary Thompson.

HOW ROYALTY TRAVELS IN AMERICA.

A Western paper says: "The Western railroads have made extraordinary arrangements for the passage of the heir to the British throne, on his tour to Washington. The train is to be a special one, under the control of the royal party, and the route is to be via Pittsburg to Harrisburg, and thence by the Northern Central road to Baltimore and Washington. The Baron will have the use of the royal car to Baltimore, and perhaps to Washington.

"The following regulations show the amount of care bestowed upon him, in contrast to that taken of ordinary sovereigns of our own land:

"Lord Renfrew's special train, the pilot engine forming a part, is to have the exclusive right to the track over every thing, and every other engine or train must be entirely out of the way of the pilot engine at least five minutes before the card time (and care taken that switches are at once placed upon the main track), and be kept out of the way until Lord Renfrew's train has passed.

"Station agents at all stations will exhibit a white flag at the entrance switch, or at a point more distant from station if the switch is on a curve, at least five minutes before the time upon the card, said flag to be shown until after the passage of the special train, indicating that all is clear, care being had that road crossings at and about stations are properly guarded until after the passage of the special train.

"Foremen or track repairers will see that no rails are taken out of the track, or the track otherwise disturbed on that day until after the passage of the train, except to remedy absolute defects that would endanger the train in passing, in placing the proper signal at a safe distance, and they will distribute their men so as to guard all highway crossings, to protect the train from the possibility of accident at the crossings.

"Particular attention must be given to see that there are no breaks in the fences that will admit of the encroachments of animals upon the track.

"Trackmen will also give extra attention to see that the telegraph wire is unobstructed and in good working condition.

"In conclusion, it is of vital importance that Lord Renfrew and suite should pass over the line in safety, and on time, and it behooves all employes to exercise the utmost vigilance, to the end that the possibility of an accident to the special train shall not exist, and that it shall not be delayed by accident to or detention of any other train."

CLOSE OF THE SEASON AT NEWPORT.

Touching the Newport season, which has just now closed, the *News* of that city says: "The Ocean House closed its doors on the 15th, and the Atlantic House on the 24th. The Belle Vue and Fillmore Houses will soon close, the steamer *Golden Gate* has discontinued her trips, and the favorite *Perry* enters upon her Fall arrangement next week. All this indicates the close of the season. True, a few families are wisely determined to try our glorious October weather, but yet all the associations and appearances of the fashionable season have departed. After spending considerable time and labor in investigating the facts in the matter, we find that the season has been a good one, and, in comparison with the season of 1859, better than that was. The arrivals at the four large hotels have averaged daily, taking the whole season of 1860 into account, a handsome increase over those of 1859. The number of cottages let is larger that it was last year, and larger considerably than at any previous season. This branch of summer business appears to be on the increase."

A LETTER FROM RALPH FARNHAM.

Mr. Ralph Farnham, of Maine, said to be the last survivor of the Battle of Bunker's Hill, has been invited to visit Boston. The hospitalities of the city, a public reception, an escort of Ancient and Honorable Soldiery, and addresses by Edward Everett and others, will be given the distinguished veteran. He has accepted the invitation in the following letter:

"Acton, Maine, *September* 25, 1860.

"*Mr. N. P Banks, Mr. F. W Lincoln, Jun., and others, Boston.*

"I have received your kind invitation to visit Boston, and I thank you for the honor you do me. When I listed in the American Army at the age of eighteen, I did not suppose I should live to be 104, and be asked by the Governor and Mayor, and other distinguished people to visit Boston.

"It seems strange that out of all who were at Bunker Hill, I alone should be living. It appears to me, though so long ago, as if it was but yesterday. I can remember the particulars of the march after I listed—how the people cheered, and when near Andover Colonel Abbott came out and said, 'Well done, my lads!' and sent out cider and grog in pails. We got to Cambridge the day before the Battle. Oh, it was a terrible affair to me, for it was the first time I ever engaged in fighting. I served with the army through three campaigns, and was present, and on guard, when Burgoyne surrendered. I don't think I deserve any special praise for the part I took in the Revolution. I felt and acted only as others. I receive every year my pension of sixty-one dollars and sixty-six cents—though I have to pay four dollars to a lawyer in Portland to get it for me.

"I have many things to comfort me as I journey along through life—innumerable are the mercies I am surrounded with. As to temporal matters—kind, loving children, faithful friends. As to spiritual—the holy Scriptures, and the various institutions of religion—all of which are designed for our improvement here, and to prepare us to dwell in that better world above.

"If a kind Providence spares my life and health, you may expect to see me in Boston about the 8th of October.

"Your friend, Ralph Farnham."

ANOTHER AERONAUT IN TROUBLE.

On the afternoon of the 27th ult., Mr. Wise, the aeronaut, made a voyage in his balloon from Petersburg, Virginia, and came near losing his life. The Petersburg *Express* says that, about fourteen miles from Richmond, he prepared to descend into a field of several hundred acres. All the time, from the moment of starting, the gas had been slowly escaping from a small rent near the top of the balloon, and when about 1000 feet from the earth, and directly over the field, the fissure rapidly enlarged, attaining a length of between 10 and 15 feet. The escape of gas was now tremendous, and the descent fearfully rapid and direct. Mr. Wise leaped up into the rigging, designing to escape the shock which threatened the car upon reaching the ground. The precaution was well taken, but did not avert the whole danger. The car struck the ground with terrible force; the balloon, completely collapsed, fell, and Mr. Wise was thrown violently backward over the car, his head striking the rim, and nearly knocking him senseless. A large number of persons who were following him below, and saw him fall, were unable to find him until after a long search, the descent being made in a sort of glen, rankly overgrown with weeds, where he lay, hardly able to move, for half an hour. Such was the violence of the shock that his watch bounded from his pocket, and, being torn loose, was thrown several yards away. Mr. Wise was not seriously injured.

THE SUN GOING OUT.

We shall be justified in making a "personal" matter of the following paragraph from the *Scientific American*:

"There are now more spots on the sun than have been seen before for many years; some of these are visible through a smoked glass to the naked eye. Several stars—some of them of great brilliancy, which, from their ascertained distance, must have been as large as our sun—have totally disappeared from the sky; and the question has been raised among astronomers whether the light and heat of the sun are gradually fading away. As this would be accompanied by the destruction of all the plants and animals on the earth, it is rather an interesting question. The sun's light and heat are diminished by the dark spots at the present time above 1 per cent."

PERSONAL.

The advent of Monsieur Berger in our midst has caused quite an excitement in the billiard world. He is a jovial Frenchman of 300 pounds weight, and does not speak a word of English, though Mr. Phelan—whose guest he is—says there are two languages which they mutually understand; viz., cognac and billiards. He purposes making a tour of the country, in company with our billiard champion, and giving exhibitions among the provincials. He will first visit New Orleans. Of his skill we will only say that "what he does not know is not worth knowing," and that his peculiar shots have never been seen or dreamed of in this country.

Mr. Richard H. Dana, Jun., has returned to his home, in Cambridge, Massachusetts, from his recent tour. He is in fuller health than when he went away, and has gained much advantage from his journeying.

Paul Morphy and Louis Paulsen, the noted chess players, are in town, and will probably remain here during the coming week. On Friday evening they were both at the rooms of the Chess Club in the University Building, but did not play together.

Elder Kimball, one of the leading Mormon saints, recently had born to him, in one night, no less than fourteen children.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE QUEEN GOES TO PRUSSIA.

The Queen and Prince Albert embarked at Gravesend for Antwerp on the day the *Canada* left Liverpool. Lord John Russell accompanies the Queen to Prussia.

FRANCE.

THE MEETING AT WARSAW.

The Emperor of Austria and Prince Regent of Prussia will not be accompanied by their Ministers to Warsaw.

It was rumored that Napoleon had caused the Czar to be notified that he would have pleasure in joining the circle at Warsaw, and dispel by personal explanations the distrust entertained respecting the designs of France.

ITALY.

MOVEMENTS OF TROOPS.

At latest dates, Ancona had been bombarded for nine hours by Sardinian vessels, without much effect, while it was simultaneously attacked from the land side. Several fortresses, among others Santo Leo and Castillan, had been taken by the Sardinians. We have official details of the Battle of Castelfidardo. Among the 600 prisoners taken by the Sardinians were upward of thirty officers, some of high rank. In consequence of the victory 4000 Papal troops, mostly foreigners, including fifty officers and the Guards of Lamoricière, with six guns, ammunition, etc., capitulated on the 19th of September and laid down their arms. Cialdini conceded honors of war to this body, and permitted them to return home. Lamoricière, with a few horsemen, reached Ancona. Nothing remained of his army except the troops shut up in Ancona, and about 2000 dispersed in the mountains. The King of Sardinia had decorated Cialdini with a Grand Cross of the Military Order of Savoy.

AFFAIRS AT NAPLES.

The King of Naples was supposed to be still at Capua, which town was barricaded and armed. It was reported that the King's troops and the forces of Garibaldi had exchanged shots at the outposts near Capua. The French Minister was to quit Naples on the 27th of September. The Garibaldians had met with some reverses near Capua, losing about two hundred men. Garibaldi, in a fresh proclamation, indicates that he will join the Sardinian troops at Rome and begin a march against Venice. The King of Naples had published the decrees at Gaeta, ordering a state of siege in all the provinces where a revolutionary struggle exists, and cashiering all officers of the marine as guilty of high treason, except those of one vessel which went to Gaeta. The republican cause was gaining ground in Naples and influence over Garibaldi. It was reported that Victor Hugo had arrived at Naples. Cardinal Sporza had been expelled from Naples by the dictatorial government.

RUMORED QUARREL BETWEEN GARIBALDI AND CAVOUR.

Garibaldi has declared, in a letter, that there exists an irreconcilable difference between his policy and that of Count Cavour. It was reported that the quarrel between the Sardinian Government and Garibaldi had arrived at such a pitch that Victor Emanuel had determined to proceed to Naples for personal intercourse with Garibaldi. The Neapolitan Ministry had resigned, and it was reported that Signor Conforto had been called upon to form a new one.

The London *Herald* says the fate of Italy is involved in the struggle between Cavour and Garibaldi.

The London *Times* observes that "both men mean the same thing, and are endeavoring to obtain the same object, but Cavour recognizes difficulties which have to be avoided, while Garibaldi believes he can ride down all obstacles, sword in hand. Garibaldi's impulsive system is admirable against his own countrymen, but Cavour's will be indispensable to Italy as an antagonist for France and Austria."

THE ATTITUDE OF THE POPE.

The following letter from Cardinal Antonelli, in reply to the summons of Sardinia requiring him to disband his troops, has been published:

"Rome, *September* 11.

"Excellency,—Without taking into account the manner in which your Excellency has thought proper to have your letter of the 7th inst. conveyed to me, I have directed my whole attention calmly upon the subject you lay before me in the name of your Sovereign, and I can not conceal from you that it has cost me an extraordinary effort to do so. The new principles of public law which you lay down in your letter would be indeed sufficient to dispense me from giving any answer at all, they being so contrary to those which have constantly been acknowledged by all governments and nations. Nevertheless, feeling deeply the inculpations cast upon the Government of his Holiness, I can not refrain from at once noticing the blame—as odious as it is unfounded and unjust—pronounced against the troops belonging to the Pontifical Government; and I must add that I find the pretension of denying the right belonging to the Pontifical Government as well as to any other, of having foreign troops in its service, utterly unjustifiable. In fact many Governments of Europe have foreign troops in their pay. On that subject it may be expedient to observe that, owing to the character with which the Sovereign Pontiff is invested, as the common father of all believers, he ought to be less subject to criticism than any other for receiving in the ranks of his troops all who come and offer themselves from the various parts of the Catholic world for the defense of the Holy See and of the States of the Church.

WHENCE THE TROUBLES AROSE.

"Nothing is more false or insulting than to attribute to the Pontifical troops the disorders which have taken place in the States of the Holy See. There is no necessity for asking, for history has already enregistered whence came the troops who have violently constrained the will of the people, and the artifices which have been made use of for throwing into perturbation the greater part of Italy, and ruining all that was most inviolable and most sacred both in right and in justice.

"As to the consequences which it has been sought to make weigh on the legitimate action of the troops of the Holy See, to put down the rebellion of Perugia, it would truly be more logical to throw that responsibility on those who, from abroad, have excited the revolt; and you know perfectly well, M. le Comte, where that outbreak was concerted, whence were derived money, arms, and means of all kinds, and whence instructions and orders were sent to the insurgents.

"There is consequently reason for representing as calumnious all that has been said by a party hostile to the Government of the Holy See as to the conduct of its troops, and for declaring that the imputations cast on their chiefs by the authors of proclamations of a nature to excite dangerous fermentations, are not less. Your Excellency concludes your painful dispatch by inviting me, in the name of your sovereign, to immediately order the disarming and disbanding of the said troops. This invitation was accompanied by a sort of menace on the part of Piedmont, in case of refusal, to prevent the action of the said troops by means of the royal troops.

THE POPE PROTESTS.

"This involves a quasi injunction which I willingly abstain from qualifying. The Holy See could only repel it with indignation, strong in its legitimate rights, and appealing to the law of nations, under the ægis of which Europe has hitherto lived, whatever violence the Holy See may be exposed to suffer, without having provoked it, and against which it is my duty now to protest energetically in the name of his Holiness.

"With sentiments of consideration, I am, etc.,

"G. Cardinal Antonelli."

WILL THE POPE LEAVE ROME?

The Paris *Constitutionnel* publishes an article, signed by M. Grandguillot, against the extreme party, which, after having counseled the Pope to follow a policy without concessions, now advises him to take to flight without honor. M. Grandguillot recalls that as long as the French troops are at Rome the security of the person and the authority of the Pope are guaranteed.

M. Grandguillot expresses an earnest desire that the Pope should not quit Rome, and continues thus: "In expressing these wishes we have only in view the interests of the Papacy, for that which at present complicates the position of France is the presence of her army at Rome, and if this occupation could cease all would be simplified, at least in a political point of view. It is not Rome that we occupy, but it is the Papacy which we defend. Our occupation could in no case assume a political character. The first consequence of the flight of the Pope would be the evacuation of Rome by the French, and in leaving we should carry with us great uneasiness respecting the future of the temporal power of the Pope."

AUSTRIA.

REVOLUTIONARY MOVEMENTS.

An incendiary proclamation, calling the people to arms, was introduced into Hungary from Bucharest. All the garrisons in Hungary were replaced on a war footing.

Austria had concentrated a great force on the Po, increased the military at Pistolo, and restricted the use of arms in Venetia.

False reports had been current in Paris that the Austrians had recrossed the Mincio.

HONDURAS.

THE CAPTURE OF WALKER.

We have details of the capture and death of Walker. After evacuating Truxillo on the night of August 21–22, he wandered down the coast, and finally encamped on the bank of the Rio Negro. A letter from Honduras thus describes the sequel:

"On the 3d of September two British cutters, carrying forty men, came up the river, and Captain Salmon, of the *Icarus*, accompanied by General Alvarez, of the Honduran army, stepped ashore and walked to the house in which General Walker was, and asked an interview with him, which was granted. Captain Salmon—a burly, bluff young British officer, of a very pompous, authoritative manner—introducing himself to General Walker, informed him that Her Majesty's sloop of war *Icarus* lay off the mouth of the river, and that anchored near her was a ship, which had on board two hundred and fifty Honduran soldiers, and he thereupon demanded the surrender of Walker and his command.

"General Walker, with characteristic coolness and dignity, contrasting strongly with the pompous assurance of the British officer, asked whether this demand was made by Captain Salmon as a British officer, and whether if he surrendered it would be to the British authorities?

"To this inquiry Major Dolan and Captain West, who were present at the interview, solemnly assert that Salmon replied, 'Yes, you surrender to me, as a British officer.' The question was repeated by General Walker, and the same answer given by Commander Salmon, who rather haughtily and patronizingly added, 'You may thank me, too, that you have a whole bone in your body.'

"The General then told them that under these circumstances he would surrender.

"That night, when the men were all asleep, General Walker and Colonel Rudler were taken under a guard to the *Icarus*.

"On the 4th the *Icarus* weighed anchor and steamed up to Truxillo, where she arrived that night. General Walker and Colonel Rudler were then formally delivered over to the Honduran authorities.

THE MARCH TO PRISON.

"The march on entering was slow and solemn. Walker, at the head of his men, dressed with much simplicity, marched, keeping time to the beat of the drum, and was the object upon which every eye was fixed. As soon as he entered the prison he was placed in heavy irons, and being asked if he needed any thing, replied with but one word—'Water.'

"Soon afterward he sent for the chaplain of this port, and, declaring his faith as a Roman Catholic, knelt at the feet of the priest, in front of a small altar, on which the glimmering light of some candles faintly discovered an image of the Saviour. Among other things he said to the chaplain, 'I am resigned to die: my political career is finished.'

THE EXECUTION.

"On the 11th inst., at seven o'clock in the evening, Walker was informed of the sentence of death passed upon him, and his only reply to the fatal messenger was his asking at what hour he would be executed, and if he should have time to write.

"On the 12th, at eight o'clock in the morning, the condemned man was marched to the place of execution. He went with a crucifix in his hand, without looking at any one, and listening to the psalms which the priest was reciting to him. He entered the square, where, at the place of execution, the troops were drawn up, and there, full of resignation, pronounced,

"'I am a Roman Catholic. The war which I made on Honduras, at the suggestion of certain people at Ruatan, was unjust. Those who accompanied me are not to blame. I alone am guilty. I ask pardon of the people. I receive death with resignation. Would that it were one for the good of society!'

"He died with extraordinary coolness. His remains were placed in a coffin, and rest in peace as a perpetual example."

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

An American writes from Truxillo: "General William Walker was shot on the 12th inst., at eight o'clock A.M. He showed throughout the greatest coolness, not even changing color when walking from the prison to the plaza where he was shot. Two soldiers, with drawn swords, advanced in front of him, and three, with fixed bayonets, followed him. In his right hand he carried a hat, and in his left a crucifix. Before taking his seat on the fatal *banquette* he requested the priest in attendance, inasmuch as he could not speak loud enough to be heard, to say to the people that he asked the pardon of all whom he had injured in his present expedition, etc., which is variously reported by various persons. He then sat down; a file of ten soldiers advanced, and fired on the instant. He died at once. The soldiers gave three cheers, and all was over. His remains have been decently buried, with the usual rites of the Church. I think there was a deep feeling of sympathy for his fate on the part of the people generally, nor does there appear to be any spirit of vindictiveness on the part of the Government and its officers. Rudler is condemned to four years' imprisonment, but I think he will be liberated before long."

CHINA.

RUMORED DISASTERS AT THE PEI-HO.

Rumors are current in London of unfavorable news from China, but there is nothing authentic. It is supposed the advice may have been received *via* Russia.

MEXICO.

THE SPANISH FLEET SAILS AWAY.

By an arrival at New Orleans we have important news from Mexico. The report of the condemnation and confiscation of the Spanish bark *Maria Concepcion* at Vera Cruz is confirmed. In consequence of this action of the Mexican authorities the commander of the Spanish fleet had threatened to bombard the city, but was deterred from so doing by Com. Jarvis, of the American squadron, and the entire Spanish fleet, with the exception of one vessel, returned to Havana. Degollado, the liberal general, had, it was believed, seized a conducta with $1,[illegible]00,000, bound for Tampico, inte[illegible] in aid of the expedition against the capital.

GRAND PROCESSION OF WIDE-AWAKES AT NEW

YORK ON THE EVENING OF OCTOBER 3, 1860.

THE WIDE-AWAKE PARADE.

THOUSANDS of torches flashing in high, narrow streets, crowded with eager people, and upon house-fronts in which every window swarms with human faces; with the mingling music of scores of military bands, and the rippling, running, sweeping, and surging sound of hozzas from tens of thousands, but generally a silence like the quiet flow of a vast river; with the waving of banners and inscriptions and mottoes of endless length, and through all, out of all, and over all, the splendor of exploding fire-works, of every color—these combined, artificial, are an imposing spectacle; and these every one in the city saw at the Wide-Awake festival on Wednesday night.

It was certainly a theatric approach to a purely poetic popular demonstration that we have had. Torches have in all European antecedents, in all works are of no party. Splendor and beauty are not yet proscribed. Every man who has at heart the municipal honor of New York (nominal now, or?) must have been glad and gratified on Wednesday evening. There was never, perhaps, so immense a political fire which passed off more peacefully. Even the bitterest political opponents of the party in which the organization belongs could not but confess how beautiful the scene was.

Standing at midnight in Broadway, near the corner of Tenth Street, and looking up and down Union Place, you saw the entire street sheeted with flickering light, and Union Place bright with showers of fire-works; while down town, as far as the New York Hotel, and beyond, there was the same blazing torrent of life and enthusiasm, from which, in place and incessant explosion, burst the Roman candles of every celestial hue.

A RASH LITTLE LADY, AND WHAT BECAME OF HER.

CHAPTER I.

A RAVINE, long, deep, jagged, hung with bushes, trees, flowers, and rocks. A man in blue overalls, gray bobtail coat, and paper cap, knocking away with a little hammer at the ledge of rock against the side of the ravine, moving stealthily this way and that, gazing earnestly at particular spots, touching them with his finger, and sometimes scratching carefully with his thumb-nail. "Blue limestone—subcarboniferous—fossils very numerous—" These were the mutterings at intervals, dropping the fragments into the brook, which tinkled on the creek dialect—all Greek to him, on its way to the surf at the foot of the ravine.

Now the man didn't know—how should he?—that a little lady was curled—Bella, by name—at her at the brown house over yonder—sat on the green plat a little above him, with her feet under her brilliant sweeping round her and hiding her feet, gathering specimens of flowers and grasses, trying how many different kinds she could find within the radius of her white arms and reaching fingers. He knew nothing about it. And if he had to wouhn't have cared. For Bella belonged to neither tertiary formation nor drift—was neither mineral nor fossil—and the great geologist was too absolutely absorbed in the investigation before him to be drawn from it by any thing less imposing than the last trump, or less hideous than a three-headed

So the little lady in curls sat gracefully on the green-sward gathering specimens. "Fourteen, fifteen, sixteen," she said, holding them light in one hand, leaning till almost prone, and reaching with the other. "My! how very curious! here are all these varieties within my reach. How rich the world is!"—and the man rapped away with his little hammer, muttering, "Flint—conglomerate—north and south vein"—neither knowing nor thinking about the other, and neither caring a wisp of straw for any body who might be near.

"Twenty-five, as I live!" said Bella, sitting quite upright, all aglow, and pressing her little round waist with both hands as though her slender dress had made her extend her specimen-circle to its utmost possible circumference—as indeed it had.

Rap—tap—rap.

"Hooray!" said the little lady; "spirits down there, I guess. I should really like to know what that is. Must be somebody down there; and I'm going to have a look at the creature."

So the little lady gave her head a toss which sent the curls flying behind her shoulder, rose, arranged her dress just a bit—as any lady of her size, little, would certainly have done—and walking demurely to the brink of the ravine, looked cautiously over.

"A man with a hammer! Funny little hammer—silent at once, sharp at the other. I wonder if he's a mining man; and not very elegantly dressed, either. I suppose he thinks it's no use to try. Right, I guess. Seems to have. Wonder what he'd do if he knew I was looking at him."

Upon this the mischief-loving brain under the curls conceived the idea of making the man look up; and forthwith it became a necessity, for the little lady was just as unfurious as any little lady you ever saw, and liked a spice of adventure "ever so much," as she herself would have said it.

The girl touched her tiny slipper to a little piece of rock, and it rolled down the declivity.

"Wonder if he looked up then."

It was likely enough that he did; but then there was no means of knowing; and what fun was there in making him look up if you couldn't look over and see him do it? So Bella, who began to feel considerable interest in the experiment, sat down close by the edge, and, holding by a stout shrub, leaned over and let fall another bit of rock.

"I declare! what a row! He must be deaf."

Down went a third little boulder, slipping from one projection to another, and lodging in the brook.

"Hem! Deaf, I guess. Wonder if he has the sense of *feeling* left. I'll try it; anyhow" and the saucy little Bella tossed another bit of rock with such capital luck that it struck plump upon the man's paper cap, right over the organ of ideality.

Of course the man in the paper cap looked up: but Bella was so startled by the success of her toss as to dart back involuntarily; and then she lay, flat and reclining on the sward, frightened, but laughing exuberantly over his probable amazement.

"I wonder if the stupid man looked up then," said the little lady. "What a fool I was to hide before I found out whether the poor fellow was not the sense to look up. I declare, I would like to see what he's doing now. I will—I'll look over. I'm not going through all this performance and then be too cowardly to look over. I'm certainly all it. So, now for one more look. Didn't that little stone hit him sharp enough? Ah, he's looking. He's she knew very well she had done enough and had better go home, stood up with a queenly grace and stepped sublimely toward the edge. Bella was a spoiled child.

The geologist's organ of ideality having been hit by a piece of rock, it had immediately roused into action; and hence he looked up with a vague expectation of finding something beautiful in the stuff. Nothing in sight but a few rustling shrubs. But the habit of abstraction which fits so closely to every one of science and art, had its share in the garment; and so the man gazed upward several seconds longer than an ordinary mortal would have done, and so got more of a well-defined notion of what he was looking for.

Bella placed her little foot carefully upon the edge, took graceful hold of the curls sweeping in front of her shoulders, and touching the lace-trimmed edge of the blue-spotted muslin—and looked over.

"Oh!" There was a man's great face looking, full at her!

The sudden start loosened the jutting edge of earth upon which she had rested her foot as she leaned over the brow of the hill, and it plunged, rattling, the little lady could only save herself from falling by yielding to the force of gravity and dancing, and skipping involuntarily, and with the utmost rapidity, down the steep declivity, saying, in the dazed fits of breathing left to her by fear—

"My! What *shall* I do? Oh! catastrophe, sure enough!"

The man in the paper cap spread his arms mechanically—hammer in one hand, and a piece of limestone in the other—and with a confused impression that an avalanche was coming, and which cloud, and garlanded with roses, was flying toward him, received the will-o'-the-wisp. With a spirit of her utmost agility, momentum got the better of her, and catching her foot in the skirt of her dress she could only helplessly fall into his arms.

"Why—really—now—excuse me—" stammered the confused geologist. He persists to this day that he was never so "put out" in his whole life as to say in all his life.

Bella, though a child in one sense, was a queenly little woman in an emergency; as self-possessed and dignified as swift-thoughted and brilliant. Recognizing herself, and seeing that no help or love, she stood the personification of ease and womanly command; and looking at him with a countenance tinted with the loveliest blushes, "Sir," she said, "I am very much obliged to you."

"I thank you, Sir, for saving me from falling. I was playing a girlish trick upon you, Sir, and deserved the punishment. Will you please to go?" And she held out her little hand.

The geologist took it. Selling very much as though his own was a lion's paw with a little bird in it. Had it been a specimen of mineral he would have known what to do with it. He should have turned it over and scratched it with his thumb-nail; but this little velvety hand was also gather out of his way. Bella, with a moment rather awkwardly, looking at it half-professionally, he gave it back again, with the assurance that he "had nothing to say—was glad he could help her," or words to that effect.

"Sir, I am very much obliged to you, Sir, for not looking up at me sooner," said Bella, playfully, and lowering herself from his presence.

The geologist followed me figure with his eye as long as he could, then took a fragment of conglomerate, and, sitting down on a boulder, began to examine it. First, he picked out the little pebbles, and brought the loose sand; then he turned it over, over, over, slowly, perhaps a hundred times. I do not pretend to know much about his thoughts at this time. I do not suppose that he was deeply in a lump of ideality with a piece of quartz, excitement of that organ is pretty sure to follow.

"Oh, oh, oh," murmured Bella, as soon as she had turned an angle of the ravine. "There there, there! Now I've done it, sure enough. Now I'm in for it, I don't care. I'll tell him all about it; and he'll put me under the children, and say, 'Little dear, little thing, Bella, and ought to get punished now and then.' But mercy!—My! I wouldn't she should know it for the world. I'm sure I'm crying for nothing at all. She'd hold up her hands, and say I'd done a very improper thing indeed. Well, I suppose I *have* done it; but we could all have fun now, I should like to know? Well, it was the *funniest* thing that ever did happen, and—Didn't Lin him nice, though?" And Bella, having cast a quick glance to see that no one was near, burst into a rich laugh, which rang like the tinkling of fairy bells.

"One good thing—he doesn't know me at all, and I shall never see him again. So I'll just tell Harriet and Fanny, and we'll have a fine time, and that will be the end of it. Heigh-ho! Wasn't he frightened, though?"

The little lady set her father before she reached home, and, full of the subject, depicted the scene critically, half-bursting with merriment all the while.

"You see, he is a miner, or something of that sort; old, and ever so ugly. No, he wasn't ugly in his *face*—that was real live-looking—great, you like years, too. But then his clothes were ugly; and—Well, I guess he is a mineralogist, papa."

The father patted his spoiled child under her chin, and said the very words Bella had put into his mouth.

Passing on the lawn, under the elms, and pressing her close to his great heart, the father gave Bella better kisses than any other human being could bestow. Then they went in, with perfect love and perfect trust between them—the oak and the vine.

CHAPTER II.

THERE were signs at the close of the last chapter that the episode of the ravine was to end in love and laughter—filial love and girlish laughter. Certainly nothing was farther from Bella's thoughts than the idea of ever meeting the geologist again, whom, out of compliment to his gray coat and paper cap, she had pronounced a miner of the field degree. And yet on the very next day, as she sat in summer silk and winged laces listening to the doubtful rhetoric of the village pastor, what should follow the lovely professional tread of the sexton straight to her father's pew but the very face which had looked up at her from the bottom of the ravine! The paper cap was not there, not the gray coat, nor the heavy boots; but the face, that was there matched in its strength by a figure which carried broadcloth as though born to it.

What could it mean? Her father smiled the smile of a friend; and when the man sat down, although wishing to welcome an old friend, while not forgetting the proprieties of the place, her father could not but conclude civilly out and chat that of the stranger in a silent grasp.

"There I've done it, thought Bella, the blood crimsoning to her forehead and rushing to the tips of her fingers. "Could *any* thing be more unlucky?" Thereupon she privately resolved that no sooner should she reach her own little chamber than she would have one good cry. And she did. Felt better. Then, after a copious application of cold water and a proper concentration of mind upon her toilet, she came down to dinner with a man at dinner with her usual ease and modishly dignity.

She said scarcely a word at dinner; partly because of a lingering embarrassment, and partly because she had nothing to say. Mr. Caxton and her father talked of old times—when they were together in England or somewhere—making their talk conglomerate by mingling pebbles of remembrance with sand-grains of abstruse subjects. The gentleman scarcely noticed her at all—treating her with grave politeness—almost amounting to reference, however, when circumstances made it necessary that he should turn to her.

"I don't believe he remembers me at all," thought Bella; "and oh, I'm so glad! A perfect gentleman, any way! Almost as old as father, though. But—Well, I'm old—young enough to be handsome, any way. Let me see—pa is thirty-eight, and I'm—Why, I'm almost over thirty. What a noble father I have got! Oh, I shall never love any body half so well as I do my father, I know."

Bella, with her usual quickness of mind, girlish, Is not Walter coming home from sea? Walter, the dashing, handsome sailor. Walter, your schoolgirl love, pictured in the verses "round the Horn" —boy when he left you, man when he returns. Walter, your father's favorite, whose you are by your father's own choice, seconded by your own child-preference years ago! You know nothing about it? You have never consulted the geologist as a member of the family for a month or two, pursuing his researches in the country round.

Mr. Caxton was in conversation aside very soon. Indeed, she was sure Mr. Caxton had not the slightest suspicion that she was the fairy that ran into his arms.

"Isn't it funny, Fanny? Well, he is a gentleman, any way—and he considers me with as much freaks! I declare! he is ever so much like my only he isn't my father, you know;" and Bella kissed Fanny on the cheek again, pronouncing her a dear good girl, in ecstatic maidenly phrase.

Bella's knowledge of botany was of very great service to Mr. Caxton, who had long wished to obtain a practical acquaintance with the science. Besides, this was a peculiarly favorable opportunity, for his mineralogy had so much her pleasant instructions by teaching her to distinguish geological specimens.

The truth is, they roamed the fields together very much, the man gathering rocks, the maiden flowers, Bella and Fanny—rocks and flowers. The strongest contrasts and most beautiful unions in all the world.

Bella's quick ear and eyeful eye caught at the geologist's facts and illustrations with a readiness that often drew him out beyond himself. Especially in speaking of theories of stratification, of the ages of deposit, and the vast eternities in which the earth was slowly fitting for man to live upon. Mr. Caxton would warm into the deep eloquence of genius, and throw off sparks of thought which would not kindle in his more ordinary talk.

Bella never felt so much at home, and yet so lost to herself, as when sitting, or walking, or talking with Mr. Caxton. It was curious. The impression was that of being enveloped, lifted.

"I'm afraid of him? Not a bit, Fanny. What an idea!"

"Well, *I am*. He's so learned and dignified. Why, when he looks at me, I want to creep into my slippers."

"What a funny girl you are, Fanny! Well, I have heard a great deal about learned, father people—but then, somehow, I don't *feel* it. See what he gave me to-day—a whole handful of rocks and flowers, all mixed up together. Isn't it queer?"

Is it possible that two months have gone?—more than eight full weeks!—sixty days! Even so. And the good ship *Montezuma* has reached her port at last. Full. Sperm-oil, bringing a round figure in the market. Walter will be home to-morrow.

And Bella—poor dear little Bella—fluttering like a feather in wavering and eddying breezes!

Four years have translated her. They have brought contour, curve, blush. They have opened a revelation of thought, emotion, power—new life. And now she is tremulous, restless, timid, anxious. And why?

Bella does not know.

She knows that four years of life, marked by activity, adventure, danger, have also wrought their work upon the boy who went out at nineteen, and comes back at twenty-three. What is he now? Is he boisterous and brave, and manly as her girl-heart pictured him then; or was she foolish and unpenetrating, like other children, and will he come back a wreck of the promise of four?

These were some of her thoughts, driven into her mind by the relation of their school-life, and by her father's partiality for Walter. But away down in a corner of her heart—a very wicked corner, Bella thought—there was the least possible sense of regret, ill-defined, and not comprehensible. What could it mean? She was glad to have Walter come—of course—and was glad to have him come home to his mother and sisters; glad to see him herself.

And yet sometimes it seemed so sudden—breaking in so upon her very, very smooth and pleasant daily life. So sudden.

"I wonder what Mr. Caxton will think of him?"

Early one morning, while the dew was yet on the grass, a young sailor stepped from the deck of a packet which had just swept gracefully and gracefully to the street of the pier. He walked proudly, strongly, with the sea-swing, through the streets of the village. Whole families pressed their faces against the window-panes; young fellows left the axe in the log, and, with a welcome slightly sentorian, met the returned in the lane. Old men stood tottering at gate-ways, holding fast by rough posts, to welcome Walter, in the changed but kindly voice of age. Matrons, too, sweeping, to the door-way, with shrill but broken words of cheer, as he passed along; and then followed his mastering form with eyes that glistened, as they thought of the unutterable joy of that mother, the sound of whose voice floetide now arose from the brown sides of the house toward which he was hurrying.

Walter raised the latch and went in. The teams in the street whipped on, the women and children left the windows; the axe was resumed; the old men turned back to their respective doorsteps; and while mother, son, and sisters wept together, a hundred warm hearts joined silently in the greeting.

Not long after Walter and Bella met at the threshold of the house—the handsome sailor and the pretty little Bella.

"Yes, Fanny, he is just as handsome—*handsome* than when he went away—but—"

"But what, Bella?"

"Oh, I don't know. Don't plague me."

"I won't plague you, darling; but what do you mean by 'but'?"

"Why, nothing, only— Well, we haven't got fairly acquainted yet."

Now it happened at precisely this juncture that Mr. Caxton, who was then in her employ, was called to the State Capitol to superintend the publication of a huge volume of reports, and to attend to other matters equally dry. For, though, this was not a trumped-up excuse for leaving his old friend's family in ease and comfortable retreat, which he was bound to obey. Mr. Caxton went promptly.

But just on the eve of his leaving, Mr. Vaughn—Bella's father—took an old friend's liberty, and said, clapping his hand on his shoulder,

"Caxton, my dear fellow, why don't you settle down and get married?"

"I can scarcely tell, Mr. Vaughn, that has been so absolutely that I suppose I have thought less of the pleasures of domestic life than I ought. We scientific men have our wife and children of our books and our specimens, you know."

"But just compare your condition with mine, Caxton," said Mr. Vaughn, with some remains of spirits, "Just note the difference between a homeless bachelor like yourself and a married man like me, in the midst of such a family as this, with my little one, my Frank, and my precious little Bella there."

Mr. Caxton looked up just an instant.

"I tell you what, Charles," continued his host, waving cordially, "I have a plan for you—a capital plan. May I tell it unreservedly?"

Mr. Caxton said "Yes."

"It is just this: you remember Mrs. Cleff, the nice young widow to whom you were introduced one evening, about a week ago? A middle, elegant person, not much more than thirty; only one child, and she a bright little thing, Caxton."

And Mr. Vaughn pronounced the name with a slow, smiling, genuine emphasis. "That—is—the—woman—do—you. Mark my words."

Having thus delivered himself, he was gladly a mile or two; found the ravine in which he was first discovered, and sat down and pondered. That omnipresent hammer of his shattered conglomerate into myriad flying fragments. What was plaguing under those strong and noble features it is not my privilege to know. Certainly there was turmoil and wrestling: and the conflict was long and fierce. But the conqueror was stirred into a strength of meaning which few countenances have the power to mirror under the strongest of emotion. After about two hours of this silence and pantomime the geologist slowly rose from his seat, saying,

"Forty years old, and as weak and foolish as a boy!"

Just after Walter arrived, Mr. Caxton left for the State Capitol. The house was full of light when he went away. The handsome sailor was there, the father and mother were radiant, and Bella in

thus unfathomable mood of suddenly embarrassment, pleasure, and regret.

He addressed himself to the long, dry work before him with the concentration of his profession, analysing, abstracting, generalising, til the absorption of his energies gave only time for a dreamlike memory of the episode of which we have been writing as long; but it was memory striking into his thoughts every day with the flash of a very vivid dream.

He learned that he was not only a man of science but a man of weakness and emotion as well. God help us when we think we are strong!

CHAPTER III.

Two weeks later. Bella and Walter have been out walking very often—have been together in the sitting-room during the mornings of the family mysteriously withdrawn. Walter has driven often to the cottage-door with a proud bay horse in a faultless harness of silver and black, and a chaise so nicely balanced as to float, balloon-like, in the air.

The two have played at grass-hoop on the grass of the front lawn, many a time; often ending the sport with a tea-kettle, in which more grass in the chief projectile, falling in a feathery cloud over Bella, or dashing full in the face and clinging to the curls and beef of the handsome judge.

Fanny has been with them often—joined in their walks, their rides, their tête-à-têtes. Bella has never visited her now. But Fanny has felt guilty, as well as lonely, when with them; guilty, that she should share the time which every holy else resigned to her as lonely, as mamma—even when they see, or fancy they see, the shimmer of the light which has never yet reached themselves.

Fanny has grown demure, abstracted, half-sad. Bella has grown tired, listless. She round of adventure has grown revolting. She begins to feel lonely again. She is half-conscious of a thirst for something better, higher, more substantial, than Walter is there she is gay, rollicking even. Walter watches her face with a little twig, and Bella nibbles him roundly and very prettily. When Walter stands by the edge of the river, throwing rocks for the benefit of Blucher, his dog, Bella attempts to join in; and then there is a bit of a skirmish and some musical screaming.

Fanny's poor little heart sinks within her for very loneliness, as on these gay doings she sees, reflects on the beauty and life of the sailor, and Bella's self-possession when the two are together.

Bella goes away by herself, almost disturbed, and yet unable to tell, for the life of her, what is the matter.

Thus Fanny gets sad and still; and Bella becomes abstracted and watery. Both lose hold of each other, and half-regret. Bella has her life and her secret.

Bella walked down the ravine one day. There was no sound of hammer now; but she thought she would look over.

"Worse and worse! all happen this time," said she, resting her tiny slipper in a sure place, and bending over.

"Why, there's Fanny, as I live! all alone, too, and looking as though she had lost every friend in the world!"

Fanny had thrown down her hat, loosed her hair till it fell in heavy wealth upon her shoulders, and, leaning upon one elbow, was pulling flowers into bits, and tossing them upon the little brook, which ran chattering away with them as though it understood and the leaves were sad.

Bella tripped down a winding pathway, and in a few seconds was close by Fanny's side, closing her arms about her neck.

"I will—I will make a confidante of Fanny—tell her every word," thought Bella, as her friend laid her cheek to hers, yet half sadly against her own.

"Fanny, darling, do you love me?"

"Why, Bella, you *know* I do," said Fanny, almost reproachfully, her eyes filling with tears as she glanced into the face of her friend.

"Yes, I do know it—but then, lately, you have seemed so *different*—so reserved."

"So have you, Bella."

"I know it, but I'm not going to be so any more. You see, I haven't told you all my thoughts as I used to—that makes a difference; and you have kept secrets from me too, Fanny. Now I am going to be just my old self; and you shall meet me half-way, darling, will you?"

Fanny trembled very much, was silent, then burst into weeping. Warm and tearful were the caresses as the two leaned together on the turf. At last the bargain was made; for kisses had sprouted the door to each secret chamber of each little heart.

"Well, Fanny," said Bella, buoyant with the joy of unsealing one more, "I am going to tell you every thing now—every thing. Oh! I have been so unhappy, you don't know! And I am just as wicked as I can be. I know I am, and yet I can not help it. I have tried and tried, and—"

"So am I," sobbed Fanny, "more wicked than you are—a hundred times worse. When you know how bad I am you'll want to kill me—I know you will."

"Foolish Fanny!" said Bella, gathering spirits as her friend lost them, "it is so much thing. Now see;" and the pretty little sinner collected her thoughts to begin.

"You know Walter likes me, Fanny—of course."

"Yes—I know."

"And you know father likes him ever so much, and expects me—you know all about it, Fanny?"

"Yes."

"And you know he is just as handsome as he can be, and full of fun, and a good sailor, they say, and young, and all that?"

"Yes," It was said faintly, but frankly. Fanny lay still in Bella's arms, the tears filling like summer rain, her fingers trembling like the necklaces of grass. Now and then a half-shudder ran through her frame.

"Now, you won't hate me, darling, when you know how wicked I am," said Bella, folding the little figure closer, and beginning to cry, partly from sympathy and partly from the imminence of the coming confession.

Fanny kissed the cherry lips, which was saying "No" with emphasis.

"Then you shall know the worst. *I don't love Walter a bit!* I have tried just as hard as I could, because I don't want to disappoint father, nor any body; and Walter is very good, and handsome, and all that, you know. But I can't love him. I never have, and I won't—so, there! I know I am foolish and wicked, and you have both a thousand of me, and all that; but as for being his wife, I can't think of it—I can't—I can not—and I won't—there!"

Hereupon Bella brought her pouting lips in close proximity to Fanny's, but started, with,

"Why, Fanny! you don't love—love—Why, what's the matter, darling?"

"Nothing. Let me be still a little while—don't speak."

They sat a long time silent, wound in each other's arms.

"Now, Bella, shall *I* confess?"

"Yes."

"Put your face down to mine—there—so! Bella, *I* love Walter; and—and he told me just now that he—he loved me."

At this juncture Bella behaved most unseemly. Springing to her feet, and lifting Fanny as though she were a child, the impulsive Bella danced, like her arms about her, dipped her hands, cried and laughed at once; kissed her lips, her eyes, her forehead; and then, throwing herself on the sward, indulged in a really joyous cry.

CHAPTER IV.

The clock struck three.

Thomas Prentice, the broker, turned the key of his desk, locked and double-locked his safe, hung his overcoat on a hook behind the door, and putting his hat upon his briery head, walked into the street with an air that seemed to say to the throng:

"Better not cross near me; I shall catch you and scratch you."

Soon men seem to have been born with thorns sticking out all over them, as the briers we find among the underbrush of forests. They lay hold of every thing that comes near them, scratching hands and faces till the blood comes, and tearing all kinds of fabrics into dilpidation.

The broker was one of these men. Not a man to violate the *letter* of the law, and thus bring himself into disgrace; but a scheming, selfish, money-grubbing, powerful, wicked man, not a whit the better because he treated his victims as poachers do chickens—wring their necks silently.

He took out a pocket-book, and looked in business contemplations, came upon the post-office, passed contentedly up the granite steps, and deposited a rather bulky letter in one of the mysterious crevices through which we all drop those freighted packages—all, poor and rich, loving and hating.

"A hard case, a very hard case!" said Mr. Prentice, half-audible communion with his own self; "can't help it, though."

"Bella, close the shutters in about an hour. The sun will be up then, and the light will trouble me," said Prentice, opening the door and leaving the young girl with her father.

Oh, the long hush of the sick chamber! Bella bent over her father an instant, watching the slow breathing of the sick man's slumber; then sat with folded hands thinking how fearfully still it was; then gave her forehead a gentle touch with the touch of her dripping white hand; smoothed a wrinkle in the counterpane and brushed a speck from the pillow; turned her head to the wall to hide a rustle which in the hush seemed fearfully loud; and then sank into a long fit of thought of dear father, running off to a thousand things besides.

The door swung slowly and noiselessly open, and a package of letters was put in Bella's hand. They were her father's letters—all of them. So Bella sat and waited. Mr. Vaughn had been so long accustomed to a life of incessant travelling—physician sluught it best to allow Bella to read his core-spondence about to him, even in the first days of his convalescence. It was a little thoughtful of his daughter, running off to a thousand things besides.

The sick man stirred, threw an arm from under the covering, and opened his eyes with the clear look which comes of refreshing sleep.

"Letters," said his daughter, holding up the package.

"Well, read them."

One was folded small and tucked in a little white envelope, the which bore the tremulous chirography of age. It was Mr. Vaughn's mother. Another was from a stranger making some curious request. Others, upon various business topics. The heaviest was opened last. The very letter we saw deposited in the city office with the granite steps. It contained a startling story. A story of losses.

"I regret exceedingly to make this announcement, Sir," wrote the broker, "to unexpected, so utterly unforeseen. My own losses are also very heavy; heavier than yours."

"Oh, father! father! dear father! don't look so. Turn to me. Kiss me. Do, father!"

The sick man turned his pale face, with the strange look, startling even, upon his bewailing daughter, and tried to look cheerful.

But the effort was vain; for the iron had entered.

The sick room knew a deeper hush, and a deeper shadow. The curtains drooped a little lower, and the few footfalls were very light and careful, as though the touch of a soft slipper upon a softer carpet were a fearful noise.

The doctor came more gravely in, spoke in lower tones, with a touch of sympathy in them; and when he said, "Speak as cheerily as you can, and don't let him see your face sad," though the order was began with cheer in the voice, it ended in a tone which seemed to say, "Poor sister!"

The hush grew deeper still. The touch of that little hand upon the pillow was lighter and lighter, and when it crept to the warm forehead it lay there longer and longer.

One morning, just at dawn, a human life went out from that hushed room, leaving Bella alone.

Then friends came in to do kindly duties, and the hush of the bedside was broken.

When the funeral was over he left Bella alone. She had clung to one, and in the fall of the one she, too, was bereaved.

Not till now had the child the least adequate conception of the tenacity of her clinging, nor any thing like a consciousness of the utter lack of other support than her father's heart and arm. The mother—well, it was all expressed in Bella's own words: "I never understands me;" and when so she had gone to her father, and her father had been her all.

Now, in her deep grief, came thoughts of her father's friend, more continuous and swaying, even, than the pleasant memories which had lived in her heart all along the time since he went away. He was so earnest, so kind, so noble. Unconsciously she had thought of him, till he became the standard by which she judged other men.

Sometimes, as she sat looking forth from the unconsecrated window of her little bed-chamber upon the moonlit sea, and hills, and tree-tops, she would think of him, the impulsive Bella would, with his earnest nature and wealth of noble thought, as in the old-time wanderings across the fields, and nestling by his handsome window, she experienced anew the sensation of being "enveloped, lifted."

The only friend in the wide world upon whose directing hand she could fully rely was at this instant on shipboard, bounding along over the seas for California, and leaving the little Bella of months ago, but putting reins upon his bounding, and turning her face toward him as he believed that it was a very foolish thing to wish that he, instead of the handsome sailor, could have cared for the dear child.

The geologist was not a man to be blind to his own emotions. That he loved, unreasonably, but quite consciously, the object of his pity, he knew well. That Bella could have lighted his home forever—a very, very long time—was a matter of consciousness; but that, if he could have done so, he would have been justified in calling her to his side and sealing the contract impossible. Therefore Mr. Caxton endeavored to think very sensible things, gave her mentally to Walter, went over the seas type by which to compare her very hair to be betrothed. "God help us when we think we are strong!"

We can not follow Bella into the daily duties of her village school of the first ten month—the beginning of the year 1850—the year of the Californian diversion.

Mr. Caxton is commissioned to Australia, early in the lapse of these two years; and he goes, carrying Bella's image, as he carried her picture to California a year before—carrying a memory, a regret, and a longing.

In the middle of her discipline Bella has reached the position of teacher in a very select institution, where the limit of pupils is fifteen, and the price extravagant. She has but a few hours of her time are occupied, and her classes are in the higher branches.

At the close of this third year we may look in on her a moment, just before she closes her apartments to go to her father's home, for the reviewing of its early associations. A pleasant, well-furnished room; a fire in the grate—just a little, to hallow the chill of a November evening. Books, papers and books on the table; a port-folio of drawings, open. Bella, the student and worker of the past three years—fresh and buoyant, but with that sweet dignity which comes of chastening such a springing and loving heart as hers—more beautiful, her figure just perfected by the habit of command.

At this instant she is looking at a drawing—a face—drawn from memory more than a year ago.

Mr. Caxton, just returned from the great island, is passing out of sight of land.

The geologist reaches his hotel, and there finds a letter stating the death of a brother in Florida, and the need of his presence.

Passing under that window a dozen times a day, thinking of Bella as a long ago dream-friend many miles away, perhaps the wife of the handsome sailor, Mr. Caxton completes his arrangements for a visit to Florida and embarks for Florida. Does he very Bella as when he sailed to one and the other land of gold? Yes; and I suppose he always will.

CHAPTER V.

The gray morning broke slowly upon a village on the coast of Florida. A terrible storm, the night long the wind had rushed shrieking over the bare hills and by the isolated houses, making enough and blasts of fence, chimney, and the dead limbs of the few buttonwood trees, whose leafless trunks yet stood erect because no breeze could so ignore the old associations as to put the axe to them and see them fall. Old men as they stood in the morning could compare the storm to nothing within more recent recollection than thirty years. Every family as it sat around the breakfast board, startling even, upon the bewailing daughter, and tried to look cheerful.

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Bella had been the first to descry a small black speck in the edge of the horizon, coming into view and then receding, but growing larger and more constant as the morning grew. The roar of ocean in a storm having been no part of her lullaby in the last three years, she could not sleep; and because the brown house stood apart from the rest on elevated ground, she could see from the window had been thus rewarded. Fanny saw it next, for she was watching elsewhere. Walter had sailed from a home port only a day or two since; he was in the merchant service now.

Though the waves rolled thundering to the shore, and the storm was yet wild, Fanny found her way to the lower house early in the day, leaving her little boy in charge of a neighbor's daughter. Fanny and Bella sat together, saying little; Fanny very anxious, and Bella under a mysterious pressure.

The speck grew larger. Slowly but surely it tumbled in toward the land a massless hulk. As the morning wore on groups of men gathered on the headland between the town house and the shore, watching the curved outlines and beautiful proportions of the half-dismasted thing to which the sometimes kindly shores must first come, a rough welcome now. Women congregated at the town house and waited for the first tidings from land. And still the gale blew wildly; and the billows held their winding sheets aloft a moment, then spread them on the shifting sand. The ship came on as gracefully as though her march were not to death, rather a bright green sea-floor into view with every climbing to the summit of a wave.

There were men on board. There were signals of distress—signals of sights to the groups on shore men and weeping women. She approaches nearer. The women forget the storm and are hurried by a kind of unguided impulse to the shore. Nearer —nearer—nearer—she strikes—is buried in foam—rises low-lie, shaking her sea-green mane—strikes again—sounds rocks or fragments.

Here and there a human form struggles into view upon a mast-head or main chips. Now one is thrown violently up the cliff, stunned, and carried back by the retreating wave to struggle never again. She is surrounded by the savage of the ocean; but what can mortals do? For such as strike against the cliff there is no hope. A few, clinging to a mast or timber, are carried into the mouth of the ravine. The cruel billows play with them—lift to a seeming eternity of minutes and then, as if willing to spare a few poor lives, push them within the rocks' sides upon the level floor. And there they lie in motionless at last.

The villagers, with that stern, earnest look which the powerless brave wear in the presence of death and calamity, gather the fear in strong arms, and place them on a patch of green-sward a little up the ravine. But long ere this Fanny has been a watcher—of hope and anguish as she recognizes the still features of the handsome sailor of a few years ago—of her husband—of her boy. And so it was his ship that had been swept by the tempest, and all through the long, wild morning had rolled fearfully in to the death-wielding shore.

There men and women of the coast were too familiar with shipwrecks to let a life go. As the bodies was taken by a few of the most experienced, subjected to tests of life, and brought under the influence of means which a long seafaring had taught to use so well. There were reversings of position, flushings, pressure upon the chest. One—a lad of eighteen—came to himself at once, after a little care. At last, after long and patient trial, Walter gave a gasping groan, the fire was again at the return of life; and Fanny, bursting for the first time into tears, threw herself frantically upon the body of her husband. Even the strangest spectacle sounds had a music in them—the music of returning life.

An hour passed, and yet the two remaining bodies gave no hopeful signs. Another hour was almost gone, and the effort of the most sanguine began to lose their vigor. Only had they been so long continued because of the entreaties of the women, to whom those strangers were to-day friends, husbands, brothers, on other shores, needing the toil which was theirs to bestow to-day—the effort which would end in a resurrection. The men ceased; but Bella, watching, had detected a little flush—a faint color—thought she saw, and entreated earnestly for another brief endeavor. Thus one of them was saved. Then the efforts were increased and the time extended, but to no avail. The other never woke.

That afternoon the town house held them all. In the night Bella and Fanny sat by the dead in that subdued converse which befits a presence so august. And the handsome body was taken by the friends of the deceased, and given to sleep in the cemetery of its city home.

"Walter, Walter, was this man's name?" asked Bella's old friend, the physician.

"A passenger, going to the vicinity of Tallahassee, to take charge of a plantation which had fallen to him somewhere. I believe he was a broker."

"What was his name?"

"Mr.—it sounds like Tresley."

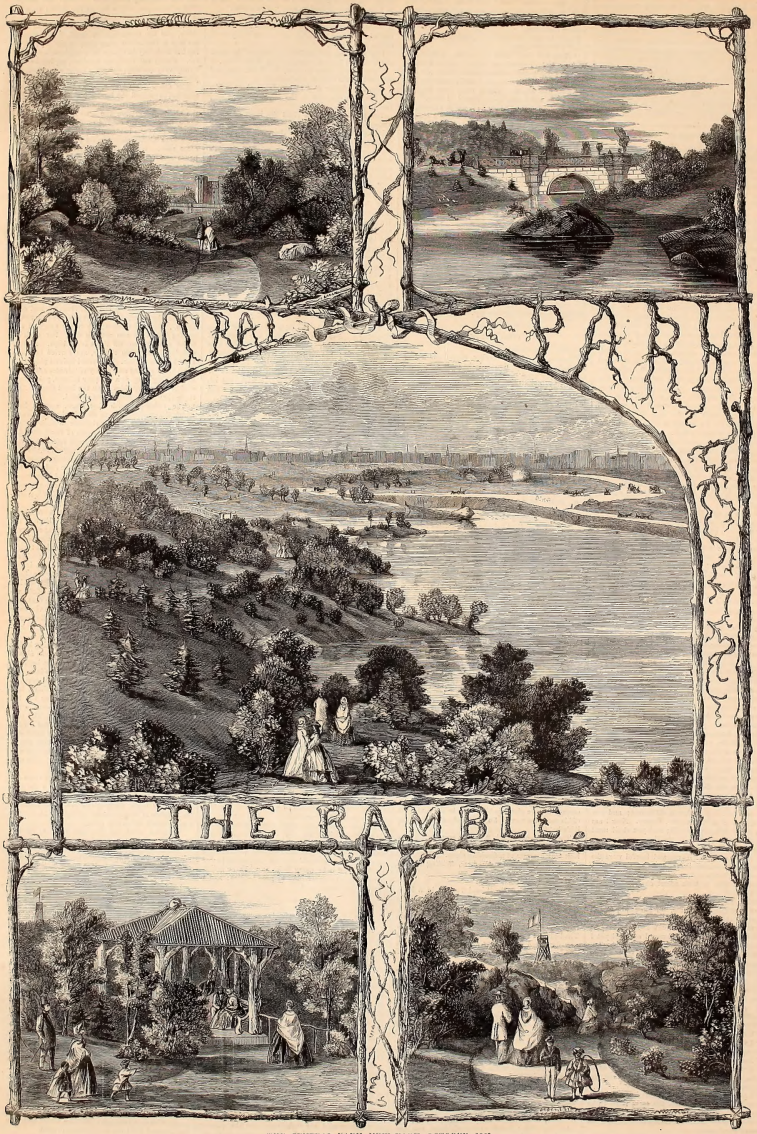
"Treston?"

"Yes, that it!—Preston."

As he rode homeward, the old man murmured to himself, "Poor child! I am little thinks that she has been sitting and watching by the body of her father's murderer! Murder *I* call it."

It was a strange coincidence—a very strange coincidence—that it was Walter's ship in which the geologist had taken passage; and thus the Providence "which shapes our ends" had thrown these three together, upon the shore within the old village. And Bella and Fanny had been brought to meet them there.

Three years of total had brought into full bloom the perfection of high womanhood which Mr. Caxton had found in little Bella, and worshiped ever since, despite himself. As he saw her now there were no misgivings lest she should find no genial, matching spirit in his staid and weighty self. So he told her a story of three years' length; and Bella, looking back, saw for the first time that the mystery of her emotions was no mystery at all. And while they walked hand in hand through the world the gravity of the one was seen to break often into ripples, and the buoyancy of the other to gain in it a strength and sense which added to its diamond light the weightiness of gold.



THE CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK, OCTOBER, 1860.

THE POPE AND HIS GENERAL.

THE public will be glad to have a portrait of the Pope and of General Lamoricière, who figure so prominently in the news from Europe, and whose career appears at length to be drawing to a sudden close.

Pope Pius the Ninth was born at Senegalia in 1792, and is consequently at the present time about 68 years old. His family was ancient and wealthy; his name is Mastai Ferretti. In early youth he was destined for the army, and it is said—though this has been denied—that he served some time in a regiment of dragoons. However this be, he fell in love, when a very young man, with a beautiful English girl, who refused to marry him unless he would become a Protestant. Declining to pay this price for a wife, and unable to bear the mortification of losing her he loved, Mastai resigned his commission, entered the Church, and won golden opinions by his fervor, zeal, and intelligence. At the age of thirty he was dispatched to Chili to reorganize the Church there, which had been thrown into disorder by the revolution. This mission he fulfilled with such success that, on his return, he was intrusted with an important post in the Government at Rome. He shortly afterward became Papal nuncio at Naples. There he won no little fame by the courage and disinterested kindness which he displayed toward the sick; the cholera was raging among the lazaroni, and many priests, overcome by terror, refused to perform their offices to the dying. Mastai not only spent his whole time at the bedside of the sufferers, but sold his plate and carriages, and devoted the money to their use; preferring, as he said, "to walk on foot so long as the poor of Jesus were dying in the streets."

Under Gregory XVI. Mastai Ferretti, who had been appointed a cardinal, administered the diocese of Imola, in the Romagna, and by his skill and conciliatory policy contrived to soothe much of the discontent which prevailed in that region. On Gregory's death he was summoned to Rome to assist at the conclave which was to elect a new Pope. It was generally understood that Gregory's successor was to be Cardinal Lambruschini; Cardinal Ferretti was one of the scrutineers. On the third ballot he was elected Pope. His excitement when, as scrutineer, he made the astounding discovery, was so great that he fainted.

As Pope, Pius IX. commenced his career nobly. He liberated the thousands of political prisoners who had been thrown into jail by Gregory. He reformed many departments of the Government. He encouraged the national Italian feeling. He spoke openly against the Austrian domination. So novel a stand for the head of the Church attracted the world's attention. Pius became the most popular man in Europe, and the excitable Italian people ripened for revolt. The French revolution of 1848 kindled the flame. Then Pius tried to stem the tide by reactionary measures. It was too late. He refused to be a party to any revolutionary proceedings, and appointed the most unpopular noble in Rome—Count Rossi—to be his Prime Minister. It was fatal. The Romans rose, murdered Rossi, took the government into their own hands, and imprisoned the Pope, who was only too glad to fly, some time afterward, in the disguise of a Bavarian valet.

He made his escape to Gaeta, where for some months he held his court. At length, the Austrians and their despotic allies having begun to crush out revolution, Pius was restored by the French and Neapolitans.—Ever since then he has been upheld on his throne by a French army. Were the French to leave Rome the old man's head would not be safe for an instant.

It is due to truth to say that, since his restoration to power, Pope Pio Nono has evinced very little of the spirit which once won for him the good-will of liberal men throughout the world. Prior to 1859 his rule was despotic, and as inefficient as that of any of his predecessors: robbery was an everyday matter in the Papal States; murder was common; and the jails, which contained but few assassins and thieves, were crammed with respectable persons accused of political offenses. When the war broke out the sympathies of the Pope were openly manifested on the side of tyranny and foreign domination; Pius was an Austrian to the backbone. Hailing from heaven above, he could not, of course, be expected to share the feelings of the Romans about Italian nationality. It needed more watchfulness than ever, on the part of the French General, to prevent the Pope's subjects sacking the Vatican.

When the war ended, the Emperor of the French proposed an Italian Confederation, with the Pope at its head. To this Pius agreed;

POPE PIUS THE NINTH.

but with senile fatuity insisted that, before any new arrangement were made, foreign troops should invade the revolted Romagna, and reduce to submission those of his subjects who, disgusted by the crimes of his government, and especially the massacre of Perugia, had expelled his legates and declared their independence. This was too much even for the Emperor of Austria—far too much for Louis Napoleon. The request of the Pope was civilly declined. Upon which the old man refused to have any thing to do with the Confederation.

On New-Year's Eve Napoleon wrote the Pope a wise, calm, and temperate letter, advising him to submit to fate, and to recognize the independence of the Romagna. On New-Year's Day, Pius, in his speech to the French general, called Napoleon a hypocrite, and all the other hard words he could remember.

The next steps in the drama are fresh in our readers' memory. When Garibaldi invaded Sicily the Pope was furious, and fulminated a manifesto against him, which was laughed at. When Calabria was invaded the Pope began to quake, and implored protection from the neighboring powers. It was too late. As we go to press, we hear that nothing remains to the infatuated old man but the port of Civita Vecchia and the city of Rome—and these he will not probably hold many weeks.

General Lamoricière, the soldier of fortune who took the command of the Pope's army last year, is, as his name indicates, a Frenchman by birth. A few years ago he was one of the galaxy of African generals who were the support of the throne of Louis Philippe. He had risen, without friends or patrons, from the rank of *Sous-lieutenant* to that of General of Division, and was, with Cavaignac and Changarnier, the idol of the soldiers. He was the bravest of the brave, ever risking his life for a trifle, and performing exploits which caused those who witnessed them to hold their breath with horror and suspense. At the revolution of February, Lamoricière vainly endeavored to stem the popular movement by establishing a Reform ministry: when he discovered that it was too late to throw himself into the republican ranks, and became one of the popular leaders of the party. He was a member of the Assembly, and took a leading part in the debates, declaring himself an ardent republican. In 1851 he was one of those who evinced a desire to rule or ruin, and was accordingly included in the list of the proscribed at the *coup d'état* of the 2d December. With Changarnier, he subsequently availed himself of the Emperor's permission to seek an exile abroad.

For some years afterward the world heard little of Lamoricière. It was understood that he had become very pious, and spent much of his time in prayer, fasting, and superstitious rites. He did penance for his sins, offered vows to saints, and attended church daily. He was in this holy frame of mind when the war in Italy broke out. The Pope, in the last distress, bethought himself of Lamoricière, and appealed to him to take the command of his army. The saint-soldier consented, and for the last year his been endeavoring, with pretty poor success apparently, to make a respectable army out of the assemblage of miserable ragamuffins who constitutes the Pope's defenders. We have the measure of success he has obtained in the report of the late engagement in Umbria. General Lamoricière himself is reported to be on his way to this country.

GENERAL LAMORICIÈRE.—[FROM A LATE PHOTOGRAPH.]

HAIR-BREADTH ESCAPES.

IF any one ever whom some years of the journey of life have passed will take the trouble to look back along the road he has traveled, and count up the narrow chances he has run of being extinguished like a half-burned candle—the lucky escapes he has made—it will go far toward convincing him of a superintending Providence over individuals, as well as states and worlds. The hairs

ef our head are numbered, says the Good Book. "There's a Divinity that shapes our ends," says the great poet; and though we are not always saved—though fatal casualties are constantly occurring, still the cases in which we are unexpectedly rescued from impending dangers, when the chances seemed all against us, often by the interposition of some slight circumstance no weightier than a straw, are enough to give immense point and force to the proposition, and to render the conclusion all but inevitable. Ten regiments march where five, dead, and slaughter are allowed to take their course, we can not judge. Why one is taken and another left—why one man perishes by the prick of a pin or the sting of a gnat, while another is riddled with bullets and lives—belongs to a realm of mystery and motives we can not fathom.

Surrounded on all hands by dense substances, as earth, water, and iron, the human body which must resist them is by their side as the frailest of textures. Our soft parts mar like the rose-leaf; our hard parts fracture like porcelain. Ices, vapors, and streamlets ebb, and flow, and course their way in every part of us; strong contists with gossamer tissue, in which a bullet would open a fatal leak. We sustain within ourselves a complete system of pipes and reservoirs for supply, and another for drainage; with the most sensitive, complex, and perfect system of telegraph wires, delicate as frost-tracery, ever devised. These rivers, reservoirs, and wires are also locomotive. We are constantly in action; liable to break against each other, and to be broken and consumed by the harder, stronger elements about us. Brick and stone war on us at every step. Water threatens us below, the thunderbolt above, and fire on every side. A slight fall, a slip on a stair, be smashed like a egg or the sun of a watch. A needle will part the skull; a straw will put out an eye, and even pierce the brain; a pocket-knife, or box, will open the grand reservoir of blood and let it out on the life. It is difficult to see how we manage to exist at all; and yet not a few pass on to old age, threescore and ten, reach the patriarchal era it were, between rocks and whirlpools on the one side, and bullets and whirlwinds on the other, without serious damage from casualty or disease, to the natural end of life.

A fresh set slow furnishes us with the following rôle of chances—of exposures and escapes—in his own case. Others, whose sphere of action has been wider and more various by field and flood, will be able to exhibit a more startling record; but this is sufficiently in point:

1. Still-born, and restored to animation, not by the thunder of rejoicing cannon, as in the case of his namesake, Napoleon, but by being soused in a tub of cold water.

2. A permanent fracture of the sternum, at the age of a few months—cause unknown—entirely a weakness of the chest for many years.

3. At two years or thereabouts—dates only approximately correct—just escaped being crushed under a falling chimney.

4. At three, left hempen bone hold bare by a fall. Skull escaped fracture.

5. Same year, recovered from a dangerous epidemic fever, of which one or two of the family died.

6. At four, escaped from a surgeon of boiling water, with slight scalds on face and neck.

7. At five, collar-bone fractured by a fall.

8. At six, severe blow in the abdomen from an axe, which flew out of the hand of a woodman, but fortunately struck with its head instead of the sharp bit.

9. At seven, half killed by the breaking of a rope swing. Taken up senseless. Same year, choked by a button in the throat. Escaped, as it were, at the last gasp.

10. At eight, left ankle joint laid open with an axe. Lamed in great danger, but saved. Followed, a year or two later, by a like, but less severe injury to right ankle joint.

11. At nine, blow on the back of the head from a stick of wood, so severe as to separate the sutures of the skull on both sides of the head.

12. At ten, wound in the knee from a knife, which penetrated the joint.

13. At same, blow from a hand-pike on the temple. Taken up for dead. Skull probably fractured.

14. At twelve, the extreme of mortal illness, lasting for months. Was supposed dying—*dead*. Relieved at the last moment spontaneously, without visible cause. Recovery perfect, and protracted through many years.

15. At fifteen, over Greek and Latin, suffering all the horrors of dyspepsia.

16. At nineteen, threatened with total loss of sight from acute disease of the eyes. Recovery long and tedious.

17. At twenty, life in danger on one of our inland seas from a hurricane, at night. Escaped after some twenty hours of exposure.

18. Same year, attacked by a mad ruffian in the woods. Baffled him off by temporizing and the exhibition of a firm front.

19. At twenty-one, escaped with life by the breadth of a single hair, in a freshet on one of our large Western rivers. Same year, set upon by a company of Canadian voyagers in the North, escaped by flight, after a hot pursuit. Also, same year, stood the flash of a Virginia gentleman's knife; who finally thought better of it, and excused the lie unceremoniously given him, on the score of the deficiencies of a light-marching army. Also, farther, same year, overturned and thrown down a precipice in the night. Escaped with scarce a scratch, though buried under the wheels and timbers of the carriage, which was broken in fragments.

20. At twenty-two, lungs broken down. Mucous suppurations, slight hemorrhages, and an array of bronchial difficulties, extending through a period of a dozen years. Chances frequently, to appearance, not worth a mill.

21. At twenty-five, grown wise and prudent. Doctors and their drugs dismissed long ago. Health tolerable; and at *forty* pretty well established Lungs sound; stomach ditto; limbs ditto; notwithstanding all accidents, imprudences, and follies.

Our friend closes his valuable paper of chances with a blessing on the *via medicatrix naturæ*—the curative power of nature—in which, no doubt, he would include the protecting care of Providence.

The accidents that make their mark, that leave their scar on us, we remember; but how many forgotten ones are on us, that we never see—the whisper in our ears, which we never think of a second time; and how many others that hover over us, and fly all about us, that we never see—the pestilence, the tottering wall, the stray bullet, the ricochet, the falling plank, the unseen miasmatic electric charge, the gaping chasm, the unseen wilderness, the treacherous ice? Some somebody suspects we have money, or mistakes us in the night for somebody's enemy, and lets drive at us—never heard, and it is well for us not to know of them. The same is true of moral dangers. Many we fall into—in our weakness, and in them—but how many thousands we escape by the merest chance in the world—by some happy diversion in our favor, some unexpected interruption, a fellow-creature or thought—which starts, and rouses us up, and places us in the scale against the feather on the other side of the balance which we have insured our defeat!

MORBID MEMORY.

THERE are very few thoughtful persons to whom the question has not presented itself, What is the nature of the process of memory? The simplest psychological phenomenon, memory? With a very slight effort of will we are enabled to recall, at a moment's notice, long past events with startling vividness. We fold up and carry in our cerebrum the scenes and incidents of years of travel; we summon at will the faces of thousands of persons who have been seen by us only for a moment; we are enabled to reproduce, with perfect ease the tablet of the brain we see, as vividly as in a camera, the groups and objects that have stood before us for certain periods of our lives. How are all these myriads of images written upon the gray matter of the brain, and by what process is it proposed that we can select exactly those we want from the immense store, without disturbing the remainder? Inscrutable mystery as it seems to be, we may yet gather some light from a study of the same phenomena in a state of disease. A very curious illustration of this fact is furnished from the pen of Dr. Winslow (whose researches in the science of mental and nervous disorders are so well known), some chapters of which on morbid conditions of memory open to the general reader entirely new ground.

Dr. Winslow is a thorough believer in the indestructibility of mental impressions. Ideas once registered in the brain, he contends, can never be effaced; they may be latent for the better part of a lifetime, masked by succeeding ideas, but under certain conditions of the brain they reappear, and appear in all their magical freshness. But how account for the perfection of memory? Is the very tablet of the brain, in common with other portions of the body, is continually undergoing change, and within a certain period entirely renewed and entirely renewed? How remember, if the very remembrancer is annihilated? In order to explain this important difficulty, Dr. Winslow calls to aid the wonderful manner in which family peculiarities are handed down from generation to generation. A certain stamp of feature given by one member of a family will continue through a long descent, as we have all a portrait-gallery in memory; and little peculiarities, such as moles, twists of the fingers, a drooping of the eyelids, seem quite persistent. Some peculiarity, a hereditary taint, leaves its marks on their nails, which, however cut off, will continue to perpetuate themselves to the latest generation of life. Nothing appears to be lost in the process of growth the old and decaying particles of a succeeding generation, and thus corresponding with itself. The newer vesicle of the brain, thus stamped with a certain image, is succeeded by a new generation of vesicles as certainly a copy of that which went before them as a photograph is a duplicate of that which it images. In this manner, in consequence of the wonderful assimilative power of the blood, the brain is always changing, but in a state of health in ever changeless, and the latent impression will remain indefectible. But when disease commences, it is easily understood what vagaries may arise with respect to the memory. Dr. Winslow's work presents us with some most extraordinary examples of the aberrations of this living place, which amount to psychological curiosities of the most interesting kind. We are all familiar with the fact that, in the perfect health of memory in old age, the images of our youth seem revived within us.

The ideas stamped upon the brain in early youth, although long apparently forgotten, come back with the tenacity of actual childhood's reality. Here is reason to believe that in certain affections of the brain the memory retreats from us in a sequential manner. An Italian gentleman residing in New York, and who had acquired the English and then the English language, happening to be attacked with yellow fever, was observed that in the commencement of his illness he spoke the tongue of his native land, but that, in the middle of his disease, he spoke the language at the termination of his life. It is invariably the case, that our last prayers are delivered in our native tongue, notwithstanding that we may have disused it for a long period of time. It is also observable that, in many cases where the memory of recent events had been replaced by those of early life in persons suffering from illness, on the recovery of health the order of things was reversed, recent events recurring to the mind to the utter oblivion of older memories, the one replacing the other with the regularity of a dissolving view. But a still more extraordinary condition of the brain is that which Dr. Winslow points out, in which the loss of memory is total, consequent upon an attack of apoplexy. Many cases of this kind have been recorded, in which the mind on the one has been reduced to that of a young child, and all the elementary knowledge of youth has had to be acquired anew, the more singular fact of a double state of knowledge has been set up in the same person. For instance, a young lady, whose memory was well stored with the classics, suddenly fell asleep; on awaking it was discovered that she had lost all her acquired knowledge, and that her mind was reduced to a perfect blank. With great effort she was gradually mastering, as a child would, the first lessons of reading, when she suddenly fell into a sound sleep, on awaking from which it was discovered that she had recovered her original knowledge. The old and new states alternated with each other; at one moment she was the accomplished woman, at another she possessed the mental calibre of a child; in the old state she wrote a beautiful hand, in the new a stiff and constrained one, like that of a child. In this extraordinary condition she remained for four years; a double mind, as it were, took possession of her, the only consolation only of this case she may have happened to have been in at the time.

In others, again, the loss of memory is confined to particular objects. Dr. Greaves relates in a case of a farmer who, subsequent to a paralytic ill, lost the names of numerous objects and persons. He perfectly recollected, however, the initial letter of any substantive or proper name he wished to talk about. In the case of a word not to be recalled, in order to help himself in this difficulty, he was in the habit of taking with him a manuscript list of the words he had in the habit of speaking about; and these he arranged in an alphabetical order, which he read aloud with ease. He was used as follows: if he wished to ask any thing about a cow, before he commenced the sentence, he looked to the letter C in his list, and read the word Cow, and kept his finger and eye on the word until he had finished the sentence. This partial loss of memory was the consequence of paralysis; sometimes a singular transposition of letters is the only abnormal sign noticed. Dr. Winslow, for instance, mentions the case of a person who invariably reversed their order; for instance, he always said *gog* for *dog* and *god* for *dog*.

Sudden concussions of the brain arising from external injury sometimes produce a total loss of memory, extending for days or for several years. It is observable, however, that upon recovery the mind immediately recurs to the last action or thought it was engaged upon before the attack were suspended, and endeavors to continue its action. A little girl, engaged in play with some companions, fell and struck her head against a wall while catching a toy that was thrown to her. For three days afterward she was in a state upon opening her eyes, however, she immediately jumped to the side of the bed, and assuming the action of catching a ball, exclaimed, "I've got it, sure did you throw it?" A more singular instance still of the manner in which the brain will catch up and continue the thread of thought, even after a considerable lapse of time, is the following: "A British captain, while lying ashore on the Egyptian coast of this ship at the Battle of the Nile, was struck on the head by a shot, and immediately became senseless. He was taken home, and removed to Greenwich Hospital, where for fifteen months he evinced no sign of intelligence. He was then trephined; and immediately upon the operation being performed, consciousness returned, and he immediately began busying himself to see the orders carried out which he had given during the fifteen months previously. The clock-work of the brain, unaware that it had stopped, began to set going again, pointed to the exact minute at which it had left off.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. IV.—No. 199.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1860. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

WELCOME TO THE PRINCE OF WALES.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

WELCOME TO THE PRINCE OF WALES.

OUR artist has sketched on the preceding page a very pretty scene in THE RECEPTION OF THE PRINCE OF WALES; we hope the Prince himself will be fortunate enough to see as many lovely faces as light up our picture. The upper designs commemorate two of the most piquant adventures of the Prince since his arrival in this country: HIS FALL IN THE BALLROOM AT QUEBEC, when the loyal dames of that fine old city were thrown into convulsions by the sight of their Prince prone on the floor, and THE GAME AT LOO AT NIAGARA, THE PRINCE PLAYING AT WASHINGTON, AT MRS. SMITH'S BOARDING-SCHOOL, WITH MISS LANE AND MRS. SECRETARY THOMPSON. In the centre hence these scenes will possess a quaint historic interest.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1860.

THE EFFECT OF THE PRINCE'S VISIT.

THE moral effect of the visit of the Prince of Wales to this country will be felt long after the incidents of the tour are forgotten. It is not likely that we will ever forget the enthusiastic welcome which has greeted him in every city which he has visited. The only *contretemps* he has met with since he left home occurred, we are glad to say, not in the United States; or this country, and of our people, he will have none but pleasant recollections. He has been received here as he never was in any country but such as acknowledge his mother's sovereignty; and the progress must have been the more gratifying as it flowed spontaneously from the people of the United States, and was independent of the restraints of etiquette and the obligations of national courtesy. There is no use to confess, no other country in the world in which he could hope for such a reception.

That the event will have its effect, both in England and here, it is not unreasonable to hope. Though, under the Constitution of Great Britain, the power of the sovereign is very much less than it is a la despotic monarchy, all who have read the memoirs of the British statesmen of the past half century are aware that the sovereign has some power, and that ministers always respect any decided opinions he may entertain. If Albert the Good should carry away from this country an abiding regard for our people, and a firm resolution to maintain peace between the two branches of the Anglo-Saxon family, a British statesman, in his reign, would find it hard work to get up a war with us on any pretext.

On the other hand, his visit will help a very large proportion of our people to lose their prejudices against Great Britain. In the West, especially, where one thousands or more who only now England as a Power which has waged unjust wars against us twice, and which employed Hessians and Indians to commit barbarous atrocities upon our forefathers. That these people should feel pleasantly toward England is not to be expected. The visit of the Prince, his kindly manners, the calm and sensible good sentiment of his addresses, his visit to the tomb of Washington, are well calculated to produce a change in these feelings. He has certainly proves that, so far as the royal family is concerned, there has been vast progress in England since the time of George the Third. If they have lost their rancor, why not we also?

We are inclined to think that this visit of the Prince to the United States will prove one of the most beneficial measures of Queen Victoria's reign. If the peace can be preserved between Great Britain and the United States, it matters very little what other powers may do. France, Russia, Germany, Italy, Spain, and the Asiatic Powers may war as they please without troubling us or risking the cause of truth and civilization—so long as we keep out of the conflict. The only war that could really retard civilization, progress, liberty, and sound government would be one between this country and Great Britain—and the possibility of that war, we think, has been diminished by the Prince's visit.

TRANSATLANTIC STEAMERS.

THE loss of the *Connaught* deprives the Galway line of the only steamer they really owned. Advertisements in the papers, it is true, state that the line consists of five "first-rate sidewheel steamers of 4400 tons burden each"—what, the *Connaught*, *Leinster*, *Ulster*, *Munster*, and *Persian*. But this is merely a playful figure of speech. The *Leinster*, *Ulster*, and *Munster* exist only in imagination; one or two of them are said to be on the stocks; but none of the three have ever made a voyage. The *Persian* exists, but belongs to the West India Navigation Company; and instead of being 4400 tons, she is only about 1700. The *Connaught*, in like manner, was, we believe, only 2000, not 4400 tons as stated in the advertisement.

We are glad to notice that the splendid ships of the old Collins line, which have been so long laid up at their wharf, are placed on the berth for Europe once more. The *Adriatic*, as our readers are aware, has been running all summer, and is believed to have done a fine business. The *Atlantic* and *Baltic* will, we trust, prove equally fortunate. It is a high time that our ship-owners were bestirring themselves, if they do not wish the control of the ocean to pass entirely out of our hands into those of England.

WHAT WILL BECOME OF THE POPE?

ACCORDING having fallen, the fate of Rome seems no longer doubtful. England warns Sardinia not to molest Venice; the French Emperor declares that he will protect "the Pope" for no one says that Rome is to be withheld from the conquering army of Italy. Under the circumstances, it would not be surprising if, by the time this paper was in our readers' hands, Rome had already followed Naples and Ancona, and Garibaldi were in a position to fulfill his promise of proclaiming the Kingdom of Italy from the height of the Quirinal.

The Pope must leave Rome. No one can object to that more than we. It would be fatal to the Emperor Napoleon to make war at once for the sake of maintaining the Pope, whose temporal power he has so emphatically declared to be inconsistent with the interests of the peninsula. Where will the Pope go?

First, probably, to Gaeta—where he took refuge the last time he was driven out from Rome, and where he will find congenial society and kindred misery with Francis of Naples and his Queen.

But he can not stay at Gaeta. A very few days hence we shall hear that Garibaldi has taken Capua, and that the Neapolitans are in full retreat upon Gaeta. Then the Pope will find a home either at Vienna or Madrid; but where will the Pope go?

A significant item of news by the *Africa* is the announcement that the Pope has warned the Emperor Napoleon that he will leave Rome if the Emperor does not withdraw his garrisons. Has it never occurred to the Pope, or to the cardinals who are said to have recommended flight, that this may be just what Napoleon wants? His uncle prized so highly the possession of the person of the Pope that he actually brought him to Paris a prisoner, and kept him in confinement against his most urgent prayer, and to the scandal of all good Catholics. In his memoirs he emphatically states that one of the greatest mistakes ever made by the Kings was to have suffered the Popes to leave Avignon; that France is the natural home for the head of the Church. It is perhaps more likely to have forgotten or repudiated this characteristic *idée Napoléonienne*? And is it not quite possible that he is quietly watching the progress of events which, in all human probability, are going to throw into his hands a prize which his uncle risked revolution and the undying hatred of the Church by seizing by force?

OUR IRISH SOLDIERS.

A NUMBER of Irish militiamen of the First Division New York State Militia held a meeting last week and resolved not to parade before the Prince of Wales, or to take any steps to do honor to the son of the woman who only then termed the oppressor of Ireland. Accordingly, on Thursday last the 69th Regiment, composed mainly of Irishmen, did not appear on parade with the rest of the Division.

The order to the militia of the First Division to parade on 11th October was issued according to military rule, by the General commanding the Division. It was in strict conformity with the militia law; and the rules of the service. The law is that a militiaman shall act as a soldier, and is liable to the same rules and penalties as soldiers in the United States army. If soldiers in the United States army refuse to parade on their superior officer to parade, were to refuse and to hold meetings to express their reasons for refusing, they would be deemed mutineers, and would be liable to be shot. What shall be done with the Irish militiamen who refuse to obey orders, and turn out in honor of the Prince of Wales?

It is argued on behalf of the 69th Regiment that they had performed the parades required by law, and that they were not bound to turn out again. If this were true, the indecency of the action of the Irish in sticking for such a point in defiance of the unanimous sentiment of our people must render them very unpopular.

We should be sorry to seem to pander to the prejudices which, among all classes of Americans against Irishmen. All prejudices are a mistake; and every one knows that there have been and are good and true Irishmen, who have been faithful to their friends, obedient to the law, and loyal to the cause of truth and right. But it does strike us that the 69th Regiment, which has obtruded itself upon public notice by refusing to obey orders, and which tried its best to mar the reception of the nation's guest by creating trouble in the ranks of the militia, has taken a step which can not but exasperate public feeling against the Irish race. It ought not to be necessary to remind them that every American has personally responsible for the reception of the Prince of Wales, and that it is hardly possible to conceive any thing more shocking to the mass of our people than an affront offered to him from any quarter.

If there are any Irishmen among us who have influence among their countrymen, we entreat them, for their own sake, to reflect for a moment on the attitude of the Irish race in this country.

We know for nearly a quarter of a century been receiving several thousand Irishmen annually among us. We have given them land —almost for nothing; employment at far better wages than they could have obtained at home; and political rights equal to those which are enjoyed by the sons of the best and noblest Americans. Many have come to us steeped in ignorance and superstition; we have let them have their priests and their churches, and when fanatic Protestants have tried to disturb them, we have resisted it, and have successfully protected them in what we believe to be a mistaken creed. They have so behaved themselves that nearly seventy-five per cent. of our criminals and paupers are Irish; that fully seventy-five per cent. of the criminal violence committed among us are the work of Irishmen; that the system of universal suffrage in large cities has fallen into discredit through the incapacity of the Irish for self-government; yet we have never countenanced any invidious legislation against them, never thought of depriving them of any political rights they already have never sought to protect ourselves against their misconduct. As militiamen and soldiers they are quiet and generally keen as absolute nuisance. It is not worth while to repeat the story of the two Irish regiments which served under Jackson at New Orleans; in the war of 1812, or of the Irishmen who deserted from our army and constituted the battalion of San Patricio, in the Mexican war; these, and other similar affairs, are too frequently recalled to memory by such outbursts of folly and insubordination as the recent refusal to turn out in honor of the Prince of Wales. Yet no respectable party in this State has ever proposed to deprive the Irishmen of their arms, or to exclude them from the militia.

We entreat our Irish fellow-citizens not to presume too far upon the forbearance of our people. This is not a time for any such experiments of the kind. The spectacle of the ignominious surrender of the Irishmen in Lawrence's army, who had volunteered to assist the Pope in keeping down his Italian subjects, has not yet been forgotten. Before our Irishmen threat themselves anew under the public reprobation, they will allow the effluvia of this transaction to pass away.

THE LOUNGER.

EVENING DRESS.

THE question is, whether the Ball Committee did right in issuing a circular, that the guests were expected to appear in evening dress, and then to define what evening dress is. The answer to the system would be found in the fact that these thousand people who would attend the ball were, many of them, not used to the delicate distinctions of evening and morning dress, and that it was a satisfaction to them to know precisely what they were expected to wear. If private room issues invitations to an ordinary private ball, she makes no allusion to "evening dress," because she knows that all her friends understand the etiquette of such an occasion. The Committee of the Prince's ball knew—better other people did or—that the guests would not be perfectly understood that etiquette. In any case, the suggestion involved no startling novelty, and only went to show that uniform in the attire in which they wait upon the President of the United States at his levees. There is no reason why they should know what constitutes "evening dress," and certainly no reason in such matters of dress why those in a ball wished simply to make sure that there should be no grotesque attire, and they took the simplest means of securing that object.

INTERCEPTED CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR MR. JENKINS,—I have read all you have written about the dust, precious Prince—*who is he*? You have told us how he fell down on the prairies and *tore his trousers*—poor, *dear* young man! And then you have gratified our curiosity by letting us know that the *navigators* bit him *dreadfully* in the leg—*navigators*, *he*, *naughty*, *ugly*, *disgusting*, *wicked things*! And you were so *kind*, too, in that information about the *bathing-rooms* in Philadelphia. *Dear* Albert Edward! then you love to wash yourself in the morning! And do you use coarse towels, and scrubbing-brushes, and *hair gloves*; and oh! *do* you, don't you, most august of princes, use *yellow soap*? Dear Mr. Jenkins, you *ought* not to forget to mention these things. What *is the use* of telling us that he loves to wash himself, if you don't tell us how he *does* himself? Then, should brothers and sisters love to wash *themselves*, too? And the Prince Consort himself? And the *Queen* herself? How pleasant it must be for you to be taken round and shown the bath-rooms, and the *nest of tubs*—the easy-chairs, and the sofas, and the curtains, and the bed! *Precious privilege!*

Dear Mr. Jenkins, we all want to know one thing. We feel *sure* you would have mentioned it had it been a place, because you are such a *perfect gentleman* that you do not fail to mention *every thing of the kind*. You know the weather is getting very *cold*. Last year I was seen some *really* sharp days; and although we may have some *really* sharp days, still it will generally be *frosty* at night. Please inform us in your next what you wear in the *frosty* days, and you know how *icily cold* Boston is—whether the Prince has put on *his winter flannels*. And does he wear Cuxon flannel or wool flannel? And have the shirts *long sleeves* or short? And if they are long, don't they *poke* out beyond his *waistcoats*, and is he not obliged to *turn them up*? which must be so uncomfortable to his *arms*. And if they are short, how cold are they? And why are they short? And doesn't he wear *long arms* sometimes? *Dearest Sir*, please mention whether he has put on winter flannels, and *prickly pear coats* and readers.

SPEIGLER INSTITUTE.

MUNICIPAL.

JUDGE PIERREPOINT has resigned his office. When the City Hall building was burned his courtroom disappeared. He tried to find it in the lofts of an engineer's office, but in vain. The Tammany Hall. The Superior Court has been, so to say, "squatting" about; now on pillar, now on post. The Judge has been stifled and left to die smothered in the search. The Legislature promised to help him to a room in a new and handsome building; but when the proper persons tried to find the proper spot in the Park for the new building to hold the old Court, some other proper persons said that then that there was no proper spot in the Park for such a purpose, and if there were, that there were no proper means of getting possession of it. The Judge thereupon throws up the whole matter. The Superior Court is evidently not wanted. It seems to think; for if it were the people would find some decent, reputable place to put it in. Lofts of engineers' offices Tammany Hall!

In throwing up his office the learned magistrate also throws up a letter to the Governor, which is as full of point as it is sly-and-dry humor. The point of it is a gimmerow way; but it is as full of truth as an egg of meat. "In short," says Judge Pierrepoint, "it has been discovered, after many years of trial, that no man or body of men in this municipal government have any power to do any substantial thing except to stay the action of every other man or body of men. The machinery of the city government is so cunningly devised that each wheel can stop the motion of every other, and so that the whole shall by no possibility move in harmony together."

Dickens was thought to be a caricaturist, and old Mother Grundy shook and scolded like a most dismal voice when he called the English Government a Circumlocution Office and a science of how not to do it. But what he exhibited in science in England, it is simple ugly truth in New York.

He proceeds to say that the people want good rulers, and would vote for them if they had a chance. First catch your hare, says Mrs. Glass. He continues by declaring that the government will only be successful when it is made harmonious with the principles which the Almighty has inseparably established in man. And here I am sufficiently than to catch the hare, says Judge Pierrepoint. The same amount of time and half the money spent in giving a dozen to the Prince of Wales would give New York city "a strong, a lasting, and a good government." How to persuade people to do, do you ask? Why, by showing the rich men that if they do not take care the following of the poor they will be in the loss of their properties. We are all tumbling head over heels over each other in the mad race to be rich, he says. We are all trying to get the wealthy people in the bad, ignorant, and idle manage the government. "Government will be administered by somebody; that may be certain," he says. If the wise and good will not attend to it, fools and knaves will."

That is the priceless pearl of wisdom for this people; and the most curious sign of showing that we have had for a long time is the fact that such sentiments emanate only in a New York mouth, and not only uttered but evidently believed. The spirit of our society, says Judge Pierrepoint, is "making leaders of the women and young men," he says. "Already the success of a lawyer is determined by the money that he makes; already the success of a minister of Christ is to be more estimated by the salary which he receives; and the time is fast coming when the success of the head of the bench will be measured by the money which he shall there accumulate."

In the vast tumult of a Presidential canvass, and the airy episode of a Prince's visit, and the universal devil-take-the-hindmost which absorbs the mighty mind of the metropolis, it is not in the least degree probable that any body will read or heed the wise and timely letter of the Judge. He knows it. He is ready for martyrdom. But he says all the more truly, "If our wise and good, faithful, intelligent, and honest citizens will, these things of no moment, they will let them alone, as they have heretofore done: but they may rely upon it these things will not let them alone."

"HISTORICAL PICTURES RETOUCHED."

THE recent opening of the Woman's Library in this city was signalized by clever speeches from Editor Raymond, Clergyman Beecher, and Lawyer Brady. The pursuits of the speakers, and their representative characters, show how sincerely any effort of this kind is hailed. In fact, half the objections to new views are really only to the way in which they are presented. The ridicule which attaches to the words "Women's Rights," is main-

ly excited by the grotesque or ridiculous way in which they are so often presented; and as there is, after all, a very profound belief latent in the human mind that we have not yet reached the end of all things, so unquestionably there is a quiet conviction that the doctrine of the spade to him who can use it, and all the apishes to all who can use them, will be constantly more and more recognized in the advance of society.

The book with the title which heads these paragraphs is a most timely, copious, and brilliant contribution to the history and literature of women. It is, in fact, a *fourteen* upon this theme, "The Creation of women to their just position in society depends upon themselves." It will present a series of sparkling and striking portraits, crayons, sketches, profiles, and studies of all the most prominent and interesting women in history who have illustrated that idea. But the author, Mrs. Dall, is a scholar and thinker, and her every sketch, therefore, is a biographical dictionary, but a collection of illustrative lives. Her views of many famous women differ, often, from the popular traditional views; but they are the result of her own original observation. Her "study" of Aspasia is fresh and fine. Her defense of Hypatia against Charles Kingsley's representation of her is brave and reasonable. Her simple and historical statement of the position of women in the healing art, and her sketches of the most eminent among them, are as interesting as admirable. There is a glow of tenderness and sympathy in the book which fuses it into unity, and leaves a most unusually impression.

Mrs. Dall's previous thoughtful little work, "Woman's Right to Labor," states, in a good-humored, trenchant, and brilliant manner, the doctrine, which the women who crowd with their vavasious splendor and genius the pages of this one illustrated. It was the work of much experience, of laborious study and collation, of a clear brain and a true heart; and it was entirely free from every blot which offends popular. The same characteristics belong to the "Historical Pictures Retouched," except that it has the elements of a more general popular interest. Like the first, it is one of the best books that could be given to every girl in the land.

FORWARD!

THE great work goes on in Europe. Ancona has surrendered to the Sardinians, and Lamoricière is prisoner. Unhappy man! If he were an old Roman he would kill upon his sword. Yet ten years ago Pius the Ninth the name of Lamoricière was the signal of enthusiasm. He was invested with the same kind of gallant glory that invested the old Marshal Ney, chivalric, heroic, patriotic—the future settled on him if on any man.

His error was told last week when his portrait appeared in the *Weekly*. It is simply tragical. Its end is mean and miserable. He heads a band of foreign mercenaries to defend the worst despotism in the world; and he is ignominiously beaten in the field and captured in a fortress to which he retires, and which he can not maintain. It is not easy to foresee his future, unless he be permitted quietly to leave the country and seek an asylum in America or England.

As for the great Italian liberator, he moves steadily forward, and he shows a dangerous opposition to disagree with Cavour. Dangerous, because Cavour is evidently the wisest statesman Italy has had for many years, and because to the reason for difference urged by Garibaldi is insufficient. He says that he can have no friendship with a man who has consented to part with a province of Italy. But if that were the best possible measure at the time, if it were honest and true, and by Cavour, however mistakenly, is it noble or generous to assume that Cavour is an enemy of the country? Garibaldi has a right to feel so, but that it was necessarily unpatriotic or dishonest to do what Cavour has done.

Cavour is faithful to King Victor—and so is Garibaldi. Their policy may differ in some details, but they are both bent upon a united Italy. Each may choose his own methods, the difference appears, and Cavour says that he is ready to make it. Garibaldi virtually declares that he must have his way or none. But certainly he will not sacrifice his Italy to any personal pique. He will not prefer the separation of his province to France—just as did the people of the province. If Cavour did it in obedience to the popular will, it could not be unjust to call him to account.

It is hardly to be believed that, with an opportunity such as has not been known in her history, with a patriotic brain and heart and hand such as have never combined for her deliverance, Italy will fail again. It would be the vilest fate, that the union of these two men, at least the union of their power and policies, should be impossible, then we may well fear that the jealousy of that nation of people will forever defeat their aspiration, and that the hope of a regenerated, emancipated, national Italy, is but a foolish dream.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A FRESHLY VENTED.—"Might I tempt you to venture upon vin orange?" "I should be happy to oblige you, Madame," said the young man who was thus kindly invited by a lady, "but I'm afraid I should fail of." The Prince of of Wales' march in the same way at Kingston and other places in Canada, would not venture near the Orange, for fear, not of being led, but of being out. They might have been a falling off of his popularity had he yielded to the influence of the Orange lodges, who acted already more like meddlers than orange. If we were asked to say what were the Prince of Wales' relation, we should not hesitate for a moment to reply:—The Orange in Upper Canada."

THE MOVEMENT OF EVENTS IN ITALY.—"B. Peter's Chair sings the way."

HOW TO TRY IT.—The Prince of Wales promises to be as great a traveler as he is an accomplished dancer. His next intention is to go through all the steppes of Russia.

The young lady who burnt into tears has been put together again, and is now sending loggs to prevent the recurrence of the accident.

BRENNUS AT THE SCALES.

Again the bills of Italy
Echo the din of war,
Again the cannon thunder
To Rome, from land and for,
And in the midst, the mighty
The seven-hilled Garibaldi,
But not, as erst, with conquest's sword
Held in Barbarian hand!

When Rome, an infant giant,
First-gnawed her sword-sided blight,
The stalwart Latin warriors poured forth
To crush the rising might.
There spoke the Roman Quirey,
The red Gaul at his side,
And never yet the world helpless down,
Before the sweeping tide.

But Hercules' high purpose needed
That clang of battle-cry,
And nerved the stately senators
To meet the onward tide
In robes of white, on chairs of state,
They bowed their heads to hear
Gallout Cymric fire and Gaulish ire,
As swept the surge!

Strange, how despite the ill-matched freight
The scales uncertain play,
While still on death, with fitted breath,
We watch them as they sway.
And with no sign of victory yet or woe
That in the up-hot beam
The souls of the two mighty things his sword
Will be the scale to rise!

Were this a man our will could scan,
The chance were then more clear;
Small doubt would there be of the scale would bear
The weight of Rome's high hopes.
With clear and lofty brow, and eye
Where truth and valor hung,
Were he a hand of Roman mould
Long since the sword were flung!

But what is truth and what is truth,
What human hopes and fears,
Whose fortunes ways sheds our gaze,
To match the Eternal's years?
One thing alone to faith is known,
Heaven wills whate'er will be!
And this man's hand, and this man's brand,
Are God's that glitter!

How changed the men, how changed the parts!
The scene alone the same.
Now Hercules the Gaul the invaders,
And works the invaded shame.
For pitiful, hollow, mimic, lingering hands,
The mast-hook for the glaive;
A flutter'd, rippling rag for steel,
For cenote stern and grave!

Still hoboth well the gauntlet—
Like in stature and limb—
On what is done doth still look on,
As Brennus, chief of Gaul,
Not frank and bold like him of old,
That laid his sword in scale,
But a masked brow—a muffled hand,
That grasps a doubtful blade!

Again the shield-god is brought forth,
Again Rome's fortune hangs,
Though other weights are in the plates,
Than lives and arms and fangs.
Old Rome went free—her conscience,
A thousand-fold gold,
Now, Europe's hope against a Pope's
Unequal weight is sold!

THE ART OF CORRESPONDENCE.—With men, the great difficulty is in beginning a letter—with women, the great difficulty is in finishing one. Many a letter is not expressed by the algebraical "x," for it's a letter that always stands an unknown quantity. Every postscript is a problem of itself.

THE LONG VACATION.—The King of Naples has had so many letters addressed to him by the gentlemen of the press, on the business of a most moving and distressing nature, that he has left Naples, and it is to be hoped that the country just to enjoy a little Gaeta.

MRS. GRAY LOVES, at present a star of some magnitude in the literary firmament, is a contributor so, for nothing can be more amiable than her manners, and nothing more delightful than her conversation, but unfortunately she has the faculty of pleasing others by eliciting from them their reservations and opinions. Like all the votaries of the lyre and witchery, she knows so well how to apply. One of the best known Mr. Alfred Bunn's pupils, he was on for precisely that difficult gentleman in private concert, Mr. Simpkins, by the by,

"Well," said the modest tenor at last, "I will sing 'My pretty Jane,' on condition that you don't say me some sort of compliment—as that the company shall decide to be with."

"Surely," said Mrs. Loftus, "you are not so determined to have nothing said to you that you have a previous objection? Surely you will surrender without that article?"

"That is impossible," observed the fair lady, "for we all know Mr. Alfred Bunn's pupil is a very modest man."

A colored, who is fond of telling tough 'uns, especially stories of which he himself is the hero, lately drew the longest bow of the season. "Massa," said he, "you may rely on official testimony. During my stay a hero—one came off from Jamaica, and he was the biggest liar I ever met with. I went to see it. Just as the landing-place was reached, the boat struck on a rock, and the hero rather roughly. Some time after I was in Jamaica when I strike. Now, massa, you know I'm not a fool, but him a blow that sent him right off his head into a field, where he lay with him nose on the ground for weeks and weeks. The fellow lay a short time, then he raised himself up on his elbow and looked chillyvarone him. "Gentlemen," said he, "dat thus shows dem much as dem tell you about Jamaica rum."

LIKE YOURSELF.—In a Scotch parish there was an ancient of the name of Saunders, where was reported to be very rich. He died, and left a will, in which he ordered a drawing a pig to market. "Wast, Saunders," quoth his friend, "you're driving a pig to market." "Ay, Sandie," said he, "Ma sel, laird; he's jist an auld acquaintance, like yourself."

IT DOESN'T MAKE IT SO.

Suppose, for instance, you suppose
That black is white—that two is slow—
That every wind is mild that blows,
That all that's new is old—
It really doesn't make it so.

Suppose, for instance, that you suppose
That bright-eyed love can't say you "No"—
That she delights all your foes,
It really doesn't make it so.

"Mother," said a little boy, the other day, "I know what I would do if I was a man, and the men were drawn ing, and they should draw lots to see who should be killed and eaten, and it should come to me—I'd jump into the sea." "But," said the mother, "you can't swim fish you up." "Ah," said he, "but I wouldn't drink it."

JUVENILE CURIOSITY.—"Won't you cut open a penny for me, father?" said a little girl, when she came home from school one day.

"Cut up a penny! What do you want me to do that for?" asked the father.

"Cause," said the little girl, "our teacher says that in every penny there are four farthings, and I want to see them."

An Irishman was indicted at the assizes, at Tralee, for felony. His innocence was proved, but notwithstanding that the jury found him guilty. The judge was shocked, and said, "Gentlemen of the jury, such a sentence was indeed by perse."

"Yes," said the foreman, "he is innocent of the crime now charged against him, but he stole my gray mare last Christmas."

A romance-reading young man was one day passing a mustard farm, when he was struck with love at sight of a heath, and a fine buck-ground of barren rocks and dark pines. The owner, the farmer, who was grinning his way through the rugged earth. "A magnificent locality, Sir!—one of Nature's finest!" the romantic young man began.

"Oh, yes," said the farmer, wiping the large drops of perspiration from his brow, "pretty of the place to look well, but if you had to plow up the place of the ground, you'd wish the place at Jericho."

A public dinner in Edinburgh had dwindled away to two guests, an Englishman and a Highland gentleman, who were each trying to prove the superiority of their native countries. Of course at an argument of this kind a Scotchman soon becomes a downright nuisance. The Highlander's logic was so good that he beat his opponent upon every point. At last the Englishman put a query. "You will," he said, "at least admit that England is larger in extent than Scotland."

"Certainly not," was the confident reply. "You see, Sir, there is no comparison between the two countries. You see, all our hills were rolled out flat, we should beat you by hundreds of square miles."

Said a convicted young lady:—"You men are a cruel-ue set."

A man has a shrewd suspicion that he says the certain him when he is thinking of something else. He is generally so over, and he doesn't know but—however. Poor fellow! he writhes like a Frenchman, but, alas! no one can hold a recall youth as he calls his pointer—with a whistle.

"Stirring times!" as the Scotch bass said when she was drinking perrilous.

THE FIREMEN'S PARADE.

On the evening of Saturday, 13th, the firemen of New York paraded in honor of the Prince of Wales, who was a spectator of the scene on the following page. Nearly five thousand men, all in uniform, were in the procession; and the effect of the countless torches, Drummond lights, transparencies, and various illuminated devices, as the fiery train swept down Fifth Avenue, under the vast crowd on either side, was striking and impressive. It is not likely that the Prince ever saw such a sight before, and he selected such a scene for a subject of his picture the moment when the procession was passing the Fifth Avenue Hotel: the Prince stands on the balcony with his suite, and bows his thanks.

THE BALL IN HONOR OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

We publish on pages 664 and 665 a picture of the grandest ball which has been given in the city of New York—we mean, of course, the entertainment offered to the Prince of Wales at the Academy of Music, on the 12th inst. Every one of the persons present—those the crème *de la crème* of New York society—had received cards from the manager in which the self-constituted managers performed their task—of the greedy monopoly of Dickey's private boxes—and the effect of the decoration from the charmed list of names which should have been there. But it is not necessary to dilate upon those matters. The ball was a great success, and, so far as seeing the Prince went, a success. We proceed to give, from the daily papers, a few memoranda of the ball and supper rooms.

THE BALL AND SUPPER ROOMS.

"The ball-room comprised the parquette of the Academy, and extended to the stage. It was one hundred and thirty-five feet in length by sixty-eight feet in breadth. The end beyond the stage was arranged in a semi-circular form, while toward the other end were placed three superb couches. The centre one of which was a gilt throne, with the Prince of Wales' crest side wise for his sofas. Following out the general idea originally agreed on, the decorations were chiefly of evergreens, flowers, and flags. There were a vast number of chandeliers, fitted up expressly for the occasion; while there were also, near the stage, some of the usual arrangements of lights above brilliantly even among the rest. The parquette and dress circle were also engaged in planning the floor, covering the whole of the space, preparatory to the duties of the ballding. It was a fortunate extremity. This part of the arrangement was particularly liberal—the order being to spare no expense. Some idea of the extent of the additional lights will be derived when it is mentioned that throughout the ballding, up to every flight of stairs, and in the corridors, were laid on for the occasion, and that three hundred additional gas-burners were placed on the gas-fixtures expressly for that special purpose.

"The supper room was especially erected for the occasion. It is situated in the space of ground between the Academy and the Mollusk College. In length it is one hundred and forty-four feet by sixty-six in breadth. Connecting with the ball-room and the supper-room is a passage facing on Fourteenth Street, and which also is fifty feet in length and twenty-five feet in breadth. This passage is floored with wood—and is covered by a roof of the ballding, same as the ball and supper rooms. The cloth furnished for the occasion is five hundred yards and was specially dyed for the occasion, as there was not a sufficient quantity of that colored cloth in the city for the purpose. Twenty tons of evergreens, containing its leaves, were unpacked from the roof, making a brilliant display. The ballding, which, though temporary, was constructed in such a manner as would have baffled the character of a more permanent one, for the arrangements for ventilation were perfect. In the centre was a tower, rising some fifty feet from the level of the street, while two dormer windows were placed at each end. The entire building was draped in alternate stripe of pink and white muslin, with appropriate devices. The stripe were twenty-five in number, and made a splendid show. All along the supper-room were two tables, from top to bottom, at which the seven-tied party took supper at a late period of the evening. They were brilliant in all the appointments of gold, silver, and china-ware. At the upper end was the Prince's table, raised on a dais, semi-circular in form, at which the guest of the evening and his immediate suite were placed."

THE GUESTS.

The *Herald* reporter says: "The Academy, at ten o'clock, was filled, and those who arrived later sank ungraded into the throng, the rear-door into the room. The private boxes were full; the tiers were occupied by those who preferred to overlook the brilliant assemblage which moved restlessly beneath. The Japanese ball was crowded; but there the crowd was divided into sections by the various rooms; but here in one vast area was collected the élite of New York society. Beneath the thousands—gas-lights the crowd ranged backward and forward, shifting and changing like the figure in a kaleidoscope, or like the vain rippling beneath gentle winds and bright sunshine. There was no join, for 'a join' expresses a fixed, immovable, only of perfect; this was rather a shoving, a crowding, a pushing, versatile, fickle, quick, changing. A sea of heads, but besides a sea of heads, the light flashing back from the gems and richest of dresses, from pearly white shoulders and bosoms. Sometimes, from below, from lower down, a ring in brightness the eye which flashed above them. The fullness black could not control the impression of the whole, set the blaze of the thousand lamps. The rich military uniforms, the sombre dress coats, and epaulets, relieved the uniformity of the gentlemen's toilets. The company seemed to diminish the size of the house, and yet, by a common and singular paradox, added to the appearance of great extent. The ballet, but not loosened; crowded, but with plenty of room for all to move comfortably and without disturbance—for separate entrances were reserved for egress and ingress—the Academy was ready for the arrival of the Prince."

THE PRINCE.

The *Herald* reporter says: "The ladies of New York are already celebrated for the taste and costliness of their dress, and the toilets at the most *recherche* ball ever assembled in New York were, therefore, certain to be distinguished by a beauty and splendor only equaled by the glories of fairy-land. The first effect upon the senses was that of dazzling as to render it impossible to separate any distinct or individual effect. Everyone seemed to be in robes of white, here diaphanous and falling in rich flowy folds over, jewels pulsing before the eye of bright and dancing light, looking back, and then veiled back grounds, gold and silver glittering in the transparent gossamer fabrics. Here and there a contrast of color in the vases precious substance that they looked like cloth of gold; silver grounds, fair as the shining, looking back to the gold and stately moire; flowers, ribbons, jewels, fans, feathers, and the odor of a thousand perfumes, all mingling with the light and color, and the graceful motion of the dance. Yet the beauty of ladyhoodness we undeviated to single out some of the toilets, not perhaps those most in the mode of making, but which were distinguished for their good taste, and may serve as a guide in sustaining the ladies of the coming winter."

The Times reporter writes: "One might almost have fancied himself in St. Petersburg, for although a single thousand persons would have driven a man almost downgrav or dame before you quite mad with envy, yet the distribution of diamonds was so wide that, glanced at from a distance, by no means a small effect was obtained in the *coup d'œil* of the ball. One splendid exception which recently attracted much attention at the court of Russia was thoroughly displayed upon the graceful beauty of Mrs. Belmont, and whose one row of her glittering stones that she had on upon the right of the stage, a quarter, by-the-way, much affected during the evening by numbers of the fair sex, because on fair ladies, partly perhaps from shews and partly from its advantages as a capital setting to such lovely pictures.

"Diamonds were, however, the exception to the rule, of which even the crowd, the crushing and the crash, could not suppress the effect in the end, rich, and beautiful way, was something marvelous. It was as if all the boons of the world had made a vassal repository for such a grand fair in New York. One only embarrassment is in the midst of such a scene, and so, we said before, we will not set. There passes before us, as the masses of the queens of the evening flow up in our memory, such a kaleidoscope of stars—such a galaxy of beauty. We are gazing, friends, that it seems idle to attach mortal names to such a phantasmagoria of loveliness. We will not be guilty-spoken of Mrs. Morgan and her diamonds, and of Mrs. Belmont and her diamonds, and of Mrs. Wright go on the same way, with perfect truth, to speak of half the ladies of New York and their diamonds. We must content ourselves, for they were rather the rule than the exception of the evening. Mrs. Robert H. Morris was conspicuous for her fine taste in dress with a waving band-dress of artificial feathers, altogether courtly and precious, without reference to its implied compliment to the Prince and his plume. Mrs. Morris was also notable in a glory of blue moire antique, powdered with jewels, and Mrs. Grinn-la, in black moire antique, decidedly declined the condition of a 'dowager.' A delicate shade of mauve-color, flowered with diamonds, did very second a sort of frosted amethyst, and added over with glistening diamonds, excited the express of more than one taste. Mrs. Hamilton Fish, and the moue of the drama, in the person of Mrs. Hoey, of Wallack's Theatre, were conspicuous personages in the evening hue."

AN INCIDENT.

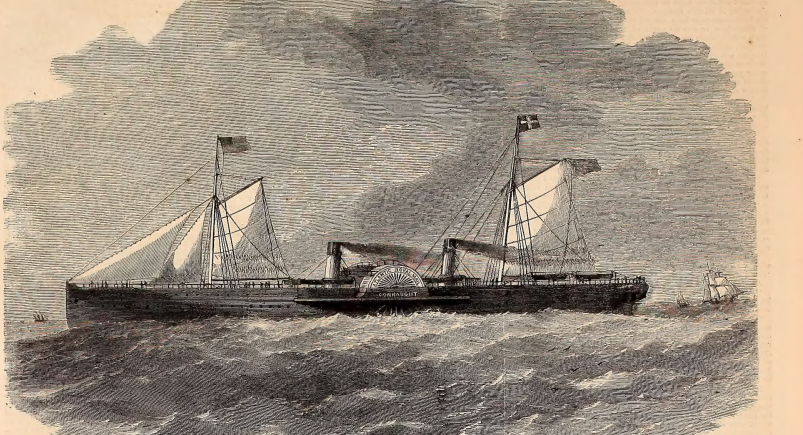
"While the royal party were observing the wing and the decorations of the ball-room, a sudden movement of the crowd beckoned announced that some accident was about to happen, and in a moment after one of the flower vases upon the front tier fell with a g eat crash to the floor, scattering the vase to people around below by, but fortunately injuring no one. There was a moment's confusion, and then the crowd began to retire, returning from the neighborhood of the vases, remained silent, while the committee proceeded to the spot with an air of dignity, of which the following is a copy:

1. Quadrille.....Haute Volee.....Strauss.
2. Waltz.....Prince of Wales.....Morin.
3. Lancers.....Delmonico.....Musard.
4. Galop.....Soiree.....Michaelis.
5. Quadrille.....Bouquet.....Strauss.
6. Polka.....Adieu.....Koenig.
7. Waltz.....Rebecca.....Laurent.
8. Lancers.....Royal Prince Gavotte.....Laurent.
9. Galop.....Una Sommora.....Musin.
10. Waltz.....Mont Rosa.....Labitzky.
11. Lancers.....Via-di-Via.....Retzel.
12. Polka.....Delphine.....Strauss.
13. Galop.....Liederkranz.....Noll.
14. Quadrille.....Les Rosiers.....Strauss.
15. Waltz.....Nach und Violen.....Lanner.
16. Lancers.....Les Gredes.....Strauss.
17. Galop.....Fest.....Labitzky.
18. Polka.....Sans Souci.....Strauss.
19. Lancers.....Original.....Koenig.
20. Waltz.....Dream of the Crown.....Gung.
21. Galop.....Ernani.....Verdi.

"Scarcely had the Prince taken his card when another flower-vase fell, and the utmost alertness and skill of the dancing-boys gave way with a great crash, fortunately injuring no one, however. At the crowd retired, frightened, to various parts of the floor, it gave way beneath them. This was three times repeated, two persons being precipitated to the stage beneath, but not being injured. The floor rather sank than fell, the prop beneath it being insufficient to sustain the weight of the throng. The gentlemen of the committee generally, of the sub-committee of the house and decorations particularly, must divide the blame of this contretemps with the carpenters, who should have understood and completed their work much better."

The ball was kept up till five o'clock; the Prince left at half past four.

GRAND TORCH-LIGHT PARADE OF THE NEW YORK FIREMEN IN HONOR OF THE PRINCE OF WALES, PASSING THE FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL, OCTOBER 15, 1860.—[SEE PRECEDING PAGE.]



THE STEAMSHIP "CONNAUGHT," BURNED AT SEA, OCTOBER 7, 1860.

THE LOSS OF THE STEAMSHIP "CONNAUGHT."

WE publish above a picture of the steamship *Connaught*, which was burned at sea on Sunday, 7th inst., 140 miles from Boston. She was on her western voyage, and had left St. Johns, Newfoundland, on 5th. The history of the wreck is thus described by the Captain:

"Saturday, the 6th inst., at eight o'clock P.M., one hundred and forty miles east of Boston, the *Connaught* sprang a leak in the engine-room. Succeeded in keeping it below the fires until one o'clock on Sunday morning, when it commenced to gain rapidly, and finally extinguished the fires. At half past nine o'clock discovered smoke from the aft smoke-hole. Notwithstanding the utmost exertions to prevent it, the fire gained rapidly, and very soon drove the cabin passengers on deck. As the water and fire both gained so fast, the boats were got ready to save the passengers. There was a heavy sea running, and the first boat that was lowered was stove. Six other boats were then launched successfully, and all of them filled with passengers. About twelve o'clock the brig *Miranic Schipfer* saw our signals of distress and bore down to us. At seven P.M. commenced the task of embarking the passengers on board the brig, that vessel having attached a hawser to the steamer. At this time the starboard side of the steamer was very hot. By half past nine P.M. all the passengers were placed safely on board of the brig."

A passenger thus feelingly describes the rescue of himself and companions:

"The gallant little Yankee brig sailed alongside and hove to, seeing our deplorable situation, and showing every sign of anxiety for us; but we began to think it would be impossible to stow all our numbers on board, she looked so small. We have since ascertained that she was only 198 tons burden. Captain Leitch made all haste to get us into the boats, which was extremely difficult, being lowered one by one with ropes (Captain Leitch stood by all the time), commencing with the women and children. But with all the exertion that could be made, when the sun went down only about two hundred had been got on board the brig. Captain Wilson, of the brig, said, 'This is a horrible affair to see the sun going down and so many people yet on board the wreck, settling down and burning up. I will do all in my power to save them.' Several of the boats' crews, on reaching the brig, refused to return, when Captain Wilson said, 'I will go almost alongside and take a hawser from on board, and then you will be in little or no danger. I must get every one from the wreck.' This he did, which had the effect of giving confidence, and by great exertion all were got on board the brig by eleven o'clock P.M.

"Captain Leitch and his first officer remained on board until almost surrounded with flames, and until every soul was saved. Captain Wilson then sent alongside to beg him to come away. The flames were shooting up the masts, throwing a strong and melancholy light over the sea. Captain Leitch reached the brig just at midnight."

A recent account of the *Connaught* thus described her: "The length of the *Connaught* is 278 feet, and 350 feet between perpendiculars; her beam is 40 feet, over all 71 feet 6 inches; her depth of hold is 30 feet. The *Connaught* is constructed with a spar deck, straight stem, and elliptic stern. The horse-power of the engines is 800 nominal, and they are on the oscillating principle. The main cylinders, 48 tons complete, are 80 inches diameter each. They are three in number, and placed under the paddle shafts athwart ships, and work direct to the cranks and shafts over them."

She was one of the proposed line of steamers running between this country and Galway, and was, in fact, the only ship really owned by the Company, the *Persian* being chartered, and the other ships advertised not being built yet.

A DAY'S RIDE:

A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

By CHARLES LEVER.

AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," "HARRY LORREQUER," ETC., ETC.

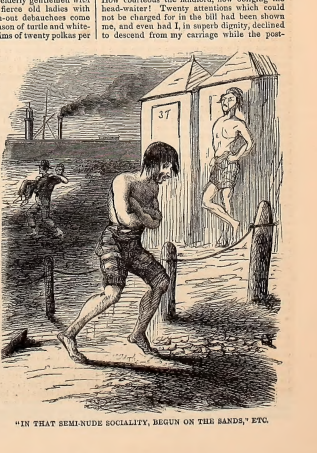
CHAPTER XII.

I GREW impatient to leave Ostend; every association connected with the place was unpleasant. I hope I am not unjust in my estimate of it. I sincerely desire to be neither unjust to men nor cities, but I thought it vulgar and commonplace. I know it is hard for a watering-place to be otherwise; there is something essentially low in the green-baize and bathing-house existence in that semi-nude sociality, begun on the sands and carried out into deep water, which I can not abide. I abhor, besides, a lounging population in fancy toilets, a procession of donkeys in scarlet trappings, elderly gentlemen with pocket-telescopes, and fierce old ladies with camp-stools. The worn-out debauchees come to recruit for another season of turtle and white-bait; the half-faded victims of twenty polkas per night, the tiresome politician, pale from a long session, all fiercely bent on fresh diet and sea-breezes, are perfect antipathies to me, and I would rather seek companionship in a Tyrol village than amidst these wounded and missing of a London season.

With all this, I wanted to get away from the vicinity of the Jopplyns — they were positively odious to me. Is not the man who holds in his keeping one scrap of your handwriting which displays you in a light of absurdity, far more your enemy than the holder of your protested bill? I own I think so. Debt is a very human weakness; like disease, it attacks the best and the noblest among us. You may pity the fellow that can not meet that acceptance, you may be sorry for the anxiety it occasions him, the fruitless running here and there, the protestations, promises, and even lies, he goes through, but no sense of ludicrous scorn mingles with your compassion, none of that contemptuous laughter with which you read a copy of absurd verses or a maudlin love-letter. Imagine the difference of tone in him who says: "That's an old bill of poor Potts's; he'll never pay it now, and I'm sure I'll never ask him." Or, "Just read those lines; would you believe that any creature out of Hanwell could descend to such miserable drivel as that? It was one Potts who wrote it."

I wonder could I obtain my manuscript from Joppiyn before I started? What pretext could I adduce for the request? While I thus pondered, I packed up my few wearables in my knapsack and prepared for the road. They were, indeed, a very scanty supply, and painfully suggested to my mind the estimate waiters and hotel-porters must form of their owner. "Cruel world," muttered I, "whose maxim is, 'By their outsides shall ye judge them.' Had I arrived here with a traveling-carriage and a 'courier,' what respect and deference had awaited me! How courteous the landlord, how obliging the head-waiter! Twenty attentions which could not be charged for in the bill had been shown me, and even had I, in superb dignity, declined to descend from my carriage while the post-

"IT WAS AT NIGHTFALL THAT I DROVE INTO KALBBRATENSTADT," ETC.



"IN THAT SEMI-NUDE SOCIALITY, BEGUN ON THE SANDS," ETC.

horses were being fetched, a levée of respectful flunkies would have awaited my orders. I have no doubt but there must be something very fascinating in all this homage. The smoke of the hecatombs must have affected Jove as a sort of chloroform, or else he would never have sat there sniffing them for centuries. Are you ever destined to experience these sensations, Potts? Is there a time coming when auxious ears will strain to catch your words, and eyes watch eagerly for your slightest gestures? If such an era should ever arise, it will be a great one for the masses of mankind, and an evil day for snobbery. Such a lesson as I will read you and on humility in high places, such an example will I give of one elevated, but uncorrupted, by fortune!

"Let the carriage come to the door," said I, closing my eyes, as I sank into my chair in reverie. "I will myself to prepare for the entire of Hotel de Belle Vue for my arrival, and my own cook to preside in the Kitchen."

"Is this to be a private omnibus?" said the waiter, suddenly, on entering my room in haste. He pointed to my humble knapsack.

"Yes," said I, in deep confusion—"yes, that's my luggage—at least all that I have here at this moment; where is the bill? Very moderate indeed," muttered I, in a tone of approval. "I will take care to recommend your house's attendance specially to all the wines excellent."

"Monsieur is complimentary," said the fellow, with a sigh; "he only experiments upon a 'small Beaune' at one-twenty the bottle."

I scowled at him, and he shrank again.

"And what is also monsieur's name?" said he, taking up a small white canvas bag which was inclosed in my railroad wrapper.

"What is that?" said I, taking it up. I almost fell back as I saw that it was one of the dispatch bags of the French Office, which in my hasty departure from the Dover train I had accidentally carried off with me. There it was, addressed to "Sir Stanley Doubleteig, M.P., Envoy and Minister at Hesse-Kalbratenstadt, by the Hon. Grey Boiler, Attaché," etc.

Here was now a matter that might be construed into a theft, but what it was well possible might comprise one of the gravest offenses against the law I might by such treason itself. Who would ever credit my story, coupled as it was with the fact of my secret escape by the carriage—my precipitate entrance into the first place I could find, not to speak of the privacy I observed in my dress with the peasants in the mail-packet, but keeping myself estranged from all observation in the captain's cabin. Here, too, was the object of the skipper's reference to me: he saw the bag, and believed me to be a Foreign Office messenger, and into my own meaning, as he said, "I can answer for him he can't delay much here." Yes: this was the entire world-conspiracy which I obtained full proof, his politeness, and his protection. What was to be done in this exigency? Had the waiter not seen the bag? or with the instinct of his craft calmly perused the address on it. I believe, nay, I am quite convinced, I should have burned it on the instant, on the spot. The thought of his evidence against me in the event of a disclosure, however, quite prevented the notion, and, after a brief consideration, I resolved to convey the bag to its destination, and trump up the most plausible explanation I could of the way it came into my possession. His excellency, I reasoned, will doubtless be too delighted to receive his dispatches to pause too minutely as to the means by which they were recovered, nor is it quite impossible that he may feel bound to mark my zeal for the public service by some token of recognition. This was a pleasant train to give my thoughts, and I took it with all the avidity of my peculiar temperament. "Yes," thought I; "it is just out of trivial incidents like this a man's fortune is made in life. For one man who mounts to greatness by the great entrance and the state staircase ten thousand slip in by the back postes." It is, in fact, only by these chances that obscure merit obtains acknowledgment. How, for example, should this great diplomat jot know Potts, if some accident should not throw them together? Raleigh flung his cloak into a puddle, and for his reward he got the proud queen's favor. A village apothecary had the good fortune to be visited at the same apartment at the Pavilion when George the Fourth was seized with fits; he lied him, moreover, back to consciousness, and made him laugh by his genial and quaint humor. The king took a fancy to him, and from his physician's hand made his fortune. I have often heard it remarked by men who have seen much of life, that nobody, I mean, goes through life, or indeed without two or three such opportunities presenting themselves. The curious, the industrious, the unobservant, and the idle, either fail to remark, or are too slow to profit by them. The sharp fellows, on the contrary, are on the watch for all that they need to lend them to success. Into which of these categories you are to enter, Potts, let you decide.

Having by a reference to my John Murray ascertained the whereabouts of the capital of Hesse-Kalbratenstadt, I took my place at once on the rail for Cologne, reading myself up on the beauty and the laborious habits of its people, however, such a dreary sameness in these small ducal states, that I am ashamed to say how little I gleaned of any thing distinctive in the case before me. The reigning sovereign was of course married to a grand-duchess of Russia, and he lived at a country seat called Ludwig's Lust, or Carl's Lust, as it might be, "took little interest in politics"—how should he?—and passed much of his time in mechanical pursuits, in which he had attained considerable proficiency; in other words, he was a middle-aged gentleman, fond of his pipe, and with a taste for carpentry. Some sort of connection with our own royal family had been the pretext for having a resident minister at his court, though what he was to do when he was there seemed not so easy to say. Even John, glorious John, was puzzled how to make a respectable half-crown out of his capital, though there was a dome in the Byzantine style, with an altar-piece by Peter Von Grys, the angels in the corner being added afterward by Haus Lüders; and there was a Holy Theatre, and an excellent Bier Halle. Besides which, there were the sausages of home manufacture were highly recommendable, no less than a table-wine of a light, sparkling kind, "full of genslemencer," and which, Murray adds, would doubtless, if known, find many admirers in England; and why, but for from there, then, was a Musik Garten, where popular pieces were performed very finely by an excellent band after a mal to which the manners of the fashion of the capital nightly resorted.

I give you these details, respected reader, just as I got them in my "Northern Germany," and not intending to obtrude any further description of my visit to Hesse-Kalbratenstadt, I ask, could anglipt upon his Hand-book? What remains to be noted after John has taken the inventory? Has he forgotten a nail or a sentry's shin-bone? With him for guide, a man may feel that he has gained a thorough acquaintance with it and thought it hard to treasure up all the hard names of poets, painters, priests, and warriors, it is not worse than botany, and about as profitable.

For this same reason that I have given above, I spare my reader all the circumstances of my journey, my difficulties about carriage, my embarrassments about steamboats, and rash fares which were all of the ordinary kind. Murray Jones have experienced, are experiencing, and will continue to experience to the end of the period of the millennium period when we shall all converse in any tongue we please.

It was at nightfall that I drove into Kalbratenstadt, my postilion announcing my advent at the gates, and all the way to the Plate, where the inn stood, by a variety of discordant peals which might have announced a grand-duke or a prime minister. My entrance into the courtyard opened as we rumbled along, and the guests of a cafe sinued hurriedly into the street to watch my last three minutes' progress round the Schwein without further notice, and descended.

Herr Kraun looked suspiciously at the small amount of luggage, and I saw that he was struck by "extra post," but, like an honest German, he was not one to form rash judgments, and so he proceeded me to a commodious apartment, and took my orders for supper in all respectfulness. He was not a man for much talk, and I did not see opportunity for conversation. While I ate my Carbonade mit Kartoffel Salad, therefore, I learned all that I could from the clock, it was far too late an hour to present myself at the English Embassy—for so he designated our minister's residence—and I must defer that period of the night there were but few citizens out of their beds at that hour, and nearly all extinguished at half past eight, and only roisterers and revelers kept it up much later. My first surprise over, I found that Kalbratenstadt was of that simple patriarchal existence I had so long yearned after. Let the learned explain it, I bet there is, assuredly, nothing in the early hours of a people that guarantees habits of simplicity, thrift, and order. I had met with in the city people who can be as wicked at eight in the evening as at two or three in the morning; that crime does not prefer the hour that the river respect the chronometer; but does experience confirm this, and are not the small hours notorious for the deeds committed? The grand-duke, who is fast asleep at nine, is scarcely disturbed by dreams of cruelties to his people. No police-minister frets him with bodeful candle at the same hour, is seldom harassed by devising new schemes of torture for his victims. A suffocad ye not to talk tragedy of his rest and its people, and probably such a listener merely represents the fact that the day appeared the occasion. He assured me, with a gravity that vouched for the conviction, that capital, though by no means the size of London or Paris, contained much if not all these more pretentious cities could boast. There was a theatre, a public promenade, a Public Museum and a new pile, one of the largest in all Germany. Judges were daily expected to arrive on her way to Vienna; and to prove how they sympathized in every respect with greater centers of population, he added, they had raped at Berlin, they, too, lost about four hundred of their townsfolk. Lastly, he mentioned, and with impressive dignity, the public weekly organ of public opinion, nor men of adequate size which fulfilled the duty. Kalbratenstadt, in fact is, if she ever arrived at the crowning knowledge of the benefit of letting her differences be decided by some superior empire.

More than once, as I heard him, I muttered to myself, "Potts, this is the very spot you have sought for; here is all the quiet and simplicity of the village, with the elevated culture of a great city. Here the sages and philosophers dad in homespun, Beauty herself in linsey-woolsey. Here there are no velour rivalries of riches, no contests in fine clothes, no opposing armies of yellow plush. Men are great by their faculties, not in their finnikes. How elevated must be the tone of their thoughts, the style of their conversation, and what a lucky accident it was that led you to that goal to which all your wishes and hopes have been converging!

"For how much can a man live—a single gentleman like myself—here in our city?" asked I, of my host.

He sat down at this, and filling himself a large goblet of my wine—the last in the bottle —he prepared for a lengthy answer. "First of all," said he, "how would he wish to live? Would he desire to mingle in our best circles, equal to any in Europe, to know Herr von Krugwitz, and the Grandige Frau von Steinbultz?"

"Well," thought I, "these be fair ambitions." And I said, "I, by both of them."

"And to be on the list of the court-dinners? There are two dinners—one 'Essen' at Easter, the other on his Highness's birthday, when many Provincial dignitaries?"

"To this one might I aspire."

"And to have a stall at the Grand Opera, and a carriage to return with—twice in carnival time—and, with the Fürst, a handsome quarter, and dine every day at our table d'hôte here with Graves and Counts, and the Hofrath von Schleifrücker? A life like this is costly, and would scarcely be comprised under two thousand florins a year."

How my heart bounded at the notion of refinement, culture, elevated minds, and polished habits! "twenty pounds," said I, "and a thousand glasses," all for one hundred and sixty pounds per annum.

"It is not improbable that you will see me your guest for many a day to come," said I, as I ordered another bottle, and of a more generous vintage, to honor the occasion. My host offered no opposition to my convivial projects—nay, he smiled blandly at them.

"If you have really an appreciation for something superexcellent in wine, and wish to taste what Prince Metternich, the Deutschen Negus, I'll go and fetch you a bottle.

"Bring it by all means," said I. And away he went on his mission.

"Providence blessed me with two hands," said he, as he returned the room, "and I have brought two flasks of Lieb Herrenthaler."

"There is something very artistic in the way your picture-dealer, having brushed away the dust from a Mieris or a Gerard Dow, places the work in a favorable light before you, and then stands to watch the effect on your countenance. So, with your man of rare manuscripts and illuminated missals offer to your notice some illegible treasure of the fourth century; but there is nothing to the mysterious solemnity of him who, uncorking a bottle of rare wine, waits to note the varying sensations of your palate descend down to your joyful ecstasy.

I tried to perform my part of the piece with credit: I looked long at the amber-colored liquor in the glass—I sniffed it, and smiled approvingly—I sipped it, and said, "Ah! Ah!" Not another syllable did he utter; but how expressive was that "Ah!" "Ah!" meant, "You are right, Potts, in the verdict—'tis of 1704, bottled for the Herzog Ludwig's marriage; every drop of it is priceless. Mark the color, how it performs the legs—observe its: regard the odeur—the golden hair of Venus can alone rival it; see how the air-bell plays in it while you taste!" Ah! meant all this, and more.

As I drank off my glass I was sorely puzzled by the proper expression in which to couch my approval; but he supplied it, and said, "Is it not Gottlich?" and I said it was Gottlich; and while he filled a glass for himself, the entire military phrase suffered for converse between us; Gottlich was the highest praise as he drained his glass, and Gottlich being re-echoed by his compassion.

There is great wisdom in reducing our admiration to a word—giving, as it were, a cognate number to our estimate of any thing. Where were we now, Potts? Where blunder: in enjoy epithets that give our expressions that degree, or in even questionable taste soar into inexpressible? Gottlich is best. Besides, our moods of highest enjoyment are not such as admit of much conversation; the ecstasy that is most enthralling is self-contained. We, or looking at a glorious landscape, does not feel the inexhaustible flow of the descriptive enthusiast beside him? How grateful would he own himself if he would be satisfied with one word for his admiration? And if one needs this calm repose, this unbroken peace, for the enjoyment of nature, how much more for the appreciation of a curious wine. I have no recollection that any further conversation passed between us, that I have never ceased, and most probably never shall cease, to have a perfect memory of the pleasant rumble of my whirling, as I sank into easy sipping, sipping. I pondered long over a plan of settling down in this place for life, by what means I could ask him tactfully the best elevated sphere in the host spoke of. If Potts pre—I mean my friend—was not the man for me? He was an enthusiastic and a worldly man. Would he see in these beginnings of mine the seeds of future greatness? Perhaps, I well knew, are splendidly generous to their successful children, and the "poor but honest" enjoy much. It is a pleasure to see and him who does not need assistance, and such a hopeless task to be always saving him who will not be saved.

My first care, therefore, should be to impress upon my parent the appropriateness of his contributing his share to what already was an accomplished success. "Wishing, as the French say, to make you a part in my triumph, dear father, I write these lines." How I picture him to my mind's eye as he reads this, running frantically about to his neighbors, and saying, "I have got a letter from Algy—strange boy—but as I always foresaw, with great stuff in him, very remarkable abilities. See what he has done! struck out a perfect line of his own in life; just the sort of thing genius alone can do. He went off from this one morning by way of Ostend, and expected never returned a year worth. All my efforts to trace him were in vain. I advertised, and offered rewards, did every thing, without success, and then, after all this long interval, comes a letter; this morning's post to tell me that he is well, happy, and prosperous. He is settled, it appears, in a German capital with a hard name, a charming spot, with every necessary of refinement in it, a court of the highest culture, and women of most graceful and attractive manners; as he himself writes, 'the elegance of a European salon added to the wisdom of the professor's cabinet.' Here is Algy living well all that is highest in rank, and most distinguished in nature; the friend and guest of the prince, the bosom friend of the English minister, his advice sought for, his counsel asked in every difficulty; trusted in the most important state offices, and taken into the most secret councils of the state. Though the circumstances of this station make heavy demands upon his means, very little help from me will enable him to maintain a position which a few years more will have consolidated into a rank recognized throughout Europe. Would the flintiest of fathers, would the most primitive-rock-hearted of parents resist an appeal like this? It is no hand to rescue from the water—no scuffle, a little finger to help to influence." "Of course you'd do it, Potts, and do it liberally; the boy is a credit to you. He will repay your warmest wishes never dreamed to see it. What do you mean to settle on him? Above all things, no stinginess; don't disgust him."

I hear these and such like on every hand; even this modest-faced and retiring part of our acquaintances will be generous of their friend's money; and I think I hear the sage remarks with which the former season advises with trifling allusions to that well-known slip that was lost for want of a small outlay in tar. "Come down handsomely, Potts," says a resolute man, who has sworn never to pay a sixpence of his son's debts. "Don't disgust him," says a second of our headings than to render our young people happy?" I don't like the man who says this, but I like his sentiment; and I am much pleased when he goes on to remark that "there is no such good investment as what establishes a successful son." Be proud of the boy, Potts, and thank your stars that he had a soul above sense, and a spirit above evil volatile!"

As I revel all this play of dialogue for myself, and picture the speakers before me, I come in last to a small parcels that below mound Lynch, a merchant tailor, who lived next door to us, and enjoyed much of my father's confidences. "We will pay you, and well too," said that runaway of yours, Potts. Is it true? What face does he put upon his disgraceful conduct? What lame excuses did lavery-stable keeper? Did he sell him or ride him to death?' A bold business if he should return in a year or two, which, of course, he's too wise for. And where is he now, and what is he at?"

"You've read his letter, Mr. Lynch," replies my father; "it is one who can speak for himself." And Lynch reads and sniggers, and reads again. "I see him as plainly as if he were let a yard from me. "I never heard of this ducal capital before," he begins, "but I suppose by what I read of them—their obscure forms of pretentious poverty, plenty of ceremony and very little to eat. How did he find it out? What brought him there?"

"You have his letter before you, Sir," says my parent, "Algernon Sydney Potts, a Huguenot, quite competent to explain what relates to his own affairs."

"Oh, quite perfectly; only that I can't really make out how he first came to this place, nor what it is that he does there now that he's here."

My father hastily snatches the letter from his hands, and with an eye eagerly seeking to catch the passage which shall confute the objector and cover him with shame and confusion. He can not find it at once. "It is here, Sir, it is on this side. Very strange, very singular, indeed; but as Algernon must have told you"—deed; but as Algernon must have told you, and for the simple reason that he does not know it himself. For myself I mentioned with becoming pride the prominent stations Irishmen now hold in most of the great states of Europe, and pointed to O'Donnell in Spain, Blake in the Azores, and the Field-Marshal Nugent in Austria, I naturally forgot to designate the high post occupied by the late Lord Mayor of Dublin, Alderman Staidt. To determine what this should be was now of imminent importance, and before my mother's opportune interposition, I was prepared to the solution with a degree of intentness and an amount of concentration that set me off sound asleep.

Yes, benevolent reader, I will confess it, questions of a complicated character have always affected me in the highest degree, and seems to have struck Tony Lumpkin—"all hurry." I am not a man to sit down and write a note and start with the most loyal desire to be civil and obliging, but I am myself to my task with an honest a disposition to do my best as ever man did; I am, Now, Potts, no self-indolence, no skulking; here is a knotty problem, here is a one for your best faculties in their sharpest exercise; find out if any one man in your ms about ten minutes after this resolve, he will see a man who could best Sancho Panza in sleeping!

Of course this tendency has often cost me dearly; I have missed appointments, forgotten assignations, lost friends through it. My character, too, has suffered, many deeming me incorrigibly indolent, a sluggard quite unfit for any active employment. Others, more mercifully hinting at some "cerebral cause," have done me equal damage; but there happily is an observe on the medal, and to this somnolency

do I ascribe much of the gentleness and all the romance of my nature. It is your sleepy man is over-benevolent, he loves ease and quiet for others as for himself. What he cultivates is the tranquil mood that leads to slumber, and the calm that sustains it. The very operations of the mind in sleep are broken, incoherent, undelineated—just like the waking occupations of an idle man; they are thoughts that cost so little to manufacture that he can afford to be lavish of them. And now—Good-night!

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE OCTOBER ELECTIONS.

ELECTIONS took place, as usual, on 9th October, in the States of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Minnesota, and Iowa. So far as heard from the results are in every case favorable to the Republicans. In Pennsylvania, Mr. Curtin, the Republican candidate for Governor, is probably elected by a majority of from 25,000 to 30,000; the Senate will probably stand 25 Republicans to 8 Democrats, and the House 67 Republicans to 33 Democrats. In Ohio the Republican majority on the State ticket is estimated at about 20,000. In Indiana, the Republican majority is said to be from 5000 to 10,000. We have not yet heard details from Iowa or Minnesota; the Republicans, however, have carried those States beyond a doubt.

PROGRESS OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

On Sunday, 7th, the Prince of Wales attended divine service at St. Paul's Church, Richmond, Virginia; after church he visited Governor Letcher, and had a large dinner party in the evening. On Monday, at 9 A.M., the party left for Washington by the same road as they had taken on their way to Richmond, and without stopping proceeded to Baltimore, where they arrived at 8.30 P.M. He did not go out in the evening. On Tuesday, 9th, after a drive round Baltimore in company with the Mayor, the Prince and suite left for Philadelphia at noon, and arrived at his destination at half past four. He drove at once to his rooms at the Continental, and did not go out during the evening. On Wednesday he drove out to see races at Point Breeze Park, and in the evening attended the opera. On Thursday he left at 9.30 A.M. for New York, where he was received by a grand military and popular display. On Friday, 12th, the Prince of Wales and suite visited the New York University, the Woman's Library, the Astor Library, the Cooper Institute, and the Free Academy; and then rode to the Central Park, where he assisted at the transplanting of an English oak and an American elm. At most of these places addresses were presented to the Prince. At 1 P.M. he lunched at the residence of Mayor Wood, on the Bloomingdale Road; and at 3½ o'clock he was received at the Deaf and Dumb Institution, at Fort Washington. Leaving there, he rode to the foot of Two Hundred and Fifteenth Street, and, embarking in the *Trumpeter*, sailed through Harlem River, under the High Bridge, past the institutions to the East River, down which he sailed in the *Harriet Lane*. It was 6½ P.M. when the Royal party landed at the foot of Twenty-second Street, North River, and returned to the Fifth Avenue Hotel. In the evening he attended the ball at the Academy.

THE PRINCE AT THE TOMB OF WASHINGTON.

The *Herald* correspondent writes: "The Prince made several remarks appreciative of the glorious character of the man whose death was deplored by his country, and whose deeds and history are imperishable. He expressed a desire to plant a tree on the spot in commemoration of his visit, and, some horse chestnuts having been handed to him, he stooped down and placed them in the earth. He afterward put a few more in his pocket with the intention, as he said, of planting them in Windsor Park on his return home as another memento of a visit which he should ever regard with feelings of peculiar interest."

HE IS BADLY TREATED AT RICHMOND.

The *Herald* correspondent says: "Early in the morning the street in front of the hotel was crowded with a shouting, yelling crowd, awaiting the Prince's appearance. The Prince came out, bowing to the people, and drove off, the crowd running after and yelling. On their return home from church, another crowd awaited the party at the hotel, where they were received with more cheers and yells.

"All day long the staircase and halls were filled with curious spectators, among whom were many ladies, shouting 'There he goes!' and anxious to see even the footmen. There were no police, and no order. It was worse than the Japanese reception at Washington or Philadelphia."

HIS FEMININE CORRESPONDENTS.

He adds: "Before the Prince arrived in Philadelphia the ladies were out in large numbers, and swarmed to the Continental Hotel to inspect the Prince's splendid apartments, to sit where he was to sit, and begin the excitement *à la* Japanese. They were escorted in and out of the rooms in parties of three and four, and seemed to feel easier after the visit. This, and a number of letters directed to the Prince in feminine chirography, were the only indications at the hotel that the Prince would arrive. If the ladies only knew the fate of these letters—how they were read by all the suite, laughed at, and destroyed as beneath notice—perhaps stationery dealers and post-offices would not be so largely patronized.

HE IS SEIZED BY A RAILWAY OFFICIAL.

"When the Prince arrived at the hotel at Philadelphia, he sprang out of his carriage with his usual agility, and to avoid the crowd rushed for the stairs, and into the arms of the superintendent, who stopped him, and would not allow him to pass. In vain the Prince struggled and kicked. The superintendent kept fast hold until Mayor Henry rushed up and relieved his Royal Highness from this international embrace. The superintendent bowed low, and begged pardon, but, with the natural tendency to self-defense, asked, 'Why didn't he speak?' 'Oh,' said the Prince, running ahead, 'that would have spoiled the joke.' The astute Philadelphians did not know the little Prince."

THE LADIES TOUCH HIM.

In Philadelphia, says the *Herald* correspondent, "a few hundred people stand around the hotel all day. About fifty, mostly ladies, who have fought or bribed their way up stairs, hang around the door of his apartments, and touch him curiously as he slips past. There is no general enthusiasm, the whole affair being like a Quaker meeting, and, like Philadelphia generally, very orderly but very dull.

HE SEES A CURTIN PROCESSION.

"Soon after he reached the hotel at Philadelphia a procession of jubilant torch-bearing Curtin men surged by in crowds almost endless, for victory always brings recruits, and every loafer along the street joined the procession. As they passed the Prince was seen at the window, the Duke of Newcastle, in shirt-sleeves, peeping through the blinds, and the procession cheered, first for Honest Old Abe, and then for the Prince of Wales.

HE READS ABOUT HIS BROTHER.

"The public already know that the Prince reads the papers daily. Seeing an account of the progress of his brother Alfred in the *Herald*, he read it attentively, and seemed deeply interested, and at its conclusion said, 'Alfred has a gold trowel, and I haven't; but he has no balls given him. His receptions are just like mine, but he signs his replies to addresses, and I dont.'

AN ENGLISHMAN INSULTS THE PRINCE.

After the Prince of Wales and his suite had left the Fifth Avenue Hotel on Friday morning, his barouche passed but two or three blocks down the Fifth Avenue when a stout-built fellow, wearing a blue shirt or blouse, rushed out of the crowd on the sidewalk, gesticulating violently, shaking his fists and exclaiming: "Who are you? I can whip you, any way. You will never be King of England if you live a hundred years." Some of the spectators also declare that he threatened to shoot the Prince, but others deny it. He advanced to within a few feet of the carriage, but his further progress was stopped by a crowd who gathered around him, and at that moment policeman Rhodes, of the Twenty-second ward, ran up and arrested the fellow. The Prince and his suite paid no attention to the disturbance, and very possibly did not hear his threatening and insulting language. Officer Rhodes took his prisoner forthwith to the station-house in Twenty-second Street, followed all the way by a large and highly indignant crowd. At the station-house the man gave his name as Edward Moncane, and said he was born in England, and is thirty years of age. He appeared to be quite intelligent and well informed, but was apparently in a disordered state of mind. He said he was employed on a steamboat lying over at Red Hook, and came over this morning to see what sort of a boy the Democrats of America were making fools of themselves over. He was dismissed by Justice Connolly with a reprimand.

THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE WRITES A PLEASANT LETTER.

"The following concluding passage of the Duke of Newcastle's letter to Mayor Lincoln, of Boston, accepting the invitation to the ball there, must be very gratifying to us all. It breathes hearty good feeling, and corroborates all that I have before said on the subject:

"'I can not say with what kindness the Prince has been received in those cities which he has yet visited in the United States. If each individual had been instructed what to do, the whole people could not have shown greater delicacy of feeling and consideration for the position he occupies in England, though without the slightest surrender of their own claims of independence of action. They have all looked upon him as a guest, and resolved to treat him as such, but without overdoing the character of host. In return, of course, every effort has been made, and shall continue to be made elsewhere, to gratify the amiable curiosity of our good cousins to see the son of the Queen, whom they love and respect almost as much as we do.'"

MISS GROESBECK AND HER JEWELS.

The editor of the Cleveland *Herald*, writing home about the ball at the Opera House, Cincinnati, relates the following incident: "Miss Groesbeck, who was the belle of the evening, wore a white tulle dress, puffed to the waist, low neck. She wore no jewelry. A little incident connected with this fact may not be out of place. Previous to the arrival of the Prince your correspondent was sitting immediately behind Miss Groesbeck and her mother. The latter lady wore elegant diamond ear-drops, rings, and pins, while Miss Groesbeck, as already mentioned, had not a particle of jewelry on her person, being noticeable from the almost entire absence of extraneous ornament of any kind. When one of the officers of the evening announced that she was to be honored with the Prince's hand for the second dance, of course there was a flutter among her party. Mrs. Groesbeck quietly took off her own jewelry and passed them to her favored daughter; but she declined them. Her mother insisted; but Miss Groesbeck, with equal determination and great good sense positively refused to wear any kind of ornament other than her simple dress and the wealth of beauty which Nature had bestowed on her."

HAS THE PRINCE LOST HIS HEART?

The "Miss B. of Natchez," whom the Prince of Wales danced with at Montreal, and whom he afterward inquired for and expressed a desire to meet again, is said to be Miss Shelby Blackburn, of that place. Her sister is the wife of Governor Morehead's son, of Kentucky. She is represented as very beautiful, and probably created a slight sensation underneath the Prince's ribs.

NEGRO DISTURBANCE IN VIRGINIA.

A telegram dated Baltimore, October 9, says: "The accounts received here to-day from Norfolk represent that all is quiet again in Norfolk and Princess Anne counties.

"The Norfolk *Herald* says that sufficient testimony has been elicited since Friday to fully justify the strict police surveillance that was instituted.

"A considerable number of arrests of negroes have been made.

"Nearly all the negroes on two or three plantations, on hearing of the affair, took to the woods, more from fright than any thing else. A patrol force has gone in search of them."

A STRANGE DUEL.

The New Orleans *Delta* of 6th says: "Yesterday morning, at an early hour, a duel took place between two gentlemen from Alabama, in the section of the Metairie Ridge. The parties fought with bayonets fixed on muskets. The gentlemen met each other in gallant style, and after a few passes and guards, one thrust his bayonet in the left shoulder of the other, and completely lifted him off the ground. They then left the field with their friends, the wounded gentleman being in a somewhat dangerous condition."

PERSONAL.

Mr. Ralph Farnham, the Revolutionary patriot from Maine, arrived in Boston on Monday, having received a public invitation, as has already been announced. He was accompanied by his son John, who was 63 years old last June, and by his daughter Joanna, who is 65, and has been for eighteen years a domestic at the American House in that city. Though he traveled from Acton, Maine, in one forenoon, changing cars three times, he seemed not fatigued. He is very deaf, and moves with difficulty, but he can converse intelligently, and seems quite proud of the attention shown him.

The New York correspondent of the Charleston *Mercury* says that "our late Postmaster, Isaac V. Fowler, is still in Havana. He has just recovered from a severe attack of the yellow fever. On the 15th of October Mr. Fowler will leave Cuba for Mexico. Through the kindness of some of his *many friends*, he will go where a very lucrative situation will be given to him. He is to have the general superintendence of a gold mine, which is being successfully worked. It is owned by some of our millionaires, and it is confidently stated that, with even ordinary luck, money enough can be made by Fowler to enable him to return home very soon, and save his bondsmen in a very short time.

A son of Abraham Lincoln recently spent a few days at the White Mountains. While there a very enthusiastic demonstration was made, giving him a reception as the "Prince of Rails." A procession was formed to escort the "Prince," and speeches were made, to which he made a happy reply. The proceedings were very humorous, and the "Prince" enjoyed them much. They say that for story-telling and wit he is a chip of the original rail.

"Died by the visitation of God," was the verdict of a Catskill (New York) Coroner's Jury after an inquest on the body of a woman who, with the help of her husband, drank a gallon and a half of whisky in one day.

A letter-writer devotes the following paragraph to a sketch of an interview between Ex-President Fillmore and Mr. Douglas:

"One of the most gratifying incidents of Mr. Douglas's visit to Buffalo was his interview with Ex-President Fillmore. That gentleman has retired from public life, and takes no part in politics; but he was one of the first, after the excitement of the reception and the speaking was over, to pay Judge Douglas a visit at the Clarendon Hotel and welcome him to the city. The interview was on both sides marked by most cordial feelings, and Mr. Fillmore expressed himself deeply gratified at the magnificent reception that had been tendered to Mr. Douglas by the citizens of Buffalo, and at the triumphant success that had marked his progress through so many of the States of the Union."

On her recent visit to Edinburgh, the Queen visited the tomb of Bonomi, an Italian dressing-maid, formerly attached to her Majesty, and over whose remains the latter had caused a monument to be raised. This visit is only one of several which the Queen has made to the same spot.

A young woman, named Lizzy Donaldson, essayed to walk across one of the streets of Cincinnati on a wire, last week, and had nearly accomplished the feat, when the holder of one of the guy ropes, in his admiration for the spangled petticoat above him, looked upward, forgot his business, and threw the fair performer from her foothold, to the terror and dismay of the witnesses. Fortunately, she had already passed the middle of the street, where a fall might have been fatal, and dropped elegantly some ten feet upon the one-story store beneath.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE "GREAT EASTERN."

WE read in the London *Times* of September 25: "It does not seem probable that the *Great Eastern* can sail on the 17th of October for New York, as at first intended, as it is said she is to take in 12,000 tons of coal, which can not be put on board at a much greater rate than 3000 tons per week. In addition to this, owing to her screw shaft being unsupported by the stern-post, it has worn away some inches of the bearings, which must, even in its present state, cause a great deal of vibration when the screw is in motion, and would, if let go further, materially shake the vessel. In all line-of-battle ships the screw shaft is invariably supported by the stern-post; and the above injury to the bearings of the *Great Eastern's* shaft would make it appear that in large vessels it is indispensable, although engineers differ very much as to its advisability. Three, also, out of four leading points of her screw have been injured, it is supposed, during the gale she encountered in Holyhead Harbor, when the ill-fated *Royal Charter* went down."

THE QUEEN AND THE COTTER'S DAUGHTER.

A correspondent of the Aberdeen *Free Press*, near Balmoral, states that several years ago her Majesty, on leaving her Highland residence for the season, promised to Jenny ——, daughter of a cotter in the vicinity, to bring a toy to her next year. During the interval some very important State affairs passed, and the Queen was over in France on a visit to the Emperor. The promise was all but forgotten on the one side—that of the Highland girl; not so on the other, for on arriving at Balmoral next season her Majesty presented the humble lassie with the promised toy, remarking, "See, I have not forgotten you!"

FRANCE.

DEATH OF THE EMPRESS'S SISTER.

We read in the *Court Journal* of September 22: "The death of the Duchess d'Albe has given a terrible shock to the family of the Empress; much united, and, in spite of the high position to which the fairest scion of the house of Montijo has arrived, until now but seldom separated. The nature of the illness with which the Duchess was afflicted rendered from the first all hope of recovery doubtful, and for the last month she was wavering between life and death. The crisis, which took place during the stay of the Empress at Eaux Bonnes, was decisive. From that crisis she never rallied, and remained prostrate and almost inanimate, scarcely to be called in life, thereafter. The Emperor, who had been apprised by telegraph while at Marseilles of the inevitable approach of the fatal catastrophe, had wisely urged the departure of the Empress from France, lest she should be called to attend her sister's dying moments. The sea, with all its inconvenience and trying, was far less to be dreaded than the moral effect of the sad event to which the Empress would have been compulsorily a witness had she returned to Biarritz according to her intention. This, the most terrible trial in human life, has been avoided, at all events; and time, the sole, sure soother of human grief, will have done much toward restoring the calm of her Majesty's mind before her return."

MATERNAL SENSIBILITY OF THE EMPRESS.

A foreign paper gives an instance of what it calls the "maternal sensibility of the French Empress." While at Ajaccio she remained for some time alone in her carriage under a triumphal arch, the Emperor being absent inspecting some new forts. Some hundreds of the peasants who had assembled formed a circle at a distance round the carriage, but her Majesty made a sign with her hand, and in a moment a compact mass was close around her. "Do you come from far?" asked her Majesty, in Italian, addressing one of them. "Oh, yes, Madame," replied the man, who appeared astonished to hear the sovereign speaking, and particularly in his own language, "it is four days' journey; but we have all come, leaving only the women and the old behind us." "Oh, Madame," said another peasant, "why did you not bring the boy?" "You love him, then, do you?" said the Empress; "you would like to see him? if so, there he is;" and taking off a brooch which contained a portrait of the Prince Imperial, she held it out to them. A thousand hands were held out to seize it, and it was kissed by every one with the greatest delight. This scene was too much for the feelings of the Empress, who forgot the sovereign in the mother, and when the Emperor returned she was lying back in the carriage weeping at the remembrance of her absent child.

A HINT TO LADY BALL GOERS.

The *Sémaphore* of Marseilles relates the following incident, which is said to have occurred at the ball given to their Majesties at the Château Borelli:

"At the moment when the doors were opened, two ladies, accompanied by two gentlemen, and duly provided with tickets, presented themselves for admission. The ladies were elegantly attired in white dresses and handsome ornaments, but unfortunately they had not conformed to established etiquette, as far as regarded their head-dress, for they wore bonnets. These appendages were, it is true, of the most light and elegant kind, and ornamented with marabout feathers; but they were considered, notwithstanding, inadmissible. The stewards at the door expressed their regret in the politest terms, but as their instructions were positive on the subject, they could not allow themselves to be softened by the entreaties of the ladies, who retired in great dismay. An old proverb says, that when a woman determines on doing a thing, nothing can prevent her, and so it was in this case. The ladies, inspired with a sudden idea, went among some trees which were growing near, and, taking off the objectionable articles of dress, despoiled them of their feathers, which they speedily transferred to their own hair. The question next arose what should they do with the bonnets, which were too pretty to throw away. Feminine invention here again came to their aid, for, lifting their ample crinolines, they safely attached the discarded head-dresses within their ample folds, where they were completely unobserved. Thus newly equipped, they presented themselves, and were duly admitted."

TAMBERLIK TO COME HERE.

The Paris correspondent of the New Orleans *Picayune* relates an anecdote of Tamberlik, as follows: "The fête at Blois is the only thing I have heard of which has broken the monotony of the season and political hemisphere. Mesdames Ugalde, Wertheimber, Messrs. Faure, Levasseur, and Tamberlik (by-the-way, it is said here Tamberlik has been offered $80,000 for eight months. If you wish to have him, pay him any price to get him in his prime, and do not do, as you did with Mario and Grisi, wait until they were voiceless before you summoned them with your golden wand. It is as cheap, even pecuniarily, to get them in their prime; for singers, like the Roman Sybil, increase their demands as they have less to offer); Messrs. Sainte-Foye and Ponchard were the seven singers heard. Let me tell you the origin of Mr. Tamberlik's famous '*ut* sharp,' which is worth so much money to him. He is by birth a Roman, but his family is of Polish origin. He stuttered badly when he was a child, and his family destined him to slumber in the stalls of the Church. He ran away from the theological seminary and entered the army. Discovering one day that he had a splendid tenor's voice, he quitted the army, and took Guglielmi (a son of the celebrated Guglielmi) for his singing-master, under whom he made such progress he was soon engaged at the San Carlo; he and Franchini (who was several years older than himself) sharing between them the tenor's parts—Franchini singing the *forte* and Tamberlik the *tenorino*. Being wretchedly paid at this opera-house, he quitted Italy for Spain, where he obtained an excellent engagement at Barcelona. One day, while rehearsing a new part in which he was to appear that evening, he lost his voice. Nevertheless, there was no such thing as closing the opera-house or changing the piece; for the Court had commanded the opera and the performance. 'Then, if you can't sing, bawl!' exclaimed the leader of the orchestra, upon Tamberlik's saying, 'By Jove! I can not sing!' 'Bawl,' continued the leader of the orchestra; 'I'll give you the pitch!' and he knocked the piano as hard as he could. All at once Tamberlik, the *tenorino*, who never sang any thing but the softest, sweetest melodies, thundered '*do* sharp' in clear, bell-tongued tones. His fortune was made; a new 'star' rose above the lyric horizon."

ITALY.

THE PROGRESS OF THE WAR.

Ancona has fallen, and Lamoricière and his troops have surrendered as prisoners of war. On the other hand, further south, Garibaldi's army has met with a reverse near Capua; one account says they lost 400 men killed, and 500 prisoners. Their positions were maintained, however. The King of Naples is said to have 50,000 soldiers, and to be determined to show fight. At Rome, the French outposts have been moved two miles out of town. The King of Italy has gone to Florence.

THE QUARREL BETWEEN THE LEADERS.

Report states that the quarrel between Garibaldi and Cavour grows more bitter. At latest dates the Garibaldian Ministry at Naples had resigned, on account of the preponderance of Bertani. Signor Conforti was about to form a new ministry, professing extreme opinions.

THE QUARREL TAKES A PRACTICAL SHAPE.

At latest dates it was reported that Garibaldi had declared he would publish, not only the letter he wrote to the King, the existence of which the Turin *Gazette* lately denied in a prevaricating way, but also correspondence and documents relating to the share the Sardinian Government had in the invasion of Sicily, the money it has supplied, and other matters which it is supposed M. Cavour would much rather not see brought to light.

A report was current that Garibaldi had taken away the command of the fleet from Admiral Persano.

REPUBLICANISM AT NAPLES.

The Naples correspondent of the London *Times*, writing on the 17th ult., gives the following sketch of events in Naples:

"It is evident to me that the republican party are gaining strength in Naples, and are insinuating themselves into every department. During the last two or three days they have been endeavoring to upset the ministry; and such is their influence over Garibaldi, that I have very little doubt of their success. The following combination has been proposed to the Dictator: Fillippo de Boni, Minister of Worship and Public Instruction; Anguissola, Marine; Libertini, Minister of the Interior; Conforti, Grace and Justice; Rainieri, Public Safety.

"Should Cosenz resign, as is not improbable, Gaito will be made Minister of War. The programme which has been submitted is, 'Italian unity, accepting Victor Emanuel as King of Italy; the expulsion of the King from the kingdom; the formation of an army of 200,000 men; no more annexations until Victor Emanuel shall be proclaimed King from the Campidoglio.'"

THE BATTLE OF CASTELFIDARDO.

The following is the official account of the battle of Castelfidardo:

"OSIMO, *September* 18, 1860.

"*To General Cacchiari, Bologna:*

"This morning, at ten o'clock, General Lamoricière attacked my extreme positions on the counterfort, which extends from Castelfidardo, by Crocetta, to the sea. All the prisoners affirm that he had with him 11,000 men and fourteen pieces of artillery, having reinforced the troops at Foligno with all that he had at Torni, Oscali, and elsewhere. He supported his attack by a sortie of 4000 men from the garrison of Ancona. These troops attacked us in a really furious manner. The combat was short, but violent and bloody. We had to storm several positions successively, and, after a simulated surrender, the defenders of these positions assassinated our soldiers with poniards. Several of the wounded stabbed our men as they were coming up to succor them. The results of the day are as follow: We have prevented the junction of Lamoricière's corps with the garrison. We have taken 600 prisoners, among whom are thirty officers, some of them of high rank. We have also taken six pieces of artillery, and among them those given by Charles Albert to Pope Pius IX., in 1848; a great many ammunition and baggage wagons, one flag, an infinity of arms, and many knapsacks left behind by the routed men. All the enemies wounded, including General de Pimodan, who led the attacking column, are in my power, as also a considerable number of dead. The column which sallied forth from Ancona was compelled to retreat, but I have good hopes that I shall capture a great part of it this night. Prisoners and deserters are coming in every moment in great numbers. The fleet has arrived, and is opening fire upon Ancona. CIALDINI,

"The General commanding the Fourth Corps d'Armee."

THE POPE'S ULTIMATUM.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Daily News* corroborates the statement in the London *Herald's* Paris letter, and states that the Marquis de Cadore, the First Secretary of the French Legation at Rome, arrived in Paris on Monday with important dispatches, the substance of which is understood to be that, unless within a very short time the Emperor takes measures to drive the Piedmontese out of the Marches and Umbria, and to restore the Pope to the possession of his dominions in their integrity, the Pope will leave Rome and place his person under the protection of some other Power.

The London *Herald's* Paris correspondent mentions, as a rumor, that an envoy from Rome has arrived in Paris with the Pope's ultimatum, to the effect that if France does not interfere to prevent the further progress of the Piedmontese troops, he will leave Rome forthwith.

A KING CARRYING OFF SALT-SPOONS.

Garibaldi is not one whit the richer for his possession of Naples. Not only did the King leave no treasure behind him, but he carried off every bit of plate, down even to the salt-spoons. The £80,000 that was found in the bank belonged to private individuals, whose rights were, of course, religiously respected.

GARIBALDI ON THE STATE OF ROME.

The following, translated from the Italian manuscript of Garibaldi himself, will be read with interest at this time. He says, referring to his first visit to Rome: "My second voyage was made to Rome, in a vessel of my father's. Rome, once the capital of the world, now the capital of a sect! The Rome which I had painted in my imagination no longer existed. The future Rome, rising to regenerate the nation, has now long been a dominant idea in my mind, and inspired me with hope and energy. Thoughts springing from the past, in short, have had a prevailing influence on me during my life. Rome, which I had before admired and thought of frequently, I ever since have loved. It has been dear to me above all things. I not only admired her for her former power and the remains of antiquity, but even the smallest thing connected with her was precious to me. Even in exile these feelings were constantly cherished in my heart; and often, very often, have I prayed to the Almighty to permit me to see that city once more. I regarded Rome as the centre of Italy, *for the union of which I ardently longed*."

TURKEY.

DECAY OF THE EMPIRE.

A telegram, dated Constantinople, September 19, says: "The Sultan has ordered the Grand Vizier to continue his journey in the provinces, in order to calm the agitation which prevails in Bosnia and the Herzegovinia. The *Journal de Constantinople* denies that there is any agitation in Servia, and states Syria is now tranquil; but as the Greek Consul at Beyrout has asserted that massacres were threatened at St. Jean d'Acre, two war vessels had been sent thither, the commanders of which had declared that they would open fire on the town upon the slightest attempt being made to create disturbance. Great misery and mortality prevailed at Constantinople."

NEW GRANADA.

DISTURBANCE AT PANAMA.

On the morning of the 27th ult. a negro mob invested Panama, and plunged the city into the greatest alarm and excitement. The authorities applied to the commanders of the American and British ships of war to protect the city, and forces were landed from the ships. At the latest advices the negroes had retired to the bushes. The British force had been partly withdrawn. The United States marines, from the *St. Mary's*, still held possession of the Panama Railroad Company's depôt. The trains cross and recross the railroad entirely undisturbed.

GRAND BALL GIVEN BY THE CITIZENS OF NEW YORK TO THE PRINCE O

OF WALES, AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, OCTOBER 12, 1860.—[See Page 659.]

SUB ROSA.

AGATHA walked alone in her garden
Just at the close of a summer day,
Walked, or lingered, or sat for a moment,
All in a happy, dreamy way.

Bending, blushing over the flowers,
Breathing their breath, and whispering low:
"Sweet, are you blown in another summer,
I shall be wedded to one you know."

Ll'aving the wildbirds' joyous vespers,
Then with a glad smile answering:
"Yes, just as the mildest robins
All day long my light heart sings."

Into her golden visions suddenly
Broke a voice that was very low, well,
"Ah, he is seeking me!" she murmured,
Striving to calm her bosom's swell:

Striving to still her happy tremblings
Ere he shall speak, and know
How at his coming her fond heart quickens,
And the full pulses ebb and flow.

There he comes now through the meadow
Not alone—his Cousin May
Hangs on his arm with fond face averted,
Smiling, and looking another way.

Backward Agatha drew in the shadow,
Watching her love with proud bright eyes;
Where was a form so stately as Clarion?
Where was a soul so noble and wise?

But can he be ill?—his cheek is pallid!
Can he be sorry? Ah, what is wrong?
Why does he clasp May's lily fingers?
Why is she turning away her head?

What is he saying in tones so tremulous?
What does he mean by "known too late?"
What are the words that May should say Clarion?
Claims that her "fate has tonight him to hate?"

Near was an arbor of crimson roses—
Down through their clusters a year ago
Agatha thought that Clarion's lips had opened,
Dropping a crown on her brow of snow;

Thought she could hear how the stars were telling
In rhythm of "love" in the realms on sphere;
Thought the lily note of the universe sounded
In that "I love you" he uttered in her ear.

Now another stands with Clarion
Under the gentle's fragrant arch,
Leaning against him, laughing, and saying,
"You're an unmitigated rumber in March!

"Now, a meth wind shathed in snow-flakes,
Then, some tropical folly like this!"
"Under the rose!" he said, and nodding,
Sealed her lips with a welcome kiss.

"I think I am ill," said Agatha, faintly,
When in her chamber she found her lala—
"Something pains me in my head or diary,
My heart is sick with a throbbing pain!"

Did those two gnose what blor had stricken
Her bright young head, that there she lay,
Moaning and blinded in life and death
For many a weary night and day?

When on their meeting the calmly gave him
His ring of "love," that he gave before knew
Seeing his wild-rose blanched to a lily?
Whose false head has given the blow?

Agatha tvined May's dusky tresses
Full of pearls as white as milk;
Round the bride's wrist were her forehead,
Draped her with rustling, emery silk.

"Nay, no flowers for you, my cousin,
Gems are fitter, they suit you for me.
Flowers will fade, and I am failing,
But pearls live on with the waking sea."

Did the bride know why she was failing?
Why the flowers of another spring
Mixed her bridal veil with pearls wilted
In vain for her joyous answering?

If they knew 'twas their own hearts told them,
Never Agatha's lips are rose.
Never has smile been seen in the sunshine
Than under the roses where now she lies!

THE
Uncommercial Traveler.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

BEING IN A HUMOR for complete solitude and unintercepted meditation this autumn, I have taken a lodging for six weeks in the most unfrequented part of England—in a word, in London.

The retreat into which I have withdrawn myself is Band Street. From this lonely road I issue pilgrimages into the surrounding wilderness, and traverse extensive tracts of the Great Desert. The first stirrings of isolation extinguish in me a first oppressive consciousness of profound retirement conquered, I enjoy that sense of freedom, and feel myself within my last latent reminiscence of the original savage, which has been (upon the whole somewhat frequently) noticed by Travelers.

My lodgings are at a butter's—my own butter's. After establishing no articles in his window for some weeks but sea-side watches, shooting-caps, and a choice of rough water-proof headgear for the moors and mountains, he has put upon the window a notice as much at this end as they could carry, and has taken them off to the Isle of Thanet. His young man alone remains —and remains alone—in the shop. The young man has let out the fire at which the irons are heated, and, saving his strong sense of duty, I see no reason why he should take the shutters down.

Happily for himself and for his country, the young man is a Volunteer; most happily for himself, or I think he would become the prey of a settled melancholy. For, to live surrounded by human hats, and alienated from human heads to fit them on, is surely a great endurance. But the young man, sustained by practicing his exercise, and by constantly furbishing up his regulation plume (it is unnecessary to observe that, as a hatter, he is in a cock's-feather corps), is resigned, and uncomplaining. On a Saturday, when he closes early and gets his knickerbockers on, he is even cheerful. I am gratefully particular in this reference to him, because he is my companion through many peaceful hours. My butter has a desk in certain rejected linendraper, landed estate like the clerk's desk at Church. I shut myself into this place of seclusion after breakfast, and meditate. At such times I observe the young man looking out an imaginary rifle with the greatest precision, and maintaining a most grilling and destructive fire upon the informal enemy. I think him publicly for his companionship and his patriotism.

The windows of my room, and all the color nature of the scenes by which I am surrounded, occasion me to rise early. I go forth in my slippers and my dressing-gown. It is by no means to feel the freshness of the air in the unblushted town, and to appreciate the shepherdess character of the perfect repose of the early morning. But that it would be worth nobody's while to advertise it if I ate my bread and butter in the street. On the crowded sea-shore, the great demand for milk, combined with the strong local temptation of chalk, would betray me into the lowest quality of the article. In Arcadian London I derive it from the cow.

The familiar simplicity of the metropolis altogether, and the primitive ways into which it has fallen in this autumnal Golden Age, make it entirely new to me. It is the perfection of quiet if my retreat is the house of a friend who maintains a most unpretending way. For instance, until yesterday, saw that butter cut of sapsfine thick breadcloth. Until yesterday I never saw him of duty, never saw him in the act of loitering with the appearance of having any mind for any thing but the glory of his master and his master's friends. Yesterday morning, walking in my slippers near the house of which he is the prop and ornament—for, although he is a tradesman, I encountered that butter, also in his slippers, and in a shooting-suit of one color, and in a low-crowned straw-hat, another color—I found the fact that we had formerly met in another state of existence, and that we were translated into a new sphere. Wisely—and he proved without recognition. Under his arm he carried the morning paper, and shortly afterward I saw him reading it to the old and pleasant open landscape of Regent Street, pausing it at his ease under the ripening sun.

My landlord's family is in the wine establishment to be salted down, I am waited on by an elderly woman blacking under a chronic stiff, who, at the ordinary hour of breakfast, and each hour of every evening, gives admittance at the street door to a meagre and moodily old man whose I have seen detached from the first flower of love a pewter pot. The meagre and moodily old man is her husband, and I think he has carried on acquiescence that they are not justified in appearing on the surface of the earth. They come out of some hole when London is asleep, and go to it again when it flits. I saw them arrive on the evening when I myself took possession, and they arrived with a full pint of beer, and went to bed in a bundle. The old man is a weak old man, and appeared to have been let down into his kitchen stairs by tumbling down with great violence. They make their bed in the lowest and remotest corner of the basement, and smell of beer. I do not have no possession but bed, unless it be (which I rather infer from an under-current of davor in these) cheese. I know that the cheese is the chance of having called the wife's attention, at half past nine on the second evening of our acquaintance, to the circumstance of there being some rats in the house door; when she apologetically explained, "It's only Tom Cox." What became of Mr. Klem all day, or when he goes out, or why, is a mystery I can not penetrate; but at half past nine he never fails to turn up at the house with the flat pint of beer. And the pint of beer, flat as it is, is so much more important than himself, that it always seems to my fancy as if it had been him driveling in the street and had luxuriously brought him home. I never see him sober. Mr. Klem never goes down the middle of the passage, like another Christian, but shuffles against the wall as if entreating that he may be allowed to be creeping as little space as possible in society. And whenever I come upon him face to face, he looks as if he had been discovered in the basest extraordinary circumstance I have traced in connection with the late aged cousin. The wife of Miss Klem, their daughter, apparently ten years older than either of them, who has also a bad and secret look, and who is always in a hurry and dark and hides it in deserted houses. I come into the place of knowledge through Mrs. Klem's breech-es. The first sixteen times I encountered Mr. Klem she shut roof for a single night, "between-hat tahle-tare of the upper part of a house in Full Mall, and the first sixteen times I encountered him in Serjeaness Street, which the family of leaves during terms-time. I gave my gracious consent (having nothing that I know of to do with it), and in the shadowy hours Miss Klem became precipitate on the door-step, wearing with a bundle. Where she made it up for the night I can not positively state, but, I think, in a sink. Mr. Klem, with the deepest sense of duty on his insect, she stowed it and herself away in deep obscurity. In the Klem family I have noticed another remarkable gift of nature, and that is a power they possess of converting every thing into flue. Such broken victuals as they take by stealth, appear (whatever the nature of the viands) invariably to generate flues' and even the nightly pint of beer, instead of assimilating naturally, strikes me as breaking out in that form, equally on the shabby gown of Mrs. Klem, and the threadbare coat of her husband.

Mrs. Klem has no idea of my name—as to Mr. Klem, he has no idea of any thing—and only knows me as her good gentleman. Thus, if doubtful what I am up to in my room or no, Mrs. Klem taps at the door and says, "Is my good gentleman here?" Or, if a messenger desiring to see me were consistent with my solitude, she would show him in with, "Here is my good gentleman." I had this to do with a customer on the occasion I have observed before now, that in its Arcadian time all my part of London is indistinctly pervaded by the Cow Question. They creep about with beds, and go to bed in miles of deserted houses. They hold no companionship, except that occasioned by the cry of them will emerge from opposite houses, and meet in the middle of the road on a friendly ground, or will pass from adjoining houses over an interposing barrier of area railings, and compare a few reserved mistrustful notes before they gather good ladies or good gentlemen. This I have discovered in the course of various solitary rambles I have taken northward from my residence, during the awful perspectives of Wimpole Street, Harley Street, and similar frowning regions. I have also found it scarcely the metropolitan form that of the primeval forest but for the Klem stragglers; these may be dimly observed, when the evening is still, flitting to and fro, putting up the door-chain, taking in the pint of beer, lowering like phantoms at the dark parlor windows, and disappearing underground with the dust-bin and the water cistern.

In the Darlington Arcade I observe, with peculiar pleasure, the gentle air of manners to have superseded the baneful influences of ultra civilization. Nothing can exceed the politeness of the ladies' shoe-shops, the artificial flower repositories, and the head-dress depôts. They are in strange hands at first, but the hands—bands of unaccustomed persons, who are imperfectly acquainted with the prices of the goods, and contemplate them with unexplained surprise—are kind and tender. The children of these virtuous people exchange familiarities in the Arcade, such as I never could see in the Strand or Holborn. Their youthful prattle blends in an unwonted manner with the harmonious shake of the tenor, and the general effect is, as of the voices of birds in a grove. In this happy restoration of the golden time it has been my privilege even to see the Arcade Bull at his ease. She inspects him his dinner in a basin, and he ate it in his armchair, and afterward fell asleep like a satisfied child. At St. Paul's, the excellent luni-ters's, they are learning French to beguile the time; and even the Police Series lads on guard at Mr. Atkinson's, the perfumer's round the corner (generally the most inexorable gentlemen in London, and the most accustomed to throw out suspects), condescend a little as they drowsily bide or recall their turn for chewing the stirring Neptune on the ribbed pavement. In the Burlington and Rodolfi's, the jewelers, all things are absent but the precious stones, and the only human beings are the lonely passenger at the door with his decorated breast. I might stand night and day for a month to come, in Saville Row, and not see a man in want of and a doctor to look at it for love or money. The dentists' instruments are rusting in their drawers, and their hearth-rugs are worn by people pretend to read the Every-Day Book and not to be afraid, are doing penance for their grimness in white sheets. The lights have a subdued appearance, with one eye always shut up, as if he were eating a slump gooseberry. The tailors, who usually stands at the gate-way of the livery stables on very little legs under a very large waistcoat, has gone to Dorcester. The only melancholy aspect is his gentlemen Yard now, with its grved and scarlet beans, and the yellow Brook housed under a glass roof in a corner. This is the only thing I could not take in there if I tried. In the places of business of the great Cornhill and Poultry houses I am also sorry for lack of being looked into. Ranges of brown paper coat and waistcoat bodies look in Somerset and in Mincing Lane, tenements of the sea tioners with whose names they are inscribed; the measuring tapes hang idle on the wall; the order-ledger, left on the counter in absence of anyone looking in, yawns in the last extremity over the books of patterns, as if he were trying to read that extending history. A wonderful quiet pervades these great houses, and the staffs of servants stare disconsolately next season out of all the windows. The very man who goes about like an erect Turtle, between two boards recommendatory of the Sixteen Shilling Dinner, is aware of himself as a hollow mockery, and eats filberts while he leans his hinder shell against a wall.

Among these unappealing objects it is my delight to walk and meditate. Soothed by the repose around me, I wander about in my easiness, in the distances, and guide myself back by the stars. Thus I enjoy the contrast of a few still partially inhabited streets, between which the lights are not fled, where all the garlands are not dead, whence all but I have not departed. Then does it appear to me that I am the only thing that is not genuine. Thirdly, that he get himself photographed. Then do I speculate, What have these unknown artists been who stand at the photograph doors in Greek caps, sample in hand, and mysteriously solute the public—the hands playful with a pressing tenderness—to come in and be "took?" What did they do with their greasy blackbonnets before the era of the photographic? Were they dead clays were their previous victims, and how victimized? And how did they get the dead clays to pay for, that large collection of likenesses, all purporting to have been taken inside, with the taking of none of which had that establishment any more to do than with the taking of Delhi?

But these are small assets; and I am soon back again in metropolitan Arcadia. It is my impression that much of its serene and peaceful character is attributable to the absence of customary Trade. Every Dr. I know but there may be subtle influences in Talk, to vex the souls of men who don't hear it? How do I know but that Talk, five, ten, twenty miles off, may get into the air and disagree with me? I find it up vaguely troubled and wearied and sick of my life, in the session of Parliament, who shall say that my noble friend, my right reverend friend, my right honorable friend, my honorable friend, my honorable and learned friend, or my honorable and gallant friend, may not be responsible for that effect upon my nervous system? Too much Ozone in the air, I am informed and fully believe (though I have no idea what it is), would affect me in a marvelously disagreeable way; why may not too much Talk? I don't see or hear the Ozone; I don't see or hear the Talk. And there is so much Talk; so much too much; such loud cry, and such scant supply of wool; such a deal of fleecing, and so little done! Hence, in the Arcadian season, I find it a delicious triumph to walk down to Westminster Westminster, and see the Courts shut up; to walk a little further and see the Two Houses shut up; to stand in the Abbey Yard, like the Statue of the Zealander of an English History (concerning which unfortunate man a rookery of nurses' maids is generally being discovered), and see nothing but the ruins of Talk. Returning to my primitive solitude and lying down to sleep, my grateful heart expands with the consciousness that there is no adjourned Debate, no ministerial explanation, nobody to give notice of intention to ask the noble Lord at the head of her Majesty's Government five-and-twenty bootless questions in one, no term time with legal argument, no Nisi Prius with eloquent appeal to British Jury—I feel as if the will to-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow, remain untroubled by the superabundant generation of Talk. In a minor degree it is a delicious triumph to me to go into the club, and see the carpets up, and the chairs down and the room deserted to the four winds. Again, New Zealander-like, I stand on the cold hearth, and say in the solitude, "Where are they all?" Now I will seek always mysteriously low and head always mysteriously drowned, when public political secrets take the aire of Adam's confiding children. Accurred be his memory for ever and a day!"

But I have all this time been coming to the point, that the happy nature of my retirement is most sweetly expressed in its being the abode of Love. It is here, as it were, an insurgence Agamemnon: nobody's speculation; every body's profit. The one great result of the resumption of primitive habits, and the irreversible tyranny that he having much to do, is the abounding of Love.

The Klem people are the invaders of the softer emotions; probably, in that lonmadic race, the softer emotions have all degenerated into flue. But this is not Arcadia, all the sharers of my retreat make love.

I have mentioned Saville Row. We all know the Doctor's residence. We all know what a respectable man he is, what a hard, dry man, what a firm man, what a confidential man: how he sits in the waiting-room, like a man who knows minutely what is the matter with us, but from whom the rash should bring the secret. And yet, from gentle "season" he has distinctly the appearance of a man conscious of money in the savings bank, and taking his comfort on his respectable left arm both feet. At that time it is impossible to associate him with relaxation, or any human weakness, as he stands at his window without feeling guilty of indisposition. In the blessed Arcadian time, how changed! I see him in a flannel boating-coat-and-jacket—jacket—and drab trowsers, with his arm round the waist of a bootmaker's housemaid, smiling in open air. I have seen him at the pump by the Albany, unsolicitedly pumping for two fair young creatures, whose figures, as they bent over the spout of the pump, I may be allowed an original expression—a model for the sculptor. I have seen him tying the guinea in the Doctor's drawing-room with his forefinger, and have heard him humming tunes in praise of lovely woman. I have seen him seated on a low footstool, and gloriously in search of excitement) to fire. I saw him, one moonlight evening when the peace and purity of Arcadia had long been at their height, talk with the lovely daughter of a cleaner of gloves, from the door-steps of his own residence, across the Burlington road by Clifford Street and Old Burlington Street, back to Burlington Gardens. Is this the Golden Age revived, or is it London?

The Dentist's servant. Is that man no mystery to us, no type of invisible power? The tremendous individuality of the man (who also does?) what is done with the extracted teeth; he knows what goes on in the little room where something is always being pulled out of deal; he knows what warm spicy infusion is put into the comfortable tumbler from which he rises our wounded humanity, with a gap in it that feels a foot wide; he knows whether the thing we spit into is a fixture communicating with the Thames, or could be cleaned away for a dance; he sees the horrible parlor when there are no patients in it, and he could reveal, if he would, the last secrets of the Every-Day Book. The conviction of my coward conscience when I see that man in a powerful light, is, that he knows all the statistics of my teeth and gums, my double teeth, my single teeth, my stopped teeth, and my sound. In this Arcadian rest I am fearless of him as of a harmless, powerless creature in a Scotch cap, who adores a young lady in a voluminous cape, who adores a neighboring hillside-road, and whose passion would be manifested if every one of her teeth were false. They may be. He takes them all on trust.

In secluded corners of the place of my seclusion there are little shops withdrawn from public curiosity, and never two together, where servants' perquisites are bought. The cook may dispose of grease at these modest and convenient marts; the butler, of bottles; the valet and lady's maid, of clothes; most servants, indeed, of most things they may happen to lay hold of. I have been told that in sterner times loving correspondence, otherwise interdicted, may be maintained by letter through the agency of some of these useful establishments,

In the Arcadian autumn no such device is necessary. Every body loves, and openly and blamelessly loves. My landlord's young man loves the whole of one side of the way of old Bond Street, and is beloved several doors up new Bond Street besides. I never look out of window but I see kissing of hands going on all around me. It is the morning custom to glide from shop to shop and exchange tender assurances; it is the evening custom for couples to stand hand in hand at house-doors, or roam, linked in that fervent manner, through the unpeopled streets. There is nothing else to do but love; and what there is to do is done.

In unison with this pursuit a chaste simplicity obtains in the domestic habits of Arcadia. Its few scattered wits dine early, live moderately, sup at no socially, and sleep soundly. It is rumored that the Beadles of the Arcade, from being the merital enemies of love, have signed with tears an address to Lord Shaftesbury, and subscribed to a ragged school. No wonder! For they might turn their hoary mace into crook and tend sheep in the Arcade, to the parling of the water-carts as they give the thirsty streets much more to drink than they can carry.

A happy Golden Age, and a serene tranquillity. Charming fellows, but it will fade. The iron age will return, London will come back to town, if I show my tongue then in Saville Row for half a minute I shall be prescribed for, the Doctor and I and the Dentist's man will then pretend that these days of unprofessional innocence never existed. Where Mr. Jones, Mr. Klein and their bed will lay at that time, passes human knowledge; but my hatter believes he will then know many things more, nor will it then know me. The desk at which I have written these meditations will retrievively assist at the settlement of my account, and the wheels of gorgeous carriages and the hoofs of high-stepping horses will crush the silence out of Bond Street—will drive Apollo and the Muses to the elements in granite powder.

THE STEAMER'S MIDNIGHT GUN.

The autumn night is calm and still,
And a mother sits at the window-sill,
While shrills like silver the tree-frog's note,
And the lazy leaves of Ailanthus float
Like shadow-barges that through the dark
Clotch at the fire-fly's lambent spark.

But she does not see the fiery fly,
And she does not hear the Ailanthus sigh;
For her heart is out on the lone wild sea,
Where the long waves roll and the wind is free,
And the viewless arms of her soul surround
The boy of her love that is homeward bound.

This very night is the steamer due,
And ever since twilight to darkness grew
She has watched and sat at that window-sill,
Till the hours have rounded to midnight still;
And peered through the garden silent and dim,
With arms that hungered to twine round him.

Then visions of wreck before her rise:
The billows crawl to the murky skies,
And she hears in fancy the cracking plank,
And sees the corpses livid and dank,
And sees a steamer—when through the room
The signal-guns of the steamer boom!

Her*a* fond heart leaps as she hears the gun.
'Tis an easy thing to read speaks of her son;
And as it roars through the midnight still,
With her head bowed down on the window-sill,
Her heart goes up in a grateful prayer
To Him who is watching every where.

A LOSS 'LONGSHORE.

ONE of the pleasantest occupations of my summer life on the Highlands is lying in supine idleness upon the soft turf under the oak-trees, gazing through their dark green branches at the white clouds drifting slowly athwart the sky; or looking off on the water, watching the fleet of sail ever clustering around the Narrows, like bees at the mouth of a hive; some just entering, laden with riches gathered far and near; others spreading their wings for flight, in quest of further treasures.

One fine afternoon last autumn I had been several hours engaged in the arduous pursuit above mentioned, and therefore rewarded was I by a commanding and most unromantic somnolence, when I was aroused by a heavy splash in the water near by. Then came the clinking rattle of a chain—a sharp creak, followed by a rushing sound, as of a gust of wind—then more creaking, and another rush. Evidently a schooner had come to anchor and dropped her sails. I could not see the vessel from where I lay, and as I would not be at the 'longshoreike to let any craft run in or near without first seeing what she was, I was forced to bestir myself and make proper investigation. Walking to the edge of the bank, I saw a large fore-and-aft or sloop-rigged vessel, with a long chain cable, her crew were putting their water-casks into the boat.

Within a hundred yards of the schooner's berth a rivulet runs down from the hills, and is led through a trough of bark at the foot of the bank, making a little fall of pure soft water, known far and wide as the Spout; a famous watering-place for coaster and other light craft.

I noticed the fine model of the schooner, her taut and tidy rigging, and general neat appearance—very different from the lack-and-slack look of a coaster; and could not make out what she might be. With true 'longshore coolness I determined to pump the boys, when they came for water; and in pursuit of that laudable intention, hastened down the ravine through which the little stream finds its way to the shore. I was taking an incredibly long draught at the Spout when the boats touched the sand, and was startled, not to say shocked, at one of the boys jumping ashore, and cried out,

"Saxon ahoy! Just you mind little for us, will you?"

"Jerry Holmes? Why, where did you come from, Jerry?"

I was a little confused, sure enough.

"From the schooner, of course. Where else? Jerry Holmes is first cousin to Tom and Ben Conover, and mate of the wrecking schooner *Fortune Hope*. I know the handsome craft then in a moment; and, hiding my favorable impression, inquired if Captain Ben was aboard.

"He is, sir," answered Jerry. "Will you go off with us? The old man 'd be glad to see you."

My oils mood being fairly dissipated, I was blessed to accept the invitation. I could hail Captain Ben hale and hearty as ever; the grip of his great brown hand giving me painful evidence of mollified though still rude vigor.

"Rough service doesn't seem to tell on you a bit, Cap'n Ben," said I, trying to straighten my fingers into shape again.

"No," he answered: "I'm used to a stirring life, and consider it the most natural one possible. I couldn't stand loafing about and quilldriving the way you do though, not a single week. I've live here-away, don't you?"

"Yes; that's our wharf, just up there; the house is back in the hills. I'm all alone there this week; will you go up and take dinner with me?"

"No, boy; you stay here to supper. We've got some big sea-clams from Patchogue, and Jerry 'll make you a chowder. He knows how to make a chowder, Jerry does."

So tempted, I staid; and after a supper which gave ample proof of Jerry's culinary accomplishments, we were enjoying a quiet smoke, when it occurred to me I should like to hear one of Captain Ben's stories. His stories are graphic and graphed descriptions make it a pleasure to hear him relate any of the adventures of which his life has been full.

"A story, eh, Saxon? What sort of yarn will you have?"

"Oh, any little incident, with a dash of sentiment in it."

"Love-making, I suppose you mean?"

"Yes, something in that way. A bit of romance in the spice which gives flavor. A prime necessity, indeed."

"It may be in stories; but 'tis better left out in reality sometimes. I'll tell you a case in point, if you like—a case which came under my notice off Cathart, right on this spot, long ago as when I was a boy. Taun't much of a story though; maybe I better tack up something else."

"No, Cap'n Ben; let's hear about Jimmy Cat-hart—'Little Jim,' they used to call him, didn't they?"

"Yes; he was a little bit of a feller—not bigger than a minute. Kinky curls and eyes twinkling as smart as a whip. He was 'prenticed to a boatbuilder up Keyport way somewhere, when he was a boy, and made a little time we was in there on a coaster. He wasn't more'n twenty-two or three when he had enough saved up to buy an old schooner for himself. She was called the *Spout*, a pretty, clean-looking old craft, sure enough; soft as a pear, and if there was any stirring about her, you'd have to pumps going twenty-four hours round. He did pretty well in her though for a good while, carrying country store freights down to Keyport, and bringing back pine wood. He'd load-up in York, run down inside the Hook here, wait till a fair breeze came, and away he'd go."

"We was living over on Clay-Pit Creek in them days, near where Hookerville is now—though there was hardly another house there till long after we moved away—and Jimmy he took a great notion of coming over to our place whenever the *Tempest* was lying in the bay. Mother had a kind of second-cousin from way out in Kentucky living with us then, and Jimmy's long legged ways took to her mother Little Jim. She was a great big girl—not as much older than Jimmy as you'd look down very heavy; but was mighty long geared—just about as much too tall as Jim was too short, and that's the reason I call her a girl, for she didn't look like a woman, only more bright and rosy-cheek or other, that he had given to her. So things went on, till one morning, after Jim had been there, I happened to look down at the foot of the bank. Mary asking mother's advice about him. Mother said Jim was a little better off than some, and likewise, I'll say, and he seemed a careful, freehanded sort of body, likely to get on in the world, and if Mary set store by him, maybe she couldn't do better than to have him.

"In about three weeks Jim was at the house again, and I noticed he had a very handsome ring on his finger. Well, we left a big fire for 'em in the kitchen that night, and the next morning, when Mary came down, long after we'd all done breakfast, the first thing I saw was the handsome ring on her left hand. It seemed to fit pretty well too, for her fingers were full as big as his any day. After that we all knew they was engaged, though she wouldn't admit a word of it. Jim told me they was, and allowed the wedding would be that next spring.

"I don't know as I ever ought to have spoken against the girl; but she was a proud, hard-mouthed piece: I never did like her at all, and she couldn't bear the sight of me. I asked her one day when the and Jim was going to be married. I spoke kind enough too, wasn't teasing her at all; but she looked up real ugly like, and snapped out, 'Never! I wouldn't marry such a little varlet to save his life.'

"I was a young shaver then, and might better have minded my business; but next time I saw little Jim I told him he'd better keep a sharp eyes on Mary. 'You look out now, Jim,' says I, 'for that girl will do you a bad turn yet.' Jim, like a goose, went and told her all I said, and of course that didn't improve matters 'twixt her and me.

"Jimmy didn't come into the bay next trip he made, but sailed straight from New York, and we saw nothing more of him till winter was most over. He wrote two or three letters to Mary, and I believe she answered 'em, though she was so close about it I never fairly knew whether she did or not. I asked no more questions, for I didn't want to make trouble, and Mary kept her lips pretty tight with her. 'Twas no use though; I couldn't suit on her course at all, and she did fare me that winter. Like as not I was to blame.

"Along in February I went up to town to see the celebration of Washington's birthday, and while there I met little Jimmy on Broadway. He said the *Tempest* was most loaded, and he'd be off in a day or two; so I waited, and he came down with him. How he ever contrived to keep afloat in that old tub so long is more than I can imagine; but there he was every seam, and you could stand in the hold and see daylight through the deck most any where; the mainmast played about loose in the step, and the crazy old rigging was so rotten that Little Jim was the only man aboard who dared go aloft. Jim told me he had put in an assorted cargo on his own account, and was in hopes he'd make money enough out of it to buy a new vessel. And then, you know, says the poor little feller, 'the next thing will be a nice little house for Mary and me.'

"Time enough for the house after you get the girl, says I.

"Jim was in high feather though, and wouldn't shorten sail for any little breeze that I could raise. So we had a jolly run down the bay, singing songs and drinking toasts in which there was half a dozen casks in the hold. 'Twas about four o'clock in the afternoon when we come to anchor off the Spout here, pretty much where the *Hope* is lying now. Jim sat the boys to work getting in water, and when he and I trapsed over home. We found supper on the table, the house all in order, and mistress Mary dressed up for the occasion, as I had spoken what day Jim was going to be married. She seemed real glad to see Jimmy, and all that evening her gentle, kindly ways toward him made me feel right down sure that she'd had a hard thought about her. Little Jim was just as happy as he could be; and when we left them together mother and she were just about as glum as fond of each other.

"Our house being on the south side of the hills, and pretty well down toward the creek, we hardly ever felt the northerly winds there at all. That night I woke up about two o'clock, and heard a heavy, roaring sound, that said 'Storm!' just as plain as speech. I lay and listened a while, but couldn't make out whether 'twas a treemendous surf outside or a northerly gale howling through the tree-tops on the heights. Finally, I got up and went outdoors. Mother was fussing in her kitchen yet, and when Jim heard me he came out and said, 'What's the matter, Cap'n?' says he, pleasant as Sunday morning in April.

"'I don't know,' says I; 'but I'm afraid, from the looks, there's a gale of wind from no'theast.'

"Jim was frightened right away. 'The boys 'll have sense enough to run over to the cove if it comes on to blow very hard,' says he, right off.

"I should; but I'd want to be in the neighborhood of the schooner myself, if I was you.'

"Of course. I'll go right over: I ought to have gone before.'

"'I'll go too,' says I; and with that we went in the house to put on oil-skins, for it began to rain right sharp.

"Well, Saxon, we had a hard journey that night, I tell you. 'Twasn't so very bad at first, but when we got out among the trees the hills it did seem as though all the furies were let loose. The rain poured right down like a thunder-shower; oil-skin wasn't any protection at all, we were soaked through in five minutes. A storm always seems a good deal worse to me in the woods than on the water; and I'll own to you, I was frightened, and wished a good many times we hadn't started. 'Twas so dark that we couldn't see one bit more than our eyes right before us, and couldn't tell what; we had to take to the boots and stockings, and felt our way along the path with our feet; dead branches, torn from the trees, came crashing down, scratching us all to pieces and stripping our clothes to rags; and the terrific roar of the wind was so deafening that we could hardly make each other hear at all. Once Jimmy lost the path, and, though he shouted that down at the top of his lungs, I didn't know just what he was close behind me until I stumbled over and fallen over him. Then I got up and waited a long while, and just started back to try and find him when he came bang against me. Finally, we got out of the path entirely, and couldn't find it again; so Jimmy took off his handkerchief, and I took one end and he the other so as not to lose each other; and keeping the wind full in our faces, we made a push for the bank. We had to move very slow for fear of striking the trees, and must have been more than two hours crawling through patches of brier and laurel, and blundering over stumps and stones and fallen trees. I began to think the wind had shifted, and was leading us round, so we wouldn't get any where until morning; but we did though, for next minute we both pitched headlong over-head off the bank, striking in the sand, about twenty feet down, and raising a stiffing scramble the rest of the way to the bottom.

"We picked ourselves up, beat way we could, and started up shore. We hadn't gone far before I concluded, from the make of the land, that we must have come down below the Steams: and sure enough we fetched up directly, all standing: grin the rocks. There was nothing for us then but to climb up the bank again, and a mean one it was of it. After half an hour of hard scratching we managed to reach the top; and Jimmy lay right down on the ground, pretty nigh tuckered out. Pretty soon daylight began to show a little, and we started on, coming down to the shore here, at the Spout.

"The schooner was gone; and Jimmy felt pleased enough, thinking she was safe in the cove.

"'Maybe she is,' says I; 'but look up yonder. There's a craft of some sort ashore there.'

"'Sure enough,' answered Jim, all much again. 'Let's go up.'

"The rain was pretty much over; and though the wind held no'theast, 'twas running down a good deal as the sun rose.

"When we came abreast of where your wharf is now, there lay the old *Tempest* broadside on, her mainmast-foot sticking through her bottom; starn of her all clear by, and her crew transferring longshore clear up to Brown's Point. The boys must have taken too much ale that night, for they were all asleep when the rotten old craft broke away, and didn't know there was any thing wrong till the schooner struck.

"Little Jim stood looking at the wreck a long time. Finally turning to me, he says, 'Ben, let's go and tell Mary.' So we got to the front door of the ladder again: I'm afraid 'twill be a disappointment to her.'

"Jim's short had come ashore near by, and I told him to make a change 'fore going any further, for it looked too cold. His clothes was torn to rags, and most—he was covered with blood from head to foot. I wasn't any better; but Jim's togs were too much for me, so I waited to the bay and washed up well as I could, and we started for home.

"Mother got breakfast ready while I was putting on dry; and Mary came down to the table just as Jimmy was telling about the wreck. She did not seem to like Jimmy's account of it much; but on ugly look came to her face, and her thin lips kept drawing together tighter and tighter, and looking crueler toward her, said he supposed he'd lost pretty much every thing, then she got up and left the kitchen. Jim soon followed her, and they had a long talk together on the back stoop. I told mother Mary seemed to take it rather hard.

"'Naturally,' mother said. 'They are both young though, and can afford to wait a few years till Jimmy gets up again.'

"'I hope she'll think so,' says I; 'but we'll soon see.'

"I went out front of the house to see how the weather was, and pretty soon little Jim came out looking just as white as could be. I stood by the gate, and as he was going past I spoke a word to stop him. He shook my hand mighty hard without saying a word, turned down the road, and that is the last we ever saw or heard of Jimmy Cathart from that day to this.

"I walked straight through the house and found Mary sitting on the back door-step. 'Mary,' said I, 'what's between you and Jimmy?'

"'Nothing that he won't,' says Miss Mary, holding up her bare finger where she had worn his ring.

"'What did you say to him, Mary Patterson?'

"'I told him I'd never marry a laggery,' said she, just as quiet and cool as I am now.

"I didn't say any thing more, but started over to the wreck, thinking I'd find Jim there. He never went near the old schooner though; and after waiting all the morning for him, I set to work to save what was left of the cargo. That was the first bit of wrecking ever I did; I got over twelve hundred dollars out of it, all told. There was a lot of slate aboard belonging to some one in Virginny, and after paying for that, and some little costs, there was about a thousand dollars left, which I put in the savings bank for Jim.

"I did never pick up bits of slate, Saxon, 'longshore above the Spout?"

"Many a time; I often used to skip little pieces of slate over the water, and always wondered where they came from."

"I expect they come out of the old *Tempest*, and that's all there is left of her. I declare, Saxon, 'tis most nine o'clock. My story was longer than I thought for."

"Why, Cap'n Ben, you haven't finished yet?"

"Yes, pretty much, I reckon. Haven't I?"

"No, indeed. You didn't tell me what ever became of Mary Patterson."

"Oh, Mary lived 'long with our folks till mother died, then, as Little Jim never came back, I made over the money in the savings bank to her. She bought a little house over in Shewsbury-town, and lives there yet. She's an old woman now, and growing feeble, they say. Poor old soul! I must go see her next time I'm down that way."

"She never was married, then?"

"No; never was married. No one ever seemed to take a notion for her after Jim went away; and before I left home she got to be about the crossest old maid you ever see in your life. There's the yawl 'long side; any time you want to go home, Saxon, any of the boys 'll run ashore. I'd ask you to stay overnight, only we'll be under way in the morning long 'fore you want to be astir."

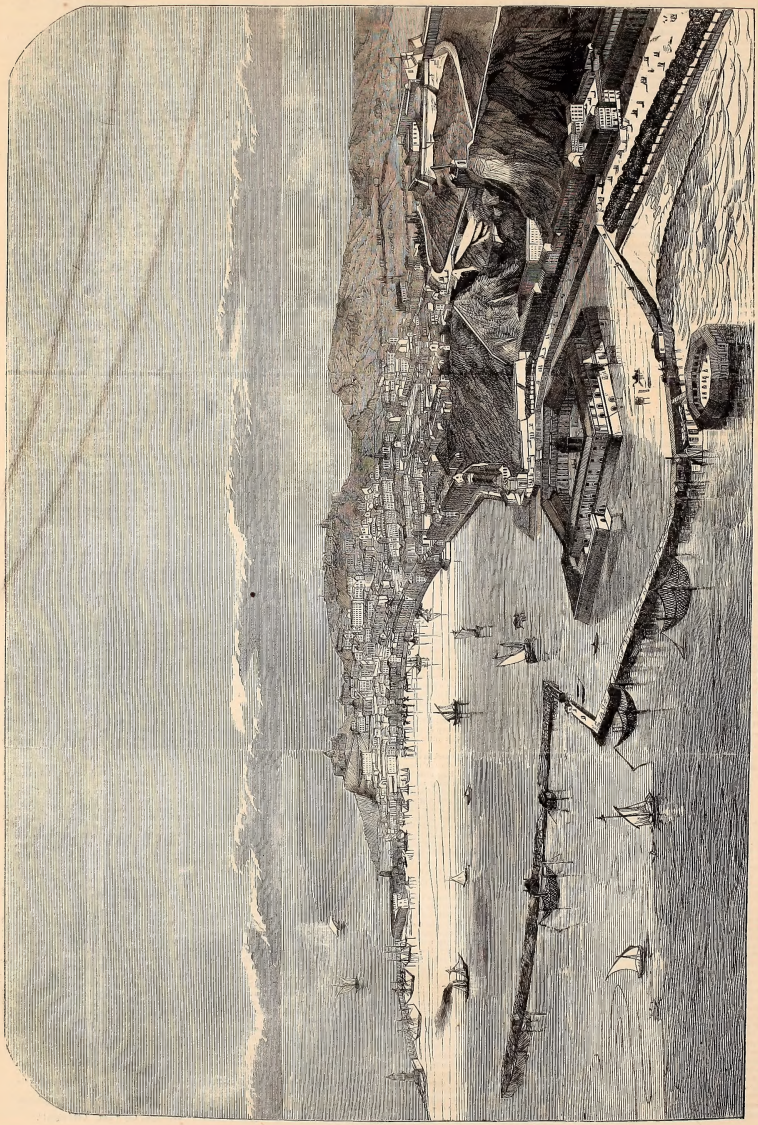
"To-morrow late; I'll be off now, I guess, Cap'n Ben."

"Well, good-by, then. Come down to Squan and see the folks."

"I will so, sure enough. Much obliged for the story."

"You'd be more welcome to a better one, Saxon. Good-night!"

"Good-night, Cap'n Ben. Good-night!"



THE CITY OF ANCONA, STATES OF THE CHURCH, ITALY.

THE TRIUMPHAL ENTRY OF GARIBALDI INTO NAPLES.

THE WAR IN ITALY.

We publish, as illustrations of the pending conflict in Italy, a fine view of Ancona, which was the last refuge of Lamoricière and his mercenaries—a picture of the arrival of Garibaldi at Naples, fully described in the last number of the *Weekly*—and a fine cartoon illustrating the departure of superstition on the arrival of the popular leader.

Ancona is one of the strongest places in Italy. It is a sea-port town on the Adriatic, with a population of about 40,000, one-eighth of whom are Jews, and live in a quarter of their own. It is, as we said, strongly fortified. On the summit of one of the two hills on whose slope the town rests stands a frowning citadel; other forts, built with no mean skill, protect the harbor. As shown in our picture, the port is inclosed by two moles, on one of which stands an arch erected to Trajan 1650 years ago.

In ancient history Ancona occupies no prominent place. We read of it occasionally in the ancient literature of Rome, but its record is not as interesting as that of many smaller Italian towns. In recent times it figures more prominently. In 1798 it was taken by the French; in the following year occurred the memorable siege with which every reader of history is familiar. In 1802 it was restored to the Pope, and has ever since formed part of his dominion. With the fall of Ancona he has lost the whole of his realm—except Rome, and a strip on the sea-board adjacent.

The departure of the monk, with the blood of Saint Januarius and the winning picture, fitly illustrates the awakening of Italy from the gloom in which she has been kept by priest and prince. Every one has heard of the famous phial of holy blood which on certain days of the year, by especial miracle, becomes liquid at the command of a priest, who holds the phial high in air before a delighted audience. Murat rather shook the credit of the miracle, when, in order to excite the populace against him, the priests gave out that the blood would not liquefy, in consequence of the anger of the Saint at the domination of the French, he sent them word that if the usual mira-

THE SAINT AND THE HERO.—GARIBALDI DRIVING ST. JANUARIUS AND THE WINKING PICTURE OUT OF NAPLES.

cle were not performed in twenty minutes he would open fire on the monastery, and long before the allday expired the desired result was obtained. Still, such is the ignorance in which the Roman Catholic priests have kept the people, that to this day Saint Januarius has hosts of adherents in Naples; and only a few weeks since, before the flight of the King, he was trotted out by a sanguine monk to perform a miracle on behalf of the fossils and their monarch. Now, thank Heaven! all this rubbish has disappeared before the potent finger of Garibaldi, the liberator and the avenger. In reference to this picture we subjoin the following poem:

THE SAINT AND THE HERO.

Ye holy knaves, to whom the crowd
In stupid adoration knelt,
To see, while abject heads they bowed,
The blood of Januarius melt:
A greater miracle behold
Than that of simulated gore,
Which melts when hot, congeals when cold,
But which your silly dupes adore.

Ye know how Italy has been,
Thank most yourselves, for weary years,
Of slavery a mournful scene—
A wretched land of blood and tears.
Her best blood ne'er had ceased to drip,
Her tears continued still to flow,
Beneath the rule of sword and whip,
Since Freedom perished long ago.

But now, as Garibaldi speeds,
To Italy, from hills to shore,
Restoring Liberty, she bleeds
And weeps, except for joy, no more.
False jugglers, he outdoes your art;
His honest truth excels your lie;
His hand has healed her wounded heart;
Her blood is stanched; her tears are dry.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE CENSUS OF NEW ENGLAND.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

BOSTON, *October 4*, 1860.

It is important that a paper having so great a circulation through the land as yours, and so deservedly relied upon for information upon matters of fact, should state its census estimates correctly. In the article entitled "The Census of 1860," a doubt is expressed whether "New England will show any increase at all," and that its "sea-board cities will probably show a falling-off."

From returns published in the papers there is reason to believe that "no sea-board city," or any other city, in New England has fallen off in population. On the contrary, many of them have largely increased. Boston has, by returns, about 40,000 more inhabitants than in 1850, the number now being over 177,000; and thecouniguous cities, Roxbury, Cambridge, Charlestown, and Chelsea, have increased in the like ratio. Excepting in very few small agricultural towns in the western part of the State, it is believed that there has been no falling off. On the contrary, there is sufficient evidence already public that the census of the State will exceed 1,200,000—a gain of more than 200,000 in the ten years. Maine has increased at least 80,000, and Connecticut 60,000; Rhode Island, 20,000. The census of New Hampshire has been made up, and shows a small gain. Vermont has probably done no worse that New Hampshire.

Upon the whole, it may be safely stated that New England has not gained less than 400,000 since the census of 1850, of which official evidence will shortly be forthcoming.

As the value of this statement, published in your most excellent paper, would give pleasure to many of your subscribers in this region, who do not like to have New England represented as being in a state of *decadence*. TRI-MOUNTAIN.

GRIEF IS NOT TOLD BY WORDS.

BY C. H. WEBB.

GRIEF is not told by words,
By willows, nor by weeds;
The vase which wrecks a life
No tell-tale trapping needs.

I hate the dripping soul
That must its tears disclose;
The man who asks his friends
To feast upon his woes;

When Arminius dies,
Who spins a word-pall fine,
Which haply brings his purse
A penny to the line.

Few heed the urn that brims
With hopes, and doubts, and fears—
The emotions all besprunt
With deftly chiseled tears.

Few pause above the grave
Where word with willow vies;
The marble gravely puns—
Hic jacet hints of lies!

But mark the plain white stone
Where love records its loss;
The stone that only bears
Initials and a cross;

And you have found a woe
Where tears brought no relief—
A heart too strong to break,
Too proud to tell its grief.

And in the crowd you'll meet
One lonely and apart;
He utters no complaint,
But this grave lies in his heart.

He joins you in the dance—
You pledge him in the bowl;
But of this plain white stone you see
The shadow on his soul.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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CAUTION TO SPORTSMEN.

WM. GREENER,

Inventor of the premium system of improved Rifles, the first-class modules in all the exhibitions of 1851, 1853, and 1854, and the recognized model gunmaker for the English Government, having found it necessary to take immediate steps to arrest the spurious manufacture of gun purporting to be of his make, and having forged marks and labels and other close imitations of his style, which are now being introduced into the United States, a fraud on the consumer and depreciating to my reputation, I have hereby appointed MESSRS. SHAUGHN, HASTIE, and GRAHAM, 12 Maiden Lane, New York, my sole agents, from whom the genuine manufacture may be obtained. Each gun will be accompanied with a certificate of identity and quality, signed by myself and agents. Having recently erected one of the largest gun manufactories in England, I am now able to ensure, not only an improvement but an increase of the quality, and assure a long continuance of the favor of the sportsmen of America. WM. GREENER.

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JOSEPH HILL, JR.

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is the result of years of toil and thought on the part of the inventor, and now more than at it proves, it is the only lamp in the market which will burn successfully the various products, without chimney or wick, of the distillation of coal gas-formed fluids. So great is our confidence in the superiority of this lamp that we have made extensive and expensive preparations to manufacture them on a larger scale, and we are now prepared to fill all orders, however large, promptly.

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will afford pure mineral oils far richer in illuminating power than the oils usually burned in the common coal-oil lamp. The oils burn so

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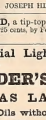

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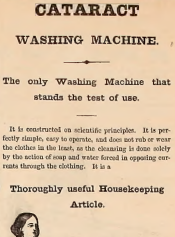

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Depot for the United States of America, No. 21 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Agents Wanted in every City and Town in the United States.

English Carpeting.
Tremendous Stock of Medallion, Velvet, Brussels, Threeply, Ingrain, Carpets, Rugs, Oil Cloths, etc., at reduced prices. Dutton Matting, Church, Office.
HIRAM ANDERSON, No. 99 Bowery.

STEINWAY & SONS'

PATENT OVERSTRUNG GRANDS, AND SQUARE PIANOS

Are now considered the best Pianos manufactured.
Each Instrument warranted for five years. Warerooms, Nos. 82 and 84 Walker Street, near Broadway, N. Y.

The Ladies' Ready-Made Linen Store,
857 Broadway, one door above 16th Street.
Plain Realm Undergarments of fine and durable make.

As used in her Majesty's stables, his Royal Highness the Prince Consort's farm, Windsor; throughout the royal military stables of Prussia, by order of his Excellency, Lieut.-Gen. Willisen, Head Master of the Horse, Adams Express Stables, Manhattan Express Stables, Philo C. Bush's Stables, &c., &c.

This artificially-prepared Food for Animals was invented and introduced to the British people by the proprietor about four years since, and it has now become established as a legitimate article of commerce. Its useful character and beneficial effects being generally recognized and admitted. The sale has been constantly and rapidly increasing, not only among agriculturists and breeders of stock, but with the public in general; and there can be no doubt that, as its merits are better known, it will become an article of universal consumption for all who have an interest in domestic animals.

To all who Value their Sight!

Semmons & Co.'s

Improved Pantoscopic SPECTACLES.

Superior to any other in use, and constructed in accordance with the philosophy of nature, in the peculiar form of a

Concavo-Convex Mirror,

Admirably adapted to the Organ of Sight, and perfectly natural to the Eye, affording altogether the best artificial AID TO THE HUMAN VISION.

Manufactured and Sold only by

Semmons & Co.,
No. 669½ Broadway,
Under the Lafarge House,
NEW YORK.

A work showing the advantage of the above celebrated spectacles can be obtained free, by inclosing stamp and addressing the manufacturers,

SEMMONS & CO.,
669½ Broadway, N. Y.

CHICKERING & SONS,
MANUFACTURERS OF
Grand, Square, and Upright PIANO-FORTES
SINCE 1823.
694 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
Thirty-eight Prize Medals
Have been awarded them at Exhibitions in the United States, being the highest Premiums ever all competition. They also received the

PRIZE MEDAL
At the World's Fair in London, in 1851.
Warerooms in Boston, 340 Washington Street; Warerooms in Philadelphia, 807 Chestnut Street.

FRENCH'S CELEBRATED CONICAL WASHING MACHINE.

UNEQUALED AND INDISPENSABLE! — Price only $10. Depot No. 419 Broadway, corner of Canal Street. Agents wanted in all parts of the United States. *Send for a Circular.* Address Box No. 5,803 Post-office, New York City.
F. & R. FRENCH.

Patented November 1st, 1859.

The measures are
A, the distance round the neck.
B, to **B**, the yoke.
C, to **C**, the sleeve.
D, to **D**, distance around the body under the armpits.
E, to **E**, the length of the shirt.

Ballou's
Patent Improved French Yoke SHIRTS.
Patented November 1st, 1859.

A New Style of Shirt, warranted to Fit.
By sending the above measures, per mail, we can guarantee a perfect fit of our new style of Shirt, and return by Express to any part of the United States, at $12, $14, $16, $24, etc., etc., per dozen. No order forwarded less than half a dozen Shirts. To Importers and Dealers in MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS.
BALLOU BROTHERS,
469 Broadway, N. Y.
Wholesale trade supplied on the usual terms.

Congress Spring
SARATOGA SPRINGS & No. 98 CEDAR STREET, NEW YORK.

TO SOUTHERNERS,
DRINKERS OF
Congress Water.

MUCH spurious Mineral Water is sold as "CONGRESS WATER" by unprincipled persons or counterfeiters, who, when they dare not use that name, call it "Saratoga" Water, "Saratoga," being only the name of the town where the Spring is situated.

To protect the public from such impositions, we have all our Corks branded thus:

CONGRESS WATER.

Any one finding these words and letters on the Corks, are Counterfeit; and the Purchaser should prosecute the Seller for swindling.

Orders will receive prompt attention if addressed to us at our Southern Depot of Congress Water, 98 CEDAR STREET, New York City.

CLARKE & WHITE,
PROPRIETORS CONGRESS SPRING.

Lists of dealers who procure Congress Water for their sales direct from our house, are kept at our office for distribution to those who desire to purchase genuine Congress Water in their own neighborhood. C. & W.

SARATOGA
EMPIRE SPRING WATER,
SUPERIOR TO CONGRESS SPRING WATER.
G. W. WESTON & CO., Proprietors Empire Spring. Depot, 73 John Street, New York. Send for Circular. Sold by Druggists and Hotels generally.

SENT BY EXPRESS
EVERYWHERE.

WARD'S
PERFECT FITTING
SHIRTS.

Retailed at Wholesale Prices.
Made to Measure at $18 per doz. or $1½ for $9.

MADE OF NEW-YORK MILLS MUSLIN,
With fine Linen Bosoms, and warranted as good a Shirt as sold in the retail stores at $2,50 each.

ALSO, THE VERY BEST SHIRTS THAT CAN BE MADE AT $2 EACH.

P. S.—Those who think I cannot make a good Shirt for $1½ per dozen are mistaken. Here is the cost of one dozen $18 fine shirts.

12 yards of New-York Mills muslin at 14½c. per yd.,	$1 75
7 yards of fine Linen, at 50c. per yard,	3 50
Making and trimming,	6 00
Laundry, $1; buttons and cotton, 50c.	1 50
Profit,	2 25
Total,	$18 00

Self Measurement for Shirts.
Printed directions sent free everywhere, and so easy that a person can try any one can take their own measure for shirts. I warrant a good fit. The cash to be paid to the Express Company on receipt of goods.

The Express charges on one dozen Shirts from New-York to New Orleans is about $1.

WARD, from London,
387 Broadway, up stairs,
Between White & Walker Streets, NEW-YORK.

Please copy my address as other houses in the city are selling inferior made shirts as my prices.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. IV.—No. 200.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1860. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

"ALL DAY LONG IN THE CORNER SHE SITS."

PUSS IN THE CORNER.

All day long in the corner she sits;
All day long in the corner she knits;
But while her dexterous needles play
Her eyes, so liquid and large and gray,
Mark me and watch me around the house,
For she's "Puss in the Corner," and I'm the mouse.

My puss hasn't got any taloned claws,
And white as milk are her pretty paws;
And none of the feline cruelty lies
Lurking within her deep gray eyes;
Yet she holds me and keeps me about the house,
For she's "Puss in the Corner," and I'm the mouse.

I have heard that a very long time ago,
When the world was young, and the world was slow,
A lusty lion in a net was caught,
And the Monarch of Beasts was like to rot,
Till the woven threads of his prison-house
Were gnawed away by a little mouse.

This antique tale is reversed for me.
I'm a mouse in a net, and I can't get free;
For crosswise around my poor heart twines
The net of Love in a thousand lines;
And "Puss in the Corner" sits and smiles,
And fastens the knots with a thousand wiles.

But I know the way to break the chains—
A single course to me remains:
When once the marriage vows are said,
When "Puss in the Corner" and I are wed,
We'll see who rules all over the house,
And which is the cat and which the mouse!

WAITING UNDER THE WALNUT-TREE.

Twilight floats from over the hills,
A mystic presence the landscape fills,
The cloudy courtiers have just begun
To usher to rest the setting sun;
And the edge of the woods is dark and clear,
Cleaving the luminous atmosphere,
While Hannah, as still as still can be,
Is waiting under the walnut-tree.

But now and then a walnut drops
From off the old tree's ripening tops,
And Hannah starts, for she thinks her ear
Has caught the steps of her lover near:
So she hides and listens, and listens and thinks,
While her little heart rises and swells and sinks,
For the sounds of the falling walnuts die,
And no hastening lover meets her eye.

He had sworn to come. He told her so.
Can he be false? Oh no! oh no!
His heart is as true as his eyes are clear—
And yet she faints with a nameless fear!
She listens anew, but there is no sound
Save the walnuts dropping upon the ground;
And the hills are blackening one by one,
And her poor hopes sink with the setting sun.

Ah! in the corn-field down below,
Where the maize is stacked and the poppies grow,
Something is lying all stiff and cold,
Close by a hillock of ears of gold;
And the yellowing wrecks of the maize-leaves wave
Like mourners over a loved one's grave,
And the sleepy poppies their brown seeds shed,
In slumberous tribute above the dead.

Hannah may wait till the moon is up,
And the dews overflow in the poppy's cup,
But the longed-for lover will never stir
From the furrow he lies in to fondle her;
For a rival's knife his young heart has cleft,
And the poppies are pale by the stain it left—
The stain of the red blood flowing free,
While Hannah waits by the walnut-tree!

"WHILE HANNAH WAITS BY THE WALNUT-TREE."

A NIGHT ADVENTURE IN IRELAND.

BY A SOLDIER.

When our regiment was quartered in Ireland, some of my company were ordered to a town within five hours' march of where we lay. My duty was to escort them there, and return by the evening train from a station a few miles from where my comrades were to be left.

We reached our destination in due time, and arrangements were made for my departure; but as the evening set in very inclement, I halted as long as possible, in hops that the storm would abate. This, however, was not the result: the storm grew more severe, and my orders being nearly imperative, I had to set forth in the midst of the blast. Making headway against the weather took up more time than I had calculated on, and I reached the station only to learn that the last train had passed. I spent little time in hesitation, as I had only one course before me if my quarters were to be reached that night; so, drenched and weary, I retraced my steps.

"THE FIGURE IN THE DEAD DRESS, WHICH LAY ON A CHEST," ETC.

When night began to close in, and the weather grew dense and thick, I for the first time thought that if darkness were once on, and an inn should invite shelter, I would, under the circumstances, avail myself of it and remain till daybreak. I had not a very accurate knowledge of the district, yet I did not doubt that I was on the right road the length I had gone; still a slight hesitation arose, and I resolved to make inquiry the first opportunity. I continued to go on a considerable distance without sight or sound of human existence, but I was at length fortunate enough to fall in with an old woman driving a cow. When she recovered from her surprise at seeing me, I was fully convinced by her that I had gone astray, and was farther from an inn than it would be agreeable to travel. It appeared there were no houses near but her own—where there was no accommodation—and another one where I might have been put up, but a man having died there that morning, and the widow being in the house alone, it was thought she might object to the presence of a stranger. I resolved to try, at any rate, and got such directions for reaching the place as were seemingly intelligible, when my informant and I parted company.

The house was not so easily found as I had hoped, but I stumbled upon it after nearly losing temper, and advanced considerably elevated in spirits when its outline attracted my bewildered sight. At first I knocked somewhat gently, not to startle the inmate; but no notice being taken, I repeated it much louder. A stir within followed this, and a voice gruffly inquired the purpose of the disturber.

I began to explain my situation; but before I had spoken a dozen

en words I was told I could not get admittance, as there was a dead man in the house. I remonstrated, and urged the necessity of my case, offering to sit in any corner, and give no trouble nor annoyance. Still I was only told, in notes a key or two louder, that I might as well depart at once. This frittated me greatly, and I angrily shouted, that unless she let me in quietly I would force the door and enter in spite of her.

There must have been a tone of determined resolution in my speech, for the door was partly opened and immediately after the threat; some parley and grumbling followed, when the door was opened and a candle lit. The woman who let me in very suspiciously, and appeared either alarmed or annoyed; but I urged her to be composed, and give herself no uneasiness on my account.

The house was miserably furnished, the chief objects which arrested my attention were the bedsteads lining the figure in the dead dress, which lay on a chest before the bed, and a table by the fireside had out with provisions. The latter were, to me, rather tempting; but my newly-made friend seemed anxious that I should not be allowed too narrow a survey of her premises, as she requested me to follow her to an inner apartment. I would have preferred staying where I was, but I did not consider it reasonable that she should have the choice of where I was to be located, so I followed when she led the way.

In this place there was nothing but a low erection covered with straw, and an old-fashioned stool lying upon the floor. I was told I could take the stool or the "bed," and left alone; but she handed in a piece of bread a few minutes afterward, with a subtle remark that we are "all brothers."

Tired as I was, I felt more disposed to watch the woman's motions than court repose, and this I eventually grew tedious, and I began to get drowsy. I therefore quietly lay down, and, to prevent me being taken by surprise, I placed my face opposite the door, so that it could not be opened without awakening me. In this position I fell into a slight sleep, but a movement in the other apartment made me start and listen. Through the crevices in the old door I could only see indistinctly, but I could hear the woman I had been listening behind it; and when I saw this, I dare say I helped to convince her that I was fast asleep by certain nasal sounds I introduced at intervals.

She soon desisted, and slipped cautiously back, and, my suspicions being quite set at rest, I peered sagely through the seams. She wrapped a shawl around her, set a lighted candle on the table, and left the house, locking the door carefully behind her. I confess to getting uneasy at this, and a feeling of awe at the loneliness of my position crept through my frame. Not knowing what might follow, I loaded my musket, as I thought it better to be able to defend myself if that should be necessitated.

I waited anxiously a long time, but heard no sign of her return, nor any sound save the dull clicks of an old clock and the splashing of the rain outside. At length I was seized with a desire to inspect the premises, and after a slight hesitation I ventured into the other end. It was the most miserable position in which I ever found myself, the solemn stillness imparting a feeling of much akin to terror as the greatest fear of real danger could ever instill within me; but my nervousness was almost immediately interrupted by a rustling movement in the direction where the dead man lay.

I started at this, and moved my piece into a better position, and I think I could have saved the top dull clicks of an old clock and the splashing of the rain outside. At length I was seized with a desire to inspect the premises, and after a slight hesitation I ventured into the other end. It was the most miserable position in which I ever found myself, the solemn stillness imparting a feeling of much akin to terror as the greatest fear of real danger could ever instill within me; but my nervousness was almost immediately interrupted by a rustling movement in the direction where the dead man lay.

I started at this, and moved my piece into a better position, and I think I could have saved the top of my shoulder, when I saw the sheets moving on the lifeless body, as I had thought it. My hair, which was naturally so short as to be always on end, can not exactly be said to have stood erect at this; but I perspired at every pore, and felt somewhat unnerved, although I am no stranger to superstitious fears. At this stage a voice from the sheets addressed me in a low tone, saying, slowly and distinctly, "Soldier, soldier, won't you watch shoot me."

This partly convinced me that he was still an animated being; but I was not by any means at ease, and could only respond by a searching yet bewildered stare.

"Sowl! an' I'm living as ye see," he said, turning round; "but if ye'll plaise to take the pins out of them shutters and cut the cord round me, before that woman returns, I'll til ye the howl about it, an' shrink my own health wid ye to the bargain."

There was now no reason for being concerned so much, although my curiosity was great, and many conjecture followed hard to overtake it. I complied with his wish, and he civilly asked me to remove to the other end, after I had put things as nearly as he was before, and handed him a "spring," as he termed a pocket-knife stuff into my hand by dangling it even when standing quietly in the corner.

I was somewhat excited when I returned and sat down again within. In an hour or so silence was broken by the grating of the lock, and my heroine entered, accompanied by a man in the dress of a gay character as I had ever beheld. She pointed to the door I was looking through, and muttered something to her companion, who made a response, and brandished a stick he had brought with him. Both then listened attentively, and I seemed a long time, but I was soon convinced that I was not the object of much care on their part. They set down, and began to drink and converse, the woman had taken from a recess. By-and-by the new-comer put his arm round her neck and began to whisper words I could not hear; but their proceedings were speedily interrupted by the man in the sheets springing to his feet with sundry execrations, and dealing most unmerciful blows with the "spring" upon the head of each. At the first sign of life in the prostrate figure the woman began to shriek, but this soon ceased as she and her companion were knocked down.

I felt it was not my business to interfere, so I looked on in silence. The next proceeding of our hero was to open the door, and throw them both outside with the greatest unconcern. After this he carefully locked the door, came forward to where I was, and asked me to sit with him by the fire which had now kindled up.

I gladly complied, and he related the reason that had led to the scene I had just witnessed. The woman, it appeared, was his wife, and he had found occasion to suspect that she intended to rob him, and run off with the stranger. He likewise discovered that she had poison in her possession, which he managed to replace by a harmless ingredient, and he subsequently had the gratification to see it mix well up her husband. This led him to feign death, with a view to ascertaining her exact intentions, but he evinced his regret that he had been deceived so thoroughly. Her anxiety to get rid of him, however, had aided the deception, and she had not investigated too closely whether her drug had done its work thoroughly.

He very unreservedly stated his future purpose, turned over some old gear in a corner, and produced a sum of money with which he meant to pay his passage to America, and leave the country at break of day. We sat talking all night, and grew so friendly that he offered to share his funds with me, which I, of course, declined.

In the morning he looked out in front of the house, but the two outcasts were nowhere to be seen. What they had done with him in the face of the old clock, which terminated its asthmatic ticking, and threw it on the fire; and every other thing in the house, that appeared worth destroying, he broke. Tying up some of his own apparel in a napkin, he authorized a curse or two upon his late helpmate, locked the door, and threw the key on the dunghill with a "bad luck to it," and after that, he showed no further concern about what had occurred.

At the station I allowed him to pay part of my fare, which gratified him greatly, and when I left him, he was so sorry to part that I believe a word would have taken him into the ranks with me. But, in the end, he shook me by the hand, my hand, and I returned his grasp of kindness, and in one minute more the last bond was unclasped, and since that time I have seen nor heard nothing of my somewhat singularly-formed acquaintance.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1860.

THE IRISH STEAMERS.

WE have been favored with the following communication:

"GENTLEMEN,—Our attention has been drawn to the inclosed editorial in your pictorial journal, and, with the exception of the last paragraph, the article is having been written with either a desire to injure the Galway line or through inexcusable ignorance of the subject-matter. We are, gentlemen, etc.,

"HOWLAND & ASPINWALL,
"Agts A. R. M. S. N. Co."

[INCLOSURE.]

[*From Harper's Weekly, October, 20.*]

The loss of the *Connaught* deprives the Galway line of the only steamer they really owned. Advertisements to the contrary, it is true, that the line consists of five "new iron side-wheel steamers of 4400 tons burden each" and with the *Connaught*, *Victoria*, *Leinster*, and *Persia*. But this is merely a playful figure of speech. The *Leinster*, *Ulster*, and *Munster* are still in the imagination; one or two of them are said to be on the stocks; but none of the three have ever been launched. The *Persia* exists, but belongs to the New India Navigation Company; and instead of being 4400 tons, she is only about 3500. The *Connaught*, in like manner, was, we believe, only 3300, not 4400 tons as stated in the advertisement.

The following is the advertisement referred to in the above paragraph:

NEW YORK AND GALWAY LINE.

"The steamers comprising this line have been approved by the Admiralty, and are the

FIVE NEW IRON SIDE-WHEEL STEAMERS

CONNAUGHT . . . . . 4400 tons burden.
LEINSTER . . . . . 4400 "
MUNSTER . . . . . 4400 "
ULSTER . . . . . 4400 "
VICTORIA . . . . . 4400 "

The steamers of this Company have been constructed with the greatest care as regards strength and workmanship, combine every modern improvement, and are built with water-tight compartments. They are well found, and intended to accomplish the passage between the two termini with safety, and are replete with elegance and convenience.

* * *

For freight or passage, apply to

HOWLAND & ASPINWALL, Agents,
No. 5 Bowling Green, New York.

We beg to assure Messrs. Howland & Aspinwall that we have not the least desire to injure the Galway line. The more lines of steamers there are between the two continents, the better we shall be pleased; though we confess we should like to see vessels which carry to sea five and six hundred human beings a little more substantially built than the ill-fated *Connaught* seems to have been.

Nor can we admit that we have laid ourselves open to the charge of either inexcusable ignorance, which Messrs. Howland & Aspinwall so courteously bring against us. The denial which those gentlemen oppose to our paragraph would have been more easily met had it been more specific and less general; but it probably refers to and evidently includes our statements that the *Leinster*, *Ulster*, and *Munster* have never made a voyage, and that the *Persia* and *Connaught* are not really of the tonnage ascribed to their advertisements. Yet both statements are unquestionably true. There was at one time some talk of the *Leinster* being got ready to make her first voyage this fall; but like a good many other promises of this Galway Company, its fulfillment has been deferred. She and her consorts may perhaps, if all goes right and the Company has better luck hereafter than it has had hitherto, make their maiden voyage next year; but to advertise them as forming part of an actual line of steamers on a specified route, approved by the Admiralty, and surpassing any other vessels afloat, strikes us as rather steep.

With regard to tonnage of the two ships whose actual tonnage is, or was, undoubtedly the *Connaught* and the *Persia*—both of which are said by Messrs. Howland & Aspinwall to be ships of 4400 tons—there is very little to be said. The *Persia* belongs to the West India R. M. S. T. Company. They, who ought to know her size, state in their published schedule of their fleet that she is a ship of 2720 tons. The surveyor of the port who measured her, according to law, when she came here, certifies as follows respecting her tonnage:

CUSTOM HOUSE, NEW YORK,
SURVEYOR'S OFFICE, October 13, 1860.

I CERTIFY that the British steamer *Persia*, Horace Hunter, measures twenty-five hundred and sixty-nine $\frac{69}{95}$ tons.

$\frac{2569}{95}$ tons.

J. S. BENEDICT, *Surveyor.*

The *Connaught* never came to this port, and was consequently never surveyed here; but we have been able to find her in Lloyd's list. We are informed, however, by persons who knew her well, that she probably measured from 2600 to 2700 tons; she had no feet less than the *Persia*, which measures 3586 tons. This weakness of the Galway Company for exaggerating the tonnage of their ships seems incorrigible. When Mr. Lever was asked by the Committee of the House of Commons how he came to estimate the old *United States* of about 2000 tons as "the new and splendid steamer *Indian Empire* of 5000 tons burden," he tried to explain that he counted the ship's engines, coal, and machinery as part of her tonnage, and was not abashed when a member inquired why he hadn't counted in as well the wharf where she lay and the dock where she had been built?

For this, as we wish well to the Galway line, and shall be glad to welcome their ships to our waters. The more the better, provided they are safe. But the New York agents, if they will take our advice, will avoid overstating respecting them. They will not bear it.

NO PUNISHMENT FOR MURDER.

THE Legislature of this State, following out a humanitarian policy which has already been productive of mischief in other cases, passed an Act last winter for the abolition of the death-penalty, in the case of persons convicted of crimes other than murder in the first degree and high treason. But in doing this it went further, and repealed the section of the code which prescribed hanging as the method by which culprits sentenced to death are to be executed; thus leaving it in doubt whether there is at the present time any penalty of death which can be inflicted by the courts upon criminals convicted of murder in the first degree. The Governor, therefore, in the case of persons so doubtful that it has quashed the sentence of the murderers Mrs. Hartung, and ordered a new trial. How trials are to be had, in consequence of this law, in the cases of the convicted murderers Sanchez and Shea; and the public prosecutor has wisely determined to defer the trial of Charles Jeffords, under indictment for the murder of Walton and Matthews, until the Legislature shall have had time to amend the blundering Act.

Thus, what with the Legislature and what with the police, life, in this State, enjoys a degree of protection which is not very reassuring to the timid. The number of crimes of violence committed in New York is considerably greater, in proportion to the population, than in any of the large cities of Europe; the convictions much fewer. In Paris or London murderers hardly ever escape; here, at least, one half the murders and manslaughters escape unpunished. We need not quote instances; every New Yorker can with a little effort remember more than one murderer who has gone quite likely that the escape of the murderer of Dr. Burdell will be followed a few months hence by that of another, and still more atrocious homicide—that of Matthews.

The world moves, and we must hope that we are destined to improve in course of time. Just now, however, we are bound to say that our progress partakes of the nature of the crab's movement: we seem to be going backward in every thing. Even our elections seldom escaped the due penalty of their offenses. Mayors were men of the highest character, and the title of Alderman was itself a certificate of respectability. Judges, in the city, were jurists whose opinions were quoted abroad; to be a member of the New York bar was proof of honesty, learning, and gentlemanly instincts. We have been changing all this a good deal lately; let us hope that the change will soon change again for the better, and that we shall not always present an illustration of the failure of democracy.

COMPENSATION.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE TOMB OF WASHINGTON.

THEN his eyes reverently rested. The homliest wretch
Who walks amid the shadows of the earth
May wait in patient bondage, sure that God
Will right him of his wrong, in his good time.
E'en though a monarch riveted his chain.
The world advances on its course, and time
Must crowd within the smallest space the hopes,
The fears, the joys of human life; the man
May see within the hour the sharp events
That once took years to culminate.

The day
Has come when grasping kings must bow to commons,
The clash of battle-swords, the roar of cannon
Of art must fall. Man, round from step, has learned
His right to freedom, and the ancient king
Is he who gracefully accords the boon
He asked.

The glorious day has come
When startled History lays aside her pen,
And looks with puzzled eyes upon the scroll
Where Time has written down the wondrous acts
Of His ministers.

A few short years
Have passed away since at the funeral feast
Of France's self-made King stood England's Queen—
Stood with head bent before the marble shrine,
Built high and stately, by a people's love,
Over the dust they had revolted with voice
Of strength from the dark, sterile rock whereon
He lingered to his death—by England's act.
Bent with head bent before the tomb of him
Whom veins the same blood flowed as that dead King's,
Bent to do public homage to the law.
Born upheld; him who built his throne upon
The rock of prince lashed that proud spirit
Of power—a nation's love. Stood England's Queen
Without murmur against, at the self-same blood,
And did him homage for the self-same deeds
For which his kinsman died.

Once more.—Beside
A grave stood England's future King. A tomb
Of simple build, towering no marble form
Into the sky; claiming no awe-struck gaze
For gaudy sculpture, but for prayer. Yet
By long-drawn tales of brilliant battle won,
Through blood and shame, asking for his
Eternal in a nation's heart.

Beside
That tomb, where slept the sometime rebel chief,
The soldier patriot, and pure-hearted man
The maker of a nation; there stood the head
Uncovered, and in silent awe, stood one
Whose blood had marked the rebel chief for death—
Death on the scaffold—death by means as vile
As ever death to humankind.

The
Wild dingo rolled through the forest shade, and wiles
Of subtone sang their music in the boughs.
The birds went twittering over leafy ground,
Heeding not place nor pace. No sign was seen
Upon the heavens, as of old, when God
Made visible by shadows through the still
One high recording power entered this work
Of Time, and with a soft, sweeping motion,
Wrote on the record these fair words:

"What done,
Thou faithful servitor of God! Thou balm-
Bestower for a nation's woes; thou great
And gracious healer of a people's wounds—
These are thy triumphs, this thy sweet revenge!"

THE LOUNGER.

A PRINCE in a prize white-hardy ruffs to the Loungers. We must be allowed to make the most of him. His rule gone now. He is at sea; but the Loungers are females. The days when the rules will hang round it still. Besides, we weekly Loungers have only one chance in seven days to talk about him. The daily Loungers have six in the seven. And they make the most of them.

Now to-day is the first chance this Lounger has had since Friday. The noise of the guns of that famous week will, of course, have died out of the morning papers, and there is a suggestion of Old Saturday in alluding this week to those long-passed days. They are already mossed over. Let us devote a little of them to a chat or talk of ourselves, and the Prince of Wales, and of the crowning sensation of a summer.

A SUMMER OF SENSATIONS.

NEW YORK has seen many splendid sights this summer. The *Great Eastern*—the Japanese—the Coan-ven—the Atlantic Telegraph—the Pageant of the Prince's reception—the Firemen's fête—and the Agricultural Exhibition. All these assembled thousands and thousands of people, and the general good-humor and good conduct were not only admirable, but positively surprising.

Looking down upon that solid crowd—and so solid a crowd was never witnessed in Broadway—from the balcony when a half-police platoon, when the procession was expected, begging the people to stand back and make way. Of course nobody stirred. As soon as begin, as you see the policemen take hold of shoulders and push the owner back against other owners, and, if there were any serious resistance, tapping the recusants—first gently, then stoutly, and even almost throwing them down in the struggle. At any moment the crowd might have annihilated all the policemen within sight. Sometimes a sharp fight seemed imminent, but it was avoided by very positive arrests were made.

When the few officers had fairly pushed the mass back to the sidewalk, it was astonishing to see how resolutely the people held the line. They braced back against the pressure from behind. They cheered or hissed those who pushed along the cleared street; and when the officers ran to stop some intruder from crossing, there was a general good-humored clapping and shouting. And they stood in those lines for nearly an hour—long after the announced time of the Prince's coming.

In no other city of the world could that spectacle have been seen. Great pageants you may see in every where, and human change passes than ours, and great multitudes of people. But a foreign fête, however pretty, is like the walk of a li-

tle girl to the Parade-ground or to Union Square. An adequate nurse accompanies her to supervise her behavior. So in all the fine crowds of the festal foreigners there is always an adequate armed force to repress too great exuberance of spirits or demonstration. Now it is profoundly true of us—although we can't give a ball—that the sentiment of loyalty to law is universal and supreme. Our crowds are unattended—we, with the assistance of an occasional officer, who serves merely as a symbol of law. The scene of Thursday week was popular government in action. The salutatory of New York to the Prince was this:

"Young Sir, look around you. Here we are, a million people. The soldiers who surround you are only a portion of those same people in uniforms. The few policemen are emblems of their obedience to law. This is what we have done. We can't offer you a banquet so splendid as every European city will give you. We can't have a ball without the most absurd episodes. We have no old buildings, and no rare ones, that are of any particular interest. In historic tradition, in the fine arts, and the rest of it, we are pretty poor. But this reviewless, tame way is so individually satisfied that there is no temptation to violent changes, and we honor law so truly that we can govern ourselves. We keep the peace without an army and with a ludicrously small police—that is what we have done in this country, Lord Renfrew, and that is what we show you to-day. We welcome you to the spectacle of a people that can, and do govern themselves, without a lurking fear of sudden trouble."

Baron Renfrew may not have heard this welcome, but the Duke of Newcastle probably did.

TRAVELING INCOG.

The eldest son of Queen Victoria, and "the heir of England," is now in this country, and, it is traveling in the country with his tutor and a small party. The Prince travels *incog.*, and passes by the name of Baron Renfrew. He arrived in New York, the other day, strictly *incog.* It happened that a fine thousand troops were parading upon the Battery, and in order to preserve his *incognito*, Lord Renfrew put on the uniform of an English Colonel, mounted a horse, rode up and down the lines; so that his presence was not in the least suspected.

With the same delicacy he proceeded to a carriage in which, oddly enough, the Mayor of the city happened to be and himself immediately afterward, and the traveler, who does not allow it to leak out that he is really Prince of Wales, but the pleasure of whose company we did not unexpectedly, the habits of the people. As usual, the street was solid with human beings, and the fair ladies of the metropolis were also out in very goodly places, at every visible window. The people were also engaged in that occasional recreation of sitting in chairs upon extremely narrow ledges over deep ways; boys were curling over the stone scrollwork; and others were perched upon the roofs in the usual way, to stare straight down into the street.

Stopping at the City Hall—but still entirely unsuspected—he ajdly saw the soldiers march by; and then stepping into his carriage, he slipped up Broadway toward the military lines—no one having the least idea that the *incognito* traveler was the next sovereign of England. From the moment of gaining his hotel he went about the city, unmolested, and with the same privacy. On Sunday morning he went to church, and nobody knew it. Had the *incognito* been lifted in the least, it is possible that there may have been a crowd, and the future Head of the Church might have been treated in old Trinity like a "What is it." It is the good-nature of such things have been known—that the preacher would have called the visit of a young man to a church, for the purpose of worshipping God, "a most edifying sight." But happily decency and gravity, the *incognito* under which the Prince travels prevented all these things; and he left the city without his presence having been suspected.

KEEPING THE BALL IN MOTION.

Of course all the Loungers have but one topic now; and some of them may have a particular curiosity. Some of them are perhaps wondering "what does that party of English gentlemen think of New York and its doings for the Prince?" In public nothing could surpass their politeness. They bowed and smiled in the right places. They were politely taken about the streets. They kept their eyes open, and their minds, too, doubtless; and while the Prince was amused, his companions doubtless studied hastily of the whole matter.

Of course, as free and independent Americans, we don't care what they thought. We never care what English people think of us. We didn't care for Mr. Fechter, Mrs. Trollope, nor Captain Hall, nor Marryatt, nor Dickens; not a bit of it. If they chose to make fools of themselves, blast their eyes! we didn't care a rap. And if any lofty else chooses to come and have his opinions and his absurd prejudices, and make himself or themselves fools also, we don't care what it is to us? We know what we are. We know that all other nations are blasted estimators and paling shams, and that we are the only really intelligent, prosperous, great, and permanent people.

Of course we do. Then why do we always wonder what these effete people think of us? Suppose now, we could have invisibly sat down at table with the company of gentlemen who accompanied the Prince—the morning after the ball, say —and what should we have probably heard? Perhaps the least little bit of a laugh. Why not? The metropolis of the New World had been all the wealth and fashion to give a ball, and it couldn't make a floor strong enough to support the people. It couldn't hold itself from crowding its guest so that he had to be roped in. Don't you think those gentlemen had a right to laugh?

The truth is, that we have done as young people are very apt to do. We have utterly mistaken ourselves. We don't know what to do with a Prince when we get him. It certainly is no fault of ours; but when we try to be courteous we are a little ridiculous. Why was there but a ball at all? The people of New York received him by a pageant whose moral magnificence was incomparable. Except for the foolish delay it would have been unsurpassed as a spectacle, not by reason of the decorations and military display, but of the million of human beings regulating themselves. It was a spectacle of incalculable significance to each of those English gentlemen and nobleman. It was simple, unique and impressive. When that was over, he might have readily devoted his time to striking the square foot of the pavement, as if any person had given him a ball, and he had gone and danced, like other young men, and have had that amusement of which he is so fond.

But why should four hundred people give him a ball? Why not a dance at General Scott's in the evening as well as call upon him in the morning to lunch? If the Academy fete had been given by the city of New York, it would have been different. But it was a private ball given by private citizens in which the Prince was treated half as a Prince and half as a boy. And in such a case hundred people may do ungratefully as individuals what they can not do well as a city. It was kind to ask him. It was kind in him to accept. There was no reason that it should not have been a very pretty festivity, and that he should not have come to it. We fully meant that it should be memorable and beautiful, but it has turned out a little ludicrous and wearisome. We try to blame except the builder and the computer of the number of persons that could conveniently dance upon a given floor. The gentlemen concerned in the affair have worked most zealously. They have had a terrible responsibility upon them, and they could have more curses than compliments. It is a very hard case. It is a great pity that the ball was undertaken. It was all bravely call it a failure, and resolve not to do so again.

CHAMPIONSHIP.

"DEAR LOUNGER.—Don't you think Wright ought to have played with Mr. Paulen?"

Certainly not, if he did not with to: why should he? Mr. Paulen is a good player, but he is a genius for the game of chess. His play excites the admiration and envy of all who witness it. Wright goes to Europe, and meets the famous chess champions and vanquishes them. His success makes his merit famous. But he is a modest man in life, and behaves finely under it, and settles into private life like any other gentleman. Of course he retains his interest in the game, he frequents its clubs, and tries his power with opponents. He is confessedly the chess champion of the world. But the challenge is not his affair. He does not hold himself ready to do battle against all comers. If that be the condition of championship, you may have the belt. I will play, he says, upon such conditions and under such circumstances as I choose. Mr. Paulen's challenge is not a genius for the game of chess. His play excites the admiration and envy of all who witness it. Wright goes to Europe, and meets the famous chess champions and vanquishes them. His success makes his merit famous. But he is a modest man in life, and behaves finely under it, and settles into private life like any other gentleman. Of course he retains his interest in the game, he frequents its clubs, and tries his power with opponents. He is confessedly the chess champion of the world. But the challenge is not his affair. He does not hold himself ready to do battle against all comers. If that be the condition of championship, you may have the belt. I will play, he says, upon such conditions and under such circumstances as I choose. Mr. Paulen's challenge is not accepted. Mr. Morphy's reply was not less so. If Mr. Paulen will not meet his friend except upon equal terms it is a proof of his confidence in his skill. If Mr. Morphy declines to play with any one except against odds, who will complain?

CIVIC FEUDS.

The jealousies and battles of the old Italian cities, of Florence and Venice and Genoa and Pisa, make an exhaustive and brilliant chapter in history. The jealousies and battles of the new American cities make a ludicrous chapter. The Orange disturbances were the only ones engendered by the Prince's visit. Other old quarrels, always latent, have been reworked nearer home. Philadelphia sneers at New York. Accordingly, the Ledger of Philadelphia printed in a Boston paper says that the Prince was black and blue after pinching by the police in the hands of the ladies of New York! Philadelphia points proudly to her successful opera evening, when the Prince didn't dance, she sat upon the song, and the rampant plumes of the prime chantelaine of the Academy (how clearly he does chant!) were smoothed. New York laughs at this as supremely, back again. Mr. Moncane said that the Prince never was at the Opera. Mr. Moncane is a confessed Queen. She may be a wretched one, but she can not be depraved. She is enthroned, and although Philadelphia may call the Princess, who was regal, and Boston that she is more courtly—here, meanwhile, site New York in the seat of power, and the world and the Prince acknowledge her supremacy.

There is a childish bitterness in this municipal warfare which is extremely droll, because the general perception has awarded to each of these cities its peculiar prominence, and does no good. Boston flourishing. They have all essentially the same structure of society; and each has in some degree the characteristics of the whole. Philadelphia is, by intellectual, New York commercial, and Philadelphia and Boston fashionable. New York is the most amusing, Boston the most instructive, Philadelphia the most commonplace. Boston is satisfied to be the Athens of the Republic. New York shows her schedule of property, and Philadelphia points to the republican court of the Revolution.

What can be done? The papers fire away at each other. The New Yorker asks, with a toss of the head, whether all Boston girls read Greek before breakfast; the Philadelphian looks askance at the equipages of beef, breadcloth, and molasses; and the Bostonian curls the lip a little as she surveys the two.

New York pats the little province of Boston upon the shoulder in a condescending, motherly style of a Greek state. New York sees Philadelphia whether she is seated at the very sources of the Delaware, and Philadelphia remembers London, Paris, and Rome, and deigns no answer. Then Boston and Philadelphia contemptuously demand why New York should pinch a poor Prince black and blue.

Alas! it is a foul without an end. It is perennial. In the happy absence of a great enmity we cultivate our little jealousies. And if the cities take comfort in it, in the name of peace and mutual enjoyment let them continue. It is an easy wit that scolds Boston a village, and Philadelphia provincial, and New York *parvenu*. A Princess, Dear that, Europe, Washington! New Orleans! New York *parvenu*! Do you believe H.R.H. thought so? Do you think Newcastle thought so? Or Cowley? Or any of the guests, who didn't go through the floor, thought so? Do you suppose the immortal Four Hundred thought so? And chose distinctly answers, of course not.

THE BLESSING OF ST. MARTIN.

LAST year the great question of the exact season of the Indian summer was settled by the note of the Lounger's friend at Nightingale House. It is the summer of Saint Martin, and is gathered about his day. It is a kind of bouquet of days of St. Martin's, exquisitely fragrant, and splendid. Only let us agree also that Saint Martin's day is a long dawning. These golden mists; the yellow atmosphere, which inexpressibly soft touch of the air at noon; the ripe hill-sides; the gorgeous vine; the rich russet, sweetly-rank odor in the smoky air—all these prelude the pageant of that last look of summer.

St. Martin fully appears in the early days of November. The landscape has already clothed itself in its festal garments. By that time the gold is very nearly all gone, and sombre strikes through the thin yellow leaf—the maples are in crimson court dress—the oaks are in red, and trees are yellow—the woods strew leafy gems and bright asters, and Saint Martin passes through the year more revivid than ever from the Prince. Patient he comes and goes. The pomp fades; the leaves shrivel—at last the trees stand bare. But the reverence of the year is complete. Although the despairing poet, pining for the south, sang,

"In a drear-nighted December,
Too happy, happy tree!
Thy branches ne'er remember
Their green felicity,"

they do remember. They sing of it when the struggle with the winter winds is relaxed. And, by-and-by, when the crocuses and the early violets brave the snow, and the robin comes in April, the trees, still warm at their hearts with the blessing of Saint Martin, begin to smile again with leaves and blossoms.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

FRANCIS HOSKELF AGAIN.—Though the King of Naples is at present without a kingdom, still he can not refrain, in a strong fun he displays a part of his nature, from condemning his subjects, even at the very moment that he is left without any subjects to condemn. The following is the sentence he has passed upon them: "The conduct of the Neapolitans is perfectly outrageous."

THE CUP OF MISERY

We read in the Italian correspondence the following distressing fact:

"There has been an insurrection in Toll."

We suppose such an insurrection was stirred up with a pencil. We should recommend that an Irishman or a Scotchman be sent over to quell this insurrection, for they're the best fighters in Europe. Toll, forsooth!

PRETTY, IF NOT TRUE.—A poetical Young Lady, who has just come out, calls "Dreams the best outlets in the world, for do they not lead to—to—to—to the blind?"

EXTREMELY SHELL-FISH.

We beg to present the reader with the two following latest novelties in the way of conundrum remembrance:

1. Why have lobsters no feeders?—Because they have salmon (heaven) over them.

2. Why is a supplementary plate of crabs like the Alien Act.—Because it secures a condition clause (an extra *dish and clause*).

If the intelligent reader were to try for a thousand years, he would never be able to beat the above in badness.

HOW TO KEEP ONE'S MEMORY GREEN.—Surround it with dying eyes.

An Irish poet-boy having driven a gentleman a long stage during torrents of rain, the gentleman civilly said to him, "Pat, you're all wet."

"Arrah! I don't care about being very wet; but, plase your honor, I'm dry enough."

A Yarmouth mariner had a son in Irishman, "a green hand," to assist in loading his shop with malt. Just as they were going to dinner, he said the Irishman, who was jingling the price of his dog's work in his pocket, cried out from the cellar, "Cogsbil! I ha' your shovel covered board; but I can a big notch on the rail fence round the barn, right over the place where it went down; so you'll find it when you come back."

It is no use whatever, so often supposed says Burke-land, to be a "Universal History"—to spin the longues of margins in order to give them facility of speech. It is only a waste of time and paper. Children can talk sometimes even better than men. I was told of extensive young politicians, who naturally stammered, going up to a working man who owned a waggon, and after visiting the horse's tail, began with his gradual cease, he said,

"Yo, woa, yo-o-o mag-nag-nag-pie t-t-t-talk?"

"Yes," said the man, "a precious deal better than you can, or I would not be at the trouble to buy it."

A gentleman residing in a village not many miles from Exeter, finding that the diminution of his wood-pile continued after his return from church, one night left his order to obtain, if possible, some clew to the mystery. At an hour when the honest fellow should be in bed, hearing an operator at work in the yard, he cautiously raised his chamber window, and saw a large neighbor endeavoring to get a large log into his wheel-barrow.

"Ho, ho, my friend!" he cried, "and the owner," to come here and steal my wood while I sleep."

"Why, sir," replied the thief, "I suppose you would be sleeping more sound if you had my back with filling before you'd offer to come and help me."

A footman, proud of his grammar, inherited into the drawing-room, Mr. Peace and his two daughters, with the introduction: "Mr. Peace and the two Misses Peace."

TIT FOR TAT.—A young lady lately asked a gentleman the meaning of the word *surrogate*, and the gentleman explained it to her as "a gate through which parties have to get married." "Then I imagine," said the lady, "that it is a corruption of *surrogate*?" "You are right, Miss," replied her informer, "as woman is an abbreviation of was to man."

Why are editors apt to be tired in the month of April? —Because they have just gone through a march.

If the speculator misses his aim, every body cries out, "He's a fool," and sometimes, "He's a rogue," if he succeeds, they besiege his door, and demand his daughter in marriage.

The man who minds his own business was in Littleton the other day, but left immediately, he felt so lonesome.

Many persons admire the lightning. It is very grand and very beautiful indeed, but we were never personally struck by it.

CONTEMPT OF ARS SUX. "What did you say was the principle of the entourage?"

A QUERY.—Why is it taken two people into one?

HINT AND DISCARTER (crossword).—"What a delightful invention!"

Lord Townsend's butler, in preparing the cloth for a choice festival, was unlucky enough to break a dozen of plates plates, a rare and beautiful pattern. "You blockhead," cries his lordship meeting him presently after, with another dozen in his hands, "how did you do it?"—"Upon my soul, my lord, they happened to fall just so," replied the fellow, and instantly dashed them also upon the marble hearth into a thousand pieces.

TITLES FOR "SHAM BOOKS."—When the *Comic Annual* was announced, the author forwarded a copy to the Duke of Devonshire; and in his letter of thanks the Duke asked Hood if he could furnish him with some titles for a few of sham books. Hood seemed to enjoy the task, and sent off by return of post the following among many of the like sort: "Boyle on Steam;" "Rules for Punctuation, by a Borough-School Pupil;" "Annual Parliaments, a Plea for Short Commons;" "Lamb's Recollections of Suet;" "The Logic of the Clouds, by Nimbus Nicoll;" "Rules for Bell's System;" "Cursory Remarks on Sneezing;" "Barrow on the Common Cold;" "Lucifer—Lucifer—Lucifer!" and "Recollections of Bannister, by Lord Stair."

"Ellen," said Charles, "did poor little Carlo have pink ribbon round his neck when you lost him?" "Yes, sir," replied Ellen. "Have you seen him?"—"No, but when I find him I shall have a piece of pink ribbon in the stomach."

What kind of a pencil did Britannia use when she ruled the waves?

A lover may imagine himself discarded when he sees another man waiting on the wedding-cards. His natural exclamation will be, "What's amiss?"

If a young lady has a pain in her side, can she relieve it by wearing a shawl?

WHAT IS A MOTHER-IN-LAW?—The mother-in-law is the person in the household who attends to the preserves and the pickles, and sees that the instruments of fun are put carefully away, to be opened as they are wanted.

THE PROGRESS OF CIVILIZATION.—"In my time, Mis," said a fire engineer, as he was looked at the women from instead of their antlers!"—"Ah! but my dear aunt," replied the young lady, "you are not in Belgravia now, and is now civilized than it used to be. It looks more to the understanding."

DUTCHMEN CURES.—A young man sitting on a gate, whom I complimented on his happy looks and proof that he'd agreed with his sweetheart, laughingly "Pshaw! she's besides work. I cuts a few hutchins' chips every week! thinks the fellow's looking fancy up."

A man, on being upbraided for his cowardice, said he had as bold a heart as any one, but his cowardly legs ran away with him all.

We don't know exactly what the "height of ambition" is, but we have seen many fussy little specimens of it not more than five feet high.

A lady, in reply to some guests who praised the muslem on her table, said, "Oh yes, my husband always buys the best; he is a great epicure."

"Dawkter," said an exquisite the other day, "I want you to tell me what I can put into my bond to make it light?" "It wants nothing but brains," said the physician.

ANARCHY, an African prince, visiting England, received as much attention as a child's rattle-box. He was so good, that, in a moment of tenderness, he could not refrain from saying that he loved me, in his heart, and exclaimed: "Oh! Madam, if Heaven had only made you a negress, you would have been Lucretia Borgia!"

At a public "tea-party," recently held in one of our country towns, where "sentiment" were in order, a timid young lady was called upon to remind the chair that inquiry was upon them by offering the following:

"Three lines, mister, you have I would like to hear."

Now, if you'll put the question, I'll surely say yes."

To which a shy young gentleman replied as follows:

"The man without courage to do his own wooing,
May do all his own washing, and baking, and sewing."

Some person whom Quin had offended met him one day in the street, and stopped him.

"Sir," said he, "I—I—I understand that you have been telling away my name."

"What you will, sir," said Quin.

"You—you—you called me a scoundrel, Sir."

"Very true, keep your name, Sir," replied Quin, and walked on.

He is a first-rate collector who can, upon all occasions, collect his wits.

Why is a tooth drawn like a thing forgotten?—It is out of the head.

A good way to light some cities with gas would be to set fire to their publishers.

To get up the "Conflict of Ages," ask two rival beauties how old they are.

The two constellations are many. Salt-water grass is fresh fish, and hot verde produce a coolness.

Some malicious persons assert that the letters M.D., may often stand after physicians' names, signify "Money Down."

In a committee of ladies we have no doubt but whatever is voted on is always carried by a majority.

A singular warning to our fashionable excluders—a large a number of whom consider a defective pronunciation of the letter "r" the best "proof of aristocratic breeding"—has recently been afforded by an action brought against one of the species for libeling a highly respectable medical practitioner residing in a country town. The defendant, it appears, had called the question, and employing the elegant slang so much in vogue among the "upper ten," termed Mr. Brown—a very good doctor of the place." Unfortunately, however, his peculiarities of utterance rendered the "r" made the word as sound so very like "the queer doctor of the place," that Brown was the subject of much ridicule, and gave rise to the doctor by which to vindicate his professional reputation.

BRITAIN AMERICANIZED.
EFFECTS of Democratic Example upon Britannia & John Bull.
Future Royal Arms.
Balcony scene at St. James Palace.
Letting a
Foreign Treaty
ALBERT E. GUELPH, KING OF G.t BRITAIN
The future Crown piece
Crest of next Prince of Wales
REGULAR REFORM NOMINATION
PALMERSTON
FOR
MINISTER
Old Lord Chancellors
New
New Royal State Carriage.

FIRST LOVE.

SHE was the first, the only star
That shone upon my life,
The summer of my days had set
Before I called her wife:
The leaves have fallen twenty times
Beneath our trysting tree,
Since the ringers shook the rafters
In the belfry by the sea.

The pulses of my heart beat slow,
With calm, unflutter'd stroke,
Till with a party from the Grange
I picnick'd at the Oak;
A stranger to our Forest ways,
She came with Alan's bride,
One glance—I knew my love was come—
The old indifference died.

The park, a summer's walk across,
Was famous in the shire;
The porter at the crested gates
Grew rich and blessed the Squire;
I show'd the glade where ballads say
The King met Robin Hood,
I took her where, as boys, we cropp'd
Wild strawberries in the wood.

The gardens and the orange-trees,
The swans upon the lake,
The gazing stags among the fern,
The pheasants in the brake:
These sumptuous signs of wealthy state
She saw with sweet surprise,
And I—new light was on them all,
Seen with a lover's eyes.

When Alan blew his warning horn,
My chestnut join'd her bay:
Down the long grassy "rides" we rode,
And watch'd the rabbits play.
The dead sun in his crimson shroud
Lay buried in the west,
And Love was nestling in my heart,
An inmate, not a guest.

A gipsy party gayly plann'd,
A smile, a soft "good-night,"
And then I left the low white house,
Just as the stars were bright:
Lost in some far, forgotten sea,
The sailor on the shore
Sights, to his joy, the ship that comes
To bear him home once more.

The bride moon with her dower of stars
Twice grew to matron age
Before my birdie flew away
Back to her northern cage;
She knew the abbey pictures well,
She dared the haunted room,
We laughed around the Oak again,
And saw the aloe bloom.

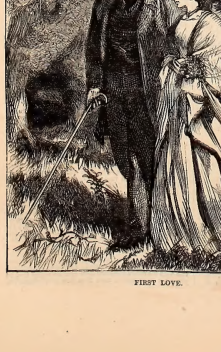
A promise in the oriel won
To crown my growing bliss,
A drooping head, a circled waist,
And such a binding kiss!
Oh, happy time! Oh, happy time!
It never has its fellow—
The one green leaf that hangs among
So many sere and yellow.

Before the Autumn spent his wrath
Upon the Rectory vine,
I claim'd the promise that she made,
I went and whisper'd, "Mine:"

May's father trembled as he said,
"Take her, a trusting wife,
And cherish one whose love has thrown
A glory round my life."

Some days beside a lonely mere
(Lured by the waterfall),
And then we settled at the Grange,
For Alan took the Hall:
How swift the lustres pass'd along,
Sweet heart, with love and you,
For if the sky was sometimes dark,
There came a break of blue.

And ever, as the year winds round,
And brings the longest day,
We gather at the forest Oak,
Where first I met my May;
Look, Alan's boy and our May-bud
Are coming down the Vale,
Perhaps before another June
There 'll be another bride.



FIRST LOVE.

A DAY'S RIDE:

A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

By CHARLES LEVER.

AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," "HARRY LORREQUER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

BREAKFAST over, I took a walk through the town. There was a museum prepared for a scene of unbustling quietude and tranquillity, I must own that the air of repose around far surpassed all I had imagined. The streets through which I sauntered were grass-grown and untrodden; the shops were half open; not an equipage, nor even a horseman was to be seen. In the Platz, where a sort of fruit-market was held, a few vendors of grapes, peaches, and melons sat under large crimson umbrellas, but there seemed few purchasers, except a passing school-boy, carefully scanning the temptations in which he was about to invest his kreutzer.

The most remarkable feature of the place, however—and it is one which through a certain significance has always held a place in my memory—was that, go where one would, the palace of the grand-duke was sure to finish the view at one extremity of the street. In fact, every alley converged to this one centre, and the royal residence stood like the governor's chamber in a panopticon jail. There did my mind for many a day picture him sitting like a huge spider watching the incautious insects that permeated his web. Wearied him fat, indolent, and apathetic, but yet with a jailer's instincts, ever mindful of every stir and movement of the prisoners below. With a single ordinary telescope he must be master of every thing that went on, and the humblest incident could not escape his notice. What a terrible consciousness of this surveillance that made every one keep the house? Was it the feeling that the "Gross Herzogliche" eye never left a moment, prevented men being abroad in the streets and about their affairs as in other places? I half suspected this, and set to work imagining a state of society thus scanned and scrutinized. But that the general aspect of the town so palpably betokened the absence of all trade and industry, I might have compared the whole to a glass hive; but they were all dumb as that exhibits, there was not one "busy bee" in the whole of them.

While I rambled thus carelessly along, I came in front of a sort of garden fenced from the street by an iron railing. The laurel, and arbutus, and even the oleander, were there, gracefully blending a varied foliage, and contrasting in their luxuriant liberty so pleasantly with the dull uniformity around. Finding a gate wide open, I strolled in and gave myself up to the delicious enjoyment of the spot. As I was deliberating whether this was a public garden or not, I found myself before a long, low, villa-like building, with a colonnade in front. Over the entrance was a large shield, which on nearer approach I recognized to contain the arms of England. This, therefore, was the legation, the residence of our minister, Sir Shalley Doubleton. I felt a very British pride and satisfaction to see our representative lodged so splendidly. With all the tax-payer's sentiment in my heart, I rejoiced to think that he who personated the nation should, in all his belongings, typify the wealth, the style, and the grandeur of England, and in the ardor of this enthusiasm I hastened back to the inn for the dispatch-bag.

Armed with this, and a card, I soon presented myself at the door. On the card I had written, "Mr. Pottinger presents his respectful compliments, and requests his excellency will favor him with an audience of a few minutes for an explanation."

I had made up my mind to state that my servant, in removing my smaller luggage from the train, had accidentally carried off this Foreign Office bag, which, though at considerable inconvenience, I had traveled much out of my way to restore in person. I had practiced this explanation as I dressed in the morning, I had twice rehearsed it to an orange-tree in the garden, before which I had bowed till my back ached, and I fancied myself perfect in my part. It would, I confess, have been a great relief to me to have had only the slightest knowledge of the true gross personage before whom I was about to present myself, to have known was he short or tall, young or old, stern or easy-mannered, had he a loud voice and an imperious tone, or was he of the soft and silky order of his craft. If I have willingly entertained his "gentleman" at a moderate repast for some information on these points; but there was no time for the inquiry, and it rang boldly at the bell. The door opened of itself at the summons, and I found myself in a large hall with a plaster cast of the Locusts from the Lansdowne. I tried several of the doors on either side, but they were all locked. A very handsome and spacious stair of white marble led up from the middle of the hall; but I hesitated about venturing to ascend this, and once more repaired to the bell outside, and repeated my summons. The loud clang re-echoed through the arched hall, the open door gave a responsive shake, and that was all. No one came; every thing was still as before. I was rather chagrined at this. The personal inconvenience was less offensive than the feeling how foreigners would comment on such want of propriety, what censures they would pass on such an ill-arranged household. I rang again, this time with an energy that made the door strike some of the plaster from the wall, and, with a noise like cannon, "What the hangman"—I am translating—"is all this?" cried a voice in thick wrath, and on looking up I saw a rather elderly man, with a quantity of curly yellow hair, frowning savagely on me from the balcony over the stair. He made no sign of coming down, but gazed sternly at me from his eminence.

"Can I see his excellency the minister?" said I, with dignity.

"Not if you stop down there; not if you continue to ring the bell like an alarm for fire; not if you won't take the trouble to come up stairs."

I slowly began the ascent at these words, pondering what sort of a master such a man must be who here, at the very top I found myself in front of a very short, very fat man, dressed in a suit of striped gingham, like an over plethoric zebra, and whose gasps painfully, in part from asthma, in part from agitation. He began again:

"What the hangman do you mean by such a row? Have you no manners, no education? Where were you brought up that you enter a dwelling-house like a city in storm?"

"Who is this insolent creature that dares to address me in this way? What ignorant animal can have so far forgotten my rank and his insignificance?"

"I'll tell you all that presently," said he; "there's his excellency's bell." And he bustled away, as fast as his unwieldy size would permit, to his master's room.

I was outraged and indignant. There was I, Potts—no, Pottinger—Algernon Sydney Pottinger—on my way to Italy and Greece, turning from my direct road to consign with safety a dispatch-bag which many a less conscientious man would have chucked out of his carriage window and forgotten—there I stood to be insulted by a miserable stone-polishing, floor-scrubbing, carpet-twigging Hausknecht! Was this to be borne? was it to be endured? Was a man of station, family, and attainments to be the object of such indignity?"

Just as I had uttered this speech aloud a very gentle voice addressed me, saying:

"Perhaps I can assist you? Will you be good enough to say what you want?"

I started suddenly, looked up, and whom should I see before me but that Miss Herbert, the beautiful girl in deep mourning that I had met at Milford, and who now, in the same pale loveliness, turned on me a look of kind and gentle meaning.

"Do you remember me?" said I, eagerly.

"Do you remember the traveler—a pale young man, with a Glengary cap and a plaid overcoat—who met you at Milford?"

"Perfectly," said she, with a slight twitch about the mouth like a struggle against a smile.

"Will you allow me to repay you now for your politeness then? Do you wish to see his excellency?"

I'm not very sure what it was I replied, but I know well what was passing through my head. If my thoughts could have spoken it would have been in this wise:

"Angel of loveliness, I don't care a brass farthing for his excellency. It is not a matter of the slightest moment to me if I ever set eyes on him. Let me but speak to you—tell you the deep impression you have made upon my heart; how, in my ardor to serve you, I have already been involved in an altercation that might have cost me my life; how I still treasure up the few minutes I passed beside you as the Elysian dream of all my life—"

"I am certain, Sir," broke she in, while I spoke—I repeat, I know not what—"I am certain, Sir, that you never came here to mention all this to his excellency."

There was a severe gravity in the way that she said these words that recalled me to myself, but not to any consciousness of what I had been saying; and so, in my utter discomfiture, I blundered out something about the lost dispatches and the cause of my coming.

"If you'll wait a moment here," said she, opening a door into a neatly furnished room, "his excellency shall hear of your wish to see him." And before I could answer she was gone.

I was now alone, but in what wild perplexity and anxiety! How came she here? What could be the meaning of her presence in this place? The minister was unmarried man, so much my host had told me. How then reconcile this fact with the presence of one who had left England but a few days ago, as some said, to be a governess or a companion? Oh, the agony of my doubts, the terrible agony of my dire misgivings! What a world of iniquity do we live in—what vice and corruption are ever around us! It was but a year or two ago, I remember, that the *Times* newspaper had exposed the nefarious schemes of a wretch who had deliberately invented a plan to entrap those most unprotected of all females. The adventures of this villain had become part of the police literature of Europe. Young and attractive creatures, induced to come abroad by promises of the most seductive kind, had been robbed by this man of all they possessed, and deserted here and there throughout the Continent. I was so horror-stricken by the horrors my mind had so suddenly conjured up, that I could not acquire the calm and coolness requisite for a decisive reasoning. My over-active imagination, as usual, went off with me, clearing obstacles with a sweeping stride, and steeple-chasing through fact as though it were only a gallow over grass land.

Those girl, well might you look confused and overwhelmed at meeting me! Well might the flush of shame have spread over your neck and shoulders, and well might you have hurried away from the presence of one who had known you in the days of your happy innocence!" I'm not sure that I didn't imagine I had been her play-fellow in childhood, and that we had been brought up from infancy together. My mind then addressed itself to the practical question, What was to be done? Was I to turn my head away while this iniquity was be-

"I HAD PREVENTED THIS EXPLANATION AS I DRESSED IN THE MORNING."

ing enacted? Was I to go on my way, forgetting the seeds of that misery whose terrible fruits must one day be a shame and sin and ignominy? Or was I to arraign this man, great and exalted as he was, and say to him, "It is thus you represent before the eyes of the foreigner the virtues of that England we boast to be the model of all morality? Is it thus you illustrate the habits of your order? Do you dare to profane what, by the fiction of diplomacy, is sacred the soil of your country by a life that you dare not pursue at home? The Parliament shall hear of it; the House shall ring with it; that magnificent institution, the common-sense of England, long sick of what is called secret diplomacy, shall learn at last by what uses are applied the wiles and snares of this deceitful craft, its extraordinary and its private minions, its hurried missions with their bags of corruption—"

I was well "into my work," and going along happily, when a very trim footman, in a nankeen jacket, said:

"If you will come this way, Sir, his excellency will see you."

He led me through three or four salons handsomely furnished and ornamented in themselves, the most conspicuous of which, in each room, was a life-sized portrait of the same gentleman, though in a different costume—now in the Windsor uniform, now as a Guardsman, and, lastly, in the full dress of the diplomatic corps. I had but time to guess that this must be his excellency, when the servant announced me and retired.

It is in deep shame that I own that the aspect of the princely apartments, the silence, the implied awe of the footman's subdued voice as he spoke, had so routed all my intentions about calling his excellency to account, that I stood in his presence timid and abashed. It is an ignoble confession wrung out of the very heart of my audacity, that no sooner did I feel myself before that thin, pale, gray-headed man, who, in a light silk dressing-gown and slippers, sat writing with it than I gave up my brief and inwardly resigned my place as a counsel for injured innocence.

He never raised his head as I entered, but continued his occupation without noticing me, muttering below his breath the words as they fell from his pen. "Take a seat," said he curtly, at last. Perceiving now that he was fully aware of my presence, I sat down without reply. "This bag is late, Mr. Paynter," said he, blandly, as he laid down his pen and looked me in the face.

"Your excellency will permit me, in limine, to observe that my name is not Paynter."

"Possibly," said he haughtily; "but you are evidently before me for the first time, or you would know that, like my great ancestor and friend, Prince Metternich, I have made it a rule through life never to burden my memory with whatever can be spared it, and all the more on the patronymics of all subordinate people; for this reason, Sir, and to this end, every cook in my establishment answers to the name of Jeames, my valet is always Pierre, my coachman Jacob, my groom is Charles, and all foreign messengers I call Frederick. The original of that appellation is, I fancy, supernaturalized or dead, but he lives in some mysterious recesses who carry canvas reticules as well as he."

"The method may be convenient, Sir, but it is scarcely complimentary," said I, warmly.

"Very convenient," said he, complacently. "All counsels I address as Mr. Sloper. You can't fail to perceive how it saves time, and, rather think that in the end they like it themselves. Where did you leave yours?"

"I left on Saturday last. I arrived at Dover by the express train, and it was there that the luckless leaden bag by which I have now the honor to stand before your excellency."

Instead of bestowing the slightest attention on this evasion of mine, he had resumed his pen and was writing away glibly as before. "Nothing new stirring when you left?" said he, carelessly.

"Nothing, Sir. But to resume my narrative of explanation—"

"Come to dinner, Paynter; we dine at six," said he, rising hastily; and, opening a glass door into a conservatory, walked out, leaving me in a mingled state of shame, anger, humiliation, and, I will state, of ludicrous embarrassment which I have no words to express.

"Dinner! No," exclaimed I, "if the alternative were a hard crust and a glass of muddy water! not if I were to fast till this time tomorrow! Dine with a man who will not condescend to acknowledge even my identity, who will not deign to call me by my name, but only consents to regard me as a pebble on the seashore, a blade of grass in a wide meadow! Dine with him, to be addressed as Mr. Paynter, and to see Pierre, and Jacob, and the rest of them looking on me as one of themselves! By such prescriptive right does this man dare to insult those who, for aught he can tell, are more than his equals in ability? Does the accident—and what other can it be than accident?—of his station confer this privilege? How would he look if one were to retort with his own impertinence? What, for instance, if I were to say, 'I always call small diplomatists Bluebottle, you'll not be offended if, just for memory's sake, I address you as Bluebottle—Mr. Bluebottle, of course?'"

I was in ecstasies at this thought. It seemed to vindicate all my insulted personality, all my outraged and injured identity. "Yes," said I, "I will dine with him; six o'clock shall see me punctual to the minute, and determined to avenge the whole insulted family of the Paynters. I defy him to assert that the provocation came not from *his* side. I dare him to show cause why I should be the butt of *his* humor, my more than he of *mine*. I will be prepared to make use of the even exact words of his repelling impertinence, and say, 'Sir, you have exactly embodied *my* meaning; you have to the letter expressed what this morning I felt on being called Mr. Paynter; you have, besides this, had the opportunity of experiencing the sort of pain such an impertinence inflicts, and you are now in a position to guide you as to how far you will persist in it for the future.'"

I actually smiled in the thought of this reprisal, and longed for the moment to come in which, indeed, I might make use of it. Only, I should say, "Bluebottle, pass the Madeira," with some comment on the advantage all the Bluebottles have in getting their wine duty free. Then, with what sarcastic irony I should condole with him over his overcustomed, dull ear, generally employing home platitudes for blue-books, making Grotius into bad grammar, and tramping an old Puffendorf into a dead regularity. "Ain't you sick of it all, B.-B.?" I should say, familiarly; "is not the unreality of the whole thing offensive? Don't you feel that a despatch is a sort of formula in which Madrid might be inserted for Moscow, and what was said of Naples might be predicated of Pekin?" I dilated a long time with myself at what precise period of the entertainment I should assume my battery and open fire. Should it be in the drawing-room, before dinner? Should it be immediately after dinner? Or in a Socrates of sherry? Ought I to wait till the dessert, and that time when a sort of easy intimacy had been established which might be supposed to prompt candor and frankness? Would it not be in better taste to defer it till the servants had left the room? I was resolved that to his household seemed scarcely fair.

These were all knotty points, and I revolved them long and carefully, as I came back to my hotel through the same silent street.

CHAPTER XIV.

"Don't keep a place for me at the table d'hôte to-day, Kramm," said I, in an easy carelessness; "I dine with a friend, and perhaps couldn't well get off the first day, but to-morrow I promise you to pronounce upon your good dinner."

I suppose I am not the first man who has derived consequence from the invitation it has cost him misery to accept. How many in this world of snobbery have felt that the one sole recompense for long nights of ennui was the fact that their names figured among the most guilded guests in the next day's *Post*!

"It is not a grand dinner, to-day, is it?" asked Kramm.

"No, no, a merely family party; we are very old chums, and quite at home with each other."

"You will then go in plain black, and with nothing but your decorations."

"I will wear nothing," said I, "none; not even a ribbon." And I turned away to hide the humane and mortification his suggestion had provoked.

Punctually at six o'clock I arrived at the legation; four powdered footmen in the hall, and a decent-looking personage in black preceded me up the stairs, and opened the double doors into the drawing-room without hearing or announcing me, or paying the slightest attention to my mention of "Mr. Pottinger."

Leaving me to find my way as I entered, his excellency came forward with his hand out, and though it was the least ceremonious thing in his how was grandly ceremonious, his smile was courteous and his manner bland.

"Charmed to have you over the merit of punctuality," said he. "To the untraveled English, six means seven, or even later. You may have dined, Sir, before you have thought of leaving," continued he, turning to me; "cold, raw, and uncongenial."

We talked of the weather" till, the door opening, the maitre d'hôtel announced, "His excellency is served;" a rather needless piece of formality of ignoring his company, and which was even more strongly impressed by the fact that he walked in first, leaving me to follow.

At the table a third "cover" was just being specially removed as we entered, a fact that created at first a little awe in me, but which began, and went on with little said; a faint question from his minister as to what the dish contained and a whispered reply constituted most of the talk, and an occasional cold recommendation to me to help myself to wine. It was admirable in all its details, the cookery exquisite, the wines delicious, but there was an oppression in the solemnity of it all that made me sigh repeatedly. And the butler been serving a high mass his motions at the side-board could scarcely have been more impressive.

"If you don't object to the open air, we'll take our coffee on the terrace," said his excellency; and we soon found ourselves on a most charming elevation, surrounded on three sides with orange-trees, the fourth opening on a magnificent view over a fine landscape with the Taunus mountains in the distance.

"I can offer you at least a good cigar," said the minister, as he selected with great care two from the number on a silver plateau that stood by. "These, I think, you will find recommendable; they are grown for myself at Cuba, and prepared after a recipe only known to one family."

In all this there was a dignified civility, not at all like the impertinent freedom of his manner in the morning. He never, besides, addressed me as Mr. Paynter; in fact, he did not advert to a name at all, not giving me the slightest pretext for that reproof I had come so charged with; and as to opening the campaign myself, I'd as soon have commenced acquaintance with a tiger by a pull at his tail. We were now alone; the servants had retired, and there we sat, silently smoking our cigars in apparent ease, but one of us at least in a frame of mind the very opposite to tranquillity. What a rash and conflict of thoughts was in my head! Why had not *she* dined with us? Was her position such as that the presence of a stranger became an embarrassment? Good Heaven! was I to suppose this, then, and the other? What was there in this man that so imposed on me that when I wanted to speak I only could sigh, and that I felt his presence like some overpowering spell? It was that calm, self-contained, quiet manner—could rather than naturally, conscious without cordiality—that chilled me to the very marrow of my bones. Lecture *him* on the private sentiments of his life! ask *him* to render me an account of his actions! address *him* as Bluebottle!—

"With such tobacco as that one can drink Bordeaux," said he. "Help yourself."

And I did help myself—freely, undoubtedly. I drank for courage, as a man might drink from thirst or fever, or for strength in a moment of fainting death. The wine was exquisite, and my heart beat more forcibly, and I felt it.

I can not follow very connectedly the course of my reflections, neither know how the conversation glided into politics, nor what I said on that subject. As it was, I began by wholly succeeded in obtaining his excellency's confidence, I know as little as a man does of the precise moment in which he is drowning in a Scotch mist. I have a dim memory of talking in a very dictatorial voice, and continually referring to my "extreme youth and simple life," with reference to what Peel "said," and what the Duke "told me."

"What's the use of writing home?" said his excellency, in a desponding voice. "For the last five years, with unwearied attention to what is going on here; nobody minds, nobody heeds it. Open any blue-book you like, and will you find one solitary dispatch from Hesse-Kalbberstadt?"

"I can not call one to mind."

"Of course you can't. Would you believe it, when the Zeringer party went out, and the Schildhoffers came in, a certain personage—I will rebuke—I will withhold—sending off a special messenger with the news? And then came out a dispatch in cipher, which being interpreted contained this stupid doggerel:

"'Strange that such difference should be
Twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee.'

I ask, Sir, is it thus the affairs of a great country can be carried on? The efforts of Russia have an immense, a certain purpose—I will mention no names—loves caviar, he likes it fresh, there is a special estafette established to bring it! I have, Sir, the most unimpeachable researches, his fondness for English cheese; I lost no time in putting the fact before the cabinet. I represented, and while I could have rambled tremblingly toward France, the thoughtful politician knew the path of duty, and immediately I was left to lose no time: 'The grand-duchess has immense influence—countermine her,' said I, 'countermine her with a Stilton!' I was not to lose no time: 'The grand-duchess has immense influence—countermine her,' said I, 'countermine her with a Stilton!' I was not even consulted, Sir, as to the kind; they have not so much as sent out a Cheddier! What will the people of England say in a few days when they shall come to learn they shall, that at this mission here I am alone—that I have neither secretary nor attache, poor or unpaid, and since the Circassian war the whole weight of the legation has been thrown upon me! I will, but that is a systematic course of treachery—I can't call it lies—has been adopted to entrap me, if such were possible! I have been unequipped to, my questions all unanswered. I stand here with the peace of Europe in my hands, and none to counsel me! Where will it all end? I ask you, Sir, to the very last dispatch I have received from Downing Street? It runs thus:

"'I am interested by his lordship to inform you that he views with indifference your statement of the internal condition of the grand-duchy, but is much struck by your charge for sealing-wax.'

"'I have, Sir, etc.'

"This is no longer to be endured. A public servant who has filled some of the most responsible of official stations—I was eleven years at Dregnitz, and seven in the Republic; I was a charge at Odoulouloo for eight months—the only European who ever survived an autumn there; they then sent me round to Colonioo to negociate the Salt-sprat treaty; after that—"

Here my senses grew muddy: the gray, dim light, the soft influences of a good dinner and a sufficiency of wine, the drowsy tenor of the minister's voice, all conspired, and I slept as soundly as if in my bed. My next conscious moment was as his excellency moved his chair back, and said,

"I think a cup of tea would be pleasant; let us come into the drawing-room."

THE FIREMEN'S PARADE.

The night is very still and dark,
The trees look slumberous through the Park,
The gloomy gas-lamps, here and there,
Like steadfast fire-flies, dot the air;
An autumn calm is over the town,
Unfelt the autumn dews come down,
The waiting crowd is calm and dumb
Till breaks the outburst of "They come—
The firemen of New York!"

A thread of flame around the square,
A rosy light that flits the air,
A hum of voices—then a sound
Of marching feet that shakes the ground,
And phalanx after phalanx comes
To whistling fifes and beating drums,
While clattering cheers, like wave on wave,
Surge upward, welcoming the brave—
The firemen of New York!

Bathed in a yellow foam of light
The red shirts gleam athwart the night,
And down the long illumined line
A thousand burnished helmets shine,
While like a fiery smile around,
With truck and engine trailed behind,
And the black sky is split with cheers
Of welcome to the volunteers—
The firemen of New York!

Soaring to heaven, from torch on torch,
As the bands pass the royal porch
A thousand fiery fountains play,
The night is almost turned to day,
A sea of light flows every where,
A golden powder fills the air;
The crowded fire of cheers is gone,
For, Kings of Fire, they play with flame—
The firemen of New York!

Another glory than that of light
Decked with its splendor that autumn night;
A glory reaching wider and higher
Than all the fountains of yellow fire—
A lesson that should have burned its truth
Into the heart of the royal youth,
Of the magical change by Freedom wrought,
How men may be brave and yet unbought,
Like the firemen of New York!

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

PROGRESS OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

On Sunday, October 14, the Prince attended service at Trinity Church, and breakfast at the Bostan authorities. On Monday he took his departure from New York in the *Harvest Lone* for Albany. Poughkeepsie he arrived at high Tarrytown. His reception there, and his review of the cadets are mentioned in another column. On Tuesday he left West Point in the *Daniel Drew*, and steamed up to Albany where he was received by Governor Morgan and the State authorities. After spending an hour or two at the Capitol he repaired to the Governor's mansion, and dined there, Governor Seward and others being guests. On Wednesday he left Albany by special train for Springfield, and thence to Boston, where he arrived late in the afternoon. He was conducted to his quarters at the Boston authorities. On entrance crowd following. On Thursday the Prince witnessed a great Ball and Firework procession, and received Ralph Farnham, the survivor of Bunker Hill; reviewed the troops on Boston Common, and visited the manufactory of arms at the Music Hall; and went to the hall in the evening. On Friday he visited the Navy Yard, and subsequently Harvard College, and examined all the objects of interest at that venerable seat of learning. On Saturday he visited the tomb of Auburn Cemetery, Bunker Hill, and the Charlestown Navy Yard. The latter place was received by immense crowds of citizens and with great enthusiasm wherever he appeared. The people were desirous to see the Prince, but not to hear him.

PRAYER-BOOKS FOR THE PRINCE.

"AT TOMPKINS'S BOOK-STORE, in the *Herald* reporter, "three front pews in the centre aisle were reserved for the accommodation of the royal party. In one of them, and immediately in front of the Prince's seat, two magnificent prayer-books were deposited. One was a small octavo size, the other a half quarto. They were both got up in the most perfect style of typographical art, and the skill of the binder had exhausted itself on the exterior decoration. The large prayer-book was of purple brilliant morocco, and was fastened by a golden clasp, chastely embellished with the Prince's arms. The price of this was the sum of $250. On the outer cover is bore this inscription:

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
ALBERT EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES,
FROM
THE CORPORATION OF
TRINITY CHURCH, NEW YORK,
IN MEMORY OF THE ARRANGEMENTS
OF THE
CROWN OF ENGLAND.

"The clasp of this book was finely worked with the Prince of Wales' plume and the motto 'Ich Dien.' It was altogether a beautiful gift, worthy of Trinity Church and the royal Prince.

"The smaller prayer-book was bound in something like brown morocco, and clasped by two ornamented silver clasps. The following was the inscription. On the inner front cover was a beautifully inlaid representation of the crown and garter, and on the outer side the following inscription:

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCE OF WALES,
FROM
FRANCIS VINTON, D.D.,
RECTOR OF TRINITY, D.D.,
THE CHURCHYARD IN CHARGE OF
TRINITY CHURCH,
NEW YORK,
AS A MEMORIAL OF THE LAYING DOWN AND RAISING AFTER
TRINITY, OCTOBER 14, 1860.

"The frontispiece is a very fine engraving of our blessed Saviour."

AN IRISHMAN INSULTS HIM.

On the Prince's departure from New York, shortly after the vessel had reached the centre of the harbor, a very happy Hibernian said, with a sigh of relief, "Ah sure an' he's gone, and we never once broke his head!" The unfortunate speech he received a bullet on the side of the head like nearly sent him into the water. The police, however, prevented any further disturbance.

HE FINDS IT COLD.

On the way to West Point, the Prince walked about upon the upper deck and found it cold; went into the pilot-house, and found that still colder; and finally went down upon the main deck, under the awning, and remained there most of the time with the Mayor, associating with Mr. Collector Schell, and other gentlemen of the party. He seemed more lively and talkative than he has appeared before since the hunt upon the Illinois prairies, and expressed very freely his gratification at the reception in New York, and especially with the firemen's parade. He said that he had seen a great many soldiers before, but never such firemen. "Fine-looking fellows!" he added.

HE WILL RETURN TO THIS COUNTRY.

During the conversation the Prince, as well as General Bruce and the Duke of Newcastle, expressed his satisfaction with the entire reception he has met with. They could not have passed more time here and visited the

Southern States. He said that he should certainly revisit the United States, at no very distant day, and would come during the winter, for the special purpose of taking a tour through the Southern States.

HE WOULDN'T GO TO A CADET'S HOP.

The cadets invited the Prince to a hop, and he wouldn't come. The ladies said that it was the fault of the Duke of Newcastle. The officers' wives said that the Prince "should come out like a man. It was too bad to keep the cadets shivering—actually shivering—in the cold so long, and then refuse to give them a little innocent recreation." The men grumbled, and did something worse. Water was universally voted to have "a taste of sinners," and something stronger was in great favor. The persons who invited the Prince were sought after. "Why did he refuse?" asked the ladies. "Because the Duke said he was too fatigued," answered the committee. A dead silence followed, and a general giving up of the affair, with deep sighing by the ladies.

HE GETS ANGRY WITH THE CROWD.

At West Point he played a game at nine-pins. The nine-pin alley is a long, low building, with plenty of windows, only a short distance from the house. Those who did go and look in at the windows had a fine view of the Prince, and the Prince had a fine view of them. The party were rolling away, while the Earl St. Germans was amusing himself all alone with a billiard table, when the Prince, looking up, saw the crowd outside the windows. "They're looking in at us," said he; "this is too bad." Then walking up to the window, he said to those outside, in a fussy, nervous manner, "Go away from the window." Three times during the evening this was repeated, his Royal Highness obviously out of humor, and apparently anxious to go to the ball which the cadets didn't have.

HOW HE PLAYS NINE-PINS.

The royal party roll very badly. Any of our New Yorkers could beat the whole string, and not half try. A "ten strike" is a matter of congratulation with the whole party, all clapping their hands, and saying "good." Eliot, rolling a slow, large ball, makes the most hits. St. Germans rolls with a theatrical air, remaining in position till his ball stops, or is stopped by the boys, the latter happening more frequently. Newcastle's balls are like himself, slow and strong, sure to do execution somewhere, either among the pins or the boys. Teasdale not only takes off his coat, like the rest, but bares his arm, but don't hit the pins any the better for this display of muscle. Dr. Ackland says that he rolls for exercise, and its likely that he does, for he certainly don't roll to hit or to win. The Prince takes the small or pony balls, and misses very accurately, generally landing his ball in one of the gutters upon either side of the alley, or in the stomach of the small boy who sets up the pins which happen to topple over.

HE READS THE LONDON "TIMES."

On his way from Albany to Boston the Prince passed the time in reading, and sat away from the window, paying no attention to the country through which the road passed. He read attentively the London *Times*, with an article reviewing the *Herald's* editorial on the Orange disturbances, and sent after the paper when it was accidentally removed.

THE PRINCE CAN'T BEAR GAS.

The party reached the hotel at Boston about half past five. The rooms are elegantly furnished; but, as usual, the party dispense with chandeliers, and use only wax-candles, gas being considered unhealthy by Europeans.

ONE OF THE SUITE GETS SNUBBED.

On the way to the Hotel Mr. Engleheart, who is always putting his foot in it, asked one of the citizens, in relation to soldiers' dress, "Where the men got their red coats?" "They took them in '76," was the witty but sarcastic reply.

THE PRINCE MEETS RALPH FARNHAM.

By appointment Ralph Farnham, the Revolutionary veteran, had an interview with the Prince on Thursday. The meeting was very cordial. The Duke of Newcastle, who, with most of the suite, was present, asked the veteran if he saw Burgoyne when he surrendered, adding, "You rather had him there." The old soldier then remarked, chucklingly, that hearing so much said in praise of the Prince, he began to fear that the people were turning royalists. This and Mr Farnham's manner elicited much laughter, in which the Prince joined. The Prince then sent for pen and ink and exchanged autographs with his visitor—one of the men who had stood before British soldiers in 1776, in a manner and with a bearing very different from that with which he received the Prince's courtesies and exchanged glances with the majors, colonels, and guardsmen of the suite this morning. Mr. Farnham speaks of the interview with the greatest pleasure, and says that he wished to show the boy and his soldiers that he bore no anger for old times. The old man represents the general feeling.

HE IS NEARLY KILLED BY A VASE OF FLOWERS.

The ball opened something like that in New York; for all the committees, being anxious to speak to the Prince and leaning forward to do so, crash went a large vase of flowers, scattering its contents over the Prince. There were profuse apologies, but the Prince was laughing so heartily that he could not hear or speak.

HE COMPLAINS OF HAVING TO DANCE WITH "OLD CHAPS."

At the ball the Prince was by no means ignored by the young ladies of the foreign legations, to one of the loveliest of whom he remarked slyly, "They made me dance with the old chaps in Canada."

HOW THE PRINCE GOT INTO THE BALL.

We read in the New York *Times:* "It has been very confidently asserted that the Prince of Wales, on appearing at the Academy Ball in a blue waistcoat with gold buttons, was refused admitance by the modern Petronius who presided over the Committee of Reception, and forced to return to his hotel, there to don the regulation black, which we have the high authority of Mr. Peter Cooper for regarding as the *ne plus ultra* of full dress.

"We are assured that all this is entirely wide of the record. The first glory of the gas-lights which fell upon the form of England's royal heir did indeed amaze the venerable arbiter of New York elegance with an azure gleam about the Prince's youthful breast. But on throwing back the lapels of the Prince's coat, and completely inspecting his under-garments, it was discovered that the objectionable effect was produced by the broad blue ribbon of the Garter; and although in the circular of the committee no exception had been made in favor of this article of attire, yet, after much deliberation, in which a clergyman, a hatter, a judge, and two medical men took part, it was finally decided that if garters were excluded in one case they must be in all cases, and the Prince was accordingly permitted to pass. Such are the excellent results of confiding festive entertainments not to the young and giddy and frivolous, but to the gouty, the infirm, and the meditative; not to the worldly-minded votaries of pleasure, but to the pious devotees of percentage, and the straitest professors of the straitest sects."

NEW OCEAN STEAMERS.

The *Times* says: "We understand that Commodore Vanderbilt is about to build two fast passenger steamers for his transatlantic line. They are to be constructed of wood, and braced in the most substantial manner. Their length is to be 400 feet, beam 55 feet, and depth only 17 to 18 feet. There will be no solid bulwarks of the ordinary kind, but the decks will be as thick and solid as the bottom of the ship, and the deck-houses—instead of being light panel work—will be constructed like the sides of a ship, with bull's-eye lights. These structures will also be sharp, like a ship's bow, to divide the water. The deck and the structures upon it will thus form the upper web of a girder, and will give the vessel great stiffness. The ships will have two beam engines like the *Vanderbilt's*, with 100-inch cylinders, by 16 feet stroke. The paddle-wheels will be 50 feet in diameter by 12 feet bucket. This construction of engine is in accordance with the best practice on the North River, as well as the successful experience of Commodore Vanderbilt's ocean ships."

A TESTIMONIAL TO CAPTAIN WILSON.

The sum of $3305 has already been subscribed in this city for a testimonial to Captain Wilson and the crew of the bark *Minnie Schiffer*, who so gallantly rescued the passengers and crew of the steamship *Connaught*, recently destroyed by fire at sea.

A MAN MURDERS HIS DAUGHTERS.

We read in the New Haven *Journal* of October 12: "A horrible double murder was perpetrated on Monday evening, in Bridgewater, Litchfield County. A man by the name of David Villets, a hatter by trade, while in a fit of passion, or temporary insanity, murdered his two daughters, aged eleven and fifteen years respectively, and then attempted to put an end to his own existence by cutting his throat. Villets is about forty years of age, has always lived in Bridgeport, and has been always considered a steady, temperate man.

"The circumstances connected with this heart-sickening affair are about as follows: Villets occupied, with his second wife, a small shanty house in the town, and his two daughters, by his first wife, lived with them. Nothing was known of the matter until the following morning, when (says the Bridgeport *Standard*) he rapped on the window and attracted the attention of a person who was passing. Of course there was a great gathering at the place, and a physician was sent for. Villet's throat was sewed up, and he was able to tell what he had done, but was not disposed to say much, remarking that he supposed he should be examined, etc. His manner was perfectly rational. If insane at the time of committing the murders, he had apparently recovered. It is stated that several of his connections by the mother's side have been deranged.

"A few months since he was in the employment of Messrs. Sanford, at Bridgewater, but left them, or was discharged. He had been at work in Brooklyn and other places, but had not been able to obtain a permanent situation. Last week he returned home, and, it is said, proposed to give up housekeeping—his wife to go home to her connections in Massachusetts, and his daughters, he said, he would place with the Shakers.

"His wife (not the mother of his girls) left on Monday, and he, it is said, attended her to the cars. Nothing unusual appeared in his manner; and it was noticed that his daughters went some distance to meet him on his return. It is thought that he may have had some difficulty with his wife, but this seems to be mere conjecture. His first wife died some years since. He has been reputed to be a man of sober habits. It is supposed that, being in needy circumstances, he had become dejected, and probably deranged. The victims were found as if sleeping. They probably died without a struggle; the first blows—which were inflicted with a hammer—having destroyed all consciousness.

"It is thought that Villets will recover. He is now confined in Litchfield County Jail."

AN ECCENTRIC WILL.

An aged gentleman, a planter in one of the Southern States, has just died, leaving a fortune of $100,000, which is to be disposed of according to the provisions of his will, and that document is as follows:

"I bequeath all my effects to the children of my brother, on the following conditions: Desirous of marking my sense of the service which my Newfoundland dog rendered me in saving my life one day when I was drowning, and wishing also to provide for my housekeeper, I appoint my said housekeeper nurse, tutor, and mother to my dog. My natural heirs shall, on this account, pay to her, out of my entire fortune, a daily sum in the following manner: The daily payment shall continue so long as the dog shall live, not one second longer. During the first year after my decease, or for so much of it as the dog shall live, my housekeeper shall receive $5 a day; the second year she shall receive $10 a day; the third year $15; and so on, until the death of the dog. In the course of the month in which the dog shall die, there shall be paid to my housekeeper for every day of the dog's existence $125. On the day of his death, she shall be paid per hour of the dog's life $250. In the last hour of his life, she shall receive for every minute that he lives $375, and for every second of the last minute $500. My notary is charged with superintending the carrying out of my will."

This eccentric gentleman appears to have entertained for his dog sentiments similar to Byron's. What the heirs will think or do we can not say, but we shall be much surprised if that dog lives many hours longer. Supposing him to die at 59 minutes and 59 seconds after 5 o'clock on the 30th day of the month, the sum to be paid to the housekeeper would be:

30 days,	at $125	$3,750
11 hours,	at $250	2,750
59 minutes,	at $375	22,125
59 seconds,	at $500	29,500
Total		$58,125

PERSONAL.

Jacob Collamer was on 16th re-elected United States Senator for six years from the 4th of March next. In the Senate the vote stood 27 to 1, and in the House 198 to 24. Paul Dillingham received the opposition votes.

Senator Douglas has been stumping Michigan, and has been well received.

Senator Seward continues to address the Republicans of this State.

Senator Hamlin was in Boston when the Prince arrived, and assisted at his reception.

Mr. Yancey, of Alabama, has been making speeches throughout this State. He has not achieved much success.

In the arrangements for the ball to be given to the Prince of Wales at Boston (says the *National Intelligencer*), the name of Josiah Quincy was asked to be used in the Committee of Management. To the request his answer is so well phrased that, in itself, it presents a remarkable illustration of continued strength of intellect. Mr. Q. will attain, if he lives, his ninetieth birthday in February next. He was a guest of John Hancock at a brilliant dinner-party. He has been the associate of all the master minds who formed the Republic. He was subject to the Crown at his birth, and lived to see the struggles of the Revolution—the creation of an empire. He is to-day the most interesting man in the nation—by association and by personal worth, and by the possession of a vigorous intellect in that day of life when to the mass of mankind the light of the brain has set.

The Prince of Wales had a dangerous rival at Boston in the person of Prince Leo T. Lloyd, a "gentleman from Africa," in whose veins courses the blood of the royal family of Nubia. Prince Leo is now a citizen and merchant of Liberia, and is visiting Massachusetts. His friends and admirers gave him a ball and supper at the Prospect House, Waltham, on Monday evening. About twenty-five couples were assembled, including guests from Washington, New York, Baltimore, and the West Indies, and Miss Vaugh was the fortunate partner of the Prince in the first dance. The supper and ball were both successful, and Prince Leo expressed his royal satisfaction.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE ROYAL FAMILY.

THE Queen remains on the Continent, at Coburg, and was not expected to return home till 20th October. The Prince Consort has had an accident, which is thus described by the London *Court Journal:* "On the return of the Prince Consort to Coburg on Monday, the 1st inst., for shooting, the horses of his carriage ran away. His royal highness jumped out, but has not been hurt beyond a scratch on his face. We are happy to say that a telegram has been received from Lord John Russell, dated from Coburg, on Tuesday afternoon, to the effect that H.R.H. the Prince Consort is going on quite satisfactorily. The injuries he received were not of a serious character."

BETROTHAL OF THE SISTER OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

The *Allgemeine Zeitung*, which stated a few days since that on the return of her Majesty from Coburg the betrothal of the Princess Alice with Prince Louis of Hesse Darmstadt would be officially made known at Darmstadt, now states that this intelligence is only inexact as to the place named, and that the event will be celebrated at Mayence instead. Prince Louis is the son of Prince Charles (brother to the reigning Grand Duke) and the Princess Elizabeth of Prussia (daughter of Prince William, uncle to the King), and was born on September 12, 1837. The same journal further states that her Majesty will reside two entire days at Mayence, and that the Rheinische Hof Hotel has been selected for the royal sojourn. The English Minister at Frankfort, Sir Alexander Malet, continues to make preparations for a great banquet to be held at his hotel on the arrival of her Majesty in Frankfort.

A BOY BAKED IN AN OVEN.

The London papers say: "A boy named Frederick Drake, son of a baker, of 57 Princess Street, Lambeth, met with a fearful and fatal accident on the morning of the 26th ult. At the inquest held on his body on Wednesday evening by Mr. Langham, in the Westminster Hospital, it appeared that his father had cautioned deceased from going on to the oven, because on the previous Sunday some dust had fallen in. Robert Lawrence, in Drake's employment, said he was with the deceased a little before eight o'clock on the morning of the 26th ult. The deceased, as usual, went on the crown of the arch for some wood to light the kitchen fire. The father was out at the time. He (witness) took up a board of bread into the shop, and while placing the loaves round the shop on the shelves he heard frightful screams proceeding from the bakehouse, and being joined by his fellow-servant they ran down stairs, and found that the poor boy was in the oven, but owing to the dust and smoke they were unable to extricate him for a space of about three minutes. The jury returned the following verdict: 'That the deceased died from the effects of burns, consequent on falling into an oven, and that there was considerable neglect in not having had the oven repaired.'"

FRANCE.

REINFORCEMENT OF THE FRENCH GARRISON AT ROME.

The *Moniteur* contains the following: "The Emperor has decided upon immediately reinforcing the corps of occupation at Rome, by sending a division of infantry, two squadrons of cavalry, and a battery of artillery. The Sardinian Government has been informed that General Guyon has received instructions authorizing him to extend his action so far as the military conditions to which it is naturally subordinate will permit him. It only appertains to the great Powers assembled in Congress to pronounce once for all on the questions which have arisen in Italy out of late events; but until then the government of the Emperor, in conformity with the mission which it has imposed on itself, will continue to discharge the duties resulting from its sympathies with the Holy Father and from the presence of our flag in the capital of the Catholic world. The reply given to the Duke de Codore contained the assurance that nobody deplored more than the Emperor the course taken by Sardinia. Under actual circumstances, however, the use of force, instead of diminishing, would but aggravate the evil, by plunging Italy into a struggle from which a general war might arise. The reply also stated that, in order to afford an efficacious protection to the Holy See, the French army in the Papal States would be increased to 24,000 men, whose mission would be to make the patrimony of St. Peter respected—this 'patrimony,' properly so called, comprising a population of 420,000 souls, and including Rome, Civita Vecchia, and Viterbo. Marshal Vaillant, the defender of Rome in 1849, will, in case of need, assume the command in chief of the army of occupation, should the patrimony of St. Peter be threatened by Garibaldi or Piedmont."

PARIS GOSSIP.

The Paris correspondent of the New York *Albion* furnishes the following gossip, operatic and other: "Each café has its frequenters, and often its special supporters. At the Café Cardinal, at the corner of the Rue Richelieu, during the first fortnight of September, are gathered all the artist singers disengaged or enjoying their vacation. I saw there, the other day, the veteran Badiali, who is soon to appear on the Italian stage of Paris; Geo. Ronconi, so long and so justly applauded in London; the tenors Mirata and Carrion; and Carolina Alajmo, with the splendid black eyes; and Gazzaniga, who is about to leave us for Lisbon. I think, too, I recognized M. Ullman. He was going from one to the other singer, augmenting or diminishing his deafness, as was required by his part of *impresario* and as the skillful doctor that he is. The European voyage of your Italian Opera Director will probably supply you soon with new and celebrated artists, and perhaps with the most remarkable among those of whom I have been speaking. After the cafés, that which attracts my attention chiefly is not the luxury and magnificence of the shops that line the Boulevart des Italiens; it is the windows of the dealers in photographs. What a collection of portraits! What portrait-visiting cards, above all! Among them I see a prodigious number of feminine names—the most romantic, the most eccentric, the softest, the commonest! And these at the side, costing a franc apiece, are likenesses of *petites dames*. Do not ask who, or at least what these are. You may see them pass every afternoon. There she is, alone in an open carriage; her face besmeared with white and red; her eyes fixed, and made to look larger at the corner of the lids by aid of a blackened pin, and her hair frizzled over her brow in the delicious mode that is justly called *à la chien*. That the crowd looks at these *petites dames* as they drive by I do not wonder; but that such plastered, painted, wrinkled, and brazen-faced creatures should be taken as models for the toilet by the most respectable women of Paris—this does surprise me greatly. In other days, the women *comme il faut* took pains to distinguish themselves from the women *comme il en faut*. To-day I scarcely perceive any external difference between the best and the worst of Parisian society. It is pretended that this sad change is owing to the Revolution of 1848, and the invasion of democratic notions. I believe rather that we must attribute the transformation in the manners of France to the general use of the cigar and the universal worship of gold. At any rate, on the Champs Elysées and in the Bois de Boulogne, as on the Boulevards, men smoke prodigiously, and adopt a free-and-easy deportment, in the worst possible taste. The public here is far removed from that of Hyde Park or Kensington Gardens at the hours of fashionable promenade."

SHOCKING ACCIDENT AT A CIRCUS.

The Paris correspondent of the *Herald* says:

"A very serious downfall has occurred at the Hippodrome. Yesterday, when performing what is termed the 'aerian trip,' in which the actors form a sort of pyramidal ascension one hundred feet above the level of the ground, the three performers—a Mademoiselle Louise and Monsieurs Hypolite and Francois—were, by the breaking of one of the ropes, hurled to the ground, and now lay, if not actually dead, without hope of recovery. They were observed to turn over as they came down, and fall with fearful heaviness. The performance was instantly brought to a close. Medical aid found them still breathing, but apparently beyond all hope of life. An agonizing shriek broke from the audience at the appalling accident, and many fainted. The manner of the performance is in this wise: two men take their stations on two ropes; while thus poised on the tight ropes, the girl stands above them, partly resting on the shoulder of one while balancing her foot on the balance pole of the other. In this manner the three ascend till they reach the climax, the altitude of one hundred feet above the level, and it was just there that one of the ropes snapped, and all three were violently precipitated to the earth."

ITALY.

RUMORED VICTORIES OF GARIBALDI.

It is stated, *via* Genoa, that Garibaldi had sent a dispatch to Naples, dated the 1st inst., announcing a victory along the whole line, and that the royal troops were being pursued. The *Diette*, of Turin, published dispatches, dated Naples the 2d inst., stating that the royal troops were repulsed from Caserta, and were surrounded. The Garibaldians made two thousand prisoners. The above victories lack confirmation.

WHAT NAPOLEON WANTS.

It is reported that Napoleon, in reply to the Pope, maintained the non-intervention principles, and while promising to maintain order in the Holy See, his desire was to consign Rome to the protection of a genuine Italian Power.

THE POPE BEGS FOR HELP.

A summary of the Pope's allocution at the Consistory, of the 28th ult., is published. He reproves and condemned in the strongest terms the detestable and sacrilegious attack of the King and Government of Piedmont. He protested, and would not cease to protest, against their acts, which he declared null and of no effect. He eulogized and blessed his defenders, and called on the European Powers for assistance. He deplored the disastrous and pernicious policy of non-intervention, and called on the Powers to examine seriously into its dangerous effects, and concluded by expressing his conviction that the Catholic princes and people would yet come to the assistance of the Father of the Faithful, who is attacked by the parricidal arms of a degenerate son.

SARDINIA CEDES NO MORE TERRITORY.

In the Sardinian Chamber of Deputies, Cadello demanded the production of all documents relating to the entry of the Sardinians into Umbria and the Marches.

Count Cavour refused to comply; he also declared that there existed neither public document nor private treaty; that no conversations or no negotiations had taken place; that no Power had made any proposition involving the cessation of a single inch of Italian territory. He pronounced the statements to the contrary utterly false.

VICTOR EMANUEL TAKES THE COMMAND OF HIS ARMY.

The following order of the day of his Majesty the King of Sardinia has been issued:

"ANCONA, *October* 4.

"Soldiers!—I am satisfied with you, because you are worthy of Italy. By arms you have vanquished your enemies, and by conduct the calumniators of the Italian name.

"The mercenaries whom I set free will speak of Italy and of you in foreign countries, after having learned that God recompenses those who serve him, and not those who oppress people and despise the right of nations. We must establish a strong Italian monarchy on the liberty of peoples who will aid us with order and concord. The national army will increase more and more the glory which since eight centuries has shone on the cross of Savoy.

"Soldiers, I take the command. It would cost me too much not to be foremost wherever there may be danger."

GARIBALDI'S ORDER OF THE DAY.

The following is a late order of the day from Garibaldi:

"CASERTA, *September* 27, 1860.

"Our head-quarters are at Caserta. Our brothers of the Italian army, under the gallant Cialdini, are fighting and conquering the enemies of Italy. The army of Lamoricière is routed by these gallant men. The whole of the Papal provinces are free. Ancona is ours. The brave soldiers of the Northern army have passed the frontier, and are in the Neapolitan territory. In a short time (*fra poco*) we shall have the happiness of embracing them.

"G. GARIBALDI."

GERMANY.

AUSTRIA PREPARING FOR WAR.

At the commencement of the present year the Austrian Emperor, by means of an autograph letter, informed his subjects that no recruits would be "conscribed" in 1860; but an order has now been issued to raise 85,000 men "for the year 1861" by the end of December, 1860. All the naval officers who were on furlough have received orders to return to their posts immediately. The whole of the Austrian army in Italy has been placed in a state of "preparation for war" (Kriegsbereitschaft), but not on full war footing (Kriegsfuss).

A CURIOUS DUEL.

A truly romantic duel was lately fought in the environs of the not very romantic capital of Prussia. A young lady, it is stated of good family, having accidentally come into possession of a challenge addressed to her lover, resolved upon withholding the letter and fighting herself. Incredible as it may appear, this intention she carried out. Dressed in manly habiliments she met the challenger in Jungfern Haide, a forest in the neighborhood of the capital, and her opponent having but once seen, and that imperfectly at night, the man who had offended him, unconsciously accepted the new-comer as his legitimate foe. Distances were measured, seconds placed, pistols fired, when the lady came off scatheless, after wounding her antagonist in the shoulder. The name of the fighting fair is unknown; but a judicial inquiry having been set on foot concerning the crime of "intentional manslaughter," the details of the affair will probably soon gratify the curiosity of the public.

CENTRAL AMERICA.

ANOTHER FILIBUSTER SHOT.

The *Herald* says: "Our advices from Panama last week brought the important intelligence that ex-President Mora, his brother, General Canas, and Colonel Arancibia, who had made a filibuster descent from Sal Salvador on Costa Rica, had been defeated and captured at Punta Arenas, and incontinently shot.

"There is a curious coincidence in the deaths, at so nearly the same time, of Mora and Walker, and under such similar circumstances. When Walker was at the highest of his career in Nicaragua, Mora was President of Costa Rica, and was the soul of the desperate resistance to the then advancing wave of filibusterism."

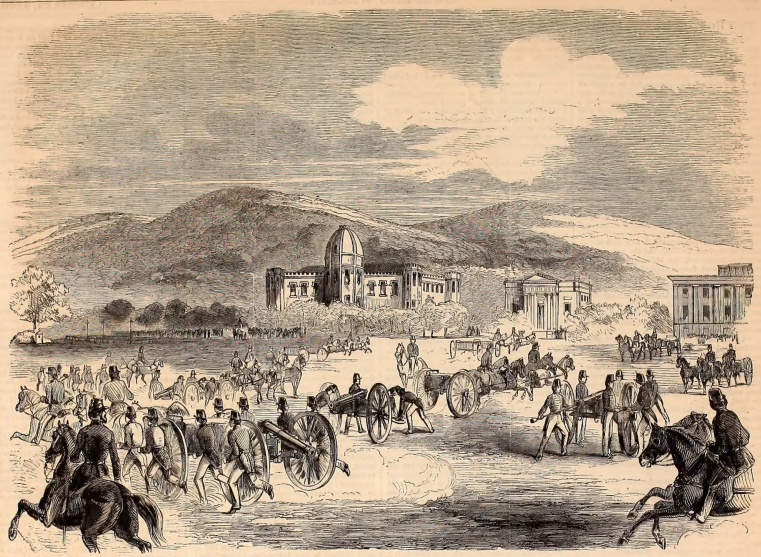
VISIT OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

THE REVIEW AT WEST POINT.

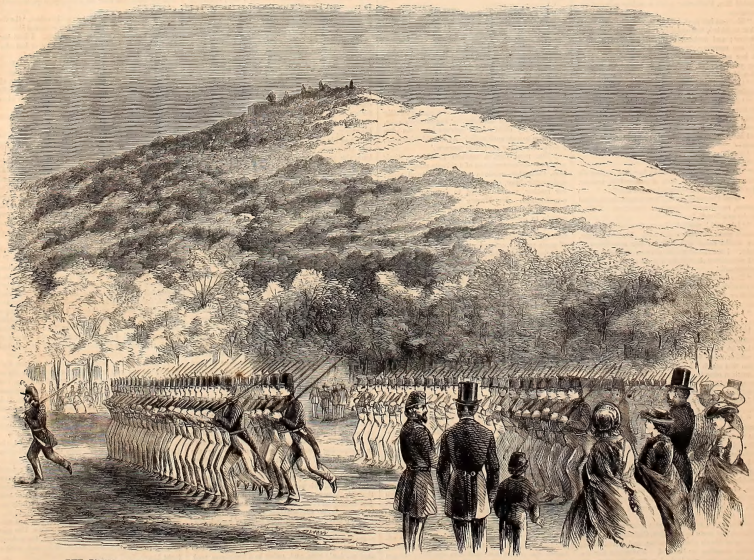
WE publish on the two following pages a series of illustrations of the visit of the Prince of Wales to West Point, where he spent Tuesday. He was received with the highest honors known to the service; and after visiting the Commandant, and riding round the place, was invited to review the cadets. The review is thus described in the *Herald:*

"Eight battalion companies of cadets, eleven files front, presented themselves on the right of the line; then the company of sappers and miners of forty men; then the battery of four guns of light artillery, with a corps of cadets acting as cannoneers; and the left was occupied by a detachment of dragoons, commanded by Lieutenant Dodge. In a few minutes after the formation of the line, the Prince and suite, with Lieutenant-General Scott, appeared on the parade-ground, when Major Reynolds gave the order to 'Prepare for review.' The ranks of the troops were opened, the artillery unlimbered, the officers and colors to the front, when the reviewing party marched to the head of the military column, while the band played the air of 'God Save the Queen.' As the Prince and escort passed down the military line the band played the very elegant air of the 'Flowers of Edinburgh.' The reviewers passed down the front and between the open ranks of the troops back to their original position on the parade-ground. The troops were then broke into column by companies and marched in review—first in common time, then in quick time, and finally in double-quick time. As the commandants of the companies passed and saluted the Prince he gracefully raised his hat in acknowledgment. The review, although the numerical strength of the troops was small, was very good, and the marching of the men and saluting of the officers beyond criticism. Before the parade was dismissed the Prince, leaning on the arm of Colonel Delafield, approached Major Reynolds, the commandant of the cadets, and expressed his approbation at the faultless manner in which the review was conducted, and desired the Major to express his thanks to the cadets for the honor of the parade. The parade was then dismissed, and the troops returned to their quarters."

THE PRINCE OF WALES AT WEST POINT.—ARTILLERY PRACTICE. OCTOBER, 1860.—[SEE PRECEDING PAGE.]



THE PRINCE OF WALES AT WEST POINT.—ARTILLERY DRILL.—FORMING BATTERY. OCTOBER, 1860.



THE PRINCE OF WALES AT WEST POINT.—EVENING PARADE.—BATTALION PASSING IN REVIEW, DOUBLE-QUICK TIME. OCTOBER, 1860.

THE HORROR IN THE HOUSE.

"No. 22 Gayland Terrace only differed from the other numbers in being larger and more commodious. Some years before my first remembrance of the place, it had passed into the possession of Mr. Archbold, a wealthy merchant and ship-owner of Birkenhead, who furnished it in a style of surpassing magnificence, and adopted it as his regular summer resort. The death, however, of a widowed sister, Mrs. Annesley, who resided with him—an event which occurred in their second season—gave him a distaste to the spot; and placing the house, with all it contained, in the hands of the nearest agent, the merchant returned to his usual home. Sumptuous fittings and a moderate rent insured a ready acceptation; and in the seven years that succeeded Mr. Archbold's departure few families in turn inhabited the mansion—two for a season each, one for two, and one for three successive years. All these, especially the latest tenant, Mr. Callender, identified it with extraordinance; that gentleman even leaving with regret the mansion which had witnessed the illness and death of a beloved daughter.

"No. 23 was vacant when I first took cognizance of Gayland Terrace; but the notice to let speedily disappeared, the chimneys smoked, the windows opened, flowers blushed in the balcony, while silver voices and laughter betrayed the presence of fairer flowers within. A lady, with five daughters, had taken the house. Their name was Callender. The husband and father was a younger and part owner of an East Indiaman, had already realized a handsome independence, and was at this time on his way home.

"A brighter group I never saw. Mother and children had all the same clear, dark complexion, night-black hair, and brown hazel-tinged eyes—pigeony beauty refined—and what can be lovelier? Pleasant voices and pleasanter laughter! And there still, as I linger with my hoop beneath their window, waiting impatiently for my chosen lady of the band, Bud May.

"Rose, Lily, Violet (they were all named after flowers), Poppy, and May—each of them was charming, after her particular manner. And Violet, I think, was the greatest favorite; Bud Rose was the favorite with Lily and Poppy were dauntless; but the real queen of my affections was, as I have hinted, Bud May, who was, besides, the merriest of the band.

"What is that on your forehead, my sweet May?' asked her mamma, suddenly, one morning, as my favorite entered, sat down to breakfast.

"Mrs. passed her hand across her brow, and looked up angrily.

"'Ah, it's gone!' continued her mother, laughing.

"'What was it, mamma? A wasp?'

"'A frown, my love, and such a one as I never saw on your face before; yet, least of all on May's,' replied Mrs. Callender, with a rather puzzled expression.

"'May, on her part, looked thoughtful and somewhat troubled, but quickly resumed her usual demeanor; and nothing occurred for several days, till, one morning, Nurse Goodes, while attending on her mistress's toilet, hemmed and spoke: 'I beg your pardon, ma'am, but have you noticed Miss May?'

"'Noticed her? *Especially?* No. Why do you inquire, nurse?'

"'She grows thin, ma'am, that's certain; but she eats and drinks, and sleeps and plays as usual. I can't make out what the dear child's ailing; yet, somehow, she's not herself. For days together she will seem much as usual; then, again, all in a moment—'

"Nurse stopped.

"'What, in you mean?'

"'There comes a look upon her that makes me quiver!' said nurse, with a perceptible tremor. 'I never saw such a thing—I never did!'

"'Good Heavens, nurse!' exclaimed the startled mother, recalling the frown at breakfast. 'What can have stricken her?'

"'It's odd,' replied Nurse Goodes, 'but she doesn't seem aware of it herself! I wish, ma'am, you would come and look at her sometimes at night. I see the expression more strongly then; and sometimes she speaks a word or two I can not understand.'

"Her mistress promised to do so, and kept unaware watch over the darling the entire day; and Bud May was graver than ever, and gave her no opportunity for remark.

"I passed this afternoon, which was wet, in the house with my young friends, and we had a game at hide-and-seek, during which Bud appeared the most ingenious 'hide' of the day, being routed out at last in a great apartment on the ground-floor, in which there was a bed of extraordinary size. Upon this couch the fullest hunters had sat down more than once in consultation, not dreaming that the crafty little maid had removed to the interior, and substituting for it her own slight person, concealed herself to perfection with the pillows and coverlet.

"All the luxurious appointments of this richly furnished room—known as the Angel Chamber—but more particularly the bed, were objects of considerable admiration. The bed was of foreign manufacture, made unusually low, carved, gilt, and inlaid at the foot with malachite. The summer was marked by an angelic figure, exquisitely moulded, from whose arms, extended in attitude of protection, and from whose half-opened golden wings, descended the rich hangings of azure silk, which completed the drapery of a couch worthy of a queen.

"When that merry day was over, and the tired children had gone to rest, Mrs. Callender stole quietly up to May's little chamber, and found Nurse Goodes standing by the bed. Nurse put her fingers to her lips, and looked mournfully at the little sleeper. Her mistress's eyes followed hers. There was the same strange frown she had once already seen. Now, too, the lips were drawn back, the teeth set, the innocent face wholly changed, and wearing an expression of unlightly horror and disgust inexpressibly shocking to contemplate. Mrs. Callender scarcely recognized the child.

"Presently she murmured some indistinct sounds. 'Mamma put down her cake!'

"'They are rushing at us—rushing, rushing again!' Angel, oh angel!' gasped May.

"'My child! my child! what ails you?' Wake!' cried the terrified mother, clasping her.

"May woke, and the expression passed as though it sank half-fainting into her mother's arms, perfectly composed, and, kissing her mother, asked what was the matter.

"'I—I thought you were sleeping uneasily, my love,' said mamma, halffearing to see the look return. 'Was it a dream?'

"'Ah, I remember,' said May, lightly. 'Some creatures came flying at me all round, breaking, like black spars, against the bed; but the angel stops them always.'

"'Many slept two nights in the Angel Room, soon after re-occupied,' explained nurse, 'and had the same dream there.'

"'But I don't mind it,' said May. 'It—it's that *other*—'

"The strange look seemed about to steal over her face again, but she covered it with her hands.

"Mrs. Callender sat down beside the bed, and mentioned nurse away; she was bent on finding out the mystery.

"'What "other," May? My little girl, you have some trouble or fear. Confide in mamma. What is it?'

"May was silent for a moment, holding her mother's hand, and mechanically counting the white counterpane. Then she said,

"'Mamma, I can not tell. Something is wrong with me—with—with—I do not know, indeed I can not describe it. It is a sensation so quiet, so sudden, then, almost before I can feel how horrible it is, it is gone! It is neither pain nor illness, but yet is something of all three. I should not mind it so much, however, but for a sort of shock or pause of awe following horror that comes with it. It is as though—as though some wicked thing had touched me,' added the little girl, in a low voice, clasping more tightly the hand she held.

"Mrs. Callender's heart beat faster; but she was a firm and sensible woman, and addressed herself with such quiet energy to the task of soothing the poor child—more unnerved, apparently, by the relation of her fear than she had been by its concealment—that she very soon attained her object; and having watched her darling into a tranquil sleep, withdrew to consult with nurse, who she found in the adjoining apartment, weeping bitterly.

"'Oh, ma'am, ma'am! —oh, my dear lady!' sobbed Nurse Goodes. 'Take her away—take the darling away!'

"'Away, nurse?'

"'Away from this dreadful house. It is not for a Christian creature to live in. Charlotte says so.'

"'Charlotte?'

"Old Charlotte, the char-woman; she that was here, off and on, in Mr. Archbold's time. She knows that Mrs. Archbold's sister was served in the same way. Her brother hanged at it, and so did she, for she was a high-couraged lady, Mrs. Annesley; but she was touched six times, and six times!'

"'Touched and taken! Are you mad, you silly thing?' exclaimed her lady. 'You're a sad nurse, for my child's sake, beware how you give utterance to any such folly! As for old Charlotte, I shall talk to her myself presently.'

"The next day, a medical gentleman, their neighbor—and, like themselves, a recent tenant—Mrs. Callender—made a purely accidental visit; and pretty May, who happened to be alone with her mother, was subjected to the most minute personal questionings. Mr. Mawry was forced to admit that she looked worn and thin, but was utterly unable to detect any physical disorder; consequently, as nothing is avowedly the most approved remedy for nothing, he sent it to her in the form of some powerful colored mixture, which might have been swallowed with impunity by a delicate fee.

"But, in spite of the absence of medicine, in spite of care and vigilance, in spite of soft spring winds and strengthening sun, May began to droop and fade. So no more hoop, and hide-and-seek, and rustic rambles, for my little queen. From that strong assault on the citadel of health, from these to the *sofa*, from the sofa to her own little chamber, grew Bud May daily more pallid. Home life, till the most sanguine of the surrounding hearts dared hope no longer. Change of air and scene had been suggested, but in vain. Another other had been called in—at once declared that nothing could be so well adapted to her seeing constellation as the clear and bracing air of the sea, and breathed. As for change of scene, the little patient herself so earnestly, almost passionately entreated that she might not be removed from home, that the idea was instantly abandoned.

"One other request the little child preferred—that she might be placed beneath in the Angel-chamber, until—until— It was done; and now, as though she had nothing more to take or wish for, Bud May sank quickly and silently away.

"I have not told you what, till that time, I felt and did. I was May's lover, and betrothed to her, ay—going to God—yet I dared not dwell much upon the loss to myself: selfish regrets were out of place, could have no part or lot in such a matter. Still, I was not forbidden to sorrow with and for the rest; and many a day have I sat waiting patiently for the hour that sometimes saw me admitted for a moment to the Angel-chamber, to kneel beside the golden bed, and kiss the little waxen hand that faintly welcomed me.

"May lived on and on until—and we soon found that her greatest solace was to be left entirely alone, to gaze up at the shining countenance of the majestic angel, and to listen to the low sound of some sacred melody chanted in expression of unalloyed horror and disgust inexpressibly shocking to contemplate. Mrs. Callender scarcely recognized the child.

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"One evening—it was the 10th of April—the fact of our invalid's having been somewhat better in the morning had emboldened me to bring with me a beautiful kitten, of which she had once expressed her admiration. May was delighted, fondled it heartily, but was not with the only lady who had ever bestowed, and Lulu me leave the soft purring thing with her for a while, and return for it after dinner.

"I can not tell what feeling possessed me, but, as I softly turned, I longed for solitude, and, instead of proceeding to the music-room, stole into an intervening apartment, and presently began to weep.

"As I thus wept, I knew not; it was Mrs. Callender, whom I had not noticed sitting in the darkening room, and who, moved by my grief, came and sat beside me, offering broken words of consolation.

"As she spoke there was, or seemed to be, a faint call from the sick-chamber. Other ears had fancied it too, for Violet and the rest were already in the passage, and in another moment all had assembled in the Angel-chamber.

"There they lay, both asleep, the kitten and the little maid! Ay, my little maid shall never wake again till the resurrection.

"After a very brief interval Mr. Mawry and another occupied the left person of Colonel Robert Doulton, a stern warrior of the Wellington school, who had served in the Peninsular wars, and now, at the express suggestion of a London physician, brought down his invalid wife, to derive what benefit she might from the mild air and scenery and salubrious breezes of a notoriously healthy neighborhood.

"Mrs. Doulton—if the pale phantom that had traveled in a carriage-and-four, and been borne up by the chief bedroom in the arms of one strong maid deserved the name of a living being—was the object upon whom her lord—a man of iron, perhaps, unmalleable, self-indulgent—lavished all his love and his pity. Tenderness, which he was solicitude with which he watched the fluctuations of her disorder, and assembled round her every imaginable object calculated to soothe the pains or tranquillize the mind of his beloved partner. The physician, Dr. T——, came down once a week, to resolve himself that his prescriptions were accurately followed, to dine sumptuously with the colonel, and to receive the fifty-pound note which so poorly recompensed his skill. Between Dr. T—— while little Mr. Mawry, the apothecary, received orders to look in at least once in the course of every day.

"In spite of these arrangements, the generally received opinion that Mrs. Doulton would never quit that splendid bedroom alive grew and strengthened.

"Old Charlotte, the char-woman, who had no more business in that house than I—*boy*, indeed, for had I not buried my heart there, while she had only turned up the soil?—she, I say, contrived to reconnect herself with the establishment, and, upon those patterns, walked quietly back into its service.

"Charlotte asserted—and they believed her—that, no matter what the number of regular servants in the house, there was always room for one more woman. The reports she brought, in her clinkings to and fro, were gloomy in the extreme. Mrs. Doulton seldom rested in her bed—never her apartment. As for the colonel, he spent the greater part of the morning with his wife's bedside, reading to or conversing with her; then he rode or walked out for an hour, and returning, passed the hours till dinner in his own apartment, which he chose to call his study, engaged in the preparation of a work relating to his campaigns in India. The physician was their only visitor; and of the rest of the neighborhood, the good rector, who received a cordial welcome, and Mr. Mawry, alone had access to the drawing-room of No. 23.

"Thus passed about two months, when, on a certain morning, I was called to the rank prognosticator of old Charlotte and party were signally confounded by the appearance of Mrs. Doulton upon the gravshaded terrace of the house. She was decidedly better. Close beside her stalked her tall dark husband, rubbing his hands, and eying his well-nursed partner with the utmost complacency, as he saw that, which must have been a sweet and pleasant one in all days, the sweetest of all gratitude and pleasure, under the influence of the soft free air, and the sense of returning vigor.

"They drove many times together, and went home at last with manifest reluctance; the invalid, as if wain of her renovated strength, disdaining the ready hand that offered to support her across the narrow pavement.

"A day or two later, Mr. Mawry, who had already, as he confessed to his wife, experienced some slight twinges of conscience on the score of receiving so much for so little, was summoned to dinner by the colonel as he crossed the hall, and invited to remain and partake of the dinner at that moment about to be served.

"Mawry was fond of a good dinner. He sniffed, and accepted.

"The repast, though, to all appearance, a visitor had not been expected, was of the most costly description, alike in quantity and character, yearly feature, perfect in detail. Host and guest agreed in portioning more intellectual pleasure to the great business of the hour; and it was only when, the banquet finished, they drew chairs to the window, and began sipping their claret, that the colonel put forth his powers of conversation. And then Mr. Mawry fancied that he glanced from subject to subject rather too abruptly, and was reviewing in his secret soul whether his host was endeavoring to astonish him with his stores of knowledge, or whether his mind was in truth preoccupied with some deep matter, the remembrance of which he sought to drown in desultory talk, when the colonel suddenly rose, and, going to a book-case, took down a large and a small volume, and handed the latter to his visitor. Mawry saw that it was in some Oriental character, in paragraphs, numbered and lettered. The colonel then changed volumes, and showing Mawry that he now held an English translation, requested him to name any paragraph throughout the work, which he, the colonel, holding the original, would render into literal English.

"Mawry did as he was desired, naming in succession four or five passages of considerable length, all of which his host read off in English with perfect ease and correctness. He then laid the books aside.

"'Now, Sir, feel my pulse,' were his next words.

"Mawry obeyed. It was not a full beat, but regular, and moderately fast.

"'And in health, think you? Chest and lungs all right?'

"'Do you wish me to examine with the stethescope? I have it with me.'

"The other assented, and Mr. Mawry, through the medium of that plain speaker, ascertained that all was sound.

"'And I am not mad?'

"The doctor stared.

"'I have conversed collectedly upon many different topics, and have translated with literal accuracy several passages from the most involved and difficult of Eastern writers. Are these proofs sufficient?'

"Mawry bowed an affirmative.

"'Now, Doctor, I am going to ask you a curious question. Remember, I do not speak in figures. Simply and plainly—can a man *taste death*?'

"Mawry could not forbear a start.

"'I will explain further,' said the colonel. 'Once in three or four days—sometimes more frequently—I experience a sensation so difficult to describe that I was often at a loss for a name for the simile that caused your surprise. It is like—like a poisoned cloth flung suddenly over my whole face. Eyes, nose, mouth, and throat congealed with a horrible presence. I shudder from head to foot with an indescribable mixture of loathing and rage. In a second it is gone as it came as well as I. Have you, in your experience, met with such a case? I am not given to idle fancies. When I tell you, Doctor, that I have seen pestilence in all its cruelties, have passed nights among dead and dying creatures, without a single pluse of fear in all the war, you may believe that my nerves are not easily shaken. But I will own that the circumstance I have alluded to, as in the slightest measure, is to me considerable uneasiness; and fearing that, should the horror seize me in my wife's presence, the change of countenance I can not control might occasion her grave alarm, I resolved to take your opinion on the matter, and to-day I have it.'

"Mawry pondered deeply for a moment. He was struck with the coincidence of the symptoms described with those which had afflicted Miss Callender. Some whisper of the supernatural agency to which they were attributed had reached him in one or other of his frequent visits, but he man was devoid of the slightest taint of superstition, and his thoughts now set strongly in quite another direction.

"'Can you recall,' he presently asked, 'the first occasion on which this sensation occurred?'

"'Let me see. No. Stay—yes. I had been chatting with my wife, had partaken of her afternoon tea, and was returning to my study.'

"'It happens most frequently after meals?'

"'No, I think so,' said Doulton, reflecting.

"'You also take refreshment mornings during the day; you Indian gentlemen must have your tiffin, and perhaps, in the interval, a glass of pale ale or sherry-and-soda—'

"'Possibly,' said the colonel, whose attention was languishing. 'I believe I have.'

"'Brought to you by the butler, eh? What clares this is? Tredway, then, is always your cupbearer—Mr. Tredway?'

"'I suppose so—I forget. Really, I can hardly tell you. Sometimes Tredway, sometimes Mahomet, sometimes, eh—eh!' The colonel yawned.

"'Sometimes?'

"'Of course, I think they call her. An old woman who favors me with her presence here, for the sake, apparently, of helping eight idle servants to do nothing. But why these questions, Doctor? and, especially, what has *that* old luggage to do with the matter?'

"'Hir!' said Mawry, rather gravely, 'I don't know. When did this happen the *second* time?'

"'I had come, after resting for a couple of hours, feeling weary, and missing perhaps my siesta, I threw myself on the bed—there is one in the room on—and fell asleep. In about an hour, as I awoke and found, I started up in a state—I frankly avow it—of horrible alarm, as though I had been set upon by a band of fiends. Then came the shaking horror—*then*, thank God! release, for I do not think a human mind, however strong, could sustain so much as a moment of that unique sensation. Pah! Silence.'

"'It is curious,' said Mawry. 'I confess, Colonel, I do not comprehend your case. So far as my skill instructs me, you are sound in body, and unquestionable in mind. I have no fancy for fancies. Firm and self-possessed as you seem, it is yet quite possible that the solution may be found in some disarrangement of the nervous system. You have perhaps overtasked your brain—a little less work, and more exercise.'

"'I see, Sir, I see!' exclaimed the colonel, rising, with some heat; 'you take me for an illusionist, eh— Ha! by Heaven, *it is coming now!*'

"Mawry looked steadily at him. The colonel was not acting. The dark-lined countenance grew speedily pale, the eyes dilated, the lips blackened and gnashed. In spite of himself, the doctor was awe-stricken at an appearance that powerfully recalled the fearful traditions of *possession*.

"The attack, whatever its nature, was but momentary. With a long, deep inspiration, like one over whom a stifling wave has passed, the colonel seemed to recover himself completely, and, with a light laugh, held out his hand.

"Mawry took the hint, and his leave.

"'I have had a very pleasant draught,' he said; 'or rather, I will instruct your butler to make it.

And you will oblige me, Colonel, by receiving nothing of a liquid kind *from any hand but mine*. This is important: I will give you my reasons hereafter. Take your wine as usual. Good-night!

"Colonel Doulton neglected *one* portion of his friend's advice—he took even less than his accustomed exercise, and was so rarely seen abroad that old Charlotte underwent some severe cross-examinations. Her report now was that the mistress grew stronger and stronger, but refused to take the air; that the colonel was becoming seriously ill—could scarcely bear the fatigue of walking up stairs—and confined himself almost entirely to his study, dividing the day between his writing-table and the bed. The doctor, somewhat affronted at his patient's systematic disregard of his counsels, had discontinued his visits, and had not hitherto been invited to resume them.

"Thus affairs remained for several weeks, till one morning the reverend rector was sent for to the house. His visit was a prolonged one. He came out grave and pale, and charged with a melancholy tale, of which he made no secret. The colonel had been stricken with some mysterious visitation beyond the reach of human skill, and, with a rooted presentiment of his approaching end, was pressing the work on which he had been so long engaged to a conclusion. He seemed to be awaiting, although with the courage of a Christian and a soldier, an inevitable fate.

"Nor was he deceived. One bleak, gray morning in December—the windows of No. 53 remained closed. Colonel Doulton was dead!

"It was at this period that attention began to be more genuinely attracted to the house, and the peculiar evil fortune which seemed to attach to whomsoever became its occupant—the long list of families having each lost a member within its walls. A certain suspicion, originating none could say exactly how, hung about the mysterious old woman who had clung like an evil destiny to that house of grief. She could obtain no employment; few would open her door but the smallest idiots; the parish found means to resist her claim; the boys in the street rechristened her, without ceremony, as 'Mad Mother.' It invited her to supply them with a pen'orth of arsnic on credit; and, in return, pledged herself to faithfully to attend after her approaching execution. But apparently these suspicions were insufficient, and the law suffered her to starve on unmolested.

"In good truth, the weight of public opinion inclined to the supernatural side: and such extraordinary rumors began to gain credence that the agent deemed it his duty to apprise the landlord, Mr. Archbold, of the character attaching to his house, and the improbability of its getting another tenant, unless something could be speedily done to redeem its reputation.

"Not a week elapsed before Mr. Archbold, without commenting on his agent's report, laconically announced that his eligible tenancy was on the point of repairing to the spot, and would take immediate possession.

"A second idea had occurred to the shrewd old merchant. His favorite nephew, Charles Anwesley, had been guilty of an act of folly which thought fit highly to disapprove; had, in fact, taken to wife the beautiful daughter of a village schoolmaster. Mr. Archbold, who was a man of the fewest words, limited the expression of his indignation to a curt note, in which he informed the delinquent that, to avoid any future misapprehensions, he felt it right to state frankly that he, Charles, would never receive one farthing of the fortune he had destined for him.

"Charles was a young man of high spirit. He thought he had married Mary, if possible, a little better for the price he was likely to pay for her. The change in Charles's prospects, if it cooled a few friends, rendered others into more cordial life; and so much sympathy was felt and shown for the young couple, thus set rudely afloat on the sea of life, with scarce a helping oar to assist their lifeboat from a daily capsize, that Uncle Archbold became considerably conscious of his ungracious position; and, casting about for some means to redeem himself into the good thoughts of the world again, 'thought him of his vacant tenancy in Gaylland Terrace. Money he could not give—a home he might; and here was a splendid opportunity at once to confer an act of kindness on his nephew, and to rescue his property from the ill name that was daily becoming worse.

"He wrote accordingly, to Charles, proffering the loan of his furnished mansion in Gaylland Terrace until such time as Archbold have leisure to consider their future plans, or, indeed, for any period they chose, provided they took instant possession, and were apprised of the costly fixtures; and, on Charles's grateful acceptance, signified the result to his agent, as I have mentioned.

"So, early in February, No. 53, now in the full enjoyment of a haunted fame, opened its doors to new tenants; and Charles Anwesley, a young man of twenty-five, with good, frank, intelligent features, and resolute bearing—one with whom no ghost or any thing else would for a moment care to contending—escorted his charming little wife across the first threshold of which she was the declared mistress.

"The young people brought but one servant, a country girl; and their entire resources, inclusive of a little dower of thirty pounds, hoarded for his darling by the thrifty old schoolmaster, amounted to no more than seventy-five pounds. Charles, indeed, who had a taste for, and already some proficiency in medical science, intended to turn this to account; but how the war was to be carried on until the necessary license was obtained, and patients came to be killed in sufficient numbers to keep the sportsman alive, was an entire enigma.

"'How, upon earth, Charles, are we to keep all these lovely things of your kind uncle's clean, with only Hepzibah?' asked Mary. 'And, indeed, I shall be half afraid, as it is, to trust them to her determined hands. And oh, Charles! there's another thing. I'm so ashamed of myself!—I am. I can't—oh! what have I been doing? wanting my time with French and singing, when I can't even co—co—'

"'Coo, my child?' said Charles, laughing, and kissing off a tear—'why *should* you coo?'

"'Co—ok, Charles!' sobbed the poor bride. 'If I could have done that—and Hepzibah the house-work— I—think I'll try.'

"'You'll do no such thing!' rejoined Charles, seriously alarmed. 'You'll make a mess of it, burn your pretty fingers, and poison us both with all sorts of unearthly preparations! No, no! Burnt cork is quite enough for me in its way; but the caricature of a cabinet-pudding—the shocked phantom of a friedcake—no fun at all! No—we must manage another servant somehow.'

"The agent, when consulted on the matter, looked and looked blank, and, like Hepzibah—in short, he might as well inform Mr. Anwesley at once that there existed an unaccountable prejudice against the house, and that he dear little lady Charles might experience difficulties of a kind he did not expect in augmenting his establishment. There was nothing at present correct. Not a soul could be found in the vicinity willing to take service at No. 53: not the young couple, reluctant to incur the expense of sending to London for a domestic, sat down to their first meal a little disappointed in spirits—Mary, when she succeeded from his wife the cause of the difficulty, secretly resolving to extract some further information from the cautious agent on the subject.

"They were sitting after dinner, with recovered spirits, but in deep consultation, when there came a low knock at the door.

"Bidden to enter, a dirty old woman made her appearance. It was an humble, but a respectable-looking old woman, to offer her valuable services, in default of better.

"'She loved the house,' she said, 'and all that was in it. Oh! as she looked, she could do as much as twenty—was a very good cook, and would work her fingers to the bone for dear little lady Charles. As for wages, she didn't want none of them.'

"As these terms seemed reasonably cheap, and they were really in a difficulty, Charles, after a whispered consultation with his wife, left the woman's manifold figure, gave utterance to the assent he saw in his wife's clear eyes, and engaged the strange applicant, eighteen pence in the first place, to have recourse to soap and water; in the second, to eat a good supper.

"Though the old woman's eyes glistened, like those of a famished wolf, at the mention of food, she paused at the door, and, with a ghastly, wild, and in sort of hoarse whisper, 'Please, Sir, and my lady, don't say that you've taken old Charlotte into your service. I shall want a blanket; and nobody will know, if you don't tell 'em.'

"Charles smiled at the idea of the old crone fearing that the dangerous secret of her in the house might damage hers; but unwilling to explain before his wife, hastily gave the required promise, and summoning Hepzibah, dismissed her dear little ladyship.

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"'Affairs for a few days went smoothly enough. Charles commenced a course of study preparatory to the regular carrying out of his medical project, while the little bride busied herself perpetually in the direction of their economical household, and was never tired of admiring the well-being of uncle's beautiful things.

"One morning, Annesley having gone out alone, Mary—accompanied by Charlotte, who was well acquainted with every drawer, shelf, and cupboard in the place—commenced a thorough inspection throughout the house, ending, as it happened, at the Angelo-chamber.

"'What a lovely room!' exclaimed Mary, for the twentieth time, as she entered; 'and what a couch! When I die I should like it to be on just such a bed as this—only I should prefer one in white that sweet majestic face shining upon me.'

"'Ah, my dear lady!' said the faithful Charlotte, cheerfully. 'Master's mother—Miss Mary Caldecde—Colonel Doulton, all breathed their lasts on that very bed.'

"'Can you remember all those deaths?' asked Mary.

"'Remember them? Bless you, my dear, they've all been touched and took within these five years.'

"'Touched and took! What do you mean, Charlotte?' said the young mistress, opening her blue eyes.

"'Well, well, we'll see!' muttered the old woman. 'And so you'd like to be laid out upon that bed, my lamb? She was a beautiful lady, that, gazing at the pretty, fragile creature before her from head to foot, as though mentally dressing her for the grave.

"Now, whether or not there was something unusually repulsive in the look and tone of Charlotte, or whether she simply desired to be alone, Mary yielded to an irresistible inclination to dismiss her follower, and, with a shudder, sank down on the great plate-glass window, which faced the west.

"The view from hence was both fair and sad. First came a slip of much-neglected garden, a crowded battle-ground of weeds and flowers—the weeds having decidedly the best of it—some leafless elms and shrubs, a low, high wall, magnified to an immense size with sheaves and coils of evergreens—beyond, just this was a glimpse of the cemetery, long since filled, and abandoned as a place of interment. Over and between three or four noble expanses, that shadowed many a mighty dead, might be seen the broad sward, green with sprouting corn; then a range of blue hills, on the last of which lingered the westering sun.

"Half an hour later Charles was returning home. When within a few paces of his own door a loud ringing shriek struck him like a stab! In a moment he was in the house, and dashed into the room from the direction of which he had fancied the cry proceeded.

"His wife was on the bed, frightfully convulsed—Hepzibah and Charlotte beside her. She recovered instantly from seeing him, and a violent flood of tears completely restored her tranquillity; after which, being left alone with her husband, Mary related as follows:

"She had sat for some time at the window, watching the purpling clouds, and the sombre tints of evening calmly enveloping the quiet scene, when, becoming sensible of a degree of lassitude, and a strange inert feeling not usual with her, she moved to the low golden couch, and lying fairly down, fell into an uneasy sleep.

"She lay with her right side, with her face to the wall—on that side, distant scarcely half a yard from the bed—and dreamed that, so lying, the wall before her opened, and that there issued from it a skeleton, bearing in its hands its own severed head. This, the ghastly and bloodless hands had detached itself from the skull and pointed to the vacant eye-holes, while the head muttered: 'You have taken my place, my bed, my house: Here was blue diamonds once, my sister, that laughed and swam like yours. Come, let us compare!'

"The skull was thrust up into her very face. She was conscious of the earthy, fetid odor—her own hair seemed to rise. She woke, more and more into the sister-skull, as though it were becoming part of it—when, with a shriek and a desperate struggle, she burst from the spectre and the dream.

"Although for the moment the painful impression appeared to pass away, it was but too evident to the fond eyes that watched and spirits of his little wife had received a serious shock. In a few days her rich color was gone, her lips looked dry and feverish—she had a constant complain of headache, and started when suddenly touched, or at the least unexpected sound.

"One day, after making vain efforts to eat her breakfast, the poor little thing leaned her head on her husband's bosom, and burst into tears. 'Charles, my poor boy,' she sobbed, 'I fear I'm very, very ill.'

"The wistful, anxious look in those blue eyes alarmed her husband far more than even her words. He laid her gently on the sofa, soothing her to the utmost of his power, and, not without some little self-reproach for neglecting it so long, dispatched Hepzibah to request Mr. Mayry's immediate attendance.

"The little doctor acknowledged that his new patient looked rather in the extreme, and required every attention. The present attack was clearly nervous; and he endeavored to elicit from her whether she had experienced any recent shock or alarm. Mary, however, was ashamed to confess her dream; and, with a look of whatever nothing but that she was subject to a sudden and fearful spasm, which affected her whole head from the eyes to the occiput. In the latter organ, especially, she suffered much pain.

"On the point of leaving, Mayry turned round, and carelessly observed: 'I take it for granted, my dear Madam, that you have an excellent watcher in your husband; but you need some care. Who, may I ask, is your regular medical attendant?' Mary smiled. 'Who, for example, makes your tea?'

"'Charles, sometimes, Hepzibah, generally; but sometimes old Ch—' Mary checked herself.

"'I beg your pardon—who?'

"'I was going to name an old woman we have taken into the house to help the housemaid, but, for some reason I have not inquired, she does not wish it to be known.'

"'Old Charlotte,' ejaculated Mayry.

"Such is her name,' replied Mary, astonished at his acquaintance.

"Mayry, who had sat down again, got up with a face white as marble.

"'I have a word to say to Mr. Annesley,' he said, and took a hasty leave.

"Charles was reading medicine in the Angelroom.

"'Good Heavens, Sir!' exclaimed the little doctor, in a trembling way, 'do you know what you have got in your house?'

"Horrid visions of his Mary in typhus fever—in small-pox—a lunatic—flashed like lightning across Charles's mind.

"'What—what?' he gasped out.

"'Mell Murder!'

"'Mell *what*?'

"'The old hag to whom the boys in the town have given that title, for her strange association with every death that has occurred in this unhappy house since the departure of your uncle's. The very worst suspicions cleave to her. For mercy's sake, Mr. Annesley, get rid of this old wretch before you are an hour older!'

"Charles stood aghast. 'Is it—possible that—' 'I know *not* what is possible; but it is. Sir—do it,' said the anger apothecary; and Charles, infected with his earnestness, promised compliance.

"That night Mary dismissed, and Charles undertaking her patients with her, as though her work were done.

"'*Touched and took!*' was Charlotte's benediction, looking back and shaking her finger as she passed the threshold.

"Let me pass quickly over these sad details. The young wife was indeed doomed. Drooping gradually, like the preceding victims, she slowly but certainly followed them to the same bourne.

"Annesley would have left the house, but nothing could induce Mary to consent. His uncle would be vexed; would think them careless, ungrateful. Poor, just this was a fatal mistake. Annesley, long since filled, and abandoned as a place of interment. Over and between three or four noble expanses, that shadowed many a mighty dead, might be seen the broad sward, green with sprouting corn; then a range of blue hills, on the last of which lingered the westering sun.

"Half an hour later Charles was returning home. When within a few paces of his own door a loud ringing shriek struck him like a stab! In a moment he was in the house, and dashed into the room from the direction of which he had fancied the cry proceeded.

"His wife was on the bed, frightfully convulsed

adduced, the prisoner, on the very day of poor Mary's funeral, was restored to liberty, and immediately disappeared.

"It was now imagined that the house would be finally closed. The next-door neighbor on one side had already quitted; be on the other had given notice. Mr. Archbold himself felt his mind infected by the prevailing superstition; and, moreover, seeing the cause of misunderstanding removed, was ready enough to give indulgence to his returning tenants toward no hope, to whom he accordingly wrote, desiring them to quit without delay the scene of his bereavement, and resume the place he had formerly held in his uncle's home and affection.

"Charles refused.

"He considered that his uncle, in placing them in a house under the notorious ban, had been actuated by the most inconsiderate motives, as he had imagined, and had been even in some degree instrumental in the fatal misfortune that had befallen him. Besides, he had a duty to perform, to which it was his fixed determination to devote every energy he possessed—nay, if needful, life itself. He would find out the mystery of the haunted house. And no knight, in quest of the holy grail, ever started on the doubtful, but splendid, resolved purpose than Charles, when he entered the long-deserted house.

"Suddenly a sound struck his ear—it was like a distant footstep somewhere within the house. The door of the room in which he sat was wide open, and presently he was aware of a slow soft step ascending the stair.

"To say that Charles's heart did not accelerate its usual pace, or that a pulse or two would be to deny a feeling that might have so far assailed the most collected. Added to that the bold resolution he had formed was about to be met half-way. That the mysterious Horror of the House was actually approaching him in the shape of a human being—a listener with an appalling sense of being suddenly called upon to deal with what one can not comprehend. Charles involuntarily grasped the velvet arms of his chair, and half rising, slowly turned his face to the door, where the step had halted.

"There stood old Charlotte!

"His fear melted into rage.

"'Wretched hag! accursed murderess!' he exclaimed, forgetting for the moment his own doubts of her guilt—'dare you—'

"'Charlotte, Charlotte,' said the old woman, walking up to him, 'it is you who should not *dare*. I warned you—I warned your mother—I warned Mrs. Caldecde—I warned every one of you, young and old, of the danger hidden in this fearful house. But I loved and served them all when they would not see me, and so can the same risk with them. For reward, you have put me murderer's mark on me. I am known as Mary, Mell Murder, the poisoning witch. My life is nothing; they might as well have hanged me. I hoped they would, for the Lord keeps justice for the innocent; and He knows that I never willingly harmed a living creature. They were all touched and took, poor dears! but not by me. I know you are come back to find out who killed your darling, and old Charlotte's come to help you.'

"'You!'

"'Like enough in some things,' said the old woman shrewdly. 'You've no more patience in life—no more have I. You've one object—mine's the same, only my reason's the best. Find out what you want, you can't know it too dead. But I wear Cain's black brand, and that's an ugly mark to die in *I* won't, if I can help it.'

"Charles looked looking at him with an amazement he did not care to hide; something in the woman's shrewd speech inspired confidence, though despite himself. His thoughts held a rapid council: if the hag were guilty, and were really a prey to that fearful fear of mania which could not account for such cruel crimes, he had no fear for himself, and might even, by examination and analysis, obtain some clue to their alleged practice. If she were innocent, she might afford him important aid in his investigations. Some action must be absolutely required. In fine, he acceded to her proposal, and directed her to take up her residence in the house as a lodger.

"A feeling he could not well define determined Charles to sleep that night in the Angel-chamber. It was there that his Mary had experienced the first mysterious visitation—there, on his bosom, breathed her last gentle sigh.

"He had his bed-room, though with little hope of rest, he could not resist uttering a fervent prayer that he might be allowed to witness reveal itself to him; also—no matter with what peril accompanied —so that he might but analyze its fearful features, and purge its destroying power.

"His desire was fulfilled. It must have been about two o'clock when Charles woke, with a start, under the impression that a hand had been laid upon his face. But such a hand! It could have belonged to no living human thing. Recalling to his senses, it was like that of a putrid corpse. His mouth, his nose, his eyes, his throat, were choked and smarting with some foetid salve. His whole frame went irregularly—his very soul sickened within him!

"Annesley was a man of cool, intrepid nature, and the strongest nerves. Despite his confusion, he rose and wrestled with the terror, as if it were a living foe that had nearly mastered him—a moment, and the victory was won. Slowly and regularly, as though baffled in its assault, the horrible fear, whose presences he had almost *felt*, relaxed its hold and quitted him. Charles in-

stinctly staggered forward, as in pursuit, reached the window, and, throwing it up, gazed forth into the calm, cold night.

"'Whence, whence, O Horror?' he gasped.

The next moment, with a countenance deadly white, he reclosed the window, and returned to his bed.

"In that instant the Horror, the Ghost, had revealed itself to him, as he had desired.

"But Charles would have further proof, and witness too.

"The following morning, after pretending to eat some portion of the breakfast he found comfortably prepared for him in the library, Charles summoned old Charlotte to a conference.

"He began by tracing as minutely as possible the history of the later illnesses and deaths, beginning with that of his mother, which event occurred during his absence abroad. In this he received most material assistance from Mr. Mawry, for whom he sent during the morning, and who, after overcoming his astonishment at finding old Charlotte a member of the council, entered with all zeal into the inquiry.

"The result proved that the same extraordinary symptoms had been evolved in every case—namely, severe nervous, semi-cataleptic attacks, prostration of strength, mental depression, decay of the vital powers, and death—Mawry declaring himself utterly unable to account either for the origin of the disease or for the rapidity and certainty with which, once conceived, it hurried the victims to their end.

"On receiving the information he had gathered, Annesley was struck with one singular feature in the case—the predilection evinced by every patient in turn for the Angel-chamber. It seemed a fatal fancy; for, certainly, whatever soothing influence it might exercise on the minds of the invalids, was not reflected in their bodies. On the contrary, every one became rapidly worse, and the mysterious Terror—though its recurrences grew more and more frequent—seemed gradually to lose its intensity, in proportion as physical health declined, till it left the last days of the sufferer wholly undisturbed.

"'Now,' said Charles, as with a deep sigh he raised his pale face from his hands, after a minute's meditation, 'come with me, and I will show you the Horror in the House.'

"He walked, followed by the others, straight to the Angel-room. There it shone, with its regal couch, its superb mirrors, its glowing cabinets, its purple curtains. Charles threw up the window, admitting the soft fresh breeze.

"'Does this,' he asked, 'look like a pestilence palace—a house of pain and death?'

"He struck upon one of the gilded panels as he spoke; it returned a hollow sound, like an echo of the last word, '*death*!'

"The next moment Charles caught up a poker from the fire-place and dashed in the panel.

"'Stoop down,' he said to Mawry.

"The latter did so; but started back in horror, as a sickening, loathsome odor pervaded the apartment, as from a newly-opened grave.

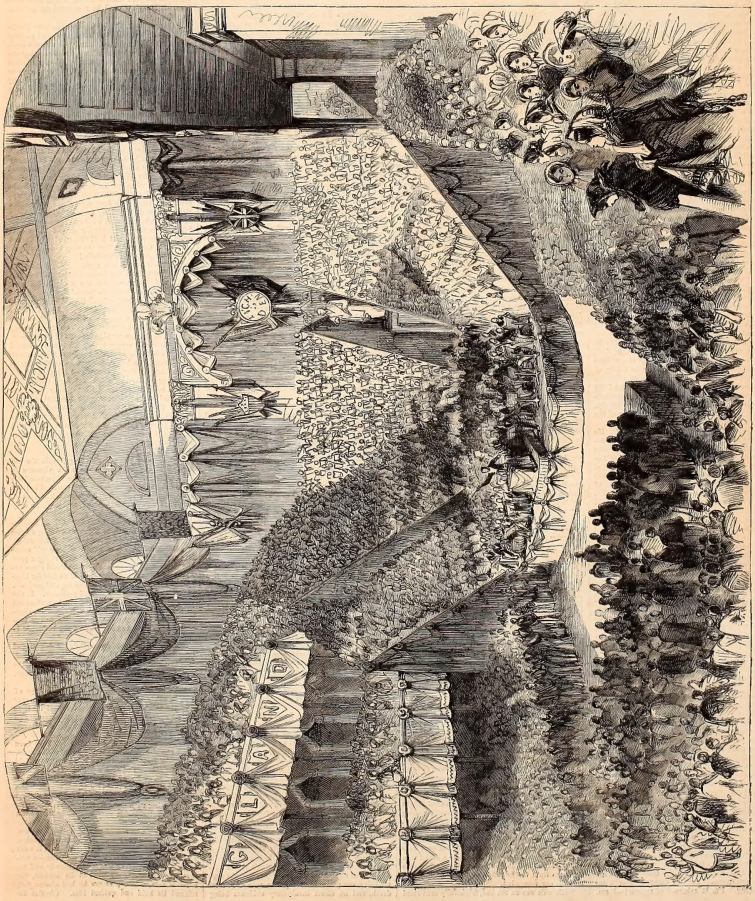
"There lay indeed the secret of the Horror. Out of that panel crept the unseen destroyer that had sucked away the breath, the life of no less than five victims.

"From the Angel-chamber, which had been originally intended as a luxurious bath-room, a pipe had been prepared, the other extremity of which had vent in the sloping bank of the adjacent cemetery, long since become one mass of corrupting human clay. Thus this fatal conduit, itself decayed, winding among broken vaults and mouldering mausoleums, gathered up the noxious exhalations, and poured them into the golden room. By what atmospheric changes or movements in the earth the amount of miasma thus transmitted was governed and modified can not of course be known; but that the poison varied greatly in quantity and strength was sufficiently proved by the fact, that attention was never attracted to the vitiated atmosphere of the spacious and seemingly well-ventilated room.

"The panel which concealed the mouth of the pipe was low down—exactly on a level with the head of one sleeping in the Angel-bed, and probably distant from it but three or four feet. An almost imperceptible crevice in the thin panel must have projected that baneful breath into the sleeper's face as certainly, and, as it proved, as fatally, as the 'juice of cursed hebenon' dropped from the phial of the Danish regicide. No marvel that the end was rapid! To turn the face to *that* wall was indeed to bid adieu to life, its hopes, its troubles, and its cares.

"Those more remarkable symptoms I have had to relate can only be referable to nervous temperament, or to the mysterious trouble acting almost in the nature of disease, until disease was positively engendered.

"When, on the previous night, Charles threw up the window, some slight odor eliminated from the burial-ground, connecting itself with the loathsome sense from which he had just escaped, at once revealed to him the latter's origin."



MUSICAL FESTIVAL GIVEN TO THE PRINCE OF WALES BY THE BOSTON SCHOOL CHILDREN, OCTOBER 18, 1860.—[SEE PAGE 686.]

GRAND BALL GIVEN TO THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, BOSTON, OCTOBER 19, 1860.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

THE PRINCE OF WALES' VISIT.

THE BALL AT BOSTON.

OUR readers have seen, on the preceding page, the picture of the grand ball given by the citizens of Boston to the Prince of Wales on 18th October, in the Boston Academy of Music. It was, all are agreed, a triumphant success; as brilliant as the ball at New York, and unmarred by any accident or *contretemps*. The scene, as depicted by our artist, is thus minutely described by the special correspondent of the *Herald*:

"Turning toward the entrance of the marquee, and looking out upon the body of the theatre, the *coup d'œil* was surprising, and each detail only heightened the pleasure of the first impression. The horse-shoe shape of the theatre is that most favorable for fine effect, and the result was all that could be wished. From the ceiling, which is most richly frescoed and painted in gold and white, hung a large chandelier—an inverted dome of gas-lights and glass—glittering and blazing indescribably. This, and side-brackets around the walls, gave sufficient light for a dozen such halls, and brought every detail of the decorations into full view. The theatre has three tiers, each of which was differently adorned. Objection might be taken to the motive of the decorations—which was mainly gilt and color—and might have found fault with the gaudiness and lack of simplicity which characterized the affair; but it is certain that every thing which could be done with this style of adornment—and it is capable of magnificent effects when intrusted to good hands—was accomplished in the ball-room. From the uppermost tier gilded pillars, with arches connecting them, support the roof, and these were left undecorated, except by slight draperies of red, white, and blue flags. The front of this upper tier was covered with a hanging of crimson cloth, fringed with blue, and a blue border, draped in festoons and studded with gilt stars, ran along the upper edge of the balustrade. Each of these festoons was held by a bouquet of natural flowers, from which depended a long blue banneret, ending in a gilt ball, which hung below the balustrade and over the tier below. The second tier was hung with orange-colored cloth, fringed with blue and festooned with crimson and wreaths of flowers. At equal distances along the front were shields, alternately bearing the Prince of Wales' feather and the mottoes, 'Justicia,' 'Concordia,' 'Amicitia,' and other Latin inscriptions. Each of these shields was placed upon a blue hanging, with golden stars, and was supported on either side by the British and American flags. The first or lower tier was hung with royal purple velvet, edged and relieved by gold lace, and so festooned and draped as to reveal, at equi-distances, the gilded figures which adorn the front of this circle. The dancing-floor was slightly raised above the level of the dress circle, and was surrounded by a light rope railing, and was completely inclosed by white drapery, edged with blue and orange cloth. Directly opposite the stage, and rising from the first to the third tiers, was the royal box, handsomely draped with crimson, fancifully embroidered with gold lace, and the whole surmounted by a dome of blue velvet, with outlines and ornaments in gold lace. Upon the front of the box was the Prince of Wales' feather. Above it, where the draperies met, were the crown and arms of England, and upon the summit of the dome was a spread eagle, in gilt. The entrances to the dancing-floor, as indeed to every other portion of the house, were hung with curtains of purple velvet. If from this description the reader can imagine the immense theatre; the dancing-floor inclosed as by a pavilion, each tier differently but richly decorated, and crowded with superbly dressed ladies; the royal box all aglare with light, and rich in gilt, purple, and azure; the frescoed ceiling, with its pendant dome of light; the marquee, with its groves, flowers, mirrors, and arabesque ceiling, its multiform and varied decorations, and its view of Windsor Castle, seen as if from out some immense window; if he can imagine this scene, and then crowd it with richly dressed ladies, with gentlemen in every variety of ball costume, from the full military uniform to the plain black dress-coat, while over all the lights stream their brilliant radiance—while mirrors and jewels flash back and reduplicate the rays, and the soft, sweet swell of the music bears with it the light-moving throng in a bewildering maze of beauty—then he can form some idea of the appearance of the Boston theatre at the Prince of Wales' ball."

MUSICAL FESTIVAL AT BOSTON.

WE publish on page 684 a fine picture of the musical festival given to the Prince of Wales in the Music Hall at Boston, on 18th October. It was a pleasant entertainment, lasting only an hour, but enabling the Prince to see the Boston school children, and to hear some good music. The *Herald* correspondent thus describes the affair:

"Twelve hundred school children were arranged upon seats sloping from the floor to the ceiling, and from the platform one could see two large triangles of boys, and two immense parallelograms of gayly dressed girls, while between them was an orchestra of sixty performers, led by Carl Serraha.

"As the Prince entered the whole company rose, and the masses of children waved handkerchiefs and clapped hands, producing a fine effect. Boston can not but be a little literary in its receptions; but this department was very nicely arranged this afternoon, and consisted of only the following beautiful ode, by Dr. Holmes, which was splendidly sung—the Prince and the whole audience rising, joining in the singing, and remaining standing until the hymn was concluded:

"'God bless our Fathers' Land,
Keep her in heart and hand
One with our own!
From all her foes defend,
Be her brave people's friend,
On all her realms descend,
Protect her Throne!

"'Father, with loving care,
Guard Thou her kingdom's Heir,
Guide all his ways;
Thine arm his shelter be,
From him by land and sea
Bid storm and danger flee;
Prolong his days!

"'Lord, let War's tempest cease,
Fold the whole earth in peace
Under Thy wings!
Make all Thy nations one,
All hearts beneath the sun,
Till Thou shalt reign alone,
Great King of Kings!'"

TURNING FLOWERS INTO GOLD.

IN the year 1800 Provençal flower-farms did not exist; there were not then, as now, in the town of Grasse, a hundred stills, continually producing those delicate scents which are now sold at a high price in every city of the civilized world; French perfumes were distilled in Paris alone, from the produce of Italian gardens; while the more valuable kinds of essence were drawn from Italy, and chiefly from Florence, which had been renowned for its perfumes and its poisons during the learned sway of the Medici. At this time there dwelt in the village of Méry-les-Roches, three miles from Grasse, an old man of considerable wealth and imperious character, named Jean Baptiste Desormes. He had been a lackey of the Maréchal de Mirepoix, and had been as useful in Paris as '*Scapin redivivus*.' This newer impersonation of the illustrious Scapin had somehow managed to render great services to his employer, or to master enough of his employer's secrets to make him of consequence, for he was suddenly made *intendant* of the Mirepoix estates, in the neighborhood of Grasse. As intendant he grew rich.

When the great revolutionary storm burst, Desormes bought the estates of the Maréchal, which were confiscated by the republic.

In 1800 he was growing old and frail; but by this time the red fever had cooled down, the rule of Napoleon was looming in the future, and M. Desormes was fawned upon as the richest man in the arrondissement. He had 30,000 livres of annual revenue, and, like a true provincial Frenchman, did not spend a third of his income. No wonder that his daughter, Marie Desormes, had suitors in plenty. Her inheritance was a glittering bait that magnetized the susceptible bachelors of the department. And yet Marie was pretty enough, and good enough, and sprightly enough to have been loved for her own sake. One, and only one, of her many admirers did love her for her own sake, Pierre Lescaut, a young farmer of the neighborhood. They had played together as children: Pierre had gathered the daisies and scarlet poppies that Marie wove into crowns and ropes of flowers; Pierre had climbed the tree to shake down the walnuts into his little playmate's apron. But of all the pretenders to pretty Marie's hand, Pierre Lescaut, though at once the handsomest, the manliest, the best, was, alas! the poorest; and in a country where there is so intimate a connection between money-making and match-making, Plutus is generally lord of the ascendant. Every body expected that old M. Desormes—a choleric, tyrannical old fellow in most relations of life, as are many whose early servitude has forced them into a supple obsequiousness foreign to their true natures—would compel Marie to accept the suit of old Colin Legrisson, who was lame, squinting, and sixty, but who had feathered his nest gloriously when the emigrants' lands were brought to the hammer, and louis were scarce in France. Colin Legrisson was the richest of Marie's admirers; Pierre Lescaut was the neediest. Could M. Desormes hesitate? Now, curiously enough, M. Desormes *did* hesitate. That unscrupulous, grasping man had one soft spot in his flinty heart: he really loved his daughter, and none the less, perhaps, because she was the only object on which those yearnings of affection, of which even the worst of us are capable, could expand themselves. Desormes had lost his wife years and years ago, when Marie was still an infant. He had no other child. He was always kind to his daughter—that is, he neither beat nor scolded her, to the wonder of the neighbors, for he was a hard master, and had become a severe landlord, as soon as the mob-law of early Jacobinism had sufficiently died out to render unpopularity safe; and his voice, in speaking to Marie, was never the harsh, sarcastic voice which his debtors knew and trembled at. Accordingly, old Desormes shrank from compelling Marie's choice. He took good care to let her know that he would wish her acceptance of lame, squinting, old Colin Legrisson; but he did not absolutely command it. The maiden was not without sense and spirit; she detested Colin, and loved Pierre. To force her to give up the second and marry the first would be difficult, her father thought, but by no means impossible for his iron will; but it could only be effected by severity, by violence: Marie must be broken, not bent. And she might die, and he would be left alone—for young girls' hearts were curious things, and he had known them capable of even such *bêtises* as dying, when such cases had occurred—a childless old man in a world that hated him; and who, oh who would inherit the gold he had sold his conscience for! All these things old Desormes brooded over, and the result was that he told Marie he hoped she would fancy old Legrisson, who had lands and beeves; but if not, why he must trust some other *soupirant* with a snug fortune would be forthcoming. The ex-intendant had no dislike to Pierre Lescaut; he admired the young man's courage, industry, and even his honesty, as people often admire qualities quite removed from their own. But Pierre Lescaut's farm was a mere patch of land, and he picked up only a scanty living out of his little vineyard, and his score or two of olive-trees. "Thou shalt never marry a beggar, my girl!" the ex-steward would say, striking his stick on the floor. "If Pierre can show twenty thousand crowns *tournois* on the wedding-day, good! I bestow my blessing, and, what is better, I double the money. But marry a beggar! thou shalt coiffer St. Catherine sooner than that!" Now, to *coiffer St. Catherine*, in French parlance, is to die an old maid.

"Ah! Pierre," said the poor girl, with tears in her eyes, as the lovers walked up and down the garden of Pierre's farm, while the old servant, under whose chaperonage Marie had come, sat knitting in an arbor—"ah! Pierre, why have you not twenty thousand crowns? Can not you in any way get twenty thousand crowns?"

Pierre groaned and struck his forehead. "What chance have I, Marie?" he rejoined. "Your father is firm as a rock, I know, and I can't blame him, for no one that is rich likes his child to wed with poverty. But what on earth can I do? These few poor acres, that vineyard, those olive-trees—I might sell them all and not get a fifth of the money. Twenty thousand crowns! that sum does not grow on the hedges. Ah! but I wish it did." And Pierre looked quite angrily at his pretty garden, full of blooming flowers of every hue, whose mingled fragrance floated toward him on the balmy air, and the very hedges of which, as is not unusual in the south, were composed of blush-roses. "How I wish, for thy sake, my Marie, that I could coin these flowers into gold!"

Now it often happens that a word hastily or lightly spoken suffices to give a color and a direction to the entire thoughts of the speaker or the hearer, and perhaps to change his whole career and prospects. "I wish that I could coin those flowers into gold!" Those words of his own haunted Pierre's ear through all the livelong afternoon; long after Marie had left him, long after the shades of evening had begun to embrown the forests, and the bees were coming back, heavy laden, to the hive, and the rooks were flapping home in sable line. Still Pierre mused and walked alone, with knitted brow and drooping head. What could he do? He loved Marie so dearly! He knew her parent would never go back from his word, never permit their union, unless he, Pierre, became a rich man. And how to become rich! He looked round at his scanty possessions with a sort of despair. The poor little vineyard, yielding its half-dozen casks of inferior wine; the rushy pasture, where the four cows picked up a scanty living; the olive-trees, with their silvery leaves and gnarled roots: what could he conjure out of these beyond a subsistence for himself and his two day-laborers, and the old peasant woman who did the indoor work of the farm-house? But the flowers! They were bright, and varied, and numerous; for the garden was very large, compared with the size of the property, and Pierre's father had been head-gardener at the Château de Mirepoix in his youth, and had stocked his own ground, no doubt, with many a slip and shoot of plants rare in France at that time. The garden was renowned for its beauty and fragrance for leagues around; and when a wedding took place Pierre Lescaut was always petitioned to furnish a bouquet for the bride from the treasure of living gems that flourished in his parterres. Pierre could not get the roses and geraniums out of his head; their perfume, their brilliancy, seemed to haunt him since his interview with Marie. That evening, as he sat alone amidst his poor furniture of brown walnut wood, in his whitewashed room, he revolved many vague ideas in his head, and sighed as common sense seemed to overturn all his card-castles one after another.

All his hopes, all his wild projects were gilded and sanctioned, as it were, by his love for Marie. He would never have longed for money, save as a means of winning her; yet, as he laid his head on the pillow, the words still rang in his ears, "I wish that I could coin these flowers into gold!" And when, after much tossing and restlessness, the young man sank into sleep, he was flower-haunted still. In his dream, he saw himself surrounded by the choicest blossoms of his garden, but they looked brighter than before, the dew that spangled them glittered like diamond drops; the fragrance of their mingled breath entranced him, and closed him in like a sweet vapor; their hues were as brilliant as if every rose-leaf had been changed into a ruby, every lily into a pearl of the Orient. And lo! wonder of wonders! the petals expanded, and forth from every blossom peeped a fairy—a fairy with waving wand, and starry wings, and jeweled diadem; and the entrancing strains of a tiny but exquisite music, the music of Elfland, floated in the scent-laden air. Then the fairies mocked and derided, with small peals of silvery laughter, the blindness of the mortal who would coin flowers into gold, and knew not how; and Pierre winced in his sleep at the laughter and elfin scorn. But the graver and kinder queen of the fairies waved her wand. "He loves," she said; "he is no miser, seeking wealth for itself. Let us befriend him, for Marie's sake." And then every flower opened still wider, and every fairy pointed downward with her wand, and behold! deep in each blossomed cup lay heaps of fairy gold piled up; and struggling up from tiny mines and shafts that led far into the dark earth came endless crowds of little gnomes, bearing gold to add to the myriad heaps; and the fairies cried in their shrill voices: "Thus may flowers be coined into gold!" Then the fragrant mist grew thicker and sweeter, till fairies, flowers, gold, and gnomes vanished away in it, and nothing was seen but mist. And Pierre awoke, with the scent of the blossoms overpowering him.

It was early morning—the sun was streaming on his face, the dew was drying away, the early perfumes of the rose-garden came through the open window of the room. Now whether the dream suggested the recollection of long-forgotten remarks that his father had sometimes made, or whether the recollection of such remarks was the true origin of the dream, I do not pretend to say; at any rate, Pierre, with an anxious but a hopeful face, trudged through the fields toward the town of Grasse. In Grasse there dwelt a withered old Italian druggist—druggist and herbalist—who had a mean, bare shop, and picked up but a mean, bare living by his traffic in simples and confections. He was a native of Florence, and had a reputation for learning; but few customers were attracted by the stuffed alligator over the door, and the dusty shop, and jars, and bottles, and the long, lean figure of the maestro himself, and his suit of rusty black. In short, he was just such an apothecary as Romeo selected for the purveyor of the deadly draught; and to his half-empty shop did Pierre Lescaut, another luckless lover, repair, but not to ask for poison. Long was the consultation between the young Provençal farmer and the old druggist, and it ended in the latter's accompanying Pierre homeward, with a gleam of unusual excitement on his lean brown face.

The apothecary spent hours in Pierre Lescaut's garden, going from flower to flower, sniffing, ogling, and even tasting petal, and pollen, and stamen, gazing at the buds through a horn-mounted magnifying-glass, and chuckling the while in a strange, ghostly way. The neighbors, who had some suspicion that the gaunt stranger in sable was a wizard, stared and wondered. More heartily did they wonder, a little later, when Pierre was seen shifting his fences, and day after day enlarging his garden. Now he took in a slip of vineyard, now a corner of his fields; anon he went off to the forest with his men to search for fine black mould; and next day he was busy grafting, sowing, cutting, and transplanting among his flower-beds. He was enlarging his already ample garden. That was odd enough; but when, instead of stocking the ground with pulse and pot-herbs, Pierre actually began to cultivate flowers with tender solicitude and skill on every spare inch of earth, the whole neighborhood was up in arms. He was pelted with good advice. Let him grub up all those useless flower-stocks, and grow honest leeks and garlic, if he wished to be thought a man of sense. Pierre was firm. His friends said he was obstinate, foolish, mad; very likely bewitched by that lean Italian wizard from the town, who was now always to be seen coming up and whispering to Pierre, and who was after no good, doubtless. The neighbors were quite angry with Pierre; old and young predicted his ruin; old Desormes pronounced him an idiot. Marie alone encouraged her lover, shared his hopes, prayed for his success, and cheered him as only a faithful woman can cheer a struggling man. That was a good year for the olives, and a decent vintage, and Pierre managed to rub on, neither saving nor spending more than he could afford.

The short winter passed, spring and summer came on. The flowers were more glorious and plentiful than ever in Pierre's now very extended garden. The old Italian chuckled as he marked them. Then came a great gathering of blossoms, and Marie came to help in the picking of the flowers, and the old Italian rubbed his bony hands with exultation. Anon his furnace was noted to be strangely active; he was perpetually at work, brewing, simmering, and distilling. The lean Italian was a man of skill; he succeeded in producing—thanks to the rare flowers in Pierre's garden—essences and perfumes equal to the daintiest Florence could afford. It was an era of ultra-nationality. Josephine, the then adored wife of the First Consul, was asked by a deputy of the South, a patron of the druggist's, to accept the dedication of the new discovery. Josephine consented. Paris followed suit. Giacomo Frantinelli and Pierre Lescaut sold their whole stock at a high rate. All the flowers in Pierre's garden would not, multiplied ten-fold, have supplied the demand that sprang up with mushroom rapidity. Pierre threw all the land he had into the compass of his garden-fence; he bought more land; he reared more and more flowers. Another year the profits quadrupled—quintupled. The fairies had spoken truth; flowers *were* indeed, by a delicate alchemy, transmuted into gold; and soon it was difficult, in the portly, well-fed Italian, clad in glossy black, to recognize the rusty scare-crow of other days. And Pierre and Marie! their share of the joy and success was the purest and the fullest. Before the end of the second summer the bells rung, and the girls of the village strewed flowers in the path of Marie, as, garlanded with flowers herself, blushing, proud, radiant, she passed along on her husband's arm from the chapel to her home, a happy bride. Old Desormes had been won over; success, wit, strength of mind, and will, the old ex-steward could appreciate at their full value; and although the prescribed sum of twenty thousand crowns was not yet realized, Pierre was on the highway of fortune. He had, in truth, founded a new industry, the most poetic, and not the least profitable in France. Around *his* garden there gradually sprung up other gardens; and flowers and seeds were bought in Italy, and other stills than those of old Giacomo dropped fragrant essences, and the odorous trade of Grasse extended daily. There was enough for all; and Pierre, who had set the example, was now the idol of the district, and the oracle of those who once prophesied his inevitable ruin and impoverishment. At the present day, though the flower-farms are many, the descendants of Marie Desormes and Pierre Lescaut are the most considerable proprietors in the arrondissement. It is not always, perhaps, that invention, industry, and resolution reap, in so fair a field, so solid a reward.

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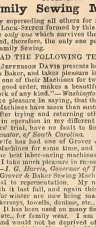

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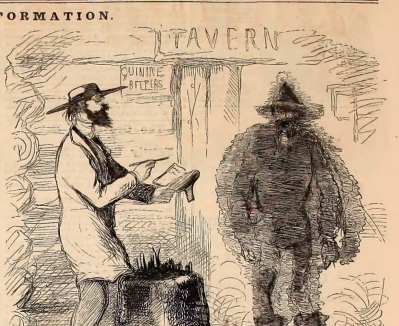
AGER vs. INFORMATION.

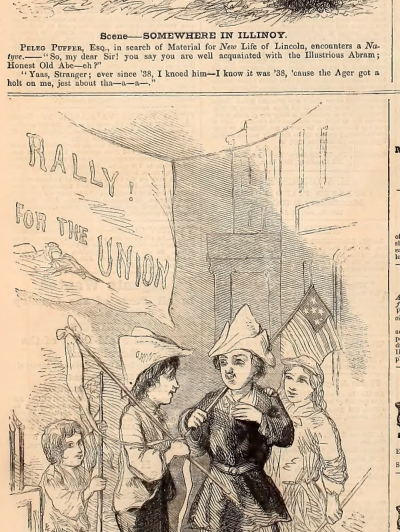


Scene—SOMEWHERE IN ILLINOY.

PELEG PUFFER, Esq., in search of Material for *New Life of Lincoln*, encounters a *Native*.—"So, my dear Sir! you say you are well acquainted with the Illustrious Abram; Honest Old Abe—eh?"

"YAAS, STRANGER; ever since '38, I knoed him—I know it was '38, 'cause the Ager got a hole on me, jest about tha—a—s—."

Mr. PUFFER at this moment is horrified to find that, while taking Notes, his friend and informant has assumed a very peculiar form and action—scratching gravel, and kicking up a dust generally. Looking like a small thunder-cloud, out of which issued, "For Mercy's s-a-ake, Stranger! w-wait t-t-ill I -git th-through this Ager Shake, a-an I'll t-tell you all a-a-bout it!" PELEG sloped for higher ground, satisfied that Illinoy Earthquakes interfere fearfully with information on matters and things generally.



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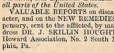

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. IV.—No. 201.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1860. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

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VISIT OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

OUR CONCLUDING PICTURES.

WE terminate our series of pictures of the tour of the Prince of Wales through the United States this week. The reader will find on page 692 THE GROUP OF THE PRINCE AND HIS SUITE from Brady's photograph; on pages 696 and 697 a fine picture of THE PRINCE'S EMBARKATION ON BOARD THE "HERO," IN THE BAY OF PORTLAND; on page 700 a picture of THE CITY OF PORTLAND; and on this page a view of THE ROYAL SQUADRON PASSING FORT PREBLE on their homeward voyage.

The Prince reached Portland in the afternoon of Saturday, 20th. It was a fine day, but cold; and the movement of the Prince's party being retarded by the procession, he is reported to have exclaimed, "Hurry!—I'm cold!" After a brief interchange of compliments with the local authorities he hastened to the wharf, shook hands with a few of the officials who had accompanied him, and jumped into the *Hero*'s barge. The *Herald* correspondent describes the scene which ensued:

"As the royal barge left the wharf the British squadron all fired a royal salute of twenty-one guns, and similar salutes were fired from the city and from Fort Preble.

"The harbor was full of steamers, sail-boats, barges, etc., which accompanied the royal barge from the wharf, the latter being surrounded by boats from the royal squadron filled with British officers. There was a fresh easterly breeze blowing, and the water in the harbor was quite rough, so that the steam vessels moved quite slowly. As the flotilla neared the squadron, against the yards were manned, and this, with the strings of flags and flags flying from every point of the fleet, formed a magnificent spectacle, which was witnessed by an immense concourse of people, assembled on Mount Joy, the various piers, and every accessible place of observation.

"As the royal party passed the various vessels of the squadron the Prince was received with repeated cheers; and when he reached the *Hero*, at ten minutes before four, the royal standard was run up to the 'main,' and another salute fired by all the fleet."

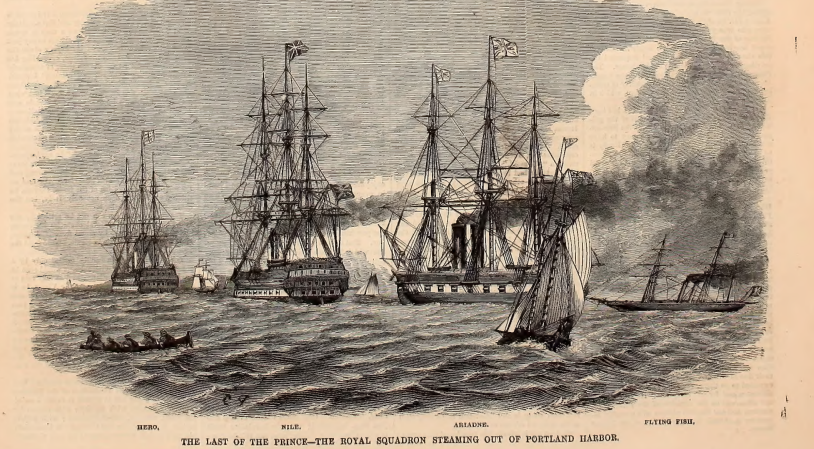
This is the moment which our artist has selected as the subject of his large picture. The squadron sailed at 4 P.M. The *Hero* led, and was followed by the *Nile*, the *Ariadne*, the *Flying Fish*, and the *Styx*. The bands on board each vessel played "Yankee Doodle," and Fort Preble saluted the party with farewell guns as they passed. On shore thousands of Americans cheered and waved their handkerchiefs, and not a few fair eyes grew dim as they wished the young Prince good-by, and a fair voyage home!

THE PRINCE OF WALES' NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.

The *Tribune* correspondent thus describes the scene:

"The departure was a finer sight than even the arrival three months ago in the Bay of Halifax. Along the rough shore of Cape Elizabeth groups of farewell gazers were clustered, waving such parting salutations as they could give. To these, even the least of them, the ships responded by the dipping of their colors. As they passed through the narrow channel, plunging and tossing until the waves swept into the lower ports—for the swell was very heavy—the sun, just drooping behind the hills, seemed to throw out over the water its own refulgent beam of farewell, which turned the wet, black hulls into shining gold as it fell upon them. Upon the outermost ledge, beyond the light-house, there were standing two spectators, who sent through the twilight their silent testimonials of adieu. Then the ships receded dimly, losing form at last in the harrowing dusk, until only three motionless dots were seen on the horizon. And this was the ending of the visit of the Prince of Wales."

OUR GROUP OF THE PRINCE AND SUITE AT BRADY'S GALLERY explains itself. The Iron Duke of Newcastle, whose courage and firmness were so finely developed in his discussion with the Orangemen of Canada, stands rather behind the Prince. He was the leader of the party. His opinion prevailed in all cases of doubt—he stood in the room of the sovereign. Nor is there any question of his fitness for so responsible a post. A man of liberal instincts, cultivated intellect, great tact, and indomitable will, he has piloted the Prince safely through a very trying ordeal, without making a mistake or an enemy. The Duke, as his portrait shows, is a tall, stout man, with large, rugged features, and a heavy red beard, sprinkled with gray. The Earl of St. Germans, who is Lord High Steward of the Royal Household, is a gentlemanly-looking man, with gray hair, dandified appearances, and agreeable manners. He was not at all prominent in the tour. General Bruce is the Prince's governor: his functions on the tour through this country seem to have been chiefly confined to disbursing moneys and writing letters which were not important enough for the Duke to sign. He is the brother of the Earl of Elgin, and owes to him his present position and his rank as General in the army, which he has won without ever having seen service. Lord Lyons is the British Ambassador at Washington; a very popular man, who seems to have been as successful in his diplomatic career as his predecessor, Lord Napier. The other members of the suite were Major Teesdale—one of the Kars heroes—and Captain Grey, equerries; Dr. Ackland, the Prince's medical attendant at Oxford; Mr. Jenner, attaché to Lord Lyons; and Mr. Ware, Secretary to the Duke of Newcastle.



THE LAST OF THE PRINCE—THE ROYAL SQUADRON STEAMING OUT OF PORTLAND HARBOR.

THE PRINCE AT BRADY'S GALLERY.

Shortly after the Prince's arrival in New York Mr. Brady was notified of the desire of the royal party to pay a visit to his establishment. The fame of his historical collection of portraits had reached them through various sources, and it was to this, doubtless, that he was indebted for such an honor. In response to the request of the Prince Mr. Brady called upon the suite, had an interview with his Highness and the Duke of Newcastle, and made an appointment for the visit on the following day. It was understood that the visit was to be entirely private; consequently the doors of the establishment were shut, and no one admitted after the entrance of the royal party.

Englishmen of rank, as well as many of the middle-class, are largely interested in the process of photography. The Prince quite astonished Mr. Brady's veteran operator by the extent of his intelligent familiarity with all the details of the process. The royal criticisms upon the subject of back-grounds, poses, and groupings quite startled those skilled and experienced practitioners. The princely theories on these and kindred subjects may have been unsound, but they were pungently expressed, and indicated familiarity with the art. Nearly twenty pictures were taken in all; among them two groups of the entire suite, one single figure of the Prince, one of His Grace the Duke of Newcastle, and one of Earl Saint-Germans. These pictures were taken of His Highness and younger members of the suite, for visiting-cards and stereoscopes.

The visit altogether lasted nearly three hours, a portion of the time having been spent in the inspection of the collection which adorns the gallery. It was remarked that most of the noble-evinced familiarity with the names most prominent in American literature, while the portraits of our distinguished statesmen were comparatively unknown. Washington Irving, Bryant, and Prescott attracted far more attention than Webster, Clay, and Calhoun. Dr. Kane's picture was seen in for a large share of the royal attention and interest.

Among Mr. Brady's rarest and oldest portraits is an admirable one of Lord Brougham, the theft-ex-Chancellor, who recently delighted the public by his lectures to Mr. Dallas; who has, in fact, been distinguishing himself for divers rudenesses and many grand heroic utterances, during the past or two. The grand, rugged, knotty head, the aggressive nose, and the general aspect of fight which distinguish the tough old Lord Chancellor are admirably given, and the picture was from the Prince an enthusiastic expression of surprise and delight.

Probably none among the American experiences of the suite will be remembered with more pleasure than the few hours spent in Mr. Brady's collection. All those who have distinguished themselves in science, literature, statesmanship, and jurisprudence are duly represented in this Valhalla; and in no other way could the noble visitors have so much insight into the life and character of those, now dead, who have so nobly adorned our history.

AMERICAN PORTRAITS FOR THE ROYAL FAMILY.

The Prince and the Duke of Newcastle evinced their interest in American politics and politicians by ordering several copies of Mr. Brady's portraits of the present Senate and House of Representatives, as well as those of the viral distinguished party soliciting the suffrages of the American people.

Of course, as becomes royal and noble visitors, these commissions for pictures of the statesmen group and single portraits taken were profuse and munificent.

MEETING WITH A VETERAN.

Among the pleasant incidents which transpired during the visit was one which will bear narration. Among Mr. Brady's employés is an old veteran man who was present at Buckingham Palace on the day of the Prince's birth. As the suite was about leaving the gallery Mr. Brady mentioned this circumstance to the Duke and requested the privilege of presenting him to the Prince. The Prince very gracefully acquiesced, and the venerable old man thus enjoyed an opportunity of meeting face to face the son of his sovereign, for whom England would have been denied him.

One of the results of the gallery visit has been the crowding to an unpleasant extent of the gallery ever since. The interest felt in the heir-apparent and his retinue seems to be more than assuaged since the royal departure. Mr. Brady is to be congratulated upon having secured so graceful and truthful a memorial of so many notables, to pass into history as among the most notable of royal journeyings.

THE PRINCE'S NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.

The picture of THE PRINCE'S NEWFOUNDLAND DOG was sketched by our artist in the streets of Portland. The animal was being exercised through the streets by two of the *Hero's* ship-boys, and looked handsome indeed. He almost as great an object of attraction as his master.

THE CITY OF PORTLAND.

The very striking VIEW OF THE CITY OF PORTLAND, MAINE, will remind our readers of the last hurried scenes of the Prince's visit to the United States. Portland, as every body knows, is a flourishing sea-port of Maine, once dependent on Falmouth, but in 1786 incorporated as an independent port with its present name. It is the terminus of St. Lawrence Railway, which was completed six or seven years ago, made Portland the winter seaport of Canada, and raised it to a position of great importance. Its population is now over 20,000; it has a large export and import trade; the Canadian steamers make it the Western terminus of their line in winter. When the *Great Eastern* was expected to go there, the Portlanders built a magnificent wharf for her reception. Its first importance arises from the occasion of the Prince's departure, and our English visitors will probably remember it as their last recollection of the United States.

VIOLA.—A LOVE STORY.

I SAT one morning before my desk, glancing round the room, gathering in its thoughts. A quaintness of the room was pretty; warm tints and graceful contours, and the windows framed very lovely landscapes. Only Viola, my old friend Viola, sitting opposite me, was called ugly, according to the world's judgment. Coarse features, tawny hair, milk-and-water eyes, and a nose that would have been positively expressionless but for the delicacy of the nostril, that quivered at every emotion. The red lines—not ripples—grew down, down upon her forehead, leaving just room for three horizontal furrows that care had clearly creased from side to side. There was but one redeeming feature—the mouth was inexpressibly sweet; a firm, living mouth, capable of no negative but a positive, vital goodness. My friends say there is nothing within the bounds of our acquaintance so devoid of the impress of Beauty's hand; and they wish to know why I have asked her to spend my evening. I would enjoy having so honorably an object in my view.

"Butterflies! her wings are not so brilliant as yours, but she has a better gift—a heart to feel an honest. 'Like loves like'—and I love her," I reply, laughing.

They call me beautiful, and I am grateful. Perhaps if I possessed less to charm the eye I might look at it lightly, and forget it in the interest of the mind which, despite the theory that our physical frames are mirrors of the inner, is not unfrequently enclosed in a very ugly casket.

Viola was so ugly that when I looked at her I expected nothing; so I was continually surprised and delighted by the revelation of its worth and beauty; as when one is traveling along a dreary plain, suddenly the earth opens, and fertile green valleys nestled among shaggy, sentinel hills. Then she had a voice of most marvelous sweetness, of thrilling power, of deep pathos, which, in the exultant oratorio, or plead in plaintive "Gethsemane," the tones lived long in me as a divine message. She read the poets like *I*. Shall I say, so do I, shame my previous understanding of them. She had a knot of overlooked, delicate, and tempting in every form; and tell me, now, could she be ugly? It is impossible! Our conversation I have good be changed, for it was full of the enchanting. I must speak to Ruskin about it.

I said I was looking round my room. I was looking at her; and turning to her was impossible nature might read my thoughts, I began:

"Viola, why were you ever born?" You have sapphy talents, appreciation, imagination, power of construction, fits of inspiration; and I believe that, by all means, you should use your fine talents for writing."

The girl raised her honest eyes from the book she was reading, and a look of pain passed over into its habitual look of weariness, sadness, and suffering.

"Pity! there are too many unutterers already. I don't think I am needed, or could do any good in that way."

Quietly she put away her book, put on her bonnet and shawl, and went to her daily toil—the drilling, dulling, deadening toil of schoolkeeping. I said no more, though I knew the drudgery of her half-repulsive work; how long she labored to see not very little progress; how little appreciation that, knowing nothing about the matter, but judging in dog-fashion by what they did know, was forever suggesting that this or that should be lettered. I know that this or that patron was emotionally constituted so that he could only feed too little or too slow; I know, for I had travelled in that path, of the mental prostration which follows a day's duties done in the school-room. I know, what was worst, how it saps the energies and narrows the mind; I know that she, too, saw its results; and bitterly I pitied her. I can even confess when we were rollicking, gay young girls together at school, and she, the plain, light-hearted, winsome, bird-like creature of all that happy band. She was the favorite of Professor B——, and he lavished upon her the treasures of knowledge with such pride in cultivating and displaying her splendid voice; gave her books and music and flowers, and interpreted things all for her pupil, Viola. And—oh! it was the old, sad story again told—she loved him, and he went and married another. She would not see it, and he went and married another. It was a long time before the bird was glad and sang again. She was not unhappy, for she had another. When her friends importuned her to accept some one, when they told her that she was almost an "old maid," she had the calmness to express that she had loved Professor B——, and she could love no other. Laughingly, now she says she is "married to Professor B——."

To-night Viola came in from school with a flushed cheek and a brighter eye than usual. I saw that Sadie Bellamy, my sister, slung up a glove and passed on into her room and closed the door. Something had gone wrong; the old complaint of parent who would dress her as a toy supplied with brains gratis; or perhaps the trustees had notified her that she might leave. "It is a shame!" said both my sister and I. Well, she should have a home with us, and the favor would be all to us. I bade Biddy to make an extra cup of tea, and use all the rest of her skill on some cream toast, and sat down to the piano to fling off my indignation. I played "Fra Diavolo." Presently Viola's hand was upon my shoulder.

"Will you hear well to-night?" I said, without looking up.

"Very well, Carrie."

What made her voice so calm and sweet? I looked up.

"Carrie, I am to marry Professor B——. He has been to see me to-day. You know his wife is dead. He says he loves me."

What a look of happiness! The expression of rest from struggle and desolation and victory such as the deserted orphan only knows.

God, on earth, giveth His trusting children rest.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1860.

THE PRINCE AMONG THE LADIES.

MOST certainly, since there first were young men and young women in Gotham, no one ever created such a flurry among the fair sex as the Prince of Wales. Thousands of young women, of otherwise robust constitution, now live exclusively upon the remembrance of having seen, spoken to, or danced with him. The blessed few who were presented are thrice happy, the envied of their own sex, the delight of the other. In a ninety-five out of a hundred drawing-rooms the Prince is the sole subject of conversation; his appearance, his face, his figure, his eyes, his mouth, his hands, his waist, his walk, his style of dancing, are all topics of intense interest and unflagging importance to the world of crinoline.

It is agreed on all sides that he was delightful. Any lady who found fault with him would probably silence the fate of the Irishman who tried to insult him on his departure, and was promptly and righteously knocked on the head by a bystander. Considering his youth, the opportunities of which he has had, and the fact that the severe trials he underwent, it is certainly remarkable that he should have made not a single mistake, and have left nothing but pleasant recollections behind. Much is doubtless due to the good judgment of the Duke of Newcastle and the other noble lords to whom he was surrounded; but still, the Prince himself must be a youth of rare discretion not to have committed one act at least once by some *brave* natural to his age.

The most general remark about him appears to bear upon his strikingly gentlemanly demeanor. He seemed every body's idea of the most perfect gentleman they had ever met. Of course one expects a future king to be a gentleman; but really, when one looks at the broadseads about the ancestors of Albert Edward, and especially his grandmuncle, who was known as the First Gentleman in Europe, the genuine gentleness and modesty of the Prince's manner deserve not to be passed over in silence. Our aristocracy, and especially every body of the most perfect gentleman they had ever met. Of generously undertook to represent the citizens of New York on the occasion of the late ball, and to decide who should, and who should not, be admitted into the charmed circle of "the best society," may learn a useful lesson from him. They may learn from him that the first duties, duties of politeness, as the word implies, gentleness, and modesty, and deference to others; not vulgar assumption, and haughty pride, and overweening self-assertion. It is no blame to a man that his father may have been a cobbler, or himself bred a tailor; we can not all be princes. But all of us can and should so demean ourselves as never to displease any one or hurt any one's feelings; and this lesson of deference to the meanest King of England together let us hope profitably—to the aristocracy of the United States.

HOW TO USE YOUR FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

A FAMILY newspaper, if its name imports any thing, ought to be a family affair. All the members of the domestic circle ought to be interested in it, and, indeed, trained to appreciate it as a part of the inner economy of household life. The common practice that limits the use of the newspaper to the parents and grown-up children, deprives the family, as a family, of its benefits. And a wealthful use of every part of all, it should be regarded as a centre around which the intellect of the household should be collected—a family table for daily mental nourishment.

Reading is ordinarily one of our most selfish enjoyments. Men and women who are liberal to a fault in their hospitality, shut up in a private parenthesis—which they are entitled to enjoy. But this is a sort of intellectual hermitage which is incompatible with family culture. Not that we wish to convey the idea that there is to be no private reading and study by individuals for themselves. Every one must have paths in literary fields that are silent to the tread of other footsteps; but in the family, mind and all its forms of action ought to be common. Let the father's, or mother's, zeal as to kindness, sympathy, and love, with their retinue of graceful offices, are to be shared in by all the household. It is a law, however, that is constantly violated. Few families have any intellectual exercise in common. Aside from the familiar topics that constitute the staple chit-chat of the table and the fireside, they have no such thing as family mind, trained every day by contact with the same general truths, facts, incidents. One main reason of this has just been intimated; viz., the insulating habit of private reading. How, now, can this be remedied? There is at least one method that may be adopted with obvious advantage, and it consists in the proper use of a first-rate family newspaper.

Devote an hour each night that you may be able to command to this interesting work. Read aloud such portions of the newspaper as may be suited to your purpose. Require one of the children to explain the geographical allusions; give arithmetical questions to another; get a third to point out bad grammar, and let the eldest explain the rhetoric and historic errors of the best-written articles. The long columns of advertisements will suggest many profitable inquiries. And how will have a machine that will call out their knowledge of themselves as taught in natural philosophy; and there a cargo of Japanese goods, will practice them in the productions of distant climates. One of the great difficulties in really and thoroughly educating a young mind is in exercising its powers in the application of its knowledge.

Nor will the benefit end here. Every family ought to have a family education in the knowledge of the world. It ought to be trained to look out upon the great sea of human life from the snug cove of home. Experience in the world is not to be had by study, nor wisdom, and indeed it often happens that the most learned are previous introduction of the domestic mind to an acquaintance with the realities of existence, and the practical affairs of school. True manly experience presupposes the study of principles, maxims, sentiments; and by them the intellect will have at least got ready for an experimental intercourse with society. Every parent should see to this domestic work. No one will be a better auxiliary to it than a good newspaper.

Apart from these effects, the bare fact that the different members of a family cultivate thought, taste, expression together, must strengthen the ties of domestic sympathy and enlarge the scope and activity of their nature. There is a great need for this sort of breadth in social unions. If the Bible is excepted, what common education influence of the domestic intellect have we? Nothing implies it. In the man who reads the relations between abstract ideas and practical possibilities.

Cavour's address to the Sardinian Parliament is a speech of unequaled simplicity and force. Italy is in that condition which alone can be its weal, honestly, and Cavour does not hesitate to say just what he thinks. Instead of blarneying about the patriotism of Italy in the hope that flattering his own views until he discovered those of somebody else, and taking care not to "commit" himself, he says boldly what he himself thinks. Without the least hesitation he puts upon record just what he thinks, although he does it at the same time of rancorous opposition from the radical Italians.

Cavour's Italian policy is simply consolidation of the United States of Italy. As the people wish, present passivity toward Venetia, and protection of the Pope.

"We do not forget their cause," he says, speaking of the Venetians, "but we think we are serving it most effectually by constituting a strong and united Italy." War with Austria, he says, is the cause of the unanimous opposition of the Great Powers, he thinks, the endanger not only Italy, but the cause of liberty in Europe.

The Roman question can not be settled by the sword, says Cavour. Moral forces alone, and they must be met by moral forces. Besides, there are French soldiers in Rome, and to fight the French is to fight Italy.

The Naples question can be settled only by a united Italy. The Neapolitan national spirit can be fatal to the Southern Italians; and as they rose at the word and in the name of King Victor, he is answerable for their fate. But he will not assume to control it. It shall be determined by the people, as in Tuscany. But this must be done immediately. Naples and Sicily should be formally unorganized until Venice and Rome are in a condition to be ready to kingdom if the question be made permanent in Southern Italy, the cry will no longer be "Italy and Victor Emanuel!" but the mystic cry of sectarianism, "God and the People!"

Cavour says that the "generous patriot" who favored the immediate annexation of the Marches and Umbria ought not to oppose it in the case of Naples; with Naples; with respect for the King, country, and Parliament; with perfect loyalty to the services and character of Garibaldi; but with no less consciousness of his own character

THE LOUNGER.

THE BRAIN OF ITALY.

IT is worth while to turn back to the portrait of Count Cavour which we published last year in the *Weekly*, to look once more upon a great man, to hear his clear, incisive words of a statesman, for a statesman in a man who not only comprehends principles, but understands how to shape them into policies. It is the man who sees the relations between abstract ideas and practical possibilities.

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and position, Cavour concludes in a strain from which all liberal and truly Christian minds have a lesson. When Italy has such a head and heart as Cavour, and such a hand and heart as Garibaldi, who shall despair?

"The vote of confidence you gave the ministers, a few months since, enabled them to overcome difficulties, both numerous and serious, which stood in their way. Now that they may hold with a steady hand the helm of the State, it is necessary that they should know, and that Italy should know, whether their deeds and behavior during this interval were of a nature to diminish the confidence you put in them.

"This is all the more necessary, as a vote justly dear to the multitude expressed to the crown and the country its distrust of us.

"Such a declaration, indeed, painfully affected us; but it could not turn us by a little from our purpose.

"Faithful guardians of the Constitution, of which we must be the most scrupulous executors, we think that the voice of our citizens, whatever signal service he may have rendered to the country, should not prevail against the authority of the supreme law of the State.

"It, therefore, is the duty of the ministers of a Constitutional King not to give way before pretensions so illegal, even if they be backed by a splendid halo of popularity and by a victorious sword.

"But we would fail in our duty by giving way to those pretensions, so we should have failed in our obligation toward Parliament if we had not put the question as to whether it be ready to sanction the sentence pronounced against us."

HOWE NOT TO DO IT.

PATIENCE PARSONS has written a letter to the Lowell (mass.) Mr. Howe's patient. Can nothing be done? she asks. Will he insist upon a prolongation of his patient?

"His Mr. Howe to herself of mercy—not a howl! Can he not be satisfied with half a million of dollars, the blessings of all women? He is decidedly the greatest benefactor of women that the world has ever produced. He will hold that position until some backer more skill invent an automatic housemaid, which, at a moment's notice, will start out from its resting-place, kindle the fire, boil the tea-kettle, toast the bread, boil the eggs, and perform the multitudinous duties of cook and chambermaid. Until that blessed invention appears, Mr. Howe's name will be ever coupled with thanksgivings. Will he return these to-night, coupled with the 'almighty dollar'?

"Can he return the suffering wives, mothers, and sisterstoo, throughout the length and breadth of this land, do anything to alleviate their woe? Will he restore liberties in their behalf? I greatly fear I commit a grievous sin, and covet my neighbor's wedding-garment.

Patience Parsons should remember that to ask Mr. Howe to contribute a million or half a million dollars to relieve suffering people is to make an appeal which would hardly be a match for the probable response. We have no right to require of any individual that he should give what we would not expect of every body. But we may all justly wish that the Patent Laws might be so arranged that what is a man has been unsufficiently paid he should not continue to be paid. In other words, we have a right to wish—have we not?—that the renewal of patent rights should depend upon and upon the profits already made by the patentee. The patent rights only the price which the public pays him for the use of his talent: and the public must determine what it is worth, and how the price shall be paid.

THE MORAL HISTORY OF WOMEN.

THE translator of Michelet's "Love" and "Woman" has translated, also, Legouvé's "Moral History of Women." This work comprises a course of lectures delivered at the College of France a dozen years ago, and it is not to be confounded with the Women question. It is extremely interesting; full of anecdote and curious erudition; and it succeeds in investing a grave discussion with great popular charms.

It calls itself a History of Women, but it is more precisely a history of French women, as every woman under the conditions of French civilization; and the results of the discussion each question in that country as only lost and judicious discussions, will be surprised to find with what a simple directness it has been handled elsewhere. The author of John Stuart Mill, in the *Westminster*, and this work of Legouvé's, a college course of lectures in France, show a coincidence of respectability of opinion upon the part of the public which we have not yet reached. But the time is coming, in other ways, and upon other subjects, which are forbidden in those countries. Only as we profess to tolerate discussion of every subject our shame is greater when we sneer at any opinion than that of countries which do not pretend to the grace of toleration.

Mr. Lubbock has made an excellent, a racy, and faithful translation of a valuable and timely and fascinating book. It is not merely speculative. Legouvé makes practical suggestions to women which will be useful every where; even in this country. Although the learned pundit seems to since gravely announced, after a display of ignorance which prepared the reader's mind to estimate his opinion at its proper value, "The condition of women in this country is about as good as it can ever hope to be."

Where?

What a pity! Because nobody pretends that our conditions are so good as it can be while there is a chance that, by any means, it may be made better. If Legouvé had not written his lectures before that remark was made, he would certainly have given it a place among the curious proofs of the position that much remains to be done.

Legouvé's idea of the tragedy of Jeddo, which Rachel would not play, but which has been the great triumph of Ristori, and, as many think, of Miss Heron.

WHAT H.R.H. SAW.

THE London *Times* thinks that the Prince's visit to this country will be extremely useful. Grandest: but why? Because, says John Bull's newspaper—because he will see English institutions divested of the wise checks of monarchy against political corruption. That is good. William Hogarth, of whom Mr. Sala is writing in the *Cornhill*, would think it good. Mr. Hogarth drew a picture once of Chairing the Member; and many English authors have described for us the sweet absence of political corruption in England.

It is well understood that John frowns upon every kind of political bribery; but yet what does the *Times* mean? The reception of the Prince in New York or in an intelligent forested of the wise check of monarchy—namely, a standing army. The militia, the constitutional substitute for a monarchical check, for it was composed of the people who constitute the government. H.R.H. saw by same institutions that he was at home, as he was pleased, and he saw that they secured the same liberty without a single excuse.

H.R.H. himself is one of the monarchical checks, and a very costly one, H.R.H. saw that an R.P.P. was a very much less expensive luxury than himself. The Duke and the Earl and the Lords must have seen the same thing. They may have thought more than they said. They may have seen the "institutions" tried as by fire—tried with a force which in England would come near to blood, as it has before; and they may have taken their hosts, to which may all kind breezes waft them! they will learn that the wisest "check upon anarchy" is that principle of government which secures prosperity to the great mass of a people.

THE LECTURE IN GREAT BRITAIN.

We might as well surrender. We must confess that Americans spit. Mrs. Trollope said so a quarter of a century ago—and now Mr. Grant Thorburn says so—and he ought to know. Mr. Grant-ley Berkeley came last year and hunted at the West, and hunted at Cincinnati, St. Louis, and complained that he was not allowed to take his dogs gratis in the cars, and was generally unhappy. He has now returned to his home, and has delivered a lecture in Glasgow.

"The West-end" was present, in great force. The Lord Provost presided. The eloquent lecturer said that he had no wish to disparage the magnificent country. . . . Mr. Grantley Berkeley did not wish to disparage America; but the ladies' dresses in railway carriages in America are five feet high in obsequious. Mr. Grantley Berkeley had no desire to speak ill, but justice compels him to mention that the ballot is a curse to America. Also, modesty is grossly outraged in the United States, unless he is accompanied by a man in black. Also, the whole country is horribly democratic. Also, on his arrival had been mentioned in the papers, and the excitement was such that twenty-four people stood upon the railway platform to look at him on Philadelphia. Also, he should never forget the grandeur of the scene as he "came up with" eleven dozen upon the line.

The political condition of this country, Mr. Grantley Berkeley told the Glasgow "West-end," was "the end" of Glasgow, is frightful. But then, considering that Mr. Grantley Berkeley was in the English Parliament during the Reform Bill, that is natural again. There are some misfortunes that even America escapes. "Of Mr. Grantley Berkeley," says William Higgins, "I scarcely know any thing. . . . I had belaid something of his appearance in Parliament, but his efforts as legislation are never recorded to put on record of the House."

This is the Mr. Berkeley of whose novel, "Berkeley Castle," Thackeray wrote a parody in which the view twenty-four years ago in *Fraser's Magazine*. Soon after its appearance Mr. Berkeley and his brother Cavendish fought a duel in Hyde Park. There was no one in but that gentleman. Brother Craven stood guard at the door while brother Cavendish received with a bullet upon his bridle handle. Finding Mr. Fraser alone, brother Grantley struck him with his fist upon the temple, and knocked him down; he then beat him senseless with the whip-stock, and then mangled him with the bar, which terrible weapon he wrenched out of the hands of a crowd outside at bay, and called to brother Grantley, "I—a—him; give it him well." The attack was fatal to Mr. Fraser, and Mr. Berkeley, and Mr. Magion, the editor of the Magazine and the author of the article, and Grantley Berkeley, . . . on the eve of his account of the whole affair afterward, and it is a curious peep into the domestic revelations of parliament. "Mr. Berkeley spoke as "I wish the intelligent and independent electors of West Gloucestershire joy of their representative." So we wish Mr. Grantley Berkeley and the "Lord Provost" of Glasgow joy of their lecturer.

RAILROAD RHYME.

No. 2.

As late I hied me to the Berkshire Hills,
Rumbling and grumbling o'er disjointed "ties,"
A crash of criminals, . . . and then a pause.
With sudden glamour all the darkness thrills;
Beside me towers a radiant angel, this
The fair *ci-devant* of a rout's disguise—
A Jove in petticoats, a Venus in curls!
Witches the air: birds sing—while dance the Pills.
I speak her fair: she answers me curtsies at me.
"What pre-existence had we shared before?"
Eyes look through eyes—one mind sits then and there;
And now my spirit has no more, never more
Sit, Mr. Lounger, thou our happy stars!
And rail no more, Sir, at our matchless railroad cars!

HOPKINSONIUS.

TWO LOST SONNETS.

I WAS lately looking into a small volume to verify a quotation, and as I laid it down could not help moralizing a little upon the fate of the book. It is twenty-one years since it was published, and I suppose it is long since out of print. It is very small, and contains three essays upon "Epic Poetry," "Shakespeare," and "Hamlet," followed by poems. The essays are exquisitely simple and lucid in style, and are subtle and vigorous in thought. The poems, especially the sonnets, are remarkable. Indeed there are two sonnets which are among the very best of this form of verse. Certainly none so good have been written in America. Let it therefore console the author of the last book of rhymes, which is already slipping into oblivion, that his chaff is dignified by the society whose fate it shares. Let no American poet grumble at the coldness of the public when he knows that two such sonnets as follow have neither made a name for their author nor saved his book from forgetfulness.

NATURE.

The bubbling brook doth leap when I come by,
Because my feet find measure with its call:
The birds more blithely chant the thing I love;
For I am known to them both great and small:
The flower doth spring where I set down my foot,
Expects me there when spring its bloom has given;
And always a tree and bush my wandering knows,
And e'en the clouds and silent stars of heaven:
For he who with his Maker walks aright,
Shall be their lord as Adam was before:
His ear shall catch each sound with new delight,
His sight each object more than then he saw;
And he, as when erect in soul he stood,
Hear from his Father's lips the law that all is good.

TO THE CANARY BIRD.

I can not hear thy voice with others' ears,
Who doubt not why thou singest or what part
And in thy tale of blighted hopes and fears
Feel not that every note is born with pain.
And that with thy delicious gentle well
Past days of joy should through thy memory throng,
And each to thee their wrath of sorrow tell
While ravished sense forgets them in thy song;
The heart that on thy music feeds
And pours in human words its thoughts divine,
Though it with thee in song exceeds
In song may charm the listening ear like thine,
And men with gilded cage and praise will try
To make the bard, like thee, forget his native sky.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A MODEL HUSBAND.

I KNEW a model husband—in a dream.
Where should I meet with one but when they seem;
A mural man, to decipher to it known;
The kind he never was, and never more can be;
And for the fool—I care the husband was.
Still, still I see him in the summer at the gate,
While his wife waited, and he could not speak one coin
Or bitter word, though nothing but the truth
For dinner was at three, and it was three,
He didn't swear to find a button gone.

A country justice of the peace, when sequest of seventy years of age, married a girl about nineteen; and being well aware that he was likely to be called on the subject, he resolved to be beforehand with his neighbors, when any of the intimate friends called upon him, after the first salutations were passed, he would say, "Well, you have come to wish me joy on being believed he could tell them news. "Why," says he, "I have married one of my master's daughter." If he was asked why he did so, the old gentleman replied, "Why I'll tell you another story. I was very much grieved at the thought the daughter might *put me her party gone to sea*."

The following notice, written on the door of a village school-house, would seem to indicate that the "schoolmaster is abroad:" "Ladies and gentlemen will please knock before they enter."

A celebrated author says that in sleep we are especially open to heavenly influences. How about the nightmare?

There is a man in Jermyn Street so knowing that the men who don't know their own minds come to him for information on the subject.

Beauty, like bakers, will spoil in time; kisses, like tea, will melt; wine will turn sour, and love is easy a bubble, bright, beautiful in the light of fancy—touched by the sharp reality of life it is no more. Friendship only is the hour: despair, the suicide's excuse; money, the god whose worship, though in fear of calling, will not die. Life as possible, and soon out of the fashion; pride, an exploded ridiculous folly.

A brilliant young gentleman remarked, the other day, to a lady with whom he was bowling ten-pins,

"I beg your pardon, I fear you would have made a capital baker."

"Indeed, Sir! Why?"

"Because you make such excellent rolls."

An Indian and white man were passing along a street, when the former observed a large pile of wigs, and pointing to the owner, who was standing in the doorway, said, "Ugh! him got plenty scalps here—like many ugly!"

CROTCHET CONVERSATION.—What carpenter's tool represents a soothsayer? An augur (augur).—What word signifies strong drink, and a young lady? A miss.—What plaything may be deemed above every other? A top.—What is dark, and yet not without colour, is ever welcome? A clerk.—What is that, although only four inches broad and three inches deep, sometimes contains a cold foot? A shoe.—When is a bonnet not a bonnet? When it becomes a cap.—What is that which we all take any questions, but requires many answers? The street-door.

Professor Jones had a peculiarly red nose; he red, indeed, that it was usually noticed in the dense interior of the temple was dedicated to Bacchus. Upon this point the Professor very properly remarked, One day a discussion propelled by some invisible hand, was hurled across the lecture-room, and was evidently in motion when the learned gentlemen's bald pate that, glancing off, it upon almost to the ceiling. "Down!" thundered out the Professor, "that was you, Sir; I know it, Sir; don't deny it, Sir; I'll not be insulted in this way, Sir; I'll not be insulted by a set of cowards, Sir; I'll not be—" "Stop!" repeated the Professor, "your nose is as red as beet." "Nose!" said the student, "I thought it was a rose-bud, and I'll only the richer for it, Sir, perhaps you looked at me over your nose."

A distinguished author was recently overtaken in a shower, and ran for shelter into a portico at the Westend. A young and beautiful lady, who was at the patio window, without looking attentively at the face of the author, waved a note out with an umbrella. The next day the delighted author received a billet-doux, in the last round of the prideous of what was becoming; and as the umbrella was an old one, and it took a long time to get through the crowd, the gentlest taste, called on the lady to return her battering ram. She received the author with evidently wishing remarking the change, and after listening with curious gravity to the many complimentary terms of the distinguished acknowledgments, she suddenly comprehended that he was not the gentleman who had been enamored of him; and forthwith warmly explained, to be had stood in the way of an accidental visit from her intended, who wished to come and see her unobserved, she had sent him the umbrella to *get him up her front door!*

A cockney conducted two ladies to the observatory to see an eclipse of the moon. They were too late; the eclipse was over, and the ladies were disappointed. "Oh!" exclaimed our hero, "don't fret. I know the astronomer very well; he is a very polite man, and I am sure he will begin again."

He must be a strong general who can storm and carry a fortress.

A NEVER THAW.—A correspondent of a French paper recently encountered an old woman leaning by a bank of snow. Kindly clasps on her arm; he inquired her calling. She said she was a *Marchande des Irresistibles*. Her profession was to blow the nose of the old lavolid cotillon who had no sense. She would scarcely make a living this fine weather, and was longing for November, which would bring catarrh in its train. Then the price a morning rose, and blows bursts of nose.

BUSHE SURLETT.—A country girl, who had lived in a small farm-house where bells were unknown, was sent to a neighboring gentleman's family. The bell was rung to give a signal for the servants to come to their meals. "Never the bell: don't you know when it is time to eat?" inquired the girl: "if her mistress was any don't her butter."

A negro being caught stealing from a hen-roost, excused himself by saying, "But his only reason he do so was for children, you must all dat, massa."

"Dear Laura, when we were young, you were ever dear to me; but now you're my wife, and I am paying your bills, you make me dearer and dearer still."

A short time ago a man became so completely "wrapped in thought" that he was tied up, labeled, and set off on the "train of ideas."

Before the days of toothshaker a neighbor of Mr. Bisbee's saw that gentleman at an early hour of the day crawling slowly homeward with his hands and knees over the fence ground. "Why don't you get up, Mr. Bisbee? why don't you get up and walk?" said his neighbor. "I've—swall-lo-lo-bot it's so mighty thin here that I'm afraid I shall go through through!"

An Irishman discovered a part of the wood-work of a chimney-piece on fire, that endangered the whole house. He rushed to the room, and, in his hurry, did not observe the intelligent. Down he rushed with him. A large kettle of water was in the fire. "Well, what's to be put out the fire?" "I can't, faix!" "Why, you fool! put the water out." "Sure, it's hot water, Sure!"

Tall gentlemen are always enemyful, because the ladies are all in favor of hy-men.

The habit of drinking can be cured by giving the drinkers all the liquor they want to drink all the time. A friend of two in our own experience who were cured in three weeks. One was pressed out by a mangle, and the other a cartoonist into his head. The other didn't get up one morning, and now now a cartoons growing over his head in the grave-yard.

"Why is the letter D like a rim?" said a young lady to her sweetheart, as they were promenading. "Because it surrounds an inch a ribustion, was as dull as a hammer. "Because it's in the middle of end," was the reply. "Because it's sure at the other end of the room," because we can't be sad without it."

"I, Mr. Tribb's a slow man that you never associate with him."

"Mr. Tibbs, my love, is as slow as the clock in the Court of Chancery, which takes an hour and twenty minutes to strike one."

"The boy at the head of the class will state what even the Queen of England is the world." Boy hesitates. "Dear, Master Jones, can you tell me what the dark ages were?" "I guess they were the ages before spectacles were invented."

"Wife, bring me some cold beef," said a shiftless husband, the other day. "Why, husband, I have served that up once more hungry than ever."

"There is no beef in the house," was the mild reply. "Fetch me some pork, then."

"No pork, either."

"Well, then, let me have some potatoes."

"Not a potato in the house."

"Thunder and lightning! get some bread, then."

"Not a crust in all the house."

"Well, then, give me a knife and fork, and *let me go through the country!*"

At a late military dinner one of the visitors proposed a toast, "May the man who has not lost one eye in the service of his country have courage to address with his own!" But the person whose duty it was to read the toast, by omitting the word *not*, completely changed the sense of the sentiment, and caused much merriment by the blunder.

GERMANS EUROPEAN.—It being reported that Lady Caroline Lamb was dead, a gentleman who had attended down one of her boys with a stout old poet Moore. "Oh, no, Sir," said the boy, "she's not dead, but she's very ill." On finding the nurse would for a literary lady then to stroke down a page. "Oh, I would rather," replied her bridship, "see a man than a woman, for he has never a pen behind."

IRISH TEMPERANCE.—A gentleman from Ireland, on entering a London tavern, saw a countryman of his, a Tipperary man, standing over his glass, when the following occurred. "Blood and 'ounds! my dear fellow," said he, "what are you doing here?" For the honor of Tipperary, I'll be after sitting over half a pint of wine in a house like this." "Sure, you're not in a public-house, are you?" he replied: "it's the seventh I have had, and every one in the house knows it."

How to destroy. One of these days he may be polite and return your bow.

How to make people acknowledge the corn. Tread on their toes.

Why is Berlin the most dissipated city in Europe?—Because it is always on the spree.

Our commercial affairs are all is queer, but he who asks may question is the parlor.

Laughing after dinner is a better stomachic to promote certain than Cognac, Champagne, or Curaçoa.

Why are all games of chess of equal duration?—Because it always takes *four knights* to play a game.

The first symptoms of love in the wheat of the world's progress were certainly very remarkable. "Love," says Burke, "my shoulder to her shoulder, and my head to hers." "Love," says Legouvé, "is a mutual gift." "Love is a fact, a sudden sting in my shoulder, like the biting of a gnat." "Love is a fever two days after, and a continual itching crept into my heart."

As old grub, in the city of Glasgow, who discounted bill and never dropped by saying "I promise to pay," and signed back securities, in the stage of indecision, was applied to for a loan, and said he would be glad to oblige one old Scotsman required additional security. The friend, who little cared for a signature of the kind, flew into a violent rage.

"Security, Sir! I'll give you the devil for security!"

"Well, well," replied the cautious old banker, "just bring him forward; and as I never have seen the gentleman, get two others to join in the note that he may bring, and we'll get the sitter."

We lately picked up the following memoranda, which we are dropped by a young lady attired in an elegant velvet tuba, an exhibition of which, with exaggerated fashionable novelty brilliant silk dress, with exaggerated fashionable novelty brilliant silk dress, with exaggerated flounces: "A must get a Vail, Sarkind, Glove, Iloven Hose, Satin Shymezett, Kahoe."

"I feel," said an old lady, "that I've got about through with my world. I don't enjoy much more trouble, nor suffer much more comfort."

Though we have no positive evidence of the fact, it is almost certain that Shakspeare was a broker, no one having furnished more stock quotations than he.

OUR RECENT VISITORS, THE PRINCE OF WALES AND SUITE—AT BRADY'S GALLERY, NEW YORK.—[SEE PAGE 689.]

FATHER GAVAZZI PREACHING AT THE PLACE DEI CROCIFIERI, AT MESSINA.

GAVAZZI PREACHING IN SICILY.

ALMOST all of our readers, we presume, have heard of Gavazzi, the famous Italian preacher who was with Garibaldi at Rome, and who subsequently traveled through this country preaching a crusade against the Pope. He is now in Sicily, preaching again, but this time to his countrymen, freed from oppression, and emancipated from theocratic tyranny. We present a picture of the scene.

What changes in a few years! Only ten years ago, Gavazzi, preaching against the Pope in St. Andrew's Church, Quebec, was assailed by a band of Irishmen, and would have been killed but for the protection of some Protestant gentlemen who gathered to defend him. The same Gavazzi, in whom time has not weakened his hatred of the Papacy, is still preaching against the Pope—but this time in Italy; and Irishmen, who had volunteered to maintain the Papal despotism, are prisoners at Ancona, vainly begging the protection of the British Government.

FARISTAN AND FATIMA.

AN ORIENTAL LEGEND.

DONE INTO HIS MOTHER-TONGUE BY E. A. BOWRING.

PART I.

Once in a famous Eastern city
There lived a tailor with a pretty,
In fact a very pretty wife,
Whom he loved better than his life.
Her eyes were of the blackest sort,
No lily's stem was half so slender,
Of finest silk her hair seemed wrought,
Her rosy cheeks were smooth and tender,
Her age scarce twenty—and, in short,
It was impossible to mend her.
One day quoth he: "You darling little wife, you!
Whatever would become of hapless me,
If I should happen to survive you,
And your fair body I should see
Lying a corpse, all cold and void of motion,
Within my arms? The very notion
Gives me a chill as if I now were dying!
I swear that if I, wretched man,
Only survive the shock, you'll find me lying
Upon your tomb for nine long days, and crying,
Crying the very best I can!"—

"And if, dear husband," she began,
"I'm the survivor when we're paried,
I'll bewail he, my Faristan,
Inside your coffin, broken hearted."—
"A noble woman!" he with rapture thought,
As in his arms his wife he caught.
He felt no doubt about it, for, you know,
She said it—so it must be so!

About a year had pass'd away
Since the agreement made that day,
When it so chanced that, as they sat
Over their evening meal of curry,
Spending the time in pleasant chat,
Poor Fatima, in too great hurry
To eat some tid-bit, while her eyes
Opied, in manner far from wise,
Her husband, not her plate, by ill-luck swallow'd
A little bone—of course you guess what follow'd.

What could be done? Poor Faristan
Skips here and there, does all he can,
Upon the back he thumps her,
He shakes her, bumps her, jumps her,
He tries to push it down, he upward tries to pull it—
In vain! She's choked by that small bone inside her little gullet!

Only imagine his despair!
Soon in her winding-sheet they fold her,
Black in the face, 'tis may be, yet so fair!
He could not summon courage to behold her.

Now Fatima is in her grave,
And Faristan begins to rave,
And rolls upon it, sighing with such ardor,
That he is heard a mile away and more,
Fully resolved (so much did he regard her)
Nine days to stop there, as we know he swore.

The Prophet chanced to pass that way,
Found it impossible to pray
In such a noise, so asked politely:
"What mean these groans and writhings so unsightly?"
"Oh, Sir!" said he, "within this tomb there lies
The best of wives—I never knew a cluster
Or nobler woman, loving, young, and wise—
And in the grave this very day I've placed her."

The Prophet answer'd: "Since you for her sake
Are grieving so, and merit to be lucky,
I'll grant your wish," and as he spoke,
The staff his hand was grasping struck he
Upon the tomb, and, lo! it open'd wide,
And Fatima appear'd outside
In health and beauty, and with rapturous passion
Rush'd to her husband's arms in loving fashion.
How they embraced and hugg'd each other!
Any spectator must have thought
Such kisses were enough to smother
Both man and wife.—And next they sought
To thank the Prophet for this miracle portentous,
But couldn't—he was non inventus!

PART II.

Good Faristan bethought him then
That Fatima's lone funeral linen raiment
(Although 'twas dusk) for walking home again
Was scarcely in the usual way, meant.
"Light of my eyes! behind these stones stoop down,
While I run home and fetch your shoes and gown;
The moon is up, there's little danger in it,
Fear not, and I'll be back in half a minute."

He spoke, and vanish'd like a shot.
Meanwhile there happen'd to approach the spot
The Sultan's son, escorted by the light
Of many torches through the night.
His servants, by the flickering glare,
Perceived a woman with disheveled hair,
And sagely clothing, seeking to conceal
Her somewhat striking dishabille,
Which in the darkness, by the torchlight aided,
Seem'd greater than it in the day did.

The Sultan's son his march suspended,
And then approach'd her unattended,

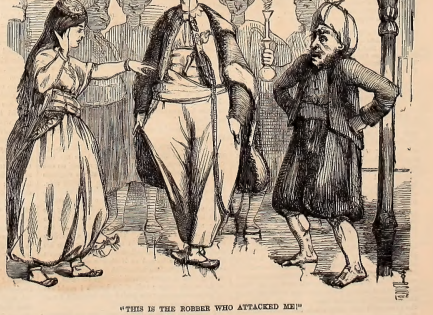
While she with arms and hands was trying
Her want of clothing to replace,
And left exposed, in beauty vying,
Two legs and feet of matchless grace.
The Prince, instead of putting on his duty
Clearly explain'd his hands before his face,
With might and main stood staring at the beauty—
"What loveliness is this I trace!
And yet the time, spot, dress, are rather funny—"
"My lord!" she said, in accents sweet as honey,
"I feel so awkward in this negligée,
I really know not what to say!"

The Prince at once confess'd the force
Of her remark, and then of course
Gave her his own great-coat at this suggestion,
And said, "Fair lady, just one question!
Pray, are you married? If you single are,
Come home with me, and be the brightest star
Within my harem! Be a prince's bride,
I love you more than all the world beside!"

Fair Fatima soon comprehended
Th' advantage of this offer splendid,
And found her knowledge as a tailor
In measuring its extent avail her.
Alas! when this proposal made he,
I grieve to say the naughty lady
Forgot her duty and her plighted troth,
Forgot her husband and her oath.
"My lord! I'm single, and quite ready
To offer you allegiance steady.
And live but for Your Royal Highness!"
"A bargain!" he exclaim'd with shyness!
A horse is brought, and, lighted by the torches,
Soon Fatima's inside his harem's perches.

Scarce had she gone when Faristan comes back,
Bringing the clothes she seem'd to lack.
She is not there! His wonderment immense is;
He shouted, search'd, and well-nigh lost his senses.
"She is some robber's prize," then thought he—
In this we scarce can contradict him;
He little dreamt that she could be so naughty
As to have been a willing victim!

"YOU DARLING LITTLE WIFE, YOU!"



"THIS IS THE ROBBER WHO ATTACKED ME!"

"Why didn't I escort her home at once,
Dress'd as she was? Alas, poor silly dunce!
To what distress my darling little wife
Will be! She said that she should find her life
So and without me, that she needs must be
Buried alive in the same grave with me.
You phenix of a woman! I'll be strange!
Has dared to pester you saved yourself from danger,
I'm sure that you'll have saved yourself from danger,
As any polite person would: the chance is
That you have scratch'd your face, or torn your hair,
Or even stain'd yourself in your despair!"

Alas, poor Patrician deluded,
She felt more happy for thou you said!
She liked her escort in the haven in
That she had not the slightest wish to go
And was all ready to her new position.
She quite forgot you and your sad condition.

PART III.

Poor Patrician begins to seek her
Early and late, through all the country round,
But all in vain; his hopes grow restless,
No trace of her can any where be found.
He also searches for the Island of the Dying,
Hoping that he could tell him something of it.

At length a person who was present
At the adventure, thought that he never unpleasant
That Fatima, the good and tender,
Instead of securing "No surrender!"
Host chosen the Prince a preference decided,
And in his haven happily resided.

Our hero now no longer waits,
But hastens to the Sultan gates,
Past all the servants, heralds, courtiers pushes,
Into the Prince's very presence rushes
And there begins to implore him
Him faithful his son to restore him.

The Prince, kind man (who maybe had enough
Of Fatima ere this), gave no rebuff,
But told him what he'd said, without excitement,
On learning what this strong appeal meant.
"She doubtless is inside herself with terror,"
Said Fatima, "and thought that you were me;
Oh let her come, and I'll explain her error.
My son dear will be very proud to shall see,
My gracious lord, with how much fervor
She'll rush to him as—Heaven preserve her!"
"Tis well!" the Prince replied, "so be it!
I'll as a daughter-in-law to see it."

The lady came—good Fatima!
Was so much dazzled by the splendor
Of her gold dress and jewels, that, poor man,
He knew her scarce, and felt like some pretender.
But Fatima in half a second
Knew him she well, despite dark, turn'd deadly white,
Then fiery red; but soon she reckon'd
With reason who was the way to win the fight.

Now, when the Prince observed her start, he
Rush'd up and said, "You know this party?"

"Oh yes!" replied the genius of all creatures,
"I recognize him and his features.
This is the robber who attack'd me,
Just now and dragg'd me to the spot from whence
Your Highness had the goodness to extract me.
Hell-scared, thanks be his impertinence!"

On hearing his dear wife thus speak,
Poor Fatima turns pale as death,
Stares wildly round, feels faint and weak,
His senses reel, he grasps for breath.
The Court in chorus all asserted
Each context proved a solid perverted;
His guilt was clear, the Prince commanded
That they should take him to the Cadi.
Into the judgment-room he's handed,
The case is tried, the guilty found
Deserv'd his doom, for proved
Malice aforethought, and even he for his life,
Seeing his conduct of his faithless wife?
He'd rather have it at an end.
The verdict "Guilty!" so they take him straightway
Off to the gallows near the city's gateway.

What could have saved his neck and reputation,
As he stood trembling at the gallows' station?
Had not the Prophet (who in our narration
Has got a by a party approach) the point
His figure glitter'd with an angel's splendor.
"This man is innocent," he told an officials,
And I'm his witness too!" he cried aloud,
The hangman dropp'd the rope, the crowd
Shrank when they heard this speech of one
Who never spoke in ignorance or malice,
And all together hasten'd to the palace
The Sultan came, attended by his son.
The Prophet, highly honor'd at the Court,
First says his say; then Fatima is brought.
Around them both the others form a ring:
Too conscious of her guilt, the naughty thing
Lifts up her eyes, the Prophet recognizes,
Falls down in trance while great the crowd's surprise is.

Good Patrian gets ample compensation,
While Fatima's consigned to be old tomb!
There she remains up until the day of doom.
He hasn't now the slightest inclination
To throw himself away, nay, and two,
Even for nine seconds, on her grave.

DOWN A CREVASSE.

I ARRIVED in Chamouny on the 6th of August, 1859, with a friend and companion, an Englishman like myself. We had had some days' walks in Switzerland, and in that time had "done" every thing considered necessary by our countrymen. We had gained some experience in glacier work, having ascended the Alitsch Horn, whose summit had been reached for the first time by Englishmen, a member of the Alpine Club, only two months before. We made the ascent successfully, and were proud of having been the first exploring party to stand on its lofty peak, nearly fourteen thousand feet high. On that occasion we passed two whole days on the snow and glacier.

I remembered well the first glimpse I had had info one of those terrible crevasses which intersect glaciers. Getting a guide to hold my hand, I leaned over its yawning brink and gazed carefully into the fathomless abyss. The two perpendicular walls of ice appeared to join together about three hundred feet down; an appearance resulting from the convexity of the crevasse. Usually, I believe, the great split ends only where the glacier touches the ground beneath.

"No one who falls into one of these ever comes out alive," said one of our guides. "Yes," said another, "a man once escaped, and lives still at the Grindelwald; he was a chamois hunter, and when coming home alone over the glacier, his foot slipped, and he was precipitated into a crevasse. His fall was broken by projecting ledges and blocks of ice; which, however, gave way as he clung to them. After falling three hundred feet, he reached the bottom of the glacier, with a leg and an arm broken. He found a hollow place between the ground and the ice through which a stream of water ran. Instinctively he followed its course, despite the great pain he suffered, and after crawling along for three hours, found himself freed from the glacier."

Ordinary crevasses are from three to eight feet wide at top, but the sides approach each other rapidly, so that a man would be wedged in between the two walls of ice long before he could reach the bottom. And then, unless there should be ropes at hand by some strange coincidence, what an awful death! An unfortunate Russian gentleman perished thus in a crevasse only last year, half frozen, half starved to death, and dead at his body ever melting the ice, he ever sinking deeper and deeper into its dreadful grave.

My companion and I ascended the Brevant, and as few climbing travelers leave Chamouny without visiting the Mer de Glace and the Jardin, we arranged to make that excursion. To shorten our day's work we left Chamouny in the evening and slept at Montanvert, a little mountain inn on the edge of the Mer de Glace.

We were up betimes in the morning. We provided ourselves with alpine sticks and wine, and started with our guide, whom we had brought from Courmayeur. It was a fine morning indeed, and promised well for our expedition. Our road, for about half an hour, was along an uneven path skirting the mountain side. Below us on our left hand, very much crevassed and covered with débris. The path then came to an end, and the guide said we might as well take to the glacier for a short distance. We descended on to it, and threaded our way over the crevasses without much difficulty.

The excursion to the Mer de Glace not being looked upon as a regular glacier expedition, is not made with the attendant accompaniments of axes or ropes. We had neither. We were in high spirits, and went along at a great rate; so quickly, indeed, that our guide, who had been somewhat cautioned us once or twice, and requested us to allow him to lead the way a little.

Just then our progress was arrested by a wide crevasse. Looking to the left I perceived that it terminated a little further down on, in a steep slope of ice, which I thought I could easily climb. As the crevasse was about sixty yards long, I determined to try this slope rather than go round by the other end.

Using my Alpenstock instead of an axe, therefore, I began making foot-holes in the ice with it. The guide had now come up with us. He looked at the icicles and the crevasse, and said, very seriously, "It is dangerous, let us go round." By this time I had, with the aid of my Alpenstock, climbed about half-way up the slope of ice. I had already come to the conclusion that it was much too steep to scale without an axe, and had determined to return and go round, when the guide had spoken. I carefully stretched back my right leg, feeling for the hole I had made in the ice. My foot went past the place, and I felt that I was slipping; the smooth surface offered not the least projection that I could grasp. I slipped forward perpendicular, and I fell, head foremost, into the yawning crevasse below.

I heard a loud cry of despair from my fellow-traveler and the guide. My own sensations can not be described, or even remembered clearly from the whirl and shock. I felt that I was being bumped from side to side between the two walls of ice; that I was being crushed, and that I was going to utter destruction; that I had lighted on a horrible death. Suddenly I felt that I was caught by something that I had instinctively felt in the air. I was able to take my breath, and to call out for "A rope! a rope!"

By the most extraordinary chance my fall had been arrested by a little ledge of ice which spanned the crevasse about fifty feet down. Had it been more, not more than two inches wide at the top, and (as well as I could judge) about two feet deep, I had fallen, as it was, sheer down on my right side, my legs on the other. Instinctively and immediately, by means which I can not at all recall, I raised myself from this dreadful position to a sitting one on the ledge, in which there was a little niche sufficiently wide to admit me. Here, I was now so far collected as that I could hear and understand my fellow-traveler saying from above, "We never hoped to hear of you again. For God's sake, take heart. The guide is gone to Montanvert for men and ropes; he is running, and will be back directly."

"If he is not," I answered, "I shall never come up alive."

My position was awful one. The little ledge was so narrow that I could not get both my feet upon it. I was, in fact, supporting myself on one leg, half leaning against one side of the crevasse and pressing my hand against the opposite side. The ice felt very smooth, and I had nothing to grasp. A stream of water poured over my shoulders from above, and I felt that I was losing my with its icy coldness. Overhead I could see the long narrow strip of blue sky, bounded by the walls of ice, and could hear the voices in terrible, unrelenting look in the intensely blue ice that surrounded me on all sides. The grim walls of the crevasse looked as if they would unite to crush me rather than relinquish their victim. Nausea rolls of water poured over me from above, and in the whole sixty yards of its length I could see no projection except the little ledge on which I had so miraculously chanced to fall.

I ventured to look down, only for an instant, into the fearful chasm in which I was suspended. At the depth to which I had fallen the crevasse was barely two feet wide, but downward it narrowed rapidly, and about two hundred feet below me the sides appeared to join. I believe that if I had fallen six inches on either side of the little ledge I must inevitably have been jammed in head downward, at a depth where no ropes that could have been brought there could possibly have reached me.

I had now been about twenty minutes standing in this horribly perilous position, straining every nerve to prevent myself from giving way, looking up at the blue sky above me and the clear ice on all sides, and endeavoring to cast a glance into the abyss below. Blood was trickling over me from a cut on my cheek, and I felt that my right leg (fortunately the idle one) was badly bruised. In the mean while my left leg was becoming exceedingly painful from the strain upon it, and I was afraid of losing my balance if I tried to relieve myself by changing to the other. I felt that I was growing benumbed by the intense cold of the ice against which I was leaning, and of the stream of water from above, which never ceased to flow.

I called to my fellow-traveler to know if any one were in sight? There was no answer. I called again. A human being seemed to be within hearing. A dizziness came over me, as the thought struck me, "He has gone to look if any help is coming, and he can not find his way back to the crevasse. There are hundreds of them. I am lost."

Again I had to strain every nerve to keep myself from sinking; I almost gave up hope; I felt inclined to let myself down and have the end over. At that miserable time I suddenly heard my friend shouting from above. He had gone to look if the guide were in sight, and when he returned found to retrace his steps, had been thunderstruck to see the surface of the glacier intersected by innumerable crevasses, and so similar in appearance as to leave him no landmark by which to know my living grave. At last, I think I must have had caught sight of a little knapsack left at the mouth of the crevasse by the guide, which had directed him to it.

I called to him to look at his watch—five minutes more were past. The cold was growing more intense; I felt a degree of speech that I felt as if the blood were freezing in my veins. I called to him again to know if any one were in sight. It was thirty-five minutes since the guide had started, but not a soul was visible. Indeed, it was most unlikely that they could be back so soon, as we ourselves had been three-quarters of an hour in coming thus far.

I felt that I could hold out but a very short time longer; and besides that I did not know at what moment the little ledge, which was my only safety, might give way under my weight. I remembered that I had a large clasp-knife in my pocket, and determined on attempting to climb with it, if I could. I began by making a little hole in the ice as high up as I could reach, large enough to admit my hand, and then endeavor was to cut a deep foot-hole about two feet above the ledge. I succeeded in this, and found that by placing my left foot in it, and my right by the place I had made for my hand, and at the same time pressing with my back against the other side of the crevasse, and with all my strength, I was able to raise myself and stand firmly in my new position. Again let myself down on to the ledge, and commenced cutting another foot-hole about two feet above the last. It seemed to me possible that in this manner I might work my way up across; but a single slip or a false step, and I knew I must be precipitated down the yawning gulf.

I was working diligently at the second foot-hole when I heard a joyful shout from above. "They are in sight!" cried my friend. "Ropes—coming as hard as they can!" A few minutes afterward I heard their voices at the mouth of the crevasse.

I steadied myself on my terrific perch and slippery footing in order to be able to seize and attach the rope when throw to me. I saw the end of it dangling over my head. "Merciful God! It will not reach me!" It is too short!" "We have got another rope, and are unwerrel from above' and it was knotted on and lowered. I caught the end, and tied it firmly round my waist. Grasping the rope above my head, I found I gave the word. The strain began, and I felt that I was safe. In another minute I was standing on the glacier.

I had been fifty minutes in the crevasse, during which time I had not lost consciousness for a single instant. But I was thankful at once more upon a firm footing, an all-pervading sense of gratitude for the wonderful escape I had had came over me, and made me forget for the moment Montanvert and the glacier whirled before my eyes, and I should have fallen but that they held me up. This was soon over, and we prepared to start for Montanvert. Before leaving I took a last look at the mouth of the crevasse which had so nearly been my sepulchre. I saw that it would have been utterly impossible to climb out; as I had been trying to do. The mouth was so wide that, as I approached it, I could have had no support from behind; and without such support, not even a cat could have scaled the perpendicular walls.

Our poor guide was in a terrible state, and had left the whole party behind him, and could find no rope fit for the purpose in the house. He was in despair, and was starting off to Chamouny when two more guides came. Their mules were laden with wood fastened on with ropes; he begged hard for those ropes, telling the men that a young Englishman was being frozen to death in a crevasse. They hastily threw the wood from the backs of the mules, and came to my rescue with the ropes, and brought the ropes with them knotted together (it seemed there were three in all), they made a length of about sixty feet, just enough to reach me.

With the assistance of my deliverers I was able to walk slowly back to Montanvert, where I was immediately put into a comfortable bed, where the injuries I had received (which were insignificant considering the depth I had fallen) were carefully dressed. I dreamed, with unspeakable dread, of what had happened when lying in that bed, and I have dreamed of it in many beds since. I believe that nothing would induce me to go among ice and snow now without a long and strong rope. I offer the caution to all other travelers in Switzerland, out of a great experience and a great escape.

THE OLD STORY.

FOLD the table hands over the lily-white breast. Smooth the silken hair upon the temples so accessibly throbbing with thought. Close the yet tinted lips. Let the pale, waxen hands be crossed over the tiny feet. Unclasp the fingers and fill them with buds and blossoms. Scatter rose-lips mingled with green leaves upon the swelling folds of her breast. Touch the marble forehead. Droop the curtain a little more. Gently smooth the one fold in the covering of the bed, white bed. Move that chair just a little—so. Leave her alone in the still room.

It is only a year since Frank went away. It is only two years since he sat one morning with Ellie to see the sun rise. That was a curious whim of the little student—that Frank should sit with her on the mossy rock which shadowed the cottage door and see the glory of an August morning. But with little wonder to Frank. For if Ellie would have him sit by her side and look at a desert, he would joy to do it for the blue of her eyes.

The morning was beautiful—fragrant, dewgemmed, cool, still, almost solemn in its silent search from the black-lapsted shadows of night to the lighted coarts of day. Frank's exuberance was checked, his springing merriment softened into a silent kneeling on while the hush of morning was being evolved. Clouds, crested and massive, marched in totallions to the glistening gateways. Airy, attenuated cloud-fragments swept the face of heaven in childlike trepidation as the golden glory seemed ready to break. The crown of the day-king lifted behind the forest-tops: the birds sang a trilling, tremulous song of welcome; and the face of the little worn was wreathed in delight.

The miracle touched a chord in the young man's heart. This glory brought to his thought the glory of the Infinite, and then the whole life infinite; and then that finite love through which we catch glimpses of the other. And then Frank—

Ellie, leaning within his arm, said,

"I little thought of this joy when I asked you to meet me and see the morning."

"We live in deeds, not years—in thoughts, not breaths." One—two—three—ten months sailed by, with only the little foam-nasles and the musicripple of Ellie's laughter at the prow. Then word went up West, fortune-hunting—money-making. It is the one stern necessity of the people—the hope upon which beings party and love from the clouds to perch upon rugged heath, and seek worms in the land.

One—two—three long, lonely months, sparkling with loving letters. Four—five—Ellie is a little sad—very sad—tearful. The letters are not regular. They are less frequent. And words, a million times worse than all, there is a strange chill in them. The same words are there, but they have lost their life, and are dead words, corpses.

Ellie is brave, and holding back the tears she clasps her nature in the rigid grasp of will, to hold it against the sweep of such a storm as moans in the distance.

There are whispers of a brilliant, black-eyed beauty having cast her spell on Frank. Ellie knows that it is true, for she has seen it in manila. She makes no answer to his letters, and they come no more.

Friends do not see Ellie in tears. They do not see her sad. "How very brave!" they say. "She does not mope over it, as most women do." Remark the gossipers over their tea and toast.

She is indeed brave; but not strong enough to hold her tears always. She has learned that is not allowed to beat its will beats faintly and more low word. The strain upon the will makes the will tired and weak. Months, one—two—three—carry each a portion of her strength away; and with strength, life. A little more pale, a little more quiet. A little more tender and loving. Ellie can not lift as she used to. The breath comes heavy and fast when ascending the stairs of room. The hands upon the pillow are more and more transparent; the fingers lighter, the nails more pink and pearly (one more tint); but it and the lily whites are softer, purer. The eyes upon the pillow are more full of light than ever. Ellie is very, very weak. She is not sick; but her life is sinking from her. And yet she holds her woman nature in that strength—to the last.

No. A dear opens, a strong trend reaches the bedside, and a face is buried in the pillow, while dark, heavy locks are mingled among the silken ones. There is a prayer for forgiveness. Freely, oh, how freely! granted; and then Ellie lets go her strength, and the tears of many months.

Frank is manly, and tells it all. Dazzled, fascinated, overmatched by a stronger spirit than his own, he yielded. He thinks now that he was miserable: and the price itself became a blank in value. Cursed by conscience and the old returning love, he had told his enchantress all, and now had hurried home to beg of Ellie the one boon—forgiveness.

Too late to stay the tide of life. But when Ellie gave her last glance Frank was there, and saw in it a glance of free forgiveness.

Let the room be hushed when Frank goes in. Leave him alone with the beautiful dead, himself, and the Father of us all.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE NEW GOVERNMENT LOAN.

The bids for the $10,000,000 Government loan—half of the sum authorized to be borrowed by the last Congress—were opened at the Treasury Department on Monday. The bonds bear five per cent. interest, and are redeemable in ten years. There were forty-six bidders for various amounts, the aggregate being half a million over the sum required. The premiums offered averaged about ¼ per cent.—a high price for a five per cent. stock at this season.

A DISUNION CONSPIRACY.

The *Times* correspondent writes from Washington as follows: "It is my painful duty to confirm, on undoubted authority, the statements which have gone abroad from this city implicating certain high officials in the most diabolical schemes of treason and disunion. The gentleman who revealed the plot is R. J. Lackey, Esq., late of the Treasury Department. He is a Virginian by birth, and son-in-law of Ex-Governor King of Missouri, and enjoys a reputation in this community for integrity and goodness of heart of which any man might be proud. He was dismissed from office a few weeks ago on the pretended ground that he had declared his preference for Lincoln over Breckinridge. This he denies, and the probabilities all go to sustain his denial, for he is not only a Southerner, but the owner of a large amount of slave property in Missouri.

"Mr. Lackey distinctly states that a high official in the Treasury Department communicated to him the plan of the Disunionists, of which he cordially approved. The plan, as stated, is for the Governors of the Southern States to convene their Legislatures by proclamation on the 8th day of November, or as soon thereafter as the election of Mr. Lincoln can be ascertained; that the Legislatures will proceed to declare the Union dissolved, and to pronounce in favor of Mr. Breckinridge as the President of the Southern Union."

ANOTHER SAN JUAN AFFAIR.

Advices from Washington Territory state that Colonel Casey, of the United States army, commanding troops there, has received orders from his superior officer to pay no more rents for the station back of Steilacoom. For several years the United States Government have been paying an annual rent of $600 to a British agricultural company, for the purpose of keeping troops within the boundaries of American soil.

HORRIBLE ACCIDENT.

A telegram dated Scranton, Pennsylvania, Thursday, October 25, says: "A horrible accident occurred at seven o'clock this morning at Port Griffith, between Pittston and Wilkesbarre, at the Pennsylvania Coal Company's Works. A car containing twelve miners started for the mine down a slope of 1500 feet, and when about half-way the rope broke, and the car was precipitated to the bottom. Eight men were instantly killed and two are not expected to live. The remainder were saved by jumping from the car."

A SNAKE SENT BY POST.

A colored woman in Chicago astonished the Post-office loungers a few days ago with a series of most agonizing shrieks and screams. She had just received a small package from Marion, and on opening it a green adder was revealed to her astonished gaze. The by-standers soon dispatched the reptile, and the woman showed them a letter which her husband had written, urging her to "kiss this dear little pet for me, and take it, and sleep with it for God's sake." He also informed her that he was going to get a bill of divorce as soon as possible. Jealousy was of course the origin of this domestic escapade.

A MUNIFICENT DONATION.

A communication has been received from Mr. N. Hatch, of Egremont, Massachusetts, by the Commissioners of Charities and Corrections proposing to present to the City of New York four hundred acres of land, situated in Ulster County, in this State, for the exclusive use and benefit of the children of the poor in New York who are thrown upon the city for support and protection. The benefit will be extended to such worthy and proper persons, of both sexes, as may be selected by the Commissioners. The property is to be placed in the hands of trustees, four of whom will be appointed by the Commissioners of Public Charities. The matter is under consideration.

THE LATE EARTHQUAKE.

The earthquake gave five shocks to the Springfield people. The *Republican* says: "The earthquake extended over all the northern part of New England and through Canada. At Boston and vicinity it seems to have been lighter than here; at Manchester, New Hampshire, about the same; while at Saco, Maine, there was a loud report, a perceptible rocking of buildings, with the ringing of bells. It grew in severity as it extended up the Connecticut Valley. We hear of it through Vermont, at Barton, St. Johnsbury, Northfield, Woodstock, Windsor, and Littleton. At Barton fastened doors were unlocked and the church bells rung by it; and at Northfield a church spire was shaken out of its propriety, and left standing obliquely. The Connecticut, Albany, and New York papers do not mention the phenomenon as observed in those places."

A BRUTAL MURDER.

On Thursday night of last week, about eleven o'clock, Martin Cuff, an Irishman in the employ of Messrs. S. and H. Sayles, of Dayville, was brutally murdered at Killingly Centre, by having his throat cut from ear to ear. The deed was committed at the house of James Cuff, a relative of the deceased.

It appeared that on the night in question Martin and James, with a small child, occupied a bed together in a room at some distance from that occupied by James Cuff's wife and children, who were the only occupants of the house. About 11½ o'clock James informed his wife that some one had entered the house and murdered Martin. She commenced screaming, but her husband ordered her to be quiet, and she remained in bed through fear, while he went out to obtain assistance. When the neighbors arrived the body was already stiff and cold.

In the morning a jury of inquest was impanneled, and continued in session during the day. James Cuff's statement was that he was awakened by the child, and on looking over saw that Martin had been murdered, and just caught a glimpse of a man going out of the door.

Upon being cross-questioned he gave a very unsatisfactory account of the affair. He did not know where his razor was, or whether the handle was black or white, and made many confused statements, which served to fasten suspicion upon himself. Finally, after a long examination, he confessed to being the murderer.

It appeared that he had some dispute with Martin on the previous day, and in the night he got up, and forcing Martin's head over the side of the bed, deliberately cut his throat with a razor, the blood falling in a pool upon the floor.

A LETTER FROM RALPH FARNHAM.

Ralph Farnham, the veteran of Bunker Hill, who has recently visited Boston, causes the following letter to be written to the papers of that city:

"Acton, Maine, *October* 23, 1860.

"I will give you a brief account of my journey home. When we arrived at Lawrence there was a large crowd at the dépôt. They requested me to hold my hat out of the window, which I did, when they showered the 'needful' into it as I never expected to see in my life; then, as the train moved on, we left them amidst such cheers as I shall never forget.

"At Dover, New Hampshire, I received a like reception, and the worthy Mayor very kindly attended me over to Great Falls and presented me with a $10 bill.

"At Great Falls I met with the same demonstration as at Lawrence and Dover, and the Ticket Master of the Great Falls Branch Railroad invited me to a dinner that I enjoyed very much.

"After leaving Great Falls I was received with hearty cheers all the way along, until I arrived at Acton. I told them, when I got home, that 'I had seen the elephant,' and was very glad to get back.

"I am in good health, and my friends think I am better than when I started on my journey. I am sure that I am as well.

"I am very grateful for the honor done me, by the invitation to visit Boston, and the many attentions which I received when there. I remember with special pleasure my visit to Bunker Hill, attended by the Charlestown city authorities, the military and music; also the addresses delivered on that occasion by the Mayor and Mr. Frothingham.

"I am also greatly indebted for the liberal sums of money and the many presents I received. My thanks, which is all I have to offer, seem but a poor return for so many favors. I ought especially to mention Mrs. W. Farnham Lee, and the company of Lancers, and Mayor Dana of Charlestown, and Mr. Gilmore's Concert Band, for their liberal presents.

"Though I am in my 105th year I am not past all usefulness; I split my own kindling-wood, and build my own fires. I am the first one up in the morning, and the first one in bed at night. I never sleep or lie down in the day time, but rise at five and retire at seven, and this I continue summer and winter. I have always been temperate, and for over thirty years past I have not tasted a drop of spirituous liquors, or even cider. I was never sick in my life, so as to require the attendance of a physician. About twenty-five years ago I broke my thigh by falling on the ice, and had a surgeon to set it; but this is the only time a doctor ever attended me. I live on plain farmers' diet, drink tea and coffee, and eat a very light supper, never eating meat after dinner. I have no doubt it was owing to these abstemious and regular habits, and the avoidance of medicine at all little ailments, that my life has been so prolonged. I voted for General Washington for President, and have voted at every Presidential election since, and hope to vote at the next election. This is the duty of every Christian freeman.

"This letter, which my grandson has written at my direction, I have carefully read and approved, and I sign it with my own hand. Ralph Farnham."

THE WASHINGTON PISTOL FOUND.

The Washington *Star* says that Thaddeus Hyatt, proceeding to North Elba for the purpose of distributing some money to the family of John Brown, was there waited on by many persons, one among whom spoke of a certain pistol in the possession of some member of the family. Inquiring into the matter, he became convinced that the weapon referred to was one of a pair once belonging to General Washington, which had been taken from Colonel Lewis Washington's house at the time of the Harper's Ferry affair. He spoke to the family concerning this relic, and went on his way to Kansas. When he returned from that part of the country to New York, he found at his residence a mysterious box, which had been awaiting him for some time, and which had excited no little apprehension lest it should turn out to be an infernal machine. The box was found to contain the pistol spoken of, and this has now been restored to its rightful owner.

THE DECISION IN THE HARTUNG CASE.

We read in the Albany *Journal* of October 13:

"Among the decisions just made by the Court of Appeals is one in the case of Mrs. Hartung, which turns upon the construction of the new law in relation to capital punishment.

"The Court holds that the statute of 1860, in its application to persons under conviction at the time of its passage is unconstitutional and void, as *ex post facto*, because it prescribes a different and increased punishment from that in force at the time when the offense was committed. To the punishment of death it superadds one year's imprisonment at hard labor.

"The Court also expressed the opinion that the new law, having abolished the only statute defining hanging as the mode of punishment, and itself prescribing no new mode, there is now no known sentence which can be pronounced against a person convicted of murder in the first degree. Though such persons are to be 'executed,' yet, whether it is to be by chloroform, or by poisoning, in the jail, or by burning at the stake in front of the Capitol, or by hanging, rests in the discretion of nobody knows who—perhaps the Governor, perhaps the Sheriff.

"The 'execution' is to take place whenever ordered by the Governor in office. If the Governor does not order it, it never takes place. The convict remains imprisoned for an indefinite term, liable at any moment to be ordered to instant execution in any way that caprice may dictate.

"There is a prevalent idea that, although the statutory provision is abolished, hanging remains the punishment by common law. But where the Legislature repeal a statute which was merely in affirmance of the common law, it can not be presumed that they intended to retain the very thing which they abolished.

"In the case of Mrs. Hartung the offense charged was at common law defined as 'petty treason,' and the punishment prescribed therefor was burning at the stake. It would scarcely answer to claim that the Legislature intended to revive the common law in respect to this class of cases.

"It may be urged that all murderers can, under the new law, be convicted of murder in the second degree, for which the punishment is imprisonment for life. But suppose the criminal, to evade this, pleads guilty of the crime of murder in the first degree, how can any Court sentence him for a less offense than that of which he is, by his own confession on the record, guilty?

"The decision in the case of Mrs. Hartung by the Court of Appeals, it will be seen, also applies to the cases of Sanchez and another, now under sentence in the city of New York."

MEN'S FASHIONS.

The New York correspondent of the Charleston *Mercury* furnishes the following paragraph concerning hats and cravats:

"A word about men's fashions. The tendency, of late years, you know, has been toward the *outre* English style. The Prince's visit has done something to encourage this imitation of the Anglican modes, even to the extent of copying the abominable hats which every body in the Royal party wore, from the Prince downward. Such a collection of shocking bad hats was never seen, except on scarecrows in a corn-field. They all had wide brims, or else turned up awkwardly at the edges, and had a dull lustre, as if they had been extensively rained upon. The Duke's hat was eminently seedy, and no New Yorker with the slightest regard for his reputation would have been hired to wear it down Broadway. The Earl of St. Germans sported a still shabbier tile, of the bell-top pattern. Lord Lyons' castor had a decided appearance of having been sat on several times and then punched out into a rude resemblance of its original shape, which was a very bad one. The younger members of the party exhibited a slightly advanced taste in respect to their hats, but there was not one among the whole collection which an American hatter would have dared to send out of his store as a specimen of his own manufacture. Such ape-like mimics are many of our fashionable young fellows, however, that copies of these atrocious hats are already beginning to supplant the light, shining top-piece which it has hitherto been the pride of New York youth to wear. The turn-down collar and thickly-folded cravat, exhibited by the Prince and the juveniles of his party, are also beginning to be affected by the ready copyists on Broadway. The Prince has given the *coup de grace* to French male fashions among us. With this exception, there is nothing new in the Fall modes of this metropolis."

DEATH OF A VETERAN.

Another of the naval veterans of 1812 is dead. Commodore Charles M. Skinner, who had been nearly half a century in the Navy, died on Monday, at Richmond, Virginia. He entered the service as a midshipman in 1809, and performed altogether fourteen years and seven months sea-duty. He was on shore nineteen years and eleven months, and spent seventeen years unemployed. Few flag officers have done less squadron duty than Commodore Skinner. We believe he never commanded a fleet but one, when, in 1845, he relieved the gallant Commodore Perry on the African station. He was attached to the *Washington* (line-of-battle ship) in the Mediterranean during the battle of Waterloo, and subsequently was chief of the Bureau of Construction (in 1848); Commander of the Norfolk Navy Yard (in 1847), and Superintendent of the Ordnance Bureau. In private life the Commodore was much esteemed for his genial disposition and many amiable social qualities. Personally, he was of low stature, but of a commanding presence nevertheless. He was placed on the retired list in 1855.

SHOCKING AFFAIR.

A melancholy tragedy occurred in Chambers County, Florida, on the 28th, of which the *Opelikia Era* says: "It appears that a difficulty occurred between Captain Samuel Jeter and an elderly man named James Taylor—originating, probably, in an old grudge. In the course of the dispute, Taylor prostrated Captain Jeter with a stick, whereupon two of his (Taylor's) sons joined in the assault, and the three commenced cutting and stabbing the defenseless body of their victim. Mr. Richard C. Jeter, the only son of the Captain, rushed to his father's aid, and plunged a bowie-knife into the heart of the elder Taylor, causing his death instantly. Captain Jeter still survives, but it is thought the wounds inflicted by the Taylors will prove mortal. R. C. Jeter resides within one and a half miles of this place, and is one of the most respectable, wealthy, and intelligent of our community."

EXECUTION OF A MURDERER.

On Friday last Daniel Clifford was hung in the jail yard at Dubuque, Iowa, for murdering a man named Wood, whom he robbed of $27. Clifford was but twenty-two years of age, yet the murder was so unprovoked that hardly any sympathy has been manifested for him. He refused to eat any breakfast on the morning of his execution, and had to be supported while on the way to the gallows. Arrived there, he had to be lifted up the steps, and when kneeling in prayer with the priests, he kept constantly repeating, "O Lord, receive my soul!" "O Lord, receive my soul!" Although the body fell about seven feet when the rope was cut, the wretched man died from suffocation.

MR. PETER COOPER'S TROWSERS.

It is positively asserted in the *Courrier des Etats Unis*, in an article on the ball to the Prince of Wales, that of that famous festival "the pantaloons of the venerable Peter Cooper were the most curious ornament. These ambitious pantaloons," adds the careful chronicler, "came up on the breast to the neighborhood of the cravat, and at each bow made by the obsequious millionaire the top button bloomed out in the opening of the vest, like a third eye opened wide in order the better to admire his Highness."

A MYSTERY AT SEA.

The following letter concerning the probable loss of the American ship *Oliver Putnam* appears in the Boston *Post*:

"Consulate of the United States at Mauritius, *September* 5, 1860.

"Sir,—I beg to communicate, for publication, the following statement:

"On the 19th day of August last there arrived at this Consulate, from the island of Bourbon or Reunion, seven men; viz., Charles O'Neil, Thomas Donnelly, Benjamin E. Ropes, William Hughes, John B. Jenkins, James Healy, and William Robinson, who stated that they were a portion of the crew of the American ship *Oliver Putnam*, of Newburyport, Ami Smith master, abandoned at sea, in a sinking condition, on the 26th day of July last past, in the longitude of 45° 55′ east, and latitude of 38° 2′ south. That they had been ordered into a boat for the purpose of taking some effects, instruments, etc., to the long-boat towing astern of the ship; then to return to the ship, and all hands to be divided between the two boats, and leave in company. On casting off from the ship to carry this plan into effect, these men in their boat became separated from the ship, and, owing to the high sea, could not reach her again for nearly twelve hours, when, the sea having gone down somewhat, they passed alongside of her, and hailed her, and signaled with lanterns, but got no reply. The ship appeared deserted, and the long-boat which they had left towing astern was gone. They therefore bore away for the coast of Madagascar, and after five days were picked up by the French brig *Celina*, and taken to the Island of Bourbon.

"No tidings of the captain, officers, and remaining crew have as yet reached me.

"I have recorded the statement of the men in detail, a copy of which can be furnished to any person interested.

"I am, respectfully, your obedient servant,

"Geo. H. Fairfield, *U.S. Consul.*"

THE HARLEM RAILROAD.

The Harlem Railroad has never been managed with more energy than at present. It affords greatly increased facilities to its passengers, and is important to this city and the rich valleys of Westchester, Putnam, Duchess, and Columbia counties, through which it passes. Several extra trains have been put upon the road, and a number of new cars have been provided, fitted with every convenience for the comfort of passengers. The new baggage and mail cars with a "smoking-room," as well as all the express passenger cars, have the new patent attachments for keeping down the dust and deadening the noise of the wheels. There are two express trains to Albany daily—one leaving New York at seven in the morning, and another at five in the evening, arriving at Albany at noon and 10 P.M. The mail train leaves Twenty-sixth Street at 10 A.M. Connections are made by the express trains with the New York Central, and tickets are issued through to the principal places of the West, Northwest, and Southwest. These facilities and the late improvements of the line will doubtless increase the travel, and add greatly to the receipts of the road. Six fast trains are now running on the road daily.

PERSONAL.

The *Herald* says: "Lady Franklin is still among us, the honored guest of one of our princely merchants, distinguished alike for his sympathy and his munificence. It is a little more than two months since she arrived from England, the special object of her visit being to pour out her sincere and unaffected thanks for the sympathy expressed on her behalf, and the disinterested private enterprise which fitted out two separate expeditions for the purpose of ascertaining the fate of her husband. She has traveled in some of the Western States and over the British provinces, and is again in the city of New York. While her revered companion was sleeping, unknown to her, in his icy sepulchre, the genial influence of hope seemed like a beautiful aurora streaming from the black horizon in the Arctic winter of her sadness; and though the snows of thirteen seasons have covered his remains, the radiant influence of affection and goodness amidst all her sorrows, have left the genial impression on her countenance. She was greatly gratified by a visit to the institution for the instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, in company with her niece and a few intimate friends. When she suggested autumn as a subject for some of the pupils to write brief compositions upon, they did not forget to speak in glowing terms of the magnificent appearance of the foliage on the trees the present season; and the subject seemed in beautiful harmony with Lady Franklin herself, whose sixty seasons now find her in the rich autumn of her existence. In some of the compositions allusions were made to her husband. This unsealed the fountains of tenderness in her heart, and she was touched by the circumstance. Lady Franklin will soon leave New York to proceed to California, which it is expected she may make her future residence."

The *Herald* correspondent telegraphs: "The distinguished Southern statesman whom I alluded to as about to accept the Department of State under Lincoln is understood to be William C. Rives, of Virginia; and rumor adds that John M. Reed, of Philadelphia, and Mr. Pettigrew, of South Carolina, will become members of the Cabinet."

Captain Charles Henry Arnaud de Reviere, whose adventures in this city some months since excited so much interest, is said to be attached to Lamoriciere's army, or rather to what there is now left of it.

A pleasant incident of the ball given to the Prince by the Bostonians was the interview between his Royal Highness and Miss Hosmer, the sculptress. As Miss Hosmer, in company with Mr. Everett, approached the Prince for presentation, the latter turned, and recognizing her at once, anticipated an introduction by greeting her warmly and expressing his great pleasure at meeting her again. He said that little "Puck" (ordered by him some time since) now adorned his rooms at Oxford, and still called forth the admiration of all who view it. After a pleasant chat, Miss Hosmer promenaded with Lord Lyons.

Mr. John W. Grist, of Washington, District of Columbia, a most estimable gentleman, was assaulted and killed last week by two brothers named George A. and Charles H. Latham. The affair had its origin in politics. The two brothers drew their revolvers on Mr. Grist in the open street, followed him, and fired. Grist also drew his weapon and returned the fire. Fifteen shots were fired. Grist was wounded in several places. Several people on the street were struck. Grist received a mortal wound in the abdomen, the ball passing entirely through him.

The Countess of St. Germans, wife of the Earl of St. Germans, attached to the suite of the Prince of Wales, is a grand-daughter of the Marquis Cornwallis who commanded the British troops at Yorktown.

Jenny Lind-Goldschmidt has just returned to England from a visit of some weeks to her native city of Stockholm, where she was cordially received by her friends, from whom she had been absent for some years. Her successor upon the musical stage of Sweden, Louise Michal, whom the Swedish critics agree in considering little if any inferior, has lately been married to her cousin, and, in imitation of her predecessor, now signs her name Louise Michal-Michaeli.

The Baltimore *Patriot* says: "The accomplished Miss Mattie Taylor, daughter of Colonel Taylor, of Covington, Kentucky, and a relative of the late President Taylor, has received from the Prince of Wales a diamond brooch, surmounted by his crest, as a souvenir of the pleasure her company afforded him in dancing with his Royal Highness at the late Cincinnati Ball."

High respectability does strange things in Maine. A Portland paper says that "a highly respectable young lady" of that city made a sportive wager that she would carry a dozen brooms through the streets lying between the shop of the donor and her own residence. The offer was accepted, and on Wednesday morning, at 9 o'clock, she shouldered the useful implements and performed her share of the contract. The editor says "she presented a very pretty appearance."

Mr. J. W. Forney was burned in effigy, on last Friday evening, at Reading, Pennsylvania, by some juvenile Democrats who feigned intense indignation at the course which he took in the late State election. He was represented by a figure of straw, holding in its hand a copy of the *Press*.

Rev. H. Grattan Guinness is expected to arrive at Boston by the *Europa* about the 1st of November. He will commence his labors there as an Evangelist, and then will make a tour through the States.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

A SAD SUICIDE.

The son of Mr. Bradbury, of the eminent firm of Bradbury & Evans, of London, printers and proprietors of *Punch* and other well-known publications, has recently committed suicide in a remarkable manner. He went to Cremorne Gardens, and spent the evening in the amusements of that celebrated place. Toward the close of the entertainment he procured silver for a ten-pound note, and, going to the front of the dancing-platform, scattered it among the crowd. He then called for a glass of grog, and, having emptied into it a phial of prussic acid, made a speech, proposed the health of the company, drank off his glass, and, alas! fell dead in the midst of that scene of wild riot and confusion. He was a young man of great ability and promise, and was very recently presented with a gold watch by the Emperor of the French in acknowledgment of the value of an improvement he had made in printing.

THE POPE'S BRIGADE.

At a village near Ballymena, Ireland, a man by mistake delivered a paper containing the following, instead of an order for goods: "I do swear, in the presence of my holy brethren, by the Holy Cross of St. Peter, and by the Blessed Lady Mary, that I will maintain the holy religion, and exterminate all heretics, as they are called by our Holy Father the Pope, at two hours' warning. * * * P. G. M." A similar document was found one night in the pocket of an unclaimed vest lost during a riot.

ITALY.

THE LATEST FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

At latest dates there was a lull in the civil war in Italy. No new movement is reported from either Naples or the Papal States. The Sardinian troops, however, to the number of twenty thousand, under General Cialdini, had received orders to enter the Neapolitan territory; and we may therefore shortly expect news of some decisive event. The French army at Rome was to be increased to sixty thousand men.

Rumors had for some time been current that Capua had surrendered, and that the bombardment of the town was progressing, but neither had been confirmed. The line of the Volturno was still strongly protected, and it was said the Neapolitans were prepared to defend their positions. Some Sardinian troops assisted the Garibaldians in the battle. Garibaldi had called on the King of Sardinia to go to Naples, and to send him fourteen thousand men immediately. The Piedmontese troops had entered the Neapolitan territory. It was reported that three of the great Powers had protested against the entry of the Sardinians into Naples. Mazzini had quitted Naples by request of the Pro-Dictator. Advices from the Papal States indicate no change in the state of affairs there. The Pope remained at Rome. General Lamoricière had returned to France. The French had occupied numerous places near Rome. It was reported that a third division will be sent from France to Rome.

THE BATTLE OF VOLTURNO.

We have details of the battle of Volturno. The Neapolitans, estimated at 30,000 strong, attacked the Garibaldians on the 1st, under cover of a thick mist, and carried some positions, and for a time succeeded in driving back the Garibaldians, whose numbers did not reach half theirs. Garibaldi went forward, revolver in hand, cheering on his men, and after a desperate fight of eight hours' duration the Neapolitans were broken and routed, and were pursued close under the walls of Capua. A brigade of Germans was cut off from the main body of the Neapolitan army and driven to the mountains. The Garibaldians took five thousand prisoners, and it was estimated that the Neapolitans had three thousand killed and wounded. The loss of the Garibaldians was stated at between twelve hundred and two thousand men. The royalists subsequently made a sortie from Capua, to the rescue of the German Brigade, but were repulsed. The King of Naples and his brothers were present at the battle.

HONORABLE GALLEY-SLAVES.

A letter from Naples in the *Constitutionnel* says that the 1500 galley-slaves in the bagnio of Castellamare, profiting by the absence of all military force, demanded to be allowed their liberty during the daytime. Their guardians would fain have refused, but they were few and the convicts many. All they could do was to obtain from them their word of honor that they would come back to their cage at nightfall. The prisoners gave the required pledge, and went forth to take the air. Incredible it certainly seems, but the letter declares that they not only kept their word, but did no mischief while out of bounds. A neighboring proprietor having misgivings as to the probity of these gentlemen, ordered his servant to keep the gates shut and a bright look-out. The servant was astonished. His answer was characteristic: "Why, Sir," he exclaimed, "what need of such precautions? The Castellamare galley-slaves are all assassins, not robbers."

A DAUGHTER OF GARIBALDI.

A serenade having been offered, a few nights ago, at Genoa to the daughter of Garibaldi, she addressed the crowd in the following terms: "Brethren! I thank you for your manifestation in favor of the brave men who are fighting for the unity of Italy. Then long live Italy! long live those brave men! and the *Re Galantuomo!*"

SYRIA.

MORE MASSACRES OF CHRISTIANS.

It is stated that, since the departure of Fuad Pacha from Syria, the Mussulmen had recommenced their massacres, and killed twenty Christians. The Mussulmen were furious against the Christians, and had threatened the life of the Russian Consul.

FOREST CITY. MOUNT VERNON. ARIADNE. HERO

EMBARKATION OF THE PRINCE OF WALES AT PORTLAND, MAI

FLYING FISH. KILE.

AINE, ON OCTOBER 20, 1860.—Drawn by C. Parsons, Esq.—[See Page 689.]

SPIRIT-RAPPING MADE EASY;

OR,

HOW TO COME OUT AS A MEDIUM.

BY ONE WHO IS IN THE SECRET.

THE writer of the present paper is induced to proffer his explanation of the phenomena produced by the so-called Spirit Mediums, from two or three circumstances peculiar to his own experience. He is disposed to look at the performances of the Spirit Mediums from a point of view somewhat different from that of their ordinary audience. In fact, he considers them as professional imitators, and would even regard them as professional associates, if they had but the honesty to acknowledge their craft. It is his inclination, under any circumstances, to watch them very closely; and, though he can not allow their title to the rank of honest conjurers, he is interested in observing the means by which they produce their little effects. So satisfied is he that his inferences are, in the main, correct, that after he has stated them, he is disposed to withhold his name, for he sees no reason that, if it were known, he believes there would be no more spirit manifestations in his presence ever after. It would be just as impossible for him, as it proved for Robert Houdin, on a certain well-known occasion, to communicate with the capricious spirits through the ordinarily successful medium Mr. Home. To make a free observation of the spirit world it will be found that we require an incognito; for the spirits are shy, the spirits are fastidious, the spirits are averse to every overture, if it comes from a suspected, because suspicious, inquirer. The spirits would not shake hands with me, for the spirits have no professional *esprit de corps*; and therefore it is that professional vigilance is not only alive to the mode of their manifestations, but takes an interest in drawing off those retiring shadows, and exhibiting their real pretensions to the public.

Another circumstance which induces me to take them by the hand was an incident in which I myself participated; I might say with whom, and when, and where; but that I have no inclination, as I said before, to exclude myself forever from the spirit circle. It happened that I was present at a certain exhibition of two of the most popular Mediums of the day, and, after watching intently their whole performance, I ascertained the agencies by which it was accomplished. At all events, I was enabled at a subsequent performance to detect the spirits in a very palpable trick, resulting in their exposure and dismomfiture (see Figure 10), and having since experimented, I can now perform all that they then exhibited to sight, hearing, or touch. I am confident I could tell, with a little further trouble, the means by which Mr. Home astonished the writer of a recent article in the *Cornhill Magazine*.

As a preliminary I have to make this general remark, that the means by which the "spirits" usually manifest themselves are far more simple than readers anticipate. When a witness experiences any thing he can not account for, it is natural that he should refer this to some elaborate machinery adequate to what he considers the startling result. Let the reader, however, discard this impression at once, for it has a certain tendency to mislead his judgment. It is really the object of Mediums to depend on machinery as little as possible, for machinery is not only unintelligent, it may not only fumble and make mistakes, but it precludes that triumph of a Medium's art, the submitting to the preliminary or subsequent test of an examination. The "knocking," as they are termed, are far less serviceable and less frequently used than the natural aptitudes of the human body, when these are seen to be natural average, or are developed by discipline and education.

The first requisite, no doubt, is an impassive countenance, exhibiting no sense of shame, or fear of detection—a natural, or acquired brass, the perfection of which will depend, of course, upon the morale of the performer.

After this, the secret of the Medium's power is the flexibility of her lower limbs. Her legs must do the work of arms, and her feet must be educated to act like hands. Any one who doubts this potentiality of the human frame knows nothing of its relation to the Quadrumana, or of the feats of the Indian jugglers. The Indian jugglers, as is known to the initiated, produce their most extraordinary effects by this very capacity. And, therefore, we say it is in vain to accomplish spirit-rapping out as a Medium unless you are provided with flexible legs and manipulative feet and toes.

The Medium so qualified must go through a course of gymnastics to enable her to move her lower limbs with leisure, and especially to enable her so to move them without corresponding movements of the head and shoulders. She should even be able to perform the opera-dancer's feat of holding her hand above her head, and kicking the palm with her toe, as exhibited in the vignette to the popular "Memoirs of Mademoiselle Rigolboche;" which practice will enable her when standing on one foot to raise her knee nearly as high as her shoulder, as thus:

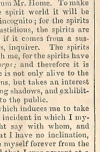


FIGURE 1.

The tendons of the knee, foot, and ankle, should next be strengthened by accustoming her, when seated on a chair, to raise great weights with her foot; the leg acting as a lever, the other knee, over which it is crossed, acting as a fulcrum, thus:

FIGURE 2.

The feet from the ankle must be rendered peculiarly flexible, and able, in conjunction with each other, by placing the sole of one over the top of the other, to hold and snatch away with rapidity heavy and light articles, such as slates, books, etc.

FIGURE 3.

Acting in a similar manner, they must be accustomed to seize and nip substances between their soles, so that apparel can be pulled and pinches inflicted with the sharp edges of the two soles of the boots.

The feet must also be practiced to clasp objects between their upper surfaces, by crossing the legs, so that, the soles of the boots not being felt, they may produce the sensation of a grasp by a hand.

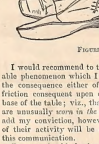


FIGURE 4.

I would recommend to the observant, a remarkable phenomenon which I myself perceived to be the consequence either of this facility or of the friction consequent upon other operations at the base of the table; viz., that the boots of Mediums are unusually worn *in the upper leathers*.

I must add my conviction, however, that this indication of their activity will be carefully repaired after this communication.

The toes should also be exercised so as to enable the Medium to rap with them as easily as other people can rap with the fingers, on which accomplishment it may be as well to consult "Fox's Confessions" in Professor Anderson's work on "Spirit-rapping."

FIGURE 5.

Section showing the Position of the Foot in the Boot.

The Medium must also practice writing with her feet by holding a lead or slate pencil between them. This can be easily done up to a certain point, though not to the perfection attained by the accomplished Miss Biffin. Such perfection in this really difficult operation it, however, unnecessary, as any kind of scribbling will pass for spiritual handiwork.

For the manipulation with the hands very little practice is required, except in the production of surface raps, as the sounds struck on wood so nearly resemble them. These can be produced (I am stating a fact) by pressing the tip of the middle finger firmly on the polished surface of the table, and letting it start forward in short unobtrusive jerks. (Figure 6.) If her hand be not naturally

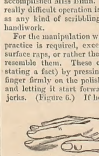


FIGURE 6.

dry, the Medium should lightly rub the finger-tips with beeswax, or powdered rosin, both of which are imperceptible at the first glance. When, however, by constant practice, the finger has become corned, this subtlety will not be found requisite.

If the Medium thinks that the corn on her finger may tell tales, she may make the spirits *rap* by another method; that is to say, by using the surface of the nail of the first finger doubled sharply under it, and pressed heavily, at the same time that it is worked backward and forward, thus.

FIGURE 7.

(Figure 7.) In either case she must not hold her hands apart, but close together; one slightly covering the other to hide the movement, as in Figure 8.

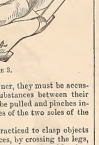


FIGURE 8.

To get up an effective séance, the Medium should procure an assistant to engage the attention of the sitters while she manipulates.

Great care must be taken to preserve a natural manner, yet the Medium must never be off her guard, and never make a slip. She must never admit that any of the phenomena emanate from herself, but continually protest that she has no hand in the matter.

Whenever she is asked if she can do any thing, she must carefully and invariably reply in the negative.

She must never give a promise that any thing will positively take place, but say the phenomena are influenced by the weather, or a thousand other causes. This will assist her, should she be enabled to meet the wishes of any whose prostration she fears may be too much for her. Thus, as I stated, when Robert Houdin was summoned before the Emperor of the French to see Mr. Home no manifestation took place.

After these preliminary remarks, let me instruct the Medium

HOW TO CONDUCT HERSELF PROPERLY IN A SEANCE.

Get your company into conversation, endeavoring to glean from their remarks whether they are penetrative or quite the reverse; treasure up any stray piece of information that may reach you, and use it in the course of the evening; but your principal work must be that of drawing the long bow.

You and your assistant must relate the most extraordinary narratives conceivable. Small fibs such as these, if of a certain audacity, are conducive to its enormity; for, though the statements you make are difficult to believe, it is still more difficult to credit a woman audacious enough to invent them. Accept it as an axiom, that "society," as it is called, is highly credulous, and, as Ladies are the "rage" in society, no believe is already half convinced."

You will find plenty of weak-minded people who will help you out by relating anecdotes of their own self-deceptions which will carry additional weight from the position they hold in society, while nothing will be deducted for their want of penetration; a facility which every body believes he possesses, but which none can attain in perfection without a considerable amount of patience and study.

When you judge that you have worked the majority of your company into a proper state of mental perturbation, provide yourselves at a large round table (pretty nearly four feet diameter, with a centre column and three feet), the specific gravity of which is small in proportion to its immense leverage. Whip off the cloth; ask if there are any spirits present, and reply in the affirmative by surface raps.

Having stated yourself to be an *rapport* to all questions asked by the sitters you reply also by surface-raps—three indicating an affirmative, one negative, and two, when your information is imperfect, or your nail or corned finger fails to bring out the sound.

Now state that the spirits will dictate the particular place of each sitter is to occupy. Rap accordingly, placing the suspicious ones at a distance, and the sympathetic close to you, and tell them *all to place their hands on the table*; for this you have a double reason, first to give a mysterious aspect to the séance, and last, though not least, to keep their hands out of mischief.

During the séance you need not confine yourself to the particular knocks already described, you may give others with the sharp edge of the sole of your boot against the foot, or kicks straight up against the bottom of the table. Any mysterious noise that you can succeed in making—by cracking the leather of your boots, or the wood—will pass for a rap. When your audience is pretty far gone, you may trust to chance inspiration.

By making the room dark or light, they will appear to come from different parts of the room, provided you have first indicated the quarter from whence they are expected.

This is difficult to believe, but you or the genuine reader may be easily convinced by the following experiment: Place a glass tumbler and a shilling on the table, having another tumbler and a shilling concealed in your lap; hold the shilling between the thumb and finger, make three feints at the one in view, and three corresponding feats *ride* blows on the concealed tumbler; then ask the spectator how many times you struck the tumbler on the table; he will unhesitatingly reply three, as you will expect to do, when you when you state that you did not strike it even once. This is simply a type of an infinite series of similar deceptions.

FIGURE 9.

When you wish to answer questions with any degree of certainty, if you have not obtained private information, place an alphabet before the sitter, and tell him to point to the letters or repeat them aloud; you will easily, by acute observation, be enabled to detect a slight anxiety in tone or manner when the right letter is reached, and then rap accordingly.

Should you suppose that an individual requires the presence of his brother Charles's spirit, the inquiry will proceed as follows:

Q. Are any of my relations present?

A. Rub, rub, rub.

Q. Female?—(calmly).

A. Rub.

Q. Male?—(anxiously).

A. Rub, rub, rub.

Q. Will you spell your name?

A. Rub, rub, rub.

Q. A, B, C?—(interrogatively).

A. Rub, rub, rub.

Q. A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H?—(pauses).

A. Rub, rub, rub.

And so on until you have made him spell the entire name, to which in most cases he will assent. Then a choice of names written out is infinitely less tedious.

A word more, and we have, however, easily frustrate this process by running through the alphabet, and studiously avoiding all emphasis, or by designedly emphasizing it, which is worse, the wrong letter, so that you find you are compounding utter nonsense —that, in fact, he is leading the spirits by the nose to kick wild. Of course you get out of this difficulty by saying that the spirits are uncertain or capricious, or that, for the sake of mere fun, they willfully perplex you.

As soon as the spirits decline to rap correctly, or exhibit, if you please, you may suggest to the company that they may even be touched by spirit hands. To indicate their power, place a hand-bell underneath the table and ring it with your feet; then commence (by the methods already described) pulling the ladies' dresses and gentlemen's coats, shaking their feet and ankles, and even lifting their legs off the ground, by clasping them round the ankle, as in Figure 4. To operate upon each person with equal facility, frequent change of place will be necessary, and as it would not do for you to leave your seat, you rap out C, H, A, N, G, E, when this is desirable.

You may next invite a person to throw down a pencil, and hold a slate underneath the table; snatch it from him with your two feet, in the mode shown in Figure 9, and scribble it on the floor, feel about for the pencil with your feet, pick it up, and commence scratching on the slate to the best of your ability, relying on the sound to affect the company, while they are in a state of absurd suspense. If the writing be illegible, as it is nearly sure to be, say that it is very bad to-night, but that, on other evenings, the spirit autographs were remarkably clear, in proof of which you will exhibit some specimens written by hand and kept for the purpose. You can even assert that communications are frequently made in the hand-writings of different members of the company, and so avail yourself of a fib which none of the present company can contradict.

You may next place a Bible under the table for the spirits to turn over the leaves; of course you can kick them over with your feet, or as the book, on account of its thickness, refuses to keep open in one place, you can put your foot under it, and invite the sitters to look under the table and see the leaves turning over without your assistance. When the company have become thoroughly fascinated, you may slip your right foot under one leaf, place your left *firmly* on the page, and lifting the toe of your right foot, turn up the corner and bend it sharply down; then shut the book with your foot, lift it with both feet, thrust it into your neighbor's lap, and rap out that he is to open it. He will of course find the leaf turned down, and will be compelled by curiosity to find an application of the particular text. While he or others are this occupied, you may, if the opportunity present itself, place a wash-leather under the table and rub it backward and forward; but should previously satisfy yourself (this is very material) that he has no bottles—and not *even boots with cork tops*, or he will be enabled to detect, with painful certainty, that he is seized not by a single hand, but by a pair of feet encased in women's boots, and those boots without a doubt yours. After this he will cease to wonder at the electric influence inflicted on his ankles, or the facility with which you snatch articles from people's hands under the table.

You may now proceed to your crowning experiment, which consists in making the table rise clear off the ground, still maintaining its spiritual position. As a preliminary, you make it go through some extraordinary evolutions by alternately pressing and relaxing the tip with your hands, contrary to Michael Faraday's theory, by *voluntary*, and not involuntary muscular action. You then allow the agitated table a little respite while you cross the

right leg over the left knee, and insert the end of your right foot under the base which supports the column; maintain the pressure of your hands as you straighten your leg, and the table will rise perpendicularly about two feet from the ground.

Before, however, attempting this astounding feat, care should be taken that no wary person is sitting within reach, or he may dash out his foot, as a friend of mine did, and catch yours under the ankle, pinning you to the table with your leg in the air, as in the illustration below, a position from which you will find great difficulty in extricating yourself, without bringing the séance to an ignominious termination.

Figure 10.

You will probably be asked if the spirits will rap when your feet are in full view; of course you will answer in the affirmative, though knowing well they will not, unless you can get some one to hammer in an adjoining room. In this case you should take away the hammer when you leave, especially if it does not belong to the house, and should not leave it to tell your secret, as it did in the case I refer to.

You should also avoid the experiment of making an old piano-forte, with open lattice-work, play when closed, in the presence of similar wary people, or they will surely walk up to it and tap on the wires through the very same holes, producing similar results.

The foregoing suggestions are an exact transcript of the deceptions practiced by two well-known London Mediums in the presence of the writer, whose name, together with those of the gentlemen who were present at the exposure, the editor is empowered to publish should he think proper.

THE

Uncommercial Traveler.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

The rising of the Italian people from under their unutterable wrongs, and the tardy burst of day upon them after the long, long night of oppression that has darkened their beautiful country, has naturally caused my mind to dwell often of late on my own small wanderings in Italy. Connected with them is a curious little drama, in which the character I myself sustained was so very subordinate, that I may relate its story without any fear of being suspected of self-display. It is strictly a true story.

I am newly arrived, one summer evening, in a certain small town on the Mediterranean. Before I left England, there came to me one night a certain generous and gentle English nobleman (he is dead in these days when I relate the story, and exiles have lost their best British friend) with this request: "Whenever you come to such a town, will you seek out one Giovanni Carlavero, who keeps a little wine-shop there, mention my name to him suddenly, and observe how it affects him?" I accepted the trust, and am on my way to discharge it.

The sirocco has been blowing all day, and it is a hot, unwholesome evening with no cool sea-breeze. Mosquitoes and fire-flies are lively enough, but most other creatures are faint. The coquettish airs of pretty young women, in the tiniest and wickedest of dolls' straw-hats, who lean out at opened lattice blinds, are almost the only airs stirring. Very ugly and haggard old women with distaffs, and with a gray tow upon them that looks as if they were spinning out their own hair (I suppose they were once pretty, too, but it is very difficult to believe so), sit on the footway, leaning against house walls. Every body who has come for water to the fountain stays there, and seems incapable of any such energetic idea as going home.

I keep straight on, and come in due time to the first on the right: a narrow, dull street, where I see a well-favored man of good stature and military bearing, in a great cloak, standing at a door. Drawing nearer to this threshold, I see it is the threshold of a small wine-shop; and I can just make out, in the dim light, the inscription that it is kept by Giovanni Carlavero.

I touch my hat to the figure in the cloak, and pass in, and draw a stool to a little table. The lamp (just such another as they dig out of Pompeii) is lighted, but the place is empty. The figure in the cloak has followed me in, and stands before me.

"The master?"

"At your service, Sir."

"Please to give me a glass of the wine of the country."

He turns to a little counter to get it. As his striking face is pale, and his action is evidently that of an enfeebled man, I remark that I fear he has been ill. It is not much, he courteously and gravely answers, though bad while it lasts—the fever.

As he sets the wine on the little table, to his manifest surprise I lay my hand on the back of his, look him in the face, and say, in a low voice: "I am an Englishman, and you are acquainted with a friend of mine. Do you recollect ——?" and I mention the name of my generous countryman.

Instantly he utters a loud cry, bursts into tears, and falls on his knees at my feet, clasping my legs in both his arms, and bowing his head to the ground.

Some years ago this man at my feet, whose overfraught heart is heaving as if it would burst from his breast, and whose tears are wet upon the dress I wear, was a galley-slave in the North of Italy. He was a political offender, having been concerned in the then last rising, and was sentenced to imprisonment for life. That he would have died in his chains is certain, but for the circumstance that the Englishman happened to visit his prison.

It was one of the vile old prisons of Italy, and a part of it was below the waters of the harbor. The place of his confinement was an arched underground and under-water gallery, with a grill-gate at the entrance, through which it received such light and air as it got. Its condition was insufferably foul, and a stranger could hardly breathe in it, or see in it with the aid of a torch. At the upper end of this dungeon, and consequently in the worst position, as being the furthest removed from light and air, the Englishman first beheld him, sitting on an iron bedstead to which he was chained by a heavy chain. His countenance impressed the Englishman as having nothing in common with the faces of the malefactors with whom he was associated, and he talked with him, and learned how he came to be there.

When the Englishman emerged from the dreadful den into the light of day, he asked his conductor, the governor of the jail, why Giovanni Carlavero was put into the worst place?

"Because he is particularly recommended," was the stringent answer.

"Recommended, that is to say, for death?"

"Excuse me; particularly recommended," was again the answer.

"He has a bad tumor in his neck, no doubt occasioned by the hardship of his miserable life. If it continues to be neglected, and he remains where he is, it will kill him."

"Excuse me, I can do nothing. He is particularly recommended."

The Englishman was staying in that town, and he went to his home there; but the figure of this man chained to the bedstead made it no home, and destroyed his rest and peace. He was an Englishman of an extraordinarily tender heart, and he could not bear the picture. He went back to the prison grate: went back again and again, and talked to the man and cheered him. He used his utmost influence to get the man unchained from the bedstead, were it only for ever so short a time in the day, and permitted to come to the grate. It took a long time, but the Englishman's station, personal character, and steadiness of purpose wore out opposition so far, and that grace was at last accorded. Through the bars, when he could thus get light upon the tumor, the Englishman lanced it, and it did well, and healed. His strong interest in the prisoner had greatly increased by this time, and he formed the desperate resolution that he would exert his utmost self-devotion and use his utmost efforts to get Carlavero pardoned.

If the prisoner had been a brigand and a murderer, if he had committed every non-political crime in the Newgate Calendar and out of it, nothing would have been easier than for a man of any court or priestly influence to obtain his release. As it was, nothing could have been more difficult. Italian authorities, and English authorities who had interest with them, alike assured the Englishman that his object was hopeless. He met with nothing but evasion, refusal, and ridicule. His political prisoner became a joke in the place. It was especially observable that English Circumlocution and English Society on its travels were as humorous on the subject as Circumlocution and Society may be on any subject without loss of caste. But the Englishman possessed (and proved it well in his life) a courage very uncommon among us: he had not the least fear of being considered a bore in a good, humane cause. So he went on persistently trying, and trying, and trying, to get Giovanni Carlavero out. That prisoner had been rigorously rechained, after the tumor operation, and it was not likely that his miserable life could last very long.

One day, when all the town knew about the Englishman and his political prisoner, there came to the Englishman a certain sprightly Italian Advocate of whom he had some knowledge; and he made this strange proposal: "Give me a hundred pounds to obtain Carlavero's release. I think I can get him a pardon with that money. But I can not tell you what I am going to do with the money, nor must you ever ask me the question if I succeed, nor must you ever ask me for an account of the money if I fail." The Englishman decided to hazard the hundred pounds. He did so, and heard not another word of the matter. For half a year and more the Advocate made no sign, and never once "took on" in any way, to have the subject on his mind. The Englishman was then obliged to change his residence to another and more famous town in the North of Italy. He parted from the poor prisoner with a sorrowful heart, as from a doomed man for whom there was no release but Death.

The Englishman lived in his new place of abode another half-year and more, and had no tidings of the wretched prisoner. At length, one day he received from the Advocate a cool, concise, mysterious note, to this effect: "If you still wish to bestow that benefit upon the man in whom you were once interested, send me fifty pounds more, and I think it can be insured." Now the Englishman had long settled in his mind that the Advocate was a heartless sharper, who had preyed upon his credulity and his interest in an unfortunate sufferer. So he sat down and wrote a dry answer, giving the Advocate to understand that he was wiser now than he had been formerly, and that no more money was extractable from his pocket.

He lived outside the city gates, some mile or two from the post-office, and was accustomed to walk into the city with his letters and post them himself. On a lovely spring day, when the sky was exquisitely blue, and the sea divinely beautiful, he took his usual walk, carrying the letter to the Advocate in his pocket. As he went along his gentle heart was much moved by the loveliness of the prospect, and by the thought of the slowly-dying prisoner chained to the bedstead, for whom the universe had no delights. As he drew nearer and nearer to the city where he was to post the letter he became very uneasy in his mind. He debated with himself, was it remotely possible, after all, that this sum of fifty pounds could restore the fellow-creature whom he pitied so much, and for whom he had striven so hard, to liberty? He was not a conventionally rich Englishman—very far from that—but he had a spare fifty pounds at the banker's. He resolved to risk it. Without doubt God has recompensed him for the resolution.

He went to the banker's and got a bill for the amount, and inclosed it in a letter to the Advocate that I wish I could have seen. He simply told the Advocate that he was quite a poor man, and that he was sensible it might be a great weakness in him to part with so much money on the faith of so vague a communication; but that there it was, and that he prayed the Advocate to make a good use of it. If he did otherwise, no good could ever come of it, and it would lie heavy on his soul one day.

Within a week, the Englishman was sitting at his breakfast, when he heard some suppressed sounds of agitation on the staircase, and Giovanni Carlavero leaped into his room and fell upon his breast, a free man!

Conscious of having wronged the Advocate in his own thoughts, the Englishman wrote him an earnest and grateful letter, avowing the fact, and entreating him to confide by what means, and through what agency, he had succeeded so well. The Advocate returned for answer through the post: "There are many things, as you know, in this Italy of ours, that are safest and best not even spoken of—far less written of. We may meet some day, and then I may tell you what you want to know; not here, and now." But the two never did meet again. The Advocate was dead when the Englishman gave me my trust; and how the man had been set free remained as great a mystery to the Englishman, and to the man himself, as it was to me.

But I knew this: here was the man, this sultry night, on his knees at my feet, because I was the Englishman's friend; here were his tears upon my dress; here were his sobs choking his utterance; here were his kisses on my hands, because they had touched the hands that had worked out his release. He had no need to tell me it would be happiness to him to die for his benefactor. I doubt if I ever saw real, sterling, fervent gratitude of soul before or since.

He was much watched and suspected, he said, and had had enough to do to keep himself out of trouble. This, and his not having prospered in his worldly affairs, had led to his having failed in his usual communications to the Englishman for—as I now remember the period—some two or three years. But his prospects were brighter, and his wife, who had been very ill, had recovered, and his fever had left him, and he had bought a little vineyard, and would I carry to his benefactor the first of its wine? Ay, that I would (I told him with enthusiasm), and not a drop of it should be spilled or lost!

He had cautiously closed the door before speaking of himself, and had talked with such excess of emotion, and in a provincial Italian so difficult to understand, that I had more than once been obliged to stop him, and beg him to have compassion on me, and be slower and calmer. By degrees he became so, and tranquilly walked back with me to the hotel. There I sat down before I went to bed and wrote a faithful account of him to the Englishman: which I concluded by saying that I would bring the wine home, against any difficulties, every drop.

Early next morning, when I came out at the hotel door to pursue my journey, I found my friend waiting with one of those immense bottles in which the Italian peasants store their wine—a bottle holding some half-dozen gallons—bound round with basket-work for greater safety on the journey. I see him now, in the bright sunlight, tears of gratitude in his eyes, proudly inviting my attention to this corpulent bottle. (At the street-corner, hard by, two high-flavored, able-bodied monks—pretending to talk together, but keeping their four evil eyes upon us.)

How the bottle had been got there did not appear; but the difficulty of getting it into the ramshackle vetturino carriage in which I was departing was so great, and it took up so much room when it was got in, that I elected to sit outside. The last I saw of Giovanni Carlavero was his running through the town by the side of the jingling wheels, clasping my hand as I stretched it down from the box, charging me with a thousand last loving and dutiful messages to his dear patron, and finally looking in at the bottle as it reposed inside, with an admiration of its honorable way of traveling that was beyond measure delightful.

And now what disquiet of mind this dearly-beloved and highly-treasured Bottle began to cost me no man knows. It was my precious charge through a long tour, and for hundreds of miles I never had it off mind by day or by night. Over bad roads—and they were many—I clung to it with affectionate desperation. Up mountains I looked in at it, and saw it helplessly tilting over on its back with terror. At innumerable inn-doors, when the weather was bad, I was obliged to be put into my vehicle before the Bottle could be got in, and was obliged to have the Bottle lifted out before human aid could come near me. The Imp of the same name, except that his associations were all evil, and these associations were all good, would have been a less troublesome traveling companion. I might have served Mr. Cruikshank as a subject for a new illustration of the miseries of the Bottle. The National Temperance Society might have made a powerful Tract of me.

The suspicions that attached to this innocent Bottle greatly aggravated my difficulties. It was like the apple-pie in the child's book. Parma pouted at it, Modena mocked it, Tuscany tackled it, Naples nibbled it, Rome refused it, Austria accused it, Soldiers suspected it, Jesuits jobbed it. I composed a neat Oration, developing my inoffensive intentions in connection with this Bottle, and delivered it in an infinity of guard-houses, at a multitude of town-gates, and on every drawbridge, angle, and rampart of a complete system of fortifications. Fifty times a day I got down to harangue an infuriated soldiery about the Bottle. Through the filthy degradation of the abject and vile Roman States I had as much difficulty in working my way with the Bottle as if it had bottled up a complete system of heretical theology. In the Neapolitan country, where every body was a spy, a soldier, a priest, or a lazarone, the shameless beggars of all four denominations incessantly pounced on the Bottle, and made it a pretext for extorting money from me. Quires—quires, do I say? Reams—of forms illegibly printed on whity-brown paper were filled up about the Bottle, and it was the subject of more stamping and sanding than I had ever seen before. In consequence of which haze of sand, perhaps, it was always irregular, and always latent with dismal penalties of going back, or not going forward, which were only to be abated by the silver crossing of a base hand, poked shirtless out of a ragged uniform sleeve. Under all discouragements, however, I stuck to my Bottle, and held firm to my resolution that every drop of its contents should reach the Bottle's destination.

The latter refinement cost me a separate heap of troubles on its own separate account. What cork-screws did I see the military power bring out against that Bottle: what gimlets, spikes, divining-rods, gauges, and unknown tests and instruments! At some places they persisted in declaring that the wine must not be passed without being opened and tasted; I, pleading to the contrary, used then to argue the question seated on the Bottle lest they should open it in spite of me. In the southern parts of Italy, more violent shrieking, face-making, and gesticulating—greater vehemence of speech, and countenance, and action—went on about that Bottle than would attend fifty murders in a northern latitude. It raised important functionaries out of their beds, in the dead of night. I have known half a dozen military lanterns to disperse themselves at all points of a great sleeping Piazza, each lantern summoning some official creature to get up, put on his cocked hat instantly, and come and stop the Bottle. It was characteristic that while this innocent Bottle had such immense difficulty in getting from little town to town, Signor Mazzini and the fiery cross were traversing Italy from end to end.

Still I stuck to my Bottle like any fine old English gentleman all of the olden time. The more the Bottle was interfered with the stancher I became (if possible) in my first determination that my countryman should have it delivered to him intact as the man whom he had so nobly restored to life and liberty had delivered it to me. If ever I have been obstinate in my days—and I may have been, say, once or twice—I was obstinate about the Bottle. But I made it a rule always to keep a pocket full of small coin at its service, and never to be out of temper in its cause. Thus I and the Bottle made our way. Once we had a break-down—rather a bad break-down—on a steep high place, with the sea below us, on a tempestuous evening when it blew great guns. We were driving four wild horses abreast, Southern fashion, and there was some little difficulty in stopping them. I was outside, and not thrown off; but no words can describe my feelings when I saw the Bottle—traveling inside, as usual—burst the door open, and roll obesely out into the road. A blessed Bottle with a charmed existence, he took no hurt; and we repaired damage, and went on triumphant.

A thousand representations were made to me that the Bottle must be left at this place, or that, and called for again. I never yielded to one of them, and never parted from the Bottle, on any pretense, consideration, threat, or entreaty. I had no faith in any official receipt for the Bottle, and nothing would induce me to accept one. These unmanageable politics at last brought me and the Bottle, still triumphant, to Genoa. There I took a tender and reluctant leave of him for a few weeks, and consigned him to a trusty English captain, to be conveyed to the Port of London by sea.

While the Bottle was on his voyage to England I read the Shipping Intelligence as anxiously as if I had been an underwriter. There was some stormy weather after I myself had got to England, by way of Switzerland and France, and my mind greatly misgave me that the Bottle might be wrecked. At last, to my great joy, I received notice of his safe arrival, and immediately went down to Saint Katharine's Docks, and found him in a state of honorable captivity in the Custom-house.

The wine was mere vinegar when I set it down before the generous Englishman—probably it had been something like vinegar when I took it up from Giovanni Carlavero—but not a drop of it was spilled or gone. And the Englishman told me, with much emotion in his face and voice, that he had never tasted wine that seemed to him so sweet and sound. And long afterward the Bottle graced his table. And the last time I saw him in this world that misses him, he took me aside in a crowd to say, with his amiable smile, "We were talking of you only to-day at dinner, and I wished you had been there, for I had some claret up in Carlavero's Bottle."

THE CITY OF PORTLAND, MAINE, ON THE OCCASION OF THE DEPARTURE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES, OCTOBER 20, 1860.—SEE PAGE 693.

GREAT EASTERN DOCK.
THE VIADUCT OF EMBARKATION.

A SCORE OF YEARS AGO.

Down by the breaking waves we stood,
Upon the rocky shore;
The brave waves whisper'd courage,
And hid with friendly roar
The fall'ring words that told the tale
I dared not tell before.

I ask'd, if with the priceless gift,
Her love, my life she'd bless?
Was it her voice, or some fair wave—
For, sooth, I scarce may guess—
Some murmuring wave, or her sweet voice,
That lisp'd so sweetly "Yes."

And then, in happy silence, too,
I clasp'd her fair wee hand;
And long we stood there, carelessly,
While o'er the darkening land
The sun set, and the fishing-boats
Were sailing from the strand.

It seems not many days ago—
Like yesterday—no more,
Since thus we stood, my love and I,
Upon the rocky shore;
But I was four-and-twenty *then*,
And *now* I'm forty-four.

The lily hand is thinner now,
And in her sunny hair
I see some silvery lines, and on
Her brow some lines of care;
But, wrinkled brow, or silver locks,
She's not one whit less fair.

The fishing-boats a score of years
Go sailing from the strand;
The crimson sun a score of years
Sets o'er the darkening land;
And here to-night upon the cliff
We're standing hand-in-hand.

"My darling, there's our eldest girl,
Down on the rocks below;
What's Stanley doing by her side?"
My wife says, "You should know:
He's telling her what you told me
A score of years ago."

A DAY'S RIDE:

A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

By CHARLES LEVER.

AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," "HARRY LORREQUER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

On entering the drawing-room his excellency presented me to an elderly lady, very thin and very wrinkled, who received me with a cold dignity, and then went on with her crochet-work. I could not catch her name, nor, indeed, was I thinking of it; my whole mind was bent upon the question, Who could she be? For what object was she there? All my terrible doubts of the morning now rushed forcibly back to my memory, and I felt that never had I detested a human being with the hate I conceived for her. The pretentious stiffness of her manner, the haughty self-possession she wore, were positive outrages; and, as I looked at her, I felt myself muttering, "Don't imagine that your heavy black move or your rich falls of lace impose upon *us*. Never fancy that this mock austerity deceives one who reads human nature as he reads his print. I know, and I abhor you, old woman! That a man should be to the other sex as a wolf to the fold, the sad experience of daily life too often teaches; but that a woman should be false to woman, that all the gentle instincts we love to think feminine should be debased to treachery and degraded into snares for betrayal, this is an offence that cries aloud to Heaven!

"No cream tea—none!" cried I, with an energy that nearly made the footman let the tray fall, and so far startled the old lady that she dropped her knitting with a faint cry. As for his excellency, he had covered his face with the *Globe*, and I believe was fast asleep.

I looked about for my hat to take my leave, when a sudden thought came on me. "I will stay, I will sit down beside this old creature, and, for once at least in her miserable life, she shall hear from the lips of a man a language that is not that of the debauchee. Who knows what effect one honest word of a true-hearted man may not work? I will try at all events," said I, and approached her. She did not, as I expected, make room for me on the sofa beside her, and I was therefore obliged to take a chair in front. This was so far awkward that it looked formal; it gave another bad character of accusation to my position, and I decided to obviate the difficulty by assuming a light, easy, cheerful manner at first, as tho' I suspected nothing.

"It's a pleasant little capital, this Kalbbratenstadt," said I, as I lay back in my chair.

"Is it?" said she, dryly, without looking up from her work.

"Well, I mean," said I, "it seems to have its reasonable share of resources. They have their theatre, and their music garden, and their promenades, and their drives—to—"

"You'll find all the names set down there," said she, handing a copy of Murray's Handbook that lay beside her.

"I care less for names than feats, Madam," said I, angrily, for her cruel sting had me, and routed all my previous intention of a smooth approach to the fortress. "I am a man of unfashionable habits, and never think the better of vice because it wears French gloves and goes perfumed with Eau Incomparable."

She took off her spectacles, wiped them, looked at me, and went on with her work without speaking.

"If I appear abrupt, Madam," said I, "in this opening, it is because the opportunity I now enjoy may never occur again, and may be of the briefest even now. We meet by what many would call an accident—one of those accidents which the thoughtless call chance directed my steps to this place; let me hope that that which seemed a hazard may have all the fruits of a natural combination, and that the weak words of one frail, even as yourself, may not be heard by you in vain. Let me ask you one, and only one question—only one—and give me an honest answer to it."

"You are a very singular person," said she, "and seem to have strangely forgotten the very simple circumstance that we meet for the first time now."

"I know it, I feel it; and that it may also be for the last and only time is my reason for this appeal to you. There are persons who, seeing you here, would treat you with a mock deference, address you with a counterfeit respect, and go their ways; who would say to their selfish hearts, 'It is none of mine, why should it trouble me?' But I am not one of these. I carry a conscience in my breast—a conscience that holds its daily count, and will even to-morrow ask me, 'Have you been truthful, have you been faithful? When the occasion served to warn a fellow-creature of the abyss before him, did you cry out, "Take soundings! you are in shallow water?" or, "Did you with slippery phrases gloss over the peril, because it involved no danger to yourself?'"

"Would that same conscience be kind enough to suggest that your present conduct is an impertinence, Sir?"

"So it might, Madam; just as the pilot is impertinent when he cries out, 'Hard, port! breakers ahead!'"

"I am therefore to infer, Sir," said she, with a calm dignity, "that my approach to a secret danger—of which I can have no knowledge—is a sufficient excuse for the employment of language on your part that, under a less urgent plea, had been offensive?"

"You are," said I, boldly.

"Speak out, then, Sir, and declare what it is."

"Nay, Madam, if the warning find no echo within, my words are useless. I have said I would ask you a question."

"Well, Sir, do so."

"Will you answer it frankly? Will you give it all the weight and influence it should bear, and reply to it with that truthful spirit that conceals nothing?"

"What is your question, Sir? You had better be sparely with it, for I don't much trust to my continued patience."

I arose at this, and, passing behind the back of my chair, leaned my arms on the upper rail, so as to confront her directly; and then, in the voice of an accusing spirit, said, "Old woman, do you know where you are going?"

"I protest, Sir," said she, rising, with an indignation I shall not forget—"I protest, Sir, you make me seriously doubt if I know where I am!"

"Then let me tell you, Madam," said I, with the voice of one determined to strike terror into her heart—"let me tell you; and may my words have the power to awaken you, even now, to the dreadful consequences of what you are about."

"Shalley! Shalley!" cried she, in amazement, "is this gentleman deranged, or is it but the passing effect of your conviviality?" And with this she swept out of the room, leaving me there alone, for I now perceive—what seemed also to have escaped her—that the minister had slipped quietly away some time before, and was doubtless at that same moment in the profoundest of slumbers.

I took my departure at once. There were no leave-takings to delay me, and I left the house in a mood little according with the spirit of one who had partaken of its hospitalities. I was constrained to admit I was the very reverse of satisfied with myself. It was cowardly and mean of me to wreak my anger on that old woman, and not upon him who was the really great offender. He it was I should have arraigned, and with the employment of a little artifice and some tact, how terrible I might have made even my jesting levity! how sarcastic my sneers at fashionable vice! Affecting utter ignorance about his life and habits, I could have incidentally thrown out little episodes of all the men who have wrecked their fortunes by abandoned habits. I would have pointed to this man who made a brilliant opening in the house, and that who had acquired such celebrity at the Bar; I would have shown the rising statesman tarnished, the future chief-justice disqualified; I would have said, "Let no man, however modest his station or unrecognized his locality, imagine that the world takes no note of his conduct; in every class it has its judged by its peers, and you and I, Doubleton, will as assuredly be arraigned before the bar of society as the pickpocket will be charged before the bank!"

I continued to revolve these and such-like thoughts throughout the entire night. The time I had spent wavered and excited me, and added to that disturbed state which my own self-accusing created. I doubt, too, that across my mind whether I ought not to have maintained a perfect silence toward the others, and reserved all my eloquence for the poor girl herself. I imagined myself taking her hand between both mine, while, with averted head, she sobbed as if her heart would break, and saying, "Be comforted, poor stricken deer! be comforted; I know all. One who is far from perfect himself sorrows with and compassionates you; he will be your friend, your adviser, your protector. I will restore you to that home you quitted in innocence. I will bring you back to that honey-suckled porch where your mom heart expanded in home affections." Nothing shall equal the refined delicacy of my manner; that mingled reserve and kindness—a tone of cross between a half-brother and a cousin of St. Paul's—shall win her over to repentance, and then to peace. How I fancied myself, at intervals of time, visiting that cottage, going, as the gardener watches some cherished plant, to gaze on the growing progress I had nurtured, and enjoy the luxury of seeing the once drooping flower expanding into fresh loveliness and perfume. "Yes, Potts, this would form one of those episodes you have so often longed to realize." And then I went on to fancy a long, heroic struggle between my love and that sentiment of respect for worldly opinion which is due to every man the years of conflict and wearing me down in health, but exalting me immensely in every moral consideration. Let the hour of crowning victory at last come. I should take her to my bosom, and say, "There is rest for thee here."

His excellency begs that you will call at the legation as early as you can this morning.' And a waiter, entering with the breakfast-tray and I now perceived that I had never gone to bed, or closed my eyes during the night.

"How did this message come?" I asked.

"By the chasseur of his excellency."

"And how addressed?"

"To the gentleman who dined yesterday at the legation."

"NO MORE TEA—NONE!" CRIED I," ETC.

I asked these questions to ascertain how far he persisted in the impertinence of giving me a name that was not mine, and I was glad to find that on this occasion no transgression had occurred.

I hesitated considerably about going to him. Was I to accept that slippery morality that says, "I see no more than I please in the man I dine with," or was I to go boldly on and denounce this offender to himself? What if he were to say, "Potts, let us play fair! Put your own name on the table, and let us see are you always on the square? Who is your father? How does he live? Why have you left home, and how? What of that horse you have—"

"No, no, not stolen—on my word, not stolen!"

"Well, ain't it ugly? Isn't the story one that any existing might, without even a spice of malevolence, make marvelously disagreeable? Is the tale such as you'd wish to herald you into any society you desired to mix with?" It was in this high, easy, and truly companionable style that conscience kept me company while I ate two eggs and a plate of buttered toast. "After all," thought I, "might it not prove a great mistake not to wait on him? How if, in our talk over politics last night, I may have dropped some remarkable expression, a keen appreciation of some distinguished, an extraordinary prediction of some coming crisis? Maybe it is in question me more fully about my 'views' of the state of Europe." Now I am rather given to "views of the state of Europe." I like that game of patience, formed by shuffling up all the governments of the Continent, and then seeing who is to have the most "tricks," who's to win all the kings, and who the knaves. "Yes," thought I, "this is what he is at. These diplomatic people are consummately clever at pumping; their great skill consists in extracting information from others and adapting it to their own uses. Their social position confers the great advantage of intercourse with whatever is remarkable for station, influence, and ability; and I think I hear his excellency muttering to himself, 'Remarkable man, that—keen view—great reach of thought—wish I could see more of him; must try what polite attentions may accomplish.' Well," said I, with a half-sigh, "it is the old story, See you non nobis; and I suppose it is one of the curses on Irishmen that, from Edmund Burke to Potts, they should be doomed to cross purses. I will go. What signifies it to *me*? I am none the poorer in disposing my knowledge thus is the nightingale in discussing her sweet music to the night air, and flooding the groves with waves of melody like *her*, I am none the less affluence that never fails me." And so I set out for the legation.

As I walked along through the garden a trinly-dressed French maid passed me, turned, and passed, with a look that had a certain significance. "It was Monsieur dined here yesterday?" said she, interrogatively; and as I smiled assent, she hinted me a very small-sealed note, and disappeared.

It bore no address but the word Mr. —, a strange, and very ceremonious one. "Mr. —. But, poor girl," thought I, "she knows me not as Potts, but as Protector. I am not the Individual, but the representative of the wide-spread benevolence that succors the weak and consoles the afflicted. I wonder has she been touched by my devotion? has she imagined—oh, that she would!—that I have followed her hither, that I have woven a vow to rescue and to save her? or is this note the cry of a sorrow-struck spirit, saying, 'Come to my aid ere I perish?'"

My fingers trembled as I broke the seal; I had to wipe a tear from my eye ere I could begin to read. My agitation was great—it was soon to be greater. The note contained very few words; they were these:

"SIR,—I have not communicated to my brother, Sir Shalley Doubleton, my circumstance of your unaccountable conduct yesterday evening. I hope that my reserve will be appreciated by you, and

"I am, your faithful servant,

"MARTHA KEATES."

I did not faint, but I sat down on the grass, sick and faint, and I felt the great drops of cold perspiration burst out over my forehead and temples. "So," muttered I, "the venerable person I have been lecturing is his excellency's own sister! My exhortations to a changed life have been addressed to a lady doubtless as rigid in morals as austere in manners." Though I could recall none of the words I employed, I remembered but too well the lesson I intended to convey, and I shuddered with disgust at my own conduct. Many times have I heard severest censure on the preacher who has from the pulpit scattered words of doubtful application to numbers beneath; but here was I making a direct and most odious attack upon the life and habits of a lady of unimpeachable behavior! Oh, it was too—too bad! A whole year of sackcloth and ashes would not be penance for my impropriety. How could she have forgiven it? What consummate charity enabled her to pardon an offense so gross and so gratuitous? Or is it that she foresaw consequences so grave, in the event of disclosure, that she dreaded to provoke them? My conduct is not an angry brother, in such a case, be warranted in doing? Would the world call any vengeance exorbitant? I studied her letter over and over, "I hope my reserve will be appreciated by you." This may mean, 'I reserve the charge—I shall let over you as a hold for the future: divorce ever so little from the straight road, I will say,' 'Pots, stand forward and listen to your indictment." She may have some terrible task in view for me, some perilous mission of which I can not or will refuse. This old woman may be to me as was the Old Man of the Sea to Sinbad. I may be fated to carry her forever on my back, and die dread of her be a living nightmare to me. At such a price existence has no value. "I will be desperate." "Worse even than the bondage is the feeling that I am no longer, to my own heart, the great creature I love to think myself. Instead of Potts the generous, the high-spirited, the confiding, the self-denying, I am Potts the timorous, the torture-stricken, and the base.

Out of my long and painful musings on the subject I bethought me of a course to take; I would go to her and say:

"Listen to this parable: I remember once, when a mere boy, a shrunken giant of a rapid brook just was played off upon the society by some one presenting us with the cast of a well-known murderer's face, as a cheap token for our contributions of its development. We gave them with every care and deliberation; we pointed out the fatal prominences of crime, and admired the depressions, which showed the absence of all prudential restraint; we demonstrated on the evidences of badness that were there, and proved that, with such a head, a man must have thought killing no murder. The rejoinder to our readiness was a small box that arrived by the mail, labeled, 'The original of the cast forwarded on the 14th.' We opened it, and found a plaster cast. The foolish jester fancied that he had cast an indelible quiz upon phrenology, and ignorant of the fact that his pumpkin had personated a skull which, had it ever existed, would have presented the characteristics we gave it." I would say, "Now, Madam, make the application, and say, do you not rather commend than condemn? are you not more ready to applaud than to upbraid me?"

Second thoughts rather deterred me from this plan; the figurative line is often dangerous with elderly people. It is just as likely she would mistake the whole force of my illustration, and bluntly say, "I'd beg to remark, Sir, I am not a pumpkin!"

"No. I will make adventure on this path; there is no need that I should ever meet her again, or, if I should, we may meet as utter strangers." The resolve made, I started up, and walked on toward the house.

His excellency, I learned, was at home, and had been for some time expecting me. I found him in his morning-room, in the same costume and much the same ease as on the day before.

"There's the *Times*," said he, as I entered; "I shall be ready for you presently," and worked away without raising his head.

Affecting to read, I set myself to regard him with attention. Vast piles of papers had arisen on him on every side; the whole table, and even the floor at his feet, was littered with them. "Would," thought I, "would that the writers for the Radical press, these scurrilous penny-a-liners who inveigh against a bloated and pampered aristocracy, could just witness the daily life of labor of one of these spoiled children of fortune. Here is this man, doubtless reared in ease and affluence, and see him how he toils away, from sundown to dawn, unraveling the schemes, tracing the wiles, and exposing the snares of these crafty foreigners. Mark! he is mustering over the subtle sentence he has just written: I am not grieved about Sharp's love for girl, but I hope she will escape being marked by the malady." A groan that broke from me here startled him, and he looked up:

"Ah! yes, by-the-way, I wants you, Paynter."

"I am not Paynter, your excellency. My name is—"

"Of course, you have your own name, for your own purposes, I dare say; but don't tease me, have a special service for you, and will put it in the 'extraordinary.' I have taken a little villa on the Lake of Como for my sister, but from the pressure of political events I am not able to accompany her there. She is a very timid traveler, and can not possibly go alone. You'll take charge of her, therefore, Paynter—there, don't be fussy—you'll take charge of her, and a young lady who is with her, and you'll see them housed and established there. I suppose she will prefer to travel slowly, some thirty miles or so a day, post-horses always, and strictly avoiding railroads; but you can talk it over together yourselves. There was a Bobus to have come out—"

"A Bobus!"

"I mean a doctor—I call every doctor Bobus —but something has detained him, or, indeed, I believe he was drowned at all events, he's not come, and you'll have to learn how to measure out either, and drop morphine; the 'companion' will help you. And keep an account of your expenses, Paynter—your own expenses for H.-O.—and don't let her fall sick at any out-of-the-way place. You know all that may be wise in doing; and, above all, don't telegraph on any account. Good-day, Paynter."

"If you will excuse me at dinner, I shall be obliged. I have a sort of half engagement."

"Come in your own time, then," said he, "for she'd like to talk over some matters. Look out for a carriage, too; I don't fancy giving mine if you can get another. Some of those great roomy German things with a cabriolet front, if possible, for Miss—I forget her name—would prefer a place outside. Kramm, the landlord, can help you to search for one; and let it be dusted, aired, and fumigated, and the dogs examined, and the axles greased—in a word, have your brains about you, Paynter. Good-by." Exit as before.

HOW TO MAKE AN ARMSTRONG GUN.

A VISITOR to the Woolwich Arsenal and works who has never seen an Armstrong gun, must, as he witnesses its successive stages of its construction, be sorely puzzled to conceive what it will look like when completed.

Imagine a very long thin bar of the finest iron, some 2 inches square, and 120 feet in length—that is 10 iron rods of 12-pounder size. In the course of the manufacture, this bore is divided into three pieces of about 40 feet in length. A 100-pounder requires three pieces each 20 feet long. Each of the manufacture commences in the forging-shop, a vast, dingy shed, where there is an incessant din of hammers and roaring of mighty furnaces, where blocks and bars of iron lie scattered in seeming confusion on every side—and, indeed, everything at white heat; there, glowing red-hot; in one corner, sending forth showers of sparks under the direction of a large steam-hammer; in another, rapidly rising and spattering under a stream of water; where stalwart, grimy men, with uprolled shirt-sleeves, vast, and leather aprons, are busily engaged, amid the smoke, or in the full glare of the fires, tossing steel rod-bars with the indifference of sailor seamen, and making the anvils ring with thirty Cyclops' power. We fix our eyes on a long narrow bar of iron, which is being rolled into a spiral as it spoke of. Suddenly the door is opened, and a fierce, bright gleam of light is cast through the shop. One of the men seizes the end of the bar with a pair of levers, drags it forth, and makes it fast to a roller which stands immediately before the furnace, and the diameter of which is exactly that of the interior tube of a 25-pounder when first rolled. The roller is put in motion by a steam-engine, and the iron, wound round it, just as one might wind a piece of thread round a reel. The roller being turned on end, the spiral is withdrawn from it. The operation is knocked off, restored to white heat in another furnace—for it has cooled somewhat in the rolling—and then flattened and welded together under one of the steam-hammers till only about half as long as it was. A 25-pounder, the length of the coil after this process is 25 feet; and three such coils are welded together to form the tube. Before that operation is performed, however, a small pin is inserted in the inside, and pared on the outside to within a very little of its proper diameter, so that the slightest blow due to the welding, if any there may be, is detected. Having passed this test, a couple of coils, brought to a proper heat by being placed end to end in a set of furnaces, blast-forced, are welded by violent blows from a huge iron battering-ram. A third coil is then added to the other two in the same manner, and the tube is complete. Over this a second tube, which has been prepared just in the same way, is passed, and similarly welded, except as it coils becomes tightly fastened. This is termed "shrinking on." Over this again is placed a third, massive tube of forged iron, to which the trunnions or handles of the gun are attached. The breech, which has now been added, is composed of several iron slabs, something like the staves of a barrel, which are beat into a cylindrical form, and welded at the end to the rod-bar under the steam-hammer. In the breech, the fibre of the metal runs in the direction of the length of the gun, while in the rest of the gun it runs round and round transversely. This is done to give greater strength to the breech in sustaining the whole backward thrust of the explosion. The breech thus formed is "shrunk on" to the rest of the gun; and to add still more to its strength, two double coils of wrought iron are rolled on with the fibre at right angles to that of the breech underneath.

So much for the iron to be used; we are now come to the finer and more delicate processes. Having been bored from end to end, and to the proper size, the gun passes to the reamers, who, with an instrument called a micrometer, measure within parts of a hundredth accuracy. The slightest deviation of any portion from its exact size, even to the fraction of a hair's breadth, is rigidly pointed out, and the error removed. The boring and rifling of the piece are next performed in a large, tidy, well-lighted room, where there is no noise, or smoke, or confusion, as in the forging-shop. The gun is placed erect in the boring-machine, and revolves gently round the big gimlet, which slowly but surely makes its way downward, scooping out the superfluous metal from the interior of the tube.

Where the touch-hole of an ordinary gun would be, a square hole is cut for the introduction of the rest-piece or stopper, which, with the breech-screw, completes the gun. The stopper is a circular piece of steel, faced with copper, which fits into the end of the rifled barrel with the most exact nicety. Upon this little piece of metal depends, in a great measure, the efficiency of the gun; because, unless it hermetically closed the cavity, a portion of the explosive force would escape, and the discharge would be weakened. The copper facing of the stopper is prepared with great care. It has to be sharpened with a file after it has so many rounds, and a duplicate accompanies every gun. The touch-hole runs through the vent-piece down into the chamber of the gun. The breech of the gun receives a powerful hollow screw, which presses against the ventpiece, and is easily tightened or loosened by means of a common wrighted handle. When the stopper is out, the gun is a hollow tube from end to end. We are now shown how the gun is used.

"When you want to fire the gun," says our attendant, "you must of course slacken the screw, and take out the stopper. You then thrust the shot, with a cartridge and a greased wad, through the hollow screw, into the bore, drop the vent-piece into its place, and make it tight with half a turn of the screw. You fire the gun with an ordinary friction-tube and string, as with any gun.

"How long does it take to turn out one of these pieces?"

"Why, taking the number of guns turned out within a certain period, and the number of working-hours in the same time, we find the rate of production at Woolwich is one gun for every 3½ working hours. Down at Elswick, Sir William's own factory, they are quite so quick. Takes little, individually, though, a single gun, from first to last, is a six or seven weeks' job."

"And what does it cost the cost of each gun?"

"An Armstrong 12-pounder costs about £250, only £50 more than an ordinary gun of the same weight; but then it is so much lighter (only eight cwt., while the old gun is nineteen cwt.), and can be worked so much more simply and quickly, and requires fewer men and horses than the other, it is really by far the cheaper of the two."

"Then as to the capabilities of the gun—is there any truth in the story of the wild goose being hit at five miles?"

"Why, no, our 100-pounder is expected to obtain a range of ten miles. The 13-pounder can take a target at about two and a quarter miles; and I've heard the gunners say that they undertake never to miss a man once at a mile. The longest range yet obtained has been 5000 yards, or over five miles, with a 32-pounder."

Length of range, however, becomes, beyond a certain point, of very little consequence. All practical artillerymen agree that usually the range in battle is limited to about 1500 yards, and under many circumstances, as not exceed 3000 yards, as any further point can not be seen, even with good glasses. The "smashing" power of the gun itself, that beyond a certain distance, range for general purposes has no practical value, and that artillerymen will prefer to fire at the moon as any object five miles off without any thing to guide them but the eye. The great question is, what effect has the gun till that time when it reaches its destination. Consequently, he has given as much thought to the construction of a projectile as of a gun, and has succeeded in inventing one of the most destructive character. It can be used either as a round shot, as a common shell, or as canister. It consists of a very thin cast-iron shell, filled with forty-two pieces of cast iron, which are built up so as to leave a space in the centre for the receptacle of the bursting charge. The exterior of the shell is thinly coated with lead, to make it take the rifling, and when the shell bursts, it spreads into a cloud of pieces, each of which flies forward at the same rate as that at which the shell was moving when it exploded. A shell was let off, by way of experiment, in a closed chamber, and burst into 212 pieces. In favor of an ingenious timed-fuse and oft-renewed engagements.

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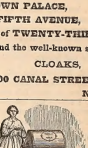

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With fine Linen Bosoms, and warranted as good a Shirt as sold in the retail stores at $2.50 each.
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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. IV.—No. 202.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1860. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

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HON. ABRAHAM LINCOLN, BORN IN KENTUCKY, FEBRUARY 12, 1809.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

SENT TO HEAVEN.

I had a message to send her,
To her whom my soul loved best;
But I had my task to finish,
And she had gone home to rest.

To rest in the far bright heaven—
Oh, so far away from here!
It was vain to speak to my darling,
For I knew she could not hear.

I had a message to send her,
So tender, and true, and sweet;
I longed for an angel to bear it,
And lay it down at her feet.

I placed it one summer evening
On a little white cloud's breast;
But it faded in golden splendor,
And died in the crimson west.

I gave it the lark, next morning,
And I watched it soar and soar;
But its pinions grew faint and weary,
And it fluttered to earth once more.

To the heart of a rose I told it;
And the perfume, sweet and rare,
Growing faint on the blue bright ether,
Was lost in the balmy air.

I laid it upon a censer,
And I saw the incense rise;
But its clouds of rolling silver
Could not reach the far blue skies.

I cried in my passionate longing:
"Has the earth no angel friend
Who will carry my love the message
That my heart desires to send?"

Then I heard a strain of music,
So mighty, so pure, so clear,
That my very sorrow was silent,
And my heart stood still to hear.

And I felt in my soul's deep yearning
At last the sure answer stir—
"The music will go to heaven,
And carry my thought to her."

It rose in harmonious rushing
Of mingled voices and strings,
And I tenderly laid my message
On the music's outspread wings.

I heard it float farther and farther,
In sound more perfect than speech—
Farther than sight can follow,
Farther than soul can reach.

And I know that at last my message
Has passed through the golden gate;
So my heart is no longer restless,
And I am content to wait.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1860.

THE PANIC IN WALL STREET.

WITHIN the past fortnight a panic has prevailed in Wall Street, and stocks of all descriptions have declined from 10 to 15 per cent. Such an event, occurring simultaneously with the most bountiful crops and the most remarkable development of material wealth this country has ever known, has naturally puzzled the public, and given rise to much surprise and conjecture.

On one side we hear that the panic was fictitious; that it was created by Democratic politicians, aided by influential Democratic presses, in the hope of preventing the State of New York from voting for Lincoln. In support of this view it is alleged that Mr. Cobb, the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Schell, the Collector of this port, and other leading politicians, appeared in Wall Street, and gave their personal assurance to the brokers that the Union could not survive Lincoln's election; that combinations were effected between politicians and stock-jobbers by which stocks were borrowed and sold for cash in unusual quantities, in order to depress prices; and that the "moral" of the panic, as deduced by its chief exponent, was that nothing but the success of Mr. Fusion ticket could save the Union. This is one theory.

On another hand, it is stated that the panic really grew out of the fears aroused by the movement in the Southern States. Though at New Orleans all is quiet, and every body seeks peace, throughout the States of Alabama, Mississippi, South Carolina, and Georgia, great excitement prevails; and if any reliance can be placed upon the statements of the politicians and the newspapers of those States, the election of Lincoln will not be tolerated without a struggle. What form that struggle may take remains to be seen. We know that, immediately after the election of Lincoln, popular conventions will be summoned by the Governors of Alabama, Mississippi, and South Carolina, to consider whether the crisis requires action on the part of those States; and we have every reason to believe that very decided ground will be taken by South Carolina, at all events. What will be the upshot of the whole no one can tell. We are led to believe that the feeling in South Carolina—as in Georgia and Alabama—is growing less favorable to separate action, and that, in all probability, each State will wait for the others. But in the mean time there can be no question but, pending the discussion, uneasiness will pervade the country, and all the markets will be feverish.

A variety of minor sources of anxiety are already contributing to produce this result. It is impossible to reflect upon the new attitude of Governor Wise, of Virginia, without alarm. His well-known energy, his want of prudence, his popularity, and the popularity of his scheme for making Virginia the manufacturing centre of a Southern Confederacy, insure great significance to his present hostility to submission, and to his antagonism with Governor Letcher. Again, the cotton crop will fall off considerably. It is quite likely that this is due in part to accident and the usual causes. The receipts last year were the largest which ever before are compared, were unusually heavy; but still there is the fact; and coupled with the rumored determination of the Southern States to withhold their cotton in order to create trouble at the North, it must be admitted that it is disquieting. The action of the Southern banks, though strictly legitimate, has been calculated to strengthen confidence. Business of a profitable character, growing out of the movements in cotton, has been created, which they have been declining long paper, or, in the words of the political journals, refusing all paper maturing after the election. This creates trouble at the South, and vague uneasiness at the North.

The theory of many persons is that these causes of distrust have been the sole source of the recent panic in Wall Street.

It is probable that there is some truth in both theories. The politicians could not have frightened people had there not been some cause for alarm; nor, on the other hand, would that alarm have been so quickly felt and so strongly expressed had it been left to find its own way to men's breasts.

The truth of this country is so largely dependent on the preservation of confidence, and each interest is so closely interwoven with every other, that the whole fabric is liable to succumb to the least blow in any quarter. Those who doubt that it is in the power of a few Southern politicians to produce a panic should look at that of 1857 display ignorance both of history and of the commerce of the country. Whether Southerners may choose to do so or not is another matter: that they have the power is beyond all question. The withholding of a few hundred thousand bales of cotton, and the cessation of purchases of goods, would cause the Northern markets, would not, of themselves, be fatal to commerce, though they could not but cause misfortune and loss. But the combination of these measures would probably create an alarm far greater than the late Wall Street panic, and possibly destructive of that confidence without which no mercantile business can be conducted for an hour. Nor is it safe to rely upon the disinterestedness of the South, the conservative tendencies of its commercial classes, for history teaches that, in times of political excitement, the appeals of trade are invariably disregarded, and money interests are forgotten. We do not probably never was a war that was not undertaken contrary to the wishes and in the teeth of the commercial interests of the country. Such contains no example of a popular excitement rising to boiling heat, and *then* listening to mercantile appeals for forbearance.

By the time these lines are read the election will be over, and we can not, therefore, be suspected of partisan purposes. We write in sober earnest, seeing no danger, and wishing that all good citizens, seeing it as we do, may not to the best of their ability to avert it while it is yet time.

THE LOUNGER.

PEEPING.

PEEPING into the next number of the *Cornhill* (it is not published in England yet), the Lounger gets a charming paper by the editor, "A Roundabout Journey." He ran away for a week from London. For a week he was in France and Holland. He saw famous cities and beautiful pictures, and had all the delightful feast of foreign travel for seven days. That is where the Britisher has us on the hip. They can run across the channel in an hour or two hours. We must expect two weeks. By the time we are fully recovered—they are looking at the Madonna and the rest, and hearing the sweet chimes of Antwerp and Bruges. It is a happy chance, for Europe seems quite near to Boston as to London as from New York.

The paper of Thackeray's from which the Lounger quotes copiously is in his ruliest and most genial vein:

"We must of us tell old stories in our families. The wife and children laugh for the hundredth time at the joke. The old servants though old servants are fewer every day) nod and smile a recognition at the well-known anecdote. 'Don't tell that story of Grouse in the gun-room,' says Dicgory to Mrs. Hardcastle in the play. 'I have heard it,' says Mrs. Hardcastle, and grow old and forgetful, we may tell an old story; so, out of mere benevolence, and a wish to amuse a friend when conversation is flagging, diddier a Joe Miller now and then; but the practice is bad, quite honest, and entails a certain necessity of hypocrisy on story hearers and tellers. It is a sad thing, to think that a man with whom you call a fund of anecdote is a tumbling, mirre or less amiable and pleasant. What right have I to tell my 'Cousine and the gun-room' over and over in the presence of my wife, husband, mother-in-law, sons, daughters, old fortunes, or perhaps small, confidential clerks, curates, or what not? I smirk and go through the history, grinning my stimulated recollection of the characters introduced: I mimic Jones's grin, Hicks's squint, Brown's stammer, Grady's brogue, Smith's South accent, to the best of my power; and the family part of my audience laughs good-humoredly. Perhaps the stranger, for whose amusement the story is told, laughs, too, in a manner but is, and laughs too. But this practice continued is not honest. Time changes on your party, my dear old friends, families, is weak, vain—not to say culpable. I can imagine that a young lady, with a pretty, arch, saucy look and lisp, says, and seems to the present sentence, lying back in his chair, thinking of that story which he has told innocently for fifty years, 'Papa, you've told that story quite enough.' Well, well, it is wrong: I have no right to call on my dear wife to laugh, my daughters to affect to be amused, that old, old jest of mine. And they would have gone on laughing, and they would have pretended to be amused, to their dying day, if this mask had not flung his danger over her blushes.' . . . They love the pun, and think, that there my old stories which I still tell myself in the bosom of my family? Here I say 'Grouse in my gun-room?' Why, I have said it in the presence my nursery tale: but because I want applause, and wantonly repeat myself. You see, as with the old stories with my wife and myself, we repeat the same story to the same individual; but they do them-selves as a matter of courtesy, the politeness of a man who can not help be honorably tried. I meet men walking the London street, hearing the best regardless of the wonderful pun-ers: I know such, who very likely will read this, and say, 'Hang the fellow, he means me.' And so I do. So—you see—as I do myself, and more than them. It is wrong, unless he is sure he is speaking only to give pleasure to his audience, to repeat a story. It is not a new story to the reader which makes him open his jaws.

"And is it not with writers as with *raconteurs*? Ought they not to have their ingenuum modesty? *May* authors tell old stories, and do their trainer ever? When I have looked at a place which I have visited any time these twenty or thirty years, I recall not the place merely, but the impression which I had on seeing it, and which was not different to my feelings to-day. This first day at Calais, the voices of the women crying fish about, as the vessel came alongside the pier; the supper at Quillacq's and the bed-keeper in the night-cap; the red-calico curtains over the which I slept; the tiled floor, and the fresh smell of the sheets; the sunshine coming in at the window; the *ragout*—all return with perfect clearness to my mind, and I am seeing them, and not the objects which are actually before me. . . . Memory is a strange faculty. I wonder is that commoner I know herein this score of years. Here are the two *gendarmes* standing at the door, and the baggage: the people at the passport-barrier who take your papers. My two people, I hardly see them. They have no interest on them a dozen orange women in Covent Garden, or a shop boy who keeps the door open. But you make me aware of a time when you were indeed wonderful to behold—when the little French soldiers were white cockades in their shako—when the fish-women were forty hours going to Paris; and the great-toothed postillion, as surveyed by the wonder-struck eyes of childhood, with his queue, his rose of rope for the harness, and his clubbed pigtail, was a wonderful object, the contemplation of endless amazement. You young folks don't remember the apple-stalls who used to follow the diligence to the end of Redgate, and sell you the delights of the jolly road? In making continental journeys with young folks, an elderly man by very quiet means, and without appearing melancholy, has really had the gone back to the days of his youth, and he is revelling in a spiritual repast of age on the economy box, and the amusing himself with all his might. He is noting the horses as they cross upon the road of post-house yard at midnight; he is enjoying the delicious meals at Beauvais and Amiens, and quaffing of bidetons the ale—Bass's Pale ale: he is half-fellow with the conductor, and alive to all the incidents of the road. A man can't do this and be a fool, and at the same time, don't you see? Bodily, I may be in 1860 years, silent, torpid; but in the spirit I am walking about in 1815, I say—in a blue dress coat and brass buttons, a sweet figured silk waistcoat, which I button under the cover with perfect neatness, looking at breakfast beings with glazed sleeves and tea-trays hats under the golden chestnuts of the Tuileries or round the Place Vendôme, where the *drapeau blanc* is floating from the statutes column. Shall we go and dine at Beauvais's, and see the Duke of Berri, or at the Café Anglais?—Away! Bombards's and the Hôtel Breteuil have been pulled down ever so long. They knocked down the poor old Virginia Coffee-house last year. My spirit goes back times time. . . . Why should not I tell over and over to many people in a railway carriage, and no wonder my companions fall asleep and grow silent. How you can remember Owen's 'Footsteps on the Confines of Another World?'—My dear Sir, it will make your hair stand quite perpendicular! Or Mr. Smith's work you will read that often gentlemen's or ladies' spirits travel off a few score of thousand miles from the body, and leave the body quite cold in a rapid state in their beds or in their arm-chairs. Why, I have been in a state of clairvoyance for a whole week away thirty years back into the past. I am looking out of the window of the Hôtel de Ville at Ghent, and hearing Byron's poems, and pretend that I like Wordsworth and think much better. Nothing I eat or drink can make me disagree with me. I know when I think to be the most lovely creatures in the world. Ah, dear maid of the many mansions (the commercial par'or), am I your wife or widow now?—are you dead?—are you thin and withered and old—or have you grown much stouter, with a false front? and so forth.

"CARLISLE.—I was awakened this morning with the Cathedral—Who Antony cathedral clock plays at half-hours, and tells the time has been on ever since, so I was told. You dress, eat, drink, walk, and talk to yourself to their tune: their incredible jingle accompanies you all day: it goes into your dreams, and the paper to their rhythm. I tried successfully to imitate the tune to the ladies of the house, by whom it was much admired. Is it a shadow dance of *Dinorah*? It may be so. I dimly remember that my self-same tune was performed on the performance of the bears, while my eyes were closed, and my intellectual faculties were engaged in the Land of Nod. Perhaps I have learned that shadow dance from hearing it pealing up over us high in the air, at night, morn, noon.

"Last night I was in bed at one, and left to the cheery peal: while the old city is asleep at midnight, or waking up by my watch, and thinking in noon, or noon, or the sounding rain which drives in gusts over the broad places, and the great shaking river; or sparkling in snow which dresses up a hundred thousand roofs, peaks, and towers; or wrapped round with thunder-cloud canopies, before which the white gables shine whiter; day and night the kind little carillon plays its fantastic melodies overhead. The bells go on ringing: *Quod vivos vocant, mortuos plangunt, fulgura frangunt*; on to the next and further, and further, and further, and further. . . . And so. While the French were pitching their *palgues* into Ghent's citadel, the bells went on ringing quite cheerfully. While the scaffolds were up and guarded by Alva's soldiery, and regiments of pointless, idiot, black, drab, grey, pouted out of churches and convents, dressing their ranks, and marching to the place of the Hôtel de Ville, where heretics and rebels were to meet their doom, the bells up yonder were chanting at their appointed half-hours and quarters, and sung the *manuscrit quare d'heure* for many a poor soul. This bell can also as far away as the towers and dikes of Rotterdam. This one can tell a greeting to St. Ursula's at Brussels, and toss a recognition to that one at the turn-bull of Culloden, and remember how, after a great struggle there a hundred and fifty years ago, the white plaid was carried with the dying French chivalry—Dugnesky, and Berri, and the Chevalier of St. George. Spring like to the last. What a time between those Outlands!" says another bell (Bob Major *this* one must be). "Be still, you impertinent old clapper! I can see over to Hougoumont and St. John, and the forty-five years since I rang all through one Sunday in June, when there was such a battle going. Back to the river! Soon as none of you others ever heard tell of. Yes, from morning service to evening service, with bells and English were all at it, ding-dong." And then calls of business intervene, and the bells have to give up their jangle, resume their professional duty, and sing their hourly chorus out of heaven.

"What a prodigious distance those bells can be heard! I was confounded this morning to their tune, I say. I have been hearing it continually ever since I was little brown whence I write, Murray says, is two hundred and ten miles from Antwerp. And it is a weak off, and there is the bell still jangling its shadow dance out of *Dinorah*. Ah, how sensitive you understand and an inviolable sound, but quite distinct; and a plague take the tune!

"Bruges.—But I submit, on chronicle to entertain to the Intrusion and impertinence of that, Swiss fellow with the knitter,—he officer who answers to the beadle of the British Museum, and who comes and looks at you with an eye on the compromise. Now the bunt of Cathleen I must have shelter and can open to all. The golden grass and churches there are exceptions. At Rome I have been back to the Antonine, and the Antonine are always open, the lamps are always burning, the faithful are forever coming and going, and the office of the Host always, and on. In the afternoon you can go to the church, and be entirely rested. But you must pay a franc at the side gate. In the forenoon the doors are open, by a sou, and there is no one to levy an entrance fee. I was standing there in still, almost empty, the great nave of the church at the twinkling lights, and listening to the distant chants of the priests performing the service: one heard the chant from the organ-loft broke out behind me overhead, and I began counting the pillars of the nave and transepts and was down upon me in a moment. 'I do not turn your back to the altar during divine service,' says I, in very good, simple English. I take the rebuke, and turn a cell-window about face, and listen a while as the service continues. Then I go out on the side and pay my franc, whereof. We are separated from them by a great screen and closed wood of iron, through which the congregation and the chant comes by gusts only. Seeing a score of children kneeling there at a table, I think I have found them. I am tired of looking at that hideous old pulpit with its gruesome ornaments of carved wood, and I go to the side aisle; but ring through the drum-major is instantly after me —silenced I thought he was going to lay hands on me. 'Monsieur,' says he, 'you must go from the church during the service.' I was moving as quietly as might be, and the children were keenly children kicking and chattering at their ease. I point them out to the Swiss. 'They are learning,' says he. 'They are catechising.' I say, 'Then I come to pay,' says I, 'I am welcome,' and with the wildest gestures I walk out of Bruges, as I said. It don't envy the feelings of that beadle after receiving point-blank such a stroke of wit.

"Ah, more scenes of the same mellow, pleasant talk about the romantic and dear old Dutch towns and treasures. As a magazinist Thackeray is inimitable.

PICKWICKIAN ELOQUENCE.

THE most brilliant Lounger can not escape the electricity of the time. The people all around him, of every pursuit and of all interests, are so preoccupied with politics, in the approach of the election, that they are abstracted from all the ordinary topics of conversation. Their own coal will go to Hongkoutsun and St. John, and the forty-five years since I rang all through one Sunday in June, when there was such a battle going. Back to the river! Soon as none of you others ever heard tell of. Yes, from morning service to evening service, with bells and English were all at it, ding-dong." And then calls of business intervene, and the bells have to give up their jangle, resume their professional duty, and sing their hourly chorus out of heaven.

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THE most brilliant Lounger can not escape the electricity of the time. The people all around him, of every pursuit and of all interests, are so preoccupied with politics, in the approach of the election, that they are abstracted from all the ordinary topics of conversation. Their own coal will go to Hongkoutsun and St. John, and the forty-five years since I rang all through one Sunday in June, when there was such a battle going. Back to the river! Soon as none of you others ever heard tell of. Yes, from morning service to evening service, with bells and English were all at it, ding-dong." And then calls of business intervene, and the bells have to give up their jangle, resume their professional duty, and sing their hourly chorus out of heaven.

"What a prodigious distance those bells can be heard! I was confounded this morning to their tune, I say. I have been hearing it continually ever since I was little brown whence I write, Murray says, is two hundred and ten miles from Antwerp. And it is a weak off, and there is the bell still jangling its shadow dance out of *Dinorah*. Ah, how sensitive you understand and an inviolable sound, but quite distinct; and a plague take the tune!

"Bruges.—But I submit, on chronicle to entertain to the Intrusion and impertinence of that, Swiss fellow with the knitter,—he officer who answers to the beadle of the British Museum, and who comes and looks at you with an eye on the compromise. Now the bunt of Cathleen I must have shelter and can open to all. The golden grass and churches there are exceptions. At Rome I have been back to the Antonine, and the Antonine are always open, the lamps are always burning, the faithful are forever coming and going, and the office of the Host always, and on. In the afternoon you can go to the church, and be entirely rested. But you must pay a franc at the side gate. In the forenoon the doors are open, by a sou, and there is no one to levy an entrance fee. I was standing there in still, almost empty, the great nave of the church at the twinkling lights, and listening to the distant chants of the priests performing the service: one heard the chant from the organ-loft broke out behind me overhead, and I began counting the pillars of the nave and transepts and was down upon me in a moment. 'I do not turn your back to the altar during divine service,' says I, in very good, simple English. I take the rebuke, and turn a cell-window about face, and listen a while as the service continues. Then I go out on the side and pay my franc, whereof. We are separated from them by a great screen and closed wood of iron, through which the congregation and the chant comes by gusts only. Seeing a score of children kneeling there at a table, I think I have found them. I am tired of looking at that hideous old pulpit with its gruesome ornaments of carved wood, and I go to the side aisle; but ring through the drum-major is instantly after me —silenced I thought he was going to lay hands on me. 'Monsieur,' says he, 'you must go from the church during the service.' I was moving as quietly as might be, and the children were keenly children kicking and chattering at their ease. I point them out to the Swiss. 'They are learning,' says he. 'They are catechising.' I say, 'Then I come to pay,' says I, 'I am welcome,' and with the wildest gestures I walk out of Bruges, as I said. It don't envy the feelings of that beadle after receiving point-blank such a stroke of wit.

"Ah, more scenes of the same mellow, pleasant talk about the romantic and dear old Dutch towns and treasures. As a magazinist Thackeray is inimitable.

who have said very sharp things will be justly excused upon the plea of peculiar excitement. It is very comfortable to reflect that a great deal of our electioneering eloquence is purely Pickwickian.

THE OTHER SIDE.

THAT is to say, Italy and the war there. Garibaldi is as great as he is brave. History does not often, in these latter European days, bring two men together upon the stage so adequate to noble actions as Garibaldi and Cavour. They differ, with much respect, honestly differing, they differ with much respect. Cavour, in the most generous, but dignified, manner, put himself and Garibaldi in judgment before the Italian people. The verdict effectively reads:

"You are both right." That is to say, they have an equal love of country, an equal willingness to serve her, and are both willing to mingle in a wise method to the division of country.

Cavour, like a true statesman, constantly consults the shifting barometer of circumstances. What seems unwise and impracticable to-day, tomorrow may show to be possible and easy. He wishes no cession of Italian territory. It can not be asked, he says, of a nation of twenty-five millions of people. Then he wishes Rome to be the metropolis of Italy: but how it may be so mode can not be at once categorically determined. Still further, Venetia must join Italy, as she longs to do. Yet Europe does not wish that Italy should make war upon Austria to free Venice, because Europe fears that they can not do the work alone. The union of Italy will show Europe that she is wrong, says Cavour, and when a united Italy marches to open the gates of Venice, white-coated Austria will retire; Europe will approve; and Italy, from the old, will ground to the new, will be one, great, indivisible.

This is a splendid programme, but who doubts that it will be fulfilled? And yet forty years ago the poet Shelley thought as we think. We can see why he was wrong, and why our wishes have a surer foundation—or we think we can. Here is what he wrote of Naples in 1820; would you not think it had been inspired by Garibaldi's deliverance of the city?

"Naples! thou heart of man, which ever pantest
Naked, beneath the lion's gory lair!
Elysian city! which to calm enchantest
The multitude air and sea; they round thee, even
As sleep round poets, are arrived
Metropolis of a ruined Paradise.
Long late, late woe, and yet but half regained!
Bright star of the bloodless sacrifice
Whose splendor flows o'er uplifts on untained
To Love, the fever-enkindled!
Thou which wert worn, and thou didst cease to be,
Nor art, and henceforth ever shalt be, free,
If Hope, and Truth, and Justice can avail.
Hail, hail, all hail!"

WORDS IN DISGRACE.

LADY FRANKLIN'S devotion to the memory of her husband, and her unwearied efforts to solve the mystery of his death, have made her known to the world, and associated her name with all those which illustrate the patient fidelity of women. It is mainly to her resolution that the mystery was cleared. The M'Clintock Expedition sailed especially under her auspices, and here is the honorable reward not only of answering a question of which her Government despaired, but of sealing the fame of her husband by the discovery of all that was in the way to have solved the great Arctic problem when jealous Death interposed.

She lately arrived in this country, with which the heroism of Dr. Kane and the liberality of Henry Grinnell had created for her peculiar and most interesting relations. She has been received long among us, and is every where received with that quiet respect which

"To who believe in affection that hopes, and endures, and is patient,
Yr who believe in the beauty and strength of woman's devotion,"

can not help feeling for the wife of Sir John Franklin.

The other day, in compliance with a very enthusiastic invitation, she went to the Woman's Library, recently started in this city. There was a crowd of ladies there. They had some pleasant talk; and after remaining for two hours, she left. The reporter adds: "After examining the books and pictures, she requested to be permitted to donate some books to the library." We have great respect for reporters—but we hope she requested to do no such thing. That Lady Franklin should wish to give books to the library is very proper, kind and natural; but how does she, or any body else, donate books?

What is the matter with that good old word *give*, that reporters and orators and writers of public letters are trying to suppress it? It is a sweet, sound word, and ought to be loved and respected. Another word is outlawed in the same manner and by the same person. What has the word "donate" done that it should be incontinently thrust out? Take up any morning paper, and if any body made a speech last evening, you will probably read that about eight o'clock he "commenced to speak." The procession "commenced to pass" a certain point, etc. Why didn't he "begin" to speak? Why didn't the procession "begin" to pass? Is it supposed to be more elegant to use "commence" for "begin," and "donate" for "give?" Does any body seriously think "donation" a nobler word than "gift?" Let us hope that the next valuable Lady Franklin does present books to the library, she will write in them "A Gift from Jane Franklin;" not "A Donation from Lady Franklin."

MORE TALK.

As the political orators close their mouths, the Lyceum lecturers open theirs. The lecture season, in fact, began before the campaign was fairly over. The papers had published their usual lists; the committees and the speakers had been put to arrange their evenings; the committees' lists are closed; the lecturers' books are full; nothing remains for them now but to stand and deliver.

There is a preliminary which does not concern the lecturers which is yet to be completed. That is, the usual announcement that the Lecture system has run out: that people will no longer tolerate second-hand philosophy dipped out of Cyclopedias and Reviews: that the fancy men of the Lyceum have used themselves up—and the Lyceum itself is an effete institution. Meanwhile the same agreeable facts are annually brought forward, but the Lyceum perversely refuses to stop; the committees continue to receive and invite; and the lecturers: and the lecturers themselves do still speak and empty pockets.

It is amusing to observe how a habit of skepticism leads not only to universal doubt but to unreasonable credulity. The secretary of a society, for instance, at the idea of any action from a purely disinterested and humane motive, he is constantly at fault in the results of his calculations. And so many people do constantly act not from selfishness but from the very opposite motive. And as with individuals, so of their aggregate called society. As a rule, the appeal of nobility and generosity does not fail upon any civilized people. Sometimes it will, but then the case is exceptional. If a man supposes, for instance, that he can accomplish more effectually by not giving to policed as to their pride, he is profoundly mistaken. If you want to protect the pocket, or if you want to protect the conscience, you will only be right by a principle.

So if our lobby supposes that the Lyceum is a mere whim of people who want somewhere to pass the evening, he will find that the facts are incontestably against him. Lecturing is not a whim. It is transient in its nature. The reason why the Lyceum remains so permanently is not that people like it, but they have something to say—a reason, but that they are interested in what they hear. Now, I do not think about, and have no care to talk about lest they should seem odd, are touched by the lecturer with his own responsibility, and he appeals directly to the audience. The committee may sometimes be alarmed, but it is all right with the people who hearers. They are not with the owners of their own souls, and prefer to hear before they strike. And so long as the Lyceum is maintained in that interest and on that basis, so long as it is credibly reported that Mr. George Francis Train, a vehement gentleman, who has been heard of in England occasionally as blowing the west loud for his country, is about to start running to America, not exactly in a Hansom cab but with a Hansom cab in his head. People who would not be had an express locomotive under full steam in it when he went away, may suppose that England has moderated his gait a little. But Mr. Train's undertaking is a proof of the contentiest steam. For it is in strict pursuance of his well-considered plan of "jumping" by days' light" that he intends to run Hansom cats in the city under charter.

The great difficulty with the London cats is their weight. The genius of light carriages has not yet smiled upon England. It is the last word in the old world, if the Englishmen had our light wagons how they would spin! (of course not faster than we do. In fact, spin is a word which they would be conscious of a new sensation). There is no reason why Mr. Train should not have his cats light. Nothing can be will save him from failure, as a man who is supposed to represent the peculiar spirit of his country, knows that that country spurns the heavy carriage, and will not buy so calm, elastic, convenient, cheap, and Hansom.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE ALLOCUTION.

"The following is a summary of the Allocution delivered by the Pope on the Consistory, on the 26th ult."—*Paper.*

Kiss Victor's a wretch and a horrible thief,
Blasphemous, chamber-robber, and liar;
And I'm happy to think he'll one day come to grief
If he takes my poor patrimony.

As touching the soldiers who died in my cause,
No fair reader be better aware
I certify all have escaped from the jaws
Of Old Nick and gone up to the sky.

Brooding the Kings that don't tend me a hand
To wipe out the stain of rebellion,
I beg that these monarchs will please understand
They're all in the road to perdition.

I specially hint to the Gallician Bubus,
That his acts are all futile and null, for
While he's making a capital look, as he thinks,
I've booked him for sojourn in religion.

So up to the aid of your father the Pope,
Who gives you these elegant wiggings.
Don't have him, as Tasker would call it, to stope.
And make tracks for emancipated diggings.
Save the Cardinal Prince, and the rest defied
By you "Particular Pollution!"
Draw the Pontiff's chair near, and don't draw it mild—
And this is your Pope's Allocution.

ÆSOP'S SELECT FABLES.

THE SEA-NYMPH AND THE OCEAN SWELL.

One morning, when there was a heavy Swell upon the main, a gentle Nymph walked forth, her blue eyes beaming with joy, her dewy tresses crystallized with dew. The Swell, struck by her beauty, and solicitous to win her admiration, paused, and proudly shook his crest long wavy curls. "Cease then not space, sweet Nymph," he said, "with that treasury of beauty one enjoys making love?"—"Where wouldst thou have a lack?" quoth she, "out on thy underhanding, thou confined enough already."—"Oh, cruel," cried the crest-fallen Swell, "thou knowest not what I intend!"—"I am sure I don't care a rush," she answered, "and a most wicked flatterer, for while thou art kissing the pale moon thou art treating of them down."—"One lock of thine," returned the Swell, "would rivet my devotion and banish all thoughts of the sky." The arch Nymph shook her laughing face, and said, "Oh, restless Swell! how can that thing which is always in motion would make thee constant, when thou art moved by every sportive air?"

The Swell, vexed at the rebuff, in his wildly flung themselves at bounty's feet, for what can be expected from such insane creatures but scornful pride?

THE SLOW COACH AND THE LITTLE DUCK.

A Slow Coach had often diverted by passing a little Duck who with her mother and sisters lived on a village green. "Some fine day," said the slow Coach, creeping and speaking the little Duck, with a dreary smile, "when I can get a license, you shall ride with me in a mail with me."—Thank you," returned the little Duck, proudly lifting up her bill; "but I would like to be allowed to get a license, perhaps I may wait till peace are out of season. I never encourage slow Coaches, and I wish to go to market I shall trust to express."

Proud. We here rest the error of procrastination. Dawdlers are always smitten. The little Duck, though somewhat given to her bow, was quite right in her principle. Coach that makes lumbering excuses for not being able to go quick, should be left to its own reflections and a pace.

THE YOUNG MONKEY AND THE ULLY MUG.

A Young Monkey, in the uniform of a Midshy, sat at the breakfast table of the Midshipmen's mess, engaged in an ugly mug belonging to the First Lieutenant. "What are you doing there, sir?" said the Lieutenant to the ugly Mug.—"Only Sister, Sir," replied the young Monkey, with increasing humility.—"Sister, indeed!" said the First Lieutenant, "is she pretty?"—"She is considered so, Sir," replied the young Monkey.—"Indeed, and what does she say?" inquired the Mug, looking fiercely at the young Monkey.—"She says, Sir," she says, Sir," repeated the latter, "that she would be exceedingly glad if you would not bow your portrait to put in a brush."—"Ha!" cried the ugly Mug, radiant with vanity, "I'll just speak to Mr. Jay; and I think you named leave of absence? You shall have it, Mr. Sly; fill your glass, Mr. Jay—here's to you."

Moral. A young Monkey who goes to sea should always have a good stock of flattery. Flattery is many little indulgences to excuse to a young Monkey as occasions, if he wishes to rise in the service, to the rank of Post Captain.

THE TRUE TEETOALER.—The Spirit-Rapper, for not one of them knows any thing about any Spirit whatever.

LAMORICIERE'S VOW, OR HE WOULD BE AN ALYA.

He would be an Alya, sword and awes
The red-hot Lamoricière;
Through blue, through grey, retired
Should be, with wasting fire and sword.

The towns which spurned the Pontiff's sway
Should lie in interior prey;
He'd turn his ruffians loose, to kill,
Burn, spoil, and lay their bastial will.

But ere he went on this crusade
The Frenchman coffed scheintal aid;
Then, kneeling at Loretto's shrine,
Invoked the female form divine:

"O spotless Queen! Celestial Rose!
Lend me thine aid to crush my foes;
Remembering that those foes are mine,
Because they are the Pope's and thine.

"Adorable and most adored,
Behold this ornament's sword;
Thine, if I succeed, shall be;
Here will I hang it up to thee!"

Unheard was the Crusader's prayer,
Which by wind carried in air;
Because, there's too much ground to fear,
Though God can hear, they can not hear.

Our Hero's doom was dire defeat,
As regarded for his wishes;
His army driven from the field,
And he himself obliged to yield.

Fulfill, though they have not the grace,
Thy vow, Crusader, all the same;
Thy Deity of wax, stone, wood,
Thy prayer had granted, if it could.

The will is equal to the deed,
And merit's the same in most;
So let thy sword, in spite of scorn,
The magic power of prayer.

For, now that weapon's work is o'er,
Thou shouldst resign it evermore:
Drawn against Heaven, it was drawn in vain—
Oh! never wear that Sword again.

ARETINA'S BEST WAY.—If Austria would do the honest thing and restore Venetia to Victor Emanuel, she would be the Venetian territory to its rightful owners, and pay over the proceeds into the hands of Rothschild.

WONDERFUL.—A teacher of penmanship in twelve lessons taught a lawyer to read his own writing.

Good dinners have a harmonizing influence. Few dinners are so large that they can not be covered with a table-cloth.

"A minister at the bar," as the boy said, when caught by a dog, just as he was about to climb on the counter.

A Wisconsin paper, after describing a farm which the advertiser wished to sell, says: "The surrounding country is the most beautiful the God of Nature ever made. The scenery is enchanting, and the two wagons to sell, are a pair of steers."

A little man, having walked the streets with a lighted lantern, an acquaintance met him, and exclaimed, in some surprise,

"Why, what is the use of that light to you? You have only to look in a glass to see a fool, and I'm sure I can't see a bit the better."

"No," replied the small man; "I don't carry the light to make me see, but to prevent fools from running against me."

An editor, recording the career of a mad dog, says: "We are grieved to say that the rabid animal, before it could be killed, severely bit Dr. Hart and several other dogs."

A Frenchman having heard the phrase, "I've got other fish to fry," very readily turned its application. One evening, after escorting a lady home, and being invited to walk in, he thought to display politeness, and excused himself by saying, "I thank you, Madame; I must cook some fish."

A man may generally expect a democratic "brozer" when his wife begins to put on "airs."

CAUSE AND EFFECT.—"Why, Hank, you have the most feminine cast of countenance I ever have seen."

"Oh, yah," replied Hiram, "I know de reason for dat—public meetin' was a womman."

The following is a copy of a will left by a man who chose to be his own lawyer: "This is the last will and testament of me, John Thomas: I give all my things to my relations, to be divided among them the best way they can. N.B.—If any body kicks up a row or makes any fuss about it, he isn't to have any thing. Signed by me, JOHN THOMAS."

Fun is worth more than physic, and whoever invents or discovers a new source of supply deserves the name of a public benefactor.

It is the opinion of the doctor that the lawyer got his living by plunder, while the lawyer thinks the doctor gets his by "plunder."

A man being asked what meaning he attached to the term "aristocrat," replied, "Any man that has more than me, is an aristocrat—unless, sir, a nobleman."

A man took off his coat to show a terrible wound he had received a few years before. The doctors who had attended him on the occasion remembered that it was but "brotherly" arm.

If you erects a perpendicular line upon a horizontal one, makes a right angle: he who hikes his trust with a naked line, makes a wrong angle.

An old Dutchman who some years ago was elected a member of the Legislature, said, in his native English style, "Ven I vent to the Legislatur I fought I vould find a big house, but I found a leetle room. Some one sane as pick feels dere as I was."

Some things come by odd names. The most uncommon quality in a man is called "consistency;" a pipe of half a mile long is "clay;" and a melancholy ditty, described as "mournful music;" a "dirge."

A man who assisted to empty several bottles of wine, afterward took a walk. The pavements were quite icy, and he continually fell down. "Very single to-night, waiter," cried he, in a way that showed the slippery side up."

"How," said Mr. A. to a friend who wished to convey a piece of information relative to a lady without mentioning directly with her, "how can you be certain of her readiness to marry you when you have declined to be her husband?"

"Thus I have managed without the possibility of a failure," was the answer; "she will open it to a certainty, and then she will know that I am her husband."

EXPOSED AND TRANSPLANTED.—A gentleman recently married, was enjoying, with his fair one, an evening with a party of friends, when, suddenly, he was heard to say, hastily, "Excuse me, I must be off—I am exposed and transplanted!" At that moment a second bell rang, and the friends fell into a roar. "Were you, my love," entreated the gentleman, "aboard that vessel?" "No, you would be exported, and I, of course, transported."

"Well, George," asked a friend of a young lawyer, "how do you like your profession?"

"Also, Sir, my profession is better than my practice."

A soldier being asked if he met with much hospitality while he was in Mexico, replied that he was in the hospital nearly all the time he was there."

"Mick," said a bricklayer to his laborer, "if you meet Patrick, tell him I have gone to dinner, and am looking for him."

"Share an' I will," replied Mick; "but what will I tell him if I don't meet him?"

A distinguished friend of ours says that "poetry is every body's topic, and prose no man's *forte*." It is also afraid that it is generally a coin jingled most by those who have no other to jingle.

A correspondent has invented a machine for extracting the lies from quack advertisements. Some of them are sure soon after entering the machine, as only the truth comes out.

THE EMPEROR OF CHINA AND HIS CAPITAL.

As we may expect to hear by any mail of the march of the allied French and English upon the Chinese capital, we place on record, on the following pages, a Plan of the City of Peking, and a Plan of Peking.

We published in No. 94 of this Journal, bearing date October 16, 1858, two fine views of Peking, with a historical sketch of the city; in No. 104, dated December 25, 1858, an illustrated letter from our special correspondent who accompanied Mr. Ward on his journey to Peking the summer of that year; and in No. 160, bearing date August 25, 1860, a Large Map of the Province of Pechili, showing the Mouths of the Peiho, and The Seat of War in China. All these former publications we will only add here that, in consequence of the political disturbances which have been raging in China for the past few years, the supply of food on which Peking relies for the sustenance of its people has been greatly diminished, and the population has fallen off in consequence. It was once a city of 2,000,000 inhabitants; how many it contains now, no one can tell. It is not a handsome city—the houses being only one story high—in consequence of the prevalence of earthquakes. It is divided into two distinct portions, the Chinese town and the Tartar town: the one being the abode of the rich, the military, and men of leisure; the other, the home of the working-classes and the poor. It is surrounded by a high wall, and provided with strong fortifications; but the Europeans will probably have some fighting to do ere they take the place.

The Emperor of the Chinese Hien-Foo—a man of only twenty-nine years of age, having been born in 1831. He came to the throne ten years ago: his predecessor, contrary to custom, chose him out, and formally introduced him to the Mandarins as their future Emperor some time before his death. He is said to be a man of remarkable energy of character and resolution of purpose. He has never wavered in the hostility to the allies which he expected feet to approach the coast; and his wife, a fine handsome woman, he treats in every way as an equal. It is said that after any lady visits should occur at a period when, seemingly, the recuperation of the Chinese Empire is beyond hope.

WESTERN GATE, PEKING. HIEN-FOU, THE EMPEROR OF CHINA. THE BRIDGE OF NANKING.

PLAN OF THE CITY OF PEKING

REFERENCE TO THE PRINCIPAL BUILDINGS, PLACES, ETC.,

IN THE CITY OF PEKING.

A A A, The Forbidden City, in three divisions, about two miles in circumference.

a. The CENTRE DIVISION, containing the Emperor's palaces and residences of the imperial household.

b. The EASTERN DIVISION, containing the palaces of the princes, council-chamber, imperial treasury, imperial library, hall of intense mental exercise, temple to the Emperor's ancestors whose names are carved on tablets kept there.

c. The WESTERN DIVISION, containing hall of portraits of the royal family and of eminent men, the Emperor's printing and binding establishment, court of Commissioners of Sessions, Receipts, etc., etc., a temple to the guardian deity of the city.

B B, B B, The Imperial City, about six miles in circumference, containing,

1. Gate of heavenly rest;
2. Gate of great Purity;
3. Temple to the ancestors of the reigning family;
4. Altar to the gods of land and grain;
5. Military stores for cavalry and infantry;
6. The illuminated (an artificial) mountain, 150 feet high, the base of fossil coal for supplying the garrison with combustibles in case of siege: it is surrounded by a deer park and gardens, etc.;
7. The western park;
8. An artificial lake one and a half miles in length;
9. A white marble bridge of nine arches, ten feet in width;
10. The superb summer-house, a favorite resort of the Emperor;
11. Edifice and grounds for the exhibition of military skill, reviews, etc.;
12. The botanical and fruit gardens;
13. A royal pavilion;
14. Temple dedicated to the silk-worm;
15. Temple of great happiness;
16. The five dragon pavilions;
17. The movable type printing-office;
18. The tribunal of civil office;
19. The tribunal of revenue;
20. The tribunal of rites and ceremonies;
21. Tribunal of war;
22. Tribunal of public works;
23. Tribunal of punishments;
24. The astronomical board;
25. College of physicians;
26. Russian mission founded 1728;
27. Grand audience office;
28. Office of foreign affairs;
29. Temple to the Emperor's ancestors;
30. Imperial observatory;
31. Library office;
32. Literary institution;
33. Temple to the polar star;
34. Police office;
35. The Drum and Bell tower;
36. Principal gate between imperial and northern and southern divisions of the city;
37. The cemetery;
38. Mohammedan mosque;
39. Temple of heaven's Lord;
40. The elephant's inclosure;
41. Temple to a deity, the protector of the reigning family;
42. Temple of successive generations of Emperors;
43. The white pagoda temple;
44. The residences of the foreign deputies;
45. Mansion frequented by the Buriati and officers of the court, delightfully situated.

The NORTHERN DIVISION, area about 12 miles, the civil and military quarter, and subject to the Emperor's immediate police, contains the magazines and stores of ammunition, weapons, etc., and the residences of the princes, and other public officers, the residences of nobility, etc.

The SOUTHERN DIVISION, area about 15 miles. The grand emporium of the merchandise and shops for the sale of all commodities brought to the capital, the principal resort of amusement and rendezvous of dress, the resort of all classes.

The entire circumference of Peking is about 40 miles, nearly 10 square miles, and is area at about 37 square miles.

Scale of English Miles

THE LAST STUMP SPEECH.

UNDER THE SNOW.

IN TWO PORTIONS.

PORTION THE FIRST.

ALTHOUGH Switzerland is famous, all the world over, for its lofty mountains, still, in foreign countries, many lads of my age, and in my station of life, may not exactly know that the Jura is a chain of mountains formed by several parallel chains which extend from Basle, in Switzerland, quite up to France and a little way into it, running in the direction from northeast to southwest. The length of the Jura is about one hundred and seventy miles, and its breadth from thirty-five to forty miles. It contains a great number of deep valleys, and several mountains whose summits are very lofty.

I mention these dry details at the outset in order that you may better understand the language used to me; for it is, in great measure, the difference of the height of the mountains which renders them more or less habitable. The higher they are, the sharper is the cold there, the shorter is the summer, the scantier is the vegetation, and the earlier does the snow cover it. Some of these mountains are even so lofty that the snow on their tops is never entirely and completely melted, but remains in patches in the hollows. Nevertheless, all the mountains of the Jura less their upper garment of snow every year; some sort of incessant springs on the highest summits; at many points they are clothed with magnificent woods of beech, pine, and especially fir; while other parts afford excellent pasture-ground, on which they can feed cattle and goats. Notwithstanding which, these beautiful mountains are scarcely habitable more than five months in the year, from May or June until the beginning of October.

As soon as the snows are melted and the summits are clothed again with green, our villages (which are all built in the valleys or on the lower slopes, and their backs up the mountains. Then the departure is quite a holiday; and yet we herdsmen have to spend the whole summer away from our families, leading a half-savage life, with many privations. We live almost entirely on a milk-and-cheese diet, which we eat by a general name, having as having often nothing else to drink, by way of a change, but water from the spring. We spend our time in procuring our food, and in making those large and handsome cheeses which are known as Gruyère.

Every herdsman has, up in the mountain, a chalet, which is a wretched place for human habitation, although nearly built of stone. It is roofed with small slabs of so-called *bardeaux* : heavy stones, laid in rows upon them, press them down, and prevent the storms from stripping off the roof. The interior of a chalet is divided into three apartments; a well-closed stable or cow-house, to lodge the cattle at night; a narrow and cold cellar, where the milk is kept in broad wooden bowls; and a kitchen, which also serves as a bedroom, when the herdsman is not frequently sleep on a bed of straw. The kitchen is furnished with a vast chimney, in which we prepare an enormous fire for warming the milk and helping to convert it into cheese. As the chalet is our residence the whole summer long, and obliged to stir it about with many little articles of necessity, to save having to go down to the valley to fetch them when wanted unexpectedly.

Our season hardly finishes before St. Denis's day, the 9th of October. We then quit the mountain, again making a holiday, delighted to return to our families. But we do not lead an idle life in the village, any more than we did at the chalet. We are accustomed to depend upon ourselves, and are obliged to turn our hands to every thing. We make handsome baskets, tools, and furniture; we carve wood into fancy articles, which are afterward dispersed all over Europe. But, what is of the greatest importance, the winter affords us spare time for our education. If the path to the school is not always open, the children are sure to learn their lessons at home. The art of writing is not forgotten; and by reading aloud we amuse and instruct each other as well as ourselves. It was a good thing for me that I was so brought up. If I had not had these resources in my trouble, I know not what would have become of me. I was thing, at least, is clear: the journal which follows could not have existed. Although only a Swiss country lad, I have been able to write some sort of history. Here it is, as I was able to note it down from day to day.

November 22.—Since it is the will of God that I and my grandfather should be imprisoned in this chalet, I must set myself to writing whatever occurs to us. If we are destined to perish here, our relations will know all; will learn how our last days were spent; if we are delivered, this journal will preserve the recollection of our dangers and our sufferings. I begin who my grandfather's wish that I should undertake it.

The day before yesterday, in the village, we had been expecting my father for several weeks past. St. Denis's-day was over; all the herds had come down from the mountain, together with their keepers. My father alone failed to make his appearance; and we began to ask, "What can possibly detain him?" I lost my mother three years ago: but my uncles and aunts assured me that I need not make myself uneasy; that probably there remained some work to be eaten, and that was why my father kept the herd a little later up the mountain.

At last my grandfather became alarmed. He said, "I will go myself and see why François does not come. I shall not be sorry to see the chalet once more. Who knows whether I shall be able to visit it next summer? Will you like to come with me?"

It was the very request I was going to make; for, as I have no mother, we are almost always together. We were soon ready to start. We mounted slowly, sometimes following narrow gorges, sometimes skirting the sides of deep precipices. About a quarter of a league before we came to the chalet, I was attracted by curiosity to the edge of a very steep rock. My grandfather, who had told me more than once that he did not like my doing so, hastened forward to pull me back; but a large stone, rolling backward as he stepped upon it, caused him to sprain his foot, and put him to considerable pain. But in a few minutes he felt better, and we hoped that no bad consequences would ensue. With the help of his stout bolby stick, and by leaning on my shoulder, he was able to drag himself as far as this place.

My father was greatly surprised to see us. He was busy preparing for his departure; so that if we had quietly waited at home one day longer his arrival would have relieved us from our anxiety. That very same evening Pierre was to set off with the remainder of the cheeses.

After a short greeting, my grandfather asked me,

"Are you very tired, Louis?" The manner in which he made the inquiry seemed to betray some secret intention, and I felt as if I ought to have replied answer. "I was thinking," he added, "that it would be necessary to send on the boy with Pierre. The wind has changed during the last half-hour, and may perhaps bring us bad weather in the course of the night."

My father expressed the same fear, and urged me to follow that counsel.

"I had much rather wait for you," I said. "Grandfather, with his lame foot, stands in great need of a good night's rest."

There have been a little fire a boiler, which I regarded with greatly even. My father understood this signal, and, without appearing to notice my amuse-four and milk, which we ate, like soldiers, all out of one bowl. It was agreed that we should all go down together on the following Monday. After which I went to bed and fell asleep, without paying much attention to what was said by my father and grandfather as they had a long conversation in an undertone after their supper.

I was awakened by the sunshine, which to see the mountain all covered with white. The snow was still falling with unusual heaviness, being driven by a violent wind. This, however, did not greatly amused, and I not remarked my relations' anxiety. I was very unease myself when I saw my grandfather try to take a few steps, and drag himself along with great difficulty, supporting himself upon his stick, and leaning against the wall. The accident of the day before had caused his foot to swell, and made it very painful.

"Go," he said, "and away the child before the snow is deeper. You see it is impossible for me to accompany you."

"But do you suppose, father, I can abandon you in that way?"

"We speak a good portion of the day without seeing to a decision. We had still hopes that assistance would be sent to us from the village. I felt that I was really unable to undertake such a road to help my father to drive the herd. My representations were of no use; my grandfather persisted in his resolution. He was very much excited as to danger by becoming a burden on us.

My father insisted, almost angrily, wept while I was obstinate. My grandfather could not. last I contrived to put an end to it by saying, "Well, then, I will go." I added, "you will reach home all the sooner. You will come back with sufficient help to fetch us. Grandfather will have recovered from his fall, and will follow us more easily. We shall take care of one another, and Providence will take care of us both."

"That is the best," my grandfather said. "The snow is already so deep, and the storm so violent, that I apprehend more danger from his following you than from his staying here. Besides, François, take my stick, it is a strong one and pointed with iron. I can get on very comfortably without it, as it helped me up. Let the cows out of the stable; leave us the goat and all the provisions you can contain. I am more anxious about you than I am about myself."

We then my father was on the point of starting I gave him a hasty embrace, and set out with a heavier heart than I had ever known before. At the first door I met Pierre, who was busy harnessing his cows, and was about to follow that road. I entreated him to tell my grandfather that I had provided for my grandfather the day before. He pressed me in his arms.

We drove out the herd, which appeared much surprised to find the earth covered with snow. A sense of danger seemed to be felt, and their way, and kept running in circles round the chalet. At last they congregated in a body and set off in the right direction. At a very few paces' distance, both my father and the herd disappeared, being lost to sight in the whirl of snow. Then we saw them no longer, my grandfather appeared to follow them with his eyes. He leaned in silence against the window. We did not attempt to be articulating words; his hands were clasped and his eyes raised to heaven.

We were roused from serious thoughts by the increasing violence of the wind. We were wrapped round by a cloud of black and white, and the nightfall came almost suddenly. Nevertheless, our wooden clock hid only just struck three. We had not yet eaten our dinner, for we had never thought of taking food, and I was dying of hunger. At that moment I made grandfather listen how the storm was raging.

"Poor Blanchette!" he said. "She wants to be relieved of her milk. Go, my child, milk the cows and do it. Light the lamp; we will go and milk her, and then we will sup."

The wind roared loudly; it forced its way under the bardeaux of the roof, making them rattle; you would have fancied the whole roof was going to be carried away.

"Don't be alarmed," my grandfather said. "This house has resisted many a like attack. The bardeaux are laden with very heavy stones, and the roof, with its slight inclination, will carry little hold to the wind."

When the goat saw us she redoubled her bleating; she seemed as if she would burst her cage to get at us. How greedily she licked the fragrains of salt which I offered in my hand! She gave us a large pot of milk. I stood in need of it. My grandfather said, as we returned to the kitchen, "We must take good care not to forget Blanchette; we must feed her well, and milk her punctually morning and evening. Our life depends on her."

After supper we sat down by the fire; but the flakes of snow which fell down the chimney almost extinguished it. The draught of air also fell upon us, and we could only keep ourselves warm by going to bed, after commending ourselves, individually, to the divine protection.

This morning, on waking, I found myself in complete darkness, and at first supposed that sleep had left me earlier than usual; but hearing my grandfather groping his way about the room, I knew that it must be much later. I was aware for that. The snow had blocked up the window.

"The window is low," the old man remarked. "Besides, I perceive that the snow has been drifted into a heap on that particular spot; perhaps we should not find it more than a couple of feet deep a few paces from the wall."

"In that case they will come and help us out?" I said, in my turn, but supposing that we are to be detained here for any length of time, we must see what resources we have; when we have done this we shall perceive how we can best employ them. The day has dawned, there can be no doubt; for the hour-hand of the wooden clock points to seven. The pendulum has left off, forgot to wind it up last night. We must always be punctual with Blanchette, etc.

November 23.—Yesterday morning, when we discovered that we were more close prisoners than we were the day before, we were very much depressed and saddened; nevertheless, we did not forget our breakfast and the goat. While grandfather was preparing it, I watched him closely with great attention. He noticed it, and advised me to try and learn to milk, in order to replace him in case of need. I made an attempt, which was clumsy and unsuccessful at first, especially as Blanchette seemed to resent and shifting her position as if aware of my inexperience; but I improved greatly after three or four trials.

When we had taken stock of our provisions and utensils, we wished to know what sort of weather it was out of doors. I went under the chimney and looked up; that is the only outlet which remained open in the chilet. In a few minutes the snow which had fallen in the course of the night down in a considerable height.

I pointed out the circumstance to my grandfather. We could see that, owing to the thickness of the layer of snow, because the chimney does not rise outside above the roof. In fact, there is simply a hole in the roof, which chimney has been blown down in a storm.

"But I will climb," my grandfather said "you might get up and disengage a trap which your father lately fixed on the top of the chimney. It is very useful, and very convenient when it is required."

"Never mind the ladder," I replied. "I saw in the kitchen a broom, and that is all I want. I have often climbed up trees no thicker than that; and the pole has still its bark on, which makes it easier to climb."

I set to work, tying a string to my waistband, to hold up my clothes, and to the top. I managed so well with feet and hands, and by pressing against the walls of the chimney as the Savoyards do, that I "reached my goal" in a few minutes. I cleared away an open space, and found that there was about three feet of snow on the roof. Around the hole I discovered at once that there was a great deal more. In fact, the wind had swept it up into a heap; nevertheless, there must have fallen an enormous mass of snow in a very short space of time. Every thing round about the chilet is hidden under a pure white carpet; the forest of trees, which surrounds it in the direction of the valley, and which shuts in the prospect, is white like the rest, with the exception of the summits, which appear all black. Many trees are crushed by the weight; I saw large branches, and even trees, that were broken into fragments. At that moment there blew a strong and bitter cold wind from the north. I felt it cut my face. I descended before it opened at intervals. Gleams of sunshine flashed through the openings, and ran over the field of snow with a dazzling and intense light.

The cold began to lay hold of me. When I tried to describe to my grandfather what I saw, he heard that I was very much affected. He told me to make haste and clear the trap, and as far as I could reach around the aperture of the chimney. It took some time, and was hard work; but it warmed me. Following my grandfather's directions, I passed the string I had fastened through a pulley, in such a way that, by pulling from below, the trap would open, while its own weight would cause it to shut. When we had made a little manœuvre two or three times, to see that it worked properly, I descended again with the welcome tidings.

My clothes were all wet, and I had no others to put on. We lighted a bright fire of twigs and fir-cones; and when the trap had been open for only no more than the necessary space for the smoke to escape, we spent the greater part of the day by the chimney-corner, which was rather light than from the hearth; for our stock of oil was very small, and we thought that we must not expend it in quit our prison so soon. We did not light our lamp till it was time to milk the goat.

We find it a very unaccustomed and melancholy life, to have to drag through a whole day in this dull manner. Still I think that the hours would be less wearisome if we were not living in a constant state of expectation. It always seems as if some one were on the point of coming to rescue us. I mounted a second time upon the roof to look whether any body had arrived; I incessantly questioned grandpapa. He is in hopes, he says, that my father reached home safely; but perhaps the roads are completely choked by the drifted snow.

At last, after completely closing the chimney by means of the trap, we went to bed, hoping that somebody might come to our assistance to-day; but this morning we find that, for the present, the thing is almost impossible. As far as we can observe, it must have snowed all night. We had considerable difficulty in opening the trap to light our fire; I found two feet of fresh snow.

November 24.—The snow continues to fall abundantly. I have again had great difficulty in raising the trap. We think it prudent to clear the roof of a portion of the snow with which it is laden. It employed a great part of the day. I leave under the trap for the purpose, and carefully think to keep out the cold, and I throw off the rest.

It is some amusement to escape out of my dungeon for a little while; and very cold I to see in very sad. The inequalities of the ground around us are scarcely distinguishable; the whole landscape is most forlorn. The earth is white, the sky is black. I have read at school the narratives of Captain Cook, of Ley Sea and the Polar regions; I fancy we must be transported there. But since those wretched travellers, who suffered so much from cold and incurred such great dangers, have sometimes returned to their native land, I hope that we also shall see my father and our village again.

We are not deprived of every comfort in our sequestered habitation. We have plenty of straw and straw than Blanchette would consume in a whole twelvemonth for food and bedding. If she continues to give us milk, we have in her a valuable resource. But an accident might derive us of her; and we were very glad to find, in a corner of the stable, a stock of potatoes. We have been to cover them with straw, to protect them from the frosts. Blanchette had pushed her provisions also in the stable; but there is not enough to carry us through a long winter. We did right, therefore, in thinking of making the trap at the same time when we have no urgent need of fire; as we have reason to fear that our fuel may run short, it is a good thing that we can keep out the cold. Fortunately, the snow, which imprisons us, also shelters us. I am surprised that we do not feel it more. Indeed we as we are. "That is why," my grandfather observed, "the young wheat gets through the winter so well. We shall do nicely. We will lie snug and close all the winter, and in spring we will put our locks out of the window. But then a considerable quantity of snow will have to get through, and God grant that that may be all we have to suffer!

To make up for the wood we have a heap of fir-cones, which I partly collected myself, to turn at the village. It is a mere chance that we did not taken there. And, in short, if we are driven to it, we shall not hesitate to burn the hay-racks and the manger in the stable. What will become a question of life and death, we must not look too closely at trifles; we shall be acting like the navigators who, in winter carpenter into the sea.

Our people had already in part unfurnished the chilet. We found there a large iron kettle and caldron for making cheese. They have left us a few necessary kitchen utensils; and besides, a hatchet all jagged at the edge, and a saw that would hardly cut. We have each of us a pocket-knife. Although our housekeeping articles are very incomplete, we shall manage to get on with these. We much more regret the provisions: ours are but scanty. We have a pig we could only find three loaves, of the sort which are kept for a whole year in the mountain, and which are obliged at last to be chopped up with a hatchet. We also have found plenty of salt, a small quantity of ground coffee, five bottles of old white wine, a little oil, and a small stock of dried meat.

We have only one bed, but we sleep at our ease. According to our mountain custom, it is big enough to hold five or six persons. It stands in the corner of our only living-room, which is also the kitchen and the dormitory. Only one blanket has been left us; if it is not enough, we must make use of hay and straw. "I only wish," I said, "that I could do all the moments dull, and that we remain torpid until the return of spring."

November 26.—While examining the state of our furniture and our provisions, I have re-arched into every corner, to see if I could not find some books. I know that my father never went to the village chilet without taking with him a Bible and several religious books, which he read to his workmen on Sundays; he was fond, in some degree, of public service which they attend in the village. But, apparently, he had not left his library away.

We much regretted, in our present position, not having this means of sustaining and consoling ourselves during our long watches. I was having noticed, behind the old oak wardrobe, a plank which somebody had stuck there out of the way, I pulled it out, thinking that it might serve some useful purpose. With it there fell down an old dusty book, which must have been there for many years. It was a Bible.

November 27.—Continually snowing! It is rare to see so great a quantity fall even at this season, and on the mountains. In spite of that, I can not get over my surprise at my father's not coming to our assistance. Can any I fully comprehend it. Hitherto my grandfather has not allowed me to perceive his uneasiness; our conversation to-day has been than that I was less alarmed than myself.

"In fact," I said, "this immense fall of snow will not come on us twice in the first, the second, and even the third day of our captivity, they might, one would think, have cleared a path up to the chilet."

"I am certain," said my grandfather, "that *François* has done all he could; but perhaps he could not get our friends and neighbors to share his fears, and it was out of his power to rescue us without assistance."

"Do you believe that, if it had been possible to fetch us away, they would have left us here, at the risk of *famine* as dead in the spring? Can they

be less humane than the persons of whom we read in the newspapers, who make the greatest exertions, often at the peril of their lives, to save some unfortunate fellow-creature who is buried in a mine, in digging a well, or under a vault which has fallen in?"

"I grant, my dear Louis, that our position is very sad; but, after all, they know that we are under shelter, and have some provisions."

We were for some time in this strain. When my grandfather was silent, I took his hands in mine, and said:

"Hide nothing from me, I entreat you. Tell me, are you not quite as uneasy as I am? Frankly, I am able to bow with resignation to the will of God; I therefore deserve your confidence. Acquaint me with your suppositions, and do not let me torment myself with my own alone. I had rather look misfortune full in the face, and know what you really think."

"Well, my poor boy, I can not deny that I fear some accident has happened to your father. Now it has come to this, I had better tell you so at once. Ought to, hum, hardly know what to think of it; because, in default of him, other persons ought to be borne us in mind."

At this, I could restrain my tears and sobs no longer. My grandfather allowed me to give way to my grief. The fire went out as we sat before it. We remained there in the dark till it was quite late. My grandfather kept out of sight of the fire, pressing it from time to time.

"I have told you my fears," he said, at last; "but do not forget that I still have hopes. We can not tell what unforeseen cause may have prevented your father's return. All may yet turn out well. Put your trust in Providence."

December 1.—I can not conquer the terror which seizes me at this date. If news of the 30th of November days appeared so long and wearisome, what will they be this month? At least I shall not be heralded in here more sure this were the last of our captivity. But I no longer dare fix my term to it. The snow has piled up to such a height that it looks as if it would take the whole summer long to melt it. It is now on a level with the roof; and if I did not clear away day by day a better thickness, we should soon be unable to open the trap or to light a fire.

It vexes me that my grandfather can not sometimes step out of this confined vault into the open air. I climbed on this morning with that object for the most, and he said, "A ray of sunshine, Nevertheless," he added, "our lot is much less wretched than that of many prisoners, a number of whom have not deserved imprisonment any more than we have. We enjoy a certain amount of liberty in our confinement, and we find means for amusement which are not attainable inside the four walls of a dungeon; we are not exposed day by day to suspicion or cruel or even an indifferent jailer. The evils which we suffer from the hand of God have not the bitterness of those which we believe we may attribute to the injustice of men; and lastly, my boy, we are not in solitary confinement; and if your presence has ceased to be a regret for your sake, which I make no attempt to conceal, it also sustains me, and is always dear to our captivity, and I assure you it is not merely for her milk's sake that I feel attached to her."

These last words set me thinking. I proposed to let the poor creature live more in our company. "She is unconfortable all alone in the stable," I said; "she bleats frequently, and that may do us harm, and us also. What is there to hinder us from letting her have a corner here? There is plenty of room for all of us. She will be much obliged to us for the honor we do her." I smiled a little more against the wall, in a corner where she would be the least in our way, fixing it firmly with a couple of stakes; and, without further delay, introduced Blanchette into our entire room.

How delighted she is at the change! She does nothing but thank us, in her way. If it went on so, she would become fatiguing; but when she is accustomed to her new position she will be quieter. At this very moment, while I am committing these details to paper, she is lying on some fresh litter, where she has quite peacefully gazing at me so contentedly that she seems to guess I am writing her history. Hitherto, she has wanted for nothing, and at least there is one happy being inside the chilet.

December 3.—The sunshine to-day attracted me out on the roof. Cold dry weather has succeeded to the continual snow-storms. How my eyes were dazzled by the bright white expanse, and how beautiful the forest looked! I hardly dared mention to grandfather the delight it gave me; but it suggested that I might dig away the snow in front of the door, and make a sloping path upward from it to the surface of the snow-drift. He has already set to work, and my grandfather will soon enjoy what he has long been wishing for, a ray of sunshine.

December 4.—My task progresses; I labor at it as long as my grandfather will allow me. It is hard and straining labor if occurred to me, and I have recited him for not communicating it. He was afraid also of exercise and the moisture to my feet might do me harm.

December 9.—We can step out of our house; the path is made. I have had the pleasure of leading my grandfather along it, supporting him on one side. We remained several minutes at the end of our path. The air is not long; but the day was gloomy, and it made us very sad to see the black forest, the cloudy sky, and the snow surrounding us with the silence of death. We beheld only one living creature—a bird of prey—which passed at a distance with a hoarse scream. It flew down toward the valley in the direction of our village. The pagoda would have derived some omen from it, but we have no such superstition.

December 9.—What a dreadful day! I had yet to learn what a hurricane up in the mountains was like. I can hardly describe what passed out of doors. We heard a frightful noise. When we tried to open the door ajar, the chalet was filled with a whirlwind of snow; the wind rushed in with such fury that we had great difficulty in closing the door again. We were obliged to drop the trap of the chimney; and, besides, it was impossible to light a fire, because the smoke was continually driven down again. We ate our milk without boiling it. My grandfather says that the damage by it is slow but sure, as well as by his grave and pious words. At the time when one would say that the work of God was hanging over us, he speaks to me of His compassion and His mercy. On trying a second time to open the door, we found a mass of snow had fallen upon it, so that we are completely imprisoned, as before. What I most regret is my sketch of the Schreckhorn, which I had begun at the west; if permits, I will make a fresh attempt to regain a little light and liberty.

December 11.—The cold is much sharper. Although we are buried under the snow, which perhaps prevents our hearing the avalanches, the crashes to our very bones. My grandfather says that, to be felt so keenly inside the chalet, to the point to set to shivering, the temperature must be very low indeed. The wind has changed to the north.

December 12.—I was writing the goat, while my grandfather lighted the fire. Suddenly she pricked up her ears, as if she heard some extraordinary noise. She bleated violently, and ran to the door.

"What is the matter, Blanchette?" I asked, caressing her. I could now hear the noises; they were low and distant. Blanchette's fear of them grew louder and louder. We then heard hundreds of feet pattering on the crisp snow—evidently on board a trail in the valley—and a struggle above us, mingled with horrid cries that made my blood run cold.

"What is that?" I asked, though I knew what it must be, without asking.

"Hush! The wolf!" said my grandfather in a whisper, blowing out the light and extinguishing the fire. "Keep Blanchette quiet, my boy, and I will open a very little the salt to it, to keep her from bleating."

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

VIEWS OF COLONEL ORR ON SECESSION.

We learn from the Greenville (South Carolina) *Patriot* that on Tuesday of last week Colonels Orr and Ashmore addressed the citizens of that district in the Court-house. Colonel Orr had no hope of the defeat of Lincoln, but would counsel the people to submit to his election. The South Carolina should not withdraw alone. He differed from a call for a convention. He would not counsel such a step for a Convention of the people as soon as it was ascertained that Lincoln was elected. He thought it would be wiser and more prudent that Commissioners should be appointed by the several States to apply to the Northern States, and ascertain the course they intended to pursue under the circumstances; and then apply to Congress for redress.

South Carolina has tried the experiment of sending a Commissioner to Washington under Buchanan's rule, and he thought advisable to secure in some way so much consent of action as possible.

GOVERNOR MOORE IS FOR A SOUTHERN CONFERENCE.

The New Orleans *Bulletin* contains a long letter from Governor Moore, in reply to a note sent him by a number of prominent citizens, requesting an expression of the policy for the South to pursue in the event of the success of the Republican party. The letter is a calm, cool, and elaborate discussion of the question at issue, but those with the following are the reply to the inquiries:

It is asked, if Lincoln be elected President what should the South do? To this I answer, that it would be useless if as wise or prudent to consult myself, either as a citizen or as Governor, to express an opinion now as to anything for myself, and for myself alone, I am free to say that the success of the Republicans would be to me a strong motive in withdrawing from the Union. But I do not advise, or counsel, that course to others. I think it would be unwise to come. I think the day of separation will be much more favorable to our success, and we do not believe we can be disunited, that a general disgust, and a strong movement in favor of secession movements, they may grow between now and then. I believe they will. They are greatly improved. Douglas is to be in Georgia on the 10th inst. He will hoist the flag which he has heretofore held, and get a single electoral vote. Should the Government survive, the presidency in 1864.

SECESSION UNPOPULAR AT NEW ORLEANS.

The New Orleans *Commercial Bulletin* of the 25th talks plainly of the secession movement:

"What have the Secessionists done for the South? Can any one tell? Which have they done more except to foment agitation, to make politics a trade, and to rule or ruin everything? Have they ever suggested any measure which would make her really independent? We appeal to every honest intelligent man in the country. The Union men of the South have not always been the persistent and unscrupulous agitators. They have not resorted to the sources, of internal improvement, of all those measures whose importance is felt by every State, to make rich, independent, and impregnable ground. They have advocated conservative principles, and a conservative government; these economic instrumentalities that never fail to make a people prosperous and happy. These are the men to raise their own liberties, and to repel all attacks from them. Are these principles which you wish to support have they ever been the great body of Southern reformers in this last week?

"What have the latter been about all the while? Why, trading in politics, abusing the North, republishing Abolition insults and slang, raving the South by passing frothy, truculent, and cheap resolutions; threatening secession and disunion, and at the same time sending millions of dollars to the North to enrich and build it up. This is what they have been doing, and every honest man knows it. The advocates of Southern independence, prosperity, and wealth have not only had no support worth speaking of from the sectionalists, but they have had unscrupulous opposition from the latter. The sectionalists have often ridiculed the efforts of the industrials of the South to make her really independent of the North. Their motive has been to keep the south by sheer impudence and windy speeches ever since we can remember. Their game is now played out, and upon their own ground. With secession as an issue, the resolutions have worn Northern clothes, have cut upon Northern cloth, in a word, have been giving the North the very kind of aid and comfort which, in such desires, while fulminating wordy resolves against it which have only excited contempt. The people are now asked to secede with confidence this same old ding-dong, slum-banging, shamming spirit of vaporing and bluster. The very men who for the party that has been really making the South contemptibly poor, and keeping her back in her natural industrial development, moral power, and political influence."

MR. EVERETT NOT IN FAVOR OF THE EQUALITY OF THE RACES.

Mr. McCrae, one of the Democratic electors in Alabama, withdrew from their ticket and went over to Mr. Breckinridge because he declined that a man of sense like Mr. Everett, a Nationalist, that Mr. Everett was in favor of the equality of the races, when he had declared that he is entitled which is colored boys was a member. This correspondence was forwarded to the Democratic candidates of Montgomery, and he telegraphed back immediately as follows:

"Mr. Everett is not in favor of the slightest foundation for the charges of Judge Rice, or the inferences of Mr. McCrae. EDWARD LIVERMORE."

NEW LINE-OF-BATTLE STEAMSHIPS.

The board of officers appointed by the Secretary of the Navy to examine and report upon the feasibility of converting our sailing vessels of the line into steamers, have completed their labors, and the *Evening Post* says that Commissioner Dimmick, of the Navy Department, has received the report from the members of the first class. The expense will, it is estimated, amount to $3,000,000.

DEATH OF OLD GRIZZLY ADAMS.

The telegraph has announced the mere fact that Jones Adams, known as "Grizzly Adams," or "California Adams," is dead. Born in the very eastern woods of Maine, Adams was a hunter from his youth up, and when a boy ready to shoot him, he passed naturally through a rough youth into a wild and adventurous sacrificial manhood. In 1848, he being then forty-three years old, he went to California, and there for a time he found abundant occupation of that coast. His tastes led him to cultivate the society of bears, and he had, as a natural result, but with a remarkable success, using them as pack-horses by day, as blankets by night, and as companions always. Such a collection of them, he came to the East, arriving in this city about two years ago, and was stationed for some time on Thirteenth Street, and few of our city readers have not seen him. Almost for the last year he has spent the closing hours of his pilgrimage in the quiet repose of a retired country living with his family.

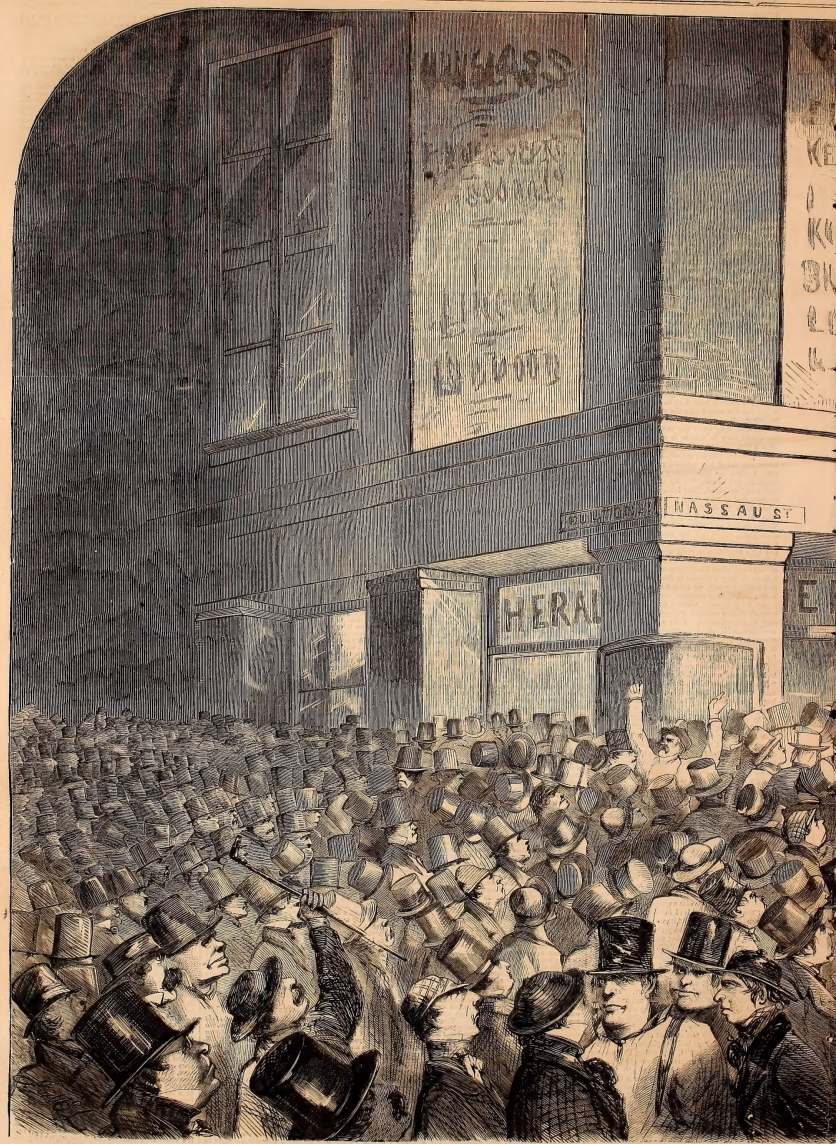
DISASTER AT SEA.

We read in the Boston *Journal*: "A Gloucester correspondent informs us that a conspiracy has been revived at that port of the loss of on the mackerel catchers which left the bay of seven vessels in a single gale with a fare. When just outside of Cape Cross, during the night, a sail was seen to drift down by a steamer, which passed away her bow-sprit and fore-mast, and steering for her own. When daylight came the vessel in sight of the steamer had passed on without offering any assistance to the sufferers. The wind subsided in the course of the morning, and it impossible to reach the boats. Seattle shore, and Captain Lewis, of the vessel, headed for the Western Islands, but had not proceeded far when a terrific storm arose, which tossed the waves together and unmanageable. Seven of the crew were washed overboard in the morning, and the remaining nine took to the land. They were in the boat two days and a half, and suffered much from cold and hunger. Eighteen men were destroyed by sharks. By this misfortune the families of seven widows, wives, and sisters, this condition they floated about for four days, during which time two men died from starvation. One of the bodies was thrown overboard, and the other was kept to satisfy the hunger of the survivors consuming them; but as they were about to partake of his horrid meal, a sail was seen in sight, and they were taken on board. Some more dead than alive.

"The vessel which rescued them was a Portuguese. She carried them to St. Domingo, where they were kindly treated and sent home by the American consul. The name of the schooner is not given, neither the names of the captain nor crew. The disappearance was probably one very ward bound, as no intelligence of such a collision has been received on this side of the ocean."

PERSONAL.

Mrs. Douglas is accompanying her husband on his Southern tour. She is a lady of fine personal appearance, and a very prepossessing manner. She is a lady of fine personal appearance, and a very prepossessing manner. She is a lady of fine personal appearance, and a very prepossessing manner



READING, BY THE AID OF A DRUMMOND LIGHT, THE RETURNS OF THE PRESIDENTIAL

L ELECTION, ON THE NIGHT OF NOVEMBER 6, 1860, AT THE HERALD OFFICE, NEW YORK.

A DAY'S RIDE:

A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

By CHARLES LEVER.

AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," "HARRY LORREQUER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.

THERE is no denying it, I have led a life of far more than ordinary happiness. The white squares in the checker of my existence have certainly equaled the black ones, and it is not every man can say as much. I suspect I owe a great share of this enjoyment to temperament, to a disposition not so much remarkable for opposing difficulties as for deriving all the possible pleasure from any fortunate conjuncture. This gift I know I possess. I am not one of those strong natures which, by their intrinsic force, are ever impressing their own image on the society they live in. I am a weak, frail, yielding creature; but my very pliancy has given me many a partnership in emotions which, with a more rugged temperament, I had not partaken of. When one has wept over a friend's misfortunes, and awakes to the consciousness that no ill has befallen himself, he feels as some great millionaire might feel when he has bestowed a thousand pounds in charity and not missed it. It is never the poorest with the proud consciousness of this fresh title to men's admiration, he has the secret satisfaction of knowing that he will go clothed in purple before, and fare to-day as sumptuously as yesterday. Do not, my generous race of readers, call this selfishness. It is the very reverse. It is the grand culminating point of human sympathy.

I have a great deal more to say about myself. It is a theme I am really fond of; but I am not exactly sure that you are like-minded, or that this is the fittest place for it. I return to events.

It was on a bright, breezy morning of the early autumn that a heavy old German traveling carriage—a wagon !—rattled over the uneven pavement of Kalkbratenstadt, and soon gaining one of the long forest alleys, rolled noiselessly over the smooth sward. Within sat an elderly lady with a due allowance of air-cushions, toy terriers, and guide-books; in the rumble were a man and a maid; and in the cabriolet in front were a pale but placid girl, with large gray eyes and long lashes, and he who now writes these lines beside her. They who had only known me a few months back as a freshman of Trinity would not have recognized me now, as I sat with a long-peaked traveling-cap, a courier's belt and bag at my side, and the opening promise of a small, furry mustache on my upper lip; not to say that I had got up a sort of supercilious air of consequence to play for the foreigner, which I had observed to be much in favor with the English abroad. It cost me dear to do this, and nothing but the consciousness that it was one of the requirements of my station could have made me assume it, for in my heart of hearts I reveled in enjoyment of all around me. I like the soft, breezy, balmy air, the silver-birch wood, the gray turf overgrown with violets, the wild notes of the frightened wood-pigeon, the very tramp-tramp of the mounted horses, with their erect heads and their jingling bells, all pleased and interested me. Not to speak of her who, at my side, felt a very child's delight at every variety of the way.

"What would I have said to any one who, only a fortnight ago, had promised me such happiness as this?" said I to my companion, as we drew along while the light horsemen reached pleasantly over the roof of the carriage, darkening the shade around us, or occasionally defiguring up the house as we passed it.

"And are you, then, so very happy?" asked she, with a pleasant smile.

"Can you doubt it? or rather is it that, as the emotion does not extend to yourself, you *do* doubt it?"

"Oh, as for me," cried she, joyfully, "it is very different. I have never traveled till now —seen anything remarkable. My whole very commonplaces of the road, the peasants' costumes, their wayside cottages, the little shrines they kneel at, are all objects of picturesque interest to me, and I am ready to exclaim at each moment, 'Oh! why can not we stop here? shall we ever see any thing so beautiful again as this?'

"And hearing you talk thus, you can ask me am I so very happy?' said I, reproachfully.

"What I meant was, is it not stupid to have no companion over one's shoulder, some friend with whom you could talk without consecrating to a tone beneath you, just as every day we are reduced to words of one syllable for little children?"

"Mademoiselle is given to sarcasm, I see," said I, half pevishly.

"Nothing of the kind," said she, blushing slightly, "I am in perfect good faith, I wished you a more suitable companion. Indeed, after what I had heard from his excellency about you, I was terrified at the thought of my own insufficiency."

"And pray, what *did* he say of me?" asked I, in a flutter of delight.

"Are you very fond of flattery?"

"Immensely!"

"Is it not possible that praise of you could be so exaggerated as to make you feel ashamed?"

"I should say, perfectly impossible; that is, to a mind regulated as mine over-elation could never happen. Tell me, therefore, what he said."

"I can't remember one half of it; he remarked how few men in the career—I conclude he meant diplomacy—could compare with you; that you had such just views about the state of Europe, such an accurate appreciation of public men. I can't say how many opportunities you mustn't have had, and what mistakes you have not put them to. In a word, I felt that I was about to travel with a great statesman and a consummate man of the world, and was terrified accordingly."

"And now that the delusion is dispelled, how do you feel?"

"But is it dispelled? Am I not shocked with my own ignorance in daring to talk thus lightly with one so learned?"

"If so," said I, "you conceal your embarrassment wonderfully."

And then we both laughed, but I am not quite sure it was at the same joke.

"Do you know where you are going?" said I, taking out a traveling map as a means of diverting our conversation into some higher channel.

"Not in the least."

"Nor care?"

"Nor care."

"Well, I must say, it is a most independent frame of mind. Perhaps you could extend this to philosophy, and add, 'Nor with whom?'"

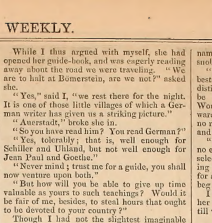
I was not at all conscious of what an impertinence I had uttered till I was out; nor, indeed, even then, till I remarked how the cheek that I became scarlet, and her eyes double as dark as ever before.

"Yes," said she; "there is one condition for which I should certainly stipulate—not to travel with any one who could recklessly offend me."

I could have cried with shame; I could have held my hand in the flame of a fire to expiate my rude speech. And so I told her; while I assured her at the same time, with marvelous consistency, that it was my habit at all times to have entirely misconception on her part; that nous autres diplomatues—Heaven forgive me the lying assumption!—had a way of saying little smartnesses that don't mean much. And we often made our coin ring on the table, though it turned out bad money when it came to be looked at. But Tollerund did it, and Walewsky did it, and I did it—we all did it!

Now there was one most unlucky feature in all this. It was only a few minutes before this passage occured that I said to myself, "Potts, here is one whose frank, fresh, generous nature claims all your respect and confidence. No pretense of your being this, that, and t'other here. Be truthful and be honest; neither pretend to be man of fortune nor man of fashion; own fairly to her by what chances you adventured upon this strange life; tell her, in a word, you are the son of Potts—Potts, the 'potheary—and neither a hero nor a plenipotentiary!"

I have no doubt, most charitable of readers, that nothing can seem possibly more easy than to have done all this. You deem it the natural and the ordinary course; just as, for instance, a merchant in good credit and repute would feel no repugnance in calling all his creditors together to consult his books, and see that, though apparently solvent, he was in truth utterly bankrupt. And yet I have some difficulty in doing this. Does not the law of England expressly declare that no man need criminate himself? Who accuses you, then, Potts? What is the charge against you? And then I bethought me of the worldly old alchemist who, on learning that Robinson Crusoe was a fiction, exclaimed, "It may be so; but I have lost the greatest pleasure of my life in believing it." What a profound philosophy was there in that simple avowal! With what illusions are we not cheered on through life; how unreal the joys that delight and the triumphs that elate us! for we are all hypochondriacs, and are only cured with bread pills as with bold remedies. "Yes," thought I, "this young girl is happy in the thought that her companion is a person of rank, station, and influence; she feels a sort of selfelation in being associated with one endowed with all worldly advantages. Shall I rob her of this illusion? Shall I rudely deprive her of what imparts a charm to her existence, and gives a sort of romantic interest to her daily life? Harsh and needless would be the cruelty!"



"IS THE MOSQUITO THE HAPPIER FOR HAVING STUNG ONE'S NOSE?"

While I thus argued with myself, she had opened her guide-book, and was eagerly reading away about the road we were traveling. "We are to halt at Bomerstein, are we not?" asked she.

"Yes," said I, "we rest there for the night. It is one of those little villages of which a German writer has given us a striking picture."

"Austrian," broke she in.

"So you have read him? You read German?"

"Yes, tolerably; that is, well enough for Schiller and Uhland, but not well enough for Jean Paul and Goethe."

"Never mind, trust me for a guide, you shall now venture upon both."

"But how will you be able to give up time valuable as yours to such teachings? Would it be fair of me, besides, to steal hours that ought to be devoted to your country?"

Though I had not the slightest imaginable ground to suspect any secret scenario in this speech, my guilty conscience made me look on it as a perfect torture. "She knows me," thought I, "and this saucer at my pretended importance is intended for my confusion!"

"As to my country's claims," said I, haughtily, "I make light of them. All that I have seen of life only shows me the shallowness of what is called the public service. I am resolved to leave it, and for ever."

"And for what?"

"A life of retirement—obscurity if you will."

"It is what I should do if I were a man."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. I have often reflected over the delight I have felt in walking through some man's domesne, reveling in the enjoyment of its leafy solitude, its dreary shade, its sunlit vistas; and I have thought, 'If all these things, not one of which are mine, can bring such pleasure to my heart, why should I not adopt the same philosophy in life, and be satisfied with enjoying without possessing? A very humble lot would suffice for one, nothing but great success could relieve the monotony.'

"What becomes, then, of that great stimulus to good they call labor?"

"Oh, I should labor too. I'd work at whatever I was equal to. I'd sew, and knit, and till my garden, and be as useful as possible."

"And I would write," said I, enthusiastically, as though I were plotting out my share in this garden of Eden. "I would write all sorts of things—reviews, and histories, and essays, and short poems, and, last of all, the Confessions of Agnes Sydney Potts."

"Oh, what a shocking title! How could such names have met together? That shocking genius Potts would vulgarize it all?"

"I really can not agree with you," said I, angrily.

"Without," continued she, "you meant it for a sort of quiz; and that Potts was to be a creature of absurdity and folly, a pretender and a snob."

I felt as if I was choking with passion; but I tried to laugh, and say, "Yes, of course."

"That would be good fun enough," went she on. "I'd like, if I could, to contribute to that. You could invent the situations, and leave me occasionally to supply the reflective parts."

"And your charming, quite delightful."

"Shall we do it, then? Let us try it by all means. We might begin by imagining Potts in search of this, that, or t'other—love, happiness, solitude, climate, scenery, any thing, in short. And as fancy turns up in scenery, try and resonate him, that would be the real way. Do you, for instance, take the label of the next cask I hang it round the neck of the claret decanter; have I changed the quality of the vintage? how I brought Bordeaux to the medium of Oporto? Not a bit of it. And yet a man is to be more the victim of an accident than a bottle of wine, and his intrinsic qualities—strength, flavor, and richness—are not to be tested, but simply implied from the label round his neck! How narrow-minded, after all, of her, who ought to have known better! It is thus, however, we educate our women; this is part and parcel of the false system by which we fancy we make them companionable. The November Action, In-

[To be continued.]

CHAPTER XVII.

I AM forced to the conclusion, Mrs. Keates was not well received as a popularly called an agreeable old lady. She spoke seldom, she smiled never, and she had a way of looking at you, a sort of cold, astonishment, seeming to say, "Now is this? Explain yourself," that kept me in a perpetual terror.

My morning's tiff with Miss Herbert had neither been condoned nor expiated when we sat down to dinner; and the whiff of water-cress can well be imagined: scarcely a word was interchanged as we ate.

"Take some wine, Sir, pray order it," said Mrs. Keates to me, in a voice that might have emanated in answer to Prussic acid.

"This little wine of the country is very pleasant, Madam," said I, courteously, "and I can even venture to recommend it."

"Not to me, Sir. I drink water."

"Perhaps Miss Herbert will allow me?"

"Excuse me, I also drink water."

After a very dreary and painful pause, I dared to express a fear lest that Mrs. Keates had not been fatigued by the day's journey.

She looked at me for a second or two before replying, and then said: "I am totally not aware, Sir, that I have manifested any such signs of weariness as would warrant your inquiry. If I should have, however—"

"Oh, I beg you will pardon me, Madam," broke I in, apologetically; "my question was not one whit more than a mere conventionalness, a matter-of-course expression of my solicitude."

"It will save us both some trouble in future, Sir, if I remark that I am no friend to matter-of-course civilities, and never was."

I felt as if my head and face had been passed across the open door of a blast furnace. I was in a perfect flame, and dared not raise my eyes from my plate.

"The waiter is asking if you will take coffee, Sir," said the inexorable old lady to me, as I sat almost stunned and stupid.

"I will trouble you for a glass of brandy in it," cried I, in the half-despair of one who knew not how to rally himself.

"I think my retire, Miss H.," said Mrs. Keates, rising with a severe dignity that seemed to say, "We are not bound to sit at table-a-tete." And with a stern stare and a defiant little bow she moved toward the door. I was so awestruck that I never moved from my place, but stood resting my hand on my chair, till she said,

"Do you mean to open the door, Sir, or am I to do it for myself?"

I sprang forward at once, and flung it wide, my face all scarlet with shame.

She passed out, and Miss Herbert followed her. Her dress, however, catching in the doorway, she turned back to courteously aid; I raised the moment to stoop down and say, "Do let me see you for one moment this evening—one only moment."

She shook her head in silent negative, and went away.

I sat down at the table and filled myself a large goblet of wine: I drank it off, and replenished it. I did not like morning, a few brief hours ago, and I would not have changed fortunes with the Emperor of France. I loosened my cravat, and looked like some bandit out in a garden, with a glorious vista in the distance. I would not have entered the place in that attitude for the proudest throne in Europe. She was there beside me, listening in rapt attention, as I discovered words, marvels, memories, poetry, and personal adventures. With every changeful expression of lovely sympathy did she follow me through all. I was a hero to her both, myself as much captivated as she was; and now the brief drama was over, the lights were put out, and the curtain dropped. How had I destroyed this golden delusion—why had I quarreled with her, and for what? For a certain Potts—a nonentity, that is to say, who had no existence! "For who is Potts?" said I. "Potts is no more a reality than Child Williams or Peregrine Pickle; Potts is the lay figure that the artist dresses in any costume he requires—a Ranchero to-day, a Bedouin to-morrow. No character of authenticity in the importance we lend to mere names! Here, for instance, I take the label off the next cask I hang it round the neck of the claret decanter: have I changed the quality of the vintage? how I brought Bordeaux to the medium of Oporto? Not a bit of it. And yet a man is to be more the victim of an accident than a bottle of wine, and his intrinsic qualities—strength, flavor, and richness—are not to be tested, but simply implied from the label round his neck! How narrow-minded, after all, of her, who ought to have known better! It is thus, however, we educate our women; this is part and parcel of the false system by which we fancy we make them companionable. The November Action, In-

dians are far in advance of us in all this: they assign them their proper places and fitting duties; they feel that, in this life of ours, order and happiness depend on the due distribution of burdens, and the Snapping Alligator never feels his squaw more truly his helpmate than when she is skinning eels for his dinner."

How I hated that old woman! I don't think I ever detested a human creature so much as that. I have often speculated as to whether venomous reptiles have any gratification imparted to them when they inflict a poisonous wound. Is the mosquito the happier of having stung one's nose? And, in the same spirit, I should like to know, do the disagreeable people of this world sleep the better from the consciousness of having offended us? Is there that great ennobling sense of a mission fulfilled for every cheek they set on fire and every heart they depress? and do they quench hope and extinguish ambition with the same zeal that the Sun or the Phœnix put out a fire?

"'If you drink wine, Sir, pray order it,'" said I, mimicking her imperious tone. "Yes, Madam, I do drink wine, and I mean to order it, and liberally. I travel at the expense of that noble old paymaster who only wags his tail the more the more he has to pay—the British Lion. I go down in the extraordinaries. I'm on what is called a special service, 'Keep an account of your expenses, Paynter!' Confound his insolence, he would say 'Paynter.' By-the-way, I have never looked how he calls me in my passport. I'm curious to see if I be Paynter there." I had left the bag containing this and money in my room, and I rang the bell, and told the waiter to fetch it.

The passport set forth in due terms all the dignities, honors, and decorations of the great man who granted it, and who bespoke for the little man who traveled by it all aid and assistance possible, and to let him pass freely, etc. "Mr. Ponto — British subject." "'Ponto!' What an outrage! This comes of a man making his maitre d'hôtel his secretary. That stupid French flunky has converted me into a water dog. This may explain a good deal of the old lady's rudeness; how could she be expected to be even ordinarily civil to a man called Ponto? She'd say at once, 'His valet was an Italian, and of course a courier, or a valet; or he was a foundling, and called after a favorite spaniel.' I'll rectify this without loss of time. If she has not the tact to discover the man of education and breeding by the qualities he displays in intercourse, she shall be brought to admit them by the demands of his self-respect."

I opened my writing-desk and wrote just two lines—a polite request for a few moments of interview, signed "A. S. Pottinger." I wrote the name in a fine text hand, as though to say, "No more blunders, Madam, this is large as print."

"Take this to your mistress, François," said I to the courier.

"Gone to bed, Sir."

"Gone to bed! why, it's only eight o'clock." A shrug and a smile were all he replied.

"And Miss Herbert—can I speak to *her?*"

"Fear not, Sir; she went to her room, and told Clementina not to disturb her."

"It is of consequence, however, that I should see her. I want to speak of our arrangements for to-morrow—the hour we are to start—"

"Oh! but we are to stop here over to-morrow—I thought Monsieur knew that," said the fellow, with the insolent grin of a menial at knowing more than his betters.

"Oh, to be sure we are," said I, laughingly, and affecting to have suddenly remembered it. "I forgot all about it, François; you are quite right. Take a glass of wine, François—or take the bottle with you, that's better." And I handed him a flask of Hocheimer of eight florins' price, right glad to get rid of his presence and escape further scrutiny from his prying glances.

How relieved I felt when the fellow closed the door after him, and left me to "blow off the steam" of my indignation all alone! And was I not indignant? Only to fancy this insolent old woman giving her orders without so much as condescending to communicate with me! I am left to learn her whim by a mere accident, or not learn it at all, and exhibit myself ready to depart at the inn door, and then hear, for the first time, that I may unpack again.

This was unquestionably a studied rudeness, and demanded an equally studied reprisal. She means to discredit my station and disparage my influence: how shall I reply to her? A vast variety of expedients offered themselves to my mind: I could go off, leaving a fearful letter behind me—a document that would cut her to the very soul with the sarcastic bitterness of its tone; but could I leave without a reconciliation with Miss Herbert—without the fond hope of our meeting as friends? I meant a great deal more, though I wouldn't trust myself to say so. Besides, were I to go away, there were financial considerations to be entertained. I could not, of course, carry off that crimson bag with its gold and silver contents, and yet it was very hard to tear myself from such a treasure.

I say it under conviction, for I have never been rich, and, consequently, never in the position to assert it positively, but I declare my firm conviction to be that no man has ever tasted the unbounded pleasure of a careless liberality on a journey who has not traveled at some other person's expense. Be as wealthy as you like, let your portmanteau be stuffed full of circular notes, and there will still be present at moments of payment the thought, "If I do not suffer myself to be cheated here, I shall have so much the more to squander there." But, drawing from the bag of another, no such mean reflection obtrudes. You might as well defraud your lungs of a long inspiration out of the fear of taking more than your share of the atmosphere. There is enough, and will be enough there when you are dust and ashes.

In fact, if I had on one side the "three courses" of the great statesman, I had on the other full thirty reasons against each, and, therefore, I resolved to suspend action and do nothing. And let me here passingly remark that, much as we hear every day about the merits of promptitude and quick-wittedness, in nine cases out of ten in life, I'd rather "give the move than take it." The waiting policy is a rare one; it is the secret of success in love, and of victory in an equity court. And so I determined I'd wait and see what should come of it. I appealed to myself thus: "Potts, you are eminently a man of the world, one who accepts life as it is, with all its crosses and untoward incidents; who knows well that he must play bad cards even oftener than good ones. No impatience, therefore, no rashness; give at least twenty-four hours' thought to any important decision, and let a night's sleep intervene between your first conception of a plan and its adoption." Oh, if the people who are fretting themselves about what is to happen this day ten years, would only remember what a long time it is—that is, counting by the number of events that will occur between this and to-morrow what incidents are occurring at the antipodes that will yet bring joy or sorrow to their hearts—they would keep more of their sympathies for present use, and perhaps be the happier for the doing it.

THE ICEBERG.

"You've been a whaler, Ben?"

"Ay, Sir, I have; many long years ago, tho'."

"Now, what do you think of as the most perilous of your enterprises?"

"D'you mean what I think most difficult—wonderful-like?"

I nodded.

"Well, Sir, I've been pitched out of a boat many a time; once, I recollect, that I was pitched out and got a touch with his tail as well. Lord bless you! it gave me a headache for a month, to say nothing of the ducking."

"Ever seen any ice?"

"I should say I had. There's a note-book in that corner drawer—no; that one under the further end—that's got something about ice in it. Ay! that's it, pictures and all. Why I drawed these five-and-twenty year ago. Hardly seems like it, tho'. It's a rum story, it is—sort of Robinson Crusoe like. You've read that?"

"A good many times. Did you ever know any body who hadn't?"

"I never knew a youngster that hadn't. I believe that book's been the cause of more boys going to sea than any that was ever written."

"Suppose we look over your note-book; I should like to see *your* story."

"Oh! it isn't written so that you could understand it; but I'll look at it, and tell you the story, if you like—but I must begin at the beginning, as they say. You must know I once felt a kind of liking for a girl; call her Esther Thompson—I don't say that's her real name, but that'll do. She didn't care much for me, and I was only second-mate then. I thought it was that, so I tried to get a first-mate's berth as soon as I came home from a short voyage I'd agreed to go to make up my time to the owners. She said she'd wait and not marry any one till I came back. With that I went off. When I came home I went there and she was gone they didn't know where. I soon learned that, about a month after I left, there had been a handsome sailor-fellow after her, and she seemed took with him rather much. I'd been gone about eight months. I talked to mother about it, and after a little I found that she thought Esther was not fairly done by by this chap, Montague Fitzjames, as he called himself. In short, she was ruined, and had run away. I went nearly mad at this, and set out to find her, and after about three months I found her at Manchester. I didn't go into her place at first, but asked some questions about her in the neighborhood, and found she'd got a child—a boy—and was working at shirt-making for a living, and was quite a decent woman. I knew she'd have died rather than be what some would have turned to in her case. So I went up and saw her. She was dreadfully thin, and her eyes bright and far back in her head. The baby was lying in a cradle by the fire—such a little bit it hardly kept the room warm.

"'Esther,' says I, 'do you know me?'

"She looked up and saw me.

"'Ben!' says she, and then fainted off dead in her chair.

"I took some water out of the basin, and sprinkled her face a bit, undid the top hooks of her gown, and took off her bit of velvet round the neck. She came to, and broke out:

"'Oh! Ben, Ben! I've done wrong, I know it, but I've suffered the punishment. I've not seen him now for four months, come Wednesday, and the child's a month old to-morrow. Oh, Ben! I know I've done wrong! You must forgive me; he was such a handsome man and so fond of me. I know he didn't mean to wrong me.'

"It was a queer notion of hers that I should forgive her 'cause he was such a handsome chap. *I* was rather, till the small-pox spoilt my phiz. I says to her:

"'Esther, you've done wrong, I know, but it's not for me to punish you. God has begun that, and there ain't wanting them as will be willing enough to help Him punish a woman, if they ain't willing to help him any other way. I'm sorry for you, Esther. I'm not going to blame you; I want you to go home again.'

"'No, no, Ben! I can't do that. Why, all the girls of the place will mock me.'

"Says I, 'I can't help it, Esther; but think of the old man and the old woman at home. I came home three months ago, and have been looking for you ever since. I saw them not two weeks back, and, if you'd have heard him ask if I'd found you, you'd go back.'

"'I can't—they'll curse me! I know they will. I can't go back. Father was so looked up to like among them all. No, Ben! I can't go back.'

"'Esther, they won't curse you, I know. I found 'em just mad when I went to them first; but I went to the new curate, who was just come to the place instead of old Jenkins, and told him about it, and he came down to see them, and read them that chapter about the prodigal son and about the lost sheep, and talked to 'em, and old mother cried—I saw him wipe his eyes, too—so they won't curse you. Come, Esther, go back with me—do now.'

"'Back with you, Ben? No, not that. Why, they'd speak against me, Ben—say I was soon suited again.'

"'Go back, then, anyhow, will you? I tell you if you don't you'll kill the old folks.'

"She began to hesitate at this; so I left her to herself a bit, for I know enough of woman-kind to know that when they hesitate it's best to let 'em alone—let 'em seem to choose of themselves.

"Well, she agreed to go at last: then came another difficulty; she was a fortnight behind in rent. I told her I would *lend* her some money. I knew she would not take it as a gift; so I made her sign a paper for £1, and she paid, and the next day we came home. I took her to the old folks, and then left them all together. I was not one of the family, you know. After a day or two I went down, and then they were all gratitude to me. I took it all as matter-of-fact as possible, though I could have blubbered my eyes out. Then came another hitch: they had inquired, and no one would employ her. I hadn't thought of this, but I didn't say any thing about it then; but when I left I went to the curate again. I don't know what made me take a fancy to him, for I was not a regular pious man, never could see it that way as some people do; I suppose we ain't made all alike; but one day I saw him pick up a child that had tumbled down in the road just outside the village; pull out his white handkerchief and wipe the mud off its knees and hands, then find a clean place to wipe its eyes with, give it a penny, I suppose, and then walk a little way with it back, holding his hand. I didn't know then he was the curate, for his clothes were not black, but a sort of reddish gray; no white choker either, but just a sailor's knot and the ends flying. Well, thinks I, when I heard who it was, that beats me—his white handkerchief too—he's the sort of Christian I like, so I went to hear him at church, and I liked him there too. Well, as I was saying, I went to him next day about eleven o'clock; he asked me in, and his wife was sitting there. She was a little gray-eyed woman, very pale and thin, more like a little girl than a woman, till you noticed her.

"'Alice, dear, this is Mr. Stevens, that I told you about.'

"'I remember; I hope you found her, Mr. Stevens.'

"'Yes, ma'am, I have—I've come about her.'

"'Sit down, Ben,' says he. I do like a fellow who calls you by your Christian name—seems more friendly than Mr. So I sat down. 'Now, what can we do for you, eh?'

"I told him that nobody would employ her here, as she'd lost her character, and that her father and mother could not keep her, though she might live with them. So I asked him if he'd mind paying her to make shirts for a man in Liverpool I knew? He'd pay six-pence each for the making of the shirts, and I'd leave her my half-pay—for I made up my mind to go a long voyage—if he'd make it out so that it should seem as if she was earning more for the shirts than the six-pence; for I knew she'd never take the money of me. Well, he agreed to do it. 'For,' says I, 'I think we are all of us too much down on a woman when she goes wrong. What would it be,' says I, 'if people were to serve us men in the same way? A good many of us would have to beg.'

"'Ben,' says he, 'you're right there!' starting from his chair quite excited like; 'you're right, man!' And he groaned as if he was in pain.

"'My dear Walter,' said his wife, and she put her hand on his shoulder. He sat down, trembling like.

"'I meant no offense,' says I. 'None, Sir. I—'

"'No, Ben, I know it; but a random-shot tells sometimes.'

"I noticed that she'd let her hand slide down from his shoulder, and had caught hold of his hand with both hers. She was sitting just a little behind him, as he sat back in the easy-chair. She thought I could not see in the shadow of the chair, but I could see, and she was holding his hand as hard as she could.

"'No, Ben,' says he; 'but we're none of us better than we should be, and ought therefore to be less harsh than we are. I've no reason to complain though, thank God.' He turned and looked back at her.

"I never saw such a change come over a woman's face before. She opened her gray eyes and looked at him in a way that put me in mind of a flash of sheet lightning in the twilight in summer—when it's not quite dark, you know—and the light of it makes it seem as though day was come back again. I never saw such a look; it said as plain as words she knew all, and forgave him, and loved him enough to die for him. It did me good, did that look; and when I've been inclined to joke about women being censorious and fault-finding, I've thought of it. I think she must have had what some women would call 'good cause' to find fault from the way he spoke, but she didn't. So they agreed to give Esther my half-pay so that she should think it came from the shirts.

"I went down to Esther just before I left to say 'Good-by,' and tell her about the work.

"'Esther,' says I, 'I'm going a long voyage—perhaps four years—whaling. You know I went two or three voyages before. Now don't leave the old folks again, there's a good girl. You'll never find that—'

"I was going to say 'fellow,' but I didn't; for you can't do yourself more harm in a woman's eyes than to call her lover names.

"'You'll never find Fitzjames, unless he comes back here, I know; so don't leave them.'

"'Ben,' says she, and the tears were in her eyes, 'you've been a friend to me. I'll never forget it. I know he'll come back—I'm sure of it; and if he don't, I'll never marry another man. He never meant to do me a wrong like this, I know. He got into mischief through drink. He never meant me to come to this, I know.'

"'God bless you, Esther! Good-by!'

"She came up to me, put her arms round my neck, and kissed me.

"'Ben,' says she, 'you always seem like a brother to me—always did—and that's why I kiss you. You've been a good brother to me; I wish you'd never have tried to be more.'

"'Good-by, Esther!' And I kissed her for the first time in my life."

My friend, Ben Stevens, has a cough which obliges him to use his handkerchief now and then. The red and yellow bandana was in vigorous action for a few seconds now.

"So I determined to go on a whaling voyage, as that was the hardest life I knew; and hard work keeps a man from thinking of himself and his feelings. Taking in the foresail with a northeast gale blowing don't leave a fellow much time to look inside himself; neither does harpooning, when you like to do it like a man.

"Well, I went, you see, to Aberdeen, and shipped for mate in the *Belle of Aberdeen*, Captain Macaulay. We left in March, and reached Cape Farewell about the middle of April; but as the wind fell dead as we left the harbor, we got into the Spitzbergen drift, and were carried with it as far as 66° north; then we met with a regular northerly breeze that chilled you through to sniff it.

"Of course it froze us up, being early in the season; and there we were till nearly the end of May, the wind north the whole time.

"One morning, after breakfast, the Captain says to me:

"'Mr. Stevens, there's a little west in the wind this morning. It may go round south; so that we can get out of this, perhaps, if the ice breaks up with it.'

"'I was in the nest this morning,' said Cummins, our second mate, 'and it seemed to me that that shore-lane reached open water.'

"'Might be worth while to cut a bit to get into it, in case this don't get southerly,' said the Captain.

"'Might be worth while to track it and see. We could get some game, perhaps, if we didn't find what we want about the lane,' says I.

"'That's true,' says the Captain. 'We'll see how the wind is in an hour, and then get up a party to go.'

"The wind shifted a little to the north'ard, so we got up the party; the Captain, of course, couldn't leave the ship, so I was one, and he told me to take my pick of the men.

"I chose a fellow, I think," said Ben, reflectively, "the handsomest chap I ever set eyes on. His eyes seemed to dance when he smiled; and a jollier, more good-natured fellow I never knew. Lord! what songs he used to sing—any thing—comic or love-songs! Why, to hear him sing 'My Pretty Jane,' in the forecastle of a night, was a regular treat! I've heard many a one at the singing-gaffs at Liverpool that couldn't come near him. And dance! I never saw a fellow so smart on his legs. He used to do the Lancashire clog-dance in an old pair of cut-down sea-boots, and you'd hear the clatter in the ice-hills like the muskets at a review. I quite loved the fellow. He did his work so easy—wanted no telling—saw your drift in a minute; and I don't think he missed the weather-earing once the whole voyage. Jack Sands, he called himself.

"There was another I took with me—'Sleepy Sam,' they called him. I've known him to go fast asleep on the look-out, and the ship pitching no small way neither.

"We took a bag with some grub, and our pannikins, in case we should have to spend the night out.

"It was not so mighty cold as you'd think in the daytime, for we were only just inside the winter ice-line, and with a south wind that would shift to the north'ard past us.

"Just as we were going over the side, a lad we had on board wanted to go with us. He was the owner's son, and had been sent aboard to cure him of a desire to go to sea. There's as many gets the desire for life that way as gets cured. Captain said he couldn't go; but he begged so hard that I asked leave for him, and said I'd take care of him; so he came with us three.

"We traced the lane till night, and then got under the cliff, lit a bit of fire with the drift-wood, pulled out the coffee and biscuits; and so did pretty well. We laid down round the fire, one keeping watch. I found it precious cold with only the blanket and my pea-jacket; and I was obliged to hug up the youngster—he felt so bad. I don't know but what both were warmer for it. In the morning we had some more coffee and some pork. It got light enough about eight bells to go on; and when we got into the wind it was dead south, and felt as warm as summer. We got on, and had some dinner, and started again; we could see the water sky ahead, so pushed on. The lane was open nearly all the way: here and there we should have to cut a bit, but not much.

"About two o'clock we sighted the water itself. There was a good deal of surface-drift to the edge of the pack, but the thaw was going on fast; right ahead there was a biggish berg; so we left Sleepy Sam at the bottom, and climbed up—I, and Sands, and the boy.

"'Can't get back to-night if we try for it,' said

Sands. 'Anyhow we'd best stop and make a long day of it to-morrow.'

"I thought this was a good plan; so we went down again, expecting to find Sam.

"He was gone—clean gone! not a trace of him any where. We shouted and fired our guns, but could hear nothing in return.

"'Must stay now,' said the boy; 'it's getting dark, and we sha'n't do any good stumbling over the hummocks to-night.'

"So we staid.

"'Best get up on the berg again,' said Sands. 'He'll stand more chance of seeing us, and we him.'

"We got a few sticks and lit a fire again; and I said I'd watch for the first spell. Sands and the youngster lay down, and I watched.

"I never rightly know how it was, but I was waked up by falling right on my face. I crawled up, and found that the berg was adrift from the pack, and had risen at least ten feet higher, and all on one side.

"Sands and the boy woke up as soon as I did, and says they,

"'She's adrift, Stevens!'

"He looked awful pale, he did; for we could see it was past morning. True enough, she was adrift, and knocking about in the small ice in a way that made us hold on fast to any thing to keep our feet.

"She kept slowly drifting to the east'ard along the edge of the pack, breaking it up as she went; so that there was no chance of our getting off it on to the main fast ice to reach the ship.

"About an hour or two after she started the youngster says to me,

"'Jim Stevens,—'

"Drop the "Mr.," says I; 'it don't sound natural.'

"'Well, Stevens, then; there's Sam!'

"True enough, there he was, running along the edge of the pack like a race-horse; but he soon stopped. We signalled him that it was no use, and motioned him to go back to the ship for help, though there was small chance of his finding his way there in time to do us any good.

"So he went back; and it made us feel queer, I can tell you, to see his back get smaller and smaller, till he was nothing but a little black mark the size of your finger on the ice; and then, 'worst of all, he went over a hummock that quite hid him.

"All this while, till nightfall, we were drifting to the east'ard; whether it was the current or the wind I can't tell, but away we went, jerking and shaking now and then fit to shake us off.

"'Cheer up!' says I to the youngster; 'there's many a man been adrift before. It'll make something to tell the grewer when you get home.'

"'How are we to get home?' says he, quite mournful-like, almost crying; that 'home' of his didn't sound common-like when he said it.

"'Oh!' says Sands, 'all right. Make ourselves jolly till we're taken off it. She'll lodge down against a bit there—look, Stevens!'

"He pointed out a bit of a bay, with a long piece of ice to the main, right athwart our bows as she was then going.

"'We'd best get down there,' says I, 'so as to be ready.'

"So we got down on the nearest point, as we thought, ready. She kept squeezed up the small ice as she neared it; so that we were obliged to get up higher.

"But we could have reached the floe, and got to the ship, when the youngster slipped down, and called out:

"'Stevens,' says he, 'I'm gone!'

"And, sure enough, he would have gone slap down into the open water if his gun hadn't stuck in a crack.

"He was so badly bruised—for he'd slipped over a dozen block—that he couldn't walk.

"'What's to be done now?'

"Done! says Sands, quite savage. 'Why the devil didn't you look to your feet, you young fool?' and he picked him up, and we might almost have done it, when I sung out,

"'Hold on! she's adrift again!'

"She was, too; the floe piece had parted from the main, and was going on before us; and it swung us round right into the stream again.

"'There now,' says he, 'that's your damned clumsiness has done that job; we should have been at it if it hadn't been for you, and I could do it now if I was by myself.'

"And I think he could, for the end of the piece was still touching the pack about a quarter of a mile off.

"'Well,' says I, 'it's no use growling; he didn't mean to fall, I suppose.'

"'Came, you shut,' never could see the good of blaming a fellow when he'd got to suffer for himself.

"'All right!' says Sands, 'I was a little out, but it's all over. Let's make ourselves comfortable for this night—it's no use grumbling, Stevens, as you say.'

"So we got the grub and ate it. Of course we had no fire, and felt precious cold as the wind blew. We all went to sleep, and in the morning I woke first.

"'Sands,' says I, 'here's a go.'

"'We've got in the north current,' says he.

"So we had. There was not a bit of ice within a hundred yards of us; we could just see the blink in the distance.

"'No getting back to the ship now, Sands.'

"'No,' says he; 'ship must come to us—we're in for it—it's infernally cold, tho'; let's get round to the wind'ard.'

"We took the youngster's arm, for he could walk a little now, and got round to wind'ard. Here it was better—not quite so cold. We had breakfast; no fire again tho', and sucking a bit of ice is a poor make-up for a cup of hot coffee, let alone the flavor, even.

"'Now,' says I, 'look here, boys; we're likely to be here a goodish bit, we may as well see what we've got.'"

Here Ben took the note-book from the table, and turned over the pages, muttering "Lost fore-topsail sheet—block," "Monk sprained his ankle," "spoke the *Mary Anne*," "ice seen," "left ship," "adrift," "Oh! here, that's it."

"You see," said Ben, addressing me, "I always had to keep the log, and I used to keep a log of my own at the same time, till at last it got such a way with me that I felt as if I hadn't done my duty if there was no log kept—got to be a regular thing with me. Lord, Sir! there's in that bottom cupboard the log-book I started on the back: I call 'em logs—of all I've done since I left the sea. I do it every day after tea, and can't quite be happy when I've forgotten it. I'm minister say some pretty about that kind of thing—

"Uo doth breed a habit in a man,'

I think it was.

"Now this here, as I said, is the log of my voyage in 'the floating island,' as I called it in joke once to the mission. She said it was so good a name that it's always been called so since.

"'Well,' said I, "what had you got when you came to count up?'

"Three guns—one was rifled—that was the boy's—line handsome stock it had, too, very light, tho'; but, Lord! they let these only sons have any thing. Two hatchets—short handles—the boy hadn't got one. Then there was three blankets and our clothes we'd got on. There was in the three bags about twelve pounds of fat pork, cooked, and about the same of biscuit. Sands had some tea, but Sleepy Sam had got all the coffee in his bag, so we'd none with us. I'd got a bit of lanyard in my jacket pocket. Also large fishhook—that was the queerest thing. Sands says to the boy:

"'What's that in the corner of your bag?'

"'Oh! it's a hook to catch shark with. Aunt Nelly gave it me.'

"Sore enough it was a big barbed hook with a

"SHE WAS DREADFULLY THIN, AND HER EYES BRIGHT AND FAR BACK IN HER HEAD."

cork on the end—he was a careful boy that—and a bit of chain to it, about two feet.

"'And what did you bring it here for?' says I. "'Expect to catch sharks?'

"'Lord!' how Sands laughed.

"'No,' says the boy; 'only the Captain said we'd most likely shoot some seals, so I thought that would stick into them to drag them along over the ice.'

"It wasn't such a bad notion, you see; so Sands gave over laughing. I think that was about all we'd got with us, and a poor look out it was, too. There was food enough, on short allowance, to last us about five days. By that time, we thought, if we had got into what they call the Arctic cold-current, we should get down to about 61° or so, and fall in with some whalers. So we made up our minds to it, and set about getting a little to rights. The first point was to get warm, because the cold is not only unpleasant, but makes you eat more, if you've got it, and want more if you haven't.

"The wind still kept south, and soon we could see nothing but our own bit of ice all round. When we got to wind'ard it felt warm, so we took all the things round to wind'ard, and cut a hole in the ice to put them in, with a small gutter leading from it so as to keep 'em from the wet. Then we ran a sort of platform level to stand on, but it was dreadfully sloppy; the ice was melting as fast as it could—running down in streams from the top, as the sun shone on it, and making the air quite warm and damp.

"Next morning we resolved on a search of 'the island,' as we called it. Sands and I, with the two guns, went; the boy staid on the platform to look out."

"How large was it, Stevens, altogether?"

"I should say about three times as big as a thousand-ton vessel—of course, of a different shape. Here's the sketch I made of it [see above]; it's as near as I could remember. You see there were two peaks and a bit of floe at the bottom. It wasn't so big, by a long chalk, as some I've seen, you know.

"Let's see—where was I? Oh, I know. Sands and I went down to the floe-piece, and says I to Sands, 'That'll break off soon; it can't stand the wash;' for it was only about six feet through, quite new ice. So we went round the base of the pyramid, keeping as close in as possible, and holding on every step, for it was sloppy and slippy as possible.

"'Hist!' says Sands; 'listen.'

"I listened, and heard something different to the plash of the waves—more splash and splutter-like.

"'Seals,' says Sands.

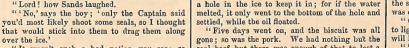
"And it was, too—three fine ones; they'd been regularly trapped like us. Their holes were up five or eight feet above them; they'd come through the holes and lay on the edges before the bit broke off the main ice and carried them off. Sands and I still they stopped where the berg began, in a place like the angle of the letter V. They stared at us, and we stared at them; but we soon gave over that; for we knocked 'em on the head.

"But the job was, what to do with them; so Sands and I went back, and got the boy's hook; and with the bit of cord I'd got, we got 'em all three on the platform over the bay we was.

"It got dark by this time, and we put off skinning them and cutting them up till next day.

"Next day we set to work and skinned 'em.

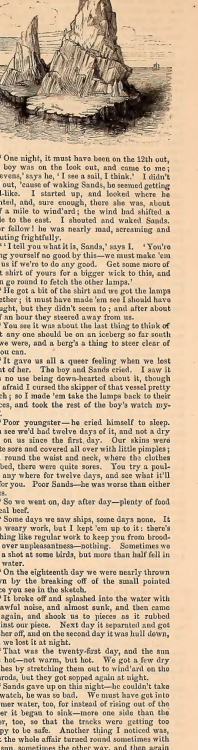
"'I say, Stevens,' says the youngster, 'can't you make some shoes out of the skin with the hair



a better hold on the ice—and you can cut them into strips crossways, like this—see?' And he scratched on the ice with his knife like this.

"We made them to go over the boot, and soon found we could walk about as easily again. The flesh we put in our 'ice-chest,' as Sands called it, for he laughed at every thing now the boy was well.

"We made some oil, too, tho' it was a tedious job, for we'd only got three pannikins; however,



"One night, it must have been on the 12th out, the boy was on the look out, and came to me; 'Stevens,' says he, 'I see a sail, I think.' I didn't call out, 'cause of waking Sands, he seemed getting on dull like. I started up, and looked where he pointed, and, sure enough, there she was, about half a mile to wind'ard; the wind had shifted a little to the east. I shouted and waked Sands. Poor fellow! he was nearly mad, screaming and shouting frightfully.

"'I tell you what it is, Sands,' says I. 'You're doing yourself no good by this—we must make 'em see us if we're to do any good. Get some more of that shirt of yours for a bigger wick to this, and then go round to fetch the other lamps.'

"He got a bit of the shirt and we got the lamps together; it must have made 'em see I should have thought, but they didn't seem to; and after about half an hour they steered away from us.

"You see it was about the last thing to think of that any one should be on an iceberg so far south as we were, and a berg's a thing to steer clear of if you can.

"It gave us all a queer feeling when we lost sight of her. The boy and Sands cried. I saw it was no use being down-hearted about it, though I'm afraid I cursed the skipper of that vessel pretty much; so I made 'em take the lamps back to their places, and took the rest of the boy's watch myself.

"Poor youngster—he cried himself to sleep. You see we'd had twelve days of it, and not a dry rag on us since the first day. Our skins were quite sore and covered all over with little pimples; and round the wrists and ankles, where the cuffs rubbed, there were quite sores. You try a poultice any where for twelve days, and see what it'll do for you. Poor Sands—he was worse than either of us.

"So we went on, day after day—plenty of food—seal beef.

"Some days we saw ships, some days none. It was weary work, but I kept 'em up to it—there's nothing like regular work to keep you from brooding over unpleasantness—nothing. Sometimes we got a shot at some birds, but more than half fell in the water.

"On the eighteenth day we were nearly blown down by the breaking off of the small pointed piece you see in the sketch.

"It broke off and splashed into the water with an awful noise, and almost sunk, and then came up again, and shook us to pieces as it rubbed against our bows. Sands and the youngster and got farther off, and on the second day it was hull down, and we lost it at night.

"That was the twenty-first day, and the sun was hot—not warm, but hot. We got a few dry clothes by stretching them out to wind'ard on the ramrods, but they got sopped again at night.

"Sands gave up on this night—he couldn't take his watch, he was so bad. We must have got into warmer water, too, for instead of rising out of the water it began to sink—more one side than the other, too, so that the tracks were getting too slippy to be safe. Another thing I noticed was, that the whole affair turned round sometimes with the sun, sometimes the other way, and then again was quite still for a day at a time.

"On the twenty-fourth night—the boy was gone to light the lamps. Sands says to me, 'How long will he be gone?'

"'A half an hour,' says I.

"'Stevens,' says he.

"I told him to try Ben.

"'Ben, then,' says he, 'I'm not going to last much longer. I feel it here, somehow—sort of warning.'

"He did look awful bad, but I told him to cheer up; we might get taken off any time, for we were just in the track now.

"'No, no,' says he, 'it's all over with me, I feel it here;' and he put his hand on his breast. Lord, how thin he was! I came to what I first knew I'd had an lean, and the bones making the skin look shiny over them. Soft, too, it was.

"'There's a thing I want you to do, Ben, if you get off this at all.'

"I told him I'd do any thing for him I could.

"'Now listen, Ben,' says he, 'for I ain't got much wind left.'

"The voyage before last I came home with a lot of money, and made up my mind for a spree; went down below and got a flashy suit of clothes. Well, I didn't like the name of Sands, so I took another, and had a regular game. I'm very sorry now for it, when a fellow's been three years among the coolies it seems as though he ought to have a little freedom when he gets among white people again. Well, I went down to the seaside to a village I knew, and there I saw a girl at church. She seemed took with me, so I struck up an acquaintance with her for a lark. She took it quite serious, and was regularly in love with me, and I got at last to be in love with her. Well, I didn't mean no harm to the girl, I meant to marry her. I did, as true as God,' says he. 'Well, we went wrong; and one night she said I had been cruel to her—and got cross—and then told me we

must be found out soon. I was savage at that and at her being cross—poor girl, she'd cause to be. So I said I'd never see her again, and went off in a huff.

"I meant to come back, I did, Ben. I swear it. Instead of that, I met a messmate of mine, and he got me drunk, and shipped me on a West India trader, and when I came to myself I was too far from shore to get back, so I sulked, and shirked duty. The Captain says to me:

"'My man, it's no use—you're here, and you'll be paid. You can't get back any quicker than with me; so do your work like a man, and we shall be back in a couple of months or so, at least.'

"So I did my work. When we got to Kingston I took the fever, and was in the hospital near two months, and he left me there, paying me for the voyage out; and then I came home, and heard that she'd gone away, nobody knew where.

"Well, I set to work to find her, and tried all ways till the money was gone, and then had to ship in the *Belle of Aberdeen*, for I'm pretty good at whaling, and knew I could get money; and I wished to go back and find her, and get married to her.

"Here he was took with spasms, so bad that I brought out my case-bottle of brandy and gave him a little. I'd just put in the cork, when the boy come running to me and fell down all of a heap like you do.

"What's the matter?' says I.

"He opened his mouth once or twice, and at last got out:

"'A sail! It's close by—I can see 'em on the deck,' and he fainted right dead off.

"I told Sands.

"'A hail!' says he, and tried to get up. Lord! he'd no more strength than a baby, and fell down directly, looking as dead as could be. I wanted to know more about him, so I gave him some more brandy, and asked him the girl's name.

"'The sail,' says the boy, for he'd come to, and would say nothing else. 'Oh, the sail!'

"'What's her name?' says I to Sands. He stared at me as if he didn't hear.

"'The sail!' screamed the boy; 'you'll miss it, and we shall die.'

"I gave him some more brandy, and asked him again as loud as I could:

"'What's her name? What's the girl's name?'

"'Esther Th——,' and he couldn't finish.

"I gave him all that was left now, and asked him again.

"'Esther Thompson,' says he.

"Esther Thompson! Then this was Fitzjames. This chap, Sir, that I'd loved as if he'd been my brother, and loved him still—by G—d, Sir!' said Ben, striking his table with his fist, 'for he never was my greatest enemy—had been the seducer of Esther—and yet I couldn't hate him.

"The boy kept screaming, 'Sail! Sail!' and I was half mad.

"'Ben,' says he, 'do you know her?'

"'Know her! She's all that's dear to me, you d—d villain.'

"'No, no,' says he, quite strong again, 'not villain. I meant no harm to the girl. I meant—I swear I did—to marry her, and nobody would have known any thing about it, if I hadn't been for that drink, Ben;' and all the while the boy kept crying, 'Sail! Sail!'

"'If you ever see her again, tell her that I didn't mean to be a villain. I didn't mean to wrong her. Promise me that.'

"I saw he was going fast, and I promised him I'd tell her.

"'One more thing,' says he. 'Ben, here's something sown in my flannel—cut it out.'

"I cut it out—it was half a six-pence, all crooked and bent.

"'She gave me that,' says he, looking at it as fond as if it was her, and kissing it. 'Give it her back, and tell her I meant to marry her.'

"'I will, 'says I, 'Sands, I will; and may God forgive you, as I do.'

"The boy kept on screaming; so, seeing Sands quiet, I went round to the other side to look at the sail. I was a fool; she was out of all chance of making her hear or see.

"When I came back Sands was gone: one bit of the sticking-plaster was in his hand, I took it out, and took care of it, and then went to the boy. He was almost as far gone as Sands. It was awful night to see them both lying so still—Sands quite dead, and the boy so near it that you could hardly believe he wasn't. Not a drop of brandy either—Sands had it all.

"I don't know how it was, but I never could feel to drink Sands—not when I knew he'd saved it; and I don't believe, now, he meant to act the villain, and have her. As he said, it didn't look it out, for the drink, he might have been alive and happy now. It's a bad thing for a man not to be able to regulate his self; causes him lots of unhappiness. Chaps like him ought to leave it off altogether; still it's a hard thing to see fellows jolly, and not join; makes a fellow feel like a wet blanket to messmates—they're so jolly and merry, and he drinking his lemonade or water. It's rather hard, I should think.

"The boy, he kept on saying, 'A sail! A sail!' He was gone sensaky, you see—didn't know where he was, and weak as an infant—couldn't eat; so I was obliged to boil the seal-beef, and give him the gravy by spoonfuls. Just like a child he was, and, when he hadn't got the spoon to his lips, kept saying, 'A sail! A sail!' as if he hadn't said it five hundred times before.

"It was hard work, for I was getting weak, and so sore round the waist, ankles, and neck, I could hardly bear to move; and you see I couldn't let Sands lie there right in the boy's sight, so I took him round to the other side. It took me about three hours to get him there. I might have thrown him off altogether, but I didn't want any suspicion of foul-play, and there might have been half-a-dozen missing when we were found.

"This I carried on for some five days or so—eating and feeding the boy was all I could do.

"I let the lamps alone, for I was too bad to get to trim them, and lay all day in a sort of stupid fit, half-asleep, half not.

"It kept getting hotter over head all the time, and it was enough to frighten one to see how the ice melted, pouring down in streams like a waterfall all day and all night. I could almost tell the time of day by the sound of the falling water. Mid-day it was a regular roar, and midnight still. About six o'clock in the morning it was almost still. You could almost see it melt. Two or three days after this the boy still kept muttering: 'A sail!—a sail!' I began to get dizzy and queer like—couldn't see now and then. I thought it would soon be all up with me.

"At last I seemed to grow blind—couldn't open my eyes nor move at all. Still I could tell it was getting toward evening, for the sound of the fall was less; but I couldn't move to give the boy any thing nor to get any thing myself; indeed I didn't seem to care about it, nor about him neither, for that matter.

"I was in pain—rather the other; very pleasant sort of feeling, for I was lying on Sands's coat and my own. Then I fell asleep.

"I didn't know any more till I came to, as the women call it.

"I was in a trunk of a small bark, I could tell that by the short pitch she made. Long ships always pitch slower. I heard somebody say: 'He's all right, doctor.'

"So I was in a little while—sat up and asked for food. Lord bless you, Sir, how good it was; I never tasted any thing half as sweet as that beef-tea the doctor gave me. Nice!—I can't tell how nice it was. You see I'd been getting up an appetite for it. Whether I should like to go to the same school again to learn how nice beef-tea could be, I don't know—rather think not.

"In a few days I was well—rather thin and pale, I think, to what I am now—and then I asked them how they found me.

"'Esther' marked on the arm in blue points with red capitals. Two flags and a half moon under, with a part of a head on it—may be the picture of half a coin of some kind—no other marks on the body. Doctor read prayers.

"Wind shifted, and blew rather heavy from S.W. Took in the main royal.

"*June* 23.—Man better; boy still muttering when I was being fed, can't eat yet; man got up at four o'clock and came on deck; said his name was Stevens; that they got on the berg in May from the *Belle of Aberdeen*. Out twenty-nine days when he went off. We found him next day, the 20th out we expect. Doctor says another day would have killed them both. The man, Sands, died the 24th day out, at night.

"'There, that's the log,' said Ben, 'and now I can tell you the rest, for I was well on the fourth day, though not strong—could walk about the deck. The doctor gave me some ointment for my throat and waist, and I was all right in about a week.

"The boy, too, got better, and left off muttering. Doctor read to him, made him work about the ship, and tried all sorts of ways to make him think of something else.

"In another fortnight I said good-by to the *Esmeralda*'s people, and started for the north in a steamer, taking the boy with me.

"We saw the owner, and found that the Captain of the *Belle of Aberdeen* had written home, and that they'd given us up for lost. Sleepy Sam reached the ship the day after he left us.

"The owner was so pleased with me that he gave me £500 for taking care of his son. I said I'd only done my duty, but he would have me take it, so at last I did.

"'And,' says he, 'Ben, my boy' (they always call us boys), 'Ben, my boy,' says he, 'if ever you want a friend, you know where to come for one. I should have been a broken-hearted man, Ben, if it hadn't been for you taking care of him. God bless you, Ben!' says he, 'and may you get on as if there wasn't other names—and asking me, too, just as if I cared as much about it as she did; but Lord, Sir, they don't think any body's a right to think of any body but their 'him.'

"'Yes,' says I, 'I have seen him, Esther.'

"Where is he? Take me to him!' She looked at me a minute. 'No, Ben,' says she, 'he's dead! I know he is. I see he is! Oh, my God! my own Fitzjames is dead!' And she gripped my hand so hard, and sank back in the chair and shut her eyes.

"After a little she says, 'Ben, tell me all about it. Poor fellow! dead!'

"I told her as much as I could about it; and then I told her about the six-pence.

"'Give it me,' she said; 'give it me, Ben. It's the last thing I gave him before—give it me.'

"I gave it her, and she kissed it quite solemn like, just as tho' it had been his dead forehead.

"Then I told her what he said about his not meaning to leave her.

"'Did he say that?'

"'He did, Esther—he swore it; and I believe it.'

"She looked hard at me for a little, and then said,

"'Thank you, Ben, for that; I'm so glad you believe it. I knew he didn't mean to leave me; and she got up and called her father, and says,

"'Father, he didn't mean to leave me. Ask Ben here: he said so with his dying breath. He swore it, Ben, didn't he? and you believes it himself, don't you, Ben? Tell father, do.'

"I told the old man.

"'Ah,' says he, 'poor fellow! Dead too! He's rightly punished.'

"'And you, Ben,' says she, 'he told Ben he didn't mean to wrong me—he did;' and she seemed as if she was quite glad. 'I knew he never did.'

"'I do, too,' said the Esther that makes much difference whether he did or not. He did it, and you've got your good name—and ours too, for that matter, Esther.'

"'I know it, I know it; but still he told Ben that he didn't mean to leave me. God bless him! And she fell to kissing the bit of six-pence like mad.

"I saw she was going off into hysterics, so I called her mother, and left; for it's no use a man's fussing about at them times: you can't do any good, and get in the way a good deal.

"Next day she came down to mother's.

"'Ben,' says she, 'thank you for the good I owe you; it's the first I've saved out of the shirts. The curate's been very good to me, and so has his wife. She always makes hands with me; and one day I was crying when she came, for baby was so ill, and she kissed me, Ben, on the forehead, and said, 'Poor child!' It just like as if she was my mother, Ben, she's been so good to me.'

"I took the pound, and gave her the paper, and I didn't see any more of her for some week or so.

"One day I had a letter from the owner's wife, asking me if she could do any thing for Sands's relations; for the boy, you see, had told her about Sands. So I went down to Esther, and showed her the letter, and asked her what I should say.

"'Did the young gentleman see much of him, Ben?'

"'Of course,' says I, 'was there all the time—took his turn of lighting the lamps when Sands was bad.'

"'Was "Sands" his real name, not Fitzjames?'

"'Yes, Sands.'

"'I should like, Ben, to go and live with the lady, so as to be near this young gentleman who's seen so much of him.'

"'You see, she might have lived with *us*, only I couldn't say that, and she didn't seem to think of it.'

"'I don't know that she'd like that, either. If you'd been his wife, you see, it would have been different.'

"But he did mean that I should be, didn't he, Ben?'

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"And so I try and get me to go, Ben?'

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"Well, I wrote and told the lady all about it, and she wrote back, and her and the doctor asked me to come down.

"Esther wouldn't give me back the letter with that in though it was written for me; but I didn't care so long as she was happy.

"I was to go down by land, and the way down she did nothing but cry and talk about Sands. I took her to the owner's house, and she saw the lady and the doctor, and I left her there, for the next mother voyage—not north though, you may guess, I'd had enough of ice for some time—and money enough to keep me for a bit. I never felt quite easy about it, so I settled some of the money upon mother, and the rest upon Esther, without her knowing it, and went off.

"I got a letter from—the owner's son—I suppose I ought to call him a gentleman now, instead of 'the boy,' seeing he was quite the gentleman in the counting-house now.

"I have him in the pocket of this book."

He took the letter, old, creased, and yellow, from the pocket, handed it me, and with his leave I copied it afterward. It ran thus:

"CLARENDON, —— STREET, *Aug.* —, 18—.

"DR. BEN,—I told you I'd write soon, so I'm now going to fulfil my promise. I'm in the counting-house—got the drudgery to go through. Governor says that no boy's fit for any thing as a clerk until he's done the lowest work of the office. You and he think alike: I recollect telling you the same. Don't forget your other side. I've spent pocket-money, still enough, you know, Ben; and Aunt Nelly has given me a couple of pounds. I can lick a cad six times out of ten, at twenty paces.

"I left the lamps alone, for I was too bad to get to trim them, and lay all day in a sort of stupid fit, half-asleep, half not.

"It kept getting hotter over head all the time, and it was enough to frighten one to see how the ice melted, pouring down in streams like a waterfall all day and all night. I could almost tell the time of day by the sound of the falling water. Mid-day it was a regular roar, and midnight still. About six o'clock in the morning it was almost still. You could almost see it melt. Two or three days after this the boy still kept muttering: 'A sail!—a sail!' I began to get dizzy and queer like—couldn't see now and then. I thought it would soon be all up with me.

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"I was in a trunk of a small bark, I could tell that by the short pitch she made. Long ships always pitch slower. I heard somebody say: 'He's all right, doctor.'

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"In a few days I was well—rather thin and pale, I think, to what I am now—and then I asked them how they found me.

* "I FELT AS IF I WAS OUT OF MY MIND WHEN I FOUND ESTHER'S HANDS GROW COLD."

"'Mate 'll tell you,' says the Captain, 'give you his log, you can copy it if you like.'

"I did, and here it is, a fair copy—it looks nice, you see, by the side of these others, cause they were written when the paper was sticky with water, and my fingers were numbed with cold, and written with pencil, too. This I wrote in the Captain's cabin with a pen. I kept it in the same book, tho' the paper was bad, so as to have it all together.'

I took the book, and, with Ben's permission, copied the log again:

"'Barque 'Esmeralda,' *June* 21.—Wind S.W. 8.—rather heavy; got sun long. 62° 10′, lat. 44° 15′. Wind steady—relieve clock—sighted a sail three points starboard bow—couldn't see name—carpenter finished new spanker-boom—opened hatches, took up 3 casks beef and 1 kettle porter. About two o'clock sighted an iceberg right a-head —passenger wanted to see it nearer—Captain ordered to steer accordingly. About four could make out shape. Mr. Burton said he could see two black and white birds on it with the glass—was quite near; half past four saw that they were a man and a boy—lowered quarter-boat starboard, and went to their assist off; they lying on a small ice-floe out of the water—some difficulty to get at them—sent up three men and lowered them into the boat. They seemed dead—went round and found another man—lowered him into the boat—took off three seal-skulls with black wicks in them; been used as lamps; plenty of seal-flesh there. Brought them all aboard. Doctor said one man—the one found alone—was quite dead—the others not dead. Put baths in the Captain's cabin. Doy came to and said, 'A sail! a sail!' and kept on saying it: the man seemed mostly dead. After four hours—about half past eight—he came to and said, 'Where's the boy?' Told him he was all right—took in studsails—wind shifted two points—iceberg hull down at ten—lost sight of it at twelve.

"*June* 22.—Wind S.S.W.—Heavy rain—man better—boy still keeps saying, 'A sail! a sail!' Doctor says he's quite mad—man not allowed to talk—lies still—doing well—gave him beef-tea. Sands,' clothing good, but much worn and sodden.

"'Have you seen him?'—'him,' you know, as if there wasn't other names—and asking me, too, just as if I cared as much about it as she did; but Lord, Sir, they don't think any body's a right to think of any body but their 'him.'

"'Yes,' says I, 'I have seen him, Esther.'

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"After a little she says, 'Ben, tell me all about it. Poor fellow! dead!'

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"I haven't got much more to say. My neck has got all right, except a scar; and there's a scar on the left leg, which I hit it that day I fell on the blocks.

"That puts me in mind of Mrs. Sands. I say, Ben, was she Mrs. Sands, after all? You know what I mean. 'The boy,' as you used to call me, it quite out of mother's good books, and Mrs. Sands's too, because he won't tell for the ten thousandth time the story of being on the ice.

"I've had to tell so many people, I'm sick of it, and mother wants me to tell it over and over again: and as for Mrs. Sands, she's always harboring me to have her lie dished. I liked Sands well enough, you know, but I didn't see him die, and so you said after I saw the sell, so I could tell her very little. She's marked in her prayer-book the prayer the doctor read over him when he was buried.

"Every time you're next door to a fed for going to see again, but I suppose you know best. Mrs. Sands is, after all, a nice woman, and mother takes to her amazingly—treats her more like a daughter than a servant, and sets more like one, too. I know many girls that she'd half as hobylike as she is, spite of their silks. I've got my clothes mended, and I haven't had a button off for weeks. I used always to go about with a bit of string or cotton somewhere for a button. I say, Ben, if you were able up to her she'd have you. I know. I saw her cry over your hot letter, in her room."

"I'd understood Sands in it," said Ben, by way of explanation.

"She's only a widow, after all, and any one might be proud of having Sands, he's such a jolly little man. Very strong as possible—we're quite friends. He seems to like me, and Mrs. Sands is never happier than when we're having him. She says I've been near him, and he would have moved her. She means breath.

"Good-by, old whom. Thanks for feeding me with a bone spoon. Mother keeps it in her pocket, I think. If you want a friend, Ben, or money, or any thing, you know where to find your own boy. He ain't a boy now, though.

"Your own

"FRED TRELAWNEY."

"I had one or two more letters that voyage, but nothing in them that's about my story." How did he mean to write about himself: boys mostly do, I think. Sometimes he mentioned Esther—not often much about her, and that she was well, sent her love: that's something of that kind.

"I was gone about a twelvemonth; and of course when I got back I went to see them at Glasgow.

"The owner's wife, she shook my hand, and Esther kissed me as cool as could be, just as if I'd been her brother, while I could have held her, and never let her go, if I'd not been cured of all such stuff. She was going away from there to take care of the old people at home, so we went together; and all the time she was with Sands, till I was sent off to sea of it; still I didn't show it, because I liked to hear her talk; and I got a pleasure in every with him that made you feel happy, no matter what she said, and you never would have made her see that Sands wasn't the pleasantest subject to talk to me about.

"We got home—I lived with mother, and she with the old folks. I got a berth at a ship-yard, as foreman, you know, and I didn't care to go to sea again.

"I went to see her every day and nursed the youngster; he soon got to know me, and called me 'Fa.' She didn't mind a bit—rather liked it, I think.

"One day, after I'd been at home about six months, mother says to me:

"'Ben, you might as well go and ask Esther to live with you; you spend so much of your time there that people talk about it.'

"'I will, mother,' says I—quite red, I know I was—'that people would mind their own concerns.'

"'Ah, well!' says she, 'they won't, and never will.'

"That evening I went down to Esther, and I said to her:

"'Esther, I can't live like this much longer; Esther, I'm getting ill, and the river looks too pleasant to me when I want to make me feel safe. I shall do something desperate: I'm not quite my own master at times. Esther, I want you to be my wife.'

"'I couldn't make you happy if I was, Ben—I can never forget poor Sands.'

"'Esther,' says I, 'if you'll marry me I shall be happier than I am now. I want a companion, and I'm always up here after you, and people talk about it—not men, you know,' says I, 'for I'd soon find a way to stop their mouths.' (Ben's clenched fist certainly looked at this moment a very effectual remedy for a fast tongue in an unwise head.) 'But it is the women, Esther, and I can't stop them saying what they like. They're so kind always to one of their own sex, too, that's had a misfortune.'

"So they talk, do they, Ben?'

"'Yes, they do,' and it's latter, unless I'm to go to sea, or away again, that we should be married.'

"'Ben,' says she, 'it isn't every man that would make that offer to a woman like me with no good name, and a baby.'

"'I do though, Esther.'

"'Well, then, Ben, I will be your wife. I can't give you the same kind of love that poor John had, but I'll do my duty to you as a good wife, and I'm sure you'll be a father to my boy, Ben, dear.'

"She said this as calm as if I'd asked her to take a walk, or any thing else as simple.

"I went down home, and told mother: she seemed glad of it: I suppose she saw it must be anyhow.

"Next night, as I was leaving, Esther put a letter in my hand. 'Read that when you get home,' says she; 'it may alter your mind, Ben, about this.'

"I recollect well the feeling it gave me when I took it.

"When I got home I read it—there it is—heart-ways that's a copy of it."

I read:

"DEAR BEN,—When I was at Manchester, when little Johnny was born, the doctor told me I should never be a mother again. I don't understand these things, but that's what he said. I couldn't tell you this, because it's not the sort of thing I could talk about to you; but I didn't think it right to marry you without telling you how it was.

"Yours very affectionately,

"ESTHER SAUER."

"Now you know it was rather dumping to me, 'cause I'm fond of children; I'm makes you feel good to have the little ones crawling about you, and going to sleep in your arms. Them French women wouldn't be half as bad if they nursed their own babies, to my mind. But still I didn't feel like giving it up, 'cause of that; but I thought it was what many women wouldn't have done in her case, and I thought all the more of her for it.

"Well, we were married by the curate, and his wife came to the wedding and kissed her. There are some good Christian women in the world, and that grey-eyed wife of the curate's was one.

"We took this little house near the old people, and there we lived as happy as could be. She did her duty's duty, and more than that. She used to twice about any thing—the moment I expressed a wish for any thing, she seemed to do her best to get it for me. My word was always best. I used for her, she said; but I don't know how it was, I wasn't quite myself. She seemed to like me, and something more wanted to make me quite happy. She did all I wanted, and yet, somehow, it wasn't quite what I wanted. I'm sure she loved me all but not, as she told me at first, with the same love she had felt for Sands.

"We used to talk about him, and it made me high mad at times to see her eyes sparkle and her face glow when I praised him. She was always more fond of me after I'd been talking of Sands.

"She couldn't see a fault in him. I've heard a good deal in my time about love, and second love, and that sort of thing, but my opinion is this, that a woman can only love once with that kind of love that see no faults—that kind of love that takes up all *de* opinions, his views—so that if you know one you know hers.

"Well, if they do get married in this state of mind, they don't wake out of it for a long time—mostly they don't, for I've known the love last much after twenty; it's like a fever—they have it, and they're safe then. Other things weigh with them—I may say, with us, for I was one of 'em. They get more set then, criticize (don't you call it?) a man, know his faults, admit them to others, but then they do their duty, whether they love in the one case than the other; still a man feels somewhere which kind of love he has got, and I was quite satisfied without the first kind—at least I think so. I remember one night, about three months after our marriage, I'd been talking of Sands a good deal to somebody who'd been to supper with us, and she was quite alive, I could see outside me about it, and I thought, 'Ah, though she'd never heard it all before. We locked up the house and went to bed—Esther always first into bed, was our bedroom—she fell asleep almost directly with one hand under my neck, and her face in mine. I was awake, I'd been talking and getting and got excited a little. It was a moonlight night, and the light came in between the blind and the side of the window, and I saw Sands.

"I was looking at her, as I said, half on my back and half on my side; presently she put her other hand to her face, and I could see it trembling as if I'd been a baby, and murmured, 'John, dear John,' and then drew my head down and kissed me. She was dead asleep, too; but, by G—d, Sir, it was a thing I shall never forget! Don't I felt mean! I'd got what I'd sought it was her say 'John, dearest John,' and my name Ben. She was dreaming of him, and he was dead; and I didn't sleep a wink after that. Early in the morning she told me she'd been dreaming of him, and that he had called him. I didn't tell her I knew it before, though, for she was always as kind as could be to me when awake; still, you know, it gave me a turn, and I thought I'd the kind of love for me that I wanted, and I couldn't make her feel any different if I spoke ever so much, so I never told her.

"After this, it happened once or twice; but I used to wake her up by touching her, or some way or another. I couldn't bear it, you know, by G—d, I couldn't, Sir!) You fancy your wife whispering John, dearest John,' and your name Ben all the while.

"So we lived on for about ten years; she's been dead fifteen. She was taken ill on Sunday, 23rd September she died, in that room where I sleep now. I don't know what she died of; but she kept getting paler and thinner and weaker, and in the daytime for years; then took to her bed, and was barely again upon six months. Some women, you do, she made me tell her all about how Sands died, and what he said; and she took the two bits of the sixpence in her hand, and kept them, and I told me she'd like to be buried with 'em there.

"'There's one thing,' she says, 'I should like, too, Ben dear, if you don't mind; you won't be angry with me?' 'Angry with her,' and she lay dying! I told her I'd do any thing that she asked me.

"'Can't you put poor John's name on the tombstone, Ben?'

"'I don't know how, Esther; it isn't as if you'd been his wife.'

"'I didn't mean this unkind, and she knew it, for we always talked that way about it.

"'But he meant to make me his wife; didn't he, Ben?'

"'He did, Esther, I'm sure.'

"'Can't you say that, then, on it?'

"'I don't see how. I'll speak to the curate about it, so as to make it look proper.'

"'Thank you, Ben. You've been a good husband to me, Ben—better than I deserved; but I think sometimes you did, Ben? I told you at first I couldn't feel for you like I did for poor John; didn't I, Ben?'

"'You did, Esther, and I know it, and I have felt it; but you've been a good wife to me, you've done your duty to me, and thank you for it.' You see I never could say much, if I felt ever so.

"The curate's wife came in just then, and Esther's eyes looked bright; that little gray-eyed woman made every body look better for being with her.

"'Esther, can I do any thing for you?'

"'My boy will want a mother; be one to him, will you?'

"'That I will, Esther;' and she came round to the bedside and kissed her.

"Ben, take my hand, and hold it in yours, dear.'

"I took her hand, and held it till she died. Just before she died, she said,

"'God bless you, Ben. I'm sorry to leave you, dear, but I'm going to him. I'll tell him you kept your promise. Be as kind to his boy as you've been to me, Ben. God bless you!'

"She never spoke again; but late quite still for an hour or more with her eyes shut, and I only knew she was dead when her hand felt cold.

"'Come, Ben,' says the curate's wife, 'you mustn't stay here now, it will do you no good. Come, Ben.'

"She took my hand, and I took hers, and she led me down stairs to this room, and put me in the chair you're sitting in. She gave her orders to the servant about getting something to come, I couldn't let go her hand; it seemed to keep me alive; and she let it stay there. I seemed to fancy that Esther was not dead when I held that hand. I don't know how long she staid. Esther died at eight; and they told me afterward that the curate had been, and seen me holding his wife's hand, and left her there till I fell asleep, about nine o'clock; so it was mortal hours did she sit beside me. It was the kindest thing I ever knew from a woman to do. Some people might think it foolish. I think it saved my reason, for I felt as if I was out of my mind when I found Esther's hand got cold.

"I went to the funeral, and we had a stone put up; and you can see it in the church-yard there. That's all, Sir."

"Sacred to the memory of Esther, the intended wife of John Sands, and wife of Benjamin Stevens."

"It would make no difference to her whether I put it on or not, Sir, but I seem to keep my word, you know; can't feel it right to break it to any but mad people, when you've made them a promise to keep them sacred. I don't know that it's right then?"

"And the son?"

"Oh, he's captain of the *Clara*, now gone to Melbourne. He was away when she died. He didn't write to her much, Sir, as I told him, his mother's story would be sure to leak out, and he'd find afore that he'd have hard lines on account of it; so he was at sea, and he's been captain this last three years, and a thorough good seaman too."

"I see you don't wear your wife's wedding-ring."

"No; I couldn't get it over any of my fingers, it's so small; but it's not colder now than it was when she had it on her finger."

"Well, Ben, yours is a strange story."

"Perhaps it is; but there's many a stranger stowed away in some men's hearts; ay, and many a big ship, overboard, would make men stare a little."

Perhaps you'll let me look at what you call your 'land-logs' some day."

"Oh yes. It's no use living if you don't do some good; and perhaps some might might be happier for knowing what Ben Stevens had seen in his sixty years' voyage."

I went down the church-yard home, and looked at the tombstone, and felt a respect for the old sailor who goes about with his wife's wedding-ring on a piece of string, and rather because his fingers had been made too large by toil for the ring to fit them. I thought it possible that a hard hand and a soft heart may exist together. I felt satisfied that they are united in my friend Ben Stevens.

THE LEGEND OF LITTLE PEARL.

"Poor little Pearl, good little Pearl!"
Sighed every kindly neighbor;
It was so sad to see a girl
So tender, doomed to labor.

A wee bird fluttered from its nest
Too soon, with weak neck creature—
Just fit to rest in mother's breast,
The darling of fond Nature.

God shield poor little ones, where all
Must help to be bread-bringers!
For once afoot, there's none too small
To ply their tiny fingers.

Poor Pearl, she had no time to play
The merry games of childhood;
From dawn to dark she worked all day,
A wooding in the wild wood.

When others played, she stole apart
In palo and shadowy quiet,
Too full of care was her child heart
For laughter running riot.

Hard lot for such a tender life,
And miserable garden;
But like a womanly wee wife,
She bravely bore her burden.

One wintry day they wanted wood
When need was at the sorest;
Poor Pearl, without a bit of food,
Must up and to the forest.

But there she sank down in the snow,
All over numbed and aching:
Poor little Pearl, she cried as though
Her very heart was breaking.

The blinding snow shut out the house
From little Pearl so weary;
The lonesome wind among the boughs
Moaned with its warnings eerie.

To little Pearl a Child-Christ came,
With footfall light as fairy;
He took her hand, he called her name,
His voice was sweet and airy.

His gentle eyes filled tenderly
With mystical wet brightness:
"And would you like to come with me,
And wear this robe of whiteness?"

He bore her bundle to the door,
Gave her a flower when going:
"My darling, I shall come once more,
When the little bud is blowing."

Home very wan came little Pearl,
But on her face strange glory:
They only thought, "What ails the girl?"
And laughed to hear her story.

Next morning mother sought her child,
And clasped it to her bosom;
Poor little Pearl, in death she smiled
And in the rose was full in bloom.

THACKERAY ON TRUE GENTLEMEN.

THE London *Saturday Review* lately sneered at Thackeray for not being a "true gentleman." The great novelist replies in the new number of the *Cornhill*, as follows:

"MINE EASE IS MINE INN.—Do you object to talk about inns? I always seem to use to be very good talk. Walter Scott is full of inns. In 'Don Quixote' and 'Gil Blas' there is plenty of inn-talk. Fielding, and Smollett immortally speak about them; and, in their travels, the last two tot up the bill, and describe the dinner quite minutely while Sterne and Goldsmith never mention over a cab, and weeps generous tears over a donkey; but then you know the *Superfine Review* says that Sterne is not a true gentleman.

"I wonder whether my Superfine friend ever heard of Boswell's Memoirs. I remember every about the true gentleman there narrated, and in which Lawrence appears amusing, lively, and lyrical.

"I was seated at dinner,' says Dutens, 'between my Lord Berkeley and the famous Sterne, author of "Tristram Shandy".' Lucian was also the English Rabelais. The dinner was very gay: it was the day of England's birthday, and we drank after the English fashion, and according to the day. The conversation happening to fall on Turin, Mr. Sterne asked me if I knew Mr. Peters, especially myself. All the company began to laugh, and Sterne, who did not know I was so near, supposed this gentleman must at least be a relation, or at the mention of his mere name set every one laughing. "He is a very singular man, is he not?" says Sterne. "Quite an original," said I. "So I supposed," continued Sterne; "I have heard of him." And Sterne went to set to work to make a portrait of me while I pretended acquiescence in all he said. Seeing that the subject amused the company, out of the fertility of his imagination he invented several stories, which lasted, to the general diversion, until it was time to take leave. I was the first to go, and was scarcely out of the house when Sterne told him who I was, adding, that out of respect for Lord Tyrconnel, I had restrained myself, but that I was a not very tractable person, and he might be sure that on the morrow I should call him to account for his statements of me. He thought himself that he had carried the raillery too far, for he was a little gay: and next day he came to see me, and found my garden for one thing he had said which might displease me, excusing himself from the circumstance and the fact that he had to amuse the company, which he saw was so diverted the moment my name was mentioned. I stopped him short, assuring him that I knew him so much amused as any body, that he had said nothing to offend me, and that if he had known the person of whom he spoke as well as I did, he might have said a great deal more harm of him. He was enchanted with my reply, embraced me, begged my friendship, and quitted me very much pleased with me.'

"Ah, dear Lawrence! You are lucky in having such a true gentleman as my friend to appreciate you! You see he was lying, but then he was amusing the whole company. When Lawrence found they were amused, he told more lies. Your true gentleman always does. Do you like to laugh at the company at a strange table, perhaps you and I would not tell lies: but then we are not true gentlemen, are we in what a gentlemanlike-like way Lawrence carries off the lies! A man who wasn't accustomed to lying might be a little disconcerted at meeting with a person to whose face he had been uttering above and falsehood. Not so Lawrence. He goes to Dutens:—it is true he had heard the other was *pen treviable*—a rough customer (if my Superfine friend will pardon the vulgarity of the expression); he goes to Dutens, embraces him, and asks for his friendship! Heaven bless him! Who would not be honored by the friendship of a true gentleman, who had told such lies about you to your face?

"Several years ago, when I was preparing some lectures in which Sterne was mentioned, a gentleman from Bath sent me Sterne's own journal to Eliza, another gentleman's wife, whom our revered friend was courting a good deal. Now, in Sterne's published letters there are indications of three or four wives at least to whom our gentleman made love—his own not included. Among the objects of the affection of that noble heart is a

certain Lady P., to whom the divine makes the fiercest avowals of love—as a true gentleman, of course, should. This letter to Lady P. in the printed collection bears no date but Tuesday, and appears among the early letters of 1757. After making hot love to her ladyship, the noble creature says if she won't see him that evening, he will go to Miss ——'s benefit, for which he has a box-ticket.

"What actress had a benefit on a Tuesday in 1757? On Tuesday, 21st April, Miss Pope and Miss Politer had benefits respectively at Drury Lane and Covent Garden; and unless Lady P. gave her reverend friend, the true gentleman, the assignation which he wanted, it is probable Yorick went to the theatre.

"Did he note this little fact in his journal to his dear Eliza in India? Not one word did the true fellow whisper about the circumstance. Would I stab thy true heart, my Eliza, by confessing frailties which are trivial in true gentlemen? No, tender and confiding creature! I will lie to thee. That is much easier. And accordingly Lawrence says not one word about the play or *Lady P.* to Eliza, but tells her how he is very ill, how the doctors have been with him, and how he is sorry for this wicked world; in fact, he departed in the next year. Ah! Mr. Saturday Reviewer, next time you go out of your way to sneer at living and bepraise dead gentlemen, pick a better specimen than this wretched old sinner. I may not be good enough for a person of your lordship's fine taste, and you feel justly indignant at my familiarity: but Mr. Sterne?—Come, come. I thought this was to be a chapter about inns! Oh, yes! I stopped to have a ride on Sterne's dead donkey.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Burnett's Cocoaine.

This is an article which we can heartily recommend, and that from knowing its great virtues. One particular case in our family of its efficacy we will mention. The person had suffered with a sore fever, which was most tedious, and which left her with a terrible neuralgia in the head. The effect of these complaints was to cause much of the hair to fall off, and there seemed to be no power in the skin to give life to what remained. After she had tried some other preparations with no good results, we procured for her a bottle of *Cocoaine*, and the change which its use soon made was truly remarkable. The roots of the hair at once received new life, and before a bottle had been used the large spot upon the top of the head, which appeared to be bald, was covered with what seemed a new growth of hair. And now she has as fine and healthy a head of hair as before her sickness. This Cocoaine is also a valuable article for children's hair, which is very apt to be dry. A very small quantity will keep their hair moist and their heads clean.

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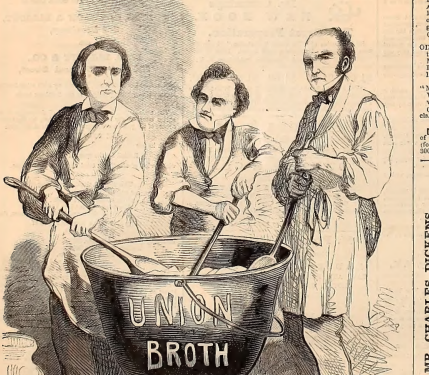

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. IV.—No. 203.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1860. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

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GENERAL GUISEPPE GARIBALDI AND TWO FAVORITE VOLUNTEERS.—FROM A LATE PAINTING BY FAGNANO.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI.

We present our readers this week with the latest and most authentic Portrait in existence of General Garibaldi, the Washington of Italy. The original was painted from life by Biglione, one of the first artists of Milan, in the spring of the present year, for Lorenzo Valerio, the Governor of Como, and represents Commissioner Cucchiniof the King Victor Emanuel for the Marches, an illustrate friend and distinguished co-worker with Garibaldi in the cause of liberty, freedom and unity. We are indebted to his brother, who, during the campaign, commanded a volunteer force of four hundred men from Genoa, for a photograph of the picture. The figure on the right, from a photograph taken by the same gentleman, is that of young Sicilian, Occhipinti, who started with Garibaldi's twelve hundred on the first expedition to Sicily, and for his bravery and distinguished services at the battle of Calatafimi, and the taking of Palermo, rose from the ranks to a Captaincy. (He received the public acknowledgments of General Bosco, the commander of the Neapolitan troops, for his humanity at the evacuation of Palermo, in protecting a body of four hundred Neapolitans, with their officers, on their way from the convent of Monreale to the boats, from the fury of the populace at the risk of his own life.) He has followed the fortunes of his leader in his triumphal march through Southern Italy, and is now serving on his staff. The dress is that of the heroic volunteers who landed on the beach, and have, in the incredibly short space of three months, liberated the Two Sicilies from the terrible tyranny of the Bourbon King of Naples.

Guiseppe Garibaldi was born at Nice, in the year 1808. His family was noble. Since he became famous, numerous ancestors antiquarian has found ancestors for him as far back as the sixth century. It is certain that at the institution of the Golden Book, in 1528, the Garibaldi family were recorded as belonging to the ancient nobility. A Garibaldi was Consul of Nice in 1683 as the result of Louis XIV. for Genoa: a Guiseppe Garibaldi, born in 1729, is recorded as the last member of the family: he was living, living in the most democratic times, having originally neglected to have themselves registered. The present Guiseppe Garibaldi's father was the son of a respectable father; he entered the naval service of the King of Sardinia at the age of nine, and served many years with credit and honor. In 1834 his first scrape befell him. A rev lutionary movement was organized by some officers of the fleet at Genoa; Garibaldi's part it, failed of course, and was glad to find a refuge in Tunis. Louis Philippe was one of the worst of revolutionaries, being, in fact, oversupplied with the article at home; so the young sailor crossed the Mediterranean, and offered his services to the Bey of Tunis, who gladly accepted them. He was then twenty-six years old. Some of his adventures did not in the least accord with the chivalrous ideas of the young Italian; and at the first opportunity he threw up his commission, and crossed the ocean to South America.

For the next ten years Garibaldi was a prominent leader in the never-ending struggles which darken the history of the States on the La Plata. It would be tedious to decribe at length the part in the many operations in which he was engaged, and we will simply say that he was the ablest chief Uruguay ever possessed, and the most formidable foe Rosas ever encountered. It was in South America that he developed the astonishing fertility of resource which at once stood him in such stead. When, on behalf of their commerce, the English and French fleets interfered and forcibly his bombardment of Buenos Ayres, Garibaldi instantly designed the command of the fleet to the second in command, landed, raised a body of 500 partisans, and continued the war as vigorously as ever. At one time he believed that the contest was over. He bought him an estate, married a wife, and settled down quietly on the bank of a noble South American River. It is recorded of him that his agricultural triumphs were as conspicuous as his military successes had been, and that he did more than any one except Rosas to develop the extraordinary resources of that wonderful country.

He was there, peacefully tilling his farm, when Pius the Ninth called Italy from her deep sleep in January, 1848. The cry crossed the sea and reached Garibaldi's ear. He was in Italy as soon as his ship could carry him, and to Charles Albert—then, as now his successor, *il re galantuomo*—he offered his sword. Throughout the campaign of 1848–9, Garibaldi fought loyally for the cause of Italian independence. When at last the apathy of Venice, and the want of a naval force under Cavour in the Piedmontese Council, ruined the cause for the time, Garibaldi was one of the last to lay down his arms.

After a brief Parliamentary experience in the chambers at Turin, the expulsion of the Pope from Rome, and the desperate efforts of the Roman Republicans to reorganize society, summoned Garibaldi to the central city. He took the command of the Republican army, beat the Neapolitans in several engagements, and defended Rome during the memorable siege by the French. His last campaign on noble episode than his resistance to the invading army, and the Emperor was, it is said, hardly able himself with fury at so unexpected an obstacle.

When it became certain at last that the city must fall, he proposed to his colleagues to blow up the bridges, abandon the city, and take to the hills. This desperate counsel was not followed, and he then resolved to fly with his legion. His speech on that occasion would have done no dishonor to Brutus or the Grachi: "Soldiers," he said, "in recognence of the love you may show your country I offer you hunger, thirst, cold, war, and death; who accepts the terms let him follow me." The enthusiastic band followed him to a man. The day before the surrender, Garibaldi, at the head of his faithful partisans, cut his way through the enemy's lines, and made good his escape to the little Republic of San Marino. There he dismissed his comrades, and with two hundred men, embarked for Genoa.

During the interval of nine years which elapsed between the Reaction of 1849 and the Revival of 1859 most of the European patriots of 1848 contrived to lose what little glory they had acquired. Many of them became vagabonds, and subsisted by the contributions of their friends, trading on the sacrifices they said they had made for liberty. Not so Garibaldi. After a brief stay in New York, during which he refused the proposed honest labor in a candle factory on Staten Island, he again betook himself to his old profession, and commanded sailing craft on trading voyages. He used often to come here in command of his ships; and though he was always treated with enthusiasm by the true patrymen, he never allowed the recollections of the past or his hopes of the future to beguile him from the practical duties of the present. He was esteemed as reliable a captain as sailed out of this port.

At last, the hour sounded again. Sardinia prepared for war with Austria; Napoleon proclaimed that Italy should be free from the Adriatic to the Alps. A few weeks after the war had become inevitable, Garibaldi had obtained permission from Victor Emanuel to operate with a partisan force on the northern frontier of Lombardy. It is doing no discredit to the skill or the courage of the French to say that Garibaldi's exploits, with his *cacciatori dei Alpi*, were not the least brilliant feats in the campaign. He was the first to cross the Ticino, sheer power of his name and the justice of his cause. Without money, with no men, without a single chest, a train, or any of the other supplies of warfare, he drove the Austrians from post to post, and from city to city, and so narrowed them in that, when Milan fell the fighting army had not the least concern about their flanks. But for Garibaldi's victories the taking of Milan might have been only half the battle.

He was dissatisfied with the peace. All Italians were. They all now looked to him as the man who freed Venetia, Naples, and Rome; and they did not see the reasons why the Emperor could not afford to accomplish the work he had begun. Garibaldi was especially incensed, and with his usual impetuosity gave vent to his anger in a furious speech in the Turin House of Deputies, which did his head no credit, and changed his prestige. His new career is that of the Dictator of Sicily.

A winter of angry discontent, caused partly by political dis-pointment and partly by domestic annoyances, enabled him to organize and equip his complete the work which Napoleon had left unfinished. Venetia, which is the key-stone of the King of Iturbidia, remains a secret: certain it is that, on 5th May, 1860, he sailed for Genoa with the well appointed force of the thousand heroes to invade Sicily. On 11th he landed successfully at Marsala, and stated the Neapolitans sent to oppose him. On 27th he entered Palermo. The city capitulated on 30th June, the Neapolitans having bombarded for several hours. On 19th July he entered Messina, and suffered the Neapolitan garrison to withdraw; thus uniting the whole of Sicily under his sway. On 19th August he was in August he began to land men in Calabria; and, overwhelming all opposition, by the 7th September he march northward, meeting with scarcely any resistance. The popular feeling was so decidedly in his favor that the King of Naples fled and sued for peace, and evacuated his capital on 6th, one day before Garibaldi entered. Since then he has been engaged in settling up the affairs of the Neapolitan Peninsula in the direction of Capua and Gaeta.

Garibaldi is a good-looking man. His first wife, a South American lady, was a worthy helpmate for him. She accompanied him to Italy in 1848, and met with him on many occasions during the active and the terrible retreat to Arezzo. The fatigue and exposure of this retreat killed her. She died before Garibaldi sailed for Genoa. After Garibaldi's second wife, from whom he is now separated, much mystery exists. She is the daughter of a Marquis of Raimondi, is wealthy noblesse, and is said to have attracted Garibaldi's attention by offering to carry dispatches to him during the Roman campaign of Italy's hero. Why he left her, the public can only conjecture; the following story from a Paris letter may be true, however, pro tempore:

> "The wife of Garibaldi, about whom so many strange reports have been circulated, is now at Marseilles, intending to join her husband at Naples. She is a daughter of the Marquis Raymond, an Italian nobleman of great wealth, and married Garibaldi in opposition to her family. Some reports state that before the marriage was consummated such damning evidence was placed in Garibaldi's hands that he immediately quitted her. Others say that, about three months after the marriage, she was caught intriguing with a courtier. There is evidently some strange mystery with which the world is not generally acquainted, and the latest intelligence from Naples may settle it. Italy may not be so indicative of a reconciliation or refutation of calumny as is generally supposed. If the evil reports be true, what a glorious position has this city woman to command. Who would not be a king, a queen, and all—if only for one hour—on the throne of Naples?"

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1860.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

AT least half the returns of the popular vote for President and Vice-President have come in, and a reliable statement of the work of 6th November can yet be made. It is certain, however, that Abraham Lincoln, of Illinois, and Hannibal Hamlin, of Maine, have been elected by the people President and Vice-President of the United States respectively.

At the last Presidential election 4,054,510 votes were cast—1,838,232 for Mr. Buchanan, 1,341,514 for Mr. Frémont, and 874,707 for Mr. Fillmore. This was exclusive of the vote of South Carolina, in which State the Presidential electors are elected by the Legislature.

Since then two new States have been admitted to the Union, Minnesota and Oregon. Adding these to the previous thirty, and allowing for the natural increase of population, it seems probable that the vote of last Tuesday will exceed that of 1856 by several hundred thousand.

According to the returns which have thus far come to hand, Lincoln has carried fifteen States: to wit, Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, Michigan, and Minnesota, casting together 160 out of the 303 votes which will make up the electoral college. Breckinridge seems to have carried twelve States; to wit, Maryland, Delaware, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Louisiana, Alabama, Virginia, Georgia, Arkansas, Texas, and Florida, casting 92 votes in the electoral college. Bell is supposed to have carried Missouri, which casts nine votes; and his partisans hope that he has carried Oregon and California, which cast seven more between them. It is believed that Mr. Bell has carried Kentucky, which casts twelve votes. New Jersey, casting seven votes, has gone for fusion: the choice of her vote for Douglas, Breckinridge, or Bell, as they deem fit.

The changes in public sentiment since 1856, as shown by a comparison of the Electoral vote of that year with the result on Tuesday, are sufficiently remarkable. In 1856 Mr. Buchanan carried Pennsylvania, Illinois, and Indiana. Now, the Democrats have lost those States. In 1856 the vote stood:

States.	Buchanan.	Frémont and Fillmore.
Pennsylvania	230,771	259,906
Indiana	118,670	116,701
Illinois	105,348	129,610

We have not received the exact returns for this year; but it seems pretty certain that Lincoln's majority in Pennsylvania will not be less than 50,000; in Illinois, than 15,000; in Indiana, than 10,000.

In 1856 the money gave 71,058 for Buchanan and Fillmore, and only 28,338 for Frémont; in 1860 the majority for the Fusion candidates for Governor is about 4000.

In the Southern States the vote for Bell has proved unexpectedly large. It was long doubtful whether he had not carried Virginia and Georgia; Tennessee gave him a large vote, and so did Tennessee. This is the more noteworthy as Mr. Bell was identified throughout the Southern States with the "Union" party, while his chief opponent was charged with disunion tendencies.

The complexion of the next Congress will be Democratic. There is a majority of from 12 to 20—the exact figures can not be given as yet —against the Administration. In every State, including Massachusetts and New York, there have been Democratic gains among the Congressmen. The defeat of Burlingame and Pennington, two of the most prominent Republican leaders, embitters the triumph of the party. In this city the Democrats have to deplore the loss of John Cochrane, one of the ablest men on the floor, late Chairman of the Committee on Commerce.

OUR BILL OF FARE.

A POLITICAL campaign blights nothing more than literature. Lives of candidates, speeches, circulars, song-books, and party pamphlets are the only literature which can thrive upon that turbulent stream. But when it has roared itself by, the waits are of a more permanent and attractive character. The great novelists have been for some time silent—waiting and resting, and making ready. Mr. Dickens's "Female Parsonage" has been coursing through the *Cornhill*, and Mr. Lever's "Day's Ride" has been laid before our readers in this number. But in the winter coney, and the long evenings and leisure days begin—the peculiar season of novels—the great story-tellers have begin again; and by a felicitous fortune, which we mean always to secure, it is in our columns that these stories will be first told in America. Mr. Dickens's new tale of "GREAT EXPECTATIONS" will begin in *Harper's Weekly* next week, and its brilliant opening gives us all that the great delight of the author was never happier in its play. For a novel in Dickens seems to be the exuberant play of intellectual creative power. There is no effort, no creak of any kind; and if the humor has sometimes degenerated into farce, it is never overdone. His last tale published in these columns, "A Tale of Two Cities," was entirely unique. It showed a new and most hitherto worked; and it will hold its place in our literature as one of the most vivid and impressive of all literary illustrations of history. It combined the romance, the terror, the pathos of the French Revolution as no other book, perhaps, in Carlyle's History. The new tale will doubtless strike a livelier key. Dickens is one of the most sagacious as well as fertile of novelists, and we understand how to vary his strain. The readers of "Great Expectations" may depend upon a rare delight.

Thackeray, too, is preparing another work. He has been peculiarly roused and stimulated by the recent attacks upon him in the London *Saturday Review* and other journals, and we may look for some resounding blows. He feels himself to be put upon his mettle. He is a man who delights to justify his reputation—and he will do it. No living writer holds a more trenchant pen than he. No more luminous and racy English than his was ever written. He has a supreme scorn of humbug, whether of the "Vanity Fair" or the *Saturday Review* kind, and he will not spare it. It is only fair to him to say that he claims nothing for himself. His assumes no authorship. He does not write "goody" books and point "goody" morals. If humbug shows its head in church, state, or society, he hits it; and if you wish to call "Vanity" you?" he replies, "Only an observer: and if you see differently say so; but don't grimace about it, and don't try to hide your talents by crying stop thief."

The new novel of Thackeray's will be published and illustrated in *Harper's Monthly*; and in that Magazine also will appear a new tale by the author of "Adam Bede" and the "Mill on the Floss" —one of the tenderest, truest, and most fascinating of story-tellers.

So our friends will not want the best reading that contemporary genius affords; and the proprietors of this journal may be pardoned the pride they feel in re-enjoying their readers for their faithful friendship. By such means they intend to maintain the Union between the *Weekly* and the *Monthly* and their hosts of friends; and so continue to deserve the enthusiastic regard of a Mississippi correspondent who says: "*Harper's* is known all around us, in hauds, hearts, and book-cases."

So may it long be! So shall it long be, if care and thought and money can make it so.

RUIN.

LET us call up a scene—a rude square surrounded With wine, and with brandy, and all that's fast, And rollicking talk, and agreeable men That only come out when the sun goes again; Oysters and partridge, and blue-winged teal, And any amount of verdant sal—

So the curtain lifts to the gambler's bell;
The scene of the drama—a gambling hell.

Enter a young man modest of mien,
In fact, in the slang of the day, he's green;
The specials he bought his son and his niece,
With its gorgeous epergne and gleaming lights;
And the goblets cream with the rich Champagne,
The subtle enchanter of heart and brain,
And he hears the exciting clink of chips,
And Commissions out of the issuers grips.

Have you ever sat upon Lofoden cliff
When the tides were high and the breeze was stiff,
And seen in the ocean a mighty curl,
Where the spheric walls of the waters whirl
And watched how a pine-tree's floating limb
Was caught on the whirlpool's outer rim,
Till, lessening in circles, the speeding plank
Down through the funnel of ocean sank?

So in the whirl of the gaming hell
The young man floats to the midst as well.
That central table with cloth of green,
And its dealers silent, sly, and serene,
And its board of prettily-painted cards,
Its fate box with the silver guards,
And the pallid faces that here and there
Flush with the triumph or frown with care;

Then does the spell-bound young man think
As he hears the ivory balls click,
"Gambling is terrible wrong; I know—
I will take but a single chance and go—
'Tis true the money is not my own,
But I'll set a little by way of loan.
I have always heard that beginners win;
So where's the harm if I go in?"

And he "goes in" where others have gone;
But what of the misfortune will swerve on,
He sinks and rises with loss or gain—
Fierce excitement usurps his brain—
The brandy is tasteless—the lights grow dim—
This deal is neck or nothing with him,
The cloth is blank, the dealer has dealt the game,
His heart is like ice and his head like flame.

He's what is facetiously called "cleaned out"—
I don't see the joke, though it floats about.
Cleaned out! To lose, implies what sort of what?
Cleaned out of honor and truth, it's not?
Cleaned out of peace, and that mother's love
That brooded above him like some pure dove;
Cleaned out of that grand interior pride
That, lost, can never be more supplied.

Do you think that the picture is overdrawn?
Go follow his steps in the sinful days;
The sneaking steps as he nears the door
Of the home he will blacken in future years,
And the agonized hours next day he spends,
When he tries to be gay with his business friends,
Though he knows that the gambler last night will tell
The secret of fraud and the gambling hell.

THE LOWER.

THE DAY AFTER.

THE great Presidential campaign is over, and over quietly. It is only another proof of the truth that while the great mass of the people are concerned quite enough to exercise the elective, or of any political event whatever, is merely temporary and superficial. The political orators and all their have been very clamorous for the Union. They have all agreed upon that, if upon nothing else. They all claimed to be the true Union men; and this is much too politic a Lounger to betray which he thinks really was so.

But one thing was clear enough all the time. If a system like ours could suddenly collapse and dissolve merely upon a change of political power effected in the constitutional way, it was high time that the experiment were tried that every body might perceive by what a frail thread it secures the Union held. That feeling undoubtedly controlled many votes at the late election. Men with

the kindest feeling for all parts of the country, and in full sympathy with the party lately dominant in the Government, felt that it was only justice to themselves and to all others, that they should know precisely the quality of the tool. And what is that bond? What must it always be?

It is a bond of common welfare, of a common history and destiny. It is a bond of sympathy and brotherhood, but also of individual self-respect. It is a bond of the sacred will and the general common sense. So long as a people is busy and progressive, so long they will be contented and at peace. People don't fight upon abstractions. If the English Parliament had not tried to tax the Colonists it might have legislated at large and in general as they have for a hundred years. But when it came to taking money out of the pocket without even a "By leave," the people clapped their hands into their pockets and upon their swords. In like manner, the Union of these States rests upon the general prosperity; and whenever the prosperity of any part of the people is seriously attacked, and all other means of redress fail, they will take to revolution. There are but two methods of collecting redress, one is peaceful and the other forcible; and when lawful redress is to the latter, only as the last, solemn, and sad alternative.

Every thing in our history, and in the history and experience of the world, shows how far we are from any such dire event. The union of the American States is the grandest instrument ever put into human hands to work out the progressive civilization of the world; and it is not the least of its virtues that it will work out the cure of its own defects. People shake their heads gravely over a speech, and speculate upon the probable end of our experiment. But they forget the constantly new conditions. They forget that education and invention keep pace with political enfranchisement, and that the common sense and conscience of the multitude will often correct the wiles of demagogues who are leaders.

The country has been profoundly stirred, as it always must be by a Presidential election. But all the stir and the hard tone of excitement have not seriously disturbed the faith of any patriot in that Union which is the massive chain of links, always increasing in number and brightness and splendor, by which mankind are to be drawn up to a loftier and nobler height. Once more, as the breath of the popular will fills her sails, we sing with Longfellow:

"Thou, too, sail on, O ship of state!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what master laid thy keel,
What workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope;
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat,
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!

In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes are all with thee—
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee—are all with thee!"

POPULAR GOOD-HUMOR.

One of the striking facts on election day was the universal good-humor. Apparently, we had had the largest and bitterest of all political campaigns—there was some doleful mistrust of the conduct at the polls—and yet, comparatively speaking, there was no trouble whatever. The days of "the bloody Sixth" have long gone by. The system of really uniting districts as one of the securities of the ballot-b x and of the public peace. Even what little rows there were were rather indicrous than threatening. I saw several, and the characteristic of all was an unwilling to strike.

At one poll a belligerent voter stepped at the window and said, in a loud voice, that he would like to cut the —— who would not take up the challenge *him*. No sooner was the glove down than it was up. The voter was promptly challenged. He gave his vote, and then came turned to grapple with hi. fellow-countryman. Down they went, all in a heap, into the street—scratching, cutting, clawing, swearing, shouting, hats off, coats and collars awry—pell-mell, scratch, cuff, curse and struggle! A crowd speedily and considerately rushed to the combatants—squealing, scolding, shaking fingers and fists, threatening, jeering—but meanwhile only the original infants quarrelled engaged. You would have thought a serious riot must necessarily take place; but the gigantic and clucking certified peace, like the cackle of a barn-yard. What noises they called each other —how they gave the lie—how they defied each other to the most frightful fates—how they scowled and shouted themselves hoarse, and how they brandished their fists and surged hither and thither, was worthy the best stage in the city. *Abroad—eater eye, thoroughstage and terror*, was the stage direction which suited the case precisely.

There was another sudden gust of row at another poll. A yell, and a general rush with closing together of the crowd; a hubbub and shrieking and commingled din of oaths and snarls; and over the whole a loud voter in the middle of the press, brandishing a shillalah by the middle, and storming tremendous threats above the riotous yelp, and with a skill truly marvelous and phenomenalic, so guiding his ugly weapon that not a solitary hair upon any head was touched; and finally, after rushing this way and that, jamming here and there, and pushing as if they were all boosting their candidates into office, the crowd suddenly scattered, and one poor gentleman, who had no part or interest in the row, emerged with a bloody nose.

Again the loud, sharp, scolding contest of words began, and the crowd gathered closely around the disputants, who roared more furiously until they were quite sure they should be held back, and then one brandished his arms and fists, and invited the other to come on. The other began immediately an answering brandishment, and when both were effectually and securely held from behind, each made the most heroic demonstrations to the detriment of the adversary, swearing that if he could only be let go, he would straightway send the other to innumerable uncomfortable places. The fight was purely fictitious, but very brief—and the result in every case was the same—dead, none, wounded, none; missing, none. Except in one case, when an overwary actually put his two thumbs into the mouth of the other, and was doing some damage, when the other "worked my mouth," as he said, "open and shut with them together, and then I chewed away." That fight lasted seconds.

These things were not insignificant, although they were at rural polls. The people who hang around such polls are all more or less ignorant and imbruted kind. The sots are there—wretched caricatures of men—hoping to be treated. The hucksters and rabbles are there. All are naturally not brave men. The gaping crowd is there, as it is around the tent of a circus. The few leaders of the district are there—the important politicians—the treaters on behalf of the parties—the fire whips, the "shakers" and most disheartening sight of his fellow-men and fellow-citizens that the voter is likely to meet any where. And yet, without order, but with the most perfect peace, in which the votes were deposited with almost free drinks for every body, and with nothing but the original liquor and common sense of the people, there was no disturbance more important than the fists.

An observer may take heart for our institutions even at the worst polls.

THE PUBLIC EXPRESS.

The greatest disgrace of the city of New York is its Post-office. There isn't a one-horse town in the land which has no more sense of its duties, requirements and mortifying an office as the complacent metropolis of the country. The inclosures upon Nassau Street are a disgrace to civilization, and they are the favorite deposits of old rags, old boots old bottle-glass, and dead cats. The pavements are all wet and uneven and disgraceful. The [illegible] of the delivery-boxes is so dark and sad that the most cheerful letter seems instantly saddened as it disperse the gloom; and as for the narrow, nasty, outer corridor, where advertised letters are delivered and already thought, why, it was given the characteristic vestibule as the great and characteristic building in which the Government houses one of its principal works, the transmission of documents.

For there is no denying that the building is a good — Government in the public service which Secretary Holt justly deserves. The Post-office might be immediately abolished and private enterprise would do the work a thousand-fold better than it is done now.

It is one of the traditions from which we might wisely emancipate our system that the expressbusiness should be performed by the Government machinery. The Government. Why should the Government carry a man's letter more than his carpet-bag or bundle? Nothing is more absurd than the most important packages by private expresses, because the public express is subject to delay, nor so swift, nor so convenient. In a day and century of private effort, like ours, the postal service could be accomplished by the same means and agents as that of any Package-Express Company now. Money would be made by the companies, and instead of paying enormous sums to losing Departments which serves us badly, we should pay moderately for being well served.

And we might be very sure that no private company, which undertook to carry letters and to deliver them, would ever allow the business to be managed in such a hole as the Post-office of the great commercial metropolis of the country. There is no Express Company upon the continent or in the city that has not buildings as much more convenient and proper as the work they do is better done.

THE LAST TOURNAMENT.

The Chess Tournament of two or three years ago was pleasant, but the Billiard Tournament is more intelligible. The game requires less of the operator who is not an adept. The excellence of a move in chess is entirely lost upon a man who does not understand the game. But a good stroke or shot in billiards can be appreciated by any body who has eyes and common sense. While every body was, or ought to be, interested in the game, they could think of nothing but the election, you had only to mention billiards to command the ear of the most all a great mistake, and that the real interest, the real excitement of life was to be found in Fourteen-Inch Balk-Line. The fact is that the knights of the cue were brandishing their instruments There the magnificent mystery of the compound angle was solved by the most profound intellectual minds. There, with the devotion of students to their books, of saints to their cells, of candidates to their constituents, the billiard-players were leaning over a table and striking an ivory ball, while a crowd of admiring and intelligent spectators hung upon every stroke as politicians hung upon the election returns.

Then there was such cooking, and potting, or mooching, or wrenching off door-knockers, or smashing Chubrys—isn't it? Billiards is a beautiful, simple, active game. When Berger plays it becomes poetic, if we may trust the ecstatic reporters and the possibilities of the game. Mr Phelan was already the accredited champion, the Paul Morphy, the Benicia Boy of billiards. It was not surprising that he conquered the victor of the other knights who took part in the tournament. But he has to be victor for sixty points only in a game of **seven hundred and** ty. The player, then, who is only second to Mr. Phelan is Dudley Kavanagh. The name is romantic enough for the Spingler Institute. And why should he not be admitted to the course of instruction in that institution, in a day when physical culture is of such importance, and officiate as Professor of Calisthenics? Calisthenics is understood to be the feminine of gymnastics. In fact, as nine-pins are to billiards, so are gymnastics to calisthenics.

The Spingler will hardly smile upon the suggestion, and yet it would. Some how well ladies often play billiards; yes, and perhaps it knows how well they look while they are playing, and how admirable an exercise it is for them. Some authorities exhort them to use the mace and shoot the ball, instead of pushing it with the cue and driving it. But there is all the difference in the two between playing billiards and not playing. What do you suppose Berger could do with a mace? The touch of the cue is electrical.

There must be constant and general public assessments and re-assessments. Billiard-rooms and bowling-alleys have a bad name, because they are so closely associated with bar-rooms. But for the present the billiard is a necessary vice upon the amusement, whatever it may be, and is ought to be so considered. The most important point after that is, what kind of recreation is—minus the sodden must healthful? Certainly nothing sedentary—nothing confined—nothing that moves the person and gives the muscles play—something that exhilarates and interests, and is yet simple and manl,—is one word—billiards.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

THE WAKE OF THE IRISH BRIGADE.

BEING A LAMENT FOR SEVERAL COLLEGE STUDENTS.

Sing not to the south or the west the woes of Erin,
The Banner of Faith 'gainst the heathen who bore
Their glorious standard to battle and conquered for dartin',
But ah! now the Irish Brigade is no more.

Repeal and the Pope they have left for to die elsewhere,
And hallowed the spot where their creed remains hid
That Church persecuted by unnatural mothers.
They would not surrender, preferring to die.

They fell in the forest borne with terrific slaughter,
Not sank under wounds, and exhausted with toil,
And the blood of their brave hills have poured out like water,
To such an extent that it purpled the soil.

They stood while the Colonels and corporals there was dying,
At last as the leaves of the storm shaken tree;
At last they were left to the battle-dead lying,
Six hundred—of whom there survived only three.

Och! Tare of Londinde; talk of the Spartans!
Sure they're not to be named with the boys by no name!
On the knees of their breeches, the kilt that's not tartans)
They fell in full battle array, hung out at the same.

Their bodies, interred at the lanky's quarters,
Will be found by the future historians and giver,
Their spirits have now joined the Army of Martyrs,
Where wars will remain—also honors increases.

THE LAMB OF IRE.—The rabid invective which the Ultramontane Press is constantly launching against England and Sardinia, confirms the opinion of the world. Like a wounded animal, the Papal Church, some young ladies may require to be reminded, was the lamb of a Fury.

COUSINS FOR KINGS AND QUEENS.

A Law which Nature contravenes,
A rule of Right and Duties,
Forbids our Princes, Kings, and Queens,
With British spouse to make.
The safety of the Realm commands
These Protestants to wed,
And therefore is their choice of hands
Extremely limited.

Their Cousins are our Royal race
Confined, and they
Who, by the nature of the case,
Are German as can be.
Now German Cousins fair removed
All very well may be,
But Cousins German oft have proved
Too near for safety.

Near cousins o'er the German tide,
What arms remain to seek
Now stunted and now dwarfish side,
Almost within a week!
Of Yonder Land the Beauty pales
All Continental Fair!
Might not a Princess find her mates
A distant Cousin there?

MOTHER JOPE'S MAUNDERINGS.

Ah! there's the bonnet, and the petticoats, trousers, earrings, and plutoons.

Thieves! Inquisition! Inquisition! Help! Robbery! What next, I wonder?

My heart will be hot with rage and fury, Wenzers-ble Brothers.

I don't know which on 'em is worst; the ones is just as bad as t'others.

To take and go and climb my pales, and jump into my own premises!

Without so much as By your leave, and not to say I've no reserved rights.

And there is paint Savoys, and root my carrots up, and trample on my graves.

Out upon that rampagious crew of fishbreasters, rogues, and vagabones!

To let loose all my ducks and geese, and fowls which eggs was formed to lay me,

And all the pigs which I intended to love and honor and obey me!

The hypocrites! And which I hatter none more than them my shes as knows.

And makes believe to discard my house, in which they won't let me be Missis.

They've cut my trifle crop in half, my ground of stats they've trimmed off one third.

The ribbies! Oh, that I may live to see 'em swinging on an gibbets.

Insolent, impudent, unjust, the nasty good for nothing varmints!

I call stich nobbings only fit to burn like filthy bones and rubbish!

Himpious, wicked, cruel, wile, profane, detestable, strongminded!

Abominable, execrable, blindfurious, foul, false, feginous, Owdacious, regardless, depraved, lean, brutal, barbarous, perfidious,

Wicious, disgusting, treacherous, perjured, monstrous, frightful, horrid, hideous,

Assassins, robbers, trailers, felons, villains, miscreants, deceivers,

Apostates, blackguards, pirates, cut-throats, infidels, and unbelievers,

Cuticlis and scoundrels, vagabones, scamps, rascagnes and sich like!

Get out, I say—don't talk to me about your union of Italians.

And then confound their politics, which I've no patiences while I mention,

That there dangerous and pernicious principle, Non-Intervention!

I do declare, I do abhor, detest in and protests again it, that principle as is opposed to; hang all that's pure and parfect in it!

Ah! they'll repent on it one day, when there have liberal On them there Sovereign their own selves shall bring the long of their desertion.

Oh! then they'll long and pray in vain their neighbors for to help them Stuffers!

Then they will down their wickedness and their wiles down revolves.

Help! Hemmets, Spain, and Portigee, all you as holds the true persuasion,

And the rest of every pious Princes and communices each faithful nation,

For to defend my sacred rights from this here ejus wicketice.

Drat all them brigands, buccaneers, riff-raff, and rips, and rapscallions,

Rascals, rag-rag-and-bobtail, mob scum, refuge, rabble-rout, and Mazzinis.

Wus gags of criminates ne'er walked unhanged, or died with less leathers,

Drat them, drat all and every thing, drat every body already spotted!

"KNOW THYSELF."—"Quizzes are always dinning this precept into our ears. We should but by venture, however, be tempted to the notice of Dr Collins, for suppositing he succeeded, he would be forming a very low order of quizzes.

"SAVOIR PARLER" AND "SAVOIR ECOUTER."

[BY OUR SUNDAY CONTRIBUTOR.]

ANY fool can make a Woman talk, but it requires a very clever man to make her listen.

"I'M FOR AN UNDER A—BSTANDIN'—" This" Points" doth present too much, methinks."

Scottie, the Rapid Reporter, who is as much a man of the world as churchman, has entered a solemn protest against the coupling "compactness," and a charming woman was lately heard to ask "if quakers on the 'tother side" were "All Right?" She replied out to the Nubia, "may relieve me from my mother! I can see that she is going to ask questions; they have such a way of 'what is it, then?'—'Where's my child?' 'Where's my husband?' 'What's the matter?' and so on," embarrassing to Madam. Tell them that in friendship, as in crinoline, opposites are attractive.

Young folks tell what they do, and was, what they have done and both, what they will do.

A little four-year-old the other day perplexed us by asking the following question: "If Mr Fillmore is a mister, ain't a woman a mystery?"

The man who buys a herring and then nires a cab, is a fish out of water man.

"Although you cross yourself a brighter fellow than I am, yet I can come round you," as the earth said to the sun.

In the other than the same sort. Now, you take him at what he is, and not what he is worth, and you won't find half that number of fools.

The bellman of Waterloo, announcing a testatel meeting, requests to be addressed by all females "who had never spoken before."

A guest at the Duke of Wellington's table blurted out the question, "Pray, my lord, were you ever drunk in your life?" With what a neat and easy turn of the wrist he ran the unhappy man through!—So, but I am now."

THE HARBOR OF CHARLESTON.

We publish on the following page a fine engraving of the Bay and Harbor of Charleston, South Carolina, showing Fort Moultrie, on Sullivan's Island, and the entrance to the Palmetto City. It is a surpassingly lovely view, and one which once seen is never forgotten. An eminent Southern writer has thus described it, and we can not do better than give his description in his own words

"As you enter from the sea, between the islands of Sullivan and Morris, the city opens before you in the form ground, five miles distant—facing it's station. Yer ye, from the ocean. It is built, like Venice, upon data and shoals of sand, and, so low is the site upon which the Jusion that I is built directly in the sea continues all you approach until you enter the harbor. The effect is not a picturesque effect, but not sufficiently to compensate for the rise of which would be produced by an elevated background, or by variety in the character of land or water. As you advance the bay expands, wide and majestic, forming a harbor to the which Nature can be as indebted, were it not for the embarrassments of the bar at the entrance, which forbids the approach of ships of every many draught of water. In is a present project with the Southernmost to propose to be sufficient to be a design this channel as to remove every di. ..ty. In that event, Charleston would instantly acquire a large and imposing commercial marine of her own. In front of you, commanding the channel, is Fort Sumter, a sentinel, the pile of Cyclopean double tier of heavy casemates, rising upon a mole at the head of a sand-bar. In passing Sullivan's Island we can readily distinguish the Mt. Pleasure House, famous as a local watering-place; and the still more famous Moultrie, which also bears the name of Moultrie, distinguished in American history as the scene of one of the first and the most brilliant feats of the Revolution. When a few hundred native riflemen, who had never fired a cannon before, beat off, and utterly discomfited a formidable British fleet, manning each slaughter among them as in proportion to the numbers engaged, was not even to add to that of Thermopylæ and the Nile. On the point of sea Hinderlit—Mount Pleasant village—which also constituted one of the fortresses of '76. On the top the shores of James and Morris Islands, the latter bearing the Middleton of the first, the former the seat of Fort Johnson, which was wrested from the British, prior to the battle of Fort Moultrie, by the enterprise of a small body of citizen soldiery. Here, at the very portals of the city, you encounter Castle Pinckney, covering a small island and every, and here you pass on a bird's-eye view of the city itself. We are now in the noblest city itself—the Charleston City! You see the four *essentials* at a glance, and perceive its two most prominent characteristics—the verandas, balconies, piazzas, with the ample gardens and their foliage, which relate every dwelling-house, and form a substitute for public squares, in which Charleston is lamentably deficient. But for the largeness of the several lots, and the taste of the people for shade-trees, the deficiency would be fatal at once to the health and the beauty of the place.

"The city is one of many boundaries, arising from this isolation of the dwellings, and from the ample verdure which girdles them."

FORT MOULTRIE (SULLIVAN'S ISLAND), CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA, IN THE DISTANCE.—[SEE PRECEDING PAGE.]

"OH YES, WE'VE A DANDELION CLOCK, DON'T YOU SEE?"

THE SEXTON'S STORY.

"Now Grandpa, we've been out you your dinner to-day,
And mother said Harry and I could both stay
And play hide and seek for a while without fear—
It does not seem lonely when Grandpa is here.

"And then—won't you tell us that story you told
All about Robin Hale, who was winsome and bold,
Whose love was so strong, whose heart was so brave?"
"Yes, child, by-and-by—when I've finished this grave.

"That will be three o'clock—but you will not know
How fast on the grave-stones the shadows will go."
"Oh, yes, we've a dandelion clock, don't you see?
We blow on it thrice—so—now it is three."

"About Robin Hale? Ah, well should I know
That story by heart! It was four years ago
Since I saw him at first, on the old village green,
Where the lads and the lasses at even are seen.

"And I marked his dark eye, with its glances of fire,
Resting on Lucy Lee, only child of the Squire—
Watching long for one look from those sunny blue eyes—
But his words, he or spoke, were all ended in sighs.

"For he was but poor—no houses nor lands
He owned—only courage, and two honest hands:
And Lucy, fair Lucy, an heiress was she—
Too rich to be won by a lad poor as he.

"Then I saw him go forth—at the sunset he came
To yonder white tomb-stone behind you (the name
Calls 'Mirriam' Benson). A while he bowed low;
Then, rising, he murmured, 'Dear Mother, I go.

"'For there's no one to love me, and no one to care,
Since you went to this grave—oh, would I were there!
Dear Lucy I can not, no, never can win'—
He was gone—only shadows where he had just been.

"Then I met Lucy Lee, and I saw her grow pale
When I spoke of the lad who had gone, Robin Hale;
But she crushed down her tears, never guessing his heart,
Or that love he deemed hopeless had led him depart.

"Soon a new suitor came. She but turned her aside
When he whispered his love and would make her his bride;
Until weary of life—at her father's command—
She gave to Ralph Vane—not her heart—but her hand.

"Wasn't that a brave wedding—the bride all in white?—
But the guests never knew who had witnessed the sight—
I hid him right well, in the old oaken pew
In the church, when the bride and her train glided through.

"With affection undimmed, with a fortune hard won,
Robin Hale had come back. Ere its pageant was gone
He turned him away; and was never more seen
In the church or the yard where the grave is so green."

The story was finished—but stealthy and still
The children came close, pointing up to the hill:
"See, Grandpa, she came with her baby a while,
And leaned on the tablet, not far from the stile.

"And she cried when you told us about Robin Hale:
And yet, she lives yonder—that cot in the vale."
"That house is Ralph Vane's—ah, yes, it is she:
She has heard new too late how he loved Lucy Lee."

BARLOW BROTHERS' BOOKS.

BETWEEN twenty and thirty years ago Reuben and Samuel Barlow commenced to trade together as grocers under the style and title of Barlow Brothers. When the firm first came into being, the sole assistant of the brothers (with the exception of the porter) was a certain Isaac Jackson, who discharged the double duties of shopman and clerk, and who had progressed with the business, until at last he became cash and book-keeper, as well as confidential clerk and general adviser to Reuben Barlow. Although not, like his employer, a "Friend," yet Isaac was one of the shyest and meekest of men; silent and reserved, he had no tastes, no amusements, no hopes and fears, no cares or enjoyments, but such as arose from and had reference to Barlow Brothers, their business, and—pre-eminently and superlatively—their books. He lived on the premises—it did the warehouseman, whose wife acted as housekeeper—and often enough, after the place was closed to the outer world for the night, Isaac used to remain in the counting-house, engaged in posting, balancing, and entering up those cherished volumes. And truly, if he gave much care and attention to them, they well repaid him; they were model books—no blots defaced their broad surfaces; no erasures ruffled their smooth texture; no error could have made just objection to aught there visible, had any such ever seen them, which Isaac would have taken good care to place beyond the reach of possibility; those sacred objects were not to be gazed at by profane eyes, nor handled by careless or flagitious fingers. It was believed that Isaac would rather you damaged himself than his books, and a young apprentice had personal proof of how dangerous it was to transgress in this respect, when once, by way of a joke, as he thought, he dropped the day-book on the floor. Unhappy youth! Isaac, albeit usually slow alike in bodily movement and in wrath, sprang at him and boxed his ears soundly.

"Get—get out of the place," he stammered; "you're not fit to be in it."

And though next day he begged Perkins's pardon—hoped he hadn't hurt him—and gave him a holiday, yet the sudden outburst of temper was a significant index to his feelings.

Reuben Barlow, who was fond of a joke, sometimes used to say that if Isaac were going to be married, he was sure that the cash-book would manage somehow to stop the ceremony; and at other times was accustomed to speak of the ledger as Mrs. Jackson. It was often said that Isaac might have been a partner long ago, had he wished; and it was supposed that a strong reason in his mind for declining that position, was a feeling that, in such a case, it would be *infra-dig* to keep his own books, and an unwillingness to resign such duty into other hands.

From what had been stated, Isaac's feelings may perhaps be imagined when it is told that Reuben Barlow entered his sanctum one morning, and thus addressed him:

"When thou hast the time, Isaac, I want thee to look at Black and Briggs's account, and see what amounts we have paid them lately."

"What's the matter with Black and Briggs?" quoth Isaac.

"Nay, that is that thou hast to help to discover," returned Reuben: "John Black tells me they find their cashier has been robbing them, and asks me to give him particulars of their account with us, without mixing the matter abroad; therefore, Isaac, name it not to any one at present."

"Been robbing them!" echoed Isaac, lifting up his hands solemnly; "dear me—dear me! Ah, I feared that man greatly—too flighty, too unsteady. Not six months ago he was in this very place receiving a payment, and when he came to write a receipt he pushed that ledger out of the way as if it had been a stone, and well-nigh upset the inkstand over it. Well, well; dear me." Isaac smoothed the leather cover of the insulted volume and turned up Black and Briggs's folio. "Ay, just so," he murmured, "two-fifty on the ninth March, one-twenty on—How far shall I go back; has he been long engaged in this robbery?"

"I fear so," replied Reuben.

"Nay but, in that case," said Isaac, "how is it he hasn't been found out ere now?"

"Why, then must know, Isaac," said Reuben, with a smile, "if thou can't bring thy mind to compass it, that he has falsified the books, and has shown great art in erasing and altering figures to suit his ends."

Altering the books!—erasing! Isaac was dumb for some minutes trying to fathom the depths of such cold-blooded villainy. At last he looked Reuben doubtfully in the face and murmured:

"I suppose—it isn't a—hanging matter, is it?"

"Nay, nay," said Reuben, laughing, "not so bad as that; the Law will lay him by the heels for the money he has taken, and leave what I dare say thou thinks the worst of the affair unpunished. But do thou make out the account, and I will give it to John Black myself."

During the remainder of the day Isaac were a very anxious and preoccupied look, and when brought into contact with the apprentices, who were apt to be careless and frivolous in word and deed, gazed seriously on them, and then gravely shook his head, as seeming with difficulty to refrain from addressing [illegible] he was brooding over the morning's communication, and trying to imagine by what steps any man could arrive at the horrible wickedness of laying sacrilegious hands on such sacred articles as books; and when next day Reuben informed him that sundry discrepancies having been discovered between his account and that kept by the defaulter, he would have to attend at the police-court on the morrow, to prove certain payments, he became quite sepulchral in his gloom.

He did duly attend the police-court, but the case was not gone into fully, the accused being remanded for a week. It was, however, opened, and Isaac heard the attorney for the prosecution declare that the prisoner had been with his employers from a boy; that they had formed the highest opinion of him, had reposed the most perfect trust in him, and were deeply surprised and grieved by his misconduct. Telling this to Reuben Barlow that even-

THE GHOST AT W

ing. "Ay," observed the latter, "John Black said to me, 'I would no more have suspected him, Reuben, as he would that Isaac Jackson,'" and Reuben laughed a jolly laugh at the notion. But Issac did not reply as the other expected.

"*He* had been with *them from* a boy," he said, half to himself.

"And might have been with them for the rest of his life," said Reuben, "if this had not happened."

"Ay," quoth Isaac, dreamily; "how did he begin? Isay, *how?*"

"Nay, *I* know not, and it matters but little to *thee*," said Reuben; "and now, Isaac, must close a Brobdingnag shaw? I start to-morrow for Bristol, and shall not see thee till this business is over. I am glad thou has not taken to dry facts, or I fear thou might bear hardly on him. Farewell." And off went Reuben.

At the proper time Isaac attended and duly proved the payments as per account rendered. A shy and reserved man, he was considerably put about by the unwonted turmoil and bustle into which circumstances had plunged him, and the line taken by the prisoner's legal defender didn't tend to clear his brain *or* steady his nerves. That gentleman, seeing the manner of man before him, made an effort to bother Isaac by some of the stock-inquiries usual in such cases, as whether *he*, Isaac, ever made mistakes in any business—whether he always made his entries at the time of payment—whether he would swear he had made them particular entries on the proper time—whether the cash had always balanced, and so on; and though, of course, he elicited nothing in favor of his client, he yet produced considerable effect upon poor Isaac, already bewildered by much musing on this affair.

The old man left the court half inclined to doubt, in spite of himself, whether he was, in reality, so correct as he had always been even worse—that is, so then, he, as well as that unhappy man might not one day be tempted and fall. True, he couldn't contemplate, without horror, the idea; but that prisoner—would not he also at one time have felt the same way at such a contemptible notion? He must have been a beginning, and why was he himself more secure than other men? etc., etc. The fact is, Isaac, naturally quiet, unstirred, and brooding on this subject, and above all weak for want of his dinner, which he had been too much interested to get at the usual hour, was under monomaniacal for the time, and looked so woebegone in the evening that the housekeeper on seeing him attacked him at once.

"Why, Mr. Jackson, whatever 'ave you been doing? Not had your dinner? No wonder you look so miserable. Now just you get some supper at once, and then take a drop of spirit and water, and go your way to bed."

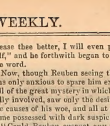
It was in vain for Isaac to declare that he wasn't hungry—that he wasn't ill; he was obliged to let the housekeeper's prescription to the letter, for though, after his meal, he felt so much better that he said nothing about going into the office to finish that part of his day's work which had been put—so much for the time—on one side, he was decidedly negatived; and accordingly to bed he went, taking into his custody, as usual, the safe-keys, which he slept under his pillow. He rose so much better next morning that he felt disposed to laugh at his melancholy musings of the previous evening, but when it became time to repair to the counting-house, he had almost got over his fancies, and felt better than he had done for some days.

"It was having to appear against that poor fellow," said he to himself, as he reverently removed the books from the safe. "Now that's over, I hope I shall forget it and him: I almost wish I could think it a mistake on my part, as that man would be sure to suit; but it couldn't be!" and with that Isaac opened his cash-book, and began to count over the cash-balance of the night before: "Ten, twenty, thirty," he murmured, "hundred and six-ty-five—shall I make of mistakes—let me add up again; no, that's all right. Why, bless me, I remember, I had one hundred and sixty-five pounds when I talked, and now, by the book, I ought only to have one hundred and five. How can it be? Such a thing never happened before. Can *I* be going to err?"

And Isaac sank down upon his stool. Presently he began to examine the items in the book, and at length found that a sum of two hundred pounds paid by him and so entered, had been by the addition of a stroke to the middle cipher changed into two hundred and sixty, thus making him appear to have paid sixty pounds more than he had really done. Isaac fired up in a moment.

"Some of those rascally lads; think it a joke, I suppose. Now I only know which of 'em I'll turn him into the street in one minute: to dare to imitate my hand too! I could have sworn it was my own doing. After all, though, he can't be sure one doing it seriously—what object could he have? No, it must be one of those plaguey boys."

So soliloquizing, Isaac got to work, contenting himself, for the time, by darting such piercing glances at the apprentices who came within his ken as one would have supposed a man in a rage bewhelmed the audacious evil-doer; but without profiting any visible result. Every one even decided that evening, whether or no to give the culprit a chance of compromising himself by re-



the night-be- [illegible] ch marred [illegible] could [illegible] [illegible]

the crushing exhortation which he would in such case bestow, that he went to his daily work in a comparatively equable and healthy frame of mind. Miserable man! No sooner had his eye glanced on the symmetrical columns of the cash-book than he perceived that the same busy hand had again been at work, and this time to a greater extent than before; numerous fabrications further themselves on his bewildered vision, executed with diabolical ingenuity, both as to the mode and style of the fraud. All the previously existing items, now into fours, eighties into sixes and nines, and all in exact imitation of his own handwriting: he was forced to admit that to his senses not borne witness to the contrary, he should have had to confess his own handiwork. The matter was now indeed serious: no one had access by fair means to the books but himself; could it possibly be, thought Isaac, in his agony, that he was the victim of some to chastise his pride of accuracy in this fearful manner? A cold sweat bathed his face at the thought. If does not appear, however, from what was the object of alterations which appeared to make him richer, nor has it ever since been to had really in his custody? It must plainly be that the money itself would next be by some means abstracted, and he, accused of the fraud, would be confronted by the altered books. And then—what then? Isaac couldn't follow the train of thought further. He knelt and tried vehemently plenter: he would conceal himself in the counting-house that night and examine the matter to the bottom, and then he would see. So said, so done: after remaining working by himself till late, he went as usual to his room, but instead of going to bed, he slipped noiselessly down stairs with the key of the safe in his pocket, and took up his position behind a desk, where he had a little window to command a view of the whole room. Here he remained undisturbed, save by the ticking of the office clock, by footsteps in the street, and now by his own agitating thoughts. Chilled to the bone, oldish and dark, and, perhaps, somewhat a little frightened, he nevertheless sat bravely on, hearing the hours strike one after another, and every now and then looking at his money which lay beside him, and at the [illegible] and the hour until the old church clock, just outside, boomed high in air—five. Glad to find he was not a murderer, and triumphant, though rather disappointed at finding himself no wiser than before, Isaac arose, and Isaac sat down on his own stool, and presently finding his hand bump against the desk before him, he was forced to conclude that he had been asleep, and so it proved; for on striking a match and consulting the clock, it showed a few minutes before six to be the hour.

"Not quite an hour, at all events," said Isaac, slapping his pocket to feel for the safe-key, and another pat out of his fingers' ends. "Impossible. "And every thing is quite still. No one can have been in that room. Nobody could have entered. Well, the men will be here at six, and then I shall get to bed. I wish the scamp had come though, I shall have to see him."

At six, accordingly, Isaac was released, and was now awake. No one had been in the office, his place in the office very little later than his usual hour.

"I Shall I tell Reuben Barlow, or not?" soliloquized he, as he unlocked the safe. "He'll be back to-day, and it seems cowardly to say no."

But on second thoughts he determined that it would be better to discover the plotter before speaking to any one.

"And, at all events," said he to himself, "I can keep matters from getting worse for a few days, and by that time I shall see."

Isaac gave a deep groan, and well he might. In spite of watch and ward the enemy had been at work: the safe-door left yesterday night as locked and symmetry were caricatured and travestied out of all shape. Numerous figures having been perverted, altered, and inserted.

"It must have been in the room with me last night," thought Isaac, as he looked at the ledgers and the clerks were alarmed by hearing a loud thump, and on entering Isaac's office by finding its occupant on the floor insensible in a fit, from which as his life he had fainted. On coming to himself, however, he replied that he had fallen down by very

"Nothing was the matter with him, he had slipped in getting on to his stool," he said, "and fallen." He then went to his counting-house, and with a suspicious glance at those around him, and bidding them all rather ungraciously get to their work and mind their own, sat down to try and think calmly over the matter. It was in vain, and by the time Reuben Barlow returned Isaac had pretty nearly worked himself into a fever. Informed of Isaac's fainting fit, Reuben, neverthe-less, said nothing about it first, beginning quietly to talk about indifferent subjects; but so dispirited and short were Isaac's replies that at last he said:

"I fear thou'rt not well to-day, Isaac?"

"What, I suppose you've been hearing some nonsense or other in the office—you came in, but there's nothing the matter with me."

"Well," said Reuben, feeling that thou'rt not in the habit of lying on thy back on the floor, thou mustn't be surprised at what's said when thou begins to do so;" and observing that Isaac was indisposed for further parley, Reuben left him. Toward the close of business, however, he again visited him, and seeing him putting over the cash-book:

"Doesn't thou think," he said, "thou hast done enough for to-day? Ay, that's right, shut it to."

Isaac having done so rather sharply.

"Nay," he went on. "Never trouble thyself to put the books away, the youth Perkins shall do it for to-night."

Now, Perkins, as may be remembered, was he who had misused the day-book on a certain forlorn occasion, and so supposing that Reuben was joking him, Isaac said, rather sulkily:

"Perkins sha'n't touch them."

"Well, well," said Reuben, mildly, "if it will please thee better, I will even put them by myself," and he forthwith began to suit the action to the word.

Now, though Reuben seeing that Isaac was ill, was only anxious to spare him exertion, the latter, full of the great mystery in which he was so dreadfully involved, saw only the desire to meddle with the causes of his woe, and all at once his mind became possessed with dark suspicions.

"Could Reuben suspect any thing? Impossible! And why should he wish to handle the books?" Whatever might be the reason it must not be gratified. "I'm not going to leave them in the safe at all to-night, I'm going to take them up stairs into my own room. I want to look over them," said he.

"Thou'd far better leave them alone till to-morrow," urged Reuben, "for I am sure thou art not fit—well, well, I'll say no more then with."

So Isaac had them borne up stairs before him, of course with the intention of keeping them under his eye, until he had made up his mind as to what course to pursue. He did keep them under his eye during the night, and carried them into his bedroom when he went there himself, placing them on a chair by his bedside, and carefully locking his room door.

"They're safe for to-night," thought Isaac, as he regarded them mournfully; "but it's dreadful to think that I shall have to watch them in this way constantly."

He took not last look at their fair proportions just before extinguishing his candle, and after putting his hand out of bed once or twice to feel them, Isaac sank at last into the sleep of the worst.

As his last waking care had been for the books, so was his first: he raised himself in bed, and took a glance; there they were—but—but surely not in the same order as when he last saw them. He was out on the floor in an instant, one shoe being on sufficient; he fell back into the bed, and trembled till the couch shook again. Then a ray of hope fell upon him—he had left the door open! Willing to find his memory treacherous, he rose and tried the door; locked even as he had left it. And now, past all hope, despair, became fully convinced that he was the victim of some evil spirit, and shuddered at the thought of his existence during the long waste and middle of the night." Long time took he to dress, and a miserable man at last was when he presented himself at the breakfast table. Though breakfast was a mere form with him, he lingered so long in his bitter mind that the housekeeper, seriously alarmed at this state of things, quietly went and begged Reuben (an early man) to come up stairs and persuade his friend to take attendance at his duties for the day.

"Why, Isaac, what's the matter with thee to-day?" began Reuben, cheerily, but stopped short, shocked at the change in the other's appearance. "Why, man, thou'rt ill indeed, more quickly."

"Nay, not ill," said Isaac, faintly.

"Not ill?" said Reuben, "then thy appearance belies thee strangely. Come, what does?"

Isaac sat silent for a while, and then burst out passionately: "No, no, Reuben, I shouldn't say I was tormented by the devil."

"Be not profane, Isaac," said Reuben, seriously, and then went on: "Thee has not got something on thy mind; would it not comfort thee, Isaac, that I, too, had been ever?"

Thus adjured, Isaac poured out his story in a flood, to the great amazement of the other, who, however, listened to the end without a word. And that which had begotten fear in Isaac Jackson's breast roused only indignation in the stout heart of Reuben Barlow. He made the table with his hand rather more emphatically than beseemed the breadth of his brim and the uprightness of his collar.

"I tell ther, Isaac," he said, with a grim smile, "I have no more to do with spiritual work; but let me see it with mine own eyes."

And off marched Reuben to Isaac's bedroom, returning with the books in a minute.

"Truly," he remarked, "this man—or fiend as thou will have it—hath a marvelous knack of imitating thy hand."

"No man could do it," quoth Isaac.

"I tell ye there's no thee that some man *hath* done it," retorted Reuben. "I will take my own stand in thy office this night, and if haply I light upon him—"

Reuben involuntarily clenched his fist, and stretched forth his muscular right arm. Albeit, a member of a persuasion which often was signalized by the meanest capacity of his intention to make this outrage the first of a series unexampled.

But Isaac would not hear of solitary watch being kept, "for," said he, "if you go to sleep as I did, all your trouble will be lost;" so that Reuben was forced to let him join in the vigil. They watched in company, therefore, all night, without any disturbance, either to Reuben's disgust, who said at seven o'clock in the morning,

"Well, we've kept thy books safe, but otherwise are just as we were, this man must know when watch is kept, and is wise enough to stay away out of trouble."

"Don't be so sure the books are all right," said Isaac, dreadly.

"What!" cried Reuben, "would thou have me take up thy aboard and profane notions? Let us look for ourselves;" and so saying he opened the safe, and, after casting his eye roving, the books untouched and unaltered.

"Now, what say'st thou?" asked Reuben.

Isaac was obliged to admit himself somewhat reassured, and said that perhaps the mischief-maker had got tired of his pranks.

"Well, thou canst try by giving him the chance to-night," returned Reuben.

Now this, if not absolutely deceitful in word, was decidedly so in intent; for Reuben himself had no thought of giving up the affair until he had obtained some result, and he accordingly made his own arrangements for keeping solitary watch that night, and at a late hour was admitted to the premises by the warehouseman, whom he had taken into his confidence, and of whose good faith he was assured.

He sat undisturbed till the clock struck two, and was beginning to think that his watch would be as ignorant as the night before, when he heard a slight noise, as of some one descending the stairs from the upper floor of the building.

"Now for it," thought Reuben, feeling about in the dark for a ruler, having found which, he got behind the door of the office. The door opened, and some one entered. Reuben heard the tread of a man without shoes. The intruder advanced, picked up a match-box from the desk, as Reuben knew by the sound, struck a match, and lighted a gas-jet. Reuben saw him fill in view, saw him then watched him go to the safe, unlock it, bring forth the books, place them on Isaac's desk, and then deliberately proceed to examine the entries. At this point Reuben advanced boldly and seized the individual by the arm, when—Isaac Jackson and Reuben found himself sitting on his own office stool, clad solely in a long white garment, and with a pen in his hand! while Reuben Barlow stood beside him looking rather grim, and saying,

"Doesn't thou think thou'd be better in bed, Isaac, than playing these tricks?"

No more passed then; Reuben returned the books to their stronghold, put out the gas, saw Isaac safely to bed, and went his way. But the next day gave his book-keeper much amusement and much considerable laugh concerning morbid fancies and heavy suppers. It was in the small difficulty that Isaac nerved himself to face the office for a little time, feeling convinced in his own mind as he did, that every little gathering of the clerks which he chanced to see was by no means "a fortuitous combination of atoms," but a meeting for the express purpose of debate respecting the recent mystery and its solution, particulars of which had in some unexplained manner leaked out. He lived for some little time in desperate fear of his accounts being called for by the reverence ever again troubled him, and he would by this time almost have forgotten it, if it were not for Reuben's jocular occasional [illegible] inquiry, "Barlow Brothers' Books all right, Isaac?"

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

The Presidential election took place on Tuesday, the 7th November, and resulted in the choice of Abraham Lincoln of Illinois and Hannibal Hamlin of Maine, by the electors of the United States. The details of the vote have not come to hand; we publish in the editorial the leading facts as known.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE SOUTH CAROLINA SECESSION LEGISLATURE.

The news of Lincoln's election was received QUIET on Columbia, South Carolina, as it was expected.

On the 10th, in the Legislature, Senator Memes offered a resolution that the Governor and Federal Relations Committee report as soon as possible a bill calling a CONVENTION of the people of the State, to consider the relations of the State to the Union. The bill was introduced providing FOR ANY PURPOSES. A bill was introduced providing for free negro labor, and one providing for the purchase of arms. A resolution was offered to appropriate $300,000 for the defense of the State, and the Convention meet on the 15th. Messrs. Boyce, Memes, and Rhett were appointed a committee to draft a declaration of secession.

On the 10th the Governor sent to the Legislature a message earnestly recommending it to indemnify the losses of the citizens of Charleston by the late floods. Resolutions to that effect were introduced into both houses. The Senate concurred in the House resolutions, and appropriated the sum of one hundred thousand dollars already appropriated to purchase arms for the State. Mr. Rhett introduced a bill, calling the Convention at Columbia. It was referred to the Committee on Federal Relations. Mr. Aldrich introduced a bill, compelling free negroes to leave the State or select masters from the white race. A resolution was introduced for raising a million of dollars immediately for the public defense. The resolution was referred to the Ways and Means Committee. Mr. Cunningham introduced a bill to arm and equip the State. Empowers the Governor to issue bonds to the amount of four hundred thousand dollars, at six per cent., to raise immediately the sum of the State. It was finally referred to the Military Committee.

The House adjourned, by an overwhelming vote, to fix on Saturday for a *sine die* adjournment.

THE SECESSION CONVENTION.

In the Senate, on November 9, Mr. Garlington, from the Committee on Federal Relations, reported a bill calling a Convention of the people of the State to take into consideration the dangers incident to the present position of affairs, and to devise such measures as may be necessary and proper for the safety and security of the rights and liberties of the citizens of the State. The Convention shall assemble on the second Monday in December, and the election shall be held on the fourth Tuesday previous, the number of delegates to each district being equal to the number of the members and representatives in the Legislature. The last section of the bill provides that the Governor shall transmit a copy to the Executive of the slaveholding States, and such other communications in providing for the future safety, welfare, and independence of the South.

After a brief discussion, in which the time fixed, the bill passed by yeas forty-four, nays one. The discussing was confined almost entirely to the time only.

SEPARATE STATE ACTION OR CO-OPERATION.

In the House, Mr. Trenholm's resolutions, to send a commissioner to Georgia, was taken up, when a sharp debate ensued between the co-operationists and separate State secessionists.

Mr. Gray opposed the resolution. Separate action, he said, was the doctrine sanctioned by Jefferson and Madison, and recognized by De Tocqueville. He hoped South Carolina would not send the odious delegation, and each delegate would carry the Palmetto flag—the sight of our regular flag would be sufficient.

Mr. McGowan said South Carolina stood to secede long before Georgia. She was the author of secession. It would be a high honor for South to unite with her Southern sister. The history of Pelopidas and Epaminondas, modern Italy, and Central America proved the truth of the maxim, "United we stand, divided we fall." This was easily, however, to admit by the decision of the Convention.

Mr. Miller thought the attempt to secure co-operation would be dishonorable, and cited the case of the Commission to Virginia. If we waited for other states to lead, slavery would be abandoned, and the South oppressed like Italy by the East India Company. He felt the importance of action, and thought it would be time enough to send commissioners when they had form thy defied by the Union broken. Suppose Georgia declined acting, what policy would his friend pursue?

Mr. McGowan did not indicate any policy. His idea was to precede, not pause, with Georgia.

Mr. Mullins replied that we could not with dignity ask co-operation until we have ourselves acted.

The consideration of the resolutions was then postponed till next day.

RESIGNATION OF SENATOR CHESNUT.

On the opening of the House of Assembly, on 10th, for business, the Speaker announced that he had received a communication from Mr. Chesnut, resigning his position as a Senator of the United States.

Mr. Whaley offered a resolution that the resignation be accepted. He said that what under other circumstances would be regarded with regret, could now be only recognized as an act of loyal devotion to South Carolina.

SUSPENSION OF SPECIE PAYMENTS.

Mr. Desaussure made a report from the Committee on Ways and Means, recommending a bill for the postponement of the act requiring the banks to have one-third of gold and silver to two-thirds of their issue.

This report was unanimously adopted.

A similar bill passed the Senate.

THE CONVENTION TO MEET 17TH DECEMBER.

Mr. Aldrich made a report from the Committee on Federal Relations, making amendments to the Senate bill calling a Convention of the people, by inserting that an election be held on the 6th of December instead of the 6th of January, and that the Convention meet on the 17th of December instead of the 10th of January.

Mr. Black, of York, opposed the amendment, and wanted more time to canvass the Senate bill.

Mr. Thompson, of Union, said that the agriculturists in the upper country wanted more time.

Mr. Winsmith interrupted with resolutions relating to declaring the opinion of South Carolina and inviting co-operation.

These resolutions were tabled.

The resolutions from the Charleston meeting were introduced, when the House went into Committee of the Whole, and a discussion ensued on Mr. Aldrich's report from the Committee on Federal Relations.

At the conclusion of the debate the question was put, "Shall the Bill for calling a Convention pass and be sent to the Senate?"

Here another discussion followed.

Mr. Aldrich said that all had favored the Senate's Bill, but the developments the last twenty-four hours had brought out made decided action necessary. Telegraph messages are constantly arriving, calling on us to act.

A vote was then taken by ayes and noes, when the bill calling for a Convention was unanimously passed, the whole number present (one hundred and seventeen), voting "aye."

The State Senate met at seven o'clock in the evening to consider the amendments of the House to the bill calling a Convention. Forty-one Senators were present, and all of them voted in favor of the bill as amended; so it was unanimously passed.

THE EXCITEMENT IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

A dispatch dated Charleston, November 8, says: The States Rights flag was raised at the *Mercury* office at noon yesterday, with tremendous cheers from thousands who had congregated in the vicinity of that office.

The Federal Judge, A. G. Magrath, District Attorney James Conner, Collector William F. Colcock, and other federal officers have resigned.

The bark *James Gray*, owned by Cushing's Boston line, lying at our wharves, under instructions from the owners, has hoisted the Palmetto flag, and fired a salute of fifteen guns.

A large body of citizens called on the resigned federal officers last night. They were greeted with enthusiasm. The officials returned thanks in spirited addresses.

A meeting was held at Columbia, South Carolina, on 8th, which determined to return forthwith all Northern claims sent for collection.

The Speaker of the South Carolina House on the 7th received a dispatch from Virginia, tendering the services of a volunteer corps in the event of South Carolina's secession.

MESSAGE OF THE GOVERNOR OF GEORGIA.

Governor Brown, in a special message to the Legislature of Georgia, thinks that but few States will meet in the Southern Convention, and does not recommend the appointment of delegates from Georgia. He thinks the constitutional rights of the people of Georgia have been violated by several non-slaveholding States to the extent of justifying, in the judgment of civilized nations, the adoption of any measures necessary for the restoration of the future protection of their rights. He refers to the patriotic spirit in the origin of our government, and portrays the series of unconstitutional and unfriendly acts. Subsequently he is pointedly severe on Massachusetts laws, and says if the laws of Massachusetts cause plunder from Georgia citizens, that State must be compelled to compensate them. He advises reprisals, and says let us meet unjust aggression and unconstitutional State legislation with just retaliation. He recommends the enactment of laws authorizing the seizing of such amount of money or property of any citizen of such offending and faithless State for indemnifying the losses of the citizens of Georgia. He recommends legislation to drive the manufactured articles of such offending States from Georgia. He says Georgia has the right, as soon as Northern goods are brought into Georgia, to tax them as she deems proper. He advises the passage of a law taxing goods and merchandise twenty-five per centum introduced after the 1st of January, if manufactured in or brought from Massachusetts, Vermont, Michigan, Maine, Rhode Island, New York, Wisconsin, or other unfriendly States; and the tax to be remitted when the unfriendly legislation is repealed. Should such legislation prove ineffectual, he recommends the repeal of all parts of the penal and civil code protecting the lives, liberties, and properties of the citizens of the States where such unfriendly laws exist. He says: "In my opinion the time for bold and decided action has arrived, and he is unworthy the confidence of the people of Georgia who refuses to vindicate her honor at any cost, and maintain her constitutional rights at every hazard."

HE IS AGAINST DISUNION.

He believes the legislation recommended will tend to strengthen rather than to weaken the ties of the Union of the States. It will destroy sectional controversy, and narrow down the issue to a contest between individual States. He says if the Legislature fails to enact laws, he recommends that the people should rise in their might and at the ballot-box demand their enactment. The Governor entertains no doubt of the right of each State to decide to act for herself, so long as all the States abide in good faith by the constitutional obligations. *No State can withdraw from the Union without being guilty of bad faith to the others.* Any violation of the compact relieves all parties. The right of secession for cause was only denied by those who deny the sovereignty of the States.

The message fills twenty-two closely printed octavo pages. A full review of offensive Northern legislation concludes thus: For the purpose of putting the State in a defensive condition as fast as possible, and preparing for the emergency which must be met sooner or later, he recommends that the sum of a million of dollars be immediately appropriated as a military fund for the ensuing year, and prompt provision made for raising such portion of the money as may not be in the treasury, as fast as the public expenditures require. Millions for defense, not one cent for tribute, should be the future motto of the Southern States. To every demand for further concession or compromise of our rights we should reply: The argument is exhausted, and we now stand on our arms.

MOVEMENTS IN GEORGIA.

A dispatch dated Macon, Georgia, November 10, says:

"The Legislature of Georgia yesterday refused to fix a day for the election of a United States Senator to succeed Alfred Iverson, agreeing to postpone the ballot until the action of the State is determined.

"A bill, calling a Convention of the people, will pass in a few days.

"Senator Toombs, now at Milledgeville, has avowed his intention to resign, to take effect on the 4th of next March. His term does not expire till 1865.

"The Retaliatory Bill will come up in the House on its third reading next Tuesday. It provides a tax of twenty-five per cent. on all goods from States which have nullified the Fugitive Slave Law, and exempts foreign goods from taxation."

THE FEELING AT SAVANNAH.

A mass meeting was held at Savannah on 8th, and the following resolutions were passed unanimously:

"We, the citizens of the county of Chatham, ignoring all party names and issues, cordially unite in the following resolutions:

"*Resolved*, That the election of Lincoln and Hamlin to the Presidency and Vice-Presidency of the United States ought not and will not be submitted to.

"*Resolved*, That we request the Legislature to announce this opinion by resolution at the earliest practicable moment, to communicate to our Senators and Representatives in Congress, and co-operate with the Governor in calling a convention of the people to determine on the mode and measure of redress.

"*Resolved*, That we respectfully recommend the Legislature to take into immediate consideration the passage of such laws as will be likely to alleviate any unusual embarrassment of the commercial interests of the State consequent upon the present political emergency.

"*Resolved*, That we respectfully suggest to the Legislature to take immediate steps to organize and arm the forces of the State.

"*Resolved*, That copies of the foregoing resolutions be sent without delay to our Senators and Representatives in the general Assembly of the State, who are hereby requested to lay them before the houses of which they are respectively members."

THE CONVENTION IN ALABAMA.

The Governor has decided to have the Convention meet on the first Monday in January. The people desire it to be held sooner, but he does not feel authorized by the resolutions of the last Legislature to call the Convention until the electors have cast their votes for President in December.

On Wednesday he will publish a letter, stating the time on which he will issue his proclamation, and calling on the people to nominate candidates for the Convention.

MR. LINCOLN AT HOME.

The *Times* correspondent telegraphs: "Mr. Lincoln spent most of election-night in the Telegraph-office, where he heard returns and received private dispatches with a most marvelous equanimity. Those who saw him at the time say it would have been impossible for a by-stander to tell that that tall, lean, wiry, good-natured, easy-going gentleman, so anxiously inquiring about the success of the local candidates, was the choice of the people to fill the most important office in the nation. Even during election day and night, Mr. Lincoln was about town attending to his business as usual. Many of his Springfield acquaintances will long remember how he sat in a social circle at the Cheny House, while the returns were coming in, and indulged alike in pleasant chat and his propensity for story-telling.

"Mr. Lincoln was next evening captured by a number of his friends, who carried him to the Hall of the House of Representatives, where about three hundred citizens spontaneously collected and earnestly but vainly pressed him for a speech. They finally got him in the Speaker's chair, and speeches were made by Messrs. Swett and Orme, of Bloomington, Farmer, Joab, Wilkinson, and others.

"A dispatch was received by Mr. Lincoln, stating that Indiana had given twenty thousand Republican majority.

"Mr. Lincoln finally made the following speech—his first public address since his election:

"'The representation of Coles and Douglas Counties is elected on the Republican side. We expected it would be so—and so it is pretty generally these times.' [Applause and laughter.]

"Mr. Lincoln finally, in a jocular way, took advantage of his position as Chairman, to say that it was customary for the presiding officer to call some distinguished member to the Chair. He accordingly called Mr. Kent to take his place, and retired through a side door, in spite of vociferous calls for him to speak."

RUPTURE WITH PERU.

Dispatches were received at Washington on 3d inst., at the Department of State, from our Minister to Peru, Mr. Clay. The Peruvian Government refuses the ultimatum of our Government. Our Minister states that he had demanded his passports, and intended to leave at once for the United States. He says that he presented the ultimatum on the 2d of October, and on the 6th it was rejected; on the 9th he demanded his passports, which, on the 10th, at the hour of the departure of the *Lancaster* from Callao for Panama, had not been complied with. Castilla, it appears, had again renewed an old and absurd proposition to submit the matter to a third power, which is considered nothing more than an ingenious attempt for delay on the part of that Government. Mr. Clay having demanded his passports, obedient to instructions, it follows, of course, that diplomatic relations with Peru can not be continued through its Minister, Zegarra; he will therefore receive his passports at an early day. The facts in this case will be laid before Congress in the President's forthcoming message.

THE LAST MAN'S SOCIETY.

We read in the Cincinnati *Gazette*: "The sixth of the present month was the anniversary of the Last Man's Society.

"On Sunday, the 30th of September, 1832, seven young men were seated in the studio of J. R. Mason, talking, as young men are wont to do, of matters of desultory character.

"The cholera was at this time raging with fearful sway in the villages surrounding the city, but within the corporate precincts of Cincinnati the dreaded scourge had not yet made its appearance. The conversation of the seven finally turned upon the subject of cholera, and a discussion sprang up between two of them, who had just received the degree of M.D., whether or not the disease was contagious. During the argument which the young disciples of Esculapius advanced, one of the party, in speaking of the fatality of the disease, said, 'We can not tell how long any of us will be here—to-morrow we may possibly be gone.'

"This remark was the foundation on which this superstructure of the Last Man's Society was reared.

"Having agreed that the society should have an existence, the time of meeting was next considered, and it was unanimously determined that the first anniversary should be held the following Saturday night, October 6, 1832, and the meeting should be held on the same day of the month annually from that time forward.

"A casket was made, and in it was inclosed a bottle of wine, and when the last man should at the anniversary supper seat himself at the table, that bottle was to be opened and the contents drank *in memorium* of the six deceased members. The casket was an obelisk about ten inches in height, and stood on a base of seven inches square. In the base was a small drawer, in which were placed slips of oil-paper, containing the names, ages, places of birth, residence, and occupation of the members, in their own handwriting. The obelisk was neatly finished at the summit and crowned by a small globe, the entire casket being constructed of solid mahogany. It was the duty of the members to notify any of their absent members of the time and place of meeting, and it was that member's duty in return to be present, if in his power.

"The casket was to pass in succession to each of the seven, and was to be retained one year, its delivery taking place at the anniversary. Lots were drawn to determine who should be its custodian the first year, and so on through the whole seven, after which it passed regularly from one to another.

"At the supper seven plates were provided, and if any were absent the plate remained unturned, and the chair remained vacant at the table. Never but once did all of them meet together, and that was on the occasion of their first anniversary. One, two, three, four, five years in quick succession flew by, and still the circle was unbroken; but ere the seventh cycle waned death entered their midst and marked his victim. The seventh anniversary, and there was one empty place, never to be filled on earth again.

"The supper was given by the member who received the casket: it was his to choose what it would be; and if he set before his fellow-members but a cup of water and a crust of bread, it was their duty to partake heartily of his cheer.

"Twenty-one years subsequently to the organization of the society, and the last man met to perform the solemn duty which was sacredly promised the 30th of September, 1832. The task—for such it must have been—fell to Dr. John L. Vattier, who still lives, the only surviving member of The Last Man's Society. His feelings at a table, with the six unturned plates and the six vacant chairs, can better be imagined than described."

ELOPEMENT AND REPENTANCE.

The Richmond correspondent of the Petersburg *Express* writes: "Quite an excitement has been created in the town of Manchester, just across the river, in consequence of the elopement of one of the prettiest young girls of that town, with a man who had succeeded in gaining a place in her affections. They came over to Richmond last Friday night during the heavy rain, and secured apartments at one of our prominent hotels. The departure of the pair becoming known in Manchester, a party of young men came over in pursuit, and found the young lady, but could not find the wretch who had so grossly betrayed her. If they had, he would have received one hundred lashes and a coat of tar and feathers. The scoundrel had left the girl bright and early the next morning, and made good his escape. The young lady, who is just sixteen years of age, and of rare personal beauty, was conducted to the residence of her aunt. The villain who has so grossly betrayed her is from the Yankee States, and many years older than the young girl whom he had promised to marry."

CARRIED OFF BY PRIESTS.

The Cleveland (Ohio) *Herald* tells the following singular story about a girl fifteen years of age, who called upon the editor, in company with Mr. A. A. Moon, a respectable citizen of Avon, Lorain County:

"The girl (says the *Herald*) states that when about seven years of age she lived in Cleveland, with her mother, a brother older than herself, and a baby. She can not remember her father. She went to school daily, at a frame school-house, on a street which had shade-trees and brick sidewalks. There was a well at one corner of the street, and on the opposite corner a grocery. On her way to the school-house she was in the habit of seeing a round building, roofed with tin, she thinks, as it glittered in the sunlight.

"One day a Roman Catholic priest, wearing a large hat, told her that her mother was dead, and that he would provide for her. She thinks that there were some other girls with him at the time. The priest took her to an Irish family, and from them she was removed to a Roman Catholic German family in Sheffield township, Lorain County, where she has lived for the past eight years. At the time she was taken by the priest she had with her a school-book, between the leaves of which was a letter addressed to a person named Kolker. That name has been adopted by her in the supposition of it being her family name. She is now known as Mary Kolker.

"As the girl grew up, the family with whom she lived wished her to be baptized into the Roman Catholic Church, but she refused.

"Every effort has since been made to overcome her objections, but she stoutly resisted, claiming that she had always gone to a 'Yankee school,' and her family always went to 'Yankee meetings.' She has been spoken of always as a German, but when a child she did not know a word of German, although she spoke English well enough, and she scarcely appears of German blood.

"About two weeks since Mr. Moon took her into service from the house of the German family, and this morning brought her to the city to see if she could remember any of the localities. She thought she could identify portions of the lower part of Prospect Street, but was frequently bewildered in her recollections of the place. She is an intelligent-looking girl. Can any one throw any light on the girl's family or her alleged abduction?

"Since her persistent refusal to become a Roman Catholic, the letter found in her school-book has disappeared without her knowledge."

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

A MARRIAGE IN VERY HIGH LIFE.

THE recent marriage of the Lady Emma Charlotte Smith Stanley, only daughter of the Right Hon. the Earl of Derby, K.G., and the Hon. Wellington Patrick M. Chetwynd Talbot, Colonel of the 1st Staffordshire Militia, Sergeant-at-Arms to the House of Lords, second son of the late Right Hon. Earl Talbot, and brother to the Earl of Shrewsbury, furnishes to the English papers an opportunity for columns of the most artistically personal details. The Earl of Derby, on account of whose illness the wedding was once postponed, was unable to appear, and the brother of the bride, Lord Stanley, gave her away. The desire of people generally to view the ceremony was very great, showing itself in most pressing applications for tickets to the church; but the applications were fruitless, the principal parties desiring a comparatively private marriage; consequently, in the sounding phrase of the reporter, "the holy ceremony which united two scions of the illustrious houses of Stanley and Talbot was unattended by any extraordinary demonstration." On the important morning it rained; but shortly after 9 o'clock "the watery element ceased to descend, the sun poured forth its genial rays, and the sky cleared up wondrously." Over the pathway leading to the church an arched passage-way had been arranged, and upon a crimson carpet the party walked to the altar. A number of school-girls, neatly clad, strewed with flowers the ground before the bride. "The gallant bridegroom, who is a tall, handsome man, was attired in a plain black frock-coat, white waistcoat, light trowsers, and white kid gloves." It is pleasant to know that the Lady Emily, "though somewhat pale and tremulous, looked charmingly," and that "the responses of the gallant groom were distinctly audible, as were also (though in a more subdued tone) those of the fair bride." The dress of the fair bride consisted of white glacé trimmed with Brussels lace. A wreath of orange flowers encircled her head, over which was a vail of Brussels lace, the jewels worn being amethysts and diamonds. The bridemaids were attired in dresses of white tarlatan trimmed with Magenta colored crape, and opera cloaks trimmed with Magenta colored ribbon. They also wore white bonnets trimmed with Magenta colored ribbon. Among the presents displayed on the occasion, more than one hundred and fifty in all, were the following: A magnificent tiara of diamonds, and a bracelet of diamonds and emeralds, given by the Earl of Derby; a necklace, brooch, and bracelet, each composed of diamonds, pearls, and rubies, presented by the Countess of Derby; a dressing-case, with gold fittings, from Lord Stanley; an Indian scarf, brocaded with silver, given by the Duchess of Cambridge; a gold clock, from His Serene Highness Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar; and a great many more, hardly less rich, from Highnesses, Countesses, Duchesses, Marchionesses, Ladies, Misses, Dukes, Earls, Marquises, Colonels, Gentlemen. It is understood that "the gardeners employed on the estate, and the upper servants at Knowsley Hall, also requested the noble bride to accept presents."

SPIRITUALISM IN ENGLAND.

Quite a controversy is raging in some of the London papers with regard to the merits of Home and spiritualism. A gentleman, who appends his name to the communication as a pledge of the truth of his statements, sends to the London *Star* an extraordinary account of the performances of Home. He says: "I distinctly saw the accordeon moving, and heard it playing when held only at one end, again and again. I held it myself for a short time, and had good reason to know that it was vehemently pulled at the other end, and not by Mr. Home's toes, as has been wisely surmised, unless that gentleman has legs three yards long, with toes at the end of them quite as marvelous as any legion of spirits. For, be it stated, that such music as we heard was no ordinary strain; it was grand at times, at others pathetic, at others distant and long-drawn, to a degree which no one can imagine who has not heard it. I have heard Blagrove repeatedly, but it is no libel on that master of the instrument to say that he never did produce such exquisite distant and echo notes as those which delighted our ears. The instrument played, too, at distant parts of the room many yards away from Mr. Home, and from all of us. I believe I am stating a fact when I say that not one person in that room could play the accordeon at all. Mr. Home can not play a note upon it."

FRANCE.

INCREASE OF THE FRENCH ARMY.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Times* says that French regiments are to consist of four battalions, as when the army was preparing for war in Italy last year, and that otherwise preparations are going on on a very large scale, as if a war was certain next spring. It is confirmed that at the council of Marshals, held the other day at St. Cloud, it was determined to create a fourth battalion in every regiment of the French army, to be called the battalion of reserve. Kossuth and Klapka have had interviews with the Emperor Napoleon.

SUPPRESSION OF A PRIESTLY ORGAN.

The *Moniteur* publishes a decree suppressing the *Gazette of Lyons*. The Ministerial report proposing the suppression, says:

"Under existing circumstances the Government found it convenient to allow great liberty to the journals; but toleration would be weakness if discussion were allowed to degenerate to injurious hostility and guilty provocation. For several days the portion of the press which pretends to represent the sacred cause of religion, has redoubled its violence. An act of firmness becomes necessary. Conscience is troubled—authority and faith are lessened by the confusion that party spirit engenders between passion and religious duty. Religion would be compromised if her most respected principles were lowered to complicity with that revenge or ambition which the country has so often repudiated. The *Gazette of Lyons* has signalized itself before all others by its incessant appeals for agitation by the perfidy of its attacks against the Government, and by the disdain it has opposed to the good advice of the Administration. Its number of the 17th inst., more especially, reached an excess that can not be tolerated."

A POISON RING.

The following story is going the rounds of the French papers: "A gentleman who had, two days ago, purchased some objects of art at a shop in the Rue St. Honoré, was engaged in examining an ancient ring, when he gave himself a slight scratch in the hand with a sharp part of it. He continued talking with the dealer for a short time, when he suddenly felt an indescribable sensation over his whole body, which appeared to paralyze all his faculties, and he soon became so seriously ill that it was considered necessary to send for a medical man. The doctor immediately discovered every symptom of poison by some mineral substance. He applied strong antidotes, and in a short time the gentleman was in a manner recovered. The ring in question having been examined by the medical man, who had long resided in Venice, was found to be what was formerly called 'a death ring,' in use in Italy when acts of poisoning were frequent about the seventeenth century. Attached to it inside were two claws of a lion, made of the sharpest steel, and having clefts in them filled with a violent poison. In a crowded assembly, or in a hall, the wearer of this fatal ring wishing to exercise revenge on any person, would take their hand, and when pressing it the sharp claw would be sure to inflict a slight scratch on the skin. This was enough, for on the following morning the victim would be sure to be found dead. Notwithstanding the many years since which the poison on this ring had been placed there, it retained its strength sufficiently to cause great inconvenience to the gentleman, as stated."

ITALY.

THE VOTE ON ANNEXATION.

We have some few details of the voting on the annexation question. In the City of Naples 154,000 votes were cast for annexation. At Palermo there were 36,232 votes in favor of annexation to 20 against.

RUPTURE BETWEEN RUSSIA AND SARDINIA.

A letter dated Turin, Oct. 21, thus describes the recall of the Russian Minister: "Prince Leon de Gagarin, charged with the Russian Legation in our capital, yesterday presented a note to M. Cavour, in which he officially signifies the recall of the whole Legation. This recall is notified on the ground that the Government of Victor Emanuel has never taken any notice of the communications, and verbal representations which the Court of St. Petersburg thought fit to make to Piedmont respecting every thing connected with recent events, and especially as regards the entrance of Piedmontese troops into the Kingdom of Naples. M. Cavour, on receiving this communication, immediately telegraphed to the Marquis Sauti, the Sardinian Minister at St. Petersburg, to demand his passports. Prince de Gagarin leaves to-morrow for Paris."

PLATFORM OF THE KING OF ITALY.

One of the members of the Neapolitan deputation who went to present an address to the King of Sardinia gives the following as the language used by his Majesty on the occasion:

"I am not actuated by motives of personal ambition, but we must constitute an Italy. It matters little to me whether I am King of 4,000,000 or 24,000,000 of people: but it is of great importance that a people belonging to the same race, and speaking the same language, should have the same country, and that that country should be independent. If we only wish it, we can be a great people. Austria continues to threaten me. Not long since I received a note from her through the Emperor of the French which was full of passion. I care little for it. Austria let slip the favorable moment for attacking me. She is preparing for next spring; but then, with your assistance, I shall have 400,000 men in arms, and Italians, thank God! still know how to fight. The Pope himself now writes to me with kindness. The Powers of Europe are displeased; they are pouting, but none of them except Austria threatens. We are acting like persons in our own homes. Europe will at last recognize that we have justice and right on our side. I am satisfied with Garibaldi; he may be a little capricious, but Italy has no nobler son. I have several times offered to give him artillery, but he refused the offer. He thinks he can take Capua by a bayonet charge. Tell your compatriots, gentlemen, that I shall not cease to be for all Italy what I have been for my little Piedmont. I shall perform my duty as king and soldier; let us all do our duty as Italians. Bear in mind that we do not yet possess the key of our house; but from this day forward we can say that Italy exists. Let us hope and persevere."

GARIBALDI'S BRITISH LEGION.

The correspondent of the *Daily News* says that on the 19th the British Legion were under fire for the first time. The Royalists came out in strong force, and the English were opposed to them, and drove them before them within the walls of Capua. Eight of the Legion were killed, and thirty wounded.

The *Journal des Débats* says: "The British Legion is immediately attached to Garibaldi. Garibaldi reviewed the men. In the name of Italy he thanked England, in the person of her volunteers, for the great sacrifices she made in men, arms, and money, to uphold the cause of national independence; and concluded by saying it was the proudest moment of his life that he had under his command, and for his support, a legion of the free children of England."

PETER-PENCE.

The Nuncio at Madrid is stated, within the last few days, to have remitted to the Pope 20,000,000 reals (5,000,000 francs), which has been raised by the Bishops.

AUSTRIAN PREPARATION FOR WAR.

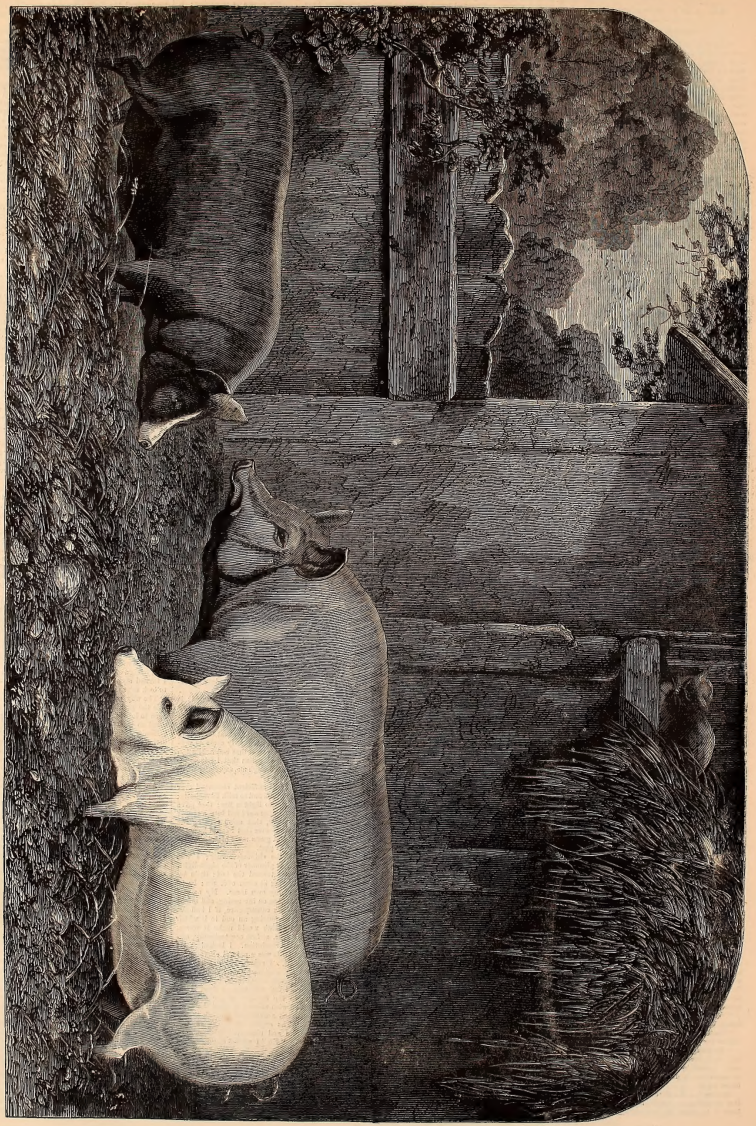
According to a correspondent, "A French traveler, arrived from Verona, confirms all that has been said as to the great preparations for war made by Austria, in Venetia, for some time past. Verona alone contains within the citadel and the intrenched camp which protects it, 100,000 men." He adds, that "it would be difficult to form an idea of the immense works which have been raised for its defense. The citadel can always be supplied with provisions from the mountains. Mantua and Peschiera are likewise strongly garrisoned. The Austrian forces in Italy are estimated at 150,000 men. The Plain of Mantua is studded with fortifications, and Peschiera is a little Verona."

RUSSIA.

THE RECENT CENSUS.

The total population of Russia is 79,000,000. The lower orders, serfs, petty traders, and artisans form a total of 53,500,000; the nobles and the higher guilds of traders about 1,000,000. The nobles still possess 21,000,000 serfs. The population of Siberia, including the wandering tribes of Kasan, Astrakan, and Orenburg is 4,000,000.

THE AMERICAN TURF.—PORTRAITS OF FAVORITE HORSES.—DRAWN BY T. C. CARPENDALE.—[SEE PAGE 736.]



SUFFOLK AND ESSEX PIGS.—DRAWN FROM LIFE BY T. C. CANTERBAIL, ESQ.—[SEE PAGE 735.]

UNDER THE SNOW.

IN TWO PORTIONS.

PORTION THE SECOND.

December 14.—We escaped with the fright; the wolves either did not suspect our presence, or were hard pressed to obtain some easier prey. At one time we thought they were burrowing through the snow, to come over civilized in a body; but it is not certain whether they might not be tearing to pieces some animal which they had hunted down on the spot. But what makes it clear the snow is frozen hard, as it is now, it allows the wolves to travel over it rapidly. They do not, consequently, remain long in a place, where little is to be had, but they scour down the mountain and invade the plain, to seize whatever falls in their way in the stubborn of the villages. They departed as abruptly as they had arrived.

Now that the door and the window are again barricaded by a deep accumulation of snow, it is clear that the trap of the chimney is our weakest point. For the present I dare not venture out to breathe the air; which is sad. I have no choice but to remain a close prisoner. To guard against a second attack, and at the same time to be able to light a fire without being suffocated by smoke, I have dried an ox-hide, which I found in the stable, into a circular aperture which I have cut in the trap. It is safe and convenient, but it cuts us off more than ever from the outer world.

Hitherto my grandfather would touch neither coffee nor wine, reserving them for time of need. But our last incidents have taught him to see with that he has consented to try whether they will not restore his strength and his attention. It is welcome to take my share; but I am young, and can do very well without them. A long-continued milk diet, like that which we are now confined, is apt to disagree with persons of his age.

December 17.—"Time passes," my grandfather said to-day, "I wish it approached."

"Approaching!" I answered. "Is not winter come?"

"Not yet, according to the almanac. Winter does not begin till the twenty-first; it is still autumn; but why would I believe that we are in the season of fruits?"

My grandfather has eaten scarcely any thing to-day. I persuaded him to taste a little bread soaked in wine. It is evident that he makes an effort to appear more cheerful than he really feels. What should I do were he to fall seriously ill?

December 22.—It is long since we have heard any noise except our oscillation in the room and our complete. We conclude that a large quantity of fresh snow has fallen, and that the chalet is probably completely buried under the snow. Nevertheless, the iron tube still rises above it; the smoke escapes freely. To-day a few flakes of snow have fallen even through this narrow orifice.

These white messengers of winter are the only things which bring us a communication between ourselves and the world. *If our clock were to stop*, we should lose all cognizance of time. Our only means of distinguishing night from day would be the speck of light which we can see in the morning at the top of the iron tube. On the other hand, we suffer very little from cold in our silent cave. When we have lighted the lamp, and are busy about our daily tasks before a bright fire, we partly forget our unfortunate condition. At such moments there are even certain of our accustomed ones who would envy us. We have no longer before us Robinson Crusoe, in his desert island? And yet he had not cause for hope that we have. It was a mere chance that some ship or vessel might touch at his island, while we are certain that the wolves will not, some of them, die.

December 25, Christmas Day.—We devoted the day to meditation and prayer. We must be suffering under hallucination to apprehend aught but what the Saviour has done for men. Before His advent how bitter adversity must have been! How sadly it must have been to languish and to despair! The reflection is not mine, but my grandfather's.

If I am spared to descend from the mountain, I shall be able to say to my friends, "If you had known, as I have, what new mental energy is every individual, you would feel toward one another no other sentiments than those of love and charity. Let us banish our temporary animosity all those who will not understand these things, and who stir up anger, hatred, jealousies and war." My soul soon understand their folly; they will learn from experience that it is not good for man to be alone; they will live as they love themselves and each other but without whom life would no longer be a blessing, but a chastisement of Providence."

December 28.—Yesterday, my grandfather had no appetite; but he did not complain of pain. In the evening, after supper, as he was sitting by the corner of the fire, he suddenly turned pale, totter-ed, and sank down. Without my assistance he would have fallen into the fire.

I took him in my arms, and, with an effort of which I did not believe myself capable, I transported him to his bed, where I first seated him, and then laid him at full length. His head and his hands were cold; the blood had rushed toward the heart. I took care not to raise the patient's head, but left it low, and the blood soon flowed back to it. Consciousness returned at the same time.

"Where am I? On the bed?" said my grandfather.

"Certainly; you turned faint, and I thought it best to lay you there."

"He brought me here! Heaven be praised for it! As I become weaker, he grows stronger, he said. I knelt by the bedside for a while. At last he consented to drink a little wine, and felt the better for it.

January 1.—We have been keeping New-Year's Day as well as we could; my grandfather exerted himself to cheer up my spirits. He tried to amuse me with conundrums and riddles. We feasted at supper on potatoes cooked in the ashes, toasted chestnuts, and toasted bread in wine. The gout was not forgotten; I picked out the sweetest hay for her provender; she had a clean bed, a double ration of salt, and a little caress of caresses.

My grandfather wishes to add a few words in his own handwriting:

"In the name of God, Amen!

"It is possible that I may be taken from my friends before I can acquaint them with my last wishes. I have, however, little to say. I give no respecting the disposal of my property; that duty has been performed long ago; but I wish to acknowledge the care and affection of my great-grandson, Louis Lopraz, here present. And as it is impossible for me to make him the slightest Newyear's offering to-day, I beg my heirs to supply the omission by giving him, on my part, my respects and my blessing. Further, I bequeath him, longed to my father; and lastly, my steel seal, on which are engraved my initials, which are the same as those of my golden watch and chain.

"I am convinced that he will value these slight tokens for the sake of the affectionate friendship which exists for us, and which death itself will not cause to cease.

"Such is my will.

"Signed at the Chalet of Anzindes, the 1st of January.

"LOUIS LOPRAZ."

January 3.—My grandfather spoke to me this morning about the state of his health, without disguising any thing. Every word he said is still ringing in my ears.

"My dear boy," he said, after making me sit down by his side, "I can no longer conceal from myself that the decree has gone forth against me. Whether we shall be able to keep united my soul and the portion of dust which is called my body until I can witness your deliverance, or whether that I can tell; but I scarcely dare to hope it. My weakness increases with a rapidity of which you are aware; and it is to be presumed that I shall have you to finish our wild winter quarters alone.

"You will be left in a state more dreaded at our separation than alarmed at your loneliness; you will feel more sorrow than fear. But I have sufficient confidence in your firmness and your strength of mind to be persuaded that you will not fall into a culpable degree of depression; you will do a slight portion, however, of what is strictly se again, and that will keep up your courage. A little reflection will convince you that, after my death, you will be exposed to no greater danger in the chalet than you were before. On the contrary, I have rather been a burden to you. You will no longer have famine staring you in the face. I strongly advise you to wait patiently. Do not expose yourself to the risk of a journey which you are not worth reckoning in so long a captivity; and you may risk all by forestalling the favorable moment.

"My dear louis, I am only uneasy on one account, if I must tell you all. It is the fear of my death upon your imagination. When you behold this form stretched out, cold and inanimate, with a feeling of terror, perhaps of horror and disgust, which is very unreasonable, but which many people can not overcome.

"And why should you be afraid of the remains of your aged friend? Are you afraid of me when I am asleep? I am still your friend. Death does not deliver me capable of harming you; you saw nothing but the necessity of assisting me, and you did your duty like a courageous man. Well, then, if you should see me fall into that final swoon which is called death, preserve the same firmness of mind. My body will require from you only one last service: dare to render it, when nature has warned you that the moment is come. Your strength will be quite sufficient; you gave proof of it the other evening, when you carried me and laid me upon that bed.

"You are that door; it leads to the dairy, where we never go now, because it is useless to do so. You will there dig a grave as deep as you can make it, to receive my body, until you return to fetch it in the spring, and give it a regular funeral in the village cemetery.

"After these sad measures you will find this dwelling very lonely; you will shed many tears; you will perhaps call me, and I shall not answer. You will then open the window, and endeavor to address your thoughts solely to Him who never fails to answer when we invoke him with confidence."

Such were the admirable words I received from my grandfather this morning; and, as if he felt relieved by having given them, he has since been more tranquil, more cheerful, more affectionate. For my own part, I can not believe that so clear and strong a mind can be dwelling in a body which is so near dissolution. The danger has been set before my eyes, but it still seems far distant. May God confirm my favorable anticipations!

January 7.—Darkness has a more depressing effect on us than it has on people in health, although it is said to be injurious even to the robust health. Light was made for man, and man for the light. We have contrived this morning a mode of economizing our oil, without remaining entirely in the dark. We have made a night-light with a thin slice of cork, through which we have thrust a very small wick. This feeble light suffices for my work, and it cheers my grandfather a little. We will make use of this for the future, and only rarely light the large lamp; for, upon trial, I find that I can manage to write with this.

January 10.—It was the will of God! . . . I am left alone with Him, far away from all the rest of the world. It happened the day before yesterday. It is impossible to go on and write the full account of the chalet. The paper is soaking wet with my tears.

January 12.—Yes, this is really the twelfth of January; two days have elapsed since I wrote the preceding lines. . . . My reason is returning; I shall get the upper hand, if I please God. Unless I felt that the Lord was with me and around me, I feel as though I should die, and that of fright alone.

January 15 and 14.—On the seventh I went to bed full of hope; my grandfather appeared to be better than usual: but before I had fallen asleep I heard him groan, and I jumped up instantly. Without waking me, he had risen, and was near him, I dressed myself, lighted the lamp, which stood ready, and asked him how he felt.

"I feel better," he said; "I will be like the other day; or perhaps—" He checked himself.

"Dear grandfather, will you take a spoonful of wine?"

"No, my child; only moisten my temples and rub my hands with vinegar—and—get the Bible. Read me that passage, you know which, where I have placed a slip of paper."

I obeyed. When I had finished it, he interrupted me, made me come near him, took my hands in his, and uttered a long prayer. He pronounced his words with effort, in a feeble voice, and at considerable intervals. He then made me recite some portions of Scripture which I knew by heart; at times he called to mind passages of the Bible and words of the Saviour, which he repeated with a fervor and vivacity which astonished me.

I will add one trifling circumstance, which, however, affected me greatly. Blanchette, surprised, perhaps, at seeing me sitting at an unusual hour, set up a continual bleating.

"Poor Blanchette!" said the dying man; "I must caress her, or she will die. Let her know, my boy, and lead her to my bedside."

I did as he desired. Blanchette, in her familiar way, put her two fore-feet on the edge of the bedstead, begging for some little tid-bit to be given to her. We had accustomed her to take from the hand, in this way, a grain or two of salt. I thought I should be doing what was agreeable to my patient if I gave a little salt in his hand. Blanchette took it instantly, and licked his hand afterward.

"Always be a good nurse! Give plenty of milk!" he said, passing his arm round her neck with an effort, and drawing her head aside. And I led Blanchette away, and fastened her to the manger.

After that he uttered scarcely any connected words; only he made me understand that he wished me to remain close to him, with my hand in his. All is slight, however, in intervals; and, when his eyes spoke to me at the same time, I comprehended that he was desirous that I now stand in need only of God's assistance."

Here my poor grandfather squeezed my hand more forcibly. I answered, as my emotion would answer me, he could only express his joy by a long-drawn sigh.

"I will take care to remember," I continued, "all the advice you gave for the preservation of my life. For the love of you, I will neglect nothing that can tend to my existence and to enable me to escape from the chalet. Farewell, dear grandfather! Farewell, my friend!"

I felt one more feeble pressure of the hand: it was the last; for his hand, which had gradually grown colder and colder. He expired without an effort, without convulsion, and without a sigh.

My most terrible moments, after that time, were not the first. I was alone, I slowly came to myself, and found myself alone in that sad habitation with—that thing. It was then that I felt as involuntary shudder run through me, especially when night came.

In the morning I had sufficient command over myself to wind up the clock and to milk Blanchette; the cold compelled me to light a fire: that grave idea occupied me; I have myself felt into a range of grief. Unfortunately, that same evening the wood was nearly all burnt out. I have since had a wailing of its mournful gusts more plainly than I had done for some time past.

I was within the chimney-corner; I was watching by the feeble glimmer of the night-light, with my back turned toward the bed: little by little, I felt a shivering come over me: I was no longer master of my own ideas. My mental trouble would have gone on increasing, and might have become of serious consequence, if I had not thought of a mode of putting an end to it which many people will think would make it worse. I went up to the corpse, at first constrainedly, afterward with greater resolution. I looked at it: I dared to touch it. It was a painful effort; nevertheless I persisted. I repeated the action several times, and I felt that the shock I had suffered was by degrees more overcome.

From that time I did not cease, at short intervals, to repeat the same trial with my departed friend. I fulfilled with respect to them the same offices which persons accustomed to such things perform coolly. The expression of the countenance was so calm and pleasant that it caused me to start tears. "No," I sobbed aloud, "I am not afraid."

Nevertheless my anguish returned when I felt that sleep was stealing over me; at my age it is impossible to resist it. Was I to go and lie down by the side of the body? My resolution did not carry me so far as that; and I sought, I must confess, a very wretched protection from the superstitious fears which were resuming their sway: I went and took refuge by the side of Blanchette. The warmth and the vital motion which I found in this poor animal, the slight noise she made while chewing the cud, reassured me in some slight degree.

At last I fell into a sound sleep.

The next day, as soon as I woke, I recommenced the struggle of yesterday; I employed myself as much as possible about the goat and my other work, and, above all, I frequently went near to the body. I even held that dear and venerable hand for a considerable time in my hands. The more my fear diminished, the more I felt my grief increase; and I was pleased with myself on observing a certain calmness and a moral change. My thoughts then became directed to the preparations for the burial, and I recalled to mind what my grandfather had said. I believed that it was with a secret intention that he had sometimes spoken of the dangers of precipitate interments; I resolved, therefore, to wait until nature should compel me to accomplish this last duty. The lively affection which I retained for my grandfather kept me from yielding to the cowardly wish to get rid of a painful spectacle at the very earliest moment possible.

But I took my tools and opened the dairy door. "What a Jack-of-all-trades!" I said to myself. "First, nurse of goat, doctor, and now grave-digger! What other terrestrial relatives are spared the sight of I am obliged to execute with my own hands?"

The first few strokes revolted me, and I was obliged to stop short. It was not that my arms refused to work, but my mind was troubled, and deprived me of the requisite energy. Every time I struck the ground a loud echo resounded from the roof, which was vaulted with the rock that was at a cellar. I was obliged to accustom myself to the sound of work, and to the whole day to do an amount of work which ought to have occupied more than a couple of hours. In fact, the ground is sandy and dry, and at last I was able to throw it out with the shovel without being obliged to break it up previously. I took advantage of the circumstance to make a deep grave; for I said to myself—if the chalet has to be left empty for any length of time (whether I escape from it, or whether it is my turn to die next), I ought in any my utmost endeavors to preserve the body from ravenous beasts. I therefore spent as little as possible upon my work, I was standing in a grave as deep as I was high. The clock struck ten. Night was come, and all the black thoughts of fear. But the violent exercise which I had taken soon enabled me to fall asleep. It was only deferred a few minutes by Blanchette's caresses; I was extremely glad to have me with her, and never refuses to serve as my pillow.

On the 11th of January, my first thought on waking was to make an end of my painful task; when I had lighted the lamp I saw that morning seeing away. I was obliged to have recourse to a new remedy with which I ought to have been able to dispense. Instead of breaking up the sand on boiled milk and potatoes, I took a little bread and wine. All this regimen restored the original fulness which I can ascribe to my own previous exercise, but of which I took advantage without delay. I had well earned the means of execution, and every thing had been prepared the day before.

Oh, my dear grandfather, when you taught me, in front of your house, to transport a heavy body by the employment of rollers, was little thought that I should apply your lessons so as an occasion as this. The remembrance of what you then said me was completely refreshed in my memory. I could hear the sound of your voice, in imagination; and when the funereal burden nodded its head, as if in sign of approbation, I was so overcome that it turned my eyes away, like a person who dreads to look over the brink of a precipice.

The way was smoothed: the body was soon beside the grave. The most easy way would have been to let it fall in; but I could not make up my mind to treat it with so little reverence. Every difficulty being vanquished at last, what then remained to be done gave me but little pleasure. I could freely give way to my grief. Seated on the extremity of the grave, with my eyes fixed on it, I wept abundantly by the side of that open grave. I could not resolve to throw in the first shovelfuls of earth without performing some sort of funeral service. I knelt, and searched my memory for passages of Scripture suitable to the occasion. At last, the Lord's Prayer sufficiently accompanied with it to find fitting portions, and such as my grandfather would have selected and, I hope, have blessed, it appeared to me as if I had quitted my solitude. The holy volume responded to my emotion. At last I felt stronger, though exhausted. I collected my thoughts, and no longer deferred what remained to be done. In a short space of time the grave was filled. I spent the rest of the day in carving with the point of my knife the following inscription on a small trifle of marble:

"Here rests the body of Louis Lopraz, who died in the night of the 11th-12th of January, in the arms of his grandson Louis Lopraz, who inhabits with him the cave.

I nailed the tablet to a stake, which I planted on the mound over the grave; after which I closed the door and entered the cave, which, henceforth, I hope it is my only company. Nevertheless, although I feel more at ease now that body is no longer lying on the bed, I find that some remains of weakness still linger in my mind. I combat them by paying visits to the grave, and always without a light. I have resolved to say my prayers there night and morning.

January 14.—Yes, my position is greatly changed; I become more and more aware of it every day. I had a friend and a companion, and yet I dared to complain! God is punishing me for my former discontent. I am left alone—all alone! This thought pursues me the whole day long.

January 16.—I can not shake off my weakness. I left my bed in a state of languor and discouragement, which continues. I write merely for writing's sake. If I told the whole truth, my journal would now be filled with a melancholy picture of

despair. I have hardly the energy to guide my pen. My first distress when we were made prisoners here, my fright when the wolves threatened to devour us, and the sad scenes of my grandfather's death and burial, were as nothing compared with the prostration of strength into which I have fallen. I had no conception of this kind of suffering. Even prayer does not help me out of it.

January 24.—Provisions, to drag me out of the weariness of ennui, has sent a new source of disquietude. The goat yields a smaller quantity of milk. I thought myself relieved several days ago; at present, I can not double the fact.

January 25.—My grandfather certainly foresaw the possibility of my being detained here all by myself, and gave me several hints how I should act under such circumstances. One day he said: "What should we do if Blanchette were to go dry? It would be absolutely necessary to pluck up our resolution to kill her, as we have no flesh meat as we could." He followed this up with explanations how we should have to manage to preserve her flesh. Am I to be reduced to this cruel extremity?

January 26.—If matters do not grow worse I may set my mind at ease. Blanchette still gives enough milk for my sustenance. I have several cheeses in store. I have contented the remainder of my stock, and have spent the day in calculating how long it would last, if I had nothing else. It would not carry me through a fortnight.

January 27.—The yield of milk decreases, and the goat fattens in proportion. Consequent on the ease of her milk failing, the poor creature is preparing to sustain my life with her own substance! I am now haunted by the horrible idea: shall I be driven to the necessity of turning butcher? Shall I be obliged, with a strong or weak nerve, science, to cut the throat of the animal which has fed me up to the present? I have now only a half-ration of milk.

February 7.—I have tried every expedient. Once I got a little more milk by giving her a triple allowance of salt, which made her drink more. Now it was impossible to go on so; because I shall require all my milk, if—Oh! Blanchette, I have not heard that bens too fat and well fed do not lay so abundantly as lean ones; so I thought I would try the effect of giving her only a smaller quantity of hay. But it did not answer. She yielded still less milk, and had the vexation of hearing her bleat half the day. It is now not worth while milking her twice a day; so I have waited till the evening, in order to get a little more. But she can hardly let me come near her. I have hurt her teat by pressing it too hard.

February 14.—I could confess my weakness; I shed tears to-day when I tried in vain to milk Blanchette for the last time. When she saw that I gave up the task, she looked at me distractfully, as if I were using herself on her guard against a fresh attempt. I pushed the pail away from me, and sat down by the poor creature. I threw my arms round her, and wept bitterly.

She went on eating all the same, bleating occasionally, and looking at me affectionately. They say that goats do not distinguish persons, and that they never conceal the jealousy and deceitful excitements of dogs; nevertheless, Blanchette is fond of her companion, and I myself confidence in her. She looks to me for food and the necessary attentions to which I have accustomed her; and I must now put a knife into her throat! Inexperienced as I am in such a task, I can scarcely avoid causing her great and prolonged suffering.

God has given animals to man for food; I know it; but it is showing no ingratitude for his bounty if we become attached to those which are rendered us benefits, and which are of a gentle and affectionate disposition. I will, therefore, delay the cruel action up to the last possible moment. I have still a few victuals left, and I will economize them as closely as I can.

February 15.—In the many sorrows pressing on me, it is impossible to keep my journal with strict regularity. My provisions are all but exhausted; Blanchette grows fatter than ever. It goes to my heart every time I caress her. I have made a fresh search in the house; I have looked once up the floor in several places, to try and discover, if possible, some hidden store of provision. All I have gained by this useless exercise is to whet my appetite. The idea that I have scarcely a morsel left to eat makes me, I believe, all the hungrier.

February 17.—Since yesterday the frost has become so strong that I am obliged to keep up a constant fire. Certainly, if this weather lasted, I should have the consolation in shutting up my poor victim's flesh in the stable, where it would hang, without any further preparation. But the weather may change. I must decide upon something without delay. I have only just enough salt left for my butchering purposes!

February 18.—Instead of intense; it recalls the visit of the wolves to my mind. There is nothing now to hinder them from traversing the mountain in all directions. Under these desperate circumstances, it is the only end which makes me shudder. When an overlaying speculation or crush me to-day, I should hail death as a deliverance.

February 20.—I have come to a grand resolution! I will not have the child's blood on me. Before risking my life, I wish to record in my journal what made me come to this conclusion.

Yesterday morning Blanchette's bleating woke me out of a frightful dream. I thought I was standing, with bloody hands, cutting up the poor animal's quivering flesh; her head lay before me; I could nevertheless hear it utter cries of pain. These were what actually did strike my ear. I awoke with my cheeks streaming with tears. How delighted I was to behold Blanchette still living! I ran up to her; she was more affectionate than ever. My joy was not of long duration. I remembered that destruction stared me in the face; indecision was impossible. I took a knife, and set to work to sharpen it on the hearth-stone. I was at my wit's end; I felt as if I were going to commit a murder; and, after advancing unsteadily for the purpose of giving the fatal blow, I stopped short, overpowered by feelings of remorse.

My hands were benumbed with cold, another reason for deferring the act which inspired me with such disgust and repugnance. I lighted a good fire, and pondered as I warmed myself. "If the wolves can travel over the snow," it suddenly struck me, "they should not we travel over it as well?"

This idea thrilled me with joy; then ever stole over my mind. I was about to surrender myself to those ravenous brutes. To avoid making Blanchette pay, I was exposing myself to be come the prey of wolves!

And, if I kill the goat—I afterward considered—can I hope that that will be the last time I am put upon to perform the office? I have sometimes seen the Jura all covered with white as white linen the summer after the snow. An opportunity now offered while the snow is frozen. I had the wherewithal to make my way over it. I had the wherewithal to make my way over it. I had the wherewithal to make my way over it

"I COULD NOT BELIEVE MY EYES."

THE CONSERVATORY.—"HE HOLDS THE ROSE—AND HER HAND AS WELL."

"Did I say one word too much?"

"No, no, indeed," answered Augusta, quickly. Then, laughing, "He is vastly superior to any one here."

They left the room together. Lucy saw Colonel Redworth's eye follow them, glance from her to her companion, back to her, and then rest upon her companion. Isabella—from that moment she was jealous of her friend. She sat down on the nearest seat. Augusta lingered only a moment beside her, and then went to her mother. She, too, felt that there were henceforth rivals.

"Dear," continued the old lady, clasping her hands upon her lap, "I can not follow that winter through, it was shameful to both; they set themselves one against the other, they struggled each to be the loveliest. Sir Thomas and Lady Anne came to town; their weight went with the latter—torn and more wealthy, otherwise I think Lucy would not have been forgotten. As it was, she was. She felt her chance was hopeless; Elsie, in her weak love she knelt and prayed Augusta to have mercy, and—it mocked and scorned. Each night Augusta gained ground; Lucy sat by and watched her triumph. My dear, early in the spring Mr. Redworth married her."

"And she led him a dog of a life ever after, hope?"

"My love, I never wished so. I can not justify Augusta, but I do not judge as I did then. Then Lucy had many admirers, but few lovers. She had little position, and no fortune—then all I thought of was Daniel and the 'one ewe lamb.'

"My dear, I need not tell you that from that day Lucy and Augusta never met, never wrote. Lucy thought her heart would break. My dear, how often we think so when life has plenty of cares and pleasures yet! Pride made her first bear up, then, thank God! the Bible. And she had a father for whom to live, who never again lost his first place in her affections.

"Well, my dear, only three years later, I saw Colonel Redworth's death in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. The name never met Lucy's eyes again. Years passed on, her father died in a good old age. Time had healed her wound. She smiled now at her simplicity in thinking ever to be the wife of such a man; and rejoiced that the temptation to leave her father alone, yes, to desert him—what must she have done else in becoming daughter-in-law to Sir Thomas and Lady Anne?—had never been set before her. Time, I say, had healed this wound, but there was one he could not heal. This rankling indignation and shame at Augusta's treachery. She still called her friend's conduct by no gentler name. So sharp had been the fight, such had learned well-nigh to hate the other, and they forgot, as we too often do, 'he that hateth his brother is a murderer.' And yet this, when Lucy thought the grave must have closed over Augusta, and that her own time must be short.

"Well, my love, Lucy had grown an old woman. Her ties were very few. My love, when life is waning away, it is hard to feel we shall leave no one behind to mourn us and to miss us—so selfish are we to the end! She was staying for a few days in the new home of one of the few friends left her, the daughter of a friend of early days, now a grandmother herself—one who at the time of Lucy's fiercest trial had been yet unborn. The young people were going to explore an old manor-house twelve miles distant, open to the public by the courtesy of the owner one day in each week. The day came. Mrs. Tylcote was not able to go with them. Poor things! no one could bear them to be disappointed, and Lucy offered to take her place, little used to such doings now.

"She was very sad and lonely just then. Two days before she had heard, as she believed of the death of the last friend left her of her own generation. But the morning was bright and sunny, her young friends happy and merry; and, my dear, before they reached the manor-house, Mrs. Lucy was as happy as the youngest there. My love, never sit still and cling to sorrow when a duty comes in your way—meet it, and it will leave a blessing behind it.

"We explored oak-paneled parlors, and dismal dungeons below the foundation of the present house, which in the reign of Elizabeth had taken the place of the old Norman castle. Finally, the old housekeeper took us the round of the portrait gallery. There were formal, rich-colored Holbeins; narrow Vandykes, voluptuous Lelys, and charming Sir Joshuas; and, my dear, among them, a portrait of Augusta Clinton.

"Elsie, I had been with her when the first sketch was begun, with her when the last touch had been put in. I could not believe my eyes. Yes, this was *that* portrait, and no other, though strangely had sixty years dimmed and marred its beauties. I stood gazing and gazing, and my heart yearned toward her, my old friend—not, my dear, that that I believed her dead long ago.

"As I stood, the door of a room a little to my left opened. An aged lady came out, stately, and yet bowed beautiful, but exceeding sad. She passed me; I courtesied, to apologize for our intrusion. She looked hard at me as she bowed in return, and passed on. She recognized me with no clew; while I, with that picture before me, knew not my old friend.

"How did it come there? I longed to know, but could not ask. We went down stairs again. We were preparing to start home, when the same lady advanced toward us from a parlor.

"'Madam,' she said, ceremoniously, 'pardon me; but you seem a great admirer of Sir Joshua. There is one in my parlor I do not, in general, show to visitors—but if you would—it is a master-piece—'

"She broke off, and led the way. I followed. Elsie, my heart beat as it had not done since the day I saw Colonel Redworth in the Camberwell assembly. Something in the stately figure I was following seemed familiar; and yet no wonder I knew her not. She motioned me to stand on the rug beside her. My eyes were fixed on hers; she raised them, mine followed hers, to the picture above the mantle-piece. Oh, Elsie! it was Col. Redworth, in a Pumpadour coat, laced with silver.

"'Meg! Meg!' she sobbed—she, the strong, proud woman, who had once so mocked my tears. 'I only had him three years. He was killed by a fall from his horse. They brought him home dead. I broke your heart. This broke mine.'

"She sobbed like a child. I should not wonder if she had never shed a tear for him before.

"'Meg! Meg!' she gasped, 'speak to me. Can not you forgive me? It is one-and-fifty years—one-and-fifty years,' she repeated, 'since I sinned against you. And for eight-and-forty of these years I have been a widow.'

"Elsie, she was my old friend. The friend who more than *sixty* years ago had loved me. All was forgotten and forgiven before that.

"'If you had not appreciated him,' I said (but, Elsie, think me not better than I am; it was a hard struggle)—'if you had not appreciated him, it would have been hard for me ever to forgive you. As it is, you did but love him too well.'

"She kissed me. Elsie, my heart melted and yearned within me. I flung my arms around her and cried for joy. She fondled and caressed me, half-sobbing. Elsie, we both shared of the day that I had first told her of Thomas Redmayne, and we looked for the last time *jealousy* in each other's face. Our love was again as if this had never come between us—nay, even the clearer for this long cloud.

"'You have children?' I said at last—I so longed for the face of a Redmayne.

"He left me still a son and daughter. The son so like him. Meg, you who knew me so strong and confident, will wonder—I ruined him by my fondness. He is dead now. Oh, Meg! I have known trouble indeed. I was *glad* when he died! My daughter died also, and yet she died an old woman, too. Meg, I used to think Death had forgotten me—now, again, he will come all too soon!'

"'Are there none, then?'

"'Yes, my daughter's son. I will show you.'

"We crossed the hall. There were my young party standing at the door awaiting me. I never remembered them even then. She turned the handle, and entered softly.

"See!"

"I looked. There, leaning back in an arm-chair, reading, was a young man of eight-and-twenty or so. He started and rose.

"'Thomas,' she said, 'Mrs. Margaret Fordyce, a very dear old friend of mine.'

"He came to meet me. He was his grandfather all over. His open, gallant bearing, and all, were his. Even that charming voice and smile, which I thought never to have heard or seen again. *Yet it was not the same!* Well, Elsie!"

"'Oh, Aunt Margaret! This was—'

"Think of the best man you know."

Elsie's eyes glanced to the figure in the chimney-corner. And at that moment her father justified his title to be possessor of "the most charming voice and smile."... He opened his eyes and called his daughter to him.

Isabella flew to his side, and throughout that evening looked wondrously into the face which had unconsciously earned such new interest. But the lesson of Mrs. Margaret's history was not lost upon her.

THE CONSERVATORY.

THE roof is dim with beads of dew,
The autumn sun comes pouring through,
Like golden water tinged with blue.

The vapory air is rich with scent—
A melody of odors blent
Like accords of some instrument

The tuberose yields its languid soul,
And fainter streams of perfume roll
From the white lily's carven bowl.

From clustering Jasmine honey flows,
And a delicious ten-wind blows
From the large yellow China rose.

Thus by all spicy perfumes fanned,
And touched with airs from every land,
Beneath the lucent roof they stand.

"YOU WOULD NEVER GUESS HOW I RECOGNIZED YOU, SIR," SAID SHE.

They both are young and both are fair,
The light of heaven is in her hair,
And he is tall and debonnaire.

She plucks some roses from their stem,
Then slyly looks at him and them,
And gives a gentle, dangerous "Hem!"

"Give me a rose," the youngster cries;
She sudden lifts, then drops her eyes,
And acts a kind of small surprise.

With air as meek as any saint
That Sanzio himself might paint,
She gives the youth denial faint.

But still he pleads, and still the maid
Denies him—yet her hand has strayed
Toward his—love by love betrayed.

So while they talk the hands draw near,
Hers trembles with a nameless fear—
The rose that's there will soon be here.

The way it passed I can not tell:
Denial from her lips still fell,
But he holds the rose—and her hand as well.

His manly cheek with triumph glows,
For well the loving youngster knows
The mystic meaning of that rose.

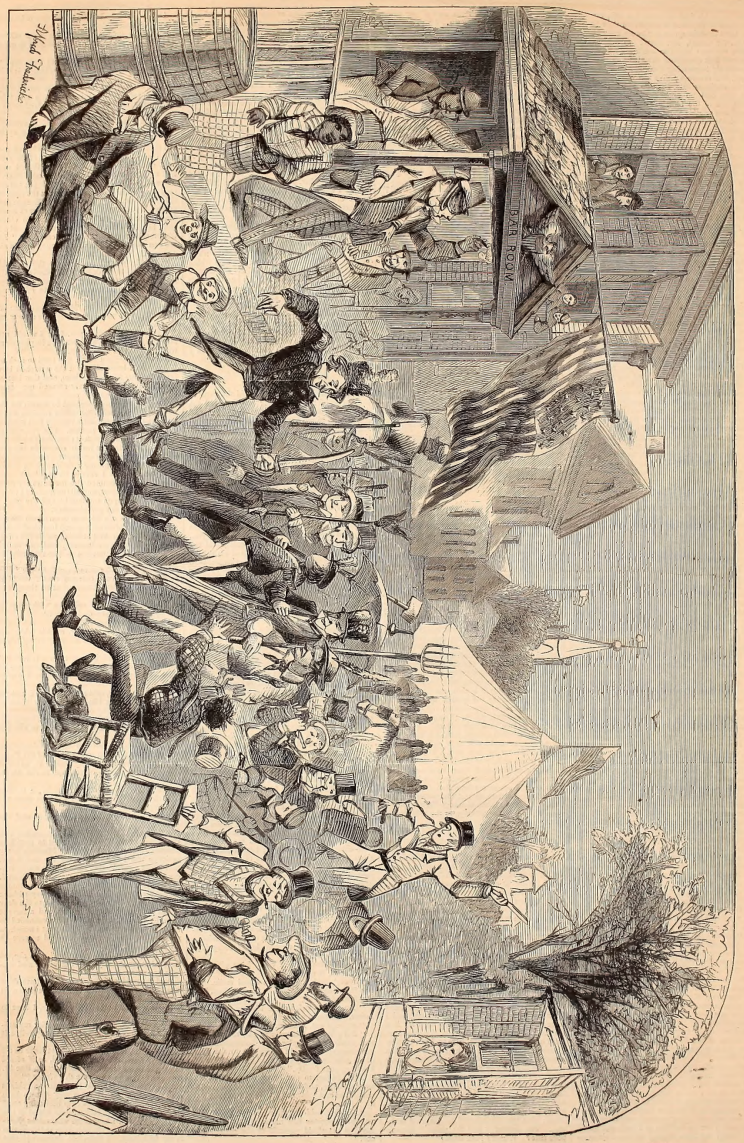
A DAY'S RIDE:

A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

BY CHARLES LEVER.

CHAPTER XVIII.

I AM about to make a very original observation. I hope its truth may equal its originality. It is, that the man who has never had a



TRAINING DAY IN THE COUNTRY—AUTUMN OF 1860.—[SEE PAGE 732.]

sister is, at his first entrance into life, far more the slave of feminine captivations than he who has been brought up in a "house full of girls." "Oh, for shame, Mrs. Potts! Is this the gallantry we have heard so much of? Is this the spirit of that chivalrous devotion you have been incessantly impressing upon us?" Wait a moment, fair creature; give me one half-minute for an explanation. He who has not had sisters has had no experiences of the behind-the-scene life of the female world; he has never heard one syllable about the plans, and schemes, and dress, by which hearts are snared. He fancies Mary stuck that moss-rose in her hair in a moment of childish caprice. Kate left it after her little sister, and showed the prettiest of ankles in doing it, out of the irrepressible gayety of her happy spirits. In a word, he is the one who only sees the play when the house is fully lighted, and all the actors in their proper costume; he has never witnessed a rehearsal, and has not the very vaguest suspicion of a prompter.

To him, therefore, who has only experienced the rough companionship of brothers—or, worse still, has lived entirely alone—the first acquaintanceship with the young-lady world is such a fascination as no words can describe. The gentle look, the soft pressure, the silvery voice, with all the play and action of natures so infinitely more refined than any he has ever witnessed, are inexpressibly captivating. It is not alone the occupations of their hours, light, graceful, and picturesque as they are, but all their topics, their thoughts, seem to soar out of that commonplace world he has lived in, and rise to ideal realms of poetry and beauty in a wonderfully subdued way. I do not know of any thing so truly Elysian in this our first—our very first—experiences of this kind.

Werther's passion for Charlotte received a powerful impulse from watching her as she cut bread and butter for the children. There are very few natures who will smile at this; who can not enter into the intense far-sightedness of that poetic conception; that could in one trait of simple tenderness, a whole history, with its ennobling duties, its cheerful sacrifices, its gracefully borne cares. Let him, therefore, who could not have loved Werther, scoff at Potts, as he owns that he never felt his heart so powerfully drawn to Kate Herbert as when he watched her making her tea for breakfast. Dressed in a muslin that represented mourning, her rich hair plainly braided in the net, and with a reckless motion, she glided about, an ideal of gentle sadness, more fascinating than I can tell. If she bore any particular memory of our little difference, she did not show it; her manner was calm, and even kind. She felt, perhaps, that some explanation was due to me for the rudeness of that old woman, and was not unwilling to make it.

"You know we are to rest here to-day?" said she, as she busied herself at the table.

"I heard it from Charles, and from the courier," said I, peevishly. "I am not quite certain in what capacity Mrs. Keates condescends to accompany that I am treated to such scant courtesy. Probably you would be kind enough to explain this matter for me?"

"I shall certainly not ask," said she, with a smile.

"I certainly promised her brother—I could not do less for a colleague, not to say something more—that I'd see this old lady safe over the Alps. I'm not looking out for new acquaintanceship with the young-lady world as a fascination as no words can describe. The gentle look, the soft pressure, the silvery voice, with all the play and action of natures so infinitely more refined than any he has ever witnessed, are inexpressibly captivating. It is not alone the occupations of their hours, light, graceful, and picturesque as they are, but all their topics, their thoughts, seem to soar out of that commonplace world he has lived in, and rise to ideal realms of poetry and beauty in a wonderfully subdued way. I do not know of any thing so truly Elysian in this our first—our very first—experiences of this kind.

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"I shall certainly not ask," said she, with a bewitching smile.

"Not to you, de—" I was nearly in it again; "not to you," said I, correcting myself, and till I felt on fire. I suspect that she saw all the peril of the moment, for she left the room hurriedly, on the pretext of fetching water. Can any reader explain why it is that one sits in quiet admiration for hours at a picture by Leonardo or Holbein, and never experiences my chagrin or impatience at trials which, if only represented in life, would be positively intolerable? I fear all that art transcends nature, and that ugliness in canvas is more endurable than ugliness in the flesh? Be this as it may, I am very certain I faced a whole gallery of the Dutch school, from Van Eyck to Vanloo, with more composure than one old lady who sat awaiting me in No. 12.

Twice as I sat at my breakfast did François put in his head to say, "Monsieur!" but not a word. "What is the matter? What do you mean?" cried I, impatiently, at the third intrusion.

"It is Madam that wishes to know when monsieur will be at leisure to go up stairs to her."

I almost bounded on my chair with passion. How was I to know that this was merely a question of that dignity with which I ought to surround myself if exposed to such demands as this? That is what I should have done in fact in every illusion in which I draped myself. What availed all the romance of Cervantes to inspire me, when that wicked old enchantress called me to her presence, and in a voice of thunder said, "Sirrah! you are impertinent!" "Shall I interpose Conscience," "it is quite enough to pronounce the coin base without telling me to say at what mint it was fabricated. She knows you, Potts, she knows you!"

There is one great error in castle-building, and I have thought very long and anxiously, and I must own fruitlessly, over how to meet it: it is that one never can get a hero of the right sort to build on. One is always, like an Irish cottier, a tenant at will, likely to be turned out at a moment's notice, and dispossessed without pity or compassion. The same language applies to each: "You know well, my good fellow, you had no right to be there; pack up and be off!" It's no use saying that it was a bit of waste land unfenced and untilled; that, until you took it in hand, it was overgrown with nettles and docks-weed; that you dispossessed no one, and wrecked no one. There it is: "Where's the lease? Where's your title? Where's your lease?"

Now, I am curious to hear what injury I was inflicting on that old woman at No. 12 by any self-deceptions of mine? Could the most exaggerated estimate I might form of myself, my present, or my future, in any degree affect her? Who constituted her a sort of ambulatory conscience to call people's hearts to account at a moment's notice? It may be seen by the tone of these reflections that I was fully impressed with the belief that through some channel, or by some clew, Mrs. Keates knew all my history, and intended to use her knowledge tyrannically over me.

Oh, that I could now retaliate! Oh, that I had only the veriest fragment of her past life, out of which to construct her whole story—just to put it on record, and quiet, and silence, to build up the whole monster, never omitting a rib, nor forgetting a vertebra! How I should like to see her face as I made a most significant sigh, "I knew poor Keates well!" Could I not make even these simple words convey a world of accusation, blended with bitter sorrow and regret?

François again, and on the same errand. "Say I am coming; that I have only finished a hasty breakfast, and that I am coming this instant," cried I. "Tell her this is very far more to repress the more impatient expressions which struggled for utterance, particularly as I saw, or fancied I saw, that the poor lass had over his mouth to hide a grin at my expense.

"Is Miss Herbert up stairs?"

"No, Sir; she is in the garden."

This was so far pleasant. I dreaded the thought of her coming at this interview, and I felt that punishment within the precincts of the jail was less terrible than on the drop before the executioner, with this consoling reflection I mounted the stairs.

CHAPTER XIX.

A SHOCKED expression of face I heard the permission to enter; but scarcely had I closed the door behind me than the old lady advanced, and courtesying in a most profound manner of ceremonial politeness, said, "When you learn, Sir, that my conduct has been dictated in the interest of your safety, you will, I am sure, graciously pardon many apparent rudenesses in my manner toward you, and only see in them my zeal to serve you."

I could only bow to a speech, not one syllable of which I could comprehend the drift of. She conducted me courteously to a seat, and only took her own after I was seated.

"I feel, Sir," said she, "that there will be no end to our embarrassments if I do not go straight to my object and say at once that I know you. I tell you frankly that I hold my brother did not betray your secret. The instincts of his calling are to him second nature—were stronger than fraternal love—and all would be safe with you, madam, I have found a gentleman who is going abroad, and who, I am persuaded, can serve you safely as far as Como." I implicitly accepted the offer, and agreed to set out immediately. I suspected nothing—I knew nothing. It was only before going down to dinner that the paragraph in the *Courier de Geneve* caught my eye, and as I read it, I thought I should have fainted. My first determination was not to appear at dinner. I felt that something or other in my manner would betray my knowledge of your retreat. My next was to go down and behave with more than usual urbanity. You may have remarked that I was very abrupt, although, shall I confess it?

I tried to enter a dissent to this, but did not succeed so happily as I meant; but she restrained:

"At any cost, however, Sir, I determined that I alone should be the depository of your confidence. I am myself, Sir, a very conscientious stranger; she is, besides, very young; she would be in a most unsuitable position to intrust with such a secret, and so I said, I will pretend illness, and remain here for a day; I will make some pretense with dissatisfaction about the expense of the journey; I will affect to have had some passing difference, and he can thus leave us ere he has suspected. Not that I desire this, Sir: far from it; this is the brightest episode in a long life. I never imagined that I should have enjoyed such an honor; but I have only to think of your safety, and if an old woman, unconversant, unaccustomed as myself, even to penetrate your disguise, why not others more keen-sighted and penetrating? Don't you agree with me?"

"There is much force in what you say, Madam," said I, with dignity, "and your words touch me profoundly." I thought this a happy expression, for it conveyed a sort of grand condescension that seemed to hit off the occasion.

"You would never guess how I recognized you, Sir," said she.

"Never, Madam." I could have given my oath to this, if required.

"Well," said she, with a bland smile, "it was from the resemblance to your mother!"

"Indeed!"

"Yes; you are far more like *her* than your father, and you are scarcely so tall as he was."

"Perhaps not, Madam."

"But your air, his manner, Sir, the graceful and captivating dignity that distinguished all your house. I would betray you to the eyes of all who have enjoyed the high privilege of knowing your family."

The allusion to our house showed that we were royalties, and I laid my hand on my heart, and bowed as a prince ought, blandly but haughtily.

"Ah, Sir," said she, with a deep sigh, "your present enterprise fills me with apprehension. Do you not already yourself of the consequences?"

I sighed, too, and if the truth were to be told, I was very much afraid.

"But, of course, you are acting under advice, and with the counsel of those well able to guide you."

"I can not say I am, Madam; I am free to tell you that every step I am now taking is self-suggested."

"Oh, then, let me implore you to pause, Sir," said she, falling on her knees before me, "let me thus entreat of you not to go farther in a path so full of danger."

"Shall I confess, Madam," said I, proudly, "that I do not see these dangers you speak of?"

I thought that on this hint she would talk out, and I might be able to pierce the veil of the mystery, and discover what I was for having been very like my mother, and shorter than my father, I was sorely puzzled to divine my parentage; but she only went off into generalities about the state of the Continent, and the condition of Europe generally. I saw from that my best chance of ascertaining something about myself was to obtain from her the newspaper that first suggested her discovery of me, and I said, half carelessly, "Let me see the paragraph which struck you in the *Courier*."

"Ah, Sir, you must excuse me, these ignoble writers have little delicacy in alluding to the misfortunes of the great; they seem to recognize the littleness of their own station on every such occasion."

You can well imagine, Madam, how time has accustomed me to such petty insults: show me the paper!"

They let me refuse you, Sir; I would not, however blamelessly, be associated in your mind with a man who can offend you."

Again I protested that I was used to such attacks, that I knew all about the wretched hireling creatures who wrote them, and that instead of offending, they positively amused me—actually made me laugh.

Thus urged, she proceeded to search for the newspaper, and only after some minutes was it that she remembered Miss Herbert had taken away to read in the garden. She proposed to send the servant to fetch it; but this I would not permit, pretending at last to conceal in her own previously expressed contempt for the paragraph —but secretly promising myself to go in search of it the moment I should be at liberty—and once more she resumed the theme of my reasons, and my dangers, and all that could be thought possibly bring upon my family, and the grief I might occasion my grandmother.

Now at these few words from whom the ties of family and kindred imposed less rigid bonds, I was rather provoked at being reminded of obligations to my grandmother, and I almost driven to declare that she weighed for very little in the balance of my affections, when I recollected that I had received me from the indirection by a fervent entreaty that I would at least ask a single person what he thought of my present step.

"Will you, do this?" said she, with tears in her eyes. "Will you do it, now?"

I promised her faithfully.

"Will you let here, Sir, at this table, and let me have the prudent memory in my life to recall the incident?"

"I should be an hour or two for reflection," said I, pushed very hard by this insistance of hers, for I was sorely puzzled whom I was to believe.

"Oh!" said she, still tearfully, "is it not the habit of hesitating, Sir, has cost your house so dearly?"

"No," said I, "we have been always accounted prompt in action and true to our engagements."

Heaven forgive me! but in this vainglorious speech I was not false to the spirit of Potts' creed, "*Vigilantibus omnia fausta*;" or, as some one has rendered it, "Potts answers to the nightbell."

She smiled faintly at my remark. I wonder how she would have looked had she read the thought that suggested it.

"But you will write to him, Sir?" said she once more.

I laid my hand over what anatomists call the region of the heart, and said in the tone of Charles Edward in the prints. Meanwhile my patience was beginning to fail me, and I felt that if the conversation were to last much longer I should infallibly lose my presence of mind. Fortunately, the old lady was to full of her theme to think that I was to be left long without some interruption, with many an allusion to the dear Count and the adored Duchess. I took a fervent hope that I might be ultimately reconciled to them both, a wish which I had tact enough to perceive required the most guarded reserve on my part.

I know I am indiscreet, Sir," said she, at last, "but you must pardon one whose zeal outruns her reason."

And I bowed grandly, as I might have done in extending mercy to some captive taken in battle.

"There is but one favor more, Sir, I have to beg."

"Speak, Madam. As the courtier remarked—but I be possible it is done, if impossible it *shall* be done."

"Well, Sir, it is that you will not leave us till you hear from—" She hesitated, as if afraid to say the name, and then added, "the Rue St. George. Will you give me this pledge?"

Now, though this would have been, all things considered, an arrangement very like to have suited my life, I could not help hesitating ere I assented, not to say that our dear friend of the Rue St. George, whatever he was, might possibly not be in all the delusions indispensable to my happiness. I therefore demurred—that

is, in legal acceptance, I deferred assent—as though to say, "We'll see."

"At all events, Sir, you'll accompany us to Como?"

"You have my pledge to that, Madam."

"And, meanwhile, Sir, you agree with me that it is better I should continue to behave toward you with a cold and distant reserve?"

"Unquestionably."

"Rarely meeting, seldom or never conversing."

"I should say never, Madam; making, in fact, any communication you may desire to reach me through the intervention of that young person—I forget her name."

"Miss Herbert, Sir."

"Exactly; and who appears gentle and unobtrusive."

"She is a gentlewoman by birth, Sir," said the old lady, tetchily.

"I have no doubt of it, Madam, or she would not be found in association with you."

She courteously deeply at the compliment, and I bowed as low, and backing and bowing I gained the door, dying with eagerness to make my escape.

"Will you pardon me, Sir, if, after all the agitation of this meeting, I do not feel equal to appear at dinner to-day?"

"You will charge that young person to give no news of your health, however," said I, insinuating that I expected to see Miss Herbert.

"Certainly, Sir; and if it be your pleasure that she should dine with you, to preserve appearances—"

"You are right, Madam; your remark is full of wisdom. I shall expect to meet her." And again I bowed low, and ere she recovered from another reverential courtesy I had closed the door behind me, and was half-way down stairs.

TRAINING DAY.

THIS is the season of the year at which our militia turn out for training day; and the scene which we engrave on page 733 will be recognized as familiar by all residents of country villages. Its spectacles have been so often described that we will not occupy any space here with a repetition of the old story, but will simply refer to our picture, as telling its own tale in its own way.

THE AMERICAN TURF.—FAVORITE HORSES.

WE publish on page 728 a group of famous champions of the American turf.

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This group of celebrated entire horses, all so well known in the State of New York, can not fail to interest our readers.

The stanch, unpresuming nature of FATCHEY; the fiery spirit of EDGAR ALLEN; the kind and docile PLOW-BOY, will be readily recognized by those familiar with the originals. Commencing from the left of our engraving, we have EDGAR ALLEN; afterward, FATCHEY, TOM WONDER, TORONTO CHIEF (so much in shadow as to be scarcely discernible), GRAY MESSENGER, and PLOW-BOY—the patriarchs of the present age, to whose descendants we must look for our future trotters.

It would be difficult to design a picture embracing, in six individual animal portraits, so much that is known, admired and loved as the present subject; but our space would forbid a list of their performances and pedigrees, even if they were not too well known to render such description necessary.

SUFFOLK AND ESSEX PIGS.

THE remarkably fine stock we have chosen for illustration on page 729 are the property of Messrs. Mott, and J. W. King, of Newtown, Long Island. They represent the Suffolk and Essex breed, which are the most profitable to the farmer. To those who condemn the pig as an uncouth and uninteresting animal, a glance at the symmetrical proportions of the Essex variety will be sufficient to dispel the idea. The rotundity and beauty of form, the smallness of bone, and abundance of pork which they possess, have placed them at the head of the list; for they are probably the most desirable stock to keep, both as a matter of ornament and profit. Their color is a clear shining black; the ears very fine and pointed, the snout tapering and delicately formed; and the body round, strong, and symmetrical.

To those who are skeptical, we would say—go to the farm of Mr. Mott, of Newtown, and learn the perfection and beauty of pigs. The care and attention, as well as *circumstances* which pervades his establishment, prove that, in proper hands, even pigdom may be made poetical.

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AND
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and that in the next Number (Nov. 24) of *Harper's Weekly* a New Novel by CHARLES DICKENS, entitled

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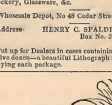

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A full column of our advertising space is taken up to-day in the publication of testimonials in favor of Wells' *Sozodont*. *Sozodont* acts as a remedy for NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM and all KINDRED MALADIES. The antidotal and relief attention are signed by citizens of Buffalo, many of whom believe us very generally known in the public. Of their genuineness of course there can be no doubt in this quarter, and their assertion is not called in question.—*Buffalo Express, Feb.* 18, 1860.
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LORD PUNCH TO THE PRINCE OF WALES. "Now, my Boy! There's your pretty Cousin COLUMBIA—you don't get such a Partner as that every Day!"

Yes, dance with him, Lady, and bright as they are,
Believe us he's worthy those sunshiny smiles,
Were ever him the fog of the Strips and the Star,
And gladden the heart of the Queen of the Isles.

We thank you for all that has welcomed him—most
For the sign of true love that you bear the Old Land:
Proud Heiress of all that his ancestor lost,
You restore it, in giving that warm, loving hand.

And we'll claim, too, the omen. Fate's looking askance,
And Fate, only, knows the next time she will play,
But if John and his Cousin join hands for the Dance—
Bad luck to the parties who get in their way.

CANDOR.

"Well, my little man, what do you want?"
"Wot do I want? Vy, Guv'ner, I thinks I wants Heverythink!"

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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PATENT OVERSTRUNG GRANDS, AND SQUARE PIANOS

Are now considered the best Pianos manufactured. Each Instrument warranted for five years. Warerooms, Nos. 87 and 84 Walker Street, near Broadway, N. Y.

The Ladies' Ready-Made Linen Store,
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Plain Muslin Undergarments of fine and durable make.

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No. 23 South Third Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Commencement of a New Volume.

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE
For December, 1860.

THE present Number commences the Twenty-Second Volume of HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE. The Publishers are received that in value of matter and luxury of illustration, the ensuing Volume shall fully sustain the reputation which the Magazine has acquired and maintained during more than Ten Years.

In the February Number will appear the first part of a New Story by W. M. THACKERAY, which, it is expected, will be continued in successive Numbers during the year.

The Article on "Ribbons" in this Number is the first of a Series of Papers portraying Life and Character in California and Oregon, by J. ROSS BROWNE, late Confidential Governor of Agents for the Pacific States. They will be profusely illustrated with Drawings by STEPHENS, MCENAN, CRAWFORD, and PARSONS, from the Character Sketches by the Author.

Other Illustrated Papers, depicting Life, Characters, and Scenery in every part of the American Continent, from Labrador to Florida, are in course of preparation by favorite Authors and Artists.

The Publishers trust that the thousands of Voluntary Correspondents by whose aid the Editors have been able to make the "Drawer" a marked feature of the Magazine, will continue their favors; and that new Correspondents will forward such anecdotes and stories as come under their observation.

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HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, New York.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. IV.—No. 204.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1860. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

SCENES IN CHARLESTON, S. C.

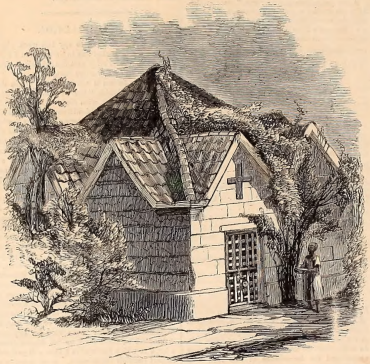
WE give herewith an engraving of the Tomb of HON. JOHN C. CALHOUN, South Carolina's greatest statesman. The obelisk in the left of the picture is a Monument to the memory of ROBERT J. TRUMBULL, "the intrepid and successful asserter of the Rights of the States, author of the Address of the Convention to the People of South Carolina, and other able productions in support of Constitutional Liberty." He was born 14th January, 1774, and died 15th June, 1853.

We give also an engraving of the OLD POWDER MAGAZINE in Cumberland Street, Charleston—one of the relics of the Revolutionary War. Here, previous to the surrender of the city to the British, in 1780, powder was stowed to the amount of about 100,000 pounds. By order of the American general in command it was taken from this place before the surrender, and secretly walled up in the Custom-house vaults, where it remained safe from discovery during the time the enemy held the city.

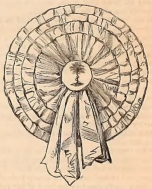
This relic of the past is still in good preservation, and is one of the most notable ancient buildings at present remaining in the city.

The reader will find also an engraving of the PALMETTO FLAG, which has been recently hoisted by vessels in the harbor, and in the streets of Charleston, during the secession excitement. And of the famous COCKADE worn by the citizens of South Carolina generally. The last is of blue silk, with a button in the centre, on which is represented a palmetto-tree.

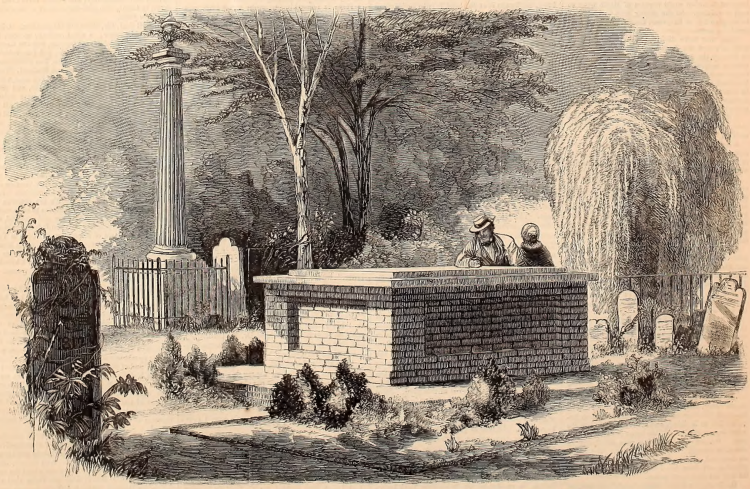
THE PALMETTO FLAG.



THE OLD POWDER MAGAZINE, CUMBERLAND STREET.



THE PALMETTO COCKADE.



TOMB OF JOHN C. CALHOUN, IN ST. PHILIP'S CHURCH-YARD, CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.

THE RETURN.

A LONG path of moonlight lay upon the sea. Its farther extremity touched the horizon under the moon, and its farther point swept along the shore with the stride of a stranger who was treading the pebbles, sliding its glistening arm over acres upon acres of ocean surface. Out upon the bay, visible in the bright light but spectral, floated the ship whose keel had just touched the sand with its keel, and was now speeding back to the mercy circle of little cars in musical row-locks.

As the stranger walked along the beach there came familiar sounds across the water—the rattle of tackle and the flap of sails; there spiritual voices, entitled to the ownership of the wind, the ship pointed her prow seaward and shot gracefully into the night.

Close by the sea-shore, yet nearly a mile before him, lay a bright New England village. Bright because white, and clean and tidy-like. The light was so clear and brilliant that he could even discern the church-spire as he marched along. The dwellings in themselves were individualized; standing in families, in pairs, or singly, as though they partook of the taste and habits of the race whom they wrapped from the sea-coast storms in their stiff mantles of pine and hemlock.

It was nine o'clock; for the sound of the church-bell came cheerily over the fields and along the edge of the groves. As the stranger approached the village he saw it grow more compact and less strong; his chest heaved and felt with broad and unusual movement. Before he sat upon a bank of earth for a moment, pressing his face in his hands, smoothing his features with their broad palms; but when he resumed his walk there was no less nervous eagerness.

We have called him a stranger, and yet he is approaching his own home. He has been seven years, going out as master of a whaleship to the North Pacific. Four years away, and then ready to return, his ship was driven upon a little island, where only three of all the crew escaped a watery grave.

It was one of those islands rarely touched by any vessel; and hence they had been imprisoned during all these long years, subjects of savagery and oblivion of all the world beside.

When he went out he was betrothed to Millie Grey—Millie, who lived with her mother in the white cottage under the hill, where a creek winds round to meadow, then meadow and wash into with its little waterfall. Millie was sweet and trusting, beautiful with health and the glow of rustic labor.

It had been all confessed; and when he kissed the fresh cheek of eve on the morning of his departure he had said:

"Be true to me, Millie, and when I come back we will live together in our own house on the knoll there by the orchard, darling!"

And Millie had looked into his eyes through her tears and said:

"Be true to you! I should as soon think of dying as loving any one better than you, Willie."

And then she had reached up high with her white fingers, and twined them in his heavy locks, bringing down his head to the level of her red lips, and planting a kiss there which had blossomed through the whole ten years.

But the ten years had made him dead. No delicacy of devotion could require of Millie Grey so long a waiting. So the stranger man never came in his glancing as he passed familiar spots and entered the street.

"She may have died!" and he turned a little aside to search the church-yard, choosing rather to be told by the cold lips of marble than the unassuming tongues of friends. There were many new stones and many new families of graves; but the Returned sought only a plat in the centre. When he went a step nearer two mounds, and then but a short one. Now there were three; but the headstone of the new had not been set.

William turns down a lane bordered by silver-oaks, under the shadow of which he had last walked with Millie Grey.

A light shines out from the window of the white cottage. It is not deserted then." But the fever of fear and hope that had possessed him was met with wrath and waters.

Over against the old home, in the edge of the orchard, is another and unfamiliar cottage. It is quite new, for the slant moonbeams glance from it as arrows light upon shingles. He knows of what within him. "Perhaps it is her cottage." The flash of rushing blood reaches and fevers every part of his frame. His respiration sounds upon his forehead, and his teeth close upon his lips.

Sitting near upon a mound, he wipes the cold dew from his forehead and collects his strength and his courage. Then approaching the windows of her old home he looks in. She is not there. Two children, a boy and a girl, are sitting coolly by the fire, toasting chestnuts in the ashes and looking very happy. They were very little when he went away.

He has left the older cottage, and is creeping to the window of the new. Warily, treadingly, he rises from stooping, and looks cautiously in. The room is bright with the glowing firelight and the presence by the work-stand. It is Millie. A cradle, tenanted, stands in the warm corner. In her arms—in her arms—lies a curly head, with rosy cheeks and dimpled chin, fast asleep. Millie is looking steadily, tenderly, into the fire. That face, so beautiful, so true to his long memory, thrills his whole being, and, in keenest distress at the loss of his most precious earthly possession, William forgets what he is doing, and stands close before the window, gazing in. Millie turns toward the window. "Good God! she has seen me!" and he starts to escape. She *has* seen him. The face—so haggard, so like the long dead—wrenches a piercing cry from her lips; and, man that he is, he can but turn back to her.

He enters the door. Millie shrinks, shuddering, to a corner of the room.

"Heavens! are you afraid of your old—your old friend? I am William. I won't hurt you. Let me go in peace."

Millie, trembling, afraid, and yet battling the inbred superstition of the times, meets him—or, rather, follows him; for he is shrinking away—and touching his shoulder, loses every fear, and falls in a flood of tears upon his neck.

Gently placing her in the chair by his side, William takes her hand in his, and says, gravely, "Millie, I don't blame you; you have done right; but I must go. Good-by. God bless you!"

"William, what is it? How can you? Why do you talk so? Don't you love me? Haven't I loved you always, and kept myself for you, though I thought you were dead? Oh William! what have I done that makes you seem so strange?" And Millie, flitting from hope to fear, from joy to utter distress, calls in her pride and stands, very tremulous but very queenly, before him.

William glances at the little creature whom all this excitement has awakened, then at the cradle with its bed. But just then a matronly little woman appears.

Well, it came out that the new cottage, the little white garden and the quilt in the cradle, all belonged to Millie's younger sister.

A few years after the "stranger" crept stealthily to the window of a similar cottage, and, peering in again, saw Millie with her foot on the rocker of a cradle and a little nose in her arms. This time he was right in thinking them not ours.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1860.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

Will be sent gratuitously for one month—as a specimen—to any one who applies for it. Specimen Numbers of HARPER'S MAGAZINE will also be sent gratuitously.

TERMS OF HARPER'S WEEKLY.

One Copy for Twenty Weeks	$1 00
One Copy for Six Months	2 50
One Copy for Two Years	4 00
Five Copies for One Year	9 00
Twelve Copies for One Year	18 00
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An Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of TWELVE SUBSCRIBERS.

THE COURSE OF TRADE.

THE best bankers' bills on London were sold during the week in New York at 9½ per cent commercial bills, attached to the bills of lading of the goods which they represent, at 9¾ @ 10. In order that our commercial readers may understand the importance of this fact, it is necessary to explain that the par of exchange between New York and London is 108½; that is, 9 per cent premium. For a short period, during the crisis of 1857, bankers' bills fell to 105 @ 106; with this exception, they have not been quoted so low for a long series of years. Now, as we said, the rate for the best bankers' bills is nearly 5 per cent. discount, and commercial bills, secured by bills of lading, have been sold at over 9 per cent. discount.

The phenomenon is due to two causes. Our imports of foreign goods have been lightunprecedentedly below those of last year to the same date; our exports of domestic produce from this port very heavy—$28,000,000 in excess of those of the corresponding period of last year. The reduction in our imports has diminished the demand for, while the increase in our exports has swelled the supply of, foreign exchange. This has naturally had its effect upon the market.

But the immediate cause of the fall in bills has been the commercial panic which commenced a few days before the election, and which has been increased by the proceedings of the Secession Senators and Representatives have been and are unwilling to part with their money pending the present excitement. At a moment like the present, when the rate of discount rising in our ears on one side, and menaces of coercion whispered ominously on the other, every man retains his money, every bribe forth, and the wise men who have money decline to part with it. This produces what is called a panic. A case in point is this kind. Mr. Smith, who owns a cotton plantation in Georgia, has 1000 bales of cotton, worth $45,000. It will cost John Smith $2500 to move his cotton to market, $10,000 to pay certain notes which mature as the cotton ripens, and $15,000 more to pay his factor's advances: all this the factor at Savannah or Charleston is expected to pay on receipt of the cotton. As he has not so much money, he raises it by shipping the cotton, on receipt, either to his New York banker, or to the British agents of that banker, and draws instantly, at sight, for nearly the whole value of the cotton on the New York house. At ordinary times the New York house accepts, sells its own bills for the amount drawn for by the Southern factor, and makes a handsome profit on the operation. In times of panic it must either dishonor the bills drawn by the Southern factor, or sell its own at what they will fetch.

Thus far, the New York houses have generally accepted, and made the sacrifice that accompanies it. How long they will continue to do so remains to be seen. When they refuse, shipments of cotton must cease. What effect this emergency—coupled with the derangement in the British money-market which must flow from the inevitable import of coin from England to New York—will have upon the price of our leading staples, the next few weeks will show. It is safe, at all events, to say that these are times in which no man should allow anything to hazard. The country never was richer, or trade sounder than at present; but all this will not avail to prevent failures, if confidence be disturbed.

GOOD READING.

We need scarcely to say last week about the literary treats we are in preparation for the readers of the *Weekly* and the *Monthly*. The topic will bear a few more remarks.

So far as Europe is concerned, we begin this week in the *Weekly* "GREAT EXPECTATIONS," by Charles Dickens, with McLenan's graphic illustrations; and *Monday* will contain Mr. Thackeray's new novel, and a new serial by the Author of "Adam Bede," who stands at present in the very front rank of British novelists. No one can afford to miss any one of these three tales; if, after having read them, more stories are wanted, they will be found as usual, native and foreign, *First Impressions*, in the pages of the *Weekly* and *Monthly*.

As to history, the Harpers are publishing the history of "The United Netherlands," by J. Lothrop Motley, who, now that Prescott is dead, is undoubtedly the first living American historian. This work is a sequel to his history of the Dutch Republic, and should be read by all who take an interest in the great people from whom has risen the Knickerbocker young.

Then in travels, we have just had Burton's delightful book on the Lake Regions of Central Africa; and we have shortly, as soon as the political smoke clears away, Du Chaillu's equally fascinating work on Western Equatorial Africa, the unexplored home of the gorilla. Simultaneously with these may be expected Atkinson's valuable work on the Amoor River, a book to which the war in China will probably impart great importance. And, apropos of the negro question, Sewell's "Ordeal of Free Labor in the West Indies" will furnish texts for the speeches of our orators.

Here is something to make the winter pass pleasantly, and to console us for the bitterness of political conversesies.

OUR FRENCH FRIENDS.

OUR French friends of the Paris *Illustration* have been publishing portraits of our Presidents, accompanied with biographical sketches. They are not only entertaining, but instructive. Thus we are told that Hon. Atsem Lincoln was born "at Hazlin, where his family are still highly respected;" that, "having directed his attention toward industry, he is consequently known as the Napoleon of," that he offered his services "during the war of the Black-Hawk-Mar;" and was subsequently elected "to the legislature of Illinois." We learn from the Hon. "Josh Bell" was born, we learn, "at Harlw," went to a university at the same inscrutable place, then to that of Cumberland; early established himself as a lawyer "at Franklin-Will;" allowed himself to be run for Congress, with the support of "General Jakson;" as Senator, he pursued "unalterable principles in reference to Pacific Railroads, but opposed the "Constitution Lecomplis" to be now resides "at Hoshville," with his "many daughters, all well-educated." The Hon. Stephen Douglas was born "in Illinois," and is dismissed in a paragraph. Of the remaining candidate, Mr. "John C. Brekenridge," we are simply told that his father had occupied a high political position (this will be news to Dr. Breckinridge), and that the son entered the United States Senate "when very young."

It is always delightful to see how well they understand us, and how thoroughly acquainted they are with us and our people—over there in Paris.

*

THE HIN ON THE VACANT LOT.

We live in a hut on a vacant lot,
Father, and mother, and I;
'Tis away up town, and a dreary spot,
With old stone quarries hard by.
Father is lazy, and mother she drinks,
And I am ragged and thin,
And I look like a thief, for 'tis hard to be pure
When circled around with sin.

'Tis a desperate place, this vacant lot,
A region of famine and woe;
The fattest found a struggled child
In the quarries not long ago.
And father is sometimes out all day,
And comes staggering home at night
With money and things that he hides away,
For he never came by them right.

Mother is always at me to steal,
And urges her plea with a curse;
She tells me to sneak through the city crowds,
And pocket a watch or a purse.
And father beats me because I say
That I'd rather any day die;
I never have robbed, and I never will rob,
And I'll tell you the reason why.

There came to our hovel three years ago
A man with a sweet mild face,
And he had a lady look in his hand
That he tried to read in our place.
But mother she swears at the mild-faced man,
And drives him out of our den,
And told him never as long as he lived
To darken her door again.

But something made me follow the man,
I think he beckoned to me,
And he led me down to a quarry's cleft
Where none of my people could see;
And he read to me things from the holy book
That I never had heard before,
And somehow a peace came over my heart,
And it didn't feel half so sore.

They may curse and beat me as much as they like,
I know what they don't know;
I know that things in the end come right
For those that suffer below.
No matter how ragged and hungry I am,
With no home to like or to love,
I know there's a vacant lot for me
In the beautiful land above.

THE LOUNGER.

OLD MASTERS.

LIES are perpetually bringing the truth into discredit. How shall we know him when we see him? I have been invited so many times into Wall Street and Broad Street to great auction sales of the old masters, and the old masters were in such abundance, and the old masters, if these were really they, were such botchers, and lounglers, and daubers, that we are tired to death of the old masters, and hate the old masters, and don't believe they are old masters at all.

When what a secret anxiety every private collector has about getting some genius! There is not a Titian, a Raphael, a Vandyck in the country that is not offered to him. "You know," discourses a young lawyer; and all the men who understand that kind of thing, you know, are entirely unanimous. Not the slightest doubt, you know; and there is no objection. What stunners these old chaps were, hey?"

And you feel in your inmost soul that the man doesn't believe it, that you believe in his old masters, and broods over it, and broods until he becomes savage and misanthropic, and finally cuts them all down to Leeds, who sells old masters at ten dollars a square yard.

For all that, Sir, there are old masters. Giotto was an old master; so was Cimabue; so were Fra Lippo Lippi, and Andrea Orcagna, and the Gaddis, and Fra Angelico, and Masaccio, and Ghirlandajo, and Signorelli, Andrea del Sarto, Fra Bartolomeo, Leonardo da Vinci, Giorgione, and Raphael. These were all old masters. These are the men whose works make half the interest of Italy, and illustrate most of the other half. They have written the spiritual history of the country upon all its church and convent walls; in baptisteries, and capelas, and cemeteries; in galleries, palaces, and private houses, from the dawn of modern times down to the decline of that age. These have been no "young" masters to rival their *fonie* or their genius. They made Christian art, or Christian art made them. Without a more truly, the story of Christianity controlling the national mind inspired the great historic epoch known as Italian Christian art.

And of all the arts in the most interesting. It is cognate to our sympathies. We are children of the same spirit. We, too, have our art, and our literature, Christian art, more luminous and spiritual, expresses itself in painting. Then it has, accidentally, all the charm of association. Who, for instance, Raphael is Florence! Michel Angelo is Rome. Whoever brings the old masters to us, carries us nearer to Italy and to the early days of Christian history, opening a gallery of such enjoyment as we have not yet had.

Mr. Jarves has done this. He has lived several years in Italy, and, peculiarly favored, has been collecting pictures upon a principle which is precisely a historic sequence. The intention is to show by illustration the progressive development of the greatest, and, in one sense, the only school of painting in the world. For that purpose, in the highways and byways of Italy, he has been procuring specimens of all the "old masters" already named, and of many more. It is the first effort to found a historical gallery of art in America; for it begins with the Byzantine works of the 12th and 13th centuries, in "encaustic" and "tempera" (tissues of methods taken from materials), and descends regularly to Domenichino and Guido, the masters of the Bolognese or last illustrious Italian school.

And the pictures are beyond question genuine. They carry a kind of intrinsic proof of themselves, and they are certified by circumstances and by the most learned men in pictures. And their interest is profound to every body who cares about the subject at all. Mr. Jarves does not claim that the pictures are the best specimens of the various masters, but that they are characteristic. He has col-

lected the nucleus of a complete gallery. As finer pictures of any master or period are received, they may be introduced in their places; but the collection as it is offers the place: so that with Kugler, or Mr. Jarves's own "Art-Studies," now in press, and of especial reference to these works, the student can familiarize himself with the history of Italian art, "with its progressive illustration of Christian story and dogma, and with the peculiar merits of the most famous masters." Hitherto this was impossible. We have had good pictures and interesting galleries, but they were miscellaneous and incoherent. This Gallery is rich in the best Italian works, as well as others; but this is conscientious and exclusive in its Italian character.

Of course it is to be hoped that there always a loud call and a ready sale in Europe. But Mr. Jarves hopes that the interest in art in this country has sufficiently grown to justify his expectation that this Gallery will be retained in New York. If not, the pictures will cross the sea again and be sold. We are all interested that this should not happen, but that the collection should remain, and become the germ of a comprehensive metropolitan Gallery. Perhaps it is impossible that we should ever have at once the greater genius of the greatest old masters; but certainly we may have great and representative specimens of every country and time, so that we may see and study what the art has achieved. For instance, you may even in Venice larger and more famous pictures of Giorgione's, but you can nowhere see any work of his more luminous and gorgeous than one which Mr. Jarves has obtained.

This collection is placed in two of the new rooms of the Dusseldorf Gallery, where it may be seen with that. Its present home is an ex-cafe, and Cimabue, Margaritone of Arezzo, and Taddeo Gaddi in New York! Shall we be less hospitable than Italy? Shall we entertain these illustrious guests unawares?

TIME'S CHANGES.

WHOEVER remembers certain historic events at Boulogne and Strasbourg, must smile to see England and Russia each trying to secure the friendship, and already boasting of the amity of the hero of those towns. It is the same Louis Napoleon; he has been the tie to the two nations since those days, and has long since sailed into the port for which he was then blindly feeling. Every man knows that he is to-day the arbiter of Europe, so far as any man can be. But the movement is one of nations and sentiments, and any man, even Louis himself, if he seriously opposes it, will be swept away.

Why, then, did his Admiral invite the Sardinian Admiral to cease firing at Gaeta?

Probably to prevent the capture or personal injury of the holding corps Bonba. The Italian question should be settled with as little difficult complication as possible. But suppose Bonbalino were taken prisoner, inevitably a kind of party spirit is aroused for him, and his capture would have drawn on Victor Emanuel what could he do with him? If his government is so atrocious that the people rise and destroy it, when they had captured him they could not consistently let him go. What, then, should they do? They would not wish to take the extreme step of England with Charles First and Queen Anne's dames Scitcherie, even upon so higher ground than policy. They couldn't put him in prison comfortably themselves, for he would be the nucleus of fostering distractions in the State. If they exiled him, they give him a certain power. Assassinate him, Lat'hia, they will be himself. Let him run away like a thief in the night. Let him fly before the hatred of his people and the contempt of the world.

Why may not such considerations explain Louis Napoleon's action? Of course he wishes no unnecessary complication. He is reconstructing the monarchical system in Europe. Elected by the people, he wishes to see other kings resting upon the same right.

Does it ever occur to the Emperor of France that people can only elect a man and not a dynasty? We can not vote for our descendants. If we could transfer the sovereignty of the Republic to the children of the French to-day would illegitimate Louis Napoleon as womanly. Our agreement to have one man for our term is not to have that man transmit children to have an unborn man for their king when we of to-day are all gone. If L. N. reigns by the will of the people, he must have the same title.

Do you suppose he thinks of these things as he plays home at the garden with the little Prince? Do you suppose any man in Europe knows it more fully than he?

A STORY OF TWO GIANTS.

IF a poor man should put up a shanty in the Park, because he could not possibly pay any ground-rent, and, being there, should he be asked or permitted to remain? Would he be considered a miserable squatter, a vagabond, a lawless savage, and sent about his business with a kick and a curse? Undoubtedly he would; and the newspapers would make as much sport of him as they did of Brandy.

Well, now, suppose a millionaire puts up a pier upon the city dock along the river, because he chooses not to pay any rent, do you see any difference between the performance of the poor man in the Park and the rich man upon the water—except that one can not pay and the other can? What do you call appropriating what doesn't belong to you, and what you know doesn't belong to you? Is there any moral difference between taking the property of several thousand people and the property of one man?

Once upon a time there were two great big giants, and they said, "Pooh! pooh!" They came to a great city, and began to eat it up. The people looked aghast, but the giants said, "Pooh! pooh!" One day ate the great steamboat wharves and smacked their chaps. Then they ate the little steamboat routes, and the ferry rights, far and near, and waxed very fat, and cried, "Pooh! pooh!" Then one of the giants went and ate up a poor little country in Central America, with plenty of red gravy from men's veins: and he smiled pleasantly. Then the other of the giants went and tried to eat up a whole government: but either he swallowed a great piece of Legislature, something stuck in his throat, so that he couldn't swallow any more; and he coughed and coughed, and behold! a Governor that was too tough for the giant. So he grinned terribly, and cried, "Pooh! pooh!" Then he went and ate all round the two great big giants began to consume the city. One bit off one end of the Battery, and the other bit off the other end; and they met and had eaten that, they were going to eat up all the streets. Their jaws dripped and reeked with gravy, and they cried, "Pooh! pooh!" But one day the people suddenly answered their "pooh! pooh!" and cried, "Have! Have!" or perhaps it was "Have! Have!" Probably it was, because there were so many people who cried the same thing. And then the great big giants looked at the people, and said, definitely, "Pooh! pooh!" But the people said to them, "Pooh have you ever been so full that you could not eat of us? What do we owe to you, that you should take what belongs to us without paying us for it? Have you not been supported, admired, our admiration, or our love, that you should presume upon our consent to your pocketing our property, possessing it, in fact, without our consent? Have you not two great, big, voracious, insatiable giants?"

Then the two giants could only answer, "Pooh! pooh!" But the people took it up, and replied "Pooh! pooh!" so much, that the two giants shrunk, and withered, and disappeared. And over the grave of one was written, "Pooh!" and over that of the other, "Pooh!" And, in fact, dear, little children had better be so poor that they would like to have a giant to eat them, than to rather than be nothing but great big giants who only eat up railroads, and ferries, and streets, and the like. Then they are gone, have only "Pooh! pooh!" for an epitaph.

A GIFT.

THE "season of mists and mellow fruitfulness," of which Keats sings, is but the decorated antechamber to the most genial and gracious season of the whole year—the time of Thanksgiving and Christmas, and New Year. And these are all festivals of the heart. They are consecrated to sympathy, gratitude, and love, and the gifts which they are especially the season of gifts. For a gift is symbolic. Say a piece of love, and you have defined. When a lover adorns his mistress with diamonds, it is not carbon he gives her, but affection in a costly and beautiful form. And the gift of a book is not the thing given, but the feeling it expresses, which is the value of a gift. The cup of cold water which is given in kindness, is the best gift that can be given. Browning's "How they Brought the Good News from Aix to Ghent," Leigh Hunt's "Abou Ben Adhem," Byron's "Isles of Greece," Rogers's "Pleasures of Memory," Gray's "Elegy," Campbell's "Hohenlinden," Longfellow's "Psalm of Life," Halleck's "Marco Bozzaris," are all of that kind.

Now Dr. Polaner has for several years been thoughtfully selecting and compiling more than two hundred such poems, the most exquisite in the language. He has consulted personally with the survivors and the friends of the English poets. They have helped him in every way they could, and specially by contributing autograph copies of some of their most popular verses. These have been carefully engraved, and are a most delightful memorial of the poets and their art. In a brief, concise but artists, Kennett, Eastman Johnson, McLean, M. Donough, Church, Parsons, Boughton, Darley, Hicks, Hennessy, and others, have done the designs, and Houghton's Riverside press, at Cambridge, has done its share, in printing, so that the book is the most unique and exquisite and valuable gift-book ever produced in this country. The preface of the compiler of the work—who knows that he also has been the selection and authentication of the poems—is expressed with a dainty delicacy becoming the sentiments and subjects of the volume. He is a man of too much taste not to know and enjoy the delightfulness of his long labor; and public opinion will confirm the verdict of his own partial admiral pride in calling his "Folk-Songs" a perfect gift-book.

A QUESTION ANSWERED.

"DEAR MR. LOTHROP.—We are the midway of the Prince's Ball at the Academy of Music a presidential himself in the country of freedom and of democracy, and thing like aristocracy—a monarchical institution, a very artificial stand, and that of such slender nature as to give way under foot at the slightest movement.

"ONE OF THE PEOPLE."

Yes, it seems really so. But *one of the people*, like all the people, must not forget that democracy is in the spirit, not in the form. If the best man in the city could be found, he would be the best governor, and, if we were wise, we should make him perpetual and absolute dictator. The democratic spirit is precisely an effort to find the best man, and a confession that, since we can never tell whether we have found him or not, we must keep trying.

The real test is not any particular case.

But who, but Heaven, shall tell us who are?

The final argument for the democratic system is, that permanent power is proved to be too intoxicating; and that, in the evident inability to find the really best man for ruler, all the people must aid themselves what man they prefer.

The despotic rule of ten men or ten thousand or ten million is quite as bad as the despotism of one. It is worse, as a great wrong is a hundred times more formidable than the ordinary two-sided kind. There is safety in system, but only in people. And therefore it is that, if you can be sure of the heart and conscience of a man or a people, it makes little or no difference what the form of government may be. If Washington had been king, he would probably have governed us as well as he did under the name of President. But he had the wisdom to see that the chances were always against any individual's being wise enough as a good ruler. Crowwell may be a natural king. But Richard Crowwell?

The superiority of the democratic system is based upon the calculation of chances. So you see the most any government can do is to protect the utmost liberty of the individual which does not interfere with the equal liberty of any other. If Louis Napoleon is wise, he does all that the American system can do. If the American system fails to do that, it is just so far despotic.

A great deal is said about when no moral is recognized in society. Now we have gained so much as this that the laws do not recognize rank as they do in other countries. A servant girl, in Europe, can hardly walk through New York with his eyes and ears open without discovering that the *feeling* of rank prevails. It will never get further. The world may talk, but it will never turn round and go backward.

The Prince and his friends, and probably his friends more than the Prince, saw that our system is republican. They saw, that is, it constantly educates the people so that they are better prepared for the duties which pass to them due to a common sympathy. So it is throughout. Mr. Yancey was so far right when he said that the Union is dissolved the moment you try to coerce. It is so; for the Union coheres, and can cohere, only by mutual consent; and that consent will last so long as the general interest is answered; and the general interest will be promoted so long as the people are more and more just as well as more and more intelligent. "One of the people" will look to himself, the system of the government will take care of itself, and all false aristocracy and all arbitrary privilege will go where last year's fogs have gone.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE TRIO AT WARSAW.

WHEN Victor first began to reign
Warsaw was full of joy;
He much alarmed three mighty men
And yet of them but two were foes.
The first he was a Russian;
The next he was a Prussian;
And the third he was a little Kaiser;
Three Emperors altogether.

The Russian cheted with yearn;
The Prussian spun a yarn;
And the little Kaiser waxed red with wrath,
And all three Sovereigns warm.
The Russian was angry with self-will;
The Prussian made swollen his purse;
And the little Kaiser he grew fat with Kaiser-ness,
With his Charter under his arm.

THE DAWN OF REPENTANCE.

LATE nights and late rising are the end, and that end, sooner or later, is—mourning!—*The President of the Early-Closing-upon-Early Association.*

THE TYPE OF A COFFIN.—*Typegenia.*
THE TYPE OF A SCHOOLMASTER.—*Printer.*
THE TYPE OF A SAILOR.—*Jack Type.*

WANTED.—A Crinoline Fire Insurance Company, to protect ladies, who can not stand fire without being their lives' property, and their property's lives.

ARROGANT AXIOM. BY A RICH MAN.

Poverty has no right to have any pride. The man who has not a thousand dollars should take better care not to be out-at-elbows!

It may be interesting to some of our fair readers to learn that the most correct style of costume in fashion in the time of Henry IV., and that it was thought no more to have been made so by the Duke of Buckingham, who, in a civil war, set his artists, Kennett, Eastman Johnson, McLean, M. Donough, Church, Parsons, Boughton, Darley, Hicks, Hennessy, and others, have done the designs, and Houghton's Riverside press, at Cambridge, has done its share, in printing, so that the book is the most unique and exquisite and valuable gift-book ever produced in this country. The preface of the compiler of the work—who knows that he also has been the selection and authentication of the poems—is expressed with a dainty delicacy becoming the sentiments and subjects of the volume. He is a man of too much taste not to know and enjoy the delightfulness of his long labor; and public opinion will confirm the verdict of his own partial admiral pride in calling his "Folk-Songs" a perfect gift-book.

Whenever undertaker to put a face on the mourning is one to get dozed in the long-run. Rain only, while silk by the drops of water, and sprinkling the white, as the evils of rain-drinking, a tiger Silver cried out, "If thinking you are sorry, why don't you look sorry?" Like strips, Pal quit it to-day."—"Very good," replied the stripsolier, "I am not sorry between your lying and mine is this—my strips enable me to be in a good warm bed, while your business of lies keeps you out."

Every man must of necessity have a master, and so you had better be your own.

It is supposed the fellow who left the house was not able to take it with him.

To Daniel Purcell, the eminent musical composer and actor, the following pun-ic epitaph was attributed by the late witty author of Joe Miller: "Dr. Arnold, and two or three more gallants of the day, having entertained Humphrey at a supper, were met by the famous Daniel Purcell, the quaker, who, as they were making merry, upon the score of the account they were going thither. The doctor merrily answered him, 'Dr. Purcell!'—'Very well,' replied the other, 'you'll be there at a very convenient season, the merry month of May.' The same gentleman calling for some pipes in a tavern, complained that they were too short. The drawer said they had no other, and these were the *pi-ti* ones in. 'Ay,' said Daniel, 'I see your master has not bought them very *long*.' The same gentleman, as he had the character of a great punster, was desired one night by some company to make a punning epitaph. Upon which Daniel immediately answered the above:—'Oh, Sir,' said he, 'that's very *short* and *long*.'"

Thousands who dread to have the word "death" in their mouths are continually taking the means of death into those thirsty orifices.

WHAT TURNS THE HAIR GRAY.

A lady who, though in the autumn of life, had lost all dreams of love or spring, said to Douglas Jerrold,

"I can not imagine what makes my hair turn so gray; I sometimes think it is the essence of rosemary with which my maid brushes it. What do you think?"

"I should rather be afraid, Madam," replied the distinguished dramatist, dryly, "that it is the essence of time!"

A young apprentice to the shoemaking business asked his master what answer he should give to the often-repeated question, "Does your master warrant his shoes?"—"Answer, Certainly," said the master, "that I warrant them to prove good; and, if they don't, I'll make them good for nothing."

An Irishman tells us of a fight in which there was only one whole nose left in the crowd, "and that belonged to the referee."

Women who sue for breach of promise may fail to get money, but they generally receive heavy damages.

There was an old farmer who kept a large poultry-yard, and had one son who, not content with his proper sphere of action, was continually endeavoring to crow. At last, after repeated failures, the unsuccessful youth determined to emigrate. Then the old man was taking his breakfast at the time, and hearing the noise of packing went out, and discovered the object of the movement. He soon returned, bearing in his hand the crowing bantam, and said to his son, "I told ye, Tim, you'd be unable to crow much out any thing, but I s'pose you think you could crow. Cocks are very cheap over in Tipp'rary, but hens shall not; it's eating a bad example."

A man crosses himself for marrying by saying that his wife has been a widow so much for a relation.

Boasting is sometimes out of place. We were once amused at hearing a gentleman remark that he was a bachelor, or was his father before him.

A gentleman, who had been victimized by a notorious borrower, who always forgot to pay, called him one of the most prominent of his acquaintance.

"Sam," said a late minister of Drumblade to his man-of-all-work, "I'm afraid you're getting very shaky this forenoon; but as the vapor from the whisky may be dissipated by the glare of a bright sermon, I'm going to preach twice." Sam, as Samuel was an old soldier, answered very promptly, "Ay, ay, sir," and away he went; and having received from his master a special license to taste, went to work most heartily. Before the forenoon service the minister visited the cellar to inspect progress, and was horrified to find Sam lying his full length on the floor, completely overcome by the fumes. "Is that the minister, "you have not taken my advice, and you will be unable to preach." Sam, sun, and looking up, said, "I may rather you." Sam, nothing loth, took the glass from the minister's hand, and answered it each, "Now, sir, I'm ready." This is the thirteenth glass I've taken, but I'm me better."

Wealth does not always improve us. A man, as he gets rich, is apt to become more worthless.

"I shall be indebted to you for life," as the man said to his creditors when he run away to Australia.

Smith and Brown running opposite ways round a corner, and Smith, after a blow, says, "Brown, I say, Brown, you made my head ring?"—"That's a sign it's *hollow*," says Brown.—"That's a sign it's *sore*," says Smith.—"That's a sign it's *cracked*," replied his friend.

The following is a copy of an advertisement which appeared in a country paper: "Made their escape, a blind bull's eyebrows. They disappeared immediately on escaping his wife for hands and face somewhat at breakfast."

A farmer who occasionally accommodated a neighbor with a ditch of lances at the killing season, being applied to as usual, replied, "I should be willing up my ditch whether I shall kill myself this year or take a dose of my father."

"Could you," said a young lady teacher, "after what I have been reading you, forgive your enemy?" That is, could you forgive another boy if he struck you?

"Why, yes," said the little rustic, doubling his fists, "if he was a good deal bigger than I am."

INTERESTING QUERY.

INTELLIGENT JUVENILE.—Ma, do we cut our second teeth altogether like we do one?

Ma.—"One by one; they come gradually, dear. I like you to ask questions, Intelligent Juvenile. Your mother is a bad subject."

INTELLIGENT JUVENILE.—Because, on last Sunday you had not a tooth in your head, and next day you had a full set of false teeth. Now what time does cut his all at once?

Ma does not answer, but gives the Intelligent child some pence, and tells him not to ask such foolish questions again.

Many persons have a particular ambition to seem exactly what they are not. We know a man who bought a splendid library, and signed the contract with a cross.

"Have you any traveling luke-teeth?" asked a lady of a young student of medicine. "No, ma'am; we have all felt and legs, but they are not old enough to travel yet."

"Make you a coat, Sir?" said a suspicious tailor to a suspected customer. "Do you, Sir, with the understanding—cash before delivery." There, just stand in that position, please, and look right upon that line in the wall. I'll carry measure." Customer reads the hint: "Turns coat."

A school-boy being asked to define the word "admission," said it meant "a thing to sell." "Stop-no!" said the schoolmaster: "what sort of a definition do you call that?" "I don't know," replied he boy, "but I'm sure there's a spy on the bill at the door in the fair." "Yes," said another boy, "and it's called a half-penny."

Ain't it curious, Squire, wouldn't it never out of women's heads? They're never think of nothin' else. A young gal is always thinkin' of a husband. As soon as she's married she is match-makin' for her companion; and when she is a grain older she always wouldn't be single for 'em. Oh, it takes a great study to know a woman! She cunning as the devil. She always ready to deceive you. She always ready to take you in. She always ready to make you believe she herself deceived. She ain't an old woman, she still a child. She ain't for strangers, to make you believe 'em; but in interest in the world that she ain't. They certainly the best ally, the worst foe.

CHOKER.—A cross-baker found a woman who gave her own age as twenty-eight years, and that of her oldest son as twenty-three!

Pat O'Flaherty said that his wife was very ungrateful, for when I married her she hadn't a rag to her back, and now she's covered with them.

The lady who fell back on her dignity came near breaking it.

A man died of apoplexy the other day. The next day the coroner held an inquest, when the following verdict was returned: "Died from a visitation of the hob-nobs, eight cold potatoes, and fried sausages."

The reason why whales frequent the Arctic Sea is, probably, because they supply the "Northern lights" with oil.

A young gentleman, who had just married a little undersized beauty, says she would have been taller, but she is afraid of such precious materials that Nature could not afford it.

The man who "couldn't stand it any longer" has taken a seat, and now feels quite comfortable.

CHARLES DICKENS, ESQ.—[FROM A LATE PHOTOGRAPH.]

CHARLES DICKENS.

We accompany the first part of Mr. Dickens's new novel, "GREAT EXPECTATIONS," with a Portrait of the author, taken from a very recent photograph. Those who remember him during his visit to this country will notice the change which has taken place since then in his outward man.

Mr. Dickens was born at Portsmouth, England, on 7th February, 1812. His father was for many years a Paymaster in the British Navy; on his retirement he became a reporter on the London press, and it was through him that Mr. Dickens first connected himself with journalism. His father's idea was that he should be an attorney; but a few months' work in a London office satisfied any longings he may have had for distinction in that profession. Abandoning the law, he became a reporter on the *Sun*, and afterward on the *Morning Chronicle*; studied short-hand assiduously, and for some years had had his seat in the Reporters' Gallery in the House of Commons.

It was during his arduous apprenticeship to the work of a Parliamentary reporter that he wrote his first sketch of life, under the pseudonyme of Boz. It pleased, and was followed by others, which attracted so much attention by their keen humor, pathos, and remarkable discernment of character, that their author was offered a handsome sum by Mr. Hall, of Chapman & Hall, to write them a series of sketches, to be published with illustrations in monthly parts. This was the origin of the famous "Pickwick Papers," the first number of which was published in 1835. Their success was almost unprecedented. When the first number appeared Mr. Dickens was unknown; when the work was completed he was the most popular writer in England; and Pickwick, Bardell, and the Wellers were familiar to every body. No writer of modern times has jumped as suddenly to fame as Mr. Dickens.

In 1837 "Oliver Twist" followed, and was eagerly welcomed on both sides the Atlantic; and in 1839 "Nicholas Nickleby" fully maintained the reputation of its author. "Master Humphrey's Clock," which followed in 1840 and 1841, was not, perhaps, as widely popular, though many consider little Nell the most graceful and perfect of Mr. Dickens's creations.

In 1842 Mr. Dickens visited this country, and was received with an enthusiasm which the appearance of "American Notes" had a tendency to dampen. On his return home he published the first and sweetest of his Christmas stories—"A Christmas Carol," and "Martin Chuzzlewit"—a work of infinite power, and full of his peculiar humor, but marred by the faults which were so conspicuous in his previous work on America.

In 1846 Mr. Dickens appeared before the public as the editor of a daily newspaper—the *Daily News*—which was intended to inaugurate a new era in London journalism. He had previously filled, for a few months, the office of editor of *Bentley's Miscellany*, but this was his first experiment in political journalism. It is no discredit to him that it was not a success. His peculiar powers are very different from, perhaps superior to, those required of the editor of a daily paper. After a few months of severe labor he resigned his post, and reinstated himself in public favor by the publication of those most charming of tales, "Dombey & Son" and "David Copperfield."

In 1850 he established, in conjunction with Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, a new paper, under the title of *Household Words*, and published in its pages, successively, his "Child's History of England" and "Hard Times." It attained a very wide popularity, and became, as its founder intended, a household favorite throughout England. Mr. Dickens did not publish in its columns, however, "Bleak House" or "Little Dorrit," both of which appeared in monthly parts.

In 1850, owing to a difference between Mr. Dickens and Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, *Household Words* was discontinued, and Mr. Dickens established a new periodical, *All the Year Round*, in which he gave to the world his last serial, "A Tale of Two Cities." By a special arrangement with Mr. Dickens, the proof-sheets of *All the Year* are dispatched to the publishers of *Harper's Weekly* some time before they are published in England, and thus the readers of this journal enjoy the benefit of every thing that appears in Mr. Dickens's periodical a fortnight or more before the regular copies reach this country. The new novel, "Great Expectations," has, we are told, aroused great expectation on the other side. Our subscribers will have the advantage of reading it by the light of Mr. McLenan's admirable illustrations.

Mr. Dickens has written so much and so well that the severest ordeal any thing new that he writes has to undergo is the comparison with what he has written before. His published stories are so popular that people will hardly admit that they can be equaled; the admirers of Dombey and Copperfield were quite jealous of Little Dorrit, and affected to speak lightly of Doctor Manette. It is not uncommon to hear people say that he has written himself out. It may be remarked, however, that while the contemporaries of the Pickwick Papers deny that he has ever surpassed that work, there are numerous critics who consider "Oliver Twist" his master-piece, others who prefer "Nicholby," none who pronounce in favor of the "Old Curiosity Shop," and others in favor of "Dombey & Son;" while, judging from the sales of the published volumes, "Little Dorrit" has the best claim to preeminence; and from the actual number of readers, the "Tale of Two Cities" would probably hold the first rank. In a word, there is not the least reason for supposing that in any of the qualities which have raised Mr. Dickens to his present fame—humor, descriptive power, analytical perception of character, charm of style, fancy, pathos, or dramatic ability—there has been any decay since Boz first came before the public. We have no doubt that "Great Expectations" will have as many admirers as any of its predecessors, and that a new generation of readers will decide, when it is ended, that the Great Novelist has at last written his great work—leaving it to their children, or, at all events, to their successors in the reading world, to discover that, after all, the real master-piece was yet to come, and that a genius like that of Dickens is inexhaustible.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A NOVEL.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

Splendidly Illustrated by John McLenan.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased from the Author by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER I

MY father's family name being Pirrip, and my Christian name Philip, my infant tongue could make of both names nothing longer or more explicit than Pip. So I called myself Pip, and came to be called Pip.

I give Pirrip as my father's family name, on the authority of his tombstone and my sister—Mrs. Joe Gargery, who married the blacksmith. As I never saw my father or my mother, and never saw any likeness of either of them (for their days were long before the days of photographs), my first fancies regarding what they were like were unreasonably derived from their tombstones. The shape of the letters on my father's, gave me an odd idea that he was a square, stout, dark man with curly black hair. From the character and turn of the inscription, "Also Georgiana wife of the above," I drew a childish conclusion that my mother was freckled and sickly. To five little stone lozenges, each about a foot and a half long, which were arranged in a neat row beside their grave, and were sacred to the memory of five little brothers of mine—who gave up trying to get a living exceedingly early in that universal struggle—I am indebted for a belief I religiously entertained that they had all been born on their backs with their hands in their trowsers-pockets, and had never taken them out in this state of existence.

Ours was the marsh country, down by the river, within, as the river wound, twenty miles of the sea. My first distinct impression of the identity of things seems to me to have been gained on a memorable raw, dark, gusty afternoon toward evening. At such a time I found out for certain that this bleak place overgrown with nettles was the church-yard; and that Tobias Pirrip, late of this parish, and also Georgiana, wife of the above, were dead and buried; and that Alexander, Bartholomew, Abraham, George, and Robert, infant children of the aforesaid, were also dead and buried; and that the dark, flat wilderness beyond the church-yard, intersected with dikes and mounds and gates, with scattered cattle feeding on it, was the marshes; and that the low leaden line beyond was the river; and that the distant savage lair from which the wind was raging, was the sea; and that the small bundle of shivers growing afraid of it all and beginning to cry, was Pip.

"Hold your noise!" cried a terrible voice, as a man started up from among the graves at the side of the church-porch. "Hold your noise, you little devil, or I'll cut your throat!"

A fearful man, all in gray, with a great iron on his leg. A man with no hat, and broken shoes, and with an old rag tied round his head. A man who had been soaked in water and smothered in mud, and lamed by stones, and cut by flints, and stung by nettles, and torn by briers; who limped, and shivered, and glared, and growled; and whose teeth chattered in his head as he seized me by the chin.

"Don't cut my throat, Sir!" I pleaded in terror. "Pray don't do it, Sir!"

"Tell us your name!" said the man. "Quick!"

"Pip, Sir."

"Once more," said the man. "Give it mouth!"

"Pip. Pip, Sir."

"Show us where you live," said the man. "Pint out the place!"

I pointed to where our village lay on the flat in-shore among the alder-trees and pollards, a mile or more from the church.

The man, after looking at me for a moment, turned me upside-down, and emptied my pockets. There was nothing in them but a piece of bread. When the church came to itself—for he was so sudden and strong that he made it go head over heels before me, and I saw the steeple under my legs—when the church came to itself, I say, I was seated on a high tombstone trembling, while he ate the bread ravenously.

"You young dog!" said the man, licking his lips at me. "What fat cheeks you ha' got!"

I believe they were fat, though I was at that time undersized for my years, and not strong.

I remembered that I couldn't eat 'em, and the man, with a threatening shake of his head, "and if I hain't half a mind to't!"

I earnestly expressed my hope that he wouldn't, and held tighter to the tombstone on which he had put me; partly to keep myself upon it, partly to keep myself from crying.

"Now then, lookee here!" said the man. "Where's your mother?"

"There, Sir!" said I.

He started, made a short run, and stopped and looked over his shoulder.

"There, Sir!" I timidly explained. "Also Georgiana. That's my mother."

"Oh!" said he, coming back. "And is that your father alongside your mother?"

"Yes, Sir," said I; "him too; late of this parish."

"Ha!" he muttered then, considering. "Who d'ye live with—supposin' you're kindly let to live, which I han't made up my mind about?"

"My sister, Mrs. Joe Gargery—wife of Joe Gargery, the blacksmith, Sir."

"Blacksmith, eh?" said he. And looked down at his leg.

After darkly looking at his leg and at me several times, he came closer to my tombstone, took me by both arms, and tilted me back as far as he could hold me; so that his eyes looked most powerfully down into mine, and mine looked most helplessly up into his.

"Now lookee here," he said, "the question being whether you're to be let to live. You know what a file is?"

"Yes, Sir."

"And you know what wittles is?"

"Yes, Sir."

After each question he tilted me over a little more, so as to give me a greater sense of helplessness and danger.

"You get me a file." He tilted me again. "And you get me wittles." He tilted me again. "You bring 'em both to me." He tilted me again. "Or I'll have your heart and liver out." He tilted me again.

I was dreadfully frightened, and so giddy that I clung to him with both hands, and said, "If

you would kindly please to let me keep upright. Sir, perhaps I shouldn't be sick, and perhaps I could attend more."

He gave me a most tremendous dip and roll, so that the church jumped over its own weather-cock. Then he held me by the arms, in an upright position on the top of the stone, and went on in these fearful terms:

"You bring me, to-morrow morning early, that file, and them wittles. You bring the lot to me at that old Battery over yonder. You do this, and you never dare to say a word or dare to make a sign concerning your having seen such a person as me, or any person, and you shall be let to live. You fail, or you go from my words in any partickler, no matter how small the partickler, and your heart and your liver shall be tore out, roasted, and ate. Now I sim'late alone, as you may think I am. There's a young man hid with me, in comparion with which young man I am a Angel o' light. That young man hears the words I speak. That young man has a secret way peculiar to himself, of getting at a boy, and at his heart, and at his liver. It is in vain for a boy to attempt to hide himself from that young man. A boy may lock his door, may be warm in bed, may tuck himself up, may draw the clothes over his head, may think himself comfortable and safe; but that young man will softly creep and creep his way to him and tear him open. I am a keepin' that young man from harmin' of you at the present moment, with great difficulty. I find it very hard to hold that young man off of your inside. Now, what do you say?"

I said that I would get him the file, and I would get him what broken bits of food I could, and I would come to him at the Battery, early in the morning.

"Say Lord strike you dead if you don't!" said the man.

I said so, and he took me down.

"Now," he pursued, "you remember what you've undertook, and you remember that young man, and you got none!"

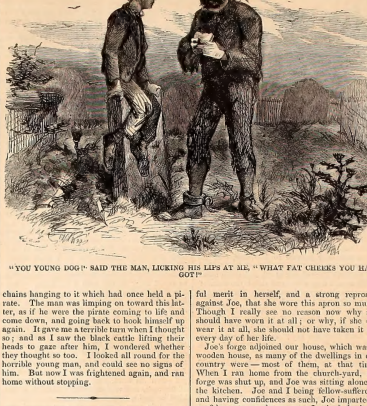
"Goo-good-night, Sir," I faltered.

"Much of that!" said he, glancing about him over the cold wet flat. "I wish I was a frog. Or a eel!"

At the same time he hugged his shuddering body in both his arms—clasping himself, as if to hold himself together—and limped toward the low church wall. As I saw him go, picking his way among the nettles, and among the brambles that bound the evergreen mounds, he looked in my young eyes, as if he were eluding the hands of the dead people, stretching up cautiously out of their graves, to get a twist upon his ankle and pull him in.

When he came to the low church wall, he got over it, like a man whose legs were numbed and stiff, and then turned round to look for me. When I saw him turning, I set my face toward home, and made the best use of my legs. But presently I looked over my shoulder, and saw him going on again toward the river, still hugging himself in both arms, and picking his way with his sore feet among the great stones dropped into the marshes here and there, for stepping-places when the rains were heavy, or the tide was in.

The marshes were just a long black horizontal line then, as I stopped to look after him; and the river was just another horizontal line, not nearly so broad nor yet so black; and the sky was just a row of long angry red lines, and dense black lines intermixed. On the edge of the river I could faintly make out the only two black things in all the prospect that seemed to be standing upright; one of these was the beacon by which the sailors steered—like an unhooped cask upon a pole—an ugly slimy thing when you were near it; the other, a gibbet with some chains hanging to it which had once held a pirate. The man was limping on toward this latter, as if he were the pirate coming to life and come down, and going back to hook himself up again. It gave me a terrible turn when I thought so; and as I saw the black cattle lifting their heads to gaze after him, I wondered whether they thought so too. I looked all round for the horrible young man, and could see no signs of him. But now I was frightened again, and ran home without stopping.



"YOU YOUNG DOG" SAID THE MAN, LICKING HIS LIPS AT ME, "WHAT FAT CHEEKS YOU HA' GOT!"

CHAPTER II.

MY sister, Mrs. Joe Gargery, was more than twenty years older than I, and had established a great reputation with herself and the neighbors because she had brought me up "by hand." Having at that time to find out for myself what the expression meant, and knowing her to have a hard and heavy hand, and to be much in the habit of laying it upon her husband, as well as upon me, I supposed that Joe Gargery and I were both brought up by hand.

She was not a good-looking woman, my sister; and I had a general impression that she must have made Joe Gargery marry her by hand. Joe was a fair man, with curls of flaxen hair on each side of his smooth face, and eyes of such a very undecided blue that they seemed to have somehow got mixed with their own whites. He was a mild, good-natured, sweet-tempered, easy-going, foolish, dear fellow—a sort of Hercules in strength, and also in weakness.

My sister, Mrs. Joe, with black hair and eyes, had such a prevailing redness of skin that I sometimes used to wonder whether it was possible she washed herself with a nutmeg-grater instead of soap. She was tall and bony, and always wore a coarse apron, fastened over her figure behind with two loops, and having a square, impregnable bit in front that was stuck full of pins and needles. She made it a powerful merit in herself, and a strong reproach against Joe, that she wore this apron so much. Though I really see no reason now why she should have worn it at all; or why, if she did wear it at all, she should not have taken it off every day of her life.

Joe's forge adjoined our house, which was a wooden house, as many of the dwellings in our country were—most, of them, at that time. When I ran home from the church-yard, the forge was shut up, and Joe was sitting alone in the kitchen. Joe and I being fellow-sufferers, and having confidences as such, Joe imparted a confidence to me the moment I raised the latch of the door and peeped in at him opposite to it, sitting in the chimney-corner.

"Mrs. Joe has been out a dozen times, looking for you, Pip; and she's out now, making it a baker's dozen."

"Is she?"

"Yes, Pip," said Joe; "and what's worse, she's got Tickler with her."

At this dismal intelligence I twisted the only button on my waistcoat round and round, and looked in great depression at the fire. Tickler was a wax-ended piece of cane, worn smooth by collision with my tickled frame.

"She sot down," said Joe, "and she got up, and she made a grab at Tickler, and she rampaged out. That's what she did," said Joe, slowly clenching the fire between the bars with the poker: "she ram-paged out, Pip."

"Has she been gone long, Joe?" I always treated him as a larger species of child, and as no more than my equal.

"Well," said Joe, looking up at the Dutch clock, "she's been on the Ram-page, this last spell, about five minutes, Pip. She's a coming! Get behind the door, old chap, and have the jack-towel betwixt you."

I took the advice. My sister, Mrs. Joe, throwing the door wide open, and finding no obstruction behind it, immediately divined the cause, and applied Tickler to further investigation. She concluded by showing me. I often served her as a connubial missile at Joe, who, glad to get hold of me on any terms, passed me on into the chimney and quietly fenced me there with his great legs.

"Where have you been, you young monkey?" said Mrs. Joe, stamping her foot. "Tell me directly what you've been doing to wear me away with fret and fright and worrit, or I'll have you out of that corner if you was fifty Pips and he was five hundred Gargerys."

"I have only been to the church-yard," said I, from my stool, crying and rubbing myself.

"Church-yard!" repeated my sister. "If it warn't for me you'd have been to the church-yard long ago, and staid there. Who brought you up by hand?"

"You did," said I.

"And why did I do it, I should like to know!" exclaimed my sister.

I whimpered, "I don't know."

"I don't!" said my sister. "I'd never do it again! I know that. I may truly say I've never had this apron of mine off since born you were. It's bad enough to be a blacksmith's wife (and him a Gargery), without being your mother."

My thoughts strayed from that question as I looked disconsolately at the fire. For the fugitive out on the marshes with the ironed leg, the mysterious young man, the file, the victuals, and the dreadful pledge I was under to commit a larceny on those sheltering premises, rose before me in the avenging coals.

"Hah!" said Mrs. Joe, restoring Tickler to his station. "Church-yard, indeed! You may well say church-yard, you two." One of us, by-the-by, had not said it at all. "You'll drive me to the church-yard betwixt you one of these days, and oh, a pr-r-recious pair you'd be without me!"

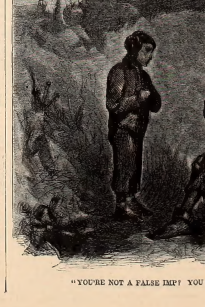
As she applied herself to set the tea-things, Joe peeped down at me over his leg, as if he were mentally casting me and himself up, and I calculating what kind of pair we practically should make, under the grievous circumstances foreshadowed. After that, he sat feeling his right-side flaxen curls and whisker, and following Mrs. Joe about with his blue eyes, as his manner always was at spually times.

My sister had a trenchant way of cutting our bread-and-butter for us, that never varied. First, with her left hand she held the loaf, hard and fast, against her bib—where it sometimes got a pin into it, and sometimes a needle, which we afterward got into our mouths. Then she took some butter (not too much) on a knife and spread it on the loaf in an apothecary kind of way, as if she were making a plaster—using both sides of the knife with a slapping dexterity, and trimming and moulding the butter off round the crust. Then she gave the knife a final smart wipe on the edge of the plaster, and then sawed a very thick round off the loaf, which she finally, before separating from the loaf, hewed into two halves: of which Joe got one, and I the other.

On the present occasion, though I was hungry, I dared not eat my slice. I felt that I must have something in reserve for my dreadful acquaintance and his ally, the still more dreadful young man. I knew Mrs. Joe's housekeeping to be of the strictest kind, and that my larvenous researches in the dead of night might find nothing available in the safe, therefore I resolved to put my hunk of bread-and-butter down the leg of my trowsers.

The effort of resolution necessary to the achievement of this purpose I found to be quite awful. It was as if I had to make up my mind to leap from the top of a high house, or plunge into a great depth of water. And it was made the more difficult by the unconscious Joe. In our above-mentioned freemasonry as fellow-sufferers, and in his good-natured companionship

"PIP, OLD CHAP! YOU'LL DO YOURSELF A MISCHIEF. IT'LL STICK SOMEWHERE. YOU CAN'T HAVE CRAWED IT, PIP."



"YOU'RE NOT A FALSE IMP! YOU BROUGHT NO ONE WITH YOU!"

with me, it was our evening habit to compare the way we bit through our slices by silently holding them up to each other's admiration now and then—which in general led us to new exertions. To-night Joe several times invited me by the dignity of his fast-diminishing slice, to enter upon our usual friendly competition; but he found me each time with my yellow mug of tea on one knee, and my untouched bread-and-butter on the other. At last, I desperately considered that the time I contemplated must be done, and that it had best be done in the least improbable manner consistent with the circumstances. I took advantage of a moment when Joe had just looked aside, and got my bread-and-butter into my lap.

Joe was evidently made uncomfortable by what he supposed to be my loss of appetite, and was a thoughtful and particular bite out of his slice, which he didn't seem to enjoy. He rolled it about in his mouth much longer than usual, pondering over it a good deal, and after all gulped it down like a pill. He was about to take another bite, and had got his head on one side for a good purchase on it, when his eye fell on me, and he saw that my bread-and-butter was gone.

The wonder and consternation with which Joe stopped on the threshold of his bite and stared at me were too evident to escape my sister's observation.

"What's the matter now?" said she, smartly, as she put down her cup.

"I say, you know!" muttered Joe, shaking his head at me in very serious remonstrance. "Pip, old chap! You'll do yourself a mischief. I'll stick somewhere. You can't have chawed it, Pip."

"What's the matter now?" repeated my sister, more sharply than before.

"If you can cough any trifle on it up, Pip, I'd recommend you to do it," said Joe, all solicitude. "Don't choke (supposing, but still you'll with your cith."

By this time my sister was quite desperate, so she pounced on Joe, and, taking him by the two whiskers, knocked his head for a little while against the wall behind him: while I sat in the corner, looking guiltily on.

"Now, perhaps, you'll mention what's the matter," said my sister, out of breath, and still staring great stuck pig.

Joe looked at her in a helpless way; then took a hitch in his trousers, and looked at me again.

"You know, Pip," said Joe, solemnly, with his left hand in his pocket, and speaking as if he were addressing a third party, as if we were quite alone, "you and me is always friends, and I'd be the last to tell upon you at any time. But what has moved his chair and looked about the floor between us, and then again at me—" such a horrid common fit, Pip?"

"Been boiling his food, has he?" cried my sister.

"You know, old chap," said Joe, looking at me, and not Mrs. Joe, with his bite still in his cheek, "I'm partial myself, when I've a cold on—frequent—and as to you I've been among a many Boilers; but I never see your equal yet, Pip, and it's my opinion you ain't eldorado."

My sister made a dive at me, and fished me up by the hair: saying nothing more explicit than "Artful wretch," as she combed me down.

Some medical beast had revived Tar-water in those days as a fine medicine, and Mrs. Joe always kept a supply of it in the cupboard; having a belief in its virtues correspondent to its horrible nastiness. At the best of times a teacupful of this elixir was administered to me as a choice restorative, that I was conscious of going about, smelling like a new fence. On the present occasion, on account of my case demanded a pint of tar-water, which was poured down my throat, for my greater comfort, while Mrs. Joe held my head under her arm as a boot would be held in a bootjack. Joe got off with half a pint; but was made to take that (much to his disturbance, as he sat slowly biting and meditating before the fire) "because he had a turn. Judging from myself, I should say he certainly had one afterward, if he had had none before.

Conscience is a dreadful thing when it accuses a man on the subject of pork, in the case of that secret burden co-operates with another secret burden down the leg of his trousers, it often leads to results most painful. The physical knowledge that I was going to rob Mrs. Joe—I never thought I was going to rob Joe, for I had a hazy thought of any of the housekeeping property as his—united to the necessity of always keeping one hand out of the bread-and-butter of Joe when I was ordered about the kitchen on any small errand, almost drove me out of my mind. Then, as the marsh winds made the fire flare and flare, I thought I heard the fierce voice outside of the man who had sworn me to secrecy, and sworn me to secrecy, declaring that he couldn't and wouldn't starve until to-morrow, but must be fed then. At other times, I thought, What if the young man who was with so much difficulty restrained from imbruing his hands in me, should either get free by his constitutional implacability, should mistake the time, and should think himself accredited to my heart and mercy by the pastime of to-morrow? If ever any body's hair stood on end with terror, mine must have done so then. But, perhaps, nobody's ever did.

It was Christmas Eve, and I had to stir the pudding for next day, with the copper-stick, from seven to eight by the Dutch clock. I tried it with the lead upon my leg (and that made me think afresh of the man with the iron on his leg), and found the tendency of exercise to bring the bread-and-butter out at my ankle, quite unmanageable and unconquerable. Happily I slipped away, and deposited that part of my conscience in my garret bedroom.

"Hark!" said I, when I had done my stirring, and was taking a final warm in the chimney-corner before being sent up to bed; "was that guns, Joe?"

"Ah!" said Joe. "There was a fresh convict off."

"What does that mean, Joe?" said I.

Mrs. Joe, who always set explanations upon herself, said, snappishly, "Escaped. Escaped." Administering the definition like Tar-water.

While Mrs. Joe sat with her head bending over her needle-work, I put my mouth into the forms of saying to Joe, "What's a convict?" Joe put his mouth into the forms of answering such a highly elaborate answer, that I could make out nothing of it but the single word "Pip."

"There was one off last night," said Joe, aloud, "after supper-time, and the Lord help him, may he not be taken, I say, for I don't like the looks of the weather. It's a fine night for escaping in. And now, I'll tell you what, Pip, I'd recommend you to do it," said Joe, all explanation in his manner, but still very much with your cith."

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"You know, old chap," said Joe, looking at me, and not Mrs. Joe, with his bite still in his cheek. I flatter myself, when I was very hard—frequent—and as a boy I've been among a many Boilers; but I never see your equal yet, Pip, and it's my opinion you ain't eldorado."

My sister made a dive at me, and fished me up by the hair: saying nothing more explicit than Artful wretch," as she combed me down.

Some medical beast had revived Tar-water in those days as a fine medicine, and Mrs. Joe always kept a supply of it in the cupboard; having a belief in its virtues correspondent to its horrible nastiness. At the best of times a teacupful of this elixir was administered to me as a choice restorative, that I was conscious of going about, smelling like a new fence. On the present peculiar evening the urgency of my case demanded a pint of tar-water, which was poured down my throat, for my greater comfort, while Mrs. Joe held my head under her arm as a boot would be held in a bootjack. Joe got off with half a pint; but was made to take that (much to his disturbance, as he sat slowly biting and meditating before the fire) "because he had a turn. Judging from myself, I should say he certainly had one afterward, if he had had none before.

Conscience is a dreadful thing when it accuses man or boy of having, in the case of pork, that secret burden co-operates with another secret burden down the leg of his trousers, it often leads to results most painful. The physical knowledge that I was going to rob Mrs. Joe—I never thought I was going to rob Joe, for I had a hazy thought of any of the housekeeping property as his—united to the necessity of always keeping one hand out of the bread-and-butter of Joe when I was ordered about the kitchen on any small errand, almost drove me out of my mind. Then, as the wind made the fire flare and flare, I thought I heard the fierce voice outside of the man who had sworn me to secrecy, declaring that he couldn't and wouldn't starve until to-morrow, but must be fed then. At other times, I thought, What if the young man who was with so much difficulty restrained from imbruing his hands in me, should either get free by his constitutional implacability, should mistake the time, and should think himself accredited to my heart and mercy by the pastime of to-morrow? If ever any body's hair stood on end with terror, mine must have done so then. But, perhaps, nobody's ever did.

It was Christmas Eve, and I had to stir the pudding for next day, with the copper-stick, from seven to eight by the Dutch clock. I tried it with the lead upon my leg (and that made me think afresh of the man with the iron on his leg), and found the tendency of exercise to bring the bread-and-butter out at my ankle, quite unmanageable and unconquerable. Happily I slipped away, and deposited that part of my conscience in my garret bedroom.

"Hark!" said I, when I had done my stirring, the pie, and I took it in the hope that it was not intended for early tea, and would not be missed for some time.

There was a door in the kitchen communicating with the forge; I unlocked and unbolted that door, and got a file from among Joe's tools. Then I put the fastenings as I had found them, opened the door at which I had entered when I ran home last night, shut it, and ran for the misty marshes.

CHAPTER III.

It was a rimy morning, and very damp. I had seen the damp lying out on the outside of my little window, as if some goblin had been crying there all night, and using the window for his pocket-handkerchief. Now I saw the damp lying on the bare hedges and spare grass, like a coarser sort of spiders' webs; hanging itself from twig to twig and blade to blade. Everyleaf and gate wet lay clammy; and the marsh mist was so thick that the wooden finger on the post, directing people to our village—a direction which they never accepted, for they never came there—was invisible to me until I was quite close under it. Then, as I looked up at it, while it dripped, it seemed to my oppressed conscience like a phantom devoting me to the Hulks.

The mist was heavier yet when I got out upon the marshes, so that, instead of my running at every thing, every thing seemed to run at me. This was very disagreeable to a guilty mind. The gates and dikes and banks came bursting at me through the mist, as if they cried as plainly as could be, "A boy with a pie stolen! Stop him!" The cattle stood looking at me, with their heads down and their breath coming out of their nostrils, "Holloa, young thief!" One black ox, with a white cravat on—who has a special right bestowed upon him to toss every boy he sees, and consequently something of a clerical air—fixed me so steadily with his eyes, and moved his blunt head round in such an accusatory manner as I moved round, that I called out to him, "I couldn't help it, I wouldn't for myself, sir!" Upon which his pious sentiments appeared to choke him, for he put down his head, blew a cloud of smoke out of his nose, and vanished with a kick-up of his hind legs and a flourish of his tail.

All this time I was getting on toward the river; but however fast I went, I couldn't warm my feet, for they seemed to be cold themselves, and as the iron was riveted to the leg of the man I was running to meet. I knew my way to the Buttery among the rushes, for I had been down there on a Sunday with Joe, and Joe had, sitting on an old stump in the middle of the river, twice to him regularly bowled, and sometimes have such Larks there as should recompense us for our consuming time. However, in the confusion of the mist, I found myself at last too far to the right, and consequently had to try back along the river-side, on the bank of loose stones above the mud and the stakes that staked the tide out, to come at the Buttery. Making my way in this new direction at a run, I was just crossed a ditch which I knew to be very near the Buttery, when I met scrambled up the mound beyond the ditch, when I saw the man sitting before me. His back was toward me, his legs were in ditch, his arms folded, and was nodding forward, heavy with sleep.

I thought he would be more glad if I came upon him while he was unconscious in that unexpected manner, so I went forward softly and touched him on the back. He instantly started up, and it was not the man, but another man!

And yet he was dressed in coarse gray, too, and had a pair of such fetters on his legs, and was lame, and hoarse, and cold, and was every thing that the other man was; except that he had not the same face, and had a beard, broad-brimmed, lowcrowned felt hat on. All this I saw in a moment, for I had only a moment to see it in; for when he found himself free, a bit at me—he was a round weak blow that missed me and almost knocked himself down, for it made him stumble—and then he ran into the mist, tumbling twice as he went, and I lost him.

"The time's up, master," I thought. I felt my heart shoot as I identified him; and I dare say I should have felt a pain in my liver, too, if I had known where to look for it.

I was soon at the Buttery after that, and there I met the sentry posted sentinel at sighting to and fro, as if he had never all night left off hugging and limping—waiting for me. He was very hungry, but looked half expected to see him drop down before my face and die of cold. His eyes looked so awfully hungry, too, that when I had unlocked the door it occurred to me he would have tried to eat it, if he had not seen my pie inside. He didn't turn me upside down, this time, to get at what I had, but left me right side upward while I opened the bundle and emptied my pockets.

"What's in the bottle, boy?" said he.

"Brandy," said I.

He was already handing mince-meat down his throat in the most curious manner, more like a man who was putting it away somewhere in a violent hurry than a man who was eating it—but he left off to take some of the liquor, shivered all the while, and then took it down in such a manner as he could do to keep the neck of the bottle between his teeth.

"I think you've got the ague," said I.

"I'm much of your opinion, boy," said he.

"It's bad about here. You've been lying out on the marshes, and they're dreadful agueish Rheumatic, too."

"I'll eat my breakfast afore they've the death of me," said he. "I'd do that, if I was going to be strung up to that there gallows as there is over there directly afterward. I'll beat the shivers so far, I'll bet you a guinea."

He was gobbling mince-meat, meat, bone-bread, cheese, and pork-pie all at once: stating distrustfully while he did so at the mist all round us, and often stopping—even stopping his jaws—to listen. Some real or fancied sound, some clink upon the river or breathing of beast on the marsh, more or less than a start, and he said, suddenly:

"You've not a false pie? You brought none with you?"

"No, Sir! No!"

"Nor any one the office to follow you?"

"No!"

"Well," said he, "I believe you. You'd be but a fierce young hound indeed, if at your time of life you could help to hunt a wretched warmint, hunted as nor dumb animal is hunted, all this poor wretched warmint is!"

THE EXPLOSION OF THE PROPELLER "GLOBE."

We publish on page 749, from a photograph taken by Mr. Altschuler, of Chicago, a picture of the propeller *Globe*, which was boiler exploded at Chicago on 8th inst. It seems that she was lying at the wharf, about to discharge a cargo of apples which she had brought from Buffalo, when the accident occurred. The engineer had received orders to get up steam on the donkey engine, to hoist out freight. The boiler was exceedingly hot, and but a trifling amount of steam on. The pumps were set at work, and the cold water pumped in at once caused the explosion. About fifteen people are supposed to have been killed by the explosion, among others, a gentleman named Hubbie, who had gone on board to look after some apples consigned to him, a little boy who was walking on the wharf picking up apples, and others.

THE PRINCIPAL BOARDER.

My aunt's boarders consisted, first, of myself—an appreciative then with a certain city optician; secondly, there were the Misses Dalton, (third), briefly, the widow of a coast-guard lieutenant, who called herself Mrs. Captain Browne; and fourthly, Mr. Simington, an East India merchant, who was believed to have made his fortune long ago, and to keep a business in Leadenhall Street by way of occupying his leisure hours. The architect of the cardinal, the pope of our establishment—in short, the principal boarder, was Mr. Simington, the East India merchant.

He was a stout, rosy man, about forty-five, good-humored and easy-going—disposed to make himself comfortable and keep friends with every body. Mr. Simington was a bachelor too; his two married sisters in Bloomsbury, his three tenders in the city, his nieces in Worcestershire, and his nephews in-East all agreed that was said to be the only point of agreement among them—that Mr. Simington never would marry. Mrs. Somers and her modern sisters showed in themselves of one opinion, whenever occasion served. He was too fond of his comforts, too confirmed in his bachelor ways, ever to change them. And why should Mr. Simington think of marrying at all? It was not a pretty face that would tempt him—he was a great deal too sensible for that; it was not fortune in a family—he had money enough, and did not care for high connections; it was not to have a comfortable home—where could he be better cared for, and more studied, than in Moonford Place? Such was the published conclusion of the fair trio. To Mrs. Captain Browne gave her adhesion now and then; but, like many manifestoes, its true reading was to be made out by contraries for, to my certain knowledge, the four ladies had, every one, private and deeply laid designs on Mr. Simington. He was one of those gentlemen given to pay attentions—I think most men between forty and fifty get given to them. He was a principal topic in the four ladies studying him, the East India merchant could scarcely do otherwise; so he paid attentions to each of the four, managing to be standing in the breeze, giving the largest share to my respected aunt, the first to be in my way. Sometimes, and the third to the maiden sisters, whose claims he balanced with such even-handed justice that both were equally sure of his love. It is easier conceived than which compels me to declare there was not a pretty face in the quartette.

I had an interior in the shape of Bessy, the orphan niece. Bessy was sixteen; but it would have been high treason against my aunt's crown and dignity, and brought down lightnings and thunders from the three next in command, to have called Bessy a young lady at sixteen. In fact, she did double duty in our establishment, filling at once the offices of dredge and little girl. Bessy was the child of a poor domestic drudge of our own female servant, Sally Stalks, whom my aunt called to sight. At what particular epoch Sally had might have served as a model to the workers in wax, but for the light of its long glittering blue eyes, which it could command at will, and the self that would go into wavy ringlets however clipped and combed. —all helped out the illusion, which her cruel did their best to promulgate by always speaking of Bessy as that poor child. My aunt was accustomed to say that she never knew which she pitied most as she would grow up, and the expense her education would be when Bessy was old enough to be sent to a finishing-school. The good lady was to do wonders for her protégée, when the proper period of womanhood arrived; but she considered it decidedly sinful to put notions of dress and vanity in children's heads. Bessy was never allowed to appear in the drawing-room except in the capacity of duster; and as she got nothing but old dresses shortened, the orphan niece went out only with messages to the green-grocer on week-days, and to evening church on Sundays with the maid.

My Aunt Somers always allowed that I was a young man of well-regulated mind—and she was

right. On that prudent principle I did my best to think Beauy a child, though it sometimes struck me that going to bed in broad daylight on a summer evening, when there was a little dancing-party in the drawing-room, could not be to her taste; and I could not help fancying how well she would look in a long muslin frock and ringlets among the young ladies. The same judicious inclination to what was ordered and expected made me bow down before Mr. Sinnington. Oh, the warning of slippers, the shaving of walnuts, the last glass of that went on for that old gentleman in cold winter evenings! and the dulling on his seat when he came home from his summer rambles, as though the East India merchant had been three prodigals rolled into one! What well-governed youth could not have prostrated himself in spirit before such manifest superiority? so I towed down to Mr. Sinnington, served him, read to him, kept feeding my awe and worship, it sometimes occurred to me that he went out very regularly on Sunday evenings, just after Beauy and the maid set forth to church; that he must have taken a particular fancy to the green-grocer my own partisanship, as I often noticed him lingering near the shop; and probably sent intimations of his good-will by Beauy. For more than once I espied him pressing a penny chill on the stairs, and evidently intending not to be seen.

I had heard that great men were often eccentric, and doubtless these were the eccentricities of Mr. Sinnington; but as his peculiarities were not to be observed by an optician's apprentice, I made no report on the subject, and nobody else appeared to have taken note of them. Those things are by no not precisely say how long. The ladies were every day getting stronger in their public convictions of Mr. Sinnington's perpetual and unbounded more resolute in carrying on their private designs. I could live with him to one or two and twenty years, it was the best in every body's eyes but those of the other three. The summer was drawing to a close, and the extraordinary progress of the establishment. The four had been up most of the preceding night making his carpet-bag and packing delicacies for his reflection in steamer and train, and giving him good advice against catching cold and rheumatism. No wonder he looked tired over the abundant breakfast devoted to his service —so should any man if half so well taken care of. Mr. Sinnington, who mightily liked a joke, and complements that morning; the ladies, one and all, heard my name called in somewhere, and thought he so dull till he came back; and I saw Beauy in the deepest frock she had—by-the-by, it was also the shortest—steal past the window as if to be out of sight; she was doubtless bound for the green-grocer's. Nobody thought of her at the leave-taking, which was extraordinary. Mr. Sinnington, apprehensive of night fair hawn's own matters to be remembered; the address and wishes he got were all for the unveil all the travelers that ever crossed the Tweed; but at length the ceremony came to a close, and he cab drove away with him and his carpet-bag.

An hour or so afterward a ring at the door-bell, and enough to make my hair stand on end, I opened and listen. That was Mr. Sinnington's name I heard my name called in a kind of a yell. I had left the ladies talking in the breakfast-parlor, and there I found them on my rapid descent, gathered round Mrs. Sinnington, who clutched convulsively a pair of weddings-cards, while she questioned the waiter of the Barnsbury Hotel.

"It took place, Ma'am, about one hour ago," said that messenger of fate, making great efforts to preserve his gravity. "Miss Somers dressed at our house, and I must say looked uncommonly well in her white silks and nice bonnet. My missus went to church with them. It was a special license, you see. Mr. Ross, the gentleman as always stops with us, and knowed Mr. Sinnington from a boy, was the bride away; and, indeed, Ma'am, she got through it wonderfully. I went to see it myself, havin' a great likin' for marriages. The happy pair, I may say, waited on by the four; they've off to Scotland, Ma'am, by the Great Northern. But Mr. Ross is to do the needful over the cards; and says he, tippin' me half a crown, this a gentleman, as he is: 'Waiter, says he, 'run with these to Mr. Sinnington's, as has left the hotel to the earliest intelligence, for Mr. Sinnington was her principal boarder.'"

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

The full return of the election has not yet come in. It seems likely that Bell has carried Missouri and Kentucky; that Douglas has carried Virginia; that Breckinridge has a majority in Georgia, in which State, however, the opposition of electors is made by the Legislature, where no candidate has a majority of the popular vote. Four out of the eight *non-Seward* States are said to be so that he carries every Northern State on the Atlantic side. The majority for Lincoln in Pennsylvania will be over 60,000; in this State, about 35,000; in Indiana 15,000.

MR. LINCOLN ON THE TROUBLES IN THE SOUTH.

Disputes from Chicago and Springfield as to the policy of the President-elect with regard to the existing troubles in the South. Mr. Lincoln, it appears, does not design to give to the country any fresh exposition of his views and opinions upon the important questions which now convulse the country. His sentiments, as declared in his speech at the Cooper Institute in New York, and in Judge Douglas, and in the acceptance of the nomination for President at the Chicago platform, are referred to as embracing the principles and policy of his administration.

THE LEGISLATURE OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

The Legislature of South Carolina adjourned on 12th, having passed an act calling a Convention to take counsel respecting the duties of the State in this crisis; the Convention to meet on 17th December, the election to be held on 6th. An act was also passed providing for the cost of enlisting the banks to hold a certain proportion of specie to their liabilities. The greatest excitement prevails at Charleston, Columbia, and in the other towns of the State; and the the domains enslaved is rampant.

THE LEGISLATURE OF GEORGIA.

The Legislature in this State is in session. A bill appropriating $1,000,000 to be used at the discretion of the Governor for putting Georgia into a state of defence, passed the House of Representatives by a majority of 130 against 13. It is expected that it will be passed. The Joint Committee have agreed to report a bill for a Convention. Various bills and resolutions have been introduced with a view to the secession of the State, and the resistance of coercion. Opinion, however, seems less unanimous in this State than in South Carolina.

The Georgia Legislature is supposed to meet on 7th.

THE DISUNION CONVENTION IN ALABAMA.

A dispatch dated Montgomery, Alabama, November 15, says:

"The Governor of the State will issue a call for a State Convention to assemble on the 7th January next. He urges the people to prepare for secession.

"I send you the following extract in the letter of Governor Moore. After enumerating the wrongs that the South has suffered from the Federal Government, the Governor believes:—In full view and, I trust, just appreciation of all our obligations and responsibilities, I feel bound to appeal to my God, my State, and the Federal Government—I solemnly declare that, in my opinion, the only and true and secure security for Alabama and other slaveholding States is to secede from the Union. I deprecate the necessity of coming to such a conclusion. It has been forced upon me, and I live in the hope that the North will, in some way or other, speedily, fatally heal upon the destruction of institutions vital to the Southern States, unless our constitutional rights we have never disturbed, and who should be our friends—for I will not believe that they are the enemies—remember that Alabama must act and decide the great question of resistance or submission to wrong. To her alone belongs the right or power to decide it for her. She may and should consult with other States, but she must, in the secure sort of action, but still she must decide the question for herself. Her honor demands it. Her safety, her future great and political prosperity demands it. In the impending crisis, I counsel no factious feelings to enter the hearts of my people. Let the spirit of the Revolutionary fathers animate every one, and never will consent to affiliate with or submit to the rule of a Black Republican party. Let us be united, and true to duty toward them and the institution of slavery. They have kept faith with the Union. Let us do the same, and never consent to remain a degraded and dishonored member of it."

THE LEGISLATURE CONVENED IN MISSISSIPPI.

A dispatch dated Jackson, Mississippi, November 13, says: "Governor Pettus has issued a proclamation convening the State Legislature to-day, in view of the present necessity of providing more and better safeguards for the lives, liberties, and property of the people, than the late election and past action of the Northern State Governments promise.

A SPEECH BY MR. WISE.

A dispatch dated Columbia, South Carolina, November 13, says:

"Mr. Keitt was received by the people at twelve o'clock this day. He made an extended speech, which was received with decided acclaim. He said that Mr. Buchanan was a traitor to the South, and should be hung. He also declared that Mr. Lincoln's election was a fact, but he could not accomplish it otherwise, she would throw her sword out the pale of the Constitution and involve all the States in common ruin."

NO NORTHERN VACHTS TO BE ADMITTED INTO SOUTHERN PORTS.

Mayor Micham, on 15th, notified the agents of the Northern vessels lying that he intended to prevent, hereafter, the landing of thereupon passengers unless the steamship companies guaranteed the return of the slaves by the incoming vessels. The agents here have accordingly telegraphed to their owner such guarantee. The owner returns an evasion of an ominous hitherto a semi letter, but now refuses to give the bonds. The vessels are all anticipated destination next winter at the North crowds of passure will flood the Southern ports.

RELIEF FOR KANSAS.

A dispatch dated Atchison, Kansas Territory, November 13, says:

"Three car-loads of provisions arrived here yesterday and to-day for the relief of the destitute in the Kansas territory, making six car-loads within the past week, and one hundred and twenty-five in all. Over $1,000 in cash for present here waiting to be landed from Greenwood, Bolivar, Fredonia, and Iola, in Southern Kansas, and also for Osage City, in Osage county, who have proper credentials from the neighborhood from which they come, and who are appointed by the Relief Committee to receive them. The settlers in Southern Kansas are in a destitute and sad help throughout the winter."

AN HONORABLE EXAMPLE.

The New York correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press* says:

"A fact was communicated to me yesterday of a character so unprecedented in the political annals of this city that I cannot refrain from giving it publication even on my own author, that it deserves to be published and commended to the public gratitude. It is this: Mr. Ross, the first instance in the city where a high Federal officer has refused a position in the Federal Government on account of his political views. Mr. Ross is the General Dix, in the Custom House, soon for resigning upon the ground that he was not the person for the place, and that he was unsatisfactory for the party, and when the person selected as the successful candidate was put in nomination, Mr. Ross informed by the General that he would not permit the retention of a single one of his friends in office, and that for any such object; that the clerks were the business men of the establishment, and were paid and selected by the Government, and that it was an outrage to coerce from that class of business men to devote their time to party campaign. He was opposed to the practice in toto, and would not permit it in his office. Mr. Ross, formerly a Democrat, now of New York, he would not submit to any political requirement following the principles of Democracy in the public interest; but as Mr. Dix, a private citizen, he would thereby give the Democratic candidate a decided advantage, which he did. The thanks of every Government clerk in the employ of the late Secretary of the Treasury and the public act in their behalf. It is worthy the emulation of every permanent officer of Government, and of the Democracy and especially deserving of the heartiest commendation of the press."

PERSONAL.

Solomon Panglossy, who died in is now one hundred and nine years old, walked from the residence of his son-in-law, Mr. Vallandigham, to the polls, on 6th, to the Eighth Ward polls in Cincinnati, and deposited his vote for Douglas and Johnson. The old man was born in the General Washington for President in 1789, and has voted at every Presidential election since, and has never voted for a Democratic candidate, and has therefore voted for President seventeen times.

William Armstrong, a sailor, arrived at Galway in the *Tower Abbey*, fifth ship, with a tale of great misery and suffering. He says he was on the bark *Kitty*, from Newfoundland, bound to Lisbon, when on 15th October the Company was wrecked August 11, by contact with ice, and sank in a few minutes. Captain Valiquette, the mate, and before the bark was crushed and sank; worked several days in the long boat, and finally reached land, after suffering from cold; at last got into clear water, was issued by the crew of the *Tower Abbey*, and landed at Galway. Armstrong and the crew speak in the highest terms of the boat's fate unknown. He was succeed by Equimaux, and the crew of Messrs. Meaghe in Labrador, are known to be John, Newfoundland.

The property of Nicholas Longworth, of Cincinnati, is said to have been ascertained, within a few days, to be as follows: Real estate, $2,000,000; personal property, $1,500,000. Total, $3,500,000.

The gallant Colonel F. W. Lander, of overland wagon-road expedition celebrity, has just been joined in the bonds of matrimony with the only and favorite nephew, Miss Jane M. Davenport. The Rev. Thomas Starr King officiated in the presence of a large party, on Tuesday evening. The happy couple started immediately on an overland expedition to San Jose, to pass the honeymoon at one of the delightful retreats in that valley. It is understood that Mrs. Lander will retire from the stage immediately upon the completion of her present engagements on the Atlantic side.

Young Lincoln, son of the President-elect, now in Harvard College, was, on Wednesday night, called upon by a large body of the students in that institution, and congratulated upon the success of his father.

Miss Harriet Hosmer, who left Boston for Rome about a fortnight since, will be followed next month by Miss Margaret F. Foley, the well-known cameo-cutter and sculptor.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

BRITISH OPINION ON THE ITALIAN QUESTION.

The London *Daily News* publishes the text of the dispatch from Earl Russell to Sir Augustus Paget, Minister at Turin, dated October 27. Lord John says the great question which appears to the British Government to be at issue are these: Were the people of Italy justified in solving the assistance of King of Sardinia to enter them from governments with which they were discontented; and was the King of Sardinia justified in rendering that assistance of his army? His Lordship says her Majesty's Government do not feel justified in declaring that the people of Southern Italy had not good reasons for throwing off the Government of Naples, and for calling on the King of Sardinia. The dispatch closes as follows: Her Majesty's Government do not feel at all upon rather the conflicting prospects of the people building up the edifice of their own freedom, and the natural wishes of their independence amidst the sympathies and good wishes of Europe.

THE QUEEN IN A SHOWER.

One morning last week the Queen, attended by the ladies and gentlemen of the Court, rode out on horseback, and was caught in a heavy shower. Her Majesty was overtaken by a shower of rain. As they were passing the lodge-gate at the Long Walk, the Queen saw two old women who were standing near asked if they might be permitted to offer her Queen and her lady in waiting shelter from the weather. The offer was graciously accepted by her Majesty. Short-ly after the Queen and her lady in waiting therefore were brought back to the young gentlemen by Lord Alfred Paget, the Queen's Master of the Horse, and the gentlemen on the obverse side of a sovereign, which the Queen presented to each of the old women, expressive of their sense of the kindness which they had shown to time in having them appended to their wretched dwelling. The women were highly pleased with the present, though ignorant of the value of their gold watches: The names of the worthy subject of her Majesty's bounty are Mrs. Mary Ann Mercier for Stafford, both pupils in the house of Mr. Waite.

FRANCE.

PRIGHTFUL CRIME AND SUICIDE.

The Lyons *Courrier* of 10th, has the scene of a frightful crime. At about seven o'clock in the evening of the previous day, a murder was first discovered by a Mademoiselle Jeanne, daughter of the proprietor. The deed was perpetrated on the person of a rich, meticulously broken open, and a horrible spectacle presented itself. On the floor, in the midst of blood, lay that of Mademoiselle Jeanne, aged 15, and the other that of Mademoiselle Rosalie, the elder sister of the host. The first event is said to have taken place under the following circumstances: The young girl, during the absence of Gaspiol had given rise to many complaints since he had left the house, and had received a severe reprimand. Madame Brunet had determined on dismissing him, and two days before the murder had given him notice of it. His leaving made an affair of marriage to the daughter is also said to have been opposed by the parents, but that, as well as it may, he appears to have decided on taking vengeance on the family. On the evening of the 9th, however, he contrives to introduce himself into the room of the unfortunate young girl, and there knows for her sister, and diminishes her charms. After having locked the door and taken out the key, he proceeds to the work of murder. The first man declared a proof at the breast of his victim, and immediately fell dead. The second blow followed. The death of both must have been instantaneous. Four pistol shots were then fired by the murderer, probably with a view of making himself sure. During the whole of the day the house was deserted by the servants, who dared not. It was found necessary to place sentinels at the door.

ITALY.

THE BATTLE OF GARIGLIANO.

According to the Neapolitan accounts, Cialdini was beaten by the Neapolitans on the great line at Garigliano; some illegible glorying his troops as high as two thousand killed and wounded, and five guns. Official dispatches from Turin say these assertions are completely false. The Neapolitans are defeated at all points.

Capua was attacked on the 1st, and capitulated on the following night.

The Naples correspondent of the London *Daily News* telegraphs as follows:

"NAPLES, *November* 2, 1860.

"Capua capitulated to-day, and the troops have the honors of war, but lay down their arms at the Porta di Napoli. The Royal Family and the Consulate of the French.

Gaeta was nothing as to Victor Emanuel's visit to Naples.

The London *Daily News* of the 31st ult. says the Emperor of the French has placed four ships-of-the-line before Gaeta, with orders to take no attack on that fortress by Admiral Persano, and if necessary to sink his ships. Under these circumstances, it is difficult to take as true the part in the approaching siege of Gaeta. The Lonon *Daily News* correspondent at Naples says that the Neapolitans and Swiss troops must not be allowed to remain a victim to the fury of the populace of Naples.

The Pope has issued a decree, in which he says that his approaching siege of Gaeta. The London *Daily News* correspondent at Naples says that the Neapolitans and Swiss troops must not be allowed to remain a victim to the fury of the populace of Naples.

Capua had been definitely occupied by Garibaldi's troops.

THE VOTING AT NAPLES.

A newspaper correspondence writes: "To-day of voting at Naples commenced in the most unprecedentedly cordial desire. By a strange coincidence a number of the Neapolitan Guards, on Count Cavour's side, are mounting guard at the doors of the voting-rooms.

Field Marshal Lecchi, and in a few minutes the distinguished General Garibaldi, with Signor Crispi. At eight in the morning the National Guard voted in a body, before the Municipal Council, and the Syndic declared that they might take up their positions in the different quarters of the town, and commence their peaceful functions for the day. There was very little apparent excitement about the town. No more Bagh than usual were hung out; a few addresses to the people were posted on the walls urging them to vote, but attracted little attention, and the streets certainly were not more, if so much, crowded than on an ordinary bright Sunday. On the other hand, if there was little noisy excitement, there was a look of genuine determination on almost every visible countenance. In the twelve sections of the city there were twelve polling-places, six almost all in the Chiaia district, such as the portico of the Church of San Vincenzo di Paola; before the Palace; or the Albergo del Povori, on the Cavetta Road. In front of the booth there were a few footmen and carriages, and a scarlet cloth on which was worked in letters of gold the question which the people were called to vote on: "Il Popolo vuole l'Italia una ed indivisibile, con Vittorio Emanuele Re constitutionale, e suoi legittimi discendenti." Over the booth was the popular motto inscribed, but this was not the only occasion of the kind. The preparations for voting were of the simplest kind. On a low platform there was a cylindrical box shaped like a hat-box, with a hole in the top pierced, and either side two large wooden tubes were placed—the one on the right for the votes of yes, and that with the word inscribed "no," the other, on the left, for the "No" tickets. Round the urn was a table, at which were the Chief of the district, or alderman of the ward, was seated, with a broad tricolor scarf over his shoulder, and attended by one or three officials in full dress. Behind the table, again, were two or three benches for friends or friends of the authorities, or foreigners, were allowed to seat themselves. As each person voted his name was shouted by the scrutator, authorizing him to vote; was asked by the President if he had voted before, if he was of age, and if he had a ticket, which he dropped into the urn; and then passed out by a door behind, which led through the garden into a road. At all the booths the proceedings were quiet and orderly in the extreme. Even the Prince, who had just returned to Naples, was vociferously cheered by the crowd as he went up to give his vote; and the famous Strangford, the brother of the Neapolitan people, was allowed to vote, and was received with the greatest cordiality and good-will by the admirers. Two Garibaldian soldiers appeared at the booth, and by writing their names on the register showed that they believed that the enumeration was ridiculous. The Garibaldian soldiers were very few; the number of "No" voters was very small. At the Albergo del Povori there were only 30 "No"—and yet by a given by old pensioners, who said they had eaten the king's bread for years, and would not condemn him now; and the others by two tradesmen who had been purveyors to the late King. At the close of the voting in the hospital for Negroes, with the exception of two privateers, the returns from which are still wanting, were as follows:

Ayes	1,102,489
Noes	10,312

GARIBALDI AND THE STRONG WOMAN.

There is at Naples an immense, strong woman, about twenty years old, named Donna Vincenza, commonly designated—I am unable to tell why—as La. S. Giovanni. She is a native of Procida, and is much admired by many of the lower classes, where they sing in and have a song in her honor. She is known as a Lodesana in the pair of bald-and-be-t. This woman is the great popular tribune of the people, and it is said that when his own cabinet adopted the measure implicitly followed her guidance. On Garibaldi's arrival at once proposed to make her a baron, and was most cordially received, because Garibaldi generally likes a woman who can drink wine like a man, such as S. Giovanni and the like. She often goes into the wine shops, and, to encourage the people, drinks with them; but they hope not to be about thirty pounds, among them the Garibaldi, and the Garibaldi, and the Garibaldi, interviews with Garibaldi. He was not in the best position to receive her in his own house. He had been sent to the mountains with typhoid fever, and did not wish to see anyone; but on being informed that the strong woman was in the ante-room, he ordered her to be brought in. The strong woman came, and, on seeing the General, fell on her knees before him, in the presence of the Dictator, Prince Pallavicini, and many other officers, he said to her, "Now give me a kiss, and I will make you a baron." She replied that she have smoked, and having obtained that the interview was over, left the room. The strong woman drew out almost merely after the usual fashion of her class. A dark, handsome girl, with a profusion of black hair, and no sitting on her head. By her side she carries two revolvers and a dagger. Her dress is also very peculiar and very little. She has a severe, but cold-chilled expression. She is born in Ischia, and is a native of that island. When she shakes hands with you at parting she seems to look upon you as a personal enemy, and has, in fact, a way of understand one another. In consequence therefore of her peculiar manners, and the other circumstances of her life, she has been declared the right of voting, an exception has been made in favor of Donna Marianna, and she has deposited her "Sì" in the urn along with Peretz, Spaventa, Cappelli, and the rest of the Neapolitan Liberals. Garibaldi, who has been declared a citizen of Naples, and has been elected to the parliament of Naples. The p.o-Director, Pallavicini, did the same. It is impossible to learn what the Dictator's opinion is on the subject at the moment when Garibaldi traversed the city in an open carriage with the Prince Pallavicini. Every body seemed to take him. Every body wished to touch him. Prolonged cheers followed him. The Garibaldi, and the Garibaldi, and the Garibaldi, and the Garibaldi, and the Garibaldi, and the Garibaldi, where he remained until night.

AUSTRIA.

THE NEW AUSTRIAN POLICY.

According to a correspondence received from Berlin, Prince Metternich has appointed to M. Thouvenel the Austrian Note, which is to be presented to the Cabinet:

1. The interior policy of every State being intimately connected with its external policy, Austria will claim with sincerity the reforms announced by the *Diploma* of the 20th October.

2. Notwithstanding the complications in Italy, Austria will maintain a large line of defensive in the present armaments and concentration of troops in Venetia have no other object than to secure the integrity of her States.

3. Austria will not abandon the system of non-intervention.

4. Austria considers that the assembling of a congress would not have for object a practical solution of the Italian question unless the great Powers agree beforehand on a common programme, of which, however, there is little likelihood.

SPAIN.

SPANISH OPINION ON THE ITALIAN QUESTION.

Marshal O'Donnell, in Cortes on the 29th, referred that the Italian question would remain in the hands of Italy. He also protested against the double expressed of the Pope's temporal power, and declared that the Spanish Government would announce to the Senate that Rome would preserve from any assault by the Spanish troops, and would be chosen by the Spanish in the affairs of Italy.

SPANISH BOGUS.

The Bayonne *Messager* states that a child fifteen months old, belonging to Protestant parents of that city, died a few days ago. The Curé of the parish refused to bury it, but that the clergy of the place, on account of the parents' religion, refused to bury it. The body was carried to the official father set out with the corpse to Urtubie, and there arriving at 4 o'clock in the morning, he found the cemetery closed, and the gates locked and barred against him. While waiting for the permission he was compelled to deposit the child in the porch of a lodge near the cemetery house, on the lonely of the Bishop; and the chief on duty had plied him with questions. "If it is so hasty you did not your permission I will have the body cast into the river." Fortunately for the priest, the gate-keeper arrived in the morning father having brought his child's remains into France, had them interred with Christian rite in a cemetery.

CHINA.

CAPTURE OF THE TAKU FORTS.

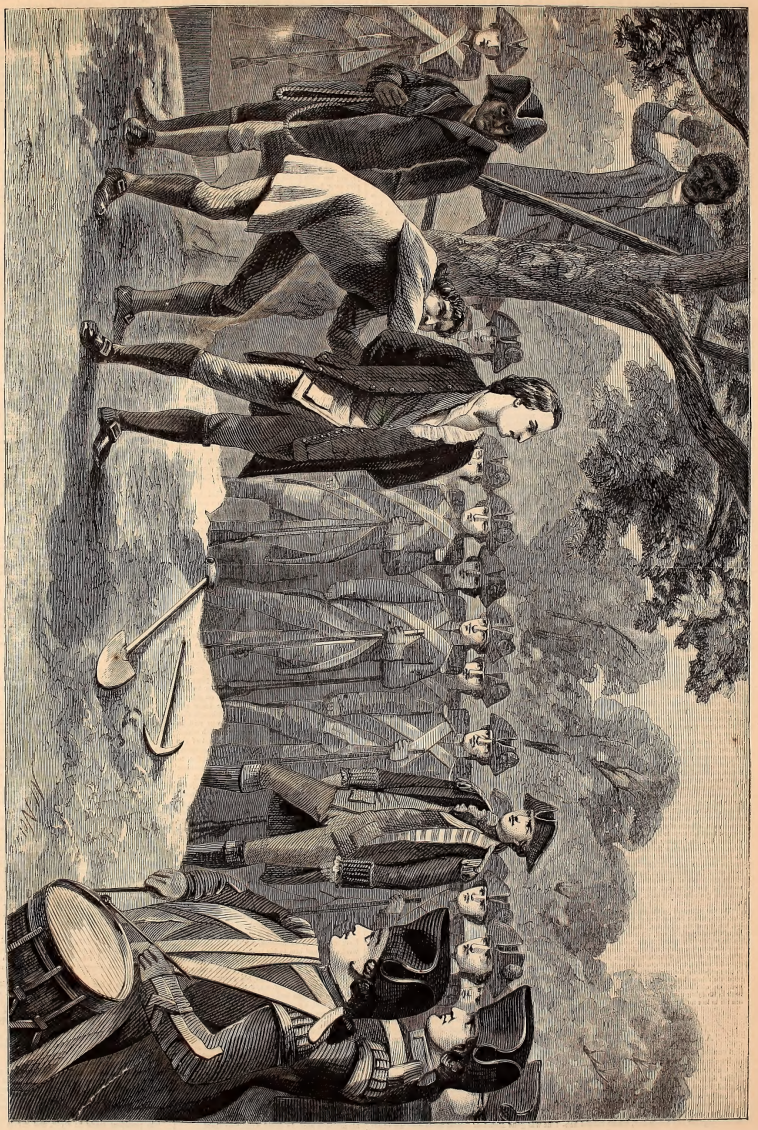
On the 31st August the Allies, after a vehement resistance, carried the Taku forts, the important of the Taku forts. Two hundred French and two hundred English were put *hors de combat*. One thousand Tartars killed were found in the fort, among whom was the General-in-chief. The other forts surrendered successively the same evening.

The capitulation gave the Allies the whole country as far as Tien-Tsin, and six hundred horse guns of large calibre.

The Ambassadors proceeded to Tien-Tsin, where Chinese Commissioners were awaited their arrival.

It was reported that the Ambassadors would soon proceed to Pekin, with a cavalry escort.

MEMORIES OF THE UNION—SERGEANT JASPER RAISING THE SOUTH CAROLINA FLAG ON SPRING HILL REDOUBT, SAVANNAH, OCTOBER 9, 1779.—[SEE PAGE 746.]



MEMORIES OF THE UNION—EXECUTION OF NATHAN HALE ON THE SITE OF EAST BROADWAY, CORNER OF MARKET STREET, NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 21, 1776.—[SEE PAGE 746.]

PATRIOTS OF THE OLDEN TIME.

We publish on the two pre-ceding pages a couple of pictures which will stir the patriotic blood in every true American's heart. The first represents that thrilling scene in the career of Sergeant Jasper, of South Carolina, when he gave up his life for his country; the other the final act in the glorious career of Nathan Hale, of Connecticut, who, when called upon to make the same sacrifice, regretted that he had but one life to surrender for his native cause. A very few words will recall the scenes to the mind of our readers.

Sergeant Jasper first rose to public notice at the time of the attack on Fort Moultrie, in the Harbor of Charleston, on 28th June, 1776. He was serving with his Regiment—the 2d South Carolina Regiment—in the fort when the British ships took up their positions and opened fire. At the commencement of the action a ball from a British vessel struck the flag-staff on the fort, and the Crescent Flag of South Carolina fell upon the wash of shells. Jasper leaped upon the parapet, walked the whole length of the fort, under a hail of shot and shell from the ships, picked up the flag, fastened it upon a sponge staff, and fixed it anew firmly upon the bastion; then leaped back unhurt among the cannoneers. For this gallant exploit he was offered the rank of lieutenant, but refused, saying that he was only a sergeant, and not fit to a post of such dignity. A short while afterward he succeeded, by an ingenious stratagem, in rescuing a prisoner named Jones from the hands of the British, who were about to hang him. The scene of the transaction was a spring near Savannah, which still goes by the name of Jasper's Spring. Jasper's exploit was at the famous attack on Savannah by the combined British and American forces on the 9th October, 1779. Day was just breaking in fog and mist as the French under General D'Estaing, and the American under Lincoln and Pulaski, advanced the abatis, entered the ditch, ran across, and springing upon the parapet, planted their flags there, side by side. The French flag was raised by one of D'Estaing's aids, who soon fell mortally wounded, as also did the officer who held the flag of the Carolina flag. Lieutenant Gray, of the South Carolina Regiment, then sprang upon the parapet, and held the flag till he too was struck down. The place was instantly taken by Sergeant Jasper, who was in the act of planting the flag-staff firmly on the parapet when he was struck in the side, and fell back dying. The flag had been worked for the South Carolina 2d Regiment by Mrs. Sarah Gendell, and had been presented by her to the regiment just after the battle of Fort Moultrie. As Jasper fell, he turned to the Color Party, and said,

"Tell Mrs. Elliott I lost my life supporting the colors she gave to our regiment."

The last days of Nathan Hale is thus told in a note to Washington Irving's "Life of Washington:"

"Born in Coventry, Connecticut, June 6, 1755, he entered Yale College in 1755, and graduated with some distinction in September, 1773, having previously undergone an engagement of marriage; not unlike Andrei in this respect, as well as in his 'Honors' at eighteen. He remained college he engaged as a teacher, as is common with young men in New England while studying for a profession. His half-formed purpose was to devote himself to the military. As a teacher of youth he was eminently skilful, and equally approved by parents and pupils. He became universally popular. 'Every body loved him,' said a lady of his acquaintance, 'he was so handsome, graceful, great, and kind, and so handsome!'

"He was teaching in New London when an express arrived bringing tidings of the outbreak at Lexington. A town meeting was called, and Hale was among the most ardent of the speakers, proposing an instant march to the scene of hostilities, and offering to volunteer. 'A sense of duty,' writes his friend to his father, 'urged me more than every thing for my country.'

"He served in the army before Boston as a lieutenant, prevailing on his company to extend their terms of service by offering him his own pay; and his good conduct received from Congress the commission of captain. He commanded a company in Colonel Charles Webb's regiment in the following year. After the disastrous battle of Long Island Washington applied to that officer for a competent person to penetrate the camp and secure the accurate intelligence of their designs, a service deemed vital in that dreadful emergency. Hale, in the spirit of patriotism, volunteered for the inevitable enterprise, though fully aware of the peril and the consequences of failure.

"Assuming his old character as schoolmaster, he crossed the Sound in a sloop from Norwalk to Huntington, on Long Island, visiting the British encampments unsuspected; made drawings of the enemy's works, and noted down memoranda in Latin of the information he gathered; and then retraced his steps to Huntington, where a boat was to meet him to convey back to the Connecticut shore. Unfortunately a British guard-ship was at that time anchored in view of the bonds, and prevented the boat on shore for water. Hale mistook it for the expected boat, and did not discover his mistake until he found himself in the hands of his enemies. He was stripped and searched; the plan and memoranda were found concealed in the soles of his shoes, and proved him to be a spy.

"He was conveyed to the guard-ship, and thence to New York, where he was landed on the 21st of September, the day of the great fire. He was taken to General Howe's head-quarters, and, after brief parley with his officers, ordered to execution the next morning at day-break—a sentence carried out by the provost-marshal, the brutal and infamous Cunningham, who refused his request for a Bible, and destroyed a letter he had addressed to his mother, for the reason afterward given by himself, 'that the rebels should never know they had a man who could die with such firmness.' His patriot spirit shone forth in his dying words: 'I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country.'"

A BEAUTIFUL DEVIL.

ANGELIQUE TIQUET is the heroine of an old and prolix chronicle, from which is compiled the following true romance:

Her father, Jean Auguste Carlier, having some capital, entered into partnership with a rich old bookseller and jeweler of Metz, whose only child he subsequently married. The old man died soon after the marriage, bequeathing his whole property to his daughter and son-in-law, where carnal lusts its daily added to its bulk. Madame Carlier died eight years after marriage, leaving a daughter of seven (Thin Angelique), and a two-year old son, named Auguste. Carlier did not marry again, but lived for his children. He was a man of some learning, and when the shop was closed in the evening employed himself in teaching his boy and girl, who both had quick abilities. Madame de Remonet, an aunt of the deceased Madame Carlier, had been one of the loveliest women of her time, and, although a widow, had many admirers, who captivated the fancy of a youth of rank, who, in spite of the opposition of his friends, made her his wife, and obtained a post at court. Her beauty, her beauty, wit, and talents for intrigue forced her into favor, in those days, when Anne of Austria, in the name of her regent son, was ruling France, where the standard of public opinion in France demanded, at no high price, that morality should be ignored, therefore, a brilliant and heedless life, until the sudden death of her husband left her with a pension for the support of her only surviving child, she was accustomed. Yet she made no visible change, except to become more reckless in her modes of life, till after the death of her son by a sudden death or estrangement of some of her patrons, and the consequent withdrawal of her pension, and, despite the work of age, caused her to think of some certainty of a home for her declining years. Her relations in Metz had long ceased to correspond with her, but as she knew her brother and niece to be dead, and her nephew to be wealthy, she determined to proceed to Metz, and there, if possible, to find a fixture there. At Metz she was so unlucky to her nephew-in-law, so mortified with the children, and resented to be so hypocritical, that Madame Carlier, whose comforts were the greater for her care of it, has bestowed considerable sums upon them. She accepted this offer with tears of gratitude; but as the quiet economy of the household by no means satisfied her taste, she commenced a series of reforms so radical changes in all matters of expenditure. In this attempt, however, she did not succeed. Her brother, through kind and gentle, was firm in many matters, his own master. Yet he was blind to the bad character of the woman who had charge of his children as guide and companion: a woman selfish, rapacious, avaricious, utterly unprincipled, and heartless. Over the children she at once threw the gilded a complete ascendency. Auguste was armed against her with simplicity of character, and him she hated, therefore, with all the power his the tenderest endearments. After three years, during her brother's absence, she succeeded in her turn to Paris. Imposing, therefore, upon Carlier with a specious tale that it was necessary for her to go to the convent of the Ursulines in the town of Metz, but kept her hold upon the mind of Angelique. She induced him to give his daughter the advantages of Paris education, and to place her in the convent of which the nuns were celebrated for proficiency in teaching. Thither Angelique was sent, and she spent all her holidays with her aunt. Carlier went often to Paris after his daughter's removal thither, and was pleased to find that instruction his aunt paid the girl. On one of these occasions he allowed the acute lady to discover that his will was made, and that he had left to his daughter little more than a million of livres, equally divided between her and her daughter, Madame de Remonet sole guardian. He dined with his aunt frequently, and half an hour afterward left in the diligence for Metz. He never saw her again.

He had never been a strong man, the time was mid-winter, the weather terribly severe. His death was ascribed to the cold he had taken on the road in his coeble constitution.

Madame de Remonet would seem to have had a presentiment of the impending catastrophe, for she had every thing ready for a journey when the news arrived, and she set out for Metz, via Strasbourg, without an hour's delay. On their arrival they found Carlier buried, and the passionate grief of Madame de Remonet was the theme of the whole city.

Angélique was now nearly sixteen, exquisitely beautiful, with hair marvelously long and abundant, so that, when let loose, it covered her almost to her feet. Her eyes were of the deepest blue, gleams of light on it, as if sprinkled with gold-dust. So lovely a beauty Madame de Remonet was inspired to make subservient to her wish. She had the sale of Carlier's effects as much as possible, selecting what she thought fit to retain, and in a month after her arrival left Metz for Paris never to Paris with her two young wards. The best apartments in a handsome house in the Faubourg St. Germain, with all the cumbrous luxury of the period, a complete staff of domestics was engaged, and a career of dissipation began for the two orphans, and the young heiress; and among the rest came a young man named Henri St. Chauvert, whose father, the principal agent in Metz, was Carlier's close friend. Henri was clever and energetic, and although disfigured in his face by the small-pox, he ever had who cared for herself alone. Among the crowd were two, especially distinguished: the one by Madame de Remonet, the other by her niece. The first was Monsieur Tiquet, President of the Parliament of Paris, whose relations with Madame had formerly been very intimate. He was old, ugly, and disagreeable. He had by extravagance a large fortune, which he was pro-tuous sinful him. The aunt favored his pretensions; for the president had found himself to pay her a large sum on the day when he should marry Angelique. The girl herself inclined to a young Chevalier de Mongeorges, who was an officer by the King's Guards; handsome, witty, accomplished, and really in love, according to the fashion of the age and country. Mongeorges's family required high birth in his bride, and endeavored to detach him from his mistress. They procured from the King his appointment to a subordinate in a regiment ordered to a remote part of the kingdom; and while he was gone Monsieur Tiquet made good use of his absence. Madame de Remonet assisted efficiently. Angelique was assailed by fêtes and costly gifts. She could not withstand so gallant and priestly an adorer, and in a few weeks became Madame Tiquet.

Passionately adoring his young wife, the president was jealous of her lightest look. As Angelique had been prepared for her married life, in an intimation from her aunt that marriage by a means enriched lovers, she insisted on choosing like a princess, and on entertaining a throng of adorers. Her husband winked at her domesticity, and had become, as worldlifts sometimes do become, miserly, now that he had again a fortune. Constant and hopeless contention was the consequence, and, to make matters worse, Mongeorges, whose friends had been made happy by Angelique's marriage, was ordered to Paris, and became her satellite. Monsieur Tiquet at last refused to supply her with money beyond a very small allowance. She applied then to her aunt, who, by supplying her with funds, still further established ascendency over her. She repeatedly spoke to her new fortunate it would be were Auguste to die; for Monsieur Carlier's will had decreed that if either of his heirs died without issue, the fortune of the deceased should go to the survivor. If both died children, all was to be applied to the use of various charities, and a small sum left to Madame Remonet. Angelique ran into debt; her husband refused positive assistance or assurance her difficulties; and, finally, professed to be unable to supply further demands, advised an application to Monsieur Carlier, who, with his usual composure, acknowledge that she was already his debtor for large sums, which he had heavily involved himself to procure. "But," he added, "I am sure you duly consider the next terrible suggestion. "He is pure and just, but, as you know, he is old and not very maturity. Yet he keeps you, who so much need his money, from a vast deal of enjoyment!"

No more was said then that occasion, but at subsequent interviews the subject was revived. Auguste was a boy of thirteen, delicate and quiet, timid and reserved, shrinking much neglected by his aunt and sister, but loved and sedulously cared for by his father, who he was by his side. In health grew worse and worse. Violent sickness, internal cramps, and racking pains, soon brought him to death's door. Carlier, who for about three months from the time of the first serious attack he died. No one suspected foul play. The boy had been ill before, and was not now exempt the sweats and his utter. Its fortune went to Angélique; and Madame, some days afterward, presented her aunt with two thousand livres and a magnificent Cashmere shawl.

Monsieur Tiquet, somewhat mollified by his wife's increase of fortune, conceded to her many of her demands, and relaxed somewhat of his vigilance. Gradually Angelique took to live in her own society that at last Monsieur Tiquet gave his parole, who was a Cassan named Catellain, strict orders not to permit the entrance of his mistress, unless in company with himself, or on showing a written order from him. Angelique, who thought no man to her list of lovers, still was free to attend revels and masquerades, until her husband, disgusted with her extravagance, dismissed him, and himself kept the keys.

Of course Madame de Remonet was again taken into council (a well paid), and, in accordance with her advice, Angélique ceased opposition to her husband's wishes, pretended to regain his confidence. As if to crown his happiness, a little girl was now born, and the consequent seclusion of the young mother gave the president reason to hope that for the future all was well. But with Angélique's returning health returned her taste for pleasure, and her fascinations in her manner to her husband, but she now and then insisted on attending places of entertainment at which he knew she must meet Mongeorge. Cattelain, although dismissed from the president's service, was still in that of the lady, and was bribed to connive which he set up a sort of cabaret in a remote part of the town. To that house, as was afterward discovered, Angelique frequently went in disguise to meet Mongeorge and others. About the same time Madame de Remonet's daughter was forming the bonds of Paris, and drew—as the spiritualists now draw—crowds of all ranks to her séances. Among the applicants bestowed the strongest on an acquaintance, where there was assembled a large party of both sexes, and displayed so much animation that Madame de Remonet, who had a particularly pleasant bad received. Her answer was afterward brought to her by the lady herself.

"Yes," said she, "I have been to the fortune-teller, and she has solemnly assured me that I shall be released from my husband by the death of the great plague of my life. Of course I knew that must be Monsieur Tiquet; so I besought her to say if I should be soon. She said it only depended on myself perfectly happy; but she would do no more than answer what I was told. However, the thought that he may soon die is something to live for."

At this time Monsieur Tiquet was recovering from a severe illness, which had for several weeks confined him to his room, where he was attended by a valet, named Servin, as old as himself, who had lived with him thirty years, and who, looking with disfavor upon his young mistress, interested more of her ways than she supposed.

A certain regimen had been prescribed for the invalid, of which a strong broth, to be taken at noon, formed a portion. Angelique, who was now become becoming a domestic wife, insisted on preparing this broth herself. Servin had his own views on this proposal, and resolved to mature stratagem by stratagem. On the first day of Angélique's acting as cook, the valet took a pot dog of the president's, a pretty white spaniel, and shut it into his own chamber. Taking care to be in the way at the right moment, he took the broth for her hands to carry to his master; but on his way to the sick-room visited his own, and pouring at least half the contents of the bowl on a plate, set it before the dog, and again shut him up. When he reached his master's room he found Angélique there.

"Where have you delayed?" she asked.

"I spilt some of the soup, Madame, and could not appear before my master till I had changed my coat, which was splashed."

"Ah!" The cry was from Angélique, and was caused by Servin, whose foot slipped on the waxed and slippery margin beyond the carpet, that he fell and broke the bowl. Angélique was enraged, but her anger only convinced the valet more that he was right in his suspicion. Yet to his astonishment the dog did not suffer, but continued perfectly well. Meanwhile he had eaten the whole portion allotted to him. The valet was therefore obliged to conclude that no poison had been mixed in the soup. Angélique continued to prepare it, and Servin persevered in always taking out a portion for the dog before he gave it to his master. It was excellent, and both the dog and his master appeared the better for it. So things went on for about three weeks, when Servin, on taking the broth from his mistress one day, fancied that he discovered a bitterness in the taste of it. He tasted it again in his hearing, too, she ordered her footman to accompany her directly, on a visit to Madame de Remonet. Servin hastened to feed the dog, having determined to make sure that his mistress was gone out. He was in the act of pouring out the broth when an angry exclamation startled him, and he saw his master standing by.

"Do you dare to give my luncheon to the dog?" he said; and made Servin precede him to his chamber, where he sent himself before the tray. An old dog, the valet resentful to his lips the fatal of valet arrested his hand.

"Do not taste it, my dear master," he said; "it is poisoned."

"What do you say?"

"Your words are true."

Servin brought in the dog and gave him all the broth. Not a word was spoken either by master or servant for about a quarter of an hour, during which the dog, heavy with a full meal, had gone to sleep before the fire. At last it seemed to awaken, howled, rolled, and died. After writhing in convulsions, and was violently sick. In a minute more the dog was dead.

There was now no doubt of Angélique's intention, but the old president implored Servin, with tears, not to expose her to justice. The valet was easily promised, on condition that his master never after ate drank any thing but what he himself prepared and brought. It was resolved between them to conceal their knowledge of the attempt as far as possible, and to watch Angélique to believe that the broth had been taken by her husband, who would feign illness. He therefore retired to bed, and was scarcely there when Angélique returned.

"I'm ill!" she exclaimed; "I hope you are not worse!"

He made no answer, but Servin, in a whisper, told her that his master had suddenly become very ill, and that perfect quiet would be necessary for a few days. During which days Angélique was left unmolested, and was not, but, to what she would, for she was not to be quiet. But if she desired him to fetch any thing, he had it at hand in a closet, or rang for another servant, saying that the doctor had ordered him never to leave his master for an instant. On the evening of the second day the valet had gone to the cupboard for something, and the president, fancying he left them, asked for a glass of eau sucrée. Angélique flew to a table, stirred in a powder she took from something from a little bottle which she hastily replaced in the bosom of her dress.

The glass was suddenly taken from her hand. A half-stifled scream betrayed her terror; but Servin, dispensing with all ceremony, led her from the room, and, locking the chamber-door, handed them, said sternly,

"This and much longer, Madame; you have put something by mistake into my master's eau sucrée. I must learn from the physician what it is. Two days ago you made a similar mistake with Monsieur's broth; but as it was Fifine who drank it, that did not so much matter, except that the dog died in such a thing!" He paused answer, but steadying herself against the balustrade of the staircase, looked at the valet with a scornful eye. "Madame sees that to preserve my master from such accidents in future it is necessary that I should take the food and tea which he himself prepares." Servin, touching the glass. "But it would simplify matters amazingly if Madame would be so obliging as to drink the phial which is in the folds of her dress."

"You will not betray me!"

"On one condition, Madame, I will not. You must leave the care of my master altogether to me, and be content to see him and me and you make nervous mistakes which might be fatal. In future, I shall make the drinks, and, further, you will not leave the house. I shall be most carefully aside, with this glass, lest, in an unhappy moment of forgetfulness, something might occur which would render it necessary for me to produce them."

He had scarcely spoken when she dashed the glass from his hand, and the contents, mingled with the shattered fragments, fell through the balustrades, and rained on the staircase beneath them.

"I promise what you ask," she said, with a flash of triumph in her eyes. "The phial contains only an eye-wash."

The valet shook his head.

"You can not come into my master's chamber again, Madame, if you do—"

He paused, and returned to the president, who had seen the beginning of the affair, and who now sat up in the bed trembling with anxiety.

"Again!" he asked.

"Again; but I have explained to Madame that she must come here no more." The wretched old president cast himself down on the pillow moaning.

"Calm yourself, Monsieur," said the valet; "I will not say any thing of this unless it should become necessary."

The president made no reply, and Servin pro-

ceeded to arrange the room for the night: taking his own place in an arm-chair beside the bed.

The night wore on, and when the old man fell asleep at about midnight, Servin felt inclined to follow his example. Yet an undefined fear warned him to be watchful. He arose from the chair and moved about the room, opening the curtains, and gazing out into the dark and stormy night; he stirred the fire and placed himself beside it, trimming the lamp, and taking up a book; but he could hear Angélique, whose apartment adjoined that of her husband, moving cautiously about, and he was unable to fix his attention on the pages. Presently the sounds in her chamber ceased; nothing was to be heard save the moan of the wind without, and the crackling of the fresh wood he had piled on the hearth. He felt that the desire to sleep was overcoming him, and, casting about for means of rousing himself, it occurred to him to make some coffee. Noiselessly opening the door, he listened for a moment at Angélique's door; all was still there; he peered through the keyhole, but there was no light within, except from the flicker of her dying fire. Feeling that all was safe, he returned to his master's chamber, and taking a light, trod carefully along the corridor, and down the staircase to the lower story, to get the articles he needed.

Scarcely had he reached the lowest step when Angélique's door opened without a sound, and she looked over the balustrades at him: she had either been in bed, or was ready for bed, for a long white night-dress was her only covering. She entered her husband's room. Approaching the table on which his drink for the night was set, she removed the stopper from the carafe, and poured into it the whole contents of a bottle she carried. At this moment she heard Servin approaching; he was ascending the stairs, she saw the reflection from the light he carried on the ceiling of the room. She could not regain her chamber unobserved, but remembering that she had pulled her door close as she came out, she darted toward a large closet in her husband's room, lined with fixed wardrobes, and opening the door of one of these, stepped lightly in.

She had scarcely shut the door upon herself when Servin entered the outer room and shut himself in. She drew before her some of the garments which hung from the pegs, and cautiously settling herself into an endurable position, could hear Servin making and drinking his coffee. Presently Monsieur Tiquet began to mumble indistinctly, and to toss his arms and head. Anon the mutterings became incoherent, sharply-uttered words; at length a fierce delirium came on. Servin took his master's hand: it was like fire to the touch. The sick man called for drink, and Servin, who had taken especial care in the preparation, hastened to give him some—but to his surprise found the stopper out of the carafe!

Now he distinctly knew that he had replaced this stopper; a slight circumstance had impressed the fact on his mind; it had fallen from his hand upon the table, and had made a noise which had startled his master from his first sleep.

He laid down the half-filled glass and filled another with pure water, which the president drank eagerly. Then, going into the corridor, Servin went to Angélique's door; it was closed, but not latched, and yielded to his touch. The fire was nearly out when he looked in, but, as his eyes became used to the half-twilight, he saw that the bed coverings were turned down, and that the bed was unoccupied. He called to his mistress, supposing that she might be in the dressing-room, but when no answer was returned he came back. He was sure that Angélique had entered her husband's chamber while he was first absent. He looked under the heavy valance of the bed, and examined every portion of the furniture under or behind which she might be. Last of all, he went to the closet, and, as if by instinct, pulled open the leaf of the wardrobe and drew aside the president's robe of office, under which the guilty woman lay.

Her eyes met his, and without a word she rose and stepped from her hiding-place to the floor.

"Madame, you have broken the agreement. You can not blame me if I now take measures to prevent any injury either to my master or myself. You must not leave this room till the physician, for whom I shall instantly send, shall have decided whether or no there be poison in the carafe the stopper of which I know was put in by me, but which I found lying on the table."

The most abject entreaties succeeded Angélique's first speechless terror, but Servin was deaf to her prayers. In the rage which quickly supervened, when she flung herself on him in her endeavors to escape, her strength was no match for his; yet the struggle was long before he at last got her into the closet, which had no window, and there locked her in.

As soon as he had done that he proceeded to awaken one of the men-servants and sent him for the physician. His master was alarmingly worse; his thin voice was raised in fearful screams; his whole frame was agitated by vain struggles to get up.

"Did you dare to kill my beautiful wife?" he asked.

"Lie down, Monsieur. I assure you that Madame is safe. She prefers to await the doctor's opinion in your wardrobe closet; she is too much agitated to come near your bed."

The president stared at him, as if trying to comprehend his words, and then, with a heavy sigh, sank back exhausted. Dawn was breaking when the doctor arrived. Having first attended to the patient, who was quiet, though still wandering in mind, he listened while Servin detailed his suspicions and the causes which had aroused them, and finally produced the carafe, filled with clear amber fluid, at the bottom of which a white sediment had settled.

By noon on the ensuing day all Paris was in a ferment. The intelligence was in every mouth that Madame Tiquet, for an attempt upon her husband's life, was in prison and awaiting trial. The Chevalier Mongeorge, also, who had been until near midnight at the Hôtel Tiquet, was under arrest, and so was Angélique's maid. The girl had in her terror confessed all she knew, which was not a little. She declared that her mistress had frequently gone, accompanied by her, to the cabaret of Cattelain, whence she brought sometimes powders, sometimes liquids, which she told the girl were cosmetics that Cattelain's mother taught him to prepare. But the woman had watched, and had seen her mistress put portions of these things into the food of an Angora cat, and into the drinking-vessels of birds; and they had all died. On one occasion the girl had been about to drink some soup which stood in a bowl on her mistress's table, but had only taken one or two mouthfuls, when the lady came in, and was greatly enraged: throwing away the remaining contents of the basin. The maid was terribly ill for two days after that. At another time Angélique had sent her to Cattelain's with a sealed letter, on receipt of which the man had delivered her a bottle which was the one now produced. It had been full when she gave it to her mistress; now it was empty. Cattelain had said to her, "Be discreet, and you do not know what a great lady you yet may be. Some day, soon, that old fox Tiquet will die, and I shall marry Madame. We shall find you a good husband with money." She had believed him to be jesting, and had laughed; on which he had seemed angry, and told her to make haste home.

When she gave the bottle to her mistress the latter had kissed it, and said, "I have herewith to punish all my enemies and make myself free. Have a care that you do not offend me." The girl had then asked her mistress what the phial contained? On which she replied, "Enough to prevent half a dozen men from ever feeling a headache again. Something to cure Monsieur Tiquet's asthma and jealousy at one draught." This had occurred five days ago. She said she had been afraid to tell, although she knew that it was poison which Cattelain had sent. On the day after the scene above described she said to her mistress that she thought she must tell some one of what she knew, for it lay heavy on her conscience; on which Angélique had made her swear to keep it secret: telling her that if she did not do so she should have some of the poison herself: and that if she told, she would bring punishment on her own head, for she was now in the eyes of the law as criminal as herself. This, she said, had kept her silent. On her deposition Cattelain was arrested. In his house were found poisons of various kinds. In one bottle, from which she said he had poured what he had given her, was a preparation of arsenic and aconite, which the physician who attended the president declared to be the same that was contained in the carafe of night drink.

Angélique, who quite recovered her audacity and self-possession, resisted all entreaties to confess her crime, avowing that nothing should induce her falsely to condemn herself, and cast a stigma on her child. She declared that the whole charge was a conspiracy between Servin and her maid, who had an intrigue together; that Servin had ruled his master before marriage, was jealous of her influence, and had taken this method of getting rid of her. The torture by water was applied to her, but she bore its agony with firmness. In the same chamber Cattelain was stretched on the rack, and for some time bore the torture without flinching; but as greater force was applied, he yelled, and made a full confession. He avowed that Madame had promised to marry him when her husband should be dead, and that as he himself was jealous of Mongeorge, he had meant to poison that person as soon as he could find an opportunity.

It was plain that Mongeorge, who had been arrested, was only guilty in his love for Angélique, and he was at once set free. He immediately repaired to the Hôtel Tiquet, and enforced admittance to the president, who was restored to his senses, though prostrate with shame and grief. To him Mongeorge confessed that he loved Angélique, and swore never again to see her if her husband would aid him to endeavor to procure her pardon. The president agreed. His passion for his wicked wife was strong, and Mongeorge drew up in his presence a petition, which he signed. Then the chevalier departed to seek audience of the King, with whom he was a favorite.

It was of no avail: the King was kind in manner, but inflexible. The crime of poisoning had fearfully increased, and he was advised, most urgently, to punish the first poisoner who could be brought to justice. Moreover, Mongeorge's relatives, who were of great consideration, having learned that the chevalier was about to intercede for Angélique, had been beforehand with him, and had besought that the law might be enforced. Pitying the young man's despair, the King again sent him from Paris, that he might not be in the way to witness Angélique's trial and execution. Perforce, Mongeorge departed; but in a few days, an old man, emaciated almost to a skeleton, his hair white, his limbs tottering, and supported by a gray-haired valet, demanded audience of the King. The petitioner held by one hand a lovely little girl, and, on being presented to the King, knelt, and made his little daughter, kneeling also, join her tiny hands in supplication for her mother's life. The King raised him and embraced the child, but assured him that pardon was hopeless.

The day of trial came. The most untroubled innocence could not have displayed an eye more cloudless, a brow more unruffled, than Angélique's. Her matchless tresses were fully displayed, being arranged in clusters of heavy long curls, crowned with a chaplet of white roses. Her robe of pure white was confined at the waist by a cincture of turquoises and diamonds. Madame de Remonet, who had escaped on the first alarm of her niece's detection, had been apprehended, and Angélique knew nothing of this until she saw her aunt led into court, a prisoner like herself. Cattelain, who was carried in to give his evidence, fired when he saw the elder prisoner, and declared that it was she who had taught him to prepare the poisons, and who had counseled her niece to administer them. Sentence of death was passed on all three. The waiting-maid was pardoned in consideration of her voluntary confession, but condemned to retire for life to the convent of St. Agathe. Cattelain managed to drag himself to the feet of his mistress and implore her pardon for having criminated her. "I forgive you, my poor Cattelain," she said; "it was pain which forced you to belie yourself and me. Let those who have compelled the false confession answer for it to God."

Although every one was certain of Angélique's guilt, yet the sympathy excited by her strange beauty and by her fortitude extended far and wide among all classes in France. To add to the dramatic effect of her trial, by a strange coincidence it happened that the judge who condemned her was her former lover, Henri St. Chaubert. She listened without faltering to the words of the sentence, and then looked up at him with a smile, saying, loud enough to be distinctly heard by all, so awe-stricken was the silence in the court, "Ah! Monsieur St. Chaubert, is that you? Formerly our positions were reversed: you were the trembling culprit, I was the judge. I hear your sentence to-day with more courage than you heard mine." St. Chaubert turned ghastly white, and was obliged to lean back in his seat. For many minutes he could not control his feelings.

Redoubled efforts were made to procure Angélique's pardon, but the King refused to receive any more petitions in her favor. Although to the last she encouraged herself with the idea of ultimate escape from her terrible doom, the day of her execution found her (as may be supposed) still under sentence of death. Dressed as she had been at her trial, and accompanied by her aunt and Cattelain, and attended by a priest who vainly implored her to confess, she was borne on a cart through the streets of Paris, exposed to the gaze of thousands upon thousands. She bore it unmoved, and her sole anxiety seemed to be that her lovely hair should not be wetted out of curl by a slight rain that was falling. When she reached the place of execution, she said, peremptorily, to the priest:

"Cease, Monsieur l'Abbé; permit me to die in peace. Give my love to my husband and daughter. Tell Monsieur Tiquet I forgive him his share in the foul conspiracy which has brought me to this; and to the Chevalier Mongeorge give my kindest adieux, and my hair, if it *must* be cut off. So now, farewell, for I will hear no more!"

Her companions in crime suffered first. In a few minutes she, too, ceased to live. The excitement passed description. Women, and even men, shrieked and swooned; many fell and were trodden to death. The smallest lock of her hair sold for a large sum. As for the wretched president, he retired from public life, and, living a life of the utmost seclusion with his child, placed her, when sufficiently old, in a convent of the Sacré Cœur, where she ultimately took the vail, about a year before her father's death.

Of the poison spoken of in this true history, the worst was surely that which the honest bookseller and jeweler gave to his little child when he first blindly suffered the foul-hearted woman who became his murderess to drop her poisonous words into her ear.

A HEAD OF HAIR FOR SALE.

"But, Monsieur, it is very little."

"I confess it, Mademoiselle, the sum I offer is very insignificant."

"See, Monsieur, my hair is a good color (it was a dainty rich brown), and it is very long (the perruquier's mouth watered, for she unbound it, and it fell below her waist). Surely, Monsieur, you will give me more than thirty francs?"

"On my word, Mademoiselle, I could not offer you a sou more. Your hair is very beautiful, I admit, but in effect the article is a complete drug at present. Trade is dull, very dull, and I know not when I should have use for it. Keep it, Mademoiselle, until the times improve. And besides, it is a pity that you should part with it at all."

(The perruquier saw that the poor fish was ravenous, and he had hardly need to play his meagre bait. The rogue wished to appear indifferent, but he had at that moment in hand a commission from an aged child of fashion who would have given a year's income for a natural flow of hair like that of the deprecating daughter of need.)

"Ah, well, Monsieur! you are very hard, but I must take the sum you offer."

There was only a thin partition between us and the bureau in which the bargain was being concluded, and we could tell by the sharp click of the perruquier's scissors that the purchase was being consummated. The light entered the shop obliquely, and through the thinly-vailed window of the bureau we could see the shorn lamb grasp the pittance with eager hands, while she hastily adjusted her bonnet, and with a challenging look in the glass, murmured, in a low but distinct voice, as if to herself, "But I am still pretty."

"And so you are," thought we, as we inwardly exclaimed, "may Heaven temper its winds to your condition, poor child!" and took up our small purchase, and followed her. There was something in her manner and her meagre gentility of dress which told us that she was on an errand of self-sacrifice; and may the guardian angels of poverty forgive the curiosity which tracked their protegée to her holy of holies!

It was a long walk, but her pace never flagged. Starting from the Avenue de Marigny, threading rapidly the crowded pavements of the Faubourg Sainte Honoré, passing over the Champs Elysées with a single glance at the luxurious equipages thronging the avenue up the Rue de Chaillot, and through the dingy streets leading to Passy, she at length entered a house which appeared as though it had long been a victim of the Court of Chancery. Against the dust-ridden and blistered door-post we saw carelessly lounging a card, which seemed as though itself was growing sallow with long-deferred hope, inscribed with the words "*apartements meublés*." It was a shallow pretext, but we rang the bell, and our summons was deliberately answered by a porteress, whose ancient limbs seemed grating with the rust of years and inaction.

"You have apartments to let, I believe."

"Yes; will Monsieur condescend to enter?"

"Thank you (the Rubicon passed). On what floor are they?"

"*Au troisième*, Monsieur, and they are very comfortable. We are quiet here, Monsieur, although not far from the resort of fashion, but we do not claim to be of the *beau monde*.

Monsieur, now that the ice was broken, ventured to ask if the young lady who had just entered was a locataire.

"Oh! Mademoiselle Marie, yes, Monsieur. Her mother is sick to the death, but Mademoiselle is a good girl, a brave girl, though Heaven only knows how the poor thing bears it. The Virgin must hear her prayers, and carries the poor child through her struggles."

The wine had now arrived and assisted in mellowing our plot. Madame Justine would have a small glass (we did not fear its strength, and poured her out a tumbler), and it gave more freedom to her tongue.

"Stay, *mon chou*," said she to her grandchild, "how is Madame this evening?"

The little "cabbage" eyed the franc piece we gave her with a glance of intense satisfaction, and replied: "Madame is worse, grandmère. She is excited, too; oh! so excited with Mademoiselle Marie."

"Is it so, poor child, and why is she so excited?"

"Only because Mademoiselle has had her hair cut; but it is no shorter than mine." (The little "cabbage" was polled as close as a child in a Dutch picture.)

We saw that the time had come for making a clean breast of it, so we detailed to Madame Justine what we had witnessed in the perruquier's shop, and hoped that Madame would point out any way in which a friend could serve her lodgers. Madame Justine had grown loquacious under the stimulus of our faithful ally, the Médoc, but she seemed rather suspicious of our motives, and it required some explanation to reassure her.

"Monsieur," said she, "is very good, but Mademoiselle and her mother are very proud. They would starve before they would receive charity from a stranger."

"Are they so proud that they would reject the sympathy of a friend? Is there no way of aiding them without wounding their self-respect?"

"They are dead to those who should receive their love, and they shrink from the pity of strangers. Listen, Monsieur, and you shall know their history." Justine then gave us the following narration:

Marie's father was an only child, and of a good family, and was educated for a physician. He was sent to Paris to study his profession; and, like many other young men under similar circumstances, he became gay in his living. "But," said Justine, "he committed what would have been in any case a folly, and was in him a madness. He formed a connection with an actress, and eventually married her, and his family discarded him. He was mad, very mad, for he knew only enough of medicine to obtain a subordinate place with a surgeon, and they had need of all their romance to make their realities tolerable. Madame, however, was faithful, and Marie was born to them. Soon after this event Monsieur died, his last moments being made bitter by the reflection that he was leaving his wife and child the prey of poverty, and Madame supported herself and child by the sale of fancy needle-work, and giving lessons in music. She had offers of engagements at the theatres, but she refused them, and fought on single-handed against her destiny. She had a hard struggle with the world, poor lady, but she held her ground until about six months since, when she was put *hors de combat*, the doctors say, with consumption, and is following her husband at the quick step. Mademoiselle Marie is eighteen, and is a good girl, oh! a brave girl. She has stepped into the gap left by her prostrate mother, and monsieur *le propriétaire* is very forbearing; but I fear the poor child is nearly beaten in the double struggle with her heart and body. For you must know, Monsieur, that Marie has a little affair. She is the fiancée of a *sous officier*, who is now struggling with death before Sebastopol. He has been honorably mentioned and decorated for his bravery, but since a long time Marie has only heard that he is in hospital with Crimean fever, and the poor child's anxiety is touching when she speaks of him."

Perhaps memory brought Justine a whiff of one of her own "little affairs," out of a grave-yard of the past, for a big tear at this stage of her narrative went rolling bodily into the uplifted wine-glass, and before she could recover herself the little "cabbage" came running down stairs in a state of great terror.

"What is the matter, *mon chou*? Is Madame worse?"

"Oh, grandmère, she is in agonies, and Mademoiselle wishes to have a doctor!"

We offered our services, and followed the "little cabbage" up stairs, and in the few moments that we waited for the acceptance of our services we had time to take a survey of the apartment. It was naked in the extreme; but the few articles of furniture were arranged with so much taste and neatness as almost to give it an air of comfort; and a bouquet of common flowers which Justine had that morning brought from the market of the Madeleine was placed in a vase in the window. The partition between the two rooms was very thin, and we could hear the feeble voice of the sick lady.

"Great God! is every thing gone, my child, that you should sacrifice your beautiful hair?"

"It is no sacrifice, my dear mother, and it will

Possible Effects of Disunion upon New York High Life.

SCENES UNDER THE NEW REGIME.

MATCHES—GREATLY REDUCED—BLACK YER BOOTS—GONE A BEGGING—SHAMEFUL ATTACK ON A FOREIGNER.

be stronger than ever before you will be able to walk out with me."

As we entered, Marie looked at us as if striving to recall our features, and then whispered to her mother that a doctor was in attendance. We passed over to the bedside of the sick lady, and saw that Marie was right. Her hair *would be* stronger than ever before her mother would be able to walk out with her.

The poor lady seemed exhausted by recent exertion; but in a short time she rallied, and murmured, "I feel it is too late, my darling; may Heaven repay your devotion!"

Marie looked at us inquiringly. We took the sick woman's hand, and felt that the pulse beat feebly. Her mind began to wander in a light and unconnected manner, and her eyes were growing dull, and dallying with vacuity. We saw that the patient was suffering from the reaction of her late excitement; but we were conscious that a few hours more would hand her over to the grave, and we could only give her a little stimulant. Marie's eyes intuitively read our verdict, and we saw the big tears rapidly chasing each other down her cheeks, while she gently smoothed the sufferer's pillow, and whispered words of hope which it cost her agonies to affect.

After a little while the poor lady seemed a little to revive, and Marie became almost importunate with her tender offices; but she was interrupted by the entrance of the "little cabbage," who stole quietly into the room, and whispered a few words to Marie.

"Tell Monsieur," said the latter, "that we can not see him now. Will he call again?"

"Grandmère has told him that Madame is very ill, but he says that his business is urgent," replied the cabbage.

The conversation was carried on in a whisper, but Madame caught the purport. Her eyes brightened with a feverish brilliance, and she said, in a voice strong for her,

"What is that, my child? Let Monsieur enter —who knows?" The last two words were uttered in a lower tone than the rest, as though they were the result of some thought flashing across her mind.

We stood passive. For although we knew the irruption of an urgent visitor was a matter of serious apprehension, we were aware that the duration of the poor lady's existence could at worst be effected by but a few hours, and we met the glance of Marie with a silent assent. The "little cabbage" disappeared, and in a few moments returned, ushering in a tall man, far gone in years, whose demeanor stamped him as belonging to the higher ranks of society. He was clothed in deep mourning, and his face, which must have been handsome in his youth, was expressive of considerable haughtiness, overlaid and softened by the traces of painful suffering. We offered to withdraw, but Marie wished us to remain, and the stranger did not object. As he moved across the room to the bedside of Madame, we whispered her perilous condition, and that he looked up from her mother's side imploringly.

"Mamma is very ill, Monsieur," said she.

"I am grieved to hear it," rejoined the stranger, in a low, tremulous voice, not unmusical.

At the sound of his voice, Madame, who had fallen into an attitude of rest, made an effort to raise herself upon her arms, and looked steadfastly into his face as if seeking to recall something from the past. The stranger observed the effort, and spoke again in his low, nervous tone—

"Madame does not know me."

"I have not that pleasure, Monsieur," said she, with apparent diffidence of her memory.

"You are Madame St. Auliers; and this," pointing to Marie, "is your child."

A HEAD OF HAIR FOR SALE.

"You are right, Monsieur. What then?"

"It is also my name," he replied, and he paused as if waiting for the effect, or to master his feelings.

Madame's eyes lighted up as if by the kindling of an inward fire. A superhuman effort of will gave her momentary strength, and with almost a spring she raised herself in her bed, and, looking fixedly at the stranger, exclaimed,

"I see, it is true, you are the father of my husband—"

"And I am come to ask that the past may be forgotten, and to offer my regrets and my assistance. Will you accept them, and allow me to take up my duties as a parent?"

There was something like a glow of happiness on the flushed face of Madame as she glanced toward Marie, and rejoined,

"Be it so, for his child's sake. For me it comes too late. We have struggled long, and you have been very hard, Monsieur."

"My son was disobedient, and I was proud, but I am humbled; for I am left alone, and have long sought my lost child. Let those of us that remain speak only of the future."

These words were broken in their utterance, and it was evident that the speaker was suffering from violent emotion. Marie sat listening to the dialogue without uttering a word. Her face reflected the pleasure felt by her mother at this late reconciliation; but it was veiled and darkened by the anxiety she felt for her dying parent. Her arms were tenderly twined round her mother, like a vine around the decayed tree which the next gale shall lay prostrate. She gazed wistfully in her mother's face, and once almost fancied that the new hopes which had dawned upon their prospects had imparted fresh vitality to the sinking frame within her arms, but the illusion was only transitory. Mortality had gathered its supporters together for one last grand struggle with the champion of immortality, and the victory remained with the powers of the spirit world. Ere her grandfather had done speaking, Marie felt a shiver pass through the frame of her mother, which was the precursor of death. Her arms were suddenly called upon for additional support, and she gazed with a terrified look upon the bloodless cheeks and closed eyes of her mother, and then silently appealed to us. We saw that the sufferer had ceased to suffer, and that the angels were about to lead home another fugitive from its earthly prison; and we unwound the poor girl's arms from the almost breathless clay.

The patient was soon beyond the reach of worldly ministration. Her pulse ceased to indicate the presence of life, and the brightest mirror would have passed unstained over her mouth. She was *gone*; and we retired from the presence of the grief that was too holy to be witnessed by a stranger.

When we descended we found Justine all anxiety regarding the patient and her visitor. She scanned our features with an almost ludicrous mixture of curiosity and earnestness, and, with a volubility considerably accelerated by the remnant of our second bottle of wine, her questions followed each other with the haste of a flock of sheep with a dog at their heels.

"Was Madame better? Was Monsieur, the visitor, an old friend? Did Mademoiselle comfort herself tranquilly?"

We answered the first question in its order of precedence, and a single expression took possession of her face.

"Great God! and is it so, Monsieur? And Mademoiselle—"

"Is with her grandfather," we rejoined.

"Did Monsieur say 'her grandfather?'"

We replied in the affirmative.

"I see; Heaven is in much mischief of its own. Then Monsieur will care for her, and the thorn lamb shall not be driven out into the wilderness," exclaimed Justine.

We promised to call next day to inquire after Marie, and we kept our word. The wrinkles in Justine's cheeks seemed to have very recently been the channels of an unwonted flow of water, which, in subsiding, had left the usual tide-marks on the banks. Mademoiselle, said she, had passed a wretched night. She had been desolate, inconsolable; but Monsieur, *son grandpère*, was prodigal of his sympathy, and the poor child was growing more reconciled to her loss.

"After the funeral," said Justine, "they will retire to the château of Monsieur, where Marie is to take the place of her deceased grandmère in the household. But I know not how long this arrangement will last," continued she, "for events crowd in rather thickly at present. Marie has received by this day's post a letter from her affianced, who is recovered, and about to return home to establish his health. He is a captain of his regiment now, and will not quietly submit to see his favorite concept becoming the follower of another.

A few days subsequently we received a handsome mourning ring from Marie's grandfather, accompanied by a note containing warm but unearned thanks from herself, and we have treasured both until now as mementos of one of the most painful incidents in our professional career.

A DAY'S RIDE:

A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

By CHARLES LEVER.

AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," "HARRY LORREQUER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XX.

As between the man who achieves greatness and him who has greatness thrust upon him there lies a whole world of space, so is there an immense interval between one who is the object of his own delusions and him who forms the subject of delusion to others.

My reader may have already noticed that nothing was easier for me than to lend myself to the idle current of my fancy. Most men who build "castles in Spain," as the old adage calls them, do so purely to astonish their friends. I indulged in these architectural extravagances in a very different spirit. I built my castle to live in it; from foundation to roof-tree I planned every detail of it to suit my own taste, and all my study was to make it as habitable and comfortable as I could. Ay, and what's more, live in it I did, though very often the tenure was a brief one; sometimes while breaking my egg at breakfast, sometimes as I drew on my gloves to walk out, and yet no terror of a short lease ever deterred me from finishing the edifice in the most expensive manner. I gilded my architraves and frescoed my ceilings as though all were to endure for centuries; and laid out the gardens and disposed the parterres as though I were to walk in them *in* my extreme old age.

THE EXPLOSION OF THE PROPELLER "GLOBE," AT CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, ON NOVEMBER 8, 1860.—[SEE PAGE 742.]

This faculty of lending myself to an illusion by no means adhered to me where the deception was supplied by another; from the moment I entered one of *their* castles, I felt myself in a strange house. I continually forgot where the stairs were, what this gallery opened on, where that corridor led to. No use was it to say, "You are at home here. You are at your own fireside." I knew and I felt that I was not.

By this declaration I mean my reader to understand that, while ready for any romance or a story devised by myself, I was perfectly miserable at playing a part written for me by a friend; nor was this feeling diminished by the thought that I really did not know the person I was believed to represent; nor had I the very vaguest idea of antecedents or surroundings.

As I set out in search of Miss Herbert these were the reflections, and, indeed, occasionally asking myself, "Is the old lady at all touched in the upper story? Is there not something Private Asylum-ish in these wanderings?" But still, apart from this special instance, she was a marvel of acuteness and good sense. I found Miss Herbert in a little arbor at her work; the newspaper on the bench beside her.

"So," said Miss Herbert, looking up, "you have been making a long visit up stairs. You found Mrs. Keates very agreeable, or you were so young?"

"Is there any thing wrong hereabouts?" said I, touching my forehead with my finger.

"Nothing whatever."

"No fancies, no delusions about certain people?"

"None whatever."

"None of the family suspected of any thing odd, or eccentric?"

"Not that I have ever heard of. Why do you ask?"

"Well, it was a mere fancy, perhaps, on my part; but her manner to-day struck me as consistent strange—almost flighty."

"And on what subject?"

"I am scarcely at liberty to say that; in fact, I am not sure that I should be," said I, mysteriously, and somewhat gratified to remark that I had excited a most intense curiosity on her part to learn the subject of our interview.

"Oh, pray do not make any impudent revelations to me," said she, pettishly; "quite apart from the indiscretion, would have the singular demerit of affording me not the slightest pleasure. I am not afflicted with the malady of curiosity."

"What a blessing it is!" I said. Now, I am the most inquisitive of mankind. I feel that if I were a clerk in a bank I'd spend the day paying into every account, and learning the private estate of his balance-sheet. If I were employed in the post-office no terror of the law could restrain me from opening the letters. I feel that any one has a secret in his heart, and I feel I could cut him open to get at it!"

"I don't think you are giving a flattering picture of yourself in all this," said she, peevishly.

"I am aware of that, Miss Herbert: but I am also one of those who do not trade upon qualities that have any pretension to."

She flushed a deep crimson at this, and after a moment said—

"Has it not occurred to you, Sir, that people who seldom meet except to exchange ungracious remarks, would show more judgment by avoiding each other's society?"

Oh, how my heart thrilled at this pettish question! "Miss Herbert," said I, solemnly, "be sure I knew she loved me, for we never met without a quarrel." "I have thought of that too, Miss Herbert," said I, "but there are some observances to be kept up, conventionalities to be respected."

"One of which, however, require that you should come out and sit here while I am at my work," said she, with unprecedented passion.

"I came out here to search for the newspaper," said I, taking it up, and stretching myself on the grass, proceeded to read an article.

She arose at once, and gathering all the articles of her work into a basket, walked away.

"Don't be hurt this way, Miss Herbert," said I, incidentally; "any where else will suit me just as well. Pray don't go." She made no vouchsafing to utter a word, or even turn her head, she continued her way toward the house.

"The morning she stepped out for Vevay," Hans, "filled the measure of my folly, for I then saw she could not control her feelings for me." This passage recurred to me as I lay there, and I hugged myself in the thought that such a moment of delight might yet be mine. The profound German explains this sentiment well. "With women," says he, "love is like the idol worship of an Indian tribe; in the moment their hearts are bursting with devotion, they lift a stone and mould and mutter to their god. With *them* is the ecstasy of their passion."

I now saw that the girl was in love with me, and that she did not know it herself. I take it that the sensations of a man who suddenly discovers that the prize of his has been admitted to participate in his attentions, are very like what a head-clerk may feel at being sent for to the house and informed that he is now one of the firm! This may seem a commercial formula to employ, but it will serve to show my meaning, and as I lay there on that velvet turf, what a delicious vision spread itself around me! At one moment we were rich, traveling in splendor through Europe, amassing art-treasures wherever we went, and despoiling all the great galleries of their richest gems. I was the associate of all that was distinguished in literature and science, and my wife the chosen friend of queens and princesses. How unaffected we were, how unspoiled by fortune! Approachable by all, our graceful benevolence seemed to elevate its object and make of the recipient the benefactor. What a world of bliss this vile dross men call gold can scatter! "There—there, good people," said I, blandly, waving my hand, "no illuminations, no bonfires—your happy faces are the brightest of all welcomes." Then we were suddenly poor—out of caprice just to see how we should like it—and living in a little cottage under Snowdon, and I was writing, Heaven knows what, for the periodicals, and my wife cooking a little turtle in a pipkin, when the mail-coach awoke by kissing, each pretending that it was all the other's fault, that we ratified a peace on the same footing. Then I remembered the night, never to be forgotten, when I received my appointment to the Legation—why should I rob her of what she has herself called the proudest episode in her life? Are not, as the moralists tell us, all our joys shared? Why, then, object to this one that is my only lost for a few days? Let us suppose it only to endure through our journey, and the poor old soul will be as happy, never caring for the fatigues of the road, never fretting about the innkeepers' charges, but delighted to know that his royal highness enjoys himself, and sits over his bottle of Chambertin every evening in the garden, apparently as devoid of care as though he were a beggar-man!

I can not say how it may be with others, but, for myself, I have always experienced an impatience more than usual to read a *rôle*, whenever it personated somebody else; I felt as though I had left the man Potts at home to rest and refresh himself, and was playing as another gentleman: just as I might have spared my own palate by putting on a friend's coat in a themed-out storm. "Let me have a little repose; I felt it would be good for me. As to the special part allotted to me, I'll just as an obliging actor plays Hamlet or the Cock to convenience the manager. Mrs. Keates likes it, and, I repeat, I do not object myself."

It was evident that the old lady was not going to communicate her secret to her companion, and with this was a sudden access of satisfaction to me. Whatever delusions I threw around Miss Herbert I invented myself, and as I had chosen in which I would invest myself to *her* eyes, my personal prowess, coolness in danger, skill at all manly exercises—these with a large range of general gifts and acquirements, I meant to accompany me through all time, and I am a sufficient believer in magnetism to feel assured that, by imposing upon *her* I should go no small part of the road to believing myself, and that the first step in any gift is to suppose you are eminently suited to it, is a well-known and readily acknowledged axiom. Women grow proud from looking in the glass; why should not men grow brave from constantly contemplating their own courage?

"Yes, Potts, be a Prince, and see how it will agree with you!"

CHAPTER XXI.

MRS. KEATES came down, and our dinner that day was somewhat formal. I don't think any of us felt at our ease, and, for my own part, it was a relief to me when the old lady asked me leave to retire with her coffee. "If she should feel lonely, Sir, and if Miss Herbert's company would prove agreeable—"

"Yes," said I, quickly, "that young person will find me in the garden." And therewith I gave my orders for a small table under a great spreading ash, and the final accompaniments of my after-dinner hours, a cool flask of Chambertin. I had not drained above more than two-third of my Burgundy before Miss Herbert appeared. It was not that the hour hung heavily on *me*, or that I was not perfectly comfortable enjoyment, but, somehow, I was beginning to feel chafed and impatient at her long delay. Could any possible explanation be anticipated as the propriety of being left alone with a young man? Had she heard, by any mischance, that imprisonment placed me under the Habeas Hand? Had Mrs. Keates herself resented the cool style of her companion's morning manner-order? "I wish I knew what detains her!" cried I to myself, just as I heard her step on the gravel, and then saw her coming, leisurely fashion, down the walk.

Determined to display an indifference the equal of her own, I waited till she was almost close; and then, rising languidly, I offered her a chair with a gesture of the handsomest, while I listlessly said, "Won't you take a seat?"

It was growing dusklish, but I fancied I saw a smile on her face as she fell over down.

"May I offer you a glass of wine or a cigar?" said I, carelessly.

"I thank you," said she, with gravity.

"Almost all women of fashion smoke nowadays," I continued. "The Empress of the French smokes this sort of thing here, and the Queen of Bavaria smokes and chews."

She seemed wholly unheeding this, and said nothing.

"As for myself," said I, "I am nothing without tobacco—positively nothing. I remember one night—it was the fourth sitting of the Conference—that Count Sardinian fellow, you know his name, came to me and said—

"'There's that confounded question of the Danubian Principalities coming on to-morrow, and Gortschakoff is the only one who knows any thing about it. Where are we to get at any thing like information?'

"'When do you want it, Count?' said I.

"'To-morrow, by eleven at latest. There must be at least a couple of hours to study it before the Congress meets.'

"'Tell them to bring in ten candles, fifty cigars, and two quires of foolscap,' said I; 'and let no one pass this door till I ring.' An ten minutes to eleven next morning he had in his hands that memoir which Lord C. said embodied the prophetic wisdom of Edmund Burke with the practical statesmanship of the great Commoner. Perhaps you have read it?"

"No, Sir."

"Your tastes do not probably incline to affairs of state. If so, only suggest what you'd like to talk on. I am indifferently skilled in most subjects. Are you for the theater? I am ready, from Dante to the Bigelow Papers. Shall I be artful? I know the whole thing from Stemming and his long-nosed saints, to Leech and the Fanchists. Make it antiquities, agriculture, racing, dress, the drama, pedestrianism or cock-fighting—I'm your man; so go in, and you'll be always sure that you'll discomfit me."

"I assure you, Sir, that my head would attach for more naturally to my own insufficiency."

"Well, well," after a pause, "there's something in that. Macaulay used to be afraid of me. Whenever Mrs. Montagu Stanhope asked him to one of her Wednesday dinners, he always declined if I was to be there. You don't seem surprised at that?"

"No, Sir," said she, in the same quiet, grave fashion.

"What's the reason, young lady," said I, somewhat sternly, "that you persist in saying 'Sir' on every occasion that you address me? The use of that ceremonial that should subside between us is marred by this Americanism. No pleasant interchange of thought dwells in the charming feature of equality. How is this?"

"I am not at liberty to say, Sir."

"You are not at liberty to say, young lady?" said I, severely. "You tell me distinctly that your manner toward me is based upon a somewhat which you are not revealed?"

"I am sure, Sir, you have too much generosity to press me on the subject of which I cannot, or ought not, to speak."

That fatal Burgundy had got into my brains, while the already delicately shaded temperament, and if I had been substituted to the thumb-screw now, I would have died one of the Orleans Martyrs. "But I have promised," said I, "and I have been fortunately, or unfortunately, brought up in a class that never tolerates contradiction. When we ask we feel that we order."

"Oh, Sir, if you but knew the difficulty I am in—"

"Take courage, my dear creature," said I, blending condescension with something warmer. "You will at once be reposing your confidence where it will be worthily bestowed."

"But I have promised, not exactly promised, but Mrs. Keates enjoined me imperatively not to betray what she revealed to me."

"Precious secret!" cried I, "she has not surely communicated my secret—she has not told you who I am?"

"Oh, I can assure you most solemnly that she has not; but being annoyed by what she remarked as the levity displayed for that, in truth no task this evening, and without intending it, even before she knew, dropped certain expressions which led me to believe that you were the very highest in rank, though it was your pleasure to travel for the moment in this obscurity and disguise. She quickly perceived the indiscretion she had committed, and said, 'Now, Miss Herbert, that an accident has put you in possession of certain circumstances which I had neither the will nor the right to reveal, will you be so kind as to continue the favor to employ this knowledge in such a way as may not compromise me?' I said, of course, that I would; and having remarked how she accidentally—accidentally, perhaps—used 'Sir,' in addressing you, I deemed the imitation a mere jest, while at as constantly acted as a sort of monitor over myself to repress any relapse into familiarity."

"I am sorry for all this," said I, taking her hand in mine, and employing my most insinuating of manners toward her. "As it is, I am thunderstruck that I should ever resume the station that once pertained to me; as, in fact, I had fortune to enjoy the title in the rest of life an humble and lowly condition, my ambition would have been to draw toward me in that sense and way such sympathies and affections as might attach to one so circumstanced. But now that I resume an obscure name, cast out some unfrequented spot, and there, with the love of one—not only—solve the great problem, where true happiness is not sure to be the denizen of the thatched cottage as of the gilded palace. The first requirement of my scheme being, that my secret should be as in my keeping. One can steel his own heart against vain regrets and longings; but one can not secure against the influence of those sympathies which come from without, the unwise confidences of zealous friends, the hopes and wishes of those who read your submission as mere spathy."

I paused and sighed; she sighed too, and there was a silence between us.

"Must you not feel very happy and very proud," thought I, "to be sitting there on the same bench with a prince, her hand in his, and he young man with his confidence in her ear? I can not fancy a situation more full of interest."

"After all, Sir," said she, calmly, "remember that Mrs. Keates knows your secret. I have not the vaguest suspicion of it."

"And yet," said I, tenderly, "it is to you I would confide it; it is in your keeping I would wish to leave it; it is from you I would ask counsel as to my future."

"Surely, Sir, it is not to such inexperiences as mine you would address yourself in a difficulty?"

"The plan I would carry out demands none of that crafty argument called 'knowing the

world.' All that acquaintance with the by-play of life, its conventionalities and exactions, would be sadly out of place in an Alpine village, or a Tyrolese Dorf, where I mean to pitch my tent. Do you not think that your interest might be persuaded to track me so far?"

"Oh, Sir, I shall never cease to follow your steps with the deepest anxiety."

"Would it not be possible for me to secure a lease of that sympathy?"

"Can you tell me what o'clock it is, Sir?" said she, very gravely.

"Yes," said I, rather put out by so sudden a diversion; "it is a few minutes after nine."

"Pray excuse my leaving you, Sir, but Mrs. Keates takes tea at nine, and will expect me." And, with a very respectful curtsey, she withdrew, before I could recover from my astonishment at this abrupt departure.

"I trust that my royal highness said nothing indiscreet," muttered I to myself; "though, upon my life, this hasty exit would seem to imply it."

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You may use it as you please, and add my name.

Yours very truly,
D. T. MERWIN.

MESSRS. JOSEPH BURNETT & CO., Boston.

Loss of Hair.

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I can say with truth and sincerity, that, in my own case, your Cocoaine has done all that you claim it to do. I was fearful of losing my hair, and had actually lost a become gradually more and more thin, so that I could not touch it without pain. This irritation, and that I used your Cocoaine, and in a few days the irritation entirely disappeared, and my hair has never before in so good condition.

By the advice of my physician, I have now had about your process of purifying the Oil, I commenced to use the last week in April, and have almost stopped the itching and irritation; in three or four days the redness and tenderness disappeared entirely, and the hair is fast coming now a thick growth of new hair. I trust that other similarly afflicted will be induced to try the same remedy.

Yours, very truly,
SUSAN R. FOPE.

Irritation of the Scalp.

WATERVILLE, ME., Sept. 15, 1860.

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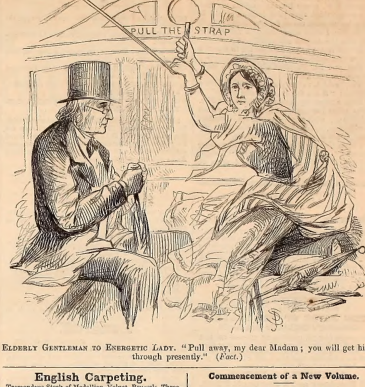

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Commencement of a New Volume.
HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE
For December, 1860.

NUMBER CXXVII.] CONTENTS. [DECEMBER, 1860.

A PEEP AT WASHOE. By J. Ross BROWNE.—(*First Paper.*)

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Panoramic View.—The Bummer.—Going to Kern River.—Returning from Kern River.—Ho! for Fraser River.—Returned from Fraser River.—Hurrah for Washoe!—Washoe Agency.—"I say, Cap!"—Washoe Ho! Ho!—Go it, Washoe!—The Pocket Pistol.—Carrumbo, etc.—Wesley in view.—Board and Lodging.—Christenings.—A Speculator.—Dinner at Strawberry.—The "Lay Out."—The Stocking-Thief.

THE CROTON AQUEDUCT. By T. ADDISON RICHARDS.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—The Fountain.—The Croton on the Wing.—Below Croton Dam.—On the Croton Lake.—Source of the Croton.—Section of the Aqueduct.—Valve-house.—Bridge at Spring Hill.—Road Bridge.—Bridge at Tarrytown.—Bridge at Sparta.—The High Bridge.—Section of High Bridge.—Bridge in New York.—The Distributing Reservoir.

UNWELCOME GUESTS.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—The American Cockroach.—Head and Mouth of the Roach.—Parts of Roach.—Parasites of Roach.—The Domestic Roach.—Parts of Domestic Roach.—The Oriental Roach.—Parts of Oriental Roach.—The Chicken Mite.—Parts of Mothe.—The Bed-Bug.—Parts of the Bed-Bug.—The Yellow Ant.—Parts of the Ant.

HOW THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE RAN SMOOTH.

THE M.C.'S CHRISTMAS DREAM.

THOMAS CLEVERS, "COBBLER," POET, AND METHODIST HERO.

JOHN GWEN'S APPEAL.

OUT IN THE STORM.

A STRUGGLE FOR LIFE.

FOMP.

IF I WERE ONLY IN HEAVEN.

"UNTO THIS LAST."—IV. AD VALOREM. By JOHN RUSKIN.

A MAN'S REPENTANCE.

MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.

LITERARY NOTICES.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

A LEAF FROM THE DIARY OF AN UNLUCKY MAN.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Hard Eggs.—Poor Cigar.—A Cut.—Try.—ers torn.—Horse lame.—Heiress lost.—Runaway.—Bought up.—Fined.—Pocket picked.—The Bankrupt.

FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Open Cloak.—Half Cape.—Victorine.—Full Cape.

The present Number commences the Twenty-Second Volume of HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE. The Publishers are resolved that in value of matter and beauty of illustration which the ensuing Volume shall fully sustain the reputation which the Magazine has acquired and maintained during more than Ten Years.

In the February Number will appear the first part of a New Story by W. M. THACKERAY, which, it is expected, will be continued in successive Numbers during the year.

The Article on "Washoe" in this Number is the first of a Series of Papers portraying Life and Character in California and Oregon, by J. ROSS BROWNE, late Confidential Government Agent for the Pacific States. They will be profusely illustrated with Drawings by STEVENS, MCLEAN, CRAPSEY, and FARNHAM, from the Character Sketches by the Author.

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VOL. IV.—No. 205.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1860. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

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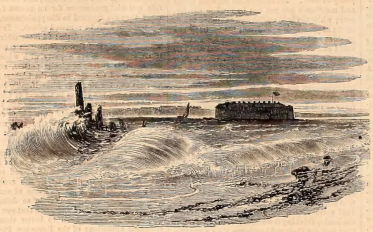
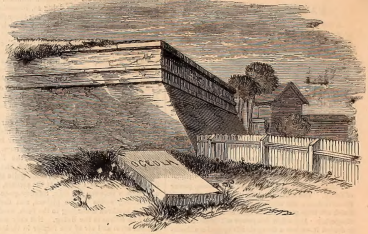


FORT SUMTER, FROM SULLIVAN'S ISLAND, SOUTH CAROLINA.



THE GRAVE OF OCEOLA, ON SULLIVAN'S ISLAND.

CHARLESTON SCENES.

We continue our series of Views at Charleston with a fine picture of the old Custom-house, which serves as a post-office at the present time; showing also the only Palmetto-tree which still survives in the streets of Charleston.

The building itself has quite a history, and rises into classical dignity among the sons of the soil. In the basement of this fabric old Moultrie walled up some 100,000 pounds of gunpowder, in order to keep it from the British, when the town was about to fall into their hands, in the third attempt which they made for its capture; and here it remained safe from discovery during the three years that they had possession. The vaults of this same basement were employed as a Provost or prison, in which the captured rebels were locked up for starvation or execution, or when it was necessary to work upon the fears of friends, and extort sub-

PALMETTO-TREE, AND OLD CUSTOM-HOUSE, AT CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.

mission or property. In these damp, dismal regions hundreds perished of privation and their wounds. Here Isaac Hayne, the martyr, was held in durance vile till taken out to the gallows. You note that chamber to the left in the rear of the second story? In that chamber did the noble victim make his toilet the fatal morning. He had been brought from the cells below to this apartment in order that he should habit himself properly for his doom, and exchange the last garment with his friends. This old fabric, associated with so much that is grateful to patriotism, the Charlestonians will hardly suffer to be pulled down to make way for structures of even greater excellence. It is beautifully situated, and might be employed for various public purposes when it is withdrawn from present uses.

Our smaller pictures need no description. The grave of Gates stands in the shade of the walls of Fort Moultrie; the palmetto sighs overhead, and the waves murmur within hearing of the last resting-place of the broken-hearted chief.

Fort Sumter is one of the forts which guard the entrance to Charleston harbor. In case of any trouble, it would become a place of marked importance.

FANCY *VERSUS* FACT.

A VERY mixed-up sort of a matter is this life of ours. It is a good deal upon the plum-pudding plan, which, with its plums and soft, succulent spots, has likewise its hard crust, which is the character of the material of which teeth are made.

So in this life we have now sunshine and then a storm—now a lover and there a bereavement. Such intertwisting is there that we can rarely stop to pick the rose without giving the thorn a chance to find its way to the quivering nerve. And not only is there this tangling up of affairs that are in themselves unlike, but the same event or circumstance has as many different aspects as there are ways of looking at it, or eyes with which to see it. A poet said long ago:

> "From out the self-same cloud
> One rose a thousand angels look and smile,
> Another sees so many demon forms."

Neither should we frown upon this *baloney* power of fancy. The ability to take away from the earth its earthiness is one much to be desired. A good and finish are thus given to life that else were wanting altogether. And when this power of transformation is denied, there is a thing stunted and stubborn, ly declares itself to be earth-born—it is wonderful how this same fancy avenges itself by looking at it through its own glass, which separates the rays of light, and weakens the low-born object in brilliant prismatic colors. There are few things more certain that fancy can not contrive to throw a halo around them which will be visible to the eye adapted to the medium. But this power of transformation seems to be most easily exercised upon distant objects. It is difficult for us to appreciate cares and troubles which are entirely outside of our own experiences. The poor man looks at the lordly dwelling and elegant appointments of his rich friend, and conceive of no more paradisiacal state of existence. The latter is not troubled as to the way in which he shall get the daily bread necessary for his wife and children. Rugged, hard-handed labor makes no demand upon him, and therefore surely he is blessed. While, in the eyes of the rich man, it is the humble inmate of the cottage who has the blessing. To him the simple lot of the laborer seems easy, when compared with the stress and strain which must come upon the brain of him who has large possessions, and, consequently, large cares and responsibilities.

The child regards the man with envy, and longs to reach the delectable state, when he can do as long as he pleases at night, go where he lists by day, and pay no attention to his mother's wish, without being himself in danger of being chided or having his ears boxed for his folly.

The man looks back to his childhood, when care had not yet laid its heavy hand upon him, with longing, and says, "Would I were a boy again!" He forgets the broken nose, the bruised shins, the hard lessons, the reprimands, the refusals, the disappointments and crosses which so often clouded the sun and cut it out from the view of his young eyes.

"I wish I were a woman," said a little five-year old maiden the other day, "then I would eat as much pickle as I wanted!" If the little maiden live to be a woman, she may look back with a fond desire to the time when she could eat any pickle at all with impunity.

"Love in a cottage" has been "flattering unction" to the hearts of love-sick maidens in all time. But the sweet realities of looking out washing, dressing and seething, dish-washing and scouring, chopping and eating, all jumbled up together, and going on in company at quick successions, have been universally wrought out the disenchantment of those who were possessed by the notion. We are very much inclined to the poets for the encouragements in which distant prospects are so often clothed. "Hope deferred" is one of their favorite topics. Even glowing and sowing are made poetically attractive. But let a man follow the plow all day, until every muscle complains of weariness, and the sun might paint the clouds, at evening, with every various shade of gold and amber, and make them gorgeous beyond any pencil's power, and the mind of the weary man would have scarcely enough vitality left to rejoice in the beauty of the hour, unless it were because the setting of the sun was a signal that his day's weary work was over with.

Again, these poets tell us, in musical numbers, of the melodious effect of the lowing herds, that always contrive, by some way or other, to get into exactly the right place at exactly the right time, which is generally the evening hour. But the lowing is pleasanter to be heard of than to be heard. Most persons, after a first trial, would prefer to take it second-handed. At vesper time let there "come off" a concert after some such programme as this. Let the bass be given by a brace of oxen that have just had permission to rest from their labors, the alto made up of the plaintive tones of a disconsolate cow, while the soprano is given by a newly-weaned calf. Few, probably, would have the hardihood to execute at the end of the performance. Even the wife of a bereaved mother, upon the tender flesh of whose offspring he may have dined that day, would probably satisfy the longing for this kind of music of the most rural of poets—even Corydon himself.

Likewise, these same poets often become impressively eloquent over "the bleating of the lamb." Beautiful maidens and angelic children, whom Heaven in mercy reclaim as its lawful property, which has been "strayed or stolen" for a while, are made to long for an extension of the lease of life, in order that, among other privileges, they may again hear this delightful "bleating of the lamb." The unfeeling exiles have the benefit of such a performance as greeted my ears "once on a time," they would soon declare themselves ready to go!

One morning in June a whole flock of these woolgrowers strayed from their humble premises to my place, and manifested a decided inclination to eat their lunch just under my chamber window. They chose to be sociable while dining, instead of imparing their digestion by hurrying through their meal in solemn silence, as do many of their "betters."

Ba! began Nanny-black-shep; Ba-a! chimed in her horned admirer; Ba-a-a! echoed the tiny voice of a newly-arrived darling of the flock. This fuguing done, the chorus became general. A lamb that seemed disposed to be a soloist was, of every soul of them abundantly able to carry a part. My ears tingled for a week afterward; and even now the very thought of a sheep raises an imaginary noise and confusion.

The painters add the poets in creating our pleasant delusions. They can idealize and make attractive the commonest and most vulgar institutions in this commonplace world. Take, for example, as "The Farm-Yard" of the English Herring, that most unpoetic of all flesh and blood environments, the hog is really made quite attractive. I thought, as I looked at the picture, that a comparison between the tidy, Sunday-go-to-meeting-looking swine and its ugly brother, the unwashed brethren according to the flesh, would certainly be odious to the living. Not only were the general style and air of the former in their favor, but likewise their dignified silence, when contrasted with the unmannerly grunting of the latter. Pure as they emerged from the troubled waters of the gutter, where they have just performed their washing ablutions, they have not the slightest expectancy for the corn and conglomerated tea that are to make their breakfast. As justice is due to pigs we will not at present improve the opportunity here afforded to make a suggestion in answer to the charge of general unsanitariness so often brought against the individuals in question. This accusation is, I believe, founded mainly upon their occasional appearance in the streets, which is the often manifested intention *to go the other way.*

The latter attribute being found to prevail quite extensively among human beings in this country, a very respectable place in society, will not be considered here. The first count in the indictment will be, therefore, passed.

Every body knows that these pork-manufacturers, though they are strictly speaking, in a called sedentary, are not active in their habits. At the same time, they are generally blessed with good appetites, of which, as they are not denied, they are quite piggish in the indulgence. Now putting these two facts together, what wonder if these much-maligned individuals be often stimulated, as far all the horrors of indigestion which, any dyspeptic being pursuit, would be an excuse for any amount of *grunting* whatsoever!

Again, the cows in the picture, how attractive they looked as they arrived at the brook with mud! The meditative look in the eye seemed to say, "Here much we ruminate as much we may." No fear with an inexperienced hand gaffing up her hoops and cross to the opposite side-walk to avoid the cows so gravely and well-behaved as those. As the milk-maid standing there, "on the wrong side of the cow," is evidently an amateur in the particular business of "promoting the watering-idler." There is no smell of the kitchen about her. One might search a long while among the actual Bridgets and Julys without finding a genuine article that was half so much to one's taste. She is evidently not acting a character, and the affectation looking swain who has many of cows "just for chance," is making her forget what she came for.

Blessings be to the artist who has given us for these "crumbs of comfort" which they strew in our path! Life were cheerless without them, and this earth a barren and ungainly dwelling-place.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1860.

THE BANK CRISIS.

THE banks of the city of New York, taught by experience, have frankly met the present emergency by consolidating themselves into one institution, throwing their specie into one common fund, and offering the merchants whatever assistance they need. In 1857 they undertook to fight the merchants, and, as they might have expected, were worsted in the conflict. In 1860 they are to the merchants: We will stand or fall with you. We will discount for you to the last dollar we hold among us. Here are twenty millions of gold: so long as a dollar remains, we shall be found ready to grant our usual facilities to dealers.

It need hardly be added that the present attitude of the banks is nobler and safer than the policy of 1857. An antagonism between banks and merchants can not but be fatal to the former; while the bold confidence exhibited by our banks at present is calculated, if any thing can produce such a result, to allay the fears of the timid and restore courage to the public. The twenty millions of gold now held by the New York city banks—and which will soon be swelled to twenty-five millions by receipts from various quarters—can not be taken out of the country, because the foreign exchanges are uniformly in favor of the United States. It can not well be taken out of New York, because all parts of the country are at present tributary to New York. There is a small profit on shipments of coin to New Orleans and Mobile; coin is coming from New England; there is a large profit on remittances of coin from New England to New York. If it be taken out of the banks at all, it must be placed in private repositories in this city. How unlikely an event this is, those who remember the panic and 1857 will testify. In 1857 some very timid people took gold out of the banks, thinking it was not safe there. When they had got it and had it home in their keys, like the man with the elephant—they did not know what to do with it. Large amounts of gold in private houses were a terrible provocation to burglars; frightened new depositors and possessors of specie knew no peace until they had restored their gold to the banks. If this was the case in 1857, when withdrawals in coin amounted to half a million of dollars, how unlikely it is that twenty millions could be withdrawn!

We can not undertake to say what may be the result of the present commercial crisis. It is a new event in our history. There is no precedent to guide men's judgments concerning it. But there are certain points of difference between the present crisis and that of 1857 which deserve to be carefully noted and remembered.

On 1st October, 1857, when the quarrel between the banks and their customers began to wax warm, the banks had loaned out $105,935,499 on a basis of $11,400,413 in specie, and $92,796,955 in deposit. Now they have loaned out $123,260,000; but they hold $19,600,000 in coin, and $76,000,000 in deposits. Therefore, they are able to expand now how they were then. Moreover, in October, 1857, foreign exchange was selling at a price which caused specie to flow freely to Europe; the banks were obliged to protect themselves as well against the foreign drain as against a run at home. Now foreign exchange sells at a price which prevents it profitable to import specie from Europe; the banks are certain, if they need it, that, in the course of thirty days they will be paid the remittances of bullion from England. Again, in October, 1857, the amount of money required by needy borrowers in this city was enormous. Every railroad corporation was carrying a large floating debt; including the manufacturing and other public companies of New England, it is no exaggeration to say that the corporate borrowers in the markets had paper afloat to an amount not less than fifty millions of dollars. This was excessive of individual borrowers, of whom, as statistics proved, there was a vast multitude living, trading, and speculating on money borrowed at high rates of interest. Of these loan-mongers many disappeared. Some have gone to their last account; many have compromised with their creditors. The railroads have been sold out by the sheriff; a few have recovered their footing and paid up. They have all, or very nearly all, vanished from public view. Our merchants have small or no floating debts; our merchants are sailing under close sail; the general expansion of credit is in quite another line. This is another point in favor of 1860. Finally, during the three years previous to 1857 extravagance in living had been almost universal throughout the country. Not in New York alone, but in the Western cities as well, people of all classes had been spending unusual sums in luxuries of every kind—building preposterous palaces, filling them with preposterous furniture, giving preposterous entertainments, paying preposterous wages to servants, clothing their families in preposterous silks, and generally living on a preposterous scale. Now, on the contrary, the people of this country have been generally living economically for the past three years. In the West, especially, poverty is only just departing from the households of the country people. Since 1857 the people of the North have spent less money in luxuries than they did in a single year prior to that date.

These points of difference are likely to exercise some influence on the pending crisis. They tend to show that both the merchants and the banks must be stronger now than they were then. And they must, at the proper time, form a very suitable basis for a restoration of confidence, now so sadly disturbed.

AFFAIRS IN CHINA.

IT is reported, as a rumor, that a treaty of peace has been signed between the Maritime Powers of Europe and the Empire of China. If England and France are satisfied with any written treaty with the Chinese, and do not obtain material guarantees for its honest fulfillment, they are doomed to disappointment, and the war will soon be renewed afresh. It must always be remembered that Chinese ethics are not our ethics, and that a Chinaman considers it no wrong to cheat a party with whom he deals. This is true of Coolie porters, and of every class of Chinese, so the highest court officials and the Emperor himself. To lie and to deceive are not crimes in the eye of Chinese morality. Lord Elgin and Baron Gros and Baron Gros withdraw their forces from China on the strength of a mere written treaty, signed at Pekin or elsewhere, they will have lost their time.

This country has taken no part in the war with China. We are a good deal in the habit of leaving our citizens residing abroad to the care of Providence and the British cruisers; we have done so in China. Some of our papers and politicians say that in so doing we showed our superior wisdom, and that our masterly inactivity will avail us better than the blundering exercises of the British powers. This may or may not be. Under the favored nation clause, we shall reap the benefit of any concessions which the European powers extort from the Chinese, without sharing their outlay. Whether our people will stand as well with the Chinese authorities is another question. This country is destined, in the not very distant future, to have more extensive dealings with the Chinese than any other nation. They must eventually become, not only the carriers of wood and drawers of water, but the traders of our Pacific States. In the course of the next twenty-five years the immigration of Chinese to this country will probably far exceed the immigration of Irish and Germans. Perhaps, under the circumstances, we may thus reap the benefit of having allowed others at present to discharge the duty of whipping the Chinese into common sense and a decent respect for other nations.

THE LOUNGER.

A WET DAY AT THE FALLS.

IT was a wet day, dark, lowering, *gray*, and chill; but the roar of the Falls all night long had warned us what we were to look for. If you have been at Niagara out of season upon a sunny day, you may imagine how desolate a wet day must be. In fact, there is nothing to charm or interest a stranger for a moment but the river below and the cataract. The village, when the *Cataract* and *International* are overflowing with gay crowds, when carriages and pedestrians throng all the avenues, in every variety of mask of Gout Island, there is a young woman in kid gloves exclaiming, "Isn't it beautiful!" even then the village is a mere caricature of the long, monotonous line of dark woods are sad and dispiriting; but in the rain!—open a wet November day!—and that is desolation.

Somehow you are more entirely at the mercy of the hackmen in the late autumn, for the great houses are closed, and every stranger is marked by the coaches for persecution. Sallying forth as we felt quite competent to behold the wonder of the continent, we were immediately accosted by a crowd of fiebus. They offered to take us every where in the smallest sum of money. "A carpet bagger, gentlemen, for a dollar and a half." "Only the drive, gentlemen; open air—nothing's a shilling apiece." "Gentlemen, have a carriage this morning?" And so a dozen, first confidentially, then loudly—then stepping, from behind, from the other side of the way, from the seat of the carriage—voices every where, drowning the roar of the Niagara—"Carriage, gentlemen; nice carriage, gentlemen: take you all for a shilling." Why do these people leave their homes to understand their business? If a man wants a carriage he is very sure not to take the one of the driver who follows him up so faithfully.

We left them at length, all but one who walked by our side elaborating the advantages of employing him, until we asked him if he proposed to accompany us, at least to do so silently. Some few stragglers were also left from backmen at corners, and backmen reaming restlessly about upon their carriages, hanging their hopeless legs over the side of the seat, and hailing us in such a hope-

lens voice, that we knew they were not disappointed by the invitation "No, thank you."

When you stand upon the bridge over the American rapids, the backmen trouble your ears and your memory no more. You see only the ocean pouring out of the sky and sweeping beneath you; you hear only the mighty roar of the cataract. Then you have to run the gauntlet of an Indian-ware shop; but at last you are safe upon Goat Island. If it be a chill, wet November Sunday, you may be sure, as you turn to the left and walk along the shore of the river and lake, that you will walk with only your own company. Pinching the purple berries of the cedar in your idle fingers, you look wistfully up the lake, already feeling the magnetism which draws you toward the great plunge. As each counter toward it, and see the Canadian rapids, that feeling of profound pathos which pervades the whole region begins to fill your mind. There are little islands, clumps of tangled trees near the margin of Goat Island, and between them and you the shooting water eddies, coils, and sparkles, the trees leaning over, the boughs sometimes dipping, the swift water never delaying, but grimly, terribly rushing on to the brink. Those secluded passages—shadowed, gleaming, winding, and narrow—till, perhaps, remind some eyes for from the home across the sea, of the rivers of Scotland, sweet in story, and you shall believe, as you listen, that you are looking upon the Yarrow, the Esk, the Tweed, in their wild and wanton exuberance.

Just beyond, the mist above the great cataract rises above the trees. Irresistibly your feet quicken their pace, you catch half glimpses; the air shakes with the throbbing; listen on, and the catastrophe, of fate, of despair, steals over your soul—and there you are, standing upon the verge on the naked cliff, with the white abyss below you. If you have seen it many times, every time it is grander.

But if you would be overwhelmed, cross to the Canada side; go easily to Table Rock, then down the new steps, and from the spot where once was the loose stones quite to the river's edge, and you have the entire fall above you. The water dashes up in spray, like ocean billows, over the rock on which you stand, and the vast cloud of vapor half conceals the cataract.

A WORD UPON NOVELS.

Now that Dickens has begun, and Thackeray is about beginning a new novel, it is curious to think about story-telling, and see how the novels let us into the secrets of life. It is universally agreed that if we were all honest the world would be a paradise. Yet few of us say just what we think, for we assume just what we are. Probably we are all often conscious of asking ourselves, when talking with other people, "I wonder what kind of person he really is, behind all the broadcloth, and lace, and artificial flowers, and conventional smiling, and chatting, and bowing, and monotonous answering that he is saying there."

It takes a sharp crisis often to show a man what his neighbor really is; or, as the keen-eyed old Greek philosopher compelled the Lumia to show that she was a serpent and not a woman. And the same crisis reveals him also to himself. And the social fights often gives a paralytic the use of his limbs. Thus the world constantly appears to the imagination, and reappears in poetry and fiction, as a vast masquerade, where we are all dancing in dominoes, and now and then assume a sudden grimness through the windows, and a frightful thunder-clap overcomes the music, to show who really has nerve and who hasn't.

Novels are so universally entertaining, because they are pictures of the masquerade with a key or explanation of some of the principal figures.

"Do you see," says Mr. Dickens, as we stroll through the masquerade, "that large, bland, bald, benignant-looking man, with huge round eyes and in a full suit of bottle-green broadcloth, sitting over there, idly fluttering his pudgy hands and twiddling his fat thumbs, the very personification of patriarchal benevolence? He looks like a great human turtle-dove, as he walks all the cardinal virtues upon spontaneously, and flourish as luxuriantly as cabbages in grass—doesn't he? Well, that man's heart is as bald as his head. His benevolence is merely an edipose deposit. He is really a thin, sour, selfish, hard-hearted man. He is the living skeleton masquerading as Jack Falstaff."

The other novelists are other cicerones. They are illustrators of life. If, for the early and sharp-sighted, you can not do better than listen to them. If they really can not see, the world discovers it for them, and tells them so.

ON THIS SIDE AND ON THAT.

LOUNGING along, the other day, at the rate of about three miles an hour, I presently came to the shores of a river which separated two countries. The train stopped, and we all stepped out upon the platform. There was an air of bustle and alertfulness. People rushed hither and thither, asking for others, or various kinds to inquire about luggage and tickets. There seemed to be a thoughtful supervision any where, and every thing was at sixes and sevens. The station was the very kind of huge shed, with stone walls, perhaps, but it was uncomfortable and shiftless in appearance; and after much delay, the train moved slowly over the river into another country.

Stopping at a station there, it was impossible not to observe the general tidiness and convenience of the whole building. It was of a simple and appropriate style of architecture; the platform in front was very broad and spacious; a conspicuous and legible sign projecting from above every door indicated precisely the use of the room and directed the eager traveler. Every thing was swept and garnished. The station was a temple of convenience and neatness. The area about it was carefully inclosed in proper fences; the ground was decently kept. The sitting-rooms were entirely comfortable; smoking was forbidden, and the floors were not covered with the juice of tobacco. The station looked as if somebody earned it, was responsible for it, and had a pride in it. Travel immediately became a pleasure.

Now think at a venture of any station in our large towns. Begin with the Albany terminus of the Central Railroad; follow on to Schenectady, to Utica, to Rome, to Syracuse. You had better pause at Syracuse, and do homage to the Company that provides so spacious, so stately, so clean, so convenient a hall for passengers to dine in. Compare it, dinner and all—compare it, in the very least detail, with the Hamilton Station, upon the Great Western road. Then you will see what is a really good station, worthy the nineteenth century, and what is a reality. It was just like the Western road, however, disputes the palm of inferiority with the New York Central. The subterranean abyss under the City of Elms into which the trains shriek with despair, as they rush, is perhaps the most wretched of all the railroad retreats in the country.

However, why should we complain? If they don't like us, they need not come. And, after all, we are very likely to break our necks upon the way; so it comes to much the same thing. And yet, would it not be interesting to see some adventurous enterprise of the large kind carried out handsomely and tastefully? Is it impossible? Or of course it is better that passengers should be transported safely than that they should be able to see when they have been cheated. But are the two things absolutely incompatible?

And echo distinctively answers, No.

"UNTO THIS LAST."

UNDER this droll and characteristic title Mr. Ruskin is printing a series of papers in the *Cornhill Magazine*, which are simultaneously produced in *Harper*. The title is drawn from the words in Matthew xx. 14: "I will give unto this last as unto thee," and the object is to show that our political economy is founded upon a false principle. The papers are full of quaint and brilliant brilliancy, and their doctrine is impregnably true. So long, he says, as you base your wishes upon your selfishness so long you are sure to go wrong at last. An individual may escape the result, but a state or a nation will be sure to discover it at length.

It would be a curious and interesting business to show how accurately true this is historically; and to ask the secret defects of nations in all systems of injustice. Buckle denies that popular prejudice is ever permanently unjust; but Buckle would find it hard to show that material methods were not mastered by the moral sentiments. Any tool, any machine, any invention, which is of service to society depends upon the brain that constructs it; and the character of that control will be determined by the character of the constructor.

Buckle's own country of England confirms this truth. The English system of society is essentially unjust, and therefore it is constantly subject to disease consuming its vitality. The wealth of England is as false as it is great. It is the wealth of a few, and while all the time it seems to be larger, it is really weaker; and when it is so large as to be unwieldy, and to be divided by a civil struggle it falling more and more into the hands of great proprietors. The population is rapidly dividing itself into the very poor and the very rich. The condition of the poor, in every way, is utterly wretched. Ignorance, vice, and misery are increasing to distinguish these classes more than ever. Olmsted, in his "Walks and Talks of an American Farmer in England," has shown that the English preservation and acute insight and judgment which put his works of travel among the most valuable of their kind in literature—that this man has left the most degraded people of which the politicians and many thinkers in England have any thought whatsoever. It is a cloud already larger than a man's hand. But it is either not seen or despised, or simply feared that those dangerous eyes and hopes that the delage may hold off until itself gets out of the scrape.

Sydney Smith wrote a comical paper upon taxation in England: but now, after all the taxes which he describes have been imposed, and more, the Englishman, comes the Income Tax to squeeze the dry sponge. "When we are bled to death," said an Englishman, the other day, "they will turn to and garrote us." After all the "rates" of every kind have been paid, the income of the Englishman is taxed still more, and nothing can be found. And it is a notable fact that the amount of the Income Tax for the current year is greater than the war expense in China. Meanwhile, also, the thrifty population of the Highlands in Scotland has diminished enormously within a century, and its place is not supplied.

No thoughtful man can hope that the unsided multiplication table or the Rule of Three can save England; nor can any man deny that she has reached her present situation in strict obedience to the laws of the present political economy. The drift of Ruskin's series is to prove that this must be changed. He does not, indeed, put quite by his doctrine especially to his own country. But it is the only remedy. When you have produced certain results by disregarding great bodies, obedience is all that remains. It may not save you, but it will surely help those that follow you.

A LETTER TO THE HOST OF A COUNTRY INN.

MY DEAR LANDLORD,—I have lately passed some time at your house. You haven't the least idea who I am, and the reader will have no idea who you are. So we can talk plainly, and nobody need be offended.

Now, then, why don't you have your floors and walls clean at a fair price? It wouldn't cost much to have the floors and the doors and the mop-boards scrubbed every day. Suppose you have to pay wages for two or three women, you would find your account in the increased patronage of your house.

Then why do you allow such a table-cloth as we had at breakfast the first day to be laid upon your table? Had you no self-respect? Have you no pride, no honor in your house? You remember the table-cloth? It was simply filthy! It was spotted and smeared with the greasy gravy of that fried beef-steak. People had slopped their coffee upon it, and their tea; and the maids had slopped the dishes; and the butter had had a chance at it; and it was mottled and variegated with stains of every shape and hue. The cloth was perfectly nasty, dear landlord! Don't you think you could do something about it? If you would take it off altogether, and have the table scrubbed clean, that would answer.

The paper on the wall of the dining-room tobore and wall is ragged. It was just like the cloth upon the table. It was so discolored and streaked and foul that it was not a pleasant relief from the contemplation of the other. Also the wooden counter, or dresser, or whatever you call it, where the meats were carved. Is it a stroke of economy upon your part to have it of such an appearance that nobody cares to eat any thing which is carved upon it?

Think of your dining-room a moment. Imagine a clean floor, a clean table-cloth with clean napkins, clean paper upon the walls, a clean ceiling, clean dressers and counters, and rigorously clean hands and clean aprons upon the waiters—all this cleanliness, which would not be very expensive at first, would be infinitely profitable at last.

Then your house is a house of entertainment, of convenience for travelers, isn't it? They expect to have their own way, and not yours, don't they? They hope to take, and you mean that they shall take, their own in their own—don't that understanding? By what right, then, does that porter beat the Chinese gong at seven o'clock in the morning? Here is Mr. Sharp, who arrived only at two o'clock in the morning, and could not get fairly to sleep before three. Are Mr. Sharp's rights and comforts as a guest not to be consulted as much as those of any person in your house? And as if one such indecent case were not enough, there must be another at eight o'clock for breakfast. Suppose that Mr. Lazy does not wish to breakfast until ten. Is he not at home in your house? Is he to have his own way, or yours? Then why can't the porter put my boots quietly at the door without thumping to say that they are there? Of course they are there. Of course he is paid to take the boots and clean them and then back again. Why doesn't he do it quietly? He might as reasonably thump to tell me that he's taking them away—or thump to tell me that it's half past one o'clock, and that every body is asleep—or thump to tell me that the mercury is down to zero.

My dear Sir, why do you make your inn a Procrustes' bed, and compel every man to do what somebody else wishes? Mr. Sharp wishes to rise at six o'clock, why should Mr. Blunt be roused? If Mr. Blunt wants to breakfast at seven o'clock, is that any reason why Mr. Sharp may not wish until nine? If any body wishes to be called at any hour, by all means let him be called; but don't call the whole house. Turn's reason in all things. You need not fear that Mr. Sharp may not want to breakfast until twelve o'clock. The American will not wait until then. If, in rare cases, he does, let him have his breakfast at twelve.

You see, dear Landlord, more cleanliness and silence are what we all pray for. Then your fare might be as plain as you chose. We should not quarrel. In a word, then, Put your spoon in sign, "Dirt and noise warranted in this house;" and let nature's motto be, "A clean and quiet house." If the signs tell the truth every guest will be accommodated, and one of the two landlords will prove that he knows how to keep a hotel.

Your well-wisher,

THE LOUNGER.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

AMERICAN POLISH FOR A PRINCE.

OUR host, John Bull, take back your Prince
Press our superior notice,
Compliment him with your wine,
Cram him with flattering dedication.
I reckon, though, the man is young,
He's probably not very critical,
And, when you hear his polished tongue,
Expect some Yankee twinkle!
Yankee doodle, etc.

Lord Chesterfield, old pigtailed bean,
Conquered a kingdom by politeness,
To teach young fellers, we may slew,
The manners they learn best before.
They learn for better to behave
In this here land, I guess,
Where none but Nigger is a slave,
Than here, at old Grandedom.
Yankee doodle, etc.

Demeanor has its natural laws
Which govern every motion,
How beautiful we smokes and chaws
You'll now acquire the notion.
As Walter our fashions will import,
In large lots for a period of brevity,
And set a pattern to the Court
Which Prince will be ready!
Yankee doodle, etc.

To Dover up in handsome style,
Instructed by discerning great models,
He'll bid Newcastle make Argyll
And Devonshire coat breeches.
Blue jadge, which they learn to brew
In this here land, I guess,
And also drab, and olive too,
Mend your old English manners.
Yankee doodle, etc.

The horizontal attitude,
With legs upon the table,
Contrasted at any ballstud,
And length considerable.
By Wales the nobles will be taught;
And people's imitation
Of them, the whole, slick as thought,
Will spread throughout the nation.
Yankee doodle, etc.

New York in dancing goes ahead,
Some chalks, of Paris city,
If we don't shown him how to tread
A polka, tie a pity.

Department's hard with dancing, eh,
Now Waize can show his mother
On one hand how she shakes the toe,
And rests the heel on t'other.
Yankee doodle, etc.

SIMPLE SONGS FOR SIMPLE SINGERS.

I. Perverse.

I'm leaving thee in sorrow, Jane,
I leave thee deep-driven sigh;
A quiver, and I'm on my lip,
A tear in my eye:
And wouldst thou know me whence the pang
That sighs from my breast?
'Tis simply that I'm fearful
From my dear darling Jane!

I may no longer see thee,
The cab is at the gate;
The fare is ten-pence each, love,
If I should longer wait.
Farewell! the hansom calls me forth,
At six I'll come again.
And being perhaps fined to dine
With my dear darling Jane!

II. D'Abbeye.

I have always a welcome for thee;
And prithee what more can I say?
So look in some evening soon,
And then we will go to the play.
Or if you'd prefer, dear, to dine,
'Twill be equally pleasant to me:
Or say that you'll come to tea with me,
I have always a welcome for thee!

III. Si Sportels.

I am a merry, laughing girl,
As every one may see,
And I can keep my hair in card,
And I don't care for tea.
I've learnt to dance, to sing, and play,
As every lady should,
And if I promised to "obey"—
Now, that I never would!

A nice young man I lately met,
His name I may not tell,
And in the course of half an hour
He vowed he loved me well.
He danced sweetly, I confess,
He evenly set to you and good,
And if he asks me to say "yes—"
Why, I shall say I would!

When does "Lovely Woman stoop to folly?" When she stoops to pot on her Crinoline.

A VERY EASY ONE.

Why is the New Zealander taking his long-promised sketch of St. Paul's like a schoolboy that is being flogged? Because he's "ketching it" (*sketching it*).

BOTTON your coat to the chin when a proud man begins to boast of his ancestry, and remember the shortest way to pay only a further design upon your pocket or your principles.

A PAPER RIDDLE.—When Lord Ellesborough was Lord Chief Justice, a man was brought into court as a witness. When he came up to be sworn, he was asked by the clerk, "Are you a Christian, when you kneel?" The puzzled fellow at the court, it is your bounden duty to be sworn." "Then," said the man, "I am a Christian." "Then," said the judge, "I am a witness," if your lordship comes to that, I'm thinking I'm just as good a witness as your lordship." "What do you mean, Sir?" asked his lordship, angrily.—"Why, faith," said the witness, "I've come here in your working clothes, and I come in mine."

TIL YELL YOU BY-AND-BY.—"Patrick," said a Judge, "what do you say to the fact that you are guilty or not guilty?"—"Faith that is difficult for your Honor to tell, and since nobody else will I lave the evidence."

An attorney brought an immense bill to a lady for some business he had done for her. The lady, to whom he had once paid his addresses, murmured at the charges. "Madam," replied the limb of the law, "I wanted to convince you that my profession is lucrative, and that I should not have been a bad match."

An apothecary, not a little distinguished for his dispatch, visited his wife one morning in bed, and inquired of her when he knew to be a case of singular modesty, asked him, in the simplicity of a large romance—"Why the mischief did lived to such an extreme age?" To which the apothecary replied, "Because I always carefully took no physic."

At dinner, one day, Mr. Rogers related a story of a mercer gentleman who kept a fire-escape—a kind of sack, in which he would lower himself from the window. Being suddenly awakened one night by the sound, as he thought, of the window of his fire-engine, he saw a man actually knocking at the door, he descended in his sack in great haste, and vociferously called upon him to load his wife (who had been to the opera) out of her carriage.

A cowardly fellow, much given to apparent courage, or boasting of his valiant deeds, was, by some means, overtaken by a gentleman, received a violent box on the ear. Summoning his resolution together with all his remaining powers, it was meant in earnest. "You, Sir," replied the other, "have mistaken your man; had any other person struck you frightened him, turned away, saying, "I am glad of it, for I do not like to fight myself."

"Hello, driver, your wheel is going round!" sang out a little urchin to a carter, who was driving his heavy load through the street, the other day. Cubby pulled up, and looked anxiously at his cart on one side and then on the other. "You mean it look now; is it stopped?" coolly asked the provoking little wretch.

A farmer once hired a Vermonter to assist in drawing logs. The Yankee, when there was a log to lift, generally contrived to find some excuse for shirking the duty. Having hooked him, and told him always to take the butt-end. Hauser once, and with it a super-load! Incline pushing, Jonathan sliced off a generous portion of the largest part, giving the former the wink, and exclaimed, "Always take the butt-end!"

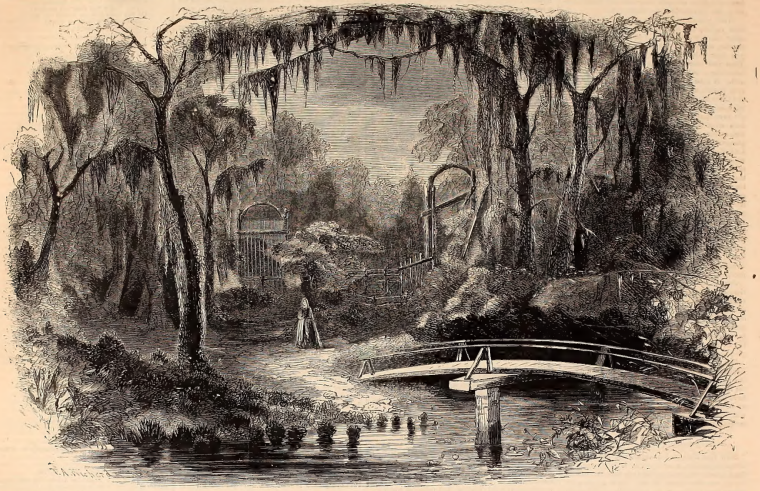
"My dear Sir," said Dr. Cowbell, the other day, to Bob Ray, the famous extractor of teeth, "you hear Sir, you really think of having your son vaccinated without delay. Splendid discovery, vaccination, don't you think, my learned Senior?"

"Ah, yes, just so," replied Bob, "splendid discovery, and all that sort of thing; but don't you think, Doctor, it's just possible that when that time his victims may have somewhat *de-Jennerated*?"

A young lady who was employed in building a guard-chain for a gentleman's watch, was asked what it was for. "A bell-rope, Sir," replied she.

"Ah! acknowledge is a bell-rope," rejoined he, "and a pretty one, too; but I suspect we shall find a scarce attached to it when it is finished."

"Boy," said an ill-tempered old fellow to a noisy lad, "what are you hollering for when I'm asleep?"—"Why, father, I'm hollering for the devil boy," "what are you going by for when I am hollering?"



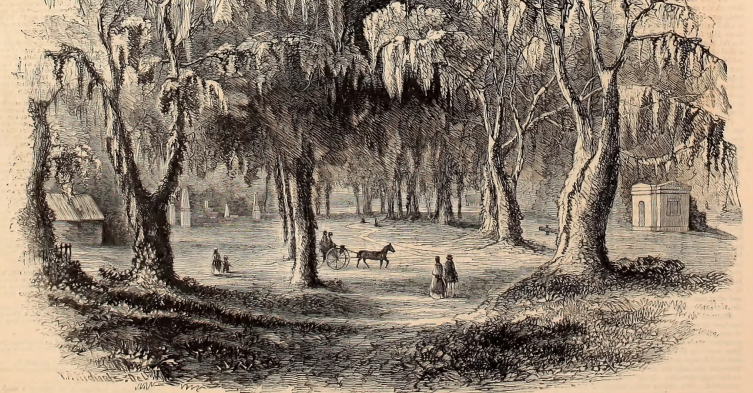
ENTRANCE TO BONAVENTURE CEMETERY, SAVANNAH, GEORGIA.

BONAVENTURE CEMETERY AT SAVANNAH, GEORGIA.

WE publish herewith two beautiful pictures of Bonaventure Cemetery, about four miles from Savannah, Georgia. It is, perhaps, one of the most lovely cemeteries in the country.

Dr. Mackay, in his "Life and Liberty in America," says: "There is nothing like it in America, or perhaps in the world. Its melancholy loveliness once seen can never be forgotten. Dull, indeed, must be the imagination, and cold the fancy of any one who could wander through its weird and fairy avenues without being deeply impressed with its solemnity and appropriateness for the last resting-place of the dead."

Bonaventure was for years the residence of the Tattnall family, and is the birth-place of Colonel Josiah Tatnall—a prominent officer in the American Revolution, and subsequently Governor of Georgia. It was originally settled by Colonel Tatnall's grandfather, Colonel Mulnyne—an old English gentleman, who came out with the early founders of the colony of Georgia. This gentleman—and not Mr. Tatnall, as Dr. Mackay states—"though he came to a forest land where trees were considered a nuisance, admired the park-like beauty around the great country mansions of the nobility and gentry in his native England, and, while every one else in the colony was cutting down trees, made himself busy in planting them. Having built himself a house on the estate of Bonaventure, he planted an avenue, or carriage-drive, leading up to its porch, and the tree he chose was the evergreen oak (commonly known as the 'live-oak'), next to the cypress and magnolia the noblest tree in the Southern States. In due time, long after the good man's death, the trees attained a commanding height, and from their boughs hung the long, feathery festoons of the tillandsia or Spanish moss, that lends such melancholy beauty to much of the Southern landscape." In the shadow of the wild-wood around this place the Tatnalls were buried; but the place has passed from the hands of the family, and is now owned by W. H. Wiltberger, Esq., proprietor of the "Pulaski House," at Savannah, "who, finding the tombstones of the Tatnalls and others in the ground,



BONAVENTURE CEMETERY, SAVANNAH, GEORGIA.

had a portion set aside for the purposes of a public cemetery."

"Never," says Dr. Mackay, from whom we have already quoted extensively, correcting his errors—"never was a place more beautifully adapted by nature for such an object. The mournful avenues of live-oak, and the equally mournful glades that pierce on every side into the profuse and tangled wilderness, are all hung with the funereal drapery of the tillandsia. To those who have never seen this peculiar vegetation it may be difficult to convey an adequate idea of its sadness and loveliness. It looks as if the very trees, instinct with life, had veiled themselves like mourners at a grave, or as if the fogs and vapors of the marshes had been solidified by some stroke of electricity, and hung from the trees in palpable wreaths, swinging and swaying with every motion of the winds. Not unlike the effect produced by the tattered banners hung from the roofs of Gothic cathedrals as trophies of war in the olden time, or to mark the last resting-places of knights and nobles, is the effect of these long streamers pending from the overarching boughs of the forest. Many of them are so long as to trail upon the ground from a height of twenty or thirty feet, and many of the same length, drooping from the topmost branches of oak and cypress, dangle in mid-air."

THE NEW STATE HOUSE AT COLUMBIA, S. C.

WE publish herewith an engraving of the new State House which is in course of erection at Columbia, South Carolina. It will be one of the finest State Houses in the country, and will cost something like four millions of dollars.

Columbia is probably one of the most beautiful inland towns in our whole country. It contains some ten thousand inhabitants; is not only the seat of Legislation, but of the State College—a venerable institution under the patronage of the State, which has sent into the field a host of Carolina worthies, among whom we need only enumerate Hugh J. Legaré, W. C. Preston, James L. Petigru, C. G. Memminger, etc., as among its first graduates. The trade of Columbia is large, and its population steadily on the increase. Among its public buildings are those of the college, which are numerous, of ample size, and of solid and commanding structure; those of the "Arsenal Academy"—a military school, on the plan of *L'Ecole Polytechnique* (a State institution also)—a well-conceived establishment, very beautifully situated; and the "Lunatic Asylum," founded also by the State, and maintained by annual appropriations of the Legislature, wherever its own income proves inadequate to its necessities. The military school at Columbia (called the "Arsenal") is the preparatory school for the principal institution at Charleston, called the "Citadel Academy." To the college of the State, as to their military school, there are large annual appropriations which cover the education and support of about one hundred beneficiaries.

Standing on the high banks of the "rolling Congaree"—here a river of rapids—Columbia surveys, all around her, a prospect of exquisite beauty and magnificence. The falls of the Congaree just above her—the junction, at her feet, of the two rivers, Broad and Saluda, which blend to form the Congaree; her water-works; the broad rich fields of culture just beyond; her public and private edifices; her wide streets; her lovely gardens—all unite to render her unique in the charms of situation, of embellishment, of art, and nature. Standing on the walls of the new State Capitol, now rapidly approaching its highest elevation, nothing can be more exquisite than the prospect on every hand.

The following description of the new State House is from an official source:

"The State House now being built at Columbia will eventually stand in the centre of an open square of from twelve to fourteen acres of ground, which is to be laid out and planted as a handsome park. The building rises from a stone terrace, five feet in height above the ground, twenty-five feet in width, surrounding the whole of the edifice, and ornamented by a stone balustrade. The building is cruciform in its plan; its extreme dimensions on the major axis, running east and west, being 365 feet in length, and on the minor axis, from north to south, 172 feet; with a height of 68 feet from the ground to the top of the cornice, and is divided into a basement with two stories above it, each of which has a clear height of about 18 feet. The legislative halls and library, situated on the principal floor, run up through both stories, thus giving them a clear height of 40 feet. The building is composed in the Roman-Corinthian style, with two portices above the basement at the centre, facing respectively north and south. The receding vestibule front, forming the main entrance from the northern portico, is constructed entirely of white marble. The principal floor, occupied by the legislative halls, is directly accessible from the exterior through the vestibule and the northern portico, by a grand flight of granite steps 80 feet in width, and ascending from the stone terrace below.

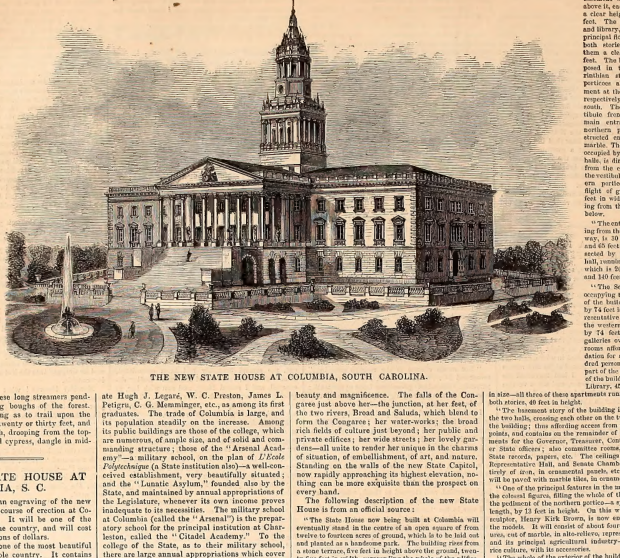
"The entrance hall, leading from the principal doorway, is 30 feet in width, and 65 feet in length, intersected by the connecting hall, running east and west, which is 20 feet in width, and 160 feet in length.

"The Senate Chamber, occupying the eastern end of the building, is 44 feet by 74 feet in size; the Representative Hall, being in the western end, is 62 feet by 74 feet in size, with galleries over the retiring rooms affording accommodation for some three hundred persons. The central part of the southern portion of the building contains the Library, 45 feet by 82 feet in size—all three of these apartments running up through both stories, 40 feet in height.

"The basement story of the building is intersected by the two halls, crossing each other on the two main axes of the building; thus affording access from the four cardinal points, and contains on the remainder of the floor apartments for the Governor, Treasurer, Controller, and other State officers; also committee rooms, and vaults for State records, papers, etc. The ceilings of the Library, Representative Hall, and Senate Chamber are to be entirely of iron, in ornamental panels, etc. All the floors will be paved with marble tiles, in ornamental patterns.

"One of the principal features in the main front will be the colossal figures, filling the whole of the tympanum of the pediment of the northern portico—a space of 90 feet in length, by 13 feet in height. On this work the eminent sculptor, Henry Kirk Brown, is now engaged preparing the models. It will consist of about fourteen colossal figures, cast of marble, in alto-relievo, representing the State and its principal agricultural industry—the cotton and rice culture, with its accessories.

"The whole of the exterior of the building is constructed of granite of very superior quality and beauty, which is brought to the building by a railway, constructed expressly for the purpose, from the quarry, about three miles distant, and lying directly on the bank of the Congaree River."



THE NEW STATE HOUSE AT COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA.

CZAR. EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH. REGENT OF PRUSSIA.

ROYAL MEETING AT WARSAW, OCTOBER, 1860.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

THE ROYAL MEETING AT WARSAW.

We publish herewith an engraving of the meeting of the Emperors of Austria and Russia and the Regent of Prussia, at Warsaw, a few weeks since. The meeting was summoned by the Emperor of Austria, who, evidently, sought aid and counsel from his co-despots in the straits to which the Italian Revolution and the Hungarian uprising have reduced him. It is no secret that his idea was to reorganize the Holy Alliance, which proved so disastrous to human liberty after the Battle of Waterloo. Whether he would have succeeded, had the conference been uninterrupted, remains a question; the meeting was, unfortunately for his hopes, broken up by the death of the Empress Dowager of Russia. Since then we hear that the Emperor Francis-Joseph only sought a guarantee for his Italian possessions; also, that the Emperor Alexander of Russia assured his brother, the Emperor Napoleon of France, that nothing had been plotted against him at the conference. But all this is mere guess-work. The Emperors and the Regent met, and separated, but what they really said and did no one knows.

THE STORY OF A BRITISH RELIEVING OFFICER.

One November afternoon, several years ago, I had concluded the distribution of relief for the day, and prepared to go home.

It was dark when I left the Union Office to walk to my home, which was about a mile out of the town. The last part of my way lay through a little piece of field, which had an evil character in the neighborhood. The reason I could never exactly learn; but the story went, that in that field, once at least in every year, at night time, there appeared a female figure clothed in white, and that from this apparition there issued sighs and moans most grievous to listen to. I had traversed the field at night hundreds of times, and not a vestige of any female in white had I seen; so I was, of course, an unbeliever in the tale. This evening I had just stepped over the stile, when—I must confess, very much to my amazement—the sound of deep sobbing came distinctly to my ear. I really do not see why I should not own, further, that my heart's action increased a trifle as I peered about to see the cause; and that when, a few yards off, I could perceive a white figure making toward me, I felt an unusual perspiration overspread my forehead.

It *was* a woman, all in white, too, and crying bitterly.

"Now, Mr. Jones, don't be such an arrant fool," said I to myself, as I half turned to retreat. At the same moment down fell the figure on the grass. I went to it. It was no spectre, but a poor woman, evidently very ill, and in great trouble. I elicited from her that she had set out from her cottage, a little distance off, to seek her servant, who had left her some hours before to go into the town. Questioning a little more closely, I discovered that this distressed gentlewoman (for she was evidently above the common rank) was in a state of utter destitution, and that she and her faithful domestic were well-nigh starving. The cottage in which they lived was completely secluded, and they had only been there a month, so that they were quite strangers in the neighborhood. The servant had sallied forth to-day, unknown to her mistress, to obtain relief, having no notion, poor creature, of the inquiry and examination requisite before assistance could be given. I further learned that the sufferer had a husband, who, five weeks before, had sent her, with only a few pounds in her pocket, to this place from London, intimating that he should join her in a month's time.

"Then you are now expecting him?" I said.

"Every day," was the reply; and as it was given, I staggered as though I had been wounded.

Wounded! Ay, I *was* wounded. The moon, shining forth suddenly, revealed to me a face not seen for years, but never forgotten—never forgotten—and never will be by me this side of the grave.

Mary Leslie and I had both been born in a village ten miles distant. Suited for each other in every respect, I would have made her my wife, but she refused me. Her parents both died, and, shortly after, she ran away from the guardianship of a very distant relative with the son of a wealthy farmer. The farmer, who was furious, laid all the blame on Mary, and declared her an artful minx, who had inveigled his son. I know better. She was cruelly deceived, and Mark Sedley was a thorough villain.

And this poor face, so ghastly pale, so worn and wasted, was Mary's face.

"Mary!" I gasped.

Then she recognized me in a moment, and with a wild cry threw her arms about me. She told me all. The tale was dreadful, worse even than I expected, and I had been full of misgiving. Such neglect, such cruelty, such fiendish ingenuity in maliciousness, as had been exhibited toward the long-enduring and still loving wife, by her double-dyed scoundrel of a husband, I, with all my experience of life, could not have conceived. They had been in the depths of poverty; but either through pride, or an impression of its probable inutility, no application had been made to her husband's father for assistance. One day Sedley had, as already stated, ordered her to depart from London for this town, giving no reason for the strange command, save that he was going a journey in which she could not accompany him, but that in a month's time he would be with her at any address which she should send to him at a place he named. Here, then, Mary had arrived, and had found an abode in a cottage of two rooms, close at hand. Some scraps of furniture she had bought for a few shillings, of the previous occupier. The woman she had with her was an old servant of her father's, whom she had met in London, and who would not leave her in her trouble.

"The scoundrel has deserted her," I thought. "Well, better so."

We reached the miserable dwelling, and Mary having entered, I hastened to the work-house, and dispatched a servant to Mrs. Sedley forthwith laden with necessaries of various kinds.

I knew the elder Sedley was still living, so the next morning I rode over to the village in which he resided, and told him my painful discovery. He expressed himself very pleased at the probability of seeing his son.

"A noble fellow, Mr. Jones," he said, with warmth; "a manly, upright youth as ever lived. Ah! what might he not have been had he not been ruined by that wretched artful girl!"

It made me mad to hear him speak thus; but it was not wise to quarrel with him.

"However that may be, Sir," I said, "she is your son's wife, and I have told you her condition. Something must be done for her."

"Do you expect me to do any thing for her, Mr. Jones? Now, did you really come ten miles to ask me to help her?"

"Certainly I did. Good Heavens, Mr. Sedley, she was starving—would have starved, had I not met with her! Come and see her."

"Yes, Mr. Jones, I will. When she's in her coffin you let me know, and I'll come—with pleasure."

Horrified and disgusted, I shrunk from the implacable old brute, and returned home.

It was evening when I reached the Union Office. My assistant was affixing a placard to the notice-board outside.

"Here's a thing that has created a bit of a stir since you have been gone," he said, and he handed me a copy of the placard.

It announced a highway robbery committed some fifteen miles off, described certain articles stolen, furnished close particulars of the robber, and offered a large reward for his apprehension.

"Not much chance of the rascal's escaping," remarked Mr. Flack. "Why, here's a complete portrait: 'Singularly prominent front upper teeth; scar on left cheek; very light hair; squints;' and a lot beside. Oh, he'll be nabbed, to a certainty."

I put the placard in my pocket, and proceeded to Mary Sedley's cottage. As I journeyed, the marked description of the as yet uncaptured robber dwelt on my mind. The reward was considerable, would be very welcome, even to me. Had I ever seen such? Mercy! It flashed across my mind. Yes, there could be no mistake: the account tallied to a nicety with the exterior, as I knew it formerly, of Mark Sedley. I was exceedingly startled, and stopped to think, when my attention was suddenly arrested, as follows:

I was in the "haunted field." On one side of me was a high bank, with a hedge at top. Above me, on the other side of this hedge, were evidently two people talking. I listened; for the circumstance was strange in that place and at that hour.

"You miserable magpie!" was growled in a manner which I knew well, though I had not heard it for years; "I'm a good mind to pitch you over the hedge, you never-ending chatterer."

"Indeed, Mark!" I heard Mary Sedley reply, "I couldn't help it. I was dying—really dying for want of food."

"Dying! you've always been dying," grunted the scoundrel. "What now? Sniveling? What! at seeing me, is it? when the sight ought to make you happier than any queen. Now, take care! I only say, TAKE CARE!"

"There, I have done. Now, Mark, I've ceased crying: but don't be harsh; I'm very weak. Well, well, never mind. Now just tell me about these things. To whom did you say I was to take them?"

"To a man named Isaac Levy, in Hulk's Alley—just at the end of the town. You'll say you want to sell them, and he'll buy them. He'll ask no questions. To-morrow night, at ten o'clock, I'll come to you, and you'll have the money ready for me."

"But, Mark! now, Mark! I don't want to be curious; I won't ask you again where the articles came from; but do tell me, where are you going to, and how long shall you be away this time; and, dear Mark, how am I to live?"

"How are you to live, eh? Look you, Mary, my love, if you bother me with any more questions, you sha'n't need to ask me again how you're to live. You go and do what you're told; that's enough for you. Now be off, double quick. And as for that old friend of yours, Mr. Jones, I'll square accounts with him all in good time. I'll cut his throat, Mary: you see if I don't."

Then they seemed to separate. I watched about, and saw Mary enter her cottage. I followed her immediately. She screamed loudly.

"Oh, Mr. Jones!" she gasped, sinking into a chair; "how you frightened me!"

"Mary Sedley," I said, somewhat sternly, taking up a watch and other things which she had just laid on the table, "where did these come from?"

"Oh, never mind! give them me. They are—"

"Mary, they are plunder; the fruits of a highway robbery, and the robber was—"

"No, no, no!" she shrieked. "I will not believe it!" she cried, divining my next speech.

"Now be calm, and let me tell you. I heard the greater part of what passed between you and your husband just now. The man he named to you is a notorious receiver of stolen goods. And read this;" and I handed her the placard.

She read it.

"My God! this is worse than all," she wailed. "I have starved and suffered well-nigh unto death; yes, almost to death, oh, thank Heaven! but this is terrible."

"Now," I resumed, "there is but one course to be pursued. This ruffian has tortured you long enough. You must be released from him."

"How?"

"How? Why, through the law. He will be transported for life for this offense."

"But he is not in prison yet."

"No; but he soon will be. He is coming here to-morrow night, you know, and I shall have the officers ready for him."

"Ah, true," she said, staring vacantly at me. "I had forgotten. Yes; you would do that, of course."

She seemed bewildered, and, having learned from her that she expected the old servant to return immediately, I thought it best to leave her.

As I passed from the cottage, I pondered her strange look, and lingered at a short distance. The door opened gently. I saw her come forth, look about, close the door, and then run in the direction of the "haunted field" at the top of her speed. The idea immediately occurred to me, "She is seeking Sedley to warn him against coming to-morrow night." I followed. It was perfectly dark, but her white dress enabled me to keep her in view. The field was reached. She wandered about, but found no one. She crossed again into the road, I still following as quietly as I could. Suddenly she stopped. She had come upon Sedley walking onward. She touched him on the back, and he sprung round with a cry of alarm and an oath.

"It is I, Mark—I, Mary. I've had such a run, I can hardly speak; I want to tell—"

"You've followed me, have you? Curse you, body and soul. There," and he felled her to the earth.

"Mark, one word," said the victim, in a voice but little above a whisper. "It was to save—"

"What, you won't cease chattering? There, and there," and he kicked her as she lay. "Now go home."

Great God of heaven! Through the mouth of that murdering villain was uttered the most merciful injunction which had fallen upon poor Mary Sedley's ear for many a long day, "Go home;" and she went home—to God.

Strong man as I am and was, I had turned sick at the first terrific blow, and before I could cry out, the second brutality had been committed. Then I shouted, and rushed forward. Sedley decamped, and I raised Mary, and ran with her, as quickly as I could, back to the cottage. The old servant was still absent. I laid the sufferer on her miserable couch, and leaned over her.

She was dead. Terribly reduced and enfeebled as she had been, the violence had completed the tragedy. She was at peace. Her effort to save her husband had resulted in bringing liberty to herself. I threw open the little window, and as I gazed at the bright stars above me I found myself again and again repeating—

"She is at peace. Thank God, she *is* gone home!"

The following night our Inspector of Police, one of his men, and I, set out from the town for the cottage. It was wretched weather. The snow fell fast, the wind blew, and the cold was piercing. We arrived. In the course of the day Mary Sedley had been placed in her humble coffin.

It was arranged that the constable should lie crouched under a hedge outside the cottage, while the Inspector and I should remain in the bedroom, so that Sedley might be fairly in the house at the time of his capture, which would thereby be rendered more easy. Thus we were all placed, rather before nine o'clock, when the constable outside came to tell us that a struggle seemed to be going on a little distance off in the road; but he could only judge by sounds, for the night was so dark he could see nothing at the smallest distance.

The man had scarcely returned to his hiding-place, when the door of the cottage opened, and a most unexpected arrival took place. The elder Mr. Sedley made his appearance. I met him as he entered. An alarming spectacle he presented. He was so bedabbled in snow and mud, with patches of blood, as scarcely to be recognizable.

"Good Heavens! Mr. Sedley," I exclaimed.

"What, you? And in that state!"

"And you, Mr. Jones? Why, what in the world brings you here? My story is soon told. I have been longer about a journey than I expected, and as it was such a night, and so late, I was making for your town, intending to sleep there. But you have queer folks about. Coming along the lane where it was so dark I could not see my hand before me, there fell upon the back of my head an awful blow. I dare say the villain who gave it me spied, dark as it was, my plentiful crop of white hair, and that encouraged him to try to rob me. But he reckoned wrongly. I'm old, but I'm not weak, and with the aid of 'Finisher' here, I'll match any man now."

Here Mr. Sedley exhibited a formidable cudgel, from the knob of which, on the pressing a spring, there darted forth three or four little spikes.

"Well, I kept my legs, and in a moment my enemy and 'Finisher' had made acquaintance. The scoundrel gave an awful growl, and somehow managed to touch me in the chest, and nearly settled me. However, I rallied, and then, judging from his white coat, as well as I could, where his face would be, I brought 'Finisher' down upon him with my utmost strength. I believe it made an end of him. I hope it did. But I treated the villain to a third taste, and then I left him."

"Heaven pity the wretch! Why, you must have killed him!"

"Dare say—saved the hangman the trouble. But tell me, Mr. Jones, first, in whose place am I, that you should be here at this hour?"

Mauled as he had been, I was really sorry to excite him further; but I was so afraid of his vile son arriving that I answered at once—

"You are in your son Mark's cottage."

"Lord have mercy upon me! Then Mary Sedley lives here—is in that other room, I suppose."

"She don't live here, but she lies in that other room."

"Eh?" he said, puzzled.

"Mr. Sedley" (and I could not help my voice trembling as I spoke), "come in with me and see her."

"No, no, no; I'll do nothing of the sort: I told you I wouldn't before. She'll plague me for assistance, and I'll give her none—not a penny."

"But you told me you would see her."

"*I* told you!—you don't speak the truth, Sir. In her coffin, I said, I would see her, gladly, but never elsewhere—elsewhere never."

I threw open the door between the tiny rooms.

"Then see her in her coffin!" I cried; and, taking advantage of his surprise, I moved him gently into the bedroom.

"My God!" he exclaimed, staggering from the coffin's side, "then she is really dead!"

"You have your wish. No doubt you feel your anticipated pleasure. She *is* dead."

"After all," said the old man, recovering himself, "it is better so. My son is free. You said he was coming here. Why, what is the policeman here for—to watch the corpse?"

"Your son I expect almost immediately," I replied; "but I must tell you there is no time to avoid it; he comes as a felon, and he will go away a prisoner—read that placard."

He had great difficulty in doing it; but he saw enough to cause him to fall back against the wall, and groan in agony. Suddenly he sprang to the coffin.

"And this all through you!" he yelled, with demoniac fury, clenching his fist at the poor clay, and looking, besmeared as he was with blood, like a fiend incarnate. "You, you wretch—*you*, who seduced him; you, who took him from his home, from me; who ruined him; who— What was that?" he asked, in a whisper.

"For the love of God, Mary! open the door," said a faint voice without; "I am dying—some water—some water."

"It is *his* voice. I know it—I know it," gasped the old man, clutching me by the shoulder. "I have not forgotten it;" and before any of us, he had reached the door and opened it.

"Run away, Mark, run," he shouted. "They are waiting for you. Away for your life!"

"He will never run again," said the Inspector; and he dragged into the hut a prostrate body which lay outside.

Merciful Heaven! what a sight it was! A man in a long white coat, saturated at the upper part with blood, and his forehead almost undistinguishable from bleeding wounds.

"Lord! Lord!" moaned the wretched being; "I am quite blind now—water—water—I'm dy—dy—" And he died.

Then the little hut, and the country round, rung with shouts of "Mark! Mark! Mark! My son! my son!"—for reason left the miserable father; and, escaping from our hold, he fled forth into the field, the darkness, the snow, the rain, reckless and mad.

He had slain his son, and in self-defense.

Mary was avenged.

HOW TO HELP THE BLIND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

An association has lately been formed in England for the improvement of the condition of the blind. Miss Muloch has been to see the asylum, and thus speaks of it:

The great object is to enable the blind, as a class, to earn their own livelihood, and to elevate their condition generally. If the sighted would help the blind by acting to them the part of levers, to raise them out of their present state, rather than of props to support them in it—the blind would most thankfully recognize that aid which they can not well dispense with, but which they most prefer, because, in accepting it, they reduce their honest independence in the least possible degree.

This principle of the cultivation of independence is the greatest and best feature of the Association. Charity is a blessed thing, when all other modes of assistance fail; but till then, it should never be offered to any human being; for it will assuredly deteriorate, enervate, and ultimately degrade him. Let him, to the last effort of which he is capable, work for himself, trust to himself, educate and elevate himself. Show him how to do this—help him to help himself, and you will every day make of him a higher and happier being.

So thought I, while watching a lad of only twenty-one, who three years before had lost first sight and then hearing. Totally deaf and blind, his only communication with the outer world is by the sense of touch. Yet it was such a bright face—such a noble head and brow—you saw at once what a clever man he would have made. And there was such a refinement about him, down to his very hands, so delicately shaped, so quick, flexible, and dexterous in their motions—the sort of hands that almost invariably make music, paint pictures, write poems. Nothing of that sort, alas! would ever come out of the silent darkness in which, for the remainder of his days, lay buried this poor lad's soul. Yet when Mr. Levy, taking his hand, began to talk to him on it—the only way by which the blind can communicate with the deaf-blind—he turned round the most affectionate delighted face, and caught the sentence at once.

"P-l-a plane. Lady wanting to see me plane? I'll get the board in a minute."

The voice was somewhat unnatural, and the words slowly put together, as if speech, which he could still use, but never hear, were gradually becoming a difficulty to him. But he set to his carpentering with the most vivid delight; and having planed and sawed for our benefit, again lent himself to Mr. Levy's conversation.

"Lady wishes to see my toys? I'll get them in a minute." And as nimbly as if he had eyes the lad mounted to a high shelf, where were ranged, orderly in a row, a number of children's toys, manufactured in a rough but solid style of cabinet-making—the last made, which he brought down and exhibited with great pride, being a tiny table with a movable top and "turned" feet—a table

that would be the envy of some ambitious young carpenter of seven years old, and the pride and glory of his sister's dolls' tea-party; as it may be yet—to harass I know. How its maker's face kindled at the touch of the silver coin and the shake of the hand, which was the only way in which our bargain could be transacted.

"She's bought my table. Lady's bought my table." And then, with a sudden fit of conscientiousness, "Who shall I give the money to?" evidently thinking it right to be remitted among his week's wages, paid by the Association.

I inquired how much he earned.

"Seventeen shillings a week, and could earn much more if we only had it to give him. But even that makes a great difference. When he's at work he's happy, and drinks not unwisely, clearly, he said, because it grieved him to be dependent on his two mothers. Now he is all right, and the merriest fellow possible. I asked him the other day if he were happy. 'Happy!' he said,'to be sure I am. What have I to make me unhappy now? I would be a great shame if I were any thing but happy.'

Poor soul—poor simple, blessed soul! the greatest man on earth might be less enviable than this lad, totally deaf and dumb.

I have thus given a plain account of what I saw and heard that day. Any one with more time, more means, and more practical knowledge than I could hardly expend them better than in becoming "eyes to the blind" by a few visits to 127 Euston Road.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

The votes have been counted in every State in Pennsylvania, Lincoln received 268,030 votes; Fusion, 178,871; Lincoln's vote, 1857, 147,510; Bell, 12,776; Lincoln majority over Fusion, 89,159; over all, 79,872. In Illinois, Lincoln gets 172,502; Douglas, 160,242; Bell, 4,913; Breckinridge, 2,739. The indications are that Bell carries Georgia by about 1,000 votes; Breckinridge, Florida, by about 1900; Bell, Virginia, by about 700. In New York, Lincoln gets 362,646; Fusion, 314,174.—Lincoln's majority, 47,551.

A SPEECH FROM MR. LINCOLN.

A telegram, dated Springfield, Illinois, Tuesday, Nov. 20, says: "The meeting of congratulation, which was at first announced to be held in the evening, has assumed more gigantic proportions. An immense and excited crowd is in attendance, and the illumination is magnificent. Able and brilliant beyond any thing ever seen in the West. All the public buildings, and a large number of private dwellings, are ablaze with fantastic devices. In the dome of the State House are fourteen hundred lights of candles, and the effect for many miles.

"A large torch-light procession has been paraded through the principal streets. Mr. Lincoln and family have halted and called out the President elect with whom they were received with the most hearty enthusiasm at his appearance. The storm of congratulation and cheers which greeted Mr. Lincoln's rise was at last lowered, and Mr. Lincoln said:

"FRIENDS AND FELLOW-CITIZENS,—Please excuse me on this occasion from making a speech. I thank you for the kindness and compliment of this call. It is natural and common with all citizens who have thought fit by their votes to indicate who shall be their rulers. (Applause, and cheering.) Let us at all times remember that all American citizens are brothers of a common mother, and should dwell together in the bonds of fraternal feeling. [Immense applause.] I am unable to say more than return thanks, and to excuse me from further speaking at this time."

THE PRESIDENT-ELECT AT CHICAGO.

A telegram dated Chicago, November 22, says: "Mr. Lincoln, Vice-President-elect, arrived this morning at the car-quarters at the Tremont House, where Mr. Lincoln is stopping. At about o'clock this forenoon a procession of citizens formed in front, in being the first time they have met since the nomination. The procession was headed by the band of the same Congress.—Lincoln in the House and Hamlin in the Senate.—they never met before since their nomination, nor have had an interview with Mr. Lincoln, attended by Mrs. Dodge, of Springfield, Mr. Dunlap, of Ohio, and General Hitchcock, of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, and Mr. Gage, landlord of the Tremont, who introduced the party to the crowd present during the carriage-call.

"Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Hamlin upon meeting avoided all allusion to politics, and entered into a social conversation, which was soon interrupted by an invitation to visit the hospital, which they were unable to accept. This invitation was accompanied by the announcement that their reception ladies' party is about to be held, and therefore the visit must be made at once, which was done. The President and Vice-President-elect, accompanied by Mrs. Lincoln and Mr. Platt, and attended by several gentlemen, immediately entered carriages and proceeded to Wigwam. After a short tarry the party visited the new Post-office, Custom-house, and United States mint building, and returned to their hotel."

SENATOR DOUGLAS ON SECESSION.

In a speech just delivered at Springfield, Illinois, Senator Douglas said:

"Secession is an impracticable, or rather an impossible thing. The Constitution provides no way by which a State may withdraw from the Union—no way for the dissolution of the Government. The General Government is therefore but little with the individual rights of citizens, except for protection. It is chiefly like a father to the States and its blessings—not in its exactions. If every Federal officer in South Carolina were to resign, their offices would be vacant, and its Legislature declare the State out of the Union, it would all amount to little while the State remained a citizen of that State. So long as the State did not interfere with the exercise of the revenue or the mails, the people in other portions of the Union would not be in the least disturbed. What is the South Carolina people to do when raised? Whom is it to fight? Manifestly, if it commences a war on the United States officers engaged in collecting the revenue, it becomes the aggressor. This would be a singular mode of making war whereby the whole South Carolina makes no complaint against the Revenue laws. It is the power for this—to become the aggressor. He predicted a speedy reaction, and defended Mr. Breckinridge from the charge of disunionism."

MR. LINCOLN NOT TO ENCROACH ON THE SOUTH.

Senator Douglas also said that Mr. Lincoln, although of the candidate of the Republican party, as Lincoln's friend, will not attempt to violate the rights of any other party. When inaugurated he will be the President of the United States, and will be ready to defend and protect the State in which he has not received a single vote against any encroachment upon its constitutional rights, as the one in which he has received the largest support. He says the Republican party are fortunate that they have now in their power to prove that they have never intended, and do not intend, any encroachment upon the rights of any State or any section.

THE ATTITUDE OF GEORGIA.

The Legislature of Georgia has passed the bill granting a million to arm the State. Governor Brown has recommended the Legislature to nominate electors, as no candidate has an absolute majority of the popular vote, as required by the laws of Georgia. The Legislature has authorized a State Convention, the election to take place on 2d January, and the Convention to meet on the Wednesday following.

ATTITUDE OF NORTH CAROLINA.

A telegram dated Raleigh, November 19, says: "Both branches of the Legislature assembled to-day. A strong Southern feeling pervades the entire State.

"The Governor's message, which will be sent in to-morrow, takes strong Southern ground, and recommends a conference with the neighboring States, and then a State Convention, to meet in January. He recommends the enlistment of six men between eighteen and forty-five years, and also recommends the raising of a force of mounted volunteers, with arms and equipments. He goes for resisting any effort at coercion by force of arms."

WHAT THE SOUTH WANTS.

Governor Letcher of Virginia has written a letter in which he says: "The South wants the Constitution and the faithful execution of the laws passed for the recovery and protection of her property. She will never submit to dictation and lend your aid to effect their execution according to the letter and spirit: that if her property is not secured, and its fiend in the non-slaveholding States, you will see that it is protected by the laws of the States. Second: that there is patriotism enough in Pennsylvania and the other non-slaveholding States to repeat that act the law declared to be our due, especially when the preservation of the Union depends upon it. In concluding this brief view of the subject, permit me to add that if the North will repent and uphold the rights of the States, the Union will be perpetual, and country will continue to grow in power and influence, the people of whom will love and revere it. Should the blessings of peace, quiet, and order, and a prosperity such as has never been known over any country in the past history, will be the necessary result."

SENATOR DOUGLAS ON DISUNION.

Senator Douglas has written a letter in which he says: "So men in American regrets the election of Mr. Lincoln than I do. I now make the most emphatic declaration I can defeat him; now differ with him more radically and earnestly than I have done with any other man. But I am not for disunion. Nor am I prepared to resist, in all the legitimate means sanctioned by the Constitution, the will of a majority of the country. Disappointed politicians and ambitious men are unfriended to represent. But while I say this, I am bound, as a public citizen and a member of the party, to state my conscientious conviction that the mere election of any man to the Presidency by the forms prescribed by the Constitution is not sufficient cause for dissolving the Federal Union."

MR. STEPHENS AGAINST SECESSION.

In the course of a speech of great power and talent before the Georgia Legislature, Mr. Stephens said:

"The Constitution that provides for itself is, shall the people of the South secede from the Union in consequence of the election of Mr. Lincoln to the Presidency of the United States? My countrymen, I tell you frankly, candidly, and earnestly that I think you should not. Wait for the consummation, the election of no man, constitutionally chosen to fill any office whatever, is sufficient cause to separate from the Union. It ought to stand by and to aid in maintaining the Constitution and preserving it. It is always a point of resistance to the Government—to withdraw from it because you have not the power to administer it. Meet us in the wrong. We are pledged to maintain the Constitution, and to see that it is executed in its true intent. We, therefore, for the mere election of a man to the Presidency by the forms of the Constitution, will not consent to dissolve the Union, but will make a point of resistance to the Government, without the power to administer it in its honest interpretation. Will you not pause before you do it—would we not be in the wrong? Whatever has been the folly of others, I am sure that the people of the South, the people of the South, and especially to the people of Georgia, that we have been wise in the formation of our elements. Let the fault and the wrong rest upon others. If all our hopes are to be blasted, if the Government is to go down—let us be found to the last moment standing on the last wreck this the ruins of the United States waving over our heads." [Applause.]

UNION MEETING IN GEORGIA.

A telegram dated Augusta, Georgia, November 20, says: "The largest meeting ever held in Greene County, Georgia, came off to-day. Delegates were present from all the county participated. Resolutions of a conservative character were adopted, recommending the calling of a State, and all a State Convention, of all parties, to calmly consider the wrongs demanding the dissolution of the National Union, appealing to the people of the Union to demand the immediate repeal of the obnoxious Personal Liberty Bill, etc., and rally to the support of our imperiled Government. That the political excitement has become intense and excitement, have stirred it up: instead of repressing unlawful combinations, and punishing those engaged in the work of removing causes of dispute, they have created them for the base purpose of using the fears which their own acts have produced to the passions and prejudices of the people at the approaching Presidential election, and that the most extensive and fatal feelings of hate, other unlawful organizations by the leaders of the Republican party, and the formation of secret political societies find themselves engaged in a fierce controversy which can not fail to end in bloodshed.

ENGLISHMEN ENCOURAGING SECESSION.

A gentleman of respectability, just arrived from the South, tells us that the English in that section of country can be counted as many as thirty Englishmen, busily engaged in fanning the flame of secession wherever they have

MORE TROUBLES IN KANSAS.

A telegram dated Washington, November 21, says: "President Buchanan has issued orders for the arrest of the three United States Marshals, dated 21st inst., at Fort Smith, stating that information has been received that the notorious bandit Montgomery, have put themselves in open defiance of the United States Government. The orders have spread great alarm throughout the country. One person has been killed. The object of the present organization to seize the public property, and to march into Missouri, and release Montgomery, who is in custody. The Secretary has dispatched the necessary orders to General Harney, and will proceed with all possible speed in enforcing the laws, and for apprehending guilty persons.

"General Harney has left for the Department under his command, and will make short work of these rebels."

ACTION OF THE LEGISLATURE OF KANSAS.

On Monday, 19th, the Presidents of the leading City Banks met and took into consideration the propriety of exchanging for their joint account in order to get rid of the Kansas State Bank notes, which have flooded the country of late, though the purchases of exchange by the Committee were made. But the Committee found that no satisfactory scheme was adopted. The banks put all their specie into a common bank, and the Committee appointed to buy up the notes of the merchants required—all the banks agreeing to supply specie in proportion to their capital, and in the sequence of the contemplated expansion—all the banks agreeing, which is now declared and will be carried into effect by the Bank of England, afforded decided relief to the public, and the Committee, and many merchants, with checks pass, money became easier, and there was a better market for exchange and for securities.

SUSPENSION OF COUNTRY BANKS.

On 20th November the Farmers' Bank of Virginia, being pressed for coin, suspended specie payments. On the following day the example was followed by the other banks of Richmond, and those of Petersburgh, Virginia, and Baltimore, Maryland. On 23d the banks of Philadelphia, Washington, Wheeling, Norfolk, and Portsmouth followed suit, as also the Farmers' Bank of Charleston, South Carolina. All the Southern banks, with the exception of those of New Orleans, are expected to suspend.

A LARGE FORGERY FOUND OUT.

We have advices of fruit so far southward as the north line of Alabama, which must have killed the cotton-plant, so that the crop of 1861 may be considered made. Its amount is variously estimated at Four, Four and a Quarter, and Four and a Half Millions of bales.

OUTRAGE BY A BRITISH CHIEF JUSTICE.

A telegram dated Washington, November 19, says: "It is understood that information has been received from the Governor of Washington Territory, that a slave on board the American ship, which entered the harbor of Victoria, Vancouver Island, has been taken from the vessel and set free by the British Chief Justice of the Island. A pretty high-handed outrage that."

THE CHRISTIAN NOTABILITIES.

A writer in the Boston *Transcript* daguerreotypes a few of the notables among the numerous visitors to the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Cambridge on the 13th inst.:

"First we saw Agassiz over the balcony. Our attention was soon arrested and riveted by Mr. ——'s cold, splendid, Webster-like head. Then Longfellow, with his white locks and power: as you gazed, fascinated by its beautiful calm, you forgot the pallor of hidden deep pain in the soul, there was not passion and tenderness. I do not wonder at, to write such a poem as 'Excelsior,' a man was driven to it by.

"A stir and a buzz; some one has entered with looking at. Ah, I see; it is that man in the reserved pews. What a face! What power and powerful, fiery yet thoughtful. Is he a minister? He does not wear the look of it. Ah, no! he is not a man to be a minister. He don't look pious enough. A politician? No, not that: the eager, watchful, restless look that distinguishes statesmen is wanting; he has too much self-repose for a politician. A lawyer, then? Perhaps. There is much of both spirituality and action about him. Who and what can he be? I catch a name whispered about—Theodore Ward Beecher. No wonder I could not class him; he is the representative of a class which has arisen in modern years. It was one night in the old Tremont Temple, when he stood up to speak. He was quite young then. As he stands now he wields a greater moral power than any person in our country, probably. He is a world-wide man.

"Others are coming in. There is old President Hitchcock, looking as if he had in his care he bore, with flexible bright and clear! The dents are there, but the lines of thought and care are not there on the air, flushing all sounds save of beating hearts. Here comes Agassiz, a Swiss-looking man, with long hair, and his thousand hearty years to offer him the homage of deepest admiration and love. Longfellow, Dr. Holmes, and a host in past, and we can look at others, see what a noble band of men did the University of Cambridge give the Governor at the next of honor; how cool and strong he looks, watchful, but still as a man who has no fear of any thing, and a full, not, perhaps, because you how to the night and neighborly of classical free of Sparks and the large plan of Harvard, President Walker (late President of Harvard). He looks as if one of the old Puritan divines had stepped out of the past."

MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE.

The *Herald* correspondent writes: "The *beau monde* of Washington is in a state of excitement, and society is diverted from discussion and secession by the celebration of the union of the two most conspicuous young beaux in society for many a day. The bride is the second daughter of the Hon. Jacob Thompson, Secretary of the Interior, in Mr. Buchanan's cabinet, and on this occasion shone with all the majesty of her office. The bridegroom, Charles E. Lippitt, son of Hon. Dudley T. Lippitt, of New Jersey, a youth of fortune, and one of the high private circles. The Secretary Thompson, Mrs. Gwin, and other leaders of the fashionable world, the President was present to give away the bride. Nothing but the promise and intention to attend, by the presence of the President, could keep the multitude of persons from the bridegroom, and the banquet all that refined taste could add to the entertainment. The popularity of the Union was drunk in many a bumper with a will."

MR. BUCHANAN'S HOME.

The London *Times* says: "We notice that a Washington correspondent now and then assures himself by ascertaining in person that the home of President Buchanan—some positively asserting that after the 4th of March next he will make a permanent residence in Washington letter-writer any further trouble on this point, we feel ourselves bound to say that Wheatland, and the Mecca of the political pilgrims in 1856, is to remain the home of the ex-President. Some writers assign a couple of the subordinates of the White House cause to them, and, indeed, Mr. Buchanan, on his inauguration, proceeded to put the premises in proper order for reception.

Now Wheatland will be a more than ever a favorite residence than ever; and, indeed, no more beautiful retreats for a statesman could be found in the Old Dominion than Wheatland. There Mr. Buchanan will have a quiet, invigorating, picturesque rural retreat, to pursue the literary labors in which he delights, and where he can devote the remainder of his days after vacating the White House.

A TRYING ORDEAL.

The *Times* says: "Lord Palmerston's next settled troubles are, within the past ten months, passed through a fiery and trying ordeal, the results of which he may found off the stage. The eldest daughter, a sweet girl of nineteen, married Lord Ossington, a young nobleman, whose blushes most creditably, not at Newport with a middle-aged gentleman of great eminence, modest demeanor, and with apparently well-filled pockets. After a few weeks' acquaintance the young nobleman, who, as we have supposed, the young lady was entranced; but one point of discussion occurred which must their great mind of the perfect happiness—he professed a most decided preference for Miss Ada Cowper. The young lady was not to be won by a strictest sort. They were married—they traveled. Hardly had Lady Ossington's honeymoon shone when the world developed a most singular and unpromised degree of nervousness, and the world of Lord Ossington. He had borne in silent submission, but at last it became intolerable. He was compelled to leave her abroad, the wife and passage in the *Africa*, and arrived at her father's home in Piccadilly unexpectedly on a Saturday morning. The secretary, as gathered from her eye lips, is most heart-broken. She tells of private scenes of hostility and degradation that make the blood of the hearer boil with indignation. Such is the story of the wife of the Parliamentary leader, and the victim who has, within one year, been a maiden and a bride, a mother, a wife, a mother, with reason, and a wife at home with those best friends of life—a loving father and a loving mother."

PERSONAL.

A complimentary benefit was given to Governor Banks last night, on Tuesday, by the citizens of Waltham, irrespective of party, at which the Governor was presented with a service of silver plate, and Mrs. Banks a valuable gold watch. The contemplated departure of Governor Banks for the West causes much regret among his neighbors.

A young lady residing in Newburyport, on the line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, having been disappointed in a love affair, left the house a few nights since, went to the railroad track, and having thrown her clothes over her head, deliberately laid down across the rail of the rails, and remained there until a train ran over her, killing her instantly.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE SECRET DESPATCHES.

The most important feature in the news from England is the speeches of Lord Palmerston and the Count de Persigny, delivered on the 9th inst. at the Lord Mayor of London's grand civic entertainment. The French Embassador was present at the celebration, and the cordial relations between England and France, and maintained that the European peace had faithfully observed the programme of peace he had laid down during his visit to London.

Lord Palmerston, in returning thanks on behalf of her Majesty's Ministers, spoke of the general prospects of peace as being "at all events satisfactory." He complimented the Emperor of the French for the "sagacity" he had displayed in co-operating with her Majesty's Government in the great work of extending commercial intercourse between the two countries, and expressed a hope that while the commercial treaty would tend to consult still more closely the interests of England and France, it would have the effect of inducing other crowned heads to look favorably on an enterprise which contained "the secret elements of peace."

THE FRENCH ON THEIR WAY HOME.

Prince Alfred arrived at Plymouth on the morning of the 15th. The Emperor's fleet had already arrived, but two vessels, supposed to be the *Hero* and *Arcadia*, were seen off Portland on the night of the 15th.

ITALY.

RETIREMENT OF GARIBALDI.

A telegram, dated Naples, November 8, says: "On the 7th prior to his leaving Naples, Garibaldi visited the Court in the carriage.

"At about 11 A.M., Garibaldi, accompanied by the Ministers, formally presented to the King the result of the plebiscite, which was read by Signor Mancini, Minister of Justice. The Minister, signor Conforti, addressed the King thus:

"SIRE,—The Neapolitans, by a large majority, in their Electoral Committee, having proclaimed you King by acclamation, and by nine millions of votes, have declared themselves to the other provinces, which your Majesty governs as King of Italy, constitutional, by the solemn promise that Italy should belong to the Italians."

The King replied in a few expressive words.

"The deed of annexation was then drawn up; the Dictatorship ceased, and the Italian flag hoisted.

"Garibaldi has retired to his island home."

PROGRESS OF THE WAR.

A telegram dated Naples, dated November 3, says that the French Squadron had left the mouth of the Garigliano and returned to Gaeta before the 1st inst. The French fire that after taking part in the operations against Gaeta the Piedmontese squadron would proceed to Naples, and at a short distance from the fortress, where it remained at anchor. The *Independance Belge*, from *La Patrie*, has news that the fall of Naples, looks upon the game as up and says the remaining fortresses will follow the fate of Capua and Gaeta. The latest correspondent at Rome says the French envy at the Piedmontese for having in the space of a few days succeeded in a task the force of military inspection General Goyon and the French army had been unable to accomplish in a month. The Pope is still occupying the Quirinal.

About 15,000 Neapolitans, 10,000 Swiss and 25 guns, have embarked at Gaeta for Bordighera, and 5,000 for the United States at Terracina. At Caserta their progress was arrested by the rain, which commenced to fall in torrents and lasted at once discussed. The *Daily News* says a work ago the strength of the army of the two Sicilies was estimated at from 40,000 to 50,000 men, the latter being regarded as an extreme limit. Of this force 15,000 were engaged in the lines by the fall of Capua, and the battle of the 31, at less than 10,000 men. Now, in less than a week, there will be not 30,000 men. The *Post* says, after the fall of Gaeta, Garibaldi's resolution is taken. He will retire to private life.

THE VOTE AT NAPLES.

The *Times* has received the following telegram from its Naples correspondent:

"Naples, Thursday evening, *Sunday, Sunday, &c.*

The plebiscite has been declared lovely. 7,50,000

Agreed 10,312

Noes 10,312

MEETING OF GARIBALDI AND VICTOR EMMANUEL.

The Naples correspondent writes: "I have agreed that his Majesty should meet Garibaldi at the foot of a hill about two miles from Naples, and that the latter should ride the Elder and Bible divisions, which had followed us. At the foot of the hill I drew up my cavalry, and infantry, who were drawn up in good order, and, although covered with dust, they looked splendid. Victor Emmanuel, with his suite, who had made his appearance, followed by a brilliant staff, Garibaldi and his staff came on. The meeting was cordial. The elegant and splendid uniforms of the Piedmontese officers contrasted strongly with the red shirts and dress of the Garibaldians. The General himself wore his famous wide hat, and his red shirt, and looked as if he had been in the field. He was mounted on a pair of handsome grays. It is true that he had at his side his famous English groom, who had followed him throughout his campaign, and who was a most bridled uniforms in the world. The two great leaders met in the most cordial manner possible. The King and Garibaldi rode side by side, and the latter was heard to say he could see by their faces that their shake of the hands was the commencement of a new era of prosperity for the Italian people, and of the greatest admiration on the King's. The King and Garibaldi left with a certain distance, and indulged in breathless expectation for the conversation of these two great men. The King was heard to say to Garibaldi, in reply, that without his having exploded the unity of Italy would have been a reality for years to come. "I will say he, Sire," answered Garibaldi, "but I could not have done without the King and his army." Victor Emmanuel has the most noble and generous of Kings."

CONFISCATION OF THE EX-KING'S PROPERTY.

The Turin *Official Gazette* publishes the following important decree:

"Whereas it appears that on that deplorable day, the 15th of May, 1848, the Government of the Bourbons violated every principle of right and humanity, and not only shed human blood, and for the authority of the law substituted the arbitrary power of despotism, but by the measures which emerged from that civil catastrophe raged with fury against the property of citizens, and not only took away from them their goods, but even those of families, so that honorable men and lovers of their country were deprived of their patrimony, and were obliged to proceed with victims and a large number of citizens compelled to leave their country, and that the Parliament Bolino said benign lands; considering that the losses and evils produced by the Bourbon tyranny were so overwhelming that it is a debt of justice worthy of an Italian and free Government to compensate, as far as possible, the losses suffered for the cause which now triumphs—it is decreed that all the goods confiscated from the Bourbons and placed at the disposal of the State the sum of six millions of francs annually, to be distributed with due consideration to the political victims of the 15th of May, 1848, of those continental provinces, etc. G. GARIBALDI."

GERMANY.

THE MEETING AT WARSAW.

A telegram dated Vienna, November 6, 1860, says: "Count Rechberg has addressed a circular note on the Warsaw interview to the representatives of Austria abroad. In it he says that the object of the interview was to establish a good understanding between the Courts of the three princes present, and to concert the principles for the guidance of their conduct in view of certain eventualities.

"Count Rechberg, without entering upon any discussion to the nature of the arrangements concluded, announces that a complete understanding was established. He, however, makes it clearly understood that non-intervention in the affairs of the Papal States was agreed upon, although anxious to support the principles of order and European equilibrium. The Count declares that there is nothing which might provoke a war.

"M. Bourqueney, the new Embassador, has left for Southampton, on his way to Madeira, to prepare quarters for her Majesty."

MEXICO.

RESIGNATION OF MIRAMON.

Mexican news of a later date reaches us by way of Havana and New Orleans. Miramon, it is stated, had resigned, and had been succeeded by Robles. The cause of his resignation is not stated, but we had been led to expect it by the statement that he had been unsuccessful in all the movement is to be looked for in the utter hopelessness of the cause in which he was engaged. The Bourbonites had evacuated Puebla.

THANKSGIVING DAY, 1860.—THE

TWO GREAT CLASSES OF SOCIETY.

A DAY'S RIDE:

A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

By CHARLES LEVER,

AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," "HARRY LORREQUER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.

We continued our journey the next morning, but it was not without considerable difficulty that I succeeded in maintaining my former place in the cabriolet. That stupid old woman fancied that prince was born to be bored, and suggested, accordingly, that I should travel inside with her, leaving the maccaw and the toy terriers to keep company with Miss Herbert. It was only by insisting on an outside place as a measure of health that I at last prevailed, telling her that Dr. Constantine was peremptory on two points regarding me. "Let him," said he, "have abundance of fresh air, and never be without some young companion."

And so we were again in our little leathern tent, high up in the fresh breezy atmosphere above dusty roads, and with a glorious view over that lovely country that forms the approach to the Black Forest. The road was hilly, and the carriage-way a heavy one; we had six horses, who trotted along lustily, shaking their merry bells, and flourishing their scarlet tassels, while the postilions cracked their whips or broke out into occasional inspiriting performances, palpably intended to announce to the passing peasants that we were very great folk, and well able to pay for all little more than required.

I was not ashamed to confess my enjoyment in thus whirling along at some ten miles an hour, remembering how that great sage Dr. Johnson had confessed to a like pleasure, and animated by the inspiriting air and the lovely landscape, could not help asking Miss Herbert if she did not feel it "very jolly."

She looked with a sort of constrained courtesy that by no means responded to the warmth of my own enthusiasm, and I felt vexed and chafed accordingly.

"Perhaps you prefer traveling inside?" said I, with some pique.

"No, Sir."

"Perhaps you dislike traveling altogether?"

"No, Sir."

"Perhaps—" But I checked myself—and with a somewhat stiff air, I said, "Would you like a book?"

"If it would not be rude to read, Sir, while you—"

"Oh, not at all, never mind me, I have more than enough to think of. Here are some things by Thomas Moore and Lord Byron, and some guide-book trash." And with that I handed her several volumes, and sank back into my corner in sulky isolation.

How was a change! Ten minutes ago all nature smiled; from the lark in its flight high heavens to the chirping grasshopper in the tall maize-field, it was one song of joy and gladness. The very clouds as they swept past their new and varied light over the scene, as though to show fresh effects of beauty on the landscape —the sunlight and sky in circling eddies, like smiles upon a lovely face—and now all was sad and rain-drenched! "What has wrought this dreary change?" thought I; "is it possible that the cold looks of a young woman, good-looking, I grant, but no regular downright beauty after all, can have altered the aspect of the whole world to you? Are you so poor a creature in yourself, Potts, so begared in your own resources, so barren in all the appliances of thought and reflection, that if your companion, whoever she or he may be, say nothing, you must needs reflect the humor? Are you nothing but the mirror that dashes a bright picture before it?"

I set myself deliberately to scan the profile beside me; her black veil, drawn down on the side furthest from me, formed a sort of background, which displayed her pale features more distinctly and also the bonnet and cloak was beautifully regular, but the mouth was, I resolved, severe; there was a slight retraction of the upper lip that seemed to indicate peevishness, and then the chin was deeply indented—"a sign," Lavater says, "of those who have a will of their own." "Potts," thought I, "she'd rule you—that's a nature would speedily master yours. I don't think there's any softness either, any of that yielding gentleness that makes home the poetry of womanhood; besides, I suspect she's worldly—very, smurply-not worldly, but very worldly! She is, in fact"—and here I unconsciously uttered my thoughts aloud—"she is, in fact, not a Vera, how much more you got a year? Let us have if in figures."

"So you are still ruminating over the life of that interesting creature," said she, laying down her book to laugh; "and, shall I confess, I lay awake half the night inventing incidents and imagining situations for him."

"For whom?" said I, innocently.

"For Potts, of course. I can not get him out of my head such as I first caught he might be, and I see now, by your unconscious allusion to him, that he has his place in your contemplation also."

"You mistake, Miss Herbert—at least you very much misapprehend my conception of that character. The Potts family has a high historic tradition. Sir Constantine Potts was cup-bearer to Henry the Second, and I really see no reason why ridicule should attach to one who may be, most probably, his descendant."

"I'm very sorry, Sir, if I should have dared to differ with you; but when I heard the name first, and in connection with two such names as Algernon Sydney, and when I thought by what strange accident did they associate the name of one person—"

"You are very young, Miss Herbert, and therefore not removed from this school that is teachable," said I, with a grand didactic look. "Let me guard you, therefore, against the letting of classical inferences. When we would say if a person named Potts were to make the offer of his hand? I mean, if he were a man in all respects acceptable, a gentleman captivating in manner and address, agreeable in person, graceful and accomplished—what would you reply to his advances?"

"Indeed, Sir, I am shocked to think of the humble opinion I may be conveying of my sense and judgment, but I'm afraid I should tell him it is impossible I could ever permit myself to be called Mrs. Potts."

"But, in Heaven's name, why?—I ask you why?"

"Oh, Sir! don't be angry with me; it surely does not deserve such a penalty; at the worst it is a mere caprice or—or—"

"I am not angry, young lady. I am simply provoked; I am provoked to think that a propos dice so unworthy of you should exercise such a control over your judgment."

"I am quite ashamed, Sir, to have been the occasion of so much displeasure to you. I hope and trust you will ascribe it to my utter ignorance of the art of the world."

"If you are dissatisfied with yourself, Miss Herbert, I have no alternative but to shut up a book and pretending to read, while I felt such a disgust to myself that if I hadn't been strapped up with a leather strap to the seat, I think I should have thrown myself headlong down and hit the wheel pass over me. "What is it, Potts, that a man who has studied mankind naturally fine and noble nature you are certainly endowed with—that you should submit meekly to princely rank? If you were not a royal highness would you have dared to utter such cruelties as these? Would you, in the very extremity of moods, have presumed to make that pale cheek paler, and forced a tear-drop into that liquid eye? I am afraid to think that the very greatest effort of a man was to keep himself on a level with those born above him, and that it is far harder to stoop than to stand on tiptoe. Such a pain in the back comes of always bending, and it is so difficult to do it gracefully!"

I was positively dying to be what the French call "ton prince," and yet I didn't know how to set about it. I could not take off one of my decorations—a cross or a ribbon—for I had none; nor give it, because no living woman, I couldn't wear it. I couldn't make her one of the court ladies, for I was not a prince; and yet it was clear something should be done, if one only knew what it was. "I suppose now," said I to myself, "a real R.H. would know in a way here at once; the right thing to do, the exact expression to use, would occur as naturally to his mind as the first combination presents itself to mine. 'Whenever your head aches not gladly, I pray you, command me to your heart;' and so I did, and my heart spoke thus: 'Tell her, Potts, who you are, and what; say to her, "Listen to me, child, in the name of truth from one who could tell you far more glibly, far more freely, and far more willingly, a whole budget of lies; in the light of his own heart that he deceive the old lady inside, but now be one and all sincere." Do not deny the sacrifice a light one; it cost St. George far less to go out dragon-hunting than it costs me to slay this monster whom ever prompts me to feats of fancy.'"

"I am very sorry to be troublesome, Sir, but as we change horses here I'll ask you to have the kindness to alight; the weather looks very threatening, and some drops of rain have already fallen."

These words roused me from my reverie to action, and I got down to the road-side where, either, for I slipped, and made the postilion laugh, and then I helped her, who accomplished the descent so neatly, as to show a fairish and a least portion of such an ankle, and accidentally giving me such a squeeze of the hand! The next moment she was lost to me, the clanking steps were drawn up, the harsh door banged to, and I was left—all alone—in the dark.

Like a sulky eagle, sick of the world, I climbed up to my eyrie. I no longer wished for sunshine or company; I felt that I was one of the postboys put on their overcoats and prepare for a regular downpour. I began to think there are some women of than even Potts. In half an hour they will be drenched to the skin, and I'll just feel a shade worse.

The little glass slide at my back was now withdrawn, and Miss Herbert's pale, sweet face appeared at it. She was saying that Mrs. Keates urgently entreated I would come inside, that she was so uneasy at my being exposed to such a storm.

I refused, and was about to enter into an account of my own feelings, when again the slide was closed and my listener lost to me.

"Is it possible, Potts," said I, "that she has detected this turn of yours for the imaginative line, and that she will not encourage it, even tacitly? Has she said, 'There is a young man of genius, with undoubted and high, but latent qualities, and yet such is the exuberance of his fancy that he is perpetually misled. He is content to let him walk the earth like other men, else attaches wings to him, and carries him off into the upper air. I will endeavor, however hard the task, to clip his feathers and bring him back to the common haunts of men?' Try it, fair enchantress—try it!"

The rain was now coming down in torrents, and with such swooping gusts of wind that I was forced to fasten the leather curtain in front of me, and sit in utter darkness, denied even the passing pleasure of seeing the drenched postboys bobbing up and down on the wet saddles. I grew moody and sad. Every Blue Devil of my acquaintance came to pay his visit to me, and brought a few more of his private friends. I bethought me that I was barely traveling every farther and farther from my home; that all this long road must surely be retraced one day or other, though not in a carriage and post, but probably in a one-horse cart, with a mounted gendarme on either side of it, and a string to my two wrists in their bridle bands. I thought of that vulgar herd of mankind so ready to weep over a romance, and yet send the man who acts one to a penal settlement. I thought how I should be described as the artful knave, the accomplished swindler. As if I was the first man who ever took an exaggerated estimate of his own merits! Go into the House of Commons, visit the National Gallery, dine at a tur or a military mess, frequent, in one word, any of the haunts of men, and with what "pieces pour rire" a thinking observer of deception will you come back loaded!

The dashing window at my back now was drawn aside, and I heard Miss Herbert's voice:

"If I am not giving you too much trouble, Sir, would you kindly see if I have not dropped a bracelet, a small jet bracelet, in the coupé?"

"I am in the dark here, but I'll do my best to find it."

"We are very nearly so too," said she; "and Mrs. Keates is fast asleep, quite unmindful of the thunder."

With some struggling I managed to get down on my knees, and with soon engaged in very vigorous search. To aid me, I lighted a lucifer match, and by its flickering glare, I saw my right front tooth in a shameful pale face, inclosed as it were in a frame by the little window. Who blushed to find herself in any guise, for I utterly forgot myself in my occupation, and stared at though at a picture. My match went out, and I felt ashamed; there she was still, and I could not force myself to turn away, but gazed on in rapture.

"I am sorry to give you this trouble, Sir," said she, in some confusion; "pray never mind it. It will doubtless be found this evening when we arrive."

Another lucifer, and now I pretended to be in most great distress, but somehow my eyes would look up and rest upon her sweet countenance.

"A diamond bracelet, you said?" muttered I, not knowing what I was saying.

"No, Sir, mere jet, and of no value whatever, save to myself. I am really distressed at all the inconvenience I have occasioned you. I entreat you to think no more of it."

My match was out, and I had not another. "Was ever a man robbed of such ecstasy for a mere peevish speech and a little subject? Oh, Fortune! is not this downright cruelty?"

As I mumbled my complaints, I searched away with as much zeal as if the bracelet were all over, and poking away into most inscrutable recesses and crannies, when, in a most unexpecting tone, apologized for her request, and besought me to forget.

"Found!" cried I, in true delight, as I chanced upon the treasure at my feet.

"Oh, Sir, you have made me so happy, and am so much obliged, so grateful to you!"

"Not another word, I beseech you," whispered I, "or I shall be overcome by turning my head with ecstasy. Give me your hand, let me clasp it on your arm, and I am repaid."

"Will you restore it to me, Sir, through the window," said she, timidly.

"Ah," cried I, in anguish, "your gratitude has been very short-lived."

She muttered something I could not catch, but I knew she was busy with the catch of the window-frame, and dark as it was, pitch dark, I knew her hand was close to me. Opening the bracelet, I passed it over her wrist as reverently as though it were the arm of a Queen of Spain, one touch of whom is high treason. I trembled so that I could scarce screw the catch, could make the clasp meet. This done, I felt she was withdrawing her hand, when with something like the knowledge impulse by which men set their lives on one chance, I seized the fingers in my grasp, and implanted two rapturous kisses on them. She snatched her hand hastily away, closed the window with a sharp bang, and I was alone again in my darkness, but I had such a flutter of blissful delight that even the last reproving word was a source of pain to me. It mattered little to me that day that the lightning filled a great pine and threw it across the road, that the thunder broke as swollen that we only could pass them with crowds of peasants around the carriage with ropes and poles to secure it, that the rain poured in harnessed in front of our leaders to enable us to meet the hurricane, or that the postboys were paid treble their usual fare for the perils to life and limb they braved.

I cared for none of these. In the words of the poet,

"Ich habe genossen das trübeste Glück,
Ich habe geliebt und geliebt"

CHAPTER XXIII.

We arrived at a small inn on the borders of the Altisch at nightfall; and though the rain still poured down in torrents, and the river rose in masses of cloud hung half-way down the mountains, I could see that the spot was highly picturesque and romantic. Before I could descend from my lofty eminence, so strapped and buttoned and buckled up was I, the ladies had time to get out and reach their rooms. When I asked to be shown to mine, the landlord, in a very free-and-easy tone, told me that there was nothing for me but a double-bedded room, which I must share with another traveler. I accepted this proposition at once with a degree of force and, indeed, of violence, that I fancied must prove irresistible: but the stupid German, armed with his unconscious phlegm, simply said, "Take it or leave it, it's nothing to me," and left me to look after his business. I stormed and fumed. I asked the chambermaid if she knew who I was, and sent for the Hauskneckt to tell him that all Europe should ring with his indignity. I more than hinted that the landlord had sealed his own doom, and that his miserable cabaret had seen its last days of prosperity.

I asked next, where was the Jew peddler. I felt certain he was a fellow with pencil-cases and pipe-heads, who could sell me the other half the territory. Could he not be bought up? He would surely sleep in the cow-house, if it were too wet to go up a tree!

François came to inform me that he was out fishing; that he had killed all sorts, and some home after dark; his man had told him so much.

"His man? Why, has he a servant?" asked I. "He's not quite such a beggar, then, as I fancy. I'll sort of peasant, with a green jacket and a tall hat and tenderer gaiters, like a Tyrolese."

"Strolling actors, I'll be sworn," muttered I; "fellows taking a week's holiday on their way to a new engagement. How long have they been here?"

"Came on Monday last in the diligence, and are to remain a week, he tweenish; two florins a day they give for every thing."

"What nation are they?"

"Germans, Sir, regular Germans; never a pipe out of their mouths, master and man. I warmed with them to him this morning, for they have put up a bed for me in his room."

A sudden thought now struck me: "Why should not François give up his bed to the stranger, and occupy the one in my room?" This arrangement would be better, and it might to be all the same to Hans or Goetz, or whatever he was. "Just longe about the door, François," said I, "till he comes back, and when you see him, open the thing to him, civilly, of course; and if a crown piece, or even two, will be any consideration, I'll pay you. Do you hear? You understand?"

François would like a man who had corrupted custom-house officers in his time, and even bribed bigger functionaries at a pinch.

"Now, my dear fellow, you know, François, just hint that if he sends in his pack in the course of the evening, the ladies might possibly take a fancy to another."

Another wink.

"And observe out—vaguely, of course, very vaguely—that we are swells, but in strict incog."

A great scoundrel was François; he was Swiss, and could cheat any one, and, like a regular rogue, never happier than when you gave him a mission of deceit and duplicity. "I understand; I gave him his instructions, I regarded the negotiation as though it were completed, and now remembered that I had a fit of hunger on me at supper, which, with national obstinacy, the landlord declared could not be served before nine o'clock. As usual, Mrs. Keates had gone to bed immediately on arriving; but when sending me a "Gloucester" by her maid, she said, "that whenever supper was served, Miss Herbert would come down."

I had no sitting-room save the common room of the inn, a long, low-ceilinged, dreary chamber, with a large green stove in one corner, and down the centre a great oak table, which might have served about forty guests. At one end of this three covers were laid for me, the napkins inclosed in bone circlets, and the salt in great leaden receptacles—like big ink bottles —and a dim, dreary brass lamp, giving its dim radiance over all. It was wearisome to sit down alone before such crooked wooden chairs, and not less irksome to walk on the gritty, sanded floor, and so I lounged in one of the windows, and looked out on the scene. As I looked I saw the figure of a man with a fishing-basket and rod on his shoulder approaching the house. I guessed at once it was the stranger, and opening the window a few inches, I listened to hear the dialogue between him and François. The latter was inclosed in the same pouch as the door, so that I could hear a good deal of what passed. François accosted him politely, addressed him as his son's master, and the size of the fish he had taken. I could not hear the reply, but I remarked that the stranger opened his basket, and that displaching the contents in different directions, seem were for some end, and seemed to the yeoman, some for the brigadier of the gendarmery, and one large trout for the miller's daughter. The cooking words, "Fry," were spoken, said François, as he heard the message. Again the stranger said something, and I thought, from the action of his hand, and François repeated it, and then I saw them walk apart for a few seconds, during which François seemed to have all the talk to himself, a good omen, as it appeared to me, of success, and a sure warranty that the treaty was signed. François, however, did not come to report progress, and so I closed the window and sat down.

"So you've got company to-night, Master Ludwig," said the stranger, as he entered, followed by the host, who specially retained to whisper that one of the arrivals was then before him. The stranger bowed stiffly, but courteously to me, and I returned not less haughtily; and I now saw that he was a man about thirty-five, but much freckled, with a light-brown beard and mustache. On the whole, a good-looking fellow, with a very upright carriage, and something of a cavalry soldier in the swing of his gait.

"Would you like it at once, Herr Graf?" said the host, obsequiously.

"No, he's a count, is he?" said I, with a sneer to myself. "These counthips go a short way with me."

"You had better consult your other guests; I am ready when they are," said the stranger.

Now, though the speech was polite and even considerate, I lost sight of the courtesy in thinking that it implied we were about to say nothing more, and that the third cover was meant for him.

"I say, landlord," said I, "you don't intend to tell me that you have no private sitting-room, but that ladies of condition must needs come down and sup here with—" I was going to say Heaven knows who, but I halted, and said, "with the general company."

"Then, my nothing!" was the sturdy response. "The guests in this house eat here, or don't eat at all: eh, Herr Graf?"

"Well, so far as my experience goes, I can corroborate you," said the stranger, laughing; "though, you may remember, I have often counseled you to make some change."

"That you have; but I don't want to be better than my father or my grandfather; and the Archduke Charles stopped here in their time, and never complained with his treasure!"

I told the landlord to apprise the young lady whenever supper was ready, and I walked to a distant part of the room and sat down.

In about ten minutes after Miss Herbert appeared, and the supper was served at once. I had not met her since the incident of the bracelet; and I was shocked to see how cold she was in her manner, and how resolute in repelling the most harmless familiarity toward her.

I wanted to explain to her that it was through no fault of mine we were to have the company of that odious stranger; that it was one of the disagreeables of these way-side hostels, and to be borne with patience; and that though he was a stage-player, or a sergeant of dragoons, he was respectable indeed and quiet. It was contrive to mumble out some of this explanation; but instead of attending to it, I saw her eyes following the stranger, who had just dropped a large riding-cloak over a clothes-horse behind her chair, to serve as a screen. Thanks are all very well, but by no means certain that gratitude requires such a sweet glance as that, not to mention that I saw the expression in her eyes for the first time.

I thought the soup would choke me. I almost hoped it would, as Othello was a little fit of jealousy compared to me, and I felt that strangling would not half gut my vengeance. And how they talked!—his compliments were on her accent, and she telling him how her first governess was a Hanoverian from Celle, where they are all such purists. There was nothing they did not discuss in those detestable gutturals, and as quickly as if it had been a pleasant meet for human lips. I could not eat a mouthful, but I drank and watched them. The fellow was not long conveying himself to the soup deep in the drains. He knew every play of Schiller by heart, quoted the Wallenstein, the Robbers, Don Carlos, and Mont Stuart at will; so, too, was he familiar with Goethe and Lessing. He had all the swinging compliments of the boards, and declaimed so very profession-ally that, as he concluded a passage, I cried out, without knowing it,

"Take that for your benefit; it's the best you have given yet."

O Lord, how they laughed! She covered up her face and smothered it; but he lay back, and holding his sides with both hands, he positively shouted and screamed aloud. I would have given ten years of life for the courage to have thrown my glass of wine in his face; but it was no use; Nature had been a niggard to me in that quarter, and I had to sit and hear it —exactly as long as I could hear it—while they made twenty attempts to recover their gravity and behave like ladies and gentlemen, and when, the sooner would they look toward me, than off they were again as bad as before.

I resolved a dozen cutting sarcasms, all beginning with, "Whenever I feel assured that you have sufficiently regained the customary calm of good society," but the dessert was served ere I could complete the sentence; and now they were deep in the Three Poets—Cappiug, Bürger, and Korner, and Freiligrath, and the rest of them. As I listened to their enthusiasm, I wondered why people never went into raptures over a cold in the head. But it was not to end here. There was an old harpsichord in the room, and this he opened and set to work on that fearful two-handed fashion your German slons exhibit—viz., The poor old wretch'd instrument shook on its three legs, while the fourth fell clean off, and the loose wires jangled and jarred like knives in a tray; but he only sang the louder, and her ecstasies grew all the greater too.

Heaven reward you, dear old Mrs. Keates, when you sent word down that you couldn't sleep a wink, and begging them to shut up the merry band something and let them go away; and then Miss Herbert wished him a sweet good-night, as he accompanied her to the door, and then there was more good-night, and I believe I had a short fit; but when I came to myself he was sitting smoking his cigar opposite me.

"You are no relative, no connection of the young lady who has just left the room?" said he to me, with a grave manner, so significant of something under it, that I replied, hastily, "None—none whatever."

"We all retreat when she spoke to me in the porch, as I came in this evening, yours?"

"Yes." This I said more boldly, as I suspected he was coming to the question Francois had opened.

"He mentioned to me," said he, slowly, and puffing his cigar at easy intervals, "that you desire your servant should sleep in the same room with you. I am always happy to meet the wishes of courteous fellow-travelers, and so I have ordered my servant to give you his bed; he will sleep up stairs in what was intended for you. Good-night!" And with an insolent nod he lounged out of the room, and left me.

STUDENT AFFRAY AT HARVARD COLLEGE.

We publish on the following page a picture of the affray which took place on 19th at Harvard College, Cambridge, Massachusetts, and which has since ended in the suspension for one and two years of eight members of the Sophomore class.

We have had occasion more than once to allude to the rivalry which exists between the Sophomores and the Freshmen at Harvard. Every year the two classes have been in the habit of playing a great base-ball match; we gave a picture of the scene in No. 170 of Harper's Weekly. Generally the game has degenerated into something very like a fight, and has not tended to improve the feelings of mutual respect entertained by each class. It is a "Sophs," moreover, it is alleged, have been in the habit of annoying—or "hazing" as it is called—the Freshmen to an intolerable degree. Some months since the authorities resolved to put an end to the practice. President Felton, accordingly, by order of the Faculty, forbade the usual base-ball match, and sent a circular to the parents of members of the Sophomore class warning them that they would be punished if they continued to "haze" the Freshmen. This circular and the action of the Faculty were communicated to the Sophomores, and as that they were forewarned of what might happen in case of further trouble.

The vote of the Faculty of Harvard on these subjects read as follows:

"Voted, that the present Freshman Class be informed, before the end of the term, that the practice of hazing, between the Sophomore and Freshman Classes, that has been customary at the beginning of the College year, is hereby prohibited for the future.

"Voted, that the President be requested to take measures for the suppression of the practice of annoying the Freshmen, which is represented to have grown into an intolerable nuisance, and to inform the Sophomore class any person detected in such practice will be summarily dismissed from College."

Notwithstanding this warning, on 19th a band of Sophomores met two Freshmen, and began to "haze" them. They had with them a tar barrel, and loaded with powder, and fired it in the face of one of the Sophs. The latter then withdrew to their rooms, making a great noise, apparently to annihilate the Freshmen. Next day the Faculty met, heard evidence on the subject, and decided on suspend eight of the Sophomores. Messrs. Jackson, Boston; Charles Emerson, Staten Island; Augustus Allsop; A. C. Harris, Boston; Philadelphia; John L. Ward, Salem; Charles F. Feering, New York; J. T. Kilbreth, Cincinnati; H. J. Edwards, Boston. Jackson was dismissed for two years; the others for one year.

When the Sophs heard of this, they hired a wagon, placed the suspended students in it, and drew them through the streets of Cambridge. Opposite Professor Felton's house, they gave three cheers for Jackson, and called, lustily, for a speech. Afterward they cut the ropes with which they had drawn the wagon into small pieces, and formed a procession, wearing the pieces of rope in their button-holes. Next day the suspended students were notified that they must leave College. Over one hundred Sophs met them with cheers, and groans for the Faculty. They attempted to draw them through the college grounds in a carriage, but President Felton had the gates fastened; they, however, succeeded in getting in a carriage, and drew their suspended associates opposite Mr. Felton's house, where they gave groans for him.

THE CHAIRMAN'S DAUGHTER.

PART I.

MR. HARDMAN SELBY was a great man in his own district. He had been in Congress, and was very rich, very dictatorial, and very ill-tempered. He had been long a widower, with one child, Annette Selby was ten years ago, a beautiful girl. She was doated on by her father, who provided for her every luxury she desired. Happy Annette Selby!

The sins of the fathers are visited upon the children. Unfortunately, Selby was in his youth awful to look upon, terrific to be near. In his fits of passion, Annette Selby would tremble.

Well, all around were well-high perfect slaves; so what matter? Tenants, dependents, servants, preached and, cowed, obeyed Selby. There was no the father's wrath and the daughter's vehemence did no great harm, save to themselves, mentally and bodily.

Annette had just turned twenty, when, one day, her father intimated to her that Captain Wyerly would be their guest for a few weeks. The Captain came. He was an attractive, well-educated man of wonderful powers of address in love with Annette. Every man fell in love with her at first sight, and remained in love with her until she showed her colors, and then he immediately withdrew. But Captain Wyerly had to pass half a dozen weeks with Annette, whether he would or no. For Mr. Selby's commands the Captain Wyerly was not only to love Annette, but to marry her; and for Mr. Selby's will not to be carried out! Mercy!

Things took the proper course. The lady and gentleman acted with perfect propriety. Mr. Selby's revolution was implicitly fulfilled. Now, who was Captain Wyerly? Oh, of course, every thing that was satisfactory. He was the only nephew of that fearfully-wealthy old bachelor, Sir John Lorby, and Sir John had just had notice to go where none of his bullion could follow him.

"I am sorry to say, Sir, that I must leave you, and that immediately," said Captain Wyerly, coming down to breakfast one morning with an open letter in his hand. "Sir John is at the point of death."

Of course expressions of sympathy were the response; but, to tell the truth, there was a smile of satisfaction on the faces of both father and daughter as they uttered them.

"You will return to us as soon as you can."

"Most certainly I will."

"You will have a great deal to attend to, remember, Captain," said Mr. Selby, with a most serious property as Sir John's, much labor will be needed to arrange all things, and this labor must devolve—"

"Upon me," said the Captain. "There is no one else, you know."

"Not a single other relative, I believe." (Mr. Selby had devoted months to the satisfying himself of the point.)

"Not one; and, what is more, I believe he has never had the slightest affection for any thing or any one but himself, save myself and his bulldog."

"A kind, good soul," murmured Mr. Selby, without the least touch of irony in his tone. "Farewell, Captain, for a short time; and then return to receive the love of your abode."

This remark referred to the Captain's having been formally recognized by her father as Annette's future husband. "Is not Annette herself—had she truly accepted him? With her whole heart—he strong, passionate, tender, brave man. His was a determined will, and he had conquered here. She was, in the most absolute sense, his.

A fortnight passed. The scene was again the breakfast-room; but this time it was Mr. Selby who appeared with the open letter. What was the matter? Annette's face grew pale, and tried in vain to speak. Annette took the letter. It conveyed startling news. Sir John Lorby was dead. Captain Wyerly was dead then it came to light that many years ago he had been secretly married to his washer-woman, who now appeared as his widow, with four children. It was all revealed in the will, and the property, save a legacy to Captain Wyerly, was left entirely to the late Sally Mobbs, now Lady Lorby.

For some minutes father and daughter gazed at each other without speaking.

"He never enters the house again," growled Mr. Selby. "Annette, you must foster it."

It was not easy to see where the imposture lay as regarded the Captain. So thought Annette, and in her love for him said, "The Gold had no influence with me. Pennilees though he be, I will not forsake him."

Mr. Selby cried to her father. Discussions, she knew, would be worse than useless. There must be sacrifice with Annette.

Then swiftly there passed communications which had these results: a secret preparation, many tears, heartaches, fainting fits, private marriage, a rousing, as of a maddened lion, which almost shook the walls of Selby House.

Then there never came the usual appeal for forgiveness. It was unanswered. A year passed, and there came a most sorrowful letter. The treacherous husband had gone no one knew whither, and the stricken wife and sorrowing daughter had left Selby House for a garret in London. To that letter went this reply:

"You should have known me better than to apply to me. I find the birds at our parlor window as we used to do of old. I would not give you a loaf of bread to save you from the work-house. Each Saturday old blind Billy still runs from me the six-pence you used to put into his hand when you were my daughter Annette. I would not now give you, yourself, sixpence to screen you from a prison. Trouble me no more—begone!"

No more applications came after this, and Mr. Selby went abroad for several years.

PART II.

It was a drear November day, foggy and wretched. Every body within doors drew close to the fireside, and marveled at the misery that had no shelter from the storm. And the snow fell, and the keen blast causes the house to rock, and the very incarnation of horror seems abroad, seeking whom it may destroy, and teach from out of all poor wayfarers whom he may meet with, we, all of us, save or lose, even as in the world can save those such as lowly and poverty-stricken from utter desperation and raving madness.

A woman, apparently in the last stage of distress, with an infant in her arms, staggered into a Relief Office.

"Now, what is it you want?" inquired a surly functionary from behind a counter, as though any body finding food, could be for rent! Were an idea never for a moment occurring to his mind.

"I want bread. I starve;" was the reply, in a hoarse voice.

"If you had bought a penny loaf instead of that last glass of gin," suggested the acute official, "it would be there yet. Come, you've been good, and needn't have come here."

"But this is your business," replied the woman, "and so don't you meddle with it. I want bread."

"Then you won't have any."

"I'll break the windows."

"Do; and you'll go to prison."

"I tell you I'm starving. Give me a night's lodging."

The officer scanned the applicant. "You casual paupers will ruin us. There—there's an order for the work-house."

The miserable being received the order, and drawing round the unfortunate little creature on her bosom the tattered remnants of an old black shawl, staggered from the office, to journey to the work-house, which was some distance off.

Now how it came to pass none can tell, but the road to the work-house was never taken, or, if taken, was soon widely departed from. Stumbling onward through snow and mud, numbed and half-blinded, yet retaining the power to advance, and exercising it with strange determination, that forlorn woman, still hugging her child to her bosom, traveled many, many miles; and it was at the entrance of a village, a great distance from town, that she first stopped, and asked of a countryman, "the way to the house." It so happened that there was a week-house nigh at hand, and having been directed accordingly, the wanderer, with almost a last effort, reached the door, and dropped senseless. Thus she was presently found, and carried in. She was dead. Starved, and nothing whatever was found upon her, even the order for relief which had been given her having been lost in the long, sad journey. Its degree conscientiousness was partially restored, but memory seemed to have departed, and reason itself had flickered. What was to be done with such a case? The guardians of that union, like the guardians of all others, had a great dislike to any more permanent burdens than were absolutely necessary. Was there no possibility of learning where the woman was living, so that she might be relief passed to her parish?" The Relieving Officer was desired to bring up this would-be drain on the parish coffers before the board sitting in solemn conclave.

Now in this neighborhood stood Selby House, and to his mansion had lately returned Hardman Selby, Esq., after several years' absence on foreign travel. The Relieving Officer looked by his wanderings. He was stout in body, and full and flushed in face; and the village doctor shook his head, and remarked to a friend that the Squire had only come back from a long journey to take a longer, and one from which he would not return. However, the country round about manifested great delight at the reappearance of the wealthy invalid, and many kindnesses shown him, were by the wretched him Chairman of the Board of Guardians of the Poor.

It was, therefore, before Mr. Selby, as chairman, and a numerous assemblage of the Board, that Mr. Jones, the Relieving Officer, brought the poor, wretched woman. A great patch covered one eye and her left temple, which had been sorely bruised and cut when she fell at the workhouse door. Her long black hair had even partially cleansed, and no hung matted and dirty about her shoulders. She was still in the deplorable attire in which she was found, and still she grasped her infant, for she would not part with it for an instant.

"Some mystery about the case," remarked the Relieving Officer, in a low tone; "I can make nothing of her, and whether she will not or can not answer questions, I really do not know."

"Where do you come from, woman?" inquired Mr. Selby, authoritatively (in the old style, reader).

"Who asks me such a question as that?" was the counter-interrogation, and in a tone of pride which caused Mr. Selby to stare, but which only led the Relieving Officer to touch his forehead significantly.

"You are married," said one of the guardians, looking at a handsome wedding-ring on the woman's finger.

"It is so."

"Come, you must tell us something about yourself," said the Chairman, rather angrily. "Where's your husband?"

There was one of the guardians, a good-natured old gentleman, by name Mr. Potts, who was made the butt of his fellow-guardians generally. Potts clanced to be seated close by where the woman was sitting on the Chairman getting the last question, the infant in the woman's arms suddenly leaped up, and struggled toward Mr. Potts.

"Ha! my dada!" it cried, in a shrill voice.

"Hallos, Potts! hallos!" cried a number of the guardians; "what have you been about, Potts?"

Mr. Potts grew crimson at this unexpected attack, and, in his confusion, leaned forward affectionately to the child, and looked it attentively in the face.

"There can't be a question, Potts. It's the very image of you," cried a jocose guardian.

"Now, if we would all like to know who I am, and where I came from," suddenly exclaimed the woman, "I am here! I've got it in these down in a letter which I'll show to that gentleman in the chair—to no one else, only to him. I seem to think of him."

"She can have no letter," observed the Relieving Officer, "I have been searched."

"Hasn't she, though?" retorted the woman, with all that horrible look of cunning, which often characterizes madness. And down amongst her masses of hair she drew forth a very soiled piece of paper, which she handed mysteriously to the Chairman.

Mr. Selby examined it through his eye-glass.

"I can make out a word or two," he said. "Do you mind some one else reading it? It isn't a love-letter, is it?"

"No, it isn't a love-letter," said the woman.

"Ay! he may read it!" (seeing the letter handed to Mr. Potts).

Slowly Mr. Potts, you read aloud," said the Chairman; "but stay, don't do it if you find it hits you in the eye toward another person in the room. Stop, Mr. Potts," and Mr. Selby laughed more heartily than he had done for many a day, and the guardians joined.

Mr. Potts, half angry, and so confused that he hardly knew what he was doing, then read, in a loud tone, the following letter:

"You should have known me better than to apply to me. I find the birds at our parlor window as we used to do of I feed the birds at our parlor window as we used to do of old. I would not give you a loaf of bread to save you from the work-house. Each Saturday old blind Billy still has from me the six-pence you used to put into his hand when you were my daughter Annette. I would not now give you, yourself, sixpence to screen you from a prison. Trouble me no more—begone!"

Mr. Selby, who during the reading of the letter had seemed bewildered, at its close sprung toward the woman, and holding her by both arms (she looking vacantly in his face the while) gazed at her intently. He then turned quietly, as though

to walk back to his seat, when he encountered that foe who is always spying and dodging after every living being that walks the earth—Death. He fell, and was gone.

The Board broke up in the utmost alarm and confusion. Slowly the light which had first entered hazily into the mind of Mr. Potts shone upon the other members.

All Mr. Selby's property passed by his will to different charities. What was to be done with that poor outcast? Her case was inquired into by a few friends of her girlhood; but guilt and misery came into view so strongly, that they shrank back in horror. Ultimately an arrangement was made for her in a Pauper Lunatic Asylum, where she was received under a slightly altered name, and treated with special kindness and consideration.

But she won't need any body's kindness long. The same disease of the heart, which killed her father, is killing her. She will be at rest soon.

SALEM ROAD.

'Twas near twilight as I strolled
Down the Salem turnpike road:
On Chelsea beach a sea of gold,
That from the sinking sun was rolled
In a million ripples glowed.

On the lonesome marsh I heard,
Borne along the salted air,
The piping of the feeding bird,
By the roaming cattle stirred,
Shrilly piping here and there.

When at twilight near the sea,
E'er I hear the cries of birds,
They sound very sad to me—
Sadder than all else can be,
Plaintive music—weeping words.

For they straightway bring to mind
Twilight hours when she and I
Down the self-same road would wind,
With our arms and hands entwined,
Gazing idly at the sky.

Gazing at the setting sun,
Ruby clouds on sapphire hurled,
Framed in vapors golden-dun,
In fantastic mouldings run,
Jewels of a giant world!

And—for then we both were poor—
We would float away in dreams—
Dreams frail fancy to allure,
Dreams as briefly to endure
As the sunset's crimson beams.

Every willow on the road
Glistened like a fairy tree,
Every petty pebble glowed
Like the jewel in the toad,
And like gold the distant sea.

And a thousand things we planned
In those pleasant twilight strolls—
Lives like those in fairy land,
Joy and peace on either hand,
And a wedding of our souls.

More than this I could recall—
That old mile-stone close to Lynn,
That in the shadow of a wall,
Backed by cedars black and tall,
Bore the distance carven in.

This was the limit of our walk;
Here, when tired, we oft would rest,
And of our fondly future talk,
Till the great evening shades would stalk
Like giant spectres, from the west.

Ah! the mile-stone still is there!
Still the numerals on its face;
But the leagues of blank despair,
And the awful years of care—
These, oh! these are measureless!

But if grief could bite like steel,
On that mile-stone might be read
All the anguish man can feel,
All those woes that never heal,
All the sorrows never said.

For she left me long ago—
Left me to a lonely life.
I, who thought she loved me so;
I, who kingly wealth would throw
Out to the winds to call her wife.

Ay! a gilded, gay gallant,
Smooth of talk and fair of face,
Summer-idling at Nahant,
With concerted love-sick rant
Led my darling to disgrace.

And I lost her. For she fled,
Withering with that fatal stain.
All her people mourned her dead,
And upon my stricken head
Sorrow sowed its silver grain.

Sadly dreaming thus I strolled
Down the Salem turnpike road:
Chelsea beach in mist was rolled,
And from many an upland fold
Cattle through the twilight lowed.

Was it fancy? Did I dream?
There, hard by the mile-stone white,
I beheld a garment stream,
And I saw a pale face gleam,
Lit by eyes as black as night.

Hearts are quicker than all eyes,
And to ours the thickening gloom
Was like day. I saw her rise,
Heaving with inward agonies,
Like a corpse from out the tomb.

Ere I could my sense regain,
At my feet she prostrate lay;
Weeping such a bitter rain,
Uttering, oh! such groans of pain,
That I could not turn away.

Though she never could be mine,
That she could be God's I knew.
Few can tread the rigid line—
Mercy is a thing divine—
Too may crave for mercy too.

Would you question was I right?
Ask the men of Norfolk town
Of that year of awful blight,
When Azrael in the night
Winged with pestilence came down.

And they'll tell to you a tale—
Tell it too with reverent air,
Of a lady tall and pale,
Who, when Death was on the gale,
Moved in mercy every where.

And they'll show an humble grave,
With not even a tell-tale stone
Notice from the world to crave;
Only there some pale flowers wave,
By a pitying Christian sown.

But her lesson is not dead,
Though her troublous life is o'er.
I remember One who said,
When a lost one bowed her head,
"Woman, go and sin no more."

THE RIOT AT CAMBRIDGE—STUDENTS PASSING SCIENTIFIC HALL.—[SEE PAGE 768.]

"BUT HE WAS DOWN ON THE RANK WET GRASS, FILING AT HIS IRON LIKE A MADMAN."

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of New York.]

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A NOVEL.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

Splendidly Illustrated by John McLenan.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased from the Author by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER III.—*Continued.*

SOMETHING clicked in his throat, as if he had works in him like a clock, and was going to strike. And he smeared his ragged, rough sleeve over his eyes.

Pitying his condition, and watching him as he gradually settled down upon the pie, I made bold to say, "I am glad you enjoy it."

"Did you speak?"

"I said I was glad you enjoyed it."

"Thankee, my boy. I do."

I had often watched a large dog of ours eating his food; and I now noticed a decided similarity between the dog's way of eating and the man's. The man took strong, sharp, sudden bites, just like the dog. He swallowed, or rather gnawed up, every mouthful too soon and too fast; and he looked sideways here and there while he ate, as if he thought there was danger of somebody's coming to take the pie away. He was altogether too unsettled in his mind over it to appreciate it comfortably, I thought, or to have any body to dine with him, without making a chop with his jaws at the visitor. In all of which particulars he was very like the dog.

"You won't leave any of it for him," said I, timidly, after a silence during which I had hesitated as to the politeness of making the remark. "There's no more to be got where that came from." It was the certainty of this fact that impelled me to offer the hint.

"Leave for him? Who's him?" said my friend, stopping in his crunching of pie-crust.

"The young man. That you spoke of. That was hid with you."

"Oh, ah!" he returned, with something like a gruff laugh. "Him? Yes, yes! *He* don't want no victles."

"I thought he looked as if he did," said I.

The man stopped eating, and regarded me with the closest scrutiny and the greatest surprise.

"Looked? When?"

"Just now?"

"Where?"

"Yonder," said I, pointing; "over there, where I found him nodding asleep, and thought it was you."

He held me by the collar and stared at me so, that I began to think his first idea about cutting my throat had revived.

"Dressed like you, you know, only with a hat," I explained, trembling; "and—and"—I was very anxious to put it delicately—"and with—the same reason for wanting to borrow a file. Didn't you hear the gun last night?"

"Then there *was* firing!" he said to himself.

"I wonder you shouldn't have been sure of that," I returned, "for we heard it up at home, and that's further away, and we were shut in besides."

"Why, see now!" said he. "When a man's alone on these flats, with a light head and a light stomach, perishin' of cold and want, he hears nothin' all night but guns firin', and voices callin'. Hears? He sees the soldiers with their red coats, lighted up by their torches carried afore, closin' in round him. Hears his own name called, hears himself challenged, hears the rattle of the muskets, hears the orders, 'Make ready! Present! Cover him steady, men!' and is laid hands on, and there's nothing! Why, if I see one pursuing party last night coming up in order, 'Damn 'em, with their tramp, tramp,' I see a hundred. And as to firin'! Why, I see the mist shake with the cannon, when it was broad day. But this man"—he had said all the rest as if he had forgotten me by being there—"did you notice any thing in him?"

"He had a bruised face," said I, recalling what I had hardly knew I knew.

"Not here?" exclaimed the man, striking his left cheek with the flat of his hand.

"Yes! There!"

"Yours is like P" He crammed what little food was left into the pockets of his gray jacket. "Show me the way you went. I'll pull him down like a blood-hound. Curse this iron on his leg, which has an old chafe upon it and was bloody, but which he handled as roughly as if it had no more feeling in it than the file. I was very much afraid of him again, now that he had worked himself into this fierce hurry, and I was likewise very much afraid of keeping away from home any longer. I told him I must go, but he took no notice, so I thought the best thing I could do was to slip off. The last I saw of him, his head was bent over his leg, and he was working hard at his fetter, muttering impatient imprecations at it and at his leg. The last I heard of him, I left behind in the mist to listen, and the file was still going.

CHAPTER IV.

I FULLY expected to find a Constable in the kitchen, waiting to take me up. But not only was there no Constable there, but Mrs. Joe Gargery had yet been made of the robbery. Mrs. Joe was prodigiously busy in getting the house ready for the festivities of the day, and Joe had been put upon the kitchen door-step to keep him out of the dust-pan—an article into which it is destiny always led him sooner or later when my sister was vigorously reaping the floors of her establishment.

"And where the deuce ha' you been?" was Mrs. Joe's Christmas salutation, when I and my conscience showed ourselves.

I said I had been down to hear the Carols. "Ah! well!" observed Mrs. Joe, "you've been a deal more worse." "Not a doubt of it," I thought.

"Perhaps if I warn't a blacksmith's wife, and (what's the same thing) a slave with her apron never off, *I* should have been to hear the Carols," said Mrs. Joe. "I'm rather partial to Carols myself, and that's the best of reasons for my never hearing any."

Joe, who had ventured into the kitchen after me as the dust-pan retired before us, drew the back of his hand across his nose with a conciliatory air when Mrs. Joe darted a look at him, and, when her eyes were withdrawn, secretly crossed his two forefingers, and exhibited them to me, as our token that Mrs. Joe was in a cross temper. This was so much the outward state, that Joe and I would often, for weeks together, be, as to our fingers, like monumental Crusaders as to their legs.

We were to have a superb dinner, consisting of a leg of pickled pork, and greens, and a pair of roast stuffed fowls. A handsome mince-pie had been made yesterday morning (which accounted for the mince-meat not being missed), and the pudding was already on the boil. These extensive arrangements occasioned us to be out of unceremoniously in respect of breakfast, "for I an't," said Mrs. Joe, "I an't a going to have no cramming and gorging and snorting up now, with what I've got before me, I promise you!"

As we had our slices served out—as if we were two thousand troops on a forced march, instead of a man and boy at home; and we took gulps of milk and water, with apologetic countenances, from a jug on the dresser. In the mean time Mrs. Joe put clean white curtains up, and tacked a new flowered flounce across the wide chimney to replace the old one, and uncovered the little state parlor across the passage, which was never uncovered at any other time, but passed the rest of the year in a cool haze of silver paper, which was extended to the four little white crockery poodles on the mantelshelf, each with a black nose, and a basket of flowers in his mouth, and each the counterpart of the other. Mrs. Joe was a very clean housekeeper, but had an exquisite art of making her cleanliness more uncomfortable and unacceptable than dirt itself. Cleanliness is next to Godliness, and some people do the same by their religion.

My sister having so much to do, was going to church vicariously; that is to say, Joe and I were going. In his working clothes, Joe was a well-knit, characteristic-looking blacksmith; in his holiday clothes, he was more like a scarecrow in good circumstances than any thing else. Nothing that he wore fitted him or seemed to belong to him, and every thing that he wore then grazed him. On the present festive occasion he emerged from his room, when the bells were going, the picture of misery in a full suit of Sunday penitentials. As to me, I think my sister must have had some general idea that I was a young offender whom an Accuchevar Policeman had taken up (on my birthday), and delivered over to her to be dealt with according to the outraged majesty of the law. I was always treated as if I had insisted on being born in opposition to the dictates of reason, religion, and morality, and against the dissuading arguments of my best friends; even when I was taken to have a new suit of clothes, the tailor had orders to make them like a kind of Reformatory, and on no account to let me have the use of my limbs.

Joe and I going to church, therefore, must have been a moving spectacle for compassionate minds. Yet what I suffered outside was nothing to what I underwent within. The terrors that had assailed me whenever Mrs. Joe had gone near the pantry or out of the room, were only to be equaled by the remorse with which my mind dwelt on what my hands had done. Under the weight of my wicked secret I pondered whether the Church would be powerful enough to shield me from the vengeance of the terrible young man, if I divulged it to that establishment. I conceived the idea that the time when the bans were read and when the clergyman said, "Ye are now to declare it!" would be the time for me to rise and propose a private audience in the vestry. I am far from being quite sure that I might not have astonished our small congregation by resorting to this extreme measure, but for its being Christmas Day and no Sunday.

Mr. Wopsle, the clerk at church, was to dine with us; and Mr. Hubble the wheel-wright and Mrs. Hubble; and Uncle Pumblechook (Joe's uncle, but Mrs. Joe appreciated him), who was a well-to-do corn-chandler in the nearest town, and drove his own chaise-cart. The dinner hour was half-past one. When Joe and I got home we found the table laid, and Mrs. Joe dressed, and the dinner dressing, and the front door unlocked (it never was at any other time) for the company to enter by, and every thing most splendid. And still, not a word of the robbery.

The time came without bringing with it any relief to my feelings, and the company came. Mr. Wopsle, united to a Roman nose and a large bald forehead, had a deep sonorous voice which he was proud of; indeed it was understood among his acquaintance that if you could only give him his head he would read the clergyman into fits; he himself confessed that if the Church was "thrown open," meaning to competition, he would not despair of making his mark in it. The Church not being "thrown open," he was, as I have said, our clerk. But he punished the humanities tremendously; and when he gave out the psalm—always giving us the whole verse—he looked all round the congregation first, as much as to say, "You have heard my friend overhead; oblige me with your opinion of this!"

I opened the door to the company—making believe that it was a habit of ours to open that door—and I opened it first to Mr. Wopsle, next to Mr. and Mrs. Hubble, and last of all to Uncle Pumblechook. N.B. I was not allowed to call him uncle under the severest penalties.

"Mrs. Joe," said Uncle Pumblechook, who was a large, hard-breathing, middle-aged, slow man, with a mouth like a fish, dull staring eyes, and sandy hair standing upright on his head, so that he looked as if he had just been licked, and had that very moment come to, "I have brought you, as the compliments of the season —I have brought you, Mum, a bottle of sherry wine, and I have brought you, Mum, a bottle of port wine."

Every Christmas Day he presented himself, as a profound novelty, with exactly the same words, and carrying the two bottles like dumbbells. Every Christmas Day, Mrs. Joe replied, as she now replied, "Oh, Uncle Pumblechook! This is kind!" Every Christmas Day, he retorted, as he now retorted, "It's no more than your merits. And how are you all—bobbish? And how's Sixpennorth of salt pence?" meaning me.

We dined on these occasions in the kitchen, and adjourned, for the nuts and oranges and apples, to the parlor; which was a change very like Joe's change from his working clothes to his Sunday's dress. My sister was uncommonly lively on the present occasion, and indeed was generally more gracious in the society of Mrs. Hubble than in any other company. I remember Mrs. Hubble as a little, sharp-eared person in curly sky-blue, who held a conventionally impossible position, because she had married Mr. Hubble—I don't know at what remote period—when she was much younger than he. I remember Mr. Hubble as a tough, high-shouldered, stooping old man, of a saw-dusty fragrance, with his legs extraordinarily wide apart, so that in my short and early days I always saw some miles of open country between them when I met him coming up the lane.

Among this good company I should have felt myself, even if I hadn't robbed the pantry, in a false position. Not because I was squeezed in at acute angle of the table-cloth with the table in my chest, and the Pumblechookian elbow in my eye; not because I was not allowed to speak (I didn't want to speak), nor because I was regaled with the scaly tips of the drumsticks of the fowls, and with those corners of chops of pork of which the pig, when living, had had the least reason to be vain. No; I should not have minded that, if they would only have left me alone. But they wouldn't leave me alone. They seemed to think the opportunity lost, if they failed to point the conversation at me every now and then, and stick the point into me. I might have been an unusually intimate friend in a Spanish arena: I got so smartingly touched up by these moral goads.

It began the moment we sat down to dinner. Mr. Wopsle said grace with theatrical declamation, as it now appears to me, something like a religious cross of the Ghost in Hamlet with Richard the Third—and ended with the very observation with which that we might be truly grateful. Upon which my sister instantly fixed me with her eye, and said, in a low, reproachful voice, "Do you hear that? Be grateful."

"Especially," said Mr. Pumblechook, "be grateful, boy, to them which brought you up by hand."

Mrs. Hubble shook her head, and contemplating me with a mournful presentiment that I should come to no good, asked, "Why is it that the young are never grateful?" This mystery seemed too much for the company until Mr.

"OH, UN—CLE PUM—BLE—CHOOK! THIS *IS* KIND!"

Hubble tersely solved it by saying, "Naturally vicious." Every body then murmured "Ah!" and "True!" and looked at me in a particular, I unpleasant and personal manner.

Joe's station and influence were something feebler (if possible) when there was company than when there was none. But he always sided and abetted when he could, in some way of his own, and he always did so in dinner-time by giving me gravy, if there were any. There being plenty of gravy to-day, Joe spooned into my plate, at this point, about half a pint.

A little later on in the dinner, Mr. Wopsle reviewed the sermon with some severity, and intimated, in the usual hypothetical case of the Church being "thrown open," what kind of sermon he would have given them. After favoring them with some heads of that discourse, he remarked that he considered the subject of the day's homily ill chosen; which was the less excusable, he added, when there were so many subjects "going about."

"True again," said Uncle Pumblechook. "You've hit it—plenty of subjects going about, for them as know how to put salt upon their tails. That's what's wanted. A man needn't go far to find a subject if he's ready with his salt-box." Mr. Pumblechook, with the air of a short interval of deep reflection, "look at Pork alone. There's a subject! If you want a subject, look at Pork!"

"True, Sir. Many a moral for the young," returned Mr. Wopsle; and I knew from his going to bring me in before he said it, "might be deducted from that text."

("Just listen to this," said my sister to me, in a severe parenthesis.)

Joe gave me some more gravy.

"Seems to me," said Mr. Wopsle, in his deepest voice, and pointing his fork at my blushes as if he were sentencing me to the Christian stake, "seems were the companions of the prodigal. The gluttony of Swine is set before us as an example to the young." (I thought this pretty well in him who had been praising up the pork for being so plump and juicy.) "What is detestable in a pig is more detestable in a boy."

"Or girl," suggested Mr. Hubble.

"Or girl, certainly," assented Mr. Wopsle, rather irritably; "but there is no girl present."

"Besides," said Mr. Pumblechook, turning sharp on me, "I think what you've got to be grateful for. If you'd been borne a Squeaker—"

"He was, if ever a child was," said my sister, most emphatically.

Joe gave me some more gravy.

"Well, but I mean a four-footed squeaker," said Mr. Pumblechook. "If you had been born such, would you have been here now? Not you—"

"Unless in that form," said Mr. Wopsle, nodding slowly at the dish.

"But I don't mean in that form, Sir," returned Mr. Pumblechook, who had an objection to being interrupted; "I mean enjoying himself with his elders and betters, and improving himself with their conversation, and sitting in the lap of luxury. Would he have been doing that? No, he wouldn't. And what would have been your destination?" turning on me again. "You would have been disposed of for so many shillings, according to the market price of that article, and Dunstable, the butcher, would have come up to you as you lay in your straw, and he would have whipped you under his left arm, and with his right he would have tucked up his frock to get a penknife from out of his waistcoat-pocket, and he would have shed your blood and had your life. No bringing up by hand then. Not a bit of it!"

Joe offered me more gravy, which I was afraid to take.

"He was a world of trouble to you, Ma'am," said Mrs. Hubble, commiserating my sister.

"Trouble?" echoed my sister; "trouble?" And then entered on a fearful catalogue of all the illnesses I had been guilty of, and all the acts of disobedience I had committed, and all the high places I had tumbled from, and all the low places I had tumbled into, and all the injuries I had done myself, and all the times she had wished me in my grave, and I had conta-maciously refused to go there.

I think Mrs. Hubman must have aggravated one another very much with their noses. Perhaps they became the restless people they were in consequence. Anyhow, Mr. Wopsle's voice rose so aggravated me, during the recital of my misdemeanors, that I should have liked all the while to bowl him. But all I had endured up to this time was nothing in comparison with the awful feeling that took possession of me when the pause was broken which ensued upon my sister's recital, and in which pause every body had looked at me (as I felt deeply convicted) with indignation and abhorrence.

"Yet," said Mr. Pumblechook, leading the company gently back to the theme from which they had strayed, "Pork—regarded as biled—is rich, too; ain't it?"

"Have a little brandy, uncle?" said my sister.

O Heavens, it had come at last! He would find it was weak, he would say it was washy, and I was lost! I held tight to the leg of the table with both hands, and awaited my doom.

My sister went for the stone bottle, came back with the stone bottle, and poured his brandy out, no one else taking any. The wretched man trifled with his glass—took it up, looked at it through the light, put it down—prolonged my misery. All this time Mrs. Joe and Joe were busily clearing the table for the pie and pudding.

I couldn't keep my eyes off him. Always holding tight by the leg of the table with my hands and feet, I saw the miserable creature finger his glass playfully, take it up, smell it, throw his head back, and drink the brandy off. Instantly afterward the company were seized with unspeakable consternation, owing to his springing to his feet, turning round several times in an appalling spasmodic, hooping-cough dance, and rushing out at the door; he then became visible through the window violently stamping and expectorating, making the most hideous faces, and apparently out of his mind.

I held on tight, while Mrs. Joe and Joe ran to him. I didn't know how I had done it, but I had no doubt I had murdered him somehow. In my dreadful state I felt that this was all of a piece with my having been sent for, surveying the company all round, as if *they* had disagreed with him, and sentencing him alive with the one significant gasp, "Tar!"

I had fled up the bottle from the tar-water, in the hope that he would be worse by-and-by. I moved the table, like a Medium of the present day, by the force of my superstitious will.

"Tar!" cried my sister, in amazement. "Why, however could it come there?"

But Uncle Pumblechook, who was omnipotent in that kitchen, wouldn't hear the word, wouldn't hear the subject mentioned, imperiously waved it all away with his hand, and asked for hot gin-and-water. My sister, who had begun to be alarmingly meditative, had to deploy herself actively in getting the gin, the hot water, the sugar, and the lemon-peel, and mixing them. Fresh as the task was, I was saved. I still held on the leg of the table, but clutched it now with the fervor of gratitude.

By degrees I became calm enough to release my grasp and partake of pudding. Mr. Pumblechook partook of pudding. All partook of pudding. The conversation originated, and Mr. Pumblechook had begun to beam under the genial influence of the gin-and-water, I began to think I should get over the day when my sister said to Joe, "Clear plates—cold."

I clenched the leg of the table again immediately, and pressed it to my bosom as if it had been the companion of my youth and friend of my soul. I foresaw what was coming, and I felt that this time I really was gone.

"You must taste," said my sister, addressing the guests with her best grace, "you must really taste, to finish with, such a delightful and delicious present to Uncle Pumblechook!"

Must they! Let them not hope it!

"You must know," said my sister, rising, "it's a pie—a savory pork-pie."

The company murmured their compliments; and Uncle Pumblechook, with a smile of loving deserved well of his fellow-creatures, and having distinguished himself by his gift, said, vivaciously, all things considered, "Well, Mrs. Joe, we'll do our best endeavors; let us have a cut at this same pie."

My sister went out to get it. I heard her steps proceed to the pantry. I saw Mr. Pumblechook balance his knife. I smelled sweetening appetite in the Roman nostrils of Mr. Wopsle. I heard Mr. Hubble remark that "a bit of sage and onion would lay very handy hot cutting and do no harm," and I heard Joe say, "You shall have some, Pip." I have never been absolutely certain whether I uttered a shrill cry of terror merely in spirit, or in the bodily hearing of the company. I felt that I could bear no more, and that I must run away. I released the leg of the table, and ran for my life.

But Joe ran further than the house door, for there I ran head foremost into a party of soldiers with their muskets, one of whom held out a pair of handcuffs to me, saying: "Here you are, look sharp, come on!"

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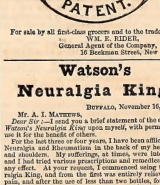

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Loaf Bread.

The same proportion of Leaven and flour sifted together as above. Omit the butter, and make the paste thick enough to kneed into a loaf, and bake immediately in a slow oven.

Buckwheat Cakes.

Flour and milk sufficient to make one quart of batter; add one egg; then three teaspoonfuls of Leaven; beat to a froth and cook quick.

Sponge Cake.

Two cups of white sugar, beaten with the yolks of six eggs—the whites of six eggs beaten to a froth; then beat all together; add three cups of sifted flour, one cup of water, and three teaspoonfuls of Leaven; flavor with two teaspoonfuls of essence of lemon, and bake in a quick oven.

Corn Cake.

One pint each of flour and Indian meal, and three teaspoonfuls of Leaven, well sifted together; add one gill of molasses and two eggs; mix them with milk, and bake in a slow oven.

Cup Cake.

Five cups of flour and three teaspoonfuls of Leaven, sifted together; add one cup of butter, two of sugar, and two eggs all well beaten together; mix with milk, and add a cup of raisins, and spice to suit the taste.—Bake about half an hour.

Ladies' Cake.

Three-quarters of a pound of flour and four teaspoonfuls of Leaven, sifted together; one pound of sugar and six ounces of butter, beaten to a cream; the whites of eight eggs, well beaten, and the juice of one lemon, mixed with milk.

Webster Cake.

Five cups of flour, three teaspoonfuls of Leaven, three cups of sugar, one of butter, one of milk, and two eggs; fruit and spice to the taste. Bake about half an hour.

Muffins.

Three teaspoonfuls of Leaven, one quart of flour, and a little salt sifted together; make a thick batter with milk, and bake in rings.

Apple Pudding.

Pare and slice eight apples, sift three teaspoonfuls of Leaven with one quart of flour; put in a piece of butter half the size of an egg; mix with cold water to a paste; roll out about an inch thick; put the apple into the crust with a little cinnamon; put into a cloth, allowing room to swell one-third; boil one hour and a half.

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Two teaspoonfuls of Leaven and one cup of flour sifted together; two eggs well beaten; two cups of milk; two cups of sugar and one of butter; add flour enough to mix as stiff as common cup cake, and bake about half an hour.

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. IV.—No. 206.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1860. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

ROGER B. TANEY,

CHIEF-JUSTICE OF THE U. S.

It is understood that the Hon. ROGER BROOKE TANEY, who has been for many years Chief-Justice of the United States, is about to resign his office; we take this opportunity of laying his portrait before our readers.

He was born on 17th March, 1777, in Calvert County, Maryland, to which State his family had immigrated two centuries ago. He is consequently eighty-three years of age at present, and is fairly entitled to an honorable retirement.

He was educated at Dickinson College, Carlisle, and admitted to the bar at Annapolis, Maryland, in the spring of 1799, sixty-one years ago. His first attempts were made in Calvert County, from which county, soon after his settlement there as a lawyer, he was sent to the State Senate. He served one term, then returned to Frederick, and devoted himself to his private practice. In 1823 his practice had improved, and his reputation had risen so high that he felt justified in removing to Baltimore, where he has resided ever since. In 1827 he was appointed Attorney-General of Maryland—an office which he held four years. Up to this time Mr. Taney's career had been one of quiet, uninterrupted success. Though a politician, he had taken no angry part in political strife, and enjoyed the respect of his political foes and friends alike. He had met with not a single rebuff or check in his public life. A startling change in his career was now at hand.

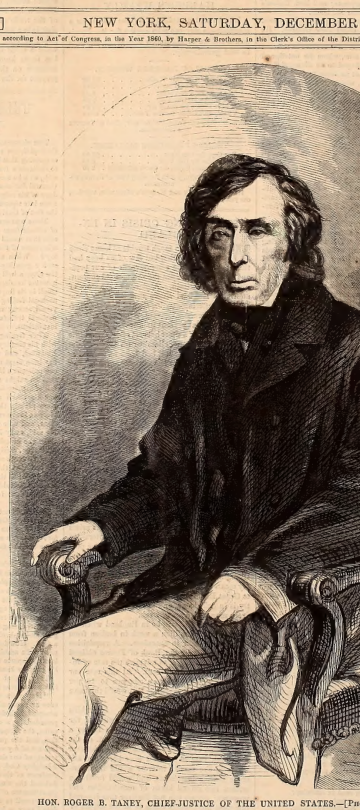
In June, 1831, he was appointed ATTORNEY-General of the United States, and entered upon the discharge of the duties of the office. It was the period of the great Bank war: General Jackson had decided upon his course, and was only waiting for a favorable opportunity to carry it out. His Cabinet were unconscious of his intentions. In September, 1833, he determined to carry them out, and instructed Mr. Duane, the Secretary of the Treasury, to remove the public deposits from the United States Bank. Mr. Duane belonged to the Bank party. He declined to comply, and intimated that, should the President persevere in his project, he must take the responsibility of dismissing him (Mr. Duane) from office. If there was a thing General Jackson liked it was responsibility. He dismissed Mr. Duane without more ado, appointed Mr. Taney Secretary of the Treasury, and had the deposits removed forthwith. It seemed as though Mr. Taney had sacrificed himself to stay the bolents of his chief. General Jackson, well knowing the temper of the Senate, withheld Mr. Taney's nomination till the close of the session: he sent it in on the last day, and it was instantly rejected. Mr. Taney, of course, resigned forthwith, returned to Baltimore, and resumed the practice of the law. His political prospects at that time seemed gloomy enough.

General Jackson, however, was a man who did not forget. Within twelve months from the rejection of Mr. Taney by the Senate, Associate-Justice Duvall, of the United States Supreme Court, resigned his office, the President nominated Mr. Taney to fill the vacancy. This time the nomination was sent to the Senate in due time: it, too, however, had not forgiven either General Jackson or Mr. Taney, and it postponed the subject indefinitely—thus in effect rejecting it. Fortune had seemingly turned her back upon Mr. Taney.

In the midst, however, of his chagrin and disappointment, and while General Jackson was raging, in his characteristic way, at the hostility of the Senate, the astounding news reached him that Chief-Justice Marshall, of the United States Supreme Court, had suddenly died. The President acted as promptly as was his custom. He appointed Mr. Taney to fill the vacancy. And this time, in March, 1836, some changes having been made in the Senate which strengthened the President in that body, the nomination was duly confirmed. Chief-Justice Taney took his seat on the Supreme Bench at Washington in January, 1837—nearly twenty-four years ago.

As Presiding Judge of the leading Court of Justice in the United States Mr. Taney has won high fame. His decisions command general respect, and his opinions are quoted as authority not only throughout this country but in Europe also. Within the past year or two he has, after twenty years' abolution from the strife of politics, been subjected to some animadversion by members of the Republican party in consequence of the Dred Scott decision. Without entering upon the controversy involved in this celebrated case, we may close this brief sketch with the remark that, when Judge Taney shall have disappeared altogether from public life, members of all parties will unite to commend his vast learning, his unspotted integrity, and his remarkable suavity. A career of a quarter of a century upon the Bench of the Supreme Court—during which he has sworn in no less than six Presidents of the United States—has won for him an honorable place in history.

Several gentlemen are mentioned in the papers as likely to succeed Chief-Justice Taney—Mr. Black, of Pennsylvania; Mr. Cushing, of Massachusetts, etc.



HON. ROGER B. TANEY, CHIEF-JUSTICE OF THE UNITED STATES.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

FANNY'S DOOM.

FANNY ENDON, at the age of sixteen, was one of the most fascinating girls I ever knew. Brought up in strict retirement, she had a wild freedom of manner—very different indeed from what that expression would signify in the world, but extremely delightful to the few who had access to her society. Her animal spirits were excessive, and her disposition was winning, endearing. Fanny's beauty was peculiar. Her eyes were of a lustrous brown; her hair was profuse, and of a rich auburn; and her complexion of dazzling whiteness. Her mouth gave a character of exquisite sweetness to her whole face; and when the lips parted in smile and revealed her faultless teeth, Fanny Endon was irresistible.

She lived with her mother, a widow lady, in a retired part of the State of New York, and there, too, my lot for many years was cast. My days of love were gone by forever, or else I could never have withstood the bewitching charms of Fanny Endon. She had some such impression herself, for she treated me with perfect familiarity: There was only the length of a lane between her mother's house and mine, and she was as much at home in one as in the other. A morning seldom passed without finding her in my library rummaging among the books; for she had a mind attuned to fine issues, and her taste led her to history as well as to works of lighter reading. Even in her early girlhood I formed a correct estimate of Fanny's disposition; I saw that, for her, there was no medium; her life could not be a tame one; she must either be most happy or most miserable. In my sincere affection for her I became very anxious for her future welfare.

The time approached when her fate was to be fixed forever; and, unconsciously, I was in some degree its means. I happened to be staying for a few days at the house of a friend, where I met an old acquaintance whom I had not seen for many years. I was greatly charmed with him, asked him to return home with me, and he accepted the invitation.

Edward Delaine—such was his name—was at this time in the prime of youthful manhood, and his remarkable personal advantages were enhanced by an air of cultivation and intelligence. His father had not been long dead, and he had inherited considerable property. Previously he had passed some years abroad as an attaché to one of our embassies, and this had given to his education a finish that made his society very pleasing. But he had none of the coldness of the diplomat about him; his feelings were keen, and his manners were warm and eloquent. His education had tempered, not destroyed, that ardor of disposition for which he had been remarkable at school. Such was the man destined to win the heart of Fanny Endon.

The first time they met was at my house, when there were a good many people present. The conversation happened to turn on some European topic, and Delaine was appealed to. He was interested in the subject, and spoke with animation and energy. I observed, the moment, to notice Fanny. Little accustomed to the restraints of society, she allowed the admiration with which he listened to appear but too plainly on her countenance. Her head was slightly inclined backward—her eyes were keenly bent on Edward's face—and her lips were slightly parted, with an expression that told of the most intense attention. When Delaine ceased her gaze remained fixed on him for some time, as though to scan further a character of which her first knowledge pleased her so much—and, as at last she turned away, I could perceive a gentle sigh escape her. That was the first be

caused her to breathe—would to God it had been the last sigh!

On that evening Delaine was not introduced to her; but he was too good a judge, and too great an admirer of beauty, not to be struck with her appearance, and to question me concerning her. After what I had noticed I felt somewhat uneasy; for, bred in the latitude of European ideas on these subjects, Delaine was, of all men, least likely to become seriously attached to a wild rustic beauty like Fanny. Still he had a good heart when he allowed it fair play, and I did not like to take advantage of so guileless and unguarded a creature.

Nevertheless his curiosity was awakened by the singularity of her manner. He had made her acquaintance with her by merely seeking to draw her out and study as her real disposition. But his interest in her soon began to assume a warmer complexion. Some circumstance or other constantly drew me to Mrs. Endon's cottage. He was to lend Fanny drawings, now to practise music with her. Whenever she walked, or rode on horseback, a frequent caution, she was sure to meet Delaine by the purest accident. Poor Fanny! Those days of dawning love were the most exquisitely happy she ever knew. She abandoned her whole soul to the new passion, and the object of it himself was no doubt startled when he discovered its strength, for he merely fancied that he had excited the interest of a favored but recent acquaintance. I am fully persuaded that, up to this time, Delaine had no intention of obtaining poor Fanny's love, and then trifling with her feelings; but the rapidity and intensity of her affection took him by surprise, and he himself became entangled before he was well aware of it.

I was alarmed at the frequency of Delaine's visits to the cottage, and availed myself of some business which called me to New York to pay a visit to his stay. We went to town together. I was detained there considerably longer than I expected, and afterward traveled into a distant part of the country before I returned home.

Upward of two months had elapsed since I left it, and now it was nearly mid-summer. I arrived at home early in the day, and determined to walk over to the cottage to see my friends. Fanny received Mrs. Endon's cottage deserved its name, for it was *of* moderate size, and the walls, and even the roof, in many parts, were covered with ivy. It was also a small garden in front, and, using the privilege of an old friend, I opened the gate, and walked into the parlor, which was on the ground-floor, without knocking at the door or waiting for the servant to announce me.

As I entered the room I started with extreme surprise. Fanny was seated on the sofa, and by her side was Edward Delaine! One of his arms was held in his; he was speaking with animation and rapidity, though in a low tone, while her head was drooped over her bosom, and her face bent over her bow and eyes so as to hide their expression. I knew, though I could not distinguish it. Such was the group that met my gaze as I entered Mrs. Endon's cottage. I believe I expressed my astonishment audibly, for they started, and *their surprise* was mingled with great confusion.

Edward was the first to recover himself, and, answering, as my exclamation of wonder at seeing him, he said that he had come to witness a trotting match which was nearly to take place.

"Humph!" I replied, "I did not know you were an amateur of horse-racing."

"Nor am I," he replied; "but my friend Reynolds made it a point with me to come."

I gave him a reproachful look. By this time Fanny also had recovered herself and greeted me with her usual warmth and cordiality. But its wonted ease and freedom were gone.

I sat down, and showed Delaine that I was determined not to leave him behind me. Finding that he could not outstay me, he rose to take leave, and went off. I asked for Mrs. Endon, and learned that she was gone to the neighboring town, and had been absent all the morning. I was at a loss how to act. On intimate terms of friendship, as I had always been with Fanny and her mother, still this was not a fitting subject for me to enlarge upon with the former. Hints and innuendoes only irritate, and do more mischief; and, yet, after sitting a short time longer, I took my leave, resolving to have a full explanation with Delaine respecting his intentions on the very first opportunity.

That opportunity never arrived. The next morning I was sent for by Mrs. Endon, and, upon reaching the cottage, to my utter astonishment and dismay, I heard that Fanny had eloped with Edward Delaine.

I could not account for such a step. Edward was his own master; in every way he was likely to prove an agreeable son-in-law to Mrs. Endon, and, if his attachment was sincere, why not openly make Fanny his wife?

Mrs. Endon sent for me as the friend of Delaine and her own. She idolized her daughter, had been her only companion for ten years, and had watched every quality of heart, mind, and temper, rising from the beautiful bud into a perfect blossom. Fanny, too, opened her mother as much as something more than of this earth; and powerful must have been the passion which could have induced her thus to leave that mother.

Mrs. Endon informed me that Edward Delaine had returned to the country about a month before, and had renewed his visits. His attentions to her daughter had become very marked, and, two nights ago, she had been alarmed and shocked at the discovery that Fanny was engaged in a clandestine correspondence with him. Fanny was seated on her bed reading a letter with such absorbing attention that she did not hear her mother enter. When she approached her, Fanny hurriedly closed and endeavored to hide the manuscript.

"I spoke to her," continued Mrs. Endon, "more in sorrow than in anger, and she seemed touched to the soul. I adjured her to abstain from every thing clandestine; it was unworthy of her; it was degrading; it was nearly allied to falsehood. She threw herself into my arms, and promised that all secret intercourse should cease. But I feel now the real meaning of her tones and looks. I am convinced that her resolve was taken—that I spoke too late. She exclaimed, 'Oh, mother!' as she withdrew from my arms, and again sinking upon my neck, wept as though her heart would break."

Here the poor old lady's own sobs prevented further utterance.

On her departure Fanny had left behind a scrap of paper, on which were written these words: "I am not weak. I am leaving you forever. Pity and forgive your poor lost child!"

I did not know how to act. To pursue the pair seemed to me hopeless. Was she had eloped with him; the evil was done; it lay in his breast to remedy it, and there alone. With bitter anxiety did we expect from each trembling express we searched the newspapers, day after day, to see if their marriage was announced. Weeks passed, and all was still suspense; and Mrs. Endon's health began to sink under her trials.

At length the mystery was solved. I received a letter from Delaine, dated New Orleans. He confessed to me the cursed truth that when he eloped with Fanny Endon he was already married—to a woman, it was true, whom he hated, and from whom he utterly hoped to be divorced—but still married. I had not patience to read his excuse of passionate love, which he urged in partial defense of his crime, and flung the letter from me in disgust. But I had one melancholy task to perform, and the sooner it was done the better.

I found Mrs. Endon sitting with her knitting in her hands, but not working; her eyes fixed, and swimming in tears. She was looking at a picture of her daughter after that happy period. As moment I entered she saw I had something to communicate.

"O God! tell me what it is. Any thing is better than suspense. Tell me the worst at once."

I then made known to her, briefly, the substance of Delaine's letter. She seemed heartstricken by this confirmation of her worst forebodings.

"Forgive her! Yes, indeed—poor, lost, dear, ever-darling child—I do, from the bottom of my heart!" she exclaimed. "Tell her this, or bring me your letter, and I will write just these words at the bottom of it—that now, this hour, I swear I must seek consolation where alone it is to be found."

I did not see Mrs. Endon for several days after this interview. When next I met her I was shocked at the awful change that had come over the poor wrought. Despair was seated in her sunken eyes, and death—the death of a broken heart—had laid its finger upon her forehead. She added me if I had written, and I answered that I had.

"Give me your paper," she said.

I placed the sheet in her hand, with a pen, and she then wrote, with a trembling hand, the words, "I forgive you, Fanny. Your Almighty Saviour, my people, my dear child!" She laid down the pen, and sank back quite exhausted upon her seat.

In conclusion, I will only add that Fanny's child not conceal from him the state of Mrs. Endon's health.

"If my thing can save her," I wrote, "it is the restoration of her daughter. Hasten, I implore you, as you value your future peace of mind forever, to undo the miserable mischief which is yet in your power."

But Mrs. Endon's malady was beyond the reach of help or hope. She declined rapidly. Every day she became more feeble; she spoke but little. She did not complain, but there was a manifest fix fixed upon her his icy grasp; he could not be far distant. Three weeks after I had communicated to her the contents of Delaine's letter she died. Her end was calm, and she breathed her last imploring the mercy of Heaven on her erring child.

I attended her funeral. Besides myself there were but few mourners. The impression was just turning in at the gate of the church-yard when the rattling of wheels was heard behind us, and I saw a gaudy carriage, with a fast trotter. The truth flashed across me in a moment. I trembled all over, but I said nothing. I might be mistaken.

I was not.

The match reached the church-yard gate; the gate was flung open, and a female figure, which we all knew in a moment, rushed up the pathway, and threw herself, with a piercing shriek, upon the coffin. We hastened to raise her up; she was senseless.

Alas! poor Fanny, she has never recovered these senses since!

A HUMAN SKULL.

A BRIAN skull! I bought it pasting cheap—
Of course 'twas dearer to its first employer;
I bought mortality dirt cheap that day.

Some mute memento of the Old Destroyer.

It is a ghostly monitor, and must
Confound our waxing and its summing;
It is a grave domestic finger-post
Of Life—an emblem of the shadows coming.

Time was some may here prized its flowing skin:
Upon his eyes were world-perspex in transport tender:
Some may have chucked what was a dimpled chin,
And what was forehead, kissed as gender!

Did she live yesterday, or ages back?
What color were the eyes whose bright and waking?
And were your ringlets fair, or brown, or black,
Poor little head! that long has done with aching?

It may have held the aloest some random shots)
Thy brain, Elgin Fry, or Baron Byron's,
The wits of Nolly Gwynn, or Doctor Watts,
Two quoted lords! two philanthropic sirens!

But this I surely know before I closed
The bargain on the morning that I bought it—
It was not half so bad as those it enclosed—
Nor quite as good as many may have thought it.

Who love, can smell no special type of Death;
He hired his awful face too soon, too often
"Immortelles" bloom in Beauty's bridal wreath;
And does not yon green elm contain a coffin?

Oh! ears mine, what hints of care are these?
The heart still lingers with the golden hours,
As autumn lost is on the chestnut-trees,
And where is all that boasted wealth of flowers?

If Life no more can yield us what it gave,
It still is better than the pale fee praises—
A very worthless ripple may dig the grave,
But hath—unless will dress the turf with daisies!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1860.

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THE COMING CRISIS IN ENGLAND.

WE have had so much trouble at home since the election that but few of us have had time to think of the consequences of our present complications upon the commercial community of Great Britain. A glance at the state of affairs in England shows that, however great our own suffering may be, the English must suffer much more.

England is at present undergoing the natural consequences of a short harvest of cereals. She is taking a million dollars' worth of food from us per week—if her wheat had been as fruitful as usual, she would not have taken over a quarter of this amount. The difference must be paid for in specie. This is the salient, credits on London. She is, moreover, carrying on a war in China, which involves an expenditure of fully half a million dollars per week, the whole of which is paid in specie. Add to this that our imports from Great Britain this year have been considerably larger than those of last year, and that in all probability we shall take still less next spring, and it will be seen that the commercial position of England, before the recent turn in the exchanges, was quite critical. Now the exchanges have turned against Great Britain to such an extent that there is a profit of nearly two per cent. on the importation of gold from England. It is pretended, in certain quarters, that this turn in the exchanges arises from the mere speculation among importers—in other words, that it is an indication of our poverty. The event will prove, on the contrary, that it is a most convincing indication of our strength, and that the fall in sterling bills simply means, that, instead of owing several millions of dollars to England, we generally do, that country is in debt to us, and is increasing that debt every month did every week.

What the effect will be in England when we come to draw a million a week in bullion from them, we forbear to speculate. A requisition for $1,500,000 by the Bank of France obliged the Bank of England to advance the rate of interest from 4 to 5 per cent. At this rate our demands would justify an advance to 10 per cent. within a few days. But would this save the British commercial public?

We can not see that it would. Sight bills on London are offered by the agents of the Rothschilds at 106 per cent. This leaves a profit of considerably over one per cent. on the importation of gold from England—whatever the Bank rate of interest may be. The advance in the rate of interest would inconvenience British merchants, and would involve a serious loss on the value of merchandise and property; but we can not discover that it would interpose any serious obstacle to the export of gold to this side the Atlantic.

There is good reason to believe that we are witnessing one of the most remarkable transitions in history—the transfer of commercial sovereignty from London to New York.

A quarter of a century since, this country was always a debtor to the foreign world. In those days the United States Bank tried to bridge over the gulf between our exports of food and our exports of cotton by a system of "kiting." It answered for a few years, and then broke down. The catastrophe led to a general liquidation and a universal curtailment of expenses, which, for a few years, answered the desired end. In or about 1850 we began again to expand. Our production of gold and produce increased, and so did our expenditure. The latter, as usual in this country, finally outran the former, and the result was the crisis of 1857. Since then we have pursued a different plan. Our expenditures have been curtailed throughout the country; our production has increased. The result is that now, instead of owing money to Europe, we are creditors of the world at large. The trade statistics of the fiscal year 1860–'61 will show, if they are accurately made up, that we have exported very much more produce and gold than we have imported of foreign goods. The result is the decline in exchange which we have alluded to, which is the proper symptom of the transfer of commercial sovereignty from London to New York.

This change can not be effected without a severe ordeal on the other side the Atlantic. London has been for a century the true centre of the trade of the world. It is now going to sink into a secondary position, and New York is going to take its place. The change will involve a crisis in England such as that country has never known; though among us we have interests on the other side of the ocean must prepare for the emergency.

THE LOUNGER.

NOW AND THEN.

THE charter and career of the great Italian, Garibaldi, are constantly reminding us of the surprising changes that Time and Chance, who used to dedicate a fresh work to every new turn of history, or who seemed to him to be such—to Bolivar, General Jackson, and even Pope Pius, in the early days of his reign—has not been inspired to gather some late ripened fruit of his genius, and lay it at the feet of Garibaldi.

There was some talk of sending him some kind of tribute from this country. But what could be sent that would be so welcome to him as the consciousness of the national admiration and sympathy? How little Prince of Wales had received such a greeting as that multitude which thronged the city, a ball of some persons at the Academy; one measure admitted and succeeful, we believe, and smell in its impression. So after the grandeur of Garibaldi's welcome which Garibaldi knows to be universal among us, any thing less than an official national tribute would be altogether meagre and ludicrous.

After freeing his country he puts the crown, with his country's consent, upon the head of Victor Emanuel, and retires. Throughout his conduct has been mostly and simple. There was at one moment a brilliant chance that he might not agree with Cavour. Danger full of menace for Italian liberty. But in nothing has Garibaldi shown himself so consistent, so real, so more plainly than in his yielding his own plan. He was brave enough to reconsider his own intention, and wise enough to recede from his words. He said, early in the summer, that he should proclaim the kingdom of Italy from Rome, and that, until then, Sicily and Naples must have a provisional government. But when Cavour said and showed that this plan was disastrous, and help to defeat the very purpose they both contemplated, Garibaldi heroically yielded, and the work was finished by him, yet not exactly as he had intended.

If it could not be done with the brain of Cavour, the heart of Garibaldi, and the hand of Victor Emanuel, when and how could it have been hoped for? If it can not be united and organized by the same combination, is there any reasonable hope for Italy?

The spectacle of the hero sheathing his sword and bowing his head before the king he has crowned with a people's choice has but one parallel in history. And when the tranquil greatness, maintained with private ambition, the world has not often seen in all its story, and in all the centuries to write my eye rests upon a picture of Napoleon Bonaparte, sitting in silk and velvet and satin, spangled and embroidered, like a Roman senator made a God. How infinitely poor the spectacle! How paltry the ambition and reward! Think of Napoleon bowing his head at Saint Helena! Garibaldi at his country home!

And recall the words that were spoken when this nation was born:

"Happy in the confirmation of our independence and peace, we feel the strongest obligations to accepted with diffidence; which, however, was superseded by a confidence in the rectitude of our cause, the support of the supreme power of the nation, and the patronage of Heaven. I close the list act of my official life by commending the interests of our dearest country to the protection of Almighty God, and those who have the superintendence of them to His holy keeping. Having finished the work assigned me, I retire from the great theatre of action, and bidding an affectionate farewell to this august body, under whose orders I have so long acted, I here offer my commission, and take my leave of the employments of my public life."

Listen to the reply:

"Sir, have you decided the standard of liberty in the New World; having taught a lesson useful to those who inflict and those who feel oppression, you retire with the blessings of your fellow-citizens, though the glory of your virtues will not terminate with your military command, but will descend to remotest ages."

Is it Garibaldi who speaks, and Italy that replies? No, it is Washington and America. And yet the same pure purpose, the same high honor, the same simple love of liberty and devotion to duty are there, and they are both the heroes? Shall we not stretch out our hands and hearts to

Italy, and say to her, "Sister, we have each been defrauded to the same great purpose; let us work together to achieve it!"

MR. JOHN JOHNS.

IT was a wild, snowy day, such as would have done honor to mid-January in Canada, when Mr. John Johns might have been seen entering a railroad car with a hat, traveling-bag, and umbrella. It was at a way station, and the train had been delayed, for the sleet had coated the rails so smoothly that the wheels would occasionally merely revolve upon their axle-trees, and the train stand still at a tremendous rate. Then it would rally slowly, move along gradually, take hold of the track, and finally roll along with that heavy monotonous air soothing to the passenger who wishes to read.

This particular passenger, Mr. John Johns, had several old papers and periodicals, which he had been reserving for some such moment as this. The long leisure of railroad travel, with nobody to talk to you or to make you afraid of having to show useful it is to bring up the arrears of reading! Mr. John Johns opened some numbers of the London *Saturday Review*—a periodical which thinks nothing less than the choicest Champagne of itself—and read that Mr. Thackeray was no gentleman; then turning back as far away as last April, discovered that prize-fighters were the finest specimens of manhood and Christianity extant.

Times were exhilarating things to read on a wild winter day, slipping comfortably along in a car with very few passengers and plenty of room. The frost quite covered the windows, so that Mr. John Johns, looking out through the snow-crust, and after reading he meditated for some time, until the cars stopped at a station. Then, lifting his window, he observed a great rush of boys and men along the platform, and a suppressed cry, "There he is! in front car!" and the crowd swept by in the wild blowing snow, while several of the fellow-passengers started to their feet and pressed forward to gaze at some personage in the neighboring car.

Mr. John Johns was perplexed.

"It can't be D. Wales," he said to himself, "for he is at home long ago. It can't be any new or old President, for they are also quietly at home. It can't be any distinguished Senator, for they, too, are at home after the election. Who can it be?"

The passengers, and the train pitching onward, Mr. John Johns opened his papers and read placidly on. Yet he could not help hearing a murmur about him—"I saw him! No, did you? How does he look? Well, Matilda, would you like to see him? Certainly; why not? WHY, *Matilda-da-da!*"

Mr. John Johns could not but admire the heroism of Matilda; but he was sorely curious to know what illustrious personage the train contained. "Time will show" he said. "I shall not ask. Who on earth is it in that Matilda would not be wish to see?" Mr. John Johns thrilled as a thought transfixed him. "Of course," he said to himself, with the satisfaction of triumph, "Kingsbury, and of course."

He returned to his reading of the *Saturday Review*'s exhortation, that all men should become eyes, as Tom Sayers is. The cars stopped again. There was the same rush and excitement. He put his head out of the window, but could see nothing. "'Tis very extraordinary!" quoth Mr. John Johns, and he would have spoken Matilda as she passed forward, despite the deprecatory warnings of her sister, to see the object of desire.

At length the train stopped again. "Twen-n-ty minutes for dinner!" shouted a cheerful voice, and the crowd of passengers rose simultaneously, and moved to the door of the car. They stepped down in the whirled of snow upon the platform. Mr. John Johns stared vainly eagerly as he entered the station-room, to knock the snow off his boots. Looking up, saw a large crowd gathered about the dining-room door, which was not yet open. But the door flew open immediately, and a few of the passengers only, the rest of the crowd, passed in to dinner; the bulk of the throng remained staring and gaping at the party which had entered, a group of six or eight persons.

"I am bound to investigate it," said Mr. John Johns to himself, and he seated himself at table opposite the party. The hero of the group was evidently the one whom Matilda had been willing and anxious to see. It was a hero whose depth from breast to back was remarkable: his *torso* was splendid. He was dressed very simply, and was shaved, except upon the upper lip, which was hidden by a heavy dark moustache. The hero's nose was broken as to the bone, and ran two spurs aside as to the skin. The right eye was black and swollen, and the left eye sadly bumped or bruised or "lumped." The gaping crowd surrounded the end of the room, and surveyed him as he ate, as the royal Bengal tiger is contemplated at feeding time. Part of the guests he rose from, and accompanied by his retinue, whose noses had a singular analogy of appearance, and, walking very erect and without any swagger, he passed out of the hall, the expectant and admiring crowd opening before him as he advanced.

"I hope," said the sympathetic Mr. John Johns, "I hope that Matilda is in a favorable place for seeing." Mr. John Johns just half hurried the guests into the train, and away they went again, while Mr. John Johns resumed his reading of the character of the Christian athlete, as expounded by the London *Saturday Review*. Late at night, long after the dun hour—for they had been so sadly delayed by the snow-storm—the train rolled into a certain city. Mr. John Johns betook himself to his favorite hotel. He supped, and he lighted his cigar. "Now I wonder," he said, "who it is that I have seen to-day."

He raised his eyes as if to interrogate the fates, and beheld, upon a poster printed in black and blue ink, *National Welcome to John C. Heenan.*

"'Twas the Benicia Boy," quoth Mr. John Johns, as he took his candle; and so ended a day's sight-seeing in that city.

THE NEW STORY.

THE new novel of Dickens's, "Great Expectations," which was begun in the *Weekly* two weeks ago, opens with all the familiar raciness and power. In a sharp characterization, not only of human beings but of landscape and scenery, Dickens is without a rival. The very houses and fields have a sympathy with the story which they are depicted. In "Little Dorrit," for instance, how curiously interested you become in the old house with the mysterious holes in the wall, and in the spell which it casts and holds over Arthur Clennam! Flintwinch is a wonderful fascination about the old place which the stern Mrs. Clennam and Flintwinch himself and the Mephistopholean Affery can not overcome. In the present story he has conveyed that, if you remember the picture of the last scene in the history of the house, in which Mephisto did the smoking in Faust with infernal, he can not escape the weird look of consciousness in the old pile—a dark, shadowy, inscrutable consciousness, as if it knew the part it was to play in the drama, and was aware of the significance and importance of its agency.

When "Little Dorrit" was published as a whole, its *Blackwood*, I think) assisted it as a hodge-podge, as written at different times, to plot out purposes, and, in proof, cited the very incident of the falling house, a mere make-shift, as the critic declared, to dispose of the story, and to be accomplished by the recent fall of a house in London.

Dickens replied to this in the *Household Words* to this critic. It is happy for all his readers that he did so, because he entirely demolished the reviewer's position. The falling of the mansion was as great as his power of conception and narrative. He remained the reader that, in the very first page, he published a story told two years before the last, and of course the same time before the fall of the London house, he had described the singular, inexplicable wear of the house. He did not tell us what they were. They were unexplained and unexplainable, and the obvious apprehension of Mistress Affery, to whom they were supernatural sounds. And all through the book these sounds occur at the most startling and pointing directly, though the reader could not know it yet, to the catastrophe; themselves accomplishing the catastrophe. Dickens has never explained the mystery which had accompanied us from the first page. It was a most magnificent stroke of literary art, and it is no wonder that Dickens rushed to the rescue to avenge his own skill and common sense.

In the opening of "Great Expectations" the landscape is drawn into sympathy with the story, and in the same way. The dreary marshes, with the creaking chains upon the gibbet, the starving cattle scattered from the hulks, the prison ships in which lie buried Pip's parents, the hard life of Pip and his brother-in-law, and the great sad sea closing around us from the hulks, the prisoners these all combine in feeling and impression; men and landscape merge and mingle, and you lie, as you read, in the grip of a nightmare.

How affluent, how sweet and genial that genius which, from its happy consciousness to its man, as he seats himself daily to tell his story, that thousands and thousands are eagerly waiting to follow where he leads! Let a London house fall without fire in him not to fail to begin this new story now. If you wait until it is completed you will hardly read it all. A few more chapters will display a great attention. When authors are taught by circumstances that it is better for them to write serially, readers may be very sure that it is wiser for them to read serially.

A PLEA FOR MERCY.

CAN nothing be done? Is it not enough that people must leave their homes in the fiercest winter weather, that they must be driven to be emphasized by that of the body? "Power are, several years ago, the Duke of Alençon died on a grisly November evening. It was just dusk, and the rigor-mortis chilly, and the dim light rendered more dreary by a few spectral lights. The hapless stranger knew what awaited him, and lingered and lingered upon the threshold, before upon the outwindow, which were covered with vapor, and saw that not a solitary crack held out hope of oxygen to him. Suddenly the bell sang along the passage-ly, and the reluctant traveler lifted his feet slowly upon the stairs and entered the room. The box was solid with men in heavy woolen coats, saturated with the moisture. There were two stoves heated to the dim degree. The atmosphere was somewhat thick with the fumes of the wet garments and the exhausted air; and there was a universal aspect of profound depression on the faces and forms of the passengers.

It was at once clear to the traveler that it would be very difficult to obtain a sufficient consent of the neighborhood to open a window. The sad victims were in fact shut up in the box, and there was no forts of any companion to escape. But when our friend seated himself he turned to the man behind, who was absorbed in interesting a book, and even asked him if he objected to having the window raised.

"Not at all; I likes the fresh air, but I don't like to make trouble."

They were two admirable propositions, and were not disputed by the traveler, who opened his window, and felt the electric thrill of the sweet cold air shoot through his frame. Immediately his neighbor in front, cheered by the cordial that poured unconsciously into his lungs, raised his window, and said that his head ached from the abominable foulness of the atmosphere. But this bold beginning was all. Nobody else had mercy upon himself or his neighbors. The rest sat grimly breathing poison, and shrugging their shoulders and looking revengefully virtuous toward the windows that had got high. Still the sweet cold air flowed in; the traveler rejoiced that reason, even if unwillingly, was at last allowed to have her way. But while he rejoiced, a fellow-traveler, who had been covering over the hot iron stove, sallow, cadaverous, and sick, humbly begged that the window might be closed, it was so *very* raw and cold.

"But then you are so far away," pleaded the traveler.

"I know, but it makes the air so cold."

"Not when you are used to it. I can not blow on you."

"Yes, yes, but then it *looks* so dreadfully cold; and I know it is so even if I don't feel it."

The sallow man was not to be satisfied with a compromise. The traveler partly closed the window and stoutly clung to the crack sucking the sweet air through.

Now in all that box or car there was an means of ventilation whatsoever but two small registers, like holes at the end on each side of the door. There were at least sixty people shut up in the place, since then could find seats, and a man introduced some vitality into the atmosphere and tried to neutralize the poison at his peril. Now don't let us submit to this suffocation any longer. If a man or woman is ill and can not endure the *air*, then exercise prerogative, but they can not change your seat. But when great hulking men and hearty women insist upon sitting in the suffocating medium, insist that you shall breathe, that they may just as much bound to yield to you and fresh air as you are to surrender to them and carbonic acid gas. Try it to the end, and see the contempt if the Persists. In default of the conductor take the sense of the people in the car. Among the inalienable rights of man is that of fresh air. Don't suffer yourself to be deprived of it without a struggle. Hold if you can the window. If the passengers rise against you, but yield under protest. Cry to the last "power are, sextant, range are!" So shall your children and your children's wealth sound lungs, shunning your name, and your refreshed and renewed fellow-men devoted to their rights of oxygen, thank you and praise you by name.

Let the travelers do that. As for the Lounger in the echoing car, he will do something if he does not practice what he preaches, and if you see him complacently breathing all the poisonous air in all the cars in the country.

A BUFFALO STUDIO.

LOUNGING into Buffalo, Mr. Eadie I stepped into the studio of Mr. Beard. His pictures were gathered for a sale, previous to his departure for what he considered the better New York of the metropolis. You did not exactly expect to find a studio in Buffalo—the pleasant, broad-streeted city upon the Niagara, with its handsome houses—and coming as case, with plenty of elbow-room, as it were, in open grounds, and the lake winds blowing through the town and whisking away the seeds of disease. You anticipated great granaries, and hundreds of canal boats, and innumerable wriggling serpents known as railroad trains, and a universal whistling of steam and roar of traffic and busy crowds. But pictures and Buffalo are words that do not immediately mingle in your imagination.

Stepping out of an open space upon which stands one of the very finest Roman churches, in a moment we were standing in Beard's studio. He is peculiarly a painter of dogs, and of their sagacious race is Landseer is—not of their simple animal nature as Rosa Bonheur is, but of the humor that the human imagination has readily find in them. The huge mowy owl, perched upon a mountain height at midnight, gazing with wise, ludicrously wise eyes, at the moon, is Beard's or presents' an astronomer. And upon this canvas is a carnival of bears. A band of the Buffalo's zouave family upon a picnic, in a wood, with piles of luscious fruit to which they riot, which they eat sitting upon their hind legs, with their paws and surfeits them, so that they lie drunk and weary upon the ground—fancy, in fact, *leave upon a bender*, and you have Beard's picture. Another is by that name.

It is a new vein delicately worked; but it is not all that the artist can do. He has a number of dogs upon the prairie are spirited and good. There is a Puss in Boots, a Red Riding Hood with the expectant wolf. For some reason the painter does not stay in Buffalo. He is drawn to the great centres whither the artists all tend. Even there, then, tests seem to have been reform upon the outskirts of our civilization. Think of the sale of Mr. Leupp's gallery of pictures the day! At what prices the pictures went! No, we are not quite ripe for the pictures. Patience, patience! the great Italian pictures are not yet five hundred years old; and how old is Italy?

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE TWO KINGS AT TEANO.

On room 25, 1860.

VICTOR and GARIBALDI, side by side—

Happy brothers—of the sword and crosses—hand in hand,
Smith the blue sky of their regenerate land,
Side, side, side—the sun shines on them, they ride!
Not many royal hands so pure of guilt,
Not by half so much of honest blood to spill,
Many with grasp of the familiar hilt
Of Glory's sword, have clasped it since the day
Of those deep-seated and unswerving eyes,
Fearful or terrible, as with the skies
Sublime or fallen in them. Ride on, ride on!
Of "Long live Italy, Castile, now and for,
All good men's hopes left to their investiture,
Longest benedictions, and shortest curses!
Ride on, ride on, and still ride on!
In spite of friends that on the ivy cling,
Holding with wintry grasp, and direct like spring.
Ride on, Victor Emanuel, to the throne
Which your valor and wisdom have both toppled down.
While Garibaldi, guerdonless, alone,
Takes him to his home, and nobler crown!

WHEN is a man out of date?—When he's a weak back.

THE BRITISH AND THE BLACK PRINCE.—We have the best authority for stating that FRANCIS II., the ex-king of Naples, has declined, with thanks, the asylum which has been offered him by the Queen of Spain and the Emperor of Austria. The dethroned monarch will reside at the home that he publicly would even in the Imperial Palace at VIENNA. His loyalty has decided on accepting the hospitality of the King of Dahomey.

A FEW FOR DOOR CRACKERS.—The partisans of the Pope and the Austrian system of Italy call Garibaldi a Filibuster. As that hero is fighting for the freedom of Italy, we should like to say that we will count themselves with calling him a Freebooter?

THE STRONGEST ARGUMENT AGAINST CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.—Decapitation is no longer.

MINERALOGICAL DISCOVERY BY AN INVENTOR.—How to turn brass into gold—"Marry an heiress."

HOPPINGS and scores are the measures of our mortal life; we willingly submit to the measure of gladness, and sorrow's knots make their own inquires.

NATIVE-minded men, who have not a thought beyond the little plans of their own circle, would find the following inscription: "You shall see nothing but its own shell, and thinks it to be grounded in the universe."

AT every instant during life a portion of our substance becomes dead, combines with some of the inhaled oxygen, and is removed. In this process it is supposed that the whole body is renewed every seven years.

IT is a little thing to speak a phrase of common comfort, which, to the utterer, may cost but his breath; yet, on the one hand to whom thought to die unmourned, 'will fall like sweetest balm.

LOVE one human being purely and warmly, and you will love all. The heart, in this heaven, like the wandering Israelites, finds manna, fresh from dew-drop to the cream, but a mirror which it worries and fills.

IT seems a cruel misfortune that body and mind, like friends in a boat, should always agree in distress. It is bad when the mind survives the body: worse still when the body survives the mind; and worst of all when both survive together.

One of the missionaries in Burmah, speaking of the cholera, says: "The treatment of this disease is very simple—a little calomelation. An incision is made on the breast or back of the patient, and an extract of a certain species of lemon fails of effecting a cure."

SOMEBODY says, very truly, that a person who shortchanges to raise himself by scandalizing others, might just as well climb on a wheel-barrow and undertake to wheel himself.

"Will you marry me, Miss?" "Sir, you know very well what I will say when I would never marry." "Oh yes! if I hadn't known it, I shouldn't have asked you."

"POOR boy!" pityingly said a kind-hearted old lady in Quebec, when the prison stood barricaded under a battering ram to receive some complimentary address. "Poor boy! why don't he get out and keep the rain off?"

WOMAN'S VANITY.

Though she is old she thinks she's young,
And yet there's no insanity;
What can it be besides her time?
Pshaw! only woman's vanity.

She wears great bustles on her extra bone,
Oh, weakness of humanity!
And then she tips her arm very,
Which shows a woman's vanity.

What's more, she thinks she's quite "a Rose,"
Although there's much insanity;
How can she think herself a wit?
Go ask a woman's vanity.

But ladies, though her fault we see,
Let's treat her with urbanity;
For more or less we all have got
A touch of woman's vanity.

"OH, ma," said Miss M'Gregor, rushing in to her ma, "ma, what a very twelve-dozen creature our washerwoman is!"

"Indeed, is she! And what's that, my dear?" quoth the wondering mamma.

"Why, don't you know that twelve dozen is a gross," replied the astonished miss, "and gross is very coarse."

"Yes, of course. What a lovely thing education is, my child!"

MR. E——, a barrister, noted for absence of mind, was once witnessing the representation of "Macbeth;" and on Banquo's ghost stepping in the Thane's chair, and they were "doing a deed without a name," catching the sound of the words, he started up, exclaiming, to the astonishment of the audience, "A deed without a name! Why, it's void; and his words are true."

TWO Frenchmen—one wealthy and in possession of ready cash, and the other poor and penniless—accosted, by chance, a Jew in the streets of Amsterdam hotel. In the morning the ready one arose first, took from his pocket a pistol, and holding it to the forehead, shot himself. The stranger then exclaimed to his terrified companion, "It is my hot dog, and I will have it!" So saying he took out of his pocket five five hundred francs, or I will instantly blow out my brains. The Jew, in order to save the life of his friend, like Regulus, or found himself the hero of an unpleasant dilemma; but he was not to be outdone in generous-ness by a stranger. Said he quietly crept to his pantaloons, and handed over the money, and the stranger immediately blew open the door to the outside.

THERE is the easy likely to run out of the room for some. When there is a lack in it.

"I'll let you know when I come again," was the threatening said to the unwelcome guest.

AN attorney having died in poor circumstances, one of his friends observed that he had left but few effects. "That is not much to be wondered at," said another, "for he had but few causes."

"I will and buzzards," said Pat, "to my beloved wife Bridget all my property. Without reserve," and when Patrick one-half of the remainder, and to Dennis, my younger son, I leave the rest, hoping it left to George to Terence O'Cuty, in sweet Ireland."

"AH!" said a Sunday-school teacher: "ah, Caroline Jones, what do you think you would have been without your good father and good mother?"

"Orphans," said Caroline, who was very much struck with the odd appeal. "I suppose, mam, so I should be born without parents."

THE Duchess of Kingston was remarkable for having a high notion of her own dignity. Before she attended a her carriage by the unfolding of a coat of coals in a very *grande* style, she treated herself with her usual pride to her door, and said to the man,

"How dare you, sirrah, stop a woman of quality in the street?"

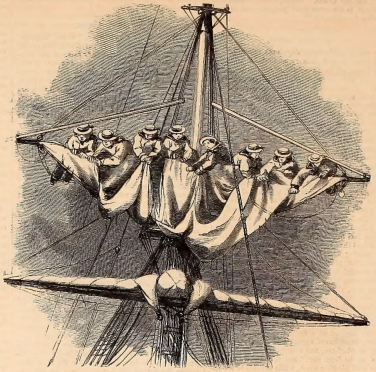
"Woman of quality!" replied the man.

"Yes, fellow," rejoined her Grace. "Don't you see my arms on my carriage?"

"Yes," replied he, "I do; and a pair of coarse arms they are."

IT is mentioned as a curious circumstance that a watch should be perfectly dry when it has a running spring in it.

PUPILS AT THEIR STUDIES—ON BOARD THE "LODEBAR."



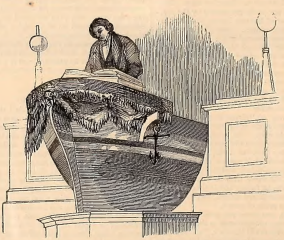
EXERCISES ALOFT—FURLING SAIL.

THE MARINE SCHOOL AT CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.

THE accompanying engravings will introduce our readers to one of the most interesting institutions of Charleston, South Carolina, and one which at the present time deserves general attention. We refer to the Marine School.

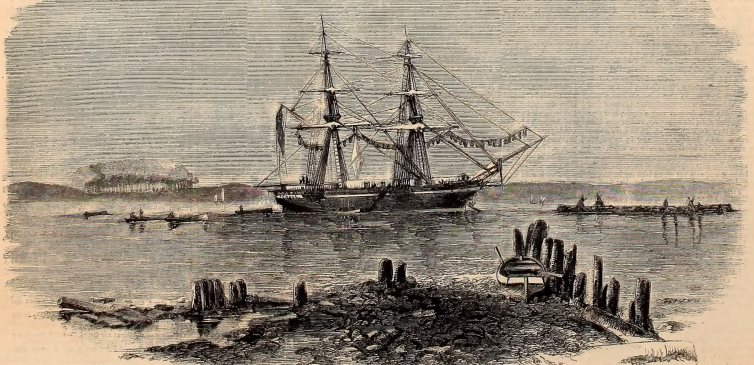
The originator of the school was Rev. W. B. Yates, Chaplain to the Charleston Port Society. Many years ago this gentleman reported to the Society that Charleston ought to establish a training-ship for sailors. After long deliberation the Board decided to act upon the suggestion, and accordingly a Board of Trustees was named in March, 1859. On 23d May of the same year the brig *Lodebar* was bought by the Trustees, towed from the wharf, and anchored in Cooper River. Her commander was Captain M. L. Aimar, who, with a teacher, boatswain, sailor, and sixteen pupils, constituted the crew of the new school. Since then the boatswain and the sailor have been superseded by a mate, Mr. T. L. A. Brown, and the number of pupils has been largely increased. Twenty-five young men have entered into indentures to serve as apprentices on board the school-ship for three years. The experiment, in fact, has proved a complete success, and it is expected that the boys will shortly be far enough advanced to enable them to take the brig to sea.

The rules and regulations of the Marine School are extremely stringent. At 5.30 A.M. in summer, and 6 A.M. in winter, all hands are called, and the boys dress and lash away their hammocks. Two days in each week they are called half an hour earlier, in order to give them time to wash their clothes. At 7 in summer, and 7.30 in winter, the deck is washed and the ship cleaned. This operation is succeeded, at 8, by breakfast. At 9 school begins; on Tuesdays and Thursdays the pupils learn navigation from the captain and mate; on the other days of the week they study the ordinary elements of an English education. One of our engravings shows the boys at work in their school-room. At 12.30 P.M. school is dismissed. At 1 the dinner commences. The afternoon is devoted to nautical evolutions and physical exercise. Supper takes place at 6 in winter and 7 in summer. After supper the boys read till 9, when all must turn in. Pupils are allowed to visit the city once a fortnight—on Saturday. No pupil is allowed to use tobacco or spirituous liquors, or to utter profane language. On Sundays the pupils are bound to attend the Mariner's Church, at which Mr. Yates officiates. One of our engravings gives a picture of that gentleman in his Bethel pulpit. This school is one of the most deserving in the country.



PULPIT IN THE MARINER'S CHURCH, CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.

We notice that Governor Gist, in his Message just sent in to the Legislature, lays stress upon the importance of the Marine School at Charleston, and points out the value which it will possess should the State embark in a career of independent national existence. There is no port in the country which would not be greatly benefited by the establishment of similar nurseries for seamen, under proper management, and governed by men of judgment and experience.



BRIG "LODEBAR"—MARINE SCHOOL-SHIP, ASHLEY RIVER, CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A NOVEL.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

Splendidly Illustrated by John McLenan.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased from the Author by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

"AY!" returned the sergeant, "two. They're pretty well known to be out on the marshes still, and they won't try to get clear of 'em before dusk. Any body here seen any thing of any such game?"

Every body, myself excepted, said no, with confidence. Nobody thought of me.

"Well!" said the sergeant, "they'll find themselves trapped in a circle, I expect, sooner than they count on. Now, blacksmith! If you're ready, the King is."

Joe had got his coat and waistcoat and cravat off, and his leather apron on, and passed into the forge. One of the soldiers opened its wooden windows, another lighted the fire, another turned to at the bellows, the first rested round the blaze, which was soon roaring. Then Joe began to hammer and clink, hammer and clink, and all looked on.

The interest of the impending pursuit not only absorbed the general attention here of the time, but my sister generous. She drew a pitcher of beer from the cask for the soldiers, and invited the sergeant to take a glass of brandy. But Mr. Pumblechook said, sharply, "Give him wine, mum. I'll engage there's no Tar in that;" so the sergeant thanked him and said that, as he preferred his drink without tar, he would take wine, if it was equally convenient. When it was given him he drank his Majesty's health and Compliments of the Season, and took it all at a mouthful and smacked his lips.

"Good stuff, sh, sergeant?" said Mr. Pumblechook.

"I'll tell you something," returned the sergeant; "I suspect that stuff's of your providing."

Mr. Pumblechook, with a fat sort of laugh, said, "I'ay, ay? Why?"

"Because," returned the sergeant, clapping him on the shoulder, "you're a man that knows what's what."

"D'ye think so?" said Mr. Pumblechook, with his former laugh. "Have another glass."

"With you. Hob and nob," returned the sergeant. "The top of mine to the foot of yours, the foot of yours to the top of mine. Ring once, ring twice, the best tune on the Musical Glasses! Your health. May you live a thousand years, and never be a worse judge of the right sort than at the present moment of your life!"

The sergeant tossed off his glass again and seemed quite ready for more. I noticed that Mr. Pumblechook in his hospitality appeared to forget that he had made a present of the wine, but took the bottle from Mrs. Joe and had all the credit of handing it about, which was coolly civil. Even I got some. And he was so very free of the wine that he even called for the other bottle, and handed that round as a treat, which was crafty when the first was gone.

As I remember the proceedings, they all stood clustered about the forge enjoying themselves so much, I thought what terrible good sauce for a dinner my fugitive was providing for them. They had not enjoyed themselves a quarter so much before the entertainment was brightened with the excitement of chasing me. They fell to, when they were all in lively expectation of those two villains being taken, and when the bellows seemed to rose for them, the fire to flare for them, the smoke to hurry out in pursuit of them, Joe to hammer them, and the locksmith and all the murky shadows on the wall to stare at them in menace as the blaze rose and sank, and the red-hot spirits dropped from the iron. Nothing afterwards outside almost seemed, in my pitying young fancy, to have turned pale on their account, poor wretches!

At last, Joe's job was done, and the ringing and roaring stopped. Then Joe put on his coat, he mustered courage to propose that some of us should go down with the soldiers and see what came of the hunt. Mr. Pumblechook said that Hubble declined, on the plea of a pipe and ladies' society; but Mr. Wopsle said he would go if Joe would. Joe said he was agreeable, and he would take me, if Mrs. Joe approved. We never should have got leave to go, I am sure, but for Mrs. Joe's curiosity to know all about it and how it ended. As it was, she merely stipulated, "if you bring the boy back with his head blown off by a musket, don't say it was my doing."

The sergeant took a polite leave of the ladies, and parted from Mr. Pumblechook as from a comrade; though Mr. Pumblechook, quite as fully sensible of that gentleman's merits under arid conditions as when something to drink was going, His men resumed their muskets and fell in. Mr. Wopsle, Joe, and I, received strict charge to keep in the rear, and to speak no word after we reached the marshes. When we were all out in the raw air and steadily moving toward our business, I tenderly reminded Joe that, "I hope, Joe, we shan't be shot?" and Joe whispered to me, "I'd give a shilling if they had cut and run, free."

We were joined by no stragglers from our village, for the weather was cold and threatening, the way dreary, the footing bad, dusk coming on, and the people had good fires in-doors and were keeping the day. A few faces hurried to glowing windows and looked after us, but none came out. We passed the finger-post, and held straight on to the churchyard. There we were stopped a few minutes by a signal from the sergeant's hand, while two or three of his men disappeared among the graves, and examined the porch. They came in again without finding any thing, and then we struck out on the open marshes, through the gate at the side of the church-yard. A bitter sleet came driving against us on the east wind, and Joe took me on his back.

Now that we were out upon the dismal wilderness, where they little thought I had been within eight or nine hours and had seen both men hiding, I considered, for the first time, with great dread, if we should some upon them, would my particular convict suppose that it was I who had brought the soldiers there? He had asked me if I was a deceiving imp, and he had said I should be a fierce young hound if I joined the hunt against him. Would he believe that I was both imp and hound in treacherous earnest, and had betrayed him?

It was of no use asking myself this question now. There I was, on Joe's back, and there was Joe beneath me, charging out the ditches in the misty moonlight, and stimulating Mr. Wopsle not to tumble on his Roman nose, and to keep up with us. The soldiers were in front of us, extended into a pretty wide line with an interval between man and man. We were taking the exact course I had begun with, and from which I had diverged in the mist. Either the mist was not out again yet, or the wind had moved it. Under the low red glare of sunset the beacon, and the gibbet, and the mound of the Battery, and the opposite shore of the river, were plain enough, though all of a watery lead color.

With my heart thumping like a small blacksmith at Joe's bound shoulder, I looked all around for any sign of the convicts. I could see none, I could hear none. Mr. Wopsle had greatly alarmed me more than once by his blowing and hard breathing; but I knew the sounds by this time, and could dissociate them from the object of pursuit. I got a dreadful start, and thought I heard the file still going; but it was only a sheep-bell. The sheep stopped in their eating and looked timidly at us; and the cattle, their heads turned from the wind and sleet, stared vacantly, as if they held us responsible for both these annoyances: but, except these things, and the shudder of the whole dying day, there was no break in the uniform stillness of the marshes.

The soldiers were moving on in the direction of the old Battery, and we were moving on a little way behind them, when, all of a sudden, we all stopped. For there had reached us, on the wings of the wind and rain, a long shout. It was repeated. It was at a distance toward the east, but it was long and loud. Nay, there seemed to be two shouts raised together—if one might judge from a confusion in the sound.

To this effect the sergeant and the nearest men were speaking under their breath when Joe and I came up. After another moment's listening, Joe (who was a good judge) agreed, and Mr. Wopsle (who was a bad judge) also agreed. The sergeant, a quick, decisive man, ordered that the sound should not be answered, but that the course should be changed, and that his men should make toward it "at the double." So we plunged to the right (where the East was), and Joe pounded away so wonderfully that I had to hold on tight to keep my seat.

It was a run indeed now, and what Joe called, in the only two words he spoke all the time, "a buster." Down banks and up banks, and over gates, and splashing into dikes: no man cared where he went. As we came nearer to the shouting, it became more and more apparent that it was made by more than one voice. Sometimes it seemed to stop altogether, and then the soldiers stopped. When it broke out again the soldiers made for it at a greater rate than ever, and we after them. After a while we had so run it down that we could hear one voice calling "Murder!" and another voice, "Convicts! Runaways! Guard! guard! This way for the runaway convicts!" Then both voices would seem to be stifled in a struggle, and then would break out again. And when it had come to this the soldiers ran like deer, and Joe too.

The sergeant ran in first, when we had run the noise quite down, and two of his men ran in close upon him. Their pieces were cocked and leveled when we all ran in.

"HERE ARE LOTS MORE!" panted the sergeant, struggling with something at the bottom of a ditch. "Surrender, you two! and confound you for two wild beasts! Come asunder!"

Water was splashing, and mud was splashing, and oaths were being sworn, and blows were being struck, when half a dozen more men went down into the ditch to help the sergeant, and dragged out, separately, my convict and the other one. Both were bleeding and panting and struggling and struggling; but of course I knew them both directly.

"Mind!" said my convict, wiping blood from his face, with his ragged sleeves, and shaking torn hair from his fingers: "I took him! I took him single hand. Mind that!"

"It's not much to be particular about," said the sergeant, coolly: "it'll do you small good, my man, being in the same plight yourself. Handcuffs there!"

"I don't expect it to do me any good. I don't want it to do me more good than it does now," said my convict, with a terrible laugh. "I took him. He knows it. That's enough for me."

The other convict was livid to look at, and, in addition to the old wrench on the left side of his face, seemed to be bruised and torn all over. He could not so much as get his breath to speak, until they were both separately handcuffed, but leaned upon a soldier to keep himself from falling.

"Take notice, guard, that he tried to murder me," were his first words.

"Tried to murder him?" said my convict, disdainfully. "Try, and not do it? I took him, and giv' him up; that's what I done. I not only prevented him getting off the marshes, but I dragged him here—dragged him this far on his way back. He's a gentleman, if you please, that villain. Now the Hulks has got its gentleman again, through me. Murder him? Worth my while, too, to murder him, when I could do worse and drag him back!"

The other one still gasped, "He tried—he tried—to murder me. Bear—bear witness."

"Lookee here!" said my convict to the sergeant, "I got clear of the prison-ship; I made a dash, and I done it. I could ha' got clear of these death-cold flats likewise—look at my leg: you won't find much iron on it—if I hadn't made discovery that he was there. Him give me free? Let him profit by the means as I found out? Let him make use of me afresh and again? Once more? No, no, no. If I had died at the bottom there"—and he made an emphatic motion at the ditch with his manacled hands—"I'd have held to him with that grip that you should have been safe to find him in my hold."

The other fugitive, who was evidently in extreme fear of his companion, repeated: "He tried to murder me. I should have been a dead man if you had not come up."

"He lies!" said my convict, with fierce energy. "He always lies. He's a liar born, and he'll die a liar. Look at his face; ain't it written there? Let him turn them eyes of his on me. I defy him to do it."

The other, with an effort at a scornful smile —which could not, however, collect the nervous working of his mouth into any set expression—looked at the soldiers, and looked about at the marshes and at the sky, but certainly did not look at the speaker.

"Do you see him?" pursued my convict. "Do you see what a villain he is? Do you see them growling and wandering eyes? That's how he looked when we were tried together. He never looked at me."

The other, always working and working his dry lips and turning his eyes restlessly about him

"THEN JOE BEGAN TO HAMMER AND CLINK, HAMMER AND CLINK."

far and near, did at last turn them for a moment on the speaker, with the words, "You are not much to look at," and with a half-taunting glance at the bound hands. At that point my convict became so frantically exasperated that he would have rushed upon him but for the interposition of the soldiers. "Didn't I tell you," said the other convict then, "that he would murder me if he could?" And any one could see that he should, and that there broke out upon his lips curious white flakes, like thin snow.

"Enough of this parley," said the sergeant. "Light those torches."

As one of the soldiers, who carried a basket in lieu of a gun, went down on his knee to open it my convict looked round him for the first time and moaned. I had slightly drawn Joe's back on the brink of the ditch when we came up, and had not moved since, and moved my hands and shook my head. I had been waiting for him to see me, that I might try to assure him of my innocence. It was not at all expressed to me that he even comprehended my intention, for he gave me a look that I did not understand, and it all passed in a moment. But if he had looked at me for an hour or a day, I could not have remembered his face ever afterward as having been more attentive.

The soldier with the basket soon got a light, and lighted three or four torches, and took one himself and distributed the others. It had been almost dark before, but now it seemed quite dark, and soon afterward very dark. Before we departed from that spot four of the soldiers, standing in a ring, fired twice into the air. Immediately we saw other torches lighted at some distance behind us, and others on the mountain side to the right and left of the river. "All right," said the sergeant. "March!"

We had not gone far when three cannon were fired ahead of us with a sound that seemed to burst something inside my ear. "You are expected up there," said the sergeant to the convict; "they know you are coming. Don't struggle, my man. Close up here."

The two were at that spot, and each walked surrounded by a separate guard. I had hold of Joe's hand now, and Joe carried one of the torches. Mr. Wopsle had been for going back, but Joe was resolved to see it out, so we went on with the party. There was a wooden bridge, a path now, mostly on the edge of the river, with a divergence here and there where a dike came, with a stunted shed or two, and a landing-place. When I looked round I could see the other lights coming on after us. The torches as we carried dropped great blotches of fire upon the track, and I could see these, too, smoke and gutter out. I could see nothing else but black darkness. Our lights warmed the air about us with their pitchy blaze, and the two wretched men seemed to see more or three times we had to halt while they rested.

After an hour or so of this traveling we came to a rough wooden hut and a landing-place. There was a guard in the hut, and they challenged us, and the sergeant answered. Then we went into the hut, where there was a smell of tobacco and whiskey, and a bright fire, and a lamp, and a certain amount of muskets, and a low wooden bedstead, like an immense mangle without the machinery, on which a few dark sheets or dozen soldiers all at once. Three or four soldiers who lay upon it were not much interested in us, but just lifted their heads and took a stare, and then lay down again. The sergeant made some kind of report, and some entry in a book, and then the convict whom I call the other convict, was drafted off with his guard to go on board first.

My convict never looked at me, except that once that I have mentioned. While we stood in the hut, he stood before the fire looking at it, or putting up his miserable feet by turns upon the hob and looking at them as if he pitied them. When his guard was all mustered, and remarked,

"I wish to say something respecting this escape. It may prevent some persons laying under suspicion alonger me."

"You can say what you like," returned the sergeant, standing looking at him with his arms folded; "but you have no call to say it here, you know. You'll have opportunity enough to say about it, and hear about it, before it's done with."

"I know that, but this is another pint, a separate pint. A man can't starve; at least / can't. I took some victuals up at the time we were yonder—where the church stands a-most out on the marshes."

"You mean stole?" said the sergeant.

"Ah! I'll tell you where from. From the blacksmith's."

"Hallo!" said the sergeant, staring at Joe.

"Hallo, Pip!" said Joe, staring at me.

"It was some broken victuals—that's what it was—and a dram of liquor, and a pie."

"Have you happened to miss such an article as a pie, blacksmith?" asked the sergeant confidentially.

"Mrs. Joe did, at the very moment when you came in. Don't you know, Pip?"

"Oh!" said my convict to Joe, in a moody manner, and without the least glance at me, "if so you're the blacksmith, are you? Then I'm sorry to say I've eat your pie."

"God knows you're welcome to it—so far as it was ever mine," returned Joe, with a saving remembrance of Mrs. Joe. "We don't know what you have known; but we wouldn't have you starved to death for it, miserable fellow-creature, whatever it was. Would us, Pip?"

The something that I had noticed before clicked in the man's throat again, and he turned his back. The boat had returned, and his guard were ready, so we followed him to the landing-place, made of rough stakes and stones, and saw him put into the boat, which was rowed by a crew of convicts like himself. No one appeared glad to see him, or sorry to see him, or spoke a word, except that somebody called as if to dogs, "Give way, you!" which was the signal for the dip of the oars. By the light of the torches we saw the black Hulk lying out a little way from the mud of the shore, like a wicked Noah's ark; cribbed, and barred, and anchored by massive rusty chains, the prison-ship was turned into a prison. When we saw the boat go alongside, and we saw him taken up the side and disappear, Then the ends of the torches were flung hissing into the water, and went out, as if it were all over with him.

ALONE.

A RESTLESS, sad, longing little heart was beating under a wire cloth-cage dress, in a house on Fourth Street. Tears as warm and grief-swollen as any that gush frog woman's eyes crept down the face of little why, paused, and then fell further, waited, trembled, and then swelling as the bosom swells with sighs, ran down the maiden's cheek, and dropped the faded chintz. Through and through, and through again, slipped the nimble needle, clicking with the thimble-finger of mother and linen and silk. The Argus-eyed thimble—nothing better than steel, though worn in the guise of silver—glittered and flashed, impressing it through the close fabric into the calloused finger-tip, fretted and notched and blackened by many another needle-thrust, piercing the weary day and many a weary night.

A cooking-stove, not a hundred, two beds, a few dishes in a shelf in the corner, a broom, a large stone pitcher, a bonnet and shawl, a few pieces of cast furniture. The window, with its rough wooden boxes on the window-sill, four or five books on the one table—these comprised the furniture.

The room was elevated far above the noise and dust of the city street—above the usual line of the smoke of many chimneys; and the roof in sloping had cut off a corner of the ceiling. The little low window—a part of it—caught and got the best they could with the sunlight, but were too much crowded by the filling roof to accomplish much.

Had you slipped noiselessly in—which you could not have done, in fact, for the sagging floor would have given a creaky scraping at the threshold—you would have been struck first by the barenness, and next by the scrupulous neatness of the room.

A little black-and-white kitten would have glanced up at you from a soft bed of cotton in its own corner, and sniffed, frightened, at the stove or bed of the two; and this bed heard upon the stairs, and mistaken for the step of the wife, before you reached the threshold, you would have heard a springing step upon the attic-floor, the door would have scraped open the long-unused grove, a pair of black eyes would have shone out at you from a face wreathed in smiles, and possibly in the darkest and least expected place you got a pair of arms about your neck. At any rate, you would have followed a tall, lithe figure into the room, and on taking your eyes from it, have found yourself sized-on with as expressive and proud a face as ever shone from comprehensive, airy brow, rustling silk, and sparkling diamonds.

Indeed, while the tear-drops were falling under the wire-cloth dress, and the needle-point was not possibly hide under its lifting lid, a step was heard upon the stairs, the staircase did creak; like the stage-driver's horn, with the sound of a rowing, the door did open, and a pair of arms were flung passionately about the neck of a white-haired old man.

Jennie had been crying of thoughts aroused by a brief visit to a spacious mansion in Washington.

She avoided these better thoroughfares when she could, hurrying along where the streets are narrow and dingy—where the glitter of gold and the tremble of plumes is seldom seen—where bright eyes and fair faces rarely look out from faded and worn surroundings. But this afternoon her errand to the store had taken her through one of the wider streets. Indeed, it carried her to the very corner of Main Street, around which human tides swept, eddying, ever hour. She had seen poverty, wealth, and wealth—misery, poverty, beauty—stupidity, sense, intellect.

Sitting at her low window in the dull, unseemly room, weary, discouraged, with the labors and forebodings of life, Jennie's thoughts could do no less than bring tears. She had seen the happiness which floated about her in the crowded street; of the laughing eye; of the haughty tread; of the luxurious home; of the contentment and conscious beauty. She had seen hundreds in that one street—hundreds of maidens to whom she was countless others, as far as any social recognition in the weeping girl. Does the doe imagine itself a small, or the eagle fancy itself a blue jay? Was it wrong that all this beauty, all this innate refinement, all this spirit and taste and mentality, should glory in itself, and have its proper appreciation for which we all long and strive? And if Jennie wept that her scant and faded calico had drawn the sneer, as though it were herself and not the accident of covering; and if she wept that simple-minded and narrow-thoughted girls carried themselves proudly, and won attention, while she slipped meanly into by-ways, and shrunk from the observation which was only cold and contemptible, can we blame her? She was a woman; with a woman's beauty and a woman's power. But she was a woman who was poor—terribly poor, heels covered with the dust of labor, her young life hidden, and dull, and sad.

Besides, an incident at the store had wounded her severely, and reawakened her consciousness of weakness and semi-degradation. It was this: She had taken a bundle of work to the inspecting clerk, and thence had been directed to the cashier with a ticket for her pay. On former occasions she had suffered from curious and wicked glances while passing the clerks of several departments, as well as from a peculiar tone in which the cashier addressed her. To-day she was either more painfully sensitive or the glances of attention were more disgustingly prominent; and the cashier, after fumbling as long as possible, handed her the silver she had earned with a careless but insulting remark. Jennie flashed with indignation, threw the money upon the counter, and curling her lip with scorn left the desk. A hand touched her arm, and a kind voice said, "Wait a moment, Miss Dell," in no assured and confident tone. She did wait, involuntarily paused. The gentleman stepped up to the cashier, struck him a smart blow on the side of his face with the palm of his hand, tipping him over, took the vacated stool at the desk, and by the time Joe Dell had picked himself up, had balanced his account, was ready for him with the residue of his wages. Then leading the fellow to the door for his way, paused, and bowed him out. All this was done so coolly, with so much ease and gentlemanly dignity that Jennie could take no exception to even the last act of the drama.

"My store will be safe to you in future, Miss Dell, but I shall not be here to the inconvenience of bringing your work. I will send a boy for it," and directing a lad to take the lady's bundle, Mr. Brewer leaned upon the desk of the store before she had time to cry or do any thing more than thank him with a glance, which, bursting from her eyes in indignation, was instantly intermingling of pride and gratitude.

The incident had recalled for the hundredth time a terrible consciousness of her unprotected situation, and she felt more keenly than ever the utter helplessness of her position. Sometimes the blood of a proud ancestry flushed to her cheeks and throbbed at her temples; but the next instant woman tears chased each other down her cheeks.

"I am so glad you have come, father. I have been so very lonely, and then I was fearful something had happened."

The old man bent a little to kiss the eyes of his daughter—a gentle reproof—was the emphasis of his affection—and his lips were moistened by a tear which Jennie had unwittingly left there in the haste of hastening the way to meet his coming step.

"What is this, daughter? Crying, my child? You are not sick, dear? Why, I thought my brave girl never cried, however dark the day might be;" and with a playful, fatherly rebuke, the white-haired man held the bright-faced daughter at arm's-length before him, gazing loving inquiries into her eyes.

Not a tear was there, but in the tenderness of the daughter now; so, after meeting his gaze laughingly a moment, Jennie slipped to his knee, pressed down his hands, clasping his arm in her hands, and said,

"Oh, nothing of any moment, father. We women have little foolish thoughts and troubles of our own when we are left alone all day. But when father comes home, and Jennie is happy enough, isn't she?" and the girl looked into his face with so much of beauty, and smile, and joy, that the old man forgot the tear-drop which had dried on his lips, and went to wondering what made his daughter so happy, alone and hard at work in that solar room of hers.

The father forgot the sadness sooner for a jewel of good thinking which he was holding tight in his heart, longing to give it his daughter, but wondering what was the most perfect way to show it. The father to-day, as he was holding tight in both the Koh-i-nor to flash with its dimmed lightning full in her face at once, or to let it drop gently to her feet, so that the gem might catch its brilliance, ray by ray, and beam by beam. While the daughter was looking for the gem, and the father was pouring sputtering water into the little black teapot, in the bottom of which very few but very nice little tea-leaves lay in fragrant exclusiveness and concentration, the glad father thought the matter over. While the torpid little leaves were soaking into inevitable decoction by the heated flood, the glad father continued to think it over.

"You look tired, father; have you worked hard to-day?"

"Not very, daughter."

"Why you are pale, father; you are sick, I know."

It was well that the girl dropped the plate from her hand, though it went down with a crackle into fragments, for the old man was reeling out of his chair. She was not sick, she was here. While out a word, the daughter held him a moment, till she could glance into his face, and then with a strength which she would always command when roused, bore him to the nearest bed and laid him there.

"Father! father!"

Not a word nor a sign of consciousness. Jennie bathed his temples with water, rubbed his arms, hands, his chest, called on him, kissed him, and wept. His lips move.

"What is it, father?" and the daughter's ear is close by the trembling lips.

"I—my heart"—faintly — "from — Robert"—fainter. "Dead"—he is"—the voice is too faint to be heard—the lips cease to move—the old man is dead. "Dead! dead! dead, our father!" Such are the sighs of hands, no bathings of that calm, snowfringed brow will bring back the soul now freed at last from its cheerless imprisonment of eighty years.

Straighten the stiffening limbs, lose daughter; close tighter the eyelids; he is gone. And the secret hidden in that unfinished sentence—it, too, is gone, and we will you try to fathom its mystery. The blow was a terrible one. Not alone that this was her father, but the best, the noblest, the dearest of fathers. Not alone that this was her stay and companion, but her only support and her only friend. Now she was alone. Alone.

When all hope of restoration was gone Jennie stood erect a little way from the bed, her head bared to her hands, and let the tide of loss and loneness sweep over her. In that instant of time she drank the full cup and tasted each and every bitter ingredient. This made her calm, that nature might have sunk: she was lifted, strengthened. All the energies of her heart came into active life; and Jennie, new or quiet, lone or not, she was the same strong, self-conscious woman she had ever been. She was even more strong and more calm.

A quick step upon the stairs and a tareless rap at the door. It was the bright-faced lad with a letter.

"Mr. Brewer says as how this is nicer work, and you may send back the other bundle," said the bright-faced boy-like, as he stood gazing into the room, his face beaming with pleasure and expectation. "Miss Dell?" and the boy fell into awe-stricken quiet as he felt the presence of death.

The second day before the burial, when, with the aid of an old woman below, the body had been carefully prepared, a different step was heard upon the staircase, and a careful knock at the door. Mr. Brewer entered without a word, gave his hand, and sat down. Then gently alluding to her loss, asking to look on the features of her father, noticing her plants in the window, he led the conversation into appropriate channels, and, without a single preference, made Jennie to feel that she was a true and appreciative friend.

Gradually the talk receded from the sad topic, the chance of death to more general subjects—to such thoughts as we find written in books, and with conclusions as we arrive at long meditations and careful analysings. In this, her visitor was struck with the clearness and stretch of thought which the humble girl at his side—self-taught herself roused and quickened by the outdrawing influences of a superior but congenial mind.

Thence the conversation was brought gently to personal affairs, where, at length, a point was gained at which Mr. Brewer evidently aimed.

"Have you no other friends but this?"

"None in all the world, except, perhaps, a brother."

Mr. Brewer could scarcely ask a further question. Breaking the silence, Jennie said—

"I have a wicked brother. Robert, left us three years ago—he was only fifteen then—in the rush and excitement of gold-fever. Father and I, as he might bring back gold enough to make his father comfortable for life. We heard of his arrival and a promising beginning, but since—since. Two years ago we came to live at this end of the city, and possibly at that time he changed his location, did not write, and in his large excitement, so we have ours reached him. The other day, when father was at this house, he had received from him, for he said so just as he was dying; but the news itself died on his lips, and I have no hope whatever in his nature. Brother Robert was a noble boy, Sir—the bravest and best boy I ever knew."

Just here the tears would come, and a long silence followed.

Mr. Brewer had brought a purse with a little gold in it, thinking to slip it into the hand of the girl whose trials had so touched his sympathy; but when he saw her self-possession returned, he did not dare to do it: he could only ask, with the deepest respect,

"Can I do any service to you?"

"I thank you very much for your call, Mr. Brewer—very much. There is nothing that you can do for me—employ me, if my work pleases you."

We need to follow the plain board coffin—rough casket for such a father—to its place among the silent poor in the great city cemetery. If the dark shawl that hung close to the grave girls' form, chilled by the autumn wind, dropping tears upon the turf alone by the poor man's grave, under it and as warm as daughter's heart, and lived as rich a woman's nature, as ever moved gay and proud in the assemblies of the wealthy?

Jennie could not and would not leave the dear old room, hallowed now by the memory of a saintly father. But there also, there alone, was no objection to it now, for only a young and elastic tread waked the creakings in the long flight of old stairs.

The bright-faced boy came and went every day with a bundle. The work was done well, and the pay was so much better as to give a new chintz of a deep brown with a tiny white figure. Mr. Brewer came occasionally. He still quietly kept the place of a friend, brought books for Jennie to read, and then discussed their contents with her.

There were also private times which they agreed, and many upon which they differed. Both liked very well to differ, for there was no difference in meaning his deep, earnest strength of expression, and he was never weary of awakening that flash of her large brown eyes and deep dignity of talk which severed her from all other of his friends.

Mr. Brewer's calls were not frequent, but they never failed when any peculiar interest in which she cast and saved in the humble attic-room.

Also for the struggling, proud, brave, and weary girl! These visits, so comforting at first, were coming to be a source of pain—in fact, and especially in prospect.

He came and went as a kind, disinterested friend, always considerate and appreciative, but always self-poised. Jennie, as she looked upon him as a true friend, she yet knew nothing of the man but what she saw in her own home. He never talked of himself. The lad who came and went with bundles had once or twice spoken of "father" in a manner which convinced her that Mr. Brewer was a husband, and this his son. That was all; but it was decisive. And yet, though settled on this first fact, as time wore on the companionship and sympathy of her one visitor grew into a need, and then a necessity. To remaining walks of friendship, no self-condemnation even, could stay the

growth of that giant presence by which at last she was covered and overpowered. In vain Jennie flashed indignation on herself that she should love the lored of another woman heart,—a husband and father. In vain she wept, and struggled, and prayed. The chains grew tighter and tighter, holding her to a misery to which all the sadnesses of her life bore no comparison.

The afternoon sun of a September Sabbath wrapped in a cheery light the dark, sea-washed hull of an ocean steamer coming up the bay to the crowded pier.

At the same moment Jennie's friend turned down a dull, dark street, entered a door-way, and ascended creaking stairs. It was not the first time that Jennie's room that, far away over the brick houses, with their smoked and smoking chimneys, lay the always changing picture of the bay, the valley, afar or a long discussion of the beauties and blemishes, first of "The Old Curiosity Shop," and then of De Quincey's "Confessions," with other and minor talk, Jennie touched upon the scenery of the bay, with its white-winged butterflies and the black sea-bird that, an hour or two before, had been crawling up the harbor.

"I always think," she said, "when I look out upon the harbor, that perhaps some day it will bring my brave brother home to me; and then I shall not be alone, nor unhappy, nor tired any more. Oh! if I could only know whether he is living or dead—whether I shall ever have him again!"

The tears would come and her eyes were blinded, so she looked into the face of her friend.

Mr. Brewer seemed absent, yet present; tender, yet ill at ease. The thought that came to Jennie was,

"Perhaps he knows more of my brother than I"—it was so new a thing to see him perturbed.

"Have I ever told you any thing of myself?" he asked, at length.

"Never."

Jennie inquired—he couldn't find her voice.

"Will I? I always have."

When they met both found words for other sentences, and Jennie had been talking, Mr. Brewer exclaimed,

"Married! I never even loved before."

A slow step was heard on the staircase, a gentle rap at the door, and a pale young man entered.

"Jennie!"

"Robert!"

And the maiden had another joy added to the sweetest bliss of life.

But Robert had come home to die—to die as the day dies, slowly—he couldn't find her voice.

He had brought the gold which he had spent his young life in earning for the two at home. One had no need of gold now: it could do her no wish for it, but the dust was hers; and when the wrecks had gone to which they had sweetened his receding with the breath of love, leaving him at last where flowers grown upon living stalks, and chains and sisters can no more reach, made to the last home beautiful, it flowed from her own and her husband's hands in channels which gladdened many a poor girl's life, and made the heart of her other noble self happier for the joy of thus making his lost life known again in many a relighted eye and rekindled cheek.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL BLACK ON SECESSION.

THE *Herald* says: "In the opinion of the Attorney-General, stated by President Buchanan, the Union is a Union of law arising out of apprehended difficulties between the Northern and Southern States. Judge Black sets forth the important question of the constitutional right of a State to secede, but several other questions which are involved, such as the collection of revenues, and whether ports of entry can be changed or removed to other points, and the grant of the resignation of the Federal officers—the Collectors, Marshals, District Attorneys, &c., in the seceding States—the State or States could be found willing to accept the positions, and the question whether the President or Congress of the United States can make any provision for the emergency. In fact, all the questions which may arise in all their various aspects, are understood and fully considered. He holds, it is said, in the first instance, that a State has not the constitutional right to secede, and that it is the opinion of the law officer of the Government, it will have great weight and influence with the people of the South.

MESSAGE OF THE GOVERNOR OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

Governor Gist's Message was sent to the Legislature at Columbia on the 5th inst. The Message, coming from a Cotton State policy, says there can be no difference of opinion on the importance of establishing diplomatic relations with Great Britain and Liverpool. It was important to divert part of the commerce of the world from New York and other cities to Charleston, and thus build up a commercial emporium and supply merchants of neighboring States. The effect of the secession of South Carolina from the Union it bestows doubly important. The Government of the United States to secure a share of the rich in establishing direct trade, and especially in the item of direct cotton exportation with Liverpool. He recommends the adoption of postal arrangements to supersede the United States mails, also the enactment of laws for the summary punishment of all persons tampering with slaves, and for the more effectual fencing the Carolinian Maritime School as a nursery for a navy. He recommends the adoption of measures to put the militia in a condition for active service. Governor Gist then takes up the question of secession, and says it is time now to move preparations for conference, and the State would be ready to act in concert after having deliberately decided on her course, to obtain any proposition looking to a continuance in the Federal Union. We can get no better or safer guarantee than the present Constitution, and that has proved impotent to protect us against the fanaticism of the North. The installation of slavery must be under the exclusive control of those directly interested in its preservation, and to look to the mercy of those who believe it to be their duty to destroy it, is to thus speake against the laws of nature and the Godcides thus: "It follows, from the views presented, that the United Government can at this time do nothing to prevent or force her back, nor rightfully use force to prevent a State from seceding, or force her back into the Union; but, in the language of the late Judge Harper, men having arms in their hands may use them; and I can see no eventuality ever upon you the importance of arming the State at the earliest practicable period, and thus be prepared for the worst. It is gratifying to know that, if we must resort to arms in defence of our rights, and a blow should be struck at South Carolina, the whole country will move up in line, we have the number of volunteers ready for the Southern and eastern States, and will soon repair the promptly to our assistance and share our fortunes. We are not without a military force; it may be filled with zeal, but, as a body, has not yet been tested in the discharge of our duty, with an unwavering trust in God, and a conscientiousness that any thing is preferable to dishonor and degradation."

THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL'S REPORT.

The Attorney-General's report contains much interesting details on the revision of the land tax. He says over 10,000,000 acres have been surveyed, leaving 10,000,000 acres to survey, agreeably to the law of 1855, when several of these States were north-mountainous districts. He advises an abolition of the law to increase the revenue; he objects to the issue of bonds and warrants, but endorses the limitations as relevant as Northern banks; he advises, incidentally, a grant to Cuba, Nicaragua, and the capital of the Southern Confederacy. The public debt, in stocks and bonds, is $64,000,000. The estimates of taxes are $600,000; average tax on lands, a fraction less than five cents per acre.

APPROACH OF SECESSION.

A dispatch to the *Herald* from Charleston says: "It is now considered certain here that the ordinance of secession will be passed either on the 17th or 18th of December. Mr. Hammond has written a letter to the Georgia secession Convention, which body meets on the 16th, urging of the Union, high, dry, and forever, by December 18th at farthest. Many conservatives are here. Mr. Commissioner Wm. Porcher Miles goes to-morrow. Ordnance and ammunition are coming from the United States arsenal at Fort Moultrie. Some of the army officers say that now Moultrie is almost impregnable. The disposition of the people is decidedly to resist the landing of more troops there.

THE LEGISLATURE OF GEORGIA.

The House of Representatives met at Milledgeville Thursday. A motion was made to elect a Senator the same day, which was lost. The Senate repeals the law forbidding banks from sending their notes out of the State for the purpose of discrimination. It also repeals the restrictions against selling less sight checks, and in view of the present financial and monetary crisis, suspends the action of the acts inflicting the pain of forfeitures for not paying specie on demand. The Senate, by a large majority, suspended banks during suspension, provided, in either case, notice of suspension is given by the 1st of January next. In the Governor, with the exception of Chatham, Richmond, and Bibb, have given majorities.

THE MISSISSIPPI LEGISLATURE.

The Legislature organized on Jackson on 5th ult. The Governor's Message is delivered. The Senate is nearly unanimous. The members are unanimous for secession.

UNION SENTIMENT IN MARYLAND.

Governor Hicks' Message to the Legislature is perfect for a special session of the Legislature, declining to convene it. He is unwilling to call the Legislature in question of appearing to join in any treasonable designs against the Union, while he is ready to do his duty in case of the sending the rights of the South in the Union.

An association calling themselves the Southern Volunteers' displayed the Palmetto flag from their place of meeting at Baltimore on Saturday. The flag was torn down by the novelty of the thing, and the flag was greeted with cheers and hisses from the crowds, and was rescued from the Volunteers. Captain Jones, of the bark Jarkel, has arrested the Palmetto flag flying from the mast of his vessel, when all the ships in the vicinity immediately run up the stars and bars.

UNION MEETING AT LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

A citizens' meeting, composed of all parties, was held on the evening of 27th inst., "to express their sentiments before deploring the election of a President upon sectional issues, and because of the threats of disunion and civil war in the event of such election." Resolutions were adopted declaring that the election of Lincoln "is not a cause for disunion, but that the Constitution and the Union should be preserved;" that Congress should recommend the repeal of the Northern statutes nullifying the Fugitive Slave Law; appealing to the Southern States to do the same; that the Union of the South within the Union; and resolving that Kentucky will stand by the Union till aggressions on her constitutional rights become more intolerable than revolution.

ATTITUDE OF SENATOR MASON.

A letter in the *Herald* says: "Senator James M. Mason, of Virginia, whose fidelity to Virginia and the South no one can dispute, in a recent speech, referring to the contingency of Lincoln's election, declared that it would be a take his seat as a Senator to support and defend the Constitution, the rights and integrity of the Union, and when they could be no longer maintained, he should render back to the State his high trust, and return to Virginia, trusting to her wisdom and patriotism in that exigency to do her best."

MORE BANK SUSPENSIONS.

The Manufacturers' Bank of Pittsburg, Pa., suspended on 29th inst. Other Georgia banks are expected to suspend on the 20th inst. The Bank of Commerce, Charleston, S. C., on 29th ult. The Merchants' agreed to suspend specie payments. The banks of Augusta, Ga., Lexington, Fitchburg, and North Carolina have suspended.

RUPTURE OF RELATIONS WITH PERU.

The Government of Peru has ordered the Peruvian Minister Clay, stating that he had, pursuant to instructions, demanded his passports, and would not leave Peru immediately after this information came to the Executive, the Peruvian Minister has left Lima. The Peruvian Minister has settled with his passport, and thus all diplomatic intercourse between the two countries is suspended. The amount of unadjusted claims against Peru on account of his seizure and confiscation of the Chincha Islands guano is *Lisbon Treasure* is $150,000. Mr. Clay has been our Minister to Peru for nearly four years.

STEERAGE PASSENGERS SENT BACK FROM THE CASTLE.

The steamship *Helvetia*, which arrived from Savannah, Georgia, last week, brought back thirty-four steerage passengers to the Castle. The reason assigned for this summary course being pursued is that city as in Charleston—a State of quarantine. The returns from the custom-house are correct, the number of persons sent back from Charleston is 150, and Savannah 34.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION IN VIRGINIA.

A computation of the election returns in Virginia, which are not yet complete, shows that Breckinridge will receive 16 votes, Bell 8, and Douglas 1. The Legislature will stand 76 Democrats to 74. The returns from the counties of Wood and Isaac Parker, Jr., have been received, which require an addition of over two hundred votes to any one of the Democratic tickets. The Democrats have gained one vote, Breckinridge's electoral vote. This is a strange result.

MR. LINCOLN AT CHICAGO.

The Chicago *Tribune* relates some incidents of Mr. Lincoln's visit to that city. It says:

"Mr. Lincoln returns to Springfield, and Mr. Hamlin proceeds eastward from this city. Several interesting incidents are related of the reception. Mr. Lincoln has a very tall man, generally speaking, and the average level of those who came to congratulate him, and subjected all, as he did, with both hands, the taller performed by the shoulder-and-neck method, and the shorter by 'hand-moving.' At least, it was severe. In the crowd were many old friends, who had not seen Mr. Lincoln for pleasure experienced by Mr. Lincoln when he took a man by the hand cannot be described by any means. Many a man persons came after a long row of undelivered ones. Mr. Lincoln raised his hands in self-defence, ejaculated, and exclaimed, 'You are up, sure!' This was accompanied by a look that evoked much merriment. That tall man, Mr. ——, was in his line, only approximated.

"If the crowd was a little boy, some four years of age, and his mother. The child was holding over with enthusiasm, his cheeks glowed with pride, and he could not conceal his delight. In the act of, 'Let the little boy come,' Mr. Lincoln took him by the hand, pulled him over the railing, and treated to a turning forward on the ceiling, which was received with the utmost hilarity, and will be remembered through life by the boy."

PERSONAL.

Mr. Lincoln has returned home. On 27th he occupied himself principally with reading several hundred letters, accumulated during his absence. Mr. Lincoln is in possession of reliable private information from Kansas, showing the political condition of that Territory, affair to be greatly exaggerated, and no attack on the border Slave States intended.

The Washington *Star* says there is no reason to doubt the statement that Governor Wise, of Judge Taney, and that Judge Black will be nominated as his successor.

It is deemed probable that Mr. Yancey will be appointed by the Alabama Legislature Commissioner to attend the South Carolina Convention.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

ARRIVAL OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

The Prince of Wales' fleet has arrived. The details of the royal reception, and the first experience breakwinds and bad weather during the entire passage. The Prince left Halifax on the 19th, and reached Quebec on the 20th, having gone forward only further progress. They were detained by fog and ice, and on the 21st the Prince, Royal party, and suite were transferred to ash and preserved provisions. The party, however, landed all well, and the Prince reached Windsor Castle on the evening of the 25th.

THE FEELING OF THE BRITISH ON HIS RECEPTION.

At a public banquet in London, Lord Palmerston then said: "You have alluded to an event which has awakened the deepest interest in the mind of every Englishman.—I allude to the visit of the Prince of Wales to the North American Continent. It was to be expected that when the future hope of England and the subject of the loyalty and affection of the people should be called upon to visit one of our North American Provinces he would be received with hearty manifestations of welcome. But I must say it has reached people. Our anticipations have not been disappointed. The reception which the Prince has met with from the people who gave it, and honorable to the family of which he is the distinguished member; and we may hope that that visit will cement more closely than ties which, at least, are honorable to both together that portion of the Queen's dominions and the mother country. [Hear, hear.] I am sure that the feeling which pervades every loyal Englishman will be that the United States he would be received with the same loyalty and affection by the civilized nations accord to distinguished members of the reigning family of countries. But I must say it has been most gratifying to witness the cordiality, the hearty welcome, the enthusiastic loyalty which, on that occasion, the assembled people of the United States have shown to the Prince. [Hear, hear.] In our colonies in the United States [cheers], we have a population which, indeed, to be noble and generous people—they have shown that they have a full appreciation of the high honor which on that occasion was sprung; and, in spite of events which, if not hurt in others, have left a painful impression on the minds of the people of these kingdoms. I believe the memory of the Prince's visit will be treasured in the breasts of the American nation, and that those mutual recollections will tend to draw closer and closer the bonds that have long existed between the same noble and I will say illustrious stock."

MR. DALLAS AT COURT.

A dispatch, dated 30th ult., says: "The United States Minister, Mr. Dallas, Lord Palmerston, and Lord John Russell left London this morning for Windsor. The *Observer* remarks that the invitation of Mr. Dallas to Windsor Castle is the first case after the arrival of the Prince of Wales, in company with the hands of the Government, and is a proof that a grateful appreciation of the hospitality of the President, and the attention paid to the Prince of Wales by the United States officials, is felt by all ranks and classes of the people of the United States."

COMMENCEMENT OF THE COMMERCIAL PANIC IN ENGLAND.

The minimum rate of discount was raised by the Bank of England, on the 15th inst., to 6 per cent., although no gold was taken out, and the bullion was not reduced. This movement was telegraphed to the Bank of France, and the latter, considering the withdrawal of specie only from the Bank of England by that Bank was suspended. Advancing also to 6 per cent. on the following day, the 16th inst., which was immediately bought for the Bank of France, and the latter was prevented all further withdrawal from the Bank of England.

THE RISE IN THE RATE OF DISCOUNT IN ENGLAND.

The London *Times* says: "Her Majesty the Empress of the French, traveling in the strictest incognita as part of the suite of the Prince of Wales, crossed the Channel on Wednesday in the ordinary packet *Alliance*, and proceeded to London the same evening. From London Bridge station she and her suite went in common omnibuses to Cartright's hotel, Jermyn street; and it was not until they had been there for some time in the hotel that the Empress was recognized.

The Empress went out on a foot early morning, and was followed by a crowd of curious in the neighborhood of her hotel. She returned to Paris by the mail train, some carriages from a neighboring livery stable, and visiting the Crystal Palace.

"It is understood that her Imperial Majesty visits Scotland, in the course of a few days, incognita also; and that it was originally her intention to proceed directly by the Great North of Scotland Railway, but the limited period of the session decided her Majesty's advisers to reject the shorter route, and she will probably set out tomorrow by railway for Hamilton Palace.

"The Duke and Duchess of Hamilton intend to give a great ball at Hamilton Palace on the 20th inst., in honor of the Empress's visit.

"A letter says that, on leaving the Empress at the railway station, the Emperor went to the Tuileries, where he presided at a Council of his Ministers, at the termination of which he left for Compiegne. The Empress will remain for a few days. The ladies and gentlemen forming the Court will be also routine during the stay there."

FRANCE.

COMMERCIAL TREATY WITH ENGLAND.

The commercial treaty of France and England was completed at Paris on the 16th and bestowed final signatures. Mr. Cobden was said to be completely prostrated by his labors.

ITALY.

DEPARTURE OF GARIBALDI.

We read in the London *Times* and London *Chronicle*, dated Naples, November 2: "Garibaldi is gone. Last night it was asserted that his departure had been indefinitely adjourned. A sudden resolution, however, was come to, and early this morning he sailed in the *Washington* for Caprera. Nobody except his immediate friends, and not all of them, was aware of his final resolve, and, in consequence, he slipped away at break of day, unattended, and almost unknown. To the last he refused every thing from the King, and drew nothing from the Treasury but his general officer's pay of five francs a day; and even that he has given, he actually borrowed a few crowns from several friends in Naples to pay the small debts he had incurred here in his household.

HIS FAREWELL ADDRESS.

"*Caprera, November 8, 1860.*

"TO MY COMPANIONS IN ARMS: We must now consider the period which has just finished as one that has stood out in our national resurrection, and prepare ourselves to finish worthily the noble work. By the help of the chief of constellations, the completion of which Providence has reserved for this fortunate land, we will, from Venice, bring peace to you an undertaking which has been marked by the applause of the world. Let us, then, unanimously, as your country's history another more glorious still will be added, and the sun shall not rise at last to the brightest shall not rise at last to the brightest a sharpened sword forged from the links of his fetters. To arms, then, all of you, and the oppressors and the neglect will disappear like the dust.

"Yes, let us, then, turn any old cowards from your arms, that will only give you cowards for children, and you who are the true fathers of the land of Latin men bear children who are noble and brave. Let timid doctrines be cast out from among us. Providence has associated Italy with Victor Emanuel, and by the side of Victor Emanuel every honest man should be found.

"Does more I repeat my battle cry—To arms, all of you! Rome, 1861, and Italy will be constituted of Italians from this time for liberty! Also for Hungary! Let the March of Italy be that of necessity, of fraternity, and peace.

"Italians of Calatafimi, Palermo, Volturno, Ancona, Castelfidardo, and Isernia, every one of you who is not a coward or a slave, is our ode. All of us, all of us, by us, standing around the glorious flag of Italy, will strike the last blow at the crumbling edifice of tyranny.

"Brothers, volunteers, and countrymen and soldiers, one word of farewell from me to-day. I am obliged to retire; but I do not go far from you. My heart will still find me with you again. Let there only return to their homes who are the sick and the wounded, and their families, and those who by their wounds have deserved the gratitude of the country. Let every one of Italy in their homes by their councils and the very aspect of their noble wounds. Let all who are able to bear arms hasten to guard our glorious banners.

"We shall meet on the long again to march together for the redemption of our brethren who are still the slaves of the oppressor.

"We shall meet again ere long, and march together to the conquest.

HIS POVERTY.

A letter from Count Arese, of Novara, in the *Presse*, says: "King Victor Emanuel is coming, and Garibaldi is going. This, at least, is the general opinion. Garibaldi having told his secretary and two aides-de-camp to hold themselves in readiness to follow him, he has announced to a remind him that he was absolutely without money, and that he would not have to pay for his passage and those for his voyage. The fact is that the man who has given to the Peninsula a new existence has not the slightest excess of pay or salary for himself. Unless he withdraws his resignation of the dictatorship, the Government owes any—and it is not thought that he will—Garibaldi will have nothing to live on after the 9th inst. The Sicilian millions has hitherto never produced more than 1500 francs (£60) a month. Such is the real position of the man who conquered the Neapolitan Bourbons, and added one of the most splendid jewels to the crown of Victor Emanuel."

THE LATEST FROM THE BELLIGERENTS.

At latest dates there was a report that a conspiracy had been discovered in the army of Francis II. Three officers and two men were shot. After a combat on the 15th, the Piedmontese had taken Isernia, and the Neapolitan garrison had retired to the fortified Venafro. If we had been executed of eighteen battalions, but a dispatch announces the surrender of Capua on the 2d inst. Gaeta is invested by the left Gesta with troops, supposed for Civita Vecchia. The Admiral at Naples lodged in the Government house of Garibaldi and the Dictatorship, and were dispersed by the troops. Victor Emanuel had prohibited the destruction of Fort Stellon.

BANKRUPTCY OF THE POPE.

The following letter has been addressed to Cardinal Wiseman by his Eminence Cardinal Antonelli, the secretary of State to the Pope, dated Rome, 1st November, on the systematic solicitation of St. Peter's pence throughout every portion of England. It replaces the usual letter of the Papal treasury at Rome.

"ROME, OCT. 6, 1860.

"MY LORD CARDINAL,—The resources of the public treasury, which, during the last few months, of the progress of the revolution, have now become of no account, as the suppression of the Papal States has taken place, and has taken away from the Holy Father every source of meeting the heavy requirements of the Papal Government, and of all those relevant charges which, in order to find footing again from the violence which overwhelmed them from the fidelity they have sworn to their lawful sovereign. The Holy Father cannot abandon his subjects. Therefore, who will never consent to accept any offering of money or money, and any government which may be made to compacts and conditions would, on the other hand, see with pleasure that the Holy Father should not be left to his own existence with their penury. Having made known to your Eminence the state of affairs, I am sure that your Eminence says argument that I might urge that it might have a speedy end. [L.S.] I am, with sentiments of the esteem and will powerfully assist in its execution. I therefore beg you to take the trouble to call the attention of your colleagues in the pastoral office in England, to lay of them to the pious feelings which animate the faithful of England to them may concur in for assisting their common father in the heavy circumstances in which he finds himself, by means of his enemies, and of those even who profess themselves to be his friends. I shall be very grateful for this opportunity, while I kiss your Eminence's hands, again to profess myself, with profound esteem, your Eminence's truly obedient and devoted servant,

"G. C. ANTONELLI.

"To his Eminence Cardinal WISEMAN, London."

CHINA.

PROGRESS OF THE WAR.

The London *Times* publishes a long communication from its correspondent in China. The rupture of negotiations took place on the 18th inst. The allied army moved forward on Tekoo. On the 21st the Sikh fort on the right bank was taken after a severe struggle, defended by 2000 men. The place called Sinho, on the left bank of the mouth the English and French took that by the middle of the month the English and French had arrived at the point of the capital of which the Chinese were disposed to rodes, another battle must be fought. The advance was then made. The attack was a severe action, however, to have been that the Tartar army had been retained in the vicinity of the capital expressly for it is most probable that the appearance of the allies in the neighborhood of Pekin will be the signal for a general uprising of the part of the Imperial mandarins. It is probable that negotiations will be renewed, and every effort will be made by the army to re-attack before the approach of winter, but it seems far more likely that the capital had been taken and occupied, and that it will be held through the whole winter. No one can there be any reason to anticipate danger from such a proceeding, and the *Times* trusts to hear by the next mail that the two generals, in full exercise of Pekin, had imposed such terms on the enemy as would insure a long peace with the Celestial Empire.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE FORTIFICATIONS FOR THE D

DEFENSE OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.—[See next Page.]

THE FORTIFICATIONS FOR THE DEFENSE OF NEW YORK.

THE recent visits of the City Guard and the Fifth Regiment to the forts in our harbor, for the purpose of practicing firing with barbette guns, and the interest which has been created thereby among military men especially, offers a favorable opportunity of presenting our readers with the large picture on the two preceding pages, embracing a bird's-eye or perspective view of New York and vicinity, showing the relative location of the forts already built or in the course of erection, together with views of the same, and of saying a few words upon a subject of the highest and most vital importance, not only to our city and State, but to the nation at large.

Early in the year 1809 Major Barnard, of the United States Engineer corps, published a communication to the Hon. J. B. Floyd, Secretary of War, which was subsequently published by the New York Chamber of Commerce, in a pamphlet form, and entitled "Dangers and Defenses of New York." In this paper Major B. starts with an allusion to the sudden change which has taken place in the system of harbor defence since the war of 1812, and, indeed, since the Civil Engineer, in 1840, reported that the then existing fortifications in the harbor and on the shores of Staten and Long Islands, when in perfect order, would render our city pretty well from an attack by water through this passage (the Narrows). This change is consequent upon the recent improvements in the character of maritime warfare, and the means of maritime attack, as well as upon the fact that a war waged against this country by any other nation must be conducted upon different principles from those through which we have heretofore passed. On this subject Major B. says:

"While formidable invasions of our territory had been made by land, and would have made the name of Jackson's and Bull's Islands had proved sufficient to protect the city from attack by water, and to compel any land force to change its line of operations, or to abandon all attack of that day against fortification—how little was required to secure our security from such attacks. While the means of maritime attack have of late years assumed a formidable and overwhelming character, all of what can defensive system was planned, and our country has no assailable population, no interior line, no any resources that no enemy can hope to make any impression by an invasion of our territory, without many times places like New York here, on the other hand, invasion is even a greater proportion, by which alone it could make them objects of attack.

"The vastly deemed adequate in former years for the defense of New York could not, therefore, in the nature of things, be so considered at the present day.

"The recent war of England and France against Russia may illustrate our meaning: for it has shown in a most expert way either of these nations to wage war against the United States.

"As invasion of territory, no attempt at territorial conquest, was made or thought of, for it was evident that no decisive results would flow from such means. The war consisted solely in attacks upon commercial places of great sea-ports—centre of commercial and naval power. Such places, by their vast importance to the prosperity and prosperity of a nation—by the large populations and immense amount of wealth concentrated in them, and by their exposure to maritime attack, offer themselves at once as the most tempting objects of attack, and as the most profound. Cronstadt, Sebastopol, Archangel, Bomarsund, Kinburn, Petropawlski, and others, were the objects of attack, and were successfully or unsuccessfully attacked; while such as the first-named remain, indeed, the less made of war.

"Around Sebastopol assailed and sentinel gathered their numbers, and on the result of the same struggle may be said to have turned the issue of the war. Had it not been so decided there, Cronstadt would have been the next field of combat, for which, indeed, the Allies had made the most enormous preparations.

"It is not certain that in future all war of maritime power against the United States will take the character of a territorial invasion being out of the question, it is regulate our system and strength against such maritime attack—such as New York, New Orleans, and San Francisco—presenting the only properties for successful operations this efforts. Against these he will prepare such immense armaments as to subdue those by which alone they can resist agression of attack—which (unless much by a thoroughly defective system) shall inevitably succeed.

"The mere defense of the city against *ordinary fleets* is no longer the question, but *towards the first dynasty to be here erected, the nation is to measure its strength against the most lavish use of the resources of a great maritime power, aided by all that modern science and mechanical skill can bring against them*; in short, in fortifying New York we are really *preparing the last defense* by which the issue of future momentous contests is to be decided."

It needs no argument to prove the correctness of the position adopted by Major Barnard, as any one who will give a moment's thought to the consideration of the subject must be satisfied, that, with our immense population, accustomed to the use of arms—essentially a military people—with the telegraph and railroad lines to concentrate upon any given point tens of thousands of armed men, it would be madness in any nation to attempt to land an army upon our coast, with the object of marching any distance into the interior. The landing of an army from ships of war is a work requiring time, and, independent of the danger arising from storms on an exposed coast, before a large body of men with artillery and cavalry could be safely landed and intrenched, however numerous it might be, a force fourfold its numbers could be gathered to hurl it back into the sea, or, at least, to prevent it from marching a step inland. It must be apparent, therefore, that in any future wars which this country may wage with the nations of the world, our centres of trade and population must be the points of attack and resistance. The subject of the fortifications by which this great metropolis is defended is one, therefore, of no slight importance, and deserves the thoughtful consideration of all.

But we propose to elaborate it as its importance deserves—space forbids—but we feel that in calling attention to it we are doing only what our journalists, in awakening, or rather in extending an interest already awakened, which may at events rate in perfecting a system of defense so complete as to bid defiance to any hostile entrance within the waters of our harbor.

Let us see what were the defenses which were relied upon by the chief engineer in 1840, to "pretty well protect the city from an attack by water through the Narrows." At that time there were upon Staten Island Forts Tompkins and Richmond, and Batteries Morton and Hudson; on Long Island, Forts Hamilton and Lafayette, with Fort Columbus and Castle William on Governor's Island; Fort Wood on Bedloe's, and the works on Ellis's Island in the waters of the Upper Bay, and Castle Clinton, or Castle Garden, mounting from 450 to 500 guns all told. Of these, Forts Tompkins, Lafayette, Castle William, and Castle Clinton, although competent perhaps to resist the means of attack in vogue at the period of their erection, are worn than worthless at the present time in view of the new improvements in the means of maritime attack which have been made within the past twenty years; while all the rest, with the exception of Fort Hamilton, are more or less affording but partial protection to their garrisons.

Without entering into a full discussion of the question, which seems to have called forth able disputants on both sides, whether earth-works or casemated forts are the best for the defense of harbors, or rather, whether the expense of such casemated forts or castles is necessary, we will simply say that Major Barnard most ably refutes the arguments of the negative,* and demonstrates the absolute and imperative necessity of forts, and his opinion seems to have prevailed; for since 1840, Fort Schuyler, a casemated fort of great strength, and mounting 70 guns, has been erected at Throg's Point, at the entrance of the East River from Long Island Sound, and Fort Richmond, a large casemated structure, mounting 115 guns, the site of old Fort Richmond, a water battery on Staten Island, at the Narrows, has been erected, and a large work on Sandy Hook (probably the largest in this country), and a new work, on the site of Fort Wood, on Bedloe's, are now commenced. Thus we have in existence at the present time, or in course of erection:

NARROWS AND LOWER BAY.

	Guns.
Fort (not yet named)..... Sandy Hook	200
Fort Hamilton..... Long Island	83
Fort Lafayette..... Long Island	18
Fort Richmond..... Staten Island	140
Batteries Hudson and Morton.. Staten Island	60
Fort Tompkins ..... Staten Island	40

INNER HARBOR.

Fort Columbus..... Governor's Island	91
Castle William ..... Governor's Island	18
Fort Wood ..... Bedloe's Island	67
Fort Wood ..... Bedloe's Island	67
Ellis's Island	12
Castle Clinton..... Battery	18
ENTRANCE TO EAST RIVER.	
Fort Schuyler..... Throg's Nek.....	340
Total	1143

For the relative positions of these we refer the reader to the map, while the engraving on page 781 will convey to the mind a better idea than any description we can give of their advantageous position, and of their strength, commanding, as they do, etc. These would, to the cursory observer, seem to be sufficient to guard the city against any attack from all ordinary attacks; but in view of the immense importance of the object to be defended, as well as of the application of the new system of warfare, it is thought necessary to increase the fortifications to such an extent as not only to prevent the vessel from passing, but to render it certain that under the fire of at least 300 guns at every point of a vessel's path, not a single shot or shell would reach the city. On this subject Major B. says:

"The lesson to be derived [from the war with Russia] by our country is that of the value of forts. *Our own system of coast-line places would be the points at which alone an enemy could attempt to land, or to attack our ports.* New York's pre-eminently. If it is left undefended, or is inadequately defended, its immense resources, in the shape of wealth and military and naval resources, the lives and property of its citizens will be placed at the absolute disposal of the war, at an unpitying enemy's mercy; and the following, which we have quoted, would ask you, is a degradation of its great commercial emporium. If, Bomarsund is shelled, *the whole of the town is exploded by grenade rods and devastation to no more can and will be the result of the bombardment of New York*, unless the most immense consequences—perhaps, as at Sebastopol, the fall of the war—ensue."

It is proposed, therefore, to augment the number of forts by constructing a work upon the West Bank (the bank which is opposite Governor's to the outer harbor, and another on Romer shoal, to defend the East and North rivers, and the main ship channel being under the fire of the fort on Sandy Hook); another on Coney Island, to prevent a landing—(it was at this point that the British landed to attack the city in the Revolution); additions to Fort Hamilton; a new casemated battery on Staten Island, and the reconstruction or remodeling of Fort Lafayette. A heavy work upon Rabbit's reef, to take a cross fire with Fort Lafayette and the Narrows, and to defend the outlet of "the Kills," is also proposed. These additions would complete the entrance to the harbor by way of Sandy Hook and the Narrows, impregnable to any force which might be brought against them.

Should Willets's Point, on Throg's Neck, be left, together with obstructions in the East River, would effectually prevent a passage being forced by way of the Sound.

The estimated cost of these additional fortifications we have referred to is about three millions—a large sum, it is true, but not more than the amount of revenue collected here in two months, and but a trifle to the amount of damage to the city and nation should an enemy's fleet be able to force an entrance to our harbor. It is to be hoped that the importance of the subject will induce legislation upon the subject.

Of the troops which would be their guns would require a force of 15,000 or 10,000 men. Of course the regular army is out of the question; and upon the militia and citizens of our city and its neighborhood would devolve—as it of right ought—the duty of defending their homes, their firesides, and their property. We are too apt, however, to boast of our volunteers as the strong right arm of our defense, forgetting that they would be of very little, if any, service when arms are placed in their hands to which they are totally unaccustomed. In this connection we might add that the system upon which our militia are armed is entirely out of date and obsolete, and if brought into the field against trained troops with improved arms, they would find their numbers would count for nothing, when opposed to the muscular strength, agility, and skill of the lawyers of the French Zouaves. Our militia have always been counted upon for service in the fortifications; but to be useful, they require to be drilled upon a system entirely different from that heretofore pursued, and the sooner this fact is made known and acted upon, the sooner will our boast have a basis in truth.

We do not intend to propose any plan or system upon which the militia should be organized or drilled in this connection; but we wish to throw out a few hints bearing upon the question, which seems to have called forth able disputants on both sides, whether earth-works or casemated forts are the best for the defense of harbors, or rather, whether the expense of such casemated forts or castles is necessary, we will simply say as Major Barnard most ably refutes the arguments of the negative,* and demonstrates the absolute and imperative necessity of forts, and his opinion seems to have prevailed; for since 1840, Fort Schuyler, a casemated fort of great strength, and mounting 70 guns, has been erected at Throg's Point, at the entrance of the East River from Long Island Sound, and Fort Richmond, a large casemated structure, mounting 115 guns, the site of old Fort Richmond, a water battery on Staten Island, at the Narrows, has been erected, and a large work on Sandy Hook (probably the largest in this country), and a new work, on the site of Fort Wood, on Bedloe's, are now commenced. Thus we have in existence at the present time, or in course of erection:

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We do not intend to propose any plan or system upon which the militia should be organized or drilled in this connection; but we wish to throw out a few hints bearing upon the question of the most efficient means, leaving others more competent to elaborate them.

The forts and batteries, after being put in complete order, should be manned by a small body of regular troops, sufficient to keep them and their armaments in good order and do guard duty. Proper officers should be provided to drill the forces in the use of the guns and preserve discipline. The militia, augmented to 20,000 (ten per cent. of the population of the State would furnish 60,000), should be divided into detachments, proportionate to the strength, their company organizations, and assigned to the various forts, where they should be thoroughly drilled in the use of the guns and in repelling assaults upon the works. Each detachment would thus have its alarm post, to which, by aid of the numerous steamboats traversing the bay, they might be conveyed in a very short time. One of the forts nearest to the point at which it might be used as a fort, when not get-firing with barbette and casemated guns should be practiced, each detachment occupying it in turn.

That portion of the militia the batteries might constitute a reserve to cover exposed points, or relieve garrisons; and would have connected with it the cavalry and artillery. Thus, it seems to us, our volunteer soldiers would acquire a knowledge of the duty which must of necessity devolve upon them in case of war, and better subserve the purpose of their organization than in parading our streets in gay uniforms, rendering themselves obnoxious to the imputation of "playing soldiers." We are glad to see that some of the corps have made the attempt to acquire such a knowledge (and, if report says truly, with considerable success), and trust that all will follow the good example set them by the Fifth Regiment and the City Guard.

A DAY'S RIDE.

A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

By CHARLES LEVER.

AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," "HARRY LORREQUER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV.

My reader is sufficiently acquainted with me by this time to be aware that no one quality in me on which he can always count with safety —my candor! There may be braver men and more ingenious men than I may be, I will not dispute it; persons more gifted with oratorical powers, better linguists, better mathematicians, and with finer moral principles; but I take my stand upon candor, and say, there never lived the man, woman, or monkey, who possessed a more open and undisguised section of himself than I have done, am doing, and hope to do to the end of the chapter. I would ask you, in reason why we have hitherto made so little progress in this greatest of all sciences—the knowledge of human nature? It is not because there are always engaged in speculating on what goes on in the world of thought, people as it were, what people are doing next door; instead of honestly recording what takes place in our own house?

You think this same candor is a small quality. Well, show me one thoroughly honest action recorded in history, from which you cannot their own memory, it is fair to presume some fifty-hundredth part of candor; some little of been deficient in truthfulness; some forgetful of early friendships, and so on. Yet where will you find a man who will ask one—the simplest—"I was a coward; I never could speak truth; I was by nature ungrateful?"

Now, I have gone through through such confessions as these our knowledge of humanity would be enriched. Show me the ship that makes her voyage without the loss of a spar or a rope teaches little; but there is a whole world of information in the log that tells where she sprung a hole in her, all her masts carried away, the captain invariably drunk, and the crew mutinous. Such records of misery and shame would excite witchcraft, marvelous resource, and indomitable perseverance. Then we come to estimate the variety of qualities that are only evoked by danger. Just as some gallant skipper might say, "I know that Archibald's weather fin is good, and so I dropped anchor in thirty fathoms, and determined to trust all to my cables!" or, "I perceived that we were settling down, so I cracked all canvas on, resolved to beach her." In the same spirit, I would like to read in some personal narrative, "Knowing that I could rely on my courage; feeling that if pressed hard I should certainly run away, I did so." But we only could get honesty like this! If some great statesman, some grand fore-ground figure of his age, would sit down to give his trials as they really occurred, we should learn more of life from one such volume than we glean from all the mock memoirs we have been reading for centuries!

It is the special pleading of these records that makes them so valueless; the writer always is bent on making out his case. It is the eternal representation of that spectacle dear to us all—pleasing to the gods—the good man struggling with adversity. But what we want to see is the weak man, the frail man, the man who has to fight adversity with an old rusty musket and a flint lock, instead of an Enfield rifle, loading at the breech.

I'd not give a rush to see Blondin cross the falls of Niagara on a tight-rope; but I'd cross the Atlantic to see, say the Lord Mayor of the Master of the Rolls try it.

Now, much-considered reader, do not for a moment suppose that I have, even in my most vainglorious of raptures, ever imagined that I was better than these records supplying the void I have pointed out. Remember that I have expressly told you, such confessions, to be valuable, ought to come from a great man. Painful as the avowal is, I am not a great man! Elevated as my position may be I have to say, it is true; but there are wants, deficiencies, small little details many of them—rivets and bolts, as it were—without which the machinery can't work; and I know this, and I feel it.

This digression has all grown out of my unwillingness to mention what occurred to me—that I passed my night at the little inn on the table where we supped. I had not courage to assert my right to my bed in the room's room, and so I wrapped myself in my cloak, and with my carpet-bag for a pillow, tried to sleep. It was no use—the most elastic spring-mattress and a down cushion would have failed that night to lull me. I was outraged beyond endurance: she had slighted, he had insulted me! Such a provocation as he gave me could have but one expiation. He could not, by any pretext, refuse me satisfaction. But was I so ready to ask it? Was it so very certain that I would insist upon this reparation? He was certain to wound, he might kill me! I believe I cried over that thought. I had to cut off in the bud all one's youth, in the very spring-time of one's enjoyment—I cannot say of one's military—to go down unnoticed to the grave, never appreciated, never understood, with vulgar and mistaken judgments ever attributed to me. Sometimes I thought my heart would burst with the afflictions of such a picture, and I said, "No, Potts, you—live, and prove to the world your blunderers by the exercise of the qualities of your great nature." Then the beautiful little episodes came thronging to my memory—that noon, when whose personal gallantry had won them a world-wide renown, refusing to fire on a dead.

"We are to storm the citadel to-morrow, colonel," said one; "let us see which of us will be first up the breach." Hove I lived to follow for his speech, and I tortured my mind how, as there was no breach to be carried by assault, I could apply its wisdom to my own case. What if I were to say, "Could the world is before us—a world full of trials and triumphs—let us who has best acquitted himself in the conflict?" I wonder what he would say. Cæsar, Germans are a strange, imaginative, dreamy sort of folk, and it not likely that he would be struck by a notion so undeniably original? In fact, I conclude that he would seize my hand with rapture, and say, "Ja! I agree!" Still, it is possible that he might not; in those vulgar, matter-of-fact creatures who will regard nothing through the tinted glass of fancy; he might ridicule the project, and tell it at breakfast as a joke. I felt almost smothered as this notion crossed me.

I next bethought me of the privileges of my rank. Could I, as an H.B., accept the vulgar assertion of my opponent? Certainly not! I could not condescend to derogatory in one to whom great attributes might one day be committed? Not that I desired to be a party to a quarrel, or to the delusion of being a prince; but that I felt, if the line of conduct would be honorable to me men in my rank and condition, it inevitably followed that it must be bad. What I could neither do as the descendant of St. Louis, or the son of Peter Potts, must needs be wrong. These were the grievous meditations that kept me long night; and though I arose from the hard table weary, and with aching bones, I blessed the pinkish-gray light that came to relieve me. By the time I completed a very rapid toilet when François came with a message from Mrs. Keates, "hoping it had rested me after my journey, and to what hour it was my pleasure to continue the journey." There was an evident astonishment in the fellow's face at the equanimity with which he was charged; and though he delivered the message with considerable propriety, there was a certain something in his look that said, "What delusion is this you have thrown around the old lady?"

"Say that I am ready, François; that I am even impatient to be off, and the sooner we start the better."

This I uttered with all my heart; for I was eager to get away from the spot where Grimston should be stirring, and could not subdue my anxiety to avoid meeting him again. There was every reason to expect that he would start off unnoticed, and I hastened on myself to order the horses and stimulate the stillness to greater activity. This was no labor of love, I promise you! The sluggardly inertness of that people seems all but incredible to Anglo-Saxon organs, even bribes could not move them. They never admitted such a possibility as haste, and stumped about in their wooden shoes or iron-bound boots, searching for articles of horse-gear under bundles of hay or stacks of fire-wood, as though it was the very first time in their lives that postboys had ever been required in that locality.

"Make a great people out of such materials as these!" muttered I; "what rubbish to imagine it! How, with such intolerable apathy, are they to be moved? Where every thing proceeds at

the same regulated slowness, how can justice ever overtake crime? When can truth come up with falsehood? Whichever starts first here must inevitably win. To urge the creatures on by example, I assisted with my own hands to put on the harness; not, I will own, with much advantage to speed, for I put the collar on upside down, and, in revenge for the indignity, the beast planted one of his feet upon me, and almost drove the east of his shoe through my instep. Almost mad with pain and passion, I limped away into the garden, and sat down in a damp summer-house. A shaggy mastiff, a lazy hostler, and a bruised foot, are, after all, not stunning calamities; but there are moments when our jarred nerves jangle at the slightest touch, and even the most trivial inconveniences grow to the size of life afflictions.

"We began to fear you were lost, Sir," said François, breaking in upon my gloomy reverie, I can say how long after. "They have been at the door this half hour, and all the house searching after you."

I did not deign a reply, but followed him, as he led me by a short path to the house. Mrs. Keates and Miss Herbert had taken their places inside the carriage, and, to my ineffable disgust, there was the German chatting with them at the door, and actually presenting a bouquet the landlord had just fetched out to her. Unable to confront the fellow with that contemptuous indifference which I knew with a little time and preparation I could summon to my aid, I urged on to my leathern attic and let down the blinds.

"Do you mean," said I, through a small slit in my curtain, "do you mean to say that you're there all day?" Will you never drive on?" And now and then, as the bolts and a great cordage, like what announces the launch of a small ship, the heavy conveniency lurched, surged, and, after two or three successful bounds, lumbered along, and we started on our day's journey. As we bumped along, I remembered that I had never visited the baths in the morning, nor addressed them in any way; so completely had my selfish preoccupation immersed me in my own annoyances, that I actually forgot the commonest attentions of everyday life. I was pained by this reminder on my part, and waited with impatience for our first change of horses to repair my omission. Before, however, we had gone a couple of miles, the little window at my back was opened, and I heard the old lady's voice, asking if I had ever chanced upon a more comfortable country inn, or with better beds?

"Not half so bad," said I, tiredly. "I had such a mass of letters to write that I got little sleep. In fact, I scarcely could say I took any rest."

While the old lady expressed her regretful condolences at this, I saw that Miss Herbert pinched her lips together as if to avoid a laugh, and the bitter thought crossed me, "She knows it all!"

"I am easily put out, besides," said I. "That is, at certain times I am easily irritated, and a vehicle without a fellow who appreciates last night so ruffled my temper, that I assure you he continued to go through my head till morning."

"Oh, don't call him vulgar" broke in Miss Herbert, in anger. "surely there could be nothing more quiet or unpretending than his manners."

"If I were to hunt for an epithet for a month," retorted I, "a more suitable one would never occur to me. The fellow was evidently an actor of some kind—perhaps an opera dancer."

She burst in with an exclamation, but at the same time Mrs. Keates interposed, and though her words were perfectly inaudible to me, I had no difficulty in guessing their import, and knew that the young person was undergoing a pretty smart lecture for her presumption in daring to differ in opinion with my royal highness. I suppose it was very ignoble of me, but I was delighted at it. I felt right glad that the old woman administered that sharp castigation, and I burned even with impatience to throw in a shell myself and hasten the discomfiture. Mrs. Keates finished her gallop at last, and I took up the running.

"You were fortunate, Madam," said I, "in the indisposition that confined you to your room, and which kept you from the unpleasant presumption of this man's manners. I have traveled much, I have mixed largely, I may say with every rank and condition, and in every country of Europe, so that I am not pronouncing the opinion of one totally inadequate to form a judgment—"

"Certainly not, Sir. Listen to that, young lady," muttered she, in a sort of undertone.

"In fact," resumed I, "it is one of my especial amusements to observe and note the forms of civilization as implied by mere common habits. If, from circumstances not necessary to particularize, certain advantages that favored this pursuit—"

When I had reached thus far in my very pompous preface, the clatter of a horse coming up at full speed arrested my attention, and at the very moment the German himself, the identical whom we talk, dashed up to the door, reined in his steed, with a few polite words, handed in a small volume to Miss Herbert, which, it seems, he had promised to give her, but could not accomplish before in consequence of the abrupt haste of our departure. The explanation did not occupy an entire minute, and he was gone and out of sight at once. And now the little window was closed, and I could distinctly hear that Mrs. Keates was engaged in one of those literary exercises by which she communicates its experiences to youth. I wished I could have opened a little chink to listen to it, but I could not do so undetected, so I had to console myself by imagining all the shrewd and disagreeable remarks she must have made. Morals has its rhubarb as well as medicine—wholesale, doubtless, when down, but marvelously nauseous and very hard to swallow; and I felt that the young person was getting a full dose. Indeed, I could catch two very significant words, which came and came again in the allocution, and the very utterance of which addled to their sharpness: "levity," "encouragement." There they were again!

"I say, oh, old lady," muttered I; "your precepts are sound; never was there a case more meet for their application. Never mind a little pain either—one must touch the quick to make the cautery effectual. She will be all the better for the lesson, and I am right heartily edified!"

"Pots! Pots! Pots! was not this very hardhearted and ungenerous? Why should the sorrow of that young creature have been a pleasure to you? Is it possible that the mere excitement of revenge has had any share in this? Are you angry with her that she liked that man's conversation better than his? Is that reference to you? You surely can not be actuated for a motive so base as this? Is it for herself, for her own advantage, that you resented it? you are thinking all this time? Of course it is. And there you stand, I could tell the scene, I describe a crying; the old lady has really come to the quick, and I believe is not going to stop there.

"Well," thought I, "old ladies are an excellent invention; none of those cutting severities could be done by one but them. And you have a patient persistence in this surgery quite wonderful, for when they have stayed the instant all over, they sprinkle on salt as carefully as if they were frosting a plum-cake."

At last, I did hear the door close over. She surely must have addressed herself to every phase of the question in an hour and a half, and I could have sworn that she had touched on me as though the efficacy of her precepts, like a homœopathic medicine, lay in infinitesimal attrituration. Fortunately, we had to halt for fresh horses, and so I got down to chat with them at the carriage door, and interrupt the lecture. Little was I prepared for the reddened eyes and quivering lips of that poor girl, as she drank off the glass of water which I offered her. She did not still less for the few words she contrived to utter in reply to me, as I took the glass from her hands.

"I hope you have made me miserable enough now."

And with this the window was banged to, and away we went.

CHAPTER XXV.

I WAS so hurt by the last words of Miss Herbert to me, that I maintained throughout the entire day what I intended to be a "dignified reserve," but what I half suspect bore stronger resemblance to a deep sulk. My station had its privileges, and I availed myself to the utmost of them. I dined alone. Yes, on that day I did fall back upon the eminence of my condition, and proudly remarked that I would fetch for myself. I was delighted to see the dismay this declaration caused. I could hear it speeding on with terror. I was looking at her through a chink in the door when Miss Herbert gave my message, and I thought she looked frightened.

"What were his precise words? Give them to me exactly as he uttered them," said she, tremulously; "for there are shades in the best intentions are half commands."

"I can scarcely remember them, Madam," said the other; "but their purport was, that we were not to expect him at dinner, that he had ordered to be served in his own room, and at his own hour."

At that this is very probably all over the world the old lady, with indignation. "Unaccustomed to any levity of conduct, brought up in a track where consistency and regularity reigned, he has been shocked by your conduct with this stranger. Yes, Miss Herbert, I say shocked, because, however you may underrate them, such freedoms are utterly unknown in—in certain circles."

"I am sure, Madam," replied she, with a certain amount of spirit, "that you are laboring under a very unjust misconception. There was no familiarity, no freedom. We talked as I imagine people usually talk when they sit at the same table d'hôte. Monsieur has my name—"

"Nor is it necessary, Miss Herbert," said the old woman, tartly; "though, if you had, probably this unfortunate incident might not have occurred. And now, Madam," turning and writing a few lines in my name, hoping that his indisposition may be very slight, and begging to know if he desires any assistance. Sorrowful and take some repose."

I waited till I saw Miss Herbert open her writing-desk, and then I hastened off to my room to reflect over my answer to her note. Now that the apology was made to me, I was pleased with the notion of passing an entire day where we were. The place was Schaffhausen, the famous Falls of the Rhine, and as I was much in a cataract, but picturesque withal; pleasant chestnut woods to ramble about, and a nice old inn in a wild old wilderness of a garden that sloped down to the very river.

Strange perversity is it not? but how naturally one likes every thing to have some feature or other out of keeping with its intrinsic purport. An inn like an old château, a chief justice that could ride a steeple-chase, a bishop that sings Moore's Melodies, have an immense attraction for me. They startle us, then, to say truth

"Don't fancy life is a mere four-roomed house with a door in the middle. Don't imagine that all is humdrum, and routine, and regular. Notwithstanding his wig and stern black eyebrows, there is a touch of romance in that old chancellor, and trust that you couldn't beat out of it with his great mace; and his grace the primate of all Ireland has not forgotten what made the poetry of his life in days before he ever dreamed of clerges or triennial visitations."

By these reflections I mean to convey that I am very fond of an inn that does not look like an inn, but resembles a faded old country-house, or a deserted convent, or a disabled mill. This Schaffhausen Gasthaus looked like all three. It was a heap of place one might come to in a long vacation, to live simply and go early to bed, taking monotony as a tonic, and fancying unbroken quiet was a better than pleasure.

"Ah!" thought I, "if it had not been for that confounded German, what a paradise might not this have been!" Down there in that garden, with the din of the waterfall around me, watching under the beautiful chestnuts the gay way through tangled sweet-briers, and arbutus and laburnum, what delicious nonsense might I not have written! How easy! Ay! and not unwillingly had she heard it. That something within that never deceives, that little crimson blush that betrays the unconscious feels me that she liked me, that she was attracted by what, if it were not flattery, I would call the irresistible attractions of my nature; and now this creature of bruises and beer-root had spoiled all, jarring every chord that might have vibrated with pleasure, and make yielded me such sweet music."

In thinking over the inadequacy of all human intelligence, I had forgot the main struck by the fact, that, while the law gives the weak man a certain protection against the strong, against the physical strength of the powerful ruffian in the street, it affords none against the assaults of the intellectual bully or tyrant. They may maltreat you at his pleasure, batter you with his arguments, kick you with inferences, and bruise you with contradictions, and no help for it all!

Then, here comes François with the note. I wrote one line in pencil for answer: I am sensibly touched by your consideration, and will put myself under it. I signed this with a D., which might mean Prince, Potts, or Pottinger. My reply dispatched, I began to think how I could commence my dinner. "I will bring her to book," thought I; "I will have an explanation."

I always have a touch of thing—there is an almost certainty of emotion; now emotion begets tears; tears, tenderness; tenderness, confidence; confidence, mutual consolation; you are, so to say, a tenant in possession; your title may be disputable, your lease invalid, still you are there, and you remain, and it will take time at least to turn you out." After all," thought I, "that rude German has but troubled the water for a moment, the pure well of her affections will by this time have regained its calm, still surface, and I shall see my image there as before."

My meditations were interrupted, perhaps not unhappily, by the entrance of the waiter with my dinner. I am not unsocial—I am eminently the reverse—I may say, like most men who feel themselves thoroughly gifted, I like company, I feel that my gifts have in such gatherings their fullest exercise, although I will say, with all this, I have always felt that to dine splendidly, all alone, was a very grand thing. Mind, I don't say that I like to dine jolly, or social; simply that it is grand to see all that table equipage of crystal and silver spread out for you before you, and the whole business of that gorgeous candelabrum is to light you; that the two decorous waiters in black—archdeacons they might be, from the quiet dignity of their manners—are there to wait upon you; that the whole sacrifice, from the turtle to the cheese, was a homemade to your greatness. I repeat, these are all grand and imposing considerations, and there have been times—there was one, indeed, these Lucullus of Lucullo festivals more than convivial assemblages. Those were days when I was honored over my dinner in delightful dalliance. I partook of nearly every dish, but, with a supreme reminiscence of say, as though to imply, "I am accustomed to a very different cuisine from this; it is not thus that I fare habitually." And yet I liked enjoying, accepting and even such humble efforts to please as if they had been necessary. The dinner was good, and I drank no other wine, though various flasks with tempting titles stood around me.

Dinner concluded coffee served, I asked the waiter what resources the place possessed in the way of amusement. He looked blank and even distressed at the question; he had all his life imagined that the Falls sufficed for every thing; he had seen them from his infancy, and was tired of them for years. Since he was a boy, he had never ceased to witness the yearly recurring round of visitors who came, and stared, and wrote, and scribble about them, and so he faintly muttered out a remonstrance.

"Monsieur has not yet visited the Falls."

"The Falls! why I see them from this, and if I pass the window I am stunned with their uproar."

I was really sorry at the pain my hasty speech gave him; he looked as if he suddenly faint and ill, and after a moment gasped out,

"But Monsieur is surely not going away without a visit to the cataract? the guide-books give two hours as the very shortest time to see them effectually."

He staggered, and had to hold a chair to support himself:

"There is, besides, the Laufen Schloss—

"As to castles," broke I in, "I have no need to leave my own to see all that medieval architecture can boast. No, no," sighed I out, "if I am to have new sensations they must come through some other channel than sight. Have you no theatre?"

"No, Sir. None."

"No concert-rooms, no music garden?"

"None, Sir."

"Not even a circus?" said I, peevishly.

"There was, Sir, but it was not attended. The strangers all come to see the Falls."

"Confound the Falls!" cried I, in the hearing of the circus?"

"Well, they made a bad business of it; got into debt on all sides for oil, and forage, and printing placards, and so on, and then they beat a sudden retreat one night, and slipped off, all but two, and indeed they were about the best of the company, but somehow they lost their heads in the flurry, and instead of coming up with their companions, found themselves at daybreak at the outside of the town."

"And these two unlucky ones, what were they?"

"One was the chief clown, Sir, a German, and the other was a little girl, a Moor they called her; but the cleverest creature to ride or throw somersaults through hoops of the whole of them."

"And how do they live now?"

"Very hardly, I believe, Sir; and but for Tintenfleck—that's what they call her—they might starve altogether. She's always with her guitar through the cafés of an evening, and as she has a sweet voice, she picks up a few batzen. But the season, I hear, was bad this year no longer, and says that, as they have no passport or papers of any kind, they must be sent over the frontiers into Switzerland."

"Let that matter be brought before me," said I, with a burst of indignation. "Let me see him in a few brief words what I think of his heartless cruelty— But no, I was forgetting—

"I am not at home. Be careful, my good man, that you do not mention what I have so inadvertently dropped; remember that I am nobody here; I am neither Five, nor seven, nor more. Send the unfortunate creatures, however, here, and let me examine them. They can be easily found, I suppose?"

"In a moment, Sir. They were in the Plats just when I left the house."

"What name does the man bear?"

"I never heard a name for him. Among the company he was called Vaterchen, as he was the oldest of them all; and, indeed, they seemed all very fond of him."

"Let Vaterchen and Tintenfleck, then, come hither. And bring fresh glasses, waiter."

And I poured as might an Emperor at my ease, giving his orders for a "nautch;" and then, waving my hand, motioned the messenger away.

FASHIONS FOR THE SEASON.

THE Paris fashions for the present season contain many novelties. Our illustration, on the following page, gives two of the new styles of the *Lodi*, and the *Chumbery*; also a new evening dress.

NEW CLOAKS.

The *Lodi Cloak* is of velvet, without any other trimming than a narrow ruching placed upon the interior edge. The sleeve, in two pieces, forms two points; the back bottom one is laid and sealloped. The *Chumbery Cloak*, very simple in its form, is composed of a light-colored cloth bordered with a silk binding; a double shoulder-stripe and a passementerie. The mantean Chambery fastens in front by means of three large buttons.

AN EVENING DRESS.

A new *Dress for an Evening Party* is a robe of pink gaze de Chambery, with five goffered flounces, which are placed round the skirt. Above, a manteau as that the ends of three of them are brought up on one side of the skirt, where they terminate graduating; as shown in our illustration. These three pieces of flouncing finish with a large simple box-plaiting of gaze. The corsage is round, with a plaited front, the sleeves (of tulle) having three rows of narrow goffering descending from the base of the shoulder. To the back of the waist is attached a bow, from which depend two streamers of silk ribbon of the same color as the dress. The head-dress consists of a garland composed of tufts of flowers of different hues, the back hair being fastened by a gilt band.

JETONS.

Among other changes this season we may allude to the new skirts. Among the numerous descriptions of jupons, of tarlatan or of dark color, striped or plain, the most recently introduced is the *Coqe Engire*, as it is called, the only one now accepted in the matter of skirts. It is in fact a new style full as the requirements of the mode of stiff petticoats, without imparting to them the appearance of exaggerated extension. It is light, supple, and very agreeable to the wearer, fitting gracefully to the waist.

BONNETS.

A decided modification has taken place in the form of bonnets this autumn. The front edge recedes farther on the forehead, and falls back rather rapidly on reaching the side. The shape of the curtain is peculiar, being very deep, more graceful, and without proportionate. The entire bonnet is rarely composed exclusively of velvet, crape, etc.; blonde, silk, and lace are mixed up more than ever with the material.

HEAD-DRESSES.

Without entering into details, we may allude to the increased varieties of garland head-dresses, composed of puffs, lace, and flowers, the effect of which is in keeping with the extravagant exigencies of the toilet of the present day.

PARIS FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER, 1860.—[SEE PAGE 779.]

THE INQUISITION AT ROME.

WE publish herewith, from plans taken by a Roman architect during the Roman Republic of 1849, an accurate plan of the Roman Inquisition Building. It serves to explain the apartments on the ground-floor, the subterranean, and the first floor above the ground. The Roman numerals mark the ground-floor, the small letters the subterranean, and the Roman capitals the first floor. The following is the key to the plan:

GROUND-FLOOR.

I. Principal entrance.
II. Vestibule.
III. Guard-room.
IV. Ante-chamber.
V. Main staircase, which leads to the upper stories.
VI. Large court, with
1. A portico all around it, leading to the chambers of the officers.
VII., VIII., IX., X. Small rooms, very feebly lighted, for the imprisonment of doubtful persons arrested.
XI., XII. Writing-rooms.
XIII. Large court of the prisons, around which are
2. Remains and traces of an old three-sided portico, which was demolished by order of the Triumvirate.
XV. Keeper's room.
XV. Other rooms, with
3. A hole dug in the pavement, from which a vaulted subterranean passage leads to the spacious and dark subterranean chamber marked *d, d, d, d, d, d.*
4. Demolished walls, the rubbish of which exposed to view a secret pit, like a well, descending from the floor above the basement floor down below the bottom of the lowest subterranean of this horrible, horrible edifice. In the first days of May, 1849, men were digging out the putrified bones of unknown victims who had been mysteriously martyred there, some of which appeared to be of recent date.
5. A secret door, which appeared like a book-case, indicating a former passage for communication with No. XVII.
XVI. Great hall of the prison and *torture-chamber*, with a block of marble and other stones, hollowed with skill, on which, it appeared, they had placed the feet or arms of prisoners. There were large iron rings fixed in the walls.
6. A niche, in which was placed the image of an idol, with arms movable at the joints by means of a secret and powerful mechanism, with which, it appeared, they had tortured their innocent victims.
7. Aperture in the wall, recently broken through, to reach No. XVII., instead of the door, 5, near the excavation, which rendered it useless, being so near it.
XVII. Atrio, or landing-place, and secret staircase leading to the first and second stories above the basement.
18. Human bones, scattered and in heaps, some of them of recent date.
XVIII. Chamber of *rigorous* inquisition.
XIX. Prisons of convalescence.
9. Entrance of a pistoll, which ends in the subterranean prison below (marked 15).
10. Entrance of a staircase, shut in dark, with a heavy wooden covering strengthened with iron.

THE SUBTERRANDAN.

a. A dark prison, with two large iron rings fixed in the red and infected walls.
b. Prisons, with very feeble light, admitted through a small subterranean window (marked 11), with iron rings like the preceding. Here was found the mouth of a deep hole, like a well.
11. A very small window, or loop-hole, furnished with large gratings, formed to give light to the underground court.
c. 12. Another prison, with a little window which nobilized only a very little light. In the part within the demolished aperture before existing in the fetid pavement, was a staircase of decayed wood, leading down to a deep vault, which nobody was able to examine, both because of the unsafe condition of the steps, the horrid appearance of the hole, and the nephytic smell which proceeded from it.—the stench of decaying corpses.
13. Enlargement of an opening, like the mouth of an oven, which had formerly existed there, from which workmen were taking out dry bones from a heap of skeletons. The hole appeared to have a communication with another, judging from indications in a wall more recently erected.
d, d, d. Part of the subterranean, more elevated than those marked *c, c.*
e, e, e. Another part, deeper than *d, d, d,* having remains of unburied corpses scattered about here and there.
14. An accidental fissure in the broken wall, serving as a mysterious communication with the pit under trap-door—No. 15.

FIRST STORY.

A. Chamber of residence of the *First Familiar of the Inquisition.*
15. A fantastic door-way, communicating with apartment B.
B. The floor of this passage covered a pendulous shutter, and gave way at the slightest pressure. This is the tremendous TRAP-DOOR OF THE INQUISITION, or *Trappoherette del Santo Uffizio.* It is constructed with such skill and precision that, on closing it, there is not the slightest sign of sinister suspicion. From the top to the bottom of the hole there are large stones projecting from the sides, which even now are stained with blood, and some of them locks of hair, from persons martyred in that pit. In the bottom was found the skull of a young lady, of a recent date, from which many of the victims evinced sway locks of her long brown hair.
B. Chamber of the *Second Familiar Inquisitor.*

Above these two chambers, A and B, and in continuation, are found a number of very small and dark prisons, on the walls of which were written thousands and thousands of imprecations and manifestoes, the curses of innocent victims of the rage and lust of the "man in purple."
C. Apparently a dark, feebly lighted, vaulted space, where perceptible traces of ignominious punishments and infernal cruelty. There was found a human hand, of which only the bones remained, with the joints pierced through with a large and driven into a wooden bench.
D. Another small prison, without any light, the use of which could not be conjectured, and which perhaps served only as a passage from room E, through the small door 17.
E. A large supplementary apartment.

N.B.—What I have described above I saw and verified with my own eyes in the first days of May, 1849, at that epoch when Mazzini, then a Triumvir, decreed that that infernal edifice should be destroyed to its foundation.

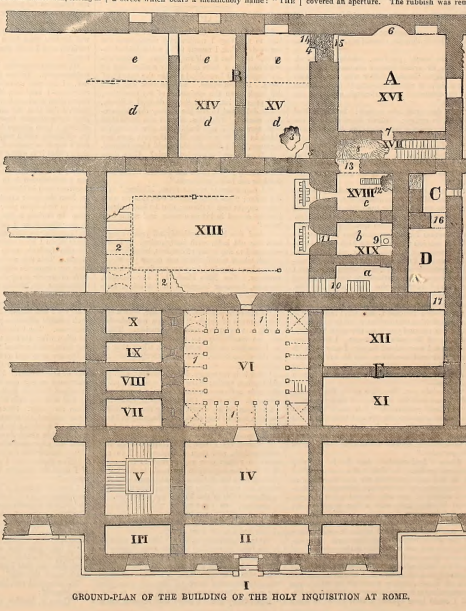
Many of our readers will remember that letters were published, in 1849, by different persons who had visited the Roman Inquisition, or Holy Office, in American newspapers, some of which were copied from English or French gazettes, and that they corresponded, in many essential particulars, with the preceding description. This concurrent testimony would be found to be very impressive and convincing, if we had room to lay it all at once before our readers. We can, however, find room only for some extracts from a very full and authentic description, given by one of the best and most respected writers of our day, Signor F. De Boni, who paid long and repeated visits to the edifice, and published a formal account of what he saw in that intergating Italian magazine, *Italia del Popolo.* We copy from the translation made for "The Roman Republic of 1849, by Theodore Dwight."

Near the Vatican Square, between the Church of St. Peter and the Castle of Sant' Angelo, extends a street which bears a melancholy name: "THE STREET OF THE INQUISITION." There the tribunal resides which makes the altar a stepping-stone to the prison. In that street multitudes of persons crowded in March and April, 1849, and passed through the spacious edifice to which it leads, uttering imprecations and maledictions as they returned, then silently dispersed to their homes, with indignation, fear, and horror contending in their breasts.

On the 4th of April, 1849, the Government of the Republic, moved by a sentiment of justice and Christian compassion, having established, on the ruins of papal tyranny, the legitimate reign of brotherly equality, decreed that the houses of the Holy Office should become the habitations of poor families, who had only miserable dwellings, in unhealthy and confined quarters of Rome. They intended thus to cancel, on a republican plan, the remains of ancient tyranny, by consecrating to beneficence what papal majesty had devoted to torture. Consequently the Holy Office, which for three centuries had been closed, except to victims of suspicion and the martyrs of liberty and conscience, whom it buried in prisons or gave to the flames, was thrown open to the people. The people can reason clearly; and in those religious prisons they better understood the necessity of rejecting the shepherd who bears a sword instead of a crook, and more admired and loved the gentle doctrine of the Nazarene, while shuddering at the tortures inflicted in his name.

And what awful scenes did history bring to mind to those who passed through those dismal halls! From this place, so near the Vatican, issued the orders for the slaughter of the Jews and the last Mussulmans in Spain. Within this building was decreed the murder of the Waldenses in the Guardia of Lombardy and the subalpine valleys. Here Galileo was tortured, the imprisonment of Gianone was ordered, Pasquale was condemned to the flames, as well as Carnesecchi, Palmario, and Giordano Bruno. Here were planned the murder of the Huguenots and the horrors of Flanders. Here the censorship was organized, war was made against the printing-press, a holy act was pronounced treason, and attempts were made to chain the mind. But that Prometheus has broken its bonds, and the world is going on under its influence.

The edifice of the "*Holy*" Inquisition was in part erected about the middle of the 16th century. It may be divided into three parts, having the form of two rectangular buildings and a trapezium united. It is presumed by some that the edifice rests its walls upon a prison of Nero. In March, 1849, the Government of the Republic ordered accommodations for stables for the national artillery, and appropriated a part of the Inquisition, under the closed gallery of the second court. A space was opened in the walls; when the workmen discovered an aperture. The rubbish was removed,



GROUND-PLAN OF THE BUILDING OF THE HOLY INQUISITION AT ROME.

they descended into a small subterranean place, damp, without light or passage out, with no floor but a black, oleaginous earth resembling that of a cemetery. Here and there were scattered about pieces of garments of ancient fashions—the clothes of unfortunate persons who had been thrown down from above, and died of wounds, fear, or hunger. A baiocco (or penny) of Pius IX. was picked up, which probably denotes the epoch when that abode of darkness and despair was walled up. The rich soil had hardly begun to be removed before human bones were uncovered in some places, with some very long locks of hair, which doubtless had ornamented the heads of females. It is certain that the "Trap-door" swallowed victims of whom it was important to the "Holy" office to destroy all traces, because the Foro, or Judgment Hall, is over it in the second story of the first edifice.

The other modern prisons are contiguous to the last court, which has been converted into a garden. Each of those prisons is a very small cell, capable of containing only a single person, being in two stories, and all alike. They are accessible from an exceedingly narrow corridor, like the cells of a convent. The walls of this passage are every where covered with pictures, and inscriptions commenting upon them, which intimate the horrid nature of the institution, and hold up to view the severest dogmas of the Roman Catholic religion, not interpreted in a spirit of forgiveness. Yet the most tremendous inscriptions were erased before the flight of the pope. The cells were furnished with beds; and there the greatest disorder and filth every where prevailed. Here and there were worn-out cushions, coverlets, chairs, and tables, and old clothes of prisoners who died in the cells many years ago. In a certain very small cell were things which indicated horrible secrets; a piece of a woman's handkerchief, of large size, and an old bonnet, of a girl about ten years old. Poor little child! What offense, perhaps unknown to you, could it have been, which threw you into this place, and destroyed the innocent peace of your infantile years; which taught you to weep in the season of smiles, and perhaps deprived you of your dear and early life? In another cell were found four sandals, and several nuns' cords, a little spindle, caskets containing needles, crucifixes, and unfinished stockings, with the knitting-needles still well-pointed, and an infant's couch.

And so, in almost every one of the prison-rooms, were to be seen clothes, ornaments, and other relics of their former occupants; and, as every thing was wrapped in deep and mournful mystery, the imaginations of the people recalled ancient tragical stories, and wept over the misfortunes of persons of whose names they were ignorant.

THE PORT OF GAETA.

WE continue our series of Italian illustrations with a fine VIEW OF GAETA. At this point now centres the Neapolitan drama.

Gaeta is a small town, of great antiquity, in the *Terra di Lavoro*, in the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies. It was a pleasant resort of Romans in the olden time; Cicero had a villa near there, and it was within hail of the heights that he was assassinated. In modern times Gaeta has been a place of some trade, and a military stronghold of some importance. The harbor is excellent, and affords safe anchorage for a large number of ships; the fishing in the neighborhood is good, and some 3000 people, exclusive of soldiery, make a living at this and other trades. Gaeta imports some foreign goods for the consumption of the people of the *Terra di Lavoro*, and exports fish, dyes, silk, sulphur, etc. There are of course a number of churches at Gaeta; it is an archiepiscopal seat.

Partly in consequence of the strength of its fortifications, and partly because it is a convenient place to run away from, Gaeta has often been selected as a last refuge by Italian fugitives. Some of the hunted Italian noblemen sought refuge there from the French in 1806. In 1849, Pope Pius the Ninth, driven from Rome by the Republicans, fled to Gaeta, and held Court there until the French reconquered the Eternal City for him. And now, King Francis of Naples is at Gaeta, patiently awaiting his final expulsion from Italy by the forces of Victor Emanuel. A historic site, surely!

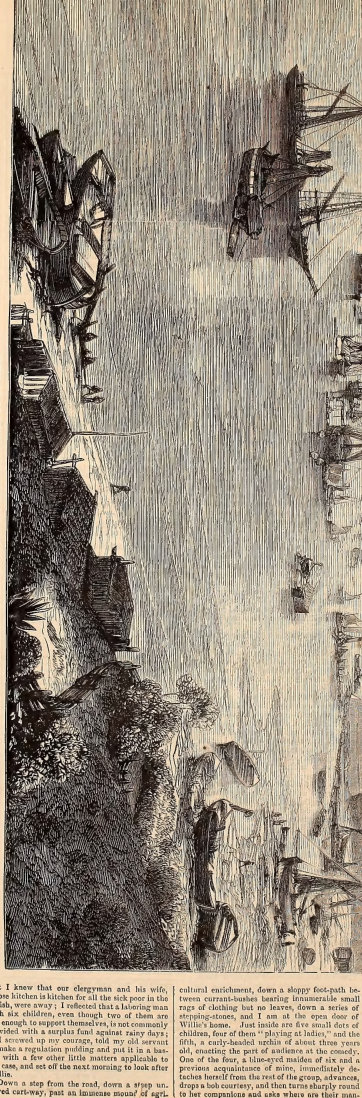
UP A STEP-LADDER.

LITTLE WILLIE had not appeared at my door for full a month; I missed his cheerful whistle as he came, day by day, tugging up the rough road with the heavy bread-basket at his back, and saw that he had been superseded by another boy much smaller and of preternaturally grave countenance. I waylaid this boy one afternoon as he was toiling up the hill, and inquired what had become of Willie. He said he didn't know. Had he got a better place? He didn't know. Was he gone to school? He didn't know. Was he poorly? He didn't know. In fact, he knew *nothing*, so I gave him a half-penny for his information and let him struggle on, wondering how in the world he did it.

Willie did not belong to my class at school, but his two big brothers did, and when I saw them the next Sunday, I renewed my inquiries for my merry little friend, and was told that he had got the fever—*the fever* in our village meaning something generated of damp homes, bad drainage, insufficient water, and sometimes insufficient food.

"He has had it going on for a month," George told me. I asked if he had had it severely? "He's been very bad in his head, and he don't know none of us but mother. But it's his ears now," was the rather mysterious answer.

I always had a reluctance, difficult to overcome, to go any where where I am not certain to be welcome. If I were ill, I should feel inexpressibly annoyed to have strangers coming about me with pudding and tarts; and what I am not like myself, I am chary of inflicting on other people.



VIEW OF THE CITY AND PORT OF GAETA, ITALY.

But I knew that our clergyman and his wife, whose kitchen is kitchen for all the sick poor in the parish, were away; I reflected that a laboring man with six children, even though two of them are big enough to support themselves, is not commonly provided with a surplus fund against rainy days; so I screwed up my courage, told my old servant to make a regulation pudding and put it in a basket with a few other little matters applicable to the case, and set off the next morning to look after Willie.

Down a step from the road, down a steep unpaved cart-way, past an immense mound of agricultural enrichment, down a sloppy foot-path between currant-bushes bearing innumerable small rags of clothing but no leaves, down a series of stepping-stones, and I am at the open door of Willie's home. Just inside are five small dots of children, four of them "playing at ladies," and the fifth, a curly-headed urchin of about three years old, enacting the part of audience at the comedy. One of the four, a blue-eyed maiden of six and a previous acquaintance of mine, immediately detaches herself from the rest of the group, advances, drops a bob courtesy, and then turns sharply round to her companions and asks where are their manners? Their manners are instantly made manifest by three more bob courtesies, but the curly head proves refractory, retires behind his largest little sister, and peeps at my basket round the corner of her elbow, while my blue-eyed damsel apologizes for him as being "only little Robert"—too young yet to have any manners.

And we all stand and stare at each other, the children quite at home under the circumstances, myself feeling awkward that I have not a second basket to give up to plunder by these infantry, until I am recalled to myself by hearing blue eyes communicate my name and place of abode to her

next neighbor, when I ask if they know where Willie's mother is? Immediately they all shouts forth, "Mother's gone out ironing at Mrs. Dent's." I then ask, "Where is Willie?" to which they simultaneously reply, "He's up there in mother's bed;" and following the direction of their pointing fingers, I turn round and perceive an almost perpendicular step-ladder, the foot of which is directly opposite the door-way, and the head, without any circumlocution, in a loft. In which loft, when I look up, I can see hanging the identical best coat in which George has attended my class for two years past.

"Will you go up and see him?" asks blue eyes; and the biggest girl, who may be of the mature age of seven, darts forward to plot the way. But I am doubtful as to the step-ladder, and suggest the expediency of first "making" mother, "if she is to be got at; on which all the children except Robert execute manœuvres equal to a fiat of blighted cabbages, and disappear round a corner, while he and I improve our acquaintance by continuing to stare at each other. In a few minutes the quartette returns as they went, followed by "mother," who stops ten yards off and makes a bob courtesy of the same pattern (I detect this courtesying, but she doesn't say "Don't courtesy to me"), and then approaches, looking at the step-ladder as much as to see me, though I never saw her in my life before.

She is a pretty woman, of not more than two or three and thirty, with beautiful eyes, delicate features, and dark hair; all her clothing is clean and whole and decent; and when Robert butts at her with his head, and he is taken up, kissed, and cashiered with two of the girls, who are his sisters, into the house-place, while she gives me her account of Willie, standing in the door-way.

"He ought to have been in his bed a fortnight before he was, the doctor says," she tells me, "but he is on the mend now, but very weak, and will I go up and see him?

It is my destiny to mount that step-ladder. So up the step-ladder into a loft with a pallet-bed in it, and a thinly covered mattress in one corner on the floor; furniture, discovery without delay, there is a room about twelve feet square, in which, on "mother's" bed, lyeth Willie, aged William Wilkes.

He is wide awake, and watching a casual gleam of sunshine that has found its way through the rainy clouds, and strayed in at the low window; but as I go up to his pillow he turns on me a pair of wonderful eyes, and says, faintly, "A little better." I am before explains that he thinks I asked him how he did. His hearing is quite gone, and I cannot make a word reach him, except that this arises from weakness, and will pass away as he gets his strength again. "You think it will, ma'am?" he says, and looks at him very wistfully: on which, supposing himself addressed, Willie says again, "A little better," and, a minute after, "I drink, mother."

She says she will go and warm him a drop of milk, and disappears, taking me together. "He always turns his eyes slowly from the sunshine to my face, and from my face to the sunshine. I look at him and at the place where he lies, and meditate on the mysterious inequalities there are in the world, and on the hard lives of the working poor.

The room is as pure as scrubbing and whitewash can make it; every thing about the bed is scrupulously clean; the old chest of drawers is covered on the top with a white cloth; as is also a rough deal box by the wall, which serves as a table, and on which stands the bottle of physic and stuff, with a glass and spoon disposed ornamentally in connection with a copy of the British Workman, a teething biscuit, and a Bible. The walls, washed, fastened up with pins, are some rudely colored scripture prints, a few missionary pictures, and, in one corner above the head of another mattress on the floor, the Lord's Prayer in large type. In the window of the window are a few plants, fresh and green; and, though the room is low, it is not oppressively close, for there is a thorough current of air blowing up from the door-way below.

When mother returns with the warm milk he drinks it eagerly, and the pudding being extracted from the basket, he eats a portion of that, with an enjoyment I cannot to watch. When finished it, he stretches out his arm and looks up at his mother.

"He wants you to see how thin his arm is, ma'am," she explains; and rolling up his nightgown sleeve, shows me a weak, wilting wrist, skeleton limb which will carry no more breadbaskets for many a month to come.

She then sits down by his pillow, puts her arm round him, and makes him lean against her while she gives me the particulars of his illness; how good he was, how little hope there was for him at one time, but how the doctor says now he will come round, if she can get him to take a little strengthening food. The clergyman, she says, being away, she did not know whom to apply to. "I didn't think of you, ma'am, till George said that you'd been asking about Willie; I've spent many a six-pence for him, but I can't get what he likes; he takes eggs best, and he would eat them all day in a day, for he's getting hungry now, but he mustn't have them; I had him have one, but it was three ha'pence apiece." On my inquiring what the doctor recommends, she tells me a little broth or arrow-root—neither of stronger ye—which I volunteer to send her. It then occurs to me to ask if she is fond of poetry? "To which she says she believes not, if I don't stay there very long. But having fulfilled my present business, I think it will, perhaps, be expedient to go away; I therefore bid Willie good-by, with the foolish remark that I am sure he is grown, and that the fever will make a man of him, which, fortunately, he does not hear, and then I follow his mother into the outer loft, and down the step-ladder.

Next day, my old servant, who is interested in Willie as the only boy whom she never had to tell to shut the garden-door after him, makes a pudding of excellent broth, and leaves the meat in it, and when submitting it to my taste for approval, she assures me that if Willie's mother has any management about her she will freshen it every day, and it will keep and fit him for a week: which intimation she also conveys to George when he comes for it at his dinner-time. But when I go down, long before the week's end, to see the little fellow again, his mother tells me it lasted him only two days, for what was left after that turned sour.

I achieve the step-ladder again. Willie is still in bed, and still as deaf as a stone, and I think he looks a shade duller and more pallid than before; but there is sunshine in the room, and the sheet of the whitewashed wall to-day, and the drizzling rain slips mistily like a curtain over the glass. Still his mother says fondly, as she puts the scattered hair off his forehead, "He mends a little—yes, ma'am, I'm sure he mends a little;" and she adds, that the doctor says if he can get a little jelly broth made of cow-heel or calf's-feet, it would be better and more strengthening than any thing else. When I reply that I would order the butcher's wife to send her some feet she hesitates a moment, and then says, "I can clean them and prepare them myself, ma'am, if I get them just as they are; you will have to pay a shilling for the feet, but if you do not mind, I'll clean them, and do them, and they will cost half a crown."

When I return home I will yet provide the feet of her broth that was to last a week, on which she exclaims, "She has got no keeping place, I'll be bound; I'll not trust it." And to which I say I did she waste that good mutton too? Why, it would ha' been a dinner for all of 'em. What sort of a house is it? I reply that I fancy it have only seen the place into which the outer door opens, which is a sort of scullery where the washing-tub and the dirty plates stay in, and which had the bare ground for floor with a few pieces round them; and that I should like to know. I conjecture to be below the larger bedroom up the step-ladder. She replies that most likely that scullery is lacked with mud, for it is the way to inquire the next time I go; "for," adds she, "I can't abide waste, and if Willie's mother can't keep things as they should be, I'll have to look after 'em little by little every day as he wants 'em. I should like to see how she means to manage then calf's-feet."

A few days later I visit Willie again, and, waiting in the yard, am met by a neighbor, whom my servant's conjecture about this scullery being also a parlor to be correct, for, besides the pots and pans on the floor, there are a few plates and dishes on a shelf. Before my survey is completed, Willie's mother appears, and I am thereby relieved to my satisfaction I hear that he is down stairs for the first time to-day. I am accordingly ushered across the threshold, and find Willie, who says he is sitting on a stool within a deep chintz valance, which hangs where a mantle-piece is commonly found, for the chimney is a wide open space, and is no range, to oven, no boiler, nothing but a handful of fire on the hearth stones, kept in existence about by three bricks set one upon the other at each side, and about a foot apart. Fuel is very costly in our village, and the fire burns slowly; so Willie crouches down to it, looking much less comfortable than when he lay in his mother's bed; while opposite to him, and close to the door, is, further, a powerful mash in appearance, who, his wife says rightly, has only just been released from an all night leading coals up from the landing to the fire. Willie is no better of his deafness yet, but he is coming round. He is mainly interested in that coming round looks over that starved scrap of fire!

Like room has the same decided features of cleanliness under difficulties, of neatness, and attempt at ornament, as the rest of the premises. There is a rude deal table, home-made, and by no skilful carpenter, is the week's washing, ironed and folded. In the other corner is a shelf, with a few books, consisting chiefly of old brown books, contents unknown, but outwardly of a religious appearance, with a few plates to give room for a show of china. The floor is paved with worn, uneven stones set in the clay, the walls on the sunniest walls white-washed, and as I look out from the window into the dull day which has but just ceased raining, I see the dripping footpath inclining down to the road, the water draining off to settle in this moist corner.

I don't like to ask prying questions, but I should like to know who this cottage and what it costs the family a week. Whatever it costs in money, it costs them infinitely more in health and strength, and possibly in children's lives, before its owner will consent to pull it down and set for human beings to live in decently. But Willie's mother has no complaint to make—if she says a word, it is of somebody's kindness—as I suspect on grievance, as of "Mrs. Dent's" going away, leaving the father still fast asleep.

I have got over the awkwardness of feeling myself an intruder, and a few days later I am that way again; but the cabbage garden and the potato bed at the door are now dug over, and more with the dots of children enacting ladies. The outer door stands open, but the inner one is shut, and, while I stand knocking, I hear a childish wail of suffering than which I know no sound so sad: then the voice of our clergyman, who is home again, speaking to Willie's mother. As he comes out, I enter and see Willie, sitting on his stool rolled up in a blanket, with a cup of tea and the stones beside him, in which lies little Robert. Their mother's eyes are red weeping or watching, or both, but in answer to my inquiry, the little one is ill she only says, in her natural way, which is neither patient nor plaintive, but simply acquiescent in what is, as if she had no idea it either could be or ought to be otherwise, "Yes, ma'am, he's got the fever too; he began three days ago." And as the pitiful inarticulate wail continues, she lifts him to her arms and holds his curly head against her neck, and kisses him until it ceases; but he is very bad in his head, and the fever runs high, to very different expression from what they had when he peeped round his sister's elbow at my basket.

"I don't get much rest with him at nights," his mother tells me, and puts a chair for me to sit down, and sits down herself, nursing him in her lap, where he lies quiet enough. I then ask him me about him, and what the doctor says. "And don't I see Willie getting on?" He has been out a minute or two in the sun, but he could not stand by himself, and his boots are too heavy for his little thin feet. So I suggest a supernatural pair for my own, which she says she will be very glad of; and she defers to me and consults me, and I know nothing, and think that I am nothing, besides her, except that all my speculations and stories of struggle and suffering are mere shreds and patches of phantasm compared with her bare and bitter experience of life.

The two little girls are silently busy at the table, ironing. Instead of their if they often have their fingers—an idea which they repudiate with emphatic head-shakings. "It is their doll's clothes, ma'am; it keeps them quiet and makes them handy," their mother tells me; on which they smile, and display some wonderful bits of rag, the property of a much-abused but probably much-cherished wooden image now sitting unclothed on the top of the pile of books in the window sill. The fire is a little brighter to-day—perhaps the clergyman brightened it—and Willie has not been quite such a wan-eyed wee-look on his white face. He watches his mother and myself as we talk, which he cannot hear of course, and as he can not hear a word, he can raise his mind, apparently, to *guess* about what is going on; and to look on as the best and merry thing; perhaps his daily mess may be almost a blessing for a little while, for it will prevent him from being further worn down by the pressure of his pitiful wild.

This is not poverty under its worst aspect; it is very very hard and cruel. There is no drunken husband or lazy wife to waste the earnings of labor; there is industry, thrift, cleanliness: a successful struggle for food, blanket, pious, decent, orderly, under very hard conditions. There is no special want; there are regular wages, and not bad wages; there is fair fighting against misery by day; there are two boys at constant work, and a good mother to look after them. All seems to them a good home; yet all the possibilities of health, and natural growth, and everyday comfort, are defeated in a dwelling which the most ordinary care can never render what a dwelling of human beings ought to be.

Of the sanitary elements for Central Africa, could any fund be raised to enable penurious or indigent landlords to put kitchen ranges in the kitchens of their laboring tenants, and to bribe them to pull down their pest-houses, and erect dwellings in which fever and ague would be starved for want of food and strength, and always getting the victory?

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It is valuable as regards economy, as a saving is effected in the flour of not less than 10 per cent. In the common process, much of the saccharine of the flour is lost by being converted into carbonic acid gas, and the waste is incurred solely for the purpose of generating gas to raise the dough. By using CONCENTRATED LEAVEN this waste is avoided, and the gas obtained in a manner equally effective, from the saccharine part of the flour or meal; a barrel of flour, weighing 196 pounds, which ordinarily produces 280 pounds of bread, given by this process 290 pounds, thus securing a very important saving. By compound of ordinary materials any one can produce the same, and the result will invariably be highly satisfactory.

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A. A. HAYES, State Assayer.

How to use it.

Breakfast and Tea Rolls.

Three teaspoonfuls of Leaven to one quart of flour; mix thoroughly by passing the dry or three times through a sieve; rub in a piece of butter of half the size of an egg, and make the paste with cold milk or water (cold is preferable here), by stiff enough to permit rolling out. Much kneading is not necessary. Cut like desired forms, and place immediately in a hot oven and bake quickly.

Loaf Bread.

The same proportions of Leaven and flour sifted together as above. Omit the butter, and make the paste thick enough to kneed into a loaf, and bake immediately in a slow oven.

Buckwheat Cakes.

Flour and milk sufficient to make one quart of batter; add one pint, then three teaspoonfuls of Leaven; beat to a froth and cook quick.

Sponge Cake.

Two cups of white sugar, beaten with the yolks of six eggs—the whites of six eggs beaten to a froth; then beat together; add one cup of sifted flour, one cup of cold water, and three teaspoonfuls of Leaven; flavor with two teaspoonfuls of essence of lemon, and bake in a quick oven.

Corn Cake.

One pint each of flour and Indian meal, and three teaspoonfuls of Leaven, well sifted together; add one gill of molasses and two eggs; mix thin with milk, and bake in a slow oven.

Cup Cake.

Five cups of flour and three teaspoonfuls of Leaven, sifted together; add one cup of butter, two of sugar, and two eggs all well beat together; mix with milk; then add a cup of currants, and spice to suit the taste.—Bake about half an hour.

Ladies' Cake.

Three-quarters of a pound of flour and four teaspoonfuls of Leaven, sifted together; one pound of sugar and six ounces of butter, beaten to a cream, the whites of eight eggs, well beaten, and the juice of one lemon, mixed with milk.

Webster Cake.

Five cups of flour, three teaspoonfuls of Leaven, three cups of sugar, one of butter, one of milk, and two eggs; fruit and spice to the taste. Bake about half an hour.

Muffins.

Three teaspoonfuls of Leaven, one quart of flour, and a little salt sifted together; make a thick batter with milk, and bake in rings.

Apple Pudding.

Pare and slice eight apples, sift three teaspoonfuls of Leaven with one quart of flour; put a piece of butter half the size of an egg; mix with cold water to a paste; roll out one inch thick, put the apple into the crust with a little cinnamon; put into a cloth, allowing room to swell one-third; boil one hour and a half.

Highland Cake.

Two teaspoonfuls of Leaven and one cup of flour sifted together; two cups well butter; two cups of milk; two cups of sugar and seven eggs; add flour enough to mix as stiff as common cup cake, and bake about half an hour.

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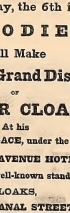

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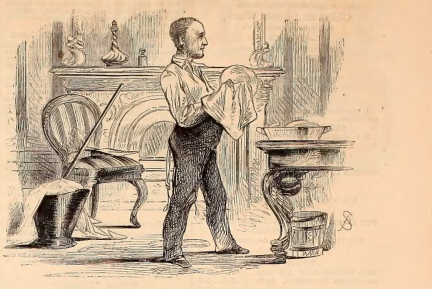

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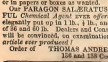

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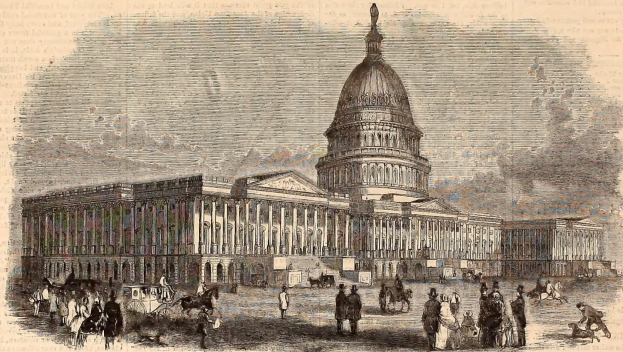
THE CITY OF WASHINGTON AND THE CAPITOL.

In view of the momentous discussions which are now going on at the Federal Capital, we publish herewith a general View of Washington City, and a Picture of the Capitol.

The City of Washington stands at the head of tide-water on the River Potomac — 120 miles from the Ocean. It is 60 years old. When the Independence of the United States was established, New York was the Federal Capital. The subject of a permanent seat of Government engaged the early attention of Congress, and for some time a majority was in favor of a site on the Susquehanna. But after a time, the Southern members being unanimously for the border of the Potomac, and the Northern States deeming the location of the Federal seat of Government of less consequence than the assumption of the war debts of the States, it was agreed to accept the ten square miles of land now constituting the District of Columbia, and meanwhile the Government was transferred to Philadelphia. The corner-stone of the Capitol was laid by General Washington in 1793; the Government was removed to Washington in 1800.

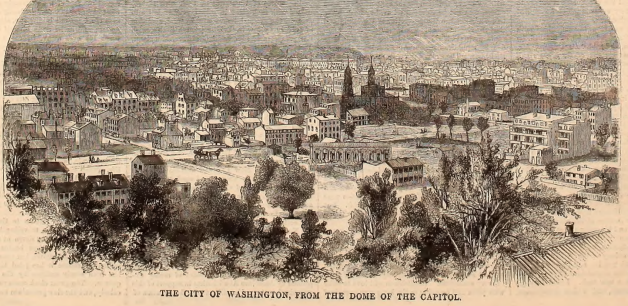


THE NATIONAL CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON.

In those days it was a dreary place. Mrs. Adams wrote that she was obliged to have fires going all summer to keep off the chills; and some members of Congress were so disgusted with the spot that they were with difficulty persuaded to attend during the session. The environs have changed, too. In those days Georgetown carried on a brisk trade with London and Liverpool, and Blasdensburg was a considerable exporter of tobacco. Now neither place boasts much of its foreign trade. It is said that General Washington, whose plans for the embellishment of the Federal City time is slowly executing, really believed that it would not only be the noblest town on the Continent in respect of architectural glories, but that it would be the site of a large and increasing commerce — the sea-port of the nation. He did not share the fears which induced so many other statesmen to dread locating the Government in a commercial city. Time, however, and the energy of the people of Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York, have prevented the accomplishment of this destiny. Washington is not, and never will be, a place of any trade. It is a political city. In many respects it is the pleasantest city in the United States. Society is more refined there than in New York, Boston, or Southern cities. All the intellect of the country, and not a little of the beauty and fashion, congregate there every winter. There are other topics of conversation in Washington than dollars and per centages; and with all the tedium and corruption of politics, a relief from the never-changing commercial tone of thought which pervades society in such cities as New York is always acceptable.

As a city, Washington is chiefly famous for its "distances." Miles in Washington are as acres in other cities. Every thing is at least half a league from every thing else; and the consumption of shoe-leather by those who can not hire vehicles is enormous. The idea of General Washington was that the Capitol should be the centre of the city, and that avenues should radiate from it at equidistant points. To complete his plan, Washington should have a million of inhabitants. It has nearly fifty thousand, and a couple of avenues are fairly populated, with a proportionate number of cross-streets. If the Union is preserved, and Washington remains the Capital, a hundred years hence the original scheme may be carried out. At present the view from the dome of the Capitol, as shown in our illustration, is very striking, and gives an exaggerated idea of the size of the city.

Of the Capitol, as we said, the corner-stone was laid on 18th Sept., 1793, by General George Washington: it has thus been 63 years in the course of construction, and is not yet complete. The first architect was Dr. Wm. Thornton; then followed Hadfield, Holmon, Latrobe, and Bulfinch, under the latter of whom the old Capitol was completed. In the last war with England the two wings were ruthlessly destroyed by the invaders. After the peace the work was resumed, and the old Capitol was completed in 1825. The length of this building was 352 feet 4 inches by 121 feet deep. Since then the present extensions, north and south, have been added, and the total length of the building is now 745 feet eight inches. The corner-stone of the south extension was laid by President Fillmore on 4th July, 1851, and an eloquent oration was delivered on the occasion by Daniel Webster. With these extensions the Capitol is one of the noblest and most commodious public edifices in the world. We published a view of it, together with an account of some of the interior work of the extensions, in No. 88 of this Journal. It contains a number of excellent pictures, illustrative of the past history of the country, by Trumbull and other artists; also some beautiful statuary by Crawford and others; but still the work of decoration may be said to be hardly begun. Most of the niches for statues and the spaces for paintings are still vacant. If the Union can be preserved, and the country continue as prosperous as it is, in the course of a generation the Capitol will be,



THE CITY OF WASHINGTON, FROM THE DOME OF THE CAPITOL.

in an artistic point of view, as worthy of the country as it is now in respect of size and architectural perfection.

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AND
HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1860.

DISUNION CAUSED BY THE BRITISH ARISTOCRACY.

WE present the following extract from our readers without comment. The writer is known as a gentleman of intelligence and integrity.

A VIEW BEHIND THE CURTAIN.

In the fall of 1833 the writer met in Paris the late MR. AARON LEGGETT, formerly a wealthy merchant in this city, and a member of the Society of Friends. We conversed frequently on the political prospects of our country as affected by the agitation of the Slavery question. MR. L. said that, when he was a young man, he was an active and zealous member of a Manumission Society, and that he continued to cherish in after life a very compassionate feeling for the poor negroes. At the time of the general emancipation of the slaves in the British West Indies MR. Leggett's business called him to the city of Mexico, and while residing there he met Deputy Commissary-General Wilson, of the British Army, an agent appointed by the British Government to make the financial arrangements connected with the payment to the West India shareholders of their portion of the £20,000,000 voted by the British Parliament as a compensation for the forced sacrifice of their property.

MR. Leggett, at that time, when he learned MR. WILSON'S errand, he took occasion, while he was sitting with him one day after dinner, to express his admiration of the British Government and the British people, for that noble act, the vote of £20,000,000 sterling, to procure liberty for 800,000 negroes! MR. Wilson fell ultimate into his feelings and almost exhausted the vocabulary of eulogy to find the commendatory epithets which he applied to England and Englishmen.

"MR. Wilson did not seem to sympathize with me," said MR. L., "and when I had finished, he simply turned to me, and said, '*Do you think, MR. Leggett, that this emancipation of the negroes will prove to be a wise measure?*'

"Certainly, I replied," said MR. L. "How can it be otherwise?"

"The cool heads in England," said MR. Wilson, "do not think that it will be beneficial in its effects on the interests of the people either in the colonies or in the mother country. Nor do I think so. *We think that the freed negroes will do very little work; and that the West India colonies, as the chief source of wealth to the mother country, will be ruined.*'

MR. Leggett had been carried away with the representations of the enthusiastic friends of emancipation—that free labor was more productive than slave labor—that when the negroes were free they would receive wages, and that this would stimulate them to raise sugar and coffee in greater quantities; that consequence would feel the benefit of the new impulse to agriculture; that lands would rise in value; that the income of the planters would be increased, etc.; and his ardor was at first cooled by MR. Wilson's gloomy view of the case.

"After a little reflection, however," said MR. L., "I continued my eulogy of the British Government and the British people; and I went now further than before in the expression of my admiration, but I went on a new tack. I said that the enemies of Englishmen, and of their government, were accustomed to represent them as always governed by mercenary considerations, and too willing to sacrifice justice, humanity, and all the virtues, to the lust of gain; but here was a case in which the coal heads that directed the action of the Government deliberately burdened itself cruelly with an immense debt, not to open new fields of wealth, but in full prospect of destroying the commercial value of their West India colonies, and of impoverishing the people there, and the proprietors in England—and all from a humane feeling, and a high train of justice—a high sense of what is due to poor, helpless, down-trodden negro slaves. It was the noblest act recorded in history! I knew of no parallel to it any where."

"When I had finished," added MR. L., "MR. W. again turned to me, and said, '*MR. Leggett, do you really believe that the men who control the action of the British government were led by such motives as you ascribe to them, to sacrifice certain interests to the public good?*'

"I replied," said MR. L., "that if the men who control the action of the British governments really believed that the abolition of slavery in the British West Indies would result in the commercial ruin of the islands, I could not conceive of any other motive for their conduct than the noble one which I had assigned."

"Well, MR. Leggett,' said MR. W., 'you may believe this, but I do not. *I believe that the action of the British government is dictated, so far as possible, the* INTERESTS *of the English Aristocracy.*'

MR. L. then asked, "What interest of the English Aristocracy will be promoted by the ruin of the British West India Islands?"

MR. Wilson said that the abolition of slavery in the British colonies would naturally create an antiMissionist anti-slavery sentiment in England and America, and that in America this would in process of time excite a hostility between the Slave States and the slave States, which would end in a dissolution of the American Union, and the consequent failure of the great experiment of democratic government; and that the ruin of Democracy in America would be the supremest calamity to the English,—I do not understand, to give the language of MR. Leggett, but the following paragraphs convey, in my own language, the impression made upon my mind of the course of reasoning by which MR. W. came to his conclusion.

"The English Aristocracy have ruled England for ages. Their position is more enviable than that of any similar class in any other country on the globe. They rule the wealthiest empire in the world. Their landed estates enclosure a large portion of all the lands in the United Kingdom. Their estates are entailed in their families. The House of Lords is composed exclusively of the Aristocracy, and they have such influence in the elections that the members of the House of Commons are to a great extent the near relations of the Lords. The debris of honor and power, and sinecure offices wish large incomes, in the Church, the Army, the Navy, the Colonies, at Foreign courts, and in the Departments of Home government, are in their gift, and seem to be all filled with members of their own relatives and friends. They have inherited these privileges from their ancestors, and their great aim, their ruling desire, is to transmit them to their families, and to transmit them to their posterity. Their control of the public press, and of all the fountains of popular opinion and sentiment, has hitherto enabled them to impress the minds of the great body of the middle classes with the belief that the English Aristocracy, with its powers and privileges, is essential to the prosperity and glory of the English nation.

"Recently, however, this belief has been seriously shaken by the success of democratic institutions in America. English statesmen cannot but be well acquainted with America; and they see there a people of the same origin themselves, speaking the same language, reading the same books, holding the same religious opinions, living the same general habits of life, enjoying in every respect except that they have no aristocracy; and yet, under their democratic institutions, Americans are advancing every where, and rising in intelligence, in commerce and the arts, in the diffusion of education among the people, in population, wealth, and all the elements of national greatness and intelligent men of the middle classes in England are beginning to inquire why the contrast with its heavy taxation for the support of sinecure office, may not be as essential as they have heretofore supposed to the prosperity of England; and that the English people would perhaps make more rapid progress if they should throw off its burden, by republicanizing or Americanizing their institutions. The great danger to the English Aristocracy lies in the fact that the minds of the English people; for, if it should take root and spread, it might end in a revolution in which they would lose all their privileges. The great point of controlling in America and in England with the deepest interest in its bearings on this matter.

"The English Aristocracy see that the English people are a liberty-loving, a liberty-vaunting people. They see with what ease numerously-signed petitions for the Abolition of Slavery could be obtained in districts, and among classes, where there was no motive to excite any other than a humane feeling. *They know that they could have found no difficulty in obtaining of such petitions in Parliament without granting them, for the people would not proceed to receive them respectfully, and postpone action upon them endlessly, unless they were ashamed to do so.*

But after a time they, doubtless, reasoned with themselves, thus:

"'What will be the effect of encouraging and finally granting these petitions? If Slavery shall be abolished in the British colonies, by compensating shareholders for their losses, nobody in England will then have any *interest* in opposing the widest and most unlimited extension of the anti-Slavery sentiment. Englishmen will love to refer with pride and boasting to the large sum sacrificed by their government, with their concurrence, on the altar of liberty, justice, and humanity. They will then look to America, and they will see Slavery still there, for Southern slaveholders in America, of course, will never ruin themselves and their country by imitating British in abolishing it. Englishmen will then be easily excited, on account of American Slavery, to look down with scorn upon American pretensions to institutions, and if any popular orator, or writer, in England shall propose to deprive the Aristocracy of their powers and privileges, and to fortify his argument, shall refer to the prosperity of America under democratic institutions, he will be met with this scorn, and dedicated in his injury where.'

"This will be the effect in England of the Abolition of Slavery in the British colonies; but the most important effect will be the effect in America. America is divided almost equally between free States and Slave States—between States in which the negroes are to few that no harm results from their emancipation, and States in which Slavery is so deeply rooted that it can not be safely abolished without ruin to all classes of the population. In the free States the anti-slavery sentiment, a bitter hatred of Slavery and Slaveholders, can be excited almost as easily as in England, and, in process of time, by constantly fanning the flame, such a hostility can be kindled between the people of the two great sections that it will lead to the distraction of the Democratic party, and the failure of the grand experiment of democratic government by men of Anglo-Saxon race. And this failure of Democracy in America will be a new lease, and a long lease, to the English Aristocracy of their powers and privileges. In short, MR. Leggett, *I believe that the English Aristocracy lent their influence to the Abolition of Slavery in the British colonies for the sake of the effect it would have in favor of the American Union. They did it to promote their own interest, to perpetuate their own privileges; by the destruction of the value and prosperity of democratic America, and to secure their object, they core be sure for a while of getting the whole profit of the commercial ruin of the British West India islands than for the ashes on that ciger that you are smoking.*"

In the above sketch, I repeat, I do not profess to give the language of MR. L., but have endeavored, in my own language, to convey the impression made upon my mind of the course of reasoning by which MR. W. came to his conclusion.

The writer has been contributed in England he knows not, but we do know that, while conservative Americans have often been publicly and wantonly insulted in England in connection with the Slavery question, and without apology or where apology was due from members of the Aristocracy, office Americans, whose chief claim to notice was the zeal and success with which they had attacked a fundamental law of their country and promoted bitter strife between the people of its two great sections, have been invited to the homes of the English nobility, flattered, honored, and encouraged on their return to America to renew their warfare upon the people and institutions of the South. These facts are readily explained on the theory of Deputy Commissary-General Wilson that the aim of the English Aristocracy is to perpetuate their own power and privileges by instigating the great American democratic republic, and they can not, we think, be satisfactorily explained on any other principle.

SIDNEY E. MORSE.

THE LOUNGER.

COMFORT FOR RACHEL.

THE bright and beautiful Thanksgiving is passed. The very air of wonderful exhilaration and prosperity is completed, and every body but his Honor the Mayor was in a grateful frame of mind. If that wonderful functionary does not feel grateful and happy, it is nobody's fault, it is only his misfortune. Nothing in a month more agreeable emotion than discontent, and happiness than indigestion. But the ways of his Honor are not as other men's ways. He is a most excellent Rachel Wood, it seems, refuses to be comforted.

Still the Lounger proposes to make an effort at consolation for him. It is true that he, too, hopes to help any body's state of mind as it was upon Thursday when all something was right and toward a present restoration of a cheerful tone of the system.

The honorable municipal chief magistrate is recommended to consider the plight of Mr. John Johns upon the late Thanksgiving festival. The M. J. C. M. had, beyond doubt, his savory roast turkey, his delectable side dishes, his smoking plum-pudding, mince-pie, and pumpkin-pie. He had, without question, all that makes dinner delightful; and a man who has a delightful dinner on Thanksgiving-day, has he not fulfilled the conditions?

Behold, then, in imagination, O Mayor, Mr. John Johns starting for a ten mile run upon a Western prairie at what is called a "Junction." It is just eight o'clock in the morning. The air is chilly; there is a streaking of rose upon the half frozen mud. There is a brilliant saloon, a group of small shanties; the station-house, and a roof of black mud. Mr. Johns steps cheerfully into the car-room, and asks when the train, which he is to take, connects at the station. "At two o'clock," is the extremely short reply of a youth of eighteen or nineteen, in very slouching clothes, head over one sideways at the hat, playing his gait a very saucy character, which is fully sustained by the straggly hair and freckled face.

The bar-room is large, and in one corner there are the basins and the towels with which the guests of the house perform their morning ablutions. A tall, gaunt man in India rubber shoes, with a wife and small boy, who are going to some Thanksgiving family party, hear the dreadful news about the train at two o'clock, and disappear into an inner room. Soon that room a woman presently emerged, and, standing at the door, says in a cold, distinct voice, "Who replenishes the fire in here?" The youth in the slouching clothes says, "I do." The voice says to him, "Won't you please replenish?" and the figure disappears.

By this time the train which brought Mr. John Johns disappears, and the dull reality begins to assert itself. The stove is red hot, and the air in the room; pulls out his watch and compares it with the clock behind the counter. The clock seems to have stopped at ten minutes, and the tiresome pendulum swings so lazily that its slow tick distinctly says to him, "I—is—a—very—long—long time—indeed—before—it—will—be—two—o'clock—half past—eight—tick—tick—tick." The great face of the clock, with its enormous figures, that repeat the fact of the extremely early hour in the most offensive manner, gradually assumes the likeness of a huge and unwinking eye, and looks at John Johns; and as he seats himself by the stove and turns his eyes away, he can not help hearing, "I—hanker—after—Sunday—and—I—don't—know—tick—tick—tick."

Then Johns actually rouses himself, and opens the door briskly and takes a turn in the fresh air. The morning is cloudy, and the road is very muddy. He picks his way there cautiously, occasionally slipping and sinking into the black ooze, while the brown and white monotonous landscape spreads around him. He saunters moodily and distinctly says to him, "Won't you have some more of it?" Then, turning upon a fence, he remembers the Thanksgivings of long ago, and this very day elsewhere. City streets, country landscapes, Thanksgiving days, all their varied scenes start in his life, sweep through his memory for a moment. Then the roar of a train arrives him. It comes whirling up to the station-house with a bell, and ringing a bell, snorts away over the prairie. It is not his train, for it is only a little past nine o'clock, and his train comes at two.

Mr. John Johns returns to the bar-room, and takes a book from his traveling-bag. The youth with the boots running down at the heel watches him curiously, and then begins to tease a dog, which snarls and snarls, but does not try to bite, evidently because it has tried biting before, and has been severely punished for its impudence. The great clock surveys Mr. John Johns calmly, and the slow pendulum constantly remarks

to him that the time is passing very gradually indeed. Suddenly there is a bustle at the door, and two loud-talking men come in. "Can't you kill him?" "Why—why don't Joe?" "Oh, ken he's got a chore to do 'll take him all day." "Wal, I could shoot him." "Oh! darn, 'taint that. It's cutting on him up. I can shoot him. That won't take long, no how. But kin you cut him up?" "I guess I don't want to to-day." "Wal, Joe he's got a chore to do 'll take him all day." "Have a glass of beer?" They go to the counter, and the sandy-haired youth pumps the ale and says to the bar-keeper, "Can't you pizn a steer killed?" Neither of them seem to know, and Mr. John Johns is puzzled to determine. The two men depart. He falls to reading. The relentless clock remarks from the wall, "Only—ten—o'clock—tick—tick—still."

Once during the morning the tall, gaunt man in India rubbers hurries out from the "Ladies' room," and swings rapidly up to the bar. "Is there a newspaper here?" The youth shakes his head crisply and utters a short, blunt "No;" then walks the vacantly, while the tall man scuffles back again and shuts the door.

A little later two or three young men lounge in, stare at Mr. John Johns, and begin to talk very noisily. They laugh in a loud, dry way, apparently entirely without enjoyment or relish, and spoil at each other, and swear profusely, and brush their hair before the glass with a violence that is bad to be a dirty thing. Then they whistle without any tune, and Mr. John Johns thinks that it is nothing but the utter emptiness of their minds pouring out of their mouths. "They dance a convulsive jig upon the floor, and one by one they gradually go out, assuming the door after them.

Mr. Johns tries not to think of the delightful hours he might be passing elsewhere. He tries to forget that he is by peculiarly sacred to social pleasure. But while he is trying the remorseless clock slowly twangs out twelve, as slowly it has seemed to grudge every stroke as bringing so much comfort to its victim by the fire; and at the same moment the youth dives at the bell-wire and violently rushes to the door, and standing upon the platform, beats until the whole neighborhood is filled with a frightful roar. After such a tremendous summons the dining-room door is opened. Somebody must superintend, says "Dinner," and Mr. John Johns proceeds to his Thanksgiving feast, expecting, from the loud invitation and the long table, that a great assembly will dine. The dining-room is entirely bare. It is ingeniously comfortless and cheerless. Nothing, certainly, but an American tavern would be capable of such destitution of every sign of domesticity. Mr. Johns advances to the seat of honor and seats himself before a large, round stool, such as accountants use. The moment he is seated a girl rushes from behind a door and vanishes at his ear "Roast beef, roast pork, boiled beef." He asks for roast beef, and a plate is presently dumped before him, while two women enter simply speaking and seat themselves upon the opposite side of the table. They are oppressively silent. Then the girl-mute disappears for them "Roast beef, roast pork, boiled beef," one says, "Roast beef, ma'am," and the other says, "Yes'm." Then they seem to sink down into unutterable depths of silence. Mr. John Johns, hoping to rally his own spirits a little and promote conversation, modestly says to them, "Roast beef is brought," "May I give you a little potato?" But the effect is so alarming—for "yes" or "thank you" comes so close upon a hysteric cry—that Mr. Johns tries no more, and he and the two women and three men, who have entered while he carved, brushed hair and dirty hands, eat their Thanksgiving dinner in solemn silence.

There was a long time afterward before the train arrived, during which Mr. John Johns walked upon the platform and smoked a meditative cigar. Presently he heard the far-off whistle, and stepping into the bar-room he looked with calm contempt upon the huge clock that implacably ended its task, and in very measured tones remarked: "It's—now—two—o'clock—and—you—can—go—good—by John—I—shall—never—again—next—year—tick—tick—tick."

Now, in perusing this little story of real life, why should not Rachel Wood be comforted? If he can not have every thing his own way, let him reflect that there are other unhappy fellow-beings perhaps even more unhappy than he. And if he can only see the matter in this light, although it were but with a single eye, there can be no doubt that Mr. John Johns will willingly have lent his Thanksgiving dinner.

A TRIP TO COVENTRY.

"ARTHUR" writes to the Lounger that he has been threatened by a set of young men with whom he associates at the bar, the continuance of which he expects in public certain opinions upon certain subjects, that they will join to Coventry him. Now shall I do? asks Arthur. Go to Coventry, replies the Lounger.

Remember that there are two sides to every excommunication, social, ecclesiastical, or political. Pope Leo excommunicated Martin Luther, but Luther excommunicated the Pope, and brought him to. And so long as you can honestly laugh, you are safe. When Sir Samuel Romilly succeeded to abolish the penalty of death for stealing a pocket handkerchief, the lawyers tried to send him to Coventry for his inhumanity, and declared that an innovation endangered the whole criminal law. Sir Samuel laughed and pushed on, and presently suggested the abolition of that part of the punishment for treason which consists in drawing and quartering the offender and throwing his bowels into his face, while he yet lived. Thereupon the Attorney-general eloquently asked, "Are the ancient bulwarks and safe-guards of the British Constitution to be thus wantonly overthrown?" But Sir Samuel only laughed, and somebody asked whether the bowels of traitors were the bulwarks of the British Constitution.

Master Arthur, thus honestly and speak honestly and take the consequences. In this time and country the public common-sense soon hastens round to the defense of honesty. It may not agree with the opinion, but it does, at heart, respect the sincerity. And if it seem to you very slow in coming, and you ask yourself a hundred times whether honesty be the best policy, you will find that you can not answer your question until you have determined what policy is. Then it is very easy to pull out a lounger the pump by the force of moments, and a hundred other practical jokes—don't you see the exquisite humor of it? Don't you see what wits and gallant gentlemen they are who do it? Faith, they may easily be a fair half a dozen fellows to bully one?

This is the noble sport known as "hazing." It is American as tarring and feathering, and it is so much less flagging as this, that in the English system one fellow subdues another to his service for a certain term, and in ours no one dares to haze alone, but goes in a squad, which is the very perfection of pure bullying.

It was high time that common sense put an end to this stupidity, and the faculty of Harvard deserve hearty cheers for their prompt action. It is never manly to submit to injustice, is it? And how much better it is not to submit because he would not think the fellow a spoon and milksop who submitted quietly to such indignities. The hazers at Harvard had no right to complain of the revolver which was suddenly drawn upon them. It may have been wrong to draw it, but the first wrong to be corrected was the cowardly bullying which produced it.

The phrase "fellow" has always despised the English fellow for fagging and for being fagged. Is not his contempt a sharpened arrow against his own hazing and being hazed?

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE BLACK LAUREATE.

The last bit of Blacks (we forget their names) are as follows: "Blacks" is the name of the gipsy negroes who have pretended them. We are delighted to learn that on the 27th of October last, the Queen of the future (many and many a long day off may his nomination be) Edward the Seventh, of Lowland, had the honor to be clothed of the following exquisite Poem, which was sung at night, by command of her Majesty, and received forty-seven times, by an intelligent British audience:

Home de Prince hab come,
He am not a bibber,
We hab jolt de Prince oh Whales,
So we neet not blubber.
Chick-a-boo, chick-a-boo,
Lobby bobby bor O.
Home de Prince oh Whales hab come,
Sailing in de *Hero*.
Chick-a-boo, chick-a-boo, etc.

II.

Him want to wash him hands, boys,
Dirty bit of money!
So him gone to Windsor.
Can get him in Atlantic.
Chick-a-boo, chack-a-boo, etc.

III.

Prince Alfred tumble off de Cape,
So him had a hard knee,
Don't him wish he'd been instead
In de Atlantic sea?
Chick-a-boo, chack-a-boo,
Tum De grand Duke Alfred,
But one cheer before we go.
Hooray, Hum-Edward!
Chick-a-boo, chack-a-boo, etc.

AN INFALLIBLE SPECIFIC AGAINST SEA-SICKNESS.—Never go to Sea.

THE WAY OF FOOD.—When an argument gets into such a dreadful fog that it is impossible to see one's way through it, it may be very safely left to the action of the necessary food.

As the *Hero* was short of fuel, the Duke inquired of the Prince whether he should signal to the *Ariadne* for any? "I dare say," replied the Prince, "you will probably run for it; they will never be such fools as to send coals to Newcastle."

EARLY RISING.—Hungry is trying to get itself into the world, but finds that it has only to be forced, if Hungry does succeed in fitting early, that it may have the effect of defeating the end for which it was designed.

"COMPANIONS OF THE BATH."—Soap and Towels.

A man's good fortune often turns his head: his bad fortune often averts his heart from the right way.

Why is a sensitive lover's absence upon her waits-guard, but it is more important that she keep watch and guard upon her charms?

It is a general thing to see roses and lilies gleaming upon a young lady's cheek, but a bad sign to see a man's face look cold in death.

Corkscrews have sunk more people than cork-jackets will ever keep up.

Laziness begins in cobwebs and ends in iron chains. It creeps over a man, and then imperceptibly that he is found tight before he knows it.

DR. FRANKLIN says that "every little fragment of the public domain, rightly tilled, is, in the measure the day broaks, set yourself at once to save the piece.

HOOD'S JOKES ON HERBERT.—"The very degrees to artificiality which have led to the decline of the pun, blint plainly of the "ills flesh is heir to;" my cooks have become great, and my confectioners have grown into learned, and by a worse bargain than Peter Schlemihl's, I seem to have received the shadow without the substance. Shadow, indeed, happens to germerate old pun wires, I am of a bad color and my nose is out of joint. Besides, my handwriting, with pen and pencil, in spite of the M.D.s, who ordered me to do nothing, is found fault with by the printers, the manuscript writing and drawing. Besides which, for all my ill-luck, big-nose, there is one man coming to draw me, and assuredly to model me, so if I were fat enough to feast. Luckily I am capital at cutting but my own throat, and if I decide to walking or standing, I am to be dashed to a block on my plan, which, by-the-way, have obtained into modern.

When you negotiate for a house having all the modern improvements, you will generally find that a mortgage is one of them.

What would this world be without women?—A perfect blank—like a sheet of paper, not even ruled.

HUMORS THE NEW SAINT.—"Hungry as a hunter," is not a bad comparison; at least, so thought a young Oxford friend of ours, as he was riding home on a hack hunter, after a long day with the V. W. H. Twenty miles to go, and an hour and forty minutes down the 'ole, would create an appetite under his ribs of death; and our young student, who was then on a cotton-spinner, was rather remarkable, even among the "good-grabbers," as having a peculiar trick of his own. Dismounting from his quadruped, and entering a small road-side inn, he begged the landlady to get something before him, "Something soon appeared in the shape of the remnants of a mutton-chop, over which our student began to work away. Young Nimrod was hard at it in the twinkling of a bat's e'e'e,' as the Scotch say, when Mrs. Stone, not liking to see his knife and fork fall much, but remained but a Pollen time. 'Mr. Arthur,' exclaimed the landlady, would have prevented Friend Waterhouse! Hawkins to rearrange. 'Capital fare!' quoth Hawkins, 'I never ate a heartier supper; wait to Granny Hinkin's cross-tarts. And pray what might you charge for your very good supper?' 'Why, sir,' said the host and hostess, and lots of things in it.'" And this, then, was the first young disciple of Izaak Walton, shortly balancing on his fork what appeared to be the vertebræ of a fish-fry. 'Mr. Arthur,' said the host, 'you are fish.' 'Why, dearie,' continued she, attentively examining the fragment of fish. 'Well, that is lucky! If I don't eat little fish's small-teeth comb, and I have been a-looking for it there ten days!'

MRS. Partington says that "when she was a gal she used to dance, and always kept a beau next her to save room. But now," says she, "the gals undergo all sorts of deformities. All sorts of contrivances upon heaven revolves on their dear selves." The old lady drew down her spoon, and thumbed her sister-in-law on the head like a mace, when men could depreciate the worth of the female sex. "Deformities, indeed," said she, "or many years we murdered everything that you gals must make beaus and get husbands as soon as you can, or else you won't be any left."

"Why so, aunt?"

"Why, child, in the paper that we must have got almost twelve thousand post-offices, and nearly all of 'em discontinued every day."

"Pray, Doctor Skrails, what sin birth is a horrorscope?" asked Mrs. Errington.

"Why, ahem!" replied the Doctor, "you perceives that when the maternal hour is so far procrastinated by a superabundant plenitude of sleepiness, melancholy sporties, mustardile, expectorant components of a crustacea-pectory salid and a few pints of alcoholic accidents, an unusual expansion of the stomachic integument ensues, which, in the purposes of distinguishing ordinary infirmities, makes correct functions, confuse the nerve-optic system, and gives a scope to the fancy."

"La me, how very strange!" said the old lady; "and pray, Doctor, meaning it is to have a baby?"

"Well, Dinah," said a would-be belle to a black girl, "they say beauty soon fades, but do you see any of my beauty fading?" "Why, missus, you always was pleased my complexion."

"No, no, miss, but den me kinder think—"

"Think what, Dinah? You're baithful."

"Oh, yes, missus, I'm baithful, but den me kinder takes me how mean don't retain her color quite so well as colored lady."

A lady asked her gardener why the weeds always outgrew and covered in the flowers? "Indeed, ma'am," he said, "the soil is mother of the weeds, but only step-mother of the flowers."

After casting a glance at our own weaknesses, how eagerly does our vanity console itself with deploring the infirmities of our friends!

A certain man says that one of his boys knows nothing, and the other does. The question is, which knows the most?

A *garrulous* boy, who had annoyed by his frivolous remarks his partner in the ball-room, among other empty things said to him that he had several times "put his foot in" his partner's dress. "No," was the reply, "but I've often had them bored!"

"What do you suppose," said a young man to one of a similar, looking on one of the new pieces, "is the cause of the cold, 'Cod by what is,' on the other, "The Commercial wealth of England."—"I say," said he, "God and the Commercial wealth of England, you mean."

NIGGER CONFUSION.—"Pose I shoot bullet two dead beast will him pistol, what ess I make beside round hole? Only him up? Why, I beat you a thistle."

FOREMOUTH.—Lady Margaret asked somebody for a pretty pattern for a night-cap.—"Well," said the person, "what pattern of nightcaps do you prefer?"—"Oh! child," said she, "but you know, in case of fire!"

AFFRAY IN BOSTON.

WE publish on page 788, from a sketch by a person who was present, a picture of the riot which took place on Boston Common, in Tremont Street, on the occasion of the attempt of Garrison, Redpath, Sanborn, Douglass, and other abolitionists to celebrate the anniversary of the execution of John Brown. No sooner had the abolitionists appeared in the hall than a number of citizens of Boston proceeded to organize the meeting. This was resisted by the abolitionists and a scuffle ensued; but the latter soon carried their point, and organized the meeting by electing Mr. Fay chairman. A disorderly mob then broke into Mr. Fay, in spite of frequent interruptions by Fred Douglass, and the following resolutions were put and carried:

1. That this is fitting year to celebrate the anniversary of the execution of John Brown for his practical and bloody efforts to create an insurrection among the slaves of Virginia, for the people of this Commonwealth have no sympathy with, nor express their horror of the men and of the principles which led to the forcy; therefore it is

2. *Resolved*, That we do virtuous and loyal citizens of this Commonwealth ought to countenance, sympathize with, or encourage persons with, any effort to subvert that John Brown and his aiders and abettors in that nefarious enterprise ought to be regarded as traitors.

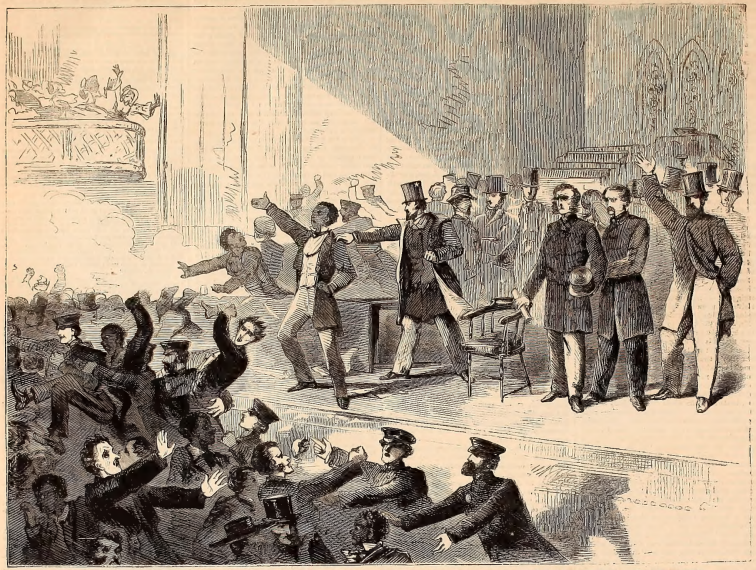
3. That the present perilous juncture in our political affairs, when the existence of the nation is imperiled, requires of every citizen who loves his country to come forward and to rally around the stars and the valor of the Union, alike important to the free labor of the North, the slave labor of the South, and to the interests of commerce, manufactures, and agriculture of the world.

4. That the people of this city and town in Virginia our warmest thanks for the conservative spirit they have manifested in the present crisis, the unanimity and harmony which made upon them by John Brown and his associates, setting at defiance the treasonable efforts of a few agitators, and a few fanatics of the North, to create a disturbance among us, and we hereby resolve to aid us in opposing the fanaticism which is now attempting to subvert the Constitution of the Union.

5. That the people of this city here submitted too long in allowing irresponsible individuals and political demagogues of every description to hold public meetings to disturb the public peace and misrepresent us abroad. They have become a nuisance, which in self-defense we are determined shall henceforward be summarily abated.

6. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to each of the persons named in the call for this meeting."

After the passage of the resolutions, speeches were made by Fred Douglass and others, and the meeting ended in the expulsion from the hall of the abolitionists and negroes by sheer force.



EXPULSION OF NEGROES AND ABOLITIONISTS FROM TREMONT TEMPLE, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS, ON DECEMBER 3, 1860.—[SEE PAGE 787.]

DEPARTURE OF THE ST. LOUIS BRIGADE FOR KANSAS, NOVEMBER 25, 1860.—[SEE PAGE 790.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by HARPER & BROTHERS, In the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A NOVEL.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

Splendidly Illustrated by John McLenan.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased from the Author by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."☜

CHAPTER VI.

My state of mind regarding the pilfering from which I had been so unexpectedly exonerated, did not impel me to frank disclosure; but, with it had some dregs of good at the bottom of it.

I do not recall that I felt any tenderness of conscience in reference to Mrs. Joe when the fear of being found out was lifted off me. But I loved Joe—perhaps for no better reason in those early days than because the dear fellow let me love him—and, as to him, my inner self was not so easily composed. It was much upon my mind (particularly when I first saw him looking about for his file) that I ought to tell Joe the whole truth. Yet I did not, and for the reason that I mistrusted that if I did he would think me worse than I was. The fear of losing Joe's confidence and of therefore losing him in the chimney corner at night staring drearily at my forever lost companion and friend, tied up my tongue. A morbidly sensitive state of mind that if Jo knew it, I never afterward could see him at the friendly feeling his fair whiting, without thinking that he was meditating on it. That if Joe knew it, I never afterward could see him glance, however casually, at yesterday's meat or pudding when it came on to-day's table, without thinking that he was debating whether I had been in the pantry. That if Joe knew it, and at any subsequent period of our joint domestic life remarked that his beer was flat or thick, the conviction that he suspected Tar in it would bring a rush of blood to my face. In a word, I was too young to do what I knew to be right, as I had been too cowardly to avoid doing what I knew to be wrong. I had had no intercourses with people at that time, and I mistrusted none of the host of people who act in this manner; quite an unthought capital, I made the discovery of the line of action for myself.

As I was sleepy before we were far away from the prison-ship, Joe took me on his back sometimes and carried me home. He must have had a tiresome journey of it, for Mr. Wopsle, being knocked up, was in such a very bad temper that if the Church had been thrown open he probably would have excommunicated the whole expedition, beginning with Joe and myself. In his simple lay capacity he simply persisted in sitting down in the dump to such an insane extent that, when his curt was taken off to be dried at the kitchen fire, the circumstantial evidence on his trousers would have hanged him if it had been a capital offence.

By that time I was staggering on the kitchen floor like a little drunkard, through having been newly set upon my feet, and through having been fast asleep, and through waking in the heat and lights and noise of tongues. As I came to myself (with the aid of a heavy thump between the shoulders, and the restorative exclamation of "Yah! Was there ever such a boy as this!" from my sister) I found Joe telling them about the convict's confession, and all the visitors suggesting different ways by which he had got into the pantry. Mr. Pumblechook made out, after carefully surveying the premises, that he had first got upon the roof of the forge, and had then got upon the roof of the house, and had then let himself down the kitchen chimney by a rope made of his bedding cut into strips; and as Mr. Pumblechook was very positive and drove his own chaise-cart—over every body—it was agreed that it must be so. Mr. Wopsle, indeed, wilfully cried out "No!" with the feeble malice of a tired man; but as he had no theory, and no cost on, he was unanimously set at naught—not to mention his smoking hard behind, as he stood with his back to the kitchen fire to draw the damp out, which was not calculated to inspire confidence.

The two all I heard that night before my sister clutched me, as a slumberous offence to the company's eyesight, and assisted me up to bed with such a strong hand that I seemed to have twenty boots on, and to be dangling them all against the edges of the stairs. My state of mind as I have described it, began before I was up in the morning, and lasted long after the subject had died out, and ceased to be mentioned saving on exceptional occasions.

CHAPTER VII.

At the time when I stood in the church-yard, reading the family tombstones, I had just enough learning to be able to spell them out. My construction even of their simple meaning was not very correct, "for I read "wife of the Above" as a customary reference to my father's association to a better world; and if any one of my deceased relations had been referred to as "Below," I have no doubt I should have formed the worst opinions of that member of the family. Neither were my notions of the theological conditions to which my Catechism bound me at all accurate, for I have a lively remembrance that I supposed my declaration that I was "to walk in the same all the days of my life" laid me under an obligation always to go through the village from our house in one particular direction, and never to vary it by turning down by the wheelwright's or up by the mill.

When I was old enough I was to be apprenticed to Joe, and until I could assume that dignity I was not to be what Mrs. Joe called "Pumpernickel," or pampered. Therefore, I was not only odd-boy about the forge, but if any neighbour happened to want an extra boy to frighten birds, or pick up stones, or do any such job, I was favored with the employment; but in order that our superior position might not be compromised thereby, a money-box was kept on the kitchen mantel-shelf, into which it was impolitely made known that all my earnings were dropped. I have an impression that they were to be contributed eventually toward the Parochial Clock of the National Debt, but I know I had no hope of any personal participation in the treasure.

Mr. Wopsle's great-aunt kept an evening school in the village; that is to say, she was an ancient woman of limited means and unlimited infirmity, who used to go to sleep from six to seven every evening, in the society of youth who paid twopence per week each for the improving opportunity of seeing her do it. She rented a three-roomed cottage, and Mr. Wopsle had the room up-stairs, where the schooling used to perchance him reading aloud in a most dignified and terrific manner, and occasionally bumping on the ceiling. There was a fiction that Mr. Wopsle "examined" the scholars once a quarter, but what form the examination took on the Passions, wherein I particularly venerated Mr. Wopsle as Fear, whistling to keep his courage up, I was not practically informed. It was in later life, when I fell into the society of the Passions, and compared them with Mr. Wopsle, rather to the disadvantage of both gentlemen.

Mr. Wopsle's great-aunt, besides keeping this Educational Institution, kept—in the same room—a little general shop. She had no idea what sort of stock, and rarely got any order for any thing in it was; but there was a little greasy memorandum-book kept in a drawer, which served as a Catalogue of Prices, and by this oracle Biddy arranged all the shop transactions. Biddy was Mr. Wopsle's great-aunt's granddaughter, and I confess myself quite unequal to the working out of the problem what relation she was to Mr. Wopsle. She was an orphan like myself; like me, too, had been brought up by hand. She was most noticeable, I thought, in respect of her extremities; for her hair always wanted brushing, her hands always wanted washing, and her shoes always wanted mending and pulling up by the heel. This description must be received, however, with a week-day limitation. On Sundays she went to church elaborated.

Much of my unassisted self, and more by the help of Biddy than of Mr. Wopsle's great-aunt, I wrestled through the alphabet as if it had been a bramble-bush; getting considerably worried and scratched in the process. Biddy, after I fell among those thieves, the nine figures, who seemed every evening to do something new to disguise themselves and their operations, took me next with my slate, expending great efforts on the production of a letter for which I think I must have been a full year after our hunt upon the marshes, for it was a long time after, and it was winter and a hard frost. With an alphabet on the hearth at my feet for reference, I contrived in an hour or two to print and smear this opinion:

"MI DEER JO i OFE U R KRWIFE WELL i OPE i SHAL SOON B HABLE 2 TEECH U TO AN THEN WE SHOEL B SO GLORD AN WE SI M PRENGD 2 U JO WOT LARX AN LOVE ME I REMAIN DEER PIP."

There was no indispensable necessity for my communicating with Joe by letter, inasmuch as he sat beside me and we were alone. But I delivered this written communication (slate and all) with my own hand, and Joe received it as a miracle of erudition.

"I say, Pip, old chap!" cried Joe, opening his blue eyes wide, "what a scholar you are! An't you?"

"I should like to be," said I, glancing at the slate as he held it, with a misgiving that the writing was rather hilly.

"Why, here's a J," said Joe, "and a O equal to anythink! Here's a J and a O, Pip, and a JO, Joe."

I had never heard Joe read aloud to any greater extent than this monosyllable, and I had observed at church last Sunday when I accidentally held our Prayer-Book upside down, that it seemed to suit his convenience quite as well as if it had been right. Wishing to embrace the present occasion of finding out whether in teaching Joe I should have to begin quite at the beginning, I said, "Ah! But read the rest, Joe."

"The rest, eh, Pip?" said Joe, looking at it with a slowly awakening eye. "One, two, three. Why, here's three Js and three Os, and three J-Os, less in it, Pip!"

I leaned over Joe, and, with the aid of my forefinger, read him the whole letter.

"Astonishing!" said Joe, when I had finished. "You are a scholar."

"How do you spell Gargery, Joe?" I asked him, with a modest patronage.

"I don't spell it at all," said Joe.

"But supposing you did?"

"It can't be supposed," said Joe. "But I'm uncommon fond of reading, too."

"Are you, Joe?"

"On-common. Give me," said Joe, "a good book, or a good newspaper, and sit me down afore a good fire, and I ask no better. Lord!" he continued, after rubbing his knees a little, "when you do come to a J and a O, and says you, 'Here's a J and a O, Joe,' how interesting reading is!"

I derived from this that Joe's education, like steam, was yet in its infancy. Pursuing the subject, I inquired:

"Didn't you ever go to school, Joe, when you were as little as me?"

"No, Pip."

"Why didn't you ever go to school, Joe, when you were as little as me?"

"Well, Pip," said Joe, taking up the poker and settling himself to his usual occupation when he was thoughtful, of slowly raking the fire between the bars: "I was a-going, I see, two interesting reading is!"

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"Were you, Joe?"

"Consequence—my mother and me we ran away from your sister several times; and then my mother she'd go out to work, and she'd say, 'Joe,' she'd say, 'now, please God, you shall have schooling, child,' and she'd put me to school. But my father were that good in his hart that he couldn't abear to be without us. So he'd come with a most tremenjious crowd and make such a row at the doors of the houses where we was put, as they used to be obligated to have no more to do with us and to give us up to him. And then he took us home and hammered me. Which your sister, Pip," said Joe, pausing in his meditative raking of the fire, and looking at me, "you have had a good deal to say concerning, I'm sure."

"Certainly, poor Joe!"

"Though mind you, Pip," said Joe, with a judicial touch or two of the poker on the bar, "rendering unto all their due, and maintaining equal justice betwixt man and man, my father were that good in his hart, don't you see?"

I didn't see; but I didn't say so.

"Well!" Joe pursued, "somebody must keep the pot a-biling, Pip, or the pot won't bile, don't you know?"

I saw that, and said so.

"Consequence—my father didn't make objections to my going to work; so I went to work at my present calling, which were his too, if he would have followed it, and it weren't tolerable hard, I assure you, Pip. In time I were able to keep him, and I kep him till he were cut off in a purple lepric fit, And it were my intentions to have had a put upon his tombstone that Whatsumever the failings on his part, Remember reader he were dear good in his hart."

Joe recited this couplet with such manifest pride and careful perspicuity that I asked him if he had made it himself?

"I made it," said Joe, "my own self. I made it in a moment. It was like striking out a horseshoe complete in a single blow. I never see so much surprised in all my life —couldn't credit my own eyes—tell you the truth, hardly believed it was my own self. As I was saying, Pip, it were my intentions to have had it cut over him; but poetry costs money, cut it how you will, small or large, and it were not done. Not to mention brevers, all the money that could be spared were wanted for my mother. She were in poor clth, and quite broke. She weren't long of following, poor soul, and her share of peace come round at last."

Joe's blue eyes turned a little watery: he rubbed, first one of them, and then the other, in a most uncongenial and uncomfortable manner, with the round knob on the top of the poker.

"If it were but lonesome then," said Joe, "living here alone, and I got acquainted with your sister. Now, Pip," Joe looked firmly at me, as if he knew I was not going to agree with him, "your sister is a fine figure of a woman."

I could not help looking at the fire, in an obvious state of doubt.

"Whatever family opinions, or whatever the world's opinions, on that subject may be, Pip, your sister is a fine figure of a woman. I tell you the poker after every word following—"a fine figure—of—a—woman!"

I could think of nothing better to say than "I am glad you think so, Joe."

"So am I," returned Joe, catching me up. "I am glad I think so, Pip. A little redness, or a little matter of Bone, here or there, what does it signify to Me?"

I sagaciously observed, if it didn't signify to him, to whom did it signify?

"Certainly!" assented Joe. "That's it. You're right, old chap! When I got acquainted with your sister, it were the talk how she was bringing you up by hand. Very kind of her too, all the folks said, and I said, along with all the folks. As to you," Joe pursued, with a countenance expressive of seeing something very nasty indeed: "if you could have been aware how small and flabby and mean you was, dear me, you'd have formed the most contemptible opinions of yourself!"

Not exactly relishing this, I said, "Never mind me, Joe."

"But I did mind you, Pip," he returned, with tender simplicity. "When I offered to your sister to keep company, and to be asked in church at such times as she was willing and ready to come to the forge, I said to her, 'And bring the poor little child. God bless the poor little child,' I said to your sister, 'there's room for him at the forge!'"

I broke out crying and begging pardon, and hugged Joe round the neck; who dropped the poker to hug me, and to say, "Ever the best of friends; don't cry, Pip! Don't cry, old chap!"

When this little interruption was over, Joe resumed:

"Well, you see, Pip, and here we are! That's about where it lights; here we are! Now, when you take me in hand in my learning, Pip (and I shall you flattering myself a good deal, most awful dull), Mrs. Joe mustn't see too much of what we're up to. It must be done, as I may say, on the sly. And why on the sly? I'll tell you why, Pip."

He had taken up the poker again; without which, I doubt if he could have proceeded in his demonstration.

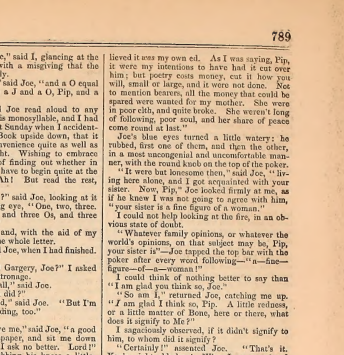
"Your sister is given to government."

"Given to government, Joe?" I was startled, for I had some shadowy idea (and I am afraid I must add, hope) that Joe had divorced her in favor of the Lords of the Admiralty, or Treasury.

"Given to government," said Joe. "Which I meantersay the government of you and myself."

"Oh!"

"And she an't over partial to having scholars on the premises," Joe continued, "and in particular would be over partial to my being a scholar, for fear as I might rise. Like a sort of rebel, don't you see?"



"AT SUCH TIMES AS YOUR SISTER IS ON THE RAM-PAGE, PIP."

I was going to retort with an inquiry, and had got as far as "Why—" when Joe stopped me.

"Stay a bit. I know what you're a going to say, Pip; stay a bit! I don't deny that your sister comes the Mo-gul over us, now and again. I don't deny that she do throw us falls, and that she do drop down upon us heavy. At such times as your sister is on the Ram-page, Pip," Joe sank his voice to a whisper and glanced at the door, "under compulsion I've to admit that she is a Buster."

Joe pronounced this word as if it began with at least twelve capital Bs.

"Why don't I rise? That were your observation when I broke it off, Pip?"

"Yes, Joe."

"Well," said Joe, passing the poker into his left hand, that he might feel his whisker; and I had no hope of him when he took to that placid occupation; "your sister's a master-mind. A master-mind."

"What's that?" I asked, in some hope of bringing him round. But Joe was readier with his definition than I had expected, and completely stopped me by arguing circularly and answering with a broad look, "Her."

"And I an't a master-mind," Joe resumed, when his hand unfixed his look, and got it to his whisker. "And it last of all, Pip—and this I want to say very soreus to you, old chap—I see so much as your mother of a master-mind, a-thinking, and slaving, and breaking her honest heart, and never getting no peace in her morral days, that I'm dead afeerd of going your way. I'm not of not doing what's right by a woman, and I'd far rather of the two go wrong the t'other way and be a little discountenanced myself. I wish it was only me that got put out, Pip; I wish there was no Tickler for no one but me. I wish I could take it all on myself; but this is the up-and-down-and-straight on it, Pip, and I hope you'll overlook my choice comings."

Young as I was, I believe that I dated a new admiration of Joe from that night. We were equals always, as we had been before; but afterward at quiet times, when I sat looking at Joe and thinking about him, I had a more definite notion of feeling conscious that I was looking up to Joe in my heart.

"However," said Joe, rising to replenish the fire, "here's the Dutch-clock a working himself up to being equal to striking Eight o'ten, and she's not come home yet! I lay that Pumblechook's mare mayn't have set a forefoot on a piece of dirty road, then down."

Mrs. Joe made occasional trips with Uncle Pumblechook on market days, to assist him in buying such articles and stuffs and groceries as required a woman's judgment; Uncle Pumblechook being a bachelor and reposing no confidence in female servants. This was one such day, and Mrs. Joe was out on one of these expeditions.

Joe made the fire and swept the hearth, and then we went out to listen for the chaise-cart. It was a dry, cold night, and the wind blew keenly, and the frost was white and hard. A man would die to-night of lying out on the marshes, I thought; and I looked at the stars, and felt very solemn, and considered how awful it would be for a man to turn his face up to them as he froze to death, and see no help or pity in the whole glittering multitude.

"Here comes the mare," said Joe, "ringing like bells!"

The sound of her iron shoes upon the hard road was quite musical, as she came along at a much brisker trot than usual. We got a chair ready for Mrs. Joe's alighting, and stirred up the fire that her node might see a bright one, and took a final survey of the kitchen that nothing might be out of place. When we had completed these preparations they drove up, wrapped to the eyes. Mrs. Joe was soon landed, and Uncle Pumblechook was soon down, covering the mare with a cloth, and we were soon all in the kitchen, carrying so much cold air in with us that it seemed to drive all the heat out of the fire.

"Now," said Mrs. Joe, unwrapping herself with haste and excitement, and throwing her bonnet back on her shoulders where it hung by the strings, "if this boy ar's grateful this night, he never will be!"

"I looked as grateful as any boy possibly could who was busily uninformed why he ought to be grateful.

"It's only to be surprised," said my sister, "that he won't be Perpetuated. But I have my fears."

"She an't in that line, manj" said Mr. Pumblechook. "Don't know better."

She? I looked at Joe, making the motion with my lips and eyebrows, "She?" Joe looked at me, making the motion with his lips and eyebrows, "She?" My sister catching him in the act, Joe rubbed the back of his hand across his face with his usual conciliatory air on such occasions, and looked at her.

"Well," said my sister in her snappish way, "Is the house a-fire?"

"Which some individual," Joe politely hinted, "mentioned—she."

"And she is a she, I suppose?" said my sister. "Unless your name is Miss Havisham it an't. And I doubt if even you'll go so far as that."

"Miss Havisham, up town?" said Joe.

"Is there any Miss Havisham down town?" returned my sister. "She wants this boy to go and play there. And of course he's going. And he had better play there," said my sister, shaking her head at me as an encouragement to be extremely light and sportive, "or I'll work him.

I had heard of Miss Havisham up town—every body for miles round had heard of Miss Havisham up town—as an immensely rich and grim old lady, who lived in a large and dismal house barricaded against robbers, and who led a life of seclusion.

"Well to be sure!" said Joe, astounded. "I wonder how she come to know Pip?"

"Noodle!" cried my sister. "Who said she knew him?"

—"Which some individual," Joe again politely hinted, "mentioned that she wanted him to play with Estella?"

"And couldn't she ask Uncle Pumblechook if he knew of a boy to go and play? But it is just barely possible that Uncle Pumblechook may be a tenant of hers, and that he may sometimes—just sometimes, mind you—rent a pew. Is that would be requiring too much of you—but sometimes—go there to pay his rent? And couldn't she then ask Uncle Pumblechook if he knew of a boy to go and play there? And couldn't Uncle Pumblechook, actuated by every conscientious and thoughtful for us—though you may not think it, Joseph," in a tone of the deepest reproach, as if he were the most callous of mortals, "then mention this boy, standing Prancing here"—which I solemnly declare I was not doing—"that I have been for over a month a-hinting to?"

"Good again!" cried Joe, with unbounded admiration. "Well put! Prettily pointed! Good indeed! Now Joseph, you know the case."

"No, Joseph don't know the case, still in a reproachful manner, while Joe apologetically drew the back of his hand across and across his nose, as if he were mentally substituting it for the file. "I know the case. You may consider that you do, but you do not, Joseph. For you do not know that Miss Havisham, which has brought up this boy expressly to please herself, has offered to take him into town to-night in his own chaise-cart, and to keep him to-night, and to take him back to-morrow, and to keep him a bench to-morrow morning, and to give him wittles in the mean time. Which wittles will be sent in by me!" cried my sister, casting off her bonnet in sudden descent upon the table, and untying the mere Mooncalfs, with Uncle Pumblechook waiting, and the mare champing cold on the door, and the boy grimed with work and dirt from the hair of his head to the sole of his foot!"

With that she seized me, as if, like an eagle on a lamb, and my face was forced into wooden bowls in sinks, and my head was put under taps of water-butts, and I was soaped and kneaded, and towelled, and thumped, and harrowed, and rasped, until I really was quite beside myself. If I may have occasion yet I hope to have a still better acquainted than any living authority with the indign ities that can be inflicted upon a boy sympathetically over the human countenance.)

When my ablutions were completed, I was put into clean linen of the stiffest character, like a young penitent into sackcloth, and was trussed up in my tightest and fearfullest suit. I was then delivered over to Uncle Pumblechook, who formally received me as if he were the Sheriff, and who let upon me the hands of the clock (I knew he had been dying to make all along).

"Boy, be forever grateful to all friends, but especially to them which brought you up by hand!"

"Good-by, Joe!"

"God bless you, Pip, old chap!"

I had never parted from him before, and what with my feelings and what with soap-suds I could at first see no stars from which to steer. But they twinkled out one by one, without throwing any light by which I could see my way on earth I was going to play at Miss Havisham's, and what on earth I was expected to play at.

DEPARTURE OF THE ST. LOUIS BRIGADE FOR KANSAS.

We engrave on page 789, from a sketch obligingly furnished us by a correspondent, the departure of the St. Louis Brigade for the Kansas frontier, on 25th November. The Brigade was ordered out in consequence of the Montgomery outrages; and time being pressing, the march began on Sunday morning. The St. Louis *Democrat* thus describes the scene:

"By ten o'clock the various commands were marching to the Second Street rendezvous. The companies of the First Regiment formed in line on Sixth Street, and were saluted by the officers of the companies of the Second Regiment gathered between Fourth and Sixth on Walnut. As the companies presented, and came to a shoulder, the great difficulty was experienced in finding room for the most necessary articles to be carried in the wagons of the commandants along the line. The Brigade staff was performing similar duties on the north side of Chestnut and Sixth streets; while the anxious members of the staff generally were almost compelled to take over the things that every where impeded them.

"The Brigade line at last was formed, column and line order on Sixth Street, under Brigadier-General Frost and his aids, in accordance with programme. Not only were the streets completely jammed with spectators, but windows, piazzas, awnings and roofs of houses in the vicinity were filled with eager lookers-on. The sight was well worth seeing. Nearly two thousand handsomely drilled members, and in full fatigue dress, laden with the travelling encumbrances of war, presented an unusual and rather unique appearance."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, December 3, the United States Congress met at Washington, being the second session of the thirty-sixth Congress. As on other occasions, the Senate was led by Vice-President Breckinridge, and a quorum being present, a message was, on motion, received from the House reporting that the Senate was ready for business. A Joint Committee was also appointed to wait upon the President to state that Congress was ready to receive any communication he had to make.——In the House, after prayer by the Chaplain, the Senate's message was received and a Joint Committee appointed. Mr. Grow moved the reconsideration of the vote disposing of the Homestead Bill. Before the question was put, the vote drawn for seats, and the House adjourned.

On Tuesday, December 4, in the Senate, the President's Message was read. A strong sensation speech was made by Senator Clingman, who was followed by Senator Crittenden with a strong conservative speech. The usual number of copies of the Message were ordered to be printed, and the Senate adjourned.——In the House, the Message was read, and Mr. Sherman moved. He reference to the Committee of Ways and Means. Mr. Corwin took exception of that part which refers to the perilous condition of the country to a Committee of one from each State. Various amendments were suggested by Messrs. McClernand, Sherman, Morris, and others, but were withdrawn. Messrs. Singleton of Mississippi, Jones of Georgia, Hawkins of Florida, and Clopton and Moore of Alabama, declined to vote, as their States were, in their opinion, already out of the Union. The House then adjourned (yeas 145 to 38. Mr. Morris tried to introduce a resolution declaring that the Union was not an agreement between, moved and carried.

On Wednesday, December 5, in the Senate, Senator Powell, of Kentucky, moved that so much of the President's Message as relates to the domestic troubles of the country be referred to a Select Committee. The motion was agreed to, and Senators Powell, Crittenden, Bigler, introduced a resolution for the establishment of an armed force to protect the property of Free States, for the maintenance of general peace, the prevention of the invasion of one State by citizens of another, and for the effective extention of the Fugitive Slave Law. It was made the order of the day for Monday next.——In the House, Mr. Sherman, then quoted debate on the impending crisis in the Union, and Mr. Corwin, of Ohio, moved the appointment of a Committee of thirty-three, to which all matters relating thereto, and others.——In the House, the Homestead Bill, and the Military Academy Bill, and the Naval Academy Appropriation bills, were passed without debate. After referring many matters to appropriate Committees, the House agreed to print standing committees the House adjourned.

On Thursday, December 6, in the Senate, Senator Latham presented a memorial in favor of a daily overland mail to California. Senator Wilson moved the reference of the President's Message as relates to the present agitated condition of the country, and the grievances complained of to the above-named Committee of thirteen. Senator Seward moved to amend the motion by referring the message to a committee to be instructed to inquire whether any additional legislation should be recommended, the sphere of federal authority and duty will its necessary for the protection and security of the rights of persons and property, both of the part by this; and that the said committee be also instructed to report whether it is expedient or is deemed expedient to propose an amendment or amendments to the Constitution of the United States, to insure a prompt and full protection to the rights and property of citizens of every State in the Union, and to secure the equality of the States, and insure the equal rights of the citizens aforesaid under the federal Constitution, and for the purpose.——In the House, Mr. Morris of Pennsylvania gave notice that on Monday he would introduce a resolution declaring the Union perpetual. A bill was reported by Mr. Cobb, consisting of two sections, for the admission into State of the public lands; passed. The Speaker announced the following as the special committee under Mr. Boteler's resolution:

States.	Names.	Politics.
Alabama.....	George S. Houston, Democrat.	
Georgia.....	Howell Cobb, Democrat.	
Connecticut.....	Orris S. Ferry, Republican.	
California.....	John C. Burch, Democrat.	
Delaware	William G. Whilley, Democrat.	
Florida.....	James Dowell, Jr., Democrat.	
Georgia.....	Martin J. Crawford, Democrat.	
Illinois.....	Wm. A. Denio, Democrat.	
Indiana.....	John L. Robinson, Republican.	
Iowa.....	Samuel R. Curtis, Republican.	
Kentucky.....	John C. Mason, Southern Opposition.	
Louisiana.....	Miles Taylor, Democrat.	
Massachusetts.....	John A. Andrew, Republican.	
Mississippi.....	Reuben Davis, Democrat.	
Maine.....	John Lynch, Republican.	
Michigan.....	William A. Howard, Republican.	
Minnesota.....	Wm. Phillips, Democrat.	
Maryland.....	H. Winter Davis, Southern Opposition.	
New Hampshire.....	Thomas M. Edwards, Republican.	
New York.....	James Humphrey, Republican.	
New Jersey.....	John T. Nixon, Republican.	
New Hampshire.	Mason W. Tappan, Republican.	
North Carolina..	Wm. N. H. Smith, Democrat.	
Ohio.....	Thomas Corwin, Republican chairman.	
Oregon.....	Lansing Stout, Democrat.	
Pennsylvania ..	Jas. H. Campbell, Republican.	
Rhode Island..	Christopher Robinson, Republican.	
South Carolina..	Wm. W. Boyce, Democrat.	
Tennessee.....	John H. Crisman, Southern Opposition.	
Texas.....	A. J. Hamilton, Democrat.	
Vermont.....	Solomon Foot, Republican.	
Virginia.....	John S. Millson, Democrat.	
Wisconsin.....	C. C. Washburn, Republican.	

Mr. Hawkins, of Florida, begged to be excused. A strong debate followed, in which Mr. Jos. Holt, Secretary of War, took part, and pending the appeal, on motion of Mr. Millson, of Virginia, the House adjourned.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

Hon. James Buchanan, President of the United States, sent in his Message, at the opening of Congress, on the 3d. North with Southern institutions has at last led to its natural consequences. Secession—Peace, however, it is hoped yet be restored. The election of Lincoln does not of itself justify secession. The only ground of any pretext for the act has ever passed Congress that is both of the South have been violated by Northern legislation. The Dred Scott decision proves that the territories are and remain open to slavery. The Message protested, and says that the only legal injury inflicted upon the South has been the passage by Northern States of laws nullifying the Fugitive Slave Law. If these are not repealed, the South will be justified in dissolving the Confederacy. The Message goes on to say that the Union being in its nature perpetual, no State can lawfully secede except for the causes mentioned. No acts, however, right every State enjoys the right of revolution. The Federal Government is one of delegated, not, at present, in South Carolina, he can not perform that duty, for no power has been delegated to him; he can collect no revenue, but nothing more. In his opinion Congress has no power to coerce a State into submission. And as it is, it had the power it would be unwise to exert it. The Message concludes with a plan suggested to the patriotism of the South to forbear in the purpose of Disunion, and recommends an amendment to the Constitution. The explanatory amendment might be confined to the final settlement of the slavery question, and to the following effect three special points:

1. To recognize the recognition of the right of property in slaves in the States where it now exists or may hereafter exist.

2. To protect this property during this right in all the common Territories throughout their territorial existence, and until they shall be admitted into the Union as States, with or without slavery, as their constitutions may prescribe.

3. To recognize the right of the master to take his fugitive slave, who has escaped from one State to another, to and use it "delivered up" in all cases in which the duty of the Fugitive Slave Law enacted for this purpose, together with a declaration that the laws have imparting or obstructing this right are violations of the Constitution, and are consequently null and void.

Passing to our foreign relations, the President observes that our relations with Great Britain are friendly, and Clayton-Bulwer disputes and the right of search question have not been settled, but are now in a train which is under discussion. France is also friendly, and has admitted our claims to the Island of Navassa. Spain and Portugal can not be seized in France for military service. After a long debate, the Senate adjourned. In the House, after the President reiterates his argument in favor of the purchase of Cuba, and declares that Chile are satisfactory, the Chinese have paid an indemnity of $700,000 for American claims, and the parties injured are being paid. The Treaty of Tien-tsin is fairly carried out by the Chinese. The treaty with Japan has not yet ratified. Mexico our relations are very complicated; treaties are before the Senate for the adjustment which may improve them. But the condition of that republic is very disheartening. No stable government established in Kansas and Utah. The expenses of Government are being reduced; but the income is falling off, and the debt is increasing. [Details of the finances will be found in the report of the Secretary of the Treasury.] The African Slave-trade has been suppressed by the Navy, and no slaver has been imported to the United State. The President concluded with the recommendation that the Pacific Railroad be built, that a new tariff be framed, and that additional duties be imposed duties, that Gonsalvo Vanderbilt be compensated for carrying the mail without a contract, and that the people of Kansas be relieved from the present famine.

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.

Hon. Howell Cobb, Secretary of the Treasury, reports that on 30th June last the public debt amounted to $44,910,677, including $17,734,000 of Treasury notes. On 30th June, 1861, the same debt is computed to $68,784,000, including $28,153,000 of Treasury notes. On 30th June, 1862, the public debt will be $80,000,000, including $30,000,000 of Treasury notes. Since then coming into office the present Administration, and have pointed him out to raise the money to do so the Government has sold $19,000,000 of 6 per cents, and 8 per cents. From the larges of $8,591,000 of this $16,000,000 have paid up under its first call; the latest column of the remaining $3,000,000 are delinquent, and decline to take up their bonds. The Secretary says that the Government does not have the stock sold for their account. By January 1, over a million and a half will be required to be paid on account on the public debt; and between this and then large sums will be required to be paid on account of interest. To redeem over five millions of maturing Treasury notes. The Committee of Ways and Means is therefore considering no such revision as the one which has now overtaken the Senate. Senator, in authorizing the issue of $17,000,000 of 6 per cents to redeem these Treasury notes, and provide for the expected deficiencies of revenue. Of these, as we said, the Department disposed, on the 23d of November, of $16,000,000. The Secretary says that the amount required for the next so far as the remaining $17,000,000 are concerned, will be $3,000,000 besides this to meet the loans on the 1st of January. For the purpose, in order to give a higher rank to these Treasury notes, he asks for authority to issue for their engagements. The current expenditure for the year 1859–60 was $69,346,674, including $4,605,000 of post-office deficiency and $3,000,000 of The Secretary estimates that the expense of the two succeeding years will be $69,000,000 each year. The estimated revenue for these two years are $65,388,000 for the year 1860–61, and $66,000,000 for 1861–62. This, however, is irrespective of the present revulsion, which cripples trade, and consequently the revenue. Hence the Government's concern. The following tables will show the Expenditures and the Revenue from Customs for the last ten years:

Years.	Expenditure.	Revenue from Customs.
1851–52.....	$46,712,018	$47,339,326
1852–53.....	48,005,885	49,101,274
1853–54.....	59,473,719	64,224,190
1854–55.....	51,064,779	58,931,865
1855–56.....	72,720,843	64,022,864
1856–57.....	71,187,746	63,875,905
1857–58 (new tariff)	63,062,158	41,789,659
1858–59.....	69,346,674	49,565,616
1859–60 (estimated)...	69,346,926	53,187,195
1860–61 (estimated)...	69,000,000	65,388,000

The following is the budget for the past and the current years:

Balance, July 1, 1859.....	$4,339,725
Customs.....	49,101,274
Public lands.....	1,779,785
Treasury notes and loans.....	16,276,000
Miscellaneous.....	1,011,084
Total.....	$81,537,369
Expenditures, $77,402,103, as follows:	
Civil, foreign intercourse, etc.....	$27,562,571
Interior Department.....	3,153,000
War Department.....	16,490,767
Navy Department.....	10,195,765
Public debt.....	17,618,628
Total.....	$77,402,103
Balance in the Treasury, June 30, 1860..	$3,629,207
For the first quarter of fiscal year ending June 30, 1861, the receipts were.....	16,719,700
Estimated for the remaining three quarters:	
Customs.....	$40,000,000
Public lands.....	1,250,000
Miscellaneous.....	1,000,000
Loan authorized June 22, '60	21,000,000
Total.....	64,000,000
	$84,348,907

EXPENDITURES.

First quarter.....	$16,543,473
Three remaining quarters (estimated) ...	67,580,033
Total.....	$84,103,105

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY OF WAR.

Hon. John B. Floyd reports that the strength of the army is the same as it was last year, and that it has been entirely employed in protecting the Texas frontier, and in the defence of Kiowas on the Kansas River by Lieut. Col. Sumner, in that of the Sioux by Colonel A. S. Hoyt, and it is recommended that the Indian Bureau be under the direction of the War Office. The Secretary recommends the establishment of a Fort Buchanan, on Fort Benson, on the Missouri, has been tried by troops, and has been found unsuitable. An improvement in the Yuma which would render it only second to a Pacific railroad. It is recommended that a survey be made in use by the Government troops be relied; that fresh provision be made for the Military Academy; that a national armory be established; and that the army be supplied with breech-loading rifles. The Secretary says that a Wood Fight has been prolonged for five years. A steamer is wanted on Puget's Sound. The rest of the report refers to matters of detail.

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.

Hon. Isaac Toucey, Secretary of the Navy, reports that the number of officers and men employed to maintain the sailing vessels of the United States navy recommend the appointment of 1,000 apprentices to be taken annually, but do not recommend the application of steam to the brigs, sloops, and frigates. The recommend the increase of the navy, and appropriations for the repair of vessels and the construction of new ones. The Coast Survey employs fifty-five midshipmen graduated in June, and 90 were admitted. The Naval Academy at Annapolis has been successfully conducted with vigor; during the year 12 slavers have been seized, and 313 Africans rescued. The African squadron is commanded by Flag-officer Joseph M. Jarvis, has consisted, during the year, of the *Saratoga*, *Portsmouth*, *Constellation*, *Jamestown*, *Sidney*, *Dolphin*, *Marion*, *Vincennes*, *St. Louis*, *Pembroke*, *Preble*, *Pawnee*, *Iroquois*, *Mohican*, *Wyandotte*, *Crusader*, and *Mystic* steamers. The Brazil squadron, under the command of Flag-officer Joshua R. Sands, has consisted of the *Roanoke*, *Lancaster*, *Lapidia*, *Perry*, *Bainbridge*, and *Pulaski*. The Mediterranean squadron, commanded by Flag-officer William Mervine Bell, has consisted of the *Ribault*, *Macedonian*, *Marion*, and *Dale*. The African squadron, under the command of Flag-officer William Inman, has consisted of the *Constitution*, *Vincennes*, *Saratoga*, *Constellation*, *Marion*, *Mahican*, *Saratoga*, *Sumpter*, and *Mystic*. The East India squadron, under the command of Flag-officer J. R. Montgomery, has consisted of the *Lancaster*, *Saranac*, *Hartford*, *St. Mary's*, *Portsmouth*, *Levant*, *Preble*, *Supply*, *Narragansett*, *Fredonia*, and *Warren*. The Gulf Coast squadron, commanded by Flag-officer W. B. Shubrick, has comprised the *Hartford*, *Germantown*, *Saginaw*, *Water Witch*, and *Wyandotte*. The report further includes to the Japanese visit, and the voyage of the *Niagara* with the Prince of Wales; of the Lieutenant Strain, on the exploration of the Parana by Commander Page; to the exploration of the Dead Sea by Lieut. Lynch; to the Paraguay Expedition on the report of Lieut. Gilliss; to the expedition of Lieutenant Herndon's survey of the coast of Japan, etc. The expenditures for the naval service during the year ending June 30, 1860, were $11,677,251, a decrease of about $3,000,000 from the preceding year. For the current year the estimates are $11,710,195; for the year following, $11,460,195.

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR.

Hon. J. Thompson, Secretary of the Interior, reports that during the year ending 30th June last, and the quarter ending 30th September last, 16,365,351 acres were purchased by the Government, and 1,949,760 sold. The Secretary approves the present land system. After

referring to some local matters, he alludes to the controversy with Great Britain respecting lands in Washington Territory claimed by the late Hudson's Bay Company, and recommends a final survey and settlement. The Indians have generally been at peace with us, with the exception of the Snakes and the Kiowas. The colonization system has proved a failure. The number of United States pensioners is now 11,284, drawing $1,001,018 from Government annually. During the year, 5638 patents were issued, and 841 caveats filed. The census progresses satisfactorily, and the returns show the usual increase in population and wealth. Means should be taken to ascertain the amount of domestic trade between the States. Legislation is needed to obviate the expense and inhumanity now involved in the execution of the present laws against the slave-trade; it is difficult, however, to suggest a change in consequence of the prejudice existing among the people on the subject. Allusion is made to the non-representation of the District of Columbia in Congress, and to the necessity for new court accommodations and a new jail. The Fort Kearney, South Pass, and Honey Lake Wagon-road is now completed. The surveys of the boundaries between the United States and Texas, and California are progressing satisfactorily.

REPORT OF THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL.

Hon. J. Holt, Postmaster-General, reports that, on 30th June last, there were in this country 8502 mail routes, altogether 240,594 miles long; that the annual transportation of mails was 74,724,776 miles, at a cost of $8,808,710—being a decrease from the year previous of 9 per cent. in transportation and 7 per cent. in cost. The number of post-offices in the United States is 28,498, a decrease of 41 from the year previous. The following statement shows the revenue, expenditure, and deficiency of the Postal Department for the last eight years:

Years.	Expenditures.	Revenues.	Deficiencies.
1853.....	$7,982,756 59	$5,940,724 70	$2,042,031 89
1854.....	8,577,424 12	6,955,586 22	1,621,837 90
1855.....	9,968,342 29	7,342,136 13	2,626,206 16
1856.....	10,407,868 18	7,620,821 66	2,787,046 52
1857.....	11,507,670 16	8,053,951 76	3,453,718 40
1858.....	12,721,636 56	8,186,792 86	4,534,843 70
1859.....	14,964,493 33	7,968,484 07	6,996,009 26
1860.....	14,874,772 89	9,218,067 40	5,656,705 49
1861.....	15,665,135 04	9,676,711 00	5,988,424 04
1862.....	14,955,535 23	10,388,934 60	4,568,600 63

The aggregate amount of postage on United States and European mails last year was $1,376,402, rather more than half of which was taken by the Cunard line. With the Pacific States we have no line which has a mail contract; Commodore Vanderbilt carries the mails under a promise from the President to recommend that Congress reimburse him. The custom of notifying by the Postal Department parties who post unpaid letters has now ceased. The penny post has gone into operation; but in Philadelphia the Department is involved in a lawsuit with a private carrier, who has obtained a judgment in his favor in a primary Court; and in small towns the rate of pay allowed—one cent—is too small to reward the carrier. Further legislation is recommended on these points. The system of registered letters is a failure, as it provides no additional security, and tempts knaves. Reference is made to the defalcation of Isaac V. Fowler, amounting to $170,947, and to the suit pending against his bondsmen; to the necessity for a uniform rate of five cents for ship letters, and ten cents for letters to Cuba and Mexico; to the purchase of land for Post-offices at New York and Philadelphia, and to other minor matters.

THE LEGISLATURE OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

This Legislature has declared it inexpedient to fill the vacancies in the United States Senate. The House has passed a bill authorizing the Governor to call into service 10,000 volunteers. Mr. Marshall said the State had 382 infantry companies, 50 cavalry, 18 artillery, and 62 rifle companies, making 131 battalions, 56 regiments, 14 brigades, and five divisions. Mr. M'Gowan said the total military force was 65,000. The election of delegates to the Convention has taken place.

A bill was submitted on 7th, in the Legislature, providing holidays to be observed thereafter in the State on June 28, the anniversary of the battle of Fort Moultrie, Good Friday, Christmas, January 1, Thanksgiving and Fast Days, omitting the Fourth of July.

THE LEGISLATURE OF GEORGIA.

In the Legislature of Georgia the bill authorizing the suspension of specie payments by the Banks has passed over the Governor's veto. Resolutions declaring Georgia out of the Union were lost in the House. Resolutions calling for a Convention of the Southern States were also lost. Georgia will probably act alone.

Mr. Fulton, of Columbia, offered resolutions in the House on 7th, requesting the Congressmen from Georgia to propose to the Congress of the United States the appointment of Commissioners on the part of the North and the South, whose duty it shall be to provide for a peaceable dissolution of the Union, and an equitable distribution of the property between the two sections.

THE LEGISLATURE OF MISSISSIPPI.

The Mississippi Legislature adjourned on the 30th ult. The Convention bills, the secession resolutions, and the bill authorizing the Government to appoint commissioners to co-operate with the slaveholding States, were passed unanimously. The Stay law and Non-Importation Slave act were defeated. The election is fixed for the 20th, and the Convention meets on the 7th of January. In a great speech Hon. Mr. Lamar advocated separate secession and the simultaneous adoption of a Federal Constitution, and the Southern members and Senators to form a Congress of the new republic and appoint electors for President of the Southern confederacy.

THE CONVENTION IN TEXAS.

A Committee of citizens of Texas petitioned Governor Houston to convene the Legislature. The Governor responded that, viewing the proposed measure as unwise, he could not call the Legislature together; but if a majority of the citizens of the State petitioned for it, he could not stand in their way. Since then the citizens of Texas have been urged, in a circular letter signed by a number of gentlemen, to elect delegates to a Convention on the 8th of January, said Convention to assemble at the capital on the fourth Monday of the same month. The movement appears to meet with popular sanction.

THE CONVENTIONS IN ALABAMA AND FLORIDA.

A dispatch, dated Montgomery, December 4, says: "The disunion movement is steadily but quietly progressing in Alabama. One half of the counties will send secession delegates without opposition. In the others the fight will be confined to those who advocate secession with the cotton States and those who are in favor of separate State action. The latter will be largely in the majority."

A dispatch, dated Tallahassee, Florida, Saturday, December 1, says: "The Florida Legislature unanimously passed the Convention Bill. It meets on the 3d of January."

HOW SOUTH CAROLINA IS TO SECEDE.

The *Herald* correspondent says: "I learn from a gentleman who arrived to-day from South Carolina that a certain degree of dignity and moderation will characterize the action of that State in seceding from the Union, which he believes she will surely do. That State will send a commissioner to Washington to consult with the President. The latter will not receive such commissioner, who will then appeal to Congress, announce the grievances of his State, and the terms upon which South Carolina proposes to go out. The commissioner will then await the action of both Houses. The gentleman from whom I learn the above assures me that the Legislature of South Carolina is about equally divided between passing a bill fixing an early day on which to secede, and a bill leaving the time of secession subject to the action of other States."

SENATOR MASON FOR DISUNION.

In a letter which has been published, Senator Mason says:

"The disruption of the Federal Union, thus imminent, or, I should more properly say, actual, is a great and pregnant event; and in considering, therefore, how it may become the Convention of Virginia to act, we must look to that event as a material, if not a controlling, element in its deliberations. In the first place, it may, and most probably will, force upon the Federal Government the settlement between it and the several States of the question of the right of secession. If that right is denied, a new and paramount issue will be made between the States and the Federal power, which will be presented to the Virginia Convention *in limine*. One thing is very clear—Virginia (no more than any other Southern State) will not be passive should any attempt be made, by force, to reduce such seceding State or States to subjection.

"In the next place, it is to my mind equally clear, should one of the States separate from the Union on this slavery question, the disruption will necessarily carry with it the like separation of all those slaveholding States whose destiny it is to continue such; unless, under a returning sense of right and justice in the Northern mind, all may remain on such securities for the future as will establish this great social interest in the exclusive charge of those to whom it pertains."

SENATOR HUNTER FOR SECESSION.

Senator Hunter has lately written a letter advocating the right of secession, and declaring his belief that, unless new guaranties are at once given by the North to the Slavery interest, all the Cotton-growing States will leave the Union. He then naturally proceeds to inquire with which of the fragments Virginia will go, and on this most interesting subject he expresses himself as follows:

"I have not the shadow of a doubt as to what ought to be the course of Virginia and the other Southern Border States. If they unite with other Slave States, they would confederate as equals, and with those whose population was homogeneous, and whose interests were identified with their own. If they united with the North under such circumstances, they would constitute a helpless minority in an association with States whose population was not homogeneous with theirs, and whose interests would be considered as different and hostile. They would be treated as *inferiors* by the dominant majority, and considered as having acquiesced in that position by the choice which they had made. In the Southern Confederacy, they would find an outlet for their surplus population of slaves, not only in these co-States, but in whatever territory might be acquired by that Union. Under that Government, too, they would find effectual protection for their property and institutions. In the other Confederacy, their slave population would, indeed, be 'penned in,' and 'localized' within their own borders."

MR. GUTHRIE AGAINST DISUNION.

In a speech lately delivered by Mr. Guthrie of Kentucky, he said: "Lincoln was elected according to the constitutional forms by a sectional minority, because they were united and we were divided, and shall we then pull down this glorious fabric? Rather let us say to the North, 'Retrace your steps;' and to the South, 'Stay your hand; the remedy for your grievances is in and not out of the Union.' If the North will mind its own business, and the South attend to its own concerns, we of the Middle States, we will make an appeal, and rise up and stand between them, and have the laws respected, and we say to our Southern brethren, let there be no ill blood; stay your hands, we have a great stake in this Union and this Constitution. We have marched together under the stars and stripes, the flag of Union, and we will ever march under one flag. To the sundering of States, and war, and murdering, and plundering of each other, is the feast we are invited to—so we say to the North, retrace your steps; arise, you men of conservatism, and put down fanaticism North and South. What we do let us do calmly, coolly, and deliberately, and let our action be harmonious and consistent."

HON. ALEC STEPHENS AGAINST DISUNION.

Mr. Stephens has written a letter in which he says: "If the worst comes to the worst, as it may, and our State has to quit the Union, it is of the utmost importance that all our people should be united cordially in this course. This, I feel confident, can only be effected on the line of policy I indicated. But candor compels me to say that I am not without hopes that our rights may be maintained, and our wrongs be redressed, in the Union. If this can be done, it is my earnest wish. I think, also, that it is the wish of a majority of our people. If, after making an effort, we shall fail, then all our people will be united in making or adopting the last resort—the *ultima ratio regum*.

"Even in that case I should look with great apprehension as to the ultimate result. When this Union is dissevered, if of necessity it must be, I see at present but little prospect of good government afterward. At the North, I feel confident, anarchy will soon ensue. And whether we shall be better off at the South will depend upon many things that I am not now satisfied that we have any assurance of. Revolutions are much easier started than controlled, and the men who begin them, even for the best purposes and objects, seldom end them."

THE REPUBLICANS OPPOSED TO A COMPROMISE.

A dispatch to the *Herald*, dated Washington, December 4, says:

"The Republican Senators caucused yesterday, and were unanimous against making any compromise whatever with men or States who are in the act of violating the Constitution and laws of their country. They assert that they have appealed to the country upon the principles of the Chicago platform, that the people have indorsed them and their principles by electing Lincoln and Hamlin, in accordance with the requirements of the Constitution. They declare their intention to avoid all exciting discussion unless forced into it, to push forward the public business, and do all they can to aid the President of the United States in executing the laws of the country wherever or by whomever violated.

"The compromise proposition of Thurlow Weed was unequivocally denounced as unwise, impolitic, unjust, and anti-Republican, as a whole and in all its parts.

"Mr. Seward was called upon to know if he indorsed the course of Mr. Weed in the matter referred to, and Mr. Seward replied that he knew nothing concerning Mr. Weed's views about a compromise until he saw them in print, and that he did not indorse them.

"To-day the leading Republican Senators, such as Seward, Fessenden, Trumbull, Chandler, and Wilkinson, held a consultation, and were united and unhesitating in pronouncing the President's Message a weak, namby-pamby paper, unworthy such a man at such a time."

THE CROTON WATER STOPPED.

A serious accident has occurred to the pipes which supply the Croton water to the city. About 11 o'clock, on Wednesday night, the two large mains in the Fifth Avenue were broken by the enormous weight of materials piled upon them in grading and paving the avenue, and by the time the Chief Engineer of the Croton Department reached the spot, at 12½ o'clock, all the water in the lower reservoir was exhausted. The damage was repaired by Saturday.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

It is now certain that the seven Presidential Electors chosen on the Pacific slope have voted, with one hundred and seventy-three of those chosen this side of the Rocky Mountains, for Lincoln and Hamlin. The general result may be succinctly summed up as follows:

FOR LINCOLN AND HAMLIN.	
California	4
Connecticut	6
Illinois	11
Indiana	13
Iowa	4
Maine	8
Massachusetts	13
Michigan	6
Minnesota	4
New Hampshire	5
New Jersey	4
New York	35
Ohio	23
Oregon	3
Pennsylvania	27
Rhode Island	4
Vermont	5
Wisconsin	5
Total	180

BRECKINRIDGE AND LANE.	
Alabama	9
Arkansas	4
Delaware	3
Florida	3
Georgia	10
Louisiana	6
Maryland	8
Mississippi	7
North Carolina	10
South Carolina	8
Texas	4
Total	72

BELL AND EVERETT.	
Kentucky	12
Tennessee	12
Virginia	15
Total	39

DOUGLAS AND JOHNSON.	
New Jersey	3
Missouri	9
Total	12

RECAPITULATION.—ELECTORAL VOTES.	
For Lincoln and Hamlin	180
For Breckinridge and Lane	72
For Bell and Everett	39
For Douglas	12
Whole Electoral vote	303
Lincoln's majority over all	57

CONSERVATIVE BANQUET AT RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

A dispatch dated Richmond, Virginia, December 6, says: "According to previous announcement, the Union men of Richmond gave the Bell and Everett electors a grand dinner at the Exchange Hotel and Ballard House last night. Many speeches were made, expressing conservative Union sentiments, and opposing secession from existing causes; but declaring that should aggressions or overt acts be committed, then they would shoulder their tomahawks, hatchets, and muskets in defense of their rights. It was one of the grandest jollifications that has taken place on any similar occasion. The jubilee lasted till four o'clock this morning.

"At the banquet strong speeches were made in favor of the Union, and generally favoring a Convention of the border States. Mr. Botts opposed the right of secession, and advocated force, if the laws could not be upheld without. This view was opposed by two speakers."

NEGRO INSURRECTION IN KENTUCKY.

A dispatch dated Lebanon, Kentucky, Saturday, December 1, says: "Intelligence just received from Columbia, Kentucky, states that fifteen negroes and one white man, their leader, have been hung by the citizens of Burksville, for attempting to create an insurrection. No further particulars have yet come to hand."

APPALLING MURDER.

One of the most appalling and horrible murders that ever was enacted occurred in this city on Friday morning, at No. 22 East Twelfth Street. The victim, an old widow lady, named Sarah Shancks, who kept a fancy goods and millinery store at the above number, was found dead in her bedroom, at the rear of the store, with her throat cut from ear to ear, and her head and face mashed to a jelly almost. Robbery seems to have been the motive for the commission of the shocking murder, judging from the ransacked condition of the apartments. The police have thus far been unable to ferret out the assassin, but it is hoped that some clew will be afforded to the perpetrator before many days.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE EMPRESS IN SCOTLAND.

We take from the Edinburgh *Times* of Wednesday, November 21, the following: "Yesterday morning the Empress Eugénie and suite paid a visit to the Abbey of Melrose, and the house and grounds of Abbotsford. Like all the previous movements of Her Imperial Majesty, her journey to Melrose was kept strictly secret, so much so that, when she was seen to drive to the station, a large number of persons ran to the Glasgow side of the general terminus, in the expectation that Her Majesty was about to take her departure for Hamilton Palace. The Imperial party traveled in a first-class carriage by the ordinary passenger-train, leaving Edinburgh at 11.25 A.M., and returning in the same private manner about six o'clock. At all the stations on the homeward journey, however, large numbers had collected to see Her Majesty, who was every where greeted with loud cheers. Having paid a visit to the far-famed and interesting ruin, Melrose Abbey, round which the Empress was conducted by the usual garrulous guide, the party drove to Abbotsford. In the grounds of the house, rendered classic by the residence of Sir Walter Scott, Her Majesty lingered a considerable time, and was then taken through the house of the great novelist, the library, the armor, the personal relics of Scott, and the many curiosities of the place being pointed out by the persons in charge. After a drive along a portion of the banks of the Tweed, the Imperial party returned to Edinburgh, where Her Majesty was eagerly greeted, and perhaps somewhat rudely surrounded, by a large concourse, which the railway officials had in vain tried to prevent from crowding the station platform. The time of Her Majesty's departure from Edinburgh is not yet made known; but it is expected she will to-day visit the Duchess of Buccleuch at Dalkeith Palace, and to-morrow (Thursday) leave Douglas Hotel for Hamilton Palace."

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION.

The financial situation underwent an important change on the 21st, an arrangement having been consummated by which the Bank of England lends £2,000,000 sterling in gold to the Bank of France, on security of a deposit of silver to an equal amount. The arrangement has caused a great buoyancy of funds, and advance in consols of ¼ @ ⅜ ℔ cent.

The *Times* City Article hopes the arrangement will terminate the prevailing uncertainties of the money market, and lead to an early reduction of the Bank rate of discount.

A NICE POINT OF LAW.

The Irish papers report a case which was tried last week in the Queen's Bench, and which brought to light some incidents of a singularly strange character. The facts are thus briefly stated:

"In the year 1811 Terence Burns, the son of a widow in Enniskillen, ran away from a person in that town to whom he had been apprenticed to learn the business of a carpenter, and enlisted in the 48th Regiment for a period of seven years. Shortly afterward the regiment was ordered out to Sydney, and proceeded to the Cove of Cork, to embark for that distant colony. Two days after sailing a young woman of considerable personal attractions, named Margaret Lynch, who, up to that time, had remained concealed in the transport, was discovered on board, and declared that she had followed her sweetheart Terence. The fact was made known to the Captain of the ship and the officers of the regiment, and it was determined that the devotion of the fair Peggy, as she was called, should not be unrewarded. A ceremony of marriage between Terence and Margaret was gone through without delay in the presence of the Colonel of the regiment and the officers, the commander of the transport officiating in the absence of a chaplain, and the happy pair lived together as man and wife during the four months which the voyage occupied. A young officer who was present at the ceremony, Captain (afterward Major) Druit, and who acted on the occasion as clerk—reading the responses from a Prayer-book—now becomes a chief actor in the strange, eventful story. On the arrival of the regiment at Sydney the frail and faithless Peggy deserted Terence, and transferred her allegiance to the gallant Captain, with whom she lived until her death, in the year 1842. Major Druit survived her only three months, and died possessed of considerable property in Australia and three houses in Earl Street, Dublin, the subject of the action. He sold out when the regiment was ordered to India, some years after their arrival in Sydney, and continued to reside until his decease in the colony. Terence Burns returned to Ireland in 1818, when his period of service had expired, and about the year 1830 married Eliza Maugan, who is now his widow. He died in 1847, leaving four children surviving. In the year 1825 Major Druit and Margaret Lynch or Burns (which she was in point of law is still a question to be decided) were married. Six children were born to them—two before the marriage and four after—of whom two daughters survive and two sons are dead. By the Major's will his children have become possessed of the Australian property, and the two daughters and their husbands have brought a rejection to recover possession of the three houses in Earl Street, against their father's brother, who claims as heir-at-law. By consent a verdict was entered for the defendant, subject to be turned into a verdict for the plaintiffs, should the Court hereafter hold that the marriage on board the ship was not valid. If it was valid, the marriage of 1825, in the life-time of Burns, becomes void, and the issue of that marriage can not sustain the action. The case will be argued next term."

FRANCE.

OFFICIAL MOVEMENTS.

It was rumored that Count de Morny was going to Rome on a special mission with an autograph letter from the Emperor. It was also stated that Count Persigny contemplates retiring from the London Embassy, to be succeeded by Count Walewski.

ITALY.

THE SIEGE OF GAETA.

At latest dates the siege of Gaeta continued. The batteries of Cappucini and Santa Agota had been placed in a position which would definitely reduce the place. The Piedmontese bombarded the suburbs on the 12th. The Neapolitans continued to fight resolutely, but the defection in the staff officers was increasing.

Colonel Pianelli had surrendered a battalion of Chasseurs to the Piedmontese.

Further resistance by the Bourbon troops was paralyzed by the insubordination of chiefs and the confusion which prevailed. Negotiations were, however, progressing on the subject.

GARIBALDI AT HOME.

The *Gazetta di Torino* gives us some particulars of Garibaldi's landing in his little island home: "Garibaldi has arrived at Caprera. He appears extremely happy: in the first place, because he has resigned the management of affairs at Naples into the hands of the King *galantuomo*; secondly, because he is finally free from the numberless petitions with which he was pestered. He speaks with enthusiasm of his regained freedom, and he has been anxious to extend it even to his three war-horses, which he with his own hands unsaddled and unbridled and allowed freely to run about the country the moment he set foot on his own isle. So eager was the Dictator to be free from the cares of State that he with his own hands loosened the mooring cable of the vessel which was to waft him away from Naples to Caprera. He expresses, however, the greatest faith in the future of Italy, and in the character of King Victor Emanuel."

The *Movimento* of Genoa relates the following curious anecdote: "When Garibaldi arrived at Caprera, he was astonished to find the appearance of the island quite changed. Instead of the stony desert he had left, he saw before him well-cultivated fields and beautiful plantations, with shady groves and spacious avenues. It looked as if a magician had been there, and struck the island with his wand, bidding nature forthwith to lavish her treasures on this chosen spot. But the General was still further surprised when, instead of his humble cottage, an elegant villa stood before him, on entering which the mystery was soon explained—for lo! on the walls of a fine large hall there hung the portrait of his friend Victor Emanuel, who had turned his absence to account in order to prepare this surprise for him."

GARIBALDI AND VENETIA.

Garibaldi has issued an important address relative to his Venetian campaign, and rumors are current in Paris concerning negotiations for the purchase of Venetia.

GARIBALDI AT THE HOSPITALS.

The following extracts from a private letter to the editor of the *Medical Times and Gazette*, written by a friend who has recently visited Naples, will be read with interest. The letter is dated Naples, September 27, and was received this week:

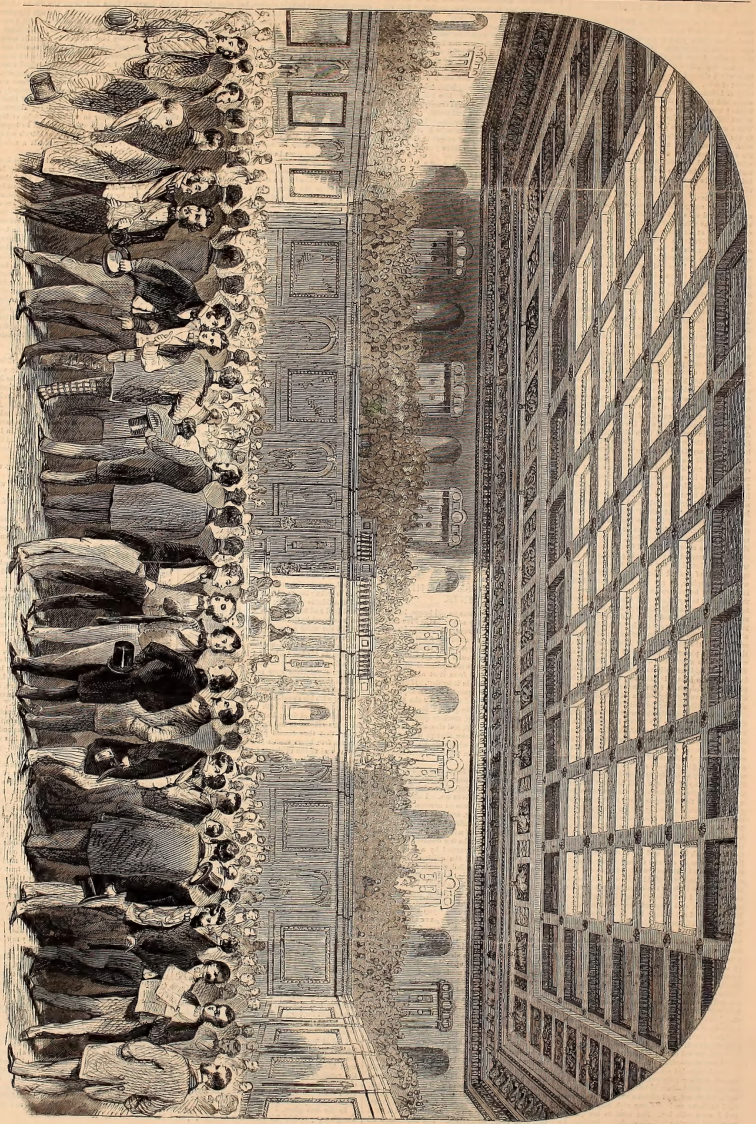
"A few days ago I was one of a party which went down to Caserta to visit the military hospital, where the wounded were brought after the unfortunate affair of Capua. We first walked in the gardens of the palace, where we were so fortunate as to come, accidentally, on a body of officers practicing rifle shooting. Among these was no less a personage than Garibaldi himself. As soon as he perceived us he came frankly forward to Mrs. W——, who had with her a large hamper of lemons and oranges for the wounded. On her requesting him to give orders that she might be admitted to the hospital, he immediately offered to escort her thither himself. A few minutes afterward the people were a little astonished to see Garibaldi drive off with an English lady and her two daughters, without any of his staff, to visit the hospital. I was perched on the box. After a ten minutes' drive we arrived at the hospital—a fine modern building to look on from without, but the wards are too small, and the ventilation is bad. As to organization, there is none. When the crowd outside knew that the General was there, they flocked into the wards in such numbers that he could hardly move about. It was a most affecting sight to see the tenderness with which the weather-beaten warrior approached the sick bed. Every one was visited in turn, and he had a few words of consolation for each individual. He laid his rough hand so kindly on the fevered brows of the most suffering that the tears started from their eyes. It was a hot, sultry day, and the air was very carefully excluded. The reason given to me on my asking why the windows were not open, was that air too freely admitted was apt to cause fever among wounded men. Of course there was no answering such a profound observation, but after a few minutes Garibaldi ordered the windows to be thrown open, Mrs. W—— having suggested to him the propriety of doing so. Before leaving the wards, where there were about sixty wounded—the most of them having been sent into Naples—Garibaldi made his secretary, who had followed him, give each patient a dollar to get any little thing he might fancy. On seeing one poor fellow very uncomfortable with a dry dressing, the usual Neapolitan one, he caused him to be properly dressed, and made some observations about using water for dressings, by which the surgeons here might profit. He asked particularly if they used chloroform during operations, and was answered in the affirmative. This is a step in advance. On the visit to the common soldiers being finished, Garibaldi went to see the officers, of whom there were about a dozen. He kissed some of them affectionately, and shook hands warmly with all, requesting every one to make known to him any wants, etc. Not one of them complained to him; but on being questioned by Mrs. W——, it was evident that there were many things required for their comfort: above all, night attendance."

HAVANA.

MELANCHOLY SUICIDE.

The Havana correspondent of the New Orleans *Crescent* relates the following story: "I am not quite certain if I informed you in my last letter that early in the present week a mulatto girl, a private slave in the family of the Count of Santovenia, had thrown herself from the balcony of the residence of the Count, at the end of the Plaza de Armas, and thus committed suicide. I had heard she had been threatened to be flogged, and sent to work in the cane-field of the sugar estate, which led her to commit the fatal act. Knowing the kindliness of heart of every member of the family of the Count, my curiosity was excited to know what fault the poor girl had committed that had led her to being so threatened, and as I have heard the story, it is as follows: A young, poor, but respectable man, had been introduced into the family of the Count, in the country, last summer, and had fallen in love with a daughter of the Countess, by whom his passion was reciprocated. The Count and Countess, however, refused their consent to the union of the young people, and the result was an appeal to the Captain-General. According to Spanish law, a young lady having attained the age of maturity (16 or 18, I know not which) can marry whom she pleases, and her parents are bound to give her a certain portion of their substance as her dowry. In this case, the Captain-General sent an *escriband* (notary public) to the Count, who referred him to his wife, the mother of the young lady, who in her turn referred him to the young lady herself, who, in reply to the inquiries made of her, said yes; she was determined to marry her affianced; that no one on earth had the power nor should prevent her from fulfilling her intentions. The slave girl who destroyed herself was believed to have acted as a sort of go-between the young people, and was consequently threatened, as before stated, which led to her committing suicide. She was the lady's maid, I am told, of the Señorita; had from her infancy been treated with great kindness. The idea of being compelled to work in the field, after she had been flogged, drove her frantic, and she thus was led to take her life by violence. The Count of Santovenia has thus not only lost a favorite slave, but is in a fair way to also lose his daughter, and that portion of her mother's property to which she is by law entitled."

A RECORD OF THE DAY.



ASSEMBLING OF CONGRESS, HALL OF REPRESENTATIVES, WASHINGTON CITY, DECEMBER 3, 1860.

IN THE INDIAN SUMMER.

THIS is the anniversary of a period in my life when in one year I sprang from youth to full manhood—from callow years to the rich experience and ripe fruition of older men. If incidents mark lives, then is mine deeply marked.

It was the Indian Summer of the season for that time which rimmed my life about with a shining circle of love. Every day that I passed in the society of Leonè, every bright morning that dawned warm and lustrous in the east, clasped tighter the bonds I wore for her, and bound closer the chain whose links I follow'd now with pride and joy. These words, then, are only the testimony I bear to the memory of a pure, true-hearted, noble woman. I lived at her mother's, and heard there the early years when all life seems spring-time, when birds and blossoms continually sing, and when sadly bloom. Away to the east the river shouted boisterously in its course; it joined its bridegroom, the sea.

I shouted too.

Along its margin the crimson maples and the saffron-tinged oaks put on their royal robes, and waited for the wind to woo them. They laughed with delight as it came, and welcomed it with tremulous shiverings; then laid all their particolored ornaments in its lap. So all nature wedded. The sere, yearning Autumn in the mild heavens, bloomed large and lustrous like a mellow peach: it married the purple mountain-tops at sunset and dusk of day. The mirrory flights of wild-fowl streamed in long ranges through the air, and, with new companions, sought warmer climates. The neighbors, near and far, sent up their sons and daughters to the altar, and they went crimson and smiling away.

Through all the changes of the year I asked myself, is this to be my lot too? I asked it of the wind and of the sea; but the wind only whistled, and the river only gurgled low and sadly. Unfortunately, the evening society of my lady, the freshness of her heart, and the sweetness of her nature, added to the plainness of her face, made a deep impression on me, and time strengthened this feeling, made me look upon marriage with her as the highest of all earthly destinies. The fact of a teaching experience of a few months rather deepened than subtracted from the views I had formed; on the contrary, the evening I left, honest, and say *love*—the love I had for Leonè deepened, until the day of return was gladly welcomed. On reaching home I found another inmate; he was introduced as an "old friend." As I never had the right to question Leonè as to her intimacies and associates, I could not do it in this case; so, with increasing alarm, I stood aloof and looked on. "This old friend" made large strides and came often. At last he went away, as I thought, finally. He had been intimate, but not tender; friendly, but not ardent. He was, in short, but the conventional old friend.

As there seemed no possible impediment in the way, why should I not assume my strength against that of the old friend's? Where he then was commonplace, to my mind, it became brilliant; where he was gloomy, I talked with sentiment, always to my mind; and where he had been sentimental and tender, there was I irresistible and making rapid headway. I do not now remember that I ever struck the hand in friendship, after the manner of modern writers, and became surely with the old friend for Leonè's regard, or that I made pledge or promise of any sort. We went upon the way in the world, and I upon mine. His road, I said inwardly to myself, because of his indifference to Leonè, lay through valleys and flat plains; but I, high in the conscious appreciation of her truth and purity, was a visitor of mountain-tops and of sunny summits.

I remember peculiarly the sweet smile of assent this lady, Leonè, gave me when I proposed, one evening, to read the stories of Charles Dickens aloud. At that encouragement we began those books, and were enamored our prejudices. We were ended. As the rapid days and nights sped away, so also flew the year and the season—so also went the glow of the spring, now dead, but—until the genial lamp of the sun should no more mellowness nor yet brightness upon the scenes, striking world; until the harlequin forest shed its variegated garb and moaned piteously for its levity. With the outer change came also an inner one for me. The old friend left no sign or trail behind him of his presence, and I called the whole hope of life mine. The Leonè of my one idle whim had no amusement, and look back, I will say that some years in life are so sharply cut and defined as the face of a statue. How blank and cold the features of that old friend stand revealed! and oh, how warm and rudely ruffled are the associations with the one over him! I did a fatal thing; I overrated my own strength, and despised that of the enemy. But as I said, the days were live in anticipation of happiness, I fully resolved, each day, to hear from Leonè what question she would ask me—and the whole lifetime that lay twisting and turning in all its many windings at her control. So I said, one evening, when Leonè rallied my sober appearance (I was revolving the matter then as usual), and questioned me as to its cause—I said that it was because of the love I bore her.

She had been sewing previously. The needle stopped in the seam, the thread, twisted about her forefinger, hung in idle loops. "You must not say that," she said, slowly, and looking gravely but tenderly at me.

"And why," I spoke, "why may I not say it?" (Oh, old friend! old friend! is your shadow near?)

"Did you not see my old friend B——?"

"I saw him—yes."

Leonè regarded me steadfastly and earnestly a second, then carefully put her work aside, and took me by the hand—how its touch ran from my heart up to my brain, and with its velvet clasp thrilled and clung to me! "Come with me," she said; and I went with her. She went to her private room, and entering it, "take my fathers seat," she commanded.

I crossed the sacred threshold she lacked the door and put the key in her pocket, saying, "You see what confidence I place in you."

I, dumb with sorrow, amazement, and I know not what countless emotions, could only feebly smile. A fire blazed upon the hearth, and longnecked toilet-bottles stood grim sentries upon the dressing-table. The shadows of the feeble flames made fierce lunges at each other. Leonè went to a drawer, opened it, and took out a picture of the old friend evidently executed a few years before he was before my hands clasped it. She put it into my hands, not with a relinquishment of cruelty, but with a sentiment of implicit faith and love.

"This fate"—so my lady spoke—"is that of my destined husband. We have been betrothed now so long that it is a matter of course to the family, and we never speak of it. Have you never heard it?"

As I shall be one day judged," I said, "I never heard of it;" and I rose to leave the room. "Pardon me, Leonè, my business is ended."

Leonè came hurriedly forward. "I am my own mistress," she said, "and my husband acknowledges in me brass me. Before you go, and we part, let me tell you how high and noble your conduct has been. Let me tell you that to each one—" and what a proud and a happy thing it is for me to know that such an one has spoken to me as you have spoken." It happened very low. "To each dear——, your mind and heart, though it may not forget me, will say the opposite to me, and will be nothing all hopes that may have been formed."

I said that I was it. "You will yet be happier with another love than you ever could be with me."

Leonè saw higher than I; but in that hour and from that time my age was far greater than the sum of many years. Leonè died long since, and the last words. It was parables which I was leaving—why might I not look back? The lady stood leaning with one hand upon the arm-chair. The fire yet burned; the blaze yet flickered: but oh! under the white robe of the dead, how cold and leaped again into flame! As the dear, pitying face stood there I thought the sad, silent room held no fairer picture in all its dim recesses than it. So, slowly, I was withdrawing; but her voice sounded and bade me stop. She came toward me, and the rustle of her dress was like the flutter of wings as I, in a trance, heard her say, "Because you leave them and him for me, I love you more." And Leonè kissed me stroud upon the forehead.

Then I went out.

I bear the stamp of purity upon my brow. Look, all men, and see the seal a pure and true-hearted woman has set upon it. Now and henceforth I wear a talisman against the fiery darts and deceits of the devil. The Indian Summer yet blooms; the leaves still fade and fall; the skies are mellow and serene; within the arches of the woods the nuts patter softly upon the leaves; the fruits of the year hang out their golden and purple lamps. But the summer of my heart the long, long days I spent with Leonè hang ripening for the autumn of my life.

THE OLD HOUSE IN THE FIVE POINTS.

NOT long ago there was an old house, in one of the most filthy and noisy streets in the Five Points, which had not been known for years to have its doors opened or its door unbarred for thirty years. Its walls had become gray with shaby age. Not a glass in the window-frames had all been broken out, and the shutters were spattered with mud. Several high trees grew in front of the house, on a step or voice was heard in it by day. If by chance a venturesome urchin peeped in at a keyhole, he beheld a very, dusky room, filled to the roof with mysterious solitude of the place. No children sat upon its window-sills, no women gossiped on the stoop as they passed it by, and clasped their infants closer, for every one knew though few said that murder had been done in that house, and that upon its floor was a stain that had never come out in all that time.

In those days, nearly forty years since, I was a young and almost unknown lawyer, and, in fact, had never yet pleaded in a criminal court. Indeed, her practice had been given me. I used to feel a little out of spirits at times on account of the slow progress I was making in the world, and was not thinking fit rather a tedious affair. Sitting one evening in this frame of mind, and with a sort of contempt, my position, the door of my office was brought forth, I was startled by a low, hurried knock at the door. On my command entered a young woman, closely veiled, though, as I saw afterward, of considerable beauty. She seemed greatly agitated, and on raising her veil, I was surprised to wait until the words which her trembling lips could hardly form became intelligible.

"Sir," said she, "I am told you are a lawyer; I can you in the court to-day: save him, oh, save him from conviction and from a felon's doom!"

I begged her to be calm, and to be more explicit. I had, it was true, been in court that day, and had been part of a case which was to be tried that day. I had not thought long upon the subject. It now seemed that I was to be made acquainted with the particulars—which I certainly heard very little of man's words and knowledge afterward gathered.

Silas Thornton was charged in the grand jury alone in a house in the Five Points. He was a mean and sordid miser, whose whole heart and soul and strength were absorbed in the love of money—a love that had driven out of him almost every human feeling, and made him starve his wife, drive his son out of doors, rob if he could safely, grind the faces of the poor, crawl to the rich, and become hated, despised, and feared by every being with whom he had to do. I said he was alone. But an old woman kept his house for him—a toothless, wrinkled, crouching hag, with small, cunning eyes seemed to have lost every spark of intelligence, and whose mumbling voice never formed a word that man could understand. But she locked all the doors when her master was out, ate nothing apparently, never bought clothes, but wore the old rags, was deaf and could hear no secrets, was near dumb and could tell none. She used to sit, cowering over the nearly cold stove, night and day, until one night have wondered whether the smells of rags she was was alive or dead. I spoke, too, of a son. He was a wild, open-hearted fellow enough, and as generous, doubtless, as his father was avaricious. Such a home was no place for him, and he had run away several years before to one leaving behind, with many tears and lover's vows, a young girl—she who now implored me.

Upon a certain night the wreck the son had suddenly and unexpectedly returned from sea. It was marked by the same voice in which he now had made his appearance in the evening, and that, after knocking at the door for some time, he was admitted, only upon the identification, by the old woman. Certainly the prospect was not very cheering for him, as, when he had before dictated that period, he had not chosen to return. The engagement to the young girl was always reason enough if there was to be one said, for thinking that he might be called upon to provide for his son's household. And now he was almost obliged to become intruder by every presence, uncertain whether he would not immediately be thrust forth. Nothing more was said of the young man's appearance, so that he was not then on speaking terms. With some few speculations as to the reception the old miser would give to his son, and criticisms upon his rough and uncouth bearing, the neighbors went about their business.

Next day there was a rumor that something was wrong in the old man's house. Long after the hour when the shutter of the room where the old man slept sat up was unopened, it remained closed. This in itself, one would think, need have excited no actual alarm. But there was something so uncommon in his habits that he was more closely watched than other people. There was an undefined feeling that something was wrong. One could tell how or why, but a sort of dread began to creep over people; and by the middle of the day quite a crowd had collected in front of the house, scrutinizing the windows, and talking in whispers of the miser and his treasure. The patrolman, between whom and me any steps to see if any thing was amiss, and so the day passed over. But next day the excitement became unbearable; and the Americans do not stand upon much ceremony in cases of emergency, a few bold spirits burst the door open, and entered the house. But the boldest of them walked gently, and peered anxiously before them, as they saw what a dreary, terrible place these they had entered. And their minds were almost prepared to find, as they did, the old man dead on the floor of his room.

He had been dead many hours. As he lay on his face, the blood from his battered head and wounded throat had spread pools about him. The place was in great disorder, but there were no evidences of any struggle. He had evidently been struck down as he slept, and then the murder was completed as he lay insensible. His keys were in his pocket, and his desk, a large one, was not touched, as were also many articles of value stowed away in strong boxes. Upon the floor was a heavy and formidable bludgeon-staff, its head covered with blood and hair. Where was the old woman? She was found in the kitchen, in her old attitude—she did not seem to have been questioned. And where was the son? He was not in the house; but the police knew that a score of persons had seen him in his hand when he knocked at his father's door not many hours before!

Police reporters are not so perfect in New York in those days as they are now, but it was not long before the son was captured. He was found lurking within a few squares on the Battery—then a beautiful place—and both were locked up. He struggled hard to escape, but she begged him not to drive the officers to use force, and he submitted, saying that they should pay for detaining him. But on his close examination he was told of the charge, and of the evidence furnished by the club and his exit to his father, as well as by the notice of many who knew and saw him and lived. Wine, too, left for the night in darkness, the full realization of his situation overcame his rash spirit, and he cowed. The girl had been set free—there was no need to shut her up in prison—but with the first breath of morning she was back, begging to be let in to him to take whose life was to kill her. Next day the young man was committed for trial, as was inevitable, and, in fact, the evening of the same day that his sweet-heart came to me, as I have already described it.

These being the facts, I saw that they present not much difficulty. Whether the young man was guilty or not, guilty of the above heavy charges, indeed the wretched piece of humanity who lived with the murdered man could tell any thing, for never any thing did. Perhaps the worst circumstance in the case was that a man who lived next door heard, as he stated, about an hour after the son had been let into the house. One voice was that of the old man, the other that of the prisoner, who seemed to speak as if highly exasperated. The sound had ceased suddenly, and soon afterward the back door was opened, as he knew by the sound, and a heavy heavy step passing down the passage leading thence into another street.

Master Thornton died, and the weeping girl had the evidence looked black, and that, though I would do my best for her lover, I feared the worst. For the present she must leave me; I would collect my thoughts.

I sat in my room an hour after hour, revolving this strange deed in my mind; but the longer I thought the more I feared that, though the murder was most likely unpremeditated, it might have been the result of passion called forth by the sense of old wrongs and present harshness. At last, however, I decided upon my plan of action, and proceeded to carry it out forthwith.

In the first place, I visited the prisoner. Although my youthful faith in the science of physiognomy had been much shaken by many cases in which innocent faces had given the lie to black hearts which had brought youth and age together side by side in the courts which I frequented, I was anxious to study the face and manner of this youth. I wished to believe him innocent. I should work all the better, perhaps; and if his face seemed ruffianly or treacherous, I should certainly work none the less heartily, for it was my first criminal case. He was sitting down as I entered, but rose immediately. A strong, strong forward prompter, often his hand frankly, like a man. I took it as promptly; the action seemed to show that no stain of blood was upon it. And as I reviewed the cheerful though serious manner in which he spoke of his prison, and the human voice in which he hoped God would be good to him for his poor Mary's sake, I found my eyes becoming dim, and felt a rising mist in my throat.

His story was this. As I knew before, he had just returned from seven years at sea. Money he had not made, and did not intend to offer to his father for any. His sole object, as he said, was to make peace, and if he could not gain a hearty consent to his long-postponed marriage, at least to know that it had become a matter of little interest to the old man. Absence, too, had obliterated the softened down much of the asperity with which he had left home; like many others, when he fell among strangers he had yearned for the hate, and therefore home of his young days. Trying to blame himself for the anger of his father for much that had passed between them, he turned his steps toward the old house, with something like love for his parent warming in his heart. He knocked at the door, timidly at first, and then long and loudly. At last a slow, shuffling step came along the echoing passage, the door was unbarked and after both being slowly unfastened, the well-remembered face of the old woman peered forth from the still chained door.

"I want to see my father," said he.

And the old woman, locking the door upon him, again shuffled back with his message. Thrice was it disregarded, and thrice the son begged to be let in. At last the door was ventured to the prison-room of his father. The old man did not raise his head from the desk which he was writing at, but, slowly closing the book, putting his spectacles carefully into their case, and thrusting both hands into his pockets, he nodded to the prisoner and in his chair, and in his harshest tones demanded what the young man wanted.

"Nothing," was the reply.

"Then why come here?" was the loving response.

"I thought you might like to see your son," was the answer to this greeting.

"Then I thought that I should never see your face again. Go!" said his father.

The young man tried long and earnestly to soften the old man toward him, but in vain; perhaps. Old Thornton only grew exasperated, and began to shout and swear at his son as if possessed.

"Father," said he, "you're like your mother, with her baby face and spaniel's whining! Travel, will you? or I'll beat this book about your head, old as I am!"

And so the son saw that his home was never to be reconciled to him, and that he never to be a parent to him, and he turned to go.

"Father," said he, as he stood for the last time upon the threshold. "You think I come for money —I know you love it—but I do not. Shall I come again and see you?"

"Look here!" said Silas, with a quiet grin, "I hate you—I hate your mother—I hate every body and every thing; but it's the only thing a man has. If you say you don't covet it, you lie! I'll keep it till I die; and then, if old Madge is alive, she shall have it; if she's dead, I'll leave it to twenty yards deep, if then old hands can do the job."

The young man left the room without another word. As he did so, he was surprised to see that old Madge had been listening; but she seemed so imbecile that he could not believe that she was so insensible to his voice that she would not open the front-door for him, and be departed by the back-door. He had done something more when he say. And that was all my client knew of the last days of Silas Thornton, as he appeared to me with tears in his eyes, and, I thought, truth in every tone and look.

I was a prisoner be of good cheer, though my heart misgave me as I thought of the difficulties with which he was surrounded; and I left him. Then I began to secure the chief witness that had already been done, and she was safe in the House of Detention. She was safe to see her, which I at once proceeded to do. To my surprise, she presented a very different appearance from that which she had worn on the preliminary trial of a day before. Then she was insensible to sound or look; now she seemed vivacious, and eager almost to loquacity. Another fruitful sign, for I knew general observations, she asked where Master Henry Quin was, and always I told him.

"Did my master make a will?" said she.

"Not that I know of," said I; "but you should know all about that."

And I put into my face a look of confidential friendship.

"Well, true, true, true," she absently returned. "But"—and she became again alive, and careful—"how are you here—" you seem to know *something* about it?

"Well," said I, "I don't tell all I know *at first*. You are a fine old lady, Madge."

Oh! what a change in her face then!

"That's so! Lucky, lucky, lucky Madge!" I say to myself, night and day, night and day. Good for me. Ah, ha! I knew it would come to this, and it has. I haven't studied it over so long for nothing. Good, good, good for old Madge! She's lucky; and, stranger, she's clever too. D'ye see that?

I did mind that, and I told her so, but with a smile of approval that made me blush as I put it on.

"Yes," whispered she, with a chuckle between the words, "*I'm his heir.* Look here, Mister Lawyer! You're young and fond of pleasure, ain't you? *I* was once. Well, I shall want a *young* lawyer, *fond of pleasure*, and *poor*—d'ye mark me? *poor*—in a few days. Ha, ha! When old Thornton's *buried*, and that cub of a son of his hung, come to me, lawyer—I shall *want* you. D'ye mind me? I shall be rich; you are poor, poor—young men always are—it's only old men and women that get rich. But be sure and wait"—and the old hag thrust her wrinkled face close to mine—"wait till old Thornton's buried, and his cub of a son hung."

This strange talk startled me much, for it might be the raving of madness or the babbling of age. She ceased talking, however, after this outburst, nor could I obtain a particle of evidence exculpating the son. The only thing I could get out of her was either vacant looks, or a hideous grin, and a gesture of secrecy, or a whisper to "wait."

Silas Thornton was buried, and the preparations for trying whether his son should be hung came on swiftly. I had not a particle more evidence to offer. The old woman had again relapsed into silence, and would not speak to a soul. Nothing could be brought forward in the prisoner's favor, while against him stood the damning facts of the stick, the ill-will, the quarrel, and the apparently secret exit from the house. And so the trial came on.

I pass over the many agonizing interviews between the prisoner and the young girl. Why describe them? The walls of every prison cell have at times given back dull echoes of father's, mother's, lover's, or sister's grief, poured out before loved but lost ones, the secrets of whose hearts are known but to Him who is the searcher of hearts. Ah! there is many a fountain of love opened by the stroke of misfortune, which would have proved a well-spring of life if unsealed earlier, and while the young and untried spirit was blindly seeking for the promised land.

And so the trial came on.

It was a fair day, and the solemn aspect of the court seemed almost wicked, I thought, in the face of nature's loveliness. It should have been a day of clouds and storms upon which to try a man for his life. "Henry Thornton," at length said the clerk, and the prisoner was brought in. At the same moment a heavy staff, stained with hair and blood, was laid on the clerk's table, and a plan of the miser's house placed beside it. An object done up in rags almost, it seemed, was propped up in a corner of the witness-box, and people wondered what it could be. A slender form, also, drooped at my side dressed in black, and people knew that it was the prisoner's betrothed. He himself saw all, and a shade of doubt—not fear—passed over him. But a vail was raised for a moment, and from the face under it shone out such a beam of sunlight that the shadow vanished and he sat down. Hundreds saw the look, and hundreds said under their breath, "How young they both look!"

The first, second, third, and fourth witnesses were called. They had to prove the knocking and admittance of the young man, and to identify the stick. They all did it clearly; and the prisoner said, with a bow, that what they said was true.

Then came the man next door, who had heard the quarreling, as he thought, and the footsteps leaving the house by the back way. His testimony was admitted, also, by the prisoner, as correct in every particular. There *were* loud voices; they *were* those of his father and himself; he *did* go away by the back door.

Next came the evidence of the police, and those who first entered the house. All was clear. Even *their* testimony was unquestionable—the stick *did* belong to the prisoner.

Next came the old woman. She was, or pretended to be, perfectly imbecile and as deaf as a post, and was soon told to stand down. As she turned to go out of the box, "Oh, he is lost, he is lost!" sobbed the girl at my side, and "He is lost!" said in effect an awe-struck murmur around the court.

But neither the girl, nor the prisoner, nor the judge, nor the people saw the glance which the old woman threw at me. I arose calmly, as one who feels *power* within him.

"One word more, Madge," said I, very gently, and she came back. "The prisoner seemed agitated when he came in at the door, didn't he, Madge?"

"He was mad with his father for keeping him waiting," she promptly responded.

Every breath in court was held, and the judge took a dip of ink as he stared to see this sudden making of the dumb to speak.

"Did they quarrel any, Madge, when he came in?"

"All the time he was there," said she.

"Well—just so—it's important to *prove* that they quarreled, you see, Madge. How do you *know* that they quarreled *all the time?*" said I, in my blandest tones.

"Because I listened," said she, with a sort of sly laugh.

"Why did you listen, Madge?—did you fear mischief?"

"Yes, I not only feared but I *knew* what was coming; but—but—oh yes! I remember I went away down stairs *before it was done*, don't you understand, Counselor?—*before it was done.*"

"Now, Madge, one more question, and that is all. Don't be alarmed; it's only one question: When old Thornton was down on the floor—"

"Ay, he *was* down on the floor," said she.

"With his head smashed in with that stick—" added I.

"That stick—smashed in: yes, that was it," she replied, almost in a whisper.

"Are you listening, Madge?" added I, softly—very softly.

"Yes, yes; go on; I hear every word. He's young and poor—poor," she said, vacantly.

"Then," shouted I, with all my power; "then *what did you do with the knife you cut his throat with?*"

Could that thing have been human which fell in a heap upon the floor, and tore and plucked at itself, and shrieked and yelled? It was no fiend; it was old Madge, whose words thrilled through the court.

"*I* killed him! *I* killed him! *I* killed him! Look up the chimney. Ha, ha! I was too clever for him! What did he promise to marry me for, forty years ago? What did he starve me for? What did he curse me for, every day? He said he'd make a lady of me; so he has—I've got his money; and *I* knocked his head, and *I* cut his throat, and I'd have torn his old face if I hadn't kissed it many a time, forty years ago."

Raving thus she was carried out of court, while the crowd sent up shout after shout of gladness; and the prisoner—a prisoner no longer—took a fainting form in his arms, and begged the people to give her air for God's sake!

Old Madge lived some years after this, a perfect lunatic. Never once did a ray of intellect again illumine that aged face. There were some who pitied her, and said that she may have loved the man she murdered, and anyhow it was certain that he had not used her well. But most people forgot all about her and the miser's death; and the old house was the only token left of the deed.

It was not long ago that I found myself traveling over the Western prairie, on my way to the homestead of a friend, who had come all the way to New York to fetch me. As we rode along, watching the red waves of light sinking below an ocean of grass, dented by the hoofs of buffaloes, and spangled with millions of gay flowers, we talked long of matters gone by and the present circumstances in which we found ourselves.

"She is happy as the day is long," said he; "and we have four fine children. Every thing prospers with us."

"Do you ever speak of your father's death?" said I.

"Never," said he. "We used to now and then at first, but we thought it best to try and forget it, and his fate is never mentioned now. And I am glad the old house in the Five Points is pulled down."

LOVE.

PASS the hand once again over the glossy black hair, silken and soft as a raven's breast. Wind the cord of the satin slipper round the ankle and cross it up on the snow-clad instep. Stoop, touch the hem of the floating muslin and give it the last careful adjustings. Up the avenue of trees from the outer gate by the graveled road comes the sound of wheels. The hum of voices rises like incense to the bride's chamber from the drawing-rooms and parlor, liquid with light, with bright eyes, and joyous features. Below, the crowd is tremulous and shifting like the shadows of bending grain-fields—waiting, expectant. Is the necklace of pearls lying smoothly upon the virgin neck? Is the one white flower, gleaming out from the coal-black tresses, pure and rich like a spark of love in the night of life? Let the bride stand away a little while you take, in one full glance, the queenly figure in its clouds of snowy mist from which glances the flesh-tint of arm and neck, the peach-bloom of cheek, the crimson of lip, and the diamond sparkle of the soul-full eye. There! It is all finished. The bridal vail clings with its silver fingers to as fair a brow as ever approached the altar, sweeping thence, graceful and airy as a film of light, or a swoop of thought.

Four years ago—and she is yet young—Ella plighted her troth to Albert C——. He had leaned over the wall, against which the currant and raspberry bushes were pushing their crimson or purple clusters, and said:

"Ella, I am going away now."

"Where?" And the young girl's eyes turned aside that he might not look into them, while her fingers were very busy with roses at her feet whose thorns brought little globules of blood upon them.

"To South America—to be gone a year." When Ella looked up to his face her own features were calm, but under her eyes there were little spots of paleness; and though she had been stooping, her forehead was white as marble. Her lips, too, were less crimson, and her eyes were cold, as if she would hold them from speaking.

"Do you care?"

"Yes, I care very much;" and she gave the young man a leaf over the garden-wall, saying: "I shall care as long as you keep that."

"Ella"—and the young man looked earnestly into eyes that were beginning to glisten with tears—"this wall is between us now; if I come back brave and resolute and loving as I go away, may I come over the wall and take you in my arms?"

He got no answer, but the head drooped and the hands trembled till the rose-leaves in them vibrated as though shaken by the wind.

"If your heart says 'yes,' kiss me over the wall."

The girl came close to the bulwark of stone, pressing the juices from many a brilliant berry, and tiptoeing there, with tears gushing from her eyes and bathing the vine-leaves that clung to the rock, held her warm lips to his and gave him the sweetest kiss of his life.

"Bless you, darling!"

And Albert walked away with a sense of untold possessions, with a feeling of almost limitless power in his own right arm.

Four, five, six months, each with a letter in its hand, strode along the trail of the year, and each dropped the wee thing into her lap. What brimfull letters! Never, in Ella's eyes, were letters so eloquent and beautiful. Brave words, gentle words, loving words, beauty of sentiment, greatness of thought, wealth of imagery, light, grace, gallantry, love—all these met and mingled on the closely-written, multitudinous pages. They came like breezes; and, sweeping through the harp-strings of her woman nature, kept her life full of music, with vibrations which never forgot their trembling till restruck by the ever-recurring months.

Ella's heart came to be a magical chamber, into which she could at any time call a pale but lighted intellectual face, and a slight but manly figure. She could see the changes of his countenance there, the play of emotion, the shimmer of hope, the flash of resolution, the repose of duty and dignity.

Seven, eight, nine months—Albert is coming home. Home! Sooner than she had dared to hope. Bound, little heart! dream, light and loving eye! Why have all things grown so beautiful? Are men and women really happier and more kind? Is the song of Willie—the Willie with bright feathers and arched neck—is his song sweeter and more musical? Is Ella's chamber more handsome and rich? Is the very sunlight brighter? Or is this the light of love and expectancy in the girl's given heart reflecting golden glory upon all things visible, and adding molten notes to all familiar sounds?

The ship touched the wharf in the morning; and, after a little while, somebody was taken along the road by the row of elms in a carriage which swayed upon airy springs, and in which were pillows. Ella sat in her window and watched it with tearful fear as it wound up the hill, now hidden by the limbs and leaves, now visible through the openings. It was a long way off; but Ella recognized the features and flowing hair.

Albert had come home to die. All through the summer months his strength fled in vapors—invisible as those that go up from the sea to the clouds, but as real. Ella watched the increasing brightness of his eyes, reading and talking by his side with him in his feeble walks among the garden flowers. She sat by his bedside while he lay more feeble and pale, waiting. And by-and-by she went out from the still, sick room, her work done, her betrothed gone, and only the riven temple of his young life left in the dear, sad room.

Ella's father and mother were dead. If ever the cold meaning of that word "alone" swept like a chill wind through the halls of a heart, it was now.

But bread and raiment must be earned. One, two, three long years the poor girl floated upon the uncertainties and trials of womanly effort against odds, experience, and competition. And all the while tears came often to her eyes, and often moistened her cheek, falling thence upon cambric, thread, and needle, upon pencil and board, upon flaxen heads and begrimed little hands, in the weary school-room. Is there no rest from this life-long, weary loneness? Will there never be such a word for her as "home?" Is life to be spent in ceaseless, unrequited labor, with no rest for the tired feet, with no spot to die in? Are maiden friendships to be formed only to be broken when some winning heart calls for a mate and takes her away, leaving Ella more alone by far than ever before? Is she to be always floating, washed hither and thither, alone?

One day a worthy man, heavy with sense, untrammeled by sentiment, asked the question, "Will you be my wife?" He knew the girl's experience; but he wanted her hand, and such love as might be spared.

"I will keep your house, and call it my home. I will care for you in health and in sickness; will lean upon you for support and protection; will be as good a wife as I can."

He was content with that.

The crowd is gone. The dying rumble of the last wheels has floated up the avenue. The bride is in her chamber again. And while the chatty maids unpin the bridal vail, loose the bands of her tresses till they fall in dark wealth upon white shoulders, and unwind the band of the silver slippers, she sits with hands folded in her lap, eyes bent upon the carpet at her feet, and thoughts hovering in a past peopled with images of the pale, expressive face, whose light first kindled love in her fresh young heart, and made life beautiful.

Soften the tones of your merry voices; let there be silence now and then; for a sad panorama is unfolding in the chambers of the sweet bride's memory—the kiss and the tears at the garden-wall, the brimming letters, the sad but loving return, the fading strength and the growing spiritual light, the last fond glance, the cold room, the fall of earth upon the coffin-lid, the desolate return.

Strange that the lightest revelry and the deepest sadness thus meet and mingle in one hour of life!

SHE WISHED TO BE SOMETHING.

DOWN at Montauban lived a pretty, graceful, intelligent, but wholly uneducated little girl, known simply by the name of Marie-Olympe. Some said she was the daughter of Louis the Fifteenth; but her blood was not quite so "blue" as that. A certain nameless grisette, and the grave, devout, austere Marquis de Pompignan—the Catholic writer par excellence, the inexorable enemy of Voltaire and the Encyclopedists, whose morals were as irreproachable as his lineage, and whose pride was as intense as his piety—knew more about the birth of that little Marie than King or Kaiser. The secret was well kept, and never reached Voltaire's ears, else the whole world would have rung with the scandal. Not knowing how to read or write, but quick and very promising, Marie-Olympe, when fifteen, was married to a certain M. Aubry, a retired traiteur, with sixty thousand pounds, and old enough to be her grandfather. He had the complaisance to die before the bridal year was out, leaving Marie a very wealthy and very lovely widow of sixteen, burning with curiosity to turn her back on virtuous, dull Montauban, and see the world. And she saw the world. She locked up the eating-house, and carried her sixteen years and her flashing black eyes to Paris, where she knew that her money, her youth, and her beauty would be sure to give her a brilliant success. She was right. Paris fêted and praised her without stint, and gave her lovers without number. The next fourteen years of her life were passed in one round of dissipation and gallantry. But the day came when the graces of sixteen were lost in the deepening lines of thirty, and the love which had blazed so fiercely now burned itself out like blackened straw. Olympe de Gouges—for she, too, changed her name, and sank the plebeian Aubry—hung on to the world of gallantry as long as it would have her; when, fairly abandoned, she gave herself up to the world of literature. She wrote dramas and plays, or rather she dictated them to her secretary—for she could not write, even then; and she deluged the Comédie Française with her wretched productions. Her great ambition was to have one of her pieces acted on the boards of Molière's theatre. It was in vain that she bribed the principal actors, fed the committee, wept and prayed, complimented, persecuted, and resented: they would have none of her. Now, it was a superb orange-tree, by which she would win a favorable verdict; now, a turkey stuffed with truffles; now, a group in porcelain—Apollo and the Muses—for M. Molé's sideboard. All in vain: they accepted her presents and rejected her pieces, ate her turkey and cut up her dramas. Olympe was not daunted. As fast as one piece was refused she composed another, to share the same fate, until, wearied and exasperated, she bearded the awful committee in full conclave—this time without flatteries or bribes to soften their hearts. The committee was not accustomed to indignities from its slaves; the name of Madame Olympe de Gouges was angrily erased from the register; her pieces were returned, and an end was put to all intercourse between her and the Comédie Française. Olympe was furious. She wrote and intrigued, and exhaled her despair in violent threats, till she became the standing nuisance of the time. M. de Beaumarchais suffered from her severity; and, as her abuse of her opponents was not always measured, it was no pleasant thing to fall into her hands. Every where she was repulsed, every where disappointed, until at last she thought better of her quarrel, and humbled herself to the powers. Vanquished by her tears, Molé took her part in the committee, and a reconciliation was effected, by which she was reinstated to exactly the same place as before the quarrel. This truce instantly brought on the devoted heads of the committee two new pieces. Olympe used to compose a drama in about forty-eight hours; and again and again other dramas poured in in quick succession. The Comédie Française accepted her now as a chronic malady, and courteously declined her pieces without reading them. At last Olympe wrote a book, wherein she gave all the details of her bribes and flatteries, and crying out in despair, "Oh, if I had been a man, what blood I would have shed! what ears I would have cut!"

But graver events were preparing in France, and Olympe de Gouges was startled, like Cubières, from her dreams of Fame, by the cannon of the Revolution. Here was a wider field for her. She flung herself impetuously into the movement, writing to a nation now, instead of to a committee, and demanding speech of the Assembly instead of a play-house audience. She asked to be allowed to defend "Louis Capet" together with Malesherbes—a demand which, it is scarcely necessary to add, was rejected by the Convention as unhesitatingly as her dramas by the Comédie Française. She then essayed a piece for the "Theatre of the Republic," a wretched daub of a thing, full of marches and countermarches and military evolutions, "to suit the taste of the times;" introducing among the prominent characters people then living—Dumouriez, young Egalité, the Demoiselles Fernig, and others. The republican audience relished her as little as the royalist committee had done. They hissed. In the midst of that terrible sound Mademoiselle Candeille came to the foot-lights to give the name of the author, when a woman, breathless, wild, disheveled, crazed, rushed to the front of the boxes, screaming, "Citizens, you demand the author—here she is! It is I, Olympe de Gouges! If you have not found the piece good, it is because the actors have played it horribly!" This was more than flesh and blood could bear. The actors protested that they had done their best, and the audience took their parts. Some hissed, some followed her through the lobbies with jeers and insults, some demanded back their money; and poor Olympe had enough to do to escape this outburst. But she obstinately held her own: the play was performed once more, and then the condemnation was so unmistakable that she was obliged to give way, and content herself with publishing a long accusatory account, which is not one of the least curious documents of the period. Beaten back from the ranks of the drama, how was she to feed that mad ambition of hers? how find place and action for her insatiable desires? Literature had failed her, like love; but politics were still open. She must be doing something, the more wild and mad the better; she must be fighting, now that she was not held worth the loving; so she turned against Robespierre, as the most prominent object in her way. She wrote and spoke against the despot with her usual reckless impetuosity—at a time when no man in France dared raise his voice against him. Robespierre quietly replied by a decree of death, and poor mad, feverish Olympe de Gouges laid her head on the scaffold, as the best resting-place her ambition could provide her with.

"Fatal desire of renown!" she was heard to whisper softly to herself, while taking her last look of the Boulevards trees. "I wished to be something!"

"I COULD REND THE FLOWER THAT THOU DOST PLUCK."

NON SATIS.

'Tis not enough to see thee, like a star
That rises on our sight when eve is clear,
Which all may view—but all must view afar.
'Tis not enough to watch thee, as the moon
Gazes on earth with steadfast face, but we're
May voice with voice exchange and intertune.

'Tis not enough to meet thee as by chance
In lighted rooms, and feign a cold repose—
Whereas I tremble to thy slightest glance.
'Tis not enough to cross thee in the glare
Of day, when serried friends thy path endure—
Content the sunlight of thy smile to share.

No! I am jealous of all senseless things
That hear and touch thee—of the fluttering wind
That dallies round with food, familiar wings,
And dares to kiss thine eyes and lift the tress
From thy blue temple; of the jewel blind
Upon thy bosom pillow'd, passionless.

And I could rend the flower that thou dost pluck,
And sink its odor with thy sunshine,
And taste its honey which the bee did suck.
Oh! I could kill thy sleek caressing hound
That frets thy hand, and blameless may entwine
Thy feet, whene'er he choose to bound.

For I would have thee, as the miser hoards
His idol gold, lock'd close with ponderous key,
In chest of brazen bands round clean boards.
I could not rest until with nails unfurl'd
I bore my treasure o'er the secret sea,
To some safe isle of desert world.

Because I want thee ALL; and nothing less
Than thy *whole being* would my heart suffice—
Thee and thy love entire I must possess.
No jot withdrawn atom of thy love
Passing the sphere of adamantine ice,
Within whose vault we must in oneness move.

LIFE SCENES IN THE SOUTH.

A TRUE SHARK STORY.

SOME ten years ago I was traveling in the upper part of Georgia for the benefit of my health, ever precarious, but then infinitely more so than now. Broken down by disease and exhausted by fatigue and suffering, I was glad to reach a pleasant little village where I could rest for a few days and recruit my wasted energies. And right glad was I that it was not to sojourn for a brief season in so pleasant a locality; and little did I then dream that there, in the heart of the uplands and three hundred miles from the sea-coast, I would find material for a most thrilling shark story; or that I should, in after years, be the instrument of making public to the world the most unparalleled adventure ever recorded, and which no other man, Jonah excepted, ever had with any of the piscatorial tribe.

No sooner had I taken up my lodgings in the delightful little village of T——, than, to my gratification, I learned that an old friend of our family was the resident Episcopal minister; and that it was entirely through his instrumentality—his own liberal donations and personal efforts—that the beautiful little Gothic church, which I could see from my window, raised its tiny, but graceful spires to heaven, like the little uplifted hands of so many children, begging the Father of Mercies for blessings upon the town. Surely, I thought, God will not send his "fire and brimstone" upon a place thus honored by His temple; for if there had been found but ten men in Sodom to rear an altar or build a tabernacle God's vengeance would not have been hurled against "the cities of the plain;" he would have spared them for the sake of the few who worshiped in His temple and offered incense upon His sacred altar.

I was thus musing and resolving in my own mind that I would not fail to call upon the reverend gentleman, when I received an invitation to come to see him *sans ceremonie*, as he was sick and could not leave the house without the consent of his physician. From various circumstances I had never seen Mr. J—— but was prepared to love him as an old friend. I found him lying upon a lounge in his study with a book in his hand, and his wife, a most estimable lady after the good old Virginia style, seated by his side and smiling happiness around her. He was then convalescing under considerable fever, and had a distressing cough; insomuch that his physician expressed his fears to me that he would fall a victim to consumption. But he has recovered his health now, and is as active and a useful man.

Although sick with a fever, I found him full of humor; for he was no monk, and despised the asceticism of the religious recluse. I was not only greatly entertained for two or three days but so much amused that I forgot for a while my own sufferings in laughing over his humorous narratives, his happy and original conjectures, his witty repartees. But there were times when the subjects of our conversation were of a graver character; when we spoke of the religious and political history of the past, the investigations and accomplishments of science, the wonderful progress in the arts, and the advancement of the present age in all the branches of human knowledge. It was then that, casting my eyes around the little cabinet, I discovered some rare geological specimens together with some fossil remains; and among the latter collection I saw the upper and lower maxilliaries of a huge shark, which had evidently very recently quitted its watery element. As I looked upon the keen serrated teeth set like the teeth of a saw, five or six rows in number, and each row finer and set in an opposite direction, I could not help exclaiming, "How easy for these sharp teeth to cut a man's body in twain! Perhaps, too, many a poor fellow has found his grave here!"

"Very likely!" said Mr. J——; "*for* his mate or first cousin came near cutting asunder the body of a very dear friend of mine!" He spoke seriously, and knowing him to be a man who could not jest about so solemn a subject as death, and that he was furthermore known to all men as a gentleman of strict veracity and unblemished integrity, I replied with a feeling of interest, "Indeed, Sir! you amaze me! how did that happen?"

Pray draw a chair near me and I will relate to you a most remarkable adventure; one, too, which clearly proves that God's Providence is as plainly visible around us, and is daily manifested in the world as in the days of old when it led the children of Israel away from their enemies and out of all their difficulties, through 'a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night'." Oh, Sir, there is a vast deal of downright infidelity upon this subject, and it is very strange that men's eyes are so blinded that they can not see that the God of the Israelites is the God of the Christian; that the everlasting God is not dead, nor does his Providence ever slumber; but that his sweetest heart ever prompts him to fly to the help of his children whenever He sees them in trouble or distress! But I am not going to preach you a sermon on Providence, but to tell you a *true shark story*; not a *fiction*, but a fact! And lest you may suppose, Sir, that our seaislanders are rather *fishy*, I will refer you to Mr. ——, upon whose integrity you may rely; for his word, like the law of the Medes and Persians, is never altered and unalterable in regard to truth.

"It has been but a year or two ago," continued the reverend gentleman, "that two of my friends went out one afternoon for the purpose of striking, or *'graining*,' Sting-rays—a species of round flattish, like a plaice, but possessing a long tail, which is armed with a sharp, deadly sting, like the point of a bayonet, from three to four inches in length. Although their flesh is never eaten, yet are they frequently hunted in shallow water, for it requires a man of strength to hold them down; and of activity also, to avoid their sting, which has been known to produce lock-jaw and death in a few hours; and many a man has been tripped from his heels by the flounce of this singular animal, whose creation seems to have been designed simply to show the handiwork of God, and as food for sharks and other sea-monsters. The weapon which is used in their pursuit is a double or triple pronged instrument, armed with a barb like a fish-hook, to prevent its drawing out from the flesh of the stingray; and this trident, something after the fashion of old Neptune's, is attached to a handle five or six feet in length, so that it answers both on a bayonet and staff—to charge the enemy and assist the weary pilgrim on his way.

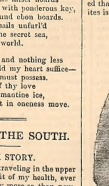
"Our two fishermen had been pursuing their sport for some time with perhaps doubtful success, when they came to a long and a wide frith (or arm of the sea), making out into the beach, which is usually very low, and in many places entirely dry at ebb-tide, but which at the flood and high tides is from three or four to eight or ten feet in depth. These friths, or bays, are called '*fellys*' by our seaislanders. Why this name has been given them I know not, unless from the fact, as the Spaniards would call them, they are '*un especie de val*'—a species of vat; and as it is consequent downright foolishness for any thing, whether man or beast, to enter into and be caught in a net, so also is it *folly* for mullet and other 'small fry' to go up into these friths, where they are sure to be caught by shark or the net of the fishermen. My two friends had proceeded up this folly, and then had crossed over to the other side at the ebb-tide, where the water was not more than from ankle to knee deep. Their game led them in different directions, so that they became widely separated; and when the flood was up they found themselves on opposite sides of the folly. The gentleman who had crossed over perceived a huge sea-shark passing slowly up the folly, intent on catching mullet. Perceiving that his friend was about to cross over, he hailed him to warn him of the presence of the monster; requesting him at the same time to return to the beach until the coobi tring the boat round and take him in. But although sound is usually heard to a great distance on the water, the surf was now rolling high upon the beach, and the wind had risen with the tide, so that his voice could not be heard. It was in vain that he shouted 'A shark! a shark! Wait till I can bring you the boat!' It was in vain that he waved his hand in the most excited manner, directing him to go back, for 'a shark was above him, and would soon return upon his tracks.' The doomed man misunderstood all his words and signs. He supposed that his friend was hurrying him to come over quickly lest the water should become too deep. And he made the more haste, until he found himself in the middle of the folly, and up to his waist in water, before he perceived the enemy. Now, however, it was too late to retreat, and he could not reach the opposite shore in time to avoid the danger; for the shark had perceived him, and was coming down upon his victim. Slowly and leisurely, as the epicure who gloats in anticipation over his meal, did the sea-monster come nearer, and yet nearer! Death seemed inevitable. There was no chance for escape. He must stand quietly and meet his fate! His hour was come! Adieu now to the friends of earth! Adieu to the wife of his bosom, and the children who had clustered like gems set around a father's heart! The man is doomed—doomed to be cut in two, just at the waist, by those six rows of sharp white teeth! 'O God! how horrible!' exclaimed his companion, as he saw the sea-monster turn upon his side and open his wide jaws to cut in twain the body of his beloved friend. 'Great God! he is lost!' and well may we imagine that his hair stood on end, and the cold sweat gushed in thick, clammy streams from every pore!

"But there stood his friend, in mortal peril, as no other man perhaps would have stood, unless God had held him up by His strong right hand; and if his heart hushed its drummings at the approach of Death, and stood still in the presence of the conqueror, his eye winked not, for it was fixed upon the keen, savage eyes of the monster. His left foot was advanced forward, and his right braced back. He held his weapon (the grains or gig) firmly in his hand, as a drowning man who grasps convulsively a straw; but it was drawn back with determination, as the soldier who prepares to thrust his bayonet into the approaching enemy. But his heart is a bold spirit to entertain the least hope, thus feebly armed, against such a foe. For of what avails is such a weapon against so huge a monster as a sea-shark eighteen feet in length?

"Why, Sir, he will snap your shaft in two as a reed! He will swallow you, weapon and all! There! Oh, my God, he has done it! Just as I thought! Farewell, my poor friend!"

"There was a huge flounce—an awful splashing for a few moments—and the white spray was flung high in the air! The gentleman on shore closed his eyes, and, staggering back a few paces, uttered a deep groan. When he looked for the first time he saw no one. His friend was gone. Surely, thought he, he is dead. But there is no redness of the waters. Could he have been swallowed alive at one gulp? Horrible thought! No, no—above is he! He rises from the briny waters alive and well, but stunned and almost stupefied by the intensely-exciting contest in which he had been engaged. He is astonished, and wonders that he is alive. He looks around, expecting to see the shark still coming toward him and rolling upon his side. 'Where is he?' he cries, in amazement. His friend, with tears of joy streaming from his eyes, points with his hand toward the sea. They looked and saw in wonder. There went the monster, flying as an arrow from a well-strung bow, or as the wind sea, there to die, as a wounded kite, alone! And, as far as the eye could see, they beheld the staff of the 'grains' or 'gig' sticking from his throat, and quivering in the air, from the rapidity of his motion, as the bare mast of a vessel whose sails have been rent into tatters and blown away by the storm! Oh, it was a wonderful Providence! and who can imagine the heartfelt gratitude which must have swelled almost to bursting the heart of the man thus rescued by the strong hand of Jehovah! For, although he saw it not, it was God's broad hand which held the shaft, and God's bravery arm which threw the frail weapon into the monster's throat. But it was as effectual as David's little sling against Goliah, the vain braggadocio, who defied God's army!

"And oh! Sir, if my friend went not forth dry-shod, but dripping wet—if the waters did not rise up on either side as a frozen wall—yet, Sir, when



"MY GOD, HE HAS DONE IT!—FAREWELL, MY POOR FRIEND!"

he reached the hard beach he could look back upon his still-retreating foe, and with tears of grateful joy his heart could hum the same song which Moses sung when he saw that God had overthrown his enemies in the deep waters. Surely God is great; and his ways are not as ours, and his Providence is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever!"

When the reverend gentleman ended his narrative I drew a long breath, and thanked him for the moral lesson it conveyed of the goodness and power of God.

A DAY'S RIDE:

A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

By CHARLES LEVER.

AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," "HARRY LORREQUER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Had Fortune decreed that I should be rich, I believe I would have been the most popular of men. There is such a natural kindness of disposition in me, blended with the most refined sense of discrimination. I love humanity in the aggregate, and, at the same time, with a rare delicacy of sentiment, I can follow through all the tortuous windings of the heart, and actually sympathize in emotions that I never experienced. No rank is too exalted, no lot too humble, for the exercise of my benevolence. I have sat in my arm-chair with a beating, throbbing heart, as I imagined the troubles of a king, and I have drunk my Bordeaux with tears of gratitude as I fancied myself a peasant with only water to slake his thirst. To a man of highly organized temperament, the privations themselves are not necessary to eliminate the feelings they would suggest. Coarser natures would require starvation to produce the sense of hunger, nakedness to cause that of cold, and so on; the gifted can be in rags while inclosed in a wadded dressing-gown; they can go supperless to bed after a meal of oysters and toasted cheese; they can, if they will, be fatally wounded as they sit over their wine, or cast away after shipwreck with their feet on the fender. Great privileges all these; happy is he who has them, happy are they amidst whom he tries to spread the blessings of his inheritance!

Amidst the many admirable traits which I recognize in myself—and of which I speak not boastfully, but gratefully, being accidents of my nature as far removed from my own agency as the color of my eyes or the shape of my nose—of these, I say, I know of none more striking than such as fit me to be a patron. I am graceful as a lover, touching as a friend, but I am really great as a protector.

Reveling in such sentiments as these, I stood at my window looking at the effect of moonlight on the Falls. It seemed to me as though in the grand spectacle before my eyes I beheld a sort of illustration of my own nature, wherein generous emotions could come gushing, foaming, and falling, and yet the source be never exhausted, the flood ever at full. I ought parenthetically to observe that the Champagne was excellent, and that I had drunk the third glass of the second bottle to the health of the Widow Cliquot herself. Thus standing and musing, I was startled by a noise behind me, and, turning round, I saw one of the smallest of men, in a little red Greek jacket and short yellow breeches, carefully engaged in spreading a small piece of carpet on the floor, a strip like a very diminutive hearth-rug. This done, he gave a little wild exclamation of "Ho!" and cut a somersault in the air, alighting on the flat of his back, which he announced by a like cry of "Ha!" He was up again, however, in an instant, and repeated the performance three times. He was about, as I judged by the arrangement of certain chairs, to proceed to other exercises equally diverting, when I stopped him by asking who he was.

"Your excellency," said he, drawing himself up to his full height of, say, four feet, "I am Väterchen!"

Every one knows what provoking things are certain chance resemblances, how disturbing to the right current of thought, how subverting to the free exercise of reason. Now this creature before me, in his deeply indented temples, high narrow forehead, aquiline nose, and resolute chin, was marvelously like a certain great field-marshal with whose features, notwithstanding the portraits of him, we are all familiar. It was not of the least use to me that I knew he was not the illustrious general, but simply a mountebank. There were the stern traits, haughty and defiant, and do what I would the thought of the great man would clash with the capers of the little one. Owing to this impression, it was impossible for me to address him without a certain sense of deference and respect.

"Will you not be seated?" said I, offering him a chair, and taking one myself. He accepted with all the quiet ease of good-breeding, and smiled courteously as I filled a glass and passed it toward him.

I pressed my hand across my eyes for a moment, while I reflected, and I muttered to myself,

"Oh, Potts, if instead of a tumbler this had really been the hero, what an evening might this be! Lives there that man in Europe so capable of feeling in all its intensity the glorious privilege of such a meeting? Who, like you, would listen to the wisdom distilling from those lips? Who would treasure up every trait of voice, accent, and manner, remembering not alone every anecdote, but every expression? Who, like you, could have gracefully led the conversation so as to range over the whole wide ocean of that great life, taking in battles, and sieges, and stormings, and congresses, and scenes of all that is most varied and exciting in existence? Would not the record of one such night, drawn by you, have been worth all the cold compilations and bleak biographies that ever were written? You would have presented him as he sat there in front of you." I opened my eyes to paint from the model, and there was the little dog, with his legs straight up on each side of his head and forming a sort of Gothic arch over his face. The wretch had done the feat to amuse me, and I almost fainted with horror as I saw it.

"Sit down, Sir," said I, in a voice of stern command. "You little know the misery you have caused me."

I refilled his glass and closed my eyes once more. In my old pharmaceutical experiences I had often made bread pills, and remembered well how, almost invariably, they had been deemed successful. What relief from pain to the agonized sufferer had they not given! What slumber to the sleepless! What appetite, what vigor, what excitement! Why should not the same treatment apply to morals as to medicine? Why, with faith to aid one, can not he induce every wished-for mood of mind and thought? The lay figure to support the drapery suffices for the artist, the Venus herself is in his brain. Now, if that little fellow there would neither cut capers nor speak, I ask no more of him. Let him sit firmly as he does now, staring me boldly in the face that way.

"Yes," said I, "lay your hand on the arm of your chair so, and let the other be clenched thus." And so I placed him. "Never utter a word, but nod to me at rare intervals."

He has since acknowledged that he believed me to be deranged; but as I seemed a harmless case, and he could rely on his activity for escape, he made no objection to my directions. The less, too, that he enjoyed his wine immensely, and was at liberty to drink as he pleased.

"Now," thought I, "one glance, only one, to see that he poses properly."

All right, nothing could be better. His face was turned slightly to one side, giving what the painters call action to the head, and he was perfect. I now resigned myself to the working of the spell, and already I felt its influence over me. Where and with what was I to begin? Numberless questions thronged to my mind. I wanted to know a thousand disputed things, and fully as many that were only disputed by myself. I felt that as such another opportunity would assuredly never present itself twice in my life, that the really great use of the occasion would be to make every inquiry subsidiary to my own case, to make all my investigations what Germans would call "Potts-wise." My intensest anxiety was then to ascertain if, like myself, his grace started in life with very grand aspirations.

"Did you feel, for instance, when playing practical jokes on the maids of honor in Dublin, some sixty odd years ago, that you were only in sportive vein throwing off so much light ballast to make room for the weightier material that was to steady you in the storm-tossed sea before you? Have you experienced the almost necessity of these little expansions of eccentricity as I have? Was there always in your heart, as a young man, as there is now in mine, a profound contempt for the opinions of your contemporaries? Did you continually find yourself repeating, 'Respice finem! Mark where I shall be yet?'" There was another investigation which touched me still more closely, but it was long before I could approach it. I saw all the difficulty and the delicacy of the inquiry, but with that same recklessness of consequences which would make me catch a queen by the back hair if I was drowning, I clutched at this discovery now, and, although trembling at my boldness, asked: "Was your grace ever afraid? I know the impertinence of the question, but if you only guessed how it concerns me, you'd forgive it. Nature has made me many things, but not courageous. Nothing on earth could induce me to risk life; the more I reason about it the greater grows my repugnance. Now, I would like to hear, is this what anatomists call congenital? Am I likely to grow out of it? Shall I ever be a dare-devil, intrepid, fire-eating sort of creature? How will the change come over me? Shall I feel it coming? Will it come from within, or through external agencies? and when it has arrived, what shall I become? Am I destined to drive the Zouaves into the sea by a bayonet charge of the North Cork Rifles, or shall I only be great in council, and take weekly trips in the *Fairy* to Cowes? I'd like to know this, and begin a course of preparation for my position, as I once knew of a militia captain who hardened himself for a campaign by sleeping every night with his head on the window-stool."

As I opened my eyes I saw the stern features in front of me. I thought the words, "I was never afraid, Sir!" rang through my brain till they filled every ventricle with their din.

"Not at Assaye?"

"No, Sir."

"Not at the Douro?"

"No, Sir."

"Not at Torres Vedras?"

"I tell you again, no, Sir!'

Whether I uttered this last with any uncommon degree of vehemence or not, I so frightened Väterchen that he cut a somersault clean over the chair, and stood grinning at me through the rails at the back of it. I motioned to him to be reseated, while, passing my hand across my brow, I waved away the bright illusions that beset me, and, with a heavy sigh, re-entered the dull world of reality.

"You are a clown," said I, meditatively. "What is a clown?"

He did not answer me in words, but, placing his hands on his knees, stared at me steadfastly, and then, having fixed my attention, his face performed a series of the most fearful contortions I ever beheld. With one horrible spasm he made his mouth appear to stretch from ear to ear; with another, his nose wagged from side to side; with a third, his eyebrows went up and down alternately, giving the different sides of his face two directly antagonistic expressions. I was shocked and horrified, and called to him to desist.

"And yet," thought I, "there are natures who can delight in these, and see in them matter for mirth and laughter!

"Old man," said I, gravely, "has it ever occurred to you that in this horrible commixture of expression, wherein grief wars with joy and sadness with levity, you are like one who, with a noble instrument before him, should, instead of sweet sounds of harmony, produce wild, unearthly discords, the jangling bursts of fiend-like voices?"

"The Tintenfleck can play indifferently well, your excellency," said he, humbly. "I never had any skill that way myself."

Oh, what a crassa natura was here! What a triple wall of dullness surrounds such dark intelligences!

"And where is the Tintenfleck? Why is she not here?" asked I, anxious to remove the discussion to a ground of more equality.

"She is without, your excellency. She did not dare to present herself till your excellency had desired, and is waiting in the corridor."

"Let her come in," said I, grandly; and I drew my chair to a distant corner of the room, so as to give them a wider area to appear in, while I could at the same time assume that attitude of splendid ease and graceful protection I have seen a prince accomplish on the stage at the moment the ballet is about to begin. The door opened, and Väterchen entered, leading Tintenfleck by the hand.

CHAPTER XXVII.

I was quite right—Tintenfleck's entrée was quite dramatic. She tripped into the room with a short step, nor arrested her run till she came close to me, when, with a deep courtesy, she bent down very low, and then, with a single spring backward, retreated almost to the door again. She was very pretty—dark enough to be a Moor, but with a rich brilliancy of skin never seen among that race, for she was a Calabrian; and as she stood there, with her arms crossed before her, and one leg firmly advanced, and with the foot—a very pretty foot—well planted, she was like—all the Italian peasants one has seen in the National Gallery for years back. There was the same look, half-defiant, half-shy; the same elevation of sentiment in the brow, and the same coarseness of the mouth; plenty of energy, enough and to spare of daring; but no timidity, no gentleness.

"What is she saying?" asked I of the old man, as I overheard a whisper pass between them. "Tell me what she has just said to you."

"It is nothing, your excellency—she is a fool."

"That she may be; but I insist on hearing what it was she said."

He seemed embarrassed and ashamed, and instead of replying to me, turned to address some words of reproach to the girl.

"I am waiting for your answer," said I, peremptorily.

"It is the saucy way she has gotten, your excellency, all from over-flattery; and now that she sees there is no audience here, none but your excellency, she is impatient to be off again. She'll never do any thing for us on the night of a thin house."

"Is this the truth, Tintenfleck?" asked I.

With a wild volubility, of which I could not gather a word, but every accent of which indicated passion, if not anger, she poured out something to the other, and then turned as if to leave the room. He interposed quickly, and spoke to her, at first angrily, but at last in a soothing and entreating tone, which seemed gradually to calm her.

"There is more in this than you have told, Väterchen," said I. "Let me know at once why she is impatient to get away."

"I would leave it to herself to tell your excellency," said he, with much confusion, "but that you could not understand her mountain dialect. The fact is," added he, after a great struggle with himself—"the fact is, she is offended at your calling her 'Tintenfleck.' She is satisfied to be so named among ourselves, where we all have similar nicknames; but that you, a great personage, high, and rich, and titled, should do so, wounds her deeply. Had you said—"

Here he whispered me in my ear, and almost inadvertently I repeated after him "Catinka."

"Si, si, Catinka," said she, while her eyes sparkled with an expression of wildest delight, and at the same instant she bounded forward and kissed my hand twice over.

I was glad to have made my peace, and placing a chair for her at the table, I filled out a glass of wine and presented it. She only shook her head in dissent, and pushed it away.

"She has odd ways in every thing," said the old man; "she never eats but bread and water. It is her notion that if she were to taste other food she'd lose her gift of fortune-telling."

"So, then, she reads destiny, too?" said I, in astonishment.

Before I could inquire further she swept her hands across the strings of her guitar and broke out into a little peasant song. It was very monotonous, but pleasing. Of course I knew nothing of the words nor the meaning, but it seemed as though one thought kept ever and anon recurring in the melody, and would continue to rise to the surface, like the air bubbles in a well. Satisfied apparently by the evidences of my approval, she had no sooner finished than she began another. This was somewhat more pretentious, and, from what I could gather, represented a parting scene between a lover and his mistress. There was, at least, a certain action in the song which intimated this. The fervent earnestness of the lover, his entreaties, his prayers, and at last his threatenings, were all given with effect, and there was actually good acting in the stolid defiance she opposed to all; she rejected his vows, refused his pledges, scorned his menaces; but when he had gone and left her, when she saw herself alone and desolate, then came out a gush of the most passionate sorrow, all the pent-up misery of a heart that seemed to burst with its weight of agony.

If I was in a measure entranced while she was singing, such was the tension of my nerves as I listened that I was heartily glad when it was over. As for her, she seemed so overcome by the emotion she had parodied that she bent her head down, covered her face with her hands, and sobbed twice or thrice convulsively.

I turned toward Väterchen to ask him some question, I forget what, but the little fellow had made such good use of the decanter beside him while the music went on that his cheeks were a bright crimson, and his little round eyes shone like coals of fire.

"This young creature should never have fallen among such as you!" said I, indignantly; "she has feeling and tenderness—the powers of expression she wields all evidence a great and gifted nature. She has, so to say, noble qualities."

"Noble, indeed!" croaked out the little wretch, with a voice hoarse from the strong Burgundy.

"She might, with proper culture, adorn a very different sphere," said I, angrily. "Many have climbed the ladder of life with humbler pretensions."

"Ay, and stand on one leg on top of it, playing the tambourine all the time," hiccoughed he in reply.

I did not fancy the way he carried out my figure, but went on with my reflections:

"Some, but they are few, achieve greatness at a bound—"

"That's what she does," broke he in. "Twelve hoops and a drum behind them, at one spring—she comes through like a flying-fish."

I don't know what angry rejoinder was on my lips to this speech, when there came a tap at my door. I arose at once and opened it. It was François, with a polite message from Mrs. Keates, to say how happy it would make her "if I felt well enough to join her and Miss Herbert at tea." For a second or two I knew not what to reply. That I was "well enough" François was sure to report, and in my flushed condition I was, perhaps, the picture of an exaggerated state of convalescence; so, after a moment's hesitation, I muttered out a blundering excuse on the plea of having a couple of friends with me, "who had chanced to be just passing through the town on their way to Italy."

I did not think François had time to report my answer, when I heard him again at the door. It was, with his mistress's compliments, to say she "would be charmed if I would induce my friends to accompany me."

I had to hold my hand on my side with laughter as I heard this message, so absurd was the proposition and so ridiculous seemed the notion of it. This, I say, was the first impression made upon my mind; and then, almost as suddenly, there came another and very different one. "What is the mission you have embraced, Potts?" asked I of myself. "If it have a but or an object, is it not to overthrow the mean and unjust prejudices, the miserable class distinctions, that separate the rich from the poor, the great from the humble, the gifted from the ignorant? Have you ever proposed to yourself a nobler conquest than over that vulgar tyranny by which prosperity lords it over humble fortune? Have you imagined a higher triumph than to make the man of purple and fine linen feel happy in the companionship of him in smock-frock and high-lows? Could you ask for a happier occasion to open the campaign than this? Mrs. Keates is an admirable representative of her class; she has all the rigid prejudices of her condition; her sympathies may rise, but they never fall; she can feel for the sorrows of the well-born, she has no concern for vulgar afflictions. How admirable the opportunity to show her that grace, and genius, and beauty are of all ranks! And Miss Herbert, too, what a test it will be of *her!* If she really have greatness of soul, if there be in her nature a spirit that rises above petty conventionalities and miserable ceremonials, she will take this young creature to her heart like a sister. I think I see them with arms entwined—two lovely flowers on one stalk—the dark crimson rose and the pale hyacinth! Oh, Potts! this would be a nobler victory to achieve than to rend battalions with grape, or ride down squadrons with the crash of cavalry.—I will come, François," said I. "Tell Mrs. Keates that she may expect us immediately." I took especial care in my dialogue to keep this prying fellow outside the room, and to interpose in every attempt that he made to obtain a peep within. In this I perfectly succeeded, and dismissed him without his being able to report any one circumstance about my two traveling friends.

My next task was to inform them of my intentions on their behalf; nor was this so easy as might be imagined; for Väterchen had indulged very freely with the wine, and all the mountains of Calabria lay between myself and Tintenfleck. With a great exercise of ingenuity, and more of patience, I did at last succeed in making known to the old fellow that a lady of the highest station and her friend were curious to see them. He only caught my meaning after

some time, but when he had surmounted the difficulty, as though to show me how thoroughly he understood the request, and how nicely he appreciated its object, he began a series of facecontortions of the most dreadful kind, being a sort of programme of what he intended to exhibit to the distinguished company. I regretted this firmly, severely. I explained that on critical occasions like this, in all the relations of private life should be ever the gentleman; that the habits of the stage were no more suitable to carry into the street than the costume. I dilated upon the fact that John Kemble had been deemed fitting company by the First Gentleman of Europe; and that if his manner could have exposed him to a criticism, it was that, perhaps, a slight tendency to over-reserve, in cold and almost stern dignity. I'm not sure Vatercheln followed me completely, nor understood me at all times; I remember that he mumbled Kean and Lord Byron, but I now addressed myself pictorially to Tintenfleck—pictorially, I say, for words were hopeless. I signified that a res grande dame was about to receive her. I arose with my shirts expanded in both hands, made a reverent courtesy, throwing my head well back, and looking every inch a duchess. But alas for my powers of representation! I had burst into a hearty laugh, and had at last to lay her head on Vatercheln's shoulder out of pure exhaustion.

"Explain to her what I have told you, Sir, and do not at graming at me there like a baboon," said I, in a severe voice.

I can not say how he acquitted himself, but I could gather that a very lively altercation ensued, and it seemed to me as though she resolutely refused to subject herself to any further ordeals of what academicians call a private view. At last she was ready for the ring and the saw-dust, and the drollories of the men with chalk on their faces, but she would not accept high life on any terms. By degrees, and by arguments of his own ingenious devising, I found her, he said, weeping, at last she arose with a bound and cried out, "Eccoml!"

"Remember," said I to Vatercheln, as we left the room, "I am doing that which few would have the courage to dare. He will depend upon the dignity of her conduct, the grace of her manners, the well-bred ease of your address, to make me the victim of my intrepidity, and my painful possibility! retire covered with ineffable shame and discomfiture. Do you comprehend me?"

"Perfectly," said he, standing erect, and giving even in his attitude a sort of bulbond for future dignity. "Lend on!"

This was more familiar than he had been yet; but I scorned to notice it, as tension of nerves rose to a high purpose, and rendering him thus inaccessible to other thoughts than of the enterprise before him.

As I neared the door of Mrs. Keates's apartment, I hesitated as to how I should enter. Ought I to precede my friends, and announce them as they followed? Or would it seem more easy and more natural if I were to give my arm to Tintenfleck, leaving Vatercheln to bring up the rear? After much deliberation, this appeared to be the better course, especially as it left for granted that, although some peculiarities of costume might ask for explanation later on, I was about to present a very eligible and charming addition to the company.

I am scarcely able to say whether I was or was not annoyed by the mode in which she accepted the offer of my arm. At first the proposition appeared unintelligible, and she looked at me with one of those wide-eyed stares, as though to say, "What new gymnastic is this? What can be the use of which I never heard before?" and then, with a sort of jerk, she threw my arm up in the air and made a pirouette under it of such brief duration, that—

Half reproving I shook my head and offered her my hand, which she understood at once. She recognized such a mode of approach as legitimate and proper, and with an artistic shake of her fingers on the other hand and a confident smile she signified she was ready to go "on."

I was once on a time thrown over a horse's head into a slate quarry; a very considerable drop it was, and nearly fatal. On ascending vision I was carried in a small boat over the fall of a salmon weir, and buried along in the flood for almost three hundred yards. Each of these was a situation of excitement and peril, and with considerable confusion as the consequence; and yet I could deliberately recount you every striking phase of my terror, from my first fright down to my complete unconsciousness, and such mental traits as would gurantee truthfulness; while of the scene upon which I now adventured I preserve nothing but the vaguest and most unconnected memory.

I remember my advance into the middle of the room. I have a recollection of a large silver tureen, and beyond it a lady in a turban; another with long ringlets threw wax. I like such a noise like a small steamer, and there was a confusion of voices—about what, I can not tell—that increased the uproar, and we were all standing up and all talking together; and there was what seemed an angry discussion, and then the large turban and the ringlets swept majestically past me. The turban said, "This is too much, Sir!" and ringlets added, "Far too much, Sir!" and as they reached the door there was Vatercheln on his head, with a bunch of candles between his feet to light them out, and Tintenfleck, screaming with laughter, threw himself into an arm-chair and clapped a most riotous applause.

I stood a moment almost transfixed, then dashed out of the room, hurried up stairs to my chamber, bolted the door, drew a great clothespress against it for further security, and then threw myself upon my bed in one of those paroxysms of mad confusion in which a man can not say whether he is on the verge of inevitable ruin or has just been rescued from a dreadful fate. I would not, if even I could, recount all that I suffered that night. There was not a scene of open shame and disgrace that I did not picture to myself as incurring. I was every where in the stocks or the pillory. I wore a wooden pigeard on my breast, inscribed, "Potts, the Impostor." I was running at top speed before howling and yelling crowds. I was standing with a circle of protecting policemen amidst a mob eager to tear me to pieces. I was sitting on a hard stool while my hair was being cropped à la Pentonville, and a gray suit lay ready for me when it was done. But enough of such a dreary record. I believe I cried myself to sleep at last, and so soundly, too, that it was very late in the afternoon ere I awoke. It was the sight of the barricade I had erected at my door gave me the clew to the past, and again I buried my face in my hands and wept bitterly.

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The two centre figures in the foreground of the above cut represent the celebrated AZTEC CHILDREN, found in one of the long lost cities of Central America. It will be observed that their cast of features, and very small heads, bear a striking resemblance to the sculpture found in those cities by Stephens and other travelers, which fact seems to indicate that the race of men to which they belong are the lineal descendants of the Aztecs.

The figure on the right-hand corner, is said to be found in the wilds of Africa, and is supposed to be a mixture of the wild man of the woods and the Ourang-outang, a kind of Man-Monkey, but for want of a positive name is called "WHAT IS IT?" The two white figures represent two ALBINO GIRLS, and the black one their black mother and sister. These Girls, though of black parentage, are a PURE WHITE, WITH WHITE WOOL AND PINK EYES, but with every other feature and characteristic of the real African. No one can look upon them without feeling the conviction that they are beyond all doubt WHITE NEGROES. All these extraordinary living wonders are on exhibition at

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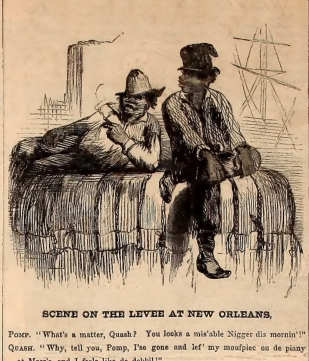

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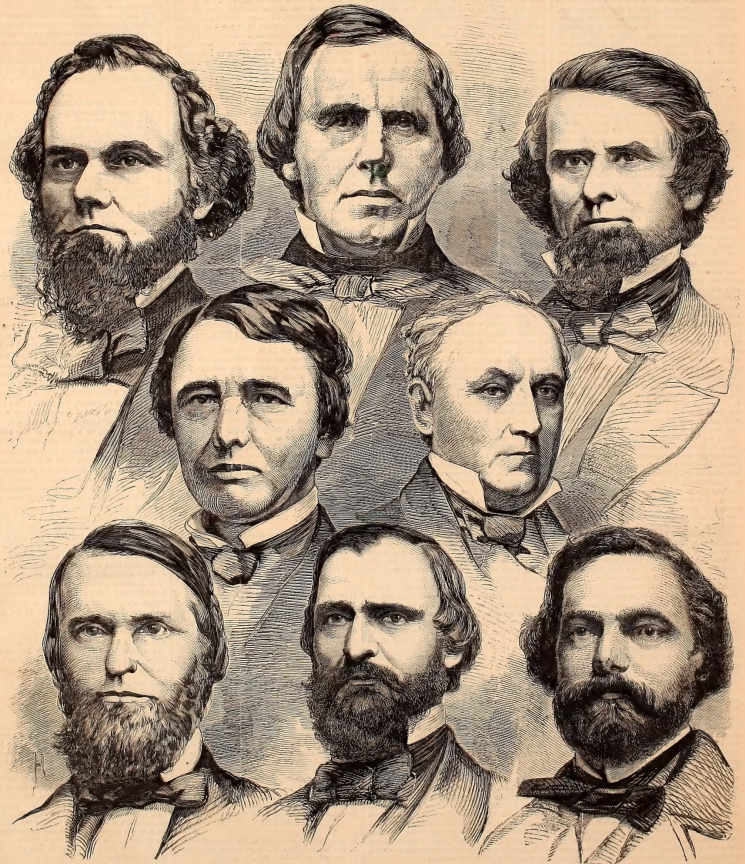

THE SECEDING SOUTH CAROLINA DELEGATION.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

THE SECEDING SOUTH CAROLINA DELEGATION.

We give on the preceding page portraits of the gentlemen originally accredited to the present Congress of the United States, as Senators and Representatives, from the State of South Carolina. The Senators did not take their seats at the commencement of this, the second session; those Representatives who were elected under the authority of the State Convention withdrew to attend its session, and when the new resolve of Washington has the State lawfully formally seceded from the Union the other gentlemen will retire from the capitol. Personally, as well as politically, this exodus from the national halls of legislation will be felt; for although some of the Palmetto delegation have at times cast their votes wrong in a party way, they leave no enemies behind them. Gallant gentlemen, with high endowments, manly attributes, and an intensity of devotion to patriotism has never even dared to glance, they carry with them kind wishes and sincere regrets, even of those who go so far as to believe that "secession is treason." Worthy successors of Calhoun, and Hayne, and M'Duffie, and Butler, and others who have in former years occupied the chairs may, or soon to be vacated, they turn from Presidents and parties, from Constitution and Union Congress, to acknowledge their allegiance to the Palmetto State, and to link their future destinies with her destiny.

JAMES H. HAMMOND is a native of the Barnwell District, South Carolina, where he was born on the 15th of November, 1807. His father was an officer of the State College, into which he entered, graduating with high honors in 1827. After studying law, he was admitted to the bar, and while he practiced with success, although he became more generally known as the writer of all editorial articles in the Augusta *State Rights Sentinel* and speeches expounded by John C. Calhoun. Elected in 1832 to the Twenty-fourth Congress, he gave proof of the most brilliant talents; but his health became enfeebled, and at the close of his term he went abroad, where he had an opportunity to study the workings of foreign governments. On his return home, in 1841, he was appointed general of the South Carolina troops, and the following year was elected Governor of the State. In 1844 he retired to his noble estate known as "Redcliffe," a fertile island in the Savannah River, about ten miles below Augusta, Georgia, where he devoted himself to literary and to agricultural pursuits. His articles to the English abolitionist, Clarkson, published in 1845, were extensively circulated, and his experiments in manuring land, deep plowing, the cultivation of sorgho, etc., are well known to agriculturists. In November, 1857, he was called from his retirement to fill the vacancy in the Senate of Jordan, who elected him a United States Senator, and on receiving the telegraphic announcement, he wrote as a return message—"I am grateful, I will accept, and I will do my duty." Appointed a member of the Committee on Naval Affairs, he has been one of the most diligent Senators in attending to the public business, and has shown a liberal spirit in urging appropriations for the maintenance of our navy and of our navy-yards on a creditable footing. He is a firm believer in the Monroe doctrine that—to use his own words—"in all social systems there must be a class to do the menial duties, to perform the drudgery of life. That is a class requiring but a low order of intellect and but very little skill. Its requisites are vigor, docility, fidelity. Such a class you must have, or you would not have that other class which leads progress, civilization, and refinement. It constitutes the very mud-sill of society and of political government; and you might as well attempt to build a house in the air as to build either the one or the other except on this mud-sill. Fortunately for the South, she found a race adapted to that purpose to her hand—a race inferior to her own, perfectly qualified in temper, in vigor, in docility, in capacity, to stand this climate, to answer all her purposes. She found them slaves 'by the common consent of mankind,' which, according to Cicero, 'law *natural*,' the highest proof of what is nature's law."

JAMES CHESNUT was born about the year 1815, near Camden, South Carolina, at "Mulberry," the estate of his father, who is still alive, and who, after having served the Union some years, with threescore and ten years of age, has within a few months become an advocate of secession. James, after having enjoyed the advantages of a thorough classical academic education, entered Princeton college, where, at a Commencement, he became acquainted with Miss Kitty Cox, who is a Philadelphia by birth. In 1839 he was elected a member of the lower branch of the State Legislature, and continued to serve therein until 1852, taking high ground against separate State secession. In 1858 he was elected to the State Senate for the Kershaw district, as the candidate of those who desired to reform the "parish system;" but in the following year he became convinced that the time considered system was the correct one, and tendered his resignation, which his constituents refused to accept. Re-elected in 1856, he succeeded Governor Alston as the presiding officer of the Senate, and continued in the chair until—1858—he was chosen to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Judge Evans, United States Senator, and was subsequently elected to fill that position for the ensuing term. Naturally of a very temperament and chivalrous disposition, he has distinguished himself to act with the calm dignity of a statesman, and enjoys a high reputation for the accuracy of his information, the cogency of his logic, his energetic but unambitious eloquence, and his high-minded patriotism.

JOHN M'QUEEN, senior Representative on the Congressional roll, was born in Robinson County, North Carolina, in 1808, his father, James M'Queen (who was a nephew of Flora Macdonald, the guide of Prince Charlie), claiming descent in a direct line from Robert Bruce. After having graduated at Chapel Hill University, he commenced the study of law, and having removed to Marlborough Court House, South Carolina, was there admitted to the bar, and has since enjoyed a lucrative practice. Espousing the nullification doctrines, he was elected a Colonel of the State Volunteers in 1833, at time of a general armament, and rose to the rank of Major-General in 1835. In 1844 he became a candidate for Congress in opposition to Colonel Alexander D. Sims, but was defeated three successive times, after which he was elected, taking his seat in the House in 1849. Since then he has been successively re-elected, and is one of the oldest in will at once resign his seat in the Representatives. Politics are with him a matter of duty to his State, not a labor of love—a serious reality, not a mere pastime. Attentive to his duties, he never hesitates to express his opinions, giving utterance to the real sentiments of his mind—sentiments almost invariably suggested by his long experience as a Representative of South Carolina. Twice married, he has three sons and a daughter living, who are highly esteemed by his numerous acquaintances as a gallant, hospitable type of the "olden soldier."

WILLIAM PORCHER MILES was the accomplished Representative from his native city of Charleston, is one of those who have "greatness thrust upon them;" of Huguenot descent, he is identified with the patrician families of the Palmetto State, and took such high rank at the South Carolina bar immediately after graduating he was offered a Professor's chair. His heroic exploits at Norfolk, whither he hastened during the prevalence of the yellow fever, to devote himself to the sick, have already been chronicled in *Harper's Weekly*, together with his successful administration of the municipal government, when afterward chosen Mayor of Charleston. Elected to Congress in 1857, he was at first placed on the Committee on Commerce, and afterward on that on Foreign Affairs. His speeches, always on the conservative and partisan politics of the day, have been the theme of high encomium, and are models of congressional eloquence. The Author pays his tribute to him as his colleagues that South Carolina has been becoming more and more devoted to the principles of attachment to the Union; more and more familiarized with the idea of dissolution; more and more reconciled to the necessity of overthrowing and abolishing the General Government. Early in the debate on the admission of Kansas Mr. Miles asked Mr. Hale, in debate, if he could say that it was more natural than that the South should begin to look about her; . . . if it was more natural to look to her strength; to measure her capacity for taking care of herself, and of assuming, if driven out of the Confederacy, an independent position among the nations? Can she be reasonably blamed for doing so? And yet, whenever she looks this last imaginary—uncertainty in an independent state calmly and boldly in the face, and begins to discern in it a great and glorious destiny, . . . voices are forthwith stunned with the cry of 'treason!' 'treason!' and the august and mighty shade of the Father of his Country is invoked to the support of an evidence of disloyalty to this 'glorious Union.' Sir, Washington, with his great, wise heart, and luminous judgment, and unequaled patriotism, felt no compunctions at throwing off his allegiance to his King, and establishing a constitution and a form of government under which he had been reared, and which he had been taught to revere."

LAWRENCE M. KEITT was born in Orangeburg District, South Carolina, on the 27th of October, 1824, and of German descent. He received a thorough classical education, and after having graduated at the State University, in 1843, with the highest honors, he commenced the practice of law. In 1848 he was elected a member of the Legislature, and took an active part in State politics until 1853, when he was elected Representative to Congress, of which body he has since been an ornament, he also having been decided service tion than any one now a M.C., having a proclivity for style, rich in versatility, startling paradox, and copious expression. His speeches are also characteristically effective, made up of the extremes and ratio of ideas, and sparkle like the flashes of fire on the stage and go off in a tumult of applause, leaving an intoxicating sense of beauty and of daring, yet rather of the poetical order or a bold antithesis. Highly polished by education and refined social attrition, he possesses a winning affability of manners, and has the elements of making his State's sovereignty, in the happy husband of a most charming wife, the fond father of a lovely young daughter, and the esteemed friend of all who know him.

MILLEDGE L. BONHAM was born in Edgefield District, South Carolina, and is a descendant of the Butler family, which has given so many noble sons to the Palmetto State. After a thorough academic, classical education, he graduated at the State University, and subsequently studied the profession of law. He had a decided taste, however, for martial exercises, and was elected colonel of a cavalry regiment, defeating Gen. Hammond, a former Speaker of the House. Raised to the rank of Major-general, he devoted much time to the inspection and disciplining of his soldiery, and during the Mexican War he took the field at the head of a battalion of South Carolina volunteers. On his return he was elected Solicitor of the Southern Circuit, and he devoted himself to professional duties until after the death of Mr. Pickens and Hon. Colonel Preston S. Brooks, whose vacant seat he was elected to fill. His acquaintance with matters brought before the Committee on Military Affairs has made him a valuable member of that body, nor has he ever failed to participate in public discussions, frankly avowing and energetically defending the grounds of his public conduct.

JOHN D. AIKEN, native of Abbeyville District, South Carolina, in 1820, was deprived of his father early in life, and was forced by reverses of fortune to labor on his mother's farm for maintenance. With her fostering care, he managed, however, to acquire the rudiments of an education, and went when a youth to Sumpter District, where he was a clerk in a store, then a school-teacher, and then a practising lawyer, qualifying himself for each profession in advance. Preferring rural life, he afterward established himself as a planter with doubled success, and after holding commissions in the State militia, in 1844 he was elected to the State Legislature in 1848, and served until chosen Comptroller-General of the State in 1854. That, in South Carolina, is a position of high responsibility, as the incumbent has not only to attend to the collection and disbursement of the revenue, but likewise to examine the monthly reports of banking and other corporations, whose solvency is thus verified for the public good. It will be seen that this requires a comprehensive knowledge of business affairs, joined with habits of close application; and it is said that so satisfactorily were the multifarious duties performed by Colonel Ashmore, that during the four years' period of his service not an error, either of statement or of calculation, was found on his books. In 1857 he left the plantation in Sumpter County, owing to the ill health of his family there, and returned to his birth-place. Having, as we have stated, himself been trained he had never voted but at one election) when he was elected to Congress, where he has taken a conspicuous position. The people of South Carolina have evidently considers the display of oratorical power as of minor importance compared with the straightforward expression of his opinions in her behalf, and the devotion of his energies to her service. Retired from the bar with a wife and a family of intelligent children, he occupies a deservedly high social as well as political position among those with whom the secret struggle, to achieve high honors.

WILLIAM PORCHER MILES, born October 24, 1822, at Charleston, South Carolina was educated at the State University, and afterward at the University of Virginia. Admitted to the bar, he commenced the practice of his profession with success, and was in 1852 elected member of the State Legislature, and to look on the Union (*Harper's Weekly*, 1851), when he was foremost among those opposed to separate State secession. Chosen a member of the May Convention, composed of delegates elected in primary meetings, he was earnest in his resistance to the secession ordinance, and subsequently, as a letter to Governor Richardson, the presiding officer, he took the ground that it was not a deliberative assembly, but that it was controlled by the dominant party. In 1853 he was elected a Representative to Congress, where he has given repeated proofs of his high abilities as an orator and statesman. Few gentlemen on the American continent are as well versed in political economy, or as diligent students, as Mr. Boyce; while to powers of mind highly cultivated by study he unites oratorical talents of a high order.

THE DYING EAGLE.

Sick and sullen sat he in his eyrie:
Rock-bound twas, and girt with pine-trees wiry,
And the sun-flames, glaring fierce and fiery,
Scorched—but not his mood.
Far below the waves dashed, white with fury,
Every where.

His pinions blanched with sorrow—dreeping,
Sleigh him now the deadly swooping
On his enemies, in safety trooping
Near at hand;
But, with head bent downward, stared he ever
At the sand.

In the sand, ah, me! though changing ever—
Forming thoughts in atoms—but to sever
From them every hope for ever—
There read he
This sad story, from his lonely eyrie
By the sea.

How a fertile sea—a continent—from an age of wicked persecution
Sought to fashion out its refuge
To the end;
To win out a home, and build break, if need be,
But not bend.

How, again, successful, it grew daring—
Time's hard burdens chafing at—while bearing,
Till at last, of conflict not beswinging,
Still,
Hewing out a path, it took the place 'twas
Formed to fill.

Time rolled on: by heavenly sunbeams lighted,
Lo! the Union, from out the seed benighted,
Had grown up, and mutual faith had plighted,
Never, never
Should a jealous thought, a doubt, ev'er sever
Them forever.

Then another scene: that after ages,
Tracing in their time's historic pages,
Through its shadows, sorrow and mournful stages,
Should not fail
To impress by precept the dishonor
Of the tale.

In the rocks—surf-beaten, surely wearing—
In the white-capped waves so deadly bearing—
In the red sun setting, fiercely glaring,
Still,
All the horror—all the fierce convulsion
There he heard.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE
AND
HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE Publishers have the pleasure of announcing that *Harper's Magazine* for the ensuing year will contain new Stories

By Thackeray and the Author of "Adam Bede;"

and that in Number 294 (Nov. 24) of *Harper's Weekly* a new Novel by CHARLES DICKENS, entitled

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1860.

THE CHARITIES OF THE SEASON.

CHRISTMAS is upon us; and this year, we fear, it will bring a sense of sorrow in many a household. Political strife has proved so hurtful to business that thousands of people are out of employment, and will absolutely lack the necessaries of life this winter, if the charitable do not come to their aid. We hope that our benevolent fellow-citizens will not forget, in their holiday rejoicings, the wants of the poor.

Vast sums of money are spent every year in the purchase of expensive and useless toys for children; if half, or a quarter, of this amount were set apart this year for purposes of charity, a great deal of good might be done. The importers of toys expect a fact their business increases yearly, and that the cry is every year for more expensive and more elaborate toys. Twenty-year-old boys and girls deemed themselves fortunate if their parents spent fifty cents on Christmas gifts for each of them. Now five dollars will hardly purchase one of the tempting toys which are displayed in the shop windows. And hard as the times are, and dull as is business, we have a fact that the toy-shops in New York city were never more crowded with purchasers than they are at present.

Why should not parents take this opportunity of teaching children, practically, the duty of benevolence? Each boy or girl who chose to forego a Christmas gift or present, to be satisfied with one of moderate cost, might, by the sacrifice, make a poor family happy on Christmas-day, and provide five or six persons with a good dinner and a good fire. Would not the pleasure arising from such an act of kindness be more real and more lasting than any that could be afforded by the possession of a toy?

THE LOUNGER.

CARDINAL RICHELIEU.

THE scene suddenly drew apart, and there in his library sat Cardinal Richelieu, sunk in a huge easy-chair of dark oak, which was covered with papers. The friar Joseph, his confessor and familiar, stood at his back. Richelieu and Cardinal as one fancies him. His scarlet robe and lace half-skirt (what is the name of it?) were covered with a downcast vapour. He had the red cloth-cap upon his head, and the long gray hair straggled from beneath it and fell upon his shoulders. Upon the forefinger of his left hand he wore the ring, and his fiery eye revealed the soul that struggled with the disease which shook his slight frame with its cough. The room was vaulted, and there were shelves of books.

When the Cardinal began to converse he did it in the most elaborate manner, and with much gesture. The spell of his appearance was a little dis-

turbed by the speech; for while he looked Richelieu he talked Bulwer. As he went on there was an incessant play of the features, and the continued movement of the arms, showing that the Cardinal was a very nervous man. He intoned rather than spoke what he had to say. The ear was a little wearied by the extreme daintiness of the pronunciation. But when De Mauprat came in, there was some pleasant tongue-fence until the youth was led off to happiness. Later, when the Cardinal is alone in his chamber at midnight, and De Mauprat bursts in and is conquered by the old minister's self-possession, he tells the youth how he has done, and what he has done for France. But after the declamation is over, one asks himself, "Is that the way in which Cardinal Richelieu talks to a single auditor?"

During the following scenes in the garden of the palace, the contrast between the utter prostration of the old man, and the fury with which he turns upon Barradas and threatens to launch the curse of the Church, is very great and sudden. So at the close, when he has resigned his office and asks a boon in vain, the exhaustion of the body subdues for a while the fire of the soul; but it flames out again upon the return of the packet, and the mature vigor of the man reasserts its influence as the great Cardinal is withdrawn from sight.

Somehow he has not impressed you as the man of consummate political genius you have always supposed him to be. Somehow, the Cardinal Minister of State seems to have been ranting. At times the appearance, the attitude, the voice, are all that Richelieu's may have been; then the charm is broken, and you are not held nor commanded to attend and be interested.

Well, you can not but ask yourself, as you pick your homeward way through the slop and drizzle—if you had seen an old man quietly talking and acting, as such men in such moments as those here represented generally do speak and act, would it have been a spectacle that a thousand people would pay a half dollar to see? Great men are great not by the declamation of their talk nor by the picturesqueness of situations and vehement movement. They are great by invisible means. Visibly they are ordinary men; and hence the proverb that no man is a hero to his valet. It means that the valet is not apt to see him in the heroics.

Do you understand that we are speaking of Edwin Booth as Richelieu; and that, too, after seeing him but once? It is true that the talk is Bulwer's trituration of the minister. It is Armand de Richelieu Bulwerized, and that is something like the old Greek *Phedre, à la* Racine. But if you remember, Rachel gave the Greek, not the French, Phedre. Does Booth give the historical or the Bulwerian Richelieu? In impression, I mean, of course, because the words must be the author's. Then, too, with such people to support him!

If you look closely, dear critic, you will find, after all your sharp and skeptical things are said, that this is a man of great promise. He is not yet great. He is not yet perfectly sure of himself. He even tripped in the text once; only once—yes, and he was brave enough to correct himself—that is to say, to teach himself; and the young actor who will do that may do any thing. When, with more experience, he shall dare to delineate great men as great men historically are, and not as they traditionally are in the theatre—when he shall dare to trust to the absolute severity and simplicity of nature, as he does fully in parts even now—and all this he is the man to do—then the performance will be as fine as the promise, and the greatness of Booth's father shall be rivaled and surpassed only by the greatness of Booth's son.

ROMANCE IN REALITY.

The essential romance of Garibaldi's character has been often enough observed by those who narrowly watch his career; but a recent incident in his life, if it be true, is one of the most touching and beautiful in modern history. It may not be true, but it ought to be. It would hardly be possible in England or France or America, but in Italy, where romance survives and people are not ashamed of it, it is not necessarily impossible.

Then again if it be not true, the readiness with which we all believe it might be, is another light upon our real estimate of the men who lead the great Italian movement of the hour. There are a great many men of whom the world does not naturally believe what is picturesque or poetic, however it may respect them. Lord Pam., for instance, could not easily be conceived as the hero of a romance; no, nor even his friend Louis Napoleon. On the other hand, Kossuth might be, and Mazzini. Lamartine would belong rather to the department of melodrama than romance.

The story of which we are speaking is of the return of Garibaldi to his island of Caprera. The island is small and rugged, and Garibaldi has lived there in the simplest and roughest manner. But upon his recent return to it after parting with King Victor Emanuel at Naples, a parting which was said to have been for some reasons not altogether friendly, he stepped ashore to resume his rough life in his partially tilled and primitive farm, when a kind magician seemed to have been before him.

Pleasant and well made roads and paths instead of the old ways; cultivated fields instead of the half wilderness; fences in place of thickets, and a neat, simple, graceful villa instead of the old cabin, saluted his wondering eyes. But passing through the miraculous change into the villa, he found its rooms suitably and amply furnished, and upon the parlor wall a portrait of the King with the legend upon the frame, "Victor Emanuel to his friend Garibaldi."

Is it not a pretty story, and ought it not to be true? Yes, and might it not easily be true from what we know of the two men? Certainly, as we were saying last week of the heroism and suffering of the brave sailors upon the lakes, there is really no need of going beyond the newspapers for tales of the great and beautiful qualities that make the epics of the world.

A STATUE.

Of all the handsome cities that cluster about the great lakes Cleveland is, for some reasons, the prettiest of all. It was long ago called the Forest City, from the multitude of beautiful trees that shade its streets; and from its commanding bluff it looks across the little Erie ocean, which dashes along the shore with the fury of the Mediterranean. Its broad streets, and stately buildings, and quietly-busy aspect, impart a peculiar elegance to Cleveland which the hurrying traveler hardly expects to find. And as he lounges along the main thoroughfare he emerges upon a public square, upon which stand the new Post-office and the County Court building, the latter of which is one of the neatest and most symmetrical public buildings which a Lounger sees in much wandering.

As he strolls through the square he observes that the grass is in the condition of the grass on the Battery in the city of New York—grass *in posse*, perhaps, certainly not *in esse*; but the trees are so many, and so luxuriantly clothed with leaves in summer, that he may justly excuse the grass for losing heart in the shade, and giving up all idea of growing. There is perhaps a covered booth, or platform, for political speeches; but as the Lounger idly regards it, he suddenly remembers, and, in fragments, mentally exclaims: "Cleveland!—Lake Erie!—Bless my soul!—Commodore Perry!—Platform!—Bancroft!—Oration!" and lo! before him, raised at a modest height above the ground, stands upon its pedestal Walcott's statue of Perry.

If the Lounger happen to be a Rhode Islander he looks at the statue with a peculiar interest, recalling the house upon the Parade in Newport, where Perry lived; and then looking toward the lake, where Perry became immortal. It is highly probable that he will look in the wrong direction, and away from the lake; for nothing is more natural than to suppose that the broad street down which the figure gazes leads straight to the water. So it does, but not exactly to the lake.

"Why," said the Lounger, speaking under this delusion—"why does he look toward the lake, and point away from it? He ought to look toward the city, and point to the lake."

"It is precisely what he is doing," replied the citizen of Cleveland.

And he then explained that the broad street is really parallel with the lake shore; and that the figure which points sideways down another wide street is really pointing to the water.

The reader will remember that, at the time of the anniversary of the battle of Lake Erie, in September, there was a picture of the statue published in *Harper's Weekly*. It is a figure full of animation and action. The naval costume of the time is represented, and the Commander stands in the moment of victory—the moment when the words he afterward uttered became true—"We have met the enemy, and they are ours." There is great spirit in the attitude and action. The face is according to the handsome portraits of the brave man. Inevitably as you look at it you are reminded of the days which made the glory of the country, and you dream of a better national glory achieved by more peaceful means.

Then your eye wanders toward the lake. You do not see it, but you see the sky coming down to the very edge of the street below which you know the great sea stretches away. The smoke of the battle has blown over, long years ago. The roar and struggle are quiet now. And in his hand, as he looks and muses, the Lounger perhaps holds a newspaper which tells of the happy return of a Prince of Wales from a tour in a foreign land which his ancestors fought as a foe, but which has welcomed and honored him as a friend. The smoke of the old battle seems in that moment to rise and brighten into a halo—the roar dies into fraternal music; and as the stars come out and shine upon the statue, the Lounger wonders when nations will see before what they always see afterward, and forget the arbitrament of war.

ANOTHER!

It is a question whether man may not be defined as an animal that runs things into the ground. And if the student were to decide by the late history of periodical literature in England, there could be no possible doubt of an affirmative reply. English literary men are ceasing, as it were, to be authors, and are becoming editors. To be sure editors are usually authors, but the distinction is sufficiently appreciable.

The old magazines in England apparently perished of a simultaneous atrophy. They "kind o' gin eout." The spirit of the literature of the day was quite beyond them, and very different. Dickens is the representative of that spirit, and nothing could be more widely separated from the regular old jog-trot of the English literature of a lighter kind than the tone of his books. Theodore Hook, for instance, was the very antipodes in tone, spirit, and sympathy, of Charles Dickens.

The *Household Words* was, in periodical literature, inspired by the same difference. It was graver and more didactic than the tone of the stories, because it was addressed to a different purpose and audience. But it had the same kind of significance and earnestness. It took the field while the older magazines were still in possession, but it saw their rapid dwindling and decay. Then came its own sudden demise, occasioned by circumstances entirely beyond its skill of management or its success. When it revived again in *All the Year Round*, it revived with a host of neighbors and rivals, all children of the same spirit: *The Cornhill, Once a Week, MacMillan's, The Welcome Guest*, etc., and now we are to have *Temple Bar*, edited by G. A. Sala.

Mr. Sala is known by "Due North," a lively and capital story of Russian travel; by his papers in the old *Household Words* and *Illustrated News*; and a novel called "Baddington Peerage," of no great popularity or value. In the *Cornhill*, under Thackeray's management, he has been writing a series of careful and interesting articles upon Hogarth. During their publication one of the London correspondents of the New York *Times*, who is understood to be Mr. Edmund Yates, the gentleman whose personal criticism of Thackeray occasioned the row in the Garrick Club in London, two or three years ago, and who is fond of representing Thackeray as an insolent literary dictator, has hinted that trouble was brewing, and that the *Cornhill* would soon find a rival in the field. His hints are now justified, and *Temple Bar* throws down the gauntlet to *Cornhill*.

Meanwhile the public does not lose. The sharp competition furnishes a feast by which the readers are to profit; and they may be sure that the same care which culls all the choicest morsels in advance from the others will not overlook the new dish. And it is a care which culls in concert with the givers of the feast, by an express understanding.

THE ARTISTS' FUND.

Go to the rooms of the National Academy in Tenth Street, near Broadway, and see the charming collection of pictures contributed by the artists to the "fund." Go especially on the 22d of December to buy some one of the works, that it may remind not only your friends of your superior taste, but yourself of your charity. It is a pretty lottery, where you can buy a ticket which is sure of a prize; yes, and you may select the prize beforehand.

There are plenty of pictures to look at in the city. The Jarves collection, and the Dusseldorf, and the Bryan. Then "the greatest painting ever exhibited in America," "Wertmuller's original and matchless painting entitled 'Danae.'" This must be correct, for the Lounger copies it *verbatim* from the circular advertisement. If the painting is as highly colored as the advertisement, it is a very extraordinary work. This is the way in which the pure pigment is smutched on:

"Wertmuller was engaged on this picture two years. The great object in view appears to have been to have painted at Paris a picture that would rival the productions of Titian, and other great masters. Wertmuller, the court painter, was selected as fully competent. A fable in heathen mythology was chosen as better calculated than any other to draw out the splendid genius of the master, and illustrate the wonderful beauty of Nature's fairest handiwork, the human form. The ablest art-critics and anatomists of Paris were, during the progress of the work, his constant visitors and advisers. Three of the most beautiful ladies of the Court of Louis XVI. sat to him. The head is said to be quite an exact copy of a Flemish Countess, distinguished for remarkable personal loveliness and great mental acquirements. In all probability no painting has ever attracted the attention of art-critics and anatomists more than this picture, and they have universally admitted, without exception, that they have not been able to detect a fault in its composition."

There is also the American and Foreign Gallery of Paintings, at which Page's "Moses on Horeb," Rossiter's "Noah, Miriam, and Jeremiah," and Thorpe's "Niagara," are to be seen. The only way is to go and see them all, and especially to buy a picture at the Artists' Fund sale on the 22d December.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

The following quaint lyric, which has obviously been parodied in one of our most popular songs, suggests a pretty picture of a gallant of the period of Henry the Sixth casting sheep's-eyes at his sweet-heart, and affords some indication that the finery of the women did not find much favor in the eyesight of the men:

"When first I saw sweete Meggie,
'Twas on a Sonne hys daye,
At Church shee satt in a steeple hatte,
Ye gayest of ye gaye;
Shee wore a gowne ye furredde,
More gaudy far than nete,
And ye skirte as long as a woman's tongue,
In ye dirte trailed at her fete,
And she wore a grete steple hatt,
Which ye little boys poke fun att,
Crying 'Crikie! my eye! Lookee 'ere at ye Guye
In ye belltoppere Steple Hatte!'"

A Jesuit's Bark.—The Superior of the Jesuits (though any honest man is entitled to that name) has published a furious protest against the Order being expelled from Italy. He tells King Victor Emanuel that in the event of the Jesuit petition being rejected on earth, the Superior will address it to a Higher Tribunal. We are inclined, considering the wickedness of the sect and the insolence of the man, to wish that he may get into the hands of the King, and that the latter may give him an early opportunity of presenting his appeal in person.

POPE NAPOLEON.

Remember, remember, the Man of December,
Coup d'état, stratagem, plot;
There's very good reason why, just at this season,
He never should be forgot.

With Red men outrageous, and growing contagious,
He seized on the sceptre, to cope:
'Tis said that, to quiet the Priests running riot,
Now the Emperor means to be Pope.

That point our Eighth Harry was able to carry,
When need and occasion concurred;
He knocked the Priests under, in spite of Rome's thunder,
And so may Napoleon the Third.

Proud clergy to trample King Harry's example
May lead him, so far as to chop
Off their alien head, just to reign in its stead,
But there let us hope he will stop.

A Fair Return.—Every effort is being made at the present day by the men to enlarge the sphere of woman's employment. If woman is only commonly grateful, the very least she ought to do in return would be to diminish the sphere of her dress.

THE LUXURY OF LIBERTY.

Bosom Friend. "Well, dear, now that you are a widow, tell me are you any the happier for it?"

Interesting Widow. "Oh no! But I have my freedom, and that's a great comfort. Do you know, my dear, I had an onion yesterday for the first time these fourteen years?"

Abernethy used to tell his pupils that all human diseases sprang from two causes, *stuffing* and *fretting*.

HUMORS OF CENSUS-TAKING.

A widow, having four children, was called upon to give the names and ages of her children, as well as her own age, and in answering the following scene ensued:

Census-taker. "Now Ma'am, I have your name, please tell me your age?"

Lady. "I am 35 years of age."

Census-taker. "What is the age of your eldest daughter?"

Lady. "She is 28 years old."

Census-taker. "How old were you when she was born?"

Lady (*very crusty*). "I was 22 years old."

Census-taker. "Then, Madam, that will make you 50 years."

Lady. "I don't care, I am only 35."

And to this she stuck, at the same time telling the census-taker that he "had no right to ask such impertinent questions."

"I say, Pat, what are you about—sweeping out the room?"—"No," answered Pat, "I am sweeping out the dirt, and leaving the room."

The Rev. Rowland Hill used to ride a great deal, and by exercise preserved vigorous health. On one occasion, when asked by a medical friend what physician and apothecary he employed, he replied, "My physician has always been a horse, and my apothecary an ass."

A gentleman, passing across the play-ground of a public school, was affronted by the boys, and was advised to complain to the principal, which he did thus: "I have been abused by some rascals of this place, and I came to acquaint you of it, as I understand you are the principal."

The customers of a certain cooper caused him a vast deal of vexation by their saving habits and persistence in getting all their old tubs and casks repaired, and buying but little new work. "I stood it, however," said he, "until one day old Sam Crabtree brought in an old 'bung hole,' to which he said he wanted a new barrel made. Then I quitted the business in disgust."

"Why, you rascal," said Dr. Radcliffe, the great physician, to a pavior, who dunned him, "do you pretend to be paid for such a piece of work? Why, you have spoiled my pavement, and then covered it over with earth to hide your bad work."—"Doctor," said the pavior, "mine is not the only bad work the earth hides."—"You dog, you," said Dr. Radcliffe, "you are a wit. You must be poor; come in, and you shall be paid."

When the celebrated Viotti (the father of modern violin-playing), then residing in London, turned wine merchant, a young nobleman, one of his numerous admirers, accosted him somewhat angrily, thus: "Signor Viotti, how could you, an artist of such high standing, degrade yourself by becoming a trafficker in wine?"—"My dear Sir," Viotti replied, "simply because I find that the English like wine better than music."

During a rehearsal, Braham said to Tom Cooke, who was the conductor: "Now, Tom, keep the piano quiet here, because just at this part, to give effect, I intend dropping my voice."—"Do you? By the powers," said Tom, "whereabouts?—for it's just the sort of voice I should like to pick up."

A clergyman, happening to get wet, was standing before the session-room fire to dry his clothes, and when his colleague came in, he asked him to preach for him, as he was very wet. "No, Sir, I thank you," was the prompt reply, "preach yourself; you will be dry enough in the pulpit."

EARLY RISING.

"He who will thrive must rise at five." So says the proverb, though there is more rhyme than reason in it; for if—

He who would thrive must rise at five,

It must follow *a fortiori*,

He who'd thrive more must rise at four;

and it will insure a *fortissimo*, that

He who'd still more thriving be
Must leave his bed at turn of three;
And who this latter would outdo,
Will rouse him at the stroke of two;

and, by way of climax to the whole, it should hold good that

Who would never be outdone,
Must ever rise as soon as one.

But the best illustration would be thus—

He who'd flourish best of all,
Should never go to bed at all.

How many sleeves has a coat of arms?

A young lady, a native of Sydney, being asked if she should like to go to Britain, answered, that she should like to see it, but not to live in it. On being pressed for her reason, she replied "that, from the great number of bad people sent out from thence, it must, surely, be a very wicked place to live in!"

A WOUNDED SPIRIT.

Medical Man. "Come, come, my dear Madam, there is evidently something wrong; make a confidant of me."

Blighted Bride. "Well, doctor, it was always my great ambition (*sob*) to be the wife of a (*sob*) draper, and now I have thrown myself away upon a hardware (*sob*) dealer; and although the dear fellow is as kind as he can be (*sob*), and brings me home any quantity of scissors, and files, and door-knobs, and things, yet what are these to the (*sob*) wounded spirit that expected oceans of brocade and point lace?" (*Sob, sob, sob.*)

Advice on Marriage.—Never marry an undertaker's daughter, unless you wish to undertake to raise a hearseute family; nor a miller's daughter, unless she is the flour of the family. Nor pay your addresses to the daughter of a lawyer, for fear her existence may be brief. If you must choose between a doctor's or a banker's daughter, take the latter, for her drafts are more easily swallowed. Nor should you wed a nobleman's daughter, for her "offense is rank;" nor yet a gardener's daughter, lest she should take to a rake. Avoid marrying a drowned sailor's daughter, for she will have an aversion to water; neither condole with a shoemaker's girl, for she'll wish you waxing near your end for your all. If you marry a blue-stocking, you will go with holes in your own. You can not marry a baker's daughter, for she will not be of the upper crust, and of course is ill-bred. If you care to marry, marry some woman whose father was hung. Then you need not use a rope's end to her, for she will remember the paternal application. Pick a sexton's daughter, for she will be of a grave turn of mind, and experienced in epitaphs suitable for a bereaved family, which is a convenient thing to have in the house.

Ideas of Comfort.—Some people's notions of comfort differ from those of others. Mr. Mathews once went over Warwick Jail, and when he came to "the place of execution," he observed to the jailer, that, considering the extent of the county, and the number of executions which might take place, the drop struck him as being very small. "I don't know," said the man; "to be zure, six 'ould be crowded, but foive 'ould hang very comfortable!"

A good many years ago a Massachusetts man was elected to the office of Lieutenant-Governor. When the fact of his election was announced, he was called upon for a speech. He proceeded to acknowledge the honor in very handsome terms, and added that he had no doubt he should make a good Lieutenant-Governor, as that was the office he had always held in his own house.

Miss Mary. "Now, Harry, if you are a doctor, you must prescribe for me. I've a very bad pain about my heart. What can I take?"

Dr. Harry (*thinking this the best opportunity he has had*). "I've no doubt as to what is the best remedy to take—you'd better take me!"

WON.

A START—a pause—a flutter and a sigh.
A voice that trembles in the common greeting;
The hurried clasp of an unsteady hand,
That once was frankly offered at your meeting.

I saw you, little Annie—yes, I know,
He's Charlie's friend, just landed from Bengal,
He's very fond of Charlie, ah! and so
He staid till last at Charlie's sister's ball.

You danced eight times together—am I right
"He's such a perfect waltzer"—nothing more?
You met a week ago this very night,
And I have—known you all your lifetime o'er!

Forgive me that I played the listner, dear,
And heard him win your love, among your flowers;
You had forgotten I was prisoned here,
A poor lone cripple all these festive hours.

He's very winsome, honest-eyed, and tall,
The cross for valor's roll contains his story.
On my pale-stricken brow no wreath will fall,
I reap in Life's grim battle all but glory.

Dearie, don't kneel, and hide those kind gray eyes,
I am not grieving, look me in the face.
Why, who am I, that I should claim the prize,
Who never could have started in the race?

He's waiting for you, Annie—leave me now
Alone with what must be a happy past.
A brother's kiss I claim upon your brow,
God bless you, Annie! 'tis my first—and last.

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GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A NOVEL.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

Splendidly Illustrated by John McLenan.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased from the Author by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."☜

CHAPTER VIII.

MR. PUMBLECHOOK'S premises in the High Street of the market town were of a pepper-corny and farinaceous character, as the premises of a corn-chandler and seedsman should be. It appeared to me that he must be a very happy man indeed to have so many little drawers in his shop; and I wondered when I peeped into one or two on the lower tiers, and saw the tied-up brown paper packets inside, whether the flower-seeds and bulbs ever wanted of a fine day to break out of those jails and bloom.

It was in the early morning after my arrival that I entertained this speculation. On the previous night I had been sent straight to bed in an attic with a sloping roof, which was so low in the corner where the bedstead was that I calculated the tiles as being within a foot of my eyebrows. In the same early morning I discovered a singular affinity between seeds and corduroys. Mr. Pumblechook wore corduroys, and so did his shopman; and somehow there was a general air and flavor about the corduroys, so much in the nature of seeds, and a general air and flavor about the seeds, so much in the nature of corduroys, that I hardly knew which was which. The same opportunity served me for noticing that Mr. Pumblechook appeared to conduct his business by looking across the street at the saddler, who appeared to transact *his* business by keeping his eye on the coach-maker, who appeared to get on in life by putting his hands in his pockets and contemplating the baker, who in his turn folded his arms and stared at the grocer, who stood at his door and yawned at the chemist. The watchmaker, always poring over a little desk with a magnifying glass at his eye, and always expected by a group in smock-frocks poring over him through the glass of his shop-window, seemed to be about the only person in the High Street whose trade engaged his attention.

Mr. Pumblechook and I breakfasted at eight o'clock in the parlor behind the shop, while the shopman took his mug of tea and hunch of bread-and-butter on a sack of peas in the front premises. I considered Mr. Pumblechook wretched company. Besides being possessed by my sister's idea that a mortifying and penitential character ought to be imparted to my diet—besides giving me as much crumb as possible in combination with as little butter, and putting such a quantity of warm water into my milk that it would have been more candid to have left the milk out altogether—his conversation consisted of nothing but arithmetic. On my politely bidding him Good-morning, he said, promptly, "Seven times nine, boy?" And how should *I* be able to answer, dodged in that way, in a strange place, on an empty stomach! I was hungry, but before I had swallowed a morsel he began a running sum that lasted all through the breakfast. "Seven?" "And four?" "And eight?" "And six?" "And two?" "And ten?" And so on. And after each figure was disposed of, it was as much as I could do to get a bite or a sip before the next came; while he sat at his ease gnessing nothing and eating bacon and hot roll in (if I may be allowed the expression) a gorging and gormandizing manner.

For such reasons I was very glad when ten o'clock came and we started for Miss Havisham's; though I was not at all at my ease regarding the manner in which I should acquaint myself under that lady's roof. Within a quarter of an hour we came to Miss Havisham's house, which was of old brick, and dismal, and had a great many iron bars to it. Some of the windows had been walled up; of those that remained all the lower were rusty barred. There was a court-yard in front, and that was barred also; so we had to wait, after ringing the bell, until some one should come to open it. While we waited at the gate I peeped in (even then Mr. Pumblechook said, "Seven times seven") but I pretended not to hear him), and saw that at the side of the house there was a large brewery; no brewing was going on in it, and none seemed to have gone on for a long long time.

A window was opened, and a clear voice demanded "What name?" To which my conductor replied "Pumblechook." The voice returned "Quite right," and the window was shut again, and a young lady came across the court-yard with keys in her hand.

"This," said Mr. Pumblechook, "is Pip."

"This is Pip, is it?" returned the young lady, who was very pretty and seemed very proud: "Come in, Pip."

Mr. Pumblechook was coming in also, when she stopped him with the gate.

"Oh!" she said. "Did you wish to see Miss Havisham?"

"If Miss Havisham wishes to see me," returned Mr. Pumblechook, discomfited.

"Ah!" said the girl; "but you see she don't."

She said it so finally, and in such an undiscussible way, that Mr. Pumblechook, though in a condition of ruffled dignity, could not protest. But he eyed me severely—as if *I* had done any thing to him!—and departed with the words reproachfully delivered: "Boy! Let your behavior here be a credit unto them which brought you up by hand!" I was not free from apprehension that he would come back to propound through the gate, "And sixteen?" But he didn't.

My young conductress locked the gate, and we went across the court-yard. It was paved and clean, but grass was growing in every crevice. The brewery buildings had a little air of communication with it, and the wooden gates of that part stood open, and all the brewery beyond stood open, away to the high inclosing wall, and all was empty and disused. The cold wind seemed to blow colder there than outside the gate, and it made a shrill noise in howling in and out at the open sides of the brewery, like the noise of wind in the rigging of a ship at sea.

She saw me looking at it, and she said, "You could drink without hurt all the strong beer that's brewed there now, boy."

"I should think I could, miss," said I, in a shy way.

"Better not try to brew beer there now, or it would turn out sour, boy; don't you think so?"

"It looks like it, miss."

"Not that any body means to try," she added, "for that's all done with, and the place will stand as idle as it is till it falls. As to strong beer, there's enough of it in the cellars already to drown the Manor House."

"Is that the name of this house, miss?"

"One of its names, boy."

"It has more than one, then, miss?"

"One more. Its other name was Satis, which is Greek, or Latin, or Hebrew, or all three—or all one to me—for enough."

"Enough House," said I; "that's a curious name, miss."

"Yes," she replied; "but it meant more than it said. It meant, when it was given, that whoever had this house could want nothing else. They must have been easily satisfied in those days, I should think. But don't loiter, boy."

Though she called me "boy" so often, and with a carelessness that was far from complimentary, she was of about my own age—or very little older. She seemed much older than I, of course, being a girl, and beautiful and self-possessed; and she was as scornful of me as if she had been one-and-twenty, and a queen.

We went into the house by a side door—the great front entrance had two chains across it outside—and the first thing I noticed was, that the passages were all dark, and that she had left a candle burning there. She took it up, and we went through many passages and up a staircase, and still it was all dark, and only the candle lighted us.

At last we came to the door of a room, and she said, "Go in."

I answered, more in shyness than politeness, "After you, miss."

To this, she returned: "Don't be ridiculous, boy; I am not going in." And scornfully walked away, and—what was worse—took the candle with her.

This was very uncomfortable, and I was half afraid. However, the only thing to be done being to knock at the door, I knocked, and was told from within to enter. I entered, therefore, and found myself in a pretty large room well lighted with wax candles. No glimpse of daylight was to be seen in it. It was a dressing-room, as I supposed from the furniture, though much of it was of forms and uses then quite unknown to me. But prominent in it was a draped table with a gilded looking-glass, and that I made out at first sight to be a fine lady's dressing-table.

Whether I should have made out this object so soon if there had been no fine lady sitting at it I can not say. In an arm-chair, before an elbow resting on the table and her head leaning on that hand, sat the strangest lady I have ever seen, or shall ever see.

She was dressed in rich materials—satins, and lace, and silks—all of white. Her shoes were white. And she had a long white veil dependent from her hair, and she had bridal flowers in her hair, but her hair was white. Some bright jewels sparkled on her neck and on her hands, and some other jewels lay sparkling on the table. Dresses, less splendid than the dress she wore, and half-packed trunks, were scattered about. She had not quite finished dressing, for she had but one shoe on—the other was on the table near her hand—her veil was but half arranged, her watch and chain were not put on, and some lace for her bosom lay with those trinkets, and with her handkerchief, and gloves, and some flowers, and a prayer-book, all confusedly heaped about the looking-glass.

It was not in the first minute that I saw all these things, though I was more of them in the first minute than might be supposed. But I saw that every thing within my view which ought to be white had been white long ago, and had lost its lustre, and was faded and yellow. I saw that the bride within the bridal dress had withered like the dress, and like the flowers, and had no brightness left but the brightness of her sunken eyes. I saw that the dress had been put upon the rounded figure of a young woman, and that the figure upon which it now hung loose had shrunk to skin and bone. Once, I had been taken to see some ghastly wax-work at the Fair, representing I know not what impossible personage lying in state. Once, I had been taken to one of our old marsh churches to see a skeleton in the nave of a rich dress that had been dug out of a vault under the church pavement. Now, wax-work and skeleton seemed to have dark eyes that moved and looked at me. I should have cried out if I could.

"Who is it?" said the lady at the table.

"Pip, ma'am."

"Pip?"

"Mr. Pumblechook's boy, ma'am. Come—to play."

"Come nearer; let me look at you. Come close."

It was when I stood before her, avoiding her eyes, that I took note of the surrounding objects in detail, and saw that her watch had stopped at twenty minutes to nine, and that a clock in the room had stopped at twenty minutes to nine.

"Look at me," said Miss Havisham. "You are not afraid of a woman who has never seen the sun since you were born?"

I regret to state that I was not afraid of telling the enormous lie comprehended in the answer "No."

"Do you know what I touch here?" she said, laying her hands, one upon the other, on her left side.

"Yes, ma'am." (It made me think of the young man.)

"What do I touch?"

"Your heart."

"Broken!"

She uttered the word with an eager look, and with strong emphasis, and with a weird smile that had a kind of boast in it. Afterward, she kept her hands there for a little while, and slowly took them away as if they were heavy.

"I am tired," said Miss Havisham. "I want diversion, and I have done with men and women. Play."

I think it will be conceded by my most disputatious reader that she could hardly have directed an unfortunate boy to do any thing in the

"WHO IS IT?" SAID THE LADY AT THE TABLE. "PIP, MA'AM."

wide world more difficult to be done under the circumstances.

"I sometimes have sick fancies," she went on, "and I have a sick fancy that I want to see some play. There, there!" with an impatient movement of the fingers of her right hand; "play, play, play!"

For a moment, with the fear of my sister's wrath before me very eyes, I had a desperate idea of starting round the room in the assumed character of Mr. Punblechook's cheerful boy. But I felt myself so unequal to the performance that I gave it up, and stood looking at Miss Havisham in what I suppose she took for a dispassionate manner, inasmuch as she said, when we had taken a good look at each other:

"Are you dumb and obstinate?"

"No, ma'am, I am very sorry for you, and very sorry I can't play just now. If you were a little use I shall get into trouble with my sister, so I would do it if I could; but it's no use here, and so good-by!" and I made a modest curtsy.

"Good-by," I stopped, fearing I might say too much, or had already said it, and we took another look at each other.

Before she spoke again she turned her eyes from me, and looked at the dress she wore, and at the dressing-table, and finally at herself in the looking-glass.

"So new to him," she muttered, "so old to me; so strange to him, so familiar to me; so melancholy to both of us! Call Estella."

As she stood looking at the reflection of herself, I thought she was still talking to herself, and kept quiet.

"Call Estella," she repeated, flashing a look at me. "You can do that. Call Estella. At the door."

To stand in the dark in a mysterious passage of an unknown house bawling Estella to a scornful young lady whose ruthless manner inspired me feeling it a dreadful liberty so to roar out her name, was almost as bad as playing beggar my neighbor. But she answered at last, and her light came along the long dark passage like a star.

Miss Havisham took her candle, came close, and took up a jewel from the table, and tried its effect upon her fair young bosom and against her pretty brown hair. "How does it look, boy, my dear, and you will use it well. Let me see you play cards with this boy."

"With this boy! Why, he is a common laboring boy!"

I thought I overheard Miss Havisham answer —only it seemed so unlikely—" Well? You can break his heart."

"What do you play, boy?" asked Estella of the stolid face and the greatest disdain.

"Nothing but beggar my neighbor, miss."

"Beggar him," said Miss Havisham to Estella. So we sat down to cards.

It was very odd to understand that every thing in the room had stopped, like the watch and the clock, a long time ago. I noticed that Miss Havisham put down the jewel exactly in the spot from which she had taken it up. As Estella dealt the cards I glanced at the dressing-table again, and saw that the shoe upon it, once white, now yellow, had been trodden ragged. Without this shred of every thing on the dressing-table still on it, and the pale decayed objects, not even the withered bridal dress on the collapsed form could have looked so like grave-clothes, or the long veil so like a shroud.

So she sat corpse-like, as we played at cards: the frillings and trimmings on her bridal dress looking like earthy paper, and as if they would crumble into dust also. I knew nothing then of the discoveries that are occasionally made of bodies buried in ancient times, which fall to powder in the moment of being distinctly seen; but I have often thought since that she must have looked as if the admission of the natural light of day would have struck her to dust.

"He calls the knaves Jacks, this boy!" said Estella, with disdain, before our first game was out. "And what coarse hands he has! And what thick boots!"

I had never thought of being ashamed of my hands before; but I began to consider them a very indifferent pair. Her contempt was so strong that it became infectious, and I caught it.

She won the game, and I dealt. I misdealt, as was only natural, when I knew she was lying in wait for me to do wrong, and she denounced me for a stupid, clumsy laboring boy.

"You say nothing of her," remarked Miss Havisham to me, as she looked on. "She says many hard things of you, but you say nothing of her. What do you think of her?"

"I don't like to say," I stammered.

"Tell me in my ear," said Miss Havisham, bending down.

"I think she is very proud," I replied, in a whisper.

"Any thing else?"

"I think she is very pretty."

"Any thing else?"

"I think that is very insulting." (She was looking at me, then, with a look of supreme derision.)

"Any thing else?"

"I think I should like to go home."

"And leave her again, though she is so pretty?"

"I am not sure that I shouldn't like to see her again, but I should like to go home now."

"You shall go soon," said Miss Havisham, aloud. "Play the game out."

Saving for the one weird smile at first, I should have felt almost sure that Miss Havisham's face could not smile. It had dropped into a watchful and brooding expression—most likely when all the things about her had become transfixed —and it looked as if nothing could ever lift it up any more. Her chest had dropped, so that she stooped; and her voice had dropped, so that she spoke low, and with a dead lull upon her; altogether she had the appearance of having dropped, body and soul, within and without, under the weight of a crushing blow.

I played the game to an end with Estella, and she beggared me. She threw the cards down on the table when she had won the game all, as if she despised them for having been won of me.

"When shall I have you to play again?" said Miss Havisham. "Let me think."

I was beginning to remind her that to-day was Wednesday, when she impatiently stopped me with her impatient movement of the fingers of her right hand.

"There, there! I know nothing of days of the week; I know nothing of weeks of the year. Come again three days. You hear?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Estella, take him down. Let him have something to eat, and drink, and let him look about him while he eats it. Go. Pip."

I followed the candle down as I had followed the candle up, and found it in the place where we had found it. Until she opened the door, she kept it in her hand, without thinking about it; that it most necessarily be night time. The rush of the daylight quite confounded me, and made me feel as if I had been in the candle-light of the strange room many hours.

"You are to wait here, you boy," said Estella, and disappeared, and locked the door.

I took the opportunity of being alone in the courtyard to look at my coarse hands and my common boots. My opinion of those accessories was not favorable. They had never troubled me before, but they troubled me now as vile appendages. I determined to ask Joe why he had ever taught me to call those pictures-cards Jacks which ought to be called Knaves. I wished, and had been rather more genteelly brought up, and wished I should like to play.

She came back with some bread and meat and a little mug of beer. She put the mug down on a stone bench in the yard, and gave me bread and meat without looking at me, as insolently as if I were a dog. I was so humiliated, hurt, offended, affected, angry, and ashamed, that upon the right name for the smart—God knows what it was—welling up within me, I put my eyes. The moment they sprang there the girl looked at me with a quick delight in having been the cause of them. I drank a little beer to force them back and to look at her; so she gave a contemptuous toss—but with a sense, I thought, of having made too sure that I was so vanquished. and left me.

But when she was gone I looked about me for a place to hide my face in, and got behind one of the gates in the brewery-lane, and leaned my sleeve against the wall there, and my forehead on it and cried. As I cried I kicked the wall and took a hard twist at my hair; so that there were two pains in action when Estella came softly round the corner, that needed counteraction.

My sister's bringing up had made me sensitive. In the little world in which children have their existence, whether they get it up, I am convinced there is nothing so finely perceived and so finely felt as injustice. It may be only a small injustice that the child can be exposed to; but the child is small, and its world is small, and its sticking-plaster of patience is proportioned according to scale, as a big-boned Irish hunter. Within myself I had sustained from my babyhood a perception that my sister's hand was not known from the time when I could speak that my sister, in her capacious and violent nature, was unjust to me. That fleshly tenement, with its one impregnable wall, and existing them out of my hair, and then I smoothed my face with my sleeve and came from behind the gate. The coast was clear, was acceptable, and the beer was warming and tingling, and I was sensible of an light sensation.

To be sure it was a deserted place, down to the pigeon-house in the brewery-yard, which had been blown out of window, as to allow of their high wind, and would have made the pigeons think themselves at sea, if there had been any pigeons there to be cooked for it. There were no pigs, no pigsons in the dove-cot, no horses in the stable, no pigs in the sty, no malt in the storehouse, no smells of grains and beer in the cellar or the vat. All the uses and scents of the brewery might have ceased forever in the world, and the brewery would not have known the want. Now, in a by-yard there was a wilderness of empty casks, which had a certain sour remembrance of better days lingering about them, but it was too sour to be accepted as a sample of the beer that was gone—and in this respect I remember those recluses as being like real ones.

Behind the farthest end of the brewery was a rank garden with an old red wall: not so high but that I could struggle up and hold on long enough to look over it, and which the rank garden was the garden of the house, and that it was overgrown with tangled weeds, but that there was a track upon the green and yellow paths, as if some one sometimes walked there, and that Estella was walking away from me even then. But she seemed to be every where. For when I yielded to the temptation presented by the casks, and began to walk on them, I saw *her* walking on them at the end of the yard of casks. She looked at me for a moment, and her pretty brown hair spread out in her two hands, and never looked round, and passed out of my view directly. So in the brewery itself—by which I mean the large paved lofty place in which they used to make the beer, and where the brewing utensils still were. When I first went into it, rather oppressed by its gloom, stood near the door looking about me, I saw her pass across the extinguished fires, and ascend some light iron stairs, and go out by an iron gallery high overhead, as if she were going out into the sky.

It was in this place, and at this moment, that a strange thing happened to my fancy. It seemed to me that the building then, and I thought it stranger long afterward. I turned my eyes a little dimmed by looking up at the frosty light—from a great wooden beam in a low nook of the building near me on my right hand, and I saw a figure hanging there by a rope. A figure all in yellow white, with but one shoe to the feet; and it hung so that I could see that the face was turned toward the dress were like earthy paper, and that the face was Miss Havisham's with the eyes open, and with a movement going over it, as if she were trying to get them crying to call to me. In the terror of seeing the figure, and in the terror of being certain that it had not been there a moment before, I at first ran from it, and then ran toward it. And my fright was greatest of all when I found no figure there.

Nothing less than the frosty light of the chemical sky, the sight of people passing beyond the bars of the court-yard gate, and the reviving influence of beer, which I took in great draughts and beer, would have brought me round. Even with those aids I might not have come to myself as I did, but for finding Miss Estella approaching with the keys to let me out. She would have some fair reason for looking down upon me, I thought, if she found me frightened; and she should have no fair reason.

She gave me a triumphant glance in passing me, as if she rejoiced that my hands were so coarse and my boots were so thick, and she opened the door and stood holding it. I was passing out without looking at her, when she touched me with a taunting hand.

"Why don't you cry?" said she.

"Because I don't want to," said I.

"You do want to," she said. "You have been crying, and you are near crying again."

She laughed contemptuously, pushed me out, and locked the door upon me. I went straight to Mr. Pumblechook's, and was immensely relieved to find him not at home. So, leaving word with the shopman on what day I was wanted at Miss Havisham's again, I set off on the four-mile walk to my home; pondering, as I went along, on all I had seen, and deeply revolving that I was a common laboring boy, that my hands were coarse, that my boots were thick, that I had fallen into a despicable habit of calling knaves Jacks, that I was much more ignorant than my companions, and that I had taken pretty kindly to the life I had led, and was in a low-lived bad way.

A DAY'S RIDE.

A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

By CHARLES LEVER,

AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," "HARRY LORREQUER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

I COULD not hear the loud and repeated knockings which were made at my door, as at first waiters, and then the landlord himself, endeavored to get admittance. At length a ladder was placed at the window, and a courageous individual, duly armed, appeared at my casement and summoned me to surrender. With what unspeakable relief did I learn that it was not to apprehend or arrest me that all these measures were taken; they were simply the preparations of a graceful benevolence, a sort of rumored intimation how much I was to blame for having prussic acid, or was being done to death by charcoal. Imagine a prisoner in a condemned cell suddenly informed that the cruel sentence had been carried him consisted not of the ordinary, the sheriff, the chaplain, &c., but a deputation of respectable citizens come to offer the representation of their borough or a piece of plate, and think you that the mere conception of the pleasant revulsion of my feelings. I thanked my public in a short but appropriate address. I remember, although there was a popular prejudice about doing this sort of thing in November in England, that I seemed quite unseasonable at other times, and that really in these days of domestic arsenic and conjugal strychnine, nothing but considerable impatience would make a man self-destructive—suicide arguing that as man was really so utterly valueless it was much politic while to get rid of him. My explanation over, I ordered breakfast.

"Why not dinner?" said the waiter. "It is close on four o'clock."

"No," said I; "the ladies will expect me at dinner."

"The ladies are near Constance by this, or else the roads are worse than we thought them."

"Constance!" said I, "do you mean to say they have gone?"

"Yes, sir, at daybreak; or, indeed, I might say before daybreak."

"Gone! actually gone?" was all that I could utter.

"They never went to bed last night, Sir; the old lady was taken very ill after tea, and all the house running here and there for doctors and remedies, and the young lady, though she bore up so well, they tell me she fainted when she was alone in her own room. In fact, it was a piece of confusion and trouble until they started, and, we may say, none of us had a moment's peace till we saw them off."

"And how came it that I was never called?"

"I believe, Sir, but I'm not sure, the landlord tried to awake you. At all events, he has a note for you now, for I saw the old lady place it in his hand."

"Fetch it at once," said I; and when he left the room I threw some water over my face and tried to rally all my faculties to meet the occasion.

When the waiter reappeared with the note I took him hastily from the table; I did not venture to rend it while he was in the room. At length he went away, and I opened it. These were the words:

"SIR,—When a personage of your rank abuses the privilege of his station, it is supposed that he means to rebuke. Although innocent of any cause for present displeasure, I have thought to withdraw myself from your notice than incur the chance of so severe a reprimand a second time.

"I am, Sir, with undiminished sorrow and humility, your most devoted follower and servant,

"MARTHA KEATES.

"To the —— de ——."

This was the whole of it; not a great deal as correspondence, but matter enough for much meditation and much misery. After a long and painful review of my conduct, one startling fact stood prominently forward, which was, that I had done something by which, if I been the act of a royal prince, would yet have been unpardonable, but which, as I knew to emanate from one such as myself, would have been a downright outrage.

I went into the whole case as a man who detests figures might have gone into a long and complicated account; and just as he would skip small sums, and pay little heed to it records, aimed at arriving at some grand solid balance for or against myself.

I felt that if asked to produce my books they might run this wise: Potts, on the credit side, a philanthropist, self-denying, generous and trustful; one eager to do good, thinking no evil of his neighbor, and full of every hope anxious to establish that brotherhood among men which however varied the station, could and ought to subsist, and which needs but the connecting link of one sympathetic existence to establish. On the other side, Potts, I grieve to say, appeared that which he continued Menelaus Potts, dear and to be.

When I had rallied a bit from the stunning effect of this disagreeable "total," I began to wish that I had somebody to argue the matter out with me. The best way I could see my case would be thus: "Has not—from the time of Quintus Curtius down to the late Mr. Sadlier, of banking celebrity—the sacrifice of one man for the benefit of his fellows been recognized as the noblest exposition of heroism? Now, although it is terrible to give up life for the attainment of others, it is far more to surrender one's identity, to expunge that original figure I had which gives a man his self-esteem and suggests his self-preservation. And who, I would ask, feels this so deeply as the man who has irrevocably palms himself upon the world for that which he is not? According to the present hegemonic principle, this man may be a real boon to humanity. He feeds this one with hope, the other with flattery; he bestows courage on the weak, confidence on the wavering. The rich man can give of his abundance; but it is out of his very poverty this poor fellow has to bestow all. Like the spider, he has to weave his web for his own meals, and like the same spider he may be swept away by some pretentious affectation of propriety."

While I thus argued the waiter came in to serve dinner. It looked all appetizing and nice, but I could not touch a morsel. I was sick at heart. Every old country seat took an air around the room was ever before me. Those dark *gray* walls—with you stupid folk will go on calling blue—have a sort of reproachful power in them very remarkable. They don't flash out in anger like bricks, or speckle in displeasure like heast; but they emit a sort of stendy, fixed, concentrated light that seems to imply that they have looked respectably into you, and come back very sad and very sorry for the inquiry. I thought of those happy days I passed beside her; I recalled her low and gentle voice, her sweet half-sad smile, and her playful laugh, and I said, "How I lost all these through a boy! What stupid folly possessed me last evening? How could I have been so idiotic as not to see that I was contemplating the ruin of all enmities? How should I, in my insignificance, dare to stand between my friends and safety, a fitting company for that fair and gentle girl? How artificially false, too, was the position I had taken. Interweaving into my ideal life those coarse realities was the same sort of outrage as should one in some of the Venetian churches, where a lovely Madonna, the work of a great hand, may be seen bedizened and disfigured with paltry ornaments of the vilest sort. In this was I violating the whole poetry of my existence. These figures were as much out of keeping as would be a couple of Ostade's Boors in a grand Scripture piece by Domenichino.

"And yet, Potts," thought I, "they were *really* living creatures. They had the hearts for joy and sorrow and hope and the rest of it. They were pilgrims traveling the self-same road as you were. They were not illusions, but flesh and blood like you, that would suffer cold, and die of hunger if starved. Were they not

then, as such, of more account than all your mere imaginings? would not the least of their daily mercies outweigh a whole bushel of fancied sorrow? and is it not a poor selfishness on your part, when you deem some airy conception of your brain of more account than that poor old man and that dark-eyed girl. Last of all, see they not, in all their rugged finery, more 'really true men' than you yourself, Potts, living in a maze of dreams? They only set when the saw-dust is raked and the lamps are lighted; not you are up, ever from dawn to dusk, and only lay down one motley to don another. Is not this wretched? Is it not ignoble? In all those changes of character how much of the real man will be left behind? Will there be one morsel of honest flesh when all the lacquer of paint is washed off? And was it—was it, Potts, when you first adventured out on the wide ocean of life?

I passed that evening and a great part of the night in such self-acensings, and then I addressed myself to action. I bethought me of my future and what and where and how it might be passed. The bag of money intrusted to me by the ministers to pay the charges of the road was hanging where I had placed it—on the mantle-shelf. I opened it and found a hundred and forty gold Napoleons, and some ten or twelve pounds in silver. I next set to count over my own capital hoard; it was a fraction under a thousand francs. Forty pounds was really a very small sum wherewith to confront a world to which I brought not any art, or trade, or means of livelihood; I say *more*, because I had not the slightest of a pretext for touching the other sum, and I resolved at once to hesitate in no way over. Now, what could be done with so humble a capital? I had heard of a great general who once pawned a watch sword—as well of honor as steel was—wherewith to buy a horse, and so mounted, he went forth over the Alps and conquered a kingdom. My story had no parallel for me, and somehow I did not feel as though I were the stuff that conquers kingdoms, and yet was much surely be a vain moment of men in life with about the same sort of faculties, merits, and demerits as I have, there must be at least another Potts family in every land, well-meaning, right-intentioned, worthless creatures, who, out of a supposed willingness to say thing, may end by doing nothing. Such people, it must be inferred, live upon what are called their wits, or, in other words, trade upon the daily accidents of life, and the use to which they can turn the traits of those they meet with.

I was resolved not to descend to this; no, I had determined to say adieu to all unessential bag, and to Potts, the disappointed man, one who had once dreamed of great ambitions, but had taken the wrong road to them. I would from this hour, be an honest, matter-of-speaking, simple-hearted creature. What the world might henceforth mean for me of its sympathy should be rendered on honest grounds; nay, more, in the spirit of those devotees who inspire themselves with piety by resolutions, I resolved on a course of self-mortification, I would not rest till I had made my former self expiate all the vainglorious wantonness of the past, and pay its severe penance for every transgression I had committed. I began forthwith my reformation. I sat down and wrote thus:

"*To Mr. Dyer, Stephen's Green, Dublin,*

"The gentleman who took away a dun pony from you [very sensible in the matter] is honest, and who, from certain circumstances, has not been able to restore the animal, sends herewith twenty pounds as his property. I, Mr. Dyer, conscientiously considers the sum insufficient, the sender will at some future time, he hopes, make good the difference."

Doubtless my esteemed reader will say, at this place, "The fellow couldn't do less; he need not vaunt himself on a commonplace act of honesty, either all, might have been said, suggested by certain fears of future consequences. His indiscretion amounted to horse-stealing, and horse-stealing is a felony."

All true, every word of it, most upright of judges; I say simply doing right ought, of a father what I ought long since to have done. But now, let me ask, is this, after all, the intrinsic course of life, and is there not more in doing what one ought when every temptation points to the other direction? and lastly, is it nothing to do what a man ought when the doing it costs exactly the half of all he has in the world?

Now, if I were, instead of being, the hero of a rain great writer that we all know and delight in, I would improve the occasion here by asking my reader, Can he always himself do such a thing? I would say to him, perhaps with all haste to anticipate his answer, Of course you do. You probably pinch your underlinen, lock your wife out of bed; you are a model father and a churchwarden; but I am only a poor apothecary's son, brought up in precept of thrift and the Dublin Pharmacopœia; and I owe to you, when I placed the half of my twenty-pound crisp clean bank-note inside of that letter, I felt I was figuratively cutting myself in two. But I did it like a man, I did it in the proper phrase for an act which I thought godlike. And now that my work is over and my sacrifice hasn't cost you a couch-load of regrets, and a shopful of hesitations about making it, it is of little worth. There's a wide difference between the gift of a sheep from an Australian farmer or the present of a child's pet lamb, even though the sheep be twice the size of the other.

I gave myself no small praise for what I had done, much figurative patting on the back, and a vast deal of that very ambiguous consolation which beggars in Catholic countries receive in change for alms by assurances that it will be remembered to you in Purgatory.

"Well," thought I, "the occasion isn't very far off, for my Purgatory begins to-morrow."

CHAPTER XXIX.

I was in a tourist locality, and easily provided myself with a light equipment for the road, resolved at once to take the foot-path in life and walk my fortune." I use those words simply as the expression of the utter uncertainty which prevailed as to whither I should go, and what to do when I got there.

If there be few more joyous things in life than to start off on foot with three or four choice companions, to make through some fine country, rich in scenery, varied in character and interesting in story, there are few more depressing than to set out by one's self, not very decided on what way to take, and with very little money to take.

One of the most grievous features of small means is, certainly, the almost exclusive occupation it gives the mind as to every, even the most trivial, incident that involves cost. Instead of dining at the table d'hôte and living, you fare away on many groschen and kreutzers. You are *not* drinking wine, your beverage is a solution of copper and sulphur! Even when you poke the fire every spark that flies up the chimney is a bodaco! You come at last to suspect that the sun were born but for nothing, and that the very breeze that cooled your brow is only retiring round the corner to ask "for something for himself."

When the rich man lives sparingly, the consolation is given him that he is saving for a child; he pleased sustains him. The poor fellow has no such consolation to fall back on; the closer his cost is examined the more wondrous will it appear. If it were simply that he dressed himself and fared coarsely, it might be borne with; but it is the hourly question that poverty is exposed to makes its true grievance. "An ill-looking" fellow, somebody somewhere expressed—" an ill-looking fellow had been seen about the premises at nightfall," says the police report. "A very suspicious character" had strolled for a bed; his wardrobe was a spotted handkerchief. The writer remembers that a fellow, much trained-and with great success-at the door that evening and asked if there was any "broken victuals" to be given away in the village." Heaven help the poor wayfarer if any one had been robbed, any house broken into, any rick set fire to, while he passed through that locality. There is no need of a crowd of witnesses to convict him, since every dingo in his hut, every tear in his coat, and every hole in his shoe are evidence against him.

I thought over these things in sorrow and humiliation, it was in a very proud spirit that I called to mind how, on that same morning, I deposited the bag with the ministers' messengers, Haben's bank, saw the contents duly counted over, replaced and sealed up, and then addressed to Sir Michael Quigley's dining-room attendants, taking a receipt for the same. "This was only common honesty," one reasoner will say. Well, there is an absurd collocation of words, it is that! Common honesty! why, there is nothing in this world so totally uncommon as honesty. Never, I beseech you, undervalue the waiter who restores the ring you dropped in the coffee-room, nor hail him cheerily as he picks back the umbrella you left in the cab. These seem such ordinary acts that they deserve no praise. Men are more or less Cornish wreckers in life, and very apt to regard the lost article as a treasure trove. I have said all this simply to show character, that you may know what it cost me, on that same morning, not to be a rogue, and not to cover myself with the pitiful attainder.

I underwent a very long and wearying self-examination as to ascertain if it was I had not appropriated that bag, an offense which, legally speaking, would only amount to a breach of trust. I asked myself, "Is it not as much mine as the money, Potts? Did you feel that your own means were ample enough? Was it that your philosophy had made you indifferent as to mere dross, and then think that the load was a burden?" Thus, taking higher ground, had you recalled the first twinkling of that honorable pursuit, that good man and careful apothecary, who had given you his boy and himself to your guidance, right and wrong?" I fear that I was obliged to say No, in turn, to each of these queries. I would have been very glad to be right, proud to have been a philosopher, overjoyed to feel myself swayed by moral motives, but I could not palm the imposition on my conscience, and I gave honestly by even that the real reason of my conduct was—I was in love! There was no other reason for it.

There was an old sultan once so impressed with an ill notion of the sex that whenever a lady was introduced to his presence he had, with over I read of some noble piece of heroism, or some daring act of self-devotion, I don't ask whether he got the Bath or the Victoria Cross, if he were made a governor here, or a vice-governor there, but when I read it my honesty by the glorious deed? I'd like to know all about her: the color of her eyes, her hair; was she slender or plump, was she fiery or phlegmatic, and in all attachment or an acute attack coming after a quarrel or first sight?

If I were the great chief of some great public department where all my subordinates were obliged to give heavy security for their honesty, I would neither ask for bailbonds or sureties; but I'd say, "Have you got a wife or a sweetheart? either will do, but one or the other. If she be worthy an honest man's love, I am satisfied; marry and swear to me, on your honor."

Oh, how I longed to stand aright in that dear girl's eyes, that else should see me worthy of her! Had she yielded to all my wayward notions and rambling opinions, giving way either in careless indolence or out of inability to dispute them, she had never made the deep impression on my heart. It was because she had bravely asserted her own independence, never conceding where principle was at issue, never yielding where unjustified, that I loved her. What a stupid reverie was that one in which when I fancied her one of those strong-minded, determined women—the stickyshod, umbrella-carrying female, who can travel alone and make her way through a convent-house! No, she was delicate, timid, and gentle; there was no over-confidence in her, nor the slightest presumption. Rain? not a bit of it. Guide, direct, support, confute, sustain me; elevate my sentiments, cheer me on my road to life, making all evil odious in my eyes, and the good to seem better!

I verily believe with such a woman, on humble condition in life offers more chances of happiness than a state of wealth and splendor. If the best prizes of life are to be picked up around a man's fireside, moderate means, conducing as they do to home joys, would point more certainly to these than all the splendor of grand receptions. If I were, say, a village doctor, a schoolmaster? I were able to do one substance in some occupation, whose pursuit might place, me sufficiently favorably in her eyes. I don't like curates, for instance, or even "dry goods," but something. It's no fault of mine if the English language be cramped and limited, and that I must employ the odious word "genteel," but it conveys, in a fashion, all that I mean.

I began to think how this was to be done. I might return to my own country, go back to Dublin, and become Potts and Son—at least and I. A very horrid thought, and very hard to adopt!

I might take a German degree in physic, and become an English doctor, say, at Bonn, Ems, Geneva, or some other resort of my countrymen on the Continent. I might give lectures, I marvellously well know on what, still less to whom; or I could start as Professor Potts, and instruct for eighteen a shilling. These were at least "three courses" open to me; and to consider them the better, I filled my pipe and strolled off on the high road into a shady copse of the beech-trees, at the foot of one of which, and close to a clear little rivulet, I threw myself at full length, and thus, like Tityrus, enjoyed the leafy shade, making my meerschaum do duty for the shepherd's reed.

I had not been long thus when I heard the footsteps of some persons on the road, and quickly after, the sound discontinuing, I judged that they must have crossed into the sward beneath which I stood. As I listened I detected voices, and the next moment two figures emerged from the cover and stood before me: they were Vaterlieu and Vintenfleck.

"Sit down," said I, pointing to each in turn to take a place at either side of me. They had, it is true, been the cause of the great calamity of my life, but in no sense was the fault theirs, and I wished to show that I was generous and open-minded. Vaterlieu acceded to my suggested invitation with a contrasted humility, and seated himself at a little distance; but Vintenfleck threw himself on the grass, and with such a careless "abandon," that her hair established from the hat that held it and fell in great wavy masses across my feet.

"Ay," thought I, as I looked at the graceful outlines of her finely-shaped figure, "here is the Amaryllis come to complete the tableau; only I wonder will fever spangles and a little more simplicity."

I saw that it was necessary to reassure Vaterlieu as to my perfect sanity by some explanation as to my strange mode of traveling, and told him briefly, "that it was a caprice common enough with my countrymen to assume the knapsack and take the road after a fever that had left it idle as to any more elevated career of life, and at least gained companionship with many from whom the accident of station might exclude us." I said the wish an artful delicacy, meant to imply that I was pointing at a very great and valuable privilege of pedestrianism.

He smiled with a sad, a very sad expression on his features, and said, "But in what wise, highly honored Sir"—he addressed me always as Hoch Ge-ehrter Herr—" could you promise to yourself advantage from such associations as these? I will not believe you would condescend to know us simply to carry away in memory the little traits that most needs distinguish such faces as ours. I would not insult my respect for you by supposing that you come among us to note the difference between our rude wretchedness and our mock gayety; and yet what else is there to gain? What can the poor mountebanks teach you beyond this?"

"Much," said I, with fervor, as I grasped his hand, and shook it heartily; "much, if you only give me the one lesson that I now listen to, and I learn that a man's heart can beat as truthfully under motley as under the embroidered coat of a minister. The man who speaks as you do can teach me much."

He put a wet hand over his hazy sigh and turned away his head. He arose after a few minutes, and, going quietly across the grass, spread his handkerchief on the bare head of the girl, by whom he at once fallen into a deep sleep.

"Poor child!" muttered he, "it is well she can sleep! She has eaten nothing to-day!"

"But, surely," said I, "there is some village or some wayside inn near this—"

"Yes, there is the Eckstein, a little public about two miles further; but we didn't care to reach it. Without a kreutzer! Ah, Herr! to pass many hours in a place and never call for any thing; even to be asked on, and answer, no; able from it; and as we have only what would pay for our supper and lodging, we thought we'd wear away the noon in the forest here, and arrive at the inn by close of day."

"Let me be your traveling companion for to-day," said I, "and let us push forward and have our dinner together. Yes, yes, there is far less of condescension in the offer than you suspect. I am neither rich nor miser. I am one of a class like your own, Vaterchen; and what I do for you to-day some one else will as probably do for me to-morrow."

Say what I would the old man would persist in believing that there was only another of those eccentricities for which Englishmen are famed; and though, with the tact of a native gooseberding, he showed no consistence in opposition, I saw plainly enough that he was unconvinced by all my arguments.

While the girl slept I asked him how he chanced upon the choice of his present mode of life, since there were many things in his tone and manner that struck me as strangely unlike what I should have ascribed to his order.

"It is a long story for short ears," said he; "five minutes will tell it, otherwise I might scruple to impose on your patience. It was thus I became—but you see me."

Short as the narrative was, I must keep it for another page.

REAL CHRISTMAS ANGELS.

I'm a very plain and homely man,
Just a feeble old or so,
And the chemicals troubles me, off and on,
Whether I will or no;
And so whenever that comes to pass
It drives me a most in a craze,
I think of the lots of time I lose—
The many working days.

For my old woman Meg, and I,
Agree on this, d'ye see,
That I shall be sick when she is well,
And I'm sure to be well when she's sick.
But then 'tis woeful hard to me,
When the winter nights are cold,
For I miss the shine of my old legs—
If the words be not too bold.

Yet Meg and I get somehow on,
For poverty isn't a crime,
And we never think nothing about it
Until it comes Christmas time.
For we have a memory, Meg and I,
Of a Christmas long ago,
When we both were strong and hearty,
And never knew want or woe.

And so it happens that Meg and I
Have been wishing a long time a-head,
And Meg and I, to keep life in,
Were obliged to go to bed.
But what it was in the shop,
And we hadn't a cent—not we;
So we thought it the hardest Christmas
We ever had chanced to see.

Meg sat in the bed a sewing,
I reading the Bible to her,
When there came at the door a tapping
Like a woodpecker tapping a tree.
Meg cried for the knock to enter,
And a rosy face peeped in,
With hazel eyes and clustering curls,
White teeth and a dimpled chin.

There was sunshine in a moment
To brush away the gloom,
And a voice like an angel's whisper
Went sweetly through the room.
It said, "Accept this turkey,
Some oysters and sweet oil, if you please;
It is Merry Christmas-Day,
And no one must starve or freeze."

Oh! wasn't Meg up directly,
But the angel had vanished in air,
And a roast goose stood on a bushel of coal,
And the turkey it lay on a chair.
And didn't we have a feast
In a good old-fashioned way;
And wasn't we warm and jollily fed
That glorious Christmas-Day!

So that is my tale all told—
A homely tale at the best—
At tale that Meg and I repeat
Each night when we go to rest.
I have heard of angels with wings,
Who noiselessly flit through the air,
But the angel of angels that we like best
Left a turkey upon the chair.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

ON Monday, December 10, in the Senate, after some routine business, Senator Sumner presented a petition from Thaddeus Hyatt, praying for relief for Kansas. Senator Powell's resolution for a "Crisis Committee" was called up, and remarks were made by Senators Powell, Green, Latham, Foster, Douglas, Davis, Crittenden, King, Dixon, Brown, and Mason. The Southern Senators generally were of the opinion that the Committee could do no good, though some of them agreed to vote for it. Senator King, of New York, said that secession was rebellion, and rebellion would be put down by the law.——In the House, Mr. Hawkins, of Florida, gave his reasons for refusing to serve on the Crisis Committee, which were, in a word, the proposed secession of his State. Mr. Vallandigham, of Ohio, and Mr. M'Clernand, of Illinois, protested against the exclusion of Northwestern Democrats from the Committee. The former took occasion to say that if it was attempted to cut off the West from the Ocean, they would cleave their way to the mouth of the Mississippi with their swords. The latter declared that he could not admit the right of secession. Mr. Sherman introduced a bill authorizing an issue of $10,000,000 Treasury notes, bearing 6 per cent. interest. Some conversation ensued between Messrs. Sherman, Houston, Crawford, and Grow, and the House adjourned.

On Tuesday, December 11, in the Senate, the House bill authorizing the issue of new Treasury notes was taken up, and, on motion of Senator Rice, was referred to the Committee on Finance. A resolution was adopted, on motion of Senator Hale, inquiring of the Committee whether the army expenses can not be curtailed. The Crisis Committee resolution being then taken up, speeches were made in favor of the Committee by Senators Bigler and Douglas, and against it by Senator Iverson. The latter took the ground that nothing but the right of expansion into the Territories will keep the South in the Union; and that, as the North will evidently not grant that, all hopes of peace are at an end. After some desultory conversation of not a very hopeful character, the Senate adjourned.——In the House, Messrs. Cobb, of Alabama, and Davis, of Mississippi, gave their reasons for serving on the Crisis Committee. The House then voted not to excuse Mr. Hawkins; and, after debate, refused also to excuse Mr. Boyce, of South Carolina, and Mr. Morrill, of Vermont, who both sought to be excused. Mr. Sherman reported the Diplomatic and Consular Appropriation Bill, and moved a resolution inquiring whether the cost of the Indian Bureau can not be reduced. A petition was presented for the relief of Kansas.

On Wednesday, December 12, in the Senate, Senator Hunter, from the Committee on Finance, reported the Treasury Note Bill, with some slight amendments. After some debate, very imperfectly reported, the amount authorized to be issued was reduced to $3,000,000, and the bill passed. The Senate then took up the Crisis Committee resolutions, and a long secession speech was made by Senator Wigfall, of Texas, who was corrected once by Senator Seward for misrepresenting him.——In the House, resolutions providing for the amendment of the Constitution and the present crisis were offered by Messrs. Thayer of Massachusetts, John Cochrane of New York, Adrain of New Jersey, Morris of Pennsylvania, Stewart of Maryland, Leake of Virginia, Smith of Virginia, Jenkins of Virginia, Cox, Hutchins, and Sherman of Ohio, M'Clernand of Illinois, Noel of Missouri, and Hindman of Arkansas: all referred to the Crisis Committee. Mr. Bonham, of South Carolina, was excused from serving on the Military Committee. Mr. Sherman introduced a Deficiency Appropriation Bill.

On Thursday, December 13, in the Senate, Senator Johnson, of Tennessee, moved certain amendments to the Constitution, which were referred. The Relief Bill was received from the House with amendments, which were concurred in. The Resolutions on the State of the Union were then taken up, and Senator Wigfall concluded his speech. Adjourned till Monday.—In the House, Mr. Morris introduced a resolution expressing attachment to the Union; objected to by Mr. Curry of Alabama. The Senate amendments to the Relief Bill were taken up on motion of Mr. Sherman and concurred in. A debate arose on a motion of Mr. Haskin to have the public printing done by contract, as the printer, Ford, was absent. After remarks by Messrs. M'Clernand, Burnett, and others, the subject was postponed. Adjourned over till Monday.

THE REPUBLICAN POSITION.

In the House of Representatives, on 12th December, Mr. Sherman, of Ohio, introduced resolutions declaring that the only true and effectual remedy for the dissensions that now exist between the several States and the people thereof, is in the faithful observance by the several States and the people thereof of all the compromises of the Constitution, and of the laws made in pursuance thereof; that the Special Committee of Thirty-three be instructed to inquire whether any State or the people thereof have failed to obey and enforce the obligation imposed by the Constitution, and if so the remedy thereof, and whether any further legislation is required to secure such enforcement; that, to avoid all further controversies in regard to the several Territories of the United States, the said Committee divide the said Territories into States of a convenient size, with a view to their prompt admission into the Union on an equal footing with the original States.

THE CRISIS COMMITTEE.

The Committee of thirty-one have commenced their labors without Mr. Hawkins. Various projects and schemes have been laid before them. On 13th Mr. Dunn, of Indiana, after some discussion, brought forward the following resolution, which was accepted by Mr. Rust, who had moved another resolution:

"*Resolved*, That in the opinion of this Committee the existing discontents among the Southern people, and the growing hostility among them to the Federal Government, are greatly to be regretted, and that whether such discontents and hostility are without just cause or not, any reasonable and constitutional remedies, and additional and more specific and effectual guarantees of their peculiar rights and interests, as recognized by the Constitution, necessary to preserve the peace of the country and the perpetuation of the Union, should be promptly and cheerfully granted."

The resolution was adopted, every member present voting for it except Messrs. Adams of Massachusetts, Tappan of New Hampshire, Morse of Maine, Morrill of Vermont, Robinson of Rhode Island, Humphrey of New York, and Washburn of Wisconsin, who opposed it, and Mr. Davis of Mississippi, who refused to vote at all, giving as a reason that he viewed the resolution as a meaningless thing, intended only to quiet temporarily the Southern feeling, instead of pointing honestly to some permanent cure.

Mr. Corwin, the Chairman, submitted on Friday a proposition giving the people of a Territory the exclusive right to elect their officers and to make their own laws, subject, of course, to the Constitution of the United States. This, however, was opposed by several of the Republican members, as carrying Slavery into all the Territories under the decision in the Dred Scott Case, and, without voting on the proposition, the Committee adjourned until Monday. It is believed that a report will be made early in the coming week, probably on Tuesday.

THE RELIEF BILL.

The Relief Bill, as passed both Houses of Congress, authorizes the issue of Treasury notes for such sums as the public exigencies require, but not to exceed ten millions of dollars, of denominations of not less than fifty dollars. Such notes shall be paid and redeemed after the expiration of one year from the date of issue, to bear such rate of interest as shall be expressed thereon, at the rate of six per cent. per annum. It is provided that after the maturity of said notes the interest cease, on the expiration of sixty days' notice of readiness to redeem and pay the same, which may at any time be given by the Secretary of the Treasury in one or more newspapers at the seat of Government. The redemption and payment of the notes are to be made to the lawful holders upon their presentment at the Treasury, including principal and interest, for which the faith of the United States is solemnly pledged. The Secretary of the Treasury, with the approbation of the President, is authorized to cause such portion of the Treasury notes as may be deemed expedient to be issued in payment of warrants in favor of the public creditors or other persons lawfully entitled to payment, who may choose to receive such notes in payment at par. The Secretary of the Treasury is also authorized, with the approbation of the President, to issue notes at such rate of interest as may be offered by the lowest responsible bidders, who may agree to take the notes at par, after public advertisement, to propose to issue such notes at par to those who may offer to take the same at the lowest rate of interest, but in deciding upon those bids no fraction shall be considered which may be less than one-fourth per centum per annum, the note to be transferrable by assignment by the person to whose order the same is made payable, and received by the proper officers in the payment of all duties, taxes, public lands, and all debts of any character due at the time such notes may be offered in payment. The Secretary is further authorized to purchase the notes at par for the amount of the principal and interest due at the time of purchase, and so much of any unappropriated money in the Treasury as may be necessary for the purpose, is appropriated to the principal and interest. The power to issue and reissue notes shall cease on the 1st of January, 1863; the usual provisions are made for punishing forgery and counterfeiting. All money hereafter contracted for under the authority of the Treasury and Loan Act of June last shall be used in the redemption of the Treasury notes now outstanding and those to be issued under this act, and to replace in the Treasury any amount of said notes which shall have been paid and received for public dues, and for no other purpose.

RESIGNATION OF GENERAL CASS AND OTHERS.

General Cass, in despair at the condition of the country, has resigned his position as Secretary of State. Mr. Trescott, the Assistant Secretary, as has already been announced, resigned on Thursday; consequently the State Department is at the present time without any responsible head. A successor to General Cass has not yet been decided upon by the President, but rumor points to Hon. Daniel S. Dickinson, of New York, as likely to be called upon to assume the responsibilities. It is also positively stated that Secretary Thompson will resign, probably on Monday; and it is believed that other members of the Cabinet will follow. It is even very strongly suggested that President Buchanan himself may retire, and leave the management of affairs between now and the 4th of March in the hands of Mr. Breckinridge.

WHY MR. COBB WITHDREW FROM THE CABINET.

Mr. Cobb, on resigning, addressed a letter to the President, in which he said: "My withdrawal has not been occasioned by any thing you have said or done. While differing from your Message upon some of its theoretical doctrines, as well as from the hope so earnestly expressed that the Union can yet be preserved, there was no practical result likely to follow which required me to retire from your administration. That necessity is created by what I feel it my duty to do; and the responsibility of the act, therefore, rests alone upon myself.

"To say that I regret—deeply regret—this necessity, but feebly expresses the feeling with which I pen this communication. For nearly four years I have been associated with you as one of your Cabinet officers, and during that period nothing has occurred to mar, even for a moment, our personal and official relations. In the policy and measures of your administration I have cordially concurred, and shall ever feel proud of the humble place which my name may occupy in its history. If your wise counsels and patriotic warnings had been heeded by your countrymen, the 4th of March next would have found our country happy, prosperous, and united. That it will not be so is no fault of yours.

"The evil has now passed beyond control, and must be met by each and all of us under our responsibility to God and our country. If, as I believe, history will have to record yours as the last administration of our present Union, it will also place it side by side with the purest and ablest of those that preceded it."

MANIFESTO OF THE SECEDERS.

The following manifesto has been published:

WASHINGTON, *Dec.* 13, 1860.

TO OUR CONSTITUENTS—

The argument is exhausted. All hope of relief in the Union, through the agency of committees, Congressional legislation, or constitutional amendments is extinguished, and we trust the South will not be deceived by appearances or the pretense of new guarantees. The Republicans are resolute in the purpose to grant nothing that will or ought to satisfy the South. In our judgment the honor, safety, and independence of the Southern people are to be found only in a Southern Confederacy—the inevitable result of separate State secession. That the sole and primary aim of each slaveholding State ought to be its speedy and absolute separation from an unnatural and hostile Union.

Signed by J. L. Pugh, David Clopton, Sydenham Moore, J. L. M. Curry, and J. A. Stallworth, of Alabama; Alfred Iverson, J. W. H. Underwood, L. J. Gartrell, and James Jackson (Senator Toombs is not here, but would sign), John J. Jones, and Martin J. Crawford, of Georgia; George S. Hawkins, of Florida. It is understood Mr. Yulee will sign it. T. C. Hindman, of Arkansas. Both Senators will also sign it. A. G. Brown, William Barksdale, O. R. Singleton, and Reuben Davis, of Mississippi; Burton Craige and Thomas Ruffin, of North Carolina; J. P. Benjamin and John M. Landrum, of Louisiana. Senators Slidell, Wigfall, and Hemphill, have signed it.

WHEN THE COTTON STATES WILL SECEDE.

The *Herald* says: "It is now ascertained, with a positive degree of certainty, that the following States will secede on the days named, unless they conclude to keep their Conventions in session until that of Georgia meet which is on the 18th of January, when they will all go out together:

"South Carolina—Convention meets December 17; will retire from the Confederacy December 18.

"Alabama—Convention meets January 7; retires January 10.

"Mississippi—Convention meets January 7; retires January 10.

"Florida—Convention meets January 3; and will probably retire with Alabama and Mississippi.

"It is expected Arkansas and Texas will not be long behind them.

"The idea that any compromise can be offered that will save these States to the Union may henceforward be hopelessly abandoned."

THE LEGISLATURE OF LOUISIANA.

A telegram dated Baton Rouge, December 11, says: The bill providing for the election of delegates to the State Convention, to be held at Baton Rouge on the 23d of January, has passed both Houses. In the House a strong effort was made to put the question, Convention or no convention? before the people.

The Military bill passed both Houses, appropriating $500,000; providing for the appointment of a military commission and military bureau; also for the organization of volunteer companies, and arming the same, and for establishing military dépôts.

The Military Board will be convened immediately, and some one will be sent to purchase arms. The amendment of the House forbidding the purchase of arms at the North by the Board was lost. The bill of the House confiscating all the goods arriving from the Northern States after the 1st of January, and applying the proceeds of the sale of the same to the purchase of arms, was referred to a joint committee, and created considerable fun.

Mr. Wirt Adams, of Mississippi, was introduced to the joint session, and made a speech announcing the action of Mississippi, and asking the co-operation of Louisiana, which was cordially received. The hall was crowded.

A bill to appoint commissioners to the sister slave States created much discussion, but was lost. A resolution requesting the Governor to communicate to the Governors of other Southern States as to the condition of the country was adopted.

ELECTION OF A GOVERNOR OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

A telegram dated Columbia, South Carolina, December 11, says: There was an animated contest in the Legislature for an election of Governor to-day. The following is the second ballot: Necessary to a choice, 82. Pickens, 53; Johnson, 50; Rhett, 28; Jamieson, 27; Townsend, Barnwell, and Chesnut, 1 each; blank, 1. On the first ballot Pickens and Johnson tied. The third ballot for Governor took place on the following day, and resulted: Pickens, 56; Johnson, 45; Jamieson, 28; Rhett, 28; scattering, 6. The ballotings ceased to-day.

THE FIRST UTTERANCE FROM MR. LINCOLN.

A telegram, dated Springfield, Illinois, December 13, says: The following paragraph appeared at the head of this morning's *Journal*, Lincoln's organ. It is known to have emanated direct from the President:

"We hear such frequent allusions to a supposed purpose on the part of Mr. Lincoln to call into his Cabinet two or three Southern gentlemen from the parties opposed to him politically, that we are prompted to ask a few questions:

"*First*—Is it known that any such gentlemen of character would accept a place in the Cabinet?

"*Second*—If yea, on what terms does he surrender to Mr. Lincoln, or Mr. Lincoln to him, on the political differences between them, or do they enter upon the Administration in open opposition to each other?"

JOHN BELL FOR UNION.

Hon. John Bell has written a letter in which he says: "Viewing the subject in every light in which it can be presented, I am constrained to say that by no principle of public law, by no code of morals, by no law of earth or heaven, would Mississippi, or any other State, be justified, under existing circumstances, in withdrawing from the Union. I confidently believe that the happiest consequences would result from a conference of all the Southern States. I as confidently believe that a majority of the people of the North are this day prepared to agree to any fair and reasonable plan of adjustment which such a conference of the Southern States would propose. I purposely abstain from suggesting what, in my opinion, should be the basis of such plan of adjustment.

"After what I have written on the preceding pages of this letter, it is scarcely necessary to say that I am resolved to adhere to the Union. I will not say that in no possible contingency would I consent to a separation of the States; but I would exhaust every constitutional means for the redress of our grievances before I would think of dissolving the Union. I am not willing that one State should be withdrawn from the Union—that one star should be stricken from the bright cluster which now emblazons the national flag.

"I have long foreseen the probable occurrence of a crisis like the present, and shrunk from the possible issue of it; and I could never contemplate the destruction of the Union without sensations not unlike those which I imagine would overwhelm me on beholding the last going down of the sun, never to rise again forever."

UNION MEETING IN JERSEY.

A mass State Convention was held at Trenton, N. J., on Wednesday to adopt conciliatory measures toward the South. An address and resolutions were passed, and a Commission appointed to go about to the several States and endeavor to prevail upon them to remain in the Union. The Hon. William C. Alexander presided. Commodore R. F. Stockton and Mr. Halstead were the principal speakers in the Convention.

UNION MEETING AT PHILADELPHIA.

The citizens of Philadelphia, to the number of nearly ten thousand, assembled on Thursday in their Independence Square for the purpose of testifying their unalterable affection for the Union of these States, and their firm determination to stand by the Federal Constitution and the laws. Without distinction of party, people of all classes flocked to the meeting, and seemed deeply impressed with the importance of the occasion. Mayor Henry presided, and after prayer by Bishop Potter, speeches were made by the President, Joseph R. Ingersoll, Judge Woodward, Charles E. Lex, Theodore Cuyler, and Isaac Hazelhurst. Resolutions were adopted proclaiming attachment to the Constitution and the Union, recognizing the binding force of the Fugitive Slave Law, and the rights of slave-owners in the Territories; recommending a general convention of all the States, and appealing to the South for consideration and forbearance in the present crisis of the Union.

THE CENSUS OF 1860.

The *Herald* says: "As near as can be ascertained, the total population of the States and Territories is 31,000,000; therefore the ratio of representation in the House of Representatives will be about 133,000.

"The census returns of Illinois show the population to be 1,701,737. The ratio of representation will be 119,000, which will give Illinois fifteen members of Congress, instead of nine, the present number."

ARREST OF THE SUPPOSED MURDERER OF MRS. SHANCKS.

Alfred Buchanan, the supposed murderer of Mrs. Shancks, the widow lady who resided at No. 23 East Twelfth Street, was last week brought to this city a prisoner, having been arrested at Susquehanna, Pennsylvania. He is a young man who has been subject to severe fits nearly all his life, and, as a consequence, not of sound mind. The prisoner asserts his innocence of the crime imputed to him, but evidence of such a character has been obtained as to leave little doubt of his guilt.

WHAT ACTORS ARE PAID.

The New York correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press* gives the following gossip relating to actors and dramatists: "The engagement concluded at the Winter Garden on Saturday evening, by Charlotte Cushman, was one of the most successful she has played, her share of the profits amounting to nearly $10,000. Forrest is doing still better than this at Niblo's. John Brougham is now receiving $300 per week at the Haymarket. Last year he was paid at Wallack's $175 a week besides benefits and allowances for new pieces, and Wallack could well afford it. 'Playing with Fire' was written under last year's contract, and Brougham gets nothing for it at the theatre, where it has had such a great run. Lester Wallack receives $125 a week; Mr. Blake $115, and Charles Walcot $100. At the Winter Garden and Niblo's, Messrs. Couldock and Dyott received $70 and $50, and Messrs. Conway and Fisher $70 and $60, respectively, a week. At Miss Keene's this season there are no high salaries, but at the opening of the last she paid Mr. Jordan $100. Last season, too, Mrs. John Wood and Mr. Jefferson received each $150 a week under the management of Mr. Stuart."

DEATH OF A BURGLAR.

A correspondent of the Manchester *Mirror* narrates the death of a singular person at New Hampton: "Since his death a manuscript, written in cipher, has been found among his papers, and, after much search, the key to the mysterious characters employed has also been discovered. If this writing is to be credited, which, from some unaccountable desire to preserve the remembrance of his crimes, was certainly prepared by his own hand, during three years subsequent to 1816 he led the life of an expert and successful burglar. Having emigrated to Quebec, from Bristol, in England, he made the former city, Montreal, and some of the neighboring villages, the scenes of his lawless exploits. His first act was, probably, the purloining of a ring valued at only a few shillings; his last appears to have been the seizure of twenty-three hundred dollars in French coin. At the time he quit Canada he possessed not less than $6000, the ill-gotten fruits of his crimes. The remembrance of one, at least, among those who suffered from his wrongs seems to have haunted his mind through life, with a vividness which neither circumstances nor the lapse of time could repair; for by an informal will he bequeathed $800 to Alwin Craig—a name which occurs also in the manuscript in cipher—though other parties are in no instance specified. Last week an agent visited Quebec, and succeeded in finding two of the grandchildren of Mr. Craig, now dead, to whom, as his only representatives, the bequest was delivered."

PERSONAL.

The *Herald* correspondent says: "A Washington paper, opposed to Mr. Lincoln's election, asserts to-day that Mr. Don Piatt, of Ohio, who, for a time, was Secretary of Legation at Paris under poor Pierce, is to be Lincoln's Private Secretary, and that Mrs. Don Piatt is to assist Mrs. Lincoln in her duties at the White House. This announcement is made without the slightest authority. The statement originally made in the *Herald* is true, that Mrs. Edwards, a sister of Mrs. Lincoln, and a niece of the latter, Mary Wallace, a beautiful miss of eighteen, will accompany Mr. Lincoln's family to Washington, and assist Mrs. Lincoln in doing the honors at the President's levees. Mr. Nicolay, the present confidential secretary of Mr. Lincoln, will undoubtedly act in the same capacity here. Mrs. Edwards is an accomplished Kentucky lady, and has recently been visiting at Andover, Massachusetts."

We regret to learn that the health of Mrs. Frémont has not been improved at her mountain home, and that she has been obliged to remove to a residence near Francisco, where the air is less keen, and the comforts of civilization are more get-at-able.

Mr. Victor Dehlinger, an old resident of Buffalo, died at his residence on Elm Street, in that city, on Friday, at the age of sixty-nine. Mr. Dehlinger was a hussar in the campaigns of the great Napoleon I.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

BRITISH OPINION ON SECESSION.

THE London *Times* of 29th says: "Of one thing the Democrats may be well assured—that the character and prestige of the several United States in the eyes of Europe depend on their Federal Union. Lord North saw this when he skillfully proposed a compromise, which would have had the effect of isolating some from the rest, and Burke resisted his scheme of conciliation on that very ground. "Hoc Ithacus velit;"—the stubborn and mutinous spirit of the South is falling into the tactics of the enemies of American independence. Let there be no mistake as to English public opinion on this subject. If we have paid a sincere homage to the rising greatness of America, it has not been to that which the Southerners are so anxious to conserve, but to that which they are striving to destroy. All that is noble and venerable in the United States is associated with the Federal Constitution. It is not the demonstrations of Southern ruffianism in Congress, or the filibustering aggrandizement of the South, from the Mexican annexations downward, or the Fugitive Slave law, or the Dred Scott decision, or the Kansas-Nebraska act—it is not these, or any other triumph of Democratic insolence during their ascendency of half a century, that has commanded the sympathy and admiration of Europe.

"We have judged these things leniently, as the actions of great men and great nations ought to be judged, because we knew the perilous conditions under which so mighty an enterprise as the civilization of America must of necessity be carried out, and have confidence in the practical good sense of the American character. A certain hectoring tone, arising from the exuberant consciousness of health and strength, is characteristic of adolescence, but no such allowance is made for deliberate acts of lawless violence. Even now, so long as the agitation is confined to bullying and insults, to 'retaliatory laws' and indignation meetings, in the form of Conventions, we shall not despair. High pressure, moral as well as mechanical, is the rule in America, and threats of civil war may be used there in a strictly Parliamentary sense. But if this rough sparring should by any chance be carried too far, and the threat so often uttered in jest or wantonness should be repeated in earnest and lead to bloodshed, it is some comfort that the aggressors will not be the stronger party. Mr. Lincoln will in that case command a majority in Congress, and will carry with him the support of all those who, however tolerant of slavery, will not tamely acquiesce in its becoming the basis of an illegal and hostile Confederation."

THE EMPRESS EUGENIE.

At latest dates, the Empress Eugénie was visiting Manchester, where her reception was cordial. The Town Council had presented her an address. Her proposed visit to Liverpool had been abandoned.

WHAT SENT HER TO ENGLAND.

At the death of the Empress's sister, the Duchess of Alba, and the thought that she was laboring under the same chronic disease which carried the Duchess off, so affected her that a change of air was indispensable to her well-being. The Emperor suggested that she had better pass some weeks at the chateau of the Duchess of Hamilton, in order to secure the services of Dr. Simpson, renowned for his treatment of cancer. At Holyrood Abbey, she became very much interested and emotional at the sight of the relics of Mary Stuart, Queen of Scotland.

FRANCE.

MARRIAGES IN PARIS.

Marriages abound in Paris just now. The son of Marshal Reille (and grandson by his mother of Massena) marries Mademoiselle Soult de Dalmatie, a grand-daughter of Marshal Soult; Monsieur Depetit Thouars, a nephew of the Admiral, marries Miss MacLeod; Monsieur de Kervegnen, a chamberlain of the Emperor, marries Mademoiselle Montaud, the richest heiress in Paris, she has $4,000,000; Monsieur Legrand, son of an eminent civil engineer, with Mademoiselle Garnot, daughter of a wealthy sub-treasurer, and a grand-niece of Marshal Ney; Baron Poilly with the Countess de Brigode, a daughter of the Marquis du Hullay, the sovereign arbiter here of all disputes touching the duelists' code; Monsieur Puglicsi with Mademoiselle Conti, daughter of one of Louis Napoleon's most intimate friends; Count Le Merle de Beauford with Mademoiselle de Courville; Viscount de Simard de Pitry with Mademoiselle d'Etchegoyen; and young Monsieur Alfred Hachette, son of the publisher, with Mademoiselle Aumont. Besides all these, they are getting ready for the daughter of Queen Marie Christine of Spain, who is to marry the Marquis de Campo Sagrado. This is her youngest daughter; the two others are already married—the eldest, Maria Ampara, to Prince Czartorisky; the second, Maria Milagro, to Prince del Drago. These children are not of issue from her marriage with King Ferdinand (the present Queen of Spain is), but from her marriage with one Señor Munoz, whom she found a handsome corporal in the army, raised to the rank of Duke de Riunzares, and married.

ITALY.

REACTION AGAINST VICTOR EMANUEL.

The news from Italy is unimportant, but it shows a strong feeling exists in favor of Garibaldi and against Victor Emanuel. The French journals state that a reactionary movement had broken out afresh, and in not less than five provinces, with the Abruzzi at their head, so that it became necessary to proclaim a state of siege.

THE SIEGE OF GAETA.

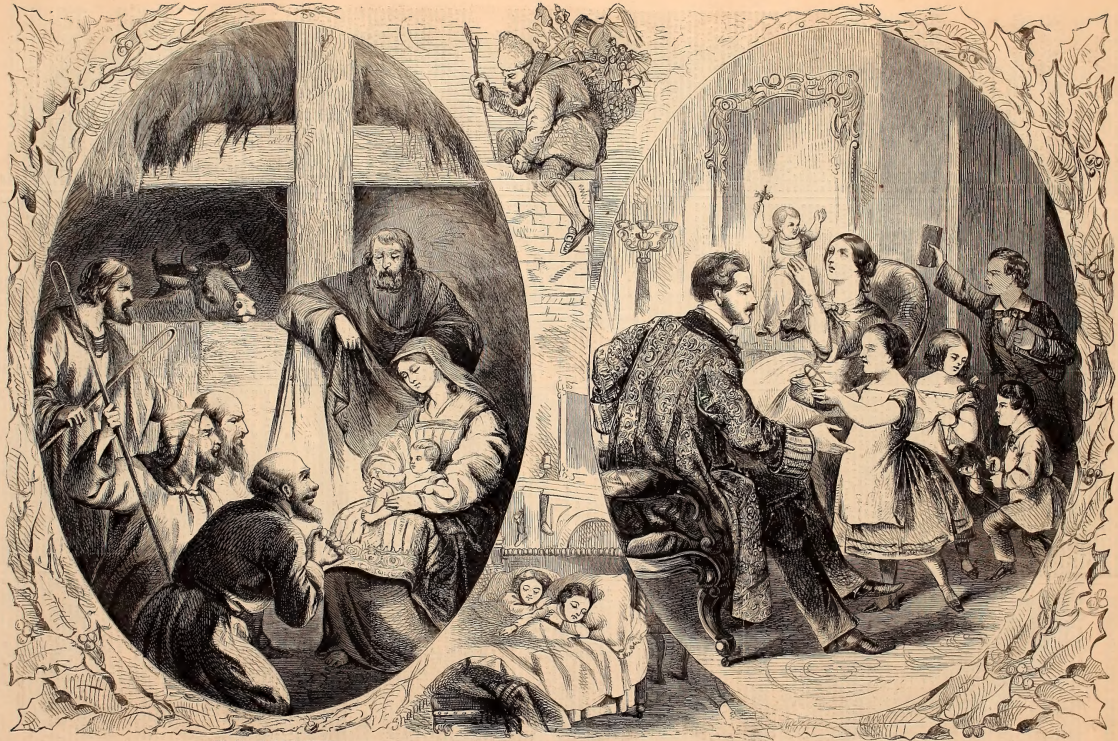
The garrison of Gaeta had made a sortie in order to capture the strategical positions in the suburbs, but were repulsed with great loss.

The following is given as the position of affairs. At Gaeta, 19th, the Piedmontese fleet had returned to Naples, the intention being to make an attack on the land side. The advanced Piedmontese posts were 1500 metres from the mole and forts. They were placing mortars in line to open fire, and three out of the five batteries constructing were ready. The besieged kept up a fire to impede the construction of the batteries, but ineffectually. Typhus fever prevailed in the garrison, which was too crowded, numbering 18,000. The Piedmontese numbered 15,000.

CHINA.

PROGRESS OF THE ALLIES.

At the last accounts the Allies were within six miles of Pekin, and that the Chinese had gained some important advantages in capturing several prominent personages in the Allied camp, including Lord Elgin's secretary and the correspondent of the London *Times*. Two more battles had been fought—one at Chang-kia-wan, and the other at Jang-chan. Thirty thousand Tartar cavalry are reported to have been engaged on both occasions. Two thousand of them were killed, while it is stated that only eighteen of the Allies were wounded. This latter statement appears incredible, unless, indeed, the Armstrong guns enabled the Allies to keep beyond the range of the enemy's fire.



THE ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS.

WHAT SANTA CLAUS BROUGHT US.

CHRISTMAS-DAY THEN AND NOW.

SANTA CLAUS
TOYS

"THE LAST STEP OF THE FORTY STEPS."

We were all sitting in a close cluster on the piazza that morning when the newsboy came up.

"*Harper's Weekly*, Sir; full o' pictures o' Newport, Sir," the little lads voice volunteered.

Miss Vaux put out her hand, with that one strange *ring* of equal and yet gratuitous coin, by which Carlisle intercepted the paper, and himself presented it to her. She takes things easily, quietly, sometimes even as she took this all these; dropping her brown head, smiling her red lips, and dropping out a careless-toned "Thank you."

He took it back from her to cut the pages, he quick glance running over the illustrations in the process. A knowing little smile over one his mouth once, and, taking out a lead-pencil, he wrote something rapidly on No. 4 of the "Sketches from Newport," and wrapping the paper again in its fair wife, that same smile and a low bend of his fine head. She received it with her former manner of careless grace: but the moment her eyes fell upon that pretty sketch, and the puzzling theorem, a dark red blush flashed her cheek over her clear skin, and between two quivering lines of scarlet two perfect rows of pearls clenched with some kind of emotion, and the round mouth was dilated with a hasty breath. There were *hints* and *gentlenes* in that group. Every one took their guise from her, and one adopted from his conversational tact, the most delicious bit of gossip.

We had all, one moment about the matter—that Wilverton Reese had been accepted by Miss Vaux on the last step of the "Forty Steps"; that Carlisle, himself, thought of both, was "confabbed," and had playfully written some sportive allusion on No. 4, as the pretty coincidence struck him. We all thought, too, the manner of Miss Vaux very sensitively overdone for so slight a thing, and were in a state of surprise—disappointed, more than the others, by the startled and even pained look upon his face. I was glad Wilverton Reese was not there, as he is curiously sensitive in his good-natured way, no knowing what blunder he might have made. Carlisle had done nothing ungentlemanly, for, for Carlisle's amusement was the finest towel of the whole group—kindly and considerate. Reasons we such an outline for Miss Vaux to demonstrate, too—Miss Vaux, whose cold white face had remained unmoved through every thing heretofore, whose self-possession had passed into a proverb with us. But before our gossip had been run through twice she had got it back again: and there was a little fierce blush in her hazel eyes—a gleam of scorn and anger, as if she hated her momentary weakness, and could think of nothing in comparison but some noble steel who had succumbed to fear for a second, and was giving pressure to an unshrinking submission to the lash from his master's hand; for so the stern soul of Salina Vaux was administering why and spur to herself. In this way she went calmly turning over the pages of the paper, making a running comment as she did so. Suddenly, she got over the first page, she uttered an exclamation—"How very sweet!"

"What is it?" some one asked. She held it to ward them, and we all looked at the cut—"PARTING, INTO TWO BANDS!"

"Oh, Miss Vaux, read the poem to us, please!" pleaded pretty little Miss Ayers. The rest seconded this request, and out of mere politeness for it was worth your while to hear Miss Vaux read when she would.

So she read the poem "AT NIGHT." Unless I want to feel as if I were bidding a last farewell to the dearest friend I have, with tears blinding my eyes and lips quivering over my heart, I never want to hear that poem again read by those thrilling tones. That little Rosalie Ayers actually came up to her room to cry it out; and that marvel of coolness, Parker Reveire, dropped his hat for an excuse to dash away the moisture that filled his vision. Carlisle's sensitive mouth was quivering; but he was so much more absorbed in observing the reader that he got from the cut, that his emotions were under control.

Her face was pale as death, and colder in its dead white symmetry than any thing human I had ever looked upon before. She had not the least sympathy with the tender, touching verses, though she read it in so electrical a manner; not from any want of feeling though, but from self-absorption. She realized it in part for as it gave her cause to express something of her mood. Women can understand time-pieces, women can, I believe, tell, but think she was at all aware of the state she had put us in; for presently she read out two or three little news items under her bright eyelashes, and her light remarks were thrown in, without the least apparent effort.

Because I have said Salina Vaux was always unmoved and self-possessed, and have spoken of her calm, I must not do not mean you are to suppose she was of the cold severe style, of the unmoving as well as unmoved; because, if you do, you will get altogether an erroneous notion of Salina. She she was what Tommy Ayers—Tommy Ayers, with his straw-colored mustache and extensive knowledge of human nature, calls "A bright girl—a decided bright girl, Sir!" That is, she was quick, and sparkling, an sportive in her manner, with a large amount of that quality called "tact;" as Tommy's sister Rosalie said, of Salina Vaux did things so nicely!" and then little Rosa added, "and with she was Salina Vaux, though Salina Vaux had a right to sing, and she had spoken to have often thought if Miss Vaux had been an heiress, like Rosalie Ayers, she would have swayed the world; but there is a law of dramatic unities, which is test, whatever we think we might do to better it. What now, would little Rosalie Ayers have been, even with her pink and white face, but for the thousands that made her faint, straw-colored hair golden? There are millions of girls like her, body and soul. But Salina Vaux, that cold, white lily, with a glitter of hoar-frost hanging about her, was out of all rule. Her father was an army officer, with enough private means to spend every cent of the interest, every summer, at Newport or Saratoga. As good as penniless, you know; but she had more thought bestowed upon her than any other girl—men and women hung round her fascinated, and the former sometimes left her for the "golden" haired Rosalie—and yet, I dare say, I guess she had been the heiress of Cauligton Ayers!

The thing would have been too unequal in the language of the irresistible Tommy, "She would have swept all the other girls into obscurity." And that is just what Salina Vaux did not want. wanted to make her Mrs. Tommy Ayers: Thomas Cauligton Ayers would be the heir of Thomas Cauligton Ayers's—because she didn't love him she wouldn't take him. Think of that! Put it down, that there are women left who have not such a low, grovelling care for what they shall eat, and what they shall drink, and what they shall wear, that they must barter all that is priceless and imprisinable for what is poor and perishable.

How came she by this all know? She didn't tell it, you may be sure; that wasn't her style. In the bitterness of his disappointment, one of her parents sent his friend to his bosom friend, and his bosom friend told Mrs. Grundy; and now she was engaged to Wilverton Reese, who was "younger, had more brains, more beauty, and better style—I doubt if he had any better heart than Tommy Ayers—he hadn't half as much money." I laugh, he handsed well, and even brilliantly, and evinced much thought and culture, I wondered whether, after all, he did not owe his success to his splendid person.

People may endeavore to underrate personal beauty as much as they please, I persons of imagination and sensibility it is more than they themselves are half the time aware: the influence especially of grace in movement is potent with them. I've seen Miss Vaux look up to watch Wilverton Reese cross a room, or perform any act of courtesy, with an interest and admiration quite new to her face.

There are some people who can understand this power of personal beauty, and Miss Vaux quite sure it is far more powerful than face beauty. This was Wilverton Reese's *specialité*—his perfect play of limb and motion. And was this what had carried Salina Vaux's heart? Let us see.

I said we had all but one thought about the matter of her strange engagement. We discussed with this idea, I went up to Lloyd Carlisle one wet morning to have library time, as he often did there, and asked him "why wasn't the engagement announced?"

"What engagement?"

"Miss Vaux's and—"

"Why, Miss Vaux and Wilverton Reese."

He turned a little for the sake of the rain, and held Mantell beside me.

"So you thought that too?"

"Yes, and you don't?"

"—new! What do you mean?"

I told him, and what I supposed he had written upon the word-sheet No. 4. And was this what he planation:

"About two weeks ago Miss Vaux and I went walking one evening, and came round to the Forty Steps at last. We had been silent for some time in our approach, and she answered a pause I found sitting cosily and quite sentimentally" (and he smiled humorously here) "on that 'last step.' It seemed to me that she was in a state of mind to cry over it as a matter of course. What I wrote upon the sketch was just this: 'Do you remember the last time you were there?' I meant by it simply such emotion I knew that I had been mistaken by her, and I thought she would have been glad to refer to her if I could have done it without involving other—for we knew the parties—or without compromising her still more. That was my explanation I should have drawn greater surprise down upon her and wider suggestions."

"Then Lloyd Carlisle, you haven't this beautiful of him! I'm good as told him so, whereat he did quite unconsciously, and looked up angrily.

"After that sudden evidence of feeling on her part," he went on, "something flashed over me. I felt a passion, I remember, which I was paralyzing alone down neat that very spot, quite absorbed in my own meditations, a vague moment or more ran through the web of my thoughts like an accompaniment; and when I got up and came away I was perfectly conscious that I was walking, for I was in the full moonlight. It was all so vague, and I so absorbed in my own reveries that I had forgotten it was Miss Vaux who was back the other morning while we sat there as the probable cause of her embarrassment; for she spoke in a shudder ought to have made new that Miss Vaux and Wilverton Reese. Do you see?"

"Yes, I do see, I think I see, even if it were them, why she should take it so seriously."

"I know it is very strange."

"Do you think she is in love with him, Mr. Carlisle—this Wilverton Reese?"

He waited a moment before he answered, looking out into the fine fog of rain as in a dream.

"I think she is pleased with him," making marked emphasis upon the word. "I think we are getting wet. Come in out of the rain, do." And we went into the parlor, finishing our conversation there. I was sorry I had written those new that so, and one I hicct; let the sequel develop it.

The day before when Miss Vaux, Wilverton Reese, Tommy Ayers and his sister, Parker Reveire, and the Ludlows, sisters, brothers, and cousins, to the tune of twenty, in the Tommy Ayers' phraseology.

"Oh, I'm so glad you've come! we are having such a delicious time talking people over!" And Cecil Ludlow, after delivering herself of this speech in a breathless gasp, made room for me on the little sofa she occupied.

"Doing people, and want us to assist at the operation!"

"Oh, Mr. Carlisle, that isn't like you! You never do the cynical and satirical."

"Am I so very amiable?"

"Oh, a perfect lamb, Mr. Carlisle!" returned Cad, showing her white teeth in a laugh.

"I had rather you had called me a *deer*!" he returned.

"Or a 'duck,' Carlisle," Reese suggested.

"Now don't, I toss that joke about my more, young gentlemen, but let us go back to our subject," Miss Ludlow interposed.

"Or to our sheep, in other words!"

"Mr. Reese, you'll be sent to Coventry presently if you start that vulgar joke; if there is any thing unanimable and of the persons we bring upon the carpet, it will not come from the lips of Miss Caroline Ludlow——Now, Cad, your cousin No. 8," Do I ever say malicious or unjust things of persons?"

"Oh no, of course not; you only relieve your mind!" answered the young gentleman, looking at her fondly over his eye-glasses.

She tossed her great ball of crochet wool at him and then with perfect *smug frood* said,

"We were speaking of Miss Wylde—Alice Wylde, who is the belle of the 57th, and whom Mr. Reeve admires immensely."

"Why does Mr. Reeve admire her immensely?" some one asked.

"Because she is colder than the northern seas, and dotted as a statue interpolated Caroline Ludlow's sassy tongue. Mr. Reeve was annoyed, so he was serious, and made answer,

"I admire Miss Wylde because she is delicately discreet: her coldness means dignity, that is all. She is so well balanced it's she would seldom or never be betrayed into doing inexplicable things that she regretted afterward."

Something more than a sneer than any thing I had ever seen on Lloyd Carlisle's face played round it now as he took up the subject, saying:

"I mean no reflection on Miss Wylde when I say that a woman who never does any thing she is sorry for is by no means a lovable character. Many of those best actions proceed from both the highest and the tenderest qualities of the nature, and the sudden reaction of regret is only the hard lesson of self-knowing its shadow!"

"Bravo!" cried the little Ludlow, clapping her hands softly, "how you demolish his sneeimages!"

"You misunderstand me, Carlisle," Reeve put in; "when I say there is nothing to regret afterward, I do not mean any light harmless speech or action, which the agency of an occasion always excuses; but I mean those little irregularities which Bell Romer, for instance, commits."

"Well, for instance?" rather impatiently suggested Carlisle.

"For instance, then—you know that story of Howe's blunder?"

"No, no!" exclaimed several voices.

"Well, she was leaning up against the cushions of a sofa in the corner of the public parlor, with three or four of her friends clustered round, as we are now. They were tired of dancing and talking, and they thought her asleep. Howe came in, and remarking it, with his usual suddenness bent over and kissed her on the cheek! Kissed him back again, being no more asleep than himself."

"Splendid!" cried Miss Ludlow, sinking back and clapping her hands—"Bell Romer forever! I'll go over and see her to-morrow."

"A visit unnecessary, Miss Ludlow: you must know the young lady had met him but three times then."

"*Tout mieux*: it isn't the length that gives the sweetness to the thing, you know, or how it is handsome enough to kiss, the ineffable fellow!"

"From that commenced a violent intimacy." Reeve went on—"a sort of Platonic affair, which gave them the privileges of carrying on prolonged tête-a-têtes, and of being ever found unnoticed by each other. Then when Howe got thrown from that wicked beast of his, nothing must do but she must go flirt with him, and be him every day, and half the time with only her little sister, May, for company—a servant's inquiries would have done quite as well—though her romantic impulse was, I believe, that he absolutely needed some womanly overlooking, and that a mother or sister could not give; so she established herself in that capacity. Now one would get the idea from this of a fast young lady—a romp, I suppose: we all know that Bell Romer is simply a warm-hearted, impulsive girl. If she had seen couldn't prefer such a girl as Alice Wylde for a wife after all?"

"I wouldn't," rang out Carlisle's resolute voice. "The Bell Romers are not to be taken from the very excess of innocence and girlish high spirits, draw down upon them the censure of the world simply because it is ignorant of their qualities, rightly directed or occupied, make them the most faithful companions, and the most delightful friends—for instance, or even its tenderness, where the emotions never betray the owner into the least irregularity, where the nature does any thing she does not is 'sorry for.' I do not mean to excuse, by any means, the irregularities of a certain class of young women whom we have slightly disseminated' fast' —properly; what we call 'irregularities' with them are insignificant. It is their rule to do wrong things. They go about it in a systematic, business manner, and are never so state as when they succeed in some piece of startling achievement. *They* have no regrets. It is greatly to be lamented that the impulsive actions of good, natural girls, like Bell Romer, should ever bear a likeness to the performances of these 'fast' young women. They should and do suffer for them; and I am sure that they do when they perceive the resemblance."

"But, Carlisle, what do you make of the careless lack of caution which leads a girl—or Miss Romer here—to accept a friendship which every one recognizes to be of the most sentimental order, but confessedly not a betrothal—to carry it on with notes and letters and rings and rose—all the paraphernalia of a love-affair?"

"I think, Reeve, that this is the most excusable of her shortcomings. When I see a relation of this kind, I know that it is with a *prefect*—that the woman's heart discerns that it is not complete enough to merge into marriage, yet yearning for a strength and sweetness of companionship which is her opposite, she accepts this half-relationship for a time, until she perceives that it will not do. It must be more or less at length, and it ends usually in being less. Then come the regrets; for the world's lessons come in, and she gets them over again, and strives to be loved their wisdom. From my soul I pity women! Their way is a narrow way, indeed, and hedged about with thorns. Let them remember this—that wealth, and the white face are bleeding. Yet all manner of temptations assail them, and assume the shape of angels' wings to them. Reeve, we have been shocked at clarity to all women: we, who have the most royal larges of liberty, are the worst ill."

As suddenly as he ceased speaking Miss Ludlow rose from her seat and went over to where he was standing, looking up in her electrical way, but without any blister or scene-making—" Lloyd Carlisle, you deserve to be knighted for your brave generosity and your brave declaration of them; and with her usual curious mixture of play and earnest, she unclasped her small chilion, and, flinging it over his shoulder, pinned it across his breast with a little gold cross which a moment ago glittered at her throat. "Sir Lloyd, Sir Cauligton Ayers, you are no longer Lloyd Carlisle, but a knight of the golden cross and Carlisle."

Carlisle was the most modest and retiring of men. He had gone out of himself in this burst of nobility—forgotten his personal identity; but, recalled again to it, he shrank, smiling and coloring, back into his shell of reserve. Miss Ludlow turned in a hurry from her fit of relief to all when she said, with perfect gravity,

"I wish you'd give me back our knight, Mr. Carlisle, I do not like to have persons it that Carlisle."

The tongues loosened after this, and we women, every one, began to utter our little opinions. Why cry one? No. Miss Vaux said never a word while we talked, but sent such a sudden, soft, and smiling look to Carlisle, that he, in his turn, rising, turned to go out at the door, but caught her foot in the easel and tazed of her morning robe, and reclosed with a bow that was perfect for Carlisle, who promptly swallowed unanimously with Wilverton Reese; but it was Carlisle who raised her, who gave her his arm out of the room. He did not come back to us; but out in the driving rain I saw him walk a few moments with her as she was in a dream.

This was Saturday. The next day, contrary to his usual custom, he came down at church bells ringing for the prayers, and looking disappointed, Miss Ludlow was standing at the window.

"Have do you think Carlisle's going to take you to church? You don't know the way alone!"

He laughed, colored a little, and answered, "Miss Vaux has been kind enough to offer me a seat to-day."

"Good! What's she going to do with the Prince of Wales?"

"Why?"

"Wilverton Reese. What's she going to do with him?"

Miss Vaux came down just then, clad in lilac—that mystical purity of color which few dare undertake; but which made me think of—

"Her face was like the blue,
And her heart as pure as they;
One of God's holy mysteries
Did walk with me that day."

for though not in the letter of the text was her dress like the lilies, yet in effect she looked as white and stainless as they.

Carlisle regarded her a moment with that peculiar expression of his, "as in a dream;" then coming forward joined her, receiving that soft, sad smile, and that bewildering question, "Did I keep you waiting?" said in the tones that read "EATHER, INTO TWO BANDS." Wilverton Reese was swinging his prayer-book by its tassel, and Miss Ludlow watching him inside; because Wilverton Reese had in a way established himself as Miss Vaux's escort to church heretofore, as he had established himself as escort upon most occasions; so his not going, and something else going, was rather out of rule.

Salina Vaux was impenetrable—just a lady—no less. As she recognized Mr. Reese she greeted him with her usual bell bend, and "Will you go to church with us?"

"No," he must write letters to-day" and so, simply, Miss Ludlow's question, of what she would do with the Prince of Wales was answered. The two went down the road up stairs to their pews in it may be, and Salina Vaux went into church with Lord Carlisle. That was a good thing of Miss Ludlow's.

Carlisle had heard, all his little time of knowing Salina Vaux, him as one who was cold; intellectual, accounting, but unimpassioned. He had his own thoughts, however; but to-day, when he sat beside her in the church, and more than his accustomed did he follow that low concentrated voice, the very voice that said "FATHER, INTO TWO BANDS," and the face, that cold white face, moved by the "Cross and Passion."

The tears had been thrilled through and through. It was after the supplication "O Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world!" that voice he had heard, and poured forth, almost in sobs, "Grant us thy peace!"

The bowed head and the slender profile, one quick look, and the tender sensibility, delicate as a woman's, that dwelt in Lloyd Carlisle's bosom, made him think of Mrs. Lazarus kneeling over her for the sight of them in hers. What was her "Cross and Passion?" from what sore need did she cry for "Peace?" If he had but any belief in the story of her want of warmth, any doubt of her intensity of nature, it swept away before this vision of her.

Going home they left the fashionable thoroughfare, and threaded their way down lane and road to their way.

There was something for Lloyd Carlisle to say—it was a good time now—and then and there he

told her what his few words of pencilling had meant on the sketch No. 4.

The cold white face hung out its scarlet signal of distress a moment; another moment and she possessed herself again, calm and clear, saying with that imperturbable answer,

"I misunderstood you, and want to ask your pardon for treating you with coldness perhaps."

She let her gathered long eyelids before she asked. So, silently after this, they walked on, and at a turn of the road met Miss Romer—Bell Romer, who had been under stern admonition yesterday, and the handsome Howe in company. She had a hunt full of dogs, and one was just like a star in the dark blue of the gentleman's coat.

"There's No. 3 of the 'sketches,'" Carlisle remarked as they passed on.

"Preference? Yes, that is one of Mr. Revere's irregularities, and that is just like his Bell Romer, curious man you," Miss Vaux returned. Then she began—

"Oh! Mr. Carlisle, let me tell you how much I appreciated your kind sympathy for women yesterday, and how it did you the greatest honor."

"Thank you—you are kind to say so—but you overrate it, permit me to say. There are thousands of men who would express the same, I know; but you have not charmed to hear one before." he modestly deprecated.

She smiled such an ineffable smile—arch and unbelieving.

"No, I have not, Mr. Carlisle. I have met with many of your sex in my society, and I have talked with them—the finest of them, too—about my own sex; but somehow I never did chance to hear one of them express the sentiments that you did. You were a glorious chance to me, Mr. Carlisle. I feel her changed from that hour I must his pleased look. Suddenly, as she said this, a little rose flush clouded up her lovely throat to her cheeks, and she reclined, half-deadly, as if in apology for her warmth.

"One speaks to you as they do to their brothers, I believe, Mr. Carlisle!"

A certain veil seemed to spread over his face at this. He began something impetuously then stopped, and pulling down a spray of honey-suckle which peered over a stone wall, gave it to her with some common remark of admiration.

She absently put it in her belt; but directly meeting his eyes, a conscious blush arose to her face. Then, with charming courage, she said, blushing all the while,

"I might have done that if I had thought, Mr. Carlisle; but having done it, I have no desire to undo it."

What but Salina Vaux could have said that? Perhaps he thought this himself, for he remarked immediately—

"Miss Vaux, I think you could do any thing well, because you do every thing naturally."

They had not gone by this time a mile, going in, they found Miss Ludlow and Wilverton Reese sitting on the piazza.

Now you know look, Salina Vaux, and the thermometer at 90, and Lord Carlisle is like a cartation! Oh! where'd you get that honey-suckle? Carlisle picked it—stole it out of somebody's garden, hey? Fie, Carlisle, don't you know the commandments, and the supplement to the whole book—Lord have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law? And you put it in your belt, Salina—the honey-suckle, not the commandment, I mean. It is pretty there, very! Hoburn! Mr. Reese here has been entertaining me with beautiful Sunday tales about the neighbors—got upon Bell Romer again. We saw her go by, you know, you know with Howe, and how very her 'preference' paraded on his coat.' That is quoting Mr. Reese; and this young gentleman insists that she is only 'doing' Howe; that she is like the rest of her sweet sex—fond of power and fond of parading it, and will be just as sweet upon somebody when this wears out. What is this the matter with the Prince of Wales? What's the matter with you, Willy Reese? Who's somebody given you the mitten?" And Kate Caroline Ludlow, as her brothers called her, gave Mr. Reese a little sidelong look, as a cat watches a mouse.

The young man sat all the time tapping his boot with his cane, and wearing a smile which came uncalled for; you could do no less when Miss Ludlow had one.

For the rest, while Wilverton Reese was 'mad' after Rosalie Ayers—"paraded his preference" too openly, and bored himself to death; for every body knew he didn't care a pin for Rosalie Ayers—she wasn't his style at all. Every body guessed by these violent proceedings just what he intended they should—that he was piqued with Salina Vaux. Then, oh young men and maidens, do ye debut yourselves!

If Carlisle fancied there was a little shade of melancholy on Miss Vaux's face, it was not to her account entirely. There was another cordon gayety, but just her natural vivacity—a perfect sun—and a sweetness to Mr. Reese as to any body; while Mr. Reese, gentleman as he ought to have been by blood and breeding wasted her some. thing in pretending to sear in order to be kind, to tempt at careless indifference, that he never than ever brought down upon him what he came to escape, and defeat his designs.

There was a hop one evening at the ——. House. To use Miss Ludlow's curious but expressive word, "the Prince of Wales was particularly evil" this night; got furiously devoted to little Rosalie, and foolishly inattentive to Miss Vaux.

Provided Miss Vaux felt *any thing*—he was not nearly the actor that she was—through it all (and these things are the passage of fire to sensitive women) she lost not a breath of her ease, and there came a time of peculiar trial.

"You will dance with me the last time," and Parker Revere was holding her fan, and waiting eagerly for her answer, for he admired Miss Vaux "immensely."

"No, I can not, Mr. Revere; I have promised Mr. Reese the 'last.'"

"Happy Mr. Reese!" sighed the gentleman.

The dance came round, and Miss Vaux stood in a knot of acquaintances, waiting for the "happy Mr. Reese."

The horns, and harps, and viols took up their sweet winding involutions till the air was an atmosphere of subtle harmonies, and the floor was dotted with "dancers, dancing in tune;" and still Miss Vaux waited, and Lord Carlisle waiting with her—waited while the rest floated out into the mazes.

"Mr. Reese must have been taken suddenly ill, I think, Miss Vaux. I heard him telling Thornby that he did not feel well to-day."

"Oh, did he? I am sorry!" very pleasantly answered Miss Vaux to Mr. Carlisle's kind excuse; but just then happening to glance up into his face, she received that sudden, startled look which just then came into her eyes following his. What did she see that sent that dark-red flush to flame her cheek, and a blinding mist over her eyes? Wilverton Reese coming into his place her with Rosalie Ayers.

Carlisle must have felt how she was looking, for he never put his eyes upon her, and only said:

"There is some mistake. Now you will send me to my drop-to-sleep with this dance anyhow, if you will let me take advantage of it and favor me with your hand."

"No, Mr. Carlisle—that isn't best. If you will sit here by me, I shall like it better."

There was more confidence in this reply than she had ever given him before; it was dignified, too, and self-sustained. It said plainly, "I will be a lady, Mr. Reese forfeited his claim to a gentleman." She did not think that there was any misunderstanding.

Wilverton Reese was playing heavy stakes in his madness.

So they sat there, and Miss Vaux was not too proud for it. Mr. Carlisle saw the pain that was lining her face. You may be sure not a shade of this tacit treat escaped Lord Carlisle's eye. He was perhaps, he best himself with more than his usual kindness, with a certain fervor of manner, to her pleasure; just himself—Lord Carlisle—

"Over her head his arm he flung
Across the velvet chair."

That was his purpose and his way. She must have been insensible if she had been regardless of it or indifferent. Miss Vaux was not. She understood, she dropped the world mask lower yet to him, and talked her sad soul out in some indirect expression of passion.

In this occupancy the wild waltz strains surging past and around them did away; the hum of voices took the place. Miss Vaux was not to dance.

As Wilverton Reese went dashing down the hall with a lady's harnesses on his arm, Carlisle's "mild and magnificent eye," blazing scorn and wrath, straight down upon him, and Wilverton Reese's face straight before them, where he attempted surprise, and recollection, and violent contrition all together. "Would Miss Vaux excuse him? his memory was more treacherous than gallant; he had forgotten that she had promised him the honor of her hand until he saw them there."

Carlisle's face was expressing all the contempt and scorn of which it was capable. Miss Vaux—the inimitable Miss Vaux—oh! Wilverton Reese, why did you pit your shadow of dissemblance against this sunlight? Miss Vaux, who smelled her proud lips into a smile, as arch and merry as if no pain had ever contracted them, and who, in a moment more, just tinctured with banter, gave this adroit little speech: "Don't tell Carl Ludlow [the brother] of your treachery, your memory has become—she would never cease teasing you! Come, you've been cross quite long enough, Master Wilverton; let us be friends, as children say, and I will show myself gracious by forgiving your last 'thrust.' What a little boy he is, Mr. Carlisle?"

Stunned into silence, young Reese stood, and out of it Salina Vaux went leaning on the arm of Lord Carlisle.

She had had her revenge—a good and righteous one—and he knew it. Miss Vaux, just incensed enough to appease his own vanity, saw his superficial structure of plans unmasked, and his trash. He must have seen felt comfortable, certainly.

Lloyd Carlisle was also stunned into silence at the unexpected turn of affairs.

In the entrance hall she raised the old sad face to him, and said, in pleading tones,

"Mr. Carlisle, you will excuse me an utter dissemblor for what you have seen. I am very wilful proud, and in Pride's merciless eyes I suffer and die sometimes: I have done what I could tonight—— And after a brief hesitation, and a little lower, a little trembling voice, "I am only a woman now you will lose what faith you may have in me by what you have seen; and I can not bear you to."

They were at her room door; what did he mean? Was he, actually, but with the tips of his fingers, dropping his lips to her hand, "God bless you, dear Miss Vaux?" What did he mean? That was all. The next moment she was in the solitude of her room.

Carl Ludlow stood waiting at the door the morning after the ball, and bounced that last waltz—waiting for some one, with her hat on, and swinging her parasol. Wilverton Reese came down the stairs, looking unapproachable. She knew him with a word or two.

"There's a mistake. Did you know about it, Mr. Reese?"

"What?"

"Why, our all supposing that it was you to whom Miss Vaux was engaged, when it is Lloyd Carlisle."

What possessed Miss Ludlow? She said once she hated handsome men, they grew to be so cruelly selfish. She hated Wilverton Reese—loved him, whom she longed to hate, and could not, so she made amends on the rest.

If it was her wish to torture a handsome man now, she had done it. Pride and some deeper emotion was visible in his face; and at this very moment a round of a shipper came in at each, then a rustle of a cambric gown, and Miss Vaux herself.

"Good-morning!" and the head went down in a Lanzer's dip to them.

He returned the salutation with a look of proud pain; the train fell; and saluted into a stern manly spirit. He had sinned against her openly—had pain repent, and shiver his sullied lance at her feet. Wonder! Wonder!

She bowed, and passed on down the piazza: he hesitated a moment, then followed her in his soft, supercilious way. "Miss Ludlow tells me that you are to be congratulated, Miss Vaux."

"How?"

"On your engagement with Mr. Carlisle."

She smiled a little wearily—" Miss Ludlow has been misinformed, I fear."

Mr. Reese waited for something else, but Salina Vaux rarely said more than enough. While he waited in expectation, there came into his face more than one strange ring of opal and jet.

He must have felt that he had been a serpent, then thrusting it out of his sight, instantly said,

"So our friendly relations are all over?"

"No, unless you wish it; that peculiar phase of it is over, of course."

"Why, Salina?"

There are certain looks, and words, and ways, which are so fragrant, as it were, of our first consciousness of passion, so inexorably connected with that first, sweet time of knowing them, that they have a dangerous power. So this "Why, Salina?" Mr. Reese forgot—but she went on in the manner she had marked out:

"Because you have so misunderstood my character that it is useless to further humiliation for me to continue in the same relation."

"Humiliation! Salina!"

"When you put that ring upon my finger as we stood at the 'Forty Steps,' that last evening we visited together, you understood that it was in seal of engagement, but of simple, tender friendship. I thought you understood too, how, though declining to wear your betrothal, that I was obtained for you a warm and tender regard; that I liked you even better than any lady I knew; that it was from no coquetry, no fear of losing misadventure, that I refused, led me to reject any closer ties; but because I felt that I could not be your wife, I felt that then, at least, the feeling was not entire and complete enough to sanction it; and I would not promise what I knew could not be fulfill. You remember what followed. As you held my hand as putting that ring upon my finger we saw Mr. Carlisle near the path, in the early moonlight. The impulse that led me to draw my hand away was only the natural impulse to fear of being misunderstood by him. You put a different construction upon it, and held me fast. I was pained, not so much at the mistake or misconception by another, and even the consequent peril to my proud delicacy, but at the selfishness that led you to place me in such a position. I forgave you, however; but when we met again, your manner of shy coldness towards a lady was the possible love for you, I felt it real your thought—after all my evidence of regard for you, you still doubted; believed I was playing with you. This was not an attempt to quette. In it I read, too, further proof of selfishness. You forgot that I had something to forgive, that you had to ask for its equivocal pardon, and more than ever owed me all tender courtesy after that. What should you have done? You have let me, to have lost sight of this in your pique and passion? Oh, Wilverton! she went on, in a little burst of regret, "I never that such a friendship as we essayed was wild and impracticable, as Mr. Carlisle told us that day in the drawing-room—that it was a farce for us both that it is dead; but I grieve at the manner of its death. My father has said well, that of a long train of proud women I was the proudest. But I am not too proud to tell you that you have made me suffer much for that pride. Pride and self-love assisted at an accident with ashes; for you had put a great humiliation upon the first, and disappointed me utterly in the last."

"You may have forgotten," he interrupted, "that you had promised me the preference to Mr. Carlisle for these last weeks, to the exclusion of all others."

"Mr. Carlisle was specially kind to me. I have not sought him out to bestow favor. When another failed me, I found myself surrounded by that kind presence, and accepted it thankfully."

Voices and footsteps rang down the colonnade, and the gentlemen came over. They remained long together, talked of common familiar things, walking side by side the length of the promenade and down the hall, and left her at the door of her own room, bowing low, with that matchless grace, to her bending head. The great world rushing by now only the accompaniment of eternity; it was the sign of renunciation and death, with a little flag of the world's trace fluttering down the wind.

Sitting afar off there had been an observer but not a hearer of the last act of this sad drama. Under the brim of the straw-hat Lloyd Carlisle's kind, gray eyes were beaming. As Miss Vaux disappeared, with a little emotive drop of her indoor height, he murmured, "as in a dream," "God bless her!"

The great crowd rushed on—and presently September came. The crowd begins to thin. Later yet, the middle of the month, and the plantation time of all the season, is here. Little knots of public cluster together, parties of friends sit down by morning fires in the cool autumn days, and take their drives without the blinding foam of dust for company. So the little circle of which Miss Vaux was the centre sat by their morning fires, and walked or drove together, into the last. And the last came down in October—lovely days of rain, snow, and gold, and purple, with the white mists of that tender climate spreading its canvas over all.

Miss Vaux stood in profound reverie, leaning her head against the marble fire-place, looking into the fire—the earliest one, and the only one, in the small private parlor. Next, Mr. Carlisle came down, and they talked of the season and its close, standing there together.

"Miss Vaux, Miss Vaux; I want to ask something of you."

She looked up.

"That you will walk with me the last day that we are here?"

"Certainly."

And here Miss Ludlow, shivering under her scarlet shawl, came in, and alighted in a mass of splendid autumn leaves down before the full blaze of the sea coal, and sent out her own fiery sparkles of talk and tint.

Catching the gentleman's gaze, she said,

"We are a pretty contrast—aren't we, Howe and the Ludlow? I think I shall 'call myself' names; but Salina always suggests those rare white lilies, dotted, pard-like, in purple near their hearts. I found out their self-sustained life the other day—Lancelotian! Isn't it pretty?" And she looked at Salina, at the time.

Miss Vaux lifted her arm, and broke out a perfect crimson dahlia from the bouquet that adorned the mantle, and dropped it softly down upon the splendid Ludlow, saying,

"This is a dachess, you know, and belongs to you: so I pin it on with the compliment." And with the solemn in her bosom, the duchess led the way to breakfast.

It was the *last day*; in the morning they would part from the scene of their summer solstice.

Carlisle was drawing on his gloves, looking grave, almost sad you would have said, as he waited for Miss Vaux. She came down the colonnade clad in her natural color—blue; but warmed up by a bright shawl, and with a bunch of scarlet verbenas hanging on her bosom. They turned off toward the bath house, as soon as prayers, and met Miss Ludlow and Mr. Reese sauntering home. Miss Ludlow had on one of those scarlet shawls in her hand—Lancelotian. She stopped, and insisted upon its having a place with the verbenas, and here and fastened it on to Salina's beautiful bosom-ornament.

"I got it for you—the only one in Thorn's country," she said, as she left her hand.

Talking, or lost in their own thoughts, Carlisle and Miss Vaux found themselves just above the "Forty Steps." A little color came into her face; a little start betrayed her mind. The gentleman remembered too his blunder, and for a moment was disturbed; but Miss Vaux restored him the ease by a strange proposition, perhaps, but like her sincere courage:

"Let us sit down here." He turned quietly.

"Will you sit upon the last step with me, Miss Vaux? It is the moment to remember it now?" He helped her down, "as in a dream." What was his dream? Hear. "I have neither wealth, nor beauty, nor any great position to offer you. I am but a simple-mannered gentleman, with only a comfortable fortune; but I love you. Perhaps you will seek foreign love? And thus he told his dream on that prophetic spot, and it proved more than mere dream to her.

For the first time she knew that the first complete love of her life had come; so insidious and swift had been its approaches that she did not know the modest, tender guest, until "unto this last."

And he told him this the full and complete story of "The Forty Steps," of that half relationship with which she had striven to ease her heart.

"As one standing and moved now," she replied, "was her defense in the drawing-room that day touched and softened me." She took the white lily softly from his bosom, and kissed into its heart-frosted centre.

"I am not like this now, Mr. Carlisle; the world has touched me; but such as it is—" He took the lily of the land.

"Hush, dear, you are finer than this. 'The hoar-frost rosy-red' heart has melted away."

The soft gray day, the rhythmic roar of the surf, like a great celestial chant, the bowed head, and the low-lipped speech, made it all like a certain Sabbath morn. Half-unconsciously, he said, "as in a dream," "O Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world!" "Amen as thy peace!" she answered, and, turning a radiant face to him, added "Are you ready to go?" And so on that Sabbath morn, home, through green lanes and hypaths, they took their way. He had the lily in his hand, and the natural lingers of the day; and as he had always worn before, a curious ring of braided gold, and a diamond.

Miss Ludlow was pacing the piazza as they came up.

Her eye caught the flower, and, cut the soft sparkle of the dewy grass.

Hard, and worldly, and wayward as she seemed, there was a tender spot in her heart—and she loved Miss Vaux. Her face, with its quick penetration, she appreciated and approved Mr. Carlisle.

The lily and the ring—she had the whole story, and, going straight up to Miss Vaux, for the first time in their acquaintance, beat her lips to hers, and kissed her forehead, or, you know, cheek, smiling, as she gave her hand to Mr. Carlisle; but the next moment exclaimed,

"Why, how you have been doing to the Lancelotians? All that pretty glitter like hoar-frost has melted away!"

Sure enough, and into the heart a rosy stain was flushing, as if the pard-like spots of purple had passed their blood there.

"Isn't it strange?" Miss Ludlow pondered aloud; it must be the warmth of your kisses, Kate."

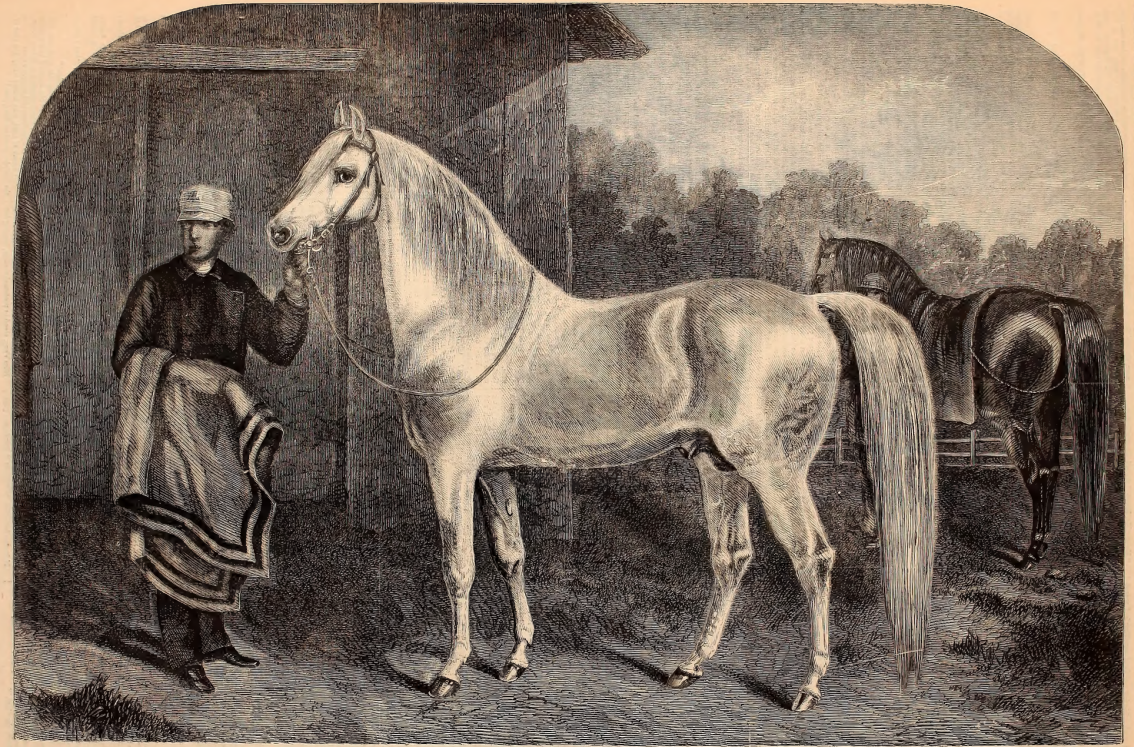
Lloyd Carlisle looked, with a certain tender gravity, into the dear hazel eyes that were raised earnestly to his.

"Isn't it strange?" she went on; "but I like it better so."

"I like it better so, Miss Ludlow."

And Miss Ludlow, following his eyes, saw the scarlet rose tint that flushed the lover's heart steadily—saw the cold, white coloring of Salina Vaux. The glitter of hoar-frost had melted away.

"Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world—grant us thy peace!"



OUR HORSE-SHOW.—THE ARAB HORSE CALIF OF CAIRO, THE PROPERTY OF JUDGE JONES.—DRAWN BY T. C. CARPENDALE.—[SEE PAGE 814.]

A COURSE OF NATURAL HISTORY.

1. THE PARROT.—The Parrot is frequently seen domesticated in this country, where its pleasing manners and gentle disposition render it a great favorite, etc., etc.

2. THE HORSE.—Of all quadrupeds the horse is the most beautiful; his noble size, the glossy smoothness of his skin, the graceful ease of his motion as he carries his master bounding over hill and dale, etc., etc.

3. THE BEE.—This interesting little insect deserves the greatest gratitude of all men and little children; for not only does it supply us with the sweet honey which gives such a relish to the evening meal, but also sets us a beautiful example of industry and peacefulness, etc., etc.

4. THE DOG.—The Dog is the most intelligent of all known quadrupeds, and the acknowledged friend of man. Faithful and courageous, he will die in the defense of his master, or tear limb from limb the presumptuous aggressor, etc., etc.

5. THE HOG.—This valuable domestic animal is one of the greatest blessings to man, etc., etc.

6. THE CAT.—Of all animals, there is none which imparts to the domestic fireside such an air of peaceful contentment and tranquillity as the cat; gentle and graceful, it is at once the companion of youth and the admiration of old age, etc., etc.

7. THE COW.—This is the most gentle and forbearing of all animals, and at the same time one of the most valuable friends to man, etc., etc.

8. THE CANARY.—This pretty little songster is a universal favorite in parlor or cottage; its sweet warblings are always welcome and admired, etc., etc.

9. THE LION.—Numberless accounts prove that the lion is noble in his revenge, magnanimous in his courage, and grateful for benefits received. Bold and daring to a fault, he, etc., etc.

THE BATTLE OF THE STORE.

I was poring over my ledger
On a cold November day,
And counting up my profits
In a calculating way.
How I strove, and worried, and dreamed,
And dreamed, and talked, and swore,
As I fought the fight through many a year—
The battle of the store.

I was thinking it over and over—
The per cent. I should lose on Brown,
And whether I'd sell to Smith again
Whenever he came to town;
And whether my thought on Jones
Would trouble me any more,
And so I went fighting, fighting on,
The battle of the store.

I was poring over my ledger
On a cold November day,
When I heard a voice at my elbow,
In a supplicating way:
"Will you let me entreat your notice
Toward this little book?
The price is only a shilling;
I think you will buy if you look."

I turned my head to my shoulder,
To a figure gaunt and grey,
Whose coat was shabby, and very thin
For this cold November day.
He had every look about him
Of a room in a dirty street,
With a smoky fire in it,
And never enough to eat.

He stood at my elbow humbly,
And stared a vacant stare,
While I took his book with a business smile,
And motioned him to a chair.
For somehow in the ledger
I had entered that old man gray,
And I knew I should find the entry
At no far distant day.

I would give him a touch of nature,
Forgetting the god I obeyed;
So I gave the fire a goodly stir,
And I asked him, "How is trade?"
"Ah! trade is very, very low,
And bread and meat are high;
And the weather is very, very cold—
And do you not with you could die?"

I said that I thought I was willing to live
And struggle on for a while;
So the old man said it was very well,
And smiled a ghostly smile.
"But when you have lived as I have lived,
And lost as I have lost,
You will wish for death as the only rest
That is left for the tempest-tossed.

"It was many and many a year ago,
I could look in my ledger and see
The names of my debtors in every land,
And my ships on every sea.
I sat and counted the loss and gain
As 'tis counted to-day by you,
And I looked on my God and my love of truth
In a business point of view.

"I have seen my dream of gold dispelled,
My friends among the dead,
And the name that sized for a million once
Not good for a loaf of bread.
I have lived to see far more than this—
My wife and my children fair
Go one by one to the silent land—
They tarry for me there."

He ceased, and wiped the dropping tears
From off his withered face,
Then slowly from his pocket took
A strip of ragged lace.
He kissed and pressed it to his lips,
And speaking thick and fast—
"This is the only relic left
That binds me with the past."

Oh! and and desolate old man—
Thou type of all thy race—
Like thee, they cling unto the past
By bits of ragged lace.
Like thee, they pace the dreary round
Of pleasure or of pain;
Like thee, they dwell upon a life
They would not live again.

Good-night, thou man of many woes!
Come not again to me,
For I have debts in every land,
And ships on every sea.
And I have wife and children fair;
My friends are not yet dead;
But still I'll close my ledger up,
And think on what you've said.

OUR HORSE-SHOW. THE ARAB HORSE.

We continue our series of pictures of American horses, cattle, sheep, and other animals with the Arab horse "Calif" of Cairo, whose portrait will be found on page 812. The Arabian's superior qualifications of beauty and temper place him at the head of our horses, and to him originally, with very few exceptions, we trace almost every breed of horses in the United States.

We have now an innumerable list of horses of assumed variety of breed, comprising Black Hawks, Messengers, Abdallahs, Membrinos, Almacks, Eclipse, Bellfounders, Morgans, and Andrew Jacksons, all of whom are claimed to be the patriarchal breeds of American horses; but by careful investigation of their pedigrees we shall invariably find the name of "Bashaw," distinguishing at once the Arab blood to which they are indebted for their surpassing speed and beauty.

The subject of our present illustration, the beautiful "Calif," of Cairo, was presented, when a foal, to the United States Consul for Egypt by Abbas Pasha, as the best specimen of the Arabian horse to be found in that country. He is a beautiful silver-gray, with silky mane and tail, legs and feet of remarkable delicacy of outline, and a head and eye that stamps the Arabian blood.

He is about fifteen hands high, kind as a dove, and immensely strong; but, as is usual with Arabs, has never evinced much speed as a trotter. Upon this ground alone do some of our horsemen refer to the breed; and in those districts the Arabian is decidedly unpopular. A slight investigation of the pedigree of all our best horses will show how unfounded is this prejudice.

Calif is at present in Philadelphia, at the stable of his owner, Lieut. Gen. Scott, in the city. Our drawing is from life, representing him as he appeared at the Eclipse Fair, Centreville Course, Long Island.

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For January, 1861.

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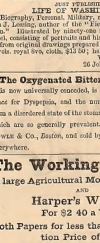

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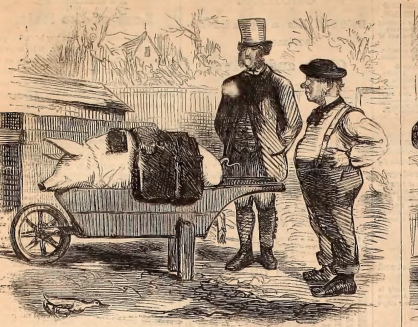

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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CHRISTMAS-DAY, 1860.

The Christmas Gift.

THE Christmas morn is bright and clear,
And through the frosty atmosphere
Heaven seems more than ever near.

And silver-sounding through the air,
The chimes are thrilling, here and there,
Sweet music melting into prayer.

Through the broad streets a motley throng
Of joyous faces sweeps along,
With smiles that touch the heart like song.

For ne'er from voice or instrument
Was ever richer music sent
Than the sweet smile of calm content.

And over all the city flows,
As dew descends upon the rose,
A silent joy, a sweet repose.

So fair the day, so fair the show,
It rends one's very soul to know
That any heart is wrung with woe.

Yet in a quiet room I see
A pale-faced widow bend the knee,
And pray to Heaven silently.

And tears are coursing down her cheek:
Her lips, though quivering, can not speak—
When the heart prays the tongue is weak.

In virtue of the poet's gift,
The veil from off her soul I lift,
And watch the thoughts that heavenward drift.

And all those earnest prayers, I know,
Are for the boy that long ago
Left her to sadness and to woe.

And though he be—she knows not where—
She tracks him with her mother's prayer,
And wastes her days 'twixt hope and care.

But while her sweet petitions soar,
There comes a ringing at the door,
A cheery step upon the floor,

And a hale man with rosy face,
That makes a brightness in the place,
Comes briskly in with active pace.

Thus the new-comer gayly cries:
"What, sister, weeping? Dry those eyes:
Christmas was never made for sighs."

"A merry Christmas, brother dear!"
The widow says, and dries the tear.
"What brings you thus so early here?"

"Oh! nothing; only that, you know,
Since we were children long ago,
And tumbled in the Christmas snow,

"Each Christmas-day I've given to you
Some little present, to renew
The love that long has linked us two.

"This year the thing escaped my mind;
You must not think me grown unkind,
Or that my love in aught's declined.

"But I have just dropped in to say,
That though my gift's postponed a day,
To-morrow forfeit I will pay.

"Come, tell me what you most desire—
An opal with its soul of fire,
Or chain of Malta's tenuous wire?

"Or do you love the amethyst,
That seems by purple sunsets kissed,
And faintly wreathed in evening mist?"

A faint smile plays across her face,
And lights it with a sorrowing grace,
Like moonlight on a lonely place.

"Ah, brother!" softly she replies,
While tears brim o'er her patient eyes,
"There is but one gem that I prize.

"Could you but give my boy to me,
I'd forfeit all the gems that be
In far Brazil or India's sea."

"Open the door!" the brother cries,
With pleasure leaping from his eyes;
"Here is my gift—and here your prize!"

The chamber-doors are flung apart—
With one loud sob, and one quick dart,
The prodigal lies on her heart!

Far sweeter than the chiming bells
That sound o'er towns and country dells
Is the joy that up from that chamber wells.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE
AND
HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE Publishers have the pleasure of announcing that *Harper's Magazine* for the ensuing year will contain new Stories

By Thackeray and the Author of "Adam Bede;"

and that in November the Vol. for 50 of *Harper's Weekly* a new Novel by CHARLES DICKENS, entitled

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1860.

☞ A HANDSOME Title-page to Volume IV. of *Harper's Weekly*, of which the present is the concluding Number, together with a complete Index of CONTENTS, has been printed on a separate sheet, and may be had gratuitously of all agents, or at the office of publication.

☞ MUSLIN COVERS may also be had by those who wish their Numbers for the year bound in a volume, at FIFTY CENTS each. TWENTY-FIVE per cent. discount allowed to the Trade.

WHAT THEY SAY IN EUROPE.

WHEN the recent political and financial crisis burst upon us a few weeks since, the first thought of many people was—What will they say in Europe? It was generally supposed that the news of the proximate dissolution of the Union would excite the delight of the despots of Europe, and of all who are opposed to democratic government; it was universally understood that a financial revulsion of the most terrible character would follow the announcement of the fall in foreign exchange here, and of the general stagnation in business.

Well, they have got the news in Europe. And we are bound to say that, thus far, neither of the above expectations has been realized. No expression of delight has been uttered by any European despot or aristocrat. On the contrary, the voice of England has been eloquently and loudly raised for the preservation of the Union; and France has, it is said, declared that, in the event of the dissolution of the Union, it will support the Southern Confederacy. Letters from Germany intimate that the German powers will pronounce for the Union also.

Not only this, but there is no financial trouble abroad, and no prospect of any. Europe is sending us a couple of millions of gold per week, and doing it cheerfully. Indeed, while the unnatural operation of shipping specie from Europe to America must involve a decline in the price of all our staples—cotton, breadstuffs, tobacco, rice, provisions, etc.—of which she is the principal consumer. So far from being frightened at what has happened, Europe laughs at us for our fright. So far from sending our stocks back for redemption, England buys more at the decline.

It is true that at our latest dates from Europe the full danger of disunion was not realized. It was not generally believed that the Cotton States were sincere in their purposes, and it was not suspected that the border States were willing to co-operate with them. The Message of the President had not been received, nor was it known that South Carolina would not as early as she has done. Perhaps when the Europeans receive these additional items of information they will take a more gloomy view of the future. But it is certain that, at present, they are neither alarmed for their commercial nor exultant about their political interests.

THE LOUNGER.

ABUSED WORDS.

A FEW weeks since the Lounger implored a little charity for a few words, of the most ordinary kind indeed, but which are latterly treated with extraordinary indignity. The word "begin" is one of them—a word which has done faithful service in the language from the beginning, but which is now discarded for "commence"—a good word, doubtless, but which shows no such very obvious superiority to the other that it should be constantly substituted for it.

Just at this moment, in the high and solemn debate which is going on in the country, the word "rupture" is most cavalierly supplanted by the clumsy term "disruption." The word "rupture" is derived from the Latin *rumpo*, to break; and it means the act of breaking and the state of being violently parted. No greater force than this has "disruption?" The prefix "dis" implies separation, as in "dismion;" but in a word which of itself has the same force it is superfluous, and therefore weakening.

So long as we talk, and write letters, and make speeches, let all be done decently, and in good grammar.

There is another word in which this State is interested, and which has recently changed itself, and begs the whole universe to take notice of the change. Our westernmost county, Chatauqua, has altered its final vowel. It was spelled formerly *qua*; it is now spelled *que*. The reason is obvious. The word *qua* is exactly what was tired of being called Chatarki, and it has so arranged it that it is now sure to get its final vowel.

So please don't abuse it by spelling it *que*, and calling tasque *tarki*. All the courts, and officers, and newspapers of the county have given in their adhesion to the new spelling. The oldest band has its notes engraved *Chatauque*; and all legal papers adopt the same form. It seems to have been a unanimous but peaceful revolution. "Disruption" is another affair.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WINDOW QUESTION.

DEAR LOUNGER,—In a recent number I saw that you had a great deal to say about the discomfort of close cars, and of somebody's futile efforts to have the windows opened on a moist evening. Suppose you are a pretty fair fellow, and I should like to have a reasonable word with you.

You know well that I and that if a window is opened in a car, it works badly for the person who sits behind, for he gets the full blast in his face, while the man in front gets only a pleasant coolness. How do you know that it may not be very distasteful to your neighbor? How do you know that he may not be very much uncomfortable? Yes, and how do you know that he may not have a cold or some illness which might be increased by the steady gush of sharp, chill, wintry air?

Do you say that, in such a case, the man would have spoken and told you so? Why, no, not necessarily. In the very article of which I began by speaking, you say that you are not sure that you should practice what you preach, and so you may be very sure that the same feeling which would prevent you from speaking upon having the window open would prevent many a man from insisting upon having it closed. I knew a man who was rowing in a big boat with a friend who knew nothing about rowing and pulled directly against the other. But the other said nothing, and merely put out another oar, to keep the boat moving properly.

Now would you say that the fresh air can't hurt any body, and that your neighbor ought to like it, and that science shows how human life is shortened and the human system poisoned by foul air? Will you quote Florence Nightingale, who considers fresh air a panacea? Certainly you may say so, and believe it; and Miss Nightingale may be right; but who made you the judge in your neighbor's case? Suppose he says, "Dum your fresh air, I've got a sore throat or a thin coat, and it makes me hoarse or makes me chilly. I don't care for your science. I'm not dear lady, Miss Nightingale, except to admire her bravery and devotion; I want to be comfortable, and I'll take the risk of getting a pleurisy, shut the window." What will you do, dear Lounger? Isn't it just as selfish in you to keep the window open when he actually wants it shut, as it would be in him if he sat in your place to insist upon keeping it shut when you wanted it open? It may have come to a contest of generosity between you; but I am inclined to think that you would shut the window and conquer.

That is just the difficulty in the matter of travel in cars. There is nothing with the window shut that does not implicate the comfort of other people, and you ought to consider that quite as much as your own. It is a question of something more. There is no doubt that as our cars are arranged the violent draught of air, although it may be fresh may be also wholly unhealthy. If you could have fresh air merely, nobody would object; but when you must have it in a way which is also injurious, then you must strike a balance of evils between the hot air and the cold. I remember traveling once by night upon the Erie road—and there, if any where, you have the pure poison of foul air. The atmosphere of the car when I opened the door at midnight to step on was overpowering. There was something deadly and appalling in the miasma which poured out as I entered. As I sat down I opened a window, as instinctively as you would snatch a board if you were drowning, and I plunged my head out into the starry coldness of the night. I had scarcely done so when a hand was laid upon my shoulder from behind. "Please, Sir," said a plaintive voice, "my wife is very ill, and the sharp air pains her." Closing the window, I turned and saw a sickly woman sitting upon the next seat with a pale invalid face lying upon his shoulder. They were poor emigrants going West.

The true remedy for the difficulty would be a system of ventilation which should allow the escape of the foul air without exposing any body to the cutting draught. That will come with the Millennium. It will come when public halls are properly ventilated, when public streets are properly swept, and when public common-sense suggests that public health and morality are closely allied to public prosperity.

Meanwhile let us get as much fresh air as we can, dear Lounger, but when we are pinched, let us remember that it is not altogether because other people want to breathe foul air.

Yours fraternally,
BOREHAM.

THE VERGE OF THE PIT.

MY name is Chirrup (or something very like it), and until very lately I was a fashionable man in the Detective department of Her Majesty's Police Establishment. I am considerably below the age at which police officials are entitled to retire on half-pay; but having received an awkward stab in the neck, while capturing a renowned thief, the injury was allowed to reckon time, and retired I am.

During my thirteen years of active service I earned for myself a fair reputation for skill and cunning as a snarer of jail-birds. I have vanity enough to believe that I deserve it. I could count on my fingers the number of times I have strayed from the rigid path of duty. Yet I have the satisfaction of deriving more comfort from the commission of at least one of the said slips, than from any dozen of my most brilliant achievements.

I am remarkable for it by a letter I have just received. It bears the Canadian post-mark, and is fraught with pleasant news. The writer tells me he is prosperous and happy. He alludes to me as his "dear friend" and "preserver." Why he should write to me, I don't comprehend with me at all—involves rather a singular story.

One night, at the end of November, 1849, I was returning from a business jaunt. It was a bitter night. It was too late for omnibuses, not a cab was to be seen; so, from Hammersmith to Chelsea, I had to trudge it afoot.

For business reasons I was handsomely dressed, and wore rings on my fingers, and carried a gold watch and chain. My seal-skin coat, however, buttoned up to my throat for comfort sake, covered all my finery with the exception of the rings. Had I worn gloves, you will perhaps say, as a Christian should, these too would have been hidden. But I never liked gloves—always liked my hands naked, and at liberty. There is another thing I never get on well manage, and that is, to hold a pipe in my mouth without the assistance of my hand. For comfort sake, on my bleak journey, I smoked my pipe, and, as I said, I held it between my fingers, so that the rings thereon were distinctly to be seen.

The road from Kensington to Hyde Park Corner is never of the cheerfullest; on a dark winter's night it is unutterably dreary. Yet, as I reached the commencement of the long blank wall that faces Gore House I saw a pedestrian some distance ahead of me. I am fond of a sociable word, and the discovery was pleasant. Thinks I, if you are inclined for a chat, my friend, a mile or so of the road may be lightened.

The man ahead was walking slowly, and I very fast, so that, in a few minutes, I overtook him. While yet a few paces behind, I noticed that he was of slim build, and that his clothing was spare, and not at all adapted to the season. It was still snowing heavily; it was heaped round the rim of his hat, and his left shoulder were white with it.

"Pardon me, Sir," said I; "if you will accept the shelter of my umbrella as far as you go, you are welcome."

He bowed politely, without saying a word, and, stepping to my side, accommodated his pace to mine.

"Terrible weather, Sir!"

No response.

"Made worse in the country, I hear."

"Sir," said he, in a quick, high voice, and wheezing broad before me, "I feel much as might a rider whose horse had suddenly turned its head toward him, and exclaimed, 'Sir, I have been your whip! Throw it me this minute!' *I* to be stopped by a highwayman! Armed with a pistol, too!

Such a highwayman! Such a pistol! I believe I, at that time, had the honor of acquaintance with every rascal in and about London; but certainly this was not one of them. There was not an atom of ruffianism in his appearance. He evidently had been older than twenty, and his pale, boyish face was but a sorry field for ferocity. As to his "weapon," it was the shabbiest "Bramah-pan" school, with a barrel capacious enough for an ounce bullet, and a stock scarce strong enough to crack a walnut. Indeed, as shown me in terrible thing, he was content to let it dangle loosely in his hand. I was possessed of no other weapon but my umbrella, which I carefully closed, and took convenient hold of, in case of an accident.

"How long have you been at this trade, my friend?" I inquired.

"That can be of little consequence to you," replied he, with a feeble attempt at ferocity. "I am in earnest; give me your purse at once! I see you are a stout fellow (pointing at my ring). Give me your purse, and save me the crime of shooting you."

"We will settle the shooting question first," said I, at the same time suddenly twitching the Bramah-pan pistol from his hand with the crooked handle of my umbrella, and crunching it into the snow with my heel. "Now I, too, am in earnest. I am a detective-sergeant Chirrup, and you are my prisoner!"

I placed my hand on his shoulder; but he slid

from beneath; slid first to his knees, and then on to his face, so might a man without hands, and there lay on the snow, as quiet and as white as it. He had fainted.

Here was a pretty predicament! What was I to do with the dead jail-bird? "Stand by him till a constable comes this way: then haul him off, and see him properly cared," That was the suggestion of John Chirrup, the officer. But there was another Chirrup, formerly a gardener at Chiswick, and out of whom Christian charity had not been entirely squeezed, in spite of many years of police blue and oil-leather stock; and the small voice of John Chirrup, the gardener, spoke up; it said, "It would be a thousand pities to take the poor wretch to prison. That he is not a practised thief is certain: he is isn't a thief at all, I believe. Look at him. Lord knows the amount of misery and privation that led him to commit this mad blunder. Let him go!"

Where? John Chirrup, the gardener, could have answered that question, or even supplied a satisfactory reason for supposing that "anywhere" "go" again, unless assisted to his legs, and started, I might have slipped half-a-crown into his waistcoat-pocket, told him under the rose, and passed on; but he lay so dead and still that this was not to be thought of. So I knelt down on the side of the prostrate young man, and chafed his temples and his hands with snow till he opened his eyes. For a moment he appeared to recognize me, and then, evidently remembering what had transpired, he buried his face in his hands, and sobbed and wept like a very small boy indeed.

"Come, young fellow," said I, "you had better bustle up, unless you wish to be frozen to death. What's the row? Have you been drinking?"

"No, God help me! no, nor eating either. Oh, my poor Clara! What an ending! What an ending!"

He made a shift to stand up as he spoke, and seeing his weak condition, I offered him my arm. "Don't hold me, please," said he. "I will walk quietly with you."

"And who is Clara?" I asked, as we walked along together.

"My wife, Sir," replied he, coolly.

"Pray what does she do while you take to the highway?"

He stopped short, and clenched his mites of fists as though about to knock me down for my impertinence; but noting my imperturbable demeanor, he altered his mind, and replied to my question.

"I will tell you, Sir, what she is doing," said he, bitterly; "she is lying ill and hungry; she is lying, awake and in the dark, listening for my return from a begging errand—as she was bid to believe—as her sister's brother-cur bid her. Poor little woman!" continued he, softly, "I hope what I so dreaded may now come soon. I hope she may die. I hope she may die before the evening, and be spared a knowledge of this!"

When John Chirrup, the gardener, heard this woeful tale, he adjourned he found Sergeant Chirrup in the most handsome manner, and compelled that functionary to put the case entirely into his hands. Said he:

"Now, look here, young man! you know as well as I do that your behavior to-night renders you liable to transportation. I have told you I am a detective-sergeant. Here's my warrant to vouch for the fact. What you have tried to do is to be gammon, and it may be truth. I'm inclined to believe you. From what you have told me, and from all you can, you may yet escape the pit to the verge of which your rashness has brought you."

He took from his pocket an old pocket-book.

"You may find something there," said he, apathetically. "that may convince you."

Without reply I opened it. There were pawnbrokers' tickets for wearing apparel; a printed notice to quit in "lock room on the second floor of the house situate 37 B——Street, Camden Town;" and a letter addressed, in a business hand, to "Mr. Thomas Slack," at the above-mentioned residence. I took the letter from its envelope and read it. It ran:

"CUSTOMER FRIEND.

"SIR,—To your repeated and impertinent applications to me for your quarter's assistance, I can only say, simply that I have nothing to give. It is clear to me that your destitution is not nearly so extreme as you would apply for relief, as your father's long payment of poor-rates entitles you, to the authorities of the parish in which you reside.

OWEN SURVE."

I had no longer any doubt as to the truth of his story, and as at the moment an empty cab happened to sail by, I hailed it, and together we took my house in Cheyne Row. I had ordered a fire and a comfortable bit of supper to be ready in my room, so that I had no difficulty in comfortably my young friend, the highwayman. We supped together, as we had rode, in perfect silence, and then I dressed a little grog, and bade him draw his chair to the fire.

"Now," said I, "tell me all about this strange business."

"First let me thank you," said he, taking my big hand between both his, and bowing his head over it—"let me thank you for your great kindness; not so much to myself as to she whose life is so tenderly woven with mine, let me say knees express my gratitude for the mercy you have showed us."

Good gracious! I wonder what Scotland Yard would have thought had it seen the ridiculous pair! I wonder how Sergeant Chirrup would have felt if Superintendent Twitcher had at that moment put his official head and neck out at the door! My young friend somewhat recovered his equanimity presently, and allowed himself to be persuaded. Then, in a tedious and roundabout way, he told me his story.

How that his father (whose only son my young friend was) and his uncle had, for many years, carried on, as partners, a shipping agency business; how that Clara, a little child of eight years, had arrived, per *Firefly*, from Calcutta, an orphan, and parents having died on the homeward voyage; and how, by some means, the child had found quarters at Shirv & Co.'s (the uncle's name), and was eventually adopted by the firm. How that my young friend's father, by-and-by, died; and how his brother Owen made out, to the satisfaction of those whose business it was, that the defunct shipping-agent was not his partner at all, but only his paid servant, and that the business and its belongings was his entirely, including the accumulated profits. How after this, his nephew, Thomas, was honored with a seat among the junior clerks, at a slender salary. How that Clara grew up, in Owen shirv's house, from a pretty child to a beautiful young woman; how that young Thomas made successful love to her. How that grey-headed Owen Shirv made love to her too, and offered her his loan old hand in marriage. How that the frightened little maid smiled not encouragement at it, but carried the dismal intelligence to junior clerk Thomas, who married her out of hand; and how that presently the uncle-husband began to be annoying the junior clerk off his stool and out of the house, barring the door to his further entrance.

Since that time, now a year ago (and yet Thomas Shirv was only twenty-two next birthday), there had been a gradual drawing of sufferers for the silly young couple. Thomas had tried law-writing and keeping the accounts of dilatory tradesmen, and almost everything else but that which he tried "light-portering" over, but his strength had failed beneath the burden-bearing, and he was quite ill, he was expected to carry. He had been ill about, one time for five weeks, and another time for two months. His wife, in the first fit, and there had been a baby born and buried within the last month, and the undertaker, almost as clamorous as the landlady, dunning at the door, and objecting to the little mob that generally collected the feets at the cass: "what a funeral!" exclaimed he it was; how they would have it kivered with white cloth; and how, after all, he had only got half his money. He wasn't going to be done, he said. What was the parish for but to carry such beggars' brats? This, among other kindred circumstances, it was I had inclosed my young friend's letter to his ever-ceast, purchase the Brummagem pistol, and take to the road.

There was nothing to be done that night, so I made Master Thomas a bed on the sofa, and then retired for a few hours' rest. Breakfast and our first business in the morning should be a visit to B——— Street, Camden Town.

He came springing at my door before daylight.

"I beg your pardon, Sir," said he; "I don't know what time you usually rise, but I am thinking it is growing late."

Late! it was scarcely six o'clock, and thanks to his precious anxiety, I had slept about about more than three hours. Half asleep as I was, I wonder I did not tell him so. But I was not tired I did that he had had his night overnight what were my intentions, and he must have been in a pretty pucker or to have thought me asleep.

He wanted to come with me; but that I would not hear of. I promised to make a plausible excuse to his wife for his absence, and begged him to make all haste back to him. I told him to go down to the kitchen, and sit with my housekeeper till I returned.

I found B——— Street in the most wretched part of Camden Town, and No. 37 B——— presented a house in it. Knocking at the door, I inquired if Mrs. Shirv lived there.

Replied the landlady, who came slumbling up the passage, lifting the corner of her apron nervously,

"I don't know what answer to make, master. They did live here, as their unfort'nate rent-book is a ready witness; but he has been away these two days, and she—"

"Mrs. Shirv will do as well," interrupted I, pushing past her, and beginning to ascend the stairs. "Which is the room?"

"Second floor back. I s'pose you're the undertaker, and have come about it?"

"About what?"

"About the poor crestur being dep't."

Poor little highwayman! Poor little Eastern maid, who had shunned old love for young!

"Out I tell you!" said I, angrily.

"Well, you can if you are quick; we have sent for the beadle, who will nail up the door till the coroner holds his quest on her."

She went first up two flights of stairs, and then opened a door. Here, on a bed beside bedstead, she lay: her hands folded over her bosom, her raven hair heaped on either side of the pillow, making her pale cheeks look paler by contrast. Awfully beautiful she looked as she lay there, making such solemn stillness that the creaking of the door seemed a profane thing, and nothing one more bitterly than ever to regret the steppers of the stairs—like Sergeant Chirrup's—to be heard. On a table by the side of the bed, along with a water-jug and a medicine-phial, was an ink-bottle, with a pen in it.

"Oh yes, Sir, she had been writing," elucidated the landlady, rightly interpreting my looks. "This is what it was," I thought I had better keep it for the owner."

She gave me, as she spoke, a scrap of paper. Written on it was a few words addressed to her husband, telling him that she had him awoke till she was dead, struck her, as she had done, she had experienced so strange a desire to sleep, that she thought she might never wake again; so she wrote him, that he might not be frightened when, for her sake, give up his bitter thoughts against Uncle Owen; God bless and keep him for his constant love, and farewell till they met hereafter.

I put the precious note in my pocket, compromising with the landlady's scruples, as to whether I had a right to it, by settling the arrears of rent. Then I wrote a an undertaker's for the one, luckily, who had buried the baby), and gave him orders to take possession of and decently bury the body when the coroner had done with it.

I hardly knew whether it would be better for me to hasten to young Shirv with the woeful news, or to go right on to Crutched Friars and see what comfort I could get for him there. Finally, I resolved on the latter course.

I found Shirv's shipping-office and I found Mr. Owen Shirv in his private counting-house. He was by no means a nice person to look at. Although but a little past forty, a life of avarice and cunning in every family, wounder at the total absence of either in Nephew Thomas crossed at once. Here it was, you could see it and to spare, leaking out in a dozen different points of the old ship-broker's face. His eyes, his cheeks were blinking and watery; in his nose, which was sharp and shrewish; in his stubbly, bristling hair, and in his cold yellow teeth.

"Well, Mr. Chirrup," said he, looking uneasy, and tapping with my card, "to what may I attribute the favor of your visit?"

"You have a nephew, I believe, Sir," said I, coming to the point at once; "a young fellow named Thomas Shirv?"

"I am so afflicted," replied he, grinning savagely.

"He wrote you a letter lately, I believe?"

"A letter, Sir! He has written me fifty, the whining, canting rascal; each one containing enough of squalor and sickness to plague a town. Here are a few of them; read them, and judge for yourself."

He opened a drawer, and taking from it a little parcel of letters, handed them to me across the table. I opened and read them carefully. There was much of imploring and humble appeal; but there was nothing to warrant the acknowledgment for a single shilling.

"Well, Sir," said I, "this is all true—less than true, if any thing."

"What! have you come here to defend them?" exclaimed the old man, turning himself into a rage. "What pity can I have for him, the silly dog? Go away, Sir. Let me hear no more of the whining knave or the ungrateful wanton, his wife."

"She's dead," said I.

"Dead!" and he looked as does a man who dreams he has cause for shrieking and can not.

"Died last night in a dog-hole of a place, Camden Town way; all alone, too, and in the dark. She endeavored to write to you, and failed in the attempt. Your name is mentioned in it, Sir, and you may as well read it." I handed it to him, and he took it in his money, standing with his back to me while he read it.

"And he," said the old man, still with his back to me, "and he is dead, indeed, where was he when he shut she died alone?"

"Out; engaged in highway robbery," replied I. He turned round quick as lightning.

"Good God! is that true" said he.

"He was caught in the act," I replied.

It was a bitter cold morning; so cold that from a projecting ledge above sickles hung down before me to window of the counting-house: icy and glazing July with Mr. Shirv: beads of perspiration trickled down his face as he walked to and fro the room.

"By to-morrow morning, I suppose," said he, at last, "every one connected with this affair will know the accursed news that this felon, this highwayman, is my nephew."

"No doubt, Sir," said I, quietly.

"It mustn't be: I'd give five hundred pounds rather," he said, and paused for lengthy pause, and, turning sharply to me, he continued, "But what brings you here? I presume you have not paid me this visit for the purpose of communicating to me the news of my nephew's disgrace? Maybe you are able to suggest some means by which this gossiping may be stopped?"

Nothing more lucky for the broaching of my plans could have happened than this last observation.

"Well, Sir," replied I, "I am happy to tell you that there is a way by which all scandal may be disgrace. It happens, very fortunately for all concerned, that the party attacked by your nephew is a particular friend of mine. He is a tiger from this friend of mine, and could, if he had chosen, made short work of his assailant; but there was something so singular in the manner that he simply disarmed him, and gave him into my custody. Diligent inquiry has convinced me, the painful story to be told, and my friend has resolved to give him another chance to lead an honest life, on one condition. That some one will undertake him with sufficient means to leave the country, and to start fair in some English colony—Canada, for instance."

"Provided I find the money?" snapped Mr. Shirv. "Speak out, man. How much?"

"Not much, Sir. Fifty a fifth of the sum you suggested, Sir," I replied; "about one hundred pounds."

There was a silence of at least a minute; at last said he,

"I know nothing of your friend, Mr. Chirrup; if I supply this money, will you see it properly applied?"

"I will give you a written promise to do so, Sir?"

"And you will see poor Clo—will see his wife buried?"

"I will."

"Here, then," said he, "is a check for a hundred and twenty pounds. Be sure you make him understand how and why I give it him. Tell him I believe it is for the best, because a curse on the cur of a dog, before I threw him in the river. Bring me certain news, my good Sir, within seven days, that he is out of the country, and I will make you a pretty present."

Scarcely able to believe in my tremendous success, I left the shipping-office, and hurried home straight. How I broke to him the doleful news of his wife's death, and how he bemoaned her; are pictures I don't at all care to dwell on. Within the next seven days I took to Crutched Friars news of the sailing of Thomas Shirv for Canada.

HUMORS OF THE DAY

AN ACCEPTANCE OF OBEDIENCE.—An old Connecticut parson, whose peculiarities of preaching were proverbial, and who was blessed with a temper of equal virtue, was one day told by a parishioner that he did not like his sermons. "Well," said the old man, "I don't wonder at it. I don't like 'em myself."

What medical merriment has had an honorary degree conferred upon it?—Riddle D. D.

An artist painted a cannon so natural, the other day, that when he finished the touch-hole it went off. Sorry to say he was killed on the spot by the bursting.

"So there's another corruption of Mount Vesuvius," said Mrs. Partington, as she put up her spec. "The paper tells us that mount burning leather running down the mountain, but it don't tell how it got a-fire."

"Didn't you tell me, Sir, you could hold the plow?" asked a farmer of a gentleman who had called to take on trial. "Aresh, he sang now" said Pat. "How the deuce could I hold the plow when I had to carry it away from me? But give it to me in the barn, and he'll bet I'll hould it as well as any man."

The constable fastens out West must be particularly attractive. The young ladies there have adopted the ludicrous custom of forming a line, and for a given price permitting the constable to take a running kiss of the lot. Who wouldn't be in newfoundland under such circumstances? "I'm game," was his reply to objection to the "running." One would like to linger over such a work of charity.

If there is any better advertisement extant than this, in the *Cairo Gazette*, let it be sent on: "Lost!—A short stout pup, about the size and age of a young dogs of his breed. Has a remarkable dislike to cats and children. Died on whom she left a pair of nicely bobbed ears, a long tail, and a habit of barking at the moon. The finder will receive I will be paid for the recovery of this interesting animal."

THE TWO SISTERS.—A gentleman, with the same Christian and surname, took lodgings in the same house with two ladies. The gentleman requested to have a number of calls and letters. Indeed, the postman had no alternative but to deliver them at number one. The ladies, not to be imposed upon, sent a message to the gentleman, "We understand you have several letters for us." "Because you are Jones the second, and your sister Jones the first."

Mr. Bunting, a well-known literary gentleman, while reading one of his articles for the press, corrected it as she went along—and there were many corrections, indeed. "Why, husband," she exclaimed, "you don't know the first rules of composition. You use the very worst grammar." "Well, my love," he exclaimed, looking up from his work, "you and I are not the public." "But you always use the words of our sex in the plural, and write it in the singular sometimes. I'm sure it isn't help it," was the retort; "woman's a singular being."

My friend, the foreigner, called on me to bid farewell before he left London. "I am sorry to hear you are going," I said. "I am going at the country." I ventured to correct his pleonastic style by saying that he were escalated to say, "I am going into the country." He thanked me for the correction, said he would be sure to remember it, and then left me to the next door on my return."

"My dear friend," said a devoted wife, "why will you not leave off smoking? It is such an odious practice, and then it is so unwholesome as well." "My dear," replied the husband, "not only consider the time I have devoted, and the money I have spent, to learn to smoke, but I should have off now, all that time and money would have been wasted, don't you see?"

Dr. Cadogan, of Charles the Second's time, swayed at his wife a wealthy lady, over whose property he had undue influence. Her relations, jealous of the doctor's power, were two important pokes figuring under the head of "sextet" in the list of the lady's last surviving. Accordingly a few months in alternate fits of jealous hate and jealous fondness, they succeeded in getting her bed to a state of hysterical egress, exclaiming: "Ah! he has killed me at last!" "Poisoned!" cried the friends of the bride, turning up the whites of their eyes. "Ah! gracious goodness!" cried the lady, "I am poisoned, I feel it! no one can save me!" asked the doctor, with surprise. "I never proposed to do so," replied the lady, "I regarded it as done with." Before the doctor's departure, he requested to be allowed to bid the bride a death-struggle. "Ladies," said he, "before I leave you, I must request you to send for Mrs. Cadogan." Mrs. Cadogan was soon seated, and in a few days after the bride's decease, "I am poisoned," cried the doctor, "and you have killed me, and then you'll discover the colonies."

THE NEW NOBLEMAN.—Henry VIII. designed to send a nobleman on an embassy to Francis I. at a very dangerous period. Somerset refused to be employed, saying that such a threatening message to so bad-tempered a prince as Francis I. would be sure to cost him his head. "Have no fear, my lord," said Henry, "if the French king should take away your life, I promise you that I will make you a duke." "Ah, gracious lord," cried Somerset, "if you have the power to make dukes, you have also the power to make kings." "Then," said Henry, "if the French king should take away your life, I will make you a king." "But among all these honors," said Somerset, "there may not be one to fit my shoulders."

"Mamma," said a young lady to her mother, "what is cashmere?" "Simply ting, dear, is a young lady going to live in Australia."

"What is ordinating, mamma?" "Ordinating, my dear, is sending something there and having a family."

"Mamma, I should like to go Australia."

MR. ROBIN'S ARMS.—A Horse-pistol, and a Colt's revolver.

WANTED TO KNOW.—If a man "assumes a path," is the path supposed to run away from him? Of what thickness is a "line of conduct?" When a clerk "runs down," does he overtake itself?

"Bridget, where's the gridiron?" "Ax'n' sure, ma'am, Dr. Sot ofice giving it to the tinker to mend." "Bridget, you know that this thing's so full of holes it's no good at all."

An old lady from a temperance village lately attended a party at which champagne was served. On the first glass being called upon to take a glass. She drank too, when, enacted to the effect, she exclaimed: "Well, it may be a wicked drink, but it's good."

Simon.—"Good-morning, George; how did you get along in the storm last night?"

George.—"Capital; we voted unanimously not to have any thing more to do with the Union."

"Dora, what did you do with that tallow that Mr. Jones greased his boots with this morning?" "Please, ma'am, I put it in the dumplings for dinner." "Oh, did you? I wish you had wasted it."

A master bade his servant go and see what time the sun had ascended. "Why, Sir," expostulated the servant, "it is night." "What does that matter? Can you not take a candle?"

Last Sunday a young clergyman in an adjoining town endeavored to illustrate to his congregation the difference between the moon and the sun; and to explain its location on the night of eclipse, concluded that either between the earth and the moon passing between us and the sun, and that was the way the eclipse was produced" or "the moon passing between the earth and the sun, and that was the way the eclipse was produced" I forget which. The congregation appreciated the information.

THE FORTS AND HARBOR OF CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.

PROFILE VIEW OF THE HARBOR OF CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA, SHOWING THE CITY AND FORTS.

THE accompanying Plan and View will enable our readers to understand the discussions which are pending in the papers on the subject of the Harbor of Charleston and the United States Forts situate therein. The latter are three in number: CASTLE PINCKNEY, FORT SUMTER, and FORT MOULTRIE on Sullivan's Island. The latter, which is the most important of the three, is held by one of the most gallant officers in the service—Major Anderson, of 24 Artillery, with only fifty-six men. The President has refused, in spite of the earnest appeals of General Scott, General Cass, Mrs. Anderson, and others, to reinforce Major Anderson; and in case of an attack upon FORT MOULTRIE he and his gallant little band would doubtless perish to a man. The Charleston *Mercury* thus describes the forts:

FORT MOULTRIE

is an inclosed water battery, having a front on the southern water side, of about 100 feet, and a rear of about 540 feet. It is built with salient and re-entering angles on all sides, and is admirably adapted for defence, either from the attack of a storming party or by regular approaches.

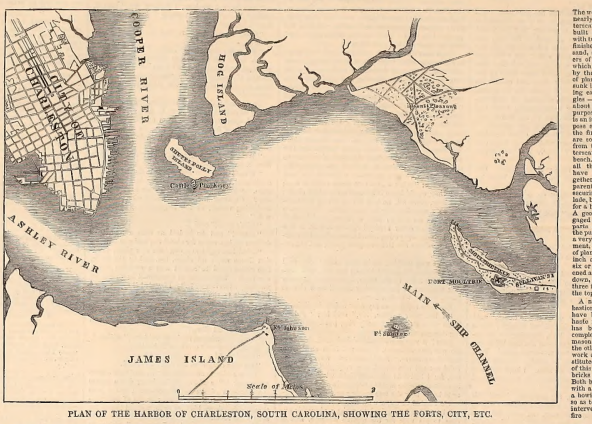
The outer and inner walls are of brick, capped with stone, and filled in with earth, making a solid wall fifteen or sixteen feet in thickness. The work now in progress consists in cleaning the sand from the walls; ditching it around, and erecting a glacis; closing up the postern-gates in the east and west walls, and, instead, cutting sally-ports, which lead into strong outworks on the northeast and southwest angles, in which twelve-pounder howitzer guns will be placed, cobbling the garrison to sweep the ditch on three sides with grape and canister. The northwest angle of the fort has also been strengthened by a bastionette, to sustain the weight of a heavy gun which will command the main street of the island. The main entrance has also been better secured, and a trap-door, two feet square, cut in the door for ingress and egress. At this time the height of the wall, from the bottom of the ditch to the top of the parapet, is twenty feet. The ditch is from twelve to fifteen feet wide at the base, and fifteen feet deep. The nature of the soil would not seem to admit of this depth being increased, quick-sand having been reached in many places.

The work on the south side is nearly finished. The counterscarp is substantially built of plank, and spread with turf. The glacis is also finished. It is composed of sand, and covered with layers of boom and turf, all of which is kept firmly in place by the addition of sections of plank nailed to uprights sunk in the sand, and crossing each other at right angles—making squares of about six feet. For the purpose of the glacis, which is an inclined plane, is to expose an attacking party to the fire of the guns—which are so placed as to sweep it from the crest of the counterscarp to the edge of the beach. On the north side, all the wooden guns have been placed close together on the ramparts, apparently for the purpose of securing it against an assailable, but possibly as a screen for a battery of heavy guns. A good many men are engaged in clearing the ramparts of turf and earth, for the purpose of putting down a very ugly-looking arrangement which consists of strips of plank two inches wide, one end of which is fixed in the earth six or eight feet long, sharpened at the point, and nailed down, so as to project about three feet horizontally from the top of the walls.

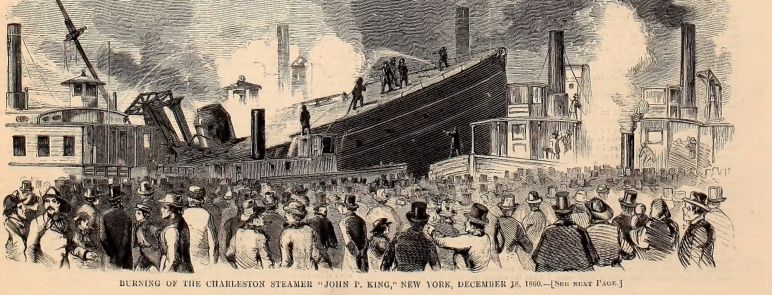
A noticeable fort in the bastionettes, to which we have before alluded, is the basis in which one of them has been built. The one completed is formed of solid masonry. In constructing the other, however, a frame-work of plank has been substituted. Against the sides of this wooden outwork loose bricks have been placed. Both bastionettes are armed with a small carronade and a howitzer pointed laterally so as to command the whole intervening moat by a cross-fire.

FORT SUMTER,

a work of solid masonry, octagonal in form, pierced on the north, east, and west sides with a double row of port-holes for the heaviest guns, and on the south or land side, in addition to openings for guns, loop-holed for musketry, stands



PLAN OF THE HARBOR OF CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA, SHOWING THE FORTS, CITY, ETC.



BURNING OF THE CHARLESTON STEAMER "JOHN P. KING," NEW YORK, DECEMBER 18, 1860.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

In the middle of the harbor on the edge of the ship channel, and said to be bomb-proof. It is at present without any regular garrison. There is a large force of workmen —some one hundred and fifty in all—employed upon it, mounting the guns and otherwise putting this great strategic point in order. The armament of Fort Sumter consists of 140 guns, many of them being the formidable ten-inch Columbiads, each three cubic feet shot or shell, and which have a fearful range. Only a few of these are yet in position, and the work of mounting piece of this caliber in the casemates is necessarily a slow one. There is also a large amount of military stores, consisting of some 40,000 pounds of powder, and a proportionate quantity of shot and shell. The workmen employed are divided into forty-eight, owing to the want of any regular communication with the city, the wharf or landing is on the south side, and is of course exposed to a cross-fire from all the batteries on Sullivan's Island.

CASTLE PINCKNEY

Is located on the southern extremity of a narrow slip of marsh land, which extends in a northerly direction to Big Island channel. On the harbor side the ocean current presents a circular front. It has never been considered of much consequence as a fortress, although its proximity to the city would give it importance, if properly armed and garrisoned. From hasty observation we find that there are about fifteen guns mounted on the parapet; the majority of these are lighting and sixty-four pounders. Some "Columbiads" are, however, within the walls. There are also supplies of powder, shot, and shell at present there is no garrison at the post; the only residents are one or two workmen, who have charge of the harbor light. Some thirty or forty day-laborers are employed repairing the sisters and putting the place generally in order.

This concludes our sketch of the present aspect of affairs in the three forts, which were meant to be, and which should have been, at once the pride and the bulwark of our city.

Fort Moultrie is about 3½ miles from the city of Charleston. It is, however, within easy cannon range of Mount Pleasant, and might be attacked from the village of Moultrieville.

BURNING OF THE STEAMER "JOHN P. KING."

We publish on the preceding page an engraving of the destruction of the new Charleston steamship *John P. King*, which made her trial-trip last Monday. She was lying at her wharf, North River, when she took fire at about 8 A.M. on 18th inst.; the flames soon burst through the deck, and became irresistible. As she was undergoing only other shipping she was towed into the stream and took off the Battery in short water. She was built by Westervelt for Spofford & Tileston; cost $160,000, and was insured for $75,000. Her tonnage, by measurement, was 1650 tons. She was built expressly for the passenger trade between New York and Charleston. Rumor asserts that she would have carried a Palmetto Flag.

(Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of New York.)

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A NOVEL

By CHARLES DICKENS

Splendidly Illustrated by John McLenan.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased from the Author by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER IX.

WHEN I reached home my sister was very curious to know all about Miss Havisham's, and asked a number of questions. And I soon found myself getting heavily bumped in the nape of the neck and the small of the back, and my face ignominiously shoved against the kitchen wall, because I did not answer those questions at sufficient length.

If a dread of not being understood be hidden in the breasts of young people to any thing like the extent to which it used to be hidden in mine—which I consider probable, as I have no particular reason to suspect myself of having been a monstrosity—it is the key to many reservations. I felt convinced that if I described Miss Havisham's to my eyes and ears, they would not be understood. Not only that, but I felt convinced that Miss Havisham too would not be understood; and although she was perfectly incomprehensible to me, I entertained an impression that there would be something coarse and treacherous in my dragging her (to say nothing of Miss Estella) before the contemplation of Mrs. Joe. Consequently, I said as little as I could, and had my face shoved against the kitchen wall.

The worst of it was that that bullying old Pumblechook, preyed upon by a devouring curiosity to be informed of all I had seen and heard, came gaping over his shin-deep post into mine to have the details divulged to him. And the mere sight of the torment, with his fishy eyes and mouth, and his sandy hair inquisitively on end, and his waistcoat heaving with windy arithmetic, made me vicious in my reticence.

"Well, boy," Uncle Pumblechook began, as soon as he was seated in the chair of honor by the fire. "how old you get on up yonder?"

I answered, "Pretty well, Sir," and my sister shook her fist at me.

"Pretty well?" Mr. Pumblechook repeated. "Pretty well is no answer. Tell us what you mean by pretty well, boy?"

Whitewash on the forehead hardens the brain into a state of obstinacy, perhaps. Any how, with whitewash from the wall on my forehead, my obstinacy was adamantine. I reflected for some time, and then answered, "I mean pretty well."

My sister, with an exclamation of impatience, was going to fly at me—I had no shadow of defense, for Joe was busy in the forge—when Mr. Pumblechook interposed with, "No! Don't lose your temper. Leave this lad to me, ma'am; leave this lad to me." Mr. Pumblechook then turned my forehead from, as if he were going to cut my hair or take out one of my teeth, or perform some such operation, and said:

"First (to get our thoughts in order): Forty-three pence?"

I calculated the consequences of replying "Four Hundred Pound," and, finding them against me, went as near the answer as I could —which was somewhat about eighteen pence off. Mr. Pumblechook then put me through my pence-table from "twelve pence make one shilling" up to "forty pence make three-and-four pence," and then triumphantly demanded, as if he had done for me, "*Now?* How much is forty-three pence?" To which I replied, after a long interval of reflection, "I don't know." And I was so aggravated that I almost doubt if I did know.

Mr. Pumblechook worked his head like a screw to screw it out of me, and said, "Is forty-three pence seven and sixpence three farden, for instance?"

"Yes!" said I. And although my sister instantly boxed my ears, it was highly gratifying to me to see that the answer spoilt his joke, and brought him to a dead stop.

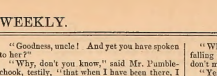
"Boy! What like is Miss Havisham?" Mr. Pumblechook began again when he had recovered; folding his arms tight on his chest and applying the screw.

"Very tall and dark," I told him.

"Is she, uncle?" asked my sister.

Mr. Pumblechook winked assent; from which I at once inferred that he had never seen Miss Havisham, for she was nothing of the kind.

"Good!" Mr. Pumblechook conceitedly. "This is the way to have him! We are beginning to hold our own, I think, Mum?"



"LEAVE THIS LAD TO ME, MA'AM; LEAVE THIS LAD TO ME."

"I am sure, uncle," returned Mrs. Joe, "I wish you had him always; you know so well how to deal with him."

"Now, boy! What was she doing, when you went in to-day?" asked Mr. Pumblechook.

"She was sitting," I answered, "in a black velvet couch."

Mr. Pumblechook and Mrs. Joe stared at one another—as they well might—and both repeated, "In a black velvet couch?"

"Yes," said I. "And Miss Estella—that's her niece, I think—handed her in cake and wine at the east-end window, on a gold plate. And we all had cake and wine on gold plates. And I drank to the couch the couch to eat mine, because she told me to."

"Was any body else there?" asked Mr. Pumblechook.

"Four dogs," said I.

"Large or small?"

"Immense," said I. "And they fought for veal cutlets out of a silver basket."

Mrs. Pumblechook and Mrs. Joe stared at one another again, in utter amazement. I was perfectly frantic—a reckless witness under the torture—and would have told them any thing.

"Where was this couch, in the name of gracious?" asked my sister.

"In Miss Havisham's room." They stared again. "But there weren't any horses to it." I added this saving clause, in the moment of rejecting four richly caparisoned coursers which I had had wild thoughts of harnessing.

"Can she walk, uncle?" asked Mrs. Joe. "What can the boy mean?"

"I'll tell you, Mum," said Mr. Pumblechook. "My opinion is, it's a sedan-chair. She's flighty, you know—very flighty—quite flighty enough to pass her days in a sedan-chair."

"Did you ever see her in it, uncle?" asked Mrs. Joe.

"How could I?" he returned, forced to the admission, "when I never see her in my life? Never clapped eyes upon her?"

"Goodness, uncle! And yet you have spoken to her?"

"Why, don't you know," said Mr. Pumblechook, testily, "that when I have been there, I have been took up to the outside of her door, and the door has stood ajar, and she has spoke to me that way. Don't say that you don't know *that*, Mum. However, the boy went there to play. What did you play at, boy?"

"We played with cards," I said, (I beg to observe that I think of myself with amazement, when I recall the lies I told on this occasion.)

"Pigs!" echoed my sister.

"Yes, said I. "Estella waved a blue flag, and I waved a red one, and Miss Havisham waved a green one, and we all rode over with little gold stars, out at the coach-window. And then we all waved our swords and hurrahed."

"Swords!" repeated my sister. "Where did you get swords from?"

"Out of a cupboard," said I. "And I saw pistols in it—and jam—and pills. And there was no daylight in the room, but it was all lighted up with candles."

"That's true, Mum," said Mr. Pumblechook, with a grave nod. "That's the state of the case, for that much I've seen myself." And then they both stared at me, and I with an obstinately vacant countenance of gloomy contentment stared at them, and plaited the right leg of my trowsers with my right hand.

If they had asked me any more questions I should undoubtedly have betrayed myself, for I felt that even then at the point of mentioning that there was a balloon in the yard, and should have hazarded the statement but for my mind being divided between that phenomenon and a bear in the brewery. They were so much occupied, however, in discussing the marvels I had already presented for their consideration that I escaped. The subject still held them when Joe came in from his work to have a cup of tea, to whom my sister, more for the relief of her own mind than for the gratification of his, related my pretended experiences.

Now, when I saw Joe open his blue eyes and roll them all round the kitchen in helpless astonishment, I was overtaken by penitence; but only as regarded him—not in the least as regarded the other two. Toward Joe, and Joe only, I considered myself a young monster, while they sat shaking their heads. No one would come to me from Miss Havisham's acquaintance and favor. They had no doubt that Miss Havisham would "do something" for me; their doubts related to the form that something would take. My sister stood out "for property." Mr. Pumblechook was in favor of a handsome premium for binding me apprentice to some genteel trade—the corn and seed trade for instance. Joe fell into the deepest disgrace with both, for offering the frightful suggestion that I might only be presented with one of the dogs who had fought for the veal-cutlets. "If a fool's head can't express better notions than that," said my sister, "and you have got any work to do you had better go and do it." So he went.

After Mr. Pumblechook had driven off, and when my sister was washing up, I stole into the forge to Joe, and remained by him until he had done for the night. Then I said, "Before the fire goes quite out, Joe, I should like to tell you something."

"Should you, Pip?" said Joe, drawing his sleeving-coat near the forge. "Then tell us. What is it, Pip?"

"Joe," said I, taking hold of his rolled up shirt-sleeve, and twisting it between my finger and thumb, "you remember all that about Miss Havisham's?"

"Remember?" said Joe. "I believe you! Wonderful!"

"It's a terrible thing, Joe; it ain't true."

"What are you telling of, Pip?" cried Joe, falling back in the greatest amazement. "You don't mean to say it's—"

"Yes I do; it's lies, Joe."

"But not all of it? Why sure you don't mean to say, Pip, that there was no black welwetco—eh?"

For I stood shaking my head. "But at least there was dogs, Pip, Come, Pip," said Joe, persuasively, "if there warn't no welvet-cutlets, at least there was dogs?"

"No, Joe."

"A dog?" said Joe. "A puppy? Come?"

"No, Joe, there was nothing at all like that."

As I fixed my eyes hopelessly on Joe, Joe contemplated me in dismay. "Pip, old chap! this won't do, old fellow! I say! where do you expect to go to?"

"It's terrible, Joe; ain't it?"

"Terrible?" cried Joe. "Awful! What possessed you?"

"I don't know what possessed me, Joe," I replied, letting his shirt-sleeve go, and sitting down in the ashes at his feet, hanging my head; "but I wish you hadn't come, and I wish I was dead. I've come to wish I was dead a great deal to-day."

And then I told Joe that I felt very miserable, and that I hadn't been able to explain myself to Mrs. Joe and Pumblechook, who were too rude to me, and that there had been a beautiful young lady at Miss Havisham's who was dreadfully proud, and that she had said I was common, and that I knew I was common, and that I wished I was not common, and that she did not like me because of it somehow, though I didn't know how.

This was a case of metaphysics, at least as difficult for Joe to deal with as for me. But Joe took the case altogether out of the region of metaphysics, and by that means got the better of it.

"There's one thing you may be sure of, Pip," said Joe, after some rumination, "namely, that live is law. However they come, they didn't ought to come, and they come from the father of lies, and work round to the same. Don't you tell no more of 'em, Pip. That's my belief. We've got out of being common, and that's what we do to being common, I don't make it out at all clear. You are common enough, dear old Pip, you're no common small. Likewise you're an uncommon scholar."

"No, I am ignorant and backward, Joe."

"Why, see what a letter you wrote last night. Wrote in print even! I've seen writing—Ah! and from gentlefolks!—that I'll swear weren't wrote in print," said Joe.

"I have learned next to nothing, Joe. You think much of me. It's only that."

"Well, Pip," said Joe, "be it so or be it son't, you must be a common scholar afore you can be an uncommon one, I should hope! The king upon his throne, with his crown upon his ed, can't sit and write his acts of Parliament in print, without having begun, when he were a topmost Prince, with his a-b-ab—Ah!" added Joe, with a shake of the head that was full of meaning, "and begun at A, and worked his way to Z. And *I* know what that is to do, though I can't say I've done it."

There was some hope in this piece of wisdom, and it rather encouraged me.

Whether common ones as to calling and earning," pursued Joe, reflectively, "mightn't be the better of continuing for to keep company with common ones, instead of going out to play with uncommon ones—which reminds me to hope that there were a fog perhaps?"

"No, Joe."

"(I'm sorry there weren't a fog, Pip.) Whether that might be or mightn't be, is a thing as can't be looked into now, with your sister on the Rampage; and that's a thing not to be thought of as long as done intentional. Lookee here, Pip, at what is said to you by a true friend. Which this to you the true friend say. If you can't get to be uncommon through going straight, you'll never do it through going crooked. So don't tell no more on 'em, Pip, and live where you did the living."

"You are not angry with me, Joe?"

"No, old chap. But bearing in mind that them were which I meantersay of a stunning and thundering sort—alluding to them which bordered on public-executes and such-like—a sincere well-wisher would advise, Pip, their being dropped into your meditations when you go to bed." That's all, old chap, and don't never do it no more."

And as I got up to my little room and said my prayers, I did not forget Joe's recommendation, and yet my young mind was in that distracted and unsettled state that I thought long after I laid me down, how common Estella would consider Joe, a mere blacksmith, how thick his hands were, and how coarse his hands. I thought how Joe and my sister were then sitting in the kitchen, and how I had come up to bed from the kitchen, and how Miss Havisham and Estella never sat in a kitchen, but were far above the level of such common doings. I fell asleep recalling what I "used to do" when I was at Miss Havisham's; as though I had been there weeks or months, instead of hours, and as though it were quite an old subject of remembrance, instead of one that had arisen only that day.

That was a memorable day to me, for it made great changes in me and in my fortunes. But it is the same with any life. Imagine one selected day struck out of it, and think how different its course would have been. Pause you who read this, and think for a moment of the long chain of iron or gold, of thorns or flowers, that would never have bound you, but for the formation of the first link on one memorable day.

CHAPTER X.

THE felicitous idea occurred to me a morning or two later when I woke, that the best step I

sould take toward making myself uncommon was to get out of Biddy every thing she knew, and to pay the strictest attention to Mr. Wopsle when he read aloud. In pursuance of this luminous conception I mentioned to Biddy when I went to Mr. Wopsle's great-aunt's at night, that I had a particular reason for wishing to get on in life, and that I should feel very much obliged to her if she would impart all her learning to me. Biddy, who was the most obliging of girls, immediately said she would, and began to carry out her promise within five minutes.

The Educational scheme so Comer established by Mr. Wopsle's great-aunt may be resolved into the following synopsis. The pupils ate apples and put apples on their mother's backs, until Mr. Wopsle's great-aunt collected her energies, and made an indiscriminate totter at them with a birch-rod. After receiving the charge with every mark of derision, the pupils formed in line and banged round a sugar-loaf mounted on a hand to hand. The book had an alphabet in it, some figures and tables, and a little spelling—that is to say, a little way on. As soon as this volume began to circulate, Mr. Wopsle's great-aunt fell into a state of coma; arising either from sleep or a paroxysm of rheumatism. The pupils then entered among themselves upon a competitive examination on the subject of letters, with the view of ascertaining who could read the hardest upon whose toes. This mental exercise lasted until Biddy made a rush at the book, contributed three Defarged Bibles, shaped as if they had been unskilfully cut off the cheap end of something, and subsided panting. I had by that time any curiosities of literature I have since met with, perspiring over it with my sleeve, and having various specimens of the insect world smashed between their leaves. This part of the Course was usually finished by a good deal of combats between Biddy and refractory students. When the fights were over, Biddy gave out the number of the page at which the read aloud what we could—or what we couldn't—in a frightful chorus; Mr. Wopsle leading with a high monotonous voice, and none of us having the least notion what we were reading about. When this horrible din had lasted a quarter of an hour, mechanically awoke Mr. Wopsle's great-aunt, who staggered at a boy and forthwith pulled his ears. This was understood to terminate the Course for the evening, and we emerged into the air with a gasping sensation behind the ears. It is fair to remark that there was no prohibition against any pupil's entertaining himself with a slate or even a pencil, but that was not supposed, but that it was not easy to pursue that branch of study in the winter season, on account of the little general sleep in which the fingers were holden—and which was also Mr. Wopsle's great-aunt's slumbrous and indiscriminate right. I faithfully illuminated through the agency of one low-spirited dip-candle and no snuffers.

It appeared to me that it would take time to become uncommon under these circumstances: nevertheless, I resolved to try it, and that very evening Biddy entered on our special proceedings by imparting some information from her little stock to me. Pursuing the thread of some users of sugar, and lending me, to copy at home, a German text or old English D which she had imitated from the handing of some second-hand shop which I supposed, until she told me what it was, to be a design for a bedrock.

Of course there was a public-house in the village, and of course Joe liked sometimes to smoke his pipe there. I had received strict orders from my sister to call for him at the Three Jolly Bargemen, that evening, on my way from school, and bring him home at my peril. To the Three Jolly Bargemen, therefore, I directed my steps.

There was a bar at the Jolly Bargemen, with some alarming-looking liquor-casks behind it, on a wall at the side of the door, which seemed to me to be full of guns. They belonged to gunsmiths, but since I could remember, and had grown more than I had. But there was a quantity of reddish coal in the country, and some of the people neglected no opportunity of turning it to account.

It being Saturday night, I found the landlord looking rather grimly at these records; but as my business was with Joe and not with him, I merely wished him good-evening, and passed into the common room at the end of the passage, where was a bright fire. Joe was sitting by the fire, and where Joe was smoking his pipe in company with Mr. Wopsle and a stranger. Joe greeted me on my entering with "Pip, old chap!" and the moment he said that, the stranger turned his head and looked at me.

He was a secret-looking man whom I had never seen before. His head was all on one side, and one of his eyes was half shut up, as if he were making aim at something with an invisible gun. He had a pipe in his mouth, and he took it out, and, after slowly blowing all the smoke away and looking hard at me all the time, nodded. So I nodded, and then he nodded again, and made room on the settle beside him that I might sit down there.

But as I was not sure that Joe knew whenever I entered that place of resort, I said "No, thank you, sir," and fell into the space Joe made for me on the opposite settle. The stranger then, after glancing at Joe, and seeing that his attention was closely engaged, looked down at me again when I had taken my seat, and then rubbed his leg in a very odd way, as it struck me.

"You was saying," said the stranger man, turning to Joe, "that you was a blacksmith."

"Yes, I said it, you know," said Joe.

"What'll you drink, Mr. ——? You didn't mention your name, by-the-by."

Joe mentioned it now, and the stranger man called him by it. "What'll you drink, Mr. Gargery? Any relation?" To the last question.

"Well," said Joe, "to tell you the truth, I am's much in the habit of drinking at my body's expense but my own."

"Habit! Joe," retorted the stranger, "but once and away, and on a Saturday night too. Come! Put a name to it, Mr. Gargery."

"I wouldn't wish to be stiff company," said Joe. "Rum."

"Rum," repeated the stranger. "And will the other gentleman originate a sentiment?"

"Rum," said Mr. Wopsle.

"Three Rums, then!" cried the stranger, calling to the landlord. "Glasses round!"

"I wish other gentlemen to pay for Joe, by way of introducing Mr. Wopsle, "is a gentleman that you would like to hear give it out. Our clerk at church."

"Ah!" said the stranger, quickly, and cocking his eye at me. "The deuce! Young one, too! Out on the marshes, with the graves and the dead?"

"That's it," said Joe.

The stranger, with a comfortable kind of grunt over his pipe, put his legs up on the settle that he had all to himself. He wore a flapping broad-brimmed low hat, and, as he turned it a handkerchief tied over his head in the manner of a cap; so that he showed no hair. As he looked at the fire, I thought I saw a cunning expression, followed by a half laugh, come into his face.

"I am not acquainted with this country, gentlemen, but it seems a solitary country toward the river."

"Most marshes is solitary," said Joe.

"No doubt, no doubt. Do you find any guinea sow, or range, or vagrants of any sort out on those lowlands?"

"Why, no, sir," said Joe, "none but a runaway convict now and then. And we don't find them very. Eh, Mr. Wopsle?"

Mr. Wopsle, with a majestic remembrance of old discomfiture, assented, but very sparingly.

"Seems you have been out after such?" asked the stranger.

"Once," returned Joe. "Not that we wanted to take them, you understand; we were not as lookers-on; me, and Mr. Wopsle, and Pip. Didn't us, Pip?"

"Yes, Joe."

The stranger looked at me again—still cocking his eye, as if he were expressly taking aim at me with his invisible gun, and said, "He's a likely young parcel of bones that. What is it you call him?"

"Pip," said Joe.

"Christened Pip?"

"No, not christened Pip."

"Surname Pip?"

"No," said Joe, "it's a kind of a family name what he gave himself when a infant, and is called by."

"Son of yours?"

"Well," said Joe, meditatively — not, of course, that it could be in anywise necessary to consider about it, but because it was the way at the Jolly Bargemen to seem to consider deeply about every thing that was discussed over pipes; "well—no, sir, he ain't."

"Nevvy?" said the strange man.

"Well," said Joe, with the same appearance of profound cogitation, "he is not—no, not to deceive you, he is not—my nevvy."

"What the devil relation, Mr. Gargery, do you keep company with?" asked the stranger. Which appeared to me to be an inquiry of unnecessary strength.

Mr. Wopsle struck in here that; as one who knew all about relationships, having professional occasion to be always mixed while females were in a man might not marry; and expounded the ties between me and Joe. Having his hand in, Mr. Wopsle introduced a most terrifically snarling passage from Richard the Third, and seemed to think he had done quite enough to account for the bodily decay of Joe in the pott say."

And by it may remark that when Mr. Wopsle referred to me, he considered it a necessary part of such reference to rumple my hair and look at it sideways. This, my fear suggested to my body of his standing who visited at our house should always have put me through the same intelligible action under similar circumstances. Yet I do not call to mind that I was ever in a condition of more helpless self-remark in our social family circle but some largeheaded person took these ophthalmic steps to patronize me.

All this while the stranger man looked at nobody but me, and looked at me as if he were determined to have a shot at me as soon as he bring me down. But he said nothing after offering his Blue Blazes observation until the glasses of rum-and-water were brought; and then he made his shot, and a most extraordinary one it was.

It was not a verbal remark, but a proceeding in dumb-show, and was pointedly addressed to me. He stirred his rum-and-water pointedly at me, and he tasted his rum-and-water pointedly at me. When he stirred it and he tasted it: not with a spoon that was brought to him, but *with a file.*

He did this so that nobody but I saw the file; and when he had done it he wiped the file and put it in a breast-pocket. I knew it to be Joe's file, and I began to be very uncomfortable the moment I saw the instrument. I sat gazing at him, pulled hard by the fascination of curiosity to settle, taking very little notice of me, and talking principally about turnips.

There was a delicious sense of cleaning-up and making a quiet pause before going on in life afresh, in our village on Saturday nights, which stimulated Joe to dare to stay out half an hour longer on Saturdays than at other times. The half-hour and the rum-and-water running out together, Joe got up to go, and took me by the hand.

"Stop half a moment, Mr. Gargery," said the strange man. "I think I've got a bright new shilling somewhere in my pocket, and if I have the boy shall have it."

Search resulted in out from a handful of small change, folded it in some crumpled paper, and gave it to me. "Yours!" said he. "Mind! your own."

I thanked him, staring at him far beyond the bounds of good manners, and looking tight to Joe. He gave Joe good-night, and he gave Mr. Wopsle good-night (who went out with us), and he gave me another look with his aiming eye—no, not a look, for he shut it up, but wonderfully seemed to dose me up by looking at me.

On the way home, if I had been in a humor for talking, the talk must have been all on my part, for Joe, Mr. Wopsle parted from us at the door of the Jolly Bargemen, and Joe went all the way home with his mouth wide open, to rinse the rum and water well down before bed-time. But I was in no manner stupefied by this turning up of my old convict and old acquaintance, and could think of nothing else.

My sister was not in a very bad temper when we presented ourselves in the kitchen, and Joe was encouraged by that unusual circumstance to tell her about the bright shilling. "A bad 'un, I'll be bound," said Joe, "or he wouldn't have given it to boy. Let's look at it."

I took it out of the paper, and it proved to be a good one. "But what's this?" said Mrs. Joe, observing Joe to be affecting and catching up the paper. "Two One-Pound notes?"

Nothing less than two fat sweltering one-pound notes could have been in store for the reception of the warmest intimacy with all the cattle-markets in the county. Joe caught up his hat again, and ran with them to the Jolly Bargemen, to restore them to their owner. While he was gone, I sat down on my usual stool and looked vacantly at my sister, feeling pretty sure that the man would not be there.

Joe returned with information of saying that the man was gone, but that he, Joe, had left word at the Three Jolly Bargemen concerning the notes. Then my sister sealed them up in a piece of paper, and put them under some dried rose-leaves in a tea-cannister that had belonged to a great-aunt in the state parlor. There they remained, a nightmare to me, many and many a night and day.

I had sadly broken sleep when I got to bed, through thinking of the strong man taking aim at me with his invisible gun, and of the guiltily coarse and common thing it was to be on secret terms of confidence with convicts—a feature in my low career that I had previously forgotten. I was haunted by the file too. A dread possessed me that, somehow, it must expect it, the file would reappear. I cowed myself to sleep by thinking of Miss Havisham's, next Wednesday: all at once I gave a cry that made Joe start out of a door, without seeing why held it, and I screamed myself awake.

A DY'S RIDE:

A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

By CHARLES LEVER.

AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," "HARRY LORREQUER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXX.

I GIVE the old man's story, as nearly as I can, the way he told it.

"There is a little village on the Lego of Garda, called Peschiera. My family had lived there for some generations. We had a little wine-shop, and though not a very pretentious one, it was the best in the place, and much frequented by the inhabitants. My father was in a comfortable way, while he lived; he was a pensioned Sydale of Caprini, and I myself once held that dignity. You may not know, perhaps, that the office of Sydale is the closest of the townshalk, and not nominated by the government. Still the crown has its influence in the election, and it is usual to see one of its own partisans in power, and, when a popular candidate does even succeed under their will, the government officials take good care to make his berth as uncomfortable as they can. These are small distinctions of which to tell you to follow, but they were our great ones; and we were as ardent and excited and eager about the choice of our chief local grandee as though he wielded royal power in a great state.

"When I obtained the epaulette, my great ambition was to tread in the footsteps of my father, old Gustave Gamerra, who had left behind him a popularity and a memory of popular rights, and who had never hated the very least privilege that pertained to his native village. I did my duties—and very strictly, perhaps—for the sake, but I held my head high against all impositions, and was ready to fight with any man who felt that there was at least one popular institution in the land that no exercise of tyranny could touch. I was conscious about all our rights. I raked up out of old archives traces of privileges that we once possessed and had never yielded, and though I discovered concessions that had been made to us of which we had never enjoyed the profits, I was, so to say, ever at war with the authorities, who were frank enough to say, that when my two years of office expired, they meant to give me none wholesome lessons about obedience.

"They were as good as their word. I had no sooner descended to a private station than I was made to feel all the severities of their displeasure. They took away my license to sell salt and tobacco, and thereby fully one half of my little income; they tried to withdraw my privilege to sell wine, but this came from the municipality, and they could not touch it. Upon information that they had suborned they twice visited my house to search for seditious papers, and finally, they made me undergo a mode of their enmity that the timid of my townsfolk were afraid to be seen with me, and gradually dropped my acquaintance. This preyed upon me most of all. I was all my life of a social habit; I delighted to have my friends around me, or to go and visit them, and to find myself, as I was growing old, growing friendless too, was a great blow.

"I was a widower, and had none but an only daughter."

When he had reached thus far his voice failed him, and, after an effort or two, he could not continue, and turned away to the wall and buried it in his hands. Full ten minutes elapsed before he resumed, which he did with a hard, hollow tone, as though resolved to be encountered by his emotion.

"The troubles that so sadly severe all through the Italian Tyrol; it swept from Venice to Milan, and never missed even the mountain villages, far away into the Alps. At such times I would we lost one hundred and eighteen souls, and my Gretchen was one of them.

"We had grown to be very hard-hearted to each other; misfortune was at each man's door, and he had no heart to spare for a neighbor's grief; and yet such was the sorrow for that they came, in all this suffering and desolation, to try and comfort and keep up each other, though it was a time when all such cares were forgotten, the young people went and laid fresh flowers over her poor grave every morning. That was very kind of them, and made me weep heartily, and, in return, I heard always that a girl to feel that God knew what was best for all of us, and that mayhap he had taken her away to spare her some sorrow heavier than all we see to learn that I should pray to go to her. She had only been in the earth eight days, and I was left standing in my solitary house for I could not bear to open the shop, and began to think that I never have the courage to do so again, but would go away and try some other place and some other means of livelihood. It was while I was making thus a resolve Lenck came to the door, and I arose, rather angrily, to answer it.

"It was a sergeant of an infantry regiment, whose detachment was on march for Peschiera: there were quartered down there a few years since a battalion of three regiments in all haste from Vienna to suppress them. The sergeant was a Bohemian, and the regiment the Kinsky. He was a rough, coarse fellow, very full of his authority, disposing all villagers, and holding Italians in especial contempt. He came to order me to prepare rations and room for six soldiers, and desire to arrive at quarters. I answered, bodily, that I would not. I had served the office of syndic in the town, and was thus forever exempt from the billet; and I led him into my little sitting-room and showed him my 'brevet,' framed and glazed, over the chimney. He laughed heartily at my remonstrances, coolly turned the brevet with its face to the wall, and said,

"'If you don't want twelve of us instead of six you'll keep your tongue quiet, and give us a stoup of wine and a flask of wine.'

"I did not wait to answer him, but seized my hat and hurried away to the Place Commandant. He was at the country at that, but I could not help it; his was the only authority I could appeal to, and he was bound to do me justice. When I reached the bureau it was so crowded with soldiers and townsfolk, some seeking billets, some come to complain of the billet to be free, that I could not get past the door, and, after an hour's waiting, I was fain to give up altogether, and turned back home, where I had determined to make my statement in writing, which, after all, might have been the most fitting.

"I found my doors wide open when I got there, and a noisy crowd-soldiers and boys, who, either seated on the counter or squatting on their knapsacks, had helped themselves freely to my wine, and were raising the roof to the old cask, and drinking it in large cups from the barrel, which they handled liberally to their comrades as they passed.

"My heart was too full to care much for the loss, though I could remark that the boys, and, pushing my way through, I gained the inner room to find the fellow had taken the bed as his dormer and confusion. The old musket my father had carried for many a year, and which had long over the chimney in a hero-frame, lay smashed in fragments on the floor; some wanton fellow had run his bayonet through my breast, and was trying to get it out, and amuse as a banner; and one, he was a corporal, had taken down the whole wreath of roses that lay on Gretchen's coffin till it was laid in the earth, and placed it on his head. When I saw this I could bear no more; I grew as black, and dashed both my hands in his face. I tried to strangle him; I would have torn him with my teeth had they not dragged me off and beaten me on the ground, where they trampled on me and beat me, and then carried me away to prison.

"I was four days in prison before I was brought up for examination. I did not know whether it had been four or forty, for my senses had left me and I was mad; perhaps it was the cold dark cell and the silence restored me, but I came out calm and collected. I remembered every thing to the smallest incident.

"The soldiers were heard first; they agreed in every thing, and their story had all the air of truth about it. They owned they had taken my wine, but said that the regiment was ready and willing to pay for it as soon as I came back, and that all the rest they had done were only the usual follies of troops on a march. I began

to claiming my exemption as a syndic, but was stopped at once by being told that my claim had never been submitted to the authorities, and that in my outrage on the imperial force I had forfeited all consideration on that score. My offense was easily proven. I did not deny it, and I was lectured for nigh an hour on the enormity of my crime, and then sentenced to pay a fine of a thousand zwanzigers to the emperor, and to receive four-and-twenty lashes with the rattan. "I should have been eight-and-forty but for my age," he said.

"On the same stool where I sat to hear my sentence was a circus man, waiting the Platz Commandant's leave to give some representations in the theatre. I knew him by this time, but had never spoken to him nor he to me; just, however, as the consultation had terminated, the words of condemnation he turned to look at me: maybap to see how I bore up under my misfortune. I saw him glance, and I dug my toes to sustain it. I wanted to bare myself manfully throughout, and not to let any one know that my heart was sinking, which I felt it was. The struggle was, perhaps, more than I was able for, and, while the tears pushed out and down upon my cheeks, I burst out laughing, and laughed away fit after fit, making the most terrible faces all the while; so outrageously comical was the convulsion that every one around laughed too, and there was the whole court screaming madly with the man in chains, and unable to control it.

"'Take the fool away!' cried the commandant at last, 'and let him have his punishment, school-fool!' And they carried me off, and I was flogged.

"It was about a week after I was down near Comacchio, that I knew how I got there. I was in rags and had no money, and the circus people came past on their way to Ferrara. I met a fellow that lately killed us with his droll face,' said the chief. 'I'll give you two zwanzigers a day, my man, if you'll only give us a face like that every evening. Is it a bargain?'

"I laughed. I could not keep now from laughing at anything, and the bargain was made, and I was a clown from that hour. They taught me a few easy tricks to help me in my trade, but it is my face that they care for—none can see it unmoved.

"He turned away as he spoke with a fearful contortion of countenance, but, moved by his story, and full only of what I had been listening to, I turned to pray and to weep.

"'Yes,' said he, meditatively, 'many a happy heart is kindled in the fire that is consuming another. As for myself, both joy and sorrow are dead within me. I am without hope, and, stranger still, without fear.'

"'But you are not without benevolence,' said I, as I looked toward the sleeping girl.

"She was like Gretchen,' he said he; and he bent down his head and sobbed bitterly.

"I was touched to the heart to witness what her if I dared; but I felt so subdued by the sorrow of the old man that my curiosity seemed almost unfeeling.

"'She came among us a mere child,' said he, 'and speedily attached herself to me. I contrived to learn enough of her dialect to understand and talk to her, and at last she began to regard me as a father, and even called me so. It was a long, long time before I could bear this. Every time I heard the word my grief would burst out afresh; but what could I do? I had to have come to like it now.'

"'And a kind, good, and gentle, and affectionate?' asked I.

"She is far too good and true-hearted to be in such company as ours. Would that such rich person—it should be a lady—kind, and gentle, and compassionate, could see her and take her away from such associations! It is a life of shame, ere it be too late! If I have a sorrow left me now, it is for her.'

I was silent; for though he wish only seemed fair and natural enough on his part, I could not help thinking it was somewhat selfish and unkind would prove.

"She would well repay it all," said he. "If ever there was a nature rich in great gifts, it is her. She can learn whatever she will, and for a word of encouragement would build a world on the fire for you. Hush!" whispered he, "she is stirring. What is it, darling?" said he, creeping close to her as she, throwing her arms, sat sleepily open, but not removing the handkerchief from her face.

She muttered something hurriedly, and then burst into a laugh so joyous and so catching, it was impossible to refrain from joining in it.

She threw back the kerchief at once and started to her knees, gazing steadfastly, almost sternly, at me. I saw that the old man had prehended the inquiry of her glance, and as quickly whispered a few words in her ear. She listened till he had done, and then springing toward me, she caught my hand and kissed it.

I suspect he must have rubbed some color of her movement, for she hung her head despondingly, and turned away from us both.

"Now for the road once more," said Victor-ello, "for if we stay much longer here we shall have the fierce flies, which are always worse toward evening."

It was not without great difficulty I could prevent his carrying my knapsack for me, and when the girl herself would gladly have borne some of my load. At last, however, we set forth, Tintenfleck lighting the way with a merry cantenette, that had the time of a quick step.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, December 17, in the Senate, the resolution introduced by Senator Clarke, asking the President for information relative to the condition of the fortifications in Charleston harbor, and copies of all correspondence upon the subject, was taken up, and objected to by Senator Green, and laid over. The bill to prevent the intercourse between the United States and Mexico was then taken up and discussed. The bill to authorize the use of Powell on the condition of the Union was taken up, and Senators Wade, Chandler, Hale, Simmons, and Trumbull, in favor of the bill, and Senators Saulsbury and Bayard, against it. Mr. Trumbull said that the present was a time for peacemakers, as they have not been for years. Compromises would now be entered into in the spirit of conciliation, and he could not understand why the Senate should not proceed to the consideration of the bill. The bill was then unanimously passed, and the Senate adjourned.

In the House, a resolution was introduced by Mr. Stanton, of Ohio, who wished to include all love of a meddling nature in the 31st year, 25th Congress, 2d Session, instructing the Committee of Ways and Means to report a bill for the purpose of declaring to vote, on the ground that they had been elected by a majority of the people of their hands. Mr. Lovejoy, of Illinois, then proposed a substitute for the resolution, consisting of all of nullification laws, which was agreed to. Mr. Lovejoy, of Illinois, then moved the previous question, which was similarly referred, as did also Mr. Adrain, of Kentucky. Mr. Stanton, of Ohio, moved to amend the resolution pledging the members to support the Union, and it was agreed to. Mr. Curry, of Georgia, offered a resolution declaring, among other things, that the Constitution recognizes property in slaves, and pending its consideration the House adjourned, after accepting invitations to dine with the President, and to attend the Committee of Thirty-three.

On Tuesday, in the Senate, the resolution of Senator Powell, of Kentucky, providing for the appointment of a Select Committee of thirteen, to report if any of the Union was passed, and the presiding officer was authorized to select the Committee. Mr. Crittenden, to-day, introduced a proposition for the settlement of the pending difficulties, similar to that of Mr. Crittenden of Georgia. It determine what shall be asked of the North, to be followed by a Convention of the States, and a motion for consultation and definite action; referred to the Select Committee. Senator Hunter introduced a joint resolution, a proposition, which is intended practically to re-establish the Missouri Compromise line. Senator Douglas said he shall not interfere with slavery where it already exist, but providing for the organization of the Territory of New Mexico, into Territories receiving to affairs in those Territories, where appropriate. Senator Wade, of Ohio, fard, of Georgia, called up the resolution introduced by him on Monday, in relation to the Constitution. But the Constitution recognize property in slaves. Mr. Sherman moved to lay it on the table, which was unanimously agreed to. Mr. Sherman then introduced that a direct vote should be taken on it. Mr. Sherman, of Ohio, then introduced a bill to tax title it, but finally did by a vote of 83 against 74. The House then took up the Tariff bill, and after being decided that it must go to the Committee of the Whole, and after a motion to lay it on the table was voted down, a motion to refer it to the Committee of Ways and Means. The House proceeding to reconsider his entered the Speaker Congress, and after the transaction of business, after into operation, as the reduced prices were not remunerative.

On Wednesday, 19th, in the Senate, Senator Johnson, of Tennessee, moved that the Senate do not adjourn, declared that Tennessee would stand by it to the last. Adjourn to the consideration of the Crittenden resolution. Until the other Southern States to follow her in her scheme of secession, he said that Tennessee would not be dragged into it. Southern or any other Candidate until she had time to consider them. Mr. Toombs, of Georgia, made a speech. Mr. Morgan Senator Toombs, of Georgia, made his appearance in the Senate for the first time since the late session. The Pension and the Military Academy bills were passed. Mr. Crittenden, of Kentucky, introduced a report in the consideration of the Deficiency Appropriation Bill, the House of Representatives to appropriation of $900,000 for the return and maintenance of the recaptured Africans. The bill has been reported from the Committee of Ways and Means. An effort was made to obtain its consideration, but it failed by a vote of 82 to 83.

On Thursday, 20th, in the Senate, the Tariff Bill was reported from the Committee of Ways and Means. Senator Hunter, of Virginia, offered a recommendation that its consideration be postponed to the first day of the next session called. Senator Clark, of New Hampshire, moved to take up the resolution of inquiry relative to the condition of the fortifications in Charleston Harbor, but the objection was made that it would not be in order to consider the subject, which was to be avoided at the present time. During the discussion, the question of the reception of the message coming up, Senator Trumbull, of Illinois, said he did not know of any fortifications in the harbor of Charleston that intended to declare war against a State, or to coerce a State, the Government. Mr. Hunter, of Virginia, said he spoken individuals. The Deficiency Bill, from the House, was referred to the Committee of Finance. Mr. Thomson, of Senator Johnson, of Tennessee, was then taken up. Mr. Bigler, of Pennsylvania, moved that the Committee be made a reporter to his colleague, Senator Wade. In the House, Mr. Stanton, of Tennessee, offered a resolution of inquiry relative to the suggestion of Mr. Miles, in the South Carolina Convention, that the Tariff Bill be so that that's threat had been made to the President regarding any attempt to reinforce the forts in the harbor.

The resolution, which created considerable excitement among the members, was referred to the Committee of the Tariff Bill. A report was made from the Judiciary Committee on the Wheeler impeachment case, recommending that the case be postponed until Thursday next. On Friday, 21st, in the Senate, Mr. Hunter, from the bill granting lands to the Kansas & Neosho Valley Railroad Co., reported back as an amendment the Pacific Railroad Bill reported by the Select Committee. Mr. Hunter, of Virginia, from the bill reported by a substitute offered by Mr. Cattle, of Iowa, which was agreed to. Mr. Hunter, of Virginia, finally adopted by the Committee and by the House, after various preferred substitutes, and the bill was laid on the table.

THE SECESSION CONVENTION IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

The Secession Convention of South Carolina assembled at 12½ at Columbia, and, after the preliminary organization of the body, nothing was done in regard to the subject which they called together to consider. The Governor's message of small-pox at Columbia the Convention adjourned to Charleston.

The delegates arrived at Charleston on 18th, and were received with a salute of 100 guns. The Convention met an hour o'clock, and proceeded to business. Nothing, however, of importance transpired beyond the appointment of committees, and the offering of a resolution to ascertain what property the United States claims the ownership of in South Carolina, how it was acquired, and whether the same was purchased for the erection of forts, magazines, or other uses. The resolution also calls for information as to the value of such other property as the United States may possess, and the value of the dues to which South Carolina would be entitled on an equitable division. A document purporting to be the Ordinance of the Act of the Georgia Legislature was laid on the table.

On Thursday, 20th, South Carolina, by solemn ordinance, declared her connection with the Confederacy of the United States dissolved. The instrument by which this act was communicated declares that the ordinance adopted by the people of South Carolina in the year 1788, assenting to the ratification of the United States was ratified, and all laws and parts of laws of the United States of the State repugnant thereto of the Constitution, are repealed, and that union subsisting between South Carolina and the other States, under the name of the United States of America, is at an end. The ordinance was engrossed on parchment, and the members of the Convention signed it at 6½ o'clock the evening. Commissioners will be sent from the State to announce effect of this action on business and other relations; on the collection of duties; on the taxation by the Federal Government; on the distribution of mail matter, etc.; but on definite action will be communicated by any one as to what was necessary or proper to be done.

ELECTION OF A GOVERNOR OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

The Legislature of South Carolina has assembled, after seven ballots, in electing a Governor, Colonel Pickens being the successful candidate. This election may be regarded as somewhat significant, inasmuch as Colonel Pickens is a Union man, and has been known for his views so much so moderate in his principles.

THE SOUTHERN CO-OPERATION.

Late reports from Georgia, received in Washington, indicate that the Legislature of that State will be fully prepared in her capacities that the Empire State of the South, and that she will, under all circumstances, to the end of following immediately in her footsteps, should she secede from the Confederacy with the Union of States. There is asserted to be a large party of Unionists in Georgia, but they are powerless with those opposed to separate state action to defeat the extremists, and thus offset delay. Governor Brown, of Georgia, it is said, has already created a better feeling in Washington, and a strong hope that, through his influence with the Consulting Committee, something might yet be done to stay the tide of dissension.

THE LEGISLATURE OF MISSISSIPPI.

The following message from the Governor of the Mississippi Legislature, in called session to consider the measures for defense:

The bill for a State Convention, as we have before stated, passed the House unanimously, and is now in the Senate. The election of delegates is to take place the 19th of December, and the Convention to meet on the 7th.

The following resolutions have become law:

Resolved, That this State cannot be requested to appeal as many commissioners as in his judgment may be necessary to the Slaveholding States of the South, to represent the State or States to which such commissioner shall be appointed, whenever in his judgment it shall be deemed that this Legislature has geared an act calling a convention or legislature of the Slaveholding States, to consider the present relations of the Northern and Southern sections of the country, and to devise such remedies as may be necessary to secure the rights and principles of liberty to the States of the South, and to the people thereof, and to provide for the future safety and security of the Slaveholding States, and adopting of efficient measures for their common defense and safety.

Resolved, That the people of Southern State not have conveyed its Legislature, the commissioner to such State Convention, or Legislature, as may be called by the States together, in order that its co-operation be immediately secured."

MANIFESTO FROM TUSCON.

An important manifesto has just been issued by Senator Toombs, in the shape of a letter in reference to the fifth article of the Constitution. It says that if the Constitution should be amended so that its provisions could not be altered by the Legislature of the States, or by Congress, or a majority of the States, in Congress, will vote for the admission of Kansas, which would be only necessary and fair to postpone final action in the Southern States and Congress until the Legislature of the States be called together for action upon the Personal Liberty bills. Should the Legislature of Georgia, therefore, then he would think it proper for Georgia to recede, as the latest by the 4th of March.

THE NEW YORK DELEGATION FOR THE UNION.

The New York delegation held an adjourned caucus on Friday, the 21st, at the Astor House, to consider the state of affairs. After considerable discussion, which lasted from 8 to 12 o'clock, the delegation unanimously agreed to stand by the Constitution, and the laws must be maintained in all their force, and by the Union must be preserved.

THE COMMITTEE OF THIRTY-THREE.

The following resolution of Winter Davis has passed the Committee of Thirty-three by a vote of 17 to 14:

"Resolved, by the Senate and House of Representatives, &c. That the people of the United States have a right to their statutes to be revived, with a view to ascertain if any of them have been repealed by the acts of Congress below the execution of the laws of the United State, made in pursuance of the fifth article of the Constitution of the United States for the delivery up of persons escaping from the service of their masters, and requiring the States; and the Senate and House of Representatives earnestly recommend to the Legislatures of the several States to repeal all such laws as have been passed by it, in fulfillment of their constitutional obligations, and by a due regard for the peace of the country, and the preservation of the Union, and are requested to commemorate these resolutions to the Governors of the several States, with a request that they will lay the same before the Legislatures thereof."

NEGRO INSURRECTIONS IN ALABAMA.

We read in the Montgomery (Alabama) Advertiser of December 17:

"We have received a terrible scare at a late hour yesterday evening, that an insurrectionary plot had been discovered among the negroes somewhere between Dublin and Pine Level, in the county, and the evidence against the negroes implicated was so strong as to leave no room to doubting that the citizens of that vicinity have determined to hang them. We have not the names of those belonging to Mr. Allen and Mr. Pearce. The greatest excitement prevailed in the vicinity of the outrages, and further particulars. We received this morning, says the Mobile Register, from Pine Level, in Montgomery County. It will serve to put the people every where on their guard, and to induce them to take all the necessary precautions against every plot of the kind. Another letter, from Dublin, will be shipped in the bud, as it has no doubt been hatched all in this county.

December 21, 1860.

"We have received a deep-laid plot among the negroes of our neighborhood, and from what we can find out from reliable sources, it is general over the country. The plot is this, they are to make a general fire during the Christmas holidays. They have now implicated about seven or ten among them as they came. We hear some starting facts. They look for aid from the free negro to divide out pistols, mules, lands, and household furniture. Their plan is this: They are to fire the houses on Christmas night (that they live with), and then get together and take the country. They look for aid from Lincoln and the Northern people. We can not find out the exact time, but they have been heard to say Christmas night, the 25th of December. No hanging in this. You may publish this, but don't say we gave you cause, and request the other papers to do the same.

Dens. C. Allen,	T. J. Crews,
John Orne,	William Allen, Sen.
J. D. Gerrard, M.D.,	William Allen, Jun.
J. M. Urquhart,	Charles Walker,
T. G. Pearce,	Francis Norman.

W. B. MYRICK.

VIOLENCE IN MISSISSIPPI.

We read in the Memphis (Tenn.) *Argus*:

"FRIARS POINT, MISS., *Dec. 11, 1860.*

"ERITOR ARGUS,—There is great excitement in this community. The people are in arms against the Northern men who have been in this country but a few months. On yesterday evening two gins and a steam cotton were fired simultaneously, doubtless by the procurement of these scoundrels. The people are up to put a stop to it, and Vigilance Committee were soon under arms, and proceeded to the room of three suspicious men by the name of Hamilton, the others unknown, and took them and hung them in the first tree, and immediately cut them down and buried them. The town is now under arms, the military are standing by the cannon, and all is quiet at 12 o'clock. This morning the remainder of the Northern men were taken up the river on the steamboat *Fontaine*, some of them were handed with the letters G. B. (gin-burners) before them. Fourteen gins have been burned in this country during the last six weeks, and the people have determined to stop it.

"All the steamboats were hailed, hurried up, and ordered to stop at this point last week, and it is generally believed that the last gin fired by the Yankees implicated the man who were hung. He said that they had sold him a gin, and when he went to get it he found when Lincoln was President, and that there will be a general hanging of the negroes then.

"The Vigilance Committee have sworn to hang every man who is found burning gins, and will be up here all such and better be in — than Friar's Point.

"CARLISLE HARRISON."

QUEEN VICTORIA'S LETTER OF THANKS TO THE PRESIDENT.

Lord Lyons has communicated to the Department of State the expression of the feelings of her Majesty Queen Victoria relative to the hospitable reception by the Prince of Wales in his recent tour through the United States. The expression highly appreciates the kindness and courtesy shown him by our citizens, and expresses the most profound sense of obligation.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

BRITISH OPINION ON THE SECESSION QUARREL.

The London *Times*, in the course of an article on the Secession question, says: "Understanding as we do perfectly to a question to say that it is only one of feeling, and will fail to the people of the two countries to be very unkind. The feelings which now divide the United States into antagonistic for a time later than those which the languages and races are themselves force which can not be resisted by war, and they have an irresistible tendency in the principle of slavery; they must tend to tighten the grasp of the Union rather than to relax it. On one hand, only, is to provoke the fanaticism and the ingenuity of the Abolitionist, and on the other hand to call forth the best of the people and still more unscrupulous efforts for the rescue and emancipation of the slave. The whole question of the Southern States involves personal appreciation and deference. It is very difficult for the North to feel what it may be met with reason. As the Southern States certainly would not stand in any danger by a separation, the Northern States can do nothing, and have done nothing, to estimate the value of the Union to the Southern Confederacy. all that can be done it to take a moderate and rational view of the case.

"Can not all the partners in this business put their heads together, and bend over the account, and discover what can be done to mitigate what is in its difficult to shirk? Perhaps it may be quick to the last! Let any sign be better than dividing State against State, house against house, and servants against servants in a hurried and bloody war in the world."

THE EMPRESS EUGENIA AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

The Empress Eugenia visited her Majesty on the 4th inst., at Windsor Castle. The Prince Consort received the Empress at the railway station. The Empress came on the left the station, and along the whole line of route, was loudly cheered by the people. The Queen, the Prince of Wales, Princess Alice and Prince Alfred, attended by the ladies and gentlemen in waiting, received the Empress at the entrance. The Empress looked her freshest and was received. The Duke of Cambridge, Princess Louis of Hesse, and Princess Mary of Cambridge, with the Royal Household mansion were present. The Empress remained to partake of luncheon with her Majesty. The Duchess of Kent and the Prince and Princess of Leiningen arrived from Frogmore at about 3 o'clock. At 4 o'clock the Queen, the Empress took leave of the Queen, and returned to London. The Prince Consort accompanied the Empress to Windsor station. On her return the Empress appeared to be in good health, but not in good spirits.

THE NEW TRANSATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

The reports of the North Atlantic Telegraph expedition crank out here every day by the British newspapers and promoters of the project for carrying a line of telegraph from Europe to America. Meanwhile, the work is progressed, not proving favorable. The ocean line selected was ascertained to be the best for the purpose, and the machinery is a telegraph cable, and it was found that the coast of Greenland offered obstacles which precluded the successful landing of a cable being interfered with by ice or icebergs, which have been frequently met with by obstacle of the Greenland route.

FRANCE.

REFORMS IN FRANCE.

The *Times* correspondent writes: "The 24 December, the day that Real Louis Napoleon's destiny for good or evil, passed away without a single event to chronicle its passage. People confidently looked at the *Moniteur*, yesterday, and found in the place of decrees of the Senate some anticipating a decree liberating the Press, others announcing the Corps Legislatif as consulting the constitutional commissions, others anticipated the abolition of the passport system, and others the reduction of the Imperial Guard. Corps and the order for a new election. But none of these measures are yet decreed, and all must be postponed till the 1st of January. Even then there is no assurance that we shall have any of the liberal measures we anticipate. We hear from the Ministry of the interior that the question of the abolition of the passport system is undergoing examination; but we know that the Prefects of Police oppose the abolition of the passport system, declaring that the administrators of justice of every clue can be brought to a conclusion, and to extend a clause to the passport system. With the routine and the complicated organization of the police system, the passport system will remain in force for years, and each Prefect will prefer that a successor be charged with the inconvenience.

AN AMERICAN CORPS TO VISIT PARIS.

The Paris correspondent of the *Post* says, states that a military corps of the United States intend to visit Paris in the spring. The commandant of the Seventh Royal Lombard battalion having communicated to the American Minister at Paris the order of the day issued by the Emperor of the French Empire, a correspondence has taken place on the subject between the Minister and the Emperor. The result of which is that the Emperor has granted to the Americans the privilege of visiting Paris as a body, and in military uniform.

ITALY

PROGRESS OF THE WAR.

At latest date the siege of Gaeta continued; but it was reported that the fire of the besiegers had slackened. The Sardinian batteries were in the Fortress. The garrison replied to the fire, but made no sortie. Nothing important had occurred between the Papal and Sardinian troops. Count Lamoricière had arrived at Ancona on the 4th, and had immediately assumed the command of the Pontifical troops. The Sardinian fortresses of Peschiera, Mantua, and Verona were being provisioned and armed. The Austrian garrisons of the Venetian Quadrilateral. He had also stranded the officers in Venice, and told them to prepare for the eventualities of an energetic defense. There were rumors of increasing insurrectionary movements in Abruzzi. Important demonstrations in Naples and elsewhere were put down. It was reported that Napoleon had intimated to Francis I. the inability of further resistance. There were vague rumors that Cardinal Antonelli had resigned. The official *Austrian* journal contradicts the rumors of negotiations for the cession of Venetia.

Accompanists, Bugenots, and some other towns in the province of Naples had been reoccupied by the Piedmontese. The Archbishop of Naples has left Rome, having been invited to return to Naples.

CHRISTMAS CHIMES AT TRINITY CHURCH, NEW YORK.

A MESSAGE SEA. FROM THE SEA.

Dickens's Christmas Story.

[Published from advance Proof-sheets purchased from the Author for "Harper's Weekly."]

CHAPTER I.—THE VILLAGE.

"AND a mighty sing'lar and pretty place it is, as ever I saw in all the days of my life!" said Captain Jorgan, looking up at it.

Captain Jorgan had to look high to look at it, for the village was built sheer up the face of a steep and lofty cliff. There was no road in it, there was no wheeled vehicle in it, there was not a level yard in it. From the seashore to the cliffs, top two hundred feet of white houses, placed opposite to one another, and twisting hers and there, and there and here, one, like the sides of a long succession of stages of crooked ladders, and you climbed up the village or climbed down the village by the staves between: some six feet wide or so, and made of sharp, irregular stones. The old pack-saddle, long laid aside in most parts of England as one of the appendages of its infancy, flourished here intact. Strings of pack-horses and pack-donkeys started slowly up the staves of the ladders, bearing fish, and coal, and such other cargo as was unshipping at the pier from the dancing fleet of village boats, and from two or three little coasting traders. As the boats of burden ascended ladder, or descended light, they got so lost at intervals in the floating clouds of village smoke, that they seemed to dive down some of the village chimneys and come to the surface again far off, high above others. No two houses in the village were alike, in chimney, size, shape, door, window, gable, features, any thing. The little low bow-fronted dwers were musical with water, running clear and bright. The staves were musical with the clattering feet of the pack-horses and pack-donkeys, and the voices of the fishermen ringing them up, mingled with the voices of the fishermen down at their many children. The pier was musical with the wash of the sea, the wheeling of gulls, and the cries of sailors, and the airy fluttering of little vanes and sails. The rough, sea-bleached boulders of which the pier was made, and the rich, dark boulders of the shore, were brown with drying nets. The red-brown cliffs, richly wooded to their extremest verge, had the prettiest and boldest wild form, reflected in the blusest water, under the clear North December sky, as if a November storm were a cloud. The village itself was so steeped in autumnal foliage, from the houses giving on the pier to the topmost cottage on the cliff against the sky, one might have fancied it was out a birds'-nesting, and was (as indeed it was) a wonderful climber. And mountains, hills, the place was full of them: some music from them too; for the rock was very busy on the higher levels, and the sea was full of flapping wings was fishing in the bay, and the lusty little robin was hopping among the great stone blocks and ring rings of the breakwater, and trifles in the faith of his ancestors and the Children in the Wood.

Then it came to pass that Captain Jorgan, sitting balancing himself on the pier-wall, struck his leg with his open hand, as some men do when they are pleased—and as he always did when he was pleased—and said,

"A mighty sing'lar and pretty place it is, as ever I saw in all the days of my life!"

Captain Jorgan had not been through the village, but had come down to the pier by a winding-sida-road, to have a preliminary look at it from the level of his own natural element. He had seen many things and places, and had stowed them all away in a shrewd intellect and a vigorous memory. He was an American sailor, was Captain Jorgan—a New Englander—but he was a citizen of the world, and a combination of most of the best qualities of most of its best countries.

For Captain Jorgan to sit any where in his long-skirted blue coat and blue trowsers, without being observed, was a thing that could only happen when he could converse with every body within speaking distance, was a sheer impossibility. So the captain fell to talking with the fishermen, and to asking them knowing questions about the fishery, and the tides, and the currents, and the reef of rocks at that point yonder, and what you kept in your eye, and got into a line with what else when you ran into the little harbor; and other nautical problems, and trifles. Among the men who exchanged ideas with the captain was a young fellow who exactly hit his fancy—a young fisherman of two or three-and-twenty, in the rough sea-dress of his craft, with a brown face, dark curling hair, and bright, modest eyes under his Sou'wester hat, and with a frank but simple and retiring manner, which the captain found uncommonly taking. "I'll give you three dollars," said the captain to himself, "that your father was a honest man!"

"Might you be married now?" asked the captain, when he had had some talk with this new acquaintance.

"Not yet."

"Going to be?" said the captain.

"I hope so."

The captain's keen glance followed the slightest possible turn of the dark eye, and the slightest possible tilt of the Sou'wester hat. The captain then slapped both his legs, and said to himself,

"Never knew such a good thing in all my life! Here's his sweet-heart looking over the wall!"

There was a very pretty girl looking over the wall, from a little platform of cottage, vine, and fuchsia; and she certainly did not look as if the presence of this young fisherman in the landscape made it any the less sunny and hopeful for her.

Captain Jorgan, having doubled himself up to laugh with that hearty good nature which is quite exultant in the innocent happiness of other people, had undoubled himself, and was going to start a new subject, when there appeared coming down the lower ladders of stones a man whom he hailed as "Tom Pettifer Ho!" Tom Pettifer Ho responded with alacrity, and in speedy course descended on the pier.

"Afraid of a sun-stroke in England in November, Tom, that you wear your tropical hat, strongly paid outside and paper-lined inside, here?" said the captain, eying it.

"It's a rail to be on the safe side, sir," replied Tom.

"Safe side!" repeated the captain, laughing. "You'd guard against a sun-stroke, with that old hat, in an Ice Pack. Wal'! What have you made out at the Post-office?"

"It is the Post-office, sir."

"What's the Post-office?" said the captain.

"The name, sir. The name keeps the Post-office."

"A coincidence!" said the captain. "A lucky hit! Show me where it is. Good-by, shipmates, for the present! I shall come and have another look at you, I dare say, this afternoon."

This was addressed to all there, but especially the young fisherman; so all there acknowledged it, but especially the young fisherman. "*He's a sailor!*" said one to another, as they looked after the captain's strong figure. That he was; and so outpeaking was the sailor in him, that although his dress had nothing nautical about it, with the single exception of the tarry hat, and was that of a shore-going shape and form, too long in the sleeves and too short in the legs, and too unaccommodatingly tight in the seat, besides carrying in a pair of Wellington boots, and surmounted by a tall, stiff hat which was certainly never worn at sea in any wind under Heaven; nevertheless, a glimpse of his sagacious, weather-beaten face, or his strong, powerful figure, there established the captain's calling. Whereas Mr. Pettifer—a man of a certain plump neatness, with a curly head of hair, a curly mouth, curly in a jacket and shoes and all things correspondent—looked no more like a sea-captain than Captain Jorgan, that he looked like a sea-serpent.

The two climbed high up the village—which was the most arbitrary village that twists in it, so that the colder's house came dead across the ladder, and the baker's house came dead across most have gone through his house, and through him too, as he sat at his work between two little windows, with oats on the microscopic—by geological formation of that part of Devonshire, and the other telescopically on the open sea—but two climbed high up the village, and came to stop on the ladder of stones, a pulbished little window of a single pane of glass: peeping out of an abutting corner of the sun-lighted shop, and looking at its bright-ness.

"How do you do, ma'am?" said the captain. "I am very glad to see you. I have come a long way to see you."

"*How* so, sir? Then I am sure I am very glad to see you, though I don't know you from Adam."

Thus a comely elderly woman, short of stature, plump of form, sparkling and dark of eye, who, perfectly clean and neat herself, stood in the midst of her perfectly clean and neat arrangements, and surveyed Captain Jorgan with smiling curiosity.

"Ah! I am sure you are," said the captain, immediately, and with a slight movement of her hands, that was not very unlike wringing them; "then you are heartily welcome!"

"Thank'ee, ma'am," said the captain. "I don't know what it is, I am sure, that brings out the salt in me, but every body seems to see it on the crown of my hat and the cuffs of my coat. Yes, ma'am, I am in that way of life."

"And the other gentleman, too," said Mrs. Raybrock.

"Well now, ma'am," said the captain, glancing down at Tom, "that is a real gentleman, "you are that nigh right, that he goes to sea—if that makes him a sailor. To oblige a fine steward, ma'am, Tom Pettifer; he's been a'most all trades you could name, in the coorse of his life—would have bought all your chairs and tables, once, if you had wished to sell 'em—but now he's my steward. My name's Jorgan, and I'm a ship-owner, and I sail my own and my partners' ships, and have done so this five-and-twenty year. According to custom I am called Captain Jorgan, but I am no more a captain, bless your heart! than you are."

"Perhaps you'll come home to my parlor, sir, and take a chair?" said Mrs. Raybrock.

"Exactly what I was going to propose myself, ma'am. After you."

Thus replying, and rejoining Tom to give an eye to the ship, Captain Jorgan followed Mrs. Raybrock into the little low back-room—decorated with divers plants in pots, tea-trays, old china tea-pots, and punch-bowls—which was at once the private sitting-room of the Raybrock family and the inner cabinet of the post-office of the village of Steepways.

"Now, ma'am," said the captain, "it don't signify a cent to you where I was born, except—" But here the shadow of some one entering fell upon the captain's figure, and he broke off to double himself up, slap both his legs, and ejaculate, "Never knew such a thing in all my life! Here he is again! How are you?"

These words referred to the young fellow who had so taken Captain Jorgan's fancy down at the pier. To make it all quite complete he came in accompanied by the sweet-heart whom the captain had detected looking over the wall. A prettier sweet-heart the sun could not have shone upon that morning day. As she stood before the captain, with her rosy lips just parted in surprise, her brown eyes a little wider open than was usual from the same cause, and her breathing a little quickened by the ascent (and possibly by some mysterious hurry and flurry at the parlor door, in which the captain had observed her face to be for a moment partially eclipsed by her Sou'wester hat), she looked so charming, that the captain felt himself under a moral obligation to slap both his legs again. She was very simply dressed, with no other ornament than an autumnal flower in her bosom. She wore neither hat nor bonnet, but merely a scarf or kerchief, folded over her back over the head, to keep the sun off—according to a fashion that may be sometimes seen in the more genial parts of England as well as of Italy, and which is probably the first fashion of head-dress that came into the world when grapes and roses went out.

"In my country," said the captain, rising to give her his chair, and dexterously sliding it close to another chair, as she sat down, "the young fishermen must necessarily establish himself—" in my country we should establish beauty first-rate!"

Whenever a frank manner is offensive, it is because it is strained or feigned; for there may be such as much unbearable affectation in plainness as in mincing nicety. All that the captain said and did was honestly according to his nature, and his nature was so open and good nature, that therefore, when he paid this little compliment, and expressed with a sparkle or two of his knowing eye, "I see how it is, and nothing could be better," he had established a delicate confidence on that subject with the family.

"I was saying to your worthy mother," said the captain to the young man, after again introducing himself by name and occupation, "I was saying to your mother (and you're very like her) that it didn't signify where I was born, except that it was raised on question-asking ground, where the babies as soon as ever they come into the world, inquire of their mothers—Now, how old may you be, and what air you a goin' to name me?—which is a fact." Here he slapped his leg. "Such being the case, I may be excused for asking you if your name's Alfred?"

"Yes, sir, my name is Alfred," returned the young man.

"I am not a conjurer," pursued the captain, "and don't think me so, for I shall right soon undeceive you. Likewise don't think, if you please, though I did come from that country of the babies, that I am asking questions for question-asking's sake, for I am not. Somebody belonging to you is expected to arrive?"

"My elder brother Hugh," returned the young man. He said it in an altered and lower voice, and glanced at his mother: who raised her head hurriedly, and put them together across her black gown, and looked eagerly at the visitor.

"No! For God's sake, don't think that!" said the captain, in a solemn way; "I bring no good tidings of him."

There was a silence, and the mother turned her face to the fire and put her hand between it and her eyes. The young fisherman slightly motioned toward the window, and the captain, looking in that direction, saw the young widow sitting at a neighboring window across a little garden, engaged in needle-work, with a young child sleeping on her bosom. The captain considered until the captain asked of Alfred:

"How long is it since it happened?"

"He sailed for his last voyage better than three years ago."

THE WRITING FOUND IN THE BOTTLE.

"Ship struck upon some reef or rock, as I take it," said the captain, "and all hands lost?"

"Yes."

"Wal'!" said the captain, after a shorter silence. "Here I sit who may come to the same end, like enough. He holds the seas in the hollow of His hand. We must all strike somewhere and go down. Our comfort, then, for ourselves and one another, is, to have done our duty. I'll wager your brother did his?"

"He did!" answered the young fisherman. "If ever man strove faithfully on all occasions to do his duty, my brother did. My brother was not a quick man (any thing but that), but he was a faithful, true, and just man. We were the sons of only a small tradesman in this county, sir; yet our father was as watchful of his good name as if he had been a king."

"A precious sight more so, I hope—bearing in mind the general run of that class of critter," said the captain. "But I interrupt."

"My brother considered that our father left the good name to us, to keep clear and true."

"Your brother considered right," said the captain; "and you couldn't take care of a better legacy. But again I interrupt."

"No; for I have nothing more to say. We have been a Happy Family, and we loved one another, and we feel certain that he died well for the good name. And now it has come into my keeping. And that's all."

"Well spoken!" cried the captain. "Well spoken, young man! Concerning the manner of your brother's death—by this time the captain had released the hand he had shaken, and sat with his own broad forearm drawn hastily out on his knee, and spoke aside—"concerning the manner of your brother's death, it may be that I have some information to give you: though I may not be, for I am far from sure. Can we have a little talk alone?"

The young man rose; but not before the captain's quick eye had noticed that, on the pretty sweet-heart's turning to the window to greet the young widow with a nod and a wave of the hand, the young widow had held up to her the needlework on which she was engaged, with a patient and mournful smile. So the captain said, being on his legs:

"What might she be making now?"

"What is Margaret making, Kitty?" asked the young fisherman—with one of his arms apparently mislaid somewhere.

As Kitty only blushed in reply, the captain doubled himself up, so far as he could, standing, and said, with a side look at his leg:

"In my country we should call it weddin'-clothes. Fact! We should, I do assure you."

But it seemed to strike the captain in another light too; for his laugh was not a long one, and he added, in quite a grumbling tone:

"And it's very pretty, my dear, to see her—poor young thing, with her fatherless child upon her bosom—giving up her thoughts to your brother and your happiness. It's very pretty, my dear, and it's very good. May your marriage be more prosperous than hers, and be a comfort to her too. May the blessed sun see you all happy together, in possession of the good name, long after I have been plowing the great salt field that is never sown!"

Kitty answered very earnestly. "Oh! Thank you, sir, with all my heart!" And, in her loving little way, kissed her hand to him, and possibly put something in the young fisherman too, or the latter held the parlor door open for the captain to pass out.

CHAPTER II.—THE MONEY

"THE stairs are very narrow, sir," said Alfred Raybrock to Captain Jorgan.

"Like my cabin-stairs," returned the captain, "on many a voyage."

"And they are rather inconvenient for the head."

"If you'll take care to take care of your's this time, after all the knocking about the world it has had," replied the captain, as unconcernedly as if he had no connection with it, "it's not worth looking after."

Thus they came into the young fisherman's bedroom, which was as perfectly neat and clean as the shop and parlor below: though it was but a little place, with a sliding window, and a phrenological ceiling expressive of all the peculiarities of the house-roof. Here the captain sat down on the foot of the bed, and, glancing at a dreadful libel on Kitty which ornamented the wall—the production of some wandering limner, whom the captain secretly admired, as having studied portraiture from the figure-heads of ships—motioned to the young man to take the rush-chair on the other side of the small round table. That done, the captain put his hand into the deep breast-pocket of his long-skirted blue coat, and took out of it a strong square case-bottle—not a large bottle, but such as may be seen in any ordinary ship's medicine-chest. Setting this bottle on the table without removing his hand from it, Captain Jorgan then spake as follows:

"In my last voyage homeward-bound," said the captain, "and that's the voyage off of which I now come straight, I encountered such weather off the Horn as is not very often met with, even there. I have rounded that stormy Cape pretty often, and I believe I first beat about there in the identical storms that blew the devil's horns and tail off, and led to the horns being worked up into tooth-picks for the plantation overseers in my country, who may be seen (if you travel down South, or away West, fur enough) picking their teeth with 'em, while the whips, made of the tail, flog hard. In this last voyage, homeward-bound for Liverpool from South America, I say to you, my young friend, it blew. Whole measures! No half measures, nor making believe to blow; it blew! Now I warn't blown clean out of the water into the sky—though I expected to be even that—but I was blown clean out of my course; and when at last it fell calm, it fell dead calm, and a strong current set one way, day and night, night and day, and I drifted—drifted—drifted—out of all the ordinary tracks and courses of ships, and drifted yet, and yet drifted. It behooves a man who takes charge of fellow-crutturs' lives, never to rest from making himself master of his calling. I never did rest, and consequently I knew pretty well ('specially looking over the side in the dead calm of that strong current) what dangers to expect, and what precautions to take against 'em. In short, we were driving head on to an Island. There was no Island in the chart, and, therefore, you may say it was ill manners in the Island to be there; I don't dispute its bad breeding, but there it was. Thanks be to Heaven, I was as ready for the Island as the Island was ready for me. I made it out myself from the masthead, and I got enough way upon her in good time to keep her off. I ordered a boat to be lowered and manned, and went in that boat myself to explore the Island. There was a reef outside it, and, floating in a corner of the smooth water within the reef, was a heap of sea-weed, and entangled in that sea-weed was this bottle."

Here the captain took his hand from the bottle for a moment, that the young fisherman might direct a wondering glance at it; and then replaced his hand and went on:

"If ever you come—or even if ever you don't come—to a desert place, use you your eyes and your spy-glass well; for the smallest thing you see may prove of use to you, and may have some information or some warning in it. That's the principle on which I came to see this bottle. I picked up the bottle and ran the boat alongside the Island and made fast and went ashore, armed, with a part of my boat's crew. We found that every scrap of vegetation on the Island (I give it you as my opinion, but scant and scrubby at the best of times) had been consumed by fire. As we were making our way, cautiously and toilsomely, over the pulverized embers, one of my people sank into the earth, breast high. He turned pale, and 'Haul me out smart, shipmates,' says he, 'for my feet are among bones.' We soon got him on his legs again, and then we dug up the spot, and we found that the man was right, and that his feet had been among bones. More than that, they were human bones; though whether the remains of one man, or of two or three men, what with calcination and ashes, and what with a poor practical knowledge of anatomy, I can't undertake to say. We examined the whole Island and made out nothing else, save and except that, from its opposite side, I sighted a considerable tract of land, which land I was able to identify, and according to the bearings of which (not to trouble you with my log) I took a fresh departure. When I got aboard again, I opened the bottle, which was oilskin-covered as you see, and glass-stoppered as you see. Inside of it," pursued the captain, suiting his action to his words, "I found this little crumpled folded paper, just as you see. Outside of it was written, as you see, these words: '*Whoever finds this, is solemnly entreated by the dead to convey it unread to Alfred Raybrock, Steepways, North Devon, England.*' A sacred charge," said the captain, concluding his narrative, "and, Alfred Raybrock, there it is!"

"This is my poor brother's writing!"

"I supposed so," said Capt. Jorgan. "I'll take a look out of this little window while you read it."

"Pray no, sir! I should be hurt. We should all be hurt. My brother couldn't know it would fall into such hands as yours."

The captain sat down again on the foot of the bed, and the young man opened the folded paper with a trembling hand, and spread it on the table. The ragged paper, evidently creased and torn both before and after being written on, was much blotted and stained, and the ink had faded and run, and many words were wanting. What the captain and the young fisherman made out together, after much re-reading and much humoring of the folds of the paper, is given on the preceding page.

The young fisherman had become more and more agitated, as the writing had become clearer to him. He now left it lying before the captain, over whose shoulder he had been reading it, and, dropping into his former seat, leaned forward on the table and laid his face in his hands.

"What, man," urged the captain, "don't give in! Be up and doing, *like* a man!"

"It is selfish, I know—but doing what, doing what?" cried the young fisherman, in complete despair, and stamping his sea-boot on the ground.

"Doing what?" returned the captain. "Something! I'd go down to the little breakwater below, yonder, and take a wrench at one of the salt-rusted iron-rings there, and either wrench it up by the roots or wrench my teeth out of my head, sooner than I'd do nothing. Nothing!" ejaculated the captain. "Any fool or faint-heart can do *that*, and nothing can come of nothing—Which was pretended to be found out, I believe, by one of them Latin critturs," said the captain, with the deepest disdain; "as if Adam hadn't found it out, afore ever he so much as named the beasts!"

Yet the captain saw, in spite of his bold words, that there was some greater reason than he yet understood for the young man's distress. And he eyed him with a sympathizing curiosity.

"Come, come!" continued the captain. "Speak out. What is it, boy?"

"You have seen how beautiful she is, Sir," said the young man, looking up for the moment, with a flushed face and rumpled hair.

"Did any man ever say she warn't beautiful?" retorted the captain. "If so, go and lick him."

The young man laughed fretfully in spite of himself, and said, "It's not that, it's not that."

"Wa'al, then, what is it?" said the captain, in a more soothing tone.

The young fisherman mournfully composed himself to tell the captain what it was, and began: "We were to have been married next Monday week—"

"Were to have been!" interrupted Captain Jorgan. "And are to be? Hey?"

Young Raybrock shook his head, and traced out with his forefinger the words "*poor father's five hundred pounds*," in the written paper.

"Go along," said the captain. "Five hundred pounds? Yes?"

"That sum of money," pursued the young fisherman, entering with the greatest earnestness on his demonstration, while the captain eyed him with equal earnestness, "was all my late father possessed. When he died, he owed no man more than he left means to pay, but he had been able to lay by only five hundred pounds."

"Five hundred pounds," repeated the captain. "Yes?"

"In his lifetime, years before, he had expressly laid the money aside, to leave to my mother—like to settle upon her, if I make myself understood."

"Yes?"

"He had risked it once—my father put down in writing at that time, respecting the money—and was resolved never to risk it again."

"Not a spec'lator," said the captain. "My country wouldn't have suited him. Yes?"

"My mother has never touched the money till now. And now it was to have been laid out, this very next week, in buying me a handsome share in our neighboring fishery here, to settle me in life with Kitty."

The captain's face fell, and he passed and repassed his sun-browned right hand over his thin hair, in a discomfited manner.

"Kitty's father has no more than enough to live on, even in the sparing way in which we live about here. He is a kind of bailiff or steward of manor rights here, and they are not much, and it is but a poor little office. He was better off once, and Kitty must never marry to mere drudgery and hard living."

The captain still sat stroking his thin hair, and looking at the young fisherman.

"I am as certain that my father had no knowledge that any one was wronged as to this money, or that any restitution ought to be made, as I am certain that the sun now shines. But, after this solemn warning from my brother's grave in the sea, that the money is Stolen Money," said Young Raybrock, forcing himself to the utterance of the words, "can I doubt it? Can I touch it?"

"About not doubting, I ain't so sure," observed the captain; "but about not touching—no—I don't think you can."

"See, then," said Young Raybrock, "why I am so grieved. Think of Kitty. Think what I have got to tell her!"

His heart quite failed him again when he had come round to that, and he once more beat his sea-boot softly on the floor. But not for long; he soon began again, in a quietly resolute tone.

"However! Enough of that! You spoke some brave words to me just now, Captain Jorgan, and they shall not be spoken in vain. I have got to do Something. What I have got to do, before all other things, is to trace out the meaning of this paper, for the sake of the Good Name that has no one else to put it right or keep it right. And still, for the sake of the Good Name, and my father's memory, not a word of this writing must be breathed to my mother, or to Kitty, or to any human creature. You agree in this?"

"I don't know what they'll think of us below," said the captain, "but for certain I can't oppose it. Now, as to tracing. How will you do?"

They both, as by consent, bent over the paper again, and again carefully puzzled out the whole of the writing.

"I make out that this would stand, if all the writing was here, 'Inquire among the old men living there, for'—some one. Most like, you'll go to this village named here?" said the captain, musing, with his finger on the name.

"Yes! And Mr. Tregarthen is a Cornishman, and—to be sure!—comes from Lanrean."

"Does he?" said the captain, quietly. "As I ain't acquainted with him, who may *he* be?"

"Mr. Tregarthen is Kitty's father."

"Ay, ay!" cried the captain. "Now, you speak! Tregarthen knows this village of Lanrean, then?"

"Beyond all doubt he does. I have often heard him mention it, as being his native place. He knows it well."

"Stop half a moment," said the captain. "We want a name here. You could ask Tregarthen (or if you couldn't, I could) what names of old men he remembers in his time in those diggings? Hey?"

"I can go straight to his cottage, and ask him now."

"Take me with you," said the captain, rising in a solid way that had a most comfortable reliability in it, "and just a word more first. I have knocked about harder than you, and have got along further than you. I have had, all my sea-going life long, to keep my wits polished bright with acid and friction, like the brass cases of the ship's instruments. I'll keep you company on this expedition. Now, you don't live by talking any more than I do. Clench that hand of yours in this hand of mine, and that's a speech on both sides."

Captain Jorgan took command of the expedition with that hearty shake. He at once refolded the paper exactly as before, replaced it in the bottle, put the stopper in, put the oilskin over the stopper, confided the whole to Young Raybrock's keeping, and led the way down stairs.

But it was harder navigation below stairs than above. The instant they set foot in the parlor the quick, womanly eye detected that there was something wrong. Kitty exclaimed, frightened, as she ran to her lover's side, "Alfred! What's the matter?" Mrs. Raybrock cried out to the captain, "Gracious! what have you done to my son to change him like this all in a minute!" And the young widow—who was there with her work upon her arm—was at first so agitated that she frightened the little girl she held in her hand, who hid her face in her mother's skirts and screamed. The captain, conscious of being held responsible for this domestic change, contemplated it with quite a guilty expression of countenance, and looked to the young fisherman to come to his rescue.

"Kitty darling," said Young Raybrock, "Kitty, dearest love, I must go away to Lanrean, and I don't know where else or how much farther, this very day. Worse than that—our marriage, Kitty, must be put off, and I don't know for how long."

Kitty stared at him, in doubt and wonder and in anger, and pushed him from her with her hand.

"Put off?" cried Mrs. Raybrock. "The marriage put off? And you going to Lanrean! Why, in the name of the dear Lord?"

"Mother dear, I can't say why; I must not say why. It would be dishonorable and undutiful to say why."

"Dishonorable and undutiful?" returned the dame. "And is there nothing dishonorable or undutiful in the boy's breaking the heart of his own plighted love, and his mother's heart too, for the sake of the dark secrets and counsels of a wicked stranger? Why did you ever come here?" she apostrophized the innocent captain. "Who wanted you? Where did you come from? Why couldn't you rest in your own bad place, wherever it is, instead of disturbing the peace of quiet unoffending folk like us?"

"And what," sobbed the poor little Kitty, "have I ever done to you, you hard and cruel captain, that you should come and serve me so?"

And then they both began to weep most pitifully, while the captain could only look from the one to the other, and lay hold of himself by the coat collar.

"Margaret," said the poor young fisherman, on his knees at Kitty's feet, while Kitty kept both her hands before her tearful face, to shut out the traitor from her view—but kept her fingers wide asunder, and looked at him all the time: "Margaret, you have suffered so much, so uncomplainingly, and are always so careful and considerate! Do take my part, for poor Hugh's sake!"

The quiet Margaret was not appealed to in vain. "I will, Alfred," she returned, "and I do. I wish this gentleman had never come near us;" whereupon the captain laid hold of himself the tighter; "but I take your part, for all that. I am sure you have some strong reason and some sufficient reason for what you do, strange as it is, and even for not saying why you do it, strange as that is. And, Kitty darling, you are bound to think so, more than any one, for true love believes every thing, and bears every thing, and trusts every thing. And mother dear, you are bound to think so too, for you know you have been blest with good sons, whose word was always as good as their oath, and who were brought up in as true a sense of honor as any gentleman in this land. And I am sure you have no more call, mother, to doubt your living son than to doubt your dead son; and for the sake of the dear dead, I stand up for the dear living."

"Wa'al now," the captain struck in, with enthusiasm, "this I say, That whether your opinions flatter me or not, you are a young woman of sense and spirit and feeling; and I'd sooner have you by my side, in the hour of danger, than a good half of the men I've ever fallen in with—or fallen out with, ayther."

Margaret did not return the captain's compliment, or appear fully to reciprocate his good opinion, but she applied herself to the consolation of Kitty, and of Kitty's mother-in-law that was to have been next Monday week, and soon restored the parlor to a quiet condition.

"Kitty, my darling," said the young fisherman, "I must go to your father to entreat him still to trust me in spite of this wretched change and mystery, and to ask him for some directions concerning Lanrean. Will you come home? Will you come with me, Kitty?"

Kitty answered not a word, but rose sobbing, with the end of her simple head-dress at her eyes. Captain Jorgan followed the lovers out, quite sheepishly: pausing in the shop to give an instruction to Mr. Pettifer.

"Here, Tom!" said the captain, in a low voice. "Here's something in your line. Here's an old lady poorly and low in her spirits. Cheer her up a bit, Tom. Cheer 'em all up."

Mr. Pettifer, with a brisk nod of intelligence, immediately assumed his steward face, and went with his quiet helpful steward step into the parlor, where the captain had the great satisfaction of seeing him, through the glass-door, take the child in his arms (who offered no objection), and bend over Mrs. Raybrock, administering soft words of consolation.

"Though what he finds to say, unless he's telling her that it'll soon be over, or that most people is so at first, or that it'll do her good afterward, I can not imaginate!" was the captain's reflection as he followed the lovers.

He had not far to follow them, since it was but a short descent down the stony ways to the cottage of Kitty's father. But, short as the distance was, it was long enough to enable the captain to observe that he was fast becoming the village Ogre; for there was not a woman standing working at her door, or a fisherman coming up or going down, who saw Young Raybrock unhappy and little Kitty in tears, but she or he instantly darted a suspicious and indignant glance at the captain, as the foreigner who must somehow be responsible for this unusual spectacle. Consequently, when they came into Tregarthen's little garden—which formed the platform from which the captain had seen Kitty peeping over the wall—the captain brought to, and stood off and on at the gate, while Kitty hurried to hide her tears in her own room, and Alfred spoke with her father, who was working in the garden. He was a rather infirm man, but could scarcely be called old yet, with an agreeable face and a promising air of making the best of things. The conversation began on his side with great cheerfulness and good humor, but soon became distrustful, and soon angry. That was the captain's cue for striking both into the conversation and the garden.

"Morning, sir!" said Captain Jorgan. "How do you do?"

"The gentleman I am going away with," said the young fisherman to Tregarthen.

"Oh!" returned Kitty's father, surveying the unfortunate captain with a look of extreme disfavor. "I confess that I can't say I am glad to see you."

"No," said the captain, "and, to admit the truth, that seems to be the general opinion in these parts. But don't be hasty; you may think better of me by-and-by."

"I hope so," observed Tregarthen.

"Wa'al, *I* hope so," observed the captain, quite at his ease; "more than that, I believe so—though you don't. Now, Mr. Tregarthen, you don't want to exchange words of mistrust with me; and if you did, you couldn't, because I wouldn't. You and I are old enough to know better than to judge against experience from surfaces and appearances; and if you haven't lived to find out the evil and injustice of such judgments, you are a lucky man."

The other seemed to shrink under this remark, and replied, "Sir, I *have* lived to feel it deeply."

"Wa'al," said the captain, mollified, "then I've made a good cast without knowing it. Now, Tregarthen, there stands the lover of your only child, and here stand I who know his secret. I warrant it a righteous secret, and none of his making, though bound to be of his keeping. I want to help him out with it, and tewwards that end we ask you to favor us with the names of two or three old residents in the village of Lanrean. As I am taking out my pocket-book and pencil to put the names down, I may as well observe to you that this, wrote atop of the first page here, is my name and address: 'Silas Jonas Jorgan, Salem, Massachusetts, United States.' If ever you take it in your head to run over any morning, I shall be glad to welcome you. Now, what may be the spelling of these said names?"

"There was an elderly man," said Tregarthen, "named David Polreath. He may be dead."

"Wa'al," said the captain, cheerfully, "if Polreath's dead and buried, and can be made of any service to us, Polreath won't object to our digging of him up. Polreath's down, any how."

"There was another named Penrewen. I don't know his Christian name."

"Never mind his Chris'en name," said the captain. "Penrewen for short."

"There was another named John Tredgear."

"And a pleasant-sounding name, too," said the captain; "John Tredgear's booked."

"I can recall no other except old Parvis."

"One of old Parvis's fam'ly, I reckon," said the captain, "kept a dry-goods store in New York city, and realized a handsome competency by burning his house to ashes. Same name, any how. David Polreath, Unchris'en Penrewen, John Tredgear, and old Arson Parvis."

"I can not recall any others at the moment."

"Thank'ee," said the captain. "And so, Tregarthen, hoping for your good opinion yet, and likewise for the fair Devonshire Flower's, your daughter's, I give you my hand, sir, and wish you good-day."

Young Raybrock accompanied him disconsolately; for there was no Kitty at the window when he looked up, no Kitty in the garden when he shut the gate, no Kitty gazing after them along the stony ways when they began to climb back.

"Now I tell you what," said the captain. "Not being at present calc'lated to promote harmony in your family, I won't come in. You go and get your dinner at home, and I'll get mine at the little hotel. Let our hour of meeting be two o'clock, and you'll find me smoking a cigar in the sun afore the hotel door. Tell Tom Pettifer, my steward, to consider himself on duty, and to look after your people till we come back; you'll find he'll have made himself useful to 'em already, and will be quite acceptable."

All was done as Captain Jorgan directed. Punctually at two o'clock the young fisherman appeared with his knapsack at his back; and punctually at two o'clock the captain jerked away the last feather-end of his cigar.

"Let me carry your baggage, Captain Jorgan; I can easily take it with mine."

"Thank'ee," said the captain, "I'll carry it myself. It's on'y a comb."

They climbed out of the village, and paused

among the trees and fern on the summit of the hill above, to take breath and to look down at the beautiful sea. Suddenly the captain gave his leg a resounding slap, and cried, "Never knew such a right thing in all my life!"—and ran away.

The cause of this abrupt retirement on the part of the captain was little Kitty among the trees. The captain went out of sight and waited, and kept out of sight and waited, until it occurred to him to beguile the time with another cigar. He lighted it, and smoked it out, and still he was out of sight and waiting. He stole within sight at last, and saw the lovers, with their arms entwined and their bent heads touching, moving slowly among the trees. It was the golden time of the afternoon then, and the captain said to himself, "Golden sun, golden sea, golden sails, golden leaves, golden love, golden youth—a golden state of things altogether!"

Nevertheless the captain found it necessary to hail his young companion before going out of sight again. In a few moments more he came up, and they began their journey.

"That still young woman with the fatherless child," said Captain Jorgan, as they fell into step, "didn't throw her words away; but good honest words are never thrown away. And now that I am conveying you off from that tender little thing that loves and relies and hopes, I feel just as if I was the snarling crittur in the picters, with the tight legs, the long nose, and the feather in his cap, the tips of whose mustaches get up nearer to his eyes the wickeder he gets."

The young fisherman knew nothing of Mephistopheles; but he smiled when the captain stopped to double himself up and slap his leg, and they went along in right good-fellowship.

CHAPTER III.—THE CLUB-NIGHT.

A Cornish Moor, when the east wind drives over it, is as cold and rugged a scene as a traveler is likely to find in a year's travel. A Cornish Moor, in the dark, is as black a solitude as the traveler is likely to wish himself well out of in the course of a life's wanderings. A Cornish Moor, in a night fog, is a wilderness where the traveler needs to know his way well, or the chances are very strong that his life and his wanderings will soon perplex him no more.

Captain Jorgan and the young fisherman had faced the east and the southeast winds from the first rising of the sun after their departure from the village of Steepways. Thrice had the sun risen, and still all day long had the sharp wind blown at them like some malevolent spirit bent on forcing them back. But Captain Jorgan was too familiar with all the winds that blow, and too much accustomed to circumvent their slightest weaknesses, and get the better of them in the long run, to be beaten by any member of the airy family. Taking the year round, it was his opinion that it mattered little what wind blew, or how hard it blew; so he was as indifferent to the wind on this occasion as a man could be who frequently observed "that it freshened him up," and who regarded it in the light of an old acquaintance. One might have supposed, from his way, that there was even a kind of fraternal understanding between Captain Jorgan and the wind, as between two professed fighters often opposed to one another. The young fisherman, for his part, was accustomed within his narrower limits to hold hard weather cheap, and had his anxious object before him; so the wind went by him, too, little heeded, and went upon its way to kiss Kitty.

Their varied course had lain by the side of the sea, where the brown rocks cleft it into fountains of spray, and inland where once barren moors were reclaimed and cultivated, and by lonely villages of poor-enough cabins with mud walls, and by a town or two with an old church and a market-place. But, always traveling through a sparely inhabited country and over a broad expanse, they had come at last upon the true Cornish Moor within reach of Lanrean. None but gaunt spectres of miners passed them here, with metallic masks of faces, ghastly with dust of copper and tin; anon, solitary works on remote hill-tops, and bare machinery of torturing wheels and cogs and chains, writhing up hill-sides, were the few scattered hints of human presence in the landscape; during long intervals, the bitter wind, howling and tearing at them like a fierce wild monster, had them all to itself.

"A sing'lar thing it is," said the captain, looking round at the brown desert of rank grass and poor moss, "how like this airth is to the men that live upon it! Here's a spot of country rich with hidden metals, and it puts on the worst rags of clothes possible, and crouches and shivers and makes believe to be so poor that it can't so much as afford a feed for a beast. Just like a human miser, ain't it?"

"But they find the miser out," returned the young fisherman, pointing to where the earth by the water-courses and along the valleys was turned up, for miles, in trying for metal.

"Ay, they find him out," said the captain; "but he makes a struggle of it even then, and holds back all he can. He's a 'cute 'un."

The gloom of evening was already gathering on the dreary scene, and they were, at the shortest and best, a dozen miles from their destination. But the captain, in his long-skirted blue coat and his boots and his hat and his square shirt-collar, and without any extra defense against the weather, walked coolly along with his hands in his pockets; as if he lived under-ground somewhere hard by, and had just come up to show his friend the road.

"I'd have liked to have had a look at this place, too," said the captain, "when there was a monstrous sweep of water rolling over it, dragging the powerful great stones along and piling 'em atop of one another, and depositing the foundations for all manner of superstitions. Bless you! the old priests, smart mechanical critturs as they were, never piled up many of these stones. Water's the lever that moved 'em. When you see 'em thick and blunt tewwards one point of the compass, and fined away thin tewwards the opposite point, you may be as good as moral sure that the name of the ancient Druid that fixed 'em was Water."

The captain referred to some great blocks of stone presenting this characteristic, which were wonderfully balanced and heaped on one another, on a desolate hill. Looking back at these, as they stood out against the lurid glare of the west, just then expiring, they were not unlike enormous antediluvian birds, that had perched there on crags and peaks, and had been petrified there.

"But it's an interesting country," said the captain, "—fact! It's old in the annals of that said old Arch-Druid, Water, and it's old in the annals of the said old parson-critturs too. It's a mighty interesting thing to set your boot (as I did this day) on a rough, honey-combed old stone, with just nothing you can name but weather visible upon it: which the scholars that go about with hammers, chipping pieces off the universal airth, find to be an inscription entreating prayers for the soul of some for-ages-bust-up crittur of a governor that over-taxed a people never heard of." Here the captain stopped to slap his leg. "It's a mighty interesting thing to come upon a score or two of stones set up on end in a desert—some short, some tall, some leaning here, some leaning there, and to know that they were pop'larly supposed—and may be still—to be a group of Cornish men that got changed into that geological formation for playing a game upon a Sunday. They wouldn't have it in my country, I reckon, even if they could get it—but it's very interesting."

In this the captain, though it amused him, was quite sincere. Quite as sincere as when he added, after looking well about him: "That fog-bank coming up as the sun goes down, will spread, and we shall have to feel our way into Lanrean full as much as see it."

All the way along the young fisherman had spoken at times to the captain of his interrupted hopes, and of the family good name, and of the restitution that must be made, and of the cherished plans of his heart, so near attainment, which must be set aside for it. In his simple faith and honor, he seemed incapable of entertaining the idea that it was within the bounds of possibility to evade the doing of what their inquiries should establish to be right. This was very agreeable to Captain Jorgan, and won his genuine admiration. Wherefore he now turned the discourse back into that channel, and encouraged his companion to talk of Kitty, and to calculate how many years it would take, without a share in the fishery, to establish a home for her, and to relieve his honest heart by dwelling on its anxieties.

Meanwhile it fell very dark, and the fog became dense, though the wind howled at them and bit them as savagely as ever. The captain had carefully taken the bearings of Lanrean from the map, and carried his pocket-compass with him; the young fisherman, too, possessed that kind of cultivated instinct for shaping a course which is often found among men of such pursuits. But although they held a true course in the main, and corrected it when they lost the road by aid of the compass and a light obtained with great difficulty in the roomy depths of the captain's hat, they could not help losing the road often. On such occasions they would become involved in the difficult ground of the spongy moor, and, after making a laborious loop, would emerge upon the road at some point they had passed before they left it, and thus would have a good deal of work to do twice over. But the young fisherman was not easily lost, and the captain (and his comb) would probably have turned up, with perfect coolness and self-possession, at any appointed spot on the surface of this globe. Consequently, they were no more than retarded in their progress to Lanrean, and arrived in that small place at nine o'clock. By that time the captain's hat had fallen back over his ears, and rested on the nape of his neck; but he still had his hands in his pockets, and showed no other sign of dilapidation.

They had almost run against a low stone house with red-curtained windows, before they knew they had hit upon the little hotel, the King Arthur's Arms. They could just descry through the mist, on the opposite side of the narrow road, other low stone buildings which were its outhouses and stables; and somewhere overhead its invisible sign was being wrathfully swung by the wind.

"Now, wait a bit," said the captain. "They might be full here, or they might offer us cold quarters. Consequently, the policy is to take an observation, and, when we've found the warmest room, walk right slap into it."

The warmest room was evidently that from which fire and candle streamed reddest, and brightest, and from which the sound of voices engaged in some discussion came out into the night. Captain Jorgan having established the bearings of this room, merely said to his young friend, "Follow me!" and was in it before King Arthur's Arms had any notion that they infolded a stranger.

"Order, order, order!" cried several voices, as the captain, with his hat under his arm, stood within the door he had opened.

"Gentlemen," said the captain, advancing, "I am much beholden to you for the opportunity you give me of addressing you; but will not detain you with any lengthened observations. I have the honor to be a cousin of yours on the Uncle Sam side; this young friend of mine is a nearer relation of yours on the Devonshire side; we are both pretty nigh used up, and much in want of supper. I thank you for your welcome, and I am proud to take you by the hand, sir, and I hope I see you well."

These last words were addressed to a jolly-looking chairman, with a wooden hammer near him; which, but for the captain's friendly grasp, he would have taken up and hammered the table with.

"How do you *do*, sir?" said the captain, shaking this chairman's hand with the greatest heartiness, while his new friend ineffectually eyed his hammer of office; "when you come to my country, I shall be proud to return your welcome, sir, and that of this good company."

The captain now took his seat near the fire, and invited his companion to do the like—whom he congratulated aloud. on their having "fallen on their feet."

The company, who might be about a dozen in number, were at a loss what to make of, or do with, the captain. But one little old man in long flapping shirt collars: who, with only his face and them visible through a cloud of tobacco smoke, looked like a superannuated Cherubim: said sharply,

"This is a Club."

"This is a Club," the captain repeated to his young friend. "Wa'al now, that's curious! Didn't I say, coming along, if we could only light upon a Club?"

The captain's doubling himself up and slapping his leg finished the chairman. He had been softening toward the captain from the first, and he melted. "Gentlemen King Arthurs," said he, rising, "though it is not the custom to admit strangers, still, as we have broken the rule once to-night, I will exert my authority and break it again. And while the supper of these travelers is cooking;" here his eye fell on the landlord, who discreetly took the hint and withdrew to see about it; "I will recall you to the subject of the sea-faring man."

"D'ye hear!" said the captain, aside to the young fisherman; "that's in our way. Who's the sea-faring man, I wonder?"

"I see several old men here," returned the young fisherman, eagerly, for his thoughts were always on his object. "Perhaps one or more of the old men whose names you wrote down in your book may be here."

"Perhaps," said the captain; "I've got my eye on 'em. But don't force it. Try if it won't come nat'ral."

Thus the two, behind their hands, while they sat warming them at the fire. Simultaneously, the Club beginning to be at its ease again, and resuming the discussion of the sea-faring man, the captain winked to his fellow-traveler to let him attend to it.

As it was a kind of conversation not altogether unprecedented in such assemblages, where most of those who spoke at all spoke all at once, and where half of those could put no beginning to what they had to say, and the other half could put no end, the tendency of the debate was discursive, and not very intelligible. All the captain had made out, down to the time when the separate little table laid for two was covered with a smoking broiled fowl and rashers of bacon, reduced itself to these heads. That, a sea-faring man had arrived at The King Arthur's Arms, benighted, an hour or so earlier in the evening. That, the Gentlemen King Arthurs had admitted him, though all unknown, into the sanctuary of their Club. That, they had invited him to make his footing good by telling a story. That, he had, after some pressing, begun a story of adventure and shipwreck; at an interesting point of which he suddenly broke off, and positively refused to finish. That, he had thereupon taken up a candlestick, and gone to bed, and was now the sole occupant of a double-bedded room up stairs. The question raised on these premises appeared to be, whether the sea-faring man was not in a state of contumacy and contempt, and ought not to be formally voted and declared in that condition. This deliberation involved the difficulty (suggested by the more jocose and irreverent of the Gentlemen King Arthurs) that it might make no sort of difference to the sea-faring man whether he was so voted and declared, or not.

Captain Jorgan and the young fisherman ate their supper and drank their beer, and their knives and forks had ceased to rattle and their glasses had ceased to clink, and still the discussion showed no symptoms of coming to any conclusion. But when they had left their little supper-table and had returned to their seats by the fire, the Chairman hammered himself into attention, and thus outspake.

"Gentlemen King Arthurs; when the night is so bad without, harmony should prevail within. When the moor is so windy, cold, and bleak, this room should be cheerful, convivial, and entertaining. Gentlemen, at present it is neither the one, nor yet the other, nor yet the other. Gentlemen King Arthurs, I recall you to yourselves. Gentlemen King Arthurs, what are you? You are inhabitants—old inhabitants—of the noble village of Lanrean. You are in council assembled. You are a monthly Club through all the winter months, and they are many. It is your perroud perrivilege, on a new member's entrance, or on a member's birthday, to call upon that member to make good his footing by relating to you some transaction or adventure in his life, or in the life of a relation, or in the life of a friend, and then to depute me as your representative to spin a teetotum to pass it round. Gentlemen King Arthurs, your perroud perrivileges shall not suffer in my keeping. N—no! Therefore, as the member whose birthday the present occasion has the honor to be, has gratified you; and as the sea-faring man overhead has *not* gratified you; I start you fresh, by spinning the teetotum attached to my office, and calling on the gentleman it falls to to speak up when his name is declared."

The captain and his young friend looked hard at the teetotum as it whirled rapidly, and harder still when it gradually became intoxicated and began to stagger about the table in an ill-conducted and disorderly manner. Finally, it came into collision with a candlestick, and leaped against the pipe of the old gentleman with the flapping shirt collars. Thereupon the chairman struck the table once with his hammer and said:

"Mr. Parvis!"

"D'ye hear that?" whispered the captain, greatly excited, to the young fisherman. "I'd have laid you a thousand dollars a good half-hour ago, that that old cherubim in the clouds was Arson Parvis!"

The respectable personage in question, after turning up one eye to assist his memory—at which time he bore a very striking resemblance indeed to the conventional representations of his race as executed in oil by various ancient masters—commenced a narrative, of which the interest centred in a waistcoat. It appeared that the waistcoat was a yellow waistcoat with a green stripe, white sleeves, and a plain brass button. It also appeared that the waistcoat was made to order, by Nicholas Pendold of Penzance, who was thrown off the top of a four-horse coach coming down the hill on the Plymouth road, and, pitching on his head where he was not sensitive, lived two-and-thirty years afterward, and considered himself the better for the accident—roused up, as it might be. It further appeared that the waistcoat belonged to Mr. Parvis's father, and had once attended him, in company with a pair of gaiters, to the annual feast of miners at St. Just: where the extraordinary circumstance which ever afterward rendered it a waistcoat famous in story had occurred. But the celebrity of the waistcoat was not thoroughly accounted for by Mr. Parvis, and had to be to some extent taken on trust by the company, in consequence of that gentleman's entirely forgetting all about the extraordinary circumstance that had handed it down to fame. Indeed, he was even unable, on a gentle cross-examination instituted for the assistance of his memory, to inform the Gentlemen King Arthurs whether it was a circumstance of a natural or a supernatural character. Having thus responded to the teetotum, Mr. Parvis, after looking out from his clouds as if he would like to see the man who would beat that, subsided into himself.

The fraternity were plunged into a blank condition by Mr. Parvis's success, and the chairman was about to try another spin, when young Raybrock—whom Captain Jorgan had with difficulty restrained—rose, and said might he ask Mr. Parvis a question.

The Gentlemen King Arthurs holding, with loud cries of "Order!" that he might not, he asked the question as soon as he could possibly make himself heard.

Did the forgotten circumstance relate in any way to money? To a sum of money, such as five hundred pounds? To money supposed by its possessor to be honestly come by, but in reality ill-gotten and stolen?

A general surprise seized upon the club when this remarkable inquiry was preferred; which would have become resentment but for the captain's interposition.

"Strange as it sounds," said he, "and suspicious as it sounds, I pledge myself, gentlemen, that my young friend here has a manly stand-up Cornish reason for his words. Also, I pledge myself that they are inoffensive words. He and I are searching for information on a subject which those words generally describe. Such information we may get from the honestest and best of men—may get, or not get, here or any where about here. I hope the Honorable Mr. Arson—I ask his pardon—Parvis—will not object to quiet my young friend's mind by saying Yes or No.

After some time, the obtuse Mr. Parvis was with great trouble and difficulty induced to roar out "No!" For which concession the captain rose and thanked him.

"Now, listen to the next," whispered the captain to the young fisherman. "There may be more in him than in the other crittur. Don't interrupt him. Hear him out."

The chairman with all due formality spun the teetotum, and it reeled into the brandy-and-water of a strong brown man of sixty or so; John Tredgear: the manager of a neighboring mine. He immediately began as follows, with a plain business-like air that gradually warmed as he proceeded.

It happened that at one period of my life the path of my destiny (not a tin path then) lay along the highways and byways of France, and that I had occasion to make frequent stoppages at common French roadside cabarets—that kind of tavern which has a very bad name in French books and French plays. I had engaged myself in an undertaking which rendered such journeys necessary. A very old friend of mine had recently established himself at Paris in a wholesale commercial enterprise, into the nature of which it is not necessary for our present purpose to enter. He had proposed to me a certain share in the undertaking, and one of the duties of my post was to involve occasional journeys among the smaller towns and villages of France, with the view of establishing agencies and opening connections. My friend had applied to me to undertake this function, rather than to a native, feeling that he could trust me better than a stranger. He knew also that, in consequence of my having been half my life at school in France, my knowledge of the language would be sufficient for every purpose that could be required.

I accepted my friend's proposal, and entered with such energy as I could command upon my new mode of life. Sometimes my journeyings from place to place were accomplished by means of the railroad, or other public conveyance; but there were other occasions, and these last I liked the best, when it was necessary I should go to out-of-the-way places, and by such cross-roads as rendered it more convenient for me to travel with a carriage and horse of my own. My carriage was a kind of phaeton without a coach-box, with a leather hood that would put up and down; and there was plenty of room at the back for such specimens or samples of goods as it was necessary that I should carry with me. For my horse—it was absolutely indispensable that it should be an animal of some value, as no horse but a very good one would be capable of performing the long courses, day after day, which my mode of traveling rendered necessary. He cost me two thousand francs, and was any thing but dear at the price.

Many were the journeys we performed together

over the broad acres of beautiful France. Many were the hotels, many the auberges, many the bad dinners, many the damp beds, and many the bills which I encountered en route. Many were the dull old fortified towns over whose draw-bridges I rolled; many the still more dull old towns without fortifications and without draw-bridges, at which my avocations made it necessary for me to halt.

I don't know how it was that on the morning when I was to start from the town of Doulaise, with the intention of sleeping at Fresne-la-Grande, I was an hour later in commencing my journey than I ought to have been. I have said I don't know how it was, but this is scarcely true. I do know how it was. It was because on that morning, to use a popular expression, my temper went wrong. So it was an hour later than it ought to have been, Gentlemen, when I drew up the sheepskin lining of my carriage across my two legs, and establishing my little dog comfortably on the seat beside me, set off on my journey. In all my experience I was accompanied by a favorite terrier of mine, which I had brought with me from England. I never travelled without him, and found her a companion.

It was a miserable day in the month of October, a perfectly gray sky, with white gleams about the horizon, gave unmistakable evidence that the small drizzle which was falling would continue for the next two or three hundred years. It was cold and cheerless weather, and on the deserted road I was pursuing there was absolutely a human being (unless it was an occasional cantonnier, or road-mender) to break the solitude. A deserted way indeed, with poplars on each side of it, which had been pollarded low in the autumn, and had shed their leaves in abundance all over the road, so that my man's postboys had quite a muffled sound as she trampled them under her hoofs. Widely-extending flats spread out on either side till the eye was lost in an inconceivably melancholy scene, and the road itself was so perfectly straight, that you could see something like two miles of it distinctly from a point in front of you, while a similar view was visible through the little window at the back of the carriage.

In the hurry of the morning's departure I had omitted to inquire, as I generally do on arriving on unknown road, at what village it would be best for me to halt, about noon, to look after the wants of the most respectable house of public entertainment in my way; so that when I arrived between twelve and one o'clock at a certain place where four roads met, and when at one of the corners formed by their union I saw a great barn-looking inn, with the sign of the Tête Noire floating in front, I had nothing for it but to put up there, without knowing any thing of the character of the house.

The look of the place did not please me. It was a great, lone, wooden, whitewashed-looking thing, which seemed much larger than was necessary, and presented a black and dirty appearance, which, considering the dirty time from any point, was difficult to account for. All the doors and all the windows were shut, and there was no sign of any human element I hesitated whether I should turn into the open gates of the stable-yard, or go farther in search of some more attractive hallucination. But as my mare was tired, I was more than half-way on my road, and this would be the last meal of the day's journey. Besides, Gentlemen, why not put up here? If I was only going to stop at such places of entertainment as completely suited me, externally as well as internally, I had better give up traveling altogether.

There were no more signs of life in the interior of the yard than were presented by the external aspect of the house as I fronted that. Its inhabitants seemed shut up. All the stables and outhouses were characterized by closed doors, without so much as a cat lounging in their thresholds to indicate that these buildings were sometimes put to a practical use. There was no manure steaming about the yard, and no living creature, pig, no ducks, no fowls. It was perfectly still and quiet, and as in the case of the outside of the inn, small rain descends quite straight, without a breath of air to drive it one way or the other, the silence was complete and unbroken. I gave a loud shout, and began undoing the harness while my summons was taking effect.

The first person whom the sound of my voice appeared to have reached was a small but precocious boy, who opened a door in the side of the house, and descending the flight of steps which led to it, approached to aid me in my task. I was just undoing the final buckle on one of the horses, when, happening to turn round, I discovered, standing close behind me, a personage who had approached so quietly that it would have been a confusing thing to find him so near even if there had been nothing in his appearance which was calculated to startle me. He was the most ill-looking man, Gentlemen, that it was ever my fortune to behold. The worst fifty men you could collect could give him, his dry, spare nature had kept him as light and active as a restless boy. An absence of flesh, however, was not the only want I felt to exist in the personal appearance of the landlord of the Tête Noire. There was a most serious redundancy in other parts of him. A want of any hint of mercy, or conscience, or any accountable approach to the better side (if there was a better side) of the man's nature. When first I looked at his eyes, as he stood behind me in the open court-yard, as they rapidly glanced over the comely points of my horse, and thence to the packages inside my carriage, and the portmanteau strapped on in front of it—at that time the color of his eyes appeared to me to be of an almost orange tinge; but when, a minute afterward, we stood together in the dark stable, I noted that a kind of blue phosphorescence gleamed upon their surfaces, vailing their real hue, and imparting to them a tigerish lustre. The moment when I remarked this, by-the-by, was when the organs I have been describing were fixed upon the very large gold ring which I had not ceased to wear on the little finger of my bridle hand, and which you may see upon my finger now. There were two other things about this man that struck me. These were, a bold red projecting lump of flesh at the back of his head, and a deep scar, which a scrap of frouzy whisker on his cheek wholly declined to conceal.

"A nasty day for a journey of pleasure," said the landlord, looking at me with a satirical smile.

"Perhaps it is not a journey of pleasure," I answered, briefly.

"We have few such travelers on the road now," said the evil-faced man. "The railroads make the country a desert, and the road is not safe as it was three hundred years ago."

"I'll risk it," I answered, carelessly, "for those who are obliged to travel by them. Nobody else. I should think, would be likely to make use of them."

"Will you come into the house?" said the landlord, abruptly, looking me full in the face.

I never felt a stronger inclination than I entertained toward the idea of entering this man's doors. Yet what other course was open to me? My mare was already half through the first installment of her oats, so there was no more excuse for remaining in the stable. To go on my way in the drenching rain was out of the question, and to remain sitting in my calèche would have been a worse indication of suspicion than to enter. Besides, I had nothing since the morning's coffee, and I wanted something to eat myself. So I answered nothing to be done, then, but to accept my ill-looking friend's offer. He led the way up the flight of steps which gave access to the interior of the building.

The room in which I found myself was entered through the door at the top of these steps, was one of those rooms which an excess of light not only renders gloomy, but in which it seems as if an additional degree of gloom. There is *sometimes* this character about light, and I have seen before now a very dismal room lighted by a gas-chandelier, which have owed a good share of their melancholy to an immoderate amount of cold gray daylight. This room, then, was one of those rooms, was one of those which, on a wet day, seemed several degrees lighter than on a fine one. The window was not be really lighter than the thing that it is, but it seemed so. It also appeared larger than the whole out-door world; and, as I afterward found, not be either, but seemed so. Vast as it was, there appeared through two glass-doors at the end of it walls another apartment of similar dimensions. It was not a square room, nor an oblong room, but was rambling and irregular, as I have said, in its phenomenon which, as you have very likely observed, Gentlemen, has always an unpleasant effect. The billiard-table, which was the only thing in the apartment, though really of the usual size, looked quite a trifling piece of furniture in it. It was of dark wood, which were planted sparingly here and there for purposes of refreshment, they were quite lost in the vastness of the surrounding void. A cupboard, a rack of billiard cues, a marking-board, and a print of the murder of the Archbishop of Paris in the Chamber of Deputies, were the furniture of wall. The ceiling, as far as one could judge of any thing at that height, was low, and was dotted by an enormous beam with rings fastened into it adapted for nautical purposes, and splashed with the yellow wash which covered the ceiling and the walls had just been decorated. Even my little terrier, whom I had been obliged to take up in my arms on account of the dirty state of the floor, manifested to fly at the shins of our detested landlord, looked round the room with a degree of scorn as I set her down, and trembled and shivered as if she would come out of her skin.

"And so you don't like him, Nelly, and your little beads of eyes, that look up at me from under that hairy pent-house, with nothing but love in them, are all alive to the villainy of this man, and set upon his sinister face? And how did he get that scar, Nelly? Fighting, or drunk, or has he tempted his last traveler? And what do you think of his eyes, Nelly? And what do you think of the back of his head? Is it not like the back of a bull? he's about now, eh? What mischief do you think he's hatching? Don't you wish you were sitting by my side in the calèche, that we were driving on the free road again?"

To all these questions and remarks my little companion responded very intelligibly by faint thumpings of the ground with her tail, and by certain lickings of her chops, which, from long habits of intercourse, I understood very well to mean that whatever my opinion might be she coincided in it.

I had ordered an omelet and some wine when I first entered the house, and I now sat waiting for it, I observed that my landlord would every now and then leave what he was about in the other room—where I observed that he was busily preparing my meal—and would come and peer at me furtively through the glass-doors which separated the room I was in with that in which he was. Once, too, I heard him go out, and I felt sure that he had retired to the stables, to examine more minutely the value of my horse and carriage.

I took it into my head that my landlord was a desperate rogue under his business name, and resolved to support him; that he had remarked that I was in possession of valuable property, and that he might be would forthwith commit a murder, and a quantity of luggage in which there were probably articles of price. I was well armed, and was of strong my person, including a sum of money, without which I could not be traveling about, as he saw me, from place to place.

While my mind was amusing itself with these cheerful reflections a little girl, of about twelve years old, entered the room through the glass-doors, and, after honoring me with a long stare, went to the cupboard at the other end of the apartment, and, opening it with a bunch of keys which she brought with her in her hand, took out a small white paper packet, about four inches square, and retired with it by the way by which she had entered; still staring at me very diligently this, from want of proper attention to where she was going, she got (as I am happy to state) a severe bump against the door as she passed through it. She was a horrid little girl this, with eyes that in shirking the necessity of looking straight at any body or any thing, had got at last to look only at her nose—landing it, probably, as bad a nose as could be met with, and therefore a conspicuous companion. She had, moreover, frizzy and flaxy hair, was exceedingly dirty, and had a most awkward way of going along without looking at what she was about, which was very noisome and detestable.

It was not long before this young lady reappeared, bearing in her hand a plate containing the omelet, which she placed upon the table without going through the previous form of laying a cloth. She next cut an immense piece of bread from a loaf that was like a ring, and, having clapped this also upon the dirtiest part of the table, and having further favored me with a frigid look of scorn, disappeared once more. She disappeared to fetch the wine. When this shall been become sure of, I began the preparations for my feast were considered complete, and I was left to enjoy it alone.

I must add to by mention that the horrid waiting-maid appeared to excite as strong an antipathy in the breast of my little dog as that which my landlord had done, and stirred up; and I am happy to say, that as the child left the room I was obliged to exert all my power to prevent Nelly from harassing her retreating calves.

Gentlemen, an experienced traveler soon learns that he must not be too particular: closing his eyes, nose, and ears to all suggestions. I set to work then, at the omelet with energy, and at the tough meat that went good will, and had swallowed half a tumbler of wine and water, when a thought struck me which made me put down knife and fork, and push the plate upon the table. I had no sooner done this than I raised it again to my lips, took a hearty draught of the liquid about in my mouth two or three times, and spat it out upon the floor. But I uttered, as I did so, in an audible tone, the monosyllable "Pooh!"

"Pooh! Nelly," I said, looking down at my dog, who was regarding me intensely with her head on one side—"pooh! Nelly," I repeated, "what frantic and inconceivable nonsense!"

And what was it that I thus stigmatized? What was it that had given me pause in the middle of my dinner? What was the thought was it that caused me to set down my glass with half its contents remaining in it? It was a suspicion, driven straight and sudden into my mind by the unwarranted recesses of my soul, that the wine I had just been drinking, and which, contrary to my custom, I had washed with water, was drugged!

There are some thoughts which, like noxious insects, come creeping into one's mind as often as we repulse them. We confute them in argument, prove them illogical, leave them not leg to stand on, and yet there they are at the next moment as brisk as bees, and stronger on their pins than ever. It was just such a thought as this with which I had now to deal. It was well to say "Pooh!" it was well to remind myself that this was the nineteenth century, that I was not acting a part in a melodrama, that such things as I was thinking of were only known in romances, and would no more have to set a respectable man down as a murderer, because he had peculiar colored eyes and a scar upon his cheek, were such things to do. There seemed to be two separate parties within me: one possessed of great powers of argument and of judgment: the other, an irrational or opposition party, whose chief force consisted in a system of stupid assertion, which all the arguments of the rational party were insufficient to confute.

It was not long before an additional force was imparted to the efforts of the irrational party, by certain symptoms which began to develop themselves in my physical organization. I would have seemed favorable to the view of the case I was so anxious to refute. In spite of all my efforts to the contrary, I could not help feeling that some very remarkable sensations were slowly and gradually stealing over me. First of all, I began to feel that I was not at fault in my system of calculating distances: so that when I took up any object and endeavored to replace it on the table, I either brought it into contact with that article of furniture with a crash, in consequence of conceiving it to be further off than it was; or else, imagining that the table was several inches nearer to the ceiling than was the case, I slumbered wherever I held in my hand some object I had found that I was confiding it to space. Then, again, my head felt heavy, and my shoulders began to wax a slight tingling in my hands, and a sense that they, as well as my feet (which were very cold), were asleep. Then, at the same time, and were also surrounded with numerous rapidly revolving wheels of light streaming from Catherine-wheels presses to ignition. It also appeared to me that when I spoke to my dog my voice had a curious sound, and my words were very imperfectly articulated.

It would happen, too, that when I looked toward the glass-doors, my landlord was there, peering at me through the muslin curtain: or the horrid little girl would enter, with no obvious intention, and having loitered for a little time about the room, would leave it again. At length the landlord himself came in, and coolly walking up to the table on which I was seated, glanced at the hardly tasted wine before me.

"It would appear that the wine of the country is not to your taste," he said.

"It is good enough," I answered, as carelessly as I could; "the words sounding to me as if they were uttered inside the cupola of St. Paul's, and were conveyed by iron tubes to the place I occupied.

I was in a strange state—perfectly conscious, but imperfectly able to control my thoughts, my words, my actions. I believe my landlord stood staring down at me as I sat staring up at him, and exchanging with me Catherine-wheels as they revolved round his eyes and nose and chin—Gentlemen, they seemed absolutely to *kiss* when they got to the scar on his cheek.

At this time a noisy party entered the main room of the auberge, which I have spoken of as having visible through the glass-doors, and the landlord had to leave me for a time to go and attend to them. I heard him say that they must have a slight and strongly-resisted done, and that when I started out it it was from in consequence of the violent barking of my terrier. The landlord was in the room; he was just unlocking the cupboard from which the little girl had taken the white packet. He took out just such another paper parcel, and returned again through the door. As he did so, a sensation of unspeakable wonderment what had become of the little girl. Presently his evil face appeared again at the door.

"I am going to prepare the coffee," said the landlord; "perhaps monsieur will like it better here?"

As the man disappeared I started suddenly and violently upon my feet. I could decieve myself no longer. My thoughts were like lightning.

"The wine having been taken in so small a quantity and so profusely mixed with water, has done its work (as this man can see) but imperfectly. The coffee will finish that work. He is now preparing it. He expects that I shall drink it—then can be no doubt. I will leave this place while I yet can. Now or never; if those men whose voices I hear in the other room do not leave it will be too late. With so many witnesses no attempt can be made to murder my property. I *will* not sleep—I *will not* arrive my muscles to their work, and get away from this place."

Gentlemen, in compassion, in the name of nerves of distressing sensitiveness, I have received from Heaven a remarkable power of controlling my nerves for a time. I staggered to my feet, clearing it after me more violently than I had intended. Then I recovered. The fresh air making me feel very giddy—into the yard.

As I went down the steps I saw the truculent little girl in the yard. I have always loved entering the yard, followed by a blacksmith, carrying a hammer and pincers in his unwashed right hand, catching sight of me, the little girl spoke quickly to the blacksmith, and in an instant they both changed their course, which was directly toward the stable, and entered an outhouse on the other side of the yard. The thought entered my head that they might have been sent for to shoe my mare's feet, so that in the event of the dragged coffee I might be quite still to make to proceed. This horrible idea added new force to my generations. I seized the shafts of my carriage and commenced dragging it out of the yard, instead to the front of the house: feeling that if it was once in the highway there would be less possibility of offering any further impediment to my flight. I am conscious of having fallen twice to the ground in the endeavor, but I managed to get the thing out. Next, I fastened to the stable. My mare was still harnessed, with the exception of the bridle. This I managed to get the bit into her mouth. And as incapable of calculating distances as a drunken man, I managed, but how I know not, to accomplish the assistance of the boy I had seen. I was making a final effort to fasten the trace to its little hook, when a hand was behind me said:

"Are you going away without drinking your coffee?"

I turned round and saw my landlord standing close beside me. He was watching my bungling efforts to get the harness, but he made no movement to assist me.

"I do not want any coffee," I answered.

"Or cognac?" he said, with a sneer. "I shall expect that the gentleman is not a great drinker. You have been drinking your horse much of a rest," he added, presently.

"I am in haste. What have I to pay?"

"You will not take something with me, old landlord; "a glass of brandy before starting in the wet?"

"No, nothing more. What have I to pay?"

"You will at least come in for an instant and warm your feet at the stove."

"No. Tell me at once how much I am to pay."

Baffled in all his efforts to get me again into the house, apparently my landlord had nothing for it but to answer my demand.

"Four litres of oats," he muttered, "a half-litre of brandy, bread, wine, coffee"—he emphasized the last two words with a malignant grin—"seven francs fifty centimes."

My mare was by this time somehow or other buckled into the shafts, and now I had to get myself into the calèche, to pay the man the bank-note which was given me, and to receive my change. I was still very giddy, my sight was dim, and, as I brought out my purse (which was a large one), opening with a hinge, I managed while paying the bill to turn the purse over and to drop some gold pieces.

"Gold!" cried the boy who had been helping me to harness the horse: speaking as if by an irrepressible impulse.

The landlord made a sudden dart at it, but instantly checked himself.

"People want plenty of gold," he said, "when they make a journey of pleasure."

I felt myself getting worse. I could not pick up the gold pieces as they lay on the ground. I fell on my knees, and my head bowed forward. I could not hit the place where a coin lay; I could see it but I could not guide my fingers to it. Still I could not pay. I got some of the money up, and the stable-boy, who was very officious in assisting me, gave me one or two pieces—to this day, I don't know how many he kept. I cast a hasty glance around, and seeing no more gold on the ground, raised myself by a desperate effort and

scrambled to my place in the carriage. I shook the reins instinctively, and the mare began to move.

The well-trained beast was beginning to trot away as cleverly as usual, when a thought suddenly flashed into my brain, as will sometimes happen when we are just going to sleep—a thought which woke me up like a pistol-shot, and caused me to spring forward and gather up the reins so violently as almost to bring the mare back upon her haunches.

"My dog, my dear little Nelly!" I had left her behind!

To abandon my little favorite was a thing that never entered my head. "No, I never will—I must go back to the horrible place I have just escaped from. He has seen my gold, too, now," I said to myself, as I turned my horse round with many clumsy efforts; "the man who were drinking in the subterranean gone; and what is worse than all, I was more under the influence of the drugs I have swallowed."

As I approached the auberge once more I remember noticing that its walls looked blacker than ever, that the rain was falling more heavily, that the landlord and the stable-boy were on the steps of the inn, evidently on the look-out for me. One thing more I noticed—on the road a small speck, as of some vehicle nearing the place.

"I have come back for my dog," said I.

"I know nothing of your dog."

"It is false! I left her shut up in the inner room."

"Go there and find her, then," retorted the man, throwing off all disguise.

"I will," was my answer.

I knew it was a trap to get me into the house; I knew I was lost if I entered it; but I did not care. I descended into the carriage, I left the inn up the steps with the aid of the balusters, I heard the barking of my little Nelly as I passed through the outer room, and I approached the glass-door, steadying myself as I went by the articles of furniture in the room. I burst the door open, and my favorite bounded into my arms.

And now I felt that it was too late. As I approached the door-step to the road I saw my carriage being led round to the back of the house, and the form of the landlord appeared in the door-way blocking up the passage. I made an effort to push past him, but it was useless. My little Nelly out of my arms, and I was once outside; the landlord slammed the door heavily; and I felt, without sense or knowledge, at his feet.

* * * * *

It was dark, Gentlemen—dark and very cold. The little patch of sky I was looking up at was, for it a marvelous number of stars, which would have looked bright but for a blazing planet which seemed to shine, in the absence of all other lights, as the other luminaries round about it. To the thus was, in spite of the cold, quite a luxurious sensation. As I lay there, I tried to see as little (for it seemed to have been in this position some time), I felt cold and weak. All this memory came to me in a stirring class beside me, and first a cold nose touching my hand, and then a hot tongue licking it. My dog was there, then, and the sense of which, perhaps, more marked than the rest, might be the cause of my having awoke at all.

Presently, other matters began to dawn upon my mind through the medium of my senses. I could see the regular movement of a horse's head walking in front of me; surely I saw, too, part of the figure of a man—a pair of square shoulders, the head of a coat, and a head with a wide-awake hat upon it. I could hear the occasional sounds of occasional words seemed to come proceeding from this figure, and which were addressed to the horse. I could hear the tinkling of bells upon the animal's neck. Lastly, too, I heard a rumbling sound behind us, and the tread of a horse's feet—just as if there were another vehicle following that in which we were. Was there any thing more? Yes, in the distance I was able to detect the twinkling of a light or two, as if a town were not far off.

Now, Gentlemen, as I lay and observed all these things, there was such a languor shed over my spirits, such a sense of utter lack of responsibility and weakness, that I hardly cared to ask myself what it all meant, or to inquire how I was, or how I came there. A conviction that all was well with me, lay like an anodyne upon my heart, and it was only after a gradually long interval of curiosity as to how I came to be so developed itself in my brain. I dare say we had been jogging along for a quarter of an hour during which time I was perfectly conscious, before I struggled up into a sitting posture, and recognized the hooded back of the man at the horse's head.

"Dufay!"

The man with the hooded coat who was walking by the side of the horse, suddenly cried out "Ho!" in a strong voice; then ran to the back of the carriage and cried out "Wo!" again; and then we came to a stand-still. In another moment he had mounted to the step of the carriage and had taken me cordially by the hand.

"What," he said, "awake at last? Thank Heaven! I had almost begun to despair of you."

"My dear friend, what does all this mean? Where am I? Where did you come from? This is not my cabriole, that is not your horse."

"Both are safe behind," said Dufay, heartily; "and having told you so much, I will tell you that another word till you are safe and warm at the Lion d'Or. See! There are the lights of the town. Now, not another word." And pulling the horse-cloth under which I was lying more closely over me, my friend dismounted from the step, started the vehicle with the customary cry of "Allons donc!" and a crack of the whip, and we were soon once more in motion.

Chatting Dufay was a man into whose company circumstances had thrown me very often, and with whom I had become intimate from choice. Of the numerous class to which he belonged, those men whose sturdy vehicles and sturdier horses are to be seen standing in the yards and stables of all the inns in provincial France—the class of the commis-voyageurs, or French commercial travelers—Castaing Dufay was more than a favorable specimen. I was very fond of him. In the course of our intimacy I had been fortunate enough to have the opportunity of being useful to him in more matters than one importance. I think, Gentlemen, we like those who have served quite as well as they like us.

The truth was, Dufay was a rogue, as I was not long before we turned into the yard of the Lion d'Or and found ourselves in the midst of wagons and lighthouses, and among the latter of which, after the dangers I had passed through, looked perfectly angelic.

I had no idea till I attempted to move how weak and dazed I was. I was too far gone for dinner. A cup of tea was the only thing I coveted, and I was soon in possession of both.

I was no sooner snugly ensconced with my head on the pillow, and my feet upon the logs as they sparkled—my little Nelly lying outside the counterpane—when my friend visited himself once more, and volunteered to relieve my curiosity as to the circumstances of my escape from the Tête Noire. It was now my turn to refuse to listen, as I had been his before to refuse to speak.

"Not one word," I said, "till you have had good dinner, after which you will come up and sit beside me, and tell me all I am longing to know. And stay—you'll do me the favor to see to my horse; when you come up you will bring a plateful of bones for Nelly; she will not leave me to-night, I warn you, so you may as well provide."

"She deserves some dinner," said Dufay, as he left the room, "if for think it is through her instrumentality that I am here to tell the adventure."

The bliss in which I lay after Dufay had left the room is beyond description. To have got safely through some great danger, or who, at least, are newly relieved from some condition of severe and protracted suffering, is to be in a state of perfect repose and happiness.

When my friend came back he brought—not only a plate of fowl-bones for NeNy, but a basin of soup for me. When I had finished lapping it up, and while my face was still crunching the bones, Dufay spoke as follows:

"I said just now that it was to your little dog you owe the preservation of your life, and I must now tell you how it was. You remember that you left Doulaise this morning—"

"It seems a week ago," I interrupted.

"This morning," continued Dufay. "Well! I drove back myself to the Tête Noire. When I came into it, having made a small stage before breakfast, I heard where you were gone, and as I was going that way, too, I resolved to give you the same rest of a couple of hours while I breakfasted and transacted some business of my own, and then set out after you. 'Have you any idea,' I said, as I left the inn at Doulaise, 'whether monsieur meant to stop at the Tête Noire?' 'No,' said the garçon did not know. 'Let me see,' I said, 'the Tête Noire at Marcoussil would be a likely place, wouldn't it?' 'Yes,' said the garçon, 'but monsieur does not enjoy a good character, and no one from here ever stops there.' 'Ah!' I said, 'then I must be more of what he said, 'I shall be sure to find him. I will inquire after him as I go along.'

"The afternoon was fine, and when I came within sight of the inn of the Tête Noire. As you know, I am a little near-sighted, but I was, as I drew near the place, surprised to give my attention to a kind who being taken round to the yard at the back of the house. I thought nothing of this, as I should have paid no attention to had not my attention been suddenly caught by the violent barking of a dog. The barking seemed to be trying to admittance at the closed door of the inn. At a second glance I knew the dog to be yours. I put up my horse, I left the man, and ascended the steps of the auberge. One sniff at my shins was enough to convince me that all was not well at hand, and her excitement as I approached the door was frantic.

"On my entering the house I did not at first see you, but on looking in the direction toward which your dog had hastened as soon as the door was opened, I saw a common staircase, which led out of one corner of the apartment I was standing in, up to the first floor. Presently, were you dragged up the stairs in the arms of a very ill-looking man, assisted by (if possible) a still more ill-looking little boy. The man was the host himself. At sight of me the man deposited you upon the stairs, and advanced to meet me.

"'What is monsieur doing with that gentleman?' I asked.

"'He is unwell,' replied the ill-looking man, 'and I am helping him up stairs to bed.'

"That gentleman is a friend of mine. What is the meaning of his being in a state?'

"'How should I know?' was the answer; 'I suppose monsieur has taken something to drink.'

"Well, then, I am said I, approaching the place where you were lying; 'and I prescribe, to begin with, that he shall have this place at once.'

"I must own," continued Dufay, "that you were looking horribly ill, and as I bent over and felt your hardly fluttering pulse, I felt for a moment doubtful whether it was safe to move you. However, I determined to risk it.

"'Will you help me,' I said, 'to move this gentleman to his carriage?'

"'No,' said the ruffian, 'he is not fit to travel. Besides, what right have you over him?'

"The right of being his friend.'

"'How do I know that?'

"'Because I tell you so. See, his dog knows me.'

"And suppose I decline to accept that as evidence, and refuse to let this gentleman leave my house in his present state of health?'

"'You dare not do it.'

"'Why?'

"'Because,' I answered, slowly, 'I should go to the Gendarmerie in the village, and mention under what suspicious circumstances I found my friend here, and because your house has not the best of characters.'

"The man was silent for a moment, as if a little baffled. He seemed, however, determined to try once more.

"'And suppose I close my doors, and decline to let either of you go; what is to prevent me?'

"'In the first place,' I answered, 'I will effectually prevent your detaining me single-handed. I also have assistance within, as you especially ought to know, as I left my coachman and my servant in charge of my carriage, which I went to in the back of my carriage, and then leading my own beast by the bridle I managed to start the process. And at this point (I say it a foot-pace) we turned our backs upon the Tête Noire. And now you know my story.'

"I feel, Castaing, as if I should never be able to think of this adventure, or to speak of it again, without a shudder. It was indeed a ghastly aspect, that I reckon at the mere memory of it."

"Not a bit of it," said Dufay, cheerily; "you will live to be the hero of a thrilling tale some winter night, take my word for it."

"Gentlemen, Dufay's opinion is verified. May the tectotum fall next time with more judgment!

* * * * *

"Wa'al, now!" said Captain Jorgan, rising, with his hand upon the sleeve of his fellow-traveler, or to keep him down; "I congratulate you, sir, on that adventure, unpleasant at the time, but pleasant to look back upon, as many adventures in many lives are. Mr. Tredgear, you had a feeling for your money on that occasion, and it went hard on being stolen Money. It was not a sum of five hundred pounds, was it?"

"It was not a sum of five hundred pounds."

"I wish it had been half as much," was the reply.

"Thank you, sir. Might I ask the question of you that has been already put? About this place Chatsworth, did you ever hear of any circumstances whatever that might seem to have a bearing—any how—on that question?"

"Never."

"Thank you again for a straightfor'ard answer," said the captain, apologetically. "You see, we have referred to this matter, Mr. Tredgear, and happening in among the inhabitants present, we have heard nothing. In my country we always do use opportunities."

"And you turn them to good account, I believe, and prosper?"

"It's a fact, sir," said the captain, "that we get along. Yes, we get along, sir—But I stop the tectotum."

It was twirled again, and fell to David Polwath's share—a one-eyed old sea dog, with a pig-tail, the captain whispered to young Raybrock, "and as hard as nails. And I admire," added the captain, glancing about, "what a wonderful Penzeweis is here, and which is he?"

David Polwath stroked down the long iron-gray hair that fell massively upon the shoulders of his large-buttoned coat, and spake thus:

THE QUESTION WAS, DID HE throw himself over the cliff of set purpose, or did he lose his way in the dark and fall over accidentally, or was he pushed over by some person or persons unknown?

His fall was found nearly fifty yards below the cliff, caught in the low branches of the trees that overhung the water at the foot of the track down the cliff. He was grievously bruised and disfigured, so much so as to be hardly recognizable; but for his clothing, and the name on his linen, I doubt whether any body would have identified him except myself. There was, however, no suspicion of foul play; the place where the body had been driven about among the stones that encumber the bed of the river a long way below the fall.

When I speak of the fall, I speak of the Ashendell, by Ashendell village, whose name it bears. The village is a mile from Chatsworth, for the information of strangers.

He had been seen by many persons about the village during the day; I myself had seen him go up the hill past the parsonage toward the church; which I rather think, considering who was buried there, and how, and why. I will even confess that I watched him; and was—and am—convinced that he would, since he had the heart to go near the place at all—round to the back of the church, where Stuart's monument is, and there he sat down, standing, sitting by himself on the low wall for an hour or more. Sometimes, he turned to look across the valley toward the sea; and of I had seen him there before, with Honor beside him, watching, while he sketched the beautiful landscape—and sometimes he had his back to it, and his head down, as if he were watching her grave. Not that there is any thing pleasant or comforting to read there, as on the graves of good Christian people who have died in their beds; for, being a suicide, when they buried her on the north side of the church it was at dusk, and without any service, and the spot was marked by a stone only as big as a mound leveled and turfed over, and I wish he would; it always hurts me when I go up to Sunday service, to see that ragged grave lying in the shadow of the wall, for I remember the pretty little lass ever since she could run alone; and though she was passionate, her heart was as good as gold. She had been religiously brought up, and I am quite sure in my own mind, let the coroner's inquest have said what it will, that she was out of herself, and Bedlam-mad when she did it.

The verdict on him was "accidental death," and he had a decent funeral—parson, clerk, and sexton, complete; and there he lies, only a stone's-throw from Honor, with a cut or two of granite over him, and an inscription, nothing to what a great man he was in his day, and what mighty engineering works he did at home and abroad, and how he sleeps now in the hope of a joyful resurrection with the just made perfect. These present strangers can recall it for themselves; many strangers go up to look at it. His grave is as famous as the Ashendell itself, and I have known folks turn into the church-yard in their own eyes after reading the flourishing inscription: believing it all like good, pious, easy-how sad that so distinguished a man should have been cut off in the prime of his days. But I don't believe it. He was never any thing but a plain James Lawrence, and a young fellow who, as a lad, had peddled barn-legged over the country when first on a guide across the moors; who had been taken a fancy to by one of them, and decently educated; who had made the most of his luck, and done a decent day's work at his engineering; who had come back among us in all his glory, to dazzle most people's eyes, and break little Honor Livingston's heart. I'm one good thing I know of him was, that he pensioned his poor old mother; but he did not stop there near her, and never after Honor Livingston was dead—no, not even in her last illness. It was a marvel to every body what keeping him ever here, when we saw him the day before he was found dead; but it was his fate, and he couldn't keep away. I'm not in my view of it, that he died, and the manner of it, all Lawrence had its speculations, and how he died, but I think he died as he had my opinion, however, and I keep it. I have never seen reason to change it; but, on the contrary, I see every evidence to confirm it. I do not believe he either threw himself over the cliff, or fell over, or was pushed over; no, I believe he was drawn over—drawn over by something below. When you have heard the notes he made in a little book which was found among his things after he was dead, you will know what I mean. His cousin gave that book to me, knowing I am curious after the secrets of the human heart; and what I am going to read, is written in his hand. I know his hand well, and certify to it;

PASSAGES FROM JAMES LAWRENCE'S JOURNAL.

London.

Honor Livingston has kept her word with me. I saw her last night as plainly as I now see this pen I am writing with, and the sketch-book I have just dipped it into. I saw her standing betwixt me and the fire-light as long at me, exactly as I looked the last time I saw her alive. I was neither asleep, nor dreaming-awake. I had only drunk a couple of glasses of wine at dinner, and was as much my own man as ever I was in my life. It is all nonsense to talk about fancy and optical delusions in this case. I saw her with my eyes and touched at I ever saw her alive in the body. The halt clock that goes slowly and sadly, as it was growing daily exactly the time of evening, as I well remember, when she came creeping round by the cottage wall, and saw me through the open window, gathering up my books and making ready to go away from Ashendell. She was the last thought to have come into my mind at that moment, for I was glad on the point of lighting my cigar and going out for a stroll, before returning in at the Dolaise to chat with Anne. All at once there she was, Honor herself! I could have sworn it, had I not seen them with her arranged just a minute before, ago. I could not take my eyes off her; and there she stood, as nearly as I can tell, a minute—but it may be an hour—and then—and then—that she had filled was empty. I was so much bewildered, and out of myself as it were, that for a while I could neither think of any thing, nor hear any thing, but the most heavy throbbing of my own pulses. I do not say that I was frightened exactly; for the time I was completely rapt away; the first actual sensation I had was of my own heart thumping against my breast like a sledge-hammer.

But I can call her up now and analyze her—a wan, vague, misty outline, with features and eyes full upon me. I can almost fancy I hear her asking again, "Is it true you're going, James? You're not really going, James?"

"Now I am not the man to be frightened by a shadow, though that shadow be Honor herself, whom they say I as good as murdered. I always had a turn for investigating riddles, spiritual, physiological, and otherwise; and I mean to follow this mystery up, and note whether she comes back to me year by year, as she promised. I have never yet, during the several months before me, seen any one who cares to see spectres of himself at reasonable price. But his, talking to me of pains of his adventures and miseadventures out of yellow old pages that had better never have been written; but this is a marked event—most unmeaning, and a well-authenticated ghost-story to me who never believed in ghosts before.

"I am a rather spiteful threat of Honor—" I'll haunt you till you come to the Ashenfull, where I'm going now!" I might have stopped her, but it never entered my mind what she meant until it was done. I did not expect she would make a tragedy of a little love story; she did not look like that sort of thing. She was no ghost, bless her! in the flesh, but as sound, rosy, dimpled a little creature as one would wish to see; and what could possess her to throw herself over the fall, Heaven only knows. Well! Yes, I know that all no lies here, I need not do any false swearing to my-

self—the poor little creature loved me, and I wanted her to love me, and I petted and plagued her into loving me, because I was idle and I had the opportunity; and then I had nothing better to tell her than that I was only in jest—I could not marry her, for I was engaged to another woman. She would not believe it. That sounded, to her, more like jest than the other. And she did not believe it until she saw me making ready to go; and then, all in a moment, I suppose, madness seized her, and she neither knew where she went nor what she did.

I fancy I can see her now coming tripping down the fields leading her little brother by the hand, and I fancy I can see the saucy laugh she gave me over her shoulder as I asked her if she had any ripe cherries to sell. She looked the very mischief with those pretty eyes, and I was taken rather aback when she said, "I know you, Jemmy Lawrence." That was the beginning of it. Little Honor and her mother lived next door to mine, and she had not forgotten me though I had been full seven years away. I did not know her, the gipsy, but I must needs go in and see her that evening; and so we went on until I asked her if she remembered when we went to dame-school together, and when she promised to be my little wife? *If* she remembered! Of course she did, every word of it, and more; and she was so pretty, and the lanes in the summer were so pleasant that sometimes my fancy did play Anne Dalton false, and I believed I should like Honor better; and I said more than I meant, and she took it all in the grand serious manner.

I was not much to blame. I would not have injured her for the world; she was as good a little soul as ever lived. Love and jealousy, as passions, seem to find their strong-holds under thatch. If Phillis, the milkmaid, is disappointed, she drowns herself in the mill-pool; if Lady Clara gets a cross of the heart, she indites a lachrymose sonnet, and marries a gouty peer; if Colin's sweet-heart smiles on Lubin, Colin loads his gun and shoots them both; if Sir Harry's fair flouts him, he whistles her down the wind, and goes a-wooing elsewhere. Had little Honor been a fine lady she would be living still. Oh, the pretty demure lips, and the shy glances and rosy blushes! When I saw Anne Dalton to-day I could not help comparing her frigid gentility with poor Honor. Anne loves herself better than she will ever love any man alive. But then I know she is the kind of wife to help a man up in the world, and that is the kind of wife for me.

Honor Livingston lying on her little bed, and her blind mother feeling her cold, dead face! I wish I had never seen it. I would have given the world to keep away, but something compelled me to go in and look at her; and I did feel then as if I had killed her. Last night she was a shadowy essence of this drowned Ophelia and of her living self. She was like, yet unlike; but I knew it was Honor; and I suppose, if she has her will, wherever her restless spirit may be condemned to bide between whiles—on the tenth of August she will always come back to me, and haunt me until I go to her.

Hastings, *August* 11, 1830.

Again! I had forgotten the day—forgotten every thing about that wretched business of poor Honor Livingston when last night I saw her.

Anne and I were sitting together out in the veranda, talking of all sorts of commonplace things—our neighbors' affairs, money, this, that, and the other—the sea was looking beautiful, and I was on the point of proposing a row by moonlight, when Anne said, "How lovely the evenings are, James, in this place! Look at the sky over the down, how clear it is!" Turning my head, I saw Honor standing on the grass only a few paces off, her shadowy shape quite distinct against the reds and purples of the clouds.

Anne clutched my hand with a sudden cry, for she was looking at my face all the time, and asked me passionately what I saw. With that Honor was gone, and, passing my hand over my eyes, I put my wife off with an excuse about a spasm at my heart. And, indeed, it was no lie to say so, for this visitation gave me a terrible shock.

Anne insisted on my seeing the doctor. "It must be something dreadful, if not dangerous, that could make you look in that way; you had an awful face, James, for a moment."

I begged her not to talk about it, assured her that it was a thing of very rare occurrence with me, and that there was no cure for it. But this did not pacify her, and this morning no peace could be had until Dr. Hutchinson was sent for and she had given the old gentleman her own account of me. He said he would talk to me by-and-by. And when he got me by myself, I can not tell how it was, but he absolutely contrived to worm the facts out of me, and I was fool enough to let him do it. He looked at me very oddly, with a sort of suspicious scrutiny in his eye; but I understood him, and said, laughing, "No, doctor, no, there is nothing wrong here," tapping my forehead as I spoke.

"I should say not, except this fancy for seeing ghosts," replied he, dryly. But I perceived, all the time he was with me, that I was the object of a furtive and carefully dissembled observation, which was excessively trying. I could with difficulty keep my temper under it, and I believe he saw the struggle.

I fancy he wanted to have some talk with Anne by herself, but I prevented that by never losing sight of him until he was safely off the premises. If he proposed a private interview while I was out alone, I prevented that, too, by immediately ordering Anne to pack up our traps, and coming back to town that very day. I have not been well since. I feel out of spirits, bored, worried, sick of every thing. If the feeling does not leave me, in spite of all Anne may say, I shall take that offer to go to South America, and start by the next packet. I should like to see Dr. Hutchinson's face when he calls at our lodgings to visit his patient, and finds the bird flown.

London, *August* 20, 1830.

This wretched state of things does not cease. One day I feel in full, firm, clear possession of my soul, and the next, perhaps, I am hurried to and fro with the most tormenting fancies. I see shadows of Honor wherever I turn, and she is no longer motionless as before, but beckons me with her hand until I tremble in every limb. My heart is sick almost to death. For three days now I have had no rest. I can not sleep at nights for hideous dreams; and Anne watches me stealthily, I see, and never remains alone with me longer than she can help. I can perceive that she is afraid of me, and that she suspects something, without exactly knowing what. To-day she must needs suggest my seeing a doctor here, and when I replied that I was going to South America, she told me I was not fit for it, in such a contemptuous tone of provocation that I lifted my hand and struck her. Then she quailed, and while shrinking under my eyes, she said, "James, your conduct is that of a madman!" Since then I know she sits with me in silent terror, longing to escape and find some one to listen to her grievances. But I shall keep strict ward that she does nothing of the kind. I will not have my foes of my own household, and no spying relatives shall come between us to put asunder those whom God has joined together.

Acapulco, *March* 17, 1831.

It is six months since I wrote the above. In the interval I have been miserably ill, grievously tormented both in mind and body; but now that I have got safely away from them all, with the Atlantic between myself and my wicked wife, whose conduct toward me I will never forgive, I can collect my powers of mind, and bend them again to my work. Burton came out in the same ship with me to engage in the same enterprise. After a few days' rest we intend setting out on our journey to the mining districts, where we are to act. My head feels perfectly light and clear, all my impressions are distinct and vivid again, and I can get through a hard day's close study without inconvenience. There was nothing but my miserable liver to blame, and when that was set right all my imaginary phantoms disappeared. Umpleby said it had been coming on gradually for months, and that there was nothing at all extraordinary in my delusions; my diseased state was one always so attended more or less. And Anne, in her cowardly malignity, would have consigned me for life to a lunatic asylum! It was Umpleby who saved me, and I have put his name down in my will for a handsome remembrance. As for Anne, she has chosen to return to her family, and they may keep her; she will never see my face again, of my free will, as long as I live.

The picturesqueness of this place is not noteworthy in any high degree. The harbor is inclosed by a chain of mountains, and has two entrances formed by the island of Roquetta; the castle of St. Diego commands the town and the bay, standing on a spur of the hills. Burton has been to and fro on his rambles ever since we landed; but I find the heat too great for much exertion, and when we begin our journey into the interior I shall have need of all my forces; therefore, better husband them now.

Mexico, *April* 24, 1831.

We are better off here than we anticipated. Burton has found an old fellow-pupil engaged as engineering tutor in the School of Mines, and there are civilized amusements which we neither of us had any hope of finding. The city is full of ancient relics, and Burton is on foot exploring, day by day. I prefer the living interests of this strange place, and sometimes early in the morning I betake myself to the market-place and watch the Indians dress their stalls. No matter what they sell, they decorate their shops with fresh herbs and flowers until they are sheltered under a bower of verdure. They display their fruit in open basket-work, laying the pears and raisins below, and covering them above with odorous flowers. An artist might make a pretty picture here, when the Indians arrive at sunrise in their boats loaded with the produce of their floating gardens. Next week Burton, his friend, and I are to set out for the mines of Moran and Real del Monte. I should have preferred to delay our journey a while longer for reasons of my own, but Burton presses, and feels we have already delayed longer than enough.

Moran, *July* 4, 1831.

I am sick of this place, but our business here is now on the verge of completion, and in a few days we start on our expedition to the mines of Guanamato. The director, Burton, and myself, are all of opinion that immense advantages are to be gained by improving the working of the mines, which is, at present, in a very defective condition. There is great mortality among the Indians, who are the beasts of burden of the mines; they carry on their backs loads of metal of from two hundred and fifty to three hundred and fifty pounds at a time, ascending and descending thousands of steps, in files which contain old men of seventy and mere children. I have not been very well here, having had some return of old symptoms, but under proper treatment they dispersed; however, I shall be thankful to be on the move again.

Pascuaro, *August* 11, 1831.

Can any man evade his thoughts, impalpable curses sitting on his heart, mocking like fiends? I can not evade mine. All yesterday I was haunted by a terrible anxiety and dread. At every turn, at every moment, I expected to see Honor Livingston appear before me, but I did not see her. The day and the night passed, and I was freed from that great horror—how great I had not realized, until its hour had gone and left no trace. This morning I am myself again; my spirits revive; I have escaped my enemy, and have proved that it was, indeed, but a subtle emanation of my own diseased body and mind. But these thoughts, these troublesome persistent thoughts, how combat them? Burton, very observant of me at all times, was yesterday watchful as an inquisitor; he said he hoped I was not going to have the frightful fever which is prevailing here, but I know he meant something else. I have not a doubt now that Anne and all that confederacy warned him before we set sail to beware of me, for I had been mad; that is the cursed lie they set abroad. Mad! All the world's mad, or on the way to it!

But if Honor had come back to me yesterday, we might have gone and have looked down together into hell, through the ovens of Jorulla. The missionaries cursed this frightful place generations since; and it is accursed, if ever land was. Nothing more awful than this desolate burning waste, which the seas could not quench. When I remember it, and all I underwent yesterday, the confusion and horror return upon me again, and my brain swerves like the brain of a drunken man. I will write no more—sufficient to record that the appointed time came and went, and Honor Livingston did not keep her word with me.

New Orleans, *February*, 1832.

I left Burton still in Mexico, and came here alone. His care and considerateness were more than I could put up with, and after two or three ineffectual remonstrances, we came to a violent rupture, and I determined to throw up my engagement, rather than carry it out in conjunction with such a man. There was no avoiding the quarrel. Was I to be tutored day by day, and the wine-bottle removed out of my reach? He dared to tell me that when I was cool, clear—myself, in short—there was no man my master in our profession; but that when I had drunk freely I was unmanageable as a lunatic! A lie, of course; but unscrupulous persecutors are difficult to circumvent. Anne's malice pursues me even here. When I was out yesterday, my footsteps were dogged pertinaciously wherever I went, and perhaps an account of my doings will precede me home; but if they do, I defy them all to do their worst.

Ashendell, *August* 9, 1839.

This old book turned up to-day, among some traps that have lain by in London all the years that I have spent, first in Spain and afterward in Russia. What fool's-talk it is; but I suppose it was true at the time. I know I was in a wretched condition while I was in Mexico and in the States, but I have been sane enough and sound enough ever since the illness I had at Baltimore. To prove how little hold on me my ancient horrors have retained, I find myself at Ashendell in the very season of the year when Honor Livingston destroyed herself—to-morrow is the anniversary of her death. So I take my enemy by the throat, and crush him! These fantastical maladies will not stand against a determined will. At Moscow, at Cherson, at Archangel, the tenth of August has come and gone, unmarked. Honor failed of her threat every where except at Lisbon. I saw her there twice, just before we sailed. I saw her, when we were off that coast where we so nearly escaped wreck, rising and falling upon the waves. I saw her in London that day I appointed to see Anne. But I know what it means: it means that I must put myself in Umpleby's hands for a few weeks, and that the shadows will forthwith vanish. Shadows they are, out of my own brain, and they take the shape of Honor because I have let her become a fixed idea in my mind. Yet it is very strange that the last time she appeared to me I heard her speak. I fancied she said that it was Almost time; and then louder, "I'll haunt you James, until you come to the Ashenfall, where I am going now!" And with that she vanished. Fancy plays strange tricks with us, and makes cowards of us almost as cleverly as conscience.

August 10.

I have had a very unpleasant impression on me all day. I wish I had resisted Linchley's persuasions more steadily. I ought never to have come down here again. The excitement of its miserable recollections is too much for me. The man at the inn called me by my name this morning, and said he recollected me—looking up toward the church as he spoke. Damn him! All day I seem to have been acting against my will. What should possess me to go there this afternoon? Round about among the graves, until I came to the grassy hillock on the north side of the church, where they buried Honor that night, without a prayer. I sat down on the low wall, and looked across to the hills beyond the river, listening to the monotonous sing-song of the fall. I would give all I possess to-day to be able to tread back or to untread a score of the years of my life. It seems such a blank; of all I planned and schemed how little have I accomplished! Watching by Honor's grave, I fell to thinking of her. What had either of us done that we should be so wretched? Is it part and parcel of the great injustice of life that some must suffer so signally while others escape? The coarse grass is never cut at the north side of the church, nettles and brambles grow about the grave. Honor was mad, poor soul; they might have given her a prayer for rest, if they were forbidden to believe she died in hope. I prayed for her to-day—more need, perhaps, to pray for myself—and then there came a crazed whirl in my brain, and I set off to find Linchley. As I came down near the water, the fall sounded very tumultuous; it was sultry hot, and I should have liked to turn down by the river, but I said, "No, it is the tenth of August! If I am to meet Honor Livingston to-day, I'll not meet her by Ashenfall!" So I came home to our lodgings, to find that Linchley had gone over to Warfe, and had left a message that he should not return until to-morrow. I have the night before me alone; it is not like an English night at all; it is like the nights I remember at Cadiz, which always heralded a tremendous storm. And I think we shall have a storm here, too, before the morning.

Those were the last words James Lawrence ever wrote, Gentlemen. Further than this no man can speak of his death; it is plain to me that one of his mad fits was coming on before he left Lisbon; that it grew and increased until he came here; and that here it reached its climax, and urged him to his death. I believe in the ghosts James Lawrence saw, as I believe in the haunting power of any great misdeed that has driven a fellow-creature into deadly sin.

When David Polreath had finished, the chairman gave the teetotum such a swift and sudden twirl, to be beforehand with any interruption, that it twirled among all the glasses, and into all corners of the table, and finally flew off the table and lodged in Captain Jorgan's waistcoat.

"A kind of a judgment!" said the captain, taking it out. "What's to be done now? *I* know no story, except Down Easters, and *they* didn't happen to myself, or any one of my acquaintance, and you couldn't enjoy 'em without going out of your minds first. And perhaps the company ain't prepared to do that?"

The chairman interposed by rising and declaring it to be his perroud perrivilege to stop preliminary observations.

"Wa'al," said the captain, "I defer to the President—which an't at all what they do in my country, where they lay into him, head, limbs, and body." Here he slapped his leg. "But I beg to ask a preliminary question. Colonel Polreath has read from a diary. Might I read from a pipe-light?"

The chairman requested explanation.

"The history of the pipe-light," said the captain, "is just this: that it's verses, and was made on the voyage home by a passenger I brought over. And he was a quiet crittur of a middle-aged man, with a pleasant countenance. And he wrote it on the head of a cask. And he was a most etarnal time about it tew. And he blotted it as if he had wrote it in a continual squall of ink. And then he took an indigestion, and I physicked him, for want of a better doctor. And then to show his liking for me he copied it out fair, and gave it to me for a pipe-light. And it ain't been lighted yet, and that's a fact."

"Let it be read," said the chairman.

"With thanks to Colonel Polreath for setting the example," pursued the captain, "and with apologies to the Honorable A. Parvis and the whole of the present company for this passenger's having expressed his mind in verses—which he may have done along of bein' sea-sick, and he was very—the pipe-light, unrolled, comes to this:

We sit by the fire so wide and red,
With the dance of the young within,
Who have yet small learning of cold and dread,
And of sorrow no more than of sin;
Nor dream of a night on a sleepless bed
Of waves with their terrible wrecks o'erspread.

We sit round the hearth as red as gold,
And the legends beloved we tell,
How battles were won by the nobles bold,
Where hamlets of villains fell:
And we praise our God, while we cut the bread,
And share the wine round, for our heroes dead.

And we talk of the Kings, those strong, proud men,
Who ravaged, confessed, and died;
And of churls who rabbled them oft and again,
Perchance with a kindred pride—
Though the Kings built churches to pierce the sky,
And the rabbling churls in the cross-road lie.

Yet 'twixt the despot and slave half-free
Old Truth may have message clear;
Since the hard black yew, and the lithe young tree,
Belong to an age—and a year,
And though distant in might and in leaf they be,
In right of the woods, they are near.

And old Truth's message, perchance, may be:
"*Believe in thy kind, whate'er the degree,*
Be it King on his throne, or serf on his knee,
While Our Lord showers light, in his bounty free,
On the rock and the vale—on the sand and the sea."

They are singing within, with their voices dear,
To the tunes which are dear as well;
And we sit and dream while the words we hear,
Having tale of our own to tell—
Of a far midnight on the terrible sea,
Which comes back on the tune of their blithe old glee.

As old as the hills, and as old as the sky—
As the King on his throne—as the serf on his knee,
A song wherein rich can with poor agree,
With its chorus to make them laugh or cry—
Which the young are singing, with no thought nigh,
Of a night on a terrible sea:
"I care for nobody; no, not I,
Since nobody cares for me."

The storm had its will. There was wreck—there was flight
O'er an ocean of Alps, through the pitch-black night,
When a good ship sank, and a few got free,
To cope in their boat with the terrible sea.

And when the day broke, there was blood on the sea,
From the wild hot eye of the sun outshed,
For the heaven was a-flame as with fire from Hell,
And a scorching calm on the waters fell,
As if Ruin had won, and with fiendish glee,
Sailed forth in his galley to number the dead.

And they rowed their boat o'er the terrible sea,
As mute as a crew made of ghosts might be:
For the best in his heart had not manhood to say,
That the land was five hundred miles away.

A day and a week—There was bread for one man;
The water was dry. And on this, the few
Who were rowing their boat o'er the terrible sea,
To murmur, to curse, and to crave began.
And how 'twas agreed on, no one knew,
But the feeble and famished and scorched by the sun,
With his pitiless eye, drew lots to agree,
What their hideous morrow of meat must be.

O then were the faces frightful to read,
Of ravening hope, and of cowardly pride
That lies to the last, its sharp terror to hide;
And a stillness as though 'twere some game of the Dead,
While they waited the number their lot to decide—
There were nine in that boat on the terrible sea,
And he who drew NINE was the victim to be.

You may think what a ghastly shiver there ran,
From mate to his mate, as the doom began.

SIX—had a wife with a wild rose cheek;
TWO—a brave boy, not a year yet old;
EIGHT—his last sister, lame and weak,
Who quivered with palsy more than with cold.

You may think what a breath the respited drew,
And how wildly still sat the rest of the crew;
How the voice as it called spoke hoarser and slower;
The number it next dared to speak was—FOUR.

"Pass the rude black man, who had handled an ear
The best on that terrible row of the few.
And ugly and grim in the midnight glare
Were his thick parched lips, and his dull small eyes,
And the tangled fleece of his rusty hair—
Ere the next of the brutishes the dank-bit draw,
His clean ills a sword pierced the silence through.

Let the play end with your Number Four.
What need we die?" Alex sprang low
Who have hope to save and have wives to cry
O'er the cradle of children first!
What matter if folk without home should die,
And be eaten by hate? Is not ours?
"I care for nobody; no, but I.
Since nobody cares for me!"

And with that, a knife—and a heart struck through—
And the warm red blood, and the cold black clay,
And the famine withdrawn from among the few,
By their horrible meal for another day!

So the night, thus fed, came at last to Intd,
And the tale of their shipmate told.
As of wood and of stone the burning mind,
Which braves not the thirsty, cold,
But the love of the listener, sob and free,
Goes forth to that slave on that terrible sea.

For, fancies from hearth and from home will stray,
Though night are the chaos and the song;
And a green tale told, if the tune be gay,
Says little to cure the young.
While they sing, with their voice clear as can be,
Having sailed, once more, for the blithe old glee—
"I care for nobody; no, no I,
Since nobody cares for me."

But the careless tune, it saith to the old,
Who sit by the hearth as red as gold,
When they think of their tale of that terrible sea:
"Believe in thy kind, whate'er the degree,
Be it King on his throne, or serf on his knee,
While our Lord above send from his bounty free,
Over storm, over calm, over land, over sea."

Mr. Purvis had so greatly disquieted the minds of the Gentlemen King Arthur for some minutes by snoring with strong symptoms of apoplexy—which, in a mild form, was his normal state of health—that it was now deemed expedient to wake him and entreat him to allow himself to be escorted home. Mr. Purvis's reply to this friendly suggestion could not be placed on record without the aid of several dashes, and is therefore omitted. It was conveyed in a spirit of the profoundest dissertation, and executed with vehemence, contempt, scorn, and disgust. There was nothing for it but to let the excellent gentleman alone, and he fell, without loss of time, into a defiant slumber.

The toasts being twirled again, we buzzed and bowed in the direction of the young fisherman, that Captain Jorgan advised him to be bright and prepare for a speech. But it startled not a single guest, late in its career, and fell before a well-looking boarded man (one who made working-drawings for machinery, the captain was informed, by his next neighbor), who promptly took it up, like a challenger's glove.

"Oswald Penreven!" said the chairman.

"How's Uncle'rin at last!" the captain whispered Alfred Haycroft. "Uncle'ria gos dawn shed right smart; don't he?"

He did, without one introductory word.

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT NUMBER.]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Burnett's Cocoaine.

This is an article which we can heartily recommend, and that from knowing its great virtues. In a particular case in our family of its efficacy we will mention. The person had suffered with a low fever, which was most tedious, and which left her with a terrible neuralgia in the head. The effect of these complaints was to cause much of the hair to fall off, and there seemed to be no power in the skin to give life to what remained. After she had tried some other preparations with no good results, we procured for her a bottle of Cocoaine, and the change which its use soon made was truly remarkable. The roots of the hair at once received new life, and before a bottle had been used the large spot upon the top of the head which appeared to be bald, was covered with what seemed a new growth of hair. And now she has as fine and healthy a head of hair as before her sickness. This Cocoaine is also a valuable article for children's hair, which is very apt to be dry. A very small quantity will keep their hair moist and their heads clean.

What we say of this article we say from our own actual knowledge, not for the sake of puffing the Cocoaine, but because we think others may be benefited by our experience.—*Boston Christian Freeman.*

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No. 1, 50 cents; 2, 75 cents; 3, $1 00; 4, $1 50; 5, $2 00.
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From $1 75 to $7 50, according to size.
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Cures Cutaneous Eruptions, and has an admirable effect on the general system, removing Constipation, correcting addition, and curing all febrile conditions.
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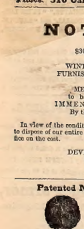

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HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE
For January, 1861.

NUMBER CXXVIII.] CONTENTS: [JANUARY, 1861.

A PEEP AT WASHOE. By J. ROSS BROWNE.—(*Second Paper.*)
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Carson City.—The Trail from Strawberry.—We are Waiting for You.—A Short Cut.—Diggings.—The Stage.—Devil's Gate.—Virginia City.—A Question of Title.—Gold Hill.—My Claim, Sir.—San Francisco Speculator.—A Fall.—Assay Office.—The Comstock Lead.—Silver Certain.—The Claims.—Indefinitus, sure.
THE BATTLE OF THE COWPENS.
ILLUSTRATION.—Gold Medal awarded to Morgan.—Daniel Morgan.—Colonel Tarleton.—John E. Howard.—William Washington.
CAST AWAY IN JAMAICA.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Port Royal.—Kingston Harbor.—Spruce Beer.—King Street, Kingston.—Jamaican Arab.—Head-Quarter House, Kingston.—Harbor Street, Kingston.—House in Kingston.—The Government Mall.—Group in Market-Place.—West Indian Soldiers.—Entering Harbor.—Regimental Band.—Square of Spanish Town.
No. 10 MIANE STREET.
HOW CHARLIE CAME HOME.
THE NEW ROUTE THROUGH CHIRIQUI. By THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER.
THE BIRTHDAY OF ROBERT BURNS.
MELLICENT'S MALADY.
MY UNCLE.
STORY OF A GRAY SHAWL.
AN INTERVIEW WITH MARTIN LUTHER.
GOSSIP ABOUT A GREAT PAINTER.
THE HEROINES.
ABOUT THOMAS HOOD. By W. M. THACKERAY.
WATCHING AND WISHING. By CHARLOTTE BRONTE.
THE HISTORY OF A FABLE.
SUCCESS.
A DREAM OF THE CAVALIERS. By JOHN ESTEN COOKE.
MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.
LITERARY NOTICES.
EDITOR'S TABLE.
EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.
OUR PUBLISHER'S SPECIAL.
EDITOR'S DRAWER.
AN ANIMATED ALPHABET.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, J, K, L, M, N, O, P, Q, R, S, T, U, V, W, X, Y, Z.
FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Visiting Costume and Girl's Dress.—Boy's Dress.—Open Under-Sleeves.

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